

So It Goes 16





THE FANZINE THAT BECAME [UN]STUCK IN TIME

invites you to remember



and the year

1978

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So It Goes 16 (Vol. 3, No. 1), January 2005 issue. **SO IT GOES** is published very irregularly — the last issue came out November 1977. I plan to publish another issue *much* sooner than that! **SO IT GOES** is an amateur, non-profit, general interest science fiction fan magazine with an intense personal emphasis, this issue in particular being a special issue devoted to THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW. It is written (with credited exceptions), edited, typed, proofread, laid-out, published and mailed by Tim Marion, address below. Art and photo credits (as well as other acknowledgments) at the end of the issue. **SO IT GOES** is available for arranged trade or contribution of art, letter or article, or, at last resort, \$10/copy (no subscriptions available). Print run: 160.

I REMEMBER...

Doin' the TiM Warped!

"He who touches a fanzine, touches the lifeblood of a fan."

---Bill Bowers, *Outworlds 1*

Hi, I'm back!

He said, knowing full well that many will say, "What, you were away?" While others will say "who cares?" and still others will say, "Who is this guy anyway?"

I'm sure I'm paraphrasing someone else from some other fanzine from long ago, but I forget whom.

So the question is... *why?*

Well, basically, that's a damned impressive bunch of letters in the lettercolumn, as I am reminded all over again as I start to type them up. Over the years I would occasionally glance at the letters very guiltily, and tell myself, y'know, someday I'll do **So It Goes** again. Yes, of course, the letters are all dated...literally, where I can. The subjects are surely no longer topical. But I still find them damned interesting. I suspect many readers may even find them interesting from a fanhistorical perspective. This is what fandom was like back then. This is who we were. These are the things we talked about and thought about, sometimes in that order.

Here I am starting the next issue of **So It Goes** a full 27 years after the previous issue. Why so long? Basically I had enough of working in the Newport News Shipyard, which is where I got my first taste of organized fascism, and had enough of living with my parents. Surely, I thought, I could make a living doing what other fans had done — typing for offices. Since it seemed impossible to get such a job in Newport News, Virginia, I traveled to New York. There I hoped to make a home with some of the fabulous fannish New York fans, only to discover that only one of them still welcomed me — Hope Leibowitz, who had offered me a share in her apartment. Disillusioned with local fandom, I still made much of a success of myself professionally. I started to work as an assistant editor at Technical Publishing Company, working on the trade magazines **World Construction** and **Mining Equipment International**. During this time I published a fancy catchup FAPazine and contributed to SLANAPA, but aside from reading lots of comics, books and magazines, that was the extent of my fanac. When I lost my job, I went through a period of profound depression where I deliberately collected unemployment benefits and gafiated even further. I attended a Worldcon, Noreascon II, and had a thoroughly miserable time. I wrote a few locs, most of which were WAHF listed, and basically I began to feel, both at the Worldcon and in fanzines, that I was being treated as the genuine nobody I was, which definitely felt different from the way fandom had treated me before (which was alternately as a pariah or the winner of a popularity award, depending upon when and which group). By the time I found a new job, fandom was one of the last things on my mind.

At this time I was collecting and reading a lot of underground comix. At a record shop I met a comics fan named Peter Golden, to whom I had the distinct displeasure of having to inform that Wally Wood had just killed himself (due to physical degeneration of his eyes). Peter got me interested in a lot of the new artists for Marvel and DC Comics, and within a year or two I became a bigtime collector and reader of aboveground comics again. To be fair to myself, although I was withdrawing into a deeper, more insular world (myself and my reading), this was an amazing time for comics. Comic shops began to spread like never before. In New York, Peter and I primarily shopped at the Village Comic Art Shop, which at that time was ran by Bill Morse and was located on 6th Avenue in the West Village. Comics were just beginning to experiment with new formats — better paper and laser-separated colors for printing. Many stories were becoming more sophisticated. Over the years, the Comics Code would be disposed of temporarily or permanently if publishers wished to publish nudity or have



other adult themes in the book (sometimes in a superhero comic). Creators' rights were a new idea then, championed by artist/writers such as Jim Starlin. For the first time, these guys were able to create comic books and not only have a say as to what happened to the characters, but to *own* the characters they had created and to get a percentage of the profits. This was a fascinating world in which to get lost. And indeed, I'm still there.

This sort of lifestyle has not leant itself to making very many friends, however, hence my efforts to get back into fandom. For a while (2000-2004) I was a member of FAPA, but attempting to read those several hundred page mailings just proved to be too much of a trial to me when I would rather be spending time reading comic books or magazines. Now that I've dropped out, I feel it's a little easier to keep up with the few fanzines I receive. I'm a member of SLANAPA again, probably having the highest record for dropping out and rejoining. I have been sending some Slanzines out as tradezines but am afraid, considering their slender volume, that they may not be adequate as a trade to other fanzine editors. Which brings me back to all this material I have sitting around, waiting to be published.

In some ways, the material is still topical. There has been, in just the last few years, a resurgence of interest in THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW, including a new live cast production of the stage show. Indeed, we are just past a 30th anniversary celebration. Many will say that interest in ROCKY HORROR never died. I would be one of them.

I want to digress for a moment and talk about the personal appeal of this musical.

First, I want everyone who is not familiar with this musical and/or movie to understand that although the principal character is "A Sweet Transvestite, from Transsexual Transylvania" that one does not have to be either a transvestite nor a homosexual to appreciate what I feel is probably the wildest, most outrageous and most beautiful musical I have ever seen. It's not just that the lyrics are totally and deliberately ludicrous and set to fabulous 50s style rock music. It's not just the ridiculous situations. I think it's the *shock* it presents — often seeing something so unexpected that one is surprised, amused, inspired, and thoughtful all at once. Frank N. Furter (brilliantly played by Tim Curry) is supposedly a mad scientist running a giant, Frankenstein-esque castle who is the Queen Bitch of all he surveys — it's all about *him*, what *he* wants, and he gets his way. He creates the ultimate tanned blond muscleman to be his lover. Demonstrating that he wants to be the center of attention of all, he beds down with his new creation, as well as the feckless, all-American teenaged (and engaged) couple (Barry Bostwick and Susan Sarandon) who stumble, Young Goodman Brown

TIM MARION

fashion, into the castle. No mere description of words can do this movie justice, nor what follows. Suffice it to say that the songs are all brilliant, funny, and advance the story and the performances are matchingly brilliant. Damn, the whole thing is just... brilliant! It's all written by Richard O'Brien who both sings the opening theme ("Science Fiction Double Feature") and plays the demented hunchback servant Riffraff, and who was inspired by Hammer Films and Marvel Comics as well as campy 50s rock musicals. It's no wonder so many have been inspired to watch this movie so many times. There are many layers and depths of meaning that must be explored, many references to pop culture, movies, superheroes, etc. Frank embodies the best and, at the same time, most vicious characteristics of both male and female personae. Frank is both She Who Must Be Obeyed and the Alpha Male at the same time — a character both repulsive and irresistible.

"Frank is perhaps an exaggeration but does prove in all of us there is both female and male and that both are an integral part. To have the strength that in the past has been characterized as a male component and the sensitivity of a female is to be whole."

—Carmen Rivera, *The Transylvanian 2*

Since it began in the "cult movie" midnight circuit in the mid-1970s, fans have developed a repertoire of so-called "witty" responses to the movie. I admit I was unprepared for this when I took Laine Buckwalter to Norfolk with me to view it for her first time. (Nor later when schoolmates Bill Day, Bobby Canestrari and I took Wolfgang Dancer to see it for his first time, despite his disavowal in the lettercolumn.) To be fair to both of us, the self-named "hecklers" at the Naro Theatre in Norfolk, Virginia, didn't remember the right lines and what lines they knew were said at the wrong time. They were a drunken, unpleasant intrusion into the movie. As I attended more performances, both at conventions and in other cities, I began to catch on to just what the ad-libs were all about. Done correctly, they need not detract from the movie, as ideally, they should be spoken when none of the characters in the movie are speaking.

Balticon '78

It was a minor miracle that I even made it to the Balticon that year. I was scheduled to travel with Mary Tyrrell, the editor of *The Liberated Quark* (the local HaRoSFA genzine/clubzine), and her husband, but at the last minute practically (only a day before), Mary called me and told me she was unable to give me a ride. "Don't ask," was all that she said. But of course I *did* ask. "Don't ask," I was told again. I have no idea what the problem was: if her husband didn't like me, if they both were freaked out by mentions of "recreational drugs" in my con reports, or if one of the other passengers objected to me (in which case it should have been that passenger who was excluded, obviously, not me). It was definitely a fakefannish and selfish way to treat someone: to bump someone at the last minute like that when that person has so many people to see at the convention and so many people who wanted to see him. (Sure wish I could say that nowadays.) Of all the possibilities, I suspect the latter is the most likely. I seem to recall a HaRoSFA member who didn't know me at all and merely relied on lies that a couple of other resentful members were telling her — she never spoke to me but was always giving me dirty looks. Then in a con report which was printed in *The Liberated Quark*, this woman made a mention of just that — she referred to me in a most derogatory way and intimated that the others in the conversation were warning her against me. "I don't know why I printed that," Mary told me later, reminding me of Judy Kurman talking about *BSFAn* (see "The Steve Brown Castigation Fund"). Yeah, that definitely made two of us. Nor do I know for sure why Mary excluded me from this convention trip.

Fortunately Jim Bodie saved the day. He had hitchhiked to the Hunt Valley Inn the previous year and remembered the way there. Jim was very good with directions that way, which no doubt made up for some of his other antics. I have spoken to Jim in the past several years, so I know his behavior is much better now than that which I am getting ready to relate.

Saturday night when the con suite closed, Jim was passed out on the floor after drinking a seemingly lethal amount of beer. As I attempted to wake Jim so we could leave, a kid came by and started rudely pulling on comatose Jim's arm, saying condescendingly, "C'mon, Jim, there's a great party down the hall..."

Needless to say this kid's behavior didn't sit very well with me, especially since I felt I had the situation in hand and thought he was being too impatient and ill-mannered. "Leave him alone!" I ordered. "He's *my* friend, I'll take care of him...okay?" The kid stepped back. I gently shook Jim's shoulder. He opened his eyes.

"Jim, c'mon, we gotta go."

Suddenly his entire lanky, six-and-a-half-foot frame hauled itself to its feet. He quickly took a deep breath. "Okay," he said.

Out of the corner of my eye I subconsciously noticed that Joe Mayhew was giving us a strange look.

Jim and I left the con suite and marched down the hall. "Why did we leave the con suite?" Jim asked.

"We were thrown out," I quipped with half-truth.

At every convention after that, every time I attempted to speak to Joe Mayhew, he would rudely turn his back to me and speak to someone else. Having little sense of self at such a tender age, I naturally concluded, at first, that he was merely very, very Busy with whatever convention he was at. But then Jim noticed the same thing. *Every attempt to speak to Joe Mayhew was greeted with arrant rudeness.*

Eventually Joe deigned to speak to me again at the LunaCon in 1979, which was held at the Sheraton LaGuardia (next to the airport). Hope Leibowitz was holding a party there and she emphatically volunteered to me the information that Neil Belsky would not be welcome there. Naturally when I saw Neil, I challenged him. "Hope told me I could come," he said validly. So I spoke to Hope. "Oh, I decided to invite him," she whimsically informed me. Joe Mayhew then made some sort of cryptic remark to me, which, despite how derisive it sounded, I think meant that he actually approved of me. Oh, lucky me.

It wasn't until years later that I began to understand what could have happened. I was reading a fannish memoir by the now-deceased Mayhew, who said that his sons had worked with him on various Balticons. Apparently what had happened is that the impatient kid I had yelled at was one of Joe's sons, automatically predisposing Joe against me. But mainly, I suspect Joe was yet another person with too much imagination and time on his hands to the extent that he imagines what the relationships of others are like. Perhaps Joe Mayhew was not the only one to jump to the conclusion that JimBo and I were a "couple." Even now, after living with Jeff Kleinbard for a number of years, people naturally assume that we're a couple. Although I am all for people living their lives the way they see fit, nothing could be more disgusting for me personally. I'm also disgusted at the people who just naturally assume that two guys who live together or who hang out together must be involved with each other. Of course, such people began to think that Jeff and I were "all right" if they saw either of us with Hope. Apparently that was the situation here. I guess I was approved as "all right" by Joe since I was then living with Hope. Nevermind that I wasn't having a relationship with her, either.

But anyway, it was at Balticon in 1978 that Nick Pollak and I managed to dragoon Ted White and Gary Farber, on separate nights (I think), to watch THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW. As both of them were professed Rocky Horror "virgins" and I regarded both of them as friends (or at least friendly acquaintances), their opinion on this movie was important to me.

The first night the convention theatre room was packed when they showed it. At one point, Janet, played by Susan Sarandon, feels abandoned and betrayed both by her fiancé, Brad, and by Frank N. Furter, who just popped her cherry. She comes across Rocky Horror, Frank's beautiful muscleman creation. As she bandages the wounds he has suffered outside the castle, an idea begins to dawn on her. Taking a cue from the ad-libbers, I called out, "HEY JANET, WANNA FUCK??" very loudly. Obviously most of the people in the audience were "virgins", as there had been no repetition of ad-libs up until the point I yelled out, which was well into the movie. Most in the audience groaned at this intrusion. Ted just sort of smirked to himself like, oh well, that's just Tim Marion being outrageous and controversial again. Then Janet rolled her eyes seemingly toward where I was sitting, and a big, mischievous grin came across her face as she decided to seduce Rocky Horror... At that point everyone in the audience Got It, including Ted, and cracked up.

But by and large, I consider myself burnt-out on the phenomenon of ad-libbing to ROCKY HORROR. The ad-libs evolved over the years, but in general, if I were to introduce someone to the movie for the first time, I would want them to be able to hear it without anyone else in the audience speaking.



Other Movies You Might Like

If you liked *THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW*, the following are some other movies I think you might like, all of which, like *RHPS*, are amongst my very favorites:

- *THE LAST DAYS OF MEN ON EARTH*, British, starring Jon Finch and Jennifer Runacre. British title: *THE FINAL PROGRAMME*, based on a Michael Moorcock novel about "Jerry Cornelius." Invincibly stylish, mod sets and crisp, quick dialogue.
- *STARSTRUCK*, Australian musical starring Gillian Armstrong as a young woman wanting to break into the music business. Powerful, colorful, hard pop numbers with wonderful choreography and singing. Both songs and story have a great sense of humor to them.
- *FLASHDANCE*, starring Jennifer Beals as a welder by day who occasionally moonlights as a sexy dancer surrounded by colorful technical effects (and plenty of water to soak her scanty outfits) at a men's club, who nonetheless is withdrawn and celibate until she decides to give her heart to one of her admirers at the club (who is also her charming boss at the steel factory). She rejects him when he tries to help her break into more legitimate, professional dancing and instead succeeds on her own. Memorable songs and music performed as background mood pieces. Jennifer Beals (or perhaps her dancing stand-in) looks hotter than molten lava — this movie contains some of the hottest dance sequences ever recorded on celluloid, in my opinion.
- *NIGHTMARE BEFORE CHRISTMAS*, wonderfully animated (computer and puppets?) epic by Danny Elfman featuring the charming but creepy characters of Halloween who decide to do us all and favor and take over Christmas as well. Unforgettably charming musical numbers.
- *THE FORBIDDEN ZONE*, Danny Elfman's first movie, a black-and-white, made on an almost-zero budget, is a weird, bizarre satire that incorporates bits of old comedies with parodies of Cab Calloway music. Best, most unforgettable movie made for nothing.

And the following, I must confess, isn't in any way, style, shape, or sense, similar to *RHPS* (or, for that matter, any other movie), but I have to recommend it anyway:

- *THE CITY OF LOST CHILDREN*, a French movie starring Ron Perlman as a monosyllabic strongman. Stunning, moody, creepy, stylish, noirish and almost bad-trippy imagery — the movie comes across as a bad acid trip that lasts only two hours. Set in a retro-futuristic Paris which seems to be always dark. Amongst the villains are a couple of decadent but matronly Siamese twins who preside over a pack of unfortunate child thieves. Amongst the villains' weapons are fleas who, when biting a victim, can release a chemical that allows the twins to mentally control the victim. The chief villain of all is a mad scientist out on a nearby island who

cannot dream, so he has his henchmen steal children and strap them to brain machines to drain their dreams to give to him. Ron Perlman finds himself irresistibly drawn to a tough but vulnerable streetwise little girl and helps her to rescue her even younger brother, who, although he doesn't speak much, seems unusually gifted in the intelligence department. Definitely one of the very best and strangest movies ever made, even if my description does sometimes make it sound somewhat less than desirable.

DisClave 1978

Before DisClave (Memorial Day Weekend) 1978, I did the following:

- quit my job
- had all my long, stringy hair cut off
- got the perfect tan (for which I will probably get skin cancer any day now)

By this time, I had traveled from Newport News, Virginia, to the Sheraton Park Hotel in Washington, D.C. so many times that I drove by myself.

I spent a lot of time hanging out with Taral and Victoria Vayne, as well...Dave Hulvey! Yes, this was one of the few conventions Dave Hulvey attended. He and I spent a lot of time together and generated a lot of smoke.

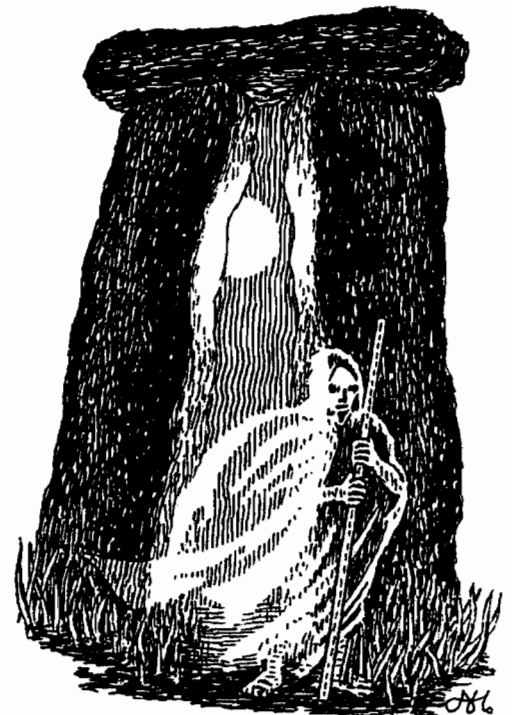
D. Gary Grady took lots of pictures of Taral, Victoria, Dave and I together. Gary Grady takes just as good pictures of me as Hope Leibowitz does.

Gary was also kind enough to let me crash in his room. The previous year I had a job, and Gary and I split a room. This year I had quit my job and Gary kindly let me crash for free without mentioning one word of payment, like a real trufan. Gary had the ability to ceaselessly talk all night to whomever would listen, but this was not a problem, as Gary always had something erudite or amusing to say, and frequently both. I recall at some early hour of the morning I had zonked out on the rug, while I heard Gary going on and on to the only other personal remaining. Suddenly I heard, through my sleep, Gary saying, "Tim Marion asked me what I think about the planets lining up in the year 1986." He finished the thought with, "I told him I thought it was a pretty good idea."

Also spent much time hanging out with the SLANAPA crew. We all saw ALIEN together. I was so tired, I was sure I was going to fall asleep. Before the movie started, I said to Ned Brooks, who was sitting to my left, "Wake me up if I fall asleep." Most reading this have seen the movie and know what happens. After the egg has exploded and a face hugger is doing its bit and I have jumped only 2 or 3 inches up in my seat, Ned asked me, "Are you asleep?"

One evening, in a far wing of the hotel where there were only one or two parties, a group of us Slans passed the room of some poor lost soul who decided that he so despised Christianity that he had put his room's copy of Gideon's Bible outside the door. We found that very amusing, so we started gathering all the Gideon's Bibles we could find and piled them outside his door (I think this idea was Ned's brainchild). Or I should say, to the side of his door, against the wall. The idea was to freak out the room occupant with multiple Bibles, not to lethally trip him.

The real prank, however, was played by D. Gary Grady upon a hapless Phil Paine. I'm sure Grady set Paine up for this. Somehow Grady and Paine became involved in a theological argument. "Wait, I'll prove it to you!" declared Phil. He searched the con suite for a Gideon's Bible. "Oh well, this room doesn't have one," he said, and went on to the next. And the next. He probably went on searching for the rest of the night, poor guy...





Autoclave 1978

For some reason, I felt inspired to spend what little money I had and took a plane to Detroit to attend Autoclave. I had heard about what a fabulous fanzine fans convention it was, as well as being a regional. Although I can say I had a good time, and I'm glad I went, most of the things I can remember there were somewhat unpleasant.

One of which is that I once more caught up with the young lady who I had admired so ardently during the Hugo Awards ceremony at SunCon (and wrote about, to the great dismay of at least two readers). This time, she unfortunately wasn't wearing her white, crocheted hot pants, but a full outfit of black leather. I said hi to her, and she smiled and said hi to me back. It actually seemed as though she recognized me. And then I...ran away again! (See my response to Jeff Frane's letter in the lettercol.) What on earth makes me do such things? Maybe the fact that I didn't know her and didn't feel confident enough in myself to try to make small talk? Surely a part of shyness is also snobbery. I just know I regret to this day that I didn't try to start a conversation with this enchanting young lady (who could have been a year or two older than me). I understand shortly after this convention she became married to a neo-pro editor: someone with whom I had lunch (along with many other people) and discussed my own neo-pro editing at the time at *Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine* (such that it was).

I attended the banquet. I sat at a table with my friends Linda Bushyager and Don C. Thompson. Also R-Laurraine Tutihasi, who didn't seem very friendly (we're friends and correspondents now, so that's all right). The room was too quiet, I saw a record player, and I had an album in my luggage. I forget what it was — it was either a Steeleye Span or a Tim Hart & Maddy Prior album. I asked permission from the chair (Leah Zeldes) and turned it on below mid-volume. Immediately Mark Riley stood up and announced, "This music is all wrong!" Very peculiar reaction, considering how popular Steeleye Span is with fans. Indeed, he seemed to be the only person with that reaction. "No, you're all wrong," I wittily rejoindered, and he sat back down.

While sitting with my friends, suddenly Larry Downes came over to me from a crowded table at which he had apparently been presiding. "Hi Tim," he said unctuously, and with a strange look in his eye. "Hi," I said back, non-plussed. Larry went back to his table.

A few minutes later Tony Cvetko came over with an *even weirder* look in *his* eye. "Uh, Tim, I think Larry will be very offended if you don't come over and join him at his table," Tony told me. So I actually left Linda and Don, after apologizing to them. A seat was made for me where Sarah Prince gently rested her hand on my bare thigh.

(I seem to recall I painted Sarah's toenails with a sparkly red polish while we had been in the fan room. Mike Wood came in and invited me to a hellacious bout of frisbee in a nearby meadow. I did a lot of high jumping to catch the frisbee, as well as running up and down stairs in the hotel (the elevator

worked poorly). The result — I severely strained my back. Sarah Prince and another woman took turns massaging my back, trying to relieve the tortured, strained muscles there. They were only partially successful; I had to spend a week recuperating when I got back to New York.)

The guests and their speeches are really something I shouldn't talk about. What I *should* talk about, which is relevant, is that suddenly Joan Hanke-Woods interrupted the proceedings. She sort of danced in front of everyone in Rocky Horror regalia (she actually looked better than anyone in the movie, except possibly Susan Sarandon, but that's just my opinion) and announced an upcoming Rocky Horror fanzine. (I don't think this was the zine Greg Ketter did, but another zine, which I actually did get.) Leah did not seem to be amused.

DisClave 1980

Only had one real interaction with Rocky Horror fandom. But first I will digress to another con report.

I drove Moshe Feder, Lise Eisenberg, Hope Leibowitz and myself to the Sheraton Park. This time of course I was coming from the other direction, since I had moved to New York. I insisted on leaving early in the morning. Moshe and Lise didn't seem to like the way I drove. They felt I drove too fast and did too much weaving in and out of traffic. I can't say they're wrong, but I still felt I was very careful. Since I wanted to drive fast, I generally tried to stay in the left lane. If someone ahead of me was driving slower than me, instead of riding on his bumper as a subtle hint (a most obnoxious and dangerous habit amongst immature drivers), I would merely switch to the middle lane and go around that driver.

Since we got to the hotel early, Hope wanted to crash out (in the room I was sharing with Mike Wood). "Aw, I'll have to get up when maid service comes," Hope whined, as she pulled the covers over herself. I suddenly had a brainstorm. I left the room. A few minutes later I let myself back in and called out in a falsetto voice, "Maid service!"

"Aw, all right," Hope whined, and immediately got out of bed. She got to her feet and when she saw who was there and saw me laughing at her, she danced a little jig...

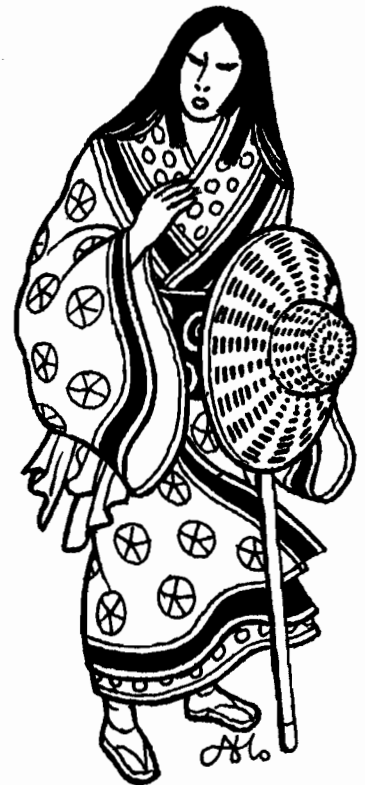
Mike Wood and I held a SLANAPA party in our room.

I spent much of the convention cursing the cloud cover. I wanted to get a tan.

This was probably the last DisClave held at the Sheraton Park Hotel. They were in the process of building new, luxury wings (which we could see eerily standing outside of the wings which we were occupying) and would subsequently charge much higher hotel rates, rates which we all felt we would not be able to afford. Inspired by someone else (Ted White? Phil Paine?), I carefully picked the white letter embroidery out of the bathroom mat which said "SHERATON," rearranging the pattern to read "SHIT ON." I was never billed for an extra mat.

I was so enchanted to see a certain woman had lost a lot of weight and was wearing short-shorts. Her legs looked very creamy to me. I admit, I'm a lech — I couldn't help myself. Or rather, I *did* help myself. Despite the fact that she was married, she was kind and gracious to me — she suffered my attention flirtatiously. While I gently caressed her creamy smooth thighs, she rubbed my arm muscles back. (I asked her to cut her short-shorts a couple of inches shorter, but darnit, she wouldn't go for that.) As pleasant as this memory was, it was also offset by one fellow (who over these years evolved into some sort of BNF who had expired, leaving many fans heartbroken for their "great parliamentarian") who kept following me around, grinning at me, saying hi to me and caressing my shoulders. After he had done it twice I was so repulsed that I learned to *run* every time I saw him.

Despite my harrowing misadventure, I must admit that I miss DisClaves. They used to be my favorite conventions. And yes, I know all about the story about the sadomasochist clique who somehow



ruined the reputation for science fiction conventions in D.C. Perhaps with the new convention ("CapClave") this reputation can be undone.

Noreascon II (Worldcon 1980)

I was glad to catch up with my friend again at Noreascon II and asked her to come with me to a side-room to the consuite, where we attempted to indulge in conversation and funny cigarettes. I saw a small group of Rocky Horror fans, dressed in movie regalia, hovering at the door, curious. To the dismay of my friend, I asked them to join our smoking party. The fellow who was dressed as Frank N. Furter was taking his role too seriously — he insisted on sitting next to me and chatting me up, although he quickly perceived that I really wasn't interested. I guess he thought I was Rocky Horror (I had "blond hair and tan" and not much else). I was much more interested in his sister, whose makeup and hair were prepared as Magenta, but all she was wearing was a wet, one-piece bathing suit and a towel (and high heels). She was beautiful, but I was a little intimidated by her aggressiveness. "Somebody told me I should meet you" she suddenly announced to me, but didn't seem to know how to carry the conversation much further. Meanwhile my friend was apparently so appalled by these costumed, made-up fringe-fan types that she left the room, which was regrettable to me. This was just not her kind of fandom, nor her idea of a tasteful, good time. The next morning I attempted to salvage something from this meeting when I saw this brother and sister team again, this time sans makeup. She looked like she wanted to pass out or go to sleep — she obviously had not had enough rest. Obviously it was my turn to be too aggressive when I told her how much I had enjoyed meeting her and how much I admired her. She seemed unimpressed and hardly aware that I, or anyone else, for that matter, was there.

But this was a very unpleasant convention for me in so many different ways that I ended up swearing off Worldcons for a good twenty years.

Karen Pearlston stayed with me in my room, and she was not only a good friend, but quiet, polite, unobtrusive company when I needed to rest. It was my pleasure to host her then as well as a couple of years later in New York at my home. And indeed, the hotel staff was very discreet and tolerant too. They would come in and clean while I was still crashed out on the bed and Karen and perhaps even other parties would be sleeping on the floor, and a hookah on the table, and I would never hear even one word of grief.

At one point Karen invited me to A Women's Apa party that she and AnneLaurie Logan were hosting. The newly-shorn Bill Breiding's radar sensed an alert, but I told him not to worry. I had been to several AWA parties up and down the East Coast; it surely was no big deal. AnneLaurie opened the door for Karen, and Karen entered the room, followed by Bill Breiding and then Bill Brummer. Suddenly the door was slammed in my face. Non-plussed, I stood there, when suddenly the door opened again. I was greeted with, "Tim, you can come in, but only if you promise to behave!" from AnneLaurie. Before I could even splutter out, "When have I not behaved?" AnneLaurie condescendingly said in the next breath, "Oh, Tim, I'm only joking!" I then entered the room with everyone staring at me.

Karen, who I must remind the reader was a co-host to the party, told me she wanted to hear some music. I turned on the radio that was attached to the TV. It was a Jerry Lee Lewis song. Suddenly Ctein stood up and shouted, "Turn that off!" imperiously. (In Ctein's defense, he did a great job of tolerating some impertinent questions from me at Chicon, so he's all right with me.) Not intimidated, I merely coldly informed him that one of the co-hosts of the party had asked me to turn it on. "Oh," he said, and sat back down.

Honestly, I can't remember what happened next. Obviously it was so unpleasant that I have mercifully blotted it from my memory. The next thing I knew Karen and I were leaving the room, followed by Bills Breiding and Brummer. "I was afraid something like that would happen," said Breiding.

We went down the hall to the Apanage party. AnneLaurie followed Karen down there and brought with her a wine bottle. "Karen, I'm bringing you this bottle because you're the co-host to the party, but now I don't know whether to give it to you or crack it over your head!" Karen calmly responded to her, pointing out her unreasonable behavior, and things started to too-slowly calm down.

One of the few good memories from Noreascon II that I have kept was my meeting with Terry Carr. I shouldn't have been, but I was actually surprised by how nice he was. Terry just had been invited to

join Oasis, the invitational apa of which I was a member, and had contributed a 24-page mailing comment zine. I, on the other hand, just had been invited to join FAPA from the top of the WaitList. Suddenly, Terry Carr and I were in two apas together, which made a nice ice-breaker. What a terrible blow to fandom that Terry died only a couple of years later.

Apologies Where They Are Due

I really can't believe the things I said about Phil Foglio last issue. Greg Ketter is quite right, in the lettercol, where he says I owe Phil an apology (which doesn't mean I agree with everything Ketter says there). It's one thing to say Phil Foglio didn't deserve the Hugo Award (in 1977), but to make foolish claims about his companions and his behavior was out-of-line. As for the Hugo Award, it's not just all the time that has passed that makes me say — so what? It's never been anything but a popularity award, and the years that have passed have proven that over and over, if anything, even more egregiously than the example I didn't like. And plus, as others insist (in the lettercol), perhaps Phil actually had a lot more art published than I was aware of. To my memory, I got an awful lot of fanzines, but perhaps many of the ones I got were so outré that they didn't feature art by the apparently ubiquitous Mr. Foglio. Or perhaps he was present in the zines I received and I just didn't notice (do you hear that ring of doubt in my voice?). In this day and age it seems a lot more prudent to worry about stolen U.S. presidential elections (two and counting) than a Hugo vote going the wrong way due to a popularity clique.

But the point is, what does it matter? I really shouldn't have taken it so seriously. Time has seen Phil Foglio debut as a genuine professional artist with something called *D'Arc Tangent* (which admittedly I haven't seen in years, but bought and somewhat enjoyed when it came out), while I remain a loser of a faned who hasn't "pubbed his ish" in over 25 years.

I seem to recall in the early 80s I saw Phil at a party in an apartment in Brooklyn. I think we were celebrating Steve Stiles' marriage. Phil very kindly sliced turkey breast "off the rack" for me. He seemed like a nice, normal guy. I can't even be totally certain he knew who I was, although he had known me before.

The Steve Brown Castigation Fund

This is intended as a little good-natured payback. *Long overdue.*

You meet all types in fandom. Back when Steve Brown was "going steady" with Avedon Carol, they both decided that he should have a vasectomy performed. This is an operation which apparently does not remove a man's testes, but effectively stops his reproductive capability while, presumably, not diminishing a man's sex drive. However, when Steve and Avedon campaigned for money for the operation, I, in my ignorance, mistakenly referred to it in *So It Goes*, in the context of a con report, as the Steve Brown Castration Fund rather than the correctly named Steve Brown Vasectomy Fund.

Steve wrote me a letter correcting me, and when I realized what I had done, of course I was mortified. In the next issue I made a full apology for my mistake. Although Steve's letter had been generally amiable, somewhere along the way his wires apparently short-circuited and thereafter he felt it was his job to publicly insult me. In his so-called fanzine "review" column in *BSFAn*, his "review" (too dignified a name, by far) of *So It Goes* was just one long list of perjorative adjectives, without even beginning to describe the particulars of the zine. Of course, no mention was made of the Steve Brown Castration Fund, which was what had obviously inspired his petty little temper tantrum. ("I don't know why I printed that review," Judy Kurman, one of the editors, told me later, somewhat apologetically. I sure wish she could have made it up to me, but that was back then...)

I let that go, for the most part, although I think I had some disparaging remarks for another "review" he wrote in *Fanny Hill*. Dan Joy assures me it was not he who laid into me for having a personal axe to grind, but his co-editor, someone who from the very beginning had made certain to win an unpopularity poll with the stupid, fakefannish utterances he had made to both others and myself. (Such as assuming false pride for the fact that *Fanny Hill* was offset, while others' zines were mimeo'd.)

Not content with getting away with writing a poisonous "review," Steve then lit in on me in a room shared by Ted White and Jerry Jacks at Noreascon II, in front of a group of people, whining and crying

and carrying on. I had to remind Steve in front of the group that I had apologized to him for that mere unfortunate choice of words. Steve then went on to tell me how foolish I was because castration involves total removal of a man's sex organs. I told him he was mistaken.

At that point, Ted, who had been quietly observing Brown's tirade and my weary and half-hearted defense, very authoritatively stated, "Castration involves removal of all or part of the male genitalia."

The room went quiet for a moment but I didn't dispute Ted. I wanted to ask someone who worked in the medical profession before I said anything else.

"Yeah!" crowed Brown, "and blah blah blah," he rattled on. He soon stopped, because he began to perceive that no one was paying him any attention, including myself. I was intent on ignoring him if he was intent on ignoring the facts and continuing a tirade.

Fact is, Ted and Steve Brown and anyone else who may be confused, in current medical usage and practice, the term "castration" refers only to removal of the testes.

But the way Steve Brown acted, one would think that I had deliberately made an effort to emasculate him.

So the question is, why would Steve Brown react this way? Was it just a "petty male ego" (feminist chant) that felt that I had somehow wounded his genitalia, and therefore his very identity, by what I had written? Did he figure that I had really ruined his reputation throughout fandom as both a fan and a potential lover? Did he see me as some sort of vulnerable target whom he could attack in an effort to boost his own ego on his own little climb up to the top? OR... Did he see this as a way of getting back at Avedon, with whom I was a friend, or at least, friendly acquaintance and sometime traveling companion, and who had long since broken up with him and who had little but bad to say about him?

Well, whatever. After all the trouble he caused, maybe such a fund *should* be started. Send all proceeds to Avedon.

Other Cons I Did Not Attend

Some time in the mid-80s I attended a local New York convention. (No, I don't remember the name of it; perhaps EmpiriCon.) Or rather, Darrell Schweitzer, my last remaining correspondent at the time (which he said was pathetic), attended the convention, and found an empty name badge lying on the floor. He first attempted to return it to the concom, but they would have none of it. Next he called me and told me to come up for a free membership.

This was a very unusual convention in a number of ways. Giani Siri was on the concom and since I was, in effect, a guest, I decided to help her. This help consisted of participating in the art show by carrying around the art pieces to the audience for closer examination. As I was wearing shorts and had a good tan, Giani seemed entertained. Calling out from the podium about the art, she would announce, "Notice the colors, notice the detail. Notice the legs," she added.

Giani had a number of friends attending the con with her, one of whom was her present roommate. This was a tall, slender fellow with long, straight blond hair and a severely pock-marked face who was planning on having The Operation. Robert Whitaker, Giani's future husband, called him "the next best thing to a Swedish convertible." I didn't mind when Giani caressed my legs or stroked my long fingernails, but that charming fellow could only *look*, as far as I was concerned — I had to set limits for him. Some of Giani's brother Robert's friends attended with a name badge that just read "JAFO." Eventually, upon asking, I was somewhat sullenly told that



meant "Just Another Fucking Observer." The fellow to whom I was speaking was defensive, I think, because some rather boorish fans had been teasing Robert Sirignano and his friends by derisively calling them "neos" (upon discovering this was their first convention). These fellows were very uptight and straight guys. It was OK, even unnoticeable to them, for Giani to feel me up and declare that she was "a faggot in a man's body."

"I think I know what you mean," I replied. Referring to the feminine image many perceive in me, despite my avid interest in women, I continued, "I'm probably a lesbian in a man's body." Suddenly scared straight guys started exchanging nervous glances.

In the headquarters room, the concom and Isaac Asimov (who was the guest of honor) all brainstormed together. I kept trying to catch Ike's eye and tell him, egofriend that I am, "Hey, I once worked on your magazine!" Big fucking deal, really, considering what a short stint I had there, but felt it was a way to connect. Unfortunately, I think he got the wrong idea by my trying to get his attention.

Later in the con suite, I saw Jeff Schalles, who punched me in the chest (hope he didn't hurt his hand). I saw Lou Stathis, who loudly declared that the convention was "full of geeks." I saw Susan Palermo, who seemed glad to see me. I saw Heidi Saha, who watched me as I spoke to Giani on the couch and acted like she was terribly, horribly bored (which no doubt she was).

As I left, presumably Sunday night, Darrell was deep in conversation with Lin Carter. Despite the fact that I had received a permission-to-reprint letter only a few years before from Carter, I felt no desire to introduce myself. Darrell barely looked up and gave me the most cursory goodbye in response to my own. Another weird convention was done.

Then, a few years later, a Corflu was held in town. Not only was it in town, it was only a block from my job. As Moshe Feder and Lise Eisenberg were holding the Corflu, and as, by that point, I had barely any connection with fandom, I offered Moshe some vintage fanzines (copies of Terry Carr's THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, I think) in exchange for letting me show up for just a few minutes.

A week before the convention, Moshe told me over the phone that he had discussed that with Lise and they decided no, they weren't going to let in any riffraff. In other words, I had donated fanzines to the convention and now Moshe was literally calling me riffraff. His rationale? "Tim, you donated those fanzines to TAFF, not to me!" He insisted I would have to pay for full membership, despite what I felt was an arrangement with him, even though I told him I intended to stay only for a few minutes. "Tim how long you stay is up to you."

Needless to say at the end of my work day I went home and took care of my business, totally putting the convention out of my mind. A little while later my roommate came to me and told me that Linda Bushyager had called and had offered to pay for my membership if I would just show up. However by that time I was home and comfortable and didn't want to leave again to go right back to where I had been. Besides, it should have been Moshe who paid for my membership, not Linda.

In Moshe's defense, as if he needs any, he's not deliberately hostile to me, he just has a peculiarly rigid code which he sticks to. Of course, this keeps him from being quite as much fun as he could be, but I'm still grateful that he let me store my car in his driveway for a couple of years, which included both he and his mother starting the engine on occasion just to keep the battery charged.

So anyway, that's why I didn't attend a Corflu even when it was in New York City.





So Where Does It Go From Here?

That's up to you. Recently I was disappointed that my FAPazine, which I was sending outside the apa, got so little response. I felt it was because it contained mailing comments on the apa and also because it was a bit of a mediazine. But now I'm thinking that fans just don't write letters of comment that much anymore. I got 66 personal responses to the last issue of **So It Goes**. Even if I manage to find current addresses for all the letter writers, I doubt they will feel inspired to write again. More's the pity — I almost get the impression that **So It Goes** was actually beginning to establish itself.

Despite the appearance of this issue, **So It Goes** is *not* a mediazine. It was originally, when I started it in 1972, a personalzine, equally inspired by Bruce Arthurs' **Powermad** and Mike Wood's APA-45zine, **Colog**, in which he ran extensive con reports. I started building up to big issues like Mike's, but then quickly decided that I could better afford small, monthly issues. As I ended up mailing two of them together every other month, I really should have opted for a bi-monthly that was twice as large. Eventually I decided that I couldn't afford even a small, ditto'd personalzine, and stopped it.

In 1977, I started to work for the Newport News Shipyard and, still living with my parents, used the money in a variety of wonderful ways. For Easter weekend I traveled first to Minneapolis for Minicon and saw a fannish musical in which Denny Lien played "Editor Bova" ("The Mimeo Man," I think). On Saturday afternoon I took a plane to Baltimore to attend Balticon. With me, I brought David Ortman's Rex Rotary M4 mimeo.

Unfortunately, I had to lug the mimeo home on the Greyhound, due to a local (Hampton, Virginia) fan, Ivan Clark, suddenly and fakefannishly letting me down and not giving me the ride home he had promised only a couple of weeks before. But once I was somehow miraculously home with it, I started producing **So It Goes** again, once more making it into a con report zine. By this time I knew so many people in fandom that I actually bought a bulk rate mailing permit, something which I don't think is so easily obtained these days (at least not without proving you're a non-profit organization, which entails its own amount of hassles).

By 1977, Terry Hughes' fanzine **Mota** (which I thought was named after the sacred fannish green cat) was my favorite zine, and that's the sort of zine **So It Goes** was slowly metamorphosing into when I took off for New York. I declared that **So It Goes** was a "personalzine-cum-genzine" and fans responded accordingly. Gary Deindorfer sent me articles that didn't thrill me overly much, so Terry printed them in **Mota**. Peter Roberts offered me his TAFF report, which I considered an honor, since I had already read an installment of it and had laughed till I cried. Since by that time I had quit my job at the Shipyard, I reluctantly told him that I could not accommodate him. Not having any money, I had no idea when I would publish again.

Right now part of the next issue should already be prepared. I have a humorous piece by Rick Stooker which is probably on disk as you read this. It would be great if I could get someone to illustrate it. If I can get someone to illustrate Charles Burbee's "FAPA Forever," I may reprint it. I also have a reprint portfolio of Steve Fabian's art, as well as a new portfolio of George Barr art. As for my own writing, I intend to write personalzine material and probably the bulk of the writing in the issue will be mine, as usual, and in keeping with the "personalzine-cum-genzine" philosophy. I will probably write con reports (if I actually go to any conventions), trip reports, etc. I *may* even decide to write my fannish memoirs, just in case there is anyone left in fandom whom I didn't offend in this issue.

I may even write fanzine reviews, or write about old fanzines when I get around to reading them. Or I may have installments of my TV review column here. Or installments of my humorous fanhistorical reprint series ("Fanhysterica"). Or, who knows, I may even review comic books. I suspect that the

next issue won't be out until I go to a convention and thus have a report to write. Since I don't go to that many conventions nowadays, I honestly don't know when that will be, but I do plan to publish another issue in 2005. I doubt that I will be at Corflu because I will probably be spending my money mailing this out.

I will say that, since fanzine production is so incredibly expensive these days, unless you have a contribution in either this issue or the next, you're likely not to get the next...unless we're trading zines, of course. And if all you had was a "IAHF" this time, you should respond also to get the next one. So the best way to get the next issue is simply to write and give me some feedback. Since fans seem so reluctant to write LoCs these days, I imagine my mailing list next time will drop by over half. At least that will save me some money!

There will be no electronic version of **So It Goes**, unless someone else PDFs it. Nor will there be an alternate version available on the web in a different format, a technique Guy Lillian III has so effectively utilized for **Challenger** (please see www.challzine.net). At least for the moment, with **So It Goes**, what you see is what you get.

Kate Bush fandom

Sometime in the early-to-mid-80s, my roommate Jeff Kleinbard and I collaborated on an issue of his fanzine, **Stoned Immaculate**. Despite the title, it had nothing to do with "recreational drugs" — it was named after a Jim Morrison quote. Jeff had a few pages of personal anecdotes, but the bulk of the material in the issue was a very long article by me about Kate Bush, a singer/songwriter/dancer/piano player/etc. from England, whom I later discovered was also, coincidentally, a favorite amongst Marvel Comics professionals. That article would have been a part of this issue of **So It Goes**. I'm very grateful Jeff talked me into letting go of the material then when it was fresh. Rick Bryant very kindly provided some portraits of Kate to illustrate the article which he, at the time, gave me permission to reprint in the future. Some of these may see print here in **So It Goes**.

It was along this time I decided that I just didn't have time for SF fanzine fandom anymore when I became "involved" with Kate Bush fandom. Well, I wasn't really involved, as you'll see as you read.

My first "involvement" came when I subscribed to a Canadian magazine/fanzine called **Break-Through**. I was initially very pleased with this publication, which had slick, card-stock covers and gave lots of good news about magazine appearances and such, as well as information on bizarre collectibles which cost mucho dinero. However, there was always something a little off-putting about the editor, Dale Somerville, and his attitude. I think I noticed it first when he refused to print my letters. His reason? They had arrived too late, he said. In other words, if my letter arrived too late for one issue, rather than printing it in the next, it was ignored...even if it contained information no one else had provided!

Dale was holding a "Kate Bush Con" way out in Winnipeg, Alberta, I think. He sent me several extras of the promotional poster, which was beautiful. I distributed them to other Kate Bush fans or else put them on display. To give him support, I sent Dale money for me to join the convention, but told him that I wanted only a supporting membership; there was no way I could make it all that distance. This news seemed to greatly disappoint Dale, and rather than being grateful for the support I had shown him, I had to remind him several times in order to get my membership package...not all of which I ever got.

Somewhere along the way Dale visited Kate Bush in England, and I don't know what happened between them, but when he came back, his attitude became more bizarre than ever. **Break-Through's** *raison d'état* was no longer "The Magazine Devoted to Kate Bush" but "The Magazine Devoted to Kate Bush Fans" (emphasis presently my own). Apparently Kate Bush had disappointed him and let him down in some way. What was he expecting from her? A kiss goodbye as he was



leaving? She already had a reputation as being very detached and shy from her public, even though she was gratified by the response her music got. Did he somehow expect her to be friendlier than she was? Was he disappointed that maybe she hadn't made the time to read the mag? Or, not to deify Our Goddess, perhaps she really was abrupt and rude with him. Who is to know or judge, really? Suffice it to say any future mentions of Kate herself, and especially of his visit with her, were somewhat dismissive, and from then on, he concentrated more on the fans who wrote in. One of whom was no longer me; I had learned my lesson. Or at least, I thought so.

Around this time I attended an autograph session with Kate at Tower Records. I had a thoroughly miserable time because it was so crowded and because I had initially purchased several items for her to autograph because I had been told there wasn't a limit (except for reason), only to be told at the door that she could only autograph one thing. Well, that was reasonable, considering the crowd, but whenever I asked anyone about the contest WLIW was sponsoring, a station heard way out in Long Island, I was responded to most rudely by store personnel. Indeed, when trying to leave Kate after getting my *one item* signed, store personnel were rude to me again, barely letting me put my things away. When Dale Somerville wrote that he would like to hear from someone about the autograph session, I wrote him about the event. I started off with, "Yes, I attended that infamous autograph session..." When Dale printed the letter, he edited out any negative comments and rewrote what I had written, "Yes, I attended the famous autograph session..." Having my words and meaning completely reversed like that was the last straw for me. I never wrote to Dale again, of course. Nor did I read **Break-Through** again. At least, not in that format.

A year or so passed and suddenly **Break-Through** appeared again, this time metamorphosed into a newspaper. Its editor was Dale Somerville's wife, Robyn, who complained bitterly about Dale, claiming that he had been abusive to her and that she had left him, and that she would now be doing the zine because he no longer had any interest in Kate Bush. Considering the vehemence of her complaints, I was surprised that she still retained his last name. When I wrote back to her, I offered her sympathy, and gingerly asked her if she intended to keep the "Somerville" surname. Rather than responding civilly, Robyn printed my letter and said somewhat sharply that she had no intention of keeping that name considering how he had treated her and implied that it was a stupid question. That issue she was *still* using the "Somerville" name. Obviously there was some sort of pattern here of irrationality and total nonsense. Nevertheless, I very generously (I felt) sent her a copy of **Stoned Immaculate** with the long article by me on Kate's music and my experiences with such. Not only did she not mention it in **Break-Through**, she never even bothered to write and say "thank you." I once again lost interest in **Break-Through**. Nevertheless, I received it faithfully for a few more issues. Presumably it died.

But that wasn't my only bizarre encounter with Kate Bush fandom. Indeed, it seemed like every encounter with that particular fandom had me dealing with invincibly flaky people. I recall I ordered a t-shirt from someone through **Break-Through**. It was a lovely drawing of Kate in green ink. Only one washing and half the design had faded unforgivably. I called another fan during the day to ask him about his product. We had a long conversation and he took my name and address and promised to send me his product (whatever it was) *gratis*. Of course I never heard from him again.

Another publication I subscribed to and received was from England and was called **Homeground**. It was basically, as we say in SF fandom, a "crudzine." It was incredibly crude. Poorly mimeoed on thin, white paper — it looked really sloppy. But if anyone wrote in to say so, boy, were they ever defensive! Such a critic became a verbal victim. They went on like this issue after issue, with me not daring to cancel my subscription for fear they would lash out at *me*. (More trouble from yet another fandom was my last desire at that moment.) By the time my subscription had lapsed, they had considerably improved to offset and better production values. Later issues still which I happened to see looked even better...but were still not very desirable to me.

The best looking magazine/fanzine I received was from The Kate Bush Club itself, which was supposed to be ran by some of Kate's friends. Whoever it was ran by, they were an extremely spaced-out lot. There was barely any information in the zine about who was writing it, where it came from (address, etc.), date, issue number, etc. The only way to join was by paying them in British Sterling. Since New York does have at least one British bank, Barclays, I wrote the Kate Bush Club, enclosing an international reply coupon, and asked them if I could send them a cheque made out in British Sterling from Barclays Bank. "I'm sorry," came a perfunctory but handwritten reply from some needle-brain, "but we can only accept checks in British Sterling." Well, I actually complained about

that and received a nice response, and soon I was a full-fledged member, receiving something called only "The Kate Bush Club" in the mail, which was nevertheless a very slick magazine with beautiful color photos. After I was a member about a year, I started writing every issue asking them, "Please list my name and address as someone in the New York area who wishes to meet with other Kate Bush fans." My first request was agreed to...but it never appeared. A reminder went ignored. Etc. Ho hum. I let my subscription lapse. Despite the quality of the magazine, I was just tired (exhausted, really) from dealing with them.

All these years later, Kate Bush doesn't seem to be producing music anymore. She seems to be retired. Perhaps, like Patti Smith, she is going through a phase of busily generating babies. Perhaps, like Patti Smith, and even like myself, she may decide to make a comeback some day. I sure hope so. But when she does, I will just buy the CDs; no fanzines.

[Late breaking news] Just read on the web that Kate has indeed been busy raising her son Bertie, but that she plans to release an album some time in 2005.

So What Have I Left Out?

If your name was Wood and I admired you, the early 80s were a hard time for you. Susan Wood expired due to strep throat and possibly her prescription medicine. Mike Wood didn't take his medicine and went into a diabetic coma from which he did not awaken. Wally Wood was going blind and blew his brains out. Natalie Wood suffered a fatal drowning accident. No wonder the early 80s seemed like such a dreary, sad time for me. It wasn't just the Reagans lording it over us, telling us how to behave.

Some time in the mid-90s, I think it was, Lou Stathis succumbed to brain cancer. I had been trying to reach him for weeks at his old number (which I can still remember, off the top of my head). I wanted to ask him to give me a recommendation at DC Comics. I hadn't called him in years, but would occasionally let a few years go without calling him, and he would always be there. The only exception being when that wild and crazy guy, Mike Hinge, was staying there instead. Eventually I called Moshe and the first thing I said was, "What's wrong with Lou?" I just knew something was wrong by that point, and so Moshe told me.

After our friend left this plane of existence, a wake was held for him. Hank Davis described it to me as a "funeral," not a party celebrating the life that had touched us all, so I did not attend.

Bruce Gillespie tells me that Mike Hinge also passed a number of years ago, found in his home in New Zealand. Yet another great talent lost.

Although **So It Goes** is supposed to be a "blast from the past," I am hoping that the blast isn't too bitter a wind. In other words, I admit there seems to be a great deal of resentment exhibited in what I have written here, and maybe this explains why I have been out of fandom for so long. Indeed, perhaps I have been wrong to return — perhaps I am just unable to handle the capricious give and take of interaction with other fans. Certainly much of my experience since I have officially "returned" to fandom (in 2000) bears this out. So I suppose with this journal I am making one more effort to Reach Out. The response I get will indicate whether or not I have made the right decision. And I can only hope that I have perceived (in life) and related (on paper) enough humor to balance the bitterness.

The Flour Child Makes Dough

So I'm doing what I wanted to do when I left for New York — I'm typing. Or, to be more precise, I am a word processing operator at a law firm. I work the graveyard shift, which are rough hours, but they have compensatorial rewards (one of which is having the day free). Unlike my last job, I don't want to talk too much about this company or the particular people involved, due to legal issues (which I didn't really have before). So instead, I will talk about a few people I have met here.

There was John Faucette, who worked as temp operator. Initially he seemed very impressed by me, to the point where he actually became a bit of a bother with his attention. He had sold a few novels many years before and concluded that the only reason he wasn't selling now was due to stupid editors. I told him that although that could be true, it wouldn't hurt to attend writing workshops and/or conventions. He would have none of it; he knew it all already, I could tell him nothing. I asked him to help me with my FAPazine, **Terminal Eyes**, but, although he agreed to help with proofreading, his attitude caused problems there too as he would ignore the "master" copy and just read the printed

copy for his own enjoyment. He considered himself to be black, and rather than hook up with existing projects, such as DARK MATTER, he started something called "Black Science Fiction." I admit I haven't bothered reading what John did; but heard a story from DARK MATTER on the radio and enjoyed it very much (by someone named "Mosley"; I forget his first name). John was eventually found slumped over his computer, where he had been for several days, apparently. I told *Locus*, "He died with his computer on."

Then there was a fringe fan who had the misfortune of living with some fans some years previously. Fortunately she was totally recovered from these fans, but still full of obnoxiousness. Her personality was far more unpleasant than those she complained about. Just trying to have a conversation with her was like an endurance test. She was incredibly argumentative, even when she was wrong, and would argue to the death. To her credit, she did show me one or two things on the word processing program. One night she thought it was cute to curse out the supervisor when she was under pressure. The supervisor told her, of course, to leave immediately or she would be escorted out by security.

And then there is Andy MacDonald, who recently broke into Image Comics with a comic book he is illustrating, *NYC Mech*. A nice guy and a diligent proofreader. And what an artist! Unfortunately, as was the case with Joe Staton and others, I like Andy's fan art a lot better than his professional comics work.



Retrospection

So what am I reading lately? As mentioned before, I have reconverted and become a comics fan again. I love Jack Kirby, and want to get all those comics I missed back in the 60s when I was such a sporadic buyer. By 1970 I was more aware of / involved with fandom and made absolutely certain to arrive whenever the new comics came in. Nevertheless, I stopped buying Kirby's *The Forever People*, which he was doing at the time at DC. I was, at that point, starting to lose interest in comics, I thought. I was falling under a bad influence — science fiction fans — who urged me to get rid of my comics and convert to the true faith. I decided that *The Forever People* was just too silly...when in reality it was probably, in some ways, over my head.

Now that I'm a comics fan again, I like reading consecutive issues. I have acquired all 11 issues of *The Forever People* over the last few years, and am having a blast reading them. Of particular fannish interest is the 3rd issue, dated July 1971, the first to feature a genuine lettercolumn. Letters and WAHFs are from Harlan Ellison, comics fan Marty Pasko (who later, I think, became an editor at DC), Larry Carmody, Ken Bruzenak (presently with Digital Calligraphy, a comic book lettering company), and Seth McEvoy. How strange to see these names there so many years removed.

After this, I plan to read (in some cases, re-read) all 65 issues of Marvel Comics' *Tomb of Dracula*, primarily illustrated by Gene Colan and Tom Palmer (a dream team).

Polly Ticks

It's honestly not my intention to discuss politics in **So It Goes**, but I have to make an exception this time, for reasons which will become apparent.

It does seem to me that this great nation of ours has been taken over by a radical, right-wing fringe element, one which seems determined to take back all the great humanitarian advances our government has made since FDR's "New Deal." After so many amendments to the Constitution, and the Constitution itself, have been ignored or revoked, this is no longer a government "for the people by the people" but a government for itself at the expense of the people.

Moreover I have recently discovered that our country engages in a form of "apartheid." In our last U.S. presidential election, many votes from "black" districts in Ohio and Florida ended up "on the floor" and not counted. The total number of uncounted votes far exceeded the narrow margin by which our so-called elected official was to have won. If the entire election process, which already offered little in the way of choices, has been subverted, our country has no hope. What is even more amazing is just how much the American citizen is willing to endure and swallow in order to continue to live the peace and comfort of her or his life. As day by day our freedoms are steadily eroded, living our lives will become increasingly difficult.

New York itself is becoming an increasingly fascistic place in which to live. At this point, not being able to beat them (electronic voting machines took care of that), my plan is merely to leave. With Bush back in office, my job can't last too much longer. Once it goes, I plan to try to relocate to Vancouver, British Columbia. Yes, it's very intimidating to think about moving All My Stuff, All That Distance, but it's supposed to be the best city for preserving paper as well as having a conducive political climate for me.

So basically, part of the whole point of doing this issue is a plea for help. Anybody got a place I can stay in Vancouver, or Vancouver Island?

This just in from D. Gary Grady, via the Slanet:

According to the Arizona Republic, former U.S. Rep. Matt Salmon, a conservative Republican now affiliated with a company that's supplying armor for military vehicles in Iraq, Donald Rumsfeld was wrong when he said that the Pentagon has its suppliers working at capacity to provide armor for American troops as fast as possible. According to Salmon, the Arizona firm he consults for could easily ship twice as many kits as it's currently providing and would like to do so. But the company can't even get the Pentagon to decide whether it will buy any at all after the contract runs out at the end of the year:

<http://www.azcentral.com/news/articles/1210armor10.html>

Meanwhile, an analysis by the U.S. Defense Science Board prepared for Secretary Rumsfeld offers a negative assessment of the current state of the war on terror. According to the report, "American efforts have not only failed, they may also have achieved the opposite of what they intended." Specifically, "American direct intervention in the Muslim world has paradoxically elevated the stature of, and support for, radical Islamists, while diminishing support for the United States to single digits in some Arab societies." It calls for urgent presidential leadership to reverse the slide.

*A table in the report compares attitudes toward the U.S. in June 2004 versus April 2002, showing a sharp drop in U.S. support in many Arab countries. In Egypt, the approval rating for the U.S. government fell from 15% to 2%, for example. Even in Jordan, one of the strongest U.S. allies (whose king has an American mother, attended college in the U.S., and even had a guest shot on **Star Trek** in his youth), approval of the U.S. government plummeted from 34% to 15%. In contrast, the same survey showed mostly positive attitudes toward U.S. freedom and democracy, movies and TV, schools, products, and the American public.*

You can read the report for yourself on a Pentagon web site:

[http://www.acq.osd.mil/dsb/reports/2004-09-Strategic Communication.pdf](http://www.acq.osd.mil/dsb/reports/2004-09-Strategic%20Communication.pdf)

See in particular Section 2.3 beginning on page 39 (which Acrobat Reader counts as 47).

Here's a Scots newspaper's summary of the report:

<http://www.sundayherald.com/46389>

Editor's Note: No one whom I know of knows what happened to Jon Estren. As reported in **SIG 15**, I originally met Jon at a Philcon in 1977, where we were gathered around a ballroom piano singing songs from THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW. Since he was mentioned, I sent him a copy, and he very kindly responded with the following article. He made it clear that he was *not* a fanzine fan, and did not want to contribute to fanzines as a practice. Nonetheless he did a very creditable job of reporting this local phenomenon.

MIDNIGHT AT THE WAVERLY

We have a theater in New York City's Greenwich Village called the Waverly. The Waverly has been showing "ROCKY" Friday and Saturday nights for the last two years, and then some! For the last year-and-a-half, the show's been sold out *every night!* Now I have seen the movie 38 times and am considered (at best) a neo! The regulars at the theater have seen the movie 40, 50, 80, 100, 150 and almost 200 times! Believe it or not, it's true! But Rocky Horror at the Waverly is more than just a movie.

It's a show. It starts outside the theater, on line. The ticket buyers' line generally starts at around 9:00-9:30 p.m. for the midnight show! Tickets go on sale at 10:00, at which point the buyers' line is about one block long (except on really heavy nights). The theater security (they have private security for this show only, as well as city cops) proceeds then to funnel the crowd (around 10-15 at a time) to the ticket window, where they buy their tickets and begin to form a new line on the other side of the theater. By 10:30 tickets are usually sold out and the ticket holders' line is about 1½-2 blocks long! This is fascinating for those of us (I help out at the theater occasionally) who get to watch as midnight nears, for this line over a block in length begins to change. The people all seem to begin to ooze in such a manner that everyone ends up at the front of the line when the doors open.

It's also interesting to watch the people from the previous showing of the regular movie (for this week, LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR) trying to exit from the theater and encountering the fragrance of illegal smokables, the costumed crazies, and assorted other strange people on this huge line. These exiters are generally your "normal" movie-going crowd, and it is especially humorous when there is an extremely straight movie showing with extremely "straight" attendees. Then the confrontations can be fun. There are certain people who never miss a show (and I mean never). One such person, female and short, has seen the film over 150 times, came once with a broken leg in a cast, and broke up with two (or is it three) lovers because she was offered the option of them or Tim Curry, and Rocky Horror is "mass" to her (Tim Curry is guess who). One young lady comes weekly in costume. She is a fantastic Frank, and even does an occasional number during the film, in which you see a big Frank on the screen, and a little Frank (her) directly below the big one. The effect (however unintentional) is amazing. At approximately 11:55 p.m., the doors to the theater open and the masses pile in to the always too-small theater (over 100 are turned away each night on the average).

Inside the Waverly, Lori, George, Patia (yes, the same Patia) and the other regulars all clamor to reserve the first two rows in the balcony. Sal [Piro] (another regular) grabs what I believe is the fifth row center down front or somewhere in that vicinity. All others (including an occasional "virgin") begin the mad rush for seats which somehow ends in a semblance (mind you, only a semblance) of order. The room rapidly becomes filled with the somewhat murky odor of red, gold, black and other varieties of marijuana, hashish, amyl nitrate, etc.

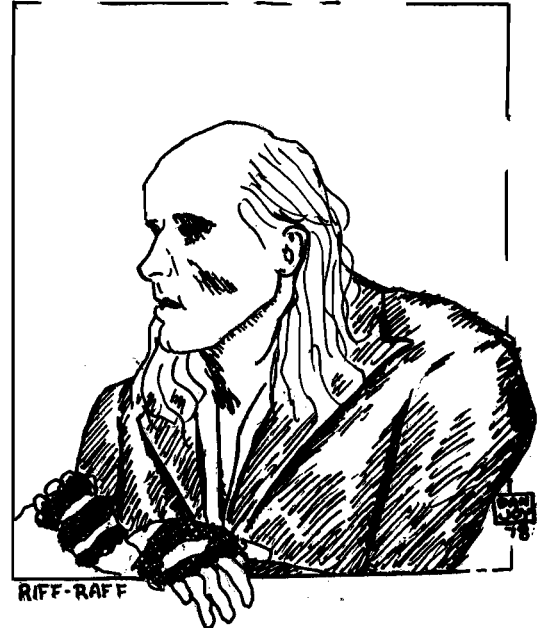
Finally the big moment comes. The phonograph which has been dutifully playing songs from the Roxy version of the Rocky Horror album ceases its outpour of music, the curtain opens, the Twentieth Century Fox emblem appears on the screen, the lights dim, and the audience goes into what may seem to an outsider as a savage ritual of sorts but is in reality just plain insanity.

To give you an idea of the attitude at the theater, let me tell you what happened a few months ago. The crowds had really gotten out of hand. There were at some points objects being thrown at the performers (we had people dressed up as Rocky, Brad, Janet, Magenta, Riffraff, and Frank — "Frank" has seen the movie around 200 times now! — who performed a "floor show" prior to the movie, in which they did two, three or four of the numbers from the film). City police and extra security were called in. At the beginning of the night, before the film started, an announcement

was made to the effect that there were plainclothes police in the audience to stop all the mischief. All joints immediately went out. The theatre seemed to go dark. As soon as the film started, somebody yelled for everyone to light up. A flash of brilliance doused the theater as literally hundreds of thin cigarettes were lit at the same time. Even the cops ended up partying and smoking with us. They were just there to cool down the violence.

The Rocky Horror audience, composed of 90-95% of the same people each week, has routines worked out in fairly good unison. Now I've heard the Philadelphia crowd is something, but not near the New York crowd, and I know very little if anything about the Washington, Baltimore, Virginia, etc. crowds, but I can't conceive of an audience which compares to the one we have here. In addition to the sing-along which continues throughout the movie, and the comments which are spewed out by various members of the crowd (occasionally there are bits of dialogue which usually [but not always] add to the movie), there are various things which I feel are exclusively New York events (meaning either we are — to the best of my knowledge — the only ones who do them or we invented them).

Everyone knows about some of these — the audience throws rice during the wedding (confetti during Frank and Rocky's wedding), cards during the second verse of "I'm Going Home," etc. But we have our individual antics. During "Over at the Frankenstein Place," the entire population of the theater (on the chorus) lit candles, stood up, and began swaying back and forth in time to the music. Being it was a fire hazard, we got them to stop. Now it's only flashlights (occasionally shining directly on one of the costumes attendees). The hot dogs (which used to be heaved at the screen during the middle of "Janet-Schmannit (You're a Hotdog, Frank Furter...)" have been stopped (the theater was getting rats). But the topper — the clincher — is without a doubt what goes on during "Eddie's Teddy." Sal has arranged a set of cue cards which he appropriately displays for the audience to follow. They contain the rhythm of the songs (i.e., "Shoo-Bop, Shoo-Bop") as well as the other audience sundries. But I'm afraid you cannot imagine the full effect of it unless you see it for yourself. So, on behalf of the Waverly theater crowd, I cordially invite all who find their way down to New York to a Friday or Saturday showing of THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW.



JON ESTREN

Editor's Note: The following, I must admit, is superfluous unless you are one of the four people receiving this who have not yet seen THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW. I have Margaret Cumberly to thank for this, which was originally scheduled for *The Liberated Quark*, the genzine/clubzine of the local club in the Newport News, Virginia, area. When Margaret read that I wanted to do a fanzine on R.H.P.S., she very generously (and unwisely) decided to let shiftless ol' me publish it. William ("Bill") Schweikert was a friend of hers who lived in New York, and once I moved to New York (only a few months later), he very kindly rolled out the red carpet for me. Unfortunately he moved only a couple of years later to San Francisco and never gave me his forwarding address. Although Margaret's notes indicate that he wishes to be credited as merely "W.B.S.," I felt it pertinent to include his name as so much time has passed and I wanted both Margaret and myself to remember him by name as opposed to an anonymous set of initials. I'm also hoping that this may eventually attract his attention, should someone see it who knows him.

AN UNDERGROUND PHENOMENON

*"Whatever happened to Fay Wray?
That delicate, satin-draped frame
As it clung to her thigh,
How I started to cry
'Cause I wanted to be dressed
Just the same...!"*

That's just one of the provocative questions raised by Dr. Frank N. Furter — scientist, entrepreneur, alien, man of many talents and, to say the least, catholic interests.

THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW is a New York City underground phenomenon — combining the universally (?) appealing elements of sex, science fiction, gothic romance, rock'n'roll, mod decadence, drugs, motorcycles and apple pie. Frank, played with what *Plays and Players* — the British theatre magazine — called the "perfect blending of Joan Crawford and Basil Rathbone" panache by Tim Curry, is self-described as a "sweet transvestite from Transsexual, Transylvania," but he is also the newest incarnation of good ol' Dr. Victor Frankenstein. And among his more eclectic interests, he's been "makin' a man, with blond hair and a tan, who's good for relievin' [his] tension." This is Rocky Horror (played hunkily by Peter Hinwood) and he roughly (well, as roughly as a gay motorcyclette) corresponds to the Frankenstein monster.

Into the clutches of Frank N. Furter — and his assistants, the Igor-like Riffraff (Richard O'Brien), Magenta (Patricia Quinn) and Columbia (Little Nell) fall two wide-eyed innocents, Brad Majors and his fiancé, Janet Weiss. This duo (marvelously delineated by Broadway's finest musical actor, Barry Bostwick, and the brilliant Susan Sarandon) are two typical (e.g., square) kids from Denton, Ohio. On their way home from their mutual best friends' wedding, they've had a flat and been stranded on a dead-end road just up from Frank N. Furter's castle.

Invited by Frank to "stay for the night / or maybe a bite" (or if they "want something visual / That's not too abysmal / We could take in an old Steve Reeves movie") the kids would rather just use the phone and split, but find they must acquiesce. Thus they witness Rocky Horror's "birth" and more-or-less instant birthday party and are bedded down in separate bedrooms. Meantime, Frank has enjoyed a quasi-matrimonial interlude with Rocky and proceeds thereafter to visit (and have) Janet — while disguised as Brad — and vice versa.

There is also a quick moment in which they are all interrupted by a visit from Eddie (Meat Loaf — yeah, folks, Eddie is the character name; Meat Loaf is the actor's name) — a 50s rocker cyclist who makes "Da Fonz" look like sweet Jerry Ford. Eddie, you see, was Frank's "obsession" prior to Rocky

— though after Columbia, who's now making do with Magenta who, by the way, is Riffraff's sister and/or lover.

Unfortunately, Janet turns out to have a few spare minutes while Frank is vice'ing Brad's versa and happens to observe them together. Distraught, she turns to Rocky, who's been mistreated by Magenta and Riffraff as their own form of comic relief. Janet "comes out" as a tigress — completely liberated by Frank's and now Rocky's ministrations — urging Rocky to "toucha-toucha-toucha-touch me / I wanna be dirty!"

In *flagrante delicto*, Janet and Rocky are discovered by Frank and Brad and Magenta and Riffraff, but are interrupted by the arrival of Dr. Scott (Jonathan Adams), the local expert on UFOs, aliens and assorted ET endeavors, who just happens to have been Brad and Janet's science professor.

It all ends in a "floor show" with Brad, Janet, Rocky and Columbia — in drag — "backing up" Frank N. Furter's "Fay Wray" number and yielding to his solo turn, taking off on dear old Judy (!). But, as those things go — especially in this movie — even the floor show is interrupted, by Riffraff and Magenta who have arbitrarily decided to supercede Frank and beam the castle back home — which turns out to be the planet of Transsexual in the galaxy of Transylvania. They do...

...Leaving Brad, Janet and Dr. Scott in a lovely shot — and as described by the rather kinky criminologist/narrator (British actor Charles Gray):

*"Crawling on the planet's face
Some insects called the human race
Lost in time and lost in space
And meaning."*

This film is a kick. A fabulous story that, in context, all makes sense, combined with gorgeously tacky, punk-rock songs, outrageously performed by the splendidly talented cast. And, at the Waverly Theatre in Greenwich Village, at least, the audience is half the trip — utterly zonked (the hills are alive... with the smell of grass!). Some regular weekend viewers recite all the dialogue and sing all the songs.

In all, THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW madness is utterly unlike anything I've ever experienced. If you ever get to NYC, forget the Empire State Building and the Statue of Liberty, *first*, rush to the Waverly midnight show of ROCKY HORROR !

BILL SCHWEIKERT

Although a fine review, I feel the need to make some trivial corrections on the above. The main part of the movie is supposed to take place *days* after the wedding (which occurred in the prologue). Brad and Janet are driving on a "night out they will not soon forget" to visit Professor Scott, listening to Nixon's resignation speech, and are lost in a rainstorm when they come across "The Frankenstein Place" (Frank's castle). At the end, although seduced and transduced by the "Transducer" and made to perform the Transylvanian Rag (so to speak), it would be incorrect to say that the hapless characters Brad, Janet, Rocky and Columbia are "in drag" — they are dressed like Frank, who in turn is dressed like the famous burlesque stripper Lily St. Cyr (so in the case of Janet and Columbia, that's definitely *not* drag). Riffraff and Magenta do not arbitrarily undermine Frank's leadership, but do so only after considerable abuse and roughshod treatment from Frank (as shown in one exemplary scene) and after Frank's acts of murder and cannibalism.

Editor's Note: And now for something completely, and I mean *completely*, different! I really miss Dan Joy. What a sweet, pure spirit he had. Does anyone know what happened to him? (Please let me know if you do.) Before reading the following, please recall some of the *other* movies which were popular around the same time RHPS was. Movies such as CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND and STAR WARS ...

RHPS CROSSBREEDS

1. Close Encounters of the Decadent Kind

Suddenly they became aware of a huge, looming blackness rising behind the Devil's Tower. With a start, the great mass illuminated itself with thousands of ethereal multicolored lights. It revealed itself to be a gigantic chandelier-like starship.

It's size was astounding — it was at least a mile cross! A humongous but graceful sculpture in light and color, like a great metropolis lit up at night.

The awesome star-travelling city, now floating high above the Welcoming Committee, began to perform a slow spectacular somersault in the air, revealing all its splendor to the awestruck observers below in one great sweep. Finally, the vast Mother Ship came to rest with a surface resembling the underside of a great cosmic salad-bowl facing the ground.

A black, box-like structure emerged from this bowl at its lowest point.

The crowd was shivering with antici— pation. They knew that the greatest event in the history of mankind was unfolding before their eyes and was about to reach a stupendous climax.

First Contact was about to occur!

A crack opened in the box, spewing out radiant streams of blinding white light. A door was opening in the box.

Soon a shadow, a slender dark form, could be seen moving out of the blinding illumination—

A slender, black-cloaked alien emerged. It began to sing — a driving, gutty, dynamic tune — the words to which only puzzled the members of the Welcoming Committee.

At the inception of the third verse, the mysterious alien threw off his dark cloak in an abrupt flourish.

The gesture revealed the undulating form of a humanoid male in high heels, fishnet hose, panties and a lace corset.

Its eerie alien voice belted out—

*"I'm just a sweet transvestite
From Transexual, Transylvania!"*

2. Star Queers

Deep within the chambers of the great Death Star, the War Council sat awaiting the coming of their master, the dark, mysterious, ruthless, powerful Lord of the Sith, Darth Furter. All eyes were locked with sober anticipation on the door.

Suddenly the door slid open. The forbidding, dark, looming, ominous figure, forever cloaked in black, entered brusquely. At his side was his aide, the Grand Miff-Moff. Furter's labored asthmatic panting echoed in the dimly lit chamber.

Wheezing, the great menacing black villain began to speak:

*"How d'ya do [wheez, wheez]
I see you've met [wheez, wheez]
My faithful [wheez] Handy Moff
He's just a bit brought down [wheez]
Because when you knocked [wheez]
He thought you were the candy SMOFs..."*

*Don't get strung out [wheez, wheez] by the way I look
Don't judge a book by its cover [wheez]
I'm not much of a Jedi [wheez] by the light of day
But, by knight, I'm one hell of a lover!"*

At this point, with an abrupt flourish, the Dark Lord cast off his ever-concealing cloak.

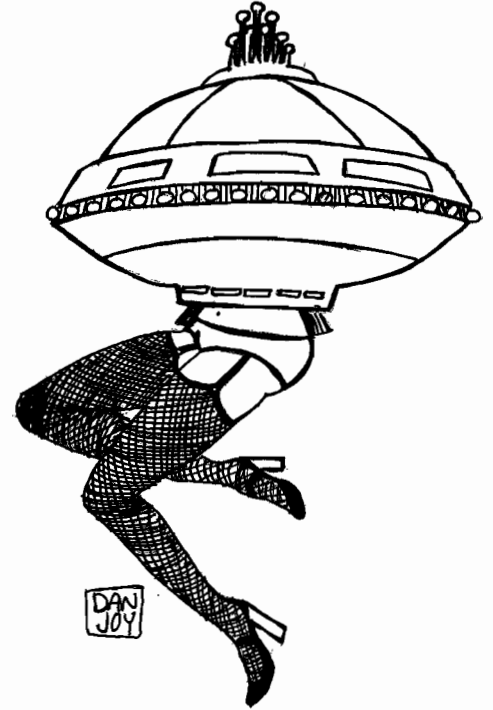
The council members bolted upright in their seats.

Under the cloak was a man in high heels, fishnet hose, panties and a lace corset.

*"I'm just a sweet transvestite [wheez]
From Transsexual, Transylvania! [wheez, wheez]"*

Outside the council chamber, in the passageways of the giant warship, rows of Galactic Stormtroopers were doing the Time Warp.

[Wheeze] with apologies to Alexis Gilliland.



DAN JOY

Editor's Note: Now here's a no-holds-barred reminisce that was written in 2003 by another returning fan. Thank you, Earl Kemp, for allowing me to reprint this from your FAPazine, *Safari 3.1*.

LET'S DO THE TIME WARP AGAIN

For the last few days I've been going through a strange sort of deja vuing, and I've been wallowing in it so extensively I thought I'd share a bit of it.

Some time ago my daughter Elaine and son-in-law Steve gave me a DVD player and, since then, they have been inundating me with DVD disks. I have begun trying to watch a different film each night. Recently, an accident of selection happened and that's what set me deja vuing.

On Monday night I watched the Mel Brooks gem, YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN. It had been a very long time since I last watched it, the exact right length of time, in fact. It was very fresh and new and the old gags made me laugh out loud again.

And sent me on a nostalgic trip through my youth when Frankenstein's monster, along with Count Dracula, the Wolf Man, the Mummy, the _____... was my best friend. I loved the sets in YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN and the wonderful way Brooks arranged everything throughout the film.

On Tuesday night, without regard to what I had seen on Monday, I watched THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW. It was the UK version, digitized and cleaned up wonderfully, with a new THX soundtrack. I had never seen the film so clearly before, nor heard the soundtrack like this. It also was a wonderful surprise, coming directly as it did behind YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN.

Some decades ago, Mike Resnick gave me a VHS tape copy of THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW, a copy of one he had made off a television broadcast. There was quite a drop in quality, and it took the help of your imagination to follow the music, but what the hell, they were all old friends by that time and we enjoyed our visits together.

After I was released from prison and when everything was disintegrating right before my very eyes, I acquired a gaggle of showgirls. To be truthful, I thought of them much more as being a twitter of titshakers, but they would have objected to that for sure.

They came by way of some of my newly acquired friends and some of the very old ones...to cheer me up. They would drop by the house in El Cajon, accidentally, drop their clothes, and frolic around the swimming pool for a while. Just like regular. For some reason they really pissed off my wife. They diverted and amused me.

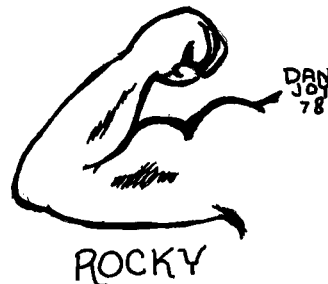
As my existence further disintegrated, and moved into legal separation and prolonged divorce hassles, those friends, and those showgirls, moved right along with me and accelerated their efforts to Frankenstein-like reanimate me back from limbo.

They used me shamelessly. I was the one they came for whenever they needed a show escort for anything they felt they needed "protection" from. And, just for no reason at all, they would take me out now and then, to dinner, a show, that kind of thing. Without exception, on those trips out in public, they would cling to me and look up to me like I was Daddy Warbucks with the biggest bank account in town...or the biggest dick. I know for sure it wasn't the bank account.

They made me feel like a million bucks with everyone staring at us and wondering who the hell I was and how was it that they were mine and not theirs.

These girls worked at places like Dirty Dan's (two locations in town and one about to open in Tijuana), Le Girls, the Perfect Fox, and Etc. They were really a tight-knit group of around a dozen extremely good friends.

For a very long time I was in love with one of them, but it was all wasted effort.



One of them, an extremely popular showgirl, had the biggest dick I've ever seen for real, but you'd never guess it watching her on stage.

Another one of them, the best of the lot, became my lover for eight praiseworthy years.

I would go with them to private bookings where, at bachelor parties or the like, they would give very private performances up close and personal like. At those affairs it was my duty to look properly Mafia-like and keep sending out the vibrations that "she's mine; keep your hands off. She goes home with me!" I scored some pretty impressive brownie points that way.

One of the things those girls were really into was THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW. In fact, some of them wouldn't work on Saturday nights, their very best night of the week, so they could attend the late-night showing of the then classic movie. In fully Rocky-inspired drag. And they insisted that I accompany them. And I did. Every weekend for a minimum of a year, with frequent viewings in other years as well. There was a time when I could have recited every word of the USA version, complete with facial expressions and body movements. I could do every one of the dance steps.

Talk about doing the Time Warp again!

On one occasion when I was speaking with my probation officer, who was a friend, a helper, and a protector, I complained about the hectic state of my existence. He knew everything there was to know about me, including a bunch of things that I didn't even know myself.

He laughed. "I think you've died and gone to Heaven," he said. "Only you don't know it yet."

That was the first day of the rest of my life.

Reviewing the cleaned-up version (that doesn't mean censored) of THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW allowed me to relive quite a few wonderful memories, and a whole bunch of painful ones, but the film didn't cause even one of them to happen in the first place.

I felt that I became part of the film, the life, the daily routines of Brad and Janet were mine and the nights were unbelievable.

"Don't dream it, be it," became, for me, a clear and present reality. I was right there in the center of that RKO swimming pool fighting for position within the swirling Esther Williams-like choreography.

On Wednesday night, I watched the Rocky Horror special second disk in the two-disk, cleaned-up, 30th Anniversary edition of the classic spoof.

I didn't know what to expect, but I enjoyed all of it.

There were many outtakes from the film, musical numbers that had been cut (rightly so, thank God), and alternate angle shots for many of the familiar scenes in the film. Theatrical trailers, music videos, etc., all winding up with a long, fascinating documentary called THE ROCKY HORROR DOUBLE-FEATURE VIDEO SHOW.

This documentary traced Rocky from his very beginnings through a small group of players in a little bar to a bigger group in a bigger bar, etc. It spanned many years with views of some of the cast all the way through the process in London, Los Angeles, New York, and in the film, notably Tim Curry, who literally was the movie.

One thing that was a standout in this documentary was the concentration on science fiction elements, and where they originated, and why they were selected for use in this picture.

Other things they concentrated on were the sociological aspects of the time period and the far-reaching effect of Rocky Horror as a vehicle for some of that sociological changing that went on.

Particular emphasis was placed on the song, "Don't Dream It, Be It!" that apparently affected many more people than just me.

It was a lucky day for me when I went up into the lab to see what was on the slab...

EARL KEMP

BEFORE ROCKY HORROR...

You can make a reasonable argument that *PERFORMANCE*, released in 1970*, had a notable influence on 1974's *ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW* (hereafter referred to as the RHPS). It was certainly received by its acolytes in similar fashion. *PERFORMANCE*, starring Mick Jagger, James Fox, and Anita Pallenberg — co-directed by Nicholas Roeg and Donald Cammel — was also one of the first midnight movies. Originally considered too risqué for prime-time viewing, it began, like the RHPS, at the witching hour.

The film and the ads played on the mutability of identity—and showed split-screen shots of Jagger and James Fox as long-haired, rockers and straight-edged businessmen-gangsters. "Vice and Versa" the ad said. Sexual identity and gender-roles were also questioned and mutated.

James Fox plays a brutal enforcer for a protection racket run by Harry Flowers, gang boss and pederast, who like Marlon Brando in *THE GODFATHER*, aspires to the image of respectable businessman. His fatherly advice to Chas (the James Fox character) is never to "mix business with personal." Chas ignores Harry's warning and murders an old chum with whom Harry was hoping to develop a lucrative business relation. Chas must go "on the lam" and dyes his hair red and poorly disguises himself as a "juggler" on the British vaudeville circuit. A chance conversation overheard in a train station from a Jimi Hendrix-like black musician who was lodging with Turner (the Jagger character), clues Chas to a basement apartment opening in Turner's Powis Square house.

While Chas is hardly the innocent that Brad or Janet are in the RHPS, the set-up for his arrival at Turner's strange house is similar. Chas is all straight edges. The film opens with the image of a rocket racing through the sky and Chas fucking some bird. (Images from later in the film are also collaged or cut-up with earlier scenes adding to the surrealism and sense of displacement in time.)

Jagger plays a rock-star who is slightly past his prime because (as he puts it) he lost his "demon." (Something Chas will soon supply.) He has a menage-a-trois going with Pherber, played by Anita Pallenberg (who Jagger actually whisked away from Keith Richards during the filming) and Michele Breton who plays an androgynous waif about whom Chas comments, "you're like a small boy, that's what you're like." Jagger as Turner is near the height of his powers as His Satanic Pansexual Majesty — lining his eyes and narcissistically painting his over-size lips while orchestrating the (sometimes hallucinogenically abetted) derangement of Chas's personal and gender-identity, assisted by his two flat-mates (proto Magenta and Columbia?).

The mansion is old, weird and large. Perhaps not as grand as Frankfurter's but labyrinthine enough for many psychic twists and transformations to occur. Some of the décor conjures Arabian tents or Morocco. The blind, Argentine writer Jorge Luis Borges also figures prominently. He is a kind presiding spirit — a Philip K Dickian spinner of reality-questioning, erudite, literary head-trips.

If my memory serves me the first incongruity to fill Chas's eye is some huge stuffed animal (a standing Grizzly?). I believe such a figure also greets Brad and Janet on their arrival in the Frankfurter house. The Addam's Family also used such a beast to startle newbies arriving at their own strange mansion.

Chas's guide is a chatty little girl who incongruously wears a mustache. (She is a fan of Turner — "old rubber lips had three number ones," she informs Chas.) She's kind of butch so perhaps she was actually a little boy actor, playing a little girl, who wears a false mustache. Who knows.

The film's pieces de resistance is Jagger's performance of "Memo from Turner." The moment is perfectly resonant with the "Sweet Transvestite" number in the RHPS. Jagger accelerates the dismantling of Chas's already loosened psyche by transforming himself into business-suited, gangster boss (modeled on Harry Flowers). Jagger is hypnotic and brilliant and music and image are perfectly wedded in what may be one of the first "rock videos."

Chas, like Brad and Janet, is transformed and won over to Turner's lifestyle. Other memorable moments include Anita Pallenberg's love-making with the Chas. She holds a mirror to his chest reflecting her breast over his male "pecs" giving him a hermaphroditic appearance. She extols the virtues of Turner who is a "female-man" while Chas bolts and affirms his rigid 100% manly image.

* actually shot in 1968 but sitting on the shelf at Warner Brothers for over two years



Vice

Before
Rocky Horror
There was
Performance...

&



Versa

Chas also has sex with Lucy. As they tumble in bed her image alternates with Jagger's. One tumble brings up Turner in Chas's arms — another revolution restores Lucy. Identities are swapped with almost seamless and subliminal ease. The scene recalls the mistaken identities during the night of Rocky Horror nuptials where Brad goes to bed with Janet, only to discover that's it's the good Doctor in drag. (Frankenfurter: "Admit it, you enjoyed it Brad." Brad: "No, I never!... never, never, never...")

I suppose that over 30 years is enough time since the film's release to give away the ending. (Avert thine eyes if you don't want the secret revealed.) The dionysian, pansexual idyll is destroyed by the forces of violence that Chas carries within and around him. His location is discovered by Harry Flowers ("What would you do with a mad dog, where the poor animal is liable to bite you?" Flowers prompts one of his slow-witted henchmen.) Chas is to be destroyed. Before he leaves the strange old mansion, he pumps a bullet into Turner's skull. The camera follows the bullet through a vertiginous, kaleidoscope of images (Turner's mind) culminating in a shot of the master of the labyrinth—old Borges. Chas, with long haired wig, and dressed in the most fashionable hippie style, is escorted to the Black Rolls Royce where he's soon to meet his demise. The last shot of him gazing out the window shows dead Turner's face instead of his own. The two demon brothers have merged.

The "magickal formulae" for both films' "rituals" are similar but differently nuanced. Alien worlds collide. A seductively erotic and dangerous feminine element exerts a subversive and disruptive influence on the rational and masculine side which is over-powered. The new molecular configuration is highly unstable and quickly self-destructs (the traitorous servants in the RHPS) or is destroyed (the gangsters in PERFORMANCE). Chaos and death ensue. Turner's household dies with him and the earthlings are scattered and shattered in the RHPS ("..and crawling on the planet's face, some insects called the human race.."). However, the seeds of a new order are sewn: Janet's newly awakened sensuality in the RHPS ("The game has been disbanded, my mind has been expanded..."); the mystical merging of identities in PERFORMANCE (Pherber shares her body with Chas; Turner becomes Lucy and Chas becomes Turner) implying a group mind which not only transcends gender but life and death itself.

The Rocky Horror experience would not exist without it's great music. Although very different, PERFORMANCE is likewise enriched by a remarkable and varied musical score by Jack Nitzsche which includes some fine bottle-neck guitar by Ry Cooder (Get Away, Powis Square), the "proto-rap of the Last Poets (Wake Up Niggers)", a disturbing and disorienting synthesizer track (PERFORMANCE), exotic mouth harp by Buffy Sainte-Marie (Dyed, Dead, Red & The Hashishin), Jagger's incomparable "Memo from Turner", the positively eerie and exhilarating "Natural Magic" and an otherworldly gospel climax — "Turner's Murder." In many ways PERFORMANCE is still a film to be reckoned with.

Postcrypt: Legend has it that Aleister Crowley was one of the visitors to the childhood household of Donald Cammell (whose brainchild this movie was). Crowley was a friend of his father who was the associate editor of an art magazine. Donald Cammell enjoyed regaling people with the story that he had been bounced on the knee of "the wickedest man alive." Cammell played Osiris, the Egyptian god of death and resurrection, in Kenneth Anger's LUCIFER RISING and later directed THE DEMON SEED, a 1977 film where Julie Christie is impregnated by a computer. He reportedly committed suicide in 1996 by putting a bullet through his forehead in the same way that Turner dies in PERFORMANCE. During the forty minutes it took him to die (witnessed by China Cammell, the daughter of one of Marlon Brando's lovers), Cammell is said to have asked her, "Do you see the image of Borges?"



DEEP FREEZE

DAN
JOY
78

EDDIE

MOTTA

HEY, MIKE !! YOU NEVER TOLD ME THAT BRITISH FANS WERE LIKE THIS!!



HANSEN '79—



2/12/04

Missives from the West

JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON
EARLY 1978

Can't say I appreciated your unforgivably sexist/derogatory discussion of the "girl" (prepubescent woman?) with the nice "ass." If you'll get yourself to WisCon this coming February I'll *gladly* show you how to overcome your horniness/lechery/sexual objectification of women. The surest cure for an erection is to have some woman kick the piss out of it with hiking boots and mush it into unmendable pulp. If the frustration gets *too* bad I'll be glad to oblige. **[Sorry, Jessica, just because you had that done to yours (in order to change from "Amos" to "Jessica Amanda") doesn't necessarily mean that I should do it to mine.]**

[To be fair to Jessica, she did write again to attempt to explicate her rude remarks.]

One reason I couldn't respond at length to your zine was that it was fairly sexist, and I've gotten to the point where it is too tiresome to critique persistent areas of sexism, and the value of anything else is mostly spoiled for me by the sexist attitudes so I can't remark on that either. I appreciated your interest in the topic, however, your *desire* at least to learn/improve attitudes, which is the only reason I respond at all to your material. I find myself doing serious LoCs to fewer and fewer male-made fanzines, as it is like butting against brick walls, most boyfen are *determined* to remain sexist. I find myself *not* lumping you with the unsalvageable turk[eyes] because your heart seems to be in the right place, and maybe that's why I take these moments to pick on you a little for stuff you've written to me, re specifically sexist commentary.

Your sexual frustration which you find "a perfectly normal feeling and one that I do not feel ashamed to admit" is something about men that forever boggles my mind. Many others have told me they do indeed go around getting erections just seeing and talking to women — has nothing to do with friendship, with affection, with developing a love or kinship — it is just *natural* for men to go "hot damn! cunt!" every time they see something they "want" and even if they overcome to verbal statement, the "natural" function of the *prick* to respond with a "hot damn! cunt!" cannot be overcome. Well, I do know a few women who get moist at the sight of a nice body, but *usually* for the women I've discussed it with, for me at least, sexual feelings [are] not the first and primary

reaction to other human beings. It may be one of many feelings and thoughts, but you filter it out as the primary motivation for your peter and yourself and your frustration. To my mind, this is a kind of rape intellect. A woman is first and foremost something to fuck. If she is with someone else who is fucking her, then her value is already taken; but if the person who is fucking her is also a big Aryan, as you say, then there is still hope that her value would somehow come your way. This is sexual objectification. It may be cultural conditioning, but I'm not yet ready to believe it is "normal" for men who are heterosexual to meet men and think, "I wonder what we have in common — will we be friends?" and when they meet women to think "I wonder if she'd sleep with me; jeez, I gotta hard on; oh, this is frustrating."

If you're right, if there is something *inherent* about your responses that all men share, it means men and women can never really be friends; there'll always be a certain tension. Every woman must be aware that the man really only wants to fuck her; every man must be aware that periodically his "friend," if female, is going to arouse him, and the dynamics created by these "given" and unavoidable conditions means love and friendship are hindered and corrupted by male sexuality, the male responding with a periodic "I *MUST* (or I'll be frustrated)" which places demands on every woman that no woman can ever meet because it would not be self-fulfilling and it would not be culturally sanctioned.

[In order to put this letter into the proper context, I must first not apologize for Jessica, but explain that the late 70s were an unfortunate time for fan-writing, with many fans practically on witch hunts persecuting those fans whom they felt were not totally politically correct in their remarks. Amos Salmonson was someone whom I knew through weird horror fantasy fandom who was quite a bit abrasive and obnoxious in that identity, who later had his sex changed and became "Jessica Amanda" Salmonson. Afterwards, Jessica was probably the worst offender in the order that I just described. As a newly converted heathen, Jessica felt it was her job to tell people who were still men how they should feel about women. Well, honestly, she had some points to make, but none of them are made here in this hysterical mass of accusations, assumptions and projections. In both this

I must confess that even I was surprised by the number of responses I got. And as I said, I don't expect to get the same number of replies this time; not just because fans don't write LoCs (or Letters of Comment) as much anymore, but because many of the people who might write me this time have expired in the last 27 years. I won't bother making a list of all those who have died and who have meant so much to me, but suffice it to say, it's significant. If a letter writer's name and date are in *italics*, it means I either suspect or know they have died in between issues.

Although it may not look it, I tried to whittle the letters down as much as possible. In some cases, whole subjects were left out. I am no longer interested in "recreational drugs" nor that much in discussing same. I also left out most remarks about how bad my mimeoing was back in the days when I used an Underwood typewriter with a unique, Uncial typeface. In other cases, I let the letter writer blather on virtually verbatim, either because I liked what he was saying or felt that he had a point to make or defend.

As always, the editor's comments and interruptions are in bold and italic, surrounded by brackets.

The best letter, in my opinion, is probably Tom Jackson's, due to the amount of thought he puts into expressing himself. The next-best letter has to be Moshe Feder's, due to his cleverness and humor. But the *funniest*, most hysterical "letter" has to be Rick Dey's, which was more of a story and was saved for the last. I hope you enjoy these letters nearly as much as I have.

letter and Jeff Frane's letter, both of these would-be feminists felt it was their job to correct my egregiously sexist thinking.

[Jessica, as you may (or possibly, may not) remember from being a man, a man can get an erection for all kinds of reasons. A man can wake up in the middle of the night with an erection, and it could mean either he needs to urinate or that he has been having an erotic dream. In both cases, there is no direct, obvious stimulus — but what if there was? I'm so sorry that a man's erection causes you so much obvious duress, but unless you were fabricated in a way heretofore unknown to man, this is how all of us got here! An erection really shouldn't be treated as an object of loathing.

[Unfortunately or fortunately, it's true that our sex organs and our sexual practices, for the most part, remain a part of our most basic, primal nature — something that works and that has continued, without much further evolution, since the dawn of man.

[A man may (or may not) get an erection while simply talking to a woman. It may be due to unconscious or conscious arousal by the woman's physical attributes. I can't speak for all men, but I know for myself, I may think, "Wow, what creamy smooth skin she has! I sure would like to touch her!" if I am really, really attracted... which does happen on occasion. I do not think, "Hot damn! Cunt!" But probably my way of thinking, to you, is not that far removed.

[Let me add that although I do campaign for what I feel is right and fair to all, that doesn't mean that I can't acknowledge when a woman is attractive (as to say the least, I don't feel that is oppressing her — more like giving her power). Moreover, now that over 25 years has thankfully passed since this letter, I can now more-or-less authoritatively state that (surprise, gasp, shock) women want to be viewed as objects — but as living, breathing, thinking, feeling objects of course! And obviously if an attractive young woman is wearing crocheted hot pants that are generously revealing almost half of her creamy smooth bare cheeks, she almost certainly doesn't mind, or indeed, even wants, men to admire her! Not really all that far removed from a letter you wrote in a Bruce Pelz

zine where you said you had nice legs so you wore your skirts short. Why do such a thing unless you want others to admire what nice legs you have? Many times it may take sexual attraction to start a conversation, but many other times it could take any other form of common reference. It need not be thought of as the end of the world if a man's primary attraction to a woman is first and foremost sexual. To say that is a "rape mentality" is yet another projection on your part. It's more of a "exhibitionist" mentality on the part of the person making the display. There are many times I've worn short-shorts in public, showing off my muscular legs, and I liked it when women stared at and/or complimented my legs, without feeling any desire or obligation to feel more than flattered. It's thrills like this that help make the world go 'round...]

LAURINE WHITE
4 FEBRUARY 1978

Jessica [Amanda Salmonson]'s cover art is very nice. I don't know what a hill invasion is, though. Phil Hawkins impresses me even more. The castle silhouette attached to the fancy S is so neat.

Since I remember Ted White's comments at the Fan Artists' panel, I must have been there. What is wrong with Phil Foglio winning the fan art Hugo? Would you have preferred Tim Kirk as the winner, when his fan art contributions last year were almost nonexistent? Phil said he didn't organize those groupies who voted for him. The movement was formed without his knowledge. Artists having art on display at convention art shows are also eligible for the fan art award (or so I've heard), and I don't see why the artwork in THE CAPTURE shouldn't make Foglio eligible. *[Well, because it was a professional venture, for which he was paid, as opposed to fan work, which is amateur and done for the love of the art and fandom; which is the very basis of distinction, or should be the basis of distinction, between the fan and professional awards in the Hugos. I never saw THE CAPTURE, by the way. (Yes, that's a subtle hint.)]*

I wish you had tried to crash the Banquet and been successful. My Banquet ticket had been paid for several

months in advance, and those bastards still made me feel like a crasher because they oversold my table. **[Laurine was referring to my writing about the diligent job Gary Farber was doing keeping crashers out of the banquet, including turning back one gentlemen who announced most importantly, "You can't keep me out — I'm Jerry Pournelle!" To which Gary had to reply, "I'm sorry, if you haven't paid for a ticket, it doesn't matter what your name is." I wish Gary had snuck me into the banquet, however, since I was so hungry and short on funds. Of course, then he would have gotten in trouble when I wrote about it in my con report...]** The only good view I had of the beach was on Tuesday, before I left for the airport. One lone crab was walking across the sand. In Dorf's cartoon, Mr. Blitzfelk looks just like a fifties rock singer. **[Which one?]**

Even though I read Aljo's column carefully, he just isn't communicating anything to me.

In his letter John Leland uses the word "chtonic." You mean that isn't a word that Piers Anthony invented?

Jeff Schalles wasn't planning on your use of green paper this issue when he designed his tasteful use of white space on page 23. **[That's funny! I don't think anyone else thought of that!]** Jim Barker's cartoon on page 27 is cute. That is the way old ladies with bags of groceries and walking down the street picture those crazy hotrodding skateboarders. Seeing Grant's cartoon on page 36, I thought, "Who let this weirdo into my head?" I like Sarah Prince's cat on page 33 and Alexis Gilliland's cartoons. I like the appearance of the yellow pages better than the green ones.



**JEFF FRANE
13 JANUARY 1978**

I do agree that men have different viewpoints from women, and that women don't know everything. If, in discussions of women's rights and feminism, etc., men would be content to wait to be asked, their presence would probably not be such a detriment to discussion. The thing is, that most men (hell, all men) have been raised with the idea that their own opinions are invariably more valuable than those of women, that they are the "reasoning sex." We are brought up to be aggressive, assertive and dominating, although that obviously doesn't always work out on an individual basis. And the real nub is, that in discussions about women, men really don't have anything to offer. They should learn to *shut up and listen*. Unfortunately, it's impossible to do that in an apa and fulfill minac. Incidentally, Denys [Howard] told me last night that he'd talked to Seth [McEvoy] and that *he* was also dropping out of AWA. That leaves, I think, only Mike Wood and Jon Singer.

[Another history lesson. "AWA" was "A Women's Apa," an apa for feminist themes. Eventually they decided to ostracize all the men from the apa, but some left voluntarily before that. I think they eventually even ousted that dedicated converted heathen, Jessica Amanda.]

My comment [in SLANAPA] on the picture that Jerry took of you stemmed from the description that Dan Steffan gave me about you, at age 13?, stopping over with your parents to visit him and? Terry Hughes. He described you, as I remember it, as a pudgy little kid in a dark suit, complete with tie. Not true? Anyway, it formed an impression in my mind of what you must look like. **[Dan Steffan certainly has a vivid imagination, all right. This isn't even close to reality. Jeff is referring to a picture that Jerry Lapidus took of me in 1978 when I first moved to New York and Jerry, his wife Anita, Lisa Tuttle and myself all visited the Cloisters. By this time I was already grown. When I was 13, I visited Charlotte, North Carolina, with my parents, and Michael Dobson and EdSmith came around to visit with me. I was short, pale, and had horn-rimmed glasses, but was not fat or wearing a suit. I didn't meet Dan Steffan until years later when I was taller and sporting blond hair way past my shoulders.]**

I enjoyed this issue of *So It Goes* more than the last, although I couldn't really say why. In the past, the things I've noticed most about your con reports was a tendency to get really drunk and stumble around "not connecting" with people. As I said, only an impression, but it made me unhappy to think of you missing so much that way. This time, I was freaked out by the idea of you taking acid at a con, partly because I gave up acid ten years ago and have no empathy with people who still get off on it, and partly because I can think of a lot better places to trip than in a convention hotel. (I used to have some friends in California that tripped when they were spelunking; they used to particularly enjoy creeping through tunnels and then finding some underground lake or big cavern; then turning out all the lights! Weird.) **[I have never heard of such a thing before. Wonder how they are, all these many years later... Your impression may be faulty because I almost never got drunk at conventions, and if I "stumbled around" (more like staggering around) at all it was almost**

certainly due to lack of sleep. Obviously Foglio suffered from this too. (See Carol Kennedy's letter.)

Granted that Foglio didn't deserve the Fan Artist Hugo, and granted that I don't particularly like his work either, the fact remains that he did win the award, and I think your reaction was a little heavy-handed. Tim Kirk is a lot better artist, but he didn't deserve the award he got in '76, because he'd done so little fan art the year before. All of the Hugos are an indication of name-identification more than anything else; I don't think that that's anymore true of the fan awards than it is the pros. The people voting for these awards are no longer that little, insular group of fanzine fans that it once was, and I think everyone should face up to that. (Sacrilegious thought:) And what makes anyone think that fanzine fans have got a monopoly on good taste and judgment? (Another:) If fans really gave a shit about such things, wouldn't a whole lot more of them vote than actually do?

On the same page, you gave me a very awkward feeling, in your description of the young woman you were sitting near during the awards ceremony. I know what it's like to get turned on by someone you find attractive (particularly when you're stoned) and appreciate the honesty inherent in your account. But what, pray tell, is a "semi-Oriental" [?] Then you say you "tried talking with her, but she wasn't really very interested in communicating"; isn't it possible that she was aware of your state of rut, and that she was wary of the sort of "communicating" you had in mind? And what was so "reassuring" about the fact that the man she was with was "another Nordic-type"? If I'm really charitable, I can assume that you mean that you were glad to find she wasn't ignoring you for being white, but there are certainly a lot of other ways in which someone could interpret that. None of them very pleasant. *[Whew! I guess I was lucky, then, huh? But seriously, in this day and age I have been taught that we describe rugs and furniture as "Oriental," not people. Okay, so she had a half-caste Asian look to her. I was afraid that she might not be receptive to me since I was of totally another race/type, but I need not have been concerned — fans are remarkably race unconscious and open-minded about that sort of thing. And as a matter of fact, I'm pretty sure she didn't respond to me both because something was going on (in other words, she was listening to the people up front who were speaking to us all) and because she was with someone.*

[To my great and profound shame, I must admit that she actually made herself somewhat available to me at a room party later, and she was noticeably without the other guy. So why didn't I go for her? I was sick — my throat was so sore and miserable that I practically ignored her, grabbed a soft drink, and ran to my room by myself. This is one of my Great Regrets of Life.]

Loren [MacGregor], Jerry [Kaufman] and I went in to Federal Court to give Aljo some support in his sentencing. He had, indeed, shaved off all his hair. I don't think he made a particularly good impression with the judge, who gave him twenty days, twice as much as anyone else. The reason was that he'd caused the marshalls more trouble — they had to cut him loose apparently. Aljo was given the option of waiting until the following Monday to begin his sentence, but elected to go in that afternoon (Friday) to get it over with. John Carl tried to take him some books later and was told he would have

to mail them in. Loren went in to visit him and couldn't find him. So none of us know where Aljo is at the moment.

This column of Aljo's was the first thing of his I'd actually read, and I see that I shall have to get Loren to drag some things out for me to look at. I really liked what he had to say, particularly his parallels between ROCKY and TAXI DRIVER. We should have the opportunity soon to determine whether Sylvester Stallone can really act or not, with his upcoming movie about labor in the 30s. *[Jeff is no doubt referring to F.I.S.T., where Stallone did a credible, though not brilliant, acting job. ADRIANI!]* To my min[d], Robert DeNiro is the best male actor working today, particularly when he's allowed to create the sort of intensity in his character that he [had] in MEAN STREETS and in TAXI DRIVER. I haven't yet seen 1900, but am told that his character there is too passive[;] that he isn't able to really cut loose.

I find it really peculiar that anyone would prefer a job that didn't require any thought (Buck Coulson). I used to get that sort of work all the time when I worked in the cannery, and they drove me nuts. My fave was one in which I stood high above everyone else, on my own little platform, using a garden hose to spray celery leaves down through holes so that they wouldn't clog the grader. Try doing that for eight hours some time, Buck. I spent one hour, once, on the Cool Whip production line, tapping the full tubs as they went by, to determine whether or not the lids were on tightly. The room was nice and sterile, white with fluorescent lamps that reflected off the waxed lid inserts. I was nicely hypnotized by the time someone came to relieve me — and there were women there who did that job for forty hours a week! But then, the women got all the exciting jobs like that.



*There is a wide ocean fed by Martyrs holy blood,
and devils ease their aching bones
in that warm, sanguinerous flood.
— J. Leopold Schwenck, 1845*

WOLFGANG DANCER EARLY 1978

Thanks for *So It Goes*. In return, you will find a copy of my latest, *The Barks Collector 7*. In view of the volumes of fanzines you have sent me over the years, you can of course count on receiving copies as long as I am publishing it. By the way, it is now MY magazine as the founder/former editor, John Nichols, is going to gafiate for awhile due to Master's Degree in May and trip to parents in Ecuador in June, plus it was never more than a break-even proposition for him, so he gave the fanzine to me. Of course I could have started by own fanzine any time, and I plan to soon start *The Kelly Collector* for *Pogo* fans, however getting one that is already going gives me an easier start. I am sure you would enjoy reading either Barks or Kelly comic books[;] they are funny, satir[iz]e modern life and 'modern' people, and the art's great. I haven't read an issue of *Pogo* yet that didn't have a side-splitting gag. ***[Believe it or not, I've never been able to read a Pogo comic because the style looks so different from those distinctive and intricate daily strips in the newspaper I remember.]***

So It Goes improves again! When you take your time on an issue, think things out and re-think them, have time to foresee and correct your mistakes, you get a better product. You used to publish so many, so often, that each individual fanzine began to become indistinguishable from the rest. The result is that the attention of a reader gets fragmented and divided and can't concentrate on single efforts as much; in other words, the good gets dumped in with the mediocre. Receiving so many different zines, you begin to take them for granted and it becomes more difficult for one of them to stand out. Now you are more likely to evoke a more positive reaction, such as "Hey, I haven't gotten a fanzine from Tim for awhile, this one must have a lot in it. Gosh, look at all the pages." Etc.

Some specific things that I saw as good: 1. Lack of 'fill' space. It didn't seem anywhere like you were bullshitting on just to use up the rest of the page. This does happen a lot it seems to me in the apazines, one reason I stay away from them. 2. The quotes from other zines. Quoting from other fanzines not only shows you are involved, but that you read other people's mags and they read yours. Better yet, you tell everyone which fanzines it is you read and think highly of.

I haven't, and am not likely to go see ROCKY HORROR [PICTURE] SHOW, sorry; I tend to stay away from punk rock and the "fourth wave", a name which, by the way, is (choose one or all) a) bullshit, b) hype, c) scam. Though not without precedent, IBM pulled this con first with their "fourth generation" computers which implied an improvement greater than the one they actually achieved. From what I understand, this theory of numbered 'waves' or rock music is that each 'wave' has taken the previous wave as their influence. However, that implies that punk rock is as popular as the previous three waves, which is false at least so far. It also implies, and this is more serious, that the popular music which is to follow will take punk rock as their main influence, and I find this highly improbable.

I have been getting into some other music, mostly old stuff and some jazz, but I do have some new records I got from someone who got them from a radio station, so they were cheap. Mostly though, it has been Sun Ra, Art Blakey,

Gerry Mulligan, Eric Dolphy, John Coltrane, etc. The only new bands I've become enthusiastic about recently are Bob Marley and Gil Scott-Heron/Brian Jackson Band, though I still like a lot of the musicians around like ELP, Bowie, Stills, etc. I fell in love with the JUDY GARLAND AT CARNEGIE HALL albums; you might like that music also. Of course, Frank Zappa remains as my favorite musician and composer.

I read THE TEACHINGS OF DON JUAN: A YAQUI WAY OF KNOWLEDGE by Carlos Casteneda. It deals with peyote/mushroom/gypsum week-long experiences under the guidance of an old Mexican mystic. What I wouldn't give to find an old wizard who could teach me to go out into the forest and find the magic herbs.

DENNY LIEN 12 JANUARY 1978

ROCKY HORROR fandom is big in Minneapolis, too. It's affected even me to the point where I not only bought the British and Australian movie albums, but shelled out \$10 for a set of lobby cards. And I've only seen the movie twice. (At that, once more than I've seen STAR WARS so far.) We're getting it for the Minicon, and have even talked vaguely about buying a print or trying to. A couple of the more fanatic locals have had tee-shirts made up, learned all the chords and all the words to all the songs, etc.

Gee, I'm learning to hate my job, too. (Reference/ Acquisitions Librarian at the U of Minnesota.) Wanna trade? In my case, problem dates back to merging of the two divisions last summer — I'm strictly a Reference type by nature and now do little of it and that at a level not pleasing to me.) There is probably a law of the universe somewhere that says that even good jobs turn sour after a few years, especially when held by fans who need to be perpetually somewhat depressed in order to turn to fanac for consolation anyway.

Ah, yes. "Not even my typewriter loves me" — I know the feeling. (And find it rather a relief. Being loved is a responsibility and ultimately a drag. It can be pleasant to be liked, though — or hated but grudgingly respected.) ***[For once I know exactly what Denny is talking about. I was whining and feeling sorry for myself, and meant to end with, "And this typewriter I'm typing with isn't helping my mood any, either." Instead I spaced out and accidentally abbreviated the sentence — "And this typewriter I'm typing on (period)." Ugh! Fortunately most people could fill in the line in their heads, due to the context. Now at this advanced age I might be able to agree with Denny that it's better to be uninvolved, but only a year or two after Denny wrote this he and Joyce Scrivner were almost inseparable.]***

I hate to blow your mind, Tim, but I voted for Phil Foglio, and I resent being called a "groupie." (I'm not all that interested in his body; I just like his art.)

I suggest Steve Brown look up "castrate" in the dictionary. It generally means not "to remove the penis of" but to remove the testes (or the ovaries!) of. There is a difference, obviously. (Whoops, should have read on first — I see you caught him out on the same point.) ***[Which didn't keep both Steve and others from repeating that mistake; see the editorial.]***

Misuse of "hopefully" bothers me enough to make a joke about it (and to slow down my reading speed), but not enough to get a real grump on about it. Just so long as you

continue to distinguish properly between "its" and "it's," we'll get along fine in print. **[What a relief!]**

Glad to learn that Bill Breiding has "no compunction about" ripping off a store so long as he deals honestly with "people on a personal level." Now I know enough to lock my front door if he ever shows up on my front steps. **[Sounds like something Don Fitch once said to and about me!]** Perhaps he feels that stores are run by elves, but most of the ones I know are in fact run/owned by people, and since I occasionally sell some of my duplicate SF books and magazines / am obviously a store in his eyes anyway and hence fair game. **[That's a bit of a stretch.]** Ptui. He's the one that needs the jail term, not Aljo.



ADRIENNE FEIN
EARLY 1978

If Buck Coulson hasn't done anything hopefully in 20 years, maybe it's about time he tried it? He might even like it? Says the grammar expert...

Words of encouragement: many properly-taught typists make lotsa mistakes too. (I find, that if I *really* concentrate, I make fewer — and if I *know* I'm typing a final draft, I make far fewer...)

Bill Breiding's comments strike me as a little...odd? he says that he defines honesty in terms of dealing with people, not whether one rips off a store. But stores are owned by people, after all, and those people can go bankrupt fairly easily...

BUCK COULSON
19 JANUARY 1978

Just because I kidded you about your grammar you send me a fanzine full of con reports? That's mean.

Somebody you don't like gets a Hugo so you decide to never attend another Worldcon? I knew there were people who took fandom seriously, but that comes close to being the ultimate overreaction. It reminds me irresistably of Curt Janke, who dropped out of FAPA in a cloud of verbiage because Goldwater lost the election to Johnson. Well, at least you decided to think better of the idea; presumably you still have some contact with reality. (Janke hasn't been heard of since; presumably he retreated to his own personal world where nothing unfair ever happens.) **[Maybe I should join him, huh? I could understand leaving the country if you**

think the [non]elected [p]resident is going to destroy the country and much of the world, but not leaving FAPA. On the other hand, if one feels that the Worldcon is ruined by an announcement of a gross inequity, it is up to that individual person to decide how much value a Worldcon might have in the future to that person.]

Aljo Svoboda never did know what True Fandom is, because it isn't anything and never was. Not any specific philosophy, at any rate; "fandom" isn't an entity and contains no agreement among its members; not even an agreement to disagree. *Some* fans are obstinate bastards and I think I may count myself among that group — but the group happens to be a minority among fans as a whole.

J. OWEN HANNER
19 JANUARY 1978

You sound quite hassled, but I suppose everyone is from time to time. I noticed in the lettercol a lot of people added their stories of their jobs and I found myself empathizing with them all. I'm going through a rather rough period here with respect to jobs, I guess mostly because I'm really not too together to start with and the job's not the kind that I like thinking about too much. It's kind of mindless, and if I didn't have fandom to turn to evenings and weekends (which are far too short for my tastes) I'd probably be a vegetable by now. I'm at a total loss of what to do, so I do a lot of wailing and rending of clothes and beating my breast and just general emoting which usually makes me feel better for a time. I'll be interested to see how things turn out for you so maybe I can cop a pointer or two for myself.

Your con reports were both intriguing and intimidating. I've never been to a con and you made them sound like fun, but there are a few things that remain quite awesome to me about them. I'm a very sedentary guy (10 years ago I would've made a good housewife) and I scare as easily as I impress (hey, I'm not on any macho trip here). But, I'm just waiting until I know enough people in fandom before I venture out to a real live con, and until then, I get my kicks from reading about them. **[Wonder now if J. Owen Hanner ever made it to a convention before he gafiated.]**

I liked your remarks about the [rock music] group Heart, mainly because I like them too. I think I'm in love with Ann Wilson; she's got a terrific voice. I like to sing along with my tapes in my car, but I always have the worst trouble with the two Heart albums because the range that she can sing is far beyond my voice. **[Ditto. Even harder to sing with Kate Bush or Mariah Carey.]**

Except for Elton John's last show, none of the concerts I've ever been to have been shows, in the sense that most bands have become. They have some nice sets — the Beach Boys had a very nice set two years ago, but they sold themselves through the music, and not with flashy pyrotechnics or lasers. Cat Stevens appeared in a magic act on his last stop in Chicago. Let me explain that: at the opening of the show, a magician and his voluptuous assistant did a few tricks, and then, he put these four cubes all over the stage. He went around to each and put them one atop another, and Cat appeared from the stack; I'm still trying to figure out how they did that.

Well, maybe I'll go back over Aljo Svoboda's column again when I'm a little more alert, and maybe then I can figure out just what the hell he was talking about. I detected some good passages the first time through.

DENNY BOWDEN
20 JANUARY 1978

Not till after I'd completely finished *So It Goes 15* did I see how much I'd enjoyed it. The overall fee, the appearance, the illos — everything reminded me of the zines I first read back in 1969-70 when I dipped into fandom.

The interlinos are a superb idea! Can you glean more from the older zines? I just might try doing it in my Apanagezine. Sure do miss your presence in Apanage. Now there are only 8 of the original 19 who were members when I joined, and of those, Dave, Joanne and Peggy rarely write MCs or give more than minac. Tell me about Oasis. it is a new apa? [*Oasis was an invitationly apa started by Patrick Hayden which attempted to have some of the best fanwriters as members, with considerable spillover from A Women's Apa.*]

Aljo's dilemma reminded me of the war protesting when I was in college. I had at one time decided that I'd go to prison if drafted so I could back up my convictions, but I realized that others were going to prison and nobody cared. To do something such as Aljo has done is too similar to a monk denying himself a proper diet so he can feel better about the starving millions. It does no one any good and it only causes himself trouble.

ALAN L. BOSTICK
18 JANUARY 1978

With regard to your probable sercon interest in ROCKY HORROR — Bill Patterson, an erstwhile Phoenix fan who now lives in San Francisco, has written a piece which has to be the sercon article to end all sercon articles on the topic of ROCKY HORROR. Its title is "Richard O'Brien Meets Nathaniel Hawthorn OR Young Goodman Brown Versus Susan Sarandon OR How I Did It" by Dr. Frank N. Furter. It's already snapped up by another faned, but the zine it's appearing in will be out very shortly, probably before the next issue of *So It Goes*. [*I wonder if it did? Sure wouldn't have been hard!*]

ROCKY HORROR fandom seems to have taken on a life of its own. In every city I've been to in the recent past (including what used to be home) there is at least one theatre that shows it every Friday or Saturday night at midnight. And every week, the fans come out, dressed more often than not in decadent Transexual Transylvanian-type clothes. At the last MileHiCon, I was dragged off to a special party of ROCKY HORROR fans, many of whom were mundane. [*By "mundane" Alan means not related to the rest of the general body of SF fandom.*] It was a freaky experience.

You have good taste in interlineations. Every single one of them was either strikingly appropriate or so funny that the context didn't significantly matter. And maybe it's because I'm a trufan, or maybe it's just plain coincidence, that for many of the quotes I can recall the context in which they first appeared. (I'm not, alas, a member of Oasis, but I've seen the first two mailings, since Teresa Nielsen loaned them to me.) [*Maybe it shouldn't, but that gives me a (mildly) creepy feeling. Should apa mailings of an invitationly apa be read by those outside the apa, I wonder?*] It's a new Profound Truth: Happiness is when you are there when all the linos are first made. [*That would make a good lino.*]

I have ambivalent feelings about Aljo Svoboda's column, or rather the views expressed therein. I am reminded

very much of a book I've been reading recently, NOW PLAYING AT CANTERBURY by Vance Bourjaily. In it, there is a section where a character is reminiscing about his actions during the student demonstration and riot days of the late sixties and early seventies, 1970 in particular. While reading it, I felt the same feeling of ambivalence. I was interested in the character involved, and wanted him to come out safely in the end, but I couldn't help but feel that his actions were uncalled for, that his attitudes were unreasonable. I couldn't really understand *why* he was doing the things that he did. And so I feel toward Aljo. I can't understand his obstinacy, and the things it compels him to do.

I must confess that I also did not recognize the first dialogue of Galen People's "Snow Broth" for what it was, or even for Burns & Allen. It seems that the only *Avengers* programs that I am familiar with are the ones with Diana Rigg. I can remember essentially nothing about the season with Tara King. For that matter, who are Burns & Allen, anyway?

A comment to a remark that Harry Warner makes: "*But it occurs to me that we're fortune rock exists in these troubled times, because the feeling Aljo describes, 'as close as I have come to being possessed by an immediate mass cultural situation,' must be what caused youth in some other nations to become enthusiastic about a Hitler or a Mussolini. ...it's better when music can create it than the appeals to bigotry and fascism of a skilled demagogue in an impassioned oration.*" But sometimes that music can appeal to bigotry and fascism or other unhealthy attitudes in people. I can recall recently reading in some fanzine (I think, but am not sure, that it was Jerry Kaufman in *The Spanish Inquisition*) that the writer once thought that the Rolling Stones would have made a good opening act for one of Hitler's rallies. In this day and age, it is possible that some spiritual successor to Adolph Hitler could build a base of popular support by being a rock star. The "mass cultural situation" would make an ideal foundation on which to build a propaganda message to the hordes of young people who attend concerts. I might remind you of the fictitious group "the American Medical Association" in the ILLUMINATUS trilogy who turned out to be (almost) secret masters of the world. [*Here it is 26 years later and we have a scary "spiritual successor" to Adolph Hitler who has nothing to do with rock music.*]

RICK STOOKER
19 JANUARY 1978

I enjoyed *So It Goes* too much to miss the next issue, especially if it will be a ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW special. I just re-discovered ROCKY myself. I saw it both times at Kansas City [Worldcon], but not again until last week. Barb Fitzsimmons and I fortified ourselves with beer and saw a midnight showing of it. I'd forgotten just how good it was, although I'd retained the memory of enjoying it.

The audience was very appreciative. Just about everyone had obviously seen the film before, and knew their favorite scenes, songs and characters. All were in the appropriate mood (several guys snorted cork in the men's john, making no attempt to conceal it). I don't know if this is just a St. Louis custom or not, but during the song "There's a Light" which Brad and Janet sing outside the castle, everyone in the audience pulls out a Bic or matches and holds the flame up.

I also enjoyed your report on Suncon. I had to miss the con, so I needed a second-hand account. I didn't even

learn who had won the Hugos until two months later. When I did hear, I knew that many people must have been upset at Phil Foglio. I think other artists deserved it much more too, but I don't think that excuses any rudeness to Phil. So far as I know, his win was the result of voter stupidity, and not Phil buying votes, or anything of that sort. He wasn't the best nominee, but so what? Such things have happened often enough in and out of fandom before.

My main worry is that Grant, who deserves a Hugo hands down, will be so discouraged that he'll forget about doing fan work and concentrate on his cartooning. **[Rick means "cartooning for money," but his point was proven with time, unfortunately.]** But in the long run this may be best for Grant. (SF authors may sell more books after winning the Hugo, but I doubt if Grant would sell more cartoons with one.)

Of course Phil attends lots of cons, knows lots of people and so has voting blocks of friends. So what? I'm sure that if Grant were to attend many conventions he would wow many more voters. Confine the voting to personalities and Grant would win. (I don't mean that to demean Phil, who I hardly know and is probably a nice guy. But Grant has one of the friendliest personalities of *anyone* I've ever met.) Grant just chooses not to do that. **[You have a point there. Although a very nice guy, Grant was not very "outgoing," including going to conventions. Phil Foglio, on the other hand, had an entire entourage/cliq.**

GARY DEINDORFER
20 JANUARY 1978

The appearance of the zine certainly was leaps and bounds beyond the previous issue. Nice that you didn't have to use that typer that was giving you trouble in 14. Well, you used one that was giving you trouble this time, but it made a good appearance. If you hadn't told us, we wouldn't have known. The elite type continues the parade nicely.

But I have come to realize from seeing two of your zines that the strength of a Tim Marion zine doesn't depend on appearances. It's the content that carries things.

I like your conreports. This is natural, unpretentious writing where the thing is to tell us some of the things that have happened to you and how you feel about them. What I like is that you are not hung up on style, but you are able to write clearly, and convey your feelings in a rather limpid, artless prose idiom. Good work!

God knows Ted White knows how to screw an argument out of shape. He's a past master at that. He's also a Good Man in many ways. But hell, I can see him laying into Foglio with his *I've got to be right so you've got to be wrong* onslaught. It is kind of ridiculous to imagine him using the argument that Phil Foglio's artwork shouldn't appear because *he*, the great Ted White, doesn't like it, not allowing for the possibility that there might be other people who are not Ted White who might like to see some [of] it in print. I thought of a name for this attitude just now: the Queen Victoria attitude. The idea that I am the monarch and everything in the world exists only for my pleasure. Also reminiscent of the outlook of a cranky, spoiled rotten child. When Ted White comes on like Queen Victoria or the spoiled child the rest of us are expected to kowtow to him and say, "Yes, oh great one, you are right, and have the right to always have everything your way." Kind of ridiculous. My sympathies lie with Foglio which is odd, considering I can't recall ever seeing

any of his artwork. Maybe I have. If I did, I don't remember it. **[I've certainly come across the attitude you describe in some fans, especially some old-timers, but can't say that's really Ted's attitude...perhaps because I don't know Ted well enough to say for sure. The impression I get is that Ted is someone who won't hesitate to state what he thinks is right or wrong with little regard for what kind of Scene he makes while doing so.]**

Probably Phil Foglio did not deserve the Best Fanartist Hugo, but as you say, it is wise not to take the Hugos too seriously. After all, I imagine the great Hitchcock doesn't hold the Oscars in too much awe. That would be like expecting James Joyce to be impressed because *Time* Magazine wrote that he had talent. **[Which reminds me of the story, and I admit, I rarely get tired of telling this, just because it's so outrageous (to me), that Chesley Bonestell once kept his Hugo on the back of his commode.]**

This issue's installment of "The Seven-Headed Hydrant" gives me a fuller, though still only a fragmented, idea of Aljo Svoboda's mind. He has a feeling for subtleties and different ways of going at something. True, instead of merely writing in a linear fashion, you can circle around and sneak up on it from different directions. I do this myself, though Aljo Svoboda has his ways of going about it, and I have my ways of going about it.

I'll have to look up that Codrescu book — sounds like something I could learn things from. A couple years ago I was reading a lot of Kenneth Burke. The man has a very complex, quirky mind which constantly shifts assumptions and looks at taken-for-granted ideas in new ways. He has something that merely graduating from college doesn't guarantee you: an original viewpoint (actually, *thousands of viewpoints*) and the ability to express his subtle and complex ideas in a very clearcut, schematic prose.

The train associated with the self-educated person seems on the mark, though depending on the person and the amount of creativity and intelligence he has, emphasis on this or that aspect will differ. I think, though, that any intelligent auto-didact will not have the attitude that he *has* to teach himself everything, and will be able to see when he might better and more fruitfully learn something from somebody else than having to dig it all out by himself. I particularly like this line — "the sense of working in an esoteric tradition with which the mainstream of the discipline is almost completely unfamiliar or unsympathetic." Even more true, unsympathetic to what seems an unwholesome waywardness on the part of the goer-of-his-own-way. Thoughts of van Gogh, Thelonus Monk, and Antonin Artaud, to name three auto-didacts of genius.

I wish Aljo Svoboda good luck with whatever his obstinacy leads him to. There is no doubt that he means what he says. I can't see chaining myself to the gate of the Trident Base that way, but maybe I should. If there is a nuclear war, the anguished survivors might wish there had been a lot more Aljo Svobodas. No sarcasm there; spoken from the heart.

I think I understand the way he expresses himself better now than after reading the column in the previous issue which seemed to me needlessly indirect. Now I see that his way of going about things necessitates the multivalued circling around the point. The thing is, the complexity of thought seems linked with much greater clarity of writing in this issue's column than in the column on the rock concert.

There's one Heart song I really like: "How Deep It Goes." That really reaches me. I am especially aware of beautiful and original harmonic turns in music, and that song has a couple of exquisite changes. Heart, Renaissance and Steeleye Span are kind of linked in my mind because they all feature female singers with pure, high register voices. Renaissance seems to be in [a] decline these days, but they've done some nice things, especially "Mother Russia" (I think that's the title). I like Steeleye Span because they are very good musicians, really extraordinary. They must put on quite a show. Some them on TV once and there was Maddy Prior singing about the blacksmith she would never marry and hopping and skipping around on stage like a dervish.

Mainly, though, I buy classical records, and very few rock records. Have a lot of records, mostly classical and jazz. I started out as a jazz fan in my teen years, got into classical and later into rock and folk. But classical (insofar as the labels means anything) is my first love. Right now I am in sound paradise listening to a 2 Vox set (6 records) of the organ music of Franz Liszt. This is beautiful music. I always prefer to listen to music on earphones, and I tell you when that Liszt organ music is swelling up in my brain, zooming in over those earphones, I am happy as a dog with a giant bone.



I play alto sax and flute, but I listen to very little of the jazz around today. My favorite jazz is classic bebop and cool style, and that is what I play. Mainly for the fun of it, though when Atlantic City gets started I was thinking of checking things out there; seems to me with all those gamblers walking around there ought to be a lot of work for musicians, and I can play.

I tend to forget how crude my cartooning style is until I see one in print along side of far more finished artwork. I will say though that my cartoons have the virtue of being funny — at least sometimes. As an artist I'm strictly an amateur, but I like to do the cartoons because I like to make them really crazy and ridiculous in their quaint, crude way — as, for instance, the figure on the right in the Dorf cartoon is, with his mouth running into the back of his head and the long stiff hairs sticking out in back. I hope you are moved to print more of my cartoons I sent you. Maybe this will give me the confidence to do some more for your zine and other zines, as long as I can come up with the zany ideas I like to use in cartoons.

I appreciate originality, and I thought the full page Schalles cartoon/drawing on page 23 was something different. I'm not sure what it was, but it was subtle and off the beaten track. I'd like to see more of these by Jeff Schalles.

You're mistaken about the nature and contents of my argument with Phil Foglio at the Fan Artists' panel.

I said nothing about "resent[ing] seeing Phil's artwork alongside artists whom [I] felt were far superior." I complained about a specific exhibition of Hugo winners and nominees on a raised balcony in the artshow room. This display was of professional artists who had won or were nominated this year for the pro Artist's Hugo. All of the professional work was nice and some of it very nice indeed. Down at the far right end was one of the most amateur and wretched paintings I've ever seen — and I include sidewalk art displays in that comparison. It was a very crudely done oil of an Eastern castle or somesuch, vaguely out of The Arabian Nights. Now Tim, I have been an artist. I have done oil paintings. And I tell you completely without fake modesty that *everything* I have painted — even the worst failure — was better than that painting. (And hey, a couple of my paintings won awards in early Fan Art Shows...) However, I do not regard myself as a good artist — the main reason I gave it up eighteen years ago — and I'd have to admit that not only are all *my* paintings better than the one I'm criticizing — so were all (or almost all) the others in the art show room. The painting was crude, amateur, and not even the scene presented was of interest, being a visual cliché.

Okay, the painting was by Phil Foglio. And — get this — the "bid sheet" had a minimum bid on it of \$400. Yes, *four hundred dollars!*

I was astonished by Foglio's gall, his conceit. But I was also laboring under a misunderstanding: I thought the balcony area was for Hugo winners — rather'n nominees. My initial challenge, then, at the Fan Art Panel — at the end, during the Questions period — was erroneous. I wanted to know what Phil was doing up there on the balcony in the first place. After I was told that the display was of nominees as well as winners, I dropped that line of inquiry. (I shouldn't have; I should have asked if any other Fan Hugo nominees were up there, and if not, why not? But then, I didn't prepare for this confrontation in advance and missed that point.)

I then asked Phil if he didn't notice a discrepancy between his painting and the others in the display. I asked him if the difference didn't embarrass him. I thought that was an honest question.

Foglio's response was that the painting was the best of which he was capable, and therefore he was proud of it.

Frankly, this astonished me. I mean, suppose you, Tim, decided to try your hand at painting, and you produced that painting. And for reasons we needn't go into, you had the painting displayed next to the works of Bok, Bonestell, Gaughan, Freas, and the other giants in the field. Do you think you'd be so blind to the faults in the painting that you'd not notice the contrast between it and those around it? And — here's the crucial question — if you *are* blind to the faults in your painting, what kind of an artist does this make you? **[Do you get the feeling that the friends he surrounded himself with were not critical enough about his work?]**

I contrasted [Taral Wayne] MacDonald's answer to an earlier question to the panel, in which he candidly described those areas in which he still needed work, with Foglio's. [Taral] was self-aware, self-critical. He recognized his mistakes. He knew his weak areas. Foglio, on the other

hand, appears filled with overweening pride in himself and seems unable to recognize his flaws as an artist.

Most artists I've spoken with since Suncon agree with me that Foglio has very little talent — at least as thus far demonstrated. His technique is sloppy and crude even as a cartoonist (and that's still better than his technique as a painter). His style is ripped off Bjo's work of twenty years ago — a style she did then and still does far better. Of the fan artists nominated for a Hugo last year he was clearly and obviously the worst — the least accomplished in technique, the least versatile, and the least imaginative. Dan Steffan — who wasn't even on the ballot — can draw circles around him.

Foglio won a Hugo, though. How?

It's my opinion that he assiduously cultivated a following who are for the most part totally ignorant of other fan artists and who probably encounter very few fanzines not participated-in primarily by Foglio. At MidAmeriCon they wore "Foglio for Hugo" buttons. The voting on the fan Hugos is traditionally scattered and lower in numbers than the voting on the pro Hugos — well over half the Hugo voters are almost totally ignorant of fandom and fanzines. **[Yeh, but try suggesting that to them!]** Bring in a voting clique of even a hundred people — and I believe Foglio's is larger than that — and you can block-vote any fan-nominee a Hugo. Foglio obviously recognized that and decided he wanted a Hugo.

Conceit on that level is offensive to me, but his conceit in putting on display a piece of inept garbage with a price-tag of \$400 stuns me.

I "tried" no "tricks" on Foglio at that panel. I expressed my indignation in terms I hoped communicated more than simple hostility to Foglio. I tried to make him aware of what any creative person *must* cultivate: a self-critical awareness of what one creates. I do not feel that I succeeded.

When Foglio was announced the winner of the first Hugo awarded at Suncon, I too was tripping. It bummed me out for some time thereafter. **[Me too, obviously.]** Exchanging funny expressions with Hank Stine — who sat next to me during the awards — was all that made the rest of the ceremony bearable. **[I think I was sitting on the other side of you. On my other side was the lovely young lady I described to the dismay of some readers.]** Watching Foglio kiss all the females and shake the hands of all the men in the section directly in front of me (three or four rows' worth, maybe 25 people to a row) — part of his clique, apparently — as though his winning the Hugo hadn't devalued it completely, was good for several minutes' entertainment.

I'm left wondering if Foglio really thinks he's better than Rotsler, Canfield, et al.

[Ted, you make a number of good points here. My own perspective is just slightly different. I actually like Foglio's art; just felt that he wasn't all that present in the fanzines during that previous year. The fan Hugos, implicitly, are supposed to be about all the fanzines, or a general body of fanzines, not just a few from a specific metropolitan area. I felt that category was block-voted and stolen, without those voters even being aware of (or caring) who the other artists were or what they've done.]



I guess I'm one of the few fans who's still not seen ROCKY HORROR. I know Patia's seen it almost forty times and it's been shown at several cons I've been at but I always seem to have other things to do than go to the film program at a con. (I think the last film I saw at a con was the Monty Python film at Discon in 74 and I went to that because I wanted to take several American friends who hadn't seen it yet. Otherwise poker, parties and people have a higher priority than [movies] when I'm at a convention.) I *want* to see it sometime[s], but I'm too apathetic most of the time to drag myself out for the periodic midnight screenings at one of the downtown rep cinemas. A lot of people I respect in matters of taste say it's an absolute must, though, so eventually, if and when I can ever get caught up with mundane and fannish obligations, I'll have to go see it. I hope that it can live up to the build-up it's had in so many fannish quarters when that time eventually comes.

Much enjoyed your Suncon report. I'm amazed that you were able to recall as many things as you did without your notes. Especially since you were stoned so much of the time. I can never pick out details of con parties and panels and things a few months after the con; all the cons tend to get rather confused in my mind. I'll remember incidents but often think they were at a different con. I guess this isn't quite so true of worldcon since that's somehow special and sticks out more than the many regionals which do have a lot in common. Reading through your recollections of Florida and the Fontainebleau brought a lot of the con back to me for which I thank you.

I don't think you're correct in guessing that the concom deliberately deprived masquerade contestants of mikes in order to limit presentations. I think it was simply an oversight, and an example of the lack of preparation before the con. The masquerade organizer wasn't able to attend the con (which was how I found myself the announcer about eight hours before the masquerade started) so things were very much cobbled together at the last minute, and no one had done any preliminary work with the hotel for things like on-stage microphones. I think that under the circumstances it went off rather well with the absence of the mikes being the only serious weakness in the event. Certainly Joni [Stopa]'s idea of splitting the costumes into two streams to avoid long boring delays for judging worked well and George Scithers did a fine job in putting it all together.

While I agree with you that Phil didn't deserve the Hugo this year, I don't agree with much of what you say about the whole affair. Of the nominees this year, for example, Tim [Kirk] was certainly the one who least deserved to be on the ballot. Purely on the basis of quantity of output, of course. And Phil's contributions to fanzines were apparently *much* more widespread than you were aware of. He certainly was present in a very large number of fanzines that I got during 1976 (and 1977). I'd put money on the fact that he had more illustrations published than Jim Shull and probably more than Grant Canfield. So on that argument I'm afraid you're very wrong. You're also incorrect in thinking that the definition of fan artist deals with fanzine contributions. It definitely does not: any of Phil's art show contributions, work for PRs for cons, etc. would make him eligible in that category. THE CAPTURE ought not to have since it was nominated in a Pro



category but no one ever said fans were famous for logical thinking.)

Accepting the fact that Phil had done enough to get a nomination, at least in terms of quantity, I agree with you that he didn't deserve to win and that he won because he has a clique of ardent admirers who block-voted him the award. Regretfully there is nothing anyone can do to prevent that sort of thing from happening. I happen to like Phil's work and I think he deserved to be on the ballot and in a couple of years I think he'll deserve to win. But he has enough people who like his stuff much more than I do (the prices people will pay for his work at art shows is simply amazing and more often than not it's the same people) to have won. So it goes. Maybe the fan Hugos *have* become meaningless now that so many people can and do vote on very limited awareness of the categories. But I'll keep voting for the people I think deserve to win and every now and then one of them will do so. And that makes it at least a little more worthwhile.

I was there when Ted did the bazooka attack on Phil and while I'd agree it was a very ugly incident I also thought Ted was essentially correct. He might have been a little more tactful or a little easier on Phil but that isn't Ted's style I'm afraid. Phil hasn't yet learned to be self-critical and he has to. Ted was absolutely correct — even though Phil may have been happy with his work in a new medium, the painting he had in the award winners and nominees section of the art show was very inferior to the rest of the material hanging there. Phil is a talented cartoonist and has a very inventive comic sense but I think he's gotten too much success too quickly and is surrounded by too many acolytes for his own good. He'll never learn to be a critic of his own work if everything he does is greeted as the greatest thing since the Sistine Chapel.

ANN WEISER
12 JANUARY 1978

I would like to put something on record about the Fan Artists' War at SunCon. It's true that at the very end somebody indicated each artist in turn so the audience could clap for each one, sort of like Queen for a Day. *But* I didn't realize this was happening until they got to the second person, and the first person was Stu Shiffman who is Great. So, Stu, you didn't get as much applause as you deserved.

I'm starting a fund to buy a dress for Ted White. Everywhere I look he seems to be telling Avedon she should wear one. I'm sure he would be happy to experience first-hand exactly what he's recommending. I'm soliciting contributions, and also volunteers to make sure he keeps wearing the dress through the whole con — IguanaCon, maybe. It's not unusual for men to enjoy wearing dresses. Maybe he'll be grateful. ***[I'd be glad to wear a dress at a con — or, more accurately, a mini-kilt — if any number of female fans I know would shave their legs and wear something comparable.]***

Are you *sure* there isn't a Steve Brown Castration Fund? Then why did my check come back cashed? I'll sue. Actually, I think it's very noble of Steve to write you this letter and, despite the embarrassment of it, state publicly that he still has his penis. Just so there wouldn't be any misunderstanding, of course. ***[Yes, it was a great reassurance.]***

Who is this Don Fitch person? He Declares that gays may be Neat and pleasant people as long as they don't talk too much about being gay, and then he reassures you by saying that anyone who would think you were Young (horrible crime) must be Adolescent himself. If this is the good old days, I don't want it. ***[Without your directly quoting him, I don't know, offhand, to what you are referring.]***

Bill Breiding is Neat. This letter... He takes the time to really think about things like honesty, and make connections, but not push on to easy answers, not tell anyone they're bad, and he stays connected to his feelings and his experience. This letter, after the other letters, is like the shock of warm water in a freezing lake.

Tim, I really enjoy your con reports. Don't let anybody convince you to do fewer.

LESTER BOUTILLIER
8 FEBRUARY 1978

I have some additions and corrections to your account of he first of the room parties at [SunCon]. The Thursday night party was held in Ira "Mitch" Thornhill's room, which was right next to mine on the 7th floor. When I came in, it was a NOLA fringe-fan named Tommy "Cousin" Starnes, aka Cousin Itt, who tried to get me to take a toke. Ted *did* tell me to "get smart," though. I thought it was basically a good joke, except that I didn't appreciate Cousin Itt deliberately blowing smoke in my face after I refused to take a [puff]. I like Ted, even though he doesn't seem to return it. He was personally hard on Foglio (and Gary Farber later on), which I don't approve of. It's one thing to criticize somebody for some reason. It's another thing to come on with a chip on each shoulder begging for a fight. Does Ted *hate* Foglio or Farber? Did he have to make such a big issue out of Phil's art? Did he have to launch a personal attack on the guy? ***[Ted obviously felt outraged by Foglio's exhibition, which Ted felt was inappropriate — I don't feel that translates to disliking]***

Phil personally. As for the Farber bit, both Ted and I have to say — "hunh?" In other words, when asked, Ted didn't know what you were talking about. I never witnessed Ted White "attacking" Gary Farber, so what are you talking about? On the other hand, thanks for the correction about the room party. And I do agree that it's rude act to blow smoke in another's face, and I mean any kind of smoke.]

Phil [Foglio] is often seen at cons with a teenybopper on each arm. These are among his infamous groupies. I won't ma[k]e snide remarks. I like Phil. I just don't enjoy seeing him with such young girls. There should be any number of 20-year-old women who'd love to have him around. *[Well, according to Greg Ketter (letter following), the two ladies in question are not only older than me, but they look it as well. Harumph. I don't know about the former, but I certainly have to dispute the latter. Of course, Greg is assuming that he knows exactly who it was that both you and I saw Phil with...]*

Your taste in comedy is awful, as well as bizarre. You find Burns & Allen unfunny and repulsive? Their routines were gems of wit; many are comedy classics. The form was so successful that it spawned many imitators, like Row[a]n & Martin and The Smothers Brothers. *[You claim my taste is awful and bizarre, yet you seem to base that solely on this one example. Here's the thing, and I'm not going to apologize for sounding like a feminist. I never could believe that a woman could actually be as ditzy as the Gracie Allen character. Moreover, it always pissed me off how George Burns was subtly making fun of her in his responses. To me it just seemed an overly disrespectful way to treat one's mate. The King-Steed dialogues seemed much different in tone and attitude and were genuinely amusing, in my opinion.]*

[Lester, good issue of South of the Moon you did way back when. I wish someone would do something like that again, even if it's just on the web. The mysterious editor of the "New Moon Directory" swallowed my inquiry.]

GREG KETTER
24 FEBRUARY 1978

Can I help on the all Rocky Horror issue? Or is it too late? What can I do? I'd like to help/contribute.

I'm finishing up an article for the next *Rune* on R.H. Look for it. It should be illustrated by Phil Foglio.

Oh, I just remembered, you don't like Phil Foglio. Hmm. One of my best friends. And I feel one of the best fan artists around. *[I may not have appreciated some aspects of Phil's behavior, but I don't know him well enough to like him or dislike him. My issue with his winning the Hugo had nothing to do with personal like or dislike.]*

I don't know what fanzines you get, but I see Phil's work many places. (Right, Ketter, now just try and remember one offhand...)

As far as being the least talented, I say *gah!* I grant you, Canfield (sorry, I could[n't] resist) is better stylistically and I would love to see him win. I've always loved Phil's sense of humor and I've bought/been given several really excellent pieces. I feel he was as deserving as anyone.

And get your facts straight. If you saw Phil "drunkenly staggering" you certainly weren't looking at Phil. He is a total

tee-totaller. Won't touch anything stronger than Coca-Cola. *[They must have been doing an excellent imitation, then.]*

As for the "prepubescent girl under each arm," I would say Martha and Alice look much older than you do (in fact, both are older). I know the two and they are very charming and intelligent individuals.

Phil also didn't *run up to the podium and hysterically grab his award*. He was so nervous and thrilled he almost had to be helped to the stage. *[I obviously saw something different from my vantage point, such that it was.]* But, yes, we did congratulate him wholeheartedly. He deserved it.

I feel you owe Phil some sort of apology, at least a copy of your zine so he could comment on it... You certainly do[n't] do yoursel[f] any good by belittling Phil and ranting about him and his art. Enough said. *[To the best of my memory, Phil Foglio was on my mailing list...and I think I even enclosed a note inviting him to respond. Can't blame him for not doing so, I guess.]*

[The following was from Greg's flyer for his ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW fanzine. I have no idea if it ever actually appeared. If it did, I would appreciate it if someone could send me a copy (if such a thing is possible). Anyone sending me a copy will get the subsequent two issues of So It Goes in return. I am herewith reprinting Greg's text as opposed to reprinting the whole flyer in an effort to avoid confusion — I don't want any readers thinking Greg's flyer is current.]

...I've decided to publish a fanzine/book on the subject near and dear to our hearts. I'm still begging, pleading, and bothering people to write articles, do original art, dig up obscure facts, and generally do all of the work for me. A few people committed to the cause (besides myself) include Phil Foglio, Kathleen Hembree (fan supreme) and the Mad Armenian, Jerry Boyagian. But I do need more help...of any kind. If you can, please volunteer something (~~money~~). I envision it as a fancy slick offset type thing, which will cost a couple of dollars, including great articles, fantastic art, and some amount of decadence.

CAROL KENNEDY
23 APRIL 1978

I think that perhaps your subjective opinion of Phil Foglio colored your impression of him when you wrote, "...I saw Phil drunkenly staggering across the floor with a seemingly pre-pubescent girl under each arm." I don't know Phil very well, but I have observed and I have been told by those who know him well that he doesn't drink. Could it have been con fatigue or Hugo euphoria that caused the staggering? I have no idea who the girls were; but I know three young women who are good friends of Phil's, any one of whom might, at a distance, fit your description because of their slight frames. However, all of them are definitely post-pubescent.

I had heard of you many times before I read *So It Goes*. Most of the references to you were in SFPA-related writings. I'm glad to receive your personalzine, to "meet" you. *[Thank you. Although I must point out that almost any reference to me in SFPA (of which I have never been a member, I might add), if it came from Ned Brooks, Don Markstein, or Stven Carlberg, is likely to be very close to fictitious. The latter two still credit me with some really kinky lines Randy Williams wrote about masturbation in a one-shot. (I told Don Markstein once*

who wrote those lines and he acted like he didn't believe me and he certainly didn't repeat the information.) Since I thought those lines were pretty darn funny, I would be glad to take credit for them...if I had written them. I can only tell someone the truth once; what they believe after that is up to them...]

**LEE PELTON
? APRIL 1978**

You should be honored to know that this is my first loc I have ever written. Although Carol Kennedy and I now edit *Rune*, I unfortunately was pretty much unaware of fanzines until my ignorance was corrected by Living with Carol and being surrounded by them.

I personally love THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW. I have a set of 8 color stills from the film, 3 separate soundtracks: Roxy, Australian, and film. The London stage soundtrack is putrid in a very derogatory way and not worth the search. Tim Curry was just getting into his role and sounds weak in comparison to the other two recordings I have. I also have a bootleg LP on tape of the entire film, dialogue, sound effects and all. It is a really bad recording and not worth the \$14 it is commanding.

Heart is a pretty good group, indeed. I am fond of their LITTLE QUEEN album, "Barracuda" being one of my all-time rock song favorites. Have you heard anything of the Punk Rock explosion? I have a number of punk rock records and a few are pretty good.

The SunCon report was very good. I liked the Ted White / Lester Boutillier exchange.

We have the same views of the status of the annual Hugo charade. Different perspectives but the same general tone. I find it all to be a schuck, actually. Now, I thought Phil Foglio should have won. Not to detract from Phil's competitors, but Phil has a very fannish-like humor when he does his work. But that is neither here nor there in this view. I objected to Tim Kirk winning those years before when Tim could hardly be considered a fan artist. His acceptance speech at Big Mac was galling to witness. But it convinced me that Hugos are mostly sham and hoopla, signifying nothing. Still, I suppose mutual stroking is good for the ego. Maybe I'm jealous. **[Doesn't sound it, actually.]**

You can sing along with ROCKY HORROR with me any time, Tim me lad. **[Sigh... Most people reading this know that Lee has passed... I don't think I ever even met either him or Carol.]**

Nothing much to say about Aljo's stuff. I find I couldn't fathom it but maybe because I am not in the mood to follow.

The thing that makes your zine distinctive is the quotes from fans that strategically appear throughout the whole thing. Very good.

**PAUL MADARASZ
24 FEBRUARY 1978**

The only time I've ever met Phil Foglio was at a New Year's Eve party some time back. What was memorable was when he drifted over to where a bunch of us were smoking. The joint found its way to Phil, as it is wont to visit each person gathered in its presence. You would have thought that someone had handed him a live cobra or a collection of Todd Bake drawings! **[Ah come on, Todd Bake's style wasn't that bad. Very reminiscent of Phil Foglio's, actually. Which makes me wonder if a lot of the**

fan art I saw back in 1976 which I thought was by Bake was actually work by Foglio, lending credence to several claims that Foglio's art actually was significantly present in fanzines that year.

[While I'm at it, I also don't understand Ted's claim that Foglio's style is a rip-off of Bjo Trimble's. Has Foglio ever seen Bjo Trimble's art? I know I haven't, or rather, I haven't seen enough of it to remember, and although Foglio may be older than me, I'm older than him fannishly, as well as being a bit of a fan historian, and I just can't imagine that he was really influenced by her. I suppose similarities in style Just Happen on occasion. Some fan art I do remember from fanhistorical readings was Cynthia Gladstone's art in the mid-60s — her style was very reminiscent of Vaughn Bodé's style. Although Bodé came later, I doubt seriously he had ever encountered her art, much less been influenced by her.]

I share your love of THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW and have the extreme good fortune to be going to see it tonight, after the ballet. Of course you know Denise Mattingly, who has seen RHPS more times than anybody in the Universe, I would hazard to guess. I think it was thirty-something sometime last year, and that was before she rented the thing!

Con reports... uh, well... I don't really think that there's any good way to comment on them. Either you like the way a person responds to a con or you don't, and that's that. Your reports sound like what mine would sound like if I wrote them, which I don't. (I prefer your writing on your life on the Seaboard than that in hotels.) **[Hey, it's not for nothing that people used to call me "The Hunter S. Thompson of fandom."]**

I AM YOUR NEW ROBOT
HOUSEKEEPER, AND THIS
IS MY OWNERS MANUAL!
PERSONALIZED
TO YOU, MY OWN
DEAR OWNER!



You may remember that Lise and I complained to you at Balticon that you had mentioned us in issues of your zine which you hadn't sent us, and sent us issues that we weren't mentioned in. While we didn't mind getting the latter, if we'd had our choice, we might have preferred seeing the former. Unfortunately, we couldn't think of any examples for you at the con. Then, on the way home, we discovered that Kathy [Schaeffer?] had SIG 15 with her and it was a perfect example. Those are the facts, now how about dealing with them? *[Splrfsk!]*

I was going to hand [this] over to Lise [Eisenberg] to finish with her own inimitable, cute sort of flourish but she begged off claiming she had absolutely nothing to say to you. Perhaps we both would have more to say to you if we got a zine from you every once in a while. Of course, we'd each return the favor when next we publish — a much safer promise than if I promised a loc, but who knows, you might even get one of those, instead of more dumb, dull post cards like this. *[This was a concern to me as I was certain I had sent both Moshe and Lise a copy each of SIG 14 & 15... Inspiring me to wonder if many of the copies I sent by "bulk rate" just didn't arrive. Of course, it could have been the fault of the poor glue on the envelopes; I really should have taped those over. And I didn't have a big stapler at the time, so the regular staples I put in the last issue could barely hold it together. This may explain why some copies got lost, particularly in the rigorous New York postal system. Moshe later wrote a loc...]*

Thanks for your prompt and gracious response to my post card. I got your card last Saturday, Lise got SIG Monday and I got it Tuesday. At least this one time the post office came through with first class performance for third class mail. If it is they, rather than you, who have kept me from seeing your zines in the past, I apologize for my hasty accusations. Judging by the tone of your card I came across to you harsher than I meant to, and again I apologize. No one is under any obligation to send anyone else their zine, and even if you had made such a decision that would have been your right. It's just that I *am* genuinely interested in what you're doing, what you have to say. Perhaps my card came across harsher than I intended because of a subconscious wish on my part to avoid any semblance of begging. Just as a point of information, the mail log I've been keeping since last September shows nothing received from you until your recent card. Of course, it's possible that I neglected to log something, and I do seem to remember your giving me something at a con somewhere in that period or just before it (but I can't confirm that without a lengthy spate of pawing through stacks of old zines and I'm not going to attempt that now). I also know that the P.O. has been screwing me. Brian Earl Brown waited a long time before sending me his most recent ish, and wrote me a post card first to confirm my address, because back at Christmas the P.O. returned as undeliverable a Christmas card he's sent — which was *correctly addressed!* Who knows how many zines and letters that were thus undelivered never got back to their senders? So let's forget the past and enjoy what the present has to offer.

I did enjoy SIG 15 ~~because my name was mentioned a number of times~~ because of the way your personality is

transmitted through your writing. Even when your prose is felicitous, I still can get a sense of your voice and character when I read it. And by no means is all your prose poor. In fact, that's one of the things that really struck me while reading this issue, the way the level of your diction keeps jumping up and down. If I can say so without seeming condescending, I'd guess that this unevenness is a sign that you're still developing as a writer, still looking for your proper style. I'm sure you'll find it eventually. Already you have no trouble holding my interest through the length of a 17½ page personal ramble.

I enjoyed the con reports, both because they allow me to see a con through another's eyes and because they evoke my own memories of the events. Sometimes they are memories I'd otherwise not have known I had. Of course, that only applies to cons we've both been to. When you do a con report on a con I didn't make, it's a chance for me to catch up on what I missed and to be reminded again of how easy it would be to believe that I hadn't missed it at all — because all cons are connected, somehow topologically part of the same space and temporally linked, too. Cons are therefore the natural habitat of space/time warps and if teleportation or time travel are ever perfected, the first jump will probably be from one con to another.

I first saw a large fraction of ROCKY HORROR at MidAmeriCon. My reaction there was a compound of bewilderment, fascination and repulsion. Lise loved it. (I think she now owns all but one of the records of the various versions.) I finally saw it all the way through at this year's Balticon and enjoyed it. It was easier to stick with it this time for a number of reasons. Partly because there wasn't as much happening elsewhere as there had been at the worldcon to lure me away. Partly because I had some idea of what to expect and was more prepared for it (this has to do with my own internal working out of my reaction to the sexual aspect of the movie and my reaction to that reaction). Also, having a seat this time (at MAC I'd walked into the back of an overcrowded film room to see what all the fuss was about and had to stand) and Lise at my side to explain things when the soundtrack was unclear — or drowned out by the aficionados in the audience who insisted on *participating* in the movie rather than just passively watching it, really made a difference. I was also pleased to see the film take on SF cliché overtones in the latter section after the preponderance of horror ones in the first part. There are certainly some excellent performances in ROCKY HORROR (Tim Curry deserved an Oscar) and the music is rousing (my favorite song, however, remains "Science Fiction Double Feature," which, while less of a rocker, is a filk song if I ever heard one). I regret now that I never considered going to see the stage version. Though I'm not now and probably never will be a member of the cult surrounding the film (I'm just not into that sort of fanaticism about single works or people), I'm now a satisfied member of its audience — an appreciator.

Phil Foglio is a nice guy and I hope we'll always be on good terms (hell, he still owes me art for my zine), but I think both you and he know that I agree with you that his Hugo win was premature to say the least. Still, that is not Phil's fault. It's the voters who chose to bypass other deserving talents who've been around longer to honor him and I'll not further begrudge him his egoboo. I'd have been very surprised if he (or any other fan not heavily into fan politics and principles) had turned down the award and I don't think it's fair to expect

him to have — even though he did admit on that panel that there were others who were more deserving. He *did* do a lot of good artwork and he has paid some dues. He didn't get that Hugo for *nothing*; he'd worked on a lot of good fanac. So let's not bear down too hard on Phil. If you're unhappy with the system, change it. As I said in the first hours after the award ceremony — if everyone who was upset by the Hugo results in the fan categories would actually show up at this year's business meeting, then maybe a motion to abolish the fan Hugos could actually succeed. It's either than or resign ourselves to their increasing meaninglessness and stop fretting about it. By the way, I loved Jeff [Schalles] and Taral's collaboration on page 9. **[Moshe is referring to an ironic cartoon about Foglio winning the Hugo.]**

I envy you your visit to Harry [Warner]'s place. I've now missed two separate chances to go there and the expedition I'd hoped for from this year's Balticon never materialized. I saw Harry from a distance at my first Worldcon (Noreascon I) and I've spoken to him on the phone many times (once, at Discon II, when we were even in the same hotel, but I had to leave the con early for a wedding and couldn't arrange to meet him in the flesh) but I still haven't managed to get close enough to shake his hand and I don't suppose I'll be satisfied until I do.

I managed to enjoy Philcon, despite all the shit from the hotel, because so many people were so nice to me there. Lise and I got on with notable smoothness (whereas on many previous occasions cons had brought out the worst in our relationship), many people gave me many lovely Coca-Cola items (Bill Wagner's icepick is only three feet away as I write this), etc. And then, of course, there was that totally surprising surprise party. Don't know if I ever thanked you properly for making your room available for it. Thanks. I remember those quiet moments reading with you, Stu (Shiffman) and Frank (Balazs) at the end of the con as mellow and worthwhile. While I understand your feeling that since you see your friends so rarely you ought to spend your time talking to them [and] "getting to know them better," I submit that sometimes just sitting quietly together, sharing a silence, can be just as effective toward that end. Certainly it's something I — who rarely sits still at a con — ought to do more of.

I liked Aljo's column and agree with much of it. Many fans are self-taught (Phil Paine is an excellent example) and seem to have benefited from it. Many fans, including myself, are obstinate, and I recognize in myself most of the other characteristics he attributes to the anal type. But then here in NY among my regular associates, that's practically a truism about me. Aljo makes his discursive, informal style really work and that alone would be worthy of praise — the man can write. But my admiration for him is most strongly founded in his commitment to principle and the living out of principle. I admire that *tremendously*. I have always prided myself on being highly principled and on applying my principles in real life when the situation demanded it (as with the job at Scott Meredith Literary Agency I quit), but I have rarely gone out of my way looking for situations to demonstrate my commitment and make it tangible as Aljo has (he's in jail now, I hear) and for that I respect him more than I can readily express.

I also liked his poem, despite its tendency to fall into certain near clichés of recent poetry of a certain school. It's one of the few poems I've bothered to finish reading in fanzines lately and it reached me.

I feel the urge to respond at length to Bill Breiding's comments on honesty. But lacking easy access to the issue he's commenting on (since I think your actions which he's judging would be relevant and I don't remember them), I'll refrain. Let's just say I both agree and disagree and leave it at that.

JOHN LELAND
21 JANUARY 1978

As regards Suncon, don't imagine that fencing blades can't hurt because the tips are blunted; I've got scars to say different, and I'm not the only one. If a lady got one of those things that close to my crotch, I'd... Well, I shouldn't make careless threats, but I would *not* be happy. **[I get your point, so to speak. I take it you probably wouldn't be too happy if a man did that, either.]**

I agree with Svoboda (second time in a row) about fans being auto-didacts by nature; even though I'm a grad student at Yale 90% of my notorious store of weird historical information is *not* from my classes, and I'm certainly not alone.

As regards castration, there were, in the good old Arabian Nights days, three different techniques, one of which did involve removal of the penis as well as the balls — a straw was inserted to keep the urinary passage open, and the "outward appearance was identical with the female" to quote Encyc. Brit. Incidentally, the operations were usually performed in Ethiopian monasteries for the Levantine trade, and the survival rate was 10%; this was little boys who were considered to have the best chance of coming through alive; adults were worse. Even if Steve Brown had been castrated he would not necessarily be out of the running; eunuchs had sexual practices of their own. Gore Vidal prints some relatively mild things in JULIAN, and I understand Edmund Backhouse's unpublished memoirs of the Chinese court contain a lot more — he may have been fantasizing a bit, however. Someone did recently print a book on the Chinese eunuch system — I recall the eunuch was expected to carry his removed parts around with him; if he didn't have them it was a great loss of face, but fake ones were available.

VICTORIA VAYNE
26 JANUARY 1978

Had one idea for an article that I'll send you IF I get around to trying it (and what a big "if" that might be...): "The Hourly Apa." Essentially starts off with five initial apazines from stereotype apahack types, and becomes mailing comments upon mailing comments using some "hack" styles (like the all one-upmanship style) and eventually becoming nothing but a list of five "RaE, bnc"s all the way down, all in comment on the previous mailing of the entire apa. Got the idea from something in Pelz's *Profanity 13*. Might be something there, or maybe you have some ideas to suggest for this sort of thing. Let me know, in any event. **[I don't think I ever got back to Victoria on this because either I didn't take the idea seriously or couldn't understand what she was saying. For those who aren't familiar with apas, "Raebnc" meant "Read and enjoyed, but no comments." Nowadays list-servs on the web have replaced much of the function of apas, and thus there are (presumably) far fewer fannish, or science fiction related, apas.]**

Non Sequitur will eventually be a FAPazine, but at the moment I'm just trying out the format (essentially apazine without mailing comments, like *Lucifers* 3 and 4 without the

feminist slant) experimentally. You'll get one, never fear. About 13 pages are done now, hopefully some more this weekend, and all done by Boskone. *[Victoria did one of the best (most elegant in appearance and thoughtful in writing) FAPazines when I was a member in the late 70s. She also did an excellent genzine called Simulacrum.]*

[Victoria goes on to talk about doing a hoax issue of Energumen (Mike Glicksohn's fanzine) in which I was involved, or maybe I contributed, then talks about a Ted White article I asked her for a copy of (probably "A Question of Gender" from Doug Fratz's Thrust, which I considered to be mildly brilliant). I have very little memory of most of these things. I miss Victoria, wonder where she is, and hope she is well and happy these days.]



CHESTER D. CUTHBERT
29 JANUARY 1978

Your convention reports are the most interesting features, but the correspondence column is worthy also of careful attention. Frankly, when you are not feeling well while travelling, I'm surprised that you enjoyed the conventions as much as you obviously did.

One notable fact about fanzines — so many individual fans write letters to many that it is possible to form an opinion of their personalities without ever having corresponded with some of them. Your own personality comes through quite clearly, and is in some respects contradictory — you seem personally and in your daily life to be irresponsible, yet your fanzine gives evidence of care and planning, intelligence, responsible thought, and in many instances, a brilliance amounting almost to genius. Which is the real you? *[I still should take better care of myself than I do. I should eat more and exercise more.]*

BRUCE COVILLE
21 JANUARY 1978

I enjoyed your con reports more than usual. I think your style is getting so good that it overcomes my natural aversion to the things. They have long been one of my least favorite things to read. The fact that I finished them at all speaks highly for them.

Aljo's [column] was tremendous. Much of my radical impulse cooled (at least my impulse for dangerously radical activities) when I got married and had a kid. I suppose it could be a rationalization, but at that point I felt my primary responsibility changed from a universal one to an individual one. Revolutionaries shouldn't be married. I have always rather admired the ones who could manage both, but always felt sorry for their families. Anyway, I deeply admire what Aljo is doing and think that his courage and conviction are heroic.

DON FITCH
24 JANUARY 1978

Irregularity is OK (or not too bad), but infrequency is deplorable, insofar as *So It Goes* is concerned. Or maybe it's just that I like to have you drop in for a visit fairly frequently. (You have something between a personalzine and a genzine here, and I think you've achieved an excellent balance between them.)

I don't particularly remember the repro of the few previous issues I've seen, but obviously there was some subconscious impression, because #15 drew the mental comment, "Hey, this looks Much Better." I suppose the repro this time might be called "adequate" in this day of Taral and Victoria, but there was a time, not long ago, when it would've been considered Outstanding. I much appreciate good, clear repro, legibility, and an attractive layout — all of which you now seem to have achieved (even that typer you didn't like cut stencils well) — but hope that you just Maintain in that respect now, and go on to devote more time and attention to improving your writing. Not, I hasten to add, that it's in serious need of attention/improvement. I read every word, with no temptation to skip, even when you were talking about Rock. But there were a number of passages which seemed to be crying to have more meaning/intensity packed into that space.

Your conreports (most of the zine, seemingly) — well, I was going to say something like "suffer from the defect of being rather too vague and random," but that's an accurate picture of cons. You do, perhaps excessively, list names and mention events without telling much *about* them. That's unfortunate because, when you *do* give your personal reactions, things really Come Alive. (That's neither constructive, nor criticism, since I know only too well the problems in and difficulties in writing up conreports, etc.) And I certainly *appreciate* your writing in this field, even though it makes me momentarily miserable. Good conreports are the next best thing, if one can not attend the cons themselves... and you seem to spend most of your time with people I know/like/want to hear about.

Gee, I disremember who all got nominated for the fanartist Hugo, but I don't think Phil Foglio was *entirely* unqualified, since I remember that a couple of his fanzine illos were perfectly delightful. I was mildly surprised that he won, considering that I haven't seen *much* stuff by him, but figured that this was just because I don't get many fanzines, and especially not high-circulation ones. (I'm also wondering whether Ted White doesn't like Foglio's artwork, or just doesn't

like Foglio...and, of course, what Ted said about Phil's sex life... (another TEW Technique). **[I remember I made a sort of uncalled-for remark in the last issue, but don't recall Ted saying something derogatory of that nature either in person or print. See Lester Boutillier's letter.]**

I don't exactly cast the Hugos into perdition, but it's been clear for several years that the fan-connected Hugos do not represent the fandom of which I consider myself a part. I suppose they are valid in the context of Monstrous Fandom / Big Conventions, though, and I would certainly oppose any attempt to do away with them, if only because they can continue to provide a gateway to *our* fandom for the few people who belong here. For genuine Recognition, I think we'll be turning more and more to the FAAn Awards, assuming they're kept up.

I think I want to see THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW again (first time was at MAC, when I was exhausted, and had been Smoking a little), but expect that will be enough — it's a film with an extraordinarily high and communicable Energy level, but the violence and kinky sex are negative factors insofar as I'm concerned. One of my objections — the transvestism, people trying to be what they aren't — was quite devastatingly answered by someone (Bill Warren?) with "But they are being what they are — they are transvestites!" But that still is not comfortable.

A few years ago, most of Aljo Svoboda's writing (especially his poetry) was either beyond my comprehension or (more likely, I hope) deliberately and pretentiously obscure (I've been there). But the poem with which he concludes this column is straight-forward enough and the column itself does suffer from some of the flaws inevitable in First Draft material, but clearly shows Aljo as shaping up to be a person who can WRITE. I finished the piece with a feeling of Awe and of Hope — his is more than just a promising talent, but is by no means fully-developed yet, and so many such writers do abort. Oh, I might quibble with many of the points he makes, but on the whole, my feeling towards him now is and must be one of Respect, as well as the fondness previously felt.

Whoever it was who called you that deserves congratulations, though I'd alter it slightly to "Tim Marion — a Flower Child who isn't aware that Haight-Ashbury died in '67." Or maybe, "...refuses to believe that..." It is somehow appropriate that you quote Terry Hughes on the same page — he refuses to believe that Frivolous Faanish Fandom died some years ago. And of course, these things really are *not* dead, as long as even a few people practice them.

You're 19? I thought several years older than that...and in many ways advanced for your age. You and Patrick [Hayden] are in the same boat (as are, or have been, many other fans) — you definitely act/talk/write/think beyond your years — *most* of the time. But sometimes you must regress to your chronological age (a bit of a shock for most people associating with you) and once in a while to an even younger age (more of a Shock). The never-knowing-what-to-expect aspect is a trifle disconcerting, even to those who have been in fandom long enough to have encountered the manifestation frequently.

Bill Breiding has a good question — what, indeed, is the Nature of Honesty? I gave up seriously trying to answer such Profound Questions years ago, and now look more at the smaller aspects, but still — I'd take issue with Bill (and presumably you). To rip off a store or organization or large

institution is only *apparently* impersonal; one is still stealing from *people*. Is it OK to steal from people as long as you don't know them personally? Is it OK to steal from/cheat people who have more than you do? How much more? Is it OK to drop a bomb on a city as long as you are 3000 feet up and don't personally know any of the people you're killing? **[You may get a different answer than mine if you ask our current president.]** To rip off a "store" may seem innocuous, but it may have such effects as harming some of the kids in my neighborhood (the nice little old lady down the street sets aside the income from her two shares of stock in a large department store to pay kids to take care of her yard, since she's too feeble to do it herself), or (more often) affects (albeit only slightly at the present, in my community, since the rip-off philosophy is not yet widespread here) *everyone*, since shopkeepers simply increase the prices of their goods to compensate for theft and shoplifting. Whenever you see an empty soft-drink bottle or a candy-bar wrapper stashed somewhere in the supermarket, you can pretty well figure that most of these items are being added to what people pay at the check-out stand. (Sure, you can rip off something to compensate for this, but that leads to even more Problems, and eventual collapse.) I really don't want to sound like Don D'Amassa, who held (in a controversy with Don [C.] Thompson and others) that it's Vitally Necessary for everyone to obey All Laws, lest the whole Social Fabric collapse, but the social sanctions against theft are so widespread, in so many societies, that *very* careful consideration should be given to the possibility that theft is, indeed, socially harmful — harmful to *people*.

There seems to be a Mood (Fad?) running through fandom recently for Openness and Honesty — and there've been a number of Cautions about this. Susan Wood, of all people, has been wondering if Personal Journalism isn't getting *too* Personal. People have been getting upset when Denys Howard (Pacific Northwest gay fan who refers to himself as a faggot) does conreports which include a lot of people's names (though I assume that those he says he had sex with don't mind it being known, and that "people" are not going to think/suspect that he had sex with everyone that he mentions liking) and one whole apa jumped on a member who mentioned the name of a woman (against the expressed wishes) with whom he'd had an affair. **[Don is referring to the apa Oasis, where Grant Scuyler talked frankly and honestly about his affair and the ex- or present members of AWA who were also members of Oasis more-or-less roasted him and called him a conceited misogynist (among other descriptive phrases). Later some members actually turned on Don himself in their piranha-like frenzy of pseudo political correctness. The entire memory of that apa is so unpleasant, possibly because it represented the destruction of incredible potential. The writing really was of an extremely high caliber — too bad so many uptight people felt it was their job to tell others how to think and feel! Or, perhaps, that they did so in such an unnecessarily hostile and condescending manner.]** There is the danger of openness and honesty — you're not likely to harm yourself directly by it, but there is considerable possibility of harming others. You seem to be reasonably careful in that respect and to be outgrowing (don't tell Patrick I said that) the habit of taking yourself so Very

Seriously as to be grossly inconsiderate of other people's feelings.

D. GARY GRADY
2 MAY 1978

I think Phil Foglio is a pretty good fanartist, myself, but I at least share your disgust with the Hugo. Actually, the whole idea of the Hugo annoys me. There is no absolute "best" of anything, and a democratic election is not exactly the best way to pick the best in any event. (They should let *me* pick.)

Some months ago in a rather hastily-written and incoherent letter to Gil Gaier, I suggested that there might be a way of having awards without having some of the evils that seem to presently come with them. For one thing, I don't like the fact that in some years 8 or 10 outstanding books come out and in the next only one or two, yet there is exactly one Hugo each year. What I propose is that, based upon a nomination ballot of, oh, 20 or 30 books, members of the Worldcon select as many or as few as they wish to receive the Hugo. Those selected on (to pick an arbitrary figure) 2/3 of the ballots would receive a Hugo. Thus in some years no Hugo would be awarded, while in others several could be given out.

The obvious problem is that this might "dilute" the prestige of the award. I say, "So what?" Right now the Hugo's prestige with me, at least, is next to nil. And while I'm knocking things, let me add that I feel about the same way about the FAAns, though they are obviously an improvement over the Hugo.

SETH MCEVOY
28 FEBRUARY 1978

I went back to look at some old *Ameboid Scunges* (to check if you were on the mailing list) and got lost in the past... ah, the days when I was an Arnie Katz Approved Neofan, when George Senda used to do amusing things to provide us with news, when we thought it was a scandal that *Locus* made money, when Aljo Svoboda used to write for us, the days when Seth ate worms and Donn Brazier was a Seth McEvoy Approved Neofan. Oh, it takes me back. Too bad it can't leave me there. [*Ha! George Senda! Now that's a name that takes me back!!*]

Your con reports feel to me (this time) like Alternate Realities — even though I have been reported as being there in at least one Suncon report, I don't have the feeling I Was There (the way I did about Big Mac after reading all the APA-50 reportage), even though I might have been. For, up

until a week or so before the con, I was to have been Farber's underling in the Fan room, and I would have spent a bunch of time no doubt in your company.

By one of those coincidences, I know someone whose cousin probably got arrested along with Aljo, so I will try to find out what happened to him. I think of all the people I ever had written contact with, Aljo would be the one I would most like to meet. Well, if I ever g[e]t to another con, maybe I'll meet you and you can write about me.

E. HOFFMAN PRICE
14 JULY 1978

Your reporting of cons is interesting. Naturally I preferred visiting friends ([Otis Adelbert] Kline family) in Abbeville, South Carolina, and staying away until Karl Wagner returned from the con — he warned me! — thus we could be quietly sociable and discuss the book to follow FAR LANDS.

Your correspondence and mine was cordial enough, really — I trust that my pointing out a few realities of the fictioneer's life was not construed as ill-nature[d]. Your remarks suggested that, like so many fans, you had little notion of what it is to write as a *business*. I'm glad you found the exchange stimulating. The self-evident sometimes is such. Best wishes and good luck.

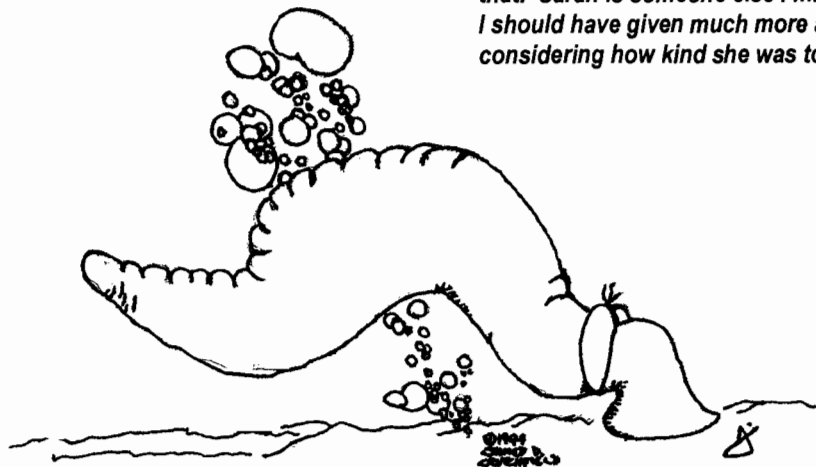
BRIAN EARL BROWN
4 FEBRUARY 1978

The con reports were interesting, as usual. Goshwow, real medical advice from Karl Edward Wagner! Does Kane come after you if you threaten malpractice? [*I must have mentioned in my SunCon report that I mentioned my sore throat to Karl.*]

Aljo's [column] struck me as strange. On one hand it seemed too much like it really was first draft and made up as it went along. He didn't seem to be really organized. On the other hand he also seemed to be doing the "I'm dithering on stencil" deliberately. It's not a style I particularly appreciate.

SARAH PRINCE
13 FEBRUARY 1978

I'm flattered (I think) to find my name mentioned so often in *So It Goes*. But what happened to the collaboration illo (Stu [Shiffman], Taral & me?? wish I had a better memory for details) from Pghlange — if you lost it, boy, your name is mud. [*That's the illo I used for the cover of my first FAPazine, Mumble Gutter. I'm glad I was able to hold onto that illo — whoever it was who went around scooping up my possessions after me obviously missed that. Sarah is someone else I miss from fandom to whom I should have given much more attention, especially considering how kind she was to me.*]



BEN FULVES
EARLY 1978

I will continue to send you future issues of *The Looking Glass* in return for future issues of *So It Goes*.

I think you have an interesting personalzine, and will enjoy reading other issues.



MARGARET CUBBERLY
9 FEBRUARY 1978

After a rough day of coping with a) my temperamental 3½-year-old daughter, b) a broken water pump, c) a flat tire, d) my Visa bill and e) the shock of finding the sherry bottle empty, I picked up a copy of *SIG 15*. Reading fanzines is a fairly new activity for me (although I've been an SF addict for about 25 years) and I was untouched by fandom until I got involved with the Hampton Roads Science Fiction Association. Talk about a weird and wonderful world! I'm too middle-aged and too caught up in other things to get hooked very deeply, but the whole phenomenon fascinates me. I took your zine at the last meeting of HaRoSFA and to be honest about it, *SIG* got buried in the press of daily domesticity. You think working at the Shipyard is a hassle! If you think you could cope with a small child, a large dog and a malevolent water pump, I'd change places with you a minute. **[Sorry, what you describe is a cake-walk compared to working with several thousand rednecks who all just "know" that you are a despised homosexual (my experience in the Shipyard).]**

I'm an unabashed word freak and I like people who turn on to words as a way of expressing themselves. Writing a fanzine must be a great cathartic, since it gives you a chance to talk endlessly about yourself, but the real satisfaction comes when you can turn around and write about things *outside* yourself. I guess it's hard to do that at 19 when everything is so personal and painful, but it will come and you already show signs of being an acute observer. I can't relate to con reports very well, never having been to any cons, but you have some interesting observations to make within a somewhat rambling context. I'd say sharpen up those sensitive antennae and write more about what you see and feel. The "I said," "he said" formula becomes tiresome and, frankly, my attention drifted. **[As I have said recently in my apa writing, I usually try to avoid repetitions of the word "said" when repeating dialog, so I don't know off-hand to what you're referring.]** You're writing about a fascinating

kind of sub-world and I think you have the talent to make it come alive.

I hate to sound like a condescending ex-English major, but a good colloquial style doesn't have to mean sloppy grammar and spelling. You aren't the worst I've ever encountered, but you could use a bit of polish here and there. **[All fanzine writing by me back then was first draft, something I received quite a drubbing for in *Oasis*, as well.]**

I am puzzled by one thing. I can't find much evidence that you actually *read* science fiction and/or fantasy. Or is that necessary to be involved in fandom? Remember, it's a whole new world to me.

Anyway, I'm probably too long in the tooth to relate to much of what you write about, but judging from the letters, you elicit response from some interesting people. You might keep in mind something the great impresario Diaghlev used to tell his choreographers in the palmy days of the Ballets Russes. Leaning on his silver-headed cane and looking down his aristocratic nose, he'd say, "Astonish me!" Think you could do that, Tim? **[Well, that's partly up to you too, of course.]**

I forgot to mention that you have a budding sense of humor that needs desperately to be let loose. Don't ever be afraid to laugh, especially at yourself.

RICHARD NEWSOME
7 FEBRUARY 1978

I swiped *So It Goes 15* from Tom Jackson, who shares a bathroom with me in the rooming house we both live in. It's exactly the sort of personalzine I like to see: open and perceptive. I'd send you subscription money if I had it, but at the moment I'm scraping by at bare subsistence level.

I admire you for sticking to your redneck job. I find it a lot easier to starve than to work at something I don't care for. **[Well, eventually it got to be Too Much and I quit.]**

THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW left a permanent impression on me as transcending all cinematic categories. I can't say whether it's a good or bad example of what it is because as far as I know it's the only film in its class. It was *interesting*, but so is a lot of trashy stuff that I would never call art.

Jim Barker's cartoons are really great; and without his byline I could never tell them apart from Grant Canfield's.

The Hugos are a joke and always have been. They aren't worth getting mad about. The operative fact is that the awards are voted by a bunch of 40-year-old *Analog* readers who go to the Worldcon only so they can pester Larry Niven and Poul Anderson for autographs. Trufandom has little if any influence on the awards. In fact, most of the fans I know don't even read SF any longer.

There is no way that the fan Hugos could be salvaged that would be satisfactory to any but a minority of the con membership. The majority gets the kind of award it wants, and the majority isn't faanish. The FAAn Awards are a bad alternative because the voting base is too small. They wind up looking like the mutual back-patting efforts of a small clique.

The Nebulas have become a complete joke in recent years as internal SFWA politics have come to dominate the voting. Charlie Grant got his Nebula more because of his relationship to the voters than because of any merits the story may have had.

So the whole concept of science fiction and/or fannish awards of any kind is pretty much shot to hell in my mind. I will continue to follow the awards, if only to find out what people who still actually read the stuff feel about things, but I will take it more as an indicator of the popular sentiment than as an indicator of quality or worthiness.

End of harangue. Where are you heading over the long haul? [Uh... *Vancouver, British Columbia?*]

CHRISTOPHER STEPHENSON
8 MARCH 1978

This is my first contact with a "fanzine" of any type. Bob Vardeman se[n]t me *BSFAn 8, Rune 50, Purple Obscenity 182, File 770 #1, and So It Goes 15*. *SIG* was the only one I found readable and not totally boring. After reading all of them, including yours, I don't understand what they are all about! I am a great "fan" (actually addict fits better) of most science fiction and fantasy — which I thought SF fan magazines were going to pertain to. Other than coverage of conventions (even then) and a review or two, "fanzines" seem to be about fans. I'm not being critical, sorry; I was just surprised.

DAVE SZUREK
27 FEBRUARY 1978

Don't take it hard if somebody describes you as a "flower child who forgot Haight-Ashbury died in 1967," not that it probably does bother you. I've heard the same bullshit about myself, even *after* I stopped doing drugs, going on the road and living communally or on the street. And I've heard it double because I'm considered "too old for that kind of stuff" anyway by people whose knowledge is restricted to *Life* Magazine and American-International. "Counterculture" is okay with me, but I've never cared for the false implications of "Youthculture." Whoever made that remark about you is obviously a slave to the Media. For his or her information, Haight-Ashbury stuck around a bit longer than that, the "Movement" was by no means limited to one city, was not a fad like goldfish-swallowing or hula hoops except in the eyes of the Media and those whom it manipulated, and continued to thrive on a large-scale until 1970 or 1971, if a date can be put on it. It never died altogether simply because the newspapers stopped milking it. How powerful an Empire is the Media, anyway? Pretty strong, it appears, if one lets it dictate his or her entire concept of life. Plain and simple, it being a "State of Mind," there had been "flower children" before the explosion, and there are flower children now, after the public lost its original amusement. The latter half of the sixties merely saw an explosion of said state of mind, the Media recognized a hot item although it was usually misrepresented, and towards the end, a few people whose heads weren't really in the right place were attracted by all the hype. I doubt that the "Movement" has died out on a large scale today, so much as mellowed-out and been assimilated into the fabric of straight society. On the surface, it may not look like it to anyone who came in too late in the game, but upon closer examination of the way things were "before" or even "during," the influence is undeniable. I'm referring more to attitude than fashion, of course. As Brett Cox points out, long hair doesn't mean a damn thing any longer. The same characters who'd have held us down and cut it back then wear it the same way, and the operators of a Nazi book store in Detroit look like refugees from the Sixties, which is evidence if

nothing else is. So okay, the person who described you as an anachronism apparently feels that you are "unfashionable." The fact that it wasn't "fashionable" to the public-at-large at the time is a moot point, and very few of us give a quarter of a rat's ass about "fashion" anyhow. But there are those who contend it was a "fashion" rather than a "state of mind" and try to pigeonhole us according to not only ethnic background, sex, age and socio-economic position, but era. We weren't doing our thing because that's where our heads were at, right? We were doing it because it was the Sixties and the Thing To Do, huh? Yeah, sure, tell me another one. Presumably, now that it is the Seventies (and the late Seventies at that), there is a "Seventies Thing" that we're supposed to do, and a "Seventies Mentality" which we conform to if at all "with it." I'm not going to buy that claptrap regardless of how many times it's thrown up at me (and it has been, "Oh come on, the Sixties died long ago. Admit it." Hell, I hadn't been keeping time, just following what was inside me). I'm sick of others trying to "keep us in our place" regardless of whatever irrelevant data they offer as criterion. If I do have a "place" I'll decide on it myself, thank you. So, just be yourself. I'll be myself. Let everybody else be their selves, and pray for the ones who have a compulsion to be what others think they "should be."

Like yourself, I dislike the idea of anyone — in this case, Aljo Svoboda — serving undeserved time in jail. I'm not even too keen on "deserved" time, and I don't feel it's deserved strictly because one broke somebody else's rules of conduct, especially not if the act was committed because of a bad law. Prison is an awful experience for anyone to have to undergo. Even in a "humane" institution, the kind which gets accused of "coddling" inmates simply because it doesn't believe a person's predicament need be made any worse than it already is, the incarceration and forced deprivation of contact with the outside, can be greater Hell than most of us fancy we can handle. But there comes a time when if a person's going to stand up for his or her beliefs, they have to take the risk, as Aljo is doing right now. Union organizers, civil rights activists and war protestors are among those who've had to face such a possibility in the past, and do you consider them misguided for exercising the strength of their convictions? What would have happened had they not insisted on maintaining their "obstinacy"? Would you rather they not have done it? And if they hadn't, would it have been as easy for the individuals to live with themselves thereafter? I've been pretty lucky in those respects. Had my head bashed in by a cop at one rally, although not as severe as it initially looked; a few x-rays and a visit to the suture clinic filled the bill.

I have seen the inside of prison, but that was for such a heinous crime as daring to hitchhike through Ohio for which I got 36 days in some joint straight out of a bad "B" movie. At present, I am engaged in another struggle and I hope it never reaches the point where I have to lay down in front of a moving bulldozer. When one's foe is controlled more by an economic than social conscience, you never know what they might do, and jail is highly traumatic anyway. Yet, I consider people's homes far more important than a scad of parking lots, and if we wait for the other guy to do something, how do we know his attitude [will be] the same?

Don't remember whether or not I gave you my views on the "old bum" topic last letter, but if not, will say here and now that Bill Breiding's comments pretty well summed up my own response.

JIM MEADOWS
25 FEBRUARY 1978

I found myself getting immense satisfaction is reading your con reports, and why that is, I don't know. I've never been to a con, and I therefore only have a vague knowledge of most of the people you write about, even the ones I read of a lot in fanzines. Furthermore, I've read an awful lot of conreps since I got into fandom in '71, so I should be over-saturated with them by now. But, here I go reading your rambling accounts of three conventions and enjoying it. I don't know what it is with me.

You are the second fanzine in a row to rave about THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW. I guess someday I'll see the film, but until then I'll find people's preoccupation with it at least as strange as people's preoccupation with STAR WARS. Most fans I know of keep their cool with STAR WARS, if only to keep themselves apart from the raving mundanes which the film has accrued. But with ROCKY HORROR, I guess everybody feels it's safe to start up a cult. There must be something wrong with me. *I'm still raving about THE 7 FACES OF DR. LAO. [Which is also worth raving about.]*

Bill Breiding asks some difficult questions concerning the nature of honesty and ethics in his letter, and I noticed you didn't comment on him. I don't know if it was because you really didn't have an answer to him, or just because you were tired (none of the letters at the end of the lettercol are commented on, I notice). *[Thank you for your perception. Denys Howard, in a review of SIG 15, said that Bill had asked some very scary questions which I didn't answer, implying some sort of weird fear on my part. You're right, I had indeed Just Gotten Tired of Typing. Basically I couldn't understand what Bill was going on about, though I respected his viewpoint.]* But I was struck, not just by Bill's rhetorical questioning, but on his standards on what is acceptable in terms of honesty, and what isn't. Bill writes that he regards standards of honesty as concerning personal relations, within himself, and between himself and others. Stealing from a store, then, does not fall into this category. I guess it works for Bill that way because he considers the store to be a thing, not a person, an institution, an artificial construct. Food Co-Ops, however, are good and noble — I guess because they are non-profit, and have cultural connotations that Bill finds more positive.

The basic problem I have with this concept is I know that a store isn't just an inanimate object. Any time I walk into a store and buy something, I am not really dealing with a thing. I am dealing with people. The people at the counter, the manager, the absentee owner even, are people. I may not know the people, may have little in common with them, but they are quite clearly fellow human beings. If I rip off that store, I am not really ripping off the store. A store is just a concept, it could care less what I do. But I am ripping off the people. I am hurting the people who have a stake in that business, whether they own it or work for it. Bill, I guess, would argue that the whole idea of stores for profit is corrupt; that stores have so often ripped him off in the past, so it's okay for him to strike back. But again, Bill seems to forget that the store itself isn't as real as the people involved. I assume that people generally are fallible, that they are prone to flaw, and that I will often be injured because of that (as I, sadly, will injure others). But that does not make it okay for

me to rip everybody off, just because *some* of the people I've met have taken advantage of me. The same thing applies if I meet these people in a business transaction, which is what a store involves.

Bill seems quite willing to fence off a store as an impersonal contact. If he does so, I'm afraid he is simply giving in to the philosophy that he seems to abhor. There are no truly impersonal contacts, that is, contacts in which people have no effect on each other. If am going to be straight with people, then I am going to be straight with people, and there aren't any justifiable exceptions involved. I certainly can't rip people off because their philosophy (and that is, I suppose, the main thing about a store that irritates Bill) rubs me the wrong way and I think perhaps maybe they *might* rip me off first. One thing I learned from fandom was a basic standard of tolerance for others, and I think this falls into that category. *[This is a very good response. Your last paragraph sums everything up brilliantly!]*

You seem surprised and displeased that a few readers took the Galen Peoples' piece from last issue as Burns & Allen, not Steed and King. Well, you just have to hand it to tradition. The relationships of Steed and King is a pretty straight copy of the Burns & Allen thing. Their personalities were mellowed down when they did radio and TV, to make the characters more enduring. If you can find some of the later Burns & Allen radio shows, or the TV shows from the 50s (which are still in syndication), you'll find a much mellower set of characters, very close to the light whimsy you remember from Steed and King in *The Avengers*.

TERRY FLOYD
16 FEBRUARY 1978

A ROCKY HORROR fanzine!! What an idea!! Being the self-appointed All-Time Biggest Fan of the Show, I'd be more than happy to write something about it, but one inevitably meets headlong the problem of how to write something about a work that is totally beyond description. How, for instance, does one describe the curious angle of Dr. Furter's raised eyebrow as he [utters] the immortal line, "I see you shiver with antic— ("Say it!" cries the Austin audience in unison) —pation" ? Or how does one interpret the not-so-subtle inclusion of famous masterpieces (the Mona Lisa, Last Supper, Whistler's Mother, Michelangelo's [Sistine] Chapel, and, of course, American Gothic) among the Castle's decor and the Criminologist's study? What was the diabolical symbolical meaning of the curious disappearance of Riff-Raff's "hump" in the story's conclusion? What *indeed?* *[Riffraff evolved once he became the leader.]*

It's interesting to look at what the film has done for the cast, in spite of its box office failure (although it's a phenomenal cult film, Fox doesn't think enough about it to give it a general release). Susan Sarandon's career has soared (as well as any young starlet's career can 'soar' in the competitive jungle of today's entertainment world) to co-star billing in THE OTHER SIDE OF MIDNIGHT, a film that I've heard was positively dreadful, but a big moneymaker. *[Susan Sarandon's career has soared even higher since Terry wrote this letter, but I've never seen or heard her say one word about, or even acknowledge, R.H.P.S., which can almost certainly be credited with giving her first exposure (so to speak). I thought THE OTHER SIDE OF MIDNIGHT was a made-for-TV movie. I enjoyed it well enough on the TV, but it sure did have a despicable ending.]* From what

I've read, Barry Bostwick is now in demand on Broadway, garnered the lead in the pilot for an unsold TV series about a family of firefighters, and has hosted a Saturday morning children's show called *Razzamatazz* on CBS. Meatloaf is now under the protective wing of Todd Rundgren and is currently on tour to promote his new album *BAT OUT OF HELL*.

As for Curry, I can only quote a "reliable source" who claimed that on his visit to Austin last year, Curry dismissed questions about *The Show*, being more interested in discussing the current projects in which he is involved.

Sociologists would have a jolly time if they investigated the patterns that have developed among *The Show's* cult. The Austin audiences at the two screenings I've attended here consisted of approximately 33% regulars (those who see *The Show* each week out of custom), 33% repeaters (those like myself who have seen it several times, but are not weekly viewers), 33% kidnap victims (those who've never seen it, but are dragged to the theatre by their friends) and maybe 1% innocent bystanders who came in off the street to see what's going on.

As is to be expected, the regulars and repeaters have memorized dialogue and lyrics and sing along with the musical numbers in the film. Like the Norfolk audience you describe, the Austin audience has its own set of ad-libbed lines. In addition to the one described previously, there is one in the last part of the film, just after Curry has sung "I'm Going Home." Magenta sneers and sarcastically remarks, "How sentimental." The audience screams in unison, "YOU BITCH!!!"

BILL BRUMMER
13 MARCH 1978

I like the feel of your zine. The thing I think I like the most about what you write is the personality that comes through in what you say and the way you say. Your in-print personality I find to be very relaxed and likeable, even if we do differ in our tastes.

About Aljo's column: I liked it, I liked it. That man sounds very much like me, and I more than realize the seriousness of what he says. I just question the effectuality of chaining oneself to a gate in protest of something, as he did. Aren't there better ways of furthering one's cause, which include ensuring as best one can that one isn't going to be thrown into the slammer to be kept out of the way?

JIM HERSHBERG
25 MARCH 1978

I found out about *THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW* last summer, under non-fannish circumstances, and got as close as twenty feet to seeing the damn show. I have been continuously frustrated in my effort to actually see R.H.; the cons I go to don't show it, the group I'm with decides at the last minute not to go, [or,] most importantly, I'm semi-marooned way out on Long Island where such movies seldom appear, if at all. But after hearing from so many people about R.H., I know virtually the entire plot. The account of your R.H. adventures was enjoyable.

Consider one vote cast for con reports! Since I can only make it to 3-5 cons a year, I like to hear about others; and, for that matter, I also enjoy hearing accounts from a different perspective of cons that I *did* attend. Particularly interesting was your Philcon report, since I was there. You may or may not remember me as the kid sitting on the floor

next to you, asking ("pleeeese, oh pleeeese, Mr. Marion") for a copy of *SIG* and reading, if I remember correctly, your Oasis-zine. Amazingly enough, Dave Solo (who came to Philcon with me) and I had absolutely no problems with the hotel regarding our room or reservations. The elevators, of course, were another story, but we were lucky enough to escape without any significant hassles. But you shouldn't have been surprised about oversecurity in Philadelphia; after all, Frank Rizzo *is* the mayor there — I was surprised the police didn't bring in trained attack dogs to clear the floors of hall parties. **[New York has since had Giuliani as a mayor, who was at least as fascistic as Rizzo. Now, unfortunately, we have Bloomberg as a mayor, who so far seems determined to make the two above look like pikers in his unilateral, dictatorial, fascistic policies.]**

Amusing loccol — a good assortment there — and great interlineations. **[Thankya, thanya vera mucha!]**

LINDA BUSHYAGER
EARLY 1978

I've listened to my album of *The Show* that I bought at Balticon. I was sure that it was pirated. My copy was fairly good in quality. At times I could hear something in the background that wasn't part of the record, but it was very soft and didn't detract. The strange part was that the ending of the movie appeared on side 1 at the end of side 1. At times the sound went up and down, but the overall quality of the sound was good, as good as I'd expect from a soundtrack album.

Take care. I'm looking forward to the *ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW* issue. Ron and I really enjoyed the movie.

DAVID HULVEY
22 JUNE 1978

Why, sweet Virginia, let there be Fun. Fun for all. And I like my fun a little on the up side of High Street.

Fandom sounds as Strange or Normal as always. Your zine indicates the swift passage of time. Your quotes from old zines sometimes come from ones I once considered new. My, fandom rushes madly along. The best time to fan is when a guy is Young and Vigorous. You are. The age should be in the late teens or early twenties.

ERIC LINDSAY
MID 1978

Working on LNG [Liquified Natural Gas] at the Shityard sounds about as bad as any other sort of work. The only thing you get to decide is whether you like the money more than you dislike the job. Do you have cable TV there? Wonder how many cons I can get to over there between June and December 1978. This time I'm going to get as far south as Florida instead of never getting past Washington, D.C. I'm also determined to see The Grand Canyon. Wish I could get more con reports written, but no time.

Some fine con reports there, even if you did lose your notebook (possibility — my ones come out dull and overlong because I retained my 520 pages of con notes?). **[Well according to Terry Hughes, the editorial in SIG 15 came across as disjointed, as opposed to the editorial in Mumble Gutter 6, where I had an organized list of topics about which to write. Obviously I was able to keep this list because I didn't carry it with me to a con...]**

[Before I re-type the last letter, I should first explain, or perhaps reiterate, that in SIG 14 I reported that I spent Easter weekend 1977 first attending MiniCon in Minneapolis and then flying to Baltimore to attend Balticon. Rick Dey's letter below is obviously meant to be a satire of my convention accounts, and no doubt adds further fuel to the label some have given me of being "the Hunger S. Thompson" of fandom. In the second paragraph of the letter below, I changed "Philcon" to "MiniCon" in order to keep the joke going and because that was obviously his intent. The below "letter of comment" is actually a story that I found so funny that I'm printing it otherwise verbatim.]

RICK DEY
24 MARCH 1978

Thanks for *So It Goes 14* and *15* you sent out to me a while back. I would have responded much earlier, but I just got out of jail and it has taken me a while to get my affairs in order. I've only had a chance to browse through them, but I thought I'd better send you a LoC while I'm thinking about it.

I've heard and read so much mention of you over the years that I determined early last year to either write you or meet you at a convention. Since no one I contacted knew your address, I went the rounds of the cons last year asking for you. I caught up with you finally at [MiniCon], but when I introduced myself, you didn't seem to know who I was. After a few more efforts to start up a conversation, I discovered that you didn't seem to know who *you* were either. I left to get you a nice cup of tea, but when I returned to the men's room, you were gone. I subsequently found out from a mutual acquaintance, Luther Mott, that you had split for Balticon. I determined to catch up with you and try again.

A lot of nice people at MiniCon had given me all kinds of vitamin pills, and although they certainly made me feel fresh and alert for the long drive from Minneapolis to Baltimore, I also felt oddly edgy and jumpy. I quieted myself down by sniffing some ether fumes from a bike bottle I carry around with me whenever I leave home for gatherings that tend to overexcite me. Anyway, the car kept running off the ground and the road map kept tangling around my face whenever I tried to unfold it to figure out where I was, and by the time I got to Balticon, the whole thing was over and almost nobody was there. I asked Ivan Clark and Ned Brooks about you but for some reason they refused to talk to me. I suppose the reason was that I'd forgotten to take much money or any laundry with me when I tried to catch up with you and had been sleeping in my car and eating mostly beet greens, garlic cloves and quarter pounders for the last five weeks. I guess I'd [also] had a few bottles of Ripple every now and then.

Pat Kelly told me you'd just left on a bus and would be stopping over at the D.C. bus station, so I drove on in hopes of at least catching up with you there. En route, I ate some funny-tasting brownies that Leslie Luttrell had baked, but didn't have much chance to think about it because the car kept either running off the road or running other cars off the road. Got to get the steering tightened some day. I got to the station before your bus and sat down to wait. I bought a sewing kit to stitch up a tear in my sleeve but just kept jabbing myself in the arm and had to give up.

While I waited for you, I dug out some lint-covered uppers from my coat pocket and got out my ether bottle and a pack of funny cigarettes Claude Degler had loaned to me, but got mixed up somehow and stuffed the caps up my nose, drank the ether and ate the smokes.

I don't remember much after that (I must have been tired since I hadn't had time to sleep in the last three days). I recall some young, lean wolfish kid with a bod that just wouldn't quit sitting next to me who had some luggage with him that included a box with a *mimeo* in it. Every time I leaned forward to take a closer look at it, I fell on my face. After a few more unsuccessful attempts to get a look at it (I kept forgetting what I was trying to do), I found myself hauled to my feet by two policemen. I tried to explain that I was waiting for you, but I couldn't seem to get through to them. I finally got disgusted with the whole thing and marched out of the station. Well, I didn't actually *march*, but I managed to get through the doorway after a while.

So I guess I really screwed things up, but I'm hoping we can get together at a con this year. I forgot to mention that I boosted some really neat stuff from that kid's luggage when he was talking to some other guy at the bus station. I sold them to Howard Rogofsky when I was in New York a while back for enough money to buy a new can of ether. ***[Well at least you didn't sell him my mimeo! He probably would have asked thousands of dollars for it...]***

Anyway, to make a long story short, one day last month I was a little high on some reds, yellows, browns, blues, greens, ochres and Jack Daniels, and forgot to pay for the current issues of *Baby Hughey & Little Richie Rich* that I needed for my fantasy/SF collection. I slipped them down my pants to save the clerk the bother and waste of using a bag, but the whole thing got blown all out of proportion and I ended up doing 30 days. Everything is cool now, though. I just snorted a little Copenhagen and topped it off with some of those funny brownies from MiniCon I found in my glove compartment when I as out in the car going to find where I could see what they wanted to see the green and pulsing cobalt blues I went under the (what?) maybe I better write you later I have to check this out first. I see now the answer to the question that fans have been pondering for decades and it's so obvious why



I ALSO HEARD FROM...

- **Jeff Schalles**
- **Bruce Townley** who made disparaging remarks about Jeff Schalles' cartoons.
- **Guy Botterill**, from The House of Type in Baltimore (a letterpress operator), writes with generally complimentary remarks. He liked my editorial title "Verba-Tim" and my SunCon report. He also liked the lettercolumn and the egoboo I gave him there.
- **Jeanne Gomoll** — *"Even tho you didn't mention me in your SunCon report, I'll send you a couple of illos anyhow. I assume that's why I got **So It Goes**. Much appreciated. Thanks."* I saw Jeanne at the Chicon in 2000, at which point it had been 20 years since I had been to a Worldcon. Lost amidst a sea of strangers, I spied Jeanne, to whom I said hi, and she breezily responded and sped by me. Jeanne did indeed enclose at least one illo with this letter, which I used more recently in my FAPazine **Terminal Eyes**. I kept Jeanne on my mailing list in the hope that she would send me some more art, but instead she wrote me and told me to discontinue sending it to her, as she did not want to receive "babe pics" (there was a photo of Nikki Cox on the cover wearing hot pants). I can understand Jeanne's request if she was genuinely offended by my FAPazine covers, but I can't understand Jessica Amanda Salmonson giving a blanket condemnation of "sexist" to **So It Goes** when I used a cover drawing of a warrior woman in a leather miniskirt — subject matter which was both unsolicited by myself and drawn by a woman. At least Jessica put her money where her mouth was, so to speak — she did a perfectly adequate cover for the following issue.
- **Mary Tyrrell** (now Gray)
- **Arthur Hlavaty**
- **Doris Beetem** — *"Good conreps. I hadn't heard much about SunCon except from Don [C.] Thompson — he mentioned that "No Award" (for Dramatic Hugo?) got a standing ovation."* Alas, both Doris and Don C. Thompson (the latter with whom I spent much time at SunCon) are now deceased.
- **Jeff Hecht** — *"Somebody ought to nominate Jim Barker for a fanartist Hugo. His style and work seem an order of magnitude better than most."*
- **Stephanie Oberembt**
- **Bob Vardeman** — *"Say howdy to Aljo for me, wherever he's spending his time. Always knew that kid would go far (and I still wish I could write as well as he does!)"*
- **Ben P. Indick**
- **Frank Balazs**
- **John Hopfner**
- **D Potter**, the tall black woman with one blond shoe (that's me), quite legibly handwrites four pages to me. Somewhere in the midst of this, she reveals that the letter is DNQ. Still, I don't think I'm invalidating any confidences, and *am* giving myself an excuse to write more autobiographical material, by repeating the following: *"From references in SIG, I seem to have gotten the impression that you have been in fandom since puberty. Were you really?"* Yes, I was 11 years old when I was corresponding with another Doc Savage fan. Of course my letters were just in hand-scrawl then. He wrote me because Condé Nast had given him my address as someone who had inquired for more background information on the Bantam paperback printings. He told me he was going to be doing a magazine on Doc Savage. "Will this magazine be a *fanzine*?" I asked with an almost audible goshwow tone on the handwritten page. I had read about fanzines in the Ultimate reprint mags (which reprinted pulp stories from the 30s through the 50s) where Roy Thomas' **Alter Ego** was advertised, and also from reading a DC Comics editorial page. "Yes, it will be a fanzine," was the answer I got. I wrote a bunch of comic book reviews for the fellow, whose name I don't remember. He said he liked them, but he vanished from my mailbox soon after. It was a few months later, after turning 12, when I met Ned Brooks and saw the stack of **ERBdoms** in his living room.
- **George H. Wells**
- **Alan L. Bostick** writes again on 27 February 1978 to tell me that he got an issue of **So It Goes** (presumably #14) that I re-mailed to him. *"I am somewhat disturbed by the fact that the original envelope was returned to you — I checked the little box on the CoA card to ensure the forwarding of all 3rd and 4th class mail 'of obvious value.' If the PO don't think fanzines are of obvious value, I'm gonna complain. How many other zines have been returned by the senders since I moved?"* Shyeah, good luck complaining. Of course, the fanzines are *not* of obvious value to whoever it is who has to do the forwarding...
- **Malcolm Edwards**
- **Peter Roberts** writes and offers me the chance to serialize his TAFF Report in SIG. I would have done it, too — his report was really hysterically funny; one of the very best TAFF Reports, in my opinion (of the admittedly few I've read). However, I knew it would be too long until I do my next issue...I just didn't realize it would be 27 years!
- **Tony E. Parker** sends me two sticky quarters
- **Richard Onley** — ditto. He's from Norman, Oklahoma, and says he read about the RHPS issue of SIG in Don Markstein's **Rally**. Anyone have his address?
- **Jon Estren**

Wentz Rantz

[excerpts from emails]

Things have been rather hectic here. Still trying to get all the materials for the Cuti book in some sort of coherent form, at the same time trying to sell some of Cuti's art on eBay to help him finance a movie project.

I worked (for the first time in my life) on a political campaign this year, trying very hard to get Kerry elected. The election results left me very depressed for a long while, in fact I'm still disgusted with it. But I'll be starting early for the next election, working even harder to try to turn the country around. A lot of other people will, also. I think moving to Canada is absolutely the worst thing a progressive person could do. It's self-indulgent, cowardly and ultimately self-defeating, since a strengthened far right will be a danger to the whole world, including Canada.

But America is, basically, just a shared ideal, a rough consensus of opinions among its population. If a proportion of its most liberal members should abandon the country when it most needs their example and their input, what effect will it have on that consensus? And, since the U.S. is still the most powerful nation on earth, what would a farther shift rightward do to the safety and security of the civilized world? In short, in a few years, would there be any refuge left that would accept American liberal refugees? Remember what happened to the Jewish refugees just before WWII. Germany wasn't even the most powerful of nations, but the cowardice of its neighbors gave it a free hand.

Our little effort *did* work, at least statewide. We replaced a rabid, fundamentalist know-nothing of a State Representative for our local district with a serious liberal thinker. We helped elect three good State Senators over determined and well-funded right-wing opposition, and changed the balance in the state Capitol. We sent a good Congressman, David Wu, back to Washington, despite some last-minute, muck-racking personal attacks by right-wing character assassins. And Oregon voted for Kerry, despite the frantic opposition of our Bible-thumping hinterlands. Yes, we helped Oregon maintain its reason. The only contest we lost was that moronic and unconstitutional anti-gay-marriage thing, but we lost that by a smaller margin than any other state. Since it appealed to the deepest monkey-band levels of instinct, it was possibly unwinnable anyway.

So yes, working for change *does* help. If enough of us, nationwide, can work together, we can actually change the course of history. Defeatism, surrender or facile cynicism can only ensure us "four more years..." even after the coming Four More Years, which are going to be bad enough to convert everyone except corporate millionaires and the most rabid of fundamentalists.

One problem was that Kerry wasn't the greatest candidate. He was mostly just "not Bush," which got him half (or more) of the popular vote, but he did not inspire confidence and optimism as he should have. He could not convince thoughtful people he could get us out of the mess Bush & Co. have gotten us into.

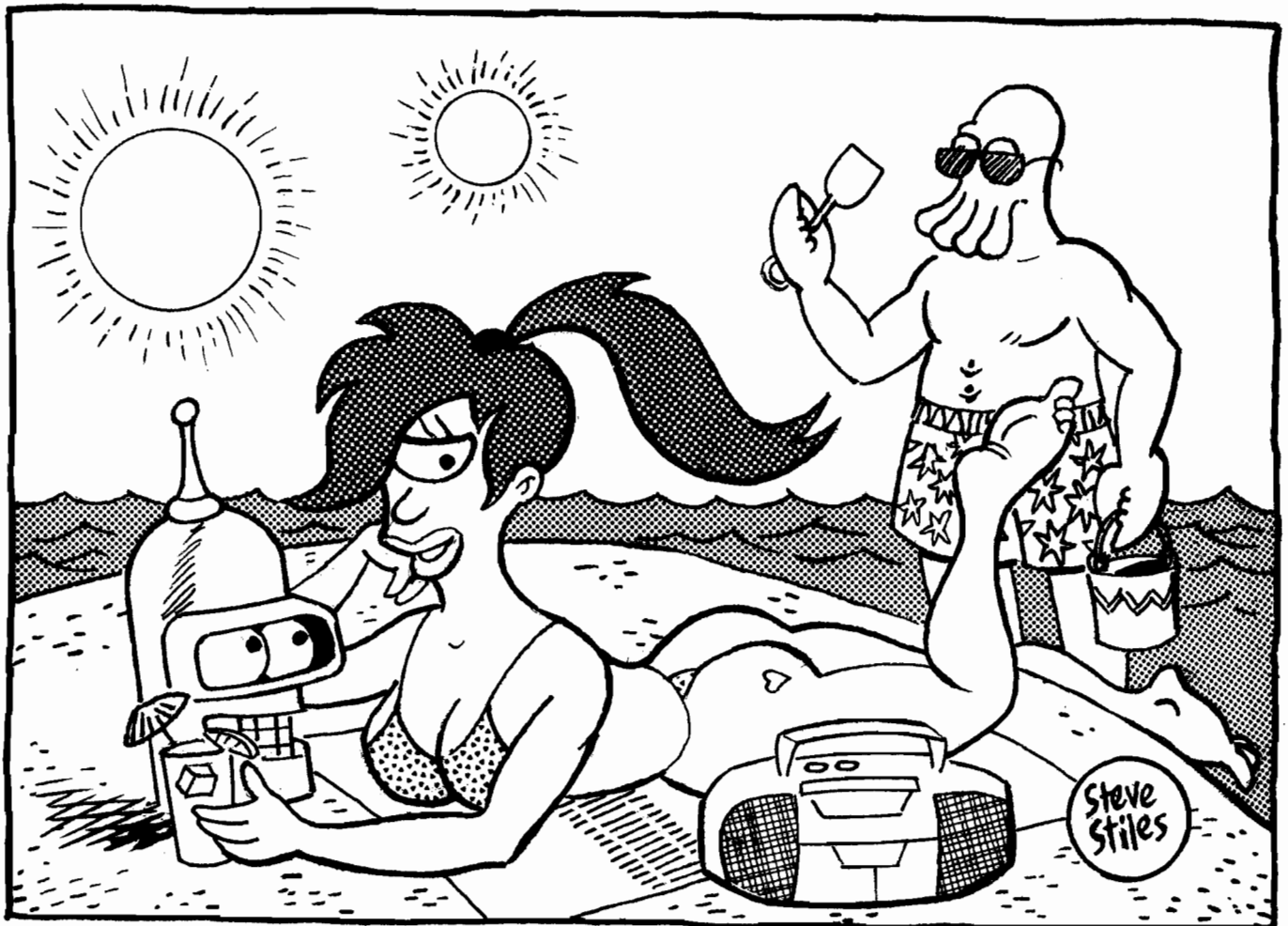
A sensible Canadian friend has assured me this is probably for the best. Kerry would have failed to work miracles, which would make the Republicans look like prophets and would have completed the debacle of the Democratic Party. Best, he said, to let Bush reap the whirlwind he has sown. Let him, and his Republican cohorts, take the blame for his stupid and ego-driven bungling in international affairs, and his greed-driven meddling with the economy at home.

You'll note the rats are already deserting the sinking ship. If this administration retains half its original flunkies by the time of the next national elections, I'll be amazed.

We are all going to be terribly injured in the next four years. We'll have more rigid conservatives stacking the Supreme Court, a greater divide between haves and have-nots, an economy staggering under huge deficits and the wholesale loss of jobs, a united and increasingly bold Islamist enemy in Iraq and a world community that regards us with a mixture of resentment and contempt... But if the neo-cons, their "moral values" and their mindless allies are totally and irretrievably discredited, the nation will be back on the road to rationality.

Anyhow... another year is going up the tubes, and the cool gray fog of Oregon winter is shrouding the view outside my study window... Looks somewhat like one of those wonderful woodblock prints of Hiroshige. The colors of nearby objects are muted and silvery, and they seem to be painted flatly on a foreground layer. Behind them is a luminous gray backdrop, with the silhouettes of trees laid on in impressionistic strokes; and still farther back, a still paler screen with faint and subtle streaks indicating other trees. Of course, as soon as the sun struggles through the fog, plain old Forest Grove will be revealed in all its mundane and bucolic reality. But, for the moment, it's a pleasing spectacle.

—*walter james wentz*



Art & Photo Credits

AND ALL I CAN THINK OF TO SAY ABOUT SAME

I started doing this with my FAPazine, *Terminal Eyes*. Basically, I always felt it was cumbersome, when reading fanzines of the 70s, to attempt to locate who did this or that illo by going down a list of artists' names and trying to find the correct page number listed next to the name. Going by the theory that if one is curious about a piece of art or a photo, they will first note the page number, this necessitates a list based on page numbers first. And of course, I add any additional comments that I think are pertinent.

| <u>Page #</u> | <u>Credits and Comments</u> |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| FRONT COVER | Assemblage of images of the cast of THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW gathered together by Australia's Ditmar (Dick Jessen), featuring (from left to right, beginning with top row): Tim Curry as Dr. Frank N. Furter, Richard O'Brien as Riffraff, Susan Sarandon as Janet Weiss, Barry Bostwick as Brad Majors, Little Nell as Columbia and Patricia Quinn as Magenta. |
| 1 (top) | Masthead logo by Tim Marion (from 1978) |
| 6, 7, 8, 9, 12, 13, 42, 58, 59 | Selections by that fantasy pro/fan artist extraordinaire from England, Alan Hunter |
| 3 | At age 13, this was a projection of what I would look like in my adulthood, executed by my art teacher, Trisha (Pat Perrin). Reality is somewhat different, however; my hair has more body than that (although I'm keeping it in a "page boy" cut these days) and my beard, when I'm lazy enough to grow it, is much sparser than that (as well as whiter!). Also my glasses are now MATRIX-style "wraps." |
| 14, 15 | Portraits of Kate Bush by Rick Bryant |
| 18, 35 | Art by Marc Schirmeister, unfortunately shrunk down to accommodate my format |
| 21, 25, 26 | Special RHPS fillo art by Dan Joy |
| 30 | Portrait of "Eddie" from THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW, by Dan Joy |
| [insert] | The cover to <i>Mota 31</i> (May 1980) by Rob Hansen. Reprinted with the kind permission of both the editor (Terry Hughes) and the artist. |





| <u>Page #</u> | <u>Credits and Comments</u> |
|-------------------|---|
| 31 | "Squiddy Wanna Tuna" — full page art by Marc Schirmeister |
| 34 | I don't know. Dave Jenrette? Making one more address I need. |
| 37, 40, 50 | Art by Jim Barker, reprinted from a previous issue of So It Goes (anyone have his address?) |
| 41 | Sheryl Birkhead from 1977, printed here for the first time (I think) |
| 44 | Cartoon by Alexis Gilliland |
| 47 | Stu Shiffman, reprinted from a previous issue of So It Goes |
| 49 | Jim Crutchfield, reprinted from a previous issue of So It Goes (need his address too) |
| 54 | Presumably photo of Rick Dey, since it was a part of his hysterical letter |
| 57 | Steve Stiles art inspired by Futurama and reprinted from my zine for SLANAPA, Steeleye Slan . Anyone who feels they're desperate for a copy of Steeleye Slan , see the announcement at the end of the issue. |
| BACK COVER | <p>The photos to the top left were taken by D. Gary Grady at DisClave '78 and feature Taral and Victoria Vayne on the left (with Victoria behind Taral from the viewer's perspective) and Dave Hulvey and Tim Marion on the right (with TiM behind Dave from our perspective).</p> <p>The photo to the top right is taken by Hope Leibowitz at Midwestcon 2000 and is of a tanned Tim Marion</p> <p>The photo directly underneath that one was taken by Hope at Balticon '78 and features Steve Stiles (standing) with Tim Marion sitting on the bed in front of him (to Steve's left) and, to TiM's right, Lou Stathis (who seems to be having a good time). Note that I (TiM) am wearing a black RHPS t-shirt, one of the first. Obviously I didn't take care of any cats at the time.</p> <p>The main photo, at the bottom, was taken by Ned Brooks at SciCon '79. This was a convention held by HaRoSFA (the Hampton Roads Science Fiction Association) and was held at a hotel on Mercury Boulevard in Hampton, Virginia (immediately adjacent to Newport News). Kelly Freas was obviously a guest at this event, during which Superman, Batman, Darth Vader and Frank N. Furter all decided to pay a visit (in their secret identities really students from the College of William & Mary). Although attendees dressed in costumes at conventions was not a new occurrence at this time, someone was outraged enough by the fellow dressed as Frank N. Furter that he called the cops. A policeman eventually arrived who observed that no morals or vice charges were being violated, and thus had no cause to arrest anyone. No doubt the complainant was relieved when the costumers decided to end the debate by leaving.</p> |

FINAL NOTES

THANKS TO THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE FOR GIVING ME ADDRESSES: Ned Brooks, Frank Denton, Moshe Feder, Robert Lichtman, Randy Byers, Ben Indick, Guy Lillian, Walt Wentz, Taral, Jim Bodie and especially Lise Eisenberg.

AND A VERY GENEROUS, HEART-FELT, RASPBERRY BAZZFAZZ to all the fakefans from whom I asked, nay, *begged* for addresses and from whom I heard nothing. Won't list any names since they don't deserve any egoboo, but they know who they are...!

I STILL NEED ADDRESSES FOR Steve Brown, AnneLaurie Logan, Greg Ketter, Ben Fulves, Jim Hershberg, Bill Brummer, Ann Weiser, Rick Stoker, Dan Joy, Patia von Sternberg, Bill Schweikert, Jim Crutchfield, Jon Estren, Denny Bowden, J. Owen Hanner, David Hulvey, Paul Madarasz, John Leland, Bruce Coville, Richard Newsome, Christopher Stephenson, Jim Meadows, Rick Dey, Bruce Townley, Jeff Hecht, Stephanie Oberembt, Richard Onley, Nick Pollak, Giani Siri, Galen Peoples, Kevin Williams, Jim Kennedy, Joan Hanke-Woods, Larry Downes, Karen Pearlston, Jon Singer, Jim Young, Sandra Meisel, Dave Jenrette, Seth McEvoy, Sarah Prince and Frank Lunney. Good grief! That's 42 names for whom I still need addresses! Obviously I can't hope to find them all. Therefore I am printing up only 30 extras in the hope that I will find these people afterwards. Please, *please*, people — if you have any of these addresses, please help me out here! Anyone sending me an address I don't already have will get the next issue of **So It Goes** gratis. Anyone sending me several addresses will probably get at least a couple or more issues without having to otherwise respond.

SPECIAL THANKS TO Michele Troiano for proofreading all this mess and George Wells for providing some postage and (for last issue) Bill Day for collating and Rick Griffin for portage (he let me borrow his Caddy to go pick up some mimeo paper).

AN EXTRA SPECIAL THANKS TO Jeff Kleinbard for scanning on pages 1 and 29, as well as for writing his article comparing THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW with PERFORMANCE. Although I found his comparison interesting, I was less than enthralled with the latter movie (must have been too old and not inebriated enough when I saw it).

AND ANOTHER EXTRA SPECIAL THANKS TO Marty Cantor, for painstakingly formatting the article titles and credits in "Creepy" typeface — thanks, Marty!

AMERICAN FLAGG FOR SALE Yes, folks, this is the only advertisement in the issue, albeit in-house. Of all the comic books I have, I have decided that I can easily part with my **American Flagg** collection. Why? Well, basically, I found all the characters detestable. Reuben Flagg is an actor who decides to become a legitimate cop — hardly an original concept. His behavior, and that of his partner "heroine," is detestable. The only character I ever cared for in the book (besides the talking cat with the prosthetic hands) was a minor-league dusky villainess whom the "heroine" casually killed without a speck of remorse (or reproach from Flagg). I guess I just don't care for Chaykin in particular, especially after he gave an interview where he admits that he "hates most teenagers." After an endorsement like this, I'm sure I will be flooded with offers, but basically, I have a complete run here of the first printing of that series, including all specials, etc. Now that it is for some strange reason popular again, if anyone finds it desirable, please make me an offer.

ANYONE WHO FEELS THEY CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT MORE OF MY WRITING is welcome to receive **Steeleye Slan**, my zine for SLANAPA. Besides mailing comments, I regularly feature my ravings on TV, movies and politics, as well as occasionally pictures from the former. Available for the usual or send me a dollar for a sample. The issue I'm getting ready to write when I'm finished with this will be (I hope) reviewing the new TV series **Lost** and **Desperate Housewives**.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS This was started the week before Thanksgiving (2004) and finished the week before New Year's Day (2005).

END AMERICAN APARTHEID! KICK SARUMAN OUT OF THE SHIRE!

And, fuhthuhmoah —

CLOSURE!





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SO IT GOES

