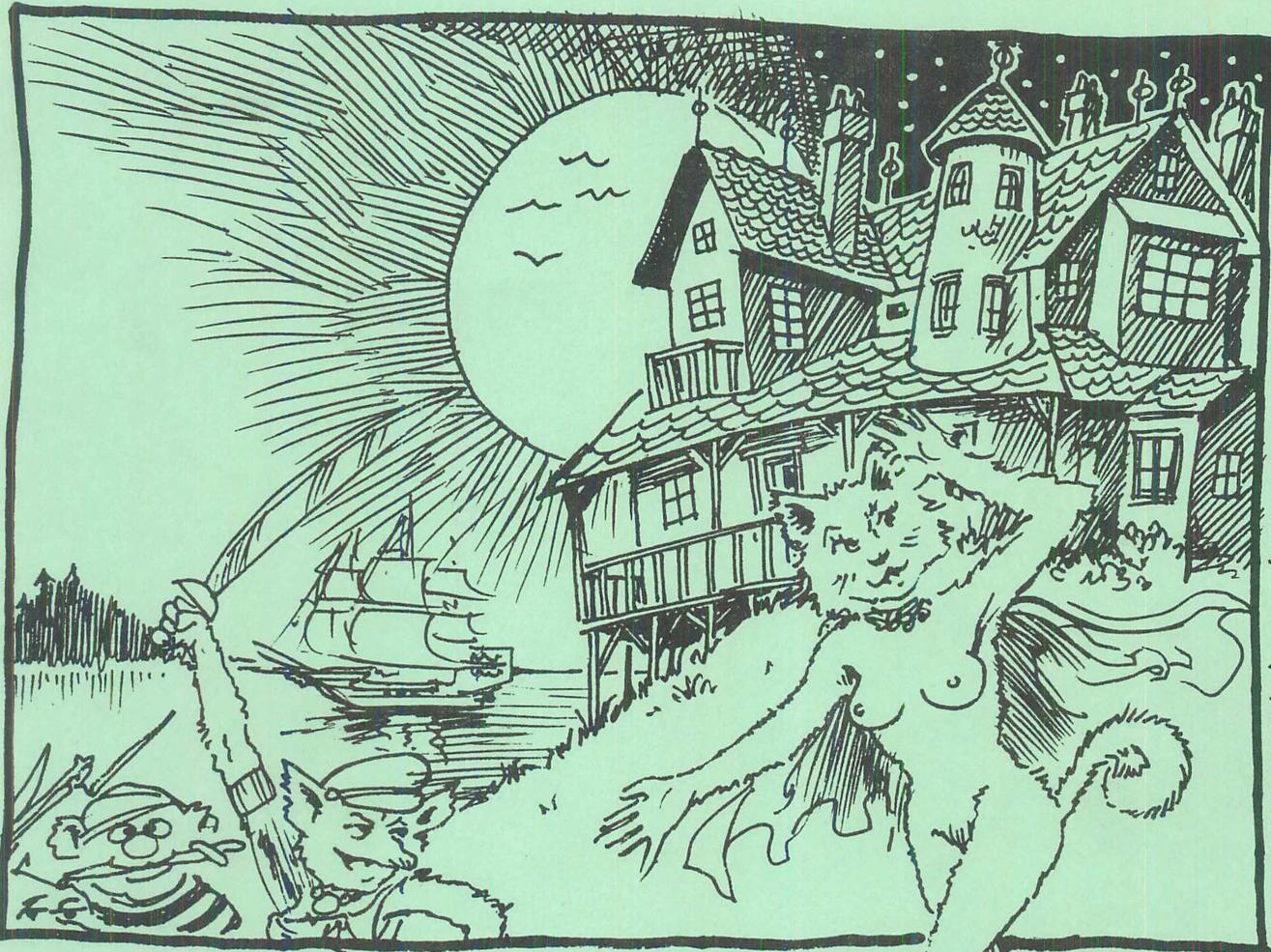


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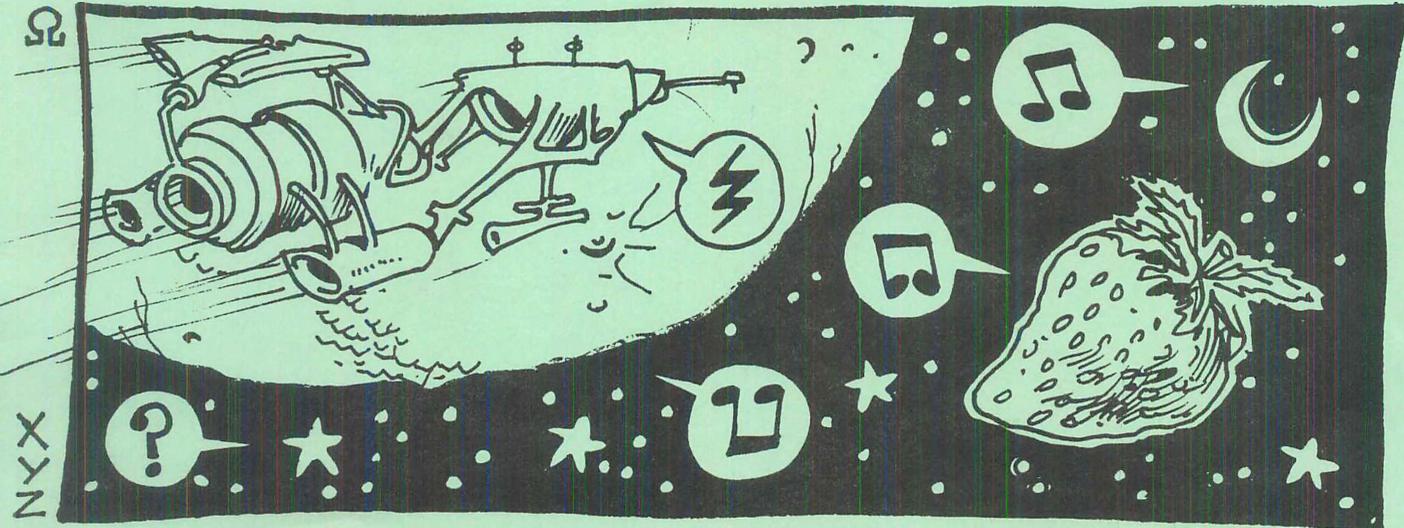
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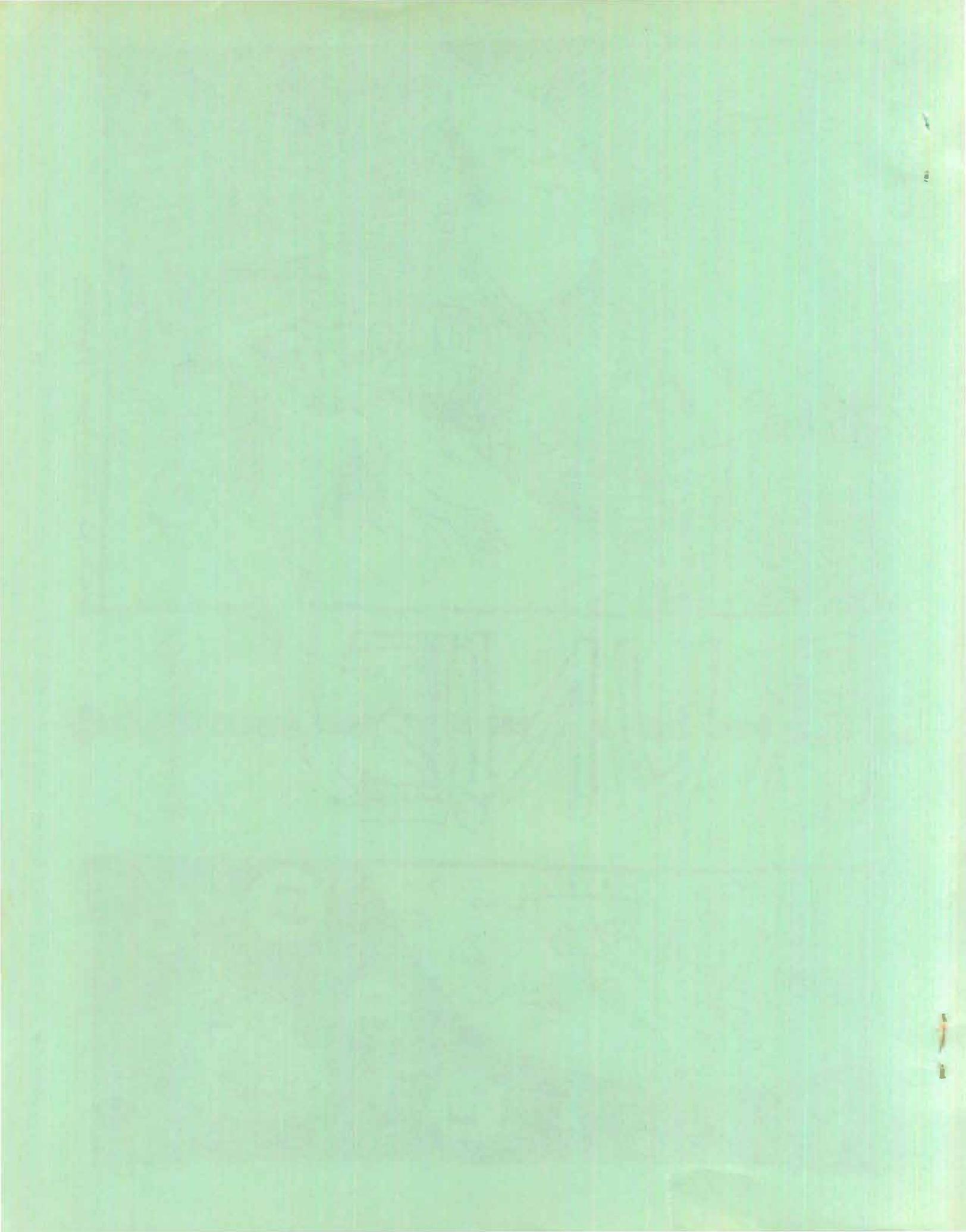
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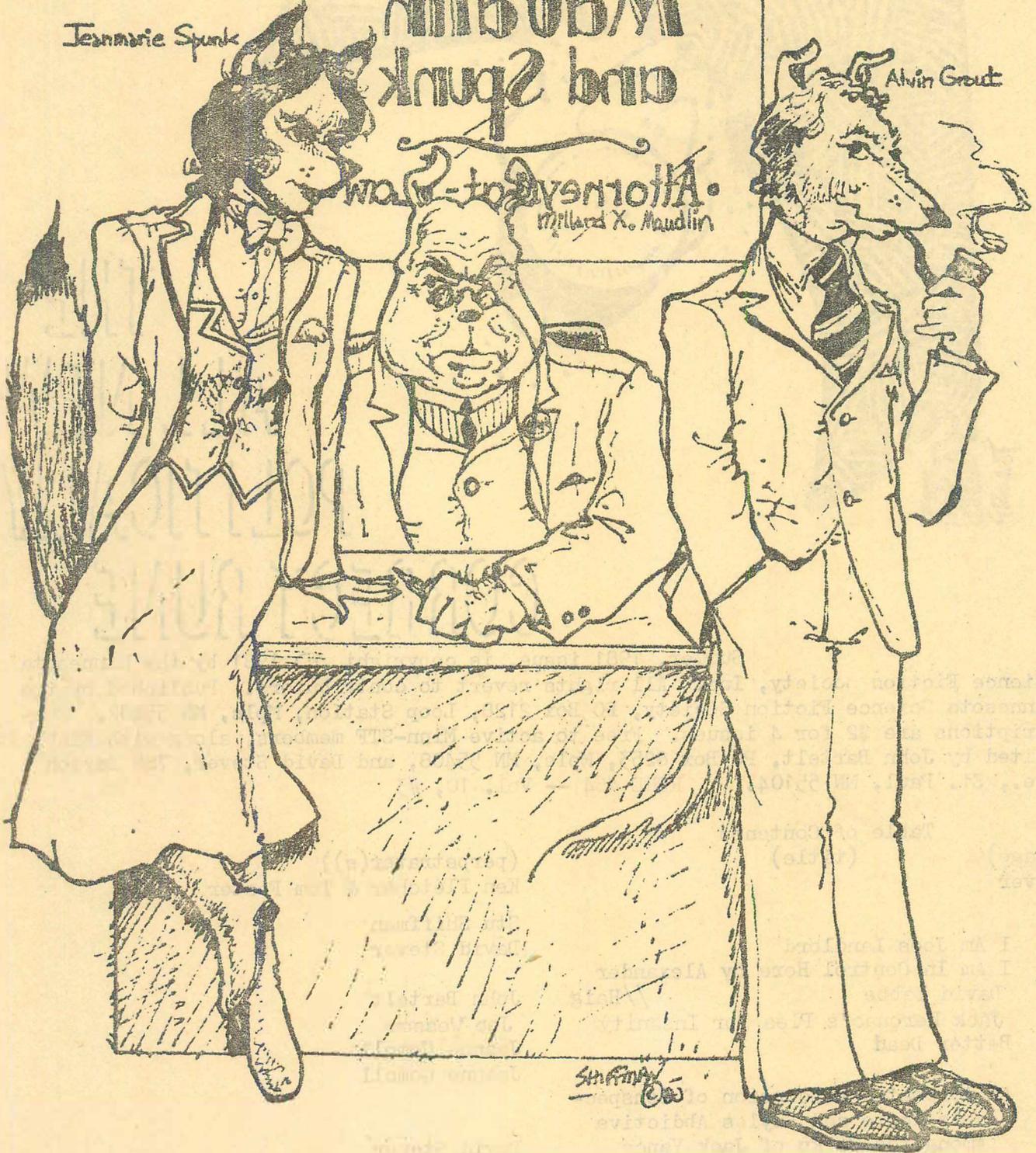


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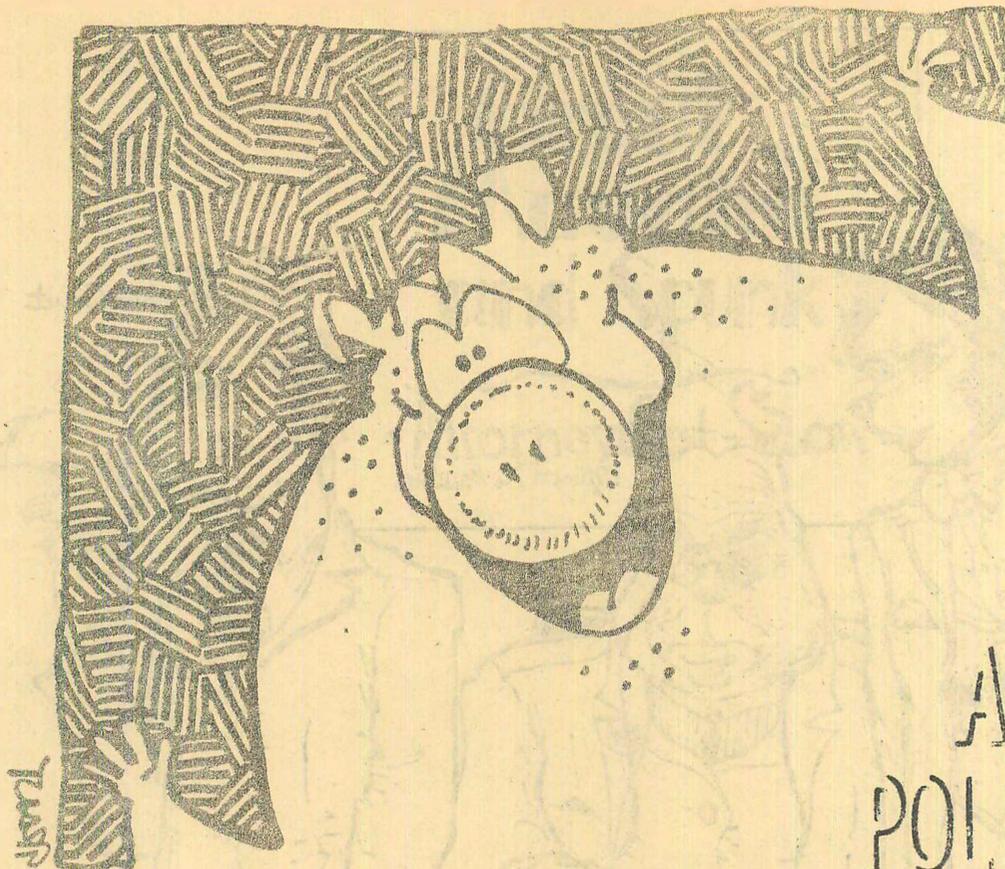
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Attorney-at-Law
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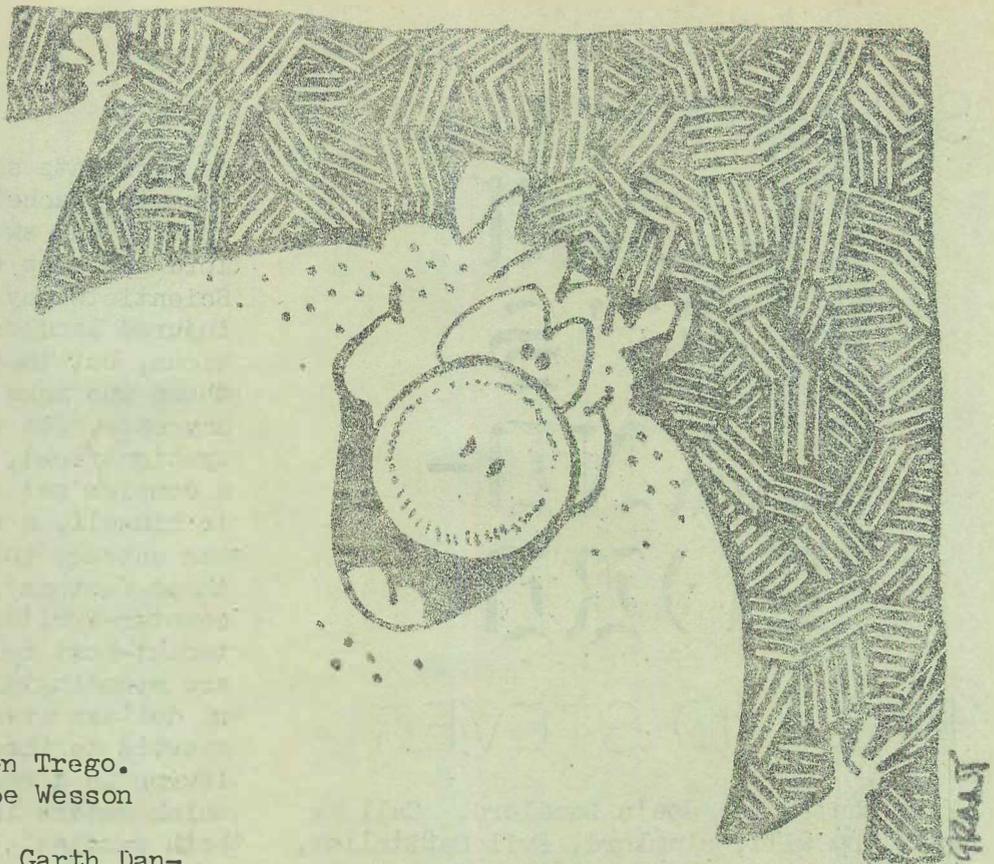
Stiffney
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THE ALL NEW POLITICALLY CORRECT RUNE

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 Garth Danielson and Joe Wesson
 contributing editors.

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 Karen Trego, David Stever and
 Joe Wesson. Printing by Garth Danielson,
 Joe Wesson and John Bartelt.

Mailing list maintained by John Bartelt.

RUNE is also available for trade and in
 exchange for letters of comment, besides
 money and editorial whim. So why are you

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STEVERTORIAL:

I AM JOE'S LAND- LORD

BY DAVID STEVER

Yup, that's me, Joe's Landlord. Call me what you will, slumlord, Evil Capitalist, "the guy upstairs"- whatever, I am as vital for Joe's well being as his heart, his lungs, or his Elvis Costello tapes. Let me tell you how a person benefits from the "tenant-landlord" relationship, using Joe as an example.

A landlord is a symbiont: what the biologists call an organism that lives with another organism in such a way that both benefit from that relationship. Lets see what Joe and his Landlord have brought into this relationship. His landlord has an independent life as a fully functioning human being. In his quest for personal gain, he has subjugated his drives by buying a duplex in Saint Paul in 1979. In an area known as the Summit-University Neighborhood, Joe's Landlord was able to get a bargain price for a nice house, but it was far away from the gaiety of South Minneapolis. Joe's Landlord suffered through many tenants in two years, but his natural immunity and an uncanny sense of self-preservation led him to reject tenant after tenant, looking for the right combination of elements.

1. Not all his drives. ~~At 8:11 PM~~
2. If you're white. If you're black, it's the Selby-Dale Neighborhood.
3. Fictionalized as THE 85⁰ HOUSE, MY WIFE STICKS IT TO ME, & MIKE'S BANK & TRUST

As irritants secreted by the previous tenants reached a peak, causing chafing and swelling, Joe's old landlord was also releasing irritants. Scientists say that only a sick or injured landlord release such secretions, but that is debated, even among those who make it their study. In any case, Joe was looking for a new symbiont/host, and after looking at a complex set of factors, known only to himself, a suitable new relationship was entered into. Exactly what are these factors? What irritants and counter-irritants that can effect the tenant-host relationship? Researchers are spending millions and millions of dollars every year, looking for the answers to those questions. The following is a reconstruction of what we think enters into the decisions of both parties.

The landlord's primary goal is to pay the debt incurred when he purchased the domicile that will house himself and his future tenant. By accepting tenants, the landlord receives a monthly payment from them, or a group representing them, for sharing his roof with others. This payment must be large enough to lessen the cost of his roof to him, or else it would be cheaper for him to enter another relationship as the tenant, rather than the landlord. There are myriad "tax" benefits as well, but biologists and "tax lawyers" argue their worth and exact make-up. Joe's Landlord had suffered with bouncing checks, late rent, loud parties, and carpet trained dogs in the past, so he sought to normalize his landlordly duties with a more normal tenant.

Joe's goal was to find a cheap place to live that won't boost the rent unnecessarily and that he won't outgrow.

-continued on page 5

4. We won't cover welfare payments here.
5. It's all relative. Even in Joe's case here.
6. See I am Joe's SF Collection.

"I AM IN CONTROL HERE"

BY ALEXANDER HAIG

A couple of years ago, somebody asked me why I hang around with people like Joe and Garth (I mean, you know how rude they can be). I was going to answer in Minneapa, but then I dropped out, so my reply never got published. So I'm going to answer that question here, eventually, I think.

MNSTF has changed in just the four years I've been here. And the people who were around then told me how much it had changed in just the last few years before that (remember when MNSTF was "that group that hugged"? How long ago was that?). In fact, it always used to be "Minn-STF", and some old timers might object to the use of a new spelling of the Official Abbreviation. Sigh. You'd think SF fans would be the first to accept change, but it ain't necessarily so. I've seen some fans devote a lot of effort to preserving traditions, but 90% of the fans don't seem to care. Why should they? They weren't around when that tradition was born, ten-five-two years ago; they've never heard of the legendary fans who established the tradition. Some traditions are worth preserving, I guess, because they remind you of fine people you haven't seen in a long time, or of a place where you had more fun than you thought was possible. But more often, I think, people try to preserve a tradition that involves themselves so that they won't be forgotten as fandom moves along. They were important back then, and they want all these new, young whippersnappers to know that. We all like egoboo, eh? Well, some people make a contribution to fandom and then move on to something bigger. Some people just get left behind.

We've made a deliberate effort to make the NEW RUNE different, at least a little. Sometimes a bit sloppy, but we're working on it. But the important thing, I think, is that we're trying to bring something new to it. And that's why I

hang around with guys like Joe and Garth. They have different ideas, new ideas that I haven't heard before; they have a fresh outlook. (Isn't that what creativity is all about?) Sure, the NEW RUNE hasn't always been exactly what I wanted; and frankly I've had less time to work on it than I thought, or than I'd like. And there are always questions of taste (as in: I think this is funny, and you don't; or I think that's offensive and you don't). But there's never been anything in them that I was ashamed or embarrassed to have my name on.

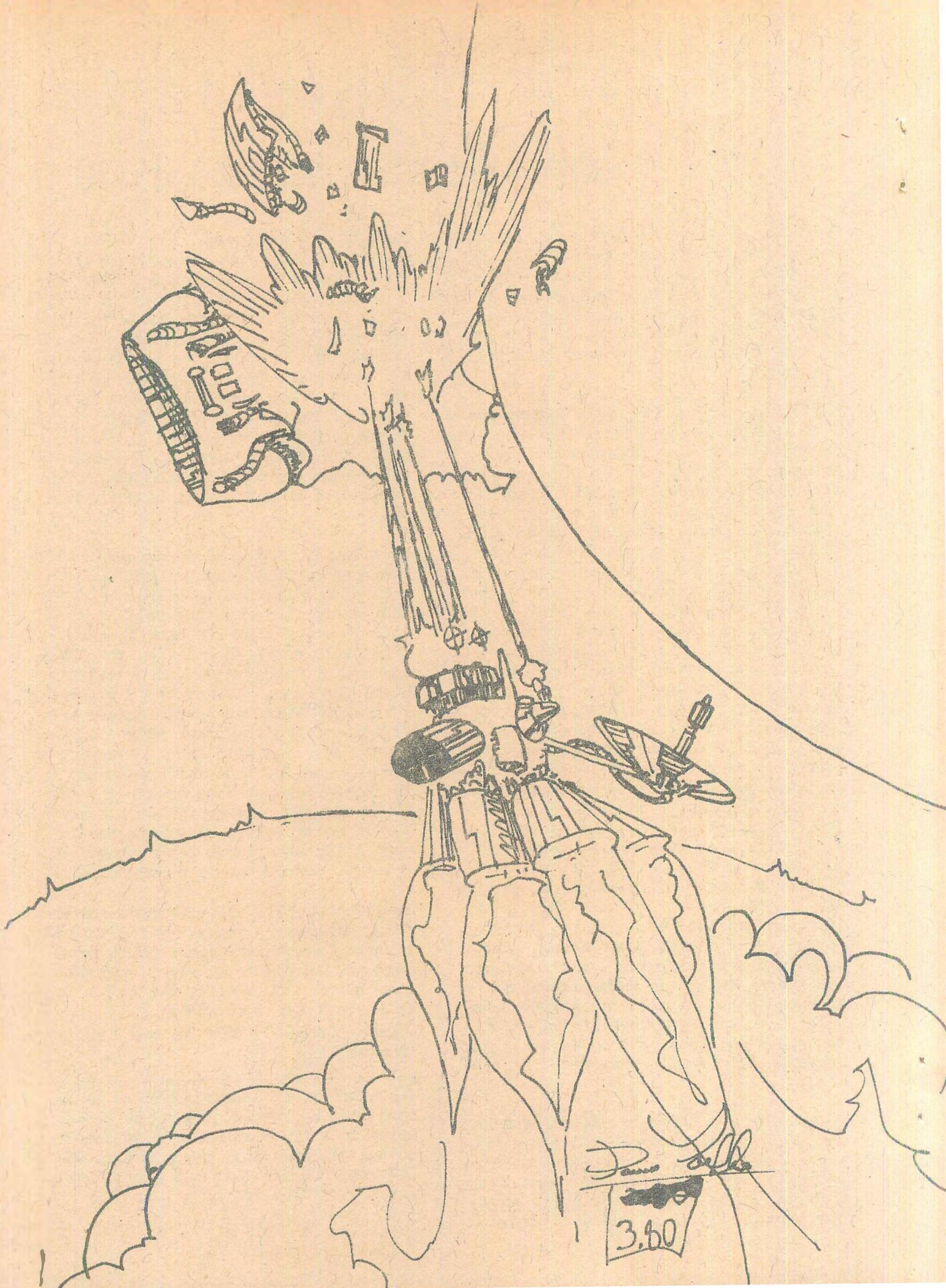
When David, Garth and I assumed the editorship of RUNE (and brought along some of our friends to help), a former RUNE editor told me that we'd have to tone it down; that I'd have to keep a tight rein on Garth and Joe; that MNSTF was pretty conservative, and wouldn't stand for much. I thought he was wrong. I thought MNSTF was ready for something different. We've worked at getting new people involved with RUNE. I wanted to present some of that differentness, that bizarreness, that creativity to MNSTF and the rest of fandom. Maybe a little controversy. And some people have liked what we've been doing. But a lot of people (so we hear) haven't.

Yes, I thought MNSTF was ready for something different, something a little more bizarre, something occasionally outrageous. Maybe I was right, and we just haven't been using the right stuff. Or maybe I was just wrong.

(Sorry, Karen--is this another "whither fandom"?)

Secondarily, if he could find a landlord that he knew socially, he could bring more pressure to bear to combat abuses of landlordly power. Also Joe's favorite rib joint is one block away. Joe has settled in for a long stay now.

STEVE FROM 4



James Bell

3.60

JACK KEROUAC'S

What the hell did the boys do that was so wrong? Nothing. They talk plain and simply. They write straightforward expressions of their thought. They are succinct and opinionated, not circumlocutious and banal. This is what their critics seem to think is naughty.

Rune is a celebration. It is ideas bouncing out of brains, off walls, and into other brains. It is artists and writers letting their hair down, joking around, and cutting loose.

Rune should not be the MNSTF clubzine, it should be the MNSTF fanzine. It should be the cutting edge. Rune should push everything to the edge. It should test the limits in every direction.

The boys are nice guys. You can find people to give testimonials to it most anyplace in fandom. That they are rovers and rowdies is just a quirk of nature and Pavlovian factors. They play hardball. Not everyone was meant for softball.

It is not as though the boys were getting paid. If they were paid to do as they were told, they'd do as they were told. But, they're not paid. They're doing this for love. So, they're doing what they love to do, producing the best fanzine that the combination of their considerable talents can bring forth.

They take risks. Because the only rewards they will ever receive from the editorship will be those of achievement. Any status and prestige factors that devolve to them via the editorship are just stones around their necks.

plea

for

insanity

Let them continue to go at it full tilt. Let them experiment. They certainly have produced.

The material has been varied and multifaceted. It has been thought and comment provoking. The material has been thoughtful and selfcorrect. And the sheer volume of material has been staggering. But mostly, it has been not boring.

All hail John and Groucho!

Editorial is guaranteed to contain one gratuitous but politically correct Fire-sign Theatre reference.

This editorial has been produced and self-censored according to the latest politically correct principles.

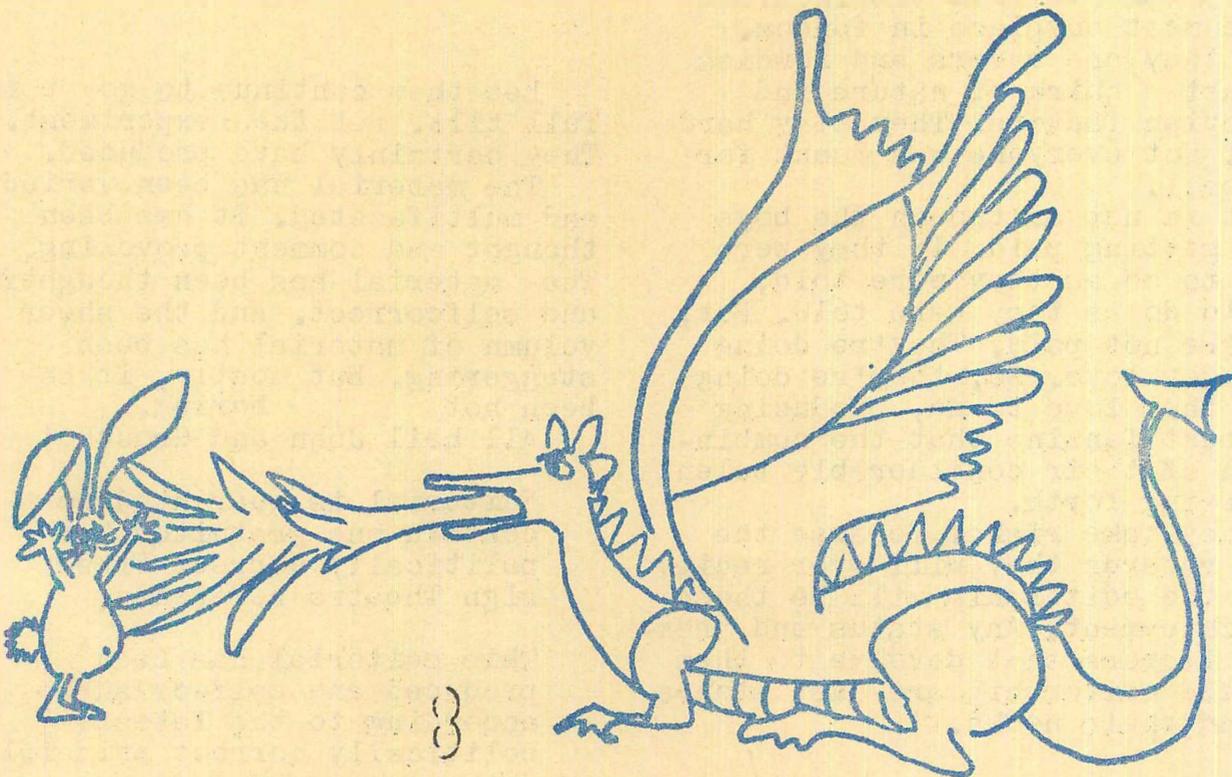
BETTER DEAD

JEANNE GOMOLL

While the subject of dead cats has recently recieved a gratifying massive amount of serious attention by fandom, a new crisis now threatens to engulf us all and eclipse even the previous feline emergency. Hopefully, the same activists who donated energy to meet the menace of fannish kitty-lovers will turn to meet the new antagonists even now flourishing in convention art shows all over the world.

This essay should read as a warning...or an insulin injection. It is a call to arms. The enemies are cute unicorns, cute dragons, cute fairies (of the winged variety), and cute, trite fantasy figures of any sort, better dead.

How often have you walked through an SF convention artshow recently and wondered if you wondered into the wrong exhibition and were viewing, instead, the "ALL UNICORN, ALL CUTE" Pagent? Have you found yourself relieved to see even a badly-drawn charcoal portrait of Spock? (Mumbling to yourself that at least he isn't horned.) Have you started to avoid art shows, suspecting that you might get lost, delirious in the maze of white, big-eyed, woodenly-drawn horses with enlongated conch shells curling out of their foreheads? And worse, have you sat in on the auctions of the SF art shows and seen those cliched paintings- skillfully or amateurishly executed alike- time after time go for the Big Bucks? (Have you noticed how often the really innovative and original artists become discouraged by the preferences of the SF fans and turn away from the conventions as places to







Dear Jeanne:

Is this what you mean by "Dead Cute, Trite Unicorns and other over-used Fantasy Images, Better Dead"??

XXY, 000
Cheryl

display their work?)

At an art auction last year, I sat behind two artists who were debating their favorite definitions of Art. About to make a point concerning the necessity for political relevance, one of them looked up in time to see a briefly-clad, young, female gopher carrying a black, velvet, air-brushed unicorn painting down the aisle. The artist paused a long while, during which time the audience wildly raised the painting many times over the original minimum bid into the range of three figures, and then sighed and said, "Maybe we should stop deluding ourselves with fantasy worlds, and pay attention to the hard, cold, cruel, real world...of trite unicorns."

It's not just unicorns, of course. Like the fannish debate over the innate goodness of cats, the animal is a mere symbol for an attitude. (This is being said in an attempt to head off the Soldier of Fortune subscribers who pester me at conventions convinced that I really do get off doing awful things to small animals and want to share a favorite gorey dismemberment procedure with me.) The attitude exists not only in the art shows, but in the burgeoning sizes of SF conventions in general, and in the programming events that are being designed to handle the growing numbers of people attending the conventions. Take the hucksters room, for example. George Flynn reports (in File 770-25) that a complaint was made to the Boskone 18 concomm to the effect that the hucksters room contained "almost nothing but books!" I see trite-unicorn portraits in the art show as the equivalent of blasters, Star Trek souvenirs and the like--things that nowadays seem to provide the bulk of sales in the hucksters room.

Perhaps the "we" who remember conventions attended by a small number of trufans (or at least know that they once existed), and the "we" who look for books in hucksters' rooms and think that fanzines are the soul of fandom, are not really the ones for whom the big conventions are for, anymore. Maybe we're just as much a special interest group, just as peripheral to the mainstream of the people who go to conventions now, as the Trekkies used to be. If we go to these conventions, maybe we can't expect the majority of programming events to be directly aimed at us: we may just have to locate one another and find a corner and celebrate our reunion privately if we continue to attend them. After all, many fans have long ago snobbishly disavowed any interest in programming at cons; it may not be too much longer before hucksters rooms and art shows also become the province more of unimaginative gadget, media and costume vendors. Rumor has it that the Denvention

committee this year is rather confused about a Hugo nominee and has been contacting several fans on the West Coast trying to find out just who the obscure Richard Bergeron is. "We" certainly aren't running Worldcon this year.

And so the trite unicorns are a symbol of some of the ways fandom and conventions in general have been changing. Trite unicorns are more specific to the art scene in SF than to some of the other aspects of fandom, but it works. And something really should be said. I mean, people should feel a little embarrassed when they pay \$50 to buy a misproportioned, horned horse with eyes that look like the eyes on those supermarket waif paintings.

Science fiction art should be just as thought-provoking as science fiction literature should be. Stories that rely solely on cliches of fire-breathing dragons and such no more make for satisfying written fantasy than do paintings make good art when they feature the over-familiar fantasy symbols of unicorns, dragons, fairies, etc., for the sake of these figures' selling value more than for anything else. Art shows cluttered with such work become about as interesting as those junky gift shops that are found in every shopping mall in the country.

Now the "call to arms" part. I should hope that no one thinks I'm advocating the storming of art shows and the wholesale destruction of cute unicorn artwork. I'm not, in case you were wondering. (And I don't think that sort of censorship is on the Moral Majority's agenda yet.) What I'd like to see is something that might be a lot more effective: I'd like to see some out-and-out smirking, some derisive laughter, some not-so-gentle chiding of those cute unicorns and cute unicorn makers and buyers. You know, the sort of spirit that made "The Dead Cat Through History" slide show possible.

What I would like to do is collect slides of, or actual examples of, dead unicorn art and put together a definitive slide show, "The Trite, Cute Unicorn, Dragon, Fairy and other Trite, Cute Fantasy Figures, Better Dead". I would very much like to see artists contribute to it who feel uncomfortable about the situation (and may perhaps feel pressured to cater to the typical buyers' wishes and turn out unicorn paintings by the dozen). I'd like them to feel free to do what they have always wanted to do to unicorns and dragons and fairies, etc. and to send copies or slides to me so that the show can be displayed at conventions and perhaps wake a few people up. Or at least contribute to the joke.

I'll need some appropriate music and quotations from the famous to accompany the show. And I'll need the actual artwork. So send suggestions and art (preferably in the form of slides, but good copies or originals will be acceptable too; I'll have slides made and return the copies or originals back to you) to:

Jeanne Gomoll
2018 Jenifer Street
Madison, WI 53704

When I have enough material for a slide show, I'll take it (or send it) to interested conventions. All contributions will be fully acknowledged within the show by appropriate credits.

Unicorns used to symbolize a sense of wonder and the fantastic in a mundane world. It's really a pity that their over-use by people who recognize only the symbol and have forgotten what the symbol stands for (or have no imagination to look beyond it), has converted the unicorn into an emblem of a limited imagination, of cliches and kitsch. It really is a shame. Possibly, armed with a sense of humor, the inversion can be revealed for what it is and the unicorn can be rescued before it's too late.

AN ACROAMATIC DISCUSSION OF CONSPECABLE THEME AND STYLES ABDITIVE AMONG THE WORKS OF JACK VANCE DAVID STEVER

I can recount many occasions in my life when I have had premonitions- twice when driving, the sudden application of brakes which in the following thirty seconds spelled the difference between life and certain death (ask my passengers). Then, there was the time early in my SF reading career when I decided to collect Jack Vance books.

It had to be a premonition- I had yet to read more than one, that one being TO LIVE FOREVER, a mid fifties Ballantine release, reissued at a time when I read a lot of Ballantine SF. I didn't think that much of the book, but I decided on a lark that I would gather Vance books, and that maybe some day, I would even sit down and read them. At the time, I had already determined that my favorite writer was Poul Anderson, based on the number of volumes that I owned, and my fond memories of same. Came the day that I discovered that Jack was a close friend of Poul's, and the foreshortening of my books-to-be-read shelf, I sat down to read myself into Jack Vance. I discovered that I had saved myself a treasure trove of just what it is that SF claims to be: stories about the unknown future, of mankind facing a alien societies and cultures; the most alien of all, as always, being mankind itself.

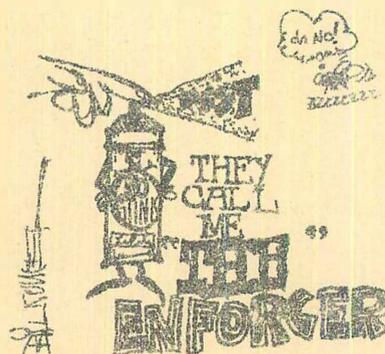
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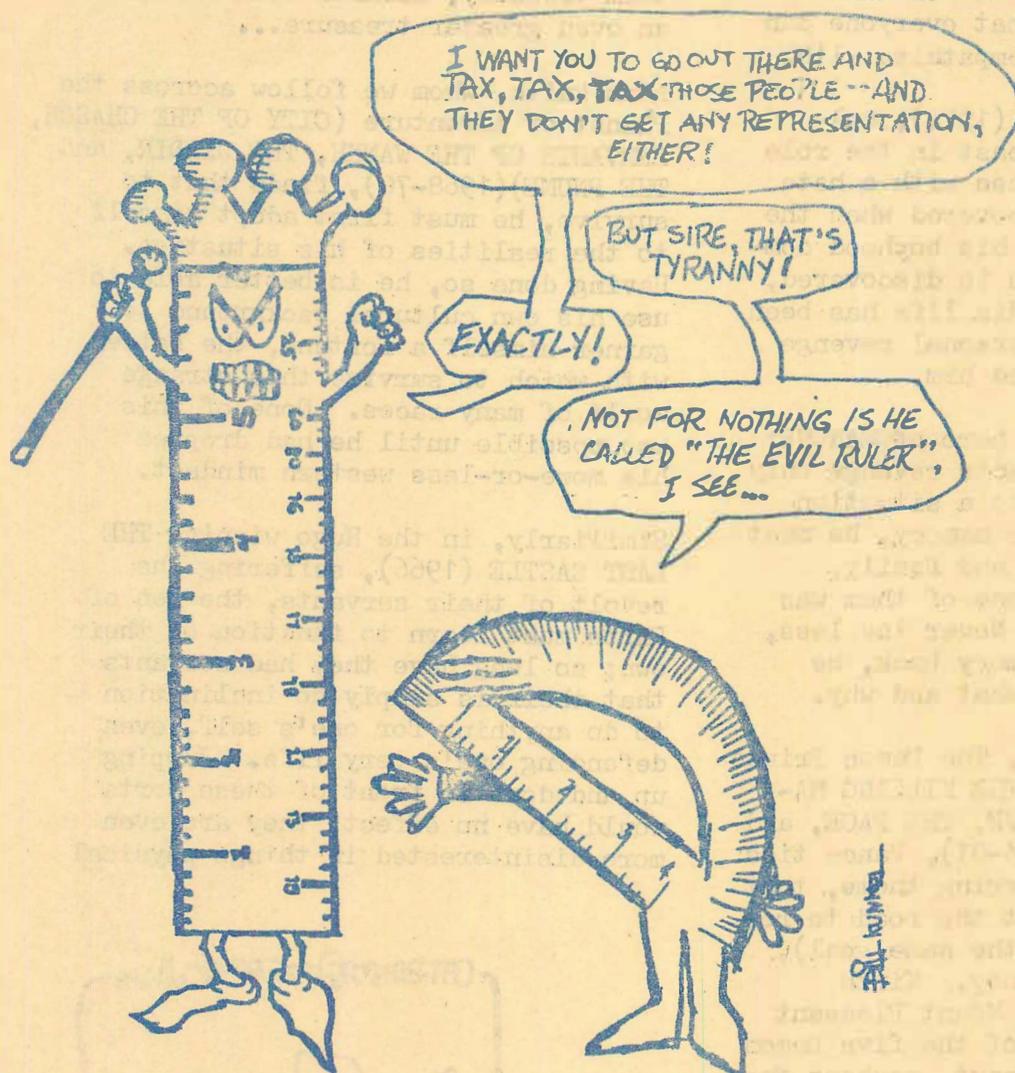
Jack Vance, according to the entry in Donald Tuck's SF Encyclopedia, was born in 1916, in San Francisco. He spent World War Two in the merchant Marine, and has played in jazz bands and worked on construction crews. Not much is to be learned about his personal life, unless one talks to Jack- even then, he holds that it is his life, thank you. He still travels widely: between his

He still travels widely: between his career at sea and his career at the typewriter, he has traveled extensively on this planet, and has seen many cultures and peoples. If one overcomes the momentum (or lack of one- a body at rest tends to stay at rest) of one's culture and upbringing, one can discover a lot, and learn much.

Done with something less than subtlety, it is one of the basic themes in fiction: a person rises above one's station and becomes a major mover in history. What Heinlein called the Little Tailor Story (he gives the example of Asimov's PEBBLE IN THE SKY, literally about a little tailor!), but the restraints don't have to be overtly oppressive, and the resulting change does not have to be a revolution.

In THE BLUE WORLD (1966), Sklar Hast finds himself at odds with his superior, Master Hoodwink Zandar Rohan, at a time when feeding of the local sea monster, the so-called 'King Kragen' is spawning a religious heirarchy, something which Sklar simply has no time for. In a series of exalating





(THE ANOME, THE BRAVE FREE MEN, THE ASUTRA) (1971-3) lives in a long peaceful land ruled by The Faceless Man, whose edicts are made palatable by the fact that to disobey will result in the torc around your neck exploding, removing the site of the treasonous thoughts. But in a world of peace comes a foreign host that the Anome (The Faceless Man) seems unable to deal with; has the land of Shant been too long at peace?

THE LAST CASTLE,
THE GRAY PRINCE,
SPACE OPERA,
SHOWBOAT WORLD,
and the Demon

provocations, Sklar's society is polarized and Sklar finds himself leading a group away from their homes, where they hope to escape the rapid ossification of their society.

In the case of Ghyl Tarvoke, in EMPHYRIO (1969), he has found himself a citizen of the most completely realised welfare state ever written in Science Fiction. His city, Ambroy, suffered in a war some time in the past, and a welfare system that sprung up after the conflict now administers to the people. The complex rules and regulations that govern Ambroy have long smothered creativity, and Ghyl's father, working outside the strictures is dealt with only slightly more serverely than Ghyl's own attempts to work within normal channels- to elect the fictional hero Emphyrio to the City Council.

Gastel Etwane in the Durdane Trilogy

Prince Series all detail characters stepping out of their cultural restraints. In some cases, they change the direction of their culture forever; SPACE OPERA's Roger Wool simply stands on his own feet for the first time in his pampered life, stepping out of the shadow of his aunt, and out of the role of dilettante. Garth Ashgale, proprietor of a floating museum on the SHOWBOAT WORLD, conservative in nature, is encouraged to a combanation of greed lust and conceit to journey far from home by the flamboyant Apollon Zamp. He may never journey far from home again.

.oOo.

It might not surprise anyone that the notion of avenging one's self against one's enemies is common among cultures; how revenge is perceived and achieved varies, given the variables of one's

culture. 'I gonna get you for what you done' is a motive that everyone can understand and perhaps empathize with.

Jorjul, *THE GRAY PRINCE* (1974), culturally and personally cast in the role of 'house n-----', seethes with a hate whose depth is only discovered when the truth of how he rescued his boyhood companion from wild animals is discovered, years after the fact. His life has been devoted to extracting personal revenge that is ultimately denied him.

'Pardero', the amnesiac hero of *MARDNES ALASTOR 955* (1975) extracts revenge only because he is thrust into a situation whereby to gain back his memory, he must return to his home and family, knowing full well that one of them was the agent of his loss. Never the less, if he is to have his memory back, he must find out the who, what and why.

In his paeon to revenge, *The Demon Prince Series* (*THE STAR KING, THE KILLING MACHINE, THE PALACE OF LOVE, THE FACE, and THE BOOK OF DREAMS*) (1963-81), Vance ties revenge to another recurring theme, that money is power, and that the road to revenge and power (often the same goal), must first bring you money. Kirth Gersen, orphaned by The Mount Pleasant Raid, a 'social event' of the five Demon Princes, working in concert, perhaps for the first time. Kirth is made a tool for revenge by his grandfather, the only other surviving member of the Gersen family. Working in an area beyond the reach of the law, the Princes seem beyond the power of mortal man and his institutions. In hunting down his quarry, Gersen stumbles across the secret of unlimited amounts of 'uncounterfeitable' currency- a secret denied d'ven the Demon Princes themselves. The secret changes his life from that of an ascetic to that of one of the invisible rich, those who have the resources to buy themselves invisibility.

In *TRULLIONS ALASTOR 2262*, Glinnes Hulden returns from the armed forces to find his brother and mother having sold off family lands. The only way to raise large sums of money would seem to be by playing on a winning Hussade team, Glinnes being quite good. But upon the intrusion of a pirate, who steals the

team treasury, Glinnes stumbles across an even greater treasure...

Adam Reith, whom we follow across the Planet of Adventure (*CITY OF THE CHASCH, SERVANTS OF THE WANKH, THE DIRDIR, and THE PNUME*) (1968-70), finds that to survive, he must first adopt himself to the realities of his situation. Having done so, he is better able to use his own cultural background to garner himself a fortune, the better with which to survive this strange world of many races. None of this was possible until he had dropped his more-or-less western mindset.

Similarly, in the Hugo winning *THE LAST CASTLE* (1966), suffering the revolt of their servants, the men of Earth must learn to function on their own; so long have they had servants that their is simply no inclination to do anything for one's self, even defending one's very life. Jumping up and down in front of these sorts would have no effect; they are even more disinterested in things physical



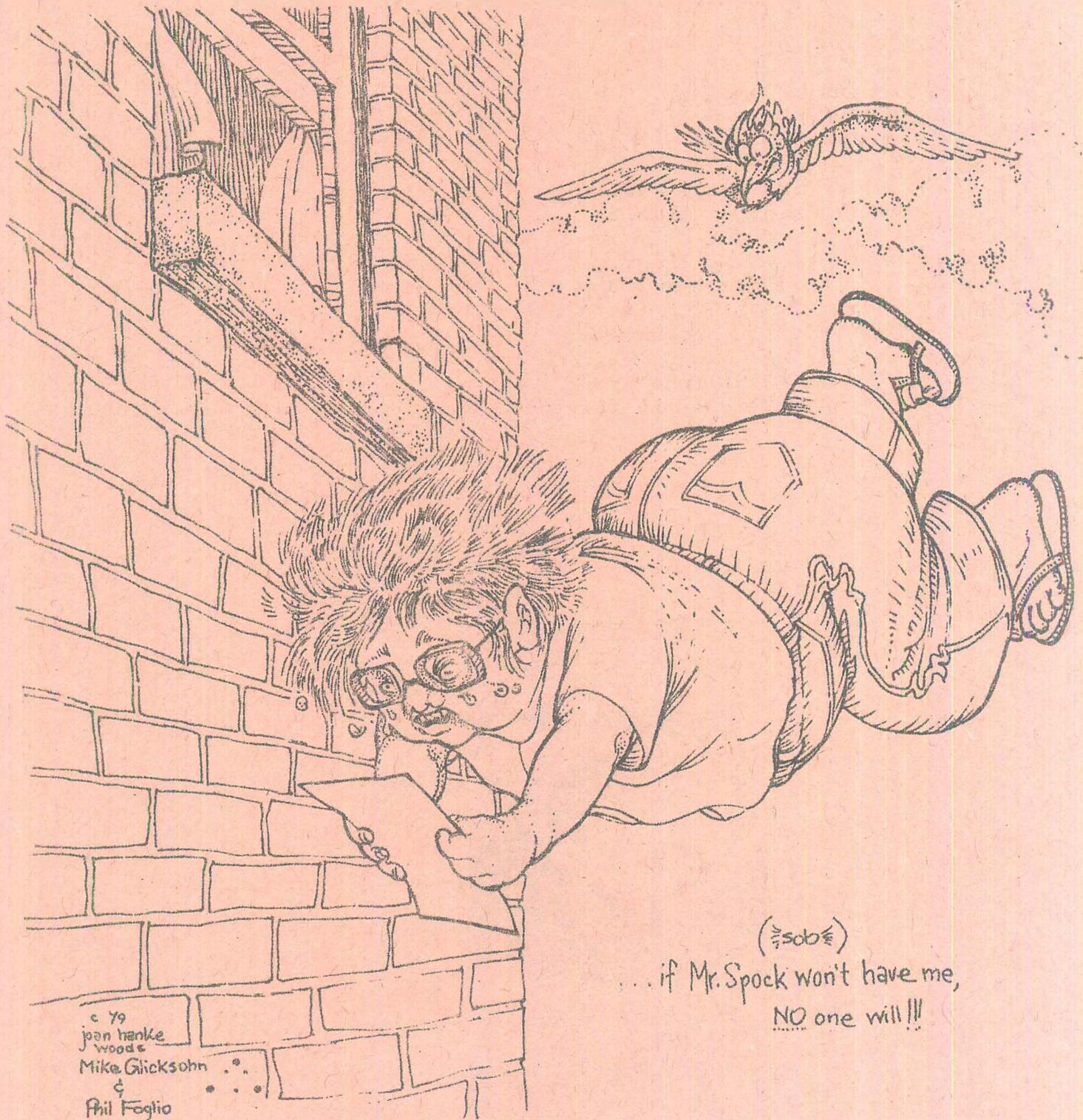
then the ancient Greeks. But somehow, Castle Hagedorn survives, as its inhabitants prove to be more flexible than they them selves might have thought.

.oOo.

That might just sum up Jack Vance's opinion of the human race as a whole: it is much more adaptable than we might think. Every place that we find human beings, we find them making the most of local conditions, and that pressure alone is enough to render many of these cultures as alien as any green skinned lizard. No one can declare a rightness or wrongness to any of them. The cultures within their own contexts work, and as those contexts change (THE GRAY PRINCE, WYST: ALASTOR 1716, THE LANGUAGES OF PAO, and THE DRAGON MASTERS), so do the societies cast against them.

Long live Jack Vance!





(sob)
... if Mr. Spock won't have me,
NO one will!!!

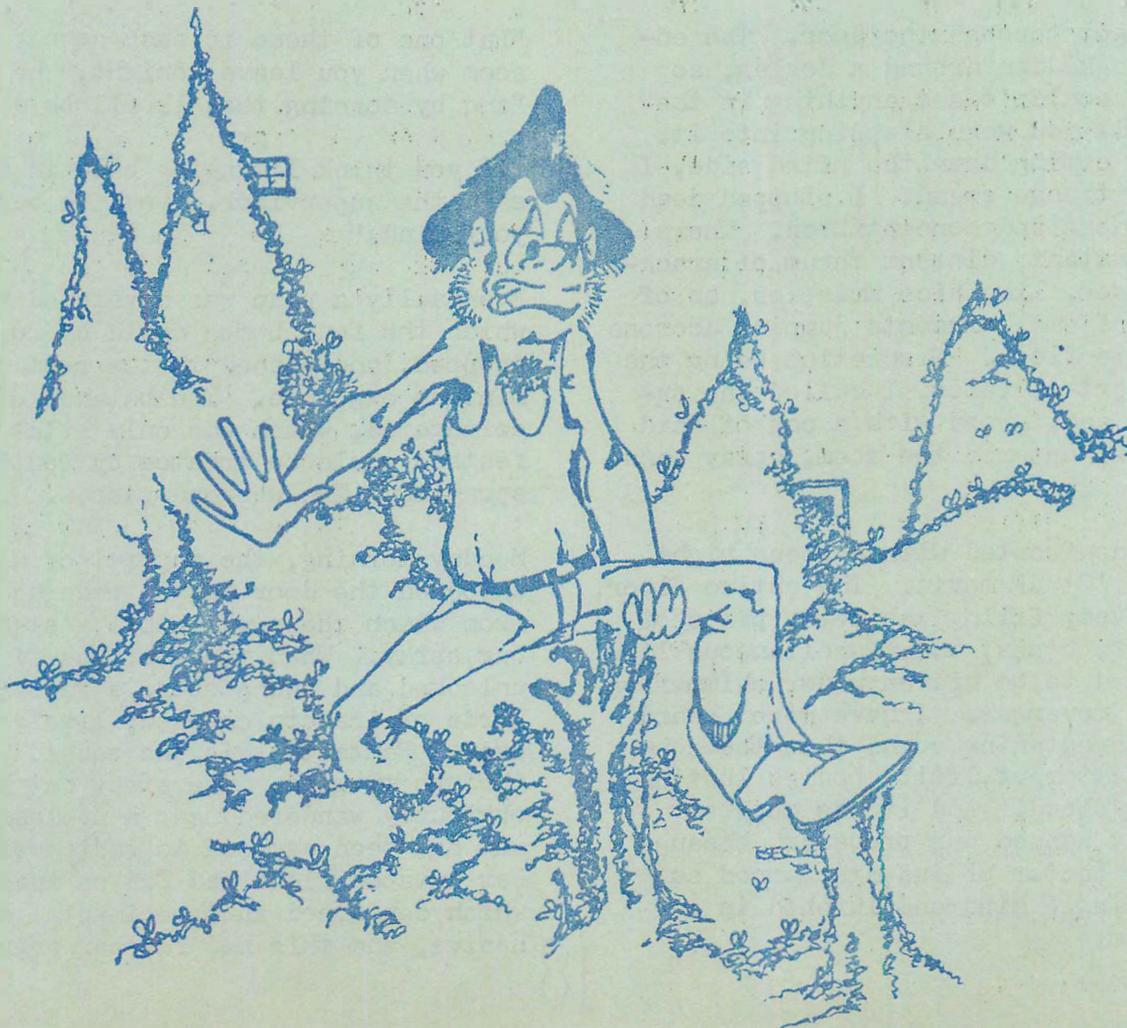
STARTING FROM SCRATCH

DON D'AMMASSA

Most people have a soft spot in their hearts for newborn kittens, so when a stray cat sneaked into our warehouse at Taunton Silversmiths to have her litter, no one was willing to evict her. She stayed for several weeks, and one by one the kittens were removed to foster homes. When the last one was gone, the mother was escorted to the door and the broken window that allowed her in initially was repaired. Everyone concerned felt noble and warm about the affair, until this week.

Monday was quiet, the lull before the storm. Tuesday proved very different. The kittens had lived in a small room full of inactive records, mountains of

paperwork, which are kept at the rear of the corrugated box storage area. This part of the warehouse is rarely visited, so at least a couple of weeks had passed since the departure of the kittens. Tuesday morning, one of the warehouse workers carried some additional records down and placed them near the entrance of the record room. A few minutes later, one of his co-workers stopped him. "What the hell is that all over your back?" Closer examination showed literally hundreds of small insects -- fleas. He stripped on the spot, picking them from all over his body. Ultimately, he left work early to shower and remove those he couldn't find.



The warehouse supervisor immediately requisitioned bug spray. That night, shortly before leaving, he emptied one can each of Black Flag and Raid into the room, closing off all doors and windows. When he came in Wednesday morning and checked, all was quiet. Thursday, I was talking to the warehouse supervisor when one of the lift operators reported that fleas had appeared in a second location. This area was sprayed also, and an inspection of the entire warehouse revealed no further infestations. There was nothing that we could see for them to live on, so a serious problem was considered unlikely. Little did we know.

Friday, things came to a rapid boil. Fleas were now located in various parts of the warehouse, and the employees were refusing to work near them. An exterminator informed us that some fleas can live quite well on mucilage, and corrugated boxes are held together by glue. The supervisor was about to order a case of bug spray when it happened that I needed to refer to some papers which we were kept at the scene of the original manifestation, the records room.

I never got through the door. The entrance is hidden around a dogleg, so that you couldn't see anything in the room until you were stepping into it. As I was coming down the blind side, I heard a strange sound. I stopped dead in my tracks and concentrated. There was a constant, distant thrum of crackling noises, like Rice Krispies, as of myriads of small insects jumping across a concrete floor. Discretion being the better part of valor, I called the supervisor and, armed with a can of Raid apiece, we entered the room, spray cans fizzing.

We were confronted with a scene right out of a 'C' SF movie. The entire floor, the shelves, filing cabinets, piles of paperwork, boxes, and miscellaneous litter seemed to be hidden under shimmering waves of movement. I have never heard a more threatening sound than the constant chatter of little bodies lusting after my blood. And it was apparent that they sensed our presence, because the near sector of insects turned as with a single mind and lurched in our direction.



We beat a hasty retreat, but not hasty enough, and both of us spent several minutes picking minuscule insects out of our clothing. Reasonably secure in our persons, my companion began locking all entrances to the area while I called the plant engineer and requested bigger artillery. He showed up shortly with four industrial strength timed bug sprays.

"Put one of these in each corner of the room when you leave tonight," he said, "and by morning they'll all be dead."

"If you think I'm going back in there," said the supervisor, "you are out of your mind."

Eventually a plan was developed by which the four bombs could be rolled, dropped, and placed in the room with a minimum exposure. The balance of the corrugated, which was only mildly infested, would be treated by routine spraying. The weekend passed.

Monday morning, the supervisor and I unlocked the door to the records room, from which there was still a stench of bug spray. When the door was finally unlocked and swung open, a veritable horde of insects emerged, lively as ever. Fantastic visions passed through my mind. The stray cat had obviously wandered near a nuclear plant and had been exposed to radioactivity. Her mutated fleas had fed on mucilage which contained an experimental adhesive, and this had further aggra-



19) greg's column GREG KETTER

vated their genetic makeup to produce a superflea, impervious to all insecticides, able to multiply past all reasoning, which would supplant man on earth. And I had been witness to its very onset.

It didn't work out that way, thank heavens. An exterminator was called in. Although he admitted that he had never seen anything like it, he sealed off the entire warehouse and pumped it full of poison gas three consecutive days. On the morning of the fourth day, all was quiet. Investigation shows piles of dead fleas in some places over an inch deep.

Shortly after this happened, it occurred to me to wonder about the corrugated boxes which had left the warehouse during this period. Were some of the fleas perhaps carried in them, feeding unsuspected on their mucilage? I made discrete inquiries in the packing department and learned that, yes, the packers had been complaining of insect bites. I went from there to the stock room, where the packaged items sit prior to shipping. Yes, they also had been having trouble with small, biting insects. And these boxes have been shipped all over the country, and to Australia. (Watch out, Leigh Edmonds!)

So the next time you have an itch, no matter where you may be, think about our wayward kittens.

//Reprinted with permission from MYTHOLOGIES 2, November 1974.//

"Playtime for Hitler"

You know, it's a pretty sad situation when you can't walk down the hallway of a convention hotel without fearing being run through with a saber or having vital portions of your anatomy hacked off with a broadsword. It's not only sad, it's also quite infuriating.

I can deal with weapons in their place--in the hands of intelligent, responsible people, or preferably, in museums behind glass. But no matter how responsible you think you are, no one who really knows and respects weapons and their inherent dangers would even consider bringing or wearing one in a crowded con suite or in a packed-to-the-rafters convention function. It just isn't done.

Many is the time I've seen "costume swords" nearly disembowel one or another innocent con attendee because the thoughtless owner whirls around in manic glee to greet another just-sighted "drobe". Or two ultra intelligent adolescents decide to show their acumen and skill by saber fencing in the hall outside the con suite. Then there are the phaser gun fanatics who blast little plastic discs at one another with total disregard for the safety of anyone else in the vicinity.

And if the weapon afficianados give me the line that "these brainless exceptions ruin it for us" let me give just one further example. At one recent con, I received a worried complaint from a person who had just witnessed a near mutilation of an eager book buyer by an even more eager sword dealer who just didn't notice this person standing near his table. I've heard this person described as a swords expert (I've also heard him proclaim himself as such but from what I've seen....)

I don't believe that there is such a thing as responsible behavior with weapons at a con. They are mutually exclusive. I believe in banning weapons in general at conventions. I suppose that as a part of a costume in a costume parade (not at a masked ball) it would be acceptable as long as once the parade is over and the mixing starts, the weapons come off.

If you can't leave your swords, lasers, razor blades, .38 magnums, cobalt heat cannons, MX missiles, etc. at home, why don't you do us the favor and stay there yourself. Shoot your phaser at the mirror.

* * * * *

Two art books which I wholeheartedly recommend to SF art buyers: Already released: Dinosaurs by Service; illos by Bill Stout. Stout has been around for a number of years now and most of you probably won't recognize him. He's good and so is this book. \$12.95 Rantam. The Art of Leo and Diane Dillon (Ballantine/Random House, \$4.95 soft, \$30 hard, \$75 limited signed ed. of 500) Again, these artists have been around a while. They've even won a Hugo as best pro artists. But very few fans are aware of them. They are absolutely spectacular. Winners of the Caldecott Award, this husband and wife team have been innovators for 20 years. Don't miss this one. Delayed a year, due RSN.

Bye,

GREG

GIVE ME SOME
MONEY OR I'LL
FOLLOW YOU
HOME AND EAT
YOUR FRONT DOOR!





JANE CLAYTON - MATE OF TARZAN... KING OF THE APES... DEJONIE '78

MY LIFE IN THE BUSH OF FANS JOE WESSON

It's the doing of fanzines that is important. Gobs, awards, etc. are all bullshit. Creating is important, even if the product turns out badly. You can always keep trying until you get it right.

This is my opinion. I know you don't subscribe to it. But I do. It's why I continue to write for and do fanzines. It's a beautiful feeling to see a fanzine finished. And then it's time to move on to the next thing. The process is what's important.

I wrote a couple of articles for a friend a few years ago. He then got the bright idea that I should be "Joe Wesson, the Fan Philosopher." Can you imagine? It's not that it was a bad joke (even though it was). It was a big personal pain in the ass. The ribbing from friends I took pretty good-naturedly. Guys jumping up at conventions, pointing, and saying in a loud voice, "Look, it's Joe Wesson, the famous fan philosopher," I understood that. I could deal with that.

It was the bullshit I couldn't take. The fans who believed I was "The Fan Philosopher" because it was etched in the stone of the of a fanzine. Yeech. Can you imagine? I can't.

And of course the fans who assumed it was my own idea and were going to make me pay for my presumption. Never ask for the facts, just attack. Jerks.

It literally took years to outlast being 'the fan Philosopher'. It's too bad that a couple of ok articles got buried in that shit pile.

I learned my lesson. Don't mythologize yourself, or allow it to be done to you. Number one, you find you can't live up to it. Number two, you find you don't

want to live with it. Whether it's intentional or not.

And self-mytholization is most of what the trappings of fannish fandom are all about.

There's always a lot of talk in fanzines about how artistic they are. Bullshit. Good writers and artists become professionals (even some bad ones too). Look at the record, it tells the truth. There are exceptions, but they are just that.

We should never make the mistake of taking fanzines or fandom too seriously.

Fanzines can give us the gifts of frivolity and unparametered expression. Why does anyone want to muck it up with structures, strictures, and seriousness?

-Joe Wesson



REVIEW

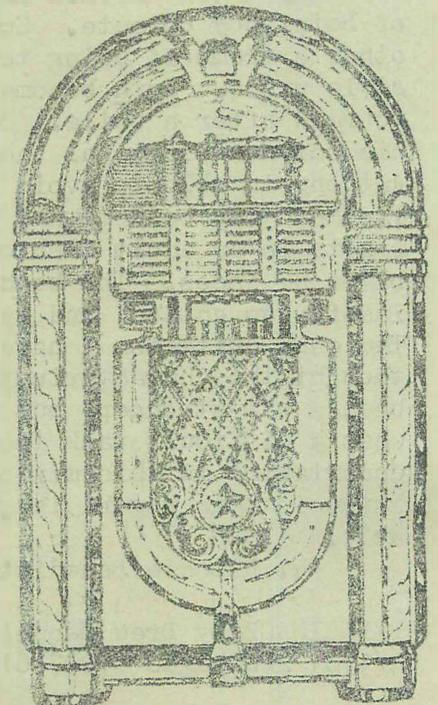
THE SNOW QUEEN by Joan D. Vinge Dell Books 5/1981 536 pages 440-17749-325 ***1981 Hugo Award winning novel***

On Tiamat, the planet's motion around the sun produces long periods of warm and cold weather alternating. With each change, the rule of the planet also changes, between two human societies. Winter has ruled under the hand of Arienrhod, since last the weather cooled, and soon her rule must end, when summer arrives. But, she plots to prolong her life and her rule by planting clones who might confuse the succession so that she might continue as one of them, and continue the rule of the technologically sophisticated Winters. Further complications, Tiamat has been rediscovered by the mainstream of human society, and its life prolonging drugs, used to keep the Queen young during her decades of rule, are used by the rulers of the Hegemony, and Arienrhod is nothing if not adept at balancing her power as the source of this drug against what she hopes to acquire for herself and her world. When the Summers come to rule, the singularity that is used to travel to Tiamat will be useless, and the Queen hopes to not allow her world to weaken so that the Hegemony can exploit it again when Winter next rules.

THE SNOW QUEEN is well plotted, but it is quite fat at over 500 pages, and really needed to be trimmed; perhaps to 400 pages? But with all the good intentions in the world, I don't know if the author's husband, the SF editor at Dell, was really the person who could have best handled the book. THE SNOW QUEEN deserves the Hugo nomination that it garnered, it is one of the best books of the year, and is proof that Joan Vinge continues to climb in the SF field. It does not deserve to win that trophy however, but I look forward to her next novel, and think that you will be, too.

-David Stever-Schnoes

SPLIT INFINITY by Piers Anthony Ballentine Books 1/1981 356 pages \$2.95 Generally hard science and fantasy don't mix, but in SPLIT INFINITY, they work well together. Stile is a serf trained for game-playing by the elite on the planet Proton. His only friend is a beautiful girl named Sheen who also happens to be a robot. After he is crippled for horse-racing by someone who wants rid of him, he is forced to escape to another world - Phaze - through a mysterious curtain which connects both worlds. It is either leave or be turned into a cyborg; leave he does, even though he can't bring Sheen with him. He soon finds out that the reason she can't come through the curtain is because this new world works on the principles of magic. The second world is one where his alternate self was an adept, but is now dead



REASON I AIN'T
BEEN AROUND
LATELY IS, I'VE
BEEN UNDERGROUND
...YEAH... GOT A JOB
WORKING IN THE SEWERS...



through misadventure. He soon meets up with a demon which tries to choke him to death, so it is obvious that the new world is not all that safe, particularly as he doesn't know the rules. He soon strikes up a friendship with two shape-shifters - brother and sister who happen to be a unicorn and a werewolf respectively (obviously he's a strikeout when it comes to dates- first a robot, then a unicorn). It takes some time, dealing with black magicians and the like, but eventually he finds his way back to Proton, only to find that he is confronted with Hobson's choice, in a competition which will settle his future once and for all.

Too many fantasy novels make the mistake of being coy or cute. Some go to the other extreme of using tortuous 1840's style prose. Both become extremely hard to read after a while. Perhaps, due to his science-fictional background, Mr. Anthony is able to avoid both pitfalls. The hero may be somewhat naive, but he reacts in an adult fashion to the problems he faces. The book moves well insofar as action, and is easy to read. The only criticism I have is that I thought the characterizations could have been a bit stronger, but as I recognize what a difficult task the author was undertaking in this mix of genres, any lapse in this regard is quite understandable.

-W. Ritchie Benedict

PILGRIMAGE by Drew Mendelson DAW Books
4/1981 220 pages 87997-612-225

SF plot 7B- young person exploring his/her environment, and it turns out it's really a _____. Young Brann has grown up on the 37th tier of Tailend, and soon his gallery will be dismantled by the Structors, and they will have to make the Pilgrimage, to god only knows where- they don't. A group of people invade his area before he has a chance to go off for his Guild training; this allows Brann, his lover Liza, and his friend Halsam to explore this strange super-city. It would seem that one end is being dismantled to be rebuilt at the other

end, but there are so many contradictory clues as to what might really be going on that all is uncertain, even when the plans of the builders are found. Groups whose functions seem to be to maintain the city are discovered. The reader is shown much before the situation comes clear. As what I believe is a first novel, Mr. Mendelson has written at least an adequate piece of fiction.

-David Stever-Schnoes

THE MAN WITH BOGART'S FACE by Andrew J. Fenady AvonBooks 1977 174 pages \$1.50
The word is that this will soon be a major motion picture, and if so I'm curious who will play the lead. Peter Falk? Jerry Lacy? Paul Williams? Tough assignment, that. But the book wasn't a tough assignment at all. In fact, it was a lot like reading Raymond Chandler mixed with some John Huston direction, some acting around the level of John Garfield, and production values of THE STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO, a TV show of questionable repute. This guy, who we never really get a good rap sheet on, has a face change, and a new name, i.e. Sam Marlow. Stop me if that sounds familiar. He plays it tough, rough, and with that unstated, but clearly defined sense of justice that all of Bogart's characters possessed, in one form or another. And through it all, I felt as though Fenady, while paying homage to the master, was self-conscious of that fact through the whole book. But the bottom line to any book is, was it worth the money and ef-

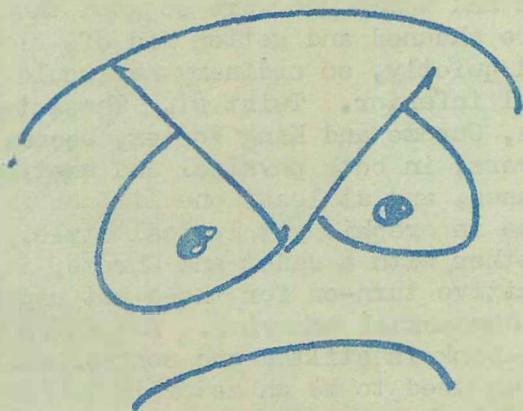
fort. This one was, but only once. For further injections, grab Chandler's **THE LITTLE SISTER** off the shelf and dig into the real thing, and leave the ersatz until it develops more shine.

-Lee Pelton

EMPIRE by H. Beam Piper Ace Books 5/1981
242 pages 441-20557-250

Piper, with all the clarity of vision that fifteen years of hindsight can bring, is truly one of the most important SF writers to come out of the 1960's. A decade that gave us Zelazny, Delany, LeGuin, Niven and Ellison, began with Piper being an established writer, who in the course of a few years, published seminal stories like 'Omnilingual' and 'A Slave is A Slave', and capped it with **SPACE VIKING** and **LITTLE FUZZY**. I could go on, but John Carr's introduction to this book says what needs to be said. 1966 found Piper dead, and but for the rarity of **LITTLE FUZZY**, his works fell into the vast pit of lost writings. Now thanks to the program of two editors at Ace, Piper's works are being collected, and we find ourselves here with a collection of stories from the Imperial Era of his future history. These stories are set against the same background as the Fuzzy novels, **SPACE VIKING**, and nearly every other novel that he ever wrote (bar **LORD KALVIN OF OTHERWHEN**). This collection is vital to those interested in the best that the SF field has had to offer in the past. We have the classic story of the slave men-

ALRIGHT! RELEASE THE
ODOR EATERS!



25

tality, 'A Slave is A Slave', the haunting 'The Keeper', and 'The Edge of the Knife', 'Ministry of Disturbance', and 'The Return' (co-written with John McGuire). Buy. Enjoy.

-David Stever-Schnoes

AFTER DARK: A Novel of Silver John by Manly Wade Wellman, Doubleday 1981
\$8.95 Well, the truth of the matter is I purely like Manly Wade Wellman, even though I don't much like stories written in dialect. This one concerns John, an itinerant balladeer of the southern mountains, and his adventures with the Shonokins. The Shonokins are the original American aboriginals: they've been in hiding ever since the Indians stole the continent from them. You see, they're deathly afraid of their own dead, and all the Indians had to do was kill one or two of them. Now the Shonokins, emboldened by Indian lawsuits for the recovery of tribal lands, have decided to bring their case to the Supreme Court. But first they must (1) obtain an alexandrite stone from Mr. Ben Gray, John's friend; and (2) build a 22,000 foot straight line path through Mr. Ben's land, which will endow them with power. John and his friends defeat them, needless to say.

Even accepting this story as overt fantasy, even suspending my disbelief in direct proportion to my admiration for Wellman's writing, I'm disappointed. Are the Shonokins really serious about their crazy lawsuit, for pete's sake? Why did they host the singing contest where John first meets them? Why do they need the alexandrite? (Ostensibly so they can 'control' Mr. Ben and talk him into giving them the land for their path AND his pretty daughter Callie to fructify their all-male race. (All male? Why?)). What are they going to do with their power path once they've got it, and how does it work? Why are they so afraid of their own dead? Where did they come from?

I won't recommend this book in the expensive hard-cover version; but I will recommend the writing, which is consistently entertaining and expressive. If it hadn't been so good, the disappointment would have been less.

-Karen Trego



SYSTEMIC SHOCK by Dean Ing Ace Books, 6/1981 298 pages 441-79381-250 A fascinating prospect, Ing has used as a basis for his own speculations the 1978 book THE THIRD WORLD WAR, AUGUST 1985, written by a group of NATO generals headed by Sir John Hackett. The aftermath of WWII has left Soviet military power shattered in eastern Europe, and the cities of Minsk and Birmingham are in ruins, having been H-bombed in the closing days of the war. Eleven years later, a new alliance of China and India have taken Asia and most of Africa under it's wing, and oil is once again being cut from the western alliance, now the US, Europe, Australia, and the Russian Union of Soviets. The policies of nations are once again being backed into corners that only war can be seen from. In America, the presidential campaign is winding up, and a charismatic senator from Utah has the full backing of the Mormon church, and all the dark forces that that group conjures up in the minds of many people- the tying together of church and state in chains of iron.

We follow young Ted Quantrill, a boy scout from Raleigh SC, as he survives atomic and chemical/biological attack, and ends up working for the most dispicable set of government employees I've read about since Nixon's plumbers. He works to eliminate 'enemies' of the government, as the war drags on. Ted is but a boy, but as he finds himself in situations that can only be described as crueller and crueller, he grows into a

cruel cynical eighteen year old who is old before his time, working for the President of what is now called 'Streamlined America'. I'm glad that Minnesota was taken by the Canadians- I can see no future for the America of this novel. Ing again has proved himself to be a gripping writer, I can highly recommend this book.

-David Stever-Schnoes

CHROME by George Nader Jove Books 1978 381 pages \$1.75 I'm suprised and impressed that this book got published. It touches on two controversial subjects, one lightly, and one graphically and it works, after you get into the book's pattern, and locks you into the story like a vise. It is a story about two men, one of which is a 'robot', a term applied to genetically augmented men and women who were so good they were shunned and gotten rid of, lowly and quietly, so ordinary man would not feel inferior. Twist #1. These two men, Chrome and King Vortex, become lovers, in both physical and emotional senses, and at least one liaison is done in graphic yet lyrical style. Another with a cadet and Chrome, is a positive turn-on for those not repulsed by homosexual behavior. The style of the book is stilted and controlled. Nader used to be an actor in Hollywood, and his being gay was never denied. It is his first foray into SF and I doubt whether he can follow this. But

it is a good book given the chance, so if you see it, give it a try and let me know what you think.

-Lee Pelton

LORD VALENTINE'S CASTLE by Robert Silverberg Bantam Books 7/1981 447 pages 553-14428-295 Robert Silverberg retired some years back- burned out from two decades of writing, his best work not available to the reader, thanks to the publishers. He lived quietly in California until the day that he saw the vision of a massive novel. He came out of retirement, and wrote that novel, and the world is (cliche coming up here-) a better place because of it. LORD VALENTINE'S CASTLE is of that rare breed of book that should never end. It's characters live, it breathes; it is by far and away the best novel of the year, bar none. Yes, I know that it didn't win the Hugo award. I know that I voted for it.

Silverberg takes us to Majipoor, a planet of immense proportions, and home of a multiracial population of billions. Young Valentine finds himself in the port city of Pidruid, not knowing how or why he is there there, but never the less,



keeping his lack of knowledge to himself. His name he shares with the ruler of Majipoor, Lord Valentine, but to earn his bread he falls in with a multi-racial troupe of jugglers. A series of dreams of portent seem to beckon him westward, and lead him to the inescapable conclusion that he seems to be the true Lord of Castle Mount. But if he is the coronal, then who rules in his place now,



and why?

The backgrounds woven into this story are truly a joy to behold, and for those wishing to exercise their SFnal 'sense of wonder', they can contemplate the fabulous Castle Mount, a mountain thirty miles high, inhabitable to its very peak, thanks to the ancient machinery that keeps it wrapped in air. I look forward to many illustrations of the Mount, the most inventive use of imagination since Niven's Ringworld.

-David Stever-Schnoes

THE BEST OF THOMAS SCORTIA edited by George Zebrowski Doubleday 1981 \$11.95 Another in a series of overpriced books from Doubleday. This one is only 244 pages, including an introduction by Frank Herbert, an afterword by Bob Lowndes, biographical information by the author, an essay on sci-fi, and eleven stories, dated 1954-74. When the review copy came in the mail, several jokes were made to the effect that even less space should have been necessary for the best of an author known primarily for his Frank Robinson co-authored best sellers.

But- SURPRISE! This stuff is pretty good. All of these stories were new to me, and several of them were worth recommending: "John Robert and the Dragon's Egg", originally written for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and just the nice kind of story you'd expect from the title. "A Walk in the Snow" is a top notch 'what is this stuff called reality anyway?' tale, a la Twilight Zone.

"Woman's Rib" is a subtle & sentimental story of love, aging and dying. Some of the book is predictable (but then, an awful lot of good SF is predictable): "The Stunning Science Fiction Caper", a kind of Nick Boxtop meets John Campbell faanish short-short, and "The Prodigy", with a psi-powered UNCLE-ish organization confronted with an incredibly powerful 10 year old who wants to take over the world. If, like me, you haven't read Scortia before, this is certainly a good place to start.

-Karen Trego

THE ORPHAN by Robert Stallman and THE CAPTIVE by Robert Stallman, Pocket Books and Timescape Books 3/80, 3/81 240 & 207 pages, 671-82958-225 & 671-41382-250, respectively. There have been, and will continue to be, within the science fiction field, writers whose style can be called pastoral. The best example, Clifford Simak, lives here in the Twin Cities, and his long career has evoked images of Minnesota and Wisconsin for decades, while writing some fine SF against these backdrops. The late Edgar Pangborn, and a new writer, Paul O. Williams, have used New England, upper New York state, and the lower midwest as tableaus for some very well written prose. One can make the case that one must be able to write first off, before one can evoke any such images. Robert Stallman died last year of cancer, at the age of 50, but before he did, he turned to writing, and wrote what he

called The Beast Trilogy. It is mind wrenching to those who have read these first two books of the Beast to realise that a talent like Stallman is already gone, before he has even had the chance to become widely read and known.

A beast is loose in central Michigan, stealing into barnyards and killing stock. It has taken a chicken when it hears the farmer, about to find what it is that is disturbing the tranquility of the yard... The Beast changes; there is now a small boy, a naked five year old named Robert Lee Burney, in the barn. He is alone. The nature of the beast is still unknown at the end of THE CAPTIVE, as is the relationship of it to the boys (and men) that is has become. They are him, and yet they have separate existence from him. The boy Robert is adopted by the Nordmeyer family; their two daughters are grown and married off, Martin Nordmeyer perhaps sees little Robert as the son that he never had. Events don't allow this tranquil repose to continue- the outside world of 1936 interferes, and the beast wanders on, becoming Charles Cahill, and Barry Golden, in turn. The human manifestation of the Beast is growing up, achieving puberty, and all the pains and pleasures that that time of life signifies, and every time, he/they find him-/themselves drawn back to the Nordmeyer family like a magnet of unknown properties.

As such, these books can be read on several levels; as science-fantasy (perhaps we can grant the fantasy, but with the third novel we might yet find a scientific explanation), we are treated to a mystery to unravel where the Beast has come from. As a history, the Depression casts an excellent background; Stallman has done a good job of research on the mores of the people and the era. The human side of the Beast could be any boy becoming a man, as his joys and his pains could be those of any of us. Alas, Stallman's death has given us another talent to mourn; read what he has given us, they will long be classics.

-David Stever-Schnoes

HAVE YOU EVER FELT
LIKE SOMEONE ELSE'S
PAWN?



Robert L. Stallman

THE COOL WAR by Frederik Pohl, Ballentine Del Rey Books, 1981 282 pages \$10.95
 Fred Pohl has done it again with another fine novel: THE COOL WAR. The story is set in the 2020's- an energy poor (specifically, oil-poor) time, when nations are still competing for the edge in trade and world power. There aren't any real 'shooting wars' any more (nothing to gain from them), but there is a war of subtle sabotage and psychological ploys... like choking a nation's waterways with a new breed of water lily. The hero, a Unitarian Minister- the Rev. H. Hornswell Hake- is recruited/drafted by the American team engaged in these sorts of covert operations. He is also contacted by Leota Pauket, an ex-graduate student who is



working to stop the saboteurs on both sides. Hake is being groomed for a big mission, all the while wondering what he is doing and what is going on.

The book is actually comprised of three stories that originally appeared in IA's SFM: "Mars Masked" (3/79), "The Cool War" (8/79), "Like Unto the Locust" (12/79-1/80, the first serial ever published by Asimov's). But this is really a single, well connected story. Oh, the seams still show; and there might be one or two tiny inconsistencies that didn't get edited out. But the small

resolutions that finish the first two stories only partially relieve the tension that leads to the final climatic scenes.

After reading the book, I also skimmed through the magazine versions. For the most part, they are identical- just the minor revision needed to make the logic of the story sounder, I think. And there are a couple of interesting details left out of the book: in the magazine it says Leota went to the University of Minnesota, and her parents lived in Duluth! Why these 'facts' were left out in favor of a vague reference to the Midwest, I don't know. But the main setting has not changed. Hake lives in Long Branch, New Jersey; that's not too far from Pohl's home in Red Bank. The Incredible Art, who lives in Rumson- modeled, apparently, on The Amazing Randi, who does in fact live in Rumson (or so I am told by one Rumsonite).

The novel's setting is very believable, very well done, with a lot of nice details. The action requires a bit more suspension of disbelief- but I was more than willing to do that. The pacing and the plot make it a hard book to put down. But this is more than a futuristic spy novel. Pohl gradually works in a deeper level. Why do we sometimes play the roles we do? What is hypnotism, really? Why do we follow orders? Why do we do what we do? The examination of these questions, and the answers Pohl suggests, make for an even more enjoyable book.

-John Bartelt

The "To the Stars Trilogy" by Harry Harrison, HOMEWORLD, WHEELWORLD, and STARWORLD, 181-199 pages, 553-13917-195 553-14339-225, 553-14647-225. I don't know if Harrison approached Bantam with this one, or if Bantam asked him to do an action series, but this three volume set of science fiction cliches forces us to ask, "Did trees die for this?"

Young, white, and well to do, Jan Kulozik through a set of lucky (or unlucky) circumstances has his nose rubbed in the seamy underside of his society. The aftermath of ou

society. The aftermath of our age of waste, the world has to make do with less, and most countries have made sure that ninety percent of the human race toils for the benefit of the other ten. Given a chance to Strike A Blow For Freedom by an Israeli spy, Jan jumps at it, and we're off for about two and a half book's worth of adventure as Jan does his bit to help the down trodden ninety percent. We have Jan in Scotland, Jan and the Mutant Corn, and in the last volume, we have Jan in the Black Ghetto, as well as Jan in Deep Space (Turn over for second complete novel). Ah, oh boy, I think.

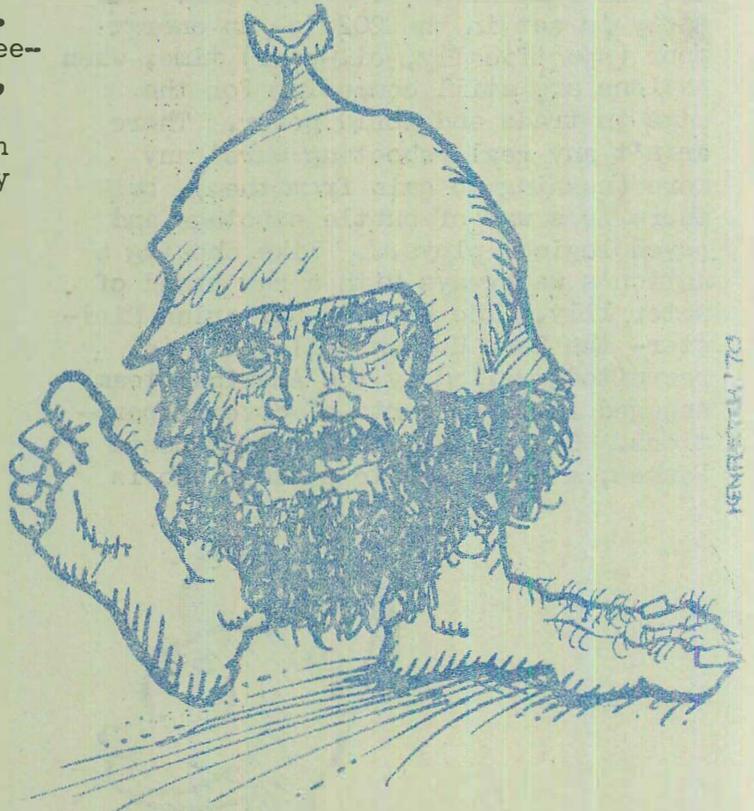
F.M. Busby did this whole bit a lot better with his *RISSA KERGUELEN* and its companion volume, *ZELDE M'TANA*, both in terms of superior story telling, and more complicated characterization. Everybody go out looking for these two out of print paperbacks and let "To the Stars" die a peaceful death.

-David Stever-Schnoes

PROJECT POPE by Clifford Simak, Del Rey Books, 1981 \$10.95 Faith, hope and charity- and of these, the greatest is faith. If you're human, you have a natural capacity for accepting the unknowable. But if you're a robot- originally built by men, but now practically an independent race- faith is more elusive. How can a robot continue a religion?

Simak's robots have been working for a thousand years at Vatican-17, attempting to syncretize a true religion. They've come to realize that- for a robot at least- faith may come only after knowledge; first must come the Answer. The robots and ancillary humans have two main purposes: to program His Holiness, the Computer Pope, with all knowledge so that he is indeed infallible, and to gather all necessary knowledge from the galaxy. The information gatherers are human sensitives who can project themselves into alien landscapes, and now after a thousand years, one of them has found the Christian heaven.

I hope Mr. Simak will forgive this oversimplification of his setting and issues. He explored some of these themes thirty



years ago in *TIME AND AGAIN*- do all intelligent beings have souls? -and he has obviously been thinking about it a long time. The issue is never explicitly resolved in *PROJECT POPE*, but I was left with no doubt that all these creatures had the divine spark, the seed of the Atman, within them.

Meanwhile, we have a fast-paced adventure story. The people are lively and interesting, as are the non-Asimovian robots. This galaxy swarms with more organic and nonorganic intelligent life than I've seen in a long time, worlds and societies worthy of Philip K. Dick. I loved it.

-Karen Trego

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YOU CAN'T DO BUSINESS WITH HITLER by Douglas Miller, Atlantic-Little, Brown Books, June 1941, \$1.50 I picked up this book as a lark. Its garish jacket (red with white and black type) says "What a Nazi victory would mean to every American", and tells us that Miller was Commercial Attache at the Berlin Embassy from 1925-39. This book does

more than any present revelation to convince me that the American government knew well what was going on behind German borders well before our late entry into the War, at the end of 1941. Miller speaks of his own knowledge of mass arrests of Jews, and their starvation at the hands of the Nazis, and speaks with first hand experience as to how the Germans manipulated the world economy prior to the war to the war to their advantage, defaulting on loans left and right, and securing its talons in the hide of Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland long before its troops marched into any of those countries. Miller then describes what he thinks a Nazi victory over Britain would mean for American business as well as its freedom, and it rings truer than anything I've ever read in the SF field by way of alternate world German victories. The final chapter struck me as very eerie, as he described what a postwar Europe would be like, if we did enter the conflict, and he talks about a plan of recovery that sounds so much like the Marshall Plan that reading about it was like reading a history of Europe in the early Fifties. You will most likely never see a copy of this book, but if you do, by all means, pick it up.

--David Sterer

DA PLATYNEHE

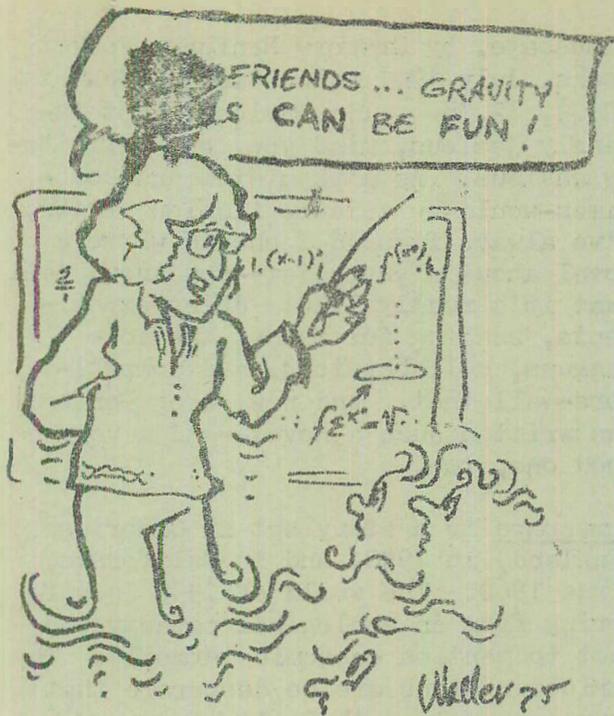


Timescape, by Gregory Benford, Pocket Books, July 1981 (also Simon & Schuster, 1980), \$2.95 I'm envious. Not insanely jealous, mind you, but definitely envious. As a physicist and sometimes-would-be science fiction writer, I've always figured I should write a novel about a physicist--you know, tell what it's really like: doing experiments, begging for funds, the colleagues, collaborators, and competitors--all that. And now, Greg Benford has written such a novel--and a very good one, too.

Timescape is a story set at Cambridge (England) in 1998, and in California, circa 1962. The world of 1998 is suffering from an ecological catastrophe (not to mention economic turmoil). The various nations are so desperate that they are pooling their limited research resources and trying to work together. In particular, a physicist, John Renfrew, at Cambridge has launched an especially outlandish project--to send a message into the past (using tachyons), as a warning, and to help them get a start on solving the problem before it starts. (Actually, Renfrew was just experimenting with tachyons, and came up with the message ploy to get funding.)

Nuclear Physicist Benford gives some interesting discussion to the paradox involved (though the ultimate resolution, for the most part, will be familiar to most SF readers); and he lends some insight to the problem of the observer's role in the experiment, a sticky point ever since Heisenberg. But where Benford really excels is his characterizations: Renfrew, scavenging equipment around Cambridge, working desperately to get his tachyon transmitter on the air; Gregory Markham, the American theorist on the spot, working out the numbers and helping out with the politics; and Ian Peterson, the aristocratic, intelligent, and thoroughly dislikeable representative of the World Council, who despite himself, gets caught up (briefly) in the excitement of the experiment--all racing against disaster in 1998. And then there's Gordon Bernstein, the New Yorker transposed to the University of California at La Jolla; Penny, the woman he lives with; his nervous graduate student, who's getting all this "noise" in

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i) }



his experiment; and his inflexible, unimaginative boss/colleague--all in the sunny, optimistic California of 1962. The contrast of atmospheres is excellent, as is his use of local color (just like I'm going to use it in my novel some day). It wasn't too hard for him, I imagine, since he's at UC-San Diego (nee La Jolla), and he spent some time at Cambridge (I believe). (He also had help on the English idiom and setting from his sister-in-law, Hillary Foister Benford, who shares the copyright. The British edition had some uncomplimentary remarks about a member of the royal family expurgated, interestingly.)

The interplay of the scientists, their excitement/preoccupation/obsession with the problems and puzzles of the physics and the experiments, and their home-life (which tends to come second), is so precisely drawn and true to life as to make this a fictional "Double Helix" for physicists. All the physicists I know who have read the book have liked it, as have a number of non-scientists. One non-scientist (who hadn't yet finished the book when I talked to him) objected that it was really a mainstream character-study novel using a scientific setting--and this is basically true. It does not have a lot of sense-of-wonder (except, perhaps, of an abstract kind: at what a confusing thing "time"

really is). But I vastly prefer this to a book like Niven's Ringworld Engineers, which is very "stefnal", but during which I never gave a damn about any of the characters.

Timescape isn't perfect. The middle third, in particular, moves quite slowly. But other than that, I only have minor quibbles. Some of the supporting characters seem a bit like stereotypes at times--but then, I have met a people who seem like stereotypes at times. I could also question Bernstein's (and Benford's?) idea of "when" time changes. And since I sometimes like to get really picky (and I do have an Amateur Radio Operator's License), I have to point out that Morse Code "dashes" are supposed to be three times longer than the "dots", not just twice as long.

Reading the book can be enlivened by trying to play "Guess the Character". Carl Sagan shows up under the thinnest of disguises--and he isn't given a very charitable treatment. Margaret and Geoffrey Burbidge (probably the most prominent husband & wife team in astrophysics today) also play minor roles. A few people show up under their real names, and I could take guesses at a few others, but I'm not really sure.

All in all, I found this a most enjoyable book, and can recommend it highly. It's a book which can serve as a yardstick for judging my some-day novel, and any others of the sort. Maybe it's not for everyone, but if you're interested in physics or physicists, or just a good book with strong characterization, some clever dialogue, and occasionally real insight into the human condition--well, what more could you want from a novel?

—John Bartelt

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VOYAGERS by Ben Bova, Doubleday Books, October 1981 Another near-future political intrigue novel from Bova, who seems to have found his niche. How to describe the protagonist, Stoner: prick? ass? or merely supremely self-confident? In any case, Keith Stoner had worked on putting the Big Eye 'scope in orbit from the shuttle, and now he's working at the Harvard Observatory, outside of Boston. Pushed into a dead-end job, recently divorced, Stoner seems to

have stumbled onto ETI radio signals from around Jupiter. Can he convince his conservative boss to get more effort into tracing them? He knows that they're an ExtraTerrestrial Intelligence, and with that knowledge, can he get back into space? It's tough being the most competent person around when you are also the most abrasive. Stoner must fight his own superiors, the Soviet government, and fight for his very life. As is typical of this genre, Stoner gets laid, and Jo Camerata, who starts out like she's been taking prick lessons from Stoner, gets sweet on Stoner, who, true to his name, ignores all her overtures for the next two hundred pages, like a cement-head.

In a similar vein to Dean McLaughlin's THE MAN WHO WANTED THE STARS, Stoner, like McLaughlin's Joe Webber, wants mankind in Space, and he achieves his ends, but at truly bizarre cost (maybe. No one really knows how much Stoner has sacrificed, least of all Stoner). A somewhat interesting read.

--David Stever

STELLAR #7, edited by Judy-Lynn del Rey, Del Rey Books, August 1981

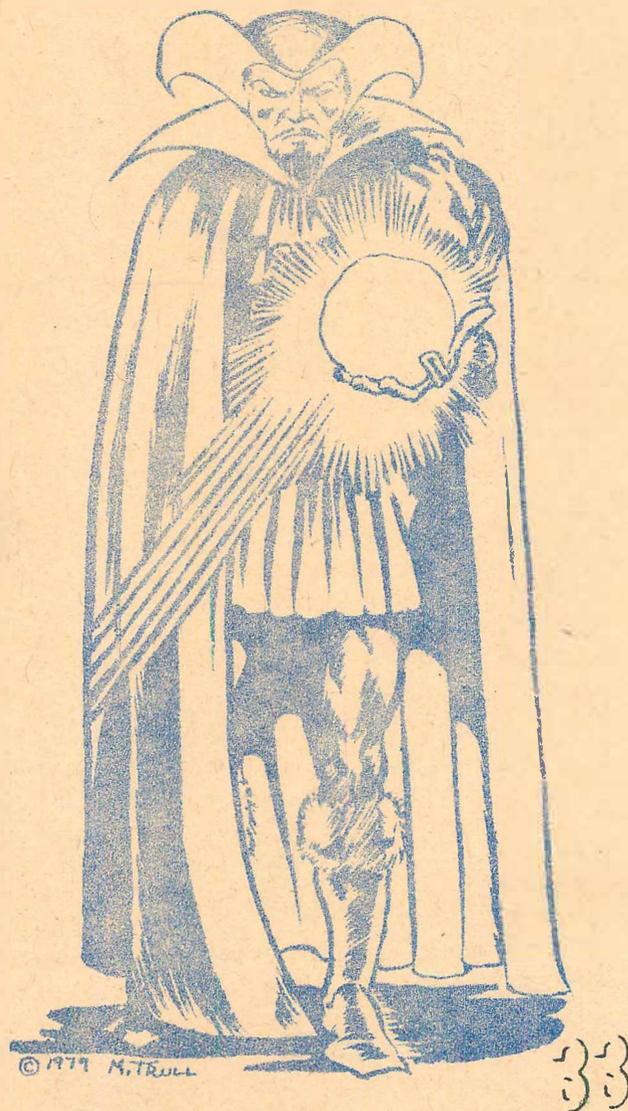
This "issue" of the Stellar series is somewhat light weight, but well worth reading. For humorous stories, we have James Hogan's "Making Light"--creation as seen as a contract in modern day America, involving many government rules and regulations. "Horn o' Plenty" by Terry Carr and Learne Frahm, tells what can happen when you answer those little one column ads in the back of most magazines--with interesting characters and unusual results. "Folger's Factor" by L. Neil Smith is a somewhat old hat time travel story. "The Two Tzaddicks" by Ira Herman tells what could happen if your village were so lucky (in most cases) to have two tzaddicks (Jewish wise-men); in this case, the village is on a Lagrange Colony, which leads to a fine point of Hebraic Law. James Hogan has a second story, "Identity Crisis", which would be a great Doris Day movie, but for the fact that she and Rock Hudson switch bodies....

Adventure stories, Del Rey stock in trade, are represented by Larry Niven's "War Movie", where we find out what hu-

man history is all about, from an alien in a bar. "Pelangus" by Minnesota's own Rick Raphael (well, he's ours now), is a very good action-political adventure about ranchers with a rustler problem. The ranchers are off the Florida coast in international waters, and they are helpless against international thieves, trying to relieve them of their fish harvest, while a protection bill sits in Congress. "The Mystery of the Duplicate Diamonds" by Paul Carter, is to pardon the expression, a real gem--well written, humorous, and fun. Ever hear why Richard Nixon is on the quarter? "Excursion Fare" by James Tiptree is a long, thought provoking story of an unusual ship, two young adventurers, and a dilemma.

If you haven't been picking up all the Stellar anthologies, I recommend this one, and the stories by Raphael, Carter and Tiptree.

--David Stever





LIFE IS JUST ANOTHER LOAD OF CAVEAT EMP- TOR, BABY

luke
mcguff

IMPORTANT NOTE: Fanzines for trade should be sent to the editorial address listed elsewhere. Fanzines for review should be sent to me at this address:

Luke McGuff
1022 Essex St. NE
Mpls Mn 55414

If your zine is reviewed, you will get a trade copy, but that's a fairly BIG IF there, buddy. To ensure trade, you should send one to the editorial address. To ensure review, send one to the address above, and include money or something fun. Preferable both in large quantity. Everyone has his price, eh? Hugh Betcha. (Note: this won't influence the outcome of the review).

Space Junk Rich Coad 251 Ashbury St. #4 San Francisco, Ca. 94117

One of the nifty things about fanzine fandom is the regional identity fanzines pick up. This is exemplified in the editorial and Cheryl Cline's column, both of which are about "Bay Area Punk Fandom".

Actually, I feel this was better said in "Punk is Dead" in The Wretch Takes to Writing #2 (or #3). For one thing, punk was less of a fashion trend then, both in fandom and mundania. But one of the main reasons punk is a fashion trend is because of fanzines such as Space Junk. Even faanish fanzines like Mainstream talk about punk in articles and editorials.

The trendiness of punk is deftly satirised by Jay Kinney, in what is one of his more succinct sociopolitical cartoon. Other illustrative highlights include Dan Steffan's cover, Bruce Townley's quirky drawings; Stu Shiffman and Grant Canfield continue trying to see how much square yardage of twilltome they can cover in a year.

The articles include "Burgers From Mars," in which Bruce Townley proves he can write as well as he draws (heh heh heh), and "Up From the Deeps," a series intended to revive forgotten classics of faanish writing. If the point is to prove that the best of current faanish writing is as good as the best of the older nuggets, the point is well taken.

Actually, one of the best things about the way fanzines are shaping up in the 80s, ladies, is the return of many who were relatively inactive during the 70s: Dick Bergeron, Kinney, Walt Willis, and others. Many of the fanzines listed in Rich's "salute to American Fanzines" at the end of his editorial are examples of older fans returning to publication or writing.

Wild Fennel Pauline Palmer 2510 48th St. Bellingham, Wa 98225

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"It took nine bottles of wine to get this drunk," says Borson Willies. "Some things take time." And indeed, the editor concurs: "I will publish no fanzine until after it's time," is the title of her editorial.

But anything as excellent as Wild Fennel #15 is well worth the wait. Ms. Palmer published at least pseudo-regularly during the mid-70s, producing a fanzine that looked and felt like no other. WF is typeset, on newsprint, folded like a magazine, but not stapled. Anyone not coordinated enough to handle an unstapled fanzine



doesn't deserve to get it. The artists you see here are far removed from the unicorn/mushroom city school of faanish ink-wasting illustration. The text is set in an easy to read sans-serif typeface, and the variety of headline typefaces are extremely well chosen.

As for the feel of WF, for some reason it strikes me as archetypically "Pacific Northwest." Not that it's iconoclastically regional, but unspoiled, perhaps. A typeset/offset fanzine from, say, Cleveland, would have pretensions to semiprodom, and the editor would be psychofantically grubbing articles from pros. Wild Fennel is completely fannish. And yet, Pauline doesn't follow or set any trend in faanish publishing. She publishes fiction and poetry, which gives WF a decided "little magazine" flavor. But there is also Clifford Wind's tales of the Post offal, Dan Danford's column on prison life, and an editorial plug for one of her cartoonists, who has gone on to drawing a syndicated daily strip.

Not to mention all the people recommending local beers from all over the world in the

letter column. In fact, whereas most lettercolumns seem out of date if there's been a 2 yr+ gap in publishing, the topics herein discussed lend a strong continuity to WF.

Even though the current incarnation of WF may only be annual, still... things this good are always worth the wait.

Blatant #9 Avedon Carol 4409 Woodfield Rd. Kensington, MD 20795

Blatant is the return-to-print effort of Avedon Carol, late of The Invisible Fan. Blatant falls easily into the latest format style: Short, relatively frequent issues (at least semiannual) of largely personal writing.

The first article is, in fact, just that. Entitled "How ot To Become An Engineer," in it Avedon lays lots of guilt at her parent's feet, because they reward her brother's efforts to take things apart, yet call hers destructive. I remember being told by more than one uncle or older male about some boy who took apart a car engine, television set, or clock, laid the pieces out carefully, and then put it back together correctly. I tried it myself. It never worked. I don't think Avedon missed anything, but she did notice a double standard that doesn't get mentioned often, that boys are supposed to be able to make a working television set out of a broken one without knowledge of trouble shooting techniques or potentiometeres, just cause they're good boys. Whatever,

There follows some editorial natter intertwined with letter excerpts, craftily done, too. Then --tada-- an excellent fanzine review column by Ted

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White himself (as the editor herself puts it). Talk about perspective, talk about the long view....talk about "Fanzines on Wry." After that, a brief, hard to decipher ramble comparing the present american situation to a bad movie...I think. Then more editorial natter.

The art is Blatant is limited to four Gilliland cartoons. There could be no more effective choice considering the way Ms. Carol uses art in Blatant. The repro is sharp, and Blatant looks fine, but for the annoying habit of "continuous paragraphing", I believe it's called. It seems like a pennywise, poundfoolish way to save money.

And thank Ghod she doesn't mention the chocolate Millenium Falcon.

Harlot #2 Avedon Carol(address above) or/and Anne Laurie Logan 116 Burcham
One fanzine to each editor for trade. East Lansing Mi. 48823

Harlot has a definate feminist slant, but isn't overbearing. That's probably a statement that the editor's would consider sexist.

This issue is better and meatier than the first. The highlight is Jeanne Gomoll's wry and amusing tale of an overachiver (herself) being almost too busy to graduate. Also of note is Avedon Carol's (heard that name before somewhere) Noreascon report; the short,titled paragraphs give the feeling of a hectic convention better than any attempt at linearity.

The ever-hilarious pen of Alexis Gilliland strikes home a few times. And there are a few more Shiffmans', ho hum

Quinapalus M. K. Digre 3609 Grand Ave #206 Mpls, Mn 55409

Sometimes you get a fanzine that tries to be funny. Sometimes they try real hard. M K Digre tries real hard and at great length, too, yet he is not ennobled by the continual near misses. Maybe I'm put off because his intent is to publish a humorous fanzine, so what otherwise be whimsically faanish strikes me as a result of work. Then again, maybe not.

Even the main article, by Ye Editor and Mine Rat(see, I'm trying real hard to be funny) John Bartelt is based on a complicated series of puns on local Minn-Stf names. And the lettercolumn is chock full of -you guessed it- people being so clever over their typers it makes me snicker, not laugh. I mean, flying amtrak pastries, come on. Oh, well.

Listen, maybe I'm just experiencing some of my characteristic mood swings, or something. There have been better issues of Qpls. Maybe the next one will be one of them.

Mainstream Suzanne Tompkins and Jerry Kaufman 4326 Winslow Place N. Seattle Wa98103

Mainstream feels like an "old" genzine to me (at least, it does as I write this review; next time, who knows). It has that comfortable, warm, faanish feeling that fanzines had when everybody knew each other (almost) and large conventions were still less than 500 people. The contents are divided into "stuff" and "nonsense", the kind of faanish whimsy one doesn't see anymore. There is an article called "The seventeen Danger signs of Fandom," by Ginger Buchanan. Most of the observations are accurate (I particularly liked the one about driving thousands of miles to stay up all night with your neighbors), but I couldn't help thinking of all the robes and juniour executive type fans who don't fit any of the descriptions. Well anyway. There are also the regular, excellent (my word for the week this week) columns by Jon Singer and Terry Garey. Singer once again creates food monsters (the Bongkrek that Ate Boulder) on his breakfast table. And Ms. Garey tells about a peculiar species of Canadian fish, ice minnows.

It's sad, in a way, that a fairly new fanzine like Ms would fill me with such nostalgia for days gone by I've only heard about. Maybe I'm confusing the regional flavor of different cities (San Francisco, Seattle, Edmonton, etc.) for faanish trends. So I'll keep that in mind.

Vootie (apa) Larry Becker 3567 26th Ave S. Mpls Mn 55406

I'm against apas most of the time. They seem to be for people who like to be in small groups of people telling each other how good they are. (Rather like fandom, eh?)

But one apa that deserves participation and support is Vootie: "The official mailing of the amateur publisher's association for cartoonists of funny animals (incorporating funny vegetables, minerals, machines and ideas.)"

The fact that it's a cartoonists apa sets it apart. It's not totally self-centered natter and devolved MCs. It's drawings and cartoons by some of the best around; mostly local folks, like Larry Becker, Ken Fletcher, Reed Waller, Jerry Collins, and many others. But there are out of towners such as Joan Hanke Woods. "Mailing comments" are likely to be helpful suggestions, or thoughts about Vootie that show there is some concern beyond mere apac.

In fact, the reason for this review is because the OE mentions in his faxsheet that Vootie is seeking to expand its membership. The important thing about an apa is that you must participate in order to be a member (fanzines you only have to contribute or trade). I'm not quite sure what the requirements are right now, so write to Larry Becker for more information. Send him \$1.75 or so to cover mailing a sample issue, too.

Intergalactic Starbarn #3 Joe Alt and Mike Smith

Micheal Parker Smith 3006 44th st. #2 Mpls Mn 55410

Much better than ISB#2. This issue contains long articles by both the editors, most notably "More Danger" by Joe Alt, and "Searching for the Young Soul Rebels Pt 354" by Mike Smith.

"More Danger" is a story of an attempted hold-up, the perpetrator of which turns out to be the brother of a neighborhood acquaintance. There are twists and turns like a good mystery. "Searching for the Etc." gives Mike Smith a good excuse to get plotzed in Alma, Wi....while researching a story about a truely astounding conceptual art project. God, I hope that story gets written. It's be worth doing some demolitions research. But do I complete my stories or do research? No, of course not.

Visually, ISB abounds with many graphic styles and xero-graphic treatments (a pretentious term used by people like me to indicate coping copies). The wandering page numbers are cute enough and there is a profusion of truely unusual illos by many folks I've never heard of before- Steve Sheetrock, Janet Heimerman, but the writing here accounts for some good reading.

Stop Breaking Down #7 Greg Pickersgill, 7A Lawrence Road, South Ealing, London W5, UK

Aha! Another return-to-print issue. As he mentions in the final item, "Fandom Stranger", it's been a few years since Greg Pickersgill has published. Although even ye ed. admits that this issue isn't as good as some of the ones



he's pubbed in the past, still this punk neo thinks it was well worth the effort.

All the contributions (five articles and one drawing) are solidly done.

"Chocolate Fudge Sundae" by Chris Atkinson is the first. Although the matter of fact way in which she handles a potentially emarassing topic is effective, the article is marred by what seems a tacked-on ending. Both "I was a Kitchen Cyborg" and "Saying it and Doing it" (by Linda Pickersgill and Bryn Fortey respectively) achieve what they set out to do. Linda's article (story?) has a nice revelatory twist at the end. Rob Hansen presents "Truth No. 1" Let's hope it's the first in a series. " 'A' Story", by Linda Again is a reprint from "Who Needs Life? I Get High on Drugs". I read it the first time and get to feel "with it" and "trendy".

"Fandom Stranger" is the final item (but I said that already). It's a section-ed editorial, about returning to pubbing (with the almost standard "What are these new guys up to?" aside) and why he did not win TAFF. (He decided not to run.) The TAFF arguments alone make this issue "important".

Also of note are the "lists", one each by the contributors. My favorite two are (1) Linda Pickersgill's Favorite Gory Scenes from Films and Chris Atkinson's Thirteen Things That Might Come and Get Me.

Pong Ted White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe, Falls Church, VA 22046 and
Dan Steffan, 823 N. Wakefield St., Arlington, VA 22203

PONG is published biweekly, and I suppose over the course of time it builds up a chatty letter-from-home feeling. Looking through a stack, one would keep seeing the title PONG PONG PONG PONG with different designs in the letters each time.

The two issues I've seen show a good amount of literacy in the writing and care in the production. The square-inch illos that are "dropped" next to the first few lines of every article are sharply detailed miniatures, perfectly in the scale of this two sheet fnz.

I think, though, that getting the consistent excellence of PONG in my mailbox every two weeks would lead me to dread it the way I used to dread Science News. I'd get behind, never read one issue before the next showed up. I'd know that whatever unread issue lay on top

would be just as fucking fantastic as all the other unread issues underneath. All the stories of "resident fugghead" E. Knowles Elkhart would be wry and amusing. All the articles about serious faanish concerns (such as world con fuckups and excellence in fanzines) would be serious and well-reasoned, full of strong arguments and examples from the dim dark past.

BAH! HUMBUG!



However, I've only received issues #21 and #22, so I can only suppose. A surprisingly large part of #22 is given over to a discussion of my column in RUNE #63 --- How flattering! It was illuminating and helpful, ... also: I certainly agree that Ted White's early faanish publishing did not help his professional career.



SATURDAY MORNING BARBEQUE

DAVID STEVER

It was going to be an all-right weekend after all; I wasn't going to Chicago with Greg Ketter, but at the party at Denny Lien and Joyce Scriver's, Friday night, I arranged that I could still go with the group that would be canoeing on the St. Croix River. It's too bad that they were meeting so early- seven AM, but that still wasn't enough to stop me from visiting with Garth and Karen (Trego) until three AM. I should have had some sort of inkling that it would make getting up at six-thirty a little rough, but Karen Johnson said that she didn't expect to be away much before nine. I did manage to get up at seven however, so I was able to let the dog

out into the yard, before taking off. I was pretty pleased with myself- I even called Karen, who said my half hour late-ness would be no problem.

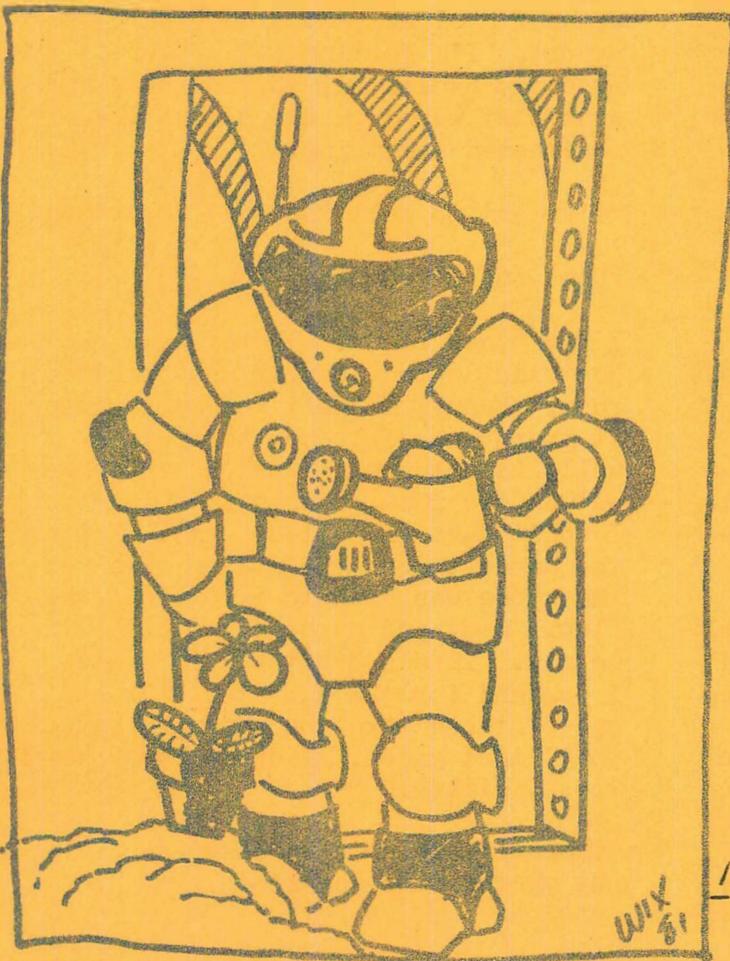
I live a few blocks from the freeway, I-94, and I have to run along it for a few blocks before getting to an on ramp. This frontage road is called St. Anthony Avenue. I was cruising down St. Anthony when I noticed smoke, drifting across the next block. As I travelled that block, I was able to see that it seemed to be coming from one house, and not behind it.

Very suspicious, I thought. Suspicious enough that I went down the next side street, and ran back along the alley behind the house, I had to, because St. Anthony is a one way street. I saw nothing out of the ordinary for St. Paul at seven thirty on a Saturday morning, so I got back onto St. Anthony again. A near-by neighbor was getting into his car, so I rolled down my window and hailed him.

"Hey, isn't that smoke coming out of that house over there?" He was impressed enough with my synopsis that he ran over to the house, and I pulled my car over to the curb. I followed him up the short walk to the front door.

"I dunno. Maybe they're barbequing." We both looked at the second story windows, where the smoke was finding it's way through or around the combination storm-windows.

"It's pretty damned early to be barbequing, isn't it?" After all, it's his neighborhood, but it seemed pretty odd. Even the rib



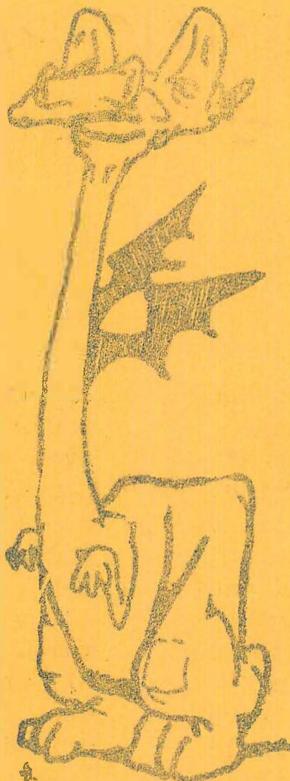
joint around the corner doesn't fire it's pits up until noon, and it opens up at four in the afternoon.

"Maybe they're trying to beat the heat."

"At seven thirty in the morning, on the second floor?" Now I realise that this whole dialogue seems pretty unlikely, but as it was reconstructed later, it's very accurate.

At this point, I was at the door, where I rang the bell a few times, even though we could see through the porch to the inner door, and see that it was plainly open. I didn't hear any bells, buzzers, or klaxons. It must be like my own doorbell; I really should connect it, someday, really. The two of us decided that we ought to try knocking on that inner door- there was no smoke on the first floor, but at that hour of the morning, most people would be upstairs, abed. I still didn't hear any response, both to loud knocks and a few tentative shouts of "Hello?". We walked into the foyer, where we noticed strange thing number two (number one, for those who weren't counting, was that the front door was open.) - there were sheets of paper scattered all over the floor, in front of a desk. The stairs to the second floor were next to the door. My companion said later that at this point I said, "Well, I'm too young to be a hero." I then went up the stairs.

I had never been in a burning building before. It was interesting, I'll admit. All that stuff they tell you about hugging the floor to maximize your oxygen supply are true. The stairs curved around, and looking at the second floor from the platform halfway up, you could see that there was about eighteen inches worth of air under a thick shroud of smoke. Hands and knees time, I went into the room on the right, the one facing the front of the house. There was a bed with a big lump on it. Oh my god, is there a person passed out in there? My buddy (we'd been through a lot together,



SEMI-FLIGHTLESS

he and I.) was a step behind on the stairs; he turned left. As a nice survival characteristic, I kept up a steady dialogue with him. No sense in losing one of us, right? Funny how it also heightened the sense of adventure as well. My lump turned out to be a cleverly arrayed pile of bedclothes. I told my friend the news, and then he said that he had found out what was burning, in the back bedroom.

"I found what's burning."

"What is it? Can you tell?" I crawled towards a door which turned out to be a bathroom. Nobody in there, but I made sure.

"Looks like a rug. There's a bucket of water in here. I'm tryin' to put it out."

A bucket of water? What the hell? Strange thing number three. I have a strange imagination, and that even leaves me without a clue. "No dice," came the report, "I'm getting out of here!" My buddy backed out of the room, and we went part way down the stairs when I remembered something.

"I've got to call the fire department."

"Com' on, I've got a phone."

I had other ideas. There was a phone just inside the door of the front bedroom. Funny, I don't remember seeing it there when I looked before; Oh well, it's there. I pulled the phone out of the room, a trimline, in a color I don't have (I collect 'em). I took the handset down the stairs with me. The smoke was down to a foot off the floor, now, and my eyes are bothering me now. Life's a bitch, ain't it? I punched for the operator. It was one of those with the squarish buttons that light green. I don't have one of those, either.

"Operator, this is an emergency. Please get me the fire department."

"That's the St. Paul fire department?"
Calm, but then what do you expect? It's
much more dramatic when you're there.

"Yes ma'am." *click* Ring ring.

"St. Paul Fire Department, Sargent —
here."

"There is a house on fire at 947 St.
Anthony Avenue. The fire is in a back
bedroom and there is no one in the house."
There anything else I should have told
him? I couldn't think of anything...

"What is your name, sir?"

"David Stever." No sense confusing the
boy with facts at a time like this.

"Where are you calling from now?"

"I'm inside the house now." How does
it go? The boy stood on the burning
deck...

"Get outside now, we'll be there shortly,
OK?" O-kay!

My friend was still behind me on the
stairs. I hung up (you never know- we
might get a call), "Lets get the hell
out of here!" We boogied.

Out on the street, we started cough-
ing and hacking, our lungs suddenly
rediscovering the joys of clean
air. We didn't have long to
wait. There are two fire sta-
tions about six to eight blocks
away, and both sent a truck.
The sirens were audible long
before they were visible; the
neighborhood was about to wake
up a little early today. When
the trucks turned the corner
to St. Anthony, two blocks away,
I stood out in the street,
and played flight-deck manager.
You know, the guy on the air-
craft carrier with the flags
and the sound deadening head-
phones. I waved in the trucks,
the cop, and the guy from the
state fire marshall's office.
Hoses were played out, and
three or four guys in the }
funny suits pulled on respi- }
rators and walked inside with
the fat hoses. We stood to

one side, watching the neighborhood
come outside as the sirens died down.
A fireman and then the cop asked us
if we were the ones who called it in.
We were told to stick around to be
interviewed. I stuck out my hand to
my buddy and introduced myself.

"By the way, my name's David." A big
smile from both of us.

"Hey, my name's Sam, David. How'd you
remember the number of the house? I
couldn't even remember the color man,
and I've lived here for years!"

"I dunno, just seemed to know it when I
needed it." I really don't remember
how I did it.

Sam went off and talked to a couple of
people he knew, which is how I learned
what I had said as I went up the stairs.
Boy that was pretty heroic stuff.
People kept on walking in and out of
the house. Hoses, axes, a big red
bucket, a fan of monstrous size, and
then neighbors were pointing to a win-



dow on the back bedroom, where a smouldering futon mattress was flung out by firemen. It was then doused with water from a hose that was walked through flower garden next to the house. The man from the fire marshall's office talked to us, and I gave him my full name. Sam was glad he hadn't heard it before as I spelt it out. After the marshall was through with us, we walked down the street to where the first cop was talking to men in a second cruiser. Sam had been heading to the airport when I hailed him, and I really should begetting to Karen's place. We talked to the officer, and he also took down our names and addresses, and told us that we could go. Sam and I exchanged another soulshake—we knew we were cool.

I hopped into my car, and Sam into his, and we went off. As I sat at the light at the freeway ramp, I noticed that it was still only ten to eight in the morning.

OK—which science fiction writer or writers insulted Mr. Astrology, Sydney Omarr?

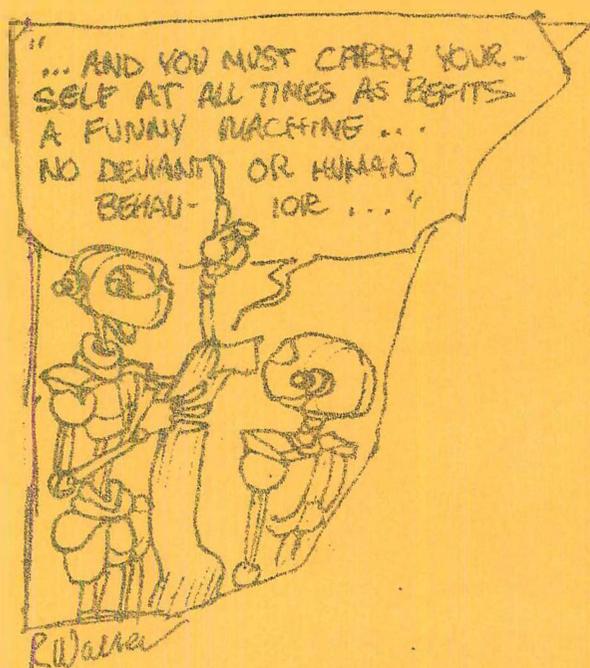
In a recent column (headlined "Why are Sci-Fi writers snobs?" in the Duluth News-Tribune), Omarr's first question is, "Why do so many science fiction writers attempt to emulate the academic snobbery exhibited by so many third-rate scientists?" Wow. Pretty hot stuff coming from a syndicated practitioner of a fourth-rate mysticism.

So we're wondering, has some particular writer gotten Omarr pissed off, or is he just ticked off about about the general lack of acceptance and fun-making of astrology among sci-fi freaks?

Then again, perhaps we shouldn't take the question too seriously. After all, Omarr's seventh question is "Why do Capricorn natives take pride in bumping their knees against heavy objects?"

--Dan Feyma and John Bartelt

(Neither of whom are Capricorns)



Why is there pink lemonade? Has anyone ever seen a pink lemon?

--David Stever-Schnoes

Is there a difference in the attitudes between the people who dabble in SF and the people who read a lot of what the field has to offer? The people in Fandom who have read only the recent best sellers in the field and those who have read the older and now more obscure authors?

--David Stever-Schnoes



I LOVE YOU LIKE MY RIGHT HAND
DO YOU PUT ON YOUR MAKE UP
WITH A FRYING PAN?
WHAT'S THAT THING BETWEEN
YOUR EYES?
LOOKS LIKE A HMONG
CRAWLED UP THERE TO DIE
WHAT IS THAT MOISTURE
OOZING OUT OF YOUR LIPS?
IS IT JUST PUS POPPING
INWARD FROM YOUR ZITS?
HEY BABY, REALLY LIKE
YOUR SHAPE... WHEN DID
YOUR BONES ALL DECIDE
TO BREAK? FOR WHAT
YOU ARE THERE'S A
WORD IN MY HEAD.
I TAKE IT
OUT, LOOK
AT IT, AND
WHATDYAKNOW,
IT'S DEAD.

RICKY! I JUST SAW
GOD ON THAT
LAST POWER
CHORD!

HIS USUAL
FEZ AND
BUNNY
BOOTS...

WHAT WAS
HE WEARING?

AS USUAL
NUDE WITH
A JOCKSTRAP?

IT REALLY MAKES ME FEEL GOOD
TO KNOW I STILL DO SOMETHING
THAT A LOT OF PEOPLE DON'T LIKE!
ROCK 'N' ROLL HAS TO BE DISLIKED
BY THE MAJORITY
TO HAVE
ANY BALLS

JUST
LIKE
YOU?

NOT WITH
THOSE
UGGS!

SEE BOOK!
READ MOVIE!
STEVEN
KING'S
**CAN
OPENER**

RICK! THERE'S
LIFE AND DANGER
HERE! I FEEL
REALLY ALIVE!
CARRIED AWAY
ON THE CREST
OF A NEW
WAVE THE
STARTS ON EVERY
HOOK AND
DOWNBEAT!

AHA! THE
LITTLE BLONDE
ON THE DANCE
FLOOR JUST
MADE YOU
WET YOUR
PANTS!

I'LL TELL
EVERYBODY
WHAT YOU DID
TO THAT DOG
IN THE SIXTH
GRADE...

OKAY...
JUST LIKE ME

UH..

FRIENDLY FIRE

Letters

Guest Editor of the Month is Karen Trego. Editorial remarks are indicated thusly //

Chester D. Cuthbert, 1104 Mulvey Ave.
Winnipeg, MB, Canada R3M 1J5 9/13/81

RUNE 63 involved a tremendous amount of work, but I did manage to read it all through in one evening. You continue to feature illustrations, but the text is still voluminous and most of it interesting. I notice that Joe Wesson's article on fandom sparked a lot of comment; my own feeling is that fandom is a good training ground for understanding the changes which modern technology is introducing to daily life. It should grow in numbers, simply because we are living in a science fiction world.

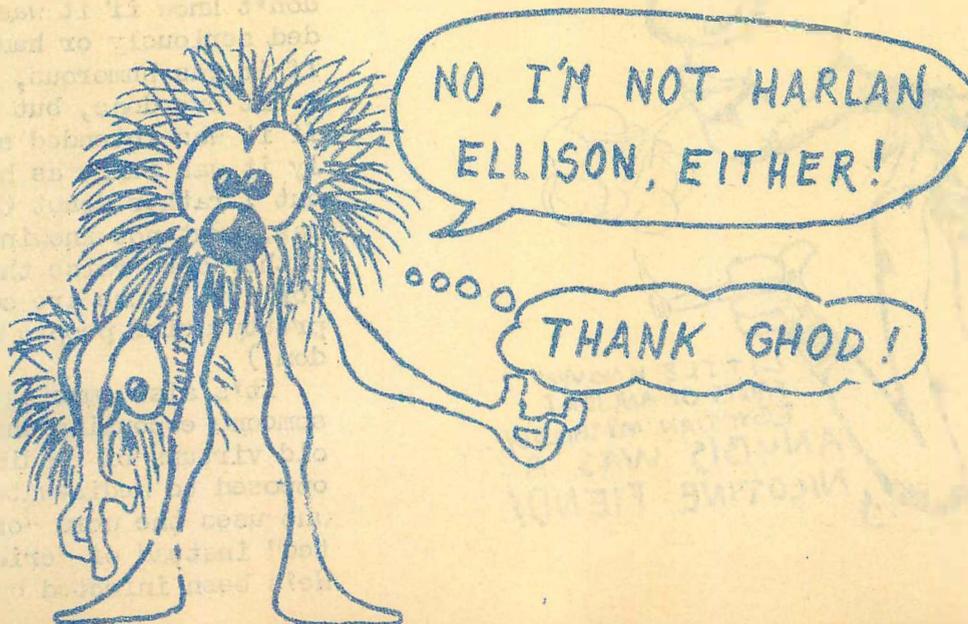
// "Welcome to the future..." Sometimes I think SF is a good preventive medicine for future shock, but sometimes I think it only makes our neo-phobia worse; we're so darn sure we know what the future will be like. Karen//

Chuck Holst, 3128 Fourth Ave. S.,
Mpls 55408 8/8/81

RUNE 63 is several magnitudes better than

the previous issue, making it about average for a fanzine. RUNE 62 had the feel of the editors trying to fill space for no better reason than that it was there. Editors? Not on the basis of RUNE 62--does any of you have veto powers over any of the others? //You should have seen the stuff that didn't meet Rune's high standards-KT// The horizontal format in 63 works well with illos in the outer margins, but I wish you would stop putting different essays/stories in parallel columns. Also, I would like to see dates on the letters in your lettercol. //Here they are. We always try to please the customer.-KT// Laramie's cover is a witty comeback to the cover on 62, but she mistranslates the Chinese on the bacover. The real translation is, "The superior man carries a toothpick in his sleeve."

Bartelt might as well try to bail out Lake Superior with a teacup. The Hugo is the fans' award; let's assume they know a fanzine when they see it. We have yet to all agree on a definition of science fiction. //Good point. The Fan Hugo controversy sparked a lot of mail, so stay tuned to this lettercol for more



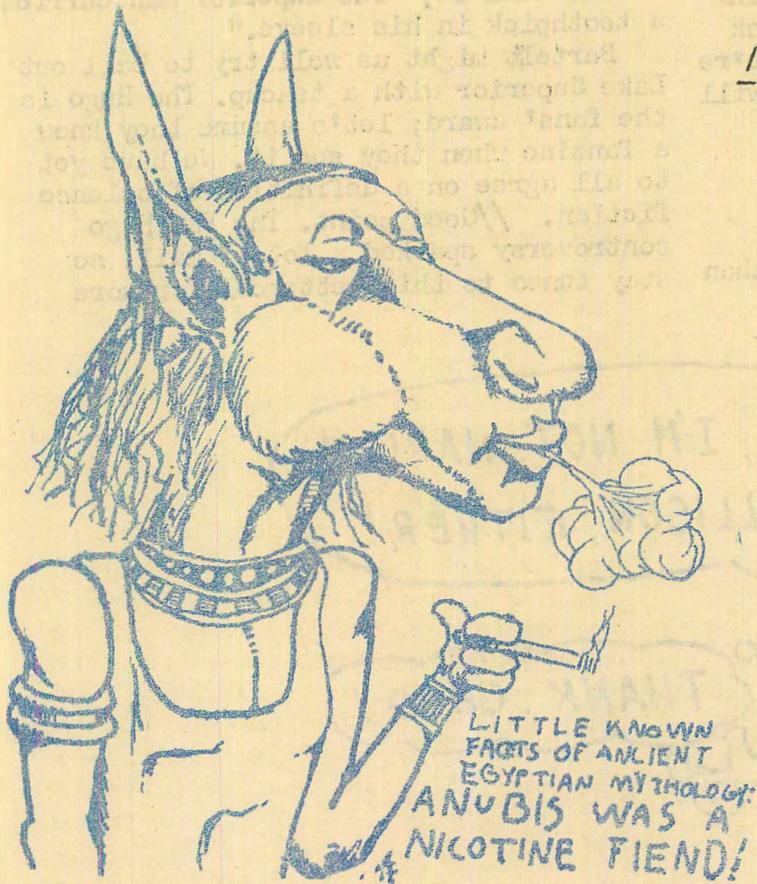
on this highly charged issue.-KT//

Nice fantasy by Anderson. Michael Parker Smith chastises the child to a bloody pulp. I mean, overkill! Still, I'm sympathetic to the point he is trying to make, that fans are not slans. I've spent a lot more time the last few years with canoeists and cross-country skiers than I have with fans. They tend to be at least equal to if not superior to fans in intelligence, education, and taste. In some ways they are very like fans except that they do not read sf (but then, neither does Linda Bushyager.)

Rachel Fang's "Tinogarp" reminds me of a story I heard from Karen Anderson several years ago at a post-dinicon party. Back when her daughter Astrid was in high school, Astrid's English class was studying science fiction. The teacher, as such teachers are wont to do, was trying to get the class to discover the eternal significance of one of the stories--the title and author are unknown to me--but she phrased her question badly:

"Can anyone tell me why (so-and-so) wrote this story?"

Astrid's hand shot up. "I know!! I know!!!"



"All right, Astrid. You tell the class why the author wrote this story."

"Well, he was staying with us at the time, and he wrote it because he needed the money."

//That's purty good coming from an ex-Rune editor-David// //Since you're the only person I know who's even capable of translating Chinese, I assume you're not joking about the Superior lan. Is it from I Ching? Meaning, no doubt, one should always be prepared for anything. That's why I have plenty of ~~books~~ ~~books~~ corflu somewhere here in my sleeves-Karen//

Robert Coulson, Route 3
Hartford City, IN 47348 9/7/81

There were some strange things in RUM 63. "...if we are going to have awards - and it seems we will - why can't we make them reasonable and fair?" Because the sort of people who compete for awards don't give a shit if they're reasonable and fair; they want to win. How old are you anyway? //John's 26//

A sideways printed Rune. Gee, gosh-wow! How Original! How Unique! //Do you really think so? No one here did, just thought it would be fun to try.// How

much this marvelous presentation disguises the material! Never mind telling me how old you are, come to think of it. //Yeah, it was 'sposed to be dedicated to Jerry Lapidus, too.-David//

I enjoyed the Young piece. I'm not sure about Michael Parker Smith's. I never heard of him before so I don't know if it was intended seriously or humorously. If it was humorous, it was a bit overdone, but okay. If it was intended seriously it was funny as hell, but I rather doubt that it was. (But not knowing the author does raise the possibility; there are some pretty weird people in fandom.)

It's also amusing to see someone espousing the good old virtues of reading as opposed to media-watching, who uses the word "orientated" instead of "oriented". He's been infected by the

media himself, it would seem. (You've gotta watch it; they're sneaky devils.)
//There's a whole class of words like orientate - which came, I believe, from orientation, just as administrate is a bastard of administer. My particular peeve, though, is mis-used apostrophes. Still, though these words make my guts boil, I think language should be fluid and allowed to change. -Karen//

//Those of you who've been reading from the first letter instead of ego-scanning might have noticed that I've been a little arbitrary in assigning the editorial comments to their authors. Unattributed comments are mine henceforth and forever. Comments by the Rune editors are signed by their first names. Sorry I didn't develop this policy on page one. This is my acknowledgement to the Garth Danielson School of Casual Editing. Now to some lighter notes. -Karen//

Ed Bush, Regional Manager, Zero Blast-N-Peen Division of Zero Mfg. Co., Washington, MO 63090 "Zero is Number One in Blasting Equipment" 6/3/81

Mr. David Stever-Schnoes,
Stever's Kennels:

We have enclosed the Zero Blaster Cap you requested. Have included literature on our Zero metal finishing equipment, but doubt you have a need for it in the animal kennel business. We hope you enjoy your cap!

//Gee thanks, Ed. I gave your hat to Joe and he loves it. -David// //David said I had to put this is.//

Simba Blood, 2531 11th Ave. So.
kpls 55404 undated

I just received the latest issue of the New Rune and (amazingly) read it cover to cover. I found it stimulating to say the least. So when the next issue comes out could you get Stever to hand deliver it?

//Gee thanks, Simba. Still coming over Wednesday night? -David// //David said I had to print this one too.//

Luke McGuff, 1022 Essex St. NE,
kpls, MN 55414 undated

I think the fanzine reviewer shows a sickening amount of good taste and discrimination. He's really hot shit on a silver platter.

/s/ A completely impartial local fan

//You won't get out of it that easily, Luke. -David//

Gene Wolfe, P.O. Box 69
Barrington, IL 60010 8/17/81

I sub to RUME, don't I? Anyhow, I should; I like both covers and love the illo on page 7 of the lettercol. Wish you had been more generous in assigning space to Foster. Michael Parker Smith should learn to be more tolerant of those whose opinions differ from his own. Tell Sandra Thanks. Ketter's M*A*S*H would be an improvement.
//Wish we had more Foster to assign space to.//

Neil Rest, 1457 Gregory
Chicago, IL 60640 undated

When I got Rune 62, I said, Boy, are they ever gonna get shit for that?
//No comment.//

Michael V. MacKay, Box 014241, U of Guelph,
Guelph, Ont N1G 2W1 Canada

"Weird -- but probably drug-induced."
//If you think this is drug-induced, wait till you see the next letter.//

ESTLEY, 600 S. Kent St. G #45
Kennewick, Wash. 99336

"Love will Tear Your Heart Out":
Time for crystalization. I could pry my Third Nostril open to perceive the Buddhisattva jist of RUME, but as Han Shan shits excrementation to the nerd Eris, this great gig must stop. Look, darlings, you just can't publish such a brillo sfzine here in the States, as the Jingoistic Mediocretrins will sneer with kneaded lip to entwined hair lip. Like, thrash this idealistic vision of cohabitation with sfans aside; Common Decency just ain't acceptable in this land of Emotional Fascism. Hear me.... KICK IT OVER! John Cooper Clark may spit in my face, but splash slash crash can't comprehend such a fucking HIP pub like this pub. A snake to a socket, my hand in the paroxysm of industry. Don't touch that dial. Hear ~~MEETHEE~~: they can't take it. You'll die with throat slashed on the riverbank of Dharma lest you cancel these trendy visions rightnow imeanrightaway.

Take it all away, take it all away.
More power to you, Comrades, a brand

new spanking NOT MELLOW, yeah, ~~to~~ you
onve final thrust concieved last issue
just don't risk a tear. LOVE &
REVOLUTION,

//I always thought it was Bodhisattva//

//What do the above four letters have
in common? Quick now. You're right,
they weren't letters, they were POST
CARDS. Are postcards becoming the mail
version of generic foods, cheap and
adequate in this day of spiralling
prices?//

Bill Futreal, Route 2, Box 117M
Warsaw, NC 28398 8/25/81

All that talk of were-drobes and Men in
Black really struck a chord of terror
(A flat, perhaps) within me. Here in
swamp-bound North Carolina (yes, within
this backwards, semi-primitive state)
monsters walk. And lots of 'em. There's
the Hound of Goshen Swamp, a big white
dog that chases anyone who is stupid e-
nough to walk through three-foot deep
mud at midnight when the moon is new.
There's the Devil's Trampling Ground,
where Old Horny himself plots his evil.
There's much more: The Brown Mountain
Lights, the Maco Light, the Hoofprints
at Bath, and a myriad of haunted houses.
Yes, gentlemen, this is a haunted state.
I suppose Men in Black come 'round
these parts, too. I myself have seen a
few of the aforementioned mysterious
sights, and, believe me, they are very

real.

I don't know if the New Rune is
"punk", but I like it.

//If the New Rune is punk, then I have
to redefine punk. I'm not, and I don't
think Rune is, either.-David//

Ben P. Indick, 428 Sagamore Ave.
Teaneck, N.J. 07666 undated

My old buddy Burt Libe is a grump.
Ignore him. But publish vertically.
//All right. It's easier to type this
way, anyhow.//

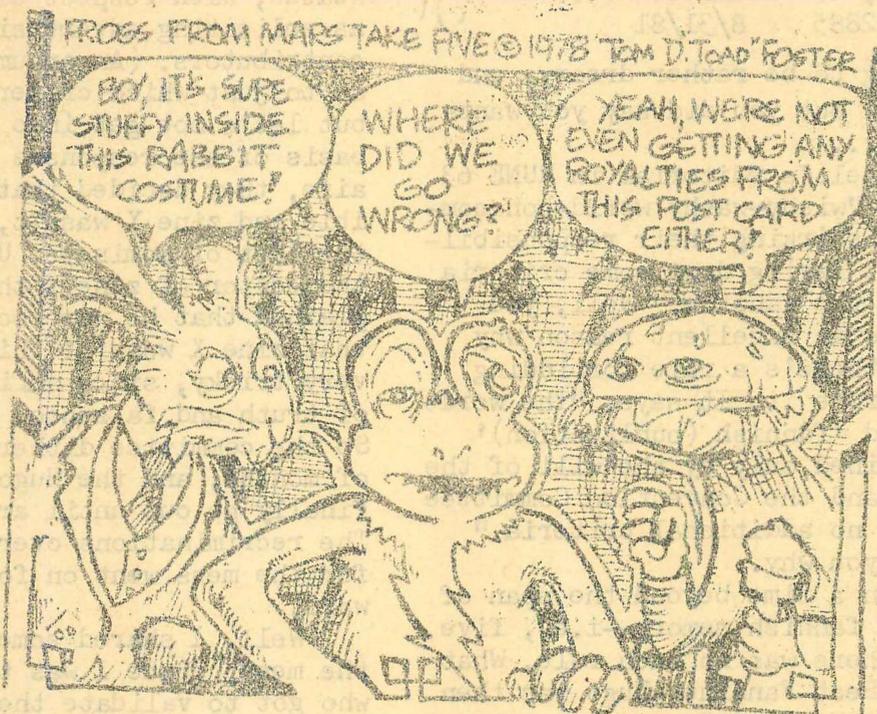
Seth Goldberg, P. O. Box 7309
Menlo Park, CA 94025 8/23/81

Thanks muchly for RUNE 62 and 63. I
was all prepared to tell you who was
saying what evil things about you, but
upon reading the lettercol I discovered
they had all written to you. I am sur-
prised, people with integrity in fandom.

In any case I beg to differ with
them. I like the new RUNE. Not a great
zine (but neither was the old RUNE),
but it will do. However, if Garth could
find a real typist it would not hurt
(there must be one somewhere in Minnea-
polis). //Voila!// All covers and back
covers were great with my favorite
being the front cover of 62.

I agree with John in decrying the
nomination of nonfanzines to the Best
Fanzine Hugo. While the committees lack
guts (and sometimes intelligence) the
real fault lies in the nominators and





voters,... But at this point action not talk is needed.

Jim Young has a very good point about were-drobes doing their costume number so that they need not be responsible for their actions. I might note that one theory of why people use alcohol also follows that line. If you think about it, you realize it probably is true. Note the position of beer and getting drunk in fandom. //True, but most of the fans I know consume far less alcohol than their mundane peers. Maybe the true, non-drobe fan uses his imagination as an excuse to be irresponsible?//

One disagreement with Luke McGuff. There is lots of bad fiction, horrible fiction in the sf prozines now, academic interest in sf or not. Read any issue of IASFM or Analog, including some of this year's Hugo nominees. Why put it in a fanzine when you can sell it and win awards?

Great column by Greg Ketter.

For the record, I do not think RUNE is all that punk either. The only hint is the "I don't care" aspect of some of the layout. I think some of the letterwriters need a glimpse of the real thing. //Amen-David// In any case you can send some more of these my way. //You got 'em.//

Steven H. Zoltan Brust, 3343 Pierce NE
Mpls MN 55418 undated

I don't understand what all the fuss is about; nothing in Rune 63 offended me. Of course, I didn't read it. //Hugs & kisses to you too-David//

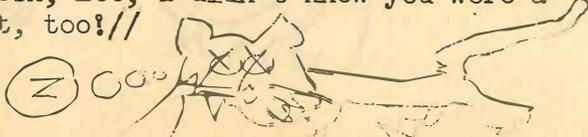
Lee Carson, 3304 Calwagner
Franklin Park, IL 60131 9/7/81

I see that the Gross Cover Controversy (what must the postman think?) coincides with a frontal retreat to the stylized, nearly cryptic (to the uninitiate) mock-sublimation of that sinister drawing which so quickly establishes the sideways nature of this. More "tasteful" to be sure, though lacking the Danielson-esque directness so conducive to outrage.

Some fans may be fascist; some fans are just wimps
Some fans built like skelegons; some are biltlike blimps.
Some hide from the light, and sacrifice animals--
But no-one admits being cannibals.*

*"Eat one lousy foot & they call you a cannibal."

//Gosh, Lee, I didn't know you were a poet, too!//



George Flynn, 27 Sowamsett Ave.
Warren, RI 02885 8/31/81

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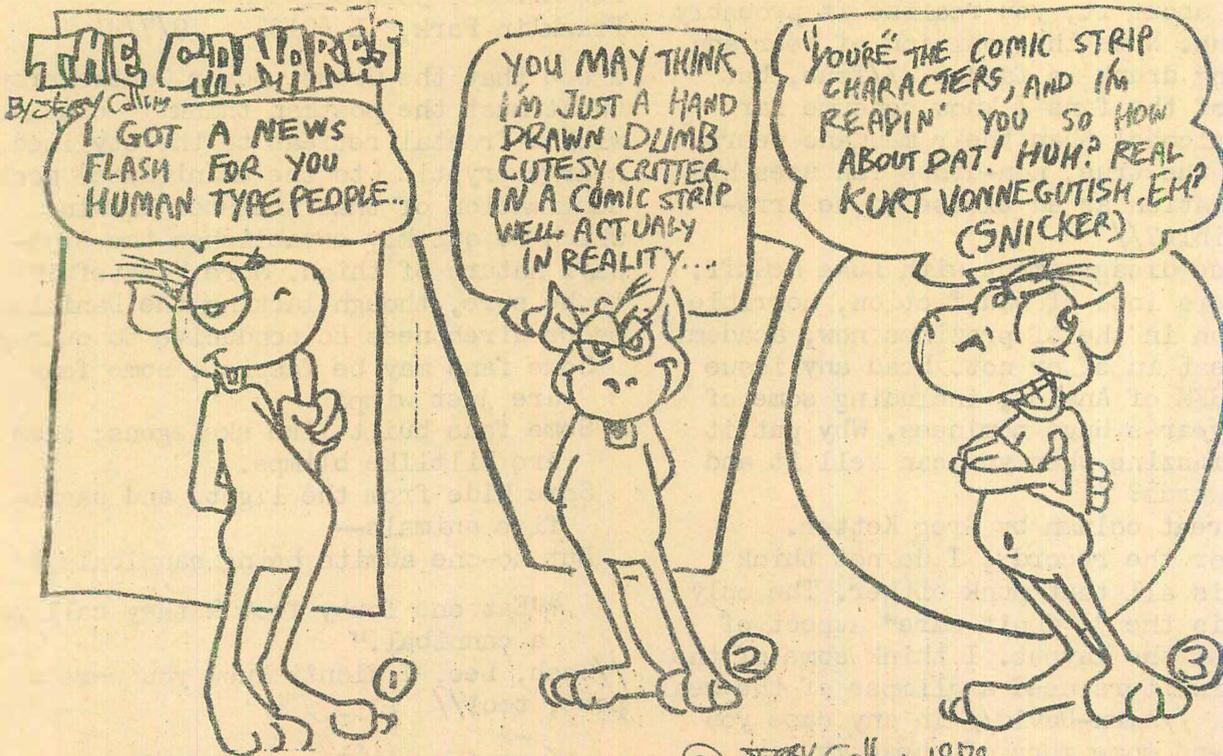
This is going to be rather dreary, and even Serious; but you did say you wanted a debate....

John Bartelt's editorial in RUNE 63 demands that "wishy-washy world-con committees stop shirking their responsibility and start laying down some criteria for defining the fanzine." Well, you know, there's an excellent reason why they don't: there's a rule forbidding them to. I wrote it. It says, "The words 'fanzine' and 'fannish (publication)' shall be defined only by the will of the membership, and the Convention Committee shall impose no additional criteria." Let me tell you why.

Once upon a time beyond the span of contemporary fannish memory--i.e., five years ago--there was no such rule. What is now the "Best Fanzine" Hugo was then "Best Amateur Magazine", and the rule also specified it as a "non-professional magazine". And lo, there were those who complained that the zines winning the Hugo were in fact not amateur publications, and demanded that the wishy-washy Worldcon committees, etc., etc. And there arose a Worldcon committee that decided they would do something about it. That was SunCon in 1977. So they sent out a questionnaire to the prospective nominees to establish their amateur

status, with respect to such criteria as soliciting advertising and paying contributors. (An argument later arose as to just which criteria were official, but let's not get into that.) On the basis of the responses to this questionnaire, they decided that zine X was eligible and zine Y wasn't, and announced the list of nominees. Unfortunately, the editor of zine Y then publicly complained that he was too eligible--and that zine X wasn't! Things then got very tricky, since delicate questions of truth and falsehood were involved. So the committee dithered for a couple of months, and the Hugo ballots didn't finally go out until around late July. The recriminations over who was to blame for the mess went on for months afterward.

Well, I shared some of the blame for the mess, since I was the lucky person who got to validate the Hugo nominees that year.... I could see that the same problem would plague future Hugo administrators...so I did something about it. I wrote an amendment deleting the words "amateur" and "non-professional" and adding the sentence quoted above. The battered SunCon committee heartily endorsed it, and two successive Worldcon business meetings agreed that the existing rule was unenforceable; so the amendment passed without noticeable dissent.



So much for how things got the way they are. Now, as to whether they should be that way....

Mike Glycer's question, "Who is the Hugo being 'saved' for?" is quite relevant. Let's look at the actual figures for the 1980 nominations (in somewhat more detail than previously published). 563 people sent in Hugo nomination ballots, and 318 of them made nominations for Best Fanzine. The numbers were: SF Review, 84; Locus, 68; Janus, 61; File 770, 33; Thrust, 31; Pyro-Technics, 25; Rune, 24; Future Focus, 21; SF Chronicle, 20; Starship, 18; and a 6-way tie at 15 between Diagonal Relationships, Empire, Fantasy Newsletter, Solaris, Spang Blah, and Twll-Ddu.

OK, presumably you can find 5 "amateur" zines if you're willing to go that far down the list. But just how meaningful would such a set of nominees be as an expression of the will of the voters? There is in fact another amendment pending to require a minimum of 5% of the nominations (16 in this case) to get on the ballot, and that's not unreasonable: when you get down to 10-15 votes to qualify, you're inviting block voting (which existed in several categories, in about this magnitude.) It's not that amateur zines don't have enough readers, but that too few of them bother to nominate.... On the final ballot 1088 people (out of 1788) voted for Best Fanzine: the first-place votes were Locus 367, SFR 221, Janus 148, File 770 146, Thrust 95 and No Award 111. //Actually, I find those figures rather promising. You mean 700 people had enough integrity not to vote? That 111 people -- over 10% -- voted No Award? Maybe there's hope after all.//

The fact is that the Hugo is a popular-vote award, and a zine with a couple of hundred readers has much chance when Worldcon membership is up to around 5000.

Which raises the question: Is that a bad thing? Well, it is if you think the "Fanzine" Hugo should go to truly amateur zines, since the Hugo electorate at large is simply unqualified to vote on such zines.... But consider this. There is a class of publications that deal with "science fiction, fantasy, or related subjects" (to quote the Hugo definition), but are clearly distinct from entities like Analog or F&SF. These publications are clearly sufficiently numerous to fill a ballot reasonably

well, and have big enough circulations that most Hugo voters are familiar with them. So why is it such a terrible thing to give the most popular of them a Hugo?

If you still don't like all of this, you can of course go back to the Worldcon business meeting and try to put the old rule back.... John asks "Would it be terribly naive to suggest the honor system?" Yep.

//Shocking! Shocking! You mean it might be all right for SFR or Locus to win a Hugo, that they might even deserve to win just because several hundred people liked them? I have to agree that such zines do make a separate class - they're not prozines, but they're not really fanzines; they're for fans, though, which prozines aren't necessarily. If we can't get a category like semi-prozine-of-exclusively-fannish-interest into the Hugos, maybe all fan Hugos should be struck from the ceremony. When they originated, presumably almost all the voting members had personal experience with the fannish works involved, back in the Good Old Days of Fandom. As you say, Worldcons are too big now; no fanzine is going to have a circulation of 5000. So let's drop the things and have each individual who cares enough give a personal prize to a best fanzine. (I noticed that the zines I nominated didn't even make your 15-votes list.)//

Wayne Hooks, The Woods, apt. D-3-C
Highway 301 N, Florence, SC 29501

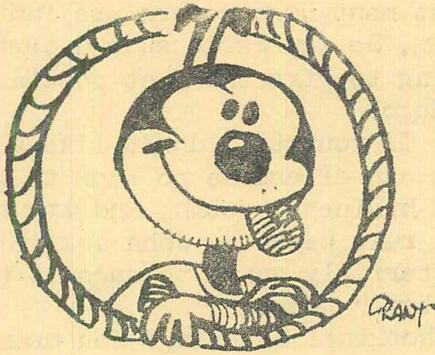
I personally think the Hugo should be auctioned off each year with sealed bids. That should solve several problems. (You don't like the idea? Look what it has done for Congress!)

//Yeah, publishers could include that in their PR budget for big timers like Niven, Heinlein and John Norman-David//

Rob Chilson, 6109-A E. 152nd St.
Grandview, MI 64030 8/28/81

Y'know, I haven't located a zine in Ghu knows how long, discounting TRUMPET last summer. However, an occurrence at Archon in St. Louis wants reporting, and I also wish to reply to an article in RUNE 63.

The occurrence in St. Louis was a panel on "What's Wrong with SF and Fandom", Mcd by Ken Keller and starring Leigh Couch, Arnie Fenner and Alex Eisenstein.



Leigh observed that fandom has long been noted for taking shy, retiring, bookish, socially inept youngsters out of their shells, giving them a modicum of the social graces and some self-confidence, then loosing them on the world. They last about five years, then lose interest, except for a small leaven who remain. Much of the current problem with fandom is that we are in a boom period. Much of the new crowd is young, ignorant of our ways and of our fiction, and still in the unpolished or socially-inept phase. This tends to explain the outbreak of bad manners. Also of bad taste in fiction (see the current Hugo nominations). We're so flinking big now, small-town attitudes no longer apply: don't give us a bad name with the neighbors. Nobody gives a fuck about what the neighbors think, because nobody knows the neighbors. Back when fandom was smaller, everybody knew everybody else and there was much social pressure, holding down of wind-braking, passing out in halls, etc.

But that applies only to trufen. The second type is much like the first except: not bookish. These fringe fans come to us from movies, TV, and games. They are visually oriented, semi or quasi-literate, much given to acting out their private fantasies.... They seem to be less socialized even than Type 1 or trufen. And far more destructive.

Not many years ago knowledgeable hotels were glad to have SF cons, even preferred them over mundane cons. We didn't smash furniture and windows like fraternities, reunions of bombardier squadrons, or old farts in fezzes. This is much less true than formerly, and

getting more so all along. Hotels have started cancelling SF cons -- something unheard of (I believe) in the old days.

"Regardless of what Worldcons may do," Keller summarized it, "regionals must cut back on specialty programming." This conclusion was not disputed by anyone.

In attendance were the concons of Archon (St. Louis) and ConQuest (Kansas City), who took these conclusions much to heart. KC will be cutting back on fringe programming beginning immediately. St. Louis has invited Steven King next year as Goh, so can't cut back til year after next, but Jim Bakke agreed it must.

So that seems to be the wave of the future, at least in the Midwest. I do not know how much this will affect Minneapolis, which has always been almost as fannish a con as Kansas City (had to work that in somewhere)(did you ever have Garth Danielson as Fan GoH?) //Makes sense to me: if you don't want someone to come over to your house, don't invite them. But there's more to it than that. Minicon does minimal advertising and has virtually no specialty programming, but it continues to grow, and last year there was some serious vandalism. Unrelated to Minicon and NOT CONNECTED IN ANY WAY TO MN-STF, there are plans afoot locally for a Generic Worldcon bid, with no specialty programming whatsoever--not even science fiction.//

Now to my comments on the article: In my ten or eleven years in fandom, the only truly fascistic thing I've seen is Michael P. Smith's Rune 63 article, which grabbed me by the lapels and shoved its face into mine: "You're a Fascist! C'mon, admit it! Admit it!"

Hell, man exclusivity doesn't connote superiority, and even if it did it wouldn't mean fascism unless the exclusives ruled, or aspired to rule. They don't. We don't.

In conclusion, you put out a good zine. Not that I didn't like it in its previous incarnation (inroseation, for people who prefer red to pink), but the best of institutions need shaking up and airing, and a new team can't help doing that.

//It's nice to meet someone who understands.//

Richard Brandt,
125 Vaquero Lane
#58, El Paso TX
79912 8/28/81

RUNE 63 is, I seem to recollect, the first RUNE I've seen since the days of Lee and Carol as editors (is my fannish memory correct?) //It may well have been the first one you've seen, but it was the 2nd one by the New Rune team.// It sure is different.

Anyway, I was a bit worried by reports that

your fanzine was being thrown together by a bunch of CIA homosexuals, but I'm reassured by your contention that RUNE is, instead, a fruitless endeavor.

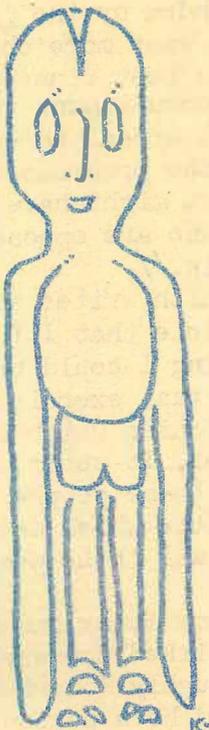
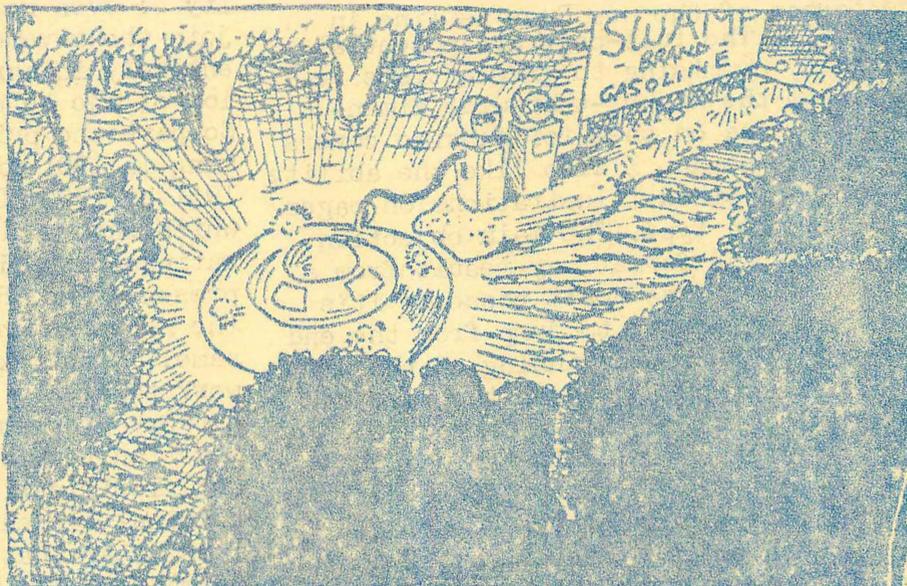
Much of the zine is not to my liking. Michael Parker Smith's meanderings are a pale shadow of the stream-of-consciousness ravings of some of the freakier

farwriters of yore, and I just wished he would quit scrambling his yolks and get to his substantial point.

But, on the other hand, there is David Emerson's inspired pinball story. Pinball is satisfyingly substantial to those of us raised before this disgusting video-games generation. They've grown up staring at shadows on a screen, and now their reality is merely a figment of a computer's imagin-

ation, as they compete to see who can dash the most photons against each other. Pinball, on the other hand, is the ultimate religious experience; all of us fighting for a chance at rebirth (ah, sweet extra ball!) or the ultimate resurrection in a Free Game. As they say, you don't need balls to play Space Invaders. Emerson's story is especially worthwhile if you've tackled that bizarre demon, the Black Knight. (I finally scored over a million on Xenon, but it took some financial courage; the first machine I played on didn't eject at the end of the runway, so I just ended up with two balls stuck in limbo. Than again, who hasn't...)

Jim Young's article, while apropos of practically nothing, was a fun read; I wonder if cons are supposed to be as bizarre a happening as UFO sightings. And you, John B., wherever you are //he spends a lot of time at the bottom of a mine in Tower, MN// I think you've nailed down the fan/pro/semiprozine controversy in a nutshell, with "the few people... who don't have the guts to declare themselves professionals." Geis argued that anyone who wants to invest years and hard work and skill deserves the award, but he neglected to ponder out loud if that person deserved the money he earned instead of a trivial little fannish honor.



Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, MD 21740 8/25/81

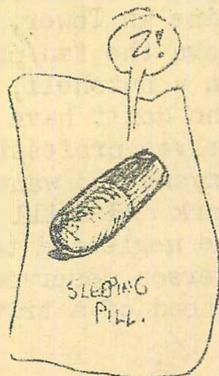
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The format of the new Rune is fine in some ways. The full-page art potential is great, promising to give artists relief from the higher-than-wide dimensions imposed on them for fanzine covers since time began. I also like the ability to get good-sized illustrations on pages which contain type. The main objection I find for the format may result from a problem other fans don't possess: it's sort of hard for me to jump from the end of one line to the beginning of the next on the pages where you ran the text in one column most of the way across the page. //As you see, this ish has gone back to more traditional layout, partly because of the problems you mention, partly because it's easier. But I don't see any reason cover art has to have the same axis as the interior pages.//

The only semi-practical way to define a fanzine for Hugo voting purposes is by the proportion of sold to giveaway copies circulated.... I can think of only one recent injustice that such a rule might create, the Willis issue of Warhoon, but a worldcon committee refused to consider that for a fanzine anyway....

I'm not certain how serious Jim Young is about the drobes. Oddly enough, I see them around Hagerstown from time to time. But they don't frighten me because they're really nice people: Mennonites, an offshoot from the better publicized Amish denomination. The Mennonite men wear black, they move silently and often you'll find one at your elbow without warning, and for religious reasons they drive black automobiles although one subdivision of the Mennonites refuses to have chrome on motor vehicles and are known around here as the Black Bumper Mennonites. More than one family passing through this area as tourists from far away has been scared stiff when they encountered a long line of big black cars with unsmiling men in black inside, assuming them to be a Mafia meeting when they're actually a Mennonite funeral procession.

I have never seen or heard Jerry Falwell



on the tube or read any of his literature or contributed to the Moral Majority or even received an invitation to join the movement. But I find myself entirely in agreement with the MM opinion of the television network offerings. Compare the prime time network programming in 1981 with what was offered in 1951 or 1961. Look at current statistics which show a substantial drop in total ratings for all network offerings at the present time. Review the fall lineup for the networks which is just more of the same. I don't know what forces are at work to create and maintain the present network programming situation, with its devotion to violence and sexual innuendo and glorification of the incompetent and criminal element in the population. But it's clear that something has taken command of the television network programming which didn't exist in television's early years when its programming was varied, inventive and meant to appeal to the entire nation, not just the pre-adolescents and the people obsessed with anti-authority complexes. If it takes a religion-oriented movement to shake up the networks, that's better than inaction and all the more shame to the intelligent people of the nation who didn't try to do something about the situation before a minister came along and acted.

//The nicest thing about TV is that you can turn it off if you don't like it. You may still be offended by the idea, but not by the act. I want more choice than just Father Knows Best clones. The moral majority doesn't want varied programming that will appeal to everyone: they want only the programs that appeal to them. As you might have guessed, we here at the New Rune are opposed to any form of censorship.//

Michael Parker Smith writes so entertainingly in his article that I found myself constantly wishing I could be sure it's all an intellectual exercise in rhetoric and not something which the writer really believes. It seems sort of odd to designate all these people fascists in the same article which decries those who designated all those people communists.

'Timewarp' was very funny and even wise. I particularly liked the way Rachel Fang introduced Thoroughly Modern Millay. Better yet, this would be a perfect item to recommend to a mundane who wants to know what fanzines are all about but doesn't know any fanspeak or fannish

traditions and can't understand much of the material in fanzines. //Yeah, fan-nish writing encompasses many fields-David//

I am not even going to try to make specific comments on Rune's art, even though it is mostly excellent and in a few cases brilliant. There is simply too much to be commented on....

Jim Meadows, PO Box 1227
Pekin, IL 61554 8/30/81

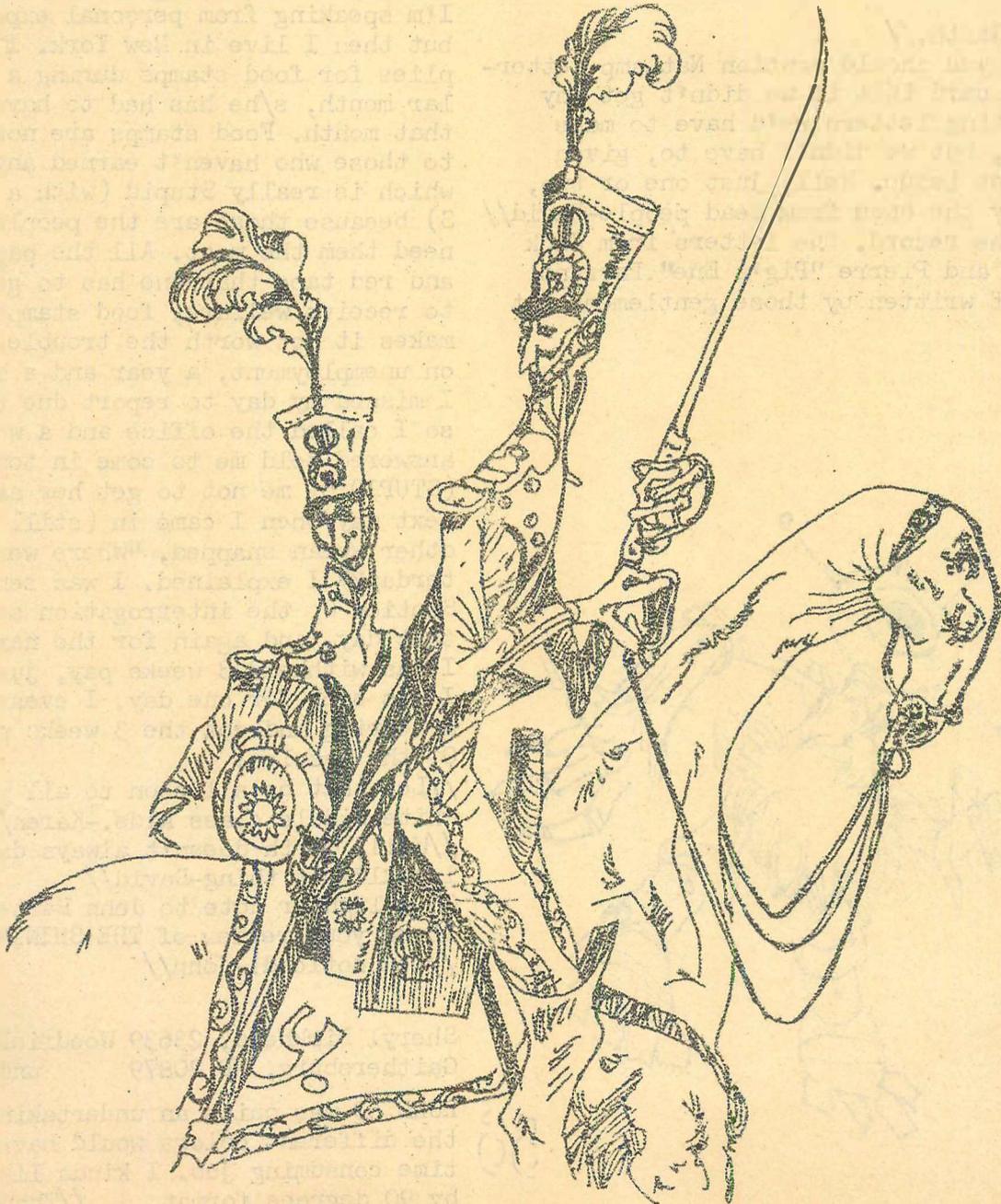
Smith seems so heartfelt and flamboyant and, well, a little bit weird with his dictionary-defying definition of fascism.

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It was hard to let go. And then, also, I have to remember that I'm isolated from fandom as a whole; I don't go to cons, attend club meetings, publish a big fanzine. I've never met most of you people. You really might be, on the whole, as weird and as unpleasant as such articles say you are.

'Timewarp'... was this someone's class assignment, or just an overdose of too many English courses? Either way, this is a lot more fun to read (and, I hope, more fun to write) than the usual term paper equivalent. Congrats to Rachel Fang.

Garth, your layout for the letter-

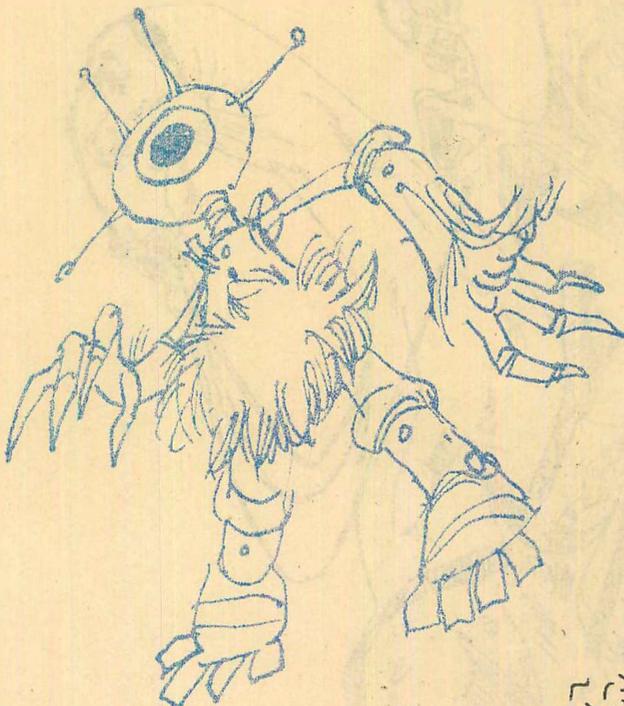


column made it very difficult to read. Let's be a little neater next time. Anal-retentiveness has its place, you know.

I also wondered if some of the letters were made up, as in the National Lampoon. It was the strong reaction to last issue's cover that made me think. The short angry letters were more in line with the type you see in professional magazines (like the ones that came when Ted White introduced bedroom scenes and four letter words to Amazing). They usually come from very angry people who aren't accustomed to writing letters. Fanzine readers, on the whole, are very accustomed to writing letters, so if something makes them very angry, they write, not short guttural notes, but long haranguing sermons. There didn't seem to be so many of those. Fess up, Garth, did you make any of these up?

//Nope-Garth.//

//Funny you should mention NatLamp letters. I said that if we didn't get any interesting letters we'd have to make some up, but we didn't have to, given our first issue. Well, just one or two, but only the ones from dead people-David//
//For the record, the letters from Jack Kerouac and Pierre "Pig's Eye" Parrant were not written by those gentlemen, but



by Joe Wesson (the truth will out). I hope Kerouac's & Parrant's estates don't sue us. All the other letters were real. So are all the letters (so far) in this issue. Where do these silly rumors start?-Karen//

Nina Bogin, 1781 Riverside Drive
New York, NY 10034 8/9/81

I could really relate to Garth's story, "How I Spent My Autumnal Vacation on Welfare". I have had to put up with such government hassles, like New York State Unemployment and food stamps processing.

First off, I think you made a big mistake to quit your job after they decided not to lay you off, with the difficulty of acquiring a job these days. I'm speaking from personal experience, but then I live in New York. If one applies for food stamps during a particular month, s/he has had to have worked that month. Food stamps are not given to those who haven't earned any income--which is really Stupid (with a capital S) because those are the people who need them the most. All the paperwork and red tape that one has to go through to receive welfare, food stamps, etc., makes it not worth the trouble. While on unemployment, a year and a half ago, I missed my day to report due to illness, so I called the office and a woman who answered told me to come in tomorrow. (STUPID of me not to get her name.) The next day when I came in (still sick) another woman snapped, "Where were you yesterday?" I explained. I was sent to Section C, the interrogation section, that day, and again for the next 2 weeks. I was withheld 3 weeks pay, just because I was sick for one day. I eventually had a hearing and got the 3 weeks pay back. O, the hassles!

//Let that be a lesson to all you good white middle class kids.-Karen//

//Well, Garth doesn't always do the most intelligent thing-David//

On a lighter note to John Bartelt: I loved your review of THE SHINING!!!

//You noticed?-John//

Sheryl Birkhead, 23639 Woodfield Rd.
Gaithersburg, MD 20879 undated

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RUNE 63 was quite an undertaking--just the different colors would have been a time consuming job. I kinda like the off by 90 degrees format. //Thanks//

Susan Ryan, 2200 Harriet Ave. S.
Mpls 55405

8/29/81

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As anyone who has had any truck with Rune will know, what it is now is not only far above what went before, but there hasn't been anything like it since Fred was editor. It is clever, attractive, and it warrants reading. Continue!

Continue! Do not be deterred by naysayers and bland-Annes. Continue to be creative, innovative, and even offensive. Make people care about Rune again. I for one would be greatly appreciative.

//Last issue contained lots of letters from people telling us what they thought of us. It seems only fair to print some of the letters that came to Rune's defense. Thanks a lot, hugs & kisses to you all.//

Trina Porte, 2709 Garfield Ave. S.
Mpls 55400

8/17/81

I have not read Rune before, as I am a non-fan fan; I go to meetings, parties, collations & Minicon, but I don't read s.f. and all that. My reasons for the above are simply that several good friends happen to be involved in fandon. //This is why you don't read s.f.? Never mind//

I did, however, read Rune 63 at the request of David Stever-Schnoes, because he mentioned the silly petitions being circulated. //Actually, there was only one petition of complaint, but that's another story.// Yes, silly! The worst thing about Rune 63 are the awful and frequent typos.

Would people start a petition against Time magazine for nasty letters/comments or sexist ads or disgusting artwork or photographs? Of course not! And certainly not after only two issues.

Gee whiz, where is everyone's sense of humor and stupidity, not to mention

good ol' fannish American fun. If some people need a worthwhile cause

to rally their anger, how about the truly sexist and harmful right-wing self-righteous fundamentalist movement, how about petitioning against James Watt?! That is a real threat!

//Ta, luv. Of course, a fringe-fan's opinion may not be worth as much as a trufan's in our fascistic society, but that's another article.//

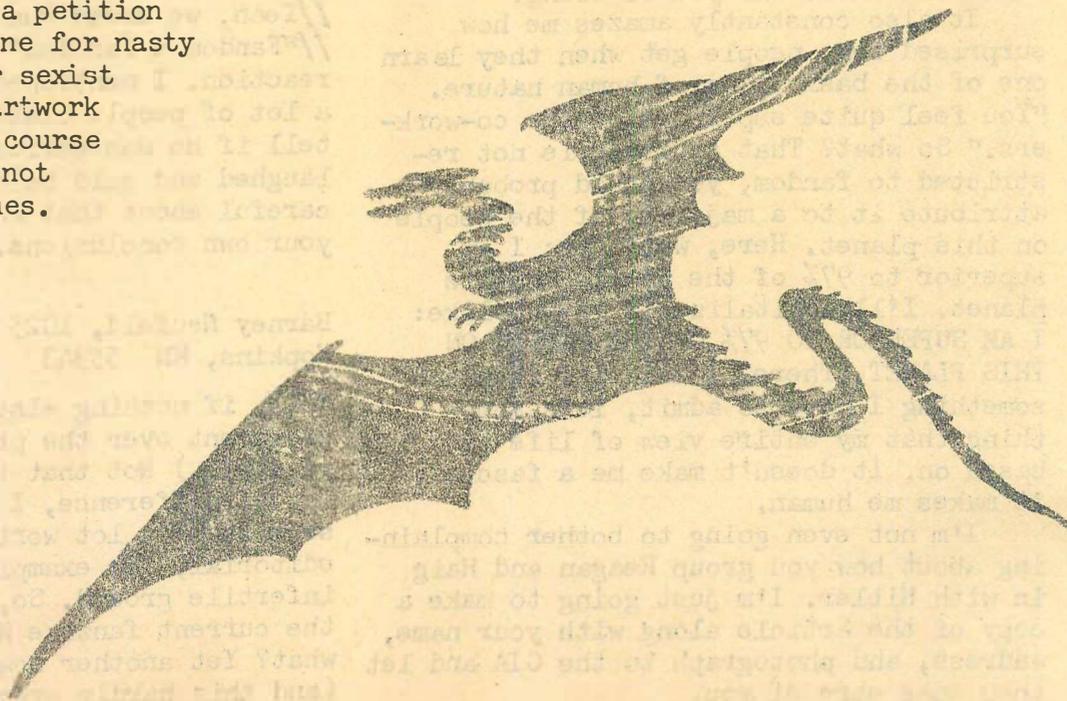
Ken Hahn, RD5 - 248
Auburn, NY 13021

I didn't mind Rine 62's cover, but #63 is going too far! The penises in the foreground disguised as mushrooms are a real gross out, as is the one in the spaceship door, turned upsidedown to look like a palm tree.

Also, the idea of a planet surrounded by a ring-like vagina---er---vagina-like ring is too far fetched and would never appear in nature.

Particularly disgusting was the robot with its sexual apparatus attached to its head. (Also the dot on the saxophonist's chest somewhat resembles a nipple; good thing I'm not picky.) But thanks anyway and keep up the good work, //Boy, Ken, I guess we'll have to watch ourselves in the future-David//

//Okay out there, run for your old Rune covers! And a prize to whoever finds the most obscenity in this ish's over!//



Bruce Schneier, P.O. Box 5185,
River Station, Rochester, N.Y. 14627

thanks Dave

Usually I have absolutely nothing to say about Rune, but Michael Parker Smith's article is an exception.

Michael, you have absolutely no idea what a fascist is. You cite a decent definition of the word somewhere in the beginning of your article and proceed to ignore it completely.

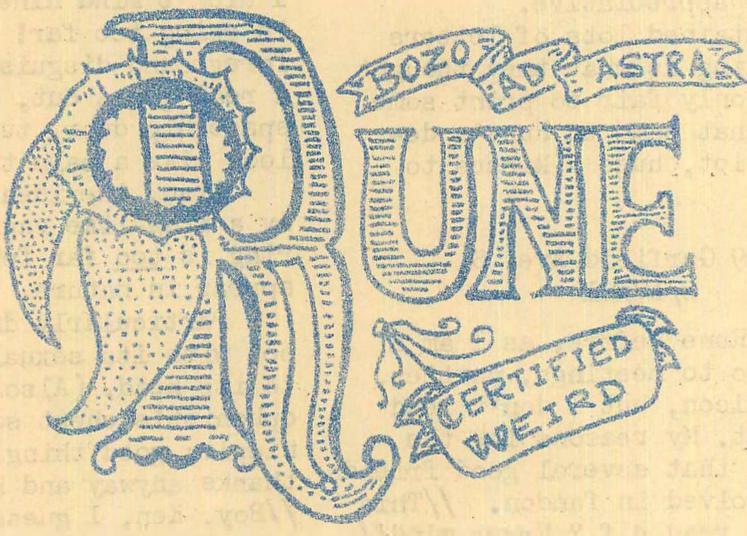
By your definition, anyone who has some sort of preference is automatically a fascist. Anyone who is patriotic or nationalistic, anyone who prefers one religion over all others, anyone who prefers one pair of shoes over all others. All of these people you lump together under one word. And you're wrong.

It also constantly amazes me how surprised some people get when they learn one of the basic laws of human nature. "You feel quite superior to your co-workers." So what? That attitude is not restricted to fandom, you could probably attribute it to a majority of the people on this planet. Here, watch me: I am superior to 97% of the people on this planet. I'll capitalize it if you like: I AM SUPERIOR TO 97% OF THE PEOPLE ON THIS PLANET. There, I said it. It's not something I have to admit, it's something that my entire view of life is based on. It doesn't make me a fascist, it makes me human.

I'm not even going to bother complaining about how you group Reagan and Haig in with Hitler. I'm just going to make a copy of the article along with your name, address, and photograph to the CIA and let them take care of you.

Now comes the part where I agree with something you said. While it is true that fandom has a much lower percentage of People-Who-Would-Do-The-World-More-Good-Dead-Than-Alive than the rest of the world, by no means do all of the "good" people live in fandom. I don't like the attitude that everything in fandom is necessarily good, and that everything outside of fandom is necessarily bad. Fandom doesn't have to be a way of life, it could just be an enjoyable way to spend a weekend or two.

Back to the editors. Good luck publishing Rune. I hope that it continues to improve. The only thing I dread to see is what you are going to



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do with the 69th issue. //Yeah, we dread Rune 69, too-David// // "Fandom & Fascism" sure got a lot of reaction. I mentioned to Mike Smith that a lot of people claimed they couldn't tell if he was serious or not. He just laughed and said he'd have to be more careful about that in the future. Draw your own conclusions.//

Barney Neufeld, 1025 2nd St NE #221
Hopkins, MN 55343 8/23/81

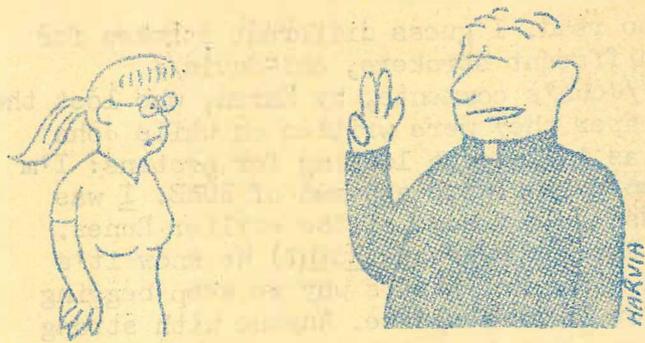
Well, if nothing else, RUNE 63 is an improvement over the previous issue. (It's readable.) Not that this made an awful lot of difference, I fear. There didn't seem to be a lot worth reading. Bartelt's editorial, for example. This is old hat, infertile ground. So, John doesn't like the current fanzine Hugo choices. So what? Yet another scathing editorial (and this hardly even qualifies as that!)

isn't going to change the situation.

Better he and those who agree with him should take action. There are several kinds. One, try the Worldcon business meeting (again), I know that many efforts have been made to change the criteria for fanzines in the Worldcon constitution. I know that few of them have had any real success. But, someone should keep trying. Two, boycott the Hugo nominees. I mean don't bother to vote on them, and actively campaign to get others not to vote. If a large enough bloc is established to ignore the fanzine Hugos entirely, the award is empty and may be changed or may just be forgotten. Three, compile and field your own "Hugo" ballot of valid fanzines for the voters' consideration. Submit your ballot to the Worldcon membership, tabulate any and all votes you obtain from it, and present your own award (named Hugo or something else). If suggestions two and 3 are combined, and enough people participate in three, it may eventually replace the "official" Hugo ballot with something most active fanzine fans consider accurate, or it may just cause the "official" rule-makers and definers to reevaluate their criteria.

//Gee, Barney, it may be old hat, but it seems to have gotten quite a thoughtful response from you. But I don't think you should name your new award the Hugo: that's already the name of the award given by the Chicago Film Festival.//

The point is that all this talk is getting boring. But, that is what we get every year when the Hugo nominations come out. A certain amount of complaint is expected and may even be valid, but



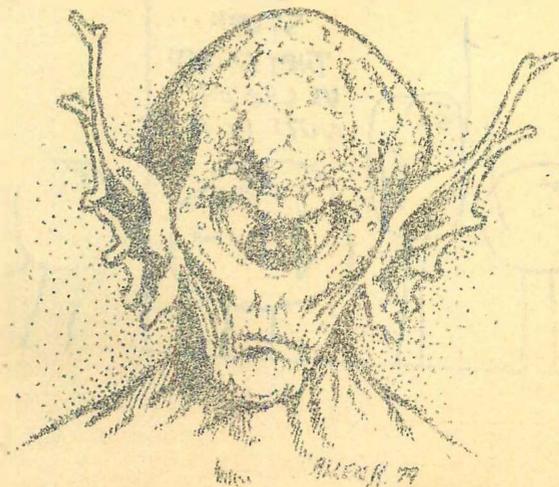
Ah, you have committed a typographical error, my daughter. You are forgiven. Go and transpose no more.

not when it is the same thing every year for year after year ad nauseum. If you don't like any of the suggestions I submitted above, come up with one of your own and do it. But, that's the important thing. Do it!

One point about "David's Editorial" (by John Bartelt): one possible reason that you did not receive much local response to RUNE 62 was that it was most certainly not "our" fanzine. A clubzine is supposed to reflect the club which puts it out. RUNE 62 did no such thing. It was sloppy, illegible, badly laid out, and very crude in appearance and attitude. I was quite honestly ashamed of it. RUNE 63 faired only slightly better. It, at least, was legible. The layout was somewhat more pleasing (though it still lacked a great deal). At least there was club news. The overall editorial attitude still stinks, though, and the response to some of the locs (and I was surprised to see a loccol, which 62 lacked completely) could have been more tactful. If the editorial purpose of the last two Runes was to herald a change in the zine, I agree that they succeeded admirably. It is a change I don't like, however. It does not represent me or the club of which I am a member, and I believe that situation can and should be changed.

cc: Board of Directors

//Well, I'm sorry you feel this way. The last Rune (previous series) didn't represent me at all, and wasn't that much fun



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to read. I guess different strokes for different strokers, eh?—David//
//John's comments, by Karen, who lost the paper they were written on while John was in Chicago looking for protons: I'm sorry you were ashamed of RÙNE. I was ashamed of some of the earlier Runes. (Did you ever see Ruin?) We know it's a clubzine: that's why we keep begging for local response. Anyone with strong feelings about this zine should share them with the editors, not keep them bottled up; I would have expected the Rune editors would be the first to hear them, not (in some cases) the last. The response printed in this issue shows that a lot of people do like the New Rune. It's hard to please everyone.

And by the way, Rune 62 had no lettercol because we thought it would be unfair to print & comment on letters addressed to other editors. (Some of them were more vitriolic than anything said about the current Runes!) And if you'll look at the last page of Rune 62, you'll see we printed all the club news there was. Einblatt - now expanded to extra pages! - carries lots of club news in detail. If you're a member of the club, you get Einblatt too.//
//Well, I agree entirely with my comments above. I'm glad to see local response, pro or con.—Karen//

Darrow W. Woods, 104 Mountdale Ave.
Thunder Bay, Ont. P7E 2Z5 9/29/81

Me Bizzaro Batman. Me take time from fighting good in Gotham North to write um letter to you Rune guys.

Your fanzine comes in the mail, I suppose, because whenever it's there, the

mailman was also.

I read Rune, or most of it. The index is pretty much a waste of time. I'll find out what it is when I get there.

Lessee. I like the Fandom and Fascism piece. I also like the column by Greg Ketter. But you-um remember, Bizarro likes bad, hates good.

I guess I'm not really a fan. It seems to me that the issue discussed in Fandom and Fascism has much wider application. We're not just talking about fans, kids. This is Pinch Hurt the real world.

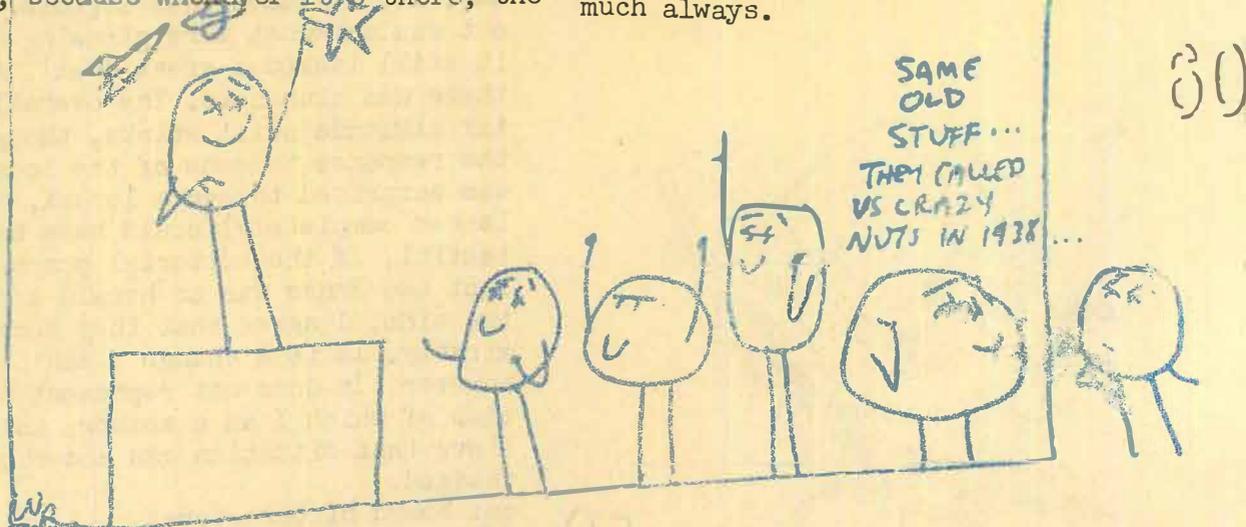
In our search for personal significance/identity slash importance we slap ourselves with labels and join clubs, unions, political parties, cults, classes as a means of being SOMEONE. If I'm surrounded by countless me-clones, I must be ALL RIGHT.

Life is a fraternity. We are who we know, or we think we are. Our cell-groups define and identify us. To be an individual we feel pressured to join together with others. Unity is security.

But we know all this. Even Bizzaro know-um this. This realization should rumble us, and probably does, somewhere beneath a quivering cliché heap. The need for affirmation by group is fairly universal. If we recognize and admit it, how can we claim supremacy as a group over anyone?

The American Legion and Fandom are the same. Bite and chew that for a while. Bizzaro fun.

Of course-um we band together and form happy sub-cultures and common interest groups. The tribal unit lives, as long as it it needed. Which is pretty much always.



Tell me I'm wrong. And then tell your best friend/wife/girl/boy/friend/soul mate/guru/analyst/teacher/son/daughter/mother/father/milkman/union boss/captain what an asshole I am.

Oh no-um. Something in Rune-thing made-um me think. Bizzaro Batman no like think.

I'm looking at a letter by a Gary Deindorfer from Trenton. I'm commenting-um.

Bizarro Batman speaks-um. I agree that the heroes are those who act consciously in freedom. The exercise of their will in apparent defiance of the status quo creates an individual. The positive or negative qualities of the act of will define the individual as either hero or anti-hero. An individual that is neither obviously hero or anti-hero is a character. A character can bounce between polarities.

If an individual exercises his will upon other people he is a leader. He is not necessarily a hero because he is a leader.

We need all of these underlined roles in our Big Romace. Life needs players. The recognized desire in society for

heroes is actually a need for these roles. We enjoy the anti-hero as much as the hero. We identify with/towards the individual. And we follow the leader. Or we be him.

Bizzaro again say-um the obvious. The obvious is true.

My prayers and thoughts are with you guys.
//Gee, um, thanks Bizarro (or Bizzaro). Next time can you type your letter?//

Gary Deindorfer, 447 Bellevue Av #9B
Trenton, NJ 08618 9/12/81

I'll tell you what I thought I was doing with my last loc to your magazine. I was imitating Mike Glicksohn. I had noticed that sometimes Glicksohn writes a loc crammed with elaborate rhetorical insults. But it is clear that he is just kidding. "I'll try a letter to the new RUNE based on a typical Glicksohn mock insult loc," I said to myself, in a manner of speaking.

I have reread my loc in RUNE 63 and I am somewhat chargined. My insults don't appear mock enough. I think I have crossed the fine line that divides



insanity from insanity.

You were surprisingly mild in your replies to insults dished out in my letter. Gee, I was only kidding. I must admit I got carried away. I didn't mean to hurt anybody's feelings.

//Gee, are you implying that Runeds have feelings? And that last ish's comments were mild? Golly. Why don't you move to Minneapolis?//

But you don't have to call me "Mr. Deindorfer." Nobody calls me that. Just call me "Mr. Glicksohn" from now on.

Now, I feel bad about calling Luke McGuff stupid. That's reckless shooting. Not from the hip, just me trying to sound hip. It isn't fair to Luke, though, because he's not stupid. He may not follow out his ideas through their sequences to distant conclusions, but that's more laziness than stupidity. Eric Mayer has made me realize that there may be more to McGuff's writing style than I thought. Here is Eric from a personal letter to me, "I don't think McGuff takes all that stuff so seriously and I suspect it will turn out that he's a better writer than anyone at first supposes, rather like Bruce Townley."

Maybe Luke's writing style is basically original, and it has eluded me. Instead of expecting closely reasoned statements about the fanzines he writes about, maybe I should relax and "go with the flow" of his impressionistic fragments. Keeping that in mind, though, it seems as though Luke has retreated a little from the iconoclasm of his first column installment, coming on blander and more conciliatory in his second installment. If he is going to err, I think he would do better to err on the side of recklessness.

Now I'll spiral out to comment on the rest of the letter column, having covered my own letter, and, later, spiral still further out to deal with the rest of #63.

Yes, I can see how Larry Becker has become a stylist in his art, making the most of his limitations. And he has become a very original stylist, too. His illoes for the were-drobes article are arresting (I hope they don't arrest me) and memorable.

Sid Fictitious' letter sounds a lot like Bruce Townley's writing style, or lack of writing style. That's my guess. Do I win a Crackerjack prize?

//We think it was Tony Renner, but we haven't heard from him lately. Will the

real Sid Fictitious please spit up?//

I'm glad to hear there will be a Rico Popoqatipetetl story in the next Rune. I wonder how much I'll overreact to Rico's tale this time? Really, he not only has savoir faire, but even sang froid. Does he sniff airplane glue?

Parrant's letter reads as though it might be a stylistic parody of a certain letter by Mr. Deindorfer in the same letter column. I don't know about Pig's Eye, but I don't usually load my letters with "sucks", "take it up the ass", "fuckin'", etc. I am not usually that macho. I don't know what came over me, or even who came over me. I didn't even catch her name.

I am glad to hear you are all normal hetero guys with girl friends. I am an abnormal hetero guy without a girl friend.

Hey, it's good to see a letter from the gost of Jack Kerouac. I just finished reading JACK8S BOOK last week. Was that a great oral biography or was that a great oral biography? Really brought that old "beatnoid era" alive, and then some. So this Kerouac letter from the Beyond was appreciated, at least by this Kerouac fan.

//Jack's undergoing a popular renaissance amongst the Rune cartel. I wonder how widespread this phenomenon is?//

The cover is fun, especially if you are a musician. As clever as it may be (and it may be), I like the bacover better. This is an awfully well done take off on correspondence school ads, buddhism, both or neither. It is so good that if Alan Watts and Jack Kerouac were still With Us, I think they would find humor in it too. It's implications and ramifications are extensive. Wish I could think of some of them.

Rachel Fang's article is awfully clever. Reminds me of something that might have appeared in older editorial incarnations of RENE; well, at least before Pelton and Kennedy RENE'd it. It's wry. It's witty. It's civilized. It's not warmed over Black Panther speeches, circa late 60s, which is what Smith's screed seems to amount to. And, of course, Ken Fletcher continues to be one of my perennial favorite humorous fan artists. As far as I'm concerned, he has few peers when it comes to illustrating a humorous text. Though I must give Larry Becker his due and opine that Becker has shown signs of equalling Fletcher at this demanding art lately.

I like the new incarnation of RUNE.
It's off the beaten track.
//We all like Ken's art, too.//

Dave Szurek, 4417 Second, apt. B15
Detroit, MI 48201 undated

My only complaint about the spring '81 issue of RUNE is that it never made the number clear. Some of us have too many other things going on in our lives to keep tabs, and while the cover represented this as #63, the inside said it was #66.

//Mediocre repro to blame. If you look hard at that 66, you'll see it was meant to be 63.//

A negative review that I recently read of RUNE shows how different two people's viewpoints can be, for I think that RUNE has improved since you guys took over. Just a case of what one individual prefers over what another likes. //It feels so good to hear someone say that. I'd quote more of your long, long letter but I'm real tired of this xtyping business. Now on to a different point of view://

Dan Goodman, Box 80043
St. Paul, MN 55108 10/81

You wanted me to write about my reasons for circulating two petitions, one asking the Minn-Stf board to replace the editors of RUNE....

It boils down to this: a club-zine should not be too deliberately offensive. Replying to a letter from someone who asks to be taken off the mailing list with "Good" is out of line--way out of line. In someone's own zine, it is the editor's business; readers can choose whether or not they approve, and act accordingly. But RUNE is the Minn-Stf genzine, paid for (at least in part) by Minn-Stf funds, and with Minn-Stf's reputation being affected by what the editors do.

And then there is Michael Parker Smith's piece, in which he calls us all a bunch of Fascists. I've talked with Mike Smith about this, in person. He quite freely admitted that it was deliberately obnoxious. He explained that you had to get people mad in order to start them thinking. There may be merits to that theory (the next time I want Mike Smith to change his mind, I may try kicking him in the groin for a while and seeing if

that makes his mind more flexible)—but I think articles written on that theory are out of line for the Minn-Stf genzine.

Moving on to other things which I considered within the editors' rights, though I didn't care for them (but which would not have induced me to want the editors replaced as soon as possible):

I've been in fandom for about 19 years now; it sometimes seems I've been reading outraged editorials about how the wrong publications get the fanzine Hugos for at least 40 years.

I think it could be plausibly argued that the large-circulation zines like LOCUS and SFR are the only zines that are eligible for the fanzine Hugo. Part of the requirement, last time I heard, was that the fanzines nominated had to be "generally available". I think that with Worldcon membership in the thousands, any zine whose circulation is much lower can't be considered "generally available" to the Hugo voters.

Incidentally, I can tell John Bartelt why individual issues aren't nominated. In the list of Hugo winners, he will find Earl Kemp's WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION?



back in the earlyish 50s. This was a one-short circulated through FAPA and SAPS. The rules got changed so "real fanzines" would win from then on: which is why there's a rule (or was, last time I looked) requiring fanzine Hugo nominees to have published four issues in the year for which nominations are being made.

Now, of the fanzines I've seen which I consider best, almost none have ANY chance of being nominated for the fanzine Hugo. With a very few exceptions, they are all apazines.

Joe Wesson's reply to Lee Hoffman's letter sounds as though he wasn't bothering to think about what she'd said. Lee gave some evidence that fanspeak serves a practical purpose (along with other purposes that might be less praiseworthy.) Joe seems to be ignoring that entirely.

//First, for you readers not residing in the Twin Cities, some background. RUNE is indeed the cluzine of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society (Minn-Stf), and is paid for by the profits from Minicon, a function of Minn-Stf. The editor(s) are appointed (from volunteers) by the Minn-Stf Board of Directors. (Over the years it's had a variety of editors who've each given it a very distinctive & personal feel. This is still the case, obviously.) Some people felt Rune was somewhat bland under the last editors. No one calls it bland any more.

I'm not one of the current editors, but they're all friends of mine and I'm editing this lettercol because it sounded like fun and because, as one of them said, they're not to be trusted with it anymore. (That was supposed to be a joke)

Now: As a member of Minn-Stf (and as a reader of RUNE) Dan has every right to disagree with the editorial policy and content. But I absolutely believe that he should have talked to the editors before circulating petitions against them and their doings. I know that one of the reasons for The New Rune's outrageousness has been to stir up local reaction, to provide an antithesis to the blandthesis of the previous Rune. (I'm assuming a synthesis will be arrived at eventually). Dan showed his petitions to David Stever and talked with him about his opinions, but he never spoke to the other editors, never volunteered a loc to RUNE. The petitions were passed directly to the Board. (Shades of Fandom & Fascism!) Anyway, I asked Dan why he

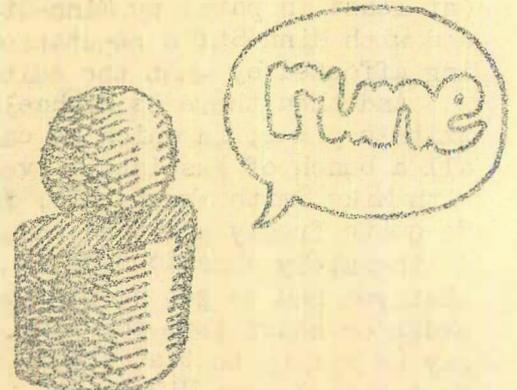
didn't want to speak/write directly to RUNE, and he said he was concerned about the editing and response that might appear in these august pages. So I promised him that I wouldn't edit without his permission, and that he could see this response and veto the whole thing if he wanted. (The same offer holds to anyone else who's that worried.)

Now back to our program of sparkling and light-hearted responses to letters:

I'm no fan of fascism--I'm an anarchist, in case you haven't guessed--but I sorta agree with Mike Smith: sometimes you do have to get people mad to get them thinking. To quote Malaclypse the Younger: It's an ill wind that blows no minds. And to quote me: If it shakes people up it can't be all bad. Angering people in print and kicking them in the groin are two different things, though: it's easier to walk away from RUNE than it is to walk away from a kick in the balls.

But I have to agree with you, Dan, about the redundancy of John's editorial on fannish Hugos. I've only been in fandom 6 years, and I've heard the same story ad nauseum, too. But look around you (no, not your home, this lettercol). That editorial generated lots and lots of comment, some of it actually intelligent and informative! And it is true that the nature of fandom has changed a lot in 19 years; the problems today have more to do with the size of fandom, not the quality of the fanzines.

But isn't the four-issue rule not 4 issues in one year, but four issues total, with one in the year of nomination?



David Cummer, 2709 Garfield Ave. S.
Mpls, MN 10/10/81

Good Morning Deaf-eared Editors of Rune;
(The "deaf-eared" remark has nothing to
do with Rune politics nor is it any sort
of nasty comment. I just couldn't bring
myself to call any of you guys dear. I
mean it's one
thing to let
Garth Danielson
sit on my couch,
but to call him
dear??? I mean a
guy's gotta think
of his reputation)

I was gonna
go through RUNE
63 and pick out
things to make
great, witty
comments about
but I don't
feel like it.
Hmmm, the old
"I was gonna...
but..." state-
ment. Does that
mean fandom can
be proved mathematically?

Sure RUNE 63 was full of shit and
nonsense but so am I. But it had its
stupid flashes of near brilliance.
There's a lot of truth to the articles
by Jim Young and Michael Parker Smith.
Yep, Fandom's just like the Baptist
Church I used to go to back home in
Moorhead. Some people are all right and
are real human beings and a lot of the
people like to run around with petitions
trying to get one thing or another
banned 'cause it makes them feel like
they're actually doing something and
not just rotting while they walk. (Take
that you schmucks!)

//Hey, guys, look, a local response!//

Darrell Schweitzer, 113 Deepdale Rd.
Strafford, PA 19087 undated

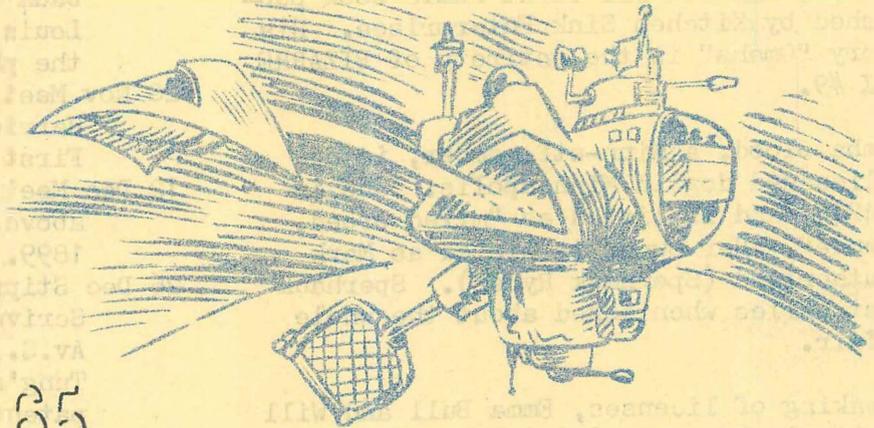
I looked around for a frequent, good
quality, high circulation fanzine and...
you're it.....

//No comment.//

WAHF: Jon Gustafson, Robert Briggs, Burt
Libe, Georgie Schnobrich, David Palter,
L. J. Juliano, Robert J. Whitaker, M.E.
Covan, Valeria Beasley, Neal Wilgus, and
Mr. Lizard, who says Sid Fictitious &
Tony Renner are defunct.

Karen Trego, 2020 Park Ave. S.,
Mpls MN 55404 10/11/81

First off, the Great Cover Controversy.
I was looking through some old Runes
and noticed Jim Odbert's nude-on-a-
stylized-penis cover, and it's comments:



no one called that pornography. Why did
so many people get upset about Becker's
cover on RUNE 62? Could it be because
it wasn't symmetrical? But Laramie
Sasseville's (there you go, Laramie, I
spelled it right!) 2 covers were GREAT.

Hope you guys forgive me if I got a
little testy in this here lettercol, but
I think a lot of the criticism was just
unfair. I think you've been printing too
many Whither Fandom and Fandom Stinks
articles. I love fandom, and so do you,
even you Joe, or you ~~z~~ wouldn't be here.
And I don't think anything you've
printed has been very controversial.
Also much of it is poorly written--I
mean, it wouldn't have gotten a good
grade in a high school English course.

I like the experimenting with lay-
out and design (wait til your readers
see the NEXT Rune(s)). I like all the
art. I like the fact that lots of people
are getting EXCITED about Rune. I like
the fact that this is my own letter and
I don't have to corflu my mistakes. ~~xxx~~
I like Luke's fanzine column and Greg
Ketter's Column.

I hope your readers have appreciated
this, the Politically Correct Rune. I know
I've tried to be moderate in all things.
If it's still offensive, that's just too
fucking bad.

LOCAL NEWS NOTES:

Jim Young, first editor of RUNE (before it was even named RUNE) and a founding father of Minn-stf, has taken a job with the U.S. State Department. He has relocated to Washington for the time being, and the foreign service will be sending him to the Consulate at Frankfurt, West Germany next summer. Attaboy Jim, you ugly American, you!

Local artist Reed Waller (co-founder of VOOTIE) has had his first comic book published by Kitchen Sink Enterprises. His story "Omaha" is the entirety of BIZARRE SEX #9.

Simba Blood, a Minn-stf member, is now a licensed dog in Minneapolis. She is #14245, and is listed as "mixed breed, blonde". Her owner is listed as Mark Southerland (Sperhawk Ryder). Sperhawk just smiles when asked about the whole affair.

Speaking of licenses, Emma Bull and Will Shetterly were married October 17, in a ceremony in Saint Paul, presided over by Universal Life Minister Pamela Dean. The readings by Jerry Stearns, Kate Worley, Reen and Steve Brust were very apropos; they (the readings) were picked out by the Rev. Dean. The bride's band (the Albany Free Traders) entertained afterwards.

David Stever is waffling between remaining Stever-Schnoes and returning to Stever. He's always answered to Stever (there be being more Davids than anything else), and will still answer to David, Stever-Schnoes, and Two-names. He will not respond at all to Dave, Schnoes, or Schones.

Minicon comes to the civilized side of the Mighty Mississippi next Easter, when it comes to Saint Paul. Long time Minneapolis residents are reminded that they will need their small pox vaccination updated...

Look for the RUNE in January, with an issue of EINBLATT (that's the local newsletter) sometime around the end of November, just after Chambanacon/Thanksgiving. All you Runies out there have a happy and pleasant holiday season, and we hope that Santa gives you everything you ~~deserve~~ want. We're just looking for tens and twenties, ourselves...

UPCOMING EVENTS IN MINN-STF'S UNIVERSE:

- 31 Oct Meeting @ David Cargo's. 3040 Harriet Av.S., Mpls 55408 822-4523 Sharon Kahn and Richard Tatge's wedding anniversary, 1980.
- 7 Nov Stippleapa collation @ Judy Cilcain's. 2416 25th Av.S., Mpls 55406 722-0970 Marie Curie's birthday.
- 14 Nov Meeting @ Elaine Barrett's. 215 W 22nd St., Mpls. 55408 871-6614 Prince Charles' birthday (Hi Di!)
- 21 Nov Minneapa collation @ Jan Appelbaum's parent's. 5826 26½ St., St. Louis Park 55422 Edison announces the phonograph, 1877.
- 28 Nov Meeting @ Don Bailey's. 3042 Harriet Av.S., Mpls 55408 822-2851 First Army-Navy football game 1890.
- 12 Dec Meeting @ Judy Cilcain's. Address above. The Golf tee was patented, 1899.
- 26 Dec Stippleapa collation @ Joyce Scrivner & Denny Lien's. 2528 15th Av.S., Mpls 55404 722-5217 Mac Tse Tung's birthday, coffee percolator patented, 1865.
- 19 Dec Minneapa collation @ Linda Moss, Nate Bucklin, & Dave Romm's. 3040 17th Av.S., Mpls 55407 724-1305 Geo. Washington Camped out at Valley Forge PA, 1777
- 2 Jan Meeting @ TBA ??? Spain took Granada from the Moors, 1492 The Cuban Revolution, 1959 Asimov's birthday.

Helping collate the last issue of RUNE were Garth, John, Joe, David, Karen Trego, Mitch Thornhill, Sarah Green, Trina Porte, David Innis, Rhip Baldrige Laramie Sasseville, and Floyd Henderson.

Helping to type this issue of RUNE, we thank ourselves (someone had to), and Karen Trego. That's what you get for living with a fanzine editor, Karen!

With the next issue, we will be using three and possibly four colors, thanks to the acquisition of another ABDick from Mark Brown, a long time Minn-stf member. We have it on long term loan, and it should be ready to go in time for the next time. We may be on the trail of another drum, but who knows right now. The shadow does, but we're not talking to him.

BULLETIN We now have two mimeos and four drums- look for the four color RUNE in the new year.

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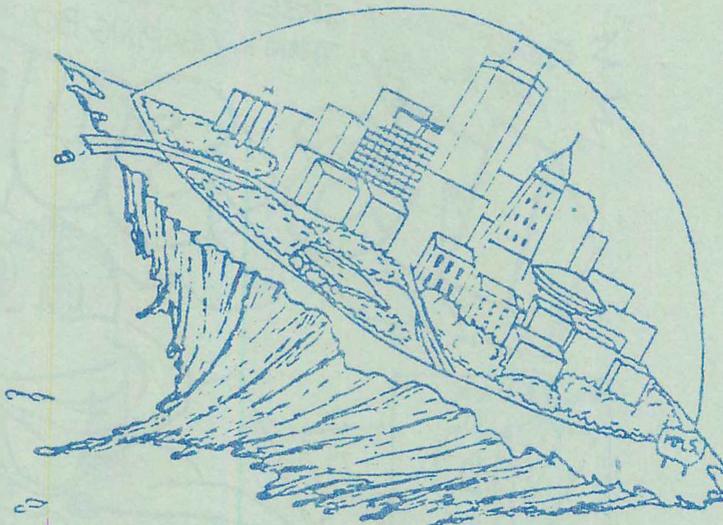
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