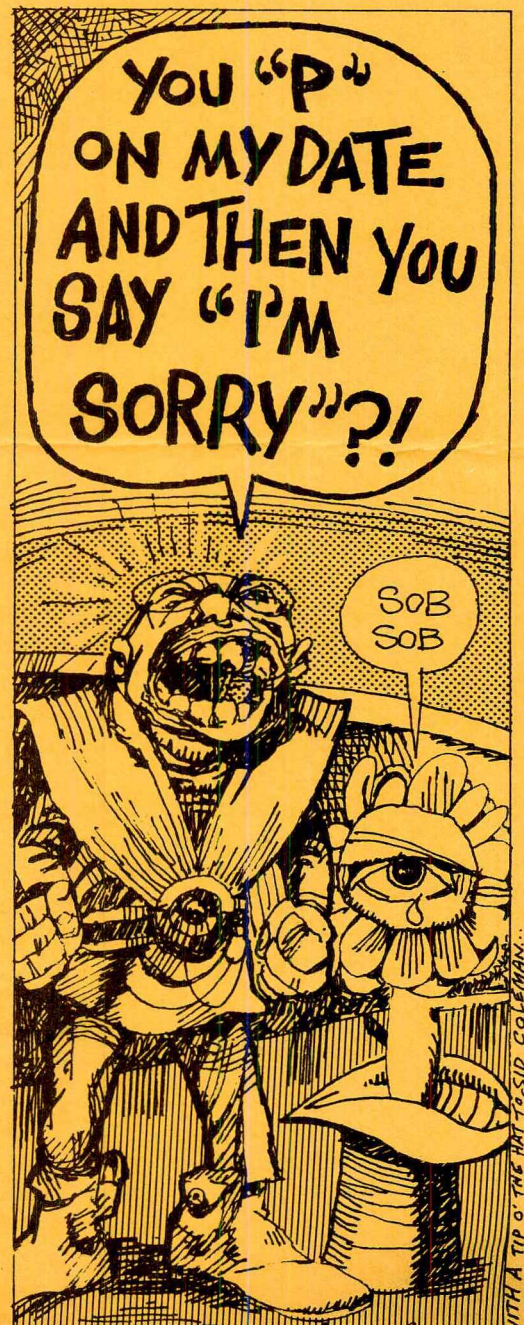
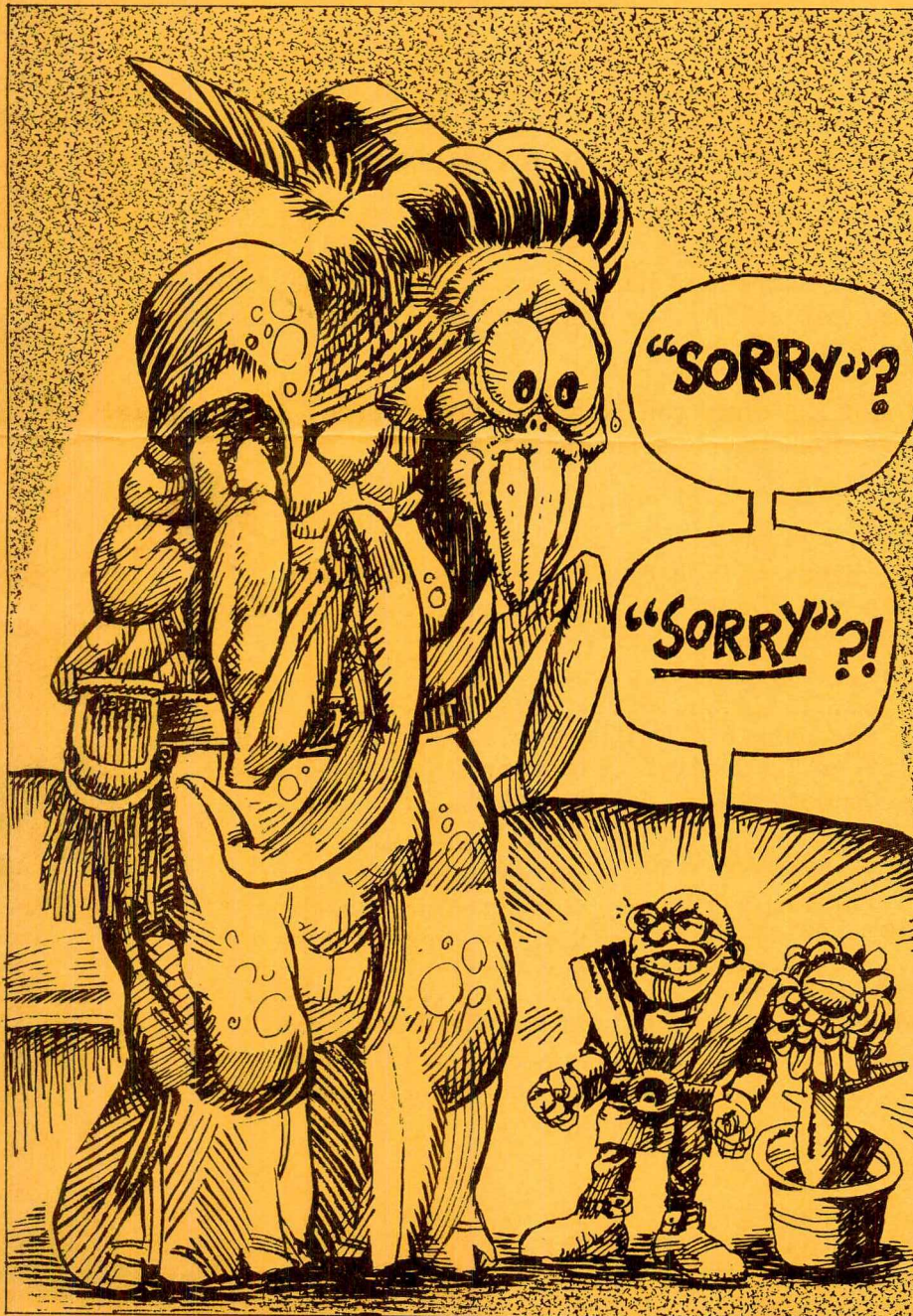


RUNE 42



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THE DEADLINE for material for the next issue is: Wednesday, 30 April 1975

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PLEASE LET US KNOW YOUR NEW ADDRESS when you move (ahead of time, if possible) so you can continue to receive RUNE without interruption.

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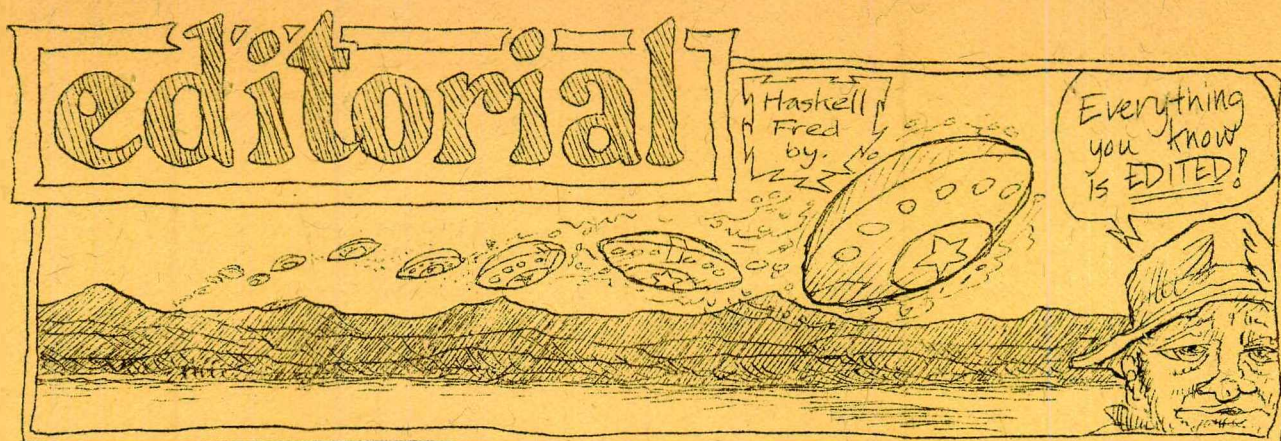
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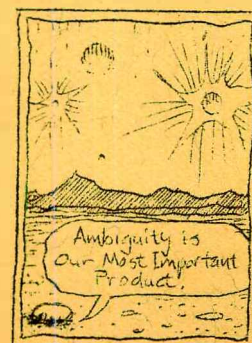
Steve Stiles; cover.
Grant Canfield; page 17.
Ken Fletcher; pages 2, 4, 5, & 25.
Tom Foster; pages 12, 20, & 29.
Reed Waller; pages 13, 31, & 37.

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Nostalgia. What's it all about? Right now, you would think that it means "a longing for a return to the 1950's," at least judging from the popular usage of the term. And I guess that a lot of people right now would like to do an ostrich, turtle, armadillo, or porcupine number (depending on where they're coming from) -- it got too painfully obvious that even large groups of marchers could not stop poverty, intolerance, injustice, and the army overnight, so many decided it would be best to forget that those things are there, and retreat into blissful ignorance. In any case, that's not really the point of what I'm saying here, it's just a side thought. What I'm dealing with here is nostalgia. Now nostalgia, to me, has always meant a longing for some period, or even some specific moments, in my past when I was particularly happy. Or when things were particularly poignant. You know. Like my first Worldcon. Or the first time I made love (which, oddly enough, overlapped -- thus undoubtedly warping my entire view of worldcons forever). Or any other number of happy times in my life which were particularly nice, or memorable, or whathaveyou. Maybe I'm just too young or something, but if there's any externally defined period for which I am nostalgic, it's certainly not the fifties; it is more like the late sixties. That, to me, was a wonderful time -- a time when we thought that we could actually do something to solve some of the world's problems, and a time of freedom and loving. (Of course, it didn't take long to discover that we are only free if we choose to do things that aren't too out of the ordinary -- true freedom to do whatever we might want (even if it wouldn't harm anybody) doesn't exist anywhere, and probably never will.)

However, I am again allowing myself to get off the subject. What I want to talk about is nostalgia. And in fact, not even general nostalgia, but rather, a nostalgia for a particular thing -- a particular phrase. This phrase, nay, this concept, is one which brings to me fond memories. Memories of a time of enthusiasm. A time of fun and yes, a time of giddy insanity. And that concept? Minneapolis Yellow. Ahh...already I can see those of you who Know about Minneapolis Yellow smiling a sweet, secret smile. You remember, don't you? The thrill, the faanishness, the loonie good times of it all. I don't have to tell you about it.



Ken Fletcher '75

But I see that there are others of you who are scratching your heads. "What's this 'Minneapolis Yellow' he's talking about? What does it all mean?" you ask. Well, I'll see if I can explain. Picture, if you will, a small and new fan group, made up of young, enthusiastic fans. Fans who, despite their lack of knowledge of fanish realities and fine points (or perhaps because of it), are already faanish. Young fans who get together and have a good time, and who see fandom as a big, happy family of other people like themselves. Young fans who are into publishing faanish fanzines -- who want to share their joys with other fans, and have other fans share their joys with them. This pretty much describes the early days of Minn-stf. There we were -- pretty much like Heinlein's Martian Nymphs -- bouncing around, having a marvelous time, and being certain that the world, and fandom, was our oysterette. In truth, it was the time when the myth, or the legend (depending on which way you choose to look at it), of "Those Crazy Minneapolis Fans" got its start. Ahh, what a wonderful time!

But how does this relate to the concept "Minneapolis Yellow," I hear you ask. Well, it was in this period that Jim Young, Ken Fletcher, and I were hitting our first peak of fanzine publishing -- Jim with the now legendary Hoop, Ken with many wonderous fanzines with funny names, and I with LOVE. (Frank Stodolka's LUNatic had already seen its last issue by this time.) For some reason, probably more chance than anything else, we all chose to publish on yellow paper. Someone noticed this, and started proclaiming the wonders of those crazy fanzines all printed on "Minneapolis Yellow." It was the common bond -- the identification mark of Those Crazy Minneapolis Fans. Ahh, I get drifty and watery just thinking about it....

In any case, why am I telling you all this? Well, it's simple. In recognition and remembrance of those wonderous times, and better still, in order to mark the ushering in of a New Golden Age of Minneapolis Fandom, I have decided to return RUNE to that wonderful time, that wonderful feeling, that wonderous substance -- Minneapolis Yellow! So be it.

* * *

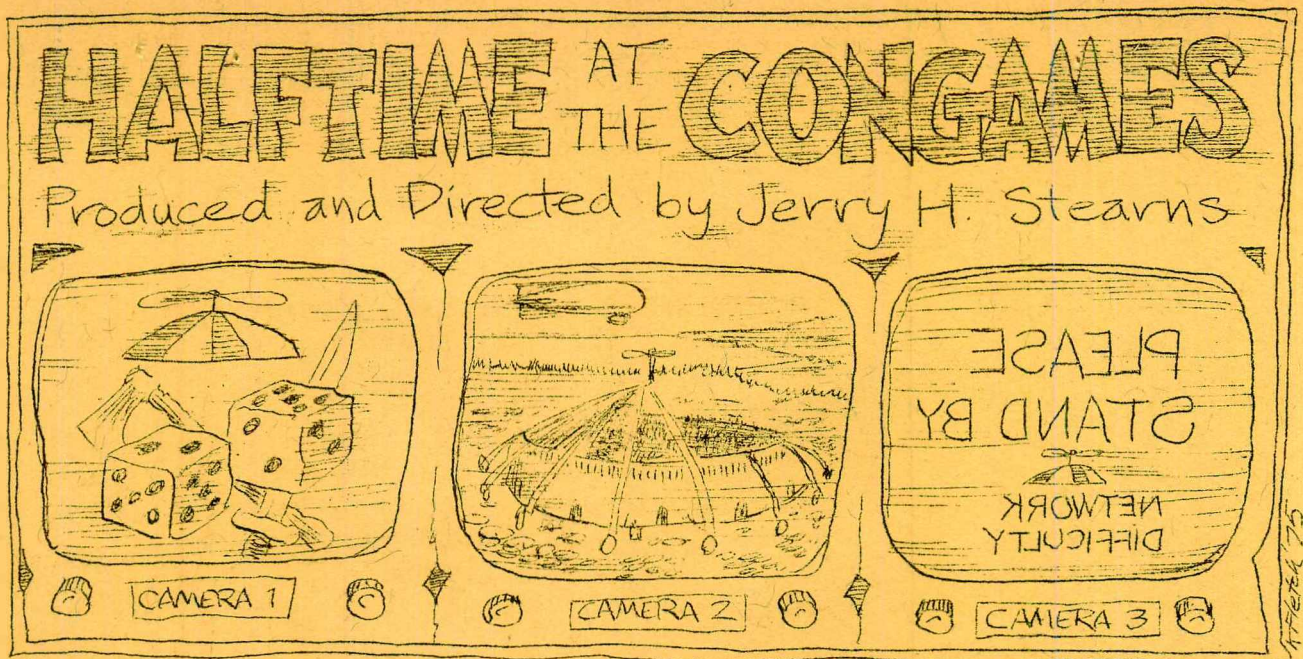
(See. I warned you that I have trouble thinking of things other than "mechanics of the zine" type stuff to write about editorially. And come to think of it, I have a couple of other things to mention before we get on with the rest of the zine.)

Thanks undoubtedly to Dave Wixon's fine book reviews in the last few issues, RUNE has been placed on the science fiction review list of two major publishers: Doubleday and Avon. So if anybody in the club thinks they might like to try their hand at reviewing, they are invited to stop by my place and pick up a book.

And I'd like to again remind everybody that this is the last issue of RUNE you'll be getting unless you do something. I would recommend going to the Minicon as being not only your best value, but also a hell of a good time; but if you don't choose to do that, you can also continue to get RUNE by sending in \$1 for one year, or by submitting publishable artwork, articles, or letters of comment.

I hope you enjoy this issue. I sure am having fun doing it....

FRED HASKELL



"We're back, and this is the old fancaster, Jack Gaffer...well, not THAT old, I mean, not like First Fandom or anything, but...."

"JACK!"

"Right. This is Jack Gaffer back for the stimulating halftime activity here in Harlan Stadium. It's a bright and brisk spring afternoon here in Frostbite Falls, Minnesota. The propellor beanie dome is fully rolled open and we can see the SCA banners flapping in the stiff wind off of Lake Superior. Faintly on the horizon we can barely make out the southern edge of the Reserve Taconite Shoal. At 22 degrees Celsius it's a perfect day for a gamescon.

This person beside me in the booth is Brenda Brownberry, my partner in battle today, and the prettiest little lady this booth has ever seen."

"Thank you, Jack, and don't ever call me that again."

"You don't like to be called 'pretty'?"

"Sure. But I'm not a 'LITTLE LADY'!"

"So I see."

"Where was I?"

"Thank you, Jack, and...."

"I take it back. As I was saying, this year's Congames Invitational Gamescon is the first to be held in the new domed Harlan Stadium. This threeway event is called the Congames after the manner in which Dr. Isaac Asimov was... persuaded to fly out here for the first Gamescon in Minneapolis in '73. This gaudy stadium is named in honor of Harlan Ellison, who threw out the first dice on that same historic occasion. I understand he still has those dice encased in plastic in the vault with his 26 Hugo Awards. Jack."

"Brenda. I can hear the kazoos tuning up on the far side of the field

readying for the musical portion of our halftime spectacle. Before the band starts onto the field, though, let me quickly run over the statistics from the first half. In the Dungeon descent the Holtville Springs' Wombats are trailing the Minnesota Crazies' six-person Dungeon team by six gold bars and ten karma points. The big play there was a brilliant quickkill of three Balrogs by Minn-stf's Reg von Grabbit, the offensive veteran dwarf Ninja."

"What a weapon he is!"

"Tom, will you cut off her mike until I'm finished, please? Good. uhmmm...But that's not the whole story. The Crazy defensive dragons have been hitting often and made the first half slow going for the Wombats, and nearly cost them a descender near the two minute warning signal.

Over on the Risk side of the field we can see the array of colorful markers showing the present situation in that matchup. As you know this Invitational meet always plays standard Risk rules without the variations played at the Regional gamescons. This year the judges have voted to use the standard Earth-map gameboard, used at six of the previous Congames. The Secret Masters of Congames Committee has already announced that next year's gameboard will be the map of Pellucidar.

With this excellent overhead camera shot from the Minn-stf Zeppelin, we see that the green Dorsai markers of the Minnesota Zanies Risk team covers all of the Americas and are creeping over into Asia in the east. The yellow Mule markers of the Holtville Springs Dodos occupy Africa and Atlantis and a good part of Europe and Asia on the west. The blue Dolphin markers of the Los Angeles's Puppeteers seem to be bottled up in Australia and Lower Middle Earth. You can bet they'll be brushing up on hand-to-hand combat plays during the break in the lockerroom. The three teams have three, three, and one Risk cards respectively. So that's how it stands at halftime. We'll be back for musical entertainment right after this word."

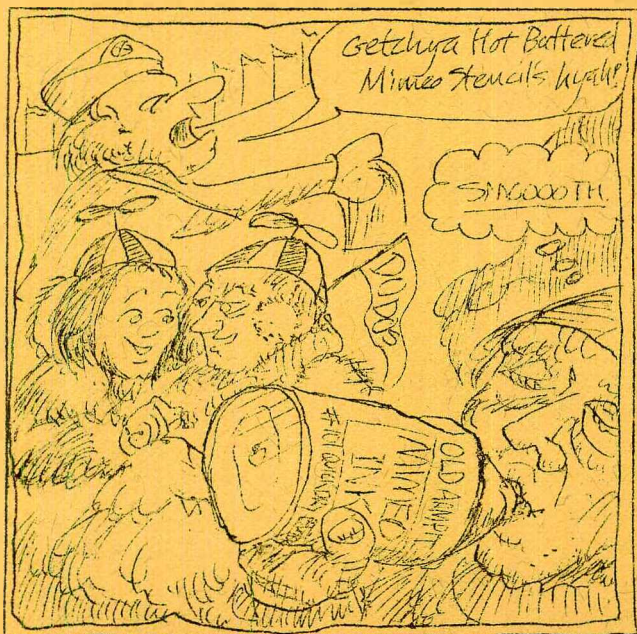
* * *

"Pubbing my first article in RUNE was really a great moment in my career. I'm Gnott Touchey of the Minnesota Crazies. But I want you to meet another great moment. This is the fan group in Artichoke Lake, South Dakota. They had been meeting by flashlight in the stacks of the town library to talk about SF,

and had no idea there were other groups just like themselves all over the world. With only six science fiction books in the whole library they soon ran out of material, until an NSF fieldworker heard of their plight and determined to give them a hand.

Now there is an active fan group in Artichoke Lake. They have their own mimeo machine, belong to four Apas, pub their own clubzine, and are members of the Science Fiction Book Club.

For information on how you can help struggling neo-fans lead a richer, fuller fannish life, write to FANAC, care of the Fandom Hall of Fame, Box '73, Frostbite Falls, Minnesota. Put your hand in the hand of a fan.



* * *

"This is Brenda Brownberry again. The band is lined up on the field now. The famous Hugo Gernsback Memorial Kazoo Marching Band, 172 pieces strong, is here to croggle us this beautiful spring day. The band's propellers begin to spin as they strike up that old fannish favorite, 'Pinball Wizard', and initiate their unique and chaotic 'Brownian Motion' style marching. As they begin to drift into a formation we get this breathtaking shot from the camera work of Romy Over, hovering precariously overhead in the Minn-stf Zeppelin, Damocles.

The drums play a rapid beat while the instruments doubletime all over the field, forming into a new surprise. It's a caricature of the legendary flywheel Zap gun, zizzing and sparking magnificently. Two quickstepping majorettes are dispatched from the barrel and zip across the artificial clover to disappear in a flash of light, taking a tree and a well from the Dungeon yard with them. Spectacular entertainment, and a good trick, all to the music of that popular rock operetta, 'Out To the Stars in Ships', by Stark, Walley, Buckhorn, and Young."

"I just love that piece, especially the section called 'The Simulacra Sonata'. The power in that music is enough to make your suit lose pressure."

"Interrupt me again, turkey, and I'll cause your head to go nova."

The intricate formation breaks up again and they all narrowly avoid each other about the field for a while. Either they really know what they're doing out there, or this whole show is an accident. Now the band swings into music again. This time it's the 'Dance of the Robots' from Alfred Wizard's epic 3rd symphony, AND SPIDER CREATED FAN. On the field they coalesce into the shape of a soul. And over the upper rim of the stadium we see two hang-gliders hovering briefly before they commence a slow, spiraling aerial ballet. The delicate webbing painted on the golden wings causes the stands to titter in spiritual approval. As the spidery gliders near the ground, the soul quivers in anticipation.

The music rises to a crescendo just as the gliders touch down and the soul dissolves. Quickly they reform into a huge spider as the 'Dance' resolves. And now the spider too fades away and the band runs off the field to wild applause from the 86,000 fans in the seats for this inspiring event.

Jack will be back for the second half dice roll right after these words from the Goodghu Tire Company."

* * *

"We staged this demonstration to show you just how unsafe your automobile tires really are. Notice the good road-holding capabilities of this conventional tire. It has excellent traction, prevents skids, rides smooooooth, and handles superbly. And still this car is demolished when struck headon by this semi-trailer.

We want you to know about our tires which reduce your chances of dying in an auto accident virtually to zero. These tires aren't with me on the salt flats. Look up there. Those are the new M-73 patented upsadaisium-belted radio Zeppelin tires from Goodghu. Put 'em on your zeppelin and you'll never have ground traffic problems again. Forget that car, that bus, that train. Forget driving in the rain and snow. Forget stoplights. Rise above the mundane world. Look down on Mount Flatten from high above the temperature inversion. Soar peacefully through the freon layer. Get lost in the ozone again. Buy six now and we'll give you another six for half price, AND we'll let you keep your old tires.

Feel safe. M-73 upsadaisium-belted Zeppelin tires, from Goodghu."

<<Continued on page 11>>

Announcement of Upcoming Minn-stf Board of Directors Election.

In accordance with By-Law II, Section 1 of the Minn-STF Constitution, the regular annual meeting of Minn-STF shall be held on March 29, 1975. At this meeting, an election shall be held to determine (a) the number of directors making up the Board for 1975-76 (in accordance with By-Law III, Section 1, this number shall be 3, 5, 7, or 9) and (b) who those directors shall be. Upon election, the Board shall (in accordance with By-Law III, Section 3) elect the 1975-76 officers.

Nominations for the Board will be opened at business meetings to be held during the meetings of March 1 and March 15. Said meetings will be called to order between 2 p.m. and 4 p.m. Any voting or participating member of Minn-STF may nominate, second a nomination, and/or be nominated.

The vote will be conducted by Australian ballots distributed by hand (where possible) or by mail (where not) to all voting members between the dates of March 15 and March 22 inclusive. Completed ballots may be delivered to the ballot box by hand or mailed to the secretary of Minn-STF, who is also in charge of the election, as the voter desires. The secretary is Dennis Lien of 2408 S. Dupont Ave., Apt. 1 in Minneapolis, Minn. 55405. If mailed, a ballot should be timed to reach the secretary no later than March 28, and "Ballot" should be marked on the outside of the envelope to prevent premature opening. All ballots, whether delivered by hand or by mail, should be delivered inside an envelope across the flap of which (after sealing) the voter has signed his or her name. Upon verification through this means that no voter has voted more than once and that no one other than a voting member of Minn-STF has voted, the envelopes shall, in plain view of the Society assembled, be opened and destroyed, and the ballots therein contained be placed without unfolding within the ballot box and there shaken or stirred. The ballot box and the ballots therein shall then be taken by the secretary and no fewer than two nor more than five volunteer ballot counters (none of whom shall themselves be candidates for the Board) and privately counted. The count shall determine first the number of directors to be elected, then the identity thereof. Upon completion of the count, the results shall be recorded and reported by the ballot counters and the ballots themselves shall be sealed within a large envelope and preserved among the other records of Minn-STF.

In Australian balloting, the voter, instead of marking an "x" beside a specified number of candidates, rates the candidates in order of preference, as "1," "2," "3," etc., "1" being first preference. In the count, all ballots are first distributed according to "1" votes for each candidate. If any one candidate receives a majority of "1" votes he or she is declared elected. If no candidate receives a majority of such votes on initial distribution, that candidate with the fewest first-place votes is eliminated and his or her votes redistributed according to second preference indicated thereon. If any candidate then has a majority of ballots, he or she is declared elected; if not, the process of elimination and redistribution continues until one candidate at last receives a majority of ballots and is thus elected. Thereafter, all ballots are again distributed by original first preference vote, and the ballots of that candidate already elected are taken up and redistributed according to second preference votes thereon. The process of elimination and redistribution continues as above until one candidate again has a majority of ballots, and this entire process continues until all seats are filled.

"Informal" ballots, in which the number of preferences indicated is less than the number of candidates on the ballot (for instance, in which there are twelve candidates but the voter has indicated only preferences one through seven, leaving the other five blank) will be counted so far as their nature allows. Ballots in which only an "x" or a number of "x"s are marked opposite

OFFICIAL MINN-STF BUSINESS (con't):

names, instead of order of preference, shall be declared invalid, as their nature does not allow counting under the Australian ballot system.

By-Law I, Section 1 and 2 define membership. Under Section 1, any person attending a Minn-STF meeting is a member. Section 2 reads:

2. Membership shall be divided into two classes, voting members and participating members, which classes are defined as follows:
 - a) Voting member shall mean any person who attends in excess of six (6) meetings, has requested membership and has given his name and address to the secretary.
 - b) Participating members shall mean any other persons.

The previous elections (for the 1974-75 Board) were conducted under a ruling at the August 25, 1973 Board of Directors by the 1973-74 President, Chuck Holst, that "For board elections, an eligible voter must have attended seven or more meetings within the twelve months immediately preceding the election." The present (1974-75) Board of Directors agreed at a meeting held January 26, 1975 that the stipulation "within the twelve months immediately preceding the election" is not implicit within the wording of the Constitution. The secretary has thus drawn up a list of eligible voters all of whom can be shown on the basis of the sign-in sheets maintained at meetings to have attended seven or more Minn-STF meetings from date of incorporation of the Society (and thus effective date of its Constitution) on February 22, 1972, to the present, said list to be amended on or immediately after March 15, 1975, to take account of meetings between this date and March 15 for tally purposes. (The present Board also passed an amendment to the relevant By-Law inserting such a stipulation for future Board elections, this to take effect no sooner than April 1, 1975, and thus not affecting its applicability to the current election on March 29.)

Under By-Law I, Section 2, a member to be a voting member must, besides attending seven or more meetings, be a person who "has requested membership and has given his name and address to the secretary." In practice, it is to be assumed that any person attending a meeting and signing the sign-in book or sheet thereat has in effect "requested membership" by that action. It has been further assumed that a person shall be deemed to have "given his name and address to the secretary" in one or more of three ways: (1) by being listed with a useable address--present or one from which mail will be forwarded to present--on the most recent (8/20/74) Society Directory; (2) by having, within the past voting year, attended a meeting and signed the sign-in book or sheet with a useable address; or (3) by otherwise in writing notifying the secretary of current address on or before March 15, 1975. This last method enables anyone who is not on the Directory and who has not attended a meeting during the current voting year (March 23, 1974 to date), but who has attended in excess of six meetings since incorporation, to qualify. Address should be sent to the secretary, whose own address is listed above.

The sign-in books (including tipped-in sign-in sheets) for the 1973-74 and 1974-75 voting years are complete and have been completely indexed for tally purposes. The sign-in sheets for voting year 1972-73 are incomplete, only seventeen being extant and some of these undated. These have not been completely indexed, but have been checked for those persons who seemed on the basis of the 1973-74 and 1974-75 records likely to qualify with a full search (three did in fact so qualify). All records were searched for all persons qualifying under possibilities (1) and/or (2) in the paragraph above who could not be proved on the basis of the 1973-74 records to have attended seven or

OFFICIAL MINN-STF BUSINESS...(con't)...

more meetings within that period alone: a total of 53 people, above and beyond the 45 qualifying without such a search. As noted, 3 of that 53 qualified with the search.

As of this date (January 31, 1975), then, Minn-STF has at least 48 voting members, with a possibility of adding a few more before the election in two ways: by receiving name and address from those who have not attended a meeting during the current voting year and are not on the current Directory, but who have attended and signed in at seven or more meetings since incorporation (or from the one person--Mark Hanson--who has attended within the current year but has since moved without forwarding address), or by those members whose addresses are current and who have attended from 3 to 6 meetings attending from 1 to 4 more before the election (meetings of March 1 and March 15 remain).

Any inquiries over voter status, election regulations, etc. may be passed on to the secretary verbally or in writing. My home telephone number is 374-9021; if necessary, I may be reached at work at 373-3083.

VOTING MEMBERS OF THE MINNESOTA SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY,
as of January 31, 1975

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Arnold A. Anders | 25. Annette Odren |
| 2. Carol Anndy | 26. Ruth Odren |
| 3. Jan Appelbaum | 27. Blue Petal |
| 4. Don Bailey | 28. Garth Renn |
| 5. Ruth Berman | 29. Grace Riger |
| 6. Don Blyly | 30. Norm Riger |
| 7. Larry Brommer | 31. Sue Ryan |
| 8. Caryl Bucklin | 32. Martin Schafer |
| 9. Nate Bucklin | 33. Bob Schmelzer |
| 10. Mark Digre | 34. Chris Sherman |
| 11. Ken Fletcher | 35. Louée Spooner |
| 12. Bruce Hanselo | 36. Jerry Stearns |
| 13. Peter Harder | 37. Carol Stodolka |
| 14. Fred Haskell | 38. Frank Stodolka |
| 15. Chuck Holst | 39. Bev Swanson |
| 16. Al Kuhfeld | 40. Dick Tatge |
| 17. John Kusske | 41. Craig Van Grasstek |
| 18. Benjy Lessinger | 42. Joan Marie Verba |
| 19. Deedee Lessinger | 43. Reed Waller |
| 20. Margie Lessinger | 44. Gerry Wassenaar |
| 21. Sherri Lessinger | 45. Dave Wixon |
| 22. Dennis Lien | 46. Mike Wood |
| 23. Greg Lien | 47. Jim Young |
| 24. Don Nelson | 48. Patty Zbikowski |

PARTICIPATING MEMBERS WHO HAVE ATTENDED 3 TO 6 MEETINGS
AND FOR WHOM A USEABLE ADDRESS IS ON FILE
as of January 31, 1975.

- | | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|---------------------|
| Peter Breiter (4) | Dave Elwood (3) | Linda Lounsbury (5) |
| Tom Brosz (4) | Cynthia Franzen (6) | Kirby McCauley (5) |
| Sharon Campeau (6) | Jack Frye (6) | Jan Mlinar (3) |
| Richard Carlson (3) | Rick Gellman (3) | David Mruz (3) |
| George Cole (3) | Joan Kusske (3) | Gayle Olson (3) |
| Bill Dixon (6) | Delores Lennon (5) | Linda Waller (3) |
| David Egge (4) | | |

OFFICIAL MINN-STFBUSINESS (con't)...

ADDENDUM: February 1, 1975 meeting...

Bill Dixon and Cynthia Franzen attended their seventh meeting and should thus be added to the Voting Members list.

David Egge attended his fifth meeting, and Gayle Olson her fourth. As three meetings remain, Carlson, Cole, Elwood, Gellman, Joan Kusske, Mlinar, David Mruz, and Linda Waller no longer retain a mathematical possibility of qualification.

All others who think they may qualify, see the above and contact me no later than March 15, 1975 (preferably earlier).

Dennis Lien, Minn-STF secretary.

* * * * *

((Once again it is time for us to present two more chapters of that spectacular novel of far-reaching scope, Minn-STF Conquers the Universe. We are pleased by our clever contractual agreement with the author of this masterful novel which allows us to keep bringing you this exciting feature! Editor))

MINIMAL MINN-STF MINUTES

Meeting of 4 January 1975, held at the Bucklin's home.

Called to approximate order at 5:04 by President Blue Petal.

The meeting of 1 February 1975 will not be held at Cynthia Franzen's, as previously announced; it will be held instead at 1767 Blair Ave. in St. Paul. (G. Olson and C. Franzen, telephone 646-4398).

Lien mentioned that Blue Petal's term expired at midnight, with Jim Young assuming the Presidency at one second thereafter. The question was raised as to who would serve as President for the intervening second. The general consensus was that Blue and Jim could arm wrestle for it. Both declined.

Someone retrospectively noted that the Secretary should be taking minutes. Secretary indicated disinterest in doing so. Vote called for and taken. Motion that Secretary was goofing off passed with one dissent. Question of moral turpitude brought up. Linda Lounsbury asked what should be done with the Minn-STF tapes. Consensus favored erasing, shredding, and stonewalling.

Dave Wixon moved to adjourn; Dick Tatge seconded; passed unanimously.

Meeting adjourned at 5:08, and not a moment too soon.

Submitted/typed 16 Jan by
Dennis Lien, Minn-STF Secretary

OFFICIAL MINN-STF BUSINESS: Minn-STF Business meeting...

Meeting of 1 February 1975 at the home of Gayle Olson and Cynthia Franzen.

Meeting called to order at 3:22 by the secretary, in the ~~absence~~ absence of president or vice-president.

Lien announced that the election pre-report for the upcoming Board of Directors election was posted on the door and would be published in RENE; everyone please read.

Arms Having Been Twisted before the meeting, it was possible to announce upcoming meeting locations: March 1 at Al Kuhfeld's; March 15 at the Bucklin's; March 29 at Lien's; April 12 at Don Bailey's. (March 1 and 15 will feature Board nominations and March 29 the election; there will be a Minneapa collation at the March 15th meeting and a separate collation on April 5th at a place to be named.)

Bailey moved to adjourn; Mike Wood ook-ooked (which was taken as a second); and the meeting was thus allowed to sink back into cheerful disorder at 3:23.

Minutes typed 3 Feb. and submitted by
Dennis Lien, Minn*STF secretary

* * * * *
HALFTIME AT THE CONGAMES (continued from page 6)

* * *

"This is Jack, and I'm back. The teams are coming back onto the field. Before they start play I want to let you know what we can expect in the second half. In Risk, the Dodos have been having a tough year, but have shown themselves to be a pretty good second half team, as illustrated by their startling upset victory over Phil Dick's Titan gameplayers two weeks ago. The Los Angelesfa defense is one of the strangest..."

"That's 'strongest', Jack. That's an 'o'!"

"So it is. ...the strongest on the planet, made up largely of big players drafted up from the SCA ranks. So we can expect a strong battle over Asia, with the Zanies showing their cunning and patience by letting the other teams concentrate on fighting each other while they wait and watch for weaknesses and opportunities, and get drunk. Minnesota seems to be sticking pretty much to their usual game plan. This second half will tell whether this 'Waiting Is' strategy has survival potential.

Brenda, what about the Dungeon match?"

"Well, Jack. I think the Wombats will have to play some wide open 'catchup comments' to get back into this one. They have fine warriors, and their wizard hasn't yet used their 'Deus Ex Machina' spell either. It looks like the Wombats still have the potential of pulling this one out of the ground. But they still have to contend with a fierce Crazy defense, often unpredictable, always armored. Minnesota also has the advantage of playing on their home Maze.

So, we're really looking forward to a lot of fun and excitement in the second half, and we hope you'll stay wired to this station. Right, Jack?"

"Right, Brenda. This is Jack Gaffer and Brenda Brownberry at the Congames Annual Gamescon. We'll be back for the opening dice roll after these words.

Are we off? That oughta hold the little....."



NIGHTREADER

A Book Review

Macroscopic, Piers Anthony, Avon 22145, 480 pp., sixth printing 1975, \$1.75.

What we have here is a story told from the viewpoint of a figment of a genius' imagination. Beyond that, it's a variation of the formula used so successfully by Heinlein: a relatively ignorant, naive, but decent kid is thrown into a bad situation (usually because he has certain talents that put him in the "wrong" spot), and then adapts, learns, and grows his way out of it, becoming a hero and a man, and in general being vindicated.

That is, of course, a very generalized description, but it gives you an idea of what character development is like in this book. But the real center of the book lies in the plot structure.

With the development of the macroscope -- a sort of super magnifying-glass -- man has a tool that can explore the Galaxy from a Solar orbit. But no one foresaw that someone 15,000 years (and lightyears) away would be broadcasting on the macronic band a sort of programmed learning text that ends by burning out the comprehending mind. Yet it seems likely that behind that "veil" lies knowledge necessary to save humanity from stewing in its own juices.

Imagine a conspiracy developed over hundreds of millions of years -- to meet a threat even older. Entire races live and die during a short phase of the conflict; others take their places, but the movements go on.

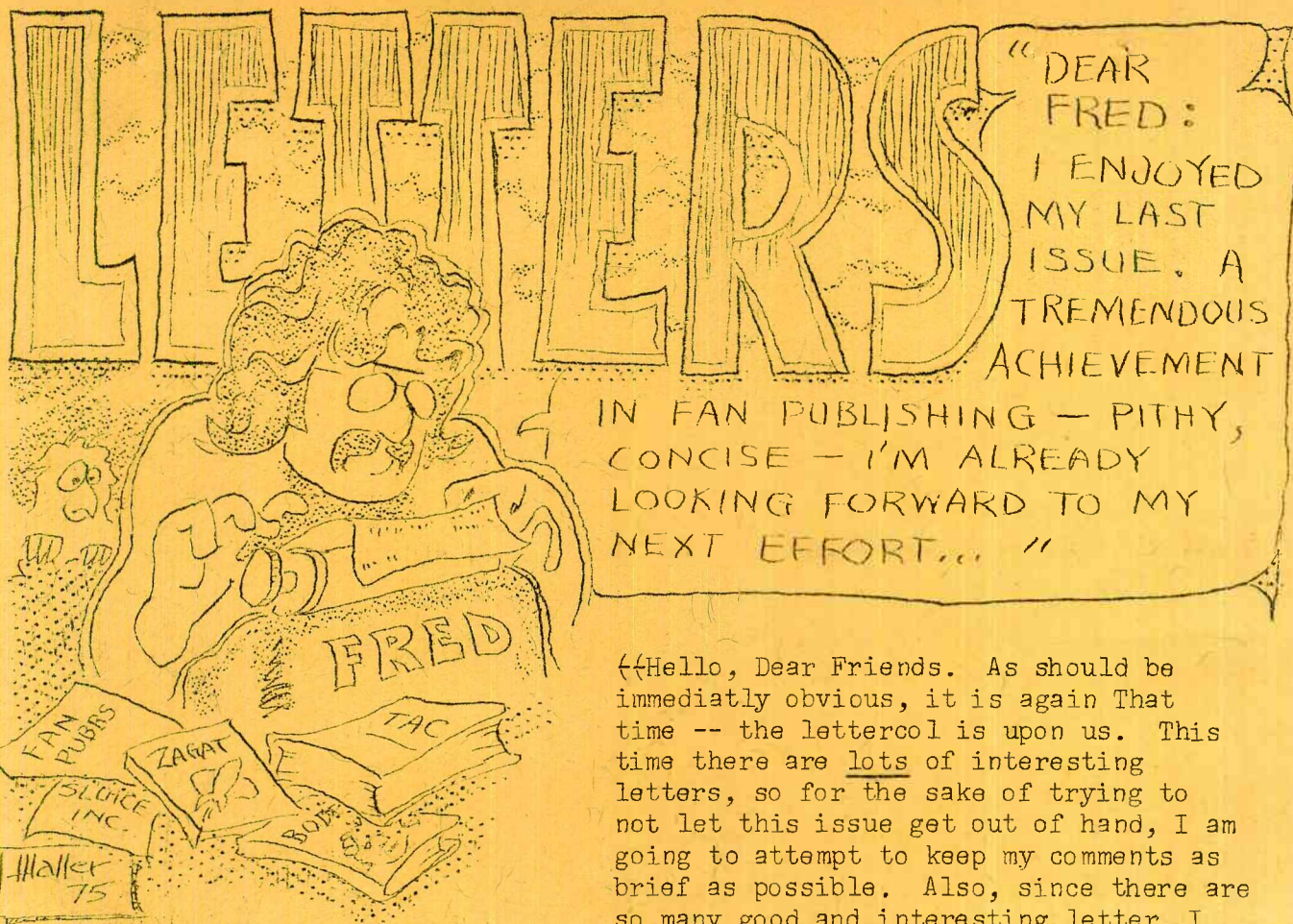
Despite a science-fictional -- and not particularly relevant, but attractive -- cover, the book is in fact a fantasy. The macroscope is in truth a crystal ball, able to do much for the one who can use it without being smitten by the curse. There is a Quest. There are Wondrous Transformations, and Fabulous Encounters in Strange Worlds. At the end is a Great Revelation.

One could deal with the philosophy of this book on several levels, but perhaps the most intriguing area is that of the "pan-life" views which apparently are the hallmark of a race's maturity. Universal civilization, not racial survival, is paramount; a truly lofty concept, this, which grows out of a sort of evolutionary theory: without the proper stimulus, civilizations get soft, and begin to rot.

One is left hanging on the question of where to draw the line between "assault" and "discipline." Anthony would call himself a pragmatist and proceed to destroy minds in order to stimulate races into growth necessary for the ultimate salvation of others. He would've made a hell of a Crusader!

Or a parent.

An interesting book, chock-full of imagination, and fun to read, as well as thought-provoking; well-written, if occasionally convoluted, in varying flavors: recommended.



((Hello, Dear Friends. As should be immediatly obvious, it is again That time -- the lettercol is upon us. This time there are lots of interesting letters, so for the sake of trying to not let this issue get out of hand, I am going to attempt to keep my comments as brief as possible. Also, since there are so many good and interesting letter, I have edited some of them. I'm new at

doing this, so I hope nobody gets terrably upset about the job I did on their precious darling. I really am trying, gang, and I hope to improve at it. But in any case, and without further adieu, I give you over to the letters!))

Denny Lien
2408 S. Dupont Ave., Apt. 1
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55405
December 9, 1974

Fred the Ed:

The stack of uncommented-upon RUnEs in my RealSoonNow pile has reached four, and the pile has grown just a trifle too tall to be fitted in place beneath the quick reference book shelf on my desk. So, a solution presents itself (actually a couple of solutions present themselves, like get a taller shelf or a shorter desk, but I think I'll go with the less obvious one of doing comments).

RUNE 37 (before your time): So there's a new crud sf paperback line -- Papillon Books. Yes, and their existence gives me a chance to drag out the old line about how "this book wasn't released, it escaped."

Gad, this is an old RUnE -- the Tucker fund was only up to \$130. That wouldn't even have covered his ice cubes.

RUNE 38 (also before your time, but during Bev Swanson's time): nice cover, and with the number of people in ape suits running around during cons now not even improbable.

Enjoyed the con photos, even if I wasn't in any of them.

A banquet as a con highlight? That is incredible ~~unless everyone was really drunk~~. . . .

If Bev's car continues its fannish existence (getting stolen, etc.) and also continues to annoy her, I'm willing to auction it off at Minicon 10 (but not to carry it up the stairs to the auction room to do so). Let me know.

Dave Wixon groans at BILLY THE KID MEETS DRACULA, which I do too, having seen it. But has Dave seen JESSE JAMES MEETS FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER?

Gee, a review of the first issue of NOCRES UP!. One of us is living in an alternate universe (I'll have to check my Zip Code again).

RUNE 39: Nice cover picture of Tucker and friend.

"You'll get sensitive layout and high quality repro..." careful the Postal Service doesn't hear about this.

We seem to be in the habit of passing clumps of Minn-STF by-laws in August of every year -- only eight more months to go until the next batch. Everybody start thinking some up.

Ken Fletcher's "Watch Out!" part one almost makes sense, which part two (in RUNE 40) certainly does not. I take this as a sign of artistic growth (though it may be only a fungus).

Ken's "Whizzing and Pasting and Pooting!" is the best thing since -- hmm -- since MAGIC TWANGER #1. I've been inspired to try listening to fanzine dropping sounds (though cleaning up after them takes much of the fun out of it) but my various magazine subscriptions have generally muffled the noise. I seem to lack the ear; just the other day I hazarded a dull thud as RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY and it turned out to be the Sears Roebuck Winter Catalog instead.

RUNE 40: That cover pun...aarrrrgggghhhhh....

Dave's review smacks a bit of fannish chauvinism (the best kind): "not many have yet heard of Richard Adams' book WATERSHIP DOWN" -- not many fans, perhaps (though I doubt it), but considering the reviews and attention it's been getting in places like the TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT and SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD, I suspect that a far higher percentage of the book buying populace has heard of it than of, say, the latest Lin Carter epic.

And as I recall the end of THE WORM OUROBORUS, Eddison's heroes do realize what is happening (that it's all starting over again), though his villains apparently do not. (Which, if one accepts the view that the Moebius Strip ending is nearer hell than heaven, suggests that his villains are going to be better off...though, in the context of the story, I don't accept that view.)

Ah, so Dave has seen JESSE JAMES MEETS FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER. But has he seen GENE AUTRY AND THE PHANTOM EMPIRE?

Er, so "Ken Fletcher's 'Watch Out!' part one," to which I refer above, was by Tom Foster? And I thought the strip made sense when even the credit line didn't?

And I think that will do it for this time and this place. Be seeing you in the Business Meeting Minutes. Parallel staples never meet.

DENNY LIEN

Dear Survivors;

You don't know me as other than a name and an address on your mailing list. I'm a brandy-newcomer to the world of sci-fi fandom. Not that I'm a novice reader as I've been a fan since Dick introduced Sally to the wonders of inter-country space travel with the help of a funnel, a length of stove-pipe and several hundred boxes of Diamond kitchen matches. (This feat of primitive engineering prompted Jane to introduce Dick to the theory of relativity in the same manner used by Cheech Wizard with his ill-fated apprentice.)

Anyhoo, I finished my leave and reported out here, like a good irradiated-sailor should, and became promptly lost. They took back the birthday (they had issued me) along with my life (it was a used model, but it was the only one I had and more than adequate) and gave me a chintzy existence in return. Needless to say, it turned my finger green and shrank two sizes the first time I washed it.

A bean-grenade,, HEATHENS!! cough...into the kitchen...gasp...clik-clinkety-whrrrrrrr.... Much better.

Well, I'm now holed up in my second-story apartment, besieged by the many-eyed hordes of Pho-Tae-Tobinh, the Warlord of I-dha-Ho. I am confident that the blight has either passed you by or you've weathered it. Sci-fi fans are rather too wretched to kill. Should my homing mosquito get through to you or a postal employee without frosting up and crashing, you'll know that there are fans still fighting it out here in the Shadows. Send help, send RUNE 41, or send Tucker with another bottle of Akadama and some Ammunition.

Pabst

BLATZ

{{We were glad to receive your message, and relieved to hear that you are managing to hold them off out there. Things were pretty touch-and-go here for a while, but at the moment it looks as if things are in hand.

By the way, most long-time fans I know turn a little green at the gills at the use of the term "sci-fi." My guess is that some ad-exec figured out that would be a "hip" abbreviation for "science fiction," and inflicted it upon us. Much preferred are "SF" (or "sf"), or the older "stf" (which is derived from the old Hugo Gernsback term for the genre -- "scientifiction").

Come to a Minicon again when you get the chance, and keep us informed of the situation there on the Eastern Front....}}

douglas barbour
10808 - 75th avenue
edmonton, alberta t6e 1k2
canada
december 30, 1974

dear fred;

how nice. out of nowhere, almost, a new zine arrives in my mailbox, unasked for, but not unappreciated. i must be a fan, if this keeps happening to me.

a very loose zine, to say the least, & that looseness has a certain charm. if you can keep it, & not let it merely become a formal thing, something done too self-consciously -- which can be ruinous to charm. this is a slight problem with letter writers, too, however, though you seem to be encouraging madness -- witness that guy from the far north.

actually, for me, in most of the fanzines i have read, the lettercols are the centre of interest. mind you, a good lettercol needs careful building, i suspect. a good argument, & for me, a good argument is best built up over what is called sercon topics, can do wonders for a lettercol. so i think you need the occasional article or two to keep things going. of course, the said articles don't have to be sercon, just so long as they're open to good argument. but i note some interesting replies to an article in #40 (my main complaint about receiving new fanzines is the way i feel i've come in on the middle of a very interesting group discussion) & certainly dave wixon's little article on tucker's new novel (?) (it would have helped had he told us the publisher & when it was published -- i now want the book (or story) but have no idea where to look for it) is interesting. especially because he has sensitively responded -- so far as i can see, not having read the tucker work -- to the novel's mood. & has fairly successfully passed on a sense of that mood to us -- not an easy thing to do. it's a hell of a lot easier to just say what happened & let it go at that, tho that never really says much to the interested reader of articles or reviews. so i like the wixon piece & look forward to finding the tucker book.

don't know what to say about the cartoon. somehow, 'wendy & the yellow king' -- tho totally beyond comprehension -- strikes with more directness at my funny bone. but keep it up, such eccentricities help to develop a particular flavour in a mag. & who'm i to even comment, who hasn't published a zine himself?

& i fully understand kathy anderson's letter. the kind of thing i was saying -- with some greater grumbles, cos i was NOT going to let myself get hooked--: the trouble is we are hooked, like it or not, & now i rather enjoy it, despite my sterner self. but there is a lot of sexism in fandom, & sf, kathy -- just look at the treatment usually accorded joanna russ, one of the best writers in the genre (or out).

anyway, i enjoyed RUNE, & thank you. keep up the good work.

peace,

{{In case you were wondering douglas (or even if you weren't), I'll tell you how I came to send you a copy of RUNE. You see, I saw (and enjoyed) your article in Frank Denton's Ash Wing, and your letter in Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell's Starling, and decided that you might enjoy RUNE (and that I might enjoy a letter from you). I was apparently right about the first, and distinctly right about the second. Thank you....

As far as the book, it's Wilson Tucker, Ice and Iron (New York: Doubleday, 1974). \$4.95. I've spoken to Dave about this oversight, and it shan't happen again....}}

Malcolm J. Kudra
Box 285 Rt 4
Columbia, SC 29209
January 4, 1975

Dear Alfred:

I found with much dismay and some surprise my personal letter to you spread leeringly across the pages of a recent RUNE. Henceforth I shall write to "readers" and allow YOU to eavesdrop.

Al Sirois - I asked for your address cause I got you confused with another artist. (Sorry - the taxibill got lost under a pile of "Accounts Receivable - Overdue." Am rectifying error and charging additional 10% "Late Remittance Fee.")

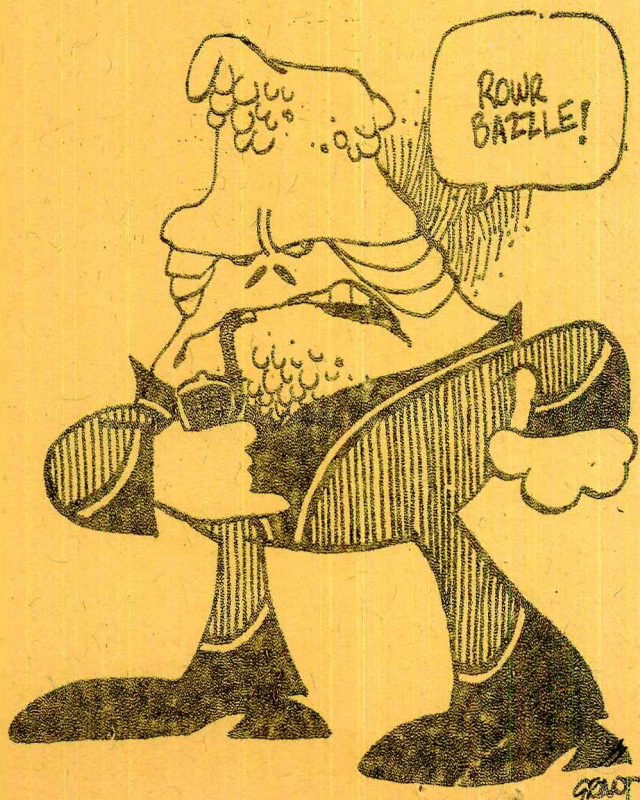
Alex Eisenstein - I appreciate appreciation. And "Imitation is the sincerest...etc" -- only my gracious nature (c.f. LoC from Al Sirois, RUNE, Vol 7, No 3, WN 41) has permitted the conspicuous absence of a \$25,000 suit against RUNE for improperly employing a diluted adaptation of my original ultra-efficient nonsense-dissemination syntactic/semantic multi-media polymorph (vulgarly known as "KUDRish"), which they allegedly claim to have originated en masse thru the years, while it is privileged knowledge that this was whipped up one rainy afternoon on the plantation by lil ol me!

Jon Singer - GIGO. After resuffering thru Shred's Column at Comment, I have discerned the answer to my own query on the nature of fanism (and a corollary query on the reason for the existence of Editors and suchlike); I saw my name (or versions thereof) in print five times in Ruined #41.

Kathy Anderson - Wait till your second con! I am condissipated after only two -- TORCON II and DISCON II. Will probably TRUCKON II the next one possible -- see you there!

Mike Glicksohn - I applaud your admiration of Fred's editorial policy. This time you are right. Don't worry about the lack of quality in your letters -- we expect such from cheap imports. Keep trying tho -- one can always stumble.

And you, Hred Foskil - Fall Right Over! Some useful printer's poop: "X" covers up all the errors much better than "/". And the



length of your incestuous "broken loc"; are you sure you want to stick it all out? AND LONGER STAPLES!!

Siroisly, Fred, I agree with Al: Ya done good. Keep it up.

Does anyone run a fandirectory? A current address file? I have open access to facilities to implement one, and need something to do while waiting for the next RUNE. You know, a central CDA collection that could be queried for fan's whereabouts with self-addressed stamped envelopes for the replies? Fred?!

MALCOLM J. KUDRA

((By the way, Malcolm wanted me to point out that his address as listed at the top of his letter, is a new one....))

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, Maryland 21740
January 6, 1975

Dear Fred:

Rune arrived today in such lamentable condition that I suspected a name change to Ruin which the Postal Service was trying to justify. So I decided that an immediate loc is needed, just in case further disintegration occurs during sneezes. I have a tremendous cold and the Neosynephrene cold tablets which I've been taking for it or against it aren't doing my typing any good.

Dave Wixon made me want to read the Tucker novel. For one thing, his praise makes it seem like a novel that everyone should read. For another, I have a personal interest in stories about mysterious onslaughts of colder climate, I warned you, climatic conditions. The first science fiction story I ever sold had that very theme. But nobody will ever compare mine with Rendezvous with Rama or with Tucker's novels. After I'd tried off and on for several years to sell science fiction, I decided that maybe I was writing too pretentiously. So I decided to collect all the fictional cliches I could think of, and fit as many of them as possible into one science fiction story. The first one that occurred to me was wolves chasing the heroine over the ice, which may or may not have been invented for Uncle Tom's Cabin. This starting point made it necessary for me to find a reason for the ice, and I ended up with a novelette which I entitled Not So Unkind, because I quoted in it the most hackneyed Shakespearian song lyric I could think of. Bob Lowndes bought it for Future Fiction, took away my breath in admiration when he had the inspired thought of changing the title to Cold War, and the darned thing finished first in popularity in the reader's poll for that issue. Lowndes commented editorially that he bet I was more surprised than anyone about the poll's outcome. He must have understood what I was doing.

Jon Singer, on the other hand, worried me. Am I really a fan? He cites three characteristics of fans, and none of them really suits me. I don't like puns, although I do like good puns, and that's a distinction which other fans have failed at times to understand, but fortunately one of the fans who misunderstood was Walt Willis and his misunderstanding compelled him to write one of his finest, most frequently reprinted, fanzine pieces. I don't like to fight with other fans, although I manage to get involved in some kind of dispute once every two or three years; I usually try to keep it short by shutting up after stating my case in full once. And I'm not a food freak, although I won't deny categorically being a freak. It so happens that I can provide instant proof of my disdain for the finer points in gourmet cuisine: I've never been in the McDonald's establishment in Hagerstown, which you seem to know about. Part of my indifference to food might result from the way food behaves when I try to

prepare it for myself. I'm the only person in western Maryland who more often than not makes himself sick at the stomach when he sups on a can of Campbell's soup prepared by himself in his own kitchen. Science has been baffled by the problem of what I do wrong. Some of my other food preparation difficulties are more basic. They occur when I find myself unable to figure out how to open a can or package without some kind of trouble. Last winter, I spent an entire night in severe agitation because I thought I'd swallowed a sharp-edged metal circle about the size of the hole in a sheet of looseleaf binder paper. I'd opened and eaten a small can of chocolate pudding the previous evening, and when I was putting the can in the trash can, I thought there was a little circle of metal punched out from the lidlifting mechanism which I couldn't find anywhere, so the logical place to expect it to be was my stomach. That was a false alarm, but the recent holidays provided my worst disaster of all. I'd bought a TV dinner, because virtually all eating places in Hagerstown close down on Christmas and the only invitation I received to a Christmas meal this past month was unacceptable to me for a special reason. I had succeeded in preparing a TV dinner correctly the last time I'd tried, three or four years ago, with no worse consequences than second-degree burns on three fingers. Imagine my state of mind when I found myself this time unable to remember how to turn on my oven. I thought the trouble lay in the automatic timer, and when I fiddled with it, the whole stove started to rattle and bells went off as if it were the opening pages of "The Blind Spot." It was a week before I found the almost invisible lever behind a projecting dial which a cleaning woman had apparently pushed out of position. Well, at least I can make instant coffee for myself every time, although it makes me sleepy instead of keeping me awake so maybe I'm not too expert at that skill, either.

Letters from Fanne was fun to read although I'm not sure I understand it. At first I thought it was to be a fan-ish equivalent of the John O'Hara letter-stories which eventually became Pal Joey and then I imagined a slightly abridged modern version of The Ring and the Book and now I'm not sure if it's supposed to be McInhan-type fanzine material or if there's a deep underlying coherence I missed. It does a person good to recognize his limitations when faced by something which every other fan probably comprehends fully. Damn. Algernon?

The art work remains as unpredictably fascinating as ever. The front cover is beautiful, a perfect example of how to convey the sense of strangeness and fantasy in a quiet way. Is the clump at the lower left a nearby cluster of small natural objects, or gigantic alien construction on a distant height? Is there a sentient creature in the circular object atop the creature's back, and is the creature graceful or has it been clumsy and entangled its feet like that? The tangle in the lettering is a good complement for those ambiguities. The comic strips left me feeling a bit dazed and smiling. I got much ego-boo, whether it was meant as such or not, out of the way I'm apparently the only individual mentioned in the Kinney-Canfield cartoon whom the artists didn't find it necessary to identify by last name. Come to think of it, there have been remarkably few Harrys in fandom down through the years; I hope I'm not discouraging too many other bearers of the name.

HARRY WARNER, JR.

((Sorry to hear that your copy of the RUNE arrived in such poor condition. This has apparently been a rather common problem with the last few issues, and we are contemplating various means of rectifying this problem.

I hate to tell you this, Harry, but I'll bet that after this letter, you'll be receiving a large number of invitations for next year's Christmas dinner from fans....

*I haven't checked with Asenath about it, but I'm pretty sure that you have grasped the

essential meaning of "Letters from Fanne." On the other hand, Azenath is a fairly Deep person, so maybe I don't really understand it either....

Thanks for
the entertaining letter....>>

Cheers:

Bob Tucker
January 7, 1975

About the only response I can make to Dave Wixon's review is to say that I'm overwhelmed. It is easily the best review I've seen to date, and the only one that hasn't taken me to task for failing to provide a more conventional ending. Already this book is following the path of QUIET SUN, four years ago, in that readers and reviewers are expressing disappointment because I didn't spell out in minute detail every little thing their imaginations should provide for them. I think their imaginations are lazy.

Well, they may take heart if they have patience. Judy-Lynn del Ray has taken the book for a Ballantine reprint next year, and has offered me space to change the ending if I care to. I'm working on a new ending which will, perhaps add another five or ten thousand words. Shall I include an invasion of Earth, with the government falling before the barbarian hordes? Shall I have the protagonist join the underground and overthrow the empire? Shall I introduce an alien spaceship into orbit about the earth, with monsters uttering dire threats? Shall I allow the hero to invent a super-lasar in the nick of time and melt the ice?

No, I don't think I will.

BOB TUCKER

Dear Fred:

Robert Bloch
January 8, 1975

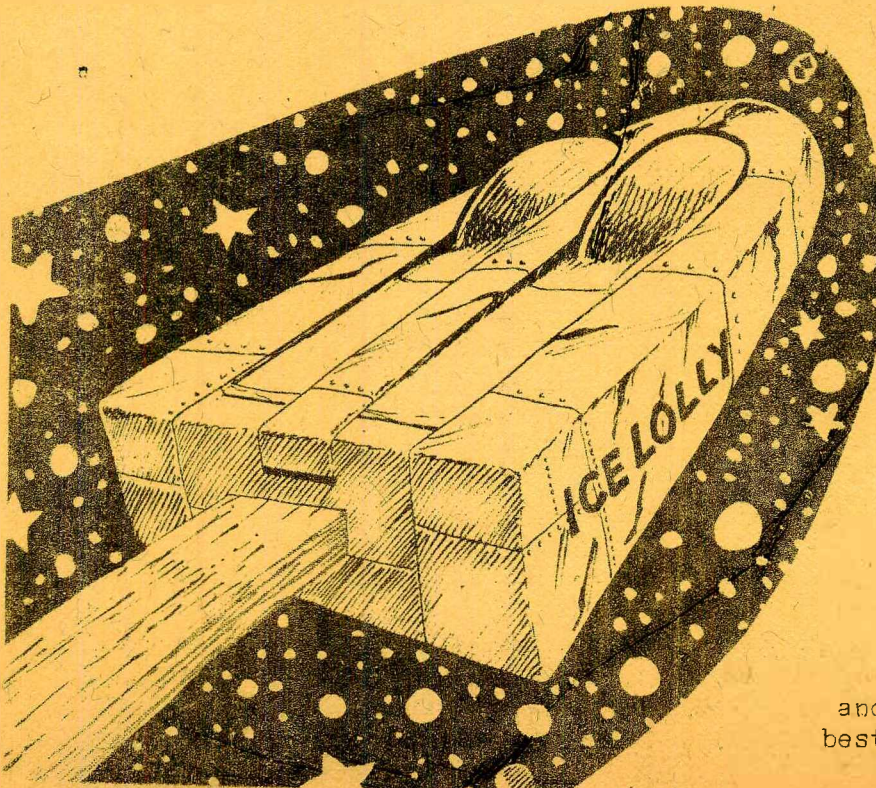
Thanks for RUNE -- it's certainly a nice way to start off the new year! I keep wondering what it is about Minneapolis that makes it such a fannish

center: it seems to me that this city has produced more sf notables, fan and pro, than any other place in the Midwest; including Chicago. Can it be the climate? The water used by the breweries? Or the proximity to St. Paul?

Whatever the reason, I'm grateful for the results. I'm even willing to forgive the misguided praise of Tucker in the review. After all, nobody's perfect -- and Tucker is living proof of that.

Again, thanks to you and the gang, and all the best in '75!

ROBERT BLOCH



Richard Bartucci
Box 369, KCCOM
2105 Independence Ave.
Kansas City, MO 64124

Goodfan Haskell:

RUNE 40 was shredded beyond legibility by the Post Office some time ago, but they more than made up for their destructive moments by delivering the delectable RUNE 41 to Box 369 with nary a scratch in the twilltone.

Coming as I do from New Jersey, where most of the "truck farms" in the eastern U.S. are located, I can say without hesitation that, should the vegetables of Terra decide to align themselves with their sentient brethren from the vasty depths of the cosmos, 'till have been only because of man's inhuman (or even unvegetative) treatment of them. Imagine -- diced carrots, scalloped potatoes, openly-published recipes involving the torture and anguish of countless spuds, tubers, and grains. Television advertisements for Vegematic that drip onion juice blatantly in the eye of the public, Betty Crocker and the Galloping Gourmet! Is there no end to man's evil? Can there ever be a proper solution to the question of curing mankind of its vegetable-eating tendencies? How do you think we might make out as insectivores?

Asenath Hammond's "Letters From Fanne" were delightful, and Twilltone does have a character and texture not unlike wild hickory nuts. Migawd, but Fletcher is a genius. What the hell is he doing in a turkey zine like RUNE? All I can say is "Hmmmmmm."

"Gerbils" is much like Bode's early stuff about the Junkwaffel. Are we becoming blatantly immitative in our old age?

RICHARD BARTUCCI

((Ahh, yes. "...and grains." Amidst all our recent concern for vegetables, we seem to have forgotten the sad lot of the grains. And indeed, we manhandle grains much worse than we do vegetables (though I will admit that perhaps this is because grains tend to be somewhat homelier than vegetables). That protest-rock group, Traffic, has even done a song pointing out this cruelty -- "John Barleycorn Must Die."

No, we are actually becoming "blatantly immitative" in our young age. The Gerbil strip was done quite some time ago. You see, as is the case with many young artists, Tom started out by imitating the work of other artists whom he respected -- in his case, primarily Vaughn Bode. As Tom grew and developed, he gradually moved away from this, and developed his own unique style (though it could be said that his work still shows the influence of Bode).>>

Al Sirosis
533 Chapel
New Haven, Conn. 06511
January 11, 1975

Dear Fred,

As usual one of the best lettercol's around. Big fucker, too. Loved the cheese cartoon.

Was it Asenath? Did you do nude shots of Asenath? Patia?
Goshwowohboyohboyohboy.....

AL SIROIS

((Unfortunately, it was neither Asenath nor Patia. That is, unfortunately in a sense -- actually, it might be said that the woman I took photos of is a better model than either of them. But my indecision about running the photos continues -- for one thing, the only response to the idea came from you....>>)

Samuel S. Long
Box 4946
Patrick AFB, Fla. 32925
January 12, 1975

Dear Fred

Thanks for RUNE 41: a fine zine and one of the best clubzines I've seen.

I enjoyed Asenath Hammond's style-changing series of letters. I missed the typical military letter, but I see enough of those from day to day, so I didn't miss it much. "Asenath" is a Biblical name, and the original Asenath was the wife of Joseph the son of Isaac. I didn't know this until a few weeks ago when I was reading the Book of Genesis, and ran across the name, which, altho I fancied I knew my Bible and Biblical characters pretty well, I hadn't noticed heretofore. Said I to myself, "This is a fannish name," for I met (or at least saw) Ms. Hammond in Washington at Discon. I notice she appeals to Ghu (p. 7), the true fannish ghod. Ghu was originally a Celtic malt-ghod who gave his name to that fannish potable, Ghuinness Stout.

LoCs. Harry Warner: some monk did miscalculate back in the Middle Ages, and J.C. was actually born in 4 BC, as close as we can figure -- certainly no earlier than 6 BC. So it is actually 1979, and time for the British Worldcon (BRITAIN'S FINE IN '79!).

I'm trying to introduce the use of "Sohn of Glick" to refer to the Boy Wonder, as you call him. I'd like to have read the article on Watership Down, because I enjoyed the hell out of that book too. I used to live not far from the actual setting of the book, and I found the descriptions very true to life. I liked those tales of the Prince of a Thousand Enemies that the rabbits told. But I don't think W.D. will become a really popular cult book. I don't know why; I just feel that way. Reviews I've read have been enthusiastic but restrained -- rather like the book itslef, come to think of it. And if Sohn of Glick is really looking for a memorial for his name, well, I know they sometimes name sewage-treatment plants after people: they did down here at Cocoa. I can see it now: The Mike Glicksohn Memorial Sewage Treatment Plant, Osteen. And on the subject of sex and fandom, have you been following the aftermath of an article by Jack Wodhams in Ed Connors's MOEBIUS TRIP LIBRARY: SCIENCE FICTION ECHO (1805 N. Gale, Peoria, Ill 61604), with Mike taking one side, Ursula LeGuin the other, and me in the middle? This is a propos of Kathy Anderson's letter, 5th paragraph.

Jon Singer's letter: actually, there are a goodly number of fen who like to engage in physical fighting -- but only in fun. One very rarely finds a fan who gets belligerent when in his cups. The physical fighters? The SCA, for example.

RUNE was a well-done zine. Artwork was very good and very amusing. I didn't quite get the gerbil strip, but no matter: gerbils are not nearly as fannish as minces. I especially enjoyed the Kinney/Grant (Canfield) and the Fletcher illos. Spetch Fletch. Or rather, Spechly Fletch. And speaking of vegetables (the Waller/Fletcher strip), do you remember that old sci-fi (I use the term advisedly) flick where James ("Matt Dillon") Arness plays a gigantic vegetable creature that eats blood? I forgot the title.

I liked RUNE, as I said: I was pleasantly surprised to find it not just a clubzine. Long may it thrive.

SAMUEL S. LONG

((Thanks for your high praise -- we appreciate it....))

Mike Glicksohn
141 High Park Avenue
Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3, Canada
January 12, 1975

Dear Fred,

On the television, Fran Tarkington just informed me that the pressure is on, and he was most certainly referring to your new policy regarding the obtaining of future copies of RUDE. In order to get future issues (or at least as much as the Post Office deigns to deliver; this issue had half the back page torn off, probably for delivery to some little old lady in Teaneck who'll undoubtedly think it part of a communist conspiracy to sap the moral fiber of American youth) I have to write a publishable loc. Now I can write a loc without even being awake (as I'm doing now) but having it published means I'll probably have to start reading the fanzine and saying Significant or Clever Things. And that'll just get me one more issue, which means next time I'll have to do it all over again. You're a hard man, Fred Haskell, a hard man indeed. Guess I'll just have to go to Minicon again in order to save myself all that effort and sweat. That's a lot easier than being creative every two months or so....

In connection with your remarks about the possibility that your Canadian readership might "grow alarmingly," I suppose I ought to tell you that I gained eight pounds over the Christmas holiday. Does this effect my sub rate? (If I keep that rate of increase up, I should soon qualify for your Bulk Mailing Permit at least.)

Asenath's Minicon tripreport reveals a writing ability I hadn't seen before. Her mastery of several different styles of writing was excellent, and while the piece doesn't contain too many comment hooks, it was much enjoyed.

You know, the only reason I write at length to as many American fanzines as I do is to offset part of the poor reputation Canada enjoys (?) thanks to modern meteorologists. Every time I watch US TV weather reports, I hear noxious climate conditions being blamed on "cold air sweeping down from Canada." As a patriot of unsurpassed fervor, I feel it my duty to balance out this unfavorable condition with equal volumes of the other type of air. If by doing so I can ease the conscience of Harry Warner, then I'm thrice blest indeed.

I probably shouldn't spoil your illusions this way, but the last two letters you published from me weren't original. Both had appeared before, the last one having been published in the February 1917 issue of ARGOSY. On top of that, it was retyped by Sheryl Birkhead's horse Snappy. Sorry about that.

Who am I to argue with Alex about the relative merits of sex and fanac and which is a substitute for which? Considering the amount of fanac Alex does, and the amount of sex, he's probably right.... (I never pretended to be saying anything original, by the way. The sentiments I expressed were indeed as whorey as Alex points out. I can't keep it up any longer....)

What the hell is sexist about "girls"? Should I say "women" when half of them are under fifteen? "People of the female persuasion"? What's a non-objectionable term we can use for "them"?

Effectively that Jon Singer is saying is there's no such thing as a "typical fan". For every characteristic you can name in an attempt to describe fans, someone else can tell you three famous fans who don't share it. But it's still kinda fun to play with generalizations, and Jon's are as valid as most. I cannot openly argue with anything he says here. The whole question is so old, and tired old groovish, as Alex might say, as to cause yawns across the entire continent.

Who needs editorials when you ramble so entertainingly and perceptively in the lettercol? This is probably the most enjoyable lettercol around, even if there isn't a lot of serious stuff going on. Let's leave that to the biggies, and continue to have fun in RULE.

May the delightful ambience of Minnesota fandom continue to permeate these slightly chaotic pages! RENE is fun, and that's what fandom needs.

MIKE GLICKSOHN

{{You catch on fast, Mike. The real reason behind my change in policy for obtaining RENE was to get more people to attend the Minicons (not that we're hurting in that respect, you understand, but I figure that the more good people there are there, the better the con will be...)}.

I hope that you are enjoying this lettercol even though I am somewhat absent from it this time -- things are a little tight now, and I want to squeeze as many good letters in as possible. However, if things go as planned, I'll be back in full force nextish.

I'm glad you enjoy the RENEish lunacy (so do I, obviously). Let's hope that it continues (which is to say, I can't do it alone...)}.

Wayne W. Martin
4623 E. Inyo, Apt. E
Fresno, Calif. 93702
January 14, 1974

Dear Fred,

I got a sample copy of RENE the other day. Thanz. After just finishing the double issue OUTWORLDS, it was a true joy to read.

Your letcol is really something else. The Mike Glicksohn Memorial Award does have its possibilities, didn't you see OUTWORLDS 19 (page 743)? Dan Steffan showed conclusively that the Canadian Boy Wonder get ett -- maple leaf shirt and all -- by a monster who resembled the lad to a great extent. Twas a true story too, it said so right at the top. It just so happens that dear departed Mike, not realizing his demise (though something does look a little different when he glances in the mirror) has continued on about his way, having overcome the monster's slight will power and taken control. Thus the monster does the typing and all and we all know what happens when something is digested, but still, the memories of ole MG have been retained. Thus you get letters from a monster who thinks he's Mike Glicksohn.

Portable Atticks, huh? You people are carzy, CRAZY! You seem to be my kinda people. I'm a bit whacko myself.

Dave Wixon interrupts the madness with a very interesting, very well considered article. I enjoyed his thoughts on the Tucker novel immensely. As I understand it, he did something similar in the previous issue, so I take it, this may be a regular thing. It should be.

WAYNE W. MARTIN

{{Hmmmm. A monster who thinks he's Glicksohn, eh? Sounds pretty outre to me.

As I too enjoy them, I shall continue to run Dave Wixon's musings about books so long as he continues to write them....}}

Jon Singer
2503 Avenue J
Brooklyn, NY 11210

Dear Fred and Rune:

Oddly enough, I didn't like the cover last issue. This is peculiar mostly

because I usually like Jim's stuff. Oh, well.... I (koff)
liked the ahem, editorial (ahhhSCHEWW!), and I think
that your new policy is quite reasonable.

I still
find Tom Foster's style rather reminiscent of
Vaughn Bode's, but not objectionably.

Greeps!

That set of letters from Asenath sure put me
through changes. Eight different stiles
(sic) in only three sides. She certainly can
write, can't she?

/That Kinney is very./

/and

the KenFletch on the other side had me fairly
in hysterics./ I hope that Steve Stiles gets
out from under the mountain of work which
currently is attempting to somther him. His
cartoons are that good too.

As to that fink,

Glicksohn, HAH! Of course it was American money.

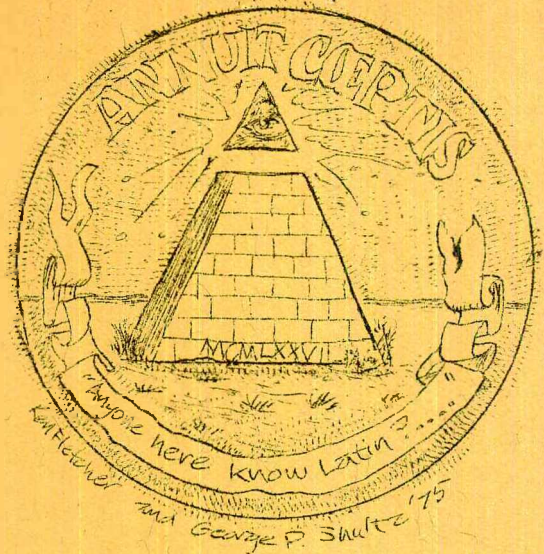
That fool knows damn well that the Canadian stuff is
inherently more valuable, and that I am a cheap sonofabitch
when I'm broke (as I was at the time and am now). Hmm...there are those who feel
that a zine editor should keep himself to the editorial, and not obtrude too much
on the lettercolumn, but as Mike says, you are witty, interesting, and personable,
and I too find that your part of the lettercol fits quite well.

In response to
Kathy Anderson's question (implied) about what goes on at SF clubs, I would like
to put my 3rd in (oy, vey, here he goes again): I have been in a couple of
different kinds of clubs. One kind is exemplified by the NY Lunarians, who meet
once a month. The meeting goes about like this: until about 9 pm, people arrive
and socialize. Then there is a big heavy serious business meeting (when you have
lots of stuff to do like running cons to which over a thousand people are likely
to show up, ya gotta have real business meetings), at which the nonmembers are
permitted to remain until the membership committee makes its report and people
are voted in or not, and then after the business stuff is over, everybody eats
the munchies and socializes some more. Now, if you aren't going to run cons, you
might prefer the scheme that the Fanoclasts use which works like this: people
start to show up at about whatever time they start to show up, on the appropriate
night, and they socialize and eat the munchies until they get kicked out, which
is when the hosts go to sleep. Since the meetings are on Friday nights, that is
usually about 2 am. There is a thrid kind of club, which I would guess is
typically a college/university kind of thing, and the way they operate is that
everybody gets together at a given time, there is a program of some sort, say a
film or a speaker, then everybody socializes and eats the munchies, and so on.

There is one other kind of club that I know about, and it is a rare bird, indeed.
That is a serious SF discussion group. I am NOT referring to a writers' workshop,
that's not a club. The serious SF discussion group (I have only belonged to one
of these. It was a thing I would like to see resurrected, but I doubt that it
will be) is at best unstable, because there is this tendency, see, for everybody
to socialize and eat the munchies, but if you really take care, and insist that
everybody familiarize themselves with the material to be discussed or keep their
damn mouth shut unless they have a cogent point, you can, by selecting your
participants, get something going that you will not forget, ever.

Now, all of the
above are worthwhile endeavors, and it is up to you either to decide what you
want and organize it, or organize it and see what you get. In any event, don't
forget the munchies. Even a serious discussion needs them.

HAR, HAR, a pipeline



break. HAHHAHA. They do it differently in Vermont.

...and a cat. Well, that's Ruth for you. I have this suspicion that the cat has a great deal to do with the thing, and that delivery on the cat is a goodly amount quicker than delivery on the rest. (By the way, a little quiet note of caution to any of you out there who were planning on running their cats through the plastic encaser: how heavily are you insured?....)

"Watch Out!" was fine, as always. Clanx to Reed and Ken for a great strip (WHAT?!) Hoom, hom, another Tucker novel that I haven't read yet. Damn!

(jeez, whatta cruddy LoC. Somebody oughtta teach dat bum ta write, or read, or sumpn. Phlegm.)

JON SINGER

{{Yes, Asenath can write. I hope she does so for us again soon (hint, hint). If your talking about the lettercol heading (RUNE 41, page 10), then it's a Reed Waller, not a KenFletch. You got eyes, Singer, why don't you read the credits?}}

Brian Tannahill
615 East 69 Street
Kansas City, MO 64131
January 19, 1975

Dear Fred,

I gather you've appropriated the Minneapolis clubzine for your very own. I assume the treasury is next. Or maybe you'll declare yourself to be the incarnation of Minneapolis fandom. (I am the Minicon, thou shalt have no other cons before me....) Come to think of it, you could incorporate yourself, get a special permit from the Postal DisService, and send out all your presonal correspondence cheap.

RUNE could only be considered a clubzine when it is used for hitting people.

Nice letter section. Well, you must have been desperate for filler material. All those letters from people in the sticks. Can people in the small towns -- the places where there is nothing to do or see, places like Chicago, Toronto, New York -- can they write letters that will interest the bulk of trufandom, which as everyone knows is in Heimore, South Dakota?

What about the letter from Glicksohn, couldn't you just feel the insanity radiating from the pages? I knew it was dangerous, and I would have thrown the magazine away if I could have gotten the straightjacket off. There's an idea, if a hardcover collection of material from RUNE is ever published it should come with a straightjacket instead of a dustjacket.

A portable attic may be a good idea, but it's not the only solution to the chronic space shortage. Old fanzines make excellent insulation, if you're building a new home. Or they can be sewn into quilts. If you're really poor, sell the bed and sleep on the stacks of zines. They can be spread on the floor so your feet don't have to touch the cold floor in the morning. Write for a copy of my book, OFFSET LIVING ON A MIMCO BUDGET.

BRIAN TANNAHILL

{{Yes, the Minneapolis clubzine is my very own. At least for the moment. But I'm not terrably different from any other editor in that respect -- when somebody edits something, it "belongs" to himer (that's what "editor" means). In fact, it would probably be inaccurate to say that I put more of my personality into the zine than other editors have done. Even if they would have merely printed everything submitted (which isn't editing, it's compiling), their personality

would still be expressed by their decisions of where to put things, how to lay out pages, and so on. If anything makes us different, it might be that I refuse to bow down to the myths of detachment and objectivity -- I freely admit that editing RUNE is going to make it reflect my personality. What? You say I'm printing a great deal more of my own writing than previous editors did? Well, if that's true, it's still just a reflection of the differences between my personality and theirs....

So RUNE isn't a clubzine? What would you call a fanzine published by a club for the dissemination of club information to and for the entertainment of club members and their friends, and edited by a club member?

(By the way, I realize that you were probably using these topics for their humor value, but these questions have been coming up lately, and I figured I might just as well apply myself to them here....)>>

Mike Wood
1878 Roblyn Ave., #3
St. Paul, Minn. 55104
January 31, 1975

Dear Fred,

Strange as it may seem, to me the most comment-provoking thing in RUNE 41 was your remark that you don't edit letters. I don't know if you meant that as an inviolable statement of policy, but I can think of several reasons why (in my opinion) it shouldn't be. Certainly any editing of letters should be done with discretion -- I'm not in favor of going thru and rewriting anyone's entire letter, changing words left & right -- but I think that most LoCs, rather than being printed 100% intact as received, could benefit from limited "editing" in the sense of choosing what parts to print and what parts to leave out. Personally, when I receive a LoC I usually find some sections of it much more interesting than others and feel free to leave out the parts which seem of minimal interest. I would hate to think that if RUNE received a letter containing one short brilliant passage in the midst of a couple of boring pages, that we would not have the chance to read only the good part without the rest because you felt you had to print the letter either in its entirety or not at all. No, I think you should feel free to pick and choose what you print, within each letter as well as among them all, in order to maintain as high a level of interest as possible thruout the letter-column.

Ken's reference to the awesome ditto machine of Seth McEvoy (in RUNE 39) suggests a Fan-History Footnote (Collect Them All!): Seth's first ditto machine was a rather incredible electric device with all sorts of belts and wheels and gears, bought (I think) from the MSU Salvage Yard, but it didn't work very well for very long and Seth eventually junked it -- when it was put out for the rubbish collection it mysteriously disappeared before the trashman came around, so it may still be producing fanzines somewhere in the universe! Seth bought a more conventional ditto next, which he sold to me in a fit of poverty less than a year later, and not long after that I brot it to the Twin Cities with me, so for a time there was no fannishly owned ditto in East Lansing -- Seth bought a Sears mimeo with which he produced many issues of AMOEBOID SCUNGE. But more recently he got tired of the messy mimeo, sold it, and has now returned to the ranks of ditto with a spiffy new electric machine. Time Marches On.

MIKE WOOD

<<Actually Mike, my remark about not editing letters last time was not a statement of policy so much as it was a matter of personal preference. But as you already know, space limitations and this crop of good letters forced my hand this time (and your letter helped ease my conscience about it). And I have discovered that editing letters isn't that bad a thing after all. I hope to improve my skill at it with time and practice, but I feel I did all right this time.>>

Laurine White
5408 Leader Ave.
Sacramento, Calif. 95841
January 31, 1975

Minn-Stf:

Generally, I don't know what is happening in Jay Kinney cartoons, but with Canfield as his collaborator, no wonder I could understand it. Very nice! Everyone has such nice words for Starling; I'll have to read a copy. The second issue of Zymurworm still has too little of the original Sandworm in it. Soitgoze has joined the ranks of extinct fanzines. And I see there are more new fanzines with weird names.

Ken Fletcher's cartoons appeal to me, as I like those in which the characters discuss the cartoon boundaries, as Dan O'Neill used to do in Odds Bodkins.

Food fans must be strong enough to form a subfandom now. Frank Denton lovingly describes trifles; Granfalloon has a recipe column; The Great Wall of China Society looks for a Chinese restaurant at cons; true gourmets attend the Ranquet every year. I agree with Jon Singer on including more Fletcher illos, especially the lovely non-cartoons.

LAURINE WHITE

Sarah Sue Wilde
1915 Mews Drive
Kansas City, MO 64139
February 1, 1975

Dear Friend Fred,

Here I am again, KCs old, neo femmefan, writing to RUNE partly because I have something to say, partly to keep my subscription up. First things first: readers of RUNE, I Sarah Sue Bailey am now Sarah Sue Wilde. Yes, it's true -- Allan J. finally asked or I finally said yes (which ever you like). (We were married in August, but it's one of those things you're so aware of that you never think about other people not knowing until you see your old name in print four months later.) Well that wasn't exactly a comment on RUNE 41, was it? I'll try to do better. I have three comments of various lengths.

First, Fanne (alias Asenath Hammond) is a delight -- more -- more!

Second, thank you Harry Warner, Jr. for the egoboo. To have my name in print not once but twice and under your heading, oh BNF, was almost more than my little neo-heart could take (even if it was in gratitude for taking up space). I think I will enjoy all of this much less when the new wears off, but I'll try very hard to keep that from happening.

Third, about Jim Young. The comment in your answer to Alex Eisenstein's letter about Jim having "extraordinary knowledge of 'sex-and-fandom'" whets my curiosity. Please Jim, if you've got it, flaunt it. (Maybe you should interview him on the subject, Fred. And how about Tucker too?)

One more little one please. I love RUNE. I know your life style will be changing somewhat soon but please keep RUNE Fred. You're a great editor.

See you at Minicon. Minneapolis in '73!

SARAH SUE WILDE

{{That does it for this time folks. Thank you. Oh yes, I must mention that we also heard from: BEN P. INDICK, DON D'AMMASSA, REBECCA LESSES, and GARY LEE. GREG KETTER (1163 Matilda, St. Paul, MN 55117) wrote and asked if people would send him information on the formative years of scientifiction, as he's writing a paper on it.... Until next time, peace. FRED HASKELL}}

I GOT A MILLION OF 'EM...

by Dave Wixon

Think up something wild. Whatever you want to imagine: it's There.
(Better: it's Then.)

Ever since encountering the wonderful We All Died at Breakaway Station, I've included Richard C. Meredith on my list of authors to search out. He's not terribly prolific, though, and so I jumped into At the Narrow Passage (Berkley Medallion Book N2730, 1975, 95¢) as soon as it showed up at Uncle Hugo's.

As I approached the mid-point of the book, I checked the cover again, convinced I had somehow picked up a Keith Laumer alternate worlds adventure; but no. Still, the thing feels Laumerly -- and that's good. (It's too bad the ending flattened out so badly.)

Like most of us, I'm fascinated by imaginings of worlds that ours' is not -- but might become, or might have been. Such imaginings can be divided into several groups.

You can pick a particular historical crisis of the past, and try to imagine the world's development if the outcome of that crisis had been different (as, If the South Had Won the Civil War). One group may well contain a large amount of "classic SF" -- the same technique applied to the history of the future. Thus, you get all sorts of alternate worlds, differing widely, and limited only by the author's ability to imagine how to get Then from Now.

I suppose you could call those "alternate pasts" and "alternate futures." There are also "alternate presents."

The theory of the alternate present is pretty well familiar to most SF readers by now: the spectrum of worlds lying "side-by-side," with new ones developing every time a decision is made which could have been decided in more than one way. Thus, at one time there was a chance Hitler would die of that WWI gas attack; we can imagine a world wherein he did die, existing in some shadowy way near us -- and like us, except for the incalculable differences resulting from the initial Difference. (Vive la différence!)

The analogy suggested is that of branches splitting further and further from the main trunk.

(The futures we read of are usually based, however loosely, on our present. But these other stories need not be so limited. There is vast room for wide-roaming imagination. There is a sheer grandeur in the idea of an infinite, side-by-side series of worlds -- the concept stretches perception to infinity in a new direction, beyond the traditional space and time: you don't go forward or backward -- you go sideways!

(Fascination! It has something to do with sheer imagination. Here's a place for sheer inventiveness, unhampered by considerations of feasibility; here's a way to create a whole world, or even millions of them; or, you can lean back and examine an author's fantasies, trying to read him by what he imagines.)

What this means is that everything is real.

It's a tidy, easily-understood concept, and a way to have anything you want.

Yet how far will the concept stretch before it -- or the mind -- snaps? It seems logical that in such a Universe, every time your hero wins, there's a time he loses, in some other When. If, for every time there could be a variation, a branch is made, then every yes is balanced by a no, every good by a bad, every win by a loss. And there's room for "maybes," for "ties."

Such a Universe, then, is somehow a zero-sum happening: when the good guys win here, they lose there -- do they cancel each other out, somehow? Most authors imply that events can occur outside the branching structure, but don't articulate how or why. Who could ever be sure about it?

Well, perhaps such events don't really cancel -- but then, maybe there's a When somewhere where they do....

More: there may be a When in which one Line conquers all the other Lines. But there's an immediate branch: it doesn't succeed in its conquest. Worlds begin to increase exponentially.... This can get out of hand -- and out of mind -- fast!

Even when you get the "branch" idea down -- by its very nature, shouldn't there be a part of the Universes where it doesn't work that way? Where the U.S. is closest to a Line where intelligent gnats rule the Earth?



Somewhere in here lies futility. I am reminded of the old problem that boggled numerous minds back in high school: given our usual definitions of God -- can He make a rock so heavy even He can't lift it? One way or the other, there's something, it seems, even God can't do.

We never solved that puzzle in high school, either. We just forgot about it. Perhaps such logical conundrums really tell us more about logic than about God.

Actually, the whole concept gets a bit unwieldy, for even if two Lines are next to each other -- in the time you are looking at them, things are happening which cause new Lines to

spring up between them, like shoots in a rock crevice. And slowly the original two Lines get "pushed" further and further apart, like galaxies in an expanding Universe. Travel between Lines must always be chancy.

And what if the alternate worlds are involved in some sort of expansion - contraction cycle, much as some astronomers have theorized for the Universe we can see? If so, perhaps at some point the Lines will somehow begin to merge back into each other....

I don't think I want to speculate as to what this implies for such human conceits as Free Will....

In some other world, a slightly different You is reading this. Perhaps You're fuzzy, or green, or paranoid, or Buddhist. Your Name is Legion.

DAVE WIXON

* + * + * + * + * + * + * + *

((I enjoyed Dave's comments about his article on his cover note, and figure you might too. So here they are: "The alternate worlds thingy is a real can of worms, and I could rattle on -- getting ever more meaningless -- for days; so I just picked out provocative thoughts and strung them together (in case anyone feels that continuity is a bit weak). In other words, this is an abridged version of a work I haven't even written yet."

Also, I would like to thank the people who helped collate the RUNE 41 during the collation party of 15 December 1974: Don Blyly, Ken Fletcher*, Dave Wixon, Ruth Odren*, Denny Lien*, Chuck Holst*, Don Bailey*, Jan Appelbaum*, Jim Young*, Gerry Wassenaar*, and Scott Imes*. (* signifies those fiendishly deceived as to the purpose of the meeting; and special thanks to Ken, who even came back for more. Special thanks also to Dave and Don for their continuing assistance far Beyond the Call....))

WATCH OUT!

CHAPTER THREE (★)

WHEN LAST YOU LEFT
US, I WAS BEING
TURNED INTO A VEGIT-
ABLE BY THE Inter-
Galactic Squash!
FORTUNATELY IT WAS ONLY
A DREAM...



HAVEN'T WE SEEN
THIS BEFORE, JACK?
THIS WATERMELON-
DREK IS FAMILIAR!

UH, TOO FAMILIAR.
ISN'T THAT WARDEN
PICKLE OF THE
SPACE PATROL?



THERE'S NO TWO WAYS
ABOUT IT! I'VE GOT TO
STOP THAT SQUASH!

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN?

THIS MIGHT
NOT BE A
MOVIE!
CHECK THE DIAL!

GOT TO BEAT HIM BACK
TO EARTH SOMEHOW...

EEEK
EEEK
DON'T TOUCH
THAT DIAL!

I'M COMMANDERING
THIS TELEVISION
IN THE NAME OF THE
VEGITABLE POLICE!

WHY
ME?

RING, RING, RING, "

"SO IF YOU DON'T TAKE THIS FLYING SAUCER TO EARTH, I'LL BE FORCED TO USE THIS MIMED STENCIL AGAINST YOU!"



BUT WE'RE ORBITING EARTH!

FORTUNATE FOR YOU, MY MIMED STENCIL IS QUICK.

I THINK YOU BROKE OUR TV...

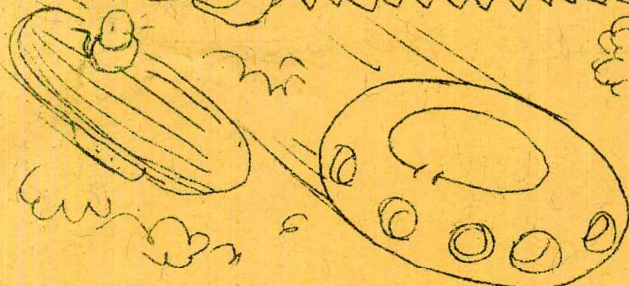


TAKE ME TO THE VEGETABLE DEFENCE COMMAND!

MIMED STENCIL?

HOWEVER, AT THIS STRATEGIC MOMENT!

PULL OVER, BUD, YOU'RE DOING 20,000 IN A RESTRICTED ZONE!



SEVERAL DIMENSIONS AWAY, WE FIND THE MISER KING QUITE UNAWARES...

losing a little more off the top, love that shine!



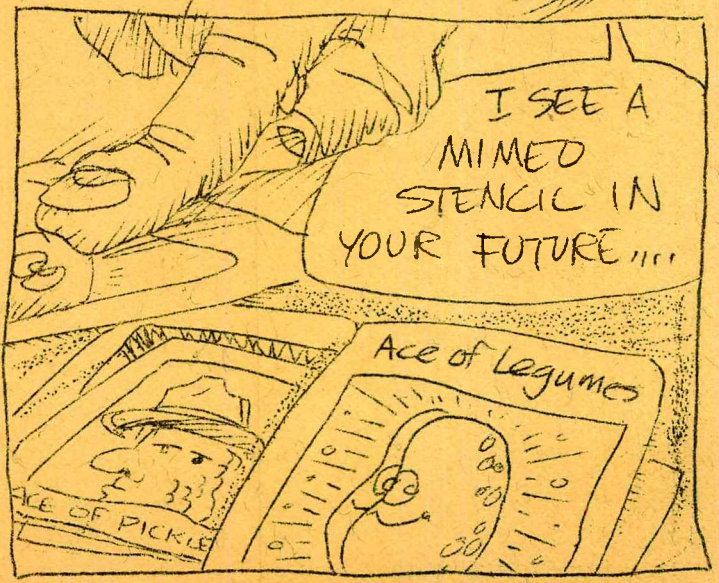
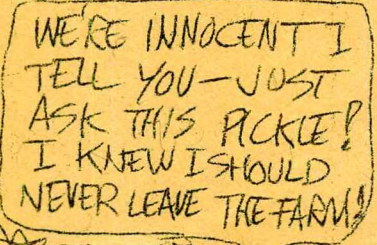
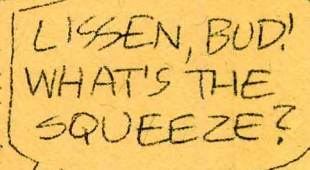
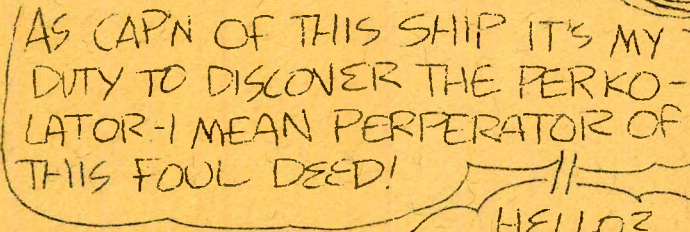
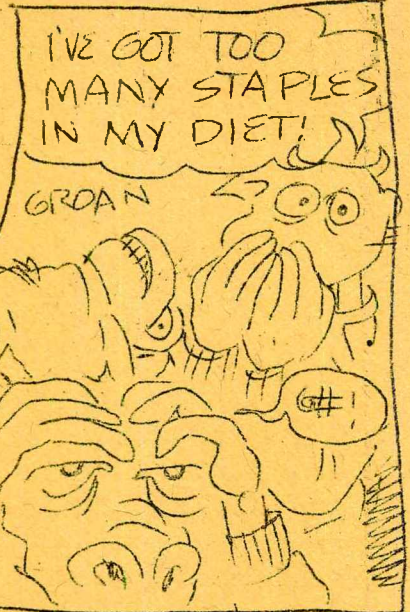
OH NO! WARDEN PICKLE'S PIES HAVE ENDED UP IN OUTER SPACE!

"WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO MY PUMPKIN PIES?" WONDERS THE FERGO FARP MOGUL...

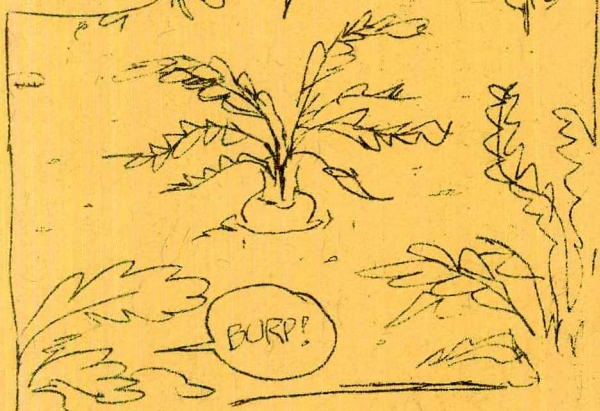


hmm...

EAT MORE POSSUM



SUDDENLY THE FUTURE
DISAPPEARED AND I WAS
IN THE PART-1' MEAN
PAST!



"I CAN'T STOMACH ANY MORE
RE-RUNS" - I GOT OUT FAST!



How ya gonna keep 'em down on
the Farm - after they've seen
the Purée?

MEANWHILE, A CHORD DIMENSION AWAY ~



DREAM MONSTER
VEGETABLE!

AAK!



LOOK! IT'S THE Enchanted Pickle!
THEY'RE GONNA FIGHT!

Perhaps we have
offended the
Eldrich Vegetables!



PERHAPS THERE ARE
OTHER GROUNDS FOR
THEIR ACTIONS!

Why, it's Max K. Affine,
noted perpetrator... er,
percolator - about-
time... uh, town!



YES! AND SOMETHING
BIG IS BREEDING...
UH, BREWING!

T. Foster, K. Fletcher, J. Young

From the desk of
RUTH ODREN

Dear Friend Fred,

Frankly I am puzzled. I just don't understand why EVERYONE who wants to make fast fan friends doesn't order a no-risk Portable Attick. Especially since there is a 100% no-risk, Double Guarentee of satisfaction.

Yet, my long experience tells me that only 10 fans out of every 1,000 who receive this amazine offer will order the Attick. It is almost unbelievable -- but true!

It reminds me of the story of the man who tried to give away REAL \$10 bills to prove a point. No one would take one. Everyone thought they were fake -- that there was some gimmick.

Let me assure you that my Double Guarentee is no gimmick. Not only can you return the Attick when it arrives -- for a full refund -- but YOU MUST WIN at least one fan friend -- or you may return the Attick next year -- still for a full refund. Fair?

Perhaps you say: "I've ordered similar Atticks and never made a friend. What's the use?" The answer is simple. You never before could have the step-by-step, easy-to-follow methods of the BIG WINNERS and professionals that are available to you NOW -- in my book, yours free with the Attick. It would cost you \$16.98 -- if you could get it elsewhere, but you can't -- but this magnificent volume is yours free with the Portable Attick.

Just one more thing. We all get mail from fly-by-night operators who use phony names and hide behind P.O. box numbers. All THEY want is your money. This is NOT the case with ME. I am a real person -- you can stop by the office anytime. You'll discover that I am interested in far more than just your money. You can check me out with the Chamber of Commerce and Better Business Bureau here in Minneapolis. Think about that for a minute!

There may be other reasons for not ordering your guarenteed Portable Attick -- but for the life of me I can't think what they might be. So, if you are still not ordering -- will you drop me a line to tell me why?

Cordially,

Ruth
Ruth Odren

P.S. Please remember -- when you order your Portable Attick right away you get 4 FREE BONUS EXTRAS as a gift. So, mail in your order today!

FANZINES RECEIVED

{{Ye old ed here again. Not much time or space, and lots of fanzines to list, so you'll forgive me if I don't comment in depth. I will toss in an admittedly biased recommendation on those I liked. The order is alphabetical, by zine title. I have not listed a couple of small personalzines nor the DNQ zine which I received, as I thought that would be best. If you sent me a zine that fits that category and it isn't listed but you'd like it to be next time, please let me know somehow. If you sent me a zine that isn't in those categories and isn't listed, I must have misplaced it. I'm sorry....}}

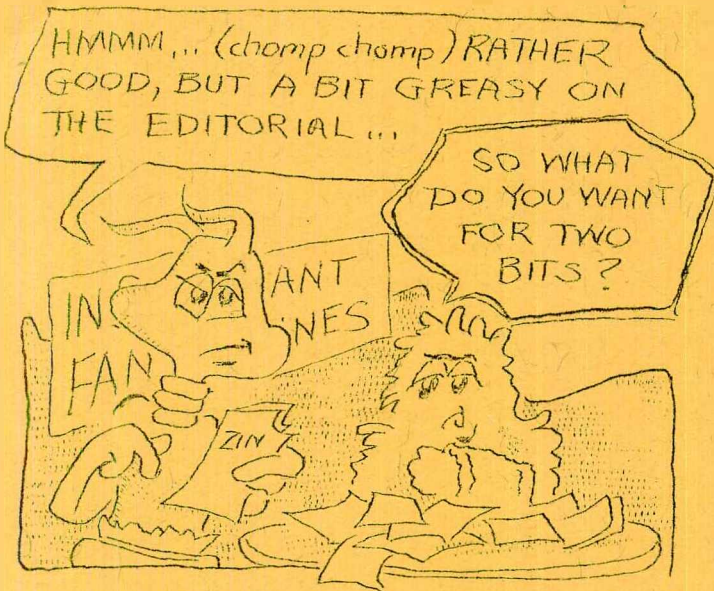
BCSFA NEWSLETTER #19 = Irregular, edited by Mike Bailey for the British Columbia Science Fiction Association, P.O.Box 35577 'E', Vancouver B.C., V6M 4G9, Canada. \$1.50 a year or membership in the club. Presumably trade also. (5 pages) newszine.

CHECKPOINT = Irregular by Darroll Pardoe, 24 Othello Close, Hartford, Huntingdon PE18 7SU, England. Available for news or trades, or for 10/60p (N. America airmail 10/\$2, Australia airmail 8/\$1. (No foreign cheques.)) Free sample on request. (4 - 6"x8½" pages). Newszine.

COLOG 23 & 24 = quarterly (for APA45) by Mike Wood, 1878 Roblyn Ave #3, St. Paul, Minnesota 55104. Available for show of interest. (5 & 10 pages). Personalzine.

DESTINY OF SCIENCE FICTION #1 = Irregular by Bob Sourk, 2050 Ulric St, Apt 6, San Diego, CA 92111. Available for art, writings, news, 20¢ or 5/\$1. (12 - 5½"x8½" pages) "Newszine." Apestuff, Treckstuff, outre stuff. Not to my taste.

DIEHARD 6 = Twice-yearly by Tony Cvetko, 29415 Parkwood Drive, Wickliffe, Ohio 44092. The usual or 1/60¢, 4/\$2. (52 pages) Genzine. (I must confess I haven't read it yet -- but it looks interesting....)



The e-STARIAN EXPLORER #1 = By Wayne W. Martin, 4623 E. Inyo, Apt E, Fresno, Calif. 93702. The usual or 25¢. (10 pages) Genzine. Good first issue....

FANW SLETTER TWENTY = Fortnightly, by Leigh Edmonds, PO Box 74, Balaclava, Victoria, Australia. 10¢ in stamps in Australia, Ghu knows how much elsewhere. (6 - 6½"x8" pgs) Newszine. I like Leigh and his writing a lot.

FAN PUBLISHING RECORD = Irregular by Roger D. Sween, 319 Elm St., Kalamazoo, Michigan 49007. Trade (1 for 1), sample 50¢, sub 10/\$3. "FPR seeks to become a complete record of science fiction and fantasy fan publications by citing the significant bibliographic descriptions of such publications and be detailing their contents in an objective, non-evaluative manner." Useful, eh?

GODLESS #9 = By Bruce D. Arthurs, 2401 W. Southern Ave, B-136, Tempe, AZ 85282. Usual, 1/75¢ or 3/\$2. (51 pages) Genzine.

((I'm going to cut out the pretence of comments -- no time. I hope I can do more next time (or maybe find someone willing to review fanzines....))

GRANFALLOON 19 = By Linda E. Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave, Prospect Park, PA 19076. The usual or \$1 per issue. (46 pages) Genzine. I know, but I can't resist -- beautiful art, beautiful repro. Good reading too....

GREEN EGG Vol. VIII, No. 68 = Eight times a year by Morning G'Zell and Tim Zell, PO Box 2953, St. Louis, MO 63130, for the Church of All Wrolds. Single copy \$1, or \$7 per year (\$1.25 per or \$8 year outside US). (56 - 7"x9"). The official journal of the Council of Earth Religions. Not really a fanzine, but they sent it to us....

KARASS 10 & 11 = By Linda E. Bushyager (address after GRANFALLOON above). The usual (except 1 for 1 trade) and/or 4/\$1. (15 & 15 pps). Newszine.

KNIGHTS OF THE PAPER SPACE SHIP #11 = Quarterly by Mike Bracken, Box 802, Fort Bragg, CA 95437. The usual or 75¢ per. (56 pages). Genzine.

MOEBIUS TRIP LIBRARY'S SF ECHO #21 = By Edward C. Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, IL 61604. \$1 each or 3/\$2 (~~411¢/probably~~ the usual also). (148 - 4 1/4"x7" bound) Genzine.

MYTHOLOGIES #3 = Irregular by Don D'Amassa, 19 Angell Drive, East Providence, Rhode Island 02914. Editorial whim or for loc. Do not send money. (29 pages) "a personally oriented fanzine dedicated to the proposition that nothing is real."

OUTWORLDS 21 & 22 (double issue) = Quarterly by Bill Bowers, PO Box 2521, North Canton, OH 44720. \$1.50 each, 4/\$4 or "accepted contribution of Art and written material; for Printed Letters of Comment/Editorial Whim and arranged trades." (70 pages). Genzine. Great! Get it....

PHOTRON #12 = Steven Beatty, 1662 College Terrace Drive, Murray, KY 42071. The usual or 40¢. (37 pages) Genzine.

RICHARD E. GEIS-A Personal Journal = Irregular by Richard E. Geis, Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211. N. America 6/US\$2; Other foreign 6/US\$2.50. By subscription only. New subscribers must state their age, and be at least 18. (10 pages). Personalzine. I like it -- you might or might not. You might want to send Dick \$1.25 for his "genzine" The Alien Critic first, especially if you have any doubts about it. Kinda get your feet wet and see if it agrees with you....

THE ROGUE RAVEN 1 = Bi-weekly by Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave SW, Seattle, WA 98166. 10/\$1 in cash or stamps. (4 pages) Personal zine. Frank is apparently not satisfied by just putting out a great genzine -- he has to put out this interesting zine as well....

SCUZMOTHERE #1 = By Gary Hubbard, 208 Hubbard Ct., apt 2, Westland, Mich. 48185. Usual or \$1 per year. (10 pages) Personalzine. He needs to learn a bit about putting out a fanzine, but he can write. I think he'll learn....

SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL 171 & 172 = Two to four times a month by Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, MD 20906. 25¢ (10p) each, 10/\$2 (12/\$1 or 12/\$2.50 overseas). (22 pages) Clubzine.& Newszine & Reviewzine.

STUPEFYING STORIES 100 = It's Eney's Fault. 6500 Fort Hunt Rd, Alexandria, VA 22307. The usual. (6 pages) Crazyzine. Interesting.

ZYMURWORM 21H = Bob Vardeman & Dick Patten, 2908 El Corto SW, Albuquerque, NM 87105. Usual or 35¢. (19 pages). Genzine.

Prologue:

Get Ready, SLIM!
Here comes ONE
NOW!

OK



NOW! energize
ANTI-GRAVITY RAY
TO CAPTURE EARTH
MONSTER!

Yes
sir!

hey
what's
happening?



OH!!?@ JUST
MY LUCK! EVERY
TIME I TRY TO GO TO
THE POST OFFICE
SOMETHING HAPPENS!



Below you will please find a listing of upcoming Minn-stf meeting dates and locations. All of these are Saturday meetings, and begin at 1:00 pm.

*March 1 - Al Kuhfeld's, 1812 Clinton Ave., Minneapolis (Board nominations)

*March 15 - The Bucklin's, 4701 Park Ave., Minneapolis (Board nominations & Minneapa collation)

*March 29 - The Lien's, 2408 Dupont Ave. So., Minneapolis (Election)

*April 12 - Don Bailey's, 4143 South 25th Ave., Minneapolis

*April 18-20 - *MINICON 10* - Holiday Inn Downtown, at Nicollet Ave. and 13th St., Minneapolis (fun for all)

Announcement of Interest: the Monty Python film, And Now For Something Completely Different will be playing at Coffman Union at the University of Minnesota on Saturday, March 15, "continuously from 4 pm to midnight." Student admission is \$1, don't know about other admission.

| SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY |
|----------|--------|---------|-----------|----------|----------|----------|
| 23 FEB | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 1 MARCH |
| 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
| 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 MARCH |
| 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 |
| 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 MARCH |
| 30 | 31 | 1 APRIL | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 APRIL |
| 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 APRIL | 19 APRIL |
| 20 APRIL | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 |

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