



Vaughn F. Bode died last week. He suffocated while meditating. I don't know what to say. I want to be glad that he lived, rather than sad that he is now gone, but I guess I don't have the perspective for that yet. We were Brothers man, we loved each other. He was so beautiful, and he did so many wonderful and entertaining things... His cartoons were sometimes profound, sometimes silly, sometimes both, but always entertaining. And nothing can compare with having seen him do his Cartoon Concert -- hearing what those critters sounded like, and touching those other worlds more closely. I guess that was what was so incredible about him -- he lived in many different worlds and brought us back pictures from those other ones.

Did you know that he received the Hugo at St. Louiscon in 1969 for fan art? And the Yellow Kid Award just recently for his cartoons. Or that he got to perform the Cartoon Concert at the Louvre in Paris? And I don't know what else, but he deserved more.

It should be mentioned that he had been asked to be the Artist Guest of Honor at the next Minicon (11), and had accepted. He felt honored, and so did we. (I can't help remembering the time he spoke of visualizing the two of us as old men, sitting in rocking chairs on a porch somewhere and smiling about all this. I can't help remembering the last line of his last letter to me -- dated June 23 1975: "See you soon, Brother." I can't help remembering everything he did for me -- how can I now repay him? I just can't help remembering how beautiful he was.)

I guess he's now on the next leg of his Journey toward "Da' Laughing Light." I sincerely hope all is well with him now, and that he makes it. Fare thee well, Vaughn -- I will remember and cherish you forever.

FRED HASKELL
23 July 1975

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THE DEADLINE for material for the next issue is: Wednesday, 1 October 1975.

THE EDITOR WISHES TO THANK THE PEOPLE WHO HELPED COLLATE LAST TIME, but he lost the list of names. It was at a Miniapa collation, anyway. Thanks folks....

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(If you wish to send out a flyer in the RUNE envelope, please contact us for rates and details.)

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((Gee, it seems like only yesterday when I wrote in the introduction to the letter column of RUNE 39 (my first issue as editor): "Remember that I'd really like to see this section of the zine grow, meaning that I'd like a letter from you, the reader, about whatever topic seems to concern you the most. (Or, if you prefer, you may write about a topic that concerns you the least. But please do write.)" And let me tell you, I'm proud of you! It's through your efforts that the

lettercool has grown from six pages (RUNE 39) to sixteen pages in micro-elite (RUNE 43)--(But length isn't the only criterion. Those were sixteen highly interesting pages of letters....) And if that wasn't enough, we now have "The Lettercool That Ate The RUNE!" Thank you, thank you, thank you. (And keep those cards and letters coming, folks!))

J. Maxwell Young
1948 Ulysses Street NE
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55418
3 March 1975

My Dear Haskell:

It pleased me greatly to receive RUNE 42; I was happy at the critical praise which my cover illustration received in re the previous issue, and I was flabbergasted by the critical pan it got from the Rt. Hon. J. Singer; but as the Romans had it, "taste is disgusting."

But the purpose of the above (& the below) gibbering is actually to comment on D. Wixon's fine book review. Actually I am quite inspired by Waller's illustration on page 31, which bears the comment, "...nothing they tell you about Euclidean space can prepare you for the reality." Professor Waller never ceases to amaze me with his Mozartean creativity; I hope that if he has established telephone contact between a Euclidean continuum & this one, he'll give my regards to a Mr. A. Square.

But to the point: in "I Got A Million of 'Em," Wixon states: "...everything is real," (emphasis in the original). Then he adds, "Yet how far will the concept stretch before it -- or the mind -- sanps (sic)?" (p. 30). I will say no more about the elasticity of the mind; Wixon has said more than enough.

However, I will say that alternate realities can easily be understood from probability theory. Consider the exponential inincrease of probable states of existence: we have a function in which P^X (the states of existence which are possible) can be evaluated as

$$\int_0^\infty e^{(x \ln P)} = [e^{(x \ln P)} \cdot (\frac{x}{P} + \ln P)]_0^\infty = \infty.$$

Now that's pretty simple, all things being equal. However, if P is already infinite, then the integral is not just infinity but some transfinite number....

Perhaps some one of the readers would care to hallucinate upon this for a while. In the meantime I refer you to the February 1975 issue of the Scientific American which contains some musings on the most recent developments of mathematicians concerned with transfinite numbers (in the "Mathematical Games" section), and a decent article by John H. Schwarz on "Dual-Resonance Models of Elementary Particles." I say decent, and sound rather uncomfortable about the latter essay not because the man keeps suggesting that we are in a 25-dimensional space-time-other parameters manifold (which he does), but because he keeps inferring that we are in only a three-dimensional space. I find this latter suggestion most disturbing, which returns me to Dr. Waller's profound comments in RUNE. Nothing does prepare you for the reality....

J. MAXWELL YOUNG, B.FIZZ, S.M.O.M., F.MINN-STF

Laurine White
5408 Leader Ave.
Sacramento, Calif. 95841
May 28, 1975

Dear Fred,

Thank you for RUNE 42. I must confess the humor in the cover cartoon eluded me. Minneapolis Yellow means nothing to me. Except for RUNE, all I know about Minn. fandom is that it has some legendary folksingers, and Minneap.

Are you reviewing MACROSCOPE for the new generation of fans? To me it seemed like a re-write of A FOR ANDROMEDA, which shows you I missed all the philosophy. Piers Anthony likes to write on several levels. He said CTHON should be read that way. After reading three novels and "In the Barn" by him, the only one I enjoyed was ORN. It seemed his stories just weren't what I could read.

Letters: What was wrong with "Billy the Kid Meets Dracula"? John Carradine thought it was the worst film he ever appeared in, but he was wrong. That honor goes to a film titled "Planet of The Living Vampires" or something dreadfully similar. You may remember some of those Japanese monster films with scenes with an American actor spliced in; this one looked like a Samoan monster film with American actors spliced in. Actually "Billy the Kid Meets Dracula" wasn't bad. At least I stayed up to watch the whole thing. That other one, Polynesian cavemen and all, was a real bomb. And who can forget "Gene Autry and the Phantom Empire"? It was shown at one of the worldcons, Noreascon, I think. I liked the Ice Lolly illo on page 20.

Dave Wixon recommends AT THE NARROW PASSAGE. At least he makes it sound interesting, so I've ordered it from Change of Hobbit. This next chapter of your vegetable comic strip isn't so interesting. Maybe because it was a new idea to me last issue and seems kind of worn out this time.

LAURINE WHITE

{{MACROSCOPE was reviewed because Avon reissued it and sent it for review; and we figured "why not?" Though I am personally inclined to agree with you more than the Nightreader on this one -- there are better writers than Anthony....}}

Charles Martin
1003 10th St. SW
Rochester, Minn. 55901
5/30/75

Dear Fred:

I can't believe this!!! RUNE is the biggest collection of ravings from a nuthouse ever!

Seriously, though, it's great. I got my first issue (RUNE 43) in the mail yesterday. Having gone to the Minicon 10, "Tales From The Minicon" interested me greatly. I must have missed something, though, because I don't remember having heard MINIWOCKY while there (maybe I was "resting whom in the hucksters room"). Oh well.

In response to Nightreader and Renee Valois, I'll have to side with the Nightreader. Dahlgren was about the most unreadable book I've ever read. Especially at the end, when any readability at all is dissolved by various typographical tricks, which make the end welcome (the book begins and ends with incomplete sentences! Is this art?).

Slightly depressed after seeing the way to become a member, as I live in Rochester, am a student, and busfare must be spent on Minicons. Ah, well, such is life. Meanwhile, I'm content to read RUNE.

P.S. I'm going to try those new versions of Risk -- they sound good!

P.P.S. What is "FERGO FARP" (comic, page 24, RUNE '43)?

A loyal member of the Minn-stf in spirit,
CHARLES MARTIN

[[Fergo Farp is a mystical substance which defies definition. Stay tuned to RUNE for further details....]]

Larry Becker
3557 26th Avenue South
Minneapolis, MN 55406
May 31, 1975

Dear Ghrehd,

It has taken me several issues to realize RUNE as a great cohesive IN-JOKE intended for the sf society's gamily in particular and no one else in general. It was a disappointment to find that an sf club fanzine doesn't have much relating to "science fiction" but then just so much can be written about any genre before one begins to diverge out of necessity. There were several distinct steps in this realization of mine:

- 1) These people HAVE read a lot more sf than I and gee...they just must know!
- 2) They are going through a GREAT EXPECTATIONS and ideals-and-science-of-writing-sf trip, and using RUNE as the customary amateur first-step-toward-stardom.
- 3) Drelms that they be, they are actually an offshoot of the subversive BÖOTES WILDEBEAST FIRST WAVE of INVASION, and are trying to lap the shores of our minds with rivulets of irrelevant commentary steeped in the orange pekoe of tastelessness.
- 4) Great Shades of the Most-High Ipana! There is no great secret to uncover, and RUNE is merely a totally self-indulgent enterprise perpetrated by the Minn-Stuff family.

Concerning your cover. Bert may indeed be quite odd, but is still a fine stylist and craftsman overall. His statement that MAN will continue his assault on the stars (the moon) while keeping his ears open (for dissenting opinions) and his radio antennae (whiskers) alert for communications from aliens in deep space, leaping upward on a pillar of fire but keeping his legs spread to denote his readiness and flexibility toward other methods was very graphic. The flowers of the field are obvious symbols of man's ascent needing a firm support in world peace, but it is the hole, the crux at the base of the missile between Mars (war) and Venus (love) that puzzles me. What does that symbolize? Could this suggest the proverbial empty TANG jar left on the planets as a sign of human claim?

The possibilities are endless.

LARRY BECKER

Dear Fred:

Robert A. Bloch
June 3, 1975

RUNE received and much appreciated -- particularly the interview with Clifford Simak. As I believe I've remarked elsewhere, he is one of the alltime top talents in the field, but due to his own modesty and reticence he has not received his just share of attention. This piece helps to acquaint fandom with a truly intelligent and imaginative writer who is also one helluva nice person. Many thanks for letting me see it!

BOB BLOCH



douglas barbour
10808 75th avenue
edmonton alberta t6e ik2
canada
3.6.75.

dear fred;

well, whatthehell, who cares if it's yours or the club's, it seems too many people, including me, enjoy RUNE to make it matter much. from what you say it is a club effort, even if you do the major (editorial) part. anyway, #43 is good to see, & has some fine stuff therein.

& i meanwhile will continue to use upper case as little as possible (tho i must confess it's ~~stupid~~ (that may be a new disease, but it's not what i wanted to say) necessary to use it for some things; but, then again, my single ' is lower case, in case tom digby really wanted to know). it's all a case of laziness & general enjoyment: i have to type articles & such in plain old fashioned PMLA style, but for letters & poems i can write as i wish (i hope) & i do. some editors replace the caps, some dont. you dont. good enough by me.

the interview with clifford simak is the highlight of thish, but why did it take so long to get into print? (7 May 1973!?!) well, CITY was one of the books i really got into when first entering this strange world of science fiction years ago. & when i returned to it after some years of intellectual hiatus -- college english doesnt tend to support such a habit -- it was one of the books i reread &, to my delight, found it to be as fine as i remembered it being. while no great inovator, simak has long been telling dreamy stories about the far future, & as i am a sucker for the far flung speculation, i enjoy them. having met the man briefly at penn state a few years ago, i know him to be a genuine good person, as well, & this comes through nicely in the interview. my own tastes in sf are possibly a bit more towards the experimental stylists than his, but i enjoy the people he mentions too. which brings up one of the more interesting aspects of the great feuds that still run on -- i see DHALGREN at the centre of one of them: & i think it's a masterful book --: many people seem to believe that if you, for example, like new wave, you cant possibly like old wave. if you really like disch, you wont be able to stomach niven. well, i enjoy them both, though i'd likely finally give disch a nod for being the more profound writer. on the other hand (i should be getting to about #5 by now, which is only proper in a discussion of sf) i really do find the sf that looks really, really far into some possible future (THE DYING EARTH or DUNE or A CANTICLE FOR LIEBOWITZ or NOVA all do something along this line) gets to me in a way that most relevant (to the near future) sf does not. ursula k leguin's creation in over 5 novels of a huge spatial/temporal universe is just one of the reasons i love her work. on the other hand (again) when a writer writing about now can do so as well as delany, disch, ellison, etc. do, they excite me with the games they play with fictional reality & their great sense of style. i try to find what's good in a book & not damn it for not doing what it never tried to do in the first place (& that's what most of the writers who are damning DHALGREN are doing: attacking it for not being DUNE when it never set out to be. this of course includes yr own hidden figure).

there appear to be an overwhelming number of typos in dave wixon's article, which is too bad. but "Educated is acquired" is the worst, & really left me wondering. i am also wondering just what point he was trying to make about "The Marching Morons." why don't you tell him that next time he reviews a book for you he can have more than a page & a half in which to express his views. i keep feeling he's trying to tell me something rather complex, but i cant, quite, figure out what. the issues are clear enough, here, but what's his point?

i note that in reviewing fanzines, dave figures he need say no more than that AMOR is susan wood's ~~fan~~personalzine (see? i still havent got the vocab down absolutely straight). which says something for the power of the hugo. please keep using sf (which is better than any of the other abbreviations, including stf -- which ted white wishes to revive) because (as simak sort of implied with his discussion of science fiction as a part of fantasy) it allows for more wide ranging rubrics to be attacht to it than any other. from the panshins' speculative fantasy right back to science fiction. & they all fit: it all depends on what youre pointing to when you say it. right? wish i could say something wierd or funny, but you know us canadians: so dull & straight.

doug barbour

--I suppose that I should have mentioned it at the time the article appeared, but I sometimes forget these things -- Jim Young's interview with Clifford Simak was written for, and originally appeared in, the Minnesota Daily (the University of Minnesota student newspaper). The delays in publication were due to a number of things, none of which are really worth mentioning. I felt (as did most of the RUNE readers, apparently) that neither the time delay nor the original publication hurt it or rendered it unsuitable for publication here....--

To Ye Olde Editor,

Greg Ketter
1163 Matilda
St. Paul, Minn. 55117
June 4, 1975

As I write this letter, RUNE 43 is quietly sitting at my elbow (isn't that a strange thing for a RUNE to be doing -- sitting quietly?).

RUNE has really affected me. It's really the first and only fanzine I now receive. So I ran through the review column and picked out some of the better sounding ones and sent for year's subscriptions. If any are near as good as RUNE, my money was well spent.

"Ornithopter" -- well, what can I say? I never learned Russian. Clifford Simak -- excellent. Letters -- always great. Reviews -- more of the same. Overall -- fantastic.

Now on to something really important. What's the hassle over (dare I say it? yes I do) sci-fi? To me it sounds better than SF (short maybe for San Francisco, South Frampton, or Sam Frito-popper?). At least sci-fi sounds faanish. It's as American as pizza. So let's get with it. Long live sci-fi!

GREG KETTER

[[I dunno, I guess I'm just a die-hard traditionalist or something, but I really do like the sound and appearance of "SF" (or even "sf") much better than "sci-fi." For all of that, I am also quite fond of "stf" (though I am less likely to use it when speaking than "sf" -- it is somewhat awkward). To me, "sci-fi" just sounds so... so Mad-Ave...so, "mod-a-go-go"...so, I duuno, so plastic. But there are no hard fast rules....]]

Mark Sharpe
2721 Black Knight Dr.
Indianapolis, Indiana 46229
June 7, 1975

Dear Fred,

Thanks very much for RUNE #43. The reproduction throughout and the cover was interesting and very good. Who's Odbert?

"Ornithopter" was, to say the least, not very humorous, nor very good. I have a passion for fanfic, I love it, but I may never be the same. Perhaps I wasn't too fond of it because I enjoy non-humorous fan fiction (I have a tendency to be a bore), with some sort of new twist to an old theme, or new ideas. But in "Ornithopter's" case, it was not a thought varient nor original (well, on second thought, at least Frank Herbert hasn't died of shock yet.) Enough of the thopter.

I loved the Simak interview. He is one of my favorite authors. And as far as I am concerned, he has never written a bad, or even average, story. I had never read any of his personal comments on SF and the future society, and they were intriguing, intelligent, and informative. His thoughts on science fiction were original as far as my experience with interviews go. His opinions on the technical vs the psychological societies of tomorrow are close to mine, but better thought out. Personally, I favor the technical society, but with the social sciences keeping pace. One of the larger problems on today's society is that the hard sciences have by far out-reached the social/soft sciences. Toffler's FUTURE SHOCK has the best examples of where we might be headed and what might be a good course of action.

Meeting minutes and con reports are great for the people in those various activities, but for us slobs who can't come, it isn't fair to tempt us with facts but no convention. Ever thought about renting a mobile home and taking it all around the country?

The LoC's were as good as any can be, I enjoy other people's comments to see if I am a raving maniac or a regular Einstein. I prefer to think I am a genius, but I would imagine most people would disagree. I guess people can't tell what a person is like from what they write.

MARK SHARPE

Dear Fred and RUIN,

Leah Fisher
2220 East Oklahoma Avenue
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53207
June 8, 1975

Destruction doesn't always appear as a physical state. Are you sure your mind isn't decaying too? That cover art on #43 was well-crafted but lacked real

inspiration or ...taste? (no, tastes can be very strange)...tact? (no, RUSE never had tact -- few zines do)...let me just say it lacked likeability. It was the kind of cover I expected on GREEN EGG not RUNE. (However, the zine itself arrived in the best shape I ever seen a zine arrive in.) Don't let me put the fear of God into you too much though. I liked the inside art (Where would all those goodies go if G. Hovah knew about 'em?) (Yeah I know what omniscience is, but my theology is weak.)

Right now I'm doing penance for missing Minicon 10. Everyone keeps telling me that I should have followed my id's idea to out out of school for it. Now all I can do is groan in deprivation while others wonderingly reminisce. Loved that article on Minicon but it pierced my soul to the core cause I couldn't add my own thoughts on the occasion.

And I missed seeing Gordy. Haven't seen him since Milwaukee's academia conference last summer. And Poul Anderson and Lester Del Rey are two crazies I wouldn't mind rubbing elbows with (or any other part if it came to that) ((Down, Id!! I'm a good girl, I am.)) (Yeah, I bet you are!) ((Is there an exorcist in the house?))

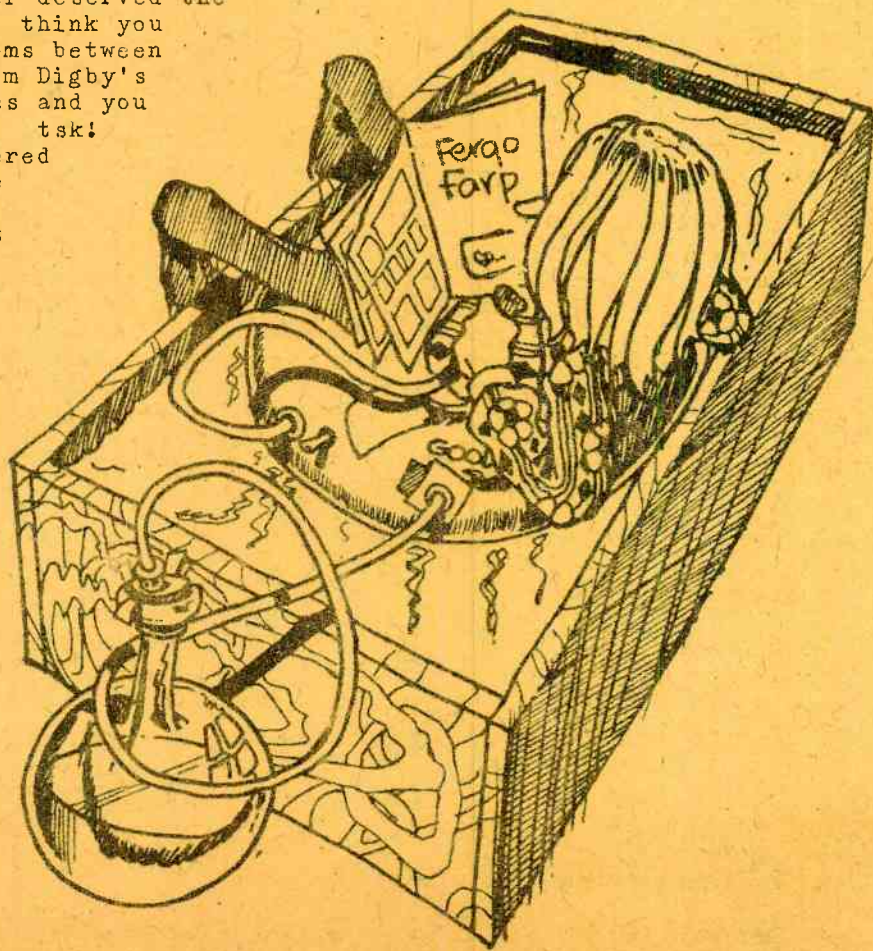
Tannahill deserves a special award for MINIWOCKY. Verse five ("Filksing! Filksing! etc") brought back fond memories of Windycon. (I wonder if Tatge remembers me from Windycon? Do you, Dick? You signed my calligraphy book in a most distinguished manner. Wait till I finish your handwriting analysis!)

ORNITHOPTER stuck my eyeballs to the print with interest. Wish more of Jon Singer's good stuff would turn up more often. Fletcher's cartoons nicely set the mood and carried out the thought that Jon produced (?). (The thought it produced was that Jon is really a colleague of Gandalf and is studying the folkways of dwarves.)

What else was left in 43 to loo? Letters. Well I can't do much for others opinions, except add a few thoughts of my own. Like ...Fred, I like your comments, but... (yeah there's a but in this)... but do you HAVE to spend a half page on every other letter? I will admit that Harry Warner's letter deserved the rebuttal you gave him. I still think you could have spread out the ed coms between the various letters anyway. Tom Digby's surely rated more than two lines and you made nothing of Al Sirois' loo. tsk! tsk! Also you could have answered Denise's question with a simple yes or no out of the courtesy I'm sure you like to parade out once in a while.

The greatest reformers are those needing reform themselves. If I sound down on you that only reflects the High (?!?) standards I set for those zines I enjoy reading. ((And Id enjoys reading RUDE as well as Ego. Keep up the good work.))

I didn't get to loo RHEUM 42. It came limping into my mailbox just in time to get lost under papers, fanzines and my latest bookbuying spree (Hooboy! Does the local bookstore like to see me come. I pay their rent for 'em.) I did read it though waybackwhen, but then I had to move so it got permanently lost somewhere in the several tons of stuff I dug out of my dorm room



and haven't even unpacked yet. (Seems dumb to unpack when I have to pack it all up again for fall anyway.) Seems to me, however, there was a passable parody on wargaming. Passable at the beginning, but towards the end it started passing out (and so did I).

Wasn't there also a parallel universe theory propounded? Trouble with theories is that they are just theories and no better than any other theory. Also, dealing in hyperdimensional terms is exceptionally difficult, because even if the author is able to visualize beyond the second dimension (that's right the SECOND dimension -- I dare any homo sapiens to see around corners without mechanical help), the readers generally are unable to visualize higher than 2-D (some can't even see 2-D; only 1-D). The whole article then tends to get strangled by its own lines of logic. (And the universe, I believe, is logical even if it isn't rational.) In any case, theorizing beyond one universe is a little like a paramecium trying to work out the solar system's position in the Milky Way.

Oh, I missed saying something about "Prologue." I liked it, I liked it. Both parts even. Seems there is a conspiracy among US Post Mesters against stfandom in general. Can you visualize what this means? We'll have to go UNDERGROUND in order to get decent postal service for stf material. Why, only last month when I sent off my bundle of stf mags to a friend just a hundred miles away in Chicago, I made the mistake of telling the kindly old gent behind the counter that it had magazines inside. "What KIND of magazines?" he asked, looking over my faded bluejeans, hunting boots, battered knapsack, oversized (and slightly dirty) bandana scarf covering my disheveled hair, and the teeshirt emblazoned with the insignia of the Intergalactic Crab Lice Doom Patrol.

"What KIND of magazines?" he repeated, suspicion covering his innocent face.

"Literary," I said, knowing that literature is a socially redeemable subject. But Post Messters are not as dumb as they once were (US Civil Service exams must be getting tighter). He smiled indulgently at me and licked his chops before asking me what I feared most. "What KIND of literary magazines?"

Hoping to get out of there without having the CIA alerted, I parried expertly. "The best literature in the world," then I smiled coyly and tried to slide closer to the exit. "AHAA!! I knew it!" he cried, and I stood there not knowing whether to relax with relief or bolt for the door. "Subversive literature. Probably FILTHY with sex too. Wait till Horace sees what I got for him!" I bolted for the door.

Well, SF IS the best lit in the world, but sometimes it is subversive and filthy with sex too (and this bundle DID have some sex in it). What could I do but change my residence and let my mother get my mail until the whole thing blew over? A month later I cautiously sounded out my Chicago friend and found out that despite some mysterious damage to the package wrappings, the bundle arrived complete and well-worn (well-fingered?) and only a month after I sent them.

Maybe Abbie Hoffman could help us out in our dealings with the Post Orifice. Anyone got a copy of STEAL THIS BOOK? Someone stole mine. The Library only stocks LITERATURE and the bookstores refuse to carry it anymore. (And I think it may be out of print too.) I can see it now. Secret coded messages instead of real-live locs. Special peek-a-boo frames to place over pages of innocent stories to yield the real between-the-lines story full of all that "subversive" and "filthy sex" stuff we're accused of writing (and reading).

Oh, I could go on for hours on ways to beat the system and benefit Mankind. But I'll save that for my next story when I get around to writing it. Meanwhile... I'm pounding typer to save stf from the post office. After all, if we all keep sending stf-stuff through the US mails, SOME has to go through. They can't sift through ALL the mail and not get detected by the general unwashed suburbanite schmuck.

LEAH FISHER

{{I guess I don't understand your objection to my comments to letters. First I thought you were saying I write too much, then that I write too little. Well, no matter. Truthfully, I write as much as seems appropriate whenever something strikes me in a way that gets me going. If this means I write too little to some people, I'm sorry and apologize to them; and if I write too much sometimes, well, I dunno. I suppose you could just skip my comments when they get too long....

I'm glad that both Ego and Id enjoy RUNE. (It means I'm succeeding -- I'm trying to make RUNE enjoyable to people on as many different levels as possible.)}}

:derF

Jessica Amanda Salmonson
Post Office Box 89517
Zenith, Washington 98188

You need longer staples or thinner issues, this one crumbled to dust in my hands, or came apart at the seams at least. Too bad you can't afford to put RUNE in envelopes, it seems such an ambitious effort to let the PO tear it to shreds for you.

Again I dug the cover, more than last. Although I have a reputation for having a reputation, I'm actually very naive, and had looked at this cover several times before I realized that Odbert's cat-girl is crouched on, of all things, a penis. I liked the cover before I noticed the phallus. I loved the cover after I noticed. Wish I had Odbert's address, I'd have him do the cover for the next APPLE FANZINE (sub-titled "an informal journal of human sexuality").

The interview with Simak was of course the high spot. Simak was one of the first authors I read when I was a liddle kid digging stf, and so the interview interested me even though he is no longer a particular favorite.

I think sci-fi is a nice term, and fandom's effort (futile), to do away with the term is trite and idiotic. Of all the things that can be discussed about the genre, everyone picks up on the complaint that sci-fi sounds hollywood, commercial, or whatever. The only thing it really sounds like is an abbreviated form of science fiction. SF on the other hand sounds like the initials for San Francisco, and stf sounds like "stuff" as in junk, garbage, stuff laying around, or "steiff" which sounds more like a throat infection. See, you even got me picking up on trite issues. Stupidity is infectious, all fandom is catching it.

JESSICA SALMONSON

~~4~~I'm not sure what can be done about the staple problem, but we're considering the possibilities. And as you may have noticed, we have gone to envelopes with this issue. (We were hoping to use envelopes last time, but ran into problems with getting them printed. Hopefully we have everything worked out for this time....)

I don't know if I have the right to give out Jim Odbert's address, but now that he's read this (hey, Jim! Are you reading this?), perhaps he'll write to you....~~00~~

Wayne W. Martin
4623 E. Inyo, Apt. E
Fresno, California 93702
June 9, 1975

Dear Fred:

The interview with Clifford Simak was quite good for my appetite for such things. It's a shame that all of the interviews that get in the fan press (that I see) are usually two or more years old by the time they see print. The major exception, outside the ultrasercon (which I tend to avoid) zines, has been the Roger Elwood interviews that have proliferated.

I had to read Jon Singer's fable a couple of times before the words sank in. I don't know what it was, but every other sentence tended to set my mind (indeed, there are rumours that I don't have one -- or at least, have been out of it for ages) off on other, related, matters. They had nothing to do with the fable, but were quite connected with things brought up in the fable. When finally reading it through, without detours, I found it... "cute."

Dave Wixon strikes once more with his article/review. I've always enjoyed end of the world stories. It very well might be a subconscious opinion that things after the end of this world might very well be preferable to things in it. On the other hand, it might be self satisfaction with the fact that they have problems I don't have. Actually, it could be almost anything.

"Reviews Like Grandma Used To Bake" were only half-baked. I'm afraid I can't take seriously anything that sums up a book in four lines. That's one of the things about LOCUS "reviews" that I find hysterically funny.

It's funny. About half the reviews of Dhalgren I've seen have it down as the book for the '76 HUGO and the other half list it for Bird Cage Liner of the month. Oh, there may be a couple in between, but they are indeed in the category of "few and far between." In your letter column you have Renee M. Valois calling the book "unbearably magnificent." while the Nightreader appears to feel Delaney wasted his time in writing it.

WAYNE W. MARTIN

~~4~~It is indeed unfortunate that interviews so frequently take a while to see print, but I think that "better late than never" does apply, particularly in this instance.

In any case, I'm trying to get Jim to do some other interviews for future issues of RUNE, and if he actually does them, they will show up while still warm from the typewriter....

I didn't write "Ornithopter" so it's not really for me to say, but it seems to me that the story was intended to send the reader off onto detours, and that trying to judge it divorced from that factor would be invalid. It would be like, oh I dunno...like judging the quality of boo by its taste.}}

Cheers:

Bob Tucker
June 10, 1975

I note in RUNE 43 that some readers were strongly impressed by the presence of certain big names in your letter column. You and the other Minneapolis fans have always made my visits to Minneapolis exciting and pleasant, and now I see a way to return the favors. Herewith, several big names for your letter column:

Hugo Gernsback, Jules Verne, Arthur C. Clarke, Harry S. Truman, Charlemagne, George III, Claude Degler, Ronald Colman, Ray Cummings, Theodore Roosevelt, Conway Twitty, Elvis Whatshisname, Tom Mix, Raymond Moley, Babe Ruth, Patricia Hearst, Charles Darwin, Augustus Cesaer, Floyd Scrilch.*

Let the readers be suitably impressed.

BOB TUCKER

*Floyd Scrilch was the man who, in 1889, discovered that purple hecto jelly clings to the fingers.

{{Uh, gee, thanks, Bob....}}

Mike Glicksohn
141 High Park Ave.
Toronto, Ont., M6P 2S3
Canada
June 11 1975

Dear Fred,

Methinks I'd better write a letter to this latest RUNE (can it read, or does it just look at the pictures like I do?) so that my failure to attend Minicon and my absence from the lettercolumn of this issue will not be taken as in any way indicating a lessening of interest in your fine fanzine, your superlative club, and your fabulously fannish city. It was pure and simple fafia, that was all, and an unfortunate consequence of that mysterious phenomenon known to all trufen, The Incredible Shrinking Day (now a fabulous feature film based on the screenplay by Richard Bartuoci and starring Don D'Amassa in the title role and Chuck Holst as the giant spider, playing in a smoke-filled back room near you!).

Luckily (for me, if not for you and the unfortunate readers of RUNE 44) those days of enforced fannish idleness are behind me now, as are the days of catatonic drunken stupor that might also have been a factor in my silence, and I'm busily looccing fanzines right and left in a frantic effort to get all caught up before I take off for the whole summer and get two months behind again. Like Alice, the faster I run, the further behind I get. I'm even thinking of hiring Singer to ghostwrite locs for me while I'm away: the boy shows real promise.

Let's start with visuals, since it's damnably hard to overlook them in this ish. (Not that anyone would want to.) Dynamite cover, of course! Somehow it reminds me of a cross between Richard Corben, Richard Geis, and Richard Nixon...he's the big prick in the foreground, of course. This has to be one of the most impressive covers I've seen on any fanzine for quite a while. It's almost enough to make me rescind my long standing public dislike for felines! (Speaking of which, that lovely little fannish wetdream is about to get herself ejaculated over the moon by the look of things: a semen-powered sphinx...what'll they think of next?) I'm not sure Chuck will be able to make out the name of this issue, but I personally kind of liked that lettering style, convoluted as it may be. All in all I find this a most impressive cover.

Inside, Ken's masterful pieces of hand-stencilled work are another characteristic of RUNE that give it the uniqueness that many of your letter writers were commenting so favorably on. His hand cut cartoons have a style all their own, a sort of muted appeal I really enjoy. In fact, they show up the electrostencilled pieces on occasions. Now if only you had a typewriter that wasn't suffering from such a massive insecurity feeling! Elite I can accept, and my eyes can still focus on. But that micro-elite lettercolumn is a killer! Thank ghu it's all as well printed as it is, but with that and something like 60,000 words of micro-reduced OUTWORLDS to go through, I'm sure to need glasses by the time the week is up. (Full of scotch would be best for me I expect.)

What's this rubbish by Singer? I just don't understand these modern day stylists; all this stuff about dwarves, and copters, and all that zen, and witty writing and clever wordplay and troll witticisms. Whatever happened to good old fashioned Sense of Asunder stuff about the meaninglessness of life and the impossibility of ever understanding it, let alone getting anywhere? All this new waif stuff is beyond me.

Without meaning to put Jim Young down (hell, I'd have trouble picking the big bopper up) his well-written article/interview on/with Simak reads like a story for the local paper (was it ever published anywhere?) aimed very much at a non-fan audience. It's nicely-handled, interesting and a fine portrait of Simak, but there isn't anything here that is going to strike an sf fan as new or revelatory. Or even revelatory if you prefer. And if you don't like either I'll make up some others for you.

I like to read about a club that takes its business as seriously as you Minn-steffers do. Around here, if there's an election coming up the only way you can find enough people to run for office is to enrol a few neos into the club and tell them that being an executive is part of the trial membership rites. We don't so much as have election by acclamation as election by begging, pleading, bribing and grovelling. In Minneapolis, it would seem that the only thing that ever calls a halt to the nominations is the chance occurrence of an earthquake, tidal wave, a fanzine from Bowers, or some similar cataclysmic natural disaster.

Odd that about the only adverse reaction to what you've chosen to do with RUNE (or at least the only one you've published) should come from a local fan who might be expected to appreciate the greater exposure you've given the club and the wider contacts you've made with fandom as a result. Just take a look at the letter writers in this issue, and it'll be obvious that RUNE is scarcely the playground of a few local fans. Admittedly the other contents are by Minn-stf people, but that's the beauty of combining the genzine and clubzine approach. You get to showcase local talent while simultaneously involving yourself in the wider reaches of fandom. I can see that Chuck could have a legitimate worry about the costs involved and the drain on the treasury, but with the knowledge that you're defraying the costs yourself, perhaps he'll react a little differently now. A very similar situation exists here in OSFiC: the club treasury, which is as healthy as it is largely through the efforts of the old time members of the TORCON era, is now being used to finance fanzines. In the old days, when I might have been interested in getting some financial assistance, we couldn't afford such luxuries. But I don't begrudge the new fannish generation their largesse at my expense: rather I enjoy their products and try to participate in them as much as I can. Still, I'm a fanzine fan, so perhaps I react differently from the way those not so interested in fanzines would. To them, perhaps these sizeable amounts of money are being wasted. It's a legitimate complaint, and I'll be interested to see if it goes any further in your case.

In a serious answer to Jon's serious question to my original serious question, (a) I'm only guessing that a sizeable percentage of female fans is below the age at which I start to think of them as women (I doubt that half of them are under fifteen, though; that was an exaggeration) but that's a guess based on simple observation of conventions. There are a lot of young females in fandom now, and (b) what is slighting about calling a mature female a woman? Certainly I've no right to slight females of any age, but I just don't see that calling them women is derogatory. I like people, and I don't happen to think that words themselves are inherently good or bad, but that the way in which they are used is more important than the words themselves. But then I'll never be a feminist, or a masculist either for that matter. Being called a man just doesn't ruffle me at all.

Sam Long is, of course, wrong in thinking that gerbils are not fannish



creatures. Why, they were among Larson E's very favorites in fandom.

Has anyone else noticed that one of the more insidious influences of fanzine reading is acronymitis? I often find myself reading the paper or a magazine or a book and automatically forming the acronym of any company or organization that is mentioned. And more often than not I end up with somethinglike SRTMP and it interrupts my reading while I try to figure out what it's supposed to be.

Hell, the zine is only half done but the awrden won't allow me any more paper. Maybe I'll come back later.

MIKE GLICKSOHN

[[Gee Mike, sorry that the micro-elite bothers your eyes and aggrivates your drinking problem, but the only alternative would be to mercilessly cut some of those long-winded letters we seem to get from some fans. And we wouldn't want to do that....

As you well know, Mike, a fan centre needs at least one healthy genzine in order to put on a good worldcon bid. So by doing RUNE, I am not only catering to fanzine fans, I'm also insuring the success of our Minneapolis in '73 bid... And yes, I suppose that someone who isn't a fanzine fan would consider money spent on a fanzine to be wasted. But what kind of a fan isn't a fanzine fan? I say they're spinach, and I say to hell with them....]]

Don D'Ammassa
19 Angell Drive
E. Providence, R.I. 02914
June 11, 1975

Fred:

Another fine issue of RUNE, one that is particularly interesting because of the interview with Simak. I've been working on a three part article on his work for Bill Breiding's STARFIRE, and Jim Young's fine interview helps considerably. Simak is one of the few major, long-time SF writers to deal seriously and convincingly with alternatives to technology in human society. CITY is a strange book, one that would -- if written today -- cause a great deal of controversy, I suspect, as many of its tenets might well be considered heresy by the technologically oriented SF fan. He is also, as Asimov points out in BEFORE THE GOLDEN AGE, one of the few writers not only to survive the switch from the Gernsback age to the Campbell age, but to actually glory in it.

The book reviews strike me as very superficial and not really worth the reading, I'm afraid, and I don't really feel inclined to respond to anonymous material in any case. I will point out, however, that despite my own intense dislike of DHALGREN, the character s are hardly "motiveless" and referring to it as "not science fiction" is a bit of namecalling not worth the effort of rebutting.

Dave Wixon's article rembled a bit too much for my tastes, although I think the basic idea was a good one. The questions raised in "The Marching Morons" are very serious ones. There is no question but that we are, with our present civilization, preserving people who would notmally have been removed by natural selection, e.g. hemophiliacs. The question of whether or not we are similarly selecting for lower intelligence is unanswerable, because no one really knows what intelligence is, or how to measure it. IQ tests were never intended to be a broadly applicable measure of intelligence; they have been abused for that purpose by ignorant people looking for an easy method of classification.

It is possible, however, to observe that intelligence, intellectuality, whatever you want to call it, is held in generally low esteem in this country. There is little peer approval or admiration involved in being the class brain, altho there is in being captain of the football team. This is why I'm not at all sorry to see that more and more schools are having to cut back on sports and other non-educational activities. Not that I think sports are unimportant, but they have become culturally over-emphasized, and we are now in the position of valuing brawn over brain. It might be argued (probably will be) that I'm making a personal judgment of values not necessarily applicable to others. It's probably true. But the world exists because of value judgments, and I suspect this is one that we are going to have to reverse before we can ever succeed as a civilization. And all the trends I see at the moment (bookburning, censorship, etc.) lead me to the opposite conclusion. Kornbluth's nightmare is exaggerated, no doubt, a perfectly reasonable device of satire, but it wasn't all that far off the mark, unfortunately.

DON D'AMMASSA

[[It seems to me that the general public resents intelligent people because they believe intelligence is something you either have or don't, and no amount of work can enable someone who feels inferior in this respect to gain more; whereas it's

Mike Glicksohn
141 High Park Ave.
Toronto, Ont. M6P 2S3
Canada
June 13 1975

Dear Fred,

For about the first time since I started seeing letters from Ben Indick, he's taken a stand against my own. I refer to his reaction to that most inventive and witty English comedy series Monty Python, of course. Having been a Python fan for several years now, and enjoyed their humour on television, records and the live stage, as well as in movies and in books, I'm sorry that Ben isn't able to plug into what I personally consider to be among the best televised humour ever. His view seems curiously narrow, too. It isn't the fact that the men are dressed as women that's intended to be funny, it's what's being said that contains the humour. Now perhaps Ben doesn't appreciate the type of humour in the show. But the fact that the show survives so well when moved into the media of books and records is ample proof (to my already converted senses) that it isn't entirely a visual style of humour. I'm not questioning Ben's right to find the show boring, tedious, silly and dull, but I do think his description is shallow and misleading.

It rather croggled my mind (easily done during this touchy time of tea-totalness) to find RUNE acting as a birth announcement for an old friend whom I haven't seen in years and who was never much of a fanzine fan even in the old dyas. The tortuous paths that had to cross each other for this message to have gotten through boggle my imagination. There are more things in fandom than are dreamt of in my philosophy, obviously. And it certainly is a wonderful thing!


Leigh's short article was a truly nice idea and a fine piece of writing. It says much about the Minneapolis people that they impressed Leigh so much, and about Leigh that he took the time to write about the day after he'd taken the time to spend it thinking of you. One of those gestures that reaffirms one's oft-lagging faith in fandom.

MIKE GLICKSOHN

Tony Cvetko
29415 Parkwood Drive
Wickliffe, Ohio 44092
June 13, 1975

Dear Fred,

-13-



semester and had this pile of fanzines (which I hadn't even read yet) waiting to be loosed, so naturally I put them all aside and worked on DH7, getting it ready for publication if I could ever find a job to pay for it, and when that was done I still had this big pile of fanzines staring at me, threatening me, telling me to read them or else I'd get a few staples thru the heart while I was sleeping, and then RUNE came, giving me a legitimate excuse for further procrastination. In other words, I read it right away.

And I enjoyed it too. "Ornithophther" was a good piece to open with, though I can't comment on it too much. It did seem a little forced in the humor department at times ("Well shut up and listen to the rest, maybe you change your mind.") but over-all it was pretty good.

The Simak interview was a great article. Most interviews are strictly question and answer, but Young also interspersed some impressions of the man along with the questions and answers, and this I liked. It was more personal and gave the reader a greater view of Simak than would have happened with a simple interview. It would be great if you could get Young to do more of these for you.

The lettercol was the first thing I read, tho. You've got one of the better lettercols around, although this one is more like a rectangle. Nice long lettercols are the essence of any fanzine, including yours.

Chuck Holst: You complain that RUNE is a combination clubzine and genzine, when it should be one or the other. I, for one, disagree. I enjoy the articles presented in RUNE, but I also enjoy reading the club announcements. There's no sf club in the Cleveland area (that I know about), and so I'm in sort of a wilderness out here, but I'm therefore interested in other areas that do have clubs, partly because I'm interested in what's going on, and partly because I'm envious and wish there were something like that around here. So keep it like it is, Fred. You have at least one interested reader.

douglas barbour: I fail to see why I should have to "work" my imagination when reading a book. I read a story to be entertained, to have my imagination stimulated for me. I don't want to work when I read, I want to relax and enjoy myself. If an author can stir my imagination for me so I can go off on a mindtrip of my own without any effort or hassle, then he's succeeded. If I have to work for it, then he can go to hell for all I care.

Ben Indick: Don't feel so bad, Ben. I never liked Monty Python too much either.

Jeeze, I always hear such good things about Minicons, and I'm always too poor to get to any. I was all set to attend several cons this year with the several hundred dollars I was supposed to make in December and January (in between semesters), but business took a slide at the plant and they couldn't give me my job back, so now I'm broke. Shit.

To sum it up, about the only thing wrong with RUNE 43 is its lack of editorial. Editorials come immediately after lettercols in importance, and I just hope you can make up this deficiency by next issue.

TONY CVETKO

((I'm glad to hear that you like RUNE the way it is. I have every intention of keeping it that way, as long as I keep getting the kind of assistance and material from our friends that I have so far.

As I think I explained a couple issues ago, the reason RUNE doesn't always have an editorial is that I have trouble thinking of things to talk about in one. Rest assured that whenever I think of a topic I'll write an editorial, and for the rest of the time, we'll have to content ourselves with comments on letters. (Though I just realized that I've gotten noticeably less windy here than when I formulated this policy, so perhaps I'll have to try to come up with an editorial topic, or at least with more comments....)

Sigh. I seem to have just run into that age-old problem that fanzine editors run into occasionally: too close to the bottom of the page to begin another letter, and too far to just quit. And solved it in an equally old way....

A war-zine? Controversy can be fun, but with the local members meeting every second week, most of the fighting gets done in person. In two months the whole issue will probably have blown over. Why should the club support private wars?

Chuck suggests that "it is the local fen...who should be most concerned." Did it by any chance occur to you, Chuck, that we are concerned, have considered the matter, and do not feel that it is necessary to raise a fuss? Some of us like RUNE. If the lettercol is a fair sample, most of the readers do.

The current RUNE is interesting even to those of us who have not attended every meeting for the last three years. It seems to be interesting to a large group of out-of-town fen, too. If you want to see a concrete benefit from this, I suggest that it increases the chance that they will attend Minicon, which will tend to make it a better convention (Minicon has not yet grown too big), both by their presence and by giving us more money to work with. Besides, Minicon is a profit-making enterprise for the club. RUNE may pay for itself several times over.

JONATHAN ADAMS
DAVID DYER-BENNET

Samuel S. Long
Box 4946
Patrick AFB, Fla. 32925

Dear Fredh

Thanks for RUNE 43; an enjoyable zine. 'Twas rather thin for such a thick zine, tho.

The Simak interview was enjoyable. I'm beginning to enjoy interviews more and more as my knowledge of SF and SF authors expands. Simak sounds like a very likable fellow.

Letters...made up a large portion of the zine, and they were rather interesting, tho the layout could have been improved somewhat. To Darroll Pardoe: no, Garbils are not fannish creatures, any more than rats are. Ratfandom may be a "legit" fandom, but it is not, on the whole, fannish, tho some of its members are. You have mis-described ratfans, Darroll: it's not their teeth that are big.... The MSP branch of FLAW is working hard to liberate the MSP wombats. And while we're on "sci-fi," that abbreviation (as Harry Warner notes) is Ackermaniac and comparatively ancient, tho it seems to have come under concerted attack only relatively recently as SF becomes better known to the world-at-large. It should have dated from before the mid-60's in British usage....

Rich Bartucci commits a solecism that even the Department of Defense has fallen into: he refers to the British army as the Royal Army. 'Tain't. Various regiments of the British Army are Royal, but the Army itself, unlike the Air Force (RAF) and the Navy (RN), is not. And they weren't sweet-potato pies: they were Brian Burgess Meat Pies, long known in British fannish circles as The way of testing the fannishness of neos. Give 'em a BBMP, and if they live, they're fannish. BBMPs are certified antiques. And, lest anyone be misled, the Ffolkstone Yeomanry were a cavalry regiment.

The mind boggles at the thought of Mary Tyler Moore Meets MSP Fandom. Still...why not? Whatizname, Baxter, is actually kinda fannish, you know? The ultimate Neo, perhaps, but fannish nonetheless. Until you mentioned the show in your comments on Ben Indick's letter, I'd never really connected MTM and MSP, altho I guess I knew subconsciously that the show was set there.

Harry Warner's letter: British fandom did some highly fannish "radio



plays," i.e., taped fannish dramas, back in the 50s. Eric Bentcliffe's TRIODE carried a number of the scripts.

All the reviews and opinions on Dhalgren that I've come across have been adverse. Sign of the Unicorn is one of the few SF&F books that I've not been able to get thru. The first couple of books were hard enough, but this one? Too much talk, too little action.

The Oddbert cover was Clever, but the artwork in general was uninspired but competent.

SAM LONG

Mike Kring
PSC #1 Box 3147
Kirtland AFB, NM 87115

Dear Fred,

First off, I've got a few things bugging me about RUNE. One thing that's puzzling me about the zine is the way you keep leaving in all the obligatory salutations and the sign offs. I think this is unnecessary, and besides, it takes up a lot of space. And after six or seven "Dear Fred" 's, it gets mighty boring.

Jim Young's interview with Clifford Simak was nice and low-keyed. I enjoyed it a lot, but other than that, what can I say?

I must stop here and comment on the cover of RUNE #43. Uh...odd, I believe is the word for it. I liked it, but then I'm a dirty young man and I may have saw a lot of things that I was intended to see. And perhaps I saw a lot of things and missed quite a few more. (Vardeman insists I have. Well, what does he know? He writes smut anyway, so his mind is already tainted.) Velly nice, as they say. But weird.

You're the editor, but I have to understand the least little thing about any of the comic strips I've seen in RUNE. Hopefully, I'm the only one in this, since it would seem to me if I wasn't that the comic strips don't have any meaning whatsoever. I hope it ain't so. I mean, I like the idea of my not being able to understand those strips. Makes me feel I'm halfway sane.

But only halfway.

Re: Al Sirois's letter in RUNE Justtwhat do you soak your fmz pages in, eh? Is it some sort of deadly chemical that will never wash off, and slowly make us all addicted to the yellow twilltone (or whatever) of RUNE? Is it a *shudder* COMMUNIST PLOT!!!!??? C'mon, Fred, you've got to tell us! We're dying to know!

MIKE KRING

~~44~~The salutations are left on as a matter of form, and don't take up any extra space at all (you will notice that they are always even with the last line of the "name-address-date" block). The sign offs are there to help separate the letters from my comments or from the other letters....~~44~~

Denise Stokes
24761 West Outer Drive
Melvindale, Mich. 48122
23 June

Dear Fred,

No, Fred. You know I love you dearly. I'm never quite sure what everybody's talking about in your letter column, but there is one thing I am quite sure of. As I said, Fred, I love you dearly. But you are not a food freak. As a matter of fact, next to my brother-in-law, you are without a doubt the pickiest eater I've ever met! That's no great sin (forgive me, but it's much like having a tin ear or color-blindness, and I know some wonderful people who have tin ears!) but Fred, in your case it is definitely true. Anyway, I had to write and let you know I wasn't gonna let you get away with calling yourself a food freak without sticking my own 10¢ (inflation, y'know) worth in.

DENISE STOKES

~~44~~I guess what's going on here is a problem of definitions. Is a "food freak" someone who really enjoys food, or someone who will eat almost anything? I have been using the term in the first sense, and according to that I am most definitely a food freak. You, Jon Singer, and others have apparently been using the term in the latter sense, and according to that I am definitely not a food freak.

(We're going to have to stop meeting like this, Denise -- I think Doug is getting suspicious.....))

Goodfan Haskell:

Rich Bartucci
P.O. Box 75
Cedar Brook, NJ 08018
26 June 1975

While Jon Singer's "Ornithopter" was a most enlightening piece, I'm surprised that he'd omitted one of the more recent and most newsworthy articles on the subject, found in an out-of-the-way corner of my local newspaper:

"BILOXI, Miss. (APU). The wreckage of what F.A.A. authorities describe as an ornithopter was found today in the thickly-wooded hills north of town. The bodies of two dwarves and a pixy were removed from the scorched wreck along with five hundred kilograms of what the U.S. Treasury Department's Narcotics Control Division identified as 'fairy dust.' An N.C.D. officer stated that the street value of the ornithopter's cargo was something in excess of half a million dollars. The vehicle was tracked by Air Defence Command radar approaching the Mississippi shore from the direction of Fiddler's Green."

Further F.A.A. investigations proved that the down-flapper on the aging ornithopter was over-regulated, resulting in three continuous down-flaps for every up-flap. From what I've been able to figure, the government is pressing Ling-Temco-Vought-Dwarf to recall all their ornithopters and retrofit safety gear to prevent another such disaster.

As one speaks of ornithopter crashes, sudden death and other such violent topics, one's mind wanders pell-mell into the subject of wargames. dAn oAkes of California is working on a Dorsai! wargame of late whose rules he despatched to me for reading-over. It seeks to duplicate the Bakhalla campaign of Tactics of Mistake and shows potential, if he'd only simplify the rules.

Has anyone thought of modifying Risk to include different types of armies? Mechanized armies that cost more territory points to build but can move through more countries at a turn, Airborne armies that can be paradropped into vacant countries, etc. Better yet, adapt the game into Drug Risk with each player trying to smuggle a kilo "brick" or more into a rival's territory. The colors are there -- Panama Red, Acapulco Gold, Burma Black, Polish Purple... Uh, forget I made the suggestion.

While Brad Parks threatens my life, sanity and the continued functioning of my digestion, I still maintain that Dhalgren is not worth the pulp it could be made into. Imagine my surprise and delight when Nightreader takes unto itself this same opinion. Personally, I dropped \$1.95 for Malevil by Robert Merle (Warner Paperback Library 79-685) and found myself into a wholly novel novel -- 590 pages with a whole, complete and thoroughly understandable plot. I thought they'd stopped making them any more. Try Malevil; if you liked Pat Frank's Alas, Babylon, you'll enjoy the book.

All in all, RUNE 43 was worth the getting. Find \$1 enclosed for a sub (more fool I) so that I may subsidize this idiocy further. Long live Minneapolis Yellow.

RICH BARTUCCI

Dave Wixon
343 East 19th Street, #5B
Minneapolis
Land of Sky-Blue Waters 55404
4 July, 1975

Dear Fred:

As if you don't see and hear enough from me, here I am with commentary, too.

Let me begin, before I fall off my train of thought, by addressing an issue suggested by several people in the last couple of RUNEs: my articles. I refer to suggestions that I have a "strong tendency to wander," that I should "stick a little closer to the point." Some have complained that I have not sufficiently talked about the book under consideration. In fact, all these objections can be summed up by noting that these people have been referring to my articles as "reviews."

When I write a book review, I'll label it so. Those articles which have appeared in RUNE under my by-line were not book reviews at all.

I feel no need to "stick to the point" or to concentrate on the book at hand, for I have no intention, usually, of doing book reviews per se in these articles; rather, I am airing ideas which occur to me while reading a particular book. In showing off the ideas, I mention the book involved only as a sort of hook. sometimes the result was very close to being a review; at other times -- as in RUNE 40 and 42 -- the book involved was mentioned only in passing.

Thus, I could not "stick to the point;" there was no point, beyond what I was saying. (No cracks, now!)

In my articles for RUNE I intend merely to let my mind roam; I will now be bound by considerations of style or etiquette. (That means I can babble at will without having to worry about whether I'm doing a fair review, or not.)

Jumping tracks, I'll advise Brian Tannahill to be thankful that the founders -- whatever vegetables they be -- did not designate the local fan group "Minnesota Science Fiction League;" in that case, the acronym would certainly have to be "MINNSTEFL."

DAVE WIXON

Spider Robinson
Moonrise Hill RR#2
Hampton, N.S. BOS 1LO
(Canada, twit!)

Dear Minipeople,

As you have by now assured yourselves, I am plainly a fucking ingrate. All this paper you been (under various aliases) sending me since Minicon '74 (wasn't it?) and I don't even so much as send a penny postcard saying "this stuff sucks, stop sending it." Well, I'd be crazy to say that -- I use a wood stove, and don't subscribe to a newspaper.

But sneriously, I never was much of a letter-writer, nor one for what I believe they call FANAC (sounds like...oh never mind, it's prob'ly occurred to you too), and recent events have not helped. The necessity for crossing the AmerCan (there's one) border by underground ferry, the failure of the first soybean and marijuana plantings, the discovery that eight-month-old Luanna would rather have me spoon her the peaches, the pressure of an October deadline from Berkeley, the vast crap-wade required by me new cool in Galaxative, and above all the recent sharp drop of one unit in my supply of mothers (Big C got her in the liver) have combined and conspired to keep me too busy/exhausted/disgusted/lazy to read many zines or write many letters.



But, vast and customary apology aside, I have been receiving all them things, and some are good & some are crap and there's no sense saying which are which 'cos you know who you are. And as I reached into the kindling box to get something for this morning's fire, I came upon RUNE v7#5 and decided the sneakiest way to oil out of my obligation is to write to Minn-Stf as a whole and let each of you eager ziners assume it's really you I mean. Therefore lemme say without equivocation: yer great.

Me, the closest I've come in my time to fannish spirit (aside from the unstated obvious: a lifetime diet of SF) is the brainless groveling adoration with which I regard Robert Heinlein. I finally, after years of fruitless scheming,

contrived to meet Mr. H at the Nebula Awards Banquet, and was more self-flattered than somewhat. His physical presence (I refuse to use the word "charisma") has the impact of...well, combine the most impressive aspects of the Great Pyramid, a field of purple lupens in Spring, and a punch in the belly, and you should get the idea. Meeting him was the only "lifetime ambition" I've ever actually achieved that was in its fulfillment more than I'd expected (except of course for getting laid). And imagine the mental state of Joe Haldeman (like me a Heinlein-worshipper from prenatal times) who, upon meeting Heinlein, was praised warmly for his work! (Heinlein, ever polite, said he "had heard of me," and even came after me a few hours later to tell in what connection, when it came back to him. T'is enough; t'will serve.) For those interested, he's currently writing two Encyclopedia Britannica articles on "High Energy Physics" and "Rare Blood," and...yes, Allah is akbar...planning another novel. His Grand Master Nebula was neither premature nor overdue -- just precisely meet -- and being there for its presentation, as well as having the rare privilege of entertaining Robert Heinlein (for a change) with me guitar, was one of most moving, exhilarating, profound experiences of my life.

Enough hero-worship -- got fish to fry. Just wanted to reply, somehow, to all you crazy Minneapolis- and Minnesota-type people, to thank you for your altogether excellent ~~fantastic~~ fanzines, and to apologize for failing to return the connection.

Oh, wait! Migod, if I sent you people a letter without a pun in it, you'd think it was a clumey forgery by Fred Haskell; so I should tell you that a stiff wind off the Bay of Fundy blew most of the shingles off my roof last night. It was a Gable roof -- gone with the wind.

(it's okay on the Leigh side, though)

SPIDER ROBINSON

Brian Tannahill
615 East 69 Street
Kansas City, MO 64131

Dear Fred,

RUNE 43: the cover. I don't know where Jim Odbert lives, but I suspect it is in Dethly, Ill., because that lady there looks just like my Aunt Matilda (who has been living in Dethly for about a year and a half, since she left Shangri, La). And Aunt Matilda does meditate every night, in about the same position as the lady on the cover. She doesn't have any giant phallic symbols around the house, but has on more than one occasion made some wistful remarks about the lighthouses along the coast in Louisiana. She didn't need the phallic symbols down there in Louisiana, though, because she wasn't the most chaste of the women in Shangri. In fact she wasn't even the most chased. She never tried to run away. But then she got a really bad case of the prickly heat, and it really knocked her up.

Nice cover.

And when you open up the RUNE there is this thing by Jon Singer. Y'know, I sort of wish I had drowned him in the swimming pool last weekend. "Ornithopter" is well-written and amusing and all that other stuff. Maybe just dunking him would be sufficient. "What's the sound of one nostril drowning, Singer?"

The Minn-stf minutes are probably the most amusing part of the issue. You bozos apparently treat the rules of parliamentary procedure as a bad joke that must be put up with. You should have seen some of the MidAmeriCon meetings. We have a knack for using Robert's Rules of Order to develop truly absurd situations (and after the parliamentarian spends five minutes explaining exactly what it is we're doing now and why and what it means to the future of the country, everyone breaks out laughing). I'm shocked at Denny Lien's obvious prejudice against Snuffy-Wuffy the dog. What makes you humans think you're so special?

Chuck Holst's letter seems rather silly. I can't say he's wrong, since he's just expressing his opinion, but I disagree with everything he says. I do want to comment on one of his statements: in the next to last paragraph Chuck asks, "are you really that sercon, Fred?" This is a strange thing to find in a letter that is probably the most sercon thing I've seen outside of RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY.

I will be utterly fafia for a couple of months, at least, starting next week. If you don't hear from me after the next issue of RUNE, that's why.

BRIAN TANNAHILL

4(Sorry to hear about your impending fight with fafia. Hope you are able to recover from it soon. (Buy St. Goofy's Day Seals -- Join in the Fight Against Fafia!))4

((After doing the Fanzines Received column last time, Dave Wixon LoCed a few fanzines. We both thought this letter he received in reply would be of general interest, so here it is....))

Gray Boak
2 Cecil Court, Cecil Street
Lytham, Lancs FY8 5NN
England

Dear Dave,

Thanks for your letter, and RUNE 43, which arrived last week (late May). I'm glad that you found CYNIC 7 interesting despite not knowing the people involved -- that's the kind of comment that makes it worthwhile. To my mind, fandom is about getting to know people, and this transatlantic link is one of the finest things about it. (With the Australian link, the Belgian link, the...etc.) I do realise that CYNIC tends to be very esoteric to anyone not involved in British fandom, but that's the way it is, I write about what interests me within British fandom. I assure you that US fanzines seem just as esoteric over here, though I am getting to recognise some of the names after a few years!

I'd like to increase this kind of inter-fandom contact. It seems that the serious side of fandom is almost totally international, but the fun side (this side of the water at least) much less so. However, I'm too lazy to do much in the way of active letterwriting (and have too many other calls on my time) so I content myself with ensuring that a reasonable proportion of my magazines travel overseas. This ensures, of course, a regular flow of fanzines back! I really should do more, of course....

Many thanks for placing me on the RUNE mailing list. I shall try to respond reasonably often.

A noble resolution. I'd better begin now. RUNE 43 was fun. It was traditional in the sense that the lettercolumn was more enjoyable than the main body of the magazine (or is that just my own prejudices showing through again?). I also particularly enjoyed the Simak interview and Leigh Edmonds' short piece. I also tried playing the game on the rear cover, but never got past the strudel. Your fanzine is doing terrible things to my waistline.

One point does spring to mind. It is this esoteric business again. I'm an aircraft enthusiast. In the minutes of 15th March there's a reference to "the Better-Than-Average Silver Bird." Hmmm? Is this a purely Minn-stf insanity or some advertising campaign in the States? I'm curious.

GRAY BOAK

((Well, we weren't sure that it was a "Great Silver Bird," but on the other hand, it wasn't all that bad a Silver Bird either, so.... (We were sure, however, that it wasn't a "Bob Silver Bird.")

I don't think the insanity of this is local only -- don't most fans enjoy playing with the language?

Thanks for the letter, 'twas

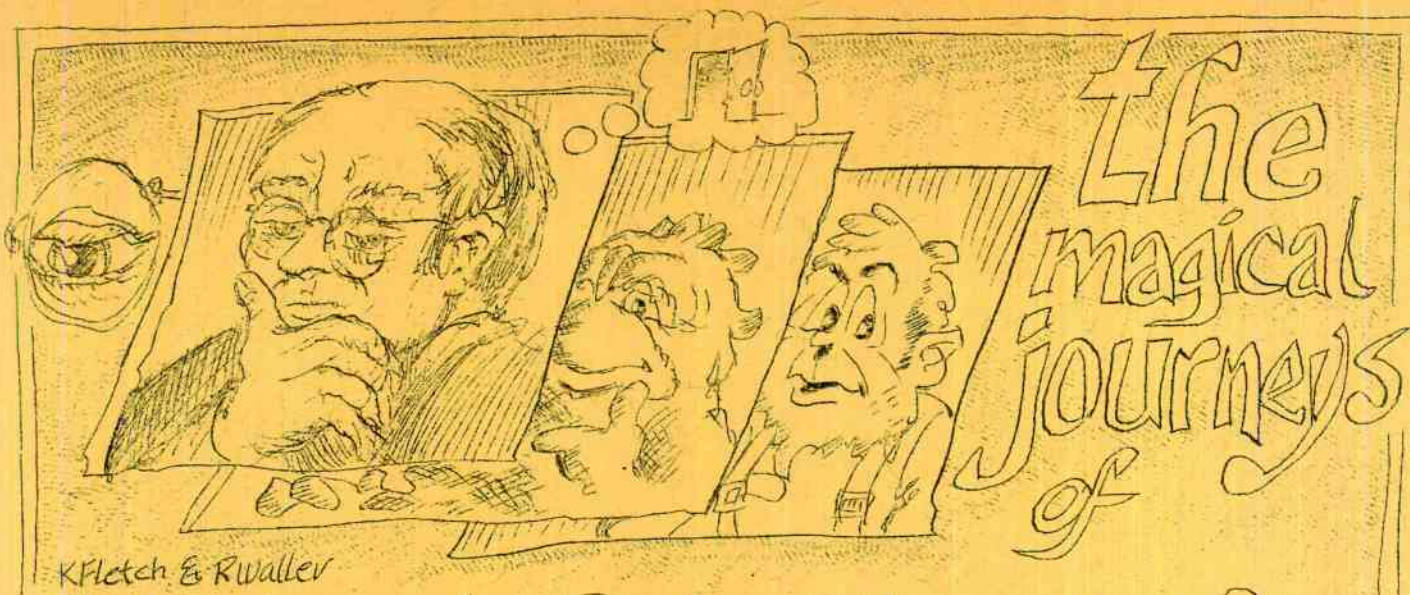
enjoyed.))

Mark Digre
404 Fingal Ct.
Alexandria, Minn. 56308
July 7, 1975

Dear Fred,

I am moved to comment on Dave Wixon's review of Pluribus in RUNE 43. The pitting of the educated against the uneducated, or the educable against the uneducable, does indeed make for an interesting story, and no small part of this is due to the fact that it often seems to be happening in the Real World. Recent waves of back-to-the-land anti-intellectualism make the problem seem a little more immediate, anyway. And then there's the anti-science, anti-technological view being taken on by so many "humanist" intellectuals, which is somewhat ironic, because most of the harmful misapplications of science and technology are perpetrated by politicians and businessmen who have little or no understanding of the things they are dealing with. What seems to be indicated is an increase in scientific education among non-specialists, and perhaps an increase in the non-scientific education of the scientists.

His last few paragraphs are especially thought-provoking. His comment on the use of our estimations of others' intelligence to discriminate between them set me thinking. Concerning that, he said, "On some deeper level, even this basic a discrimination may be immoral." I don't really think so, although philosophers might be able to argue the question until one of them decides the opinion is right,



Robert M. Green, Jr.

by Don D'Amassa

There are few things more frustrating to the confirmed SF reader than to discover an excellent writer and then find that he has written only a few stories at rare intervals. It is even more disheartening to discover that it has been years since anything appeared under the author's name, giving rise to the possibilities of death, loss of interest, or fadation. Among the most pointed examples in my own experience is Robert M. Green, Jr., whose name graced only four stories in the middle 1960's, but who placed one of those four on the Hugo ballot.

Three of the four stories are well written, though not as noteworthy as the last. "No Place Like Where" (F&SF, May 1964) is a macabre, modern nightmare. John Jackson is the bewildered, much put upon resident of a crackerbox apartment complex that stretches for block after block of indistinguishable edifices. One evening he answers the doorbell to find a young child who insists that they are living in her apartment. Jackson suspects that the girl either has the wrong floor or the wrong building, but when he consults the telephone directory, he finds that her parents have his address. He calls their number and speaks to a woman who quite obviously lives in the same apartment as his own family.

Obviously the story is a very deliberate fantasy; the choice of elevators determines which reality one will find oneself in. Jackson has an "air of resignation, colored only faintly with despair," but Green's inherent optimism about the human spirit prevents the story from deteriorating into pessimistic defeat. Despite his personal failures, Jackson triumphs over passive defeat and discovers the means to return the girl to her own continuum.

"The Deadeye Dick Syndrome" (F&SF, February 1965) is another of the We-Are-Property school of SF writing. A newspaper reporter investigating what he considers to be occultist nuts undergoes a direct confrontation with some supernatural, metaphysical force, following which he becomes psychically repugnant to all other humans. Despite some colorful descriptive language, the story is a trifle, hinting at some external force manipulating humanity with no rationale or purpose.

John Jackson returned in "The Royal Road to There" (F&SF, June 1967), a story that blends nostalgia and bitterness. Jackson and his family are travelling along a superhighway at the request of a lawyer for his uncle's estate. Uncle Charlie was violently opposed to the advent of the automobile, and when people began to laugh at his anachronistic carriage factory, he moved it to a mysterious site out of public view. The Jackson family soon discovers that there is no way off the highway, and virtually no one else travelling on it. Distances become totally meaningless. But it is not the strangeness of this particular highway to which Jackson refers when he says that "This is the nightmare." He is referring to travel by superhighway in general.

As they drive, discovering that they are making no progress, Jackson remarks that they are on a giant treadmill and must keep driving because "the same place is better than some places." This simple remark is the key to the entire story. Green is totally dissatisfied with the idea of progress for its own sake, and dislikes the trend toward highly mobile, technological transportation. The ultimate revelation that Uncle Charlie's secret industry is recruiting people into an anti-automobile, back-to-horse-and-buggy crusade comes not only as an anti-climax, it actually cheapens the earlier effect of the story.

Green's masterpiece is, however, "Apology to Inky" (F&SF, January 1966), a story of nostalgic sentimentality that nevertheless avoids sloppiness and emotional dishonesty. Walton Ulster is a middle-aged composer whose idealism and talent seem to have faded together. He recognizes his own growing neuroses and determines that his psychological malaise is keyed to two incidents in his past, one in 1931 and one in 1944. Although he is unable to remember the precise events, he recognizes that he feels guilt about them, and that only by overcoming this guilt can he once more face the fact of his own existence. Once he reaches his decision, he moves immediately toward confrontation with his own past: "His talent was barren now and he knew it, but a man who had been famous for his pride -- arrogance, gall, conceit; what you will -- could not turn humble all at once and bow meekly to denigrating truth."

Ulster travels to his home town to talk to Moira, the girl he had once planned to marry. During a three mile walk through the heat and humidity of a summer afternoon, he begins to hallucinate scenes from his past. The hallucinations gradually gain solidity and reality, so that other people also see them, and reality and memory, imagination and perception, become intricately intermeshed, a chain of Walton Ulsters at critical moments in his life.

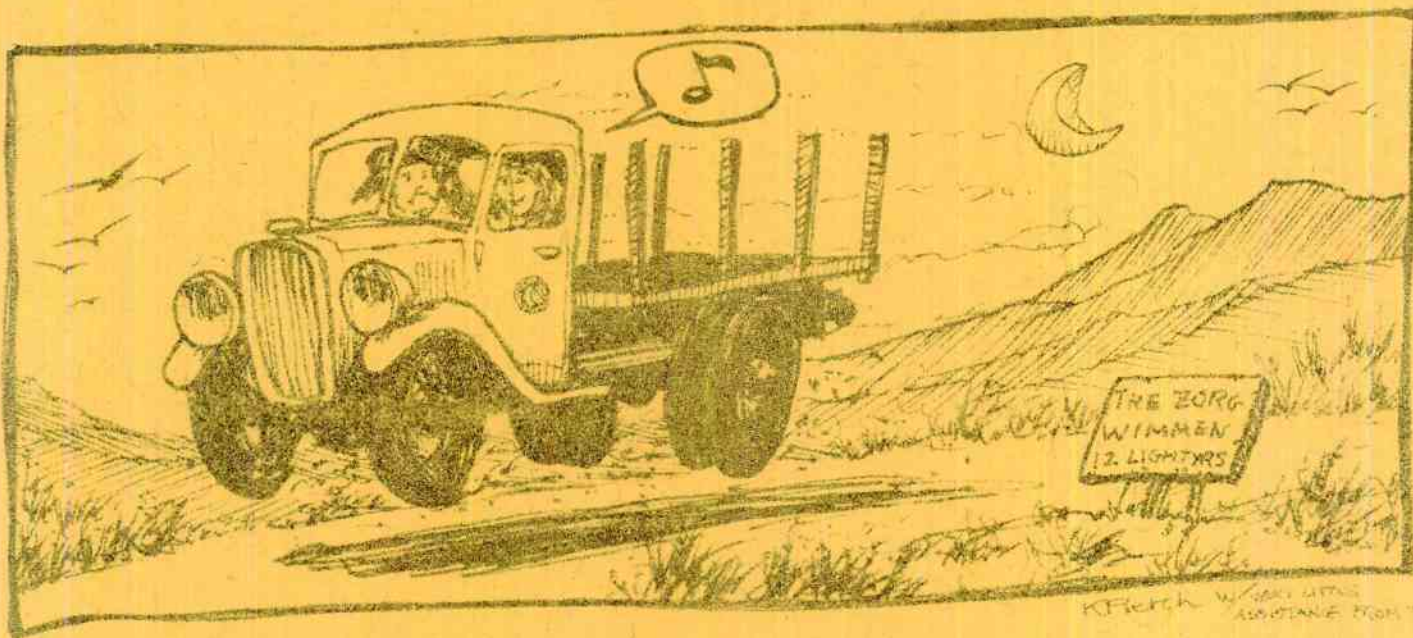
The various Ulsters are mixed with "hallucinated" acquaintances dredged out of his memory as well. Their interaction reveals to Ulster that "the guilt that makes the world go round" is our personal failure to recognize the value of people until we have lost them. His own guilt centers on the incident in which he chose his career over Moira, which is revealed to him in this new perspective as fortuitous rather than tragic, and his imagined responsibility for a fatal accident as a child. Recognition of the trivial nature of his emotional problems leads him to the conclusion that "guilt is really another form of pride," that the most important psychological belief is that we have individually affected other human beings, either for good or for ill. His realization of this, and the fact that the rest of humanity shares his shortcomings and insecurities, allows him to re-establish himself as a master of his own destiny, at least insofar as any of us can achieve that.

Green's nostalgic propensities are obvious in this story also. "Apology to Inky" contradicts the truism that you can never go home again. At one point Ulster remarks that "I wish they'd suspend progress long enough for people like me to catch up with ourselves." Ulster, and probably Green himself, are suffering from what we now call "future shock." But in another sense, Green is correct. We can never

escape the consequences of our past; in effect, "everyday is yesterday all over again."

Wherever Robert M. Green, Jr., may be today, I hope he has found the same self-satisfaction as did Walton Ulster. Even if that means he isn't going to write any more stories for us.

* * *



((LETTERCOL...CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21))

and fives up philosophy in order to remove another basis for discrimination from the world. Yet, would you hire a uneducated tribesman to build a bridge across a 1500-foot deep gorge? Would you have asked Bertrand Russel to witness at one of Billy Graham's crusades? Discrimination is simply a process of finding some difference between two people, upon which some judgement can be made. It is the judgement of what is significant that is just or unjust.

I see it's time to head for the post office, and I haven't even got a chance to say the more fannish things I had in mind. *Sigh*

MARK DIGRE

Jon Singer
Heavily in Transit
Late Late Late

Fred.

I want to keep this short, so I will refrain from commenting on most of the issue, except to say that I enjoyed it, and I wished that there had been more comic strip. Somehow the fact that it doesn't have a plot doesn't bother me.

As to the lettercolumn, a couple little comments -- First, in response to Chuck Holst, my view of MINNEAPA is certainly different from his. While there are some "closed-circulation, in-groupish" apas, and even a few secret apas, MNAPA ain't one of them. Next- Brian Tannahill, on pronunciation of acronyms -- I have always pronounced STF as "Stef," and SFMA as "Seffwa." Furthermore, I pronounce the C in KaCSFFS. And finally, after what AL SIROIS said about the impossibility of my knowing what I am talking about, I have to take back what I said about him being a motorcycle. He is really a fine, upstanding, intelligent, creative person, and a fine friend.

The art this last issue was especially pleasing. I shouldn't say it, but I thought that some of the best of it was attached to my little two page zen funny.

JON SINGER

++Well, I guess that finally does it for the lettercolumn this time. Thank you all for writing -- it looks like a very enjoyable batch of letters. Oh yes, we also heard from Ken Hoyme. Vootie....++

As Part of Rune's celebrated
Educated Young Adult Series

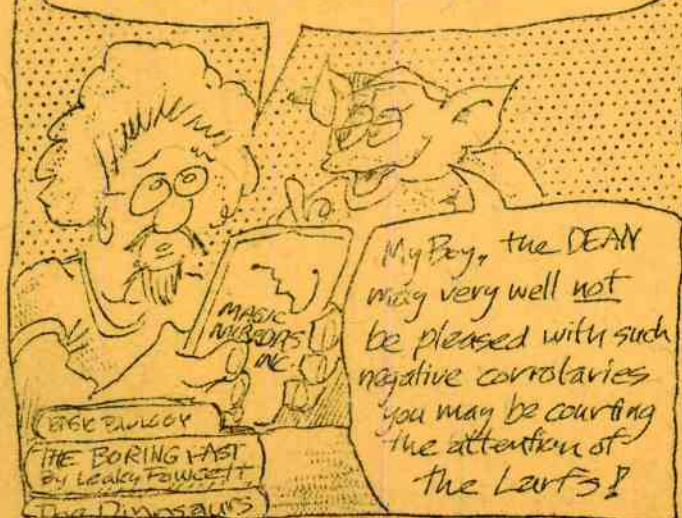
LARF RIOT

A Tale of Stark Pathos
Fraught with Mystery
and Intrigue?
brought to you by Enculturated Authorities

IT WAS A STARK AND DORMY NIGHT...



BUT WHAT IF HE WON'T BE PLEASED?
and what if Betty Jean thinks
I'm weird because I wear
glasses? And what if I flunk
Antediluvian Intercourse 1070-B?



But Betty Jean had already taken that fatal step—and become a Science Fiction Reader!

HEY, BETTY JEAN, LET'S GO DOWN TO THE SEMINAR AND BE ENCULTURED!

OH, WOW

Flee or fight?
Run or stand?

You must be driven from Loonyland!

For the love of God, mon tresor, What Is Reality?

YOWSER!

OOH... WAS THAT A LARF?

In this neighborhood?

Betty Jean flashes on to her childhood in Heyworth Indiana—

HEYWORTH INDIANA
HOME OF
THE HEYWORTH
CULTURAL
AND LITERAL
SOCIETY
THE FRANKIE FLINT

MU.

Betty Jean, your mother and I want to know the Truth. Have you been transmogrified?

GOOGLY WAWA, MOMA?

SOB!
HONK!

WHY—SHE'S GONE!

?

NO!

YES!

NO!

I, the Larf of all MPis, have taken her. You'll never find her!

MYSTERIOUS SILHOUETTE

PROPERTY OF
NISKATONIC
VERILL

In cases like this, I advocate radical procedures!

THE "DEAN"

A Larf? You don't look like a larf!?

I just want my little girl back!

HAW

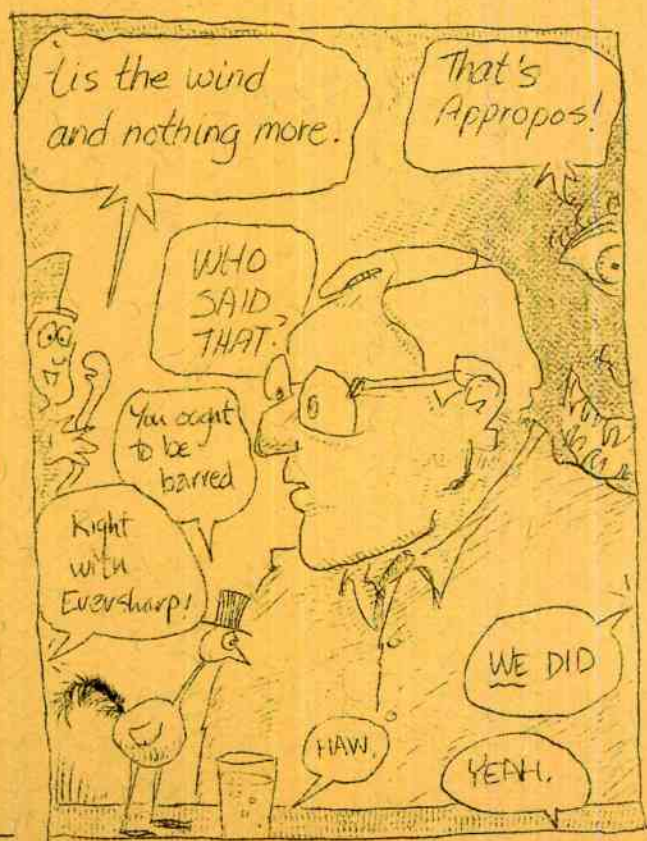
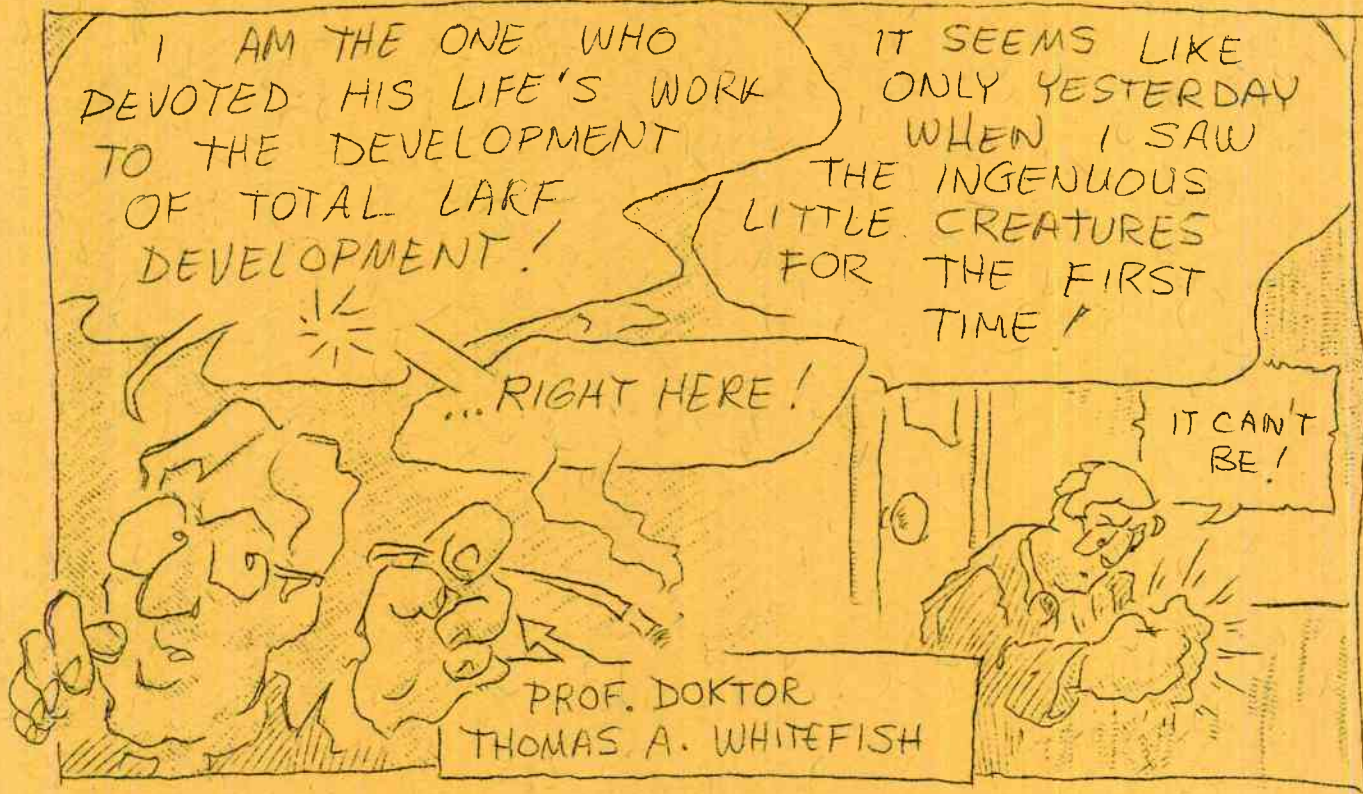
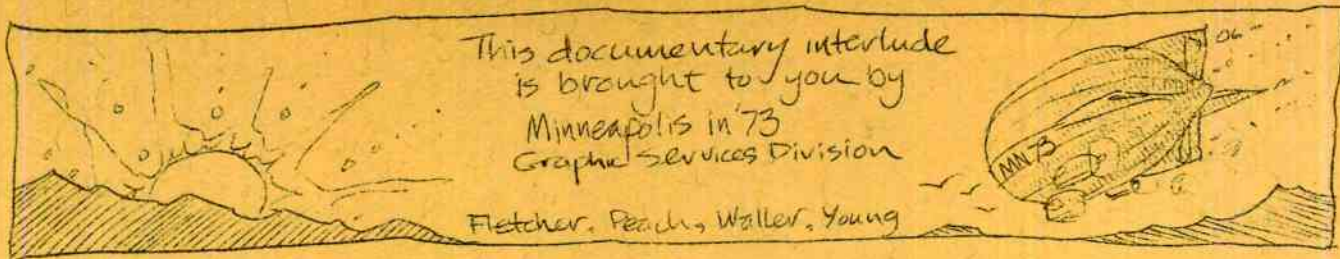
WHO SAID THAT?

Eat me Doon!



Historic Tableux:







Hi, folks. David Emerson here for the RENE Department of Fanzines Department. I've been going around saying that there aren't enough genzines these days, so ye ed handed me this foot-high stack of fanzines and said, "Here, review these." I take back my hasty statement.

After a cursory glance through the pile, I separated the zines into several sub-piles, based on entirely subjective criteria. These different groups are treated differently below, for reasons which ought to become obvious.

I: THE BIGGIES.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW (THE ALIEN CRITIC), V4#2 wnl3, May 1975. Quarterly from Richard E. Geis, PO Box 11408, Portland OR 97211. \$1.25, or \$4 a year, or \$7 for two years.

OUTWORLDS #23, #24, 1st & 2nd quarters 1975. Quarterly from Bill Bowers, PO Box 2521, North Canton OH 44720. 4 for \$4, or the usual.

Both of these zines are so well known and so widespread that they don't need reviewing. Both are on the Hugo ballot for Best Fanzine, and Geis is up for Fan Writer. Like Always. (P.S. You can buy these at Uncle Hugo's).

II: GENZINES OF NOTE.

ASH-WING #16. Frank Denton, 14654 8th Ave SW, Seattle WA 98166. The usual, or "burnt offerings, tips on the races, news of any new bands resembling Steeleye Span, or any old Tim Kirk or George Barr illos just laying around." Big (52 pp.) and enjoyable. Frank is an entertaining writer, and his ramblings take up almost a quarter of the issue. There's also a column by Michael Carlson, describing his DISCON; and a music column by Don Keller, in which he discusses amateur music, Yes, and his choice for the Ten Best Albums of 1974. Eric Bentcliffe gives a eulogy for P. Schuyler Miller, and several people contribute book reviews. Unfortunately, there is also a piece of amateur fiction; worse, Frank actually encourages the stuff. (The thing about amateur fiction is, if it's good enough to publish, it's good enough to sell; and if it's not good enough to publish, then not even a crudzine should bother with it. The exception is what is called "faan-fiction" -- fiction about fans and fandom -- which can be quite good, but is too in-groupy for the general populace. Fanzines are the ideal place for such items.) The artwork is uniformly good, from the interesting cover by L. Gene Perkins to the numerous fannish fillos scattered throughout. Layout and repro are quite good, but not so flashy as to be obtrusive.

DON-O-SAUR #41 April-May 1975. Don C. Thompson, 7498 Canosa Ct., Westminster CO

80030. The usual, or 35¢ ea. or 6/\$2 or 12/\$3.50. Don has been nominated for Best Fanwriter Hugo. Hopefully, this will give him enough prestige to attract some decent artwork; 90% of the illos this issue are downright embarrassing, they're so poor. The written material is somewhat better; Don has a normal editcol, an opinion-type editorial about the "science fiction ghetto," and a piece concerning his scandalous college-paper-editor career -- all interesting reading. Also reviews of some books most fans probably don't see. Written material is light and readable, repro is decent, but art and layout could be improved.

DWARF #1, #2, undated. KaCSFFS, 508 W. 75th St, Kansas City MO 64114. Clubzine of the K.C. fan club, also available for the usual. Editors: Joe Rhoads and Sarah Sue Wilde. The insanity that prompted the K.C. people to bid for a worldcon has now resulted in a crazy clubzine. There are some con reports, some fanzine reviews, some editorials, and, in the 2nd ish, a lettercol. But there is also a list of Sherry Fesselmeyer's ten favorite male fans, and a Chico-Marx-style explanation of the game of bridge, and a review of Zardoz: ("Toto, I think that Deus Ex Machina over there said something.") Both issues are suffused with fannish enthusiasm, so that even the mediocre art seems funny (not that it's all mediocre). However, Squeaky the Cat misspells Jan Appelbaum's name several times.

DYNATRON #62, May 1975. Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd NW, Albuquerque NM 87107. For the usual. Roy is running for TAFF this year (the other candidate is Bill Bowers (see above)). Maybe if he wins, the British fans will teach him to staple his fanzine so the pages don't fall off. But Roytac's writing is highly enjoyable, especially when he's being humorous, as in his parody of fan awards, so that you don't notice the total lack of artwork until you've started getting bored by the 5-page sercon article ("Science History and Science Fiction" by Dainis Bisenieks). The reader is rescued by a diverting lettercol, rotating-author colum on SF in the schools, and more of the editor's ramblings. As the last page is turned, the chant of "Om QX" is heard.

GODLESS #10, June 1975. Bruce Arthurs, 920 N 82nd St, H-201, Scottsdale AZ 85257. The usual, or 50¢ ea, 5/\$2. The wretched Brad Parks cover makes it look like a crudzine at first glance, but the interior disproves that quickly. Plenty of illos by Al Sirois and others, layout ranging from adequate to good, a hefty lettercol, and two light fannish articles make up the bulk of the zine, with the rest being Bruce's editorial and fillers. Bruce tells Post Office stories -- something all of us do at one point or another, but he has the weight of experience, having worked there for three months. He includes a detailed explanation of mailing instructions every faned should know.

MOEBIUS TRIP/S.F. ECHO #22, April 1975. Ed Connor, 1805 N Gale Ave, Peoria IL 61604. \$1 ea, 5/\$3. 8½ by 5½ and bound like a paperback, this zine boasts an extensive interview with Tucker, concentrating on his biography and SF writing, with little mention of his fannish activities. Also featured is a discussion of (and comments by) Philip Jose Farmer, along with a fannish anecdote set in the Riverworld. Plus extra added attraction, an interview with Mae Strelkov, for those of you who didn't get to talk with her at DISCON.

MYTHOLOGIES #5, May/June 1975. Don D'Amassa, 19 Angell Dr, E. Providence RI 02914. Available for "loc or editorial whim only. One sample issue costs 3 ten cent stamps." This is a serious-discussion fanzine. Not necessarily about SF, but usually about various Heavy subjects such as sex roles, or religion. Bonnie Dalzell has a poem about psychological realities -- it's that kind of zine. On the other hand, there are two feghoots and an article on new psychiatric techniques such as Jello Therapy and Primal Snoring. Well-produced, good-looking, with a beautiful cover and lots of food for thought inside.

PROPER BOSKONIAN #12, May 1975. NESFA, Box G, MIT Branch Station, Cambridge MA 02139. 50¢ or loc. Edited by David Stever. Aside from Mike Gilbert's comic

strip that makes "Wendy and the Yellow King" look coherent, all the art is by Rotsler -- which dresses up the fanzine considerably. Content is also good, ranging from a history of the slanshack Terminus to a pair of hilarious book reviews by David and Kris, from a sensuous-fan test to poetry by Wordsworth 124C41+. Mary cole's computer article is full of bugs, and the lettercol is full of sheep jokes. You don't even have to be a NESFAn to appreciate this zine.

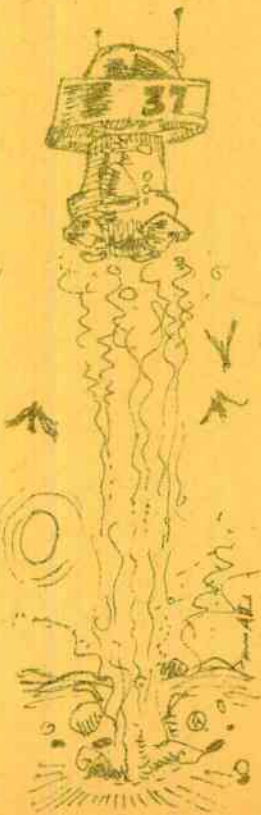
RANDOM #9, May 1975. Mike Gorra, 199 Great Neck Road, Waterford CT 06385. Available for the usual, and old fanzines. Art by Shull, McLeod, ATom, Bill Kunkel, Dan Steffan. Writings by Redd Boggs and Gary Hubbard. Ray Nelson tells the origin of the propellor beanie! Gorra is made an agent of the Goon Defective Agency by the original Irish John Berry! Friends, this is the faaanish fanzine these days. Gorra has in the past few issues published Terry Carr, Bob Shaw, and Walt Willis (in reprint). RANDOM is a worthy successor to the Brooklyn Fanoclast/Insurgent fanzines of yore; fortunately, Mike has a while to go before he's an old tired fan like Arnie Katz or rich brown. Or Mike Glicksohn, for that matter.

RATAPLAN #17&18, undated. Leigh Edmonds, PO Box 74, Balaclava, Victoria, Australia. For FAPA, the usual, or \$2 (US) from Lesleigh Luttrell (see address under STARLING). Fannish chatter, locs, and articles are scattered willy-nilly throughout the zine, giving it an almost stream-of-consciousness effect, but in Leigh's case it works well. There's a lot of cross-cultural exchange, e.g. Lesleigh Luttrell's explanation of snow and winter -- it seems Melbourne has the climate of Florida or South California. Talk about music, library systems, some humor. Well-produced and entertaining as well as enlightening. Nekkid Lady cover by Grant Canfield.

SIMULACRUM #1, undated. Victoria Vayne, PO Box 156 - Stn D, Toronto, Ontario M6P 3J8, Canada. \$1 or the usual. It's hard to believe this is a first issue. Its visual appearance is much like GRANFALLOON or the late ENERGUMEN, with liberal use of Prestype headings and typographic layout, and the excellent repro. Lots of good art by Taral Wayne MacDonald and fillos by Barry Kent MacKay. This issue is centered on the theme of Sex in Science Fiction, and as such includes columns which touch on various aspects of the matter, and a parody of Time Enough for Love. There seems to be a whole community of talented Toronto fans making their debuts with this fanzine; the last such group was the Glicksohn-Glicksohn-Ullyot-Labonte-Austin circle, and we all know what came of that. Hopefully something just as good will result from this group, and hopefully this zine will attract great fanartists and writers, as did ENERGUMEN and ASPIDISTRA.

THE SPANISH INQUISITION #5, June 1975. Jerry Kaufman & Suzanne Tompkins, 210 W 102nd St #3E, NY NY 10025. 50¢ or the usual. No one ever expects this, but it turns up in the mailbox anyway. A good-looking zine, as to be expected from Suzle, who spent most of her life around A.B.Dick machines. Excellent artwork, including two very fine covers by Jerry's non-fan cartoonist friend Gary Goldstein, and a Stu Schiffman comic strip about Moshe Feder. The lettercol is varied and lively, and features several people who don't ordinarily loc fanzines -- like Don Lundry, Doug Hoylman, Tony Isabella, and Bridget Dziedzic, to name a few -- in addition to all the familiar names we love to see. Beginning in this issue is a column by Jon Singer (!) on fannish technology.

STARLING #31, undated. Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 525 W Main, Madison WI 53703. 50¢, 5/\$2, or the usual. Often referred to as the fanzine of popular culture, STARLING publishes material



on music, comics, and other fields, with an occasional mention of science fiction. This issue is given over entirely to discussions of mystery fiction -- articles by Susan Wood, Grant Canfield (yes, he writes as well as he draws), Joe Sanders, Michael Carlson, and Hank. Most of the art fits the theme, too, from the Steffan cover of the archetypal Private Eye to the Shull back cover ("See that staple? It's poisoned!"). STARLING is on the Hugo ballot for Best Fanzine, and it's the only fannish zine in the running, unless you count OUTWORLDS (I don't).

SYNAPSE 2/3/8 and 2/5/10, April and June 1975. Taral Wayne MacDonald, 1284 York Mills Rd, #410, Don Mills, Ontario M5V 2A1, Canada. 35¢, OSFiC membership, or the usual. Clubzine of the Ontario SF Club. More from the "new Toronto fans" that I referred to under SIMULACRUM, tho not as lavishly produced (but still attractive). This would merely be a quality clubzine were it not for the fine lettercolumn, which draws on the bulk of fandom (no, I don't mean Mike Glycer). Reviews and news, and in 2/3/8 a history of OSFiC which proves highly informative.

ZAPPIT #1, undated. K Allen Bjorke, 3626 Coolidge St NE, Minneapolis MN 55418. The usual (loc, contribution, or otherwise show of interest) or 20¢. A fanzine for neofans, at least in this issue. Allen takes the time to introduce those who may not be familiar with fannish fandom to some of the attitudes and jargon; Jon Singer explains fan clubs; Mike Glicksohn warns of the dangers inherent in publishing a fanzine. There's nothing bad about this zine -- it's light and chatty, repro is good, no glaring fuggheadedness in sight -- except that it's only nine pages long. ZAPPIT has the potential of becoming a decent genzine, if Bjorke keeps the quality up and goes after material from good fanwriters and fanartists.

ZYMURWORM 22, May (or March) 1975. Bob Vardeman and Dick Patten, 2908 El Corto SW, Albuquerque NM 87105. The usual, or "the absolutely ridiculous price of \$1 (bet you can tell we don't expect subs)." This is a combination of Bob's SANDWORM and Dick's ZYMURGY -- one way to beat the gaffiation blues. Absolutely fantastic color cover by Harry Morris. Very much an Albuquerque fanzine, with frequent mention of the doings of the local fan populace. Vardeman's editcol is as usual sprinkled with weird linos and electrostenciled clippings of bizarre newspaper stories and ads. Light, informal, entertaining.

III: AVAILABLE PERSONALZINES.

AMERICAN DREAMER #3, May 1975. John Robinson, 1-101st St, Troy NY 12180. The usual. Four pages, frenetic and sometimes funny.

THE LONG GOODBYE #20, 21, May June 1975. Mike Bailey, PO Box 48563, Station Bentall, Vancouver BC V7X 1A3, Canada. 6/\$1 or the usual. These two issues contain an incredible autobiographical article by Philip K. Dick.

PHOSPHENE #2, Summer 1975. Gil Gaier, 1016 Beech Ave, Torrance CA 90501. The usual or 3/\$1. Gil is a rarity -- a middle-aged neofan. Interesting and enthusiastic.

THE ROGUE RAVEN #7-11, May-July 1975. Frank Denton (address under ASH-WING). The usual or 10/\$1. I've already raved about Frank's writing. This is no exception.

IV: PERSONALZINES NOT GENERALLY AVAILABLE.

AMOR #7, June 17 1975. Susan Wood, Hugo-winning fanwriter. Announcement that she has just won her PhD degree; talk about John D Berry's visit. Very, very Canadian. Very, very good.

DIASPAR #16, November 1974. Terry Carr's FAPAZine. Terrific articles by Terry and Grania Davis, and a terrific story by Fritz Leiber. Lots of hand-stencilled

Ray Nelson art. Quotes from long-ago great fanzines. I'm not sure why we received this; I can only assume it's not generally available. It'd be great if this were not the case, and fandom would be blessed once again with a Terry Carr ganzine.

Gee, folks, ain't it a shame that some of the best stuff is hwere most of us will never see it?

V: MENTIONABLE MISCELLANY.

CHECKPOINT #59, 62. Darroll Pardoe, 24 Othello Close, Hartford, Huntington PE18 7SU, England. 10/\$2. News and reviews.

DELAP'S F&SF REVIEW #3. Richard Delap, 1014 S Broadway, Wichita KA 67211. \$1 ea, \$9 for (presumably) 12 issues. Money should be sent to 11863 West Jefferson Blvd, Culver City CA 90230. All sorts of reviews.

GRAY LENS MAN #4, David Dyer-Bannet, 496 Front Ave #3, St Paul MN 55117. 50¢. Photographs of various pros and fans.

HOGU BALLOT, Steve Beatty, 1662 College Ter Dr, Murray KY 42071. Take-off on the Hugos. The whole thing started with a Tom Digby typo.

KARASS #13, 14. Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave, Prospect Park PA 19076. 4/\$1 or the usual. Fannish newszine.

IT COMES IN THE MAIL #15, 16. Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St, Newport News VA 23605. Descriptions of the contents of Ned's mailbox. Fanzine reviews and fannish gossip.

KOLVIR #1, 2. The Amber Society, c/o HOPSFA, SAC Offices, Johns Hopkins Univ., Baltimore MD 21218. New sub-fandom devoted to Zelazny's Amber novels.

SCIENCE FICTION CLUB ADDRESS LIST #1. LaSFS, 11360 Ventura Blvd, Studio City CA 91604. 25¢, or 10¢ = self-addressed stamped envelope. Just what it says it is, tho a little incomplete.

SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL #190. Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd, Wheaton MD 20906. Reviews of just about everything, and then some.

UNIVERSE SF REVIEW #2. Keith L. Justice, Rt 3 Box 42, Union Miss. 39365. Reviews, mostly in the form of long critical articles.

VI: ETC.

COSMIC DRIBBLE, and SF:38. P.H.R.E.D., the SF Club of American River College. Terry Whittier, 3809 Meramonte Way, N Highlands CA 95660.

E-STAR-IAN EXPLORER, Wayne W Martin, 4623 E Inyo, Apt E, Fresno CA 93702.

FANZINE FANATIQUE, Keith Walker, 2 Daisy Bank, Lancaster, Lancs., England.

GREEN EGG, and MYTHOS. Church of All Worlds, Box 2953, St Louis MO 63130.

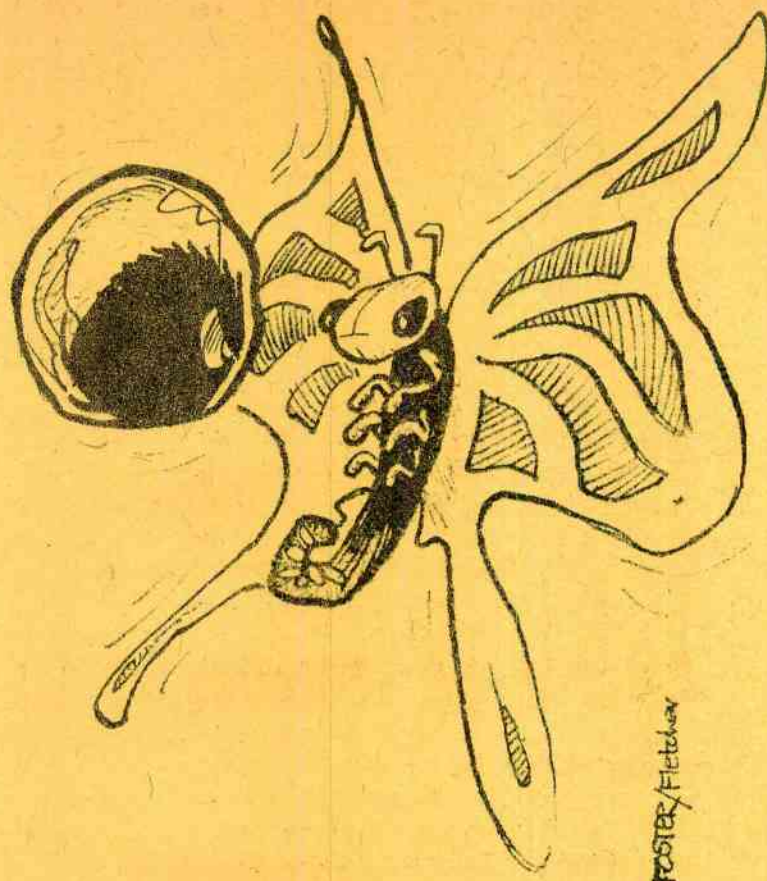
HOPSFANATIC. Clubzine of HOPSFA, c/o/ Student Activities Commission, Johns Hop Hopkins University, Baltimore MD 21218.

KNIGHTS OF THE PAPER SPACE SHIP, Mike Braken, Box 802, Fort Bragg CA 95437.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE MONOLITH. Clubzine of the Nameless Order of R'lyeh. Eric Larsen, 4012 Colby Drive, Raleigh NC 27609.

LOVE AND KILLING

BY DAVE WIXON



No field of human endeavor has been as intimately involved with Science as War. War is thus a prime topic for science fiction.

Unfortunately, War is a no-no, as a topic for discussion -- mostly. But, despite pretensions, a good case can be made for the proposition that all of us have been more deeply affected by war than by any other force (except Nature).

But I'm not here to argue that, only to suggest the importance of the topic, and to advance Gordon Dickson's suggestion that this vital subject is being ignored by most of modern literature.

War is a dirty word, and killing is a sin. Many people look askance at the war-gamers, and there are constant crusades against "violent" toys. The popular agreement on these ideals is hard to fault, but balance is called for. Revisionist historians and peacemongers have begun to distort our perceptions of the past, and of the conflicts therein. Yet it is inescapable that combat has molded the race. Since the man-ape first killed for food, the arts of killing have constantly grown in importance.

You may hate war, but it was necessary to establish this nation -- most nations. Any war you can name might have been prevented, if the correct action had been taken at the right time. Human frailties being what they are, that has often proved impossible. And, if war does come, does the evil lie in it, or in the failure of men to prevent it? War, like guns, is not evil; only men are evil.

I guess I parted company with the pacifists when I came to the problem of self-defense: I cannot believe that there will never be a situation in which fighting -- even killing -- might be right. And so it becomes a problem of drawing lines, of determining those situations in which killing is the lesser of two evils. (More often, of course, no clear-cut decision is possible for mere human calculators.)

Science fiction has lately become the major arena for modern fictional treatments of war-associated problems; mainstream fiction since Hemingway and

Jones has been sterilized by ideology and money.

For, there is only a little you can say about war or combat, beyond producing a textbook on strategy and tactics. The real identity of War is Man, even as He is the subject of all fiction. In our fiction, we are egocentric; Man does not write -- or care -- about non-Man; at best, He merely disguises Himself occasionally.

Gordon R. Dickson recognized this long ago; his renowned Dorsai stories are played in the footings of War, but the war is only setting, background, scenery -- in the end, even, the deus ex machina. But only that.

There is, really, no such thing as a "war story." But a story of man in war is still -- will always be -- a valid study of Man: what He did to get there, how He reacts there, His relations with other men in the same spot. That last is what Dickson's new anthology, Combat SF, is all about: the interrelationships of men at war -- friends or enemies -- whether in teamwork, love, camaraderie, hate, mutual respect or mutual loss.

For a theme collection, this volume certainly contains a wide variety of flavors -- a fact which Dickson himself notes in his Introduction. Lamentably, that is all we hear from him in this volume, beyond a token short story. Perhaps he will try his hand, when next he edits, at a bit more "editorial presence."

There are a dozen stories in this volume, of which I feel five to be of top quality. The best -- one of the best in all SF -- leads it off: Keith Laumer's "The Last Command." In this bittersweet tale the protagonist is a machine, but the story is of an old soldier -- or two -- who have outlived their war, a theme which turns out to be surprisingly frequent among my favorite stories.

Also included is Poul Anderson's much-reprinted "The Man Who Came Early;" I've seen it four or five times, but it never fails to stir up poignancy in my insides. It is sharp, sad, ironic, bitter, and funny.

Other goodies include Harry Harrison's "No War, or Battle's Sound," an interesting tactical exercise; Gene Wolfe's "The Horars of War," on the comradeship of the damned; and Joe Haldeman's "Time Piece."

I find the Haldeman story particularly interesting, in view of the fact that I have just finished reading The Forever War. The novel apparently owes much to the story, for concept and setting. It's a simple enough idea, really: a war fought at interstellar distances will be subject to relativistic effects. Ergo, you can't go home again.

Relativity accentuates the "unique-making" aspect of War. By that I mean that War constitutes an experience, and the things soldiers undergo change them. And, as the average spectator may not understand what it means to be part of the football team, so the civilian may be unable to understand the experience of being at war. For such men there are common grounds, bonds beyond the understanding of the non-initiate -- underlying assumptions, attitudes, and understandings. The soldier may have more in common with the man across the line than with the folks back home.

Haldeman accentuates this isolation. In his kind of war there could be no real return home; the "home" the soldier fought for would be dust before the war could end. When you went off to this war, you were effectively dead to your loved ones -- and they to you.

You can ask: what, then, were they fighting for? Why continue to fight when they knew that their Earth was gone beyond all redemption? Earth had changed in incomprehensible -- even vile -- ways; its war was killing their friends. They hated the army and its officer bureaucracy. Why fight?

Because they had nothing else. They had a way of life that did not change, comrades with whom they shared all the bonds they had left -- the common experience of War, with its own Truths. They played life by other rules. Somewhere in there, they ceased to hate the Enemy.

The theme of Dickson's anthology is combat, and the title of Haldeman's book speaks for itself. Yet the real core of both works is not war but love. Almost every story here will bear me out: they are not so much about the wars as about the ability of the participants to love -- whether through death sacrifice, as in Dickson's "Ricochet on Miza," or through one's comrades. Like rain from the eaves, the soldiers have fallen, throughout history. Some, at least, believed their lives -- even their deaths -- to be worthwhile. This was once called "no greater love," and it is not a thing for laughter or forgetfulness.

((Editor's note: the books mentioned in "Love and Killing" are: COMBAT SF edited by Gordon R. Dickson, Doubleday, June, 1975, \$6.95; and THE FOREVER WAR by Joe Haldeman, St. Martin's Press, 1974, \$7.95.))

Slash-and-Run Reviews

by E. Phil Inkarnit

THE WILK ARE AMONG US, Isidore Haiblum, Doubleday 1975, \$5.95.
NO BLADE OF GRASS, John Christopher, Equinox 23903, \$1.95
OMNIVORE, Piers Anthony, Equinox 24026, \$1.95.
WANDOR'S JOURNEY, Roland Green, Avon 24372, 95¢.
THE BIRTHGRAVE, Tanith Lee, DAW 154, \$1.50.
THE NEMESIS OF EVIL, Lin Carter, July 1975, Doubleday, \$5.95.

Haiblum's novel has gotten generally unfavorable reaction from reviewers who could not stomach the cuteness of the author's sense of humor. Beyond that, the story shows some imaginativeness: earth protected from invaders a lot more like us than the protector (who really doesn't care for us at all). It may be hard to maintain your interest all the way through this one.

The title No Blade of Grass, together with the description "British catastrophe story," will probably tell you all you need to know about this novel. But it may be the best of the subspecies, tight and compelling.

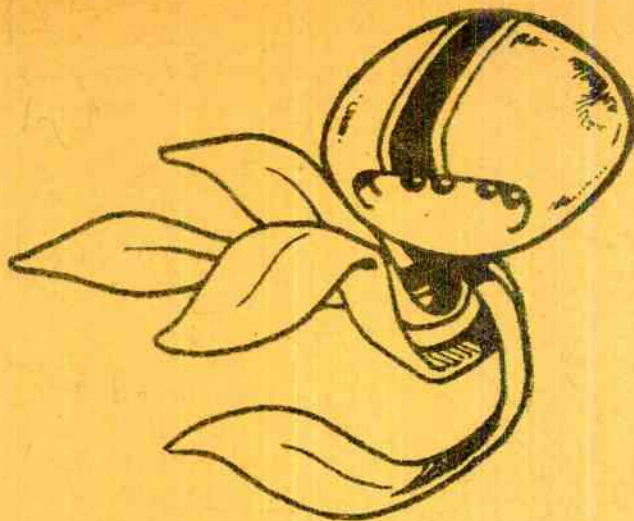
Anthony is an imaginative fellow, but at times drowns a good idea in philosophy and symbology. Besides, his characters are just too prescient for words! The idea of intelligent, fungus-descended life is great, but the author couldn't think of much to do with it.

Journey is the sequel to Wandor's Ride (do the titles have to be so alike?!) and is a wee bit less inviting. Both are sword-and-sorcery, but of a cooler, less frantic nature. Easy reading, and interesting, but not something you'll ever form a deep attachment for. Workmanlike.

Birthgrave is the outrageously padded story of a reawakened last survivor of a superrace, and her psychological hang-ups. Alas, the "special introduction by Marion Zimmer Bradley," promised on the cover is not in the book. A largely unrememberable book, although novel in its feminine viewpoints -- in the end it reads like a cross between Elric and True Confessions.

Lin Carter has invented a character called Prince Zarkon, but this is really Doc Savage all over again, and this story of the "ultimate man" may be the "ultimate tripe."

BOOK REVIEWS



Exploring Cordwainer Smith, Andrew Porter, editor (New York, 1975). \$2.50.

Andy Porter published these essays in his fanzine ALGOL originally; he has now reissued them as a small pamphlet. Contents: Introduction by John Bangsund; "Paul Linebarger," by Arthur Burns; "Cordwainer Smith," by John Foyster; "John Foyster Talks with Arthus Burns;" "I Am Joan and I Love You," by Sandra Miesel; "Chronology," by Alice K. Turner; Bibliography by J.J. Pierce; and a few background notes round off the publication (which were presumably written by Porter, though no credit is given to their author).

Ten years ago, one of the biggest mysteries in the science fiction world concerned the identity of Cordwainer Smith. Fred Pohl gladly told the readers of Galaxy and If that "Cordwainer Smith" was a pseudonym, but said that he could not reveal the identity of the author due to his connections with the United States Department of State. Nine years ago the secret ended because "Smith" had died. His real name was Paul M. A. Linebarger, he was a political scientist of some note, and a man of interesting political and familial connections. (He was, for example, the god-son of Sun Yat Sen; his father was Judge Linebarger, you see, one of the most famous of the "Old China Hands" from the United States. Someone ought to contact Walter Judd -- also an Old China Hand -- and see if he knew Linebarger or his father.)

Several of the essays in the pamphlet are the work of Australian fans who, in the summer of 1966, began to write up what material they could about Linebarger's stay in Australia. A few weeks after John Foyster had finished the first article, the word of Linebarger's death reached Australia. So foyster's essay, and the interview of Arthus Burns (one of Linebarger's colleagues at the Australian National University), date from 1966 and 1967 and were originally published in Australian Science Fiction Review. Sandra Miesel contributes a discussion of the Christian themes in some of the Cordwainer Smith stories. I found the memoir by Arthur Burns, and Foyster's interview of this fellow, the most interesting parts of the booklet.

There was a certain grim humor in most of the Cordwainer Smith stories -- though I was fifteen before I realized it. When I read "A Planet Named Shayol" at age ten, I was frightened; when I read Space Lords, and the story again, I found it an amused portrait of hell. "Western Science is So Wonderful" and "Angerhelm" (this last takes place in Hopkins; was Linebarger in Minneapolis at some time?) also show a subtle, near-cruel wit. In person, Linebarger was more light-hearted: he had his name emblazoned in Chinese characters on his ties; translated, the characters read "Mr. Forest of Incandescent Bliss" (but were pronounced something like "lin-bal-leh").

The most important thing in this pamphlet is the observation, made by Burns, that the Smith stories were seen by Linebarger as "pre-Cervantean." That is, Linebarger

was concerned with telling myths in the manner of legendary cycles; after Don Quixote, according to Linebarger, such non-linear story-telling fell out of fashion. All the stories of the Instrumentality, of the Revival of Man, of D'Foan and C'Mell, are the sort of stories told to children in that far future.

This booklet is readable and worth reading if you are at all interested in Cordwainer Smith; the bibliography is helpful if you are at all interested in finding the stories, reading them in some order, or becoming a new Sam Moskowitz. However, you must pay \$2.50 for 28 pages of text, which is somewhat unreasonable. If Porter had been able to reduce the price by a dollar, I do believe it would sell very well indeed.

There were two surprises in this pamphlet which suggest various Appropriate Things: first, that there are two chapters of an uncompleted Smith novel, Queen of the Afternoon, which some fanzine ought to publish if no prozine will; second, that Ellison's Last Dangerous Visions contains a so far unpublished Smith story, "Himself in Anachron." Some gesture ought to be made to recognize that story.

-- Jim Young

Merlin's Mirror, Andre Norton, DAW #152 (New York, 1975). \$1.25.

I am a Norton addict, and have been for years. Of the sixty-plus Norton novels I've read, there seems to be a common factor uniting the SF novels with the fantasy novels with the sword-and-sorcery novels: they are all light, well-written escapist novels that are meant to entertain.

Merlin's Mirror is hard to fit comfortably into any one category. There are SF elements, historical fantasy elements, and sorcery elements. We learn that long, long ago the human race was involved in an interstellar civilization. A war broke out between two factions in this civilization, and the Earth was one of the first planets to have its civilization wiped out, sending the human race back to the stone age. When the story opens, the two factions have almost wiped each other out. An automated ship of the "Sky Lords" detects a beacon from Earth, lands, and starts working toward restoring civilization to England (circa 400-450 A.D.) by getting the daughter of a nearby clan leader pregnant. The son is Merlin, and one day while tending sheep, he discovers the cave which conceals the automated equipment of the Sky Lords. His education begins both in history and in the use of strange powers. He learns that his purpose is to unite England under a strong king, because civilization can't be reached while everybody is killing everybody else in sight.

Unfortunately, the activities of the automated equipment of the Sky Lords are detected by a similar batch of automated equipment left behind by the "Dark Ones," and the Dark Ones' equipment also produces and educates a half-human, half-Sky People offspring -- the Lady of the Lake. Thus the conflict between the two factions returns to Earth.

Most of the book involves the conflicts between the forces of the Sky Lords, the Dark Ones, the Saxons, the Picts, the Irish, many different factions among the Britons, the newly arrived Christian priests, the followers of the old ways, and even an occasional left-over Roman. If you usually enjoy Norton, you will probably enjoy Merlin's Mirror. If you are not familiar with Norton, there are better books to start with. This is average Norton -- she has done much better.

-- Don Blyth

The Winds of Time, by Chad Oliver, Equinox (New York, 1975). \$1.95.

The Winds of Time is the tenth in Avon's SF Rediscovery series, and it is a good choice. For one thing, it's a seldom-seen semi-classic; for another, it's a

good book.

Today, this book has a dated flavor -- style, story, even the underlying assumptions and attitudes of the author. It's the flavor of the 'fifties. Moreover, the story is simplistic, and the style uninspiring. Yet this book lived for me when I read it, years ago, and the wonder is still in it on today's re-reading.

This is an old-fashioned straight-out story, of a man who stumbles into captivity by, then sympathy, then friendship with a lost group of space travelers. The aliens cannot go home unless Earthlings help them -- which they cannot, yet; worse, only one race in the thousand-odd known in the galaxy ever attained the necessary technology to do so -- the others all destroyed themselves. The odds are not good that Earth will be able to help them.

One "hero" is a middle-aged doctor from Los Angeles, deeply alienated by the tenor of his urban life. The other is 45,000 years old and is searching for some meaning in life. Wes and Arvon, for all their differences, are strangely alike -- which may be fortunate. Wes hates the city, loves to get out into the country to fish, and to be alone with Nature. Arvon, too, has an intense appreciation of open spaces, countryside, sun and sky. I wonder whether these attitudes may not owe something to Oliver's work in western fiction? He has painted two simple men, driven from their complex societies into a search for something better. We cannot be sure if they will find it, for that element is submerged in the larger problem.

Element after element of this novel is stock, formula SF, simplistic and unsurprising. But the thing is full of a "sense of wonder," and if you liked the SF of the 'forties and 'fifties, you'll like this one.

-- Nightreader

((The Nightreader has been, and will continue to be the same person. My previous remarks concerning him were partly for the purposes of obfuscation, and mostly due to my "sense of humor."))

The Lion Men of Mongo, by Alex Raymond (adapted by Con Steffanson), Avon (New York, 1974). 159pp, 95¢.

If you happen to be in a space opera mood with little concern for plot development, good characterization or solid dialogue, then The Lion Men of Mongo is just for you. A while back I found myself in such a mood -- meaning that I didn't want to be bothered by the heady philosophies that most space operas contain. Well, my eyes roamed over to where my six-volume set of Flash Gordon paperbacks sat, and I knew I had found what I wanted. An hour and a half later, I had finished Lion Men.

Perhaps the only redeeming feature the book (nay, the series!) has is in the person of the eminent and brilliant Dr. Alexi Zarkov. His is the only character in the entire book that has any real personality. He's strange, strong and down-right fun to read about. His various contrivances to escape death and doom are many and frequent. Which brings up another feature (?) of the book -- there's plenty of action. Not that all of it is good, mind you, but nonetheless it is there. Other things to watch out for are insipid dialogues, corny situations and even cornier escapes, and inventions galore. Get past these and you might even enjoy the book.

As I've said, you have to be in the right mood. Another way to enjoy is read this book, see one of the old Flash Gordon serials and then go see Flesh Gordon (not that Lion Men is necessary to read, but it lends good insights into the wholesomeness of Flash Gordon). The trick, anyway, is not to take this book seriously. So so, and you'll be running around with a water pistol zapping everyone in sight.

-- John A. Purcell

CINCINNATI '75:

THE 26TH ANNUAL MIDWESTCON

by Madman Riley

There is no way to sum up a Midwestcon, there are only highlights flashing through disjointed minds. The summations are either "I enjoyed myself" or "I didn't have any fun so the con was a failure." Midwestcon's purpose is as a vacation for fans among themselves, as its subtitle, "Relaxacon," indicates. There is little formal programming -- a banquet, a few films, and the obligatory art show/huckster room -- but its *raison d'être*, its soul, is P*A*R*T*Y!

I returned to Midwestcon for the first time in five years and rediscovered its soul satisfaction: other fans. Midwestcon may be taken drunk or high or straight, in forms musical, sexual, visual, tactile, tact-less, or fannish. Or it may be judged "unstructured . . . too loose" and its point missed.

This is a travelogue/report on that experience from the weekend of June 27-29.

SETTING THE STAGE

Cast: Fred Haskell, Don Blyly, Reed Waller, and Madman Riley. Four Minneapolis fans who either are or have been tenants in the Bozo Bus Building.

Our car: Fred's 1975 Oldsmobile. I decided it needed a name and announced a christening contest, a baptism-by-convention, for these four creative minds. Since the passengers were all Bozo Bus Building brothers, it was logically christened the "Bozolds." (It was my contest. I won.)

HIT THE ROAD, JACK . . . PART I

We departed from Uncle Hugo's Science Fiction Book Store sometime after 6:00 Thursday night. Under suspicious skies we traveled 90 miles south to New Richland and by 9:30 were leaving Reed's family home. We were the Bozo Four, poised in the Bozolds like young puppies ready for eager leaps through the underbellies of Minnesota and Wisconsin.

We were to take an Alternate Route. Our usual northerly course, I-94, had bored Fred and he sought new vistas to the south via I-90. And indeed, none of us were to be bored by this route. Lurking about us were blackly mottled clouds, but we were cheerful.

For a very short time.

A lightning storm is rare, beautiful, awesome, and entertaining when you're watching, but it's five frights from hell to drive through. It's Mother Nature flushing and flashing in mid-summer -- pissing on us with gusto.

Fred drove through every inch of it. (Get out your calculators -- how many inches are there between New Richland, Minnesota and Chicago, Illinois?)

It lasted for nine hours. Intermittent slosh-bucket rain and ceaseless slashing bolt-lightning. Lightning to the right of us, lightning to the left of us -- lightning thick and thin, vertical and semi-circular, pitch-forked, shaped in jagged diagonals and branching like withered winter trees; sometimes obscured and diffused by clouds but all too often exploding as bright ribbons of fire. Bright and frequent enough to read by.

Try to drive while looking through that sometime and see what it does to your fragile piece of mind. Fred drove through every inch of it.

THE BRIGHT GREEN FLASH, OR, "YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THE MINNESOTA RIVER VALLEY ALIVE!"

We passed dozens of trucks, pulled over on I-90's shoulder, waiting for the storm to pass. Don and Reed in the back seat distracted our common nail-biting when they groaned in synchrony at the classical-music DJ who, referring to an upcoming performance, said: "...electricity fills the air...."

As we closed in on the Wisconsin border Fred said, with a tone of desperate hope, "It shouldn't be so bad once we get into the river valley." It was a nice theory.

Would the lightning striking the higher ground around us render the weather less inconvenient? We almost had the trots inconvenienced out of us. We had barely begun our descent into the valley when the father-of-'em-all struck. The bolt grounded less than a half-mile in front of us and terminated in a large, spherical green flash. Which then repeated itself, independent of more lightning.

Finally we reached the bridge spanning the Mississippi near La Crosse. No bridge ever looked so vulnerable. ((ed. note: Fortunately, we had the correct answers to the Three Questions and were allowed to drive over the bridge in safety.))

We Shaky Four stopped. To eat. Our waitress at the nameless Embers was kind enough to inform us that, "it's only been raining here for a few minutes." While we ate, the storm caught up again and passed us.

From La Crosse all was rain and lightning, waiting trucks, ceaseless slapping windshield wipers, static on the radio, sleeplessness, awe and lightning. The storm and Fred drove on.

Were the Bozos cowed? "Mother Nature, fuck you! We're fans on a mission and you can scare truckers but you can't stop us!" Our wisdom was to be wondered at (Don did so), our luck to be marveled at (Reed did so), our timetable worried at (I did so), and Fred drove on.

(There is poetic justice in Fred's choice of "the Alternate Route" to escape the boredom-burden of I-94. (Dave Emerson, fellow Bozo, took I-94 in the Polemobile, and missed the storm.))

Near daybreak Don drove from Madison to the Illinois border. If there is any truth to the statement that "all things end in Chicago" it was at least true of that elemental holocaust. From Chicago to Cincy was daylight-tame.

The Bozolds had been, in a word, baptized. Torrentially.

SIGN OF THE TIMES

"No trespassing -- this means you, turkey!" (Visible from the freeway, painted on a barn roof somewhere outside Cincinnati.)

"AND BEHOLD THERE WAS NO ROOM IN THE INN"

Our stay at the Quality Courts began as an unpleasant experience. We discovered that last-minute registrants expecting a room might be shit-out-of-luck. After trying everything short of bribery (and omitting that only because the staff left no room for negotiations) Reed and I set a time limit after which we would disgruntledly head for a distant Holiday Inn. Don had already secured crash space and, artifacts unpacked, was already hucking away. Fred had crashed.

Here the name of Brian Tannahill was to glow like a neon "savior" sign in my memory as we ultimately ended up with the room registered in his name. Thanks again, Brian, and to all of you from K.C. who assisted us in our procurement.

Unfortunately the room was already occupied. Fortunately it was only a communication problem. Unfortunately the hotel staff participated. Fortunately "Karen and Scott" were fans, willing to share a room. Unfortunately they had been locked out, clad only in swim suits.

Once all parties were in agreement it remained only to oil the staff into co-cooperation. So I seized the moment in my bulldog grip (meaning, used my tenacious mouth to hang in there) while Reed retrieved Scott. With the desk clerk securely in tow we solved our locked door mystery.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON AT THE CON

Larry Propp's room, the first audible party-site of Midwestcon, was where Jackie Franke handed Bob Tucker the \$2300 check amassed by the Tucker Fund to send him "down under." To say Bob Tucker "beamed" would be to stoop for an obvious pun, which I didn't do. I stay erect . . . meaning . . . upright . . . in the sense of . . . you know what I mean.



Anyway, Bob chattered happily until Propp removed the check and slid it lawyer-like into his breast pocket. Bob's reaction was swift. Have you ever seen him hold a bottle of Beam in his hand as a weapon?

A minor mind-fuck: meeting a second girl named Karen, a fan from Minneapolis whom I didn't know. Met her in Propp's room. Of course.

PARTY TIME

Friday night felt like a Midwestcon. The parties partied profusely, enough to keep one moving from floor to floor or left on a given floor. One note of significance, the Couch family's bash was in celebration of Norb and Leigh's 25th anniversary.

On the mezzanine of the hotel, a couple passionately embraced in front of the elevator. The doors opened on a full caress. The doors

closed. Only at a science fiction convention would neither the passengers nor the couple care. And only at a Midwestcon would one of the two be onesself, too involved to give a damn. What I remember is-- but why go on? I never enjoyed hinting at anything, and only a few voyeurs would care to read "hinty" porn. (To her: EN ESTA MENTE DE MIO, TUS OJOS SOLO SON ESTRELLAS -- Y NOS ESTRELLAS SON AQUELLAS DEL PEZ.) {{ed. note: Literally translated, this means "Don't follow the balls when they make the street."}}

Following this, I returned to the public partying. Rivers of beer polluted my body and Bob's Beam blasted my brain. I passed Bob several times during the night, He passed his bottle each time. I passed back into my room and fell asleep on the bed. I did not pass out . . . and Fred, if you put in an editor's note here, I swear I'll make a highly embarrassing remark at the most inopportune moment of some future date.

SATURDAY: IN SEARCH OF A PINBALL MACHINE

Poolside and sober during the morning, I was itching for something trippy by afternoon. Fred and I agreed that it was time to appease our electronic addiction, pinball, and off we went. What we found were the same FLIPPERLESS machines in several different places. Who can "play" pinball with only a ball shooter? We gave up. Later Mark Aronson told me that in previous years the present hucksters' room had been strictly for pinball machines. With flippers.

I did not sob, nor weep, nor carry on, nor throw a dark tantrum, nor gnash my teeth, nor lose any vestige of my mountainous self-control. But Don Blyly could not understand the stormy, glowering looks I shot at him for the rest of the con.

My sporting urge took solace in a round of Frisbee with Scott, played in the black-top parking lot which had become a heat sink! We were baked into sweaty exhaustion. For the very first time anywhere, Larry Propp declined my usual, needling, invitation, but I understand: as his years and ounces mount that feverish desire to burn out slowly leaves him.

NOTES FROM THE BANQUET

Midwestcon's total attendance was 279, and I expect that about 175 of them were at the major, if not sole, piece of programming.

Marvelous Martha Beck graciously accepted my invitation and arm as escort, and we were opportunistic enough to grab the single empty table adjacent to the podium. Since the house sound system was predictably inadequate only the near diners clearly heard all that was said. Martha and I, Jackie and Wally Franke, Jon and Joni Stopa, Debbie Stops and the mysterious "Tom," "Apple Susan" Applegate, were all at one table -- with Mark and Lynn Aronson to round it out.

We were told that Rod Serling had died. By the time I recovered from that, the Fanzine Activity Achievement Awards (FAANS) were being given. And the winners were:

Best Single Issue of a Fanzine: Bill and Joan Bowers for Outworlds double-issue, #21-22.

Best Fan Artist (non-humorous): James Shull

Best Fan Artist (humorous): Bill Rotsler

Best Fan Writer: Don C. Thompson

Best Fan Editor: Bill Bowers

The FAAN awards will be given again in '76 and Lou Tabakow has asked all zine-eds for co-operation in publicizing them.

andy offutt was Midwestcon's first Fan Guest of Honor and his time began with the return of a "t," omitted from his name on a recent book. ("Thank you, Mr. abakow," was his response to the donor.) In previous years andy has kibbitzed the banquet from an over-looking balcony. By giving him a place of honor, Cincinnati fandom had hoped to dull his fang. (It was also pointed out that he had been chosen for this role prior to the Discon dinner debacle.) His speech, even with its sprinkling of one-liners, dragged a weary tail through a full half-hour. It has been suggested that he slyly played the game Cincy's way, but to his own ends. Whatever, it seems clear that andy was pulling something on someone, but I dunno what 'cause it wasn't mine.

After doing a one-word imitation of Don Blyly ("Alright") he gave out his own awards-of-praise for best fanac. Fred's pictographic RUNE cover featuring Bob Tucker received andy's award for "Best Cover," but when he neglected to mention Fred's name the audience filled in. About a half-dozen strong. Was Fred's own voice amongst them? Nope. He was upstairs and got that ego-shot second hand.

POST-BANQUET FILMS AND FROLICS

My 12-pack of Pabst (a portable potable) remained under my arm all night as I moved around. Very convenient -- try it some time. I feld the film room with every change of reels, flitted poolside distributing 12-ounce cans of happiness, and invariably missed all titles and credits. I saw Popeye as Aladdin, two Superman cartoons, and parts of Flash Gordon in Rocket Ship. (Now I know where much of Flesh Gordon came from.)

Orlando, New York, and DC all threw bidding parties for '77 and I hit them all. Then I got hit with a heavy mind-messer when Alex Eisenstein came up to me and, with impressive form, asked: "When will you stop beating my wife?"

"When did I start?" I retorted.

"Several years ago, she says."

"Alex, you rarity, who believes his wife?"

"I believe bruises, welts, abrasions, wounds, bites-- "

"Stop!" I cried, "I never use anything that leaves a, you should excuse the word, 'mark.' Obviously you have me confused with Black Leather offutt. Besides, if you want to see bites, look at my back where Phyllis always gets me."

"Sir, you are a cad and a bounder...unless you cease this infamy I shall thrash you soundly."

"Shorty, you couldn't 'trash Long Island Sound' -- without help. Anyway, Phyllis looks good in blues and black."

"You are an insensitive, unbearable egomaniac."

"I must agree, Alex. Good guess." I laughed and left, striding off with cool, cat-like grace as is my custom.

When I turned my back I think he laid a curse on me.

SATURDAY NIGHT'S STRANGE INCIDENT

It seems an inebriated youth carelessly dove into a shallow pool and it slapped his face. He knows who he is and I shan't mention his name (but as one madman to an

assembly, it reminds me of the time I had to read my own traffic accident report over the airwaves of a radio station in International Falls, Minnesota). The injured youth was taken and tended by two ladies, one of whom, Phyllis Eisenstein, bandaged his major forehead wound. It is said that Larry Propp, Alex Eisenstein, and Jon Stopa were giving away free beer to anyone who could tell the tale in an entertaining fashion. Just before leaving the con Sunday, Bob Tucker laid the final cruel line on the incident. With his arm around Fred in fatherly-advice fashion, he gestured with his Beam bottle and said: "Next time he tries to do that, be sure and drain the pool first so he bounces."

SLEEPLESS SUNDAY, VERY EARLY

Fred, Reed, and I put Mike Couch's equilibrium to the test. Mike was somber. That's one out of four. We Bozos were firmly ensconced in that merciless mirty, a case of the giggles. No matter what Mike said -- in sheer earnestness -- we babbled and chuckled at everything. In jiving Mike and the waitress we gleefully reached the epitome of any good con: the knowledge that we were out of touch with reality and the three-day build-up slid us past sanity into hilarity.

Poor Mike Couch, he grew gradually saner with each passing con hour and wondered why he had such difficulty breaking through on a serious plane. ("I broke through on a serious plane once." /"Oh, really -- why?" /"I'd been transformed into a sex-ray!") That's the kind of shit we pulled on him and our madness was measured by the peals of laughter resulting. God, was that out on a limb!

CHECK OUT AND BYE-BYES

As per usual we didn't find everyone we wanted to, nor say adios the way we wished. Given a few extra minutes while Fred played with the luggage: "Look, goddamnit, all this stuff fit in the trunk on the way here -- and Don was selling books, not buying them, so it should be easier!"

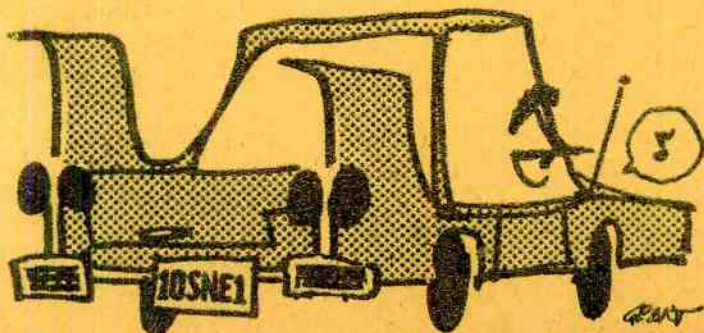
We listened, believing in Fred as he proclaimed his wizardry at spacial relationships. As time passed we offered suggestions. As frustrations rose Fred offered suggestions right back at us. Finally, like the 15-year-old virgin ultimately understanding "what goes where?" all fit snugly and we...

HIT THE ROAD, JACK . . . PART II

A two-hour layover to visit my father in Chicago was the major experience of the return trip.

I remember when Minneapolis-to-Cincinnati was a 14-hour drive. That squeezing, limited state of zombie-ism called "distance driving" is bearable for 14 hours out of the forehead and rump of a weekend. But -- deliver me from confinement! -- 40 hours of travel is a waste, on a weekend. Especially when spent in the corn fields of mid-America.

Indiana. Illinois. Wisconsin. Minnesota. Homeward rolled the Bozolds. We plodded past signs of speed at low limit and gas at a high price -- the Bozos themselves burned out, happy, con-fed.



THE TRUE FACTUAL FACTS ABOUT CINNCINNATL

by Archibald E. "Bugsy" MacLone, Jr., Esq.
(as told to Reed Waller)

Personally it has been brought to my attention that my good and dear friend and acquaintance Mr Mark Riley is already writing for the readers of this paper a report on the Midwestcon at Cinnattl. Now not being much of a writer myself but seeing that however no one else is standing up to take to the four, I have allocated upon myself the responsibility of providing the readers with a more highly accurate account of what really transpired at said con, seeing as which my good friend and acquaintance Mr. Reilly has inquired a reputation for that he has been known to stretch the truth occasionally toward his own personal benefit.

On Thursday evening the four of us gentlemen departed from Minnesota, all of us being myself, Mr. Reilly whom I have previously mentioned before, Don Blyly of Uncle Hugo fame, and Fred, the editor of this magazine of which you are at present reading from. It was a dark and stormy night beset with dangers from the elements and it was in this atmosphere of cosmic trepidation that we journeyed toward Cinnattl which is about 800 mi. away from where we were. Fred required of himself that he drive most of the way, he being alone familiar enough with the vehicle of transport to digress us through the travesty of lightning and rain which poured down upon us.

It was therefore with great relief that we finally viewed the majestic skyline of overpasses and antique burger stands which indicated to us that we had arrived safely upon our destination. I myself had been untroubled through the torrential rage of fire and water unlike the others who were terrified and by gentle words and reassuring displays of being confident I managed to distill upon them the courage without which they would not have been able to go on withought. Sometimes a simple display of calm was most important which to the casual onlooker it may have appeared that I was asleep but in actuality it was a demonstration of my being sure that we would arrive safely at the shores of Cinnattl.

Now let me implicate right here that in the case of this con I was quite disillusioned. By which I mean we had been informed that this was to be an informal gathering of the faithful meaning those among us who are literate and possess great knowledge and superiority over crass commercial matters such as which are displayed without taste by your hippie subcultural groups. Imagine my trepidation when upon arriving I noticed that there were already a vast number of tables and rooms set up for these panders to the consuming urge to prey like jackets upon our unsuspected pocketbooks. Not having any money I personally was above such things but perceived a number of individuals of which I had previously held in great respect and recognition as individuals of note, however they were spending their good money, on these tawdry gimmicks, which was I feel part mine as since I have bought a number of their books. But as since I am a fair minded a person I shall refrain from mentioning any names although if I were to do so you would recognize their names

immediately. While I was inspecting one of these articles (not intending to buy one but merely out of curiosity to see what new trinkets were being filched upon the gathering of attendants who were there) a gentleman came up to me and inquired as to if I knew where he could procure for himself a room at the hotel. I said no I don't think so just having arrived myself but would be glad to help in any way I could whereupon he thanked me on bended knee and introduced himself as the hotel manager. (little joke there) In actuality the truth was that I was looking for a room for us myself but possessing such knowledge of human nature as is provided of me I refrained from directly revealing that particular fact. I soon met a gentleman who looked like an official, you can always tell them on account of they have these official beetle-type haircuts, and began sounding him out for accomodations whereby he pointed at the front door and said, inquire without. Meanwhile Fred and Mr. Reilly were of no help being as they were talking to some unimportant people whom I did not recognize but as it turned out I did not need their help anyway since thanks to my persistence a room did turn up of which there was only five of us in altogether, two of them as being by a strange quirk of fate those people to whom Fred and Mr. Reilly were talking to. But then I had not specified whom we wished to be placed with.

Later on in the evening as the attendants began to slow down some what Jon Singer and myself commenced to begin searching throughout the hotel for a rumored Monty Piethong movie which did not in actuality take place except that there was a press showing somewhere across town although however we did not know that. During the course of our search throughout the hotel for someone with a beetle-type haircut we emerged back up in to the front folder or lobby as it is called in the midst of a parade of teenaged girls twirling batons and wearing cowboy or cowperson suits for those of you of the female persuasion. They were all marching and twirling to some kind of music for which we could not discern the source of but I was giving careful study to the complicated pattern on the vest of one of their number as she was passing and was struck by a moving object being in effect the purse of probably her mother who was very indignant and which her purse I believe it had a brick or something in it, but we finally found our way back to the forth floor party which was in progress and there abouts was a couple of unimportant people named chair or stool or davenport or something speaking some kind of foreign language probably British.

As I have previously noted before this con was very disillusional being in that I also discovered that they had set up all manners of formal events which to my mind at least consitite programing as they call it which this con was not in actuality supposed to have, in effect there were films, like some old foreign piece about a city of the future which you couldn't understand what they were saying and often so quiet that you could not hear them atall, I don't know why these foreign actors cannot speak up such as the American ones do so.

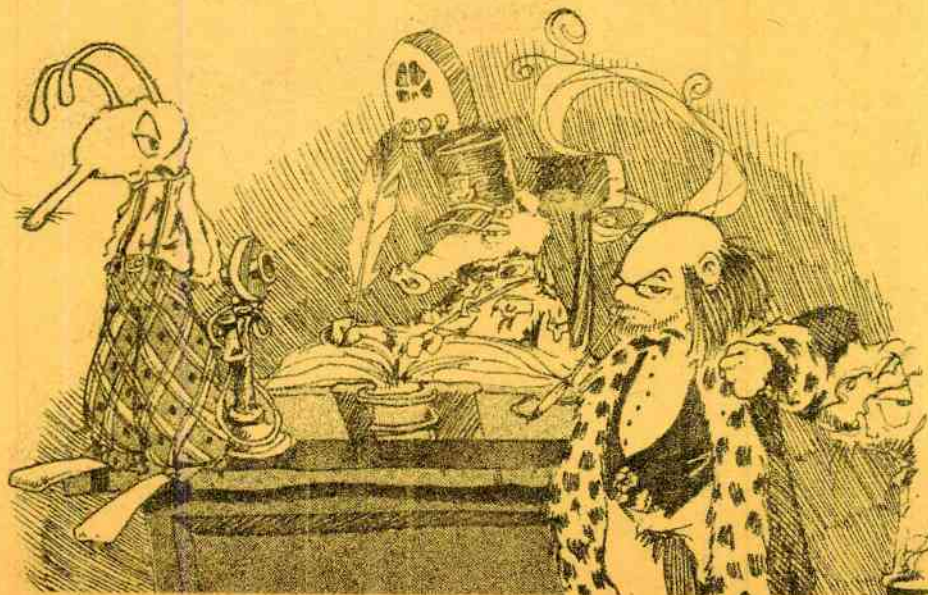
Later on I found Fred in some room perhaps ours, pounding on his guitar and producing strange noises from his throat in a fashion obviously intended to impress those female members of ourselves whose taste was not to refined. Many of them, being polite and not wishing to embarass him, managed to expectorate their pride and remain about for the performance, some of their member being so goodnatured as to smile and give him a sisterly kiss or pat on the cheek since he was obviously in sincere pain being that he was screaching and etc. I found this most a distressing situation in which to leave a friend in so I took it upon myself to intersect a little music into the proceedings, whereby I took a guitar myself and attempted to refine the preformance somewhat so that these unfortunate women would not have to worry so much about Fred passing out from pain. It must have been affective, since proceeding from all most the moment I proceeded to play and sing along several of them left, obviously relieved since Fred was now in confident hands and they did not need to worry about him any further.

Saturday produced still further disillusionalities. It turned out or transpired that there was to be a banquet, that being a further example of programing as they

call it. Some one was giving away these little statues of beer cans with funny faces on them of which I personally found most unsuitable to the nature of the proceedings. Later on during the evening, however, ANDREW J. OFFIT (a science-fiction author of some note) gave a lengthy address during which he presented some important bits of examples of fan activity being for example a list of people who had written letters to a magazine and etc. which it was obvious to me several people who had even paid to get in were unmannerly enough to begin falling asleep, of which I felt was unmannerly since he is a science-fiction author of some note and besides if they did not desire to hear him out why did they pay for it, but then they might of sneaked in of which that is probably what they did.

Saturday night I also was presented with the dubious honor of meeting again the famous fan artist Dan Steffan, of whom I feel is highly over rated as in effect the following instance which I hereby revulge. I offered him my sketchbook to draw some funny pictures for the people whom were there, many of them famous and whose names you would recognize immediately if I mentioned there names. Which he thereby borrowed my pen for which I had paid 59¢ for and spent too much time doing some picture of a bear of which personally I couldn't see the point of. Anyway it had a lot of lines and details in it which I felt they were unnecessary and it wasn't really funny as it were and he was going to give it to Hank and Lesleigh something for a cover or something so I figured it needed that finishing touch which would give it that enjoyable quality which fans love, whereby I took my pen back which cost 59¢ and carefully drew a funny mustache and glasses on it of which I thought it was a good finishing touch. Well, some persons do not know how to conduct themselves in public places, where for example this Steffan person seeing how I had showed him up and artistically outdone him so to speak in front of Hank and Lesleigh whatever and his hippie friend Ted something he begins screaming about having me thrown out of the con, being obviously too insecure to be confronted with an individual of superior abilities.

At the point of fact I could continue on for quite a while although I believe my point has been made, namely that this Midwestcon was to me personally very disillusioning and I don't believe I will go there again for a while irregards of whatever praise is leapt upon it by my friend and acquaintance Mr. Reilly who whatever he may say to the contrary behaved most unmannerly as did in actuality everyone there whith the exception of a few people of unusual taste whose names you would immediately recognize.



{{As if you couldn't guess by now, the following is a listing of upcoming Minn-stf meeting dates and locations. The Saturday meetings start at 1:00PM, and the weekday meetings start at 7:00PM.}}

5 August (Tuesday) -- The Hobbitat, 3755 Pillsbury Ave., Minneapolis.

16 August (Saturday) -- Dave Hjortland, 2303 Dupont Ave N., Mpls. (529-3206).

26 August (Tuesday) -- The Hobbitat again.

6 September (Saturday) -- Ken Hoyme, 1404 Kelly, Golden Valley (545-4642).

20 September (Saturday) -- Dave Wixon & Don Blyly, 343 East 19th St #8B, Mpls.

{{And don't forget that the submission deadline for the next RUNE is Wednesday, 1 October 1975. (Ghu only knows when that issue will be out, but it will hopefully be not too long after that deadline....) Vootie....}}

3 August	4	5 MINN-STF MEETING Hobbitat	6	7	8 Jelly Green Giant	9
10	11 	12 DAY AFTER WICKED STATE DAY	13 	14 Worldcon (AUSTRALIA)	15	16 MINN-STF MEETING Hjortland
17 end Aussiecon	18	19 Remember 'Land of a Thousand Dances'	20 Forget 'Land of a Thousand Dances'	21 You've heard about the Jelly Green Giant?	22 Bubonic (ALBUQUERQUE)	23
24 end Bubonic	25	26 MINN-STF Hobbitat	27 CORTLI DYA	28 NASFIC (North American SF. con) (LOS ANGELES)	29	30
31	1 September end NASFIC	2	3 	4	5	6 MINN-STF MEETING Hoyme
7 IF I TOLD YOU YOU HAD A GOOD BODY, WOULD YOU HOLD IT AGAINST ME?	8 	9 	10 REMNONS	11 	12 	13
14 Bring an Apple & Teacher Day	15	16	17 	18	19	20 MINN-STF MEETING Wixon
21	22 NEO DAY	23	24 	25 GREAT TURKEY STAMPEDE Waukegan 1947	26 VISIT THE CLICHE MTS.	27
28 Koala Day	29	30	1 October RUNE deadline	2	3 Windycan (CHICAGO)	4 end Sun