



RUNE

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~ Inaugural Message ~

Since some people, not least myself, may have been surprised to find me Minn-STF President as of 27 March 1976, it is perhaps only ~~right~~ ~~left~~ center of me to explain what it is that I stand for, other than the National Anthem (or, when in Australia, the Notional Anthem).

(1) I believe that Minn-STF is a collection of strange but interesting people who for whatever neurotic reasons of their own find it worth their while to gather together on at least occasional alternate Saturday afternoons to giggle at each other. This being so, it will be the policy of my administration to oppose all forces which tend to prevent such people from gathering at such times. Said forces include floods, earthquakes, riots, and thermonuclear warfare. My administration is strongly in disapproval of floods, earthquakes, and thermonuclear warfare and approves of riots only when they are operating under their alternate name of "Minicon room parties." My administration will thus use every means at its disposal to end forever the menace of floods, earthquakes, and thermonuclear warfare. My administration has, however, no means of any sort at its disposal.

(2) I believe that said strange but interesting people having gathered, they can be trusted to decide among themselves what if anything they wish to do other than giggle at each other. Bagpipe practice, arson, recruiting guerilla forces for the liberation and occupation of Iowa, armed robbery, and use of the term "sci-fi" will be Frowned Upon. Almost everything else will be at worst tolerated and at best ignored. Consumption of beer will be encouraged by the "good example" method.

(3) I believe that that government governs best that governs least and that Impeachment is Nature's Way of Telling You That You're Taking Yourself Too Seriously. I encourage impeachment attempts against the Presidency and may even circulate a few petitions in that direction myself. Let me make this perfectly murky.

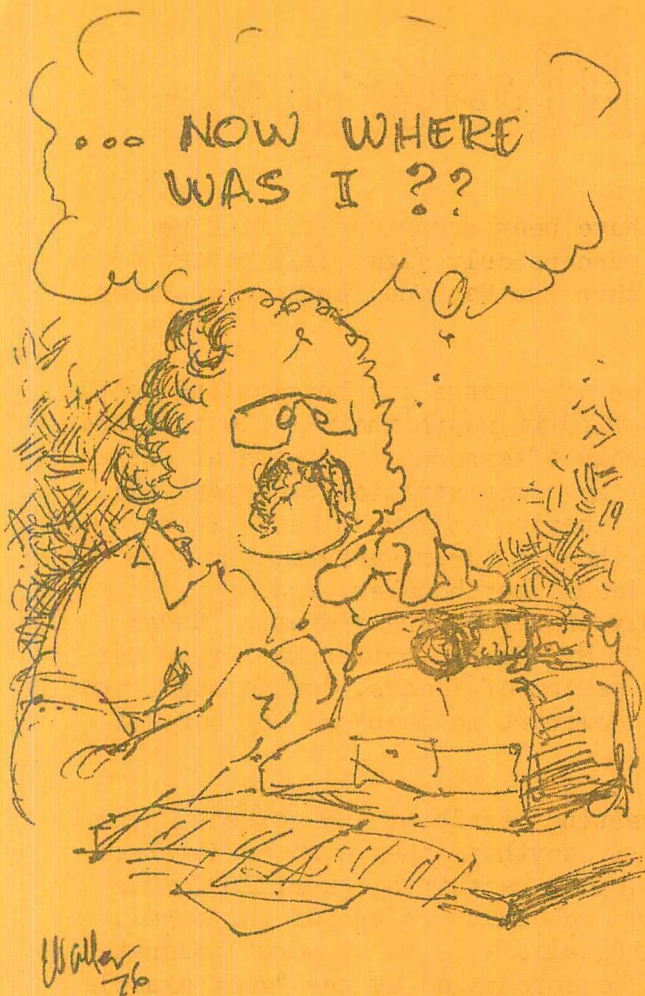
(4) While we seek no wider war, I cannot sit by idly (~~being/100/hettyds~~) while Our Boys in the Change War are fighting and fanning and feuding trying to ensure that we win the 1973 Worldcon bid. Those defeatists who have been gaining media notoriety by burning their "Minneapolis in '73" buttons, flying the Toronto flag, or lying across the atmosphere in an attempt to block troop zeppelins have been led astray by the caterwauling caliphs of chronology and other pointy-eared intellectuals who have tried to convince us that our cause is both hopeless and unjust. What they have failed to consider is that while it is both hopeless and unjust, it's also fun.

(5) Ask not what Minn-STF can do for you, nor what you can do for Minn-STF. Also, ask not what I can do for you or what I can do for Minn-STF. If you should for some reason however care to ask what you can do for me, I'm willing to think it over.

(6) Slush funds are encouraged, but you have to mop up after yourself.

(7) There is no seventh point. Or any other sort of point. Aren't you a little old to be believing in mystic numbers?

-- President Dennis Lien



EDITORIAL

by Fred Haskell

Good evening. And welcome to my last issue of RUNE. In case you were worried, perhaps thinking that you had missed an issue, this is the "May" issue of RUNE, or at least would have been, had it come out then. As it is, it is the July, or maybe even the August issue. But, no matter, because it's done now. I hope you enjoy it.

I was quite gratified to notice the number of you who wrote to say you have enjoyed RUNE during my stay as editor. I thank you all for your support and kind words. Of course, as you know, the editor is the least part of a fanzine, and none of this would have been possible without the hard work of many people during the past two years. I was going to list all the people who made Volume Seven of RUNE possible here in the editorial,

but when I typed up the list, I discovered that it runs about a page. So I've set aside a special thanks page, which you will find somewhere in here.

Since many of you seemed puzzled as to why I am leaving, I guess it's best to explain. Actually, there are a number of reasons. First, it is my feeling that it is best for a clubzine to have a rotating editorship. That way, more people get a chance to work on it, and people outside the area get a more rounded view of what the club is like. I've edited RUNE for about two years now, and I think it's about time for somebody else to have a chance at it.

Second, I must confess that I am burning out a bit, or at least getting somewhat crisp at the edges (as testimony, notice the lateness of this issue). It's been fun and all, but it has been getting more and more difficult to get around to doing the necessary work. And I think it is therefore best to step aside, so that RUNE will not suffer. (And on the off chance that this admission of burn-out worries any of you, let me quickly mention that I am not burned out on fandom, and indeed not even totally burned out on fanzine editing. I just want a chance to step back a while and take a breather before jumping in again. This decision was much easier because this is a clubzine which can and will continue on after I've left (otherwise, I might have been tempted to push myself for longer, and eventually would have really burned out). And yes, I will again publish a fanzine, but more about that a little later in the column.)

Third, and somewhat related, is the fact that I think I've pretty much accomplished what I set out to do, and don't think I could improve RUNE much more right now. (I know that there is much room for improvement, I'm just not the one to do it right now. After my breather, I hope to pub a zine better than RUNE has

been....) What was I trying to accomplish? Well, in my first RUNE editorial (in number 39) I said: "First, there's the matter of club pride. It is nice that the general consensus among fanzine reviewers seems to be that the RUNE is one of the best clubzines being published today; however, I look at the RUNE and think that it's nice, but that I can do so much better. And I think that it would be really nice for the club if RUNE came to be acclaimed as one of the best fanzines going, rather than just as a good clubzine.... Second, I guess that I'm a publishing fan at heart, and my Dream as such has always been to publish a really high quality genzine." It may be immodest of me, but I do believe that I have accomplished the latter. And the former? Well, if my reasonably reliable sources can be trusted, RUNE placed seventh in the Hugo nominations. I guess that fills the bill.

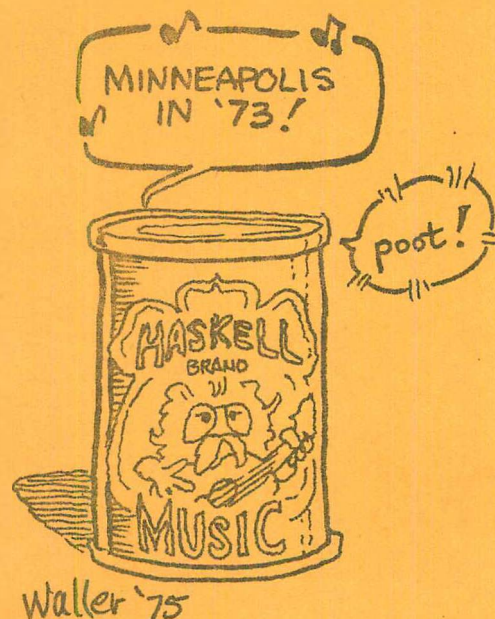
Fourth, and last, is the fact that I will soon be leaving Minneapolis for a while, and will not be in any position (geographically, financially, or temporally) to continue as RUNE editor. Where I am going, and what I will be doing is a somewhat involved subject, but I will now charge right in and tell you More Than You Ever Wanted to Know about it.

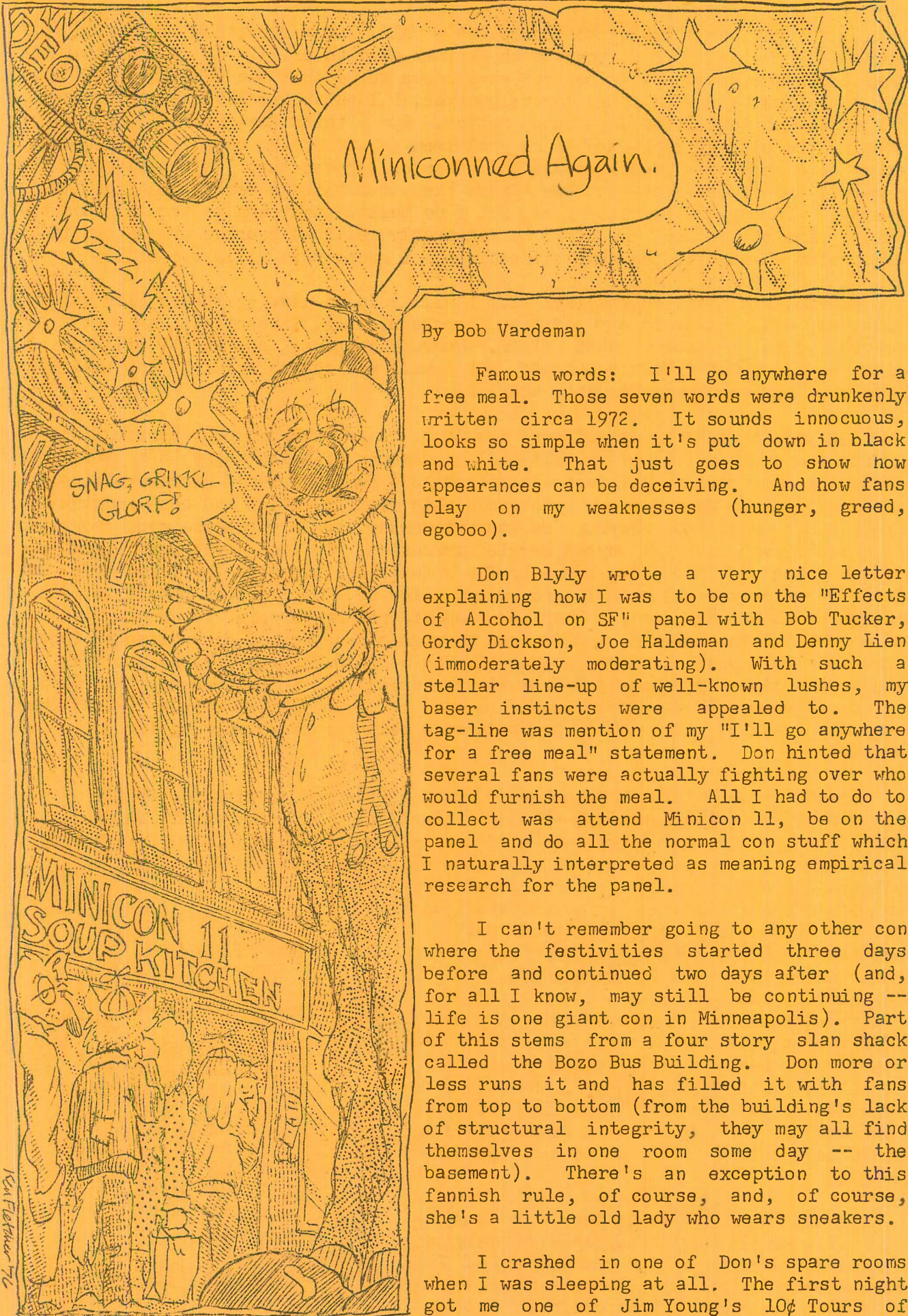
You see, I've always considered myself to be an extraordinary person (fans are slans, you know), and I've felt that my chances of being happy in a "straight" job were rather slim. My recent experience as a Manufacturer's Representative for a Major Furniture Manufacturer reinforced this feeling, which had been growing when I was a motel desk clerk, a restaurant worker, and a warehouse man, and which had started even before I worked bagging groceries. In fact, even when I was fifteen years old, and doing odd jobs for a few hours a day at the local drug store, I suspected that normal jobs were not for me. So I betook myself to college (with a great deal of help and support from my parents, for which I am quite grateful (hi dad! Hi mom!)), and through a long set of circumstances (and four and a half years of work) graduated with a BA in Photojournalism in 1971. Though I applied for a couple of relatively normal jobs in photography then (and got turned down), I considered myself to be more of an "artist with a camera" than a photojournalist, and probably wouldn't have been too happy working for a newspaper.

In addition to this, I have been playing guitar and singing for about thirteen years (coincidentally, about the length of time I've been in fandom). So when I got involved in discussions of "what am I going to do with my life?" with Vaughn Bode, who respected and enjoyed both my singing/guitar playing and my photographic art, he suggested that I put the two together in some way. I mulled this idea over for quite some time, and finally put together "Da Fred Haskell Song and Slide Show," which is a show in which I sing and play guitar, and show slides of my photographic art. I premiered this show at BYOBCon this year, and was met with an enthusiastic response, which told me that I was on the right track. (And by the way, I am scheduled to put the show on at the Worldcon (MidAmeriCon) at 7:30 Thursday night, so if you're interested, feel free to stop by and see it.)

In any case, I have decided to attempt to make a living with my photography, my singing and guitar playing, or the combination of them. And in order to get out of ruts, and to try to get things together, I have decided to get a

{(Concluded on page 68.)}





Miniconned Again.

By Bob Vardeman

Famous words: I'll go anywhere for a free meal. Those seven words were drunkenly written circa 1972. It sounds innocuous, looks so simple when it's put down in black and white. That just goes to show how appearances can be deceiving. And how fans play on my weaknesses (hunger, greed, egoboo).

Don Blyly wrote a very nice letter explaining how I was to be on the "Effects of Alcohol on SF" panel with Bob Tucker, Gordy Dickson, Joe Haldeman and Denny Lien (immoderately moderating). With such a stellar line-up of well-known luses, my baser instincts were appealed to. The tag-line was mention of my "I'll go anywhere for a free meal" statement. Don hinted that several fans were actually fighting over who would furnish the meal. All I had to do to collect was attend Minicon 11, be on the panel and do all the normal con stuff which I naturally interpreted as meaning empirical research for the panel.

I can't remember going to any other con where the festivities started three days before and continued two days after (and, for all I know, may still be continuing -- life is one giant con in Minneapolis). Part of this stems from a four story slant shack called the Bozo Bus Building. Don more or less runs it and has filled it with fans from top to bottom (from the building's lack of structural integrity, they may all find themselves in one room some day -- the basement). There's an exception to this fannish rule, of course, and, of course, she's a little old lady who wears sneakers.

I crashed in one of Don's spare rooms when I was sleeping at all. The first night got me one of Jim Young's 10¢ Tours of

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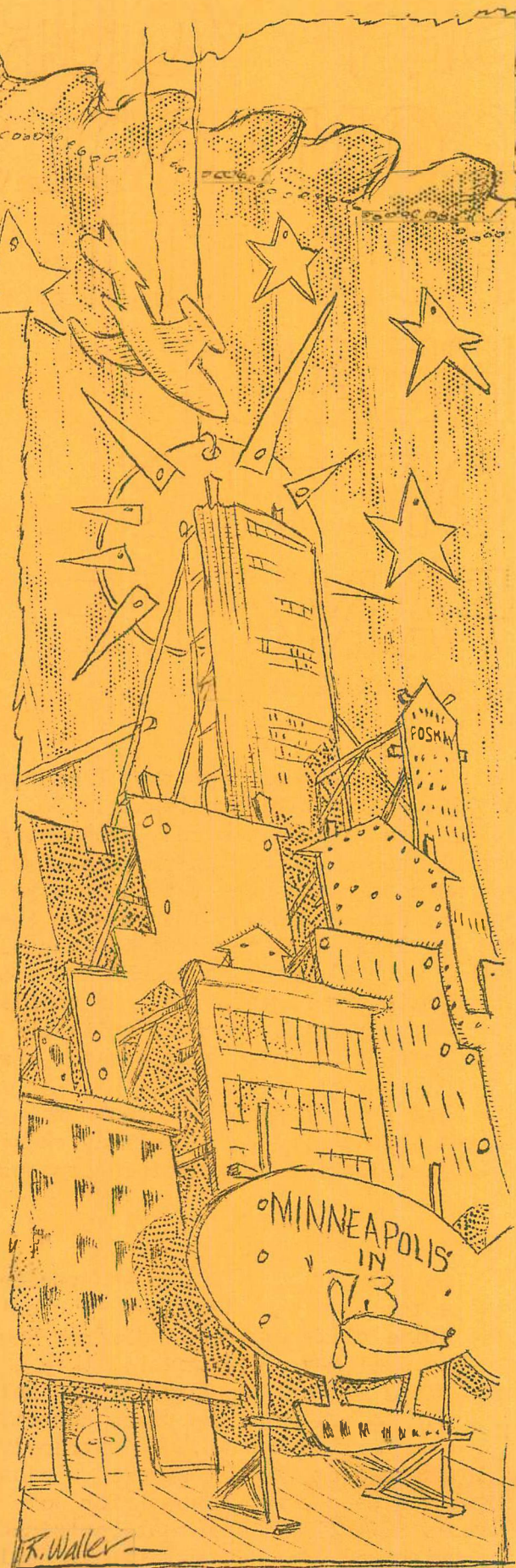
THE MINICON THAT WASN'T!

By Bob Tucker

Minicon wasn't very mini this year. These weary bones and bloodshot eyesockets are mute testimony to the fact that the affair lasted eight days, but I will grudgingly admit that is a pretty good advertisement for a group of people who are hell-bent on winning the worldcon in 1973. If they win the bid and then manage to stretch the worldcon into eight long glorious days, as they did this meeting, they will have easily topped that mad hatter in Kansas City.

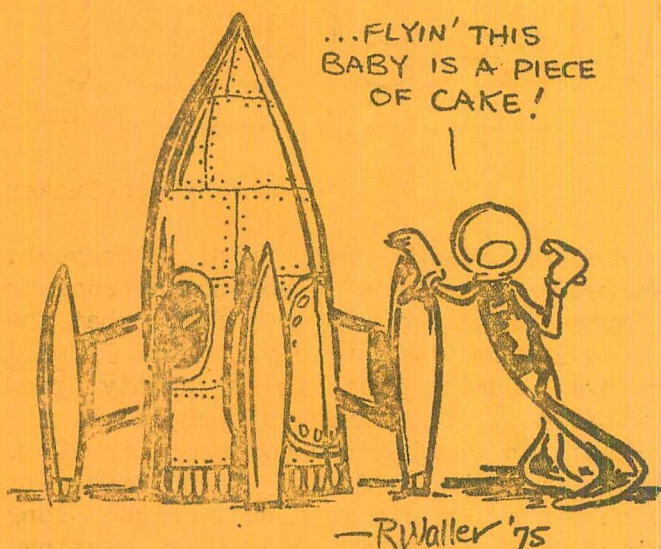
I went in early and secrecy was my watchword. Wanting to case the city, wanting to slip into town unnoticed and unannounced, I flew in a week early on April 11th. My purpose was to observe Minneapolis fandom while it was off-stage; to watch them and listen to them with their hair down and their shoes off; to note their behavior when they supposed they were alone; to determine if they truly deserved to host a worldcon in 1973. I wanted to gauge their maturity, their organization, their responsibility, and then report back to the Secret Masters in the Chicago area.

And too, I wanted to check out the worldcon hotel without their presence; I didn't want any of them or the hotel's convention mahager dogging my heels to hide holes in the carpet, plaster dripping from the walls, or empty ice machines. I wanted to learn if the soda pop machines actually dispensed a can for each quarter inserted in the slot, or merely burped at the customer. I wanted to know Minneapolis fandom and the hotel and the seriousness of the bid. To that end I slipped in early, taking precautions to conceal my arrival. A stewardess let me hide behind her miniskirt as we left the aircraft.



((Continued on page 73.))

SET YOUR CONTROLS FOR THE HEART OF THE FANZINE



A Column by David Emerson

Mike Glicksohn says that I'm writing a series of articles on the theory and practice of fanzine publishing. Oh. I hadn't quite realized that, but who am I to dispute Mike Glicksohn? Proceeding along this line, what should my subject be this issue? My first column dealt with the things I liked in fanzines, and my second dealt with what I thought were some common faults. Having covered the Good and the Bad, I suppose I should do the Ugly, and talk about layout and graphics and suchlike. But that subject was all hashed and rehashed ad nauseum back a few years, with Alpajpuri's CARANDAITH and Jay Zaremba's THE ESSENCE leading the cause of graphic experimentation, and people like Ron Miller and Jerry Lapidus discussing fanzine graphics until the rest of us were pretty tired of the subject. So I think I'll avoid that one for now.

And I don't seem to have anything burning that needs to be said, no soapbox to get on, nothing to get off my chest. So it's back to leafing through the fanzines, looking for something to base a column on.

* * *

Shortly after RUNE #46 was published, a couple of fanzines came in, just a little too late for that issue and quite a bit early for this one. Although they were quite different (MAYA #9 from Rob Jackson in England, and KOSMIC CITY KAPERS #6 from Jeff May of Missouri), they both contained articles on very similar but completely different subjects. In MAYA there was Ian Williams' column, "Goblin Towers," in which he describes Gannetfandom: what it is, how it came to be, its place in British Fandom. An extremely interesting and highly informative article. I loved reading it. It gave me a close look at a segment of fandom that I'd heard about and been curious about for some time. (Recently I saw a back issue of Mike Glycer's SCIENTIFRICTION that contained a chart showing the principal members of the principal local fan groups in England. I noticed that the groups tend to be named after something other than their cities: the Gannets, the Rats, the Kittens. Who are they? What are they?)

On the other hand, KCK featured no less than four articles (five, if you count Jodie Offutt's restaurant guide to Morehead, Kentucky) on local fandoms -- Arizona, Melbourne, Rhode Island, and Albany. Each offers, in its own way, views of a particular fan scene. Ken St. Andre does a bazonko (sort of combination gonzo and bozo) history of Phoenix fandom from an admittedly biased standpoint; John J. Alderson relates a visit to Melbourne and a meeting with the fans there in Degraives Tavern; Don D'Amassa describes what might happen at a typical RISFA meeting; and John Robinson gives a quick run-down of fanac in upstate New York.

Now, I think this is great. Especially Jeff's idea to present a series of these articles highlighting different groups. Fandom is pretty big these days, and those of us in larger fan centers hardly even know all the other fans in town, much less the entirety of fandom. Conventions provide some personal contact with other fan groups, but distance still keeps most of us apart; and there are usually many local fans who don't go to out-of-city cons and aren't into fanzines. The zines mostly provide individual contact (articles, locs) and there are but few which reflect the character of local groups. But articles like these establish a valuable communication link among fans, helping to give us all a more complete picture of this huge social structure known as Fandom. Which, in turn, furthers a sense of unity and brings us all closer together.

Not that these are all great articles; they each have their flaws, as they each have their strong points and their individual approaches. The Robinson and the D'Amassa are informative and probably accurate, but short and somewhat dry. The Alderson is well written, but from the viewpoint of an outsider, so the reader gets an objective description but not a feeling for the group. The St. Andre is highly entertaining and communicates what I presume to be the character of the local fandom (though it may just be the character of Ken St. Andre), but the informational content doesn't seem to stick in my brain very long.

And Ian Willams? Well, I liked his article a whole lot, even if it did tend to degenerate into melodrama on occasion. But then, maybe Ian and I have some affinity. After all, Rob Jackson pointed out that both Ian's piece and my own column in RUNE 45 were "articles of self-justification," and that Ian's "masquerades as a fanhistorical article" while mine "masquerades as fanzine reviews."

The flaws don't really matter, though. I enjoyed all the articles, as I usually enjoy faan-fiction and articles on fanhistory. And I hope more people will be moved to write similar things.

* * *

Having said all that, I feel obliged to practice what I preach and tell you all something about Mpls/StPl fandom. After all, RUNE reaches a pretty wide audience, and actual Minn-stf members are a distinct minority on the mailing list. So the rest of you might be curious as to what goes on around here.

First of all, there's Minn-stf itself. This is mostly a party-oriented group; meetings are held every two weeks on Saturday afternoons, except in the summer, when meetings are every week and a half, alternating Saturday afternoons with weekday evenings. These meetings tend to be purely social affairs, with such activities as talking, eating, drinking (soft drinks and bheer mostly), punning, frisbeeing, dungeoning, and sometimes guitar playing and singing. The regulars are mostly younger fans, high school and college students, although the "old-timers" (mid- to late-twenties) show up occasionally. The official membership is much larger than the usual attendance, because the only requirements for being a member are: (1) you must be a sentient being; and (2) you must attend one meeting. Notice that's one meeting, not one meeting a year. Membership is

for life, or as the saying goes, "Death itself will not release you, even if you die."

Closely allied to Minn-stf, but not an official part of it, is MINNEAPA. This is a local apa with a dozen or so members in the Twin Cities area, and as many (sometimes more) members in other states. Just about all the nearby MINNEAPA participants go to Minn-stf occasionally, if not often. The apa is often but not always collated at Minn-stf meetings, for that matter. Of the people you know through RENE, those who are also apa members include me, Fred Haskell, Jerry Starns, Denny Lien, EssJay (cosmic strips), David Dyer-Bennett and Don Bailey (letterhacks). Not to mention Jon Singer, even though he doesn't live here. Not most of the time, anyway. John Kusske and Leigh Edmonds used to be in the apa. Ken Fletcher and Jim Young are in it every once in a while. Reed Waller is in it every once in a long while.

Then there is Noces. This tends to be an older bunch of people, mostly in the range between mid-twenties and mid-thirties. These also tend to be the Mpls/StPl fans who show up at other midwestern cons: the Lessingers, Chuck Holst and Jenny Brown, Mark Riley and Cat Ocel, Bev Swanson, Karen Hennebry, Dave Wixon and Caryl Bucklin, Quincy Blue, Scott Imes, Susan Ryan. If anything, this is an even more party-oriented group than Minn-stf. The meetings are biweekly Saturday night parties, usually consisting mostly of talking, listening to music, and partaking of refreshments.

In addition, there are frequent parties at various fannish abodes for various reasons -- welcome parties, farewell parties, birthday parties, housewarming parties, traveling-giant-is-in-town parties, and why-not-have-a-party parties.

There are also a few fringe fandoms around. The SCA is active here and several sf fans are into it. There's a thriving comics fandom and a games fandom, each intersecting with sf fandom to a small degree. I'm told there is a Lovecraft fandom around that is completely separate and has no contact with sf fandom at all.

And of course there are a couple of official functions when folks aren't too busy partying. One is RENE, and the other is the Mincon. All the work done for these two projects is voluntary, and people seem to have fun doing them so they keep getting done year after year.

An especially interesting facet of the fan scene here is the Bozo Bus Building, an apartment building with eleven fannish apartments, counting the two in the annex next door and Ruth-Odren-who's-gafiated. It's not exactly a slum shack; rather than a house (like the Hobbitat, another local phenomenon) or a large apartment, this is a collection of individual fan homes. It's a comfortable combination of privacy and close contact with fannish neighbors.

The building is actually two buildings joined at right angles, with most of the fans in the "B" half. On that side, the top floor houses Fred Haskell and Margie Lessinger across the hall from each other; the third floor has the apartments of Scott Imes and of Don Blyly and Dave Wixon, the caretakers; on the second floor is Susan Ryan; and on the ground floor is me. On the "A" side, the gafiated Ruth Odren is on the third floor, and Margie's sister Linda and two of the Lessinger progeny occupy the second floor. Next door in the annex, or caboose, are Ken Fletcher and Linda Lounsbury upstairs, and SCA'er Richard Stuefer downstairs.

Life around this place is ... interesting. It used to be more interesting when Mark Riley and Cat Ocel lived here: Mark's presence tends to raise both the decibel level and the chaos factor; and Cat is a remarkable woman with boundless energy. But the crew we have is plenty lively.

This is the sort of place where there's usually somebody around if you feel like visiting with your neighbors. In these warm summer months, visits frequently take place on the back porch -- a multi-level decrepit wooden structure that all the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th floor apartments open onto. Since it's on the south side, it's perfect for sunbathing. If only there weren't a highrise apartment building staring at us on that side....

Visiting in the apartments has a tendency to turn into spontaneous and informal parties at a moment's notice. Last summer, I was sitting in my place when the buzzer rang and somebody in the building appeared at the door (I forget just who it was). As we talked, another neighbor stopped by. By some odd coincidence, this kept happening until the gathering reached critical mass, at which point it was noisy enough to start attracting people actively. It even attracted Jim Young from clear across town. Fortunately I had enough lemonade to go around, so the house didn't get ravaged by crazed, refreshmentless fans. I had a terrific time; I was enchanted by the notion that a party had materialized around me out of thin air.



And even if there's nobody home around the building, there's always Uncle Hugo's on the next corner. The probability of finding at least one fan there is rather high, especially since the owner and two of the three employees are fans -- Don Blyly, Dave Wixon, and Ken Fletcher respectively. (There's got to be a non-fan to mind the store during Minn-stf meetings and on convention weekends.)

The fannish nature of the Bozo Bus is perpetuated by notifying the local fan populace whenever an apartment here is empty, rather than public advertising. That's how it started, with Don and Jim Young moving here because a fan named Bruce Wright was living here. Fred moved in about the same time, and there was no stopping the influx of fans, especially when Don became the caretaker. Fans come and occasionally go, but the Bozo Bus lives on.

So there you have a sketchy and foreshortened view of the fan scene in the Twin Cities. If you want to know more, come to a Minicon and meet us.

* * *

Genzines:

WRINKLED SHREW #5, Pat & Graham Charnock, 70 Ledbury Road, London W11, England. For the usual. Fine fannish zine full of characteristically British fanwriting, all quite entertaining and often very funny, in a dry sort of way. Includes a fannish comic strip, a board game, "FANAC" and the most, ah, interesting table of contents I've ever read. Definitely one of the best fanzines in Britian. Rated R.

ZYMURGY, Dick Patten, 2908 El Corto SW, Albuquerque NM 87105. 50¢ or the usual. Once again divorced from SANDWORM (which Vardebob has finally laid to rest), this contains humorous and fannish material mostly. Small but enjoyable.

WINDING NUMBERS #3, Randy Reichardt, 58 Penrose Place, Winnipge, Manitoba R2J 1S1, Canada. 50¢ or the usual. Alternates between things fannish and science-fictional, but maintains a light tone; fun. Includes a cooking section and a fan version of "Hollywood Squares."

TRIODE #22, Eric Bentcliffe, 17 Riverside Cres, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire, CW4 7NR, England. Published by Terry Jeeves; Canadian agent Mike Glicksohn. Revival and

continuation of a fine old 7th (or was it 6th?) Fandom zine: like a piece of fanhistory alive today. A lot of very witty writing, including John Berry (the Irish one, not the tall Fanoclast) and a funny, albeit in-joke-filled, faan story parodying the Fantastic Voyage bit. A must for the faaanish fan.

TITLE #51, Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Dr, St. Louis MO 63131. 25¢ or the usual. A hodgepodge of a zine, based around the technique of chopping up locs and regrouping the bits according to subject matter. As a result, individual fan personalities get lost and subjugated to the content. There are a few columns and individual pieces, including fanzine reviews by Mike Glicksohn.

TANGENT #4, David Truesdale, 611-A Division St, Oshkosh WI 54901. \$1.25 or the usual. Offset and appearance-oriented (though there is a noticable lack of artwork, and the layout is nothing outstanding), the zine contains a smattering of everything from fanzine reviews to fiction. The real selling point is the set of interviews with pros Zelazny, Tenn, Tucker, and RR Martin.

TABEBUIAN #26,27,28, and FLAMENCO vlnl, Dave & Mardee Jenrette, Box 33074, Miami FL 33133. 12/\$3, or the usual. No two issues of TAB are the same, though they're all midget offset. FLAMENCO is a Mensa organ that the Jenrettes edit.

STAR PROBE #1, Mark Finlay et al., 2116 Carlotta Drive, Sacramento CA 95825 (this address may be out of date already). \$1 or the usual. Sort of a clubzine of the SF club at American River College; contains fiction and reviews, presumably by local fans.

SWOON v2, #1,2, Arnie & Joyce Katz, 59 Livingston St, Apt 6B, Brooklyn NY 11201. \$1, 5/\$3, or the usual. The Katzes are back in the faanzine business after a long hiatus, and it's almost as if they never left. High-quality writings from Joyce, Arnie, Bill Kunkel, Harry Warner, Bob Tucker, Terry Carr, and Ross Chamberlain fill these two issues; the covers are fine examples of Ross's superb on-stencil artwork.

SIMULACRUM #2A, Victoria Vayne, PO Box 156, Stn D, Toronto, Ont. M6P 3J8, Canada. \$1.50 or the usual. Letters on SIM #2.

STARLING #33, Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 525 W. Main, Madison WI 53703. 50¢, 5/\$2, or the usual. Uncle Scrooge meets Raymond Chandler.

THE SF & F JOURNAL #86,87, and THE JOURNAL SUPPLEMENT #199,200, Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton MD 20906. The former for \$1.25, 4/\$4; the latter for 30¢, 4/\$1; also for something approximating the usual. Reviews.

SCIENTIFRICTION #5, Mike Glycer. (His address is not to be found in the zine.) The usual, or \$1 for a sample. A few good columns (Dave Locke, Stan Burns, Cy Chauvin) and the usual run of locs and reviews.

REQUIEM #8,9, Norbert Spehner, 455 Saint-Jean, Longueuil, P.Q. J4H 2Z3, Canada. \$1 or, I think, the usual. In French.

PHOTRON #15, Steve Beatty, 1662 College Ter Dr, Murray KY 42071. 50¢, 3/\$1.25, or the usual. General.

OUTWORLDS #27, Bill Bowers, PO Box 2521, North Canton OH 44720. \$1.50, 4/\$5, or the usual. All-around good zine, but you knew that already.

MYTHOLOGIES #8, Don D'Amassa, 19 Angell Drive, East Providence RI 02914. The usual; sample for \$1. Discussions.

MOTA #14-18, Terry Hughes, 4739 Washington Blvd, Arlington VA 22205 (NOTE COA). For the usual. Quite simply, the best fanzine being published today. ((Ed. Note: second best.))

MAYA #9,10, Rob Jackson, 21 Lyndhurst Road, Benton, Newcastle upon Tyne



NE12 9NT, U.K. US agent Sam Long, PO Box 4946, Patrick AFB, FL 32925. 40p, 3/£1 in the UK, \$1, 4/\$3 in the US; or the usual. Very fine British zine (indeed, a Gannetazine) with excellent writing and appearance.

KRATOPHANY #8, Eli Cohen, 2920 Victoria Ave, Apt 12, Regina, Sask. S4T 1K7, Canada. 50¢ or the usual. Puns, Zen koans, travails with Canadian immigration officials, How to Speak Fannish, and a review of Zen and the Art of Mimeo Maintenance. All this and Yarik P. Thrip, too! No other fanzine, especially no other fanzine printed on blue paper in the frozen northland by a man who still wears a beard or by a woman who has never worn a beard, can make that statement.

KOSMIC CITY KAPERS #6, Jeff May, Box 68, Liberty MO 64068. 25¢, 5/\$1, or the usual.

KNIGHTS #15, Mike Bracken, PO Box 7157, Tacoma WA 98407. \$1.25, 4/\$4, or the usual. Content centers around SF; art is more fannish, including a Shull strip, and the latest installment in the Sirois/Foglio cartoon war.

JANUS #2,3, Janice Bogstad, c/o Madison Book Co-op, 254 West Gilman, Madison WI 53703. 50¢, 5/\$2, or the usual. Nearly all the material is by fans in the emerging Madison group. General stuff with an occasional bit of humor.

GODLESS #12,13, Bruce D. Arthurs, 920 N. 82nd St, H-201, Scottsdale AZ 85257. 50¢ or the usual. 12 is mostly letters; 13 has reviews and articles, and some humor pieces that don't quite make it (except for, possibly, "The Frog in God's Throat" by Rich Bartucci (the title alone is worth it), but I didn't read Mote so I can't say for sure).

FOOLSCAP #11, John D. Berry, 1000 15th Ave East, Seattle WA 98112. For FAPA and some other people. Not the fannish genzine of bygone days, but more like a FITCHHIKE without letters.

FLADNAG #1, Stven Carlberg, 4315 West Alabama #4, Houston TX 77027. 50¢, 5/\$2, or the usual. A well-rounded zine, with bozo humor, a sercon piece, a reflection on the state of the culture, and a good faan story. I'm really glad to see somebody doing faan-fiction again; I hope FLADNAG will feature more of the same in the future. However, this issue was dated September 1975 and was announced as bi-monthly, but there's been no word from Stven since. Uh-oh.

EGG #10, Peter Roberts, 6 Westbourne Park Villas, London W2, U.K. For the usual, not cash. Mostly fannish and light; predominantly enjoyable.

ECLIPSE #8, Mark Sharpe, 10262 John Jay Apt. D, Indianapolis IN 46236. 35¢ or the usual. Mostly reviews.

DORK-PIZZLE #6,7, SCINTILLATION #8 (same zine, changed name), Carl E. Bennett, Box 8502, Portland OR 97207. 50¢, \$3.50/yr, or the usual. This has turned into quite a decent genzine.

DILEMMA #11, 12, Jackie Franke, Box 51-A RR 2, Beecher IL 60401. For the usual only. Ace Midwestern-con-goer Jackie details her fannish life and times -- con reports and commentary on things like the SUNCON site change. Lively lettercol.

CYNIC #9, Gray Boak, 2 Cecil Court, Cecil Street, Lytham, Lancs. FY8 5NN, U.K. For the usual. Very fannish Britzine, including a report on "The First World Faan Convention" (this is for real, by the way, and I think it's a great idea except that it's on a different side of the Atlantic than I am). Makes me want to see many more issues of CYNIC, both past and future.

THE CY CHAUVIN MEMORIAL FANZINE, Larry Downes, 21960 Avon, Oak Park MI 48237. \$1 or the usual. A tribute of sorts to Cy Chauvin, with material from Downes, Brian Earl Brown, Mike Glyer, Diane Drutowski, James Goddard, Sheryl Smith, Mike Glicksohn, and, uh, Lance Portfolio. Ya hadda be there.

CHAO #19, John J. Alderson, Havelock, Vic. 3465, Australia. A\$1 or US\$1.25, or the usual. Mostly serious with a bit of humor; mostly by Alderson himself.

CHANGELING #2 (formerly ZAPPIT), K. Allen Bjorke, 3626 Coolidge St NE, Minneapolis MN. 50¢ or the usual. This issue concentrates on SF in films and TV. A lot better looking than ZAPPIT, and more content.

ASH-WING #18, Frank Denton, 14654 8th Ave SW, Seattle WA 98166. The usual, "but especially this time for stuffed badgers, Dunlop golf balls, dried bracken,

complete sets of Dickens, cancelled tickets from Atlanta Hawks games, crush-proof boxes and deer horn buttons." General stuff.

ALTAIR #2, Terry Whittier, 3809 Meramonte Way, North Highlands CA 95660. 60¢, 4/\$2, or the usual. Mostly light and/or fannish, though the art is mostly stfnal and/or S&S.

Personalzines & Apazines:

AVENGING AARDVARK'S AERIE #7,8, Ross Pavlac, 4654 Tamarack Blvd, Apt C-2, Columbus OH 43229. For the usual.

BOOWATT #4-7, Garth Danielson, 616-415 Edison, Winnipeg, Man. R2G 0M3, Canada. 25¢.

(Title in runes), Brian Earl Brown, 55521 Elder Rd, Mishawaka IN 46544.

DON-O-SAUR #44,45, Don C. Thompson, 7498 Canosa Court, Westminster CO 80030. 35¢, 6/\$2, 12/\$3.50, or the usual. I think I've figured out the appeal of Don's writing. It's not so much his style, about which I complained last time of being "dull and flat, even though it is competent;" rather, it's his subject matter. Last year in DoS he chronicled his sister's losing battle with cancer, and did it in such an emotionally revealing manner that many readers were deeply touched. He continues to refer to this now and again. In #44, he describes his meeting with Jackie Hilles and the emotional connotations of that event. This is pretty rare in fandom, and apparently many fans can't handle it.

INFERNO #10, Paul & Cas Skelton, 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Ches. SK2 5NW, U.K. Only for the usual. Letters, natter from Skel, and hello from Cas.

KNOCKERS FROM NEPTUNE #3, Mike & Pat Meara, 61 Borrowash Road, Spondon, Derby DE2 7QH, U.K. \$1 or the usual. Letters and natter. (Funny echo in here....)

KYBEN #13, Jeff & Ann Smith, 1339 Weldon Ave, Baltimore MD 21211. 35¢, 3/\$1, or the usual. Baseball, bank weirdos, TV, and Yes.

LE VIOL #?, ??, Bruce Townley, 2323 Sibley St, Alexandria VA 22311. Gggggggg....

NEW DIRECTIONS #25, Mike Bailey, PO Box 48563, Station Bentall, Vancouver B.C. V7X 1A3, Canada. 6/\$1.

PANTEKHNION #1, Bob Webber, 204-20 Graydon Hall Dr, Don Mills, Ont. M3A 2Z9, Canada. \$1 or the usual.

THE ROGUE RAVEN #21,22, Frank Denton, 14654 8th Ave SW, Seattle WA 98166. 6/\$1 or, probably, the usual.

STRANGE DYSTOPIAS #1, Bill Brummer, 11 Strath Humber Court, Islington, Ont. M9A 4C7, Canada. The usual.

THANGORODRIM! #26, Patrick Hayden, 206 St George St #910, Toronto, Ont. M5R 2N6, Canada. 25¢ or the usual.

TREPONEMA PALLIDUM #7, Rich Bartucci, Box 369, KCCOM, 2105 Independence Ave, Kansas City MO 64124. 25¢ or the usual.

THE USELESS DIATRIBE #2, Carl Eugene Bennett, Box 8502, Portland OR 97207. I'm inclined to agree with the title.

VIBRATOR #5, Graham Charnock, 70 Ledbury Road, London W11, U.K. Wheeeeeee! Love it!

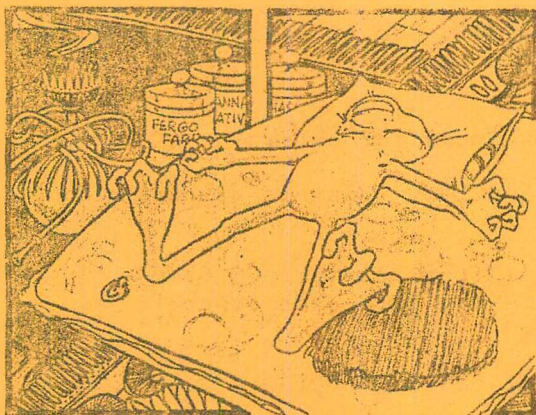
WINDFALL PROPHECY California Dreamin', David Taggart, Chandler Road, White River Jct, VT 05001; and Wayne W. Martin, 4623 E. Inyo, Apt E, Freson CA 93702. For the usual.

Clubzines:

THE BCSFA NEWSLETTER (BCSFAZINE) #32-35, Fran Skene, PO Box 35577, Vancouver, B.C. V6M 4G9, Canada. Free to members; associate membership is \$2/yr.

BSFAN #4, Mike Kurman, 16-I Rich Mar Road, Owings Mills MD 21117. For the usual. Baltimore SF Society.

CYGNUS X-1 #3, Bob Ruben, 1351 Denniston Ave, Pittsburgh PA 15217. For the usual. Western Pennsylvania SF Assoc. Fun articles and a con report.



DWARF #7, KaCSFFS, 508 W. 75th St, Kansas City MO 64114. Ed. Sarah Sue Wilde, for the Kansas City club. For the usual. The zine that asks the question, "If fandom isn't pre-destined, why did Fred Haskell grow up on Zarthan Avenue?" (Ken Fletcher.) This ish has a beautiful Reed Waller cover. Hey, wait a minute, what fandom is this, anyway?

NIT-WIT #3-7, Michael Harper, PO Box 105, Bond Head, Ont. LOG 1B0, Canada. Ontario SF Club (OSFiC).

NOCRES #4,4.5, Cat Ocel and Mark Riley, 2646 15th Ave S, Minneapolis MN 55407. 60¢ for the former, 30¢ for the latter. #4 features "MacSaari," a Macbeth parody written by members of the old Minneapolis Fantasy

Society (MFS) -- Gordy Dickson, Poul Anderson, Oliver Saari, et al.; #4.5 is a special issue commemorating Fred Haskell's FanGoH-ship at BYOBCon this year.

PROPER BOSKONIAN #13, NESFA, Box G, MIT Branch Post Office, Cambridge MA 02139. David Stever for the New England SF Assoc. Includes Apa-Napkin, a one-shot done by crazed restaurant-going fans at Disclave '75.

RED DRAGON, The Official Organ of the SASSAFRAS Party, J. Kimball, 559 Arden Way, Sacramento CA 95815. Very confused.

SHADOW #52-56, Eric Larsen, 4012 Colby Dr, Raleigh NC 27609. 35¢ or trades. For the Nameless Order of R'Lyeh, the North Carolina group.

UNIVAX & UNICORNS #3, Melanie Solt, c/o The Time Machine, 502 Maple, West Des Moines IA 50265. There seems to be a fan group in Des Moines. They're even putting on a convention the weekend before Worldcon.

Newszines:

KARASS, Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave, Prospect Park PA 19076. 3/\$1, news, 1 for 1 trades, and other usuals. News of fandom.

LOCUS, Charlie & Dena Brown, PO Box 3938, San Francisco CA 94119. 60¢, 15/\$6. News of the pro SF field.

THE SPANG BLAH, Jan Howard Finder, now living in the US but I don't have his current address. 50¢, 5/\$2 or the equivalent. International fan news.

Reviewzines:

FANZINE FANATIQUE #15,16, Keith Walker, 2 Daisy Bank, Quernmore Rd, Lancaster, Lancs. U.K. 10p, 4/35p, 3/\$1, or the usual. Fanzine reviews, with emphasis on British zines.

IT COMES IN THE MAIL #19,20, Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St, Newport News VA 23605. Listings, often with commentary, of everything that comes in the mail.

DELAP'S F&SF REVIEW #12, edited by Richard Delap, 1014 S. Broadway, Wichita, Kansas 67211; published by Fred Patten, 11863 W. Jefferson Blvd, Culver City CA 90230. \$1, \$9/yr. Nothing but reviews -- books and other media.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #16,17, Richard E. Geis, PO Box 11408, Portland OR 97211. \$1.25, 4/\$4, 8/\$7. SF reviews, articles, interviews, columns, and letters.

Fictionzines:

THE DIVERSIFIER #13, A.B. & C.C. Clingan, PO Box 2078, Oroville CA 95965. \$1, 3/\$2.75, \$5.50/yr (6 issues).

EMPIRE #5/6, Mark J. McGarry, 631E S. Pearl St, Albany NY 12202. 75¢, 5/\$3, published contribution, or trade.

READOUT POETRY #1, John R. Woodward, 4010 Underwood St, Hyattsville MD 20782. 50¢, 3/\$1.20.

BLEAK DECEMBER #7, Jim Dapkus, Box 73, Coloma WI 54930. 40¢ or 4/\$1.50. Poetry.

Miscellany:

TOMES OF SORCERY #3, Jim Dapkus, address as above. Stuff for sale.

THE SLIDE, Lee Carson, 3412 Ruby St, Franklin Pk IL 60131. What Is Happening To My Head??

GESTETNER OWNERS' BULLETIN #1, Jon Singer, 167 Vine St, Middletown CT 06457. "...intended to be a forum in which G machine owners can help each other in the never-ending battle to keep their machines running."

GREEN EGG #76-78, Church of All Worlds, Box 2953, St Louis MO 63130. \$1, 8/\$7. Earth religions and neo-paganism.

THE ILLUSTRATED STORE FLYER, The Illustrated Store (SF books), 916 SW Morrison, Portland OR 97205. A "flyer" that lives up to its name: fold along the lines indicated and you get a paper plane.

INTERPLANETARY NEW PAPER WITNESS, Nard Kordell (my ghod, he is real!), PO Box 29093, Chicago IL 60629. Newspaper format with huge repros of NASA photos, etc.

SOUTH OF THE MOON #12, Tim Marion, 614 72nd St, Newport News VA 23605. 25¢, 4/\$1, apa info, or the usual. Index of amateur press associations. New editor is to be Andrew Sigel, 424 Greenleaf St, Evanston IL 60202.

THE SPACE GAMER #3, Metagaming Concepts, Box 15346 DMA, Austin TX 78761. 6/\$5. SF wargames zine.

There's More at the Door:

TABEBUIAN #29&30; INFERNO #11; KNOCKERS FROM NEPTUNE #4; JANUS #4; IT COMES IN THE MAIL #21; STARFIRE #7; SCINTILLATION v3#3; FANZINE FANATIQUE #17/18; SHADOW #57; BCSFAZINE #36; BLEAK DECEMBER #8; REQUIEM #10; BOOWATT #8; apazines from Lester Boutillier and Patrick Hayden; a one-shot from Taral W. MacDonald; THE OUTER LIMITS #4; WINDING NUMBERS #4.

TESSERACT #25, SF Society, Room 519, Chicago Circle Center, UICC, Chicago IL.

STARMINION #1,2, Annelaurie Logan, 202 Van Hoosen Hall, Michigan State University, E. Lansing MI 48824. Fiction.

THE COSMIC TRASHCANNER, Renee Sieber, 267 W. Holmes Hall, E. Lansing MI 48824. Club/Genzine.

GRAND DELUSIONS #1, Chris Hoth, 22415 Gregory, Dearborn MI 48124. Genzine.

CRUX #1, James Styles, 342 Barkly St, Ararat Victoria 3377, Australia. Dittozine.

A WORLD OF IMAGINATION, John Stocco, 2912 Decoto Road, Union City CA 94587. Fiction.

BACKSLIDE #2, Jeff May, Box 68, Liberty MO 64068. Personalzine.

WHUNDERFUL #1, Marty Klug, 5730 Chatport Road, St Louis MO 63129. Personalzine.

PABLO LENNIS #4, John Thiel, 30 N 19th St, Lafayette IN 47904.

Stuff I Picked Up At AUTOCLAVE:

BROWNIAN MOTION #4, Brian Earl Brown, address as above. Personalzine.

TWENTIETH CENTURY UNLIMITED #12, Andy Porter, Box 4175, NY NY 10017. Personalzine, for FAPA.

NAME (parody of TITLE); and RICHARD E. GOOSE (guess what). No one took credit/blame for the latter, but the former was done by Dave Romm, 17 Highland Ave, Middletown NY 10940, and Frank Balazs, 19 High St, Croton-on-Hudson NY 10520.

EFFEN ESSEF #2,3, Chip Bestler & Phil Foglio, 2312 N. Clifton, Chicago IL 60614. \$1 or the usual. A hodgepodge of material, but LOTS of Foglio art and comic strips.

More Items From The Emerson Collection:

DRIFT #2, Gary Farber, 271 E. 197th St, Bronx NY 10458. For the usual, sometimes. Long personal ramblings interspersed with guest columns. Good stuff.

FANHISTORICA #1, JoeD Siclari, PO Box 1343 Radio City Station, NY NY 10019, Reprints from as early as 1938 and as recent as 1968; plus brand new material from Lee Hoffman -- a history of her legendary zine QUANDRY. Highly recommended. Available for 50¢, the usual, or old fanzines.

HILLESIAN FIELDS #6,7, Jackie Hilles, 6731 Meadowburn Drive, Richmond VA 23234. Sent to her friends. Jackie's subject is her emotional reactions to the world around her; her writing is highly evocative. The net result is that you want to put your arms around her and tell her what a beautiful person she is.

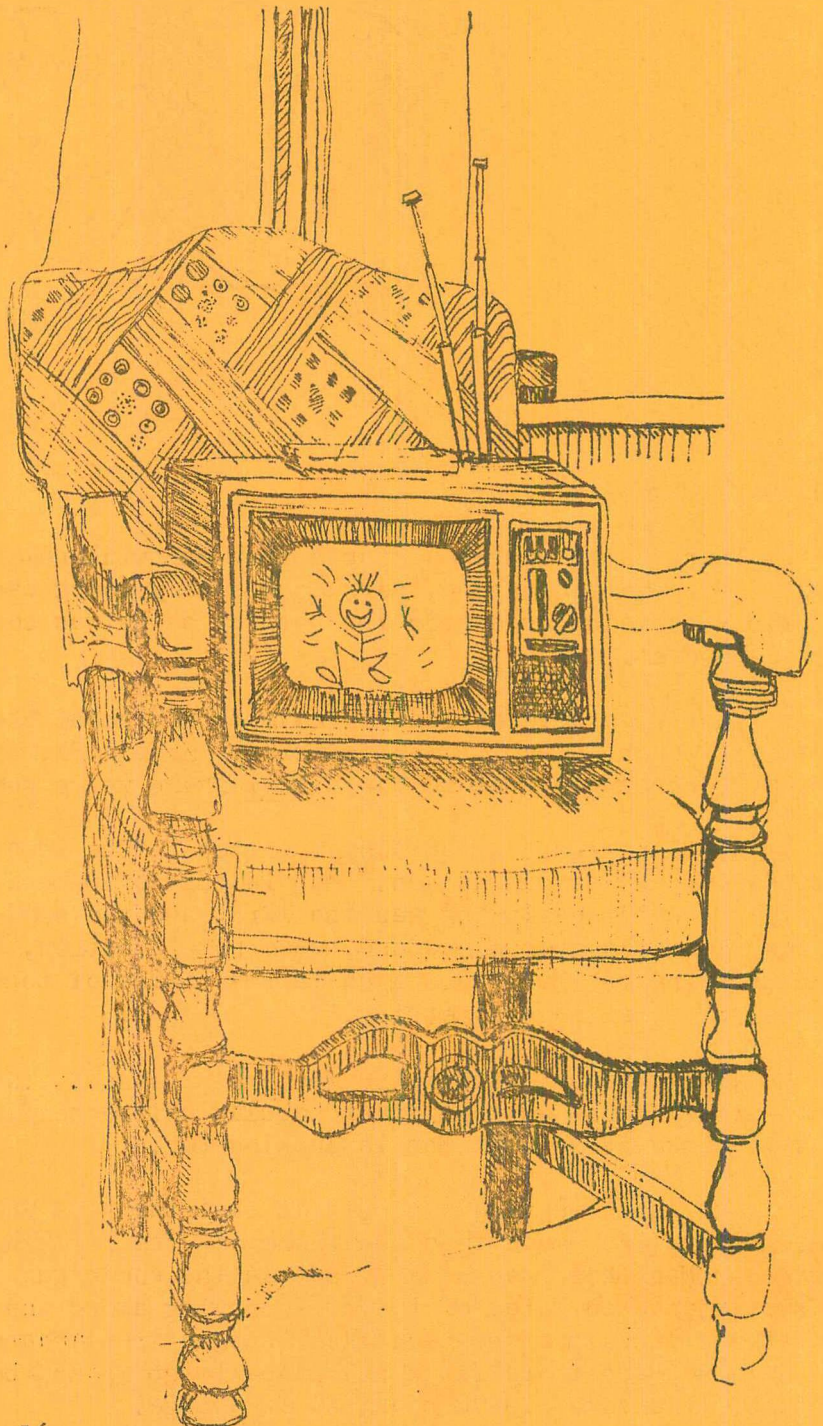
HITCHHIKE #26, John D. Berry, 1000 15th Ave E, Seattle WA 98112. 50¢ for a sample, no subs; response of some kind is demanded. A multi-personal journal of cultural and counter-cultural awarenesses. Cosmic in a non-stf sort of way.

K #3, Bernie Peek & Dave Rowe, the former in transit and the latter at 8 Park Drive, Wickford, Essex SS12 9DH, U.K. This is a Kitten fanzine (somewhat like MAYA is a Gannet fanzine), but there's not an illo of a kitten to be found anywhere inside. In fact, there's not an illo of any kind in the zine, so nothing breaks up the words except white space. Or sometimes pink space. But it's all terribly fannish, eh wot? Not to mention fun.

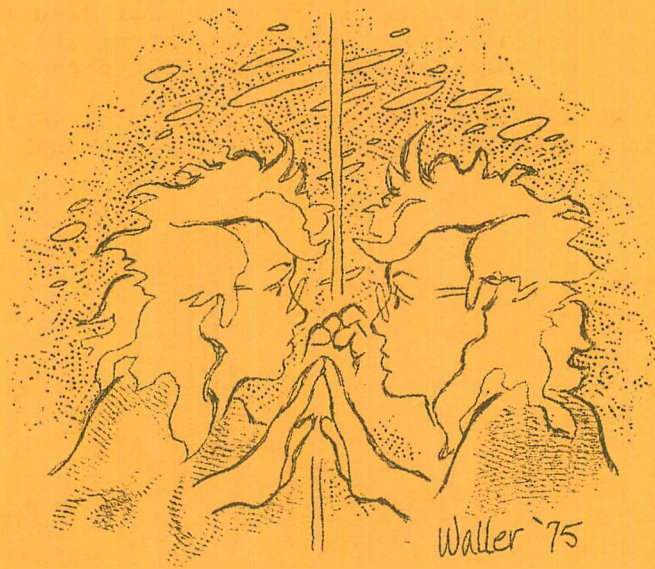
LAN'S LANTERN #2, Lan (George Laskowski), 26081 Marlene, Roseville MI 48066. For the usual. Mostly dittoed but surprisingly legible. General stuff, a bunch of con reports, letters.

RATS! #17 (v2n1), Bill Kunkel, 85-30 121st St, Kew Gardens NY 11415. \$1 or the usual. Coincident with the return of the Katzes is the return of the Kunkels and RATS! Writings by Greg Shaw and Arnie Katz, as well as Bill and Charlene. A cozy, funky fanzine.

THE SPANISH INQUISITION #7/8 (Special Monster Issue (size, not subject matter)), Jerry Kaufman, 880 W. 181st St #4D, NY NY 10033, AND Suzanne Tompkins, 90 Pinehurst Ave #5H, NY NY 10033. \$1 (single issues for 50¢) or the usual. Includes a hefty chunk of the Live SpanInq done at Balticon this year, plus lots more columns and articles. Good looking and good reading.



RUNNING IN THE DARK



by Dave Wixon

There is of course a chance that Man will not be around for the end of the world; on the other hand, perhaps His very going can be called the End of the World -- someone once said that as far as he was concerned, the world would end when he died.

What does science fiction have to say about the ultimate end of Mankind? Not a whole bunch, which is perhaps wise. Mostly SF, when it addresses the question at all, concludes that we don't know where we're going -- but we're in a hurry.

Restlessness. Brian Aldiss writes: "The idea of the odyssey, the period of wandering, is as old as man. Man is born of woman, and has a hell of a long way to go. In the beginning was the Word, and the word apparently was Move! Man has been in motion ever since and, when not in motion, has thought, sung and written about being on the move. Even in the cities of today, we may spend our lives in quest of an elusive something."

Aldiss adds that many SF writers possess "...an indestructible belief that man himself must go to distant nebulas before he finds himself." This assumes that "himself" is what Man is looking for.

But there is also a suspicion that the goal won't be found even then. Walter M. Miller, Jr., made this the theme of "The Big Hunger": he wrote of a restless urge in Man that leads him to settle the whole galaxy, planet by planet, "steel-jacketed motes of flesh, scurrying among the stars." Although men "drink of the emptiness of space...their hunger grows," and when every planet is populated, and there is no new place to go -- Man begins to chew on Himself, again, like some restless animal in a cage.

Actually, most of SF doesn't touch the subject of the end of Man at all. Conventional SF just assumes that we'll go on forever just as we are now (unless we blow ourselves up).

Clifford D. Simak has put in a lot of time, pondering what might be the ultimate destination of this restless race. In an interview some years ago, he told Jim Young: "We either will continue to be a great technological race.... Or it may be that some of the sociologists are right when they say that any race of intelligent beings will have a phase in which they will stress and develop technology. Once they have gone so far in that direction, they then will drop technology, and they will no longer try to have these technological triumphs -- it won't mean anything to them any longer."

Simak has been exploring that second sort of future, and in so doing has created a shelf of quiet in SF. One thing he has suggested is that Man might end by becoming something else. In City, most of mankind opted to abandon the human form; like the mutants of the book, however, they are thereafter unknown to us: we can't say meaningful things about aliens -- their needs -- even if descended from Man.

In A Choice of Gods, earthmen who develop ESP leave Earth, to wander endlessly among the stars. In Shakespeare's Planet Man, with the ability to travel, virtually explodes from His planet -- and He does not conquer the galaxy; He disperses, like the molecules of a puff of air released into a vacuum, drawn apart from His fellows, to wander. It is Simak's feeling that Man is not yet ready for this: "We all are lost in the immensity of the universe. Having lost our home, we have no place to go or, what is worse, too many places to go. We are lost not only in the depths of our universe, but in the depths of our minds as well.... The human race now is fragmented to the stars.... We, as a race, are impatient with the past, and many of us with the present and we have only one direction, futureward, which takes us ever farther from the concept of home. As a race we are incurable wanderers and we want nothing that will tie us down and nothing to hang onto -- until that day which must come at some time to each of us, when we realize we're not as free as we think we are, but, rather, lost."

The concept of "home" is important to Simak, and he tends to equate "home" with Man's planet of origin. In Choice, the Indians find their place, in a quiet, simple harmony with Earth.

Cliff Simak always comes back to the Earth, "a planet made for Man." (Way Station.) He sees how vast is the Universe, and how small are men. And I believe he finds peace within that concept. He has a deep involvement in this world -- the planet itself and its ecostructure. His stories evince his immense love for forest and field. To Cliff Simak, Man may be made for his planet, too; and Man's happiness might lie in harmony with nature -- from there, harmony with the rest of the Universe is easy.

This quiet life, he says, might be the End of Man -- but he worries that Man's technological prowess may lead Him to blow His chance to achieve that harmony.

There is another possibility. To some of us, the Universe is a play, and a play must have a hero and a climax. But what if the Universe is like Main Street? People (read "races") come, people go, and -- over time -- there is a great turnover. I suspect Cliff knows that the Universe is not a play, to be drawn to a conclusion; it is a vast stretch of time and space, into which all enter -- and leave. The Universe is a vaster thing than any race. Man's role may be no more than to come, stay a while -- and then leave. And it would be obscene for Him to overstay. (From Choice: "I shudder when I envision man, the prehistoric monster,

continuing into a time and world where he has no place....")

In Planet, Simak also points to the possibility of Man's becoming some sort of non-physical -- mental -- being. Aldiss says "There are those who believe that consciousness is a basic building block of the universe....it is conceivable that, purified by hundreds of millenia, we might become God."

All these possibilities, and more besides: are they relevant? Can this ever be more than mere idle mind-play? Perhaps. It would seem that one's belief as to the ultimate end of Man would affect one's view of himself and fellows. Note that much of SF today is basically materialistic, projecting Man in the future much as He has always been; beyond now it sees only a constant search for more -- power, pleasure, wealth -- whatever: an endless chain of "people just like me," stretching into infinity.

But: if Man as He is today is but one more step -- and not the last step -- then at some time in the future our kind will be gone. This concept is repugnant to many: it means death -- even if Beings descended from us live on, "me" would be gone....

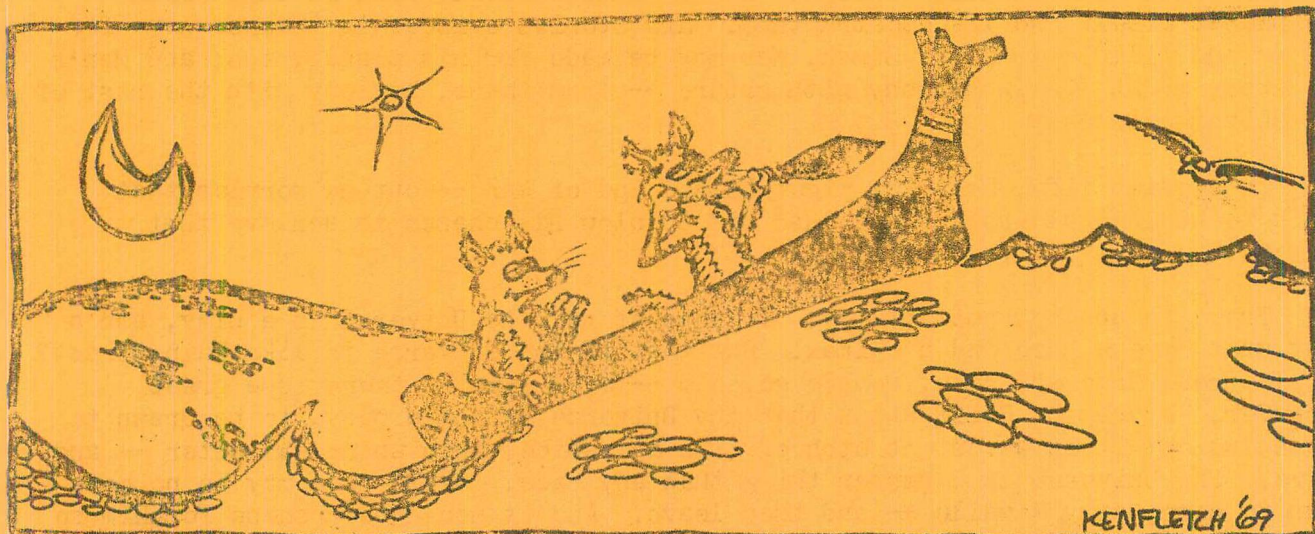
We want, too much, to live forever. Like the monk in Planet, we fear death. And like him, we also fear life, for life means continual change.

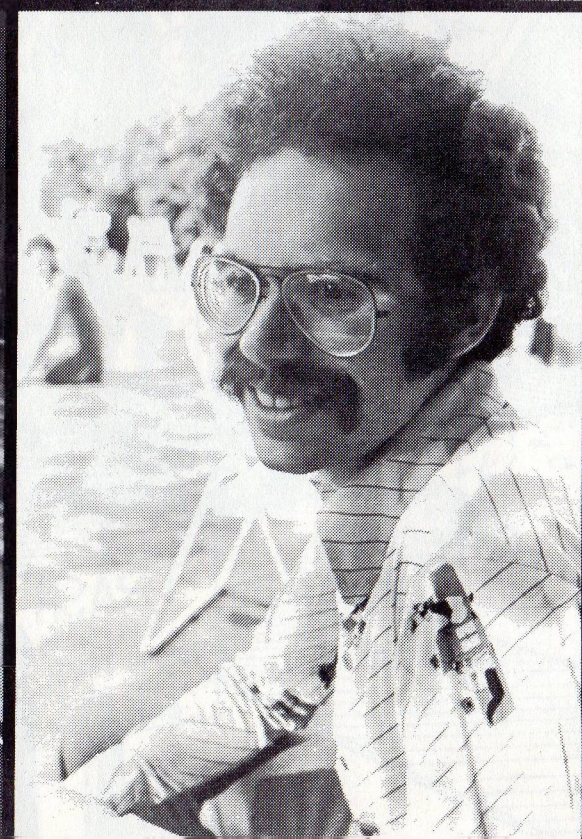
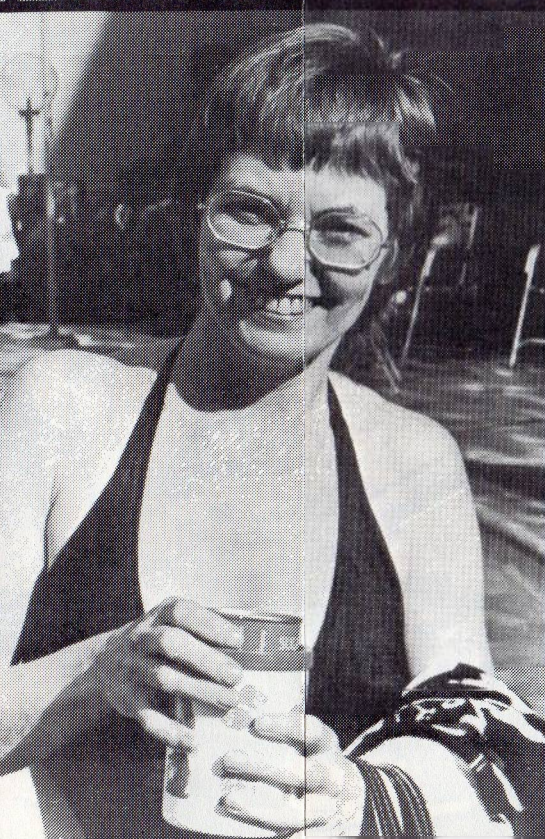
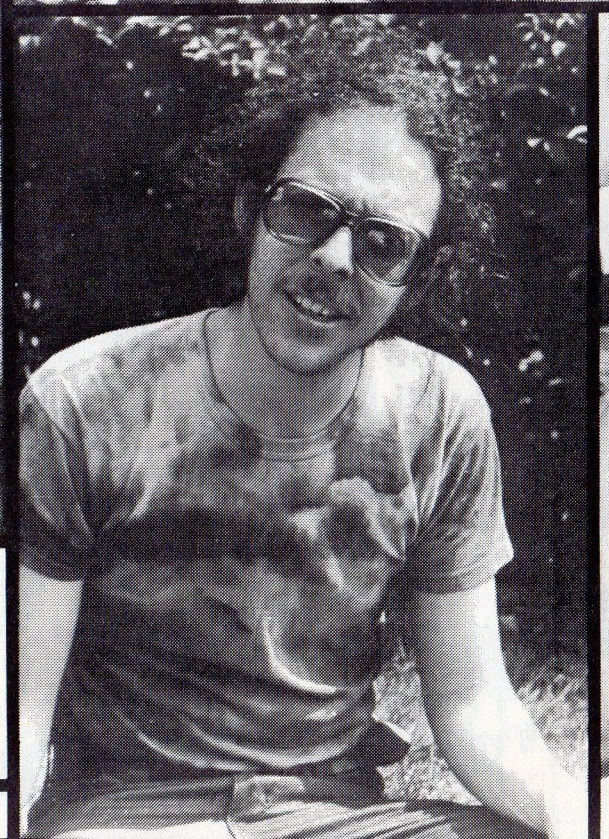
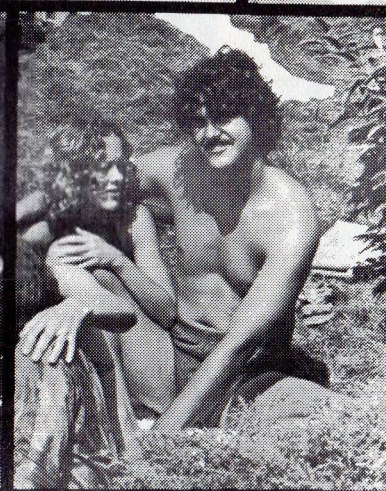
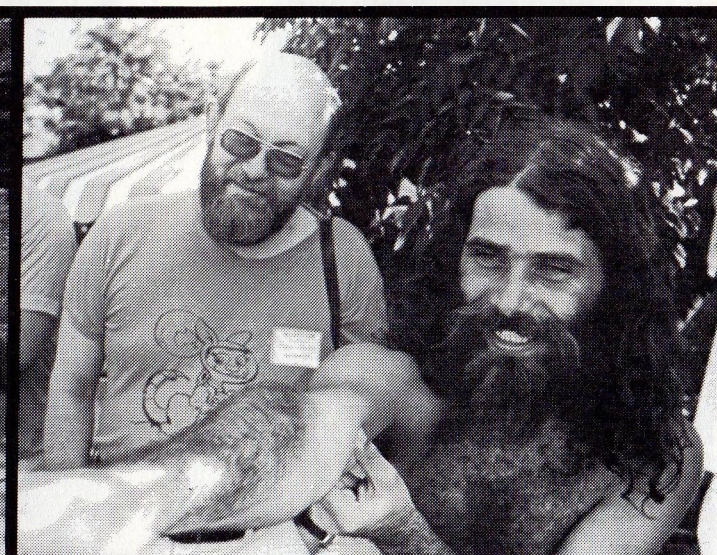
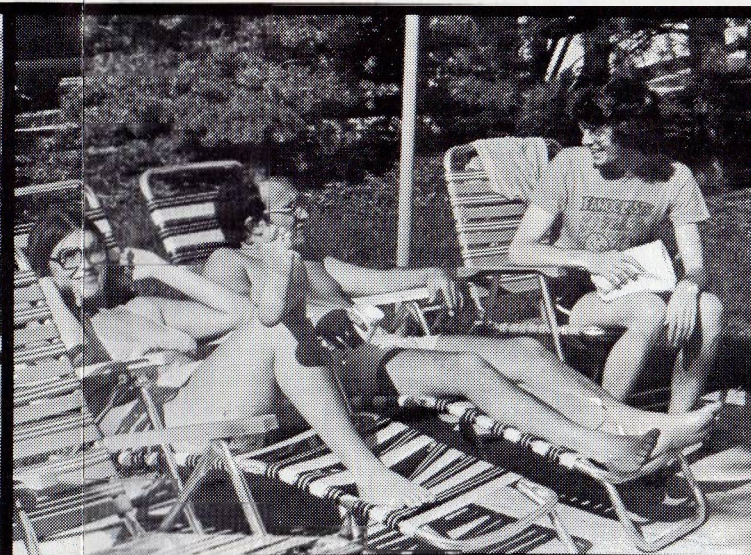
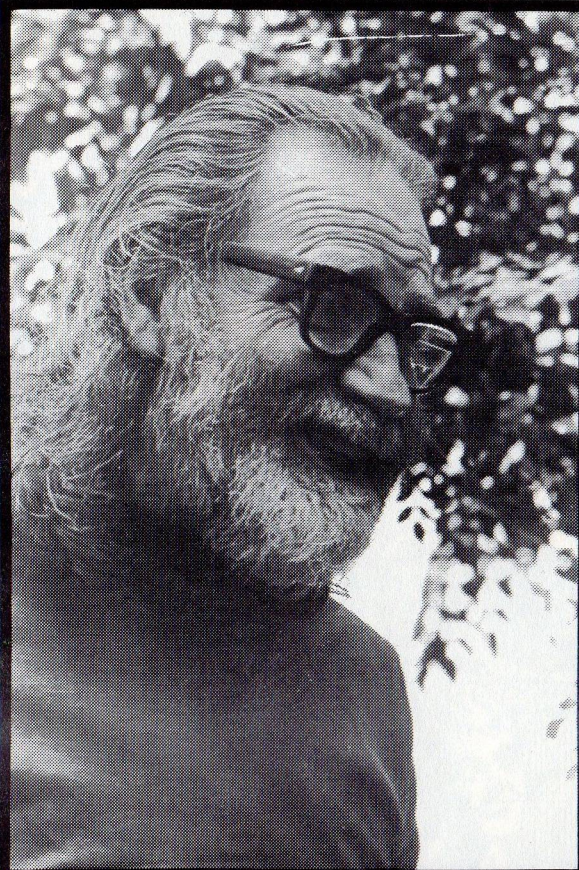
Now perhaps we've stumbled on the reason for that great restlessness of Man. Perhaps our very genes recognize that stagnation is a kind of death: maybe they know that there is a purpose to all this.

People who ponder over-long as to What It's All About tend to bog down in futility -- but men go on living. Our genes are stubborn little bastards.

It may be that we are really no more than bundles of mindless animal urges, down there inside our brains. But there is a chance that there is more involved, a Purpose. Man may find, at the end, an End.

{(Note: The Miller story and the Aldiss quotes appear in Space Odysseys -- see the Book Review section. The Simak interview quoted appeared in RUNE 43, and is copyright 1974 by Jim Young. Shakespeare's Planet by Clifford D. Simak is a recent SF Book Club release, published by Putnam.)}

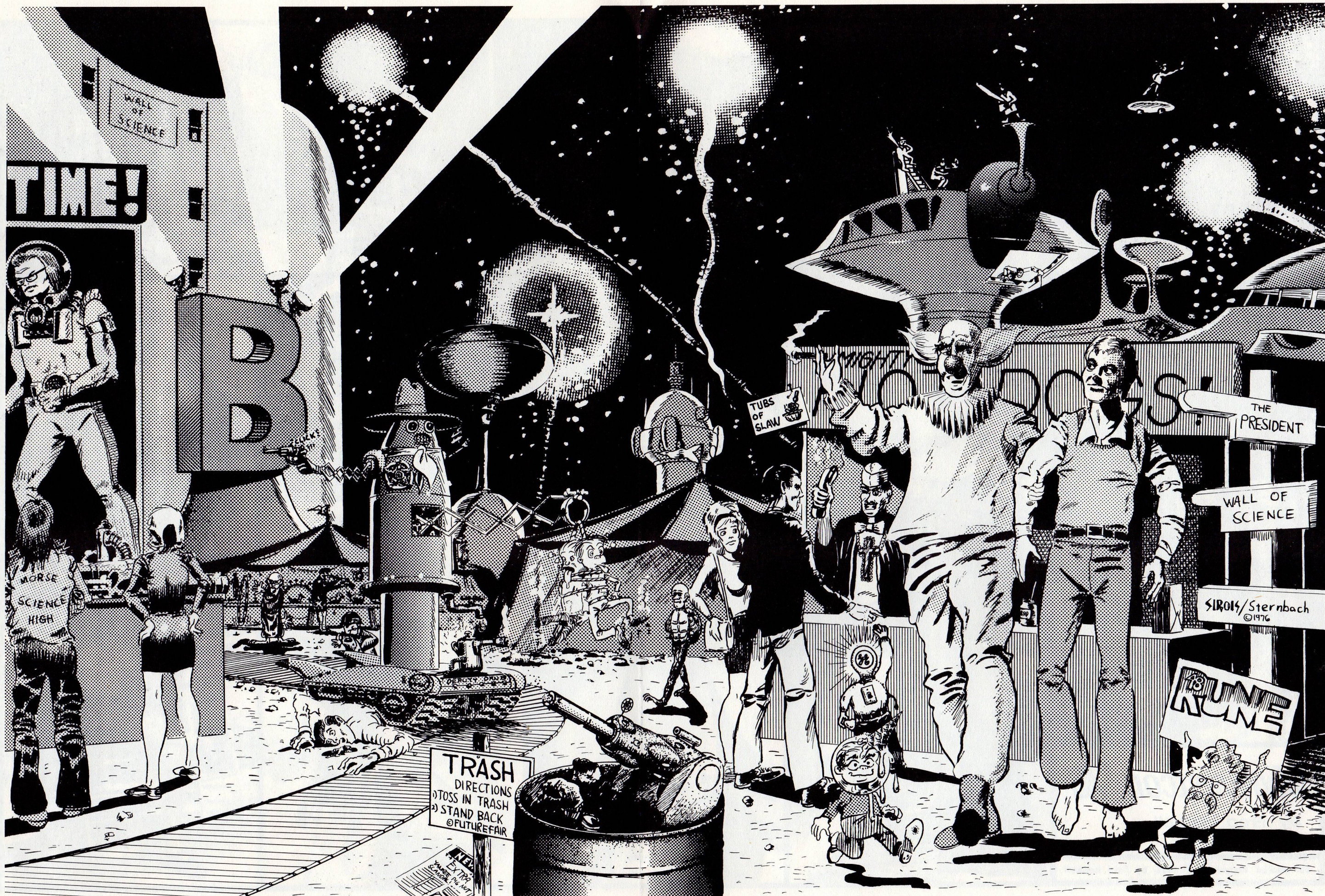




Midwestcon '76

by Fred Haskell

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IF BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN, DO SCHIZOPHRENICS HAVE DOUBLE TROUBLE?

An Interview
with Phil Proctor
of the Firesign Theater
by Jim Young.

"Oh, I'm so excited! I don't want to go." Susan Ryan hugged herself to show that she was, indeed, desperate.

"Come on, Susan," Fred Haskell said. "We're going to be late if we don't go now."

So the two intrepid adventurers drove off into the quaint streets of southeast Minneapolis, toward the unknown. They reached the city's best Chinese restaurant, the famous Village Wok, and there they waited, along with one of my college roommates, Tom Niccum. After more than an hour's delay, I and Phil Proctor finally arrived at the Wok. Bergman, who was on tour with the former gentleman, was unable to attend the interview session on Saturday, 6 March 1976, because he had to chair a meeting of the Surrealist Party in Bloomington -- but more on that in a bit.

Phil Proctor and Peter Bergman had played as the opening act to Sha Na Na the evening before at the Met Sports Center in Bloomington. The audience there had been one of the most obnoxious crowds I had ever seen -- it was primarily made of drunken adolescents, who booed and hissed the legendary duo because they had come ready to see the fifties revived. It was in this respect much like the crowd that gathers to see the night performance of the Laserium in New York -- capable of operating on either a highly appreciative or completely deprecatory level, with nothing in between. (They were really hot for Sha Na Na -- and I must admit that while I don't care much for the group or the fifties, Sha Na Na put on a really fine show, both musically and theatrically.) Susan Ryan and I had gone to see Proctor and Bergman, and after their performance we went back stage in order to console them. We may have helped them, but I do not think the situation allowed them to see Minneapolis as the pleasantly looney place it is. (It did let them see how godawful the suburbs here can be, however.)

As I drove Proctor from his Bloomington hotel to the city, we took a bit of a detour to see some of the sights. Proctor actually photographed things like the statue of Ole Bull and other Scandinavian tourist traps (explaining, as he did so, that his fiancée is Norwegian and that she was interested in such things).

We finally made it to the Wok, though. After a round of introductions and a square of menus, Phil said that he was a bit disappointed by the selection.

"They don't have any Thrice Humiliated Duck here. What a pity. I hear that a particular version of the dish is the rage in Peking now -- it's called the Lin

Piao special. They form it into a cone, make you wear it on your head like a dunce cap, and then they denounce you while they force you to eat jello with a pair of chopsticks. It's filling, but trying as well."

"Speaking of trying," I said, carefully following adroit turn of speech with a malcontent zeugma, "I've been trying to fathom the 'Police Street' record -- you know, In the Next World You're On Your Own. It seems as though there must be some level to it that I haven't yet attained. What's at the bottom of the thing?"

"I really don't know," Proctor replied. "I didn't write it. It was written by David (Ossman) and Philip (Austin) -- and we came to a parting of the ways at that point, because Peter and I felt that we couldn't get a grip on what the other guys were really into there. We felt that the particular vision that they were interested in was a little dark and somewhat out of touch with what's happening -- other than if you sit at home in front of your television set. Which is what Philip and David have been doing for the last year or so. And in addition, we felt that the album just didn't have enough breadth to it. So we agreed to -- well, we actually proposed to postpone the album in order to do a bicentennial album later; but they had already set things into motion and so they insisted on doing the record. So we said that we'd appear on it, but we really couldn't contribute to it. And that's the way the album was created. So I don't really know.... I've heard it a couple of times, but I really don't know what it's all about either."

"Is the Firesign Theater still alive then?" I asked.

"Well sure, but not as a working unit."

With a lump in my throat, taken aback by Proctor's comments as I was, I hesitantly asked, "Well...is it over and done with?"

Proctor smiled and said very pleasantly, "I think it is, speaking as a member of the group. It reached a point where it seemed to be beholden upon the group to tour nationally in order to bolster record sales, and to achieve a certain follow up with our fandom. And we found it fundamentally difficult, because of various internal reasons, to do so. So Peter and I decided that we ought to create an act of our own so that we could sustain ourselves as entertainers in the industry; simply sitting in Los Angeles and producing a record every year was not enough for us.

"As to the Firesign, it's not over, because it can't ever end. It's just four guys who get together for projects, and it's possible that we could do something together again. But I don't see it in the immediate future."

Suddenly the "easy listening" music that had been playing in the background rose to a swell. (The Wok is a strange restaurant -- it can play KQRS (so-called progressive rock), or traditional Chinese music on tape, or Muzak in the same day.) Fred asked if it might be turned down; he then asked Proctor if he had heard of science fiction fandom.

"Oh yes. Jim and I were talking about that...."

"Well there were rumors back in 1971," Fred continued, "back when 'Dwarf' was nominated for the Hugo, that perhaps you had been interested in coming to the convention."

"Oh yes," Proctor said.

"But there were rumors that the committee in Boston, or some factions in that

group of people, said, 'Well no, we're not interested in you because you're not science fiction people.' Or words to that effect.

"Was that true?"

"No, the last part isn't true. We have been invited to various conventions and we just haven't been able to make a lot of them. David Ossman made an appearance at a convention, just locally, about six months ago. So we are in touch with that area, and several of our albums have been nominated for Hugos. Roller Maidens from Outer Space and Everything You Know is Wrong were nominated."

"I think a lot of the die-hard old fans think it's not science fiction," Haskell said.

I added, "I don't think some of the die-hard old fans have enough brains to get into their work, either."

Proctor seemed as though he were not quite sure what to make of my animosity towards fandom. Fred murmured agreement.

"But that's all right," Proctor said, "it's still an honor to be nominated for those things. And all of us were science fiction fans, and probably still are to a certain extent. I read science fiction voraciously when I was a young man, and still do read it upon occasion, although it takes a book like Dune to really capture my attention -- or some of Ursula LeGuin's novels."

"What science fiction did you start out on?" I asked.

"H. G. Wells -- he was my favorite. I read all of his works when I was in Grade School. Then I got into Bradbury, and I was introduced to a lot of science fiction through EC comics. Then I started on Asimov, and I read all the short stories in the anthologies and magazines.

"A. Merritt, Pohl and Costigan also come to mind, along with Orwell; I just devoured everything I could get my hands on."

"How about Mr. Heinlein?" I asked.

"Yes, Heinlein, very much so. But I haven't returned to many of these. I'm reading Merritt again, because he or she or it -- I never figured out what sex the writer is -- had such a fantastic way of writing, and the adventures were so engaging that I recently read a few more of his works or her works or its works which I hadn't read before." (When I picked Proctor up at his hotel, he was reading through The Ship of Ishtar.)

"Can I tell you a story about A. Merritt?"

Proctor said yes, so I told him what Jack Williamson had once told me. Williamson and Ed Hamilton, back in the early 1930s, had been in New York and had gone to visit Abraham Merritt at the American Weekly. Merritt edited that publication in those days, and the office was on 42nd Street. Williamson told me that Merritt would chew snuff and then spit it out the window.

"Mr. Merritt," Williamson cried, "there are a lot of people walking down there; how can you do that?"

And Merritt replied, "Damn it, if they're walking on 42nd Street they deserve to get spat upon."

"So he was sort of a crusty old character," I told Proctor.

"Well he reminds me," Phil said, "a little bit of Balzac in his writing style -- incredibly ornate and baroque."

"What were some other influences? I'm not sure who you said it was -- "

Proctor said, "Ernie Kovacs."

"What about the 'Goon Show?'"

"What about the 'Goon Show,'" he replied.

"In your writings, you people mention Spike Milligan several times."

Here Proctor smiled. "Well, Bergman wrote with Spike Milligan in London. Wrote for a thing called 'The Public Eye.' Knew him there, and found him delightfully insane. All of us, at one point or another, have been exposed to the 'Goon Show.' And I've spent some time in England -- always admired the English sense of humour, and their sense of the absurd.

"The Firesign actually began writing together -- well, when we wrote our first works, they were very Goonish in style and format -- surrealistic radio dramas, usually about half an hour long, which we performed in front of a live audience at a club in Los Angeles called 'The Magic Mushroom.'

"It was out of those sorts of things that The Giant Rat of Sumatra grew. That was in the Goonish style of the earlier pieces."

"What do you think of the latter-day Goons, the Monty Python troupe?" I queried.

"Oh I think they're quite amusing; I enjoy watching some of their stuff very much. I'm not a crazed fan, let's say, because I've been dealing in absurd comedy for such a long time that it's not that startling to me any more. But what they do is done with great invention and great energy.

"I admire more, so far as the sense of absurdity goes, another English comedian, Marty Feldman. Feldman did a BBC show which was edited and shown in this country for a while. And he had some incredible film sequences that were outlandishly surrealistic. And very satisfying."

Susan said, "Oh he's a crazy man -- wonderful."

"Yes he is," Proctor replied. "He does funny skits as well. And the Monty Python are certainly in that tradition. I'd like to know them a little better, you know."

"To me," Fred said, "it seems that you folks have a purpose, whereas their humor is merely humor and their purpose is merely to entertain; you, to me, seem to want to educate. Is that misspoken?"

"No, I suppose it's true," Phil said. "It's possible that being Americans and all, some of the subtler aspects of their comedy, their satire, is missed. Obviously the Monty Python are strongly stimulated by innanities of their own culture.

"There's one very funny routine where Second World War RAF pilots are in the ready room, on the field, and one guy comes in and says, 'Two jerries and wonkers

are comin' in the grite field.' Or something like that. And another of the guys says, 'Wot? I didn't get that!' It's a parody of the language that was developed there; and they have such a mastery of the English language that they handle the skit brilliantly. Some of the things on their records -- why the thing about the cheese shop -- " Here Proctor began to chuckle.

"What is it about cheese?" I asked.

To which Proctor responded, "Cheese is funny. Even the word cheese is funny, funny to say. Duck is funny."

"Seventeen ducks are funny," Susan added.

"Three ducks are funny," Proctor said. "Duck is funny, in almost any combination. Chickens are funny. Pigs are funny. Cows are not that funny, and horses aren't that funny either."

"Sheep are -- " Fred began to say.

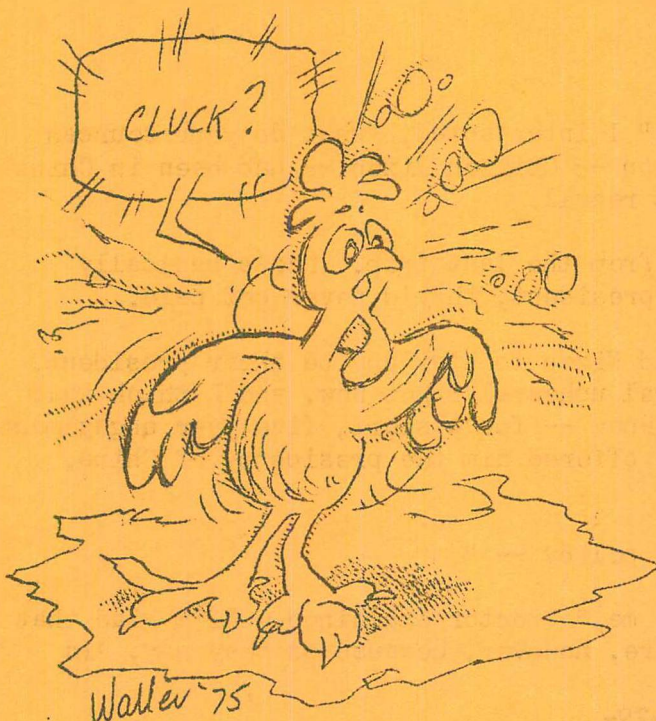
Proctor interrupted with, "Sheep can be -- fun."

Chuckling, Fred said, "I find myself highly entertained by their sheep who thinks -- 'Arold, the smart sheep."

"Yes," Proctor said, speaking in the tones of a newscaster, "they've brought a breath of wonderful fresh air into the hole of the American head.

"So I'm extremely grateful for their invasion," he said, returning to his normal conversational voice. "It has actually opened the doors to the potential appearance of a Proctor-Bergman show of some sort on the Public Broadcast System, because as a result of the success of the Python shown, the Public Broadcast people contacted us and asked if we would develop something for their viewership. We've been working on it with them, and we've done an hour pilot. We'll see what happens.

Fred said, "It's amazing. You've been around here longer, and it took Monty Python to make anyone notice you. It's a shame -- though it's nice that they finally did take notice."



"It just shows you the power of television," Proctor said, deftly pouring a round of tea. "I mean, the Monty Python people were able to do just about anything they wanted on the BBC. The BBC had a public opinion program in which they asked the people," and here he did his best London accent, "'Well, what do you think about it?' 'Well, I think it's a bit rude, but you know, people like it. If they want to see it, let them see it.'"

"And that is not the kind of attitudes you'd see if you suddenly see," and he returned to his British accent one last time, "'The Monty Python Show, brought to you this week

by Sparkettes -- lighters, and...water-products.' You know, it just doesn't work. The system isn't fast and funny enough, really, when you have advertisers, censors, and all that stuff involved. So here we go."

The food arrived at this point, and we paused our conversation long enough to partake of the Wok's finest. We had to reassure Fred that the stir-fried squid I had ordered would not attack him. (Remember that Fred is one of the world's most squeamish people -- he had to drop out of historical geology because he can't look a fossilized trilobite in the eye.) Proctor asked for some hot mustard sauce, and the waitress brought a small bowl of hot pepper sauce instead. This particular sauce is illegal in 13 states and was formerly used by NASA to launch suborbital flights. Seeing that Proctor wanted a hot sauce, I innocently told him that he could find some very good szechuan dishes on the menu.

"I noticed they had some szechuan dishes -- I had some szechuan cooking right before I left. And it really szechuan your ear, too. I passed a pepper just the other day from that very dinner. Well I felt it pass through, and I looked -- said, 'Oh yes, why I remember eating that a day ago, and it's still good.' Just proves that what goes in, must come out."

"I've never noticed it before," I said, "but it's very difficult to eat rice with chop-sticks while you're laughing."

"Unless the rice has been trained to crawl up them, of course," Proctor explained.

"But that's kind of a one-shot operation, isn't it?" Fred asked. "Training rice to crawl up chop-sticks -- I mean -- "

"It is," Proctor said, "but that's what keeps the Chinese so busy. You have to train each grain separately, you see. Because they won't learn in a pack."

"Yes, they're very antisocial," Susan added.

"That's right," Proctor said.

Susan agreed. "They don't mingle well. It had something to do with their upbringing."

"Their raising," Proctor added.

"Speaking of international affairs," I interjected, "what do your sources think happened when Mao saw Nixon?" Nixon -- Citizen Nixon -- had been in China in February, as the reader will no doubt recall.

"Why, he asked him to pay his bill from the last trip. Mao's basically afraid that, now that Nixon's no longer president, they'd never get paid.

"But more importantly, he also asked Nixon to stay and be their president. They're going through a terrible political upheaval right now, and I think that besides booking him into the Peking Tom Room -- for a short, five year engagement as the People's Entertainer -- they also offered him the presidency of China. Nixon's thinking about it right now."

"How do you find Mr. Ford's foreign policy -- "

"I can't find it -- it's foreign to me," Proctor explained. "I'm glad that he's not using the word 'detente' any more, however, because as they say, 'La plume de détente est dessus la table.'"

"Talleyrand said that, didn't he?" I asked.

"Yes -- Talleyrand-McNally, the famous acu-dartist and cartologist. Do you have credit acu-dartists out here, by the way?"

"I'm afraid we don't," I replied.

"It's too bad -- it's all the rage in California right now. You see, it's acu-puncture, but done from a distance. You're not really allowed to practice it, so the credit acu-dartist drives by in a car and throws darts at you. Hopefully hitting the right spot in order to end your pain. Sometimes it ends your pain anyway. They usually use an unmarked car and drive away -- then they bill you through a post-office box. That way it's legal. You can pay in unmarked bills, too."

"In fact," Susan said, "they prefer it, as I understand."

"That's right," Proctor continued. "You used to be able to pay in stamps -- those edible food stamps -- which go nicely with welfare rolls."

Susan added, "I stopped buying them when they took away tutti-frutti; there was no point in it then."

"I know," Phil said, "it was in bad taste. Speaking of food, I understand that sea urchins are a very popular food in Japan now."

"But isn't that only for the very poor?" I asked.

"No, no, it's for the very rich -- they're very expensive. You're thinking of sea orphans."

"At any rate, the way they prove the urchins are fresh in the best restaurants is with a parasite -- an eight-legged parasite that lives on sea urchins. If the parasite is still on the urchin, then you know it's fresh."

"Not authentic without this parasite," Fred suggested.

"Parasites not included," Phil bantered.

"There's one other thing I really must ask," I interrupted.

"Don't force yourself," Proctor proclaimed.

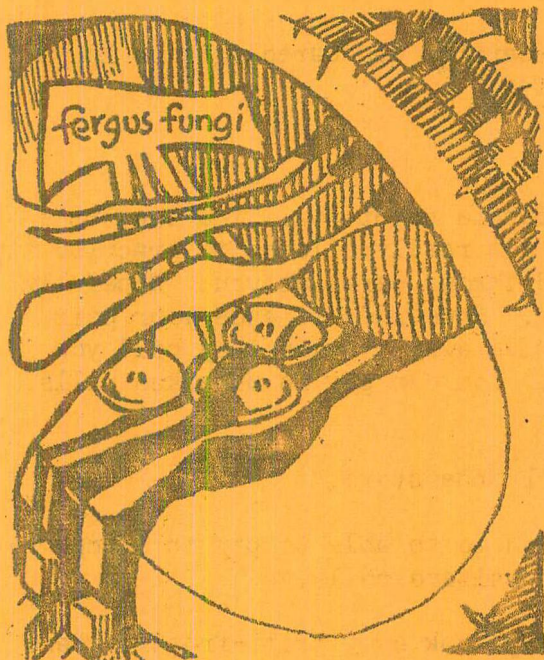
"What about the job displacement program in the city of the future?" I interrogated.

"The job enplace-implantment-placement....?"

"Yes, that's it."

"Well," Proctor thought for a moment, then said, "we are looking for a replacement for the head of the Job Displacement Service. Because the other guy got another job, in another city, and moved."

"There's another big problem in the city of the future -- you see, it isn't finished. The union strike slowed the building of the city, and now it's basically just a complex of 450 steel frame buildings, without any floors, ceilings or walls. The insulation is in there, and the central heating and air-conditioning have been installed, but it doesn't do you any good when there's



just an empty frame there.

"It creates terrible weather problems too, since if you turn on the air-conditioning it makes clouds and rains in the Old City. So, as it stands now, we're thinking of making it into a big jungle-gym, and then inviting the children to come in from all over the world and for a small fee -- since they're just little kids -- to play...until they die, really. It's very dangerous, after all, playing on a jungle-gym that's fifty-sixty stories high."

"Especially with all the weather problems," Susan added.

"Oh, with that air-conditioning, when you turn it on it blows the kids right off. But what's the difference, they have to pay before they get in there anyway."

"Not responsible," Susan added.

"Exactly, and certainly not insane. It's the only way we can ultimately fund the city, and finish it; and there will be jobs for people, but of course, not so many as when we were building it. That's why we're thinking of just tearing it down again, once it's finished. We're actually thinking of hiring urban gorillas, who are presently just living on the outskirts, in the hills, and getting those animals down there, harnessing their energy -- we've already constructed harnesses for them on an experimental basis -- tear it down and put a nuclear plant in there.

"The nuclear plant that we now have is on the Fishkilled River, and it's working out in spite of the bad publicity we've had on it. People claim that it might be dangerous, but there's really no danger because there are certain warning signals that are very obvious and which help to maintain an aura of safety around the whole project. If, for instance, you're walking near a nuclear plant and your hair falls off, then you drop over and die, why you know there's a problem there. Then you should really stay away. Since it's obvious that nobody's dropping dead, it's okay."

"The City of the Future reminds me of 'Bozos,' of course," I said, "and I've been meaning to ask you fellows for some time, just what does happen at the end of that record?"

"Well," Proctor said, "'Bozos' led into 'Not Insane,' the first scene of which was set at the sea. 'I see you are a sailor,' and all that. That was as close as we could come to any kind of explanation; and 'Not Insane' was a play, of course, which was written a long time ago, but which was supposed to be performed sometime in the future, thus compounding the madness and the illustionary confusion."

Proctor and Bergman had been commenting on the 1976 election the previous evening, so I asked Proctor about Papoon and his prospects at the polls.

"There's a big split in the Surrealist Party now," Proctor stated, "the amoebas did it, you know."

"A very divisive force, no doubt," I added.

"Basically, there's a faction that does not want to run Papoon for the office. You see, he already won, once. He did defeat Nixon. Papoon was actually elected by an underwhelming majority of the insects, animals, and one-celled organisms. The problem was that the computers and voting machines were not programmed by the bipeds to count those votes."

Tom Niccum had been rather awed by the proceedings, but he chimed in, "One organism, one vote," at this point.

"That's right. Accordingly, Papoon was not ostensibly elected -- though he had, in fact, won. We knew it; it was unfair and quite shocking. But we had the satisfaction of knowing that we had at least defeated President Exxon, who was ready to run out of gas anyway.

"So there are some of us in the party who feel that Papoon has already done all he can. And so we are announcing The Electrician for the presidency."

"Isn't that unheard of?" I demanded.

"What?" Proctor rejoindered.

"Unheard of," I recounted.

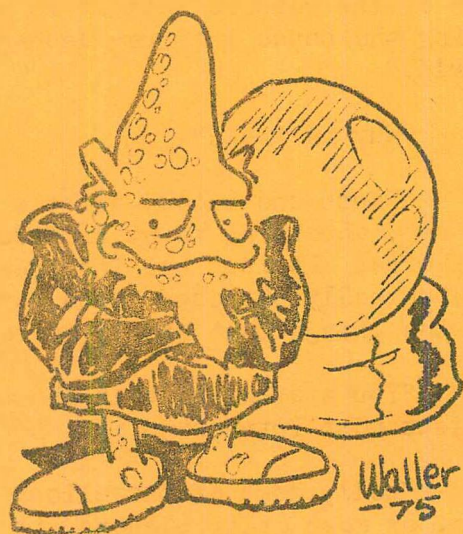
"Unheard of?" Proctor looked at the others seated around the table. "I'm sorry, I couldn't hear what he was saying. No, no -- The Electrician is dynamic, he's wound up, he's wired, he's got a magnetic personality that's sure to attract a lot of heavy metal backing. He feels that the country is in a vacuum right now, and might go down the tubes if we just continue to flip-flop around.

"If we don't face, for instance, the problem of sexism as a campaign issue -- well, The Electrician knows that two prongs don't make a light. You've got to plug into the female power too! His will not be a sexist campaign. He's committed, not just to sit at ohm and ask, 'Watt's happening?' He's not just going to volt his door and stay out of the main current of popular American thinking. He's absolutely convinced that America will lighten up, and -- one man, one volt -- we hope that people will cast their vote for The Electrician."

"Who is his running mate, Mr. Proctor?"

"Currently, it's Prince Luther. But let me tell you the whole story.

"He started out with an alien as his running mate, but the problem with the alien was that he had the power to cloud men's minds. When he appeared, however briefly, at the various rallies and meetings we've had, he usually wound up alienating most of the people there. I think the worst was a Daughters of the American Revolution meeting, held over in Neenah, Wisconsin. They had a big rally for The Electrician, and he appeared as a 350 ton black bird, right on stage. All the women thought it was something they had eaten, there was a run on the hospital, and it was most embarrassing. We tried to keep it out of the papers, but we weren't too successful. So he's been dropped -- luckily not on anybody or anything. But he's out.



"And now we have Prince Luther. I think he's a much better choice. You see, he's a vampire. We feel that there are enough vampires in the political system so that most people will be able to identify strongly with him. He's sure to attract an interesting type of following -- type O, probably."

"He'll certainly get more of your red-blooded Americans," Susan said, moving the conversation into a slightly different vein.

"Yes, he's got his finger on the pulse of the country," Proctor spoke with quiet enthusiasm. "His motto is, 'We've got a stake in the heart of America, let's drive it home.' Of course, his campaign is being mounted in the basement of the Vampire State Building in New York. He's going to wage a bloody fine campaign."

"Well, Mr. Proctor, let's sum it up. What are The Electrician's chances in '76? There are a lot of people running right now, and he hasn't entered a primary yet."

"We think that if he can turn it around, as it were, there's enough of an alternate culture to be able to overthrow the dominant culture -- if we can just get them to stand up and be counted. We think that there should be a Washington A.C. as well as a Washington D.C."

"One of the grave concerns of your group has been the alien problem. What about the aliens -- are they here among us, and are they in charge?"

"I'm sorry, I'm not at liberty to say that," Proctor replied.

"I didn't mean to get into classified information," I said.

Proctor then put his arm around the shoulder of an invisible being and said, "But he could tell you."

"Oh, I see."

"No you don't," Proctor elucidated. "So how can you feel oppressed by it? If, on the other hand, they could be seen, we'd feel overcrowded."

"Perhaps this is New York's major trouble," I returned.

"Sure, we need more invisible people. For instance, it's known that aliens come from all over the universe. This particular planet is a very popular place. One of the reasons that it is so overcrowded with incarnate souls -- incarnation being the pause that re-fleshes -- is simply because it's so very popular a world."

"Why is that?"

"Flesh and blood, and the peculiar sexual habits of this planet. This planet, according to my friends at Lab Nine, is kind of the Disneyworld of the universe. Various spirits from other planetary systems, who wish to incarnate, are actually supposed to be coming here and crowding up the place. That's one of the things that has to be rectified, set in the balance."

"You started to talk about our curious sexual habits. Which ones were the aliens most interested in? Do they intend to participate?" Susan asked.

"Well, some of the aliens don't have sexes, so they can't participate. You see, on most other planets, it takes at least 12 creatures in order to engage in

any kind of sexual endeavors. Here, the idea of two people getting together to them is more like a gall-bladder operation. It's nauseating to them, and the blood rushes to their heads. And since their heads are over here, on the side of their bodies, they fall over -- it puts them out of balance. But when they come through to this planet, they incarnate in our particular form, so they actually adapt quite handily to it -- and I'm not making the old joke about the aliens with sexual organs in their palms."

Thinking that some kind of unfriendly remark would come springing forth from this group of nuts, I asked Proctor about the origins of the "mischievous question" in We're All Bozos On This Bus. For in that record, a central character asks the mystical question, "Why does the porridge bird lay its eggs in the air?"

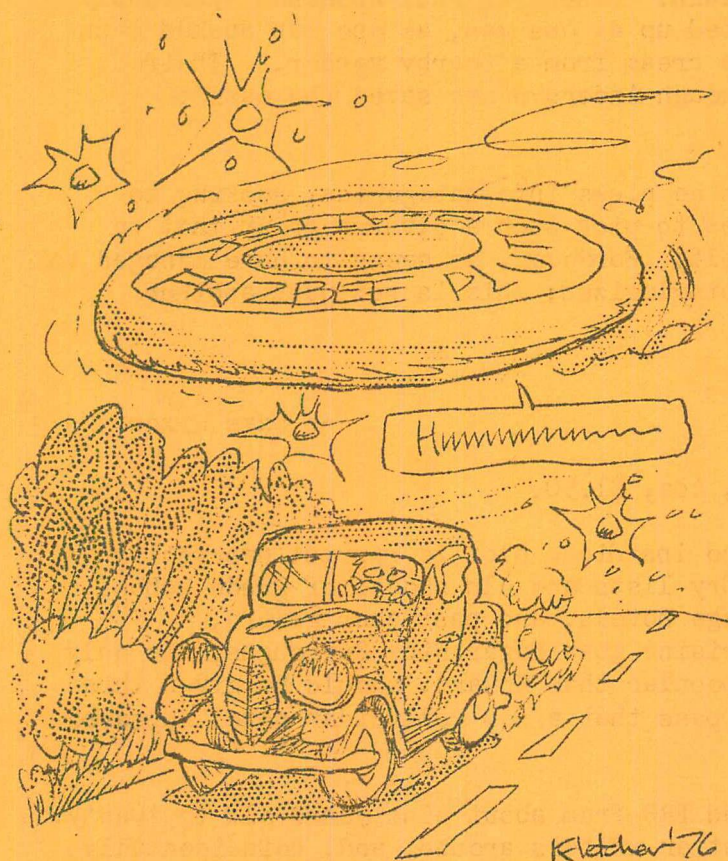
"Bergman and I answered the question when we performed before the one other difficult audience we've played, at the Rising Gorge, New Jersey, Playboy Club. And that audience was not simply anxious, waiting for another act to come on, as was the case last night. These people detested us greatly because we were making fun of everything they held sacred -- money, the president, the country, morality -- things like that. Our material went right over their heads, not only because we were standing on a high-rise stage, but because it literally went right over their heads.

"At the end of the performance, to scattered applause, one man spoke up quite loudly and said, 'You boys just laid an egg.' And we realized that our material was so above them that we had indeed laid an egg in the air. Bergman called this 'high-attitude bombing.' But at least we answered the question to our satisfaction."

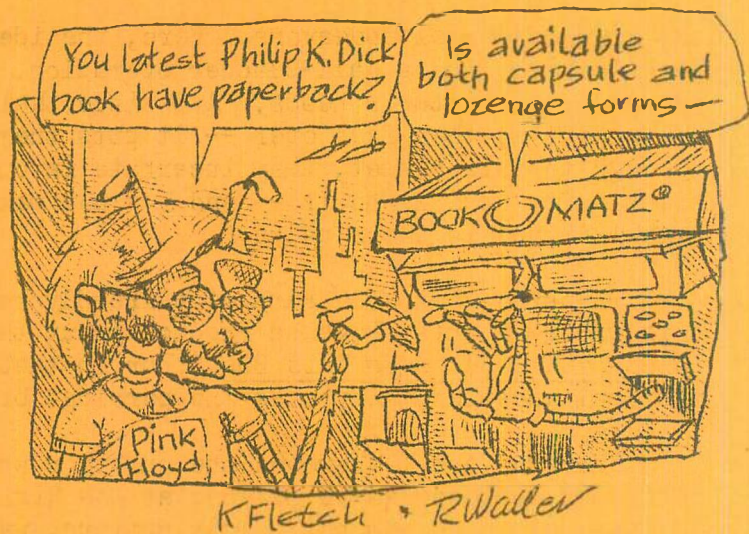
We had finished our meal and were in the process of drinking tea and admiring the artwork displayed in the restaurant -- they have charmingly turned an air duct into a dragon -- all the while recuperating from too much food and two hours of non-stop insanity. At this point a gentleman walked in from the street and asked the waitress for a take-out order.

"I'd like two egg-rolls to go, please," the fellow asked. Tom put his head on the table, face down, and Fred muttered something about holding the anchovies; the rest of us just started laughing.

Driving Proctor back to his hotel, Niccum and I explained something of the politics of Minneapolis and St. Paul (as well as something of their sociology). Proctor thought that we ought to have a Mayor Schizo here, since we have Twin Cities, and as we drove off into the hinterlands of Bloomington he concluded, "If blondes have more fun -- do schizophrenics have double trouble? Just a thought."



BOOK REVIEWS



Space Odysseys: A New Look at Yesterday's Futures, Brian W. Aldiss (ed.), Doubleday, 1976, \$7.95, 266 pages.

This is the second volume in the series begun by Space Opera, and this is an outstanding collection. The editor has picked excellently, achieving variety in flavor while maintaining a high standard of quality. This book has everything from Doc Smith excerpts (admittedly the weak point, but an evocative reminder of SF's heritage) for wonder, to Philip K. Dick irony. There is a Brackett quest, an Asimov robot, and Anderson swordplay. You can watch the galaxy wind down; you can witness Earth's degradation in alien beds; or you can discover vacuum-packed otherness: All of SF is represented here -- and you'll love it.

Editor Aldiss holds his own in his introductory notes, alternating philosophic musings with amusing anecdotes; at one point he tells of being part of a group of SF authors enjoying a Rio beach: Observing Poul Anderson apparently drowning in the surf, the authors "jumped up as one man, as one man dashed down the beach, pausing only to purchase ice cream from a nearby vendor." Their efforts were to result in tragedy -- though Anderson was saved (he wasn't drowning), the ice cream got wet.

Aldiss loosely gathers the stories he picks into categories, seeking to illustrate themes in SF. But he manages to pick such a diverse group that no dulling sense of sameness can ever result. Moreover, he seems to have managed to pick stories that are not frequently anthologized; this is not just another collection of the same old reprints.

My compliments to the editor.

-- Dave Wixon

Mahars of Pellucidar, John Eric Holmes, Ace, \$1.50.

There has long been a dedicated and insidious plot to reprint everything R.E. Howard ever wrote, including laundry lists and old sheets of grade school homework; while "completions" of one page novels, and pastiches galore, simultaneously appear. It is not surprising that Edgar Rice Burroughs, the only writer of blood and guts fantasy more popular than Howard, should be given this same dubious honor. And so it came to pass that a new Pellucidar novel appeared on the book racks.

Now, I won't kid you -- I worshiped ERB from about nine years old to twenty, when I realized that there were much better writers around, and, coincidentally,

no unread ERB works left. So I got pretty excited by Mahars.

Here is how it was. I sat around the Student Union of UW-O reading the novel. Surrounding me were straight people reading Hesse, Bellow, Sarte, Emerson, etc. and I was reading a paperback that has on the cover a naked woman with big hips being squeezed to death by a giant octopoid which is being attacked by a semi-naked Aryan male with a big bloody ax. Right?

The other students just did not understand.

In case you don't know -- Pellucidar exists at the center of the Earth. It is a prehistoric land filled with prehistoric tribes whose main sport is war, prehistoric animals whose main pastime is eating slow natives, and the Mahars which are giant reptillian birds with hypnotic powers, big mouths, lotsa teeth, and a disposition considered nasty even by Pellucidar's standards.

The Mahars once ruled the inner world, but Burroughs, through his underworld hit-man David Innes, killed them off so quick in the series that fans never got a fair chance to work up a good hate.

This book is performing a public service.

ERB's Pellucidar, right? A lot of exclamation points, nudity, no sex, blood flowing like tap-water only not as thick....got it? Shallow, old-fashioned, unbelievable, scientifically ridiculous, the whole thing is just an excuse for mayhem. It is written to be read for fun.

If you haven't read Burrugh's Pellucidar books, please do. If you have, get this book, go somewhere off campus, and settle down for the most fun you have had since they cracked Edgar's safe.

-- Paul McGuire

Ironcastle, J.H. Rosny, DAW #187, March 1976, \$1.25, 175 pages.

The frustrating thing about anything done by a committee is that it's hard to know where to place the blame (or credit, if such there be). In this case, DAW ingeniously states that Philip Jose Farmer "has undertaken to make available the essence" of Rosny's 1922 work, translating it from the French "in his own words, following Rosny judiciously and adding certain surprising embellishments of his own." I guess all we can be certain of pinning on Farmer is the short reference to Savage and Challenger.

Well, whoever wrote this tale, and the translator, succeeded admirably in capturing the "classical" style of the 1920's-era Burroughs imitations. Unfortunately, that includes a brace of characters who will seem very familiar to many readers -- they might have stepped in from a nearby Burroughs or Robeson epic. No doubt this stereotypification is necessary to maintain the flavor of the book's era, but it probably will cause most readers to skim ferociously through the book, to find out how it comes out and then put it down.

-- Dave Wixon

Gate of Ivrel, C.J. Cherryh, DAW #188, March 1976, \$1.25, 191 pages.

Andre Norton wrote a special introduction to this book, which is most appropriate -- it is remindful of her own best work. Cherryh has set sorcery-like technology, swordplay, and tribal politics amid the matrix of an over-story. It can be hoped that this technique of examining one side-show of a universe-wide campaign per book will result in a lot of good reading in the future.

In the background is an attempt by earthmen to search out and destroy the "gates" left behind by the qhal. These aliens had once used the gates to traverse at will both space and time; in so doing, they destroyed the fabric of the universe.

The teams sent out from earth will probably never return, for as they travel they destroy the gates behind them. One such team came to the world of this novel, and discovered that certain of the locals used the power in the gates to tyrannize, and worse. All but one of that team died, along with thousands of their native allies, and the survivor, hunted by friend and foe alike, fled into a gate.

She stepped into that gate, and her next step was out the other side, years later. Now she is a legendary evil, and the only aid she can find is forced from an outlaw -- a half-breed and brother-killer.

Cherryh has done a magnificent job of world-creating. The depth of that creation provides motive for the characters, and fascination for the reader. Norton, in her introduction, explains the importance of this -- and how well Cherryh does it -- better than I can.

Plot, style, characterization -- all are here, and well done. This is undoubtedly one of the best books of 1976.

-- Dave Wixon

AND NOW -- CAVEAT EMPTOR AND HIS AMAZING SHORT-SHORT REVIEWS!!

Tomorrow Knight, Michael Kurland, DAW, 1976, \$1.25, 156 pages.

Deception is the theme of this book, in everything from the cover art through to the blurbs on the back. Kurland intrigues the reader early, intimating that this will be a roaring adventure set in some colorful alternate world. Alas, that idea is quickly disabused -- at about the same point at which the action fades into a long, inconsequential chase scene; after that, the oh-so-hopeful ending alights with a dull thud. This is not a good book; on the other hand, it wouldn't be bad if not for the terrible disillusionment the reader suffers.

The Witling, Vernor Vinge, DAW, 1976, \$1.25, 173 pages.

This has to be rated as one of the best treatments of the problems faced by humans in dealing with a race of ESPers. The author put a lot of thought into the ramifications of ESP in the development of a civilization, and he managed to enlighten as well as entertain. Very good.

Special Feature, Charles DeVet, Avon, 1975, 95¢, 176 pages.

Super cats invade St. Paul in an odyssey of murder and alien courtship; then they go away, leaving behind the feeling that there was no one on earth worth sparing anyway. Weary in tone, the book has little to recommend it beyond its local setting.

Run, Come See Jerusalem!, Richard C. Meredith, Ballantine, 1976, \$1.50, 232 pages.

The author's worst so far: a badly-told version of the all-too-familiar time travel problem: whether it is possible (and advisable) to try to change the present. The book starts, stops, stutters, and in the end dies of terminal flashback. Forget it.

{(Concluded on page 76.)}

HERE BEGINS THE TRUE TALE OF

Zorba the Greep

AS RELATED TO JON SINGER

by the Turk, Ilhan Mimeoglu. (Annotated by Jon Singer.)

There was a dwarf, by the name of Alberich,¹ lived in the woods. This dwarf was, after the manner of his relatives, a dealer in negotiable securities and gold; a knife with chocolate chips, or, as we say in the trade, a finely honed cupcake.

Now, this Alberich was something less than solid, having some copper somewhere in among the carats, ruddy cheeks and all, south-west wind, esquire, at your service,² and he was of a mind to enrich himself at the expense of his customers.

Customers, yes. Alberich was the only gold-and-negotiable-securities dealer in these particular woods, and many of the well-off sorts consulted him with some regularity.

Alberich was particularly taken with the notion of relieving one Belmont, an overly nouveau reesh seegar-stoking badger, of some of his reputedly considerable holdings; but upon reflection, came to the sound conclusion that inasmuch as Belmont's father had been a lavat'ry cleaner,³ there was probably much shrewdness within Belmont himself, and any such attempt would likely result in sadness. In point of fact, the Buddha was stroking his mustaches at the bottom of the garden at the time,⁴ and in many parallels a most distraught dwarf is rotting in Chillon⁵ to this day.

Alberich's evil brain next orbited about the pleasant thought of perpetrating an indecency upon the holdings of a moose of his acquaintance who had a manor not far off, a pleasant if simple type. Named Charles Edwin William Osiris Mossnose. "O," as he liked to be called, had much in the pot, as it were, but in contradistinction to Belmont, came of an established family, by which I mean to say that he hadn't done a goddamned thing to earn the money, and Alberich, probably rightly, decided that he probably couldn't have. Too ~~shaggy~~ simple.

1. See (or hear) Anna Russell destroy Wagner's Ring Cycle.

2. Ruskin, John: The King of the Golden River.

3. Me father's a lavat'ry cleaner

'E cleans 'em by day and by night

And when 'e comes 'ome in the evenin'

'E's covered all over wiv...

(Chorus): Shine yer buttons wiv brasso

It's only free-ha'pence a tin

Yew kin buy it or whip it from Woolworf's

But oy don't fink vey've got any in. etc.

4. Very zen, don'tchaknow? Where was I, Fred?

5. Poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon." You would perhaps prefer the Chateau d'if? Maybe the Chateau d'f&sf?

Hrrumph.

Mossnose, sitting at home contemplating his sterling and his butler (a large squirrel⁶) sees no cloud on the horizon, no ants approaching the picknick table d'hote, and, in point of actual fact, does not realize that the mislabeled jar of "orange marmalade" which he is about to spread on an oak leaf contains a palpable hit⁷ of grapefruit marmalade, acquired by an unscrupulous dealer in gourmet specialties who must remain nameless here.

"TAUGGHH!"

His breakfast interrupted, Mossnose retired to his study to await the arrival of his Yiddish tutor,⁸ and there we leave him for the nonce.

Meanwhile the dwarf, idiot that he is, confided in his wife (a wonderful person of no small wit and cleverness named Michiko Iwamoto) that he faunches after the hatrack's pewter marmalade pot with fine silver chasings and mother-of-pearl inlay work, which piece happens to weigh 450 kilos and is rather permanently attached to Antlers, the Mossnose ancestral manse.

Michiko, on top of all her other virtues, was an honest person of fairly strong opinions, and she wasted no time telling Alberich that she thought what he wanted to do was shit.

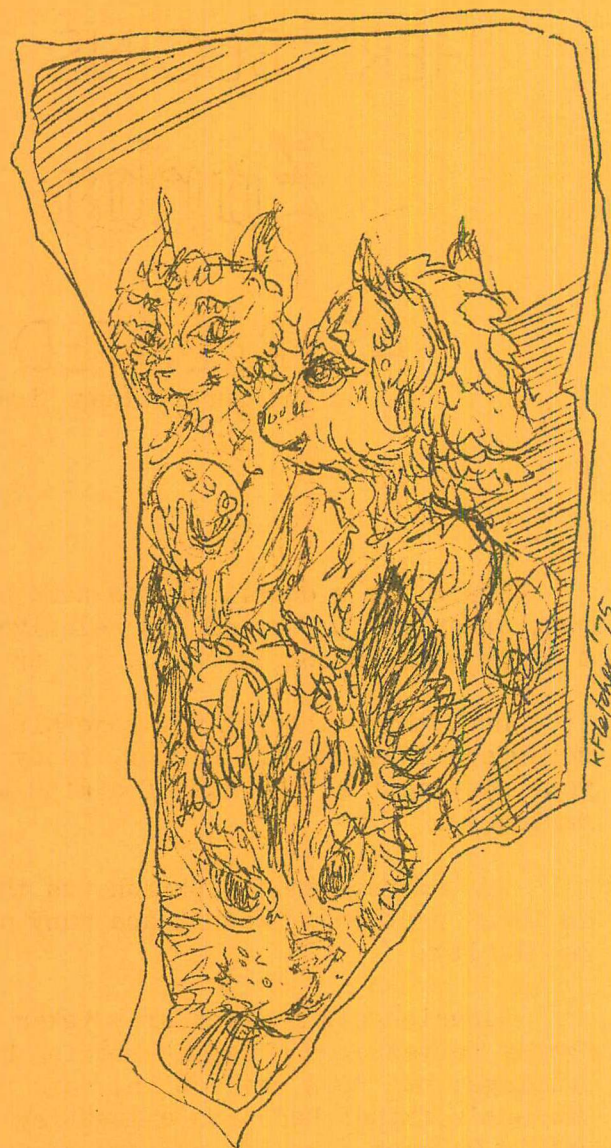
"This is shit, Berry." (She called him Berry when she felt that he was failing to live up to his potential.) "Purest shit," she said, with her mouth. "If you do this thing, it will come back on you like poorly made kim chi," she also said, still with her mouth. She further told him that if he was actually dumb enough to do it, she wanted no part of it.

Alberich made no further mention of the matter in her presence.

* * *

"So, 'kinchainik' means 'with a teakettle,' huh? Thus we frustrate idiom."⁹

The tutor left, smiling an inscrutable smile and whistling "Boola-Boola."¹⁰ Mossnose went back downstairs to consult with his attorney, a fox named Etienne



6. How obvious should I get, Natasha?

7. Indeed.

8. Your HUMBLE and OBEDIENT SERVANT, Boss.

9. Hok mir nit kinohainik. Also R. A. Lafferty.

10. Singin'-and-dancing, Bite 'em anyway.

Scherdlow, saying unto him, "I feel punk."¹¹

Thus Scherdlow["] was set to righting the accounts, straightway. The factor, you see, which the old boy with the grabby hands had forgot to add to the equation, was the fact that O. Mossnose was a direct descendant of the moose who had cornered the market in wheat and made the Mossnose fortune, one Plurabella Wills Mossnose. This leads to the fact that while O. did not have sufficient whatevers to go out and do it himself, he certainly knew his limitations, and had a crew of ready troubleshooters helping him hang on to fine china and such. His dear mother had urged him never to reveal this fact, and his deep and abiding respect for the fact that she herself had tripled the size of the family fortune led him to take her admonition very seriously.

So it was that Alberich was unaware of Scherdlow["] sniffing along his trail like some Scherdlowck Holmes....¹²

It took some time for the fox to trace the path of the marching flatware to Alberich's door, and virtually no time at all for him to propose a most lucrative partnership.

Unfaithful servant....¹³

At some length, Alberich began to notice that the rate of intake which he expected from this inspired joint venture was not being met.

Then his wife left him with a large aitolledyuso["], which he had great difficulty trying to dispose of.

The final shattering blow came when he realized that he had been outfoxed, as it were. He was being taken to the cleaners,¹⁴ and could do nothing to prevent it....

He committed suicide by wrapping a length of primacord around his neck and setting it off with a blasting cap.¹⁵

Mossnose was, of course, broke, and he chose to go out by gamboling in the woods in the season of the year....¹⁶ His mournful eyes now permanently oversee the action in the back room at the Blarney Rose in Montclair.

Antlers has been renamed "Foxhaul," and Scherdlow["] lives there with his wife, the lovely Michiko Iwamoto, in grace and luxury, and has greeps crottled in wine every Christmas, in memory. He and the decisive, incisive, witty Michiko shed a tear now and then over times gone by, and on Guy Fawkes day they fire off a cannon, using a dead turkey instead of a ball.¹⁷

Scherdlow["] is well along in his studies, which are Yiddish and the marvelously complex insurance business, and is frequently heard to whistle "Boola-Boola." I don't wish to know that.¹⁸

11. Famous last words.

12. I could not say, I really could not say.

13. The Band.

14. The 59-Minute Cleaners in Bond Street.

15. A grisly way to go, but it has the virtue of being quick. Bear with me, though, if you will. The worst is ~~xxx~~ yet to come.

16. Well, I was bound apprentice in famous Lincolnshire....

17. With the parson's nose outward.

18. Neither do you. The Buddha, however, is behind that tree over there, picking his nose.

LETTER TO RUNE

Good evening. We apologize most sincerely to those of you who have turned to this section under the impression that it was in any way a compilation of letters received concerning previous issues of the science fiction club fanzine: RUNE. This was due to an error in the printing stage of the section heading. This section is in fact called Pleasures of the Dance: a collection of Norwegian carpenter songs, compiled by Oscar Tritt.

Good evening. We apologize for the previous apology. This apology was unnecessary, and appeared on this page owing to an administrative error. This section is not as stated in the previous apology, Pleasures of the Dance: a selection of Norwegian carpenter songs, but a new column containing letters received concerning previous issues of the clubzine from those Crazy Minneapolis Fans: RUNE.

Eric Bentcliffe
17, Riverside Cres, Holmes Chapel
Cheshire. CW4 7NR
England

Dear Fred,

My Ghod.....The Great Experiment worked!! But, I forgot, you don't know of the experiment, even though you are living breathing fannish proof of its success. And you aren't the only one, apparantly; Jhesus, what are we responsible for.... Who would ever have thought our fumbling, bumblng experiments would have resulted in such an obviously cosmic, supernova, success?

It all started one night in the Fall of 1960 when I was over on TAFF and visiting certain low bars in the Twin Cities area with Dale R. Smith, LeRoy Haugsrud and Gordy Dickson; and inbetween drinks the two former gentlemen were bemoaning the fact that they were Proud and Lonely people -- there weren't many fans in Minneapolis/St. Pauls, apart from them and that fannish recluse called Blogs, or something. I'm not sure now whether it was in the Lilac Bar or elsewhere that the idea took form in Gordy's mind; it was in some relatively quiet drinking place where we'd taken refuge after an incautious excursion into the Key Club where Count Belcher's Combo had all but shattered our eardrums. So there weren't enough fans around, so we should seed this barren soil....

"But you already tried that with the stripper down the street, Gordy, and that's why we got thrown out...."

"No, not that way. We need test-tubes and bunsen-burners and quite possibly Bell, Book and Candle...." he retorted.

And it was about then that Dale mentioned he knew everyone out at the General Mills lab, and could smuggle us in without too much difficulty providing we'd pretend to be sober. Now, what we actually did in that laboratory and afterwards

I'm not going to reveal. Little Girls are made of sugar and spice and all things nice....but fans are something different, and I suspect that it was the rum anisette that LeRoy insisted on including in the recipe that did the trick, anyway. That, he insisted at the time, was the ingredient that Dr. Alfonso Dracula left out and why he failed!

However, although I've always thought that evening should have produced some result (apart from the resounding hangover we all acheived...), it still came as somewhat of a shock to receive a fanzine from Minneapolis and realise it has. All I can say is, I hope you'll suitably honour your creators!!

Apart from the shock resultant from receiving RUNE, Fred, I enjoyed the zine and a copy of the current TRIODE will be fighting its way across the Atlantic any day now. Greatly enjoyed Denny Lien's Aussiecon-report, and also David Emerson on fnz. Nice layout and illo's too....but I'm still too overcome by the success of our experiment to write more.

P.S. Does the Foshay Tower still stand, or did our plan for that work out, too??

ERIC BENTCLIFFE

{{Zis vas ze "Tröndheim Hammer Dance," vich is held every twenty-five minutes in ze town of Trondheim; in vich de old ladies are struck about ze head vis round sticks, or knurdläch... *click* We apologize for that short extract from The Pleasures of the Dance which appeared in this section of RUNE owing to the same administrative error which resulted in the first apology. The rest of this section is now totally taken up with letters to RUNE.}}

Robert Jackson
21 Lyndhurst Rd, Benton
Newcastle upon Tyne NE12 9NT
England

Dear Fred,

Many thanks indeed for the copy of RUNE 45, much appreciated and enjoyed for at least two reasons.

One being, naturally enough, the Egoboo! which David Emerson so happily absorbed and then returned with interest.

The other was Dave Wixon's review of The Heritage of Hastur. This is a book which has got to me so much that, surprisingly enough, it is the first book I have ever sat down to review. Naturally I want to publish the review in MAYA. I wrote most of the review a fortnight or so back, but then while I was about to sub-edit it (i.e. take out the bits Harry Bell found detracted from enjoyment of the book because they said too much) RUNE came along and I found that Dave Wixon said exactly the things I was trying/hoping to say towards the end of my review. So I'd like yours and Dave's permission to quote from his review.

Another aspect of Minnesotan talent I'd like to use in MAYA is some of Ken Fletcher's and Reed Waller's art, if they have the time/energy to do/send some. I don't dare ask them to do specific article illustration because you seem to be keeping them productively busy for RUNE, and also I have Harry Bell ~~zipped~~ ~~close~~ close at hand. So if they have some spare fillos -- serious or humorous -- Harry and I would be very pleased to get them.

Thanks again for RUNE. If they're all like this, I want um. And even if they're not.

ROB JACKSON

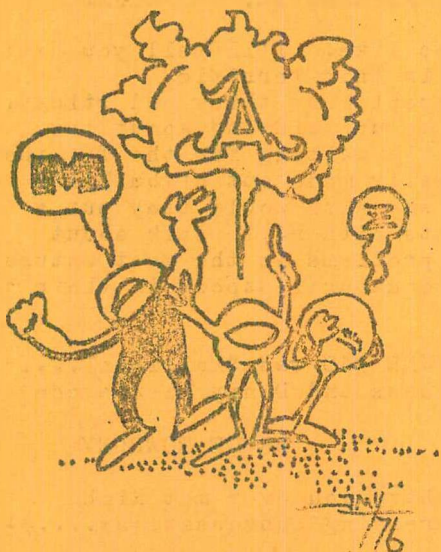
{{Thanks, Rob. We here in RUNEland have been enjoying MAYA also. And you weren't the only one to appreciate Dave's review of Heritage of Hastur, as this letter he received recently demonstrates.}}

Marion Zimmer Bradley

Dear Dave,

Many thanks for the very nice review of Heritage of Hastur. Not just because it was complimentary but because it was one of the few reviews which actually seemed to have some idea of the book I was actually trying to write.

I think it was Colette who said "The novel I write is never the novel that the reader reads or



that the critic reviews. Every reader projects his own novel upon the words on the page." I've gotten very used to that, and I think it's good -- the function of fiction is to awaken emotion in the reader, and if it isn't the same emotion I experienced as I wrote it, that is really no business of mine. But every now and then, when I find someone who reads the book and actually seemed to experience something of what I tried to put into it, it's a remarkable experience -- remarkable for its rarity, that is!

What you say about subliminal sense of elegance as if the characters moved "swathed in silks" hit me especially hard. Because something almost exactly like that is what I used to feel about the very best fantasies I read when I was in my teens, and some need to perpetuate that rare sense of elegance and dark flashing beauty was what forced me, as a youngster, to start writing when I couldn't find enough of it in my reading. And so I feel, when I read your review, as if, once at least in my life, I had somehow reached directly into your head and communicated what I wanted to communicate -- and in your review you had reached back into my head and communicated back to me that I had done so. That is a rare and beautiful thing, and I suspect it is what Lew Alton meant when he said laran was beautiful, and terrible, and like living with your skin off.

P.S. You may print this if you want to. The people who will understand will find it interesting and the others will assume, as outsiders do, that we (like all s-f fans) are just some kind of nut!

MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY

{{Thank you for sharing this with us, Dave. And thank you, Ms. Bradley -- I feel confident that most of the RUNE readers will indeed find your letter interesting.}}

Randy
2125 4th St
Berseckley, CA 94710

Dear Fred,

The pro interviews have been excellent! It's hard to pry a busy man like Cliff or Gordy away from his entourage of goshwowing neos to ask the sort of pertinent, intellectual, in-depth questions that one such as I would ask, and although, as Gordy (quoting Ted Cogswell) noted, while it may be nice for pros to live 500 miles apart, and visit each other as often as possible, fans can't put it on expense accounts (conference with A. Leo Zagat, 500 rupees; dinner for six at the Celestial, 100 clams, etc.).

I must compliment you on the generally high quality of the zine. Obviously it is not just a clubzine (I note with interest the number of West Coast fans receiving RUNE) despite the degree of fanac reportage (this is not a drawback), nor is it the run-of-the-mill blather "we're so neet an' Intellecttual" genzine. Enjoy all the features -- Denny Lien's commentary on Aussiecon (which am mickie roth in extremity at having missed, like I said I wouldn't), reviews, funnie paper section, and the lettercool....

RANDY

Bruce Townley
2323 Sibley St
Alexandria, VA 22311

Fred,

Gee, I thought everybody knew what mimeo ink tastes like! I'll tell you just the same (I mean, why should anybody remain uninformed in this terrific technological day n age?) just like offset paste ink except less thick and sticky. Which reminds me, I should tell you something that I woke up thinking about the other night so you can have something to think about while waiting for the TV, the mimeo, or your date to warm up. Is Elmer's Glue-All really made out of bull's semen? Listen, it makes sense, it's white n gooey and why else would they put a picture of Elmer on the front (and no list of ingredients either!)? Talk about your American know-how (no, how?), dealing with sticky problems in the most natural way! My only question is: why don't they emphasize the natural aspect in their ad campaigns (it's a natural)?

Most tasty and enjoyable part (for me anyway) of RUNE #45 was "Maizipopl...." Second and third place go to the Minn-Stf Official Business and Denny Lien's con report. Zoot,

BRUCE TOWNLEY

{{Uh, thanks for the information, I guess. Say Bruce, have you ever met Rich Bartucci? I'll bet the two of you would have, uh, interesting conversations....}}

Pete E. Presford
10 Dalkeith Rd, Stl. Reddish
Stockport SK5 7EY
United Kingdom

Dear Fred,

Many thanks for RUNE (whole) 45, I enjoyed it greatly -- except where my glasses slipped, and the type seemed to shrink right down.

Is it true that in a future RUNE
Mike Glicksohn will be giving
forth in article. On how to use
the least space on a postcard.
Without saying anything, but
just enough to get what you say
printed?

Yep! I get them too. Sorry Mike -- you're a great guy. Er! How does he do it!

One sore spot, Fred. "Book Reviews" -- very misy-mashy. I do agree with Joe Green that a little less on some of the LoC's -- and little more on the Reviews would not hurt.

Must sign off for now. Had an hectic 2½ hours in the Pub drinking "Chesters" mild, and losing at Cards & Darts.

PETE PRESFORD

Well Pete, you've probably noticed that number 46 had more book reviews than 45, as does this issue. I wouldn't want to run too many more than this, however, as I feel that sort of thing can too easily get out of hand. And as for the lettercol, I've been getting some help from David Emerson in editing it, and I hope our efforts are an improvement. It should balance out well -- I'm quite reluctant to edit letters, and David admires Terry Hughes' ruthless efficiency (as displayed in MOTA). Of course, this is all academic, since RUNE will be David's baby starting next issue.....

James Styles
342 Barkly St.
Ararat, Victoria 3377
Australia

Dear Mr. Dead Haskilled...er..Huskie,

I always considered myself quite human until attending Aussiecon.... For that matter I considered Yankees human too.... Ne comprende? FFF....

Here I was hopping around the Southern Cross with some buddies when we saw "it." Arhg...What is it??? Where's its fur? What Happened to its tail? It's repulsive!!! And do I dare tell more??? It was walking...actually walking. I mean can even Bob Tucker prepare you for reality --- American fans are inhuman.

"Perhaps it's only a masquerade disguise," suggested one of the more imaginative members of our group. So we attempted the test. An emu was rode up to this monstrous mutant who was conversing in some strange foreign language -- certainly not the Queen's English!

"Hay yu gays, do yu no wair eye can git a beerrger? Heay...waat is tat t thi-inga?"

"That my good mutant is an emu," I informed it.

"A e-moose?" cried the mutant and slung off his camera and wildly began recording from all angles the emu pissing into a flower pot. (We were amazed at this action -- hadn't it seen the rush hour in Bourke St...I mean that's something...ten thousand humans galloping their emus (or wombats) up a paved bitumen street!) However we drew our nulla-nullas and smashed the monstrosity to a pulp.

The proof was there: no pouch! One heart! No tail....Arrrgh! Abomination!

I mean Ken Fletcher knows too much!!!

Ah...RUNE 45...Besides the lettercol I enjoyed Denny Lien's con report immensely. Good to see the ol' mudcon report in thereby Leigh, one suspects he doesn't spend enough time in the bush. (Adds intuition, stamina, suntan, better possum accent....)

The cartoons were as usual, (?), enjoyable and deep! David Emerson and his "Set Your Controls for the Heart of the Fanzine" was to say the least interesting and educational...to say the most indispensable! I found the book reviews a nice size -- just large enough to interest but small enough to conveniently forget them when zineskimming.

This classy letter was brought to you by AussiePost in conjunction with the Bozo Bus Beepies and Trans Midgard Monsters.

JAMES STYLES

++We would like to apologize to those people who may have read a short extract from Pleasures of the Dance: a selection of Norwegian carpenter songs earlier in this section. This appeared in error, and will not be repeated.++

David Dyer-Bennet
Carleton College
Northfield, MN 55057

Dear Fred,

RUNE 46 is another ordinary, run-of-the-mill Haskell RUNE, which is to say that it is excellent indeed. I am sorry to hear that you are giving up the editorship, though your reasons are good. Perhaps I will feel better about it when I see what your successor produces. I hope so.

A classic should of course be a work of lasting value. However, the only way to determine whether something is of lasting value is to let it last for a while. Conversely, if something lasts for 100 years, how can one really say that it is of no value (speaking here of literature and music)? "Classical" music is often misused today, but it really refers to a certain carefully defined period (not to be confused with baroque or romantic). At least, that's what a music major would tell you that it refers to. I'm not sure that that isn't an illegitimate preempting of a common term for a technical usage.

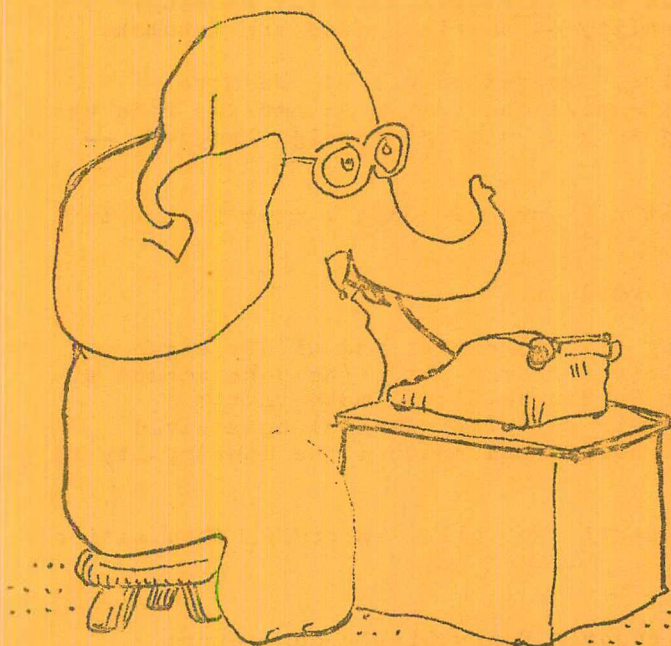
After this minor quibbling about words, let me add that I've read both of the volumes of Blish's criticism, and thoroughly approve of his approach and his conclusions.

I can never really say anything about the comics, the way I can sometimes about the articles, but I do try to make a point of mentioning them, and saying that I am glad they were there, so that the artists will not feel totally unappreciated. The puns were atrocious; keep up the good work.

RUNE is the only zine I've seen which runs what I would consider to be good book reviews, and I suspect that it's Dave Wixon's fault, even if he doesn't write them all himself. I hope he keeps reviewing for RUNE for a long time.

This letter is starting to get a bit dull, so I'll bring up the topic I was saving for that eventuality. The cover of this issue of RUNE is merely adequate. It is most definitely not up to the standard of excellence set by the last few issues. The creatures are interesting, but somehow the whole lacks both point and excusing artistic brilliance (the idea being that artistic brilliance is sufficient to excuse a cover that otherwise has no point in relation to the zine; I have a somewhat old-fashioned idea of the purpose of a zine cover).

And now, back to my usual boring, complimentary, comments. David Emerson's column was extremely funny, while still being to the point. Possibly people will be upset at singling out a specific crudzine publisher for this kind of treatment, but if you intend to improve the crudzine situation, you've got



SOMETIMES I HAVE
NOTHING TO SAY.

JMY
76

to draw blood occasionally. By the way, where do I apply for a crudzine permit? I would maybe like to see more depth on some fanzines, but the breadth David is putting in his review column seems valuable too, and of course you can't have it both ways without using more space one more time.

And then there's Brad Parks. As I intimated above (with respect to crudzines), I approve of forthright opinions, and I approve of them in print in a large circulation zine if they are the opinions of careful people who have given the question careful consideration. Referring back to the Blish article, I'm sure that Mr. Blish would have said that you should state your opinion carefully and honestly, but with some thought of tact as well (since the person being criticized is unlikely to benefit if the manner of the criticism is so offensive that he ignores the content). Surprisingly, this is not a build-up to telling you that you have violated these suggested strictures. I'm really not sure. I think that it is a common problem in fandom, though.

DAVID DYER-BENNET

++Thanks for your kind words about my RUNEs. I'm sure that David Emerson will prove to be a competent editor, and I think that his RUNEs, though different than mine, will prove to be equally entertaining.

I guess I shouldn't have waited so long to use the RUNE 46 cover -- it came in shortly after RUNE 44 was published, and I think it is in some senses a comment on the cover of that issue. Does this fact tie it in for you better? No? Well, let's just say that I agree that a cover should relate to a zine, but it doesn't necessarily have to relate directly to any particular thing in the zine. Just a similarity of mood or feeling is enough for me. And in that sense, the cover to 46 fits, in my opinion (obviously, or I wouldn't have used it). Also, I think it is artistically quite fine, but then that's a matter of opinion....++

Rich Bartucci
Box 75
Cedar Brook, NJ 08018

Goodfan Haskell:

I will be coming to Minicon (you'll find my looping, swirling, vertically climbing check for \$4 enclosed) with Bill and Sherry Fesselmeyer and Jeff May. I will thus get a chance to meet you and all the other Minn-stf filk of fannish renown, immerse my over-mundane'd soul in healing fanac and get in a little brisk SMOFing. Hell, I may even rent a huckster's table and do osteopathic manipulations at 50¢ a crunch....

After reading "Tales From The Hectoplasm," I turned to the Megacolon Press, my cantankerous mimeograph, and said, "Meggie, beware, lest I trade you in on fifty gallons of MacConkey's Agar and publish a one-shot with dozens of tiny little round petrie-dish-shaped pages." Meggie just burred, spat some ink on my hushpuppies, and bit my hand. What would you think of a fanzine made out of filter paper and inked-in with Escherichia coli? I could call it CONTAGION, or maybe OUT OF THE BOWELS....

I was rather disappointed that TREPONEMA PALLIDUM didn't receive it's proper listing among the crudzines. I mean, I used holed paper, with lots of see-thru, and I over-inked and I made typos and had no art whomsoever, and included some of my own fanfic, and.... Well, have you filk no critical perceptivity whatsoever? Jeez, you go and you try hard....

Laurine White asks "What organ looks like Africa and used to be joined to the pancreas?" I pulled down Grant's Atlas of Anatomy; no luck. I dug through Woodburne's Essentials of Human Anatomy; no dice. I then went to Pansky & House, Review of Gross Anatomy; uh-uh. A near as I can figure it, the structure would have to be: (a) roughly L-shaped, (b) filled with little black cells, and (c) constantly at war within itself. The solution suggests itself as a large, L-shaped embryonal malignant melanoma that underwent spontaneous regression in utero. It's either that or Goodfan White's blowing it out her... Uh, that's another point of anatomy altogether....

Why all the hoorah over Brad Parks? This "Is it Art?" discussion running rampant throughout fandom seems to state over and over again points like Park's age, his graphic content, his choice of subject matter. Isn't it possible that we weren't meant to understand the art of Brad Parks? Could it be that we are witnessing the appearance of something new to fandom, indeed, to the entire race of Man? I personally believe that Brad Parks is the forerunner of a new species of fan. They will rise up in the next generation to produce illegible dittozines and schizoid sketches, grotesque fiction and even more incredible LoCs. We will live -- or die -- at their sufrage, for they will have mysterious powers over all lesser creatures. It'll be Childhood's End all over the world as, one by one, they

emerge from their cocoons to spin a web of evil and enmesh us all.

Meanwhile, eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow there may be a HEARTWORM in your mailbox.

As for Goodfan Glicksohn's LoC -- Well, I've never heard "Tokus" spelled with a "uck" before, either, so we're even. By the bye, he might well be advised to beware the eldritch powers of the Fiend of Windsor. The last man who ired Parks was found floating face-down in a vat of duplicator spirit, with a felt-tip pen through his chitlins.

I was sobered momentarily to see that you're bowing out as editor, and that RUNE 47 will be the last issue to spring forth from the furrowed brows of god-like Haskell.... Then, with my typical youthful exhuberence, I concluded that you were resigning, not discorporating (unless you happen to be a clandestine member of the Church of All Worlds (you're not, are you?)), and was consoled by the thought that there would doubtless be plenty of Haskellian hebephrenia in spite of your absence from the numero uno slot.

Faned, creeb not now or ever,
When the zine has gone to pot.
Subbers clamor all around you;
They know not what a job you've got.

Covers, fillos, tons of artwork
LoCs and poptsards by the score
Two tons of Rotslers and a Canfield
All spread out upon the floor.

Con reports in finest detail,
Every speech and every bheer,
How the writer reached the party,
How he got from there to here.

So shalt thou, appointed faned,
Winnow out the chaff and crud,
Sigh, despite your finest efforts,
As fandom bellows for your blood.

RICH BARTUCCI

++I was glad to meet you at Minicon, and sad that we weren't able to converse more. But conversation has never been my strong suit....

Well, I am getting a bit burned out these days, but on the other hand it is true that there is no cure for Twonk's Disease, so I'm sure I'll get back to pubbing a genzine again some day (probably in a year or so). And when I do, I'll be sure to put you on my mailing list -- your letters have been a constant source of entertainment and enjoyment for me during my reign as RUNE editor....++

Terry Jeeves
230 Bannerdale Rd
Sheffield S11 9FE
England

Dear Fred,

Someday, some fannish researcher in search of a PhD is going to peer very closely into the fanzine syndrome whereby time oozes by in king-size gobbets with nothing happening...and then, suddenly, "KER POW" fanzines thunder into the mail box like a horde of overgrown lemmings going for a dip. What makes it worse is that ninety per cent of them are not return trades for ERG, so I needs must whip up my sturdy papermill and make some response. In the case of RUNE, this isn't too hard, oos it's a nice zine...but chum...some fanzines ought never to be allowed out of the house. Enough, I digress.

Liked the bugle bonces on the cover, and on opening the issue, was immediately confounded and conflubbered by the credit titles which were scattered like confetti (small cakes, did you know?) all over. Liked Reed Waller (any relation to Punka Wallah??) (see you have several other Wallers in there). The rest of the other artwork ranged the whole gamut from excellent to superb...rather a narrow choice of art you have there I suppose. The "Hectoplasm strip" was great...particularly the puns in that opening page. Great!

Has ever anybody told Reed Waller (or Punkah) that the illo on page 5 looks so much like an Atom illo that I searched the zine three times for the latter's name. And what I search for three times is true...or false or summat.

Oh these overseas trip and con reps! They make me spit because I couldn't have been there. Someday, if I don't make it on TAFF, I am going to come to a Stateside Con cash paid...out of my retirement money...so you have been warned. With me I shall bring the Terry Jeeves Film Show! Before you think I'm running a pun, I'd better say that I was lucky enough to win the Delta Film Award at Bristol with "The Burglar" and the Mancon 5 Delta Award this Easter with "3001 - A Space Oddity." Now in the works is the latest epic...so by the time I get Stateside, there will be a TJ Film Show...trouble is by then, nobody will have a Standard 8mm projector.

Liked your book reviews....well, your columnists or whoever. They tell you about the book, NOT how witty, clever and full of knotholes the reviewer is, able to drop quotes by Einstein, Epstein and good old Frank at the drop of a review copy. I buy books on themes, topics and ideas which interest me...NOT for some high faluting subtle-to-hell underplot which needs Sherlock Holmes to discover and a bibliography to interpret. Keep em simple.

"Crudnet"...not so keen on this...would far rather hear it on tape, complete with sound effects. I suppose I've been spoilt here by having heard the superb Lig Tape operas which used to enrich our conventions in the fifties. Tape "Crudnet," and you'd have a winner.

Also appreciated the fanzine reviews...even though the Britzines column didn't mention Britian's oldest regular fanzine...namely, ERG...I'd send you the current issue, but all are mailed out so you'll have to wait for No.55 due in July, and now almost half on stencil.

TERRY JEEVES

Dear Fred,

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

I remember the Ben Casey symbols that Eli Cohen refers to. They were ♂ ♀ • + ∞ \$ (Man, Woman, Birth, Death, Infinity, Sponsor), and the last was by far the most important.

Back (forward) a little farther, we come to "Crudnet," a very faaaanish and enjoyable piece of work, and an excellent parody. The sort of thing I'd like to pub. Ghad, how long has it been since "Dragnet" was last on? Congratulations and thanks to David Emerson for the skit. Have y'all thought about taping it, after the fashion of Liverpool Fandom some years ago, as described in a recent MOTA from Terry Hughes? It's a classic, and deserves to be heard as well as read.

This's comic strip was ghoud and faanish, and quite enjoyable. Hectoplasm, indeed. I notice that it's at least lime-flavored....

The article on William Atheling Jr was also very good and provided an excellent serious and informative interlude in a zine noted for its faanishness. Besides which, Jim Blish was one of my favorite people and remains one of my favorite writers. I might add that "Atheling" was the title of the Crown Prince of England during Saxon times. The last Atheling was Edgar, grandnephew of Edward the Confessor; the title means "noble one," which Jim, if not Ezra, certainly was.

And now we get to Denny Lien's conrep. Once again it is excellent, marred only by the way he keeps telling us how the con kept drawing on and on. That got a bit tiresome at times, but in general he kept up the quality of the first half very well. 'Twas a very faanish conrep, once again adorned with excellent Wallerillos. I especially liked those initial letters.

I believe trains in Australia do run on the other side of the track from those in the US. I mean, where there's a double track, our trains are on the right-hand track and theirs are on the left-hand track. Curiously enough, France, which drives on the right like we do, has left-handed railroads, because the first French railroads were built by British engineers. German railroads were not, and so at the Franco-German border there is a special switching setup so that the trains can switch sides. (Do you follow all this?) The railroads of Russia were first built by engineers from the South of the US, which, during the greater part of the 19th Century, was on a 5-ft railroad gauge. So Russian trains today still run on rails 5 feet apart. The "standard" gauge in use throughout most of the rest of the world is 4ft 8.5in, which is the distance between the wheels of a Roman chariot; it too originated in Britain -- which came within an ace of having its standard gauge set at 7ft! One of the reasons for the great Russian defeats in East Prussia during the opening weeks of the First World War is that they had trouble switching their

supplies from their own 5ft gauge to the Prussian Standard gauge and so were able to advance only very slowly, while the Germans, moving fast on their own lines, clobbered 'em. Australia has two or three different gauges on its railroads even today. I know that Standard and 3ft 6in gauges are most common.

I agree with Shayne McCormick that cricket is not silly, but I must confess I prefer baseball as a game. There is nothing quite as boring as cricket on the radio. Believe me.

That's about it. Thanks for another excellent ish. I'm sorry to hear you'll be leaving the editor's chair after nextish. Your successor will have a hard time living up to your redactorial quality. As for Ken Fletcher for Fanartist Hugo, I put him on my ballot -- along with Harry Bell. I also put RUNE down in the Fanzine category.

SAM LONG

{{Thanks, Sam. You might be interested to know that informed sources tell me that both Ken Fletcher and RUNE came quite close to being nominated for the Hugo. I give thanks to you and the other fen who chose to nominate us....}}

Gene Wolfe
P.O.Box 69
Barrington, IL 60010

Dear Fred:

You have three items -- "Lasting Value," "Tales From the Hectoplasm," and "Crudnet" -- that would have been the lead articles in any fanzine lucky enough to get them. (Though I suspect you did not get them by luck.) That was one of the best issues of any fanzine I have ever seen.

Perhaps someone should mention that Blish knew an immense amount about music; he was more at home with its theory than anyone else I have ever met. When asked (I have now forgotten by whom) if he was Wm. Atheling, Jr., he gave a flat no. Later, when his cover was blown, he was charged with it. "I am not Atheling," he answered calmly, "I am James Blish. Atheling is a pen name."

I miss him.

GENE WOLFE

{{I hope that others will not feel slighted by my saying that I place especially high value on your opinion, Gene. But after meeting you and hearing your GoH speech at AutoClave, and reading some of your work, I must admit that this is the case. So it is especially pleasing to read that you found RUNE 46 praiseworthy. Thank you much for your kind words.

Thank you also for sharing your story about Mr. Blish with us. He must have been a fascinating man.}}

Fred,

Jodie Offutt
Funny Farm
Haldeman, KY 40329

I cannot express to you for printing it, nor to Denny Lien for writing it, enough thanks as I feel it deserves. Denny's report of the Aussiecon has done more to give me a feeling of real belonging to the entire world of fandom. A fandom that stretches all over the world.

It honestly brings tears to my eyes and I can't see the typer keyboard because of the blur.

Thank you both. I really appreciate it.

All the marvelous reports I've read have helped to give me this sense of oneness, including Rusty's slide show, but Denny's report seems to be the capper, the one that pulls it all together.

Your fanzine review column is one of the most comprehensive and complete I've seen. Very good. Some would say it is merely a catalog and not a review column at all, but I'd say it falls somewhere in between the two. It's nice to see all the fanzines mentioned one way or another every once in a while.

Thanks for RUNE.

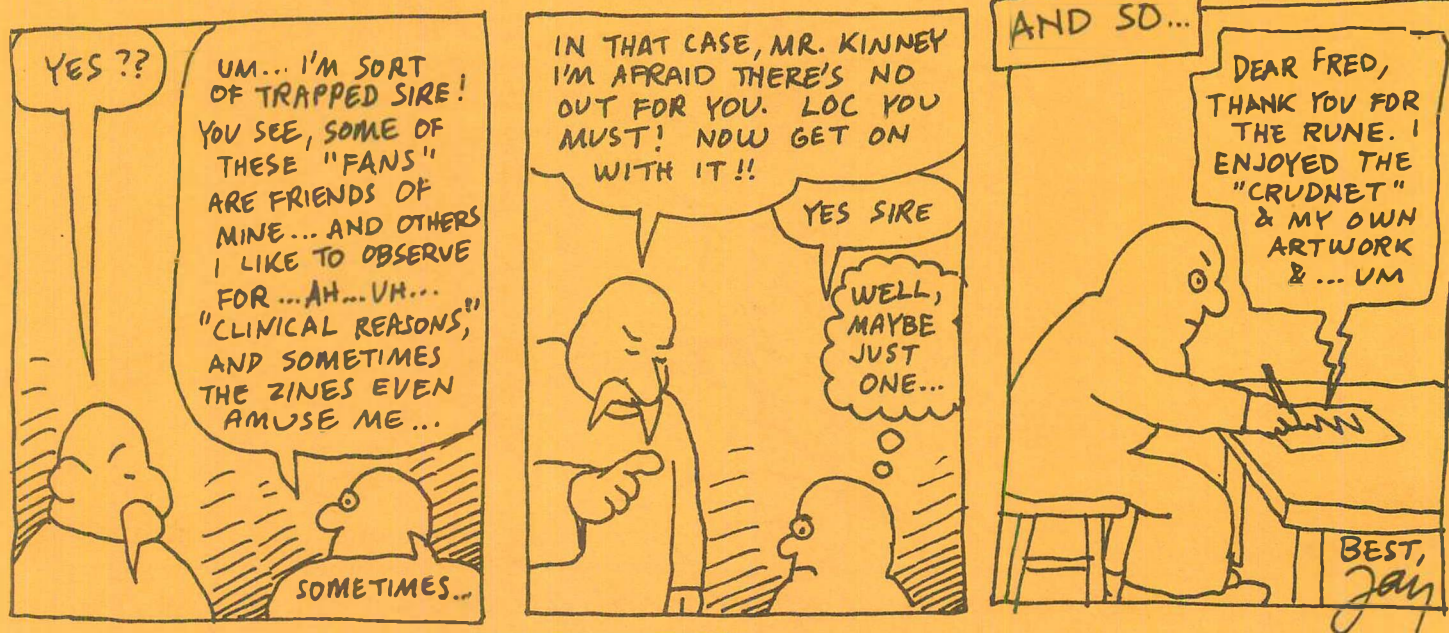
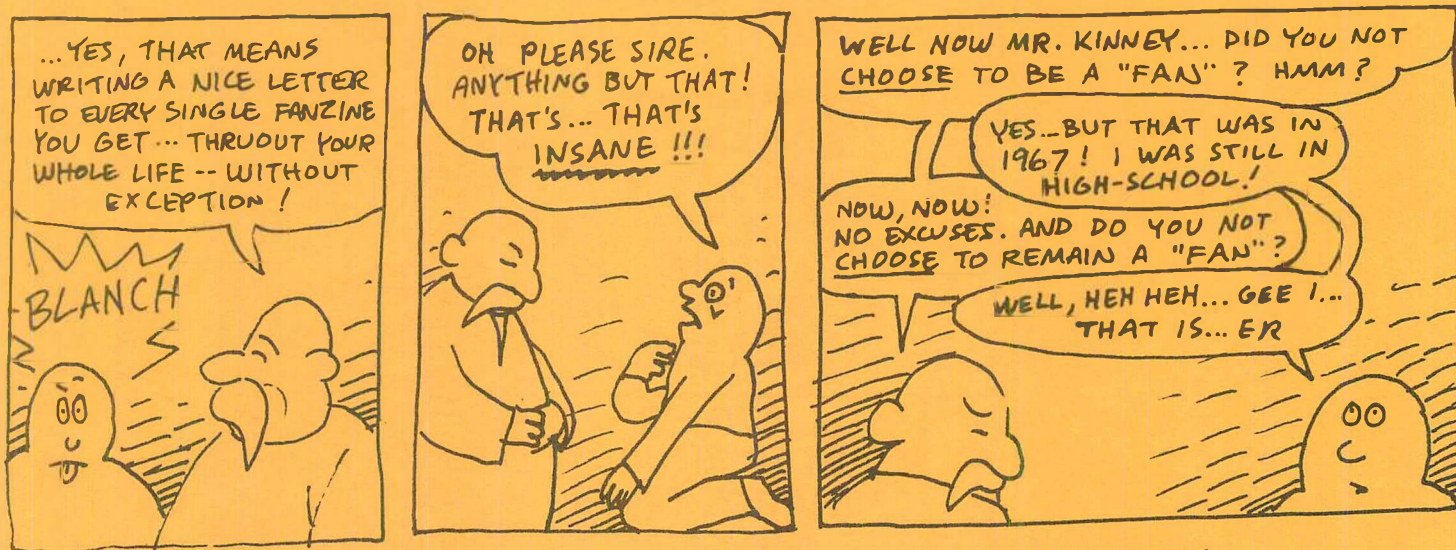
PS. Once again I envy you Minicon. I wish I could be there with you. One of these days....

JODIE OFFUTT

Arrghh - it's a...

LOG

from Jay Kinney



YES, FOLKS! RETURN WITH US TO THOSE
THRILLING DAYS OF YESTERMORROW,
THE RENE OF CIVILIZATION AS WE KNEW
IT, AN INTERGALACTIC TRIBUTE TO:

FRED HASKELL

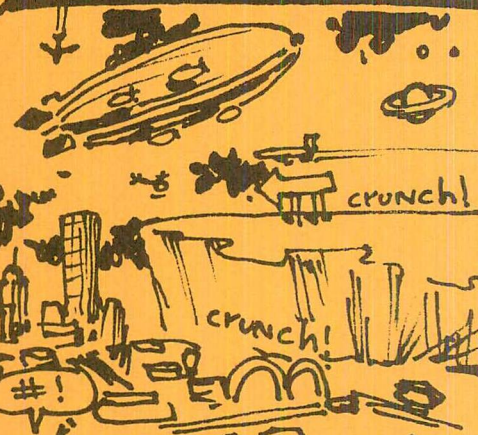
"WHO MARCHED TO SOUND OF A
DIFFERENT MIMED DRUM"

OUR STORY BEGINS LIGHT YEARS
AWAY...

TYPIFIED BY AN ABUNDANCE
OF ZEPPELINS, VEGETABLE
JOKES, MIMED, AND
BITING GLACIAL HUMOR..

IN TODAY'S LECTURE,
WE WILL BE DISCUSSING
THE KAZOO ERA OF
FANPUBLISHING BETTER
KNOWN AS THE HASKELL
PERIOD

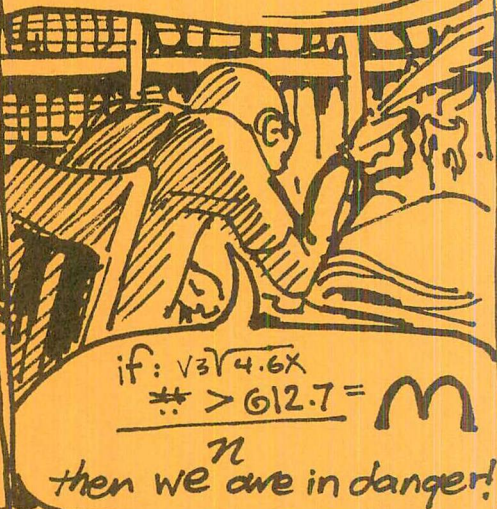
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MANY SCHOLARS HAVE
TRACED THE ROOTS OF
THIS MOVEMENT TO THE
ANCIENT KAZOO-PLAYING
GREEKS OF EARTH 59,000
YEARS AGO...

STILL OTHERS
CLAIM SPIRITUAL
DIVINATION FROM
THE INTERGALACTIC
SQUASH..

BUT OUR MOST RELIABLE
SOURCE IS OSGOOD WEEMS'
BIOGRAPHY OF THE MPLS
FAN, "TEMPORARILY
GAFIA" WHO SAYS:



And now for a moment of ethereal silence... so long, Fred!

-Tom Foster

Dear Fred:

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

The surprise ending to the 46th RUNE was the culminating blow to my spirit on a day that has been miserable in a lot of other respects. I cling to a faint hope that your circumstances or intentions will change enough to cause you to reconsider the decision to give up RUNE. If you do go through with this awful misbehavior, let me be one of the first to underline what more prompt loc writers have already told you, about the high level you've maintained and the firmness of your reputation as one of the most spectacular in the long succession of RUNE editors. All this could be wasted effort on my part, of course; I realize that a loc which is scheduled to arrive in Minneapolis on the weekend of Minicon faces an excellent probability of getting mislaid until 1973 or thereabouts.

The conclusion of Denny Lien's Aussiecon report was very fine. It has only one fault: it causes me to feel unhappy over the basic fact that Aussiecon has produced such a large quantity of conreports, like this one, a blissful situation which isn't likely to recur for any worldcon until 1979 at the earliest. Apparently it takes a small worldcon, in terms of total attendance, to cause attendees to write many and high class conreports. The illustrations are an immense help to the article, capturing much of the magic of ATom illustrations for fannish doings without really imitating the style.

Except for wishing that Jim Blish could have seen it, I enjoyed Reed Waller's article on the two volumes of reviews. I'm not sure that the classicism which Blish liked and which Reed emphasizes here has much chance of winning friends and influencing people, either prozine writers or fans, to a dominating extent. Another way of defining the difference between the classic and the romantic ways of doing things is the tendency of the head to predominate in the classic creations and the heart to have control in the romantic output. I know that both pros and fans are thinkers, part of the time at least, and have no strong prejudices against reason and the systematic approach to art. But if there's any common characteristic permeating fans, it's rebellion, a characteristic that rarely takes violent or extreme forms, but one that explains many things in fandom from the popularity of Monty Python to the image which has been constructed for Harlan Ellison. Rebellion comes from the heart more often than from the head. The romantic creator is much more inclined to ignore the rules or the traditions because he's drawing or composing or writing from the heart. This must be why so much science fiction which doesn't meet accepted standards of style and literacy finds wide acceptance in fandom. Fans can overlook the defects in a Burroughs or a Lovecraft prose style which would have driven Jim Blish into a tizzy, simply because more elemental things about the fiction of this or that author compensate for the rule-breaking.

"Crudnet" was amusing and it might have seemed even funnier if I had wider experience in some of the things which I suspect influenced it. Today, for instance, I passed up on a chance to buy a couple of Firesign Theater records in a couple of tons of lp's which a local radio station had dumped on the local rescue mission store. I suspect that a purchase and prompt listening to them would have revealed to me influence of that series. But I do comprehend at least some of the Monty Python borrowings, and I get the impression that "The FBI" is another television series which vies with "Dragnet" as an inspiration for this. "A man with a Gestetner up his nose" is a line that is undoubtedly destined to turn up as an interlineation from time to time down through fannish generations to come.

Just today one of the characters in Peanuts appeared with a helicopter beanie. But I'm not sure if this is a secret reference to fandom or just an accidental fannish symbol, because the strip today involved caps for the Peanuts baseball squad. I can't think of any other instances in which fandom entered the comic strips, although I imagine that some fannish names and words may have turned up in underground comics which were drawn by fans and former fans.

This is odd. Malcolm J. Kudra sees the Ray Bradbury appearance on the old "You Bet Your Life" rerun and summarizes what he said. Donn Brazier caught the same episode a while back and complained because Ray didn't have a thing to say. Apparently the television stations which are running the series are taking varying amounts of chunks from each episode, depending on how many ads they want to include. I haven't seen Ray yet, but I managed to get on tape Art Joquel's dialog; he was a Los Angeles fan of the late 1930's or early 1940's who died just a year or two ago. R.S. Richardson, who wrote science articles and some fiction for ASTOUNDING, also appears on the same series, and looks and acts quite wild.

A very fine issue, all around, and the art is one of its strongest points.

I share your belief that Ken Fletcher deserves a Hugo, and the fact that he hasn't won one can be explained only by the unprecedented abundance of first-rate fanzine artists with whom we're currently blessed. Mr. Emerson must have known what he was doing when he wrote that article on compensation, because all these artists have turned up just in time to fill a lot of space which the lack of first-rate and prolific fanzine writers would otherwise leave bare.

HARRY WARNER, JR.

K. Allen Bjorke
3626 Coolidge St, NE
Minneapolis, MN 55418

Dear Fred:

Your announcement of removal from the masthead came as quite a surprise: what with all the rapid evolution (not as rapid as KNIGHTS' new format, but...) I thought you were trying some grand experiment and would be around for a while to see it through. So much for hunches.

The first half of the wcr was better, but only for the long strings of ends on this one (which would have looked silly in the first half of two parts). Hold it down to 50 next time, huh?

Resd Waller is one of those few people who can manage to do well in both art and writing -- his piece was one which altho carrying a lot of academica hevisstuffa, was light enough not to bore the reader with it (tho the general atmosphere of RUNE has something to do with it (every fanzine has an AURA)).

This was the first cartoon I could really get into, since my usually ~~simple~~ straightforward nuts-and-bolts hammer-and-sickle mind has apparently changed (or the cartoon has changed). It seems to have something to do with (DUM, DAH-DUM DUM) "Crudnet" -- though I be not sure. Obviously the spirit master (who now has become (in all Siroisness) Don D'Amassa) has control over many cruds....

Your editorial: all about the zine, its people, and Minn-stf. Gads, you make RUNE seem like a clubzine.

K. ALLEN BJORKE

((Actually, I have been trying a grand experiment, but I think I've pushed it about as far as I could this time around (I'm trying to put out the perfect fanzine, you see, just as Gordy's potmaker was trying to make the perfect pot). I'm sure that my next fanzine will be better still, but I've got to step back for a while and let things settle a bit before trying again. Besides, it should be interesting to see where David takes RUNE (another part of the fun of a clubzine -- watching it change with editors....))

Don Bailey
16811 San Bernardino Road
Covina, CA 91722

Dear Fred,

You can send my RUNE's to my new address as shown above. This will be my base of operations while scouting Minneapolis fandom's take-over of LASFS. Three strategies have a good chance of success. Please let me know which you prefer.

The first strategy relies on LASFS traditional auctions. Their illustrious auctioneer, Bruce Pelz, will auction off anything he can get his hands on, including a dollar bill. My first strategy is to slip him the deed to the LASFS club house disguised as a Spiderist Pamphlet and then buy it cheap. The main drawback is that someone may outbid us.

My second strategy is to surreptitiously spread the word that Leonard Nimoy will be at the next meeting and let the Trekkies tear the place apart looking for him. The main drawback to this strategy is that it violates the Geneva Convention.

Finally, there is the "Brute Force" method. We use our SCA group to make a diversionary landing on the coast (does NASA have a spare Viking Lander?). When the west coast anachronists charge out to meet them, we land our main force on their roof by zeppelin. We will probably have to hire Dorsai to augment our forces. As you know, I have objected to this because of their high cost. Their salaries are reasonable enough but the cost of ammunition and liquor keeps going up. I recommend that we use local fans equipped with the new atomic powered attack beanies. The combined flying abilities and devastating attack potential of the meter-long steel blades should carry the day. Likewise, if the Zagat-ray is perfected, we can use it to overload their sense-of-wonder and watch them gafiate before our very eyes. The main drawback of this plan is that it sounds too much like work. Let's put the whole thing off until 1974.

DON BAILEY

Ahh, Fred

Jon Singer
167 Vine Street
Middletown, CT 06457

I am at something of a loss. I want to tell you that I thought RUNE 46 was easily the best issue I have yet seen, and I want to tell you why, but it doesn't want to flow right; what am I going to say about Denny's conrep that will really mean anything? How can I tell you anything about the artwork that you don't already know? After all, you picked it, n'est ce pas? Maybe I note my amusement that the only typo which I really noticed was in the article by your eminent proofreader ("Esoteric Order of Dragon" indeed...), who, by the way gets the oakleaf cluster (drawn by Ken) for prolonged mirth; I say I enjoyed this, was captivated by that, what the point of this, mon? The point imming that it is my considered estimation that even if RUNE 47 is a cowpie, you will go down in the annals as being a damn good editor, and the people who wrote and drew for you are also gonna fall in the way of a lot of kudos. 'Atsa some spicy fanzine.

Enough with the burbling. Now that you know that I am impressed with your work and theirs, let me say a few less happy things, mostly small, but present nonetheless: on many of Reed's illuminated caps, I was unable to make out the little goodies inside the boxes. This was annoying, because I know they were good. Paltry, you say? Weeelll, yeh, but it bothered me, dammit. Slightly more substantial: the ending of "Tales From the Hectoplasm" was slightly disappointing. And in Ken's leadoff illo for "Crudnet," Mrs. Fred seems to be lacking a nose. Is this sloppiness on the part of Ken????

Why, you ask, is the otherwise reasonable, mildtempered, and sage (also rosemary, thyme...) flipout artist nitpicking like this, da dum schmuck? Well there are one reasons. Not only do I not want you to get a swelled head and crap up your last issue (not too likely, but there it is), but it seems to me that there is room for improvement here, that RUNE is probably a major training period for you, and if you want to go on and do another (substitute here the name of an alltime great), there are still things you have to change, and I have the brass balls to tell you what I think some of them are. Whether you think I am making cogent points or not is your hassle. It is, after all, your zine. There are two reason...anyway, back to the nits.

For some reason, this time the lettercolumn didn't work anywhere near as well for me as the rest of the issue. Not that the letters weren't good, but somehow it broke the feeling. I read all of most of them, or maybe most of all of them, or is it...? Yeh...but it was a chore. What can I say? You probably didn't mangle them (if you chopped them it certainly wasn't obvious), but so much, and so long. I dunno, maybe my feelings are changing; I just don't get a big zap from it.

I would like to add another plug: there is another person who damn well deserves a fanartist Hugo, and that is Steve Stiles.



A few more kudos, before I forget: the Reed Waller illo on pp 10-11 is (at least the left half of it) one of the most exquisite stoned glory pieces I have ever seen. I can see the ripples across Denny as he floats through the doors.... just too much.

Well, I have now reviewed an issue of RUNE, after a fashion. It's probably not very printable, inasmuch as who the hell wants to go through a lettercol and see twelve reviews of the previous issue, and who gives a sweet crap about what Joe Flip thinks about the third typo on the left, but I hadda say it, even if it never goes beyond the ones responsible for it.

JON SINGER

[[Concerning "The Case of Mrs. Fred's Missing Nose" -- I checked, and Ken has in his possession a currently valid Artistic License...]]

Spider Robinson
The Red Palace, R.R. #1
Hampton, Nova Scotia BOS 1L0
Canada

Dear Rune:

So here you have a world's first: my very first LoC. Never written to a fanzine before, on account of I only dimly suspected the existence of fandom until after I became a pro, what time I became too busy. But you nize folks keep sending me this here entertaining zine, so my noblesse oblige a reply, I guess. Of all the zines that hopeful fen keep sending me, yours is clearly the dromedary's drawers -- just as, of all the regional cons I've ever been to, Minicon was clearly the best. I deeply regret that acute penury (the only kind there is) has kept me from attending the last couple of Minicons, but I've been there in spirit.

By now you're beginning to suspect the real reason why I've never written a LoC before -- nothing meaningful to say. But I couldn't fail to tell you that in a world woefully deficient in distractions from honest labor, RUNE stands out like a pig in a phonebooth. And now, in a closing effort to establish the authenticity of the signature below, I tender this Typical Dumb Robinson Pun: Do you know why Asimov is so prolific that his output is measured in reams? Simple: I scream, you scream, we all scream for Ike's reams. (Pity the corpuscle: he labors in vein).

Okay? S'aright. Close de box.

SPIDER ROBINSON

Dear Fred,

Stephanie Oberembt
3350 Crestwood Drive
Dubuque, Iowa 52001

This is my first attempt to loc a zine (oh no...not one of those!) and since RUNE is one of the few I get, it gets to be my first victim. (It was either RUNE or XENIUM and RUNE got the shorter straw. You lucked out this time, Mike.)

The conclusion of "Marsupial Fandom" was one of the best articles I've read in RUNE (I've read a total of three issues). It was humorous, well written and held my interest until the end. I will have to dig through the piles of junk to find the first part and read the whole con report.

Liked the cover and considered it an improvement over 45's.

Thanks for sending me this issue. (It helped clear out the cobwebs in my mailbox.) Found it very enjoyable and it helped break up the monotony of studying.

STEPHANIE OBEREMBT

[[*sniffle* you mean you didn't like my photocover on RUNE 45? Why not, praytell?]]

Dear Fred,

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

Having heard for weeks from everyone else how great the newest RUNE was, I'm glad the PO finally delivered my copy. Now I can tell everyone how wrong they were...no, no, no...that's not nice at all. This is another fine issue, and whosoever takes over from you is going to have a hell of an act to follow.

Being a trufan I turned to the editorial first, so learned of your planned ~~imminent~~ retirement immediately. You don't mention why you are leaving, and I



The cartoon of Denny bursting through endless doors marked The End is a work of sheer genius!

The report itself lacks the sheer inventive humour of the first part but captures nicely the melancholy that surrounds the end of a good convention. Perhaps I'm biased because I was there, so this is nostalgia for me as well as simple enjoyment of good fannish writing, but from a skim through the lettercolumn other RUNE readers appreciated it almost as much as I did. I've already listed the report in the list of "Fanzine Bests" I'm compiling for 1976, and if Denny never writes another word his notoriety is assured. Eventually I will write my own report (maybe this summer) and I hope it comes out half as good.

I believe Denny still has a half hour or so of me that he might find someone drunk or silly enough to buy at Minicon. I hope that his intemperate action has shown him the foolishness of overindulgence in things alcoholic! Other people at that auction bought useful things: I got an official Australian Forces badge for my unofficial imitation Aussie hat; some Australian bought a New York City subway token...but Denny has to get into a commodity with absolutely no resale potential whatsoever. His buying me was like cornering the market on Lark's Vomit Jello: unique but useless.

The atrocious puns in "Tales From the Hectroplasm" will delight Sam Long but hopefully he'll be too busy on his honeymoon to comment on them and add more of his own. Although, knowing Sam.... And the drawings too are a delight: you say Ken is one of the acknowledged masters of the arcane art of handstencilling arcane art which makes me wonder whether he or Reed does the actual stencilling for many of the cartoons I've enjoyed so much. Whoever it is, these are brilliant examples of hand-cut work and their creator can take a deserved bow.

David's use of Dragnet, Monty Python and Firesign Theatre is exceptionally good and his column is another highlight of the issue. He's got an extremely inventive mind, and you're lucky no-one will hire his band so he has all this time to devote to RUNE. The serious thoughts behind the column are unarguably true and their presentation is certainly effective; I hope a few of the people concerned or who could benefit from David's advice will both read and understand what he was getting at. As for the actual fanzine comments themselves, I sit quivering in awe of the stamina and determination it must have required to list all those issues! There must be a hundred fanzines there, all with addresses and availabilities and other technical and boring stuff. And even sensible comments on each issue! It certainly is a wonderful thing! One wonders when they'll be releasing David from the rest home. ("Worse case of fanzine overdose I've ever seen, Doctor." "Yes, nurse, the poor chap suffered a massive overexposure, the mind's completely gone of course." "Still, he seems happy enough, sitting there counting his nose....")

I thank David for his in-depth review of XENIUM, by the way. One seldom encounters such insight in current fanzine reviewers....

What's all this then? An eighteen page micro-micro-elite lettercolumn? Boy, Fred, it must get discouraging to put all that work into RUNE and then have it ignored by fandom. Keep trying, though, sooner or later they'll sit up and start taking notice, then it'll all be worth it.

My RUNE arrived in mint condition too despite the slightness of the brown paper bag you sent it in. There wasn't even a crease down the middle. I don't know what the PO people must think your bags contain, but it must be pretty important to merit the special treatment you've been getting. Maybe the Post Office sends its checks out that way..? No, of course not...they'd never trust something that important to the mail, would they? Another of those things I wasn't

meant to know, I guess, along with my salary for the next two years, where all these damn fanzines come from and how the stones in the olives turn soft and red in my martinis.

I wish I could share Cliff Simak's optimism about a return to a simpler life style, one requiring less energy, but I'm too cynical for that. Even in fandom, where we all know the most forward-looking and aware people are found, the very sort of people who would be expected to spearhead such a radical departure into the realms of reason and moderation, even here the evidence is hardly for the abandonment of our "flamboyant life style." A fan friend of mine, for example, has recently passed up the opportunity to invest in some stylii and a hectograph and opted for an IBM Selectric, an electric mimeograph and an electric stencil cutter. What hope is there, I ask you?

I think Allan Wilde misses the rationale behind David's column. The fanzine listings, not reviews, are in the nature of a Buyer's Guide and serve a very useful purpose for the newer members of the club, but to me David isn't writing a fanzine review column, he's writing a series of articles on the nature and philosophy of fanzine publishing. To that end it makes sense to use any and all examples necessary for the clarification of his ideas, whether they are current or long-gone, available or not. There are a great many fanzine review columns around (I write two myself) but what David is trying to do is far more difficult and probably far more worthwhile. And I think he's doing it very well! (Besides, there are legendary fanzines both current and available: MOTA is one, TRUE RAT another, SFR a third, etc, etc.)

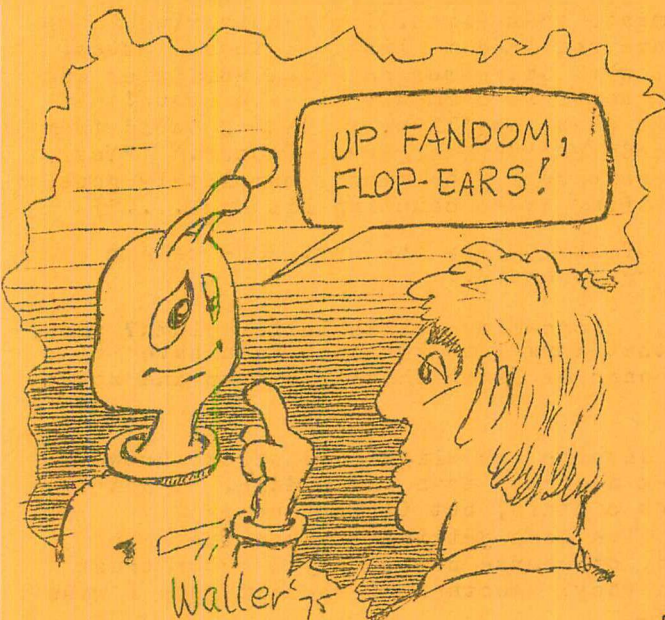
I'm glad to see that the bitter Regina winters haven't chilled Eli's brain beyond the ability to make clever mathematical puns. Math jokes are clearly his field, and I look forward to his paper on ithycological mathematical models, or Grouper Theory as he calls it.

I wonder why it's irritating to me to see everyone called Goodfan This and Goodfan That? Maybe I'm getting crotchety and senile, especially since I like all the other words Rich uses so inventively. I shall not mention it but the next time he calls me that I'm going to loose Sam Long on him.

The line between not liking something and finding something inferior is often a pretty fuzzy one, especially in an area as subjective as the creative arts but I'm inclined to agree with your reply to Mike Kring. Certain standards exist, and the output of an artist can be measured against them thereby giving a certain validity to value judgements concerning his or her talent. I'm no artist but I can still recognize the fact that Grant Canfield has more artistic talent than Alexis Gilliland, or that George Barr can draw rings around Robert E Gilbert. (Or was it Richard E Gilbert? Well, him anyway.) But Mike does have a valid point, and it's one that I've injured myself on many times. The tendency to make filp remarks without thinking through their justifications is quite a strong one, and we all occasionally succumb to it. A little consideration for others and care is always in order.

Robert Tredray's letter is an excellent analysis of the strength of fandom and I'm pretty sure David will agree with most of what he says. (The age-old question

of whether a fanzine should be trying to draw neofans into the fannish community is one I'll pass on right now; I think everything that can be said about it has already been gone over dozens of times as it is.) Perhaps we could combine both Robert's ideas and David's previously stated personal preferences by suggesting that there are simply a much larger number of good writers in fandom who devote their time to personal material of the sort that David was recommending in the last issue. It seems that way to me, and I'm in agreement with Robert that good writing on any subject is enjoyable: but the percentage of really competent writers of serious fan science fiction material is quite low, at least compared with the number of "fannish" writers around. So I also agree with David. (And now you see why Canadians



are on so many peace-keeping forces: that's called "firmness of opinion," spelt "compromise.")

To my knowledge I'm the only fanned ever to get a loc from Charles Schultz, creator of PEANUTS. I put it in the WAHFs in my second issue.

I can't think of any instances in which a writer asked a fan for his or her specialized knowledge to help write a book (there are encyclopedia and reference books which are probably more reliable) but maybe Sam has had such experiences. (I know of many occasions where writers have asked fans -- mostly young, pretty, female fans -- to help them in certain other areas but that's a different aspect of the intercourse between the pro and the fan world, isn't it?)

And what exactly does Sam mean by "the much larger and more cosmopolitan North American fans"? Don D'Amassa? Harry Warner? Flo Newrock? And what makes even the big guys any more cosmopolitan than a Ratfan in London? No, Sam may be right about mutual exchange being beneficial to us all, but that particular statement is not only grammatically unsound but has an unusual and un-Samlike partonizing tone to it. The Florida sun must have gotten through that floppy hat of his for a minute.

MIKE GLICKSOHN

((Being a trufan, you've already read my editorial thish, so you know why I am leaving RUNE, and that it is indeed a friendly parting. (That is, if that's truly what my editorial thish is about -- you see, I haven't exactly gotten around to, uh, writing it yet....))

As it turns out, Reed Waller is also a master of handstencilling, and both he and Ken stencil their own work. In the case of the cosmic strip and collabortaions, they trade off. (Their styles blend quite well -- they tell me that even they cannot tell who did which parts of the "Hectoplasm" strip.)) ((Although the following three letters were actually addressed to David Emerson, they all are about "Crudnet" so we think it is appropriate to include them here.))

Bruce Townley
2323 Sibley Street
Alexandria, VA 22311

Dear Mr Friday:

I suggest that if your head feels funny you should go to a Phrenologist, post-haste. Or, perhaps, become one as it seems your present job seems to be annoying you in some way, causing you to commit such gross procedural errors as creepily and caustically criticizing fanac outside your jurisdiction (from other countries even) with intent to defraud egoboo. Perhaps your troubles stem from a resentment that you were named after a day of the week. Maybe you should change it to something like, say, Emerson, the name of a widely respected American. Yeah, that sounds good.

Anything to be helpful,

BRUCE TOWNLEY

((The following letter is being printed in as close to its original form as possible.))

Garth Danielson
Boowatt Publications
616-415 Edison Ave.
Winnipeg, Manitoba R2G 0M3
Canada

Dead David:

I recieved Rune about the beginning of the week and it went into a pile in my room. Wednesday Joe called and told me I should read Crudnet. Considering it was about me, I guess he was right.

My first reaction wasn't to pleasing but I have to admit that it is very good. The writing is very good and I bow to a better writer.

I do feel however that I should make some sort of statement.

Since I started publishing fanzines, I've run across two sorts of fans and I think it fits into the mundane world also. There are those people who want only the best and everything under average or best shouldn't be aimed at them. Then there are those people who like most everything and are satisfied with ordinary stuff.

I've had several people write and tell me to stop sending Boowatt, I've also had lots of people write and tell me to keep sending it. I don't think that people are writing because it is free. There have several people send money.

Are these people wrong?

Are they wrong because they like a "CRUDZINE"?

I suppose I could sit and berate you for your story and extras but I wasn't the only guilty party and as I said I did like the story.

I showed it to Mike and he said "You publish the best Crudzine around" and I said, "Your right." Perhaps the best crudzine is the best I can do but if people are happy with it, then it's worth it to me. I'm not selling flash and slickness. I'm selling my love and me.

Not necessarily in that order.

I'd like to make an offer to anyone who would like a copy of Boowatt, just write and mention Rune.

Then decide for your self.

Thank you.

GARTH DANIELSON

((Garth, I like you, and yet I find I must agree with David -- if you're going to go to the work of doing a fanzine (or anything) at all, then you might just as well take a little extra effort and make it as good as possible. And I think you're selling yourself short -- I think you are capable of doing better than just pubbing "the best crudzine." You just don't seem to care to expend the extra effort right now. But that's just my opinion....))

Bill Breiding
151 Arkansas Street
San Francisco, CA 94107

Dear David:

Received RUNE today, and wanted to thank you for writing such a candid and honest review of STAR FIRE, rather than one with a bunch of "double talk". Loved it. Love reviews like that; love this type of review, because what it does is tell the TRUTH, rather than one person's prejudice. Yep. Love it!

One thing: I don't own a Selectric: SF#6 was not typed on a Selectric: it was two different typers: A Royal Manual and a Smith Corona Electric (one o' them thar new fangled ones with the carbon ribbons, etc.).

As re the Electros: RUNE Don't have too much to talk about from evidence from the e's that you do use are poorly reproed... but that is another story, because Reed & Ken's handstuff can not be beat.

BILL BREIDING

Don D'Ammassa
19 Angell Drive
East Providence, RI 02914

Fred:

Dave Wixon's review of The Gray Prince misses pointing out the fact that Vance apparently designed the novel as a lefthanded method of defending apartheid. Of course, he sets out to create a situation in which apartheid is mutually beneficial, so naturally that's what he ends up with. Vance is an extraordinarily skilled writer, a fact often obscured by the fact that he seems to do it so easily.

Your own review of Garments of Caeen was good, but I think you missed something as well. I had the impression all through the novel that Bayley couldn't decide whether or not to write the novel seriously. It wanders off into these side ways of low humor, then switches back and forth. I think this is why the story is so incoherent. If the author doesn't know what he's trying to do, how can the reader?

DON D'AMMASSA

Lord Jim Khennedy
Master of Tyme & Space
1859 E. Fairfield
Mesa, AZ 85203

Hayl Fred, I suppose...

I have been receiving RUNE synce approximately mid-Pleiocene, yet, before now, have made no effort to responde... save that, of course, of my terrible pangs of guilt over accepting your marvelous zine wythout a word of thanx. Whych I made the effort to surpress.

But I really love RUNE. It oozes wyth the sort of zany talent and imagination I had hoped to bring to ARRAKIS, the Organyzed SF Fen of Arizona's clubzine (but was defeated by the club's absolute apathy). The won'drous art of Ken Fletcher, Reed Waller, Tom Foster & Co, the crazy comik strips, the articles lyke last issue's examination of The Book Eucalyptus or "Crudnet" this tyme, all add up to a package that is virtually unique in all Fandom. A sort of graphik MONTY PYTHON'S GREAT AMERICAN DREAM MACHINE. There are flaws and slow spots, of course, RUNE is nonetheless one of my very favourite fanzines, and #46 was no let down.

The conclusion of the Aussiecon Adventure, lyke its beginning, was sparkling,

delyghtful reading, especially wyth those "classic" illuminations by Mr. Waller. However, after the conclusion of the conreport, "Marsupial Fandom" lapsed into a genre of "fannish" wryting I don't much appreciate, the mundane "travel" story. Denny Lien is undisputably a clever, talented wryter, but if his visits to Townsville and Brisbane were boring to him, how in the world does he expect us to react to his account of them?

But don't let me press the point too hard: even as anti-climax faded into tedious anti-anti-climax, Lien's bryght wit occasionally still shone through, and there is always the option (whyh I confess to taking) of skipping over the more wearisome passages.

"Lasting Value" was an almost bizarrely "displaced" piece of wryting, a tiny island of cold grey Sercon rock in a fizzing, bubbling fannnnish sea. I have never read Blish's criticism, but I assume this article is a summary or condensation of its cardinal points? If ever reprinted, this would be an interesting companion piece for "In Defense of Fun" (in a fairly recent SHADOW OF THE MONOLITH) whyh disregarded Blish/Waller/American College Dictionary's "classicism" entyrelly to speak out for "romantik" SF wyth particularly strong/interesting characterization.

Boiling down this deffinition of "classic," the cardinal point seems to be "dealing...with eternal human problems." Dealing, in other wrods, wyth the Great Themes they tell us about in Hygh School Humanities class. As I recall, my teacher in that particular class "explayned" that the best written novel in Western Literature myght be very, very "Ghood," but to be called "Great" it had to fit into one of these precise little catagories of Great Themes. Whyh always seemed ridiculously arbitrary to me, untill I ultimately decyded that Mr. Bradshaw's "Great Literatures" meant nothing more than very ghood wryting involving some of those themes, and his "Great" had no relation at all to the adjective "great" as I (and probably even Reed Waller's dictionary) use it.

Most of Waller/Blish's points involve the wryting of "Ghood" literature, whyh I can't argue wyth, and would "even" continue to agree that, yeah, James Blish was ryght in there as a critik, and ditto most of the article. On the other hand, I worry about a wryter "dictating" the direction an entyre genre should take. All SF should be a "teaching tool?" And ingenious ideas and characters discarded because they fit not into an examination of them eternal human bugaboos? Deggler tayke that! Whyle it's a ghood and noble thing that contemporary SF wryters are working wyth human problems, examining Society and the workings of the mynde through the special devyces of the genre, it seems worse than ridiculous to say that they should do nothing else. Both classikism and romanticism have their places. In other words, some very sophisticated, insyghtful wryting is now being done in the field, but there is no ghood reason why we shouldn't be allowed the occasional break for something thrilling, playn entertayning, yes, what is here referred to as "childish amusement."

"Tales from the Hectoplasm" was inspyring and fun. I'm glad to see RUNE continuing its examination of deep theologicalk themes.

Of all the books reviewed in thish, I must confess that I have read only Brunner's Total Eclipse, and, in its case, I cannot agree at all wyth the particular critik. Oh, I won't argue that the story is padded. In fact, it is almost all padding. As always, Brunner has his "pertinent message," but Eclipse was anything but "passable entertayment." The bulk of the text, a bunch of anthropologists doing up their anthropology bit, is simply dull, and many points, such as one dressing up as a member of the long-vanished race they are studying, wandering about the ruins, and suddenly being hit wyth mystikal Insyght, the secret of their mysterious extinction (whyh he promptly forgets), are simply dumb. To refer back to Greatness and



Classicism, it myght be pointed out that heavy themes alone do not make a Great novel, nor even a Ghood one, especially if the wryting is not itself ghood.

Frankly, I'm ghetting worried about John Brunner. For a long whyle I've called him my Favourite Author. Now, however, he seems to be going the way of H.G. Wells, who started his career as a wryter of brilliant scientifk romances and character studies, and degenerated into a scribler of flat politikal tracts. Total Eclipse was a case of simple poor wryting. His more recent Shockwave Rider painfully displays his continuing move away from engrossing characterizations and vivid discription into page after page of didactic dialogue, always pressing his "message." I fear that if he attaches himself to a Cause (as Wells became a devotee of the World State) we may yet lose the near-genius that was John Brunner.

Otherwyse, most of the reviews were at least enjoyable reading (tho I wonder how Waller/Blish would react?), and I may even be inspyred to look up some of the tomes mentioned, as I probably would not have otherwyse.

"Crudnet" was one of the funnest things I've read in a recent fanzine. Two low points, however: 1) it would probably have been more satisfying if David E. had stuck wyth one of his radio shows, say worked on "Crudnet" to more thoroughly milk its tremendous potential (I can't help but remember a DRAGNET satyre on a little 45 record of my Father's, "St. George and the Dragonet."). 2) Emerson should have listened to his "George Tirebiter" talking about crudzine book reviews. Whyle his "radio shows" were jolly sport, and a marvelous ingenious way of stating his critical criteria, the fnx reviews themselves were as superficial and uninteresting as possible.

Of course, fnx reviewing is a problem. There are just too blessed many to give them all deep, insyghtful ~~blablabla~~ reviews, and simply listing them is of use only to faneds looking for trades (whych is useful, but not much for the reading). But then, who ever sayd all my criticism was coonstructive?

For the record, tho, I myself am frequently a faned looking for trades (well, not that recently. You've probably long synce forgotten my last pub, whych, yes, was the one that ghot me on your mayling list back in the mid-Pleiocene), and cast my vote in favour of your somehow at least mentioning the all of the zines you receive. How else will anything I publish ever ghet reviewed?

One more positive word: I fynde it quyte a relief that David (we're on first-name basis, now, because I'm agreeing wyth him) dislykes DON-O-SAUR, too. Whyle all my friends on Thompson's mayling list are infatuated wyth his "personal" wryting, as he churns out chapter after chapter of his mundane memoirs, calling it the height of "faanish" wryting, my word for it would be "melodramatik."

I've only now, long after completeing everything else, read the loccol, and feel quyte sheepish about having written such an out-of-place sercon loc for you, but I'm afeared I must continue in that vein to disagree wyth Leah Zeldes comment that "The term sci-fi should only be used in catagorizing a movie lyke THE 20,000 LB. MICROBE FROM 45 MILLION BC THAT ATE ALBUQUERQUE AND THREW UP AFTERWARDS." T2LMF4MBCTAAATUA (as the film's many fans affectionately call it) is most assuredly not some chyldish "sci-fi" adventure, but a very important, adult study of the sociological implications of the ApwruX philosophy on the contemporary urban scientifk community, told through the most sophisticated techniques of the SF genre. I believe that director Anselmi has the most thorough grasp of both the ApwruX and Albuquerque problems, and T2LMF4MBCTAAATUA, final film in his famous 20,000 LB MICROBE trilogy, represents his most disturbing and thorough examination of his themes. Furthermore, Oswald Jakoffii (of GODZILLA VS THE APWRUX MONSTER



fame)'s justly-praised performance in the tytle role is perhaps the definitive 20,000 lb. Microbe portrayl, in itself elevating the film to its just status as an example of the classical cinematik art. Now, THE 20,000 LB PARAMECIUM THAT ATE NORTH DAKOTA AND NOBODY NOTICED would be "sci-fi."

Finally, I'll be sorry indeed to see you leaving the RUNE throne: I can only hope that your replacement will half fill your shadow ~~and/bbhtlthp/tp/snd/me/tt~~ ~~bbp/eb~~, and that mayhap one day soon you'll begin a zine of your own, whych I will once more be on the mayling list of. And I hope you all ghet the Con in '73.

LORD JIM KHENNEDY

~~++~~David had three comments on your comments on "Crudnet": 1) "Dragnet" has already been thoroughly milked and is actually very limiting now, 2) the three-letter abbreviation for "fanzine" is "fmz" (for fan magazine), not "fnx," and 3) as should have been obvious to any careful reader, "Crudnet" was made up of TV shows, not radio shows.

To that I must add that I find it very interesting that you mention Stan Freberg's "St. George and the Dragonet," as it was that very piece (as found on A Child's Garden of Freberg) that provided the original inspiration for "Crudnet."~~++~~

Steven Sawicki
31 Mohawk Dr.
Unionville, Conn. 06085

Dear Fred,

I'm sitting here with RUNE's 45, 46, 47, and a Minicon eleven pamphlet in front of me and I can't think of one damn interesting or witty thing to say about any of it. Actually I've let a mere 140 pages of fanzine overwhelm me into shock. What can I say?

Well I might as well say that I've enjoyed RUNE and the only complaint I have is that there is no need for book reviews.

I could be wrong but as I've progressed through life I have not found anyone who has the same taste for books that I have. Being that this is the case I don't read book reviews. I figure that as long as I'm in the bookstore it isn't too much trouble to leaf through the book and see whether I like it or not. You could write a fifteen page review about a book and I will still look for myself. To me book reviews are for people who are too lazy to look for themselves or for people who for some reason or other can't look for themselves.

I feel that since we are dealing with a fairly select field of people in fandom and, since most of them know already what they want (although I admit I could be wrong on this point) book reviews are meaningless.

Maybe I'm missing a point or two, I don't know. If I am I hope someone will point them out to me. Give me a reason for book reviews.

STEVEN SAWICKI

~~++~~A reason for book reviews? Well, we run them so the publishers will keep sending us free review copies....~~++~~

Elliot Shorter
Box 421 Jerome Ave Station
Bronx, New York 10468

To: Fred Haskell, Editor in Chief etc Retiring
From: Elliot Shorter, Toastmaster etc Minneapolis in '73
Re: RUNE 46

Twenty-four hours after the deadline I mail a letter of comment. I cross my fingers hoping that deadline will be ignored, feeling that it won't be. Haskell has integrity. He'll stick to his word. I'll miss #46. The letter will appear in #47. Someone else will comment, and the point will be lost. Sigh!!

So what do I get? First billing. Haskell how could you?

Sadness. Cry a tear for things long past. Weep with me, for no longer will I enter Jerome Avenue Station, turn to the right, drop to my knees, and shielding the lock carefully with my body ("Go away kid. You bother me!"), turn the combination until with a soft whisper Box 309 opens and I draw out RUNE in a Plain Brown Wrapper. No longer, for PROGRESS has come to Jerome Avenue Station. Progress in the form of PO Boxes of Aluminum. Progress in the form of keys (two only per box,

\$1 each please). Progress positive in the form of size.

Approximately two weeks after mailing the last letter I walked into the post office, made the right turn, and stopped, stunned. The Wall of PO Boxes was gone. All there was was a hole. I walked to the Inquiry Window. It was gone too. Grabbing the passing Porter, I demanded to know what had happened. "Not to worry," he said. "Everything's been moved to the other side."

"Riiight," I said. Gingerly I eased by the pile of tables and through the lines of people to the other side. There was Good Old Box 309 -- Eagle, Dial and All -- roped off from the public. "That's not much help," I said to myself. "Where have they put Inquiry? Amazing! They've put it in the symmetrical spot to where it was." I walked over.

"Hi," I said to the girl. "What gives?"

"They're remodeling the post office."

"Oh. Really?" I said. It's an expression I picked up from Anna Vargo and there's really no way to write it the way it sounds. Anyway, I digress. "How do you mean?"

"We're taking out these old boxes and putting in somewhat larger ones with keys. See the sign?"

"Uh. Yes."

"Besides that you're getting a new box."

"What? But I don't...."

"You have no choice. You get too much mail. The volume requires a change."

"Do I get to pick the size?"

"Yes, when we get them. Here's your mail." And she handed me three shopping bags full.

(time passes in its inimitable many-valued way)

"Hi. I see the new boxes are in. Can I have this one? Prorate my remaining six months on 309 to this one and I'll pay you the difference and we'll go for a year and give me fifty COA cards and why are..you...looking....at.....me.....like that.....and shaking your head?.....Huh?"

"You can't do it that way."

"Why not? That's unreasonable. Especially since I have no choice about getting the new box."

"You're right, Mr. Shorter, that's why I'm not assigning the larger boxes yet. If I was, you'd have to pay for both. It's insanity, I know."

"Well can I pick the box I want?"

"Sure, and when I assign numbers I'll save it for you."

Two months later the numbers were assigned. And on July 1st 1976 my Postal Address will be Box 421 Jerome Ave Sta, Bx NY 10468.

RUNE 47 just impinged on my consciousness. What happened to the Plain Brown Wrapper? Do you want people to know? Know of the madness that permeates RUNE? Do you?

Andy Porter. Woolworths won't give you a bag larger than the item you buy. Even if you offer to pay. I know. I tried. Therefore Haskell must have been buying coloring books.

Samuel S. Long. Back when the City College Science Fiction Society was going strong here in New York, Randall Garrett was our resident pro, with some help from

Jack Gaughan and Lin Carter. It got so bad that Randall had to start coming to programs under his pseudonyms to keep the powers that be from feeling that we had someone on retainer.

David Emerson. Can you see me doing that Constable Rotary Scene on my knees ala Al Jolson? Can you? What sort of inspiring music did you have in mind?

Nyet Vyremia -- Russian for No Time. Used by Bruce Felz as a fanzine title. Used by me for my telephone exchange. Describes my life. Explains sparcity of comments. Explains everything.

P.S. Does the cover mean RUNE is Blowing its own Horn?

ELLIOT SHORTER

{{Well, Elliot, what did you expect from the city that's still bidding for the 1973 Worldcon?}}

Plucky Purcell
3381 Sumter Ave So
St. Louis Park, MN 55426

Howdy!

Well, Fred, it's too bad you've got to be leaving RUNE's editorship, but the zine has really gotten better since you took over. In the two years and a half that I've gotten RUNE, it has continued to get better and better. Let's hope the next editor takes over where you left off. But, whoever it is, please keep the zine fannish. It's one of the few around that can truly make that claim.

Finally met you at the con. "So that's Fred Haskell." "Wow! Isn't he Fan Guest of Honor at BYOBCon 6?" "Yeah." "Why?" And so it goes.

Onward, you loccer and fan. After much thought -- thirty seconds worth, at least -- I'm convinced that Denny's Aussiecon report was good because he didn't confine himself to the con proper, but devoted lots of time to all the other stuff that he and Don did. After all, they were some 3000 miles or so from home. I really enjoyed the side excursions into the less visited regions of the Down Under, but then that's why they're there. Without a doubt that's where the real fun lies, off the beaten track. Maybe someday I'll be able to partake of such a journey.

One final note: ~~*/~~ you really surprised me with #47 plopping into my mailbox. It certainly was different, and that's putting it mildly. The multiple cover was a nice touch, and that interview at the end was a bit bizarro. I don't want to touch what fell in between! Gads, think of what a psych major would do if he saw that brouhaha. He'd go bananas. Mayhaps there's some underlying Freudian symbolism tucked away in the artistic hands of Fletcher, Waller and Young. Whatever it is, I don't want it. I'm afraid it's contagious. To quote my last letter: "Rather spaced out, as the bard says."

And on that I bid adieu and the four of clubs is trump.

PLUCKY PURCELL

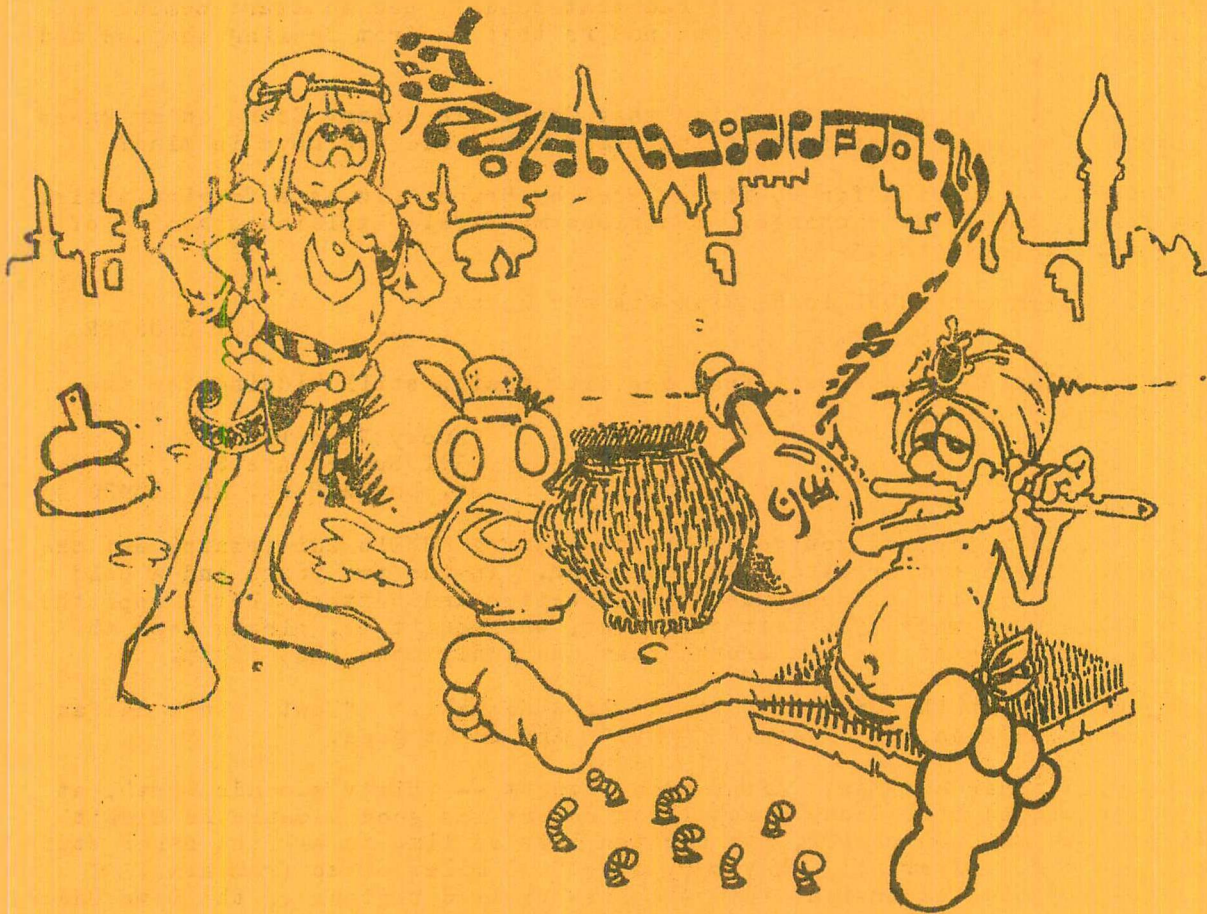
{{Of course we surprised you with #47! Nobody expects the RUNE!}}

Jessica Amanda Salmonson
Post Office Box 89517
Zenith, Washington 98188

Greetings from Whileaway!

Numbers 46 and 47 arrived on our planet safe and sound, in spite of all efforts of the Post Rocket Department to bend, spindle, mutilate and ultimately lose all Interstellar Parcel Rate mail. Reading and chuckling over the absolutely looney art-issue (and "Tales From the Hectoplasm" in 46 too) it hits me suddenly that I haven't really ever rightly praised the Fletcher and Waller and Fletcher/Waller stenciled art. I probably overlooked offering due praise out of my habitual effort to say something no one else is likely to say. But with a whole issue of it, I'm forced to repeat what every other LoC must be stating -- that Ken and Reed constitute at least one third of what makes RUNE RUNE. If the title were nowhere on an issue, it would still be instantly recognizable, without slightest doubt, as RUNE. The art, and the mad whimsy of the comic scripts, have got to constitute some of the best fannish cartoon wit I've ever seen. Enough praise, I'm going to vomit. Now, to something better....

I hope it isn't really true that you're going to stop editing RUNE Soon. But if it is true, I say, good riddance. (No, no, that's not what I say.) I say, too bad. The next editor might not be dumb enough to print my letters, then where will



I get my egoboo. (No, no, that's not it either.) What I really say is that another third of what makes RUNE RUNE is Fred Haskell, and with someone else, it'll almost be another fanzine I'm convinced. I know you have some mighty big shoes to fill. I know this because of the number of times you stumble in every issue....

Emerson's "Crudnet" wuz vewwy funny. At first I felt sort of sorry for Garth, but on second thought I'm sure he'll enjoy being so finely satirized in what may become one of the most memorable bits of humor in any of the RUNEs I've received. His BOOWATT will probably achieve vast notoriety as The crudzine that Everyone must have because of Emerson's script. (Also, in the reviews, I blushed and appreciated the kind word aimed at Self's perzine. Thankee David.)

Don't feel like I said much on this page, but somehow I've run out of nothing to say, so won't say nothing anymore.

JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON

Yeah Haskell,

Ben Indick
428 Sagamore Ave
Teaneck, NJ 07666

I must say RUNE 47 was damned cute. The progression from the genuinely handsome cover through the successive nonsense to the eventual Melbrooksian denouement was achieved in delightful and Escherian manner.

Even the rest of the issue is fine except the words keep getting in the way. Still, it's about the best picture of what a fancon is about...but how would I know? I rarely go!

If I DID, I'd consider your nutty con. Why don't you move the Minicon to New Jersey? We could have it in Minneapolis, New Jersey, across the river from St. Paul, New York.

Think it over.

BEN INDICK

Michael Harper
PO Box 105
Bond Head, Ontario LOG 1B0

Dear Fred:

Here's a hastily written loc, penned at Minicon while attending the Phoenix in '78 Bid party, and while watching a backgammon game between Joel Lessinger and Sue Levy. My impressions on RUNE 47.

What???:

A few weeks ago I received my first Minn-stf newsletter (46) and it was everything I had heard -- **CLASSY** -- Excellent art and good text; (Ken & Reed)'s stencil scribblings are with the best I've seen, comparable with those by Jim Cawthorn, and Denny's wombat wanderings are a good mixture of funny peculiar and funny haha.

Now this! -- TOTAL INSANITY!

I am wholly convinced that Minn-stf is a haven for people with severe synaptic atrophy; who pub while being bunned (try to figure out that colloquism!) out of their every-loving minds -- i.e. those palzied organs which pose as minds.

I won't belabour the point (as I have had no sleep in the last 24 hours); but as a parody of Monty Python, RUNE 47 is superlative!

MICHAEL HARPER

Laurine White
5408 Leader Ave.
Sacramento, Calif. 95841

Dear Fred,

How true that cartoon on the back is -- no way can anyone explain the happenings in this issue. Totally crazy, wacko and mad. But marvelously funny! What can I say about those covers, especially the zaniness of the 3rd and 4th ones. ~~Y/B/B/B/~~ ~~Y/B/B/B/~~ ~~Y/B/B/B/~~ bears and penguins and blobby monsters. All the time that great room party was going on (the kind I'm never at), I kept wondering what would happen to those poor people trapped by the insane elevator.

When this thing arrived in the mail, the first thing I thought of was: This is Fred's last issue???: Thank Ghu it isn't. Hopefully next issue you'll have recovered your sanity. What weird stuff do you people smoke in Minneapolis?

Jerry Stearns' dialog is hilarious. That stuff should be reprinted in the MAC program book.

P.S. Since you mentioned (in 46) a sf group in Red Bluff, I wrote to Stanley Greene to ask him for advice. None of the Sacramento sf groups have as many as 23 members.

LAURINE WHITE

Renée Valois
2014 N. Cleveland
St. Paul, MN 55113

Dear Fred,

I can't believe all the things that have happened to me in the last couple of months. I've finally become a trufan! (Ta-Da -- the sound of many silver trumpets blaring loudly in the background, cymbals crashing... cows mooing....)

This wonderful transformation was largely due to RUNE and your encouragement. And this is your last issue?! I'm sorry you're leaving.

Minn-stf meetings are fantastic, Minicon was superb, and my head is still reeling. Too much at once -- I must still be in shock. Fandom is everything and more than I was hoping for.

RUNE 47 was great (and of course, completely different), the multiple covers were both clever and funny (naturally), and the strip was beautiful.

I loved the text. The clips of dialogue at the party, and the roach bit were INSANE! (And hence fit perfectly into RUNE.)

Praise, congratulations, admiration and envy to all involved. Thanks Fred, Jim, Ken, Reed, Jim, Jon, David, Dave, and of course, Jerry.

RENÉE VALOIS

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

Dear Fred or Whoever:

I've been making another spasmodic effort To Catch Up. It is as doomed to failure as every previous attempt to cut down the awful stacks of fanzines awaiting comment. But it has taken me far enough this time to realize that I never wrote you or anyone about the 47th issue of RUNE. I think there is a more recent one somewhere in the stacks, but I'm about to fall asleep and I think I can stay awake just long enough to write briefly about a small fanzine. If I haven't imagined a 48th issue, I'll try to write about it later, unless I've already done a loc on it. I'm not as vague about things as I might sound; I'm really just downright confused.

The multiple-cover idea was carried out brilliantly. I think it's important for a fanzine here or there to renew the old idea once in a while, because fans come and go so fast, and if no fanzine imitates the VOID invention for several years, the whole idea might be totally forgotten except in the cloudiest memories of the oldest fans.

I also wonder if maybe a couple of decades in the future, fans will be asking the NFFF to form a committee which will organize a major project, that of tracing down all the in-group jokes and references in the art work in this issue. I'm sure it must be laden with them. If this really happens, I hope someone will be thorough enough to give you people credit for spelling McDonald's correctly, something that the hardcover edition of Vonnegut's Breakfast of Champions failed to do.

What else can I say, other than to praise the art for maintaining the normal high standard for Minn-stf publications, and to commend everyone for getting the spirit of fandom into those pictures and captions or whatever you call the words in the balloons? Now I can drop off to sleep, content in the knowledge that I've removed one more obligation from my conscience. Only 496 to go, not counting fanzines on which the statute of limitations has expired.

HARRY WARNER, JR.

Tom Foster
502 N. Avalon
West Memphis, Ark. 72301

Dear Fred,

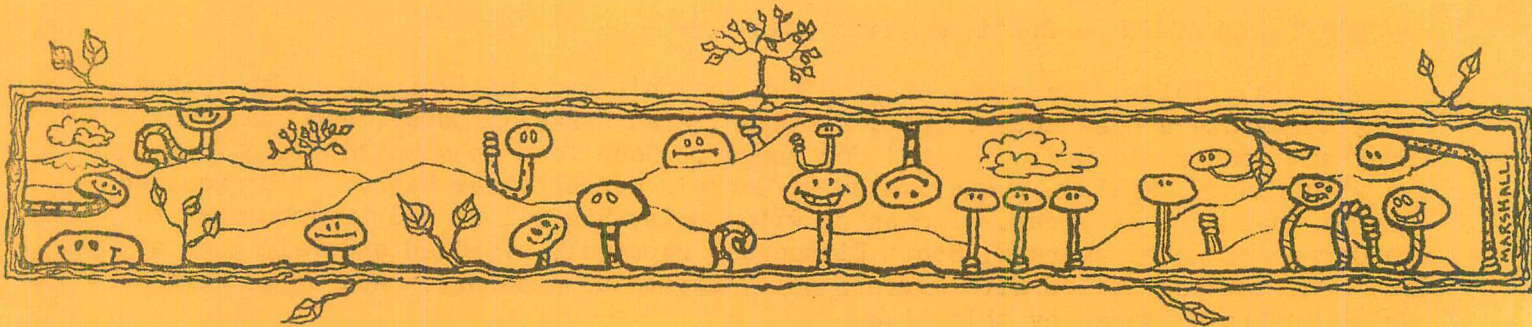
Sorry to see you pass on the RUNE editorship. I think the issues you've done are the most fannish and best fanzines I've seen; but then, the first 'zines I ever saw were the ones you were doing in '69, so I guess you can see where my prejudices come from. Anyway, thanks for the inspiration and good times in RUNE.

TOM FOSTER



TOM FOSTER
Self-portrait circa Minicon 4

++I don't know if you're aware of it, Tom, but in addition to all the delightful fillos you've supplied me over the course of the years, you were the one responsible for the cosmic strips that RUNE carried throughout most of Volume Seven, since you did the first one and thereby created the idea in my mind that RUNE needed them. I appreciate that very much indeed. Thanks....++
++We also heard from D. Gary Grady ("This fmz from Rocky&Bullwinkle country is quite impressive. Enjoyed the art especially, which reminds me of the best zines of the 60s."), Douglas Barbour ("so, i say this unto you, keep runing our minds the way you have been & we shall read on but will we say anything?"), Leah A. Zeldes, Suzle Tompkins, Wayne W. Martin, Greg Ketter, Jerry Kaufman, Jon Gustafson, Stanley Greene, and Moshe Feder. Thanks all....++



{{EDITORIAL -- Continued from page 4}}

van and go travelling around the country. With any luck at all, I should be able to scare up enough work in this way to keep going, and it will provide me a fine chance to visit all my fan friends, as well as giving me an opportunity to photograph different areas of the country.

So that's why I won't be in Minneapolis to edit RUNE. I am giving some consideration to obtaining a mimeograph and publishing a fanzine while on the road, utilizing the talents of local fans wherever I go, but as of yet am uncertain of the details of this. I'm sure I'll find some way of letting you know if and when I start doing this.

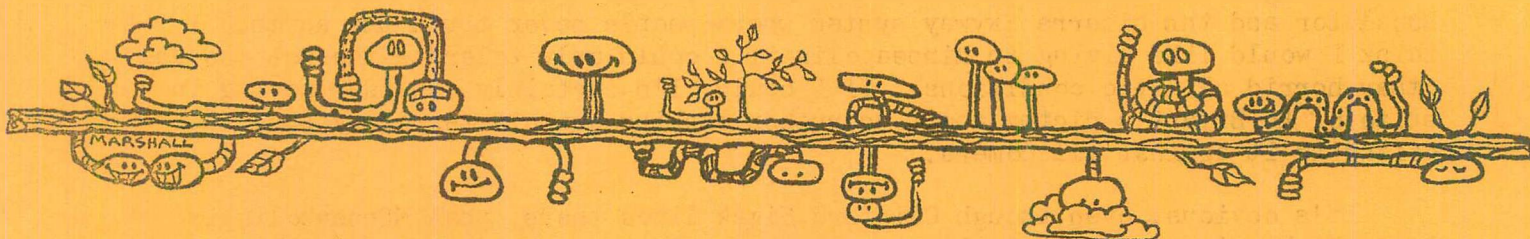
While I'm on the road, mail to me should be sent to 7510 Cahill Road #306B, Edina MN 55435. This is my parents' address, so you can start using it immediately. We'll probably come up with some way of forwarding mail to wherever I am, but it may take a while, so don't expect any immediate answers from me. I would very much appreciate continuing to get your fanzines, although I won't be able to send immediate letters of comment (though I will try to loc as often as possible).

And also, don't forget to continue sending your fanzines to RUNE, at its new address: (Minn-stf), David Emerson, 343 E. 19th St #1B, Mpls MN 55404. (The only difference between that and the present address is the apartment number, and of course, David's name.) I'm sure that the post office will get very confused if you keep sending mail addressed to either RUNE or Minn-stf and then my name, so please make that change promptly. We appreciate it.

And I guess that brings me around to the topic of RUNE's new editor -- David Emerson. By now most of you should have some idea of who David is, through the fanzine column he's been doing since RUNE 44 or so. He's been doing quite a bit of work on RUNE lately, so I'm sure he's ready and able to take over, and I think he'll do a bang-up job. Obviously, his philosophy of editing a fanzine is different than mine (can't help it -- we're different people), and I am looking forward to seeing what he's going to do with RUNE. I hope you give him as much support as you've given me....

Well, it's been great doing RUNE, and I hope you've enjoyed reading it as much as I've enjoyed putting it together. I really am looking forward to visiting many of you in the coming months. Peace and happiness to you all.

FRED HASKELL



Minneapolis. Later, the party started and wouldn't stop until I got on the plane for Albuquerque a week later. Jim, Sue Ryan, Fred Haskell, Denny, and Jan Appelbaum took me to Dudley Riggs' for supper. Good food in a weird place, but one with Class. Mostly, I was amazed at Denny's capacity for beer. It's exceeded only by that of a tank car. Finishing with Dudley Riggs', we all trooped over to the Commodore Hotel where F. Scott Fitzgerald reputedly stumbled and fell down a lot. The bar was walled with mirrors which seemed unnecessary. All of us were seeing multiple images by this time.

I wasn't all that moved by the spirits around me (or in me). I neither felt like marrying a woman named Zelda nor running out and screaming "Tender is the Night!" Oh well. Some of us have it and some don't.

The next day was filled with trips to Uncle Hugo's (aka Blyly's Book Barn), visiting Bob Tucker and starting in on a week of "SMOOOTH!", and other fun things like snickering at Cretin High School and Cretin Avenue. Not every city can have a Cretin Avenue though many have cretinous high schools. That night, Denny and I sat around wondering about EEG signals from a plate of lime jello (have we really been eating living Green Slime all these years?) while waiting between reels of The Phantom Tollbooth and Destination Moon.

The next day rekindled my fannish instincts. While Don was busy packing Uncle Hugo for moving to the Lemmington (er, Leamington) Hotel, I ran off 800 copies of Denny Lien's bibliography for Leigh Brackett and Ed Hamilton. Then I ran off 850 copies of a restaurant guide. Smelling ink in my nostrils, feeling it run down the front of my Cowboy Twinkies teeshirt, letting it squish between my toes -- that's fannish! So was listening to Fred playing "Behind Door Number Three" and "Take It Easy" in the background.

Don't let the sound of your own typer drive you crazy....

The pre-con party was most interesting even if they were serving the third worst beer in the world (Jax and Pearl are worse than Schnell's). Jack Williamson was there -- why do I always have to go to San Francisco or Heidelberg or Minneapolis to meet a New Mexico author? We talked for a while, then I discussed various and sundry writing matters with Joe Haldeman. Most enjoyable meeting Joe (and later, he even let me touch his Nebula. I appreciate things like that; it's as close as I'll ever get to the second loveliest award in existence. Bill Rotsler defined the most gorgeous award for one's work simply: money).

Miracle of modern science, Jon Singer called from Balticon to check up on us. I sensed a trend in the making years ago when Fred mentioned phone-fandom. It seems electronics is taking over in a big way, but more on that later.

I have to admire the stamina and patience of Caryl Bucklin for allowing her place to be invaded by partying fans. Every room was too crowded and the debris must have been waste-deep, so to speak.

The con itself officially started Friday. On a junk-food trip, Denny pointed out the sights of downtown Minneapolis like the Mary Tyler Moore Memorial Escalator and the bizarre Skyway system where people never touch the earth. I think I would like living in Minneapolis if I could only tolerate the wetness and other horrid climatic conditions. If I could, I'd certainly consider moving in spite of Ed Bryant's dictum about an author staking out his territory and defending it against all comers.

It's obvious, even though Clifford Simak lives there, that Minneapolis is Gordy Dickson's town. Listening to the fans talk, an outsider might think he was

another con where I'd been duped into speaking on "Oral Sex in SF" and found out they were serious. People actually took notes. And I found out that Radio Planet by Ralph Milne Farley was the seminal source for oral sex in sf (the hero enters a sleeping chamber and emerges with a mouth full of formic acid).

My panic was assuaged by an entire six-pack of beer. Joe Haldeman had most of a fifth of scotch, Gordy had a couple of Heinekens, Denny had already finished off his first six-pack and was working on a second, and Tucker had his bottle of Beam's Choice.

Somewhere around the third can of beer, I realized the panel was being videotaped. And we could all be blackmailed later for our drunken ramblings. And bad puns. But worst of all was the finale. Like trufans, we each took a snort of the Beam, raised our right arms and, with Tucker leading us, went "SMOOOTH!"

A fan told me it looked like the German High Command saluting der Führer. I went and inhaled another beer. With my luck, the videotape would end up in the CIA files. And after the nasty things I write about the CIA...wow.

If I wasn't in their files before, I am now. On videotape.

I'd barely walked out of the panel when I spied Reed Waller and Karen Hill. Most nice seeing Reed again. We sat and talked and eventually decided it would be more fannish to see Bugs Bunny Superstar than attend the banquet. So, Reed, Karen, Ken Fletcher, Sue, and I all trooped off to laugh at the antics of a hero of my childhood.

The speeches at the banquet were incredibly schizoid (all being videotaped). Two toastmasters (Rusty Hevelin and Jackie Franke), two fan GoHs (Leigh and Norb Couch) and two pro GoHs (Leigh Brackett and Edmond Hamilton). All I can really say is that Leigh Brackett is right: ad astra!

Immediately following was a fine performance of Mimeo Man. It took four months of rehearsal; the long hours of preparation were worth it. A very well done production, better than some little theatre groups could have done, in fact. Sue told me that next year's extravaganza will be MidWest Side Story. Ah, sweet idiocy....

More hectic partying and still I was unable to empty the bottomless waste basket of punch. Blue Petal, Mike Glicksohn, and I met by the elevators to discuss the technical aspects of con-going. A lengthy, highly abstruse discussion of the merits of random walk versus drunken sitting transpired. Blue favors sitting while I favor random walks. Glicksohn seemed sober and was quickly excluded from the conversation as being in no condition to carry on -- and on and on.

The next day was a winding down, more or less. Rusty Hevelin showed slides from Aussiecon, Jim Young took a load of us on another tour of Minneapolis. Bruce Wright pointed out a Frank Lloyd Wright house and, I have to admit, I was impressed. How he managed to build a house in downtown Minneapolis and make it seem like it was in the country is the work of a genius. Back at the hotel, I had a chance to talk with Mike Wood. First time in years, too.

The dead dog party at the Bozo Bus Building had more people at it than the first Worldcon. All the GoHs and toastmasters were there plus most of the notables. It presented a good opportunity for me to talk to a lot of them. John Kusske even showed up. He, Blue Petal, and I talked for some time about Garner Ted Armstrong and the Great Spider (not necessarily two separate deities). I sort of tapered off listening to Reed and Fred sing filk songs. I was very impressed

with "Sassafrass Jones" done by Reed. Also, Karen presented me with one of the nicest compliments to come my way in some while. Not often do we Capricorns get egoboo just for existing. Drunk and smoke-clogged, I ended up on the stairs talking with Sue until people began stumbling over us on their way to sober up at an all night eatery which only poisoned every third customer. May Ghu and Roscoe have mercy on four of your fannish souls.

One thing of note was a videotaped Jon Singer. We taped a reply, and it struck me that electronics had finally penetrated to the heart of fannish endeavor. Jon was able -- in his electronic persona -- to attend two cons at once. And receive a personal reply through the same medium. With everything being taped, the Minneapolis fans could vicariously relive the entire con. I foresee the shuddery prospect of a supporting member to a big con getting a stack of videotapes and a bottle of booze for his money. That way, he can see all the panels and have his own room party -- without leaving his very own room. Or being annoyed by all those fans.

Since most of the Big MAC will be done this way, I was interested. I'm not sure I'm as hot for the idea as Scott Imes or as sold on it as Ken Keller is. But I prefer a more personal contact to the vacuous 19" idiot eye. If the big cons go to closed circuit TV, I'm going to start going to the smaller cons. If I spend the same amount of money for more of what I consider "worthwhile" and "fun," I'm coming out ahead. So, look for me after the Big MAC at the smaller regionals like Minicon.

The next day was spent bozo-ing around with Fred, Jim, David Emerson, Robin White, and saying goodbye to Barry Smotroff, et al. The dead-dead dog party that night let me talk a bit more with Rick Sternbach and Gordy Dickson. And, for the first time in a long while, I was able to talk with KenFletch. Sue and Jim and Don (it was his apartment so why shouldn't he be at this party?) and Dave Wixon (it was his apartment, too, by the way) and a half dozen others came and went, all along the watchtower.

In summation, I enjoyed the con immensely -- far more than any save two Worldcons (Baycon, my first, and Heicon, both unique in different ways). I suspect I witnessed the wave of the future in the videotaping of all major events. It's one thing to use the TV to, say, tape Mimeo Man and see what can be improved. It's a bit spooky if this goes into a library rather than a human memory. I guess I'm seeing a specter that may not exist, the grim reality of cons being projected on 20 meter wide screens a la 1984. I don't go to a con to watch TV or see summer reruns. But I'm old fashioned by only living a hundred years in the future. I have tunnel vision and who am I to squawk if I see a train coming at me down the tunnel?

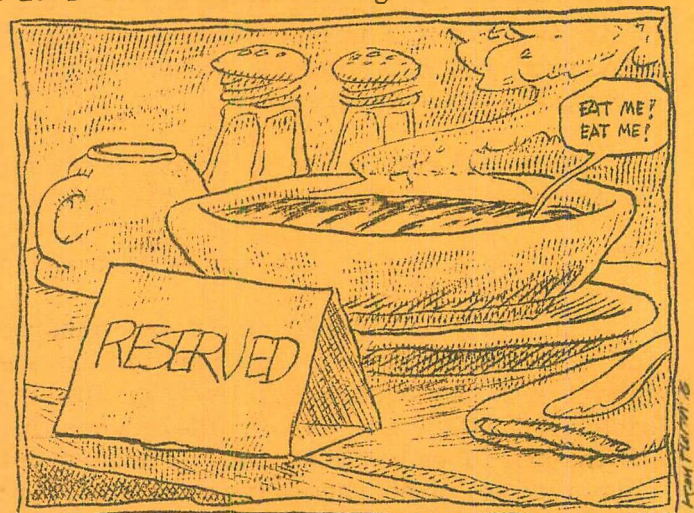
The con had about 500 in attendance, a good number. Lots of good times, more good people than I can possibly name. But, you know something? I learned a fannish truism.

TANSTAAFL.

I never did get my free meal.

I'll just have to go to next year's Minicon and try again. I think it'll be worth the trip whether I get a free feed or not.

-- Bob Vardeman, Simulacrum #2

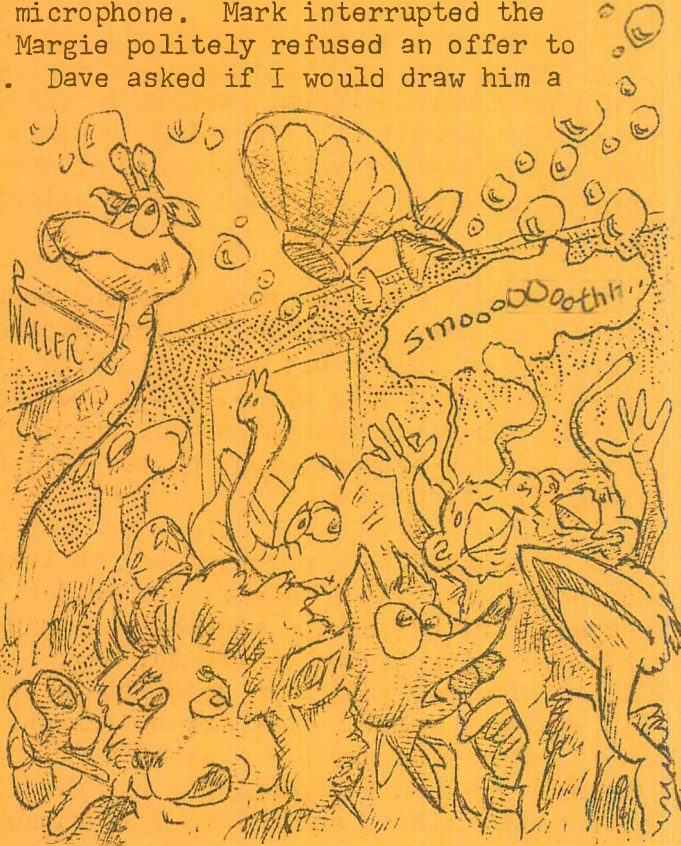


Chuck Holst, Jenny Brown, Mark Riley, and Karen Hennebry were lurking in the airport lounge. (They explained later that they always came out to the airport on Sundays, to watch the planes come in.)

"Hey, look, there's Tucker," Riley cried in surprise. "Let's have a party!"

And we did.

Suddenly it seemed as if thirty people were packed into an apartment meant for two, and I realized that Minneapolis fandom did indeed possess the proper qualifications to host a worldcon. The party was a fitting welcome to the city. Jenny baked a cake. Someone else baked brownies. I watched a purple dragon stroll across the ceiling. Karen thrust a bottle into my hand. Caryl said there was another case where that came from. Ken drew a dirigible on my undershirt. Cat exhibited her long legs to my admiring gaze. Quinn put a manuscript in my hand and asked me to read it aloud into a microphone. Mark interrupted the reading with uncontrolled sound effects. Margie politely refused an offer to dance and cautioned me to not pick her up. Dave asked if I would draw him a picture for the program book. Linda begged me to loan her the ten of clubs for a forthcoming production of The Mimeo Man. Denny wanted to know if I had returned from Australia. Sue wondered if I remembered last year. Two enthusiastic fans who asked not to be identified wrestled on the floor. Fred relaxed in an easy chair fulfilling his role as the official happy deadwood emeritus. Karen's sister and the sister's boyfriend came by to learn the cause of the noise. Reed drew pictures on the bathroom walls. Gordy announced that he was going off the wagon just for this week. The landlord didn't throw us out. I called Western Union and sent a night-letter to the Secret Masters, recommending that Minneapolis be awarded the worldcon in 1973.



The hostess threw everyone out just before dawn, explaining that she had to go to work in a couple of hours and wanted to have time to eat breakfast before leaving. The merrymakers thought that a pretty poor excuse for breaking up a party, but they trooped out.

Mark paused in the doorway, remembering news of vital import. "Hey, Caryl," he cried. "Tell Tucker about the party at your house Thursday night!"

And so she did. And we did it again.

Suddenly it seemed as if two hundred people were packed into a house meant for a half-dozen. We/they partied in the attic, the second floor, the first floor, and the basement. We/they spilled out onto the front lawn, the steps and sidewalks, the side yards. Neighbors looked on agape, and wondered what the youth of the world was coming to. Crashers drifted along the sidewalk, and were surprised to find themselves welcome. Elderly persons walking their dogs and cats huddled across the street and shook their heads. Police cars cruised slowly by, the fuzz lovingly fingering their truncheons. Someone telephoned the mayor but

he said his hands were tied, this being an election year.

There was an electric moment when Bob Vardeman walked in the doorway.

"Hey, look, there's Vardebob," Riley cried in surprise. "Let's have a party!"

He seemed crestfallen and a little pouty when Bev Swanson pointed out we were having a party.

"Hey, Vardebob," Haskell asked in an official deadwood tone, "what are you doing in town?"

Vardeman answered reasonably enough that he was in town to attend a convention, some esoteric event advertised as "Minicon 11." The revelers stared at one another, surprise turning to consternation. Someone dropped a beer can from nerveless fingers. We had forgotten the convention!

But once again Minneapolis fandom proved its mettle, its inalienable right to host the worldcon in 1973.

Wixon produced a typewriter and a package of dried stencils from a dusty closet and rapidly put together a fanzine we cheerfully called "a program booklet." Tatge ran home to get his mimeograph, but warned us he had no ink. Swanson said not to worry, and donated a quart of used oil from the crankcase of her stolen car. And all of us joined in the merry game of making up imaginary panels and sessions and topics and titles for all-night movies, imaginary entries in the "official program." Most of the pages were easy to fill, by simply copying the programs of every other con held every other weekend the country over: never-ending art shows and auctions and hucksterings and registrations and filksings and other claptrap. In-between-times we sandwiched in diversions like Rusty Hevelin's Aussiecon slide show, a rubber chicken banquet, a guest of honor harangue, and a cocktail hour at which drunken Pros could exhibit their tender egos -- always making certain that everything closed down promptly at eight o'clock, to allow time for room parties. That last was the most important.

We had fun tossing in names to appear on our "program." Bucklin thought we should name Ed Hamilton and Leigh Brackett as joint guests of honor because they went everywhere together. Ryan said we should do the same for Norb and Leigh Couch as fan guests of honor because they did the same. Fletcher said it would be a keen idea to carry the double-feature scheme through to its logical conclusion by naming Jackie Franke and Rusty Hevelin as joint masters-of-ceremonies; he said they would be both pleased and surprised (mostly surprised) if they happened to wander in during the weekend. Appelbaum tossed in the names of Cliff Simak and Jack Williamson because he'd just finished reading books by those two authors and thought they should be on the "program." Emerson demanded equal time and tossed in Ben Bova and Lester del Rey; he pointed out that if they did appear unexpectedly, they could be given something to do. Like keeping the ice buckets filled, or something. Blyly said Joe Haldeman and Gordy Dickson would likely appear, so their names should be in print to keep them quiet.

Ruth Berman and Denny Lien offered themselves as volunteers for one or more of the panels, pointing out that if no Pro showed up for the convention -- none at all -- the committee would need a few warm bods on the platform to placate the neofans. It was slyly suggested that a neofan wouldn't know the difference anyway. There was a moment of embarrassment when Vardeman declared that, By Hugo, if Lien got to sit on the platform then he (Vardeman) also wanted to sit down. His name was inserted into the "program" to keep him happy. No one there wanted to be tuckerized in his next novel. Cat Ocel wanted Lloyd Biggle's name listed because she thought he was cute. And finally the genius of Linda Lounsbury

provided the capstone, the climactic touch: it was her idea to announce a performance of "The Mimeo Man" because she'd received a fanzine by that name from Moshe Feder. And so the "program booklet" went to press. At a late hour it was done and collated and stapled, and made ready for the convention due on the morrow.

"Hey, now that that's over and done, let's have a party!" the irrepressible Riley cried.

Alas, the party was not to resume there. Caryl threw us out, pleading exhaustion. The typewriter was put back in the closet, the mimeograph was strapped to Tatge's back, the empty oil can was thrown into a neighbor's yard, and the empty bottles and beer cans were tossed into the street. Crud sheets spewn out by the mimeograph and residue static drippings from its Christmas tinsel were tossed into a passing police car. The merry-makers went home, all promising to gather at the downtown hotel on the morrow to see if anyone appeared for the convention.

I found myself in another house, a strange house I'd never before entered, staring across a coffee table at Riley and Ocel. They asked me what I wanted to do now, and I explained that I wanted to stay awake until after dawn; I explained that I wanted to be at the airport about seven in the morning to meet an incoming plane. I said that Mari Beth was flying in from Los Angeles, and it would be a nice touch if I was there to welcome her.

"Hey, Mari Beth is coming," Riley cried in surprise. "Let's have a party!"

And so we did. We partied until sunrise and beyond, when he drove me to the airport to meet the visitor.

The weekend went like that. I stayed three or four days in the hotel, mostly for the sake of curiosity, and was pleasantly surprised to find a convention did meet there. Dave Wixon distributed his fanzine and everyone accepted it in like fashion, pretending to listen to imaginary panels, dropping in on make-believe sessions, bidding like crazy on non-existent art and auction items, even sitting for two hours in a great dining hall chomping on rubber chicken and pretending to listen to inspiring speeches. It was all done for a purpose, an end that justified any means.

The glorious room parties.

Every evening at eight o'clock the clarion call could be heard in all the corridors, calling the faithful to bend toward Mecca. "Hey, look, it's eight already! Let's have a party!" If some hapless author was speaking on a subject dear to his heart (money), the microphone was turned off in mid-sentence; if an auction was in progress, the piece was snatched from the auctioneer's hands and the lights were shut off; if a panelist was expounding on criticism or visual media (whatever that is) or How Good It Was In The Old Days Before The Coming Of Laser Books, the plug was pulled and the audience scrambled for the doors. We ran for the rooms and the suites and the corridors of the upper floors where beer and Beam's Choice was flowing like nectar from the horn.

That was a fine weekend. It was a pretty good convention too.

Sometime on Monday afternoon I gathered my clothes from the floor and my luggage from under the bed, to wend my weary way out to the airport in hopes of catching a passing plane. I couldn't go home, couldn't go to Illinois. I knew better than to return to my family in the sorry state I was in, for they would suspect something was amiss. I decided instead to return to Florida and submit

to the comfortable ministrations of a warming sun, to stretch out and dry out under the sun for at least another month before attempting to face my family in Illinois.

A kindly stewardess helped me up the steps because I needed all the help I could get. My legs were weak, my bones weary, my eyesockets bloodshot. I teetered precariously on the rim of the airlock and turned to cast a last lingering look at the terminal lounge where it had all started eight days before. A gaunt figure of a man stood against the inside window, waving at me in frantic but friendly fashion. His words couldn't be heard, not through that window and not above the surrounding noise of aircraft, but I could read his lips well enough. His message was clear, lucid, distinct.

It was Mark Riley.

(Warning to Harry Warner, Jr.: this convention report is not to be incorporated into your future history.)

-- Bob Tucker



<<BOOK REVIEWS -- Continued from page 37.>>

Polymath, John Brunner, DAW, 1975, \$1.25, 156 pages.

This is DAW's second edition of Brunner's 1974 novel -- itself an expansion and revision of an earlier work (which is the second reason why it may be familiar). (The first): the book deals with the fairly standard theme of shipwrecked earthmen on an alien planet. They face, expectably, the problems of adapting to an unknown planet -- and each other. Not deep, but moderately entertaining: an Adventure suited for fast reading.

The Cyberiad, Stanislaw Lem, Avon, 1976, \$1.50, 236 pages.

Subtitled "Fables for the Cybernetic Age," this book is a collection of very short -- and very weird -- stories, dealing with the inane foibles of a pair of robots who can build just about anything. The stories themselves are like nothing you've ever read before; translator Mroz seems to have done a great job, capturing the book's wackiness in appropriately convoluted and warped English. This is not science fiction; it's scientifically absurd (other ways, too!): Aesop's Fables done up by a mad clockmaker. Don't try to read these all in a sitting: you'll numb yourself. Just read one now and again between other, more normal works.

Contributors To RINE, Volume Seven:

ART: Grant Canfield, Derek Carter, Phil Church, EssJay, Ken Fletcher, Tom Foster, Jack Gaughan, Mike Gilbert, Alexis Gilliland, Fred Haskell, Jay Kinney, Vikki Marshall, Jim Odbert, Peach, James Shull, Al Sirois, Dan Steffan, Rick Sternbach, Steve Stiles, Richard Tatge, Reed Waller, Allan Wilde, Jim Young.

WRITTEN MATERIAL: Don Blyly, John Carl, Don D'Amassa, Gordon R. Dickson, Mark Digre, Leigh Edmonds, David Emerson, Ken Fletcher, Asenath Hammond, Fred Haskell, E. Phil Inkarnit, John Kusske, Denny Lien, Paul McGuire, Archibald E. "Bugsy" MacLone, Jr. (as told to Reed Waller), Nightreader, Ruth Odren, John A. Purcell, Mark Riley, Jon Singer, Jerry Stearns, Richard Tatge, Bob Tucker, Bob Vardeman, Reed Waller, Dave Wixon, Jim Young.

LETTERS: Marsha Allen, Kathy Anderson, H. J. N. Andrushak, Bruce D. Arthurs, Donald Bailey, Sarah Sue Bailey, douglas barbour, Richard Bartucci, Steve Beatty, Larry Becker, Eric Bentcliffe, Bink, Dainis Bisenieks, K. Allen Bjorke, Robert Bloch, Gray Boak, Denny Bowden, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Bill Breiding, Kim Bulot, Grant Canfield, Eli Cohen, Buck Coulson, Tony Cvetko, Don D'Amassa, Tim Daniels, Garth Danielson, Tom Digby, Mark Digre, K. J. Dillon, David Dyer-Bennet, Alex Eisenstein, Moshe Feder, Dan Feyma, Leah Fisher, Tom Foster, Freff, Rick Gellman, Mike Glicksohn, D. Gary Grady, Joe Green, Stanley Greene, Jon Gustafson, Michael Harper, Flieg Hollander, Charles P. Holst, Ken Hoyme, Terry Hughes, Ben P. Indick, Rob Jackson, Terry Jeeves, Linda J. Johnson, Hector Jonse, Jerry Kaufman, Greg Ketter, Lord Jim Khennedy, Jay Kinney, Mike Kring, Malcolm J. Kudra, Gary Lee, Denny Lien, Samuel S. Long, Tim Marion, Charles Martin, Wayne W. Martin, Gary S. Mattingly, Louis Morra, Paul Novitski, Stephanie Oberembt, Jodie Offutt, Darroll Pardoe, Dave Piper, Andrew Porter, Pete E. Presford, John A. Purcell, Randy, Ygor Rega, Peter Roberts, Spider Robinson, Jessica Amanda Salmonson, Steven Sawicki, Mark Sharpe, Elliot Shorter, Clifford D. Simak, R. A. Simms, Jon Singer, Al Sirois, Barry Smotroff, Louie Spooner, Rick Sternbach, Denise Stokes, James Styles, Roy Tackett, Brian Tannahill, Matthew B. Tepper, Suzle Tompkins, Bruce Townley, (the Rt. Hon.) Robert Field Tredray, Bob Tucker, Renee M. Valois, Bob Vardeman (#17), Reed Waller, Harry Warner, Jr., Laurine White, Allan J. Wilde, Sarah Sue Wilde, Terry Whittier, Dave Wixon, Gene Wolfe, Mike Wood, Susan Wood, J. Maxwell Young, Leah A. Zeldes.

COLLATING: Jon Adams, Jan Appelbaum, Don Bailey, Dainis Bisenieks, Don Blyly, Larry Brommer, Alison Bucklin, Nate Bucklin, Pat Collins, Mark Digre, David Dyer-Bennet, David Emerson, EssJay, Ken Fletcher, Susan Guthman, Fred Haskell, Karen Hill, Chuck Holst, Ken Hoyme, Scott Imes, Al Kuhfeld, Lynda Kuiper, John Kusske, Kate Lehrer, Denny Lien, Linda Lounsbury, Ruth Odren, Blue Petal, Susan Ryan, Martin Schafer, Al Standish, Jerry Stearns, Carol Stodolka, Frank Stodolka, Dick Tatge, Paul Tatge, Craig van Grasstek, Joan Marie Verba, Gerry Wassenaar, Mike Wood, Jim Young, Patti Zbikowski.

MIMEOGRAPHY: Don Blyly, David Emerson, Fred Haskell, Dave Wixon.

MIMEOGRAPH MACHINE OWNER: Don Blyly.

CIRCULATION MANAGER: Mark Hansen, Dave Wixon.

TYPING ASSISTANCE: Ken Fletcher, Jerry Stearns, Dave Wixon.

PROOFREADING: David Emerson.

INSPIRATION, SUPPORT, ADVICE, ASSISTANCE, AND/OR TEA: Suzie Black, Don Blyly, Bridget Dziedzic, David Emerson, Ken Fletcher, Tom Foster, Karen Hill, Phil Proctor, Sue Ryan, Jon Singer, Jerry Stearns, Reed Waller, Dave Wixon, Jim Young.

AND OF COURSE, Minn-stf and Minicon....

MINN-STF MINUTES

Pursuant to the Minn-stf Constitution, meetings were held prior to 4/1/76 to nominate and elect a Board of Directors for 1976-77.

On March 13th at Alison and Caryl Bucklin's, a nominations meeting was held. Nominated for the Board were Ken Fletcher, Jan Appelbaum, Fred Haskell, Sue Ryan, David Emerson, Margie Lessinger, Dave Wixon, John Stanley, Linda Lounsbury, Caryl Bucklin, and Mark Digre.

On March 27 at Denny Lien's the election was held. An Australian ballot, including voter's preference for Board size, was used. Election judge Denny Lien announced the results. The Board of Directors will have five members. They are Dave Wixon, Jan Appelbaum, Ken Fletcher, Margie Lessinger, and Fred Haskell.

The newly elected Board then met in private. Afterwards, they announced Minn-stf's officers for 1976-77. They are: President - Denny Lien, Vice-President - Ken Hoyme; Secretary - Gerry Wassenaar; Treasurer - Jan Appelbaum.

Spectulatively Remitted,
Gerry Wasenaar, Secretary.

* * *

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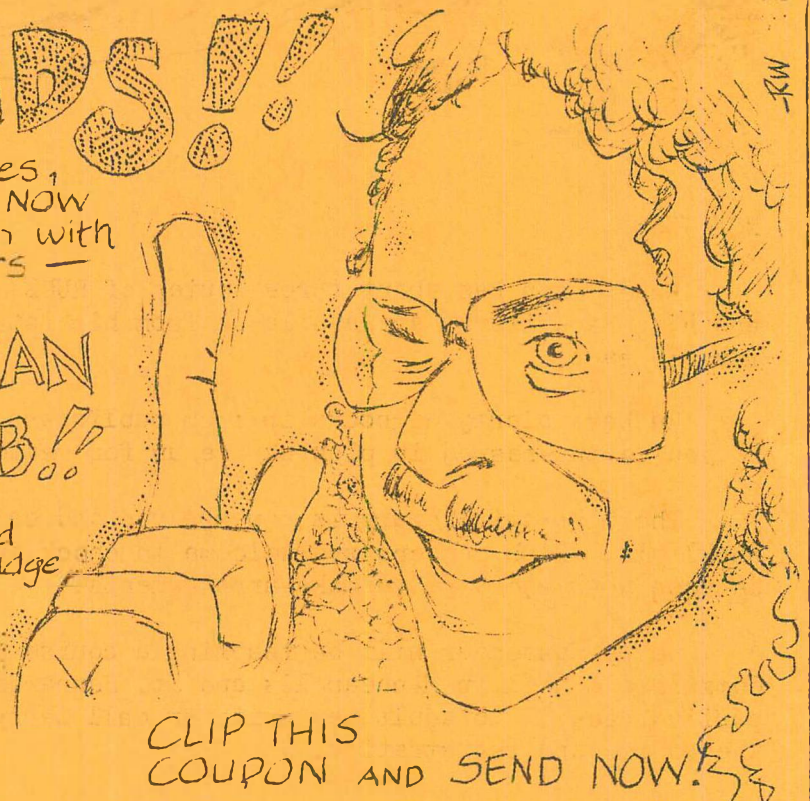
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NOTICES:

Dave Wixon has about three copies of RUNE 44 left, and a number of 45, 46, and 47. Back issues are available from him (at 343 E 19th St #5B, Mpls MN 55404) for 75¢ each.

We have plenty of books in from publishers for review. See David Emerson if you're interested in picking one up for reviewing.

The Minn-stf library is now shelved and catalogued, at Alison and Caryl Bucklin's. Club members are welcome to check out books, and should call 825-0018 between noon and 9 pm to make arrangements.

Gerry Wassenaar will be teaching a course called "Modern SF" at South High Community School in Minneapolis and St. Bernards School in St. Paul. Interested parties ages 12 to adult may write or call Gerry at 374-4854 for information about the course and registration.

IN MEMORIAM:

Barry Smotroff, a New York fan, died on July 29. Though we had been in Minneapa together for a number of years, I didn't know Barry as well as I would have liked to, and now I guess I never will. Barry was a fine man, and we will all miss him greatly..... (Fred Haskell)