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the
REVELATION
TO
DAVID



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YOU MUST SEND US YOUR CHANGE OF ADDRESS when you move, or else the Post Office destroys your copy of RUNE and charges us 25¢, and we cut you off the mailing list.

THANKS to the collators of RUNE #48: Gerry Wassenaar, Jerry Stearns, Renée Valois, Liz LaVelle, Fred Haskell, Mike Wood, Scott Imes, Margie Lessinger, Ken Hoyme, Susan Ryan, Jan Appelbaum, Jim Young, Mike Kinghorn, and Ben Lessinger.

Welcome to Volume Eight of RENE. I assume it's Volume Eight, because Fred called the set of issues he edited Volume Seven. I asked him about it once, and he replied that he figured that every time the zine changed editors, it counted as a volume. That sounded like a pretty good premise, until I learned that nobody could quite remember how many editors RENE has gone through in its long and varied existence. Fred said that he could only think of six before him. And since I doubt that there's anyone who actually has a complete run, the historical research involved in checking this out could be prohibitively unamusing. So, for my part, I am content to designate this issue as Volume Eight Number One, and take everything else on faith.

I don't expect you to take me on faith, however (even though many of you already have, from your letters and comments), so I will indulge in a traditional first-issue editorial practice and Introduce Myself.

I have been a fan since 1971, having discovered fandom in a crypt beneath the Columbia University campus two years before (for the full story, see KRATOPHANY #10). I lived for three years in a slant shack known as The Avocado Pit, with Eli Cohen, Jerry Kaufman, Suzle Tompkins, Aseath Hammond, assorted guests & crashers, MANY cats, and of course several avocados. After that I lived with Aseath in a Greenwich Village apartment that we dubbed Proxima Puddle, and from there I emigrated to Minneapolis. I am now firmly ensconced in the Bozo Bus Building. While I was in New York, I was a member of most of the fan groups there, with the exception of the Lunarians; here in the Twin Cities, I am involved in Minn-stf, RENE, Noces, and Minicon. I was in MINNEAPA until recently, when other concerns left me with no time to do triweekly zines. I have also done personalzines and written fanzine articles (most of the best ones as yet unpublished).

You might guess that I like fandom. You might be right.

I am by nature, and hopefully someday by profession, a musician. That I am currently working for a Minneapolis bank as a computer programmer should not be taken as a contradiction of this aim. I could say that programming is a very popular fannish occupation (just look at NESFA), but I'm not doing it out of a spirit of fannishness; more like a spirit of poverty. Programming pays lots better than playing two nights a week in a bar band. Unfortunately, it leaves a lot less time for fanac. On the other hand, I do have weekends free now and can afford to go to cons, so working full-time isn't a total loss.

For the statistically-minded in the audience, I'll state that I am the second of four children; I wear glasses; I was born and raised in central Florida; I once did two years of graduate work in physics; I once had a beard and long hair and was called "hippie"; I am 5'10", weigh 150 lb. and wear size 10½ shoes; and I have been to 32 cons. I don't usually discuss politics, but I will say that I almost voted for Howard the Duck last November.

Another traditional topic in an editor's first issue is a Statement of Policy. I'd like to make the RENE smaller than Fred's (which it is) and more frequent (which it isn't, yet). I'd like it to be a nexus of communication between Minn-stf and the rest of fandom, showing each what the other is like. Exactly how I'm going to accomplish this is still somewhat uncertain, but you can be sure I'll do the very best I know how to do.

Now turn the page, and we'll have some announcements and other fun stuff.

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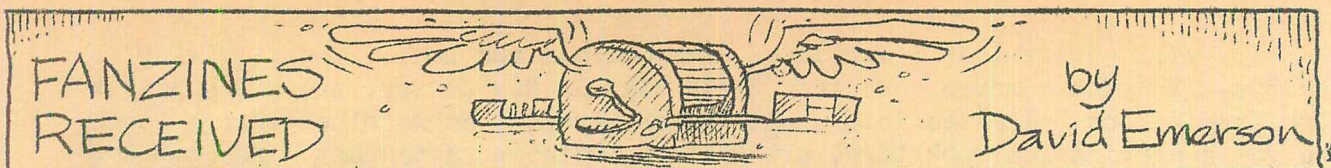
Since so many complained (tho some said it was the only thing wrong with RUNE #48), I'll print here the names of the fans in the Midwestcon '76 photos last issue. Everybody got their foldouts handy? Okay, clockwise from top left: Rusty Hevelin; Barb Nagey, Derek Carter, Michael Harper; Karina & Joe Siclari and Moshe Feder; Robin Johnson and Mike Glicksohn; Ben Zuhl and Susan Applegate; Stephanie Oberembt; Jerry Kaufman; Jodie Offutt; Jon Singer; Sally Sellers; Lesleigh & Hank Luttrell, Jerry Kaufman, and Gary Farber; Lynnette Parks, Bill Bowers, Patrick Hayden, Larry Downes, and Patti Peters; Heidi somebody (not Saha) and Mark Moore.

According to a letter from Stven Carlberg, New Orleans has conceded its bid for the 1973 Worldcon to Minneapolis. In honor of this event, he and Don Markstein are throwing a convention, appropriately called "Stven & Don's Con", at which there will be a Minneapolis in '73 bidding party. They hope to have actual Minnesota fans on hand for the occasion, and cordially invite us all to New Orleans for the weekend of March 4-6, 1977. Registration is \$4 (and information is free) from Don Markstein, 2533 General Pershing, New Orleans LA 70115.

And then Meade Frierson sent Minn-stf a nice letter inviting us all down to Alabama for the 1977 DeepSouthCon the weekend before SunCon. Enclosed was a list of fans most likely to be found at Southern cons, and a few words of description of each; also general descriptions of some of the regular cons. It sounds like Midwest con-going fans would probably enjoy it. More information from Meade at 3705 Woodvale Rd, Birmingham AL 35223. Memberships are \$5 from Penny Frierson at the same address.

There are now some apartments empty in the Bozo Bus Building. Those of us still here would much rather see more fans move in than mundanes. The present population includes Dave Wixon, Don Blyly, Margie Lessinger, Scott Imes, Rick Gellman, Louie Spooner, and Jean Stollnitz (a fringe-fan but fits in well), with Ken Fletcher and Linda Lounsbury next door in Castle Anthrax. The Bus apartments are roomy two-bedroom (or, depending on the way you set it up, two-living-room) apartments, with good sized kitchens. They're not in the greatest condition, but the neighbors are great! And only a block from Uncle Hugo's and the Electric Fetus, too. Rents are around \$130 a month. Call Dave Wixon at (612) 870-1119 if you're interested. Direct bus line to the U of M, by the way.





No column this time around, folks. I haven't had the time or the inspiration. If I were to do a column, it would probably be on British fanzines; they, along with the "Special Items" described later in these pages, were what I enjoyed most among this issue's batch. With a few exceptions, of course; I leave it as an exercise for the reader to identify them.

By the way, (U) in a listing means it's available for the usual, which generally means trade, contribution of article, loc, or artwork, or being somebody the editor likes.

British Zines: ATROPOS #3, Dave Cockfield, 31 Durham Ct, Hebburn, Tyne & Wear, NE31 1JX. (U) Genzine. Small and unassuming, with the emphasis leaning somewhat toward SF, tho there is a chat with Mae Strelkov, and the editorial is fairly fannish. Typical of the sort of zine done by relatively new fans in the US, so that it doesn't seem particularly British at all. ☺☺ DREAM VENDOR #1 is similar in that respect, although it has much less to do with SF. The editor, Alan Sandercock (London House, Mecklenburgh Square, London WC1) has written the contents himself, but he hopes to make it "some sort of genzine." 6/\$1 (U).

ERG #55, Terry Jeeves, 230 Bannerdale Rd, Sheffield S11 9FE. 3/50p or 4/\$1 (U). A survivor from an earlier fan era, when fans were arguing whether Planet Stories was superior or inferior to Astounding, ERG carries much of the feel of that earlier fandom into the present. At least, that's the only reason I can think of that this zine seems so fannish when most of it is book reviews, an article on Bradbury, another on prozines, and an editorial on writing SF. There are also fanzine reviews and part of a series on fanzine production to balance out. 100% illustrated by Jeeves, in a mixture of fannish & stfnal art.

THE GRIMLING BOSCH #5, Harry Bell, 9 Lincoln St, Gateshead, Tyne & Wear NE8 4EE. Fine fanwriting from one of fandom's finest new cartoonists. Curiously enough, Harry has no art of his own in this issue; but he writes so enjoyably that I didn't notice the lack at first. His subject matter tends to concentrate on his doings with other fans, and is often quite humorous.

INFERNO #12, Paul & Cas Skelton, 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire SK2 5NW. Personalzine in a sort of fandiary format, incorporating locs and reviews along the way whenever they happen to come up. Rather like sitting down for a chat over a pint of bitters. ☺☺ DON'T GO COLUMBUS, YOU'LL FALL OFF THE CRUNCHY BIT, by Skel and the Mearae (Mike & Pat Meara of Spondon), seems to be a one-shot commemorating "the bicentenary of their loss and our gain (i.e. it's two hundred years since the rotten bastards beat us.)" Also an apology for KNOCKERS FROM NEPTUNE not being published on schedule. Lots of fannish craziness.

MAYA #11, Rob Jackson, 21 Lyndhurst Rd, Benton, Newcastle upon Tyne NE12 9NT. 40p; \$1 from Sam Long, POBox 4946, Patrick AFB FL 32925 USA; A\$0.75 from Robin Johnson, GPO Box 4039, Melbourne, Vic. 3001, Australia. Very fannish issue, with Pete Weston, Walt Willis, Bob Shaw, and Tom Perry writing. As usual, a very attractive zine. ☺☺ Sent out with it was SPECULATION #33, Pete Weston, 72 Beeches Dr, Erdington, Birmingham B24 0DT. Long overdue; contains a long and involved article on Cordwainer Smith by J.J. Pierce.

SPI #5, Graham Poole, 23 Russet Rd, Cheltenham, Glos. GL51 7 LN. 35p, \$1 (U). Primarily fan-oriented, with a Susan Clarke con report, Ian Williams fmz reviews, and an account of some fans trying to make a "sci-fi" flick. Includes a couple of supplements, one on fan groups and the other a sort of fannish information clearing-house.

TRIDOE #23, Eric Bentcliffe, 17 Riverside Cres, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire CW4 7NR. 50p, \$1 (U); Canadian agent Mike Glicksohn, US agent Terry Hughes. Emphatically faaanish, with faan-fiction by Tom Perry and by Eric Mayer; Irish John Berry's strange experience in Portugal; fanart symposium; Mancon report; and the revelations that Newcastle Ale is the secret of the Earthlings' space warp drive and that corflu causes deafness.

And finally, WRINKLED SHREW #6, Pat & Gray Charnock, 70 Ledbury Rd, London W11 2AH. Any amount of money or the usual. The table of contents is two pages of soft-core kinky Gothic-horror parody and is one of the best things in the issue. There's also yet another report on Mancon (possibly the best-covered con in recent years), a column by Dicky Howett, part 3 of the fan memoirs of Roy Kettle, and a trip report by Chris Priest -- "the man who went to Greece with the Edwardses, Rosie, and the Charnox and returned alive!" Also the thrilling news that SF is a communist plot. All of WS is thoroughly enjoyable, unless you're turned off by the naughty bits.

Genzines: ALVEGA #3, Alyson Abramowitz, 4921 Forbes Ave Apt 205E, Pittsburgh PA 15213. 75¢ (U). ☐☐ ASH-WING #19, 20, Frank Denton, 14654 8th Ave SW, Seattle WA 98166. (U) ☐☐ BLACK LITE #2, John DiPrete, POBox 8214, Cranston RI 02920. \$1, 6/\$5.75, (U). Leans toward comics fandom. ☐☐ BRICK 'N BOARD JOURNAL #2, Cheryl Cline & Lynn Kuehl, 724 Mellus St, Martinez CA 94553. (U) ☐☐ CRUX #2, James Styles, 342 Barkly St, Ararat, Victoria 3377, Australia. 40¢, 4/\$2 (might be Aussie dollars), (U). ☐☐ DIEHARD #8, Tony Cvetko, 29415 Parkwood Drive, Wickliffe OH 44092. 75¢ (U). ☐☐ DYNATRON #65, Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd NW, Albuquerque NM 87107. 35¢, 3/\$1, (U). ☐☐ ECLIPSE #9, Mark Sharpe, 10262 John Jay Apt D, Indianapolis IN 46236. 50¢ (U). ☐☐ FAN'S ZINE #9, 10, Wally Stoelting, 2326 Deewood Dr, Columbus OH 43229. 30¢ (U). ☐☐ FORERUNNER QUARTERLY #3, Susan Clarke, 6 Bellevue Rd, Faulconbridge NSW 2776, Australia. 4/\$4 (Aus or US?). ☐☐ FLADNAG #2, Stven Carlberg, 4315 W Alabama #4, Houston TX 77027. 50¢ (U). Also INTUITION #42 and A TRIBUTE TO HANK REINHARDT, zines for SFPA. ☐☐ THE GALACTIC REVIEW, Stanley Greene, 740 Sycamore St #6, Red Bluff CA 96080. Nearly illegible. ☐☐ GRANFALLOON #20, Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave, Prospect Park PA 19076. \$1 (U) or two issues off your KARASS subscription. Quality genzine. ☐☐ GRYPHON #1, Denny Bowden, 917 Tracy St, Daytona Beach FL 32017. 25¢ (U) ☐☐ JANUS v2 #2, 3, Janice Bogstad & Jeanne Gomoll, 143 W Gillman #303, Madison WI 53703. 75¢, 5/\$3.50 (U). ☐☐ KNIGHTS #16, Mike Bracken, POBox 7157, Tacoma WA 98407. \$1.25 or 4/\$4 (U) Niven by D'Amassa & Niven. How to win a Hugo by Mike Glicksohn. ☐☐ THE MAD DAN REVIEW #4, Marc Ortlieb, 70 Hamblynn Rd, Elizabeth Downs, South Australia 5113. (U) ☐☐ MAD SCIENTIS'S DIGEST, Brian Earl Brown, 55521 Elder Rd, Mishawaka IN 46544. \$1 (U). ☐☐ MOTA #19 (Special British Issue), Terry Hughes, 4739 Washington Blvd, Arlington VA 22205. (U) Dynamite Mancon report by Tom Perry, long and personal; also Irish John Berry, Dave Piper, and other items on British fandom. ☐☐ MYTHOLOGIES #9, Don D'Amassa, 19 Angell Dr, East Providence RI 02914. \$1 (U). Lots



of discussions. ☐☐ NEW VENTURE #4, Steve Fahnestalk, Rt. 2 Box 135, Pullman WA 99163. \$1.25, 4/\$4. Quality sercon. ☐☐ QUARK #13, Tom Perry, 25 Locks Road, Locks Heath, Hants. SO3 6NS, U.K. (U) First issue in ten years; welcome back, Tom. This issue is slim but fannish. ☐☐ REQUIEM #11, 12, Norbert Spehner, 1085 Saint-Jean, Longueuil P.Q. J4H 2Z3, Canada. \$1 (U). In French, and beautiful to look at. ☐☐ SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #19, Dick Geis, POBox 11408, Portland OR 97211. \$1.25, \$4/year. ☐☐ SCIENTIFRICTION #6, Mike Glycer, 14974 Osceola St, Sylmar CA 91342. (U) Includes a column by Carl Bennett on running a bookstore. ☐☐ SCINTILLATION #10, Carl Eugene Bennett, Box 8502, Portland OR 97207. \$1.25, \$3.50/yr (U). Good well-rounded zine. ☐☐ SF ECHO #25, Ed Connor, 1805 N Gale, Peoria IL 61604. \$1, 5/\$4. Book size, in a way. ☐☐ SIMULACRUM #2B, 3, Victoria Vayne, POBox 156 Stn D, Toronto, Ont. M6P 3J8, Canada. \$2.50 (U). 2B is a letters issue, 3 a full genzine. High quality visuals, both fannish & serious material. ☐☐ STARLING #34, Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 525 W Main St, Madison WI 53703. 50¢, 5/\$2 (U). This issue is music-oriented, with Frank Denton on Folk, Leigh Edmonds on electronic, Michael Carlson on obscure, Chris Couch on R. Crumb, Eric Clapton on ukelele, Adolf Hitler on vibes, and Lesleigh's "Neofan Follies of '73," the hit of the Minneapolis worldcon. All this and Jim Turner, too! ☐☐ SWOON v2 #3-5, Arnie & Joyce Katz, 59 Livingston St Apt 6B, Brooklyn NY 11201. \$1, 6/\$5 (U). Aggressively faaanish. Outstanding writings by Joyce and by Bill Kunkel. ☐☐ TANGENT #5, David Truesdale, 611-A Division St, Oshkosh WI 54901. \$1.50, 4/\$5. Visually impressive, but contents run the gamut from amateur fiction to some fine interviews. ☐☐ TITLE #55, Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Dr, St Louis MO 63131. 2/\$1 or some sort of response in a 3-month period. ☐☐ WHUNDERFUL #2, Marty Klug, 5730 Chatport Rd, St Louis MO 63129. 40¢ (U). ☐☐ WYKNOT #4, 5, Ken Josenhans, 7602 Vicar Place, New Carrollton MD 20784. 3 13¢ stamps and/or the usual. ☐☐ ZYMURGY, Dick Patten, 2908 El Corto SW, Albuquerque NM 87105. 50¢ (U). Fantastic cover.

Personalzines: ABRAXAS #8-11, Chris Sherman, currently at POBox 5252, La Jolla CA 92037. ☐☐ AVENGING AARDVARK'S AERIE #9, Ross Pavlac, 4654 Tamarack Blvd Apt C-2, Columbus OH 43229. ☐☐ DON-O-SAUR #46, Don C. Thompson, 7498 Canosa Ct, Westminster CO 80030. ☐☐ DRUNKBOAT #1/HYPER #4, Cy Chauvin, 17829 Peters, Roseville MI 48066. ☐☐ GEGENSCHNITT #28, Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave, Faulconbridge NSW 2776, Australia. ☐☐ INSIDE FROM THE INSIDE, a "diatribe," to use the deitor's words, by Ed Beauregard, 2055 York Ave #119, Vancouver B.C. V6J 1E5, Canada. ☐☐ MUSHROOM STEW #2, Jessica Amanda Salmonson, POBox 89517, Zenith WA 98188. Also apazine for A Women's Apa. ☐☐ PANTEKHNION #2, Bob Webber, 204-20 Graydon Hall Dr, Don Mills, Ont. M3A 2Z9, Canada. \$1.50(U). Sort of genzinish. ☐☐ PROFANITY #12, Bruce Pelz, 15931 Kalisher St, Granada Hills CA 91344. Cut apart the cover and you have a dozen LASFS trading cards. ☐☐ QUERIMONIOUS #8/9, Larry Downes, 21960 Avon, Oak Park MI 48237. ☐☐ REFLECTIONS #26, Mike Bailey, POBox 48563 Stn Bentall, Vancouver B.C. V7X 1A3, Canada. ☐☐ STRANGE DYSTOPIAS #2, Bill Brummer, 11 Strath Humber Ct, Islington, Ont. M9A 4C7, Canada. ☐☐ VALMAPA, Leigh Edmonds & Valma Brown, POBox 76, Carlton, Vic. 3053, Australia. ☐☐ YENTA MONAD MEMORIAL JOURNAL #1, John Purcell, 3381 Sumter Av S, St Louis Park MN 55426.

Clubzines & Newsletters: BCFSAZINE #37-41, British Columbia SF Assoc, POBox 35577, Vancouver B.C. V6M 4G9, Canada. Edited by Fran Skene. ☐☐ BSFAN #5, Baltimore SF Society. Edited by Mike Kurman, 16-I Rich Mar Rd, Owings Mills MD 21117. 20¢ (U). Genzinish, with a very fine Steve Stiles cover. ☐☐ DE PROFUNDIS #88-90, and MINUTES OF THE LASFS #1-4, Los Angeles SF Soc, 11360 Ventura Blvd, Studio City CA 91604. The former, edited by Beverly Warren, is a newsletter of announcements; the latter, prepared by Ted Johnstone, a series of meeting reports. ☐☐ NIT-WIT (#8?), Ontario SF Club (OSFiC). Edited by Michael Harper, POBox 105, Bond head, Ont. LOG 1B0, Canada. ☐☐ SHADOW #58-63, Nameless Order of R'lyeh. Edited by Eric Larsen, Box 16369, NCSU, Raleigh NC 27607. Appears every four weeks like clockwork. ☐☐ THIS HOUSE #1, This House Associates, "the semi-official organization known in the vulgar tongue as Science Fiction & Fantasy Fans of the Twin Cities." (Another fan group in the area? My, my....) John Purcell, 3381 Sumter Ave S, St Louis Park MN 55426. 25¢ (U). ☐☐ TICKERTAPE, The Official Organ of

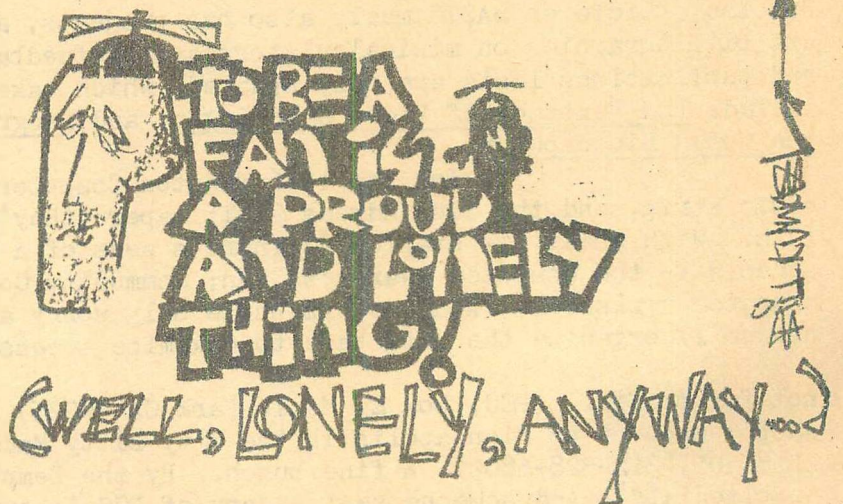
the Sassafrass Party, 559 Arden Way, Sacramento CA 95815. No colophon, no editor listed, no material credited except to obvious pseudonyms and somebody called Emp (for emperor?) Adams. Still a confused mess, even tho the editor, or possibly someone named Ed, wrote me a personal note "explaining" it. Either they're carrying fannish craziness too far for any outsider to understand, or else they're all just scatterbrained. ☺☺ U&U #4, the Des Moines SF Discussion Group. Edited by Mark Gisleson, c/o The Time Machine, 502 Maple, West Des Moines IA 50265. ☺☺ VOR-ZAP #5-7, the Lafayette SF Club. Edited by John Thiel, 30 N. 19th St, Lafayette IN 47904. Neoish.

Ultra Sercon: EMPIRE SCIENCE FICTION #7, Mark McGarry, 631E South Pearl St, Albany NY 12202. 75¢, \$3/year. Amateur fiction and comments on same. ☺☺ EXTRAPOLATION v18 #1, Thomas Claeson, POBox 3186, College of Wooster, Wooster OH 44691. \$2.25, \$4/year. The Journal of the MLA Seminar on Science Fiction. Academic and scholarly, complete with footnotes, bibliographies, etc.

Newszines: LOCUS #194-196, Charlie & Dena Brown, POBox 3938, San Francisco CA 94119. 60¢, 15/\$6. Concentrating on the pro SF field. ☺☺ KARASS #22-26, Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave, Prospect Park PA 19076. 40¢, 5/\$2, or for contribs, 1-for-1 trades, or news. Primarily fan news, plus some columns. ☺☺ THE SPANG BLAH vIV #2, Jan Howard Finder, PCS General Delivery, Ft. Riley KS 66442. (U) News of European fandom as well as British, Aussie, and North American. Includes a listing of Minneapolis under "future worldcon bids" -- for 1973, of course! ☺☺ CHECKPOINT #74, 75, Peter Roberts, 38 Oakland Dr, Dawlish, Devon, U.K. Very fannish British newszine, with some American news here & there. 5/50p or 6/\$1 in cash or International Money Order (U).

Fanzine Fanzines: FANZINE FANATIQUE #19-22, Keith Walker, 2 Daisy Bank, Quernmore Rd, Lancaster, Lancs, U.K. 10p or 3/\$1 (U). Listings and short reviews of all fanzines received; covers the British fanzine scene admirably. ☺☺ IT COMES IN THE MAIL #22-24, Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St, Newport News VA 23605. For trades only, I believe, tho you might write Ned and ask. Description of everything fannish that Ned gets in the mail including fanzines and letters from fans. ☺☺ FANZINE DIRECTORY #1, Steven Beatty, 303 Welch #6, Ames IA 50010. 60¢, 50¢A, 35p, or 3 International Reply Coupons; also trade. A "bibliography, international in scope, on amateur publications in certain subject fields, including science fiction, fantasy, comix, movies, and wargames, as well as other overlapping interest areas." Includes zines no longer published. I'm not sure why Steve felt this publication was needed, but he did an incredible amount of work on it and intends to do one per year.

Special Items: A WEALTH OF FABLE by Harry Warner, Jr. The long-awaited history of fandom in the 1950's is being published in fanzine form by Joe Siclari, POBox 1343, Radio City Station, NY NY 10019. I believe the price is \$8.50. A must for any fan interested in fandom's past. ☺☺ SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY #6, Lee Hoffman, 350 NW Harbor Blvd, Port Charlotte FL 33950. (U) The world's only intentionally 5-yearly fanzine. On schedule too. It's a gem -- I was so overjoyed to see it in my mailbox that I hugged the mailman, bowed 3 times in the



direction of Hagerstown, and dashed inside to light a candle to St. Fantony.)
{} THE HAT GOES HOME, Mike Glicksohn, 141 High Park Ave, Toronto, Ont. M6P 2S3, Canada. Mike's Aussiecon report, which, like XENIUM, features pasted-in souvenirs. Available for \$1, with all proceeds going to DUFF.

Miscellany: SCIENCE FICTION BAZAAR #1, Bob Sourk, POBox 11272, San Diego CA 92111. 15¢ (U). Adzine. {} ABBA ZABA #777, Simon Agree, 6075 Old Redwood Hwy, Petaluma CA 94952. (U) The zine of the Bruce Townley Fan Club, or a reasonable facsimile thereof. {} DIMENSION: PRAECOX #2, Bill Bridget, RR #1, Crawfordsville IN 47933. Available for subscriptions to FEINZINE, PHOTRON, WAMI, SF ECHO, PHOSPHENE, BROWNIAN MOTION, KARASS, OR DON-O-SAUR. Printed in an extremely clumsy format, this zine is Bill's activity for an independent study college course (or a set of courses, it seems) for Antioch. His melodramatic explanation of all this rates about a D+, while his basic idea deserves an A- for a combination of imagination and chutzpah. Also from Bill, a one-page excusezine called SECOND DEGREE 0.1. {} GESTETNER OWNERS' BULLETIN #3, Jon Singer, 167 Vine St, Middletown CT 06457. Sent to those who would be interested. Full of technical goodies pertaining to the use and maintenance of mimeos, and written in Singer's inimitable burbly style. {} GREEN EGG #79, Church of All Worlds, POBox 2953, St Louis MO 63130. \$1, 8/\$7. {} SOUTH OF THE MOON #13, Andrew Sigel, SU Box 198, Windham College, Putney VT 05346. 50¢, 3/\$1, (U) or apa information. Apa index. {} JUNK-FOOD, a Burbee-style one-shot around the subject of the title, done at Disclave 1976 by Moshe Feder, Stu Shiffman, Jon Singer, Eric Mandlon, Barbara Geraud, Frank Balazs, Darrell Schweitzer, Tim Marion, Hank Davis, D Gary Grady, Alan Lankin, George Flynn, rich brown, Steve Stiles, Doug Hoylman, John Curlovich, Paul Bucciarelli, and Al Sirois. Moshe might have extra copies; write him at 142-34 Booth Mem. Ave, Flushing NY 11355.

Guest Review by Neil Rest: One of the other islands out there where things are going fast and furious is computer hobbydom. With the notorious depreciation rate of 50%/year (all the way up the line, not just on ever-cheaper calculators), more and more enthusiasts/maniacs/devotees are getting their own computers to play with at home. And in the few years that's been possible, a small, staggeringly high quality group of computer hobby zines has developed.

One of the best is PEOPLE'S COMPUTER COMPANY, which is put out by the People's Computer Company. But not "Of course," because they also put out "Dr. Dobb's Journal of Computer Calisthenics and Orthodontia," too. PCC v5n1, 48 page tabloid, no thrill layout or graphics-wise, except that someone's a dragon freak and runs fine ones. But it's FULL.

Programs, of course. Not just games, but even the compiler for the language the smallest extant Spacewar is written in (well, they call the games Startrek, generically) (this one fits an 8K machine!). And reports on new kits. But the article on BASIC music also has projects, and a bibliography. And there are bibliographies on minicalculators and biofeedback, too. Local clubs, stores, and publications lists are only updated, which takes two pages. The reviews include The Textbook of Video Game Logic, and Programming and Metaprogramming the Human Biocomputer.

And the 1976 Trenton Computer Festival, and a FORTRAN MAN comic strip, and the San Andreas Fault caper (they're gonna fix it. Next April 17th. With great big staples.) There's news of a computermobile which visits schools -- the Computer Awareness Van; Community Computer Center plans; free computer workshops. And loccers whose only worry about taking over the world is how we'll organize the data base to maximize accessibility.

PCC is incorporated not for profit. (PCC, Box E, Menlo Park CA 94025) (The nearest computer hobby shop I know of to Minneapolis is the Itty Bitty Machine Co, 1316 Chicago, Evanston IL 60201, 312-328-6800. A fine bunch. By the Dempster St. L stop. #unsolicited testimonial#) And someone sent a copy of PCC in trade for RUNE.



The Goon Show Companion, Roger Wilmut and Jimmy Grafton, St. Martin's Press, 1976, \$8.95, 160 pp.

This is almost the definitive work on The Goons. I propose that it is axiomatic that one cannot write a definitive work on a subject as undefinable as The Goon Show; without this axiom it is difficult to understand how people so intimately involved in producing the show (it was more or less in Jimmy Grafton's pub that the show was born, and Grafton later became a scriptwriter and contributor to the show) could get as confused as they do in writing about it. The authors point out (quite correctly) that the "Goonology" in Spike Milligan's second book of scripts is fraught with errors; then they turn around and make a number of their own. At one point, it seems, the BBC substituted one show for another, mislabeled one of them, and now is hopelessly confused about the matter, and doesn't care. (The reader will be discouraged to read that the BBC has only a relative few of The Goon Shows in its archives. Many of these have been heavily edited to remove "offensive" material or to allow for the insertion of commercials, so that a number are now extant in several versions. Fans may ask one another, "Does your copy have thus-and-so in it?" to which the proper answer, of course, is, "No, but I got a bunny-rabbit.")

The authors have accepted at face value Spike Milligan's assertion, written at some remove and probably merely for comedic purpose, that Hercules Grytpype-Thynne is homosexual. But there is no allusion to this in the shows themselves (how could there be?), the authors' one feeble example notwithstanding.

But to the Goonophile this does not really matter. There is fascinating reading; the tangled web leading from development of the characters to script to realization of the program, and beyond to editing, cataloguing, and release of the show is unraveled clearly. Only the "Goonography," the second half of the book, and the most accurate tabulation yet of the shows, casts, variant titles, etc., is worthy of the book's title; but the rest comes along and should be read once, anyway. It includes analyses of the characters, but one wonders why, since no one who is not already familiar with the show is likely to buy the book in the first place. There are short script excerpts, capsule synopses of some of the plots, and the comforting information that John Snagge is a real person ("I shall be forced to speak to John Snagge" -- "My dear Seagoon, everybody has to be forced to speak to John Snagge.")

So, Goon lover, your book is here. You silly, twisted boy, you.

-- Gordon L. Miller

The Early Pohl, Frederik Pohl, Doubleday, 1976, 183 pp., SF Book Club Selection.

Doubleday's current series of "early stories" collections by Big Name Authors continues on its merry way. Namely, authors of the stature of Isaac Asimov, Lester Del Rey and Frederik Pohl are pooling together some obscure stories they published back in the so-called Golden Age of science fiction. The premise of this series is sound: how did our modern-day giants start their careers?

The problem, however, is part of the answer: the Pulp Era. The Early Pohl demonstrates that the fiction being written back then was mainly rock 'em, sock

'em, thunder-and-lightning writing. There was no interest in the literary merit of the work, unlike today. It was the pacing and the trusting of the narrator that was most important to sf writers of that day. While I agree that pacing is, indeed, an important ingredient in a story (even today), the net result isn't pulse-stopping.

There are no stand-out stories in The Early Pohl. All are enjoyable and fast reading, but there is no indication that the author of "Dweller in Ice" and "Conspiracy in Callisto" would come to write such excellent stories as "The Gold at the Starbow's End" or Man Plus. My personal favorite of the eight stories in the book is "Highwayman of the Void," which, despite the pulpy title, has nothing to do with space pirates. It is, though, a story of one man's revenge for being imprisoned for something he didn't do. Quite fun, really, with little super-science in it. Part of this stems from the fact that this story was written during the Campbell Era when characters began developing out of the science and into themselves.

It wouldn't be fair to recommend this book, except for the insights Pohl gives into the formation of early fandom (the 1930's). These sections -- before and after the stories -- are most interesting and illuminating. For the serious fan who wants to know in greater detail how organized fandom started in the New York area, Pohl's reminiscences are excellent. Personally, I enjoyed his comments on his own dreams and determination to become a good writer. It's a great help for a serious fan today who wants to become a published writer, besides being entertaining reading.

-- John Purcell

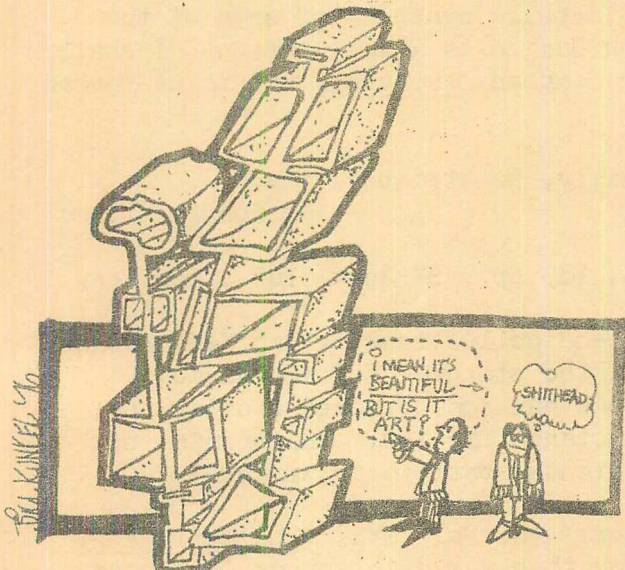
The Bicentennial Man and Other Stories, Isaac Asimov, Doubleday, 1976, \$6.95, 211 pp.

This is the latest volume of collected short fiction by the Good Doctor, and it can be said that this one is much better than the previous collection, Buy Jupiter. The new volume includes eleven stories and a poem, plus the usual chatty intros by the author. The latter are, as always, effectively used to introduce the incredible public personality of Asimov -- this time he concentrates on irascible denials that age has had any deleterious effects upon himself. As always, he is kidding the reader and poking fun at himself.

Most of these stories have been available to the majority of us before, but a few are from such low-circulation sources as the New York Times (speaking fannishly, of course!) and Bell Telephone Magazine. This of course speaks volumes about the renown Asimov is getting in non-SF circles, as those of us who saw his TV commercial can testify.

The best pieces here are perhaps "That Thou Art Mindful of Him," in which all sorts of people sit alone, brooding over the terrible problem of how to define a "human being" for purposes of the Laws of Robotics -- in the end, two robots sitting together make the logical deduction; and the title story, which evocatively portrays the terrible loneliness of an immortal robot, and his struggle to be a man -- you can't know life until you know mortality. "Waterclap," "Stranger in Paradise," and "The Tercentenary Incident" are also noteworthy. Alas, the closing item, "Birth of a Notion," is a "gimmick" story of the most un-entertaining sort.

-- Dave Wixon



In the course of extensive national wandering this writer has dined at any number of exclusive eateries. Disdaining the traditional franchises, I always seek out the privately-owned operations, usually located some distance from the freeway. It occurred to me that few individuals possess such an encyclopedic knowledge of American dining habits, and I concluded that it would be an invaluable contribution to the welfare of mankind were I to share the results of my investigations.

Accordingly, I present this

Guide to the Nation's Best

ATMOSPHERE RESTAURANTS

by John
Kusske

Illustrated
by
REED
WALLER



The
rating
method em-
ployed is the
Universally Renowned

Kusske Five-Star-Alphabetical-
Numerical-Decimal-Grand System. It

works this way. After each review you may
find a number followed by a decimal fraction,
followed by several stars, followed by two letters.

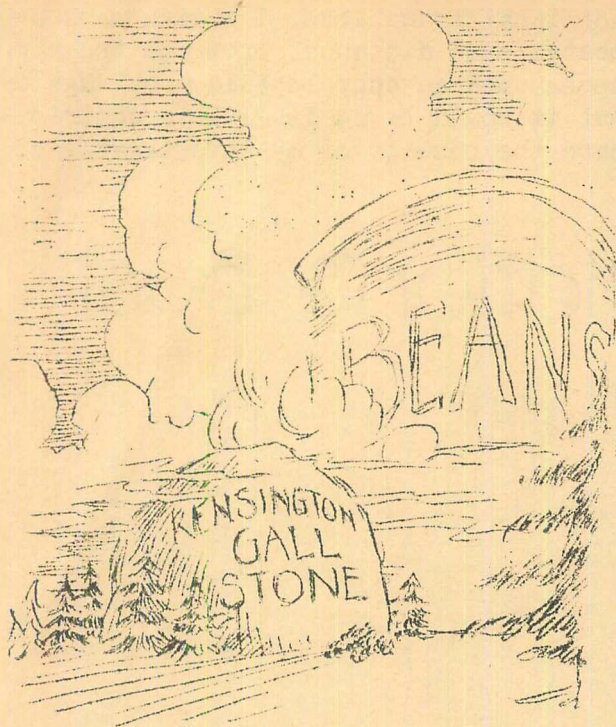
If the number is prime, I found the food to be excellent.

In cases where the number is almost-prime, the food was good.

The decimal refers to the cleanliness of the kitchen and indicates
my opinion of the sanitary arrangements. The stars indicate my opinion
of value-for-the-money: the more stars, the greater the bargain -- except
in cases where stars are followed by two vowels, which means that I had for-
gotten my wallet and had to pay by scrubbing out grease pits. The letters
express how foxy I found the waitresses or waiters.

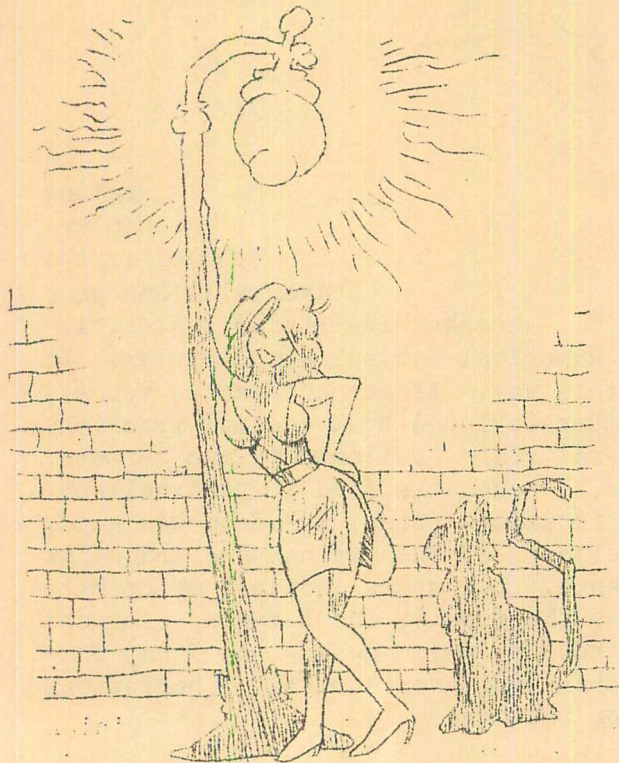
As we cross the highways of this country, it is important that we expend our
attention only on that establishment which is genuinely authentic. Avoiding
the cheap, the tawdry, and the false should be everyone's first and primeval
goal. With this guide in hand, it is difficult to imagine how even the most
hickish rubeophile may be deceived. Good eating, and remember, "De gustibus
resultis!"

Outer Mongolia -- Quamba, Minnesota



mare's milk, spiced dog, and glue. Certainly an experience you'll never forget, the Outer Mongolia features low prices and the utmost in personal service. After the meal, each patron is dragged from the premises by a club-wielding warrior who also serves as the cashier.

Rating: 537.2216***pt



The Siege of Paris -- Paris, Ohio

Nestled within the Quantash River Valley lies the "City of Lights," Paris, Ohio. Tourists from miles away flock to this metropolis to visit the famous old Red-Yellow-Green traffic light on Main Street, and the new one which stands at the freeway access intersection. It is there that the renowned Siege of Paris truck stop is located.

A visit to the Siege is educational as well as enjoyable, because the proprietors have spared no effort to make the environment as historically accurate as possible. Modeled after a real French Parisian restaurant, Le Cheval Pourri, which flourished in the 19th century, the Siege retains as many of its predecessor's best features as American taste will allow.

While other restaurants possess such mundane gimmicks as trout streams, from which diners may select their fish course, the Siege has an authentic replica of the Parisian sewer. Customers may pick live rats, cockroaches, and alligators from it, for their gustatory pleasure. And, while rats were selling for as much as fifty francs per pound in Paris in 1871 (when the Prussian troops were investing the city), they can be had much more cheaply now at the Siege. A whole roasted

stuffed rat, with a cherry in its mouth, costs but a dollar, while cockroaches may be purchased for 10¢ apiece.

Dining at the Siege is like dining in a history book. Indeed, some fine vintage histories are available at bargain prices. For instance an 1890 Macaulay's History of England (the tasty New York edition, not the rather bland London one) is offered for \$3.50. There is nothing so tender as a nice six-volume domestic history, marinated in library paste and smothered in gravy. Or for those who prefer imported items, the Siege offers an 1854 Gibbon's Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire, pickled in printing ink, for \$12.95.

Whatever your taste, The Siege of Paris is certain to supply suitable provender in rodent, insect, reptile, or literary material. Reservations required on Bastille Day and during the Year of the Rat.

Rating: 796.5****zu

Fido's -- Selma, Alabama

Sales of pet foods have increased substantially in the past years even though, by the best estimates, the number of pets has declined. Many observers attribute this fact to the possibility that poor people have been buying animal food for their own consumption. Most social commentators regard this as a tragedy, the ultimate degradation to which inflation has reduced human beings. However at Fido's, tucked away in the warehouse district in this beautiful southern metropolis, a group of brilliant restaurateurs have made a remarkable discovery. They decided that the family pet often enjoys better service and victuals than any other creature in the household. Accordingly they have set out to provide the same treatment for any patron who cares to dine at their establishment.

Upon entering Fido's you find a personalized dish, stamped in gold letters, waiting in a quiet corner. By its side is a bowl of the finest water. The waitress, attired in a frock and apron, waves cans of tantalizingly fragrant meat under your panting nose. "How about a little beef and eggs tonight, cutie poo?" she may urge. After you have indicated your preference, she pours the concoction into the dish, sets it before you, and stands nearby making encouraging noises as you wolf the substance down. Or, if your stomach feels somewhat finicky that evening, she may stir cheese into the mixture, or perhaps sprinkle Accent over it. After you have finished, if you eat it all, she rewards you with lavish petting and kisses, telling you what a good boy you are and how proud she is that you ate it all up. A meal at Fido's leaves you with more than just a full stomach; it also provides a feeling of accomplishment. It is not surprising that since the night of Fido's opening there has not been an empty corner in the house. Highly recommended for the canny gourmet.

Rating: 612.9*****cj



The Melting Pot -- Lawrence, Kansas

It's new, modern, cheap, and authentic. It's the restaurant that has put the "American" back into American food. I'm talking about The Melting Pot, the one place where you can get food as American as you are. And during this bicentennial era, what could be more patriotic?

Look at it this way. Your father is probably Norwegian, your mother a Frenchie. He had a Norwegian parent and a Greek one; she had a French parent and an Irish one. How do you obtain a meal that corresponds exactly to your ancestry? You don't! Not unless you want to eat until your belly balloons up like a worn-out rubber duck. But at The Melting Pot American technology has teamed with American cookery to produce a system that turns complicated ethnic problems like this into tasty, nourishing food.

Step into The Melting Pot. Sit down. See that panel, with all those little buttons? Read the instructions. "Press button for father's nationality and for mother's. Then press buttons for grand-parents' nationalities. If these are all you know, press 'Final' button. If not, press buttons that correspond to great-grandparents' nationalities. Then punch 'Final' button." Simple, isn't it? Let me tell you what happens in the kitchen.

When you press the "Norwegian" button, finely chopped ludefisk drops into a kettle. When you punch "French," finely ground crepes suzette goes into the same pot. Powdered baklava falls in when you press "Greek," and when you activate "Irish," corned beef is added to the mixture. The machine shoots water in, boils it awhile, and pours the stuff onto a griddle, where it is fried into little cakes. Talk about American!

This year only, if you act now, The Melting Pot will serve your own personalized ethnic mixture on a souvenir red, white, and blue plate, suitable for framing. Hurry while the supplies last. Offer void where taxed, prohibited, or forbidden under pain of death.

Rating: 987.i*****ph

Arturo's Gastronomic Philharmonic -- Seattle, Washington

Many of us regard the dinner table as a private spot where the processes of food assimilation and digestion can take place in a solitary and peaceful setting. And there are those who begrudge any instant snatched from their lives for any reason and who insist on activity at every moment, the more the better. It is for this second category that Arturo has created his justly famous Gastronomic Philharmonic. If you cannot stand wasted moments, come to Arturo's and utilize that mealtime hour by assisting at the production of beautiful music, employing those tools available in a restaurant. Arturo has studied under such famous masters as Arthur Fiedler, Henry Mancini, and Skitch Henderson, spending many weary hours before the radio listening to their music. With his vast knowledge,

Arturo feels uniquely capable of creating important music with unconventional instruments. Come to Arturo's if you have an artist imprisoned within your soul, begging to be released.

At the front desk you may sign in as a soup-slurper, as glass-banger, or a meat-chewer. Waitresses conduct you to the suitable section of the dining room, where instruments await. The first moments are spent tuning, as you study the score and adjust your equipment. What will it be this evening? Ahhh. Arturo's Hungarian Rhapsody Number Four! You notice that liberal supplies of goulash have been provided.

Now a hush spreads over the auditorium, and the Maestro enters! He bows and acknowledges the applause of you and your fellow diners. He raises his baton, and you lift your soup spoon. He points, and you produce a "slurrrrp!" Oh, the tone, the timbre of that slurp! He nods in satisfaction and calls out to the goulash mulchers. They set up a background, "mulch-mulch-mulch-mulch," over which the slurps from soup and bangs from glasses subtly cavort. On and on the rhapsody plays, Arturo whirling like a constipated dervish up there. The pace quickens, and your spoon dances as it travels from bowl to mouth, mouth to bowl, bowl to mouth, faster than the eye can follow. Finally, when it is almost too much, Arturo drops his hands and draws up all his strength for the grand finale. He waits an instant, and you prepare your inner resources for a last great push. Suddenly he waves, and out with it you come. Throughout the vast dining room the air resounds with a massive "BELCH!"



As you depart you may purchase recorded versions of Arturo's many masterpieces.

Rating: 590.1**oe

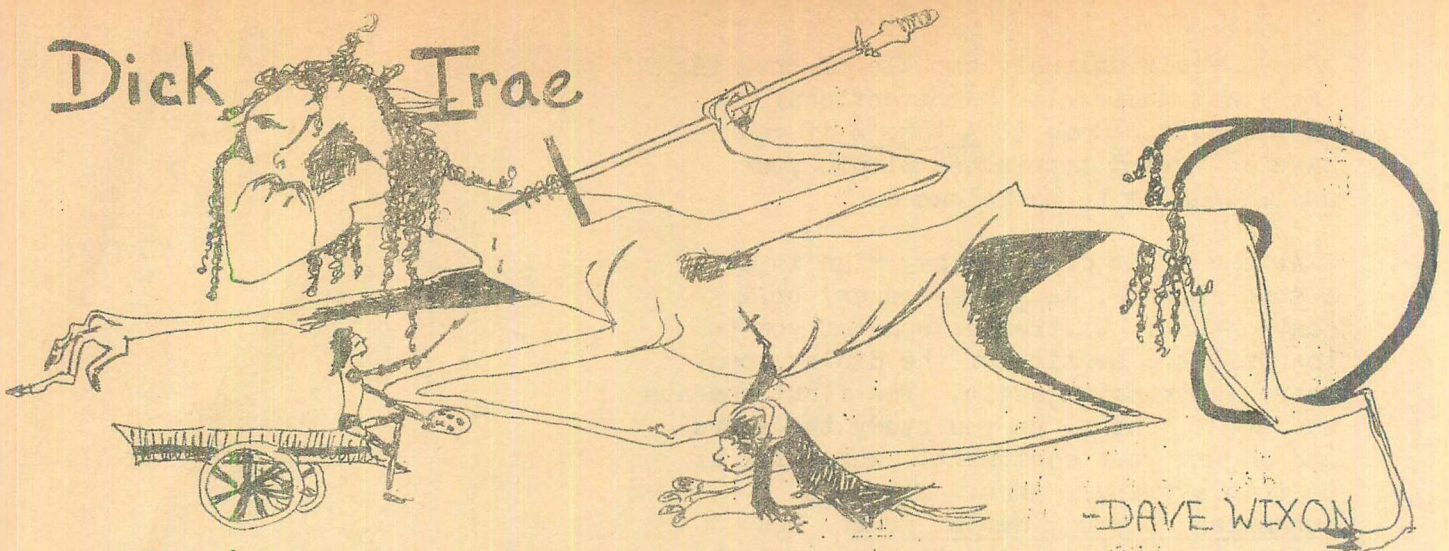
SHORT NOTICES

The Aviary -- San Juan Capistrano, California. Catch your own dinner in this giant birdcage. The birds fly free, and a fast hand is required. Warning -- putting salt on their tails doesn't work, but you can always lick up the salt. Rating: 288.8*gk

At the Ballpark -- Louisville, Kentucky. Hot dogs, pizza burgers, popcorn at ballpark prices. Catch a foul and win a 10% reduction of your bill. Loudest "Kill the ump!" brings a free round of beers. Rating: 236.3***rf

Ivan Denisovich's -- New York City. Those wonderful dishes from the book: rotten fish soup, frozen gruel, and all the nettles you can hold. Thrill to the authentically demonic staffers, who really enjoy their work. Rating: -361. hg

Beneath the Pond -- Minnetonka, Minnesota. Lucky fishies, every day they are fed by thousands of anglers. Now you too can nip minnows off the hook. Watch those barbs, though. Damn, there goes another one! Rating: 173.9*****bd



Well, I've been waiting around to see someone else's comments on Deus Irae, the recent Doubleday release by Philip K. Dick and Roger Zelazny -- I'd rather someone else's gloss saved me a deal of thought and labor (if that's not redundant). But David's deadline is upon me, and perforce I must try to articulate the thoughts this book engenders in me without benefit of coaching.

Although there is nothing on the dust jacket to so indicate, rumor control has it that this book is not truly the product of a collaboration (the blurb uses the phrase "a collaborative first"); rather, it is said, Zelazny was called in to finish an incomplete Dick manuscript. The rumor attains some credibility in light of the apparent incompatibility of the authors and their styles -- Dick, known for convoluted, multi-leveled story-structures which reek of hidden meanings, unknown symbologies, pessimism and paranoia; Zelazny, one of the most popular story-tellers of modern SF, whose forte is the clean-limned, smooth-flowing adventure, based on unpretentious and engaging confrontations of heroism and villainy.

Where Zelazny's writing is coolly extroverted, Dick's is severely introverted, and one could easily believe that Deus Irae had a chance to become a smooth and fascinating blend of two unique -- but complementary -- sets of styles and outlooks, into one all-encompassing whole. Alas, it did not happen. In fact, the book seems solidly Dick's from the title on, and Zelazny's presence appears limited to transitions, character development, and epilog.

What title could better typify the world-view of Philip K. Dick (as his readers, at least, have come to know him) than Deus Irae -- God of Wrath?! The God of Wrath has a name -- Carleton Lufteufel -- and he is all Dick points fingers at: an American governmental official and a willing ally of the military-industrial complex.

Lufteufel started the holocaust, and personally triggered its most terrible weapon. Sixteen years later, scattered pockets of survivors in the western U.S. worship him -- apparently on the theory that he had done a lot more to affect their lives than had anyone else's god.

The book, all the way through, is weighed down by chunks of German language -- an incredible percentage of the characters not only speak it, but seem to muse on its poetry and philosophies at the drop of an umlaut. No German scholar, I nevertheless hazard to guess that Lufteufel means something like "air-devil," and surely there are several layers of symbology here! (I consider it grossly unfair of any author to leave untranslated foreign insertions; while most of the German phrases and poetry used here are eventually rendered into English, some of the poetry, in particular, is translated only in oblique fashion, which leaves the reader feeling slightly victimized -- an apt frame of mind for anyone reading something Dick had a hand in.)

The symbolisms involved in the use of German language and characters seem clearly to fit within public perceptions of Dick's view-points, and particularly is this true in the juxtaposition of the German of the poets and philosophers with the Germans who run the big international cartels, who man the military-industrial complex: the amazing ability of man to exalt himself, or debase himself, at his whim....

Back To Our Story:

In a small village in Utah, Tibor McMasters is an artist: born limbless, he paints by means of mechanical arms. Specifically, he paints a mural for the local Sons of Wrath church. When SOW leaders decide that the artist must seek out Lufteufel -- believed to yet live -- so as to accurately render him in the work, Tibor tries to rebel. He fears, with good reason, that he would die on such a "pilgrimage," for the country is now splintered into a myriad small communities, each mutated by the war into something alien.

Tibor goes to see the priest at the local Christian church, for the Christians continue to struggle for a following in the post-holocaust world. The artist offers to convert to Christianity, and is bemused to find himself turned down. Similarly mystified is Pete Sands, the priest's acolyte: although success by Tibor in capturing the essence of the Deus Irae would apparently be a great blow to Christian forces in the struggle for adherents, some oblique morality seen by the priest requires that the artist carry on.

Tibor departs, pathetic cripple in a cow-drawn cart; behind him follows Pete, who has not yet decided whether the end might justify the means. Each is truly on a pilgrimage -- a search.

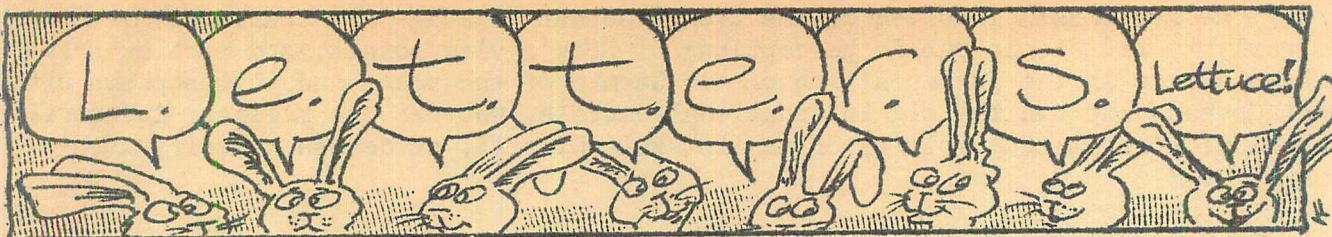
Seeking to look into the face of a god, what Tibor really needs is something to pin his life to. In a truly Dickian way, he fails: stranded on a hillside, the helpless cripple comes to see clearly that religion is only a choice between the masochistic god of the Christians, or the sadistic God of Wrath.

Pete has spent a long time searching for a direct, personal experience of God -- and while Tibor gets such an experience, it is Pete who discovers Lufteufel.

How like (I suspect) Dick to retell for us a portion of the New Testament! Here again we find a fellow named Peter who, tested in the "garden" of the Great C ("Gethsemane"), fails -- leaves one who saved him to be taken and killed, while he runs. And the resemblance continues, for that savior is, indeed, a god -- a mad god, with plans for Pete.... (I am unable to decide if Pete's last name is meant to deliberately contrast him with the "rock" that Simon Peter was called: harsh comparison, indeed!)

One is only left to wonder about the motivation of Lufteufel, who seems at the end to have been scheming toward his own deification -- but why? Did he come to believe in it himself through his association with the worshipful rat-mind? (At this point, the unclarity of the choral placement of certain sequences -- typical of Dick -- may perhaps be resolved.) Or was the "air-devil" indeed possessed by some OUTSIDE agency, some non-locatable presence?

In the end, though, the book is indeed about the Deus Irae; the hunter reveals that the man who destroyed it all was the culmination of the dark side of man's nature. The destruction in a world war cannot result from the act of one man -- we, all of us, have contributed a bit to it: each of us lifts the blade a small fraction. All of us bring it slashing down. The Deus Irae is us, each one; since we have the power to make ourselves what we will, what is is our will -- and if it is terrible, that is because the Deus Irae -- ourselves -- is terrible indeed.



Robert Bloch Dear Fred: You may be gone, but thanks to issues like RUNE #48
Los Angeles CA you won't be forgotten! It's a huge and hugely entertaining
 effort. My only complaint is lack of identification of the
Midwescon attendees in the photos. Here's wishing you all the best in your new
career!

Jessica Amanda Salmonsen Dear David: How does it feel to be top honcho of a major
Post Office Box 89517 fanzine? Pretty scary, eh? When something deep down
Zenith, Washington 98188 inside you keeps saying, "I'm gonna blow it, I'm gonna
 blow it," and you fear you'll receive trade cancellations
and nothing for the LoGol, and the club disbands and You know it is all Your fault.
Well, fear no more! What's one less fanzine anyway?

Don't ya love a good pep talk?

Ooo, sniffle-sniffle. I'm gonna miss derF. But I suppose the man has got to
harken to the call of success. Even should the call come from an imposter, a
body can never know how many ships sailed away if ya don't evens go down to the
pier. If derF got da act together, he gotta do da act. Can't piss your life away
sitting on ya dong typing stencils, after all. All of fandom will show up at
Carnegie Hall to see da pictures and hear da songs.

Harry Warner, Jr. Dear David: Am I doing this right? I can't find in all the
423 Summit Avenue 79 pages of the latest Rune specific instructions on whether
Hagerstown MD 21740 locs on it should go to you or to Fred. Since he's peregrin-
 ating, and his mail might not catch up with him for quite a
while, I chose your address.

But this decision makes it necessary to talk about him behind his back, in order
to say that he did another exceptionally good job on the 48th issue. It didn't
cause me to keep leafing ahead to see how many more pages remained unread, as I
sometimes find myself doing as I plow through extremely thick fanzines. I hope
he finds much edification and enjoyment in his troubadouring and makes so much
money from this vocation that he can retire and start publishing other fanzines
again within a year or two.

Both of the Minicon reports were vastly entertaining. It really wasn't necessary
for Tucker to drop that hint to the effect that a word here and there in his
description may have been not quite accurate. He forgets that there's no way I
can write a history of fandom in the 1970's until you people win your bid for the
1973 worldcon and then hold it. By now, your project is as notorious as South
Gate in '58, and how could I have written A Wealth of Fable without describing
Rick Sneary's project? Maybe Bob Vardeman is worried unduly about the deadly
permanency of fanac which gets recorded on video tape. As I understand it, video
tape doesn't have the life expectancy of movie film, although I'm not sure how
much repeated playings may contribute to its deterioration. There was an item in
TV Guide just recently about the danger that all these much-praised Lear series
won't survive into endless syndication because he doesn't use film.

Jim Young's long interview was amusing and informative even to a person like me
who knows little about the Firesign Theater group. It also serves to confirm my
belief that interviews intended for publication in fanzines are much better when

they aren't arranged in the bare question and answer format that they usually adopt. It seems more immediate, less like the transcript of court testimony, when the interview is narrated in this manner, and there's an opportunity to make it progress toward some kind of culmination, even if this plot is nothing more elaborate than eating a meal.

What can I say about the art work which will be original and adequate? The front cover reminded me what a loss it is that Derek Carter appears so rarely in fanzines nowadays. This is a perfect example of how to make a virtue out of what is often a fault in fanzine art, crowding an abnormally large number of things and details into one drawing. I just don't have the heart to try to single out any of the multitudinous excellencies among all the interior illustrations, because that would imply second-rate status for the other sketches.

Jay Kinney
1786 Fell St
San Francisco CA 94117

I'm going to keep this short because the sunlight's out and I want to go out and make shadows soon.

The RUNE 48 came in the mail the other day, materializing on my very doorstep after only having caught a glimpse of it at the MidAmeriCon. Thank you. Enjoyable issue and blah blah blah.



#27
RABBIT IN
CHIMNEY

At any rate, I am sure that you shall keep RUNE on its course of distinguished quality and lowbrow irrelevance, now that Haskell is bowing out and moving on to becoming a full-time carny.

Enclosed are a few drawings which I have done in my spare time while waiting for phonecalls promising me money. Return any you don't want for a full refund.

Quantum foam, JAY

Stanley Greene
740 Sycamore St #6
Red Bluff CA 96080

The Sirois, Sternbach centerfold was an unexpected pleasure. This piece is one of the best I've seen in RUNE to date. My condolences to the mighty talent behind it. It looks like the centerfold could be related to the intelligent craziness of THE FIRESIGN THEATRE. Was this intended?

I don't think so. The references to Don't Crush That Dwarf and Giant Rat
of Sumatra in a scene illustrating We're All Bozos On This Bus are, I feel,
all mere coincidence. The artists themselves were probably unaware of these
Firesign influences. But here's somebody with a different opinion...

Alan Lankin
Box E887
3901 Spruce St
Philadelphia PA 19174

Thanks for Runes 47 & 48. Big, giant tanks with cannons and machine guns, shooting down poor, defenseless Miniconners. And bazookas. Lots of them, exploding zeppelins and waking up all the people in the block.

Sorry.

As I was saying before we were interrupted, it was very clever to disguise the cover of Rune 48 as the centerfold. It was quite a surprise after the multi-dimensional, metaphysical cover of #47. I think Al and Rick managed to capture the true spirit of bozohood and the cover also served as a good introduction to the excellent interview which followed.

Congratulations, Alan. You're one of the few readers astute enough to notice
~~and rude enough to point out~~ that the "heading" for the Proctor interview
was originally intended as a wraparound cover. How its proper place in the

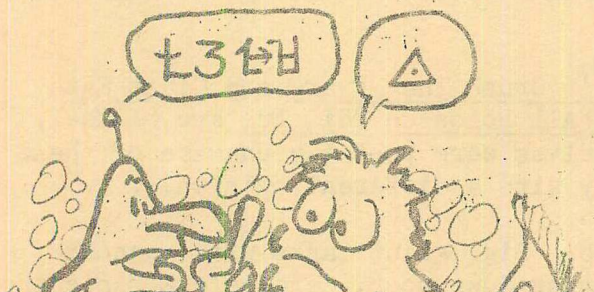
issue was transmogrified is a long story, but essentially Fred Thought It
Was Better This Way.

Linda Emery Loved the interview of Phil Proctor. I have been boggling
17307 NE 4th Plain Rd mentally trying to figure how so much of the punning and
Vancouver WA 98662 sideways logic was remembered so exactly, and it finally
 dawns on my rather dim mind that it must have been taped
or else somebody has a much better memory than I will ever possess. It was so
funny that it was hard to believe it was ad lib but then I guess that his group
is known for this kind of humor so it must come somewhat naturally.

From what I could piece together, most of the lines were ad lib, but the
bit about the Electrician was more or less right out of the Proctor &
Bergman Show. The tape of the interview includes a dialogue between Phil
and Susan about making water buffalos into lampshades, but Jim Young found
that it was entirely too bizarre to be worked in anywhere.

Bruce Townley
2323 Sibley St
Alexandria VA 22311

Was sitting around in the kitchen last Saturday, thinking about dichotomies and Di-Gel (really the only thing to do after having drunk enough beers so you can't remember how many you've drunk and seen Captain Blood with E. Flynn for the last time cuz you can't remember how many times you've seen that) and finally remembered the one about There are only two kinds of people in the world: the people who divide the world into two kinds of people and the ones who don't. Just then your fine fnz PRUNE (Oh! Sorry!) Rune dropped into my lap. Remained in pretty good shape, all the while browsing through good old ROONED (Gee! Sorry again!) Rune #48 (remember?), up til I remembered the one about Does life imitate art or does art imitate life? This memory flitted upon my somewhat fuzzy consciousness simultaneously as I turned to page #67 and gawked at that elegant expanse. Gawked, that is, til it occurred to me (there's nobody else here) that there was something funny going on on that page. Eventually I stopped gawking and got up to look at the mirror (in the bathroom, fortunately). Yup, my shoulders are wider than my head, as whimsical as that may seem. Unfortunately there was nobody else in the house at the time so I couldn't check to see if it was me that was strange or Tom Foster (circa Minicon 4) or Tom Foster's drawing. Spent the rest of that day til rather late at night wondering whether I was going to turn into some kind of cute funny book character because everybody in Minnpls obviously already had or what!? Did that til I remembered it was the function of the camera to record visual reality, not the drawn image. Boy, sci fi fanzines sure are exciting!



PS Good luck to ya Fred! Too bad you had to stop editing MAROON! (Jesus!) Prune!

Bruce's letter was written on Waldorf-
Astoria stationery; on an enclosed
Glossary of Academic Terms was added,
"Zine - past tense of zaw, I guess."

Gordon L. Miller Thanks for sending me RUNE 48. I had never received a
3925 Simonis St. magazine in a brown paper bag before. It must have been
Stevens Point WI 54481 a result of that terrible weekend in Minneapolis when I
dropped in on Minicon 11. (Let's hope that's all that
results -- didst sport with Mrs. FitzSimmonds.) Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb. I
don't wish to know that.

Tim C. Marion The other day, Keith Curtis was over here and mentioned
614 72nd Street that the Sydney Cove in '88 bid was the longest bidding
Newport News VA 23605 ahead presently going. "Nonsense," I said. "If the
 government hasn't annihilated fandom within the next 97
years, you know where the WorldCon will have to be held!"

George Flynn Wish I could manage to
27 Sowamsett Ave. make it to a Minicon
Warren RI 02885 sometime; have you
 people ever considered
holding one in the East? (After all,
this would be inherently no odder than
bidding for the 1973 Worldcon. Fandom
Marches On, Defying the Barriers of Time
and Space....)

minnesota in '73!

TIMEWARP in '76!



SHURE
8-26-75

I don't know what Phil Proctor meant by "nominated", but Dwarf and Bozos are the only Firesign works that made it onto the Hugo ballot (with Dwarf coming in second only to No Award).

Interesting to read Elliot's adventures with his P.O. Box. The NESFA box has inherited 5 keys (except we lost one) from the days of a more generous policy, and we don't dare ever change because they'd cut us down to 2.

Lester Boutillier I was intrigued by Dennis Lien's inaugural message. Is this
2726 Castiglione St. any way to run a science fiction club? Well, maybe it is.
New Orleans LA 70119 But I gather from David Emerson's column that the local apa,
 genzine, and annual con are more or less separate entities
and have only the flimsiest of ties to either Twin Cities fan group. If this is



so, then how does anything get done? I'm interested in this on a structural level. Is a concom formed at a meeting of Minn-stf, and does the concom then hold meetings of its own to plan the con? And where does the money come from for the cons and for RUNE? Out of the Minn-stf treasury? Or does that club have a treasury? And if

the Minneapa OEship is ever vacant, how is it filled? By an election at a Minn-stf meeting? In short, if everybody in Twin Cities fandom is partying all the time, how does all that wonderful activity up there manage to come off?

Actually, things aren't that haphazard here. RUNE and Minicon are official functions of Minn-stf, Inc. and are funded from the club treasury, which is in turn replenished by Minicon income and RUNE subscriptions. Each year's Minicon committee is appointed by the previous committee; they meet more or less separately from Minn-stf, but welcome anyone willing to work. The OEship of MINNEAPA has never been vacant, and in fact has never changed hands, so that question has never come up. If it did, I imagine it would get done the way everything else around here gets done: somebody volunteers.

Maybe you could say a little about Midwestcon itself. Just what kind of a con is it? Would it be a good con for a southerner like myself to attend, say as an extension of a trip to Nashville's Kubla Kahn? Or is it perhaps a little esoteric and in-groupish? I have no idea and would really like to know. I'd like to plan next summer's congoing as soon as possible. I'd love to make Minicon one year. But Minneapolis is pretty far for me. Now if you had the worldcon in 1973 then there'd be no problem. The worldcon is gonna be a must for me every year, no matter where it is.

Midwestcon isn't in-groupish in the sense that one in-group has all the fun. There may be groups of fans who associate with each other, but it's a very friendly con with lots of parties and an emphasis on having fun. You're bound to see at least a few well-known fanzine fans there, so you shouldn't feel lost. And you can always introduce yourself and strike up conversations.

Don Bailey talks about Minneapolis trying to ensnare control of LASFS. Well, that may be all well and good. But what would you do with LASFS once you got it?

Good question. Especially in view of this next letter....

HJN Andruschak Just noticed Don Bailey's loc in RUNE #48. His ideas
6933 N Rosemead, Apt 31 won't work....
San Gabriel CA 91775

- 1) The deed to the LASFS clubhouse is entrusted to B.G. "Sarge" Workman. Try to get it out of him if you want to die young.
- 2) We dealt with a libertarian invasion from New York; Trekkies will be no problem. You haven't seen our Dungeons & Dragons fans in action.
- 3) Brute force will be met by subtlety. Any attacking force will be allowed to occupy the clubhouse. Then they must face the property tax, and go bankrupt. LASFS will reclaim its home at the tax auction.

Don? Maybe we should reconsider? Or do you have any more ideas?

Laurine White The Sassafrass Official Organ, Red Dragon, must have been
5408 Leader Ave. sent to you ages ago. The club has been disbanded for ages,
Sacramento CA 95841 killed by apathy.

That's funny. Is TICKERTAPE (see fmz reviews) a hoax?

Why not permit bagpipe playing at a Minn-stf meeting? Bagpipe music is so stirring. At an SCA campout a local Scot had the bagpiper play something at 3am to celebrate the Scot's consummation of his wedding of the previous day.

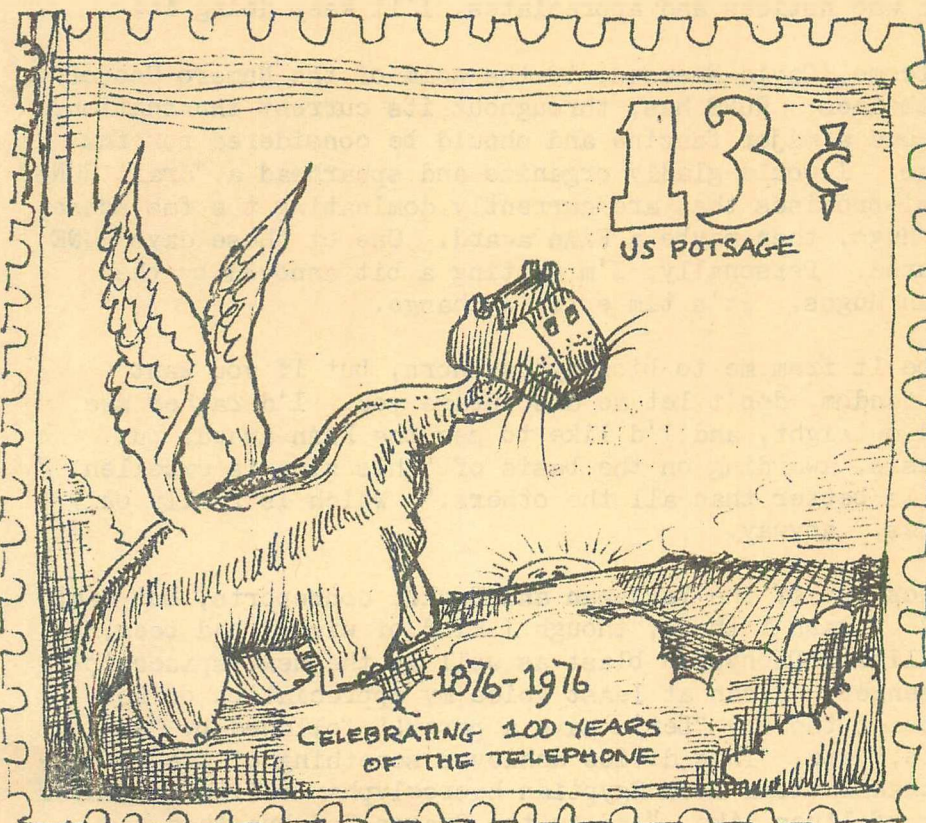
Tom Foster shouldn't torment that poor frog. What cruelty to set him adrift (p79) and subject him to dissection (p14).

On the contrary, the scene on p14 shows merely that Froggie has been
indulging in Fergo Farp.

Fred has found a talented person to replace him as editor, since David Emerson has experience with mimeo, proffreading and at being David Emerson.

Mike Glicksohn I've been reading through recent issues of the fanzine
141 High Park Avenue trying to predict its future under your guidance (a process
Toronto, Ont. M6P 2S3 known, of course -- as even Ray Charles could see -- as
Canada reading the RUNES) and I think I've found the one sure key
to your success. The one definite way that you too can
enjoy the success, adulation, glory and groupies that have come to Fred Haskell during his captaincy of the Flagship RUNE. All you have to do is find a fanzine reviewer as capable and creative as David Emerson and your success is assured! Of course, this will not be easy ~~as Mike/David~~ as David hasn't been seen since some wag coupled five nitrous oxide aerosols together and opened them simultaneously up his arse at MidAmeriCon. (I understand the Muehlebach is still looking for someone to sue for the hole in the mezzanine ceiling.) And David's like has not been seen in fandom since the Monty Python group split up. Still, I'm sure you are resourceful enough to cope with the situation; the lust for a Hugo works wonders in even the merest of mortals.

(Attempts to correlate the disparate viewpoints presented in the previous paragraph may be hazardous to your mental health: a warning from the Sercon General.)



You'll be glad to
know that I have in-
deed found such a
reviewer. His name,
coincidentally enough,
is David Emerson.
(Mike also mentioned
that he's "sneaking
into jock fandom
through the back
door" by helping to
coach the football
team at his school.
Watch it, Mike: you
know what happened
to Mike Gorra.

Tuck's report is an excellent example of why he (and damn few others) has earned the too-freely-given-nowadays title of BNF. It flows smoothly and captures the spirit of an entire fandom through humorous

exaggeration. A fine piece, with but a single flaw. Who's ever going to believe such a distorted picture of Maddog Riley? I mean, really! Always drinking, always partying, up at every unlikely hour, always in the center of things? Come on now! Who ever saw Riley so quiet and subdued??

(Sense of monumental time-binding: I was just interrupted by a call from Richard Labonte! He introduced me to Susan; he taught me how to run a mimeo; he printed all my early covers and foldouts; he was there when David Emerson woke me up at 5 in the morning on my birthday singing "Good morning, good morning, how'd you like to bite my arse..."; my mind is winging swiftly back through other times and other places...fandom certainly is a wonderful thing, Mayer.)

I have to reluctantly admit that this time I understood the Singer article but I didn't understand a single one of the footnotes! When I get to understanding Singer's head but can't dig the souls of his feet then I know I've been on the wagon too long!

You know, if it weren't for the fact that Jim Kennedy says so many worthwhile things his arsehole style of affected writing would be as annoying as all hell. As it is, it's only annoying as most purgatory. Why a talented person like Jim feels obligated to come across as a schmuck in print merely by adopting a totally uninteresting and innately boring set of pretensions as he does is completely beyond me. But then I always was tolerant of the harmless idiosyncrasies of my peers...

There are several rather delicate and deliciously subtle indications that this lettercolumn has been very carefully constructed. Some of the connections between letters are a delight to observe. If it means anything, Ol' Mediocre Fred, some of us notice these things....

It means a lot, Mike, and thank you. The lettercolumn has indeed been very
carefully put together, ever since issue #45. As long as I know there's at
least one fan out there who notices and appreciates, I'll keep doing it.

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

Welcome, David Emerson, to the helm of the Numero Uno of clubzines. RUNE has, throughout its current incarnation, become a major fanzine and should be considered for fmz Hugo. I would gladly organize and spearhead a "draft RUNE" campaign to dethrone the semi-prozines that are currently dominating the fmz scene. At the very least, if not a Hugo, then maybe a FAAn award. One of these days RUNE is going to be properly honored. Personally, I'm getting a bit annoyed by the repetitive winners of the fan Hugos. It's time for a change.

Aw gawrsh, John. Far be it from me to blow my own horn, but if you want
to trumpet RUNE around fandom, don't let me discourage you. I'd rather see
the fan Hugos abolished outright, and I'd like to see the FAAn awards put
on a non-competitive basis, awarding on the basis of "This zine is excellent,"
rather than "This zine is better than all the others." Which is really only
"This zine got more votes," anyway.

Gary Deindorfer I got a kick out of the Vardeman and Tucker conreports, but what
447 Bellevue Ave can I say? I wasn't there, though I kind of wish I had been,
Trenton NJ 08618 because I like a Dionysian blast as well as the next spaceship-
earth passenger. I can at least voice my appreciation of Bob
Tucker's chantlike repetition of the cry "Let's have a party!" followed by "and
we did," "And we did it again," etc. This device achieves something of the ritual-
istic, hieratic cadence of translations from Egyptian hieroglyphs or Tibetan prayer
texts, with periodic repeats of lines like, "And so the Dragon God breathed the
fiery words: so and so; And so the Dragon God breathed...etc." For 1000 repetitions.
Allowing for textual religious license on my part here, of course.

Moving on, I am pleased to see you calling MOTA "the best fanzine being published today," because I have a rather outrageous piece due to appear any issue now, according to T. Hughes. I agree that it is the best fanzine being published today, depending on what day that happens to be....

Dave Wixon does a good job with "Running in the Dark." It is a proud, lonely and awesome thing to contemplate what mankind may someday become. It is my own idea that if we continue to pursue the direction of self-observation and inward study, there must be some kind of change of state that would occur for mankind as a species. That somehow the feeling you get from inner experience that the external world is an illusion must have something to it, and that there must be some kind of transformation that would take place allowing the human race to somehow completely transcend/escape the limitations of the physical and biological "laws" of the spacetime universe. Let's say we are still around a million years from now... are we still stuck with the spacetime continuum as we know it now? Or have we found that alternate dimensions, spiritual realms, etc. are there, somewhere, for mankind to roam about in, and not merely products of our own imagination?

Of course, when I run down this routine to people, they tend to come back with, "You're some kind of a solipsist then. You think that some magic day in the future matter will suddenly vanish -- poof! -- and we'll all be living in a groovy world of commodious spirit." Well, childish as it sounds, and recognizing the escapist motivation underlying such an idea, I must confess that some such idea lurks at the threshold of my consciousness.

The Proctor interview was most amusing.... As for the candidates, let us not forget Big Dada -- if elected he'll Ernst every penny of his pay; he'll give every Man Ray woman and child a job "or else"; and will not Dali with his secretaries on the people's time (measured out by limp wristwatches). And far from letting all that power go to his head, he will not be Klee-kish.

Hmmm, as fables go, "Zorba the Greep" was suitably cryptic and animal populated. But the point of special interest to this reader was its authorship by Ilhan



Mimeoglu. Could this be a relative of the electronic music composer, Ilhan Mimaroglu? One hardly dares hope so. As an aficionado of classical music, and in particular of contemporary (or "modern," or whatever) classical music, I am pleased to see that somebody else out there in the hinterlands also follows this fairly esoteric area of musical art. I look forward to more fables in the series, authored by such weird characters as John "Lion" Cage, Luciano "Huckle" Berio, and Karlheinz "Bluechip" Stockhausen.

Marc Ortlieb
70 Hamblynn Rd
Elizabeth Downs
S. Australia 5113

I enjoyed Denny Lien's AussieCon report but I think someone should tell him that, down under, the expression "Knocking Up Glicksohn" has some rather vulgar connotations. Once more I'm convinced that there were at least six hundred and fifty AussieCons in Melbourne last year and no one I've heard of so far was at the same one as me. (That'd be a neat trick to cure overattendance at cons. You fix up a device at the door of the con hotel so that everyone who arrives gets shunted into a parallel universe where there's enough room.

Actually I don't know why I bother. Your classy approach to the lettercol automatically excludes such registurd crud merchants as me. Ah well, in the words of a famous English Prime Minister, "You fellas go right ahead. You just forget I'm here."

By the way, thanks for all the nice zine addresses you put in your zine column. I've used them to inflict THE MAD DAN REVIEW on yet another group of as yet unsuspecting innocents. As your just reward, a copy is on its way to you as well. You'll find it useful for housetraining Venerial Slime Monsters.

Laurie Huff Well, the receipt of RUNE from a friend has finally shattered my 605 Maple Place last heroic efforts to ignore the attitudes of SF fandom toward Normal IL 61761 Treldom. Specifically, Rich Bartucci's LOC in #45 wherein he bemoaned his attendance at a Philly '76 STrekcon, was sort of the straw which broke the camel's back. Prepubescent munchkins, indeed. I resent that mightily (no, I didn't attend that particular con, but the implication persists nevertheless). I do not go around screeching for George or Nichelle or anyone else (walk briskly after Bill, Leonard, or De perhaps -- but as Ike says, you've got to allow for hormones).

Why do so many SF fans feel compelled to pounce on Trek -- relegating the show to the unpardonable "space opera" depths right along with "Lost in Space" (may it rest in peace) and "1999", and the fan following to the intelligence of a smart amoeba? At risk of making you nauseous, I shall refrain from touting the merits of Trek -- suffice it to say I consider it a classic with both attending virtues and faults, and to merely dump it in the "good-guys-with-ray-guns-versus-alien-monsters" category is a gross injustice.

The blows to fandom strike a little too near home to be ignored, however. We are not all adolescent nerds who traipse about in our Mr. Spock ears, carrying our pedigreed tribbles and plastic phasers, holding a copy of the tech manual and STL close to our hearts, and extolling with worshipful rapture the perfection of the Great Bird. And on the occasion when we do indulge in what you term peculiar behavior, it is simply in fun. Treldom is like any other large fandom -- with its own unique language, activities, publications, and people. And might I be so bold as to suggest that what Rich sees as amateurishness is only unchanneled enthusiasm? Not that there is anything wrong with being an amateur -- I have yet to meet the fan who was not a neo at sometime in his/her life.

Of course, you are welcome to question my intelligence in choice of fandom, but I must warn you that resorting to such low-blow subterfuge will only serve to confirm my suspicions that an appalling majority of SF fandom is far less open-minded than their taste in reading material. Don't get me wrong -- I have nothing personal against SF. As a matter of fact, it forms (aside from fanzines) the bulk of my literary sustenance. What does make the hackles rise is the frequent attacks and innuendos Trek suffers at the hands of SF fandom. I simply do not see why this is so -- Star Trek fandom is certainly more tolerant toward general SF than vice-versa. "Ah ha," you scream triumphantly, "Star Trek is but a malignant branch of SF!" But is it really? Or is that just what you keep telling yourself, faced with the proliferation of Trekcons, zines, and (*gawsp*) fen? Based on numbers alone, Trekfandom has proved itself to be a healthy, viable, and very well organized entity unto itself.

You will note, I refer to the SF and Trek fandoms separately -- that is because they are quite distinct whether or not you care to admit it. Among my fellow Trekfen, few care to, or intend to be "absorbed" into general SF fandom -- we would prefer a peaceful co-existence. Somehow, I get the feeling that many anti-Trek SF fans fear they have midwived a monster in Trek due to its intense popularity. True, there do exist the "Trekkie Bopper" types, and these seem all too prevalent at cons, but such mundanes are not representative of Treldom at large.

All right, enough -- I have had my little sound-off. I have no doubt that I am opening myself to a verbal barrage; again, you are free (as I am) to communicate your opinions. You will not, however, send me to cower behind my stack of Asimov and Heinlein -- jab if you wish, I still "bleed green."

Short Quotes:

LIZ LAVELLE, Twin Cities: "Denny's Inaugural Message contains an excellent description of Minn-stf, not to mention a lot of high-quality silliness, which is probably what made it sound so much like Minn-stf. And Fred, as always your photos were excellent, causing my Kodak Instamatic to hide in the closet in shame."

JOE GREEN, Florida (wondering why we keep him on the mailing list): "Well, I named the female lead in my current story Minneapolis, after you nice people ("At the Court of the Chrysopraxe King"). But can that be enough?"

TERRY HUGHES, Falls Church: "It's nice to learn some things never age. Unlike me, Minneapolis will always exist in an ever-lasting 1973. Such stability is commendable. Please give my worst to President Nixon. You see, on this side of the time bubble we got rid of him some time ago. Traded him in for a used Ford."

A bargain, even though I hear Fords are going for peanuts these days....

SHAYNE McCORMACK, Australia: "Why /do/ we do the strange things we do...probably because we're strange to begin with....my mother looked at me the other day, and said 'you know, dear, you were never strange as a child....'"

We Also Heard From: Jodie Offutt, K. Allen Bjorke, Beth Kobe, Bill Kunkel, Jeff Smith, Neil Rest, Tom Nelson, Don Stark, and Stven Carlberg. Thank you all!

IN APPRECIATION...

As many of you already know, I (in conjunction with sister Alison) have achieved every true-fan's dream. Great Ghu and the FHA got together and I finally have a place large enough for all my books, ditto supplies, miscellaneous garbage and big enough to host Minn-stf meetings. Moving said belongings and being ready for a Gordy Dickson Day party the day after closing was no small task and could not have been done without the help of many good friends from Minn-stf and SCA. We of the Bucklin household do formally give thanks and pay homage to those who gave so much of their time and energies in helping us move and fix up the new house: Ross Davis, Karen Englesen, Richard Tatge, Steve Cox, Steve Glennen, Jeff Berry, Nancy Read, Norman Read, Denny Lien, Dave Wixon, Al Kuhfeld, Richard Stuefer, Michael Wollen, Keith Hauer-Lowe, Bill Dixon, Larry Garcia and several others whose names and faces just don't come to mind at the moment. We thank you all.

As of some yet unascertained date, any and all Minn-stf meetings will be welcomed to my home - it all depends on how far the meeting schedule is set ahead. The Minn-stf library is pretty well but not totally put together and open for business. (Please call before you come: 10am - 10pm weekdays and after 12 noon till 10pm on Saturday & Sunday. If you find someone home, you can come on over.) The new address is 3308 Stevens Avenue South, Minneapolis 55408 - phone is still 825-0018: Caryl Bucklin, Alison Bucklin and Sue Guthmann in residence. Many thanks to all who have helped make this announcement possible.

CARYL BUCKLIN

February 1 -- Bucklin house
3308 Stevens Av S, Mpls
825-0018

February 26 -- The Hobbitat
2633 Dupont Av S, Mpls
377-7387

**Nominations will be accepted for the
approaching Board of Directors election.
**Also MINNEAPA collation

March 12 -- Bucklin house, again

**Second and final meeting at which nominations for Board of Directors will be taken.

March 26 -- Denny Lien & Susan Ryan
2408 Dupont Av S, Mpls
374-9021

**Election of Board of Directors

Most of you should have already received the first progress report for MINICON 12: The DoDodecacon. We call it the DoDodecacon because, uh, because, er, uh, hmmm (psst, hey, why do we call it the DoDodecacon?) There's some reason. It involves Jim Young, Nikolai Gogol, Jim Odbert's geometric figures, SJ's ubiquitous dodos, the mystic number twelve, art deco (ever seen a deco dodo?), and a lot of typical Minneapolis craziness. The zeppelin, by the way, has not disappeared permanently; it is merely temporarily eclipsed.

Once again it falls on Easter weekend (April 8 - 10 this year), and once again it will be held at the Leamington Hotel. GoH is Ben Bova, well-known editor of ANALOG; Fan Guests of Honor are Buck & Juanita Coulson, highly visible multi-conners and publishers of YANDRO, a fannish institution; and Toastmaster is Joe Haldeman, expert toaster and part-time broiler oven. To join, send \$5 to MINICON, Box 2128, Loop Station, Mpls MN 55402, and we'll do the rest. If you send in your registration right now, then two good things will happen: (1) you won't have to pay the \$8 at-the-door fee (which goes into effect April 1st); and (2) we have that much more capital available to get the convention rolling that much sooner.

Inspired by the overwhelming popularity of Magic Ink's MPLS IN '73 t-shirts last year, the DoDodecacon is offering MINICON t-shirts, with Ken Fletcher designs on front and back. We're printing several dozen, in sizes from small to extra large, and in red, yellow, and green (we'll order another color if we get demand for it). They'll be \$6 each, and will be sold on a first-come-first-serve basis. You can reserve yours by sending in your six bucks now instead of waiting for the con, and you'll be sure to get one (or two, or six, or...) in the size and color you want. Reserving your shirt(s) ahead of time also gives us a better idea of how much of which to order, so we don't get stuck with 15 smalls and 25 extra larges and 87 fans wanting mediums.

Volunteers are always welcome. If you feel you'd like to help out and be a part of running the convention, the committee can always use assistants and gofers, especially in such areas as registration, art show, auction, and audiovisual services. We're also looking for people to help build sets for our 2nd annual fan musical. If you want to help, contact MINICON at the above address.

The play this year is MIDWEST SIDE STORY, loosely based on West Side Story. The script and lyrics were written primarily by Susan Ryan & Denny Lien, with help from a host of Minn-steffers too numerous to mention in these few lines. The result is a play permeated with bozoid fannishness. It's got a good cast, and rehearsals are going well. I'mm sure you'll enjoy it. See you there!