

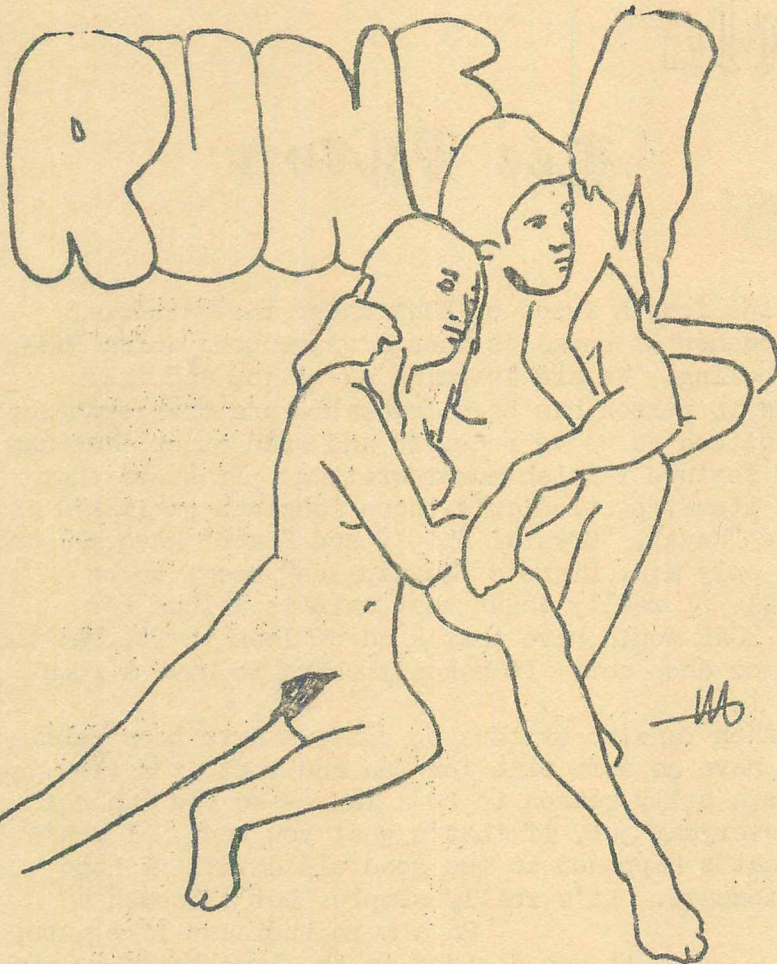
# RUNE 54











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# Editorials

Lee Pelton

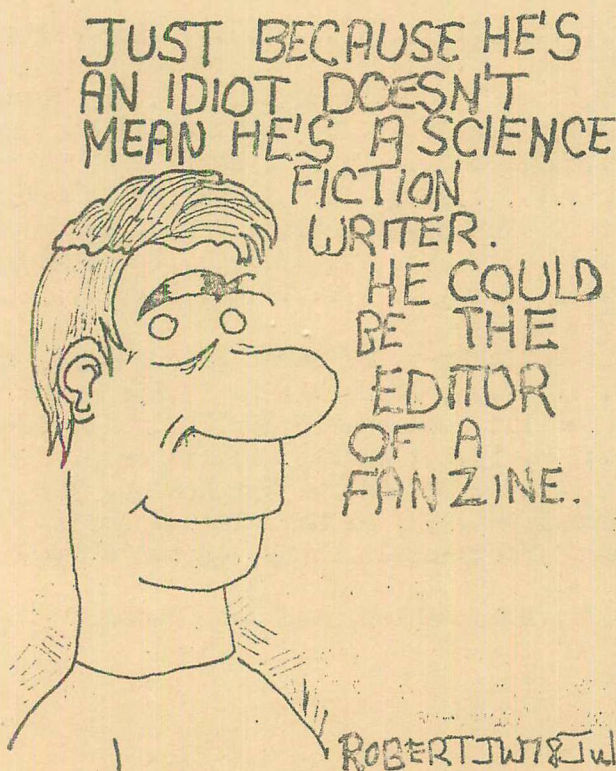
Well, folks, welcome to the fourth issue of RUNE under the editorial reigns of Carol Kennedy and me. Somehow it seems as though we've been doing RUNE for years, but this is not a bad feeling. We are learning as we go, and the response we've received by mail and in person has been favorable and invigorating.

One of the things I've noticed as we've received and read other fanzines in trade for RUNE is that very few feature fannish humor writing. It seems that most fanzines are deep into sercon items, particularly those fanzines published in the U.S. The English fanzines like "Maya", "Crystal Ship", and "Nabu" have all had good humor pieces; but in the U.S. only M.K. Digre's "Quinapalus" seems to be trying for that feel in its material. I really think that this is a loss for fanzine fandom. I was hoping that RUNE would have that kind of look to it, but the sercon stuff comes in while the humor does not. It makes it hard to have a good balance of material.

I wonder why it is that when fanzine writers or editors have been pubbing for a while, they decide that they have no more time for fun and that it's time they got serious. It seems to me that's a silly reason to be a fan -- so you can get serious. You can do that on your everyday job, if that's what you want. I don't wonder why Mike Glicksohn asks, "What's happened to the good old days?" I hope somebody out there understands my message. It's really simple: Let's loosen up and have fun.

On a more business-like note, it was decided at the last board meeting that RUNE would become a quarterly publication, coming out in February, May, August, and November, starting with this issue. As you can tell, we are a larger publication than before. This will allow us to expand our "Qazabl" column, have an editorial in each issue, and have "Fanfaronade" in each issue. We hope this results in even more interest in RUNE than in the past. The deadline for letters of comment is 15 days before the 1st of each month of publication. Remember, we want to hear from you so that we know what you like and don't like. It is the only window to the world a faned has.

So, until next February, read, enjoy, and talk to us.



Lee Pelton





## Carol Kennedy

In reading the locs we've received, I've found only two criticisms of our editing: the editors aren't visible enough, and the editors are too visible. I'm beginning to understand why faneds are such a cantankerous lot...

Actually, the two criticisms refer to different aspects of applying the editorial hand to the seat of the pubbing problem. The first is the matter of editorial personality -- we have been told that we don't show enough of our individual or collective personalities in RUNE. That has been deliberate. RUNE is not Lee and Carol's zine, it is Minn-STF's clubzine. Minn-STF finances it, Minn-STF's board approves our publishing schedule, Minn-STF's members and friends are browbeaten into contributing art and articles, and Minn-STF's members are bribed into collating. Having faced the problem of taking over a zine that was primarily identified with one outstanding editor, we wish to avoid compounding the problem.

As Minn-STF has a variety of personalities and interests among its members, so RUNE should show a variety of styles. Our function is truly that of editors -- to draw the various components together into a harmonious whole, to make certain that the parts are complementary rather than clashing. Our own personalities will show in just the same way that the personalities of other contributors show, in the articles specifically presented under our bylines.

The second criticism has to do with the letter column. We have a policy of heavily editing the locs. There are many reasons for this choice; space considerations and personal preference are the principal ones. We want to publish at least representative sections from as many letters as possible, without turning RUNE into a semi-apa or a letterzine. And we want to avoid repetition and banality, personal greetings and lists of features liked and disliked. The goal is to make the letter column as interesting as possible, and still to maintain communication.

There are basically three criteria that we use in deciding what to publish from the numerous locs we receive:

1. No more than one casual mention, whether praise or criticism, of any one feature. (This doesn't include the in-depth comments or replies.) Pick the most interesting or clever one.
2. No more than one statement saying generally the same thing. Pick the best-written one.
3. As many as possible comments that stand alone, as mini-essays, anecdotes, humor, or reviews.

The loc most likely to be published is good enough, funny enough, interesting enough, or outrageous enough, but not long enough, to be published as an article.

We can't publish all the locs we receive, in their entirety. We choose to publish the best parts of as many as possible. That's where you can see our editorial personality, if you really want to!

Carol





DAVID EMERSON: Good morning, and welcome once again to Fan History Symposium. This morning we are pleased to have with us, from right to left: Fred Haskell, one of the founders of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society; Ken Fletcher, one of the co-founders of Minn-STF; Frank Stodolka, who was present at the founding of the science fiction club here in Minnesota; and Nate Bucklin, who is noted for being one of the founders of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society. And just walking in the door: James Maxwell Young, also another founder of the Twin Cities' science fiction club.

(thunderous applause)

JIM YOUNG: Howdy.

EMERSON: I'd like to start by asking each of the panelists to explain their actions on that fateful day when Minn-STF was born. Let's start with Fred.

FRED HASKELL: I...I would... Which fateful day was that?

YOUNG: November 25th, 1966 --

HASKELL: Oh...

YOUNG: ...a day that shall live in infamy.

HASKELL: Oh. Well, I wasn't there -- I was out getting a sandwich at the time. You'd have to ask Jim Young about that.

EMERSON: Jim Young?

YOUNG: Yeah, he was out getting a sandwich at the time.

EMERSON: In that case...

YOUNG: Does that explain it?

EMERSON: ...where were you at the time?



YOUNG: Ah. I was in Room Two of Mechanical Engineering at the U, which is a dirty little pit originally dug by certain aborigines indigenous to this vicinity who published something called the Minnesota Technolog, also variously known as the Minnesota Technohog, not to be confused with Crash and Burn Magazine. The Technolog was also the site of pre-Minn-STF activity in the early devouring period when, before trilobites and fish became obnoxious, there were such legendary heroes as Frank Stodolka and Ken Fletcher and Floyd Henderson, who is sitting right there, and Fred Haskell. I don't know anything about them, except that I once saw pictures of people feeding machine guns into a typewriter. How they did it, I don't know...

\*M.K. DIGRE: Did they live?

YOUNG: No, no, they never lived. They were inanimate at all times.

EMERSON: Ken Fletcher, what was your role in this?

KEN FLETCHER: I was standing around a lot...

YOUNG: I think John Wayne was in that picture. I don't remember too well...

FLETCHER: Seems to me about the time we started we had this attack of officialness. It's be about the time we were over in the next door auditorium, rather than drive the people at the Technolog magazine mad, we'd go around the corner to an even more pittier pit, which was an old lecture hall, maybe about ...

\*DAVE WIXON: More Fannish! More Fannish!

FLETCHER: ...about half the size of this auditorium...

YOUNG: And like five billion times more dingy.

FLETCHER: Right. I was always wondering exactly...

HASKELL: Oh, but it had atmosphere, Jim.

FLETCHER:...exactly where they got the dark gray paint. At the time I was probably -- you know, it had a little lecture stage about half this size, and a little lecture platform, speaking dais and whatnot. I was probably very near the blackboard just to make sure that I wasn't there when somebody finally fell off the stage, although I think nobody ever did. At least not that day.

YOUNG: I do remember playing frisbee in that place once, and all the chairs in the thing are battened down so you couldn't move them, so that was a really interesting obstacle course.

FLETCHER: The writing boards were particularly fun. In fact, I think I still have one -- true confession time. I traded it like that.

YOUNG: Should we explain? This particular lecture hall was so poorly built and so cheaply done that they hadn't even provided the little fold-out places where you can set your books and papers while you're taking notes. So they had stacks of particle board, and...

FLETCHER: Perfect size for a mimeograph stencil.

\*Interjections by audience members.



HASKELL: Or ditto masters -- as we sometimes call them.

FLETCHER: I think we'd heard just enough about fandom by that time to realize that having a club, having an organization, having an impressive name, was the thing to do -- probably kind of evolved after kicking around, clowning like the bozos do for maybe six months or a year or so. We decided to do something, well -- on that fateful day, dear friends.

NATE BUCKLIN: I actually saw things as having happened in a somewhat different course than has been previously written or described. Part of what happened is that, in September 1966 I was new in town. I had been in fandom by mail in a small town in Washington State; and Frank Stodolka, who was responsible for getting nine-tenths of all the balls rolling during the first year or two, at least, of Minn-STF, decided that I ought to get together and meet some of the local fans, and the Technolog building was the only place we had handy to do it that was centrally located. And the four of us got together and we talked and we traded fanzines and stared at each other and talked about the weather and went out for copies of today's newspaper so we'd have something to talk about and in general had a good time. And we had such a good time that we decided to do it again two weeks from then and what happened as to the fateful day, the official day of Minn-STF's founding -- I felt it was a lot more like: "Look, we've already got a club, isn't it time we admitted it and quit trying to pretend different?" So that's how it was. WASN'T IT?

FRANK STODOLKA: Actually, my principal role in those early days was providing frisbees and rubber bands...

HASKELL: Without which, all this would not have been necessary.

FLETCHER: Remember that.

STODOLKA: And for humorous relief of course, read a fanzine or two. Actually, I had to let my original zine LUNAtic -- with a capital L-U-N-A, t-i-c tacked on the end -- lapse due to the usual college activities or something like that, but I kept enough extra copies available so if someone came along that looked the least bit fannish, I'd stick it in their hand and say, "Here, read it, find out about fandom."

BUCKLIN: The words, "stick it in their hands", was actually extremely appropriate -- I finally managed to unepoxy mine about four years later.

YOUNG: Somewhere between bubonic plague and Elmer's Glue...

EMERSON: You mean you folks were actually doing fanzines at the time?

YOUNG: Or fanzines, as they were known then.

BUCKLIN: Frank had been doing a fanzine for something over three years, and I recall -- this incidentally is deadly serious, it actually happened almost the way I am about to describe it.

(laughter and applause)

YOUNG: Let's hear it for history!

BUCKLIN: I'd just joined this outfit called the National Fantasy Fan Federation, known as the N3F -- actually, for anybody who's taken chemistry it shouldn't be the N3F, it should be the NF<sub>3</sub>, but they weren't chemists so it was called the N3F, or "N-triple F" occasionally -- and their club magazine did reviews of fanzines, and it also printed names of the new members. Now in December '62, it listed Fred Haskell and me as new members, and then in April '63 there was a brief review of the thing



called LUNatic Nightly from Frank Stodolka, 13508 Smith Drive, Hopkins, Minnesota 55343 --

EMERSON: Phone number?

BUCKLIN: Thank you, I don't know. And what it had, after all these comments about other fanzines like: "The reproduction is impeccable, there's a short science fiction story by Joe Blow," was a one-sentence review of Frank's fanzine which said: "This has to be seen to be believed!!!!!!" And six exclamation points. And I really wonder if my reading that review might not have been the real genesis of Minnesota fandom after all. Because Fred and I were in contact with Frank and writing letters of comment to his fanzine for some time thereafter, and then Fred started doing one, then I started doing one. And this only goes to prove that you can do a fanzine without ever having met another fan in your life, because I hadn't. Isn't it correct, Frank, that you met your first other fan after you were already publishing?

STODOLKA: Ah, yes. I received my first fanzine, very appropriately, on my fifteenth birthday. And it hasn't been the same since.

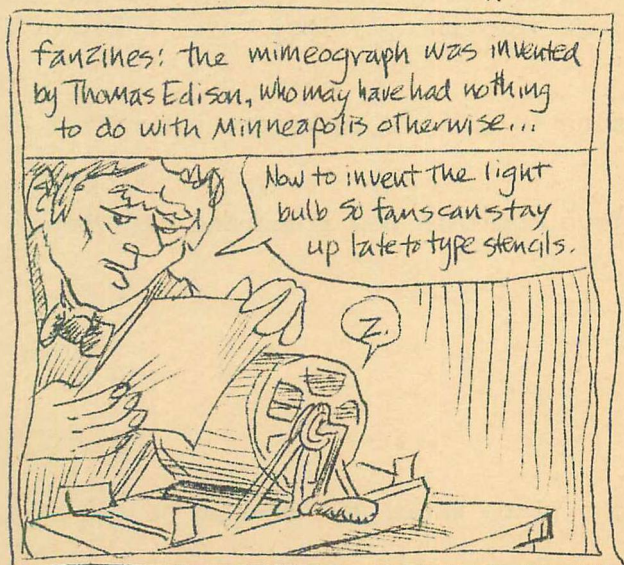
YOUNG: Say, by the way, gentlemen -- wasn't there some kind of letter that several of you had in a comic?

HASKELL: Several of us saw, that's how we got into it all --

STODOLKA: Ah, yes, the "Rick Norwood" letter in Strange Adventures was the genesis of my involvement in fandom. I think it was the beginning for a lot of people. It was Strange Adventures Number 143; if you were a comic book fan you might recall the one based on atomic bomb fall-out. I wrote to Art Hayes, who immediately responded with his little fanzine Through the Haze, and it went on from there. I caught the fanzine bug and the whole dream of using a fanzine to get in touch with other local people slowly grew from that point.

\*MIKE WOOD: What was in Rick Norwood's letter in this comic, that caused people to become interested in fandom?

BUCKLIN: He was talking about how science fiction fandom was dying, and if science fiction fandom was going to live, if the science fiction field was going to live, it would have to involve advertising in comics and recruiting from the comics area. Frank got into fandom on account of answering that letter. Fred Haskell got into



fandom on account of answering that letter. And I got into fandom on account of answering that letter. Al Kuhfeld, who's also one of the earliest five or six Minn-STFers, was at the time the best friend of Rick Norwood. In my case, I answered the letter in spite of the fact that I ordinarily didn't even read comic book letter columns, much less answer them, because I was outraged that a field as noble and pure and glorious as the science fiction community should do something as repulsive, as degrading, as low, and as bonafidely SLIMY as recruiting from comic books!

HASKELL: But, Nate -- it worked!

EMERSON: So some of you were doing



fanzines then, at that early time. Was that about the time of APA45? Were you all in that?

FLETCHER: I'd say most of the early people in Minn-STF were either in APA45 or, like Frank, putting out his own genzine. Kuhfeld was active in publishing. Most of the people who showed up at the early meetings, the core people, had some involvement at least in apa publishing. Ruth and Jean Berman, who had contacts with the apa fanzines, turned up at meetings. Other than the core people, the bulk of the people who are interested in Minn-STF got built up through contacts through bookstores and things like that.

YOUNG: Another thing is that there were sort of holdovers from various earlier times still floating around. I went to high school with Jean Berman, and that's how I found out about fandom. And Ruth Berman had been publishing actively in the early '60s. In turn, she had some friends who had tried to start a Twin Cities Fantasy Society in the late '50s and early '60s, like Redd Boggs. And Redd Boggs of course is the grandson of Noah...

BUCKLIN: "Noah, Lord."

YOUNG: Yes, yes, quite often. Just remember that he often claimed that one of his forefathers had been admiral of all the ships on earth. But Boggs, of course, was that strangest of persons, the last living link to the MFS, the...

YOUNG & FLETCHER: Minneapolis Fantasy Society...

YOUNG: ...which started in 1940 and essentially kind of boiled away by 1949 or '50.

EMERSON: How did it come about that Minn-STF met in a bookstore?

YOUNG: Oh, Golob's.

HASKELL: Not Responsible!

YOUNG: Park and Lock It!

EMERSON: How long did it meet in the bookstore?

YOUNG: 1968. Golob couldn't pay his rent and so the bookstore went bust. And that was a very interesting time, because he kept buying all sorts of strange remaindered things and selling them off at fabulous prices like 10¢ and 35¢ and so you could pick up strange old Gnome Press things very cheaply that way. A lot of it was pure crap, but it was cheap.

STODOLKA: I think the thing that kept us coming to Golob's bookstore was, first of all, he had a good pop machine, and...

YOUNG: This was in that day before I was a true Mountain Dew freak and had discovered the true meaning of the word "green"...

HASKELL: Yellow.

FLETCHER: Chartreuse.

YOUNG: Whatever.

STODOLKA: ...and it was conveniently close to a place where we could go to eat after the meeting. Very important.



YOUNG: Ah, that brings up another aspect of the late '60s and early '70s Minn-STF: food.

HASKELL: Without it, we would have died!

BUCKLIN: One of the things that all fans in Minn-STF had in common at the time was very simple and fairly obvious: all of us, from time to time, ate.

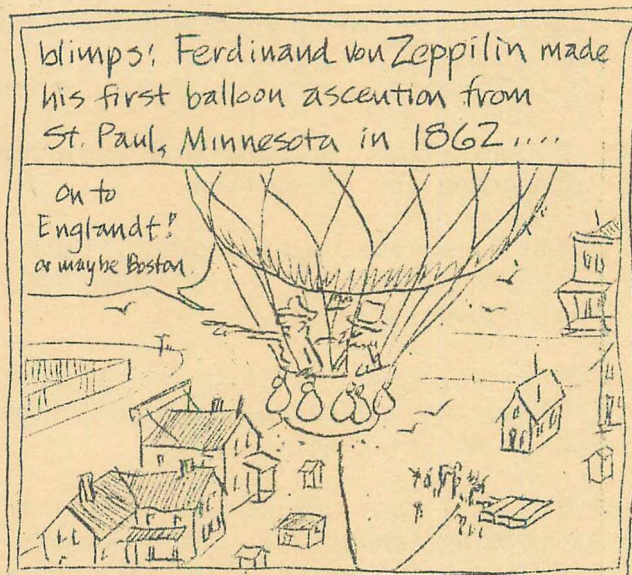
YOUNG: Let's hear it for the munchies!

\*DAVE WIXON: A tradition that still carries on, I might add...

EMERSON: I'd like to know how the first Minicon was organized.

(a loud laugh)

Was it organized?



STODOLKA: Well, first we went through the nightmare of University bureaucracy.

YOUNG: You see, Minn-STF got official University of Minnesota recognition, as an official University of Minnesota official student official organization official.

HASKELL: Antlers optional.

FLETCHER: I think what happened was, we tried it as a trial balloon to get effectively a probationary period. "Hi there, we're a potential student organization. Can we use your facilities?" So they said yes. I guess we were potential through the first Minicon day, and also up to the point where we realized the amount of bureaucracy that was involved in organizing as an actual student organization.

YOUNG: The way the first Minicon worked is that Frank worked with the U, and set up the meeting space, we both worked together on setting up some program, and then I would up printing the little bulletin that we put out for it. In ditto, because those were the days of Minneapolis dittoed fanzines.

HASKELL: That goes ditto for me.

YOUNG: And I helped sit in on the panel, Frank did too, and essentially just bumbled with Dickson and Simak and Charles V. DeVet. Carl Jacobi did not show up, though he said he would. Apparently he was taking part in the flu epidemic at the time.

HASKELL: Oh, and before you get confused, the first Minicon was an afternoon affair, at the Men's, ah, Lounge of Coffman Memorial Union, and...

YOUNG: That's not as bizarre as it may sound; someone's snickering out here in the front row.

HASKELL: ...and there were maybe about one-fourth as many people there as there are in this room at the moment.

YOUNG: There were sixty there.

STODOLKA: I thought it was closer to thirty-five.

HASKELL: It seemed a lot smaller than that to me.



BUCKLIN: The actual number was thirty-nine point two. --

\*DENNY LIEN: And many of them were short.

\*JON SINGER: That includes four engineering students who were in the lounge but not attending the convention.

HASKELL: Jim Young played piano, thus starting a tradition.

YOUNG: Nooooo...

EMERSON: No, thus initiating a happenstance -- three times is a tradition. How did the second and third Minicons get put on? You obviously thought there was some reason to do it again?

YOUNG: Well, Fred and Ken and I went to NYCON, and that was the beginning of the great bozoing tradition. But somewhere in the middle of NYCON, I ran into Dave Vanderwert, and he said, "Gee, ah, you ever thought about bidding for a worldcon?" And I said, "No, but I'm really thinking of bidding for the Midwestcon." And...

HASKELL: Antlers optional.

YOUNG: ...Antlers optional. And he was somewhat taken aback by this, but I kind of liked the idea of a worldcon bid, and...

HASKELL: It seemed like a good thing to do at the time.

YOUNG: ...It seemed like a good thing, yes, it certainly did. So the way to do that of course was to have conventions and figure out what you do first, before you suddenly have this worldcon on your hands. So the second Minicon I simply did all the bureaucratic work and so on, and I didn't delegate much authority, which I should have done at the time. And nonetheless everything sort of managed to persist. A convention has a momentum of its own, and once you have all these wonderful people getting together then strange and fantastic and good things happen occasionally. Now, I wanted to bring this along, but I couldn't find my copy. Nonetheless, the Minneapolis Tribune ran a fantastic article about the second Minicon, that bore the headline: "Fandoms Conven!" And the poor person who wrote the thing was convinced that of course I was a fandom, that Ken was a fandom, that Fred was a fandom, that Anthony Tollin was a fandom!

\*FRED LERNER: That's possible.

HASKELL: Although he was a comics fandom.

YOUNG: Yes, he was a comics fandom at that point. And that we were all seeking the blessings of St. Fanthony.

HASKELL: What?

YOUNG: What?

BUCKLIN: What?

FLETCHER: What?

YOUNG: How do we do that with our voice?

EMERSON: Fred, I don't think you know this, but you're muttering. You should mutter into the mike.

HASKELL: Oh, I should mutter into the mike? mutter mutter...



EMERSON: Now we're going to have a short pause here while Fred Haskell mutters into the mike.

HASKELL: mutter...mutter mutter...mutter mutter mutter mutter...mutter...

BUCKLIN: I had a kitten with short paws once

YOUNG: I had one once, but the wheels fell off.

EMERSON: Well, that certainly is a wonderful thing. Back to Minneapolis in '73. Or forward to Minneapolis in '73.

YOUNG: Yes, forward into the past dear friends. The meeting with Vanderwert really did start it all. I was publishing a fanzine called HOOP at the time, and...

HASKELL: HOOP!

FLETCHER: HOOP!

STODOLKA: HOOP!

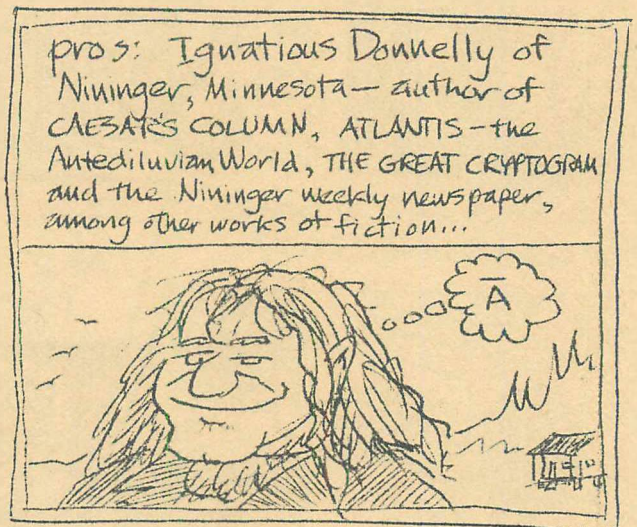
BUCKLIN: HOOP!

YOUNG: ...and a man named Ray Fisher, who was bidding for St. Louis, was kind enough to give me some sage advice. He said, "Well, you know, you only go around once in life, kid, so don't do it." Well, I said, "Why not, you know really -- just give it a try." And what with one thing and another, it turned out that it was financially impossible to keep on bidding, because bidding takes a lot of money. But the real problem in bidding for a worldcon is that you might win. And if you do, suddenly you have to deal with fifteen billion people, all in one hotel. So we -- I -- decided in about December 1970 that really the worldcon itself wasn't the best thing. But by 1971 we figured we kind of like throwing parties and so why don't we just keep bidding? And by 1973 it had, of course, become firmly established; and we officially declared parts of Toronto within the domain of the city of Minneapolis in 1973, so that the Toronto worldcon was held here.

EMERSON: By the way, last year about this time New Orleans finally conceded the '73 worldcon bid to Minneapolis -- they dropped out of the running.

FLETCHER: I would like to point out that the actual Minneapolis in '73 Serious and Constructive bidding for the actual worldcon, which started up fairly soon after the first Minicon, meant an actual drive to recruit people, and to publicize the convention -- let people know that there was a science fiction club and a science fiction convention one way or another. And basically, that instead of a small circle of fanzine fans, there's a large fan group in the Cities. Once you start letting people know, and once you've put on two or three conventions -- like Jim said, it has a momentum of its own. But it was the actual bid that probably got a real hard core recruitment going.

EMERSON: So in a sense, then, every Minicon is really just a recruitment drive for the Minneapolis in '73 movement?



-- TO BE CONTINUED --

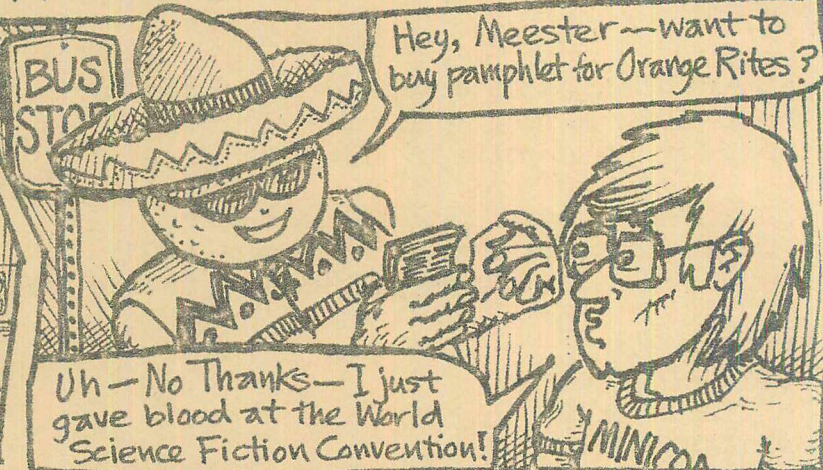


# ALLEN & SEDITION ACT: COSMIC SALT & SHAKER!

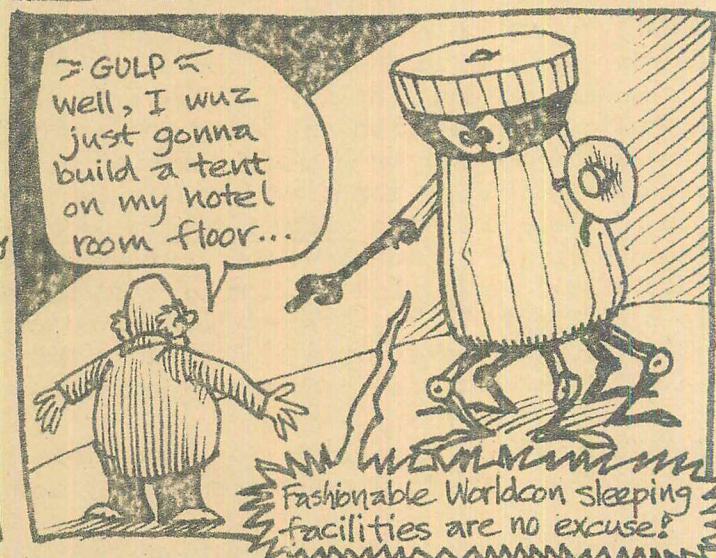
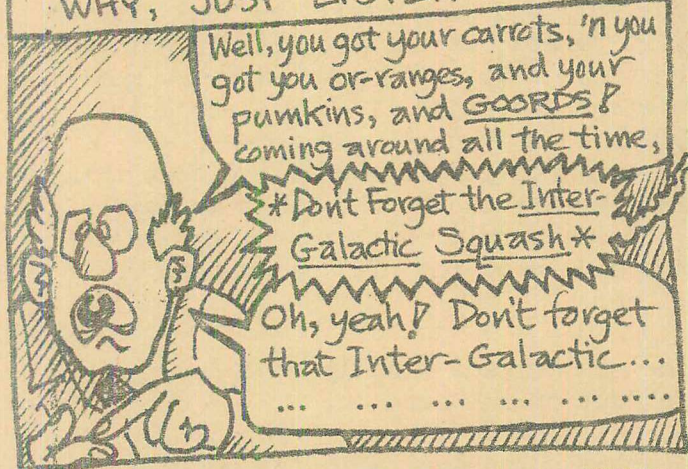
IT TAKES A LOT TO SHAKE AN OLD COSMIC SALT!



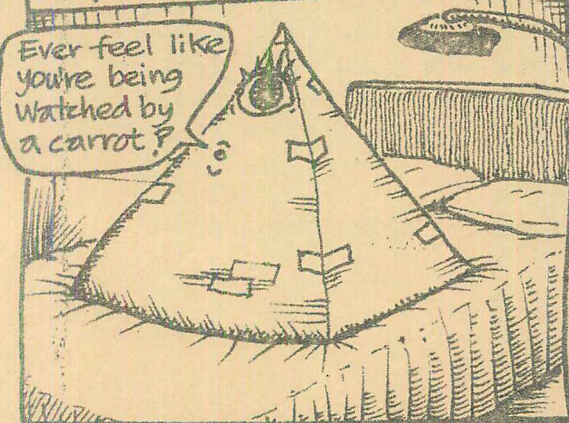
YES, DEAR FRIENDS—COSMIC CARROTS ARE WATCHING US... WHY, EVEN IN PHOENIX, ARIZONA...



"ORANGE POWER" YOU SAY? WHY, JUST LISTEN...



EVEN PYRAMID-SHAPED TENTS ARE NOT IMMUNE TO COSMIC OBSERVATION...



YAS—We've found 'em now. Hm. Good.



Tom Foster won't escape this time. Prepare the Cosmicomic Ray, Elrod!





# FANFARONADE

by CAROL KENNEDY

The stack of fanzines to be listed/reviewed is towering, due to the omission of this column from RUNE 53. When there is more material available than there is space to print it, the coeditor's column is the first thing to be cut. (This is known as Pelton's Law.) (There is a corollary, Kennedy's Law: When the material available is not sufficient to fill the space allowed, the coeditor who doesn't write FANFARONADE has to worry about it. It's only fair.) Thus, most of this column will be a list of fanzines received, with minimal comments.



- ARKANFANDOM #6, #7 -- Margaret Middleton, P.O. Box 9911, Little Rock, AR 72219. Available for the usual, or 30¢ by third-class mail, 40¢ by first-class. Genzine, probably bi-monthly, mimeo. Reviews, locs, fanfic. Good repro, some good writing, poor layout, few illos.
- AYEWONDER #1 -- Leigh Strother-Vien, 7107 Woodman Apt. #10, Van Nuys, CA 91405. Available for \$1, probably for contribution or trade. Genzine, offset. Impeccable repro, variable layout. Lots of Thomas G. Digby's poetry, many short articles by various Californian fans, an ugly cover by an artist whose work I usually like -- Maureen Garrett, fanfic. Rather impressive for a first ish, but too fragmented, in both layout and content.
- BELLEROPHON'S RAGE 11 -- Denys Howard, Box 8975, Portland, OR 97208. Basically an apazine, but available for trade. Denys' long mailing comments plus his con reports make an interesting personalzine. His writing style is too giggly for my tastes; but his frankness is fascinating. He leaves no doubt about his opinions of other fans.
- BOOWATT 27 -- Garth Danielson, 616-415 Edison Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R2G 0M3. Subscriptions \$2/yr. (4 issues). Personalzine, including personal writing from Garth's friends. Mimeo with offset covers. Probably of interest only to those who know the members of Decadent Winnipeg Fandom. Some of the illos are gems.
- BRASSOR #1 -- Marty L. Levine, 6201 Markley Hall, Ann Arbor, MI 48109. Available for loc, traceable art, verbal flights of fancy, or 30¢; no trades for first ish. Personalzine, published first week of Sept., Jan., and May, mimeo. Some high-quality personal writing from Marty and his friends, of the kind that encourages similar writing in locs. Fairly clean but boring layout and repro; did I ever mention that I loathe the goldenrod paper? The traced art is truly mediocre. Believe it or not, I like this zine.
- BSFAN 9 -- Baltimore Science Fiction Society, Inc., Editor - Mike Kurman, 6633A Glenbarr Ct., Baltimore, MD 21234. Clubzine/genzine, mimeo with offset covers. Reviews, poetry, locs. It's a bit difficult to be objective about a zine in which RUNE is reviewed as "dull and mostly incomprehensible to anyone living outside of the state of Minnesota". (And that's one of the more favorable reviews in the column!) BSFAN 9 uses 2 of its 28 pages on "The Ballad of Darth Vader" (to the tune of "Mack the Knife"). 'Nuff said.
- THE BULL OF THE SEVEN BATTLES -- Reed Andrus, 1651 E. Paulista Way, Sandy, UT 84070. Former apazine becoming a personalzine, maybe a genzine. Xerox, I think. Available for locs only.



COVER 9 -- Jeff Schalles, 5840 Alder St., Pittsburgh, PA 15232. Personalzine, mimeo.

- This is an excellent account of Jeff's walking the Appalachian Trail.

Available for trades, possibly for the asking plus postage.

CRYSTAL SHIP -- John D. Owen, 22, Coniston Way, Bletchley, Milton Keynes, England, MK2 3EA. Available for the usual, or 2 issues/\$1 (bills only). Fantasy-oriented genzine, offset, half-size. Very nice layout, well-chosen title lettering and illos. Glancing through, I find the writing to be quite good; however, this isn't my genre. Overall, very high quality.

CULLOWHEE COMMENTS #3 -- Richard Llewellyn, P.O. Drawer BP, Cullowhee, NC 28723.

Available for the usual, or 35¢ (next ish, 50¢). Genzine, published irregularly, offset. This issue is almost entirely reviews; he says of RUNE that the letter column is unusually peaceful and "those Minnesota people seem to be too quiet to be really committed fen." Sigh. The movie and book reviews tend to be plot synopses, and criticism is rather superficial. At least it isn't on goldenrod paper (it's yellow).

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE -- Barry Meikle, 877 Kensington Drive, Peterborough, Ontario, Canada K9J 6J8. Available for the usual, or 25¢. "A quarterly journal of sf discussion", mimeo, half-size. One of the typers used for this had a jumping "n", which makes about half the pages look crudzine-like. The content is very ordinary, especially considering the rather pretentious description quoted above.

THE DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP 6 -- Arthur D. Hlavaty, 250 Coligni Ave., New Rochelle, NY 10801. Available for the usual, or \$1. Personalzine, published quarterly, offset, half-size. The layout tends to be maybe one step better than awful; there are good illos and well-lettered titles mixed with crookedly-applied clipbook art. But the writing! Arthur mixes his own conreports, reviews, and opinion pieces in with locs from his readers. Everyone tends to be clever, talented, and marvelously opinionated. Reading DR is like listening to -- maybe participating in -- a fast-paced, really good conversation.

DYNATRON 68 -- Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107. "Distributed to a select mailing list", and if you once receive it, you must respond. If you like exchanging ideas in writing -- and you must have guessed by now that I do -- this is well worth trying to get.

ENCOUNTER #1, #2 -- Raymond H. Allard, 4152 Columbus Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55407. Available for \$1. This is a comic-format fiction zine. All the art is by Allard, but he accepts submissions of stories.

FANZINE FANATIQUE No. 31 -- Keith & Rosemary Walker, 2 Daisy Bank, Quernmore Rd., Lancaster, Lancs., England. Available 3/\$1 by seaimail, probably also for trades. A fanzine review zine.

FEINZINE #3 -- Adrienne Fein, 26 Oakwood Ave., White Plains, NY 10605. Available for contribution, loc, or \$1. Personalzine, published irregularly, Xerox I think. Opinions, locs, Shere Hite's Questionnaire on Male Sexuality. Adrienne is an interesting writer and attracts others. The zine is an incredible hodge-podge of type styles, calligraphy, handwritten interjections, and illos good and bad; it's really too bad it doesn't look as good as it reads. Feminist orientation.

FILE 770: 7 -- Mike Glycer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, CA 91342. Available for art, arranged trades, or 4/\$1.50. Newszine, published hexaweekly, mimeo. This is the apparent successor to KARASS, and is a necessity for those who want to know who's who and what's what.

GROGGY #3 -- Eric Mayer, 175 Congress St. #5F, Brooklyn, NY 11201. Available probably at editor's whim. "Bimonthly sketchbook/notebook/diary", hekto. Yes, hekto. Interesting writing, fascinating medium.

IS THAT A BANANA IN  
YOUR EAR OR ARE YOU  
JUST HAPPY TO SEE  
ME?



KAT 78



FOUR STAR EXTRA, Vol. 1 No. 5 -- Joyce & Arnie Katz, 59 Livingston St. Apt. 6B, Brooklyn, NY 11201 and Bill & Charlene Kunkel, 85-30 121st St., Kew Gardens, NY 11415. Not available for money. Personalzine, "published with joyous frequency", mimeo. Each of the four participants writes about whatever is of interest or importance to him/her, it seems. There's an ice cream truck anecdote, a horror story, camping tales... It's all well-written, and sometimes interesting; but it's definitely not an SF fanzine.

HWA! 1 -- Vicki Carson, 1639 W. Touhy #1, Chicago, IL 60626 and Kathy Bobel, 1212 Jarvis Ave., Chicago, IL 60626. Available for trade, accepted contribution, loc, or \$1. Dual-personalzine, frequency unknown. Almost everything in this is written by the editors, who seem to be literate -- no small favor to the reviewer of a first ish! This is a very attractive zine, with heavy offset covers (the front is by Jeanne Gomoll), a balanced layout, and some good illos. I hate the orangy-peach color paper almost as much as I hate goldenrod, and I'd prefer hand-lettered or template-guided title lettering to the solid black stick-on kind; but those are very personal prejudices.

JANUS 12-13 -- Editors: Janice Bogstad and Jeanne Gomoll, c/o SF<sup>3</sup>, Box 1624, Madison, WI 53701. Available for trade, accepted contribution, accepted loc, or \$1 (\$2 for this double issue). Genzine, quarterly, offset. This Hugo-nominated zine has everything -- reviews, articles, art, poetry, opinion, locs. And everything is good. I can't decide whether I more admire the content or the appearance; make up your own mind. Send the \$2 right now -- it's the biggest zine bargain available!

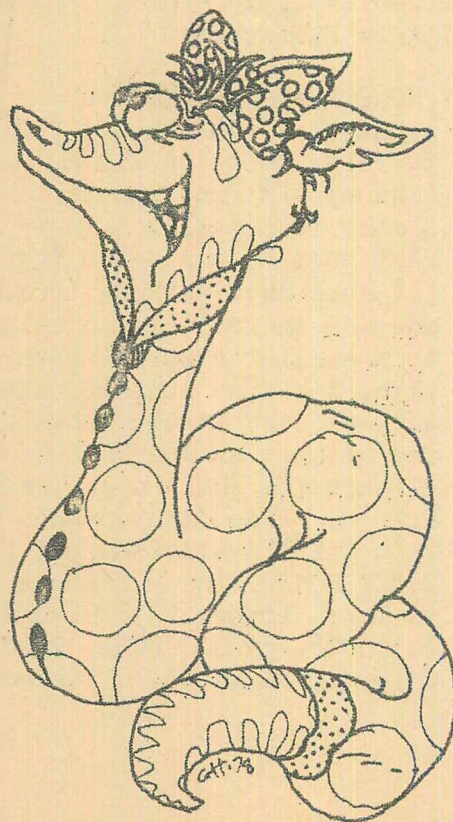
In honor of the illo at right, done by the incredibly talented Joan Hanke Woods, an out-of-order review of Something Completely Different:

ROCKY HORROR PICTURE ZINE -- a one-shot published to raise money to fly a Minneapolis fan, who is unable to travel long distances by car -- to Iggy. (It must have worked, because she was there.) In addition to a smaller version of this illo, the zine contains the work of such little-known writers and artists as Joe Haldeman, Phyllis Eisenstein, Phil Foglio, and Sarah Prince. I don't even know whether it's still available, but if you're a ROCKY HORROR fan you might try writing to Karen Trego, 1338 Birchwood, Chicago, IL 60626, or Ben Zuhl, 7660 N. Sheridan Rd., Chicago, IL 60626. It's worth it.





- JUMEAUX #4 -- Lynne Holdom, P.O. Box 5, Pompton Lakes, NJ 17442. Available for trade, artwork, article, or \$1 plus 50¢ postage. Darkover zine, offset. Fairly sercon articles on the Darkover books, few but well-chosen illos, cleanly simple layout.
- LAID #6 -- Michael Hall, 24-477 Wardlaw Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3L 0L9. Available for twilltone or by editorial whim only. Decadent Winnipeg Fandom strikes again. Their personalzines arrive by immunity-in-reverse -- once you get one, it's easier and easier to get them again.
- LAN'S LANTERN 7 -- George J. Laskowski, Jr. (Lan), 47 Valley Way, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013. Available for the usual, or money (can't find specifics). Genzine, offset. Reviews, crossword puzzles, poetry, conreports, fanfic, interview with Wilson Tucker. Some very good writing.
- THE LIBERATED QUARK 5 -- Hampton Roads Science Fiction Association, Editor: M.E. Tyrrell, 414 Winterhaven Dr., Newport News, VA 23606. Available -- ????. This is about the tenth zine that I have spent time searching through, trying to find out how to get it (how you can get it, that is -- we already have it). I want to spend that time writing about the zine, and I'm disgusted. This is mimeo in several ink colors, very nicely done. Few illos, but a pleasing layout. There are several interesting items here, but I don't know how you'll ever see them.
- LIFT OFF 4 -- Perry Glen Moore, 1326 Burton Valley Rd., Nashville, TN 37215. Available for contributions, arranged trade, or \$1. "A tri-monthly zine devoted to sf", photoreduced offset. Fairly sercon, not enough for the money (15 pages).
- MAYA fifteen -- Robert Jackson, 71 King John St., Heaton, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE6 5XR, U.K. Available for contribution, arranged trade, substantial loc, or \$1. (U.S. agent: Sam Long, 1338 Crestview Drive, Springfield IL 62702.) Genzine with mostly opinion pieces and personal writing, photoreduced offset. Very good.
- MAYBE : 51 -- Irvin Koch, 1870 Dresden Dr. NE, B9, Atlanta, GA 30319. Available for \$1 or at editorial whim. Personalzine, published irregularly, offset. Lots of mainly N3F fan politics, also photos, fanfic, reviews.
- MEEPER BLUE 11, 12 -- George Paczolt, Jr., 1732 Magdalene Way, Johnstown, PA 15905. Available for the usual, or 50¢. Genzine, quarterly I think, mimeo, offset covers. I like the art, the layout, most of the writing, and -- bless you -- the blue paper. #12 contains some interesting letters on the Markstein/Elison fussin' and feudin'.
- MIJOK 2 -- Cal Johnson, 803 Nth 37th, Corsicana, TX 75110. Available for the usual, or 40¢. Genzine, published irregularly, mimeo. If you want to encourage young faneditors, send Cal 40¢ for this. The appearance is abominable, but he can write. Give him a chance to improve his graphics.
- MONGOOSE #2/3 -- Seth Goldberg, c/o Dept. of Chemistry, Bilger Hall, Univ. of Hawaii, Honolulu, HI 96822. Available for the usual, or \$1.25. Genzine, offset. Excellent art, fairly sercon writing. Val Giddings' articles, written with a strong scientific background, are especially good.
- NABU Four -- Ian Maule, 18 Hillside, 163 Carshalton Rd., Sutton, Surrey, SM1 4NG, U.K. Available for the usual. Mostly personalzine, mimeo.
- NEBULOUSFAN Vol 2, No. 3 -- David Thayer, 7209 Deville, North Richland Hills, TX 76118. Available for the usual, or 50¢. Genzine, quarterly, offset. Reviews, locs, humorous articles, and LOTS of Teddy Harvia illos -- yum, yum, good stuff.





PHOSPHENE 7 -- Gil Gaier, 1016 Beech Ave., Torrance, CA 90501. Available for the usual, or 3/\$2. Personalzine, offset. Intelligent, open, honest, loving -- all these things about Gil come across in his writing.

QUINAPALUS #1 -- M.K. Digre, 1902 S. 4th Ave. #1A, Minneapolis, MN 55404. Available for the usual, or 50¢. Bozo genzine, mimeo -- on goldenrod, sigh, also known as "Minneapolis yellow". Craziness by Digby, Wixon, Bartelt, Fletcher -- wondrous.

RAFFLES No. 1 -- Stu Shiffman, 880 W. 181 St., NYC, NY 10033, and Larry Carmody, COA unavailable. Available for the usual, or \$1. Genzine, mimeo. Generally funny writing, great drawn-on-stencil art.

RALLY! #39 -- Don Markstein, 8208 E. Vista, Scottsdale, Az 85253. Available for contribution of news, cartoons, or logo, for arranged trade, at editorial whim, or for 25¢. Newszine, mimeo. Hear Don's side of the great Ellison feud.

REQUIEM 22 -- Norbert Spehner, 1085 St-Jean, Longueuil, P.Q., Canada J4H 2Z3. Gorgeous offset zine. The entire text is in French, so I can't tell you more.

RISTERIA 6 -- Paula Gold, Box 51-a, RR 2, Beecher, IL 60401. Available for the usual, or 20¢ in stamps. Personalzine, mimeo. A few pages of welcome personal news from a talented writer, plus contributions from a few friends.

THE SCIENCE FICTION VOTARY 1, 2, 3 -- Steve Perram, 2920 Meridian St., Bellingham, WA 98225. Availability seems to be for trade or editorial whim. Beginning newszine, verging on personalzine, offset.

SF & F 36, No. 6, 7 -- Jim Purviance, 13 W. Summit Drive, Redwood City, CA 94062. Available for accepted contribution, or 75¢. Genzine, quarterly, 2/3-size offset. This has the best interviews of any fanzine I read, plus overall high quality.

THE STONE & THE STARS No. 1, 2, 3 -- Council of St.-Valentine-of-the-Snows, Editors: Charles E. Hamilton, Jr. and Tess, Box 14259, Minneapolis, MN 55414. Available for the usual, or 75¢. Genzine, quarterly, Xerox (?), offset covers. Somewhat sercon, fantasy-oriented. A promising zine -- they certainly could use some art.

THIS HOUSE #3 -- John Purcell, 3381 Sumter Ave. S., St. Louis Park, MN 55426. Available for the usual, or 50¢. Genzine, published irregularly, Xerox, offset cover. This issue is more of a personalzine, with thoughts on fandom predominant.

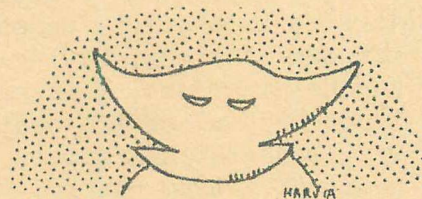
VOR-ZAP 1 -- Walter Daniels, Box 1471, Lafayette, IN 47902. Available for accepted contribution, or 75¢. "An all-purpose fanzine", bi-monthly, mimeo. Horrible repro; half the pages are illegible.

THE WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG #1, #2 -- Brian Earl Brown, 16711 Burt Rd. #207, Detroit, MI 48219. Available for trade (with restrictions), or 35¢. Reviewzine, bi-monthly or oftener, mimeo. Fills a need; a must for the fanzine fan.

I have the feeling that I haven't done justice to this project at all. There are so many fanzines; frankly, this has been boring even to me! I'm definitely going to do this differently in the future, but I'm not sure just what I will do.

A word about my prejudices: I like clean, simple layouts and clean, simple writing. I like the exchange of ideas and opinions, particularly among intelligent people. I like sercon if it's good, but I don't like people who take themselves too seriously. I dislike the confusing of pretentiousness with literacy. And I HATE GOLDENROD PAPER.

## DRAW ME\*



Are you forever doodling?  
You have no talent,  
but you are immortal.  
Send your art to:

NEBULOUS  
ART SCHOOL

\*Or I'll kill you!



# IGUANACON OR HOW MANY FANS CAN DANCE ON THE HEAD OF A KUMQUAT?

A CONREPORT BY BOBBI ARMBRUSTER

Being an American fan in Germany presents certain problems, not the least of which is an almost total lack of fannish contact. For my husband Ron and myself, IguanaCon promised more than 4000 SF readers stranded in the Arizona desert, but also a dose of much-needed fannish insanity and a chance to yammer in English to our hearts' content.

The party that left Pasadena Thursday afternoon in Marty Cantor's tiny Mazda station wagon consisted of 5 suitcases, an ice chest, 2 boxes of fanzines, cameras, a gallon jug of water for the car, 2 bags of miscellaneous crap to be mailed to Europe at the earliest possible opportunity, 3 very cramped people and 1 shoofly pie. The trip itself was unremarkable except for three things: the total absence of title chains or any other sort of word game; the traditional fannish Chinese dinner break at an unexpectedly good restaurant called the Flying Inn located, of all places, in Blythe, California; and a trip through the small desert town of Buckeye.

Buckeye is a quiet ranching town situated about 10 miles outside Phoenix and is quite ordinary except for one thing: a proliferation of mobile homes, large and small, scattered along the main drag, each with a blazing neon sign screaming ORIENTAL MASSAGE. And not just any ol' kind of Oriental massage, either, but delightful ORIENTAL MASSAGE. If one were to believe the signs, one would expect that half the population of the Far East had been magically transported to this tiny village lock, stock, and trailer, and that Buckeye had suddenly become the Oriental cultural center of the Western universe. (Won't Godzilla be surprised the next time he tries to storm Tokyo?)

Now, to fully appreciate what took place during that drive through Buckeye, one must be aware of certain obscure facts about my husband. To the untrained eye, Ronald appears to be a quiet, unassuming sort of person -- perhaps a bit odd at times, having an obsession for electric underwear and holding deep, meaningful conversations with snails, but nothing out of the ordinary for your average fan. However, beneath this quiet, unassuming exterior beats the heart of a true whacko. You see, Ron has a hobby. Not that this is anything remarkable -- lots of people, even fans, have hobbies. But Ron's particular way of frittering away his leisure time could be, I think, considered truly unique. He isn't content with such activities as stamp collecting, or sticking pins into helpless butterflies, or even trying to break his neck skittering down the Colorado River in an inflatable tank tire -- no, not Ronald. He prices things. And not just any things -- that would be too mundane, and a waste of his talents. He specializes. He prices massage parlors, or bordellos, or girls standing under lamp posts, or anything along those lines which happens to be available. And to be fair to the Bounder, it's not really a hobby -- it's an obsession.





It must have been an odd sight indeed, that overloaded Mazda careening through the heart of beautiful downtown Buckeye -- two cowering occupants and Bounds, notebook in hand, wild-eyed and frothing at the mouth, a tangle of waving arms and legs valiantly attempting to climb out the window and shouting, "Just one, Marty! Let me price just one!" A pathetic picture, if ever there was one.

We managed to get through Buckeye alive and made it into Phoenix without further incident. Marty dropped us at our hotel, the Hyatt, then sped off to his own accommodations at the Adams, a little the worse for wear.

If nothing else, Iggy has taught me to hate multi-hotel conventions. It's difficult enough to locate all of the people one wants to see at a 4000+ person convention; but having them spread across two main hotels, three back-ups and a convention center, it's damn near impossible. The Hyatt did, however, make the hunting down of parties much easier than usual. Normally, one must rove each floor of a hotel keeping an eye out for an open door or bodies lying in the hallway. For those who consider this too time-consuming, there is always the elevator method, in which one merely listens for the telltale SNAP-WHOOSH of pop-tops whilst leaning out of the open elevator. Not so at the Hyatt. Because of the open center core arrangement of the sleeping room levels, one needed only to proceed to, say, the 7th floor, extend one's body over any of the restraining walls, and voilà -- an excellent view of all floors. Very handy.

After securing our room and stowing our garbage, Ron went down to check in with staff headquarters whilst I proceeded to do something about the 16 layers of desert dust and lizard guano that had accumulated on my bod. Mistake #1: getting separated. That was the last I saw of him till next morning, thus setting a precedent for the rest of the con.

All during that evening I kept running into people who would tell me that Ron was at such-and-such a party and was looking for me, but by the time I got to wherever it was he'd been, he was gone. Finally I gave up, stationed myself at the Boston in '81 party, and concentrated on having a good time.

Friday morning I was awakened by the peal of youthful laughter (after 3 hours of sleep, definitely to be considered one of the world's 7 most diabolical sounds). The din was emanating from Ron's goddaughter, Alice Haldeman, and her sister Jenny, who had come to collect Bounder for brunch before his morning security shift. The trio were engaged in a rousing game of keep-away using Ron's left sneaker as the objective. I finally managed to grab the shoe and throw it out into the hallway. Thus the threesome departed, leaving me alone to prepare for my luncheon date and strategy session with my High Priest, David Schlosser.

After the sacrificial offering of an avocado club sandwich had been consumed and the summit meeting completed, I valiantly braved the heat of Arizona's midday sun in search of Ron. I found him standing guard outside the art show room (I'm told there were two rooms, but I'll be damned if I could find the other one), merrily passing out paper bags, relieving small children of their lollipops, and performing other vital functions. I suppose that condemning my purse to the depths of a paper bag is necessary to maintain security. I shudder to think of the damage one lone art-eating pocketbook could cause, rampaging through a WorldCon's art show. Why, the convulsions caused just by a dithering handbag trying to decide which artist's works to consume first would endanger human lives. Just think of the frustration in trying to determine whether to serve a white or a red wine with a Sternbach; and the question has never really been resolved as to whether one chills a watercolor or serves it at room temperature. Truly, the security staff is to be commended for their never-ending battle for truth, justice and the American way.

\*Ahem.\*

The artshow was crowded, but reasonably well laid-out. As to the quality of





the pieces entered, my overall impression was good (any show containing the works of Karel Thole starts out a notch ahead), but I really can't offer an informed opinion; I didn't see much of it. After about ten minutes of wandering around, Ron and I were kicked out of the art show. And we weren't even wearing ERA t-shirts.\*

But, in typical fannish tradition, it was all Eney's fault (you don't think I'M going to take the responsibility for something like this, do you?). It was Dear Dick who first taught Gail Selinger and me the words to "Hungover Barbarian", lo those many Westercons ago. The two of us being smitten by the song, we would break into the chorus each time we met at the con, which, I can imagine, was far too often for most music lovers. The song has been one of my favorites ever since. Unfortunately (or fortunately, depending on whether you've ever heard Gail or me sing), in the years since, both of us have forgotten the words. Hence, one of my major goals at Iggy was to track down someone who knew the words and have them recorded for posterity.

Thus the Fates spoke and Ron and I ran into Bob Passavoy in the art show. Perhaps it was because of the crowd that had started to gather around gawking at the three idiots singing about barbarians in the middle of the Sternbachs and thereby violating some rule laid down by the local fire marshall; or mayhap it was the sound of shattering glass in the background as I hit a low C or two, but we hadn't gotten through the second verse when we were asked to leave for -- Ghu forbid -- singing in the art show.

So okay, a ghoddess knows when she's not wanted. I left quietly. Besides, I had to keep a hot date with a cash box. After that stint on the registration desk, I had just enough time to change, wonder what the hell had become of Ronald, and beat it over to the Adams for THE event of the year -- the LASFAPA party.

Mellow is definitely the word for that fan gathering. The party was open to all present and past members of the apa, waitlisters, and their respective entanglements (or opponents, as one member is wont to say. With 50 members, 30 waitlisters, guests, and numerous past members, that's a lot of people. Good people, too, people who have practically become my family over the past 18 months. Mellow, yep -- that's the word all right.

The evening wound to a close with David, Lee Ann Goldstein, Marc Glasser, and me discovering that 100+ heat at 2 A.M. does not, contrary to popular rumor, take the fun out of a jacuzzi orgy. JACUZZI FANDOM LIVES!

Saturday morning brought the reappearance of the Haldechildren and a replay of Friday morning's insanity, leaving me alone once again with my thoughts and that landmark of SF films, MUTINY IN OUTER SPACE. Ahhh, there's nothing that gets the blood moving in the morning better than a truly rotten grade B movie.

My day's duty on the registration desk was uninspiring; in fact, the words "dull" and "boring" spring readily to mind. In contrast, the evening's Main Event proved to be most enjoyable. The Masquerade, or Fancy Dress Parade as the British call it, contained several really outstanding entries, though it was not the best show I've seen in terms of presentation. The organizing committee did the best they could with conditions and facilities which were not exactly optimum, however. Pat Kennedy did a fine job of announcing the contestants, even if he couldn't count without using his fingers. He was clear, concise, and refrained from interfering or issuing cheap shots, no matter how tempting it might have been. A professional quality performance. I was quite impressed.

Saturday night's partying was momentous for at least one reason -- I didn't lose Ron. We -- he and I, the two of us, husband and wife -- actually partied



\*It is to be noted that the person mentioned in Mr. Ellison's GOH speech on Saturday night was not thrown out of the art show for wearing an ERA t-shirt; he was asked to leave because he was not wearing an official convention badge.



together all night (and I have the bruises to prove it). Of course, some hard-core types would call this terribly unfannish behavior, but I don't care. It was rather nice for a change.

Ever notice that the oddest things happen while waiting for an elevator? (Not quite as odd as the things that happen inside an elevator, admittedly, but odd enough.) It was outside the elevator on the 8th floor of the Hyatt that I committed my next act of insanity: I volunteered to assist Lou Moore at the art auction (one would think I would have learned my lesson). It seemed like a perfectly reasonable thing to do at the time (perhaps it was all those mint juleps I'd been fed).

So Sunday morning saw the occupants of room 2108 rise reasonably early and do a whirlwind tour of the huckster room. We had just enough time to say "hi" to Ted Pauls, ask after the book we'd ordered last year, stop at the custom t-shirt table to have a couple of letters pressed, and then hustle back to the Hyatt for the roast. By the way, it is not true that there was a police raid made on the hucksters' room; it was the FBI.

Laying aside the normal banquet fare (which I did, literally), the Harlan Ellison Roast was delightful. It had its ups and downs; but for not being professional comedians, the participants were extraordinarily good. The concomm is to be commended for permitting this variation on the standard banquet theme, and Mr. Ellison for providing it.

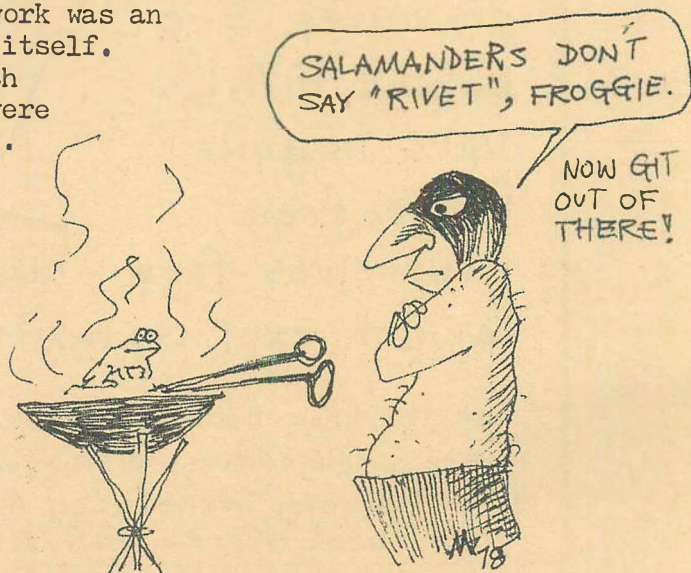
Unfortunately, Ron and I had to leave the roast early to return to the art show and auction. The second day of auctioning went smoothly and quite profitably for many of the artists. The paperwork system set up by Lou and, I believe, Jack Chalker worked beautifully, making my job and those of the other assistants fairly simple. As usual, the pieces to be sold exceeded the time in which to sell them and it was obvious that one last additional auction would have to be scheduled for Monday.

As is my habit during conventions, I was late to the Hugo ceremonies and therefore missed most of Bill Bowers' speech. Since I'm being apolitical this time around, perhaps that was a good thing. Otherwsie, I'd probably feel the need to interject some sort of witty observation into this report. As for the pro GOH talk, we were treated to a fine example of Harlan doing his "get the audience to eat out of the palm of his hand" routine.

The Hugos went mostly as expected -- all of my choices lost. The Armbruster Kiss of Death strikes again. I was rather surprised, however, that Chalker did not win the John W. Campbell award for best new writer of the year. I've not read the other nominees in the category; but A JUNGLE OF STARS is a damn good first novel and MIDNIGHT AT THE WELL OF SOULS is a Hugo-quality book. I was bitterly disappointed at the outcome of the vote.

Monday and Tuesday were spent more or less winding down. There was the incredibly long auction on Monday -- about 6 hours' worth including the special Schoenherr segment which saw over 130 pieces sold in about as many minutes. Keeping up with the paperwork was an exercise in insanity, as was the auction itself. Of course there were dead dog parties both nights; and after one of them Ron and I were nearly torn limb from limb by crazed fans. Now I know why Jim Baen asked us to pass out the free books instead of doing it himself. The coward. We ate a token Mexican dinner with a bunch of the left-over crazies, and there was even a chocolate milk orgy thoughtfully provided by Marc Glasser and Donna Camp. And one must not forget the Giant Hotdog of Sumatra, a story for which, Ronald and I have decided, the world is not yet ready.

IguanaCon had its problems, so much





so that by its end some of the staff and many of the assistants were calling it ConfusionCon. Iggy will most likely go down in the annals of fannish history as one of the most controversial and inept WorldCons ever. And that's too bad, for most of the concom are good, capable people who worked their asses off and deserve better. I think that each and every problem they and the convention encountered can be directly attributed to inexperience combined with lack of communication and lightly seasoned with a tendency to overreact. However, people make conventions, not concons or film programs or security teams. Enjoyment comes from the individual and a convention is only a structure within which to work. And in that respect, Iggy was a resounding success. Thank you, Phoenix, for a job well done.

\*\*\*\*\*

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Urges Fidel HOKASTRO,  
top banana of  
The Movement's  
gorilla warfare  
forces.

"We Hokas and  
other fuzzy  
creatures are  
behind F.A.L.  
100% in your  
bid to free  
yourselves from  
fannish exploitation"



For the free booklet "Subversion Begins at Home"  
leave a self-addressed, stamped envelope in the pouch  
of a Kangaroo in the Fuzzy Animal Department of  
your local store. F.A.L. LIVES!!!

MT7B



# A MAN IN A RAINCOAT, A LADDER, A GERMAN SHEPHERD, A PLUMBER'S HELPER, TWO DWARVES, AND A SPAYED GERBIL

BY CHARLES L. GRANT

Believe it or not, it was a dark and stormy night. At least that's the way I remember it as I stood in the SFWA suite in Kansas City and listened to a story someone was trying to tell to someone else, while someone else was trying to say something else to another someone else...and so on. It gets that way in the SFWA suite when dinner has passed and the parties haven't started yet...and the booze is free.

So there I was. Big MAC. Kansas City. My first trip to the Midwest and all I could see were hookers on the street corners and no traffic on the streets, and this liquor store/luncheonette on the corner with flashing yellow lights and a collection of porn magazines that would be the envy of any dealer on Eighth Avenue in New York. Lovely place, Kansas City. At one point, someplace, I was standing at the window looking out over the city when Jim Gunn stood beside me and said, "Did you know that Kansas City is built on seven hills?" I come from the East. I looked again and said, "What hills?" New Jersey may not have impressive mountains, but by God I know a hill when I see one, and I didn't. I didn't see Jim Gunn for awhile, either. Lovely place, Kansas City.

But all that is beside the point. We are here (my ghost writer and I, whose name will surface at the proper moment) to set the record straight about an event that seems to have far outlasted all the other goings-on at Big MAC. Bear with me. Believe me, this will all make sense one of these days.

So.

SFWA suite. Picture this if you can:

On the left in the parlor is a sofa. On the sofa is Robert Silverberg talking with Jim Gunn (whose tie has come unknotted) while in the other corner of said sofa R.A. Lafferty is doing something -- I hope it is sleeping. If not, he is passed out. On the other side of the room, in an armchair, is C.J. Cherryh with a group of her fans (writers all) sitting at her feet and listening to her extraordinarily lovely and quiet voice. Behind me is the bar: too many people there to mention.

When I could, I moved to sit in a chair in front of the window. In a chair beside me was Andrew J. Offutt. At our feet (his feet, damnit) were Sherry Gottlieb, Liz Lynn, Marta Randall, Lois Metzger, a few others including, I think, Ed Bryant. No pontificating here, nor spellbound words of wisdom from anybody. We were (perfectly sober, mind you) discussing punchlines for a dirty joke. The conversation, fragmented, went something like this:

"The original end was a man in a raincoat, a stepladder, and a German shepherd."

"What about the plumber's helper?"

"I think we ought to have some leather. I like leather."

"It's too goddamned hot for leather."

"Saran wrap, then."

"A dwarf."

"Two dwarves."

"That's obscene."

"Who's telling this joke, anyway?"





"A garden hose. You have to have a garden hose."

"A typewriter."

"Two German shepherds."

"How about a shepherd, period?"

"Don't forget the gerbils."

"I like hamsters."

"Okay, damnit, a spayed gerbil."

"I still like loather."

"Shit."

Big stuff, right? Big shot writers sitting around all night trying to improve the ending of a dirty joke that, finally, nobody knew in the first place. The crowd changed while all this was going on. But the (you should excuse the expression) hard core remained. Until, that is, folks got hungry and just about everyone drifted away. Lafferty woke up. Silverberg vanished. Marta Randall told me how to write a decent female character. Liz Lynn did a number on someone's skull and vanished. A new group came in and it started all over again.

Scene change. Traveling music.

SFWA suite. Silverberg on the sofa, Lafferty at the bar, offutt...so Liz Lynn and I decided to hunt up some parties because we had this feeling, sec...so we did the usual thing when the SFWA suite grew tiring -- we went upstairs to the berkley suite where editor Dave Hartwell had ordered up a thunder and lightning display just for us peons.

Now. It was late, and it was Saturday, and Liz and I were not drunk. Not yet, anyway. But we did wish to partake of the largesse that Berkley always so kindly provided for those of us who write their books. So we came in the door, made a quick left into the john where the liquor was stored. (Having been there the night before, and the night before, we knew our way around. That's called research.)

Liz makes a rude sound with her lips, tongue, and middle finger. I peek in and damnit, there's no liquor left! Well, hardly any liquor left. Well...what was left was: three bottles of root beer and a half-bottle of vodka. Liz looked to me sorrowfully; I shrugged, and being from New Jersey and therefore knowing no propriety, proceeded (with Liz's help) to see what we could do with what we had. And what we did was simple: three-quarters of a glass of root beer topped with vodka. Liz said, "This is shit." "Shit it may be," I must have replied, "but it's a hell of a lot better than water." "Or," she said cleverly, "a stepladder, a dwarf..." "Two dwarves, dear." "...and a spayed gerbil."

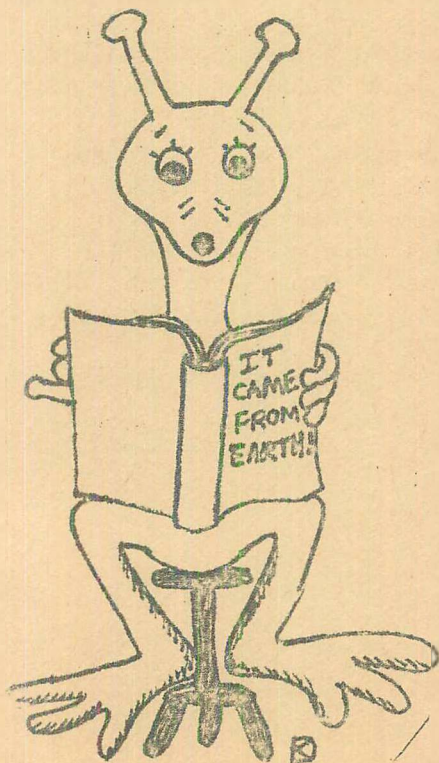
Upon which we entered the living room and, when the group that consisted of Dave, Ginjer Buchanan and several others (embarrassment here, because I forget their names) wanted to know what in hell we were drinking, Liz Lynn -- without batting an eye, mind you -- said, "Spayed gerbils."

Period.

Birth of a nation. Or something like that.

Liz and I (no one else had the nerve) drank spayed gerbils all night, well nigh unto dawn when we hiked down to the Pioneer Grille and had breakfast. I had to do a reading that morning. Jesus. I made it though, on two hours' sleep. So did Liz and a bunch of others. Afterward (much afterward), we were again in the Berkley suite and, as a matter of pride, drank spayed gerbils. By this time, however, our aberration had infected others...at least to the degree that we weren't gawked at whenever we tried to explain exactly what it was we were drinking, what its name was, and how it got its name. The name stuck. Root beer and vodka.

Accept no substitutes, my friends. No matter what foul rumors you may hear, and no matter who tells them





# BOOKS



Godsfire, by Cynthia Felice; Pocket, 1978, \$1.75, 264 pages.

As SF is the popular subject with the mundane media this year, so cat creatures seem to be the popular alien in SF. The central characters of Godsfire are catlike, but only incidentally so. The story is told entirely from the point of view of Heao, a female mapmaker, member of Academe, a group of intelligensia. She and the others of her race think of themselves as people; and when, near the end of the book, Heao sees a picture of those creatures whom humans call "cats", she is astounded and offended that the humans have applied that name also to her people.

It's difficult to tell much of the plot without revealing things which the author obviously wants the reader to discover independently. However, the cover painting and the blurbs give away this much: Heao's people have human slaves. This fact is of little importance to the first section of the book, but becomes integral to the development of the latter part. There are two interwoven themes predominant: an exploration of how intelligent creatures tend to judge "different" as "inferior", and a study of the effects of seeking after dream-goals and the tragedy of realizing them.

Heao has a dream-goal: to explore the Evernight Mountains and see what lies beyond. She has some half-formed theories about that part of her world, which her people have never seen; and her ideas are at odds with the quasi-religious beliefs of her race. But her chances of attaining that goal dwindle as she more and more openly espouses an unpopular, virtually a heretical, theory: that the slaves are actually intelligent beings, if not equal to people, at least more than animals.

This book has almost too much to offer. The basic story, an adventure which is closer to fantasy than to traditional SF, is interesting and well-told. The characters, particularly that of Heao, but also of Baltsar, her husband, Teon, her slave and more-than-friend, and Tarana, her Temple adversary, are complete and comprehensible. I can't think of any SF work which surpasses Godsfire in causing the reader to achieve identification with an alien protagonist. And the philosophical questions posed are a crucial part of the story, rather than something added to give an intellectual atmosphere. It is a rich book, one that merits a re-reading -- that almost demands it, if the reader is to savor all it has to offer. (And, lest any fan of hard science SF be put off by my description of it as "closer to fantasy", please note that I am primarily such a fan, and that there is much in this book which requires some astronomical knowledge for understanding.) My only reservation is that the storyline sometimes suffers from the time-gaps which are necessary to keep the book to a reasonable length.

(continued on page 26)

\*\*\*\*\*

SPAYED GERBIL, continued: to you, this is the way the spayed gerbil started. We got (as they say) witnesses. And the fame spread, and Liz ain't getting none of it. This is Liz's drink, folks. So much so, in fact, that at the next year's Nebula Banquet I received a prize far more valuable in my rotten little heart than the trophy I was carrying around with me (ha! you guys forgot I got one of those things, didn't you?). In the party suite after the awards were handed out, I was standing around grinning a lot when Ginger Buchanan came up to me and handed me -- one airline bottle of vodka, and a can of root beer. A spayed gerbil, friends. Liz didn't know it but she was saying hello. And by God, I drank the damned stuff.

So...now that this is out in the open and you all know what fascinating stuff goes on when dirty pros and dirty jokes get together, Liz and I will buzz off. That was the way it was. You can believe what you like, but in your hearts you'll know that your livers owe...whatever, to Liz Lynn, Berkley Books, and a lousy half-bottle of vodka.



Godsfire, continued: Finally, a few words about the cover: it's a perfect example of what happens when the people responsible for the art don't read the text. It shows both a full-length view and a close-up of a creature obviously supposed to be Heao; it appears that all the artist was told was that she is a cat-woman. The full-length view shows a basically human female, nude, with prominent breasts, with a very non-feline tail and a feline head. The book makes it clear that Heao's people have supple spines, paw-like "hands" and "feet" with retractable claws, and flat " chests". In addition, to go unclothed is considered odd enough that Heao is concerned when her old tutor adopts the practice. The close-up shows a cat head with human eyes; much mention is made in the book of the fact that Heao's peoples' eyes are not like those of their human slaves.

Ignore the cover --it's only mediocre, even as art -- and plunge right in to the book.

- Reviewed by Carol Kennedy -

Mindflight, by Stephen Goldin; Fawcett Gold Medal, 1978, \$1.75, 224 pages.

As someone who for years stuck mostly with familiar writers for fear of New Wave writing, incompetence, and other wastes of my time, I feel compelled to make special note of any writer whose work stands up against long-established competition -- particularly, a writer who writes SF as so many of us first learned to read it and love it, with starships, telepaths, action, and believable intrigues.

Not that the intervening years have left Goldin untouched by any means. For one thing, he's a quite competent prose stylist; a lot of the writers of the '40s and '50s weren't. For another, the book has a number of sexually frank scenes, handled without grotesqueness but without pulling any punches; and they could not have been edited out -- as they would have been in 1955 -- without destroying the story line.

To review: the blurbs tell what the story is about -- congratulations to the blurbwriter! Alain Cheney, a top telepathic intelligence agent, has developed "telepause", a syndrome marked by painfully acute telepathic responses, strong sexual desire (yes, this is important), and splitting headaches. His superiors, finding out about this, decide to kill him. Alain, surprised but not caught off guard, sets out to escape; but the planet he escapes to, Leone, is enmeshed in a project which poses a major threat to Terran security, and the place is soon aswarm with Terran agents. He and Leonian girlfriend Laya have more puzzles to solve, and more to run from, than Alain had on his own, back on Earth.

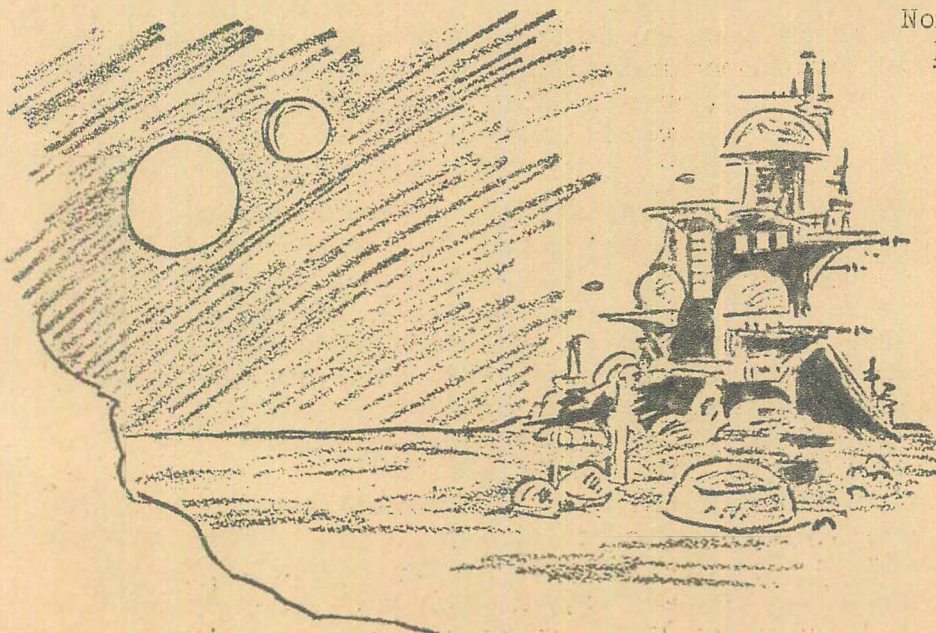
The sexual scenes may scare off the parents of some younger readers; and the answers to one or two questions didn't quite satisfy me.

Nonetheless, I have to recommend

Mindflight highly; it's much more than kid stuff on other levels, too, and is consistently gripping and suspenseful. Goldin is a writer to watch.

Take a close look at the cover, by Lehr. Behind the mammoth letters, that's a fine piece of art!

-Reviewed by Nate Bucklin -





Dinosaur Planet, by Anne McCaffrey; Ballantine, 1978, \$1.75, 202 pages.

It's hard to write about a book when you don't know much about it. And, lest my editors think I've been even lazier than is my norm, I should add that I've now read Anne McCaffrey's Dinosaur Planet twice; I still know little about it.

I don't mean to imply that the book is too deep for me to fathom; quite the contrary -- what I can't fathom (and not only because I'm merely 5'11" tall) is how a gifted creator like McCaffrey can put before us schlock like this!

The book, in fact, is *Not All There*. This sounds cute, but is largely true, for what we have here are the first, painfully-dragged-out segments of a long serial. Unfortunately, McCaffrey was unable to make this first part of her series a complete novel; she leaves us in mid-story, all ends loose and still turning, twisting in the wind...

Vagueness is the primary note being played in this story; secondary notes are naivete and hypocrisy. The story deals with a team of humans sent to explore a Mesozoic-era planet. They are sent from an interstellar exploratory vehicle that represents a multi-species federation -- but we learn no more of the background than just that.

The humans seem to be divided into three groups. Those raised on Earth-like planets are in effect allied with those who were raised aboard ships. The third group is formed of people who were bred on heavy-gravity worlds.

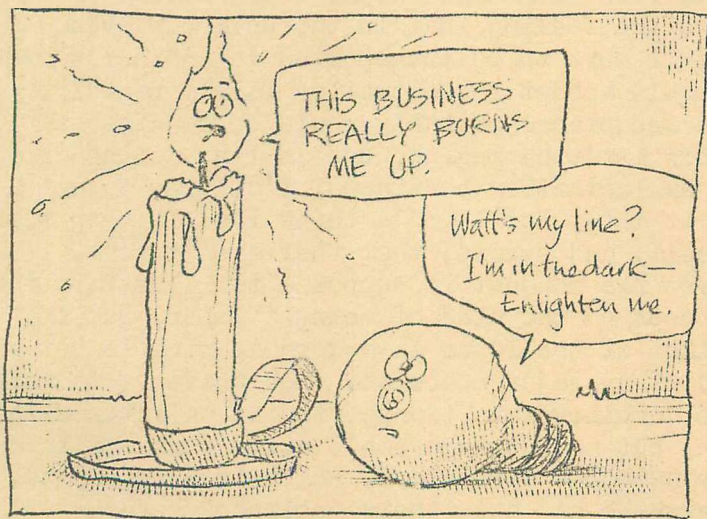
The latter seem to be second-class citizens, of a sort. Being very strong, they are used for all the brute work that is needed. Thus, even though they may be just as intelligent and trained as the others, they are a group apart -- especially since they are suspected of certain primitive tendencies. They return the feeling with a uniform contempt for the weaker ones; and they all have a Tarzan complex, loving the power feelings their strong bodies give them.

The planet is puzzling; the people are cardboardly puzzling. Things get even more puzzling when it begins to appear that the ship which dropped them may not return. The humans suddenly begin to suspect that they have been "planted". Now, McCaffrey goes into no detail on this subject -- she has her characters treat the possibility as something that, like little children, they dislike and so will sweep under the rug and try to forget.

So we can only infer that by "planting" is meant that their team will be left there to form a colony, and that they will never have a chance to leave the planet again -- in other words, it seems that the beings they work for sometimes maroon their employees on strange worlds, cold-bloodedly sacrificing them to start a colony that will be visited much later. And this seems rather calmly accepted as a possibility!

It's hard to take seriously characterization which has the female lead exclaiming excitedly: "Raking ramjets!" This may in fact be the clue that is supposed to let us know that we should suspend all judgement and just sit back and enjoy a grade-B space opera in the old style. Well, I've got a lot of serious bones in my body, and they won't let me buy that; learning that something was written purposely as trash won't stop me from calling it just that.

The main thread of the story is the mutiny of the heavy-worlders who, believing the party to be marooned for good, revert to their primitive ways (for no apparent reason) and seek to murder the despised weaklings who have been





leading them. Then they can engage in such barbarian joys as hunting and eating meat.

Herein lies one of the main reasons why it is hard to take this book seriously: the weaker humans are so civilized that the mere thought of a carnivore eating another creature threatens to empty their stomachs. It is, of course, never explained why this should be so, beyond the blanket statement: "A civilized diet no longer included animal flesh."

Why should this be so? One can of course claim that eschewing (pun intended) flesh is for the purpose of avoiding giving pain. However, aside from speculations as to vegetable sentience, I suggest that there is relatively little difference between the sentience of a tomato and that of a brontosaurus, especially since McCaffrey makes a big point of the idiocy of the latter.

Another possible rationale is more philosophical: one can envision a philosophy to the effect that a highly-evolved life-form should not prey on lower ones, but fill its energy needs on as low a level as possible. The idea here would be that evolution would be tending toward pure-energy ingestors, and presumably avoiding meat would be a step in that direction.

Let me emphasize that the author said no such thing, here. That's the problem: she just threw in vegetarianism so as to have another bone (ouch!) of contention between the two groups of humans. She has not even attempted to justify any philosophy of any sort. This is a tragic flaw, for she leaves us unable to understand why a group of people so ethically concerned about carnivorous activity will rather blithely accept that they work for a government given to deliberately marooning its subjects on strange planets for generations.

This book, in short, has nothing to offer: the plot is full of holes, background is sketchy, humor is totally lacking. The characters are idiots, and largely cardboard. There is no conclusion, no lesson to be drawn -- except perhaps on how not to do a book.

- Reviewed by Dave Wixon -

Lord Foul's Bane, by Stephen R. Donaldson; Ballantine, 1977, \$2.50, 480 pages.



This is the first book in an epic fantasy trilogy "The Chronicles of Thomas Covenant the Unbeliever". The protagonist -- notice I did not say "hero" -- is a novelist with leprosy who is magically transported to another world where he fulfills ancient prophecies and goes on a Quest. Mr Covenant calls himself "The Unbeliever" when he gets to the other world because he doesn't believe he's really there. And that is one of the irritating things about him. Maybe it's because I'm a fan and have read lots of science fiction and fantasy, but I have the feeling that in the unlikely event that I were to be transported to another world I would accept the situation fairly rapidly. The acceptance probably would be conditional ("This isn't happening, but as long as the dream or hallucination continues, I'm going to act as if it is"), but I don't think I would keep telling myself, and others, that they aren't real. Maybe his conduct is supposed to illustrate the effects on the mind of being a leper, but the plight of the leper in modern America is not one of my major concerns. The universe to which the Unbeliever is transported is an interesting one, but some things don't quite work. This is the author's first book, which is unfortunate. I wish he had had others published before attempting something of this scope. The



experience probably would have made him better able to exploit the universe he had created for this trilogy. Maybe he wouldn't have named his Sauron-type villain Lord Foul and a lesser villain Drool Rockworm.

This review seems to have more negative a tone than it should. I did enjoy this book. It didn't excite me the way LotR did, or even the way McCaffrey's dragonrider books did, but I did enjoy it. Rave reviews often say, "I couldn't put it down." I could put this down, and did several times, although with a certain amount of reluctance. I have seen all three volumes of the hard-cover edition in a bookstore. Did I run right out to buy books two and three to find out what happened? Nope. Will I buy the paperback volumes? Yep.

- Reviewed by Marty Helgesen -

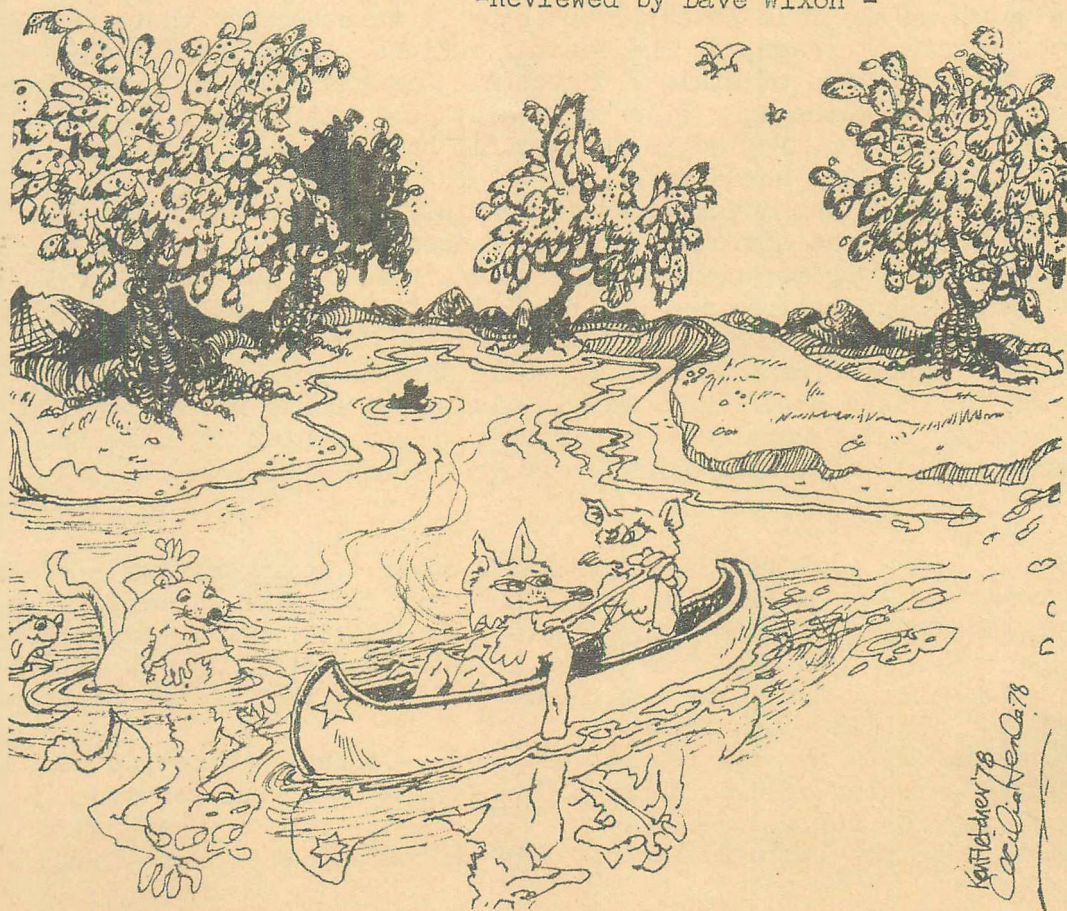
Perilous Dreams, by Andre Norton; DAW, 1976, \$1.25, 199 pages. . . .

This is another of those books which have been identified, falsely, as "novels" by the blurb writer; in fact, it is a collection of four novelets. The stories are identified in the ToC as "parts", and it is true they all deal with the author's conception of a Ty-Kry dreamer. However, the main character in the first two parts never appears again.

Aside from the frustration experienced by a reader who, seeking a novel, finds himself with something shorter and less involving, this is an entertaining collection. Norton is as always expert at pulling the reader into identification with her protagonist (although one might speculate as to whether the reader is perhaps remembering, subliminally, scores of previous Norton characters), and her plots weave their simple way through wonderfully-portrayed imagined worlds.

One may perhaps question the wisdom of packaging together four works based so strongly on the same theme -- the end of the book is preceded by a cloying sense of sameness. There is continuity between the first and second parts, but the reader may be advised to pause for some little time before proceeding into the remaining stories.

-Reviewed by Dave Wixon -

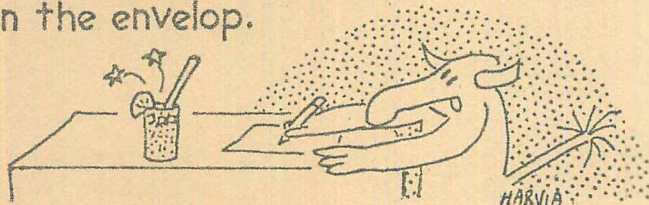




QAZABLS

Dear Editor,

Please send me a copy of your fanzine. Enclosed is "the usual" for me, a Martian meteor on the rocks. I hope the ice doesn't melt in the envelop.



Harry Warner, Jr.  
423 Summit Ave.  
Hagerstown, MD 21740

The cover on the latest RUNE jolted me out of the usual rut in which I fill a loc with comments on the written content and then apologize for forgetting to say anything about the art. David Egge's cover is very fine. The thread in the

hands is exactly the familiar touch needed to make everything else seem extra-exotic... David Schlosser's conreport provided unexpected comfort for me. It came when he referred to spending about \$33 "for books" in the hucksters' room. This is excellent news, because I'd been under the impression from various advertisements I've been receiving in the mail that \$33 isn't enough to buy even one book from ost of the small specialized publishers nowadays.

I'm sure that Spider Robinson's Minicon talk made a better effect when listened to than when read. There should be some sort of fannish invention which would indicate where the reader should pause for laughter, without using the vulgar old system of inserting in parenthesis the word "laughter".--

((a vulgar old system which we have used for the Minicon panel this ish)))

-- When you watch an old film comedy, you enjoy it more because there is a pause after all the first-rate gags, so the theater audience could laugh loudly without drowning out the next line of dialog. Maybe mimeographs could be programmed to cause the next two or three words in a line to go dim, as a signal that you're expected to laugh so much at the preceding words that you'll have tears in your eyes and won't be able to read those ensuing words anyway...

If [C.J. Cherryh] has never found any earthly creature which she didn't think possessed some beauty, she obviously has never seen a recently hatched parakeet.

The Forbidden Tower is another book I haven't read. But Nate Bucklin's review of it causes me to wonder if Marion deliberately or unconsciously is under the influence of Bellini's opera, Norma. I know that she was fond of that opera almost to the point of obsession many years ago, while she was living in Texas and better known as a fan than as a pro. The opera is also about women who are trained to be keepers of an important power, must be virgins, and encounter problems when they become interested in a man, then find forgiveness because of love for one another...

Adrienne Foin  
26 Oakwood Ave.  
White Plains, NY 10605

...RUNE 53 -- IMPRESSIVE cover. Weird bacover -- well, it says it's weird, and I'm always glad when a cover tells the truth. I hate lying covers. Especially when I spill lye on them.

I also don't like it when they spill lye on me. Or when they lie around waiting for me to loc them. (I'll lock them in the bathroom if they spill lye on me. That'll teach them.)...

The p. 4 illo fits the con report very well -- things are not as they seem...

Dave Wixon's review of C.J. Cherryh is excellent. Howcum you stuck in that advertising to pay for it?...

I thought Nate Bucklin's review of of FT was excellent -- most thought-provoking.



The other reviews are good too. I can tell whether I want to read the books.

((Thank you. That confirms my judgement as to what constitutes a good book review. - Lee)))

What -- to move on to the locs -- does D. Gary Grady's friend do with those men when she gets them -- display them on the mantlepiece? How can you talk to someone who thinks you're dumb?...

Cal Johnson's letter doesn't stand out as interesting/controversial -- perhaps precisely because a lot of us feel somewhat like that. For that very reason, though, it is important to remember how much friendship and acceptance fandom has meant to a lot of us...

Seth Goldberg  
1679 Ua Drive  
Honolulu, HI 96816

..."Dear Rrvng" was funny and utterly fannish. Is this another of Carol's anonymous pieces?...

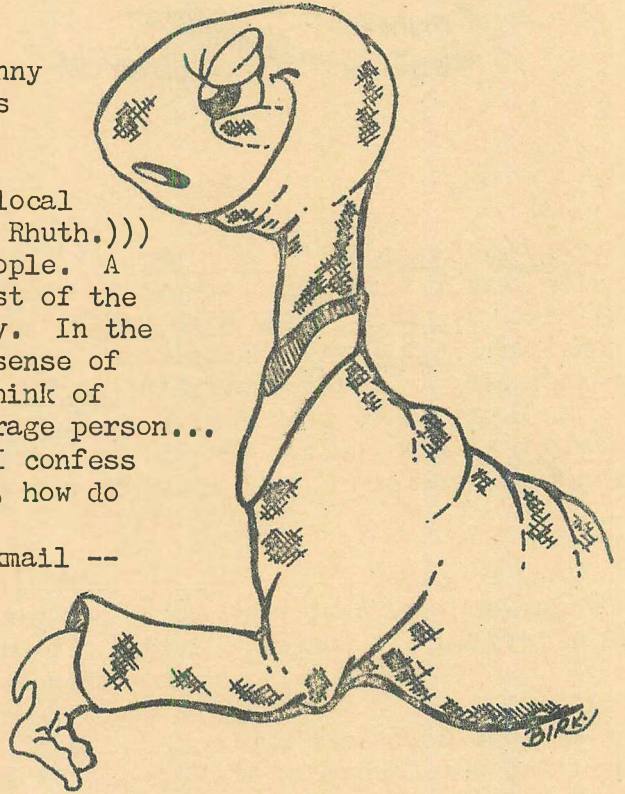
((No, it's not. It was done by a local fan who prefers to remain simply Rhuth.)))

Spider is right about fans being sane people. A lot of people who are out of step with the rest of the human race try to describe themselves as crazy. In the sense of abnormal they are right, but in the sense of quality of their lives they are not. I can think of nothing worse than to be in step with the average person...

I liked the WisCon 2 report (all right, I confess I liked everything in this ish. You bastards, how do you do it?).

((Threats, bribery, coercion, blackmail -- whatever works...)))

John Bartelt's comment to the complaints about a "feminist" con were well taken. There are other special interest cons plus cons with "political" or "social" stances (pro-space) before. Feminist SF is a valid artform. I love that mun-fi as the opposite to sci-fi. Absolutely great. Parody with a message (use of mun-fi shows how silly sci-fi is)...



James Dean Schofield  
2501 Nettie St.  
Butte, MT 59701

Rumors persist. Somewhere to the East lies a great fan Mecca. To date I have resisted the urge to seek this fabled city and the wonders contained therein. Recently, in the mirage city called Phoenix, I happened upon a seller of books and art

objects from a mysterious organization with the initials I.U. (((Imagination Unlimited))) whose path I had crossed before. Once again he told stories of cons that never end, of slan shacks by the block, of zines published daily. And when I laughed he pointed to a pile of dubious looking reading material. "There is my proof oh unbeliever!" he stated. "What!" I cried, "Are you trying to RENE me?"...

After reading Schlosser's conreport, I am sure the right decision was made when I avoided Minicon. You see, I'm strictly opposed to fun in any of its many forms. (In fact, I have asked the FDA to draft regulations limiting the amount of fun an individual can have because of its habit-forming nature.) I have no intention of allowing myself to become dependent on something that is not available throughout the country...



But what can we do with a  
green, bumpy Zeppelin?



Robert A. Bloch  
2111 Sunset Crest Dr.  
L.A., CA 90046

My thanks to you  
for RUNE #53 -- it's  
a highly-interesting  
issue, and items

like the Robinson speech are always welcome  
to those of us not privileged to be present  
when it was delivered. Interesting letter-  
col: I find myself in agreement with Mike  
Wood, but would apply his dictum to all  
"cult" films, which -- when considered  
objectively -- usually contain less than  
meets the eye. But to each his own...

Brian Earl Brown  
16711 Burt Rd. #207  
Detroit, MI 48219

I'm totally mystified  
by Nate Bucklin's  
acute sensitivity to  
the question "Is The

Forbidden Tower SF?" Of course it's a skiffy book -- it's on an alien planet, involves  
alien people with alien powers in conflict with their alien society. In comparison  
it makes The Man in the High Castle look mundane. (But then, perhaps N. Bucklin  
considers High Castle mainstream, not SF.) As for worlds as vividly alive as Darkover,  
I was going to offer Cherryh's Kesrith, but no, it's not more vivid than Dune...

Contra Geo. Laskowski (ct. Cirque): Terry Carr argues that at 33,000 words  
Warlord of Kor isn't a "novel" by anyone's definition. By which light Ron Goulart  
isn't a novelist since I doubt if any of his works exceed 40,000 words.

J. Owen Hanner  
338 Jackson St. Apt. 2  
Libertyville, IL 60048

...[RUNE 53] was one of the first things I got in the mail  
at my new place here and it really "broke the mailbox in"  
right. It was yet another in a continuing series of very  
goodishes brought to you by the producers of the inimitable

Minicon.

Dave Schlosser's piece, "6 Days in March", was very good. Gives me yet another  
taste of what everyone at Minn-STF is really like, and it's really intriguing. I was  
surprised, tho, to see David was born on 11/26, which would make him \*compute, compute\*  
just short of 53, and I have to say, I have nothing but respect for older fen. The  
older you get, the more pressured you are to "settle down", "get respectable", which  
usually means give up the kind of things you can enjoy in fandom, but it's really  
impressive to see someone like David who sees that to be the bull fluff it is and  
can still enjoy himself and act somewhat degenerated with the group of Minn-STF.  
It's surprising what fandom can do to, and for, people. It's great...

((We've printed this, Owen, because we agree wholeheartedly with the  
thoughts. However, in the particular case of David Schlosser, he  
misled you -- and possibly others. His birthdate is 11/26/55.)))

Mike Glicksohn  
141 High Park Ave.  
Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3

I think you ought to be aware that someone has published  
a bootleg fanzine under your names and is trying to pass  
it off as RUNE 53. I've studied what purports to be the  
latest edition of RUNE and the evidence is quite clear

that it is fraudulent. Oh, the perpetrators have done a pretty reasonable job of  
imitating the real thing so the issue comes complete with what appear to be Fletcher  
and Waller cartoons, a review apparently written by Dave Wixon and all the traditional  
accouterments of a genuine issue of RUNE. Except one, that is; and it's there that  
these clever forgers have given themselves away. There is no loc from Mike Glicksohn.  
RUNE always has a loc from Mike Glicksohn. RUNE has had locs from Mike Glicksohn  
ever since the early halcyon days of Fred Haskell, and that's so long ago that there





are Minneapolis fans who say "Fred who?" when one talks about him. Evidently the fake editors of this fake RUNE didn't do their fannish homework and are thus hoist on their own petard, their specious RUNE exposed for the mockery it is. I trust that you two will shortly publish the real RUNE 53 and preserve this venerable fannish tradition of the mutual interdependence of Minneapolis and Toronto fandoms...

I missed Spider's speech at Minicon (I was probably off in a bar somewhere as part of my never-ending search for Callahan's) so appreciated the chance to read it here. Apart from the groan-inducing quality of some of his puns, it's a damn good speech. Perhaps I'm less inclined to grant fans the slightly-special status that Spider does but I agree with him about the family feeling a good convention can generate. And it's a good feeling to know

that a man like Spider (and a woman like Jeanne) is a part of the family -- even if he doesn't really know how many fanzines are published every year!...

Reading the remark about a wombat on the cover of #52 (wombats are among my all-time favorite beasts) I dug out my much-belated issue and refreshed my memory of the cover. 'Twas all a cruel jest, I see, for there is no charmingly obtuse wombat featured at all. What we had was an Odbert interpretation of Cordwainer Smith's classic story "The Game of Cat and Dragon", of course. Did no-one else observe this? (I note, too, that Jim ran out of instant lettering and had to use an upside down "5" in lieu of a "2"; perhaps this is why the cover appealed to an Australian?)

((((The wombat was on the cover of RUNE 51, Mike. If you can't find it, we'll send you another for your wombat collection.)))

Stephen Goldin  
13175 $\frac{1}{2}$  Bromont Ave.  
Sylmar, CA 91342

Now that all the dust from IguanaCon has settled and things are as close to normal as they ever get around here, I've had a chance to look over the copy of RUNE #53 that was handed to me at the Meet-the-Authors party at WorldCon.

In general, yours seems to be a lighthearted and informative zine, with good quality and high enthusiasm. It typifies the fun I remember having back in my own fanzine days, before I made the switch to fulltime pro and had to eschew such things. As Spider Robinson said in the speech you reprinted, it's really a matter of economics. Most pros, I think, would love to spend their time with fanac, but creative work takes such an ungodly toll on your energies that they must be budgeted for writing first. When you make your living at the typewriter, it's hard to face the keyboard to turn out non-pay copy. I know my personal correspondence has suffered abysmally.

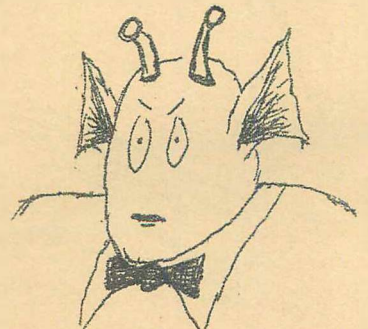
The article by Carolyn Cherryh on building aliens was particularly fascinating. Entire books could easily be written on the subject, but she was able to cover the salient points in just two pages. I wish I'd known her when I was assembling my anthology for Ballantine, The Alien Condition; that was exactly the sort of thinking I wanted in there, and I'll bet she could have written a terrific story for it.

I shall look forward with equal mixtures of eagerness and trepidation at the review of my own work that was promised/threatened for the next issue.

Dave Minch  
3146 Smokecreek Court  
Atlanta, GA 30345

...the two items I found most interesting were Spider Robinson's speech and C.J. Cherryh on building aliens. There was nothing wrong

with the rest of the issue but I'm hardly qualified to





comment on reviews or con reports for the North central U.S. That's a little removed from my area of activity.

Robinson's speech was a lot like the comments in his Analog columns. There was nothing particularly weighty to them but it was very easy to agree with what he said -- at least for a few minutes. I'm not ready to admit that the "problems" of humanity are all illusions of interpersonal dynamics. That's sort of pat, to say. Interesting, nonetheless.

Since I've just written a couple articles dealing with the technical/physical aspects of the types of aliens mankind is most likely to encounter (for Future Retrospective), I found Ms. Cherryh's comments interesting. I appreciate that she has taken a "soft science" approach to the question. However, I must disagree slightly with the speculation on possible changes in the human form resulting from minor environmental differences.

I rather think that erect posture, bilateral symmetry and organs for the five common senses are pretty likely equipment to find among all of those races we encounter out there. Granted, small changes could make great differences in physical form; I don't think that the races we'll encounter will have such differences. A change in the brightness of Sol by one order of magnitude would have much more effect than to make vision a questionable necessity. It would mean an increase of 50% in stellar mass and a shift down the main sequence to an F5 or so. That would imply some drastic changes in the habitable zone about the star and would probably make life impossible. See the discussion in Habitable Planets for Man by Stephen H. Dole. Not only would such a change make human life improbable, the residence of such stars on the main sequence is only half that of Sol, making planetary formation unlikely, as well as the evolution of life.

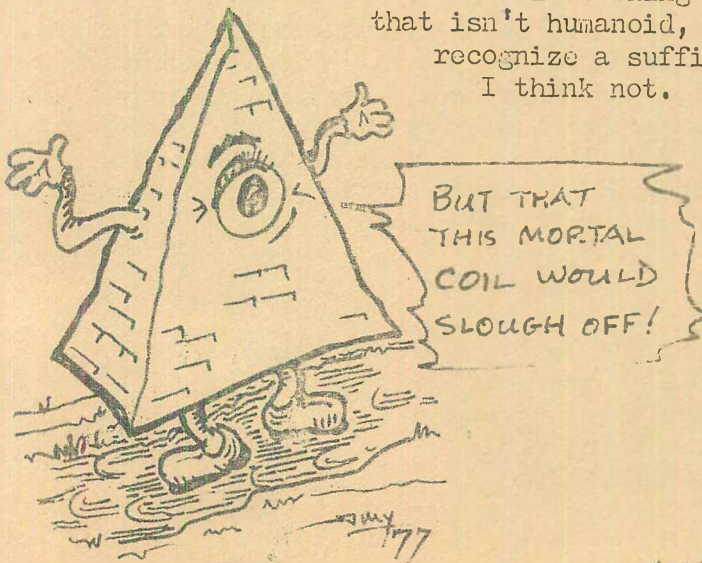
A pretty good case can be made (and Isaac Asimov has made it) for a physical similarity between man and any intelligent aliens. While this can legitimately be criticized for humanoid chauvinism, another consideration should be added which is of high importance to humanity. We just aren't likely to run into aliens who don't have a physical similarity to us.

Granted, for the moment, that the specialized conditions of "Earthlike" planets promote humanoid physiognomy, the only races we are likely to encounter are those who have an interest in such planets. With or without a faster-than-light drive, the odds against two ships meeting in interstellar space are enormous. The most likely place to meet aliens is at a planet. Unless we and the others are both shopping for the same planets, we won't find them and if we are looking for the same ones, we'll be physically similar.

((((This seems to assume that the only planets intelligent races would have interest in would be those similar to their home planets. But even on Earth, humans have shown a penchant for exploring "useless" areas simply out of curiosity.)))

One last thing is still to be said. If we meet a race that isn't humanoid, can we communicate with it? Can we even recognize a sufficiently different race as being intelligent?

I think not. The lesson of experiments in language is that we can communicate "intelligently" only with a few apes specially trained in Yerkish or American Standard sign language -- animals very much like man in appearance and culture. All of the efforts to establish such communication with cetaceans have gone for naught. This tends to indicate that it would not be easy to communicate with an alien that is not humanoid. If it is different enough, it might as well be a philodendron.





((However, humans have, in fact, recognized the cetaceans as intelligent. As for the experiments in communicating with them, there has been a fair amount of success when humans have met them halfway, rather than trying to force the cetaceans to communicate on human terms in essentially human environments. We invite any of our readers who are familiar with this work to comment in more detail.)))

Cal Johnson  
803 Nth 37th  
Corsicana, TX 75110

...The cover...is artistically very pleasing and gives one sort of a sense of amusement, which is somewhat countered when one really looks at the expression on the alien's face...

There was one thing that puzzled me about [The Forbidden Tower] -- why did Andrew have such a hard time accepting the difference of Darkovan customs? Indeed, it puzzles me that in the four Darkover books I have read, the people of 300-2000 years in the future think and act as men and women of 10 years ago. It seems that the men of 2000 years from now would not be revolted at polygamy or homosexuality or any of the other adjustment troubles Andrew goes through. As a matter of fact, Andrew seems, at times, downright dense. It was for the plot, I suppose, and I don't know if I've ever read a book with a better plot. It just didn't seem quite right, though, in a book that had excellent plot, to have a character so dippy...

Stan Woolston  
12832 Westlake St.  
Garden Grove, CA 92640

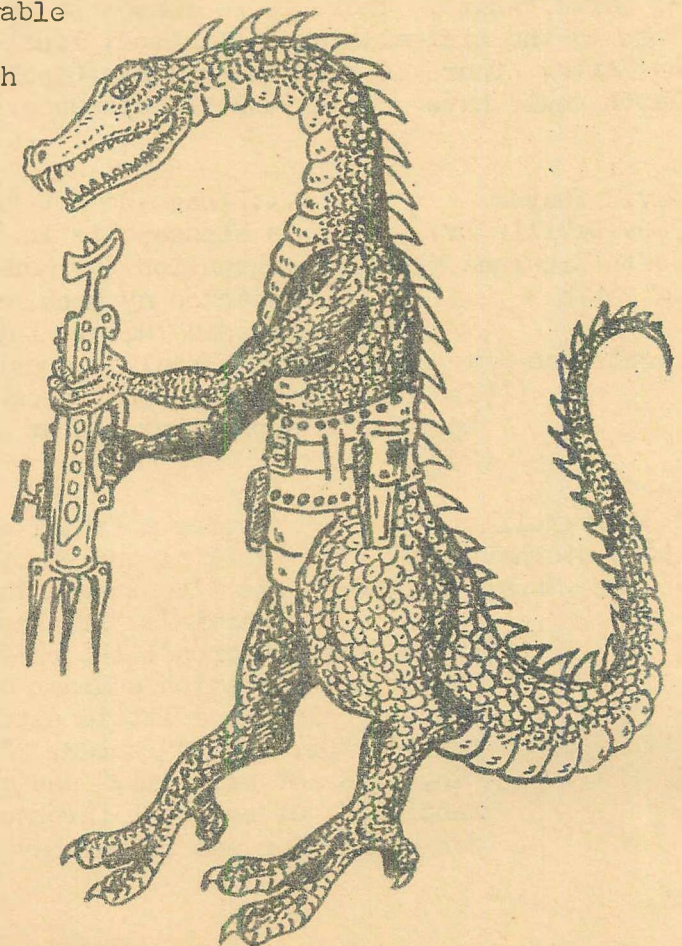
...Once upon a time (I'm reminded by mention of all those diseases going around at the Boskone) Hugo Gernsback sent me one of his Christmas-card zines, with artwork by Paul and an article about a sort of portable "isolation booth"

so people could get around in silence, do their typing and other work while traveling or anywhere. It occurs to me an air-conditioned robot shell, or any sealed, movable device might be suitable for a new use by fans: to keep their germs from mingling with others'...

"Fanfaronade" is one of those things that are best done in a series of writings, to prevent the timecramming that is prevalent in so many things. Some people do their reviews as they read a zine, some afterwards -- while others prefer a time to get their thoughts in order. If there is a Review/Loc Day of the Week a fan can sit down and pound the typer, keep a file for what they write, and for columns accumulate stuff for rereading and maybe rewriting during the session next week. I'm sure this would work for Carol Kennedy...

((I'm sure it would, too, and I intend to try it. RSN.)))

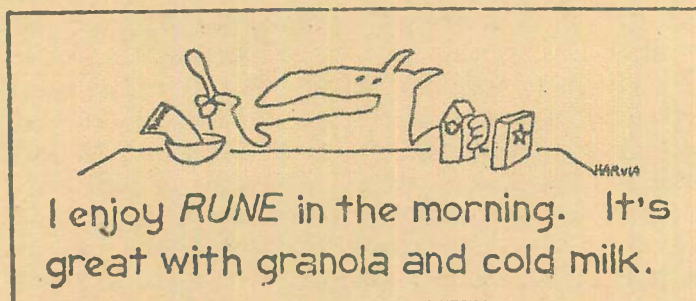
The ability to criticize well, without ranting so much someone lynches you at a con...comes to many fans. Sometimes it comes too late. I wonder how many ranting reviewers have been buried, with a committee of their fellows keeping their name alive by writing reviews





in turn under the same name. Carol, are you a synthesis of this sort, or are you a living fan?...

((A synthesis of this sort? Do you mean that I'm a ranting reviewer? Why, you idiot, you ~~so-and-so~~ so-and-so, what do you mean, I rant? Uh, that is, I really am one particular, specific, individual, living fan. Or was when last I checked. - Carol.)))



Allan Chen  
P.O. Box 4545  
Stanford University  
Stanford, CA 94305

...Nate Bucklin does Dickson's Time Storm an injustice. There is no reason to assume that the lizard people and the attack machines ever have to show up again. They are no more inhabitants of the new world/time created by the mistwalls than Despard himself is. I pictured the mistwalls as effecting a structural change in the universe much more basic than a simple shuffling around of times. It brought possibility, the realm of the stochastic, to take a cue from Silverberg, into coexistence with Time. We need not know where all the other people of Earth "went". There is no reason to assume that the new world/time brought to the fore by the mistwalls was a limited, local thing from the point of view of an observer on Earth. There is a myriad of ways (apologies to Larry Niven) the population of Earth could have gone elsewhere, elsewhen. I think that Nate was nit-picking...

David Thayer  
7209 DeVille Dr.  
North Richland Hills,  
TX 76118

...Please do not find enclosed my check for 39¢ for membership in Minneapolis in '73. I have been looking backward to this convention for more than 5 years now. My rat has packed and unpacked my back pack in misanticipation of the rapidly receding date. Let Neil Rest. Stop advertising future

events and get back to what's really important...

((In the next issue, Denny Lien will provide further information on becoming a supporting member of Minneapolis in '73.)))

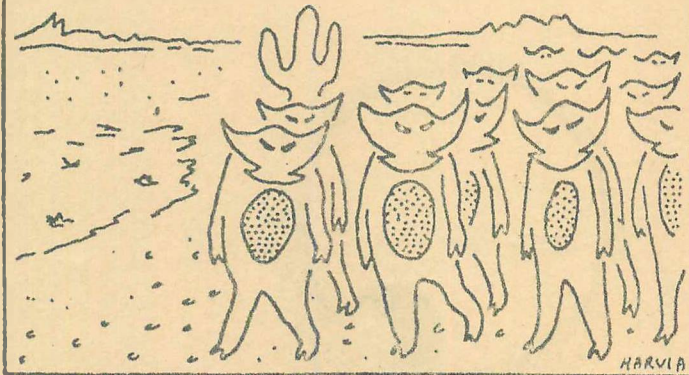
M.E. Tyrrell  
414 Winterhaven Dr.  
Newport News, VA 23606

...For a fan, I'm not very appreciative of cartoons. I do look at and enjoy them, but I usually forget them as soon as I've turned the page. For some reason, though, Teddy Harvia's "Dr. Zephyr" cartoon has really stuck in my mind...

((Apparently you aren't the only one. While I was participating in Bantam's publication seminar at IguanaCon, one of the other participants starting singing a little ditty which I quickly recognized as having Teddy's "Dr. Zephyr" words. "Where did you hear that?" I asked. "Oh, it's not original," she quickly assured me. "I read it in some fanzine." Of course I informed her that it was our fanzine. Egoboo for us and for one of our favorite artists! - Carol.)))



## The Famous We Also Herd From!



Daniel Gordon, Susy Schulman, Tim Roaix,  
David Schlosser, Jim Purviance, Barney  
Neufeld, Maureen Leshendok, Mike Gunderloy,  
Perry Glen Moore, Herbert Summerlin, Tony  
Renner, Robert Briggs, Laurel Beckley, Joan  
Hanke Woods, Jerry Kaufman, P.L. Caruthers,  
Mary Long, R Laurraine Tutihasi, Nan Lambert,  
Jessica Amanda Salmonson, David Parsons,  
Harry Andruschak, Robert Whitaker, Allisa  
McDonald, Fred Lerner, Mary Schaub, Don  
Franson, Sheryl Birkhead, Charles Martin,  
George Paczolt (twice), Wayne Hooks, Ira  
M. Thornhill, Michael Bishop, Rebecca Jirak,  
Dennis Jarog, Wilum Pugmire, Marty Levine,  
Elsie Wollheim, Wayne Keyser.

### THANKS TO THE COLLATORS OF RUNE 53:

David Egge, John Bartelt, Steve Bond, Don  
Bailey, Dainis Bisenicks, Nate Bucklin, Joel  
Halpern, Curtis Hoffmann, Keith Hauer-Lowe,  
Kara Dalkey, M.K. Digre, David Dyer-Bennet,  
Pamela Dean, Carol Kennedy, Greg Ketter, Lee  
Pelton, Blue Petal, Kathy Marschall, Dean  
Gahlon, Karen Johnson, Ken Fletcher, John  
Stanley, Pat Sommers, Richard Tatge, Page  
Ringstrom, Mike Wood.



## MINN-STF HAPPENINGS

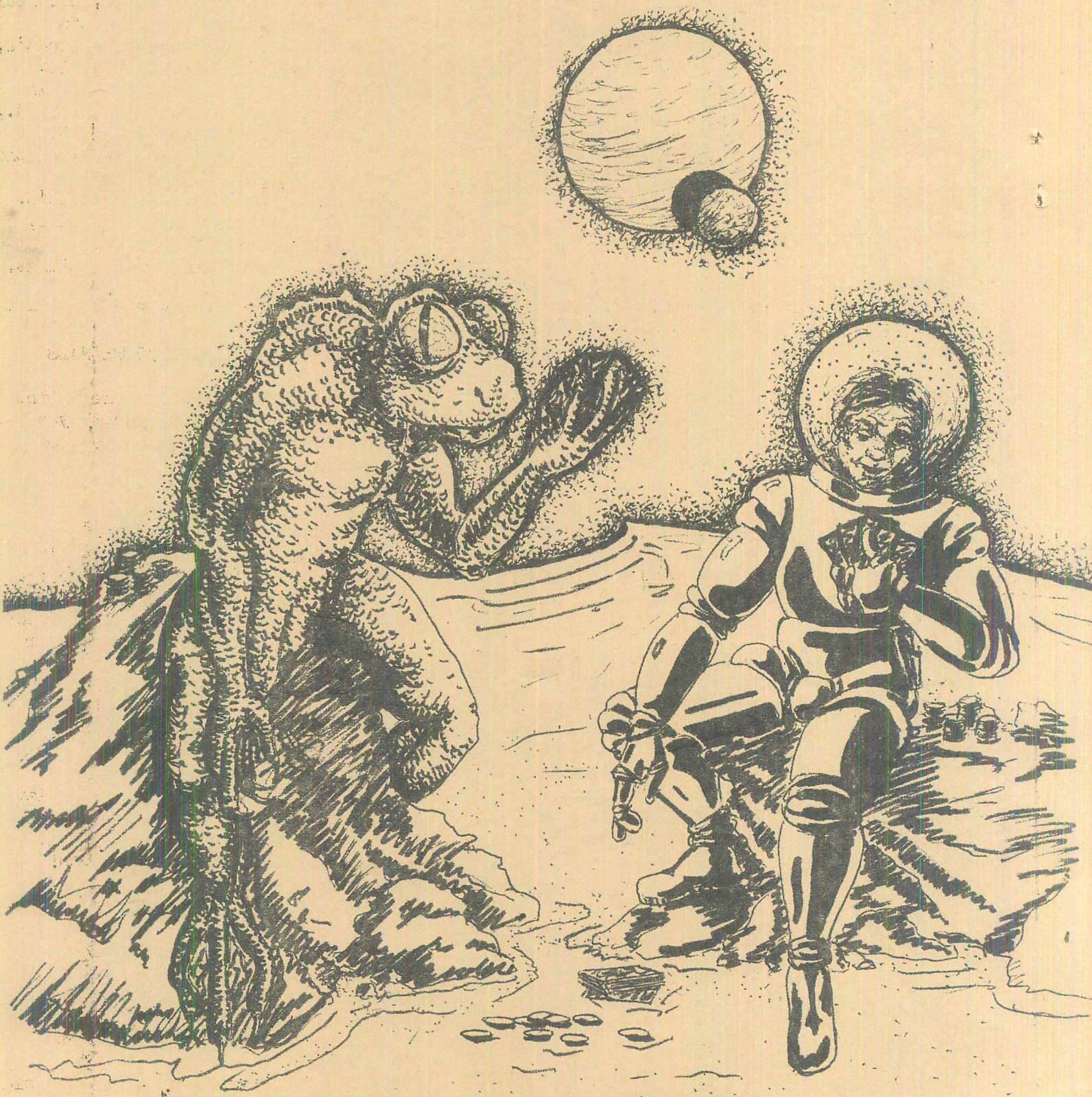
Nov. 18 -- Meeting at Blas Mazzeo's,  
215 S. Kipling Apt. 346, St. Paul.  
Dec. 2 -- Meeting and Minneapa  
collation at David Dyer-Bennet's,  
727 E. 28th St., Minneapolis.  
Dec. 16 -- Meeting at Nate Bucklin  
and Steve Bond's, 2301 Elliot S.,  
Minneapolis, phone 874-1424.  
Dec. 31 -- New Year's Eve celebration  
and possible meeting and/or  
collation, David Dyer-Bennet's.  
Call for confirmation of time,  
D D-B's phone TRY 1 KIS.  
Starting time for regular meetings,  
1 P.M.

\*\*\*\*\*

## CLASSIFIED ADS/PERSONALS

Lost: one monofilament wire in the  
quad -- be careful where you  
walk. Reward if found. No  
liability assumed.  
Dinsdale: Where are you?  
Spiny Norman.  
Do you want to become a skilled  
bartender? Contact C. Thulu  
at Mix-a-Tonic U., Arkham.  
2 Rooms available immediately for  
non-smoking vegetables. Contact  
Intergalactic Squash, Snickers  
Galaxy, Hershey, PA.  
Dancing Lessons -- Do you know how  
to do the Time Warp? Learn  
today! Contact R. Raff and  
jump to the left.  
Girls! Girls! Girls! Is it true  
what they say about Orion slave  
girls? Find out for yourself!  
Contact H. Mudd Enterprises.  
HARCOURT, Harcourt Fenton Mudd!  
Stop your drinking and  
womanizing and come home.  
Stella.  
FOR SALE: Home Computer COLOSSUS I.  
Contact C. Forbin, Isle of Crete.  
Don't like the climate where you  
live now? Fly your city to  
another location! Contact  
J. Amalfi.  
FREE litter of Kzinti. 2 weeks old,  
house-trained, no shots. Must  
go to well-fortified home. Call  
Nessus at Ringworld.





B. Lead  
1.76