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Although dividing people into categories is seldom a productive exercise I think that there is one categorization which is valid. It is also relevant, because the differences between the categories help to explain some of the problems that fandom encounters -- particularly in regard to putting on conventions.

I call these categories Leader, Follower, and Loner. In society in general, a group of ten people might well consist of one Leader, eight Followers, and one Loner. Organizing an activity is no problem: put the Leader in charge of the main portion of the work, have the Followers assist the Leader, and give the Loner an essential job which can be effectively done by one person.

This usually works quite well; most projects involve some work that requires many hands under a unified direction, and some work that can best be done by one individual, who needs engage in only minimal communication with the others.

However, the personality components in fandom seem to be different. A group of ten fans seems to consist of one or two Leaders, one or two Followers, and six to eight Loners. And that combination doesn't lend itself to the smooth running of any structured activity. There are, in fandom, usually plenty of people willing to work. However, most of them want to do things their own way, in their own area, with minimal involvement and communication with other areas. They want neither to follow someone else's direction nor to lead others in getting a project accomplished. And they often harbor a secret -- or worse, not-so-secret -- conviction that everything would work out just fine if everyone else was doing things the same way.

I have observed a widespread distrust of Leaders within fandom. By Leader, I don't mean a dictator, or an opinionated take-charge individual, or a person who always wants to run things. I mean a person with an ability -- natural or consciously developed -- to organize people in working toward a common goal, to bring harmony to the diverse efforts of a group, while recognizing and respecting the individuality of the participants. Such an ability is rare, within fandom and outside it; but the world in general, being composed primarily of Followers, tends to happily fall in behind its few Leaders. Fandom, being composed primarily of Loners, tends to distrust a Leader and reject his/her efforts.

I think that part of that reaction may be due to the often-chronicled poor self-image and insecurity of fans. A real Leader -- with the abilities I have described -- is of necessity a person of confidence and self-security. Having once escaped from a society that tried to force them into patterns of behavior, fans tend to distrust anyone who appears to have the ego strength to "lead" them, no matter how constructive the goal.

CAROL Kennedy



There is a flyer enclosed with this issue of RUNE that has a somewhat personal significance for me. The good fen who nominated for the FAAn Awards nominated me for a spot on the FAAn Awards Committee. I am incredibly honored. My time of involvement in fanzine fanac has not even been 2 years, and all those on the ballot with me have many, many years seniority. To be considered with such a bunch of fen is slightly croggling but very satisfying to me personally. I thank you all.

I think that perhaps the one thing I'd like to do on this subject of FAAn Awards is let you know who I support and urge you to vote as your conscience dictates -- but please vote if you qualify.

Best Fan Editor: Jeanne Gomoll and Janice Bogstad. Best Fan Writer: Arthur Hlavaty. Best Humorous Artist: Stu Shiffman. Best Serious Artist: Joan Hanke-Woods. Best Loc Writer: Harry Warner Jr. Best Single Issue: JANUS 12/13. FAAn Awards Committee: Jeanne Gomoll, Mike Glicksohn, myself.

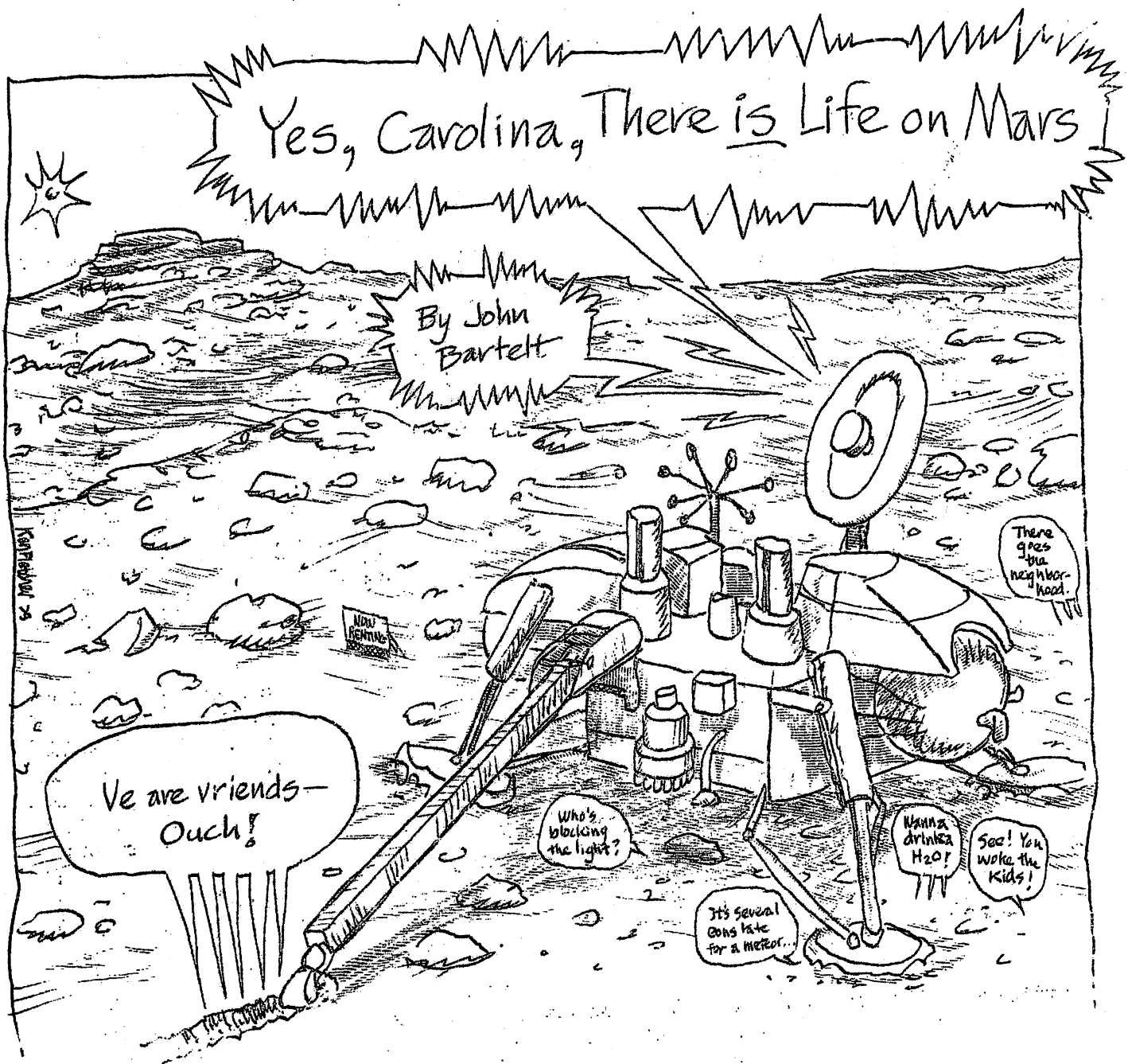
I have all sorts of opinions about the nominees but one I must comment on: Derek Carter (humor

artist) no longer contributes to fanzines and has asked to be removed from a number of mailing lists. I personally like his work but do not think he should be nominated or voted for.

Next issue will have articles by Gary Deindorfer, Dave Wixon, Pauline Palmer, and Ted Sturgeon's GoH speech from Minicon 15. I hope you all enjoy both this issue and future ones.

PAX.

LEE PELTON



Although there were many experiments on board the Viking spacecrafts that landed on Mars in 1976, it was the experiments designed to detect life that got the most press and generated the most excitement. To most people, Viking was going to find out if there was life on Mars. But because the initial experimental results were not clear cut, and were subject to various interpretations, most people came away with the impression that Viking had not found life. Worse, some people undoubtedly believe it proved that Mars doesn't have any life. And yet, there is a growing consensus among members of the NASA biology team that life was detected probably.

I don't have to tell you that it is Mars that has always held the greatest hope for finding extraterrestrial life within our solar system. But when Mariner 4 sent back the first close-up pictures of Mars (in 1964), it showed that the atmosphere was thinner than previously believed; that the planet was pocked with craters like the Moon; and in short, that Mars looked geologically dead and lifeless. Mariners 6 and 7 (1969) only furthered this view. But after Mariner 9 (1971) went into orbit around Mars and began its astoundingly successful study, it quickly found nearly incontrovertible evidence of something amazing. At

some time in the past, large quantities of water had flowed on the surface. Water had carved huge channels on Mars' surface, a surface where it is now physically impossible for liquid water to exist. Nor is Mars geologically dead: the colossal volcanoes showed that.

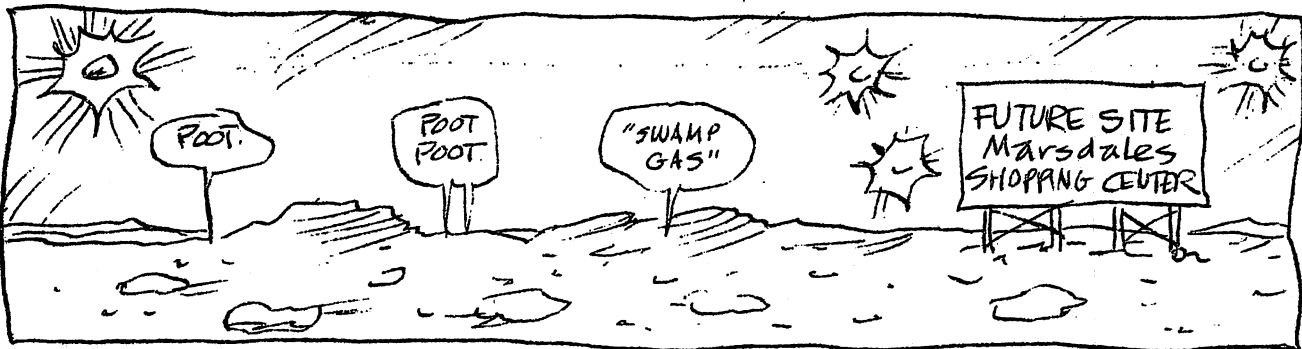
Thus Viking was devised. Each of the Viking landers had three biology experiments, plus one device to test the soil for organic chemicals. Each was designed on the assumption that Martian microorganisms would behave like earthly ones. In particular, it was assumed that if the soil was heated to 145°C (293°F), it would be sterilized -- any organisms in it would be killed.

The first experiment to report back was the gas exchange experiment. In this experiment, carbon dioxide and inert gases (helium and krypton) were added to a soil sample. Then a solution of nutrients was added. As soon as the soil was moistened, oxygen was given off in surprisingly large quantities. But it stopped within a few hours, and adding more nutrient would not cause the release of more oxygen. Carbon dioxide was given off, however, for eleven days. All this was hard to explain in terms of biological activity of some hypothetical organisms. Furtherm another soil sample was sterilized, but it gave results similar to the first. Thus it was proposed -- and is still generally believed -- that the oxygen release was due to some chemical reaction. This implied that there were chemicals of a kind unknown on Earth, but not that there was life.

A second experiment was the "pyrolytic release" or carbon assimilation experiment. This one worked on the assumption that Martian microorganisms would be able to assimilate carbon monoxide and/or carbon dioxide from the Martian atmosphere. A Mars-like atmosphere containing radioactive carbon dioxide and carbon monoxide was added to a soil sample. The soil was illuminated by a lamp to simulate sunlight. It was allowed to incubate five days. Then the radioactive atmosphere was flushed out. If some of the radioactive agases had been absorbed by organisms, then they should have higher than normal radioactivity. The organic compounds were broken down to carbon dioxide, which was then checked for radioactivity. A small, but significant, amount showed up. The radioactive gases had been used to make compounds in the soil. But when a sterilized sample was tested, carbon assimilation still took place, though slightly reduced. This made a biological explanation unlikely; but so far, no other acceptable explanation has been found.

The most exciting results came from the labelled release experiment. In this experiment, a soil sample was moistened with a nutrient solution. The nutrients in this case were labelled with carbon-14 (which is radioactive). If some hypothetical organisms "ate" the nutrients, they might exhale (or excrete) carbon dioxide, carbon monoxide, methane, or some similar gas, which would then show the radioactivity of the carbon-14.

As soon as nutrient was added to the soil, radioactivity was registered, and rose sharply for 24 hours; it then continued to increase slowly for six more



Ken Fitch '79

days. Then more nutrient was added, and more gas was released. The amount of gas being released then dropped for awhile, but later started rising again. It had been hoped that the amount released might increase exponentially, indicating that the organisms were reproducing; i.e., that their number was doubling every hour, every three hours, or something of that sort. This wasn't observed. But it is quite possible that organisms were alive and functioning, but not reproducing in the rather artificial environment. It is also interesting to note that terrestrial microorganisms do not exhibit exponential growth under Martian conditions. Perhaps most importantly, sterilized soil did not generate radioactive gas, while every time nutrient was added to unsterilized soil, gas was generated. This met the preflight criteria for the detection of life.

Thus the score of the biological experiments was:

Gas Exchange: no detection

Carbon Assimilation: ambiguous

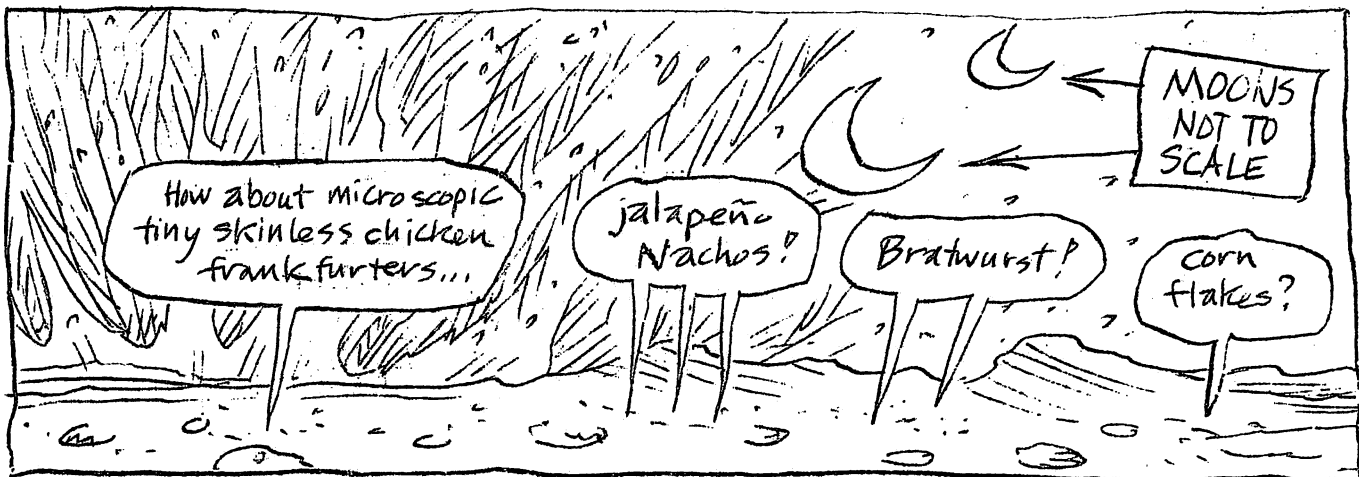
Labelled Release: highly probable detection.

The most damaging evidence to contradict the presence of life came from the organic chemistry experiment, which simply tested the soil for the presence of organic molecules. It detected none. It's hard to understand how organisms could live without leaving organic chemicals in their environment. But how sensitive are these various tests? It turns out that the test for organic chemicals would not detect a million bacteria per gram of soil, while the labelled release experiment easily could.

Why weren't early reports more positive on the possibility of life having been detected? There had already been evidence for some weird chemical processes in the Martian soil, and it was necessary to investigate the possibility that this might also explain the labelled release results. But in the two years since the Vikings landed, no such explanation has been found. The simplest explanation is that the Vikings detected life -- probably.

We can't yet get rid of that "probably". After all, the universe is "stranger than we imagine". It is still possible that some unexpected, unpredictable chemical reactions could account for the results. We won't be able to get rid of that "probably" until we take some Martian soil and put it under a microscope, until we can do the thousands of experiments that humans can do in a lab. The Vikings were a miracle of engineering achievement, but they were still very limited in their capability.

There remains the even farther-out hypothesis that the carbon assimilation, and even the gas exchange, results were caused by organisms -- some sort of life that can withstand temperatures well above boiling. What these might be, I can hardly imagine. But then, the universe is also "stranger than we can imagine".



Ken Fletcher w/ thanks to L.P.

IQ TEST

FOR MYXILODIAN PARASITES
FROM ALPHA CENTAURI

Researched by John Purcell

Note: This test was commissioned by an anonymous source to prove or disprove the rumor that SF fans are actually Myxilodian Parasites from Alpha Centauri.

I. MULTIPLE CHOICE (Choose the correct answer)

1. Sol III is how many light years from home?
(a) 4.3 (b) 113 (c) -49,302.9 (d) 2000
2. Grbsch leaf is to smoking as mango leaf is to
(a) loins (b) headgear (c) warp drive (d) currency
3. Sacrifices to Almighty M'Cala are best made
(a) prior to meteor shower (b) during meteor shower
(c) after meteor shower (d) all of the above
4. Ms. Tlpdle of Barnard's decides to buy an Altair husband. The mother demands a mismatched pair of rock-eyes from grub beasts of Taurus-Littrow for the husband-price, but Tlpdle has only azure gems from the aurora region in the Hercules Cluster. The mother returns in change:
(a) all sentient races in the Sagittarius Arm
(b) 14 Hrorkian dust dervishes
(c) 4 used pool cues and a plastiform denture plate from a 723-year-old Myrkanian prophet
(d) nothing -- Tlpdle still owes
5. "Aliens" refers to
(a) non-solar system life forms (b) creatures from the Magellanic Clouds
(c) shelf dwellers from the year 1 (d) humans

II. VISUAL PERCEPTION

1. Choose the best knot:

(a)

(b)

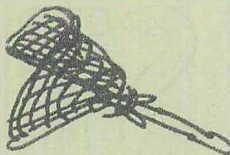
(c)

(d)



2. The device below is most likely to be used in

- (a) reducing drag on spacecraft
- (b) netting small apteryxes
- (c) contraception
- (d) playing !!Gottchum!! ball,
used by third goalman



3. This drawing shows

- (a) fuel reserves for interplanetary craft
- (b) a burning pile of refuse
- (c) the temple of the third goalman
- (d) spirit dwelling of the Almighty M'Cala



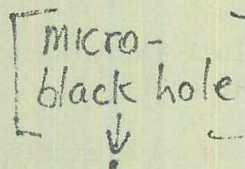
4. Wuumeiynma wants to catch a falling star. Which device will he use?

(a)

(b)

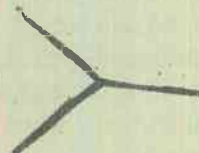
(c)

(d)



5. Match the shape below with its most practical function:

- (a) diving board for praying mantis
- (b) penis gourd for Siamese triplets
- (c) nose-picking
- (d) strut frame for 2-creature cruise missile



III. TRUE-FALSE

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. !!Gottchum ball!! has 7 innings | T | F |
| 2. Steatophygia is a terminal disease | T | F |
| 3. Cruise missiles hold up to 15 creatures | T | F |
| 4. Interstellar ooze mixes well with Spayed Gerbils | T | F |
| 5. Eridanian Nut-chuckers are an endangered species | T | F |
| 6. Smoking is permitted in the foyer | T | F |

IV. BONUS QUESTION (optional for extra credit)

In event of hostile attack from a previously unknown galaxy-hopping civilization, it is the duty of all loyal Myxilodian Parasites to

- (a) run and hide
- (b) fight to the death
- (c) hock your spaceship
- (d) pray that you don't get hurt

SCORING: On Multiple Choice, 5 points for (a), 10 for (b), 15 for (c), 20 for (d).
T-F Answers: 1-F, 2-F, 3-F, 4-T, 5-T, 6-F -- 10 points for each correct answer.

- 0-25 points =+don't worry, you're safe
- 25-50 points = slight tendency toward Myx. Para., probably curable
- 50-75 points = half-way gone
- 75-100 points = almost converted
- 100+ points = start worrying, traitorous leech!

M
innneapolis

F
antasy

S
ociety

by
POUL ANDERSON

Let's start out with a piece of accuracy, because what follows is apt to get rather kaleidoscopic. I was not among the founders of the old Minneapolis Fantasy Society; that happened well before my own residence in that city. I did join it shortly after its postwar revival, though, and have many delightful if occasionally weird memories of what followed.

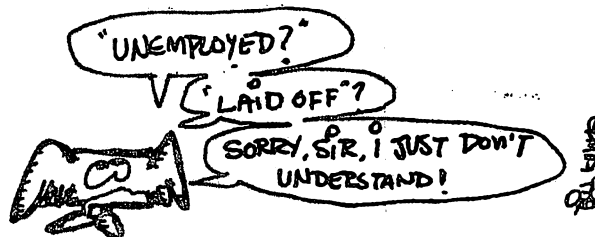
At that time, 1947-8, it met periodically in a room at the YMCA. There would be some kind of formal program, more or less related to science fiction, after which a number of us would go out for drink and talk till closing hours -- and then maybe coffee, so that sometimes I'd roll into bed along about sunrise. We also put out an irregular fanzine, the MFS Bulletin. Gradually this developed into a thing done simply for the pleasure of our immediate circle. Likewise, we got less and less interested in set-piece lectures or discussions; besides, once the Y listed us on its notice board as the "Minneapolis Vantsy Society". We began having meetings in members' homes, and then began meeting as just a group of friends in homes or, oftener, our favorite Hennepin Avenue bar. Eventually we dropped all pretense of being an organization, and merely referred to ourselves by the initials "MFS".

Two or three of us were already married, and a couple more became so, but mainly we were a gang of bachelors, and rivalry for the few unattached girls who came around was fierce. However, not this nor anything else broke our comradeship. It has endured through the decades to the present day.

Memories, memories.... We used to play rather rough touch football on Sunday mornings in fall. The teams were the Geeps and the Nanks. Afterward we'd all go drink beer in a nearby joint with the incredible name of Nip & Sip. Ollie Saari and I were on opposing sides. Both being slow but solid, we found ourselves regularly facing in the line of scrimmage. Neither being able to get past the other, at last we quietly agreed that we'd just lean our arms together and grunt a little. I still don't know why our Glorious Leaders got so indignant when they found out.

In summer it was softball, and there my most vivid memory is of Kenny Gray smoking his pipe while guarding first base. He was, and is, also one of the best-informed people I've ever met, especially about history. Our arguments, far into the night at his place (after his lovely wife resignedly set out refreshments and turned in), changed my views about a lot of important matters; but mainly they were fun.

Elsewhere Gordy Dickson has reminisced about how, for a while, he and I had light housekeeping rooms in the same house, which belonged to an elderly Norwegian couple of remarkable tolerance. In winter I used to chill a bottle of akvavit by hanging it out the storm window on a string, hauling it in every now and then while we sat talking about Hokas and things like that. A lot of the best writing we've ever done was accomplished in those days, often in collaboration with others. Unfortunately for the world, though, it consisted of "silly stories" (pronounced as a single word, accent on the first syllable), which were rambling jokes for nobody's amusement -- or comprehension -- except the MFS'. For instance, there was the one about the evil cabal which got control of the downtown WeatherBall and made it predict nothing but rain for forty days and



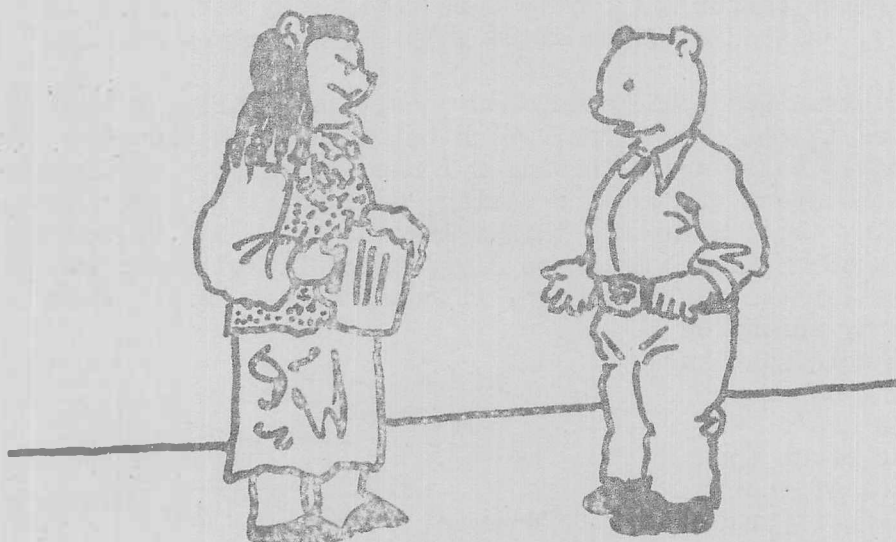
forty nights, while agents went about assassinating everybody named Noah....

Many years afterward, when I'd long been settled in California, I happened to be at a Midwestern convention and a young man came up and introduced himself as Mark Riley. "Glad to meet you," I said routinely. "I'm the son of George Riley," he explained, and my jaw hit the floor. The son of Riley -- of the fellow who once, on a bet, drank twenty beers in thirty minutes -- the archetypal wild Irishman -- my God, once upon a time I was dating the girl who ended up marrying him and becoming the mother of this nice guy!

Oliver Saari was a bit older and better established than most of us, though I do remember that once, when we'd all been poured out of a bar, he ran down the street flapping his arms to see if he could fly while I marched behind carrying Phil Bronson in my own arms and singing "Die Beiden Grenadiere" at the top of my voice. Ollie had -- doubtless still has -- a great gift for mathematics, which made him valuable as an engineer. After I raised the question of the mass ratio required for a rocket traveling at relativistic velocities, he worked out the equation in odd moments at the office. His boss thought he was designing lawnmowers. He too married a girl I was interested in. Oh, well, in due course I happily acquired one of my own, but may have induced her to move out west at the same time as myself to get her away from all that competition.

Manse Brackney had, early on, upheld MFS tradition by marrying a beautiful woman, after which he settled down to a career as a dentist. An unusually good one, be it said. He did a half-dozen extractions for my mother in as many seconds. (This was long before modern techniques of saving teeth existed; nothing could be done then but remove them and substitute a plate.) I took her back to my place, whose owner had prepared a room for her, and John Gergen -- also staying at that house, as a successor to Gordy -- and I filled her full of pea soup and whisky. Thus it wasn't such a bad experience for the old lady.

Joh was likewise an individualist. From time to time he'd grow a luxuriant red beard; remember, this was a couple of decades before that was ordinarily heard of. He didn't mind people hollering, "Beaver!" or "Jesus Christ!" However, once he shaved it off for a while after a little girl asked him if he was one of Santa Claus' helpers. He was brilliant himself, in his field of electronics; but starting out as a research assistant at the University of Minnesota, he got the inevitable title of "junior scientist". This prompted me to make and give him a U. of M. Junior Scientist kit, complete with membership card, badge, pledge, and secret code.

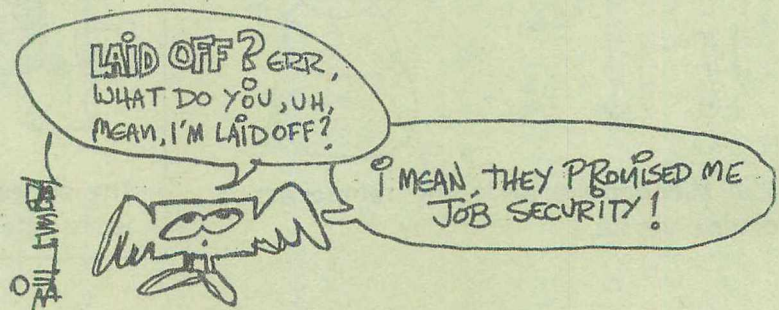


"No, by damn!
One van Rijn is
plenty enough.
How about you
be Flandry?"



Dale Rostomily used to mastermind the German Dinner Club. Several of us would come around to his apartment -- his wife having absented herself from the stench -- with our separate contributions, to gorge on things like sauerkraut soup, sauerbraten, blood sausage, pickled herring, and incredible quantities of beer. Marvin Larson was a somewhat quieter, more earnest person, except when a party really got going; then there was nobody like him for leading thunderous and raucous ballad singing. He published a mystery novel which was a mighty good piece of regional writing, but then decided he could best support his family in a less precarious trade -- a loss to literature if not to him. In fact, all of that old bunch (I haven't time to mention everyone, and certainly not time to describe everything that happened) seem in the long run to have done quite well.

It was to be expected. We weren't pretentious Rebels or Dropouts such as a later generation made fashionable. We were just some young guys, and a few girls, having some splendid times, meanwhile feeling our way forward to whatever our lives' work and lives' loves were going to be. We had our separate interests; I, for one, was often elsewhere for long periods of time, and eventually, like several others, moved away altogether. Still, the fellowship of those days endures. If only we could gather more often!



MINICON 15

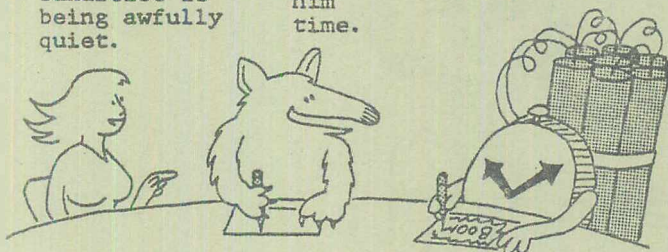
IN WEIRDS AND PITCHERS

by TEDDY HARVIA

Gee, that fanartist is being awfully quiet.

Give him time.

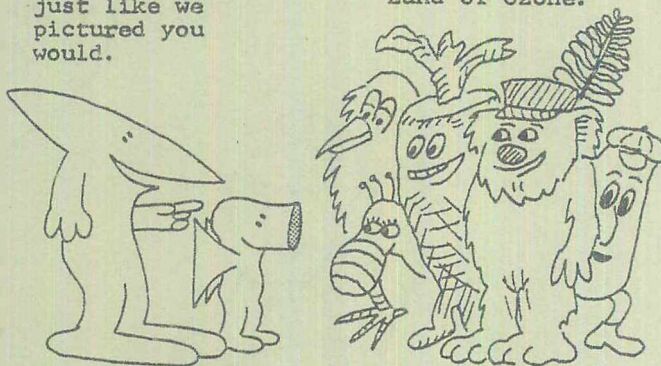
Tic, tic, tic.



MEET-THE-FANARTISTS PRECON PARTY

Y'all look just like we pictured you would.

Welcome to the Land of Ozone.



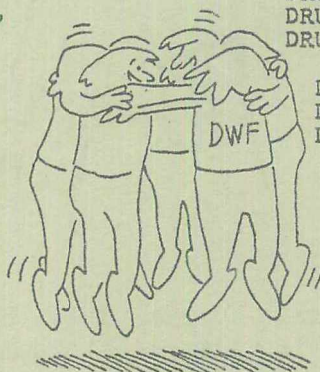
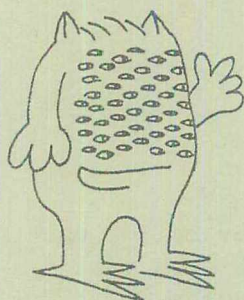
The creatures from Texas and the Funny Animal Liberation Front are drawn together.

DECADENT WINNIPEG FANDOM

I see no reason, but I hear the rhyme.

DRUGS, DRUGS, DRUGS!

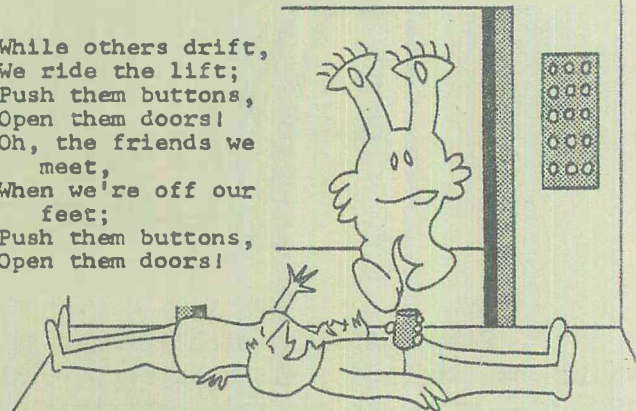
DRUGS, DRUGS, DRUGS!



Fans from the North demonstrate filk dancing on the mezzanine.

ELEVATOR FANDOM

While others drift,
We ride the lift;
Push them buttons,
Open them doors!
Oh, the friends we meet,
When we're off our feet;
Push them buttons,
Open them doors!



Horizontal disciples of the vertical temple have a moving religious experience.

CHILLING OUTER LIMITS

Brrr! I nearly froze my beak off when I flew over to that ~~adult book~~ art supply store. On the planet Eniznaf, 51 degrees is frigidly illegal. How do you locals stand it?



Gryplx?



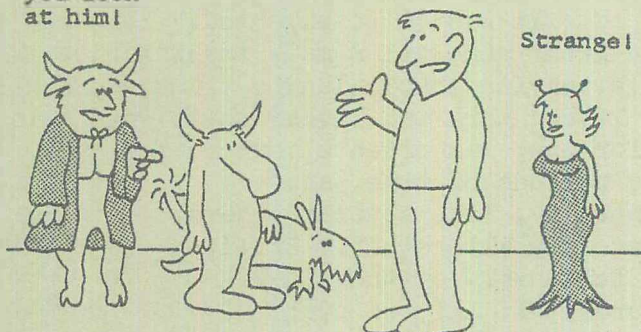
'73 in Minneapolis ain't the temperature. And vice versa.

THE ROAR OF THE GREASEPAINT

Well, will you look at him!

I forgot and left my antlers at home.

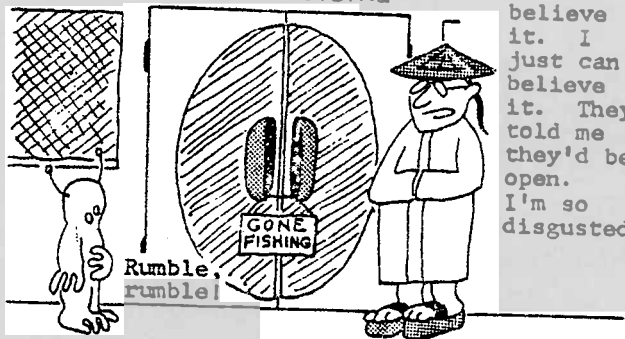
Strange!



The surest way to stand out in the crowd is to dress inconspicuously.

EXPEDITION TO THE DISORIENT

PED XING
CHINESE CUISINE



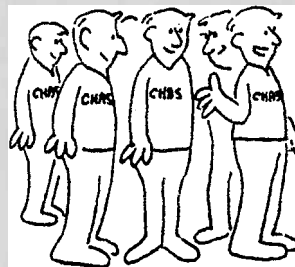
I can't believe it. I just can't believe it. They told me they'd be open. I'm so disgusted.

Jim (Marco Polo) Young discovers that Easter is an inscrutable Chinese holiday.

CHARLES E. HAMILTON III CLONE CLUB

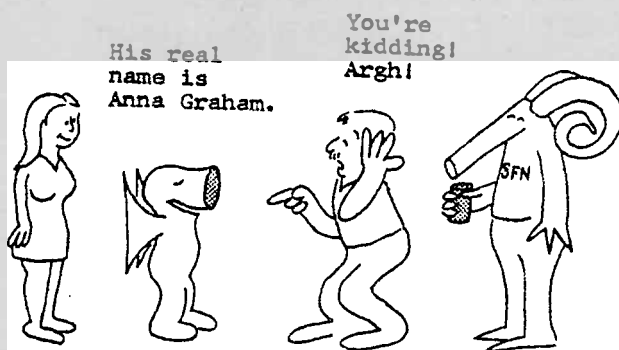
I'd like to introduce Charles E. Hamilton IV, Charles E. Hamilton IX, Charles E. Hamilton XX, Charles Etc.

Glad to meet you. I see you're starting to repeat yourself.



A uniquely similar fan group plays the same name game.

I'M NOT MYSELF



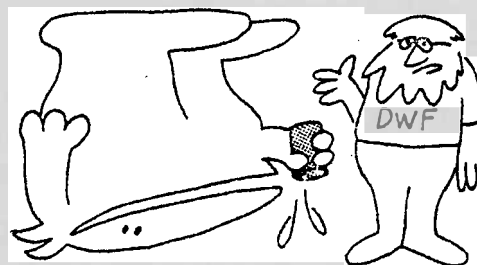
His real name is Anna Graham.

You're kidding! Argh!

A local faned learns the half-truth about Teddy Harvia.

MIMEO ROOM

Too much fun, Garth! I feel like I'm walking on air.



I still can't believe I printed a stencil upside down. I never did it before.

The con publications bring out the beasts in the faneds and artists.

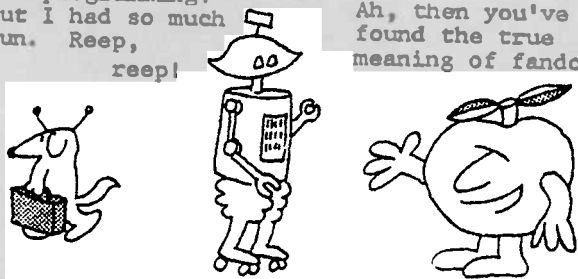
MINICON DEPROGRAMMING

Now that I've coded so many new friends into my memory, I'm ready for the printout to start.

You mean I missed all the programming? But I had so much fun. Reep, reep!

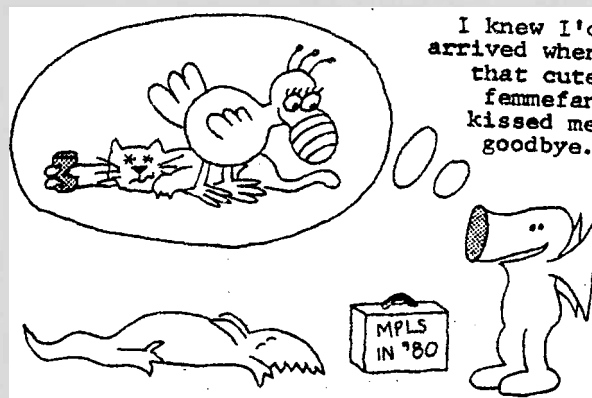
The con's over already.

Ah, then you've found the true meaning of fandom.



My, my, how the computer time flies when you're having fun.

THE DEAD CAT DOG PARTY



I knew I'd arrived when that cute femmefan kissed me goodbye.

An alien encounters the secret Minn-stf handshake.



The World ISN'T like my neighborhood?

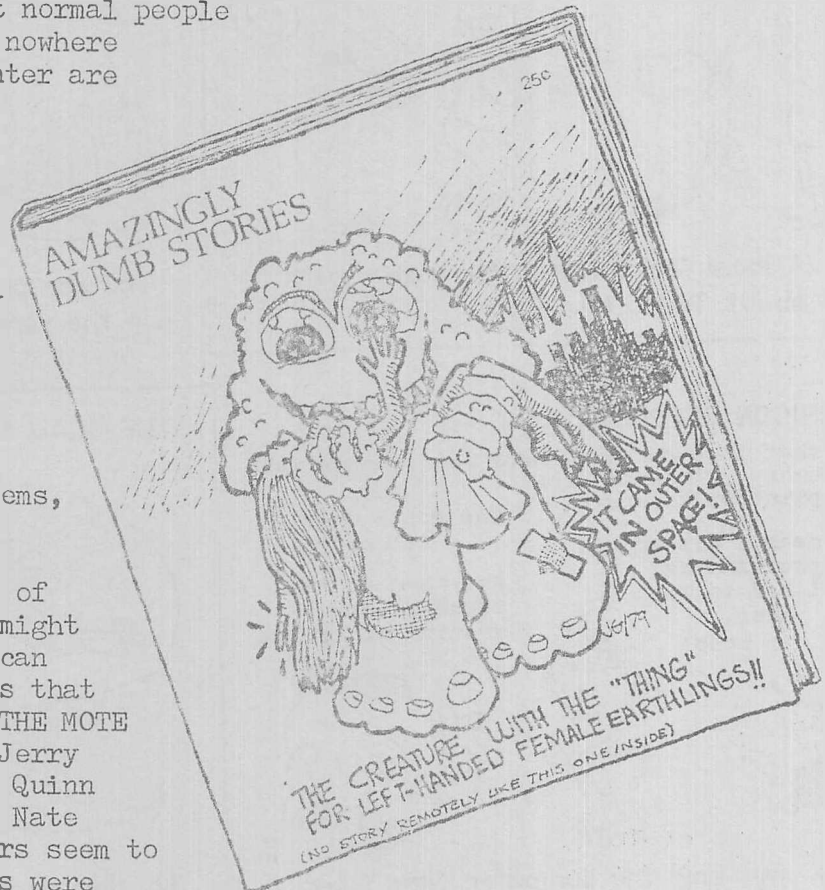
Dan Goodman

If you're lefthanded, Ursula le Guin doesn't believe you exist.

Consider the proverb which gives THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS its title: "Light is the left hand of darkness; darkness the left hand of light." It assumes that everyone on Winter has the same handedness. Since most Terran cultures assume that normal people are righthanded, and since it's nowhere mentioned that the people of Winter are predominantly lefthanded, it seems reasonable to deduce that le Guin assumes they're righthanded.

In le Guin's universe, the descendants of the Old Hainish are biologically and culturally diverse. They may have wings, fur, telepathy, or the odd biological cycle of Winter's people. They may lack war, sexual guilt, the wheel, mathematics. But nowhere, it seems, is a world which is anything but righthanded.

If this were a failure of le Guin's imagination alone, it might not be worth mentioning. But I can name only three recent SF stories that mention lefthandedness at all: THE MOTE IN GOD'S EYE by Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle, FALSE DAWN by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, and "Imperfect Catch" by Nate Bucklin. Lefthanded SF characters seem to be rarer than female protagonists were back in the Bad Old Days.



...not to mention the extreme rarity
of left-handed women!

A lot of assumptions which used to go unchallenged have gone out of fashion in SF lately. Ones about the proper roles for women. (Though I notice that lists of "hard science" writers are exclusively male. And most such lists include men who use less science than Katherine MacLean, Ursula le Guin, or Joanna Russ.) The old idea that military spaceships will be run exactly like naval vessels.

But assumptions equally ridiculous remain: the assumption that everyone is righthanded, to begin with. And new ones have been added. Many of these fall neatly into categories.

1) Everybody's mind works the same way. To the best of my knowledge, only Kate Wilhelm has stated this explicitly (in her contribution to WRITING AND SELLING SCIENCE FICTION). But a majority of writers in the field seem to act on it. Those few who don't seem to be predominantly older than those who do.

Consider synesthesia. It means sensory crossovers such as seeing sound. A few people experience it all the time. More experience it under special conditions, as with musicians who see (or sometimes taste) music. A higher percentage of the population experience it after using certain drugs.

It used to appear in SF as something incredibly exotic, as it did in Bester's THE STARS MY DESTINATION. Speaking from personal experience, I can authoritatively say this was batcrap. If synesthesia is part of one's daily experience, it is no more remarkable than the rest.

In the Sixties came the Great Psychedelic Boom. A number of SF writers, and people who later were to begin writing it, encountered psychedelics. Some of them experienced synesthesia while stoned, and only while stoned. And they wrote about it. Now synesthesia turns up fairly often in SF, but almost always as a result of a drug or some close equivalent.

When a writer is liked by a minority of SF readers and leaves most indifferent, chances are that he/she assumes everyone shares some mental trait that is actually only shared by a few. There is an SF writer whose work cannot be fully appreciated unless you share his hysterical pessimism, another best appreciated by sadomasochists. Neither of these writers believes those who claim to think differently.

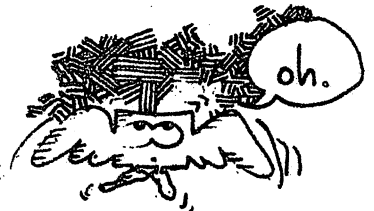
2) The future will resemble the recent past. "Recent" means different things to different writers. For example, some sfinal wars resemble World War II. Others are more like the Korean War. And I sometimes think the glut of stories about the Vietnam War in the Horsehead Nebula in 2789 AD is one of that conflict's worst legacies.

It won't work. Historically, technological change has meant military change: "Cavalry" no longer means men on horseback; it means men in tanks today, and may mean something else 50 years from now. Social change has meant military change: Europe has unionized armies. The U.S. military has quietly become increasingly less active in screening out homosexuals. Armies made up of illiterate peasants are rare in countries where food is produced by a few farmers, and those likely to be college graduates.

If you encounter a Jewish character in SF, chances are his native language will be either Yiddish or Yiddish-influenced English. Forty or more years ago, this could be considered reasonable. But today, it's obvious that Yiddish is unlikely to be a living language in a thousand years. There are still several million people who speak Yiddish. But what was once the colloquial tongue of a flourishing culture is increasingly the language of old people and religious fanatics. Old people die; the descendants of fanatics conform.

It is also unlikely that: the music of the future will be Sixties rock; the political candidates of the future will resemble George McGovern and Barry Goldwater; the next wave of bohemians will be exactly like the hippies.

And I'm not talking only about bad writers. Spider Robinson is among the worst offenders. Some of



the best SF writers have dealt with war -- and have missed changes that had already taken place when they wrote.

3) The world is just like my neighborhood. In the magazine version of Robert Asprin's COLD CASH WAR, when the corporations go to war against the governments they use their control of television among their other resources. They do this the world over.

In the United States, television is privately owned. But in exotic, far-off lands like Canada, it is controlled by the government. And in most of the world, there are no private corporations. Where they technically exist, ones of any size are likely to include the state among their major shareholders. This makes Asprin's basic premise utterly ludicrous.

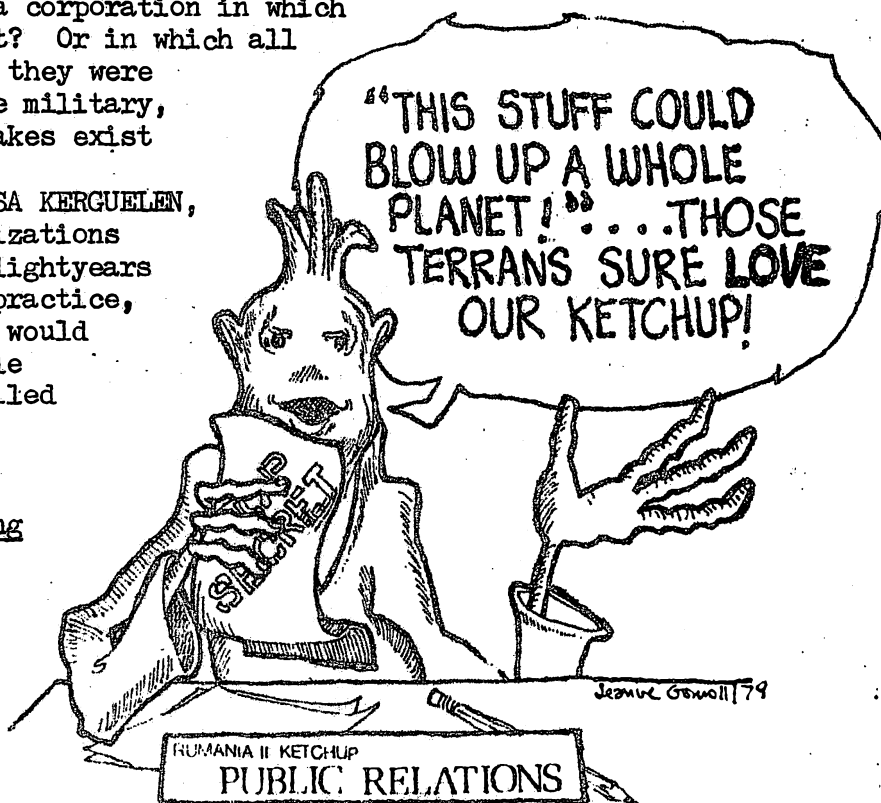
4) Bureaucracies work, with infinite efficiency. Asprin's story is an example of this, too. True, the governmental bureaucracies are inept. But the corporations, and particularly their private armies, give orders which are always intelligent and always carried out intelligently.

Have you ever seen a corporation in which all orders were intelligent? Or in which all orders were carried out as they were supposed to be? As for the military, armies which make few mistakes exist only on paper.

In F.M. Busby's RISSA KERGUELEN, incredibly efficient organizations send spies out across the lightyears and send them orders. In practice, spies destined for world A would be shipped to world B, while their orders would be misfiled with reports on worker dissatisfaction in the Rumanian ketchup industry.

5) The kind of thing I've been discussing doesn't matter. So long as an SF story has the proper values, (literary merit, concern for the proper causes, dangerous visions, or whatever), implausibility and inaccuracy are of no importance.

I can't refute this one. I simply try not to buy from writers and editors who believe it.



Little I

A leprechaun named Kelly Freas
With his artwork brought fans to their knees.
He grinned and said, "Shure
An' how else could I cure
Being shorter than most, if you please?"

Ruth Berman

Fanzineade

FANZINE REVIEWS
and sometimes
Other Things

By Carol Kennedy

- AFAE BSAAMETO -- David Lewison, 428 Via Los Miradores, Redondo Beach, CA 90277. Published irregularly, available for trade, loc, contribution, or 3-15¢ stamps. Personalzine, mimeo. Includes personal/biographical material, reviews by the editor, fanfic, lettercol; very little art. The editor is young -- he mentions being a junior in high school, and he claims that his spelling is poor. However, I found his writing to be comprehensible and literate, if rather ordinary. Ordinary, that is, for a teenage fan -- which is far above ordinary for teenage Americans in general. I only had to read as far as the second page to decide I definitely want to loc this zine.
- AFTA 3 -- Bill-Dale Marcinko, 47 Crater Ave., Wharton, NJ 07885. Quarterly, available for trade, probably for accepted contribution, for \$1.50 + .50 postage per copy, subscription #3-6 \$6.00 or #4-6 \$4.50. "The Magazine of Temporary Culture", reduced offset on newsprint, slick cover. "News and Reviews on Books, Music, Film, Television, Comics." Recommended.
- AUSTRALIAN SF NEWS -- Mervyn R. Binns (sponsored by The Australian Science Fiction Foundation), 305/307 Swanston St., Melbourne, 3000, Victoria, Australia. Ten issues/year? Available for \$5.00 Australian for 10 issues, possibly for arranged trade. Newszine, reduced offset. Appearance very similar to LOCUS. Worldwide SF news, emphasis on Australia.
- AVENGING AARDVARK'S AERIE no. 11 -- Ross Pavlac, 4654 Tamarack Blvd., #C-2, Columbus, OH 43229. Quarterly, available for trade, loc, whim, or \$1.00 in person, \$1.50 by mail. Personalzine, offset. Ross' opinions on everything from newspaper items to fan politics, along with some reviews, and some comments and locs from others, artwork of variable quality. Good writing.
- BARYON 14 -- Barry R. Hunter, 8 Wakefield Place, Rome, GA 30161. Frequency?, available for trade, accepted contribution or loc, single issue \$1 or 6/\$5. Book reviews only. Most of the reviews are short and superficial, with simple plot summaries and a bit of opinion. Lovely cover by Dave Rowe.
- CHAT -- Dick and Nicki Lynch, 4207 Davis Lane, Chattanooga, TN 37416. Monthly, 3/\$1. Newszine of the Chattanooga Science Fiction Association, offset. Tends to the sercon; occasionally has excellent interviews. Variable artwork; layout too often crowded, with too many type styles too close together. Good, but of limited interest to other than club members.
- COMPOUND FRACTURE -- Georges Giguere, Frog Manor, 8833-92st, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T6C 3P9. First issue, frequency?, available for loc, trade, contribution, or whim. Genzine, multicolor mimeo. Includes the Dead Authors Panel from V-Con 6, an interview of David Vereschagin, an article on fanpolitics by Ron Gillies, some reviews. Nicely done, and promising.

HOW COME YOU GUYS NEVER TOLD ME ABOUT
THIS HERE "LAY OFF" STUFF BEFORE I
BECAME AN ANGEL?

Be Kinda

- CONVENTIONAL FANZINE -- Eva Chalker Whitley, 4704 Warner Drive, Manchester, MD 21102. Bi-monthly, available for loc, artwork, "article on convention-running or any aspect thereof, con report, con listing, trade or editorial whim, or even \$5 in manufacturer's (sic) cents off coupons," or 25¢ at cons, 50¢ by mail. Convention newszine, also gossip; mimeo.
- THE DERYNI ARCHIVES Vol. 1 -- Joyce Muskat, Caer Deryni Publications, 7115 Summer-time Lane, Culver City, CA 90230. Quarterly?, available for \$2 in person, \$2.50 by mail, possibly for arranged trade. Devoted to study and expansion of Katherine Kurtz's universe; offset. Includes recipes, clothes patterns, fanfic, research relating to Deryni, with some writing by Kurtz. This should be of value to any fan of the series.
- DISTORTED INFORMATION OCCASIONALLY -- Christopher Mills, 1102 Catherine Place, Delta, CO 81416. Bimonthly?; 6 (or one year)/\$3. Genzine/newszine, not all of which is to be taken seriously; Xerox. Rather poor appearance, but a humorous hoax front page and some highly opinionated reviews.
- DNQ -- Taral, 1812-415 Willowdale Ave., Willowdale, Ontario, Canada M2N 5B4, and Victoria Vayne, P.O. Box 156, Stn. D, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6P 3J8. Monthly, available for arranged trade, accepted locs and contributions, 3/\$1 U.S. Newszine of sorts; multicolor mimeo. Their own description of purpose is appropriate: "...to add another dimension to the services provided by other newszines. The exotic or outre or mythic properly belong in our pages, though we will never hesitate to stoop to vulgar scooping of more secular news..." Some people claim that DNQ will print anything that's too sleazy for other newszines; while I've seen some indiscretion, I don't find DNQ too outrageous. Always interesting; impeccable appearance.
- DREAM VENDOR -- Alan C. Sandercock, 44 Glen Rd. #1009, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada L8S 4N2. Irregular, available for trade, loc, artwork, articles, 50¢ or 25p. Personalzine; reduced offset. Includes personal adventures (such as buying a used car in Germany without knowing how to speak German), conreports, reviews. Good writing, a bit more restrained than some personalzines.
- ERG #65 -- Terry Jeeves, 230 Bannerdale Rd., Sheffiend S11 9FE England. Quarterly, available for 4/£1 or 4/\$2 U.S. in bills only, probably for arranged trade. Genzine; mimeo. ERG will soon have its twentieth anniversary; obviously, it's worthwhile stuff. While it does include writing by other people, ERG seems suffused with Jeeves' personality. (Small wonder, after 65 issues!) It also contains his marvelous spaceship illos. A classic fanzine.
- FALAFEL FLATS 2 -- This issue co-edited by Teresa McDonald, 4310 Ave. B, #111, Austin, TX 78751 and Terry L. Floyd, 2800 Swisher St., #125, Austin, TX 78705. Irregular, available for loc, trade, stamps. Genzine, published by the University of Texas Science Fiction and Fantasy Society; offset. Unbelievable! The fanzine of a university SF group, and it does not Take Itself Seriously! The cover, by Mike Bracken, is a Warner Bros.-inspired successor to "Duck Dodgers". There's an editorial by Terry Floyd which reminded me of just how good a writer he is, and a very short story by Terri McDonald that's one of the few pieces of fanfic I've ever liked.
- GEGENSCHEIN 37 -- Eric B. Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave., Faulconbridge, 2776 Australia. Frequency?, available for locs (long ones or good short ones), trade, personal letters, artwork, or giving Eric drinks at cons. "A Personal Journal"; mimeo. Eric is a very good writer and he attracts good writers to his lettercol. He uses too many type styles for my taste, but the multicolor mimeo work is clean and lovely.





GIANT WOMBO 1 -- Leigh Edmonds and Valma Brown, P.O. Box 103, Brunswick, Victoria 3056, Australia. Bimonthly?, available for loc, trade, whim, 50¢. Genzine; mimeo. Includes adventure in the bush (that's the wilderness, folks) by David Grigg, conreport and con politics, book review of a book on battered women and children, a bit of nonsense on cookery. All well written.

GRAYMALKIN -- Denise Parsley Leigh, 121 Nansen St., Cincinnati, OH 45216. Frequency?, available for loc, trade, whim, \$1. Genzine; offset. From

Stephen Leigh's front cover through Nancy Soellner-Federle's bacover, a graphically beautiful zine. Essays on myriad aspects of life by some fine writers, poetry by Jessica Amanda Salmonson and Steven Federle, excellent lettercol. If you like personal and introspective writing of high quality in an attractive setting, get this zine.

HARD PORE CORN -- This issue edited by Hillarie Oxman; new editor Sara Tompson, 1325 W. Lincoln Hwy. #114A, DeKalb, IL 60115. Frequency?, available?. Genzine of the Northern Illinois Science Fiction Association of Northern Illinois University; mimeo. I will show some tolerance, because this is, after all, the group's "first organized venture". I will not say "crudzine". But the repro on about two-thirds of the pages is almost unreadable; the writing is generally mediocre. There's a questionnaire to be filled out and returned to the editors; the humor in it might be excusably adolescent from high school students.

KENFUSION -- Kenneth Goltz, 2861 S. 33rd St., Milwaukee, WI 53215. Frequency?, available for 50¢ or 4/\$1.75, or "the usual". Genzine; mimeo. Includes fantasy fanfic, reviews, poetry. About average in content, below average in appearance. Ken's writing is the most interesting thing in the zine; I'd like to see him try a personalzine.

KNOCKERS FROM NEPTUNE -- Mike and Pat Meara, 61 Borrowash Rd., Spondon, Derby DE2 7QH, U.K. Irregular, available?. Personalzine; mimeo. A very lively dialog-like lettercol, some interesting writing, both humorous and semi-serious, from the Mearas.

MAINSTREAM #3 -- Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Tompkins, 303-16th Ave. E., #102, Seattle, WA 98112. Frequency?, available for loc, trade, contribution, or 75¢, 3/\$2. Genzine; mimeo. Of course the two who put together SPANISH INQUISITION couldn't stay away from fanpubbing. They're back, as good as ever, with their own writing plus articles by Jon Singer, Loren MacGregor, and Jessica Amanda Salmonson, and art by such as Stu Shiffman and Grant Canfield. Their usual excellent graphics and repro.

MOTA 27 -- Terry Hughes, 4739 Washington Blvd., Arlington, VA 22205. Frequency?, available for loc, trade, contribution, or \$1. Personalzine; mimeo. Another classic fanzine. This issue has another chapter of Peter Roberts adventures in America, along with some natter by Terry and a good lettercol.





- NIGHTSHADE 5 -- Ken Amos, Nightshade Press, 7005 Bedford Lane, Louisville, KY 40222. Published April 30 and October 30, available for trade, published loc, \$2. Fantasy genzine; offset. The entire zine is printed on a textured, heavy, dark blue paper. While this has a rich look, it makes the text a bit hard to read. The contents tend to the sercon, such as "Ballantine Adult Fantasy: A Checklist" and "Arcturus Revisited: David Lindsay and the Quest for Muspel-Fire". This looks like it would please someone serious about the genre.
- THE NORTON NEWSLETTER -- Michele Rosenberg, 85-45 130th St., Kew Gardens, NY 11415. Frequency?, available for 50¢, 4/\$2. Genzine "to bring together the fans of Andre Norton"; offset. This is the first issue; it looks like a promising fanzine for this specialized interest group.
- PHANZINE OF THE PARADISE -- Sylvia Stevens, c/o Westercon 33, Box 2009, Van Nuys, CA 91404. Irregular; available for loc, published contribution, \$1. Genzine devoted to "Phantom of the Paradise"; Xerox. Another specialized interest zine -- the appearance isn't great, but there's good material here for Phanatics.
- PROPER BOSKONIAN -- Mike Blake, 89 South Bend St., Pawtucket, RI 02860. "Rarely published quarterly", available for loc, contribution, whim, 50¢. Genzine of the New England Science Fiction Association, Inc.; mimeo. Some of the most interesting reviews I've read recently, of some highly unusual subjects: "fringe SF", and children's fantasy TV shows. Very well-written. Generally good repro on pink paper -- a welcome change from most fanzines.

- QUETZALCOATL -- David Vereschagin, 10650-103 St., #201, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T5H 2V5. Irregular; available for trade, loc, whim, friendship, 75¢. Personalzine; reduced offset. Dave's writing is literate and self-revealing.
- RAFFLES 2 -- Stu Shiffman, 880 W. 181 St. #40, NY, NY 10033 and Larry Carmody, P.O. Box 1091, New Hyde Park, NY 11040. Frequency?, available for trade (to both editors), loc, contribution, \$1. Genzine; mimeo. Mostly humorous, generally well-written. Fannish. Lots of Stu Shiffman art, which is wonderful stuff. This issue has "The Great Flushing in 1980 Fanartist Panel", with 17 fanartists depicting themselves. One of my favorite zines.
- SCIFIRE! #2 -- Jimi Higgins, c/o Science Fiction Services at UWM, Box 225, UWM Union, 2200 E. Kenwood, Milwaukee, WI 53201. Frequency?, available for trade, contribution, whim, \$1.25 in person or \$1.75 by mail. Clubzine/genzine of the Milwaukee Area Assn. of Science Fiction and Fantasy Fans; offset? A combination of slightly sercon and fannish material. Some in-jokes and clubbishness, but they're trying for a wider audience. Generally good writing; average art.
- SHAMBLES #3 -- Ed Cagle, Star Rt. S., Box 80, Locust Grove, OK 74352 and Dave Locke, 3650 Newton St. #15, Torrance, CA 90505. Frequency?, available for trade or loc (to Cagle), interesting letter of request (to Locke). Mostly Personalzine; mimeo. Sometimes funny, slightly gross (but not as gross as the editors like to pretend it is); I get the idea that the main purpose of some of the material is to attract locs in an outraged mode.
- SMART-ASH -- Chimneyville Fantasy and Science Fiction Society, P.O. Box 10095, Jackson, MS 39209. Monthly, available for trade, accepted contribution, 50¢ and an SASE. Clubzine; mimeo. Of limited interest outside CFSFS.
- SPACE JUNK -- Rich Coad, 781 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114. Frequency?, available for trade, loc, contribution, whim. Humorous articles and art; mimeo. This defies my descriptive powers -- notice that I couldn't assign it to "Genzine" or "personalzine" categories. Fast-moving, tight writing on subjects of little consequence. The kind of writing that inspires admiration -- at least in me -- but no locs. Gross bacoover.
- STHONDAT #1 -- Eddie Anderson, 1962 Gardenstone Ct., Westlake Village, CA 91361. "Published at ludicrous intervals", available for trade, loc, art, contribution, whim, initial request, or a stamp. Personalzine; mimeo. More opinion than revelation; acceptable writing quality, neat appearance.
- SUMERMORN #1 -- Tom Geddie, 2406-A Hollandale Circle, Arlington, TX 76010. Quarterly, available for published loc, \$1 or 6/\$5 in U.S., \$2 or 6/\$10 elsewhere. Genzine; offset on newsprint. "SumerMorn is designed to move the sci fi/fantasy fan touched but unharmed through the myriad of cacotopian societies, the barbaric states and the idyllic tomes of the imaginative writer and artist." Those who have paid close attention to my reviews may have gathered that to me the one capital sin in fanpubbing (aside from using goldenrod paper) is Pretentiousness. Now this zine's self-description just reeks of that quality, and I was tempted not to read it any further. Had I succumbed, I would have missed a profile of C.J. Cherryh; an interview with L. Sprague de Camp, and fiction by Lisa Tuttle and Bob Vardeman. There's good material here if you ignore the editorial self-importance. (And the reference to "sci fi".)
- XENOLITH (ONE and TWO) -- Bill Bowers, P.O. Box 3157, Cincinnati, OH 45201. Frequency?, available for \$1.50 or whim (which, he warns, is fickle). Genzine; offset. He calls it "eclectic", and it is. The type of contents varies in just the first two issues. But the quality of the writing and of the art is consistent: excellent. Don't depend on that fickle whim; send \$.

Books

PRO by Gordon R. Dickson, illustrated by James Odbert. Ace, 1978. 185pp., \$1.95.

PRO is not an auspicious debut for the new line of illustrated novels from Ace. The cover art is not good enough to be bad, it is simply forgettable. The interior is graced with a multitude of fine illustrations by James Odbert which complement the story nicely. Unfortunately, whoever did the layout at Ace succeeded in placing the drawings out of synch with the story often enough to be noticeable and distracting. Fans will see a few familiar faces in some of the illustrations, such as the character on p. 181, who has a striking resemblance to the author of PRO.

Unhappily, the story does not match the quality of the art. PRO originally appeared as a novella in "Analog" (September 1975). This illustrated version has a modified framing sequence but the core of PRO is unchanged. Getting a novella when I expected a novel made the weaknesses of the book twice as aggravating.

The theme of the book, as one might guess from the title, is professionalism. The main subject of the book is the relative efficacy of two conflicting methods of getting a static society back on the road to progress. One character favors indirect methods (change by example) and the other favors direct methods (change by force). The central conflict is set up and resolved in the framing sequences, while 95% of the book is devoted to details of the forceful intervention.

The brief framing sequences are insufficient to adequately deal with the concepts involved. The question of whether or not they should be intervening at all is never even considered. The thesis that the professional will always beat the amateur is presented, but not believably supported. Without the framing sequences, all that remains is a below-average cardboard adventure story.

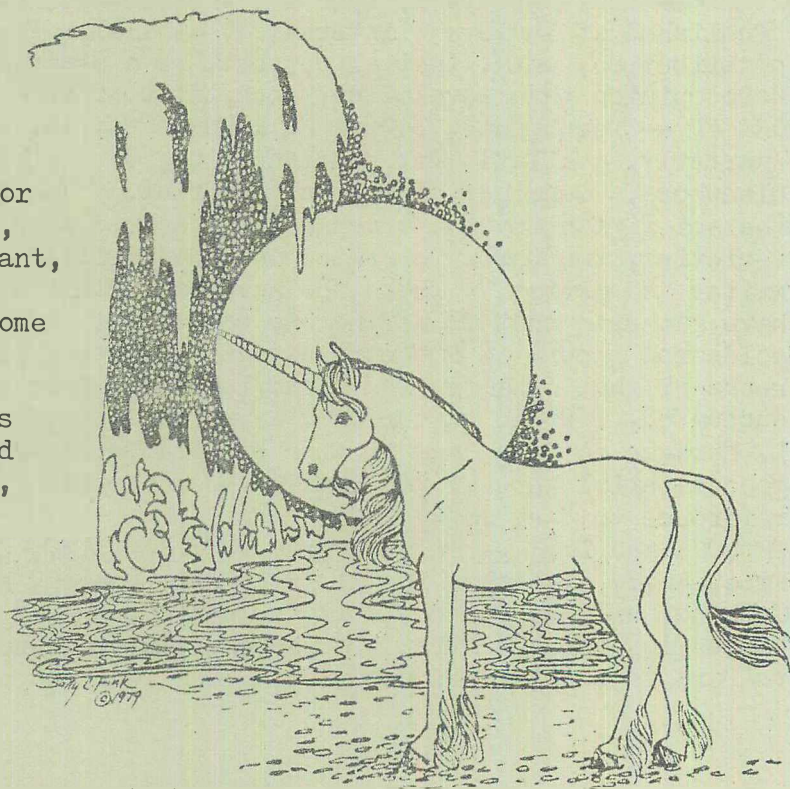
Not recommended unless you love the art.

-Reviewed by Stephen Glennon-

THE ILLEARTH WAR by Stephen R. Donaldson. Ballantine, 1978. \$2.50, 527pp.

THE ILLEARTH WAR is both a better and a worse book than LORD FOUL'S BANE, its predecessor in the mighty three-volume saga, "The Chronicles of Thomas Covenant, the Unbeliever".

THE ILLEARTH WAR begins some forty years after the events of LFB; Foul, the Sauron of the story, is about to make good his threat to take over the Land and destroy the good guys. That is, it's forty years later in the Land's time; to Thomas Covenant, the misanthropic "Unbeliever" who is the central figure in the trilogy, it is only a few



days later when he is called back to the Land from his own world. This is an interesting point which the author could have done much with, but chose not to. Much of the story concerns the army which the Lords of the Land have raised, and its march to meet the advancing threat of Foul's forces.

The commander of this army is a man named Hile Troy. Like Covenant, he is originally from our world. Unlike Covenant, he is a sympathetic character. Hile Troy is the central character of THE ILLEARTH WAR, and nearly the entire story is told from his point of view. For most of the book Covenant is offstage, and even when he is present we see most of the action through Troy's eyes.

After having struggled through LORD FOUL'S BANE, it is an immense relief to live with a character who cares about the Land and its people, who has an imagination and a presence, and who does something more than walk around all day muttering "Hellfire". Troy's good judgement is shown by the fact that he dislikes Covenant almost as much as I do.

A large portion of the book is taken up by the army's forced march, but unlike the journeys in the first book this is tense and exciting. The battle scenes are never gruesome or overbearing. Even the several chapters in which Covenant is a major character are filled with an imagination and inventiveness equalling anything that Donaldson shows elsewhere.

In short, this is one of the best fantasy novels of the past couple years. It captured my interest like nothing else that I have read in far too long a time, and I would unhesitatingly recommend that you skip the dreariness of LORD FOUL'S BANE and go straight on to this -- except for one thing.

"The Chronicles of Thomas Covenant the Unbeliever" is not really a trilogy. Like THE LORD OF THE RINGS, it is really a three-volume novel. The three books stand apart better than Tolkien's do, but not quite well enough. In order to appreciate the tension which makes THE ILLEARTH WAR such an exciting story, you really have to have read the previous book.

Consider the whole trilogy. This is Thomas Covenant's story. The three books are concerned with his three journeys to the Land. This being so, why has this interloper, Hile Troy, come in and stolen away the post of protagonist? Troy may be a relief from Covenant, but this is bad planning on Donaldson's part and it destroys the unity of the trilogy.

THE ILLEARTH WAR, then, is a better novel than LORD FOUL'S BANE, but as the middle book of a trilogy it is weak.

-Reviewed by David Bratman-



DIRTY TRICKS by George Alec Effinger. Doubleday, 1978. \$7.95; 179 pp.

Contents: "New New York New Orleans", "...and Not Having to Get Up Early Any More", "Strange Ragged Saintliness", "The Awesome Menace of the Polarizer", "Heartstop", "Timmy Was Eight", "Live, from Berchtesgaden", "The Mothers' March on Ecstasy", "B.K.A. The Master", "Sand and Stones", "Chase Our Blues Away".

All these stories were first published elsewhere, except for "Strange Ragged Saintliness". Copyright dates range from 1971 to 1978.

Effinger has fascinating ideas. He's a skillful storyteller, and he has an excellent command of language. His stories show a variety of styles, settings, and tones.

But for me, there's still something missing in his writing. He wanders along

the border between a physical world of "reality" and a mental world of "fantasy". He crosses back and forth with a weaving trail so that one is never sure at what point the worlds join. Each is as carefully constructed, as thoroughly detailed as the other.

What's left out completely is soul. Effinger's stories, his worlds, his characters, are passionless. Even a horror story, "Timmy Was Eight", is told partially from the point of view of an alien which "had no emotions, no fear or curiosity".

And those passionless characters inspire no emotion in the reader. At the end of "Strange Ragged Saintliness", the narrator asks, "...who misses Robert W. Hanson?" and answers, "I do."

I don't.

-Reviewed by Carol Kennedy-

THE GREAT FETISH by L. Sprague de Camp. Doubleday, 1979. \$7.95, 177pp.

Have you ever been grabbed by a book and held in thrall until you finished it? Of course you have. And how many times has the same author accomplished this feat? If you are like me, this is the usual case. So perhaps you can understand my dismay at L. Sprague de Camp's latest effort.

THE GREAT FETISH comes across as nothing more than a Lin Carter pastiche of de Camp. The author who turned out novels to hold the attention like LEST DARKNESS FALL and THE GLORY THAT WAS has now seemingly sunk into self-parody. Where his biting satirical humor once was on the mark and entertaining, now he consistently falls flat with his too-familiar (even, I suspect, to him) approach to commenting on today's mores.

THE GREAT FETISH is a superficial book. Its characters, societies, and plot are all drawn broadly and without depth, and thus hold little interest for the reader. I suggest that only de Camp completists buy this book.

The quality of recent review copies sent to us by Doubleday has been erratic, to say the least. Each book provides a certain amount of adventure, but one could wish for a more consistently high quality of writing.

-Reviewed by Lee Pelton-



THE DELIKON by H.M. Hoover. Avon, 1978. \$1.50

THE RAINS OF ERIDAN by H.M. Hoover. Avon, 1979. \$1.50

H.M. Hoover is a writer previously unknown to me but one that I will look for in the future. She has an excellent style, full of good descriptions that flow along with the narration. Hoover also has the ability to take old ideas and use them well.

In THE DELIKON there is the familiar problem of Earth versus her alien conquerors. Hoover adds a twist by showing

that neither side is completely right or wrong. There is misunderstanding on both sides due to the inability of each to understand the differing qualities of the other. This is brought out in the attempt of a party of fugitives from the fighting (including one alien) to reach a safe refuge.

The story is told from the standpoint of Varina, the Delikon. It involves not only her physical adventures but her own growing appreciation of the alienness of her human pupils and herself. The book is full of other interesting characters, especially the chief of the Delikon and Varina's former pupil who leads the revolution.

THE RAINS OF ERIDAN is the stronger of the two books. It involves a human scientific colony that has been attacked by a strange unreasoning fear and by strange monsters on a planet that supposedly has no major predators. These mysteries are unravelled in a fascinating scientific detective story, one of the best I have read in years.

Underlying the broad framework of the story is the growing relationship between Theo Leslie and the orphaned girl she befriends, Karen Orlov. The development from mistrust, to shared interests, to love, of the two is very well done. The rest of the characters seem a bit pallid in comparison although there are some good thumbnail sketches.

-Reviewed by Richard Llewellyn-

CAVEAT EMPTOR AND HIS ASTONISHING NINE-CHAIRS NO-WAITING SHORT-SHORT REVIEWS!!

DYING OF THE LIGHT by George R.R. Martin. Pocket Books, 1978. \$1.95, 365pp.

It's a shame that one of the best novels of the last couple of years has to use a blurb such as this (from the L.A. TIMES): "It's the Wild West in outer space..." Read the book but drop your sub to the TIMES.

CAPITOL by Orson Scott Card. Ace, 1979. \$1.95, 278pp.

Eleven ANALOG-type short stories set sequentially in a future history; individually well-done but the total series seems to lack a bit of life.

THE OUTCASTS OF HEAVEN BELT by Joan D. Vinge. Signet, 1978. \$1.75, 198pp.

For a somewhat moralistic pot-boiler, this manages to capture the attention very well. Somehow it comes out as a better read than you'd believe from a summary which told you that it's about refugees from decaying cultures learning to cooperate and trust each other.

HAMMER'S SLAMMERS by David Drake. Ace, 1979. \$1.95, 274pp.

Another sequence of short stories revolving around a mercenary regiment, but this time interspersed with fictional essays on history. Realistic and grabbing, though brutal.

ANOTHER FINE MYTH by Robert Asprin. Starblaze Books, 1978. \$4.95, 159pp.

A lightweight story of calling up of demons and interdimensional skirmishing, this one is delightfully like the de Camp view of fantasy -- except that Asprin loves the in-joke, a motif also executed in Kelly Freas' excellent cover.

COWBOY HEAVEN by Ron Goulart. Doubleday, 1979. \$7.95, 185pp.

The same melange of eccentrics that have populated most of Goulart's recent work are back, though with different names. It is starting to be work to read this stuff, and making the hero a Hollywood P.R. man whose job depends on successfully handling the malfunctioning android double of a wacky, aging cowboy star -- no, there is simply no redeeming social value in this one.

QJZBL



Gary Deindorfer
447 Bellevue Ave. #9-B
Trenton, NJ 08618

...Last letter I said I actually understood that episode of "Alien and Sedition". Let's amend that, ladies and gentlemen: let us say, rather, that as far as I was concerned I understood the point of that episode, about

the vegetables and "orange" and all that sort of wild and crazy stuff. It is possible that what I understood to be the point was at variance with the point as conceived in the devious minds of Mssrs. Fletcher and Young. It is also possible that they were working with Mystical Concepts not consciously understood even by themselves, that they were humble Instruments through whom the Cosmic Godhood was channeling energy and thoughtforms in the service of the Divine Plan. Something unpretentious like that.

Well, gang, this time I am stumped. This time I don't get the point of the "Alien and Sedition" episode. I only get vague peripheral emanations from the core of life in the beinghood of the world...Or perhaps this possibility: I think I don't understand it and do...I think "Alien and Sedition" is one of the most adventurous creations in the pages of fanzines that can be found today, yesterday or tomorrow. Talk about inscrutable Orientals -- their minds are open books compared with the unfathomable consciousness of those two inscrutable Occidentals, Fletcher and Young.

...Denny Lien's puns are not only clever, they fit seamlessly into the continuity of his articles, and they are of an awesomely high density. That is, for a given paragraph of article there are scads of puns, often remarkable for their convoluted originality. I wish I was a punsman; unfortunately my humor seems to run toward more obvious gambits ("Big fat guy fall down, go BOOM!" "I throw pie in your face, it go SPLASH!" Real subtle stuff, you see.)

...The concept of entropy applied to sociology. Hmmm, I never thought about it in that specific framework. As usual, Dave Wixon has given me something to ponder...His review of the Vance book is reviewing at its best. He not only comments on the book, but comments on the ideas and idea implications in the book.

...Some other real goodies, in my quaint opinion: Todd Bake's page 4 toon; Jeanne Gomoll's heading for "Fanfaronade" (and if I could feel like that guy's facial expression indicates he feels I'd be stoned outta my fuckin miiliind!); Ken Fletcher's "Arrgh and Waarg Movers"; Ray Allard's spaceship on p. 25, a wild and crazy machine; Kara Daikey's "Eat photons, Terran scum!" which is a punchline that hits as a funny as hell kinda thing; and M.K. Digre's guy on the left looks like a slimmed down Oliver Hardy though the other guy doesn't look like Stan Laurel unless he is wearing body padding -- well, you've been getting some nice artwork, especially in the humorous cartoon category...

That gagline in Kara's cartoon should have been credited to John Bartelt. He said it, totally out of context, in the midst of a Minn-STF meeting. Lee said it would be a great cartoon, and a few minutes later Kara produced it.

Alan L. Bostick
2 Hernandez
San Francisco, CA 94127

...Carol, your statement of editorial policy outlines very nicely the failings of RUNE. A fanzine is not a democracy...as editors, you have the job of editing, and ultimately that boils down to questions of taste.

If you let your taste be overridden by a desire for "balance" and "harmony" you wind up with rather wishy-washy undifferentiated aesthetic continuum -- in effect, what RUNE is now.

...The most distressing thing about this issue 54 of RUNE is the letter-column. It seems on first glance to be decent enough: well edited, with a wide range of viewpoints, and plenty of egoboo for contributors. But when one looks at it carefully, one notices a fact that stands out like a sore thumb: nobody says anything that might be construed as criticism; the only person who comes even close is Harry Warner, with his remarks on the transcription of speeches.

In my day (said the old and tired fan fully one fifth of a century old) this wasn't the case. The best fanzines, even such shining lights as OUTWORLDS and, er, RUNE had dissent show up in their letter columns. There was nothing the editors or writers and artists could do that wasn't condemned by somebody. Very often, the criticisms made were quite valid.

I can only assume, given your remarks about editing the letter column earlier in the zine, that nobody is saying much of anything along the lines of disagreement.

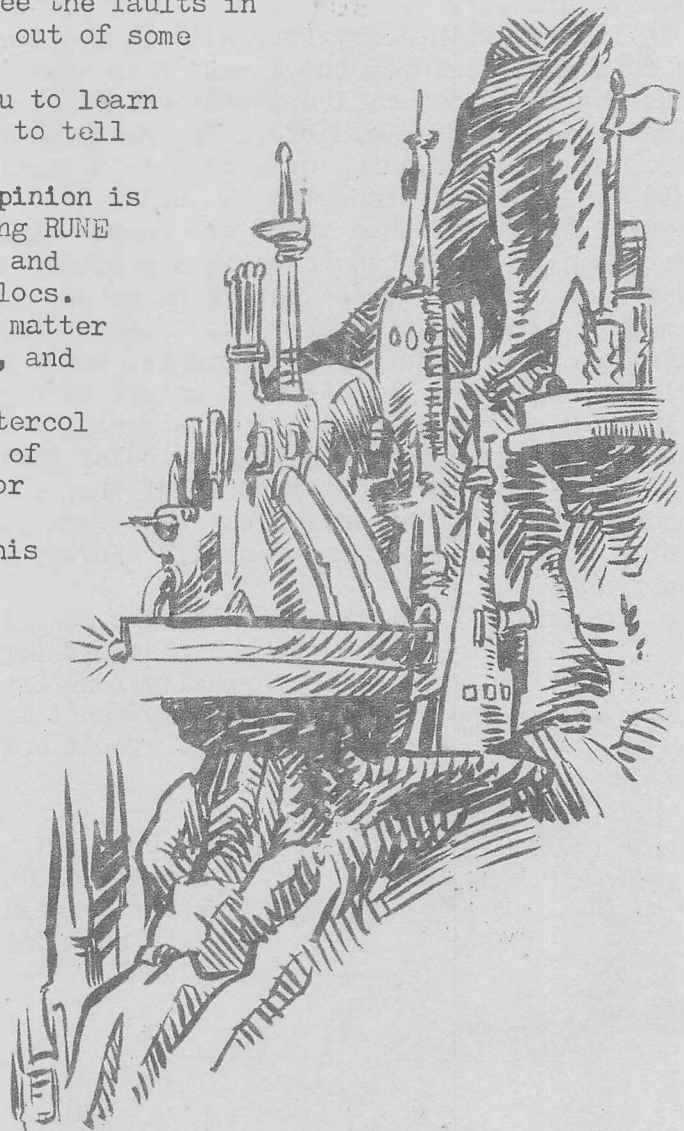
I don't know which is the worse possibility: that your readers actually do think that RUNE is a nifty-keen fanzine that deserves nothing but praise, or that people do see the faults in RUNE, but are unwilling to mention them out of some misbegotten desire to be polite.

How the hell can people expect you to learn from your mistakes if they don't bother to tell you what the mistakes are?

As I understand it, your opinion is that our "mistake" is in not filling RUNE with as much dissent, controversy, and criticism as we can cull from the locs. But you also say that editing is a matter of taste; and dissent, controversy, and criticism are not our idea of fun. Our taste dictates that RUNE's lettercol be "well edited, with a wide range of viewpoints, and plenty of egoboo for contributors". By your own description, we have succeeded. This is a mistake?

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

Carol's editorial in RUNE 55 (is Minnesota one of the states trying to raise the fanzine limit from 55 back to 70 once again, thereby making your next issue RUNE 71? It certainly would baffle future fan historians) was delightful. I feel



proud to have been selected in three of the six sets of contradictory impressions offered because that means I wasn't being argumentative on half the issues. That's a big improvement for me; I used to disagree with everyone! (Of course, that was before Antifan invented Bill Bridget to plague us all and for the first time in fannish history every fan agreed on something. After that it got progressively easier to do and nowadays I find myself occasionally sharing a sentiment with Buck Coulson. It certainly is a wonderful thing...)

...It'd be hard to argue with Carol's ideas of what makes a good fanzine, especially since I had already formulated the same definition in response to the opening question. In fact, that's been my own definition of a good fanzine ever since I started reviewing the things a decade ago and it allows one to call SIMULACRUM good and MOTA good and HOLIER THAN THOU good...

Denny's article is a joy to read (might be pretty boring to sit through the operetta, though) and the puns he contrives to stumble across are among the worst I've ever read in a fanzine. At least in a fanzine I hadn't written myself. I definitely hope that Denny's proposal for eventually running the Minneapolis worldcon -- albeit backwards, making it actually 37 ni silopacenniM -- happens, since that would seem to me to give me back all the time and trouble that went into and came out of running Torcon. And with proper time travel devices surely we'd all be able to arrance to get there just as we turned 19 thereby permitting an entire year of riotous celebration? In our prime, too. Typical of Minn-STF to develop such an idea as backward-running conventions enjoyed by unravelling the seams of the temporal continuum but you know what they say: "Seams are not as they think."

I agree with Jerry Pournelle that just being a well-meaning guy is no basis for running a worldcon but I wasn't in agreement with his proposal a couple of years back and I'm still not convinced that setting up such a governing body is either feasible or desirable. The sheer problems of logistics involved in trying to do the actual running of a con via a committee scattered all across the country would be almost insurmountable. Hell, look at the problems any worldcon committee has with its hotel when there are people right on the spot to sort things out. A worldcon chairman has to be in a position to make important decisions concerning the con at a moment's notice; if he or she has to report back to a supervising committee it'll just never work. Some of Jerry's ideas are needed: standardizing registration procedures, for example, would be a fantastic benefit to every future worldcon committee; but if the concept of a governing directorship for the worldcon was brought up again this year I think you'd still find that fans in general and con committees in particular would argue vehemently against it.

Your reply to Lee Carson about the old hands of Minn-STF amusing themselves sounds definitely obscene. Just what were you intimating about such upstanding fans as Young, Emerson and Haskell? Surely they aren't coming unscrewed at their tender ages?

Sometimes I get the idea the the RUNE lettercolumn has somehow metamorphosed into an old copy of TITLE and that "Lee Carson" is really Donn Brazier doing fanac on the sly so his family won't find out about it. Then again, maybe not. Don't ask me, I only lurk here.



John Owen
4 Highfield Close
Newport Pagnell
Bucks. MK16 9AZ
England

...I agree entirely with Carol's editorial; it really is impossible to please everyone with everything in a zine, and you always have to settle for what you, as the editor, judge to be worth

publishing and hang the adverse comments. Of course if you only get adverse comments, rude remarks and abuse, then clearly you're doing something wrong. But a mixture of opposing opinions (such as you used) is pretty normal and you can follow your own nose as to who you listen to and who you ignore -- all a matter of taste, really, and everyone knows how fickle that is. Mind you, when you see so many of the adverse comments followed by the name "Mike Glicksohn" you may begin to wonder if there isn't a professional grouch amongst your readers!...

The Bozo Bus Building saga sounds like a good basis for a new book by a crazy like Tom Robbins. I mean, all them fans in one building and wet tiger cubs too! Too much for an introverted fan like me I'm afraid!

At last, and about time too, a muddier exposition of what the "Minneapolis in '73" bid is all about. I can proudly say that I emerged none the wiser after reading this beautifully convoluted Denny Lien Piece -- the man should be a politician, so smooth is his argument, while so devious is his addition of certain mind-clouding substances to the mixture. The only thing that strikes me is, what if you wake up one morning remembering that there had been a Minneapolis in '73 worldcon -- that somebody in the future had invented the time machine and had nipped back with all his future buddies and held one -- would this ruin your campaign?

Roy Tackett
915 Green Valley Road NW
Albuquerque, NM 87107

I have on hand RUNE #55 and admire your photo cover. I do believe that I saw all of those people at the last worldcon except the duck on the left (it is a duck?) (why a duck?) who must be from Minneapolis. May I say that the, ah, person on page 1 obviously dressed hastily -- the boots do not match. Neither does the sword fit the scabbard. Probably because the yang-yin symbol is flawed.

Carol it is good to have the very brief rundown on Lee and you in your editorial. He likes action/adventure, you say, while you prefer psychological studies. I see. How long have you been attracted to lunatics? What is it you



find fascinating about them? Do you find yourself identifying with these nuts? Is there something in your childhood that would account for this? You say you write poetry. Do you really write poetry or do you

Simply

Write sentences of various lengths which are arranged like this?

Anyone who considers that sort of thing to be poetry probably is fascinated by psychological studies and is, of course, suspect.

I've been attracted to lunatics ever since I was a child. What I find fascinating about them is that they write strange and wonderful letters. - Carol.

...We shall pass briefly over the adventures of Lee Pelton, boy receptionist, except to note that it is about time he became gainfully employed.

Fanfaronade and we're back to Carol. I wonder if she looks for psychological studies in fanzines? What is a good fanzine, she asks, rhetorically perhaps. Well now I have been getting fanzines for nigh onto 40 years (which is pretty psychological when you think about it -- sickening, too) and it is my opinion that what makes a good fanzine is strictly its written contents. I have seen the cruddiest of zines contain articles that reach out and grab the reader at the first sentence. In recent years I have seen a lot of fancy mimeo or offset zines the contents of which are so boring that I am saddened by the thought of the money wasted in producing them...



Paul Stevens
305-307 Swanston St.
Melbourne, 3000
Victoria, Australia

...The tale by Charles L. Grant about the birth of Spayed Gerbils was very, very

funny, if only I knew what a gerbil was.....???? We don't have them in Australia. Are they little animals of some sort? Or is it a new breakfast food?

...Fuzzy animal liberation? You ARE crazy. I was at a convention in Adelaide back in 1977 and someone discovered stuffed (cloth) frogs were sold in this gift shop nearby. Within minutes there were scores of fans

wandering around with these stuffed frogs on their shoulders or shoved down their cleavage and all you could hear the entire convention was the plaintive sound of fannish frogs going, Rivet! Rivet! Rivet! Now that was crazy but it did have a certain logic. Now why would your fuzzy animals want liberation? Why give up comfortable homes to go on Welfare? Unless of course they are forced to perform bizarre sexual rituals whilst you stand by armed with whips, watermelon, honey and ostrich feathers. I wonder.

Jessica Amanda Salmonson
Box 5688, University Station
Seattle, WA 98105

...I've no idea why i love RUNE. Something to do with bad taste.

Teddy Harvia
P.O. Box 5402
Fort Worth, TX 76108

Ken Fletcher's "Fred Haskell for TAFF" cartoon was a scream! Next to Albrecht Durer, Ken is my favorite cartoonist of all time. His characters and captions have a spontaneous charm that is hard to resist chuckling over, and over again.

The starships drawn by Ray Allard are fantastic. They are far superior to many of the cover drawings I've seen on the shelves of the local bookstore lately. With talent like that, can we hope to see him on the cover of RUNE soon?

The controversy over the issue of bare breasts (#50 and #54 are the culpable issues) seems nothing more to me than a Mipple-Stipple Nipple Ripple...

James Dean Schofield
2501 Nettie St.
Butte, MT 59701

...Goldberg's response to being an only fan was just the opposite of my own. He went out and created an organization that would attract potential fans. I instead set about converting my close friends into fans. They all responded the same to my coercion: they moved out of state.

Karen Trego
1338 Birchwood
Chicago, IL 60626

...I must, if not disagree, at least promulgate an alternate opinion on "The Spirit of '73".

Minneapolis has had a stranglehold on the '73 bid for too long. Fans must be allowed a choice: bid implies competition. Fandom is not a dictatorship: it's an anarchy! And the Chicago in '73 bid is even more anarchic than the Mpls. bid; we don't even have a club, let alone a committee, and we hold closed bidding parties. We have already won support from a number of Mpls. fans, whose names shall be nameless (but ask Louie Spooner). And for those of you who say, "But I've supported Mpls. for so many years, how can I switch now?" let me remind you that a final decision will not actually have to be made until you vote.

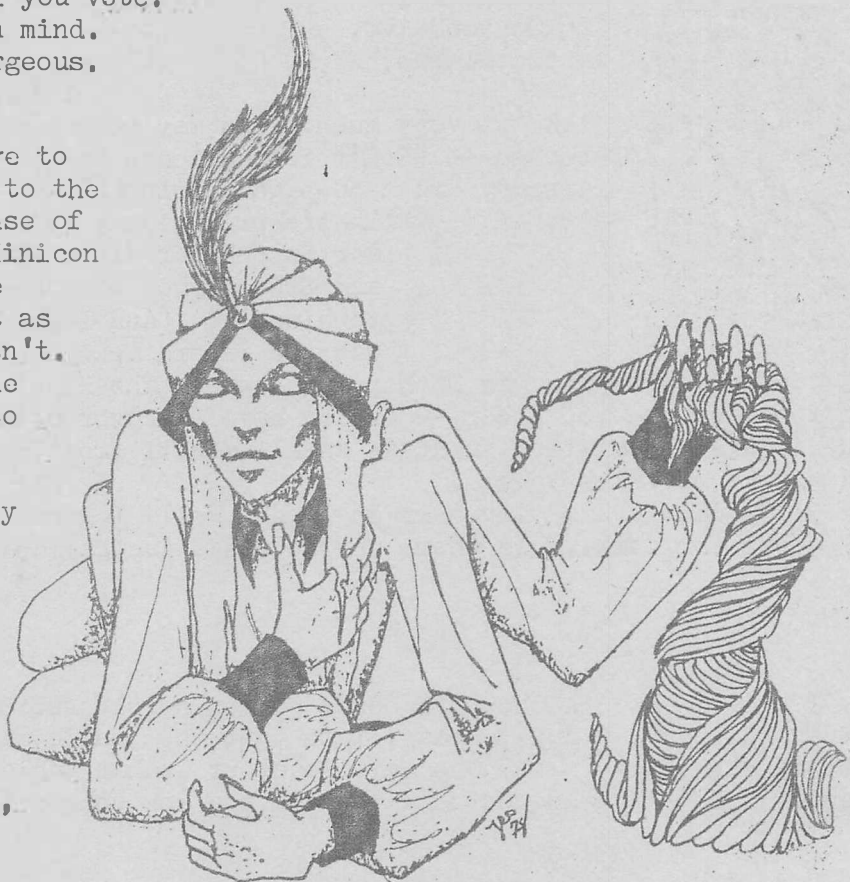
I only ask you to keep an open mind.

The Dalkey cover was gorgeous.

Jerry Kaufman
303 16th Ave. E. #102
Seattle, WA 98112

...I have to
come to the
defense of
the Minicon

panel (of which several people complain). It certainly isn't as nice as being there, but I wasn't. Instead, it captures for me the flavor on a panel that seems to have been cooking. It also captures that aura of "myth-making" that comes so naturally to Minneapolis fandom, an aura that less-imaginative fans have to duplicate with names of funny-tasting beverages, or direct steals from Minneapolis ideas. "Minneapolis in '73" seems like such a natural idea, as natural somehow as ghoddminton,



and Denny Lien expands on it with a horrible brilliance (though at times the horror gets the upper hand). All good ideas should be useful in many situations, as is the Minneapolis way of thinking. (Every convention can be helped by it.) At the conclusion of this paragraph, I find myself not having defended just a panel, but a weigh of life, and Minneapolis outweighs gerbils by a considerable amount. Come to think of it, so does Denny...

Ed Zdrojewski ...The Minn-STF panel transcription is the first I'd heard
1891 Union St. #10 of the naming of the Bozo Bus, a curiously sad tale.
Benton Harbor, MI 49022 And the building's interior does have an atmosphere
 of otherworldly unreality that completely separates it
from the surrounding city.

Why is it that fans gravitate toward places with climates unfit for human habitation like Minneapolis and Phoenix instead of nice places like Honolulu or Rio?

...Kara Dalkey's "Invasion of the Qat Snatchers" is an exceedingly funny cartoon and should garner the Best of Issue prize.

David Govaker I had the chance to see the original of the Odbert
2424 W. 40th #19 cover I raved about on #54. Your reproduction was
Kansas City, KS 66103 impeccable!

The outstanding feature of your zine is still the art. You have the best art of any regularly appearing fanzine that I know of. There may have been one or two uneffective pieces in #55, but practically every piece achieved its aim, whether to amuse or decorate or visually please...



Adrienne Fein ...Very nice cover...Nice back cover
26 Oakwood Ave. too -- very reminiscent of Gahan
White Plains, NY 10605 Wilson. And an amazing title page...

I like the p.9210 cartoon. I like it very much. You may hear howls of agony in the background, though -- "Don't let Adrienne see that or she'll do one! She already did a 50-page apazine!!"

***That's prodigious, all right, but not a record. Martin Schafer did a 73-page zine for Minneapa, and Steve Tymon once had a LASFAPA section all to himself. (And I don't think that even that was the record apazine!)*

...George Perkins has either found where the Hotel Leamington keeps its waterpipes, on the 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ floor -- or you have discovered the Minneapolis meeting place of the Erisian Liberation Front -- an Illuminati front, obviously -- and for this knowledge he may have to die.

...Graham England lives in England? Well, I guess that sounds logical -- too logical for Terra. Is there anyone named Australia living in Australia?...

Terry Jeeves
230 Bannerdale Rd.
Sheffield S11 9FE
England

Although I don't go for heroic swordsmen/women (swordspersons??) and fantasy, I thought the inside front cover excellent...

One quibble about Graham England's piece. I fear his suggested rates are too low unless fans hunt out back-street

cross-houses and have only one (small) meal a day. \$20 just might cover a cheap hotel -- but \$4 would not feed you, even in a Wimpy -- unless you limited yourself to two hot dogs and two cups of tea a day.

Hotels -- most average hotels will charge around the £10 (or \$20) mark bed and breakfast only. Most cafe meals will run to at least £1.50 or \$3.00 a time. Full hotel meals can cost \$8.00 at even average hotels.

I'd suggest a minimum of £15 to £20 a day (\$30 to \$40) for hotel living and at least \$12 a day just having three meals, drinks, etc.

After all, it's better to overbudget, even by a small amount, and have cash left, than to run out half way.

Remember, our last two con hotels wanted £17 just for bed and minimal breakfast...

Bjo Trimble
696 S. Bronson Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90005

...If I'd known you were offering fans a chance to NOT eat at the banquet, I'd have joined the Mpls. in '73 bidders a long time ago! You have missed a chance to gain thousands -- nay, millions, not to say even hundreds -- of votes for Minneapolis! I herewith enclose my post-membership, carefully taped, as I recall the tradition of such things, to a 3x5 card. Sticky pennies?

No, no, no! We send you a 1973 penny for your post-supporting membership fee! Now we owe you our 2¢ worth.

Tell Joan Verba that her calligraphy is very nice. (I took 2 courses under Donald Jackson, calligrapher to Queen Elizabeth II and the House of Lords, so this is not empty praise.)...

Dennis Jarog
P.O. Box 48461
Nile, IL 60648

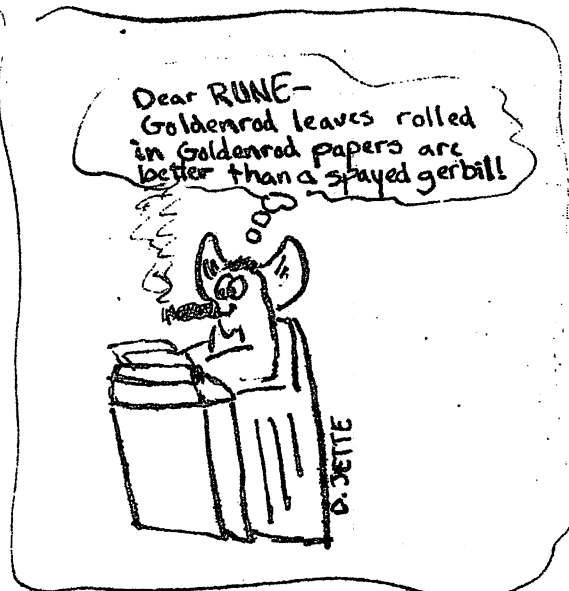
...Address this to that poor maligned spayed gerbil: one who has escaped the past and knows no future but a swizzle stick and who might be persuaded to don an orchid robe (I detest saffron) and seek out the meaning of the cosmic all beneath the frost of a cold glass and then seek the inner meaning of the outer encombrance whilst considering the sum of all the parts but all the while avoiding the absurdist potentialities of gestalt; putting all of this in relation to those who by the merest tumble of the genetic dice have deigned to place this onus upon us all -- there is but one answer and now you have it...

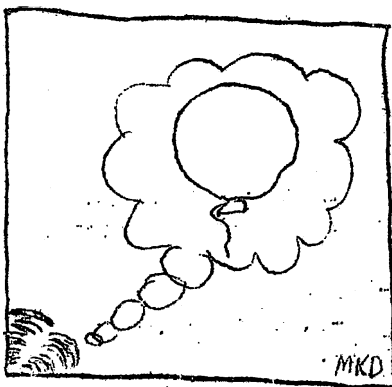
Now that we have the answer, can someone explain the question?

Burt Libe
P.O. Box 1196
Los Altos, CA 94022

...Lee Pelton -- you
and I are height-
for-weight equivalent.
How could you ever

stand to be a receptionist, being imprisoned in one spot for hours on end?... Look, if you want to crash the femme barrier, how about the more interesting occupations such as airline stewardess, fashion model for Christian Dior, or women's phys-ed teacher? Or, you could revolutionize the world of ballet with the startling appearance of "Gorilla" Pelton, the Mod Ballerina!...





Dave Minch
3146 Smokecreek Ct.
Atlanta, GA 30345

...to comment on Dan Goodman's letter re: my previous comments on the unlikelihood of intelligent aliens circling an F5 star. He's

right about Dole's citation and also about the mass of F5 stars. I took my figures and estimate from Dole's table on pages 84-5 and a Hertzsprung-Russell diagram. If I had checked Dole, I would have found the information Goodman mentions. On the possibility of life evolving in the vicinity of an F5 star, however, I would call Dole's speculation that anything less massive than F2 will work overly optimistic. An F2 is on the main sequence only 2.7 billion years, less time than it would

take planets to cool and stabilize tectonically. An F5, at five billion years residence might develop life, but not intelligence, I'd wager.

Luckily, I see that we are on the same side of that argument. Goodman's speculation on intelligence developing among creatures transported to a planet of an F-type star is something I had not considered. It's an interesting idea but I don't think it would do much to promote the loss of vision in those intelligences. The creatures left on the world would have developed to their prior status on a world where vision was a survival characteristic. The probable similarity of senses among intelligent creatures argues that they would have eyes. If they had eyes when they got there, it is much more likely that their visual apparatus would adapt to the conditions, rather than disappear or give rise to another sense as a replacement. There was an interesting article in ANALOG recently, to which I cannot give a proper citation, describing some of the odder senses of terrestrial animals. The argument of evolution on Earth is that sight and smell will predominate for reasons of efficiency. They use media which are absolutely necessary to a habitable world -- light and atmosphere. They allow good remote sensing of the environment with great detail. Such things promote them as senses for living creatures and therefore as equipment we'll find in alien intelligences. Perhaps the magnetic sense of a shark is workable, even valuable to the shark. However, the shark has been an evolutionary dead end for as long as the cockroach.

I'm glad that Goodman mentioned the similarities in terrestrial mammals and marsupials. I've read that among the extinct marsupials of the Tasman region were marsupial tigers and wolves, showing the similarity of predators. I don't think that the kangaroo is a counter argument, though. They've always seemed to me to be big marsupial jack-rabbits, a supposition supported by the success of the rabbit in moving into that niche in Australia. In human times, but not since Europeans went to the continent, marsupial dogs were replaced by mammalian dogs in a similar manner.

In any case, the summary of this is that I appreciate Goodman's comments, particularly the marvelous idea of armed cows and wolves. I wouldn't care for deer hunting there either, but I'd like to see farmers taking a tank out to milk the herd. Even so, I don't think that C.J. Cherryh's arguments about the necessity of vision, or its uselessness under a bright star are valid. I still say the "people" we meet will look like us.

Samuel Edward Konkin III
New Libertarian Enterprises
Box 1748
Long Beach, CA 90801

...On the whole I enjoyed Dave Wixon's review of WYST: ALASTOR 1716 by Jack Vance. Vance does indicate a slight libertarian bent...However, in a previous book in the "Alastor" series, he displayed a conservative tendency defending some Afrikaner-type settlers from native revolutionaries. In fact, all his writing that I have seen has political parables, which makes me wonder what triggered Wixon to suddenly notice it this time.

I might go so far as to agree that Vance has exhibited only a given facet of his philosophy in any story.

But several implications in Wixon's review I find disturbing. Why does he think an anti-collectivist portrayal to be automatically anti-Left (it may be in this case)? Left does not equal either socialist or egalitarian; many socialists would attack communism. H.G. Wells was a Fabian socialist who was no friend of egalitarianism; perhaps he ought to re-read THE TIME MACHINE for what Wells thought of the proles.

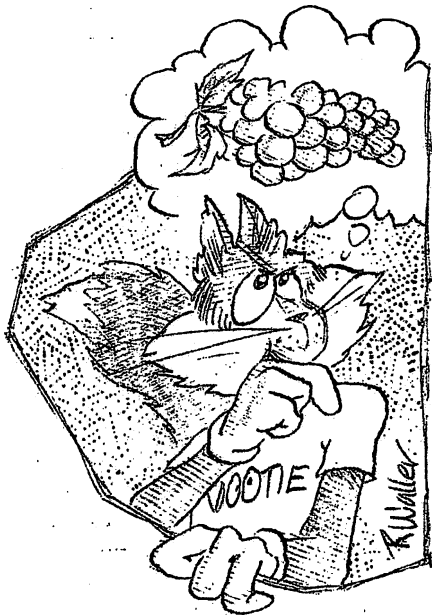
What really got me going and motivated to point out Wixon's over-simplistic left-rightism was his comment that the "Red Chinese 'swarm'...once disturbed the sleep of Dulles and Hoover." First of all, I doubt that the Red Chinese ideology and practice disturbed either John Foster (or Allen, for that matter) Dulles, nor... J. Edgar (or Herbert) Hoover, at least not from the point of view as someone turning the American minds into swarms. The Dulleses and Hoovers were all Centrist politically, concerned most with the preservation of the American State, government and establishment thereof. None were particularly philosophical; to compare their statist rhetoric with Vance's thoughtful criticism -- intellectual criticism -- does Vance a disservice...

The last two paragraphs are particularly confusing, but I get the vague idea that Wixon is saying that the Soviet State has somehow accomplished something positive in "ruthlessly impoverishing a vast number of citizens so as to build up the capital to industrialize itself" as a "major power". Since the United States, Canada and England built up said capital in spite of the State attempting to ruthlessly impoverish its citizens with taxation and regulation, the premise of necessity is certainly not well-founded. Nor would almost anyone outside the CP area of the spectrum, Left or Right, applaud.

Finally, the American space program was based on that same principle of statist organization -- and lost support accordingly. Surely, by any form of consistency, Vance's anti-statist statement should be taken as negative in relation to this program, not an answer to the alleged "equalist" attack of it. In fact, Libertarians are in the forefront of opposing said space program -- and usually most in favor among all fans of space exploration, commercialization and colonization...

Lee Carson ...What should be made
1639 W. Touhy #1 clear to those
Chicago, IL 60626 "equalists" is that
the space program is
our best bet toward marshalling resources
beyond our locally depleting assets.
What hope we have in maintaining the
social stability, essential to any ongoing
dynamism, relies on co-operation to secure
such long-range benefits as are available
via the conquest of space -- further, an
honest recognition of the extent of our
interdependence. This may seem "degrading"
to the Rugged Individualist, but perhaps
some humility is a good thing...





Tim Kyger
2 Hernandez
San Francisco, CA 94127

...I liked Bobbi Armbruster's
review of Iggy -- I had
wondered what happened at
Iggy. May I take this

opportunity to thank a few people, slyly speaking of Iggy?...I want to thank Kathi Schaefer and Gary Farber for fielding the Ops staff that they did... Pat Mueller who was the person who ran the Headquarters operation...Sharon Alban Maples, our long suffering and still suffering Business Manager and Treasurer... our accountant, Bruce Farr...His wife, Kim Farr, is in charge of Iggy storage...Anna Vargo and Kathy Cady for their work at the convention, and Kathy for all of the free rent after the con...all members of the Columbus Motley Crew that worked on this year's model of the Permanent Floating WorldCon Committee...all members of this year's Permanent Floating WorldCon Committee...Ben Yalow for helping Kathi and Gary hold it all together...Jim Corrick and Patrick Nielsen Hayden for the wonderful job

of Programming...Ellen Franklin and the rest of the Boston Massaquerade crew... ted and Karen Pauls and Ken and Lou Moore for the Hucksters' Room and the Art Show...Teresa Nielsen Hayden for the Program Book...Ira Riddle, for your help... F.M. Busby for being our Toastmaster...our Fan Guest of Honor, Bill Bowers. At the last moment, we managed to forget Bill -- we owe Bill rich apologies for this... And I want to thank Harlan Ellison, our Professional Guest of Honor, for being the best Guest of Honor I have ever seen or heard of. Harlan worked his ass off at the convention. He could have sat back and just taken a free ride at the con, but no, the man worked for that convention.

...Jerry [Pournelle] has got his facts dead wrong, and the version of the facts that he presents in his letter seems to spread all through fandom. The committee that put on IguanaCon was the committee that won the bid... the Iggy Bidding Committee members: Tim Kyger, Bill Patterson, Carol Hoag, Jim Corrick, Curt Stubbs, and Greg Brown...Patrick Hayden, Kathi Schaefer, and various others. The Board of Directors of Arizona Convention Phandom, Inc....were: Tim Kyger, Bill Patterson, Carol Hoag, Jim Corrick, Curt Stubbs, and Greg Brown. The members of the Board of Directors as of the opening day of IguanaCon were: Tim Kyger, Bill Patterson, Carol Hoag, Jim Corrick, and Patrick Hayden. The people who bid for Iggy are the people who put Iggy on...

We also heard from: Harry Andruschak, Marty Cantor, earendil, Mike Gunderloy, Linda Ann Moss, Bernadette Bosky, Ron Salomon, Don D'Amassa, Don Franson, Margaret Henry, Fred Jakobcic, Dick Lynch, Barney Neufeld, Dave Prill, R Laurraine Tutihasi, Bill Futreal, Nan Lambert, Daniel F. Lieberman, Marty Levine, Mary Long, Richard Llewellyn, Eric Lindsay, Tony Renner, Teddi Stransky, Nigel Sellars, Daniel Say, Dave Szurek, Mike Bracken, Alan Bosco, Robert Bloch, Ann Nichols, Joseph Napolitano, Clinton R. Hyde, Irwin Hirsh, J. Owen Hanner, Lynne Holdom, Leslie David, Dan Jette, John Boston, Steve Johnson, Elyse M. Grasso, Seth Goldberg, Chester D. Guthbert, Laurie Mann, Mark R. Sharpe, David Palter, Alexander Doniphan Wallace, Roger Sween, Robert Chilson, Erica Aaronsen.



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There will be no BROOKCON '79 in
Brookings, SD in June, 1979.

SPACE CON! -- July 20-22, Holiday Inn,
Wapakoneta, OH (next door to the Neil
Armstrong Space Museum). Memberships
\$7 till July 1, \$10 thereafter. Info
and checks: Bill Bowers, P.O. Box 3157
Cincinnati, OH 45201

MARGARET MIDDLETON says that rumors as
to the Filk Foundation (P.O. Box 9911,
Little Rock, AR 72219) intending to
pass judgement on applicants' skills
in filksinging, or any such procedure,
are not true. Contact the above
address for further information.

Lost items at Minicon? Write to the
Minn-STF address above.

MEETINGS

May 19 - Fillmore Midwest (Garth Danielson
and Joe Wesson), 2640 Fillmore Ave.
NE #1, Mpls. (Minneapa collation)

June 2 - Emma Bull, 2610 Garfield Ave. S.
#111, Mpls.

June 16 - Mark "Madman" Riley, 4000-20th
Ave. S., Mpls. A Bar-B-Q dinner --
bring your own. (Minneapa collation?)

June 30 - Caryl & Dave Wixon, 3308 Stevens,
Mpls.

July 14 - Karen Johnson, 1486 Fremont Ave.,
St. Paul.

COA: Mike Wood - 3441 Emerson Ave. S. #307,
Mpls. 55408.

Ruth Odren - 230 Oak Grove #100,
Mpls. 55403.

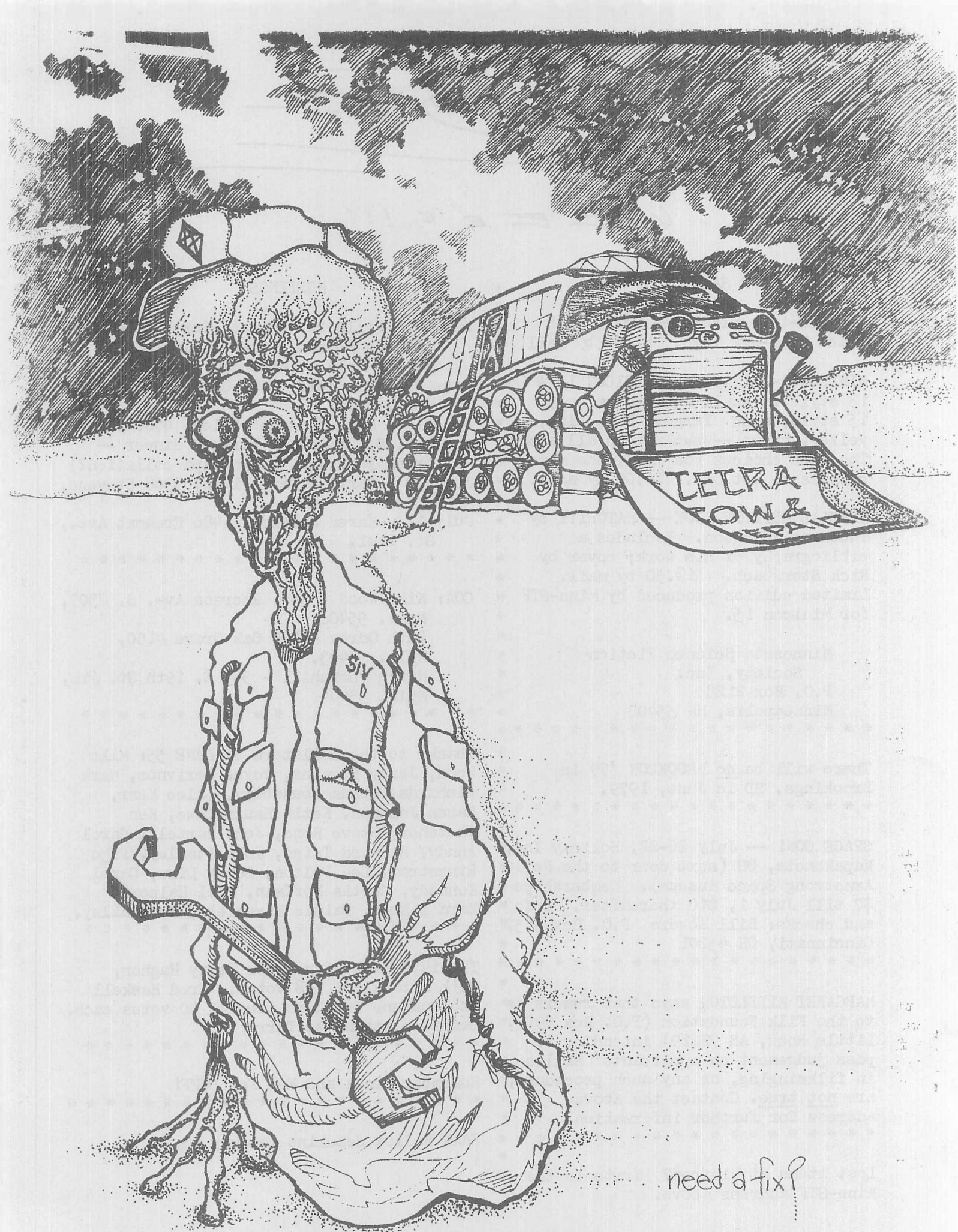
Mitch Thornhill - 343 E. 19th St. #1B,
Mpls. 55404

Thanks to the collators of RUNE 55: Mike
Wood, Jerry Stearns, Joyce Scrivner, Mark
Richards, Linda Lounsbury, Lalee Kerr,
Karen Johnson, Ketih Hauer-Lowe, Ken
Fletcher, Steve Bond, John Bartelt, Carol
Anndy, Richard Tatge, John Stanley, Page
Ringstrom, Lee Pelton, Denny Lien, Carol
Kennedy, Curtis Hoffman, Joel Halpern,
Kara Dalkey, Dainis Bisenieks, Don Bailey.

The 1979 TAFF winner was Terry Hughes,
with a total of 108 votes. Fred Haskell
and Suzanne Tompkins tied at 40 votes each.
Congratulations to Terry!

Remember Linda and Ken for DUFF!

FAAN Ballot deadline is July 13.



need a fix?