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# EDITORIAL

by LEE PELTON

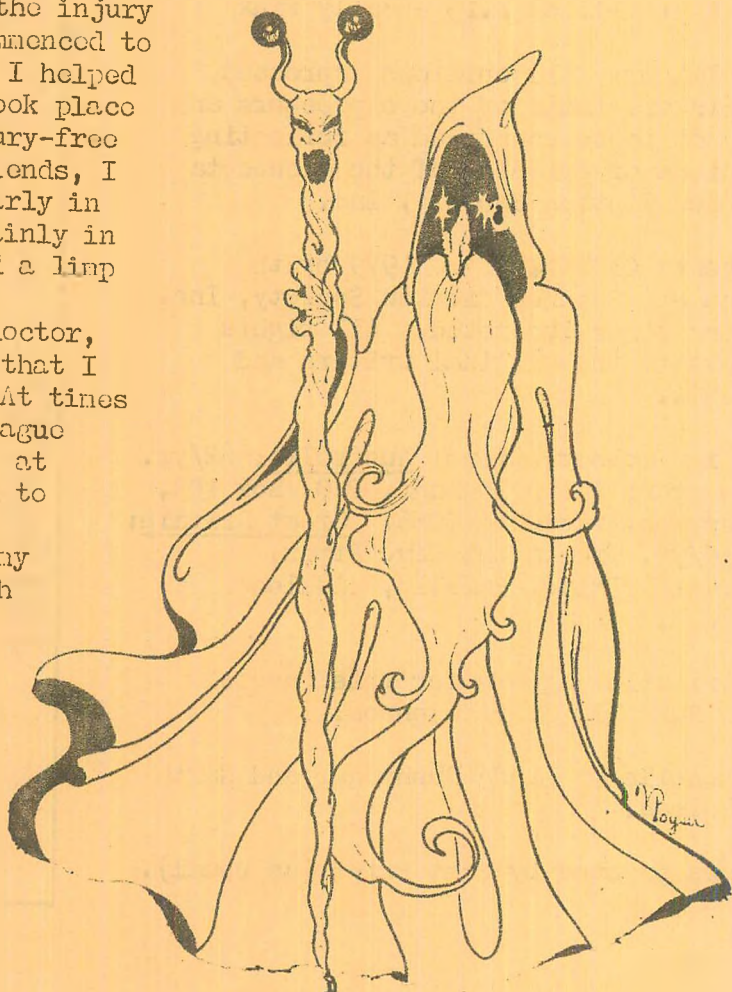
We are late. As in most cases of lateness, we have an excuse. More than one, actually. Still, we apologize for being a shade tardy and emulate William Shatner when we say we promise never to do it again (fingers firmly crossed behind our backs as we say those words).

So, let us examine the causes for this delay in getting RUNE 57 out into the eager hot little hands of its readership. First, Carol and I have moved. Our new address is 2726 Girard Avenue South #101, Minneapolis, MN 55408. Any and all correspondence, trade zines, artwork, etc. should be sent there in the future. We think most of what has been sent to our old address has been forwarded to us but if something you sent to us has been returned to you, please try again with the new address. The Post Awful should have a better chance of not making a mistake this way.

Second, I'll digress a little and tell you how the division of work is set up when we create a RUNE. Carol types the pages, does the layout, glues in the electrostencils. We both decide what art to use on each page, and edit the letter-column. I basically run the mimeo. Our print run has hovered around 1000 and that task has been enough to wear out the hardiest of mimeo operators. And on July 4, somehow I managed to rupture a disc in my lower back. Don't ask me how I did it. If I knew, I would dedicate my life to never doing it again. After a time when the injury did not curtail my activities, I commenced to act like my normal, demented self. I helped wholeheartedly in our move, which took place July 21, and basically lived an injury-free lifestyle, as is my wont. Well, friends, I was living in a fool's paradise. Early in August I began to feel more pain, mainly in my left leg. Muscles knotted up and a limp was my normal mode of travel.

I finally went to see my doctor, who informed me within five minutes that I had a ruptured disc. Joy, oh joy! At times since then, I've thought that the Plague would have been a happier diagnosis; at least I'd know there would be an end to my misery. The doctor prescribed a muscle relaxant, and I used some of my own smarts and bought a cane -- which has made me able to get around much better and has added a slightly distinguished air to my appearance. I often had mused that I would like a cane; I just hadn't included in that thinking that it would be functional!

As a result of all this, I became unable to run the mimeo. So, an unavoidable delay which has taken far too much time already.





I'd also like to say that as of this issue of RUNE, Joel Halpern has resigned as circulation manager. Joel has held that position since Carol and I took over RUNE's editorship way back at RUNE 51. He has done a fine job with accuracy and perseverance. Considering the size of the bundles of packaged RUNEs that Joel has had to handle (Joel will never be a candidate for the Vikings' defensive line), his job has been all the more remarkable. I thank Joel very much for his efforts and hope it was all worth it. This RUNE will be handled by Steve Glennon and John Purcell.

Next issue will have Dave Wixon's article on Cliff Simak, delayed from this issue due to time problems; Jeanne Gomoll's fascinating account of her foray into the wilds of Minn-STF; plus articles by John Bartelt, Carol Kennedy, and M.K. Digre, and the usual letters and book reviews.

Finally, I'd like to offer my congratulations to Linda Lounsbury and Ken Fletcher for their winning of the DUFF race. As I write this, Ken and Linda are in Australia spreading Minn-STF boziness across the ocean. The world may never be the same...

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# Editorial

by CAROL KENNEDY

My last editorial, on the subject of "Leaders, Loners, and Followers", caused a fair amount of comment in the Locs we received. That was, of course, one of the main purposes of my printing it. The idea was one which had been occupying a corner of my brain; and I thought I'd introduce it to a group of intelligent people to see whether it deserved to become a permanent tenant.

The response generally was that the classification was a reasonable, logical, and convenient one. Joe Napolitano wrote, "Leader, follower, loner. It seems like a very workable typology," but said that my ideas seemed incomplete. Of course they are -- that's why I wanted the feedback! Perhaps it's an unusual trait in fandom (or the world at large?), but I often toss out half-baked ideas to people in order to have them examined from a different angle. I don't work things out to an eternal, engraved-in-granite Belief before I mention them to others; a temporary, written-in-sand Opinion is more likely the subject of my writing. If the response washes it away, so be it; I'll form another easily enough.

Michael MacKay wrote, "...of course we're not classifying people but character traits. Leader/Follower & Loner traits are culturally conditioned. Most people are conditioned to be followers because too many leaders creates chaos. Loners are usually those who have been at one time or another ostracized from society and thus weaned away from it." That's a good point; I didn't intend to imply that the classification in this particular category defined the entire person, but only one area of dealings with others and with life. The matter of cultural conditioning is a whole new area for argument, of course; it's my opinion that almost everything a person is depends on inborn characteristics, but that one of these





is the propensity to be or not to be shaped by cultural conditioning!

I think that, of choice, I would be a loner. But those who knew me when I was very young tell me that I always seemed to know who I was and where I was going. There seem to be times and places where it is so rare for anyone to know where he/she is going, that others will follow anyone who does. So it was with me. And my own sense of responsibility forced me to make some acknowledgement of those people; once I did so, I became, de facto, A Leader.

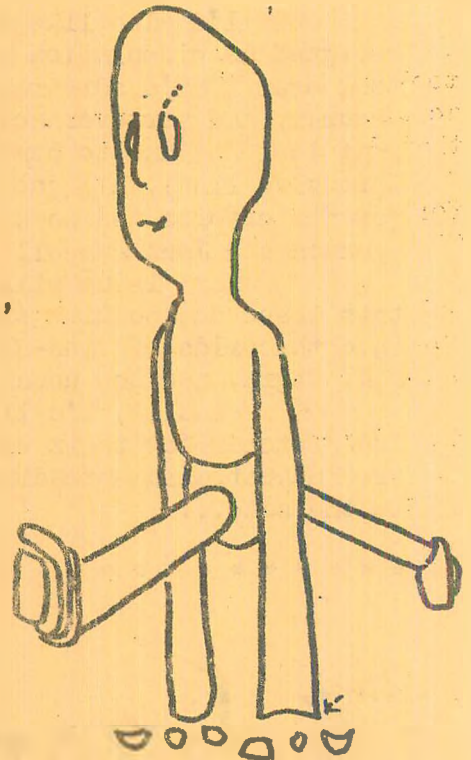
Maybe that's all that leaders are -- self-confident loners who get followed!

There was another interesting comment among the letters; this one was concerned with the style, rather than the content, of my writing. Tony Renner, wrote, "...probably because I'm used to the fannish habit of easing into articles, it seems to start too abruptly. I mean, it only takes you two sentences to actually start writing about the topic." When I have written papers for classes, I have often spent more time trying to devise an introduction than I have on any two or three pages of the paper combined. I do have a tendency to plunge right into a subject, without the socially preferred preface.

I have that trait in speech, too. If I want or need to talk to someone about something, I generally say, "I want to talk to you about the matter of X," and then do it. If a person has indicated a wish to talk to me about a particular subject, and then the conversation seems to be taking a circuitous route, I often bring up the matter directly. I'm certainly willing to have long, rambling conversations -- and I do a certain amount of stream-of-consciousness writing, particularly in personal letters -- but when there is a topic of some importance waiting to be discussed, I prefer to get on with it. Deal with it, cross it off on my mental list of Things To Do, and move on to the next thing.

And so, onward...

\*\*\*\*\*



Mystic man --

reaching out with your eyes,  
finding hidden places in my mind.  
I know now why they run from me  
and fear the gift I share with you  
to touch another's soul.

Beneath our simple words  
the true message flows  
in thought currents of our own design.  
We have known whole lives together  
while speaking of common things.

-Carol Kennedy  
9/18/75-





# ask the next question

MINICON 15 GUEST-OF-HONOR  
SPEECH

by Theodore Sturgeon

I hardly know where to begin, so I'll begin with Easter -- it's a time for profound thoughts about "out there" and so on. It says in the Good Book, "In the beginning was the Word" -- which is something that most television producers have forgotten -- "and the Word was God and the Word was with God." And I've been ruminating on that one.

It says essentially, if you look at it, that God is what He says He is. You match that against some other things that you have heard, and it's wonderful how these things cycle around on themselves and come back to it. "Thou art God." You are what you say you are, what you say in any of the many vocabularies you have, not only speech. As a fairly practiced wordsmith, I have to say that words are not the best means of communication and they need all the help they can get. And to the seeing eye, they do get a lot of help. They get it in body language, they get it in attitudes, they get it in actions before the fact and after the fact -- these are communications that we get, one to the other.

This convention more or less has a theme: "The Other 10%". And the fact that we in science fiction are in the upper 10% of humanity -- of course, there's no argument about that. Sturgeon's Law says that the reason that 90% of science fiction is crud is that 90% of everything is crud. Now that "everything" is a big word and people with tongues in their cheeks might point out that "everything" probably includes people in science fiction, too. Well, I'd like to clear that up for you; as a matter of fact, it applies to the people in this room, too.

On this planet there are some 4 billion human souls, and there are therefore 4 billion universes. I happen to be the center of the universe and all things are orbital around me. That is my point of view, but it is also yours -- and yours -- and yours -- all over, world without end, literally without end.

Now of these 4 billion universes, 90% of them are crud. Of the contents



of each universe, 90% of it is crud. For every human soul who is around, 90% of him is crud. Why should that be? That seems basically unfair. That's a rather profound imbalance.

I think that it's pretty much explained this way: we're conditioned not to believe in our own uniqueness. We are conditioned not to accept our own excellence. There are really and truly a few people who can accept a compliment, and who know their excellence, who can concede to the world that they're very good at something. Sometimes the thing they're very good at is being exactly what they are. Wherever you see people making a posture that they are something other than what they really are, you're seeing a manifestation of the crud. When you meet one of these very few people who is absolutely upfront, and who does not play games with other people -- not one who must always be frank, and always preceded with the word "brutally", I don't mean that -- but the person who is absolutely and totally and wholly what he is and presents himself as such. It isn't what he owns, it isn't where he has been to school, it isn't where his family came from, it isn't his race, it isn't his color, it's simply what he is.

He knows what he is, through and through; he recognizes that he's unique and himself, and the great expert of all time on being exactly what he is. He never happened before, and he's never going to happen again. Therefore he -- that person -- is the upper 10%, and unique, and the elite, if you like.

("He", of course, is one of those categorical things -- "she", also.)

And in all these universes, these 4 billion universes, lives that one person who is unique, and who is himself. Sometimes it's hard to glimpse him, because he has been conditioned to play games, and to hide himself, and to say what he owns is himself instead of what he is, is himself. But down underneath all that, in each of these 4 billion universes, is that real person -- and I love him. And that's what I write about, because I know that it's inside everyone. And if 90% of everything is crud, you can take that easily, knowing that YOU are really and truly "the other 10%".

How I got here, in this particular way of thinking, is this symbol that you see dangling on me, and you see it on everything I autograph. It's the letter Q with an arrow through it, and it means "Ask the next question" -- and the one that follows, and the one that follows that, and the one that follows that. You ask the one that follows that, on the basis of the question that you've just asked. It isn't ask always, or ask anything, it's ask the next question sequentially from





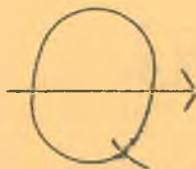
the one you've asked before. It's the symbol of everything that humanity has ever accomplished. It is the reason that humanity has accomplished anything at all. A man sits in a cave and asks, "Why can't men fly?" Well, the answer to the question is, "How?" -- which is a question; and the answer to that might not help him any but today men fly.

It's a symbol that will take you through some very difficult country. How many times have you heard somebody say, "Don't tell me. I don't want to know that"? As soon as he said that, he died, and then joined the ranks of the zombies you see walking around who have stopped. It's the symbol of everything that is ongoing, and life-directed, and welcoming change and growth and evolution. It's the ultimate natural symbol. If you followed it to its absolute ultimate, you would come to what we call "basic truth". And when you got there, you would not find a thing, you would find a process, something moving, something moving --

I have, as you probably know, investigated the aspects of love, all the aspects of love and how it's expressed, and all the possible ways it can be expressed -- at least that I can find out about -- and I find that there's only one thing that I call an unnatural practice. All the rest are natural in one way or another. The one unnatural practice is: to stop. And only human beings, of everything in the cosmos, thinks it can stop. It always fails. It builds thousand-year reichs, it builds everlasting pyramids, it says in its magazines "Diamonds are forever". I've got news for you -- they're not. This planet, again, is a cloud of coalescing gases; it's going to end as some sort of cinder. We stand on an island of granite afloat on a sea of hot mush on a planet which is circling around its primary, which is circling around the galactic core, in a galaxy which is like other galaxies, boiling around like bran flakes in boiling water, and all kinds of stuff going on in between them. Everything is moving, and yet human beings are capable of saying, "Stop. This is forever. This is security. I'm sound. I will be goal-oriented; I will build a pyramid."

OK, build your pyramid out of your life. And when you're 62, in 18 months you'll be dead of boredom, because you have committed an unnatural practice. The only way to live, I think, and the only way to think, is another kind of stability, which is the stability of a gull in flight. It must be in motion in order to remain aloft. And that's kind of nice, because it can adjust immediately to changes in crosswinds, humidity, temperature. That is a living, moving way of being stable.

And so all I can ask of anybody -- of any writer, of any builder, of any architect, of any artist -- is to move, is to keep moving, is to keep learning, and to keep asking the next question.





# MEDIA MANIA

by PAULINE PALMER

Several years ago we bought a second television set. The initial excuse for this extravagance was to have a portable TV that was really portable -- one that I could take to my office where (according to the original theory) Tilda could come after school and sit quietly reading and/or watching such exotic fare as Gilligan's Island reruns.

Tilda, however, is an active and gregarious child and has never been much of one for "sitting quietly" anywhere. She soon discovered that she could better while away her after-school hours socializing in our coffee lounge or, when things got quiet there, being doted upon in various friendly offices.

With the new TV going neglected most of the time, I eventually took it home, where it has stayed since, except for the occasional special event, such as Soviet/U.S. astronauts shaking hands in space and World Series day games. (There aren't many of those any more, but the one day there was one and I forgot to bring the TV, my boss spent a good part of the afternoon on the phone to his favorite tavern owner, who cheerfully gave us a running account of Howard Cosell's commentary interspersed with a good quantity of his own droll remarks.)

The truth is, if we'd known just how convenient having a second TV at home was going to be, we might have gotten one earlier. It used to really bug me to be in the kitchen making supper while a Stanley Cup hockey playoff game was going on in the living room. No one ever complained (much) about lukewarm Campbell's soup those nights, but I'm easier to live with now that I can set the other TV on the breadboard and fix something decent to eat without missing any of the action.

There's also no more (well, very little) arguing/compromising over what we're going to watch these days; the only question to be resolved is who's going to be relegated to the "little" TV. Tilda usually (though not always) loses this particular battle.

She, of course, thinks this is ridiculously unfair, and maybe it is. But what good is being a parent if you can't boss your own kid around? (I used

**R**ATHER THAN  
FIX THEIR  
BROKEN TV  
SETS, MANY  
AMERICAN --  
WHO ALL OWN  
MORE THAN  
JUST ONE, ANY-  
WAY -- BRING  
THE BEDROOM SET DOWN  
TO THE LIVING ROOM, AND  
SIT IT atop THE BROKEN  
MACHINE...



MARGE, WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO CALL  
A TV REPAIRMAN...

...THIS IS GETTING  
RIDICULOUS!

**T**HIS TENDS  
TO BECOME IM-  
PRACTICAL IF  
TRIED MORE  
THAN ONCE...



to reason with her, saying that whoever is biggest should naturally get the biggest television; but now that she's nearly as tall as I am, I've stopped using that particular line of logic.)

The problem here is that the "little" TV really is little -- it has only a five-inch screen. ("Cute" is the word most usually used to describe it when someone sees it for the first time.) But what really gets to most people is finding out that our much-vaunted "big" TV has all of an 11-inch screen. (Well, it seems big to us.)

Also, neither set is color. We did speculate half-seriously there for awhile about how maybe we should consider getting a color TV, all the better to see the special effects of Battlestar Galactica in all their glory. But we didn't do anything about it, fortunately, as things have turned out.

("Have you been watching Battlestar Galactica?" my boss asked me one day. "Uh huh," I answered. "Tilda likes it. Not much though, is it?"

"I don't know," he said, "My kids have been watching it, but whenever I try to, there's so much color I can't tell what's going on.")

About the only bad thing I can see with having two television sets right now is that the TV GUIDE is never next to whichever TV I happen to be watching. In fact, sometimes it's not next to any TV at all, in which case it's usually in the bathroom, but that's another problem altogether.

It used to be that subscribing to the TV GUIDE meant that you got your copy in the mail at the same time as that issue appeared on the news stand. This hasn't been true for a number of years now, but on the average it does arrive by Thursday. This gives us a couple of days to check out the gossip, articles and reviews, as well as the sports and specials schedule, before we have to move the magazine's location from the bathroom to the TV area.

Unfortunately, sometimes the TV GUIDE doesn't arrive until Friday. Since the TV week begins on Saturday, this puts us in the awkward situation of trying to read the magazine and use it as a schedule at the same time. The result of this is that it may be anywhere in the house but where it should be...in fact, it sometimes appears even to migrate on its own. (Does this explain why it's occasionally found in such obscure places as under a blanket or a pillow -- hiding, as it were, from the realities of life?)

Just how important is the TV GUIDE to the American way of life, anyway? Is it possibly the Elmer's glue that holds the days of our week together?

It was on the Friday after Thanksgiving this year that a young woman came into Jack's shop and commented that this was being a particularly confusing day for her -- the banks were open, state and city offices were not, but thank god, she said, the post office was.

Being of a naturally suspicious nature about the post office -- especially considering the fact that our mailman hadn't delivered any mail at all to us on the day before Thanksgiving, either -- Jack asked her if she knew for sure that the post office was open.

She looked at him all wide-eyed. "It has to be, she answered in all seriousness. "After all, if they don't deliver the mail today, no one will have next week's TV GUIDE in time."

She was right, of course.





# THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

(with apologies to John Bunyan)

by BARNETT NEUFELD

Minicon was only my third con this year; it's usually my sixth. Thus, as the Easter weekend approached, I found myself becoming increasingly excited by my impending pilgrimage. I also found myself becoming increasingly worried. For the two days prior to Good Friday, it RAINED on Philadelphia, Mississippi and the surrounding area with the ferocity -- and determination -- of a faned approaching a deadline. Great thrumming slabs of rain fell, and fell, and fell, forcing the early closing of school on Thursday and the total cancellation of classes on Friday. Roads were closing with alacrity, and getting to Jackson to catch my flight began to look iffy at best.

I checked and found that of three routes known to me between Philadelphia and Jackson, one (the longest, of course) was definitely open. So I took off about 10:45 A.M. for Meridian to catch the Interstate across to Jackson, thus adding 40 miles to my trip. The drive was rather an ordinary one, its only noteworthy feature being the brand new lakes which lined the roadway. (One pickup truck sales lot was under sufficient water to cover whole trucks up to the roof of the camper cover.)

Things began to look up again. In Jackson, several minutes of computer gaming at the Delta counter found me on a 3:15 flight out, connecting in Memphis and Chicago, and depositing me in Minneapolis around 8:30 P.M., nearly three hours earlier than originally planned.

Friday the 13th struck back with a vengeance. My (new) flight was delayed in Atlanta and did not arrive in Jackson until 3:50. I finally left Mississippi at 4:05, hoping that Memphis would hold my connection, since many other passengers were in the same situation. It was not to be. The flight to Chicago left on time, and I was marooned in Memphis.

I was forced once again to play computer games at the ticket counter. There was but one direct flight to Minneapolis, leaving at 8:30 P.M. on Southern Airlines and arriving at 10:30. There were no convenient connections through anywhere.

In due course, I arrived in Minneapolis and caught a limousine to the Radisson. Check-in was a snap, and I was soon in my room getting fannish. I had not been there 5 minutes when I heard the voice of my roommate, John Purcell, in the hall. He stopped in and was properly amazed to see me, which should have ended the surprises -- but didn't. As I was deciding what to change into, the door opened again. Not knowing what to expect, I turned and saw... THE Glicksohn! I broke into a wide smile (at least inside) and started making up for all the hugs I've missed these several months.





But Michael had come to collect a taste of something that purported to be Scotch, and I still needed a shower, so we went our separate ways. Soon after, I found my way up to the Bridge, became official, and started helloing and hugging around.

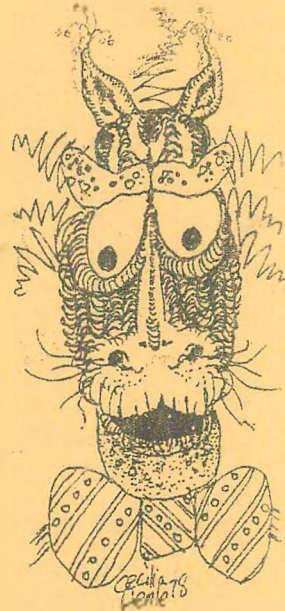
Armed with the obligatory cup of blog, I made proper obeisance to the Feline Deity and started circulating in earnest. The consuite, and what the concom had done with it, simply blew me away: an entire floor of interconnected rooms, each maybe the size of my trailer. Mammoth is too small a word for it. Vast does not begin to do it justice. Filled it was. Full it was not. I was "home" again, and having one high old time of it. I made it to 4 A.M. before the horrors of the day (and half-a-dozen blogs, at least) caught up with me, and I returned to the room to find John just crashing.

I didn't even hear the wake-up call John had left to be sure he got to his security assignment on time, so I slept till he woke me, as requested, about 9:30. After a quick shower, I went in search of breakfast. My search ended in the Viking Room (nice, and fairly reasonable) where I had hardly sat down when Stu Shiffman wandered in looking for company. He sank into my other chair like a survivor grabbing a piece of the shipwreck. Kara Dalkey and Joel Halpern soon surrounded the table to my left, which nicely rounded out the breakfast party. Aome decent food and typically pleasant but unmemorable breakfast conversation later, we went off to our various con-cerns.

Mine was the Huckster Room. I took awhile -- and spent a bit -- in Uncle Hugo's, scrupulously avoided Sandy Kahn's sculpture and the glassblowers -- except to ogle longingly at a very expensive glass dragon -- and generally browsed through everything. I later found the Art Show. I found only one thing that interested me there; but it was slated for an auction (one of three) that I didn't want to have to remember to get to, so I didn't bid on it. I also found Jim Odbert holding forth, and saw a piece of calligraphy that he had done that I simply fell in love with. It was, of course, not for sale (the usual state of any artwork I really like in such places); but he is planning to issue a limited-edition print, so I ordered one right there. It was a copy of the lyrics to "Jacques Chretien" from Gordy Dickson's Dorsai series. The execution was excellent, and best of all readable.

I wandered around a bit more to while away the afternoon, and wound up back at my room to help preparations for the LASFAPA party. The party, though small, was companionable and lively. It was here that I really met Teddy Harvia, (John had introduced me to him somewhen the night before, but that had only been in passing.) We sat and talked at length. Between the silly pictures and the pleasant talk, the two-plus hours passed quite too quickly. Thom Digby (Fan GoH) left to prepare for the banquet, and the party started thinking about dinner. Seven of us -- David Bratman, Teddy Harvia, John Purcell, Carol Kennedy, Joel Halpern, Kara Dalkey, and I) trooped out to D.B. Kaplan's for sandwiches. Kaplan's is a sandwich place with a difference. It has a menu about five feet long, with names to titillate even the most jaded palate: "The Mouth That Roared", "Beef Encounter", "The Lox Ness Monster", to name a few. They'll take on a group at the drop of a breadcrumb, and they are the politest, most efficient eating place I have had the pleasure to experience. Talk was light and art was fast, with two artists sitting across from each other. (John got a nametag from Kara; I got one from Teddy.) Dinner, too, was over too quickly.

Somewhere during the afternoon, I had been drafted by Lee Pelton to help with that night's film program, which strikes me as funny since I usually don't









The flight from Minneapolis to Atlanta, which connected to Jackson, was hardly noteworthy. In Atlanta, we sat on the runway for 20 minutes, but we finally made it to Jackson.

My worries from the beginning of the trip were back again, justified. I called the Highway Patrol and learned that the only sure open route to Philadelphia was different from the one I'd used before. As I bought my way out of the parking lot, the attendant commented that he hoped I wasn't going downtown, as it was under water in the worst flood in Jackson's history.

I didn't go near downtown, but wound up back home about two hours later, dry, and safe, and pleasantly exhausted, with memories of a pilgrimage to the frozen North to keep me warm.





# Fanfaronade

FANZINE REVIEWS

by CAROL KENNEDY

Recently I've received some criticism over the lack of it in my fanzine reviews. I understand the point of the criticism, but I rather feel that I'm being attacked for not doing something that I never claimed I would do.

"Fanfaronade" was intended to be a review column, not a forum for literary criticism. I have the educational background, the intelligence, and the writing

skills to produce critical essays; but I don't think that the editors or the readers of fanzines are particularly well served by such. Most editors do not intend their fanzines to be deathless literary works, capable of standing against the classics for style or content. Nor do they intend them to be works of art for display in museums. Most editors intend their fanzines to serve the purpose of communication, and if they can communicate with wit, style, and beauty so much the better.

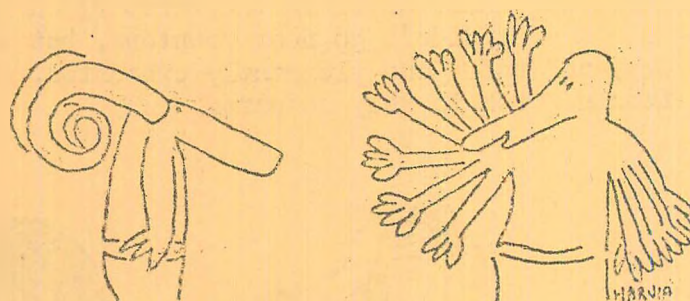
It is by those standards that I review fanzines: how well do they communicate, and with what wit, style, and beauty? Only if the editor states, explicitly or implicitly, that literary or artistic excellence is the primary purpose of the fanzine's existence do I judge it by those higher standards.

I like most fanzines. There is seldom one which does not tell me something which I didn't know, tell me something I did know in a new way, make me think about something from a different angle, make me laugh, or cause me to wish that I had been able to say or depict something just the way a writer or artist did. And all of these things I consider to be sufficient reasons for the fanzines' existence.

However, I realize that those readers who have to pay to receive these fanzines might require a little more than I do. So I attempt to describe the tone, the standards, and the general contents of the publications. I have no intention of telling my readers whether they will or will not -- or worse, whether they should or should not -- like a particular zine. All I want to do is give them the information to make an educated guess for themselves.

And that, to me, is the purpose of reviewing.

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I can count the number of good fanzines on the fingers of my hands.

TALES OF FUR AND LEATHER Adventure Fan Magazine (June 1979) -- Linda Lounsbury, Head Bozo and Editor (Not Responsible), 341 E. 19th St. #2, Minneapolis, MN 55404. \$1.25 plus 50¢ postage. A one-shot for the Better Half Transfer Fund, which was formed to supplement the funds received from DUFF, which paid only one person's transportation to and from Australia, or two people's transportation to Australia. In other words, folks, if we want both Ken and Linda back from Australia (assuming that Australia is willing to let them go), we'd better buy this zine. Besides, how can anyone resist stories like "Love's Passionate Osculation", "Pooh Bare and the Forbidden Fruit", or "The Runaway Bride" (story by Linda Lounsbury, art by Kathy Marschall, from an idea by Linda Lounsbury, additional dialogue by Kathy Marschall, layout by Linda Lounsbury, special effects by Kathy Marschall, moose taught to fill out



complicated insurance forms by Jon Singer), plus art by Ray Allard, Larry Becker, Ken Fletcher, James Odbert, Cecilia Henle, Kathy Marschall, Reed Waller, and S.J. Voelker? Warning: This is a slightly warped X-rated funny animal fanzine and could damage the mind of anyone able to understand it. Squeak squeak. THE AGE OF THE UNICORN, V. I, #2 (June 1979) -- Editor Michael Cook, Publisher Cook & McDowell Publications, 3318 Wimberg Ave., Evansville, IN 47712. \$1.50. Published February, April, June, August, October, December. "An advertising journal devoted to the fantastic, mysterious, weird and imaginative field of publications for you." 58pp., Xerox. Exactly what it says it is; seems worthwhile for collectors.

THE ALPHA CENTURUM COMMUNICATOR (May, June, July 1979 issues) -- Editor Owen K. Laurion, SF3, P.O. Box 648, Albuquerque, NM 87104. Usually 35¢. Published monthly. Usually 12pp., reduced offset. There's now less STAR TREK material here than there used to be; however, the contents are still primarily media-oriented (currently lots of STAR WARS references). Artwork quality ranges from terrible to good; unfortunately, evidently little attention is paid to whether the art is suitable for this method of reproduction. Book and fanzine reviews, conreports, very short fanfiction, poetry. I particularly liked a poem, "Cobalt Blue (A Death Mass)", by Wayne A. Leavitt in the July issue.

AMBROV ZEOR 8 (January 1979) -- Editor Anne Golar, P.O. Box 290, Monsey, NY 10952. \$3.00. Frequency? 60pp., Xerox(?). "All fiction and artwork published by AMBROV ZEOR takes place in an alternate Sime/Gen universe." For fans of Jacqueline Lichtenberg's Sime series. Very little artwork; mostly fanfiction or new stories by Lichtenberg.

ARIEL 2 (June 1979) -- Editor Marc Ortlieb, 8 Melanto Ave., Camden Park S.A. 5038. Overseas correspondence to 70 Hamblynn Rd., Elizabeth Downs S.A. 5113, Australia. Available for article, artwork, loc, trade, editorial whim. Frequency? 22pp., mimeo. An article on the flat earth theory, short essays on favorite female characters in SF, letters, some humor. Clean if unexciting layout and mineography.

ATARANTES #25 (July 1979) -- Editor Cliff Biggers, 6045 Summit Wood Drive, Kennesaw, GA 30144. 35¢ or 12/\$3.50. "Monthly newszine of the Atlanta Science Fiction Club." 9pp., mimeo. Clubzine of mostly local interest, but does contain some news of more general interest.

AYEWONDER 2 -- Editor Leigh Strother-Vien, 7107 Woodman, Apt. #10, Van Nuys, CA 91405. \$1, trade, contribution, locs, whim. 39pp., offset with mimeo inset. This issue is so attractive and interesting that I regret that mundane matters seem to be keeping Leigh from fanpubbing at the moment. The cover is "Medusa" by Bjo Trimble -- an above average fanzine cover, but the artwork wasn't as clean as it might have been. On pp. 1-2 there is a poem by Thomas G. Digby, "To Be A Star", surrounded by another Trimble drawing, "Superstar"; this two-page spread is quite impressive. The issue also contains an article on copyright laws; a trivia quiz; a well-written column reviewing the prozines, by George Jumper; fanzine reviews by Mike Glyer; a personal opinion column by Alan P. Winston; book reviews by Leigh; some of the best poetry I've seen in fanzines; and more. There should be something for everyone here.

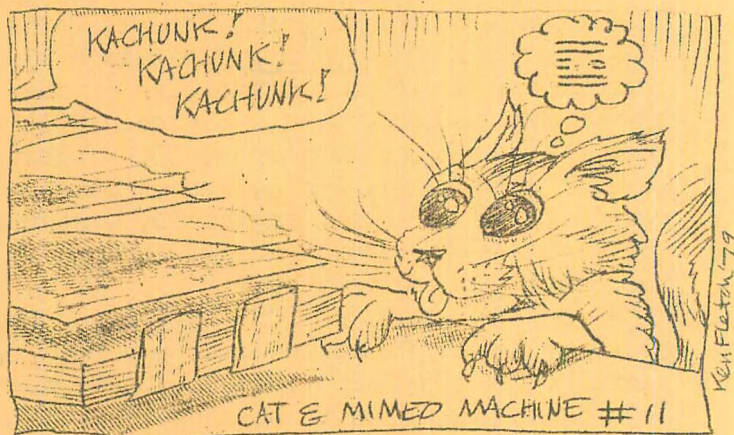


BRAINCANDY #3 (July 1979) -- Editor Jason Keehn, Apt. 1B/38 Hannum Dr., Ardmore, PA 19003. \$1.25 by mail, or accepted contribution or loc. 15pp., offset. Poetry, an article on HEAVY METAL, reviews. Some very good artwork; excellent layout and graphics.



BRASSOR 3 (Jan.-April 1979) --

Editor Marty Levine, 1023 Elizabeth St., Pittsburgh, PA 15221. \$1.00 or locs, verbal flights of fancy, artwork. 34pp., reduced Xerox. A personalzine which features not only Marty's writing but that of others. Most of the writing is good; some of it is excellent. This zine will appeal primarily to those who like to respond, to get involved through their own locs with the editor and the other readers.



CHUNDER Vo.3, #6 (June 1979) -- Editor John Foyster, GPO Box 4039, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia. 10/\$2 or articles, artwork, locs. Monthly. 20pp., mimeo. Conreports, an article on apas, some news. Just plain pages of print, with double-spaced paragraph separations; no artwork except the cover. But it's all quite interesting; I'm beginning to wonder whether there's any Australian fanwriting which is less than competent. I doubt that there's much that's less than good.

CONVENTIONAL FANZINE V.1, #3 (May 1979) -- Editor Eva Chalker Whitley, 4704 Warner Drive, Manchester, MD 21102. 50¢ or loc, artwork, articles on convention-running, conreport, whim. 12pp., reduced offset. This issue has an article on auction by Jack Chalker, three conreports, and a con schedule. I don't know of any other strictly convention-oriented fanzine, and it seems to me that this would be almost a necessity for any confan. It's not beautiful, but it delivers the information.

CRITICAL MASS 5 -- Editor Don D'Annassa, 19 Angell Drive, E. Providence, RI 02914. \$1, 4/\$3.75. Bi-monthly. 35pp., reduced offset. Reviews of science fiction, fantasy, and supernatural fiction. All reviews are written by the editor. These are short reviews (generally running about a half-page) rather than criticisms. The books chosen are not particularly recent, so the reviews are probably of most use to people not well acquainted with the field, who want some guidance in choosing which of the thousands of available books they might find of interest.

DEBRIS #3 (August 1979) -- John Boston, 225 Baltic St., Brooklyn, NY 11201. Available for an SASE "or for virtually anything else of interest or value". Bimonthly. 6pp., offset. Incredible-but-true clippings, headlines, ads, excerpts which say something about American society. Other zines include such items, but I don't think anyone else is doing a zine devoted to them. If you like this kind of insanity -- which I do -- DEBRIS is wonderful.

FANNY HILL #6 -- Editors Dan Joy and Sontow Sucharitkul, 3815 Whispering Lane, Falls Church, VA 22041. \$1 or the usual. Quarterly. 22pp., reduced offset. Some excellent writing; I particularly liked Ted White's essay of criticism on the writing of Orson Scott Card. The humor is in a cynical mood. The artwork is generally good, as is the layout; but someone should teach the editor who places the illos that they should face into the copy, not off the page -- this is a consistent trait. One of the locs mentions that in #5 all the articles, art and locs are by males and all the art depicts males; this is true also of #6. The fact that Dan Joy agrees with the locwriter's description of the editors as "reactionary, male chauvanist (sic), and homosexual" may have something to do with it.

FANTASY MONGERS 2 -- Editor W. Paul Ganley, Publisher WEIRDBOOK Press, Box 35, Amherst Branch, Buffalo, NY 14226. \$1.50. 37pp., reduced offset. Primarily advertising, with some fiction and articles, aimed at collectors of SF, fantasy,



horror, supernatural, mystery, detective, and adventure fiction. Similar to "The Age of the Unicorn", reviewed above, but with more material of general interest, more and better art, and less advertising.

THE GALACTIC REVIEW 5 -- Editor Stan Greene, 750 Sycamore St. Apt. #1, Red Bluff, CA 96080. 75¢ or arranged trade or review. 17pp., offset. Fanzine reviews, book reviews, personal opinion, all competently written. Some good art. There are some serious inadequacies in the layout, particularly in the use of press-on letters which have been placed unevenly and poorly spaced, and in the use of a different typewriter for corrections than was used in the main draft. These are the kinds of things I object to, because they are things which take no more time and effort to do correctly than to do incorrectly.

GYPSY 1 -- Editor Joyce Scrivner, 2528 - 15th Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55404. Available by editorial whim or for the usual only. 10pp., mimeo. Personalzine containing an account of Denny Lien's visit to Philadelphia and points East and Joyce's subsequent move to Minneapolis, all fraught with disaster. Funny if you know the people involved.

HOLIER THAN THOU #3 (July 1979) -- Editor Marty Cantor, 5263 Riverton Ave. Apt. #1, North Hollywood, CA 91601. \$1 or contribution, loc, trade, or whim. Quarterly. 43pp., mimeo. "A journal of humour and other fine writing." This issue includes an article on LASFS poker variations by Bruce Pelz, a selection from a semi-obscene letter from Joan Hanke-Woods, some very warped cartoons, and a letter column generously salted with Marty's opinions. I like it very much.

KNIGHTS 20 (March 1979) -- Editor Mike Bracken, P.O. Box 387, O'Fallon, IL 62269. \$1.50 or accepted contribution, printed loc, trade, whim. 46pp., mimeo. KNIGHTS has been one of my favorite fanzines since it was "Knights of the Paper Space Ship". The writing is of high quality; the subject matter is interesting; the artwork is good to excellent; the layout is simple, clean, and elegant; the reproduction is impeccable. Mike Bracken has no qualms about publishing controversial articles, nor the equally controversial and sometimes vitriolic locs which respond to them.

LAN'S LANTERN 9 (May 1979) -- Editor George J. Laskowski, Jr., 47 Valley Way, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013. \$1.50 or loc, stamps, trade, whim, a kind word, contribution. Published erratically. 41pp., offset. This issue is a Jack Williamson special, with all the articles and some of the artwork based on or referring to Williamson's work. The quality of writing in LAN'S LANTERN is always good, so it's worth getting even if you aren't particularly a fan of Williamson's. The art is variable.

HALFUNCTION 12 -- Editor Pete Presford, "Ty-Gwyn", Maxwell Close, Buckley, Clwyd, North Wales, U.K. Available? 16pp., mimeo. No art except the covers, mediocre reproduction, but some good personal writing.

MAD SCIENTIST'S DIGEST 6 (July 1979) -- Editor Brian Earl Brown, 16711 Burt Rd. #207, Detroit, MI 48219. \$1 or the usual. 29pp., mimeo. This issue includes articles by Mary Long, Ian Williams, and Eric Mayer. Generally fannish, with some more serious pieces. And also from the prolific Mr. Brown:

THE CONTINUOUS BRIAN EARLY BROWN 5 -- 40¢ or whim. 12pp., mimeo. Well-written



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personalzine. Also from Brian:

WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG -- 40¢ or trade three for one.

"A review of current fanzine publications".

NABU #1 -- Editor Ian Maule, 5 Beaconsfield Rd., New Malden, Surrey KT3 3HY, England. Available for loc, contribution, trade, "suitably demeaning begging letters", an SASE or two international reply coupons. 28pp., mimeo. There is a very long column on British fanzines with which Joseph Nicholas should please those who think that only criticism is a valid goal in discussing zines. I like much better Ian's own writing; he says, "British fans don't take fandom so seriously as their fellows over on your side of the Atlantic seem to," but his own writing and NABU's letter column seem to disprove the contention.



NIGHTHAWKS #1 (August 1979) -- Editor Michael A. Banks, P.O. Box 312, Milford, OH 45150. 4/\$3, loc, prearranged trade, contribution, pre-1977 Model Rocket catalogs. Quarterly. 12pp., mimeo. An interview with Terry Jeeves (rather superficial), a short article on model rocketry, some book reviews, and "Space Notes". Basically a personalzine, inoffensive but unexciting. The best thing in this issue is the Jeeves cover.

PROCRASTINATION 14 -- Editor Darrell Schweitzer, 113 Deepdale Rd., Strafford, PA 19087. \$1 by mail. Published "bi-millennially". 48pp., mimeo. If it wasn't Darrell Schweitzer, I wouldn't wade through the most godawful reproduction I've seen in this batch of zines. (He assured us that our review copy was the best of the remaining ones, but if you send for the next issue you'll get a better one.) But it is Darrell Schweitzer, and he can write. He also attracts contributors who can write, and the result is a marvelous hodge-podge about Australian songs and zombies and... Never mind. Send off.

RED DUST #1 -- Editor Nigel Sellars, 309 W. Brooks, Norman, OK 73069. Clubzine of the Norman Oklahoma Science Fiction Association. 50¢ or the usual. Published irregularly. 24pp., mimeo. I take it all back. This is the worst reproduction in this batch. Blank spots, print too high, print too low, one entire page missing. The bits of personal writing are reasonably good, but the serious stuff drones on and on. I think I'm getting crabby...

RUNWAY 37 #1 (successor to ARKAMPFANDOM) (Summer, 1979) -- Editor Margaret Middleton, P.O. Box 9911, Little Rock, AR 72219. Quarterly. 40¢, contribution, trade, whim. 13pp., mimeo. Conreports, con schedule, locs. Mediocre repro, good layout.

THE RUPTURED ROO #1 -- Editor Mark Sharpe, USN, Public Affairs Office, San Francisco, CA 96680. Available for trade, loc, contribution, on request, or whim. 7pp., Xerox. In only seven pages, some personal natter, an article on Israeli SF by Sheldon Teitelbaum, and "The Karamazov Blues" by Jessica Amanda Salmonson -- a promising first issue, and it keeps Mark in touch with the U.S. fans.

SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY BOOK REVIEW V.I., #6 (July 1979) -- Editor R. Reginald, P.O. Box 2845, San Bernardino, CA 92406. \$1.50. Monthly. 15pp., reduced offset. Reviews of numerous books in the SF, fantasy, horror, non-fiction (SF or science related), and juvenile fiction genres. Length and literary merit of reviews vary with the writer. Lots of material is covered in a professional-looking format.

SCIENTIFRICTION 11 (July 1979) -- Editor Mike Glyer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, CA 91342. \$1, trade, contribution, whim. 57pp., mimeo. This issue contains the funniest single page I've read in a fanzine in months ("Pet Comparison Chart" by Michael Farkash), articles by Dave Locke, Jon Gustafson, and Joe Sanders, reviews, the 1978 Westercon Cartoonists War, and more. Mike is a very good writer and a superb editor. The layout and graphics are excellent and the reproduction generally good. The Most For Your Money this month.



SPACE JUNK #2 -- Editor Rich Coad, 781 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

Available only for the usual or whim. 22pp., mineo. What can I tell you about a fanzine which contains articles like "I Confess! I Confess! I Killed Papa Doc with My Voodoo!" and "Devo: A Carrier's Story"? Those are actually two fairly well-written articles; the rest of the zine is acceptable, too. But the mood tries a bit too hard to attain weirdness.

THE SPANG BLAH #18 (Spring 1979) -- Editor Jan Howard Finder, P.O. Box 428, Latham, NY 12110. 75¢ (next issue \$1). 15pp., reduced offset. An American zine with a distinctly British flavour, due to the prominence of British writers and artists on its pages. Very good if you appreciate the British style.

THE STONE AND THE STARS V.1, Issue 4 (April 1979) -- Published by CSVS, Box 14259, Minneapolis, MN 55414. Editors Charles Hamilton and Tess. 75¢. 33pp., Xerox. Originally a Darkover zine, in this issue it seems more a fantasy-oriented genzine, rather serious in tone. Some good artwork suffers from poor layout.

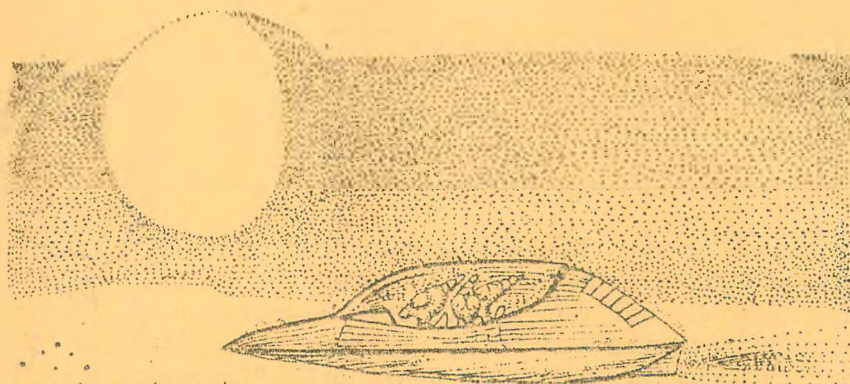
SUMERMORN #2 (Summer 1979) -- Editor Tom Geddie, 2406-A Hollandale Circle, Arlington, TX 76010. \$1. Quarterly. 48pp., offset on newsprint. A high quality publication in content, graphics, and production values. Features reviews, commentary, and interviews on a wide range of SF and fantasy-related topics. This issue includes an interview with Boris Vallejo and an article by Robert Vardeman.

THIS HOUSE V.II, #2 -- Editor John Purcell, 2726 Girard Ave. S. #B-1, Minneapolis, MN 55408. Available for the usual. 29pp., Xerox. If the editor's address looks familiar, it's because it's almost the same as that of RUNE's editors. THIS HOUSE now is produced in the apartment directly below us, and John can probably hear the reverberations of my typing at this moment. That's all right, because I like THIS HOUSE. It seems to be hovering between being a personalzine and being a genzine with most of the writing done by one person. But John's a good writer (though he's a pretty poor cartoonist), and the contents are interesting either way. The zine could use a bit tighter editing, some decent art specifically drawn for it, and a definite direction. Oh, the cover by Teddy Harvia is pervverted.

UNIFAN 2 -- Editors Ellen Pedersen and Niels Dalgaard, Horsekildevej 13, IV dør 3, DK-2500 Valby, Denmark. Trade or published loc only. Published twice a year. 21pp., mineo. Anyone interested in world fandom should certainly try to obtain this. Reports on European cons and articles by European fans, all written in excellent English.

WESTWIND #30 (July 1979) -- Northwest Science Fiction Society, P.O. Box 24207, Seattle, WA 98124. Monthly clubzine. Dues and subscription \$7. 26pp., offset, on heavy textured paper. Contents of this issue mostly concern the Seattle in '81 bid (which lost to Denver). Earlier issues had more genzine-type material. Excellent graphics and art.

VOR-ZAP #4 -- Editor Walter Daniels, Box 1562, Indianapolis, IN 46202. 75¢ or accepted contribution, loc. 37pp., mineo. This issue consists mostly of book reviews and letters, with an article on "The Design and Function of the Deep Space Battle Cruiser". VOR-ZAP has improved through 4 issues, but is still quite ordinary.





# A STRANGE IDEA

by GARY DEINDORFER

I got a strange idea a couple of days ago. I imagine you have all read, at one time or another, fannish take-offs on things in the big world all around us. I have done some myself. For instance, I did a take-off on the comic strip "Dondi" and called it "Tandi". It was laced with in-group jokes intended for the delectation of the microcosmic cognoscenti. Terry Carr, under the nom de plume of Carl Brandon did many of these take-offs, which came to be known as brandoizations. He rewrote Salinger's CATCHER IN THE RYE as a brandonization called THE CACHER OF THE RYE. MY FAIR LADY became MY FAIR FEMMEFAN.

You get the idea. You take something in the Real World and recast it into fannish terms. You take Colombo, seemingly bumbling but actually shrewd detective in the Real World of television network mysteries, and he becomes Fanlombo, seemingly bumbling but actually shrewd fannish investigator. He says "For Ghu sakes" instead of "For God's sake", and "Excuse me, fan" instead of "Excuse me, ma'an".

Now my strange idea comes into the picture. What if we did it the other way around? What if we took something fannish and translated it upward into the Real World? For instance, FAPA. The most prestigious of all fannish organizations, is that not so? It is the dream of any trufan some day to be admitted to membership in this most august of all apas.

Why not translate this upward? We write a story about FAPA, but instead of calling it FAPA we call it "United States Congress". As we all know, this is the most prestigious organization in the Real World. In this story, instead of signing up on the FAPA waitlist and waiting to be admitted to membership, we "campaign for Congress". We gladhand the voters in our district, solicit campaign contributions from giant corporations. In fannish terms, one day we move up to the number 1 spot on the FAPA waitlist and are invited to join. In the translation, we are "elected to Congress".

Instead of making mailing comments in our FAPazine, we make speeches on the floor of the House or Senate. These speeches are recorded verbatim in the official fanzine THE CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.

In FAPA, when we fail to meet the activity requirements we are dropped from membership. In Congress, when we fail to get "reelected" we cease to be members of Congress.

Instead of having our satire on this Real World FAPA published in a fanzine, we have it published in THE WASHINGTON POST. It has a much larger circulation than any fanzine, so we get that much more egoboo.

There are other ramifications. In fandom there are fanzine fans who write letters and articles and have them published in fanzines. Sometimes they even publish fanzines of their own. Then there are convention fans who don't write anything. They just attend science fiction conventions.

Translating upward, that breaks down into the writers and the non-writers. Norman Mailer, Truman Capote, and Jorge Luis Borges write articles and short stories and books and have them published professionally. They are Real World "fanzine





Then there are all those other people who just work for insurance companies, go bowling, or watch soap operas while they do their housework, but don't have articles or stories or books published. They are Real World "convention fans".

I was sitting on a train one day, reading some fanzines. A girl boarded the train at a later stop and asked me, "May I sit here?"

"Sure," I said, waving to the empty seat beside me. I noticed that she had a deep thought crease between her eyebrows; but I didn't hold that against her, considering that I have a deep thought crease between my eyebrows.

After awhile she said, "I can't help asking you what those magazines are that you're reading."

I paused and went into The Speech that we have all made at one time or another: "Those are amateur magazines published by and for devotees of science fiction. They are called fanzines. The people who publish them and contribute articles and stories and letters of comment to them, as well as people who don't do any of this but just attend science fiction conventions, comprise something known as 'science fiction fandom'. It all started back in 1926 when Hugo Gernsback published the first issue of AMAZING STORIES...."

So one day you get on a train or a bus or a plane. "Pardon me, may I sit here?" you ask.

"Why certainly," replies a girl with a deep thought crease between her eyebrows. You sit there for awhile, staring past her out the window. You can't help noticing that she is reading a magazine.

Finally you get up the nerve to ask, "Pardon me, but could you tell me what is that magazine you're reading?"

She pauses, and then she launches into The Speech: "This is the December 1977 issue of READER'S DIGEST. READER'S DIGEST is a professional magazine sent out to millions of strangers. It all started a number of centuries ago when an artisan known as Gutenberg invented something called 'moveable type'...."





# Books

THE INSTRUMENTALITY OF MANKIND by Cordwainer Smith.  
Ballantine; 1979. 238pp., \$1.95.

The entire published science fiction output of Cordwainer Smith amounts to four paperback books. This is unfortunate. His teasingly rich backgrounding of the times of the Instrumentality, his surreal science and technology, and a real gift for memorable names, make his stories truly full of wonder. Smith views the Instrumentality and the Rediscovery of Man through a lens rimmed with vaseline, the edges never quite filled in. To clean up some of the confusion the publisher includes J.J. Pierce's Timeline at the front of each volume. However, there is still much to wonder at.

THE INSTRUMENTALITY OF MANKIND is the most logical book with which to begin reading Cordwainer Smith. It contains much of the early history leading to the Instrumentality (the first four stories in the book are also the first four stories on the Timeline), and several stories of the breakthroughs and explanations of the science background in the later tales. "No, No, Not Rogov" concerns a Russian scientific experiment somewhere near present day, from which later technology emerges that helps to make the Instrumentality possible. "War No. 810" is a delightful short short about a war fought with dirigibles on a rented battlefield. Then these wars are mentioned in several later episodes.

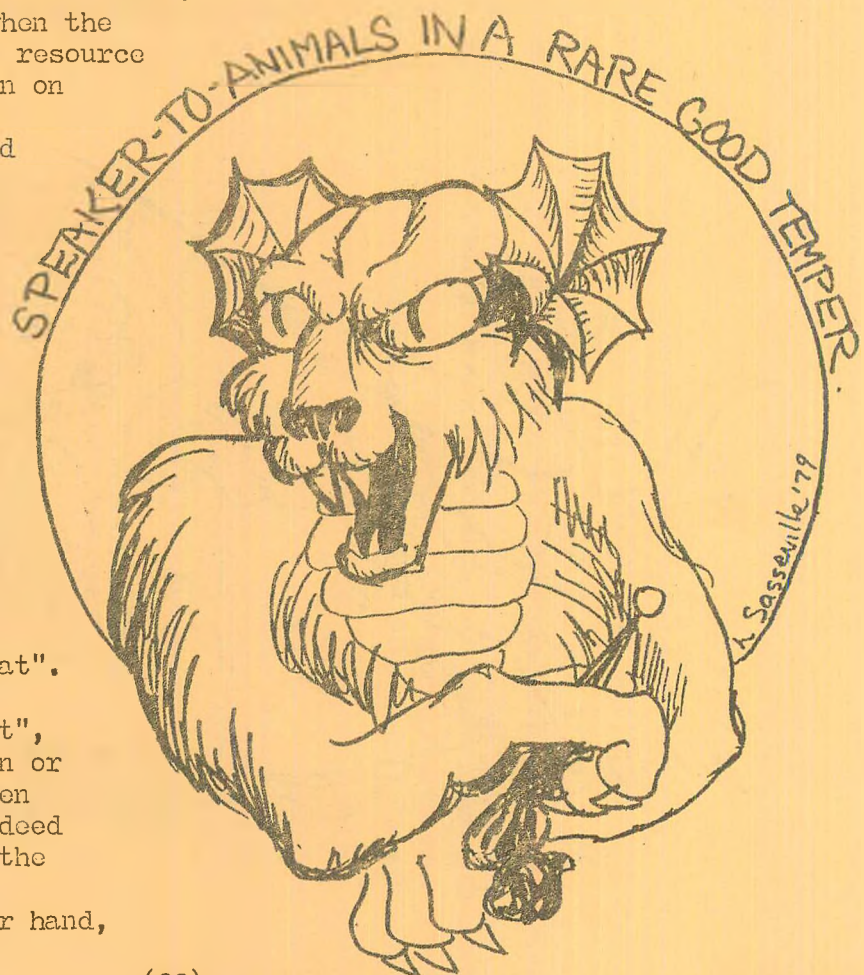
Members of the Vonact family play major roles as scanners, doctors, soldiers, and administrators in several of the tales. These are all descendents of the Von Act sisters. These three women were frozen in spaceships in orbit for hundreds of years. "Mark Elf" and "The Queen of the Afternoon" concern the retrieval and revival of the sisters, and their roles in the beginnings of the highly influential family.

"When the People Fell" might be about the fall of a civilization. Well, it is that. But it is also quite literal when the areas of the Earth whose major resource is people make themselves known on Venus.

Even more surreal and fuzzier around the edges (and slower reading) than other of Smith's stories is "Think Blue, Count Two". Many people think the human mind is capable of strange things. This has a laminated mouse brain that is quite capable too.

The man who discovered Space<sup>3</sup> is introduced in "The Colonel Came Back from the Nothing-At-All". His story is carried on from a different viewpoint and in more detail in "Drunkboat". Strangely, these stories are separated by "Gustible's Planet", which, while not lacking in fun or imagination, doesn't fit between these two thematically, and indeed lacks some of the "flavor" of the rest of the stories.

"Nancy", on the other hand,





included here as a non-Instrumentality story, does contain elements of that series, and would fit nicely, I think, early on the Timeline.

The rest of the stories are non-Instrumentality, and although not outstanding, they are good fun. "Western Science Is So Wonderful" reminds me of Frederic Brown's MARTIANS, GO HOME, because the Martians are very silly. Lastly, "Angerhelm" has a plot you might expect to see on Rod Serling's TWILIGHT ZONE, and it could easily have been cut down to fit the half-hour format without hurting it much.

I recommend this book. There is a lot of fun in it. But by all means go on to the rest of Cordwainer Smith: it's even better.

-Reviewed by Jerry Stearns-



MORLOCK NIGHT by K.W. Jeter. DAW; 1979. 156pp., \$1.75.

While this book is without question a sequel to H.G. Wells' classic novel THE TIME MACHINE, the two books do not form a continuous narrative. The main reason is that two authors are responsible and they are separated by time (pun intended). In a sense MORLOCK NIGHT is a logical outgrowth of the former book, but it is a completely different type of story. It is an adventure story. A rip-roarin', shoot-'em-up, save-jolly-old-England, hip-hip-hooray yarn. And a good one, to boot. NIGHT reads very quickly; and it's prose as entertainment, not political theorizing, as Wells' prose often was. The styles are very different, too. Where Wells would plod tediously through page after page of Victorian prose in describing devolving societies, Jeter pursues the action and descriptive phrases Wells could shift to when necessary. H.G. Wells is clearly the better writer; but it's K.W. Jeter's book I just finished reading.

As I mentioned, this is pure adventure written in an approximate Victorian prose without the ornamentation (which is unsuited to a rollicker, anyway). The story Jeter tackles is basically "What happened when the Time Machine returned". A nice thought; remember that in the original the machine's inventor returns to the far future world of the Morlocks and Eloi? Jeter assumes that the Morlocks capture the contraption and figure out how it works, tossing in a couple more assumptions along the way. (I'll leave those alone here, for they give away the ending. By the way, be forewarned: I predicted the exact ending by the end of Chapter One.) It's a straightforward story, with some odd things tossed in.

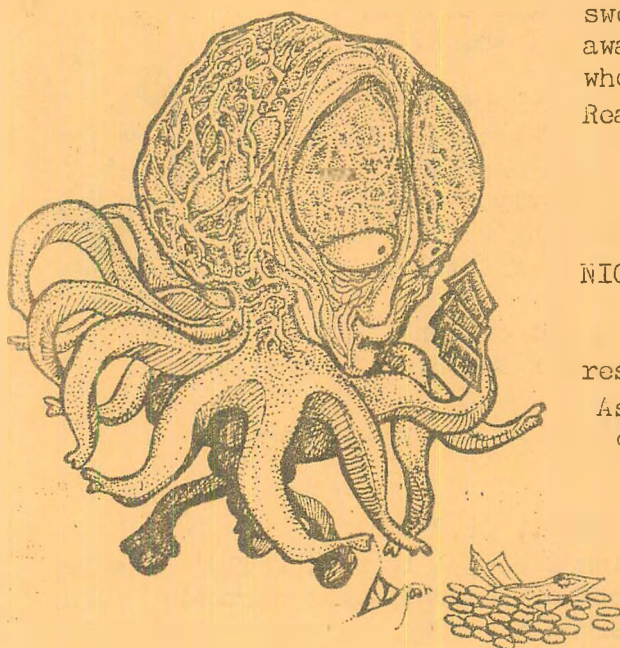
Consider the fact that I could easily subtitle this review "The Arthurian Saga -- Very Revisited". Yes, you guessed it. King Arthur shows up -- also Merlin (under the guise of Dr. Ambrose), possibly Nim (though this is never brought out in the open), Excalibur, and a corrupt necromancer formerly in the service of Suleiman. The name of Dr. Ambrose comes from the list of guests listening to the Time Machine's inventor in Wells' novel. And though he's not named, only described, in THE TIME MACHINE, so does NIGHT's protagonist, Edwin Hocker, who is a skeptic to the finish.

So you have two things: a subhuman race of cannibals readying to level England by storm, and the age-old story of Arthur and Excalibur...THREE things: a long-lost colony of Atlantis residing in the sewers of London...No, FOUR things: 50% of the book takes place in the London sewer system of 1892...

Yes, this is a lively book. The pace is frantic and our hero Mr. Hocker is a true patriot of England and Her Majesty Queen Victoria. What's more, the book starts off with a jab at H.G. Wells: Dr. Ambrose, while talking to Hocker, says that he "see(s) Mr. Wells writing it" in three years. (The story takes place in 1892 and Wells wrote THE TIME MACHINE in 1895.)

You should enjoy this book. There are flaws, but the flow of the story





sweeps you happily along. It won't win any awards, but this is a highly entertaining book whose author tells a fine adventure story. Read it for fun.

-Reviewed by John Purcell-

NIGHT'S MASTER by Tanith Lee. DAW; 1978. 188pp.; \$1.75.

Tanith Lee has created a fantasy world resembling the Arabian Nights as seen by Clark Ashton Smith. NIGHT'S MASTER is an interconnected collection of episodes dominated by the presence and actions of Azhrarn, the master of demons.

The character of Azhrarn is one of the best parts of the book. Azhrarn is not just a character with a label reading "villain". He doesn't have human morals and he delights in playing nasty tricks with the strands of human destiny. Lee

does an excellent job of portraying the demon's non-humanity and super-human powers while providing him with enough vulnerability to make him believable.

A large portion of the book's success lies in the author's skillful use of language to create and maintain the proper atmosphere. Unfortunately, the typesetters and proofreaders at DAW have been less than kind to her in this book. One or two errors might be forgivable, but not ten. Having a bird that "dried out" instead of "cried out" or a discussion about "immoral" rather than "immortal" gods detracts severely from the carefully established mood. DAW does both the author and themselves a disservice by allowing shoddy work like this into circulation.

Recommended for fantasy fans.

-Reviewed by Stephen Glennon-

A VOICE OUT OF RAMAH by Lee Killough. Ballantine, 1979. 211pp., \$1.75.

A quick glance at the inside or back cover of A VOICE OUT OF RAMAH might lead one to think, "Oh no, another feminist tract thinly disguised as science fiction." Not so. The feminism is there, and expertly handled; but it is not the central focus of the book.

The main story is that of a priest whose conscience causes him to rebel against a male theocracy that has maintained itself for 500 years by systematically killing 90% of the male children. The priest's rebellion is triggered by contact with interstellar traders, represented by a strong female alien. The resulting mix of introspection and action is well handled by Killough -- especially considering that this is a first novel.

While the character of the priest is realistically handled, it is the depiction of strong, competent, and sensitive women in a believably self-sufficient female society that is most impressive. This depiction also does more for feminism than any amount of preaching.

The major flaw is in the plot: the status quo has been maintained for 500 years, with no challenge from either men or women. Then the alien's appearance affects one man so strongly that he upsets the entire system.

However, if one can accept this simplistic premise, the book is quite enjoyable. A good first novel from an author worth watching.

-Reviewed by Stephen Glennon-



STRANGE WINE by Harlan Ellison. Warner, 1978. 316pp.; \$1.95.

Harlan Ellison is one of the best short story writers ever to come from the science fiction microcosm. The time should soon come, if it has not already, when the literary establishment will look on Harlan as another Bradbury or Vonnegut; he is a writer who is good enough that he is going to start getting attention from readers of all types and not just SF readers. Perhaps someday soon his short fiction will even win for him a National Book Award. His newest collection, STRANGE WINE, is not marketed as science fiction and should therefore reach a wide audience.

The collection starts out with an introduction which in some ways is the most frightening thing in the book. It is an extension of sorts on THE GLASS TEAT, outlining some of the things that television is doing to our society. We are, as Harlan points out, turning out people who can't relate to anything as being real if it doesn't show up on television; one result of this is a drop in reading ability in the present generation, since books "aren't real". It is more than a bit unnerving and sets the tone for the rest of the book.

The lead story is "Croatoan", which is in itself quite upsetting. The plot, which involves searching the sewers for an aborted fetus, sounds silly. However, Harlan does a remarkable job in writing a story about human pain and waste. The prose and imagery are excellent and the characterization is good. It is one of the strongest stories in the anthology.

"Working with the Little People" is the old story of the cobbler and the elves, retold using a writer and gremlins. It is delightful and funny. "Tom" is the story of the ghost of a Jewish mother who returns to watch over her son. It is funny most of the way through. The only let down is the very end, which just doesn't work very well and could have been dropped with no loss to the story.

"The New York Review of Bird" is a tribute of sorts to the old pulp heroes. It is also an attack on the "literary establishment" and the publishing industry. The story's hero is Cordwainer Bird, the four-foot-tall fighter for right in the world of books. He expresses all of our disgust at seeing such trashy books as BEYOND REDEMPTION by Jacqueline Susann, posthumously completed by Erich Segal (Harlan has a sick imagination), selling more than worthwhile books, including Bird's own collections. The story manages to be wildly funny and yet remain disturbing.

The collection's best story is "Seeing", which is a lot of things all at once and deserves a whole review by itself. It is one of the best things Harlan has written and merits the price of the collection on its own. The images are fantastic and return throughout the story. The prose is good, the characters extremely well done. It is a work of thorough craftsmanship and one that won't soon be forgotten by the reader.

The only story that I didn't like in this collection was "Killing Bernstein". It starts off well enough: a man makes love to a woman and for some reason that he can't understand, she doesn't even want to talk with him the next day. It is a common experience; everyone has had someone not like him or her for a reason that can't be understood. Unfortunately, the story degenerates into





cliche, and this takes away the impact of the earlier scenes.

Don't be too surprised if you start seeing the name Ellison in collections of stories that include the names Cheever, Singer, and Barth. STRANGE WINE should help Harlan gain more recognition in the literary world.

-Reviewed by James Mann-

MECHANISMO by Harry Harrison. Reed Books; 1978. \$7.95 (paperback).

This is an interesting work that combines art by a variety of artists with a suitable text by Harrison, so that the whole is a piece of science fiction rather than just a conventional art book illustrating the field. At the same time Harrison also gives a rough sketch of the history of the field in a series of short articles spread through the book.

Harrison's comments on the art do not so much tell a single story but rather give what could be the basis of a series. There is a future history that can be separated out of a so-called "technical" explanation of different machines or descriptions of various people who appear in the drawings. In a single paragraph describing some person Harrison gives the synopsis of what could be a fascinating novel.

Not all of the commentary or art is related to this one invented universe, however. Much of the art deals with illustrations based on various works (such as Jim Burns' work illustrating two of Jack Vance's novels) or taken from various sources such as movies (STAR WARS) or comic strips (BUCK RODGERS). The whole is a potpourri of interesting material.

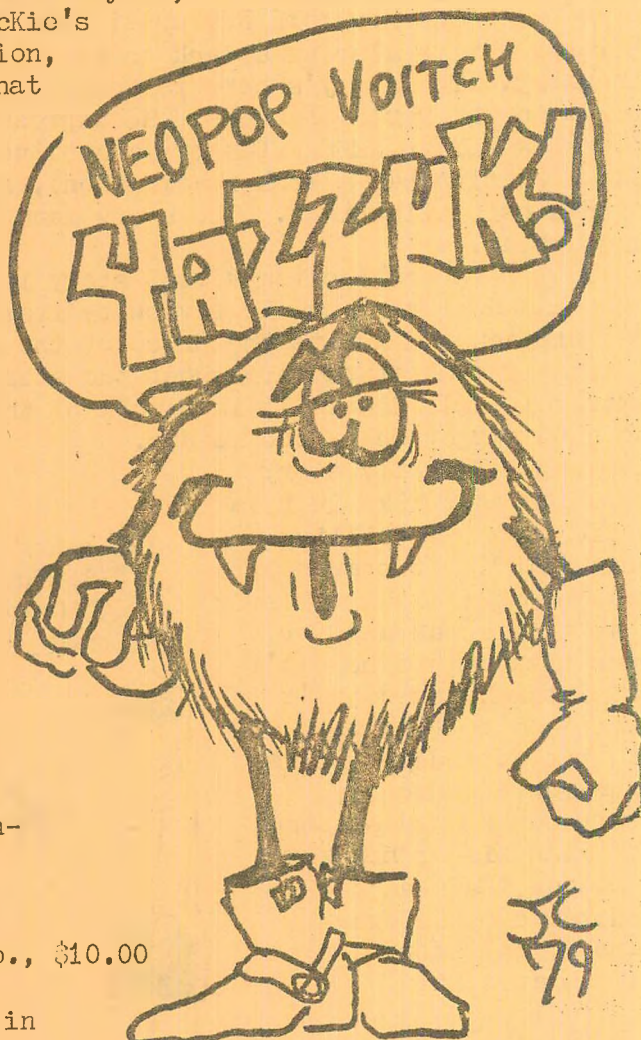
The art involves a number of different styles, from the fluid style of Jim Burns to Angus McKie's more stilted machines. Burns is, in my opinion, the best artist in the book. He has a somewhat pessimistic style with tortured characters predominating. This aspect is enhanced by his muted use of colors. McKie's work is much brighter and clearer, with machines (often shaped to mock animal and human forms) the main subject matter. Alan Daniels also has machines that are animal-like but his are more fluid, the metal seeming to move like an animal. Also especially noteworthy are Giger's haunting cyborgs, where the interface between man and machine is not nearly so acceptable as it was in TV's Steve Austin.

This is an excellent collection of SF art because of the individual quality of the works themselves and because collectively Harrison uses them both to describe various aspects of science fiction and to tell a story. It is more than just a collection of illustrations or the recent graphic story adaptations of various writers' works.

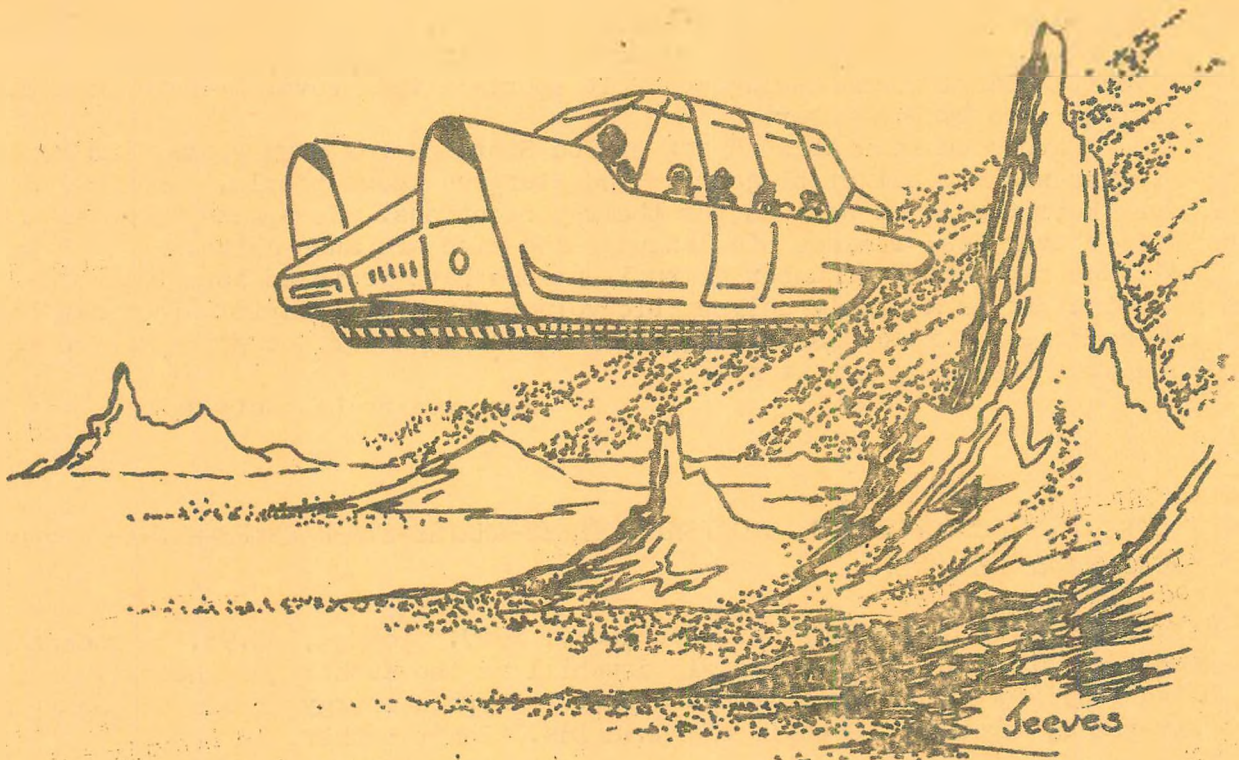
-Reviewed by Richard Llewellyn-

BROTHER TO DEMONS, BROTHER TO GODS by Jack Williamson, Bobbs-Merrill; 1979. 228pp., \$10.00

This is the latest novel by the acknowledged dean of science fiction writers in







the United States. Jack Williamson has thrilled undoubtedly millions of readers over his fifty years as a writer of fantasy, science fiction, and adventure stories. I still have a remarkable fondness for his fat master cracksman Giles Habibula, a grand supporting character in the LEGION OF SPACE trilogy. And, like the late Edmond Hamilton, Williamson wrote some of the most enthralling, durable space opera that will ever be written.

But back to 1979. DEMONS/GODS is essentially a parable written in juvenile form. Religious overtones pervade the narrative, cloaking much of the plot in mystic symbolism; I'm afraid I found little interest in trying to fathom exactly what it all means. Even the characters' names are so obvious that, were Williamson not as established a writer as he is, I think this book would have been rejected or sent back for heavy rewriting. I found the saga of Davy and his female counterpart, Buglet (echh!), did not merit even the most cursory of readers' attention. Too much is left unexplained; and the backgrounds and situations are drawn so sketchily that one wonders why this effort was made at all.

If you want to find out about the Jack Williamson I know and love, get a copy of LAM'S LANTERN #9 (reviewed in "Fanfaronade"). But don't buy this book unless you are a Williamson completist. Too bad. I really did want to like this one, folks.

-Reviewed by Lee Pelton-

MATURITY by Theodore Sturgeon. Rune Press; 1979. 144pp.; \$12.50 + \$1.00 postage from Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc., P.O. Box 2128, Loop Station, Minneapolis, MN 55402.

As you can see, this is a review by a member of Minn-STF, about a book published by Minn-STF, and it appears in a publication financed by Minn-STF. So the question arises, is this a prejudiced review? Yes and no. About the book, definitely not. About my recommendations on it, certainly.

MATURITY is a limited edition book put out in honor of MINICON 15's Pro GoH, Theodore Sturgeon. It contains an exhaustive bibliography of Sturgeon's works in almost every medium he has endeavored to explore. (If I know Denny Lien



and the beautiful Lady Jayne Sturgeon, the compilers, it is quite complete.) The book contains three of Sturgeon's very best stories: the title story, "The Graveyard Reader", and "Bulkhead". It sports a fine cover by Rick Sternbach, and interior illos by Jim Odbert.

I have been an unabashed fan of Ted Sturgeon for many years, and rereading these stories was a distinct pleasure. Ted Sturgeon knows people. And he loves them, for their faults as well as for their perfections. He speaks to me as no other writer ever has, because his language and mine are much alike.

One side note: a number of publications have reviewed this book and indicated that it is a highly collectible volume which will rapidly increase in value. One dealer already is selling it at almost 40% over the price listed above. So if you want the book, get it now!

-Reviewed by Lee Pelton-

### CAVEAT EMPTOR PRESENTS!!! HIS ASTONISHING THREE-CHAIRS-SIX-BARBERS-AND-A-MANICURIST SHORT-SHORT REVIEWS!!

GATEWAY TO LIMBO by Chris Lampton. Doubleday; 1979. 184pp., \$7.95. A reasonably good idea story which goes rapidly downhill as the author gets heavily into being stylish, it revolves around a plot to syphon energy from a secondary universe by trading the souls of humanoids. Don't bother.

CAPTAIN EMPIRICAL by Sam Nicholson. Ace; 1979. 342pp.; \$1.95. A batch of short stories cobbled together as a sort of novel. The hero is a crusty old ocean skipper who handles everything thrown at him -- on the water or in space -- with skill, guts, and genius. These are "how will he get out of that?" stories, and good ones, although you may, depending on your views, cringe at his sociological observations, which will have the people who think Heinlein is a fascist turning purple. A good read if split into several sessions.

A PLANET CALLED TREASON by Orson Scott Card. St. Martin's Press; 1979. 256pp.; \$10.00. The descendants of traitors marooned on a metal-less planet have to find things of value to trade for the metals they need to build ships to get back to the stars. Lanik Mueller's family do it by cultivating their power of regeneration, so they can trade organs to body banks. But Lanik's body gets to be too good at it, and he faces being cut up for scrap. Instead, he begins an odyssey to see what the rest of the planet is up to. Fascinating new concepts in several fields, and well told. Must read.

FIRES OF AZEROTH by C.J. Cherryh. DAW; 1979. 236pp.; \$1.95. The third (and final?) book of the Morgaine and Vanye series. As strong as the others, this one again features the struggle of Morgaine to close the gate that links a world to other worlds, in the face of determined opposition by bad guys and good guys alike.

Very good.



THE PERSISTENCE OF VISION by John Varley. Dial Press; 1978. 316pp.; \$9.95. One of the finest single-author collections I've ever come across. You'll find you've read a lot of these in their magazine appearances, but that won't bother you a bit. Get this one to keep!

-Reviewed by Caveat Emptor-



# QAZABLS (THE LETTERS)

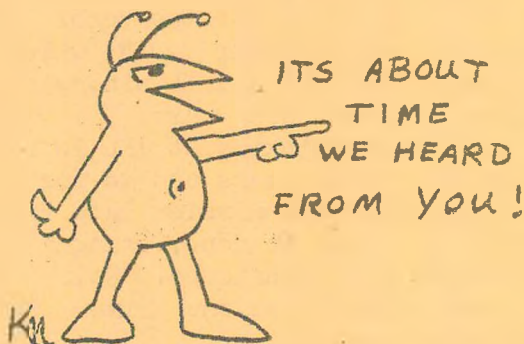
ROBERT BLOCH  
2111 Sunset Crest Drive  
Los Angeles, CA 90046

Greetings: I am unalterably opposed to the "Minneapolis in '73" campaign. I want the con to be held in Toronto --- and I'd like to be the Guest of Honor!

Adamantly,  
2nd Evemantly, for the women's libbers --

HARRY WARNER, JR.  
423 Summit Avenue  
Hagerstown, MD 21740

...The fannish distrust of leaders mentioned in the editorial is really just one manifestation of the anti-authority orientation that characterizes almost all fans. I know all about the anti-authority movement of the Sixties in mundania, but fans were there first. Fans don't cotton to leaders for much the same reason that they dislike the Dorsai, policemen, parents, politicians, and various other genera who are authority. Consider the infamy in which almost every worldcon committee finds itself: this happens not so much for what the committee does but for the fact that it's in charge. Fans publish fanzines so gladly because it can be done with virtually no contamination from authority; local fan clubs almost always turn into informal groups like the MFS Poul Anderson describes because Roberts' Rules of Order and agendas smack of authority; and fannish projects which have been most successful like TAFF have gotten that way because there is no rigid organization or officially elected officers, bylaws, and other trappings of authority. Is it any wonder I'm a hermit? I think my parents were the finest people in the world, I get along excellently with policemen, I've never criticized anyone for how the fan conducted a worldcon, and in general I feel more comfortable when there's authority within easy reach.



John Bartelt's article makes me feel much better. I'd been thinking that I was crazy for imagining that the life-detecting experiments on Mars had been dismissed too hastily in the press. I thought that even the slightest hint that some form of life may have been detected on another planet was the biggest news story since the invention of the wheel. I suppose that the way the experiments were downplayed in the media was partly caused by scientists' customary reluctance to proclaim a discovery while any doubts remain. But one thing seems clear: unless some unlikely combination of snafus caused all

three experiments to produce erroneous results, then Mars possesses either life or some non-organic conditions which are equally exciting. Meanwhile, in addition to believing in life on Mars, I have continued to believe the planet has much more liquid water in season than it's given credit for having, because I don't see how those watercourses detected by close-up photography would stay visible among all those sandstorms if they weren't periodically renewed by running water. What's more, I predict a Russian manned expedition to Mars in the next two or three years followed by a resurrection of the U.S. space program to keep up with the Jonesovitches.



HARRY ANDRUSCHAK  
6933 N. Rosemead Blvd. #31  
San Gabriel, CA 91775

Received RUNE 56 and of course the first thing I  
read was John Bartelt. As you might expect, I  
disagree with his conclusions. The sun also rose  
this morning.

First, the strange incident of the dog in the night-time, or, where did all the organic compounds go? Now, the Organic Chemistry Experiment, or Gas Chromatograph and Mass Spectrometer (GCMS) was a very expensive piece of equipment. So expensive that it almost didn't make it on the craft. The argument was that it would be worthless, since obviously it would find organic compounds in the soil. Not from life, but from all those many, many, many meteor strikes. A certain percentage of such meteors contain carbon compounds, so Mars will have a lot of them in the soil, right?

Wrong, of course, thanks to the fact that all the ultraviolet received from the Sun impacts the soil of Mars and breaks up organic compounds. That is a very fierce radiation hazard on the surface.

And a word about the sensitivity of the GCMS. John Bartelt, a million bacteria per gram of soil is tiny. How tiny? Well, the GCMS could detect organic compounds in the ratio of ten parts per billion. Thus we could have detected bacteria if they were present in as small an amount as 1/100th of the level found in the poorest soils of Antarctica, which we used for testing. It was more sensitive than the GEX or PR tests.

As for the LR experiment -- as a matter of fact, several possible explanations have been published in various scientific circles, though none has been accepted by everyone. But yes, explanations are possible that don't involve life -- and Occam's Razor says to accept the simplest explanation.

But in the end, trying to prove there is no life on Mars comes in the same category as proving that Flying Saucers don't exist. If people want to B\*E\*I\*I\*E\*V\*E, it is doubtful what evidence they will take for a negative answer.

So what next? Well, a follow-on mission to Mars is the best idea, but without money from Congress that is all it will be, an idea. We have no money to make basic studies, since research money got squeezed very badly in the last budget. Surplus money is being devoted to preliminary studies for the 1984 launch of the Venus Orbiting Imaging Radar (VOIR) which must make the 1984 launch window or be delayed at least six years.

Current thinking at JPL is to bypass all other ideas and go for a soil-sample return mission late in the 1980s. It could be done, using a combination of techniques. Solar Sail has been proposed as the prime propulsion system.

Of course, given the present way things are going, the most likely outcome is that we will never return to Mars, and the exploration of the planets by the U.S.A. will come to an end by 1988, which will be the nominal end of the JOP mission. Then JPL will be shut down, joining Ames. Finis.

Which leaves it up to the USSR.





LEE CARSON  
1639 W. Touhy #1  
Chicago, IL 60626

Tnx. for RUNE. As a  
distinct personal response  
(vs. e.g. a loc), I must  
protest your editing of  
my letter to make my assertions sound coherent,  
undermining (so to speak) my reputation. What  
will Mike Glicksohn say?

GARY DEINDORFER  
447 Bellevue Ave., #9-B  
Trenton, NJ 08618

...After recent  
fulsome praise for  
the admittedly above  
average cartoon and  
comedy talents of Ken Fletcher in RUNE and  
QUINAPALUS, I think I will exercise some  
restraint this time and merely allow that the  
cover of #56 is "pretty good". It's actually better than that, but I don't want the  
Fanzine Investigation Board (with its considerable powers of punishment) to get the  
idea I am being bribed to shower Ken Fletcher with praise in public fanzine print. .

I don't think I'm a lunatic, but my other seven personalities think I am.  
It's a bummer (archaic hippie argot) to be in a minority within my own mind. What  
touched off that comment? Roy Tackett's funny letter.

And maybe he  
is right  
that poetry such as  
this might just be  
a prose sentence arranged  
to look like poetry.  
(in many ca  
ses, any  
Way).

BILLY WOLFENBARGER  
22681 Coburg Road  
Harrisburg, OR 97446

...RUNE came today, the only thing for me in the mailbox,  
to help lift up my spirits...I'd thought there was something  
very familiar about RUNE, reminding me of something from  
long ago; then I recalled what it was: your zine greatly  
reminds me of the zines Art Hayes published in the late 40s. But no, I wasn't in  
fandom then -- I only joined in April 1960. At all events, RUNE is a nice "flash".  
I suppose it was the Ken Fletcher cover that got me started...

Got a kick out of the locs. Just like some of the good old days seeing  
letters from Deindorfer, Tackett, Jeeves, and Trimble...

CECILIA COSENTINI  
34-22 214 Place  
Bayside, NY 11361

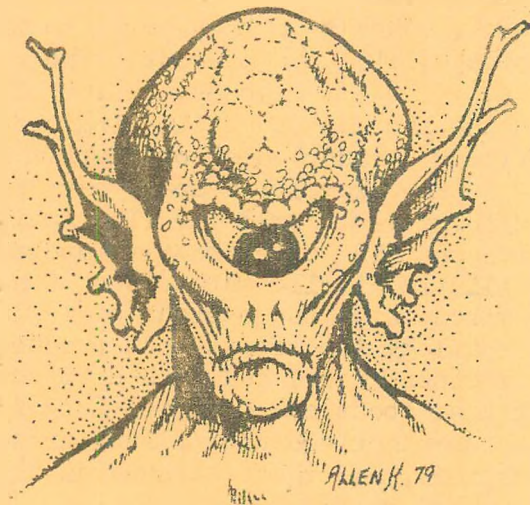
...Since I'm from New York, I like reading/hearing about  
fandom in other areas. I find Minneapolis fans especially  
nuts. I definitely must get a pair of antlers.

((Not necessary -- antlers are optional.)))

The cartoon on page 11 ("HA! He's making eyes at me!") is my kind of  
cartoon! Let's hear it for surrealism! Yeah!

Some of you out there may not believe this, but Teddy Harvia actually looks  
like those creatures in the drawings (changes shape constantly).

((Teddy even changes gender occasionally.)))





ROLAND GREEN  
629 W. Oakdale  
Chicago, IL

...Half the homework one does for building a future world should be devoted to throwing out analogies between the future and the present. The other half should be devoted to finding the right ones. A lot of bad stories and unbelievable worlds are committed

in the process of multiplying meaningless differences to avoid being accused of writing "transplants" or "Rabbit as smerp" (James Blish's concept) SF.

For example: a space navy will not resemble Hornblower's, nor in many ways anything from World War II. A military spaceship will have a good deal in common with one kind of extremely important contemporary warship: the nuclear-powered ballistic missile submarine. Consider what you have in both cases: sealed environment, long periods of isolation, comparatively small crews, the highest technology the society can produce, a very high ratio of educated personnel to all other kinds, and mass-destruction weapons. (A related gripe: most people writing about space navies forget that there are comprehensive safeguards against the unauthorized use of nuclear weapons in every armed force of every country which has them, and these safeguards are unlikely to be dropped as completely as sometimes seems to be implied.)

Parts of the future will doubtless resemble parts of today. The problem is choosing which parts.

DAVID PALTER  
1811 Tamarind Ave. #22  
Hollywood, CA 90028

...The commentary on the genre of SF in "The World ISN'T Like My Neighborhood?" is very insightful and well-taken. However, let me also note that when SF is written that really does break away from the pervasive anthropocentricity

and the related assumptions which your article attacks, the result is usually regarded by many or most readers and critics as being incomprehensible or at least excessively opaque. So to some degree, writers who depict the world (or universe) as being like their neighborhood, do so because of the demands of readers, not necessarily because of their inability to imagine anything different. Nor are they necessarily wrong to do so. It is very useful (if not unavoidable) to employ both the familiar and the new in writing SF. The former gives the reader a grip on what the author is saying; the latter provides novelty and the intellectual stimulation which is the essence of SF...

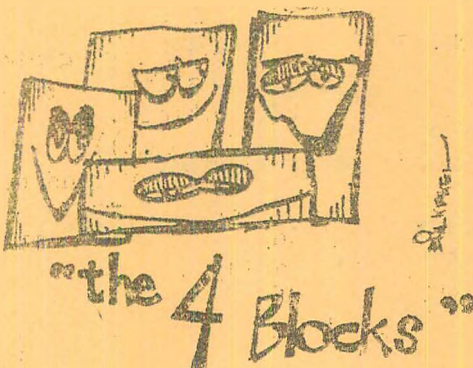
STEVE JOHNSON  
207 S. Broom St. #2  
Madison, WI 53703

...I did think it interesting to note that Dan's comment on the universal and unchanging inefficiency of bureaucracies seems to be an example of numbers 2 and 3 in his list of faulty generalizations ("The future will resemble the recent past" and "The world is just like my neighborhood".)...

D GARY GRADY  
612 E. Maynard Ave.  
Durham, NC 27704

...I believe Dan Goodman's own prejudices and misconceptions cloud his judgement when he jumps on COLD CASH

WAR. Contrary to what he says, corporations do exist in most of the world, and a lot of them are owned by Americans and Europeans. Now, it is true that in the Soviet Union and China there are relatively few corporations present, but even Moscow and Peking have representatives of American and European multinationals. Since multinationals (Shell Oil, Exxon, IBM, ITT, British Petroleum, etc.) are





often larger in "population" and wealth than many countries, it has actually been seriously proposed that they (and large labor unions, by the way) be given some sort of UN representation. There seems to be a lessening of respect for socialism worldwide. For example, the French government is controlling owner of an auto company, but its private competition consistently outperforms it, despite the former's subsidies. Socialist governments have been turned out in Scandinavia, the UK, etc. I think there's perhaps a growing feeling that socialism should restrict itself to benefitting the direct social good of society, which means things like health care and education, not oil or cars. Industries should be (this is my feeling) strongly regulated but not showered with paperwork and certainly not owned by the government.

I'm not sure what Dave Minch means when he says the shark is an "evolutionary dead end". I've heard the term used in connection with, say, Neanderthal man, because the species (or subspecies, in the latter case) died out without leaving descendants. But the shark (like the cockroach) is not at all extinct. It isn't evolving because it doesn't need to. It happens to fill its biological niche extremely well. Only relatively unsuccessful species should evolve, if I understand natural selection correctly. That is, knocking sharks for not evolving is something like knocking Walter Cronkite for being stuck in one job for over a decade.

ALAN BOSCO  
915 Phay Ave.  
Canon City, CO 81212

...Teddy Harvia's Minicon 15 report in "Weirds and Pitchers" was great, with several funny bits on faans-in-attendance. Although I don't know who Charles E. Hamilton is, more humorous cartoon bits such as these will be

appreciated, no doubt.

((Which Charles E. Hamilton(s) don't you know? There's at least one, Charles E. Hamilton the 31st, wandering around our apartment at the moment.)))

Carol: Are you aware of the word/title "Fanfaronade" being used anywhere else before (fan usage, I mean)?

((Yes, I know that the title "Fanzine Fanfaronade" has been used -- I think in a British zine, but I don't remember for sure. I found that out after I started using it. By the way, have you looked it up? I did know what it meant when I chose it; that may tell you something about my attitude toward my own opinions.)))

...Fletcher's cover was superbly detailed, a real treat, and apparently printed well, though I'm confused: was it e-stenciled at all?

((Ken's cover, as well as almost all the other Fletcher illos which appear in RUNE, was drawn directly onto regular Gestetner stencil. We believe that Ken may be fandom's most talented practitioner of this esoteric art form.)))

FRED JAKOBCIC  
113 W. Ohio Apt. 4  
Marquette, MI 49855

The illo of Carol looks  
OK, but was somebody  
drunk when they  
drew that one of

Lee? What an odd couple you two  
appear to be, judging by your  
pictures...

((Odd? What's odd about  
a redhead named  
Kennedy living with a  
leprechaun?)))





NIGEL SELLARS  
809 W. Brooks  
Norman, OK 73069

...A reply to Samuel Konkin's letter: Frankly, Sam, you know incredibly little about H.G. Wells. I suggest that you reread THE TIME MACHINE. Wells' portrayal of the Morlocks is not a condemnation of the proletariat, but is instead his way of showing how the repressions of a capitalist system reduce men to brutes. And further more, the hero at one point realizes that he has a lot more in common with the Morlocks than he does with the Eloi. His realization that it is society which produces Morlocks and Eloi is a profound change in him. The Eloi are merely reaping what they have sown. Further examples of Wells' identification with the working class can be found in THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU. The beastmen are a very transparent working class, forced to slavery under Moreau's whip. Yet the litany of the beastmen brings out their humanity as they chant the Law, particularly where they ask, "Are we not men?" The Eloi and the Moreaus are the ones who have produced the beastmen and the Morlocks, and it is they whom Wells was savaging, not the proletariat.

Sam is also quite wrong about the capital of the U.S. and Great Britain and Canada being built up without the state. Au contraire, Sam, the state helps the growth of capital as it is good for the state and indeed the most ardent defenders of the state have always been those with the most capital. In fact, a prime example of the state helping capital is in the American colonies, with various companies being set up to run the colonies. Additionally, the famous tea tax is a prime example of the state helping a capitalist enterprise...

And the claim about the Space Program in horseshit. The Government did it because the corporations were not about to risk their hard earned profits. And if the corporations are so keen on space travel, why aren't they doing it? Simply because they don't want to. What killed the space program was corporate and public disinterest...

SETH GOLDBERG  
5950 Imperial Highway #43  
South Gate, CA 90280

...A nice change to see you run something in the science fact field. Though I did love the Ken Fletcher cartoons which were typical Minn-STF bozoness. A well-written summary by John Bartelt re the Viking experiments for life on Mars. Has he considered popular science writing?

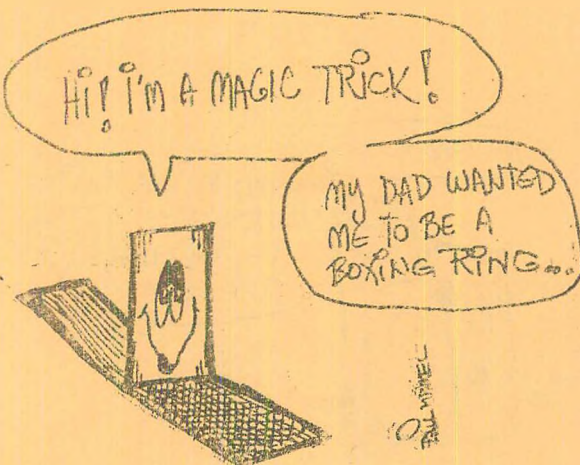
I wonder if Poul Anderson realizes that "pretentious Rebels and Dropouts such as a later generation made fashionable" are simply today's version of "young guys, and a few girls, having some splendid times, meanwhile feeling our way forward to whatever our lives' work and lives' loves were going to be". I could not have said it better myself...

RICHARD BRANDT  
4013 Sierra Drive  
Mobile, AL 36609

...Re the review of Effinger's story collection: "Timmy Was Eight" was introduced in Ted White's

FANTASTIC (pause for nostalgic remembrance) as the first work of a 16-year-old girl named Susan Doenim. We done been had.

Stuffed animals. We have some photographs from a barbecue showing the host genially carving up Kermit the Frog. A later photograph shows Kermit getting the upper hand and holding a knife to our host's throat. We could be in trouble...





NAN LAMBERT  
Rt. 1, Box 315  
La Vernia, TX 78121

Arrrggh! We are discovered! But Purcell is the traitorous leech, not we. I have already communicated with the Commander, and Purcell -- well, perhaps it is better not to speak of such fates. Fortunately, no lasting harm was done; we are far stronger and more numerous than even he believed...

RON SALOMON  
1014 Concord St.  
Framingham, MA 01701

...Glad you had a fan-history department thish (Re: MFS by Poul Anderson). But I thought I should warn you that you should be very careful and cautious when using highly incendiary words like "sauerbraten" and "pickled herring". Ghu, the things I'd do for a good German meal. If I had less control I'd already be chewing on the zine in frustration. There is no place where one can get a good Deutsches Essen in Eastern Massachusetts...

((Minneapolis has a couple of very good German restaurants. But if you come out for a visit and give me advance warning, I'll make sauerbraten. Lee won't eat anything that resembles roast beef, and cooking sauerbraten for one is no fun. -- Carol.)))

RICK SNEARY  
2962 Santa Ana St.  
South Gate, CA 90280

...I should say that you have very fine reproduction and art, but like friend Tackett, this is of less importance to me than the communication content of the zine.

I'm pleased and impressed by your editorials too, which are brief, and are editorials, rather than just an account of your troubles bringing out the zine. I'm particularly impressed by yours, Carol. One of my continuing interests has been to try to understand other Fans, and how and why they do the things they do. (Maybe in the hope it will give me some key to why I do the things I do.) Your idea of categorizing fans as either Leaders, Followers, or Loners, to explain some of the problems fans face in trying to work together is, if not brilliant, at least something that I have never read anyone else suggest -- and strikes me as being something that is so obvious that I get the feeling of, "Oh. Sure, why didn't I think of that?" It is an idea that not only fits, but it works...

Poul Anderson's remembrance of old days in MFS was very enjoyable reading, and the sort of thing I wish I could clip out and file separately, as its value as history and biography is important. It is one of those items that don't have a great impact on the reader at the time, but which will go on being meaningful, as long as there are people to read it. I find it remarkable, the long and highly productive role Minneapolis has played in fandom, relative to its size and location. Certainly Buffalo or Milwaukee haven't the history you folk have -- and for some reason New Orleans, which was about the same size, and would seem somehow to me to be a more "fannish" type city, hasn't either. I'm almost inclined to think that more important fans and fanzines have come from Minneapolis than from Chicago. Of course, the quality of all fans in an area is affected by quality and activity of its most influential fans...

As an old letter hack, your letter column interests me -- it is again much like the columns of fanzines of my youth, which I naturally think is just fine. One slight suggestion: you should indicate somewhere who it is answering the letters with an editorial "we".

((When no name is signed to a comment, it means that we said, "What shall we say here?" and the answer is a composite.)))

I BE A PIRATE. HAR, HAR...



THE  
PIRATE



WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Eddie Anderson, Jan Brown, Valeria Beasley, Lester Boutillicr (twice), Sheryl Birkhead, Harley R. Billings, Robert Briggs, Robert Chilson, Judy Curney, Grant Canfield, Buck Coulson, Chester D. Cuthbert, Kathy Drexel, Walter Daniels, Tim Daniels, Graham England, Tom Foster, Bill Futreal, Don Franson, Gil Gaier, Wade Gilbreath, J. Owen Hanner, Wayne Hooks, Teddy Harvia, Anita Henricksen, Amy Harlib, Arthur D. Hlavaty, Dave Klapholz, Jacqueline Lichtenberg, Dan Lieberman, Marty Levine, Gordon Linzner, Burt Libe, George Laskowski Jr., Jim Mann, Chris Mills, H. Ruth Minyard, Jim Meadows III, Margaret Middleton, Perry Glen Moore, Linda Ann Moss, Michael V. MacKay, Marc Ortlieb, Joe Napolitano, Dave Prill, Paul Powlesland, Mike Rogers, Tony Renner, Liz Schwarzin, Mark R. Sharpe, Jessica Amanda Salmonson, Dave Szurek, Darrell Schweitzer, James Dean Schofield, Sally Syrjala, R Laurraine Tutihasi, Mary Tyrrell, Alexander Doniphan Wallace.

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\*\*\*\*\*





IN MEMORY OF  
SHELBY HOCKERT

Minn-STF member and member  
of the Minicon committee

who died in an accident  
on July 14, 1979

our sympathy to her husband  
William Prock and their  
children

MEETINGS

Sept. 30 - David Cargo,  
3040 Harriet upper, Mpls.  
Oct. 14 - Rachel Fang & Curtis  
Hoffman, 2726 Girard Ave. S. #304,  
Mpls.  
Oct. 28 - Laranic Sasseville,  
1902-4th Ave.S. #5A, Mpls.

For later meeting sites, call Pres.  
Jerry Stearns at 870-4878 or Lee &  
Carol at 822-3675.

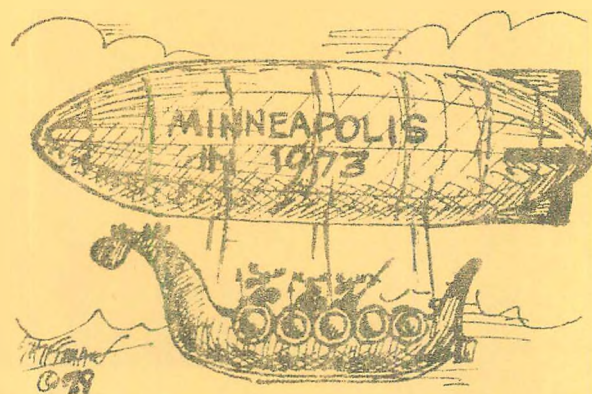
THANKS TO COLLATORS FOR LAST ISSUE:  
John Stanley, Dean Gahlon, Denny Lien,  
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Pamela Dean, H.K. Digre, Richard  
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John Purcell, Joyce Scrivner, Don  
Bailey, John Bartelt, Joel Halpern,  
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Tom Foster's Interplanetary Crazy Animal  
Post Cards, 12 brightly colored large  
post cards for \$2.50 from C'Ville  
Science Friction Society c/o Toad  
Frogster, P.O. Box 154, Crawfordsville,  
AR 72327

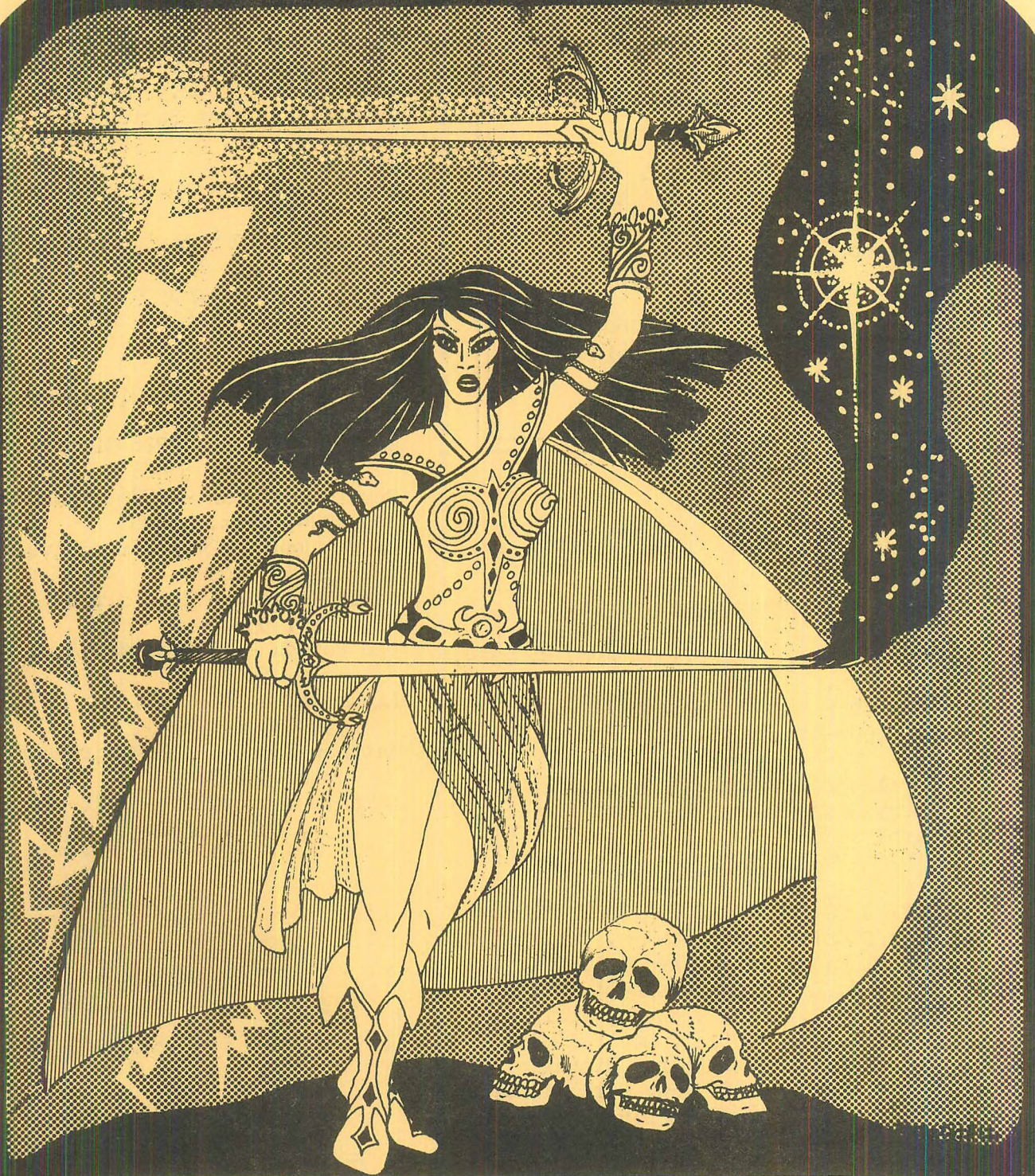
CONGRATULATIONS to Lee Pelton on being  
elected to the Fanzine Activity  
Achievement Awards Committee.

COA's:  
John Purcell - 2726 Girard Ave. S. #B-1,  
Mpls. 55408  
Barney Neufeld - 2726 Girard Ave. S.  
#B-1, Mpls. 55408  
Curtis Hoffmann - 2726 Girard Ave. S.  
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Matthew Tepper - 1204 Harmon Place #10,  
Mpls. 55403  
Laranic Sasseville - 1902-4th Ave. S.  
#5A, Mpls. 55404



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the intrepid crew of the Minn-STF milk  
carton boat which won second place in its  
division at the Aquatennial!





Queen  
OF  
SWORDS