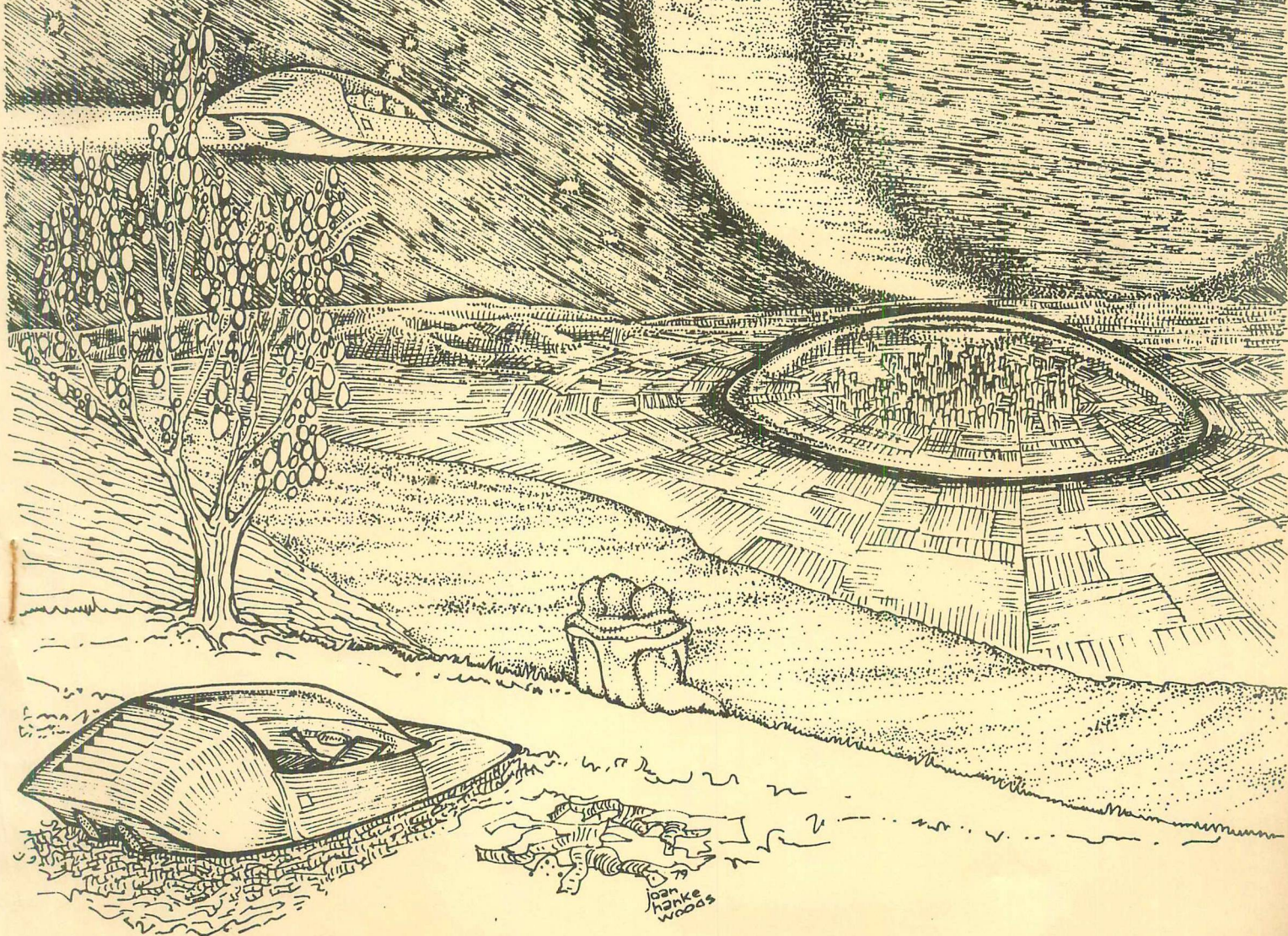


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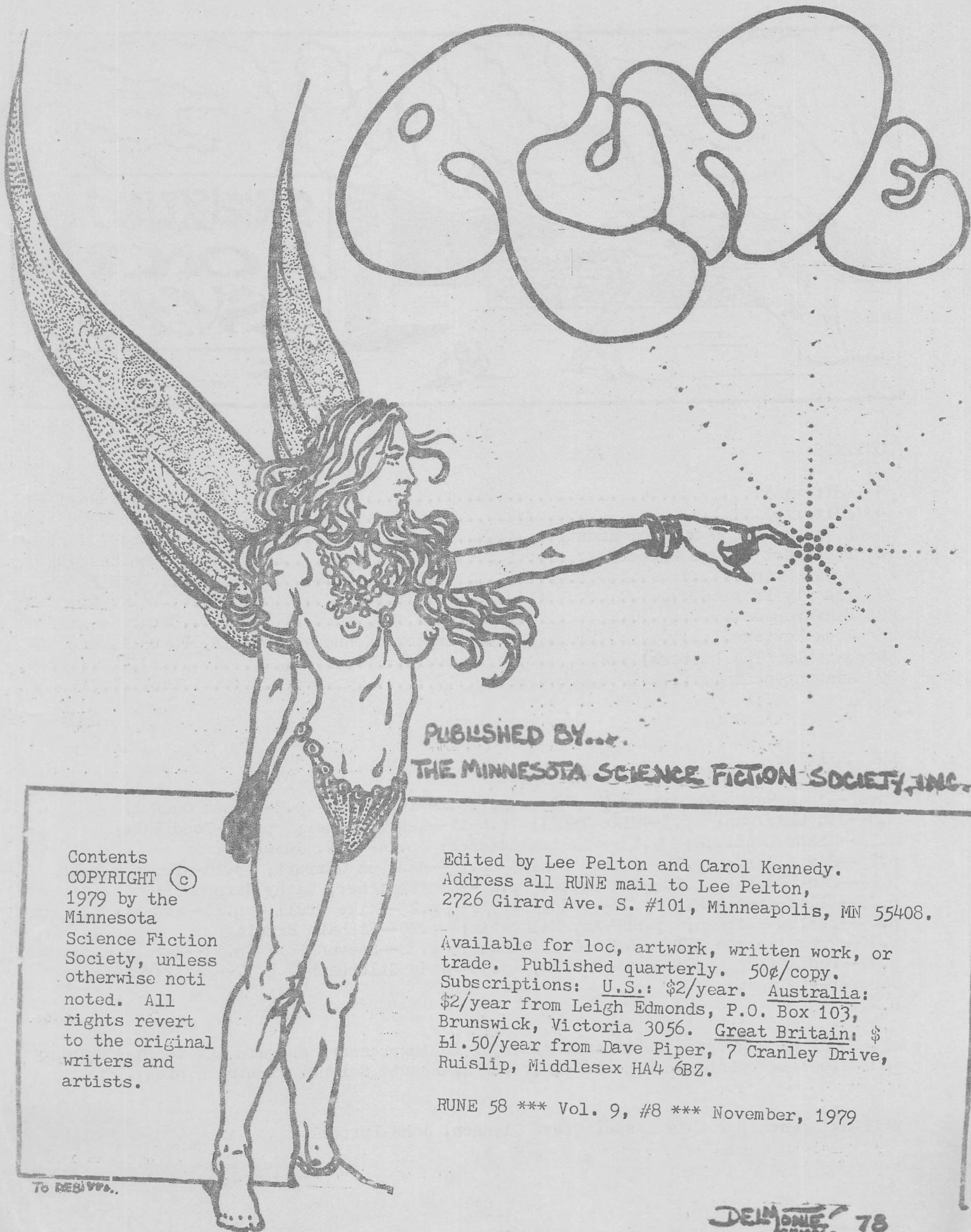
## LVIII



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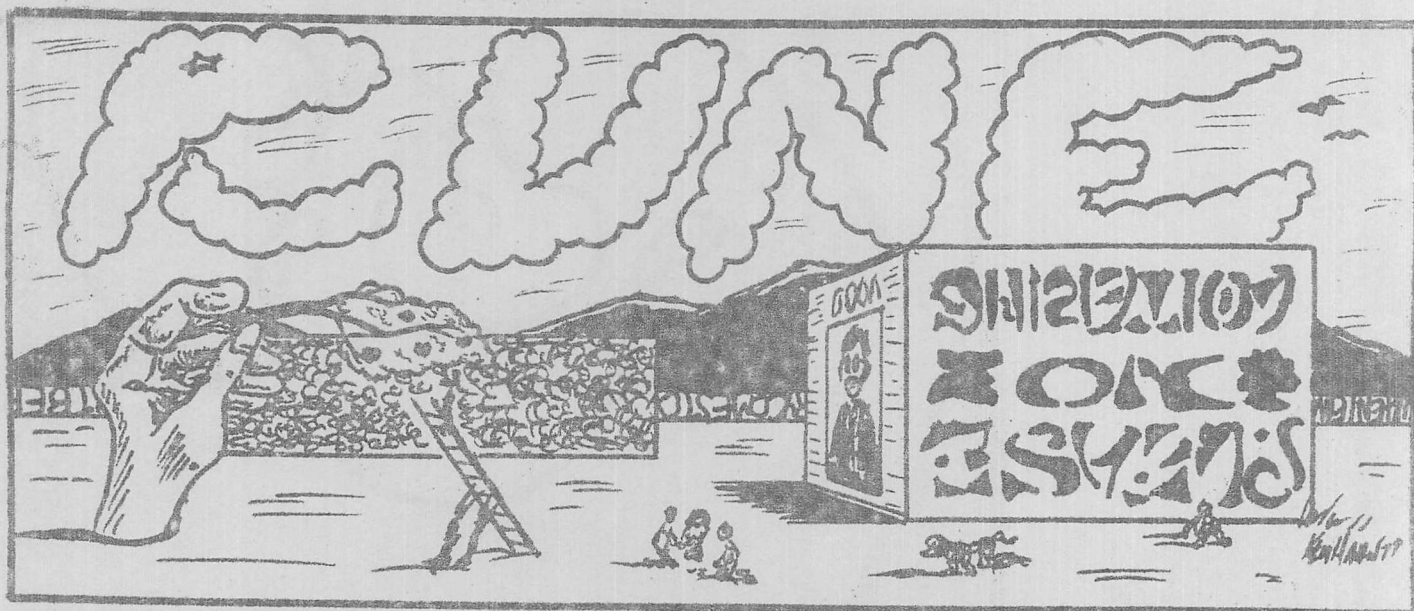
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RUNE 58 \*\*\* Vol. 9, #8 \*\*\* November, 1979

To REVIEWS.

DELMONTE 78  
CHICAGO



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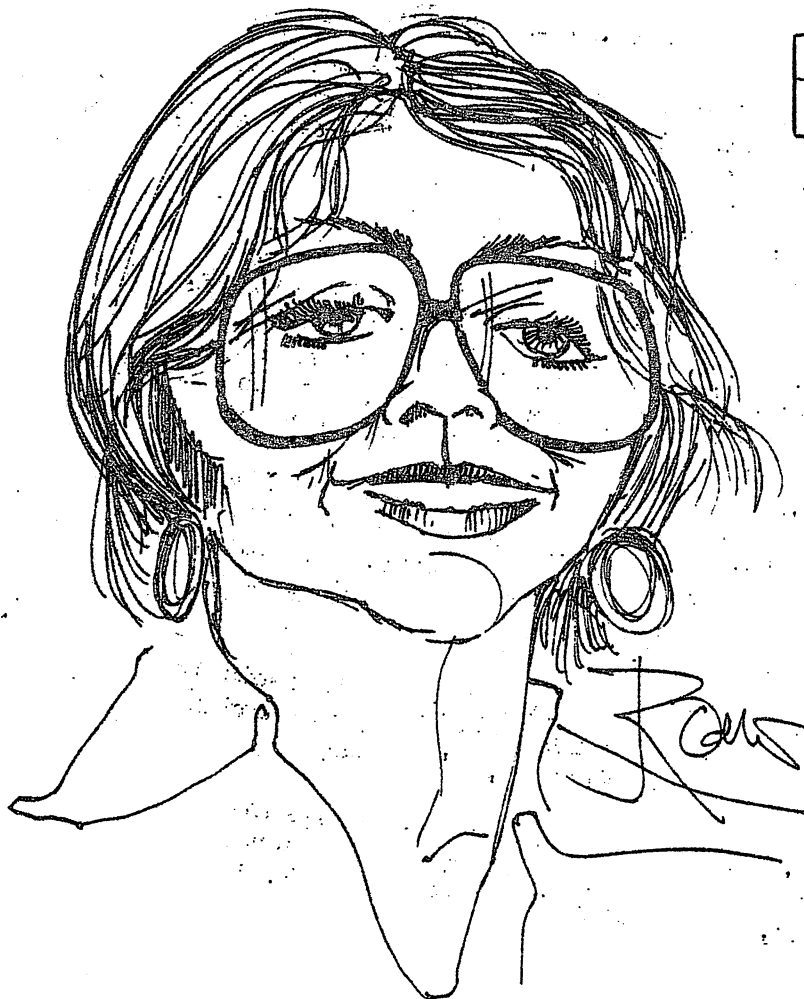
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# EDITORIAL

By Carol Kennedy

This RUNE is being put together differently from the seven which preceded it. Things are being done in a more piecemeal fashion, pages typed here and pages typed there, illos being cut up here and pasted in there. The reason for this approach is that Lee and I are no longer living together.

The relationship which we tried to build, that of a "couple" in a somewhat traditional sense, just didn't work. We gave each other a lot, and helped each other to grow -- and in the course of that, we simply grew beyond the roles we were trying to fill. The fortunate thing is that both of us realized this at almost the same time.

We remain friends, very good friends, and more -- we are family to each other, in the best sense of the word. And we are partners in fanzine pubbing. That place that Lee has in my life is one that no other person could fill. I am grateful that it has worked out this way, thankful for what he is, and for what he is, has been, and will be to me.

One of the things that made this transition work so well is that both of us formed new and strong relationships at the same time. It's his place to tell you about the changes in his life. As for me, I am in love with and living with Jonathan Adams, who, after three years as a peripatetic New York/Minneapolis fan, while he attended NYU's law school, has settled here.

Jonathan's presence in my life has changed me greatly, and for the better. I am less cynical, more open, and happier than I have ever been before. I don't know why this is so, only that it is. I suspect that the reason is simply that



this is right for me and I am where I belong. I feel very, very lucky.

The address for RUNE mail will remain Lee's; please send locs, artwork and articles, and trade zines to him. I would appreciate copies of zines from any of you who can spare two for us; if you want your zine reviewed in "Fanfaronade", please do send me a separate copy. My address is:

410 Groveland Avenue, #1205  
Minneapolis, MN 55403

I started a new job on November 1. I still work for Lakewood Publications, but after 12 years I'm out of accounting at last! My new title is Conference Coordinator for the annual TRAINING conference, and I am also on the editorial staff of TRAINING magazine. No one is certain what it is that I do, because the job is new. However, I'll be in New York in early December for the conference; and I expect that will firm things up a bit.

In the editorial area, initially I'll just be doing some ad copywriting along with what's called "editorial services" -- which means answering requests for anything from back issues to reprints to information on an author. But since this is not only the easiest but almost the only way to get into the editorial end of magazine publishing these days, I'm satisfied.

I'll be going back to extension classes at the University of Minnesota in the winter quarter. If I can clear up the chaotic records from the last quarter I attended, three years ago when my marriage was breaking up, I'll resume my quest for a degree in American Studies.

A new love, a new home, a new job, going back to school -- things are certainly moving fast! But it's the first item on that list that makes sense out of the rest of it. Jonathan's support, and Jonathan's sharing it all, is what really matters.

\*\*\*\*\*

## EDITORIAL

by Lee Pelton

As Carol alluded in her editorial, it's my turn to tell you what has been happening to my life and its concomitant changes. Obviously, Carol and I no longer live together. Perhaps not so obviously, we remain the best of friends. I feel as though I could expand for pages and pages about why this is so and why it should be for all sane and intelligent people but I am quite sure I couldn't do the whole idea enough justice to waste your time and mine in trying to.





What I will do is talk briefly on what it is like having a family for the first time in almost 12 years and on who is the most important person in my changing world.

Some time back, at age 20, I was married and shortly thereafter became a father. At the time of my marriage I essentially severed most every tie I had with my relatives and my 2 brothers. I had a standard joke that I got married so I could get out of the house and away from my brothers and their friends, a rather loud and boisterous lot that grated on nerves constantly

Later on, 6 years into married life, my mother contracted cancer for the 3rd time and this time came out second best. Sue (my ex) and I were on pretty shaky ground about that time and my mother's estate, though small, was sufficient enough to liquidate our debts and allow us to start our separate lives. At that time, all contact with my family ceased.

Until Carol and I split, I have had no family to speak of. This is no longer true. Perhaps it is a result of an unknown desire to have a big sister. Perhaps it is nothing more than a logical extension of our relationship. The parallels Carol and I have had in regards to our personal lives is truly remarkable. A manifestation of the Pelton luck, surely.

Whatever the reasons, both Carol & I are very happy with our situations. RUNE shall continue to be a joint effort and we hope that all of you readers out there continue to appreciate our efforts as much as you already have.

Oh, and speaking of the person who now holds the most important position in my life, allow me to introduce to you Rachel Fang. Rachel is a vivacious, captivating 18 year-old dynamo who became my partner at the most recent WINDYCON. Her intelligence, energy, and love has been a beacon for me in this transitional time of my life and I would not have made anything as easy as I have without her beside me. Not one step behind me as some people would assume.

Rachel is a student at the University of Minnesota, majoring in anthropology, and has a fairly full academic life planned out for herself. I envy her her opportunity to do so. I also envy the fact that she gets to sleep later than I do (grrrr!). To say that she has added a few new dimensions to my living style would be more than a little inadequate. Frankly, people, I have never felt this way about anyone the way I feel towards Rachel. The hardest part of our relationship has been accepting that each of us feels as strongly about the other as we do. A lot of personal self-images are getting battered and I love it! Well, let's get on with the issue. I am very proud of it and hope your responses confirm my feelings. Remember, all RUNE correspondence should be sent to me at 2726 Girard Ave. S., #101, Mpls, MN 55408.







It was a foggy, cold 3 A.M. in Madison, Wisconsin. I peered tiredly through the cab window with little interest at the deserted streets I so seldom saw at that hour of the morning. The cab swam through the swirls of mist and pulled up into a yellow glow that marked the entrance to the Greyhound station. A half hour later I was sitting in a northbound bus watching the ominous shapes of dark Dells bluffs chase past the windows, and I considered my mission.

It was a dirty business, but somebody had to do it.

Somebody had to infiltrate into the society of the Minn-STFers, had to find out all we could about their absurd (or fiendish?) plans for a convention in '73, had to crack the Bozo Bus enclave -- had to do all this before the silly Minn-STFers took over the entire Midwest and made Wisconsin unsafe (or too funny) for serconicity!

"Be careful, Jeanne," I had been warned. "Remember the Martian jokes? the lapses of giggling? the borderline 'jokes' you slip into JANUS? We are worried that you might be susceptible to the contagious Minn-STF silliness -- that you might succumb and lose faith with serconicity." Indeed, it was difficult to convince the stern masters of Madcity fandom to let me make the necessary trip to Minneapolis. But in the end, the urgency of the mission -- and an I Ching reading which foretold my nomination as best serious artist in the FAAns -- prevailed upon my comrades to approve my mission.

Would I succeed in my mission to unveil the workings of the Minn-STF conspiracy? I nervously licked my dry lips. Or would I indeed succumb and (like John Bartelt) forget my beloved sercon homeland? Only time would tell. The rising sun was relieving the foreboding aspects of the wintry landscape outside, and I calmed myself by performing a warm-up sercon yoga exercise. I contemplated the significant Grail imagery in the film CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND, and as I felt the tide of sercon righteousness rising within me,



began to make notes comparing Ian Watson's and Arthur C. Clarke's conceptions of quantum leaps in human intelligence. As the bus pulled into the Minneapolis station, I was confident and eager to begin my infiltration.

Carol Kennedy, Lee Pelton and John Bartelt met me at the station and drove me to a nearby pancake restaurant where we ate breakfast and exchanged silliness. My disguise held remarkably well. They never suspected me, for I made not one reference to Russ or Delany, and chuckled and laughed appropriately through the whole conversation. Carol and Lee took turns describing the humorous antics of the Minicon planners, and John delighted in tempting me to join an anti-cat program to be held at the upcoming con.

I listened carefully to all three of them because the subject of Minicon was of crucial concern to all of us back in Madcity, and I personally had developed a theory concerning the corrupting role of cats in the Minn-STF phenomenon. All the while grinning, I listened carefully for any hints that John's disgust for cats was less persistent than it had been when he lived in Madcity. John was a particularly tragic example of the contagious effects of Minn-STF silliness, and since moving north he had lost much of his sercon heritage; indeed, were it not for his continued scholarly attention to the works of John Varley, we would fear him lost to us for good. I suspected that cats -- perhaps alien parasites disguised as cats -- were to blame for this dreadful conversion of my friend, but John betrayed no change in his old contempt for cats, suggesting at one point that if cat-lovers loved kittens so much, they would be advised to preserve them in lucite. He smirked as he told me of a photograph he had arranged for, showing a police detective checking out the chalk outline of a cat on a city sidewalk.

If cats were at the bottom of the Minn-STF conspiracy, they were diabolically clever felines, but I began to have my doubts. However, just to make sure, I performed the fool-proof cat wrapping test, developed by Madcity's Diane Martin to demonstrate the innate dumbness of cats. No alien cat, of course, would test positive in this test as all Madcity cats did. And so immediately upon stepping into Carol and Lee's apartment, where I would be staying that weekend, I grabbed a nearby black cat and wrapped it with my long woolen scarf.

Wrapping a cat simply involves winding a cat's midsection securely (though not painfully) with several layers of some long piece of cloth or scarf. Be careful to leave all the legs free. Experience (14 out of 14 cats so far!) has shown us that upon being set down on the floor in such a condition (or on a shelf if you are feeling sadistic), cats will momentarily appear stunned and disoriented, and then will invariably fall over sideways. Thump. Then, if they can rid themselves of the cat wrappings they will scurry away unable to disguise their terrible embarrassment. But they will do the same thing every time you wrap them! Beyond the aforesaid low feline intelligence quotient, no scientific explanation has been advanced to adequately explain this phenomenon.

Carol and Lee's cat Brackett was no alien at all; it fell right over.

And so I rejected the alien cat hypothesis in connection with the Minn-STF Midwest takeover conspiracy. Even though I was soon to learn the incredible truth about the essential "Minn-STFania", as I came to call it, I momentarily reconsidered my alien cat theory. For Brackett had taken its repulsive revenge upon the bed I was scheduled to sleep in that night.

"John," I said, "what do you want from me for that anti-cat program?"

Later in the day, Carol, Lee, John and I drove to the regular Saturday Minn-STF meeting. Since traveling always induces reveries in me, and these are handy devices with which to introduce flashbacks into the narrative besides, I recalled the reasons for this undercover intelligence mission deep into the heart of Minn-STF country.

Madstf, Madcity's fan group, had been in existence for nearly four years. We'd gone from a small group of 10 or so members that used to meet weekly down in the basement of the now-defunct Madison Book Co-op to a modest sized



organization that not only still met weekly (at a local bar, Nick's on State Street) but also controlled a vast number of complex enterprises. We had incorporated as the Society for the Furtherance and Study of Fantasy and Science Fiction (thus SFSFSF -- or SF<sup>3</sup>), published the Hugo-nominated sercon genzine JANUS, and sporadically published several other zines as well, and produced WisCon each year (the fourth will be held in March 1980), a convention with a decidedly sercon and feminist reputation. Not only that, but the fan group in Madcity had never disowned its ties to science fiction, and every month group members took turns producing an advertised program which spotlighted some SF author, theme or related topic and took place in the University Student Union. As if that wasn't enough blatant serconicity, various subgroups were involved with another monthly reading/discussion group, the Book-of-the-Month-Club, and a weekly radio SF and fantasy show on WORT-FM. Many group members put more energy into production of several cable-cast media presentations, and it seemed every time I finished another book there was another major project being developed.

We had one major problem: there never seemed enough of us. We had forgotten what "spare time" was; we thought of our mundane jobs as places to relax from the hectic pace set by our fannish activities. And only a pitifully small number of curious people who walked into a Madstf meeting stayed on as active members to relieve our sleepless schedules.

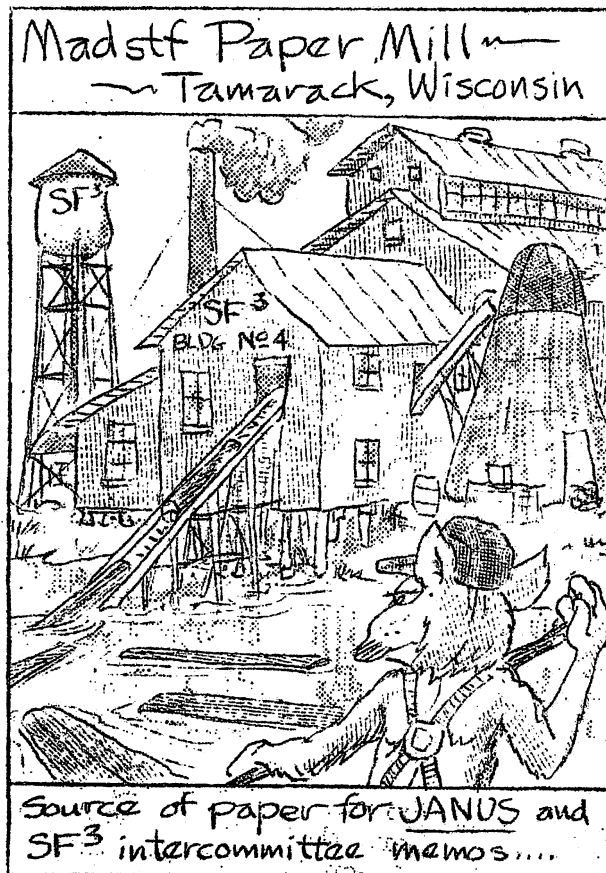
Minn-STF, on the other hand, claimed a membership that we truly envied. How did they do it? Were Madcity fans imminently in danger of encroachment by the Minn-STF expansion? Or could we learn their secret before it was too late?

Various Madstfians hypothesized that the answer lay in secret rites conducted at Minicon. Others, hysterical about the Minneapolis in '73 party held at this year's WisCon, pointed fearfully at the mysterious and classified ingredients of "blog". These members suspected an addictive effect, and warned

me against tasting any of the substance should I be offered a drink in Minneapolis. Still other factions critiqued, analyzed and diagrammed sentences contained in the Minn-STF journal, RUNE; but no suspected hypnotic propaganda could be discerned, even through a rigorous structural analysis of Pelton and Kennedy's editorials. Ken Fletcher's hand-stenciled illustrations were, however, still under examination.

And so, as Lee, John, Carol and I stumbled and slipped our precarious ways across the ice and snow-encrusted walks to the house where Saturday's Minn-STF meeting was to take place, I grew nervous, anticipating the imminent revelation of supernatural rites or even a mass hypnosis session. Indeed, I felt myself losing my self-possession. Frantically I calmed myself by reciting the Sercon Creed ("I believe in one genre, science fiction almighty, creator of fiction and film, and of all change, imaginary and actual..."). And as we proceeded into the living room, I'd begun to regain control of myself, chanting the names of new wave science fiction authors.

Through the early part of the Minn-STF meeting, I discovered no clue







to the mystery. There were a lot of weird things going on -- but no clues. Or so I thought. Later the whole picture would fall into place.

Denny Lien was handing out mimeographed guidelines for an uncommonly rigorous University program. And while this semblance of sercon activity, plus another positive cat wrapping test, at first reassured me, I was soon to witness a series of characteristically silly Minn-STF activities and characters. Kathy Marschall, looking deceptively normal, displayed two original drawings of the "Knights Who Say 'Ook! Ook!'". Ken Fletcher's visage, on the other hand, deceived me not at all, and later in the evening he drew an imaginary scene from Madstf history -- "Madstfians Discover Mimeography" -- showing members of our group crowded, amazed, around a table, and one of us holding a mimeograph machine overhead, having just made a block-print (or machine-print?) impression with it on a piece of paper. (We, of course, are True Believers of Offset Printing.) QUINAPALUS editor M.K. Digre walked around with a characteristic editorial gleam in his eyes; and somehow by the end of the evening I found that I had succumbed to that gleam and promised to do a cover for the next QUINAPALUS. My own powerful characteristic editorial gleam had not been enough to combat Digre's.

This coup might have driven me to distraction with worry, but by the time Digre had assigned me the cover, I had already discovered the truth about Minn-STF. By that time, sitting against the living room wall, drawing with Ken Fletcher (on a piece that would eventually become the cover of John Bartelt's DIGRESSIONS), talking with Ken, John and Digre, and listening to the energetic singing going on in the other part of the room, I was simply enjoying myself. Pardon me, but by that time I would have said, "To hell with serconicity!" if someone had suggested I was perhaps taking the necessity for disguise a bit too far.

Later, at the debriefing in Madcity, I recapitulated my deductions for my comrades.

Through the course of my stay with Carol Kennedy and Lee Pelton, editors of RUNE, I'd found their obsessions for address-, art work-, and article-collecting no different than mine and Janice Bogstad's. I'd watched carefully and noted their familiar addiction to hits of mail. Having missed a day's mail myself, I was a bit edgy, but Lee had kindly handed me a copy of FANZINE FANATIQUE to open and that helped a little.

Furthermore, in conversations with Lee and Carol I found them both to be delightful persons and fascinating conversationalists. They spoke comfortably about the reasons and consequences of many of the decisions they'd made with regard to their relationship. And I was impressed with the clear-sightedness and competence with which they managed both their own lives and the production of

I found John Bartelt not at all "lost" to serious pursuits. He was, in fact, actively engaged in writing for various popular science publications, as well as for the many Minneapolis fanzines. DIGRESSIONS 4, in progress, was planned to be one focussing on his Varley interview and research. It seemed that Minn-STF silliness had simply animated a tendency long dormant in John, or at least one not energetically encouraged in Madcity.

But then it began.

Forcibly, Nate pressed the urgent business of nominations for the Minn-STF Board of Directors through in a matter of minutes. The mob would have stood for no more than that. Their mood was ugly and not to be provoked. Later, John told me that this Minn-STF meeting had done a lot more official business than was usual, probably because of the impending Minicon.

It all fell into place. This was a party!

In Minneapolis, work and friendships both are based on and reinforced by frequent partying. In Madcity, friendships develop through mutual involvement in projects that we have little compunction about referring to as "work". That we've rediscovered a positive meaning for that word is perhaps one of the extraordinary achievements of the Madstf group--but it is also, perhaps, a scary thing for many newcomers to our group. It's as if we are greeting them saying, "Renounce all your worldly goods, affections, and most of all, your spare time, all Ye who would join this group!" Things are sometimes carried to a bit of an extreme when meetings and committees begin to take







to take more time than the actual projects, but we seem to be able to recognize those extreme instances and compensate. And so too do Minn-STFians individually recognize the extremes of their own party-dominated activities. Support groups within the large group seem to have formed that aid members to achieve professional goals (such as the groups within Minn-STF seriously attempting to work as musicians, artists and writers). Additionally, through a superbly-functioning group delegation-of-work process, committees of interested Minn-STFians capably handle the Minicon, publication of RUNE, and other projects.

No, I assured my comrades in Madstf, we are not in danger of encroachment. Our two ideologies are probably quite compatible, though certain personality types will inevitably be more attracted to one than the other of our fannish styles, and make enclaves of partiers or fanatic workers in the encampment of the opposite should they be forced to live among them for one mundane reason or another. And indeed that process is already apparent in the convention programming of both WisCon and Minicon, with this year's WisCon evidencing signs of boziness ("The Madison Parade of Cats") and this year's

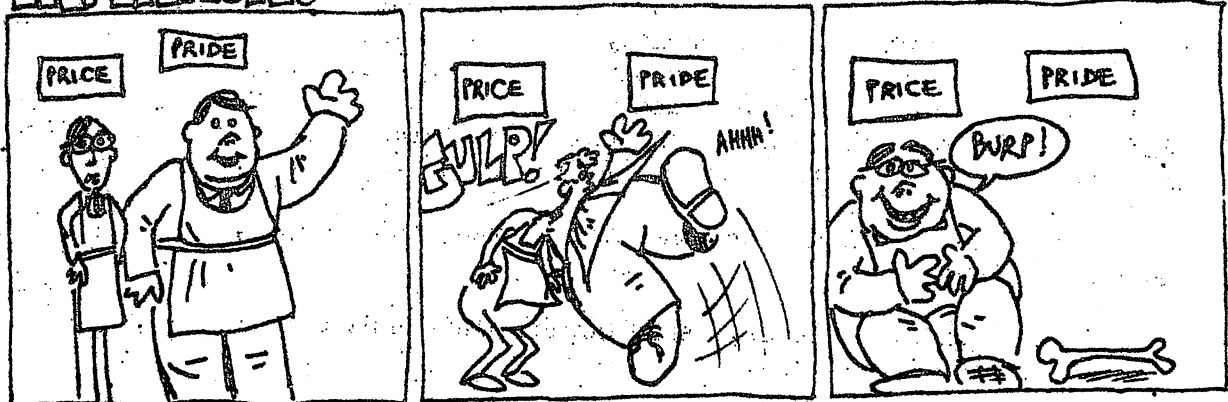
Minicon expanding their program offerings to include more sercon attractions.

Still, there are doubters in Madstf who regard me with suspicion, asking whether I drank any blog after all. Or they ask if my "serious artist" nomination is due not to the actual solemnity of my drawings, but rather to the nominators' assumption that feminists have no sense of humor, thus casting aspersions on my true adherence to serconicity.

I wonder about that myself, sometimes.

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## INFLATION!



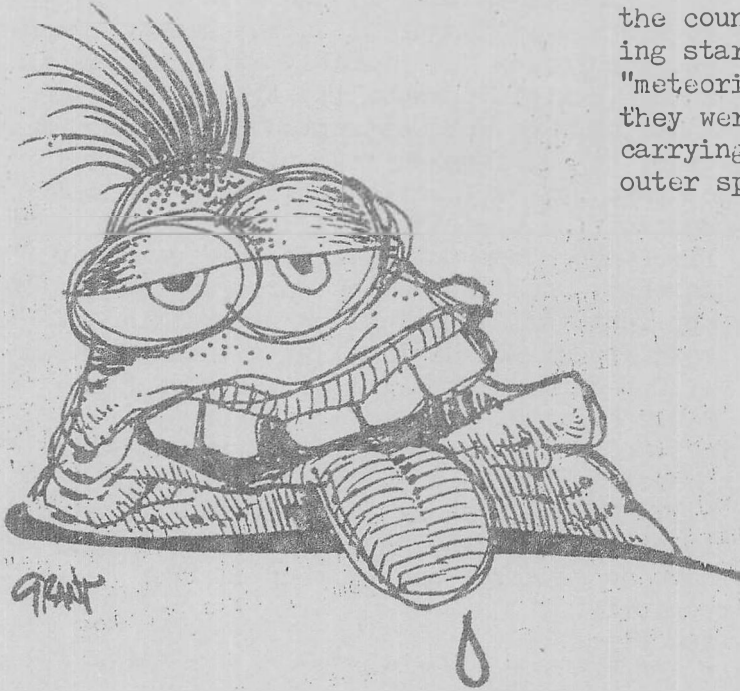
# THE FEAST OF THE KHROOBLES

by John Bartelt

--with apologies to James MacNelly

## Part 1: The Invasion

One Saturday night, people all over the country saw what appeared to be shooting stars, or what scientists call "meteorites". But we now know better: they were spaceships from outer space carrying beings from another planet in outer space.



They struck first in the megalopolis of Huron, South Dakota. Huge brown masses advanced on the town at dawn Sunday morning. Panicking people fled in the opposite direction, only to find that they were being herded into a trap. The entire city of 157 was wiped out.

## Part 2: Fighting Back

The outraged people of America mobilized the Army, Navy, and Air Force (though the Navy wasn't much help in South Dakota). A team of top scientists from the St. Paul Institute of Technology (SPIT) was sent into what remained of Huron to investigate. The disgusting brown lumps had moved out into the countryside. The scientists found a whole bunch of dead people; about all that was left were the bones. The only other clue they found was a message written in human blood. It said, "The Khroobles were here."

"What kind of fiends are these?" shouted Monty Strong, the young, handsome scientist.

"Hungry ones, it seems," said Mendel Fratzinzi, the old, wise scientist, absent-mindedly.

"Look," said Valerie Petite, Mendel's beautiful, adopted "niece".



She pointed to some fleshy substance. They took some samples back to the lab. "This substance," said Mendel, "resembles some sort of burnt meat. It apparently came off one of the Khroobles when it hit a high voltage line." Just then the phone rang. Mendel answered: "Yes. Yes. Right. Yes." He hung up. "As I was saying, it looks like some burnt meat, but there are also vegetable substances mixed in."

The phone rang again. Mendel answered: "Hello. Yes. No. Right." He hung up. "The army sent in troops to wipe out the Khroobles. They were all eaten. The bombs and rifles had no effect. Toledo has just been eaten. We're going to fly there and assist the army in finding some way to stop these fiends."

All over the world, cities and villages (though oddly enough, no towns) were being decimated by the huge brown lumps. The armed forces of the world were unable to stop them. Angry mobs cried out for protection and vengeance. In the Ohioan countryside near Toledo, one mob gathered at dusk, carrying lighted torches. Suddenly, a group of the huge brown masses came over the hill. The mob rushed them with the torches and killed them. News of the killing spread, and soon mobs all over the world were destroying the disgusting aliens. Then the plane carrying the scientists from SPIT landed.

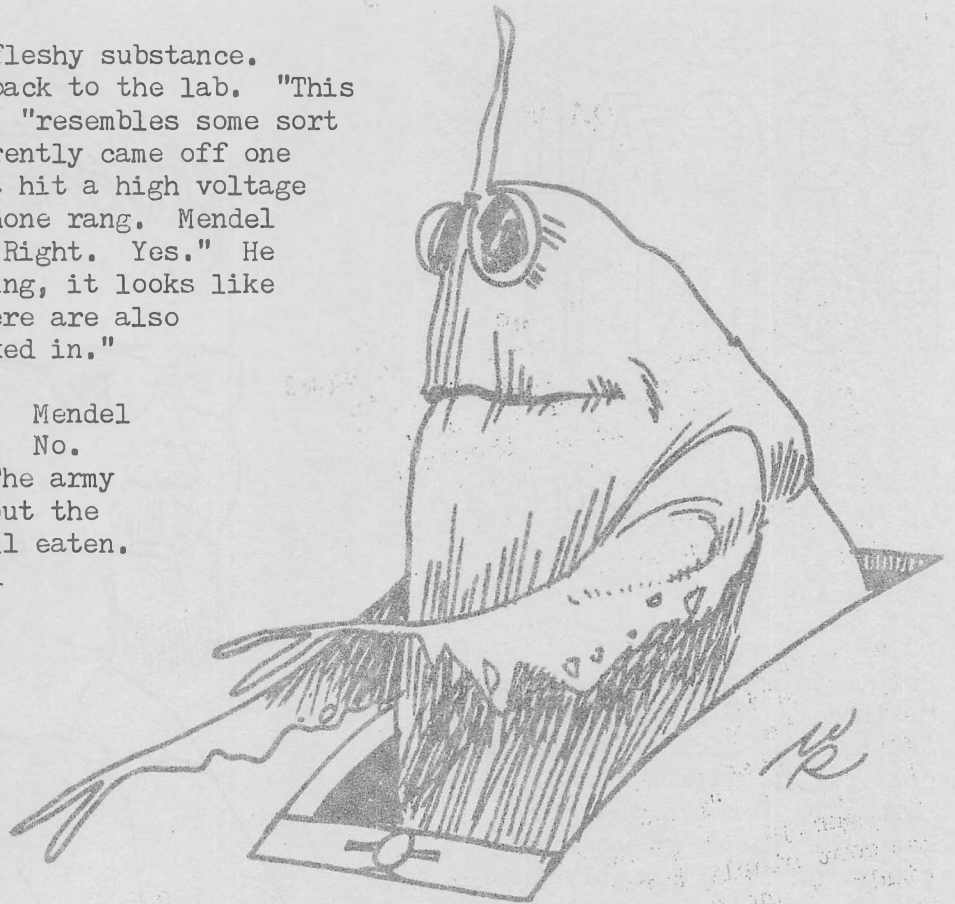
They investigated the dead Khroobles. Mendel said, "Do a chemical analysis of their flesh, Monty."

"OK," Monty said. He cut off a piece of the soft, mushy flesh and ate it. "It tastes like meatloaf," he said.

"Gee," said Valerie, "this means that all those poor people all over the world who are starving can eat the dead Khroobles, and be happy, and there'll be world peace."

"Right," said Monty. "Take off your clothes and let me fondle you."

And everybody lived happily ever after.



\*Originally written for TALES of FUR and LEATHER Adventure Fan Magazine, edited by Linda Lounsbury and still available for \$1.25 + 50¢ postage by sending same to Linda at 341 E. 19th St. (upper), Mpls., MN 55404. Proceeds to Better Half TAFF transfer fund.

# FOCAL POINT

DAVE WIXON

Gordon Dickson once remarked to me that Cliff Simak had no equal in the science fiction field in the art of the narrow focus. I was grateful for his thought, because the jigsaw piece with that word on it fit neatly into the Simak-gestalt in my mind, as a concept that had long been there, but unnamed.

Like others, I have before described Clifford D. Simak as the "pastoralist of science fiction." And he is that; yet such is but a special case of the method denoted by the word "focus." I mean by this a technique of presenting a large concept simply through a detailed study of one small aspect of that concept -- somewhat akin to the way the whole of a hologram is present in smaller portions of it. A good example is the novel WAY STATION, wherein Simak limned an entire galactic civilization by looking, with loving detail, at a small house in rural Wisconsin...

For this reason, Simak's sf is that of the ordinary human (even if his characters are anything but that!). When an army moves, it sends out scouts ahead of it; and so it is that, when contact is made by the army with anyone else, it is the low-rankers, the scouts, who made it first. In fact, when any army, club, society, or civilization bumps up against someone/thing else -- it is always the low-ranks who are in it up to the ears.

In the forward to SKIRMISH, a recent collection, Simak says he loves the first-contact theme, and looks forward to them with excitement. (He also says he seldom uses the alien invasion theme, not thinking it "realistic;" however, in FEELOWSHIP OF THE TALISMAN he does just that -- though with typical change of implication...)





Cliff's style is distinctive on this score, too: his stories almost always remain with the original point-of-view character; once established, the story lives where it began. It does not go off to explore the Harriers, the Galactic Empire, the aliens -- whatever -- through new eyes.

This process of focusing narrowly leads necessarily to the essence of Simak's work: it is intensely personal. He does not often paint worlds wherein people may be so distant from each other as to be able to kill each other dispassionately, coldly. Conflicts are one-on-one, and often are trials of personality -- of such scope that combat is often avoided.

Let me look at his latest two novels, to show you some of what I mean.

The novel MASTODONIA has received a mixed reaction among reviewers. I find this a bit ironic, since I had mixed reactions to it myself -- but not the same mix the reviewers had in mind. Some of them were simply bored -- that means blind to the essence of the work. Others felt the novel was merely a derivative expansion of the award-winning "The Big Front Yard;" there are some similarities of names, it is true, but the differences in story, plot and theme are massive enough to dwarf those details.

If you read enough of Cliff Simak's work, you learn that he populates his worlds with the little details, the little critters that somehow express the countryside; and on them the main character reflects, and in them he is reflected. They provide the focal points on which the eye of the reader comes to rest first, to begin there the process of understanding of the whole. In this case, there is a robin -- the most bit of characters, but his presence tells you more about Asa, Bowser, Hiram and the land than could a thousand more prosaic words.

Details. Simak is aware of the tendency of robins to appropriate and rule a territory. And the front-yard-robin personifies a quietly fierce, firm independence, a flavor which is in the name of the protagonist, Asa Steele, and even more in his character. The flavor is also in the setting, a Wisconsin countryside dear to Simak himself, the area where Asa grew up and to which he comes back after years in academia. Simak has used this milieu over and over again, and that makes it obvious that it is important to him.

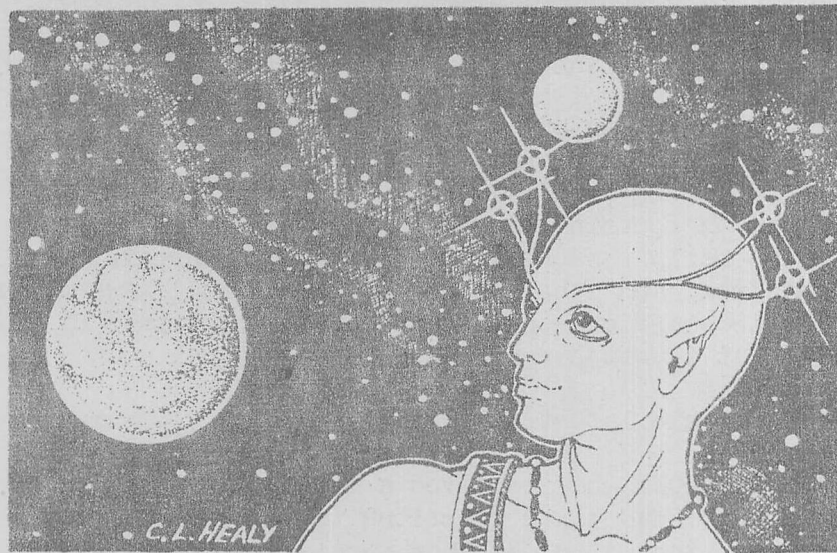
(WAY STATION, "The Big Front Yard," "The Thing in the Stone," "The Autumn Land," to name only a few.)

Although Asa left Willow Bend, it never fully left him, and he successfully combines an academic rationality with simple tastes, to fully understand the land and the rural people around him, and to love them while fully aware of their foibles. In these glimpses, I suspect, the author nears autobiography.

A countryside shapes its people, and one quickly realizes that Asa/Simak's feelings for these people but echo a deep appreciation for the country itself.



Again, as so often before, Cliff finds magic in the trees -- an alien living in a crabapple grove -- and peace in the streams, a zing in the air and comradeship with the land. Asa has rediscovered this love on his return to Willow Bend, and the real movement of the book is in transference of that feeling to the same area in another time. (One is poignantly reminded,



too, of CITY, with the sudden recurrence of the vision of man leaving the here-now for unknown destiny elsewhere -- in "Desertion," one of the stories in that collection, men make themselves new bodies and find a sort of paradise on Jupiter, abandoning the Earth. The remainder of CITY focuses on those who stayed behind on Earth, as if to say that the author, at least, loves her too much to leave her...)

At first glance, it seems a little strange that Asa, a college archeology teacher letting himself be lazy, should be seriously considering that a crashed spaceship may be buried in his back yard, but Simak's protagonists generally have the capacity to entertain whatever theory is necessary to fit the facts. Simak likes to say, as in his foreward to SKIRMISH, that "my people are quite ordinary folk." I beg to differ with the author: his heroes are extraordinary, at least to the extent of possessing that very quality of intellectual courage which he mentions in that same foreward. It is precisely because of this quality that they become the protagonists of their books: they do what is necessary, even while the countryside abounds in others who don't see the situation the same way.

Here, however, arises the problem I have with MASTODONIA: throughout the book, Asa seldom initiates action, although he is the rock around which the action flows. It is a part of the Simak style that his protagonists do not seek their adventures, but are pushed into them, as befits unassuming, thoughtful, stay-at-home types. This attitude is an integral part of the theme, and is also evinced by the fact that Simak doesn't worry overmuch about the sort of time travel paradoxes most authors spend large paragraphs of essay on. Although he nods at them now and again, Simak is primarily out to tell the matter-of-fact story in down-to-earth fashion.

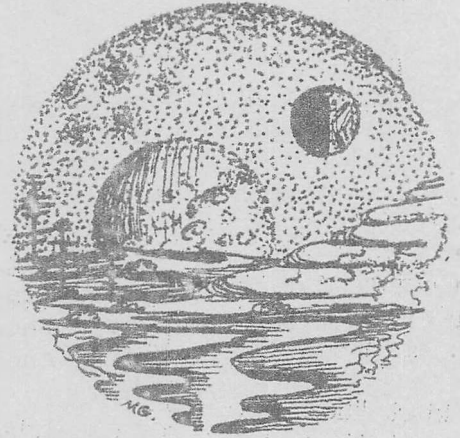
Perhaps it is this same theme, this personification of the wisdom of the land in Asa, which makes this book curiously unsatisfying. It is frustrating to speculate as to how this could happen to a book which contains all the pieces for a fine, albeit quiet, story. Indeed, much of the Simak touch remains to entertain, in character, scenery and wit. But the personality of the first-person almost-present-tense story-teller, Asa, stops and starts like a fitfull breeze. In large sections of the book we see the land and the people through Asa's eyes, and his reactions -- undoubtedly reflecting the love of the author -- come alive in the mind. Yet at other moments the eye-shine dulls and the character named Asa is only a string of letters on the page.



All the ingredients for him are there: the symbols of independence, moods of despair or anger, friendships, memories. Yet, when he is placed in mental communion with the alien, Catface, the swift progression from wariness to intimate friendship is not to be believed. Asa's personality fails to gel; he is too close to being the color of the land to be his own man.

Never real for us, either, is Rila, who comes back to Asa from his past in the first sort of time-travel in the book; nor are the other characters. Perhaps this, too, is the result of the first person narrative: we have only Asa's eyes and mind to see them with, and he is dreadful at this. Asa tells the story, and tells what he sees, but the reader comes away with the sense that he has been given only the bare-bones report, and that Asa has no insight into anyone else's character, or has chosen to keep it to himself. Ben, for instance: small-town banker and mayor, clever and described as almost a scrooge, a sharpie with an eye on your money -- by the middle of the book he is suddenly Asa's best friend. The transition is unprepared for. One is left to conclude that Asa has not reported changes in his own views. It is possible that Simak has succeeded all too well in capturing the essence of an archeology teacher, in Asa -- an academic unskilled in reporting on real life, as opposed to his dear dead past; he succeeds only in giving to a warm landscape the gray frame of a detached observer.

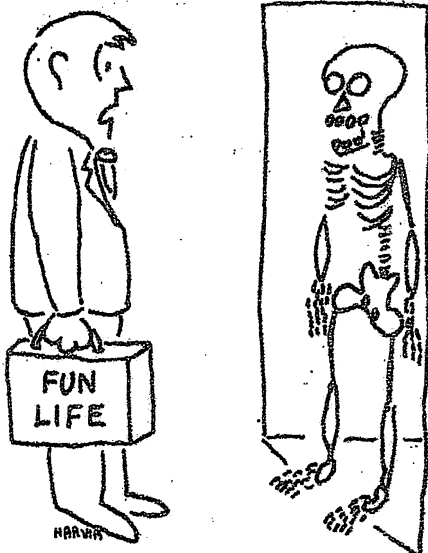
Simak's next novel, *THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE TALISMAN*, appears outwardly to be the "quest" type of fantasy with which we are all too familiar; but the novel has its definite place among the ranks of his works, for it still, despite the radical change of plot-line, retains the familiar Simak theme of the quiet joy of a good working relationship between Man and the planet he was meant for. Very seldom in a Simak story does the action leave the face of this planet; and even then, as in "All the Traps of Earth," it often will only move to find another Earth.



In brief, *FELLOWSHIP* takes place on an alternate Earth, where the alien presence served to halt the progress of civilization, so that 20th-century England is still feudal. The author is inventive and entertaining in presenting an adventure in that setting; more important, though, is the fact that he continues to do the things which make his style so unique: the countryside is populated with Little People of various sorts -- not the cute little elves of the fairy tales, but alien races with their own motives and ways -- elementals, perhaps, of the countryside; there are an assortment of loyal, intelligent animals; there are other forms of knowledge -- witchcraft (and a witch) and wizardry. There is a demon, and even a ghost, whose purpose in death is never explained.

When Simak does something in a well-mined vein, you can be sure he will do it with a new perspective. Here he rejects the massive Good-versus-Evil struggle so common to "quest" stories, rejects the bipolar world-view, to imply that Evil may be of many sorts, and in some cases be only another, different way of life.

Both these novels display a common Simak theme, that of the stars coming down to us. The thought behind this seems to be that we humans may be better off on our home ground. In contrast, *SHAKESPEARE'S PLANET* hints at a human race either homeless -- lost -- in the vast Universe, or mutating into something not so human (as if being "human" is defined at least partially in terms of a relationship to Earth). Nowhere does this contrast between the two sorts of futures for humankind come through more clearly than in *A CHOICE OF GODS*, wherein a few humans, left on Earth, live calm,



DO I LOOK LIKE I  
NEED INSURANCE?

quiet, contented lives, while the rest of the race vanishes into space, either lost to other concerns, or jostling frantically among the stars.

Cliff is aware of the need not to stagnate in the same old pool, as he showed in "Huddling Place;" fear of Out There is not the proper motive for one's staying home. Yet the central theme of his whole shelf of books is that of "home." At times the song is somewhat muted, but even in FELLOWSHIP Duncan's motivation arises primarily from considerations of his place in the line of his family, of his duty to people and place -- a duty he accepts with no qualm.

In other stories the refrain is even stronger, and it dates all the way back to the CITY stories; and it's not a feeling reserved for humans... "Home" is more than a place, though; it connotes a niche in a whole ecosystem and a society. Simak subtly portrays

the feeling of happiness as including the invisible web of ties to those around one. In "Neighbor" (1954) he shows a little valley which accepts an alien who demonstrates acceptance of their ways; in "All the Traps of Earth" a robot is fulfilled by such a small thing as a new little planet whose struggling pioneers need help -- yet still can extend the greeting to "make yourself at home."

What "home" is varies for each person, and it is no part of Simak's thought to suggest that the whole race should remain Earth-bound. But "home" is an environment which suits the being, and vice-versa -- one feels at home because one is suited for a place/milieu.

If, as in "Desertion," one changes, one is no longer at home in the old place; but one can make a new home... In SHAKESPEARE'S PLANET, again, Ship is on the other path, slowly changing to match the environment -- one day it will be at home in the between-stars emptinesses. (The tragedy has come to Carter Horton, though, who now has no home at all, except Cold Sleep.)

Herein, perhaps, lies the explanation of why Simak's characters, often so simple and unsophisticated, are yet so successful at encountering the unexpected bit of Otherness which drops into their lives: they are adept at treating the Other as they would like to be treated -- made to feel comfortable, "at home." Simak has said he is excited about the idea of first contacts, and what he offers us, subtly, time and again, is a lesson in how to do it: no hostile moves, but neither with slobbering enthusiasm (only dogs can get away with that).

And yet -- maybe here is the reason why Asa (in MASTODONIA) took to Ben so suddenly: perhaps Ben was the subtle extension to Asa of the hand of Willow Bend. If so, Asa, who had never fully lost his feeling for the area, cannot be blamed for seizing it so gladly. Ben was the focus of the community's reception of Asa....

As Elayne said to Carter Horton when, in SHAKESPEARE'S PLANET, he finally commented on the rose tattooed on her naked breast: "I had been beginning to feel disappointed that you hadn't noticed it.. You must have known that it was there to direct attention. The rose is intended as a focal point."



# the fly problem

by  
m.k. digre

The other day while I was working in the bookstore, a funny thing happened. I had just finished helping a very polite English woman to find what she wanted, and she was chatting amiably as I rung up her purchases on the till. It was a Thursday, so I was working the whole day without a lunch break, instead sneaking bites from my sandwich between customers. As I was making change for this amiably chatting epitome of etiquette, a flicker of movement caught my eye.

A fly! A fly buzzing around my half-eaten sandwich, threatening at any moment to land on it. "Disgraceful," I muttered. "People who want to air their flies ought to keep them on leashes." The very polite woman's face distorted itself for a moment into the sort of countenance, not unlike the masque of the red death, that one normally sees on someone who has just remembered a dental appointment on the other side of town. As I bagged her books, I asked myself why that stormy expression had clouded an otherwise sunny face. Did she, perhaps, occasionally let her fly out of the house without putting it on a leash? Might this even be her own fly? Or was she merely alarmed to be so near someone who muttered to himself in public?

"Excuse me," she said, "but I've just remembered I have a dental appointment on the other side of town, so I really must fly."

Now that was a curious thing to say. She walked quite normally out of the store and out of sight, so I never got to see exactly how she managed it. Still, this unusual ability of hers might explain why she had shown such visible distaste at the suggestion that flies be kept on leashes. It would necessarily appear, in the mind of one so gifted, to be but a short step from there to suggest that she be kept on a leash, a prospect at least as unpleasant as having a dental appointment on the other side of town.

However, such an idea is sheer paranoia. To equate flies to human beings, and more particularly to very polite English women, is ridiculous. Those who maintain



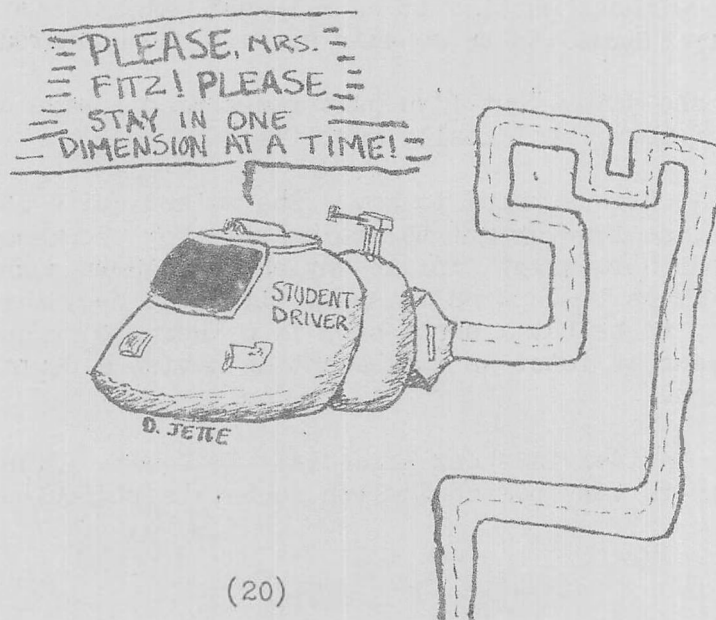
that keeping flies on leashes will quickly lead to the same treatment for decent, law-abiding citizens (and, of course, very polite English women) are of a stamp with those who believe that jumping on beds will startle the communists hiding underneath them into action, thus causing the downfall of Western civilization. The whole argument is too absurd even to think about it!

Still, two very unusual circumstances had just intruded themselves into my consciousness: first, that some people would willfully allow their flies to leave their homes; second, that very polite English women sometimes might "fly" to their dental appointments across town. The book business is normally considered to be fairly sedate, but it certainly had got me into an unusual situation today! After some rumination, and in fact after having finished my sandwich, I realized that I must face two difficult questions: first, what could be done about all those flies being unleashed on innocent young bookstore clerks and their equally innocent young sandwiches by the flies' irresponsible owners; second, how do all these bloody English women manage to fly to their appointments across town, and, as a corollary, how can bookstore clerks develop this same ability?

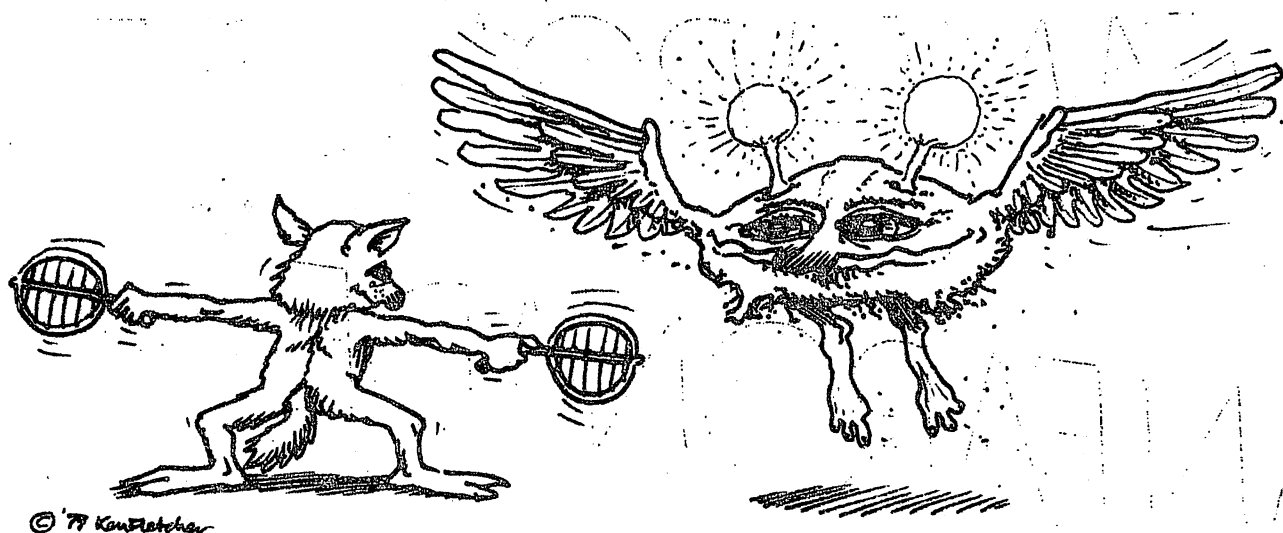
I thought at first of relatively mundane sorts of solutions to these problems. For example, flies could be registered with some appropriate city authority, and owners of troublesome flies could then be identified and assessed fines for their pets' misbehaviors. Flying English women could be registered with the Federal Aviation Administration and be required to prove their air-worthiness, and that their passports had not expired. This would undoubtedly allow some sharp investigator to determine exactly what mechanism gives them their power of flight, and harried bookstore clerks could then study their reports, and, one hopes, develop the same skill in themselves.

However, I hesitate to recommend government intervention whenever it may be avoided, and I felt sure my finely honed fannish mind could devise a better solution than that.

The flies, clearly, were not the real problem. I would use an updated Gernsbackian technique. Setting up a recombinant DNA lab in my storage locker in the basement of my apartment building, I would develop some sort of genetic defect that would spread to all the wild flies in town before its fatal effects manifested themselves. But how to fly like an Englishwoman? There was the challenging problem.







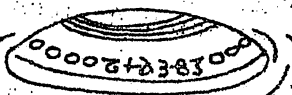
© '79 Ken Fletcher

Was telekinesis the secret? But Campbell had worn out all the good psi ideas twenty years ago. Attractive as TK might be, I had to find a fresher solution. It took me a few weeks to realize it, but that solution was already fermenting in my kitchen. You see, at that time I was conducting an experiment in home wine making. I was convinced that most of the articles I had read intentionally exaggerated the difficulty of the task in order to sell more overpriced equipment. To prove this, I had added some extra sugar and some yeast to a bottle of grape juice, covered it loosely, and set it in an unused cupboard. The little yeast-beasties did their work, and when they were done, I decanted the wine and let it age for a few hours before curiosity over-whelmed me.

I took a sip. Not too bad. It had a fruity nose and enough tannin to allow for a few more hours' aging. I labelled it "Chateau Bozo Grand Cru 1979," and considered laying it down for further aging, but discipline snapped and I downed it instead. Then, it struck me. I was flying! My problem had been solved in a suitably fannish fashion. There is even a scientific precedent for this means of propulsion, and if I were cruel and naive I might leave it for the reader to guess which story I have in mind. The End.



By CORELU! There is intelligent life on this planet!!



KMF 78

# FANFARONADE

The stack of fanzines which have arrived since the last RUNE produced two in which there were essays addressing a combination of two interesting subjects: pretentiousness and KNIGHTS (Mike Bracken's fanzine, now in its 21st issue). KNIGHTS has been one of my favorite fanzines since I first discovered fanzines -- not so long ago -- when it was "Knights of the Paper Space Ship". And I admit with a certain amount of embarrassment that "pretentious" is a derogation which I tend to use a bit too hastily.

"Pretentious" has, in fact, become one of the most popular disparaging words in reviews and criticisms. It is applied to paintings, sculpture, films, books, articles, plays, speeches -- and, of course, to reviews and criticisms. The word seems to connote a spurious intellectualism; and it is used almost exclusively by people who would consider themselves to be truly intelligent, and perhaps even intellectual.

What does "pretentious" mean, anyway? In KNIGHTS 21, Mike Bracken quotes Brian Earl Brown: "Pretentiousness" is a greater interest in appearance than in substance."

Well, no, not quite. It's a handy enough definition, if one wants to go on to prove that something being reviewed, which seems to exhibit more interest in appearance than in substance, is worthy of contempt. Call it "pretentious" and the point is made. And it is this definition and this technique which Gary Farber seems to be using when he takes on KNIGHTS 20 in a column called "Assessments" in Brown's WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG 11/12.

Farber says, in part, "...the overall syndrome KNIGHTS suffers from -- pretentiousness...Too much ill-conceived attention is paid to the appearance, and not enough to the contents. KNIGHTS' contents don't justify the not-so-well-done-anyway layout. In that context, they appear pretentious and dumb, moreso (sic) than they really are, or deserve..."

I am rather confused as to whether it is KNIGHTS' appearance or contents which Farber considers pretentious. However, my interpretation of his words is that KNIGHTS' appearance isn't really all that good, but that it's better than the contents, and that if the appearance was made less good yet, the contents would look better.

Have I missed something?

Bracken writes, "Many graphically excellent fanzines have been criticized for written content that fails to live up to the quality implied by the appearance..."

by

CAROL

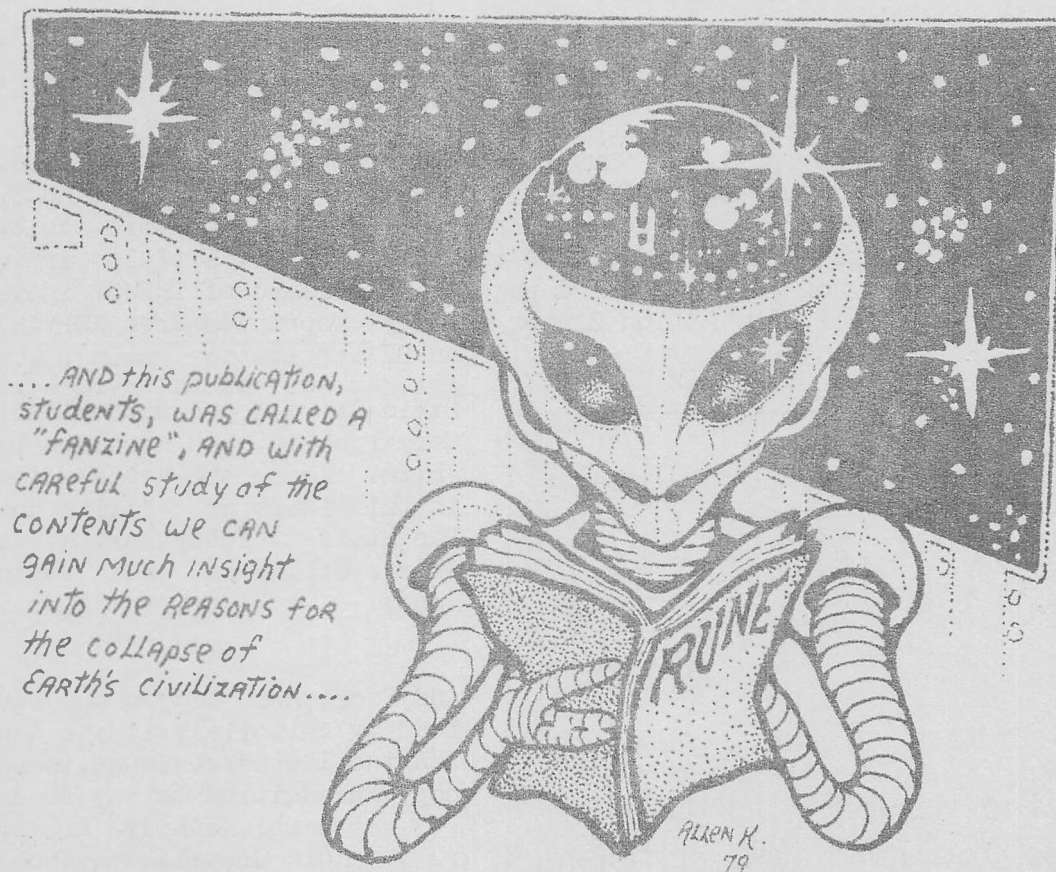
KENNEDY



The best written fanzines tend to use a simple, utilitarian design and many of the graphically superior fanzines can make no claim to excellent writing. It takes a solid combination background in editing and magazine design to publish the very best of fanzines. It takes a combination background few fan editors have...while a utilitarian design may be a perfectly valid one for many fanzines and their editors, it isn't what I, and a handful of other fan editors, want to use. We want to feel free to experiment with the physical appearance of our fanzines without the fear of being saddled with the unwanted and frequently untrue 'pretentious' label. We aren't better than our fellow editors just because of our emphasis on graphics, nor are we worse. We just have different values, different desires, and different backgrounds."

Bracken's point seems reasonable to me. Those fanzines which have excellent written material and merely adequate layouts and graphics are not afflicted with the label "pretentious". The disparity may be noted, lamented, even criticized by reviewers; but generally it is not implied that there is something wrong, something dishonest or false, in the editor's publishing the best written material he/she possibly can even if the graphics don't match up. But precisely that implication is made in slapping the label "pretentious" on those fanzines in which editors publish the most graphically excellent material possible -- because "pretentious" both denotes and connotes a false show.

Why is it considered unfortunate but acceptable if the disparity between writing and graphics goes one way, but contemptible if it goes the other? It's regrettable that not all fanzines are both graphically beautiful and literarily excellent. It's also regrettable that not all human beings are physically perfect and intellectually brilliant. But it seems to me that something important is lost if we discourage the development and utilization of whatever beauty and strength is available, whether it lies in something as transient and insignificant as a fanzine, or in something as important as the human being behind it.

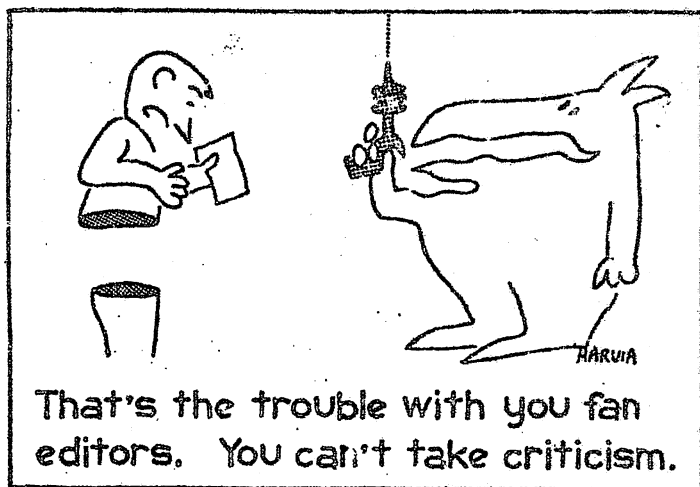


AND NOW FOR A FEW REVIEWS:

THE MONTHLY MONTHLY, V.1, Numbers 1 and 2 (Dated October and November, 1980) -- Editors (in rotating order) Christine Kulyk, Dave Vereschagin, Michael Hall, Bob Weir, Robert Runte, Rosanne Charest. Mailing address: c/o Robert Runte, 10957-88 Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T6G 0Y9. Available for trade (send two copies), accepted contributions of written material or artwork, locs, editorial whim, or 75¢ (\$9/year). Mimeo, 20pp. and 16pp. Six fans who can't afford the money or the time to do their own fanzines regularly decide to do a single fanzine together, and publish every month. Will it work? The first two issues are full of well-written, generally interesting personal essays and light opinion pieces; issue 2 also has an interview with Eli Cohen. The mimeography is clean, the layout is simple and effective (some of the lettered headings for articles are excellent), and the illos are adequate. (Seven of Dave Vereschagin's unique drawings are crowded together in a two-page spread in issue 1; they might have been better used throughout that issue and #2.) Generally promising zine.

STARLING 37, July 1979. ---Published by SF<sup>3</sup>. Editor: Hank Luttrell, 20th Century Books, 2619 Monroe St., Madison, WI 53711. Sample copy \$1.50, subscription 4/\$5. Offset, 30pp. Like SF<sup>3</sup>'s JANUS, STARLING tends to the sercon in both topics and style of writing; the art, however, is often silly, fannish, bizarre, all of the above. This issue includes an article on stand-up comedians by Carl Bennett, one on jazz by Ted White, and a comparison of the works of John Franklin Bardin and Philip K. Dick, as well as a very long article on children's TV which seems little more than a history of the field (something which one doesn't need a fanzine for -- it has been done elsewhere, better). The front cover is semi-obscene and I find both the drawing itself, and the orange ink used, to be very unattractive. STARLING 37 looks good and reads good, but it doesn't seem well-integrated and cohesive.

THRUST No. 13, Fall 1979 -- Editor: D. Douglas Fratz. Thrust Publications, 11919 Barrel Cooper Court, Reston, VA 22091. \$1.50 U.S., \$2 elsewhere, subscriptions 4/\$5 U.S., 4/\$7 elsewhere. Offset, 50pp. This has some layout and graphic similarities to STARLING -- photoreduced print, two column format, heading styles -- but I like it much better. THRUST flows more smoothly, using one color of paper and one color of ink throughout, and beginning each new article on a new page (STARLING mixes three colors of paper, two colors of ink, and starts the children's TV article partway down the second column on a righthand page). This issue of THRUST includes articles on rape in SF (by Marion Zimmer Bradley, reprinted from KOLVIR), on SF and fantasy gaming, and on SF art, as well as interviews with David Gerrold and with Alexei and Cory Panshin, and a column by Ted White. Among the artists featured in this issue are William Rotsler, Dan Steffan, Teddy Harvia, and Alexis Gilliland. Well worth the money.



And, for those of you who haven't read my editorial: if you want your fanzine listed/reviewed, send me a copy in addition to any trade copy.

Carol Kennedy  
410 Groveland Avenue #1205  
Minneapolis, MN 55403

# books

THE BUG WARS by Robert Asprin. St. Martin's Press, 1979. 234pp. \$8.95.

After my second reading of this book it occurred to me that I could see in it the strong influence of C.S. Forester's "Hornblower" series. Like that series, this book details certain episodes in the advancing career of an exceptional military hero, as he learns to think effectively in combat situations, and to act on those thoughts. (I realize that this summary doesn't make much of a case for the similarity I felt; let me add that Asprin's hero, Rahm, suffers from a wee touch of acrophobia -- not enough to hurt his career, but enough to make him uncomfortable, and thus "human", at times -- and the parallel to Hornblower's periodic bouts with seasickness appeals to me a great deal.)

This is an extremely good book. Episodic, it relates three separate campaigns in the war by Rahm's people, the Tzen, against elements of the Coalition of Insects. (The implication that humans play no part in the book is correct, which makes this both a rarity and a classic of truly speculative alien-building.)

In each of these episodes, Rahm, moving up in life, faces new challenges to his abilities, and the surmounting of obstacles through an alien ethic makes for exciting entertainment. But more enthralling still, to the thoughtful reader, are the myriad details which hint at the past history of Rahm and Tzen; undoubtedly, Asprin has many pages of unpublished notes which have fleshed out his vision of the Tzen and resulted in a rich, textured background for his stories. And, mercifully, he is generally adept at giving us this background in an unclumsy fashion.

A final point to note is the implication, as the book progresses, of the change coming to the Tzen culture through the war. In a manner reminiscent of Haldeman's THE FOREVER WAR, the book makes use of interstellar time lags to propel Rahm ever forward into a society that may be leaving behind the values he grew up with. Asprin has skillfully presented (sometimes merely by implication) the ways in which Rahm's people differ from ours --

vision, sexuality, a reptilian stoicism -- and it is disquieting to note that as the race becomes more like ours, there is a developing aura of degeneracy about it.

Oh, yes -- I should add that when I presented my idea about a Hornblower-similarity to Bob, he looked convincingly blank before denying it. Thus for literary insight!

-Reviewed by Dave Wixon-

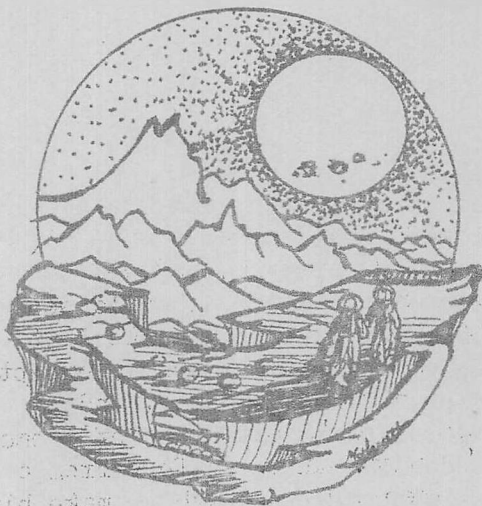
THE SCIENCE FICTION ENCYCLOPEDIA,  
Edited by Peter Nicholls.  
Doubleday/Dolphin, 1979. 672pp.  
\$12.95.

I have one word for this book: Impressive.

For the science fiction collector, researcher, historian and whatnot, this is an indispensable







book. Completely alphabetized by author, magazine, editor, film, topic, and a score of other areas, the cross-referencing is invaluable. The book collector will appreciate the pseudonyms of various authors (like Ellison, Silverberg, and Moorcock) in order to scour old pulps for the names. The same goes for the film buffs and historically inclined fans. Simply a remarkable book.

And it is illustrated: paintings, movie stills, photos of writers, pulp covers -- you name it, this book has it. If there is one book a science fiction fan, reader, or border-line Trekkie should have in a reference library, this is it. An absolute must for your library -- the cost will more than be repaid by the wealth of information within. Hats off to editor Peter Nicholls for a superb job. Thank you very, very much.

-Reviewed by John Purcell-

HOW THE GODS WOVE IN KYRANNON by Ardath Mayhar. Doubleday, 1979. 181pp. \$7.95

I realize that dust jacket blurbs have little to do with the contents of the books the jackets contain. Nevertheless, I began to get a bad feeling about this book when I read the first sentence of the blurb: "Written in the high tongue of Kyrannon, this delightful fantasy concerns the gentle lives of folk living in harmony with nature, who are interrupted by a greedy tyrant." The only redeeming feature was that the book's prose couldn't possibly be as bad as the jacket's. Could it?

Unfortunately, it could be, and it is. "The high tongue of Kyrannon" combines some non-standard-English word order, a bit of archaic phrasing, a lot of clichéd imagery, and such age- and relationship-referents as "youngling", "grandsirs", and "wood-brother".

The structure of the book is a series of narratives by several characters. The fact that there are 16 of these narratives in 155 pages of Doubleday-hardback-size type gives some idea of their depth. There is virtually no characterization, and the plot is described in the jacket blurb quoted above.

The last sentence in the book (and please believe that I give away nothing by quoting it) is: "So the pattern is completed, the shuttles return to their places, and the hands of the gods lie idle, or turn to other tasks." This heavy-handed application of the metaphor contained in the title and in the subtitles of the various parts is indicative of the style, the tone, and the quality of HOW THE GODS WOVE IN KYRANNON. Stay away!

-Reviewed by Carol Kennedy-

IMAGE OF THE BEAST by Philip Jose Farmer. Playboy Press, 1979. 336pp. \$2.25

Let us examine the term "pornography". My dictionary says it is "the depiction of erotic behavior intended to cause sexual excitement". Now, many and varied things can cause sexual excitement. But for most ordinary readers, detailing the death of a man through the chewing off of the tip of his penis does not qualify -- certainly not for this reader. Yet this is exactly how IMAGE OF THE BEAST begins. In fact, almost all of the sexual scenes in this book

(and there are several) are equally loathsome. And even those few which aren't do not titillate so much as overload.

Those of you still with me are probably asking why I've started this review in such a disgusting fashion. I wished to make the point that (given the definition above) whatever IMAGE OF THE BEAST is, it is not pornography. It is explicit; it is perhaps obscene; it is gruesome. It is not titillating.

Ostensibly, the book is a murder mystery. The individual mentioned above is the partner of one Herald Childe, private investigator. Never mind that the man is a louse, a womanizer, and general all-around oaf. Or that Childe was preparing to dissolve the partnership as soon as possible. The manner of the partner's death and of the police's learning of it (a particularly grisly home movie with the promise that it was "To Be Continued") decide Childe that he must track down these killers. His investigation begins with vampires, lycanthropes, and ghosts, and leads him to two camps of aliens from a star 800,000 light years away: the Ogs and the Tocs.

These beings inhabit two neighboring planets of that star, and are basically "configurations of bound energy" or "configurations of matter", depending. (Depending on what is not always clear, but the physical death of a matter form consigns them to an energy state until conditions allow them to reclaim a solid aspect.) The two discovered an instantaneous form of space-flight, and each other, about the same time. They have been at war ever since.

What does one thing have to do with another? Well, the Toc/Og method of space travel is operable only through the agency of a select group with very special qualities; these "captains" focus through a Grail (a unique and very rare metal with an obtainability factor of 4.7 on a 5-point scale). When the War was brought to Earth, with the establishment of Toc and Og colonies before our own prehistory, the first thing both sides did was destroy each other's Captains and Grails. Several thousand years passed, and we come to Herald Childe, the unknowing result of a Toc/human union, who possesses the qualities necessary to captain the colonists back home.

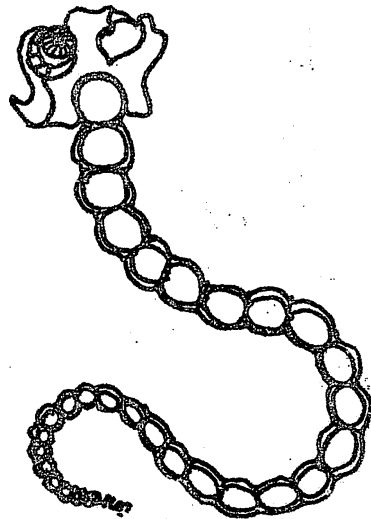
Oh, yes -- the sex is necessary for two reasons. One, it is the most "filling" method by which the energy-locked Tocs and Ogs can regain their material forms. This is required because an energy-being cannot copulate. Two, the energy built up in group sexual intercourse and climax, channeled through the Captain, powers their space travel.

I have trouble judging Farmer, especially in his more outre works. IMAGE OF THE BEAST is a tightly-written, logical exposition, including two plausible explanations for the existence of such creatures as vampires. It is also purposely grotesque, purposely grisly, purposely gruesome. It is not a book to be read over lunch, especially by the weak of stomach. But should it be read at all? I think so. Disgust is a valid human emotion, and an author has as much right to play upon it as he does upon love, hate, or fear. We should not deny a book simply because it nauseates us.

-Reviewed by Barney Neufeld-

NIGHTWINGS by Robert Silverberg. Avon, 1979.  
190pp. \$1.50.

This book may be the finest thing Silverberg has ever written, which makes it very good indeed. It is the story of Tomis, who finds love and purpose amid the ruins of Earth's grandeur. It is also a story of the degradation of humanity, and of a



proffered redemption.

Tomis is an aging member of the guild of Watchers, who scan the skies for signs of a long-anticipated invasion -- Earth has a guilty conscience. Tomis loves Avluela, but she is not for him; she is young, and of another guild, and he is too conscious of his own stodginess -- he is an unadventurous, conservative sort, set in his loyalty to Earth and the social structure now an integral part of it.

When the Earth is conquered in a virtual walkover, Tomis must struggle to find a meaning for his life. At first he transfers his loyalties to the deposed and blinded Prince Enric; but he learns that his fidelity has, in both cases, been misplaced. At a loss, he begins the pilgrimage to Jorslem, where he may find new life -- and does, in more ways than one.

Silverberg's characterizations of loyal, moral Tomis and arrogant Enric are masterpieces, and his portrait of the wonders and strangenesses of the future Earth rival Vance's DYING EARTH in imagination. Yet, beyond that, he makes it clear that no matter how far Mankind may go, the important journey for each individual lies in the pursuit of his own inner integrity. Highly recommended.

-Reviewed by Dave Wixon-

A WIZARD IN BEDLAM by Christopher Stasheff. Doubleday, 1979. 187pp.

In 1969, Christopher Stasheff's first novel, THE WARLOCK IN SPITE OF HIMSELF, was published. Immediately acclaim was heaped upon the book -- it was called a "modern classic" of science fiction. The sequel did nothing to lessen

Stasheff's reputation; KING KOBOLD (1971) was just as entertaining as the first book, if not wilder in its strange situations. Now Stasheff gives us a book that's loosely tied to the other books, but stands solidly on its own.

A WIZARD IN BEDLAM is much like the others: it is a story about science versus fantasy. The universe is very pragmatic, yet there's a planet where magic rules in a medieval society. WIZARD concerns one Dirk Dulaine, a native of the planet Melange, a world forever trapped in a pseudo-medieval quagmire. As a child Dulaine was taken off-planet for schooling, and now he returns as a spy to foment the serf rebellion which has been brewing for nearly five centuries. But he doesn't bring it off on his own merits. He has help from Gar, another off-worlder who has dropped in on Melange looking for excitement of some sort. Gar is a rich merchant's son and is bored out of his skull, so he's zipping through space looking for something interesting and stumbles across Melange. The role that Gar eventually assumes,





(and the whole process) is intriguing -- and I can't say another word for fear of blowing the plotline. So Gar and Dirk team up in a sort of "Mutt and Jeff of Melange" troupe. These two off-worlders virtually assume the leadership of the serf rebellion, which makes for an interesting character study.

Dirk and Gar experience something that, quite frankly, surprised me -- alienation. While the subject matter is not new to science fiction, Stasheff tackles it from a different angle. As much as the fight is theirs, Dirk and Gar discover that the serfs they have fought for and freed deny them the right to the right to be any major part of Melange society. Even though Dirk had been born on Melange, he no longer has a serf's perception; and the serfs see him as an outsider, an alien. This is an interesting concept when one considers the entire novel, and Stasheff brings it off well. But other than that, there is nothing really outstanding about the book.

At its best, WIZARD sweeps you right along; it's fast reading, the kind that is perfect for reading in bed or during lunch breaks. But there is nothing of any substance in it, aside from the alienation topic. Despite that major flaw, A WIZARD IN BEDLAM is basically an enjoyable adventure story. Wait until it appears in paperback; at \$7.95, the hardcover is too expensive.

-Reviewed by John Purcell-

CAVEAT EMPTOR PRESENTS: THE 10,000 ELMS-AND-A-MULBERRY BUSH MEMORIAL SHORT-SHORT REVIEWS!

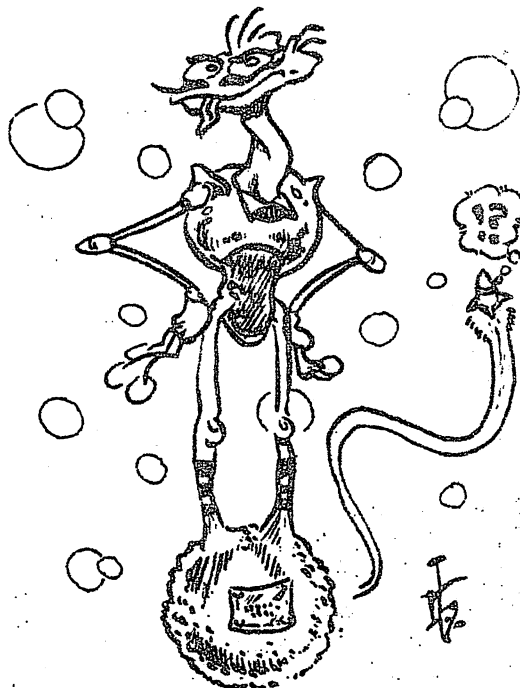
SPACE ANGEL by John Maddox Roberts. Ballantine, 1979. 185pp. \$1.95. An enjoyable adventure despite a truly hoky space-opera flavor; try to ignore the plot's vaguenesses about the middle.

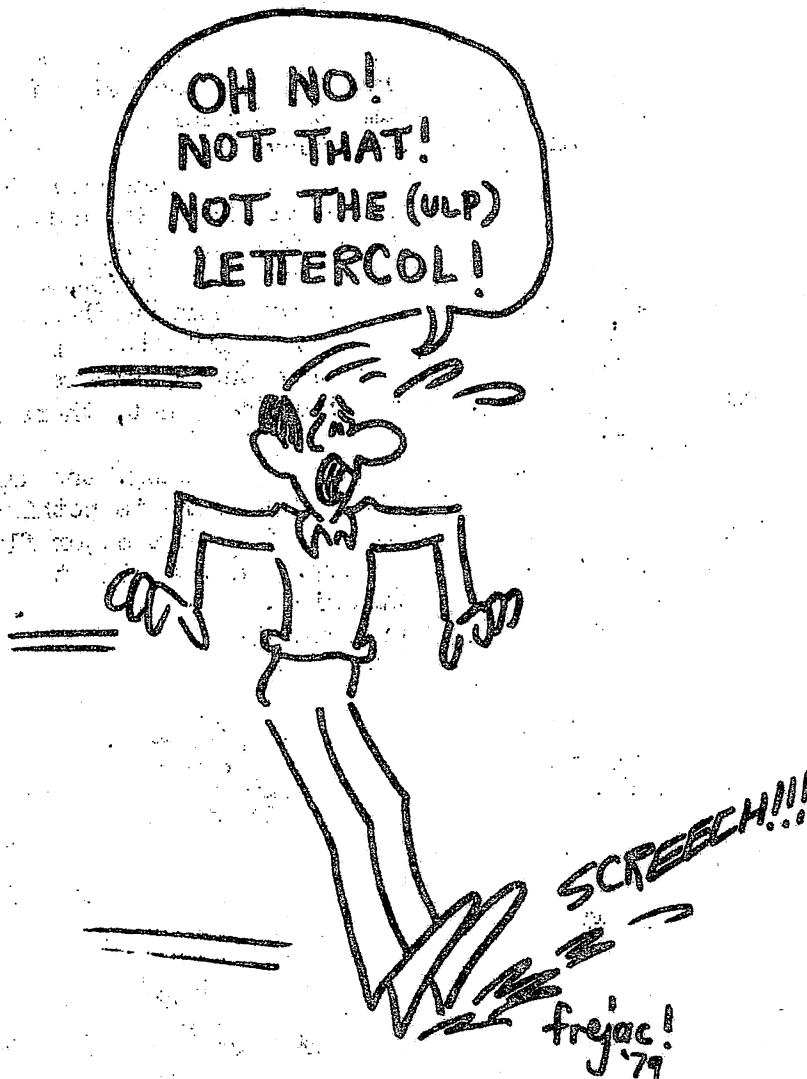
AMBULANCE SHIP by James White. Ballantine, 1979. 184pp. \$1.95. Three connected novelets of White's multispecies hospital series combine medical-detective suspense with high imagination, to result in a series of mind-stretching imaginings of alien races. Highly recommended, particularly the third one, "Recovery", which is really a boggler for the mind.

LAGRANGE FIVE by Mack Reynolds. Bantam, 1979. 227pp. \$1.95. In addition to needing a copy editor who knows our language, this one suffers from a miniscule (and transparent!) plot so thoroughly overlaid by the author's aggressive preachings about the benefits of L5 as to make one lose track of what's going on -- or at least to lose interest.

GREENCOMBER by Peter Tate. Doubleday, 1979. 182pp. \$7.95. No trace of SF dilutes this highly-stylized modern psychological tour-de-force; faintly interesting if you can attach to the characters at all, but the obscurity of the telling may not let you do that.

THE LUCK OF BRIN'S FIVE by Cherry Wilder. Pocket, 1979. 208pp. \$1.95. A very good book -- but if you buy it, beware! Pocket Books left out the last 12 pages of the hardcover text, and they're vital!





*Qazabls*

Diane E. Duane  
18520 Prairie #20  
Northridge, CA 91324

shame, shame on me for  
not having LoCc'ed earlier --  
and after all these terrific  
issues of RUNE you keep  
sending me. Time after  
time I've broken off  
writing in the middle of

the day to go down and fetch the mail, and found an issue of RUNE in the box, and read it, and gone "huh?" for hours afterward. A pleasant break in my usual routine (of staring at what I've written and going "huh?" for hours afterward). I don't even remember whether I subscribed or not. Who cares? The zine's a good read. And I've always supported the '73 bid. Will attend, in fact, as soon as David Gerrold gets the timebelt back from the shop. It should be back three weeks ago, if they can get the parts...

Jan Brown  
16711 Burt Road #302  
Detroit, MI 48219

As I was listening to [Sturgeon's speech] at Minicon, when he started talking about us being "conditioned not to believe in our own uniqueness", my thoughts went back to an incident at a con earlier this year. I said to a man who was being (I thought) too extravagant with his compliments, "I'm just me!" His response was, "You're not just 'just'." That fit so well with what Sturgeon was saying -- we're all just us, but none of us are just "just". "I'm just me" has become, not a statement of my own mediocrity, but a mantra, a reminder that me is something worth being.

Deb Hammer-Johnson  
508B West 11th St.  
Rome, GA 30161

Sturgeon's speech was thought provoking. I'm a Popular Culturist by preference, and find it more comfortable to go around his 10%/90% law and drop the urge to grade everything by qualitative standards. I have my own preferences -- that is, there are things I think constitute a good work of art, but I don't hold them to represent any Universal Ideal of truth, beauty, or whatever. I love the theme of the article, and in my more grandiose moments, like to think I belong to the "gull in flight" (it beats being a "buoy in float") classification. "Mutability" has its drawbacks. Every few years, I undergo a radical depression/transformation of values and self-image; it feels good to finally be on the level, but I find myself dreading the next downswing of the bittersweet Chariot of Life. No matter how imperturbable I feel at one stage, it crumbles at the next. I envy the "pyramid builders" just a bit.

Rob Chilson  
6109-A E. 152nd St.  
Grandview, MO 64030

Sturgeon's speech/article: excellent if trite; but trite things get that way by being true. You'll find in practice it's easier to use this "ask the next question" technique on a given area of life -- say writing, or coming up with new ideas for writing -- than on the whole breadth of life. Once you've worked out a technique for, say, crossing the street, or coping with a death in the family, it may not pay to question it. Rather reserve your questions for areas of uncertainty, unless you have settled into the stodgy rut and feel stale...

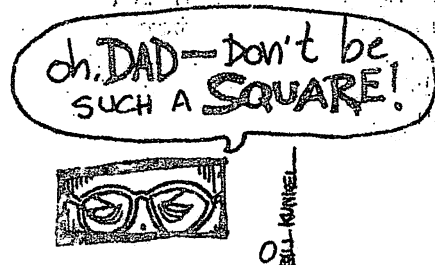
Lettercol comments on Wells' TIME MACHINE call for a comment I've been impelled to make for years, but never had the occasion: Am I the only one who feels no particular pangs for the Eloi being devoured by the monstrous Morlocks? I don't. Because (and I wonder if Wells was aware of this) the Eloi are not human. The Morlocks are. Think about this: the Eloi display less humanity, literally, than a flock of sheep; a mean old ram would make paté out of a flock of Eloi. Nor does it matter that their ancestors were human, any more than that ours were not. (And monkey has always been an article of human diet...)

Roy Tackett  
915 Green Valley Road NW  
Albuquerque, NM 87107

Ken Fletcher now...that's OK...sounds fannish enough but Linda Lounsbury sounds more like a pop singer... one would expect to find a Linda Lounsbury touring darkest Anaheim with Jerry Brown rather than Outback with Ken Fletcher.

Ruptured a disc, eh, Lee? Probably popped it discoing too much to the records of that pop singer Linda Lounsbury...And RENE was late because you couldn't run the mimeo. A likely story. Whatthehell was wrong with Kennedy? She got a ruptured disc or something that she couldn't run the mimeo? Never mind --- I know the type. Didn't want to get that messy black mimeo ink on her hands. Ha! Afraid it might get all over her poetry. You could have told her that she could have started a whole new artform: mimeo ink finger painting. That's what I tell people when they ask about the ink stains on the wall, you know. Get real indignant about it. Those aren't inkstains, you inartistic peasant! That is a mural. I call it Ebon Moods. Would you believe I've sold three pieces of inkstained drywall for \$1500 apiece?

((There once was a fan name  
of Tackett  
Who in locs did make quite  
a racket.  
His letters were full  
Of a high class of bull,  
And he didn't so much throw it  
as stack it.  
-Carol- )))





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

My own fanzine, Windhaven, has been picked up by Della Hennessee of Ikesdatter Press for quarterly publication. Under my own guidance, I've managed not to get an issue out all year, because I'm

too poor. I'm also awful at keeping records... Since I've not used the mailing list in a year, many of the addresses are no good; and it would help if anyone who is a subscriber and has moved contacts Ikesdatter Press, Box 5172, University Station, Seattle, WA 98105. My own box number is still the editorial address. WINDHAVEN #5 will be distributed October, and I'm to turn in #6 before January and every three months thereafter. (A faneditor's dream come true?)

...I just don't know how I get so lucky all of a sudden -- money from heaven, a publisher for what had only been a fanzine previously, an agent negotiating with publishers for my first book (THE VITAL FLAME: WARRIOR OF JENDKHANA), a second book (THE TOMOE GOZEN SAGA) almost finished, an anthology out from DAW books, a stable romance, a samurai poster from Chris Miner to hang on my wall...

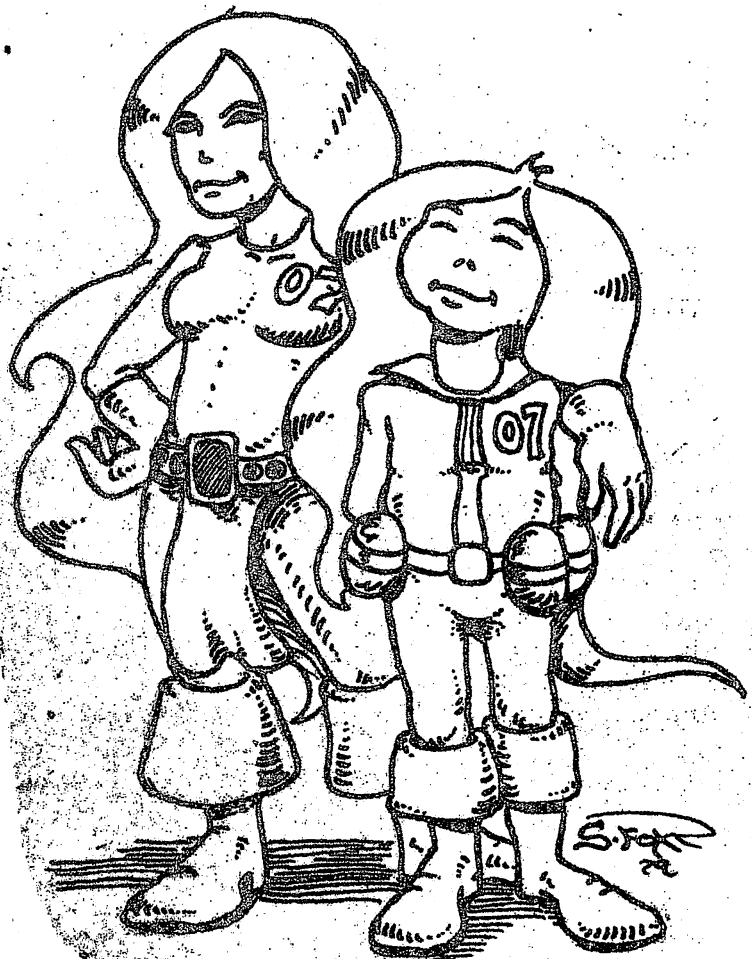
I curse you to a year like mine!

John Bartelt  
401-8th St. SE #8  
Minneapolis, MN 55414

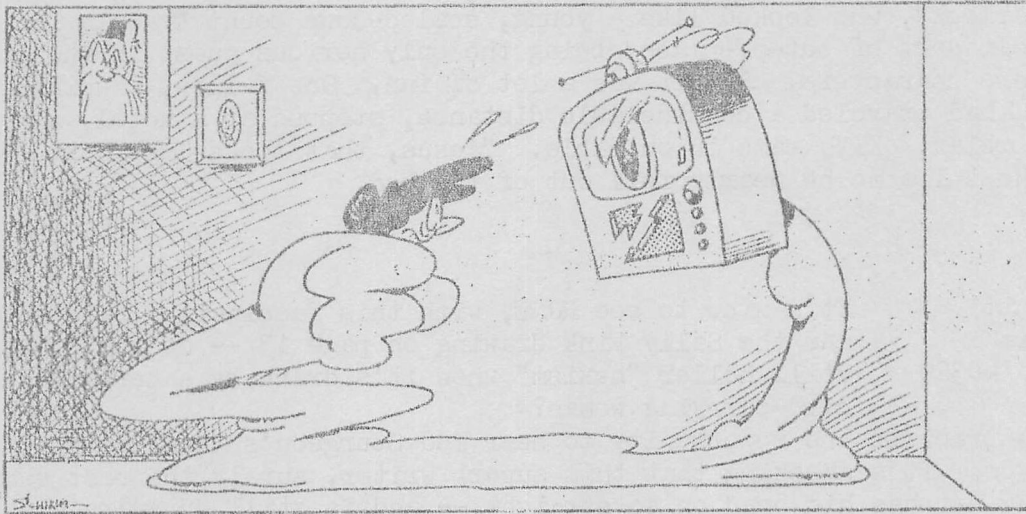
Regarding my article ("Yes, Carolina, There Is Life on Mars"): I can't refute Harry Andrushak's objections. My optimistic bias is partially the result of basing the article on a single paper, rather than a more

comprehensive reading of the literature. My most recent information is that only two biologists favor a biological explanation; the rest of the team, while not ruling life out, generally believe that there is an inorganic explanation. Much more recently, the Viking Orbiters have discovered large areas where water is frozen just beneath the surface. It would be interesting to see what a lander would find in one of those areas.

As to Harry Warner's comments, I have to confess that I've become cynical to the point that I don't believe the discovery of bacteria on Mars would excite the public. If it isn't big enough to see without a microscope, they wouldn't care. Now, if we could discover Panda Bears on Mars, we'd be in business. As to Russia putting people on Mars in 2 or 3 years, I doubt it. For one thing, there are much more favorable positions toward the end of the decade (like 1988). Also the Russians have done soil sample return missions to the Moon -- no reason they shouldn't attempt the same thing with Mars. Yet they do seem to be interested in endurance in space. And despite the common belief that when we won the race to the Moon, the Russians



hadn't been racing, I've seen strong arguments recently that as late as 1968 or 1969, they were planning to put men on the Moon.



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

It's a real pleasure to read an article such as Pauline Palmer's, since so many fans adopt a highbrow attitude toward television. I've always enjoyed TV and made no bones about it. In the last three days, for example, I've enjoyed four truly superb baseball playoff games (at the expense of fanzines unread and unlocated -- and unlamented) and I'm in no way embarrassed to admit that I thoroughly enjoy my TV set. (It happens to be a Sony which may help a bit since I remain convinced that the Sony colour system is still the best available but I used to enjoy my TV viewing back in the old B&W days as well.) And as for enjoying NFL football, well, the colour TV is the greatest boon to the pigskin fanatic since the invention of the forward pass! I've always been a one-TV man but that's because I've always been a one-person person; but it's still delightful to know that there are other fans who don't mind admitting that they select the best of TV fare and enjoy it shamelessly. For someone who enjoys watching Stanley Cup games, I'll even forgive an addiction to TV GUIDE. Why pay for something that comes free with the weekend paper? If Pauline wants to send me 40¢ each week, I'll happily tell her what programs are worth watching...

I almost never disagree with Robert Bloch (in fact, I've never done so before in case he ever decides he needs a replacement for that heart of a little boy he has) but I can't sit by and let his postcard pass uncommented upon. While I can empathize with his desire for the '73 con to be held in Toronto and for Bob himself to be Guest of Honour, he seems to fail to understand that if this ever happens, some of us will have to work on the damn thing! For that reason (only) I support Minneapolis in '73!

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

On 9/1/79, I appeared on KTVU (Channel 2, Oakland) Creature Features, as host John Stanley's guest, to discuss my new electronic art form. There was too little time to really cover anything. And I had to share the spotlight with a mummy named Ankhetet. Now Ankhetet, like any other good Egyptian mummy, had wrappings which consisted of shirt, pants, tennis shoes, gloves, and face mask. Participating in a live show is far more interesting. For instance, during rehearsal, the mummy almost lost his pants six times. And during one taping, he

was to shuffle over and mock-attack John Stanley, except that during the attack, John took a nasty fall which knocked off his glasses. Of course, they edited the fall from the tape. There was another fellow guest who called himself "Boris, the Whacky Warlock", who looked like a young, scaled-down Count Dracula in full makeup. I felt sort of out-of-place, being the only serious guest in the company of horror genre characters. But it was a lot of fun. One fellow, a working acquaintance, had traveled a considerable distance, stopped at a motel, and turned on the TV to relax. KTVU came in on cable. "Jesus, that looks like Burt -- it is Burt!!" He tells me he nearly fell out of the bed.

Andrew J Offutt  
The Funny Farm  
Haldeman, KY 40329

It's nice to see RUNE, with this fascinating back cover and the Sally Fink drawing on page 13 -- do the bigots still holler "sexism" when it's drawn by a certified card-carrying woman?

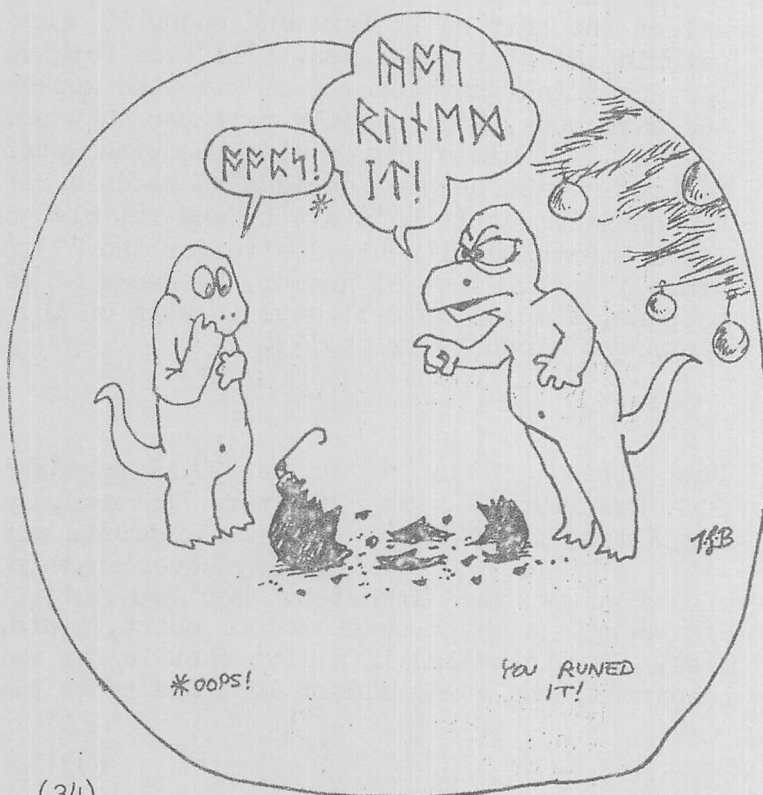
I appreciate the opportunity to hear Ted Sturgeon's "Ask the Next Question" through my eyes. It's shocking that this superb writer, surely the best short storyist among us, has his head on so straight -- and is still 45 years old!

Book reviews are interesting -- though I am sorry that no one in Minneapolis, apparently, reads my books. (Oh, and odd: I liked Jack Williamson's new BROTHER TO DEMONS, BROTHER TO GODS, and I liked it a lot.)

David Palter  
1811 Tamarind Ave. #22  
Hollywood, CA 90028

I must take exception to a statement in your review of BROTHER TO DEMONS, BROTHER TO GODS, by Jack Williamson. You say, "Religious overtones pervade the narrative, cloaking much of the plot in symbolism..." and apparently

conclude that this is a bad novel because of its obscurity. If anything, the reverse is the case: it is a bad novel because it is excessively obvious. It has a basic comic-book plot of super hero vs. super villain; the only dramatic conflict arises from the difficulty the hero has in mastering the use of his super powers, which are so great that once mastered they render impossible any further conflict. The whole concept of this novel strikes me as being cliched and shallow. Admittedly, Williamson is a very skilled writer, and certainly makes much more of this material than any comic book does. Many of the details and elaborations were interesting, and I was carried along by the narrative and entertained to some degree, but left unsatisfied in the end... There was no symbolism, and the plot was not in any way cloaked; the novel is straightforward to a fault.

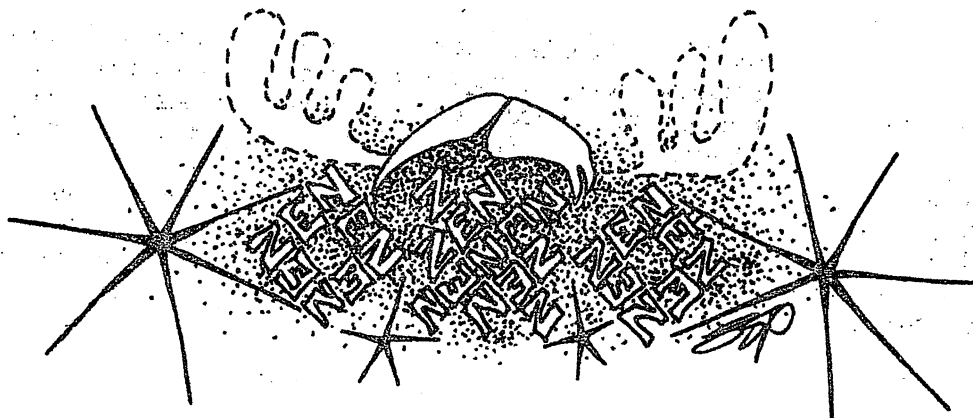




Barney Neufeld  
2726 Girard Ave. S. #B1  
Minneapolis, MN 55408

Carol raises some excellent points in her introductory remarks to "Fanfaronade". There is a definite difference between the review and the criticism. It is a difference of goals. The latter has a root word meaning to judge and analyze. It assumes a historical context from which something stems and into which it fits or from which it departs. Its judgements are based on how well a given work succeeds in whichever of these areas it presumes as its objective, and sometimes, to what purpose.

The review, though, is unconcerned with this "background noise". The word means literally to look again. The purpose of a review is to make a value judgement about that which you have seen and are now looking upon another time. A review does not produce statements of a work's importance within a historical context, but rather within a personal context. And though the most competent of reviews may look a great deal like criticism, the two activities approach from different angles and aim at different things.



Chester Cuthbert  
1104 Mulvey Avenue  
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3M 1J5

The book and fanzine reviews are of most interest to me as a collector of fantasy material, but it is becoming increasingly difficult to maintain a general collection, so I am being compelled to restrict my time and money to the aspects of fantasy which are most important to me. With fantasy invading every field of communications, I once considered that the function of a science fiction society was becoming obsolete, since material is so easily available, but now I consider that such societies are essential because of the sheer volume of material to be surveyed; it is beyond the capacity of any individual.

The mere need to specialize is adding to the volume of the published material, since every division of the field has its devotees. I have always been more interested in the written word than in illustrations, and now the number of publications devoted entirely to the illustrative material is astonishing. But these I can almost totally ignore.

I am curious about how other fans are dealing with the flood of material, and am wondering if one of you would raise the question in an editorial.

((((Rather, you've raised it yourself. Readers, any answers?)))

Leah Fisher  
1924 N. Prospect Ave. #1  
Milwaukee, WI 53202

As far as Deindorfer's idea of "translating upward" from fannish to mundane things -- hasn't he got that a little backwards? I would say "translate downward", but that's just me. Anyway the Congressional Record is more of a fanzine than most people realize. ANYTHING can get published there if they just ask their congressman to do it and give a \*valid\* reason for doing so: "He was the greatest chicken plucker this state ever had. He was better than the best one of the Russians."

Further comment on Roy Tackett's idea of free verse. Free verse actually does have rules, but most people don't learn them. The object of free verse is to bring out further aspects of meaning inherent in a specific phrase, clause, or word. It is not meant to be prose rearranged to look like poetry. Thus each line should express something independent of the rest of the poem but still connected by some aspect of image, sound, or rhythm. If you get really good at it, then you can leave out lots of connective and prepositional words because they are understood to be part of the sentence anyway.

Sally Syrjala  
P.O. Box 149  
Centerville, MA 02632

Carol's editorial comment about putting incomplete thoughts down on paper was good. There are times when putting words down on paper is part of the thinking-out process. If the thought were completely worked out, would there be a need to express it in such a manner? Once a point has been worked out, it goes to the back of the mind where it rests until called upon. Only those thoughts still being worked upon find themselves in the front of the mind. Therefore, it seems that most of the things I put down on paper are those with which I am still working and molding into final form.

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: David Bratman, Mark Leitermann, Alexis Gilliland, Bill Futreal, Harry Bose, James Dean Schofield, Harry Warner Jr., Seth Goldberg, Marc Glasser, Georges Giguere, Harry Andruschak, Dan Lieberman, Nan Lambert, Wayne Brenner, Robert Briggs, Sheryl Birkhead, Bill Breiding, Joe Napolitano, Ann Nichols, Mark R. Sharpe, Dave Szurek, Wayne Hooks, Amy Harlib, Paul Powlesland, Vernon Clark, Avedon Carol, Cheryl Ann Dow, Sue-Rae Rosenfeld, R Laurraine Tutihasi, Robert Whitaker, Alexander Doniphan Wallace, Don Franson, Philip Jose Farmer, Michael V. MacKay, Jim Meadows III, Gary Deindorfer, Graham England (twice), Robert Kasselbaum, Allen Koszowski, Dennis Jarog (twice).



OH, GOTT!  
DER IST  
NO MORE  
BHEER?!

MS  
79



OH, I'M NOT AN SF FAN. I  
JUST COME TO THE CLUB  
MEETINGS FOR THE COOKIES  
AND COKE.

Minn-STF meetings are open to everyone. The official starting time is 1:30 P.M. and the official ending time is when the host kicks people out. The point at which a meeting turns into a party is undistinguishable. It is a friendly gesture to bring some drinkable or munchie along. For further information call Lee Pelton at 822-3675 or Pres. Jerry Stearns at 870-4878.

Dec. 31 - annual year-end festivities. The Phoenix, 2726 Girard Ave. S., Mpls., in whichever apartments are fannishly occupied. Check 101, B1.  
Jan. 5 - Minneapa collation. David Cargo, 3040 Harriet Ave. S., Mpls.  
Jan. 12 - Meeting. Warren Cartwright, Karen Schaffer, 3336 Colfax Ave. S., Mpls.  
Jan. 26 - Barney Neufeld, John Purcell, 2726 Girard Ave. S. B1, Mpls. Meeting  
Feb. 9 - Meeting. David Cargo, 3040 Harriet Ave. S., Mpls.  
Feb. 23 - Meeting. Jonathan Adams, Carol Kennedy, 410 Groveland Ave. #1205, Mpls.  
Mar. 8 - Meeting. Joan Verba, 1910 E. 86th St. #227, Bloomington  
Mar. 22 - Meeting. Denny Lien, Joyce Scrivner, 2528-15th Ave. S., Mpls.  
\*\*\*\*\*

EVENT OF NOTE: Jim Young's book THE FACE OF THE DEEP is now available at your favorite SF bookstore. The cover is by David Egge, making this an all-Minn-STF project. Support your local pro!

\* COLLATORS FOR THE LAST ISSUE OF RUNE WERE:  
\* Mike Wood, Denny Lien, Pam Dean, Rachel Fang, Lalee Kerr, Dave Romm, Jonathan Adams, M. Beth Komor, Blue Petal, Gerri Balter, Don Bailey, Frank Balazs, Joe Wesson, Matthew Tepper, Kara Dalkey, Blas Mazzeo, Steve George, Ray Allard, Lee Pelton, Carol Kennedy, David Dyer-Bennet, David Emerson, Elizabeth LaVelle, Gerri Williams, Garth Danielson, Joyce Scrivner, Jerry Stearns, Joel Halpern, Jan Appelbaum, John Purcell, Karen Johnson, Karen Schaffer, Keith Hauer-Lowe, Kathy Marschall, Ken Fletcher, Linda Lounsbury, Laramie Sasseville, Mitch Thornhill, Mark Richards, Steve Glennon, Warren Cartwright. THANKS!!  
\*\*\*\*\*

\* CHANGE OF ADDRESS:  
\* Gerri Balter - 125 Oak Grove #308, Mpls. 55403  
\* Nate Bucklin - 1732 Webster Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90026  
\* Judy Curney - 200 W. 27th St., Mpls. 55408  
\* David Emerson & Vera Matich (after 12/15) 1921 Elliot Ave. S., Mpls. 55404  
\* Steve Glennon - 1512 W. 28th St. #1, Mpls. 55408  
\* Curtis Hoffmann - 3040 Harriet Ave. S., Mpls. 55408  
\* Karen Johnson - 5612 Sheridan Ave. S., Mpls. 55410  
\* Elizabeth LaVelle - 5612 Sheridan Ave. S., Mpls. 55410  
\* Jim Odbert - 343 E. 19th St. #7B, Mpls. 55404  
\* Sarah Prince - 1902-4th Ave. S. #7A, Mpls. 55404  
\* Jacki Stokes - 3140 Emerson Ave. S. #201, Mpls. 55408  
\*\*\*\*\*

\* WE REGRET TO ANNOUNCE that Karen Johnson has resigned from the Minn-STF Board of Directors, effective December 15, 1979. The Board will meet soon to choose someone to fill the remainder of Karen's term.  
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\* Special thanks to the following, without whom this issue of RUNE would not exist, or the editors would be in sanitariums, or both: John Stanley, Steve Glennon, Jonathan Adams, Rachel Fang, Barney Neufeld.  
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