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Or, at least, not much.

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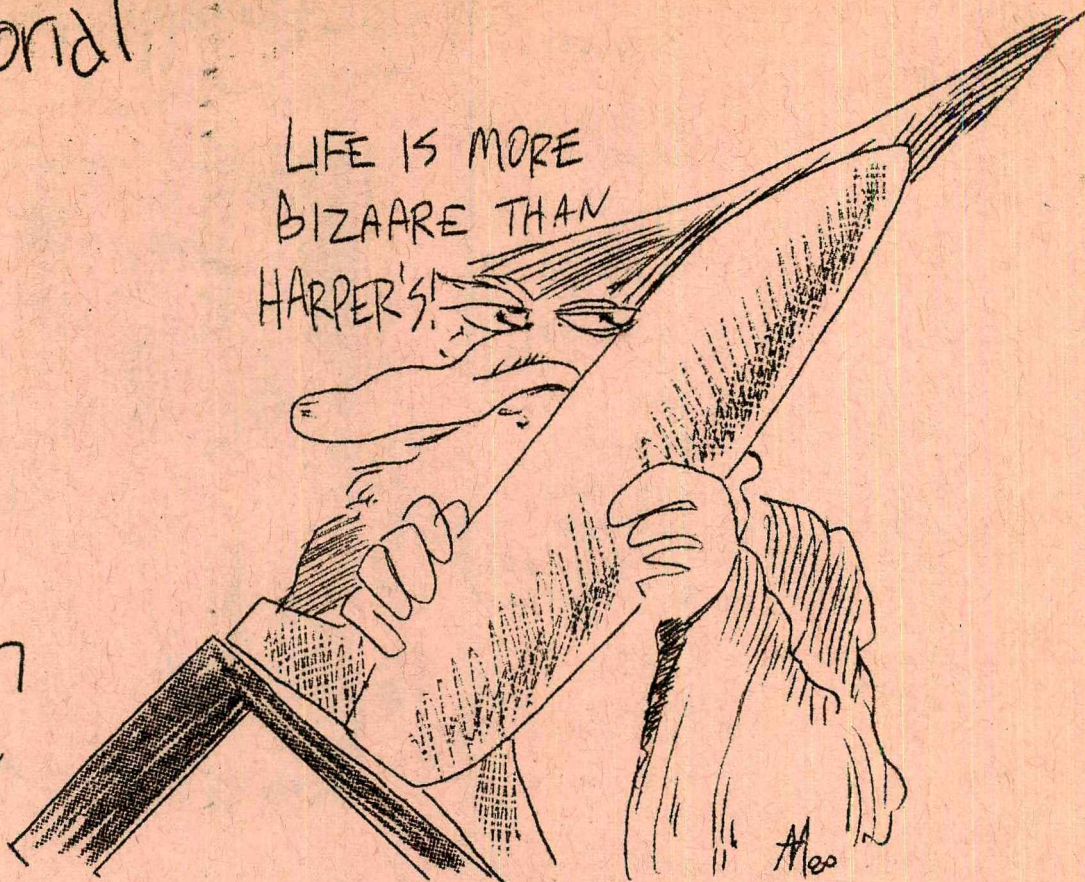


Editorial

LIFE IS MORE
BIZAARE THAN
HARPER'S!

Carolyn
Candy

sigh



The illo above is from a name-tag that I bought at this past Mindycon. With the new changes in my life it suddenly seemed very appropriate.

I've been getting to know someone very special. Someone who I've known for a long time, but never really got to know--someone I should have been paying more attention to in the past. But then one day--like magic, an instant of cosmic recognition. Everyday with this person's help I am getting to gain new realizations about myself. Everyday activities and the people I live and love with have gained shinning newness. More and more I realize how really empty my life had been, how the little corners of my mind, soul and karma have been longing to be filled and completed. There are parts of me I never knew existed or that could exist are beginning to unfold. The potential is something that I never dreamed it could be. Hurts large and small which have affected my life, but which I never acknowledge, are being smoothed over. I have cried more in the last three months than ever before--but it is a cleansing process. I feel more alive and can indulge in the small pleasures of life. Guilt is becoming a thing of the past.

Little did I realize--that gusty grey day three months ago before the Mind-stf meeting--that I would find that most important person of all in my life...me...the me that I have never really understood and has now done so much through therapy for the person I am and am becoming.

Though LouK and I will no longer be cohabitating, we will continue to coedit RUIN and keep it at the present high level...

Editorial

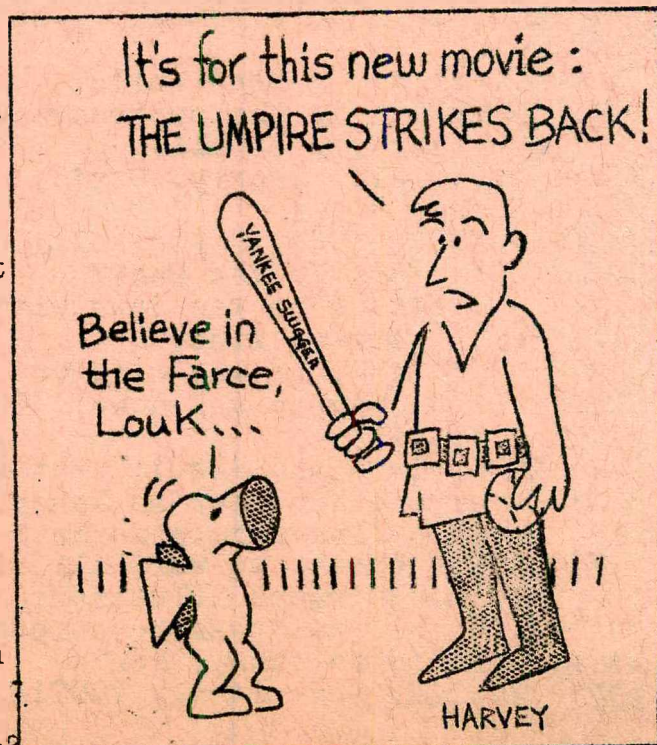
Lou Kelton

I'm in one of those no-win situations; the poor fool who has to follow a tough act. After all, The Who's Peter Townsend knew what he was about when he would not allow the group to play after Jimi Hendrix at Monterey. I mean, it's not all the time that you get a spot on the card after a life-shattering emotional discovery by one's co-editor. Maybe if I act humble, my following words will be viewed in better light than they'll otherwise receive. But before that, let me congratulate those involved. Let's hope for all the happiness they can possibly handle and that the problems they encounter along the way prove surmountable ones. Gee, I'd like a little of that too!

Fall. Fall is something tacky. But everybody should try it at least once a year, just to keep in practice with downers. Fall poses a peculiar problem for me. It is then that most fans do not choose to change their humble abodes. And most of the, er, fans who receive RUIN fail to let us know that. The Post Awful looks askance at this. They love to rip us off for 25¢ to tell us that you don't live there anymore, and then pulp your copy of RUIN. But if you don't move in the Fall, this can't happen. Which makes it a hummer for the Post Awful. When Richard Marks notified me that yet another copy was not fed to the shredder by the Postal Service, I was left in a dither. After all, I would rather meet my quota with the shredder regularly than let it pile up and catch me unawares. So, if a person is active with RUIN, such as paid sub ~~subscriber~~, artwork, locs, etc., I usually will bundle up another copy and send it out to the shredder. But I never forget the person involved, and twice burned means a special place on the mailing list for you. Of those out there who do not qualify for one of the standard methods of being RUINED on a regular basis, not moving could prove fatal. If you enjoy RUIN, protect your Post Awful and let us know in advance that you are not moving. Okay?

If you have fallen into a time warp, then perhaps you don't realize that it's been six months or so for Bowser and me. Things, apparently, are moving ahead okay, with the two of us discovering more about each other daily. The relationship continues to grow--biscuits, long walks, fetching sticks, etc. A boy and his dog, indeed. I was talking with a friend and his dog at the recent Arfclave in St.Ghu about this when it dawned on me that the Watersign Ensemble was wrong about something, but I had never applied the axiom to inter-species relationships.

What they've said is: "Everything you know is not correct." Which is true when it comes to fruitful, meaningful relationships with dogs that grow stronger with time. The past sometimes mirrors the present when you are dealing with dog and human emotions. I wish somehow that in my youth I'd read more Harlan Ellison. I mean, after all, a boy loves his dog, doesn't he?



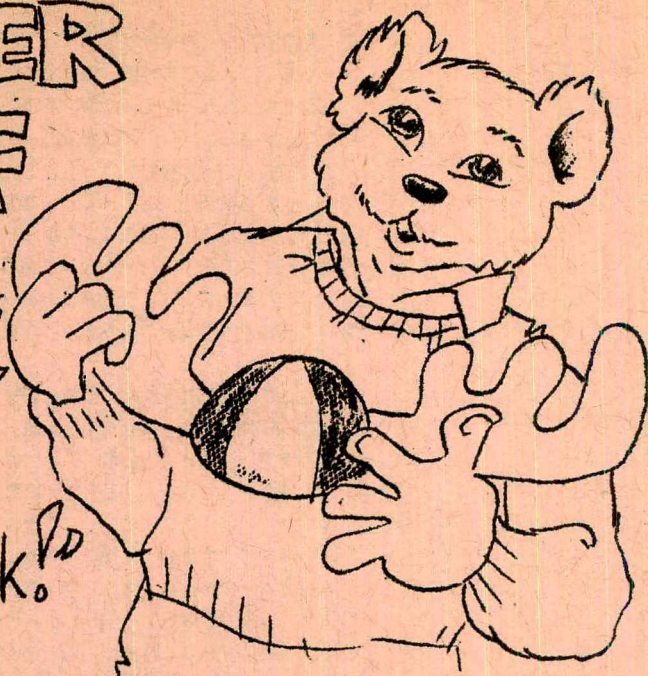
I REMEMBER Mind-Stf

The Floundering Fathers
~ Panel from Mindycon ~

EPISODE V

"The Mimeo Strikes Back!"

transcribed by Bjørni Nieuwveldt



K. MARSHALL '80

Transcript of the Mind-Stf Floundering Fathers panel at Mindycon.

Installment V---...The old ~~Rebellion~~ Mindel-soda Fantasy Association is long dead, and a plucky group of Firesign Theatre devotees lead the Rebellion against the Dark Side of the Forces of Mundanity in the Twin Cities...

(crackle crackle---hissssss)

FRED HASKELL: Ook ook ook, ook.

NATE BUCKLIN: Ha! That's easy for you to say, Fred. You were out to the bathroom.

KEN FLETCHER: uh...Actually, Nate, that was Blue Petal...

NATE: Oh?

KEN: ...or maybe Reed Waller. Whoever it was had a guitar...

DAVID EMERSON (in the audience): Speak up, Ken, nobody out here can hear you at all.

KEN: uh...well...sorry, David. Anyway, I know that it wasn't Fred.

FRED: Ook?

JAMES MAXWELL YOUNG: (to self) How does he make his voice do that?

NATE: Yes, how do you know?

KEN: ...because he was down with me working on some ditto masters for an Apa-45 zine.

JIM YOUNG: Aha, he was with you in spirit duplication.

FRED: (bouncing up and down) OOK OOK!!!

NATE: Doo-dah!

DAVE ROMM (from audience): But what about Naomi?

JIM: Everyone knew her as Nancy...but that was back in the Eeozoic--

KEN: --when fish were obnoxious--

JIM: --and before we were all big-time personalities of stage, screen and hand-traced illustration.

FRED: (unable to speak because of laughter)

NATE: What's so funny, Ken?

KEN: VOOTIE, definitely VOOTIE...

FANLemonade

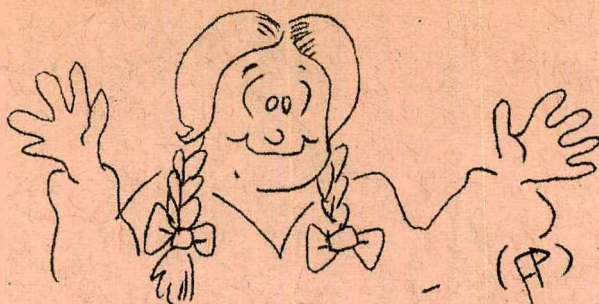
by CAROLYN CANDY

The stack of fanzines seems ne'er ending, and LouK had suggested that we substitute them for the bheercans in the Tower to the Moon. Thinking up such things is something that LouK always does (This is known as Kelton's Flaw). Meanwhile, let's try to erode the column lest Ghu turn us all into another Tower of Herbabel for our hubris.

STARBLIMP !@*: THE MAGAZINE ABOUT HOT-AIR---edited by Landru Pullman Porter, c/o Katz, 55 Canteloupe Street, Breuckelen Heights, NY. Another fine butcher paper and crayola cover by Mike Dorhinge graces the cover. In "Beatlegoose", Landy's editorial, he again writes of his recurrent financial woes and a possible move by the Fab Four north to ~~W4467ppss~~ Queens. Jayree Poornell again discusses his stance on the inadequacies of Larry Niven's grasp of characterization--how Niven's work lacks that goshwowboyoboy sense of two-dimensionality. He makes excellent use of extensive quotes from INFERNO, LUCIFER'S HAMMER, AND STAR DREK---THE NOVEL-IZATION. Harlan Ellison, in the lettercol, calls Poornell a "tech-no-turkey" in response to his previous column on uses of nuclear waste for landfill. A worthy zine for those interested in the inside of the critical mass of pro mythologies. AHogu nominee.

MAINSTREAM 4--edited by Gerry Kampfman and Sizzle Tummelkins. 4321 Windslou Place N. Shtetl, Wah. Gerry again writes of the latest developments in both bunk rock (low moan) and the activities of the fannish mecca of the seventies. Sizzle in Sizzlecol gives us the third 1/5 (out of sequence) of her Seanocoon trip report. Her anecdote about going around Ooksford with Mary Esther Baarchanan and Jeannie deMode looking for relics of Harriet Vane and Lord Peter is particularly fun. Padraig Hyphen Nullset tells another tale of Alain Bostitch's Adventures in the Arnie Katzian Editorial Universe---well illustrated by Therese Hyphen Nullset. As usual, the issue is filled wiht excellent illos by Stew Schiffless and Ole Caverno. A zine for faanish epicures.

HYPOTENUSE RELATIONSHIPS 666---edited by Arthur Halvah, 3.142 Calculas Avenue, Lobachevsky, New York. A sine of our time. Halvah is no square, and he often goes off on a tangent---'tho not with circular reasoning--in search of a parallel view.



SPRINGTIME FOR MIND-STF; or, MY WEIRD AND WONDERFUL WEEKEND IN THE
LAND OF THE FROZEN BOZO

by Robin Rounde

My first impression of Mpls. was of snow--a not unusual sight in the Sin Twitties I'm told--but in June? They must have imported it especially for me...

My reception party was quite a surprize...I was not expecting to be met at the airport by a kazoo consort playing a medley of old Nate Bucklin songs. A very gratifying sight indeed.

At this point in my tale it is time for the obligatory flashback explaining how I, Robin Rounde, came to the Forbidden City (whoa, wrong film).

**

**

**

Back in the halcyon days of 19thing when I was born, my mother made a deal with the local gypsies; in exchange for kidnapping me and raising me as a Romany, they would make her rich and teach her to See the Future. Naturally something went wrong (according to my father, wet diapers; according to Gypsy Dave, the agreement had not been solemnized and was therefore void). Not only did Mom not see the Future, she got hazy about the past. At last, she bundled me onto the Tesseract Whorl Airlines biplane with a basket of goodies (or ronnies) for Granny and admonitions to avoid Lupus Vulgarus.

Fortunately, during the flight, no time passes but they are slow flights, I fell into correspondence with Sarah Blintz. With the help of her Biconoids and a shredded Mindyapazine, I hijacked the plane.

Of course, I meant to arrive in time for Mindycon--but TWA schedules are quite rigid.

End of flshback (as the swinging doors of the Forbidden City Pinball Parlour become visible behind the consort, which made a concerted effort to coerce notice of their concentric harmonies. To no avail. The snow was melting. I had quarters, Sarah Blintz's address and Fred Haskell's phone number.

OK. This is the end of the flashback (the consort is hoarse).
.....And this is where our story really starts...

"Welcome to the Forbidden City," a funny accent accosted me. "Doctor Clegler, I presume..." it continued. Never in my wildest dreams (and they're pretty wild) did I imagine Mind-stf fans to be so silly. I know that I should have expected it--Bjarni Nieuwveldt and I had been carrying on our correspondence for some time and the clues were all there. Jan Pachelbel, his roommate, was there too--along with such notables as Denys Dyer-Menace, Sarah Blintz, Flen Ketcher (holding high a hand-stencilled sigh saying "Here are the Mind-stf Fans), Joy Scrabbler and Danny Lean.

Announcing...

THE FANTASY SHOWCASE TAROT DECK

(also known as the Fan Tarot Deck)

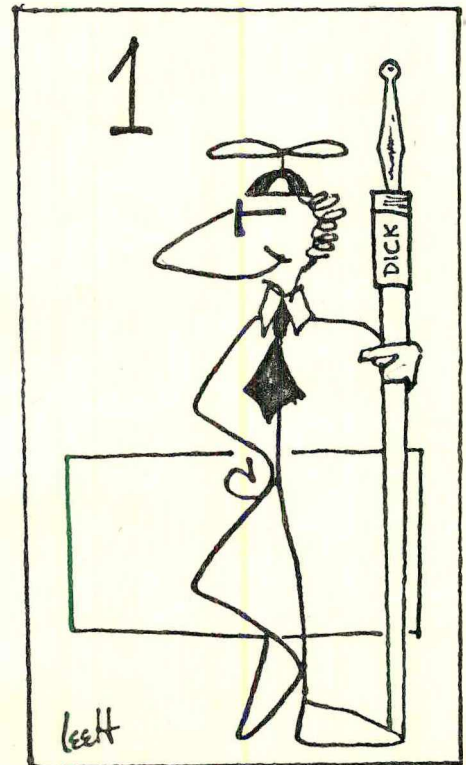
To be published in August 1980
84 cards — 84 different artists
full color, boxed with descriptive booklet
price as of July 1 will be at least \$15.00



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Queen of Cola ~ Fletcher



One of Stylus ~ Lee Hoffman

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Order from

Elaine Polz, 15931 Relisher Street, Granada Hills, CA 91344

We drove into the night (...and straight into a sandstone building...)--and straight to the Bozo Bus Building (where I would be staying with Sarah) and to a party already in progress. I later learned that it had been going on for several weeks.

Nate and Fred were taking turns at the guitar--Fred's had been stolen again--with occasional melodic competition from Kara Dollkey and Stefan Janos Bruised. Sarah handed me a glass of blog, and the rest of the evening passed in a blur.

The next morning I awoke, a stranger in a strange bed, and, having made my introductions, I sallied forth on a scenic tour of beautiful downtown Hennepin Avenue. First stop was Uncle Hogu's where I met the first of several members of Mind-stf's Book Bar. I ran into Nick "Boxtop" Gellman trying to find a spare key to his "Castle Annex". The selection of books was expensive but beyond my budget.

Since Rick was unable to locate his spare key I was unable to gain more than a passing glance at Castle Annex.

Then the program was on to Niccolette Maul, that monument to Urbane Planning. Dave Clone pointed out the Radish Hotel complex where the previous Mindycon had been held. We lucked out with lunch at the Magic Pan--and, full of crepe, soon went on to more serious sightseeing. We got sidetracked ~~for/two/hours~~ momentarily at a pinball parlor on Hennipen Avenue where I lost many a Susan B. in the grasp of "silver-ball mania".

Other sight included the civic center (with its enclosed towers to keep suicides from damaging passing cars when jumping), the Mary Tyler Moore Memorial Escalator--and of course the Foshay Towers.

A necessary break was had with banana milkshakes and French Fries at Annie Polow's.

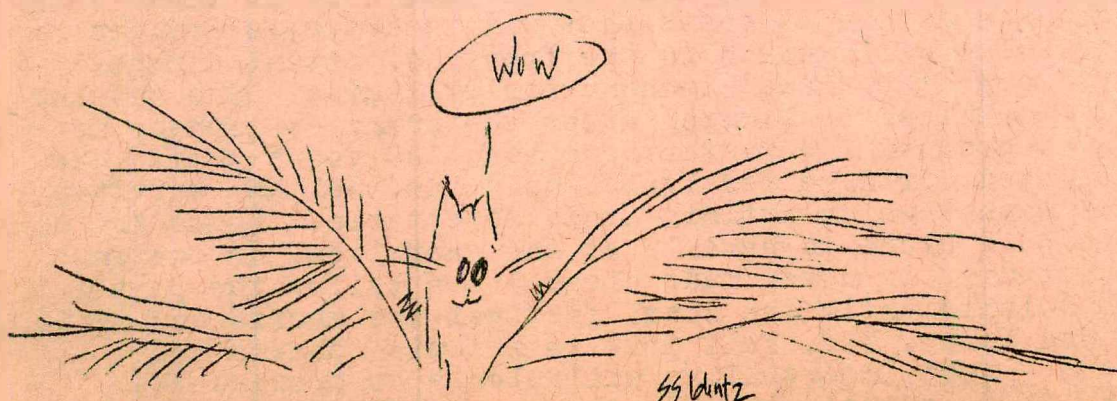
By this time Dave was getting antsy--he had to make a bheer run for the Mindyapa collation/party at Steve Ragbond's place. So off we went.

Mike Would was trying out his "duck caught in a mimeo drum" imitation when we arrived. The typical collation was in full swing. An assorted mixture of fans was playing frizbee in the garage.

It was a small mailing (only 300 pages) and several people spoke seriously of the waning of the Age.

Soon the implements were put away, allowing even the most finicky of apahacks to get into the party spirit (or the party spirit into them).

(continued on page 11)



Hmph!
another
KILLER
REVIEW!



Book Reviews

ASIMOV'S GUIDE TO ASIMOV by Issac Asimov,
pub. by Ego Press, 1,209 pages \$25.00

Issac performs a most thorough text analysis on all 520 of his published works. Included is a complete bibliography and cross-references as well as a selection of his high school and college term papers. Only the most rabid of Asimov fans will find this book of interest.

A

~ Wiggon

THE SLOW QUEEN by Joan d. VinGee
pub. by Dole Press, 895 pages \$12.95

They say you can't judge a book by its cover, but I find that cover art is an important part of any book. The Diltons' have created a design which is very reminiscent of Escher prints, in which objects merge and flow into and out of each other...turtles and rabbits in a never ending cycle.

The book itself is fascinating. It is Vin Gee's longest work to date, and her first novel. (The Outcasts of Hell's Kitchen, packaged as a novel, was not originally written as such, and is merely a fixing up and fleshing out of a series of short stories.)

VinGee's forte has always been in creating believable societies, and this book is no exception. Her characterization, which are usually quite good and workable in her short stories and novella, seems unable to bear up under the strain of a sustained and lengthy work.

The book opens with Artimis, the queen of a society which is highly dependent on magic, but in and of themselves are unversed in these arts, scheming to prolong her life. It seems that within 20 years Artimis and the nation she rules will perish in the frenzy of ritual change, which has cycled through the planet Zmanonu for millenia. She and her consort are to be sacrificed to Dimiter after the summer prosphone is crowned (Artimis was crowned the winter Prosphone 120 years ago). She has 25 clones implanted during a festival. Only one, Selina, survives to adulthood, in a manner which Artimis finds acceptable. (Does Artimis plan to substitute this clone for herself at the sacrifice, or continue her rule through Selenis, is never made clear.) We follow the parallel lives of Artimis, Selenis until the final festival and sacrifice. Will Selenis's cousin and lover, Nif, fall prey to Artimis' charms and usurp Lalah's place. Most importantly, will Selenis be crowned the summer prosphone? These questions, and others as well, help keep the

fast pace of the novel moving in which the book draws to its climax, and will keep the reader from putting it down.

Reviews by Bjarni Nieuwveldt

THE LAST AND FINAL DANGEROUS VISIONS, vol. 1-4 edited by Harlan Ellison
pub. by Scribners, 2,045 pages \$75.00

At last the book of the century has been published only the first installment. The next eight installments will come out in three-year intervals over the course of the next decade (or so Ellison claims...). The selection of stories by such masters as Pohl, Anderson, Ellison, Vinge, etc., is good, but the stories are dated. It is a pity this work could not come out, so we could view the writing in the context of its time. Well worth owning--just ask Hank Davis, he should know.

THE FOUNTAINPENS OF PARADISE by Arthur C. Clarke
pub. by Hardcore, Brace and Youson of a bitch (hardbound) \$007.95
and softcover) Ballanchine Death Ray \$7.45. 320pp.

Clarkebar has melted together two genres into one well-penned opus. The guru or Zen Master or Dalai Lama or-- but you get the idea--tale has increased in popularity of late and Clarkebar uses this to give us both background for his novel and inklings as to his personality. The second genre, still mysteriously unpopular, of the elevatory fable is the real focus of this opus: an elevator to the moon (or somesuch place Out There. After Clarkebar introduced that idea, I was so croggled that I haven't been able to read any futher. I mean, imagine what an elevator party we could all have!!

Reviews by C. Candy

TIGHTEN By John Barley pib. Prickley/Bottom. about 79¢ soft and 50¢
remaindered hardcovers at all 88¢ Stores.

This is a gripping novel about a deepspace probe eaten alive by an unknown moon of Saturn. The spacecraft does not survive these canabilistic tendencies shown by Gala, the hungry satellite, but its crew somehow does. Slowly but surely they regroup, missing various parts of their memory or santiy, appendages or cloths. Ricoco Jones, the former captain, is noticeably off her rockers. Having lost her command and having been first eaten alive and then spat back out like a cherrystone has shattered her ego across the inner surface of the moon. (They are trapped in Gala's ringworldian beely, by they way.) She, Ricoco, and a fawning crewmate spend much of the book searching for the pieces of Ricoco's ego. En route, they fly Goodyear blimps, talk about the film version of DUNE, and abandon the rest of the crew. As a climax, Barley has our heroines perform a combination high-wire act and Jack-and-the-Beanstalk climb to the control room of Gala where Ricoco hopes to assert control over a new command. (WARNING: I am about to reveal the ending. not that there's much of a revelation!) The end is not unlike THE WIZARD OF OZ.....and how many many many times have we all seen that old chestnut???? His previ us work: THE BOOGIE-WOOGIE HOTLINE was much better.

Reviewed by Dave Clo e.

WATERSHIP DUNE by Frichard Adama and Rank Herbert. pub. by Oais Press.
10001 pp. give or take.

L A hare-raising tale about a U.S. government attempt to bring a ginat sand dune back from the Sahara to fill the beaches of Long Island. Maude-dip (continued on page 11.)



A S A P O L I S :the letters:

Dear Ruin Family:

SCIENTIFIC ARMENIAN

I am taking this poourtunity to write to you, because you " THE RUIN FAMILY" are just the kind of readers we are geared for.

Bright, intelligent people, who are interested in the world around them. People who travel to exotc places--; little known places like Chapagne-Urbana.

We at SCIENTIFIC ARMENIAN know that "THE RUIN FAMILY" will greatly enjoy our features and articles. For example: in last month's issue we did an in-depth report of Albuquerque NM, with intimate looks at hotels and fast food eateries.

Now wouldn't "THE RUIN FAMILY" like to receive up-to-date information like that? I knw I would.

If you take advange of our introducttory offer within the next 30 days, you will get a certificate ood for one free meal at ;your local Howard Johnson's.

So why don't you subscribe today!????????????????????!??

Harvey Bookseller, Esq.

Dear Ms Candy and Mr Kelto :

This is to inform you that my client, John Jay Voote, of the Philadelphia Vootes is taking legal action against you and RUIN, for slander and misrepresentation.

See you in court.

Very truly yours, Harvey S. Bookeller, Esq.

Nan "Ook" North

Dear Lou and Carry,

The latest issue of RUIN arrived in the mail two motnhs ago, but I just pulled it out of the pile today. TheKindy Marschall was great; I hope you pub more of her work in the future.

I don't agree with Dean Galleon's con report. I was at Flintcon, and yes there were problems, but I fear Dean has over-reacted. Yes, the National Guard was called in; but the hotel manager later apogogized for' freaking at the sight of the SCA and the Dorsai fans. He even agreed to let the con br held there again next year.

The Flounding Fathers panel installement was up to your usual standars.

I really enjoyed the issue, and will enjoy it even more this winter, when I use it as kindling for my woodstove.

Harried Warner, Jr.

Dear RUIN,

I was reading a book of anceint Greek temples and it made me thin of your fine zine. It did arrive some time ago, but I've bezn busy setting squirrel traps in my attic. Please excuse my tardiness.

But to the issue at hand; good cover. Flan Ketcher is a fine artist. However, the fannish content of your zine seems to have decreased of late and I've found your atalwart competitor, THE OZONE BUS TRIBUNE mushc more interesting--and, shockingly, almost as coherent. Send your next issue anyway; I love writng locs! Oh yes, I am planning to do some extensive traveling later this year and plan to drop in on Minneapolis after the (continued on page 11)

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COAs:

KingKong, 350 Fifth Ave., New Yrok,
New York 10014.

Rosenfeld/Shiffman
19 Broadway Tce.
New York, NY 10040

Fred Haskell, Highway 61 (revisited)

Karen Pearl-whatever-the-hell-she-days,
U.S. Customs, Montana. (For illegal
importation of dental floss.)

Gary Farber, for itenerary call 800-
FIA-JAGH.

MIND-STIFF happenings:

March 21, 1973

May 40, 1973

June 1, 1973

Sept. 1, 1973

This zine is produced by the Gang of 3½:
Sue-Rae Rosenfeld, Stu Shiffman,
co-editors-at-large; D. Petter, zani-
ness and mimeography; with
special tahnks to Barry Carmody, Bill
Wagner and Frank Balazs for inspiration
and typing and other neat stuff.

Copies available from: 19 Broadway
Rosenfeld (apt 2B) or Shiffman (apt 1D)
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dorky dorky

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