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Well, hard to believe, but it's true. This is the tenth issue of RUNE that Carol and I have put out. And things are definitely not as they were. This issue is being collated less than two weeks before Carol and Jonathan Adams will be married. It is also less than one month before my own zine, PRIVATE HEAT, gets put in the mail. Regular readers will know the changes the editors have gone through. But through it all, the boziness that is Minn-STF, all the knowledge and all the people that are Minn-STF, have consistently shown through. So we thought we might like to honor all of you out there who have contributed to these ten issues. In alphabetical order are the names of the people who have contributed an article, a

piece of artwork, a book review, or a printed letter. At the end is a listing of those who have only (?) come to collations and gone around in circles collating each issue. No contribution has been small, because every little thing has gone toward the creating of a greater whole. RUNE has been pain, frustration, ego-boo, fun, a source of feelings of accomplishment--in short, a micro-cosm of the human experience. Thanks for letting us have this experience; and thank you for sharing with us your thoughts and feelings.

Lee Pelton

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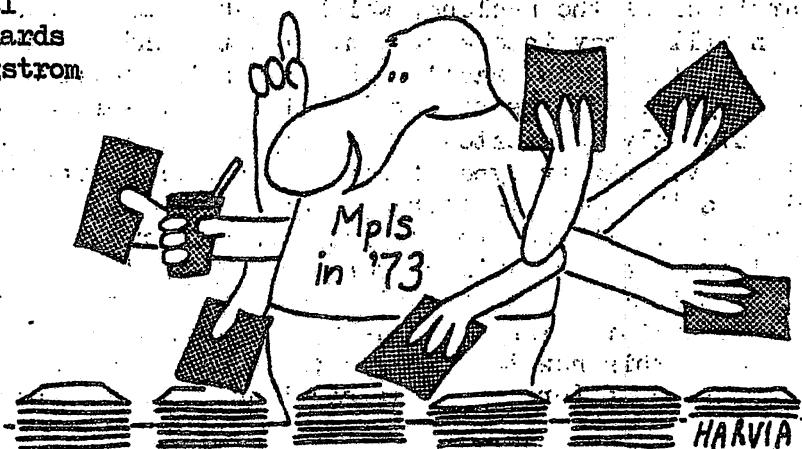
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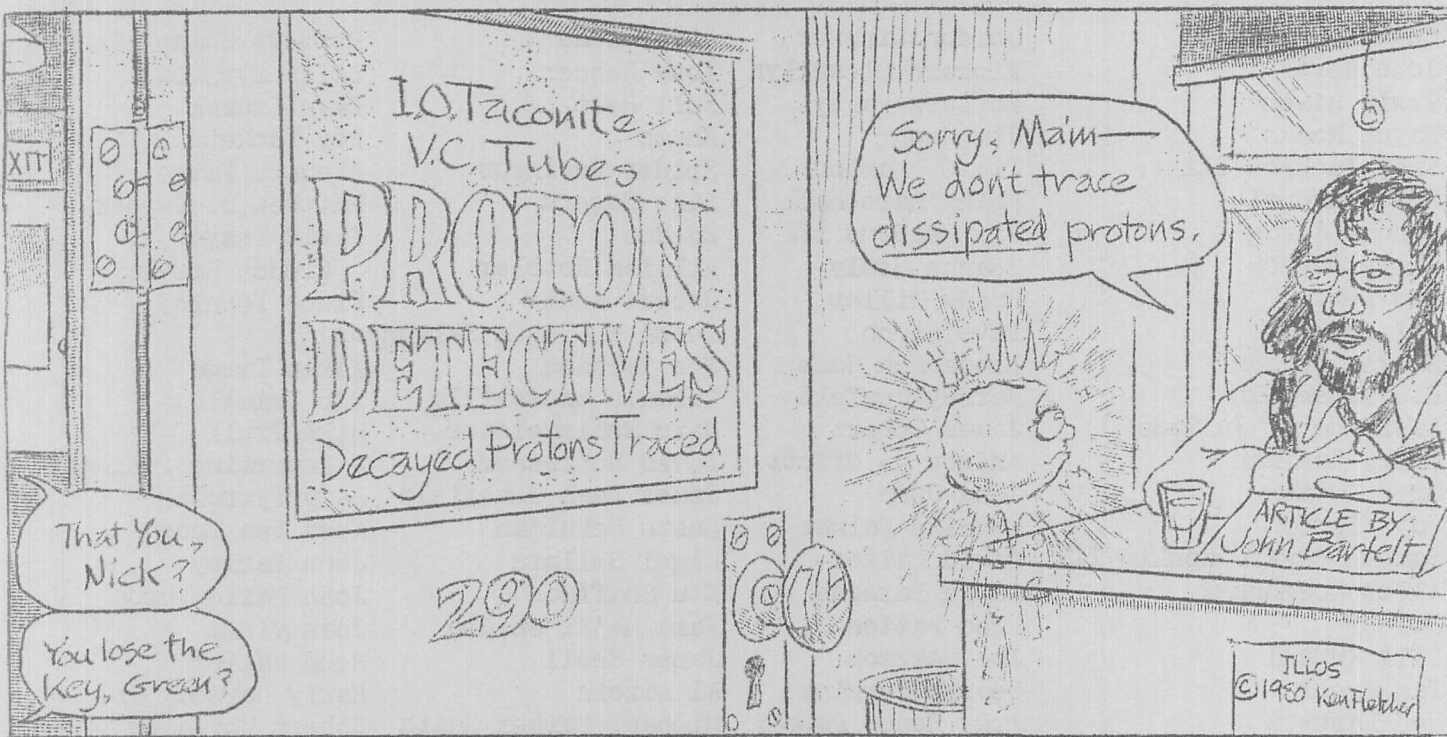
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Collation is my favorite fan activity.



What is the University of Minnesota's Physics Department doing with 4000 vacuum cleaner tubes and 40 tons of iron ore? Determining the ultimate nature and fate of the universe, of course.

Actually, these materials are just for a prototype device. Eventually we hope to construct a detector weighing at least 1000 tons. And where will we put a detector made from tons of iron ore? At the bottom of an iron mine, naturally.

Just what are we hoping to detect with this coals-to-Newcastle scheme? With a little luck, the decay of the proton.

Until a few years ago, physicists believed that the proton was perfectly stable--that its lifetime was infinite. The proton, along with the neutron and electron, is one of the basic building blocks of the atom, and hence all matter. An atom consists of a heavy nucleus made of protons and neutrons, surrounded by a cloud of light electrons (a proton or neutron weighs almost 2000 times as much as an electron). Electrons, being the lightest charged particles, have nothing to decay (break down) into, since charge cannot be destroyed. Neutrons, the neutral particles of the nucleus, weigh slightly more than protons, so that a free neutron will decay into a proton, electron and an antineutrino (a neutral particle with little or no mass). The proton is the lightest particle in a class called the baryons. It was believed that baryons were conserved. This means that they could only be created or destroyed as part of baryon-antibaryon pair, not individually. (Every type of particle has an antiparticle, a sort of mirror image, which has the opposite charge.) Or one kind of baryon could be changed into another kind, as in the neutron decaying into a proton. Leptons, the class including electrons and neutrinos, were also thought to be conserved. Now a new theory suggests that baryons (and leptons) are not perfectly conserved, allowing a proton to decay into lighter, non-baryon particles.

Where does this new theory come from? Since about 1940, physicists have recognized four basic forces or interactions. The two best known are gravity



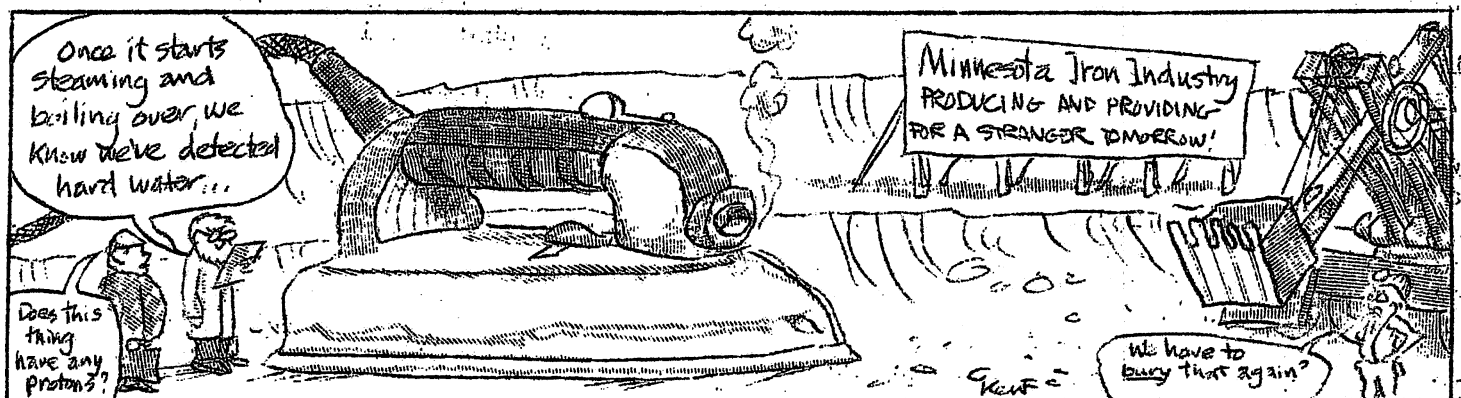
and electromagnetism. These are both long range forces. Gravity is much the weaker of the two: the electric attraction between an electron and a proton is about a billion billion billion trillion ( $10^{39}$ ) times stronger than the gravitational attraction. But matter is generally neutral, so the electromagnetic forces tend to cancel out. Gravity, on the other hand, always adds up, since all matter attracts all other matter. But for subatomic particles, gravity is a negligible force.

The other two forces are short range: the strong nuclear force, and the weak nuclear force, or weak interaction. The strong nuclear force should the nucleus together. That it is "strong" can be seen from the fact that it must overcome the electric repulsion between the positively charged protons--which it does when the protons are close enough together. The weak interaction doesn't hold anything together--it is manifested in radioactivity and in certain particles' decays. It is the weak interactions, for instance, which is responsible for the neutron decay described earlier. While weaker than electromagnetic forces, the weak interaction is still much, much stronger than gravity.

Just as electromagnetic forces only affect particles which are charged, the strong force only works on certain particles: the baryons and the mesons. By the 1960s, it became clear why this was true. It is because the baryons and mesons are not fundamental particles, but are themselves made up of quarks. Three quarks make a baryon; one quark and one antiquark make a meson. Quarks come in six types, called flavors: up, down, strange, charmed, top and bottom (or "truth" and "beauty"). They also have a property like charge, which has been called "color"--a purely arbitrary term, it has nothing to do with color in the usual sense. There are three colors for the quarks and three anticolors for the antiquarks, all of which attract each other. The baryons and the mesons are made so that the colors of their constituents add up to "white" (they cancel out). Leptons, still believed to be elementary particles, are colorless. The strong nuclear force, then, is just a vertige of this color force.

Nineteenth century physicists (particularly James Clerk Maxwell) had succeeded in unifying electricity and magnetism in a single theoretical description called electromagnetism. Einstein had labored for years to unify the two long-range forces, gravitation and electromagnetism, into a single theory, but failed. Then in 1968, Steven Weinberg and Abdus Salam developed a theory partially unifying electromagnetic and weak interactions, now sometimes called "electroweak". Although some of the theory's predictions were greeted with skepticism, experiments proved the theory correct.

Then the move was on to develop a theory which would completely unify the





new theories of the color force and electroweak interaction. Using the symmetry principles which had been so useful in developing these new theories, several models for unification were invented, called Grand Unified Theories (GUTS) or Grand Unified Models (GUM). These theories predict a new interaction, a sort of ultraweak force. It is this new force which allows the proton to decay.

The fact that people don't suddenly disintegrate, and more realistically, measurements of the background radiation, indicate that proton decay is not something that happens very often. The theories predict a half-life between a few million trillion trillion ( $10^{30}$ ) years and a few billion trillion trillion ( $10^{33}$ ) years, which is extraordinarily long compared to the age of the universe (about 20 billion years). (The half-life of a substance is the time in which half of it, on average, will decay.) In personal terms, this means that if you live one hundred years, the odds on even one of your protons ever decaying are at very best 50-50, and probably much lower. Since the Grand Unified Models make few (if any) other testable predictions, detecting and measuring proton decay is an important task. It is also an extremely difficult one.

No nuclear reaction with such a long half-life has ever before been measured. First of all, to measure it requires a very large number of protons. The second problem is that we are constantly being bombarded by cosmic rays. This radiation might swamp that from the proton decay, making it impossible to detect. The best solution is to go deep underground, where as much of the cosmic radiation as possible will be screened out.

One of the first ideas developed for detecting proton decay involves using about 1000 tons of water as the source of protons (each ton contains about  $3 \times 10^{29}$  protons, and roughly an equal number of neutrons and electrons). In a typical decay, a proton might decay into a positron (an antielectron) and a pi-meson, with the excess mass appearing as considerable kinetic energy: the two particles will separate at nearly the speed of light. The particles speeding through the water will emit a small amount of light, which can be detected by photomultiplier tubes (essentially very sensitive electric eyes).

A group of physicists from the University of Wisconsin started organizing such a project, and attracted collaborators from other institutions, including particle physicists from the University of Minnesota. The Minnesotans suggested using the Tower-Soudan Iron Mine, located in northern Minnesota, which is owned by the Minnesota Department of Natural Resources and operated as a tourist attraction. Later, however, disagreements on how to proceed developed between the Minnesotans and the other members of the collaboration. Finally, the Minnesotans decided to go on by themselves, building a different type of detector of their own conception. This is about where I came in, having recently switched my major from astrophysics to particle physics.

Our detector will use a dense substance as its source of protons, and being in Minnesota, the material chosen is taconite, a form of iron ore mined in Minnesota.



Once the ore is partially processed and turned into a dark powder, it can be mixed with cement to form dense concrete which can be molded into any desired shape.

Since it would be impossible to detect the feeble light emitted by the particles passing through this material, our "dense detector" (in contrast to the "water detector") would have to use a different detection method. Our method, one often used in particle physics, depends on the fact that when a charged particle speeds through a gas, it will knock electrons out of some of the gas's atoms. By enclosing a suitable gas in a tube, running a wire down the center of the tube, and applying a high voltage to the wire, those electrons will be accelerated toward the wire, and will knock more electrons free. When all these electrons reach the wire, a detectable signal will be generated in it. By using arrays of such tubes, the paths of the charged particles can be determined. For the proton decay detector, thousands of tubes about 1" in diameter and ten feet long were needed. At first it appeared as though electrical conduit would be the cheapest tubing available. Then, however, we found that a company a few blocks from campus manufactures vacuum cleaner tubes, which cost only about half as much, and, experimentation showed, worked better.

The major advantages of the dense detector are its smaller volume and modular design. And there are no huge tanks of water to worry about. The dense detector is being built from slabs of taconite concrete 4 cm by 32 cm by 290 cm, each with eight tubes running lengthwise. The prototype detector will consist of layers of nine slabs lying flat, edge to edge. The tubes will run north-south and east-west, in alternate layers. There will be more than 50 layers, using about 500 slabs (or 4000 tubes). The entire detector will weigh about 45 tons; it should be operating by the end of the summer, at the 23rd level of the mine, over 2000 feet below ground. (At least 10 slabs will never make it there, however; they were the first made, and did not turn out very well. They are now part of a crude patio.) Meanwhile, two American groups, and at least one group of Europeans, are going ahead with water detectors.

If protons do decay, the implications for the far distant future are profound. Eventually, matter, as we know it, will not exist. All that will be left are the light particles such as electrons, neutrinos, and photons. The theory behind proton decay may also help explain our present-day universe. Why, for instance, is there so much matter and so little antimatter? At least one Grand Unified Model has also suggested a new picture for the first split-second of the Big Bang, which may help explain other aspects of our cosmos. And once we have firmly established the Grand Unified Theory, we may be able to complete the unification by adding gravity to the description. Thus the detection of proton decay can hone our understanding of the universe, past, present, and future.







# HOW I MISSED MINICON

by JAN BROWN

I seem to have missed Minicon this year.

Oh, I was there. Many of you saw me, talked with me, listened to me. Pinned to the fishnet on the wall I have a Minicon 16 badge to prove I was there -- and several other buttons and badges I acquired during the con.

But I seem to have missed Minicon.

When Lee asked me, back in November, to write this year's Minicon report for RUNE, I was thrilled. Imagine me, writing for RUNE! How I was going to show everybody what I could do! Such a meticulously-detailed con report I would write, so full of wit and sparkle! With what verve,

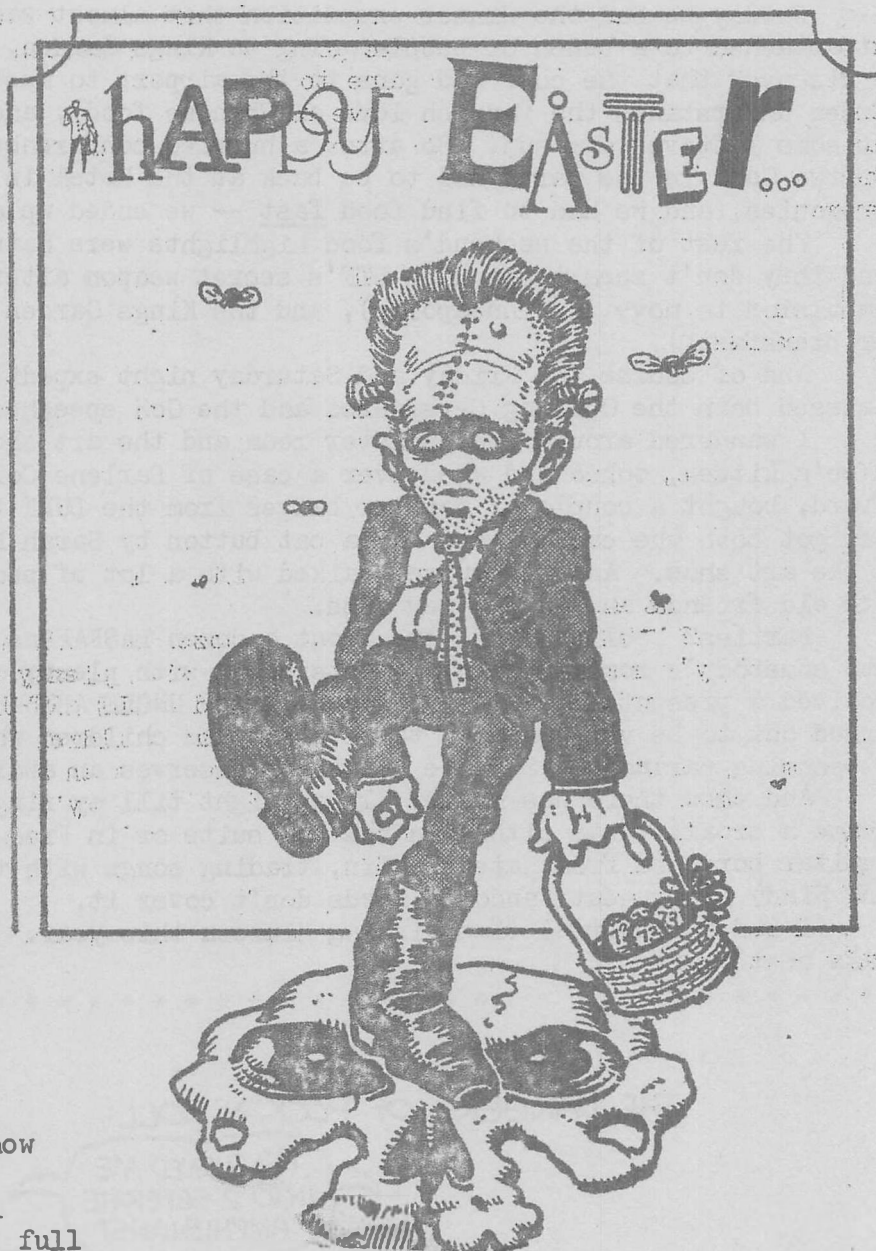
what flair, I would describe the pre-con party, the microprogramming, the monumental silliness of Jon Singer's Fan GoH speech, Fred Haskell's music party, the Saturday-night poker seminar! With what brilliance I would tell about the putrid films, the rubber Turkey Canoe, the obligatory History of Fandom panel!

Well, Minicon is over, and I didn't make it to any of that stuff except one of Fred's music parties. Like I said, I missed Minicon. For all I know, the Fan GoH speech was monumentally sane, the films were all either classics or sneak previews of major new releases, and the Turkey Canoe was delicious.

So what in the world did I spend the weekend doing?

Well, there was exploring Minneapolis, Dan Story and I spent Thursday and Friday afternoons wandering the streets and skyways, finding such goodies as cuddly stuffed mooses and a book of wonderful cat cartoons.

And there were dinner expeditions. I've never been on so many dinner expeditions at one con before -- there was one every night, beginning on Thursday, when Dan and I had the good luck to encounter Matthew Tepper, who recommended Asuka to us.



Friday we had the dinner expedition that almost wasn't. Dan and I somehow got attached to a bunch of people going to Kings Garden. We arrived at the restaurant to discover that the chef had gone to the airport to meet another chef (Kings Garden understands the fannish love of Chinese food), and they had nothing on hand but some leftover dim sum. So after a hurried conference -- it was getting late, the two GoHs in the party had to be back at the hotel in time for the Opening Ceremonies, and we had to find food fast -- we ended up at the Asuka again.

The rest of the weekend's food highlights were Saturday night at D.B. Kaplan's (and they don't seem to be Minn-STF's secret weapon after all -- I still feel no compulsion to move to Minneapolis), and the Kings Garden twice on Sunday (dim sum for breakfast!).

And of course the Friday and Saturday night expeditions lasted so long that I missed both the Opening Ceremonies and the GoH speeches.

I wandered around the huckster room and the art show, made friends with Erin McKee's kitten, oohed and ahed over a case of Darlene Coltrain jewelry I couldn't afford, bought a couple of Rotsler badges from the DUFF table (yes, I'm the one that got both the cat badges) and a cat button by Sarah Prince from the sketch table in the art show. And of course, talked with a lot of people, renewing my acquaintance with old friends and making new ones.

Parties? Well, there were about a dozen LASFAPAns and entanglements crammed into somebody's room on Saturday afternoon, with plenty of munchies. Arthur Hlavaty received a present, a series of books called UNCLE ARTHUR'S BEDTIME STORIES, which turned out to be very preachy tales about bad children who turn into good children by becoming paranoid. Someone certainly deserves an award for putridity of imagination!

And then there was music. Every night till my fingers died and my voice became a croak, I was either in the con suite or in Fred Haskell's room, playing a guitar borrowed from Nate Bucklin, trading songs with the Secret Masters of Stringed (and Wind) Instrument Fandom. Words don't cover it.

I had a wonderful time missing Minicon this year. I hope I get to miss it again next year!

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### THE DANGERS OF ROCK'N'ROLL:



FROGS FROM MARS © 1978 Tom Foster





# Fanfaronade

by CAROL KENNEDY

Here, as promised, is a list of all the fanzines I've received for review since the publication of RUMBLE 59. Remember to send review copies to me at 410 Groveland Avenue, #1205, Minneapolis, MN 55403. (Trade copies go to Lee.)

For anyone who hasn't been through this before, "the usual" means a fanzine in trade, a letter of comment, or a contribution of written work or artwork.

ANOMALY (first issue) -- published by the Ames Science Fiction Association. Editor: Kristi Kreiman. AmesSFA, c/o 407 Welch, Ames, IA 50010. Available for ?? (Try the usual or a couple of stamps.) Standard college clubzine fare, but not bad for a first issue. At least it's clean and neat and unpretentious. "Culture and Religion in Karhide and Orgoreyn" by Larry Schoeder is superficial but interesting.

ANVIL #10 (may-June, 1980) -- published by the Birmingham Science Fiction Club. Editor: Jim Gilpatrick. P.O. Box 57031, Birmingham, AL 35259. Available for the usual or 6/\$2. Probably not of much interest to anyone outside the club, but an adequate clubzine. I'm not as enamored of Charles Williams' art as many people seem to be. His cover is a good concept, but cluttered and muddy.

BRASSOR #6 (Jan.-Apr. 1980) -- Editor: Marty Levine, 1023 Elizabeth St., Pittsburgh, PA 15221. Available for the usual or \$1. A bit of fiction, a bit of poetry, a bit of art -- none of it remarkable. But the heart of BRASSOR is the personal writing of Marty and his friends, and some of that is remarkable. Arthur Hlavaty, watch out...

CUSFuSsing #22 (Feb. 25, 1980) -- published by the Barnard-Columbia Science Fiction Society, 317 Ferris Booth Hall, Columbia University, New York, NY 10027.

Editor: Charles Seelig. More typical clubzine stuff, but the writing is of higher quality than most such examples. Some coherent reviews, and a quiz on ALIEN which is well-done and funny but not worth three pages. Oh, yes, available for the usual or 20¢, or milk crates, tales of the old Columbia SF Society, or a leap second.

DEBRIS 6 (4/5/80) -- Editor: John Boston, 225 Baltic St., Brooklyn, NY 11201. Available for an SASL or "virtually anything else of interest or value". Gleanings from newspapers and magazines: mixed metaphors, nonsense, and bureaucratic madness. Recommended to anyone interested in crimes against communication.

DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP #13 (April, 1980) -- Editor: Arthur Hlavaty, 250 Coligni Ave., New Rochelle, NY 10801. Available for the usual or \$1. Also from Arthur: LINES OF OCCURRENCE 1, available for the usual or editorial whim. What needs to be said about zines by a man nominated for a Hugo as Best Fan Writer and for FAAN awards as Best Fan Writer and Best LoC Writer? Arthur's writing is cogent, usually irreverent and seldom irrelevant. And his zines attract some of the best LoCs to be read anywhere.

DIO #5 (February 1980) -- Editor: Christopher Mills, 1250 S. Clermont, 1-107, Denver, CO 80222 or Box 109, Aden Hall, Boulder, CO 80310. The usual or \$1. With this issue, DIO becomes a perzine. I enjoy Chris' writing, but of course I have a soft spot in my heart for sometimes-lonely, sometimes-confused college students. The flip side of nostalgia, perhaps...

FAST & LOOSE #7, #8 -- Editor: Alan L. Bostick, Brokedown Palace, 5022-9th Ave. NE, Seattle, WA 98105. Available for the usual. Basically a perzine, with occasional contributions from others, including Ted White's "Uffish Thots". Well-written and generally opinionated.

FORERUNNER, Vo.2, No.7 (December, 1979) -- published by the Sydney Science Fiction Foundation. Editor: Jack R. Herman, 7b Kingsbury St., Croydon Park, NSW 2133, Australia. Available for the usual or 12/¢3 (Australian, I presume). Clubzines don't seem to vary much -- no matter what country they're from. However, not every clubzine has a con report by A Bertram Chandler. This one does.

FUSION 1 -- Editor: Ken Mann, 22 Pennethorne Road, Peckham, London SE15, England. Available for ?? Fiction and poetry. Better than some.



GENRE PLAT No. 4 (Winter/Spring 1980) -- published by the Norfolk Howard People's Cooperative Press. Editor: Allyn Cadogan, 435 Hayes St., #38, San Francisco, CA 94102. Available for \$1, substantial LoC, accepted contribution, arranged trade. Some very good writing (most of it only peripherally connected with SF fandom), good artwork, excellent layout and graphics, and almost flawless mimeo repro. Highly recommended.

GROGGY #9 (March, 1980), #10 -- Editors: Eric Mayer and Kathy Malone, 654 Boulevard East, Weehawken, NJ 07087. Available for LoC or



grocery store coupons. Ditto raised to an art form. Delicate multi-colored art and substantial multi-faceted writing. Who could ask for more?

HOLLIER THAN THOU #6 -- Editor: Marty Cantor, 5263 Riverton Ave. #1, North Hollywood, CA 91601. Trade zines and oversize mail to: Marty Cantor, c/o The Smokers' Den, 117 W. Wilson Ave., Glendale, CA 91203. Available for \$1 or the usual. An attractive genzine with an interesting lettercolumn (made up of equal parts good loccers and acerbic Cantor). Gary Deindorffer's fanzine review column is some of his best writing, and Mike Glycer's article is some of his worst.



INTERGALACTIC ANIMAL HUSBANDRY #12 -- Editor: Ed Zdrojewski, 1891 Union St., Benton Harbor, MI 49022. Available for?? (Try writing and asking.) Pages and pages of ditto, in large chunks, mostly unbroken by artwork or white space, is difficult to get through. Ed is one of the few writers I'd do it for. However, I only recommend this to readers who like to participate. IAH isn't entertainment; it's one side of a conversation.

INTERMEDIATE VECTOR BOSONS #1 -- Editor: Harry J.N. Andruschak, 6933 N. Rosemead Blvd., #31, San Gabriel, CA 91775. Available for \$1 or the usual; trade preferred. Andy says in his introduction that reviewers will call this more of an apa than a genzine. So it is, being made up primarily of reprints from apazines. But the writers chosen are good; and if they contribute some original material, Andy may develop a good genzine. This issue does have an essay on the value of writing and receiving letters, by Poul Anderson.

MAINSTREAM 5 (May 1980) -- Editors: Suzanne Tompkins and Jerry Kaufman, 4326 Winslow Place North, Seattle, WA 98103. 75¢ or the usual. Thirty-eight pages of Good Stuff, including "Tales of the Roscoe Mythos" written and illustrated by Stu Shiffman, and "Technocrat of the Breakfast Table" by Jon Singer and friends. Good artwork, flawless repro, entertaining lettercolumn. The writing in MAINSTREAM sometimes tends toward in-jokes and aren't-we-fannishness, but it's well done.

THE MONTHLY MONTHLY #7, #8, #9 (April, May, and June 1980) -- Editors: #7, Christine Kulyk; #8, Dave Vereschagin; #9, Michael Hall. Address: c/o Robert Runte, 10957 -- 88 Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T6G 0Y9. Available for 75¢, trade (two copies required), accepted contribution, loc, editorial whim. When the three editors mentioned, along with Bob Weir, Robert Runte, and Rosanne Charest declared their intention to publish a monthly fanzine with a rotating editorship, old hands at this business said, "Oh, sure." Nine issues does not a legend make, but the group has made a point: it can be done, and with style. Each issue is 16 pages of clean mimeography, with some good artwork and excellent graphics. (The headings are particularly creative and attractive.) The letter column is variable; the letters are interesting, but some of the editors are better than others. Reviews, by Doug Barbour and Bill Beard, are more than synopses and less than dissertations. Dave Vereschagin's writing is usually the highpoint for me.

NEOLOGY #5 -- Published by the Edmonton Science Fiction and Comic Art Society, P.O. Box 4071, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T6E 3S8. Editor: Robert Runte. Sample, 75¢. Available for trade or \$8/year. Basically a good, substantial clubzine, with more general interest news than most.



NORMAL BEAN Number 1 -- Editor: Roland Trenary, 2409 - 23rd Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55404. \$1.50. A showcase for Trenary's art. This issue contains an adaptation of Philip Jose Farmer's "The Stone God Awakens". This is probably impressive if you like that kind of thing; try it out if fantastic/adventure story art interests you.

OLD BONES (#5 - Summer, 1776 (sic)) -- Editor: Bill Pugmire Jr., 5021 - 43rd Ave. S., Seattle, WA 98118. Available for 25¢. Lovecraftian fanzine. Some good art and good writing.

oxymoron number 1 (June, 1980) -- Editor: Patrick Nielsen Hayden, 5022 - 9th Ave. NE, Seattle, WA 98105. Available? Two pages of opinion, taking fandom seriously. Pfui.

PRELUDE TO FANTASY 2 (Fall, 1979) -- Editor: Hans-Peter Werner, Rt. 3, Box 193, Richland Center, WI 53581. Available for \$1 or arranged trade. A "little magazine" devoted to fantasy in art, prose, and poetry. Quite attractive, though the paste-up lines show. Better than average written work.

RENEGADE #8 (March, 1980) -- Editors: Arnie Katz, Joyce Worley Katz, Bill Kunkel, Charlene Komar Kunkel. 8530 - 121st St., Kew Gardens, NY 11415. Available for \$1. "Each month, we will be looking at the most interesting new material from a wide variety of sources -- everything from the best new T.V. shows and movies to the latest in science fiction and the best in popular music." And damn well done. Good, clear, perceptive writing and simple, clean graphics.

THE S.F. ECHO (MORBIUS TRIP) #27 -- Editor: Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, IL 61604. Paperback-size mimeo zine. Reviews, conreports, locs, articles. This is exactly the kind of thing I loved when I first discovered fanzines, but I can't explain why. The people seem real. Serious fannish critics probably hate it. Who cares? It's the kind of thing that gave me my first inkling that there were people in the world whom I could really talk to. Available for \$1.50.

s.f. chronicle -- Editor: Andrew Porter. P.O. Box 4175, New York, NY 10163. Subscription: \$12/year. Newszine, devoted mainly to publishing industry news.

SIKANDER ONE (October 1979) -- Editor: Irwin Hirsh, 279 Domain Rd., South Yarra, Victoria 3141, Australia. Available for the usual, \$1, editorial whim. Articles by Hirsh, Eric Lindsay, John Bangsund, Leigh Edmonds, all talented writers. This Australian fanzine seems to me to be what some people seem to think British fanzines are. Have I made myself obscure? I like it (the zine, that is).

SPACE AND TIME #55 (April, 1980) -- Editor: Gordon Linzner, 138 W. 70th St., Apt. 4-B, New York, NY 10023. Available for \$2. Fanfiction, poetry, some art. Probably the best fanfic zine around, but it's still fiction prozines won't buy.



SPACE JUNK #4 -- Editor: Rich Coad, 251 Ashbury St. #4, San Francisco, CA 94117. Available for the usual or \$1. Includes a ten-page fanzine review column by Joseph Nicholas, in which he pans RUNE, JANUS, SCIENTIFRICTION, THE DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP-- at least we're in good company! Also "My Life Under Fascism, or franco shot my dog" by William Gibson. Interesting.

STARSHIP #39 (summer 1980) -- Editor: Andrew Porter, P.O. Box 4175, New York, NY 10017. Subscriptions \$3/year. Professional-style magazine with articles by Harlan Ellison, Robert Silverburg, Michael Bishop, et al. Well worth the money.

SYNCHRONICITY 2 (june/july 1980) -- Editor: Frank Stodolka, 2633 Dupont Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55408. Available for 75¢. News and calendar items for Twin Cities area. The calendar section is quite informative and attractive. The mimeographed news section is mostly unreadable.

SYSTEMS #2 (February 1980) -- Editor: Wayne Brenner, 19 Oak Lane, Shalimar, FL 32579. Available for the usual. Lightweight--a few reviews, lettercolumn, a folksong, Promising artwork and graphics.

SYSTEMS #3 (March 1980) -- same. \$1 or the usual. Better artwork. Still light on content.

SYSTEMS #4 (April 1980) -- same. Getting better.

SYSTEMS #5 (May 1980) -- same. Wayne has improved this zine noticeably in these few months. He uses his own artwork, essays, and poetry, as well as some work by others. SYSTEMS is enjoyable, and I think Wayne is talented.

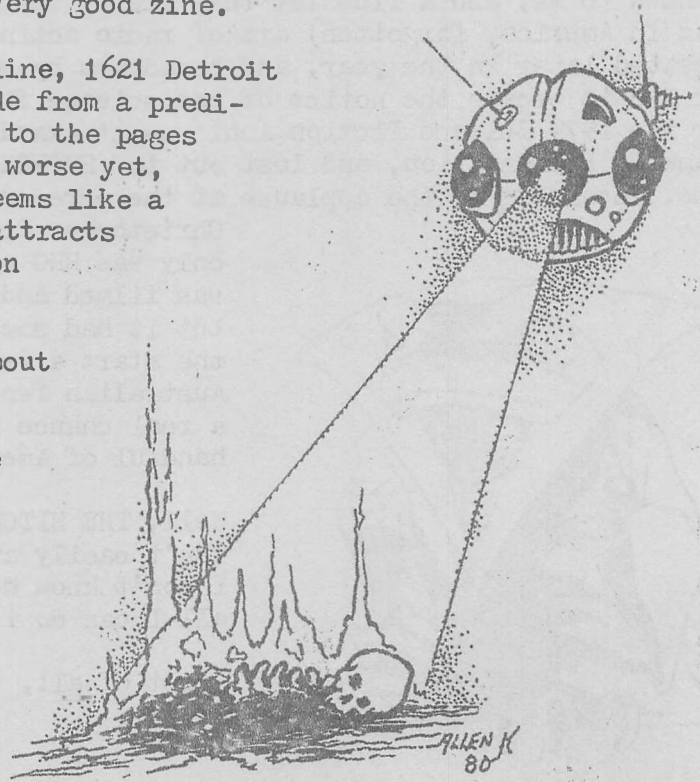
TNFF -- Published by the National Fantasy Fan Federation. Editor: Owen K. Laurion, 6101 Central NE, Albuquerque, NM 87108. Dues and subscriptions to TNFF and TIGHTBEAM, 6/year. Extensive fanzine list, a few reviews, club news.

THRUST #15 (Summer 1980) -- Editor: D. Douglas Fratz, Thrust Publications, 11919 Darrel Cooper Court, Reston, VA 22091. Available for \$1.95. Professional-style zine (slick covers, paid ads, offset) with good art and contents: articles and columns by Michael Bishop, George Alec Effinger, Ted White, et al. Very good zine.

THE WRETCH #3, #4 -- Editor: Cheryl Cline, 1621 Detroit Ave., #23, Concord, CA 94520. Aside from a predilection for applying rubber stamps to the pages of her zines and a liking for (and worse yet, writing about) punk rock, Cheryl seems like a nice person. She writes well and attracts good locs. I can't find any info on availability of the zine, though.

Finished! Recently I've read a lot about fanzine fandom dying out. It may be changing--it may have changed--but it certainly isn't dying. If not all the zines are to anyone's taste--well, were they ever?

Is there anyone who wants a regular horror/occult fiction review column for his/her fanzine? I'm interested in writing one, so let me know.



# FJORDS AND FIDDLY BITS

by MATTHEW B. TEPPER

"THE HITCH-HIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY...has already supplanted the great ENCYCLOPAEDIA GALACTICA as the standard repository of all knowledge and wisdom, for though it has many omissions and contains much that is apocryphal, or at least wildly inaccurate, it scores over the older, more pedestrian work in two important respects. First, it is slightly cheaper; and secondly it has the words DON'T PANIC inscribed in large friendly letters on its cover."

From THE HITCH-HIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY

This, then, is the story--or rather, the story within the story that is the story--of THE HITCH-HIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY, a resoundingly strange fable by the obscure British writer Douglas Adams, which has burst on the science fiction scene overnight and become something of a cult classic. Not the same kind of cult classic as the Goon Show, from which it (and Monty Python, Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, and others) claims descent; nor is it particularly like THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW, though it is similar in its combination of modernist breakaway nonconformism with basic elements of science fiction. No, it's something else, and if anybody figures out what that is, I'd be obliged to them if they'd only tell me.

So anyway, what is this thing I'm talking about? It started out as a radio show of six half-hour episodes broadcast on Wednesday evenings in March-April 1978 over BBC Radio 4. These programmes employed the services of many British actors hitherto unknown to me, and a fine lot they are by their remarkable skill in the classic (and in America, forgotten) art of radio acting. HHG was so popular, it was repeated later in the year, and broadcast by shortwave over the BBC Home Service. Nor did it escape the notice of the science fiction fan community; it was nominated for the 1979 Science Fiction Achievement Award--the Hugo--under the category of Dramatic Presentation, and lost out to SUPERMAN THE MOVIE. But the popular vote, according to the applause at the ceremonies at Brighton, lay with HHG, as Christopher Reeve noted on the occasion. For not only was HHG a wholly British undertaking (SUPERMAN was filmed and recorded only partly in Britain), but it had some quality silliness which gave it at the start a fan following. Some British and Australian fans have mused that HHG might have had a real chance at the Hugo if more than just a handful of Americans had heard the show.

Well, THE HITCH-HIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY still isn't easily available to North American fans, and I don't know how soon, if ever, it will be. About all I can do is let you know it exists:

First of all, there is the original radio show, a



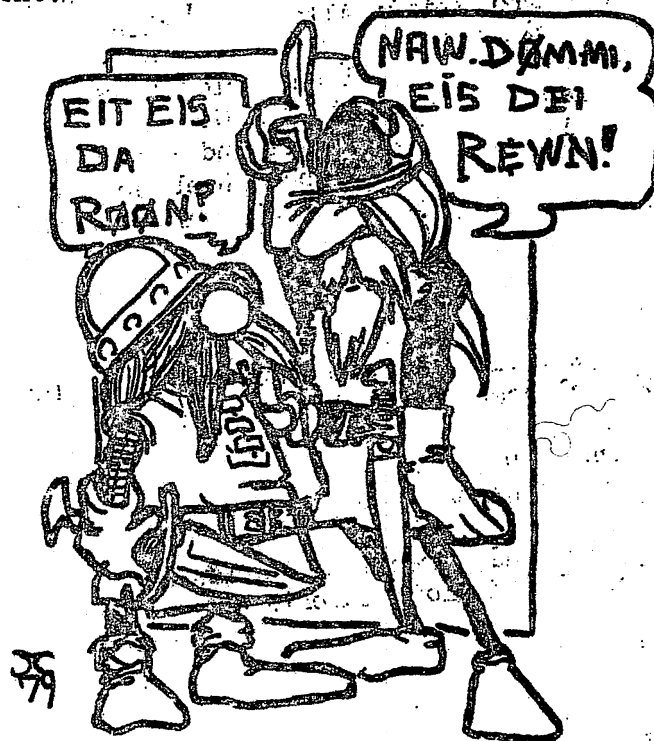
serial in six programmes. I'm pretty sure this has been repeated a few times over BBC and the Home Service, and possibly in Australia as well (I've read one HHG article by an Australian fan). This original series was popular enough that Douglas Adams, the writer and Mad Genius behind it, assembled much of the original cast and crew to present a special Christmas Programme at the close of 1978. This episode took up a few plot strands of the first series, and ended with a multiple cliffhanger. The second series was broadcast in January, 1980, its five episodes continuing on to make what was effectively another six-part story. The last part did consummate its particular plot, and there were intimations of a possible third series.

Second, there is the record album. This is a two-disc set in a fold-over album issued on the Original Records label as ORA42. The cast is more or less the same as that for the radio show, though with a couple of substitutions and a few different doublings. The contents of the album are, essentially, the first four radio shows, somewhat edited and/or rewritten, with freer use of sound effects (and, compared with the radio show, that is some statement!), and with the typical opening and closing radio announcements mercifully trimmed. The end narration suggests that the rest of the episodes will be issued on record; this is a persistent rumor which I would like to have verified or denied by Adams himself.

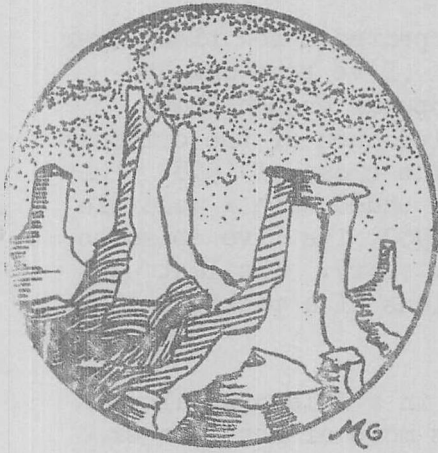
Last, there is the book, THE HITCH HIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY (no hyphen this time, for some reason) by Douglas Adams, available from Pan Books, London and Sydney. This has just gone into a third printing, and has hit the Best Sellers list in Britain with more than 100,000 copies sold. The book runs to 159 pages and looks somewhat padded because of the spacious (and right-unjustified) margins. The book is more or less a novelization of the same first four episodes of the radio show. Adams is reported to be working on a second book, and publication is anticipated for November.

With these preliminaries aside, the question remains: What is THE HITCH-HIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY? To call it a radio show, science fiction, or zany English humor would be to limn its features, but not to fully describe it. It is all of those in clever proportions. It is silly, thoughtful, weird, and maddeningly consistent. In it Douglas Adams (an erstwhile story editor for DOCTOR WHO--that is all the information I have on the gentleman) and his performers have had a wonderful time combining some very far-out science fictional concepts with a vision of a universe so varied and uncertain that a wandering Earthman--one Arthur Dent, late of the West Country and originally from London--can find dangerously familiar but unceasingly strange phenomena wherever he looks.

Take for example this opening bit of the radio show. Dent, a kind of cosmic Candide, is engaged in the comparatively simple act of lying in front of a bulldozer that is about to demolish his house to make way for a new bypass. "Why?" he asks of the man in charge. "It's a bypass," says Mr. Prosser.







"You've got to build bypasses." The plans, furthermore, were on display in the local planning office for nine months. Yes, grumbles Arthur, "on display in the bottom of a locked filing cabinet stuck into a disused lavatory with a sign on the door saying Beware of the Leopard." Scant minutes later, Arthur finds out that his friend Ford Prefect is not human at all, but from a small planet somewhere in the vicinity of Betelgeuse. Ford reveals this to Arthur in order that they may thumb a lift, at least as far as Barnard's Star, from a passing spaceship. The trouble is that the spaceship, part of the Vogon Constructor Fleet, has orders to demolish the Earth in order to make way for a new hyperspatial express route. The planning charts have again been on display--at Alpha Centauri.

"For heaven's sake mankind," trumpets the Vogon Captain, "it's only four light years away you know." You see? The Earth has no monopoly on bungling incompetence. The rest of the universe is just as fouled up as we, and has been all along. With this brilliant stroke, Adams whisks the listener from "real" life into his pocket universe, and the great hitch-hike begins.

Ultimately ejected by the Vogons, Ford and Arthur wind up throwing in their lot with one Zaphod Beeblebrox, a two-headed, three-armed quasi-relation of Ford's whose term as Galactic President was cut short by his precipitous commandeering of a government ship utilising the new Infinite Improbability Drive, a moderately clever gimmick which is used to explain (and to create) many of the weird and unaccountable coincidences throughout the show. In the course of their adventures, these characters encounter a perpetually depressed robot named Marvin, a legendary planet with a past reputation for producing planets to order, a restaurant in a time-niche at the end of the universe, a fleet of extraordinarily nasty battleships whose occupants they are a-changing, and some useless refugees in a misdirected ark-ship. Throughout, Adams' scripts are rendered by the various actors with impeccable timing and direction, flip British deliveries, and ingeniously evocative sound effects and music.

The whole is held together by the concept of the title entity, a sort of compendium of information for the traveller who wants to explore the galaxy on a budget of not more than thirty Altairian dollars per day. Peter Jones is winkingly casual as The Book, and otherwise narrates the unusual story sequences and recaps with the aplomb of the English explorers who dressed for dinner in the jungles. Simon Jones plays Arthur Dent, and Geoffrey McGovern is Ford Prefect, together making a sort of interplanetary putt and Jeff team. But they serve as double straight men to Mark Wing-Davey as Zaphod Beeblebrox (though unfortunately nothing is made of Zaphod's bicephalism as a plot element). Other splendid performances are turned in by Stephen Moore (a National Theatre player) as Marvin, Susan Sheridan as Trillian, David Tate as Eddie the Computer, and Richard Vernon as Slartibartfast.

The second series more or less takes up the threads of the first, and a number of new plot elements are introduced, including the most totally evil place in the galaxy, clones, giant statues, shoe stores, temporal paradox, and what appears to be a cat. Some of the original actors are back, and many new ones--most notably Rula Lenska as Lentilla, Lentilla, and Lentilla. (It is nice to know that she does something other than skin cream and shampoo commercials.)

Again, the really remarkable thing about HHG is its internal consistency. Even the most convoluted plot elements always manage to sneak back and fold in on themselves;

interrupted narratives conclude calmly after several minutes of intervening plot. Upon repeated listenings, this non-stoned listener finds all sorts of phenomena fitting in with one another more neatly than in Mr. Gilbert's operetta plots. Douglas Adams shews himself a highly skilled writer for the electronic media, and a perceptive, though twisted, science fiction enthusiast as well.

How may the reader appreciate THE HITCH-HIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY? The rub is availability. I have heard cassettes taken right off the air in England. If you ever have a chance to get a copy, do so. The programmes are in very good stereo sound, so it's worth getting the best dubs you can. But I have no information on where they might be available.

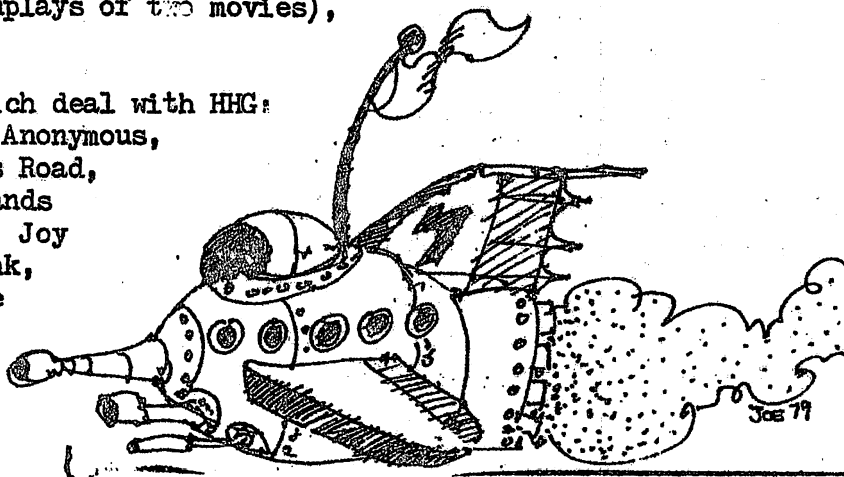
I would suggest you try to get the record album. Original Records is a mail-order-only concern, operating out of Megadodo Publications, P.O. Box 101A, Surbiton, Surrey, KT6 5AX, UNITED KINGDOM. The listed price is £6.99, plus postage charge and packing charge of 50p within U.K. and Eire. I have no idea what they would charge to send it elsewhere, so write them first! I've seen advertisements in the British record journal GRAMOPHONE from two stores: Direction Dean Street, 97-99 Dean Street, London W.1, and The Music Discount Centre, 61 Park Road, London NW1 6XQ. Both stores engage in mail sales worldwide, so you might write them first to compare prices. (Hint: You'll really save on overseas shipping costs if you pool your orders with other fans in your vicinity.)

I've read that Virgin Records has now reissued the album, but I don't know about its availability. The Original release which I have is very well-produced, in excellent sound and with fairly good English surfaces. There are various hidden messages on the records themselves, which you might have fun trying to find. (Play side three on a manual turntable, rather than an automatic which lifts the tonearm when it gets to the Lead-out groove.) Unfortunately, the album jacket is devoid of informative material. No biography of Adams, no information on any of the players except their names, no information on how and when HHG came to be written--nothing, not an electronic sausage. The inside gatefold of the album is instead wasted on some tepid and uninteresting collage.

The book is probably the most easily-available item of all, but it is the item I would not recommend to the person coming to HHG for the first time. For one thing, a book based on a media epic has little chance to convey the delivery, the whimsy--in short, the sound of the humor here. Moreover, the book isn't even particularly well-done. It includes many bits from the series and ties them together as well as may be done without sound, but it is just not a very good novelization. I think the script of the radio programmes, issued the way the Goons have issued some of theirs (and Monty Python the screenplays of two movies), would have been far better.

I know of three fanzines which deal with HHG:

"Fourty-Two", Hitch-Hiker's Anonymous,  
c/o Andre Willey, 7 Oaklands Road,  
Sutton Coldfield, West Midlands  
B7 42 TB; "Towel and Thumb", Joy  
Hibbert, Knouchley, West Bank,  
Winster, Matlock, Derbyshire  
DE42 1D; "Playbeing", Owen  
Tudor, c/o Lady Margaret  
Hall, Oxford OX2 6QA.  
Write first and enclose  
International Reply Coupons!



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# BOOKS

**STILL FORMS ON FOXFIELD** by Joan Slonczewski. Del Rey, 1980. 214pp., \$1.95.

It's refreshing to note that women can write mediocre Fut-Fic books as competently as men. **STILL FORMS ON FOXFIELD** is the proof. No wonder this book is featured prominently on every grocery store bookstand in the country (even at Byerly's).

When I first saw its unseemly cover featuring traditionally garbed Quakers ambling into a traditional white church, with a cartoon-show rocket in the background (yes, it's resting on its tailfins), and then read "The Quaker Planet" sprayed across the back cover like ubiquitous graffiti, I had a savage attack of fear and trembling. Recovering long enough to find a gun to put to my head, I forced myself to begin reading.

After passing through a slough of vacuous words and into the thinness of a cheesecake conflict (without the cake) between the Quakers of Foxfield and the United Nations Interplanetary of Earth, around which the book dissolves, I found a few interesting ideas, and a sparkle or two of enjoyment. These centered around Ms. Slonczewski's alien creatures, the Commensals, plant-like organisms that can synthesize any kind of chemical. Without the Commensals, the Quakers of Foxfield would not have survived. The Commensals view the world in terms of probabilities and quantum mechanics, whereas we Humans view the world through the linear certainties of classic Newtonian physics. Nice ideas, but ideas alone do not good science fiction make. Ms. Slonczewski leaves the best parts of her story woefully underdeveloped. Maybe I'm just a dumb guy, but I couldn't figure out, from the story, what the title of **STILL FORMS ON FOXFIELD** was supposed to mean.

I have to lay the blame for this piece of wreckage squarely with Del Rey Books. Someone on the editorial staff could have worked with Ms. Slonczewski, forced her to polish up the manuscript so it wouldn't be cluttered with these voidoid jumps of dialog--we find ourselves reading something that might become interesting and then POOF! we are suddenly reading something dull and irrelevant, never to return to the original train of thought.

I will say this for Del Rey Books though: They sure do make them tough. When I got to page 3, I cranked up a good hard slider. The book caromed neatly off the wall, knocked the cat from her perch on the laundry hamper, bounced twice across the floor, and made a perfect landing on the windowsill. Nary a scratch on the sucker. My next move will be to prop the book against the garage door back, reach for my gun--and when I'm through, all 20 of those forms on Foxfield will be still.

-Reviewed by Michael  
Parker Smith-

**THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME** by Lloyd  
Biggle, Jr. Doubleday, 1979.  
211pp., \$8.95.

Mostly I like Lloyd Biggle stories. Works like "Tunsmith", about the rediscovery of music appreciation in





corporate society, deserve to be included in any discussion of SF and the arts. So does his novel, *THE STILL SMALL VOICE OF TRUMPETS*, in which he introduces the trumpet to a planet to save it from tyranny. I also enjoyed the novelette version of "Silence Is Deadly" (*Worlds of If*, Oct. 1957) which, after three pages, takes place in silence. Biggle rewrote this story into a novel in 1977. I could see a rewrite improving this novelette; but expansion to novel length, and the change of protagonist to Jan Darzek, is, in my opinion, to the story's detriment.

Biggle's latest novel, *THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME*, suffers from some of the same problems. There's an entertaining novelette there in that novel. Jan Darzek still seems sort of stiff, after all these books; but I do love some of the minor characters who live up to the name. The main plot devices are a blackmail threat to turn a planet into a sun, and a badly radiation-burned man who disappears when anyone tries to get too close to him. After a great deal of buildup, and many false leads adding twists to the path, I was disappointed in an ending that didn't quite seem to follow from what had gone before. Darzek doesn't find out anything about turning a planet into a sun, except that it can be done. The teleporting burn victim is finally interviewed; and though his information ends the story, it doesn't end very many of the mysteries. Even the villains' motivations don't ring true.

I don't want to discourage you from reading Lloyd Biggle, Jr.'s stories. He has written many good ones. I'll certainly keep my copies of *TRUMPETS*, and *MONUMENT*, and my autographed copy of *THE METALLIC MUSE*. But I'm afraid I'm going to take *THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME* down to the used book dealer, and trade it in for something I'm more likely to want to keep and read again. Sorry, Lloyd.

-Reviewed by Jerry Stearns-

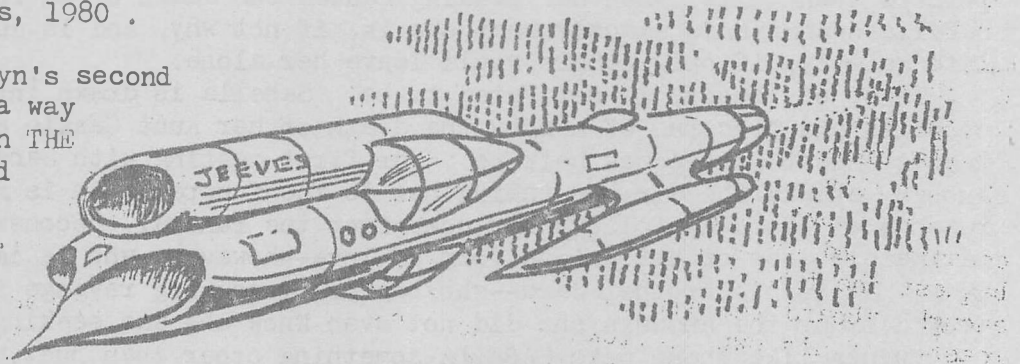
*THE BRIGHT COMPANION* by Edward Llewellyn. DAW Books, 1980. 176pp., \$1.75.

This is Mr. Llewellyn's second novel from DAW, and in a way I'm sorry I started with *THE BRIGHT COMPANION* instead of his initial novel, *THE DOUGLAS CONVOLUTION*. I would have had a better understanding of Llewellyn's writing and perhaps wouldn't have had as harsh a critique as I have for this book.

*COMPANION* is a book that seems to have a Jekyll-Hyde life, possibly a reflection of confusion on the author's part in regard to the feminist movement and men's role in it. The hero is a novice at all things in life in a post-holocaust civilization, except as a trader in drug supplies discovered in caches all over the territory which he, like his father before him, patrols for profit and friendship. Into this comfortable but fragile existence (most of his customers are getting old and dying off) comes a volatile and female rebel from a religious enclave. She has many abilities the hero, Davy, seems to lack; and between them they have the necessary traits to go on a long-awaited survival quest -- all the time at each other's throats.

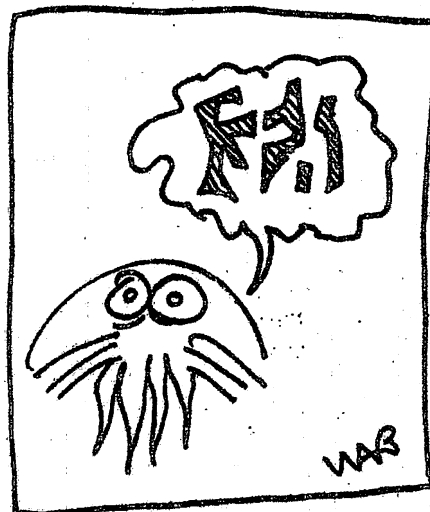
They cross the ocean to Greece with the aid of an old sailor, and finally land in the matriarchy where the heroine's mother was born. The matriarchy is the yin to the religious enclave's yang in some sort of theological debate/war.

The author's handling of Davy's encounter with and reaction to the matriarchy set off all sorts of warning bells in me and ruined what had been, until then, a



sparse but enjoyable little book. Davy's attitudes were almost John Norman-like, and the really disappointing thing was that the reader was never even given a hint that he would react in such a chauvinistic manner. I was unhappy with the ending and it truly marred a fairly good book. I wish the Wollheims had kept a tighter editorial rein on this one. It could have been so much better....

-Reviewed by Lee Pelton-



SABELLA or THE BLOOD STONE by Tanith Lee. DAW Books, 1980. 157pp., \$1.75.

Sabella Quey (pronounced Kay), the title character in this new book by Tanith Lee, is a vampire with some difference. First, Sabella is a woman--a very beautiful, very sensual woman. She has, in fact, quite a reputation as a whore--fomented mostly by the lecherous innuendos of a gutter-reject postman. Also, she is not of the undead. Born on the colony planet, Nova (sic) Mars, she was quite human until her twelfth birthday. That which caused her to become vampire stemmed not from her terrestrial heritage, but from the distant past of the planet whose ground she trod. Third, Sabella has come to equitable terms with her condition. She lives a reclusive life on the edge of Nova Mars' "civilization". She does not use her sensuality to trap men to satisfy her need (though she is neither afraid nor unwilling, when necessary, to use men for that purpose). Rather, she depends primarily on the deer of the forest for her sustenance. She is neither rapacious nor greedy in her taking. Indeed, she feels remorse, and perhaps even guilt, when her feeding causes the death of an innocent. In short, Sabella understands exactly what she is, if not why, and is quite content to live life quietly, if only others would leave her alone.

This, obviously, is not fated to be. Sabella is drawn into the (to her) petty conceits and concerns of men by the death of her Aunt Cassie and the sizeable bequest she thus becomes heir to. Her first meeting with Sand Vincent is, innocuously enough, aboard the air-bus taking her to the funeral. It is not Sand--who, for reasons of his own, follows her home from the funeral, becomes her lover, and ultimately dies of her unique form of love--however, who is important to Sabella Quey. It is his brother Jace--who begins by seeking revenge for Sand's death--who provides her the answers she did not even know she was seeking.

Twists like these make SABELLA something other than just another vampire story. There is little adventure here--and less horror. Ms. Lee treats her subject with a sympathy seldom seen in works of this nature. One can understand Sabella Quey as one has not understood any vampire before, and one can feel compassion for her.

-Reviewed by Barney Neufeld-

THE GILEAD BOMB by David Sinclair. Dell Seal. 120pp., 35¢

THE GILEAD BOMB is one of the few books I've encountered that describes itself, all too accurately, in its title. This slim little novel is what one may presume to be a "juvenile"; however, I doubt that I would recommend it to most children, let alone to anyone over the age of 12.

This is the standard, touching drama of The Boy Who Saves The Universe, and at least the book makes no pretensions of being anything but a fantasy-fulfilling adventure. It is even reflected in the hero of the story, with whom the reader is supposed to identify: a young boy who is smaller, but smarter, than normal. Our hero, with the unbelievable name of Ace Astro (!) also happens to have other special

abilities, such as superior sight and hearing, and the ability to withstand the gravity forces of acceleration to escape velocity from Earth without blacking out. It is this last trait which causes Ace, accompanied by his faithful dog Sirius (!!), to be sent on a grave and perilous mission to the moon.

The plot, in brief (believe me, you wouldn't want a longer description), is this: Ace Astro, due to the aforementioned special ability, is called upon as the only space cadet in the Academy capable of undertaking a top-secret, hush-hush, A-1 priority mission to Gilead Crater on the Moon. The reason for the mission is that an object presumed to be a gigantic bomb has been sighted in Gilead Crater (hence, we presume, the title) and all communication with Moon Base 1 has ceased. It is thought that the Russians are to blame, so Ace is sent off in the latest design rocket to investigate. His only concern is that he has to leave his dog behind.

Shortly after lift off, however, we discover that Things Are Not As They Seem, as Ace starts hearing voices in his head. Who should he discover stowed away on board but his faithful dog, Sirius (complete with specially designed doggy-spacesuit). At this point the perceptive reader will begin to figure that this dog is not quite normal.

Upon reaching the Moon, Ace finds the Moon Base totally deserted, with no sign of what caused the disappearance of the inhabitants. He heads off toward Gilead with Sirius bounding by his side, and encounters along the way a young Russian lad who just happens to have been sent to investigate the bomb, too. It seems his government thinks the Americans put it there. After a sloppy and fruitless laser ray-gun battle with each other, they decide to temporarily join forces and check out this thing together.

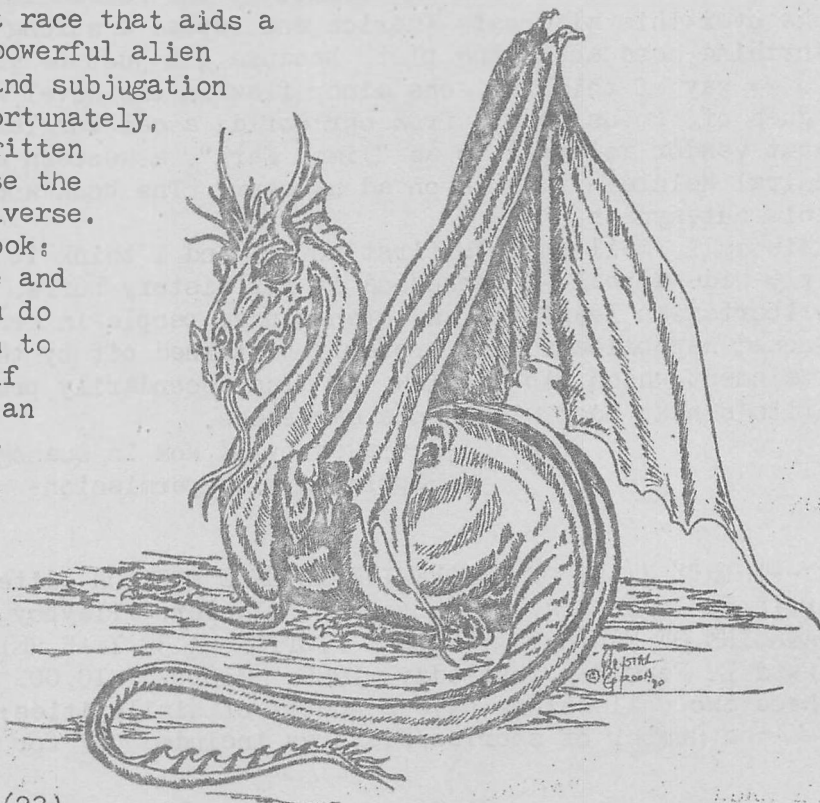
As they continue, they discover a dead body with a mysterious message beside it, citing a Biblical chapter and verse. This, for me, was the high point of the book, proving it to be merely a novel-length feghoot. Unfortunately, I figured out the punch line at this point, so the rest of the book was downhill from here.

However, our protagonists did not figure it out immediately, and so proceeded on to the crater. So as not to reveal the ending (as if anyone cared), I will merely say that the last third of the book involves some plot elements reminiscent of E.E. "Doc" Smith's Lensmen series:

a wise, ancient, and beneficent race that aids a particular human, an evil and powerful alien race that is bent on conquest and subjugation of the galaxy, and so on. Unfortunately, it is nowhere nearly as well written as Smith's books. But of course the Boy (And His Dog) Saves the Universe.

As for recommending this book: if you know a terribly insecure and sickly 10-year-old boy whom you do not care much for, you may wish to inflict this book on him. Or if you want to give an example of an SF feghoot to a not-very-bright person, this might work for that, too. Other suggested uses are bird cage lining, fire kindling--well, you get the idea.

-Reviewed by Kara  
Dalkey-





THE PROBABILITY BROACH by L. Neil Smith. Del Rey. 275pp., \$1.95.

This book is especially interesting from a political point of view. I think that almost everyone will disagree with the doctrine promulgated here; L. Neil Smith has run for office on the Libertarian Party ticket and, judging from what he has written, is an anarcho-capitalist.

Anarcho-capitalism is, shortly stated, the belief that the best government is no government is no government at all. According to this theory, the ideal society would be totally unregulated, except by custom. The functions of the police and army would be carried out by private contractors.

This particular story is about an alternate universe with precisely this type of setup. The year is 1987, and the hero, a member of the Denver P.D. (in our time-line), is investigating the murder of a college professor. Someone attempts to assassinate him while he is looking through the professor's lab. In all the confusion, certain equipment gets turned on, and he gets propelled into the alternate universe.

It's a real shock. Everywhere is evidence of tremendous prosperity, a great contrast to our own world of decreasing resources and increasing government control.

This book is emphatically not one of those boring Utopian travelogues; it has a good plot and plenty of action, and manages to entertain pretty consistently. Some of the characters are interesting, too: the villain, for instance, is Manfred von Richthofen. (In this alternate world, lifespan has increased greatly since the late 1800s; 300-year life expectancies are normal.) He has changed his name to John Jay Madison, in honor of the Federalist principles he holds dear.

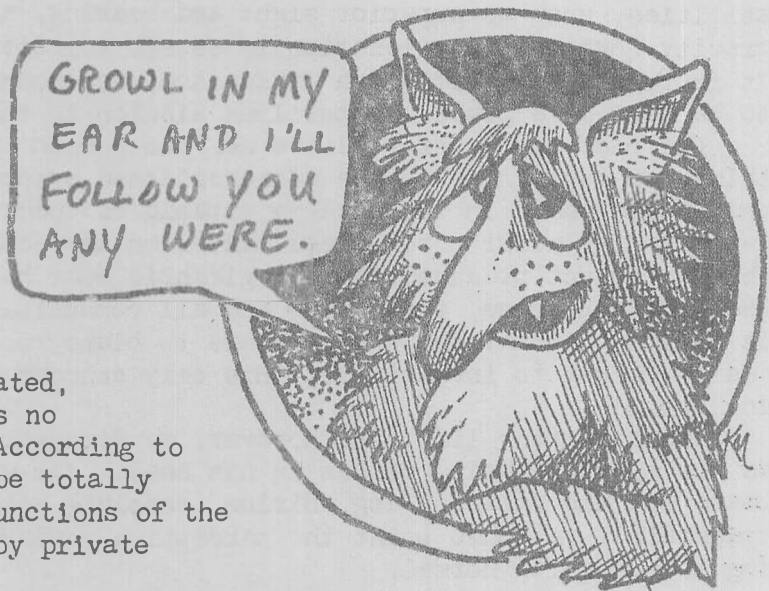
The plot has to do with an attempt by the Federalists (also known as Hamiltonians) to take over this alternate America and impose a strong government on it. I won't say anything more about the plot, because I'd just be giving too much away.

To my way of thinking, one minor flaw in the novel was the great number of analogues of famous people from our world: a cat burglar named "Tricky Dick" Wilhous, a peanut vendor referred to as "Jimmy Earl", a western actor named Mike Morrison, an Admiral Heinlein, and so on ad nauseum. The book would have been better without all this cutesyness.

This is L. Neil Smith's first novel, and I think it's a real winner. It has a fairly wide appeal--I recommend it for history buffs, adventure lovers, those with libertarian leanings, and open-minded people in general. Leftwingers and hard-nosed Republicans will probably be turned off by this book. A fine piece of entertainment which, in my view, is also secondarily propaganda. I'll be looking for Smith's next book with some eagerness.

-Reviewed by Ed Rom in Quahog #1.

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GALAXY--THIRTY YEARS OF INNOVATIVE SCIENCE FICTION edited by Frederik Pohl, Martin H. Greenberg, and Joseph D. Olander. Playboy Press, 1980. 465pp., \$10.95.

THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION--A 30 YEAR RETROSPECTIVE edited by Edward L. Ferman. Doubleday, 1980. 310pp., \$10.00.

These two collections have a number of similarities: the 30-year theme, the prices, the number of stories/features included (27 for GALAXY, 24 for F&SF), the

authors--Alfred Bester, Theodore Sturgeon, Damon Knight, James Tiptree, Jr., Harlan Ellison, Zenna Henderson, Robert Silverberg, Isaac Asimov, Philip K. Dick are included in both.

There are also several differences. For my taste, all of these favor the GALAXY volume. First, it's more handsome. It's a larger, thicker, heavier book with a better quality binding. The pages are even-edged and the print is a larger, more readable type than that used for the F&SF collection. The dust jacket for F&SF is a boring design which reminds me of nothing more than Japan's Rising Sun flag; the dust jacket for GALAXY is graphically much more pleasing and features a painting by Tommy Soloski for "To Serve Man". The Playboy Press book is a class act; the Doubleday book looks like a book club edition.

Second, the GALAXY book has slightly longer and more interesting biographical/bibliographical introductions. More important, it has a "memoir" by the author accompanying nearly every story. I always enjoy collections more when they contain this kind of reminiscence or anecdote.

Third, the GALAXY collection includes "a comprehensive index by author to all issues from October 1950 to May 1979". The F&SF collection has none.

Finally, though, a collection must be judged by the stories in it. I have always preferred GALAXY to F&SF. I generally prefer the stories that GALAXY publishes over those by the same author that F&SF chooses to publish. And that preference continues in these instances.

If F&SF is your favorite prozine, by all means buy A 30 YEAR RETROSPECTIVE. It's a fine collection. But if you can only buy one, and you want a volume which will supplement your prozine collection rather than simply repeat portions of it, choose GALAXY--THIRTY YEARS OF INNOVATIVE SCIENCE FICTION.

-Reviewed by Carol Kennedy-

REFLECTIONS of A. E. van Vogt. Fictioneer Books, Ltd., Lakemont, GA 30552.  
136pp., \$5.00 (paperback).

With all the hullabaloo going on about Pohl's THE WAY THE FUTURE WAS and Asimov's IN MEMORY YET GREEN and IN JOY STILL FELT, many SF readers have probably missed the news that yet another SF giant has written his autobiography. Well, it's not really news, since A. E. van Vogt's REFLECTIONS was published in 1975; and he didn't exactly write it, either, since it was originally a 12-hour taped interview with a UCLA researcher back in 1961. But in any case, if you're interested in keeping up with SF biographies, this one should definitely be on your list.

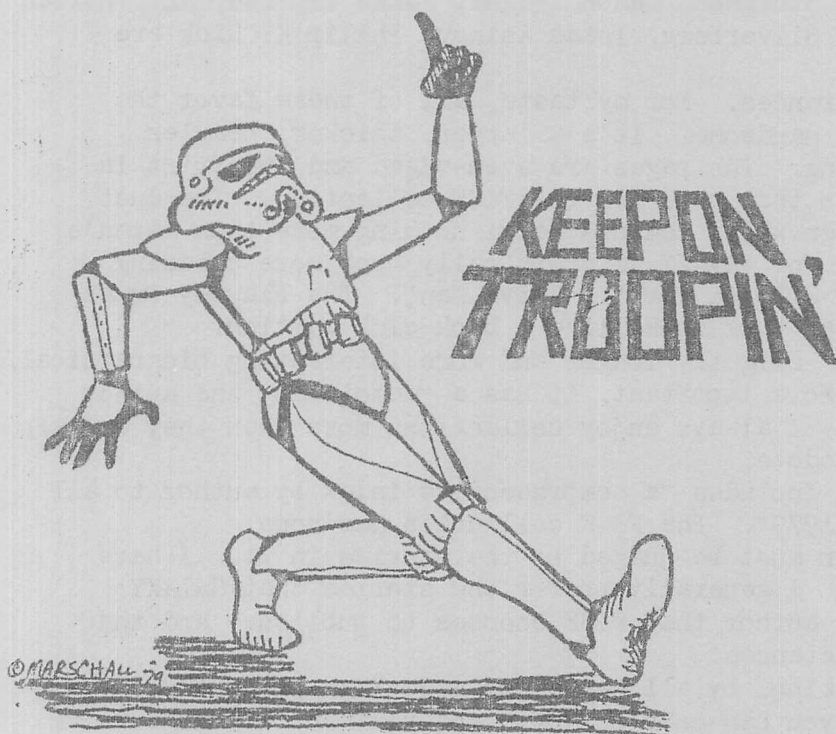
Van Vogt recalls his Canadian childhood and youth, and he has some interesting

things to say about how he and his wife, E. Mayne Hull, wrote their famous SF stories, but he says practically nothing about his personal dealings with other people in the field. Alas, he also has cut out long sections on Dianetics and on his non-SF novel THE VIOLENT MAN, which would have added meat to these bare bones.

To compensate for such drawbacks, there is a complete bibliography of van Vogt and Hull publications and a smiling picture of van Vogt which he, at least, thinks the best ever. REFLECTIONS is definitely worth looking into, and if you're a van Vogt fan, it's a must.

-Reviewed by Neal Wilgus-





-Reviewed by Steve Glennon-

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK  
by Donald Glut. Del Rey,  
1980. 214pp., \$2.25.

Speaking strictly as a STAR WARS fan, I find this book to be extremely frustrating! Instead of leaving you wanting more because it was so good, it leaves you wanting more because it wasn't enough. To avoid that frustration, try not to read (or see) it until the sequel is available.

Speaking as a book reviewer, I can say that the book is a very competent job of adapting a movie to print. The characters do not develop significantly, except in certain stereotyped ways, over the course of the book. The plot mechanics provide the major annoyance, with a constant and irritating use of cliff-hanger chapter endings--and especially book endings.

A "must" for STAR WARS fans; otherwise wait for the sequel.

#### CAPSULE REVIEWS by Steve Glennon:

SPACELING by Doris Piserchia. DAW, 1978. 239pp., \$1.75.

Not very good, confused plot, no character development, deus ex machina ending, lots of interesting ideas. She has written better books--read them instead.

THE SECRET SEA by Thomas F. Monteleone. Popular Library, 1979. 222pp., \$1.75.

Very nice book. Well-handled characters. English professor finds a way to enter the alternate universe depicted by Jules Verne and assists Captain Nemo in his battle with Robur the Conqueror. Recommended.

DRACULA VS. SHERLOCK HOLMES edited by Loren D. Estleman. Penguin, 1978. 211pp., \$2.50. Follows the style of the Canon fairly well and tells us the story of Holmes' involvement with Dracula, thereby explaining some of the gaps in the story as recorded by Bram Stoker. Worth reading if you like Holmes or Stoker.

KENSHO by Dennis Schmidt. Ace, 1979. 314pp., \$1.95.

This is the sequel to WAYFARER. It has a rather slow start while characters are introduced and background is provided. Once started, everything rolls along nicely to the end. Enough involvement is generated that one is interested in just how the society will have developed in another two or three generations. Unfortunately, there is not enough space devoted to characterization, and as a result the struggle is not as interesting as it could have been. A fairly good book, and an adequate sequel.

TRANSMANIACON by John Shirley. Zebra, 1979. 271pp., \$1.95.

A very different sort of "after the Third World War" novel. It depicts an incredible variety of future societies--style, customs, and morals. The characters are reasonably complex and well-handled and the plot moves along briskly. A very well-written book, strongly recommended.



**CAVEAT EMPTOR PREEEEE-SENTS!**

**THE OFFICIAL SHORT-SHORT REVIEWS:**

**TALES FROM GAVAGAN'S BAR** by L.S. deCamp and F. Pratt. Bantam, 1980. 277pp., \$1.95.

This edition has been expanded to include all 29 stories in this series of barroom tall tales, and it's well worth owning. Short, light stories, often--not always!--humorous. My suggestion is that you do not read them at a sitting; rather, have one for a tidbit now and then. (One is entitled "Caveat Emptor"...)

**PREFERRED RISK** by F. Pohl and L. del Rey. Ballantine, 1980. 187pp., \$1.95.

Reprint of a pseudonymous 20-year-old novel, this is a "rotten utopia" story of the world run by an insurance company. Unexciting; not a bad read, but shallow--it feels dated.

**HEROICS** by George Alec Effinger.

Doubleday, 1979. 181pp., \$7.95.

A sort of Pilgrim's Progress for an old lady, this one begins unbearably slowly, shows occasional flashes of wit, and degenerates into solipsism as a cop-out; not worth going out of your way for.

**THIEVES' WORLD** edited by Robert Asprin.

Ace, 1979. 308pp., \$1.95.

A collection of new stories by different authors but set in the same fictional city, this is a good one to get. The diversity of authors gives fascinating exercises in how creation may be personalized--it comes out as a series of lively fantasy adventures that will make you wish for more news about Sanctuary.

**EARTHMAN'S BURDEN** by P. Anderson and G.R. Dickson. Avon, 1979. 188pp.,

\$1.75. Your chance to get a copy of a long out-of-print classic. These are stories--hilarious farces!--of a world of teddy bears who live their lives in human literature. You must have this one.

**BARLOWE'S GUIDE TO EXTRATERRESTRIALS**

BY I. Summers and W.D. Barlowe.

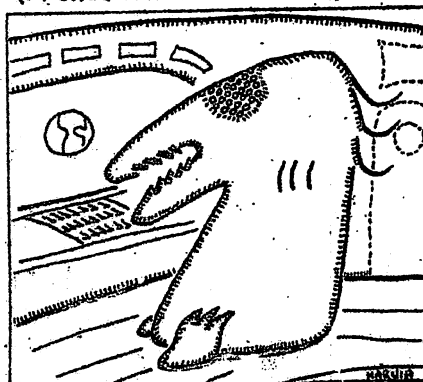
Workman, 1979. \$7.95.

Reasonably good collection of sketches of aliens envisioned by other authors, but not unusual and definitely overpriced.

Book reviews are always welcome. If you've read a book recently that you think RUNE should review, write to us about it. New books and paperback reviews are particularly useful, as are essay-length reviews. And if you vehemently disagree with a review, let us know!

**BEM'S. XENO-PROFILES.**

(Pronounced Bee-e-ems)



**А-У-Р-А-Т-С-К-У**

**HOME:** Miaplacidus (Carina)

**AGE:** 370.73

**PROFESSION:** Galactic explorer

**HOBBIES:** Teleporting, space-walking, pinochle.

**MOST MEMORABLE BOOK:**

*Beasts* by John Crowley

**LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT:**

First solo flight to the Large Magellanic Cloud.

**QUOTE:** "My extensive travels have convinced me that my own race, the Keels, is superior to all others in the galaxy."

**PROFILE:** Aggressive, arrogant, and thoroughly unpredictable. A true alien. Committed to nonhuman values beyond our understanding.

**SCOTCH:** Bem's "Infrared Label"

# Qazabls (the letters)

Zetta Dillie  
4601 MacArthur #7  
New Orleans, LA 70114

This issue was  
more than a  
mouthful and  
the John Varley

was easily the best thing on the menu. Someone with the right kind of questions rapping with a pro who can and does talk. Fascinating insights and tempting bits of future work. Wish more pro interviews equalled it.

Captain Audio--gurk, craackle, fittzzz. That shorted my speakers. Is this part of the fannish SF radio work being done there? (((Yes.-Ed.))) If so--stop!

Didn't I see "Crab Man of the Catacombs" last week at the 99¢ special? Wasn't that with Robert Redchevy and Ursula Undress and Tommy Kick as the Crab Man? I really love these old flicks about the creature ravishing the heroine. Or was that "Dr. Macho and the Village People Eat Miami"?

The review of "Mirror Friend, Mirror Foe" (((reviewed by Michael Parker Smith))) was concise, to the point, and deservedly derisive. Cutting through all the meaningless action he gets to the real point--this book is intended for pure profit and exploitation. Bob Asprin must have fallen on hard times or bad contracts to have his name on this. Thank you for an honest review.

Highest praise for both of the editors for caring about those readers of reviews who want enough to intrigue but not to reveal. Your warning that a certain review revealed the ending allowed a bare skimming as to type, without being angered by suddenly knowing. With few exceptions, readers don't want to be told the ending, and without your note sales and entertainment both would have lost.

Jim Meadows III  
P.O. Box 1227  
Pekin, IL 61554

A quick look at your twin editorials and a couple of the letters makes me feel like I'm reading a fanzine version of the old "One Year Affair" comic strip that used to run in the NATIONAL LAMPOON. A lot of fanzines die for reasons much more trivial than what you two editors have gone through. Hell, as a couple of letterhacks have alluded to, a lot of friendships die for reasons much more trivial.

Of course people who hate each other can work together, especially if they have a high sense of professional commitment and are offered a lot of money (I can only think of Harry Reasoner and Barbara Walters), but fanzines Are Not Like That. So I guess you must really not hate each other. It's good to hear that, and I hope your present relationships are continuing to go as well as they were when you wrote about them in the editorials. (((Thank you. They are.)))

"Captain Audio and the Space Cassettes" is, I hope, one of those scripts that play better than they read. If not, it's in trouble, at least from my point of view. The link between space opera and hi-fi components was rather shaky to say the least. But it's nice (and here point of view plays a big role, because I work in radio myself) to know that



people are making attempts on the air with this sort of thing, and with this sort of ambition, even on the local station. Pity I can't pick up KFAI in Illinois.

The graphics debate is an interesting one, and it seems the edge is: Are graphics an end in themselves, or are they "functional" art? The specific question seems to be the use of the word "pretentious". Is it fair to say that a fanzine with impressive graphics which is otherwise weak is pretentious? Well, to the editor, it's probably unfair. He/she/they may have worked just as hard on all facets of the zine, not intending to load the zine with bombast--which is what pretension is, I guess, the presenting of oneself as being more than what one really is. Lack of resources, available talent, time and whatnot contribute to a zine with

fancy graphics and uninspired text, as well as to zines with plain graphics and superior text. But the ones with the fancy graphics get knocked more often. That's because, from the reader's standpoint, things are different. Life is not fair, and for the reader the graphics and the contexts (textual) are a unity, with the graphics coming first to let the reader know what to expect. A big city daily paper usually has different graphics than a weekly national tabloid. If the NATIONAL ENQUIRER and the NEW YORK TIMES were to trade their graphic designs, a lot of readers of both papers would be very bewildered. The two styles are very different, and they match the two editorial styles of the papers. Readers expect the graphics and the text to work together in a zine, and they expect the graphics to be subservient to the text.

((I don't think anyone will argue that readers don't expect that.

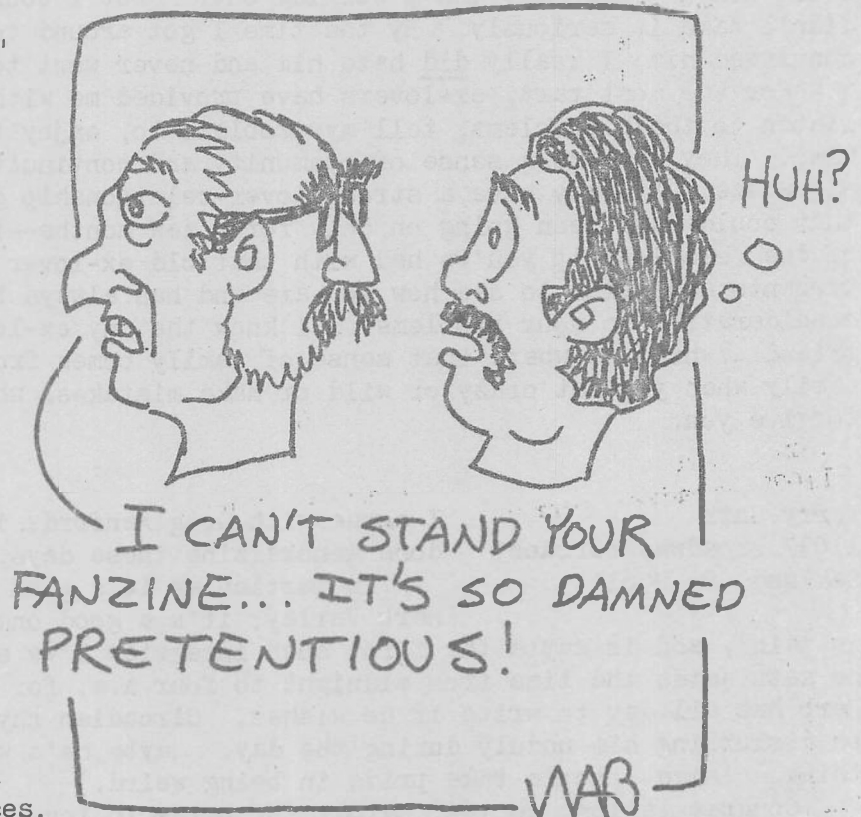
The argument centers around whether they should expect it.-Carol)))

Avedon Carol  
4409 Woodfield Road  
Kensington, MD 20795

Lee, I was looking at what you said about breaking up with Carol finally giving you a family and thinking, well, yes, I know how you feel. Our culture generally expects us to jettison ex-lovers entirely--we're supposed to break up

spitting at each other and saying things like, "I never want to see you again!" Some people have come to expect this to the degree that they don't even believe you if you happen to be one of those people who wouldn't consider saying such a thing unless you meant it. I've found that sometimes a relationship doesn't work out as it is, but the things that really made you like each other still exist, so you can't just say, "Hey, you're a rotten person and you can go to hell." So you end up with these great friends.

No one ever believes it, of course--if you're talking to an ex-lover, maybe you're about to get together again, or something. I once went out with one of those guys who apparently felt that way. When I tried to break up with him, I said





stuff like, "This just isn't working out." But I couldn't get rid of him. He just didn't take it seriously. By the time I got around to saying the magic words that convinced him, I really did hate him and never want to see him again.

For the most part, ex-lovers have provided me with people I feel I can trust, listen to their problems, tell my problems to, enjoy their happiness, and share mine with. They give me a sense of community and continuity that isn't easily found elsewhere. You may have a strong lover-relationship going with someone else, but that could have been going on only for a few months--it doesn't have the endurance of the relationship you've had with that old ex-lover who still buys you Xmas presents and calls to see how you are and has always been willing to give serious consideration to your problems....I know that my ex-lover is still going to be my friend...which is where that sense of family comes from--a family is still your family when you get crazy or wild or make mistakes, while a lover might just not forgive you.

Terry Carr  
11037 Broadway Terrace  
Oakland, CA 94611

I agree with Greg Benford: it's nice to see a competently done generalzine these days.

In particular it's good to read the interview with Herb Varley; it's a good one (herb's articulate even when in pain), and is maybe the first such interview I've seen. Interesting to read that he sets aside the time from midnight to four a.m. for writing; I wondered why, since Herb has all day to write if he wishes. Circadian rhythms? The kids are too old to be disturbing him unduly during the day. Maybe he's weird, or a night person. Same thing. (Night people take pride in being weird.)

Congratulations to you, Carol, for being in love, with all that entails. Ah, it entails so much good stuff. You do understand, of course, that Jonathan doesn't really understand things no one else ever could; it just seems that way because you and he managed to get inside each other's skins, or under a single skin together, so that you can share your mutual humanity or whatever. Even dolts and assassins have those deep understandings, I believe--but it's so rare when one can communicate them, or hear them. It happens almost solely in love; art is the only other successful method I know, and it's not as intense.

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

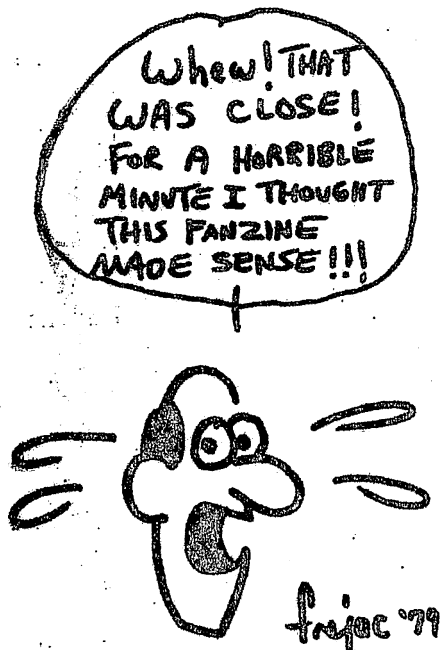
I would undoubtedly be among the unadventurous persons John Varley was talking about, if sex changes were easy and reversible. Unless, that is, the kind of sex changes he postulates would affect only the experiences and reactions involved in intercourse. But I am thinking of sex changes that would change other phases of life, and those changes would do too much injury to my individuality.

I am no great shucks as an individual in any particular way but I'm unique in this space-time continuum, as far as I know, and I want to remain that unique person. I feel no impulse to change things that I can alter easily and reversibly, like my opinions and my ethics, just for the sake of being different: it would be fake and falseness to myself. I think I can grasp at least some of the things about the female nature by what women have told me, what they've expressed in the arts, the manner in which they behave. I wouldn't care to give up my individuality even temporarily to become another person, merely to get a more accurate insight into the female life.



((((I think that I would accept a sex change just to see whether it would do "injury to my individuality". I am of the opinion that it would not--that I would still be the same person. I have thought of this many times, starting when I was a child: "If I were a boy (man), what would I be like?" Aside from purely physical changes, I would be just the same, I think. But I have been much less shaped by societal pressures and expectations than have most people, it seems. A very superficial example: it's easier for me than for the average woman to imagine myself as a male--because I'm already taller and heavier than the average American male. I don't have to imagine what it would be like to look down, physically, on most people, because I already do!-Carol)))

Consider my reactions to the art in RUNE as favorable as usual. I like particularly the back cover (((by Fara Ma'Ki Shimbo))) which somehow conveys a photographic sense of a snatch of reality even though it doesn't look like a photograph.



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

The saga of cat wrapping is getting a lot of play. Unfortunately, I have no cat to wrap. There might be a solution to this problem and that is rabbits. Being paranoid and a Discordian, I have had the rabbits watching me for over four years now. Beady eyes and all. You think I am paranoid--well I know that I am and that does not change the fact that they are watching me. Every time I leave the house--in the morn, in the eve and other times as well--they sit, watching, taking names and addresses, informing, and need I mention, leaving bunny droppings all over the place. So far I have taken circuitous routes, warned people to come incognito and otherwise attempt to mislead the rabbits. But now I am wondering if wrapping a rabbit will have the same effect that wrapping a cat does. How do I know these rabbits are watching? Have you ever seen a rabbit who glares at you? Or did you ever watch a rabbit taking notes? It's a conspiracy, I tell you. Be forewarned.

D Gary Grady  
817-D N. Buchanan Blvd.  
Durham, NC 27701

RUNE 59 is a nostalgia-evoking fanzine for me, something I think I've said before. It reminds me of fanzines from the good old days of my youth, complete with the predictable layout of toc, editorials, articles, and logs.

Stu's cover is typical of his effortlessly competent style. (He, Hank Davis, and I were discussing putting on weight, last weekend at Disclave. Hank and Stu have been gaining. I, on the other hand, get on the scales each morning with the parakeet on my finger, and if the weight shows signs of increase, I scold the bird. Damned thing's put on 15 or 20 pounds!)

The Varley interview was pretty interesting, particularly his remarks on how he disciplines himself--something which should be a concern to everyone, not just writers. Time is so valuable, it's a shame how I squander it. The article's only flaw was its length. I think a little trimming would have tightened it.

John Hertz  
2941 N. Broadway  
Chicago, IL 60657

Let's talk about art; maybe we'll learn something. Art and craft are two elusively-related things. First, it's always odd to me when people say "art" and seem to mean only graphic art, or maybe graphic art and sculpture. Maybe this is a way to get over the heavy ground of whether cooking is an art, or whether there are greater and lesser arts, or what to do with Bang & Olafsen stereo components. That may be all right--the English always used to say, "Always get over heavy ground as lightly as you can"--but it obscures the question of what's the difference, in a fanzine, between the writing-art and the picture-art.

Then when Jerry Kaufman was talking about graphics being a package, and pretentiousness, I thought something slid by again. If the graphic art of, say, a fanzine seems to be a package, and there doesn't seem to be anything it's a package for, then I think that's plainly a disappointment. The question is, how did we get there? What made up the seemings? When would we think that the non-graphic part of a fanzine was the package? And I can hear a voice in the gallery asking, when would we think that both parts were an integrated (or disappointingly unintegrated) whole? Suppress that dormouse. Or else make her a judge.

((((I think you're asking the same question that I was asking: If it is the viewer's interpretation of the graphic design that it promises good writing, doesn't that say something about the viewer's values and expectations? (RUNE 59)-Carol)))

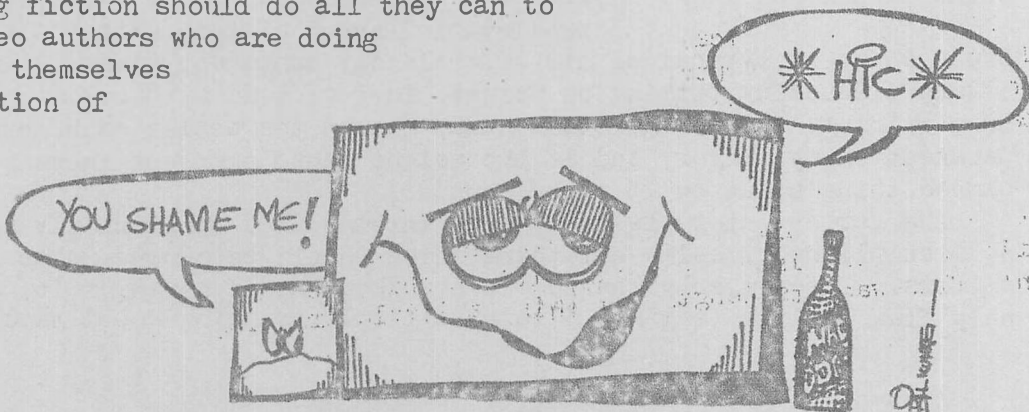
Some years ago, a friend of mine and I invented, but never wrote, what we called the D-Rated Restaurant Guide. We were pretty smug about this, and I have been telling people about it for quite awhile. There was only one rating in our guide, which you either got or you didn't. The rating was the letter "D". D stood for "Deliver". The sole criterion of the guide was: Does this restaurant deliver what it promises? We didn't care whether it was an expensive or a cheap restaurant, whether it was American, Japanese, Inca, or Greek. Tommy's Hamburger Stand in Los Angeles got a D, but Denny's didn't. The Berghoff in Chicago got a D, but L'Epuissette didn't. It all seemed very obvious and even the only real way to rate a restaurant. NEW YORK TIMES restaurant critic Mimi Sheraton said much the same thing in the October BON APPETIT last year. But now I wonder, which part is the promise and which part is the delivery? In a restaurant that's obvious: the delivery is the food. Or is it? Haven't you ever gone out to a restaurant even though you knew that you could cook better yourself than anything you were likely to get?

Wilum Pugmire  
5021 43rd Ave. S.  
Seattle, WA 98118

Although the editor of SHADOWS sounds a bit daft whut with double spacing the script of the zine, it does not surprise me that the only fmz that received a bad review was a fan fiction zine. Science fiction fans are such bigots!

Doesn't it seem proper that fandom is the place where fan fiction should exist? Does one pan it because it is not up to professional standards? Then why don't we pan fan art, editorials, reviews and interviews for the same reason?

It seems that persons who are concerning themselves with reading and discussing fiction should do all they can to encourage the young neo authors who are doing their best to express themselves fictionally. The fiction of amateurs belongs in print far more than such poorly conducted interviews as Gerri's in thish, or anything else published in fandom.





Fandom should be fun. Fan editorials, interviews, locs, etc. are a great form of entertainment. But when amateur critiques dismiss amateur fiction as worthless, something is wrong. If we dismiss fanfic because it isn't of "professional" quality, then let's start panning fan editorials talking about love and fan locs that talk about naked men illos as well.

Boo on SF'ers for being so prejudiced.

((((If you believe that I automatically pan fanfiction, or zines which contain amateur fiction, you haven't been paying attention to my reviews. But I do believe that there is good and bad amateur fiction. The best of it is often better than what the prozines publish, but is on unpopular topics or is written in unpopular styles. The worst of it isn't worth wasting the ink and the paper to print it. And the same is true of fan art, and editorials about love, and locs, and interviews.-Carol)))

Fa Shimbo  
4555 Beachcomber Ct.  
Boulder, CO 80301

By the way,  
what do I do  
with my dead  
cat? I killed

him this morning because he was so anxious to see me beat on the two weasels. I had to teach him that you don't get your jollies out by watching a cruel, vicious person trashing a couple of poor, innocent, cute, adorable, lovable, soft weasels. But he's perverse anyway so now I have this dead cat and no soap, radio.

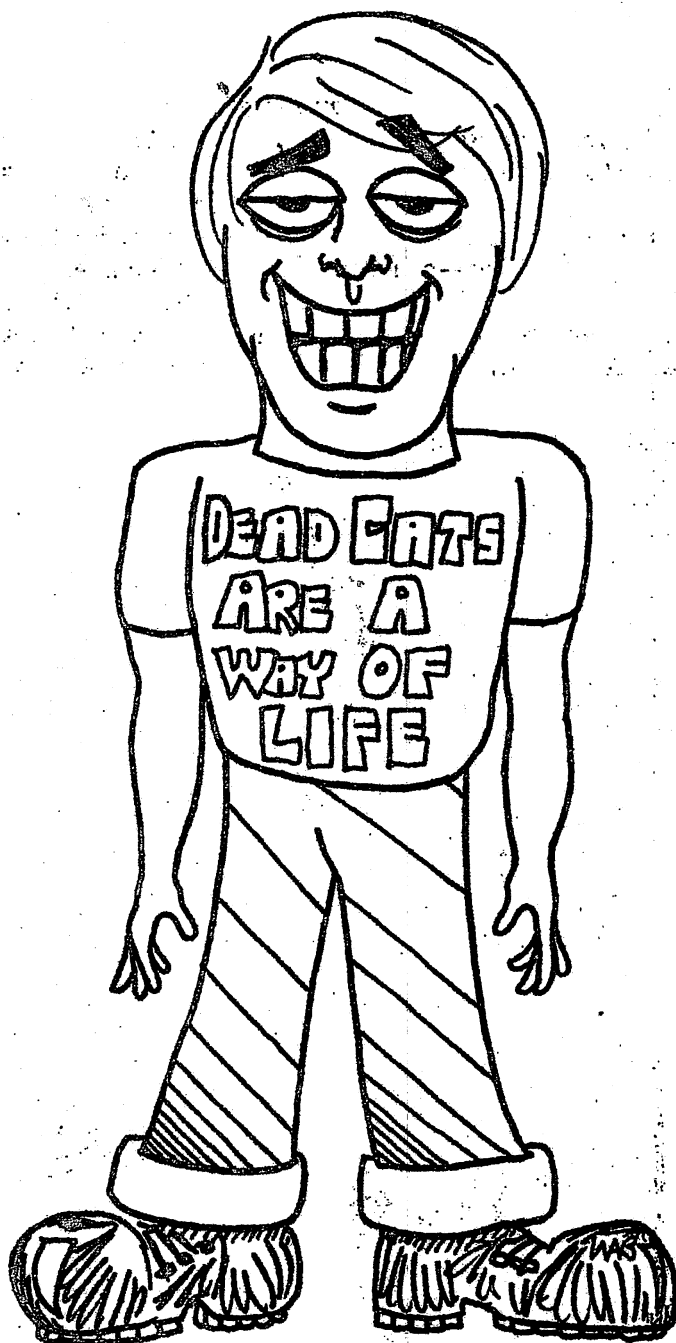
Rose Beetem  
1553 Fillmore  
Denver, CO 80218

The discussion of  
what constitutes  
pretentiousness in  
fanzines intrigues

me. My definition of pretension always included another quality mentioned along with it in Webster's: arrogance. A fanzine can have good writing/poor graphics, or good graphics/poor writing, or (the most frustrating of all) good writing/good graphics/lousy repro, and still not seem pretentious to me.

There seems to me to be two varieties of pretension. The first consists of attaching exaggerated importance to whatever it is you are doing--something I think many fans (including myself) do.

The other is the even more irritating tendency to overrate something, which leads to shoddy work trying to pass as quality. Maybe the reason this bothers me more is because as a teacher I have to face



it so often. It's the attitude my students express when they bridle at the suggestion that a paper needs revision since it was dashed off in ten minutes. "So what if I had some words spelled wrong. said 'ain't' and 'we was' and didn't finish some of the sentences? What's wrong with it? Looks good enough to me."

Actually, with my students, that attitude is mostly bravado. But picture an editor with that reaction in all sincerity, still believing the fanzine he/she produces is good, and you have my definition of an extremely aggravating form of pretension.

Mike Rogers  
233 Barton Avenue  
Chattanooga, TN 37405

"Captain Audio"--MORE, MORE. "Crabman"--all too true. I keep hoping someone will do a film version of "Left Hand of Darkness", but after reading this issue, I'm afraid the SFX head would say, "Everybody's a hermaphrodite?"

Are you crazy? Let 'em be transvestites. Religious reasons. Be a lot easier." YECCH!

Bob Lee  
1720 Burgandy Road  
Leucadia, CA 92024

Artists, regardless of ~~sex~~ gender, like drawing naked women (and girls). John Hertz is right to say no malice is involved. In an artistic sense naked men are dull. They're so straight. They're just blocks of muscles, arrangements

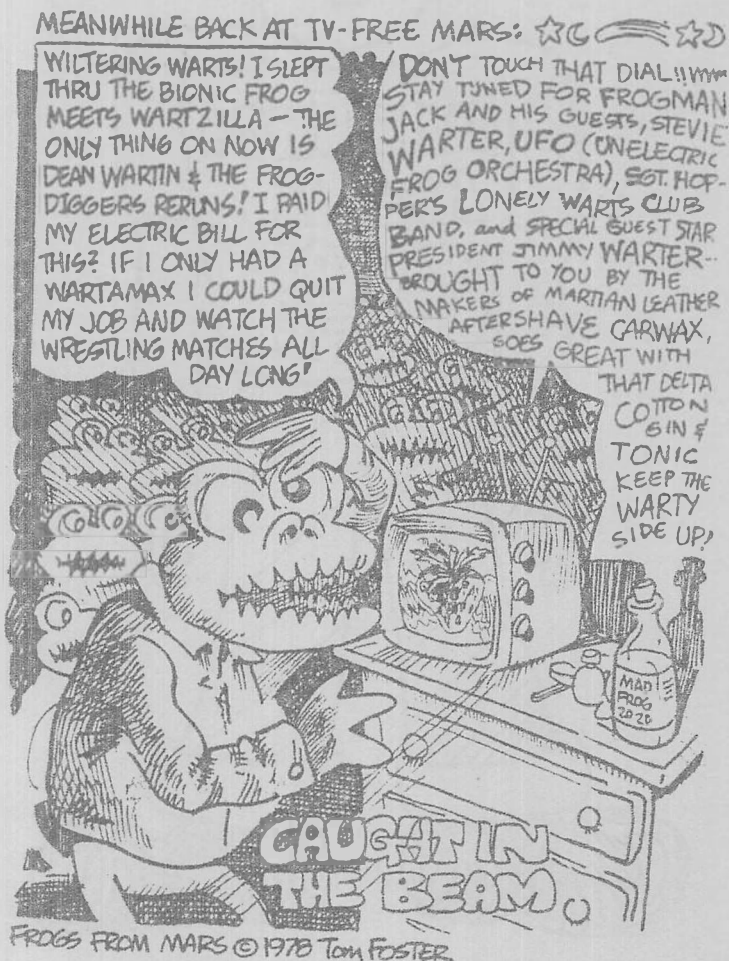
of straight lines. To an artist nothing's more boring than a straight line.... Now females are--dare I say this?--curved (AND DON'T YOU DENY IT! To paraphrase illustrator Montgomery Flagg, I highly disapprove of this fashion of denying women have breasts and hips). A hell of a lot more challenging to draw than men.... Even female artists prefer to draw female nudes. I suppose Jeanne Gomoll could

easily disprove this with a plethora of drawings of naked hunks; I just hope she sends them to zines and not to me. That'd be a sure way of sabotaging my unspeakable love life. Imagine coming home one evening and finding whole sides of naked beef in my mailbox. The post office having fits. The neighbors regarding me oddly. The beach bunnies stoning me. That ~~sexy little~~ paper boy giving my house a wide detour...

R Laurraine Tutihasi You say something  
1217 Majestic Way very funny  
Webster, NY 14580 (strange) to John  
Hertz. You tell

him you would consider pubbing pictures of naked men if they're not "too blatantly erotic". You don't mean erotic, do you? Don't you mean pornographic? How can a naked man be unobtrusive? Or perhaps you meant he should be repulsive. A picture of a good-looking naked man is going to be unavoidably erotic to someone.

((No, I meant "erotic". I seldom judge things to be



"pornographic". One person's erotic is another person's pornographic is another person's "repulsive". I did say "too blatantly erotic".-Carol)))

Don D'Ammassa  
19 Angell Drive  
East Providence, RI 02914

Enjoyed the reviews  
in the current RUNE.  
I am rapidly reverting  
to a monomaniacal urge

to read, write, and talk about SF. First of all, I have to correct a misapprehension. THE DRAWING OF THE DARK by Timothy Powers is not a first novel; he's had two previous SF novels in paperback, EPITAPH IN RUST and THE SKIES DISCROWNED.

Although I enjoyed Browne's THE NEW ATOMS BOMBHELL, I can't give it as much praise as does John Purcell. The characters are not well handled at all, particularly the mastermind psychiatrist. There is a certain plausibility to the scheme for detailed analysis of one's opponents, but I doubt that such secrecy could be maintained as Browne indicates. The book is fun, though.

I totally disagree with Michael Smith's assessment of TRANSFIGURATIONS. His major criticism seems to be that he didn't like the characters as people, and therefore couldn't sustain interest in the book. Why must characters be likable? I contend that most people aren't, so why should we expect characters in books to be? It all depends on the reasons one reads in the first place, though, and there really isn't an awful lot of point in trying to convince someone of that.

Sarah Sue Hardinger  
3224 - 20th Ave. S.  
Minneapolis, MN 55407

As I sit here on this May Day looking at RUNE 59, something like my 20th RUNE, I realize that I don't know you people. And I said to myself--deja vu! You see I've been having the same feeling at work lately. Several of

you will recognize the similarity. The familiar, comfortable names of old have given way to you all listed in the credits and, at work, to a whole new list of CDC © PLATO © users.

So I'd like to take this opportunity to say a general hello to all of you whom I have not met. And to ask you all to come up and say hi to this fossilizing remnant of Big Mac and Star Trekon '76 next Minicon.

Oh, and if any of my fellow fossils out there can still read (with bifocals, of course) hello and a hug. All of you, green and moldy, looks like Minn-STF is upholding the fine tradition of weirdness. Keep it up.

WAHF: Marty Helgesen, Burt Libe, David Bratman, Edward Llewellyn, Keith Fenske, Amy Harlib, Wayne Hooks, Luke McGuff, Alexander Doniphan Wallace, Sally Syrjala, Jim Atwood, Leslie David, Andy Andruschak, Debra Meece, David Palter, Sheryl Birkhead, Kathy Drexel, Al Sirois, David Schlosser, Bill Futreal, Robert Briggs, Maia, Nan Lambert, Stella Nemeth, Ron Salmon, Weiner J. Smith, Barney Neufeld, Dave Szurek, Jan Brown, Steve Johnson, Chester D. Cuthbert.





ALL THE MOOSE  
THAT'S FIT TO PRINT!



# THIS IS YOUR BOARD:

Having already met once since their election (to appoint officers for the Society; see EINBLATT of April, 1980), the Board of Directors of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Incorporated, held another brief meeting on May 4, 1980. With four members present, and the fifth consulted by phone, the Board at that time agreed to approve an Executive Committee for the next Minicon, said Exec to consist of Don Bailey, Steve Bond, Scott Imes, and Dave Wixon.

At that point several members of the Board indicated that they were sincerely pining for the fjords, and everyone went home.

Unquenchable bunch that they are, they were back at it on the following Sunday, May 11. This time all members of the Board of Directors were present: Jon Adams, Gerri Balter, Scott Imes, Carol Kennedy, and Dave Wixon. Also present was Corresponding Secretary Mark Richards. This meeting was held in the lobby of a local hospital, which fact should not be attributed to the character of the debate tactics of the Directors.

Having pulled the chairs and couches into a circle under the hostile glares of the occasional hospital visitor, the Board proceeded to discuss the situation with the Society's bulk mailing permit. It was noted that there had been several recent problems, and the Post Office had even reprimanded us for misuse. The Board determined to maintain closer control over the use of the permit, so as to avoid possible revocation by the Post Office.

Accordingly, the Board has set up rules, and has resolved that no Society member may use the permit unless Board approval has been given. Members interested in using the permit for their mailings should contact a Director for details on how to obtain such approval. Requirements will include prior submission of the publication to the Board; a clear statement that the mailing is not a Society function; and a clear indication that the mailing is non-profit in nature. The Board must have assurance that the person using the permit knows how to do so; Director Wixon can help advise you on this.

The Board has authorized Joyce Scrivner to help set up a Minneapolis in '73 bidding party at Noreascon II, but has not yet allocated money in support of the party. Society members are asked to consider making donations to the cause.

('Cause it's the fannish thing to do, that's why!')

It was noted that the Lost and Found box at Society meetings has been growing like Chicken Heart; members are asked to claim their goodies before it's auctioned off or batter-fried.

Gerri Balter is leading an effort of take-up collections for refreshments at Society meetings; see her for details and to get rid of your unused cash. (A Free Service of Minn-STF.)

Jonathan Adams	874-0657
Gerri Balter	870-1620
Scott Imes	870-4368
Carol Kennedy	874-0657
Dave Wixon	825-0018

YOU PEOPLE ARE MOVING AGAIN!!!

Rachel Fang and Lee Pelton--2533  
Lyndale Ave. S., Mpls. 55405  
Kara Dalkey--2533 Lyndale Ave. S.,  
Mpls. 55405  
Ken Konkol--125 Oak Grove #304,  
Mpls. 55403  
John Purcell--2713-2nd Ave. S.,  
#307; Mpls. 55408  
Barney Neufeld--2713-2nd Ave. S.,  
#307, Mpls. 55408  
Matthew Tepper--125 Oak Grove  
#41, Mpls. 55403 (Sept. 1)  
M.K. Digre--3609 Grand Ave. S.  
#206, Mpls. 55409



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### CREW WINS AGAIN!!!

For the second year, the crew of Minn-STF's milk carton boat has covered itself with glory (not to mention the waters of Lake Calhoun).

This year the voyageurs took First Place in the Non-Profit Organization division. They had to compete three times: first heat, semi-finals, and finals. Their efforts were rewarded with a cash prize and a trophy. (The latter immediately broke, but has been repaired and is in the possession of the Crew Chief.)

Congratulations to Crew Chief Karen Johnson; Crew John Bartelt, Jan Appelbaum, and Jerry Stearns; construction staff Richard Tatge and Sharon Kahn. Thanks to all who contributed milk cartons and moral support.

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### SHOCKWAVE: THE RADIO SHOW

The Shockwave Riders patrol the airwaves at 6:30 P.M. every Tuesday. If you live in south Minneapolis, if the currents are right, the good Lord ~~will~~ and the creek don't rise, you can hear them at 90.3 FM. Try it--you'll like it.

\*

\*

\* Aug. 9--Minn-STF meeting: David Dyer-Bennet,  
\* Martin Schafer, Mark Richards, 727 E. 28th  
\* St., Mpls. 874-1547

\* Aug. 16--Minneapolis collation: Judy Curney,  
\* Dan Goodman, 200 W. 27th St., Mpls.  
\* 871-6845

\* Aug. 23--Joel Halpern, 4503 Washburn, Mpls.  
\* 920-5612 (Minn-STF meeting)

\* Sept. 6--Steve Bond, 7311 W. Franklin Ave.,  
\* St. Louis Park. 546-8762 (Minn-STF meeting)

\* Sept. 20--Mars Hotel (David Emerson, Vera  
\* Match), 1921 Elliot Ave. S., Mpls.

\* Meetings begin about 2 P.M. and continue  
\* until the host decides everyone should leave.

\* It's helpful if you Bring Your Own munchies  
\* and drinkables, but a collection will be  
\* taken up at meetings to purchase refresh-  
\* ments. Activities include guitar playing,  
\* singing, bridge, board games, word games,  
\* Frisbee, sitting around reading, talking,  
\* and once in a great while Discussing Science  
\* Fiction. All interested persons are welcome.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* THANKS to the collators of RUNE 59: Ken  
\* Konkol, Lee Pelton, Ken Fletcher, Jan  
\* Appelbaum, Don Bailey, Mark Richards, Page  
\* Ringstrom, Dean Gahlon, Mike Wood, John  
\* Bartelt, Kara Dalkey, John Purcell, Jerry  
\* Stearns, Jacki Stokes, Karen Bartels, Gerri  
\* Balter, Carol Anndy, Peter Blaisdell, Karen  
\* Schaffer, Keith Hauer-Lowe, Curtis Hoffmann,  
\* Matthew Tepper, Rachel Fang, Warren Cart-  
\* wright, Carrie Cartwright, Barney Neufeld.

\*

