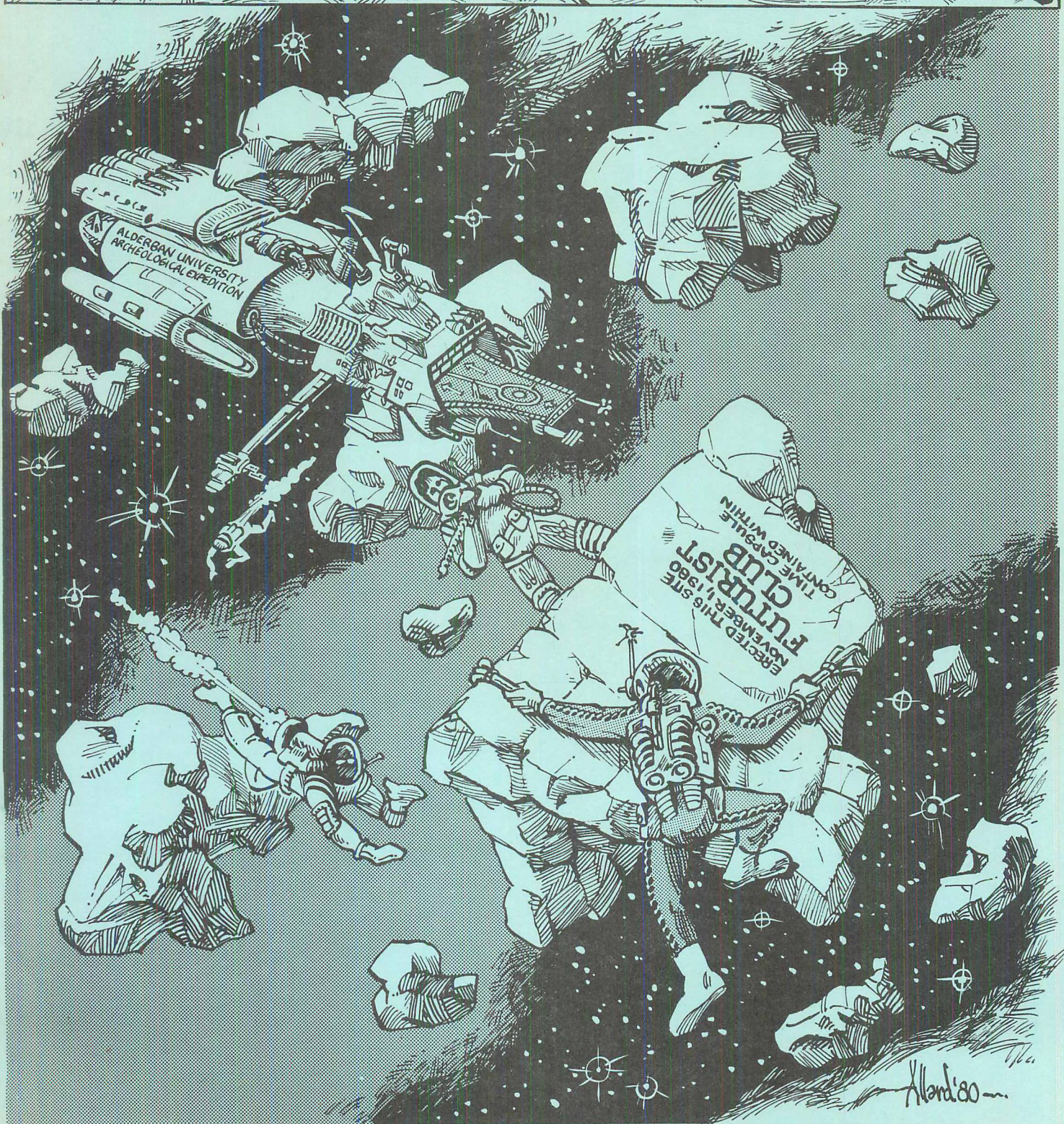


RUNE 61



Rune

RUNE 61, Vol.9, #11 and last

Fall, 1980

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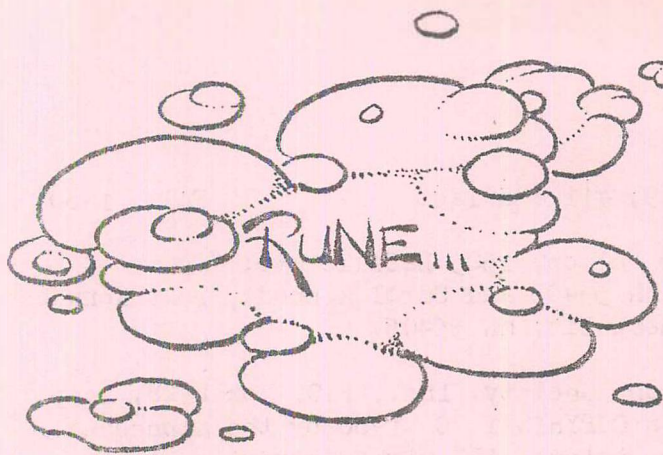
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CONTENTS:

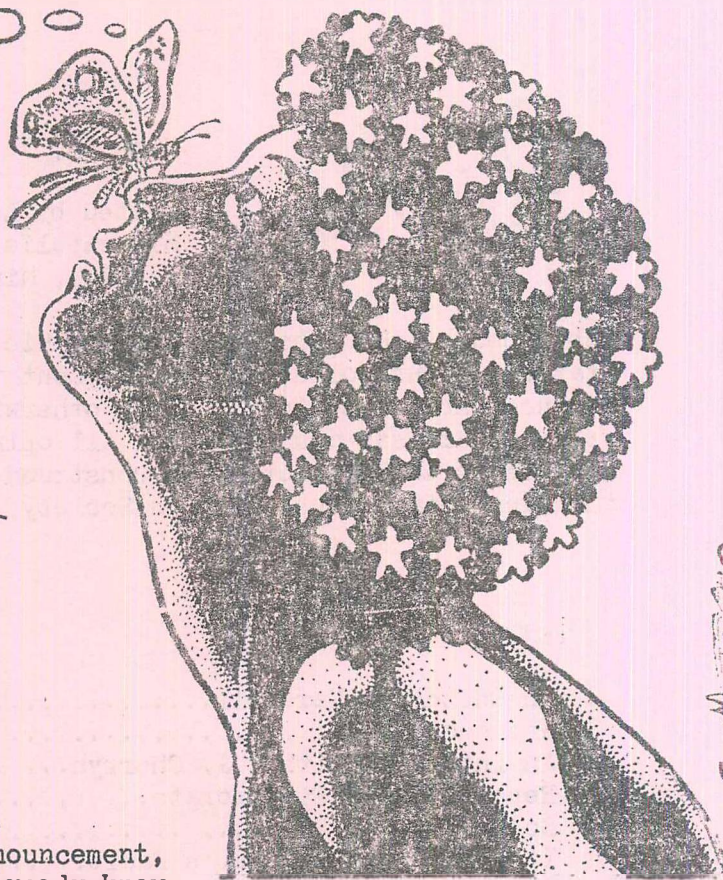
2	An Editorial Farewell.....	Carol Kennedy
3	And Another.....	Lee Pelton
5	An Interview with C.J. Cherryh.....	Conducted by Gerri Balter
11	Report to the Directorate.....	John Bartelt
15	Books.....	Decarnin, Mann, Pelton, Kennedy
20	It's All John Brunner's Fault.....	Jan Howard Finder
22	Fanfaronade.....	Carol Kennedy
24	Qazabls (the letters).....	
31	Announcements.....	

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P.8 - Terry Jeeves	P.22 - Reed Waller
P.9 - Maureen Garrett	P.23 - Reed Waller
P.10 - Richard Tatge	P.25- Delmonte
P.11 - Grant Canfield	P.26 - Larry Becker
P.12 - Tom Foster	P.27 - Todd Bake
P.13 - Fryxell	P.28 - Ken Fletcher
P.14 - Delmonte	P.29 - Cecilia Henle
P.15 - Kara Dalkey	P.30 - Ken Fletcher and Tom Foster
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an editorial farewell



The rumors flew in advance of the announcement, but most of those reading this probably already know that this is the final Pelton/Kennedy RUNE. I told Lee just before publication of the previous issue that this one would be my last. After careful consideration, he decided to submit his resignation at the same time.

At this time, I don't know who the new editor/s will be. I wish him/her/them a lot of fun; a lot of egoboo; a thick skin; patience; no allergies to corflu; an ever-ready pot of hot coffee (or bottle of cold Coke); last minute ish-savers like Don Blyly (mimeo), Garth Danielson (e-stencils), and David Emerson (ink); errand runners like John Stanley, Steve Glennon, and Jonathan Adams; mailing agents like Joel Halpern and John Purcell; collators, label producers, writers and artists like all those named in Lee's editorial in last ish.

Lee has been the driving force on this editorial team. I never would have done this on my own. But he needed my help. I had the experience; he had the enthusiasm. I had the mimeo; he had the...enthusiasm. No matter what, he had that. Through broken mimeo, crummy ink, missed deadlines, ripped stencils, recalcitrant writers, tempermental artists, and post office snafus, through moving, and moving again, and moving again, through beginnings and ends of relationships, through relative poverty and relative affluence, through sickness and health and Minicon, he had enthusiasm. He got virtually all the artwork and most of the written work, and he made friends of the artists and writers. He sent out spec copies and cut the mailing list and went through dozens of COA columns and kept the list more up-to-date than any fannish mailing list has a right to be. He mimeographed almost every page of almost every RUNE we did. And he coaxed, prodded, bribed, and coerced an often reluctant coeditor.

The man deserves a medal from Minn-STF. But, having edited such diverse club publications as a historical society quarterly, an antique bottle club newsletter, and a Mensa SIG bulletin, I know that editing organizational publications is generally a thankless task. So as his coeditor and as a member of Minn STF's board of directors, I'll say it: Lee Pelton, you've done a heck of a job!

THANK YOU!

Carol Kennedy

and another...

Of course, the rumors were true....

It seems like a millenium ago that I coaxed (read "coerced") Carol into co-editing RUNE. It seemed like a good idea at the time. And it turned out to be a good idea after all, in spite of all the inherent problems that taking over RUNE brought into our world. And the world Carol and I had was a pleasant, comfortable, and rather small one. This is not true now. With our entrance into fandom at large, we found new people, ideas, and humor ; and our horizons were significantly altered to a bigger picture than we had before. I suspect this was less true for Carol than it was for me. For me, it was mind-boggling. There was so much MORE to fandom than I had thought. My cosmos expanded to suit the circumstances, and I was relatively happy with this knowledge. As I left the gosh-wow stage of fandom, I still felt that fandom was where I belonged, regardless of my position within it. But, being me, I hoped that the position I gained would not be in a small backwater in the eyes of the great god Ghu. And maybe I have succeeded in this.

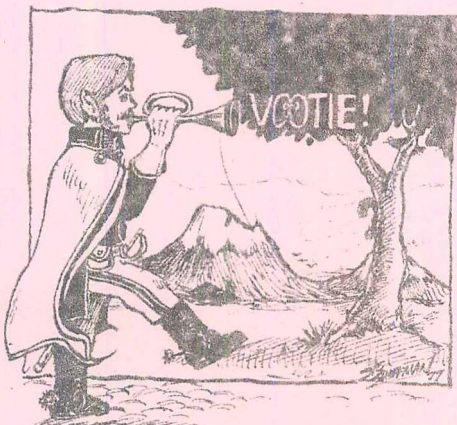
When I asked for and received the editorship of RUNE, I wanted to do something for the club, Minn-STF, which had done so much for me -- helping me find myself and providing a place where I could truly say, "I belong here." I also wanted the recognition of being associated with a well-known fanzine like RUNE. I won't deny it, the glory was no small consideration, all good thoughts and expressions of thanks to the club aside. After all, I am human, All too human at times.

And so Carol and I went into putting out a quarterly fanzine. Those of you who have tried, or even succeeded, in doing a quarterly fanzine know just how much work is involved in such a project. (For those of you who haven't tried this, I have some advice: Don't.) But I pushed and prodded, often focused totally on RUNE to the exclusion of other activities, and kept getting issue after issue out, with Carol's sometimes super-human efforts to keep up with my demands. Was I ever a pushy dude! But the issues did get done, and by my standards that is success.

Some credit has been thrust my way by my partner and I should make the necessary corrections before I go on. The first 2+ RUNEs we did were done almost entirely by Carol. I didn't have any skill with the mimeo, couldn't put in an e-stencil to save my soul -- an my typing was something more, but not much more, than abominable. So she did all the work while I became the personality that was most visible. This was unfair, and I knew it. Not right away, but I did know it eventually. And so I became a mimeo man, and the division became more equal. Otherwise, this farewell would have been written two years ago.

So now it is my task to reflect on what it's been like being the editor of a large circulation clubzine/genzine for 11 issues. And all that comes to mind is a colossal kaleidoscope of images -- people, letters, conversations, friendships, and some controversy. Trying to sort them all out will be difficult, but I'll try:

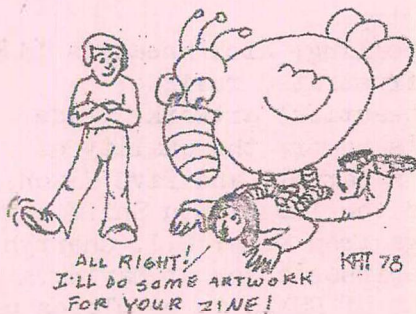
Jeanne Gomoll's spelling; Rick Sneary's long commentaries; Taral's frustrated reviews; Delmonte's deluges of beautiful artwork; trade fanzines; Teddy Harvia's humor; the quality of writing given us by John Bartelt and Dave Wixon; Ken Fletcher's inspired vootiness; Stu Shiffman's Sunday phone call; Frogs from Mars; C.J. Cherryh's graciousness; Spider Robinson's joy at having his speech preserved; stacks of RUNEs in envelopes on



John Purcell's floor; being elected to the FAAn awards committee; resigning from the FAAn awards committee; exhaustion; being criticized for having achieved our goal of putting out a fanzine that represented Minn-STF; the brilliance of Joan Hanke-Woods, both in person and in her artwork; watching poor Rachel Fang put up with a wired and tense me while I put RUNE together; remembering how much Carol put up with while I drove her and myself beyond reason at times; being told for the first time I was a BNF, and my reaction to that comment (And who told you I was a BNF?); the Intergalactic Squash; book reviews from so many people; exposure to so many new and different people; being on a panel on fanzines, at WisCon; being on a panel at Minicon, interviewing Ted Sturgeon (a real thrill, believe me); Nate Bucklin for being; frustration and anger when things didn't flow smoothly enough; reactions from Sarah K. Swider and Wayne Brenner at Noreascon II, when they met me for the first time; Bobbi Armbruster's conrep; getting anything from Denny Lien; not getting anything from Reed Waller; a particular letter from Billy Wolfenbarger; another from David Parsons; postcards from Gil Gaier; postcards from Robert Bloch; Charlie Grant, who proved to be a true friend; getting Sally Fink to contribute; phonelocs from Amy Harlib; being reviewed in AMAZING; some strange but eventually satisfying letters from Avedon Carol; David Egge's cover for RUNE 53; loves that worked; loves that didn't; loves that evolved; joy; sadness; packing; unpacking; packing again ad infinitum; learning how to compensate for torn stencils; ink affected by the weather; working on RUNE when I should have been in bed; listening to a collation while flat on my back in the bedroom, thanks to my ruptured disc -- and the company I had during the collation; Carol's chili; Karen Bartel's help slip-sheeting for me one collation morning; one person's smile at a Milk Carton Boat Race; a long walk with a new friend, with both of us injured -- I with my back and he with his shoulder; watching a sick Carol hold court at Minicon; my love for her, and how it remains there; a dynamic youth who stole my heart and gave me maturity; a friend who became a lover, and then a stranger -- and the knowledge of why this is so; Harry's Warner's appreciation of RUNE's artwork; "Why did I get a copy?" comments from spec RUNE sendouts. It just goes on and on.

When I first got involved in RUNE I was, I think, 28. In the almost three years since then, I have had the chance to start my life over, and have done more in those years than in all the others before them. I have become alive. And it is good to be alive. And, in the end, it has been good to be the co-editor of RUNE.

I have just one more thing to say. Carol has nominated me for Minn-STF's Hall of Fame -- or at least one gets that feeling from her editorial. Well, folks, if nominated I will not serve. Not unless it is a co-nomination. Enthusiasm is worthless without the means to act upon that enthusiasm. Carol was my means, and there can be no other who could have done what she has done. For one thing, nobody else could have put up with me. But it is true also that no one else could have understood me like she did. And still does, for that matter. I deserve nothing without her help, and that truth will not go away. Take some glory yourself, Carol. You deserve it. Thanks for all your aid, love, and devotion. As I have said before, Jonathan is a lucky man.



Lee
Pelton

AN INTERVIEW WITH

CJ Cherryh

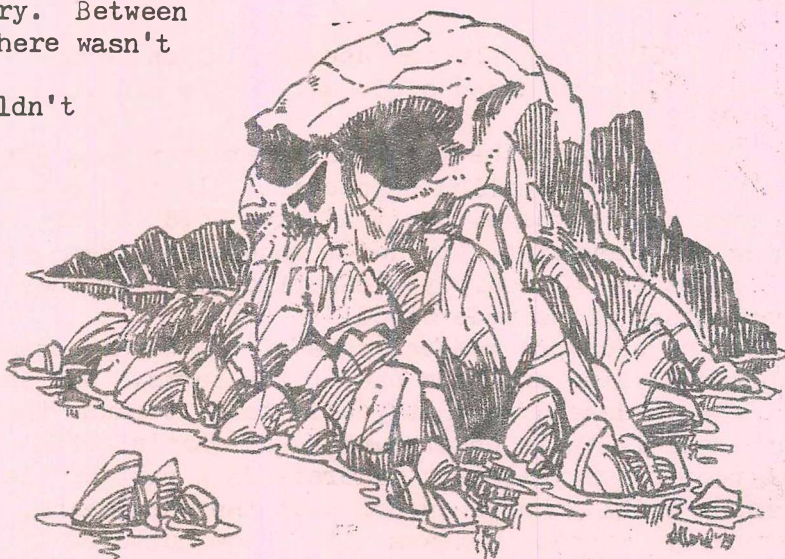
Conducted at Minicon, 1980
by GERRI BALTER

GB: I think a lot of people are more familiar with your works than they are with you. Please tell us a little bit about your background and how you got interested in writing science fiction.

CJC: By background I'm a classicist -- Latin, Greek, ancient history, anthropology, and all the studies concerning the past and reconstructing ancient life on this planet. I've been interested in science fiction ever since I was a kid, and have written it ever since I was a kid. I started writing my first novel when I was ten years old -- practically in Crayola on Chieftain tablet, it was that long ago. I actually got into Latin and Greek as one of the better preparations available to me, where I lived, for the fields that I ultimately went into: first, writing; and second, understanding exactly how civilization is put together.

I also have an unseen side. In college, I was an amateur astronomer and my roommate was in human genetics. We stayed together for the four years of college, so she learned Latin for anatomy courses and I learned toxicology and biochemistry. Between us we made one fierce student. There wasn't much of anything in the academic curriculum that the two of us couldn't puzzle through.

I did manage to get the scientific background, but then I taught full time in the history and language fields for 11 years. During the early part of my published writing career, I had to really scramble to catch up with that 11 years of scientific research. They discovered quarks and other little changes in the world of physics! Now I've come to



feel reasonably secure in the sciences again.

GB: Have you ever used any of your students in any of your books?

CJC: One could get sued for admitting such things. I think that to a certain extent you tend to draw on everyone you meet. You meet an interesting character and react to him in thus and such a way. Years later that type of person or particular kind of character goes into a book. Perhaps the character is faced with something that, as far as you know, the person never experienced. But you suspect that because of the qualities the person had that they might have reacted in a certain way, so that's the basis for a character.

GB: In your books you use a lot of words that aren't English. Do you make them up? Do you derive them from your knowledge of languages?

CJC: I don't do it in all my books. But I start by creating a phonemic structure, phonemes being the smallest identifiable unit of sound. Every language has a set of phonemes which are peculiar to it. In English, the order of frequency of letters is e, t, a, i, s, o, n. For a new language, you simply scramble that frequency or plug in other letters and concoct words in which, for instance, a is the most frequent vowel and z the most frequent consonant. And you will have words which obey a set of rules, look as if they all belong to the same language, but are in fact completely concocted.

The reason I use alien words in a story is that, because of my background in history, I understand quite well that language ties up a great deal of our understanding of our culture. A language carries its own experiences, its own deep meanings. There is, for instance, no word in English for the Roman word "gravitas". "Dignity" doesn't quite carry it. It means weightiness and seriousness of purpose, describes the kind of person who has such seriousness that he bends events around him. Sometimes you go into another language when you really want to say that this people has or understands something which another people doesn't have or understand.

GB: In HUNTER OF WORLDS you use many alien words. Most of them are defined in the story, but you added a glossary. Why did you use both?

CJC: Remember that the viewpoint character is a person -- not a human -- who was picked up by an alien spacecraft. In the beginning, he is addressed by people who speak his language, but who throw words at him which he does not understand. Sharing his viewpoint, you don't understand them either. Now if you want to cheat and look at the glossary you can find out what they're saying to him, which he would be very upset if he understood.

As the book progresses, some of the words become clear. There's a point at which the heroine explains one of the terms. But she's wrong. In this book, you can't always depend on what you're told, because the characters themselves are often wrong in their understanding of what's going on. The heroine has lived with these people for years and understands a part of the truth, but not all of it. She has a working knowledge of what the word means, but she doesn't understand it emotionally -- what it means within the culture.

The people whose language she's using are hunters, and their instincts and biology are tied up in their language. Their words for "love" and for "desire to

kill" are the same word, because what it expresses to them is the vital movement that you make toward an object which is about to elude you. For instance, a cat reacting to a string reaches because he simply cannot resist the motion; an instinct has drawn his paw forward before he even has thought about it. This word for them is very important because it describes one of the basic reflexes in their psychology. The glossary provides a reference point. But I've also defined words in terms of each other. Understanding that instinct is basic to understanding all the other words, which is exactly what is happening to the hero.

GB: I pronounce alien words my own way when I'm reading. Then the writer will talk about it and at first I won't recognize it because I pronounce it differently. Is there some key to pronouncing alien words?

CJC: There's a key to pronouncing mine. Remember I'm Romance language oriented. If you use the same short vowel system that French or Spanish has, you'll have it. In the udeuf language in HUNTER OF WORLDS, they cluster things like "kh" and "khch" and other strange combinations. They also have a sound which I simply represented by an asterisk. It's a breath sound that English doesn't make. If you listen to languages which are very remote from English, you will find consonants which we don't have.

In an upcoming book I have creatures whose vocal structure is so different that they are speaking from their bellies. They suck air through sphericles in the belly and breath out through a system of reeds. The reeds modify it into human sounds, almost like an organ speaking. Often when speaking they lock mouth parts, because their mouths are not involved in speech, and taste flows between them. They're actually conducting deep level chemical analyses of each other's biological material, which carries in itself an entire message. So language might be much more complicated than just an audio range.

GB: Right now I'm reading THE BOOK OF MORGATHE. It seems that although the main character is a man, the woman is very important in the book. Yet the reader doesn't know anything about her except what's seen through him. Is there some reason why we never get into her head?

CJC: In the case of that book, yes, because she knows enough to blow the whole show. If I actually wrote from her point of view, it wouldn't be fantasy, it would be science fiction. That's one of the only fantasy books I've done.

In KESRITH, you will find one female we do follow quite a bit, Dr. Boaz. She is a rather stubborn individual, an older woman and a very active character in the story. There is another, an alien woman, and we rarely enter her viewpoint because she knows too much.

In SERPENT'S REACH, the story starts when the heroine is quite young. It dwells on a particularly nasty moment in her early childhood and then rapidly progresses. There are some interesting male characters in that one; and to a certain extent you have a reversal, because one of the male characters is rather enigmatic and you only see him through the viewpoint of the young woman.

GB: Isn't it a little bit difficult to write a



story from that point of view. Doesn't she want to tell people what's going on?

CJC: In this case, she may tell everybody what's going on, but the fact is that it's all so darned complicated that even she has just a portion of the knowledge involved. While she is trying to out-figure everybody, some very competent people are busy trying to out-figure her. It's kind of a case of who's going to get there first.

GB: You mentioned KESRITH, from the "Faded Sun" series. Is there going to be a fourth "Faded Sun"?

CJC: I think I've worked on that series as long as I wish to at present. It was conceived as one book. The three of them are one story, and I knew the end of the third book before I knew the beginning of the first one. That "book" sort of grew backwards.

I don't say that I won't write another story about the Mri. It's just that right now I'm doing some other kinds of stories, completely unconnected to each other. Although I did do one future history sort of thing. I've mentioned several times in my books the two enigmatic powers, "Alliance" and "Union". I've often attributed something to the Alliance Science Bureau or the Union Archives. Obviously there are two powers involved, and I sat down to write what was going to be a simple space pirate novel and ended up doing a very complicated, very long work. It begins in 2005 and shows how our space program begins to leap forward, how we end up colonizing the stars and moving outward. It's currently titled DOWN BELOW STATION, "Down Below" being the name of the world involved.

GB: Any idea when it's going to come out?

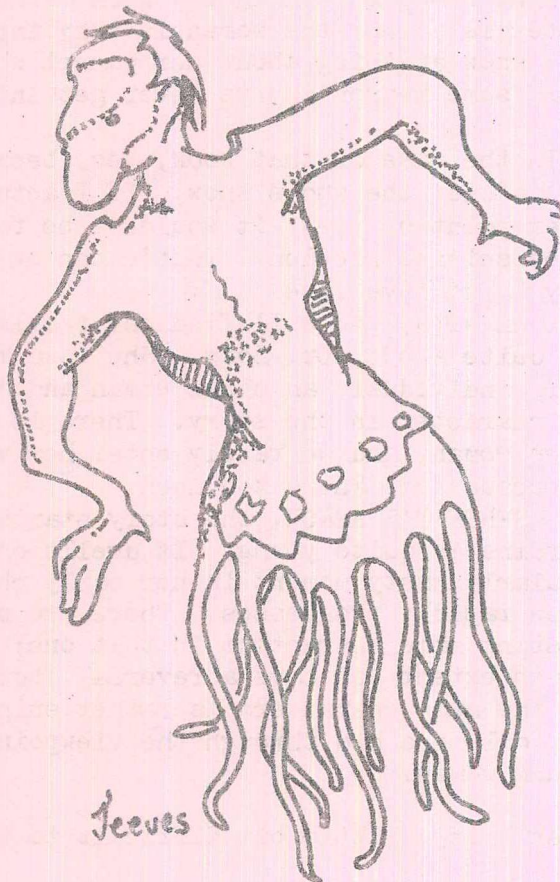
CJC: Probably late this year or early next year.

GB: Do you know whether it will be hardcover or paperback?

CJC: It'll come from DAW. The other things we'll just have to wait to see. In this stage, it just exists as a collection of pages in a box. It hasn't got a cover yet.

GB: Speaking of covers, do you have any say whatsoever on what the covers of your books look like?

CJC: Well, more than most, really. At DAW I can say, for instance, I like this particular artist and I would like a particular artist to do some covers for me. I can't always ask for a certain artist to do a certain book, but I can strongly hint what kind of art I like. I can say I'd like a cover with thus and such kind of treatment, and I'm listened to. I'm not a commercial artist, but I have done a couple of my frontispieces. In the paperback version of KESRITH, the picture of the regul is mine; and I've also done some of my own maps. So I have occasionally been guilty of turning in



a concept sketch, and have on some occasions been asked for them, to get something right.

GB: What would you say if you were asked to teach science fiction in a university or at one of the many symposia around the country?



CJC: As it happens, I currently am, but not for terribly long. I agreed to do this because the director of the program begged, pleaded, tried everything, and finally I agreed. And I have had some fun with it. But I never had a writing course myself, and I don't know what goes on in writing courses. I just do a hobby and get paid for it. Trying to line up a semester-long crash course in how to do what I've been doing since I was 10 -- the only thing I can say to these people is what I said the first time I walked in: If you think I'm going to teach you to write, you're mistaken. I can't teach you to write. I can tell you what not to do after you've done it, but I can't reach into your head and head you off from a strange idea. The only thing I can do is deal with what's on paper. Most young writers tend to devise the perfect plot before they set anything down. They can spend years devising those elaborate schemes which are not yet on paper, that nobody can do anything with until the words are actually down on a page. Then you can look at them and begin to move them around, scratch out the bad ones and keep the good ones.

For anybody learning to write, what's hard to learn is to edit. I may have a brilliant scene, the most beautiful scene I've ever written. All of a sudden I realize that I have to scratch it all out because it doesn't belong in this book. Those are the ones that kill you. To me, most of writing is learning to be a good self-editor, learning to recognize garbage, and learning to recognize something beautiful that has to go because it doesn't make sense.

GB: What is the first thing you sold, and how did you make your first sale?

CJC: The first thing I ever sold was GATES OF IVREL. I was quite thrilled because I had tried sending things in for seven years. The last little bit I was sending them in and getting them back, and I had the absolute frustrated feeling that what I was sending in was as good as what was on the stands.

I finally reached the point where Don Wolheim at DAW Books read a proposal that I submitted, contrary to his usual habit -- he doesn't want things submitted in proposal style. At any rate, he read my summation of the story that I had written, which happened to be BROTHERS OF EARTH, and he said, "Well, it sounds good. Let's see." That was the kindest word I had had in seven years.

So that went in, but he warned me that the word count that I proposed was too long. I frightened young writer hears that it's too long, after hearing "no" for seven years -- so I sat down and wrote GATE in absolute fever pace. I was teaching full time, and I would get up in the morning before daylight and work until I had to go to school. Then I would teach all day and come home, grab something out of the refrigerator, and sit down with this mess I had in my room and write until literally my fingers were aching. And then I would go to bed, and I would get up again before the crack of dawn and do the same thing again. I got the book finished in two months. Then I wrote Don casually and told him I just happened to have this other book that's shorter. He offered to take a look at that one, too, and I mailed it in. He wrote back and said that he was going to publish GATE first. First, say I. What "first"? And he bought both of them of course.

So that was my first sale, and as luck would have it everybody I knew was on vacation and there was no one to tell it to. So I rushed right out and I remember that very same day I bought a new carpet for the office and all of these horrendously extravagant things. I had to do something to celebrate.

GB: Do you ever give your manuscripts to somebody else to read, to critique? Or do you just use your own best judgment?

CJC: I think one of the deadliest things you can do to yourself is to give your manuscript to Aunt Tillie -- forgive me, Aunt Tillie -- or your best friend. Aunt Tillie, who doesn't read science fiction and doesn't know much about science, says, "Well, you gotta explain all these things, 'cause I don't understand." And your best friend is going to say, "Wow. I wish I could do this."

Your own judgement is probably keener. If you have any place in the story that is really bugging you, that feeling of annoyance is the best friend you've got. You pay attention to that feeling. You put the story aside. You read it in cold blood a little later. If it's still bugging you, it's your subconscious trying to tell you that something doesn't connect here. Something's wrong. Rewrite that section. It's the sections that drive you nuts that take your best writing. If you think a section drags, it does. Because goodness knows, if its creator doesn't love it at that point, who's going to?

When you've finally done everything to it that you in all your wisdom, sensitivity, and good taste know how to do -- when you admit that there is no place in this thing which makes you uncomfortable, nothing you would blush to see in print, you mail it to an editor. And you listen to their opinion. They may say thanks but no thanks, or thank you but we have a dozen of these, or they're going to take it but they still have some suggestions for you which are worthwhile. They'll say, do something with this, that doesn't follow, can you make this more clear.

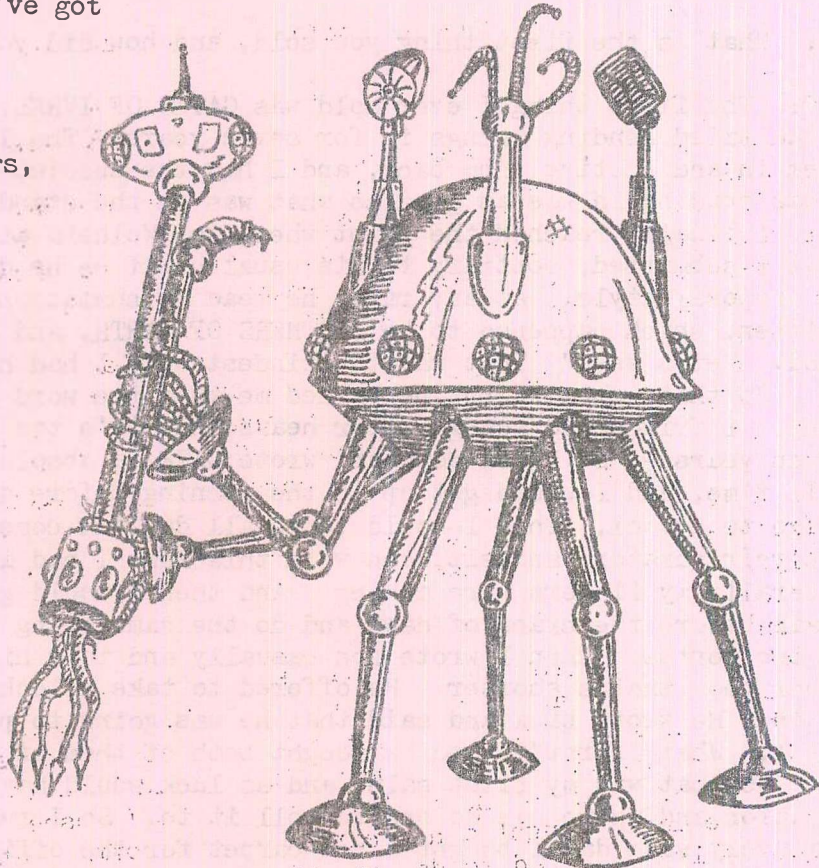
One of the things science fiction writers really have trouble with is explanation. Where are we going to lose the reader? Where are we going to drive the reader up the wall with too much explanation? You have to make them feel as if they haven't been explained to, and yet they've got to know everything they need to understand the story.

GB: I'd like to ask one more question. Of all your characters, who is your favorite?

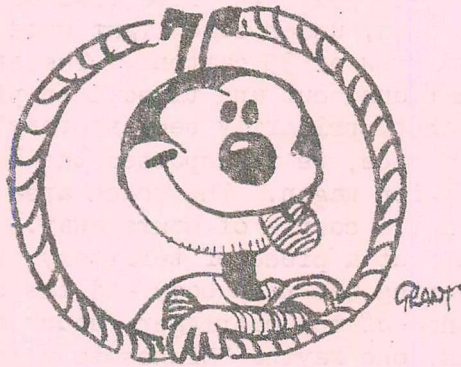
CJC: I think each one of them for different reasons. Vanya of the "Gate" books, poor lad, is a hard luck kid. And then N'Yon of the "Faded Sun" series, I've always had a fondness for him. Heck, I was even getting fond of old Suth the Regul. He/she/it had some redeeming values, sort of a good fellow, according to his type. It's sort of like asking to choose between children.

GB: Thank you for letting me interview you.

CJC: Thank you. I enjoyed it.



REPORT TO THE DIRECTORATE CONCERNING NAVAL ACTIVITIES ON LAKE CALHOUN



Filed, As Per Orders of Admiral K.L. Johnson

By Crewman John Bartelt

S.S. Obscure Reference was launched on maiden voyage at approximately 15:30, 20 July 1980 (New Year's Day, Year of Our Moon Landing 11), several hours later than expected. Launch was successful; craft appeared very stable. Crew proved adequate; despite ramming by enemy craft, Obscure Reference completed maiden voyage within necessary parameters. On second voyage, enemy again harassed; Obscure Reference was forced to ram enemy amidships. Second enemy vessel also rammed Obscure Reference. All three vessels completed voyage within necessary parameters. Third and final voyage was a complete success. See also accompanying press release.

Among the events that are part of Minneapolis' annual summer festival, the Aquatennial, is the Milk Carton Boat Race. This is a competition for boats whose flotation is provided solely by cardboard milk cartons. In 1979, Minn-STF's first try at the race took second place in its category (non-profit organizations), out of a field of five. The crew was awarded a trophy (which was broken but was quickly fixed).

With this encouraging showing behind her, "Admirable" Karen Johnson began organizing another crack (or cracked) naval team for the 1980 competition. Sharon Kahn and Richard Tatge volunteered their home for the shipyard. Besides Richard, Sharon, and Karen, the main construction crew consisted of Jan Appelbaum, Jerry Stearns, and me. We chose a simple design, the same as the previous year's but a little smaller. It consisted of a main body with five rows of 40 cartons each, mounted with their gables pointing down, under some light wood paneling, and two small outriggers, each with a single row of 35 cartons. The streamlined bow and stern were formed from more milk cartons, cut and taped into place. (Certain details of the construction will remain secret, primarily because they're not very interesting.)

Sunday morning, the day of the race, we transported the boat to Lake Calhoun on the back of Karen's faithful station wagon. The beach area was already crowded at 11:30, though the races were still a couple of hours away. After carrying the boat closer to the lake and staking out a piece of territory, we added the final touches. We nailed the 2x4s connecting the main body and the outriggers into place. The boards that formed the back bones of the outriggers stuck out a few inches in front of the prow. Two small flags, one saying "Minnesota Science Fiction Society" and bearing the Minn-STF symbol, and the other carrying the boat's name -- S.S. Obscure Reference -- were added, along with various little decorations.

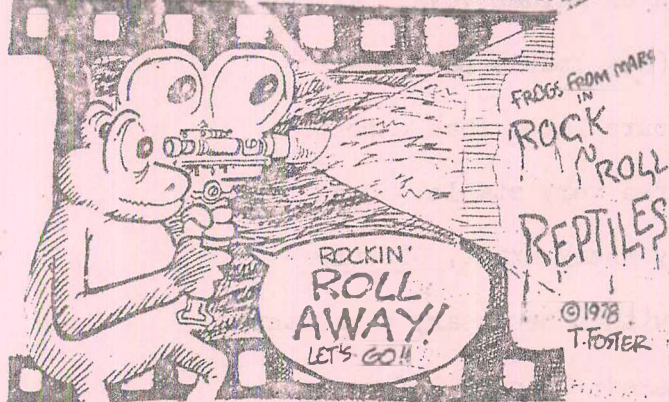
There were four categories of race ahead of us. These were defined by the ages of the participants and limited in the number of cartons they could use; they carried two to four people. The very fastest boats competed in these categories --

small skiffs or kayak-like shells with two people using kayak paddles. The races were running late. While we waited, various Minn-STFers showed up and offered moral support. We decided to go with four crew members: Karen, Jan, Jerry, and me. The next problem was to figure out in what order we should sit, considering our respective weights and handedness. We held long discussions, without useful conclusions.

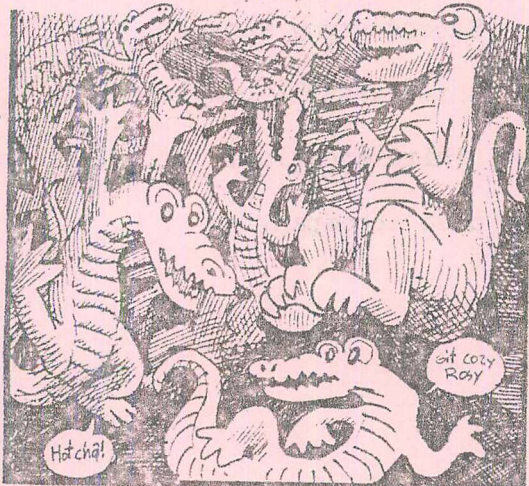
This year there were 17 competitors in our category, with each boat carrying four to six crew members. Thus there would be four initial heats (with four or five boats each), with the first two boats from each race going on to one of two semifinal heats. Two boats from each of these would go on to the finals.

The fourth category was nearly finished, and we decided it was time to move from our spot behind the Radio KDWB and announcing booth to the starting area about 30 yards away. As we picked up the boat, the KDWB loudspeaker began emitting the sound of a rocket launch, which segued into a

PHERGOPHAT.FILM Presents (in KARTOONACHROME):



AINT NO AFTER WHILE CROCODILES HERE, IT'S RIGHT NOW AND HOW WITH THE DISCO-GATORS AND THE AMPHIBIETTES, A GAGGLE OF GYRATING GENEROSITY THAT WILL NEVER SEE TO IT LATER ALLIGATOR!



disco version of the "Twilight Zone" theme. Purely a coincidence -- but surely a good omen!

We cheered, and carried the boat through the crowd into the starting paddock, which was quite congested. After all our long discussion on the subject, we wound up just hopping into the boat: Karen in front, then Jan, me, and Jerry in the rear. We paddled and were towed into starting position. To starboard, in the deepest water, was a boat marked "St. Willy's". To port, toward shore, were two more boats. The course was just straight ahead, parallel to shore, for about 50 yards.

We jumped at the starting whistle, and began paddling furiously. We were in the lead! But St. Willy's was close. In fact, they were angling toward us. They seemed unable to steer, and bumped into our starboard outrigger. We kept going, trying to paddle in unison, though we didn't have a coxswain calling a cadence. (The previous year's experience had shown that it was difficult for the crew to hear.) I was shouting, "Go! Go!," more from adrenalin than anything else. St. Willy's tried to push off our outrigger (causing some very minor damage), but only succeeded in moving forward a few inches along the outrigger. There they remained, lodged against us. And that's how we crossed the finish line. We had won, but only by the margin of the few extra inches given by that long outrigger board. St. Willy's was second.

We waited along the shore during the first semifinal. Some water drained from our cartons, but they were still providing excellent flotation. We moved out for our second race. In an attempt to avoid having St. Willy's run into us again, we took the outside lane; St. Willy's was to port, and two other boats were farther in toward shore. The whistle blew and we were off. I felt a funny twist behind me -- had Jerry fallen in? Was the ship coming apart? I tried to glance over my shoulder. "It's all right; I got it," Jerry shouted. I didn't quite see what was the matter, but everything seemed stable.

Again we were paddling for all we were worth -- and again we were bumped by St. Willy's; this time it was our port outrigger. They pushed off and got ahead of us, but were still unable to steer. They turned right into our path. "Ram them!" came the cry from behind me. Ram they we did, our outriggers hitting them squarely broadside. We kept on paddling, pushing them on. This was, of course, quite an impediment, and as we neared the finish line a third boat collided with our port outrigger. The three boats crossed the finish in that tangle. For a moment, it appeared that we were third and therefore out of the running. But before we could lodge a protest, the judges ruled that all three boats would go into the final race.

So in the last race there were five boats. We were in the deepest water again, and at our request/demand, St. Willy's was in the shallowest. We hoped that would put them far enough away to keep out of our hair.

In between were the three other boats. The twisting that I had felt in the previous race was the back 2x4 coming loose. Jerry had held it in place with his feet, and did so in the final race also.

With the whistle, we were paddling again. A third of the way down the course, we were in the lead, but St. Willy's was a close second. Two-thirds of the way, they ran aground. They had lost control and swerved to port again. We finished with a clear victory.

We came to shore to meet our cheering on-lookers. The trophy we received was broken (this is now apparently a tradition for us), but the check for the prize money was good. We went away tired and exhilarated, with thoughts of next year.



THIS
FANZINE
IS BEING
PAVED
OVER FOR
A PARKING
LOT!



THE QUEEN OF SWORDS...
DELMONTE '80
SAN FRANCISCO

Books

EARTH MAGIC by Alexei and Cory Panshin. Ace Books, 1978. 275pp., \$1.95.

I decided to wait to buy this book second-hand because when I leafed through it the lines didn't seem to scintillate. And then there were the "savage hunting pigs" mentioned on the back cover.... I should have known better. Alexei Panshin, at least, has not previously involved himself with facile pyrotechnics; and the menacing swine turn out to be one black sow named Slut, who is indeed a tracker an' a trailer but not quite the red-eyed foamy-jawed horde Ace's blurb writers envisioned. (I've always wanted to ask those people where they get their ideas.)

It is conceivable that EARTH MAGIC could be read straight. Indeed, parts of it are beautifully serious. But it begins in that ironic mode, not mockery but delicate raillery at its own form, familiar to the delighted readers of STAR WELL and the other Anthony Villiers books; to miss this fact is to miss the book. And the touch in EARTH MAGIC is just light enough to be missed. At first the only thing that may set Haldane, Prince of the Gets, apart from your average S&S barbarian is his fond companionship with that same trained hunting pig. Read on: there's Panshin to come.

The inimitable charm of the passage wherein Haldane acquires his army -- one lone follower known as Hemming Paleface -- is followed by a slightly heavier emphasis, Haldane's first solo interview with his betrothed, the gentle Princess Marthe:

"Have you stripped me with your eyes to your content, you barbarian pig?" she asked.

It was a well-turned nastiness in the narrow Nestorian spoken by the high-born of Chastain, but in the distance between them the nuance was lost. Haldane heard only, "Have you seen your fill?" He did not recognize the word "barbarian". It was not a word used by peasants, by Oliver or by Leonidus the Poet King. And pigs smelled far sweeter to him than they did to her. He

came very close to hearing a compliment. Only her tone saved her meaning.

Later on we see the Panshins rightfully indignant:

Men cried at him: "We will kill Halldane and all the Gets, " and "We will throw you to the ground as your father threw your mother," and "The Gets eat dogs."



By The Pricking
of my Nose,
Something FANNISH
This Way goes...

This last must hurt Haldane because the Gets would not eat dog and did not like those who did.

Or philosophical:

Like an ant overcome by the majesty, design, and rectitude of his anthill, Haldane suddenly perceived that which was larger than himself.

There are two sets of hands at work here, and it is impossible for a nonintimate of the Panshins to know how EARTH MAGIC came to be. Whatever the arrangement, it seems a happy one.

The story has wonderful things, including some succulent structural effects, but at present it lacks follow-through. It is a mistake not to finish the story you start to tell. Even anticlimax is a literary device that must be prepared as carefully as other endings (as in John Rechy's NUMBERS, for example) in order to produce any important effect. As it stands, EARTH MAGIC is really the first half of a complete book. The second part may never be written, but EARTH MAGIC will suffer from that lack. Among the threads to be tied up are these: Haldane needs to re-engage with his past and his land; Princess Marthe needs to tell her own tale; some explanations need to be made both of Haldane's companionship with Oliver (ex-magi-ian who also appears as Noll the Sailor) and of that most peculiar final page. To answer the questions the goddess Libera set him, Haldane needs to carry through her plans for him; since the Libera encounters in the novel are very lovely, Haldane's increasing intimacy with her must round out this really fine (though as far as I know, still unwritten) second and concluding novel.

We can but possess ourselves in patience till it appears, with maybe a little nudzh now and then -- like this one.

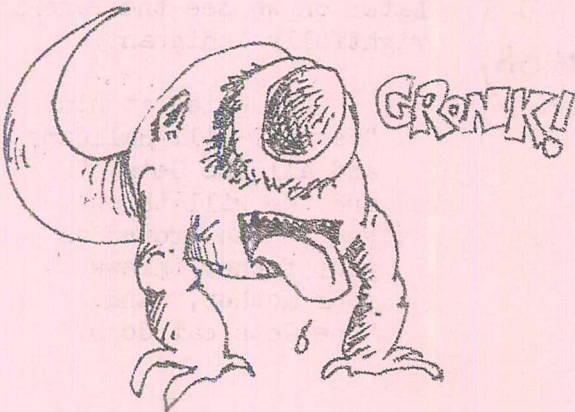
-Reviewed by Camilla Decarnin-

THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST by Robert A. Heinlein. Fawcett, 1980. 511pp., \$6.95.

In his introduction to Alexei Panshin's HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION, James Blish calls Robert Heinlein the best all-around SF writer ever. Heinlein is as much responsible for the growth of science fiction in the 40s as is John Campbell. With his smooth style, well-drawn characters, and thought-provoking speculation, he revolutionized the genre. He has won four Hugos, for four vastly different novels (DOUBLE STAR, STARSHIP TROOPERS, STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, and THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS). His last two novels, I WILL FEAR NO EVIL and TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE, generated a storm of controversy. The former is probably the only bad novel Heinlein ever wrote, and the latter is a rich, rewarding tapestry, whose 500+ pages have intimidated some SF fans who have grown used to the typical 180-page SF novel. His latest novel,

THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST, may stimulate as much controversy as the last two.

There is almost no way to describe THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST except to say that it is Heinlein's tribute to science fiction and fantasy. Four characters, all eccentric geniuses, travel through a series of alternate universes in a "continua machine" that one of them invented. They travel to, among other places, Oz, Wonderland, and the Lensman universe. Eventually they even meet Heinlein's own Lazarus Long. I won't



say much more about the plot, except that it's full of marvelous surprises.

The characters are very well done, and their relationships are well drawn and interesting. The relationship between Hilda Burroughs and her husband Jake Burroughs is of particular interest, as it closely examines how men react to women in power. Hilda is elected captain for awhile, and she is by far the best captain of the group. Yet Jake never quite accepts this. He treats it as a game and is always ready to dismiss Hilda when they run into danger. This strains their relationship and almost destroys their marriage. Yet Hilda's strength keeps her in command.

It has been said on several occasions (mostly by people who don't bother to read what they criticize) that Heinlein is a male chauvinist and that he can't create a good female character. Those who read only the first 100 pages of this novel will use it as "proof" of the first claim. (Reading even this much will lay to rest the second claim.) At the novel's start, the women do all the cooking, for example. This changes later. It's beyond me how anyone could read the whole novel and make such claims. Deetee (Dejah Thoris Carter) is the best computer programmer in the universe(s), is a mathematical whiz, can outshoot almost anyone, and is stronger than most males. Hilda is a walking encyclopedia and a brilliant commander. In fact, as Spider Robinson said in *DESTINIES*, a good case can be made that Heinlein is a female chauvinist.

The book is illustrated with black and white drawings at the start of each chapter. This creates a problem. At one point Hilda says, "I've been called everything from a black reactionary to a promiscuous whore...." Black? All the drawings portray her as white. Illustrators should bother to read books that they are paid to illustrate.

The novel does have a few minor problems. The first quarter could have been edited a bit. In other places, the reader wishes that it were longer. (I would have liked to see more of Oz and the Lensman universe.) I have seen one review which says that it wanders too much, but I don't see how that can be avoided in a book of this type. And it certainly is not for anyone who isn't an SF reader; someone who has read little or no SF would have trouble understanding much of it.

All Heinlein fans will want to read this. All SF fans should. It is an old master's gift to the field that he loves so much.

-Reviewed by James Mann-



ROADMARKS by Roger Zelazny, Ballantine, 1980. 185pp., \$2.25

This is one of a blitzkrieg of books being dished out to the sf reader by one of its masters. Along with ROADMARKS we also have CHANGELING and THE LAST DEFENDER OF CAMELOT. This can bode nothing but good for those of us who cannot get enough of Mr. Zelazny's writing. He was a writer I ignored for many years for reasons I have since lost in the backroads of my mind. Fortunately, I gave in one day and read NINE PRINCES IN AMBER and have been hooked ever since. Zelazny is a writer who explores that universe just beyond the reach of our 3(or 4, depending on your frame of time-space ratio at the moment) dimensions. You can walk or drive or ride a horse along a path, turn a corner, and find yourself in Zelaznyland. I like his guided tours, and ROADMARKS is up to his previous works, but does not press all the

buttons this time. I did have the feeling I had been on this tour before, only the names and places had been altered slightly. Then again, I may still be on the same tour and am unaware I have not gotten off the previous stop. I get that feeling reading Michael Moorcock, too.

The thing I enjoy most when reading Zelazny is that I really and truly like his heroes. Red Dorakeen is another in a long line of likeable, human, mysterious, somewhat unfathomable, and unpredictable heroes Zelazny has created. Francis Sandow still comes vividly to life when I think of him, and of course there is Corwin of Amber.

My problem in reviewing ROADMARKS is simple, really. I cannot tell you the plot, and if I did I'm not sure that it really matters. The characters you've read about before, with the exception of the books-with-personalities-plus-other-powers. I guess I'll make this simple. If you like Zelazny, buy this book. Don't look for his best writing, but be aware that he is still a great entertainment to your mind and mental horizons.

Reviewed by Lee Pelton

OF MICE AND MAGIC by Leonard Maltin. Plume, 1980. 470pp., \$9.95.

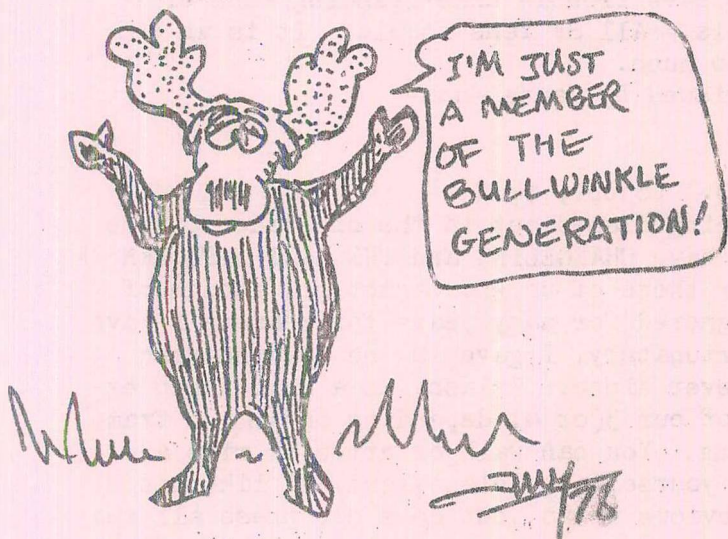
Zowie! Huzzah! Outstanding! Oh, folks, I could go on and on... I had no idea I had been waiting for this book until I caught a glimpse of it on a hucksters' table in Chicago. I have fallen in love with this tome. I have loved animated cartoons ever since I was a wee lad parked in front of the family's old oval screened tv in our living room. I grew up with Woody Woodpecker, Porky Pig, Bugs Bunny, Tom & Jerry, Deputy Dawg, and other giants of the cartoon age. Reading this book was something like reading an old family diary left untended by some forgetful old caretaker.

Maltin has undertaken this tremendous task with obvious love and affection for his childhood companions. He has interviewed many of the original artists in the then fledgling field of animation. Unfamiliar names start looking familiar, names like Al Eugster and Shamus Culhane. Others like Robert McKimson and Ub Iwerks take on enjoyed dimensions. And stars like Tex Avery, Walt Disney, and Walter Lantz shine as they deserve to.

There are 13 chapters, 11 of which cover the history of the major cartoon studios. Little plums of information abound in each chapter, particularly those concerning Disney, Max Fleischer (Betty Boop, Popeye, etc.), and Paul Terry and his Terrytoons. I found it very fascinating that many of the top names in the animation field worked, at one time or another, almost all of the major studios. It is something similar to the many different publishers our favorite sf writers have appeared with. I can think of few topflight sf writers who have always written for the same publisher and it appears that animators were no different. Oh, it's all so incestuous!

My only complaint, and it is a minor one, is that Maltin has completely ignored the cartoons done specifically for tv. Now, I don't know as that Maltin doesn't have a point. Admittedly most of the drek you see on Saturday mornings is worthy only of burning, reel by reel, with the burner's eyes aglow with feral gleams and fiendish chuckles, but this also means Maltin discounts the great stuff done by Jay (Bullwinkle) Ward and the cartoons that featured such characters as Quick Draw McGraw & Huckleberry Hound. But, what the hell, buy it! It's great!

Reviewed by Lee Pelton



SHADOWS 3 edited by Charles L. Grant. Doubleday, 1980. 211pp., \$9.95.

Contents: "The Brown Recluse" by Davis Grubb; "To See You With, My Dear" by Bruce Francis; "Avenging Angel" by Ray Russell; "The Ghost Who Limped" by R. Chetwynd-Hayes; "Janey's Smile" by Juleen Brantingham; "Opening a Vein" by Barry Malzberg and Bill Pronzini; "The Partnership" by William F. Nolan; "Wish Hound" by Pat Murphy; "Ant" by Peter D. Pautz; "Tell Mommy What Happened" by Alan Ryan; "At the Bureau" by Steve Rasnic Tem; "Cabin 33" by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro.

Charlie Grant has done it again -- he has put together a collection of horror stories that will make the reader want to leave a night light burning....

The most amazing part of this accomplishment is the "again". There are a few major themes that are used over and over in this genre, and the experienced reader usually knows within the first page or two just what kind of story it is: vampire;

premonition of doom; return of someone from the dead; eldritch Lovecraftian terror; someone lost in the labyrinth of his/her own mind; a child who isn't what he/she seems... The trick for an editor is to pick a selection of stories which are individually good, which offer a variety of styles, and which don't repeat each other in theme or treatment. Editors of horror collections seem to have more trouble meeting these criteria than do editors in other genres, but Grant has a higher rate of success than anyone else.

My own favorites in SHADOWS 3 are "Avenging Angel", which has a vividly drawn main character; and "Cabin 33", one of Yarbro's elegant pieces about vampire society. I most admire the writing in "Ant" and nominate for "most frightening" in the collection "Tell Mommy What Happened"; both are about small boys with somewhat unusual vision. The two "most predictable" stories are "The Ghost Who Limped", which is so well written that the obviousness of the theme doesn't matter; and "Wish Hound", which isn't.

These stories are mostly set in ordinary places: a small town, a mountain resort, Hollywood Hills; and they involve ordinary people. That's what makes them so effective -- it could be the reader's town, the reader's next-door neighbor.

On second thought, forget the night light. It casts too many shadows....

-Reviewed by Carol Kennedy-



IT'S ALL JOHN BRUNNER'S FAULT

by jan howard finder

No, this time it isn't Eney's fault; this time the fault is John Brunner's. Many years ago -- well, it seems many years ago -- I was happy-go-lucky, moseying through life practically unaware of the phenomenon innocently known as "fandom". Oh, I knew that such things as science fiction conventions (I believe I called them then) existed. I just hadn't attended any and didn't really know any fen. Then came that fateful day in Trieste, Italy -- a warm July day in 1972.

I guess I should mention why the cosmic revelation struck me so far from the confines of North America. I was working as a chemistry teacher at a gymnasium in Germany, which is how I got to learn German. I still remember enough to get me into trouble, if not out of it. In any case, I looked at this here flyer announcing EUROCON I, the first European Science Fiction Convention. I had received the flyer before I left for Europe -- I guess because I had chaired a conference on Tolkien a couple months earlier in Cleveland, Ohio -- and stuck it in my bags.

Being the humble and shy person that I am, I dropped a letter to the chairman asking if the con was going to have a panel on Tolkien and, if so, would they be interested in having me on it, as I styled myself somewhat of a well-versed Tolkien ~~not scholar~~ fan. The result was that they hadn't a panel on Tolkien; but if I wanted to put one together, they would be most happy to schedule it. Well, this



B. KLUBAN EATS EGGS!

was like asking a hobbit if he or she wanted some mushrooms. So lo and behold, there I was on the program of the first European SF con. It was a fun con, but I didn't know any better. I had never been to another SF con.

In the course of chatting with John Brunner -- actually, I was standing a bit in awe of the famous writer (maybe grovel would be a better word -- hell, this was my first con). In any case, I was trying to be a bit conversational and worldly wise and mentioned that this, EUROCON I, was a good con and fun. At that John turned to me and said, "Oh, if you think this con is fun, you ought to try a British con." Oh, woe is me. Such a simple sentence, so very few words. Mothers, shield your precious children from them, hold your hands over their ears; for if they hear them, their world will never be the same. Mine wasn't!

I wasn't able to make it up to Birmingham for the 2nd NOVACON, but I did get on the great silver bird and fly up for OMPACON, the 1973 British Mastercon being held in Bristol, England. I went with trepidation. I didn't really know anyone, though I did realize later that a goodly number of the fen I met in Trieste were also in Bristol. I saw friendly faces almost from the first moment I was there.

I'm not going to bore you with a conreport of a con seven years past. I'll just sum up my experience:

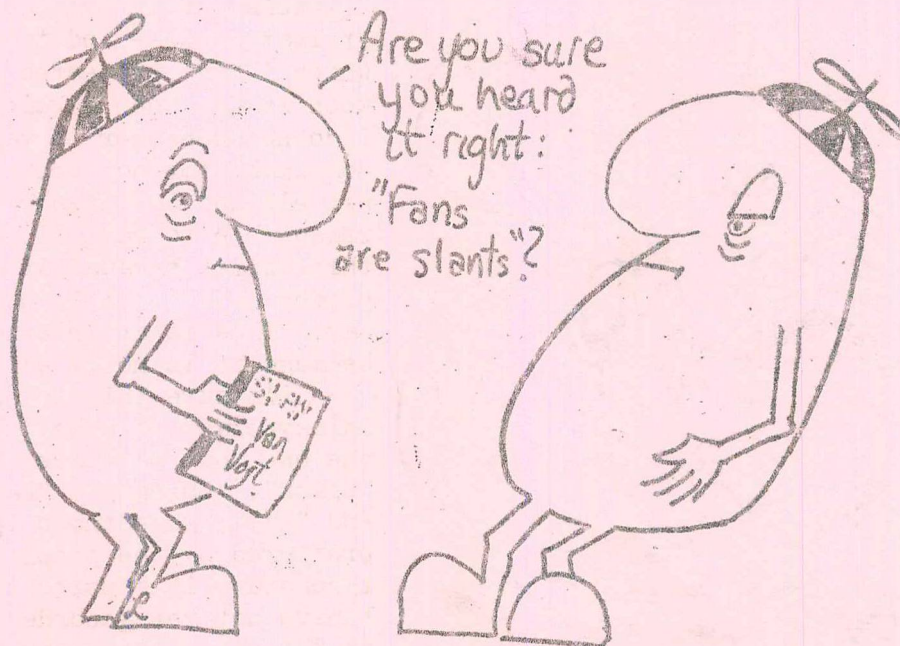
I fell in love with British cons (neat program items, neat people, lots of books -- I was working for the US Air Force by now and the Stars & Stripes Bookstore just doesn't make it as a source of reading material -- and room parties! Sound familiar? How many neos have commented on the same things?).

I fell in love with British fandom. (The number of neat people I met at that first con was mind boggling for me. I was home at last. Again, that has a familiar ring to it.)

Last, but by no means least, I fell in love. The kind of falling in love that I thought, up until that time, only occurred in TRUE ROMANCE magazine. I was totally knocked off my feet and out of me mind by one Diane Ellingsworth. (Nope, we aren't in love any more, though I did get together with her for lunch the last time I was in London. Just friends now.)

It was a hell of a weekend. And it was all John Brunner's fault.

Thanks, John.



FANFARONADE

by Carol Kennedy



I think I know how Jimmy Carter feels....

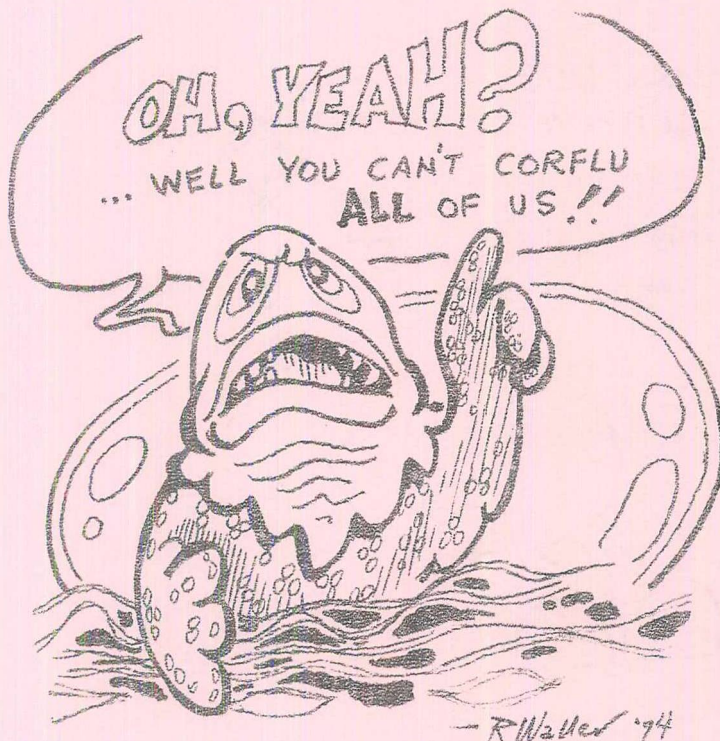
Oh, I'm not sorry about giving up the editorship of RUNE. It was time for a change, for the zine and for me. If the truth be told, I've never much enjoyed doing RUNE as a whole. But this column, that's another story altogether....

As do most fans, I like getting mail. The third thing I say when I get home is, "Where's the mail?" (The first is, "Hi, darling," and the second is "Hi, kitty.") (The fourth is, "Do we have any Diet Pepsi?") As do many fans, I like fanzines. And as do almost all fans, I have a great respect for the printed word -- especially my own. Reviewing fanzines answers many needs.

And now I'm "losing" a job that I enjoy very much. It will take awhile -- I know the state of most fannish mailing lists -- but gradually I will stop receiving all these wonderful publications. I can't possibly afford to pay for them. And so far, no other editor has offered me the post of fanzine reviewer. Of course, I could start my own zine.... (Bite your tongue, woman!)

If any editors care to continue sending me their fanzines, I promise I will respond with locs and, perhaps, some written work now and then. And if anyone is in need of a fanzine reviewer or critic, I'd like to apply for the job....

In a recent issue of HOLIER THAN THOU, fanzine critic Gary Deindorfer had some harsh words to say about RUNE. Among his complaints was that the editors (of whom I'm one, in case you haven't been paying attention) don't take criticism well. "Touchy" was the word he used....



There's only one criticism of RUNE that irritates me, only one criticism of my own column that irritates me -- and it's a criticism which I have protested as actively when it has been leveled at others. I do not consider it valid to criticize something for not being what it is not claimed or intended to be. It is reasonable to say, "I don't care for this animal because it's a dog and I prefer cats." It is not reasonable to say, "This is an inferior animal because it is not a cat."

I'm sure this is just an idiosyncrasy of mine. It's related to the one that has made me use "Negro", "black", "Chicano", "Latin-surnamed", and "gay", when those terms were preferred by the people they describe. I consider it a person's privilege -- I have not yet accorded it the status of "right" -- to establish the parameters of his/her own identity. It is my

custom to honor a person's self-identification, to believe what he/she says about him/herself unless I am presented with a situation in which I cannot reasonably function while "believing" that identification.

I have friends who argue on each side of the "Reality is completely subjective" and "Reality is an objective phenomenon" debate. I have, myself, at one time or another, argued each side. But it seems to me that a person must actually function with a mixture of those viewpoints. Those who "believe" that there is an objective reality are stating a subjective opinion. And those who claim that reality is subjective live, on a day-to-day basis, as if there were an objective reality affecting them. If one truly lived as if reality were entirely subjective, one would end in autism. And if one lived as if reality were entirely objective, one would end in some kind of emotionless fatalism.

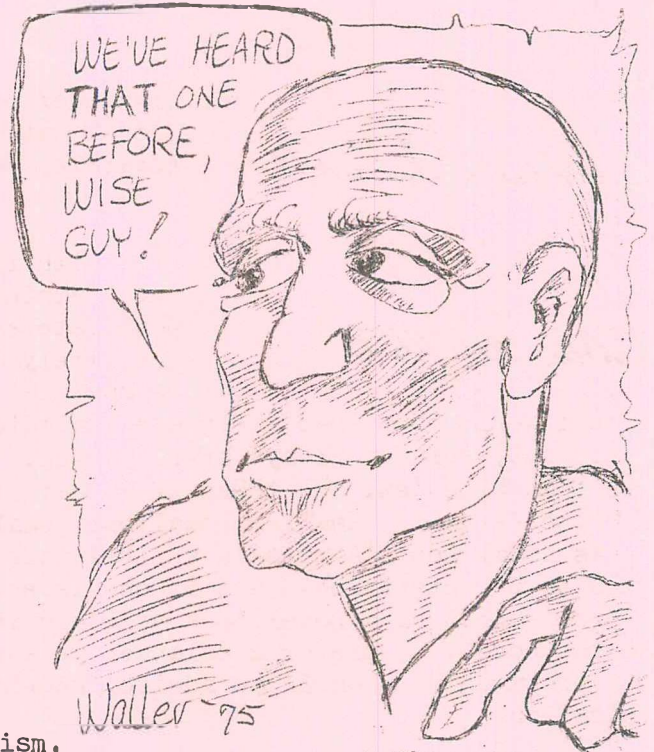
It is often argued that there are, in fact, objective standards by which to judge things -- standards of beauty, of accuracy, of conformance. But, at least in the case of those things which fall into the category of "art" (or even "craft"), those standards started as the subjective judgement of some individual or group of individuals. It is possible that there is an objective answer to, "Is this line straight?" but I do not believe there is an objective answer to, "Is a straight line more beautiful than a curved one?" And if 95% of all the people asked reply that a straight line is more beautiful than a curved one, I do not believe that curved lines should forever after be considered deficient in some way -- even if they are grudgingly tolerated. And I believe it's irrational to criticize someone for the poor quality of the straight line he/she has drawn after he/she tells you that it's a curved line.

Perhaps I am "touchy" about criticism. I don't have a high degree of tolerance for those who complain that RUNE, a clubzine, is too "clubbish". But I've spent a lot more column space defending fanzines whose editors I've never met. I defend them because I think that their own goals, not someone else's preferences, should define the success of their efforts. I defend them because I can think of no rational way of dealing with what I subjectively perceive to be objective reality except to believe what someone else tells me about what he/she subjectively perceives to be objective reality. I defend them because I prefer to live in a world in which people draw the lines they think are beautiful, rather than a world in which everyone draws the lines I think are beautiful. I defend them because, if all the written work in the world were destroyed, the free and varied minds would recreate it; but if all the minds were standardized, the variety of written work would be meaningless, for no one would understand or appreciate it.

Has anyone bothered to look up "fanfaronade" in the dictionary? It means, "boasting talk or action", "any vaunting or blustering manner or behavior". Take it for what it's worth....

"Fanfaronade" wasn't intended, originally, to be just a fanzine review column. That just happened, because readers seemed to want the reviews and I often wasn't in the mood to write an essay.

Now I think I'm looking for a fanzine for which to write the column this was supposed to be.



Qazabl's

(the letters)

Alexander Doniphan Wallace
306 E. Gatehouse Dr. H
Metairie, LA 70001

A giant globule of
gratitude for RUMÉ 60.
The reviews, both book
and zines, were particu-
larly appreciated.

With regard to John Bartelt's informative and
entertaining article on protons: There is a tacit
postulate among physicists that matter is not
infinitely divisible. The contrary of this proposition
is not that there are infinitely many dichotomies in

the real world, but that there are ultimately too many for humans to encompass.
Crudely put, science always approximates. "Large fleas have smaller fleas upon their
backs that bite 'em, and these fleas have smaller fleas, and so ad infinitum."

Otherwise -- small, smaller, smallest, smallester, smallestest, smallestester...

As usual Don D'Amassa's scalpel touches the nerve, in his letter. If one
wishes to be entertained, and if one is entertained only by pleasant people, and if
the protagonist of a novel is a vile and venal creature, then one will not be pleased
with the novel. I prefer a balance: an antagonist for whom I can work up a good hate,
and a protagonist whom I can admire, knowing all along that the book is so much
fabrication.

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

John Bartelt's science article -- well, gee, a science article
in a fanzine? It's been such a long time, and RUMÉ was kind of
the last place I'd find one, especially with Ken Fletcher's cute
cartoons all over the place. The whole thing is a little over my
head -- my father may understand subatomic particles, but I have trouble with them.
But the parts that weren't over my head were remarkably clear and lucid. On my
just-invented science writing scale, from -5 to +5, with Isaac Asimov given a 0,
I'd give Bartelt a +2.

Matthew B. Tepper's look at HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY caught my eye.
Having had the chance to hear the show, I'm doubly glad you're spreading the word.
It's a fine spoof.

HITCHHIKER has been broadcast to America (among other places) by BBC's World
Service on short wave. Is this what Matthew was referring to when he said Home
Service? Also, National Public Radio has announced it will put the show on its
network. I heard that announcement earlier this year from the manager of the local
public radio station; since then I've heard nothing. It's a logical choice for
NPR, which has previously run THE GOON SHOW and I'M SORRY, I'LL READ THAT AGAIN.
A letter to your local NPR outlet, asking wistfully if they'll consider the show,
might be worth the stamp.

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

Maybe the most significant thing about Matthew B. Tepper's
article isn't in the specific things it says but in its
inspiration from a radio series. I'm not sure if it's just
remarkable or really lamentable that the situation should

be such: a BBC radio series attracts all this attention in United States' fanzines;
meanwhile, how long has it been since any fanzine published any lengthy material
about a United States radio series? Of course, there's nothing in this nation's
current radio output that has quite the brand of zaniness and cult-creation ability
that THE GOON SHOW or HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY has. But it seems odd
that there's such a consistent apathy in fandom over here to what is available.
Some of the CBS late evening mystery presentations have been reasonably interesting

as science fiction or fantasy dramas. Public radio stations in some states run quite a few series of interest to fans.

The front cover of RUNE 60 gives me an uneasy sense of not comprehending a hidden theme or certain allusions that every other recipient of this issue will chortle about at first glance. But I can admire such excellencies as the way the feet protrude beyond the lower frame of the picture. There's no way I can say something specific about all the inside illustrations, so I'd better sum it up by my impression that the spirit of Ken Fletcher has proved contagious among a lot of other artists who seem to draw cartoons with his elan and panache, and by my admiration for the more seriously intended drawings.

I have a theory that the apparent discovery of decaying protons isn't anything more serious than a little-publicized effect of the current efforts to convert the United States to the metric system. This is causing protons to shrink away from their old non-metric quality, becoming programs instead. As metric objects, they aren't decayed at all, but alive and well inside computers where programmers can make use of them. I also hope to contact Tom Digby, to see if he shares my suspicion that more protons are constantly being created, every time a protein has its 20th birthday.

Billy Wolfenbarger
22681 Coburg Road
Harrisburg, OR 97446

Cecilia Cosentini's piece on page 8 caught my attention immediately with her unique style, something like a cross between Hannes Bok and Virgil Finlay, yet something entirely Cecilia's own.

Jan Brown's "How I Misses Minicon" is outstanding: very simple and direct, cohesive, intelligent and warm. Hope you publish her Minicon report next year, whether she attends or not.

A note to Terry Carr: "Circadian rhythms"? Is that what I'm afflicted with?

I can see it now--"Circadian at Midnight". Night people are weird; some of them think the moon is the sun.

Notice there's talk gathering up over the pros and cons of fiction in fanzines, and RUNE isn't the only zine discussing it - try GRAYMALKIN and ARECIBO. I recall throughout the 60s there was the same rap; seems to make fanzines appear eternal -- some things just never die. I'm for the most part in accord with Wilum Pugmire. But I think the fiction writers in fandom will find a more appreciative audience in the small press magazines -- calling them semi-prozines seems rather lurid to me -- if they are good enough. There seems to be much more freedom over subject matter, style, innovations, etc. in these small press publications.

WHAT IF BODE WAS INTO TUCAN'S INSTEAD
OF LIZARDS....



Jerry Kaufman
4326 Winslow Place N.
Seattle, WA 98103

John Bartelt covers some ground I'd like Jon Singer to touch on in "Technocrat" sometime. But John confuses me. No, likely it isn't John bust the subject matter itself. (I read THE DANCING WU LI MASTERS, and it doesn't seem to

have helped.) If an antiparticle has the opposite charge to a particle, and a neutrino has no charge, then what is an anti-neutrino?

I liked the Cecilia Cosentini full-page drawing a lot, especially the lower two-thirds, and think it would have been a swell cover for MAINSTREAM.

I can't resist answering Sweet Wilum Pugmire. Bill, we don't judge fan editorials, art, or articles by professional standards because there is no such thing -- there is no pro equivalent for what I like to do or see in fanzines. (You mention interviews and reviews. I do judge them by pro standards, since there are such animals, and the ones in fanzines are found wanting, as is the amateur fiction.) This does not apply to two types of fiction that one sometimes finds in fanzines: the parody, and the fiction about fans. But it seems that almost no one has done either very much since the sixties. (Though didn't a recent QUINAPALUS carry a lengthy parody by John Bartelt, with characters based on real Minn-STFers?)

It's an old argument, though, and nobody ever convinces anybody else. I just happen to think that fanzines are the only place where such informality as the typical fan creation, art or writing, can be published, while fiction, if it is worth reading, can usually find a more exalted home.

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

John Bartelt's article on the detection of proton decay is most informative and professionally written -- it would not be out of place in ANALOG. One question I

might like to ask John is, isn't this experiment similar to the neutrino-detection experiment? And since all you ultimately are detecting is a minute energy release, how can you be sure that the energy you detect derives from decaying protons rather than neutrino collisions or other esoteric sub-atomic phenomena?

I am a bit taken aback by Wilum Pugmire's complaint that "SF fans are such bigots!" Really, Wilum, someday you must try talking to people who aren't SF fans; then you will discover what bigotry is....The real reason why a lot of fanfic is subject to such harsh criticism by fans is that it is genuinely awful. I do believe in encouraging people who are trying to become writers, and whenever I criticize a badly-written amateur effort I always make certain to compliment the author for



those things which are good....Properly done criticism should not discourage the author but will instead provide valuable clues as to how he/she can improve his/her writing. To simply approve of everything, in order not to discourage people, is a disservice to the author, who may be deluded thereby into an inaccurate assessment of his/her work. An amateur author, so deluded, will have little chance of becoming a professional. I should add that I have also seen some fanfic which is extremely good -- for example, Wayne Brenner's humorous pieces in SYSTEMS.



Bob Lee presents as esthetic fact an opinion which derives solely from his own heterosexual male viewpoint: that female bodies are far more beautiful than male bodies. Men he sees as being composed of uninteresting arrangements of straight lines, whereas females have esthetic curves. There are, of course, many people (heterosexual women and homosexual men, as well as perhaps a few whose esthetic judgements are not necessarily ruled by sex) who may prefer the male body or at least find it no less esthetic than the female. This viewpoint is, however, not as socially acceptable as Bob's viewpoint, because of the lingering effect of Victorian sexual morality, which decrees that women are sex objects and men are not. There is of course nothing wrong with Bob's personal preference for female bodies. However, to suggest that this preference derives from an objective evaluation of the respective geometries of male and female bodies, and that therefore anyone who finds male bodies esthetic must have poor judgement, is blind egocentrism, and not true. (My own opinion, in case you are wondering, is that both male and female bodies are esthetically interesting and are suitable subjects for art.)

((I concur with everything you've written on the esthetics of bodies, including your personal esthetic view. However, I think your implication that heterosexual females usually find the male body to be more esthetically beautiful than the female body is wrong. This subject has been discussed many times among women I have known, and in each case the majority of women who were self-identified as heterosexual preferred female bodies esthetically. -Carol)))

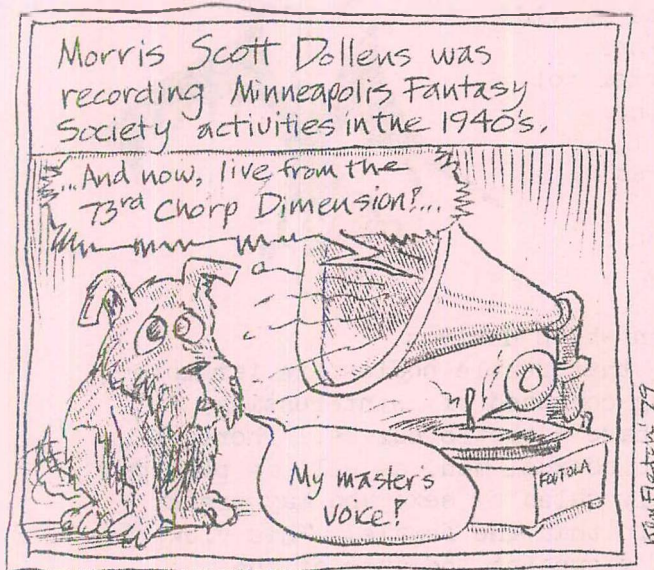
Ruth Berman I was sorry that the list of contributors to the past 10 RUNES
2809 Dewey #125 didn't include poems as contributions. I wasn't on the list,
Norman, OK 73069 but I had two poems in RUNE 55 and another in 56.

((Yes, you did. My apologies for omitting your name. -Lee)))

I wonder if Bob Lee is speaking as an artist himself in arguing that naked women are more interesting to draw than naked men because the curves are harder to draw than the straight lines. I'm not an artist, but I suspect that the subtler curves of the male body would probably be equally difficult to draw well, or maybe even a little more difficult. Ancient Greek sculptors did magnificent male nudes -- but always sculpted clothes on their females. Of course, sculpture and drawing may present some differences in what's difficult or interesting.

Kathleen Woodbury Carol Kennedy's "Fanfaronade" gave a pretty clear view
5315 Chestnut Ave. of each zine. One of the best, if not the best, review
S. Charleston, WV 25309 articles I've ever seen.

The book reviews were certainly vicious in some cases. I was tempted by a couple of them to get the book myself to see if it was really that bad. I do want to read THE PROBABILITY BROACH -- I think I'd get a kick out of the "cutesyness".



Joseph L. Green
1390 Holly Ave.
Merritt Island, FL 32952

Thanks for RUNE
60, which was
interesting, and
had something for

everybody, as always. As a no-doubt
complotely inadequate way of saying
"Thanks!" for sending me RUNE for several
years now, be informed that the heroine
in my novelette, "At the Court of the
Chrysoprase King", due out in ETERNITY
SCIENCE FICTION issue No. 3, bears the
name "Minneapolis Rune", in your honor.

Don D'Amassa
323 Dodge St.
E. Providence, RI 02914

I have to ask the
question, what was
specifically wrong
with the ending of

THE BRIGHT COMPANION that made it so
chauvinistic? The hero was never supposed

to be all that liberal-minded; he couldn't be in view of the society in which he was
raised. What I fear is that we are tending toward a knee jerk reaction, that any
time a matriarchal society is portrayed unfavorably, we will automatically assume
that the author is trying to satirize the feminist movement. I think Llewellyn was
trying to point out the silliness of both societies, and that he did reasonably
well. I could be convinced that I missed something, but I can't accept that on the
basis of the vague unease the review describes.

((From my point of view, Llewellyn did not set up the male character with
traits you say the author gave him. I saw the protagonist as a bit of a
bumbler, with ill-defined awareness of the world he was a part of. So
I found his knee jerk reaction unexpected and out of tune with the rest
of the book. I think to acquire knee jerk reactions, you have to be
exposed to the prevalent thought processes behind them, at some length.
The book's protagonist did not have this exposure; and I thought his
response to the matriarchy was unpredictable and somewhat baseless.
Reading it was equivalent for me to hearing squeaky chalk on a blackboard.
-Lee)))

Ed Zdrojewski
1891 Union St. #1D
Benton Harbor, MI 49022

I have a beef with a lot of fan reviewers. (It's roughly
the same beef that George R.R. Martin had in GRAYMALKIN's
most recent issue.) The worst example was Kara Dalkey's
review of THE GILEAD BOMB. I don't disagree with her

conclusions -- it was a truly awful book. However, she succumbed to the same
temptation I've had after reading books I absolutely hated: scroo over the author
by revealing the entire plot in your review, so people won't have to go out and
waste their money on such a lousy book. OK, Ms. Dalkey makes a big thing about not
revealing the ending (and then proceeds to give you enough clues that even a Burpee
Hybrid cabbage could figure it out). But discounting that, she has summarized damn
near every plot detail for about the first 100 of 120 pages. The play works quite
well -- why bother to go out and buy the book now?

It takes a tremendous amount of work to write even a lousy book. David Sinclair
probably invested several months of his life to write that book, and Dell saw fit
to invest its money in distributing and promoting it. And now along come the fan
reviewers, with their detailed plot summaries, and Mr. Sinclair may as well have

spent those months playing with himself, and Dell may as well have invested in soybean futures.

((((Certainly your point is well taken. Problem is, Ed, that the review was a gag review of an out-of-print juvenile (35¢) put out in the 60s. Gotcha!-Lee)))

Carolyn Doyle
Ashton Center
Stempel Hall, Room 335
Bloomington, IN 47406

Avedon Carol's letter makes me think -- yeah, it is stereotypical that when old lovers break up, there's a lot of hate. I think the biggest block that gets in the way of old lovers becoming friends is TRUST -- when two people break up, there's hurt, and each feels betrayed -- as though the trust he had in that person has been thrown in his face, as though he was taken for a ride. And to have that trust grow again to make the ex-lovers friends, takes a lot of time. It's easy, and probably necessary for a while, to create a wall of hate, which you can hide behind, and not be hurt with. Only a masochist wouldn't close up for at least a little while, out of self-preservation. And only a masochist would stay closed forever.

((The only kind of breakups that seem to figure in your comments are those spectacular gory smash-up endings. Many people break up a romantic attachment quietly, by mutual consent. Either the "spark" is gone, or the two -- or more -- people mutually decide that the relationship just isn't working, or isn't what they want. There's no reason to stop trusting or to shut out someone who has done his/her best to make something work, just because it didn't work. Believe it or not, there are people who break up without blaming each other for anything.-Carol)))

Arthur D. Hlavaty
250 Coligni Ave.
New Rochelle, NY 10801

I know this, and I'm sure Carol knows it, but I'd better mention it just in case someone doesn't: I don't worry when a good new fanwriter (like Marty Levine) arrives. Quite the contrary; I read the stuff, you know, and having interesting writing to read is a whole lot more important to me than any competition.

I really liked Avedon Carol's comment about lovers and friends. It seems perfectly obvious to me that if a love relationship ends, you should still try to be friends, since most of the qualities I seek in a lover are the same ones I look for in a friend and none are incompatible. Until I entered fandom, though, all the crowds I hung out with seemed to find this attitude unspeakably weird.

Interesting that Harry Warner thinks that changing into a woman (a la Varley) would be changing into something strange and different. I tend to think of it as merely meaning a few different possibilities, though I can also see the version in Silverberg's TO LIVE AGAIN, where one is aware of different hormonal feelings, sense of balance, etc.

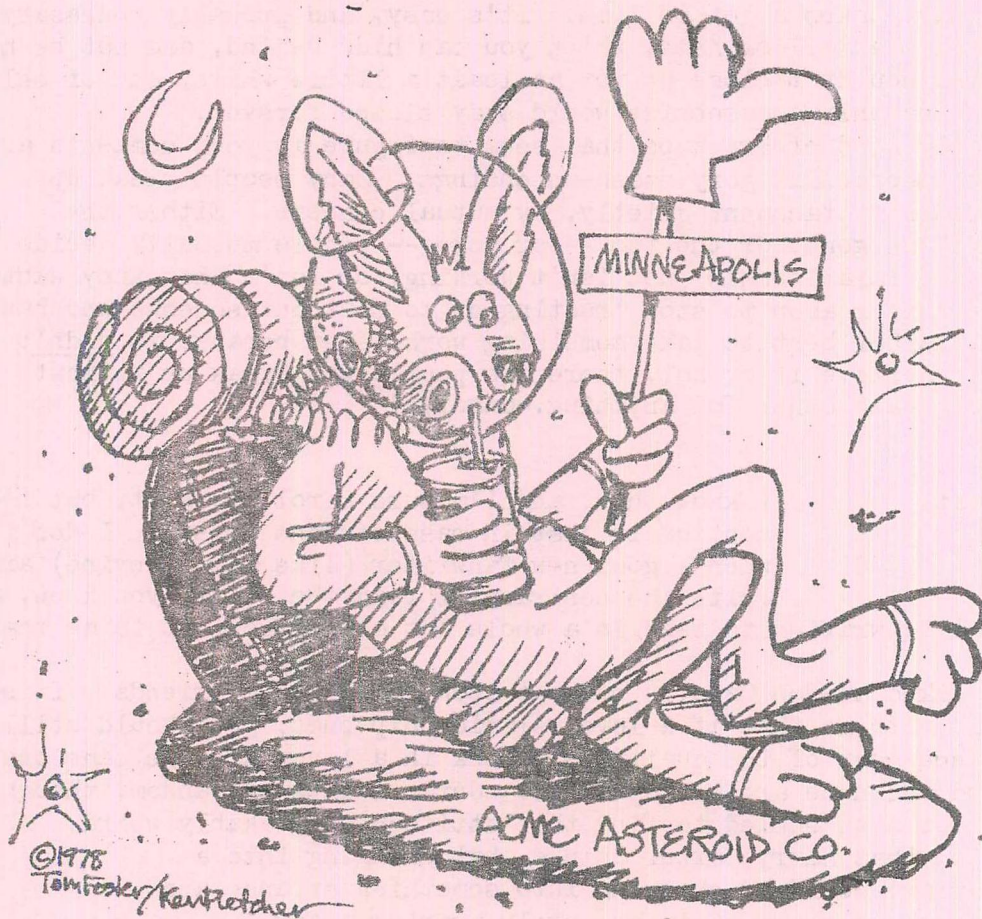
Lee, do put me on the mailing list for your new zine. I imagine I'll enjoy it, and besides think of all the putridities the title could inspire: "Pelton was standing at the back of the meeting, displaying his PRIVATES." "Dear Lee: I am sending you this article/illo/loc because I've always wanted to be in HEAT." Etc. Ad nauseum.



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

With respect to the missed Minicon report by Jan Brown: UNCLE ARTHUR'S BEDTIME STORIES in enough to make anyone paranoid. I oughta know. I have been making a near profession of paranoia for lo these several years. With respect to the rabbits mentioned in my last loc, it's gotten worse. This morn had driven to work and was ready to get out of the car when I heard one of my coworkers shout, "Dennis, don't get out of your car." Looking around, I spotted two skunks sitting by the door just waiting for me. I am sure that if I had been unaware I would have stepped on one and would have smelled, in the words of the song, "to high heaven". Fairly soon it may be attack of the killer roaches or somesuch.

And as of this morn the rabbits are still there. With their buck teeth, innocent expressions, and Flair with notepad. Who's paranoid, me?



We Also Heard From: Seth Goldberg, Anita Cole, Richard Onley, Chris Estey, Burt Libe, Amy Harlib, Neal Wilgus, Cheryl Cline, R Laurraine Tutihasi, Zetta Dillie, Sherry Lendall, David Thayer, Wade Gilbreath, Robert Briggs, Joan Hanke-Woods, David Govaker, Mark R. Sharpe, Leslie David, Dave Szurek, Leah Fisher

All locs sent to RUNE from now on will go to the new editors (see next page). If you want to continue personal correspondence with Lee or Carol, please mail letters to their personal addresses (see next page).

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Meetings and other events

Dec. 31 -- Meeting/party - David Cargo's
and Steve Glennon's, 3040 Harriet Av.S.
Mpls. David, 822-4523

Jan. 10 -- Meeting - Denny Lien and Joyce
Scrivner, 2528-15th Av.S., Mpls.
722-5217

Jan. 11 -- Minicon meeting - David
Dyer-Bennet, 727 E. 28th St., Mpls.

Jan. 24 -- Meeting - Judy Cilcain
and Dan Goodman, 200 W. 27th St.,
Mpls. 871-6845

Feb. 7 -- Meeting - Joe Wesson and Garth
Danielson, 2640 Fillmore St. NE #1,
Mpls. 781-1107

* * * * *

Changes:

Change of Name -- The former Judy Curney
has taken a new name, Judy Cilcain

Change of Address --

David Cummer, Rachel Fang, Sarah Green,
Evan Morris -- 2845 Irving Av.S. #3,
Mpls. 55408

Kara Dalkey, Jacquie Marshall -- 3404
Emerson Av.S. #202, Mpls. 55408

Will Shetterly -- 1521 LaSalle Ave. #36,
Mpls. 55403

Jonathan Adams and Carol Kennedy -- 1828
Kenwood Parkway (upper), Mpls. 55405

Lee Pelton -- 1525 LaSalle Ave. #310,
Mpls. 55403

Floyd Henderson and Elizabeth LaVelle --
9837 Chicago Av.S., Bloomington

* * * * *

The Minn-STF board of directors recently discussed the matter of refreshments for meetings. It has been the custom for each person to "bring his/her own" munchables and drinkables if he/she wanted refreshments during the meeting. Many hosts have provided some supplies, and many people have brought enough to share with others; but this is not mandatory and should not be expected.

This system hasn't been working too well lately. There are many, many people who don't bring anything and who eat and drink what others bring. This usually seems not to be due to financial hardship, since these people will contribute money if someone else takes up a collection for a "munchie run". It is evidently due to forgetfulness or to not wanting to take the time and trouble to bring something.

If you have any ideas for solving this problem, the board would like to hear from you. For the time being, please remember to Bring Your Own -- and maybe some to share.

* New RUNE editors

* After considering the proposals
* submitted by those interested in taking
* over the editorship of RUNE, the board
* of directors selected the team of
* John Bartelt, Garth Danielson, and
* David Stever-Schnoes. Please send
* RUNE material to them from now on:

* John Bartelt, 3212½-1st Av.S., Mpls.
* 55408 822-1410

* Garth Danielson, 2640 Fillmore St. NE
* #1, Mpls. 55418 781-1107

* David Stever-Schnoes, 788 Dayton Av.,
* St. Paul 55104 292-9470

* Congratulations and good luck!

* * * * *

* Bookstore News

* Uncle Hugo's has recently expanded to
* about twice its former size.

* The owner of Uncle Hugo's, Don Blyly,
* opened a new bookstore on December 1.
* Uncle Edgar's is the Twin Cities' first
* mystery-oriented bookstore. Under
* the management of Kate Worley, Uncle
* Edgar's will seek to provide mystery
* fans with the books and the contacts
* that Uncle Hugo's has provided to
* SF fans. The new store is located
* next door to Uncle Hugo's.

* Lee Pelton, manager of Downtown Comics
* and Fantasy (710 Hennepin Ave.) is
* producing an exclusive line of T-shirts
* featuring the work of local artists.

*

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