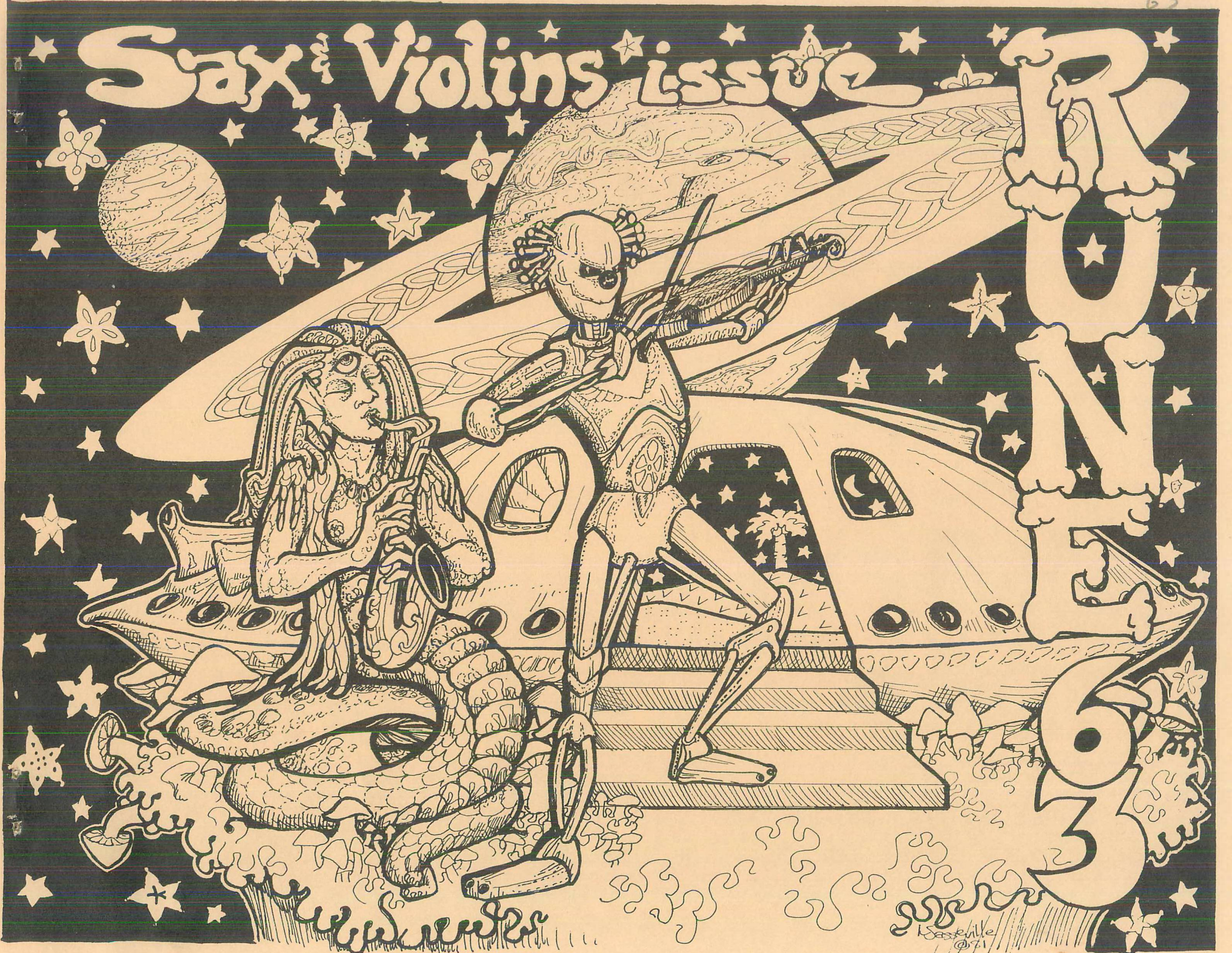


# Sax & Violins Issue

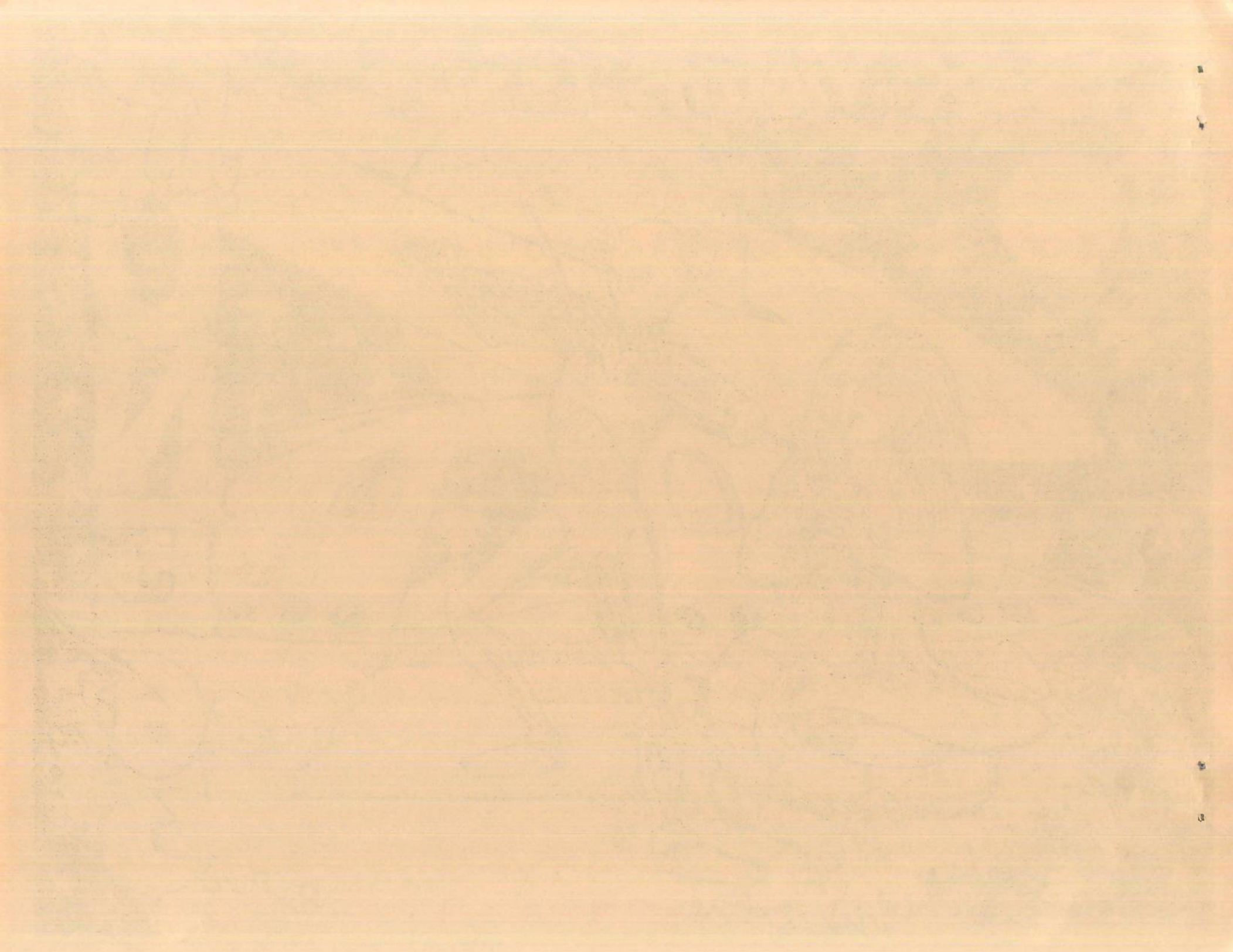
ROCK  
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Wendell

Kaseville  
©71







# RUNE

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Mn. 55104)

Letters edited by Garth Danielson.  
Consulting Editor Joe Wesson who  
didn't do his typ ng and now we  
get a chance to berate him in public.  
Printed by Garth Danielson.

Typing by John Bartelt, Garth Dan-  
ielson, David Stever-schnoes and  
Karen Trego.

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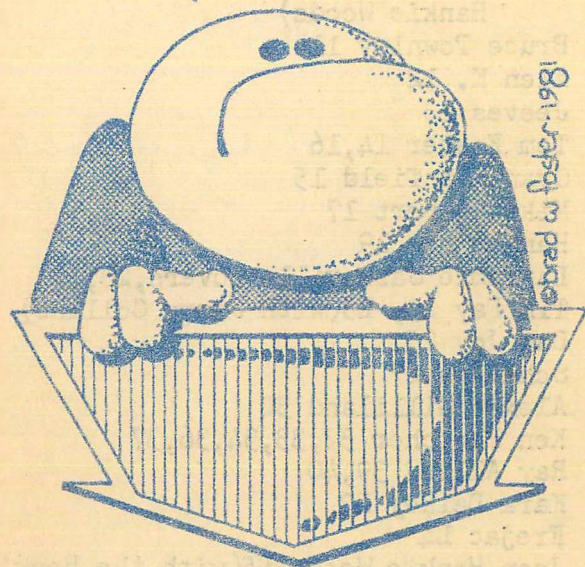
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There were several bunches of peo-  
ple who helped with the  
collating of the last issue but  
we lost the list. Thanks anyway.

the boys. nite.



MAY I PLEASE  
HAVE YOUR ATTENTION?  
THANK-YOU!



## EDITORIAL by JOHN BARTON

I've been spending idle moments the past several weeks trying to come up with some copy for this issue's editorial. I wanted to write about the state of fanzine fandom or some such deathless topic. Now something has set me off in a slightly different direction: this year's list of Hugo nominees for Best Fanzine. They are (in alphabetical order, with editor's name following): File 770 (Mike Glyer); Locus (Charles N. Brown); SF Chronicle (Andrew Porter); SF Review (Richard E. Gies); and Starship (Andrew Porter). This is ludicrous. For how many more years are worldcon committees going to duck the issue of defining what a fanzine is?

At least three (if not four) of these periodicals have no business being listed as "fanzines". Porter at one time even stated that Algol (Starship's previous, less blatantly commercial, name) should not be considered a fanzine for Hugo purposes--but here it is again. He and I have already disagreed on the amateur status of SF Chronicle, but I consider both it and Locus patently ineligible, in light of their obvious dependence on advertising revenues.

I think a lot of fans and fan editors would also object to the presence of SF Review, though here the objections are no longer quite so obvious. SF Review (formerly The Alien Critic, etc.) doesn't run ads any more (because, I think, Geis was worried about his amateur standing); and he does still trade with fanzines. But Geis does make money at it--a substantial portion of his income, as I understand it. But you can't tell that just by looking at it, so it starts to get sticky. You can't disqualify it just because it's too regular, too well-printed, or just too good to be a fanzine. (And Geis does turn out a good product--by fanzines standards, anyway.)

So there is really one fanzine nominated this year (two if you really stretch it). I repeat: this is ludicrous. I don't want to debate the philosophy of achieve-



ment awards ("We don't do this to win awards, we do it because we love it; blah blah, blah."), but if we are going to have awards--and it seems we will--why can't we make them reasonable and fair? As things stand now, the award offers none of the supposed benefits--encouraging people to do better, to produce the best they can--since amateur magazines can't compete with the (semi-)prozines to even be nominated (to say nothing of winning). The award only serves to feed the egos of a few people who have the time and money to invest in a small magazine, but who don't have the guts to declare themselves professionals. The need to be the big frog in the small pond is too much for them, apparently.

Perhaps I should be preaching to the fans, you might say, who nominated these zines, but don't seem to know what a fanzine is. Perhaps. But since this editorial isn't going to reach them anyway (and probably wouldn't sway them if it did), I have to point the finger at the worldcon committees. If we're going to let anything into the fanzine category that calls itself a fanzine, where will it stop? Why not vote in Starlog and Famous Monsters while we're at it? They're about science fiction and fans, after all. Presently, then, the FAAn awards (Fan Activity Achievement Awards) are the only meaningful fanzine awards. They lack the prestige and fame of the Hugos, but the Hugos could learn something from them. The categories are different, for one thing (single issues are nominated, rather than just a particular title, as an example). I'm not saying that getting a definition of "fanzine" that everyone can agree on is going to be easy, or even possible. Maybe a change of categories or structure is needed. But unless we start debating it now, things aren't going to improve.

A year and some months ago, Andrew Porter sent Minicon 16 an ad to run in the Program Book--an ad for SF Chronicle, with a check for \$10 (then the rate for "fannish" endeavors). It was my opinion, which was endorsed by the Minicon 16 committee, that SF Chronicle did not qualify for the "fan rate". So I sent Porter a bill for \$40 to make up the difference. He protested that he had never of the "pro rate" (which is odd, since all of our notices listed the pro (\$50) rate, though some did not mention the fan (\$10) rate), and that it was too a fanzine. Rather than than pay the forty bucks he said to cancel the whole deal--but of course, the ad was already printed, and that's the way it goes. His letter had a PS though: "If, by some chance, SFC is nominated for a fanzine Hugo, you guys are going to be in a strange position." Well, now SFC has been nominated for a fanzine Hugo--but we are still not in a strange position. Porter, and the Worldcon committee may be, but not us.

No, the Best Fanzine Hugo will not be a realistic award until wishy-washy worldcon committees stop shirking their responsibility and start laying down some cri-

BAH! FAKE FAN  
HYSTERIA.





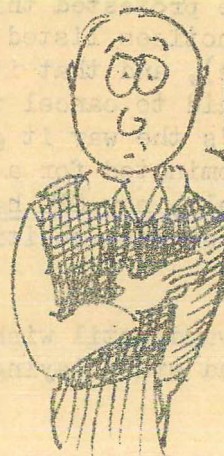
teria for defining the fanzine. Until then the whole charade is pointless.

Are you listening, Chicago?

\* \* \*

PS: The most recent issue of SFR (#39) has an interesting and relevant letter from Mike Glycer, editor of File 770. He attended the Noreascon II business meeting, where proposals for defining "fanzines" were discussed. The only example he cites is one which "would have ruled out any fanzine which was the primary source of income for its editor." (p. 38). Glycer labels this "unenforceable", because it would require auditing the books and records of fanzine publishers. In a strict sense that's true. Would it be terribly naive to suggest the honor system? He also asks, "Who is the Hugo being 'saved' for?" and lists the ten fanzines that got more than 18 nominations last year. They are: "...SFR, Thrust and Starship...semi-pro genzines. Locus, File 770 and Science Fiction Chronicle are newszines, and not a showcase for fanwriting or very much fan art. Janus and Rune are representative fanzines. Pyrotechnics and Future Focus I have never seen copies of...." (p.39). (I've never seen either of the last two, either; one or both are "techie" publications, I believe.) I don't agree with all he says, but it is another viewpoint--one could even suggest categories based on the first three groupings: semipro genzines; newszines and small genzines (?). --JB

4



WHEN I FIRST STARTED OUT  
IN THIS MESS, I USED TO  
READ ALL THE SF MAGA-  
ZINES... NOW I JUST READ  
PLAYBOY.

2MY/70



# David's EDITORIAL

by John Bartelt

Well, here we go again, with another big issue of RUNE. The way we're going, maybe we should go to a three-per-year schedule. At least it would save a little postage. And make it easier on us. Have to talk to the Board, I guess.

Anyway, this is supposed to be the "Altered States" issue (go ask John--it was his idea); I call it "Altered Realities". A lot of stuff has some connection to the theme, if you look hard, and use your imagination. There's a quiz at the end.

The reactions and non-reactions to our first issue sure were interesting. You can see some of that in the letter column. We don't hear that much from locals though--even though it's supposed to be "their" magazine. That's OK, I guess--we're having fun, doing what we want. We try not to take anything too seriously. And if we see somebody taking something too seriously, then we'll use sarcasm (dramatic irony; metaphor; parody; satire; and all the rest of that oh-so-fannish reference). Joe says we'll get away with whatever we can. John (when he's in town) just keeps whining, "We can't print that!" Occasionally Garth moans about all the printing. But somehow the typing gets done, and the issue gets put together without the four of us killing each other.

We've got special projects in mind for the next few issues--but the plans aren't finalized yet, so you'll just have to wait and see, like us. Meanwhile, if you have some ideas or suggestions for things you'd like to see in RUNE, or actual contributions, drop in at the Main Grain on Nicollet and tell us about them. Maybe we'll share our shoebox full of french fries with you.

"Fanzines are like bricks--sometimes you have to hit people over the head with them." --Garth Danielson



Garth's Editorial not by John Bartelt

by

Garth Danielson

A long time before I got into Mnstf, Mnstf used to be full of fans. Now, I'm not saying that Mnstf isn't full of fans. It sure is full of fans but a long time ago it was filled with different kinds of fans.

Now these fans had odd jobs and some of them went out and some of them were just a little weird. Some of them were a lot weird. Mostly they were the fanzine fans. Some of them weren't weird and a lot of them turned out to be con fans. They tended to be the sort of "professional type". They had good paying jobs. A lot of them were lawyers, or computer programmers. The first batch of fans tended to lay about a lot.

One day while all the fans were playing who was the best fan, there was a war. It was more like a cold war. Things got a little hot and suddenly there was a new gang on the streets. Some sercon professionals took to partying in another part of town.

So time passed and the sercon people stopped coming around and visiting. Mnstf went on as usual collecting new fans.

Eventually Mnstf was full of fans like the old days. Somewhere a little weird and some were pretty weird and some were not.

Then it happened. A long with the usual influx of fans pouring into this modern midwestern mecca were some pretty weird ~~characters~~ fans who started coming around once in a while and making noise. It wasn't new noise, it was old noise. But, noise is noise and things tend to go in cycles and soon there was yet another group of fans partying in another part of town and they didn't invite Barney Neufeld to their parties. For some reason this group called themselves the Bozo's and they had a sort of a headquarters in an apartment complex sometimes called the Bozo Bus Building.. It got it's name from the other group of fans who used to call themselves the Bozo's. They lived in the Bozo Bus Building. It's a little more streamlined in this the Modern world...The Boz.

When it got named it used to be full of people who were pretty weird, but they all moved away to be replaced by another group of pretty weird people.

So now Mnstf isn't as badly split by this sudden offshoot but there is a certain difference of opinion on life style. Most of the fans who are in Mnstf are straight, normal(sort of), 9-5, job-holding, fairly responsible young and old adults. Most of the

people in the group of Bozo's are irresponsible, carefree Merry Prankster decendents, bent on a good time.

Some differnet things have a way of being the same.

So now this is the second issue of Rune and tonight (July 12th) there was a death of the Boz party and there was talk. It was a good time and only sort of like the last two summers. It was fun. The Boz passed away and it will be missed. The Bozo's passed away a little while we were sitting on the 4th floor porch and looking out at the freeway and the never ending stream of cars and firing bottle rockets at the world below.(Don't write.)

Our talk turned to Rune like a broken record.

"No one likes it," said John, relating his conversation with Carol Kennedy. People told her but no names.

Who doesn't like it?

What don't you like about it?

Why don't you tell us. We're the editors. I've heard this was a problem...no loval response. No action/reaction in the open. IN OUR FACES. We can take it. I've had it from the best.

It comes to me that Rune is a clubzine. But all the while it relects the style and personality of the editor before it reflects the reality of the club. Rune doesn't reflect our gang personalities but it does reflect some of the ideology we stand near. Mostly we want to be entertaining, with out being bland and boring. Mostly we'll be different. Garth



# ATTACK OF THE WERE-DROBES

by  
JIM YOUNG

The Sever(7) early warning signs  
of the Men in Black c Charles Fort.

1. Ill fitting black garb.
2. Strange hair cut.
3. Odd laugh.
4. Even odder body odor.
5. Pasty white complexion, like  
an old pizza.
6. Tends to cellulite and globular  
shape.
7. Traces of spit when talking.

David Stever-Schnoes and David Cummer

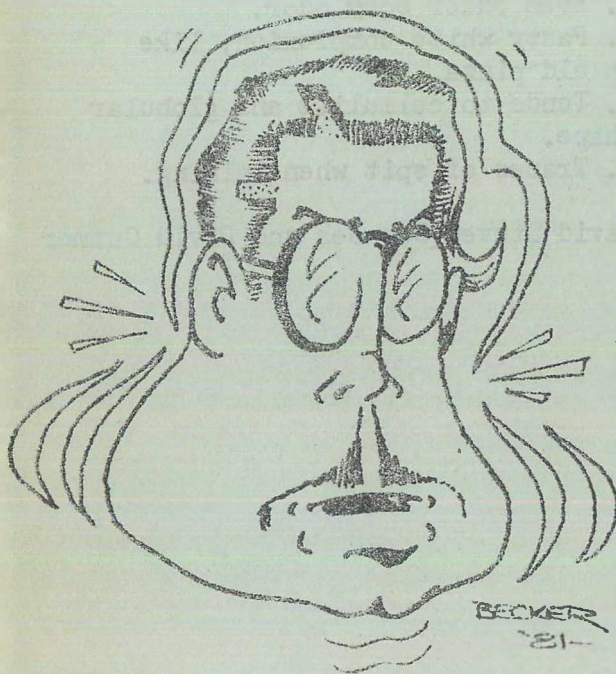
I'm not certain when, on the face of it, I first became aware of the drobes. It must have been some time during the mid-1970s, in the dusty back halls of a rickety old convention hotel, that I first noticed the shambling of strange creatures--some covered with fur, some in armor, all of them sharing in common a certain half-human glare and an odd, crouching walk. At the time I chalked it up to a mere matter of a blip in the weirdness vector--for even back then, in the misty ethereal reaches of that lost age, perhaps five or six years ago, science fiction conventions had declined from being Very Epic to Epic and, even then, had begun to verge on the Dull. Weirdness alone accounted for it, I told myself--for all the half-human drooling of the fannish masses robed in outlandish gear which, strangest of all, they never took off or changed all during a convention.

Little did I realize the enormous, penultimate depths of ponderous banality to which these lost souls would sink. In fact it wasn't until Noreascon II, held in Boston in the ethereal lost age of 1980 A.D., that I ran into a man named Derek Carter who revealed a portion of a truth too great for even a Lovecraft to swallow: those--beings--wearing the costumes at conventions weren't human. They were drobes.

I was illuminated by this remark. The veil of all the years passed from my eyes and I realized that this was part of a fannish invasion, just like Claude Degler's suckers back in the 1930s, just like the Insurgents, just like the invasion of the Multiple Vardemans. As I was to discover at Noreascon II, however, the most recent movement of non-humans through fandom may be the most sinister of all.

Perhaps I should explain something of the Multiple Vardeman Phenomena first, so that you can understand the rest. Simply put, Bob Vardeman used to have a lot of simulacra of himself wandering around at conventions; people would claim to have seen him in ten different places simultaneously just as we walked back from





the party-suite bathtub with a can of Leopard Lime pop. (Ten points to the oldster who can guess which Worldcon that was by the name of the soft drink.) In the past several years, the phenomena hasn't occurred to my knowledge. Let me add that Vardeman and I have shared a brush with the Really Weird, something that actually scares me when I think back on it. What I'm going to tell you about really happened, and though it may not be directly germane to the drobes, it does illustrate something about them.

I should preface this by saying that my brother and his family were transferred to Phoenix in 1975, and in 1977 I drove down there for Christmas. My mother had flown to Arizona a couple of weeks before, and so I drove my venerable (and now demised) Datsun through the southwest, and stopped in Albuquerque to visit Vardeman. That was my first visit to New Mexico, so Bob took me over to the Old Town section of the city, where we had an excellent Mexican dinner. Afterwards we watched an enactment, in rotten Texican Spanish, of Joseph and Mary looking for a motel room. The principals were played by kids no more than 10 years old, and the owner of the restaurant in which we had eaten played the inn-keeper. Quite a crowd had gathered to watch, and Vardeman and I walked over to look at the cathedral while the crowd dispersed. (I don't mind playing the tourist.)

We then walked back toward Vardeman's car. In the Old Town square all the sidewalks are wooden, covered over by a rough-hewn roof just like the typical Wed Western town in all the cowboy pictures you ever saw as a kid. Only these sidewalks are very well lit, and all the stores are glitzy boutiques.

That's when we saw it -- or him, or whatever it was.

At first it was just a short, slightly built man walking towards us, waving two lucite rods, about 18 inches long, before him as though he were prospecting for something. The lucite rods had lights on them -- maybe nothing more than the moral equivalent of a penlight -- and they were connected by wires to a shoulder bag which appeared to be nothing more than a camera case. Thinking back on it, he handled the rods something like dowsing rods, though they weren't curved; they were just lucite dowels.

It was that camera case of his that was anachronistic: it was right out of the late 1970s, but his black suitcoat was a wrinkled 1958 narrow lapel model, set off by a thin dark tie and a white shirt (very wrinkled). For a moment I took him for a punker because his hair was crew cut. As he walked right past Vardeman and I, however, I saw that his hair wasn't just punked out, it was cut unevenly -- swatches of it as much as a quarter of an inch higher than other parts. His face was undefinable: from a distance it had looked like a standard American Suburban issue, but close up it had no age. True, he had some pimples, but there was too much contour for him to have been a teenybopper; he might easily have been in his late thirties.

When I first caught sight of this apparition I was going to ask him what the two illuminated lucite rods were for. But when Vardeman and I got nearer and I could see the guy's face, I got scared. I really did. Queasy stomach, gooseflesh, the



whole business. All right, I admit that I over-react all the time, that I don't think I'd ever go to see Psycho again (it scared me too deeply when I saw it at age eight), and sometimes I get pretty spooky. But this was different.

This was a Man in Black. I'd never heard that term when Vardeman and I saw the guy. A couple of years later, at a party after a Minicon, Bob and I were telling the story to a group of people which included Bob Tucker. Nobody believed us. Joe Wesson must have, however; he said, "You saw a Man In Black." As he spoke the hair on my neck pricked up and my skin crawled.

Wesson went on to explain a little about how Men in Black are seen after flying saucer sightings, how they seem to drive up in black Cadillacs, and how they seem to wear consistently dated clothing. Subsequently Ken Fletcher had me read a book that described their appearances in the 1950s and 1960s, both in the US and elsewhere. I've come away convinced that there really are groups of the Epic Weird who follow saucer sightings and make a consistent effort to freak people out -- perhaps in some cases, to terrorize those who report sightings to newspapers, TV stations, or the Air Force. Sound like a cult to you? It does to me, and it even makes some sense when you understand that there were huge numbers of saucer sightings over Albuquerque in December 1977, especially in the two weeks just before Christmas.

I should add that Vardeman was strongly affected by the guys looks too. I made some crack about people being let out of the local institutions for Christmas after the Saucer Punk had walked past us, and Vardeman concurred.

As I said, this was one of the only two brushes with the Really Weird I've had in my life. (The other occurred when my grandmother had a dream predicting my father's death the day before he died.) Perhaps I've been sheltered. I'm certainly not into the occult, and don't intend to be. Consequently the memory of the Man in Black I saw in Albuquerque lingers especially strong when I find myself in a convention hotel filled to a large extent with people who are in costume, and the masquerade ball isn't scheduled for three more days.

Perhaps it's just another one of my typical over-reactions, but it seems to me that people who wear a single costume throughout a convention are trying to create a persona in order to get away with doing weird things. What's more, wearing a costume outside the hotel allows them to be somebody else on the street, where (most likely) no one will know them or care that they're



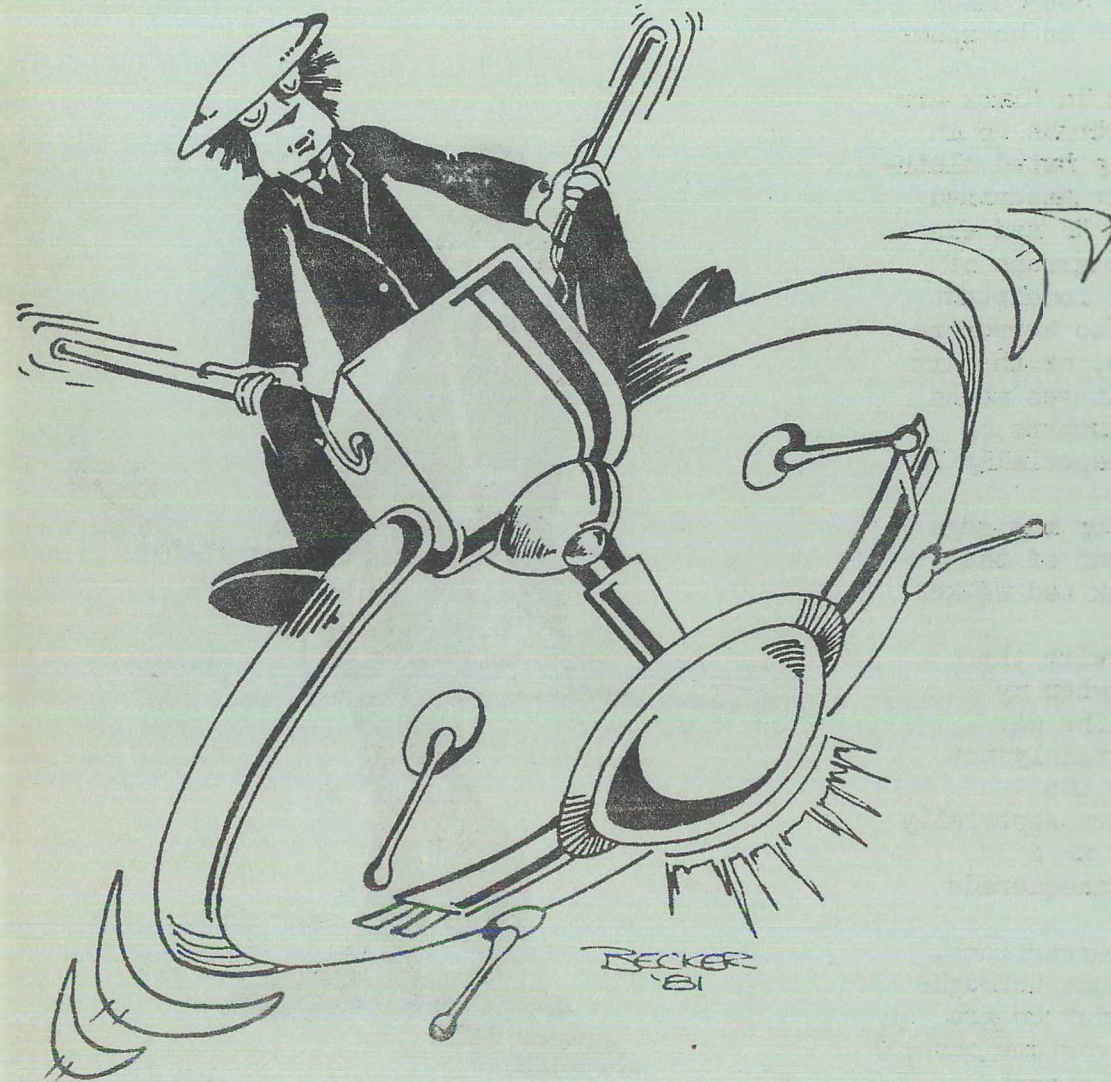


air-swimming against a "Don't Walk" sign, or having a mock sword fight in a McDonalds, or whatever.

This is a clear case of "Shriner's Syndrome" coming into play in fandom. For, much like the Shriner's Club, fandom has become a place where increasing numbers of people come to dress up and pretend to be somebody else. Nothing wrong with that, of course; but it's significantly different from the fandom in which I grew up, committed at it was to Truth, Justice, Freedom, Art and Literature, One Fandom, One APA, so help you Redd Boggs.

So when Derek Carter and I were chatting in the lobby of the Sheraton Boston and he came up with the term "droles" on the spot, Derek set in order a whole series of synapses in my brain that made me wonder if any group (other than the Society for Creative Anachronisms) had considered why they were in costume; moreover if there might not be some demented genius, some letter-day Claude Degler, who would seek to unite the droles in some new Cosmic Circle.

For if the Men in Black are as organized as suggested by even the sketchy research I've done, then think what the droles might become. After all, fans are slans.





TREES DIED FOR THIS

LUKE MCGUFF

WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG #18-19: Brian Earl Brown,  
16711 Burt Rd., #207, Detroit, MI 48219

Brian Earl Brown not only publishes Mad Scientist's Digest and Seldon's Plan, but an "almost quarterly" fanzine review fanzine (long live recursion) called THE WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG (WoFan to you, buddy). This is, as he mentions in passing, a thankless task. But Brian Earl Brown has taken his lumps from the Hyperfanac School of Hard Knox. He o-e's apas in his sleep and eats ditto-toting punks for breakfast. Watch it, kid, life is rough in the big shitty. Brian Earl Brown shows you how to take it. After a few issues, you know his prejudices, and can tell whether you'll like a zine by what he says. His reviews are terse. 150 words? Long winded. Good, I say. Fanzines are worth only the flippant comments he gives them. He's already affected this column, because some of the fanzines are reviewed both here and there... and everywhere. Brian Earl Brown reviews everything he gets and he gets almost everything. That's why WoFan is a thankless task: any other fanzine reviewer is outmoded and declassified. WoFan is worth subscribing to. You'll see a few zines every issue worth sending for. You may even see your own....

BRASSOR 8: Marty Levine,  
1023 Elizabeth St., Pittsburgh, PA 15221

BRASSOR was a really great fanzine. Oh, it makes me sad to have to say "was". This is the seventh and final issue, almost exclusively taken up with Marty Levine's thoughts on graduation, fandom, the friends he's made, gaffiation, etc.

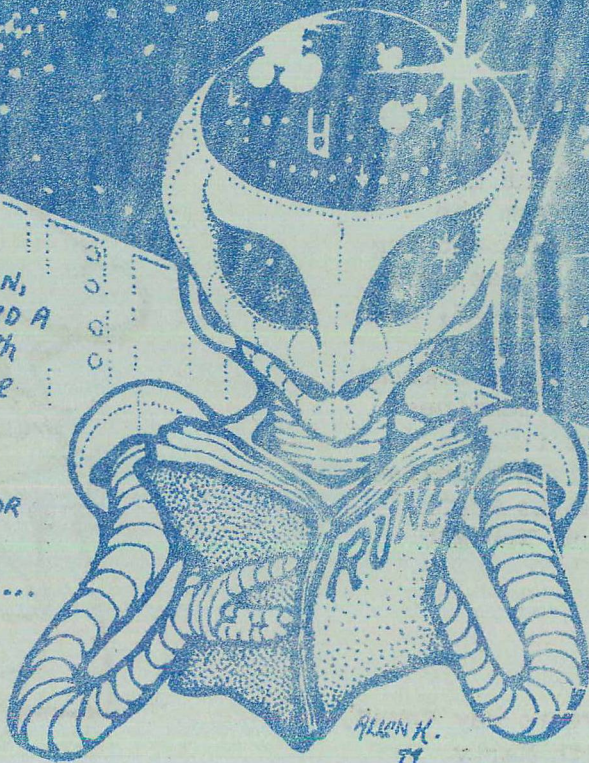
A friend to whom I lent a copy of BRASSOR said Marty would be an interesting person to meet once he got out of college and into the real world. BRASSOR was a chronicle of his college life. One could follow the changes from issue to

IF MY CALCULATIONS ARE  
CORRECT THEN GOD WAS A  
BRONTOSAURUS KILLED WHEN  
HE WAS MIAED IN A SLIME  
PIT SOMETIME IN THE LATE  
JURASSIC. WHAT WILL THE  
EXISTENTIALISTS HAVE TO SAY  
ABOUT THIS?





...AND this publication,  
students, WAS CALLED A  
"FANZINE", AND WITH  
CAREFUL study of the  
CONTENTS WE CAN  
GAIN MUCH INSIGHT  
INTO THE REASONS FOR  
the collapse of  
EARTH'S CIVILIZATION....



issue, as Marty reached out to the world around him. Travelling to Los Angeles, a couple of conventions, concerts, classes. Still, college is very insular, and it's sad that he isn't continuing BRASSOR after graduation.

The feeling of BRASSOR has always been warm and open. Marty Levine is an empathetic, thoughtful man. The lettercolumn was always full of people responding to him on that level. Frequently, loccols in most zines strike me as so much natter, hacked out only to get the next ish. I've written more than a few of those myself. People wrote thoughtful locs to BRASSOR because it was the kind of fanzine you'd put down and think about. Pretty rare.

Not only that, BRASSOR was very well produced. It was folded digest size and xeroxed. Too bad a good xerox is hard to find. Marty Levine sure had access to one. Any xerox fanzine I've seen could benefit from a long analytical look at BRASSOR. The four issues I could find in my rather disorderly fanzine box all have center-folds by artists like Joan Hanke Woods, Steven Fox, and Mark & Lyle Tucker; two of these are illustrations to poems printed overleaf. Very few editors are willing to showcase an artist's work to the extent of giving them a full page. (One brilliant exception is the HOLIER THAN THOU completely illustrated by Joan Hanke Woods.) Not only that, but BRASSOR had wraparound covers. The last one, of "one million, five hundred thousand eight hundred and twelve wire hair fox terrier puppies," is my favorite. They're all there, in the last BRASSOR. Sorry to see it go.

THE BIMONTHLY MONTHLY: Robert Runte, 10957-88 Ave.  
Edmonton, Alta., T6G 0Y9 CANADA  
(Note: 2 copies for trade)

The editors of The Monthly Monthly have switched to a bimonthly schedule without a hitch in their stunning, disgusting regularity. Sure enough, two months after TMM 13, TBM 14 appears in mailboxes throughout the world. Well, close to it.

Instead of a multi-page extravaganza, this cover is "simple". Handmade potato stamps, done by seven of the ten members of the Gang of Four, with seven different



colors. That makes every copy unique. Hurrah hurrah, say I, drive the collectors crazy.

The editor this issue is Dave Vereschagin; his editorial ("Cast Adrift in the 20th Century") wanders around Edmonton late at night, ending up sitting in a park with a strange woman. I sometimes think this editorial is "about" David Vereschagin refusing to have fun, but that's irrelevant. The mood it expressed was very evocative, and one I've felt before.

The lead article is an amusing tale of terror in a sex paraphernalia shop. Steve George does a good job of making an embarrassing situation funny (or maybe he wasn't embarrassed at all).

Right after that is an article from Tony Strelkov, about life without much petroleum. He makes a pretty good case for living in the hills in Argentina; when "civilization as we know it" collapses, I'd rather be there than here. But the "roughing it" aspect of his article reminds me of the sci-fi story in which the asteroid homesteaders were shocked to learn their wives would have to spend fifteen minutes programming each meal. Even though he feels closer to the peons on the farm because he works for them, still the physical work for him is a luxury, a break from classes at the university. I say this in spite of the very real pain Strelkov probably feels at the end of a day. He's already in another universe than the peons: he gets mail from North America. This is the kind of situation I consider an illustration that wealth has little to do with money.

Then there's--ta-da--fanzine reviews. Okey-dokey fanzine reviews of several of the best major genzines of today. Plus an exhaustive listing of all the fanzines they've received. Then there are two lettercolumns (with two letters of the month, also). The issue winds down with a few regular features: "Party Favourites" and "Monthend Update". A swell way to end a fanzine. Let's you down easy.

GROGGY TALES #12: Eric Mayer and Kathy Malone  
140F Powers Lane, Rochester, NY 14626

GROGGY TALES is the dittoed personalzine of Eric Mayer. He illustrates it himself with color ditto and hectographic drawings that use an impressive variety of techniques, and are very well executed. Ditto has become my favorite form of reproduction (but one), because it's the cheapest and also the most versatile. There are more colors of mimeo ink than ditto masters, but multicolor ditto work is done with one pass. Color xerox is better than anything, but more expensive than everything.

The two main articles are both about simultaneous gains and losses. "The







AIN'T NO  
AFTER  
WHILE CRO-  
ODILES HERE,  
IT'S RIGHT  
NOW AND HOW  
WITH THE  
DISCO-GATORS  
AND THE  
AMPHIBIETTES  
A GAGGLE OF  
GYRATING GEN-  
EROSITY THAT  
WILL NEVER SEE  
TO IT LATER  
ALLIGATOR!



Giant Rutabaga" is about a stunt Eric's grandfather pulled. He loses the Rutabaga and gains a new perspective of his grandfather. The other situation is much more important: The reaction he and Kathy Malone had to the murder of John Lennon, and the birth of their daughter, Fleur Deirdre. The article is filled throughout with questions I first thought peevish; as they continued, they built in effect until the real emotion broke through to me. These questions are given to us in movies and TV shows long before we face them ourselves. Then the questions become immediately real.

When Eric writes a story, it has echoes up and down his life. The rutabaga story was about a childhood experience, but started in the garden in Weehawken. The story about Fleur Deirdre's birth has recollections of the ultimate pediatrician.

Eric Mayer is just a really great writer. There's an occasional touch of the hardboiled, too, from all the John D. MacDonald books he's been reading.

OALD BORE'S TALES OF THE EXPECTED: Nigel Sellars,  
411 Sante Fe, Norman, OK 73069

OALD BORE'S TALES OF THE EXPECTED is exactly that: What you'd expect from a competently enough done, unambitious first fanzine. The editor even calls it "a one shot (maybe)", which I hope won't discourage response too much.

TALES OF THE EXPECTED is Nigel Sellars' personalzine. While not outstanding, the writing isn't as actively bad as the writing in some fanzines that have published numerous issues and have lots of readers.

The first thing is a typical firstish editorial. Then, four articles, all of which show a competence at writing that deserves to be sharpened.

The highlight (for me) was "Getting Filked", a long and detailed explanation of the filksinging scene. Admittedly, Sellars' viewpoint is one of disenchantment with the scene, but I think his reports are pretty accurate. Basically, he verifies what was my hunch: filkers are generally ignorant of folk music and are poor musicians. Some are quite good, knowing a variety of playing and musical styles. Most of the rest are quite bad.

I hope Nigel Sellars keeps writing and keeps practicing.



ANVIL 16: P. O. Box 57031, Birmingham, AL 35259

ANVIL 16 begins with a sickening editorial that set my teeth on edge. It explained, in no uncertain terms, why the editor is too chicken to give a future potential Robert Silverberg or Harlan Ellison (or any other writer who 1st wrote for fanzines) the chance to be bad and get published. In other words, to quote: "There is an unspoken law among all the 'quality' faneds of my acquaintance: Don't publish fiction. Don't ever publish fiction." I've seen that same "unwritten law" discussed in other editorials, and it bothered me then.

The editor blames the influx of trekker fans and trekker fanfic for destroying "real" fanfic. Actually, I think it has more to do with the largeness of fandom, as he says earlier on. There is a big risk in publishing fiction, especially when coming up against attitudes like this: "Perhaps if a few zines began to publish more fiction and if a few people could be persuaded to submit more fiction, then things might turn around. I only know I don't intend to lead ANVIL down that road unless it has company."

Let's get back to television: Early TV was innovative and exciting. There was a community of people working together exploring new territory. Early fandom is comparable to early TV, in the community sense. And contemporary fandom is comparable to corporate television, in the junior executive sense.

Minf you, I'm not calling for every editor to start publishing bad stories. But sci-fi writing has gotten so pretentious that people are afraid to be bad for the sake of fun. You could be horrible in Astounding and get raving letters of support. Later, you could be horrible in fanzines. Now, fanzines won't touch fiction and there's no such thing as rough gems in the land of Ph.D. theses.

Excuse me. Somewhere in the editorial, there is a list of what makes a fanzine "good": "Good paper, good repro, good art and most of all, good writing." ANVIL has the first two and those only.





INTERGALACTIC STARBARN #2: Joe Alt & Mike Smith  
c/o Mike Smith, 3006 W. 44th St. #2, Mpls, MN 55410

You could call INTERGALACTIC STARBARN a "series of drunken one shots" but that would be doing the editors a disservice. It certainly has the look of a fanzine put together by friends who only see each other a couple of times a year. Whatever substance is consumed to make these encounters more memorable is a matter of preference, not judgement.

IS #2 is the most, uh, chaotic fanzine I've ever seen. The smelly repro makes it look like even the xerox machine was getting in on the good times. The editors promise better repro next time, but, heh heh, don't get the machine wasted, huh? No, I'm just cartooning.

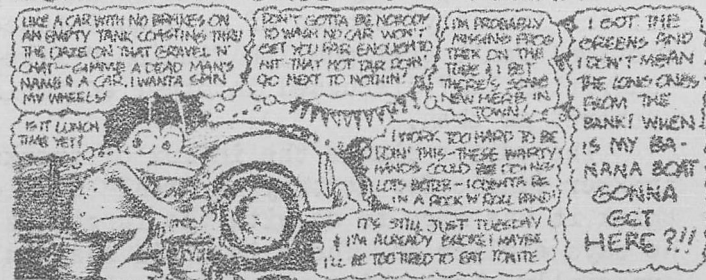
So what happens when friends get together and do a fanzine in a couple of nights, more or less? Well, not much of any interest outside of a small circle of friends, to tell the truth.

INTERGALACTIC STARBARN is trendily adept at using newspaper clippings, instant collages and art, scribbles, bad typing. The problem with bad typing being a trend in fanzines is that it's only annoying when you read somebody else's fanzine. Healthy doses of handprinting are found throughout. Neatly enough, the table of contents doesn't appear until halfway through. It was preceded by a second editorial, discussing the evolution of the zine as it was being done. I liked that, it fit in with the spirit of the whole concept. There are even two poems by the first "Intergalactic Starbarn Fan", which are good enough, too. My favorite items in the zine were "Sid the Cat" and the cover, which features Fred and Ginger cutting the rug at the Intergalactic Starbarn itself.

THE SCIENCE FICTION MONITOR: Eddie Abel,  
521 E. 14th Ave. #18-A, Denver, CO 80203

THE SCIENCE FICTION MONITOR emulates Science Fiction Review in many ways: there are extensive listings of fanzines and books, small press items, comics, and long ramblings by the editor. The only thing missing is a good lettercolumn. Eddie Abel has even been involved in the pornography scene, as a bookseller. The bulk of SFM is made up of the "documentary" of his prison experiences. He was convicted of selling pornography: this issue even features an open letter to the judge who did the sentencing. It's extremely angry, full of invective and name

SOME PEOPLES STILL HASTO WORK! WATCH ME NOW



OTHERS JUST BOOGIE.....



CROSS FROM MARS in: "ROCK N' ROLL REPTILES" ©1978 T. FOSTER



calling trivializes his statements, buries the reason under layers of bitterness. Most people won't bother to figure it out, and will get carried away with the harangue.

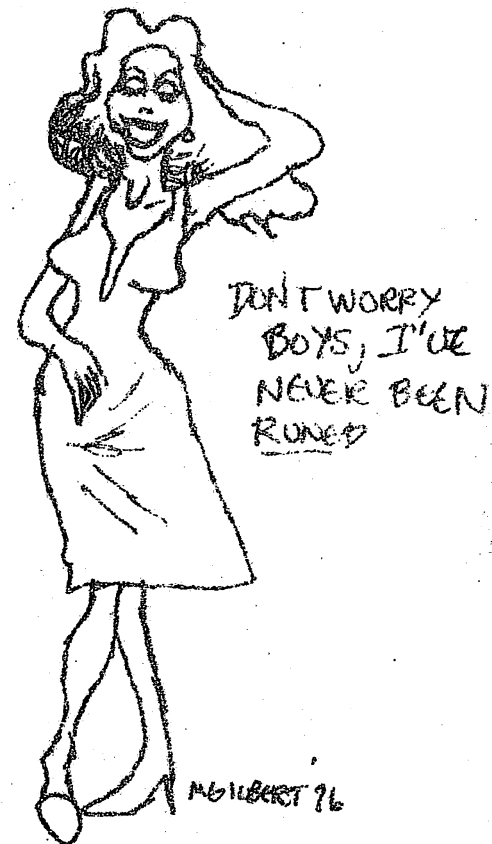
To tell the truth, I was more enthusiastic about SFM before seeing it. There's something about it that's very dense and off-putting to me.

TELOS #3: Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden,  
4712 Fremont Ave. N., Seattle, WA 98103

TELOS #3 is reviewed in both THE BIMONTHLY MONTHLY and WoFan, so there is something of a consensus: this is a really great fanzine. Four editors means a thicket of editorials to wade through, but all were well written and lucid.

I gritted my teeth through the first part of Gary Farber's editorial (pausing only to snicker at "...the young fan who thinks the fanzines coming in now are just terrific, and anyone who doesn't think so is mistaken, dumb, snobbish, and gonna get a fat lip anyhow....", my sentiments exactly, heh heh heh) until I got to the point: that things are really interesting, that while there is no such thing as one fandom, there are networks of many different kinds. Nobody gets every fanzine anymore, and I hope that there are networks of fanzines unreachable by RUNE. Or even TELOS.

But almost every article or cartoon is by someone who seems almost legendary to me: I've heard more about them than I've seen of them. And, hot damn, almost everything is excellent. There is an impressively well-produced page by Reed Waller, offset on different stock. Jay Kinney contributes three pages of biting social comment; the drawings are rough, but the wit is as sharp as his underground work. Holy cow, I must be in a good mood or something. Send away for TELOS.





In an interview published in the Washington Star, the Arizona Republican reserved his sharpest words for Moral Majority leader Jerry Falwell, who condemned President Reagan's choice of O'Connor. Falwell said the jurist "is opposed to attempts to curb the biological holocaust that has taken the lives of more than 10 million innocent babies" since the supreme court's 1973 decision recognizing a right to an abortion.

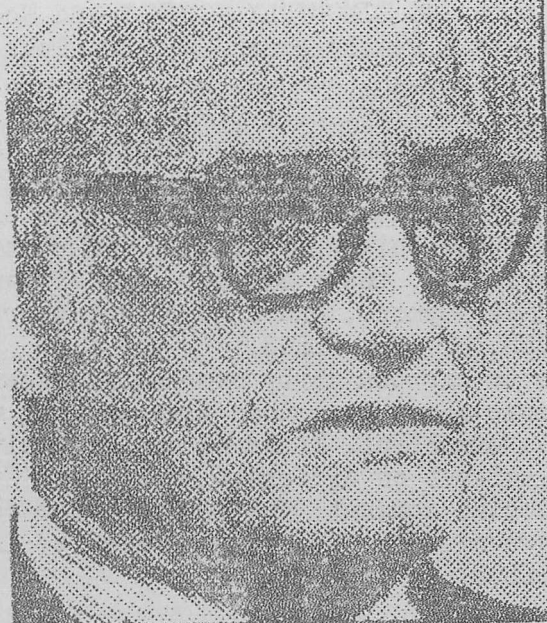
Goldwater responded, "I think that every good Christian ought to kick Falwell right in the ass!"

(Cal Thomas, vice president of the Moral Majority, replied that "the comment by Sen. Goldwater is beneath the dignity of a U.S. senator.")

Goldwater continued, "I am getting a little tired of people in this country raising hell because they don't happen to subscribe to the position a person has."

# Goldwater denounces

single-issue



Sen. Barry Goldwater

# groups



# SPECIAL WHEN LIT by DAVID EMERSON

I was playing TIME WARP the other day and something strange happened. At least I think it happened.

Ever play TIME WARP? It's not a great machine, but it has some interesting features. It's basically pretty simple -- just three rollovers, a suacer, a couple of banks of drop targets, and a bullseye -- but it's got these weird curved flippers. They make it real easy to trap, and I guess you could do backhand flips, but it's really hard to aim your shots. Everything seems to go in the wrong direction.

Not only that, but almost anything you can do -- targets, rollovers, activating features -- gets cancelled when you drain, so you have to do it all on one ball. For example, if you get the three rollovers at the top (cleverly named A, B, and C), all that happens is that a little light comes on saying, "lighting A, B, and C lights bullseye for special". So to get a special, you have to -- on one ball, mind you, roll over A, B, C, then get them all a second time, then hit the bullseye, which is, of course, at the end of a long, curved alley which is nearly impossible to aim at with those curved flippers.

Well, I did it.

Just this once, I had hit a lucky streak and had been able to keep the ball in play for longer than ever before; and in the course of the play I managed to hit all three rollovers twice, and got a lucky

A Column

by Greg Ketter

"Jiggle For Jesus"

Have you heard about the latest Jerry Falwell purge? It seems our favorite Moral Majority leader has decided television is chock full of bad stuff and he wants it changed. The Reverend has proposed national boycotts of sponsors of such shows as "Charlie's Angels" (canceled-- see, it's already working), "Dukes of Hazzard", ad nauseum.

My reaction to the whole situation is "Why bother?". To me, commercial television will never be an artistic or critical success until the American public acquires some taste. I won't hold my breath.

But the question I ask is "What will (would) Falwell replace the objectionable programs with?".





the objectionable programs with?". The answers I can come with worry me....

Jerry's Angels: Padre Jerry sends his intrepid threesome (Sisters Emilia Lawrence (Larry), Josephina Moses (Moe), and Bubbles La Rue (Curly)) into suicidal undercover assignments where there must be at least one chase scene (no one can exceed the speed limit, run red lights, etc.); one confrontation with a mad rapist/robber/killer who will eventually recognize and forsake his evil ways and become an instrument of the Lord; and one heavy prayer session to atone for the evil thoughts we had watching Sister La Rue run from the rapist/robber/killer. This show opens up whole new vistas and creates a new meaning for TA. Tuesday at 9:00.

Three's Company: Starring the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Pilot episode involves Son performing a miracle on a young lass who falls hopelessly in love with him, while Father gets trapped in an elevator with Che Rivera. Zany Holy Ghost has an obscene proposition made to her which she doesn't understand. An ecumenical lguh riot. Thursday at 8:30.

Bowling for Indulgences: 'Nuff said.

shot up that alley. The ball almost didn't have enough momentum to make it, but it crawled up to the top and nudged the target.

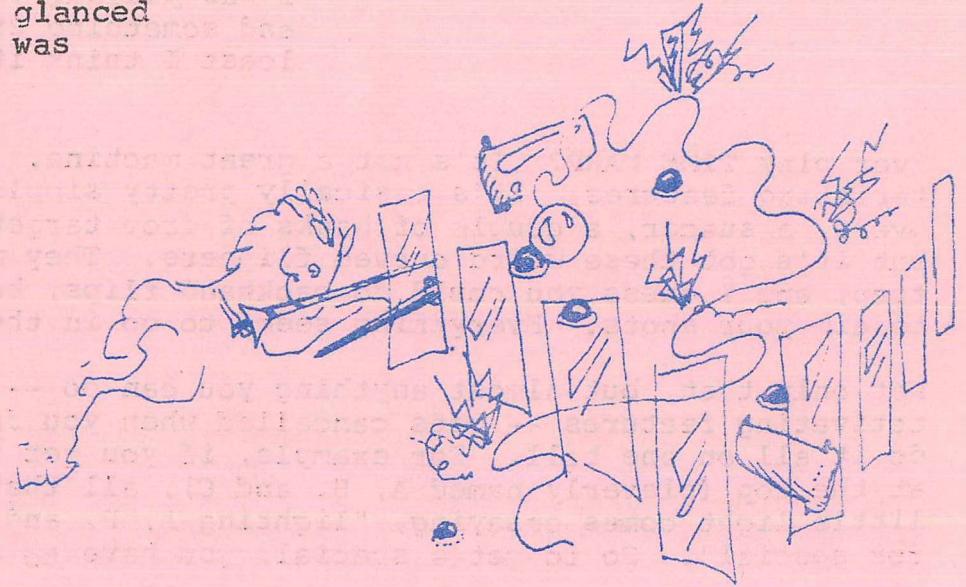
Now, I had thought that "special" meant a free game. But when the ball touched the target, something quite special did indeed happen. The table changed.

Suddenly, all the bumpers were in different places, most of the drop targets disappeared, the whole layout of the playfield was altered, and the flippers had shrunk to two-thirds their size. But the ball was still in play, and I kept flipping and bumping to keep it that way. After a while I glanced at the backboard. It was decorated with bobby-soxers and a juke-box.

I recognized the table. I had played it in an airport a few years ago. There was something about hitting four drop targets, one in each corner of the the field. My lucky streak held, and I eventually managed to get them all. And the table changed again.

This one I recognized right away. Sharpshooter. Aaarrgh! I hate this machine. You have to make five rollovers, spelling out S-H-A-R-P, and seven drop targets, spelling out S-H-O-O-T-E-R. On one ball, of course. Well, I was game. I licked my lips. Sure was hot and dry all of a sudden.

As the ball was slowly bouncing around at the top of the table, I looked around me quickly. I was in a desert. Sand, cacti, lizards, bleached animal skull, the whole bit. Weird, I thought. What on





Earth is going on? But the ball is falling again and I nudged it into another rollover lane to spot another letter. Soon I had my hands full.

As the play went on, my hands started to get tired and sore. I prayed they wouldn't cramp. I had figured that whatever was happening to me, the only way out was to keep playing. And I had to get out. Every time the ball hit a bumper it sounded like rifle fire. It's getting weirder and I'm getting tireder, I thought. I don't think I can make all those rollovers.

Just then the gunslinger painted on the table seemed to turn and point his six-shooter straight at me. I slapped the flippers in panic, and a bullet grazed my ear and smashed into the backboard. All the lights on the table blinked off and on about five or six times. Then the desert blinked off with it.

Another blink and the world returned, this time a medieval world with a jousting tourney in full swing. I was sitting on a horse, clad in chain mail. A voice blared: "WHO WILL CHALLENGE THE BLACK KNIGHT?" Music played, gay and festive. Banners fluttered. I spurred my horse forward. The hoofbeats sounded loud in my ears. I lowered my visor, and aimed my lance.

As I charged out onto the upper playfield, The Black Knight came into view. No time for anything now but action! My fingers clutched, flipping wildly. Pow! A direct hit. My opponent pulsed with a blue light. I knew that I needed to hit him twice more, quickly, before his spell was completed and his wound magically healed itself. I swung my mace. Wham! Wham! A line of blood appeared on his arm -- my second and third blows had been in time. I aimed again, but carelessly. My shot went past him completely and took me with it.

I landed in a sort of a cage. A green light flashed the message, "LOCK 1". Suddenly I was back in the saddle, charging down the lists again, grappling a second time with the Black Knight. This time we fell down one of the ramps to the lower playfield. More room to maneuver down here, but more danger as well. In between blows at the Knight, some successful but many countered by his rejuvenation spell, I ducked into a cave beneath the upper playfield and emerged with an added power of my own: double bonus.

Cross & the Switch blade: You've read the book, seen the movie, now see the incredible mini-series. Young, naive country priest discovers sex, drugs, and rock & roll in someone else's back yard. Pat Boone reprises his movie role as David Wilkerson. Also starring Russ Tamblyn, Natalie Wood, Rita Moreno, Debbie Boone, and the Cowsills, the Partridge Family and the King Family as the street kids. On seven days a week forever.

M\*A\*S\*H: Rev. Falwell replaces Father Mulcahy himself and sews Hawkeye's mouth and zipper shut in his effort to clean up the war. Klinger is shipped off to Greenwood as mentally insane-- and Henry returns from the dead. Monday at 8:00.

Bible Hour: All day Wednesday.

New! Prime Time Sermonette: Now you don't have to wait until 1:00 am to hear your favorite psalm read. Mon.-Fri. at 7:00.

Ron and Jerry Show: New cartoon adventures of our favorite clean fun. This week: Ron teaches Jerry about foreign policy and Jerry teaches Ron about fundraising. Saturday, 7-11, on all channels.

\*\*\*\*\*  
Two quick book recommendations before I sign off this month.



Breaking of Northwall by Paul O. Williams (sequel: End of the Circle): This is a first novel, set in the far future. Fast pace and a breezy style make this one a very readable time-killer.

The Orphan by Robert Stallman (sequel: The Captive): Another first novel--this one really floored me. It is so good that I will vote for Stallman for the Campbell Award. It's one of the most pleasingly sensual novels I've ever read. Don't be fooled by the cover. It is a werewolf book but it's not a horror story. It's thoughtful, well-written, witty and a hell of a lot of fun. And it may break your heart. I have to get to the sequel soon.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

KEN FLETCHER FOR A HUGO!!! The campaign starts here. Remember, you read it here first.

--Greg

Hey! I was going to say that!  
--John

Still, the Knight was beating me. My only chance -- yes! Duck under that spinning gate and run up that ramp, around this corner, and out onto the upper field again. Careful aim, and bingo! Into the cage again, flashing "LOCK 2".

Once more I found myself galloping down the lane toward my enemy. Once again we traded blows. Once again I lined up my shot and into the cage. "LOCK 3" flashed briefly, then all went dark. I heard the Knight's voice roaring, "FIGHT AGAIN - THREE WAY" and suddenly I was out onto the field, my body and mind multiplied into three selves, all attacking the Black Knight with full fury.

I can't remember exactly what happened for the next few minutes, since triple sensory impressions were overwhelming my analytical abilities. But I must have fought well, because the next thing I knew, The Black Knight was on his knees, saying, "I WILL NOT FIGHT YOU -- YOU WIN."





I got a momentary glimpse of a pinball table with lots of colored lights. Then a swirl of colors and a dizzy sensation. I blinked my eyes three times and stared hard. The view focussed.

It was the Time Warp table. The ball was falling back down the alley from the bullseye target. By this time, I wasn't even surprised. I flailed away at the flippers.

The ball dropped precisely halfway between the two frantically flapping flippers and into the drain.

I let my breath out and took another deep one and let it out again. I flexed my fingers. They hurt. I stretched, arching my back, trying to work out the shoulder tension. Then I looked at the machine.

Every single light on that board was lit. The score was still being tallied, and it was getting pretty high. At last I heard that special special sound, the sound of one game being added to one's credit. One free game. TOK!

Well, what the hell. I put my hands on my hips, brought my knees in tight, and did the Time Warp again.





PROLEGOMENON TO ANY FUTURE ARTICLE ON

WHERE DO ASSISTANT EDITORS  
COME FROM, MOMMY?

by

SANDRA MIESEL

FANDOM & FASCISM

by Michael Parker Smith

At fifteen, my daughter Chirp is getting into that clothes-conscious phase. If she wants to squander her baby-sitting fees on Calvin Klein jeans and Izod tops, it's her money and her choice. However, the results can be impressive: 5' 8" of slim young miss spiffied up in ankle-strap shoes, slit skirt, lace blouse, and linen blazer.

"Do I look assistant editor-ish?" she asked.

"The very image," I replied.

"Well, I do not plan to become an assistant editor."

Chirp cherishes fantasies about growing up to be a great power in the publishing industry, introducing a sense of efficiency and order into its traditional chaos. She feels her charismatic touch with small children would give her an edge in handling authors. (I might mention that her

also known among a circle of refugees from the McCarthy Era as Speaker-to-Mundanes; one writer of this polemic who resides in the bozoid metropolis of Minneapolis in the state of Minnesota where Hubert H. Humphrey is buried, whose identity amongst the scholars of Summer Street and the Second Beat Apocalypse is said to be El Denuncio.

-----Long Live Bobby Sands!!-----

FLAWOL! Holy FLAWOL the Magnificent! FLAWOL that is resplendent in divergence!

If you want a hobby, go buy a train set. Fandom is a way of life. If this isn't clear to you, let me capitalize. Fandom Is A Way Of Life. FLAWOL, get it? Some of you are probably like me. I always thought that FLAWOL meant "Fishing Is A Way Of Life. Some of you are probably not like me. I still think it does.

Not only is Fandom a way of life, it is the way of life. Not being fannish (a horror worse than the unnecessary death of Sid Vicious) is Mundane. And being Mundane is a fate worse than being a white person in the suburbs (and since most of them are, we have double entndre and double jeopardy working side by side. Voila!).

Now mind you, every special interest group is elitest. If you join the local model railroad club, you'd better be more interested in trains than going fishing. So it shouldn't surprise you that fandom, a Very Special special interest group is "by nature...elitest, a non-egalitarian group." (Wesson, 1981: 41.)

But unlike the Railroad Club, and the loose-knit group of Fishing Buddies, Fandom believes that it is better than all others. After all, Fandom is a way of life;



and din't you forget it, mein braunshirt.

Of course, everyone believes that "Our train layout is better than theirs," and that "We catch bigger fish more often than they do. And we don't lie about it either." But these model railroaders and fishermen don't believe themselves to be inherently superior. Fans, however, do. Fans are better than Mundanes.

"Damn right we are," I hear y'all say. "Mundanes are so...MUNDANE!"

Well, I got news for y'all.

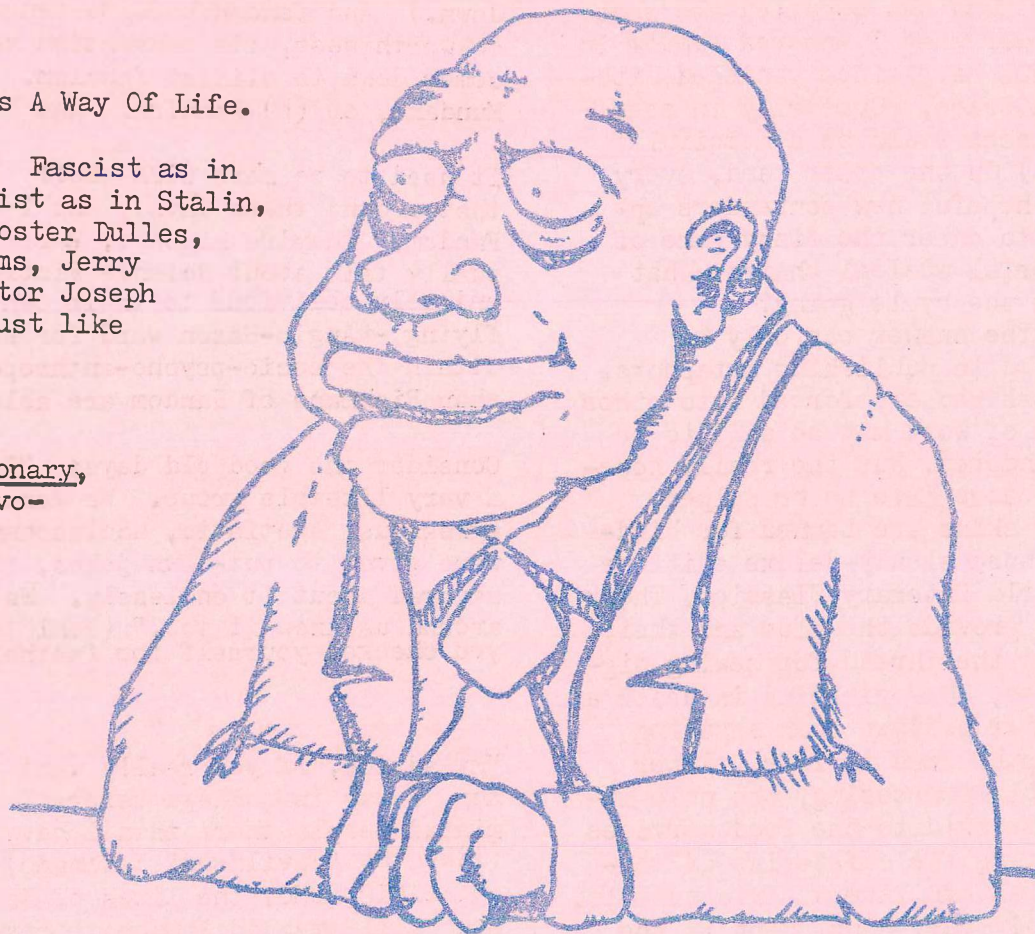
Y'all are a bunch of fascists. FIAWOL. Fascism Is A Way Of Life.

That's right. FASCISTS. Fascist as in Mussolini. Fascist as in Hitler and Eichmann and Goebbels and Goring. Fascist as in Stalin, Brezhnev and the KGB. Fascist as in Nixon, John Foster Dulles, Alexander Haig, Reagan, Regan, Stockman, Jesse Helms, Jerry Falwell, and my own personal psychic nemesis, Senator Joseph R. McCarthy. Yes, Faans, you are all fascists! Just like that lot. You belong to quite a way of life.

-2-

Fascism, as defined by the American Heritage Dictionary, means a "philosophy or system of government that advocates or exercises a dictatorship of the extreme right...." This is fine, as far as it goes. But please bear in mind that this definition can apply to any philosophy, and to any institution or organization that acts in a political way. Any institution that exercises power of belief over its members is a political institution, and that includes Fandom, sports. Some institutions do it with more fervor than others. It is very difficult for me to consider either Eskimos or Yanomamos as fascist. But Fans, and Americans, are.

We, as a culture, a society, and as a race (after all, Americans are white, aren't they?) are better than all others, and we have the guns, bombs, computers, pollution



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Miesel cont'd

alternate ambition is to own the L.A. Rams.) If she does decide to edit, look out SF!

Which brings up the question, what becomes of unsuccessful editors? Many who occupied the seats of power when I entered fandom in the 60s have since vanished without a trace. (Obscurity in some instances would be a merciful fate.) On the other hand, every year hopeful new contenders appear to enter the dizzy game of editorial musical chairs. What keeps the cycle going?

The answer can only be couched in publishing metaphors. Editors who are forced into other lines of work may be said to be remaindered. But the really hopeless cases have to be pulped. Their skins are tanned for binding those sleazy-deluxe editions of World Literary Classics. Their bones provide the glue and their sinews the thread for sewing signatures, thus yielding in death a sturdier product than anything they published in life. After suitable processing, the pulp itself is sold to the food services operating the cafeterias of various Eastern liberal arts schools. This dietary supplement is the secret ingredient that brings students--especially female ones--to that unique glow of beady brightness essential for pursuing

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and heroin addicts to prove it. As America goes, so goes Fandom. (Notice how I've just made you believe two impossible things before breakfast? \*Sigh\* Well, y'all are welcome to come on over for breakfast anytime. I'll fix you a fine cross-cultural breakfast of English muffins (and I'll even marmalade the proper side, unlike ex-president and ex-fascist Gerry Ford), bagels, and coffee so fiercely strong that it will make you cry out for a hit of speed to settle yourself down.) And fandom has its sense of wonder, its bozoid-serconish-trufanism, its ookworthiness, its convention security, and its clone parties to prove it. It all comes down to elitist fascism. I am faced with the choice of being either: (a) Mundane, or (b) Fannish. And I find myself wanting to be neither.

It used to be more GOSH-WOW!! And that was neat. We still have a few Fans like that around these days. And I treasure them. They are the Jonathan Richmans of Fandom. They're sincere, G-rated, and exempt from any taint of fascism. They actually talk about Science Fiction at Science Fiction club meetings! And they are uniquely oblivious to their own social role in Fandom; i.e., they don't give a flying -\*Anglo-Saxon word for sexual intercourse\*- how their persona is perceived within the socio-psycho-anthropo-logical context of Fandom. Somehow, these Jonathan Richmans of Fandom are able to transcend the Pervasive and Inevitable.

Consider the good old days: "I doubt that we Futurians, taken collectively, were a very likeable group. We were too brash for that. More than brash; we were egregious, egotistic, adolescent, highly competitive, and a touch insecure. We were given to put-down jokes, and the one among us who showed a human weakness was savaged about it endlessly. We were pretty damn smart...We made sure everyone around us knew it too." (Pohl 1978). Sounds just like Fandom, doesn't it? Have you checked yourself for feathers lately?

-3-

"My advice, if you really want to party, is to go to college." (Wesson 1981: 41) Hey, I was in college before I was in Fandom. And I met more creative and open-minded people there than I have in Fandom. With the occasional rare exception (like the "civilized" Yanomamo), I have yet to find the likes of Bruce Friedman and BASIC ELMO, the likes of Darryl Lindberg and A POEM OF THICK LIPS, or "Shaky Lew" Williams, in Fandom. Do you drown when it rains?

Sorry. I forget. Bruce and Darryl are Mundanes. A pity. Darryl even helped me with my infamous sculptural work THE DESTRUCTION OF CHEESE PAINTING. "Damn shame." As Walter Adams (another Mundane) used to say.

College. Fandom. (Let me digress for a moment.) It's all "self-indulgent thumb-



sucking." (Wesson 1981:41) So the question remains: is college or Fandom cheaper? Less costly pocketbook- and soul-wise? (Wooo! Stop listenin' to Kevin Ayers, wouldja? Done. Garland Jeffries up next.)

Yes, I wonder. How is it that all the good people I admire are Mundane? Al Kaline, Warren Spahn, Martin Heidegger, Albert Einstein, Elvis Costello, Taj Mahal, Karl Marx, Friedrich Engels, Charles Bukowski, Lauren Bacall. Mundanes one and all. Even those two dudes, Young and Crippen, are Mundanes (but remember, for them, SF is for real, not pretend). None of the above talk that 'heat fannish baby talk" (Wesson 1981: 41), like fanzine, sercon, bozoid, fanac, loc, ook, neep, squid, VMI, fugghead, drobe, and so on. (Oh wow! I just had this VMI of Einstein saying, " $E=mc^2$ ! You Fugghead," while Elvis Costello says, "Love me like a squid, you bozoid drobe.") Meanwhile, Garland Jeffries puts it all in perspective: "And here comes another museum. They pass so fast we hardly see'em. There goes a Claude Monet. And a Paul Cezanne. And I've always been a fan." (Jeffries 1981: side 2, track 4)

In that sense, I, too, have always been a fan. Always. Ever since Al Kaline made that unnecessary diving catch in the top of the ninth of a game where they'd already whupped the Cleveland Indians' ass and could have afforded to have given up a single; but nope, Kaline dove, caught the third out, and broke several ribs. He was out for a month, and damn your eyes, the Yankees got the American League pennant AGAIN! Now if that was Mundane, I don't give a damn about being Fannish. I don't want to be better than Mundanes. If that was Mundane, here comes a Maurice Utrillo. There goes a Fra Bartolomeo. Look out! It's a plague of Jasper Johns!

If I was a college professor, I'd teach Fandom in Anthropology 101: Cultural Anthro. Margaret Mead was a Mundane....Schlemann, the guy who found Troy was a Mundane....

-4-

You know who you are. You feel quite superior to your co-workers. This example from a recent apazine: "A side benefit is that my, um, eclectic tastes in music are doing a fair job of Freaking The Mundanes." I will leave this citation anonymous. But it's a characteristic attitude of Fandom; and Fascism. Hitler, you recall, did a pretty fair job of Freaking The Jews.

You know who you are. Fandom is your way of life. You do and feel and think and see and speak all the fannish things. I don't have to tell you what they are. You want to be Fan GoH at some Con; at the very least you want to be Fannish--that's fannish with italics. You know who you are. "Fandom is a utopia for so-

"Sure I think it's a good article--it quotes me!"

--Joe Wesson



Really now, folks -  
do you really  
think that I  
put Fandom  
here merely  
for the ful-  
fillment of  
your own  
pitiful little  
ego?

"Smith! Sometimes your metaphors make no sense.... How can you say that?"

--John Bartelt

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Miesel cont'd

an editorial career: from pulp they come and to pulp they shall return.

Of course, we wouldn't consider letting Chirp go east for college....

cially ill-equipped people." (Wesson 1981: 42--at last!!! A citation from page 42!!!) You know who you are.

I wish I could play piano like Liberace or Xavier Cugat, for I'd do so now while stealing furtive glances at my cute face in the mirror. As the Rastaman say: I and I. You and me, ~~flagheads/drobes/bosom/white/people~~ trufans. I and I share, at the very least, the Fannsih Slashover--a custom sillier than the electric chair, but just as effective. Here is I. I and I are I. I shudder.

Face the facts. I slice I with double edge razor. Occam, too, was a Mundane. \*Sigh\*. (That was a fannish sigh, by the way. And sometimes when I speak, I speak with a Fannsih accent--there really is one--but that's another article--oh please John, let me write it for you. Commission it in the name of Fandom; or as I prefer to call it, in memory of Coleridge, Fandome (In Xanadu did Kubla Khan a stately pleasure dome decree. Or, preferably: In Xanaducon did Bob Tucker, a Smoooooooooth con-suite decree.) Let's I bleed with I.

I and I are Fans. And if we don't recognize exceptions to our calling, then I and I are also Fascists. If we insist that I and I are the only I, then I and I are Fascists; no better than Haldeman, Erlichman, and the Mike Curb Congregation. If we believe that anyone who doesn't know the meaning of the word "Ook" is a jerk, unworthy of association, then we are not being Fascist (surprised you, eh?); but let another I not know, or not agree--especially not agree--with the meaning of the word "Ook", and Voila! Watch out for absolutism--you might as well be Dick Gregory trying to join the KKK. Suppose that my kind of Fandom means openness to Ona and All and another I kind of Fandom means Openness to Only that Kind Of Fandom That I Approve Of. This happens every day, at every con, at every SF Appreciation Society Meeting. You know who you are. And I know I, and I.

We love each other and hate the rest; and so did the SS.

-5-

If I and I didn't care, then we wouldn't be slapping and tickling each others brains with razor blades as we have been. (Time out for you cigaret smokers: light up a cigaret. Keep me brothers in law in business; now, crush out the butt on the face of your preconceptions. Time in.)

Love is a violence that defies hate. Especially sexual love. But, more poignantly, romantic love. Kiss I tender, Elvis Iselth saith. I and I kiss I. I and I feel a tongue in I head. Wow! Fandom is neat.



Suddenly I and I are no longer inept rejects! I and I are resplendent in divergence (Fripp 1979). I and I are whiter than white, straighter than gay. I and I are Natty Dread, Oookish Dread, Fannish Dread. I and I are the Duke Ellingtons of Sense of Wonder.

But good God (not Ghu, but GOD!), there is no fannish equivalent of I and I! There is no fannish equivalent of Don Quixote (sorry to be serconish, but that's a fact, Faans). Yet there's a fannish equivalent of Hitler, and Hitler is I and I.

As long as I and I insist that I and I are better than what we call Mundanes, then the last sentence in the last paragraph of this polemic is indisputable fact. No fudging, and no fudge with beer, my pseudo-nutritious fans. We know who and what we are. We're fascists, and we love it. C'mon, admit it. We're better than all shit; and that's a fact.

But, the apotheosis of but, I've always thought that one of the big major purposes of science fiction (besides entertainment of the lowest order) was to open our mind to cultures, to others, to possibilities of existence other than our own; and hand in hand with that exposure, we would grow more open-minded in our acceptance of the diverse and the alien. Clearly this hasn't happened.

And clearly, I'm quite naive about Fandom. Unlike we like to believe, we are not necessarily the other 10%. But at least 59% of the Fans I've talked to lately are of the opinion that "Nobody ever said we were the other 10%." Maybe we're only the other 11%, but we're still Fascists. I and I must be only I and I, or else! I'd rather be naive, than our kind of knowing. I'd rather catch bigger fish, have a better model railroad layout, and be a better bowler, than most Fans would. I'd rather be Mundane like Larry "The Axe" Hennig, or Mundane like Marlon Brando, than Fannish like --your name--. You know who you are. And I...

And I boldly tease our need to share; I tease our ineptness as social beings. Ole! Viola! We are all Fascists! We are BETTER than Mundanes! And we LOVE it!! We know who we are. Let's all become clones of ourselves. FIAWOL Forever!!! Fascism and Fandom, but skip the Fishing unless we're unabashed fans of Roger Zelazny's "The Doors of His Mouth, The Lamps of His Face". FIAWOL! Holy FIAWOL! FIAWOL Forever!!!

-6-

Yup. The Kinks are Mundanes too. Me too, I guess. \*sigh\*. I want to be with you, but you insist on me being like you. \*sigh\*.

Hitler was socially inept. If he were here today, he would wear polyester pants





and shirts that don't match. Just like you, Nixon couldn't make it in the Mundane business world--he became a lawyer for Mafioso Mayer Lansky, after he and his brother (not Don, the other brother) tried, unsuccessfully to open up a chain of NIXON SNACK SHACKS in southern California.

But you're better than Mundanes. And, your way of life is the ONLY way of life. (Look, Ethel, a neofan just scuttered under the microscope and cowered behind that paramecium.) C'mon admit it! Feels nice to better than all else. Feels nice to be the way the future is!

Feels nice to say and think and breathe and feel all the fannish things hot and beating dripping blood in the sticky palms of our hands. Feels nice to suck it past our lips like a red hot shake.

We must consider our position in regards to Fascism. Ideally, Fascism and Fandom should be opposed. But such an ideal is not now, and never to be, the case. We can't rely on the utopisms of a half poetic intellect. We're in this game, this mirror, to stay--and if we think we can break ther mirror, and liberate our preconceived notions, we're gravely mistaken---a cataract of blood floods the eye of our soul---if we can recover our soul from the deepening well of fascism---if even one tenth of our retinas can see the exploding ray of sunlight through the wall-clouds of abyss---and we shriek---we SHRIEK!

-7-

Well, I'm nearly out of beer, music, and patience. Fandom is Fascism. And if you don't believe it, well, you know who you are. Me, I had channel cat for supper, and I feel like Captain George and Ranger Eddy discussing Aldo Grapeshot:

"You don't suppose he drowned that day he went fishing, do you?"

"Nope."

The fishing is wonderful here. There are some real monsters here. I say. I say.

#### References

Fripp, Robert; 1979, "Under Heavy Manners", UNDER HEAVY MANNERS (note: check your record shoppe).

Jeffries, Garland; 1980, "Jump Jump", ESCAPE ARTIST, Epic Records JE 36983

Pohl, Fred; 1978, THE WAY THE FUTURE WAS, Del Rey Books, New York.

FASCINATING, THESE MAMMALS.





Wesson, Joe; 1981, "Ten Years Are Gone: Fandom As Pop Sociology", RUNE 62:  
pp. 41-43.

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Recommended Reading

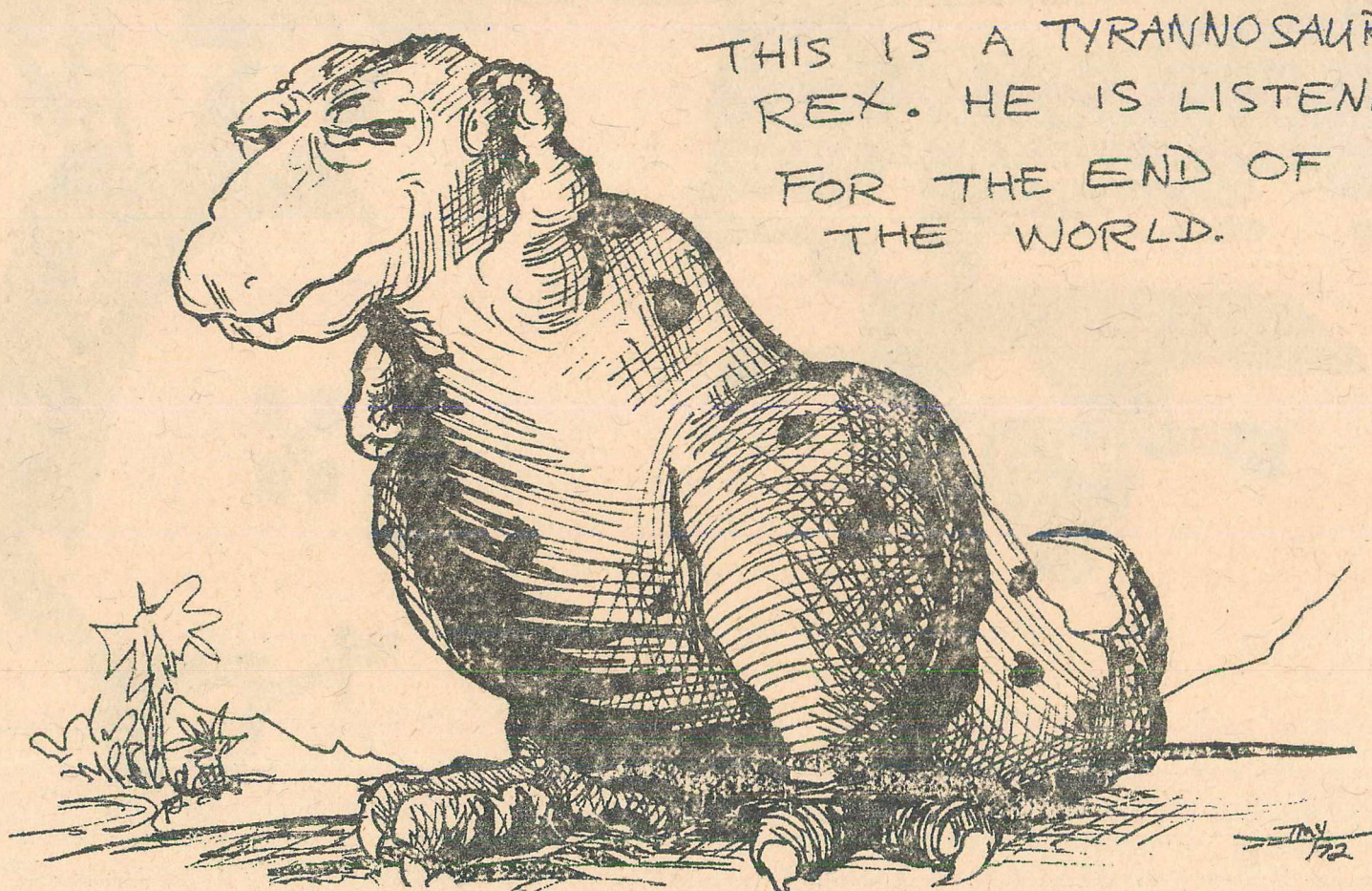
Gabriela, Clove and Cinnamon by Jorge Amado

Factotum by Charles Bukowski

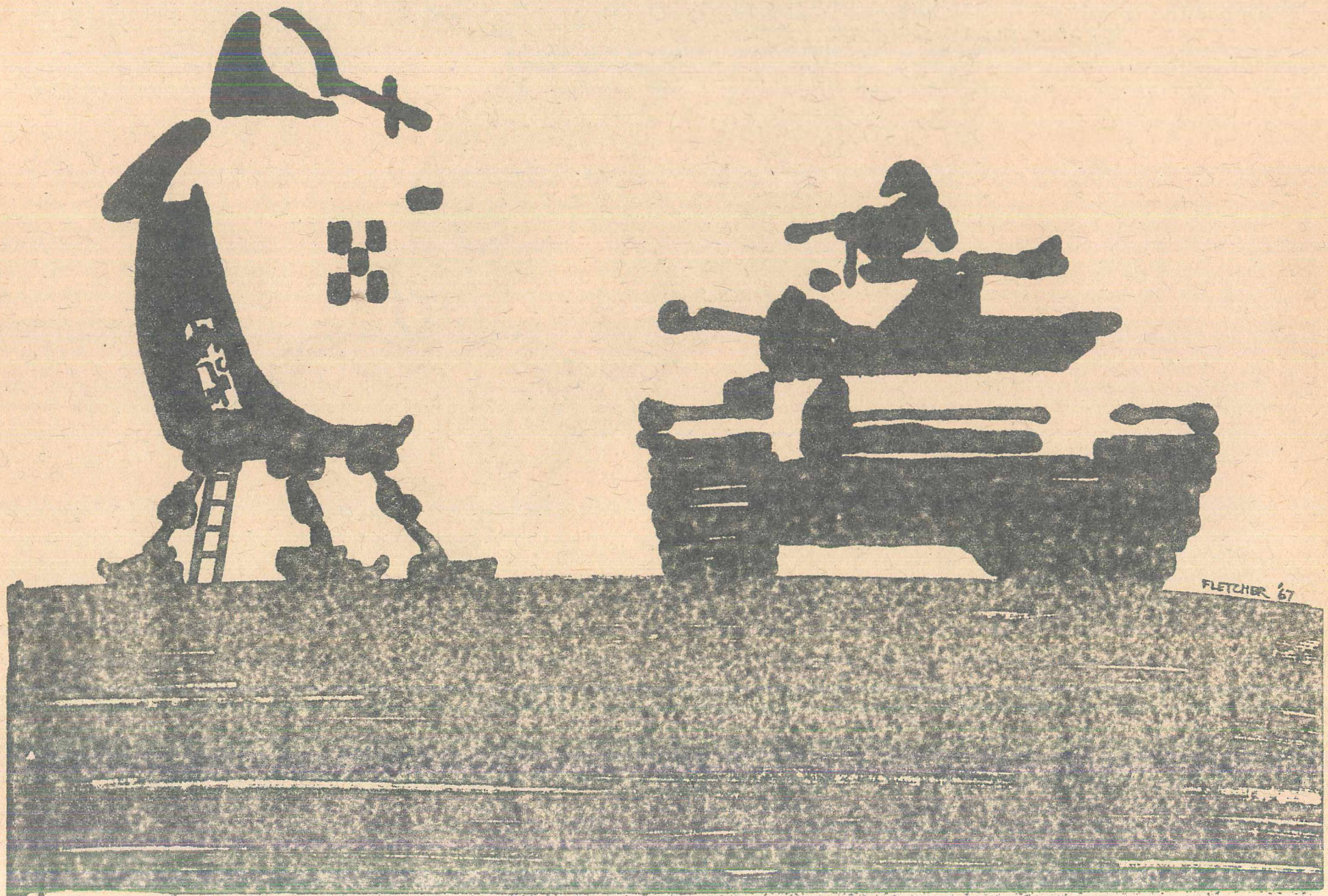
Never In Anger by Jean Briggs

The Individual And the New World by John M. Anderson

Nimbo by Bernard Wolfe

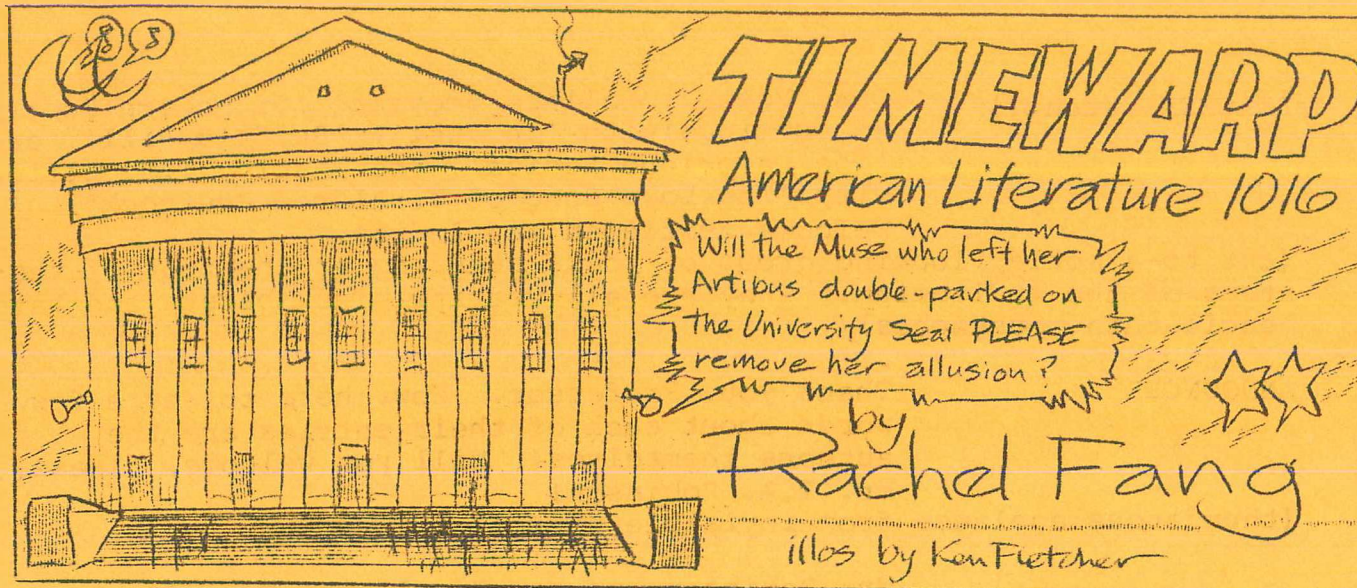






FLETCHER '67





PLACE: The steps of Northrop Auditorium on the campus of the University of Minnesota at Minneapolis.

TIME: Any time between 1896 and 1940 or so.

(long shot of announcer pacing back and forth on the steps)

ANNOUNCER: Here we are on the steps of Northrop Auditorium, where all great things happen sooner or later, to present the awards for the most socially conscious poems, and to tell you more about our entries for these awards is Professor Martin (Nightingale) Leacher. Professor Leacher.

(announcer hands Leacher microphone. Leacher drops it, then holds it clumsily. He has a whiney voice)

LEACHER: Er, yes, Well, among our many contestants our finalists are: Carl Sandburg with 'Chicago' and selections from 'The People, Yes', E.A. Robinson with 'Miniver Cheevy' and 'Richard Corey', Edna St. Vincent Millay with 'Recuerdo', 'What Lips ...', and 'Conscientious Objector', Archibald MacLeish with 'Ars Poetica' and 'Reproach to



LEACHER: (cont.)

Dead Poets', Wallace Stevens' 'Of Modern Poetry'  
ee cummings' with 'In Just', 'Buffalo Bill', and  
'The Cambridge Ladies', and lastly, T.S. Elliot  
with 'The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock'.

Welcome gentlemen and ladies.

(cut to a motley looking group of poets standing at the foot of the  
steps of the auditorium. They are all wearing black berets and have  
pencil-thin moustaches)

ANNOUNCER:

Thank you, Professor. Now, here to say a few  
words about each of their entries are the  
authors themselves. Will you welcome, please,  
Mr. E.A. Robinson!

(thunderous applause from invisible source)

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Mr. Robinson, or may I call you Edward? Ed,  
I've heard it said that the optimistic despera-  
tion often apparent in your literary works is a  
result of your readings in the Bible and in  
eastern mysticism and the transcendental ideal-  
ism of Emerson.

ROBINSON:

Don't forget the deprivation of my personal  
life.

ANNOUNCER:

Oh, right. Well, what have you to say to this?

ROBINSON:

It's all true.

ANNOUNCER:

Would you like to say a few words about your  
poems 'Miniver Cheevy' and 'Richard Corey'? for  
our audience?

ROBINSON:

Certainly. Basically my poems deal with Man's





ROBINSON: (cont.) dissatisfaction with his lot in life. In 'Richard Corey', a man reaches the heights we all envy and kills himself in his unhappiness. 'Miniver Cheevy' is about a dreamer who prefers an alternate reality to the one that he is presently occupied with. Like all men, his solution is to do absolutely nothing and complain bitterly about it.

ANNOUNCER: Thank you very much, Mr. Robinson, and good luck! Let's give him a big hand, ladies and gentlemen.

(the sound of manufactured applause is heard)

Next, we'll hear from poet Archibald MacLeish, but first a word from our sponsor.

(Sponsor speaks "Take classes at the University of Minnesota  
It's warm and sunny sometimes" )

ANNOUNCER: We're back now with Mr. MacLeish, and his entries in our competition, 'Ars Poetica' and 'Reproach to Dead Poets'. Would you care to say something for us about these, Mr. MacLeish?

MacLEISH: Well, in 'Ars Poetica', I'm speaking of my idea of what a poem should be. A poem should, as I wrote, be equal to, not true, meaning that a poem is a symbol - it is not the thing itself. 'Reproach ...' is a sort of reproach to the poets of old who would write incessantly about rulers and battles and not about anything really important. I might add that this could be interpreted also as a comment on life today where nothing seems quite so important as who owns what and how many guns they have.

(by now, an audience has gathered; mostly lazy college students staring at the curiously garbed poets. They obligingly provide applause at the appropriate moments)

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Mr. MacLeish. And now, a poet we all know and love - Carl Sandburg!

(applause)

SANDBURG: Yes, yes. What I want you all to understand is that I am working with the people. It is the people who are closest to my soul. I am a working man, as was my father. Your blood is my blood and

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SANDBURG: (cont.)

I've tried to reflect this close tie with the common man in my work. This country is held together by the working man. If I may be permitted to quote myself ... "The people say and unsay, put up and tear down and put together again - a builder, wrecker, and builder again - this is the people." Thank you.

(thunderous applause)

ANNOUNCER:

Thank you, Mr. Sandburg, I'm sure we're all very moved. Next we have with us Ms. Edna St. Vincent Millay. She hails from the East Coast where she had difficulty escaping her reputation as a wanton bohemian. Please welcome Ms. Millay

(applause)

MILLAY:

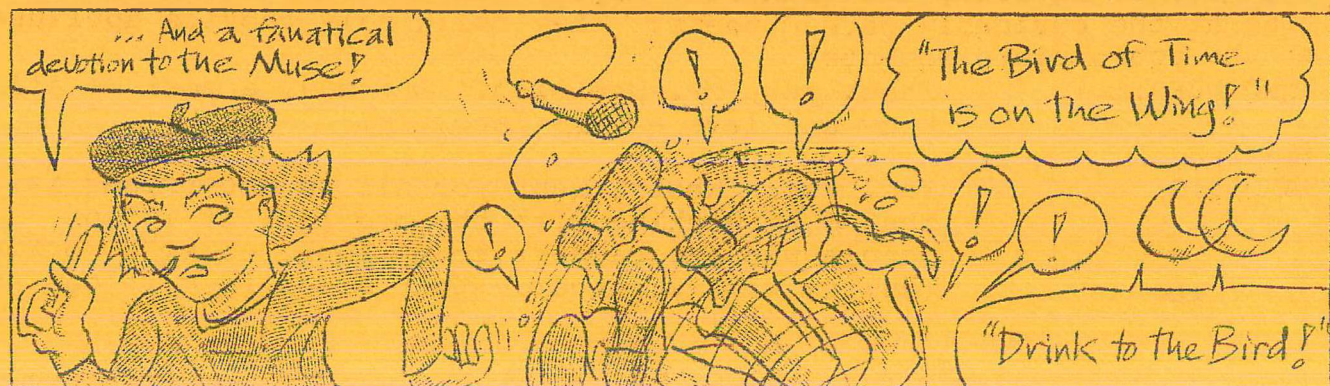
Thanks very much. I think my reputation stems from the fact that I take great joy in life and I have often said live life while you can! You can't relive the past. It will always escape you just when the memories seem most important. My more serious poem is of course 'Conscientious Objector', which I wrote in a rather righteously indignant mood. I believe the opening line says it all: "I shall die, but that is all I shall do for death." I will not sacrifice my self-respect for anybody. Thank you.

(mad applause)

ANNOUNCER:

Well, that's quite a statement from such a little lady.

(he howls - Millay has kicked him in the groin. A second announcer





steps in. Trying to cover the commotion, he speaks loudly)

2ND ANNOUNCER: Here now is Wallace Stevens to speak with us  
about his poem, 'Of Modern Poetry'. Mr. Stevens.

(applause)

STEVENS:

Actually, I don't know why I'm here. There's been a mistake. My poem has no social statement to make and that is the way I intended it to be. It is written in artistic jargon and is not meant for you pig-headed persons to understand. It is art!

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(angry mutterings and cries of "lynch him!", etc., from the crowd)

2ND ANNOUNCER: Oh dear. What a sad sport. Well, on a brighter note, we have with us here Mr. T.S. Eliot. Would you care to say a few words about your \*ahem\* masterpiece, 'The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock' for us today?

(loud applause)

ELIOT:

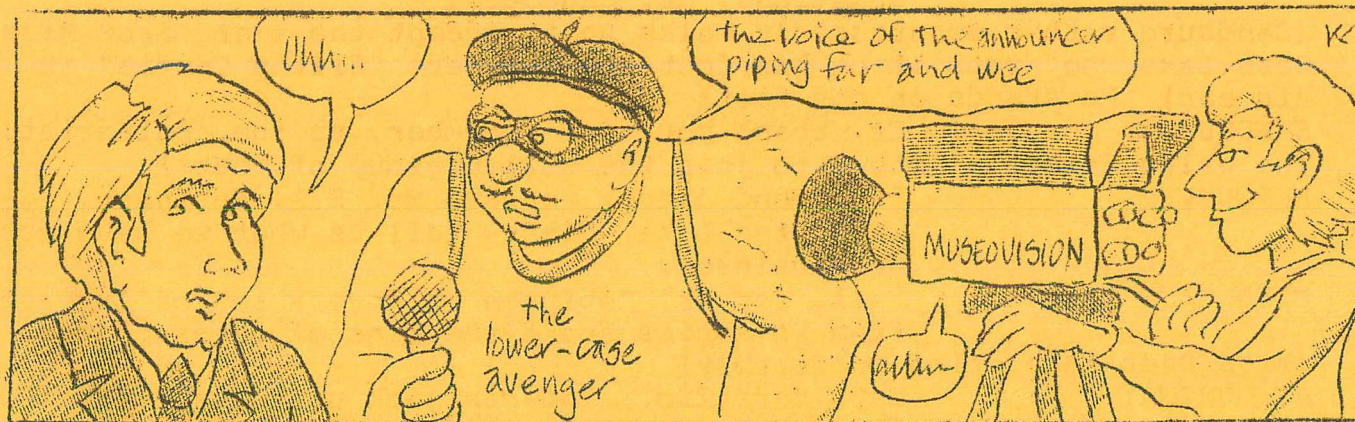
I don't know how much I have to say about this poem, really. I like it. It reflects my state of mind at the time it was written, nothing more.

2ND ANNOUNCER:

Ummm, well, thanks awfully for those few words. Our last poet, here to say a few words before the prizes are awarded, is mr. ee cummings. Welcome, mr. cummings.

(applause)

Mr. cummings, I've heard you have caused some distress among our judges with your entries. Have you anything to say about this?





cummings:

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Well, I think the problem is that they're trying to nail me down as, you know, either a social commentator or simply as an artist. And really, you shouldn't do that to anybody - once the critics nail you down as being this or that sort of poet, you pretty well have to be it to succeed commercially. Now in my three selections, we have 'In Just', which is a celebration of Spring. 'The Cambridge Ladies', on the other hand, is a biting comment on Boston society. 'Buffalo Bill' is a little harder to pin down. Perhaps it is an ironic look at American heroes. I doubt it. Let's just leave it at that.

2ND ANNOUNCER:

Thank you very much, mr. cummings, and good luck.  
(first announcer enters and pushes second announcer off the stage)

1ST ANNOUNCER:

Hello. Back again with the judges decisions in just a minute. Now, a word from our sponsor.

(Sponsor speaks "English at the University of Minnesota  
It's a joy in spring Tralala" )

ANNOUNCER:

Here now to present the award for the most social conscious poet is Miss Bass Lake of 1981!

(applause)

MISS BASS LAKE:

Tee hee. Giggle.

ANNOUNCER:

And the winner is- Mr. Carl Sandburg! Congratulations, Mr. Sandburg!

(Sandburg rather embarrassedly walks up to accept the award from Miss Bass Lake who drops it on his foot and whispers "filthy Commie" in his ear) He stands on one foot)

SANDBURG:

Er, thank you, and remember, up the proleariat!  
(he walks down the steps to join the sullen group of poets)

ANNOUNCER:

In second place, we have Mr. E.A. Robinson.  
Miss Bass Lake, please tell us what we have for Mr. Robinson.

MISS BASS LAKE:

Well, for Mr. Robinson we have a set of luggage from Samsonite and three tins of cocoa powder.

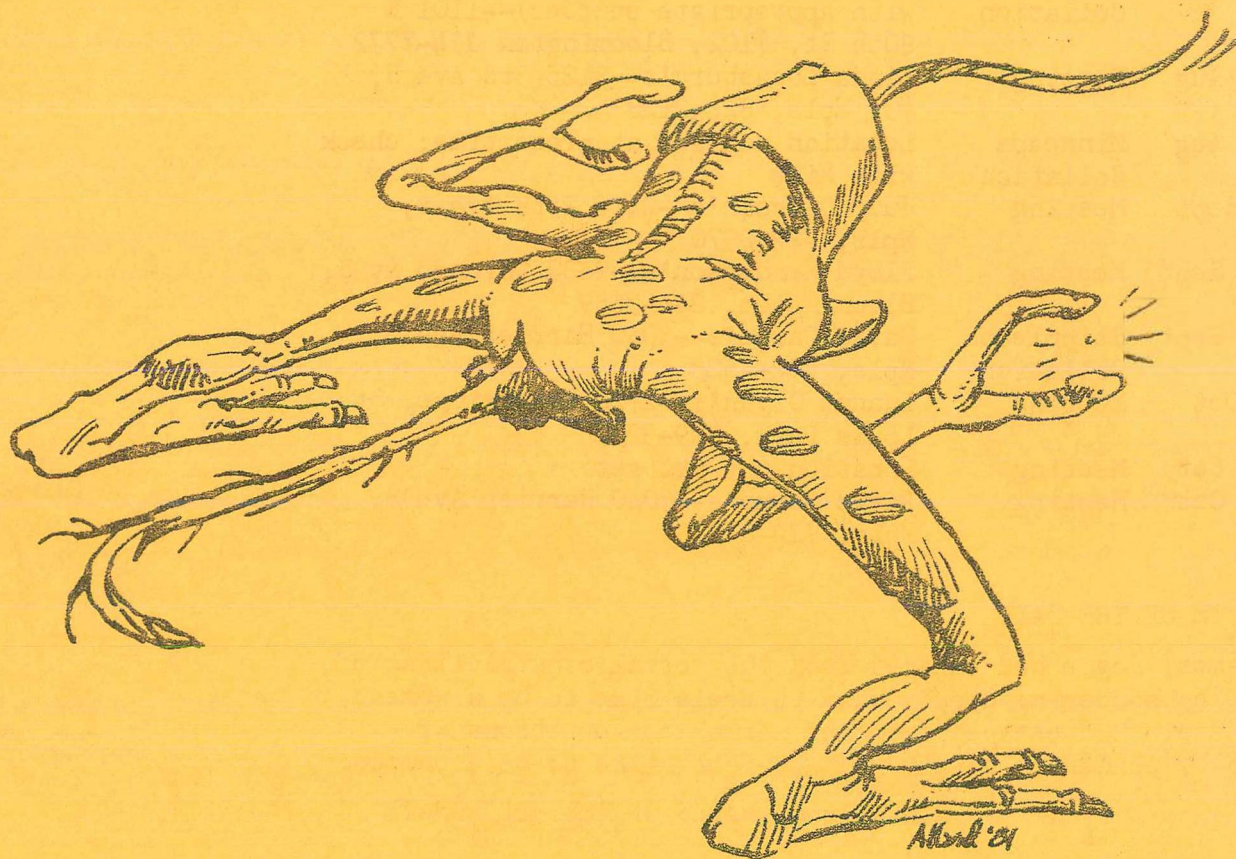
(Miss Bass Lake grins unbearably)

ANNOUNCER:

Hey, terrific. You can pick up those after the show, Mr. Robinson. Well, we have three more awards to present. For Ms. Millay we have the 'Uppity Women Unite' Award from the Minneapolis



ANNOUNCER: (cont.) chapter of the National Organization for Women. For Mr. Cummings we have the 'most artistic lack of punctuation' Award from your local English Teaching Assistant's Association. Finally, for T.S. Eliot we have the 'Most Wonderful Poem in the World in my Subjective, and only slightly Knowledgeable Opinion' Award from the author of this manuscript. Thank you, and good night (wild applause and shouts of "bravo!" Closing shot is of all the poets grouped at the bottom of the steps as a cloud forms over them and it begins to drizzle, slightly. Ah, Paris. The light dims)





# MEETINGS

## Up & Coming MINN-STF Events:

25 July	Meeting	Joel Halpern's--727 E 28th St, Mpls, 874-1547 *NOTE CHANGE*
8 Aug	Meeting	Herman Schouten's--412 Labore Rd, #115, St Paul, 484-5406
15 Aug	Stippleapa Collation	Scheduled for Blas Mazzeo's (check with appropriate sources)--1101 E 80th St, #102, Bloomington 854-7772
22 Aug	Meeting	Linda Lounsbury's--3125 3rd Ave S, #3, Mpls, 824-2128
23 Aug	Minneapa Collation	Location not set at press time; check with Mike
5 Sept	Meeting	Judy Cilcain's--2416 25th Ave S, Mpls, 722-0970
19 Sept	Meeting	Floyd Henderson's--9837 Chicago Av S, Bloomington, 884-3659
26 Sept	Stippleapa Collation	David Cargo's--3040 Harriet Ave S, Mpls, 822-4523
3 Oct	Meeting	Luanne Glynn's--2724 Blackstone, St Louis Park, 929-3237
17 Oct	Meeting	Location not yet set
31 Oct	Meeting	David Cargo's--3040 Harriet Ave S, Mpls, 822-4523

## QUOTE OF THE DAY:

(James) Joyce had escaped from the normal constrictions of ego by pondering deeply what it feels like to be a woman; Einstein had escaped from the normal constrictions of ego by pondering deeply what it feels like to be a photon.

R.A.Wilson, MASKS OF THE ILLUMINATI

## THE MAILING LIST:

We've completely revised the Rune mailing list. Please send all changes and corrections to me, John Bartelt, PO Box 8253, Mpls, MN 55408. Note that currently active locals are entitled to RUNE (3 is the magic number of meetings per year, as I understand it, to qualify). For non-locals to get RUNE, you must send us letters, fanzines or money every now and then. It is also possible that names were inadvertently dropped that shouldn't have been. If you think you fall into this category, let me know.





The Letters...

Edited by Garth Edmond Danielson,  
with comments by some other guys.

\*

To the editors of Rune:

The "Artwork" on the last issues cover was not only sloppily executed and ill conceived; but displayed the mental set of a four-year old using scatological language to get Mommy's goat. The glorification & humorous treatment of violence against women is an insult to the compassion and intelligence of any self-respecting adult, regardless of gender and not funny, either.

—L. K. Sasseeville.

\*

An open letter to all readers of Rune:

People—

Recently I have been getting some flak concerning the cover I did for Rune #62. Most of the comments have consisted of adjectives like "sexist" and disgusting". Please don't think I am defending myself, because I feel no reason to. I am glad that the piece had the impact it did and had the power to evoke strange reactions.

I am an artist. I do not consider myself to be an exceptional craftsman or particularly good illustrator, the likes of which garner the ooh's and aah's of many admirers. Pimp-faced youths will not try to ape my drawing with sweaty crayolas clenched in their fists. Realizing this saved me a lot of pointless anguish. I became a stylist, making my art more unique both in form and inspiration.

I want people to be able to at least recognize

Side b. The Avon Lady.

Please excuse the typos, they are my trade mark. I'm just so fucking lazy. Ah well, back to Larry.

my style when they see it, even if it's in collaboration with someone else.

Otherwise, I thought Rune #62 was a very strong issue. It was very visually interesting on all fronts and made me want to read the whole issue though some poor proofreading often made this awkward. I enjoyed Luke McGuff's fanzine reviews and basically agree with Joe Wesson in his observations about fandom. The rest of the issue was supportive and good work as a whole.

Even the official business pages and credits were interesting to read, which I can assume is being attributed to Mr. Garth "Good taste in t-shirts" Danielson. Thank you thank you thank you thank you for not having a glut of dragons and cute little kitties illustrations. Also thanks to the Great Spider and Malto, God of Tasty Foam, for Ken Fletcher.

If the motto for the 70's was "EVERYTHING TO EXCESS--AND RIGHT NOW", the motto for the 80's is "MAKE YOUR LIFE COST-EFFECTIVE."

Beast wishes,

Larry Becker

3557 26th Ave. S.

Minneapolis, MN 55406

Well, both sides of a many sided situation. Faced with that age old truth, you're damned if you do and you're damned if you don't. You get fair commentry if you do and you pass a great chance to publish a truly wierd piece of art. I'm of a firm belief that all sorts of weird art and strange stuff which I'm interested in, should be published. I'm admittedly a little more open minded than most people in regard to graphic displays of violence, but I know it isn't real. Now onto another topic...



Side c.

John Varley

April 3, 1981

Dear John.

It's nice to see fanzines beginning to discuss really important things. Rune 62 was the second zine in six months to offer an article on pinball, and this marks the second time I have ever written a loc to a fanzine. I can't help it; pinball is my thing. I want to write a story about a machine which uses balls made from Plutonium metal. It's a multi-ball machine like the Black Night, and you wear a lead-lined suit when you play it. Your mission, should you choose to accept it; rack up a high score without ever allowing enough of the balls to come together to form a critical mass. I envision a Pinball arcade in the middle of the desert somewhere; people afflicted with the true madness arrive on pilgrimages to try their luck.

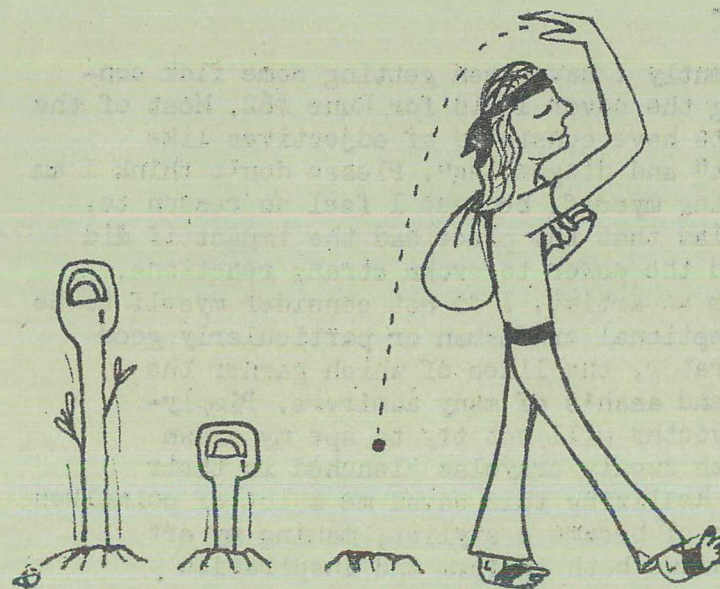
For a while, shortly after the explosive arrival of Pong, I began to fear for pinball. How could an old-fashioned dingus whose back glass always seemed to remind me of ducktail haircuts and '56 Chevies compete with that seductive television screen? And, in fact, the video games do seem more popular at Charlie's, Eugene's best arcade. At Charlie's the video games are on one side of the room and the pinball on the other and the video side is always much more crowded. As recently as a year ago the pinballs outnumbered the videos by about two to one; now the ratio is the other way. (I'll admit to being seduced by some of them myself, in particular a thing called Battle Zone, by Atari (all the good one are by Atari), wherein one drives a tank through a 3-D computer space, shooting and getting shot at by other tanks.)

But pinball will always be my real love. And I'm heartened, too. There are always some hardcore players at the new machines. I tend to be fickle with them, playing a new one for about six months until something new comes along. Right now I play Xenon

and Kiss. But I also keep returning to Gorgar. So far as I know, Gorgar was the first talking pinball machine. I had a satori the first time I played it. I was amused when it said "Gorgar speaks," and "Me go! you," and (rather S&M) "Me Gorgar, beat me!" And the device of the accelerating, demonic heartbeat as one racked up a high score was ingenious. But then I succeeded in lighting up the bonus targets and the machine moaned... "Me hurt!" Right! Right, that's just what it did. I had hurt (beaten) the machines before, but this one was the first with the gra e to admit it.

Okay, it's not pretty, but what can i say? You can't be a nice guy all the damn time.

Herb





CH. 4. Burt is suddenly over come with the fumes of Amy's plesent cologne and passes out.

Burt Libe PoBox 1196 Los Altos Cal. 94022

Rune 62 arrived 4/8/81. Oh, Fuck! Not another reign of esoteric editors and coddly flim-flam. Please, no. Christ, that Minneapolis place must be a hotbed stronghold for hardcore isolationists. Unbelievable, unreal, impossible. In addition, I find the childish, fresh-manic (can't even use "sophomoric") content silly, unmotivating, and unreadable. The incredibly awful art - work would make most amateurs look like pros by comparison. Nothing in the total zine content would generate even a hint of mild anxiety. Come on, guys, cut the snivelly bullshit and let's see you put some real MEAT into that zine.

Burt Libe.

Okay, Burt, we'll send raw pork sausage instead of Rune 63- Joe Wesson.

You can't be more wrong about the Minneapolis community. It's like one big ~~happy~~ family here. Here you have mom and dad and some of the children are a little drunk all the time, and some are space cases and some wear their underwear on the outside of their clothes and some go downtown to the welfare office and some people work 'all day and all of the night'. Not everybody can stand everybody else but they are just like a family, love em or leave em. Unfortunately the Rune editors and cohorts all lead private lives that for some reason are more important than the zine that you are holding in your hands and really they try to do a good job but who cares. (The opinions are mine not necessarily that of the other editors and Mnstf.) Trying to do a zine by committee isn't the best way either. Nonetheless, this second issue is better

hopefully and it does have a letter column. So burt write us some letters that will do you proud.

After the trials and tribulations of moving, we are finally moved and sort of settled, thanks ot the people who helped us move. COA

Garth Danielson  
Karen Trego

2020 Park Ave S  
Minn. Mn 55404

Weiner J Smith Box 41 Leicester NY 14481

Joe Wesson touched a nerve with me in his article on pop-social-fandom. Most of his reasoning that explained the appartent frivolousness of the newer breed of fans was absolutely on the mark. But, I think he missed the biggest factor of all; namely the fashionable new illiteracy that as striking our educational system. In an area that thrives on readers, fandom is one of the last areas to show tangible effects, but it showss nonetheless. Persons with interest in SF, but having poor or just plain lazy reading habits make a choice (conscious or not) and opt for visual stimulation instead of think-fodder. The fact that it took this long is a result of two reasons. The overwhelming majority of science fiction related material is now and has been primarily print orientated, and it has been not quite an entire generation yet that great volumes of visual (movies, supernumery comics, sf art books, etc.) have been available to the average consumer. The other reason is that fandom tends to keep a fairly low profile to the population as a whole, so that it takes time for visually orientated people to encounter con-going fans, because the main exchange of communication for those fans tends to occur in print form.

And there may be another factor working here. Many fans (myself included) have felt at times is their early life that they were sociaally ostracized at some time or



(a fourth page of letters, con't with Weiner)

another, which was sometimes connected with their reading habits. Persons who are polishing off the Skylark series don't usually spend daylight hours on the ball diamond with their peers. More often than not, these youthful readers were the "class brains" who were objects of misunderstood jealousies.

The visual fan, however, has tippy-toes past that stage, recieved their "fix" of sf and done nothing more socially ostracizing than open up a comic book or go to the movies. McLuhan would be thrilled. Or at least right. I'm not sure I want to go to a con that is hooked for his global village.

There's a lot more stuff that I liked (and a bit I didn't), but it gets late here earlier than in St. Paul. I don't think I understand Larry Becker at all. Like the ish, even though there is quite a difference in editing. Maybe in spite of that. Maybe because.

Weiner.

and now from Joe Wesson:

Funny you should say that, because I was usually engrossed in Doc Smith, Burroughs, etc., when the guys came to get me to play baseball. Summer was usually Sf 10 am to noon, baseball noon to 6 pm, sf 6 pm to 11 pm.

And now back to Garth:

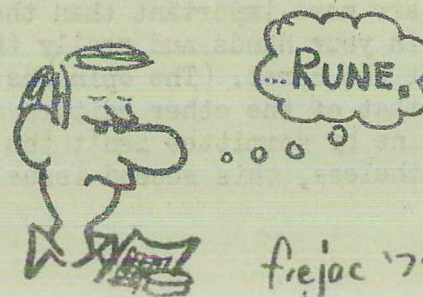
Of course, we all know Joe had a rather ordinary childhood. He played third base. He played the bag. Hahahahah.

Here are people from the 1974, Aug. 8 Minnesota SF Society Directory.

Don Aldrich, Brian Anderson, Gordon and Celia Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Carol Anndy, Jeff Appelbaum, Don Bailey, Ann Baker, Ruth Berman, Don Blyly, Tim Boxell, Peter Breiter, Larry Brommer, Tom Brosz, Nate and Carvl Bucklin, Sharon Camacho,

Richard R Carlson, Mary Cannon, George Cole, Bill Dixon, John F Du Bois, David Egge, Dave Elwood, Louellen Essex, Ken Fletcher, Robert Flitcraft, Tom Foster, Robin Fox, Cynthia Franzen, Jack Frye, Tom Gallagher, Susan L Guthman, Bruce Hanslo, Mark Hansen, Peter and Linda Harder, David Harsh, Fred Haskell, Marschall A Hoegfelt, Chuck Holst, Dale Houstman, Gary Hudson, Milan D. Korich, Al Kuefald, John and Joan Kusse, Dlores Lennon, Lessinger family, Dennis Lien, Greg Lien, Larry Lien, Mike Manion, Jim Nilnar, David and Kathleen Mruz, Donald O Nelson, Jim Odbert, Dale Odell, Odren family, Blue Petal, urth Renn, Roland Riemers, Norm and Grace Riger, Bob Schmelzer, Chris Sherman, Mark Skogland, Jerry Stearns, Frank and Carol Stodolka, Bev Swanson, Dick Tatge, Dick Tierney, Lynn Torline, Uncle Hugo, Craig Van Grasstek, Joan Verba, Tom Vest, Reed Waller, Gerry Wassenar, Dave Wixon, Mike Wood, Jim Young, Patty Zbikowsky

LET'S SEE NOW...  
FOUR LETTER WORD  
FOR RAMPANT STUPIDITY...



frejac '79



Chapter 5. Memphis 3001

Speaking of Tom Foster, I recieved a nice little package of goodies the other day. Along with the copies of Tom's magazines and comics was a note saying to review these, please.

Toadfrog's Meditations \$1. A few of these cartoons have appeared in fanzines. At least I seem to recall some of these. Several of tom's post cards have appeared in Rune. 24 pages plus covers of the wit and wisdom of Toadfrog. It's pretty good.

Memphis 3001 \$3.50

Tom aims his zany madcap wit at the future. The future of Memphis Tenn. A funny look at a future in someone's tomorrow.

Strawberry Funnies #2 \$5.00

Even though I think the cover price is a little or a lot steep, I think that this is a pretty good comic. Since the low print run the high price. It's got some pretty good stories like Humper the Horniest wabbit Imaginable and Duck Wars. There are a couple of movies... Animals go to Castle! with Errol Frog and Buck Swashler, and Animals go to Mardi Gras. Both are quite funny. Not to mention Animals go West with a special cameo by Humper the aforementioned Horny wabbit. Well worth the \$5 if you are a big Tom Foster fan. They are all 500 of them numbered. Write to Tom Foster 502 N. Avalon West Memphis Ark. 72301...Rebel Comics.

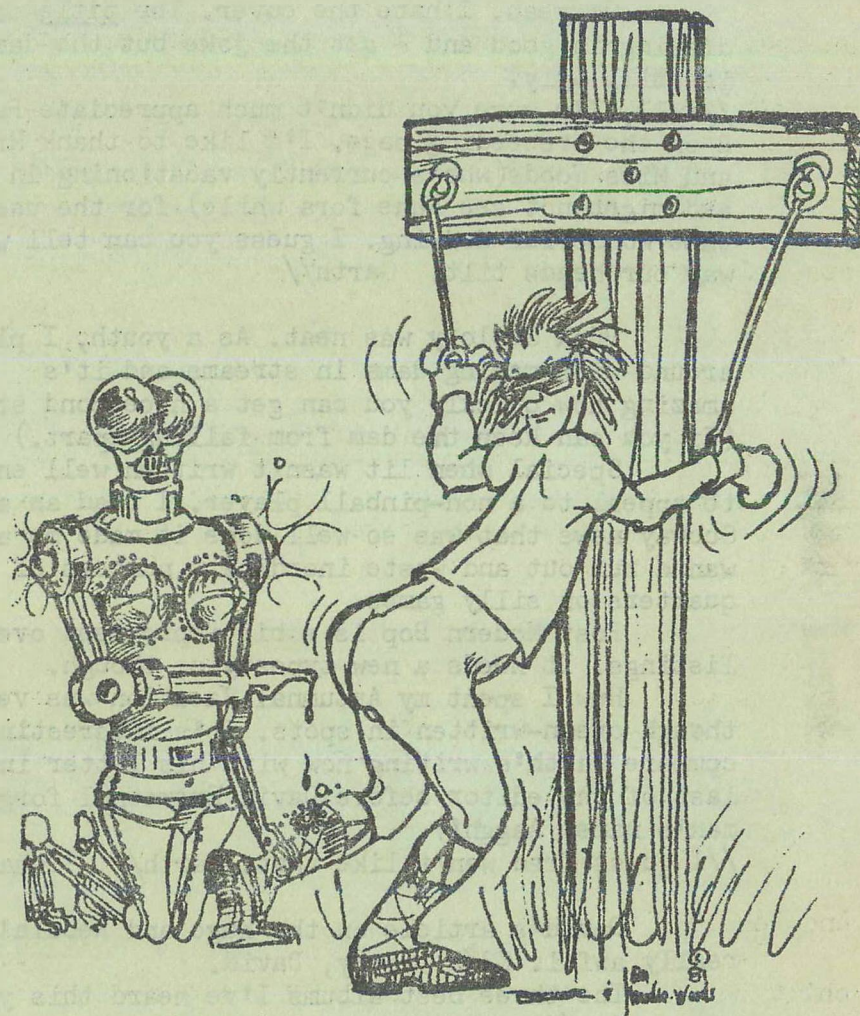
Here's a guy named Sid Fictitious writing to John Bertelt.

4340 West Pine #2 St. Louis Md. 63108 (COA)

The New Rune, though, shows every sign of returning to the Boziness of long ago. And its about time.

In fact, the New Rune may revive my flagging interest in fanzines and may force to actually pub my ish once again.

//Don't do it sideways, the typing is a bitch. Garth//



the Technological RAPE (gasp) of  
Mankind..... part 2.



6 a and b. Continuing with Mr. Fictitious...

Oh yeah. I hate the cover. The title of the drawing is good and I get the joke but the damn thing is still ugly.

//Well, I'm sure you didn't much appreciate Part 2 on the preceding page. I'd like to thank Mr. Becker and Miss Woods(who's currently vacationing in England and might not see Rune for a while) for the use of that wonderful drawing. I guess you can tell which way our heads tilt. Garth//

Punk Geology was neat. As a youth, I played around with making dams in streams and it's amazing how quickly you can get a nice pond started. (If you can keep the dam from falling apart.)

Special when lit wasn't written well enough to appeal to a non-pinball player. I read an article in Subway news that was so well done it made me almost wanna run out and waste inordinate numbers of quarters on silly games.

Post Modern Bop is a big improvement over Carol's listings. It needs a new typestyle, though.

How I spent my Autumnal Vacation was very good, though overn-written in spots. It's interesting to compare Garth's writing now with his letter in the last of the editor before David Emerson(I forgot the man's name! Aaggh!)

//I guess Fred won't like that. Garth// ??hhaa??

David's article on the hugo and Nebula's was really awful. ZZZZ. Sorry, David.

The three best albums I've heard this year are Boy/U2

Crocidiles/Echo and the Bunnymen  
Play/Magazine.

Sid Fictitious.

//We're having a guess Sid Fictitious's real name later on this year.

The names of the bands are after the titles of the albums for the uninformed. I know it's hard to tell anymore. Garth??//

After an Eddie and the hotrods break back to the grind.

Gary Deindorfer 447 Bellevue Ave #9-B Trenton NJ 08618

The new Rune is quite a change over the old one. Looks like you're all trying for a neo-punk image. A certain calculated sloppiness in graphics and even in the writing. Since you're trying to create an outspoken Rune, I'll try to create an outspoken letter.

//Hey, that's no calculated sloppiness...that's really honest to goodness hard working american sloppiness. No shit. No neo-punk image...just the boys having a good time. A vocal-outspoken fanzine would be great, let's do one. Garth. //

The cartoon at the bottom of page 5 seems to suggest that you RENE editors are homosexuals. Does that mean you suck each others' cocks and fuck each other in the ass.

//Hey, c'mon this is a fucking family zine. God, I couldn't resist. A weakness for the rude.Garth //

The Becker thing about the barbarian savage for the CIA reminds me of how the citizen-humping, world fucking up, life destroying government works. It takes its CIA goons and sends them out to get typical politically apathetic, easy going people mixed up with them. The goddamned CIA, FBI, etc. with the aid of the mass media and The New RENE(yuck,yuck), try to suck everybody into their dirty games,by co-opting everything in the name of the stinking government. It's like that interminable hostage thing. You know, those cats held prisoner in Iran. It wasn't long before I was sick and tired of the whole mess. I didn't give a shit one way or the other, as long as I didn't have to hear about it 50 times a day. So they finally came home. Yellow ribbons. Parades. Inauguration of Pres. Reagan. Whipping us up so we'd be government loving, loyal plastic robots. Shit on it.

As a heterosexual non-CIA agent, I say, some of you homosexual CIA agents who work for the New RENE



7. More Mr. Deindorfer.

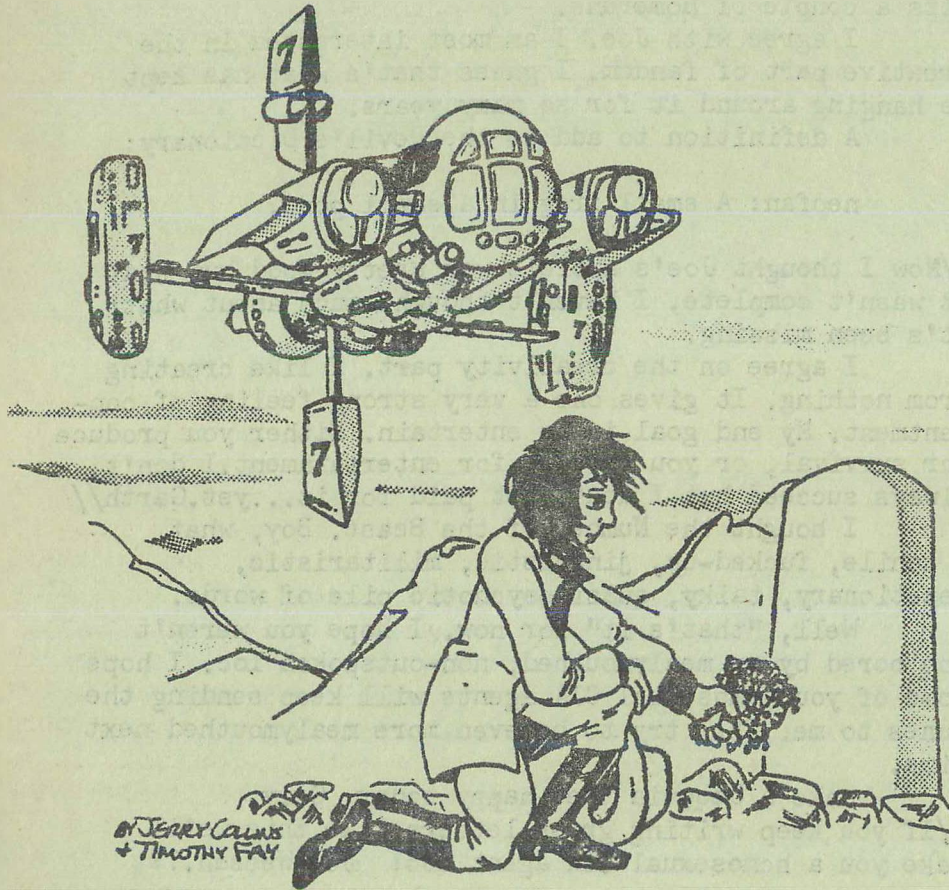
better watch out, we've got your number (666). Haha, jy just kidding. But not much.

The Emerson article succeeds well in conveying the real exhilaration of pinball. I am just a so-so player. I'd like to get to be a real hotshot, but I don't have the patience. I like real pinball better than the completely electronic video games. This marks me as a Moldy Fig in the eyes of the kids, probably, who seem to prefer the video games.

//I read that video games are good for teaching kids w to react fact and start them on the way to learning a bit about how to run minor computers. Part of teaching them to fish into the fast moving, electronic world of tomorrow. Tomorrow land is now. Garth//

My own thoughts on heroes and mythologization, which may well not have any worth at all: you become a hero when no one else any longer operates your mind, but you operate other people's minds (unconsciously). You become a bodhisattva when no one else any longer operates your mind, and when you no longer operate anyone else's mind, even unconsciously. By then, you are detached from you. As soon as one becomes a functioning hero by my definition, the legend making process producing the Big Lie sets in. The question is, is there something immature about the human race needing heroes? I think so. But even if the human race grows out of its current adolescence and becomes mature, adult, it will still need the improvement on the hero, the bodhisattva. To me, a bodhisattva doesn't have to be a religious figure as such. He or she could transcend religion. Shades of that old Who song, "No one had the guts to leave the temple." We have to work up the guts to leave the temple.

I wrote three installments of a fanzine review column until I got tired of doing it and packed it in. I found that, against my will, it came out disjointed. It tended to be a series of disconnected, shoot from the hip judgements. It seems that Luke Mc Guff runs into the same problem, but even more so. Looks as though he's trying to write a punk review column. Admirable





8 Mr. Deindorfer con't.  
ambition. But the result is a very disjointed collection of judgements that are supposedly dredged up from his gut instincts, with a minimum of editing from his conscious mind (if he has one.) The trouble is, I don't think much of McGuff's instincts. Joe Nicholas may be wrong headed a lot of the time, but at least he's intelligent. McGuff seems to be plain stupid. His opinions are childish, asinine and banal. His opinions take it up the ass. His column sucks. So does he, probably. Especially now that he's moved to Minneapolis and gotten involved with some of you homosexual CIA agents, right?

I'll have fun watching the chickens come home to roost for McGuff from his off the bottom of his head comments. That's what happened to me when I did my fanzine review column. It goes with the territory. I found that what I thought were the most innocuous, least controversial remarks were the ones that got people the most worked up, and what I thought was devastating was ignored. McGuff will discover this to be true, too, probably. Since he is basically stupid, it ought to be fun seeing how deep a hole he can dig for himself to fall into.

Fletcher is one of the best. Oddly enough, the piece I like the most is meant seriously, the "Winter Thoughts on Kindness to Animals." Very touching.

I hope I never have to go on welfare, but if I do, I'll use Garth's article as a primer. There is a methadone to his madness.

Joe Wesson's piece makes a lot of sense. He's right about having to play the game to get yourself accepted as one of the fannish group. The funny words, having the right currently hip opinions, going to cons, drinking marijuana and pissing cocaine. Yes, yes, he has Spoken Truth. Speaking for myself, looking back on my years in fandom, I realize that the times when I thought I was being most iconoclastic were the times when I was playing the hip, in group fannish games most

assiduously, and vice versa. No, I mean it. Wesson is right, for the most part. To really go your own way in fandom would be not to play the games at all.. And you'd end up an outcaste, a pariah, for your trouble. Joe Wesson did a good job with his article. I also like the fact that he says a lot in a minimum of words. I think this is the best thing in the issue. It really hits a couple of homeruns.

I agree with Joe. I am most interested in the creative part of fandom. I guess that's what has kept me hanging around it for so many years.

A definition to add to the Devil's Dictionary:

neofan: A small frog in a small pond.

//Now I thought Joe's article was pretty good but that it wasn't complete. I haven't thought much about what it's been missing.

I agree on the creativity part. I like creating from nothing. It gives one a very strong feeling of contentment. My end goal is to entertain. Either you produce for survival, or you produce for entertainment. I don't always succeed but I don't get paid for it...yet. Garth//

I bought the Number of the Beast. Boy, what a senile, fucked-up, jingoistic, militaristic, reactionary, talky, quasi-psychotic pile of words.

Well, "that's it" for now. I hope you weren't too bored by my mealy-mouthed, non-outspoken loc. I hope some of you homosexual CIA agents will keep sending the Runes to me. I'll try to be even more mealy-mouthed next time.

make a Sequoia tree happy today, Gary.

?/If you keep writing great letters like this we'll make you a homosexual CIA agent too! Joe Wesson.??



999 The number of the other beast.

Robert J Whitaker P.O. Box 7709 Newark, Del., 19711

...mention of Thorne Smith in Rune 62 reminds me that Smith's Turnabout should also be read. It's about a man and a woman who constantly bicker and wish they could exchange places. They do. He winds up in her body and she in his. In light of the ERA and the women's liberation movement, this book is far in advance of the time which it was written. (In the thirties) Some hack writer in this era took the basic idea and made a big boring novel out of it. I think it was called I WILL FEAR NO EVIL or some-shit title...TURNABOUT is very funny and much funnier than TOPPER...

Robert J Whitaker.

\*\*\*

A.D. Wallace 306 E. Gatehouse Dr. H Metairie, LA 70001

Gramercies galore for #62. The absolutely least that can be said about this is that it is COLORFULL! Perhaps more : It is CHROMATIC !

A preppy note (or touch) appears, the use of three full names. Thus Josephus Sixpack Doe is sometimes used in place of Joe Doe. This is a preparatory school touch, along with the pempt look, aka "clean jeans".

Most cordially

Alexander Doniphan Wallace

PS Either I or my typer needs to be adjusted

//Yup, I'd believe it. David Stever-schnoes.

666 A phone call of comment. Ring ring hello.

Sandra Miesel talking to David Stever-shhnoes.

"Conventions are going to hell, and that's why I'm pulling back."

"The con, mailing addresses are too well known."

"We and they"

We are doing something, they are consuming.

The robes cheapen the masquerade.

My fourteenth year as a con fan, June 1981.

It's an ordeal now.

There is no correlation between con attendance and success among pros-Gene Wolfe, for instance.

Look at the fanzine Hugo award nominations.

I'm older and less patient- I'll not sleep on the floor, eat bad food, go to a bad hotel.

By not going to Minicon I own half a Japanese print.

My daughter is now 5' 8".

John says that one way he's always thought Indiana could be improved would be an active volcano, just off the road, in a soybean field, so you could see the glow at night.

Sandra Miesel

\*\*\*

George Flynn...From somewhere near left field, Fenway Park.

With regard to Joe Wesson's article, the trouble is that what's happened to fandom over the last decade really has little to do with anything fandom itself has done. In fact, it's mostly Hollywood's fault. Fandom has grown because sf became popular, it's as simple as that. The intimacy of early fandom was basically as us-against-the-world feeling, motivated by the fact that the outside world did look down on sf. Why that changed is a sociological question, all right, but it's not the sociology of fandom that's involved; fandom is just getting the spillover, as people with a newly developed interest in sf (unfortunately, not always in reading it) discover that there are already organized (?) groups of people with what appear to be the same interests.

(Actually the number of cons hasn't quite reached the number Joe thinks: I just pulled out the Locus for ten years ago this week (June 17) and found a list of 14 upcoming cons over a 6 month period.) Wish I knew what to do about it all, but the underlying forces seem to be bigger than we are. Some want to erect barriers against the input of newcomers, but then we'd just die out (even in the old days, fandom had a very high turnover; it's just the tiny number of long-term survivors that makes it look otherwise). Perhaps



10 flying with flynn  
someday sf will be 'out' again, but in the current state  
of the publishing industry I'm afraid that then it might  
die altogether - and fandom not long after.

George Flynn

666

Lee Hoffman 350 NW Harbor Blvd. Port Charlotte, Fl. 3  
33952

Joe Wesson sounds disillusioned in TEN Years...  
etc... Of course, what he speaks of isn't unique to  
fandom. Elitist, non-egalitarian groups are quite  
common. Often they are known as paternal organizations,  
political action groups, churches, tribes, etc. It  
seems to be a part of human instinctual equipment, this  
tendency to bunch up in groups of "us" and "them".

As to the "Buzz-words" he mentions (is "buzz-  
word" a media or a sociologists' buzz-word?), I think  
"baby talk" an inaccurate phrase for a specialized lan-  
guage, though baby talk is itself a specialized language  
serving essentially the same purposes as other special-  
ized languages, like fanspeak, drug-cant, scientific  
terminology, etc. All seem to arise from both the deep  
psychological tendency to develop signals by which we  
can differentiate "us" from "Them". Identification bad-  
ges like Secret Handshakes, the Head Sign, designer jeans,  
the symbol of the Fish, and particular facial Tattoos.  
But then so much of what humans do is a communication  
of one's relationship to society. No matter what you  
choose to wear, if anything, it's a statement.

But on another level, all of these specialized  
languages have evolved for certain practical purposes.  
(Some more practical than others). Baby talk is a  
perversion of the Special Language a mother uses to  
enable an infant to differentiate her vocalizations to  
it from other vocalizations. Drug-cant originated in the  
need to keep the content of communications secret from  
them" as a protective measure. Words and phrases coined  
in scientific circles provide convenient labels for

for phenomena not easily explained with existing lan-  
guage (LGM, Quasar and Pulsar, for instance, are all  
simply concise terms for less wieldy phrases.) and fan  
speak evolved primarily as typewriterese for people  
using the written word as a principle means of commun-  
ication. Fnz and fmz, for instance, are obviously for  
writing, not speaking, Fnz is much more efficient for  
a typist than fanzine; fanzine more efficient than  
fan magazine, fan magazine more efficient than amateur  
magazine published by and for members of science fiction  
fandom. And if you've ever tried to come up with a con-  
cise explanation of what fandom is, for one of "them",  
you know how useful the fanspeak word fandom is to fans.  
What would you use in its place if we didn't have it?  
Of course, fan itself is a slangy condensation of  
fanatic. But fandom is a word with a far more special-  
ized meaning than the domain of fanatics.

Quite a few words in fanspeak have developed to  
convey special meanings with a economy of words and  
precision impossible without them. For instance neofan  
and trufan. (Fugghead is, of course, a bowdlerism dating  
back to the days when you could get into a lot of trouble  
putting Certain Words in to the U.S. Mails, especially  
in mimeographed form.) But as far as I know catch-phrases  
like Crottled Greeps and Courtney's Boat are simply  
vocalized versions of facial tattoos.

Kids running around in funny clothes and children  
fighting in the hotel hallways with toy guns aren't new  
or unique to fandom. Thirty years ago we had our prop-  
ellor beanies and zap guns. And even before that, the  
American Legion had its funny hats and electric cattle  
prods.

Joe asked: Is fandom today a product of former  
fandom's proselytic fervor? Is this fandom's just a  
deserts (sic) for being small and wanting to be big?  
In response, I will ask "Did fandom want to be big?"  
As far back as I can remember fandom as a whole  
has not been much in accord about what it wanted.  
The closest thing I can think of to a common goal  
was the desire for more and better Science Fiction,



(and public respect for Science Fiction.)(Though I can't recall much accord on what constituted Better Science Fiction.) Well, if fandom is responsible for its own outrageous growth, this is more the cause than any proselytic fervor. To get more and better sf published, to get media interest, and public respect, there had to be a market that would support good writers.

The expanding market, the acceptance of Science Fiction as respectable literature and the broadening of the base in the mass market has made a hell of a lot of people aware of fandom. Now that they know about it, hordes looking for a sub-culture to join are pouring in.

In other words, I don't think modern fandom is the wish fulfillment of early fandom, but rather a byproduct of that wish fulfillment.

It is the story of our modern world in microcosm.

Ever, Lee H.

//Fanspeak is a jargonese that, to me, serves two purposes; one is to be cute and chummy and the other is to separate US from THEM. As a matter of principle I don't believe in the concept of US and THEM. (I never can live up to my principles, though.) I'm not very good at being cute and chummy either. Joe Wesson.  
PS I think that your letter was real neat.//

\*\*\*

Brad W Foster 4109 Pleasant Run Irving Texas 75062

Tried to get through the first seven pages of Rune 62 and couldn't hack it with that weird top-o-the-page-stapling, so took it apart and restapled on the side. Neat idea, but the book should be laid out to take the advantage of the format, not fight with it. "Barbarian Savage" was a gas, man! (My god, how incredibly hip I've become!) Always gotten too depressed watching my first three balls go directly into the out-lanes to get really involved in pin-ball. Uh, these titles have gotta go, guys - the lettering is almost illegible on some of them! No offense to Sarah, but until I referred

back to the contents page, I could only make out the words Roger Zelazny on the title of page 14. Help.

Liked McGuff's column, as I really get off on reading about all those fanzines I'll never see. I have never ceased to be amazed as the years go by at the sheer quantity of fanzines that are in existence. I've only seen two or three of the ones he reviewed this time out, but tend to agree with him on those, so feel I can go with his opinions for awhile - at least until he screws up and dumps on a book that I like.

Brad Foster

//Hey, go ahead, do us a cover. No number, just some fine art by a guy who hasn't had a Rune cover.-Steven. I get a little giddy and perverse after stapling a few hundred copies and just do little things like that. Joe Wesson.//

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Steven P Johnson 2995 Marion Ave 1-F Bronx NY 10458

Thanks for sending me the new Rune. When I reviewed the recent new staff announcement with the Minicon flyer, I was most pleased to find you on the roster. Congratulations.

Now I'm going to take you to task for not exercising a tighter editorial hand on the first issue under your editorship. Several things severely marred the overall appearance of the magazine, none so subtle that you should have overlooked them. The fanzine review column was close to illegible due to the caps and narrow spacing between the lines; you should have caught that as soon as you saw the stencils. (I'll wager that the writer cut his own stencils.) I suppose the situation could have been worse-the column could have been worth reading. You should have bounced it on literary merit alone, even if nicely typed.

//There are more than just one editor. Each (David, Joe, John and Garth) of us is doing something. This issue in the making has 4-5 different typists. Less than last time but more involved. Most of us here personally liked Luke's article as a matter of fact. He also didn't



page 12 Mr Johnson

type his own mess.-garth//

To mose to my second gripe, I hope that David Emerson's pinball pieze isn't the first of a series. Playing them is fine, writing about them is on the level of writing about smoking dope, drinking, or making love--there has to be something besides the ostensible subject to make it interesting. On the other hand, if David wants to write about old radios or jukeboxes, that's fine with me.

//I would perfer reading abut sex, drugs and even pinball, but then I have wider range of interest than your letter indicated.garth//

Garth Danielson was fairly brave to write his welfare pieze--doubtless it will infuriate many folks. Most folks (including me, at times) make invidious distinctions between the working us and the welfare them, or more narrowly between collecting unemployment and collecting welfare.(Some people are even more invidious and cast unemployment compensation--otherwise known as "uncomp"--beyond the pale.)

//Some people are stupid, too. Garth//

Cover would have been better if the person being molested had been a man.

steven P. Johnson

//Why? JB//

\*\*\*

Al Sirois 385 Norton Street. New Haven Ct.06511

I haven't locced RUNE in years, and I don't intend to start now...

After all, I sub to the sucker, which is something I only do to Yandro, otherwise. That must say something.

I have to congradulate you(David stever-schnoes) on assuming editorship, assuming you have assumed it (as I assume you have). Do you remember that you were the very first person in fandom to comment on my artwork? It was in a letter to Mike Gorra's old zine, Banshee, and you didn't like what I'd dwawn. You

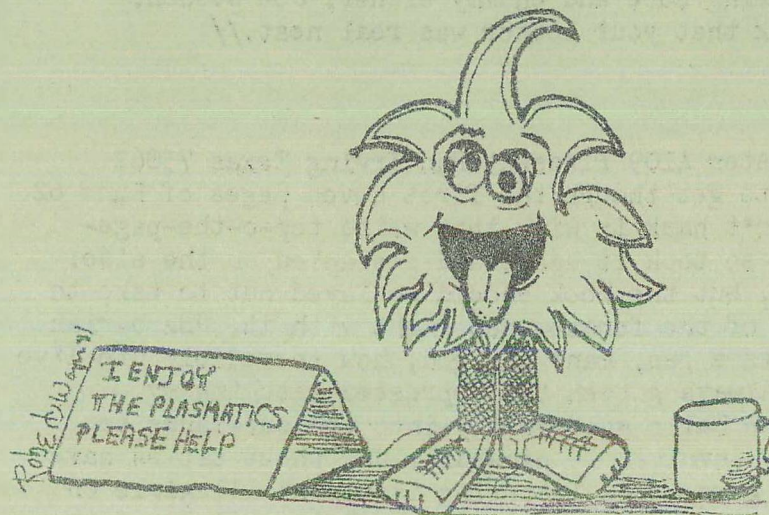
page 12

Bastard; i haven't forgotten! Just for that, I've enclosed some artwork for your stupid zine. (The uncle Fred catoon is one of a series of same I'm doing for the New Haven group's newsletter, but I thought that it might fit in with the general musical bozoid humor you people promulgate.)

I like the New Rune, tho it hasn't jelled. I'll refrain from commenting at length this time, as I haven't really got the time to do so. I was going to write to you anyway, because we are having a COA as of May first and I wanted you to know so that Runes wouldn't be lost in the mails. As it happened; today Rune came, as if by magic. (I know better, however, don't try to fuck with me.)

Al Sirois

//Sure, Al/. Thanks. Garth//





Sandra Miesel 8744 N. Pennsylvania Street Indianapolis, In. 46240

Last spring I submitted an article to Rune entitled "Where do Assistant Editors Come From?" It hasn't been used or acknowledged so perhaps it's been lost. Will you please check into this and if the article doesn't suit, please return.

Jim Baen's Tor books will be doing a clutch of New Anderson collections, including a better complete version of the Pyschotechnic Institute series in 3 vols with commentary by me. Your bibliography (David Stever-Schnoes) has been of immense value!

Sandra

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LAGoldstein 6620 Hazeltine #9 Van Nuys Ca 91405

If RUNE 62 is the new Rune, I don't want it.

Lee Ann Goldstein.

//Good. Garth.//

\*\*\*

Paul David Novitski 525 19th Ave. E Seattle Washington 98112

//Letter was written on the cover of Rune 62. Garth//

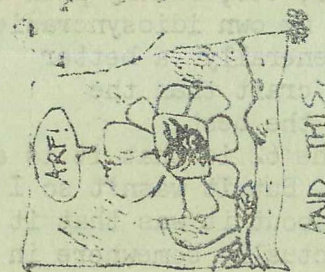
Please remove me from your mailing list. I don't need to see any more of this shit than I do already.

Paul Novitski

666

We have to apologize for the mis labeling of a couple of illustrations in the last issue. The post card from Todd Bake illustrates our misjustice. Sorry son but we do make mistakes. Garth...

13



ON PAGE 50

ARE MINE, NOT

KUNKEL'S A FLETCHER'S!



David E Romm soon to be leaving the basement of the Boz

I don't know how to tell you this, but your 2½ page cover is brilliant. Disgusting, but brilliant. It conveys disgust, more disgust, than a really accurate self portrait of Larry Becker. He knows where he's at. (I predict a great future for him at Disney.) Some people might not like it, but you shouldn't trust people with taste. For instance that Rico Popoqatipetel fellow, real Savoir Faire, that one.

//You'll be happy to know that we have an other rico story for next issue. Illustrated by Larry too.

Garth//

Joe Wesson makes some good points about Fandom, if you're an elitist. Of course I am too, but tend to look at the vast prospects of fandom and not the half vast.

//Gee Dave. Garth//

Awards in general have gotten watered down by pandering to public taste has removed any objective judgement of quality. The Hugo's and the Nebulas, as well as the Oscars; the Emmy's; the Faans; etc, rarely pick choices I agree with (allowing for my own idiosyncrasies). I find that the 5 nominees are generally a better representation of the top 5 of a craft than the winner is the representation of the best.

The best I can say about Rune 62 is that it is a masterwork of fanzine publishing. But it wasn't so I can't. The worst that I can say about it was that it is different. The New Rune was actually somewhere in between these extremes, but I refuse to publicly commit myself to just where I think it is.

more-or-less sincerely, David E Romm  
P.S. No PS

//I think that not only are the awards often big shows of popularity and who's on top but so are the guests of honour at many conventions. It's not who you know but who you...Garth//

Pierre Parrant c/o Lower Landing St Paul MN 55101

Well you wanted letters, so here I am, I'm going to tell you what sucked about this issue.

The cover sucked, but Becker must have wanted it that way; the second page cover missed one cheap punchline- 'sit on my face and I'll guess your weight' I like that one- use it myself, too.

//Does it get you anything? one of the editors??

The repro sucked. ...poor inking job it did (pages 12, 15, 20, 49, and 55) on some of the art. The Hand lettered headings sucked, except for the one that Larramie Sassaville. The page numbers where they exist are unreadable- I think Sarah Prince did them- pat her on the head and tell her no, next time( I did like the upside down carrots that she did all over the place- what are they, really? )

//Those are pylons, introduced into the Bozo mythos by Garth via the Axman. Garth//

The way that Greg Ketters Column was handled sucked. His name isn't on the damned page, and you should have put a line down the page to help set it off. You shouldn't have had to supply the confusing note on the ToC- fuck em if they can't take a joke, anyway. By the way, I think the Canfield vampire car was supposed to be oriented sideways- that's modern graphics, folks, and that way it won't have run into Stever-Schnosseses (where in hell are you people coming up with these friggin' names?) article.

I'd like to think that you already know what a mistake the typeface on the McGuff Column was. A gross error. I read it through, and McGuff is a damned good reviewer. You don't have a letter column. That sucks, but then I've read so damned many whimpy letters in this rag that that is really a blessing in disguise.

Till later, Pig's Eye.

//Some of you might not know that Pig's Eye Parrant was one of the founders of St. Paul or some such thing like that and has been dead for a long time. Small wonder he writes like that. Garth//



//Some shorties//

I didn't read Rune. Looked at the pictures and they were all ugly.

Curtis Hoffman

//It was reported in an early True Lies About Fandom that  
Curtis was living in a shoebox on the corner of 6th and  
Hennipen and was looking for himself. It hasn't changed .  
Garth//

Dear RUNE Editors,

I didn't read RUNE because I heard about it. The cover was disgusting!

Elizabeth Anne La Velle

P.S. // I'm so glad you're not John Parcell.

//Elizabeth is a wonderful young lady who is currently experiencing her second religious recovery. Garth, kiss kiss.?

I was so utterly disgusted by Rune & it's cover that I didn't even read my record review. Keep up the good work.

Micheal Parker Smith.

//Micheal parker has a part time job for a travel agent and spends all his spare time drinking beer and trying to communicate on another level. Garth.//

I liked the cover.

Greg Ketter, boy pervert.

// Actually Greg isn't pervert but a young clean, american boy(man) who used to be a boy scout and often enjoys the company of a young woman who often ties him up and talks about voodoo to him. Weird. Garth//

David Stever-Schnoeseses

When cover- we certainly got people interested didn't we? I sure hope Stephen Johnson really likes the second part. I think we should send Burt libe some chicken livers.

Who cares who was in MinnStf in August 1974? Least of all MinnStf in July 1981. This is a weird lettercol-ads for Tom Foster, old directories, cos's.

I dunno about Joe but John and Garth and I are all normal hetro guys with girlfriends.

//Joe says he's a Buddhist Monk which explains why he  
doesn't come and party much. Garth//

Al Sirois assumed that he sent us art for Rune but the locals who get Einblat have already seen two pieces, assuming they noticed.

David

//Did you send a copy to Al you turnip? Garth//

\*\*\*

Jack Kerouac

I hope it won't think it presumptuous of me, blah, blah,blah. You know what I mean pretentious. They're going to call you homosexual CIA agents. They won't understand. Pain is the only teacher. Beat them over the heads with blunt instruments. Fear is the only friend. Make them afraid of you. Stay away from benzedrine inhalers(thrombophlebitis). Be careful of people who imitate you. They will be rather stupid, but have good intentions. Your complaints about fandom remind me of the idiocy that surrounds the New York literary establishment. Good luck and be careful.

Yours in St. Therese of Lisieux

Jack Kerouac.

//Thanks Jack. Garth//

Alica Abelman

Uh, what's with the "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," I don't seem to understand it. Looks like a waste of paper; poor production.

Alice Abelman.

//Did you even see The Shining, Alice. Garth//



16 Due to space and time the letters page is only 16 pages. Sorry. hopefull more next time.

Leslie J David.

If you're looking for a place to start pruning the Rune mailing list I suggest you start with me. Never in my life have I seen a worse piece of garbage than this. A "punk" Rune is not at all to my liking, which is really kind of sad, because buried under a your ugly format and bad typing there are some pretty good articles.

I enjoyed Garth's saga of his sojourn within the Welfare system--I think it's one of the best articles he's written.

//Name some more.Garth//

I thought the front cover was atrocious. Yuck. Luke McGuff's column stunk.

Leslie J David.

//Thanks. I don't think Rune is very punk. I don't see the word fuck on every page and we type most of the issue. Most of the printing this time looks a lot better and the typing is the same. Garth//

\*\*\*

Dear Garth and also dear John and David,

Good luck editing Rune from three editorial addresses! May ye have big fights about policy and lose important submissions while running from one house to the next! (But seriously Folks)... this is Standard Good Luck Letter #3,486: GOOD LUCK KEEPING RUNE'S PREVIOUS HIGH STANDARDS OF APPEARENCE AND OCCASIONALLY CONTENT AS WELL!!!! May ye las longer than the last editors, grow wise and wealthy, and live in interesting times. May Rune be as pretty as Noowatt used to be, the dear lamented thing.

love and kisses,

Jessica Amanda Salmonson

Box 5688 University Station Seattle Washington 98105

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There were more letters of course but there just isn't enough room. Andrea Antonoff sent a letter dunning Stever about a paragraph that was written from a male point of view concerning something that was a male/female thing. It's the same old shit, dull...

George Perkins 11 Medary Trailer Court Brookings SD 57006

The front cover is disgusting. I Am appaled. I really don't think it belongs on Rune. I don't mind nudity; in fact it is pleasing art. I don't mind graphic sex (a turn on sometimes) in art. But this sort of sadism is not good art. It is porn. I would be surprised if you did not upset many female-readers; I was upset enough to deliberately leave my Rune up-side-down on the table so as not to have to look at the front cover. Harvia's back cover was cute; far preferable.

George Perkins.

//I am surprised to hear the cover called porn but I've been through South Dakota is I can sort of see where you are coming from. I'll send a Penthouse and perhaps this will help understand what porn is. Garth//

WAHF

David Palter, Jim Meadows, Ben Indick, Maia. There were probably more but they got lost in the moving or from the car wreck lifestyle we lead.

Have a nice evening and stay cool. Hot here, too hot for me. Garthh





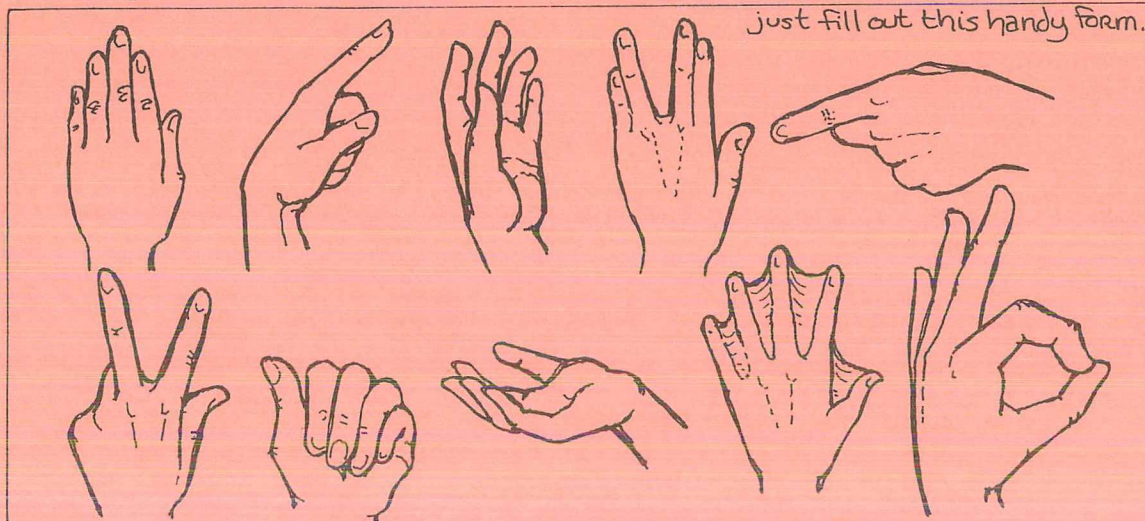


# Can You Answer This Koan? →

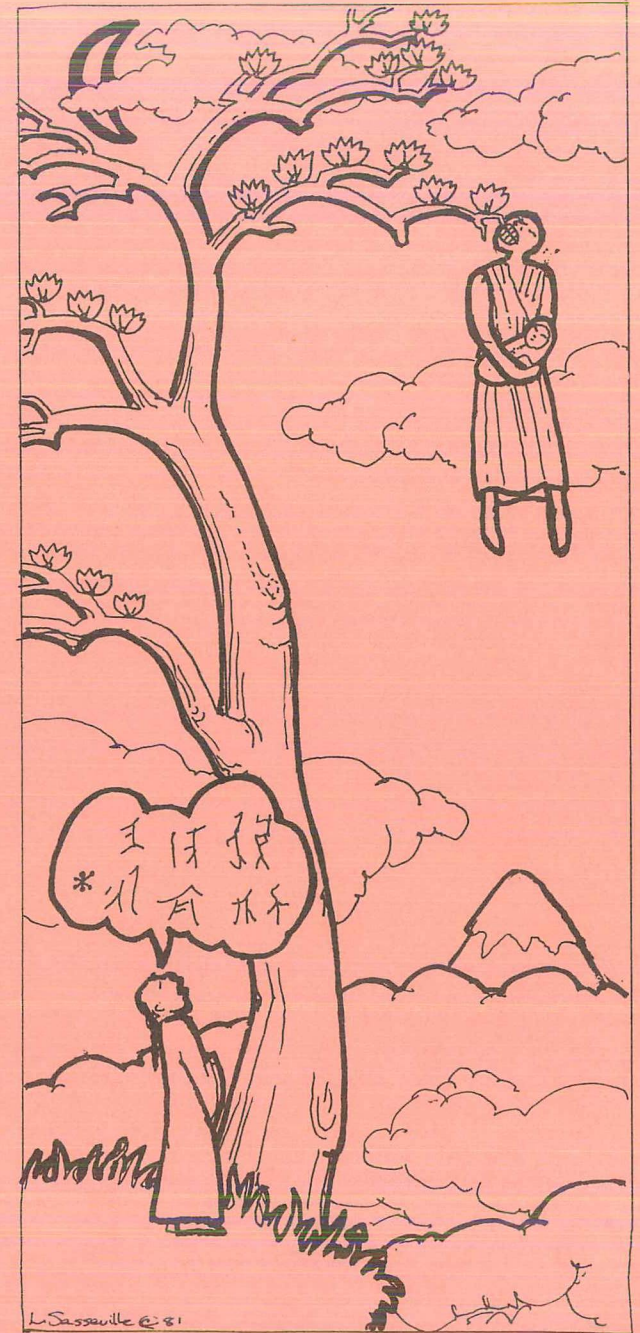


Then  
You May Qualify to join  
“the 12-Famous Buddha Minds  
Correspondence School of  
Enlightenment”

just fill out this handy form.



and we will contact you through your pineal gland.



\*“Master, how can you be in two places  
at once, when you’re not anywhere at all?”

hint: the answer does not rhyme with ‘orange’