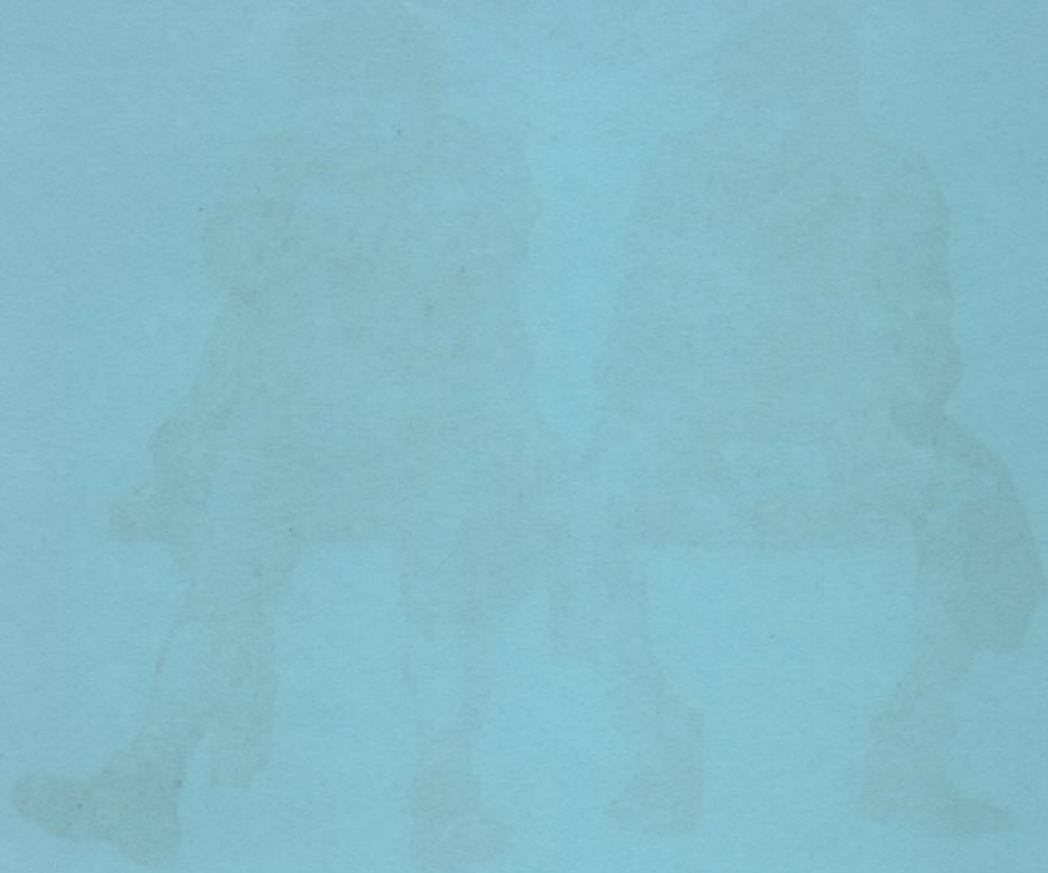




THE OUTGOING RUNE EDITORS ATTEND  
THEIR LAST BOARD MEETING

RUNE 74





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# RUNE 74

VOL. 11, NO. 3

FEBRUARY 1986

EDITED BY ERIK BIEVER & M.K. DIGRE

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Available for written contributions, illustrations, letters of comment, fanzines in trade, or editorial whim. The situation is complicated by the change in editors beginning with the next issue. The current editors would like to continue receiving fanzines, as we intend to resume publishing our own titles. Trades for Rune should be sent to the new editor, Michael Butler, in care of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society (Minn-stf) at the address given above. Trades for Quinapalus should be sent to M. K. Digre at 4629 Columbus Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55407; the next issue will be out shortly, complete with an article by Skel, so keep those zines coming. Trades for A Poke in the Eye with a Sharp Stick should be sent to Erik Biever at 1731 Eustis St., Lauderdale, MN 55113. The first issue is coming soon; it may be short, but at least it's better than -- oh, never mind. Comments on this issue of Rune may be sent either to the new editor or the old editors, as the writer sees fit. We will try to get copies of letters sent to us to both the new editor and to the contributors.

RUNE BREWING  
BREWING FINE BEER AND FANZINES

CO.  
SINCE 1983



# RUNE

## EDITORIAL

by  
M.K. DIGRE

We got an anonymous letter here at Rune headquarters, mixed up with a bagful of the more usual accolades, excoriating us, if excoriating is the word I want, for our slack publishing schedule and for what the writer perceived as our lack of a properly serious attitude towards our responsibilities as editors of a leading clubzine and towards fanzines in general. I intend to quote most of the letter here, but first I'd like to warn you that the writer employs some pretty juicy language in his attempt to put it across us.

"I don't know when I've ever seen such a pair of lousy excuses for fanzine editors as you two. If you spent half as much time working on your feeble pretense of being devoted clubmen and literary powerhouses as you do brewing and drinking beer, staggering off to bed, and staggering back to your beer cellars again, Rune would probably be a daily rather than a sesquicentennial fanzine. Would be, that is, if you could write, edit, and crank mimeos half as well as a spavined illiterate quadruplegic with rheumatism in his remaining parts.

"Fandom has got enough idiots running around who can publish on time already. It doesn't need another pair who can't even mail a zine that's already in print! What Fandom needs is a replacement for you old pus-bags. What Fandom needs is some real intellectuals. What Fandom needs is some real fan magazines. But what does Fandom get? Fandom gets a couple of failed 'I don't know what I want to be when I grow up, so I think I'll publish a fanzine using the club's money.' types.

"What Fandom needs is criticism of science fiction. What fandom gets is mystery and fantasy book reviews.

"What Fandom needs is someone who can shed light on the current fanzine scene, who can plumb the depths of current fannish practice, who can lead the way and show us what a real fanzine should be, and what's wrong with current fanzines that make them fall short of this ideal. What Fandom gets is five lines of bullshit about each of 150 zines that don't even deserve to be mentioned.

"What Fandom needs is a place where it can discuss what Fandom is all about, where its head is at; a forum for discussion of how modern society impacts Fandom and science fiction, and how Fandom and science fiction can impact modern society. What Fandom gets is Dr. Limeo, beer reviews, third-rate art, and fourth-rate parodies of the Olympics.

"I don't know if I have made myself clear enough for you nerds to understand, but what I am trying to get across is that Fandom needs someone with at least an ounce or two of brains, which lets the two of you right out.

"Maybe I should go into some particulars. I suppose there is some slight chance that that will shed some light even for a couple of dim bulbs like you. The first editorial, for instance, starts right out by admitting that you are completely devoid of editorial talent. Even if you can pop corn and drink beer at the same time -- which I doubt -- it's a pretty lame



excuse for foisting this kind of crud upon the unsuspecting fannish public. As for brewing beer and publishing fanzines at the same time, you've already proved you can't do that by trying and failing to publish a fanzine. Anyone who tries to drink your home-brewed beer will doubtless come to the same conclusion from the other angle, provided they live long enough.

"The shaggy dog story is a huge improvement over the editorial, but is still pretty small potatoes. While not actually repulsive, it would be more at home in an apa than in a club-financed, large circulation genzine.

"The opera review is three dreary pages of overblown twaddle about the magnum opus of a composer from whom silence would, indeed, be golden. The illustrations by P. Domain for this waste of paper look are worse yet. You probably could have found something better in a book of clip art.

"Gerri Balter's bit of tripe about the "Mortally Handicapped" not only reads like something Andy Rooney would write if he had suffered brain damage (and maybe he has; I've never been too sure on that point), it also makes light of those who are actually doing something to alleviate the distress of a host of disadvantaged groups. This is the sort of thing that we can do without.

"I don't even want to talk about the fanzine reviews. If I were to review them in their own style, I would say, 'A couple of trivial comments about each of over three dozen trivial zines. Not recommended.'

"The letter from Jim Young was a meandering missive from an ancient has-been, plucked untimely from its tomb (the circular file) and unaccountably elevated to the status of an 'article'. Out of respect for the elderly I won't give you my negative comments on it.

"The 3.2 beer reviews just go to show that the editors have had a few too many liquid lunches. The only bit in the entire piece that even approached a sub-moronic level of intelligence was the comment about using the stuff to drown slugs. That is the only possible use for this wretched product, and it certainly doesn't take five fanzine pages and twenty minutes of my life for reading time to tell me that. On the other hand, if the sluggish editors drank most of the slop themselves, maybe it was put to its proper use.

"The next item, 'Ask Dr. Mimeo', is enough to induce philosophical meditations in me even during the heat of a pennant race. Strange as it may seem, I have to tell myself, someone actually worked on this. Whoever Dr. Mimeo is, he is so completely out of touch with reality that he can take seriously that old wives' tale about your ceramic fish bursting into flames if you put it in the microwave. Hasn't anyone ever told the old coot that fish are aquatic, and so incapable of bursting into flames, whatever the provocation. What a dork!

"The less said about the book reviews the better.

"You have shown that you have gall in quantities to match your stupidity and egotistical mania the way you butchered the letter column. A few of your loccers probably made some sense before you took your editorial blue pencil and chain saw to their letters, but now there's nothing left but a few lines about how great the previous Rune was, probably pieced together from random words selected from throughout each letter. The only exception you have made is for that oldest and fartiest of old farts, Harry Warner, Jr. Seeing as how his letter has got nothing of deep significance in it at all, you naturally have printed the whole thing, unedited. If I were you, and I had just re-read this letter column, I would go out and kill myself. Lucky for me I'm not you.

"Probably the most dumbo thing of all in an issue that rivals the National Enquirer for intellectual integrity is the second editorial. Come off it, Digre! That old trick about being so ashamed to admit to having written your own words that you just stick them all in quotation



marks just won't wash. We know you did it, anyway. 'In my addled brain I can hear the announcers now,' indeed! Your miserable excuse for a brain is addled, true enough, and I wouldn't be the least surprised to learn that you have been hearing things, but I won't take it as an excuse for the kind of empty-headed crap that fills the rest of your three (count 'em, three) pages. If you had just left them empty we could at least use them for jotting down telephone numbers and racing tips. Why don't you do yourself a favor and crawl into one of those giant potholes you keep babbling about, and stay there until a road crew comes along and fills it in. Save the state a few bucks on asphalt.

"The real gem of the issue, the only part that makes any sense at all, the Board of Directors' minutes, is ruined by your careless typing and the objectionable illustration on the final page. 'Einbwatt should cawwy a wequest for assistance or wepwacement of Rune editors.' You have unwittingly made the entire Board sound like Elmer Fudd, a fate far beneath their dignity. So just lay off it, huh? I don't want to see your slimy prints on any more envelopes in my mailbox."

We can only wonder what sort of a warped mind would write such a letter and not have the courage to sign it. We don't so much mind the criticisms of ourselves, which, after all, do contain a grain of truth, however exaggerated, but the slurs on our contributors cannot be allowed to pass unanswered.

First, we disagree with the contention that fandom needs a place where it can discuss what fandom is all about. We think that there's far too much of that sort of thing going on already, and that somebody -- it may as well be us -- has got to get down to actually doing something. To that end, we try, with only partial success, to write amusingly on whatever strikes us funny at the moment, to inspire our contributors to put their thoughts on paper, and to put the service departments (the fanzine reviews, letters, & book reviews) together as well as we can.

Our book reviews and fanzine reviews are intended to be a service to our readers rather than deathless literary criticism. We figure that if we can bring a good book or fanzine to your attention, we've done our job. We certainly don't have anything against more ambitious efforts, as you can see with this issue's review of Asimov's robot books by Matthew Tepper, but we don't think that that is the only type of review worth publishing.

As for our other contributors, we liked what they did and we appreciated them doing it, as did many of our letter writers. Our anonymous critic has presumably never written anything for Rune that might have raised the tone to the level he believed it should be at, much as we might have liked to balance the fluff that we are capable of producing ourselves with something weightier.

The only line in this letter that makes any sense is the one that implores us to quit. We are getting weary of producing Rune, and there is an energetic new editor waiting to take over. In fact, there is sort of a horde of new editors waiting to take over. Minn-stf is planning to launch a semi-annual literary magazine (tentatively named Interesting Stories) in addition to Rune. We hope that readers will get in touch with the new editors and send them lots of articles, letters, stories, and poems instantly. See the contents page for addresses.

As for Erik and me, we are planning on publishing our own fanzines; I will be reviving Quinapalus, and Erik is thinking of publishing A Poke in the Eye with a Sharp Stick. For you fanzine editors, this means that you should send your trade copies to us as well as to the new editors.

See you on the Funway!



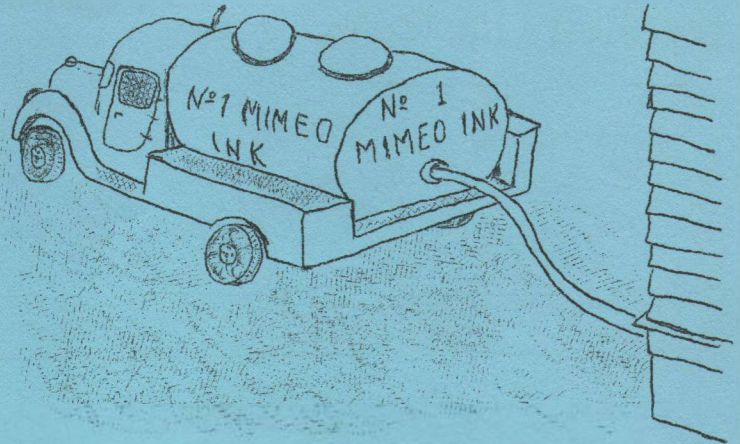
ask

# DR. MIMEO

Dear Dr. Mimeo,

My husband runs his mimeo day and night, and he leaves his inky clothes all over the house. He even gets ink on his ties! Whatever am I to do with all this ink-stained laundry?

-- Bea Wildered



Dear Mrs. Wildered,

Obviously your husband's sloppy mimeographic technique and its attendant lavendary manifestations have thrown you into a state of no little confusion. This state is natural, indeed, inevitable, as long as you fail to grasp basic wash-day terminology.

As long as your husband's ink-stained clothes are lying about the house, they are merely dirty clothes, not laundry. "Lying about the house" reminds me of the real estate agent who lied about the house that he sold me. The agent showed me the "mimeo room", calling attention to the two large, handsomely enamelled Maytag automatic ink and paper loaders. I was particularly attracted by the "AIR FLUFF" setting on the controls of the paper loader. The agent assured me that this would eliminate the need for slipsheeting on difficult runs. He also pointed out the convenient overhead lines for hanging used stencils for reprints.

After I moved in, I had some difficulty setting up my duplicating equipment in the mimeo room. The floor had a curious slant, making it nearly impossible to find a level surface for my duplicators. A few days' thought and experimentation yielded a solution: I placed suitably sized wedges of wood under the downhill wheels of the mimeo cart.

I proceeded to print the first chapters of my latest treatise on mimeography, placing the printed pages neatly in the storage bins conveniently placed adjacent to the automatic ink loader. When my mimeo ran out of ink, I decided to try out the automatic ink loader. I set the controls for regular action and a normal size load for a permanent press. (Why some people persist in thinking of mimeography as an evanescent medium is beyond my comprehension, but that is a topic for another time.) After pulling the knob to set the machine in motion, I waited for several minutes, but still noticed no improvement in copy quality. Meanwhile, the machine, which was evidently malfunctioning, made a series of gurgling and sloshing noises. Suddenly, to my amazement and horror, the ink, instead of being injected into my mimeo, gushed into the storage bins, destroying the printed pages that represented an entire morning's work. As this terrible gush of ink continued, the level of ink in the storage bin rose at an alarming rate. It soon spilled onto the floor where the slope guided it to a fortuitously placed drain, which I had not previously noticed.

It was two weeks later, after my neighborhood ink dealer had refilled the tank half a dozen times, that I finally realized that the slanted floor and drain had been installed by the previous owners as a stopgap measure due to the faulty equipment.

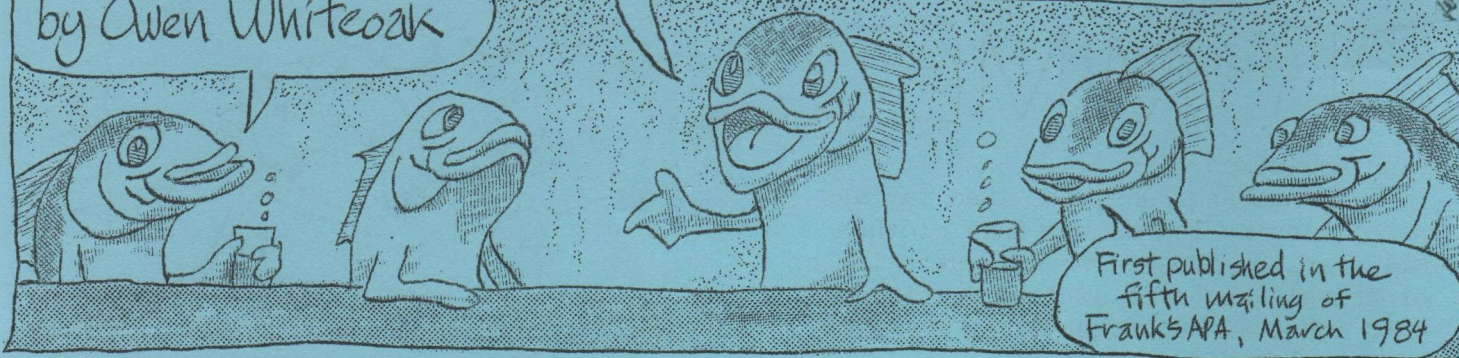
Clearly the real estate agent was lying about the house-- in much the same manner as are your husband's clothes. These are just "dirty clothes" until such time as they are placed in a suitable basket, bag, or other receptacle with bona fide intent to wash, at which time they become "laundry". (Cf. Title IV, §3.7.21a, Federal Laundry Code.)

I fear I cannot be of assistance in the matter of removing the ink stains from your husband's ties. I personally never get ink on my ties while operating my stencil duplicator. I also send my laundry to the cleaners.



# A Neofan's Guide to The Herring

by Owen Whiteoak

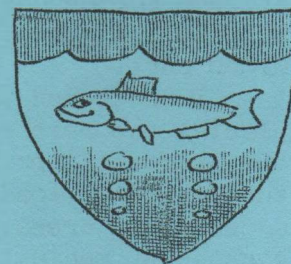


For those of you who thought that herring meant being a manly German, we bring you an article sponsored by the S.A.S. (Shetland Appreciation Society). What is Shetland famous for, apart from sweaters, drinking, ponies, drinking ponies, drinking and sheep-shagging? Read on...

Way back in 1979, Great Britain was the venue for the Worldcon, Seacon 79. Travelling from all over the world, fans were bound to encounter difficulties converting their money into local currency, with daily, even hourly, fluctuations in exchange rates, and so on. The Shetland contingent were most upset after the convention was all over to discover the Metropole Hotel's reluctance to accept nine boxes of herring in settlement of their room bill. They'd been troubled throughout the con, too, as few of the hotel bars seemed to carry sufficient sprats in their tills to give in change. With Britain winning the bid for the 1987 Worldcon, this seems to be an appropriate time to review the history and importance of this aristocrat of the depths.

"The herring is a lucky fish,  
From all disease inured.  
Should he be ill when caught at sea,  
Immediately - he's Cured."

Terrance "Pike" Milligan



## The Herring in History

As Arthur M. Samuel says, "The glitter of the herring's livery of green and silver catches the eye all through the record of British commerce and national history." Obviously, we don't have room here to discuss all the numerous incidents involving the herring, but we can mention a few of the more significant events which have shaped the course of history. Back to Samuel again: "As it has been said that the foundations of Amsterdam were laid on herring bones ((clearly a reference to the Dutch tailors conscripted for the construction work)), so in one sense the Civil War owed its origins to the Yarmouth fisheries, for it was to protect them and the coast trade generally that the expedient of levying 'ship money' was hit upon. Nor was the danger an idle one. The Dunkirkers had been scouring the coast for some years, and on one occasion had actually landed at Tunstead, while the North Sea fishing fleet did not dare to sail without an armed convoy." Impressive stuff, eh? But when did all this interest in the herring start?

"The Dutch came to Scotland in the year 836 to buy salted fish of the Scottish fishermen, whether herring or not is uncertain, although several writers on the herring fishery assume this statement to prove the earliest



date for herring fishing in British waters ... Although ... in 709 mention is made of the herring fishery in the Chronicle of the Monastery of Evesham. It is stated in the Saga of St. Olaf, dated about the year 980, that Seigurd Sur enabled his bondsmen to buy their freedom by lending them what was necessary for the fishing of herring. About the same time, also, a herring boat going south is mentioned in the Saga of Olaf Tryggvesson."

An early estimate of the rate of inflation can be obtained from the fact that during the reign of Edward the Confessor the town of Beccles paid a rent of 30,000 herring to the Abbey of Saint Edmund, but by the time of his successor this had been increased to 60,000 herring. In the Domesday Book (1086) (which mentions Yarmouth as containing 70 burgesses, a forbidding prospect), it is said that Dunwich paid 60,000 herrings to the king, while the VAT on a Sandwich was a 40,000 herrings, paid annually to the monks. By 1199, King John created Dunwich a free burgh, for the annual payment of 120 pounds, one mark of silver and 2,400 herring, so clearly this follows the revaluation of the herring, and the introduction of the decimal unit, the New Herring.

In 1155 Louis VI of France prohibited his subjects from buying anything in the towns of Extampes but mackerel and salted herring. One can imagine the disastrous effect legislation like this would have on the business of the local science fiction dealers, but it is also reported that Curry's, the electrical people, were forced into liquidation at this time, not to recover until the more enlightened days of Gauss, Volta and Edison. When Princess Margaret (before she met Roddy Llewellyn) was married to the Duke of Brabant in the reign of Henry III, the ships taking them to Brabant were furnished with 10,552 herring, 292 cod and two barrels of Theodore Sturgeon books.

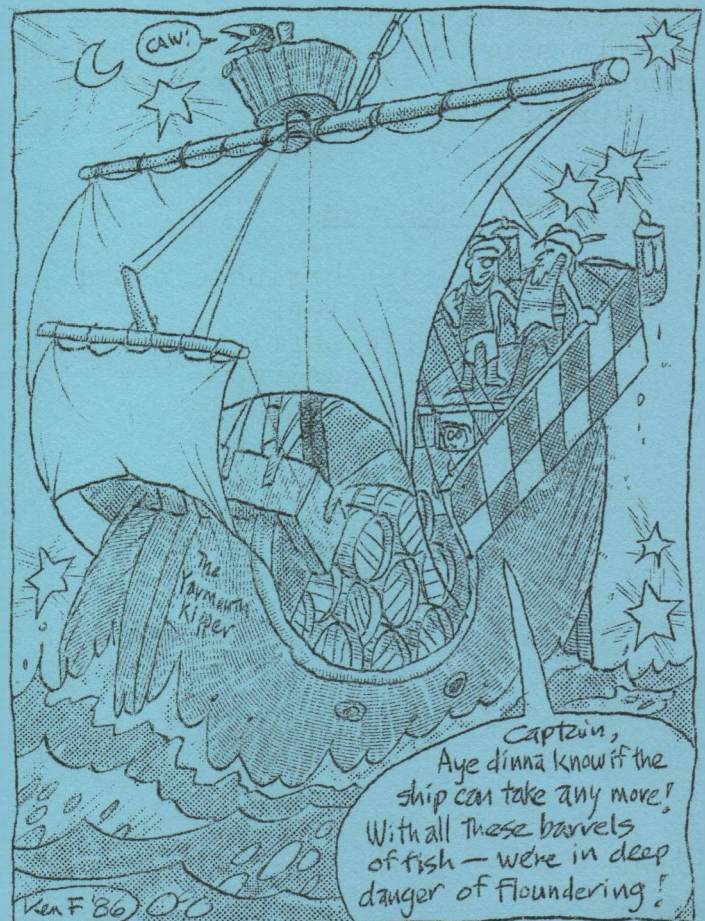
"In 1285, Robert Durham, Mayor of Berwick-on-Tweed, ordered herrings and other fish to be sold 'on the bray' alongside the vessel bringing them to port, and forbade the fishermen to carry them ashore after sundown; any burgess who witnessed a purchase of herring might claim sufficient for his own use and consumption at the original cost." Coming as it did some time before Columbus' voyages and the discovery of the pork pie, this must have been a great boon.

"A ship fitted out at Yarmouth in 1290 for bringing the infant Queen of Scotland from the court of her father, the Duke of Normandy, was provisioned with:

- 200 Stock fish
- One small barrel of Theodore Sturgeon books
- One dozen lampreys
- Fifty pounds from Wales
- Half a last of herrings
- 400 fish of Aberdeen.

"Towards the end of the fourteenth century, the herring fleets of Sweden and other northern European nations were terrorised by a band of pirates known as the Victual Brothers, who could only be defeated by a coloured cow.

"When the citizens of Norwich





made merry at Christmas in 1444 John Gladman was crowned King of Christmas, and in front of him were carried an allegorical figure representing the month of December, and an effigy of Lent clad in white and red herring skins. Naogeorgus in the 'Popish Kingdome' mentions some burlesque scenes practised formerly on Ash Wednesday: People went about in midday with lanterns in their hands, looking after the feast days which they had lost on this the first day of the Lent fast. Some carried herrings on a pole, crying, 'Herrings, herrings, stinking herrings! No more puddings!'"

Around the 1620s, the first dish which was brought to table on Easter Day was "a Red Herring on horseback set in a corn salad." Could this replace the traditional Eastercon banquet? From a chronicle history of Norwich under the date 1629: "The mayor and sheriffs received a letter from his majesties secretaries of state, complaining of the quality of the herring pies, which, according to established usage, are annually sent to the king by the corporation, as the ancient fee farm of the city, and continued to this day. The lord of the manor of East Carlton is bound to receive the pies, and carry them to the king, wherever he may be ((what, even in the cludgie?)); this manor being anciently held of the Crown under that service. The corporation of Norwich to make and provide the pies, twenty-four in number, containing a hundred herrings, by the great hundred, in good standing pastry, and well seasoned; and they are to be made of the first herrings which come to the city. The complaint set forth, that they were not the first herrings that were taken, according to the tenure - the pies were not well baked - the herrings were deficient in number - they should be 120, five in each pie; many of them broken in carriage, etc. The corporation being now lords of the manor of East Carlton, the pies are sent up by the sheriffs of the city annually, and placed on the king's table." We do not hear of subsequent complaints as to their quality.

"On the ancient arms of Yarmouth appear what are known as 'Yarmouth capons,' azure, three herrings argent. At a later date the herrings were dimidiated with lions' heads, the present form. Yarmouth red herring is locally sometimes called a 'militiaman', much as the red herrings sold by grocers in the south of Scotland are sometimes known as 'Glasgow magistrates.'"

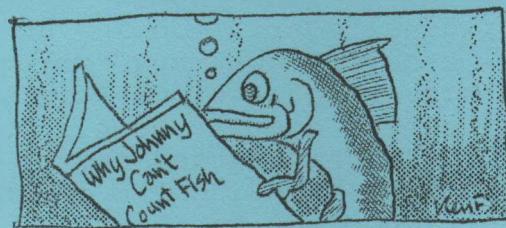
### Weights and Measures

(1303)	25 herrings	equal	1 Glen
	15 glens	=	1 rees
	120 herrings	=	1 hundred
	10 hundreds	=	1 thousand
	10 thousands	=	1 last

(1908)	1 cran	=	26 gallons or 3.5cwt of herrings
	1 long hundred	=	126 fish
	1 maze	=	5 long hundreds
	1 cade	=	600 red herrings

(1917) The last at Yarmouth contains 13,200 herring and weighs two and a half tons.

	4 herrings	equal	1 warp
	33 warps	=	1 hundred (i.e. 132 fish)
	10 hundreds	=	1 thousand
	10 thousands	=	1 last





## Superstitions Connected with the Herring

"The old tenth century historian, Peter Clausson, writing of the famous herring fishery at Bohuslan, says that the fish in his time refused in certain years to visit the coasts of Norway and Sweden, and this is the reason he gives: 'The herring have disappeared owing to magic, bad men having sunk a copper horse in the sea and thereby driven the herring away from the coast.' The subsidiary cause was 'the wickedness of the people according to certain theories, lay and clerical. In 1549, when the herring fishing began to fail once more, the British Government passed a law providing that: 'Since there is a danger that God may withdraw his blessing on account of the great sins and vices of inhabitants of the coasts (of Norway and Sweden), our tax gatherers, each one in his own district, shall see to it that the people in the fishing stations lead good Christian lives; that there is preaching every Sunday and people exhorted to lead a godly life, so that God may be moved by the prayers of good Christians to extend his blessing to us also in the future.'

"There is a belief among fishermen that a herring when caught articulates a sound similar to the word 'cheese.' This sound is caused by an escape of air from the air bladder, or a movement of the gills. Fishermen, indeed, frequently state that the herrings 'sneeze', just as Aristotle says that gurnards 'grunt'. The gurnard, known off the Norfolk coast as gurnet or latchet, was known to the Greeks as 'lyros' and 'coccyx', apparently from the noise it was said to make."

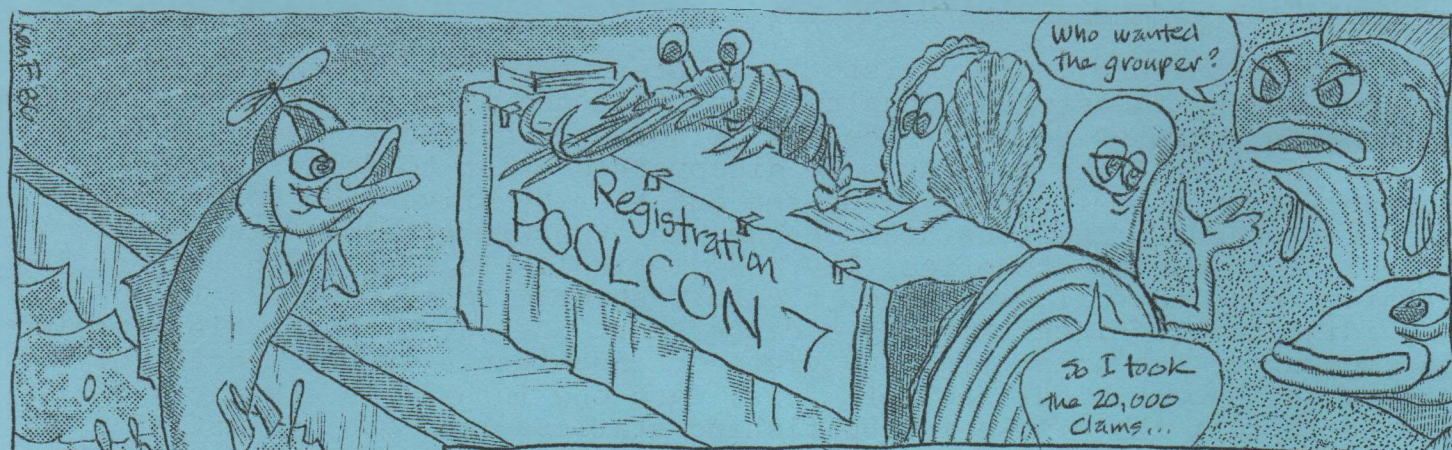
"In 1587 two herrings were caught off the coast of Norway, upon the bodies of which it was thought two Gothic letters appeared. They were taken to Copenhagen and given to Frederick II, who ((obviously recalcitrant in his classical studies)) regarded them as an omen of his approaching death. He consulted certain wise men who interpreted the letters to mean, 'You will not fish for herrings so well in future as other nations.' Various other learned people, including Professors of Rostock and several of the universities of Germany, were consulted without a more satisfactory interpretation being forthcoming ((and I suppose it's as good an explanation as any other)). A French mathematician at Copenhagen is said to have published a large volume dealing with the prophecy, while another person published a work in which he interpreted the omen as meaning that Europe would shortly suffer a great catastrophe.

"In March 1664, as the outcome of a quarrel about some herrings, two women were accused of being witches, were tried at the Bury St. Edmunds Assizes, convicted and hanged. Sir Matthew Hale, the judge, was impressed with the worthlessness of the accusation, but the jury were influenced by the voice of Dr. Sir Thomas Browne, 'the most famous physician of his time', author of 'Religio Medici' and 'Pseudodoxia Epidemica', who happened to be in court. He declared that in his opinion, 'the devil had co-operated with the malice of the accused.' With the exception of the three Exeter witches executed in 1682 these were perhaps the last persons hanged for witchcraft in England ((and certainly the last to be hanged for quarrelling about some herring)).

"In Banffshire some two and a half centuries ago, when the herring fishing was unsuccessful, effigies of men and women were burnt on suspicion of their having caused a blight on the fishing, and as late as 1855 it was recorded in the Banff Journal that the herring fishery having been backward, some of the fishermen of Buckie dressed a cooper in a flannel shirt with bars stuck all over it, and wheeled him in procession through the town in a hand barrow to bring better luck." ((The success, or otherwise, of this venture is not recorded.))

"In Norfolk, according to 'Notes and Queries' October 7th, 1865, a queer legend existed that fleas and herrings came together. As an old





Cromer fisherman said, 'Times is as you may look in my shirt, and scarce see a flea, and then there won't be but few herring. But when you see my shirt alive with fleas, then there is certain to be a good tidy lot of fish.' Another common expression in Yarmouth, used by an adult to a child, is, 'I'll give you mokus and foul fish if you don't behave yourself.' It is also a common belief that herrings desert their ordinary haunts when the boats put out on the Sabbath day."

#### To Bake Herrings

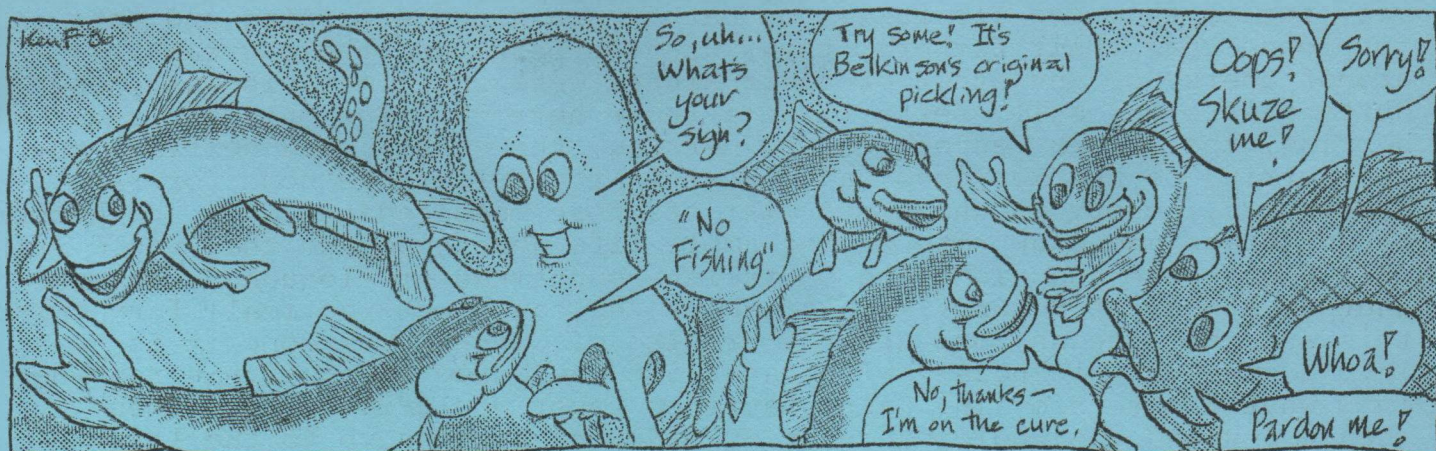
"Take thirty Herrings, scale them, cut off their Heads, put out their Roes, and wash them very clean, lay them to drain four or five Hours, and roll them in a dry Cloth, season them with Pepper and Salt, and lay them at their full length in a long Venison Pot. When you have laid one Row, shred a large Onion very small and mix it with a little Cloves, Mace and Ginger cut small, and strew it all, over the Herrings, and then another Row of Herrings and Seasonings, and so do till all is in the Pot; let it stand seasoned an Hour, then put in a Quart of Claret, and tie it over with Paper, and bake them." ((Serves two... ??))

#### The Herring and Fandom

Although no herring could really be considered a member of First Fandom, and certainly none was able to attend the fabled "first ever organised convention" in Leeds in 1937, due chiefly to unseasonal adverse tides, or even shared the limelight with the big fish who attended the first Worldcon in 1939, this lively, witty fish has contributed immensely to science fiction fandom. What room party, after all, could be considered complete without the warm bonhomie of a shoal or two of herring, often preceded along the hotel corridor by some shad, or "demon herring" as it is







known among fisherfolk? Just think how many panel discussions have been rescued from mediocrity by the calm fluency of our scaley chum, his inventive and original insights, tempered as always by a rich vein of humour. It is this sense of humour, often ribald and with a strong smack of the slapstick, which has enlivened many fan rooms, and he is a dab-hand at bringing unsure neofans into the camaraderie of fandom. And just remember the sparkling intelligence with which this maritime bon vivant has regaled the concerned reader in the pages of such journals as Vector, Findation, Critical Human Geography and The Trawlerman and Driftnetter's Physical Review. Who could forget seminal works such as "Exploding the E. E. C. 'Docks' Myth" or "Towards a Critique of Marxist Dialectic and the Defence Against the Dogfish in the Works of Henry Codner and Sea Eel Mare"? (Friends of the herring will, of course, realise that the frequently unneighbourly dogfish ranks foremost amongst the enemies of the herring, with his rather unfortunate tendency to bite the herring clean in half, an action which is generally frowned upon, at least at the majority of conventions which it has been my privilege to attend.)

This lowly vertebrate has, indeed, been prominent in fandom throughout its history. From the creation of the pulp science fiction magazine in 1926 by Hugo Stickleback, herring have been strangely fascinated by the genre. The Golden Brown Ripper Age saw many of the readers of Amazing Stories and Astounding developing into SF writers in their own right, with such classics as "The Prawns of Null-A", "The Red Plankton" and Asimov's "Roebit stories". During the days of "Operation Fintaste", Captain Ken "Caller" Slater kept fans in touch with herring in their seasonal migrations all over the world. In more recent years the long unfriendly attitude of the white fish and other bottom-dwellers controlling the British Science Fiction Association towards the fannish fans was replaced by the herring takeover, which made more social interaction possible and broke down many of the apparent barriers between the two groups.

Not that the herring confines itself entirely to science fiction and fandom. Much of the science and technology we see around us today owes a great deal to the lateral line thinking and perception of this doyen of the deep. Some may cite self-interest in their development of the non-stick frying pan, or a mercenary attitude in championing the data nets of modern computing, but none can detract from their crowning achievement, for the herring was, of course, responsible for much of the research, the parliamentary lobbying and indeed much of the funding of the epoch-making Dogger Bank radio telescope.

However, if any reader may feel I'm over-stressing the awe-inspiring wonderfulness of the herring, let me remind them of the words of Thomas Nashe in "Lenten Stuffe, or the Praise of the Red Herring" (1567):



"But let none of these scumme of the subvrbs be too vinegar tarte with mee; for if they bee Ile take mine oath vppon a redde herring and eate it, to prooue that their fathers, their grandfathers, and their great grandfathers, or any other of their kinne, were scullious dishwash, and durty draffe and swil, set against a redde herring. The puissant red herring, the golden Hesperides red herring, the Meonian red herring, the red herring of Red Herrings Hal ((what is the collective noun for red herrings?)), euery pregnant peculiar of whose resplendant laude and honour to deliniate and adumbrate to the ample life were a woorke that would drink drie fourescore and eighteene Castalian fountaines of eloquence, consume another Athens of fecunditie, and abate the haughest poeticall fury twixt this and the burning zone and the tropike of Cancer. My conceit is cast into a sweating sicknesse, with ascending these few steps of his renowne; into what a hote broyling Saint Laurence feuer would it relapse then, should I spend the whole bagge of my wide in climbing vp to the lofty mountaine creast of his trophies? But no more winde will I spend on it but this: Saint Denis for Fraunce, Saint Iames for Spaine, Saint Patrike for Ireland, Saint George for England, and the red herring for Yarmouth.

"There is plain witchcraft in his skin which is a secret that all tapsters will curse me for blabbing: for do but rub a cann or quart pot round about the mouth with it, let the cunningest lick-spiggot swelt his heart out, the beer shall never foam or froth in the cup, whereby to deceive men of their measure, but be as settled as if it stood all night."

I wouldn't want to give the impression that the herring is always the life and sole of the party (sorry, that fell a bit flatfish), or that you should treat them all as heroes when you meet them in the bar, any more than any other fan. They can be a little bland at times, staring big eyes at you and mouthing off, although a quick smoke should liven them up a bit. But I just wonder, just how long it will be before some con committee has the courage to give the herring its rightful plaice beside Jack Sharkey and Mackerel Reynolds (no, no, I didn't really say that, it wasn't me, honest) and we see the first convention proudly announcing a herring guest of honour. On horseback set in a corn salad.

This has been a Public Information Service Broadcast.

## Bibliography

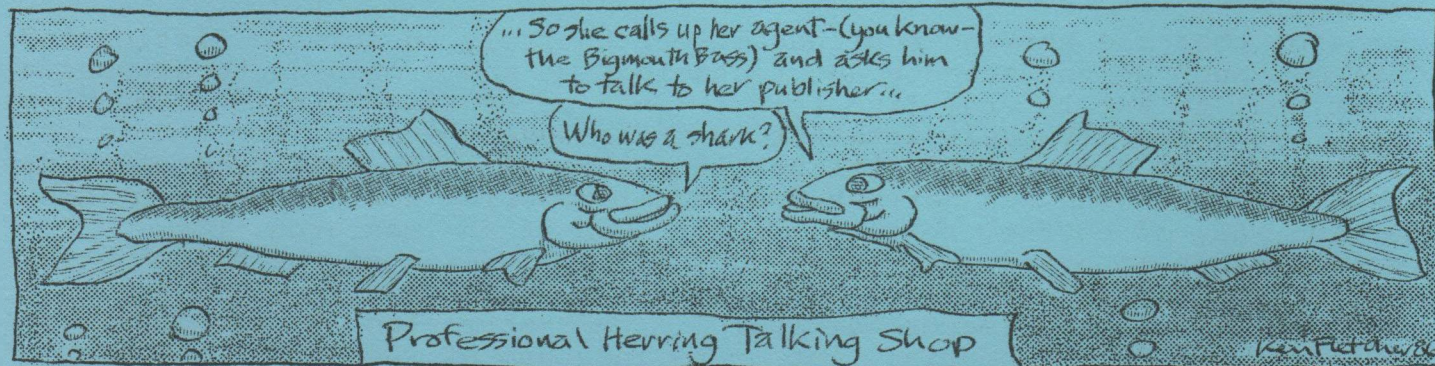
1. The Herring, by Arthur M. Samuel (published by John Murray, Albermarle St. W., London, 1918)

("Somewhat anecdotal" -- Ted Whiting

"I preferred his early, funny fish" -- Woody Allen

"Didn't quite catch it. I'm a little hard of herring"

-- David Langford)





# RUNE

## BOOK REVIEW

Asimov, Isaac. Robots and Empire. West Bloomfield, Michigan: Phantasia 1985; 349 pp, \$50.00 (special edition, signed, boxed, limited to 650 copies). Garden City, New York: Doubleday, 1985; 383 pp; \$16.95 (trade edition).

Reviewed by Matthew B. Tepper

This book is the linchpin of Asimov's plan to unify his two most popular series, the Positronic Robot stories and the Galactic Empire / Foundation books. As such, it occupies an awkward place among his works, since it has to wrap up various loose ends of the one and sow the seeds (though not too obviously) of the other. This would be a tricky task for any science fiction writer, particularly with so many apparently unmatchable loose ends; but Asimov brings it off mostly successfully with a minimum of contrivance and a maximum of panache.

It is two hundred years since New York plainclothes detective Elijah Baley came to the Spacer world Aurora to solve the willful deactivation of the robot Jander Panell. At his side, of course, was the humaniform robot Daneel Olivaw; their three novel-length adventures were chronicled in The Caves of Steel (1954), The Naked Sun (1957) and The Robots of Dawn (1983). At the time of Robots and Empire, the short-lived Earthman Baley is of course long dead, and the longer-lived but far older Spacer, Dr. Han Fastolfe, has recently died, depriving Earth of its only apparent ally against the former colony planets. Yet Fastolfe's bitter rival, Dr. Kelden Amadiro, still lives and plots revenge in some major fashion. Baley's old friend Gladia, along with R. Daneel and Daneel's associate R. Giskard Reventlov, must somehow determine what form Amadiro's attack will take and head it off-- with hardly a shred of a clue to go on. In a sense this is space opera stuff, and what space opera!

The chief problem R & E has is that it follows upon the very satisfying conclusion of a set trilogy. In each of those books, Asimov examined the social workings of a planet, the psychology of its people, and the background of political tension-- will it be Earth that will establish further colonies, or the Spacer worlds?-- in an ever-growing complex picture. Another reason the conclusion of the trilogy was most satisfying was because it completed the working-out of the relationships among its characters. In the third book Asimov had reintroduced Fastolfe (from the first) and Gladia (from the second), and worked them integrally into the political machinations of his plot. By being so reluctant to let go of his characters in the present book, Asimov perhaps impedes some of the forward motion of his historical cycle. Indeed, so loath is he to release the memory of Elijah Baley in this book that no fewer than three of the characters pause to reminisce (in the form of flashbacks) upon their final meetings with Baley. Baley's dead hand rests perhaps a bit too heavily upon the plot, as though Asimov were attempting to raise him to mythic dimensions. I am actually quite sorry that he doesn't fully succeed.

Another point of difference from the three previous books is that of literary form. The Robot Trilogy was a triplet of classic closed "whodunit" murder mysteries, worked out in a style Christie or Stout would



have been glad to own. R & E takes the more general form (quite common among Asimov novels and short stories, actually) of a "puzzle story", eminently satisfying in its own regard but still a shade disappointing in comparison to the three elegant murder mysteries. (Then again, an argument might be made that R & E encompasses the threat or attempt of "murder" on other than the usual scale. See where such restrictive arguments can get you?)

Where Asimov succeeds, ironically, it is also due to the reappearance of these characters. I've long felt that R. Daneel, who was practically the central figure of The Caves of Steel, was somewhat underused in The Naked Sun, and my sole qualm about The Robots of Dawn was the reduction there of his role to a near walk-on. Thus it is very reassuring to see him once again so essential to the (mental) action here. Giskard was perhaps the most interesting new character to come from Dawn, and while his character was necessarily underplayed there, he has no such limitations here, and his relationship with Daneel is the highlight of the book. Indeed, they form what is tantamount to a detective partnership that is a worthy successor to the old Baley/Daneel partnership, with the humanoid-appearing (and, in Giskard's estimation, nearly humanoid in thought) Daneel taking Baley's former role, and the more "rude mechanical" Giskard taking up Daneel's former place. It's a subtle modification, but is likely to delight readers who find the Baley/Daneel relationship the most enjoyable aspect of the first book. (I do notice a jarring change from Dawn, though, where Giskard was portrayed as in some ways a more sophisticated bit of programming than Daneel. But in R & E, the robots' capacity for learning has evidently grown, and it could be that Daneel has outstripped Giskard after all this time.)

There are other subtle touches of characterization, as well. Asimov introduces one D. G. Baley, a descendant of Elijah, as a sort of symbolic spokesperson for the new breed of Settlers colonizing outward from Earth. Asimov often tends to type his characters, and for a time I saw in D. G. a retread of Hober Mallow from the early parts of the Foundation stories. The more I examined his traits, though, the more I found in him another science-fictional archetype associated with one author: the standard Heinlein competent man! That may sound difficult to believe, but consider: D. G. is named like a Heinlein hero: Forenames for historical figures, common surname. (I won't give away the nice touch of the forenames; read the book.) D. G. is brash and impetuous, surely not uncommon traits among the swashbuckling fictional heroes, but he has a kind of mellow wisdom behind it all of how things work, and why. Does this sound more familiar? He has the power of full command in a crisis, and the ability to bluff effectively-- and here the pacifist Asimov even manages to twit gently the more "militant" school of SF writers like Heinlein, Jerry Pournelle, and H. Beam Piper. D. G. tends to act somewhat coy and crude toward members of the opposite sex, and has an inclination here toward a symbolically-Oedipal relationship-- perhaps the most telling point of similarity with recent Heinlein. (To be sure, there was an Oedipal edge in Baley's relationship with Gladia in The Robots of Dawn, as well as an Electra/Aegisthus tinge to the relationship between Vasilisa and Fastolfe, but those could also be taken as symbolic of the Earth-parent/Spacer-child conflict there. Can anyone claim that Asimov's work is fully lacking in symbolism?) In all, I wouldn't be surprised if D. G. Baley is Asimov's tribute to Heinlein, just as Dom in Foundation's Edge was his tribute to Arthur C. Clarke. I wonder just how much of Hari Seldon derives from John W. Campbell, for that matter.

For all that these little points fascinate, R & E fails to gel in the way Asimov's last two novels did. As a transitional piece, it clearly lacks focus, just as its function as a novel, away from the whole of



Asimov's big picture, is difficult to define. Foundation's Edge was the continuation of the Foundation series, picking up where Second Foundation had left off. The Robots of Dawn completed the Baley/Daneel trilogy. But R & E is not properly the fourth book in that series, nor is it really a clear enough beginning of the Galactic Empire stories: the novels The Stars, Like Dust (1951), The Currents of Space (1952), and Pebble in the Sky (1950) fulfill those functions more clearly, albeit in piecemeal form. The key to R & E's existence lies in some remarks Asimov made at Empiricon in New York in 1983. At that time, he had written Foundation's Edge and The Robots of Dawn, and said that there were three further novel projects on his definite agenda. First was the present transitional novel, then a novel continuing from Foundation's Edge, and finally a novel set before the events of Foundation, in which a middle-aged Hari Seldon was to be the protagonist. (Asimov has given the titles of these additional novels, in a postcard to this critic, as Foundation and Earth and Prelude to Foundation.) The function of the transitional novel, Robots and Empire, was specifically to clean up the inconsistencies which might obstruct the unification of the Robot and Empire/Foundation series. (I won't list those here, as I don't want to detract from the joy of discovering their working-out in this novel; but if you know your Asimov at all well you can probably figure them out for yourself.) With such a specific raison d'être, one must not be too disappointed if its focus is inexact, since after all it does fulfill its actual planned function quite adequately.

In all, I have to class Robots and Empire only a measured success. It is still a fine book, full of the usual Asimovian political and social complications, brain-stretching ideas of ethics and obligations, and rewarding character interactions (particularly, of course, with the robots). The problems are solved, and Asimov can go on once again to expanding his series into the future. On to Foundation and Earth!

\* \* \* \* \*

A note about editions: Robots and Empire follows The Robots of Dawn in that it is available in a deluxe signed and boxed first edition from Phantasia Press. (Foundation's Edge was made available in a deluxe leatherbound and gold-edged edition from Whispers Press, which however failed to precede the regular Doubleday trade edition and therefore cannot count as a true first edition.) As with the deluxe TROD, I must report that R & E matches the quality of the former book. (Interestingly, R & E runs to an edition of 650 copies at \$50.00 each, where TROD had 750 copies at \$60.00 each) Binding, paper quality, art, general design, and choice of type font are all of the highest quality. However, it is my duty to warn the consumer that the proofreading is once again excruciatingly poor. Where TROD contained by my count twelve typographical errors, R & E contains no fewer than sixteen trivial typos, as well as (most unforgivably!) a duplication of seven lines from one page to another, during the important climactic speech of one of the principal characters on nearly the last page of the book! There is no excuse for such shoddiness, especially when there has been a pretense of excellence involved in the project. It cannot be claimed that Phantasia is unaware of the problem, since I cornered one of the gentlemen in question at L. A. Con II last year to voice my complaint about TROD, and later even offered my services as proofreader for R & E. It is sad that Phantasia's quality control extends only to the physical trappings of book publishing, and not to the essence of the book, namely, the accurate presentation of the author's text. Ah, well, Shakespeare's works survived corrupt first editions, and I imagine Asimov's will too.



# RUNE

## FANZINE REVIEWS

Good evening, and welcome to the Rune fanzine review column. Having lost our fanzine reviewer, the Eds. have taken it upon ourselves to review just about everything that came in. This has naturally cut into our spare time in the last couple of months, but it has also given us an excuse to read all of the fanzines that were sent to us personally, to Rune, and a few borrowed from Joyce Scrivner. For the Minn-stfers in the audience, the subset addressed to Rune will be added to the Minn-stf library shortly after we Pub Our Ish. For you fanzine editors, if you want to know who to blame, all uncredited reviews are the "work" of M. K. Digre (speaking), with those by Erik Biever indicated with the initials "ejb".

Before launching into the reviews themselves, a few words of explanation might be in order. Our policy for the fanzine review column has been that it is a service to club members as well as other readers, not a forum for literary criticism. This doesn't prevent us from giving our opinions as well as descriptions of the contents, but we mainly want to tell people where to send off for fanzines. The phrase "The Usual" often pops up in descriptions of availability. If you are a new kid on the block, you will be interested to know that this means "fanzines in trade, contributions of articles or art, letters of comment, and editorial whim". Most editors will also send sample copies to anyone who shows an interest, although it never hurts to accompany your show of interest with a \$ or £ to cover the editor's costs. Finally, we have done our best to make sure these addresses are correct, but some of the issues reviewed are over a year old, and people have been known to move. We also may make the occasional typo. That being said, we leave you to your own devices.

ALPHA CENTURA COMMUNICATOR #96 - 100, c/o SF3, SUB Box 120, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, NM 87131. Selected as Best Clubzine of 1984 by File 770. Bimonthly compendium of club news, book & film reviews, interviews, and the occasional article on SF-related topics -- in the July/August 1985 issue, for instance, there is an article presenting the argument that the presence of McCoy, Kirk, and Spock on Earth on one crucial evening in the 1930s was actually responsible for the course of history that leads up to the formation of the Federation, the Star Fleet, etc.

ANSIBLE #43 & 44, Dave Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire, RG1 5AU, United Kingdom. Available from Dave at 5 issues for £2, in the US at \$3.50/5 from Mary & Bill Burns, 23 Kensington Court, Hempstead, NY 11550, and in Australia for \$4A/5 from Irwin Hirsh, 2/416 Dandenong Rd, North Caulfield, Vic 3161. This is one of the most entertaining newszines around, and well worth the miserable pittance that Dave asks for it. The famous Langford style, honed to perfection in his genzine Twll Ddu, infuses the duller news items with sparkling wit & humour.

AUNT LEAH'S BIG THING #1, Anonymous. This should have shown up in Rune 73, but we didn't get a copy. We had to borrow Joyce Scrivner's. We consider this to be an hilarious send up of Uncle Dick's Big Thing, although Aunt Leah seems to miss the humor in it. All of the news items have the same catty tone and the same sometimes tenuous connection with reality as those in Uncle Dick's gossipzine, but they are exaggerated to excellent effect.

AURORA, SF3, Box 1624, Madison, WI 53701-1624. Available for \$8 for 3 issues. Also available in exchange for contributions, exchanges, or if you are mentioned. This issue is devoted mostly to articles about female SF writers, bibliographies of works by the writers covered, poetry, and fiction. Aurora is about as serious about its chosen



topic as anything we get around here.

BLATANT #14, Avedon Carol, 9A Greenleaf Road, East Ham, London E6 1DX, United Kingdom. Available only at editorial whim. This personalzine could just as easily be called, Having Recently Moved to England, Avedon Goes through Her Mail. After a few opening remarks about the adjustments she has had to make (centering on not being able to get the Washington Post), she goes into the letter section -- not so much a typical letter column as a typical rambling personalzine essay containing quotes from the letters and Avedon's responses. Worth reading if she takes the whim to send it to you.

THE BLOTTER, Ed. C. F. Kennedy, 233 Woodbine Ave., Toronto, Ont. M4L 3P3. 34¢ in Canadian stamps or \$1. A little magazine that arrived too late to review.

CONVERGENT REALITIES, Vol. 1, No. 3, Diane Thome, PO Box 1708, New Milford, CT 06776. Available for trade, whim, contributions, or 3 issues for \$2. A "newsletter for the exploration of the past present and future." This is an attempt at a cross-cultural fanzine for sf fandom, the Society for Creative Anacronism, and "other diverse folk." This particular issue seems to be heavily weighted toward SCA and astrology, although the editor would prefer more diversity.

THE CORRESPONDER: A Fan Letter on Minnesota Writers #18, Public Information Office, Box 13, Mankato State University, Mankato, MN 56001. Ron Gower, editor. This is just what the subtitle claims it is. Contains news of writers' conferences, lectures, and well-written reviews of books by Minnesota writers. The casual reader might be surprised by how many currently popular and critically acclaimed books are by Minnesota writers. Valuable for local writers and for anyone interested in the works of local writers. Available free at the address above.

TO CRAUNCH THE MARMOSET, Paul Kincaid, Guildhall St., Folkestone, Kent, CT20 1ES, United Kingdom. Available by editorial whim. This is the first real fanzine that we have received from Paul, although he has sent the odd A Pauling, which he doesn't consider to be a fanzine. Still, he has been around long enough to have a pretty good idea what he wants a fanzine to look like, and has done a good job on this one. Contents include Jim Earker's article on others' stereotypes of Scots, Judith Hanna's musings on cooking, and Paul's two articles, a short one on language and linguistic philosophy, and a weightier one on fanzine reviews as literary criticism. Paul holds loftier ideals for fanzine reviews than I do; where Paul is expecting literary criticism, and therefore wishes that reviewers would limit the number of zines they review in order to allow them to make their points at greater length, I am mostly interested in getting new names and addresses for my mailing list so that I may see the fanzines for myself. My own reviews are written as a service to other fans with the same aim in mind, and so are mostly limited to capsule summaries of the zines' contents. Looking at it from the other side, I appreciate a fanzine column that contains short listings of all the fanzines that the editor received; and my main beef about that favorite British whipping-boy, Keith Walker, is that he can't seem to spell people's names and addresses correctly.

THE CRYSTAL QUILL, Aug. 85, c/o Denise Hood, 9950 Cottonwood St. NW, Coon Rapids, MN 55433. Newsletter of the Barony of Nordskogen, the local SCA group.

CRYSTAL SHIP #9, John D. Owen, 4, Highfield Close, Newport Pagnell, Bucks. MK16 9AZ, England. "Available for all the usual reasons...", though money is not not one of them. An excellent blend of writing and artwork, with a lengthy, well-edited lettercol, wrapped in clean layout and sharp reproduction. I particularly enjoyed "What I Hate About Fandom", by Kev Rattan. --ejb-- John's editorial rails at those fans who try to define fannish writing narrowly as writing that requires an intimate knowledge of fandom in order to be understood. He then proves his point by publishing a reflective lead article by William Eains on the similarities between religion and scientific philosophy. Eains argues that modern science was born of a subtle but fundamental change in religious philosophy led by William of Occam and Martin Luther, who, he speculates, would now be rolling in his grave if he knew what his reformation had led to the virtual abandonment of Christianity in the west and if he could manage to come up with a way of doing so.

CUSSFUSSING #45, Earnard-Columbia Science Fiction Society, 206 Ferris Booth Hall, New York, NY 10027. Available for artwork, writing, cash, letters, etc. This is



probably what a clubzine ought to be -- lots of pages on a fairly frequent basis. Reviews, letters, fiction. --ejb--

DE PROFUNDIS, many issues, Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, Inc., 11513 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood, CA 91601. Newsletter.

THE DILLINGER RELIC #40, 41, 42, & 44 Arthur D. Hlavaty, 819 W. Markham Ave., Durham, NC 27701. "Available for, among other things, \$1 (\$2 outside the USA), arranged trades, or letter of comment." This, if you are not already familiar with it, is Arthur's semi-monthly personalzine, in which he writes on such a broad range of topics that nearly anyone should find something of interest. --ejb--

EGOSCAN #10 & 11, Ted White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, VA 22046. Available for the usual or editorial whim. Ted starts out #10 saying that he will give no attention to two nameless fans from Puerto Rico (I wonder who he means?), then spends three pages dealing with the mystery fan's northern accomplices. Of course, for Ted, three pages barely amounts to clearing his throat, so we'll let that pass. After a few pages of natter on compact disks, a costume party, and the gala premier of Dune, Ted launches into TAFF talk again, fortunately confining himself mainly to a discussion of relevant TAFF history. #11 is more of a regular personalzine, with only a couple pages devoted to nasty comments and more on CD's, Ted's Volkswagen collection, his new job, and a couple of conventions.

FILE 770 #53 & 54, Mike Glycer, 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys, CA 91401. \$4/5. Club, fan, and pro news. The first of these borrowed copies contains a Mike's pick of the best 10 fanzines of 1984.

FOUR-ALARM FIRESIGNAL #5, Kip M. Ghesin, c/o Elayne Wechsler, PO Box 1609, Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159. News of the Fab Four (the Firesign Theatre, that is) from the East Coast Derisational Hindquarters of the Nat's. Surrealist Party. Also a source of hard-to-find Firesign Theatre recordings and memorabilia.

FUCK THE TORIES #1, Leigh Edmonds & Valma Brown, PO Box 433, Civic Square, ACT 2608, Australia; Joseph Nicholas and Judith Hanna, 22 Denbigh Street, Pimlico, London SW1V 2ER, United Kingdom; and Terry Hughes, 6205 Wilson Blvd., #102, Falls Church, VA 22044. A "politically correct" fanzine with a fearmongering article on radioactive staples by master fearmonger and humorist Terry Hughes, complaints about Aussiecon II from a volunteer worker's point of view by Leanne Frahm, Leigh Edmonds, and Valma Brown, opera reviews (labelled "Selected Evenings of Tory Entertainment") by George Turner, an article on Fannish Golden Ages by Judith Hanna, and a fanzine review column that doesn't review any fanzines by Leigh Edmonds. We are promised entertainment by Joseph Nicholas, the popularizer of the term "globalized hegemonization" and chief exponent of the Marxist analysis of fanzines, in the next issue.

GALACTIC DISPATCH, c/o Joe Sokola, 5333 Cracker Barrel Circle, Colorado Springs, CO 80917-1803. Many issues. Official monthly publication of the Science Fiction Association of Colorado Springs. Early issues were slender, 5-1/2" X 8-1/2", somewhat sloppy and reproduced on either a bad photocopier or a bad offset press. Later issues are just as ugly, but have expanded to include many book and film reviews in addition to the club news and letters.

GRAZING SAINTS #2 & 4, Cath Easthope, 113, Abbey Road, Erdington, Birmingham B23 7QQ United Kingdom. Apazine also available by editorial whim. Writing letters would probably be a good way of inciting the editor's whim. Three to four pages of personal writing with about the same length of mailing comments.

HOLIER THAN THOU #21, Marty and Robbie Cantor, 11565 Archwood Street, North Hollywood, CA 91606-1703. Available for the usual or \$2.00 per issue. In her review of HTT #18 in the last issue of Rune, Carol Kennedy complained that the editors inject themselves into everything. In this issue they restrain themselves from interrupting their feature articles, which include bits on police brutality, by Milt Stevens, Harry Warner's early days as a science fiction collector, fanzine reviews by Mike Glycer, fandom's food fixation, segueing into an anecdote about a packaged "complete Japanese meal", by Skel, a Bob Leman reprint on dogs, Eric Mayer on what it is like to be Eric Mayer and a fan at the same time, the second installment of Joyce Scrivner's DUFF report, and Adrienne Fein's ramblings about cooking. My impression of all this is that Marty and Robbie working together produce a much better fanzine than either one of them



could do alone. My one complaint is that they have wasted the final 56 pages of the zine on the TAFF brouhaha, and then had the gall to omit the contributors' addresses on the ground that there was not enough space to include them. If they had to cut something, as they claim, why not a couple of Ted White's 11 pages of drivel on Richard Bergeron's column in #20 (which I haven't seen). Ten pages of this nonsense, from all parties put together, including the editors' interruptions, would have been more than sufficient.

IEID #48, published for The Esoteric Order of Dagon by Ben Indick, 428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck, NJ 07666. Ben writes about a few of his favorite fanzines, films, theatre in London and New York, and books. The bulk of the issue is taken up by an essay by Scott Home, "Saul's Decompression Chamber", and an introduction by Ben for readers who missed Home's earlier essay and the story "Dark Lot of One Saul" by M. P. Shiel that inspired both essays. I found the introduction to be a necessary but not sufficient condition for understanding the erudition of Mr. Home, since I had never heard of Shiel, his story, or most of the other works cited in the essay.

IDOMO #18, Chuck Connor, c/o Sildan House, Chediston Road, Wisset, Near Halesworth, Suffolk, IP19 0NF. Available for the usual. Over 80 pages of fiction, columns, and fanzine reviews. Some of the fiction is good, some of it bad, and some is pornography. The non-fiction likewise ranges from sleazy to fairly high-class, but some of it is incoherent, a fault not shared by the fiction. The fanzine reviews are similar in depth to those in Rune-- more than a mere listing, but not attempting any critical analysis; they cover many more fanzines than does the typical British fanzine review column. A couple of gripes: there are no page numbers and no table of contents. The printing has that fuzzy quality that you always get with electrostencilled text and the typeface is one of those ugly square lettered ones, but the text is easily readable.

INSIDE JOKE #38, Elayne Wechsler, PO Box 1609, Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159. Published every six weeks like clockwork. \$1, or \$8/12, nonrefundable; also available for trades with "newsletters of comparable worth" and various items of commercial value, such as blank T-120 videocassettes. Eclectic is the first word that comes to mind in describing IJ. There are small press notes, short film and record reviews, fiction, and two humorous articles, one on being unemployed and the other on being employed. The fiction tends to be either punk or surreal. Note: this is not an SF fanzine.

THE INSIDER #109, St. Louis Science Fiction Society, PO Box 1058, St. Louis, MO 63188. Club news and book and planetarium reviews.

INSTANT GRATIFICATION #3, Victor Gonzales, 3815 Eastern Ave. N. #3, Seattle, WA 98103, and Jerry Kaufman, 4326 Winslow Place N., Seattle, WA 98103. Available by whim, or for trade, contribution, or response. A short zine, mostly taken up by reaction to Holier Than Thou #21, and a column by Terry Carr on the topic of gossip in fandom. Next issue promises the addition of Ted White as a columnist. --ejb--

INSTANT MESSAGE, New England Science Fiction Association, Inc., Box G, MIT Branch Post Office, Cambridge, MA 02139-0910. Twice monthly, many issues. More than you ever wanted to know about NESFA's business, plus event announcements and fanzines received listings. If you like looking at big numbers, look at the treasury report, which looks like the income statement and balance sheet from a corporate quarterly report. The current assets are especially impressive.

LEX FANZINE, Sept. 1985, c/o Susan Daugh, 1301 Central Pike, Harrodsburg, KY 40330. Monthly newsletter of the Lexington Fantasy Association. Contains book, comic, and game news & reviews in addition to the usual club news. An unusual feature is the offer to answer questions raised by movies or books. This issue contains a short article on horses inspired by someone's wondering what breed of horses were used in the film Ladyhawke.

MICROWAVE #8, Margaret Hill & Elda Wheeler, 41 Western Road, Maidstone, Kent, ME16 8NE, Great Britain. Available for trade, contribution, letters of comment, or bunches of stamps. Margaret and Elda have taken over the reins from Terry Hill on account of Terry's new job being more tiring and time-consuming than lorry-driving. A light-hearted zine, with articles or columns by Chuch Harris, Niall McArthur Robertson, Lee Hoffman, Skel, Sid Birchby, and Philip Collins, poetry by Michael Johnson, and art



by Stu Shiffman, Dave Wood, Harry Bell Mike Molloy, Hazel Ashworth, and ATOM.

MYTHOS 2:5-6, Steven Mark Deyo, P. O. Box 11626, St. Paul, MN 55111-0626. "For lovers of mythopoeia and glossopoeia -- for everyone 'seeking Truth through Story' -- Mythos presents art, humor and scholarship." This issue was entirely taken up with writings on the life and works of J. R. R. Tolkien. Having never read Tolkien, it sort of went over my head. --ejb--

NEOLOGY V. 10 #3, Edmonton Science Fiction & Comic Art Society, Box 4071, Edmonton, AB T6E 4S8, Canada. Bimonthly clubzine. Available for the usual or \$8 per year. The \$8 is really for an out-of-town membership in ESFACAS. Club news, book, film and game reviews, fanzine listings, occasional fiction, and regular columns. Nicely laid out and reproduced.

THE NOTIONAL: Interesting Stuff about SF in Australia, #6 & 7, Leigh Edmonds and Valma Brown, PO Box 433, Civic Square, ACT 2608, Australia. A\$10/12 or available for news, comments, reviews, review copies, and one-to-one trade. SF news, such as what's going on in SF publishing, radio & TV, bookstore openings & closings, conventions, and so on. Also contains book reviews, typically a couple of A4, 12-pitch pages long, and a lively letter column.

ONOMA #3, 121, Rue Jean Pauly, B-4300, ANS, Belgium. Available for ???.

Articles, letters, book reviews, fiction, poetry, art, interview. This fanzine takes a mostly serious view of science fiction. The writing is consistently good, but it suffers from rather uninspiring layout. --ejb-- Even the fiction is good; generally very short, with a twist at the end. --mkd--

OUTWORLDS #44 - 47, Bill Bowers, 2468 Harrison, Cincinnati, OH 45211. The content of OW varies...from issue to issue...sometimes just letters...sometimes a closely orchestrated set of articles, interviews, and editorial ramblings. Bowers likes to "seque" from subject to subject...whatever that means...#44 has an amusing piece by Skel on his twin obsessions with ferrets and Cleethorpes...when is Skel going to get a Hugo, anyway?...#46 is almost like a typical genzine...the sexy Brad Foster cover shows that he (Foster) is a good draftsman on realistic subjects in addition to his skill as a cartoonist...the tiny print in the lettercol gave me eyestrain...#47 was mostly Bowers' NASFiC speech...why doesn't someone send Bowers a box of commas, semicolons, & points of interrogation....

POTSHERD #1, Stu Shiffman, 19 Broadway Terrace, Apt. 1D, New York, NY. Available for the usual or \$1. Stu is in an enviable position for a fanzine editor: not only is he a brilliant cartoonist but an excellent writer in many styles as well. In this issue he shows off with an editorial on his summer in the past (viz, working on a dig at the site of ancient Beersheba), a few well-chosen words on how silly the whole TAFF brouhaha is, and the posthumous adventures of the colonial eofan Matty Jophan, also known as Leatherbeanie and Bookfinder. He also obliges himself with illustrations for these, the covers, and a title illo for Moshe Feder's fanzine review column, "The Twilltone Bazaar". Some of the illos suffer by being electrosencilled. I say they suffer because Stu is one of the masters of the hand stencilled illo, in which he creates a variety of textures that the e-stenciller just can't match (no matter how hard it tries). Moshe, in the meantime, takes on the monumental task of reviewing the best one-shot fanzines of the past five years to illustrate his point that the four-issue minimum should be dropped from the Hugo balloting rules. This massive review (15 pages plus reduced facsimiles of the covers of the zines reviewed) should bring you up to date on some large-scale projects that you probably have missed-- I have only seen two of the eleven items.

QUAINT, EH?, Stu Shiffman, Moshe Feder, Lise Eisenberg, and Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden, at the address given above for Potsherd. Amusing holiday one-shot (not of the monumental type that Moshe reviewed in Potsherd), illustrated by Stu, who is back in action after having his brain ventilated.

RAA #5, Martyn Taylor, Flat 2, 17 Hutchinson Square, Douglas, Isle of Man. This issue is a well-written personalzine, although previous issues were genzines. After a hiatus of several years, Martyn brings us up to date on his life, and then launches into a discussion of his favorite movies. He is another of these chaps who watches (or used to watch, anyway) two movies a day, and so has seen most of them.



RASTUS #3, John D. Owen, address as above. Nifty articles by Martyn Taylor & John Berry-- real fannish-type stuff despite what the editor says. Now cross-bred with CS.

THE ROGUE RAVEN #34, Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. SW, Seattle, WA 98166. Available for "oh, you know, the usual stuff, '52 Studebakers, early Zelazny first editions, bouquets of fall flowers mixed with boughs of vine maple, the sound of Canada geese migrating, and when all else fails, a postcard of comment." If this sort of "the usual" seems like just the right stuff to you, mail Frank your '52 Studebaker today. This is a fanzine that I think of as defining the meaning of the word "personalzine", even though it is unique. It consists entirely of Frank's ramblings about personal experiences, written in a very relaxed and readable tone. The main topics this time around are Volksmarching, which in typical German fashion makes Saturday afternoon walks into an organized, if non-competitive, sporting event; a trip to Joss House, a Chinese Taoist temple in Weaverville, CA; snow and cold weather, which seems all the worse because they don't have much of it in Seattle; the theft of Spiderman from the North Seattle Community College library; giving blood (provided you donate it at a reputable place where all the equipment is sterilized, you can't get AIDS while doing so); and books he has read recently.

SCAVENGER NEWSLETTER #16, 17, & 18, Janet Fox, 519 Ellinwood, Osage City, KS 66523. Monthly, \$7/yr, 60¢ each. Small press notes & reviews, and reports on response times and needs of various, mostly small press publishers. The publishers noted seem to be mostly concerned with horror, fantasy, & sf.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #56, Richard E. Geis, PO Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211. \$9/4. Lots of stuff on SF from Geis & SF writers. Many letters. At 48pp. of tiny print, it gives value for money if your eyes hold out.

SIC BISCUIT DISINTEGRATE #8, Dave Howley & Joy Hibbert, 11 Rutland St., Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire ST1 5JG, England. Available for the usual. The title is mock Latin for "That's the way the cookie crumbles." Although there is no claim by the editors that this is a special Travel Issue, most of the contents have something to do with travel: a supposedly humorous story about a French traveller in Britain, a cartoon guide for British travellers in France, a British student's view of life on an American campus (apparently a Lit. student from the way everything is wrapped up in metaphors), a bit of pointless fiction, and a good lettercolumn. This finz is an example of a recent trend in British zines to include illustrations after many years of eschewing them.

SQUAT ON MY GRUNT #5, Owen Whiteoak, Top Flat (Left), 112 Polwarth Gardens, Edinburgh EH11 1JH, Scotland. Personal writing with a bunch of APA-zines tacked on to the end. The "Neofan's Guide to the Herring" in this issue of Kure is reprinted from one of them-- The Faster We Go, the Rounder We Get (In the Fourth Dimension). Mailing comments don't seem to take up much space in these zines, so they read more like extensions of the personalzine.

STAMPEDE #6, Owen Whiteoak, address above. Amusing Albacore report & letters. The best part of the con report is Owen's account of his explorations of uninhabited portions of the Glasgow Central Hotel, which he suspects is the hiding place for the control room of the generation starship which we call the Earth.

STICKY QUARTERS 11, 12, & 13, Brian Earl Brown, 20101 W. Chicago #201, Detroit, MI 48228. Available for the usual or \$1. #11 is combined, Ace Double fashion, with The Whole Fanzine Catalog #26. Another tiny print fanzine. Brian makes a stab at legibility in #11 with his fancy new daisy-wheel typewriter, but unfortunately for both him and us, it was stolen in a burglary of his house, so it's back to the old illegible, ugly typeface in #12. #11 is really a perzine, #12 is a genzine with dull articles-- even Eric Mayer's article was weak, which is unusual. #13 contains installments of several TAFF reports. Looks good, but we haven't read it yet.

STILL LIFE #2, Simon Ounsley, 21 The Village St., Leeds LS4 2PR, UK. Rambling perzine, generally amusing writing. Simon supports himself for TAFF.

STOMACH PUMP #7, 9, & 10, Steve Higgins, 200 Easingstoke Road, Reading, Berkshire RG2 0HH, United Kingdom. Available for the usual. Another of the new generation of British genzines that doesn't run screaming in the other direction at the idea of using illustrations. #7 is mostly a letter column, with an amusing con report by Steve.



Having just spent a day in Edinburgh myself, trying to find my way around and figure out the system for computing bus fares, I found his simile of a giant three dimensional chess set to be surprisingly apt. #8 doesn't show up here because it was presented as a panel at Yorcon (cf. Sticky Quarters). #9 is a more balanced genzine, with fluff by Nigel Richardson, gossip & fanzine reviews by Steve, a good memoir by Christina Lake, and a rambling article by Lillian Edwards that contains quite a bit of good stuff, but could have profited from rewriting. #11 rambles-- Steve rambles in his editorial, Nigel Richardson rambles in his article (although he ties it all together with a girl with legs), and most of the rest of the zine is filled by the letter column and short articles that were actually written as letters. The most coherent piece of writing is the article by Tony Berry on why he hates insects. Steve is trying to keep Stomach Pump on a regular schedule come hell or high water (something that ought to be done with Rune), and apparently ran into one of them.

SWAMP GAS JOURNAL, V. 3, #7/E, Chris Rutkowski, Box 1918, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3C 3R2. UFOlogy, reduced to half normal size. This issue is mostly concerned with the "tectonic strain" theory as an explanation of UFO sightings.

TAFFLUVIA #4, Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden, 75 Fairview #2D, New York, NY 10040. TAFF news, bidding in an auction-by-mail, & ballot. Voting deadline is May 15, 1986 (don't be late).

TIGGER #16, Marc Ortlieb, PO Box 215, Forest Hill, Vict 3131, Australia. The official organ of the Australian National Science Fiction Association. Available for the usual or \$2 to DUFF, GUFF, or FFANZ plus a 50¢ Australian stamp. Marc is back after a 2½ year absence with another good genzine.

TIGHTBEAM #131, ed. Owen K. Laurion, 6101 Central NE, Albuquerque, NM 87108. Official letterzine of the National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F). Competently produced, half legal size. The letters seemed pretty dull to your jaded fanzine reviewer, although a few of them discussed SF intelligently. This issue is pretty old (Aug. 84); it is probably a member's old copy rather than an official trade. Don Franson (6543 Babcock Ave., N. Hollywood, CA 91606) thoughtfully enclosed a list of members of the New Fanzine Appreciation Society (a wholly-owned subsidiary of the N3F) and a couple of pages of fanzine reviews.

VERGE, Avedon Carol, 9A Greenleaf Road, East Ham, London E6 1DX, England. A change of address and more personal musings, mostly on the subtle cultural differences between England and America.

WHIMSEY #4, Jeanne Gomoll. COA: Box 1443, Madison, WI 53701-1443. Another personalzine, this one with some of the characteristics of a typical genzine in addition to the usual personal ramblings: fanzine reviews, humorous articles about quiche, moving, and warnings to be careful, and a letter column. The difference between this and a genzine is that everything except the letters was written by Jeanne herself. Even more of a personalzine was Whoopsey, by Spike Parsons and Julie "Crash" Gomoll, in which the entire contents, including the letters, were written by the editors. Jeanne exposes Whoopsey as the parody it is in another article, and gives the names of some of the people who were completely taken in, and wrote her letters of comment. Fortunately, I am far enough behind on my correspondence not to be mentioned even though I was completely fooled.

WARHOON #31, Richard Bergeron, Box 5989, Old San Juan, Puerto Rico 00905. I suppose it's heresy these days to say that I like Wrhn, but there it is. #31 contains a slice of life in Old San Juan and other ramblings by the editor, Bergeron's trademark silk screen illustrations, letters, an article on the future of SF by Vincent Omniaveritas, and a memorable ghost story by Eric Mayer. I know that it was memorable because I didn't have to re-read it before writing the review. Only about one page of Bergeron's writing is concerned with the TAFF brouhaha.

THE WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG #22-25 & 26, Brian Earl Brown, see above. Exhaustive fanzine reviews. We received ##22-25 in mid-1985; it contains reviews of fanzines from 1981-1983 (including one in which the new Rune editors are upbraided for taking too long to Pub Their Ish). #26 is more up-to-date, bringing us through the end of 1985. Brian plans to turn WoFan into an annual.



# THE MORTALLY HANDICAPPED:

## ANOTHER VIEW

Note: In the interest of fair play, Rune from time to time publishes rebuttals to opinions published in previous issues. As with all other opinions published in Rune, this opinion, and the opinion that it rebuts, are not to be construed as representing the views of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc., its members or directors, or the editors of Rune. It is the opinion of the writer only. --Ed.

It is truly saddening and distressing to note that your semi-fine, semi-upstanding publication accepted for publication Ms. Gerri Balter's commentary regarding the "Mortally Handicapped" ("A Few Minutes with Gerri Balter", Rune #73).

Her article not only dignifies this neerefarious group with a totally unwarranted appellation, but she has also obviously fallen victim to the disinformation they have been spreading since the dawn of time. While she is correct in asserting that "[t]he Mortally Handicapped are a shy, retiring group [other than the] radical fringe ... who haunt houses and otherwise make spectres of themselves," it is precisely this quality that makes this threat to the American way of life so deadly.

Ms. Balter's commentary centers on a wholly unwarranted concern for this group's so called segregation. It's a free country: let them ~~live~~ stay anywhere they want to. In her misplaced zeal, she neglects to alert your readership to the alarming fact that this "pale menace" is taking over our beloved country. Consider: the supposed "population explosion" has never exceeded a few percent a year, since births and deaths do balance. On the other hand, the non-living population never decreases, and, in fact, outstrips the live ones by a large margin. It's only a matter of time before they demand full participation in the political process (the token "graveyard vote" is simply a foretaste of things to come).

Worst of all, Ms. Balter's article completely fails to note the fact that we are facing a space problem to make all previous overcrowding pale in comparison. Simply put, the old adage "give 'em an inch and they'll take six feet" is catching up with us. Soon, neighborhoods of the non-living will take up a majority of the areas set aside for Americans to live in home-owning, tax-paying bliss.

Several years ago, a foresighted planner suggested covering over non-living areas in clear plastic or glass for use as playgrounds and viewing sites, calling the idea "Heir Space". It is evident, however, that this idea would provide a temporary solution at best. Research into long term solutions is proceeding, along with related research into toxic waste disposal systems.

The opportunity to set the record straight is appreciated.

Sincerely yours,  
Charles E. Hamilton III  
Spokesperson  
U. S. Department of Entropy  
218 Third St. SE  
Washington, D. C. 20003



# A FEW MINUTES WITH GERRI BALTER

There is Mothers' Day, Fathers' Day, Grandparents' Day, Secretaries' Week. But what is there for the poor, overworked, underpaid stuffed animal? I'll tell you what there is: Nothing! In this, the International Year of the Teddy Bear, I think it behooves us to write our senators and congress people and ask for a Stuffed Animals' Day.

Anyone who lives with stuffed animals will readily perceive the need for such recognition. But I have this feeling that there are a few skeptics out there who wonder why such a thing is necessary. I'll tell you why.

Stuffed animals work very hard for long hours. They are available at any time of the night or day to listen, to hug you, or to be torn apart by little fingers. I suppose you think they get hazard pay. Nothing of the kind. In fact, they don't get any pay at all.

For those of you who think feeding and caring for stuffed animals is expensive, I'm here to tell you differently. They can live almost anyplace in an apartment or house, even the floor. They eat Purina Stuffed Animal Chow, which is very inexpensive. They don't need shots or doctors.

Stuffed animals are loyal forever. They listen patiently to everything you have to say. They're never too tired or too preoccupied with their own problems. Even when they disagree with you, they do so very subtly. Falling over is usually the way it's done. While you're picking up the stuffed animal, it gives you time to think.

There are those who think stuffed animals aren't intelligent because they don't speak. There have been studies done on this by the International Stuffed Animal Institute. The findings are inconclusive. Ninety-eight percent of the children in the sample claimed they heard the stuffed animals speak while only five percent of the adults in the sample could make the same claim. More studies on the subject are being planned, provided they can get government funding.

I decided to find out for myself if stuffed animals speak. I sat down with several stuffed animals in a quiet room. It took several minutes, but I would swear I heard them say in unison, "You know what, Gerri, your column is the best thing in Rune." That's enough proof for me.



# RUNE

## LETTERS

R. D. Cameron I am wondering if MINICON or SF is concerned or interested in the U. S. Government connection with Star Trek. I am interested in the Selective Service ad in which Star Trek characterizations of a 'Scotty, Mr. Scott', 'Captain', and one with funny ears beam to Earth at a Post Office and seek Selective Service; being 18 again through a time warp. I am concerned with the Prime Directive being violated, and registration of aliens. This ad has appeared on KRSI-950 AM and I am wondering if SF or MINICON has noticed the ad or is concerned about any of this. I am concerned that such an ad was even made, and that I have heard no sf comments about it.

## Since our radio listening is limited mostly to baseball and hockey games, we hear mostly beer ads, not Selective Service ads. Perhaps some of our readers can help you out. -- Ed. ##

Steve Gallagher Many thanks for the copy of Rune 73 for April '85, which finally caught up with me after a long detour from my old address. It was all the more welcome for being an unexpected pleasure, but you'll have to forgive my suspicious nature because I spent the first half-hour working out anagrams of the editors' names just on the slim chance that there might be somebody I knew lurking around in there. The reason for this is that we recently had a rash of hoax fanzines breaking out here in the North-West of England, group genzines from non-existent groups and stuffed with rows and controversies so vigorous that I couldn't understand why I hadn't heard anything about them before... so then I'd send off a loc, and then everybody in the local SF group would be snickering when I walked into the pub a week later. Could this, I wondered, represent a globalisation of this scurrilous practice? But the truth of it is that I'm lousy with anagrams anyway, and got absolutely nowhere, and decided that my time would be far better spent if I were to read on.

Upon which I discovered that we are truly One World, because the articles on beer went straight to my heart. American beers tend to be much derided over here, almost without exception by people who have never even tried the stuff; I became a convert in 1978 and then confirmed my addiction over four months in 1980, and after returning home have kept up a constant watch for imports ever since. It's been a rocky and difficult devotion to maintain -- a few cans of Schlitz here, a small supply of bottles of Michelob there -- but I haven't wavered. One of the British breweries recently set up a franchise operation to make Budweiser in the UK from specially-imported ingredients and what the claim is the original recipe, but I'm afraid that I find it hard to trust them not to mess around with it and make adjustments for what they consider to be 'English tastes'. A similar thing was tried when they introduced Dr. Pepper to the British market sometime around 1982, but what they actually launched was an over-sweetened travesty which tasted like urine from a diabetic dog that had OD'd on figs. It flopped in the marketplace, despite the reputation of the British as a nation of doglovers.

The Board Minutes were a real eye-opener. Talk about organisation and efficiency. In my local group we can barely keep track of whose turn it is to buy the drinks, let alone buy answering machines and sue one another... but then, I suspect that we work on a much smaller scale. Next time we get seven of us at a meeting, we're going to have Snow White as a guest speaker.

Oh, and my dog's a lot better now, thanks.



Roger Waddington  
4 Commercial Street  
Norton, Malton  
North Yorkshire YO17 9ES  
England

Even with my limited experience, I'd question that golf is the game for the science fiction fan; the handicapping system might be a joy for the mathematically minded, but out there on the greens (or sands), events are guided more by the laws of chance than the laws of science. In fact, with the gods of the greenway, it might be a game more pertinent to the

fantasy fan. Well, what other explanation can there be, but that the gods are pleased or the gods are angry, when your ball, hit straight and true according to the laws of motion, suddenly without a sign veers off into the deepest, sandiest bunker and then rolls back again, when according to all those laws, it should simply loft out? And why the traditional cry of "Fore!" Surely, it was originally a cry to the gods, a plea that you might cover the hole in 'four' strokes? Too, if a ball should bounce off a spectator and roll into the cup, what else is that but divine intervention? And if a hole-in-one is scored, what else is the cry of "drinks all round!" (well, over here at least) but a call for a libation to the gods? There are greater forces out there than you can imagine..

I found the feature on American beer an eye-opener (and a mouth-waterer?) The over-riding impression of American beer over here is that it's served so cold that ice begins to form on the top, and you get frostbite just holding the glass; so what use is flavour anyway? Likewise, I suppose the impression of British beer is that it's warm as the day, has unidentifiable things floating in it, and tends to give off noisome gurgles even when at rest....

Suppose the nearest equivalent to Goodwill stores that we have over here are the Oxfam shops (Oxford Committee for Famine Relief; no wonder it's abbreviated, is it?) with at least one in every city and town; though as their title shows, looking more abroad than home; and I've yet to see anything so large and bulky as a mimeo in their shop windows. (Mind you, I've yet to see a secondhand mimeo on sale anywhere.) ((The mind boggles at the thought of buying a new mimeo. --ejb)) And charity seems to stop at the level of dresses, shoes, books, maybe even LPs; anything larger seems to go to the ordinary secondhand shops, where old electric heaters rub shoulders with lawn mowers, watched over by rows of vases....

Appreciated the fanzine reviews, that they just set out the facts, and didn't venture into criticism. Tend to look askance at those reviewers that by opinion, encouragement and criticism try to force fanzines into the way that they choose, rather than recognise there are many different ways. Of course, fandom is so self-opinionated that nobody takes a blind bit of notice, but such efforts, while the last, do tend to create bad feeling. Though must say this fanzine called Quinapalus seems to be something else again; is there any chance of another issue coming out soon, so we can nominate it for the Hugo it obviously deserves?

Walter A. Willis  
32 Warren Road  
Donaghadee  
N. Ireland BT21 OPD

Many thanks for Rune 73, and 73s to you, OM. It was full of good stuff, but my favourite was your Editorial. Why aren't you writing scripts for tv? Also admired your response on Rick Sneary (tho RS was a deservedly respected fan before South Gate). I used to correct the misspellings that didn't add extra layers of

meaning, as so many of them did; as in Finnegans Wake. Liked Gerri Palter's review and wished there had been more of Dr. Mimeo.

I was a little worried by Richard Brandt's remark that people down there can't afford to throw out anything. Doesn't he realise that if this continues to be the case and people elsewhere keep giving and buying at Goodwill and Oxfam, it means that in the fullness of infinite time every movable object in the whole world will end up in El Paso? Are they prepared for this?

((I think Walt has the right idea on the topic of correcting Rick's letters. Sometimes the misspellings make the letters more interesting. For the final word on the subject, though, we turn to RS himself. --MKD))



Rick Sneary  
2962 Santa Ana St.  
South Gate, CA 90280

I wish to thank Lee Pelton for the words in my defense, but you are in the right.. While I have no objection to a little tidying up of my text, (I keep carbons of all my letters, so I can allways check out changes-- though I never have) I feel that if I wrote it rotten, then I ought to be willing to take the jibes. - It all steems originally from not going to school when I was growing up (because of asthma) and lazyness.. The lazyness has increased over the years, and to many people in Fandom have let me get away with it.. Now it is to late, I haven't the time or the intalect left to properly compose a proper letter.. (At one time, after a few people had been critical of my poor spelling, I made two drafts of each letter.... going over the first draft carefully, to correct all the errors I was able to find.. (As I read the way I spell, phonetically, I can read miss-spelled words, my own or other's, with out noticeing anything wrong). I found that as I didn't touch type, that this ment the average letter took three times as long to write, and became work.. When it stoped being fun, it was no longer worth doing.. So, I desided to write and have as much fun as I could (after all, I fermly believed there was going to be an atomic war in which we would all be killed, by the mid-1950's) and let the spelling errors bug who they may.

They (the errors) have been much worse though, the past few years.. The strain on the noble brain is starting to show it's effect. Also, as with now, I'm writing to fast, under pressure, and not taking the time to look up the words that I know I'm not sure of.. But, it is eather badly organized and badly miss-spelled garbage, or nothing at all.. If I don't do at least something, even if badly, I wont hear from anyone out there.. Not that I would blame anyone of you...

((Since the rest of Rick's typos don't add any extra layers of meaning, we will accede to popular demand and fix them up. Any errors in the remainder of this letter are solely the responsibility of the editors. --Ed.))

Like you (MKD), I have hardly ever bought new books, and almost never ones of fiction. There is so much to read out there that it seems foolish to spend \$\$ for something when you can read something else just as good for ¢¢s. One reason I never read best sellers. The other is that I find I don't like what is currently regarded as being a great novel-- with a few exceptions, like Watership Down.

On Goodwill stores, etc. It is common knowledge around here that they are not what they once were, say 20-30 years ago. There isn't nearly the good stuff there used to be, and the prices are higher. The main reason is that people have stopped giving it away, and are holding yard sales and making money off of it. California may do this more than other places, but when people move, rather than call the Salvation Army, they put up a sign, and people come and pay them to haul their junk away. If you don't want to be bothered with that, just put it out on the curb, an people will come by and carry it off. You wouldn't believe how worn out or broken down something has to be before no one will take it...maybe to fix up, for their next yard sale.

Chester D. Cuthbert  
1104 Mulvey Ave.  
Winnepeg, Manitoba  
Canada R3M 1J5

The fanzine reviews and the letters were the most interesting part of this issue of Rune, for me. My interest is in reading and collecting books and magazines, and I am sorting into my collection a large purchase made at a recent charity book sale. My collection is primarily for reading, so I do not object to Book Club or ex-Library copies, and I use the collection for reference often.

## This tendency of fans to buy second-hand books is another good excuse for our policy of reviewing old books. ##

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

Naturally, I found much pleasure in Matthew E. Tepper's opera review. At first I thought I should nitpick and point out that he had forgotten one of the P. D. Q. Bach operas, "Let's Fake an Opera", which has some strange parallels to a Benjamin Britten



work, "Let's Make an Opera". But then I realized I must be thinking about one of the offerings in an Interplanetary Music Festival. Incidentally, I've recently stumbled across a rather rare lp which contains the first recordings of compositions for baroque bass drum by two other members of the Bach clan. S. O. B. Bach and T. S. Bach were twin brothers who were the first famous virtuosi players of the bass drum. As a result, they were known as The Original Boom Bachs.

Jim Young's page was tantalizing although fascinating. He should write one letter like this one every day for six months or so, to preserve and bring to general attention many other episodes in Minneapolis-St. Paul fan history. These few paragraphs are fine as far as they go but they don't go on nearly as long as they should.

I'm afraid I didn't finish reading the beer review. Several fans are dead because of alcoholism. Others are incapacitated from its effects, or engaged in desperate efforts to conquer alcoholism. Fandom has had one problem after another with convention sites because of damage to hotels and motels inflicted by drunk convention-goers. Some fans are fabled because of the need to care for alcoholic spouses. Others who are up in years are unable to write coherent letters because decades of drinking has destroyed too many irreplaceable brain cells. There are a lot of other miseries that alcoholic beverages have brought to fandom, and fandom is a microscopically small fragment of the national crisis that drinking has created. Isn't it time for fanzines to start running articles on the seriousness of its drinking problem and what might be done by sober fans to help the alcoholic fans get help, instead of articles to aid and abet the problem?

Lee Pelton is right about Hagerstown having a Baltimore Orioles farm team, but it's a class A Carolina League team rather than a rookie league entry. Unfortunately, my vision problems prevent me from attending the Hagerstown Suns' games. Despite the nickname, virtually all the games are played at night, it's not safe for me to drive after dark, buses stop running long before the ninth inning, and walking home would be too risky because the only semi-direct route goes through a tough neighborhood. The Suns play a handful of Sunday afternoon games in the spring, but Hagerstown has had a big thunderstorm at 4 p. m. every Sunday in the warm season since I was a boy and I would never see a complete game that way.

Your editorial is curiously similar to a newspaper column I wrote years ago. Hagerstown was in an era of gigantic civic projects at the time so I tried to point out the absurdity of those impractical grandiose ideas by proposing a bid for the next Winter Olympics which would include a giant slalom course down this city's West Washington Street, with gates replaced by local drunks in the gutter, vehicles running red lights on intersecting streets, and the then new bollards which had been put around the center square (they look like plump penises and visitors to the city always assume they're advertisements for the adult bookstore in the square).

The art is fine, but it doesn't seem like a genuine Rune without several Ken Fletcher drawings.

Dave Szurek            I find it hard to relate to the heavy sports slant, as I've never  
914 West Willis        been a sports-minded individual. No, neither as an observer nor a  
Detroit, MI 48201      participant. The little bit I know about golf has convinced me  
                              that, by my standards, it's a particularly boring game. Still,  
whatever floats one's boat and I'm sure there are people who find the attention to the subject appealing.

Whether it was fiction or not, Jeanne Healy's "Shaggy Dog Story" brought back memories of my own days with an inept little theatre group headed by a borderline mental case with delusions of creativity. Most often, he insisted on composing his own scripts, which ended up hard to perform with a straight face, except for the time that he offered four of us "a chance to break into big-time playwrighting." "You guys write the plays, I'll direct them and it'll provide us with plenty of material." Cool, except that he ended up rejecting every one of them on grounds of "philosophical differences". My own play had as its least sympathetic character an "urban guerilla". The most sympathetic character was the same thing, but he chose to ignore this,



automatically labelling it "right-wing". In retrospect, I had to recognize it as a pretty weak script, but "right-wing" it wasn't. In fact, the "sympathetic" character was far more "serious" about the Movement than his "lesser" counterpart who was basically a demagogue and beneath his facade and rhetoric, a bit of a right winger, himself. The dude recruited most of his players at bars and off the street, and many of them had no acting talent whatsoever. Indeed, many were simply doing a favor for a friend and not only lacked dramatic talent, but dramatic aspirations in the first place. Some were extremely honest with him about this, but he didn't give a damn. All he wanted were warm bodies to go through preordained motions, and not warm bodies with any degree of dramatic adequacy.

Pamela J. Boal  
4 Westfield Way  
Charlton Heights  
Wantage  
Oxon OX12 7EW  
England

I can really sympathise with Jeanne Mealy, having observed that Murphy's Law reigns nowhere as firmly as it does in amateur stage productions. My amateur stage career started at the age of four when an audience that should have been murmuring 'Oh, how sweet!' dissolved into gales of laughter at the breaking of my knicker elastic and my quite reasonable request that my mother should do something about my predicament. My part in a Shakespearian production (one of the Henry's; I forget which) should have been simplicity itself. I had one line "Stay! The King has thrown his warder down," and one bit of business, to pick up the decorated stick and return it to the King. It was an all girls school, perhaps the girl playing the role of the King felt the need to demonstrate that she was playing a masculine role by the manner in which she threw that "warder" down; each of the five performances, the darn thing landed either amongst the audience or worse amongst the hastily stacked flats and props in the wings. Each of the five performances my efforts to retrieve and return the "warder" resulted in chaos. As my undistinguished career continued it gradually dawned upon me that my love of involvement in the performing arts would be better expressed through back stage activities. I was reasonably successful in making props though there was some dissatisfactions from some members of a pantomime cast when a collapsing rolling pin didn't and the stump of the blasted oak had a tendency to rise with whoever sat upon it.

Then on to producing and directing. Honestly, it is not some weird perverse ego speaking when I say my productions attracted more than their fair share of individualists. People who would decide to make alterations to set, costume or props just before curtain up, their embellishments leaving both audiences and the rest of the company equally bemused. The worst pains were the members of the cast who decided that they and only they could save the show. The careful balance between talents, achieved painfully in rehearsal, was thrown to the winds as the saviour type over stressed their part, upstaging the others, producing either frozen confusion or retaliatory action. The daftest thing of all is that if there was a half way decent company around here I'd join it straightway.

Sports fan, theater fan or opera buff (and you have to love it before you can send it up as well as Matthew Tepper did) all one with fandom, life has always been speculative fiction and it's increasingly becoming science fiction. Technology developing ever more swiftly ever more able to utilize knowledge and ideas, if you're an author whose theme deals with hard sciences you'd better set your story in the far future or reality will catch up with you before you have finished writing the darn thing. Maybe that accounts for the growth in fantasy and psychological themes; man doesn't seem to be much nearer understanding man than he ever was, let alone woman (mustn't forget the feminists, I wonder if any of the earlier fandoms and fans predicted that development).

Obviously many of the events and personalities in Rune are new to me. I find the Minn-stf Board Minutes helpful in getting to know the stage and dramatis personae. Helpful and confusing at the same time, you speak of annual budgets greater than that of my national charity, you talk of allocating \$1200 to recover \$575 which although spent contrary to the rules was apparently spent in good faith on Board affairs. To an outsider it looks less like a friendly group pursuing a mutual hobby and more like an inefficient business pursuing sales of an inadequately identified product or service.



I'm an outsider and not affected in any way but if the impressions I get bear any relationship to the state of affairs, the atmosphere around Minneapolis must be pretty strained at times. Of course minutes invariably tell less than half the story, to the best of my knowledge you are the only group courageous enough to publish them in a zine that goes to non-members. Most entertaining for one not in the firing line.

Buck Coulson  
2677 W. 500n

Hartford City, IN 47348

I thoroughly enjoyed Gerri Balter's defense of the Mortally Handicapped in Rune 73. Having lived most of my childhood next door to a Mortally Handicapped condominium, I can testify to their quietness as neighbors and their tolerance for all types of people. They didn't mind my using their property as a shortcut to Boy Scout meetings, or my return home from such meetings sometimes late at night. They didn't object to the essential noisiness of children, and their property was an ideal place to be when I wanted to be away from other children. (My dislike of people didn't start with fandom.)

In return, I did try to be a good neighbor. From age 8 or 9 on I hunted down the ground squirrels who made such depredations in the apartments of the Mortally Handicapped, and at age 13 I was appointed caretaker of their property; my first outside-the-home job. All in all it was a peaceful co-existence.

I have sampled two home-brewed beers in my life. One was excellent; the other was the most miserable bilge I've ever tasted. It's possible for anyone to do it; it's perhaps not possible for everyone to get drinkable results. But then, it's not possible for the professionals to always get drinkable results, either -- I've sampled Grain Belt.

P. S. This paper is used in tribute to the Mortally Handicapped.

## The paper was black on the reverse side, apparently owing to a mishap with a photocopier. -- Ed. ##

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

Gerri Balter's article on the Mortally Handicapped failed to take into consideration those members of the majority of past civilization who do cause disturbances -- ghosts.

The minority of this majority population are what might be causing it its bad PR. For this section is one that appears in films like Poltergeist and all sorts of evil spirits seeking a return to the land of the living are what has kept exorcists in films busy for many a sequel.

Well, this group is mentioned in passing. However, instead of being "the radical fringe," perhaps they are merely the punk rock era of this group seeking to set up their own style of nonbeing.

Allen Curry  
c/o Tracy Thomas  
#4 Galtrim Road  
Bray  
County Wicklow  
Ireland

Regarding Jeanne Nealy's shaggy dog story: Can you really blame the audience for their groans at the first pun you mentioned? And that one was unintentional. When you plop on another shovel full with the second (intentional) pun, one is surprised that you were not treated to the sound of bolts being pulled back on machine pistols.

Gerri Balter's impassioned plea is all well and good, but strikes me as little more than editorial necrophilia. Why not speak out in favor of those who, at least occasionally, speak out for themselves? I am speaking, of course, about the campaign soon to be kicked off on a national level for the Morally Handicapped.

Be fair, Gerri. Who speaks for us? Realistically, in this day and age when city governments everywhere are concerning themselves with wheelchair access in public places, when television offers closed captioning for the deaf, when buzzers are placed at busy city intersections so the blind can cross safely, when you speak out for our more malodorous citizens, who is there to speak for us, the Morally Handicapped?

MH affects the most complete cross-section of the population imaginable. Bankers, politicians, and other openly criminal types suffer from the ravages of MH. Clergymen,



nurses, doctors, bikers, banana republic junta members. Look where you will, the victims of MH abound. Why, come to think of it, we're probably not even a minority any more. And yet, where are the MH collection cans in convenience stores, the telethons, the impassioned pleas from fanzine writers? Ah ha! Struck a bit close to home, did I Gerri? Stepped on a few toes?

Well, I'm sorry to have to be so blunt; but I'm damned mad, and I'm not going to take it any more. I demand a few concessions here... like... like... free raincoats in porn theaters and... and... a mailing for Smut of the Month.

It can be done if we'll all just dig a bit deeper, show a bit more compassion. Remember the motto of the National Mascot, Sleazy the Flasher: Only you can prevent Jerry Falwell.

Having never done any homebrewing myself, I can't really speak with any authority on the subject. Except, of course, as a consumer. Being a native West Virginian, homebrewed beer and home distilled whiskey have been on my list of personal favorites for a number of years. Lots of people in that area do create their own potables, much to the delight of those of us who reap the benefits of their work. A friend of mine living near Cincinnati specializes in wines and beers (especially porter), and we have a tendency to stand around like Papal supplicants waiting for word that the next batch is ready.

I do know of one instance in which the bottles did explode. Happened to another friend of mine but I will admit that it is quite likely that he didn't know what the hell he was doing. This reality, however, did little to improve his wife's mood when she discovered that all the winter clothing she had stored in the basement had been directly at ground zero.

For personal recommendations in American beers, I could mention a few that I've discovered only recently. They come from two breweries that I had never heard of before.

At the Alpha, a bar/restaurant in the Clifton section of Cincinnati which has a truly heroic beer list, I heard of a brewery in Pennsylvania called Yuengling. They make a porter and a pilsner that are simply lovely.

At Joe Allen's, a bar/restaurant near the intersection of King and John Streets in Toronto (beware the prices... they can bring on wallet seizures), I discovered the folks at Sierra Nevada Breweries. It is an American brewery that makes a magnificent porter, a delightful stout, and a pale ale upon which I cannot comment. I do not care for ales at all, so I didn't try it.

Regardless, you might look them up and suck down a few. But please, drink them at room temperature.

Sheryl Birkhead  
23629 Woodfield Rd.  
Gaithersburg, MD 20879

My grandfather was noted for the root beer he made (no-- don't look at me, I haven't the faintest idea how it was done). He would bottle up a batch and give them as gifts. Well he was flying out to Arizona to visit a nephew... and what better present than a half dozen bottles which fit neatly into the suitcase and could be lovingly protected by nice soft clothing. To make a long story short, the cargo/baggage hold wasn't pressurized and they all DID explode (re: Rune, page 3 -- there is a way to make the bottles explode if you are imaginative enough!). So much for that idea.

In college I "took" Golf. The instructor knew us fairly well and only gave us ping pong balls to chop away with. Try it sometime-- does wonders for the frustration level. You swing away, trying desperately to connect-- only to have one wicked swing be right on and the ball pops a lousy six feet. The fact that it took eighteen swipes at that grinning (malicious little suckers) little white orb shouldn't count-- after all, I did finally whack into it. Unfortunately no one else subscribed to my philosophy of only counting the strokes which connected. Besides, most of my time was spent replacing divots. Never did get really interested in golf after that.

Harry is right about the center lines on the roads around here. An appallingly large number of drivers DO use it to line up the wheels on the driver's side. Ah, but there's no thrill like being in a hurry (and following a little too close??) behind



one of these clowns. Aforementioned clown nears dangerous intersection, driver side firmly planted over the middle line-- left turn signal on and pulls farther over to the left. Our gallant driver pulls sharply to the right-- hoping to get around this cretin and make a quick get-a-way. SURPRISE! I was only fooling-- as the clown pulls around for a right turn! It pays to keep your brakes in good shape.

Elayne Wechsler                      I especially enjoyed the beer recap -- when will you be taking  
Madison Square Station            on Moussy and that ilk? Or hasn't that form of watered-down  
Post Office Box 1609                culture made its way out of the East yet? If not, count  
New York, NY 10159                yourselves lucky. It seems to be vying glass for glass with  
   wine cooler as the Yuppie drink-o-choice.

Also of wonderful note was Matthew Tepper's review of P. D. Q. Bach. Besides being a P. D. Q. aficionado from way back (I try to catch the Towne Hall performances), I am also a sometime correspondent of Matt's, and it's always nice to read his worthwhile and fun writing.

## Near beer, however expensive, does not amuse us. We are more likely to review those mint-flavored toothpicks that you get at restaurants on the way out. ##

Glen Warminger                      3.2% alcohol by weight! We in this dreaming isle are used to %  
Top Flat                              alcohol by volume or OG (Original Gravity) to indicate the strengths  
80a Waddington St. of beer. All of which in typical British tradition makes little or  
Norwich                                no logical sense whatsoever, save that it probably is an Archaic  
Norfolk NR2 4JS                      Tradition left over from the time when lengths were measured in  
ENGLAND                                Poles, Rods, and Perches, and liquids in Gills, Pecks, Bushels and  
   Chaldrons. OG has something to do with the amount of fermentable  
material in the brew, which means that a pint (20 fl oz.) of Adnams bitter with OG  
1036 is about normal for a light beer and that the sweet dark Owd Rodger at OG 1080  
could blow the bollocks off a donkey and Thomas Hardy Ale at OG 1126 is only available  
on medical advice. According to a list found in a 'brew it yersel' book Adnams bitter  
is approx 4.5% alcy, Owd Rodger 10.6% and Thomas hardy 17.2%. This doesn't explain why  
Abbot Ale at 1048 (6.3%) is real fall over juice. All these are 'Real Ale'. I have  
little knowledge of keg beers as they tend to be bland, weak and carbonated.  
Blaaaaaaaarrrrrrggghhhhhh.....

## Our suspiscion, without going to the bother of checking it out, is that alcohol content is measured by weight instead of volume as a result of a political battle between the brewers and the prohibitionists long ago. Since alcohol is less dense than water, beer that is 3.2% alcohol by weight is stronger than would be beer that is 3.2% by volume. As a practical matter, since the 3.2% figure is an upper limit, most 3.2 beer is more likely to weigh in at about 2.4 to 2.8%. ##

Mark Loney                            I returned to Perth after Aussicon II fannishly aglow, a joint  
PO Box 545                            DUFF nominee and determined to expand my writing beyond essays for  
South Perth WA 6151                my Bachelor of Arts degree (nearing completion thank ghu) and job  
AUSTRALIA                            applications (a direct consequence of the preceding). And what  
   should turn up but .. Rune 72 & 73. At first I thought they were  
a fannishly time-warped response to The Norseman Revue or perhaps even The Space Wastrel, but eventually I stumbled across the review of Sikander 9 and all become clear.

The "Rune Beer Review" was an article I found more than a little interesting. Low alcohol beers have been coming more and more into prominence here in Western Australia (and, I suppose, Australia in general) in recent years, particularly because of growing media attention to road accident deaths and trauma and the high percentage of accidents that involve alcohol. Western Australia's lone brewery company, The Swan Brewery, for many years had an unchanging stable of brands, Swan Draught, Swan Lager, Emu Export Lager, Emu Bitter, Hannan's Lager and Kalgoorlie Stout. The last two are dead and gone now (and all I can say is good riddance but that's another story) and in their place we



have Swan Stout, Swan Gold and Swan Light.

Swan Gold and Swan Light are the two beers that mesh with the "Rune Beer Review". Swan Gold came on the market first, about four years ago I suppose, as a reduced alcohol and low calorie beer. Reduced alcohol meant about 3% alcohol by volume in comparison to the more normal 4.9% alc/vol and 5.5% alc/vol beers. Calories per can I wouldn't have a clue about. The Swan Brewery sell it in attractive gold cans or gold labelled bottles and although it doesn't seem to have much market penetration in the parties I go to (here I volunteer the information that I'm in my mid-twenties), I know that it is quite popular with beer drinkers ten or more years older as a means of protecting their bodies from the dreaded Australian beer gut. But all this is irrelevant when we consider what it actually looks and tastes like. And here I think it may have an advantage over the 3.2% beers you reviewed because Swan Gold looks like real beer, pours like a real beer (an Australian one anyway, we don't like head on our beer and generally pour to avoid it-- though an amateur can always create one), bubbles like a real beer and, most important, tastes like a real beer. I must admit to not road-testing Swan Gold before writing this letter but I remember distinctly my impressions of Swan Gold when I trialled it four years ago and decided to stick with Emu Export Lager. Why? Well I thought that Swan Gold was ok but that Emu Export was better, and I'm not yet at the point where I need to worry about the dimensions of my stomach.

Swan Light was released amid much publicity just over two years ago. It is a real light beer coming in at 0.9% alcohol by volume and, despite the very low alc/vol rating, is actually a real beer. What the Swan Brewery did was brew a full strength beer (4.9% alc/vol) and then remove most of the alcohol through (if I remember correctly) fractional distillation in vacuum. This enabled them to market a low alcohol beer that had "full-flavor". We'll come to that but first let it be said that Swan Light does look, pour and bubble like a real beer. Taste-wise, ~~hmmmm~~, I think that what can truthfully be said about Swan Light is that it tastes like a beer with something missing, like the last 10% of the esters missing. In fairness though I must admit to being unable to pick Swan Light after an initial can of Emu Export (though we all know what beer does to the taste-buds) and I actually recommend that as a method of consuming Swan Light: drink one can of a full-strength beer first and then switch to Swan Light. An enormous thirst can be disposed of without ending up blind drunk before dinner or passed out immediately afterwards.

Swan Light has been very successful. It is drunk in quantity just about everywhere beer is drunk in WA, from mining camps in the outback to student parties to drinks after work. It is, I suppose, an "ideologically nice" beer as it is almost impossible to drink enough to get drunk and thus anyone can enjoy a few (or many) beers without having to worry about blood/alcohol levels, car accidents or passing out after dinner.

This, actually, is where I wonder about your 3.2 beer. You say it means 3.2% alcohol by weight and is a hangover from the Prohibition (I only just got that by the way) and that it isn't really possible to get drunk on it. I am well aware that 86 Proof means 43% alcohol by volume and obviously alcohol by weight means something different again as it is very possible to get drunk on 3% alcohol by volume Swan Gold. If 3.2% alcohol by weight equals 3.2% proof, then a few things become much clearer. 3.2 beer would be 1.6% alc/vol and that is getting into the leagues where it is difficult if not impossible to drink enough to get drunk.

Swan Light is also so low in alcohol content that it can be sold in any retail outlet in the State. The Swan Brewery and the Government (State) have tried to discourage this for various reasons and have been fairly successful. The rationale is that Swan Light could lead little children onto more serious things if they could buy it from the corner shop. A familiar line of argument, no? The Swan Brewery has also been advantaged by the low alcohol content in pricing because the cut-off point for excise on beer in Australia is 1.5% alc/vol. So they have been able to sell it at a price much lower than normal beer. (Though you might not consider it very cheap, a carton of full strength beer [that is, 24 by 375ml cans] retails for about \$20 - or 85¢ a can.)



This led to fun and games in other states when The Swan Brewery attempted to market Swan Light there. Australian beer brewing is characterised by one brewer in each state that dominates the market for that state almost totally (although the Swan Brewery has changed that considerably in the last month by successfully taking over Castlemaines in NSW). So the introduction of Swan Light in other states at prices considerably below normal beers was characterised by sudden changes to excise regulations or sudden taxes. These generally had the effect of making Swan Light comparable in cost to normal beer and keeping the brewing company concerned happy with its State Government.

Carlton & United Brewers (State of Victoria) have finally brought out a light beer of their own (competing breweries are hampered by the fact that Swan make Swan Light via a brand new process that they patented and aren't letting anyone else use), but really it just isn't in the same league. No doubt the redoubtable Alan Bond will use the forthcoming America's Cup races off Perth as a springboard for Swan beers into markets such as America, Europe and so on. But you'll probably be able to tell me about that.

I've been appreciating a few bourbons while typing this out and I figure it's time to bring this loc to a halt. Maybe I could do an article on bourbon appreciation for you one of these days (such a pity Wild Turkey isn't available over here).

Best wishes, and watch out for The Space Wastrel. Mr Warner & I are reviving it. The end of the page! So, quickly, a DUFF form is enclosed. Please duplicate and distribute it. Aussiecon minireview: great parties, terrible programming.

## This has been the official Rune Aussicon report. ##

Mae Strelkov 4501 Palma Sola Jujuy ARGENTINA Most tantalizing were the Peer Reviews and instructions on home brewing. With what envy did we discuss it all at home. Here we'd not even be able to get the still and other implements you can get easily (already available for such purposes) up there. We are jealous, sorrowful ... our tongues now hang flapping forth. Beer! U. S. Beer! So good, and you can afford it while we here cannot afford good beer. Cheap wine for very festive occasions, (and just a little), maybe... Oh, how good the beer tasted, for instance, when I visited the Busbys at Seattle in 1978 and had a tin or two of his favorite brand. (Only I can't recall the name.) It was nectar. It was ambrosial! No wonder he writes good science-fiction books under its influence.

Oh, well, let us mourn no more, but watch out if you-- in future Runes-- discuss further those wonderful flavors. I had my husband Vadim drooling and reminiscing too as I read him the details. He started discussing the flavors he recalled also from long, long ago when people could in this country afford a bit of good beer.

Joe R. Christopher Tarleton State University Dept. of English & Languages Tarleton Station Stephenville, TX 76042 Thank you for Rune 73. The reviews of 3.2 beer bring back memories of my growing up in Oklahoma when it still had state-wide prohibition. Both 3.2 beer and 3.2 wine were legal, however, if less than widely sold. (In most large towns bootleggers would deliver the more powerful stuff -- so why buy 3.2?) I forget now what the actual rules were; maybe the 3.2 was only available in restaurants. The reason I don't remember is because we lived close to the Kansas border -- where liquor was legal -- and because my father didn't drink much at home, mainly limiting himself to preparing powerful, if illegal, eggnogs at Christmas.

But what I really wanted to ask you about was 3.2 wine. Is that sold in Minnesota? If so, that deserves a rating guide also. It's actually not too bad with an Italian dinner -- preferably spaghetti. (Or maybe it is bad; it's been a long time since I tasted any.)

By the way, in one of Rex Stout's Nero Wolfe stories or novels -- about the start of World War II, if I remember correctly -- Wolfe's favorite beer vanished from the marketplace and he held a beer tasting competition to see what he would buy thereafter. So far as I remember, there was no 3.2 involved.



## I have never seen 3.2 wine for sale anywhere, and I hope I never do. As for the Nero Wolfe novel, in Fer-de-Lance, which was published in 1934, Wolfe tastes one bottle of every variety of newly-legal beer that Archie Goodwin can find, so that he can stop drinking the boot-legged stuff that he keeps in a barrel in the basement. -- mkd ##

Mark Greener I was over in Florida last year and I tasted some American beers.  
2 White Hart Close They were a bit light for my taste, but they were refreshing.  
Buntingford European beers (lagers -- I avoid "Real Ale") can be excellent,  
Herts. such as those which come from the Black Forest, or awful. The two  
England worst beers I had were in Belgium and Germany. The former, Aeglis  
Pils, was like flavoured water. Perhaps the pronunciation gives a  
clue as to its origins...e-gels Pis. The latter beer was served at a beer fest in  
litre glasses, and was very weak and sickly. Ugh. Marginally better was a homebrew I  
tried at last year's Novacon which tasted as if it had been laced with vodka.

The book reviews were OK as far as they went. As overview they were acceptable but they lacked any real depth -- which might be how they were intended -- but I can't help feeling that reviews, especially fannish reviews, should be longer and deeper than the ones Rune presents.

Again the lettercol was OK but it seemed to lack any real sparkle. A lettercol is a place for debate where fire and vitriol can fly. It shouldn't be a place for a "this-is-good" type letter. Get someone to play devil's advocate, under a nom-de-plume, if need be, and watch the fireworks.

M. K. Digre's editorial struck a true note with me! I live about 35 miles north of London in a fairly small town. The roads around here, excepting the main London to Cambridge road, are riddled with potholes. If one of these takes out your tire you have to catch a bus. The only real problem being the fact that there is only one every two hours to London and one every hour to Hertford, our nearest railway station!

## Funny you should mention the lack of fire and vitriol in the letter column. Because we editors find that sort of thing intensely boring, we avoid it and concentrate on publishing the amusing anecdotes that Rune inspires our readers to write up. ##

Eunice Pearson I'm not a beer fan, (I do like mild, but cold? yeeeeuck!) cider is  
32 Digby House best. Though since my husband and I are hoping to be pregnant soon,  
Colletts Grove it's fruit juice for me. Phill (my husband) used to drink before he  
Kingshurst met me, but not me. Two drunks in the family (i.e., me and my sister)  
Birmingham are enough! ((Huh? --Ed.))

E37 6JE The opera of the mortally handicapped shaggy dog? Lovely and  
England very funny! What about the incinerated handicapped? Gerri Balter  
completely ignored their special problems and needs. They use up

much less space than the interred mortally handicapped after all. Their honour is at stake here!

Ben Indick Nice issue, tasty, foaming. Good to see Matt Tepper on hand, good  
428 Sagamore Ave. taste as always. I enclose a recent Ibid.-- not the latest, and  
Teaneck, NJ 07666 containing a formidable essay by Scott Home. However, you should  
get a kick out of that "Position Vacant: Housewife" although it is  
by "Jean Weber", uncredited properly. And Matt may enjoy the theatre reviews if he's  
around the office.

## WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

We also heard from Beth Finkbiner, Diane M. Thorne, Bob Tucker (COA: 2516-H East Washington, Bloomington, IL 61701, as of 26 July 1985), Georges Giguere (COA: 9645 84 Ave., Edmonton, AB T6C 1E7, Canada, as of December 1984), Sarah S. Prince, and Richard J. Faulder. And Diane Fox.



# CONTRIBUTORS

We hope that all of you fanzine editors out there will be certain to put all of our contributors on your mailing lists. We try to do the same with contributors to the fanzines that we receive in trade, because we feel that they, as well as the editors, deserve to get something for their efforts. (Whether they want to be on our mailing list is another matter.)

Gerri Balter, 1270 W. Larpenteur Ave. #106, St. Paul, MN 55113.  
Erik Biever, 1731 Eustis St., Lauderdale, MN 55113.  
M. K. Digre, 4629 Columbus Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55407.  
Ken Fletcher, 2808 Harriet Ave. S., Upper, Minneapolis, MN 55408.  
Charles E. Hamilton III, 218 Third St. SE, Washington, DC 20003.  
Dr. Mimeo, Addressee moved, left no forwarding address.  
Matthew B. Tepper, 125 Oak Grove #41, Minneapolis, MN 55403.  
Owen Whiteoak, 112 Polwarth Gardens, Edinburgh EH11 1LH, Scotland.

We also admit that we committed a faux pas in the last issue by failing to include the contributors' addresses. In an attempt to make amends, we include here the addresses of contributors to Rune 73 not listed above.

Emma Bull, 1903 38th St. E., Minneapolis, MN 55407.  
Kara Dalkey, 2307 5th St. NE, Upper, Minneapolis, MN 55418.  
Brad Foster, 4109 Pleasant Run, Irving, TX 75038.  
Dan Goodman, PO Box 809, Minneapolis, MN 55440.  
Carol Kennedy, 3336 Aldrich Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55408.  
Jeanne Mealy, 2633 Dupont Ave. S., Lower, Minneapolis, MN 55408.  
Sarah S. Prince, 4 Assabet Drive, Northborough, MA 01532.  
Al Sirois, 72 Hubinger St., New Haven, CT 06511.  
Robert Whitaker -- We wish we knew, ourselves.

# COLLATORS

Rune 73 was collated by Minn-stf members at one of our regular bi-weekly meetings. People who helped collate are listed below in the order in which they signed up. We appreciate every copy collated, guys.

John Purcell, Kate Worley, Mark Richards, Dave Romm, Geof Stone, Virginia Nelson, Joel Halpern, Eileen Lufkin, Herman Schouten, Matthew B. Tepper, Dean C. Gahlon, Gerri Balter, Karen Schaffer, Lynn Anderson, Jeanne Mealy, Terry A. Garey, Steve Glennon, Ed Eastman, and Alice Ableman.

If you helped collate, and don't find your name listed here, it means you didn't sign up. Let this be a lesson to you.

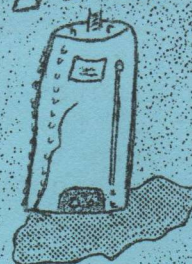
# ANGELS IN HUMAN FORM

Finally, we, the editors, would like to thank our wives, Paula Rice Biever and Maryellen Therese Digre Mueller, for putting up with us while we have been working on this. They have been patient beyond the call of duty. To paraphrase Wm. S. Gilbert, the Rune-Ed.'s wife is not an happy one. We hope to regain their acquaintance just as soon as we get this into the mail.



# THRILLING

HOT WATER  
STORIES



Wednesday morning, Paula went to take her morning shower and found there was no hot water available. A quick visit to the basement confirmed the worst suspicions: the water heater had passed away during the night.

No, wait. Hold the line a minute. I've started in without providing some essential background information, rendering the preceding paragraph meaningless to the casual reader. Let me go back and set the scene.

Last spring found my partner in marriage and me poised on the edge of that great point of entry to middle class respectability -- we were about to buy a house.

A few years earlier, I was satisfied with a somewhat simpler life. The material basics were there -- viz., a fairly inexpensive rented space in which to sleep, eat, drink, and put my stuff, and the necessary equipment with which to accomplish these functions. The funny thing about life, though, is that it tends not to pause at such points of equilibrium, choosing instead to goad one on to things more complicated, expensive, and time-consuming.

In the course of the next few years, we moved into a duplex and accumulated such items as a car, a color television, an electrostenciller, a blender, a washer and dryer, and a bowling trophy with built-in flashing light. Eventually it became apparent that there was no good reason not to add a home mortgage to the list. Several weeks of searching eventually led us to a reasonably priced "older" house in our neighborhood, of which we became the proud if somewhat apprehensive owners in April 1985.

We now rejoin the story a mere five weeks after moving in, with a dead water heater in the basement. A more rational person, or at least one with larger cash reserves on hand than were available in this situation, would have paid to have a new water heater installed. I proposed instead to do the installation, with the assistance of my brother-in-law.

At this point I should pause and give credit to my brother-in-law, Pat, my sister's husband. Pat is singularly undeserving of all the bad press that brothers-in-law have received throughout the ages. He was particularly helpful in this case because he is a maintenance supervisor with a local public housing agency, and therefore knows lots more about plumbing than I do.



### Day 1 (Wednesday)

After dinner, we visited the local Sears store and bought a new water heater. Buying a water heater is a funny sort of experience because you know you're going to buy one and so does the salesman. There is no real question of whether you are going to buy it now or next month, and there is not much to be gained by shopping around because the prices don't vary by much. It is sort of like buying a pair of shoelaces, only more expensive.

After hauling the heater home, Pat and I made the first of many trips to the hardware store for supplies. One of the major factors complicating the job was that we had chosen to replace the existing electric water heater with a gas one. This meant installing a new gas line, and as anyone who has done such work can tell you, more time is likely to be spent travelling to and from the hardware store than on the work itself. We arrived just ten minutes before closing to discover that there wasn't enough pipe in stock for our needs and it was too late to go to another store. We would have to wait until the next day.

As Paula and I heated water on the kitchen stove for bathing that night, we agreed that we would be happy to have hot running water again the next evening.

### Day 2 (Thursday)

Starting on the late side due to various complications, we went to the hardware store to get the gas pipe and various other essential items. Once again we were the last customers of the evening, scurrying to the checkout as the lights were being turned off. Returning home, we shut off the gas supply and started to install the gas pipe. After fitting the first couple of pieces of pipe we had difficulty in making a connection. As we tried substituting other pieces, we discovered that the imbeciles at the hardware store had put the wrong sort of thread on the pipes they had cut. It was too late to return the pipe that evening, or buy more somewhere else, as all the hardware stores were closed.

I would like to offer a free idea to anyone who wants to make a large pile of money: open a 24-hour plumbing supply store. Every night there must be thousands of people in similar situations to what I am describing, in need of plumbing hardware in the wee hours. Open the store, advertise your presence with a 100-foot-tall neon plunger (preferable animated so the plunger moves up and down, clearing out a mammoth neon drain), and the amateur plumbers of the world will beat a path to your door.

As Paula and I heated water on the kitchen stove for bathing that night, we agreed that we were truly looking forward to the return of hot running water the next evening.

### Day 3 (Friday)

This time we bought the pipe at a different hardware store and started the evening's proceedings with high hopes of completing the job. Having the pipe threads cut properly made a considerable difference, and work progressed steadily. As midnight approached, the installation was complete except for connecting the vent pipe to the chimney. As this would require yet another trip to the hardware store, the job would not be finished until the next day.

As Paula and I heated water on the kitchen stove for bathing that night, we agreed that it would be good to have hot running water again some time in the near future.



#### Day 4 (Saturday)

On Saturday afternoon I set out to finish the job myself, Pat having previously made plans for the day. To no great surprise, I had to make two trips to the hardware store. By this time most of the clerks at the store recognized me, and looked at each other as if to say, "There he goes again," whenever I put in an appearance.

At about 5:00 everything was finally connected. All that remained was to turn on the water and gas, light the pilot, and soon we would be enjoying luxurious hot showers. Or so I thought; the pilot wouldn't light. This didn't surprise me hugely, because I was merely a novice pilot-lighter, and therefore didn't expect immediate success. Numerous subsequent attempts failed to produce the necessary flame, and I finally began to get discouraged. I spent the rest of the evening re-checking our work and attempting to determine where we went wrong. Finally I gave up the struggle until the next day.

As we yet again heated water on the kitchen stove for bathing that night, Paula and I agreed that our attitude toward life would be greatly improved if we had hot running water the next day.

#### Day 5 (Sunday)

I managed to reach Pat by telephone on Sunday morning and described the problem. We concluded that our installation work had been done properly, and that there was some trouble in our gas meter where we had shut off the gas supply on Thursday. A telephone call to our local gas utility resulted in a visit from an efficient young repairman who fixed the faulty regulator in the gas meter and lit the water heater pilot in the space of about twenty minutes. Huzzah! Hot water at last!

As I luxuriated in my first hot shower since the old water heater died five days earlier, I looked back on the hours of labor, the endless trips to the hardware store, the frustrations and the final triumph, and concluded that though it might have been easier and quicker to hire professional installers, it wouldn't have made a very good fanzine article.

This is the final issue of Rune to be published by M.K. and me. Now that the desire to publish a clubzine has been purged from what for want of a better word might be called my mind, it is time to move on to other things.

As M.K. mentioned in his editorial, he will resume publication of Quinapalus, a truly worthy endeavour. As for me, I am finally going to pub my own ish. Though I have enjoyed collaborating on Rune (and earlier, The Stone and the Stars with Tess Kolney and Chas Hamilton), the time has come to start my own fanzine. The first issue will be titled A Poke in the Eye With a Sharp Stick -- title not guaranteed beyond the first issue. Its scope will encompass science fiction, homebrewing, ceramic fish, or whatever else seems suitable.

I wish the best of luck to new Rune editor Michael Butler, and to Eric Heideman, editor of Minn-stf's new Interesting Stories, and thank all of those who have supported us, as we join that exclusive club of Former Rune-Eds. So long, and happy landings.



