

Pardon me, sir —
is this approaching
vehicle the correct
public transportation
to convey me to the
Institute of Philosophical
Bloody Incongruity?



Ken Fletcher
&
Richardson
© 1980

stroon

nr. 0

Stroon #0 is really
RUNE #75,
Volume 12, No. 1--November 1986

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PUBLICATION SCHEDULE: Bimonthly, but believe it when you see it. That would make next issue due out sometime in January. Hmmn, maybe if I quit my job....

AVAILABLE FOR: written contributions, illustrations, letters of comment, fanzines in trade, or editorial whim. This issue is an experiment in literality: one reading of the Minn-STF bylaws implies that every attendee of Minicon (our annual Easter regional SF convention) ought to be on the mailing list for RUNE. So here goes--if you want to be taken off the mailing list, drop us a postcard. If you want to be sure of staying on the mailing list, and you're not confident of your fannish status, drop us a postcard to tell us so. If you're a faaaaaan, why worry?...

Note: The section labeled "The Fine Print" on the last page of this ish is *not* a hoax. It is a genuine court order. If you wish to be considered a member of Minn-STF (the plaintiff) insofar as this order is concerned, let us know.

This issue is six months late. A year ago I wrote a diatribe which eventually won me the RUNE editorship. A wise woman has told us that nobody cares why the issue is late, and she's right... but a note about the strange name on the cover of RUNE 75 may be in order: some impatient hotheads in the Twin Cities are publishing a one-shot called STREWN for obscure, no doubt occult reasons, and some of them were concerned that I'd take the twit personally. I did, for about fifteen seconds; and then I started to laugh. This's supposed to be FUN, remember? So I talked

I HEAR SABERHAGEN HAS
A NEW "BERSERKER" BOOK OUT.



it over with the STREWN ringleaders, and we swung a small hoax--rumors were spread that I was outraged, etc., etc. I'd hoped that we could publish STREWN and RUNE as an "Ace Double"-style single issue, but it didn't pan out due to technical constraints. Sure would have been fun, though. Now it's a race to see who pubs first...

Other credit for nudges goes to Karen Trego, the indomitable Harry Warner, Jr. (and his Ouija Board), Taral, Fred Haskell, Tom Digby, Ken Fletcher, Chuck Holst, and countless LOCers (you know who you are).

LOC WARNING: I may not manage to get a lettercol in this issue, but I read all the LOCs I get, and they all have an effect. Thanks to everyone who cares enough to write anything at all. If the Minn-STF Board decides to keep me as RUNED, I'll have a jumbo bonus economy-size letter column nextish. Okay? Fine.

ART CREDITS: All art otherwise unattributed is by Michael Butler. Cover: Ken Fletcher and Rich Larson. This page, and Pp. 10, 11, 13 and 15: Ken Fletcher. P. 4: Reed Waller. P. 6: Gene Gryniecicz.



editoracle:

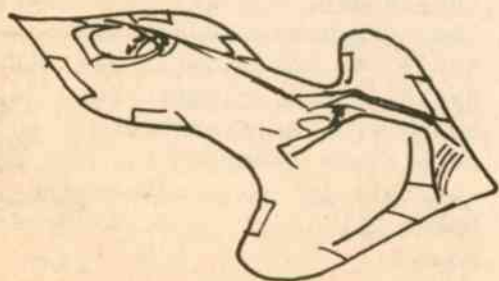
contents↓

RUNE 75 MEMORY MAP 09OCT86 15:40 CST

00: COVER Fletcher/Larson
01: COLOPHON M. Butler
02: CONTENTS/EDITORACLE M. Butler <==PC
03: EDITORACLE-continued--> OC
04: CORFLU g. sullivan
05:
06:
07:
08:
09: INDIGNATION&NAMECHECK L. McGuff
0A:
0B:
0C: INDIGNATION/EDITORACLE-continued
0D: THEORIES&STORIES J. Singer
0E:
0F: THE FINE PRINT Minnesota

My sincere thanks to everyone who contributed; I couldn't have done it without you.

Michael Butler, Editor of RUNE



RUNE

"This is the future, remember? We lost."
--some bad post-holocaust SF b-movie.

Thirty years from now (maybe only ten years from now), much of current events will seem irrelevant. Here are some items which aren't:

*) "Crack" and designer drugs like Fentanyl-analogs have gotten a lot of press lately, and the legislature (in its finite wisdom) has shown such fear of not appearing "tough on drugs" that it may make your own nervous system illegal.

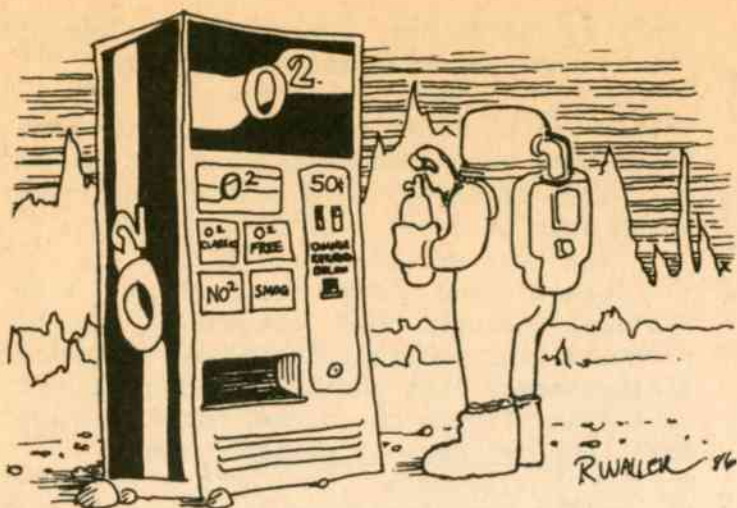
No, that's not Learyesque hyperbole. The U.S. DEA, in an effort to streamline the prosecution of producers and users of designer drugs, has been pushing (sorry) to have any substance (call any such stuff "substance X") which "has the same effect" as any controlled substance, be as illegal as the controlled substance. Without identifying the chemical composition and structure of substance X.

That makes a certain amount of street-cop sense, I guess--but there's a deep problem here: any body system which uses chemical receptors to do its job. Y'see, the main reason heroin, morphine and opium have any effect at all (other than simple toxicity) is that they bind to naturally-occurring endorphin receptor sites in the human nervous system. But the DEA tough-guy rules would make my endorphins (and perhaps other enkephalins and neurotransmitters) Schedule 1 narcotics!

All this without doing a thing to alcohol (a substance whose documented effects make it pretty clearly Schedule 1 material); it is primarily a simple poison.

Which brings us to:

*) It's all just a bunch of atoms, right? (Ignoring theology, of course.) I was going to write a review of K. Eric Drexler's Engines of Creation, a significant book--but it's already mentioned in the November OMNI (Pp. 56-62, 102). Go read the article, at least. I'll wait here. Back so soon? Are you sure you read the article? Well, O.K. In molecular biology, the simplest molecules act either as building blocks, or gum up the works somehow (examples of the latter are nitrous oxide, carbon monoxide,



phosgene, etc.). More subtle effects come when complex proteins mess with each other: peptides, hormones, ribosomes, and so on. Engines of Creation takes a good hard look at what may happen when mankind can stick atoms together just like those dumb snap-bead plastic balls in your old teenager's chemistry set.

The funny, deadly-serious thing is that the capabilities mentioned in Drexler's book (published by Anchor/Doubleday (c) 1986; ISBN 0-385-19972-4; see if your library has a copy--if not, ask them to buy one) make designer drugs, per se, passe'. Oh, there may be a brisk trade in them for a while, but the human race is gonna have to grow up fast, or die trying. Arsenic trioxide, for instance, is one of those simple gum-up-the-works sorts of chemicals, with an infinite half-life--a critter or replicating nanomachine that scrounged that stuff and concentrated it in the food chain would be bad news. Fortunately, a variant which gobbles the AsO3 and chelates it could probably be constructed. Those of you who've read the Drexler book (or even Greg Bear's Blood Music) know that far worse things are possible. Tearing down is easier than building up.

The scary stuff is balanced by incredible Promethean gains made possible by the triple advances of nanotechnology, tech AI (Neuromancer or his ilk is not required) and space resources (see, when atoms are the only thing that's scarce, you need to get more atoms). If we make it, it'll be a pretty fine life. If we don't get all three, what we get will be--Bad. I'm doing something to help make it good. Why don't you?

*) There is a fundamental problem in H. Sapiens psychology: even when there's plenty to go around, some of these primates need to feel good by making other primates feel bad. Alpha males will hoard food and administer beatings for no evident reason; the zero-sum model seems almost to be wired-in. How does "power" substitute for "security" in the mind of someone like Idi Amin? How does "power" substitute for "pleasure" in the mind of a rapist? These are questions which need answering, and soon--the good guys have to simultaneously (a) make the good stuff happen, (b) avoid mistakes, (c) stop the bad guys from fouling things up for everybody while the good stuff's being worked on, and (d) stop the bad guys from acting cranky when there actually IS enough, but the bad guys want it all.

Whew. A tall order. And it brings up another one:

*) Has the human race reached its engineering limit-of-complexity? Some folks think so--in fact, Jeremy Rifkin and his crowd think that Nineteen-Twenties technology is about right.

I hold a different opinion. I find that the limit-of-complexity we are reaching is the consequence of what Ted Nelson has called "the Tyranny of Paper." As projects and entire fields of study grow in size and scope, keeping track of what the hell is actually going on becomes very difficult.

Some of this may be traced to the hierarchial group-think disinformation matrix where the higher-up alpha males get told what they want to hear (vide the Challenger, though the real fault lay in the original appropriations being too small to do the Space Transportation System job right)--but even honest, capable, self-critical and competent people are swamped by the sheer bulk of raw data in a project the size of the Space Shuttle. Nuclear reactors? Same thing.

EDITORACLE

continued on P. N-3



It all began with a spirited discussion with Fred Haskell about the distinction between Elder Gods and Weird Uncles and the differences in how the two are treated by today's young fan groups. It eventually led to a trip to Corflu.

Corflu. You know, the small, roving convention for fanzine fans of the old school. Old school. You know, feuds, in-jokes, and long discussions of such Serious and Important topics as faanish politics, literary criticism, group dynamics, and who is currently doing what to and with whom. Doing what. You know, sleeping with....

Corflu. Hmmm. Even in retrospect, I don't really know how that discussion, begun on the way home from Czarkon (the St. Louis "adult" relaxacon), evolved into a trip to Corflu in Washington, D.C. Furthermore, I had my doubts about belonging, about being accepted by this "new" group. These were Fanzine Fans--the true Secret Masters of it all--and I was naught but a small time apa-hack with aspirations of making my way to the Tower of Trufandom. Like Jophan, I prepared for my journey by polishing my Shield of Umor. With assistance from KenFletch and Fred, I studied the runes of the masters themselves. Izzard and Telos, pubbed by Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden, presented an awesome challenge. So interesting, so witty, so well written! What tidbits of pleasure or amusement could I offer in return for their fine work? Ted White's Ego-Scan, Stu Shiffman's Potsherd, and, of course, Mainstream from Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Tompkins. These and

others I read with voracious appetite. To my surprise, I found comfort and familiarity in those pages. Articles by Jon Singer, David Emerson, and Terry Garey... LoCs from Jeanne Mealy, David Stever, and others... mentions made of the myths of Crazy Minneapolis Fandom... plus more recent events such as visits from Jim Young.

Despite these roadsigs--and assurances from Terry Garey--to ease my apprehensions, I approached the Corflu trip with a healthy case of trepidation. Regardless, there came a point when I just had to pack my bags and go. Since Corflu was a convention of a different color, packing required a new outlook. No costume-y clothes, as is my usual wont; Corflu wasn't a con at which to don such strange garb. I did stow away copies of the freshly-collated RUNE (#74), a few copies of recent issues from previous years, Minicon Progress Reports, "Minneapolis in '73" membership supplies, a slide projector and, oh yes, a few more than the normal allocation of books (just in case). With some rearranging, there was just enough room for a few clothes.

Like any experienced con-goer, I planned to get a good night's sleep. I managed a full two or three hours before Dancer's pleas marked the beginning of a new day--a day involving a trip.

"Don't forget me!" he cried into my ear. "I am coming with you, aren't I?" Dancer adores trips, but had worried for weeks.

I KEEP TELLIN' YA,
IT'S CONTENT, NOT FORM...

...UND WOT ISS
WRONG MIT A
LITTLE SHTYLE?



MICHAEL BUTLER 80

*Some of the names in this report have been changed--not to protect anyone in particular, but because I don't know how to spell them....

To all appearances, he simply didn't belong at Corflu. (For those of you who haven't met him, Dancer resembles a rabbit hand-puppet. He's actually a corruptible party rabbit with a smart mouth, Deep and Sincere feelings, and an inordinate fondness for having people stick their hands up his ass.) The only thing to do was to give him a brief reassurance and pack him in the top of my tote, with his ears and front paws sticking out.

Toad Hall housemate Kay Drache kindly provided transport to the Mipple/Stipple airport, where Dancer and I met up with our traveling companion, Fred (Haskell, the same one previously mentioned. Accept no substitutes).

Reclaiming my solidly-packed 45-pound suitcase was eased by Fred's gallant ("That's ok, I usually bring my guitar to conventions, and this is much lighter than that.") assistance. We made our way to the waiting area for the local shuttle service. Austin fan Pat Mueller was already there, and Bill Bovers soon arrived from Cincinnati. Their presence made the wait more enjoyable; a good thing, as ours was the only shuttle running behind schedule. At long last, our transport arrived and we departed.

At the Tyson's Corner Westpark Hotel, on a door at one end of the seventh floor, I found the following sign:

"The Ted White Group Mind. Check your ego at the door."

I inspected my ego from all sides, and entered.

Convention Chair rich brown looked up in pleasant inquiry as I walked in, as did most of the 12 or 15 people in the room. rich eased my entrance: "You look familiar. Are you Joan Hanke-Woods?" It was a charming case of mistaken identity, which I corrected. rich motioned me to the bar, where I met Jerry Kaufman and Suzle. We exchanged greetings and news of mutual friends: "Fred's downstairs, he'll be up in a little bit. Oh, and Scottie Grayson says 'hi.'" Thus reassured, the people in the room returned to their conversations.

In an effort to break my Popeye's convention curse (it seems I travel to conventions in cities with Popeye's Chicken franchises, ever to miss partaking of its Ragin' Cajun flavor), I inquired as to the presence of Popeye's in the D.C. area. A woman suggested I consult "Mr. White" and looked expectantly towards the sofa. I followed her gaze and caught the eye of a warm, quite friendly-looking man seated at one end. He was deep in thought, considering my inquiry; after a moment he told me he didn't know. "Can this really be Ted White?" I thought. "He looks so nice... so approachable... so... friendly."



I later found out it was Ken Josenhans.

That first half hour of Corflu convinced me that I had, indeed, found a convention of a different color. More precisely, I had found a convention with color. All too often, I've wandered into a con suite in search of scintillating conversation. All too often, I've listened earnestly for any small tidbit that might lead to such a conversation. All too often the "fans" in the con suite are watching TV. All too often, they don't seem to be interested in creating a convention worth remembering--a convention worth coming back to. But at Corflu, I found myself attracted first to one conversation, then to another, and another, and another.... I had to choose between a seemingly unlimited number of scintillating conversations which were taking place right there, in the con suite! While I was adjusting to this new experience, Fred showed up. We wandered out in search of food.

The hotel restaurant served surprisingly good food, though their service was rather uneven. After Fred and I had finished eating, Jerry and Suzle stopped by and joined us. Having returned from Great Britain the day before, they regaled us with tales of Mexican, Greg and Linda Pickerskill, touring, driving on the "wrong side," and the effects of jet lag. Afterwards, we went over to another faanish table that had turned into a three-hour revolving dinner party. I met Moshe Feder (of "Mimeo Man" fame) and Ken Josenhans, who remembered me from a previous Windycon.*

Back in the consuite, Lynn Steffan was behind the bar. She seemed to spend most of the convention there, serving as an all-around great bartender. I soon found myself in a long and interesting conversation with rich brown on the paths to Trufandom, and the obstacles thereon. He invited me to pick up a copy of The Enchanted Duplicator the next day in the fan room. I then spent some time chatting with Jerry Kaufman. He kindly introduced me to Moshe Feder. The party was filled with talk and getting-to-know-people.

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* [Not to mention the consuite two hours before... --Ed]

While in the no-smoking consuite, I saw Teresa Nielsen Hayden, recognizing her from some of Fred's photos. I bolted up to her. "Hi, you must be Teresa Nielsen Hayden. I'm Geri Sullivan. It's a pleasure to meet you. Goshwovohboyohboy!" Teresa stepped back a pace, then allowed as how it was nice to meet me.

Further introductions were more subdued, and included Bob Webber and Hope Liebowitz, Taral, Dan Steffan, Steve Stiles (who kindly re-drew my name badge), Linda Bushyager, Arthur Hlavaty, Bernadette Bosky, and bunches of other fine folks. Upon hearing me mention being from Minneapolis, Dolly Gilliland asked if I had crash space and introduced herself. This led to meeting Alexis Gilliland, a Sign of Good Things To Come. Patrick Nielsen Hayden was quite taken aback when I (1) introduced myself and (2) dove into a pitch about wanting to bring him and Teresa to Minneapolis for Not-A-D-Con that Memorial Day weekend.

* * * * *

Saturday noonish I awoke in time for a quick swim, then it was off to the Guest of Honor drawing in the fan room. Teresa Nielsen Hayden's name was selected on the fourth or fifth try by Corflu Toastmaster Terry Carr. Accompanying the drawing, there were a number of in-jokes that I didn't quite follow. Next on the schedule of events: The Living Fanzine. Here's a quick review:

The Living Fanzine (Ted White, Editor; out of print): Cardboard cover by Dan Steffan featuring Wally "The Snake" Mind and the GoH -- with liberal and ill-advised application of whipped cream. Editorial: "The mundane world is far more aware of SF topics than in years past," cites the impact of the Columbia space shuttle disaster, general knowledge of Frank Herbert's death, and other examples. Moving and interesting article by Gary Hubbard on his father's life and death. Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden react to "Cafe Society Fandom" article which recently appeared in Holier Than Thou; the original article posited that fans go to conventions only to be seen and written up in fanzines and that the number of times you are mentioned in others' con reports determines your social standing within

fandom. This, of course, is hogwash*. Patrick and Teresa's contribution ends with the liberal application of whipped cream to Dan Steffan's face.

Brit fan Rob Hansen talks about attracting young, bright faanish types into fandom and provides an historical look at British fandom from the 1950s through today. Interesting and unusually interactive lettercol with lengthy responses to Gary's, Patrick & Teresa's, and Rob's contributions. Pat Mueller, responding to Rob's article, points out that it's hard for fanzines to compete with the instant gratification offered by computer bulletin boards and networks. Fillos by Art Widner and Len Bailes. Entertaining bacover by Steve Stiles.

Back in the fan room, copies of RUNE were being snatched up, as were Minicon flyers. Over the roar of typers and a mimeograph, more conversation. Sarah Prince told me of her upcoming trip to Australia. Stu Shiffman and I spoke of Minicon. Lise Eisenberg arrived from Boskone, where she had spent the first half of the weekend. Ken Josenhans was giving away unwanted books and fanzines. As I looked through them, he introduced me to Moshe Feder. Bob Webber was good company while I drank coffee, trying to choose which was more important: sleep or food. Surrounded by distractions, it was hours before I was able to make a decision, but Bob, Lise, and I eventually journeyed upstairs to the hotel restaurant for dinner. While we were ordering, a friend of Lise's returned from another dinner expedition and joined our table. Lise immediately said, "Geri, I'd like you to meet Moshe Feder."

After dinner, I talked awhile with the charming and warm Alexis Gilliland. Later, a woman came bounding up to me, saying "Hi, you must be Geri Sullivan. I'm Teresa Nielsen Hayden. It's a pleasure to meet you (GoshWowOhBoyOhBoy)!" I allowed as how it was nice to meet her.

When I returned to the room to pick up Minicon Progress Reports for Stu, Dancer asked me to bring him up to the con suite for a while. Since at first he hadn't been much interested in Corflu, he had

* (As everyone mentioned in this report will agree.)

spent time before the convention reading Bunnicula and The Story of a Fierce Bad Rabbit, not to mention the hours spent fantasizing about the bunnies in a certain "men's" magazine. But having heard talk of the convention while in the room, he decided it might be worth his while. Reading Dave Langford's TAFF report [The TransAtlantic Hearing Aid] that afternoon had convinced him--he wanted to see what Corflu was all about.

(He also wanted to party.)

Dancer quickly made friends with Jerry and Suzle, then proceeded to meet others. He was quite popular, for someone who has not yet pubbed his ish. I introduced Dancer to Stu, who returned the favor by introducing both of us to Moshe Feder. The evening passed in a purple haze of parties, conversation, and getting-to-know-people-better.

Sunday I woke in time for a shower before another Corflu highlight: the banquet. When I arrived outside the banquet room, Alexis Gilliland surprised me with a smile and a big hug while Dolly thanked me for keeping him entertained the night before. Alexis allowed that "amused" was a better choice of terms than "entertained." The three of us made our way into the room and found a table along with Bob Webber, Hope Liebowitz, Linda Bushyager, Alyson Abramowitz, and Tom Perry. Much to everyone's surprise, the banquet buffet was not simply edible, it was actually tasty (I think having only about 75 people at the convention made it easier for the hotel to provide a good meal). During the banquet, Alexis and Dolly generously offered to take me downtown on Monday, where together we could pursue tourist joys.

"Fandom Is Just A Goddamn Holly Hobbie."
--Lise Eisenberg

After feeding, it was time for business. Alexis remained true to form by "looking distinguished and drawing a cartoon every 35 seconds*." Ted White spoke for a bit,

*(The TransAtlantic Hearing Aid, Dave Langford.)

and I jotted the following memorable quotes: "I apologize for the lack of live music last night. I fucked up." And "Elitism in fandom--it's absolute bull-shit, of course." Teresa followed with her witty, entertaining GoH speech. My favorite quote from her speech is "I can too count, just not in sequence." Among her advice to fanzine publishers: "Nobody >CARES< why the issue is late*." and "Everybody's car has broken down on the way to the convention; leave it out of the report*."

Two new past presidents of fwa (fan writers of america) were elected: Gary Farber (on Patrick's "Vote For Gary--He's Been Ill" platform) and Lucy Huntzinger. Cincinnati was selected as the site of the next Corflu. Special awards were presented; they consisted of miniature "Holly Hobbie" typers.

A TAFF auction followed, with fans bidding furiously on such treasures as the final issue of Slant (which brought in \$50), and a copy of Hyphen #21 (for which Tom Perry parted with \$111 to obtain). In a fundraiser for Gary Farber, Ted White outbid Tom Perry for a complete run of Walt Liebscher's Chanticleer, in mint condition. The bidding was quite intense. After bids had been going up \$5-10 at a crack, Ted raised a bid by only \$2. "A chickenshit bid from Ted White," announced Patrick Nielsen Hayden. "What a smooth style you have, Patrick," quipped Ted.

* * * * *

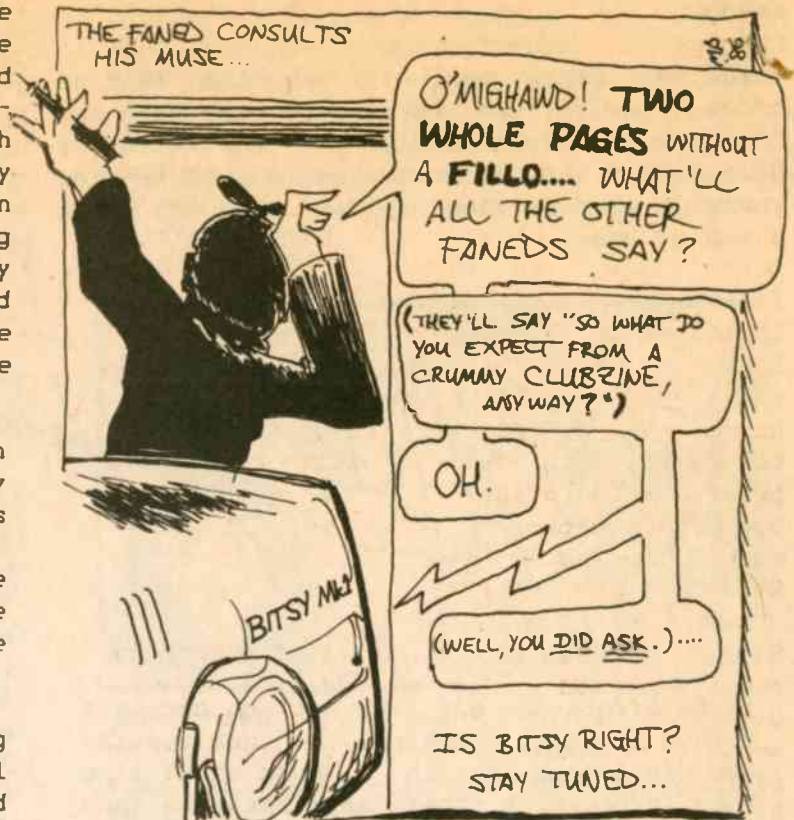
Sunday night about 10 of us broke away from the party for a quick look through some slides Fred and I had brought. Egoboo is always appreciated. Then it was back to the con suite. I made a point of introducing myself to Moshe Feder; he impressed me as a likable sort. If only we had met sooner....

Monday I awoke with no time for a swim or shower before being picked up by Alexis and Dolly. We toured the Vietnam War Memorial (emotionally shattering, in a very healing sort of way) and the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum. Both

* [No comment. --Ed]

** [Ibid.]

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were firsts for me. Alexis and Dolly are delightful touring companions; they enjoy details and are more inclined to study things at leisurely pace than to rush from exhibit to exhibit in a fruitless effort to see everything. We later returned to their home, picked up Charles (their son), then had dinner at an Italian restaurant. Riding back from the restaurant I discovered the curse was running 3-for-3: we passed by a Popeye's Chicken franchise.

I returned to the hotel to discover the convention had died while I was off with Alexis and Dolly. It was to be expected, but still it was devastating. The fan room, viewed through the crack in a locked door, was set up for tomorrow's business luncheon. Room 727 was just another closed door at the end of a hall. And although I really hadn't spent all that much time with Fred during the convention, the absence of his kipple in the room drove home the reality that the convention was over. After spending three days surrounded by fascinating people, I was alone. Recovery was aided by the discovery that Cathy Crockett and Alan Rosenthal had stayed over to tour Washington. We chatted and smuffed a bit Monday night in true dead dog fashion. Yes, Corflu was over, but the lasting effects of attending the convention were still to come.

A few years ago, I was the fanzine reviewer in the heyday of the RENE boy chaos. Unfortunately, at the time my ideas of what constituted a good fanzine (or a good fanzine review) were not clear in my head.

INDUSTRIATION

AND NAME-CHECK: ZINE REVIEWS BY LUKE MCGUFF

In an effort to get my hat on straight before I start (again!), I ask myself: What do I look for in a good zine? I've been involved in other mail networks than SF fanzine fandom--punk rock, SubG zines, mail art, and general newsletters unspecifiable to any particular ideology which are nevertheless quite a treat. What excites me more than topic (because it's frequently SF zines that I find most boring) is perhaps a sense of liveliness and fun. I would take a punk rock zine with screwy layout over any of this year's fanzine Hugo nominees. SF is multi-media (books, comics, records, every now and then a movie) and "fanzine" is too. Like before, I'll review fanzines not related to SF or even SF fandom. If this threatens your cozy little world, good. I'm glad to hear it.

CHUCH, coedited by Avedon Carol and Rob Hansen, has one of the greatest single articles I've ever read, namely "Thank You Girls" by Christopher Priest. I've occasionally wondered what live music I would visit if I had a time machine, and "Thank You Girls" is a time machine that visits the Beatles in the Cavern Club in 1962, before their first single release in Great Britain. At the beginning of "Thank You Girls" I was kind of ho-humming along, but the article was so well-constructed that by its end, I was bouncing off the ceiling and decided 2 a.m. was a perfect time to turn on the stereo real loud and write an ecstatic letter of non-sequiturs and incoherencies.

Helas! The entire issue is excellent, and it is only due to my predilections that I can remember "Thank You Girls" and not "Finding Out," Jeanne Gomoll's wryly amusing story about the adolescent quest for meaning in a changing world. No, seriously. I also would appreciate the article by Patrick Nielsen Hayden more if I were to reread it. I must confess, I turned my nose up at it for some reason when I first encountered it. Knowing more about the man and his writing and attitudes as I do now, I'm sure I would find it illuminating.

These are a few of the dozens of good reasons to send for CHUCH. If you live in the US, send a couple IRCs (two or three). (CHUCH, c/o Avedon Carol and Rob Hansen/9A Greenleaf Rd/East Ham, London/E6 1DX UK).

THE CLOSEST PENGUINS is a rough-edged newsletter of stories by people who occasionally get so frightened they have to lie down on their kitchen floor until the fear passes. Or get scared out of emotion for weeks by riding through the Tunnel of Love.



There is a warm spot in my heart for CP. It makes a human connection that most people deny or shrug off: between irrational fears and the supposedly rational koine kosmos. The production is wild; one issue was entirely handwritten. I'll admit I was stymied for weeks, but when I did read it, it was like a letter from a very close friend. Other times, the type has ranged from IBM strike-on composition to regular typing to handwriting again. There are book reviews, news of Bay Area readings by CP writers, celebrations of days like Malcolm X's birthday.

The authors' names are listed on the back cover, but the stories inside are uncredited. The idea is not so much that one name or another wrote a story, but that we all, every one of us, have the fears that these writers are unafraid to confront. (Send dollars and stamps to: Closest Penguins/Denise Dee/46 Langton/SF, CA 94103.)

THE MONTHLY INDEPENDENT TRIBUNE TIMES POST JOURNAL NEWS GAZETTE CHRONICLE BULLETIN is all that and more. It really is monthly, for one thing. It's pretty funny, I chuckle at least once per issue. Its virtue is sophomoric humor. Every issue features on the back page the on-going saga drama soap opera of "The Bone Family" as drawn by Denver Tucson. The current issue (which will be a couple numbers old by the time you read this) features a news clipping about the editor getting arrested on an Oakland bus for shoving a copy of The Monthly...Bulletin down the throat of a fellow passenger. A tad hardcore, wouldn't you say? No, I would say that's dedication. Not only that, but T.S. Child remembers the title to the zine and gets it right month after month. An amazing accomplishment. Don't let the brevity of this review deter you from sending money, stamps, food, or money. (The Monthly...Bulletin/2510 Bancroft Way #207/Berkeley, CA 94704.)

BETWEEN THE LINES is produced single-handedly and erratically (whenever he can afford it) by Erik Kosberg, the SubGenius Pope of Minneapolis. It's kind of an Utne Reader for the xerox mania underground. Erik receives and clips just about everything. Stuff from the SubGenius, anarcho and punk zines, anywhere imaginable. Erik is working on future theme

issues: politics; a bagazine of stickers; and an audio cassette zine. If you have any interest or contributions to make, write to Erik. Send a dollar and two stamps for a sample issue. Okay? Okay! (Erik Kosberg/Church of the Missed Opportunity/3013 Holmes Av. S./Yuptown, U.S.A. 55408)



FUCK THE TORIES goes one step beyond. It is a tri-continental sf fanzine, with a rotating editorship composed of Terry Hughes, U.S.A.; Valma Brown and Leigh Edmonds, Australia; and Judith Hanna and Joseph Nicholas, United Kingdom.

I thought FTT#1, edited by Terry Hughes, was boring. It told me too often that it was politically correct, ideologically sound, etc., etc. If it was a joke, they belabored it; if it was sincere, such dogma sets my teeth on edge. The Aussiecon reports would be interesting to someone who had to run conventions, as they describe the nightmare of all convention organizers, and the plight of the workers who so often get overlooked in the bureaucratization of today's cons.

There were no illustrations in the first issue, which made me wonder where have all the fanartists gone? Don't such experienced faneds as these five just have art lying around in envelopes?

Only two items in the first issue were from noneditors. Of the two noneditor contributions, the first was part of the series of Aussiecon reports, and the second a rather tepid review of a couple Australian opera productions.

I'm not personally interested in opera, but lack of interest in a topic has never held me back from enjoying a well-written article about it; for instance, FTT#2's "About An Edwardian Tea Tray" held my interest. In fact, I liked it, even though it wandered thematically, talking about a couple great history lectures the writer had attended, and finally settling in to a book review. The opening sentence--"Funny, isn't it, how some little phrases stick in the mind." --is only superficially carried through in the body of the article: The article is about history books and lectures, and not about the common experience of phrases sticking in the mind.

The first two articles in FTT#2 (edited by John Nicholas and Judith Hanna) were better. "The Politics of Textile Conservation" almost, but not quite revealed that there was such a person as a feminist with a sense of humor. I.E., able to laugh at herself. The second article, "Excuse me, Officer,..." is moderately amusing, but there's an element of sameness to it. It doesn't make any point that I haven't read elsewhere: There are shithheads who hang around publishing offices. Oh well. "A Neo-Stalinist Critique of Frank Herbert's DUNE" fills a space slightly larger than its title. It points out an important aspect of DUNE that most critics and Herbert himself were probably unaware of: The ridiculous class structure of the novel. If I had read the novel, or better understood the jargon used in the article, I would have enjoyed it better. But both those constraints are my fault, not the writer's.

There follows "Got the Trots? The Joseph Nicholas Guide to the British Sectarian Left," which I found pretty roundly amusing, and about one step behind "Let Us Prey," by Bob Black in Nowhere: Life in America Vol. 1. The British Sectarian Left is pretty complex; this article is the empirical observation that support's Black's theory; the fact that they are about two different politics (two different fandoms, even) is an interesting sidelight.

N-4

"PRINT IS DEAD."

—Dr. Egon Spengler
IN THE MOVIE "GHOSTBUSTERS"

"Fanzines of the Leaden Age" was disappointing after the buildup I got from the first issue. I was expecting some great curmudgeonish writing the equal of, say, H.L. Mencken, from Leigh Edmonds' hints. However, all he does is blandly take apart a couple of boring fanzines. Every time I hear someone complain about how boring and uneven Holier Than Thou is, I'm glad that six or seven years ago I wrote and asked to be taken off the mailing list. Why do fans keep receiving and trading for boring fanzines anyway--other than the fact that not doing so would split or eliminate the entire field of sci-fi fanzine fandom?

"A Note on the Challenger Disaster" by Joseph Nicholas is the first such article that I felt wasn't, on some level, substantially wrong as to the purpose of the shuttle and the effects of the accident. In fact, reading it was quite a revelation, and if the purpose of FTT is to print articles like these (which did not once belabor me with its correctness, just gave its opinion and left me to fend for myself), then I am all for it. Fans are probably one of the most politically ignorant subsets of humanity in the world. Face it, kids, we're also one of the most boring and mundane: Sure, calling someone who doesn't read SF a mundane is a cool joke, but I tend to find that to be an arbitrary and painful cutting-off of people who are frequently more interesting than sci-fi fans: artists, people literate in other forms of writing, rock and roll folks, etc. Given the choice between talking to somebody I don't know at a DeDanaan show and somebody I don't know in a consuite, I'll take the person at the DeDanaan show: We likely have more in common.

The last three items are slight but amusing, the letters column being the slightest and least interesting. I think that could be partly rectified by saying in the colophon to send locs to the next editing household in the sequence, rather than to any of the three. (On the other hand, the policy as it exists saves people

postage). "Sex Instruction for Beginners" was where I learned that men are round things and a wobbly bit and women are circle and triangles. (Next issue will discuss the differences between "ass" and "elbow.") The closing item, "You Know You're a Backbench Tory MP When..." revealed the funny thoughts of "backbench Tory MPs" but wasn't as funny as the old Mad series.

To summarize, then (whew), the second issue is an improvement over the first. For one thing, there is a greater variety of article topics, and (gasp splutter) illustrations! Will wonders never cease? Hopefully not. However, I don't think the fanzine will be completely embodied until it has made at least one circuit of the editorial collective; it will only be then that we can refer to FTT as an entity and not an experiment. If the third issue is as much of an improvement as the second, then we have something here. (Fuck The Tories U.S. address: 6205 Wilson Blvd., #102, Falls Church, VA 22044).

Well, there you have it, faneds and fiends. The first installment of this erstwhile taste-setting column. Don't kid yourself, just send zines for review to: Luke McGuff/Box 3680/Mpls., MN 55403. Zines for trade go to RUNE c/o the Minn-Stf P.O. Box (see the front of the zine for the address). I'll donate the zines I get to some appropriate faanish charity or archive. This isn't altruism, but small living quarters. Thank you and send in those zines.

(N.B.: Avedon Carol will be the fan GoH at WisCon 11, February 20-22, Madison, WI. WisCon is proud to say that it is a feminist, literature-oriented convention, and this year they plan special fanzine programming to honor Avedon Carol. You know what that means.)



editoracle

CONTINUED FROM P. N-

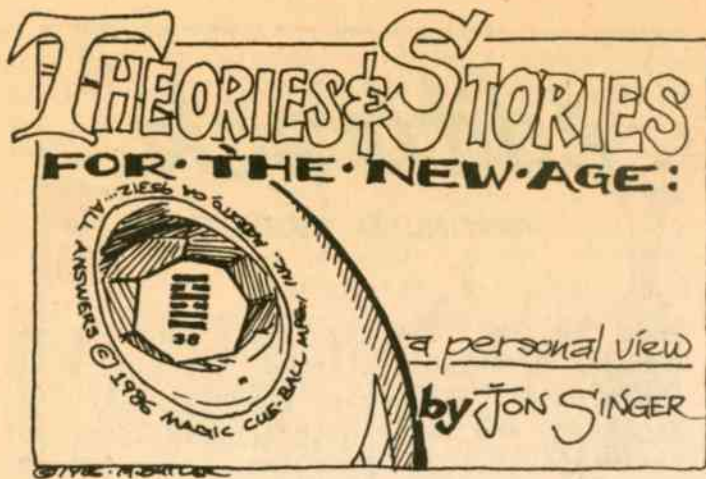
What to do? Twenty years ago or so, Theodor H. Nelson started thinking about the problem. He wrote Computer Lib/Dream Machines, and later Literary Machines, and referred to his proposed solution as "Project Xanadu." Indirectly, this very fanzine led me to meet Mr. Nelson, and I wound up working with his small team of gifted visionaries. We are going to put an experimental dial-up version of Xanadu Hypertext up in the next few months (in northern California).

Project Xanadu is not a BBS. It is not a "database," as some people think. It is a storage-and-retrieval system for literature, and one in which many of the troublesome deficiencies of paper disappear. Users may make annotations, footnotes, in-context quotes, and other links to documents without changing the original work. The latest version of a document is available to anyone who has the right to view it. Xanadu is designed to grow very large and still keep its quick response to user requests. It is intended to be the world library of the 21st century. Pretty far out, hmm? Like fifteen years. If it works, it'll crank up human research by a pretty big multiple--if the bad guys don't take it over.

....

Is it hubris to find an alternative to the notion that man fouls up everything he gets his hands on? If so, I'm guilty. Prometheus got to live forever, but it's not a life many people envy. He needed peers. So do we. How are you going to save the world today? It starts by paying attention, finding something that needs to be done--and doing something about it.

Michael Butler



1. Dr. Richard Bandler has noted that the brain, potentially a powerful and useful tool, is not a user-friendly device. It is, worse yet, customarily issued without a user's manual. [Dr. Bandler, a person of great wit and not inconsiderable wisdom, proposes to generate such a manual. The curious or interested may wish to read his recent books, Magic in Action (Science and Behavior Books, 1985) and Using Your Brain--For a Change (Real People Press, 1985, \$6.50). Your Humble and Obedient Author, being somewhat impartial, also commends to you a pair of books by Bandler's ex-wife, Leslie Cameron-Bandler. I have some misgivings about Cameron-Bandler's attitudes and presuppositions on the subject of losing weight (you've been warned!), but these are nonetheless very good books: Know How and The Emprint Method (FuturePace, 1985)]

Dr. Bandler himself has been heard to state that the factual reason why the brain is not user-friendly is that the Earth's axis is tilted 23 degrees, and you actually have someone else's brain, and it's PISSSED.*

2. The estimable Fred Haskell, fan-about-town, guitarist, photographer, Fan GoH of the 1987 Minicon, former editor of this magazine and current editor of Acta Transtempora (the prestidigios journal of the Dr. Dodd Clegler Institute for Trans-Temporal Fannish Studies), reveals a somewhat unexpected metaphysical turn of mind in his proposal of the following hypothesis:

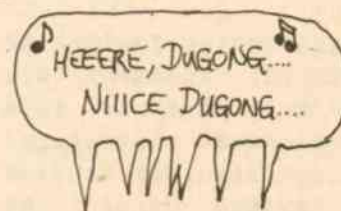
*(For you Brits, that's "browned off.")

Souls, like electrons, are known to travel easily along magnetic field equipotential contours, but suffer deflection when moving across them. The experienced traveller knows that no amount of North-South-oriented air travel will induce the familiar sensations of "Jet-Lag," but that crossing three or more time zones, while making the East-West* airline companies rich, will reduce the most experienced traveller to red-eye gravy unless stringent measures are taken--(The experienced traveller, who is reduced to dogshit despite the selfsame stringent measures, has been known to envy the most experienced traveller...

(Ahem.)).

M/Dr.© Haskell suggests that in the event of East-West dislocation, the soul of the unfortunate traveller is deflected away, and is thus forced to walk, having missed the, uhhh, "plane."

This would be bad enough without complicating factors, so we figured we'd toss one in. If the traveller is obliged to cross major bodies of water, the poor soul is in trouble. It can only walk on top of rivers, small lakes and water-hyacinth-choked canals [Now you know why manatees have flat heads]. M/Dr. Haskell contends that the wretched colds suffered by Gordon Garb and Gin Nelson upon their return from Fiji after last year's World-con were caused by the fact that their souls were obliged to follow the bottom contour along the way.



* Students of Digby may note the notion of different airlines for different travel directions.

© [Pronounced "MIS'DER'" --Ed]

⌘ Ahh, memories... Your Author is 'minded of the famous manatee group of the 1950s, which customarily performed at car bars and drive-in theatres. Alas, the Flat-Head Six is no more...

3. The Rt. Hon. Friedrich, Margrave von Hack-Zell, contributes in recent correspondence the suggestion that modern aerodynamics contains a sign inversion, and that the reduced-pressure zone is actually on the underside of the wing. The Margrave holds that the partial vacuum inhibits the action of gravity (In a private note, he explains that more is better, and that 22,300 miles of nothing is quite sufficient to allow a satellite to remain suspended, essentially indefinitely, above a given point on the Earth's surface).

Charity to the contrary notwithstanding, readers would be well advised to recall that it was the Margrave who proposed in 1964 that "It is hotter in the summertime because the Earth is then above the Sun... ..and (as many of us know), heat rises."

4. The present author is partial to the well-known and readily-verified "smoke theory" of electronics, which holds that magickal machines seal the smoke into electronic parts at a critical stage during all such parts' manufacture. For so long as the smoke circulates freely, the component performs. Should there be a blockage, or should an overload occur (allowing the smoke to escape), the result is legion.*

5. It is reported that William James once gave a lecture on what was, in its time, known as cosmology. At the end of the talk, a tweedy-suited birdwatcher approached him and said, essentially, "You have this all wrong, you know." Upon his inquiry, the birdwatcher is said to have informed James that the Earth sits upon a platter which is balanced upon the back of a huge elephant; the elephant, it seems stands in turn upon an immense turtle.

James cogitated upon this intelligence, and asked what the turtle stands on. "Why," said the birdwatcher, "another turtle!" "Aha!" said James, "What about that turtle?" Whereupon the birdwatcher turned upon him a look of withering scorn and said, "It's turtles all the way, you dolt!"



6. Calamity Jane tells us that in the early 1970s, an entomologist was eating his dinner one evening in the dining hall at New College, Oxford. The name "New College" is both appropriate (New College is, in fact, the most recently founded college of Oxford University) and ridiculous (New College was founded only twelve and a half minutes after the preceding college, at the end of a mass rush to repopulate the University, some time after the Plague).

To return to the entomologist--he was musing upon this singular peculiarity when it came to him that the ceiling at which he was staring was supported by massive oaken beams. It is well known among entomologists that oaken beams have a finite lifetime, roughly three-hundred-fifty years under International Standard University Dining Hall conditions. In fact, this lifetime corresponded well to the age of the hall. So the entomologist stood up on a table and poked the blade of his penknife into the rotten, worm-tunnelled beam overhead to check it, whereupon the roof collapsed, squashing him like a bug.

(Apologies to the late Gregory Bateson, and to that red-handed murderer of blue innocents, Garth Danielson. The real story, as given by Bateson, is better than this one, but less stupid.)

7. Your author appreciates the reader's time and effort, and reports a need to water the cat and retrieve his plants from the oven g'bye

* [Or lesion. --Ed]

--Next Time: Inanna vs. The Smog Monster!

The Fine Print

State of Minnesota
County of Hennepin
District Court
Fourth Judicial District

(Filed '86 APR 21 AM 8:37)

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STIPULATION AND ORDER
File No. 86-5227

Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc., a Minnesota
Non-Profit Corporation,

Plaintiff,

vs.

Denise Nelson Longo and
Thomas Anthony Longo,

Third-Party Plaintiffs
and Defendants

vs.

Richard Gellman,

Third-Party Defendant.

-0-

The above-entitled matter came on for hearing before The Honorable Franklin J. Knoll, a Judge of the District Court, on April 16, 1986, on a motion by Plaintiff for relief specified in the Complaint.

Robert F. Ihinger, Jr., Esq., appeared as counsel for and on behalf of Plaintiff; Anna W. Shavers, Esq., appeared as counsel for and on behalf of Defendants and Third-Party Plaintiffs.

STIPULATION

The parties hereto agree that a settlement is desired by all parties as follows:

1. That all evidentiary affidavits be withdrawn from the court record.
2. That no party is awarded any damages and each party shall bear the costs of its own attorney's fees.
3. That all parties agree that a mutual permanent injunction is necessary. The following clauses shall be enforced against all parties:
 - a. That the members of the Plaintiff, including Richard Gellman, are restrained and enjoined from committing acts of harassment against Defendants. Defendants are restrained and enjoined from committing acts of harassment against known members of Plaintiff, including Richard Gellman. This specifically includes telephone calls, physical harm, bodily injury, assault or infliction of fear of imminent physical harm, bodily injury or assault.
 - b. That Defendants are excluded from all functions of the Plaintiff including their annual convention.
 - c. That the members of Plaintiff, including Richard Gellman, are excluded from the Defendants' residence. That the Defendants are excluded from the residences of the members of Plaintiff, including Richard Gellman. IN THE EVENT ONE OF THE PARTIES INVITES OR ALLOWS A RESTRAINED PARTY INTO THEIR RESIDENCE, SUCH ACTION DOES NOT VOID THIS ORDER. THE RESTRAINED PARTY MUST LEAVE SAID RESIDENCE UPON REQUEST OF THE INVITOR. FAILURE TO LEAVE PROMPTLY SHALL CONSTITUTE A VIOLATION OF THIS ORDER.
 - d. That violation of this injunction order shall be a misdemeanor and may subject the violating party to arrest and imprisonment for up to ninety (90) days or a fine of not more than \$700.00, or both. A police officer shall arrest without a warrant and take into custody a person whom the police officer has probable cause to believe has violated this order. In the alternative, violation of this order could result in Contempt of Court and be punished accordingly.
 - e. This mutual restraining order and injunction shall be permanent and shall remain in full force and effect without a date of expiration.

MINNESOTA SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY INC.

By: /S/
Robert F. Ihinger, Jr.
Attorney for Plaintiff

By: /S/
Donald Bailey
Member of the Board of Directors

By: /S/
Scott Imes
Member of the Board of Directors

/S/
Richard Gellman
Third Party Defendant

/S/
Anna W. Shavers
Attorney for Defendants

/S/
Thomas A. Longo
Defendant

-oOo-

Based upon all files, records, proceedings and evidence herein,

IT IS ORDERED: That the stipulation herein be and hereby is made a part of this order.

Dated: 16 Apr 86 BY THE COURT:
/S/
Franklin J. Knoll
Judge of the
District Court

State of Minnesota
County of Hennepin
District Court
Fourth Judicial District

(Filed '86 APR 21 AM 8:37)

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ORDER
File No. 86-05227

Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc., a Minnesota
Non-Profit Corporation,

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Denise Nelson Longo and
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and Defendants

vs.

Richard Gellman,

Third-Party Defendant.

-0-

Pursuant to stipulation of the parties,
IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, That:
All evidentiary affidavits be withdrawn from the Court
record.

Dated: April 18, 1986 BY THE COURT:
/S/
Franklin J. Knoll
Judge of the
District Court