

# Rune 84

January 1993



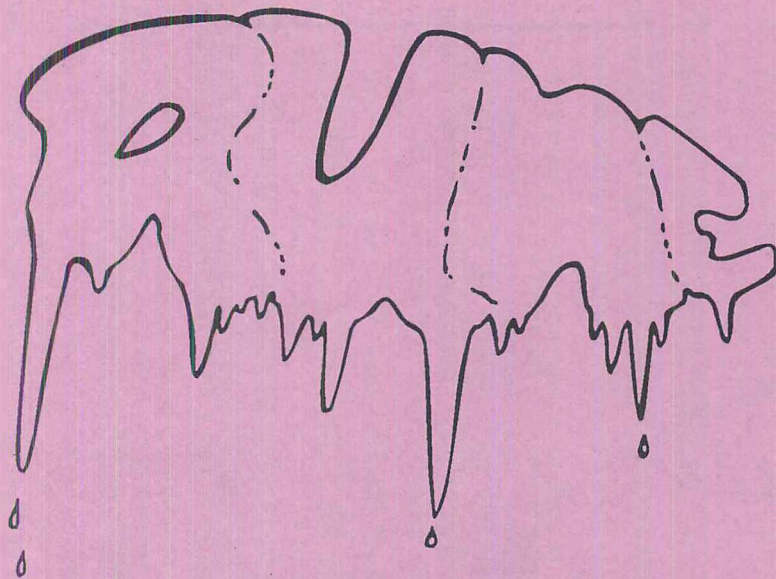
# Number 84 Volume 14, No. 4 January 1993

Edited, four times a year (sort of), by:  
Garth Edmond Danielson, Ken Fletcher,  
Tom Juntunen, and Jeff Schalles.

This is Jeff's regularly scheduled September 1992  
issue. We are discussing this regular schedule.  
Like at the Pool Party panel you missed entitled:  
*Regular Schedules: How Fannish Are They?*  
Proofreading thanks this issue to Garth and Geri.

Front cover by Tom Foster & Ken Fletcher  
from *BRIXOIII* ©1991:  
*Silver'd lamas faced the sunset  
and listened to the lake ripple.*

Back cover by Teddy Harvia.



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the contributors of the piece involved. So there.

# Beyond The Twiltone Event Horizon

by Jeff Schalles

Beyond...Oops!?! Boy, it sure is easy to lose a month or two, isn't it...er, would you believe, four?

Going on five?

Yes, it was me who insisted that *Rune(s)* would Now Be Coming Out on a Regular Basis, and it is me who Dropped The Ball last September. I knew there would be time storms ahead when I took the bait. I assumed my abilities for pulling rabbits out of hats in mundania would carry me through. I've put out big fanzines before. I didn't remember it being all that complicated. And that was before Ghu gave us computers. So what if there was a Worldcon to go to just before my *Rune* chores would begin. Nothing like a nice, relaxing vacation in Florida before settling down into some serious fanac.

Then my significant other, Geri Sullivan, complicated matters. In a most wonderful way, I might add. First she agrees to run the MagiCon Fan Lounge, then she finagles the MinnStf Board into springing for a major Mpls in '73 Worldcon bidding suite with nightly parties (just to give Don Fitch and herself something to do in the evenings, of course.) As if *this* isn't fannish enough, she then gets the visiting James White of Northern Ireland to agree to come up from the Worldcon to be Guest of Honor at ReinConation the following weekend.

And then...then...the...Millennium Itself arrives. The Minneapolis Millennium. The Willis's Themselves, Walter and Madeline, friends and neighbors of James White, Walter just having been Fan Guest of Honor at MagiCon, decide to accompany James to ReinConation.

If I had known, in 1968, poring through my first wonderous twiltone fannish fanzines, getting occasional fleeting mysterious glimpses of the long-before far-off worlds of 6th Fandom and *The Enchanted Duplicator*, that, in 1992, I'd be entertaining these wonderful people in my home, well, it's hard to say, because you can't know these things. But I had a feeling, a suspicion, upon encountering fandom 25 years ago, that this was going to get *interesting*. That I'd end up having to just *stand back and let it all be*.

So back to *Rune* 84. It's late. I know that. So late that Garth missed out on having his out in December and now Ken is chafing at the bit. Tom is doing the pubs for World Fantasy and wonders where his turn at *Rune* next fits in. Aiiieeee! Lucy, I can 'splain!

As Geri and I began to emerge from our post-MagiCon oscitancy, about seven months worth of freelance work came through in less than two, followed immediately by The Holidays. Then, just as we got the tree taken down and the Lionel trains back into the attic, my Macintosh blew its logic board. That was 10 days ago. Now the layout has

been done for three days. Two days ago Geri and I dropped by Garth's office to reduce and enlarge a bunch of the art. Scott Raun, Minn-Stf V.P. of D.P., is ready to print the mailing labels. This is finally real.

My intention has been to publish my vision of the ideal fanzine. Well, here it is. Fat, full of fannish writing and art, lots of letters, a few...er...offbeat...reviews. A fanzine to curl up with on a cold winter night. Note that there is only one photograph this time. Last issue, Tom put "desktop 'publishing'" through its paces and came out with a very ambitious first issue. Yes folks, *Rune* 83 was a firstish. Though Tom has done a number of convention publications, progress reports and program books, this was his first try at a fanzine.

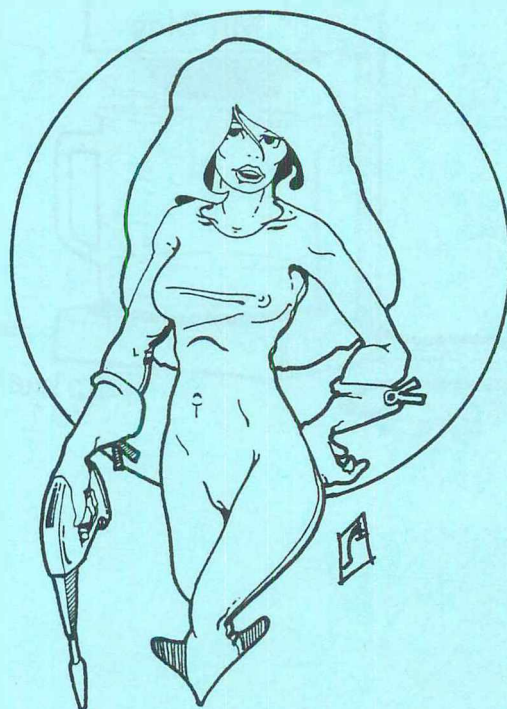
I must admit, I had my doubts one day early on when I asked Tom if he had gotten the illo file from Garth yet and he replied, "Oh, I'm not using any art."

Uh-oh. Mindful of Brian Earl Brown's exhortation to us to use our Massive Computing Power to go to Three Columns with Justified Text and Garth and my reactions to this sage advice, I said to Tom: "Uh, how many columns per page are you using?"

"Three, of course!" he replied with bright neofaneditor enthusiasm, "You get more text on the page that way!"

"Rag-right at least, I hope?" I nervously queried.

"Well, I haven't decided yet, but I was considering justifying it. You can get even *more* words on a page *that* way." He happily replied.





Well, Tom certainly has nothing to apologize for. His issue was excellent, and would have been great to curl up on a cold winter night with except that it came out last July. True, some of the photos printed a *little* dark. They needed to be re-run on the high-resolution printer at a different density setting. To get it right you might have to output it several more times. Photography can be this way. Macintosh's are wonderful but Command P is seldom the end of the story. Tom had more projects breathing down his neck and choose not to fiddle with it any further. Many of them were still as good or better than most photos I've seen in any fanzine up until now.

In the years to come, as scanners, image manipulation software and laser output engines become ever more sophisticated and available, well repro'd photos will be available to any fan who wants to use them.

I asked Tom to re-output one of the darker photos from last issue, on page 12 – one that I took, of course – so that it looked just a bit more like the 8x10 glossy I'd given him. That's it on page 5 of this issue, illustrating the power of microcomputer image processing.

*To change the subject –*

***A little while back Nate Bucklin handed me this letter and asked if we could run it in the next Rune:***

*To whom it may concern,*

I am a disabled fan who is looking for a personal care attendant to assist me about 2 weekends a month, including going to conventions (about once a month). I am looking for a male or a female who is very strong, to assist with transfers. The job also includes personal care, driving a van, light housekeeping, and cooking.

The salary starts at \$70 a day, plus I will have a room available (if desired) for this person (There will be a separate area with kitchen and bath for those who work for me). Attendance and expenses at cons are paid for as part of the job. I need some minimal assistance during the week, but for the most part, the person is free to come and go, have another job, go to school, etc.

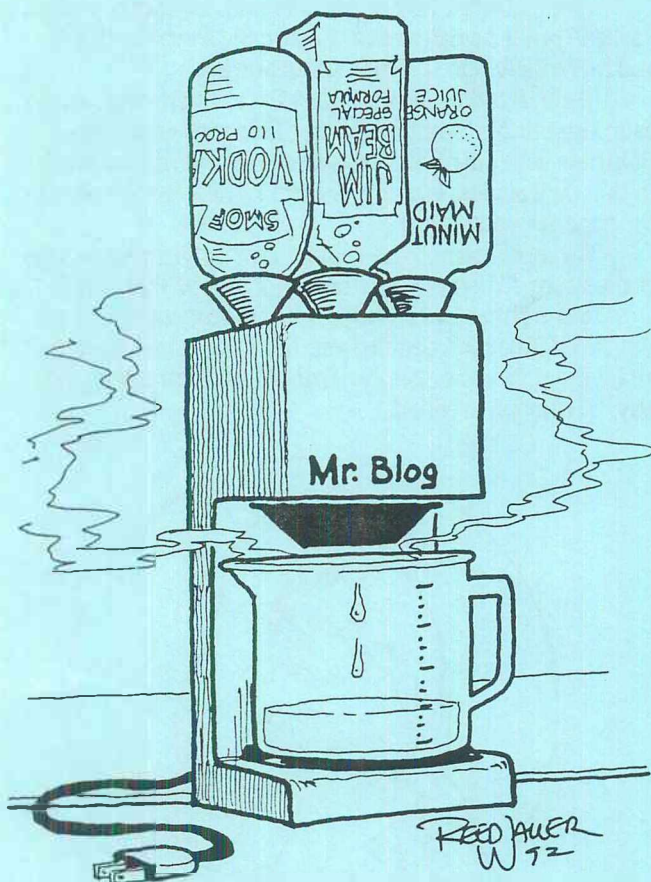
This is a great opportunity for someone who enjoys conventions and fannish life to have a job, a place to live, and a circle of fannish friends. Experience is helpful, but not essential. I look forward to hearing from anyone interested in this unique position. Thank you!

*Sincerely,* Renee Alper

730-F Northland Rd.  
Cincinnati, OH 45240

Local *Rune* readers might note that Cincinnati is nearly in Kentucky. Which is in the South. Where it's warmer in winter than it is here.

So let's talk about contributions to *Rune* for a moment. A while back I received a letter from former Minnesotan Ray Allard. He is now living in São Paulo, Brazil, and has made contact with a very lively-sounding SF club down there. He proposes that Minn-Sf and Clube De Leitores De Ficção Científica exchange fanzines, material, and ideas. To





start off, Ray gave me a number of fanzines (in Portuguese) and some poetry, in English. In this issue there are two pieces of art by their Roberto Schima, the excellent foldout, and a cartoon I liked taken from their clubzine, *Somnium*. I couldn't get into the poetry; maybe some of you would like to look at it. Minn-Stf clubmembers who are interested in looking at this material should contact me. Eventually I will send it along to the Minn-Stf library. One of these days I intend to send an envelope with local fan art and some reprintable *Rune* articles down to São Paulo. If anyone knows Portuguese and/or wants to contact Brazilian fans and contribute to their fanzines, drop me a line c/o of the Minn-Stf Post Office box.

I do have some concern that, even if we were able to translate our material into Portuguese for them, they still wouldn't have a clue as to what we are doing calling ourself a "science fiction fanzine." I might mention that they have a separate Star Trek group and that they sent along some copies of a trek zine, *Trekkers Log*.

*Rune* needs material. I kinda shot the wad with this issue. Come on you writers out there, you came along into

fandom because you like ideas and strange stuff and because of your conviction that you have something interesting to share with the rest of us. Future *Rune*'s may or may not need to revolve around "theme" issues (I think Ken might be interested in strange tales of the *Minneapolis in 1973* worldcon bid) – I'm a bit foggy about all of this at the moment. But don't let that stop you from *going back to my earlier editorials* and *refreshing your internal dialog on fanwriting*. If you enjoy reading *this* issue, be thinking to yourself as you read how this material resonates with your own thoughts and life experiences. A little bit of "gee, I can write better than *that*" assertiveness would not be entirely inappropriate either.

You could even call up the *Rune* editor of your choice and say, "gee, I want to write something but I don't know quite what..." and see what we throw at you. Just don't call too early in the day or in the middle of the night. Blindingly brilliant creative passion is one thing, sharing it with others at inappropriate times is something else entirely.

– Jeff Schalles 1/31/93



*Smoking Music Party, Minicon 27. Left to right: lotsa fun folks who generally dislike flash photographs. Bravo to Tom for retouching the flash's reflection in the window between Steve and Fred with Adobe Photoshop. I think Tom retouched the violin bow, too. Photo by Jeff Schalles.*



# THE SHARK FROM OUTER SPACE

by Terry A. Sarey

I had just gotten back from a party, and it was 3 o'clock in the morning. There on my front porch, next to the pot of white petunias, was a shark.

Surely not, I thought. But yes, my mind rejoined, it was a shark, alive and breathing, at that. Its gills went in and out, in and out. I stood on the front porch of my four room cottage in El Cerrito, California and thought. I walked back to the '68 Ford Cortina, then retraced my steps back to the porch and looked down. Still there.

Now, Terry, I said to myself, let us review the situation. You have been to a party in the Berkeley Hills. There was a hot tub. There was wine. There were certain substances to which you are allergic and which have curtailed the interesting parts of your social life since the sixties. And you are on a diet. You ingested nothing but mineral water and stayed upwind from everything else. There is something very strange going on here. You need a reality check.

So I called Wendy to get a reality check.

I knew she would still be awake, probably writing a poem. I had just dropped her off home a mere ten minutes ago, at her apartment in Berkeley.

"Wendy," I said urgently, but calmly. "There is a shark on my front porch." After a suitable pause, Wendy replied.

"Are you sure? Have you checked again?"

"Well, no." I put down the phone and trotted out. Yes, there it was by the petunias, about three and a half feet long and breathing patiently.

"Yes. Wendy, there is still a shark on my front porch."

"Are you sure it's a shark?"

"I know a shark when I see one. It is small, but it is a shark. And it is on my front porch, and it is alive."

"What is it doing there?"

"Breathing, as far as I can tell."

Silence on the other end. Then..."I meant, how did it get there?"

"I don't know. It's a mystery to me. That's why I called you. Now, we were just at this party of Elsie's mother's and I had nothing but bottled mineral water and the odd carrot, right?"

"This is true. I didn't have my eye on you at every moment, but as far as I can tell, you resisted temptation admirably."

"And I stayed upwind of the dope, right?"

"Yup."

"Then why is there a shark on my front porch? I don't understand!"

"I don't either. I suggest you go to sleep and see if it's still there in the morning."

"But Wendy, it's still alive."

"Other than taking it back to the Bay, or putting it in the bathtub, or knocking it on the head I don't know what you can do. I'm going to bed, now."

She hung up. I went out and considered the shark.

The bathtub was useless. It was freshwater. I could take it to the Bay, but I knew from TV that you have to walk the things back and forth a lot in the water to help them breathe again, and I couldn't face wading in the cold murky water of San Francisco Bay. There might be other sharks. Maybe this one's mother. Or sewage. The shoreline wasn't the safest place at three in the morning either. Besides, what was I going to say to whatever cop happened by... "Just walking this shark which turned up on my porch." No. It wouldn't do.

There was no UPS sticker on it. Federal Express didn't deliver at night, either. I had once gotten a coconut mailed to me from Hawaii, but it had a cancellation on it and this creature had none. Where had the poor animal come from? Sharks don't just drop out of the sky and land on people's porches. Or at least not often.

On a sudden wild thought I looked around for high tide marks. There were none. Silly, I was a mile from the Bay and an uphill mile at that. Damn. There *had* to be an explanation.

I considered that it might be the work of my ex-husband, a pathological liar of the first water. Water... ah ha. But no. Redundo would have never gone to the trouble of catching a shark. He'd just go around telling people I slept with sharks; a strange perversion which ran in my family, or something. He'd tell people I had stolen his shark, or the shark of his grandmother – a pedigreed trained Australian shark. Or he'd tell people I was hiding sharks for the CIA and one had slipped out in a desperate bid for freedom, but placing a living shark on my porch and sitting back to watch me worry about it was too subtle for him. No, what Redundo really liked was character assassination and death threats. Now, who did I know who would go near a shark?

What about my little brother, the budding marine biologist at San Francisco State?

So I called the ship Balclutha, where he worked, got the night watchperson, and asked for my brother. It took them some time to roust him out, and I sympathized, because I knew how hard it was to wake James, and I knew how far down in the ship his cabin was, but the guy did, and there was my brother on the phone, sounding somewhat crabby. Crabby. Ha. Ha.

"Did you leave a shark on my front porch?" I asked.

"No," he said shortly.

"Are you sure?" I asked. He had recently asked me to put a plastic garbage sack in my car trunk so I could scrape up road kills for him to dissect. It could connect somehow with the shark, and maybe he had put it there for my freezer and just forgotten.

"Yes. Now leave me alone. I'm going back to my berth."

Ah, a bit too late for that, I thought irritably. "No more



dead raccoons trailing their guts out in my freezer, James, do you hear?" No, he had hung up.

I considered the question further. It was now 3:20 am. I still had no idea how the shark ended up on my front porch.



Sharks are notoriously hard to kill. I wasn't sure I could do it, although I had dispatched many a large fish in my time, and gutted squirrels and snakes. I went and got the hammer and whacked it one. The thing still breathed. Smothering it with a pillow was no option. The thought of hacking off the head occurred to me and I considered it, but my stomach refused after I found out just how dull my knives were.

My mind reeled. What could I do? My hands began to shake.

Something wisped by in my mind which might just be some kind of explanation. It was better than nothing. The other day on the San Pablo Avenue bus it had been explained to me at great length by a person who smelled bad: aliens from Outer Space were responsible for Everything, and if they weren't, the FBI was. Well, I should have taken notes. It was too complicated for the FBI: it had to be aliens.

Why? It didn't matter. They were capable of anything, even leaving a shark on the front porch of a rental in El Cerrito, California, across the Bay from San Francisco. The foul fiends. Silently, I raised my fist and cursed the skies. What nefarious purpose had they in mind? Did Mars need clerical workers? Did someone out in Orion find him or her or itself incapable of living without my not-inconsiderable skills as a second alto who could keep to the key most of the time? Or was it my hot way with a wok and a handful of vegetables?

The plot was simple to recognize when I thought about it. Put a shark on the front porch of this person and watch her slowly go mad trying to figure it out, then whisk her away in a flying saucer full of tentacles, and no one would miss her. What was one mad file clerk more or less in the world? Wendy might wonder for a few days, but eventually she would find someone else with a car to be friends with. My parents might notice that I hadn't shown up for dinner in a while, but on the other hand they might not.

My heart hardened towards the shark. It, after all, was a mere pawn, like myself, and perhaps was no shark at all, but an alien in disguise. Scornfully, I flicked it with my foot. The gill work seemed a bit slower. It had to be aliens. What human would have done this to a helpless animal?

I closed the door, locked it, called the cats, and went to bed.

I wasn't fooling myself. I knew it wasn't space aliens, but there was no other explanation. I went to sleep after a

while and had bad dreams.

The next morning it was still there, but it was quite dead. The poor helpless thing had slowly smothered in the night because I was too much of a baby to cut its head off for it. In the cold light of somewhat after dawn I realized I could have run it over with the car, or killed it with the shovel or something. I was ashamed of myself. The most I had done for it was give it a headache.

I stuffed it into the garbage can, which was difficult because it had gone all stiff, and it was longer than I had thought. Goodness knows what the garbage people thought when they emptied the garbage can. To ensure its removal I put a six-pack of beer on the lid, as my worldly-wise grandmother had taught me many years ago.

For days I puzzled about it, feeling kind of haunted. Then my next door neighbor, the one I barely knew well enough to nod to, came by on his way to his car and asked: "Did your cats like that shark I left on the porch for you?"

The misty hand of time erases what I actually replied, but I'm sure it was polite. He had been fishing, it seemed, and caught the shark, then brought it home for me as a kind gesture of goodwill.

After he left I stared at his front door in amazement. How could he have even considered giving a shark to someone he barely knew? What did he think my cats were supposed to do with it, gnaw heck out of it with their puny little city cat teeth? A wolverine would have had trouble with that shark. Didn't he realize how tough shark skin was?

The casual, well meaning cruelty of the man has never ceased to amaze me. He never did anything like it again, and he always seemed perfectly nice, otherwise. I know I was being unfair to dislike him. At the time I ate meat, and wore leather. I watched race-horses and went to zoos, and I had fished and killed to eat. And human beings were dying all over the planet from worse cruelty. But somehow it all seemed monstrous, even without the space aliens, to let that shark smother so needlessly. Besides, he had put me in a position where I failed my human responsibility. And that is always hard to forgive.

One person's catfood is another person's nightmare, I guess.





# FAINTING, YOU KNOW I HATE IT

by Garth Edmond Danielson

I haven't passed out in several years. I was thinking about that in one of those passing moment sort of thoughts, and that made me remember the time that I passed out and got to meet Robert A. Heinlein.

The first time I remember fainting I was shopping with my mother. We were at the Eaton's department store in downtown Winnipeg. It was winter. I had my parka on, I overheated and fell right over, unable to get up. I woke to find my mother and lots of other women hovering over me. The staff sent me to the store nurse. I was plunked into a wheel chair and driven to bed. I was told to sit there for a while. I was fascinated, not by my faint, but by the behind the store scene. I could see outside from the bed. We were up three or four stories. I couldn't see the street but I could see the top of the buildings across the street, all two, three and four story edifices. Pretty exciting for a kid 6 or 7 years old.

The second time I was at home, eating dinner, or just about to. I hadn't, I seem to recall, eaten anything throughout the day. That was what was blamed for the faint. I can't remember how old I was, between 10 and 16. I just remember waking up with my brother and father staring down at me. I flipped the chair straight over, right onto its back. I don't imagine it knocked any sense into me.

Before the 1976 Worldcon in Kansas City, Robert A. Heinlein had arranged that anyone who gave blood could go to a special reception at the convention. Being a rabid Heinlein fan I planned to give blood, send the proof to Heinlein, get an invite and attend the reception. WOW, maybe I could meet Robert A. Heinlein.

I wrote about giving blood in my fanzine BOOWATT and sent a copy to Heinlein about the middle of August 1976. He wrote back but unfortunately the letter arrived after I had left for the Worldcon. I'd gone a week early to hang out with Allan Wilde and his friends. Where is that guy now.

Here is a slightly condensed version of what I wrote in Boowatt #10, August 1976.

## *I WANT TO DRINK YOUR BLOOD*

A while ago I heard that Robert Heinlein was holding a blood brothers party at MAC and that if you gave blood and sent him the receipt you could get into the party. As a Heinlein fan of long standing and vocal accompaniment I thought that here was a good way to meet Heinlein. Now I was a little wary about giving blood and thought that perhaps this wasn't for me. I have been interested in giving blood for several years. I went to school with a fellow who had given blood and he said it was harmless and did good. Well, you can't argue with that. Our work foreman, Bob, gives blood at lunch and comes back fine and continues to work.

I also read an account in the fanzine Blunt about giving blood and was interested in trying it from a

reporter's view point. Well, here was my opportunity to go ahead with the plan.

I left work early Friday, stopped at the bank for money, and made my way to the Red Cross. I signed up. They filled out the card that had name, address, etc. Then I was asked by a different woman if I had malaria, infectious hepaticas, yellow jaundice, aspirin, seen my doctor in the last year, operations, prescription drugs or street drugs. I was the only person while I was there that they asked this question. All the rest were normal people I guess. Business types. I am the hippy or street freak type I suppose. Anyway I was then pricked on the end of my finger and blood was drawn out so they could find the group type. Mine was B. I don't remember if it was positive or negative but that doesn't matter. I was lead over to a chair and asked to sit down. I did and they put a rubber hose about my arm and a piece of cloth with a hole cut out of it. This was for the needle to go through I guessed. They swabbed my arm with alcohol. Then the nurse asked me to make a fist so they could find the vein. I looked the other way as I am not into getting needles of any sort. It did not hurt and felt like someone poking a straw against my arm. I looked and there was blood coming out of my arm into a hose leading to the bag of blood which was out of view. Nice. Some fellow was getting ready next to me. I asked the nurse if it was just blood in the bag. They said there was a solution in there to prevent clotting. The fellow next to me said to relax, and I tried reading as it would take some ten minutes to complete the process. I couldn't read as I was too keyed up for that. Just about then I felt I was going to be sick and was sort of worried.

Then I was out on the street. It was very vivid and real.

Next I was being shook awake and bandages were being put over the hole where the blood-letting needle was. I had fainted. They put cold cloths over my face and neck to help. The nurses seemed to know what they were doing and I did as they asked. One of the nurses brought me a coke which was to help bring the blood sugar back. They said I should lie there for a while. Or sit as I was in a recliner chair. I did so and after a while I felt better.

The nurse asked me if I would like to have a donut and something to drink in their eating area. I said sure and then she asked me if I was able to get up and not be sick. She said she would rather have me be sick there and not where they give blood. I made it over to the eating area that they have for people to sit and recover and have a cup of tea. The fellow who told me to relax asked if I was alright. I said I was. So I thought. Just after that I felt that sort of feeling I get when I am passing out. Then from what I can gather I fainted and fell on my face.

The same nurses were around me trying to get me up and into a chair. I can remember backing into the table and they got me into a recliner again and once more with the cold cloths. Right about then I didn't know much about what was going on and to be honest I was scared. I started



to cry a bit as the whole thing was really getting to be bad. They tried to comfort me as best they could.

After a while they said that they were calling me a cab and that they were going to send me home in it. They also wanted to know if there was anyone there who they could call so as to let them know that I was coming home. There wasn't but I did call my brother and tell him not to pick me up. I got home fine and the cab driver told me he gave blood and once he almost passed out.

As an aftermath of the fall I have a sore face in several spots, knee hurts and my glasses have a small hairline fracture that should be ok. On the way home I thought to myself about this being worth it to see Heinlein. I figured it wasn't. It isn't worth the personal discomfort to meet anyone of fame. Perhaps if it was to save someone's life it might.

Back to present day.

During the excitement caused by repeated fainting I neglected to collect the necessary receipt of bloodletting needed to garner an invitation to the reception. I wrote the incident up in my zine August 14, 1976 and mailed a copy to Heinlein within a couple of days. Then I went to the worldcon in Kansas City. During the con I finally got to meet RAH.

Here's what I wrote in Boowatt #11, September 1976:

Gary and Denise Mattingly lead me to Joe Wesson's room for a breather. We were sitting around relaxing when there was a knock on the door. It was Joe Krolick and Murray Ward with the message that Heinlein wanted to meet me. This is what they said. It was really a mind blower, Robert Heinlein wanted to meet me. For years it has always been the other way around.

Apparently Joe K. was walking around the pool and noticed Heinlein in the usual crush of people who naturally would follow him. Joe said he thought that Heinlein should know about a fellow who gave blood and fainted. Heinlein said, "Oh, are you from Canada too?" He tried to remember my name but couldn't. Joe mentioned it and Heinlein asked if I had gotten his letter, but, of course I hadn't, I had left early. Joe said I was nearby and would Heinlein like to meet me. Heinlein said he would. Joe and Murray started to look for me and even asked Bill Fesselmeyer to put out an APB on me. Bill is on the committee and had a walkie-talkie. Joe K. remembered Joe W.'s room and found me.

I went to meet Heinlein. He shook my hand and everything. He explained to me why I fainted and that people are different, even though some doctors don't realize this. It really was kind of neat to finally meet the man after all of these years. What really blew my mind was that Heinlein knew who I was. I hadn't been sure about getting to meet him. I gave him a copy of BOOWATT. Helps to advertise. He said I shouldn't have used blood giving as a means to meet him. I had to agree. It wasn't worth the pain just to meet someone famous. But on the other hand it was a push to get blood and in something like that any means should be used to get blood from people as long as you don't hurt anyone. I can't see that giving blood to meet Heinlein is any worse than giving blood to get some money. There was to be a blood donor operation at the hotel and I'm sure that several people are going to go give

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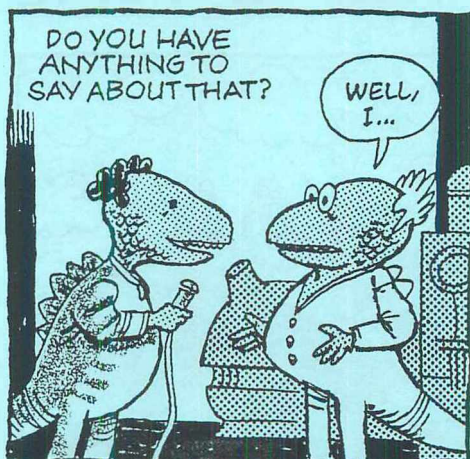
DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT?

WELL, I...



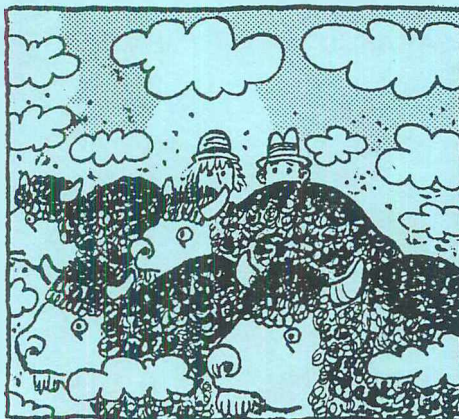
DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT?

WELL, I...





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blood just to get to meet RAH. People are basically selfish. I know I am. I think it's a basic trait. I don't think it can be helped. Ah well. So that's how I got to meet Robert Heinlein. Thank you to Joe and Murray.

Forward in time.

Pretty exciting huh. I sat in awe for about 20 minutes, then we drifted apart. The rest of the convention was less exciting.

When I got home there was the letter RAH had written, three and a half pages and an invitation to the Monday morning reception. Here's the first page or so of the letter.

Dear Garth Danielson,

I read with warm empathy your account of your donation of blood. Both Mrs. Heinlein and I have been through similar experiences, her's in connection with blood donation during World War II, mine also at that time but as a result of surgery with loss of blood. It is frightening.

My experience with it was wartime exigency. All blood collection was for combat, not for civilian hospitals, and I was in hospital at Jefferson Medical School – and there was little nursing as R.N.s were in service. One student nurse had the 8-bed ward I was in plus three more like it – so any patient who could possibly get out of bed had to use the W.C. – no bed pans or bed urinals for them. I could get out of bed, but I could not get as far as the W.C. without fainting. After falling twice I learned an expedient: push a straight chair ahead of me. When my vision would start to black out, I would collapse across the chair and that would break my fall. It worked. A usual trip to the W.C. would average about three faints, but I never got hurt again. A good thing as the flu epidemic hit the hospital and these little nursing students worked until they keeled over, and there was no one to replace them.

I remember one morning when the student nurse in charge of us came in, stuck thermometers in our mouths, went out – did not come back. For about three hours nothing happened – no drinking water, no breakfast, nothing. About 11 a.m. a visitor to a patient showed up with a rack tray of glasses of water, then in a couple of hours some food arrived. I never saw our little student again but I found out later what had happened. She had walked out into the corridor...and collapsed. She was found there, out cold, and was carted somewhere else and put to bed. The hospital staff, already stripped down to a minimum by the War, was hit by flu, and perhaps a third of the usual number were holding things together as best they could.

Mrs. Heinlein's experience more nearly parallels yours. We were not married then. She was in the U.S. Navy, assigned to the Naval Bureau of Aeronautics in Washington, D.C., and in charge of protective coatings for Naval aircraft (she had been an industrial chemist before she enlisted – then was commissioned and sent to BuAir because of her technical background). She was giving blood on her lunch hour every six weeks and had racked up about three gallons before she was sent to Mustin Field and assigned to me as an R&D aviation test engineer. She tells me that she fainted the first three times before she learned how long she needed to rest, how much to eat and drink, before she could safely leave the recovery room & go back to work.



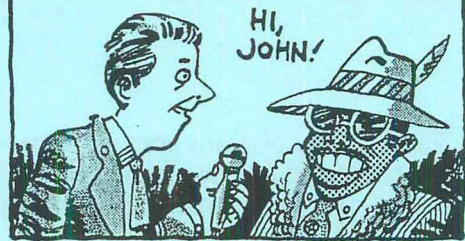
But her experience was not typical. For some reason unknown to me, women are much less likely to faint than are men on their first donations. In fact most first donors do not faint ... but those who do are almost always male. Save for being bigger on the average and more muscular, males are "the weaker sex" in most things, as M.D.s have long known. But I don't see why they are with respect to blood. The same amount of blood is drawn from every donor, male or female – 450 mls plus test sample (= almost exactly one pint): i.e., a 220 - lb man gives only 1/2 as much in proportion to his body mass as does a 110 - lb woman (110 lbs is the lower cutoff point). One would think that she would be more likely to faint than he – greater sudden loss of blood pressure, oxygen transport reduced twice as much. But it just isn't so; the average female takes the strain better than does the average male. (A higher percentage of females are deferred or rejected than males, for reasons that cannot apply to males ... whereas all of the "defer" or "reject" causes for males apply also to females – so we wind up with more male donors. Nevertheless fainting is typically masculine. Perhaps the clue lies in your phrase: "I couldn't read as I was too keyed up –" Despite all cultural propaganda – the macho "iron man" persona characteristic of the culture we live in – males average less stable, females average more phlegmatic. Blood? Blood doesn't upset a woman; she encounters it every month. But the first time I watched surgery (1927), I fainted.) (The masculine idiom is "passed out" – but to a doctor both are "syncope," a generalized cerebral ischemia, meaning that the brain is temporarily short on blood and the victim thereby become unconscious. That's why a donor must not stand up suddenly shortly after donating. Standing up quickly can add ca. 40% to the "g" loading – and the highest point, the skull, suddenly drains in part & the "central office" closes shop until balance is restored. For the same reason, a faint can be stopped by shoving a man's head down between his knees. Water (and blood) run down hill.

I never really thought much about the causes of faints, until I got the Heinlein letter. The other three times that I have passed out since then were related to some change in blood pressure. At Autoclave in 1977 I tried some Butal Nitrate. Things got very weird, it was sort of enjoyable, interesting and frightening. I passed out and had the most vivid and real hallucinations as I woke up. I was on a bus and was looking at the faces of many people, all of whom were strangers to me.

I've fainted twice since then. I passed out while giving the blood sample I needed for part of the physical examination required to move to the US. The doctor had acted rather an ass during the earlier part of the physical, giving me a hard time about my identity and all, so when I passed out I rather enjoyed his discomfort. Well, I would have enjoyed it if I had been awake. I also passed out during the episode of M\*A\*S\*H that took place in the OR and had no laugh track. I could think of a few factors that probably caused this, but I think I'll keep that to myself.

I haven't passed out in nearly ten years, but don't necessarily think that is any accomplishment.

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Steve Stiles



# Once Within a Frame

by Glenn Tenhoff

The first signs of spring are a welcome sight for any Minnesotan (and rightly so, considering the personality of our winters), but for me that first coatless venture out of doors signals not summer but Minicon!

Each year I look forward with excitement to the approach of Minicon, like a little kid anticipating his first trip to the state fair. I want to see and do it all, which of course can't be done. There is always MORE than time and human endurance permits, so every year I enjoy those things that have become annual pursuits and, with less extravagant expectations, try to add something new or untried to my list of weekend activities. In past years I've tried seeing how long I can stay on my feet dancing to "Boiled In Lead," how long chocolate fondue will last when offered to the masses, and how fast a face painting can be conceived and finished (a last minute addition to a Masquerade costume).

Last year, my new experience was with the art show and auction. Like eating corn dogs at the state fair, waking through the art show is something I do every year, but I had never made it to an auction or placed any art within a show. At Minicon 24 I managed to do both, and had the good fortune to both sell some of my own drawings and with Middle Sandy buy several new pieces for our apartment.



Even before the Con was over, I was thinking about framing our new treasures. A simple little project, I thought, since both pieces were already matted by the artists. Once slipped into suitable frames, only the negotiations between Sandy and myself regarding hanging could possibly cause a problem. Unfortunately this wasn't to be the case.

At home I decided on a pre-assembled wood frame and an unassembled metal galley frame and I measured both pieces in preparation for making the necessary purchases. Here I encountered the first problem. One of the pieces measured 9" x 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ ", an odd size no matter how you look at it. Adjustments would have to be made, since I planned to use the pre-assembled frame with this piece and had guessed its size to be 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 11". The other piece measured 4" x 15"; an unusual size, but no problem since this one would use the unassembled galley frame.

So, with my measurements in hand and a solution for the odd sized piece in mind, I departed for the art store at Burnsville Shopping Mall. There I found a problem with the second piece as well. Unassembled metal galley frames are purchased in two parts: the width in one package and the height in another, to achieve the size you need. No half inch sizes, and the smallest dimension is five inches. The complexity of my "simple" framing project was beginning to annoy me: I'd have to revise my plans for the second piece.

The first thing that came to mind was a very attractive option: custom framing. After a little consultation I could turn the whole thing over to some professional at a frame shop and, for a sizable fee, pick up the finished piece in a week, ready for hanging. If your cash flow resembles mine after a three day con, you can understand why this first thought became my last resort.

Next I ruled out not framing the piece. We wanted it up on a wall, not stored away, and we wanted it protected. With a fair amount of uncertainty I came back to my original plan: buying both frames off the shelf. But what sizes? Neither piece matched any of the standard sizes.

After a great deal of contemplation, an unsuccessful trip to other stores hoping for the unusual, and several false starts for home, I returned to the original art store and purchased two frames and a roll of gold border tape. Heading for home, I hoped I had not over-looked something in my revised plan.

The problem in both cases was matching frame size to mat size. Taking the 9" x 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ " piece, I cut the mat down evenly on all four sides so that it would fit into the 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 11" pre-assembled wood frame that I had purchased, altering reality to match my original solution for this piece.





The second piece was more of a problem: here the frame was too large. I removed the original mat and, from an almost identical piece of mat board that I had on hand, cut a new mat to replace it. This new mat was cut one inch larger to fit my new 5" x 16" metal galley frame. The final step for the second piece involved the border tape. The artist had trimmed the window with a thin strip of gold tape, so I applied identical trim to the window of the new mat. When reassembled, the second piece was as close as possible to what we had originally purchased. Now both pieces slipped easily into their frames.

The solutions to my framing problems turned out to be fairly simple after all. The only unexpected cost was the border tape (I know I'll find a use for 47 feet of gold leaf border tape in the future) and for just a little extra time and effort I ended up with the art framed as I had originally envisioned it. There were times at the Mall when I had doubted this outcome, and of course one piece was now smaller and other larger than when I had started. I was lucky. Unlike many art purchasers, I had the equipment and experience to solve the problems I encountered. I didn't have to resort to the expense of custom framing, or choose between storing them away – with the intention of framing them someday – or hanging them without the protection of a frame.

Once our purchases were finally hung, I decided to check the measurements on my unsold pieces from the art show. Had I caused the same problem for someone else?

Would someone next year decide not to purchase something from me, or some other artist, because of a similar but less successful experience? Did I need to take back the things I had said at the Mall? Should I be making apologies?

I found there were some problems with my unsold pieces. Several of them had half size dimensions. The mats I had so carefully created would not fit a standard size frame, though, in the back of my mind, fitting a standard frame was something I had intended. I think of the mat as part of the finished piece, not something to be cut down or thrown away. Like the artist that cut the 9" x 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ " mat, I considered the mats separately, only after the renderings were completed. That the final sizes would be half an inch too large or small apparently never crossed my mind. It didn't matter that the mats were measured and cut with equal sides and whole dimensions. The renderings, having half size dimensions, need mats cut with a half inch either added or subtracted to fit a standard size frame.

Besides being successful, it seems my little project taught me something. In the future I'll be taking the mat into consideration when I establish the size of the rendering, so that when the mat is cut, the finished size matches a standard frame size. And next year, when those melting mounds of snow once again signal the approach of Minicon, I'll be adding a ruler to my list of items needed for the weekend.

Oh, and my apologies, should they be necessary.



# MANITOBA GUMBO

*by Don Bindas*

Dave and I was out walking by the creek. It was one of those mild fall evenings, just after the first real frost, when the air tastes so good and feels so clean that you just sorta swell up with a healthy flow inside. Mind you, that mickey of 'brew that I had been pulling out of my pocket, swigging from, then passing to Dave, who'd swig from it then pass it back where upon I would shove that metal flask back into my overalls...well that may have helped that flow...but then the musical interludes every once in a bit, when Dave'd unsling his yamaha and let loose, they was pretty good too...even them E minor songs.

Now that bright flushing rosy apple sunset ran out at about the same time as the brew but Dave had a few more songs in him that he felt he should do before we set back to the house. They was mosting E minor's but what the hell . . . I was feeling particularly tolerant . . . and he does do them well.

I was leaning against the fence...you know that split rail number where the creek runs out of Old Wheedle's place...Wheedle...come on...you know Wheedle, don't cha...well jeez bugger me all to hell! I thought everyone knew Wheedle. Gary S. is his real name but anybody who knows that old bow shaker just calls himn Wheedle. It was his homebrew that we'd been drinking that night. Damn good stuff! Made from Can'telope rinds.

Anyway...here we was sitting in the moonlight by the creek, singing songs and feeling fine, when all of a sudden the sky lights up like some giant green flourescent worms from outta a tackle box had decided to do a slow waltz to a fast eastcoast reel. I was kinda taken for words but after watching for ten or fifteen minutes I managed to mumble a semi-coherent 'oh wow, eh!' or something like that. It was the northern lights of course. They wasn't that incredible mess of colour that you might see in the high north. More like that sickly green colour of those dast, rickety plastic toys that them Hong Kongian fellas make for kids nowadays. Now don't let that fool you. These lights was still more than spectacular enough.

There's something about being outta doors that kinda sets a man to thinkin'. Not 'bout anything in particular, just sorta thinkin' ya know. Dave says it's a fillosofic mood or something like that. I wouldn't know, but Dave's fingers quit traversing the strings and his lips went quiet. We just watched for a while.

"It must have been in the spring about twenty years ago," Dave says then he stopped as if for a brief pause.

After about five minutes I kinda figger that maybe he needs some prompting so I asked him "What musta bin twenty years ago?"

"Well, the U.F.O.'s of course!"

"Oh yeah!"

"Right. Don't you remember Old Wheedle's stories about being picked up by some strange people in a flying saucer and being taken away for three days?"

"Oh sure! What a load of crock! That was just a story he cooked up so his missus wouldn't butt his head for being away the entire Easter weekend. Hell, he was probably on a bender somewhere, pissed up on his own brew...No I take that back. He was probably smoking somma that hippieshit pot with a buncha longhairs...that's what he said they looked like, ya know. Nope, it's like this, eh! He probably went to Winnipeg, started drinking in a bar, met some hippie chick and tried to pick her up, eh! Then when she offered him some dope he would've smoked it just to prove he wasn't scared, eh! That shit will make you see strange things, ya know. He musta thought them hippies was aliens from outer space."

"That's an interesting theory, Andy, but it doesn't hold any water."

"Why not?"

"Well, I've never seen Wheedle drunk for starters. Not even the time I bet him that he couldn't drink a two six of his brew in the sitting. He mixed it one for one with Coke, which is something a sacrilege."

"Yuck!" I squirmed at the disgusting thought. What a thing to do to Coca Cola, classic or otherwise. Double Yuck!!

"Maybe but he likes it that way. Anyway, I know he wasn't in Winnipeg because that wife's mother was sick so I put her on the bus and sent her to the city for the weekend. I would have seen Wheedle getting on the bus.

"That don't mean that no one else coulda given him a ride..."

"Let me finish. I was talking to Stew and he said that his brother Chuck had been talking to Wheedle just before the National came on."

"That means he would have been home."

"Right."

"But that still doesn't mean he didn't make up the whole thing or at least part of it."

Dave chuckled.

"Alright Andy, what part do you think he didn't make up?"

"The northern lights. I saw them that night. I watched for a while and the only flashing lights I saw was Simmonds in that old pickup with the top mounted headlights that he cannibalized from Cliff's junk heap.

"Simmonds sold that pickup in December. It was months before Easter."



"Well, I don't care. It looked like his pickup, with a cab on the back...well actually it looked like an old school bus, but that didn't make no sense. What kinda creature from space would have a space ship that looked like a half ton pickup truck let alone an old school bus?"

We both laughed at that one.

"The part that I find the oddest is where he said that the aliens took him after they picked him up."

"Oh yeah...heh heh...to some kinda looney party in the states where everyone was talking about those goofy books, like Sylvia lets her kids read. That Wheedle, he musta bin crazy to come up with that load of mularkey!"

Suddenly a voice came from the other side of the fence, damn near caused us to fill our drawers.

"Well maybe I were and maybe I weren't! But you weren't there to know, eh! But you know, dey ask'd me if I were crazy enough to go with dem...and of course you know I said YES!"

It was Wheedle of course. That ol' fiddle slapper'd snuck up on us while we was talking. Me and Dave sorta rolled around in the dirt but just laughin' real hard, with Wheedle justa grinning the whole time. After swapping howdys, he gave us each a sip from a flask he had in his overalls. He said that he had to save the rest for some fellers from outta town. They would be dropping by anytime now.

There was a noise, real quiet at first but slowly gettin' louder. It sounded like a car radio and it was playing somethin' about hearing' some guy named Uncle John and his band or somethin' like that. I turned to the noise and I started gettin' the chills real bad.

Sitting in the middle of a clay field was a beat up ol' school bus, wit it's yellar lights a blinking. Sitting there when I knew it couldn't be. That field was pure Manitoba gumbo. Softer than baby shit. There was just no way that could be...but there it was.

A redhair dame, built better than Dave's shitter, pops her pumpkin out the window and right away Wheedle spouts "Hey Jere, your looking good."

"Yore looking alright yourself, handsome. Got your fiddle packed...things are happening. Ya gotta come to ReinConation if you want to live like you use ta."

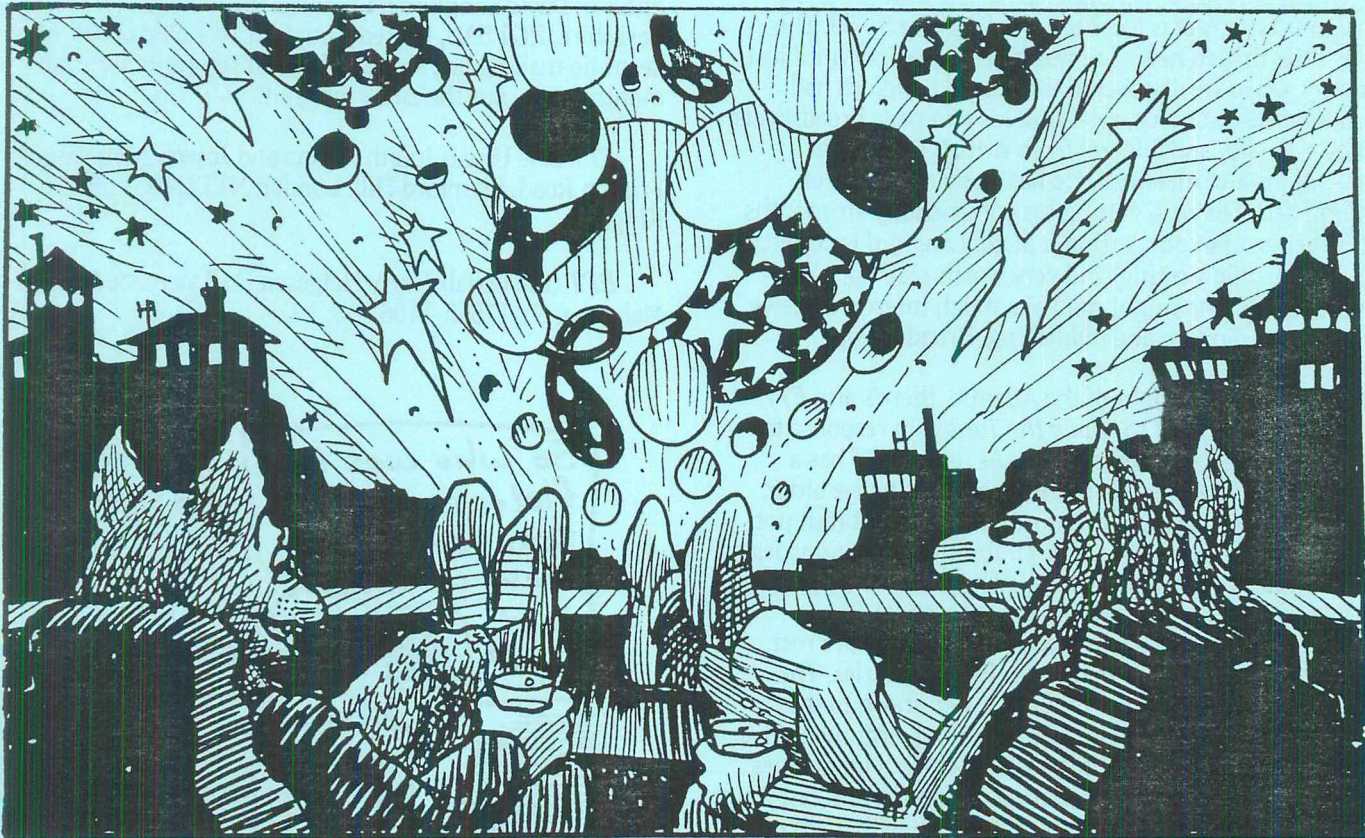
"You betcha. Hey! Can my buddies come too?"

He musta thought we was unconscious. Nice guy but not too perceptive.

"Sure thing. There's always room on the bus." She climbed back on board. Wheedle looks at Dave and me, then climbs on, all the while gesturing a come on.

I can hear music playing on the bus. It's like there's a party happening there right this minute. A 12 string is playing soft and a bunch of people are singing a melody but without any words, just "La da da da da da, la da da...da da da...la da da da da..." over and over. Hypnotic, like lookin into a snake's eyes, but with yer ears.

Tempting? Hell yes. But, I keep thinking of Sandy (luvofmylife) and I just couldn't leave her behind, and there ain't time to go get her neither. The door's closing and the bus is gone, leaving nothing but a couple of empty cans of Stroh's and that tune in my ears. Maybe I best bring Sandy on these walks next time. It's a little too late this year, but maybe next spring...



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# It Takes a Big Dog to Weigh a Ton

fanzine reviews by Peter Larsen

It's winter again in Minneapolis; just the time to sit in front of a roaring fire, reading fanzines, sharing the best with loved ones, and throwing the worst into the flames. But never fear; this is not supposed to be one of those nasty columns that I've written for *Spent Brass*, oh no no no no; I've told the editors that I'll use a lighter touch. For example, I'm going to avoid mentioning either *Fosfax* or *Lan's Lantern* in this or future columns I might write for *Rune*, except to note that, with the exception of their production styles, tedious prose, and lack of any editorial sense whatsoever, they might be considered very nice zines. Oh, and a congratulation to *Fosfax* editor Timothy Lane and his jolly crew of libertarians for their open-handed treatment of Joseph Nicholas. Ha ha. On with the show.

Our first target is a collection of *Ansible* 51-59. This zippy little British newszine was believed extinct until just recently, when we discovered that David Langford had been holding out on us, releasing his two-page broadsheets of news, gossip, and folderol from British Fandom at conventions and meetings. He has, it seems, a fear of mailing lists. Oh well, getting his commentary six months late is better than not getting it at all. Langford is comic, perceptive, mildly biting, and very worth reading, even for the reader who might not have much interest in news from British fandom and publishing. Broaden your horizons a little.

Keeping to the right of the Atlantic, there's also *FTT* 13, who've gone back to "*Fuck the Tories*" in response to their current governmental crisis. As usual, *FTT* has a bunch of great articles, from the humorous to the bitter, almost all of which hang on some political point (but not so obviously as to frighten, dears). Judith Hanna provides the more down-to-earth material, while her husband, Joseph Nicholas, leans towards the theoretical. The whimsical is handled (in this issue at least) by Abi Frost, who has an idea of what to do with Prince Charles. The letter column is a thing of beauty as well: short, to the point, and either informative, entertaining, argumentative, or all three. *FTT* is something toward which a lot of zines should aspire: a solid, clear editorial vision (in this case Left politics and social commentary) backed up with loads of

good writing and a nice layout. On top of all this, they avoid the rather shrill and/or smug tones that mess up American politically-oriented zines. Check it out.

A somewhat more bloated zine, this time from America, climbs onto our stage. It's *Radio Free Thulcandra*, the forum for Christian Fandom, a more or less formal organization for (be surprised) Christian fans. Like *FTT*, *RFT* is a zine with a strong focus that allows and even encourages "drift." Unfortunately, *RFT* (unlike *FTT*) is a "letter zine," which means (in practice) that it's an apa with a broad circulation and contributors too lazy to do their own typing and layout. I suppose it's a good deal if you can get it, but it reads sloppily and waters down any serious comments that might have made it past "Oh hi, it was nice meeting you..." Kids, if you're trying to suggest to anyone (outside your clique, that is) that you should be taken seriously, this is not the way to do it. It's kind of like learning to write in complete sentences... Getting past that, this is not a bad zine, assuming that you have an interest in Christian theology, especially as it relates to F & SF. (They don't allow doctrinal disputes, though, this being the one thing that the editor will edit.) Generally, the conversations keep to a fairly high level. If you are interested in Christian theology, and you're not put off by proselytizing and occasional rants on how "persecuted" Christians are (I'd like to see a panel discussion sometime where these guys could compare their experiences with, say, a couple of African-American Lesbians), you'll probably like *RFT* quite a lot. And that's the news...

*Ansible* A bunch of issues can be had by sending a SASE to David Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire, RG1 5AU, United Kingdom. As noted above, he keeps no mailing list, so you'll have to send another in six months or so, but the zine's worth it.

*FTT* (the Usual) Judith Hanna and Joseph Nicholas, 5A Frinton Road, Stamford Hill, London N15 6NH, United Kingdom

*RFT* (the Usual) Marty Helgesen, 11 Lawrence Ave., Malverne, NY 11565-1406





# Why Johnny Can't Timebind

Andrew P. Hooper

Is it an inevitable consequence of being a fan that one spends a lot of time worrying about the future of fandom? I can remember when my principle concern was worrying about the future of the future. At my first Worldcon, in 1982, I attended 22 panels and readings, and the idea that fandom might be in some sort of decline would have been laughable. Ten years later, both fandom and my opinion of it are barely recognizable.

It's been a busy week in the heart of the Seattle Publishing Empire. The rains have returned with autumn's approach, and with them, a small torrent of fanzines. The last seven days have seen the arrival of seven titles: Chuck Connor's *Thingummybob* #6, Rich Dengrove's *Jump Jr.* #9, Barry Hunter's *Baryon* #52, Simon Ounsley's *Lagoon* 3-D, Charlotte Proctor and Julie Wall's *Anvil* #54, and *Persona non Sequitor* (sic) #1, from Robert Whitaker Sirignano. And not only that, two Apas arrived as well.

This seemed like a lot of fanzines, and it led me to go through the pile of zines I'd gotten this year, and count them all up. There have been 108 so far, not including those that came with FAPA mailings or with other apae, and some of those are hefty enough that they definitely ought to be counted. Anyway, considering that the year is only  $\frac{3}{4}$  gone, I am led to expect to receive 144 total zines by the time the year is over. What do they have in common? Almost all of them complained about the lack of fanzines – and by extension, trufans – in today's fandom.

I think getting a fanzine every 2.53 days is plenty fast enough. Getting any more would just make it all that much harder to keep up with my LoC writing, which is pretty damn hopeless as it is. Yet, the cries of doom and decline go on.

Even as we enjoy a small spike in the most fannish of pursuits, the gulf between new and old fans seems to grow wider all the time. While those of us who focus on the general health of fandom used to accept a certain measure of indifference from most fans, we are now being confronted with a certain degree of hostility as well. Consider the bitterness and bile which greeted NESFA's decision to scale back the size of Boskone. Witness Sharyn McCrumb's witless hate-letter to fandom, *Zombies of the Gene Pool*. Thrill to the annual punch-up and scandal associated with the Hugo awards. Those of us who write and read fanzines are far from innocent of feud and villainy, but conflict seems to be on the way to becoming a constant state in fandom, not an isolated incident that people seek to avoid.

In her superb meditation on the nature of fannishness, which appears in the August (Vol. 1, No. 3) issue of *Astromancer's Quarterly*, Leah Zeldes makes the case that a trufan ought to be able to recognize a reference to Cyril

Kornbluth's *The Marching Morons* in a discussion of literacy. She does so to make the case that you still can't separate fandom from science fiction – hopefully printed science fiction – when trying to recruit new fans. My response is that I would be happy if we could expect fans not to be marching morons, that they would behave with the same level of respect and restraint that we would expect from mundane society.

That distinction between fandom and mundane society is getting to be more blurry all the time. A lot of people used to attack the use of the latter term, "mundane," as helping to perpetuate the ghettoization of S.F., and encouraging hooliganism and contempt for society at large in fandom. Now its use seems to have generally died out, and with it, part of the definition of fandom as a special group removed from – and maybe even above – the more backward concerns of the world.

Perhaps the ultimate reason for these changes is the cultural acceptance of science fiction and fantasy. It means that people no longer come to us out of a deep-seated need to find like-minded peers or some degree of self-esteem. New fans today follow an idle interest in fantasies and speculations that they find amusing, and most of them already have a group of peers to which they belong. A person entering fandom today often has no concept of why we should take these things so seriously; for most, if they left fandom tomorrow, they'd feel little sense of loss.

A person who has no sense of the value of fandom today is probably not going to have interest in the value of fandom in the past either. Clearly, timebinding is hardly a growth field. One thing I take hope from is what seems to be a trend towards SF with a historical context. Writers like Kim Newman and Eugene Byrne, Howard Waldrop, Tim Powers, Karen Joy Fowler, Connie Willis, and many others, are writing alternative histories, or stories with historical settings, and they seem to be selling very well indeed. Maybe fiction with a historical sensibility will bring people into fandom who have some interest in the history of the field as well.

But I'm probably kidding myself. The ultimate center of what we think of as fannishness is the self-referential, the personal; the relation of larger events to one's personal context (Cf. West, D., *Fanzines in Theory and in Practice*). Without enough immersion to build up a series of personal associations, fandom is always going to be just a goddam hobby. But that wouldn't be the end of the world, would it?

By that I mean that we can't look to the majority of fans today to be interested in stuff like fanzines. We can't even expect them to be literate. At the same time, I'm not saying that every Neo needs to come in asking who sawed



Courtney's boat in order to be accepted. Nothing is much more tedious, really, than people who pretend to know a lot more than they have any capacity to. What I hope to ask for is not to be characterized as being some horrible smuffy elitist for saying that I prefer the work and company of people who value fandom and consider its history and customs as worthwhile as more topically sfnal pursuits.

But hell, I can't win. I find myself defending trufans to people that think we're snobs, and then defending my interest in modern SF to most of the people interested in more fannish pursuits, who think nothing of real merit has been written since Stanley Weinbaum died. We need to keep in mind that neofans are far more susceptible to scorn and rejection than those who have some handle on the long view of fandom (The latter group, as you know, are constantly oppressing people with their cliquishness, excluding anime fans and other invertebrates (so sue me) from all the activities they so desperately wish they could join in. Why arguing the merits of mimeography and e-mail should be so appealing is beyond me; perhaps it's those raucous nude collation parties that they wish they were invited to).

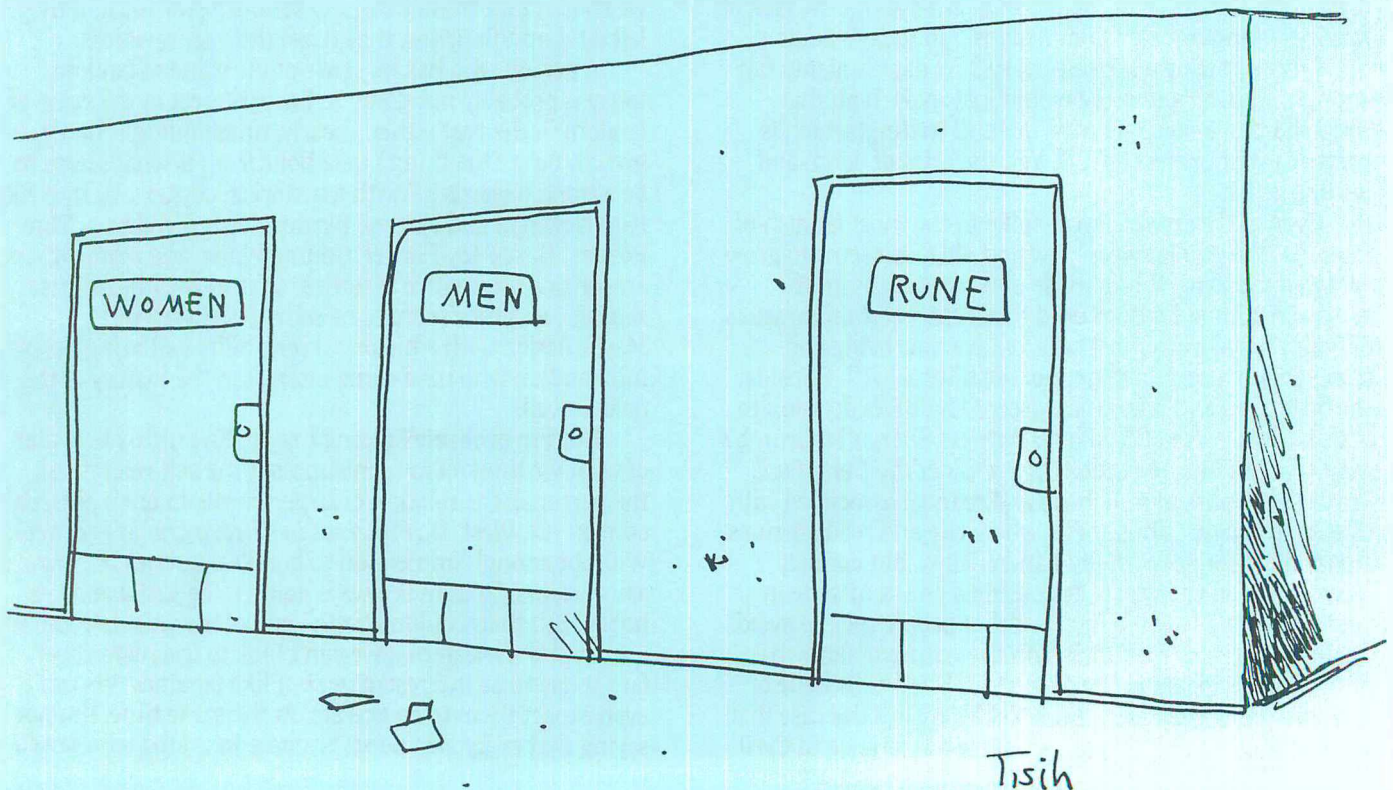
I think the task of reversing all these sad trends falls firmly on our shoulders. After all, we're the ones who think there's something wrong. But more than that, fanzine fans are the people with the message and the medium to deliver it. No one needs to be on-line to get a fanzine and benefit from what's inside it. They don't have to have memorized The Urth of the New Sun to enjoy criticism of written SF. And they don't have to have been there themselves to appreciate stories of times in the fannish past, both good and bad.

The best way to hold on to our identity as fans, to keep alive some notion of what separates fandom from square dancers and stamp collectors, is to just keep publishing. New names appear on my mailing list all the time, and for the past year, they've actually been coming in at a greater rate than other fans die or gafiate, which hasn't always been the case. Printed fanac allows me to reach out to hundreds of fans at a time, planting seeds that may not germinate until someone pulls a copy from a cardboard box of freebies at Genericon 36, twenty years from now.

Electronic fanac and apas may have chased away forever the days when a fan could receive three to four hundred fanzines a year. Or it may have been the easy access to hordes of new fanzines a year. Or it may have been the easy access to hordes of new fannish friends and acquaintances virtually anywhere in the country. There's hardly any need, after all, to scour "Brass Tacks" for addresses when the travelling S.F. media road show will be coming to an enormidome near you next weekend.

But I feel confident that the benefits and pleasures of trufandom remain compelling, and will do so for decades to come. After the lustre of the kolektinbugs fade, and the shoulder dragons start to get heavy, fans are as prone to ask where they came from as anyone else. It's a human constant, part of the sense of wonder that creates science fiction in the first place. And once they let down their guard, let a little self-examination slip into their picture of fandom, they are ours. Like Kurt Weill and calamari, trufandom may be something of an acquired taste; but once you've tried timebinding, baby, you'll never go back.

A.P. Hooper  
9/27/92





# ReinConation Excerpts

## by James White

ReinConation Too opened with a stately procession into the con hall composed of Jeanne Gomoll and myself, the HonourableGuests (honourable, us?), followed by the honourable committee and accompanied on side-drums by Steve Brust and Jeff Schalles. Each of the non-musicians among us held buckets of confetti and hard, wrapped candies which we scattered over the assemblage. The confetti was non-life-threatening but when a hard candy hit someone's head they said, "Ouch." We were then introduced by David Emerson and suddenly I was on.

It wasn't nearly as bad as I'd thought; there were times when the audience even clapped and laughed and shouted – after some of the puns they shouted for me to go home. But at last I was off and Jeanne was on, and I was grateful that I hadn't insisted on being a gentleman by asking her to go on first – from beginning to end she was continually and consistently hilarious.

Then, while her wild and well-deserved applause was dying away, I was recalled to the stage by Geri, Kay Drache, and Terry Garey and told to stand still and close my eyes. Being obliging by nature as well as seriously outnumbered I did so, and was surprised and a bit worried to feel hands unbuttoning my elegant St. Fantony blazer and slipping it from my shoulders. For a moment I wondered if this was a surprise programme item suggested by Chuch Harris, and how far it was likely to go. But no, something else was being slipped on, deftly seated onto my neck and shoulders and fastened in front, and I was told to open my eyes.

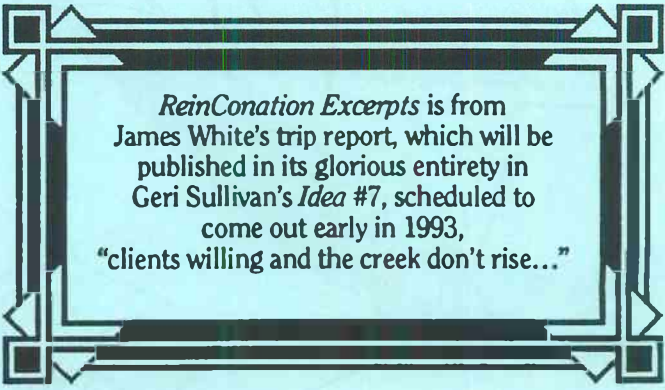
During her first visit to the Willis's I had confided to Geri a wish-fulfillment fantasy I had. It was of me being a famous author, living in surroundings of scenic grandeur, and able to take walks along the cliffs above a restless sea before returning to my study to sit before my computer wearing a dark green velvet smoking jacket with black silk quilted lapels and turned-back cuffs, frog-fastened cloth-covered buttons, and a monogrammed breast pocket. At the time all she had said was, "Well, James, three out of four isn't bad." And now, in all its glory, I was wearing that dream jacket!

The tailoring and finish and fit were superb, and I didn't know what to say. Maybe I was struck speechless and didn't say anything. But I was allowed to wear The Jacket for only a few minutes because parts of it were held with tacking stitches, the frog fastenings had to be moved a fraction of an inch, and the inside label – surely the ultimate in designer labels, embroidered as it was in gold on black with the words, "Commissioned by Geri Sullivan for James White. Sewn by Kay Drache. JW by TAG. A SMOTHRA Creation" surmounting a golden heraldic frog –

had to be added. Not named on the label but grinning up at me from the audience was Madeleine Willis, who had purloined my measurements from my jacket worn during a visit to Walter. They said would I please let go of it, that it would be finished before I left for home, and they helped me on with my nice St. Fanthony blazer again. Somehow it seemed very dowdy now.

There was the "Comparing Fandoms" panel next, followed by the TAFF, DUFF, and Tiptree auction, then everything and everybody moved up to the con suite. There were lots of chairs and tables for talking around, dividing walls with weird, alien portholes that enabled one to see what was going on in adjoining rooms, a long bar, which seemed to be womanned-manned non-stop by Karen Schaffer, and helpers serving coffee, tea, soft drinks, beer, munchies, cake, four varieties of ice-cream, and other edible stuff. The corners harboured inflatable brontosaurii, the air was dotted with helium balloons, and the floors were covered with plastic creepy-crawlies, lizards, baby dragons, and realistic outsize wood-lice. Had there been any pink elephants, there might have been a problem. There was a quieter room across the corridor where it was lovely to relax and enjoy for an hour or so some really accomplished musicians doing the varied and melodious things before diving back into the maelstrom.

With Geri gone home to check on Jeff, who had been laid low by a virus two days earlier, it was very easy to stay up late. I can't remember anything that was said, except for one discussion we were having about the intricate design work on the ReinConation Too tee-shirt logo which in one area, I had suggested loudly, contained four wobbly digits that looked like they belonged to the underside of a cow. Madeleine Willis, who was passing at the time, said, "Udderly ridiculous, James." Unaccountably everyone kept on talking to her.



*ReinConation Excerpts* is from  
James White's trip report, which will be  
published in its glorious entirety in  
Geri Sullivan's *Idea* #7, scheduled to  
come out early in 1993,  
"clients willing and the creek don't rise..."



Next morning, Madeleine shone as an expert in garage sale bargain-hunting, citing many now priceless Irish Fandom artifacts that had been bought for a negligible price. Then after lunch I had a panel entitled "Medical Science Fiction." This worried me because my co-panelist was Lisa Freitag, a Real Doctor and a pediatrician, which meant that she, too, was an expert in the care and handling of horrible little monsters. She preserved her clinical cool at all times, pretending that her work was merely a job, but from some of the things she said I judged her to be a big softie and as dedicated as hell. In spite of discovering my unimpressive medical qualification, the British Red Cross Society's Junior First Aid Certificate of 1947, she treated me with mercy rather than justice so that the panel turned out to be a lot of fun.

Next there came another panel, "Hard SF in Recent Years," that thankfully had five other people on it, followed by the "Fanzine Readings" item by Tom Digby, David Emerson, Martin Schafer, Andy Hooper, Barb Jensen, and To be Announced – which turned out to be me reading "The Exorcists of IF." The others were great and at times excruciatingly funny, with a nice balance of contrasting long and short pieces. I had never read anything by me aloud before, and I should have asked Andy to do it because he has a terrific voice and the stage training to use it. Instead I tried to do it myself, and towards the end I began to recall how angry I had felt at the situation in Northern Ireland when I wrote the piece, and choked up a bit. I felt terribly embarrassed, and it didn't help much at the end when everybody stood up and cheered.

After dinner came the Kaufman-Hooper play, "This Is Your Life, Jophan," fresh from its premiere at Magicon and repeated by popular request. This time I was able to play the part of Art Widner playing James White. Again it was very well received, so much so that Geri called for an

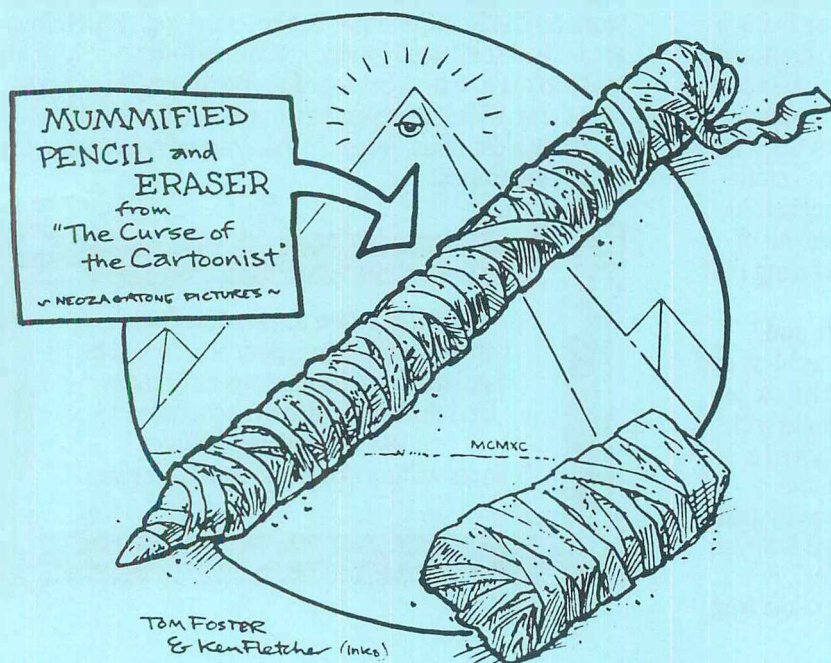
encore. Actually, what happened was that Jeff, who was feeling a little better and wanted to see it, had been delayed and Geri wanted to know if it could be done over again for him. But the players were heading off in all directions – the Typoes had completely disappeared (not normally a Bad Thing) and had to be rounded up again. But when Jeff arrived fresh from his bed of pain he was given a Command Performance with a reduced cast. The therapeutic effect must have been good because he showed a marked improvement from then on.

Gradually everyone was dispersing and going up to the con suite party – like methane gas bubbles rising in a swamp, somebody said – and so did I. There were many interesting, meaningful, and hilarious conversations with people I hadn't met before, but the one which was to lead to the gross misbehaviour of the other GoH remains imprinted not very clearly in my mind. Jeanne Gomoll, her partner Scott, a British fan about seven feet tall called Chris, and I were talking about The Smoking Jacket I had been given and which, I said, was the fulfillment of a life-long dream, so much so that nothing better was likely ever to happen to me and maybe I should go home and shoot myself while I was still ahead of the game. Jeanne thought this was a good idea, but said sadly that her own dearest wish, a comparatively simple one, had not been granted at the convention. She merely wanted to paint somebody's warm and living body. At the time she was looking at Scott, who vehemently demurred.

Gently we pointed out to him that, as a Guest of Honour, every member of the convention was required to obey her lightest whim much less grant her dearest wish – a *Droits de Senorita* sort of thing – and that he was letting the side down. I reminded him that the ancient Britons went in for body-painting without ill-effects (at that point Chris started shaking his head, too) but that, far

from giving an all-over blue woad paint job she, as an artist of considerable talent, would decorate and tastefully embellish his epidermis and make of him a thing of beauty – so I exaggerate sometimes – but still he said, "No."

Putting one palm down on the table, I said that he could try it a little at a time, perhaps by having his hand or biceps decorated with his family's Coat of Arms, an embellishment that he could display with pride. While I was talking, Jeanne drew the name "Vicky" on the back of my hand, tastefully enclosed in a red heart. I said that I was in trouble if it didn't wash off because my wife's name was Peggy. But she only laughed,





then rolled up my shirt's short sleeve to uncover my biceps and said, "What am I supposed to draw here?"

While she was working, Chris rolled up his sleeve, too, then took out a notebook and said, "Give me that bit about 'Argent, a Chevron Gules between Three Roses of the Last' again, James. I'm going to write this up for Ansible and Dave Langford is a stickler for heraldic verisimilitude." He said that, and he said it clearly even though he had been drinking all night.

Chris's escutcheon turned out to be a red shield with a black bar sinister and a squiggle that might have been a small constellation if he hadn't twitched when Jeanne jabbed too hard while doing the stars. Geri came over to ask what was happening and left with her arm decorated with a heraldic toad wearing a helicopter beanie. A queue began to form.

Scott Curtis continued coy and Jeanne admitted to me that decorating bits of different bodies was almost as good as doing a big job on one, but she was growing bored with biceps. She was smiling and she was looking around her with a glint in her eye that suggested this might be a good time for me to withdraw. But before I left for my room, photographs were taken. They showed Jeanne centred in a line of fans who were standing sideways along the bar, their left arms naked to the shoulder, blatantly displaying their decorated biceps.

The caption, I thought, should read, "A Blazon of Arms."

Next morning I had a very long breakfast or, more accurately, a large number of short ones. Every time I left the restaurant somebody going in would ask if I would like to eat with them and I said, "No, but I'll have a coffee and watch." With all the bloodshot eyes and trembling hands present, together with the slurred voices detailing the happenings of the early morning, breakfast, I discovered, could be an interesting spectator sport. But gradually the fans entering the restaurant were coming in for lunch, so I joined them not just to watch, and very soon it was 3 pm and time for the official closing.

It was a nice ceremony but not, for some reason, as sad as the end of a fine convention usually is. When it was over I asked Geri, "What do we do now?" She said, "If we, and I'm not looking at anybody but you, have any sense we will get some rest. Then we meet in my room for drinks at 7.30 and all go out to dinner, after which we party, party, party."

The restaurant had no problems with about twenty of us – the Willis's, both GoHs, several out-of-town fans, and



most of the ReinConation committee – wanting to sit close together, and they gave us a nice, wood-panelled room with matching round tables and an atmosphere that smelled faintly of cooking and woodsmoke, a very effective olfactory appetiser. They served beer in pint glasses – Why is it that fans never take my photo unless I'm drinking beer? – and soft stuff for the drivers. Geri had said that the place did very nice things with their wood-roasted salmon, and they did, but others around me were experimenting and enthusing about other dishes. At one stage I reminded them all that food is just fuel, but they were too nice to actually throw me out.

It was late when we returned semi-comatose from gluttony to the Radisson to find the con suite party in full swing. It turned out to be a very late night, so late that I couldn't find the elevator which had presumably retired for the night. Instead I walked down two floors and found my room where I had left it.

Later that morning after breakfast I returned to find that the party-goers had ended their partying by packing away all the decorations, dishes, and dinosaurs and tidying-up before they left. This was the first time such a thing had happened in my experience, but I was fast losing count of the things that were happening to me for the first time. Shortly afterwards Geri detached me reluctantly from the hotel, which was filling up with people in respectable dark suits, for the move to Toad Hall.

–James White



# Northwest Adventure

by Jeanne Mealy

We didn't always have grandiose travel plans when invited to my brother's wedding. Just getting out to Portland, OR, would be enough of a financial challenge (we didn't realize that John would be unemployed, either), even with getting very inexpensive airline passes from my brother at America West. And then I got notes from ANZAPAmates Janice Murray in Seattle, Weller from out east, and Jean Weber from Australia: "Come to WesterCon in Vancouver. We'd love to see you there." I wasn't seriously tempted until the wedding date was finally set: the weekend before WesterCon!

I couldn't pass it up, and persuaded John that he should travel with me after the wedding. We sent for tourist info and made many preparations (where to stay, deciding what to wear, arranging for a house and cat sitter, packing, house cleaning, etc.). At long last (and suddenly), we were off!

## *Portland Bound: Thursday, June 27*

We were using stand-by airline passes and understood that we might get bumped in favor of people with a higher priority – paying passengers, other America West folks, etc. The first such bump occurred with our 3:25 p.m. flight to Portland on a steamy, hot day. We were waiting at the airport, some luggage checked through, and were told to return at 11:00 p.m. for a chance at the next available flight. Uh, OK. Since it was so unbearably hot at home, we grabbed quick sandwiches at Burger King and went to see "The Rocketeer." It was a far better way to maintain our sanity. I nearly went over the back of my seat when the giant German blimp appeared. It was HUGE!

After the movie, we went home and cleaned up a few more things. We got a ride back to the airport later with a friend of John's. We scrounged something to eat – not much open at 10:00 p.m.! We did get on this flight, whew. I read through guidebooks, John kind've rested. The two people behind us coughed, talked and noisily shuffled cards the whole way. I got tired and irritated, and was extremely grateful to John for loaning me some earplugs so I could curl up in the two seats in our row and do a little resting myself.

We got in to Las Vegas about 1:00 a.m. (two hour time difference) and had to wait for another plane going to Portland. A layover in Las Vegas or Phoenix was part of the ticket deal – AND we weren't assured of getting on the second leg! We tried a few slot machines, looked through the gift shop, and waited for the chance to board. After about 45 minutes, it seemed that everyone else was getting on and they hadn't waved us forward. We were sleepy and crabby and didn't need this stress. We did get on, but didn't sit together for the two-hour flight. That was OK. We

arrived in Portland about 4:00 a.m. A cab arrived after we'd waited awhile for the airport shuttle and the driver offered us a deal. We took him up on it and got in about 6:00. My mom was wired, worried, and quite relieved to see us. My sister Terri also got up to say hi. It felt very, very good to finally get to bed!

## *Portland: Friday, June 28*

We were up at 1:00 and dragging. Neither of us felt well, and John had caught a cold. My mom and sister were out. We explored the suite: two bedrooms, each with its own bathroom/shower, one upstairs and one downstairs. A full-size kitchen with all the appliances (including a microwave). A small living room with TV, fireplace, and seating. Pretty nice!

We headed over to the Lloyd Center a few blocks away for lunch and to buy the wedding gift. It's a large shopping mall with an ice rink in the middle! A brief rest at the room, then off to the post-rehearsal dinner at the Rheinlander, a German restaurant with good food and talented waiters and waitresses who performed on the accordion and other instruments with fun and corny songs. I had a mild headache, sigh. Back at the Residence Inn, I did some visiting with the family. The usual miscommunications and confusions were going on, so it was nice to finally call it a day. It'd been a long one for us!

## *Portland: Saturday-Sunday, June 29-30*

We had a nice continental breakfast in the hotel lobby – fruit, cereal, muffins, bagels, juice, and more. The weather was the typical Northwest drizzly overcast; we were hoping for better, but prepared to accept it. John and I walked over to the Carousel Courtyard, which had one working carousel, a workshop with windows, and a display of antique carousel animals. A friend of ours loves carousels, so we got a few things for her.

Then, it was off to the wedding and reception at 2:00. Both went pretty well, with lots of pictures and socializing. My mom's brother and his wife were able to attend. As they live in Canada, visits are very few and far between. My mom was delighted to spend time with her brother, who's very sweet and energetic. He sang at the wedding, played a few songs on the piano at the reception, and danced some showy dances with my mom. (They had learned together years ago.) We hadn't seen her this happy in years!

I'll hit the highlights: John and I rested when we could, visited when we needed to, and took lots of aspirin and Sudafed. Ibuprophen took care of my headache, yay!

After my mom and sister went to bed, John and I were able to spend a few hours by the fireplace reading and talking. It was a mellow break that we badly needed.



On Sunday, there was a brunch for the family at Chris and Diane's place that was crowded but fun. They opened gifts afterward. By early afternoon, most people were returning home. We made arrangements to use one of the rental cars for a few days. We figured we'd see the folks still there that night, so we headed off to see some scenery. After wrong turns and delays, we found incredible views of the Columbia River Gorge and beautiful waterfalls. Pine trees by the MILLIONS, too! At Vista House, a stone building sitting on a scenic overlook, there were several ultralights above us. Oooooohh!

Back in Portland, we stopped to see Debbie Cross and Paul Wrigley at Wrigley-Cross Books. We loudly admired its airy, nice-looking set-up, then went off for supper at the Takahashi. Debbie said it was funky Japanese place – and she was right. Decorations of many types were everywhere, hanging from the walls and ceiling. The food was OK (I'm not a big fan of it), but I was mostly there for the company. We had such a good time, I forgot that we hadn't stopped by the Marriott Residence Inn to say goodbye! As it was getting late, I left a message at the desk, figuring that'd be better than nothing.

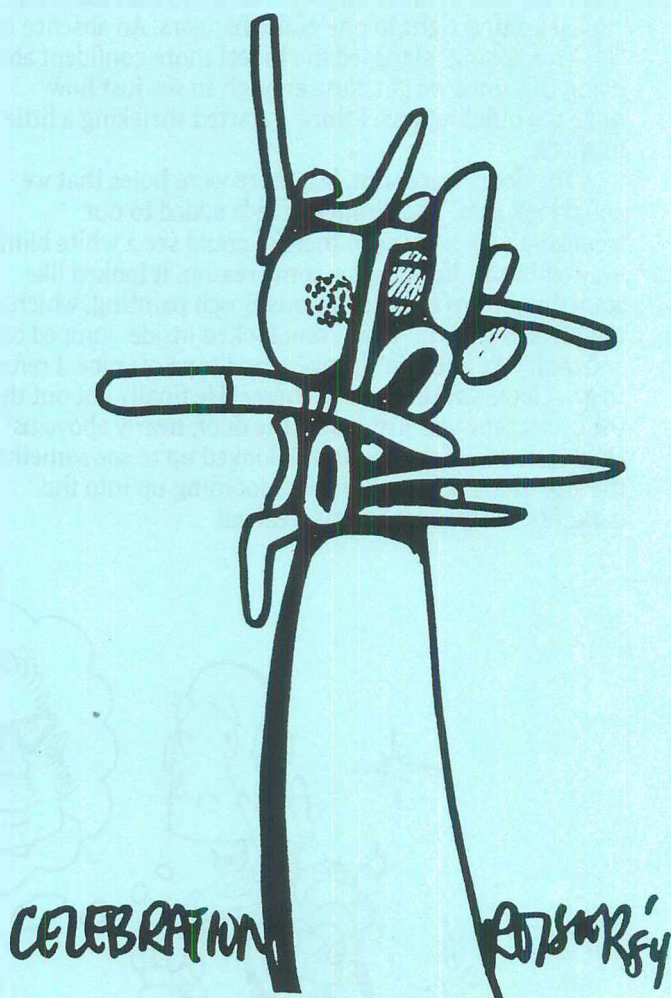
We got in rather late to Kim and Jim's place. Kim welcomed us, showed us around briefly, and headed back to bed with our blessings. She's the daughter of my mom's oldest friend, someone I hadn't seen in years and didn't really know. Offering us crash space was quite a friendly gesture.

#### *Portland: Monday, July 1*

We were both feeling better. The weather had improved too: for the rest of our trip, it was beautiful, sunny and pleasantly warm! We headed downtown with various things in mind. First, we found the statue used in the "Expose Yourself to Art" poster. We took some photos, hammed it up a bit, and kept chuckling about how the guy who posed in the poster is now the mayor.

At noon, we went to Pioneer Courthouse Square to see the weather machine do its thing. Part of it rotated as a fanfare sounded and steam shot out. A heron statue on top folded down into the ball at the top and other shapes took turns showing themselves: a sun, a sea serpent(?), etc. It's definitely unique. We also enjoyed the signpost indicating distances to places all over the world – and in Portland. Then we went for lunch.

We stopped at AAA to make rental car arrangements for another leg of our trip and headed west for Tillamook, on the coast. A TV special earlier in the year on Nova had mentioned blimp hangars at Tillamook where experimental designs were being developed. One was called a cyclocrane and was intended to help with logging on mountains. Sounded like a pretty neat thing, so we drove two hours (past more millions of pine trees) to see it. We found the visitor's center across from the Tillamook County Creamery Association building – the other thing we'd wanted to check out! We nervously walked into the visitor's center, unsure of the reception we'd get. ("Blimp hangars? Ha, ha, ha! Yeah, right. Oh, they're around here somewhere – why do you want to see them?") I found sketches of the



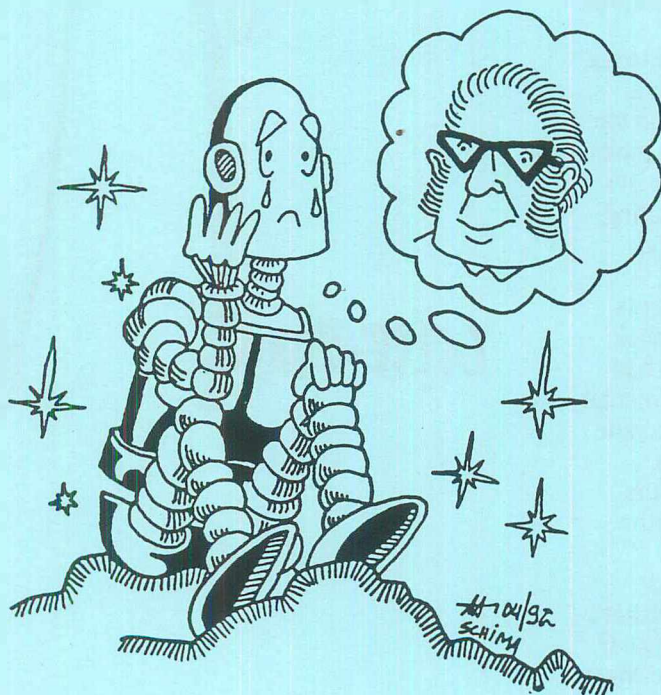


cyclocrane on a map – with BLIMP HANGARS lettered next to it! We were reassured when the friendly person at the front desk gave us some xeroxed articles on the blimp hangars and said they were just down the road a little. Oh, boy!

First, we stopped to check out the ice cream – and got lost wandering through the gift shop. We bought fudge, flavored butters, cheese, and – yes, ice cream. It stood up to its reputation for excellence!

Onward to the blimp hangars. "There! Those things that look like barns, or sheds . . . OH MY GOD, THEY'RE REALLY BIG!" This was still at a distance, from the highway. We drove onto a small road and pulled up at an official-looking stop point. John was convinced that we shouldn't go any further – how public WAS this place? – and I was just as convinced that I was going to get right up there. We drove a little further and found that the road curved around right to one of the hangars. An absence of "No Trespassing" signs led me to feel more confident about doing this until we got close enough to see just how huge the building was. I think I started shrieking a little in shock.

The doors were shut, but there were holes that we could look into. The dimness inside added to our trepidation – what was in there? I could see a white blimp 'way off in the distance; for some reason, it looked like something from a Hieronymous Bosch painting, which did not settle my mind. Then John looked inside, jumped back and said, "It's in there" in a very odd tone of voice. I refused to even look – WHAT was in there?! He finally got out that the cyclocrane was just inside the door, nearly above us! He'd seen one of the struts and looked up to see something the size of the duplex we live in, looming up into the darkness. No wonder he was freaked!



He recovered, and got the bright idea to put his camera (with ASA 400 film) on the ledge and do an automatic timed exposure. We saw later that he was able to get a better view of the inside of the hangar than we'd seen!

We walked around the hangar, looked in at the other end, but were conscious that we were running very late. We didn't try to contact anyone inside – we saw at least one or two people – which is something I still regret.

The blimp hangars were part of the WWII naval air station. Blimps were used to monitor Japanese submarine activity. The buildings are 300' wide, 1100' long, and 195' high: big enough to contain seven football fields. One of the hangars is now a museum. I'd imagine the other hangar is still in use. When we were there it was rented by people refurbishing railroad cars.

We rushed back to Kim and Jim's place, hoping to catch them for dinner – no luck. We visited with them a little when they returned from walking their dog, then dashed out to get supper before "Northern Exposure" was on – an hour later than at home. We had to rush back with the food. Mine was inedible (too many spices) but I wasn't really hungry. It was too late for Kim and Jim to stay up, but they offered to let us watch the TV in the living room. It was exciting to watch the show and know that we'd soon have the chance to see the town it's filmed in (outside Seattle).

We were saddened by the news of Michael Landon's death from cancer that night. He'd looked pretty good – at least for a while.

#### *Portland – Seattle: Tuesday, July 2*

This was a crabby morning, getting packed, finding a place for breakfast, and trying to decide whether we could make it to Mt. Hood or should go see the rose gardens before catching the afternoon train to Seattle. We chose the drive to Mt. Hood, but didn't get there (wrong directions?). A few shots snapped at a scenic overlook, and we were zooming back downtown. LATE, we were LATE! We just made it, with the help of nice folks at Bee Rent-A-Car: they quickly processed the paperwork AND got us a ride to the station! Despite some hair-raising moments, we got our luggage stowed and even found two seats together. Plenty of leg room, beautiful scenery – ahhhh. We were able to settle in and relax, in between sightings of mountains (Mt. Hood, Mt. Rainier) appearing to float on the horizon. We moved once to quieter seats. Ahhh.

As we got into Seattle, we craned out necks for a view – yes, there it was! The Space Needle! It was smaller than I expected, but I still want one. The Minneapolis skyline needs something distinctive like that.

Unfortunately, we'd been unable to contact Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne



Tompkins about catching the later train... they were gracious about the delay. We dropped our luggage off at their place – a nice two-bedroom upper duplex with a deck and bookshelves all over, and Stu Shiffman and Andi Shechter downstairs. We treated Jerry and Suzle to supper at a neat barbecue place that they recommended; yum. They drove us around a little: nice city. Back at their place, I chatted with Janice Murray and Lyn McConchie, worked on travel details, and crashed. (The days were never long enough.)

### *Seattle: Wednesday, July 3*

The weather continued to be very pleasant. We took a bus downtown and went up on the Space Needle. It's BIG up close. The elevator has windows – eeeee! Being up there is disorienting – the barriers tilt outward. After we'd memorized the scenery, we covered the gift shops. I was quite pleased with my souvenir pencil sharpener of the Needle – practical AND a neat reminder. We took the monorail downtown for 60¢ (well worth it) and got off at a shopping center (Gee, you suppose they planned that?) for lunch and window-shopping. Next stop: Avis, for the rental car. We went right for Archie McPhee's, the world-renowned novelty shop with hilarious catalogues. (Readers find themselves agreeing that they MUST have some glow-in-the-dark cockroaches, and maybe a pink flamingo coaster set, and...) I got great photos of plastic bins full of things with antennae, tentacles, and other such parts. And yes, we bought lots of neat stuff. I annoyed everyone for weeks with the buzzing cicada keyring, for instance. Further details happily shared!

Wasn't that enough for one day? Not for us – we headed off for Roslyn, a small town where "Northern Exposure" is filmed when on location. It's one of my favorite shows!! Ran into the pre-Fourth of July traffic and didn't arrive until about 6:00 p.m.; nearly everything was closed. We sauntered around a bit, trying to be cool. We lost our coolness when we found some actual evidence that the show was filmed here. 'Dr. Joel Fleischman' was lettered on the window, the antlers up on the wall, the dressmaker's form in the window... WOW! We got pictures, had supper, bought t-shirts, and left – grinning like idiots.

On the way back to Seattle, we stopped at Snoqualmie Falls. I was sensitive about being taken for a "Twin Peakes" fan, but we'd heard the falls was worth seeing. Yes, it was! We were quite impressed. Mist drifted some distance from the roaring water, the ground trembled from its powerful thundering, and we were able to see rainbows at certain angles. Ooooooh!

Once back in Seattle, we visited with Janice Murray and Lyn McConchie

– fans from Seattle and New Zealand, respectively. Another long, fun day!

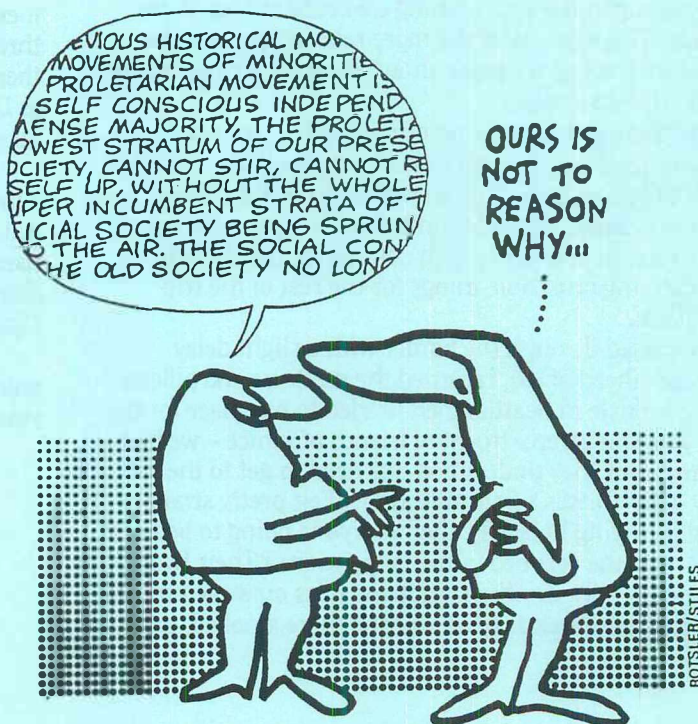
### *Seattle: Thursday, July 4 - 7*

We packed the rental car, then drove downtown for the Underground Seattle Tour. It was fascinating, musty, and nothing like the scenes shown in the "Night Strangler" movie. We had an OK lunch at the Merchant Cafe, allegedly Seattle's oldest restaurant, and bought some neat Rocketeer souvenirs at The Trendy Gift and Card Shop. We stopped at the Funplex (mostly video games) and did some errands. A quick stop back at Jerry & Suzle's for a mattress and pillows, then off to Vancouver for Westercon!

No problem crossing the border. We shared a dorm quad at the University of British Columbia with other fans. The view from the tenth floor was tremendous, looking out over a bay and pine trees. The quad included six bedrooms (each with closet and desk), a large bathroom and shower, kitchen and dining area. (No cooking/eating/clean-up supplies were provided.) Our quadmates included several of my ANZAPAmates, one of the incentives to attend the con. (We did a one-shot on Jean Weber's laptop computer for the apa. I did my contribution about 3:00 a.m. and am amazed it's even remotely readable. We'd been party-hopping and I was getting tired.) Between getting settled, visiting with people, picking up 'essentials' and having supper, we didn't get to bed until about 3:00 a.m. that first night.

The programming was easily accessible in several buildings around the dorm. I spent time here and there with other friends and apamates. Nothing much appealed in either the art show or huckster area; I did get one of the deodorant crystals, which worked great.

I enjoyed several panels: "The Sex Life of Godzilla."





"Alien Sex Toys," a fanzine panel or two, film special effects and previews, and hearing Spider and Jeanne Robinson discussing collaborations and doing readings. They mentioned that Steel Beach is coming soon from John Varley, and Starmind and Lady Slings the Blues are coming from them. Oh boy!

One evening we went in the dorm basement to locate the laundry and walked in on a couple making use, shall we say, of the seclusion... we were all embarrassed. John and I said, "Sorry!" and left quickly – then laughed and laughed back upstairs. The next morning, John and I were doing laundry and he began getting inspired by memories from the night before. There weren't many people coming in, but I vetoed the idea. We went up to our room afterward and... worked off some steam... I then went to the Alien Sex Toys panel!

Keeping busy at the con, we didn't have much time for sightseeing. We got out to Stanley Park briefly, and downtown to Gas Town to see the steam clock and have supper with other fans (including a Gene and John!). We stopped in at Joe Forte's, a good restaurant downtown, to see a cousin of mine I'd never met. He's a head chef there. (We didn't get anything to eat through we probably could have – I felt shy about it.)

#### *Seattle: Sunday, July 7*

End of the con. Waaahh! We took a few more pictures and said goodbye. John and I were heading to Grouse Mountain, just north of Vancouver. A big ship fire was sending immense clouds of dark smoke through downtown. Once at the mountain, we took a cable car part of the way up and a chairlift the rest of the way. The view was breathtaking! Helicopters were giving rides, we saw a deer, and a hang glider took off next to us from a platform. Ooooooh! We joined a bunch of other tourists sitting on rocks soaking in the sun, wishing we could stay up there for hours. This was one of the more relaxing parts of the trip. Before leaving, we made snowballs from a small pile of snow on the shady side.

And then we had to be on our way. First: supper. I had some good fish; though I'm not a seafood fan, I had to have SOMETHING in an area known for fresh fish. Then to a grocery store, where I found a box of summer-shapes Teddy Grahams and Oreos with colored fillings. DUMB idea – carrying crushable things for the rest of the trip was difficult.

We passed through the border with a slight delay (eight cars ahead of us), returned the mattress and pillows to Jerry & Suzle in Seattle, then headed to our place for the night. This was an apartment of friends of Janice – we had never met, but they understood our need to get to the airport early. (It was a half-mile away.) Felt pretty strange getting in, saying hi briefly, then everyone going to bed. (We were on the sofa bed in the living room.) Their two cats were friendly, in which made me miss ours even more. The place was rather dirty – someone there smoked, too. Ah, well.

Next morning, we signed up early for the noon flight and had breakfast while waiting. We went through the sickenly-familiar tense wait at the gate a few hours later... Nope, bumped. No rental car anymore, so my friend Janice brought us back to her place while we figured out whether to wait for the 10:00 p.m. flight or what. We did something desperate, based on the advice of the America West counter clerk: took Greyhound down to Portland, where we had an excellent chance of getting a flight! The bus trip turned out to be another pleasant experience – we got seats together on the shady side of the bus, and spent three hours relaxing. Even got snacks at one stop! Someone behind us sang Beatles songs softly – and well. Ahhhh. I finished reading the book of Donald Westlake's SF crime stories.

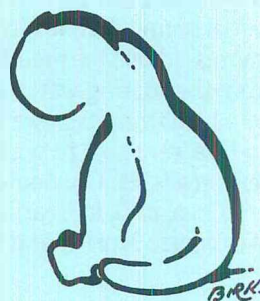
Once in Portland, we contacted my brother – back from his honeymoon. He picked us up from the bus station, zipped us out to the airport to sign in for THAT flight, then back to his and Diane's place to talk and have supper. They'd honeymooned with their two large dogs at a cabin near Crater Lake, and had some amusing stories to tell. We got on the flight all right, yay! On to Las Vegas, where we had to switch planes (and chew fingernails). Those red-eye flights are hard. We got seats together on the Vegas – Minneapolis leg, yay! We were pretty tired puppies.

Got to Minneapolis at 6:30 a.m. and retrieved our baggage from safe storage. One of my bags was ripped!! The contents were OK, whew. Once the clerk found out we were using a buddy pass, he made it clear the airline had NO liability. Gee, thanks. It was uncomfortably warm and humid outside. bleah. The cats were happy to see us, and vice versa. After some unpacking and quiet screaming at the stack of mail/newspapers awaiting us, we hit the hay from 9:00-5:30. I felt better, and SO HAPPY I didn't have to worry about where we'd be next or how we'd get there!

The buddy passes helped us get around very inexpensively, but I'll loan John the money rather than go through what we did again. (It's not always that bad, but there are no guarantees how each trip will work out.) And as Dorothy said, there's no place like home. Sometimes it takes getting away to truly appreciate what we have.

Just for the record: We stayed in five places from June 27 – July 8. As for restaging "Planes, Trains and Automobiles," I made a list of the transportation that we used: *feet, moving sidewalk, cars (rental, friends', taxis), floating bridge, train, bus, planes, monorail, elevator (Space Needle), gondola and chair lift (Grouse Mountain).*

Yeah, this is pushing it a bit. So did we! Hope you enjoyed reading all this. Feel encouraged to write in about your travels.





# Winnipeg Folkies On The Loose

by Victor Raymond

## Travelling There...

"What did she say?"

"Hmm?"

"I thought she said, 'stay on the left and avoid the car disintegrators'!"

— on Ontario Hwy 11/17 outside Thunder Bay

Getting to the Winnipeg Folk Festival was going to be half the fun, at least, that's what Lynn and I had decided. We made arrangements to take Erik Baker with us in our Ford Festiva, making three of us in a car smaller than your average shoebox. His mother, Karen Cooper, was unable to take Erik, his sister, and Bruce Schneier in her car, so the "space" in the Festiva was found to fit Erik in.

So there we were, three folkies on our way to Thunder Bay. What was that? You say the Winnipeg Folk Festival is in Manitoba? Well, you're right. But we had been planning to take a little vacation before winding up at Bird's Hill Park, up through Duluth, along the North Shore and stopping at Kakabeka Falls. We saw Old Fort William, where Erik decided he'd rather be a performer than a visitor, as well as kilometer upon kilometer of the Northern Ontario Shield, where the road construction crews were often the only people we saw.

Coming back, we made good time down the Lord Selkirk highway, stopping only briefly at the duty-free before hooking up with I-29 to Fargo, and I-94 back to the Twin Cities. That was fairly uneventful, in comparison with the trip to Winnipeg.

The roads, once we were outside Thunder Bay, were two lane highways that had "towns" spaced about every 50 miles. I put quotes around them because of the fact that two houses together in a 500-meter area qualifies as a town. We were not sure what to make of the note on the billboard that said that Ignace was a "full-service community" until we got there and found out that it meant there was a gas station, a grocery store and a couple of restaurants, along with everything else.

The scenery was fantastic. Vast stretches of bog, pine forest and rocky outcroppings made for the sort of land that was beautiful to see but not want to have your car break down in. The most interesting moment came when a very sudden hailstorm took us by surprise and hammered down on the car for at least ten minutes. Visibility was zero (and I mean, zero), and Lynn wanted to pull off the road if there was a shoulder. As that last point was in some doubt, we crept along at 5 mph until the hail let up.

The parks were very nice, both in Ontario and in Manitoba. Kakabeka Falls were mind-blowing in their grandeur – they made Minnehaha Falls look pretty small in comparison. Dwarfed by Nature's roar, I played my Highland pipes over the gorge into which the water dropped. Outside Dryden, about midway between Thunder Bay and Winnipeg, we stopped at a provincial park to stay for the night. Despite the rain, we managed to put up our tent and eat some food but the mosquitoes were AWFUL! I had 75 bites before I was able to zip up my sleeping bag and make it harder for the little monsters to reach my bloodstream.

Finally, the drive through eastern Manitoba was almost a let-down after the rocky Canadian Shield. The prairie stretched out before us, just as it would've in North Dakota, and we decided to make good time to Birds' Hill Provincial Park, where the Festival was going to be.

## The Music:

"Well, I can see that he's got about three hands and a forty-eight string guitar..."

—Ani diFranco about Richard Thompson

This is where description is most apt to fail. I am a piper, bagpipes being the closest thing to a musical instrument that I play. As a result, I'm always going off to listen to the British Isles stuff more than my fellow campers, and this year at Winnipeg was no exception.

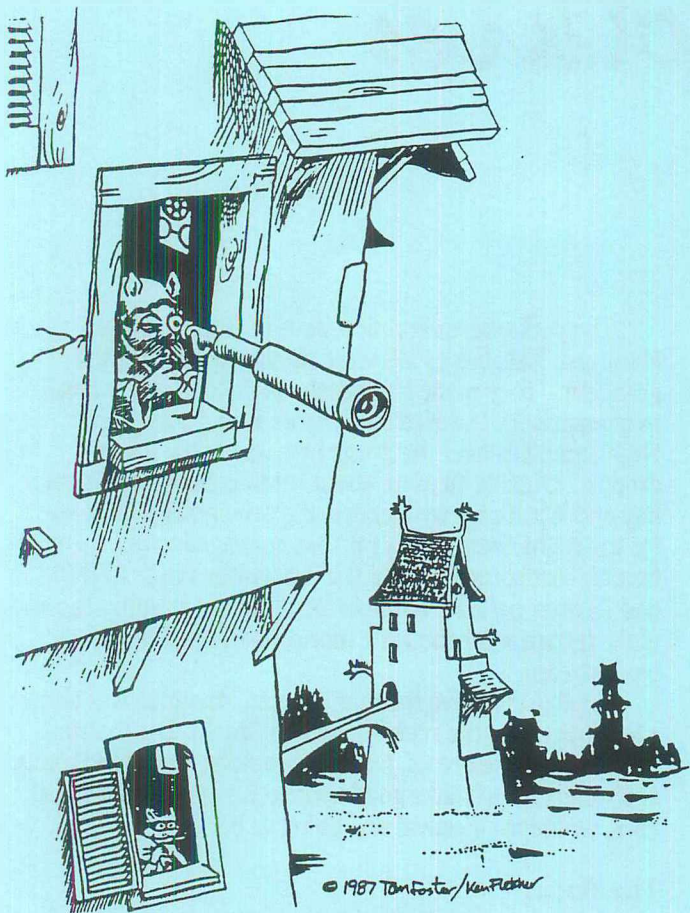
## A few quick reviews:

*The Sundogs:* Lorraine was totally enamored of the Sundogs, a Cajun/rock group from all over. But even with their high energy playing that got everybody dancing, I always wondered a little how commercial they sounded. But if you like Cajun zydeco on a high-rolling electric fix, these guys can knock you on your butt.

*Moxy Friwious:* What can you say about a group that does Dr. Suess's *Green Eggs and Ham* as a hip-hop rap number? From Toronto, they are fresh, new, and have only one tape out. If they last, they'll be very much worth listening to more.

*Scartaglen:* A great Irish American band from Kansas City and parts south. Their piper, Kirk Lynch, was having some difficulty just before a Saturday concert with his uilleann pipes, and we talked shop while he worked. I wish I had more time to listen to them, but they were not by any means just "bar Irish" – their music was pure and smooth and very, very Celtic.





**James Keelaghan:** Emma Bull and I had to agree about Mr. Keelaghan – he's not another Stan Rogers, despite the hype. Still, he's got a marvelous voice, and when he's doing other people's stuff, he is great to listen to. But his own music isn't any great shakes, and he seems to have difficulty focusing on what he wants to do. Watch and see.

**Tuva Ensemble:** "Throat singing" is about as good a description for what they do as you might find, but it does them little justice. Tuva is a little republic in the far hinterlands of Asia, just around the corner from Temujin's five-and-dime. Their most recent visitor was the Dalai Lama, and the former Communists there who were still in control didn't have the foggiest idea of what to do with him. The ensemble, on the other hand, seemed to know just what to do with the Winnipeg crowd. Five guys, dressed in "native costume" (hey, maybe it really was), did a wonderful variation on a human bagpipe; they established a low drone deep in their throats, and then began a melody several octaves higher. Weird and wonderful.

**Richard Thompson:** Hey, he took over the stage all by himself, and Steve Brust only wondered where the back-up band was half-hour into his set. His mainstage show was the last we saw, figuring that we'd ascended to heaven, and didn't need to go back. On Thursday, his workshop with Ani di Franco, Stephen Fearing, Pierce Pettis, Connie Kaldor, and Greg Brown was the hit of the day. Greg Brown and Richard Thompson kept getting wrapped up in each other's playing, and Pierce Pettis said he was going back home to tell his friends he was honored to have been on the same stage with the two of them. If you can find Thompson's newest releases, do not let them out of your sight; buy them quick.

But all of these capsule reviews don't do justice to the Winnipeg Folk Festival. Held at Bird's Hill Provincial Park just NE of Winnipeg, the Festival is a mecca for folk music fans from all over the center (or centre, if you're Canadian) of the continent. The site is vaguely reminiscent of several Renaissance Festivals – a large field that gets used for parking, a gate area that funnels everybody towards the music and takes their money, and then the music area itself; several open glens and fields, roughly divided into stage areas, with a large field set aside for the main stage.

During the day, people get to wander from workshop to workshop, each lasting anywhere from half an hour to an hour and a half. There's a break around 5 or 6 P.M. for dinner, and then the main stage acts begin at 7 or 8. The set-up is very much like being at a science fiction convention with a lot of good programming; you often have to decide between two or more items you want to see but are happening concurrently.

At the Festival this year, it seemed as though Thursday night's main stage show was very good, with the Friday workshops being very well attended. Friday night, however, was not as good as the night previous, so we all looked forward to Saturday, which turned out well. But on Sunday, we may have missed a bet, as many of the Minneapolis contingent decided to not see the last Main Stage show. Even so, having the opportunity to sit under the bright stars of the Manitoba summer sky and make music was heaven enough.

### The Food:

"The Decadent Chocolate Chip cookies are missing!"

"Oh?"

"And the Jersey Milk Chocolate bar!"

"Chocolate weevils!"

*—The author and John Ladwig  
in the middle of camp*

Having good food values was something of a tradition within The Village, our camp circle. I mean, sitting down to tea the afternoon we arrived and having hors d'oeuvres served within minutes was considered nothing tremendously remarkable. Nor was the regularly excellent food at mealtimes, ranging from a delicious Italian seafood pasta something to the scrambled eggs and pancakes with maple syrup (or sirop, if you're a Quebecois). In the latter case I



discovered, however, that my fellow campers did not like me engaging in a dramatic rendition of the French adcopy on the back of a box of Aunt Jemima pancake mix while I was cooking.

Basically, at the Festival, you've got two choices: you can either make your own food at camp, which for us was always a treat, or you can buy in on the Festival grounds. Usually there are anywhere from twenty to thirty food vendors, most of whom put Renaissance Festival fare to shame – there's not a turkey leg in sight. You've got everything from excellent Thai to Whale's Tails, frothy fruit blends to fish and chips, and I wanted to try them all. The only sticking point to this was that it would've cost a lot of money. Items tended to start at \$2 Canadian and went up from there.

Still, though, you have nothing to fear from the quality of food available at the Festival. From what I could see, the vendors went out of their way to ensure that it was fresh, hot and well-made.

#### The campground and our fellow campers:

"Is that Lorraine, or is it a firefly?"

"It's Lorraine; fireflies are green."

*—campmembers trying to  
identify people in the dark*

"Is someone burning bagpipes, just to sit around and watch?"

"If no-one's burning bagpipes, who's been drinking all my scotch?"

*—Steve Brust*

The Festival had a separate campground set aside for its attendees, which worked out fairly well. Besides the police occasionally breaking up raucous parties, it was usually pretty quiet, calm and collected. We had two main cantonments, the Village and Baggiecon. I won't attempt to

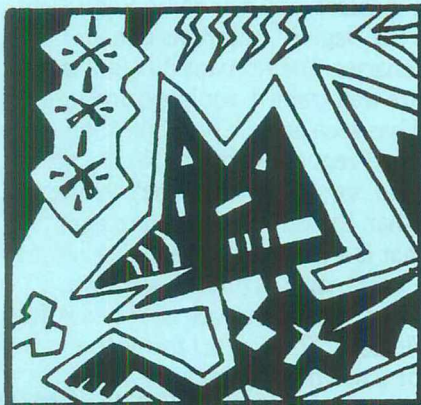
describe the full range of Baggiecon, save to say that together with the Village, the number of Twin Cities folkies was close to sixty people.

The biggest advantage of camping together with friends is economies of scale. You don't have to do everything yourself; you can get your friends to help you. And that made the whole business of camping much simpler. The biggest drawback, as we found out, was that you can end up socializing more than listening to good music. As a result, we swore a blood oath to keep our socializing to a minimum during the workshop and main stage hours.

As for our fellow campers, there were a lot of them. Some of them were very neat, like the people who came over to join our music circles late at night. Some of them were not, like the guys who insisted on blaring rock music from their stereos at unpleasant hours of the day and night. Me? I just tried to practice my piping every morning, but I never piped in the dawn. Maybe next year.

The RCMP and Manitoba Provincial Police had an interesting way of identifying problems and problem people; they used starlight scopes and IR goggles to find out where the trouble was and then moved in like lightning to bust up the trouble. It sounds a little intense, but it did not involve cop cars with flashing lights cruising through all the time, and that was a comfort. We wondered at first if we would get told to shut down our music circle, but relaxed when we realized that the cops would come over just to listen to our music when they were not doing other stuff.

So if next year, you come to the Festival and are camping out, wander over to the circle of tents with the sky-blue flag waving in the breeze and say, "hello." We just might have some hors d'oeuvres we could share with you.



"4-Foots" Shaman-animal



"4-Foots" Nature-fakir



"4-Foots" existential angstimal



# BOOK REVIEWS

by Rick Gellman

"Some people play a role in public for so long that they become their image and lose themselves. They stop noticing that they've gotten confused and may not notice till it's caused a problem." –from *Doctor Knowledge's Handbook of Stuff You Should Know*, a work-in-progress by Rick Gellman.

(Rick has been known to perform in comedy clubs under the stage name of "Doctor Knowledge." –ed)

## Rick's New Rating System:

I've come out with some new awards to replace the cheesecake awards. (These were for food, not females.) I've come up with 2 scales for rating books. There are the "Uncle Rick's Entertainment Scale" and the "Dr. Knowledge's Worth Reading Scale." The first measures fun, enjoyment. The second: can you learn something, think about something, get a new insight, appreciate the author's cleverness or inventiveness.

They both run from 0 (worthless) through 5 (average) to 10 (outstanding). Please let *Rune* know how well they work for you.

*The Videssos Cycle* by Harry Turtledove, Ballantine/Del Rey Books.

I hadn't read Harry Turtledove before. This four (4) book series has made a convert out of me. I've added him to the list of new (to me) writers whose books I'll look for. This is excellent entertainment. This is not super spectacular, a star is born, a new master of the genre emerges stuff. It is solid writing, good storytelling, interesting situations and characters, better than averagely crafted, holds-your-interest reading enjoyment. My only complaint is that after 4 books, over 1200 pages – I wanted more and there wasn't any. It doesn't exist.

The four volumes of the Videssos Cycle are: 1. *The Misplaced Legion*, 2. *An Emperor for the Legion*, 3. *The Legion of Videssos*, and 4. *Swords of the Legion*. Published in the mid-80's and still in print.

The "Legion" of the titles is a Roman one. One of Gaius Julius Caesar in fact. A note for purists. There is no "Legion." There are, at the start, three cohorts of Caesar's legion, on a scouting mission, in Gaul. They are supposed to connect up with the rest of the legion. I don't remember offhand but weren't there ten cohorts to a legion? This was a scouting party in force. Just letting you know the titles are inaccurate. I hope the exactists, of which I am frequently one, will be forgiving and read this series anyway. Assuming you're otherwise disposed to do so.

Look at it from the publisher's point of view. The author's too in that he, as well as the publisher, has a financial stake in how well his books sell. My gut feeling is "legion" has more sales appeal than "cohort". What grabs you more, *The Misplaced Legion*, or *The Misplaced Three Cohorts*, or *The Misplaced Three Cohorts of a Legion*? Me too. Give 'em a break.

The premise is that the three cohorts encounter a party of Gauls and it's going to be a bruiser of a battle. The sides are too well matched. The Gaulish leader, Viridovix, challenges the Roman tribune, Marcus Asmilius Scaurus to a duel to decide who captures who without a lot of bloodshed. Marcujs agrees. Both Viridovix and he have Druid blades. Gaius Phillipus, his senior centurion, and all the other Roman soldiers, have regulation issue gladia, the Roman short swords. Marcus having acquired the longer heavier druidic sword uses it instead since it is more to his liking – and he doesn't have to fight in the ranks. When Roman and Gaul cross swords there is generated a dome of light that surrounds them and the cohorts, but not the other Gauls who were further away. Yes, the blades are inscribed with runes and are magical. Suddenly they are transported to another world, the world of the Empire of Videssos. This is an empire in decline at about the same level of technology and culture as Rome, but where magic works for a few.

Afraid to cross swords again as a way of getting back because they don't know what will happen, the lone Gaul (a Celt), the Romans, and their Greek doctor, Gorgidas, have to make a life for themselves in their new world. Viridovix joins the Romans as an irregular – they're the closed thing to home he's got.

Having landed in Videssos, and having no Rome to be loyal to, Marcus hires the "legion" out to the emperor, or "Avtokrator," as mercenaries. The Romans do quite well in various battles, they are well trained, equipped and lead. Nobody on this world has seen anyone fight like them. Calvary holds sway here. Frequently they are in the right place at the right time to, say, foil an assassination attempt.

Marcus meets Avshar, the very competent major villain, early on. Avashar is a warrior-sorcerer, excellent at both, even though he uses magic at times to win with a sword. He is helping Yeyd, the nation west of Videssos, in its drive to conquer Videssos. The conflict forms the background and major tension in the cycle.

There's other fighting and rivalries as well. Also romances, various customs, religions, colorful characters, various terrains, and relationships to flesh matters out. Lots of action. Lots of reflection. Something for everyone.



A drama tonight. (ref: *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way To The Forum*. Go rent the movie.) I have obviously left out immense quantities of detail.

The characters, and a great many there are too (I wish he had included pages of a cast of characters so I could keep all of the minor players straight) are real but not overly detailed and realized. Some of them are more stereotypes than individual personalities, but it works.

Very highly recommended.

*Uncle Rick's Entertainment Scale: 8.75*

*Dr. Knowledge's Worth Reading Scale: 7.50*

*Strings* by Dave Duncan, Ballantine Books/Del Rey Books, 1989.

This is the third book of Duncan's I've read. I read his first two, *A Rose-Red City* and *Shadow*, and this his latest, or one of his latest. He was good to start with and he may be getting better. I'm trying to remember. This may move a little better. *Shadow* moved better than "City." They are all good stories well told with interesting settings, characters, dialog, and situations. Thoughtful action adventure. Duncan has become one of that group of writers I've started reading in the last few years who's books I look for because I think I'll enjoy them. I'm usually right.

His is an unencumbered straight-forward style with occasional flashes of interesting word use. "With wheels drumming on rows of rivets, the golfies raced across the steel prairie of the floor..." (p. 256). While the style is straight-forward and the story linear (assets to me in action adventure), the plot is not. The politics, the world, and the characters become increasingly more complex as the story progresses.

I mention these things to help you decide if you might want to read, and perhaps own, a copy of this book. I am exposing my prejudices and preferences; match them against your own. If you're not interested in science fiction (no fantasy in this), or action adventure, look elsewhere. If you want something philosophical, or epic, or poetic, or flashy...avoid this. If upon contemplation of your reading mood you're ready for a good solid interesting SF adventure, keep this book in mind – and check out the next paragraph, where I'll tell you something about the story.

It's 2050. Earth is a mess. The temperature is too high. Too much radiation. Over population is severe. Resources are diminishing. Ecological contamination increasing. There's a bad moon on the rise. (Thanks, Credence.)

Earth needs an out. It may have found one.

A dying U.N.-sponsored institute controls access to other planets through dimensional gates. Step off Earth, step

onto another planet temporarily connecting them via a cosmic "string." If the string breaks you're stranded. No starships here. No trucks or star riggers à la de Chancie either. This is the early exploratory stage. They use SKIVs. (Self Contained Investigatory Vehicles.) The rich and the powerful also use "organages" (I love the term, why didn't I think of it?) where they illegally raise clones – oops, excuse me, COCs (Cultured Organ Complexes) for harvesting when they need spare body parts. Not all the kids are clones. Some are there for protection. This is a future where some of the very powerful have bodyguards ("bulls") who sometimes wear what amounts to one person tank combat suits. Competition for jobs is so tough that even the bulls have PhDs. Yes, a dangerous, rough future.

Nineteen year old Cedric, a gangly hick, is on his first trip into the world to join his grandmother who runs the institute that controls planetary exploration. He meets Alya, a beautiful princess (no, really – her being a beautiful princess is important to the plot...honest!) with an intuitive talent.

Duncan takes his time setting things up. The real action doesn't start until page 16. It isn't non-stop. There is lots of info that has to come out.

Cedric doesn't know what his iron-willed maybe good/maybe bad (maybe both) grandmother wants with him. She wants Alya with her genetically bred intuitive survival sense (developed to help the royal family of her country survive assassination attempts, natural disasters, etc.) to pick a planet to colonize. Newscasters want to scoop each other and expose the goods on the institute. A





group of politicians wants to sink the U.N., the institute, and Cedric's hated grandmama. So do other groups, such as BEST (Brotherhood of Engineers, Scientists, and Technicians). And, of course, various people want power, the leader of BEST among them.

The institute publicly maintains that in 30 years of large expenditures of money no first class earth-like worlds have been found. Secretly they've been settling groups of refugees all along. A number of members of Alaya's family have previously colonized planets.

Cedric is thrown into a sink or swim situation, and for a nineteen year old with no previous experience who comes from a sheltered background, he copes well enough to surprise everyone in the story, and maybe too well to be believed. He also falls in love with the princess. Read the rest. Discover the Van Vogtian wheels within wheels revelations. Hang on for the ride.

When I say this is thoughtful action adventure, I mean that in two senses. First, Duncan is thoughtful in plotting his stories. Some action adventure reads as if the author took another story and made add few changes – names of the characters, where someone was attacked, etc., or pieced together a story from a couple of other stories and invented a few original twists. There are, after all, some stock story lines. I think Zane Grey once said there were only six different Western plots. Less probably for sword and sorcery. Other writers make these standard plots their own by quality of writing, thoughtfulness in how they use language, really original variations in setting, or concepts on the theme, what have you. Duncan has put a lot of thought into a number of aspects to this and the other of his books I've read. This action adventure is different from others. Fortunately he is not alone in this ability, but it is good that he is another writer who does it.

Secondly, he gives the reader something to think about. Here again we are faced with the old question of do the ends justify the means? And, if so, when, and under what conditions? The answer, I sadly conclude, is sometimes yes... and the circumstances of when they do or don't vary. There is no definitive guideline. This is one we must grope our way thru in each new situation.

With that in mind, Alya is not in love with Cedric but her survival sense tells her he's important to her survival so she encourages him, leading him on, knowing he's in love with her and she's faking it, while being ethically disturbed by her actions and wondering what is the right thing to do.

Cedric is called out of an organage, brought to the Institute and given the job of Director of Public Relations (which hadn't previously existed) with no preparation or warning (or experience or staff) and thrown to the wolves media. He doesn't know why, or what, his grandmom is really doing. Even he can tell something is going on other than what she said. Are her maneuverings ultimately altruistic in the sense of helping the world? Is it just a by-product of her lust for power? Does she lust for it or only feel she has no alternative but to wield it? Could she have achieved positive ends by other means? Perhaps the truth – or more of it? It is unfortunately true that some

political situations call for misleading the public. I recommend reading the book and arriving at your own answers if you are so inclined. You can just read it and enjoy the story too. This book is recommended for that as well.

(not rated –ed)

*The Thanatos Syndrome*, by Walker Percy, Farrar, Strauss, Giroux 1987

This is a mainstream novel set in the very near future in an alternate universe. Call it marginal SF. It's an excellent book that you might have missed. It has elements that make it SF, but it reads like a mainstream novel in that it subscribes to mainstream conventions and style rather than those of science fiction.

I place this book as taking place in 1994 or '95. There are a few differences that are unlikely to occur in a few years that suggest an alternate America.

You can really tell it's an alternate universe because the U.S. Supreme Court, in *Doe v. Dade*, decided that legal human life – and civil rights – begins at 18 months! This is based on psychological and physiological determination that around 18 months infants acquire language and until they reach that stage of their development when they have that capability they do not form unique personalities nor self-awareness.

Also, all AIDS patients are quarantined by federal law and housed at "Qualitarian Centers," where the government also performs euthanasia on the elderly, in pain, and on deformed and retarded infants and fetuses.

The narrator, Dr. Thomas More, a psychiatrist, was recently released from serving 2 years at a federal minimum security facility, for unlicensed sale of (minimal doses of) prescription drugs (to help truck drivers stay awake and then fall asleep). His practice was failing and he felt he needed the money. He notices that the behavior of some of his patients, from before his incarceration, and others, is strangely changed. His specialized medical background allows him to notice this and deduce the causes. The story concerns his interactions with people he's known for years. He's a local, born and raised in Feliciana, a section of Louisiana between the Mississippi River and the Perdido. He's accepted as sort of a good 'ol psychiatrist boy. He, with the help of his cousin, Dr. Lucy Lipscomb, MD, turns up a well intentioned, though immoral, plot by government officials acting unofficially, and sets about correcting what he considers unethical behavior, by people in and out of government.

The book gives you ethical questions to think about (which not enough books do), while it entertains you, and somewhat educates you. There's a little history and geography too.

Walker Percy brings his characters, and their area, to life. They live and breathe. They're individual. They're all different.

The book unfolds at a relaxed southern pace. It's kind of a literary Mississippi River analog. I would have preferred a faster pace. But I had decided to reread it anyway, before



it ended. My quirk. It has believable dialog, interesting background and business, and is well written. It is rich in story and character. Highly recommended.

*On Uncle Rick's Entertainment Scale: 8 If it had moved a little faster, maybe 9-9.5 On Dr. Knowledge's Worth Reading Scale: 9.* I was very impressed.

*Captive Planet*, by Gregory J. Smith, Starquest Books, Bethany House Publishers, 6820 Auto Club Rd., Minneapolis, MN 55438, 1986.

There are three reasons I'm reviewing this book. Some of you may be interested in Christian SF. This publisher is a source of it. Since the publisher is Twin Cities based, it might be of local interest. Lastly, for contrast. The other books I reviewed, I liked. This one I didn't care for. So it gives you a better idea of how to compare my tastes and yours. And there's another contrast.

In my review of *Strings* I said some writers don't write thoughtful action adventure because they merely rewrite other stories and change the names of the characters, where someone had a fight, throw in a few twists, etc., instead of thinking up something new. Also, "thoughtful" can mean it gives you something to think about.

*Captive Planet* is *Star Wars* with a few changes. Joseph Campbell, in Bill Moyers' PBS TV series, *The Power of Myth*, said *Star Wars* is the classic tale of good versus evil. Perfect for SF from a Christian perspective. There are counterparts to almost everything in *Star Wars*, except R2D2 and 3CPO. But the spaceport bar is still the spaceport bar, except for no aliens. The stories are different. The plot is the same.

In *Star Wars* terms, the Power and the Source is the Force. The Master is the Emperor. In Christian terms the Power and the Source is God. The Master is Satan. I think "the friend," in a brief appearance, is Jesus.

If the Christian viewpoint is your most important consideration, give it a try. The values, but not the religion, in the story are Christian. I spoke to a person who read it and thought it was great. Loved the story. So if story is what you're looking for, and the quality of writing, or lack of it is irrelevant; you might feel the same way he did. For me, the insertion of Christian values, while taking up little space, was intrusive.

My main problem was that the writing was awkward, stilted, and wooden. This book demonstrates why the advice to writers to "show, don't tell" should be followed. Smith tells, not shows. "I'm sorry," explained Jern with mock contrition, "but we had to capture the palace guard first." (p. 84) "Kurdon's eyes glared icily at Lam from a stony face." (p. 172) As sentences are strung together this effect is magnified. There was nothing original enough in this book to compensate for the poor writing for me.

(not rated -ed)

*Being Red*, A Memoir by Howard Fast, Houghton Mifflin, 1990.

Howard Fast, while not a science fiction writer, made his first sale, a story titled, "The Wrath of the Purple," at

age seventeen to *Amazing Stories*, in 1931, for \$37. I believe he has written some other SF as well.

This book shows that in a sixty year career, he hasn't lost it as a writer.

He has written an entertaining and informative account of his early life. It was tougher than anything we are likely to know. It's a first hand look at what it meant to be poor in the big city before there was a social net... if your family didn't provide one, and of his beginnings as a writer, and the chain of his life's circumstances that propelled him to become a Communist and eventually to join the American Communist Party from 1944 to 1957.

Occasionally Fast sounds a bit self-serving and self-congratulatory. Mostly he's very objective and straightforward. He wonders how his wife put up with him when he was younger and was arrogant and self-righteous. It's easy to see how he got that way being liberal, wanting to make the world a better place, having the same kind of naivety we did in the '60s - and coming from a working class, and working, background. He started work at 10. His mother died when he was 8. He helped put his brother through college. He became a best selling and famous author, at times the only working class intellectual literary figure active in leftist politics.

His writing is unadorned. He tells, simply, a fascinating first person account of history in the early half of this century. I learned lots! So will you. Tidbits like what Eleanor Roosevelt served at the White House during World War II. There's a story about Fast and others trying to save Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, who had been accused of giving atomic bomb secrets to the Soviets, from execution. A politician told them Harry Truman was an honest guy. If you bought him he stayed bought - and because when he was a Senator his price was \$3,000; and when he became Vice President his price was still \$3,000! Who could ask for more? In comparison, at that time, if you had a murder fixed in New York City through Cardinal Spellman's diocese, the cost was \$750. An assault cost \$250 to fix. Except if you were a Commie. It cost \$2,000 to fix it for two trade unionists who got into an altercation with police during the May Day Parade in 1948. How does Fast know these prices? Because the attorney sent to fix it was handed a mimeographed price list of what the diocese charged for various fixes. They didn't bargain.

What Fast makes clear is how people thought and felt about people and events at the time they happened. This is frequently different from how we view it today. History gets distorted by interpretation through mythology according to historian, and historiographer, Michael Kammer (see his newly published *Mystic Chords of Memory*, Knopf.) Fast's book demonstrates this.

If you're interested in history, or would like to know what it was like on the receiving end during the McCarthy era, or what the Communist Party in the U.S. was really like instead of what the government said it was like - creating a mythology, read this book. It's worth reading. I was impressed.

(not rated -ed)



# RUNELOCKS

Edited by Garth Edmond Danielson

## JEANNE MEALY

Now that the deadline for *Rune* 82 is nearly past, I am forcing myself to do some long-overdue comments on the two issues that have come out recently. First, it's great to see them. Fresh editorial blood pounds as the image of *Rune* and Minnstf are renewed in the minds and hearts of fans worldwide! Lotsa work, not near enough egoboo – but hey, fanzine fans have their own twisted ideas of satisfaction, right? Hmmm. Time to get to the real reason I'm writing:

Comments on *Rune* #81: Jeff, thank you for spilling your fannish guts in "Beyond the Twiltone Event Horizon" (neat effects on the title, oooh!) Not only did we get to hear about your past, you slipped in lines such as "Moving to Minneapolis is one of those inevitable fannish things, even if it takes you 20 years." We're mighty glad to have you, however long it took.

The Natteritorial is pure Garth – and I hasten to assure you that it's a Truly Good Thing as anyone can tell from the first two lines: "I'm back. It wasn't like I didn't have anything to do." Neat article on collecting. It dealt with the major points of this hobby (the burning passion to collect, the problems of clutter, the enjoyment of Having Something, how men and women collect different things, etc.). Yep, it's all here, collected in one place – never mind. I have packrat tendencies that are somewhat under control (STOP THE CAR, THERE'S A RUMMAGE SALE!), but John (my Significant Other) is finding it more difficult to handle his habit. Even the cats are getting into the act – I can't find some of their toys ANYwhere.

Rick Gellman's article on collecting was a humorous ramble through the joys and the dark side of being a packrat. I got a little claustrophobic reading about how much STUFF he's accumulated, yeeks. I agree with collecting music to listen to when travelling. Far better to engage the mind and/or spirit than to succumb to the dreaded dial-spinning desperation (Isn't there anything GOOD on?!). And then there's the lure of kitsch, which has snared many a fan. There's potential for a whole 'nother! (Be the first on your block – collect the whole set! Uh, oh...)

It was fun to 'see' Neil Rest and friends show fannish resourcefulness and cooperation in concocting a successful party at the Czech national convention in Prague. "The best party in the history of Slovakia!" is a description to be proud of!

DavE's article on Microprogramming was quite enjoyable. What an image of Pro GoH Ted Sturgeon playing musical chairs before his scheduled reading – winning, and starting to read without missing a beat.

"A Barbarian Guide to House Buying" – another prize winning tale of terror by the remarkably-talented Sue Grandy's! More, more.

ACK! Teddy Harvia's "Mad Science Diet" is wonderful, but I don't dare show it to either of our cats. They have enough bizarre ideas as it is.

A wonderful *Rune*! Thanks, Garth – and everyone else who worked on it.

Comments on *Rune* 82: On the cover: Yikes! For a second I was afraid that Taral's creature was cutting up *Runes* to use for kindling! Not so, whew.

Nice hints on how to comment on an almost-all-cartoon *Rune*, Ken. I also appreciated the short descriptions of several of the contributors ("... born on a large blue world with a lot of ice ..."); where's YOURS?

I admit that a lot of the cartoonists' styles didn't do much for me, and felt bombarded by different styles and scenarios... but then, I'm a simple sort and find it hard to handle many of the current comics and graphic novels. (Well, there's graphic and then there's GRAPHIC – ummm, never mind.) "Guinea Pigs in Space" was amusing – and a blasted cliffhanger! Giovanna, don't DO that to us! I found my eyes popping wide open at Ken Leach's little strip about an explorer of Jupiter discovering that all life forms are not necessarily what they seem. Tom Foster's "Honest Abu's Used Rockets, Spaceships & Missiles" was hilarious – good writing and pictures, oh boy!

*[Sorry your letter didn't get in last issue. I get the mail in separate lumps, a system developed by inertia on my part. This means things tend to get stretched out. This is alright because all the foreigners (except Canada) get their issues about 3-4 months after everyone else.]*

*Thanks for the kind words, I just couldn't pass up a chance for some egoboo. Doing Rune hasn't been the fun pack-o-laffs I had hoped that it would be. Of course my sense of humor has been dull of late.]*

## JAMES M. YOUNG

What a time it's been since I've been here. You know, Moscow isn't so bad, but you really have to get away from it. Frankly, I think I would be a lot happier if I were



working here as a journalist or one of the general laborers we've brought over from the States.

One of the things that's kept me going is starting a band here. We're trying to play rock you can dance to, and our lead singer, an American woman who works for a US-based foundation here, has a sort of Bonnie Raitt-like voice. So we've been doing some of Bonnie Raitt's stuff, plus some various things we've played in bands we've been in at one point or another in the past.

So far, our progress has been slower than I would have hoped because we're all so over-worked, but there are times when we sound damned good. With the exception of our lead singer, everybody in the band works at the Embassy. We've got a nice, warm practice space in the Embassy warehouse, but unfortunately, it means that it's just about impossible to bring Russians to our practice space, and therefore we can't ask any Russians to join. So for now we have a lead guitar, a rhythm guitar player, a drummer and a vocalist, but no bass player. I've a Russian friend who is an excellent bassist, but we just can't ask him to join right now.

I expect we'll have our first gig in January; yes, I'll send a tape of it, don't worry.

Anyway, the situation here can only be described as absurd. When you see some of the pictures I've taken – you'll see what I mean. Maybe the best way to encapsulate it is to tell you about the area around the subway stop nearest to the building I live in. There's a wide sidewalk – maybe 50 feet wide – in front of the subway entrance, and since I arrived, the area has turned into a kiosk mall. The kiosks are the local equivalent of a Seven-Eleven store with occasional import items, although they run the gamut from candy shops to liquor stores as well. There's even a private lottery kiosk, and glowering on the side of the building across the street from the "Lotto" sign on the roof of the kiosk is a huge painting with the words (in Russian), "We are building communism."

Musically, things get to be even more absurd. Basically,

America has taken over all the FM radio bands in Moscow. There's even an alternate-rock program on at night; not quite as current as WHFS in Washington or KJJO in Minneapolis, but not bad. There are even a few putrid attempts to get Russian-language pop hits. One of my fantasies is getting to be an A & R man for Virgin Records or somebody like that and teaching the Russians that there is more to modern rock than The Scorpions and Metallica. Now that would be worth leaving the Foreign Service for!

So, that's it for now, if you see Wesson, tell him "hi" from me. Keep those cards and fanzines coming – or stop by if you're in the neighborhood!

*[Another boy siduced by rock and roll. The letter didn't come directly to Rune but I thought Jim wouldn't mind my cribbing some of it for the letter column. I've been after him to write something about being in Russia in such exciting times. Jim also mentioned his story, Microde City, should be out during the Spring of '93. Look for it in Asimov's.]*

## NEIL REST

I liked what you did discussing Whither Cons. I find that Fred has said most of what I think, on the nose, but there is at least one more factor no one mentioned.

As little as a decade ago, there was one partying community of science fiction readers. Now, there's so much money in the field that the pros are all off making deals and negotiating. I am very happy that so many good people are making a living at it, but the parties will never be the same.

(It might be interesting to try to graph, for the last generation or so, how many people have been making a full-time living writing sf each year...)

*[I think we can have a great time even without the pros. I rarely party with pros and almost always manage to have a great time at conventions. It's an attitudinal thing.]*



Ecological Martyr  
(St. Kinka)



Hollywood Toon (40's)



Cute recombinaunt  
(teen comics)

© 1990 Ken Fletcher



## BRIAN EARL BROWN

I was all set to read and loc bunches of fanzines today, something I haven't done in much too long, only to discover that I don't much feel like it now. Maybe I'm too upset by contract negotiations with the City. They want all workers to take a 10% payout to balance the deficit. In as much as Denice and I never thought we had 10% surplus income this is going to mean some serious belt-tightening – at a time when it will be least convenient – as we expect the arrival of our first child. It could be worse, I know, but this is bad enough.

The cartoon issue of *Rune* was pretty neat and it's the sort of thing where it helps to have a club behind you paying for these things. I liked Taral's cover. The idea of a steam-powered spaceship is wonderfully silly. Bennet's Rocket Rooster page was also fun. I see from the credits that he does this for a living which explains the format and how he brought it off so well. Pity there isn't a Rocket Rooster cartoon show. Artie Bohm's piece just didn't do anything for me. It was just a bit too stylized. Most of the time I couldn't figure out what he was trying to draw. Brad Foster is always nice and Peter Stoller's panel on page 14 was really nice. Stoller drawing actually seemed to wrap it's character around in a 3-D setting, unlike most cartoon efforts which seem to have one flat object in front of another. Steve Stiles' "Alien Among Us" was great – clever writing and great art. He ought to be a pro. Wait a minute – he is a pro, and a darn good one.

Tom Foster's two pages of "Honest Abu's Used Rockets" was a lot of fun 'long about the time I started recognizing some of the rockets. The HMS Monolithic State University is the Pam Am rocket from 2001. The SS Cornpone could be from a number of movies but the basic design was from Werner von Braun's 1940s reuseable rocket designs featured in *Colliers*. The SSNPR Audiowave was the cover for an early issue of *Amazing Stories* but I forgot what story it illustrated. One of the Skylark books I think. The Marie Prevost looks like some kind of children's toy, while the Mauve Skull looks familiar and yet, not at all familiar. The Melhorn is a Martian tripod from the George Pal movie, and the SS Jules Verne looks like it was adapted from the Disney version of *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. I've also seen the Electric Rug on the cover of an old pulp magazine (but I don't recall which) while the SS Phallus Sea looks like one of Buck Rogers' old numbers. The rest are to various degrees unplaceable.

It's starting to rain outside, making my life even more miserable than before.

*[Nice loc for a miserable guy, especially on the cartoon issue. Congrats on the bun in Denice's oven.*

*Big sacrifices are coming. We are and are going to continue to pay dearly for the excesses of our parents and our own baby boomer generation. At least it's not acid rain falling in Detroit. When I was in Winnipeg in October '92 I watched the late news. There was a story about acid rain. I asked if it was common, and was told that the stories run pretty regularly. I rarely see it mentioned here on the news. How about out east?]*

## ROBERT M. SABELLA

Here is a copy of *Gradient* #6 which I hope you are still willing to trade for *Rune*.

Migod, a quadrumvirate of editors! That's actually quite a good idea, since it only burdens each editor with a single issue of *Rune* per year, and if an editor burns out, there are still three others to carry on.

My favorite part of both *Rune* #81 & 82 were the cartoons. The title page of #81 was terrific, as was nearly all the artwork in #82. They were visual treats, throwbacks to the '70s when how fanzines looked was often more important than what they said. Keep up the good work and, please, keep me on your mailing list.

*[Thanks for Gradient 6. We encourage all trades, the club is getting a rather large zine collection, which I hear was recently sorted out. Local fans are encouraged to 'go have a look.'*

*I rather enjoy looking at art and I include cartoons in my art category. It is very large and very encompassing. My lust for art, seamlessly led into a passion for architecture which is really big art, left outside. You can often walk inside the piece.]*

## HARRY ANDRUSCHAK

Thanks for sending *Rune* #83.

"What were YOU doing in 1970, 21 years ago?" I was 26 years old, and an Electronics Technician in the US NAVY. I had just been stationed in London, England at the US NAVY Headquarters. I would be there two years. I had lots of money to spend on British beer, British food, and British women. I did. And lots to see and do in London. I did. Fandom? Who needed something like fandom? Booze! Girls!! and PARTIES!!! Maybe the best two years of my life.

On to the letter column. I hope that Harry Warner, Jr. might consider writing his will so as to have all his fanzines donated to Forry Ackerman. Forry is trying to find a permanent residence for his SF collection. He has quite a few fanzines in that collection, but of course nowhere near all. If Harry Warner, Jr. and other old-time long-term fanzines fans donate their collection to Forry, this might make it possible to have an almost-complete collection in one spot, and to help out, I donate all fanzines I receive (including *Rune*) to Forry. Also, this saves me the problem of trying to find storage space for all those zines I receive.

I am probably in the FIJAGH crowd rather than the FIAWOL crowd. Fandom is not the center of my life. I have other interests, and indulge in them. This may be hikes with the Sierra Club, Royal Scottish Country Dance Society activities, and even some A. A. activities.

Not much else is happening. Now that the race riots and earthquakes are over, we have the usual hoard of summer tourists. Since the weather is also hot, humid, and smoggy, I just stay home a lot. I also enclose a flyer concerning my quest for "Mary Jane" style shoes, just in case any fan in Mn-stf can help me.

*[It's good to have other activities other than just fandom. Seeking a large diverse knowledge base helps a person become and stay an interesting conversationalist,*



something I enjoy. As I often espouse, "The more you know, the more jokes you get."]

### RICK GELLMAN

An all or mostly all cartoon issue was an interesting idea worth doing. For my tastes I found the results uneven. I would have preferred more Kenfletch, but then, I always prefer more Kenfletch. I think an issue heavy with cartoon contributions but also with more writing would be better.

I forgot to mention that I only spotted one cut Garth made in my collecting article. Mike Glicksohn is right; it was overwritten. Partly this was on purpose, I didn't know how much material Garth needed and figured he'd cut to order. Partly this was not writing tightly enough. Since then I've been doing more self-editing.

### HARRY WARNER, JR.

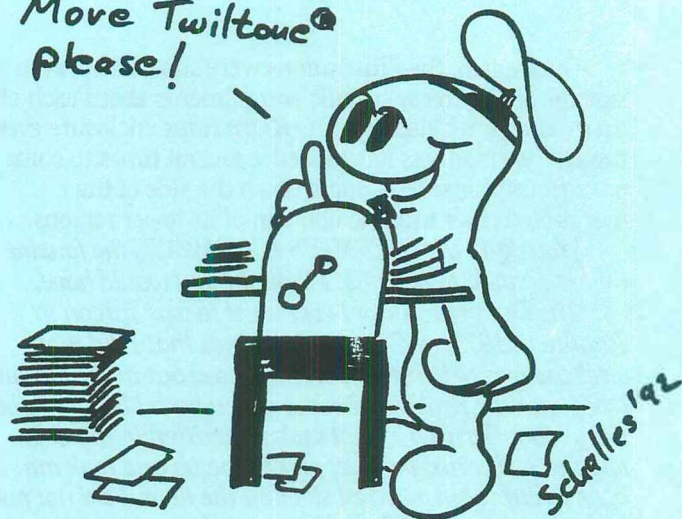
The conventions theme of the newest *Rune* sort of inhibits me. (Why doesn't someone make life easy for me and publish a fanzine devoted to hermits?)

It would have been easy for me to make a contribution to *The Wall* if I'd attended ReinConation. In 1970 I'd just entered extreme old age.

Surprisingly, I could relate to a great deal of the material resulting from your poll for opinions on cons and Minicon. That's because one of the situations that so many people mentioned in their answers had already begun to bother me in the era when I attended cons occasionally and it probably helped decide me to abstain from the things around the start of the 1970s. It's the dilution of people immediately recognizable by fans with individuals who have no particular reason to deserve that designation. At the last con or two I attended, I felt disturbed by the way I could look at the nametags on attendees passing me in the lobby or corridor of the hotel and recognize not one out of fifteen or twenty, by the fact that there were usually a few fans unconscious on the floor or chairs in the public areas of the hotel, obviously spending the con in a drug-induced coma, and by fans both young and old whose sole activity at the con seemed to be drinking. Obviously, the situation has worsened since then, but its beginnings definitely existed and I suppose people were complaining about it in fanzines at that time.

However, there is one partial excuse for the way so many congoers have apparently never read a science fiction book or prozine. That's the cost of such things. I think a survey would show that the typical science fiction paperback's list price has at least doubled in the past ten years, maybe escalated a little above 100%. The typical teenager probably doesn't have twice as much money to spend today as he did in 1982. He can rent two or three videos for the cost of one paperback or he can turn on the television set and usually find a fantasy movie on one channel or another for free. I think the high price of printed fiction is a greater deterrent to reading than fans generally realize. Of course, if the teenager attending the con wanders into the hucksters' room and there are a couple of dealers in secondhand books and magazines set

Move Twiltone®  
Please!



up there, the kid will quickly discover that the prices are beyond the power of his purse. I know I can't afford new books on my retirement income and I can't pay the prices asked in the catalogs of dealers that occasionally reach me, so I must be satisfied with whatever I may happen upon at Goodwill Industries or yard sales.

Something else may be going on without being recognized as such in con discussions. Some of the material in this issue deals with the behavior of the con's people in charge, the committee and heads of various functions. I also have noticed a tendency for many conreports in various fanzines to spend much or all of their space in criticism of how the con was run. I wonder if these could be fannish manifestations of a troubling trend from mundania, an excessive revolt against authority? The non-musical portions of public broadcasting stations are filled with sermons on the iniquities of presidents and senators and chiefs of police. Newspapers are almost unreadable for the same reason. Television dramas usually show that the villain was a corrupt judge or venal sheriff or politician on the take. Maybe con committees don't deserve all the flak they have been getting, if much of the criticism exists simply because the committee members are the ones in authority in a sense over the conattendees.

The photographs are wonderful except for one which gave me a terrible shock. Everyone has read, I suppose, of those primitive tribes in Africa or Asia whose members are unable to see what is depicted in a photograph. Well, it happened to me on page 13. I read the caption and saw Bill clearly enough but I saw no sign of Lynette. I didn't use a stopwatch, but I'd guess I stared at that picture in disbelief for about five minutes before my psyche accepted the fact that Lynette was there after all on the left side of the scene. I can't imagine why my photo viewing capacity failed on just this one page, unless the dark shadowy face of Bill caused me to look for another face similarly dark all over and the patch of sunlight on Lynette's nose and mouth caused my subconscious to reject this as part of a face.

"Mathom" is an unknown word? Tsk, tsk, and again tsk. Has Mathom House, the home of Bjo and John Trimble when they lived in the Los Angeles area, been forgotten already?



Once again, the illustrations were superlative, even if I lack the ability to say specific compliments about each of them, and I chuckled over the *Klam Rays* enclosure even though its smallness has caused it several times to come precariously close to slipping down the side of the overstuffed chair into the oblivion of its lower regions.

[You don't get "HERMIT'S HIDEAWAY", the fanzine that is devoted to hermits. I thought you would have.

The first convention I ever went to was Torcon in Toronto in 1973, and one of the things that I did that weekend was get pretty drunk. I passed out in the elevator lobby and Joe Krolik and some guy, whom I believe to be Gary Mark Bernstein (that's what's written in my old fanzine, so it must be true) picked me up and took me back to our room, where I slept on the floor. I did not puke, lucky me, I nearly did swallow part of the carpet though. Anyway, this is a youth thing, some people are just worse than others at holding their liquor, or what ever. Control is a learned thing. Some are slow learners.

I think in defense to some of those people sleeping in hotel public areas, there have been many a fan who has shown up at a convention with little or no money, and not been able to find crash space, for whatever pathetic reason, and has been stuck out in the real world with narey a bean. Perhaps I'm too cruel, but being a fan does not automatically bestow intelligence, nor common sense.

There was an article the local paper recently, a large

local multi-nightclub entertainment complex is getting complaints of public displays of drunkenness, public urinating and sexual intercourse on the steps of the church across the street. Coincidentally that church is one of the oldest in the cities. The article blamed the 21-25 age group. Large numbers of people drinking in one place, sounds just like the usual to me.]

## JEANNE BOWMAN

Wow, what a swell review of *Rune* #81 in the July 1992 *SF Chronicle*. Can I have one? Please. I got #83 okay – that Jeff, he sure can inspire & hey, Geri, how about this slew of British zines coming out? Nigel Richardson does to have a sense of humor. Are you gonna review 'em?? Hope you have a spare "*Rune* 81" – Seriously need a J. Wesson fix. What's your town doing to that boy's magazine?

[I'm sending a copy of 81 when I do the foreign ones, soon, real soon. The latest word on JWM is ... a disk is coming here soon, that's all I know. There might be a rumor that the boy might come here too but who knows.]

## BEN INDICK

83 was neat looking and superfannish. That's what you wanted; you got it. I am retiring, dumping my store. Next issue of one of my zines I'll get personal maybe, remind me. I'll send a copy. A few months.

## SHERYL BIRKHEAD

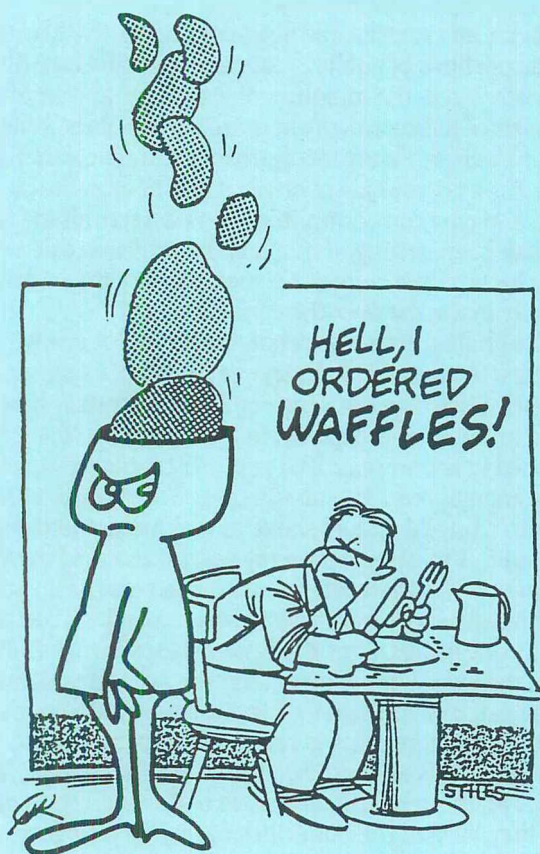
Before I get started on *Rune* – a few comments on *Klam Rays* 1 – hmmm. An interesting way to use a mix of art and not have to worry about making it fit the text (etc.) and no need to justify its existence. The Alan White piece – at first glance I thought it was a fuzzy ATom ...

When I opened the envelope, I thought I'd, inadvertently, gotten some advertisement supplement ... until I read some of the grayed areas. I recall stopping to think ... FLANGE? isn't that Phlange? [no, it is (or was) *Pghlange* ... js] – and then on to muse over other terms chosen to grace the cover. Interesting (I could add 'very interesting' but I think that line has been taken).

I realize the photos add horrendously to the printing bill – but they also add a nice touch to *Rune* – hope you can keep doing them. Whew – it reads as if 1970 was a veritable melting pot of happenings – from the sublime to the ridiculous.

In general, I have a terrible memory. I tried to remember back to various cons and had limited success. There are some specific incidents I remember, but don't recall all that much (contrary to Jon Singer's comments – the '69 Philcon was my first con ... or was it '68 ... see, I told you ...). As human nature would have it, I tend to remember foot-in-mouth experiences but ... Then too, since I can (and do) imitate the plastic plants filling the various hotel lobbies, I have seen a lot more than done. You'd be amazed ... no, I guess you wouldn't – you're fen.

I understand what is being said in the torch passing, but wonder at extent in respect to the drinking. Today's cons seem less involved with that than in years past, but,





go look at conreports and stories that grew from conventions and see how many of them revolve around the bar and booze. There are quite a few stories out there about various and sundry pros inhaling alcohol (etc.) – and the newer ones are the young fans doing the same thing. Perhaps smaller groups and “social” drinking make for more acceptable stories.

Nice issue – I look forward to fire and brimstone fanzine reviews.

*[Thanks for the nice comments on KLARN RAYS. I like doing those kind of things. It's just playing with paper and ink. Toner, but that just no scan.]*

*Tom scanned all the photos into his computer and arranged them with the text. The originals were printed from his computer onto RC paper at 1000 or 1200 dpi. I forget, and I'm too lazy to go call him, besides I don't have his new number and if I ignore it I'll forget about it. That memory thing is a tricky bugger. I tell people at work, in response to queries about past work configurations, “No, I would have purposely have forgotten that.” I might add, “My brain isn't big enough to hold all the stuff people want me to remember, I need to be able to get home after work.” But, only if I am in a playful mood. Tom also scanned all the art, including the back cover, which was sent that way. Tom changed the number on the bottom of the page. It's the same number as in the original just the type was changed, made to match the text in the issue.*

*It's a good idea to keep a diary or journal. Keep them simple to avoid burnout caused by something that become too much of a regular chore. I use a week-at-a-glance and fill in the daily spaces every couple of days. The small allotted space keeps the entries short. It can prove to be invaluable when looking up when you did something. No need to memorize it, you've written it down. Now, you can leave good brain memory open for important things, like when the Simpsons is on, and how to get out of a burning building. It's always good to know where your exits are.*

*I think there was some discussion about drinking and fans in past Runes. I'm not sure I want to get into it to seriously. Anyone interested. I like drinking myself. Being slightly drunk is enjoyable. It changes your perception and that's nearly always fun. I can't do it very often, too hard on the old system. Now people are saying beer is good for you. The down side are the people who are having fun to hide some other problem.]*

## TOIVO ROVAINEN

Thanks very much for *Rune* #83. Very enjoyable!

1970? I was two years old. My parents had me stay up to watch the lunar landing when I was one year old, but I don't remember it. I did most of my sci-fi reading in high school, before I knew fandom existed. When I moved to Seattle, a fellow SCA person suggested I sell my art at conventions. I'm now attending more cons than SCA events, & started to read again this summer. Hope this finds y'all happy & healthy.

*[You didn't see the lunar landing, but you got a joke.]*

## LLOYD PENNY

My goodness, there a *Rune* in my pobox! And a second one! After such a long absence, too. I've been absent from my pobox, too... I haven't had a chance to clear it for the past four months, so that's why these two issues have piled up, so to speak.

The rotating editorship should work to relieve the pressures of fanac and those times when Real Life interferes with what you want to do with your time. I wish the best of luck to all four of you, and this editing schedule should let *Rune* continue uninterrupted. The attack of the Four-Headed Editor! AAAACK!

Most of us are informal book collectors, and in my early fannish days, I'd wondered why we do this. I learned from the older fans around me that the books on the shelves were like trophies on the wall. They were there to prove just how fannish and skiffy-literate you were, and also to prove that you had indeed read them. Sounds silly, doesn't it? There really has been an instance where someone doubted I'd read a book because I didn't own a copy of it. I have proved susceptible to this silliness since I have a room full of sf, fantasy and murder/mystery titles... I started with popsicle sticks and went from there to matchboxes, stamps, shortwave QSL cards and books – MAD, Ripley's Believe It Or Not!, and now sf.

By the way, great art in this issue, especially the Marschall/Harvia barroom scene. Marvellous! Which one of the tipling animals in the scene is seeing his own reflection in this picture?

More to Garth... I haven't heard from Steve George since *SFear* arrived in my mailbox. How about an article about what you miss about Canada? The 125th year of Confederation celebrations are about to start up... it won't rival Centennial year, but these days, Canadians need something to party about. If there's something you might like to see again, let me know, and perhaps I can send you a package.

When I was at the Dutch Worldcon, I had talked with folks like Roelof Goudriaan and Krsto Mazuranic about fanac in other countries in Europe. They described the relatively new clash of sercon-style European fanac with North American-style party-animal-style fanac, what with increasing contact between fans all over the world. In Germany, fans might go to a convention in a suit, carrying a briefcase or portfolio with essays and other papers to be presented before the assembled throngs. Other European countries are sercon to varying degrees, but the party atmosphere is slowly spreading there. The best situation would be a balance of the two attitudes, but I know there's resistance. I can even find the party animal v. super sercon battle going on in Quebec, where the partiers are mostly Anglophones, and the sercons are mostly Francophone.

Like Mike Glicksohn, I have also helped Mike Wallis to move... it's not a pretty sight. Over the past year, I've helped three fans to move, and the most common promise made has been, “I'll have everything packed, ready for you to just pick up the boxes.” Yeah, right. Any primer for



moving would be welcome, especially for those of us who wind up hoisting the heavy stuff.

On *Rune* 82, the nearly-all-art issue. I'd think that with a zine full of artwork, the letters of comment should be, too. In my case, no such luck! No such loc, either. I am surprised that only two cartoons in the issue deal with flatulence... knowing the sick, sick, minds of fen, there should have been a zine full of rude stuff here.

*[You know what I miss about Canada, certain foods. Several kinds of candy and two types of cheeseburgers. There's a local chain of all night coffee shop restaurant in Winnipeg that serve up my favorite cheeseburgers. They make their own buns. There is something about them, it's hard to describe. I've tried many times. Another local speciality is the Fat-Boy, a burger with chili on it. I like the cheeseburger version. Fries with gravy. Barbecue peanuts and marshmallow strawberries. These are a few of my favorite things.]*

*Missing regional food seems to be common in all us relocated. Too often I've seen the wistful look in the eyes of the New Orleans fans, now living up river, when talking about the local dishes left behind. I get up once in a while and stock up on way too many fattening things, so don't worry about sending anything. I don't need it, even if I want it.*

*Euro-types are mostly more serious, apparently they all read the newspaper. I think this gives them all the more things to argue about. Americans are more like Homer Simpson than I like to think about, and that goes for some of you fans. Keep thinking, don't slip into that abyss. I figure I'm some where in the middle. A sort of lazy intellectual, or something. I do like those all-you-can-eat restaurants, but I do go home before they close.]*

## BUCK COULSON

Not having the faintest recollection of what I was doing in 1970, I went to the files. In 1970 we moved about two miles, from Route 3, Hartford City, to Route 3, Hartford City; from one 8-room house to another 8-room house. The place we had been renting was sold out from under us. Also in 1970, we published the 200th issue of *YANDRO*.

The only two Minneapolis conventions we attended came so long ago as to be pretty well lost from memory. Conventions tend to run together after 40 years, anyway. (I have no idea of the total number of cons; I've worked up from 1 in 1952 to 14 this year, if we make the rest of them we're planning to attend. I do know that Juanita has been to more than I have, since she's been a guest at a couple that I didn't make.) First con is easy enough; Chicon II, 1952. I'd seen a few fanzines before that; *FANTASY-TIMES*, edited by Taurasi, *SPACESHIP*, edited by Robert Silverberg, and *MAD*, edited by Dick Ryan; he seems to have put out four or five issues and disappeared. A lot of fanzine editors used to do that.

I expect Harry Warner is overly modest about the value of his collection. Recently I talked to Ray Beam, who said he'd had his science fiction collection appraised for insurance, and discovered it was worth more than his

house. Martha Beck mentioned selling a lot of old books (no specifics) in preparation to moving, and buying a van with the proceeds. Another fan mentioned an estate auction in which 40 year runs of *ROAD & TRACK* and the British *MOTOR SPORT* went for a total of \$800. One of the local librarians here sold some old magazines (*PHOTOPLAY?* Something like that) for several hundred dollars. You have to find someone who wants them, whether a dealer, auction buyer, or what, but there are apparently buyers for almost anything printed.

Spines get broken on books because there are two types of readers. I can read a paperback and put it on the shelf and it will look unread. Juanita reads one and the pages start falling out afterwards. Has nothing to do with taking care or having an interest in literature; just two reading styles.

Acceptance of stf. Our newspaper a couple of days ago ran an article about the new edition of the *American Heritage Dictionary* and mentioned that it now includes "fanac" with a correct definition and credited to science fiction fans and skateboarders. (!?!)

## BRIAN EARL BROWN

I suppose this will be late for the next issue of *Rune*, or maybe not if you guys are running on Fannish Time. I really enjoyed seeing all these photographs from past conventions. Some of the photos needed to be dated since they were a lot older than some of your readers might have realized and the people depicted therein don't always look much like that now. I'm thinking in particular of the photo on page 11 with Jackie Causgrove, Bill Bowers, Patty Peters and Larry Downs. Not only has Bill aged 20 years since that picture was taken but Larry Downs has been gafia for at least 15 years. God forbid that someone should think that Larry still publishes his ish!

The Past Lives feature was pretty interesting. Curiously, 21 years ago I was half as old as I am now but that would have been 1971, not 1970. 1970 found me half way through college, smoking dope and not being impressed with it, discovering the heart-break of relationships and beginning to be a Marvel Comics Letterhack (the two are not connected).

My first convention was in 1974 and during the next couple of years I attended a lot of them – one Minicon, a couple of Balticons, Windycon, Fan Faire III, lots of Midwestcons, Autoclaves and Confusions. But after I got married conventions became both more expensive and less convenient to get to. Denice worked afternoons and most weekends so it was hard to get away. But at the same time as we both got older conventions seemed to change, too, becoming increasingly filled with dragon-wearing geeks, costumers and filkers: people who seemed to have no connection to \*fandom\* at least as we knew it. So we were less interested in going.

*[The 63rd issue of Outworlds came the other week (to late to get into the zine reviews) and there was an article by Larry Downs. Huh. I agree that the photos should have been dated, but so it goes.]*



## ANDY ROBSON

Unlike Chuck Conners who produced his latest 50 page issue in 10 days (and mailed it!) we run much slower – positive molluscs are we (except that *KRAX* is a neater more memorable tome) Here's our latest mag and many thanks for *Rune* 81 and the cartoon special. Artie Bohm's send up of the 7-up ad clown was superb and I've always liked the rather childish mentality of Harvia's stuff. Stiles I enjoyed and also the Foster twins. Others I could take or leave – good art but not really comix.

Many thanks for the review.

Liked the collecting article. There are collectors who collect, laboriously store and file things and then suddenly dump everything in favor of something else – out goes the ten years collection of Emma Peel's underwear and in comes something usually far more boring like cactus plants or classical CDs. Though I never understood the point of 'investment collecting' for value – paintings and jewelry aren't really for me (unless you consider the magazine graphics file an 'art' collection – good heaven's, a repository for unusable scribbles like those must be worth millions – get me a taxi to the auction rooms). No, collecting is for things of beauty and wonder in the eye of the beholder, what ever they may be.

## MAE STRELKOV

I, too, am a collector. When I meet a really nice person, I never forget. You're one. Back before our Danny died you sent four boxes of powdered gelatin for hectography. Later, after he died, *Boowatt* published stories I wrote about Danny and it was comforting to me at the time.

You never ceased to be a special person in my thoughts. I think you'll be doing a good job editing right now. You've matured tremendously.

*Rune* is beautiful this time too. Lots of familiar names in its pages and interesting reading.

[*The Rune mail continues to bring pleasant surprises. Glued to the back of Mae's letter was a hectograph of a rural scene with some cows. Very nice. I remember our contact very well, Mae, it was very enjoyable. I have a nice file full of hectoprints and letters. Thanks again.*]

## EUNICE PEARSON

Thank you so much for *Rune* 83, and 82 and 81. Sigh. Three in a row without a loc from me. But I've not written a loc for years. I just got out of the habit of it. Anyway, hopefully this will be the first of many. So often cartoons and artwork are just fillers to make up a page of text. It was good to see a whole issue devoted to them. Well done.

Collecting – ah, now there's a subject dear to my heart. I can't remember when I first started collecting, though I have a Brownie Guide collectors badge from when I was seven years old. I collected stamps then and I still do, though I concentrate on Russian ones now. I also collect postcards, rubber stamps, erasers, address labels, business cards and 'bus tickets. Yes 'bus tickets! Most people just chuck 'em away but I find them fascinating. My daughter,

Elizabeth, is only six, but she's been bitten by the squirrel bug. She collects 'My Little Ponies'. (Yeuck!) Of course this doesn't include a general accumulation of 'stuff'. There's piles of it, all over the house. Each time we move it's to a bigger place!

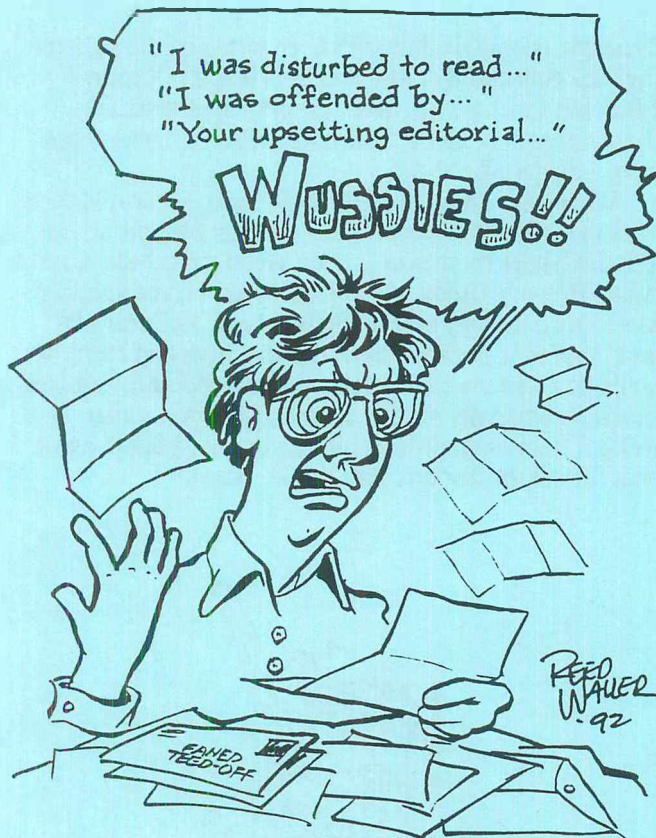
What was I doing in 1970? Well, I was 9 years old then. I was in Mr. Wood's class at George Street primary school. (Elizabeth goes there now and Mr. Wood is the headmaster.) I was a Brownie Guide, sixer of the Elves. I had a goldfish named Nina and my best friend was Janet McCarthy. I'd read "Marianne Dreams" by Catherine Storr and I decided I would be a writer when I grew up. I was probably watching *Star Trek*, when my mother let me. (She could never decide if it was suitable for children or not.) I didn't know what SF was, or fandom. What an innocent.



My first con was Novacon 10 in 1980. I'll always remember it with affection as I met my husband there. I went there on my own, knowing no one at all. Fandom, in at the deep end! We've not been to cons since 1985 (bar one in 1987) and I don't really miss them, to be honest. Being claustrophobic, I don't really like crowds. I'd rather read a fanzine. Anyway, I enjoyed reading the section on cons in #83.

I don't know if actually passing on fandom by evangelizing is a good thing. I think it's 'better' for people to stumble on it. But it would help for groups to publicize themselves in a quiet way – by making sure that local libraries have up-to-date information on them, for example. My daughter likes *ST:TNG* and some films like "Flight of the Navigator," "Labyrinth" etc. She draws robots and spaceships. Maybe one day she will want to join





fandom, but I won't push her. She'll have to find it for herself, then it will be hers and not something already given boundaries by me. Do you know what I mean? A child will resist its parent's trying to guide it. It's human nature! A child will often end up doing exactly as the parent wanted, but the child has to do it for his or her own self. Or it's worth nothing. If fandom is declining a tad then we should step up our efforts, to make something worth getting into for those future fans. If we let it go, then they aren't going to want to get into it. But hey, the big world outside is changing too. Life is becoming more fragmented, specialized. So it's not unusual for fans to veer towards smaller groups. Hopefully there are enough people who are in several different fandoms, as I am, to keep the lines of communication open.

Anyway, good luck on keeping *Rune* frequent and fun.

[You almost got pulled from the mailing list, but we caught that in time.

I collected some stamps once. I bought a lot of cheap stamps for an art project and kept all the interesting ones. My favorite were the communist block countries and their heroic stamps. I saved all the best and most interesting looking and made a little scrapbook for them.]

**Teddy Harvia**

Dear Ken – "Goshwowboyohboy"! I thought, unboxing my crayons, "Another issue of *Rune*." To my dismay, I found only two interior fillos. Quickly coloring them in, I searched for other chromatic outlets. I applied reds, blues,

and greens to the photographs but gave up in scribbled frustration when the absence of lines in the halftones allowed my colors to touch. Is one KenF, Kathy Marschall, or Ray Allard per page asking too much?

Dear Garth – Your argument that too much of a good thing is better than not enough was too much, but not enough to convince me. Picture me with the same cynical sneer as Larry Becker's surreal cartoon character. Too much of a good thing is bad if it takes time away from another good thing. Do you remain transfixed by the latest issue of some fantastic comic when your significant other beckons you to bed?

Dear Tom – Whether because of my short attention span or eclectic interests, I prefer WorldCons with their thousands of attendees from around the country and world over small regional cons. At WorldCons I am rarely at a loss for company or conversation. I am probably one of the few fans looking forward to the first 10,000 member WorldCon.

Weren't there a number of official photographers clicking away at Minicon 25? Where are the thousands of photographs they took? At the least, I'd like to see the David group photo with the caption, "David, David, David, David, David, David, David, David, David, David, and David."

Dear Jeff – By 1970, you were drawing 10 cartoons a week for SF fanzines? How long did that insanity last? [Only until 1974 when I decided to get serious about photography – jeff]

The problem with general pleas for contributions in print is that fans can anonymously ignore them. Uh, er . . .

[I rarely remain transfixed by anything, and certainly not with invisible women beckoning. Invisibility . . . well, anyway. – Garth]

[KATHLEEN GALLAGHER sends along a copy of a review of *Rune* she is doing for *Quintessential Space Debris* and *Connect-A-Con's Secret Files*. "A general interest zine supported by Mn-Stf, with a new editor back after a two year hiatus. This issue is devoted almost entirely to cartoons, which is unusual in a genzine. Beautifully laid out, with a large laidback letter column. *Rune* is actively seeking submission of articles, convention reports, book reviews and letters. Dust off your keyboard, clean out the file cabinets and get in touch with the editors at *Rune*."

We also had letters from **FRANK WHITE**, who saw *Rune* listed in the *Comicist* and would like a copy.

**EDWARD E. NESS** writes, delighted to receive *Rune* 81 but has been busy. He wants more *Bridge* log, but I sure don't. That was pretty boring and not once did they mention *Dick Safety*. Considering the amount of fuss that Dick caused it should have been mentioned.

**R LAURRAINE TUTIHASI** writes to tell us that she is late in her reading, so are we all. Bye, yer pal – Garth]



# Minn-Stf Board Minutes

*provided by Polly Peterson*

**24 June 1992**

*Persons present: Dean Gahlon, David S. Cargo, Kay Drache, Eric Heideman, Sibyl Smith, Polly Peterson*

## **SF Minnesota and Diversicon**

Eric presented a letter which they are intending to send out to fan groups inviting them to participate in and support SF MN and Diversicon which outlined a matching grant proposal with Minn-Stf. David was comfortable with giving up to \$1000 but thought that if we give them half of their funds, people will perceive them as just another off-shoot of Minn-Stf. The board agreed after discussion to do a 1 to 2 match with other contributors up to \$1000. (Minn-Stf will pay \$1 for every \$2 contributed by other people.) Eric asked about using the Minn-Stf bulk mailing permit and the mailing list. The bylaws do not allow the use of the bulk mailing permit, but the board has in the past and is in this case willing to let organizations use their mailing list.

## **Minn-Stf Storage Space**

Kay investigated and rented a storage space at U Save Park Self Storage in St Louis Park. It has a good security system and extended hours (7am-9pm) but is unheated. People will have to think carefully if they plan to store Minn-Stf and Minicon property there and to check manuals (which, by the way, the Board would like the original or a copy of put in the Minn-Stf library for anything that the club owns) to make sure that they are not heat or cold sensitive. The space will cost \$308 per year and we will need to get our own storage insurance. We need to figure out who needs to get in and out and train them on how the system works.

Having no other business, we adjourned way earlier than usual.

**20 July 1992**

**At Toad Hall on the 20th Anniversary of Minneapa.**

*Persons present: Martin Schafer, David S. Cargo, Kay Drache, Dean Gahlon, Jonathan Adams, Polly Peterson*

## **Storage**

After due consideration the Board decided that Minn-Stf needs heated rather than unheated storage for our stuff, so Kay is looking into the heated options and will get something after consulting with Charles (Piehl): President of Minn-Stf And Parties head for Minicon. The board authorized Kay to go ahead

## **Art Show Panels**

Martin has not been able to get the plans for Boston Art Panels because DDB has not been able to get them from his Boston contact...

## **Minicon Charity**

Polly, in her capacity as a member of the Grand Triumvirate (G.T.) of Minicon brought up the G.T.'s wish to have a charitable event at Minicon this year. Some members of the club thought that this is an extraordinary expense and should be brought before the board. The board agreed that it is in their authority and that it was a good idea. Martin did not want a diversion of the regular membership funds (as opposed to, say a check-off voluntary contribution in addition to their membership). The board bent towards an event (or events) as opposed to simply collecting money. Ideas included having people bring food for the food shelf, a book shelf (Books for Eastern Europe, etc.) Other issues are tax deductibility of contributions (Libraries apparently acknowledge the contribution and allow the donor to value it for tax purposes.) Polly will report back after the ideas are more solidified.

## **Mailing List**

David is waiting for a booklet from the PO about standardizing addresses and is investigating a separate change of address service that would cost us \$35 per time through our mailing list, but would be worth it, given how many 'return postage guarantees' we get after a mailing. "We are making progress."

## **Treasury**

1) Carol would like to have permission to see if Quicken Books would be useful to her and to get it (for about \$90) if she decides that it is. The board authorized the expense if justified. David will go with her to see what it can do.

2) Carol says that we should really be breaking out donations that come from the board, from the membership and from the general public for tax purposes. Jonathan says that this is really a mathematical question and that about 1/4 of our total income comes from the general public.

3) Carol says that we have a hefty amount of money sitting around in Money Market accounts and should we be looking for something that is a little better investment? She is authorized to look for some thing that yields better, is relatively risk-free, relatively liquid and socially responsible. Martin will oversee this search with Carol.

## **Next Meeting**

Will be at Toad Hall (but be it understood that this is not a tradition) on Tuesday August 25, 1992.

**25 August 1992**

*Persons present: David S. Cargo, Jonathan Adams, Charles Piehl, Geri Sullivan, Polly Jo Peterson, Dean Gahlon, Martin Schafer.*



### Treasury

Carol says (through Jonathan) that there is a good price for Quicken Books at Best Buy and would like to be authorized to get it if it seems worth while. She was so authorized.

### Beer

There was a problem with paying the bill for beer at Minicon 27. The vendor will deal with us in the future on a cash only basis. A general discussion of the problem focused on the need for clear communication among the various interested people (Parties, Treasury, Corresponding secretary, etc.) Kay will write a job description for the corresponding secretary.

### Storage

Kay consulted Charles on storage needs.

### Minicon Charity

Polly reported that the designated charity for Minicon will be the Minnesota Literacy Council. We are planning to have an ice cream social and there will be information about the Literacy Council and literacy in Minnesota in the program book and in Programming.

### Minicon 29

Charles says that people are inquiring about how the board is going to decide on who is going to run Minicon in 1994. Dean would like to have one more year using the bidding process before the Board settles on some final process, or he wouldn't mind trying something completely new if someone could come up with a process that we haven't thought of yet to pick Minicon leadership. The down sides of the bidding process are that it loses continuity between exec committees and it is divisive in the community (creating winners and losers). Polly said that she would bring the question up at the Minicon Open Forum next weekend and David suggests that people who have concerns or suggestions about what criteria they should use to decide among the proposals should write to the board. The board will decide on the process at the September meeting and bids will be due at the November meeting

### Charles

Had several issues to bring up to the board:

### Minn-StF Host Reimbursement

Charles reported that in a survey of Minn-StF hosts they spend \$75-\$100 per meeting. He would like to raise the reimbursement to \$50 from the current \$40. The board approved the raise.

### Supercon

Charles says that yes he would like to do Supercon again and that the idea is to get the Duluthians to do the work. He has four bodies and wants a parallel universe committee in the Twin cities and ports. The Trek Club, the USS Edmund Fitzgerald tried to have a Trek con and got tons of people, so that there is interest there. Jonathan

would like to have Supercon in Rochester and as a matter of fact Charles would like to go there in '94... The board approved the requested \$250 seed money for this year.

### Pool Party and Elections

Charles suggested moving the annual Radisson Pool Party back from January into February so that more nearly bisects the time between Minn-StF's two big events: the New Year's Eve party and Minicon. After some confusion about which were Minn-StF Saturdays, he suggested the following schedule:

February 6	Pool Party
February 20	First board nominations
March 6	Second board nominations
March 20	Minn-StF board elections

This schedule allows the new board several weeks to find a ~~sucker~~ Minn-StF President and other officers before they take over at Minicon.

### Address Correction Stuff

David has found the 800 number of people in Memphis who will verify that a particular address exists, although it does not decide whether a particular person lives there or not. More progress has been made on this project.

The meeting was surrounded by ReinCONation reports and was ended at 9:44Pm.

Quote of the meeting: *It's Purple and has naked ladies women on it. What more can you ask of a wrist watch?*

— Kay Drache

### 21 September 1992

*Persons present: David S. Cargo, Judy Cilcain, Dean Gahlon, Polly Jo Peterson, Kay Drache, Martin Schafer.*

### Donuts

The bill for Donuts at Minicon also got paid very late. It seems that people did not get trained in properly on how to get checks for Minicon goodies.

Kay reported on the success of the **smoking jacket** that she made for James White at ReinCONation.

David reported that the **Grant Woods Museum** likes to get copies of derivative/parody works based on Grant Woods, especially American Gothic. David thinks that we should send them the Minicon T-shirt that was such a parody. We believe that Kathy Marschall was the artist. Kay will ask a friend if she has the shirt and is willing to give it up and David will find the correct address to get information from the museum.

David got the right information about the National Change of Address Center, which will correct our **Mailing List** at a cost of \$7 per 1000 addresses. This is very worthwhile to do before we send out a big mailing. David needs to talk to Scott about this.

David thinks that we need a new **paper folder** since our current one folds only one sheet at a time. After a discussion of whether or not we needed a new one (do we use it?) the



board authorized up to \$250 to get one. David will look into this.

Kay says that she will get a **storage locker** by Wednesday as Charles is moving on Oct. 1 and needs to get everything out of his basement.

Dean requested authorization to spend money to get a **new tape** for the Hotline answering machine. He pondered the question of getting voice mail sometime in the future and Polly allowed that it was rather expensive (compared to an answering machine). She thought it was about \$13 per month. It was pointed out that if ever the computer and the answering machine were stored in the same place, there is software out there for \$200-\$300 to create our own voice mail. . .

Martin made a **ReinCONation** report: They had about 210 registrations with 199 attending. The con went well, with better programming than last year. Copies of the PR's and Program book need to get to the Minn-StF Library. They probably came out ahead financially and after a cooling off period it is likely that they will come to the board about next year.

More discussion on the **bid process for Minicon**: It is easier to take a year off if you are using the bid process, we are *not* going to use the Russian Roulette method of throwing all the names in the hat and then picking out several. The Grand Triumvirate is welcome to put in a bid to go back to the old method of the old exec picking the new, and our Metarule: We do it the way we have always done it until it doesn't work, and then we do it differently.

Polly will get the Request for Proposals that Don created last year from Margo and mail it out with the Minutes. (*sorry people!*)

The **Library** was authorized to spend up to \$50 on party supplies in order to get the motivation to get the Minn-StF Library organized.

**Mpls in '73 Suite** at Magicon was reported to have been a spectacular success, especially the Pig's Eye Beer.

Polly learned what decimated really means. The meeting adjourned at 9:36

## 26 October 1992

*Persons present: Dean Gahlon, Laura Krentz, Jonathan Adams, David S. Cargo, Martin Schafer, Kay Drache, Polly Peterson*

## The Creepy Whacko Bibliography Data Base (or CWBDB)

David Dyer-Bennet and Martin Schafer are designing an SF bibliographic database which would meet anyone's wildest dreams. It will be a general listing including such things as art books, comics, novels, short stories, etc. The ultimate product would be a published CD-Rom disc that they would sell at cost. In the future it may be on-line, too. They would like Minn-StF to sponsor the project so that people they ask for help would be nice to them. They might come to the board for money in the future, but are not doing so at this time. After discussion the board decided that if the project was not keeping them from doing other useful stuff for the club, they would support the project. In a discussion of whether or not

they need an official title/office the board decided to call them the Minn-StF Official Bibliographers.

## Minn-Con

Scott Imes called Kay to tell her that because of Fritz Leiber's death, Minn-Con, which is basically seeded out of the pocket of John Brower lost \$1200 because people did not come in the numbers originally expected and they were not able to meet their room block. After discussion, the board decided that giving John \$100 would be a nice gesture if we can find a way to do it legally given our non-profit status and that he is an individual who may or may not be considered a member of our organization.

## Storage

Kay has rented a heated storage space for the club. It is at EZ Storage at 4325 Hiawatha Ave in South Mpls. (721-7777). We currently have a 5'x10' space but will take the first 10'x10' space available. Until then we will pay by the month instead of an annual fee which gets us one month free. Polly will contact Denny to get a notice in the Einblatt that people should think about whether they have Minn-StF/Minicon property that needs storage and then contact a board member.

## Minicon 29 RFP'S

Dean has an evaluation check list for the board to evaluate proposals and the Request for Proposals that Don did last year. This will be tweaked and people can call a board member to get a copy. Martin expressed a concern that there had not been enough notice in the October Einblatt that they were looking for proposals by November 20, so they decided to put off the meeting until December 4 so that it could go into the November Einblatt. Written proposals are due by November 28 to all five board members by mail, or they can be dropped off at the Minn-StF meeting that day. Proposers will then formally present their proposals on December 4. Call a board member for details.

## Grant Woods

David S. Cargo found his American Gothic Minicon T-shirt and is willing to donate it to the Grant Woods Museum parody collection.

## Other

David needs to send samples of the One True Mailing List to the people who are going to check out the mailing list for changes of address.

He has not yet bought the new paper folder

Martin reports that we still do not have the Noreascon Art show panels plan, but there are messages/requests out.

The Minn-StF Library file cabinet finally has a key after two attempts at getting the right one. Thank you Margo!

The quote of the evening: *Nobody's made a quotable quote tonight.*

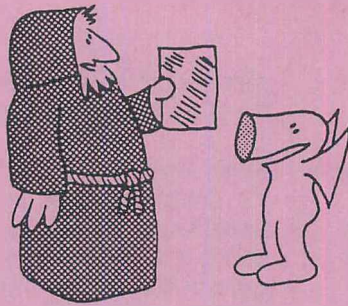
The board decided that it should send a thank you note to Don Fitch for his contributions to the Mpls in '73 suite at Magicon.



**A SECRET  
MASTER OF  
FANDOM  
IMPARTS A  
LITTLE  
WISDOM TO  
A NEOFAN  
EDITOR**

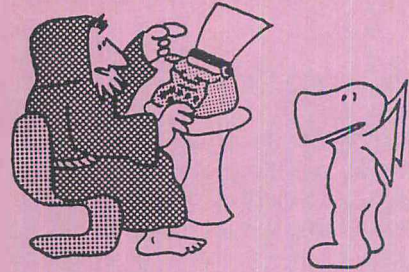
Written and  
Illustrated by  
TEDDY HARVIA

*Featuring  
Wing Nut*



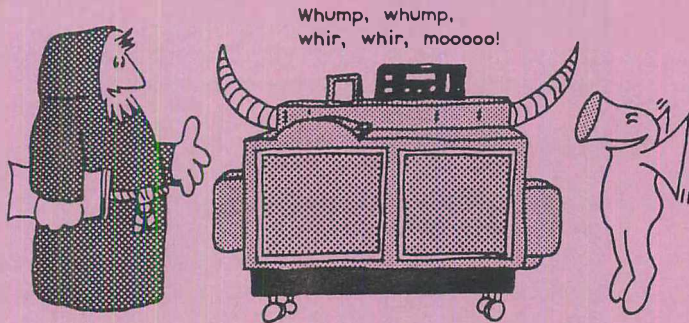
Why art ye text  
of thy fanzine  
misaligned and  
ye print illegible,  
oh small alien  
creature?

Jeepers, Mr.  
SMOF, I  
can't ever  
seem to get  
the paper in  
my typewriter  
straight.



Getting thy paper in ye  
typing machine art not  
critical, inexperienced  
one. I type mine own  
trufanzine text initially  
on 11 x 17-inch paper in  
two columns with 40  
characters per line.

But I don't  
want a  
giant-size  
fanzine.  
8 1/2 x 11 is  
hard enough  
to handle  
as it is.



No, no, naive neophyte, I xerox-reduce  
my pica-type originals to 85%, making  
it ye size of elite. If ye machine art  
clean and serviced, ye copy cometh  
out sharp and dark. So be it!

Goshwow,  
a xerox!  
It even  
has  
horns.



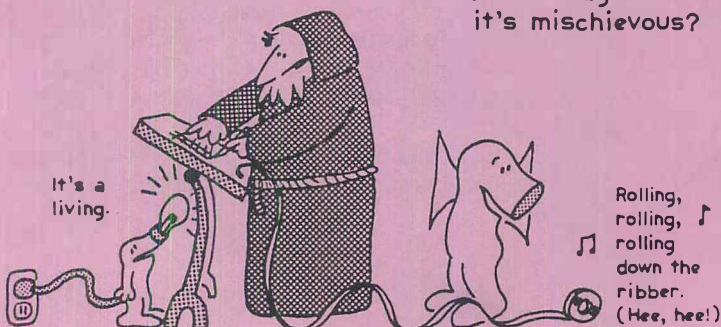
It's thrilling to watch  
my personalzine take  
shape in your very  
own hands.

I mentally picture ye camera-  
ready copy of each page of  
my fanzine, allowing space  
for ye illos, and then cut out  
ye text accordingly. Damn,  
cut my finger again.

Is it true that  
the best parts  
of some  
fanzines end up  
in the round  
file, Mr. SMOF?

I align it on 8 1/2 x 11-inch paper placed over  
1/4-inch graph paper illuminated from behind  
by a light table. My margins art 3/8 inch  
on top, 5/8 on ye bottom, 3/4 inside  
where ye staple will be, and 1/2 outside.  
I tape it down with small squares of magic  
tape applied with ye x-acto knife to avoid  
ye telltale fingerprints.

Does "magic" mean  
it's mischievous?



You have laid out the  
perfect fanzine - but,  
but you can't be the  
enchanted duplicator.  
You don't even have  
wings.



Gee, thanks, Mr.  
SMOF, for laying  
out my fanzine  
for me. Wanna  
help me run it  
off? I'll let you  
buy a copy if  
you do. Only 50¢.

Ye distressing thing  
about having neofans  
about art that they  
remind me so much of  
mine own neofanhood.  
At least this one  
doesn't appear to be  
all thumbs like I wert.