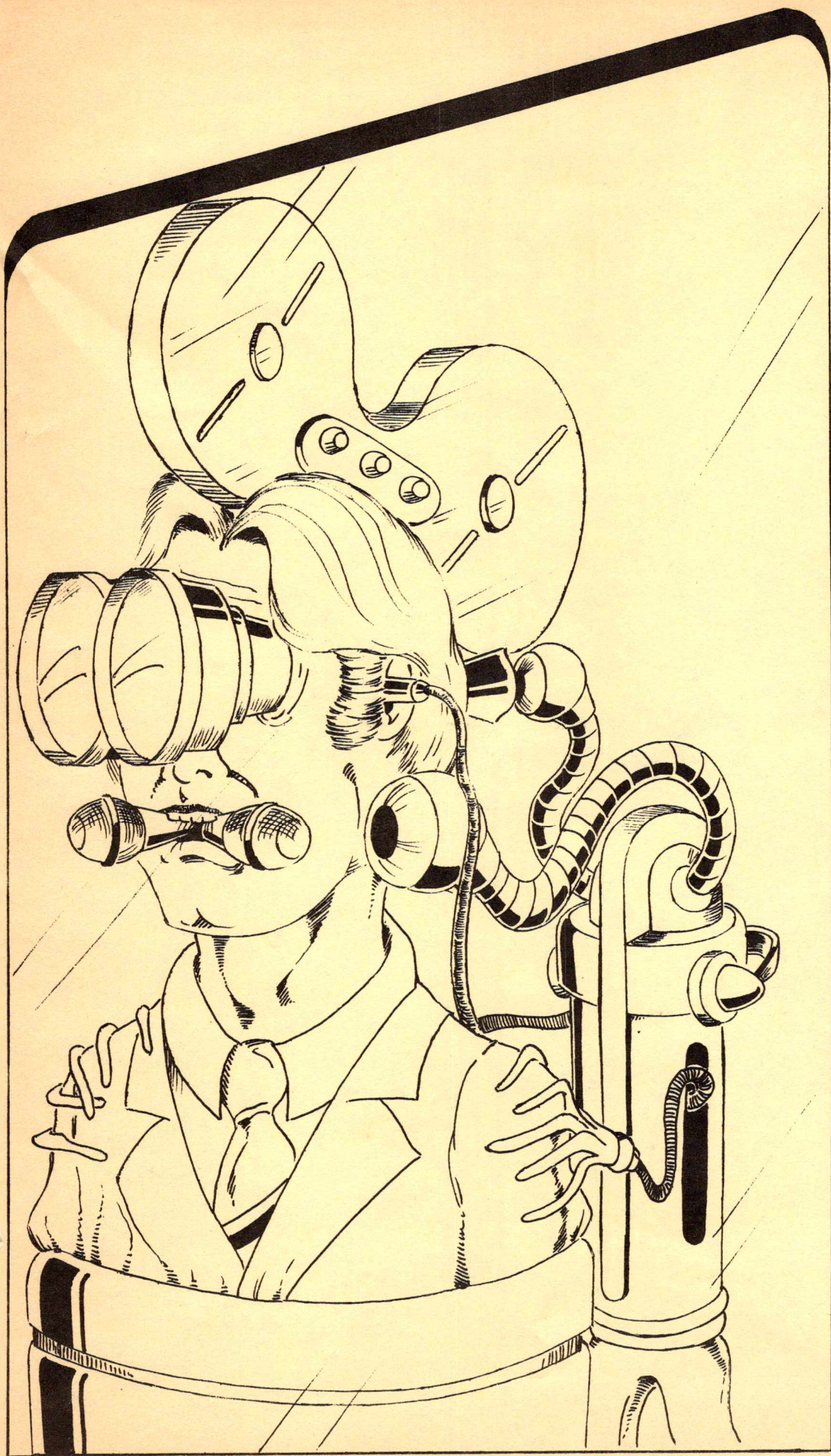


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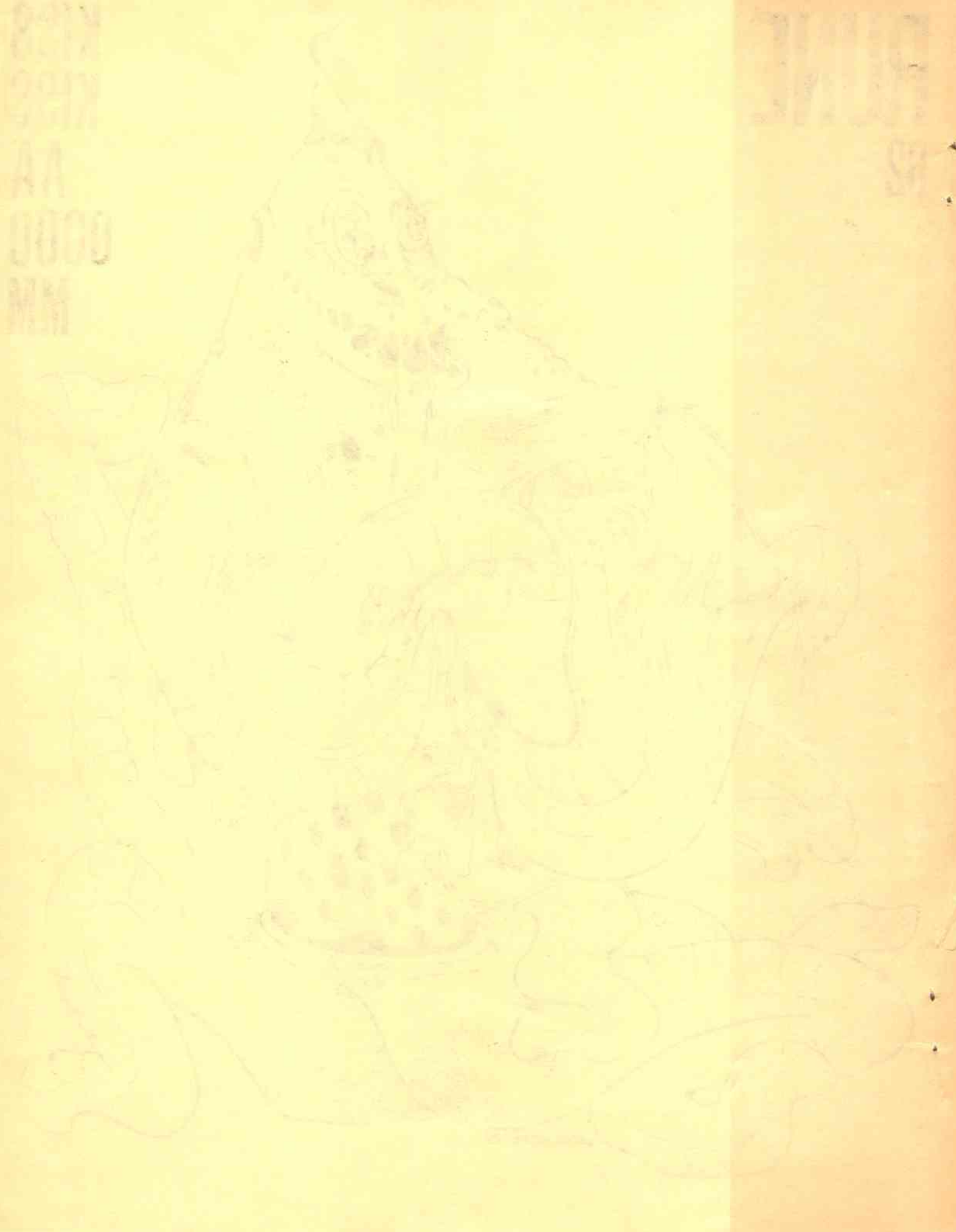
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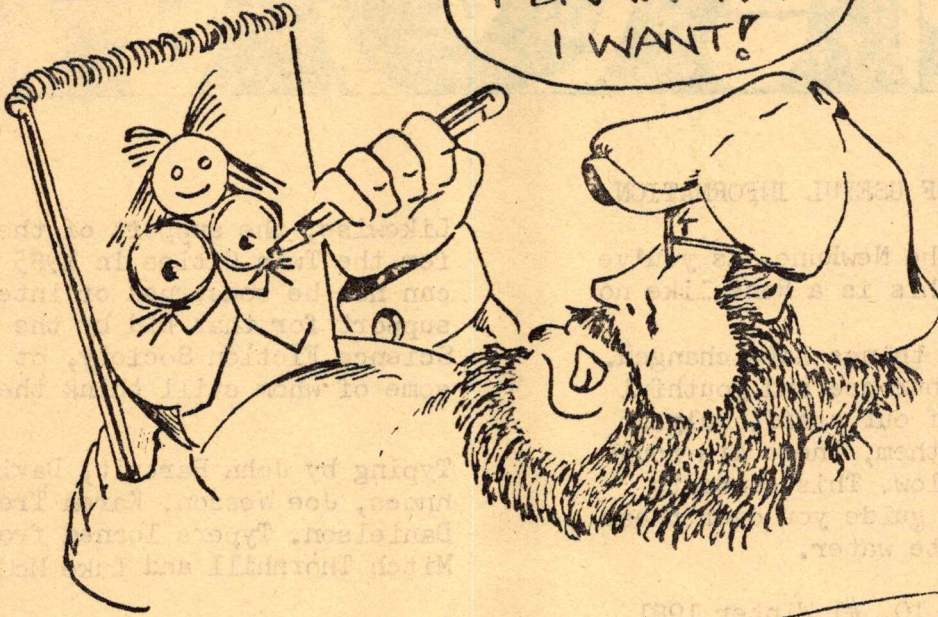


GIVES TONSILECTOMIES
WITH HER TONGUE....

SHE GOT MARRIED
THREE DAYS AGO

PISTOL-WHIPPED
BY GULLS

I DRAW WHAT
I WANT!



BOBBING FOR APPLES
MY DEAR?

THE FIVE MAJOR
FOOD GROUPS:
SALT, ALCOHOL,
SUGAR, CHOLESTEROL
AND ANYTHING
MADE BY HOSTESS

...TASTES LIKE URINE!
IT IS, TELL ME HOW
OLD I AM...

...APPROACHED BY A
HOOKER WITH LEG IN
A CAST...

...SATIN BALLROOM...

THREW UP HIS B-L-T
IN HIS LAP...

BECKER
'81

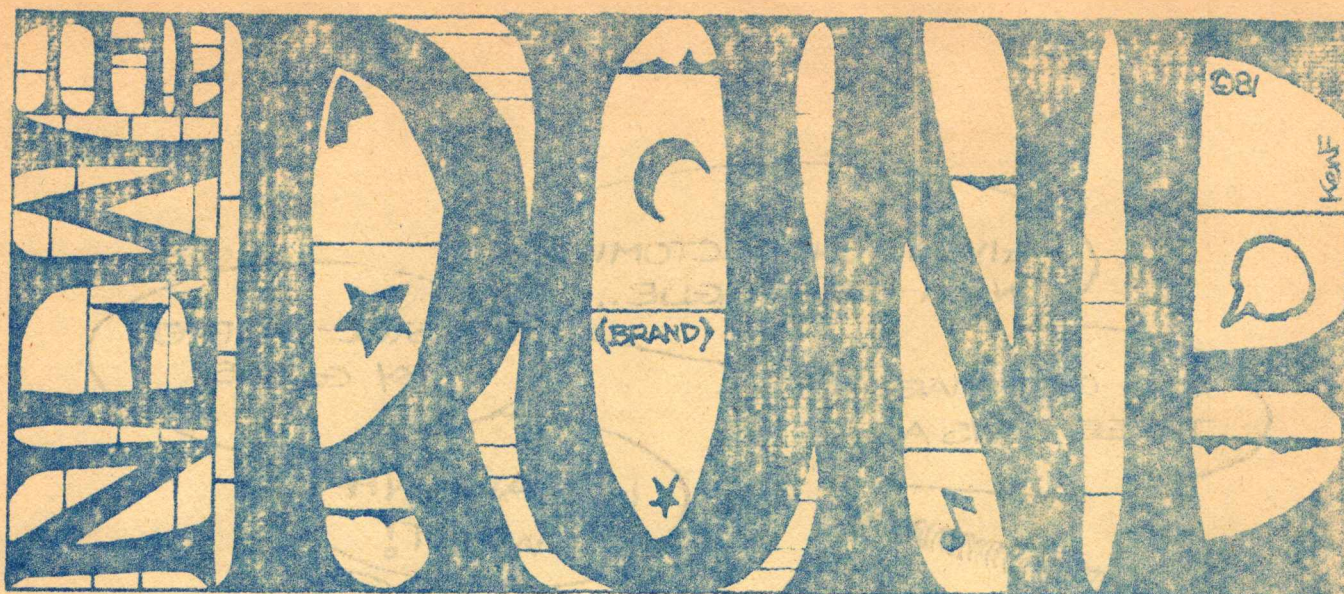


TABLE OF USEFUL INFORMATION

Welcome to the NewRune. As you've no doubt seen this is a Rune like no other.

Once again, things have changed. Due to the exubérance and youthful inexperience of our staff, only 25 years most of them, there are rough spots in the flow. This contents page will help guide you over these periods of white water.

RUNE 62 Volume 10, #1 Winter 1981

Edited by John Bartelt (POBox 8253, Mpls, MN. 55408) David Stever-schnoes (788 Dayton Ave., St. Paul, Mn. 55104).
Garth Danielson - Production
Joe Wesson- Consulting Editor

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Send letters to the editor of your choice.

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Likewise, the support of the editors for the Twin Cities in 1985 Worldcon bid can not be construed or interpreted as support for that bid by the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, or its members, some of whom still think they're joking.

Typing by John Bartelt, David Stever-Schnoes, Joe Wesson, Karen Trego and Garth Danielson. Typers loaned from Tom Longo, Mitch Thornhill and Luke McGuff.

Collators and helpers for Rune 61:
Will Shetterly, Emma Bull, John Bartelt, Barney Neufeld, Judy Cilcain, Kara Dalkey, Micheal R Smith, Neil Belsky, Dan Goodman, Gerri Balter, David Stever-Schnoes, Matthew Tepper, John Purcell, Erik Biever, Paula Rice, David Dyer-Bennett, Pamela Dean, Greg Ketter, Beth Friedman, Gordon Miller, Dean Gahlon, Richard Tatge, Blue Petal, Jerry Stearns, Nate Bucklin, Linda Ann Moss, Lalee Kerr, Denny Lien, Karen Schaller, Mark Richards, David Romm. And Lee and Carol asked for special mention of Kashia C rney, who practically ran the collation, so here it is.

Other Filler:

A message from Garth Iacocoa, chairman of the New Rune Corporation. "The New Rune Corporation is dealing like never before! And we're offering reabates. So send us some money, and we'll send you some back."

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Page one-A self portrait by Larry Becker

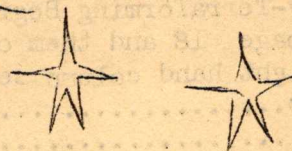
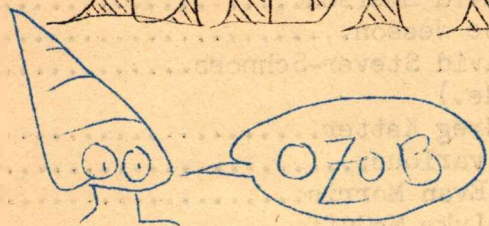
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There is no letter column this time but we did recieve a number of letters saying welcome and all the sort of stuff. Next issue you can see some of your letters actually reproduced in front of your very eyes.

Contents pages by Garth Edmond Danielson.

EDITORIAL



"We really should write more in Minneapolis fandom...but it's much more fun being shallow at parties." —Jim Young, being shallow at a party; Fall, 1978.

David figures that in late 1978 he had his second good idea in fandom. He's been around fandom for a decade now, and two good ideas is a pretty good number, considering that most fans haven't heard of him yet (or me, for that matter). You might remember his first good idea: back in the spring of 1973, when he first suggested the notion of "Boston in 1980", it was considered with a mixture of shock and horror (especially in Boston). But later, he was invited to join the bidding committee....

Meanwhile, in late 1978, David moved to the Twin Cities from Boston—a little over a year after I moved here from Madison. We didn't know each other very well then, but David looked around at all the talented people and said to Jim Young and Garth Danielson and Joe Wesson, "Hey, we should get together and do fanzines!" Note the boyish enthusiasm. Note the Jim Young quotation above. Nothing happened in 1978. Since then, as I got even more involved in Twin Cities Fandom, and ("my close personal friend") Jim Young was falling out of fandom, I would occasionally claim that I was a Jim Young surrogate. After all, I could repeat most of his favorite lines as well as he could....

A lot of things have gone under the bridge since 1978:

book, a doctorate, a marriage, some break-ups, shake-ups, barges and bodies. But in the Fall of 1980, as we were sitting around the fannish hangout in Minneapolis, the Main Grain on Nicollet, sharing a shoe-box of french fries (their specialty) with Garth and Joe, I said to David, "Hey, you want to be co-editor of Rune?" Lee and Carol had announced that they were resigning, and I thought it would be a good idea for us



FROGS FROM MARS ©1978 T.FOSTER



to take over. Garth could print it, and help with layout and such. So we put in a proposal to the Minn-Stf board of directors, and when the time came to decide they chose us: David, Garth and me, co-editors. And Joe volunteered to help as a contributing editor. So if you go back to David's second good idea, and substitute me for Jim, it's happened again. Maybe David is just always ahead of his time.

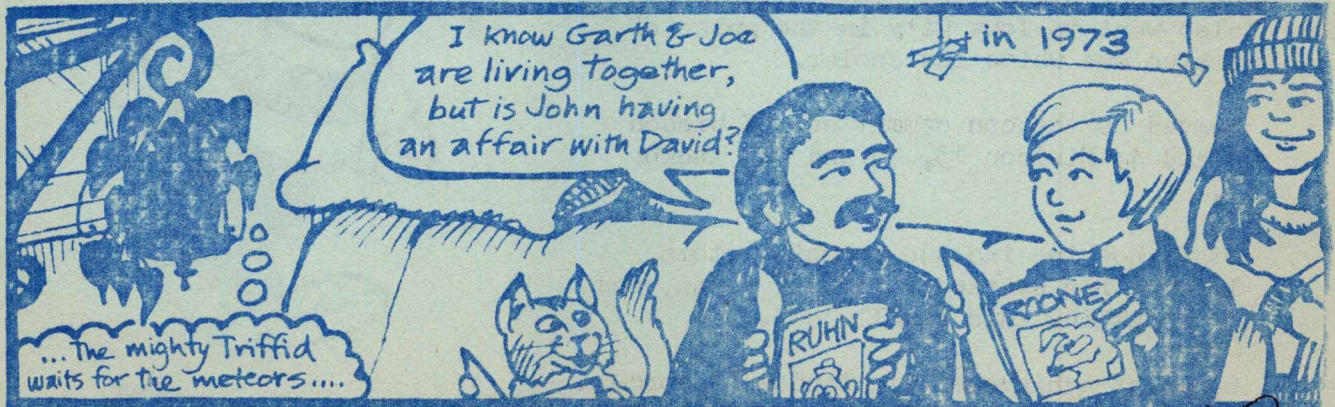
What follows is a condensation of the proposal and resumes we submitted to

the Minn-Stf board (actually, we've rearranged and paraphrased some of it, and maybe even added a little, but it's still all true).

"Over 25 Years of Fannish Experience"

John Bartelt: Fannish Resume

Member (for life) of the Madison Science Fiction Group since 1975, of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society since 1977.





physics as a new area of humor in his "Proton Detectives" article for Rune 60.

Greatest achievement outside fandom: helping convince the people of northeastern Minnesota that "they" are dumping nuclear waste into the iron mine that's being used for a proton decay detector.

David Stever-Schnoes:
Fannish Resume

Member of the World SF Society, 1971-1981 (looks good on real resumes); New England SF Assoc., 1970-1978; Minn-Stf, since 1977; Massachusetts Convention Fandom, Inc. (Noreascon II bidding committee); founding member of RISFA (Rhode Island SF Assoc.), 1974.

Editor of NESFA's clubzine, The Proper Boskonian, 1974-1976.

Contributor to The Proper Boskonian, Science Fiction Review, The Bimonthly Monthly.

Edited and published Digressions, a genzine. Edited with Garth Danielson, Crunchy Pieces of Reality (a one-shot), and the publications for Minicon 15 and 16. And has worked on some other stuff.

Letter hacking: Energumen, Prehensile, Outworlds, Granfalloon, Xenium, Amor, SFR, Genre Plot, Boowatt, The Monthly Monthly, Mythologies, Kratophany, Amaz-

Contributor to Janus, Digressions, Rune, Nick Bortop Mystery Magazine, Tales of Fur and Leather, Quinapalus, Minnesota Technolog, Tales of the Mighty Garth, etc.

Attended conventions in Minneapolis, Kansas City, Madison, Boston, Phoenix, and other places too neat to mention; also went to Iowa City in the guise of a blue and white ice cooler.

Served on the con committees of Wiscon 1 and 4; Minicon 13, 15 and 16; Anokon 1.

Other hobbies include smashing atoms, looking for smashed pieces of atoms, and bad-mouthing cats (small 'c').

Greatest achievement in fandom (according to David): introducing subatomic



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ing Stories, The Bimonthly Monthly, Algol, Galaxy, Mainstream, and who knows what zines I've forgotten.

Book reviewer for Son of the WSFA Journal, 1972-1974
(WSFA=Washington SF Assoc.)

Attended seven worldcons, from Boston to Boston; regionals in Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago, Minneapolis, Detroit, Iowa City.

Worked at The Science Fantasy Bookstore in Cambridge, MA; worked on Boskones, Minicons (now), and once co-chaired a relaxicon (small 'r') in Massachusetts. Served behind the bar in LA, Minneapolis, Boston, Detroit and Washington.

Other hobbies include making furniture. Made a trashcan from 2100 popsicle sticks.

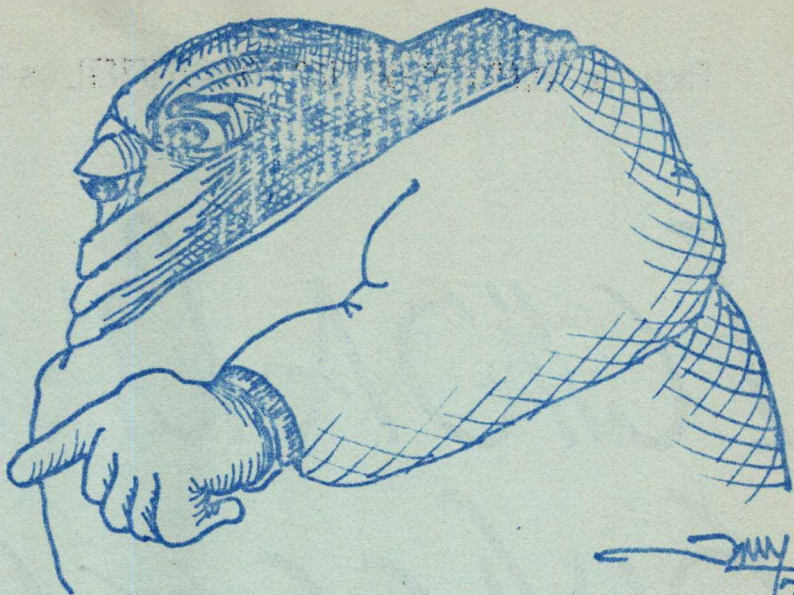
Greatest achievement in fandom: pubbed an issue of Proper Bosk illustrated entirely by William Rotsler. Taral MacDonald said he was jealous.

Greatest achievement outside fandom: got off work for a Philcon by saying my Uncle John Boardman died in Philly. John thought it was pretty funny.

Garth Danielson: Fannish Resume

Editor of Boowatt, Boowatt Weekly, A Boowatt Imitator, Nick Boxtop Mystery Magazine, Sometimes a Great Moo Cow, Whipped Cream Melody, City Lights, Wearing Your Underwear on the Outside, Whiz Funnies, Dangerous Young Men, Push the Moo Cow into the Ditch, Fred, It Ain't Working No More, The Heart is a Halcyon Bird, and, hey folks, just a ton of other titles. Trust me.

He says that he's done a lot of the stuff that the rest of us have done, but that he's got better things to do than write all that kind of crap down. We remember him being at Torcon, and at a lot of other conventions; and he's the only one of us who has ever been a



WE WANT YOU!

guest of honor at one of them, so we're really jealous of the bugger (Fan GoH at ConQuest 1980, in Kansas City, for the record). He's worked on conventions a lot, and is always around to help with things. Especially printing, since he's great at mimeography. He's owned more records than we'll ever see in our lifetimes. Because he's worked in a motorcycle parts place, he has a lot of stories about greasers and bikers on drugs. And he's really terrible about writing resumes.

*

We plan to continue a quarterly schedule for RUNE, with Einblatts in between as needed. As for the rest of our plans and intentions--you can start getting an idea of those from this issue.

We'll be pruning the RUNE mailing list. Unless you subscribe, contribute, trade or loc (or have very recently), or do us a favor (nudge-nudge, wink-wink), you may be cut. And we're interested in seeing all sorts of articles and artwork. We take no responsibility for unsolicited material, but a SASE helps. And we do want to hear from you.

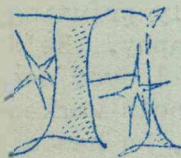
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FROM THE NOTEBOOKS OF RICO POPOQATIPTETL AS TOLD TO LARRY BECKER

I WAS A BARBARAN SAVAGE ^{for} _{the} CIA!!

BY RICO POPOQATIPTETL



Hey you kids! Getta 'way from thosea cross-cut fore-shanks!' I yelled at Bloody Mikey and his pals, from my doorway. The

little shit was always trying to swipe prime cuts from the cardtable I kept on the sidewalk, lightly browning in the sun. I ran to the doorway and heaved my cleaver at him, narrowly missing the leader's hump, and taking just a tiny slice off his clubfoot.

Shwwik-thak, as I affectionately called her, imbedded itself in the pole at the corner traffic signal. With a lurch that sent its passengers thudding thier heads against the windshield, the long black Lincoln Continental Mark IV stopped at the light that had suddenly turned red. There were seven men in that car, all wearing black suits with narrow ties and little Frank Sinatra hats. As Shwwik-thak glowed dully from the electricity coruscating throught it seven pairs of eyes stared straight ahead. As I yanked my cleaver free from the

tangle of wires, I yelled at them through their tinted glass windows.

"Hey! Whatcha doin'? Blinda?! The signal she'sa outta order! You don' haveta stop just becausea she'sa stuck on red!" Somehow I knew they wouldn't move until the light was green. The letter of the law was somehow their unreachable messiah. They worked for the government.

For several weeks their car sat accross the street. Every once in a while one of them would come accross to my store Luigi's All-Beef I Wack'em You Attack'em Steak Shoppe, to order some rolled rib roast and pin-bone sirloin steak. Each time my premium cuts were swallowed up by the long black limousine, never to return. Only the dull glow of a microwave oven in the back seat bespoke the indignities perpetrated on them there. This went on for a long time during which Bloody Mikey became increasingly bold and the neighbors complained louder and louder about the choice meat they said was rotting on the card table out front. Still they had

BB

a certain hungry gleam in their eyes when they came in to buy my wieners.

Then came the day. The black limo had been gone since last Friday and I had written it off as one of those little things that make you wonder, like grapefruit soup, deodorant lipstick, and pork chop jello. As I closed up the shop after a long day of wacking, I heard the guttural roar of a powerful engine mounted on a too-big chassis, coming toward me. Car doors slammed open as brakes screeched and suddenly I was covered with Madison Avenue types. They shoved a rolled-up tax form in my mouth and rammed me into the limo, taking off as stylishly as they came.

All at once, so many questions.

"luigi Babalui?"

"Grrfmgggoolomogkkk...k."

"Are you a loyal American?"

"Mmmgomllllfwagomogookkmmakala " I agreed.

"Have you ever belonged to any dissident organization or read any of their literature?!"

"Gogaagaamallaoookooo-kashumukata," denying it.

"Have you ever regretted giving all you could on your federal income tax?!"

"Glumurrrrkaatufabumakataggg... grg," I denied it, of course.

"Do you want to serve your country to the best of your ability?"

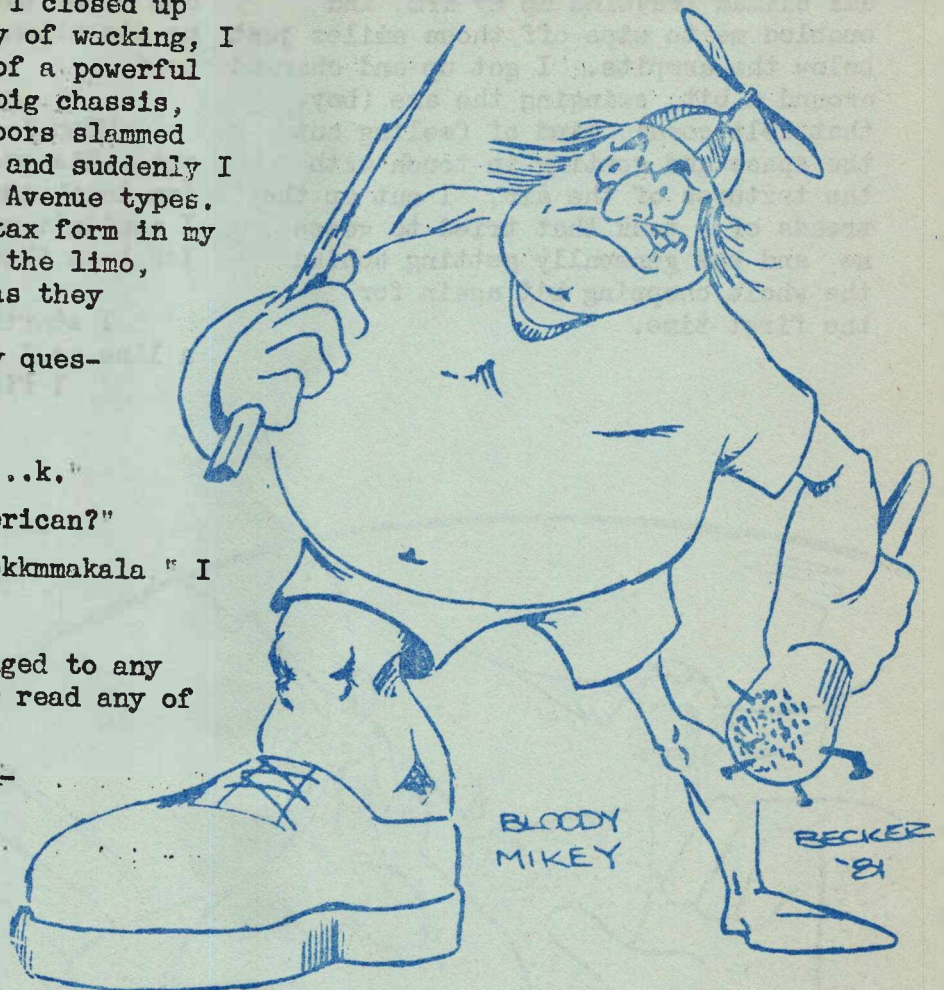
"Gakgakchokegaspwheezevomitivomit," I agreed with all my heart and mind.

"Good. Now there's no need to be afraid. This hypo I'm injecting into your spinal column merely contains a strong mixture of hallucinogens, amphetamines, pain-killers, muscle relaxants, animal tranquilizers, uppers and downers. A couple of years in a southern cold-turkey detox center and you'll be good as new."

"Grackuwamagugu." I did need some-

thing to calm my nerves. and I hated no northern winters.

The next thing that I knew was the warm bite of the desert wind as I sky-dived out of an airplane over Teheran. I can't remember anyone telling me how to pull my ripcord, but I needn't have worried there wasn't any. I fell for a



few minutes. trying to get into the experience and wondering why the clouds kept turning into crab monsters with hundreds of claws and my mother-in-law's face. Then there was a crash and I was lying in a pile of rubble looking up at a hole in the ceiling with the outline of my body. There was nothing broken, due, no doubt, to the iron breastplate, helmet, and greaves the C.I.A. had strapped to me before they pushed me out of the plane. I was in terrible, excruciating agony, but I was so high I didn't give a shit.

There were towel-heads running all over the place. Several with automatic rifles came and pointed them at my face.

I didn't mind the weapons as much as the stupid grins they had on their faces. I looked over at my right hand to see what was holding it down, and saw a huge axe, with a shaft eight feet long and a double blade about *six feet across*. Shit, I thought, there's no way I can lift this mother; but sure enough, an adrenalin surge as powerful as a sexual climax traveled up my arm, and enabled me to wipe off those smiles just below the armpits. I got up and charged around a bit, swinging the axe (boy, that felt *good*), kind of feeling out the space and getting in touch with the textures of the air. I cut up the treads of a tank that tried to goose me, and was generally getting behind the whole chopping bit again for the first time.

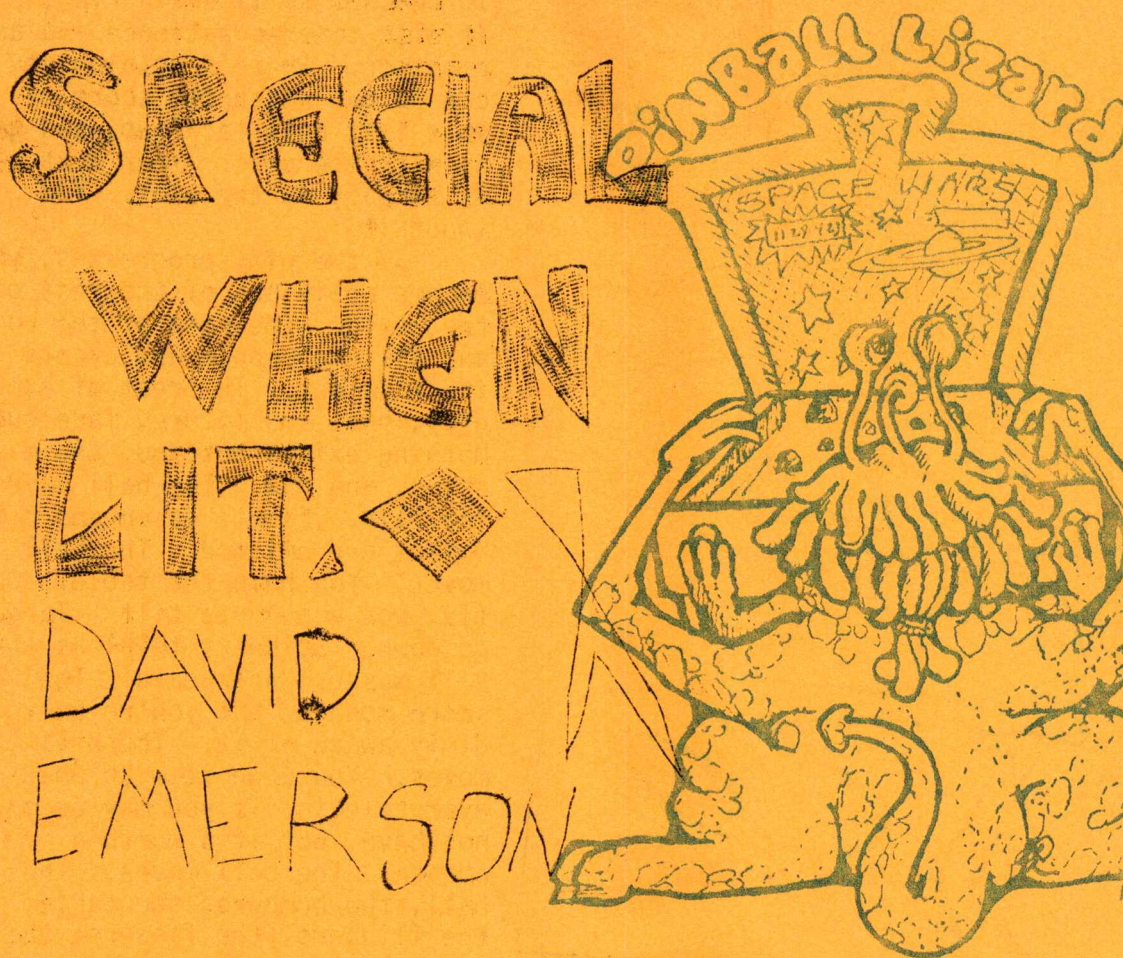
People were beginning to stay away from me, which was a real drag, but I was still cool enough to remember that I had to kill the Ayatollah before my buzz wore off. I chased one little guy a couple of blocks and finally cornered him. Holding him up by the hair, which wasn't easy (I swear 50% of Iran's oil goes into making Brylcreem), I asked him where the head honcho was. He gave me directions and then I gashed his head.

When I got to his office, he was out. His secretary said he was in Paris for lunch and wouldn't be back til late. I couldn't wait and left a message that I'd been there.

I started going west in as straight a line as I could with an eight foot axe.

I figured I could make Greece or Italy at least, before I came down.





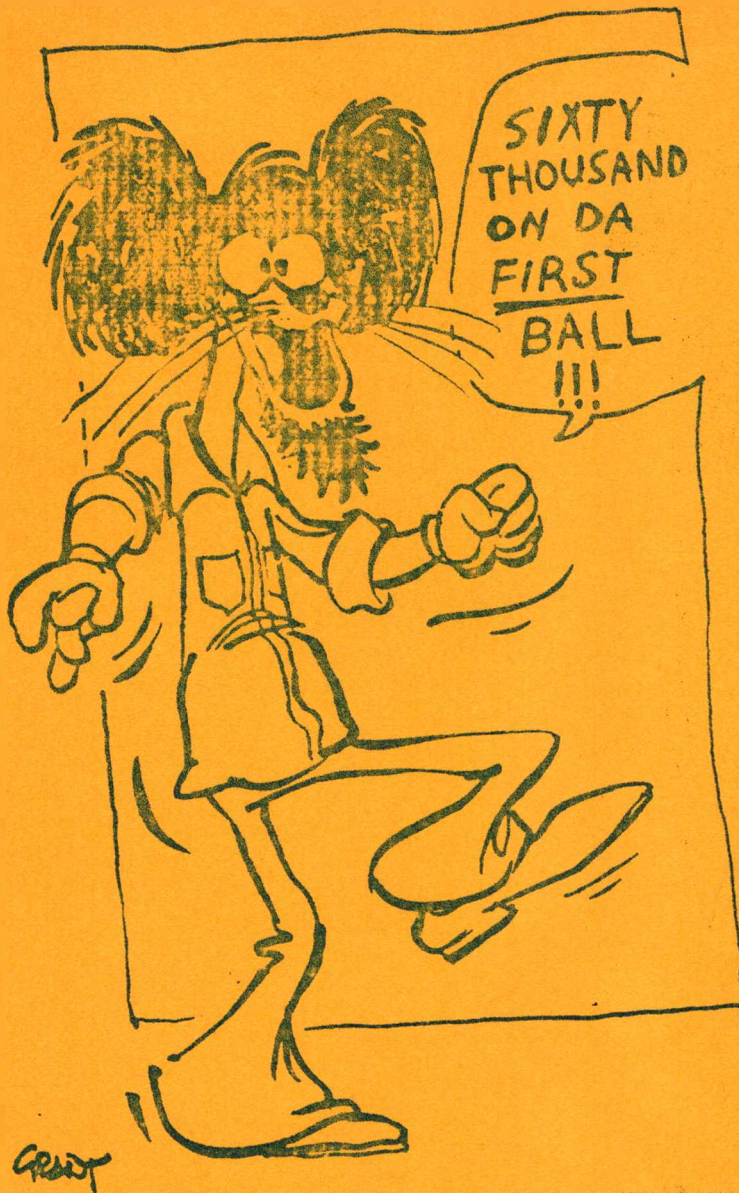
Pinball is a state of mind.

From the very start, when you first approach the table, its garish and fanciful decorations suggest special, non-ordinary realities—high adventure, glamor, and/or fantasy (monsters, sword-wielding barbarians) or even S*C*I-F*I scenes (monsters, blaster-wielding spacemen). But these are just suggestions, devices to preprogram your brain for the real alteration of mental state that begins when you put your coins in the slot.

Machines these days, with magical microprocessors for brains, make all sorts of noises. They make noises when the coins drop in the slot and your game credit goes up. Push the reset button to start a game and more noises emanate. Pull back the shooter and let fly, sending the first ball up the channel into the playing field—and POW! The game is on!

You have, of course, carefully gauged the amount of force you shot with

so that the ball goes through the correct channel at the top. You might have to nudge the table a bit to persuade it. The ball drops through, hits a few bumpers and bounces around, flying this way and that at ever-increasing speeds. Your eye follows it closely, your fingers hover at the flipper buttons, your whole attention focused totally on the position and motion of the ball. It speeds down the table toward you. You wait until the precise instant and hit the flippers. The ball caroms away again. You have judged correctly—it hits one or two of a bank of drop targets. The targets go down. The bonus adds up. Get them all down, and the bonus jumps drastically; or the bonus is doubled; or lights go on elsewhere on the table, increasing the value



of other goals: "10,000 WHEN LIT" or "EXTRA BALL WHEN LIT" or maybe even "SPECIAL WHEN LIT" which gives a free game. You tense, you sweat, you focus your attention more tightly.

It doesn't do any good. Having carefully lined up a flipper shot to hit a particularly inaccessible bulls-eye target, you cringe as the ball instead nicks a rubber-lined post and bounces straight into the left-hand outlane. The ball drains. It doesn't listen to your curses. It doesn't listen to your verbal instructions to the contrary. It doesn't even listen when you slam the table with both hands and jump up and down, attracting briefly the attention of everyone else in the place.

Pinball is an unforgiving game.

It teaches skill and daring, but it also teaches patience and acceptance. There's nothing you can do but watch the score of your last ball total up, and go on with the game. Your next ball is already in the slot. You shoot it.

As the play progresses, you become oblivious of the rest of the world. The rest of the room, and all the people and events in it, fade out. The rest of eternity, past and future, fade out. Nothing exists but you, the machine, and now. The ball moves. You flip. Lights go on and off. Noises are emitted. The ball moves. You bump the table. Gently, not enough to tilt. Targets go down. Spinners twirl as the ball passes underneath. The score mounts, but you're only dimly aware of it. The ball moves. You urge it with whatever telekinesis you may or may not have, but it's worth a chance. The ball moves. The ball, the bumpers, the table, the flippers, the fingers, the muscles, the nerve impulses, the eyes, the brain—move.

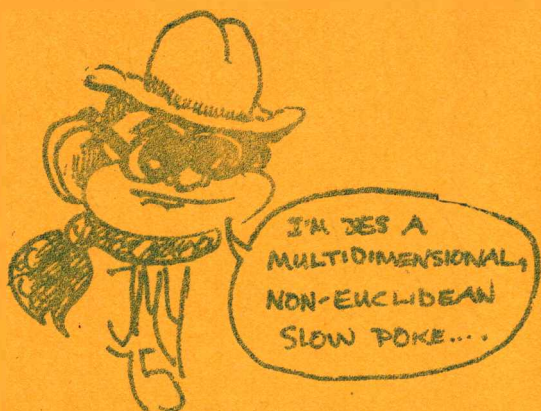
There is no more ball, or machine, or you. There is Pinball. It is occurring.

And then the final ball drains. Time—as we normally perceive it—resumes. You look up at the score. Maybe you made enough for a free game; maybe you didn't. You did the best you could, and you got what you got. You can go away now, or you can put in another quarter and play again.

* * *

There are more and more pinball machines around these days. Most every corner bar has at least one or two; some of the larger bars have a wall full, possibly even a separate game room, with video games as well. Most pool halls and bowling alleys have some. There's a few blocks of Lake Street, centered around Lyndale, that include Gentleman Jim's Billiard Parlor, a bowling alley, and a few other places, including

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Dulono's Pizza, all with pinball machines. Coffman Union, at the U of M East Bank Campus, has a bunch down by their bowling lanes—if you look the least bit like you might be a student, no one will stop you from going in and playing. There are even pinball machines in some movie theater lobbies. Lee Pelton is thinking of getting one for Downtown Comics.

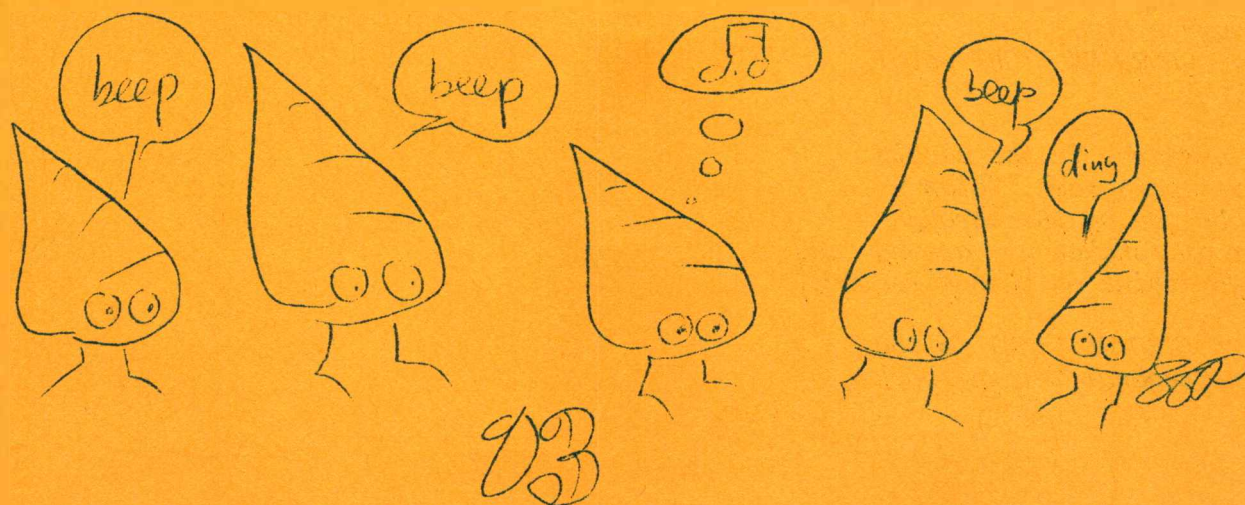
Though you may not have thought so, the airport is actually a good place for pinball. The Mpls-StPl Int'l Airport has a good game room with both video and pinball games. The pinball machines are usually fairly well serviced, and are periodically rotated, so that every time I've been there I've seen a new machine or two. The only drawback is that you have to drive out there, and parking can get expensive if you stay very long. But if you have to meet someone there, it's worth getting there a half hour early. Check out other airports, too—changing

planes in Milwaukee once, I found some old tables still set for five balls per game.

My personal favorite, however, is Rifle Sport. It's up a flight of stairs at 6th and Hennepin, and looks like it's been there for decades. It has pool tables, video doodahs, and even some target-shooting games which were no doubt its original namesake. But it has pinball. Many tables. Some old, most pretty new, and a few brand new electronic marvels, such as the two-level Black Knight and the glittery Xenon. Machines that talk, machines that play tic-tac-toe with you, machines that sing, machines that give



you two or three balls at once if you treat 'em right. Maybe in my next installment I'll tell you about some of them.



Walter D. Moberg ★ ROGER ZELAZNY ★

Roger Zelazny is a mystic and a myth-maker. All of his best works are infused with these things. His concerns are the direct relationships between mortal man and omniscient power, and the ways in which a core of fact is twisted and fed to itself to form myths and legends.

He creates myths and then probes them to the core to display the concrete from which they grow. He gives us characters who are frail, human, creatures. But also are at the same time, men made of the larger than life stuff of heroes. His protagonists are tangible bridges between mortality and divinity.

"His followers called him Mahasamatman and said he was a god. He preferred to drop the Maha-and the -atman, however, and called himself Sam. He never claimed to be a god. But then he never claimed not to be a god. Circumstances being what they were, neither admission could be of any benefit. Silence, though, could."

-LORD OF LIGHT pp. 1

There, in the novels first paragraph, Zelazny grabs you by the throat, shakes you around, and says, think in this direction.

LORD OF LIGHT is the quintessential Zelazny book.

W.D.

and the great souled Sam is the quintessential Zelazny protagonist.

"It is because I am what I am, demon. It is because I am a man who occasionally aspires to things beyond the belly and the phallus. I am not the saint the Buddhists think me to be, and I am not the hero out of legend. I am a man who knows much fear and who occasionally feels guilt."

-LORD OF LIGHT pp124



This is how Sam described himself to the demon Taraka. It is a self-eafacing twist of the facts. It is obvious that sam is the sort of man about whom legends twine to form a hero. He teaches in the footsteps of another saint made of a man, Gautama, and is therefore afforded the same honors. It only proves the wisdom of what both men taught. It does not make either man less because he was a man. The question is: at what point does the legend making process produce the big lie, this is what troubles Sam about his situation.

Sam is no saint or hero out of a legend. Yet he is far more than most men are. He possesses extraordinary powers of both mind and body. ~~he~~ lives a life that is possibly immortal. There is very little that is ordinary about this man Sam yet he is a man.

'As I hung there and the universe moved about me, I felt the decades' layere of fat that padded my soul's midsection catch fire and begin th to burm. The man I had worked so hard at becoming died then. I hope and I felt that Shimbo of Darktree Tower Shrugger of Thunders, still lived.'

- ISLE OF THE DEAD pp. 35

Another of Zelazny's protagonists Francis Sandow, here contemplates his place somewhere beyond the existance of mortal men. He is bound in what can only be termed a mystic partnership with the alien diety Shimbo.

Zelazny's protagonists are always trying to assemble the grand picture in theri minds' but they always fail as forces beyond their controlshape events they do not understand.

''Shandon'' I said, 'I'm dropping my sheild. You do the same.'
'All right.'

...And our minds met, moved inside one another.

-You mean it...
-So do you...
-Then its a bargain.
-Yes.

And the 'No!' that slammed back from the subterranean recesses of the world and echoed down from the towers of the sky clashed like cymbals within our minds. Mike Shandon emerged from the chalet and slowly turned his head to rake the heights. Finally our eyes met, and I knew then that what had been spoken or written in that place where I had stood with a thunderbolt in my hands had been true: -Then there must be a confrontation. Flames... -So be it. Darkness, there had been a patterning of events from the time I had departed Homefree until this moment, which overrode, defeated the argeements of men. Ours had been a series of subsidiary conflicts, their resolution unimportant to those who controlled us now.

Controlled, Yes. -ISLE OF THE DEAD
pp. 168



OS



All of Zelazny's protagonists are confronted by the disparity between the weakness of their manhood when in conflict with the powers of the universe. Whether it is the destruction of Sandow and Shandon's carefully constructed way out of their feud by Shimbo and Belion or Corwin of Amber's constant befuddlement at the wheels within wheels intrigue of immortal being and cosmic force, that he meets as he sorts through the mess they call the realm of Amber.

Is it any wonder that at the end of their adventures both Corwin and Sandow throw up their hands in bewilderment. Corwin takes his chance to get away from Amber by walking the new pattern he created. At the end of ISLE BOF THE DEAD Sandow says "I don't know what happened and I don't understand it." And by implication says that he wouldn't want to know even if he were able.

They are all men who stay to the very end, unwilling to quit under any circumstances. They are men who make it possible to ignore the equations of life, they are those who make the odds one way or another irrelevant.

"An army, great in space may offer opposition in a brief span of time. One man's brief in space must spread his opposition across a period

of many years if he is to have a chance of succeeding.

-LORD OF LIGHT pp.104

"A man named Thomas Carlyle once wrote of heroes and hero-worship. He too was a fool. He believed there were such creatures. Heroism is only a matter of circumstance and expediency."

-THIS IMMORTAL pp.85

There is a contradiction in the thinking of all Zelazny's protagonists. They all disdain the mythmaking process that seeks to cloak them, and yet the bigger the challenge, the faster they jump at it. They emphasize their lack of heroism, yet they only take on tasks a hero would attempt. They are not heroes in the classical sense that whatever they do assumes heroic stature because of the way they do it. Rather they are the epitome of the modern hero, the man of extraordinary talent who when confronted with circumstance and fate takes it into his hands and bends it to his will. They defy fate as well as fulfill it.

Zelazny's characters are men about whom legends as grandiose as those of Heracles and Beowulf could be spun yet unlike those heroes they are not personifications of fate. They are men who share a link to divinity without being puppets of fate.

"The Kouretes screamed for his eyes are glowing coals and his teeth are buzzsaws. His head is as high above the ground as a tall man's. Although they seized their blades and struck at him, his sides are as the sides of an armadillo. A quarter ton of dog, my Bortan... he is not exactly the kind Albert Payson Terhune wrote about.

He worked for about a full minute and when he was finished they were all in pieces and none of them alive.

"What is it?" asked Hasan.

"A puppy I found in a sack washed up on a beach, too tough to drown my dog," said I. "Bortan."

AC

washed up on a beach, too tough to drown my dog,' I said 'Bortan.'

There was a small gash in the softer part of his shoulder. He had not gotten it in the fight.

'He sought us in the village first' I said, 'and they tried to stop him. Many Kouretes have died this day.'

He trotted up and licked my face. He wagged his tail' made dog noises' wiggled like a puppy. and ran in small circles. He sprang towards me and licked my face again. Then he was off cavorting

once more treading on pieces of Kouretes.

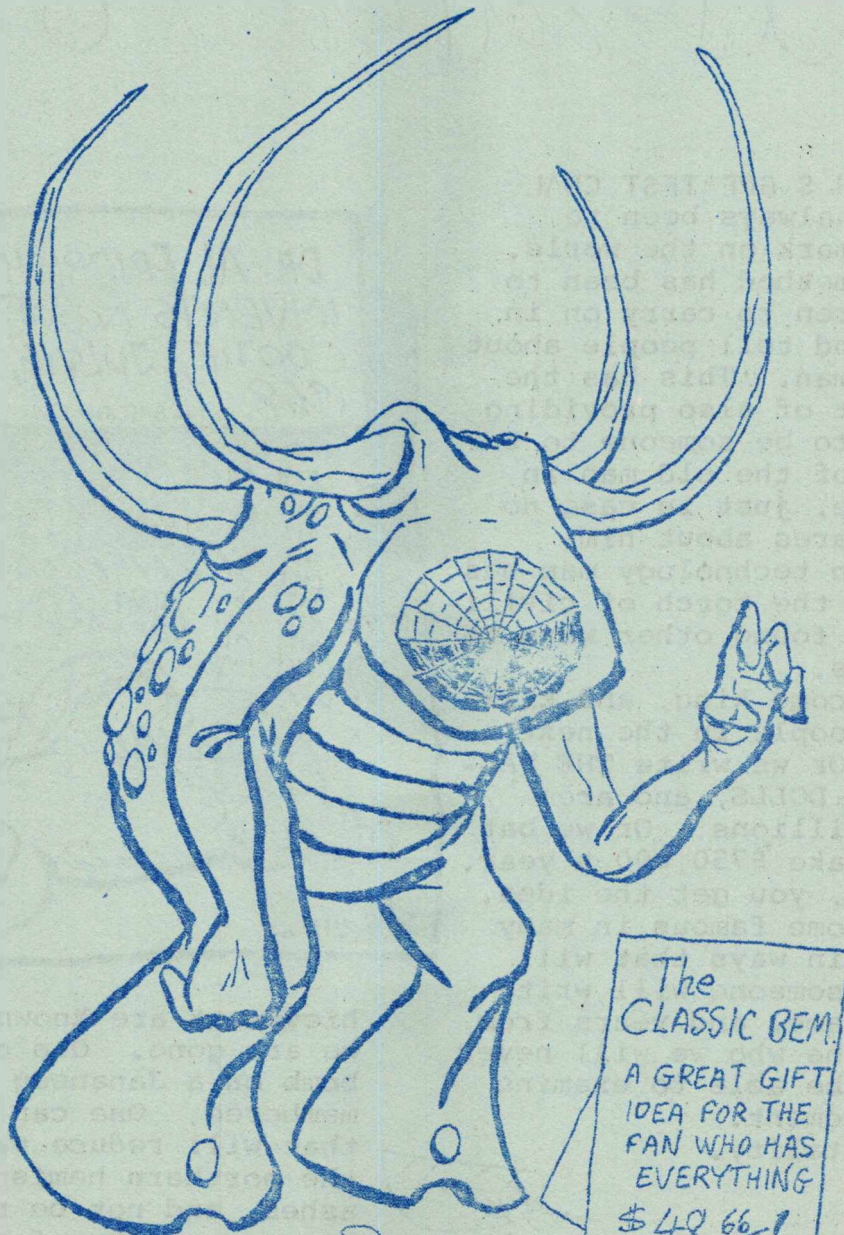
'It is good for a man yto have a dog' said Hasan 'I've always been fond of dogs.'

Bortan was sniffing him as he said it.

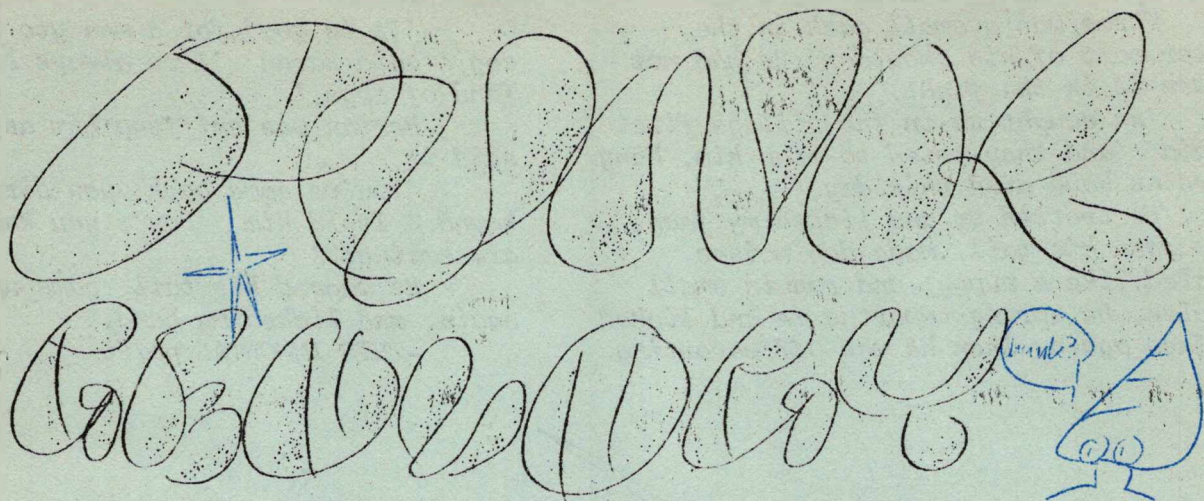
'You've come back you dirty old hound.' Itold him. 'Don't you know dogs are extinct?'

He wagged his tail came up to me again. and licked my hand.'

-THIS IMMORTAL pp150



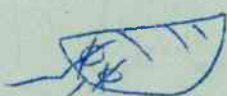
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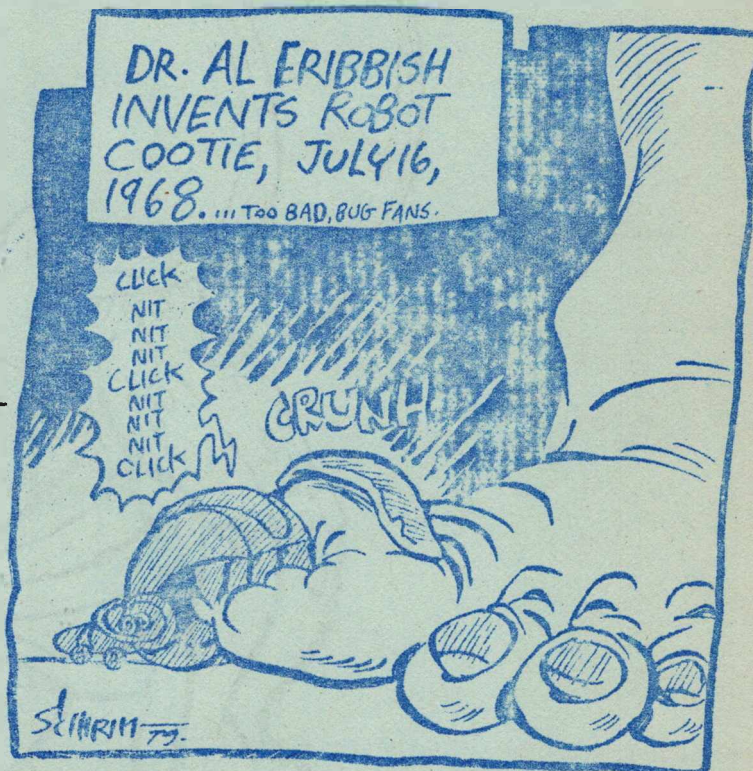


ONE OF MAN'S GREATEST CHALLENGES has always been to leave his mark on the world. His usual method has been to have children to carry on in his name and tell people about their old man. This has the nice effect of also providing for there to be someone to take care of the old man in his old age, just in case no one else cares about him. With modern technology man has carried on the torch of civilization and found other ways to leave marks.

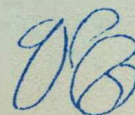
We become king, and kill a lot of people in the next country. Or we write THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS, and are known to millions. Or we bat .275 and make \$750,000 a year. Or -- well, you get the idea. We can become famous in many ways now, in ways that will mean that someone will write down our name, and years from now, someone who we will never meet will be able to examine our achievement.

Immortality.


 With civilization, we have increased the ways that an individual can effect their environment and this power represents many ways that one can insure (if done properly) that one's name and ac-



hievement are known to others after we are gone. One can drop a single bomb on a Japanese city and be remembered. One can push a button that will reduce vast sections of the northern hemisphere to slag and ashes, and not be remembered merely because one has forgotten to leave anybody alive to tell who did the deed. One must be careful about these things in this modern age.

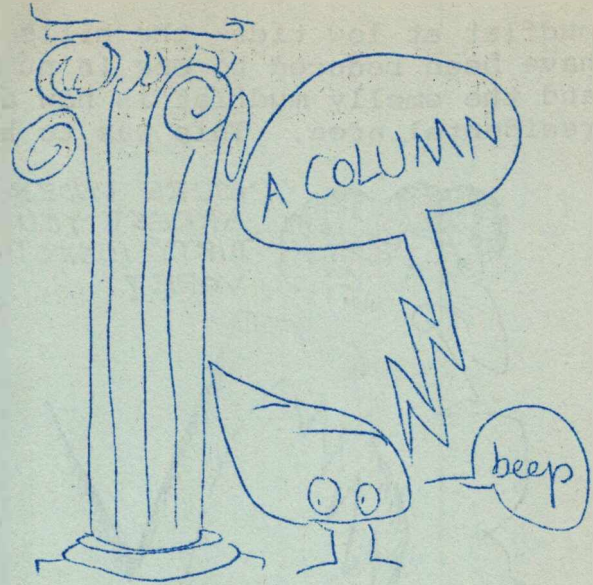


Civil engineering is a field that has been available as such a means for a few generations now- more so if one counts the pyramids and the Great Wall as examples- but the power available to any individual now-a-days is such that a group of people can really change the face of the earth and not even leave the area radioactive!

A case in point:

The Mississippi River has flowed through what is now Louisiana for many a geologic age, but the actual channel has been known to change from time to time. For a few years now, the Army Corps of Engineers (the closest that we have to a Terraforming outfit, in the true Stfnal sense of the word...) has been preventing the river from flowing down the much straighter (but harder to spell) Atchafalaya Channel, which flows straight south to the Gulf, rather than winding east as does the present channel. If next spring the Corps were to stop their effort, the Mississippi would flow the way it wants to, and New Orleans would be a *long way* from from the river. Morgan City, Louisiana would become a major world seaport, if it didn't wash away with the rest of St. Mary's parrish the day the river changes it's mind.

See what I mean? The possibilities are unlimited, as Howard Kaylan has said on more than one occasion. You can dam the Sault Ste. Marie River to reverse the drainage of Lake Superior, and make it drain into the St. Croix River of Wisconsin. That would also improve the quality of the drinking water down river, too. Dam the Straits of Mackinnac and you've turned the Chicago Ship and Sanitary Canal (look that up in your Britannicas) into a major river and Chicago a port off the Mississippi. One of my favorites, as a former resident of Boston, is to restore Boston to the way it was in 1776. Boston used to have many hills, and a large smelly



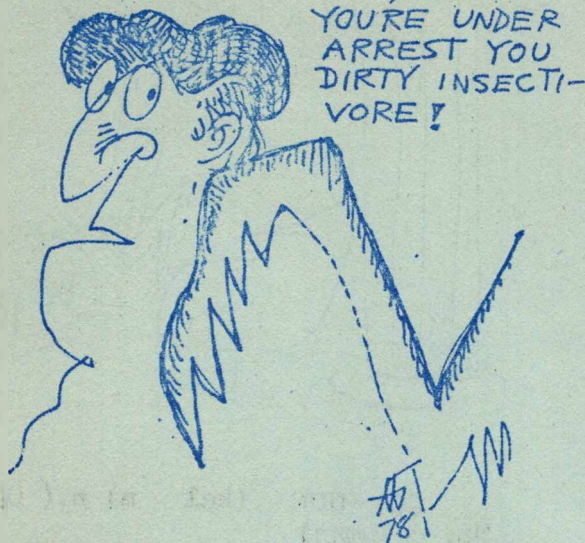
COL-UMN (kal m) n. (Ofr. ML. *columna*)

1. A slender upright structure, generally a cylindrical shaft with a base and a capital; pillar: it is usually a supporting or ornamental member in a building.
2. Anything like a column in shape or function (the spinal column).
3. Aformation of troops, ships, etc., in a file.
4. Any of the vertical sections of printed matter lying side by side on a page and separated by a rule or blank space.
5. A series of feature articles u under a fixed title in a magazine or newspaper, written by a special writer or devoted to a certain subject.

(Webster's New World Dictionary)

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mudflat at low tide; the hills have been reduced to one in number, and the smelly mudflat is now a residential area. This was to have



been my bicentennial Project, but I never wrote it up to get the federal funding. I'd think that if you wanted to make Palm Springs California a coastal community (perhaps you have property there and want to increase it's worth), you could inject a lot of water into the local earthquake faults. It worked in the Denver area not long ago, when the army did it, so you expect it to work in California, too. Aword of warning- such a quake would be an attempt to extend the Gulf of California into the Imperial Valley, so that you would be driving up the price off all the agricultural products of the Golden State (with possible exception of marijuana, which is mostly grown in the north).

All of these projects might still seem like multi-million public works projects, but they should serve to expand your mind to the possibilities of the field.

I have three works that are particular to the Twin Cities, the cheapest of which would rearrange the "City of Lakes", and result in flooding about 15 acres, including a city park, and an interstate highway. The cost- simply the cost of renting a bulldozer

Hi there! As you can see from the above definitions. this should be one monumental piece of writing. Something to be put on a pedestal and admired forever.

OR it could be a bust.

When I heard our beloved new editors were considering and being considered for the post, I volunteered my meager talents to write a column. And when I said "column" I meant just that.

John asked me what I wanted to write about and I said whatever comes to me. In other words. I hadn't the foggiest. But I thought perhaps I could come up with something witty and clever to put down on paper every three months or so. After all isn't writing 90% persperation?

Well, my basement's . I don't sweat a lot. This could be more difficult than I thought. But, at the same time, probably more fun. I look forward to it and I hope I can make you do the same.

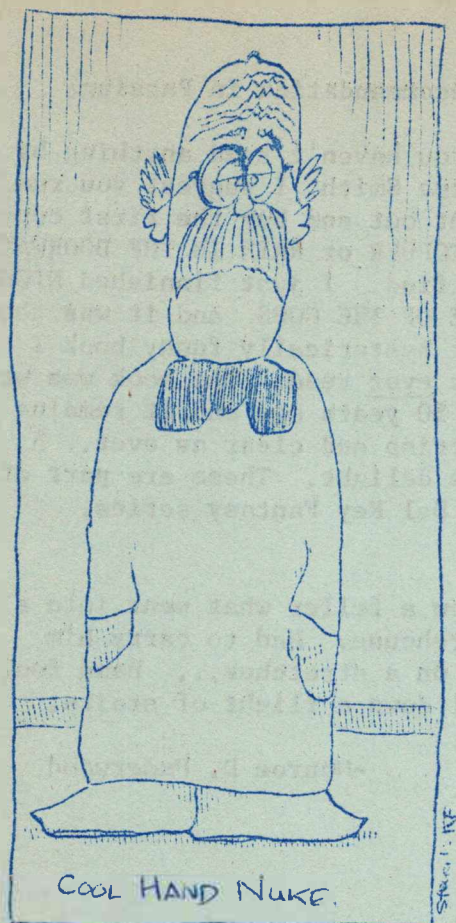
I will include reviews (books music art whatever), personal feelings, opinion jokes gossip or even reader contributions. I d like to be reader-responsive. So do what you can and I ll do likewise.

Confessions of a Were-Driver

I am a were-driver. I'm not sure how many p opele are afflicted with this terrible and sometimes fatal disease, but I estimate it must be into the millions.

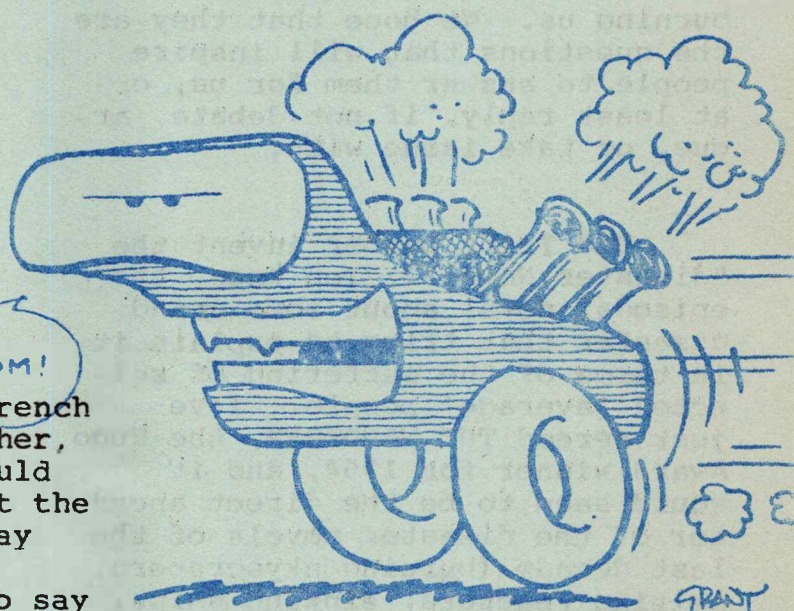
Were-drivism or in scienti- fic terms, Lycarthropy affects the nervous system when a person enters the driver side of any car or truck (see also were-boater, were-snowmobiler and were-bicyc- ler). This disease turns its un- fortunate victim into a blood- thirsty beast, capable of actions

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no sane person possibly could be.

Amber lights become signals for "go as fast as you fucking can so you don't have to wait through the whole goddamned redlight", and it immediately becomes open season on pedestrians. Ability to



for a day. One would dig a trench connecting one pond with another, and at that point, gravity would take over, and I estimate that the flooding would take about a day to complete.

You might be so astute to say that any of these would at best result in one's being thrown into jail, and at worst result in suffering for untold hundreds (thousands, millions); well... the point is still to be remembered, right? Even in my original example (the king invading the neighboring kingdom) the result was untold suffering- *but he was remembered.* Think of me as the Dick Tuck of geology.

(continued from page 45)

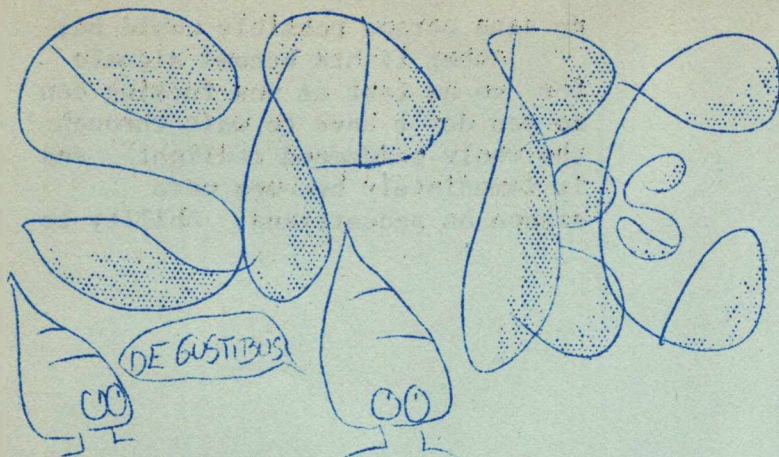
8) Yes, I know that it's asking a lot. Ten years ago you could read everything that was published during a year; but nowadays one has to winnow out some of the chaff to get to the wheat.

read road signs is impaired or lost completely. Many deaths have occurred in titanic battles of two or more lycarthropes over a single parking space.

Cures for lycarthropy are so far off as to nonexistent (unless of course we run out of oil soon and in which case, were-bicyclism will spread). But work is being done to eradicate this blight. The major oil companies are doing their best. The federal government is also contributing their share. But we need your help, too.

Just remember the next time you leave your 85° heated home to cruise the loop in your trusty ol' RV that it doesn't take a silver bullet to do a were-driver in.

220₂₁



Hhhhm, yes, this is the first installment of SPECULATIONS. where we ask the burning question... At least the question that was burning us. We hope that they are the questions that will inspire people to answer them for us, or at least reply, if not debate, argue, or take issue with.

Did Fritz Leiber invent the "disaster Novel"? You know, the episodal novel about some grand disaster that tries to explain it in terms of the suffering of selected 'average' people. I've just reread THE WANDERER, the Hugo Award winner for 1964, and it would seem to be the direct ancestor of the disaster novels of the last decade (burning skyscrapers, melting reactors, sinking ships, et al.) ; were there any others that predated the rest of the field as much as Leiber did?

- David Stever-Schnoes

What ever happened to Rosemary Ulliot? She was a friend of the Glicksohn's, and had a wonderful column in ENERGUMEN (Kumquat May), and after that magazine folded, we have lost track of her. Has she joined Jay Zarembo and Dave Hulvey in Christianity, or is she working in a mine in Sudbury or what? Where are you, Rosemary?

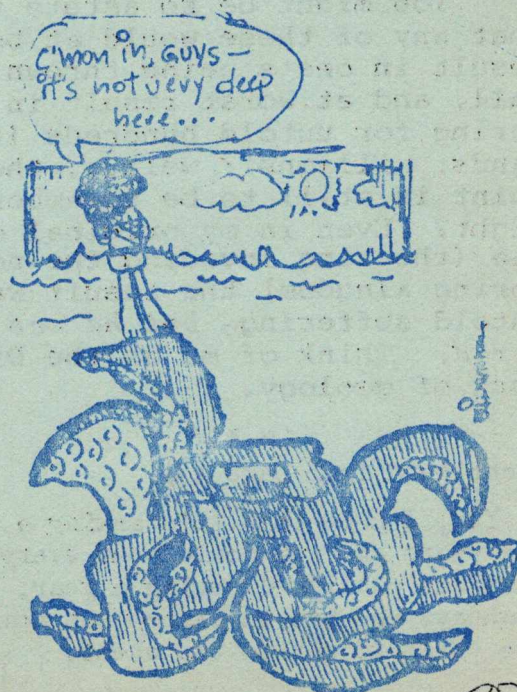
- Stever-Schnoes & Wesson

A Recommendation in Passing

If you haven't read anything by T Thorne Smith, I suggest you run right out and buy the first copy of TOPPER or RAIN IN THE DOORWAY you find. I just finished NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS and it was the most hysterically funny book I have ever read. The book was written 50 years ago and it remains as crisp and clear as ever. A true delight. These are part of the Del Rey Fantasy series.

"knew a feller what went into a whorehouse. Had to carry him out on a stretcher... Damn fool fell down a flight of stairs."

-Monroe D. Underwood



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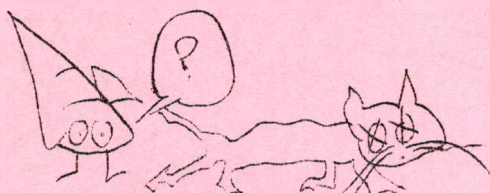
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All play and no work puts Jill over the hill.



You may think you've seen this title before someplace, and maybe you have, but you're certain to have seen some of Hollywood's latest somewhere before. Probably in that shadowy period of late-night television when you can still pick up an occasional "Lost in Space" rerun, if you're particularly unfortunate.

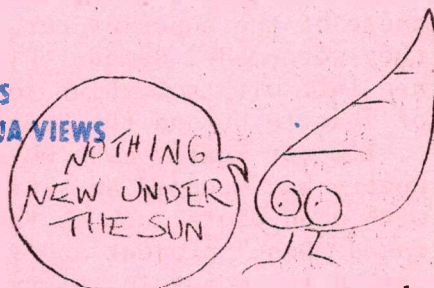
It's been said that movie S.F., with minor exceptions, has been about twenty years behind the written article. This may have been true during the Fifties; since then I would say the gap has widened steadily. If it were still at a twenty year interval we'd be watching the Sixties and I think we'd all be a lot happier with the movies.

In the serial era of the Thirties and Forties, movies weren't so much worse than what Astounding and Amazing were pushing, with of course a fair number of exceptions. The Fifties were a bit better on screen but written fiction during that decade and the next really came into its own.

A greater percentage of S.F. that could also stand as good literature appeared, and the movie industry didn't quite follow suit. "2001" could have been the beginning of a new standard in science fiction movies. But it was an isolated example

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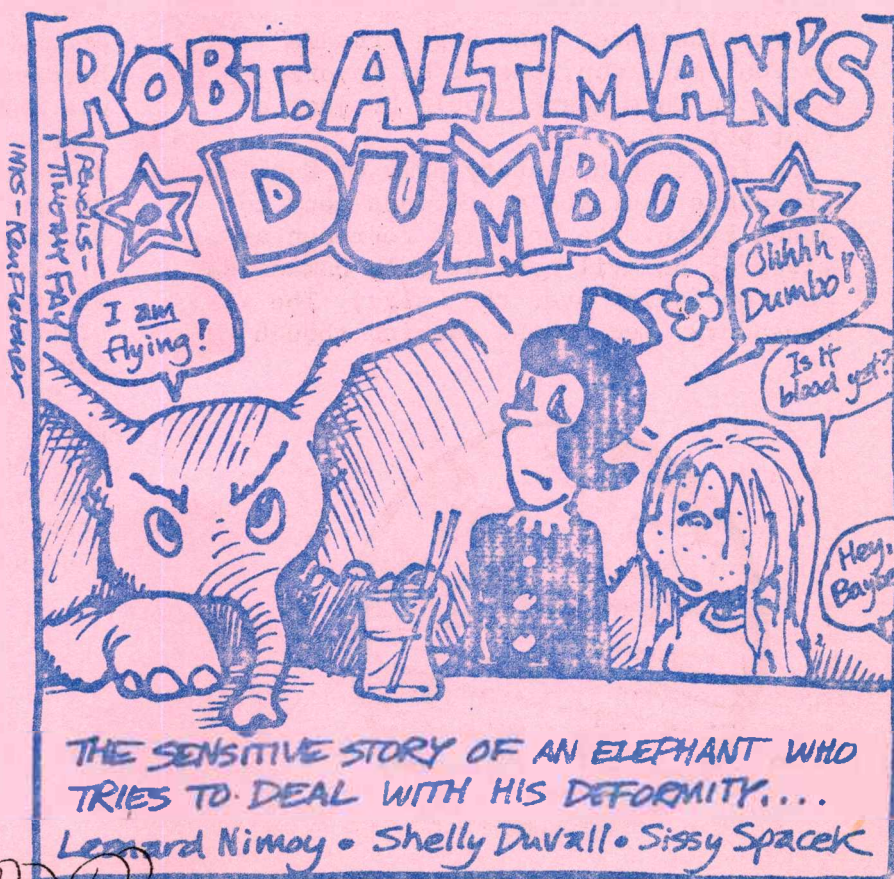
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that the movie industry seems to have backed down from.

They may have had a point since "2001" was not at all well received by the mundane public, as being incomprehensible. Certainly that's as good a reason as any to back away from an excellent movie. But rather than dropping back a step to reconsider and then trying again, the film industry seems to have skipped all the way back to the Thirties and Forties, with occasional daring forays into the '50s.

The few well done S.F. movies since then are mostly exceptional for their



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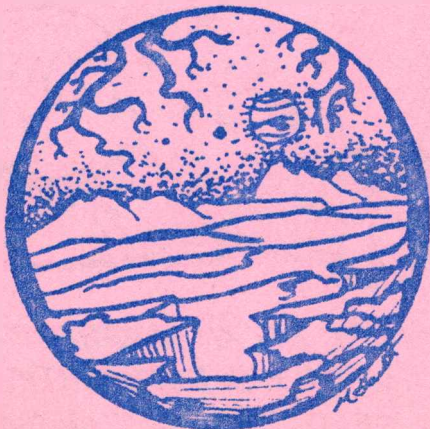
cinematography, attention to detail and the excellence of their actors rather than for their plots. "Alien" and "Star Wars", for instance, both good movies, are very weak in plotting. They don't suffer for it because of the superior care with which they were made. Remove this and you are left with something to the order of "Battle Beyond the Stars".

I'm not really sure why the industry has stepped away from stories with good plots such as the ill-fated "Dune" project and instead invested its money in thirty million dollar comic books like "Flash Gordon". I think "Flash" is fine for what it is, but such campy spoofs are ususally produced when a genre is mature and taking itself too seriously. And that time is far in the future.

Then again, the industry may prefer simple, uncomplicated plots due to time limitations, audience attentiveness and other such foolishness. But do they have to remake films that were corney forty years ago, the first time around? There have been so many fine simple adventure S.F. novels, written in more recent years.

For instance, "The High Crusade" by Poul Anderson, one of my favorite books in this genre, would be just about perfect....

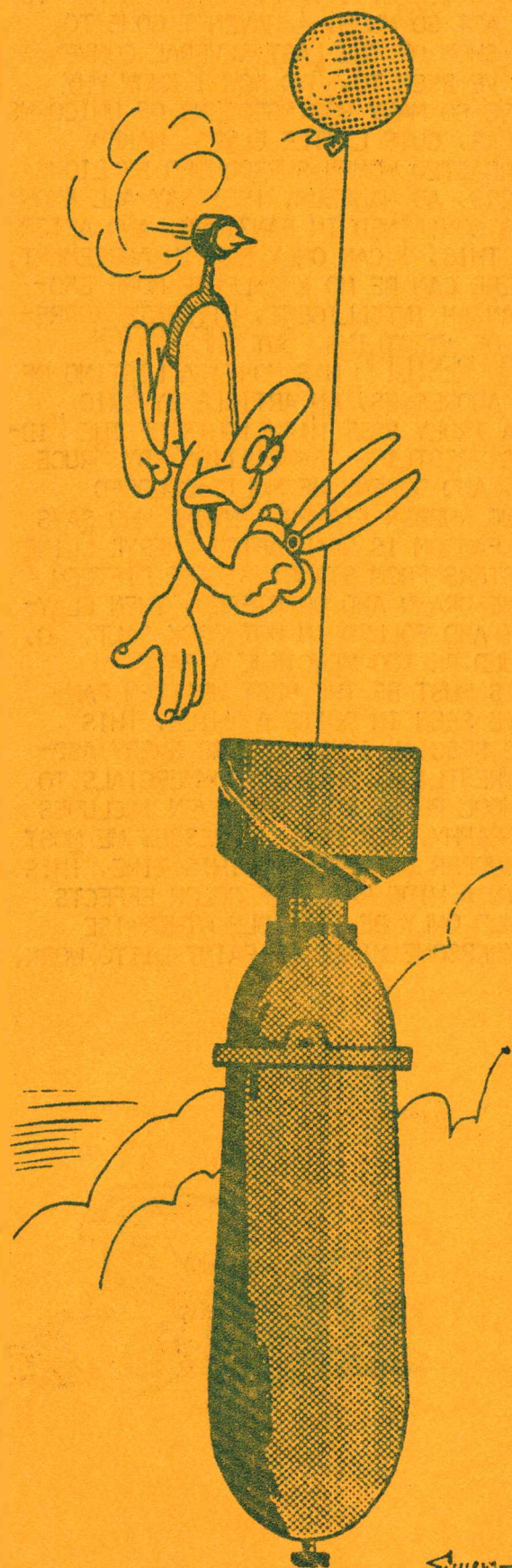
A fourteenth century army of English Crusaders captures a starship sent to annex Earth. Its crew are representatives of an evil race of ugly humanoids bent on taking over the Galaxy. The Crusaders, led by the cunning though



somewhat confused Baron Rodger de Tournville succeed in seizing control of the aliens' empire in about one hundred pages. They fight many battles, win the support of subjugated races, rescue an alien princess and generally do a lot of really cinematic type things. The book has an excellent punchline ending and would be relatively inexpensive to make, since most of the action occurs on the ground, either on medieval Earth or on very earthlike planets.

Silly as the plot sounds, Anderson pulls it off with his usual flair, and the image of armored cavalry with energy weapons has always been an attractive one. Finally, it hasn't been done before!

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THE POST MODERN BOP

by
LUKE
McGUFF

SINCE THIS IS THE FIRST INSTALLMENT OF THIS ERSTWHILE COLUMN, LET ME BEGIN WITH A DEFINITION: A FANZINE IS ANY PUBLICATION OFFERED FOR RESPONSE. THE "PUBLICATION" MAY BE ONLY A FEW COPIES PASSED OUT HAND TO HAND TO FRIENDS, OR IT MAY BE SENT OUT WITH A BULK MAILING PERMIT, AS THIS IS. AND THE "RESPONSE" COULD BE A COUPLE DOLLARS (NOT A SUBSCRIPTION), A LETTER OF COMMENT, A CONTRIBUTION OF ART OR ARTICLE. SOME FANZINES ARE AVAILABLE FOR EDITORIAL WHIM, REGARDLESS OF RESPONSE (OR LACK THEREOF).

MANY PEOPLE TALK ABOUT THE DEATH OF FANZINE FANDOM, AND I THINK THOSE STATEMENTS ARE PURELY RIDICULOUS.

SCHIRM—

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SURE, THERE ARE A LOT OF BORING FANZINES AROUND, BUT JUST BECAUSE THEIR EDITORS SHOW NO SIGNS OF LIFE, DOESN'T MEAN FANZINE FANDOM IN GENERAL IS DEAD.

SOMETHING LIKE THE BIMONTHLY MONTHLY SHOWS EVERY LITTLE SIGN OF LIFE YOU CAN IMAGINE. STARTED AS A MONTHLY ZINE BY THE SIX MEMBERS OF THE GANG OF FOUR, WITH A ROTATING EDITORSHIP, IT SHOCKED EVERYBODY IN FANDOM BY COMING OUT ON TIME, EVERY MONTH FOR A YEAR. NOW IT'S BIMONTHLY AND, UH, LATE, I THINK, BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

IT OPENS WITH A FOUR PAGE COVER BY DAVID VERESCHAGIN, CALLED "POST MODERNISM SIMPLY EXPLAINED." ALTHOUGH THIS DOESN'T QUITE HIT ME IN THE RIGHT SPOT, AS FAR AS NEW WAVE ART GOES, STILL IT'S A BREATHTAKING EXPLORATION OF GRAPHIC POSSIBILITIES IN THE IMAGINATIVE WASTELAND OF THE SCI-FI FANZINE.

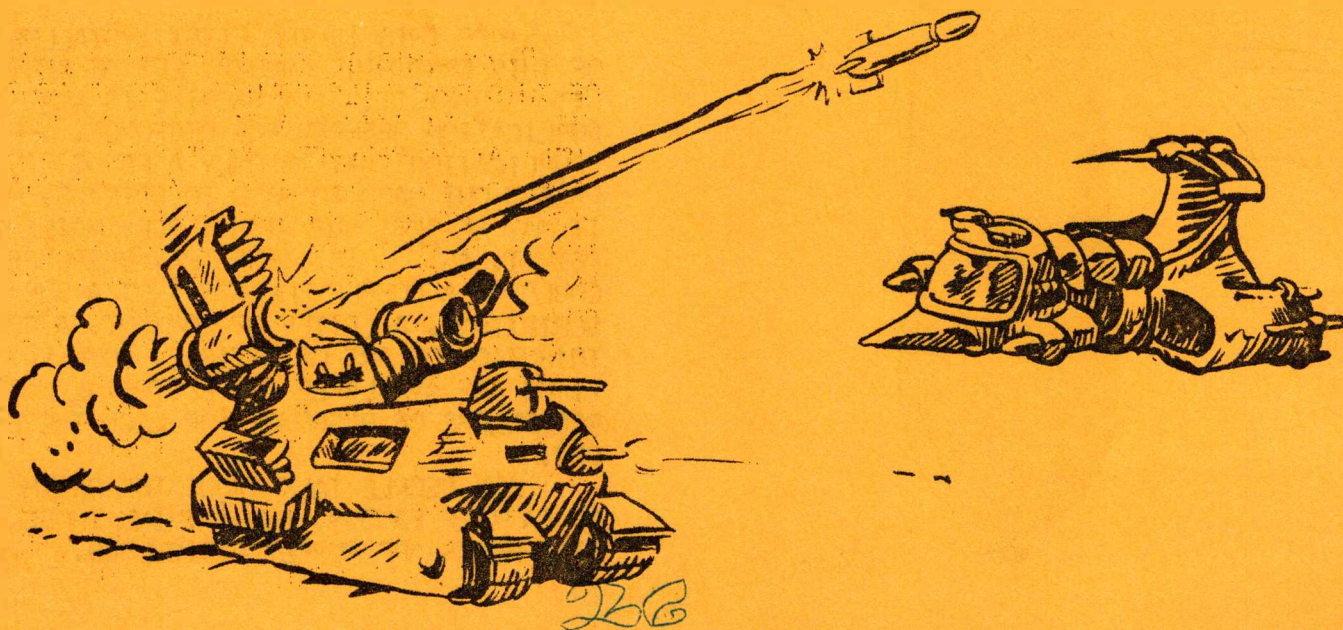
THE COLUMN HEADINGS (ALSO BY VERESCHAGIN) ARE MORE TO MY GRAPHIC TASTE. WHILE DIANE WALTER LEBLANC'S "DIETER'S

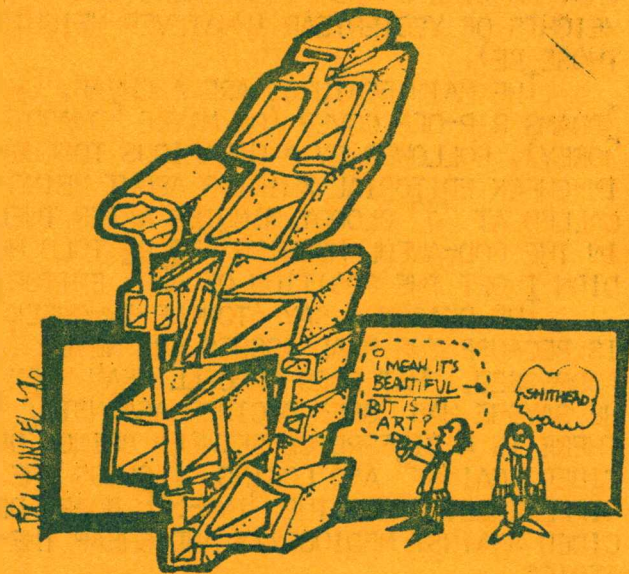
GUIDE TO 'WEIGHTLOSS DURING FANAC' ACTUALLY GOT ME TO LAUGH. HAH, HAH, HAH.

THE LOCAL OPENS WITH A LETTER FROM JAY KINNEY ALL YOU UNICORN HACKS OUGHT TO READ A FEW TIMES. I'VE BEEN TURNED OFF TO FANNISH ART SO MUCH. I HAVEN'T GONE TO THE ART SHOW OF THE LAST SEVERAL CONVENTIONS I'VE BEEN TO. AND NOW I KNOW WHY THERE ARE SO MANY BORINGDOZENS OF UNICORNS "R. SPOCKS, CUTE LITTLE ELVES, NAKED LARGE BREASTED WOMEN SURROUNDED BY LIONS AND TIGERS, AD NAUSEUM. THEY SAY ALL KNOWLEDGE IS CONTAINED IN FANZINES, AND AFTER READING THIS, I CAN ONLY NOD IN AGREEMENT.

THERE CAN BE NO KNOWLEDGE MORE ESOTERIC THAN AN INTELLIGENT, LITERATE APPRECIATION OF WRESTLING. BUT THE WRETCH TAKES TO WRESTLING HAS MORE: A LISTING OF FANCLUB ADDRESSES, AN ARTICLE BY ERIC MEYER, A TRULY BENT "HIGHLIGHTS OF THE MID-ATLANTIC WRESTLING ASSOCIATION" BY BRUCE TOWNLEY, AND DOZENS OF MULTI-COLORED WRESTLING RUBBER STAMPS. ANYONE WHO SAYS FANZINE FANDOM IS DEAD AFTER CHERYL CLINE GOT BLISTERS FROM STAMPING PAGE FIFTEEN SHOULD BE DRAWN AND QUARTERED, THEN FLAYED ALIVE AND FOLLED IN HOT ROCK SALT. NO, THAT WOULD BE TOO MERCIFUL A FATE.

THIS MUST BE THE BEST WRITTEN FANZINE I'VE SEEN IN QUITE A WHILE. THIS THEMATIC SPECIAL ISSUE COVERS EVERY ASPECT OF WRESTLING, FROM TV COMMERCIALS TO HIGH SCHOOL PHYS. ED., AND EVEN INCLUDES A DISCOGRAPHY. YET WHAT IMPRESSES ME MOST IS THE RUBBER STAMPING OF THIS ZINE. THIS BRINGS IN A WIDE RANGE OF COLOR EFFECTS THAT WOULD ONLY BE POSSIBLE OTHERWISE WITH CUMBERSOME MIMED OR FAINT DITTO WORK.





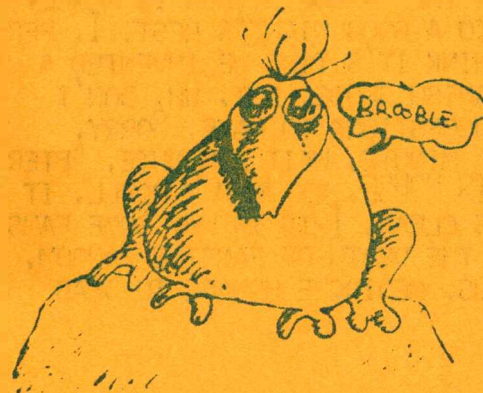
"S. CLINE KNOWS HOW TO WEILD HER STAMPS AND IT SHOWS ON EVERY PAGE. OOPS, I ALMOST FORGOT TO MENTION HOW MUCH I LIKED THE COVER.

ANOTHER MULTI-COLOR PRODUCTION IS MAD SCIENTIST'S DIGEST BY BRIAN EARL BROWN. THIS MAN ALONE IS A DEVASTATING WHIRLWIND OF PUBLISHING ACTIVITY. HE DOES 'SD, THE WHOLE FANTASY CATALOG (AN EXHAUSTIVE LISTING OF EVERY FANZINE IN THE WORLD) (ALMOST), AND EVEN SELM'S PLAN, THE MAGAZINE OF THE WAYNE THIRD FOUNDATION (A DETROIT AREA COLLEGE SF CLUB). NOT TO MENTION BEING THE OF A COUPLE OF APAS.



THE COVER IS AN ILLUSTRATION BY MAE STRELKOV, WHICH BRIAN PRINTED IN FOUR COLORS, PLUS BLACK. EVERY TIME ONE CHANGES COLORSWITH Mimeo, ONE HAS TO CLEAN THE MACHINE. AT LEAST WITH THE RED AND THE BLUE TUBES, HE COULD USE THEM EXTENSIVELY ON THE INSIDE FOR HEADINGS AND ILLOS. EVEN THE PAGES ARE DIFFERENT COLORS. AND THE WRITING LIVES DOWN THAT FLEA-BITTEN DEAD HORSE OF 'GREAT GRAPHICS, POOR WRITING.

JUST SO YOU DON'T THINK I LIKE EVERYTHING THAT INVADDED MY MAILBOX, LET'S TALK ABOUT THE SCIENCE FICTION VO-TARY FOR A MINUTE. IT WAS ONCE A SMALL BIMONTHLY FANZINE THAT WAS ALMOST ALL LETTERS, EXCEPT FOR AN OCCAISONAL INTRU-DING BOOK REVIEW. IT WAS HELD TOGETHER BY THE BRIGHT EDITORIAL PRESENCE OF STEVE PERRAM. THERE WERE ALWAYS AT LEAST THREE DIFFERENT TOPICS DEBATED IN THE LETTERS, FROM WHO WAS PUBLISHING WHERE, TO NEW WAVE (MUSIC, NOT SF, OLD FANS AND TIRED) VS. DISCO, TO ALMOST ANYTHING.



THEN IT STOPPED FOR NINE MONTHS. WITHOUT A WORD FROM THE EDITOR. THEN AN-OTHER ISSUE APPEARED. THIS TIME IT WAS MOSTLY BOOK REVIEWS AND ARTICLES, WITH ALMOST NO LOCS. FURTHER, THE STRONG ED-ITORIAL PRESENCE OF THE EARLY SERIES WAS MISSING.

I HAD HOPED THAT STEVE WOULD PUBLISH ANOTHER ISSUE QUICKLY WITH THE LOCS HE RECIEVED FROM THIS ONE, BUT I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING FROM HIM YET. I HOPE SFV REVIVES. THE COVERS WERE ALWAYS WELL DONE, AND THE LACK OF INTERIOR ILLOS WAS REFRESHING. THE NUMBER OF LETTERS AND THE BOOK REVIEWS BROUGHT TO MIND SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW; FOR INTENT NOT SCOPE. LET'S HOPE THAT STEVE PERRAM BRINGS BACK THE OLD SFV (WHICH WAS STILL PRETTY INNOVATIVE FOR FANZINES).

THE DEATH OF THE SPANISH LIQUISITION WAS GLOOMILY NAMED BY MANY SHORTSIGHTED FEN AS ONE OF THE SURE SIGNS OF THE DEATH OF FANZINE FANDOM. BUT I DON'T THINK ANYONE HAS YET SAID THAT THE RETURN TO PUBLISHING OF ITS EDITORS, SUZLE TOMPKINS AND JERRY KAUFMAN, IS A SIGN OF LIFE IN FANZINE FANDOM. SO HERE GOES: THE FACT THAT KAUFMAN AND TOMPKINS HAVE RETURNED TO PUBLISHING A MAJOR GENZINE IS A SIGN OF LIFE IN FANZINE FANDOM.

"ALISTREAM" IS SLIMMER THAN SPANISH BUT AS FAR AS I CAN TELL, BETTER. THE COVER OF NUMBER FIVE IS AN AMUSING REPE- TITION OF THE TITLE, DONE IN A DOG ALPHABET BY OLE KVERN. THE BACK COVER IS THE ENTIRE ALPHABET LAID OUT IN ABC ORDER. THIS DOG ALPHABET IS JUST COO-COO. THE EDITORIALS AND COUPLE OF ARTICLES BEGIN WITH THE DOG LETTERS.

MOST OF THE WRITING IS PRETTY GOOD (I'M PARTICULARLY FOND OF TERRY GAREY'S PARAGRAPH LENGTH COLUMN, AND JON SINGER'S "TECHNOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE"), BUT TREATING SOMETHING AS TIRED TO THIS OLD PUNK NEO AS THE ROSCOE MYTHOS IS MERELY CONDUCTIVE TO A GOOD NIGHT'S REST. I, PERSONALLY, THINK IT'S TIME WE INVENTED A FEW NEW FAANISH GHODS, BUT, UH, DON'T HAVE ANY SUGGESTIONS TO MAKE. SORRY.

WAIT A MINUTE, WAIT A MINUTE. AFTER READING THIS HOUSE, BY JOHN PURCELL, IT ALL BECOMES CLEAR. THIS IS WHY SOME FANS TALK ABOUT THE DEATH OF FANZINE FANDOM. THIS TEDIOUS, MEDIOCRE HOMAGE TO DEAD

TREES IS GOOD AND JUST CAUSE TO BELIEVE THAT FANZINE FANDOM IS NOWHERE NEAR THE HEIGHTS OF YESTERYEAR (WHATEVER HEIGHTS THOSE BE).

THE MAIN FEATURES ARE A CHEAP, CHAS. ADDAMS RIP-OFF COVER (OR MAYBE EDWARD GOREY), FOLLOWED BY A HILARIOUS TONGUE-IN-CHEEK EDITORIAL WHINING ABOUT BEING CALLED AT "30 BLOODY MINUTES AFTER TWELVE IN THE GOD-AWFUL MORNING" TO BE TOLD HE DIDN'T GET THE POSITION OF RULE EDITOR.

THE REASON I SAY 'TONGUE-IN-CHEEK' IS BECAUSE THE REAL ISSUES ARE NEVER ADDRESSED. WHAT DOES PURCELL MEAN WHEN HE SAYSHE HAS "BEEN DECIDED AGAINST"? IF THERE IS A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BEING "DE- CIDED AGAINST" AND LOSING, I GUESS THE DIFFERENCE IS THAT THE INN-STF BOARD DE- CIDED AGAINST MEDIOCRITY AND CHEAP THE- ATRICS.

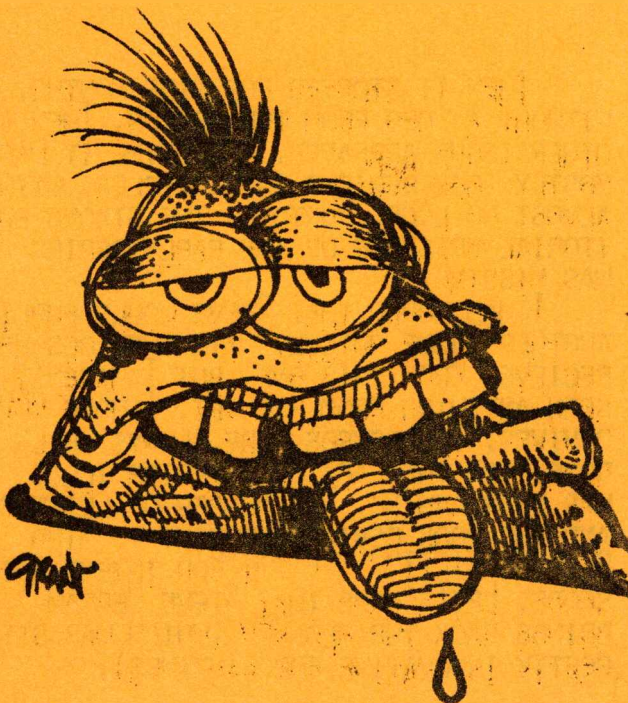
THERE IS ALSO A RECIPE FOR PORK CHOP CASSEROLE.

THE MAIN VALUE OF HARLOT 1 IS ITS IOAN HANKE-HOODS COVER. THE REST OF THE ISSUE IS SLIM, ALMOST TO THE POINT OF INVISIBILITY. THERE ARE THE EDITORIALS, AN OLD APAZINE REPRINT, AND AN ARTICLE BY EACH OF THE EDITORS. ANNE LAURIE LO- GAN AND AVEDON CAROL (LATE OF THE INVIS- IBLE FAN) HOPED FOR A BIMONTHLY SCHEDULE, BUT THERE HASN'T BEEN ONE SINCE JULY, 1990.

ONE OF THE BENEFITS OF SMALL ZINES PUBLISHED FREQUENTLY IS THAT ONE GETS TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THE EDITORS AND CONTRI- BUTORS THAN ONE DOES FROM A LARGE ZINE PUBLISHED ONCE OR TWICE A YEAR. IF HAR- LOT HAD COME OUT BIMONTHLY SINCE JULY, I MIGHT HAVE MORE OF A CONTEXT TO BASE MY OPINION ON, AND HAVE MORE FAVORABLE TH THINGS TO SAY. AS IT IS, I DON'T.

NOW, SPACE JUNK I LIKE. NOT AS GRA- PHICALLY CREATIVE AS THE WRETCH OR THE BIMONTHLY MONTHLY, RICH COAD GOES FOR STRAIGHT WRITING VALUES. EVEN SO, THE FRONT AND BACK COVERS ARE BOTH AMUSING, IF NOT HILARIOUS. I MEAN, CAN YOU STOM- ACH ASTRO BOY SAYING, "BORING SHIT"? THEN SPACE JUNK IS FOR YOU.

THE EDITORIAL TALKS ABOUT RICH AND A FEW OTHER SAN FRANCISCO FANS FORMING A PUNK BAND (THEY CAN DO "LOUIE, LOUIE," "66 TEARS," AND "FUNTIME"). THEN THERE'S A FANZINE REVIEW ARTICLE THAT REALLY MADE ME LAUGH OUT LOUD. AS THE CONTENTS PAGE PUT IT, "JOSEPH NICHOLAS RIPS TO SHREDS, SETS FIRE TO, AND PISSES ON THE ASHES OF SEVERAL RECENT AMERICAN FAN- ZINES." THE ONLY PROBLEM IS THAT THERE

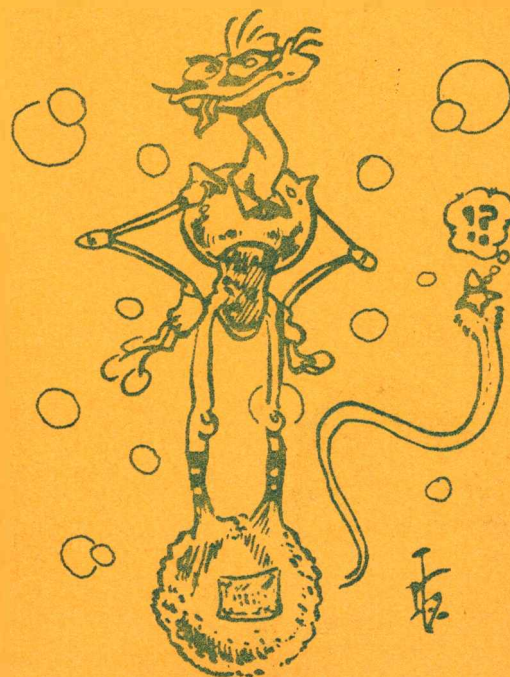




CON FANZINE. OH, RUN AND HIDE ALL YOU FANS WITH THIN SKINS! SERIOUSLY, EVEN THOUGH ~~WAM~~ IS NOT TO MY TASTE IN FANZINES, I CAN STILL SEE THAT IT'S A MUST FOR SOMEONE WHO IS INTERESTED IN FEMINIST SERCON COMMENTARY. THERE'S A DISCUSSION OF AND AN INTERVIEW WITH URSULA K. LEGUIN. DENYS HOWARD, THE EDITOR, PROMISES MORE THEMATIC ISSUES IN THE FUTURE. THERE'S A LOCOL FULL OF OUTDATED LOCS. I GUESS THAT IS ONE OF THE FUNNIEST THINGS ABOUT A TWO YEAR OLD FANZINE; THE OUTDATED LOCS. DENYS PROMISES TO BE MORE REGULAR IN THE FUTURE, LET'S HOPE SO. WITH THE FOLDING OF BOTH ~~THE INVISIBLE FAN~~ AND ~~THE WITCH~~ AND ~~THE CHAMELEON~~, ~~WAM~~ FITS THE BILL PERFECTLY.

WELL, HMM, ELEVEN ZINES DOWN. THESE AREN'T ALL AS CURRENT AS THEY ONCE WERE, YET THEY HAVEN'T BEEN SUPPLANTED BY MORE RECENT ISSUES (AS OF 1/24/31). SO IF YOU WRITE TO THE EDITORS, YOU MAY NOT GET THIS ISSUE, BUT THE NEXT. THESE ARE ALL AVAILABLE FOR THE USUAL, AND IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THE USUAL IS, IT'S THE RESPONSE I MENTIONED AT THE BEGINNING OF THE COLUMN. I'D SUGGEST A COUPLE OF DOLLARS OR SOME STAMPS (BUT NOT A \$ASE).

I HOPE THIS HAS GIVEN YOU A GLIMPSE OF MY EDITORIAL PREJUDICES. THIS SELECTION IS BIASED IN FAVOR OF ZINES I LIKE, AS I THREW OUT A COUPLE BOXES WORTH OF BORING, DULL, DEAD, TIRED ZINES BEFORE I MOVED UP HERE TO ~~PLS~~. WHY SHOULD I BE MEAN THE FIRST TIME I WRITE A FANZINE REVIEW COLUMN? I'LL SAVE THAT FOR WHEN



WAS NOTHING NICHOLAS CARED FOR. IT WAS ALL GREAT FUN WHEN I WAS BOUNCING UP AND DOWN IN MY CHAIR WITH AGREEMENT, BUT WHEN HE STARTED INSULTING ZINES AND FANEDS I LIKED, I LOST INTEREST. STILL, ANYONE (INCLUDING MYSELF) WHO DARES TO BE A FANZINE REVIEWER SHOULD READ THIS ARTICLE. I WILL. REAL SOON NOW.

~~HARD TIMES~~ WAS A ONE SHOT PRODUCED FOR THE MINN-STF MEETING HELD AT DAVE ROMM'S APARTMENT HERE IN MINNEAPOLIS. IT'S A PARODY OF HIGH TIMES (YOU KNOW, THE MAGAZINE DONE FOR THE PAYGUN ADMINISTRATION). IT'S ABOUT LIFE IN THE EIGHTIES. THE COVER, BY LARAMIE SASSAVILLE, IS EXCELLANT. YOU'LL BE SEEING MORE OF HER IN ~~HIT~~. MANY OF THE ARTICLES ARE DRUG RELATED, AT LEAST IN THAT THE WRITERS WERE DRUGGED SILLY WHILE TRYING TO WRITE. GRAPHICALLY, THIS ZINE IS PRETTY DARING, UNFORTUNATELY, ALSO KIND OF CONFUSING, DECORATED ALL OVER WITH SARAH PRINCE'S PYLONS. IT ALSO HAS SOME NON-ART FOR A NONBAND, "SOME STUFF FELL", AND A FEW DRAWINGS OF HOUSES OF THE EIGHTIES. MOST OF THE ARTICLES ARE DONE ANONYMOUSLY. IN FACT, WHEN I WAS ASKED TO REVIEW ~~HARD TIMES~~ HERE, IT TURNED OUT THAT I WAS THE ONLY PERSON WHO HAD SIGNED A CONTRIBUTION. DON'T BLAME ME THOUGH.

EVEN FURTHER OFF THE GRAPHIC DEEP END IS CAPRICE, THE JOURNAL OF THE CAPRICIST MOVEMENT. A ZINE THAT TRIES TO BE AS DIFFERENT AS CAPRICE RUNS THE RISK OF TERMINAL PRETENTION OR DEEP BOREDOM. CAPRICE IS FRESH, EXCITING, AND INNOVATIVE. IT'S FILLED WITH DRAWINGS, POEMS, GRAPHICS, STORIES, AND EVEN A FEW LETTERS. CAPRICE IS TO MY MIND, REALLY WORTH SENDING FOR. ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE BORED WITH THE CURRENT STATE OF FANZINES.

WOMEN AND MEN #7 IS A FEMINIST SER-

YOUR GUARD IS DOWN.

SEND ALL FANZINES FOR
REVIEW TO:

LUKE MCGUFF
313 E. 10TH ST.
MPLS., MN. 55401

SEND ALL FANZINES
FOR TRADE TO THE ADDRESS
PUBLISHED ELSEWHERE IN
THIS ZINE. PLEASE MARK
YOUR ZINES "FOR REVIEW,"
AND I'LL REVIEW IT. EVEN
IF IT'S ONLY A COUPLE OF
LINES.

ADDRESSES:

THE BIMONTHLY MONTHLY
ROBERT RUNTE
10057-23 AVE.
EDMONTON, ALBERTA
CANADA T6G 0Y0

MAD SCIENTIST'S DIGEST
BRIAN CARL BROWN
16711 BURT RD.
DETROIT, MI. 48210

THE WRETCH TAKES TO WRESTLING
CHERYL CLINE
1621 DETROIT AVE.
CONCORD, CA. 94520

THE SCIENCE FICTION VOTARY
STEVE PERRAM
2920 MERIDIAN ST.
BELLINGHAM, WA. 98225



MAINSTREAM
SUZIE TOMPKINS
JERRY KAUFMAN
1326 WINSLOW PL. NO.

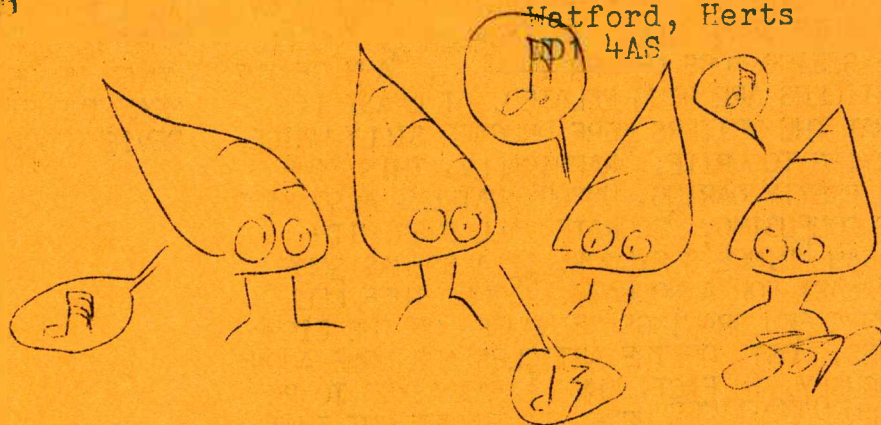
HARLOT
KEITH SEDDON
JOCELYN ALMOND
2 BUCKS AVE.
WATFORD, HERTS
ENGLAND, UNITED KINGDOM
WD1 4AS

HARD TIMES (IF YOU DARE)
SUNSHINE DAYDREAM
2720 BLOOMINGTON
MPLS., MN. 55417

WOMEN AND MEN
DENYS HOWARD
1013 No. 36th
SEATTLE, WA. 98103

THIS HOUSE
JOHN PURCELL
2713 2ND AVE. SO.
MPLS., MN. 55408

Caprice Keith Seddon
2 Bucks Ave.
Watford, Herts
ENGLAND, UNITED KINGDOM
WD1 4AS



Space Junk
Rich Coad
251 Ashbury St #4
San Francisco, Cal.

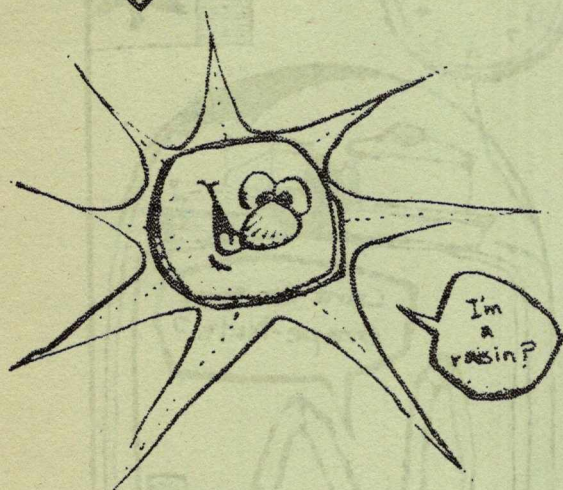
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→ Not on Stencil ←
a portfolio of reprinted cartoons
by
Ken Fletcher



Magic Twanger

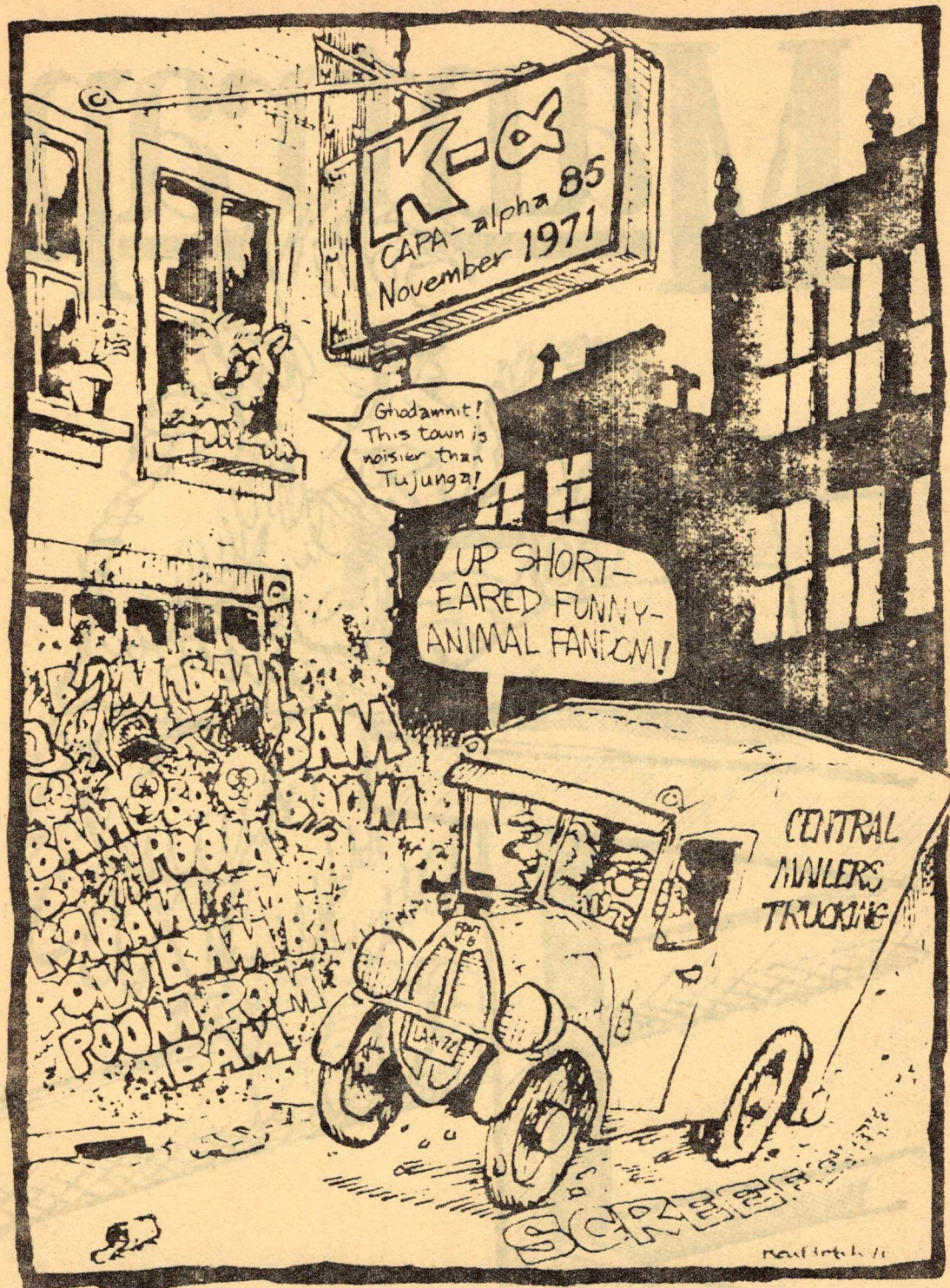
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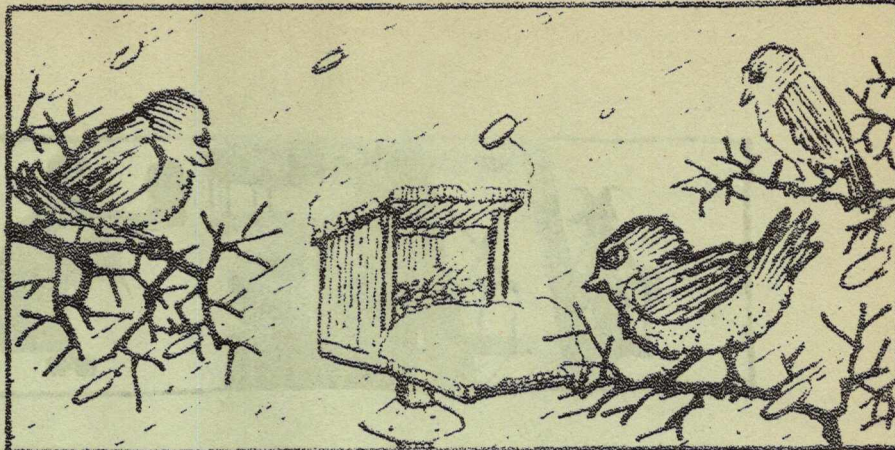
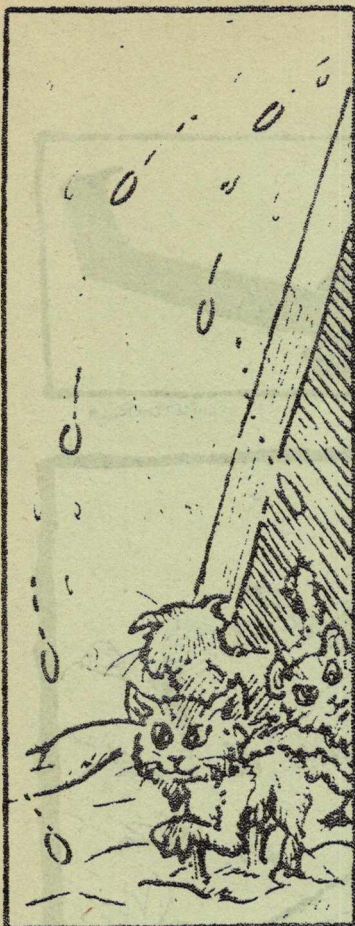
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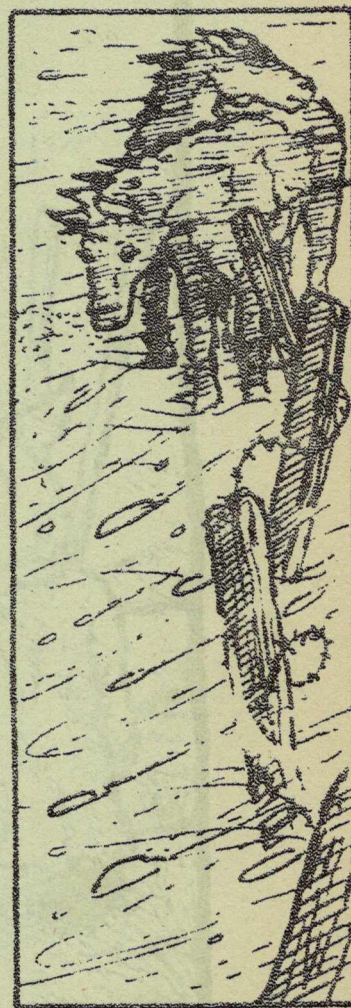
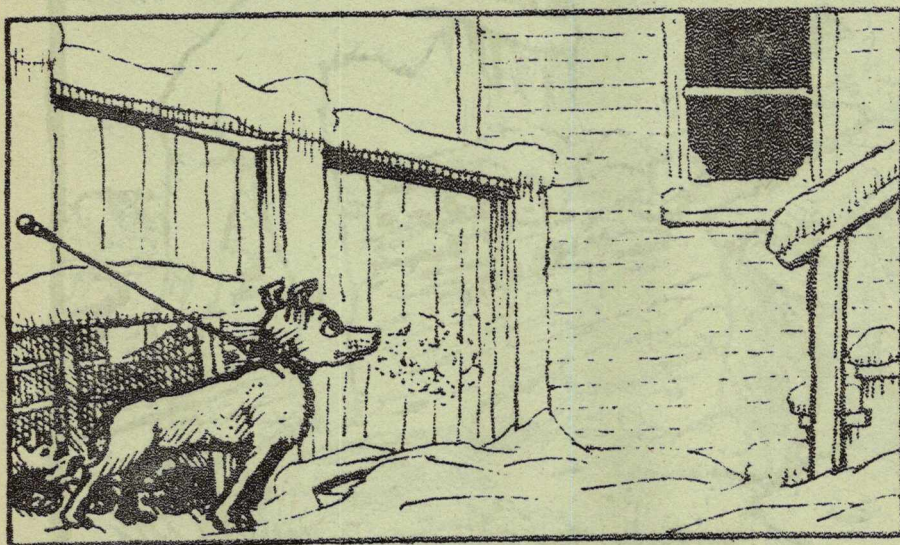
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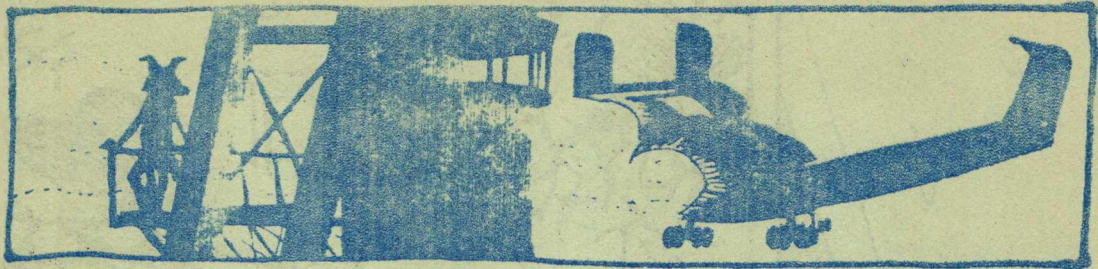
Minnesota Society for Prevention of Cruelty



Winter Thoughts on Kindness to Animals—



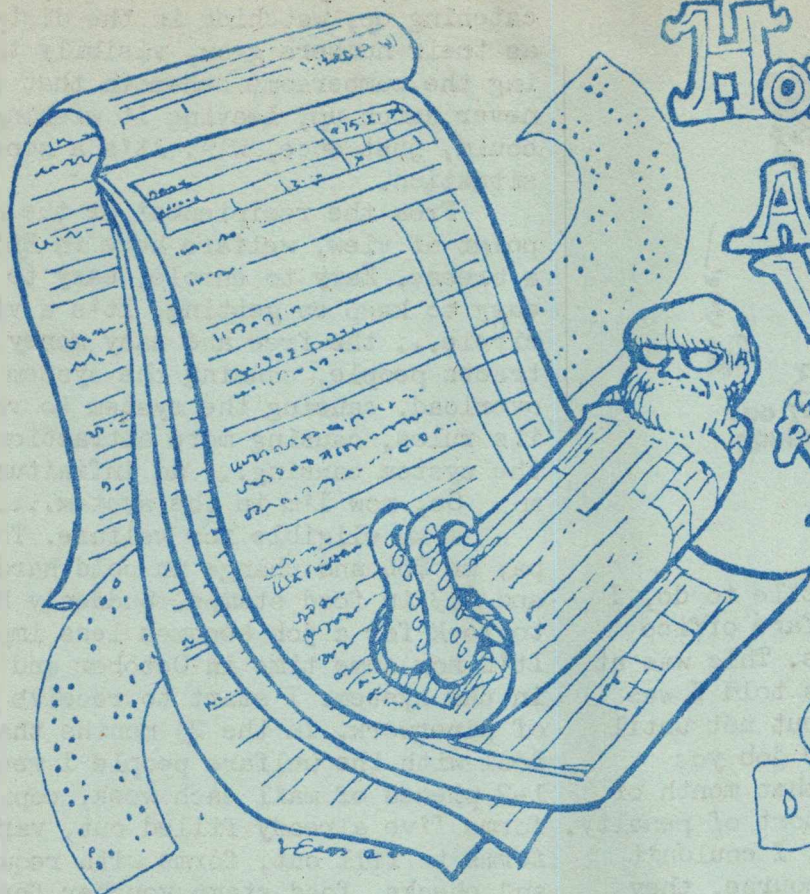
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KEN FLETCHER '69



Ken Fletcher '71



How I Spent my Autumnal Vacation on Welfare by Garth Edmond Danielson

When I quit my job there was some sort of recession going on. Not a real "times are tough" recession but an uncomfortable feeling that there just weren't as many jobs as you'd like. The business forms industry was in a slump, layoffs were common and frequent. My boss kept telling me I was to be laid off sooner and sooner, but it was never to be.

"Oh, we've decided to keep you on."

"Oh. I've decided to quit."

Minnesota is not a real good indication of what the rest of the country is like. Living here in this modern, midwestern utopia leaves me wondering on the chances of my survival in the rest of the country, without friends and family so close. All this considering the trouble I went through to become employed.

However, being unemployed was like a breath of fresh air. I figured I could get another job and soon. So I went traveling and spent lots of money.

As a rather immediate person I rather carelessly thought that it would be easy to get a job on my return. Two and a half months later I know better than to be so cocky.

It's mid-September and I'm back from my travels. I've a cold and no real ambition to go look for work. I stayed home, resting. I visited and slept a lot.

I wasn't too worried as Minnesota seems a fairly prosperous state. Many large corporations started here. I now work for one of them. The unemployment rate is usually lower here than in the rest of the country. It seemed to be that you could always get a job here. You couldn't always get a great one if you've no education to offer in your behalf, but jobs that are better than \$4.50 an hour are or were common. In the first two months after my arrival to the shores of America here in Mpls, I had gotten 4 jobs and actually gone to work at 3 of them. Yes, sir, jobs seemed plentiful here in this golden age of technology.

This recent recession turned the coin. It stacked the deck and few full houses were dealt. I had planned to be off work a month and then jump right into a new job. My chute didn't open and my money ran out. Keeping up with the current vogue of living on the dole, now so popular with some of the people I know, I joined the crowd and applied



for food stamps.

One afternoon with little to do, I dropped into the local welfare office and applied for food stamps. This was at the end of September. I was told I was eligible for food stamps, but not until October 1. If you quit your job you can't get food stamps for that month or the month following. Some sort of penalty. Since I had quit in August, I couldn't apply until October 1. Of course, they had me fill out the forms beforehand, then I got to come back October 1 and do it all over again. While I was there, the eligibility technician informed me that since I had no money and no income, I was also eligible for general assistance and medical coverage. There are many forms to fill in and several requirements to fulfill. Bank statements, identification to bring, rent statements, etc. All are easily gotten.

Food stamps are supplied by the USDA and are administered by Hennepin County. General assistance is administered by Hennepin County Economic Assistance Dept. The cost is borne by Hennepin, the state of Minnesota and the US government. Medical coverage is administered by Hennepin and paid for by the state.

The government here in Minnesota is pretty liberal concerning welfare. It's something easily available, readily given out and continuously in demand. Their clients number in the thousands (I'm sure), making it crowded and inefficient. Like some dog chasing its own tail, the Hennepin County Economic Assistance Dept. chases around and around and around, after its own tail, acted out by the poor

in this playlet of financial woe.

Like a mastodon, the Department chases a group of Neanderthals, never catching up, watching in the distance as their numbers grow, visibly taunting the cumbersome behemoth that can never catch up, leaving it wishing it could, just once, win. It's a hopeless situation.

From the recipients' or the clients' point of view, welfare here in Mpls is a breeze. Easy to enroll, easy to get, easy to keep on getting. It's a vicious circle... the free and easy money attracts people, causing the system to overload, causing the system to relax its rules, causing more attraction to the system causing... ad infinitum.

m So, now I'm in the system...

I am eligible for welfare. They'll pay me \$64 and change in cold hard cash and \$63 in food stamps. Suddenly having to look for a job becomes less important. It's now some time in October and I'm in the system. I start to receive a lot of paperwork. In the 2½ months that I deal with the welfare people I receive 1-2 pieces of mail each week, copies of forms I've already filled out, various forms to fill out, forms with requests and checks, food stamp voucher forms and medical cards. Governmental paperwork should be state-of-the-art but often it's a bog, getting you mired down in an endless sea of muck.

Now all this money and goods aren't free. There are costs to be borne....

Food stamps have a price, albeit a small one. Most of it is time. Time to go down and fill in the forms, time to wait about till someone pulls your case out of the magic bunny hat and you win the prize of getting an actual government employee... an Eligibility Technician... to talk to you in a calm and uncaring manner. I'm being facetious, of course, but it takes three hours. There is some discomfort... more for some than others, of course... in regards to the contact with your fellow vacationers, most of whom aren't too familiar with high society or reading or high school. Some of these people are right out to lunch... permanently. Something about giving money to the poor seems to attract the lower classes.

If you get money, then you have to perform some simple tricks and then they pat you on the head and give you a piece of fish, barkbarkbarkbarkbarkbarkbark.

You must report to 407 Couth 4th Street for your first seminar on the Welfare System. It's called Group Orientation. Yhis is downtown and at some time before 10 am. What a fucking drag.

You go in, sit down and someone comes in and discusses your choices. For your money, you can; get a high school diploma equivalent...the GED (General Equivalency Diploma). Y can work several days to repay the money; there are various types of jobs and rates of pay and various places to work. My research has indicated a fondness for the marine recruiting station which appartently lets everyone off early after working a few hours.

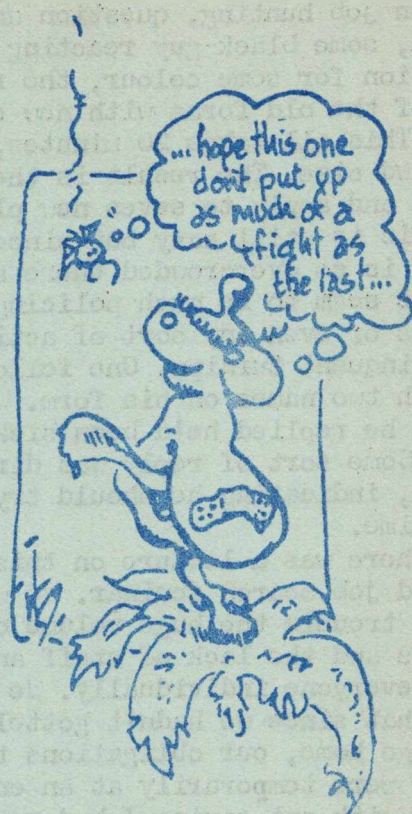
You can go on job search and look for a job. More on this later.

They used to offer a chance to get on the CETA program but funds are not always available. It wasn't offered to to me. CETA can be applied to independ-ently and they pay you to go to school as well as make sure you get food stamps. No one I know who went through the CETA program has a job in their field of endeavor.

My choice was job search. It wasn't much of a choice. Because I recieved less than \$75 my choices were made for me. The requirements of job search are to go out and look for a job. Seemed easy to me as I was already looking for a job. Now I would be forced to be earnst about it. You are required to fill out a form with seven places you've applied to and return in a week if yoj're unsuccessful in your search.

I looked for work during the week. I was sure that seven places in a week would be a probable job. Applying to seven places in a week was a lot easier than I thought it would be; however, getting hired was harder. My criterion for a job was high. I constantly applied to places like the university but nothing clicked. I constantly bothered the fellows at Minnesota Job Service, the state funded employment agency. In fact, after a time they wouldn't help me because I wasn't interested in going to apply to a steel shop or some tire retreading place for \$4 an hour. I mean shit I don't want to live on that and I don't want to work on second shift either.

I would constantly turn up and be told that there was nothing in the banks



of job service. My search of the fiches usually turned up several possibilities that they begrudgingly told me about, turning me down on some. I guess, Dave didn't like me too much as one day he got real flustered upon my usual noon time arrival. He burlbed at me...why do you bother to come in when there isn't anything. I was a little tough on him but that's the way its got to be. You've got to be tough with this sort. No telling what the hypocritical teadies would be up to if you took the pressure off, not finding you a job. To be fair, if you play the game their way, then for sure, they'll help you all they can, but should you toy with their rules, they'll drop you like a hot potato. It's a minor bureaucrat flexing his muscles.

Now, if you get a job then you report to them and it's all over but the shouting. If you don't get a job then you've got to report to your second job search seminar. Again, this one is in the AM but in another room with yet another government ant. Since I hadn't

found a job at the time my second seminar was due, I reported. The scene was similar. Several scenes were the same. A few new ones. The routine was easy. Simple lecture on job hunting, question and answer period, some black guy reacting to the situation for some colour, the replacement of the old forms with new empty ones. This all takes 20 minutes, depending on crowd size. The result is the same. Go out and apply to seven new places. Now this is still easy but since the system is so overcrowded there sure doesn't seem to be much policing of us clients or even any sort of action taken on delinquent turnips. One fellow came in with two names on his form. When questioned, he replied he'd been sick for 2 days. Some sort of reply was directed at him, indicating he should try harder next time.

There was a lecture on this during the 3rd job search seminar. We were told of the trouble the huge volume of clients creates and the lack of staff and time to treat everyone individually. We were also told that since we hadn't gotten jobs we could go home, our obligations to the system were temporarily at an end. It stands with out saying I had no job. It's now near the end of October.

Near to this time it came to my attention that you could get new glasses from the medical coverage supplied by the state. Quickly I checked this out and inside a week I had new free glasses. Several people I know have them as well as huge amounts of dental work, which is also covered with medical.

Since I had no job and no income I was still eligible for more welfare and food stamps. Since it was my second month I was mailed a new medical card, a check for \$135 and a voucher for \$63 in food stamps. It arrived 1st of November. I had to go to the local office and stand in the cattle line before I could go shopping.

I can't believe that \$63 is enough to eat well for a month but with careful planning you can eat meat everyday and still have a balanced diet. There isn't enough money to buy luxuries or non-food items needed in running a household, but since you are on welfare you aren't supposed to be having a good time. In Detroit, the USDA has a program that gives you food (canned milk, powdered eggs, instant baby food and various staples) to

your mother. The same program is in effect here.

I don't know a lot more about the welfare system. I do know that if you show up in Minnesota with no money and no job you are eligible for welfare. As long as you can show the need for it. They even have a special emergency voucher that will get you \$5 in food at the Red Owl, just to tide you over till they can process the forms.

Since it was my second month and I had no job, I was told that I had to report to be assigned a job site. No more easy job hunting for me. I now had to work for my money. All the jobs at job sites pay over the minimum wage, some up to \$4.30 an hour. Still this is 3-4 days when you owe \$135. Luckily I was able to get a job before I had to report for sentencing. I called my technician and the policy of the county is to give an extra month's food stamps to help you on the road to recovery as a human being. He also gave me another month's medical coverage. I should have gotten my teeth fixed.

Being on welfare is a weird kind of demeaning but is still tolerable. The stigma attached to it all comes from the huge industrial, vast-reaching American Empire and a strong work ethic. You've a right to be poor and you've a right to have a piece of the pie. I am glad I looked into the system. It's nice to know it's there. It almost seems that they really care and are really interested in helping you. It's been a very worthwhile experience and I've learned a lot from it. And in the hard times, it's nice to know that the government might try to take care of you. I really can't complain that my taxes are that bad. Not that good but at least I got some of the money back as well as a pair of glasses. You don't have to pay taxes on the money either.

A shorter version of this appeared in Hard Times, some sort of reaction to the start of a new trend.

TEN YEARS ARE GONE: FANDOM AS POP SOCIOLOGY

Ever since I stumbled into fandom, the why of it all has intrigued and evaded me. This much and personal experience are all I am sure of. I guess it's my fate to speculate on fandom as sociology.

Fandom by nature is an elitist, non-egalitarian group. To gain acceptance you have to groom yourself to fit the standard criteria. First, you need to learn the correct buzz-words (them's Fanspeak, boss). All that neat fannish baby talk like fanzine, sercon, fanac, trufan, neofan, loc, genzine, fugghead etc. Then you need to show that you're an active fan -- go to a convention; write for, produce or loc fanzines. You help put on conventions. You do a few other things; you pick up on the in-jokes (Monty Python is almost always in), you read the right authors (Ursula LeGuin last year, John Varley this year).

I'm sorry, am I being too traditional? Did I leave out the people in funny clothes and the people who don't read S.F.? (The buzz-words here are 'Drobe' and 'Media Fan'). Maybe I'm

not with it any more. It is quite possible that I'm cut of touch with fandom as a whole. I'm certainly not the trendy sort. But self-indulgent thumb-sucking aside, what does it all mean? What does the realm of fanspeak and fanzines have to do with the world of kids in funny clothes and the children fighting in the hotel hallways with toy guns? It's all a bit too weird for me and I thought I took everything in stride.

Postulate: Is fandom today a product of former fandom's proselytic fervor? Is this fandom's just deserts for being small and wanting to be big? Are we throwing big parties for people who just don't care? The least that you can say about the likes of Moskowitz, Wollheim, Knight, DeVore, Hevelin, Willis, Bowers, etc. is that it matters to them. Is the same to be said for the people in funny clothes and the toy weapons? If they're just looking for a good time, why do they bother with fandom? The proselytizing aside (we've all brought a friend at least once, right?), fandom isn't that good a party, unless you are really into Science Fiction. I pissed more beer, blew more dogs and got laid more often at any number of Michigan State parties than I ever have in fandom. My advice, if you really want to party, is to go to college. Don't bother with fandom. So if

"WHAT The WELL-DRESSED FAN IS WEARING This Year"



dog (H)

modern fandom is indeed the wish-fulfillment of early fandom, this leaves us with the unsatisfactory answer that conventions are no longer very much to do with being a science fiction fan. Fandom now almost appears to be the left hand gone mad, out of control, almost performing the opposite effect to that which is intended. Instead of being a gentle experience where fans travel cross-country to meet and mingle with people who perhaps they met in print or at another convention, it has become a spinning maelstrom of people exploding through the convention hotel, bouncing off walls in inexplicable combinations, a storm of uncontrolled and sometimes overage adolescents out for a good time.

We can shift to a different tack, if you like. Think of fandom as a social niche for certain emotional types. A fantasy world for straight and narrow types who like to think of themselves as rebels and free thinkers, as exhibitionists who need social sanctioning before they play dress up. From this viewpoint, fandom is a utopia for socially ill-equipped people. This would seem to present a more cohesive motivational picture than is possible, when you say that we are all here because of Science Fiction. Being realistic, you can't attribute large social manifestations to trivial causes. The face of fandom is the mirror of social factors much greater than itself. The upsurge of fandom can be attributed to the loss of meaning of the social institutions of the early age. Having lost their ability to take church socials and sock hops seriously as social mixing



apparatus, some young adults have turned to SF fandom as a viable alternative.

Like all other social groups, fandom thinks of itself as offering special qualities not found elsewhere; a special sense of camaraderie and wisdom. Perhaps the thing most lacking in the population explosion of fandom is the intimacy that was a major part of the camaraderie. Once it was possible to know everybody or everything (that sense of wisdom again?), but by the time that I had become involved in fandom, it was already becoming fairly large, and articles perhaps not as soul searching as this began to appear. As a function of that intimacy (or perhaps the lack of it now), there were only a mere handful of conventions when I joined fandom. Boskone, Marcon, Minicon, Lunacon, Disclave, Midwestcon, Westercon, The Detroit Triple Fan Fair, Deepsouthcon, NY Comicon, Worldcon, Phlange, Philcon, period. A baker's dozen. Is there any weekend of the year that doesn't have a convention now? How many weekends have upwards of four conventions to choose from?

The part of fandom that has always interested me is that part of fandom that doesn't cognate with the folks

down at the bowling alley -- the creative part. Perhaps you could tell by the earlier emphasis on fanzines rather than partying. The community of writers and artists that says we are not the social group that reads science fiction, we are the social group that creates science fiction. The people who care, and who are paying for the ride. Yes, that leaves us with a lot of blocks that don't fit, and that pile is growing at a much faster rate than the pile that I can deal with.

Sociology can only go so far in trying to understand, but it is always important to understand. To comprehend what is going on, you must have some grasp of the motivations and the trends, and I genuinely want to understand, because I care. I care a great deal, and fandom is like a great net settled over a lot I care about. Of course there is that old saw, "Have you done your part for science and sanity?"

* * *

(Editorializing continued from page 7, but which actually does have something to do, in some sense, with the immediately preceding article.)

We didn't want Joe to feel left out, so we're going to run his credits, too.

Joe Wesson: Fannish Resume

Since entering fandom in mid-1970, have been active in all its phases. Major activities outside of reading SF (besides sex, drugs, and rock and roll) have been:

- (1) member of the board of directors of the Fantasy Fans Comiccollectors Group (FFCG) from 1971 to 1975;
- (2) editors of The Fan Informer, the FFCG newsletter, issues 33 to 42 (1973 to 1975);
- (3) member of Canadapa, 1973-1974;
- (4) co-founder and co-chairman of Autoclave, the Detroit Science Fiction convention;
- (5) original member of Mishap;
- (6) First Speaker (President) of the

Wayne Third Foundation from 1977 to 1978 (the W3F is the only active Detroit SF club).

Have also had various articles and letters printed in fanzines here and there, and have caroused at conventions too numerous to count on your fingers.

Publish an infrequent personal journal entitled Joe Wesson Magazine or The Notebooks of Joe Wesson, as the mood takes me.

Currently engaged in a hot, torrid affair with Rachel Fang (see also Rune 58). (He, of course, asked her first, before including her name.)



83

THE DEBASING OF THE HUGO AND NEBULA AWARDS.

(Yes, ten years have gone by.) When I broke into fandom, it was in NESFA. Some of you might even have heard of NESFA. It had this reputation of being made up of "computer types" when no other club was. This might not seem too unreasonable now, but it was pretty bad back then. In any case, there were two things that we liked to do back then: one was talk about SF¹, and the other was SMOF². I guess that upon looking back on it, that talking about SF was natural when you consider that Drew Whyte (he did THE ALEPH for GALILEO) talked to all the editors on a regular basis, and we had our own past worldcon chairman, Tony Lewis, so SMOFFing came natural, too. When it came to Hugo Award time, it just seemed that the two subjects kinda grew together. We'd talk about who deserved to get what, and looking back at it, I'd say that we were pretty damned intelligent voters.

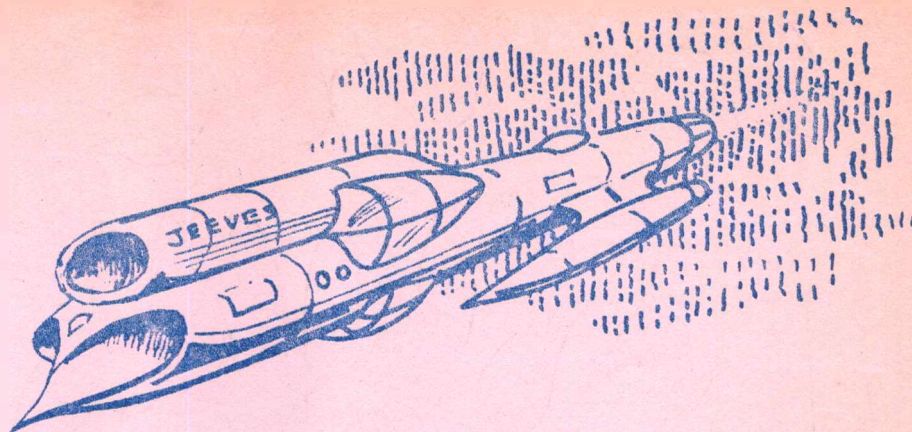
Mind you, the period of time that I'm talking about here is 1973-1975, and Worldcons were not that big then.³ We realised that given the percentage of the total vote represented by NESFA Worldcon members, we should be responsible and think out our choices.⁴ Knowing Tony, I met a lot of other SMOFs at cons, and it seemed that things were pretty well worked out. The SMOFFing involved Worldcon politics, as well as the politics of the awards; in fact, it was mostly convention politics. One thing that was getting more evident as the 1970's progressed, is that the Masters didn't have a hold on things; why else did they all despair at the cities that were winning the bids? This was nothing more than the response of having more people at the cons. 1971 had seen 1500, 1974 had seen 3500, and the pointers said that 1976 was going to be 5000.⁵ More people going meant that more people

were voting for the Hugos.

Is this just sour grapes over my favorites not winning? I don't think so (obviously), as I never voted for the winner all the time, anyway. What I'm saying is that somewhere in the period from 1974 to 1977, the Hugos stopped representing an award for the best that SF had to offer, and became instead, a beauty contest, or if you will, nothing more than the Academy Awards are in the movie industry -- pointers at what earned the most money that year. This was the time in which SF had finally gotten out of the gutter, and found itself discussed in university classrooms and the national media.⁶ The market that had always been there exploded, and in that explosion even the way that the publishers looked at their authors changed. To fill the breach in the public's demand for SF, a lot of schlock was published (read "is published"), and a lot of people forgot how to end a novel, in their rush to sell it and start the next one.⁷ The experimenting that the field had done in the 1960s had fallen by the wayside; it was expected that it would, for the most part. But in the rush to fill ABC Books six-book-a-month schedule, even the successful experiments of the 1960s, like infinitely

DAVID
STEVE-
SCHNOES.

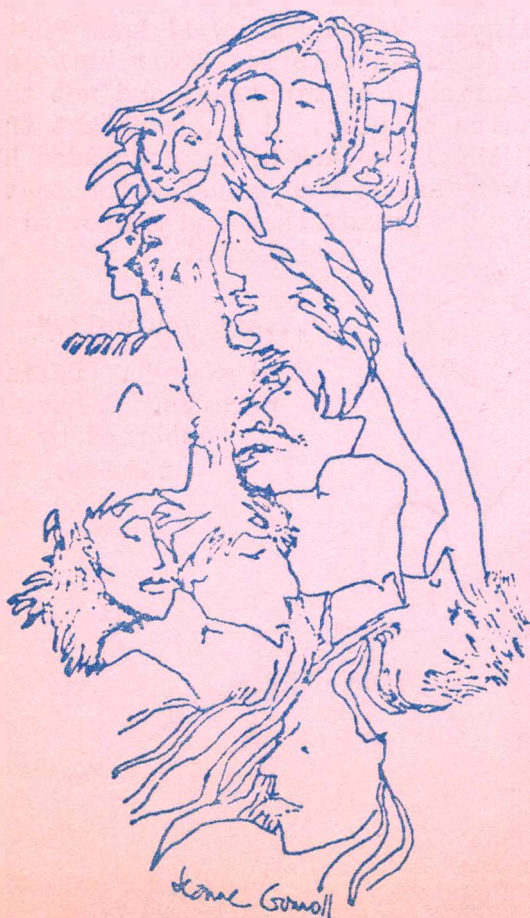
better character development, was dropped into the nearest wastebasket. While fandom experienced growth pangs, SFWA was doing the same. The new emphasis on SF resulted in a mushrooming in the number of people working in the field, and a similar growth in the size of that organization. When it came to giving out the awards, could the result have been any different? The Nebula started as a writers' award for other writers, given to more experimental fiction than the Hugo might have been, due to that fact. In the last five years, how often has the Hugo award winner also won the Nebula? Quite often, you see, as the latter award has also become an award given to (s)he who has gotten the biggest advance, or the most reviews ("important authors" get more reviews, even for their trash), or the most notice? The two awards have been meaningful in the past, but both are pagents of dubious value for a few years now. At the 1980



Worldcon, every Hugo winner but one had previously won a Hugo award. What say you, fandom? Will you show a bit more taste in your nominations? Will you make more of an effort to be more widely read than the Current SF Top Ten?⁸ I doubt it. Soon enough we'll have a 10,000 person Worldcon, and even if 3,000 people do make that effort, 4,000 people won't. But it was fun while it lasted, wasn't it?

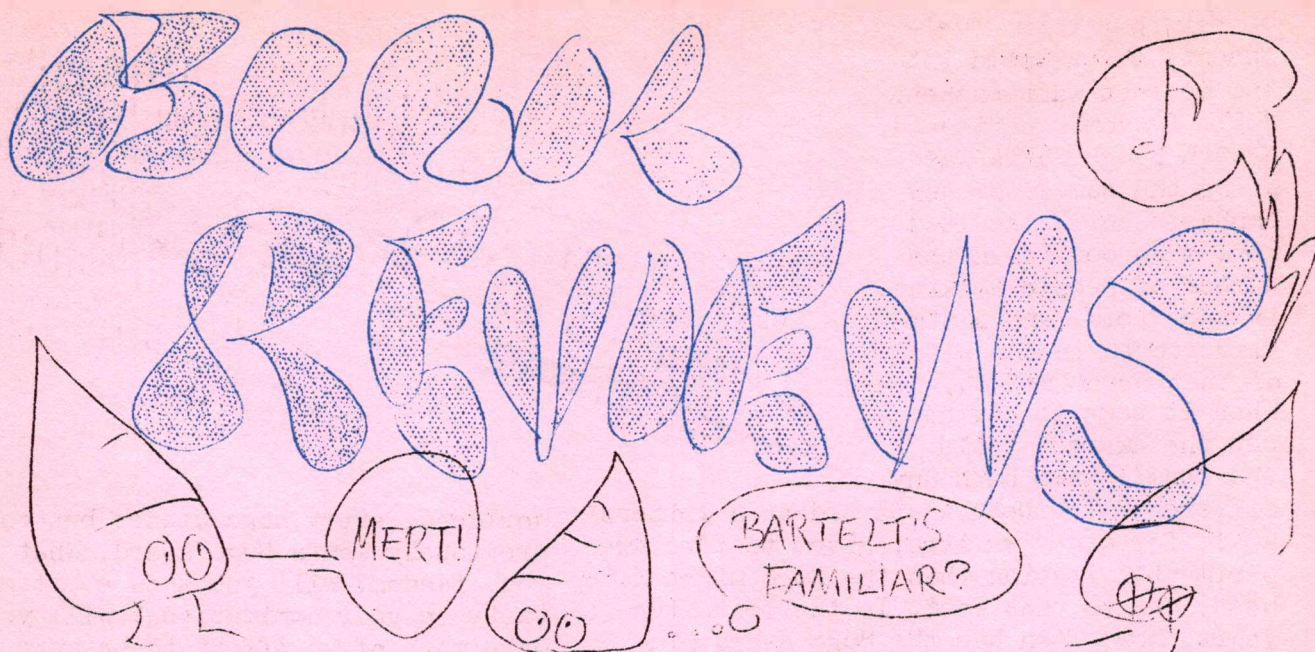
Yes indeed, there are FOOTNOTES:

- 1) Yes, pretty unusual even then, most of NESFA would on occasion talk about SF. My clique would talk about it often. That was very unusual, and I miss it.
- 2) Define the terms. If you're new at this, SMOF is Secret Master of Fandom. Most of them turned in their cards around Suncon or Iguanacon.
- 3) We thought they were big then, but we realised that they were *shudder* going to get larger yet.
- 4) That was the rap against NESFA -- we were organized like that. Hell, we were organized, period.
- 5) But they didn't all show up, which is OK, KC couldn't have coped.
- 6) In presenting SF to Academe, most of the authors who got the field to that point were ignored, while the new people - the LeGuins and Wolfes - were touted as representing the "new SF". (LeGuin now has 4 Hugos)(Ellison has 6).
- 7) Think about the novels of your favorite authors of the period. Isn't the weakest part the ending? This is partly a rap against the writers, but also against the editors, whose duty should have been to tighten up the manuscript.
- 8) See page 21 for footnote 8.



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BOOK REVIEWS



THE BOOK OF DREAMS by Jack Vance.
DAW Books 1/1981 234 pages 87997-587-225

I had a discussion/argument with a carload of fans on our way to Suncon (1977) about the Demon Prince series of Jack Vance. I purposed that the series was complete in three novels, because the motives of revenge of Kirth Gersen had blunted themselves against the universe; he could do anything that he wanted to do. I think that I convinced the others of my view- you can ask them now, but they might not even remember. I remember because David Hartwell, then of Berkley Books told me at Miami that DAW Books had bought rights to all *five* books. I was never so pleased to be wrong in my life.

THE BOOK OF DREAMS details how Gersen tracks down the fifth Prince, the secretive Howard Alan Treesong. The very flamboyance that had led Treesong to attempt to subvert the IPCC

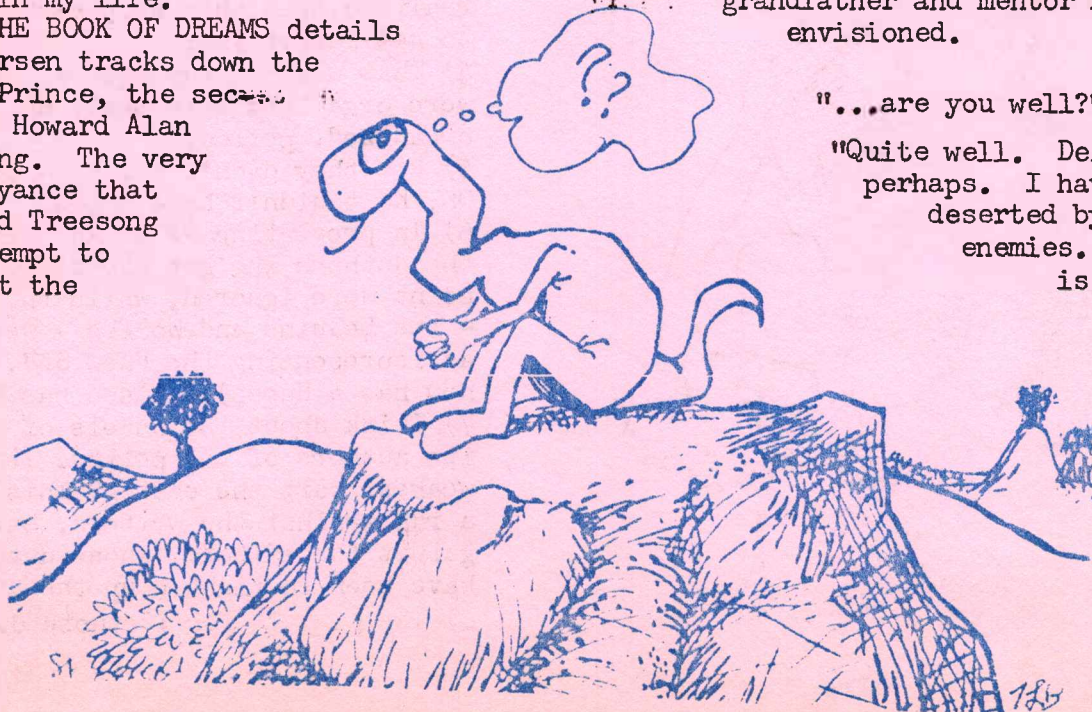
(the interstellar cops) that was trying to stop him, and a chance encounter with a photograph that *might* show him, combine to give Gersen an opportunity that he might never have again. Can he pull it off? The very luck that had given him the photo begins almost at once to run against him, but even when thwarted, Treesong remains tantalizingly close at hand.

I swear that I reveal nothing by saying that Treesong dies; that was preordained. Vance fans well know that one reads his novels for their verve and luxuriance of minutiae, and not the mechanics of plot. I suggest that the fact of the life-task being concluded has not given Gersen the satisfaction that his grandfather and mentor might have envisioned.

"...are you well?"

"Quite well. Deflated, perhaps. I have been deserted by my enemies. Treesong is dead."

JB



The affair is over. I am done."

He has gained his revenge and therefore his release, but lost his purpose in doing so.

passage is copywrit 1981 by Jack Vance.

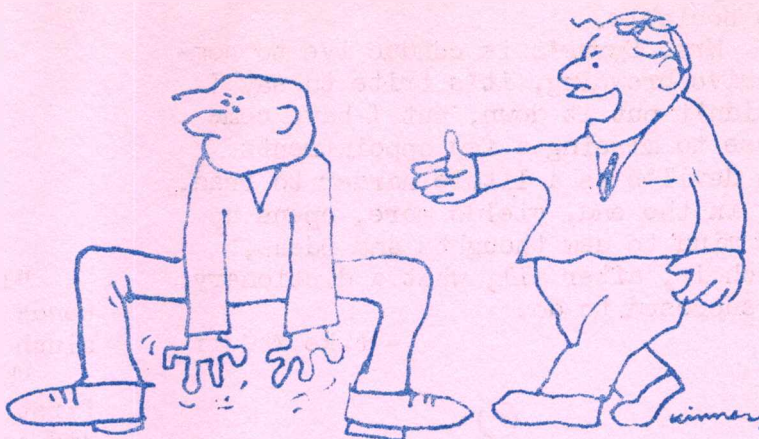
- David Stever-Schnoes

THE DEVIL'S DICTIONARY by Ambrose Bierce. Castle Books
MRS. BYNE'S DICTIONARY OF UNUSUAL, OBSCURE, AND PREPOSTEROUS WORDS by Josefa Heifetz Byrne. University Books, 1974

Dictionaries are not meant for straight reading. They are meant for browsing, particularly when you are trying to look up something else. These two are the ultimate browsing dictionaries. One is a biting social commentary, still trenchant the other, a breezy look at language's loonier creations.

Looking through Mrs. Byrne's is like life in the '80's, never a dull moment. What ho, we find energumen and kickshaw (both fanzines which have taken their titles from these pages). I could have sworn spang blah was in here, too, but someone must have stolen that page.

Even the 'editor's introduction' and 'author's preface' are interesting. In the first, Robert Byrne talks about Mrs. Byrne's research; he also points



"AH, A MASON, I PRESUME?"

out that this is the first personal dictionary: the word had to strike his wife as odd, either because of unusual meaning preposterous spelling, or obscure... obscurity.

Galligaskins: n. loose, baggy pants. British slang. Creancer: n. guardian. Quaa: n. quamire; also qua, quaw. Tikolosh: n. a South African Water Elf. Kakistocracy: n. government of the worst.

That last word shows that some of the



words in this book are due for a revival. There's also 'gardyloo', a London charwoman's term for "I'm tossing the crap pot out the window!" which has been picked up as meaning a false shout of alarm.

Whereas Mrs. Byrne's is funny because the words are so unusual, THE DEVIL'S DICTIONARY is funny because the definitions are caustic commentary. The book was written in the early parts of this century, and is full of surprisingly old-fashioned syntax. I suppose that I should be embarrassed to admit I had trouble with the language, but it was still worth the effort.

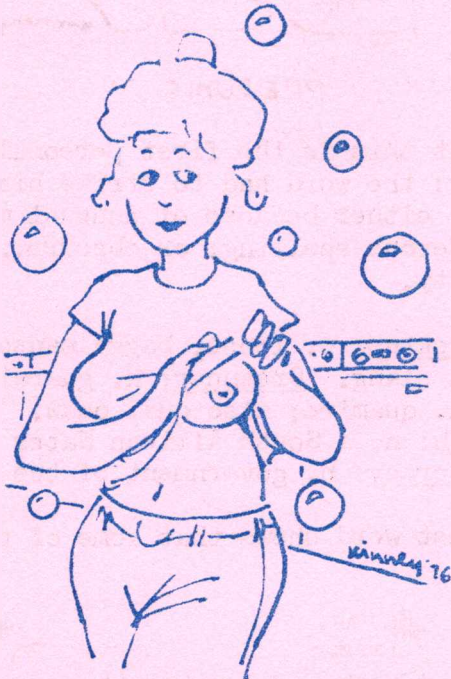
Kill: v.t. to create a vacancy without nominating a successor. Ugliness: ad. a gift of the gods to certain women, entailing virtue without humility. Hermit:



n. a person who's vices and follies are not sociable.

Mrs. Byrne's is conducive to compulsive browsing, it's trite to say I couldn't put it down, but I have come close to missing a few appointments. The devil's is a little harder to read, but in the end, yields more, opens up the mind to new thoughts and ideas, which is, after all, what a dictionary is supposed to do.

- Luke McGuff



"FLASHING A TIT AT
THE LAUNDROMAT..."

THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST by Robert Heinlein. Fawcett Columbine 8/1980 511 pages illustrated by Richard Powers 449-90019-695

"I just read the new Heinlein novel."

"Oh you poor dear!"

"Ah, worse! I had to put the thing down because the brass section got so loud."

"Eh? What brass section, hon?"

"I think that your hubby refers to the incomparable Mr. Heinlein tooting his own horn too much."

"Oh. I guess. I wasn't too impressed with his notions of the female nipple as the human emotional barometer."

"That's right, he did seem to have a fixation, didn't he? I'm not like that."



"I've noticed, toots - your glance tends to stay a lot lower, but you do blush pretty."

"While I did finish it, I'll be the first to admit that his characterization did seem to be a little worn. Can you imagine four people like that?"

"Well, Heinlein did, but remember that cardboard doesn't last forever, you know."

"Hah! I know of what you speak. I got the impression that Deety and Hilda were nothing more than the Heinlein character in drag."

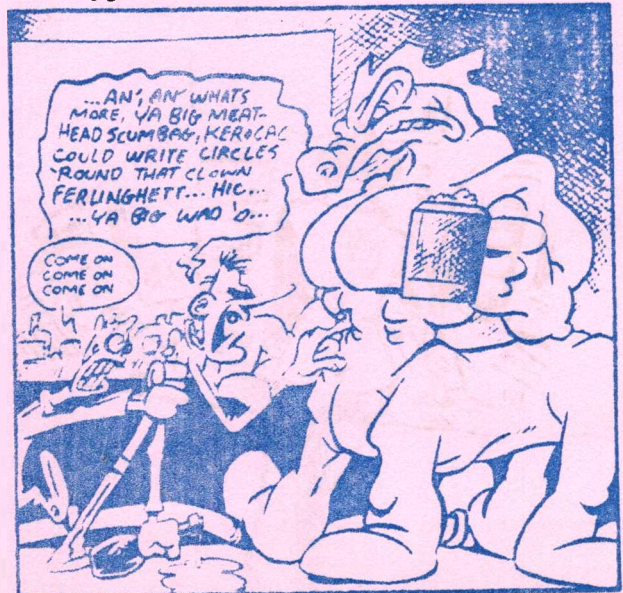
"Then how would you explain the professor and Cap'n Zeb?"

"Bearing in mind that the character is nothing more than Bob Heinlein, you combine with wishful thinking on one hand, and latex muscles on the other. You have seen POPEYE, haven't you?"

"I was really embarrassed for Jubal Harshaw. I really liked 'Stranger', even if Zebbie didn't."

"Ain't that the truth! It was too late for Lazarus Long though, 'Time Enough for Typoes' finished him off, sweetie."

"No my sugarmurd, that was the decline, this was the fall. Time Enough for Typoes? Huh?"



"Sure- the first paperback edition. Made a poor book worse. Set a record."

"Later editions didn't help."

"I know. I said a poor book. I could finish it, though. I wonder what that says?"

"Guts, pop, sheer guts. Oh well, anybody read the latest Bertram Chandler novel?"

Did Heinlein get his name in that hat?

Four votes split, two for his Future History, two for Stranger in a Strange Land, so I left him out."

I didn't vote for Stranger and I'll refrain from embarrassing anyone by asking who did. My God, the things some writers will do for money!

//dialogue between Zebbie and Hilda, page 355. copywrit 1980 by Robert A. Heinlein//

- David Stever-Schnoes

MALAFRENA by Ursula K. LeGuin. Berkley books 343 pages \$2.50

Those of you who know will agree, LeGuin writes with delicate intensity. She sheds a common light on the depths of experience without being commonplace. MALAFRENA serves only to underscore her excellence. And best of all, it's not science fiction.

MALAFRENA is a historical novel set in early 19th century Europe. Against the backdrop of the Hapsburg's Austrian Empire, it examines the problems of personal and political freedom. The story follows Itale Sorde's search for freedom taking him from college boys pranks through underground publishing, insurrection, and prison, before returning him home to Malafrena vastly transformed, questioning the nature and even the existence of the freedom he fought so hard to win.

As a political novel, MALAFRENA is not as expansive a book as THE DISPOSSESSED. It doesn't speculate on any new political arrangements. But for a mainstream historical novel, it makes some very rich and powerful political statements.

Romance. What historical novel would be complete without it? When Itale leaves Malafrena to search and fight for freedom, he leaves behind Piera Valtorkar



THERE'S NOTHING
I HATE MORE THAN A
DAMNED PSEUDO-
INTELLECTUAL.

for Baroness Luisa Paludiskar. Itale and Luisa become lovers. Servants sneak Itale into and out of the Paludiskar house in Krasnoy. But this isn't the most intriguing romance in the book. The romantic tension between Piera and Itale that LeGuin builds and maintains throughout the book is powerful and hypnotic. But I was very disappointed with how she resolved it at the end. Damn! Why didn't it turn out a wee bit different...

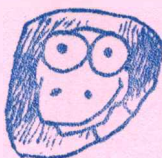
One final thing, if you can find Malafrena on your map of Europe, please let me know.

- Michael Parker Smith

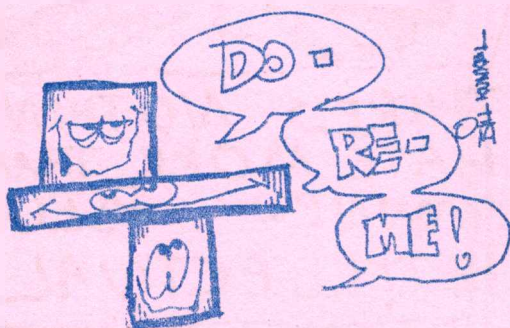
WAVES by M.A.Foster. DAW Books 10/1980 256 pages 87997-569-225

This is Foster's fourth novel, a short career yet, but every one of his books

have been intriguing. This is a concept novel, as all but THE DAY OF THE KLESH (his third) might be called, and while the concept is not as obviously earthshaking as his previous ones I think that this is a better novel.



Fraesch has been hired to take over as manager at an out of the way research station, under circumstances that are strange at best, and perhaps as deadly for him as it was for the previous manager. The last manager died in a computer explosion (yes, Fraesch also knows that computers just don't explode), and the only thing that is more suspicious than the explosion is the work that the station is involved in, and the company which is running the station. The other replacement who arrived with Fraesch is also not what she seems to be, and yet more than she lets on...



Who is working for whom? How many groups are involved, when the research could have far reaching effects to all of civilization? Who killed the manager, what are the strange rites that the other employees engage in, and what are their significance? This is an excellent puzzle story, and the writing brings forth the tale in a very calm and totally engrossing manner. M.A.Foster is a writer to watch closely.

- David Stever-Schnoes

JACK IN THE BOX by William Kotzwinkle. Putnam 1980 273 pages 399-12502-1095

I hope that this is the book that makes Kotzwinkle a household name. His novels and stories are in the intellectual 'small magazine' mold,

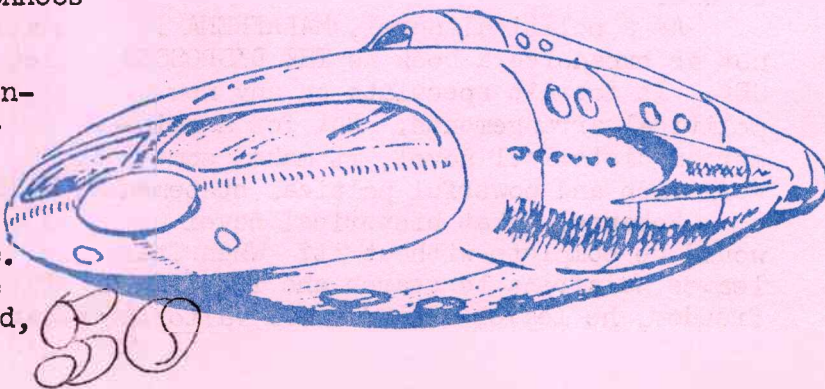
but really good nevertheless. DR. RAT (to my knowledge, his only venture into fantasy) won a World Fantasy Award, and THE FAN MAN has become a something of a fannish cult item, though it has nothing to do with our kind of fan. JACK IN THE BOX is more of a traditional novel; it's well written, has engaging characters, and a beginning, middle and end; and in spite of the warning quotes from Mark Twain, "Persons attempting to find a plot will be shot." and "Persons attempting to find a moral will be banished," the novel more or less has a plot and maybe even a moral.

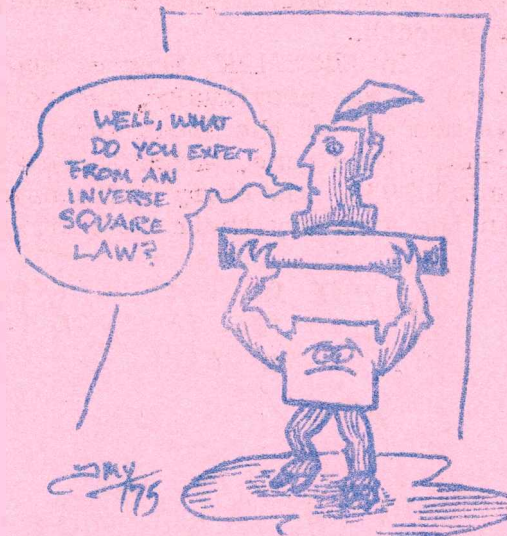


Jack Twiller first appears as an 8 year old trying to be a comic book hero, riding his magic pony across the mysterious alleys and empty lots of his neighborhood. He leaves the book ten years later, amazed at getting a date for his prom but unable to externalize his self-taught cool enough to even grab a kiss. It's a kid-growing-up-in-the-fifties story, with lots of discovering (or trying to discover) sex. Poor Jack.

Unlike the heroes of many possibly autobiographical growing-up stories, Jack's not really a sensitive soul secretly hoping to be a poet: he's pretty shallow, pretty much of a clod, trying half-heartedly to become a human being. I'm not sure he ever succeeds, but I had more fun than he did watching it happen. Poor Jack. He's a latter day Holden Caulfield without the advantages of a prep school. I think you'll like him.

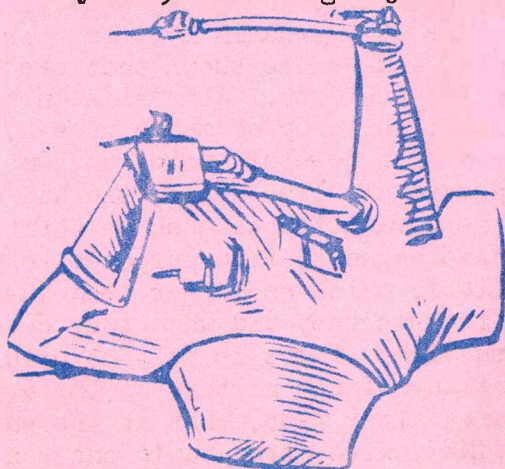
- Karen Trego





BEYOND THE BLUE EVENT HORIZON by Frederik Pohl. Del Rey Books 12/1980 309 pages 345-27535-250

Fred Pohl, always a good author suddenly climbed into the category of consistently great author in the mid-seventies with books like GATEWAY, MAN-PLUS, JEM, and here has maintained his status with this sequel to the aforementioned GATEWAY. Robinett Broadhead, the protagonist of GATEWAY became rich from his discovery of a Heechee artifact, and in the years that followed, he has adapted well to life as a magnate. Robinett has sent a crew out to explore one of the few remaining unexplored Heechee artifacts in the solar system, which might just be a



fully functional food factory, taking comets, and reducing them to foodstuff. Perhaps there will be enough clues to tell something about the mysterious race who has long since vanished. When the crew does get there, and begins to explore, they find a human boy living there, and he tells of others, not like him, but he can talk to them.

The book is a well paced exploration of the background of this interesting universe that Pohl has developed, and the characters obtain a reality that is very rare.

- David Stever-Schnoes

CHRYSALIS 8 edited by Roy Torgeson. Doubleday 10/1980 211 pages 385-17040-995

A collection with a good balance of stories by new authors and old hands, the former carried by the latter, until they in turn can become well enough known in their own right. In a quick rundown, the stories are 'You Are my Sunshine' by Tanith Lee, a weird hard science story that will floor you. 'Beachcomber' by Mike Resnick, a Goulart like robot story- fluff. 'Emily Dickinson- Saved from Drowning' by Barry Malzberg, utter crap. 'The King is Dead, Love Live-' by Jayge Carr, a murky written story that runs out of steam because of it. 'Hart's Hope' by Orson Scott Card, a wonderful fantasy told in Card's clear concise style. This is definitely the major story here. 'Wry-neck, Draw ME' by Margret St. Clair, a strange variant on Ellison's I Have No Mouth. Not sure if the protagonist is worth caring about or not. 'The Cathedral in Dying Time' by Sharon Webb, an allagorical story in which the allagory seems wasted. 'Proteus' by Paul Cook, weird/disturbing like the Lee story. 'Angel's Wings' by Somtow Sucharitkul, a woman living away from her husband finds that growing up and maturing on her part make her better able to understand her husband and his work. 'Film-maker' by Steve Rasnic Tem, useless tripe. 'Crockadile' by RA Lafferty, I couldn't read it, but I can't read most Lafferty, so it might still be good Lafferty. 'Barrier' by Leanne Frahm, the old containment of humanity story with what was to me, a totally new twist.

I would say that Torgeson has done his job well, and that this is an anthology worth reading. I would also hope that Card's 'Hart's Hope' is remembered at Hugo Award time, too.

- David Stever-Schnoes

SINAI TAPESTRY by Edward Whitemore.
Avon 7/1978 308 pages 380-37853-195
JERUSALEM POKER by Edward Whitemore.
Avon 5/1979 407 pages 380-44305-250

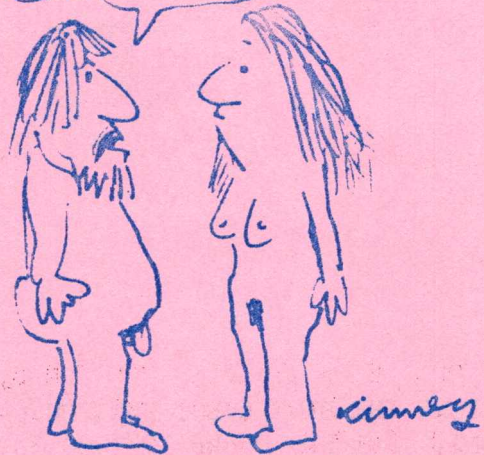
These two books comprise a panorama of the Middle East for almost a century, from the mid 1800's, until 1935 or so. One can rightfully make comparisons between these works and the Bible, and Whitemore might even laugh, and nod in agreement. Even more so, comparisons between Wilson's Illuminati works can be made- the Masons are mentioned here, and the scope is similar to that attempted by Wilson and Shea, and the links between characters makes this person think of them in the same light.

Ostensibly, SINAI is the story of Plantagenet Strongbow, a seven and a half foot tall English Lord of the last century, who roamed Africa and Asia for half a century, spreading his influence over more people than he might ever realise, and

tying them together in ways that they themselves only discover decades after his death.

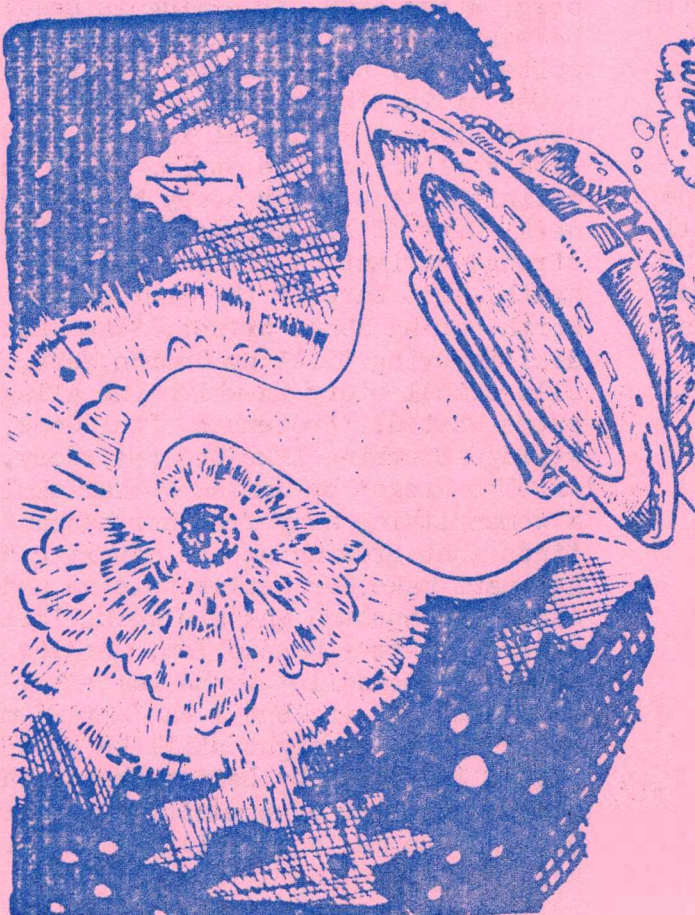
In JERUSALEM, many of the characters we met previously, are reintroduced as members of the Great Jerusalem Poker Game. This game, which lasted from 1921 until 1933, saw every influential person in the area try their hand at what was

YOU'RE SO SLOPPILY-DRAWN
I CAN'T TELL IF YOU'RE CUTE
OR UGLY!



an attempt for three people to gather complete control of the Holy City. As the blurb says, The Holy City was in the kitty, the game was five card stud.

The books are fascinating, sometimes boring, and sometimes brilliant. SINAI details life as it had always been in the area, and how that life was ending as the 19th century ended. Most of the world held Jerusalem as holy, but it was with the return of those people to it that forced the city to face the unhappy world of the early twentieth century, and the results are consistently painful, and often bloody. The massacre at Smyrna in 1922 is a prime example, and we are shown that event, in all its stupidity. JERUSALEM on the other hand, while by no means upbeat, does end on a hopeful note, as some of the previously lost souls, who had wandered the Levant for as much as thirty years, have begun to find purposes to their lives, which no longer seem quite as bleak as they did when they came to Jerusalem. There is but one brief mention of any of the history of the area of the area after 1935, that at the end of SINAI SINAI, with Strongbow's one son unable to face his own life, or live in his



father's legacy, but I would expect the three poker players, O'Sullivan Beare, Cairo Martyr, and Munk Szondi, to have found peace within themselves.

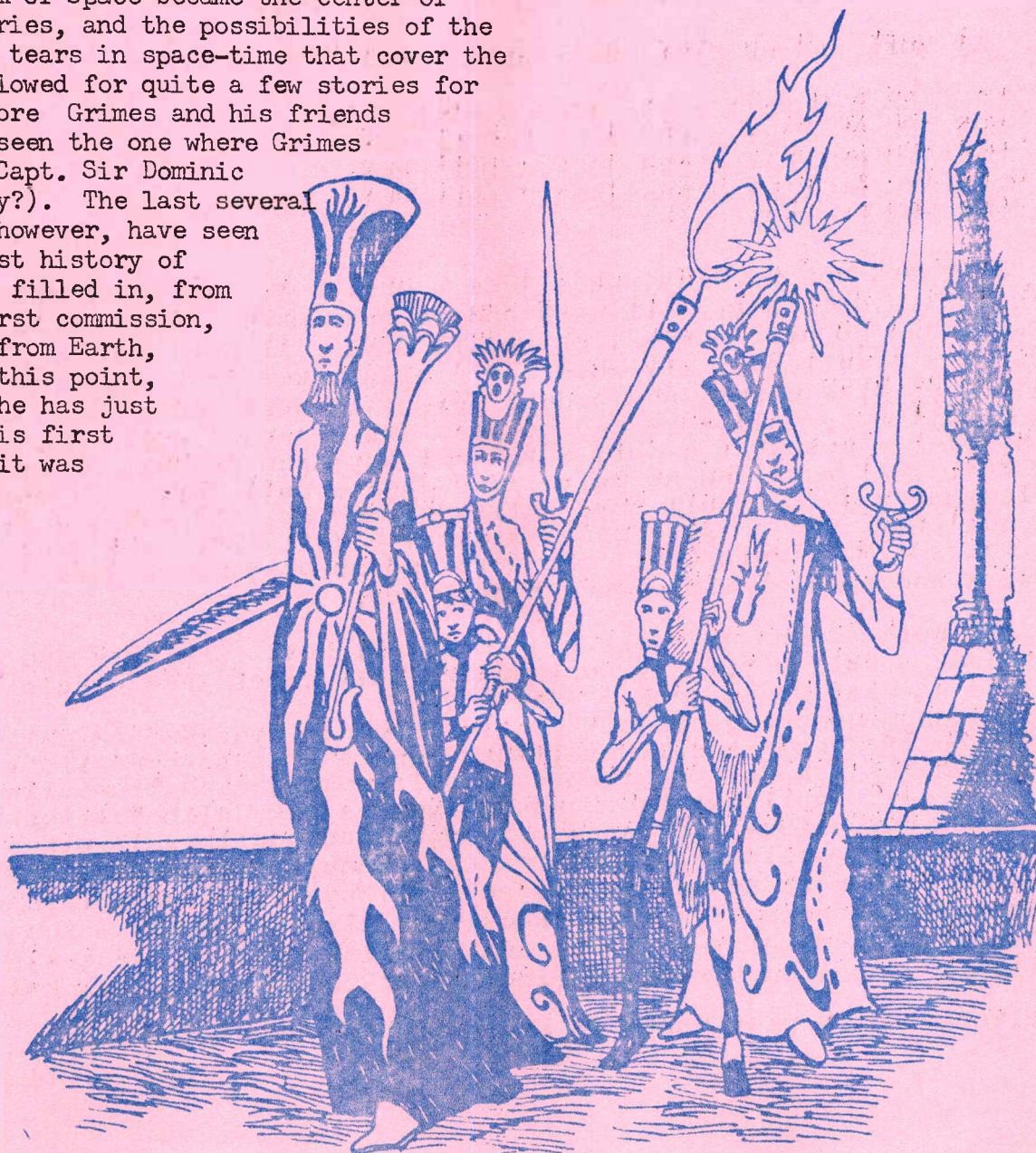
- David Stever-Schnoes

STAR LOOT by A. Bertram Chandler. DAW Books 9/1980 223 pages 87997-564-175

I like popcorn; I have a large collection of Ron Goulart novels, and I only stopped buying the E.C. Tubb Dumarest novels at #17. I think I'm only missing three or so of Bertram Chandler's novels of the Rim and John Grimes. The stories began in the 1950's, and back then, we got stories from all over the universe that Chandler developed, and John Grimes at that time, was just one more character. But, through out the 1960's, Grimes and the Rim of Space became the center of the series, and the possibilities of the little tears in space-time that cover the Rim allowed for quite a few stories for Commodore Grimes and his friends (ever seen the one where Grimes meets Capt. Sir Dominic Flandry?). The last several years however, have seen the past history of Grimes filled in, from his first commission, fresh from Earth, until this point, where he has just sold his first ship (it was

solid gold. But that was the last book) and he is buying another. A few of the characters that we have met before, or will meet again are here- friends and enemies who will dog his entire career. If you've read any of the stories, you'll like this one too, and if you haven't well Ace Books has reprinted many of the early books, so a whole new universe awaits you.

- David Stever-Schnoes



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SANDINISTA!

reviewed by Michael Parker Smith

Many bands have tried to incorporate politics into their music. The late John Lennon tried it with *SOMETIME IN N.Y.*, but fell short of his goal. There have been songs here and there that succeeded at being both good politics and good music. "Student Demonstration Time", for example. But these have been few and far between. No band has been able to blend good politics and good music as consistently and successfully as The Clash.

The Clash come from the English "punk" tradition. But don't cower in the shadows; these are not the sort of punks that spit blood and wear diaper pins in their ears. English "punk" (I use that term loosely) was political music from the start. English youths are poorer than their American counterparts and have less opportunity to improve their lot. English "punk" expressed their frustration and outrage. Class consciousness is more pronounced in England, as is repression of the downtrodden. For those of you who are still alarmed by the word "punk", The Who, the Yardbirds and other fine bands are a part of this same tradition. It is not surprising that in the late 70s, The Clash proclaimed themselves to be the only rock'n'roll band that counted, for they play the right music and deliver the right message.

SANDINISTA! is their best and most accessible album to date. They are playing funkier music; the album leads off with "The Magnificent Seven", a funky send-up of the working world. There's "Ivan Meets G.I. Joe", about a disco dance contest between the So-

viet Union and the U.S. There's "Lightning Strikes (Not Once But Twice)"—it's a hot tune, I dare you not to dance.

The Clash, like many new wave bands, have been making incursions into ska and reggae. *SANDINISTA!* has several fine examples: "Junco Partner", "The Crooked Beat", "Let's Go Crazy", "The Equaliser". Their reggae style is strongly influenced by the Jamaican dub bands—it reminds me of Lee Perry produced LPs. Great stuff. Side 6 of *SANDINISTA!* is all reggae, and it's dubbed up darker than dread. Side 6 dis I say? Yes mon. This is a three record set. It doesn't skimp on music. Each side is at least 22 minutes long.



The Clash is a powerful funk band, true, but they have not forgotten how to be a powerful rock band. Play "Somebody Got Murdered", "Hitsville U.K.", "Up in Heaven (Not Only Here)", "Police On My Back". Loud. The Clash even do a dandy surf song, "Charlie Don't Surf" ("... Charlie don't surf for his hamburger mama, Charlie's gonna be a napalm star."). For those of you who like their rock on the quiet side, there's the story of the down and out lad in "Broadway"; there's "If Music Could Talk" (you figure it out); and there's "Something About Eng-

One more thing. Included with this album is THE ARMAGIDEON TIMES #3. This is the lyrics sheet, and it features some excellent and amusing cartoons by Steve Bell. If you're "seeking out a rhythm that can take the pressure off", then SANDINISTA! is the album for you. All hail, Marx and Engels, and Mick Jones, Joe Strummer, Paul Simonon, and Topper Headon!

Minn-Stf meeting, April 4, 1981: Jerry Stearns & Kate Worley's--1206 E. 26th St., (upper), Minneapolis, 55404; 870-4878.

No other meetings are scheduled yet, because the president's term expires at Minicon, and the new president isn't chosen until the new board is elected, which is happening at the same meeting where this is being collated. So there will be an Einblatt before Minicon (Deadline for material: April 4th), to bring you up to date. I hope.

OH LORD - WHY MUST FROGS FALL IN LOVE?