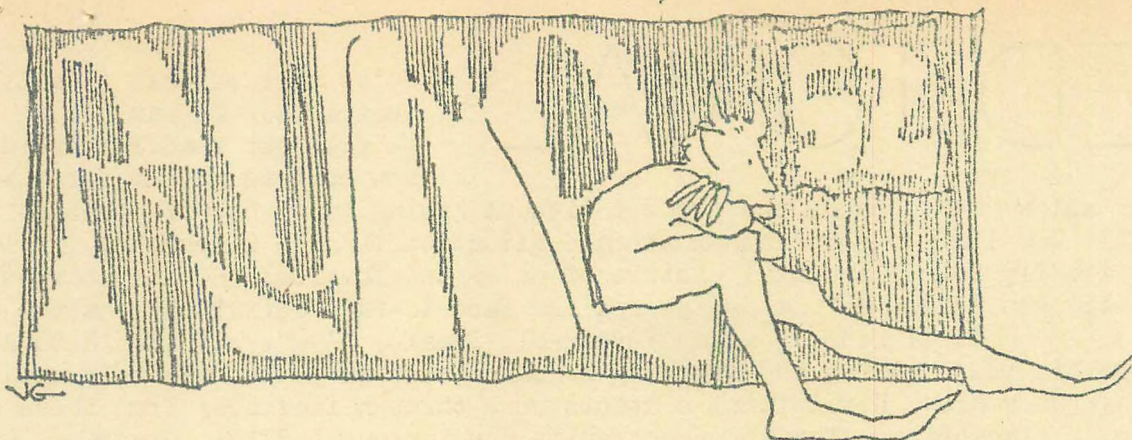


52

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EDITORIAL

We've decided that it's time to introduce ourselves. It was not an oversight that we told our readers nothing about RUMÉ's new editors in our first issue; we hoped

to allow you to judge the product without having to fight off preconceived ideas. This did lead to some rather strange situations. Mike Glicksohn, for instance, initially formed a mental picture of us as two females. He had started to reconsider that even before he met us; seeing Lee face-to-face definitely shattered the image.

Carol Kennedy is a 31-year-old female, 5'9½", with red hair and blue eyes. She has been reading and watching SF since she was 5, but has only been in fandom for two years. Her initial contacts were through fanzines; from there she moved on to apahacking. Her apa memberships now include LASFAPA, Minneapa, Capra, and Apa69. She was introduced to Minn-STF by Nate Bucklin and Kara Dalkey, a favor for which she will be forever grateful.

Lee Pelton is a 28-year-old male, 5'11", 205 lb., with dark brown hair and blue eyes. He began reading SF when he was 10 or 11; he first discovered fandom about 8 years ago through losing his wallet. It was found by Nate Bucklin and Caryl Wixon (then Caryl Bucklin). When he went to pick it up from them, he discovered a world he had only dreamed of. For several years he stayed very much on the fringes of Minn-STF, due somewhat to his marriage. After his divorce two years ago, he became a more active member.

We met at Minn-STF's Picnicon Again in August, 1977, and have lived together since then. In deciding to edit RUMÉ, Lee contributed the enthusiasm and Carol contributed the experience, gained through several years of editing and publishing newsletters for historical and hobby organizations.

Lee's reason for editing RUMÉ: "Since becoming a regular Minn-STF member, I've had a turnabout in my ideals and outlook. I hadn't thought of RUMÉ much in all the years I had received it. When David's editorial in #50 started me thinking about what I could do for Minn-STF, editing RUMÉ seemed to be the perfect answer. I had been in LASFAPA and Minneapa for awhile and I enjoyed fanwriting. Minneapolis is a fannish center of some reputation and I hope to let other fans know we are still here."

Carol's reason for editing RUMÉ: "Lee talked me into it."

(It becomes obvious which of the two understood just what would be involved in this job, and which had never run a mimeograph...)

The division of tasks has so far run quite smoothly; differing abilities and interests will probably cause that to continue. Lee contacts artists and writers, talks them into contributing, and nags them about deadlines; he sets the order of the contents and picks much of the art. Carol does the layout, the headings, and the typing. Both

run the mimeo. And many kind friends help to put RUMÉ together.

Speaking of kind friends, we want to thank some who have given special help toward this issue:

Joel Halpern, David Dyer-Bennet, Dave

Wixon, Jim Odbert, Fred Haskell, Jon Singer, and

everyone who has given us any

kind of encouragement.

Carol is glad Lee talked her into it.



outaugural message

or, manuscript found in a beer bottle

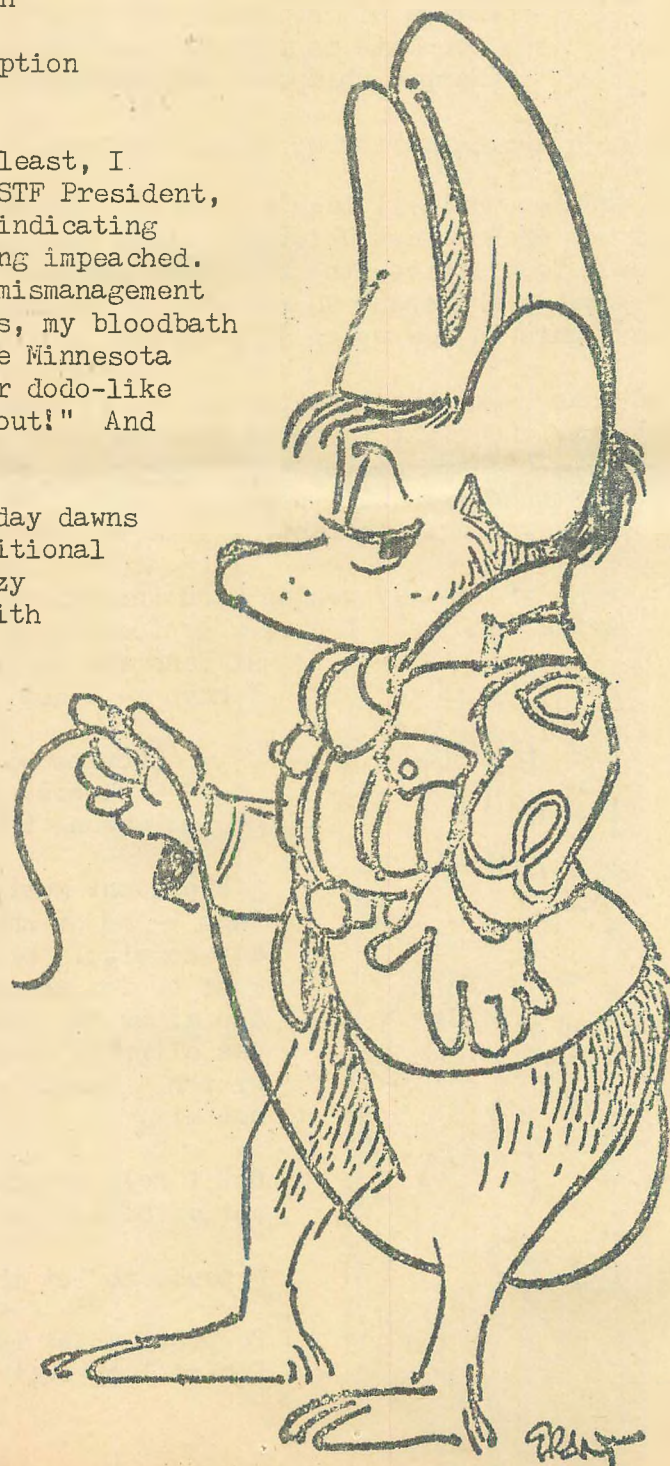
by Outgoing (though somewhat shy)
Minn-STF President Denny Lien

(a sort of technically augmented transcription
of Minicon 13 closing ceremonies)

Two years ago, when I assumed office (at least, I assumed there was one somewhere) as Minn-STF President, I published in RUNE an inaugural message indicating what I hoped to accomplish, such as getting impeached. After a mere two years of corruption and mismanagement tempered only slightly by extreme laziness, my bloodbath has finally clotted and the members of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, roused from their dodo-like torpor, have spoken: "Throw the rascals out!" And about time, too.

The new broom has swept clean, and a new day dawns on the horizon (which has become the traditional place for it), and all that, and the sleazy slate of officers who have misruled you with me for the past year are about to be ignominiously ejected in favor of an entirely new slate of fresh new faces (some with bodies attached as an inexpensive option). For instance, I would like to introduce last year's corrupt and now thoroughly discredited co-Treasurers, Jan Appelbaum and Carol Anndy, and -- as soon as the hissing dies down -- our new Reform ticket co-Treasurers, Carol Anndy and Jan Appelbaum!

Secondly (thirdly?), last year's co-conspirator and autocratic Vice-President, David Dyer-Bennet, soon to be replaced by this year's Vice-President, David Dyer-Bennet. And let us not forget last year's propaganda-spewing hack co-Secretaries, Dean Gahlon and Elizabeth Anne LaVelle, now about to give up their spots at the public trough to our new co-Secretaries, Dean Gahlon and Lalee Kerr -- Lalee Kerr???? That's going to be a bit



confusin' -- mind if we call you Elizabeth Anne LaVelle? or at least Bruce?

And, last though not shortest, your President-to-be (we're still negotiating about how to finish that sentence) Nate Bucklin.

And so it's over, and not content simply to leave quietly, I think the least I owe you is to humiliate and degrade myself (it's cheaper than repaying the kickbacks and graft). So --

((removes con badge, name badges, medallion from neck and headband from hair; then slips out pair of scissors and seizes left muttonchop))

-- perhaps some of you may have heard of Samson and Delilah --

((cries of "somebody stop him!" Sounds of feet charging the stage, too late to prevent hair-slicing sound effect, then another one. Gasps, whimpers, and unrestrained sobbing from audience.))

-- I do apologize for my cheeky actions...

Of course, while it hasn't been all beer and skittles being President (the skittles ran out around last October), there have been accomplishments as well. For instance, when I took office, the Minnesota Science Fiction Society was an undisciplined bunch of rowdies who spent 90 percent of their time partying. And after only two years, the figure is now up to 97 percent!

And there were the traditional honors paid me -- little things, mostly: the red carpets, the right to throw out the first neo at every Minicon, the freewill offering of each member's firstborn ... but I'm trying to taper off on all of these. For instance, you will note that during this con I didn't even require any of you to kiss my ring. In fact, I left it home in the bathtub.

So, some of you may wonder (and indeed you may; I'll issue you a permit), why am I leaving the job? I have a confession to make. In spite of the legend that all sf fans are cat people (figuratively if not literally), I have -- a dog.

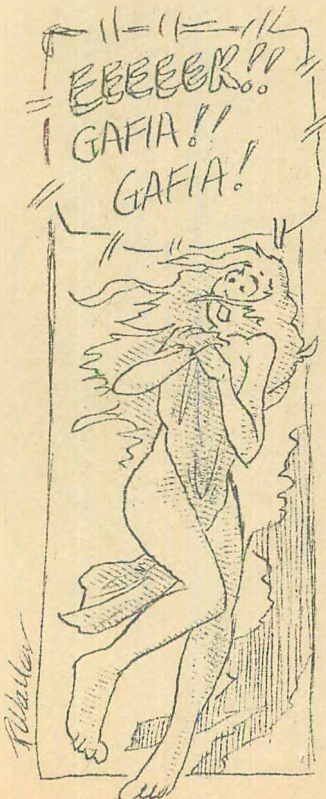
((cries of "Shame! Shame!" mixed with some cheers; many fistfights break out spontaneously among the emotionally-charged spectators))

A President must be a role model for impressionable young fans -- he or she must, at a minimum, party longer than anyone else. With a cat, this is easy enough. But a dog must be fed regularly and walked even more regularly; and after two years, it was becoming too obvious that I was slipping away to bus home and take care of the little wretch. Owning a dog and being a fannish President do not mix.

But I hold no grudges, even though I have been hounded out of office...

((pause to let the groans and retchings die down))

To prove this, I would like to offer one last suggestion. I have long felt that a group like Minn-STF, which is so

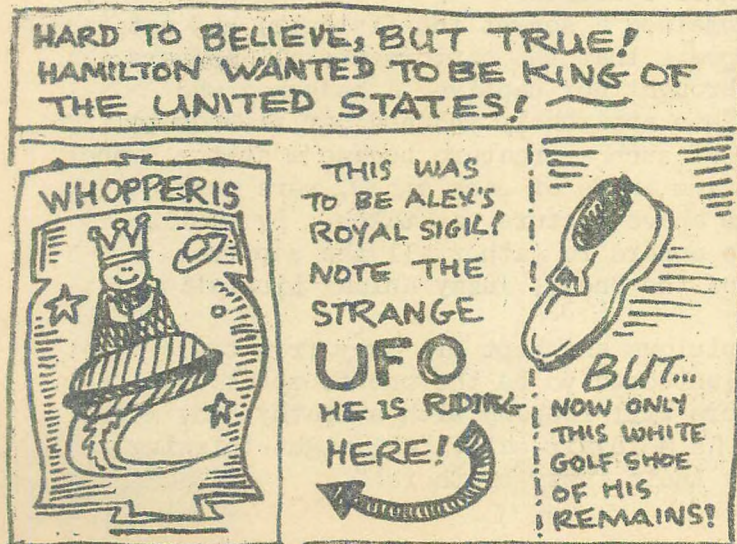
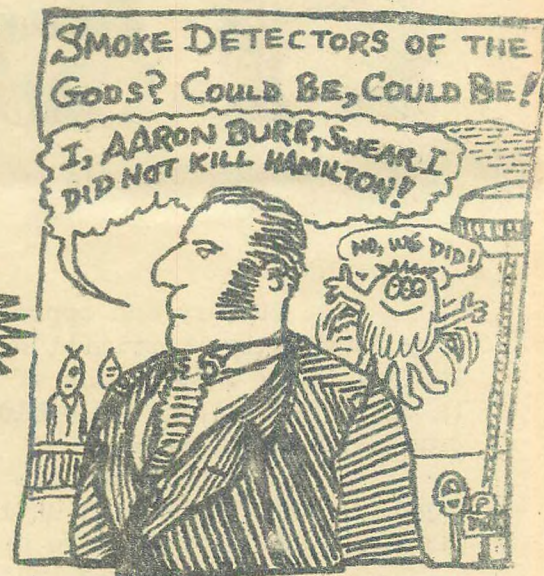
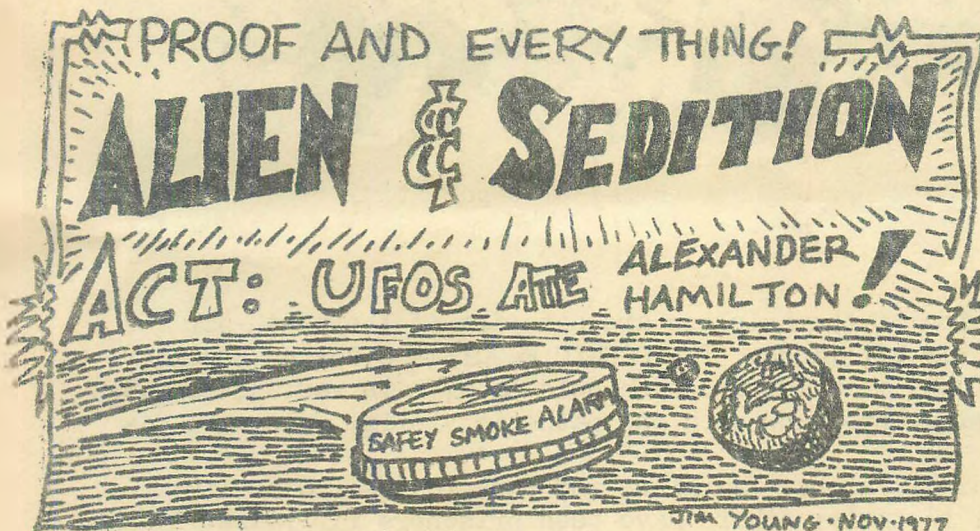


basically a working anarchy (or at least a goofing-off anarchy), should not rely on something so dull as voting to choose its leaders. I am thus offering a suggestion for a new Minn-STF tradition: instead of democratic process, that we henceforth change officers by the much more fannish method of assassination...

((at this point, a voice -- tentatively identified as Nate Bucklin's -- was heard to shout "Death to all tyrants!" and the dreaded whooshing of a whipped-cream pie filled the air. The rest of the manuscript, being covered with whipped cream, is unreadable, constituting an eighteen and a half second gap -- the club doesn't have enough secrets to fill eighteen and a half minutes -- with the exception of a small portion, which seems to read -- so far as it can be deciphered -- as follows:))

All: The King is Dead! Long Live the King!

#####



COSMIC ENQUIRER EXPOSES SLAVE RING



Slavery and oppression of the helpless are not part of the past, nor are they found only in primitive, far-off lands. The COSMIC ENQUIRER'S Roving Reporter learned today that dozens of fuzzy animals have been held captive in various locations in the Twin Cities. An exclusive interview with one pathetic victim, Moleyair, was granted to this reporter.

The creatures are of all sizes, families, and backgrounds. Some lived happily among their kind until recently; others have been prisoners for years. Virtually all of them were openly sold to their owners.

This horrible trade might have remained a secret indefinitely, had not the fuzzy animals all met by chance. It appears that the captors are all members of one bizarre club. One of these persons brought her captive, a hedgehog who wishes to remain anonymous, to a meeting. This apparently induced her friends to exhibit their own captives; the "ownership" of such a creature became a status symbol.

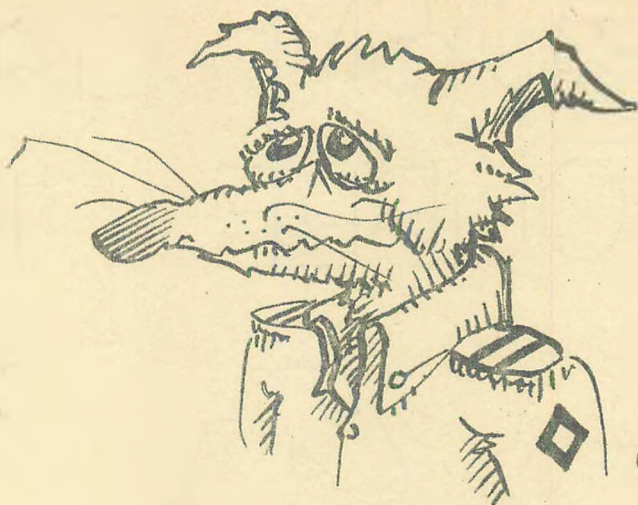
The victims, even though they became aware of each other, were unable to form a cohesive group until the night the above picture was taken. By subtle suggestion, one of the animals convinced the owners to gather all the captives together. That night, under the very eyes of the enemy, Fuzzy Animal Liberation was born!

Moleyair, whose owner became suspicious and kept him away from the meeting, was recruited later and bravely volunteered to be the one to speak out.

We know that the ENQUIRER'S readers will respond with sympathy and, more important to the movement, with donations. As Moleyair said, "All right-thinking beings will answer this call for Liberty for their fuzzy brothers!"

MINN-STF RECORD LIBRARY

Many of you do not realize that Minn-STF has a record library as well as a book library. In an effort to increase usage of this resource, RUNE is publishing a partial list of records available from the library.



Foster/Fletcher

"Music from Star Trek"
by Jefferson Starship
(We bought it on impulse)

"Alfred Hitchcock" by The Byrds

"Songs of Sadism and Torture" by The Grateful Dead (disco)

"Polka Favorites" by Led Zeppelin
(featuring "Rock and Roll Out the Barrel")

"Four-Part Harmony" by Peter, Paul, and Mary

"Somewhere Over the Rainbow" by The Moody Blues

"Stairway to Heaven" by The Mormon Tabernacle Choir

"Concerto for Line Printer" by Franz Liszt
(featuring Charlie Babbage on teletype)

"It Again" by Sam

"On the Shores of Gitchy Goomee" by Shining Big Sea Water
(traditional Indian ballads featuring Hiawatha on electric bass)

"Lawrence Walk: Favorite Bawdy Ballads" (Reader's Digest collection)

"Beethoven's Fourth Symphony" by Thief River Falls Kazoo Band

"Korean Love Songs" by the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee

"Ticket to Ride" by Amtrak's Champion Barbershop Quartet

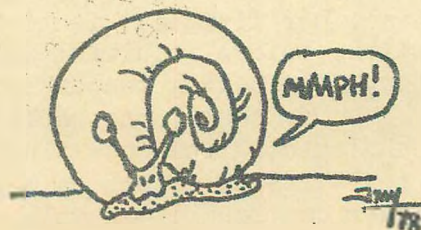
"Magical Mystery Tour" by Amtrak's 2nd Place Barbershop Quartet

"Bagpipe Lullabies" by the Uganda Army Band

"Mafia's Greatest Hits"

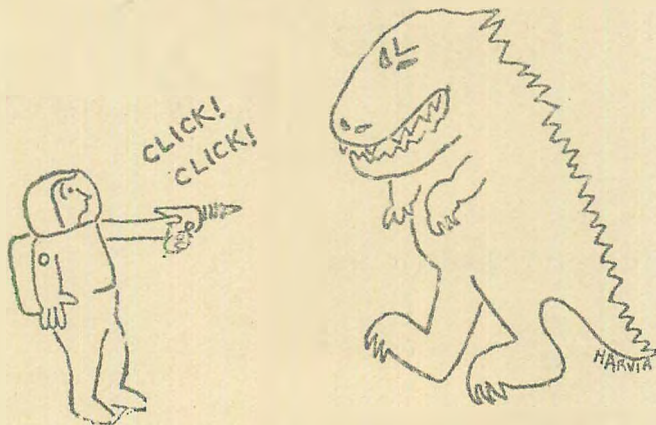
"Shake Your Vootie" by Ken Fletcher and The Animals

"Parodies' Mediocre Hits"
(includes their hit single, which is "Not Bad")



SADISM and the DOUBLE FANED

- By Dave Wixon -



"...as of this writing I haven't gotten to COUNTDOWN FOR CINDY yet -- every once in awhile I pull it out, but I always remember more attractive things to do, like change the catbox...."

-- Author, in MINNEAPA,
in response to Editor as
to Author's progress with
Editor's requested Article.

sigh What do you do when the brand-new editors of the fanzine you've been supporting all your fannish life turn to you and ask you to give them another of those review-essays you've been turning out, with words suitably implying that they appreciate your abilities? Sure, you do! But then what do you do when the book handed to you is COUNTDOWN FOR CINDY, a 1964 Bantam paperback by Eloise Engle, which seems to have been written for 13-year-old females? ((Responses deleted.))

Eventually, a week after the deadline, you read through the book -- mercifully, it doesn't take long. Then you spend thrice that time staring morosely at blank paper...

((Long silence.))

...the book is a gushy novel aimed, I guess, at adolescent females of any age. The plot, involving the first woman to go to the moon, exists primarily as a vehicle for the author to lead the reader to fantasize by identification with Cindy -- on a primitive level that includes the old saw about the girl beginning with a mild contempt for the reckless, wise-cracking, ladies' man astronaut, but ending the book with their first kiss.

The transition between these two states is hard to notice; that's not surprising, since the book seems mainly a series of strung-together situations for readers to pick out and moon over (pun not intended). There is something to be said for the good intentions of an author who wants her heroine to be, and know she is, an inspiration for girls to extend their horizons. Cindy, however, would never burn her bra...

The premise of the whole trip is that Cindy is reluctantly sent to the moon because men injured in an accident are badly in need of her skills. Upon arrival, her first act is to go to her room to bathe, change, and put on fresh lipstick, before inquiring as to the patients; eventually she goes to assist the doctor, ably taking temperatures and fluffing pillows (no, I'm not exaggerating!).

In short, one rapidly begins to suspect that she's really there for "psychological" reasons; finally the author admits this, with syrupy references to the revitalizing effect on males of the presence of a pleasant, attractive, and All-American female, as well as to Florence Nightingale and all those brave gals

who did so much in all the wars, etc. ... (I wonder if Eloise ever watches "M.A.S.H."?)

Nor is Cindy's special brand of psychology limited to her patients. She finds that the Base personnel, led by the cook, have been giving the CO the silent treatment because he spent so much time talking to his family on the radio that others missed their turns. She fixes that, but it miffs the cook, who now finds himself losing influence...

Basically, though, Cindy is cardboard through and through; and from situation to situation one can hear the author saying "What will the girls want to see now?" Sub-plots are hastily resolved with no apparent work involved, just to make a dreamy ending. After only a few days on the moon, for instance, Cindy returns to Earth to find that a female pilot who had been giving her a rough time before the trip has repented and become a student nurse -- and is taking care of Cindy's father, who, inspired by his daughter's heroism, has secretly undergone the heart transplant he desperately needed (although a doctor, he always crustily refused those new-fangled things).

For verisimilitude the author pontificates now and again on the wonders of the future, which to her involve such things as a portable viewer which, in 35 pages, contains "all the books that had ever been written" (Cindy's medical records, nevertheless, have been tattooed on the soles of her feet so as to be easy to transport). The doctors she works with are capable of transplanting any human organ "except ears"; presumably this sort of thing is why Cindy can be said to have fallen "pitch over yaw, for aerospace medicine". Sure she did! When she's chosen as best-qualified for the trip, they have to patiently explain to her how atmospheric pressure decreases as one gains altitude, and what this does to the body (Not Good!). Not that the author has put it all together, either; Cindy learns that she must watch out for "even a small leak" in her space suit, which would "expose her to deadly cosmic rays".

The inanity is even worse, such as when Cindy finds she has been given a private room with hastily-rigged washbasin and towel: "She swallowed the tight lump of gratitude in her throat as she climbed out of her heavy suit and hung it in the

closet. Imagine ever thinking men were mean and horrid!"

Ah, but this gem: "In the old days, space capsules had to go 25,000 miles an

hour to escape

Earth's gravity. Now

with improved cabin

pressurization...and

improved fuel systems they

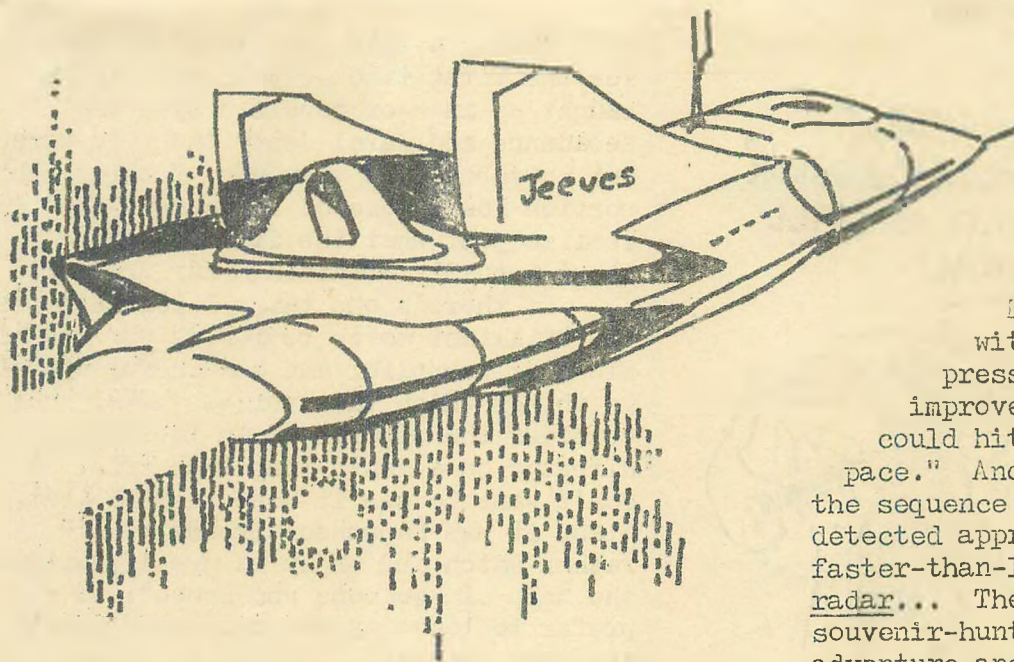
could hit orbit at a slower

pace." And you'll really love

the sequence when the UFO is detected approaching them at faster-than-light -- detected on radar... The children driving it, souvenir-hunters, have a little adventure and then erase the memories of it all from all the Base personnel. I wish they could do that for me...

And so we leave Cindy, wearing her planet-pastel lipstick and planning to take some spray-on carpeting along on her next trip -- maybe she'll learn more about those "bags of fascinating moon gases".

I'd like to learn why a moon base comes equipped with a waterproof parachute...



let's do ROCKY HORROR again

...an additional piece on that movie which grips the soul, jolts the sensibilities, and makes the theater seat hot and sticky...

By Greg Ketter

A couple of months after seeing ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW for the first time at Midamericon, I ran across an ad in FILM COLLECTORS WORLD sporting a very fine drawing of a lounging Tim Curry as Dr. Frank N. Furter, with a request for all information and memorabilia on the Show. I dashed off a quick letter to Kathleen Hembree, letting her know that there was another fan of the movie.

I got a reply from a 21-year-old aspiring commercial artist who had a passion for Tim Curry. Kathleen put me in contact with a few other diehard RHPS fans, while I picked up quite a few on my own. Going to conventions as often as I do, I never cease to be amazed at the number of SF fans who have embraced this movie as a sort of rallying point. "Don't dream it, be it" has somewhat replaced "Fans are Slans". (Forgive me, older and more tired fan, but it is true.) The decadence has taken a back seat to the dreaming/being aspect. This seems to fit the basic nature of the average fan.

THE AUTHOR HIMSELF
HAS SEEN 'ROCKY HORROR'
47 TIMES, AND IS STILL
'NORMAL'



Seeing a film as bizarre as RHPS for the first time or two, one may be caught up in --or repulsed by-- the decadence and moral decay the film presents. But in subsequent viewings, I think, this portion loses some of its appeal, and you realize just what the film is saying about actually attaining your dreams.

If there's one thing I loathe, it's the brilliant movie reviewers who see all kinds of beautiful and meaningful symbolism in things which the average viewer would consider the efforts of an imbibing director on a month-long tank trip. I don't want to see it done to RHPS (but, alas, it has happened already). I'd rather watch and enjoy it myself, without the help of "someone who knows"; so I prefer to leave my own criticism short and very general.

While gathering the Rocky Horror clan around me, I've also gathered a wealth of obscure information on both the movie and the people who made it possible. Rather than hold on to all this info and be the hit of the party spouting off little

anecdotes, or wait until I eventually get around to putting that book or fanzine out as I've threatened, I think I will share a few of the better ones with you.

The BBC series "Rock Follies" had Little Nell as a regular and had Tim Curry guest star a couple of times as "Stevie Streeter", a rock singer. He even sang a whole song in one episode.

Tim Curry has also starred in a BBC series on Shakespeare, playing the great Bard himself!

Patricia Quinn, "Magenta" in RHPS, was seen in the series "I, Claudius".

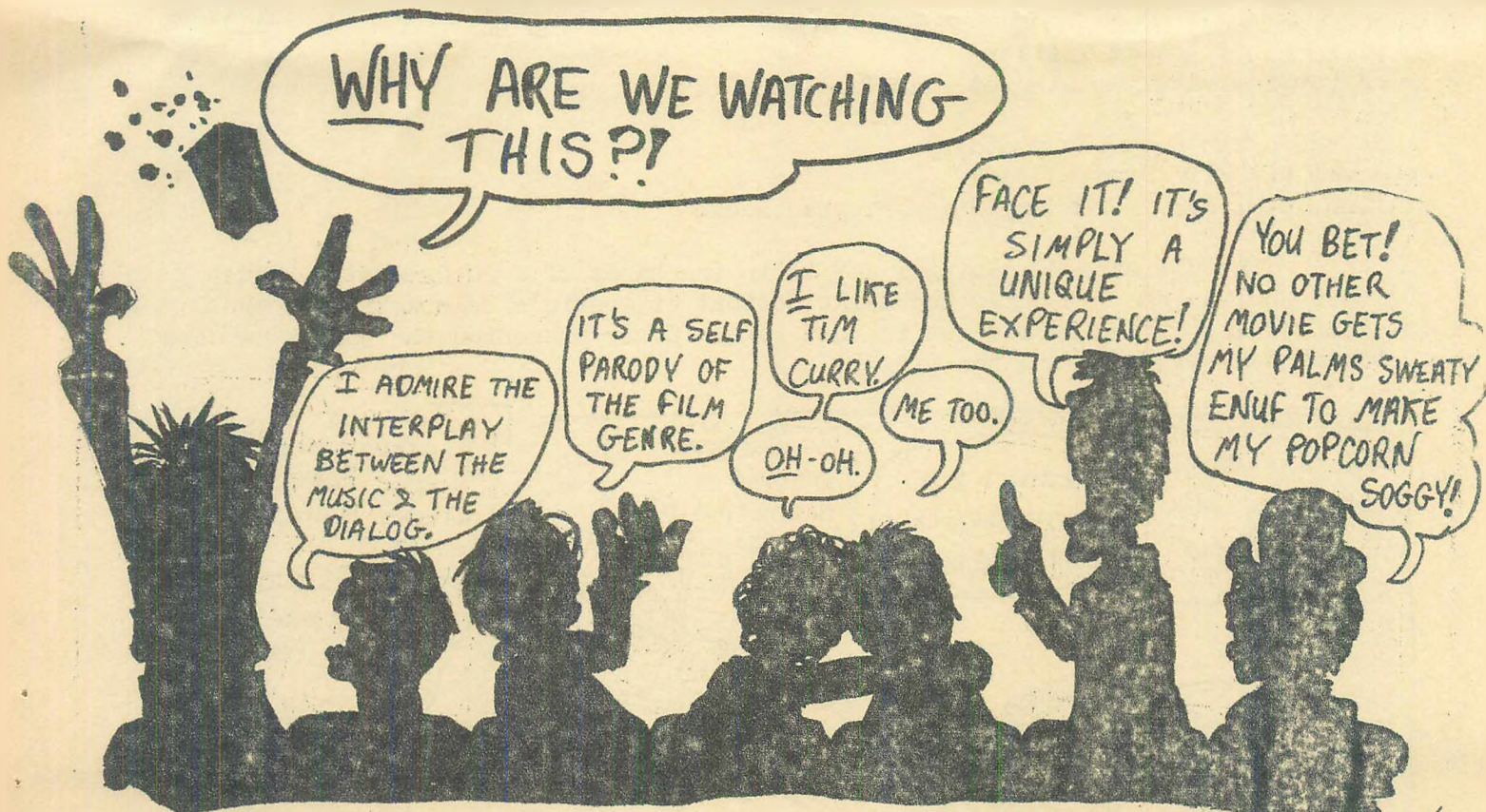
Meat Loaf, "Eddie" in RHPS, is quite a rock star. He has a Top 40 hit, "Two Out of Three Ain't Bad", and a popular album, "Bat Out of Hell" (Epic Records), which has a Richard Corben cover. Several years ago he recorded "What You See Is What You Get" for Motown, and also recorded as part of Meat Loaf and Stoney. Meat Loaf is his legal name now, but there was a time when he carried the moniker of Marvin Lee Aday. It just wasn't exciting enough for the 260-pound dynamo.

Tim Curry has also recorded for the pop music field, a single called "Baby Love", backed with "Just Fourteen", for Ode Records.

Richard O'Brien, "Riff-Raff" in RHPS, has written a musical called VIBRANIA with singer Alex Harvey. O'Brien has been trying to get together a touring company of RHPS, as well.

Magazines with articles of interest are the April 3 PEOPLE, with an article on Meat Loaf; the March 16 issue (#177) of CIRCUS, which has a rather nice feature on RH, along with a rare cast photo from the Time Warp sequence; the December, 1975 PLAYBOY, with a very interesting picture of Tim Curry, sans makeup and with McKenzie Phillips ("One Day at a Time") draped over his shoulder; and the ROCKET'S BLAST COMICS COLLECTOR #140, which has a decent review calling RHPS one of the "Two Greatest Films You've Probably Never Seen".

(continued next page)



(Foglia-78)

For some of you collector-completists, here is a list of Rocky Horror memorabilia which can be found by those who look hard enough:

Soundtracks:

Rocky Horror Picture Show (Ode Records)
Movie Soundtrack starring Tim Curry

Rocky Horror Show (Ode Records)
Original Los Angeles Roxy Cast starring Tim Curry

Rocky Horror Show (UK Records)
Original Upstairs Theatre Cast starring Tim Curry

Rocky Horror Show (Elephant Records)
Original Australian Cast starring Rog Livermore

Complete Dialogue and Music Track (Bootlog)

27" x 41" (One Sheet) Posters:

Style A - "A Different Set of Jaws"

Style B - "He's the Hero. That's Right! The Hero!"

14" x 36" (Insert) - also Styles A and B

Set of 8 Lobby Cards (Color Scenes)

Set of approximately 30 B & W stills

4 page Theater Pressbook

35 mm (3 minute) Film Trailer

16 mm (approximately 3 minute) Film Trailer

Music and Lyric Book (Roxy Stage)

Japanese (!) Film Program Book

British, L.A. Roxy, Broadway Stage Program Books



The ultimate RH souvenir may be in the hands of a lucky Austin, Texas resident who won the Tim Curry Lookalike Contest at Austin's celebration of the 1st anniversary of the Show's run in that town. Curry presented the corset he wore in the London stage show to the winner.



FANFARONADE

By Carol Kennedy

It can't possibly be two months since I typed my first "Fanfaronade"... I'm not ready! I haven't read one-fourth of the zines I was supposed to review, and I haven't locced anybody, and I'm running out of corflu, and it's humid and the mimeo is eating stuck-together tonight, and the collation (Why do I hear the sound "Welcome to the wonderful

David question, "What do the corflu to dry?" activities to make dishes, open a new the cat litter, put pasting in the illo the latest thing Lee berserk about, start an

(not recommended under deadline time pressure). The secret of this business is obviously ORGANIZE. One must make use of every spare minute. Organization has always been my strongest ability -- so I keep telling myself and all who will listen.

This RUMÉ obviously is more organized than our first, and I'm pleased with the results so far. We have received a sufficient number of positive locs to keep us working at this. And we've received our first review of RUMÉ. From which I cleverly segue into my own review of



paper, and there's a party is only three days away... of many voices saying, world of fanediting"? Emerson once posed the you do while waiting for I have discovered many use of that time: wash four bottle of Diet-Pepsi, change on another record, start for the next page, look for has lost and is going argument, end an argument

NEBULOUSFAN -- "an amateur science fiction magazine dedicated to promoting science fiction, entertaining our readers, publishing our friends..., and having fun." Editor: David Thayer, 1212 Leslie Lane, Norman, Oklahoma 73069. Published four times a year. Available for 35¢ (four-issue subscription \$1.39) or the usual. Offset.

How can I say anything bad about the fanzine which published the first review of RUMÉ 51 (in Volume 2, Number 2 - Summer 1978)? Since the reviewer, Miranda Thomson (NebulousFan's "Layout Designer"), saw in our zine just what we hoped to achieve, I am grossly prejudiced in favor of these people. However, I was favorably impressed before that review. There isn't much to NebulousFan -- the latest ish is 8 pages, plus foldover mailer (an idea they claim to have gotten from RUMÉ!). But each page has something worthwhile on it. In this particular ish, most of those worthwhile things are Teddy Harvia's cartoons. His simple line drawings appeal to me; and he appears in RUMÉ this ish. Past good stuff in NebulousFan has included art and fiction by C.J. Cherryh; that's not bad for a thin little 35¢ zine! Recommended as a fannish fanzine.

MONGOOSE #1 -- stated purposes are to make an identity for Honolulu fandom and to make contact with the outside fannish world. Editor: Seth Goldberg, c/o Department of Chemistry, Bilger Hall, University of Hawaii, Honolulu, Hawaii 96822. Available for \$1.50 or the usual. Offset.

This is a thin (14 pages plus covers), very attractive, slightly sercon zine. In "Peregrinations", Val Giddings, Ph.D. candidate in Genetics, takes on Where Late the Sweet Birds Sang and The Clewiston Test on the grounds of "bullshit biology"; the article is interesting, well-written,

and convincing. Kat Stonebraker does a neo's view of WorldCon; she attended programming rather than parties! There is also a history of Honolulu fandom; and Seth has a fanzine review column which is somewhat less detailed and a lot less personal (=opinionated) than mine. A high point of MONGOOSE is the art of Léona Inukai; the anatomy needs a bit of work, but there's immense promise of some fine fan art. Leslie Blitman is another talented artist; we've recruited her for the next RUNE. Recommended if you can get it for The Usual; the price seems a little high, and maybe Seth planned that.

LAN'S LANTERN SIX -- Editor: Lan (George J. Laskowski, Jr.), 47 Valley Way, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013. Available for 75¢ in money or stamps, or the usual (including "some real neat information about almost anything"). Offset.

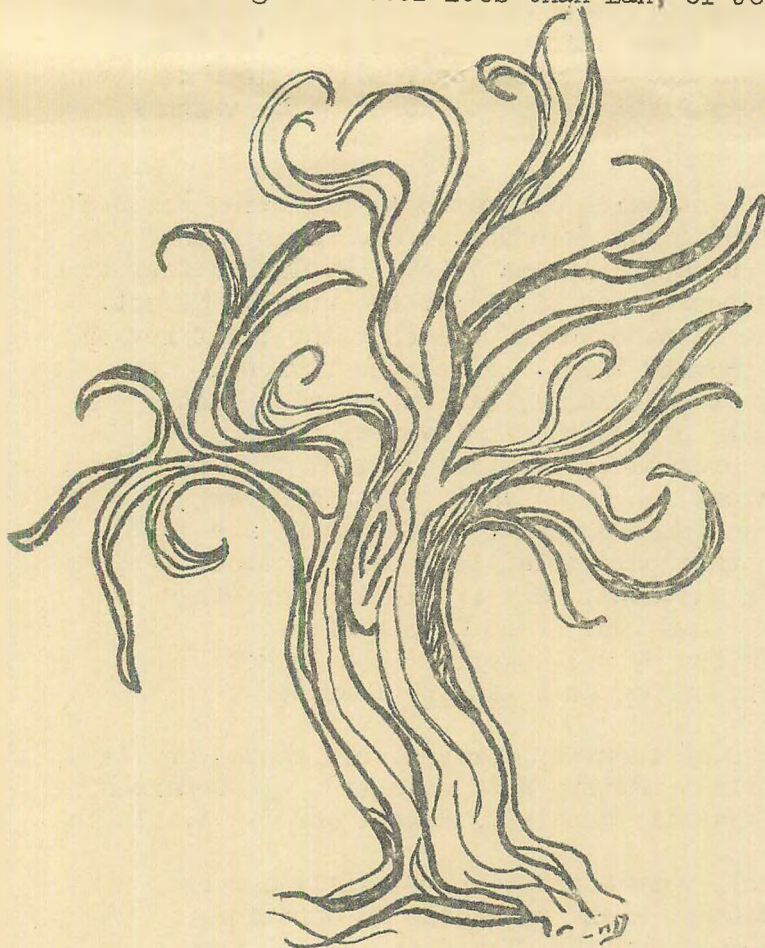
My first impression of LAN'S LANTERN is that the layout and graphics are very well done. Though he uses either a micro-elite type or photoreduction, even the pages with a one-column format are easy to read. There is very good content, too. This issue has a recollection of Edmond Hamilton by Howard DeVore, a review of EXORCIST II, interviews with Joe Haldeman and Jackie Causgrove, an article on DNA research, and Lan's own entertaining conreports (including Minicon XII). There is a very long lettercolumn, which seems to follow the publish-it-just-the-way-it's-written school; my personal preference would be for some heavy editing. Interior illos are good, though not numerous; covers are mediocre. Forty-two pages of little type, looks good and reads good - definately Recommended.

DIGRESSIONS #3 -- Editor: John Bartelt, 401 - 8th St. S.E. #8, Minneapolis, MN 55414. Available for 60¢ or usual. Mimeo.

Either John gets better locs than Lan, or John edits to my taste. The smooth, well-paced lettercol was one of the first things I noticed here. This issue includes boziness by Jim Young, an excellent book review column by Dave Wixon, sercon by John on artificial gravity and related subjects, John's interview of Sir Fred Hoyle, and great art (some by Hugo nominee Jeanne Gomoll). Twenty-six pages, all interesting. John's only real problem is that the mimeography has declined in quality with each issue of DIGRESSIONS. However, it's still readably clear. A very personal combination of features -- Recommended if you share his interests and tastes.

THIS HOUSE Volume I, Number 2 -- Editor: John Purcell, 3381 Sumter Ave. S., St. Louis Park, MN 55426. Published irregularly. Available for 50¢ or usual. Mimeo.

The awful repro in this issue really put me off. Eighteen pages, most hard to read. This includes a Minicon XII report by Dennis Jarog, book reviews, and Barney Neufeld's "Open Letter to the Boo Brigade". The covers are



Dave Egge's work, from 1976 -- the front cover is one I think he'd rather forget about. No interior art. This issue Not Recommended.

WINDHAVEN 4 -- "a matriarchal fanzine - toward a feminist and humanitarian fantasy and science fiction". Editor: Jessica Amanda Salmonson, with Jody Scott, Sherri L. File, Phyllis Ann Karr. Atalanta Press, Box 5688, University Station, Seattle, Washington 98105. Bookstore price \$1.95, available by subscription 6/\$6, or for published contributions. Offset.

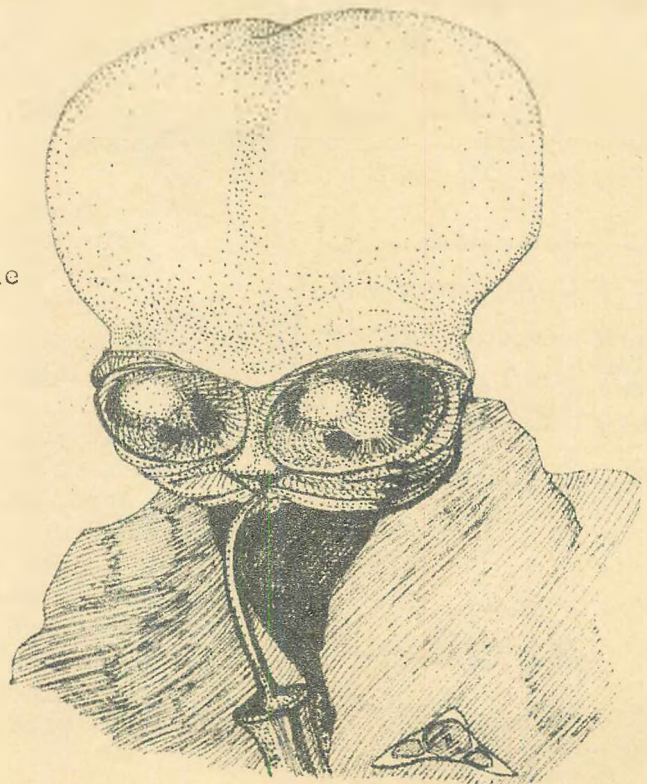
Visually this is one of the best fanzines around. The format is double-column, with photoreduced type and lots of white space. The interior illos are numerous and of top quality artistically. The cover, of colored heavy stock, has excellent art (in this issue, front cover by Ole Kvern and bacover by Amy Arnston Marein). This is absolutely a professional-quality zine. The content sometimes matches that standard; Jeanne Gomoll has a well-written article on parallels between STAR WARS characters and Heinlein's characters. There is an S&S story by Rhondi Greening; since I don't like the genre, I won't offer criticism. A fantasy by W.H. Pugmire is high-school level fiction. But the lettercol! Real conversation, real exchange of ideas; things to think about, things to argue. Sercon, yes; but intelligent, clever, and provocative. Some of the strident radical feminism in **WINDHAVEN** grates on me; but the zine is still one of my favorites. Recommended, if you share the editors' or my own point of view.

I've never nominated for the Hugos, but I intend to do so next year. There are two categories in which I'm eager to cast my vote -- Fan Writer and Fan Artist. The Fan Artist I'm ardently supporting is Joan Hanke Woods. The illo on this page is her work; expect to see more of it in **RUNE** -- as much as we can talk her into contributing. We discovered her at Minicon, where we bought three nametags with her artwork at the auction. She graciously and speedily answered our request for artwork for **RUNE**, and both Lee and I are fans of the lady herself as well as of her art. I think many of you will be, too.

The other category in which I wish to nominate, Fan Writer, features my current Very Favorite, Arthur Hlavaty. Which leads me to

DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP -- Editor: Arthur Hlavaty, 250 Coligni Ave., New Rochelle, NY 10801. Published quarterly. Available for \$1, loc or trade. Offset.

Arthur is a brilliant person; he usually shares my opinions! But he expresses them so well; Arthur's writing is sharp, clear, clever, cynical and gentle by turns. He is being quoted quite frequently by other editors; each of the 5 issues of DR published has been full of pithy essays and zippy one-liners. This is a personalzine, with a long lettercol turned into dialog by Arthur's interspersed comments. If you like intelligent, literate people who do damn good writing without pretentiousness, get DR. Arthur is such a person, and he attracts locs from others.



OTHER ZINES RECEIVED:

- LOCUS -- Locus Publications, P.O. Box 3938, San Francisco, CA 94119. Monthly newszine. \$1.00; one year/\$9.00.
- SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW -- Richard E. Geis, P.O. Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211. Quarterly genzine/personalzine. \$1.50; one year/\$4.00.
- NEW MATRIX -- Ira M. Thornhill, 1900 Perdido St., Apt. B97, New Orleans, LA 70112. Irregularly published genzine. \$1.00, published contribution, arranged trade.
- FEAR 'E' LOATHIN' -- Ira Thornhill's personalzine. Available for the usual.
- VERT -- Gil Gaier, 1016 Beech Ave., Torrance, CA 90501. Quarterly/irregular personalzine. Available only for locs or arranged trade (unlikely).
- GUYING GYRE -- Gil Gaier's high school students' genzine, under his editorship. Quarterly. Available for usual.
- BOONAT -- Garth Edmond Danielson, 616-415 Edison Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R2G 0M3. Personalzine published 6 or more times per year. \$3.00/year.
- CRYSTAL SHIP -- John Owen, 22 Coniston Way, Bletchley, Milton Keynes, England. Fantasy-oriented genzine. No price/availability info.
- LIFT OFF -- Perry Glen Moore, 1326 Burton Valley Road, Nashville, TN 37215. Tri-monthly genzine. 50¢ plus SASE.
- WILD FEMMEL -- Jack and Pauline Palmer, 2510 - 48th St., Bellingham, Washington 98225. A rather literary genzine. \$1.00 or the usual.
- TIGHTBEAM -- Lynne Holdom, P.O. Box 5, Pompton Lakes, NJ 07442. Bi-monthly genzine and letterzine of the National Fantasy Fan Federation. Available to members or for trade. Members also get
- THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN -- membership is \$3.00/year, to Janie Lamb, Rt. 1, Box 364, Heiskell, TN 37754.
- PERSONAL NOTES -- Richard Harter, 306 Thoreau St., Concord, MA 01742. Personalzine. Available by editorial whim, which seems to include "on request".
- FARRAGO -- Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Drive, St. Louis, MO 63131. Quarterly genzine. 75¢ or the usual.
- ASH-WING -- Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, Washington 98166. Available for the usual.
- MAD SCIENTIST'S DIGEST -- Brian Earl Brown, 55521 Elder Road, Mishawaka, IN 46544. Available for 75¢ in money or stamps, or the usual.
- CONVERSATION -- Bill Waldroop, P.O. Box 14084, Detroit, MI 48214. \$1.10.
- SO IT GOES -- Tim C. Marion, 614 - 72nd St., Newport News, VA 23605. Personalzine. 50¢; 5/\$2.00, or the usual.
- ORCA -- Jennifer K. Bankier, 485 Huron St. Apt. 406, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5R 2R5. Genzine. \$2.00 by mail (U.S. checks O.K.) or the usual.
- S*C*H*I*P*A*G*C -- Michael Hall, 24 - 477 Wardlaw Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3L 0L9. Personalzine. Available for the usual.

IF I HEAR ANOTHER
"CLOSE ENCOUNTERS" OF
ANY KIND JOKE I'LL
JUST SCREAM!



These are not all the zines that RUM has received, but this is a fair sampling. There are some great zines here, and a couple that verge on crudzines. All, however, have something of interest and are, at the least, legible. I probably won't list zines received in every column; though I might always list those that are new to our mailing list. We'll trade with just about anyone; if you publish a zine, send it along marked "Trade". If you want your zine reviewed, please mark it "Review Copy".

planes, puns, and plague

By Don Bailey

The first notable event of Boskone 15 was the trip there. There was quite a group of people going to Boskone from the Twin Cities, and I managed to find some traveling companions. The fannish contingent on Northwestern flight 284 to Boskone consisted of David (either) Wixon, lawyer extraordinaire; James (the pen is mightier than the sword if you don't foil around) Odbert, artist extraordinaire; Caryl (got any new limericks or penguins?) Dixon Wixon, singer extraordinaire; and myself (Sydney Orthebush), side-kick extraordinaire.

We had no trouble checking our luggage. My suitcase plays a terrible game of chess, and constantly leaves its king in the open. When the luggage got tired of playing, Jim and Dave started a game on Jim's pocket set. Part of the way through that game, we boarded the plane. In spite of getting on the plane a few minutes early, we were delayed because of an electronics failure.

Beware of an artist with too much time on his hands. After a few more chess games with Dave and me, Jim decided to form NWcon I! Jim was in charge of the art show and the program book. Caryl was the treasurer. I was in charge of programming since I was the only programmer in the group. Dave Wixon was designated the chairman. (It was nice to see a lawyer get the chair.)

I spent most of the trip playing chess with Dave Wixon, teaching him that the Fried Liver Attack was not necessarily something you got from airline cuisine. Jim came up with a very nice program book by the time we got underway. After Jim finished the program book, he continued to make sketches and cartoons. The sketch he did of me was a profile view which somehow reminded me of Teddy Roosevelt. Bully! We persuaded Jim to not show the cartoons to the pilot until after we had landed.



When we arrived in Boston, we retrieved our luggage and headed for the Con. We shared a cab with a pleasant non-fan and a very grouchy driver for a ride which took us past many, many cars that were only partially shoveled out after the great blizzards that had hit Boston this year. It has been a long time since I saw snow drifts taller than I am.

The second notable thing about Boskone was the variety of diseases running around. I had a residual cough from a bout with the flu a week before. Many others had coughs of one sort or another and several people were actually sick in bed.



Even Krissy of the Committee, Feline Deity, Occupier of Boston, spent Saturday sick in bed -- some germs have a lot of courage. Of course, there was an expedition to say hello, cheer her up, and show off little fuzzy animals. There were penguins, beavers, killer attack squirrels, the Blue Bird of Wackiness, and other critters. Unfortunately, we were unable to find a stuffed Sasquatch. We did manage to present the Feline Deity with a Kitten simulacrum. (One does not say "stuffed kitten" in the presence of the Feline Deity.)

The third significant event of Boskone was Punday Night. This was the pun competition presided over by Spider Robinson on Saturday night. The general ground rules were that fifteen contestants would be chosen from the entry blanks. Spider would name a subject, and each contestant in turn would have to come up with a pun within the time limit, which varied between 15 and 30 seconds, depending on the subject. The audience would have some say in whether or not the puns during the competition were acceptable.

On the entry forms, you were supposed to put a page of puns on the chosen subject; this time, that subject was genetics. I had felt it was a matter of pride to be selected so I filled out an entry form, starting with some old MINNEAPA stuff I had written and proceeding from there. The one part of that entry form I consider worth repeating is "Genetic engineers are made, then born."

I was the fourth one called up. My general impression while listening to samples of my competition's humor was that I was definitely outclassed in the genetics field. I don't know if it was just me or the way things were set up, but the whole business struck me as being highly competitive; and I didn't like it.

I was holding my own through the first few rounds. When Spider found that people weren't being dropped fast enough, he started changing topics at random. Finally, he switched the topic to "sex", started with me, and cut the time limit to five seconds. It takes me five seconds to think of my name. Sigh. Sadly I left the stage, figuring that I would be thinking of sex puns all night long. I decided that I should write them all down and make them to Spider after the con.

All in all, it was a good convention. There were many good meals, many good friends, and some faces where before there had been only typefaces. There are many things missing from this report -- I have tried to stick to things that made Boskone 15 different from other conventions. Peace (or three pawns).



BOOKS

TIME STORM by Gordon R. Dickson, St. Martin's Press, 1977. 342 pages.

By now you've all heard about TIME STORM, Hugo nominee, and Dickson's "magnum opus". The time storm hits Earth, and moving mistwalls -- behind which lurks the future, or the past -- are traveling at 30-40 miles per hour across North America, probably across the world. Marc Despard, a young financial wizard, emotionally crippled and firmly convinced that nobody loves anybody else, sets out to find a wife he really doesn't love and to stop the storm. In the process, partly by relating to a speechless girl and a crazy leopard who loves him, he redevelops his capacity for feeling and ends the book a full-fledged human being.

As a reviewer who has read other reviews of this book, I feel compelled to mention some things different critics have omitted in both negative and positive reviews. Certainly TIME STORM isn't "controversial" in theme or style; it's a straight adventure story, full of original ingredients, marvelously told. (Dickson does well with first person singular narration; the only other book of his that I find this easily readable is SOLDIER, ASK NOT.)

If I could spot a reason for a negative response to the book as a whole, it would be that I felt Dickson cheated the readers in a few respects. The mistwalls at first are things really to be feared; to be struck by one puts the person into shock, totally disoriented, feeling helpless and abandoned, maybe as though having a heart attack. Further, Lord only knows what will be behind them: lizard people to take the victim prisoner, attack machines that it takes an army rocket launcher to destroy. But later on, Marc and his band gradually train themselves to walk through the mistwalls almost as though they weren't there; and the lizard people and the machines don't show up again. Perhaps this is done "convincingly"; I don't think it matters, however. I first got hooked on the book by feeling that the time storm was a real menace, worthy of all the fear, anger, and determination it evoked. The less a menace the mistwalls became, and the less danger lurked behind them, the lower my enjoyment dropped. Dickson might have done better to maintain a constant degree of menace, rather than to have it start so high and drop so low.

Additionally, the reader never finds out where all the rest of the 20th-century humans went; and the speechless girl regains speech, not like someone shocked into silence and now regaining sanity, but like someone who had never known how to speak learning the skill late in life. The first is frustrating; the latter is unconvincing, and probably inconsistent with what we're supposed to believe about her.

The last half of the book depends heavily on people from the future, with whom Marc deals. Although Marc regains center stage in time for the last battle with the storm, a futuristic scientist/avatar named Porniarsk is actually the most important single character for the sections preceding that denouement. Porniarsk, unfortunately, is a little too cute and magical to be convincing -- somewhere between a wizard and a genie out of a bottle; and I often felt that Marc's career was dependent more on Porniarsk than on anything Marc himself could do.

On the bright side, the development of Marc's character is certainly interesting and well worth watching, even though the action stops a lot while he's being "developed". Some readers have found this aspect of the book to be superb.

On the whole, recommended; and remember, it is a Gordon Dickson novel -- which ought to be a recommendation in itself.

-- Nate Bucklin --

CIRQUE by Terry Carr, Bobbs-Merrill, 1977, \$8.95. 187 pages.

Terry Carr's first novel is an unusual one; it is in fact less a novel than a long novelet, in the sense that the bare bones of the plot alone do not merit this length. But the book is really about the people who are involved in the enigmatic events of this peculiar place and particular time -- about them, their

outlooks and problems, their responses, and their futures.

In fact, the book seems curiously reminiscent of the recent vogue for disaster movies, in form: it begins by introducing us to a series of players, each of whom has some particular mental, physical, or emotional problem or handicap. Then it introduces the x-factor, the unusual event or occurrence. And when the drama has played itself out, many, if not all, of the players are "the better for the experience..."

Recognizing such a form in the novel does not, however, mean that we must put it down; rather, we can proceed to judge it on its merits within its class (reflecting only that the "disaster film" novel is not so frequent a form in SF as, say, the space opera). This basically means that we will judge Carr's book more on his characters and setting, his style and flow and sense of wonder, than on his plot.

Communication is the key to the problems of CIRQUE. The author presents the story of the eruption of a horror into the midst of the city Cirque, an event which threatens to eradicate the people and the way of life of this capital city of Earth's twilight years. But this monster is not the real problem.

On the whole, Carr has succeeded in creating his remarkable world and people. He manages to capture the self-dissatisfaction of Nikki, and makes all of her personalities vivid and real. He reveals the subtle form of blindness shielding Gregorian the fire-sculptor, and the paralysis of Jamie, unable to decide. Less intimately portrayed, but really there, are the calm of Jordan, the shell of Gloriana, the fear of Salamander, and the thirst of Robin.

Only the millipede seems made of cardboard, a cut-out alien of enigmatic purpose and stoic wisdom. But it begins to be a person of its own as it laughs with Nikki on the river, and suddenly, at the end, reveals itself as an enthusiast. It must forever be impossible for Carr to totally portray a being which lives with its future already reposing as memories in its head -- but this is still a being to remember.

Carr's story, like some of Jack Vance's, is dwarfed by its setting, and the name of the city is quite properly made the title of the book. Cirque is almost a prototype of the utopian city of the far future, calmly passing the days in a golden haze of introspection and peace.

Carr has made the city feel real, however, without indulging in vast mounds of description. He has let us feel the warmth of its afternoon, the press of its crowds, the texture of its dust, the cool of its shade -- through his characters. The author's creatures live; and because they are so deeply in and of their city, it, too, lives.

What happens in Cirque this one day will, we are told, be a new beginning for the city, a nexus of history. It is only this which is not totally believable, for it lies in the future beyond the end of the book. For the reader, Cirque only sinks back into its golden afternoon of time -- the changes will come elsewhere, I believe: out in the galaxy. Cirque remains unimpressed.

-- Dave Wixon --



QAZABLS

(THE LETTERS)



I LIKED RUNE BETTER WHEN IT
WAS A THOUSAND PAGES LONG
AND YOU COULD GET IT FOR A
LITTLE OF NOTHING.

Mike Glicksohn
141 High Park Ave.
Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3

As to RUNE 51,
it's certainly
somewhat on the
unprepossessing

side, eh wot? While I recognize the validity of the editorial request not to compare the new RUNE with its predecessors, which had an entirely different focus, it's going to be difficult to do. The name is the same, the club is much the same and that continuity is inevitably going to lead to a continuity of reaction to the fanzine. It's a similar situation to those people who used to say one ought not to judge Judy Garland (or Louis Armstrong, or Groucho Marx, etc., etc.) by their last public performances; easy to say, but it's hard not to remember, and miss, the good old days.

While I wasn't especially impressed by the Odbert cover on #50 my dissatisfaction with it was based on artistic consideration rather than on the content. As far as I'm concerned an artist has the freedom to choose whatever subject appeals to him/her for whatever reason and a publisher has the right to publish it if he/she chooses. I suspect that Jim was having a little fun with the John Norman cliché image and my only regret was that he didn't render it with his usual impeccable skill. Predictably enough, though, he pushed the buttons of the sexism/feminism crowd...

((Mike, we've talked to Jim Odbert, and he was amazed at the reaction to that cover. You have described very well his reason for drawing it -- to include every cliché of the genre.)))

...There may be those who'll say that Lee's editorial is too insular in its thinking but I'm not one of them. There are always those who denigrate people who find fandom a too-important part of their lives but for all the reasons that Lee mentions I'm glad I'm a fan and I'm glad I've been in fandom for twelve years. I'm not quite sure my life would be "awful" without fandom but it sure as hell would be different. I have to believe that if I hadn't found fandom I would have found alternate ways to spend my time and money, possibly just as pleasurable, but since I did stumble into fandom I can certainly feel grateful and happy about the friends it's given me, the pleasure I've derived from interaction with fans and fanzines, and the feeling of belonging I still enjoy. The game of "What if..." may be fun but it's also futile so I don't often speculate on what sort of person I might be today if I hadn't attended the 1966 Worldcon; for better or worse I'm a fan for life (although many people might wish I wasn't!) and I'm proud to make that statement.

The rest of the issue is competent but it's hard to react to conreports or to one's fifty third review of CE or Rocky Horror... as long as you do your best and continually try to get closer to the ideal you're aiming at, I'm sure I'll enjoy the new RUNE.

Robert Runte
10957 - 88 Ave.
Edmonton, Alberta T6G 0Y9

Boyajian's piece managed to convey what it must be like to live in an old and established fan center like Minneapolis. Gosh-wow! Envy-Envy! Edmonton may now be the largest fan group in Canada, but we're so new that we lack any sort of fannish tradition, or institutions like the Bozo Bus

Building, which makes Minneapolis so famous. Still, it's nice to know that such places exist out there somewhere.

((((We're pleased that you felt what Jerry Boyajian tried to convey in his report. We liked it, but we were there. That someone who wasn't there reacts this way means Jerry succeeded.))))

Robert Bloch
2111 Sunset Crest Drive
Los Angeles, CA 90046

Many thanks for RUMBLE, which arrives as a sort of supplement to a recent con-report delivered to me on the phone by one Wilson Tucker. He had many good things to say about you people -- and since he sounded reasonably sober I don't doubt it's all true. The 'zine helps to confirm his opinion and I'm grateful to you for sending it!

((((You don't have to take his word for it. You can find out for yourself next Easter...))))

Gene Wolfe
P.O. Box 69
Barrington, IL 60010

Thanks for #51, which was thin but good. "Who's on Four?" made the issue for me. It was terrific -- BUT how in the universe did Jerry & Friends manage to omit famed news analyst Laurent Michaelmas? Shame! Oh, shame!

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

I imagine the cover will be less controversial this time. The creature must have an ingroup Minn-STF significance that escapes me, over and above what appears to my uninitiated eyes to be a hamster about to have the Minneapolis skyline for lunch. For one thing, he may not be a hamster, and indeed probably isn't...

((((It's a wombat. See your "Charles Fort's Picture Guide to Small Mammals".))))
...What makes me think he is going to eat the Minneapolis skyline? I'm just assuming that. He may be intending to flatten it with a paw. He may be contemplating it with reverence. It might be a model on a tabletop and that is a person in a hamster suit.

..."Who's On Four?" was very funny. It is one of those ideas for a faanish piece so obvious, so basic, that one wonders that it hadn't been done before. There were many especially right bits, but my favorite is "Mr. RAHger's Neighborhood" -- hilarious idea, and all too true. That is, I can imagine RAH with a kiddie show, dispensing salty advice in his Salty Survivor Type mode, and giving inspiration to a whole generation of toddlers who will grow up in time to be tough, salty, vaguely ruthless pains in the neck with (of course) hearts of gold.

Well, keep sending the RUMBLEs. I know about as much about Minn-STF and Minnesota in general as a turnip but I like your fanzine and hope to remain on the mailing list. I hope this daft letter has given you some moral support.

((((Believe it, Gary, it did. Thanks.))))

Seth Goldberg
University of Hawaii
Department of Chemistry
Honolulu, HI 96822

Greg Ketter's review of "Rocky Horror Picture Show" was the best piece in the entire issue of RUMBLE. I have loved the film myself and wondered how one could possibly review it. I found it really hard to explain just what made it so great a film for me. Also I find the publicity for the film to give an inaccurate impression of the movie. I did not see it until long after its release and only because of a rave review of a fellow fan. I often thought what I would do if I was in charge of publicity for the film and I never have figured out a good solution. I feel that Greg has done a good job of trying to do the impossible, trying to review the film adequately enough to give a flavor of what it is actually about. But Greg is right, one has to see it to believe it...

...David Emerson's farewell statement once again makes me impressed by Minn-STF. You people seem to be the sort of people I was looking for in getting involved in fandom. The same again goes for Lee's editorial. Hopefully all you people really are for real.

((We think we're real -- but we're prejudiced.)))

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

It strikes me as a most fitting and symbolic thing that RUMR's new editorial powers should be assumed by two fans. It's the obvious thing for Twin Cities fandom to do, and yet until now I don't think it had ever been done.

This was a pleasant issue to read, too, short enough to be actually read with none of the skimming that becomes an almost irresistible temptation when the fanzine has a couple of hundred pages and sixty or so of them consist of new essays on the topics of sex in science fiction and Heinlein's opinions as expressed through his science fiction novels.

"Who's On Four?" was amusing enough to cause me to make some audible chuckles and nobody was near enough to me at the time to hear them, a waste of good egoboo for the authors. The only omissions that occur to me are Apa Days, starring The Fanz, and Fojak, in which a famous collector strives weekly to find items suspected of not yet being part of his collection.

Greg Ketter would be appalled, I'm sure, if he knew that he has given me so much information about the "Rocky Horror Picture Show" that I have definitely decided not to try to see the film. I have this theory that satire and parody really work only when the individual is fond of the things that are being lampooned. I don't know that much about rock music and I can't bear to watch second-rate fantasy movies. So the movie probably wouldn't be for me. But I like the thorough way in which Greg describes it, the only fanzine review of this film that I can recall which gives a really complete summary of what it's about and the effect it makes on some viewers.

Dan Goodman
1043 N. Curson #7
Los Angeles, CA 90046

Carol on reviews: A single reviewer, no matter how biased and/or blind, can be useful. The reader learns the reviewer's biases, and learns what relationship they bear to the reader's own. If I know that a reviewer thinks there's too much scientific content in Bradbury's writing, then I can pretty well avoid what that reviewer likes and be served as well as by a reviewer whose tastes I share.

It's also useful if the reviewer gives a detailed description of what makes something good and/or bad. Something the reviewer considers almost too unimportant to mention may be just what the reader is looking for.

Review of LUCIFER'S HAMMER: One problem with books which deal with the re-establishment of society after a breakdown (and LUCIFER'S HAMMER does this, for part of the story) is that if you disagree too much with the author you may

GO AWAY!



UNLESS YOU ARE
PREPARED TO
LOVE ME

not find the story readable. Disagreement on what SHOULD be done is hard enough to suspend, sometimes. But the real problem comes when author and reader disagree violently on what is practical.

Letters: I think you may have chosen Important Topics, at the expense of more interesting letters or parts of letters.

((Not exactly. The locs received prior to the publication of #51 were responding to a zine edited and published by our predecessor. We tried to pick those which would speak to David and/or wind up some threads of previous issues.)))

Neil Rest
6577 N. Lakewood
Chicago, IL 60626

two days ago, in an episode of sporadic housecleaning, i found a four-inch sediment of unanswered mail on top of the March '78 Scientific American -- that's Not Good.

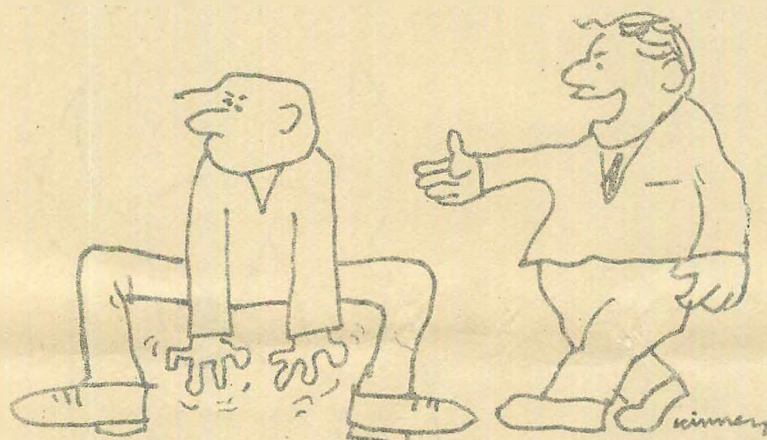
as i began leafing through RUMEs 50 and 51 for comment hooks, the radio began John Prine's (new) Sabu Visits the Twin Cities Alone. obviously fantasy; how can a visitor in the Land of the Midnight Bozo be alone?

though that "Twin Cities" bit may account for an oddity; i was one of the Chicagoans up for New Year's Eve, and was thoroughly partied -- but was only at one of the parties mentioned in your traveler's NYE report. 'sthere a twin Minneapolis?

then, again, i was halfway through the second of the Minicon reports in 50 before i realized that it was last year's con -- and a different Mike Blake from our own altogether.

2 Minneapoli but only 1 Minicon?

i'm not at all sure how to apply Occam's Razor...



"AH, A MASON, I PRESUME?"

Jeanne Healy
319 1/2 N. 13th St.
LaCrosse, WI 54601

I liked the "Who's on Four?" piece in RUME 51 -- it must have been a blast to put together. Also, the editorial by Lee Pelton was touching -- true, life is making the most of yourself and communicating with others, and fandom seems to be a semi-dignified way to develop SF and just plain social contacts. (Quit giggling, over there.) For many fans the quality of child-like continues into adult life, which is a great thing. (For others, childishness is the limit. But that's another story.)

Just tossing things in here...has anyone ever had a theory about coincidences? The minor, weird ones like when you read a certain word just as it's spoken (and it's usually not a common one)? I can't believe the law of averages totally explains it -- but this pile of coincidences doesn't (yet) spell out "Mother", and it happens too often to be ignored.

We Also Heard From -- Tony Renner, David Thayer, Edward Rom, Charles Curley, Harry Andruschak, John Thiel, Arthur Hlavaty, Lester Boutillier, Barney Neufeld, Dennis Jarog, Eric Mayer.

- June 17 Minn-STF Meeting
Sheldon Halpern (Joel's father)
220 W. Meadow Lane, Golden Valley
also Minneapa collation
- July 1 Minn-STF Meeting
Sharon Kahn/Richard Tatge
2633 - 29th Ave. S., Mpls.
- July 15 Pinicon - contact Lynn Anderson
for details
- July 29 Minn-STF Meeting
Karen Johnson 771-8788
1486 Fremont Ave., St. Paul

Here are the results of the latest
Minn-STF election:

The new Board -- Jan Appelbaum,
Don Bailey, Karen Johnson, Margie
Lessinger, Dave Wixon --
the Board elected the following
officers --
President - Nate Bucklin
Vice-Pres. - David Dyer-Bennet
Treasurers - Carol Anndy,
Jan Appelbaum
Secretaries - LaLee Kerr, Dean
Gahlon, Denny Lien

FOR SALE: Scripts of "Midwestside
Story", the Minicon 12 musical. Full
text, with music notes and photos.
Cover by Ken Fletcher.
\$1.50 in person, \$2.00 by mail from
Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc.
P.O. Box 2128, Loop Station
Minneapolis, MN 55402

Iguanacon-goers, please note:

SPIDER ROBINSON has asked us to
publish a disclaimer:
"Jeanne and I have no idea how who got
the idea that we're running a Fan
Cabaret at Iguanacon -- nobody ever
asked or informed us...Iggy PR claims
to this effect are imaginative and
unfounded. They don't seem to
answer our letters..."

Regional Cons

MIDWESTCON (June 23-25)
Cincinnati, OH, Holiday Inn North.
Mem. \$4 at door. Info: Lou Tabakow,
3953 St. John's Terrace,
Cincinnati, OH 45236

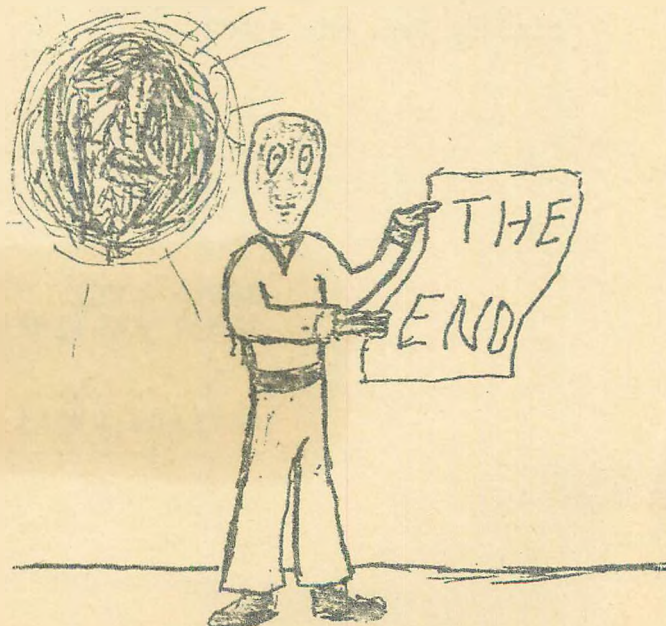
ARCHON II (July 14-16)
Berkeley, MO, Stan Musial &
Biggie's Hilton Inn. Mem. \$5
before 7/1, \$8 at door. Info:
ARCHON II, P.O. Box 15852,
Overland, MO 63114. 314-426-5500

BROOKCON '78 (July 21-23)
Brookings, SD, Stauroilite Inn.
Mem. \$3 in advance, higher at door.
Info: Mark Behrend, 707 - 6th St.,
Brookings, SD 57006. 605-692-6996

AUTOCLAVE 3 (July 21-23)
Southfield, MI, Sheraton-Southfield.
Mem. \$5 to 7/1, \$6 after, \$7 at
door. Info: Leah Zeldes,
21961 Parklawn, Oak Park, MI 48237.
313-545-1307.

ARTISTS!

Artwork needed for Minicon 15
Progress Report, to be sent out in
mid-July. Also needed: artwork for
T-shirts, registration badges, PR 2,
program book. Send artwork to the
Minn-STF address in left column.





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