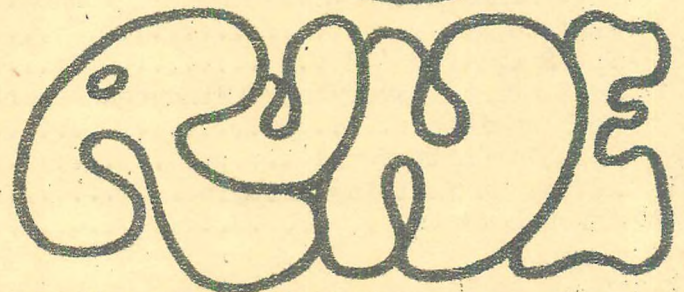






MINNESOTA  
SCIENCE  
FICTION  
SOCIETY



DEMYONTE  
CHICAGO 78

TO THE BLUE STONE OF THE

TOWNS... DAVE, LINDA, DENISE, BARBARA, GEORGE, JOE, GARY, KARL.....

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Kim Fletcher '79

# editorial

Locs are wonderful. They provide communication, egoboo, feedback, new outlooks, and guidelines for faneds. They also provide a variety of opinion which sometimes reaches the point of outright contradiction. Consider some of the comments we have received on RUNE 54.

"...Rune...doesn't seem like a clubzine. More of a genzine, actually, and a good one at that." (Steve George)

"I find your zines very difficult to loc because they contain so much local clubs type news..." (Elyse Grasso)

"The highlight of thish was the transcription of the Minicon panel about the early days of Minneapolisism. It made for great reading..." (Terry Hughes)

"The history of Minn-STF probably was a fun panel to sit in on but to read it doesn't quite ignite any fires." (Mike Glicksohn)

"I was glad to see the spate of fanzines reviewed..." (Ben Indick)

"...if you're going to devote five pages to fanzines, I wish you'd pick about ten zines and actually review them." (Mike Glicksohn)

"...probably a good approach to have a big list..." (Lee Carson)

"Several pages of simple listings are even more boring to read than they are to write." (Mike Glicksohn)

"The cover by Odbert was absolutely beautiful! The centaur-creature was exotic and...erotic." (David Govaker)

"...Odbert's female Centaur-like creature was not a beautiful physical form." (George Perkins)

"...Charles L. Grant is trying to pass himself off as a Big-time Pro (but who the hell is he?)...Thumbs down on this one." (Gary Deindorfer)

"...the C.L. Grant bit...is the sort of fan history article for which any faned worth the salt on his/her Bloody Mary would, well, maybe actually be willing to consume...root-beer-and-vodka..." (Pauline Palmer)

"The only thing I really thought was rather worthless was Charles L. Grant's article..." (George Perkins)

"The C.L. Grant article was also great." (Seth Goldberg)

That's just a sampling of the responses to one issue. All it proves, of course, is that you can't please all the people all the time, and so on. We try to please ourselves first, the members of Minn-STF next, and the rest of you after that. From the things you write, it appears that we usually hit "most of the people most of the time". Good enough.

Lee and I have viewpoints which are, fortunately, not 180 degrees apart -- just about 90 degrees. He enjoys, and reads, fantasy a lot more than I do. I enjoy, and read, more horror fiction (as distinct from horrible fiction, which we both encounter occasionally). He likes action/adventure. I like psychological studies. Lee prefers the novel length, while I prefer short stories. He overlooks poor use of language if the story is engrossing. I forgive poor plotline if there is artistry in the language. I read quite a bit of non-fiction, he almost none.

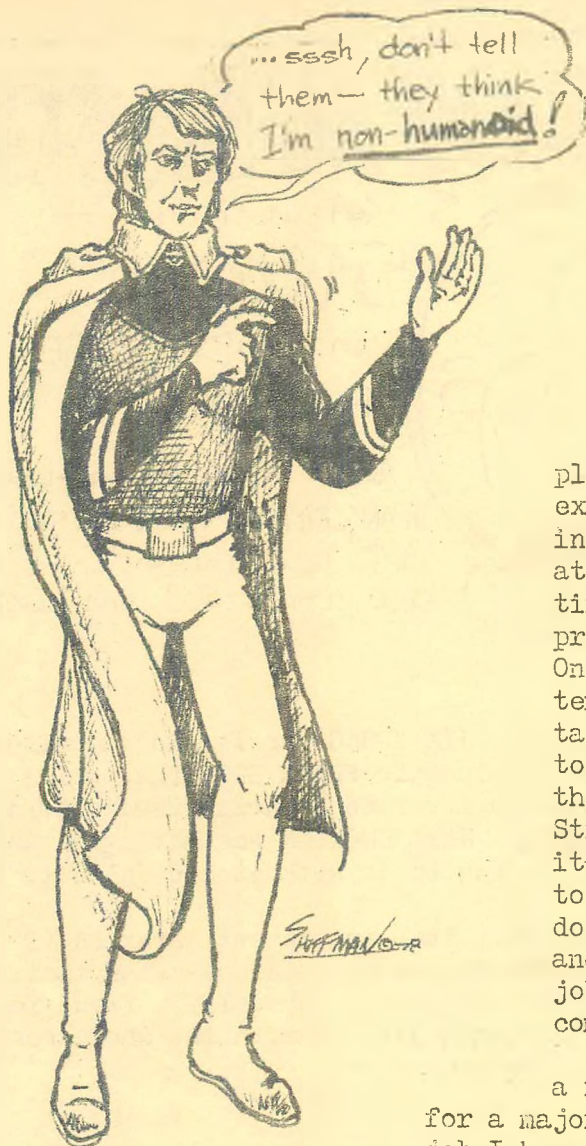
We both like mysteries, movies, and the Marx Brothers. Lee makes puns, and I write poetry. When we met, we both liked football and Baroque music. He taught me to watch hockey, and I introduced him to old black blues and jazz; now we share those, too. But I'll never do more than tolerate soccer, or the Sex Pistols; he's unlikely to develop any interest in backgammon, or Billy Joel.

I don't believe that something is "good" because X% of the population likes it, or "bad" because several people whose opinions I respect dislike it. I have not yet found an idea, a value, an ethic which was universally accepted; I certainly don't expect to find an activity or a work of art which is universally appreciated. Each of us must define "good" and "bad" from a foundation of personal experience, shaped by forces never known exactly the same way by any other individual. But we can expand that foundation by building bridges to others.

RUNE is our bridge to you, and your locs are bridges to us. The greatest accomplishment is when one of us crosses over to see what's on the other side.



CAROL



# Editorial

I had decided originally that I was going to write about my aspirations regarding employment, but the situation I was going to describe does not exist anymore. Much like fellow faneds Eli Cohen and Brian Earl Brown, I have recently left the ranks of the unemployed and acquired a full-time job. It isn't exactly the job I was looking for, but it is interesting, fairly well-paying, and lets me work at my own pace, which is ideal. I am an accounting clerk for a company that makes windows for private homes, large businesses, you name it. On previous jobs I found myself on through temporary agencies, I have done a number of the tasks this job entails, so learning them wasn't too hard. Some other procedures, inherent in the window construction biz, are a bit harder. Still, I like the job well enough to stay with it for awhile. The company is planning to move to the suburbs in the future, though. When they do, I won't be going with them. I like living and working downtown, and can't conceive of any job having that strong a hold on me, that I would commute to it.

What I really wanted to be was (and is) a receptionist. I had 7 weeks as a receptionist for a major firm downtown and enjoyed it more than any job I have ever experienced. When I put myself on the market for such a position, I found one main problem.

Not many businesses want a 5'11", 210 lb. male for such a position. Plus my typing speed is not the 50-60 wpm they usually want. But I did enjoy it and did well at it, and would welcome the opportunity to work at it full-time. Maybe by the time I'm 35 (6 years from now) I will be able to say I am a receptionist. It is to be hoped, at any rate.

On the zine scene, RUNE continues to be well-received by the fanzine-reading populace. I need not tell you that this makes me feel very good inside. Carol and I work hard to produce a quality product and we have excellent support from the club we represent, Minn-STF. The number of letters received has grown considerably from the dozen or so our first issue, #51, garnered. The artists and writers who have contributed to RUNE have been many and varied, all of a quality that any faned would be glad to have. And through RUNE, Minn-STF has many friends throughout the fannish world, friends that like to hear about what is happening in this hard-core fan center of Minneapolis/St. Paul, and to inject their own views within the pages of the Qazabls (letter) column. We are glad to be able to do this service for the club and, indirectly, for our friends, both local and nation-wide.

RUNE #56 will have articles by Dan Goodman, John Bartelt, Teddy Harvia, and Poul Anderson, among the usual boziness that is Minn-STF's RUNE. We hope you like this issue and look forward to the next. We'll be waiting to hear from you all.

Lee Pelton

# THE EARLY DAYS OF MINN-STF

~ The Founding, Losing,

& Refunding ~

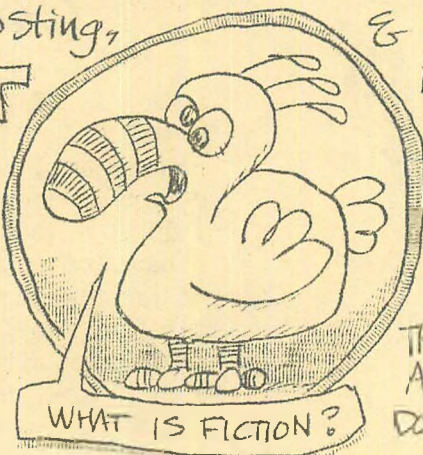
## PART

## TWO

a MINICON 13 panel

A Multi-Media

MODERATOR & ADDITIONAL  
MATERIAL: David Emerson  
EDITING: Carol Kennedy  
Lee Pelton



in DODO SCOPE  
Production

AUDIO: Keith Hauer-Lowe  
TRANSCRIPTION: Fred Haskell  
ART: Ken Fletcher  
DODO DESIGN: S.J. Voelker

### WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

It was 1966, and the war was going badly. JIM YOUNG was feeding machine guns into typewriters and getting fanzines from the lunatic FRANK STODOLKA, while KEN FLETCHER spearheaded the underground movement to liberate stencil-sized writing boards from the offices of the Minnesota Technolog. NATE BUCKLIN was having strange adventures in Washington: something mysterious, having to do with atomic fallout. And FRED HASKELL was out getting a sandwich.

Twelve years later, the five are reunited. Stalwart investigator DAVID EMERSON is not misled by their Firesign Theater references and confuse-a-fan tactics; astonished, he learns that the seemingly-innocuous Minicon was actually a front for the infamous Minneapolis in '73 Worldcon bid. Determined to unearth the whole sordid history of Minn-STF, he tactfully but resolutely presses on.

EMERSON: I have an embarrassing question to ask. Whatever happend to I-7?

STODOLKA: \*sigh\* I-7 died aborning. The director I found for the project backed out.

EMERSON: What was the project?

STODOLKA & YOUNG: It was a movie...

YOUNG: ...and a play. A multi-media project.

STODOLKA: Yes. Into which I had devoted many, many hours of scripting, and burned myself out trying to write the thing. We had a place to show it, Pillsbury-Waite Cultural Arts Center, and we had some staffs of people to direct the thing, and all of a sudden, just as we were going to get down to the nitty-gritty of constructing stuff and all that --

YOUNG: Oh, you had begun, I remember that. There were sets being created, had the design, and actual work had begun --

STODOLKA: She backed out, and there was just too big a project for me to handle all alone. And that's where it went, down the drain. We depended on people --

HASKELL: But its memory lives on.

STODOLKA: Perhaps it was better that it died, because it was rather a gruesome little anti-utopia, based thoroughly on technology which I've seen developed since then. It's one of those things where I postulated some stuff that could be done, and a couple of years after I wrote the thing I saw the technology rolling, it was happening.

YOUNG: Well, you know, Minn-STF has had a tradition of coming up with grand and glorious ideas well before it was ever able to do anything about them. And then eons later, so to speak, suddenly lo and behold there is something on the order of a MidWestSide Story, coming full-blown out of the skull of five billion people here or there. And I can remember trying to start up a Minneapa in 1967, and getting no support, getting no concern or care or desire to do such a thing, and of course now --

HASKELL: Blue tried again, Blue Petal --

YOUNG: And Blue tried again with Blue's APA, and -- here and there -- these things happen. Ambition out of proportion -- all out of proportion.

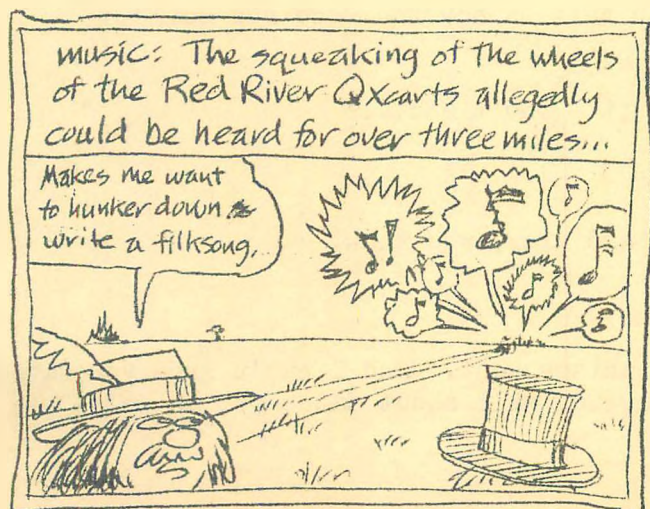
STODOLKA: Let me tell you, now. A lot of Minn-STF and Minicon that we see today were dreams, were dreams that we had long ago.

EMERSON: Has music always been a part of Minn-STF and Minneapolis fandom, or when did it start?

BUCKLIN: It's kind of funny that it took as long as it did to develop, because one of the factors that played a part in me moving out here to Minnesota for college was the presence in the Twin Cities of a lot of active fans. And one of the active fans that I wanted to meet was Fred Haskell. And in 1965, to the best of my knowledge, the only professional rock and roll lead guitar players I knew of were myself and Fred. And I figured Fred wasn't going to come out to Seattle; I was one year ahead of him in school, I'd come out to college and we'd start a band. Which you figure would wind up affecting the club pretty seriously -- but as it happens, it really didn't, until a long time later when Fred and I started getting together and jamming at parties. What actually happened is that we'd hold a few meetings at the home of somebody with a piano, I forget whom --

\*LINDA LOUNSBURY: Walt Schwartz.

YOUNG: But we were playing music before then -- I can remember doing "Yellow Submarine" in room 4, Mechanical Engineering.



BUCKLIN: It turns out that Jim played piano and composed; I can play a little piano and if I can find the chords to a song there's nothing stopping me from doing it. And Jim and I at Walt Schwartz's place -- and there was someplace else that was not Walt Schwartz's but I forget whose --

YOUNG: Nate, I can remember, too, we went over to Scott Hall to the practice room a few times --

BUCKLIN: That's also true, but that's not it either. All of which proves only that I don't really have a memory -- everybody hoped I did, as far as this panel is concerned. A lot of it

happened. Anyway, Fred's presence in the Twin Cities helped draw me here, but Jim and I did some of the first music-making. And then in late '69 and early '70 I and the woman I eventually married and then divorced, Caryl Dixon Bucklin Wixon, would occasionally go through a few things at very low volume off in a corner and kind of hope nobody would notice it. For a couple of years after that I don't think there was much music at Minn-STF meetings at all, until Jerry Stearns started playing guitar at meetings and attracting large circles of people; and I really credit Jerry Stearns with being single-handedly responsible for starting music at Minn-STF meetings as a tradition. I brought that up to Jerry and he said that's really, really weird -- he started showing up at Minn-STF meetings on account of the music.

\*DENNY LIEN: Nothing is as it seems.

FLETCHER: One of my memories of the earliest Minn-STF meetings, the meetings at the University in the abandoned classrooms on Saturdays, was that occasionally Nate would bring his guitar. And it would be intriguing -- Nate seemingly had hundreds of original compositions, some in Spanish.

HASKELL: I don't know how regular the music was but I think it's always been part of the group. The one thing that I'm noticing from the club today is that it's all people that I'm very comfortable with -- more or less, and I started thinking that people come in, and if they like the kind of people and the kind of things that are going on they stay around, and if they don't like it they leave. So the group today pretty much reflects the kind of things that we were doing, which is why we're all very comfortable in the group. And I think that all of us have always been interested in music, and that is reflected in who has decided to stay around and who's left. I think this is also true in our crazy bent toward anarchy -- the people who couldn't deal with our sort of laissez-faire attitude of running the club, of "Well, you want to do something, go ahead and try to organize it, but we're not going to form a standing committee to investigate things." People who couldn't deal with that left. People who liked it -- well, here you are.

YOUNG: It's strange, too, because there were a number of people who came in from time to time and said, "Vell, ve haff dis strange interesting little plan -- ve'd like to run ze Minicon for you..." That really did happen. From time to time such people would appear and -- eventually they's sort of stop showing up because -- well, to say that we had a slightly disorganized organization is to deal in understatement of a Britannic nature.

FLETCHER: Like trying to push a cloud.

(applause and laughter)

EMERSON: Fred, speaking of anarchy, would you tell us how the Bozo Bus Building got started?

HASKELL: How it got started? Well, you kick it a few times...

\*DENNY LIEN: The bricks were falling all off.

HASKELL: ...put the key in, turn the starter and pray, you know.

\*LINDA LOUNSBURY: It was built in 1906.

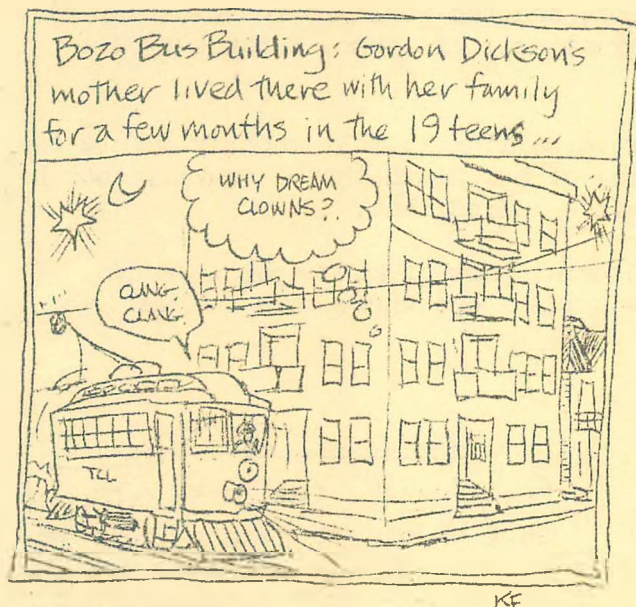
HASKELL: This is only my recollection of how things went. And I can't give you dates, because I was never good at that -- maybe somebody will shout dates out as we --

EMERSON: 1776

\*VOICE: 1066

EMERSON: 1402

\*DON BAILEY: Hike!



HASKELL: The Bozo Bus was, and I guess is, a slum dwelling over there by Franklin Avenue, and my first knowledge of it was that a Minn-STFer, Bruce Wright, was living there, and we had a few Minn-STF meetings there. The first I really paid any attention to it, I was getting dissatisfied with the place I was living in and looking around for a new place. I heard rumors that Jim Young was going to be moving into this building that Bruce Wright was in, and that he was going to have Don Blyly as his roommate. And I decided that would be a Fine Fannish Building to be in. Or it would be nice to live near Jim, because I never see enough of my friends; I'm lazy and I don't get out and visit, and I thought living near Jim would enable me to see him more. Little did I know. And Jim and Don and I all moved in at about the same time. I became friends with the people who were caretakers;

and when I found out that they were quitting the job, I suggested to Jim and Don that Jim and Don might like to take over as caretakers. I, of course, was not crazy enough to do such a thing, but I felt that if I were to get Jim and Don to do it that they might encourage the Right Kind of people to move in. Which they did.

EMERSON: What do you imply is "the Right Kind of people"?

YOUNG & HASKELL & EMERSON: Fans!

HASKELL: It then developed that the building had a lot of fans there. And I found it very nice living there because people could feel comfortable dropping over to visit without calling ahead, because they were always reasonably certain that there would be somebody in one of the apartments who would be interested in seeing them. At the same time there was no pressure on any of us to say, "Well, yes, you can come in," because we knew that if for some reason we didn't feel like receiving visitors, somebody else in the building would. It was a very comfortable place to live. I see it as having been like a commune in terms of what was available to us, without the hassles of whose turn it is to do the dishes, because we all had our own apartments. Now maybe Jim can add something to this --

YOUNG: Well, this was all in the late summer and fall '73 that we started moving into the Bus Building. The Bus was a frenetic -- it still is to some extent -- an extraordinarily bozoid, perhaps transmogrified, structure. Living in the Bus is a lot like having bees in your skull, but there they are. And I can remember getting by with very, very little sleep, for a lot of time, and I wound up getting mono as a result...

BUCKLIN: He couldn't afford stereo.

YOUNG: It could have been quad, that's right. The Bus was a very strange environment, it wasn't always pleasant. I'd like to tell you how we essentially decided to name the bus. There was a woman who lived there who was a dancer, who died while she was there, and she thought a great deal of We're All Bozos on this Bus by the Firesign Theater, and --

HASKELL: None of the rest of us had heard it, of course.

YOUNG: No, not at all. But you see, it seemed that at that point we were all up

against the wall of science. I can remember sitting over at Fred's apartment that following evening and that was the first time that I'd ever heard it called the Bozo Bus Building, because suddenly we decided, yes, that's exactly what we're doing, we're living through that pseudo-utopian environment, and the world is really crazy but here we are. I'm not sure if that makes a great deal of sense, because it's a non-rational process.

HASKELL: Esmeralda -- the dancer -- had started calling it that shortly before she died, but I think it was really about the time of her death that it really took hold, and in some ways it's in memory of her that it's called that.

EMERSON: Funny animals also seem to be an integral part of Minneapolis fandom. I thought Ken Fletcher might want to say a few words about where this influence comes from and what effect it's had.

FLETCHER: Oot Greet.

EMERSON: Speaking of funny animals...

FLETCHER: Ah, we found one now. It heard we were talking about it and decided to --

YOUNG: Could someone please stop that person with the baroque dodo?

EMERSON: It heard the words "funny animal" and it responded just like we do.

\*MIKE WOOD: Looks like a vegetable.

FLETCHER: (pointing around audience) Funny animals -- funny animals -- here's funny animals.

\*DENNY LIEN: Funny minerals.

FLETCHER: Funny chemicals.

YOUNG: Here comes a nice young lady carrying a rather wicked kangaroo, and she's going to talk to us -- no she's not, she's giving us a rather vulgar sign.

FLETCHER: Funny animals. Funny animals. That's a record reference, folks. Funny animals comes from funny records along the same lines, but it also comes from doing fanzine fillos. Anybody like me who does fanzine fillos and learned to read from Andy the Panda comic books is going to have a certain subliminal funny animal influence. Also, if you segue these funny animals into things like Firesign Theater, you get very strange and bizarre kinds of animal fillos like you have in your fanzine as written by people like Fred Haskell, who was in the Bozo Bus Building, and it all ties together.

HASKELL: Ken, I always thought that the fact that your father was a zookeeper also had something to do with your interest in funny animals.

FLETCHER: Yes, there was plenty of reference material.

YOUNG: Just to show the kind of reference material: one time I came over to Ken's house, and in those antediluvian days our main interest was food. And I naturally went down to the kitchen, which was darkened. It was early evening, so I couldn't really see too well, and I tripped over a lion cub. Now lion cubs are built very sturdily, this thing was about two weeks old and the size of a beagle. Its skeletal



system is built loosely on a bad dream by Frank Lloyd Wright. And the poor thing was so humiliated that it began to whimper and cry. Now there is nothing more embarrassing than tripping over a lion cub in the dark and having it start to cry and cry and cry. They finally had to take the thing back to the zoo because it was so embarrassed and tired -- just like a little kid when he gets extraordinarily pooped...

HASKELL: Wanted to see its mommy.

YOUNG: It just has to go see its mommy. And being around these strange tall things with two legs -- it's all just too much. So that just goes to show that funny animals were indeed rampant.

FLETCHER: Yes. It's a good thing it wasn't older, because when they get old they like shoes. Jim Young wasn't there the time that, for reasons that might not be obvious, a Siberian tiger cub had to be washed. It was very interesting -- into the bath tub and out of the bath tub and all around the bath tub...

HASKELL: Cats love water.

HASKELL & YOUNG & EMERSON: Yes, yes...

FLETCHER: Actually, Siberian tigers do, but little Siberian tiger cubs don't necessarily like soapy water. In their eyes and --

EMERSON: I might point out that Ken Fletcher is the proprietor of one of Minn-STF's few catnip farms. Regularly supplies the Bozo Bus cats with fresh catnip --

FLETCHER: Fifty pound bags --

EMERSON: Seeds and stems removed, yes. Well, we've been jabbering away for about an hour now, so I think it's about time to draw this to a close. Jim Young, I seem to remember a fan panel at Autoclave that was very well-closed. If you were to give us...

YOUNG: Yes, dear friends, I've been asked once more: what is the meaning of life?

EMERSON, FLETCHER, BUCKLIN, STODOLKA, HASKELL, & THE ASSEMBLED MASSES:  
(Start humming, continues under...)

YOUNG: Often, often have I asked that question of myself, and as we proceed out the door, I ask please: sing along with us now. Raise your voices and remember: put your thumb to your nose, and it grows.

\*A VOICE: You guys are so crazy!

ALL: (singing) Toad away, toad away  
Toad away, toad away  
Where do you go  
When you're toad away?

EMERSON: Minneapolis in '73!

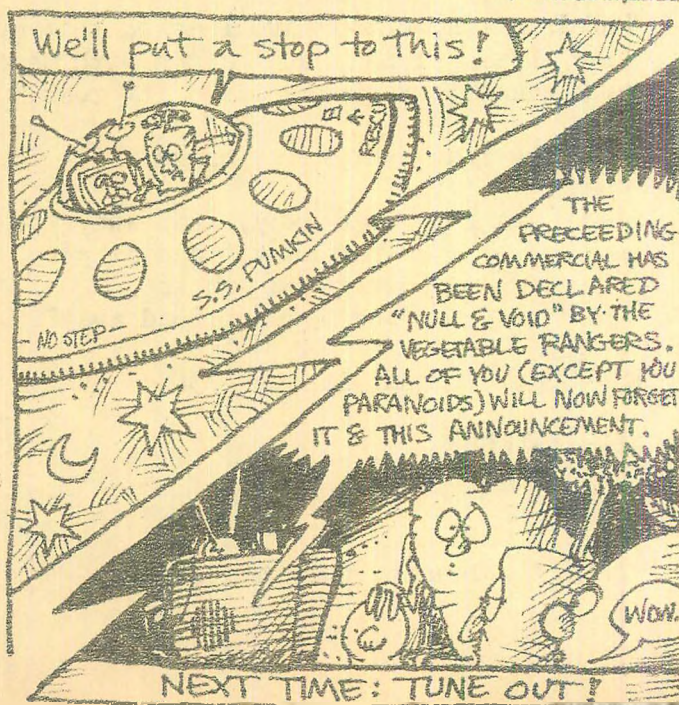
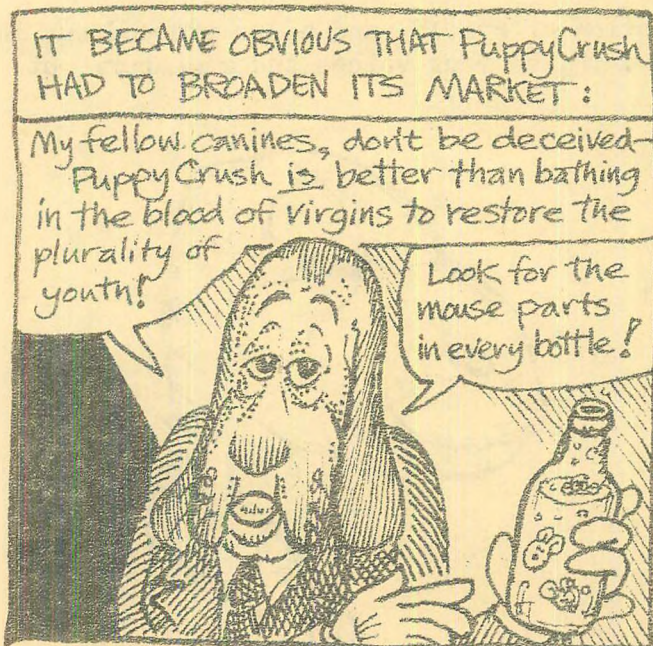
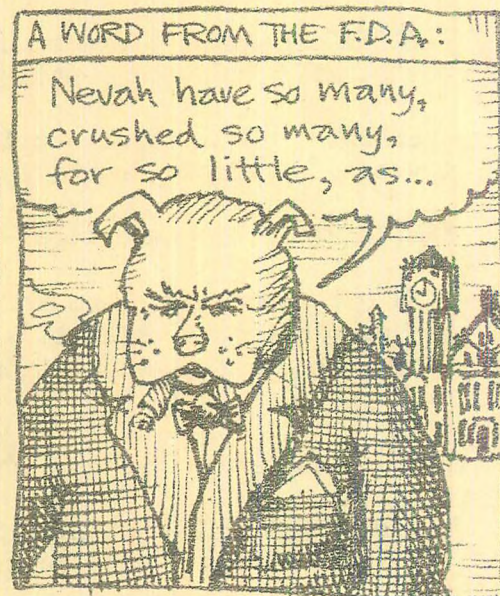
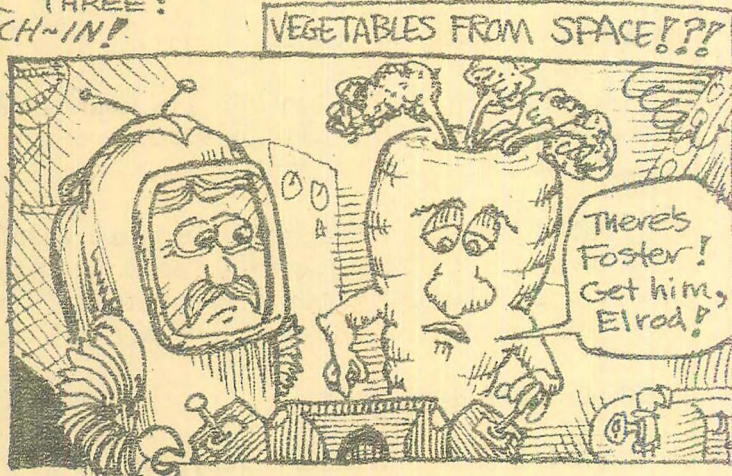
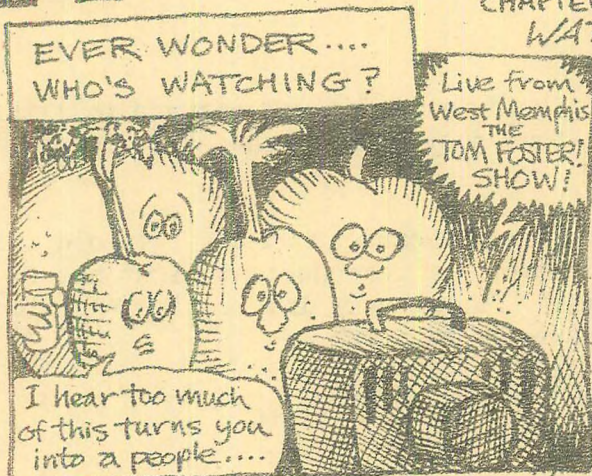
ALL: YAY!!!

\*Interjections by audience members.



# ALIEN & SEDITION ACT

CHAPTER THREE:  
WATCH-~IN!



# A PERSONAL ACCOUNT OF HONOLULU FANDOM

by SETH GOLDBERG

Think of some morning in February when you looked out your window and saw meters of white crystalline material on the ground. Upon deducing that you had not awakened in a J.G. Ballard story and that you were freezing your tushie off, you thought, "There must be some place where the air does not come in convenient freeze-dried crystals. It would have to be in or around the tropics for warmth, but there must be green mountains and gentle tradewinds to cool it down to 55-85 F (15-30 C) year 'round. Wait a minute, I have it, it's... it's... Hawaii!"

Yes, Honolulu, Hawaii, the city of paradise, is my city. It does not matter that the town is an eyesore in one of the most beautiful places in the world, with condominiums where there should be beaches and palm trees. So what, if it is so overcrowded that I feel like a test animal in a rat overpopulation study.

But we do have some of the world's best weather, beaches, surfing, scuba and skin diving, and very little smog (those wonderful tradewinds take it out to the dolphins). So what are you doing sitting there in New York City, Los Angeles, or Minneapolis? I thought you wanted a climate fit for human habitation.

Oh, yes -- you heard about the other negative feature of Honolulu: there are no fans. Well, there are a very few fans; I exist, don't I?

Four years ago I stepped off the plane here and immediately started hunting for SF fans. None were to be found, though not being active previously in fanac meant that I did not have any helpful connections.

I met a couple of other SF readers in the chemistry department, and with them I started a club. My first lover and I got to -- er, know each other shortly after the first meeting. At that point I was cursing myself for not having tried this sort of thing before.

After a few months of inevitable bliss came the inevitable fall: I lost my lover, and the club died a quiet death. (Though just last week, I got some mail addressed to the club from the LORD OF THE RINGS movie PR people. How the Postal Service let through something addressed to the Fourth Floor Univ. Club for Kinesthetic SF, I don't know.)

Next came a 6 to 10 month period of darkness, followed by a few months of my desperate socializing. Last fall, however, when it appeared I had again entered a period of darkness, I spied a poster that said two people would like to form an SF club. I called them -- and became co-founder and leader. (They had not even seen a fanzine, though they had heard of them.) Thus we gave birth to HSFS (Honolulu Science Fiction Society) in a back room of the University of Hawaii Campus Center.

As often happens with amateur activities, things didn't seem to go as they were planned. We never wanted to set up formal activities, but we now have a different membership for every meeting. This makes the sort of personal group continuity I had hoped for impossible. Even the other people who started the club with me have disappeared.

The eternal optimist in me hoped for a Minn-STF atmosphere. It has surfaced

on occasion, but not often enough to suit me. The spark of group cohesiveness has yet to hit. Most of the members know very little of fandom outside Hawaii. It seems as if most of their interest in my fanzines lies in the artwork.

My expectations, desires, and ambitions do not match theirs, which is not their fault. I take my fanac more seriously (though I do not believe FIAWOL, I do believe in commitment), and am more group-consciousness oriented. I am also more interested in the printed media. It takes thumbscrews and the rack to get written material for my genzine MONGOOSE. Sometimes I just must say, "Curse you STAR WARS and STAR TREK!"

Still there are successes. One was the discovery of Mike Burger, our one colorful character. He became known for his mysterious experiments with a certain illicit substance, his corresponding lost in space episodes, and his stories: the seven-mile antenna; being on the police beat, in ROTC, and in the SDS simultaneously; the we-reporters-put-the-governor-in jail story; working in the psycho ward and the pizza parlor; conjuring devils; and so on and on and on.

I started MONGOOSE shortly after the second HSFS meeting. Most people took little interest in the publication. Some gave a little help, typing an article or helping to collate. One tried to run the fanzine without taking responsibility for it.

I had discovered that everyone likes to talk to the leader of a group; being recognized as such, I was approached constantly throughout meetings. I was used to being anonymous, and found this attention both pleasurable and disconcerting. This situation makes it hard to get around to everyone; I had seen one aggressive, short, good-looking woman at the first two meetings and thought she was the last remnant of a Tolkien group. Not being a Tolkien fan, I had not yet gotten to talk to her at length, though I had given her addresses for feminist fanzines.

This woman was Leslie Blitman (whose art has been published in RUNE). As we worked on MONGOOSE I discovered that, not only was she interested, she was as excited about it as I was. We did 90% of the work ourselves.

Leslie had done some reading on fandom in the state and university libraries. It was not long before I realized that I had found someone with the same desires and ambitions toward fandom that I had. Thus my first real fannish friendship was born. And if for no other reason than this, HSFS was successful to me.

\* \* \* \* \*

DICKSON

I do not think a fiercer force I  
Can expect to see than Dorsai.  
It would take a long, strong cordon  
To enclose the works of Gordon.

SIMAK

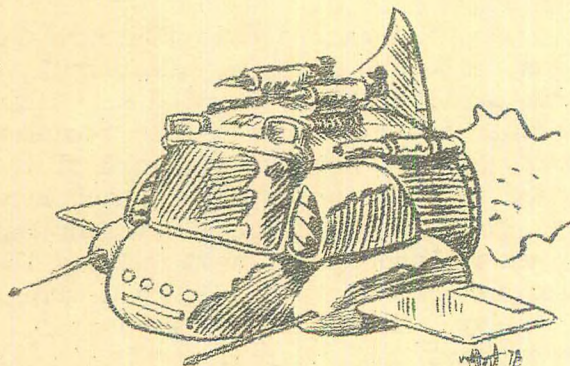
There once was a very high Cliff  
With fauna remarkably dif-  
ferent from most:  
Rocking horse, ghost,  
Intelligent dog,  
Rafter goblin ago,  
And a cheerful revived stiff.

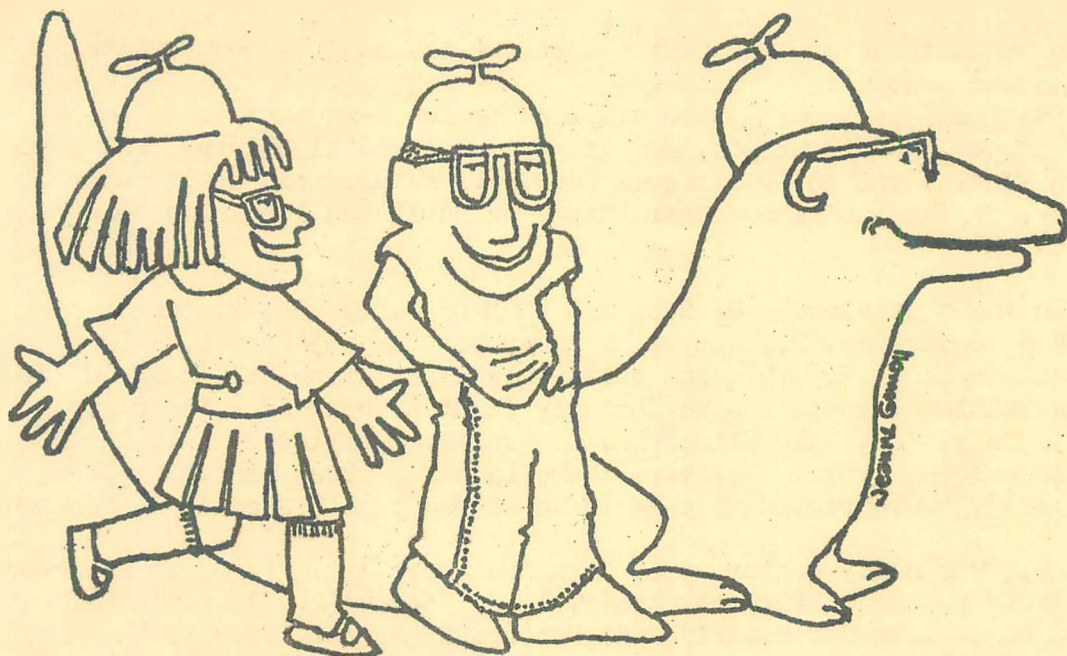
by Ruth Berman

Back issues of MONGOOSE  
are available for \$1 each  
from:

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

\* \* \* \* \*





## Carol Kennedy

What is a good fanzine? I should know, right? -- after all, I've set myself up as a reviewer. I should be able to give a clear concise definition of "good", for the enlightenment and guidance of neo faneds. I should be able to list rules to follow in order to attract a few hundred paying subscribers, along with a Hugo nomination and instant recognition of one's name throughout fandom.

Maybe I should be able to, but I can't. For I'll let you in on a secret -- I don't even have consistent personal standards for fanzines. As soon as I decide that I like a certain quality, along comes a fanzine with the opposite quality, but so well-done...

It's my opinion that each faned must decide for him/herself what the purpose of his/her zine is. And it's my opinion that a reviewer should tell the audience what the faned's stated or apparent purpose is, and how well the zine meets that goal. Optional, but interesting, information is a statement of whether or not the reviewer likes the fanzine, and why.

It appears that my only criterion for judging how "good" a fanzine -- or any other work of art -- is: How well does it do what the creator intended it to do? Considering that many people use that as a standard for judging all of life, I think it's sufficient for my fanzine reviews.

SIMULACRUM 8 is the product of a faned who writes, "I think I can now make fair claim to being one of the top mimeographers in fandom without offending too many people..." Victoria Wayne can indeed make that claim. This zine is mimeo on heavyweight, dark blue-green paper (except for some art on white). Green, red, blue, brown, and blacks inks are used. The detail on the art is sharp, and the text is absolutely immaculate. This zine is just beautiful.

SIMULACRUM has been a rather sercon zine; this ish is the last of the genre. Victoria writes about her goals for the zine in the future -- basically, she wants it to be fabulously fannish. I have no doubt that she'll succeed, since

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she knows what she wants to do and has proven that she can do just about anything she wants to in fanzine pubbing.

This, "The Domsday Issue", with articles by Don D-Amassa, Ben Indick, and Angus Taylor, a poem by Ruth Berman, and art by Taral and Al Sirois, is available for \$2.50 in North America and \$3.00 overseas (U.S.\$). Future issues also will be available for money, or for published contribution or published loc, selected trades, or editor's whim.

From the sublime to the ridiculous: OF SUCH ARE LEGENDS MADE, VOL. 1, edited by Joyce Scrivner, 2408 Dupont Ave. S., Apt. 1, Minneapolis, MN 55405; \$1.25 in person, \$1.50 by mail, proceeds to TAFF. This has relatively clean mimeo (black ink on blue paper), neat if unexciting layout, and wonderfully fannish contents. There are features by Harry Warner, Jr., Mike Glicksohn, Ro Lutz-Nagy, illos by Phil Foglio and Ron Miller, and other marvels. However, there is one serious mistake in the zine: "The Spirit of '73" (reprinted in this issue of RUNE) is listed under "Hoaxes"!

HOLIER THAN THOU #1, from Marty Cantor, 5263 Riverton Ave., Apt. #1, North Hollywood, CA 91601, is available for contributions, trade, locs, 75¢ (4/\$2.75), editorial whim. It is scheduled to be published quarterly and, believe it or not, it will be. Marty is known for -- among other obnoxious traits -- never missing a deadline.

My review copy is printed on blue paper. However, the general run is on goldenrod; Marty is catering to an eccentricity of mine. (I HATE GOLDENROD!) The mimeo is nice and clean. There is very little art, mostly items copied from non-fannish sources. Marty states that he will use fanart if he receives it, but that he doesn't intend to spend all his money on electrostencils and all his time cutting and pasting.

This is to be a genzine, and Marty particularly welcomes "sick, putrid humor". It's likely that there will be quite a bit of Marty's own writing, too, as he has an opinion on just about every imaginable topic. If you like to be alternately entertained and infuriated, this will probably suit you.



What's Carol got against us goldenrods making paper? We gotta earn a living, too, you know.

AFTA No. 2 is a 2-part, 199-page, photoreduced offset, multi-media oriented genzine. There are articles, reviews, and locs on movies, records, zings, comics, books, TV shows. This zine has so much in it that almost everyone will find something of interest.

Bill Dale Marcinko, RPO 5009, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, NJ 08903 offers this zine for only \$1.49 plus 50¢ postage. (That must be one of the lowest per-word rates in fanzine publishing!) In one place it says that #2 is the August, 1978 issue, and that AFTA is published in March, June, August, October, and January. However, this is also called "Special Christmas Issue"; so it may be the most recent.

KRATOPHANY #11, by Eli Cohen, 2236 Allison Rd., Vancouver, B.C. V6T 1T6 Canada, is "an irregularly published journal of blimps, whimsy, and bad puns". It's available for trade, contributions, locs, whim, or \$1. Anyone who likes the appearance of RUNE will probably like the appearance of KRATOPHANY. There's a remarkable similarity, particularly in the layout.

The zine isn't quite as whimsical as the quoted description above implies. The quality of the writing is high. The topics of the articles, the tone, or both, tend to the serious; the lettercol tends to the philosophical. Eli writes about his

period of unemployment, and about self-image; Debbie Notkin describes the founding of the Other Change of Hobbit; Mae Strelkov reflects on "The Meanings of 'Now'", and Jerry Kaufman relates his experience as a hairstyling model. Even this last article offers some serious commentary.

Decadent Winnipeg Fandom seems to produce more fanzines than any other fan group its size -- or even two or three times its size. All the zines are mimeographed, with varying degrees of success. (Garth Danielson, who recently moved to Minneapolis, is/was DWF's best mimeographer.) They usually feature off-the-wall humor, stoned recollections of other stoned times, and general weirdness.

PIT ROT and ZOSMA - Steve George, 94 Brock St., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3N 0Y4. PIT ROT is 25¢/copy and ZOSMA \$3/year.

BOOWATT - Garth Danielson, 322 N. 25th Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55411. 4/\$3.

WINDING NUMBERS - Randy Reichardt, 58 Penrose Place, Winnipeg, Manitoba R2J 1S1.

LAID and SCHMAGG - Michael Hall, 8833 -92 St., Edmonton, Alberta T6C 3P9. LAID is available only at the editor's whim; sample copy of SCHMAGG on request.

THE LOOKING GLASS is a relatively new newszine (#2, published January 1979) from Ben Fulves, P.O. Box 392, Teaneck, NJ 07666. Available for accepted contribution, published letter, trade, or 75¢ (6/\$4.50). This issue is 8 pages of offset. The layout uses lots of white space; while it's attractive, it looks a little scanty. (This is an example of the inconsistency of my personal standards. I like the zine very much from a graphics standpoint; but it is a newszine, and I'd prefer more material.) This zine shows the only good use of clip art I've seen in fanpubbing yet; the column headings are nicely done.

If you find that you disagree completely with my fanzine reviews, you might try THE LOOKING GLASS. Ben's and my opinions are widely divergent.

Michael MacKay makes this job difficult; nowhere in LOKI Number 2 does his address appear. From the RUNE mailing list, I find that it's 1587 Westbrook Drive, Peterborough, Ontario K9J 6R6 Canada. The zine is available for "the usual, or 50¢, whichever comes first".

This is at present a personalzine, though the editor wants written material from other fans. He refers to himself as an adolescent male, and some of his comments bear that out. But the writing and the art that he's doing show promise, and the 16-page Xeroxed zine may be the start of something.

Two halFSIZE, photoreduced zines which pay for fanfic have appeared:

PRELUDE TO FANTASY - Peter Werner, Rt. 3, Box 193, Richland Center, WI 53581.

Number 1 has 24 pages; price is 75¢.

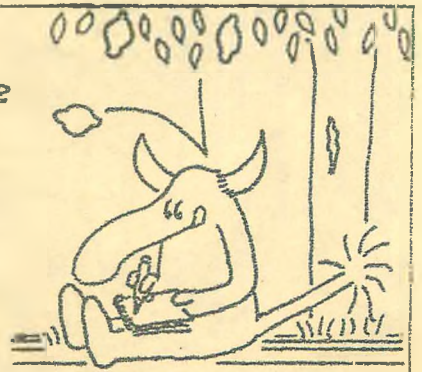
SPACE & TIME - Gordon Linzner, 138 W. 70th St., Apt. 4-B, New York, NY 10023.

#51 has 59 pages; price is \$1.50 plus .50 postage.

NORMAL BEAN from Roland Trenary, 2409 - 23rd Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55404 is a "preview issue" of an art zine - storytelling in illustrated panels. The style isn't one I like -- similar to Arzach in "Heavy Metal"; but the zine is attractive. I'll be interested to see just what direction this takes when it's regularly published.

There you have a strange assortment of fanzines. Practically everyone should find something "good". Happy reading.

The Fanfaronade  
in the last ish  
of RUNE was  
delicious--  
better than  
lemonade! But  
where do you  
grow your fanfarons?



HARVIA -

# THE SPIRIT OF 73

by DENNY LIEN

There have been those who have accused the Minneapolis in '73 worldcon bid of not being completely frivolous. Just the other day, I was reading some of my fanmail before lunch (I tend to read my lunch later) when I encountered such a sentiment in one of the Regress Reports sent in by a post-supporting member. Needless to say, I was cut to the quiche.

Later that night, I was watching DEMETRIUS AND THE GLADIATORS in the mirror before my television set, and, upon Mature reflection, I decided my correspondent had a case. But (it occurred to me) so did I -- and, after drinking part of it, I decided to once again make an ass of myself -- and so began a rebuttal.

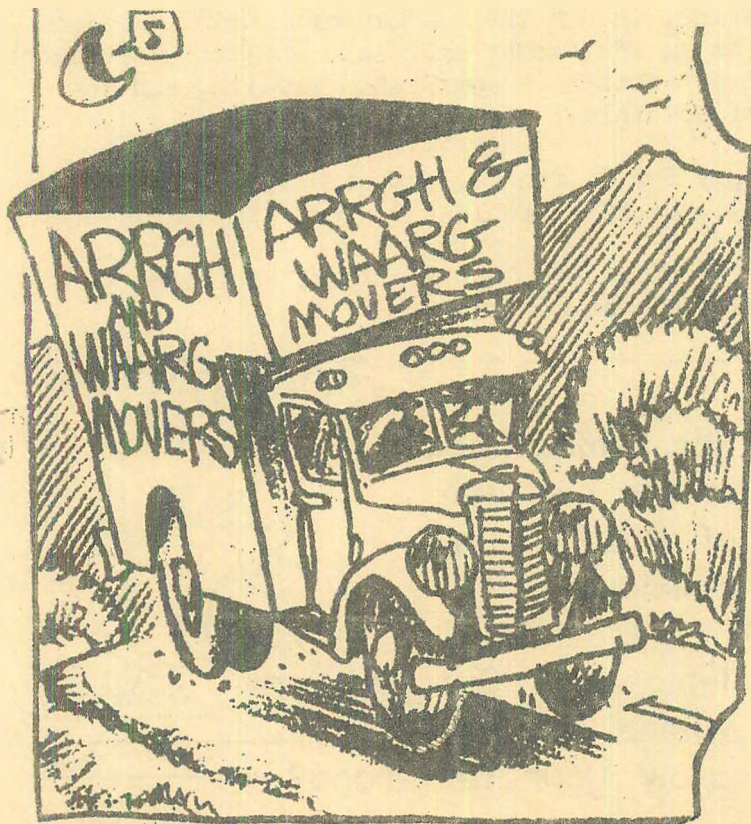
The Minneapolis in '73 committee is unwilling to yield to anyone in the matters of existential silliness, cosmic bozo, or Galactic Moose. (We'll settle for a negotiated draw with Flushing in '80 on the issue of Diana Rigg and plan to plea-bargain with the Secret Masters on the charges of simple petty fraud.) Our rallying cry has always been "Hoo-hah!" (unfortunately, this is also our mating call, which has led to some embarrassing contretemps at our rallies. But I digress.). We have never succumbed to blandishments, tearful pleadings, bribes, or pleas to come up to someone else's bidding party to see their funny animal etchings. And we are sure that if we were ever offered any of the above, our response would be more or less the same. Somewhat. As it is, we do not feel we have to lead the voters about like cattle (yes, let us kowtow no longer) to win their votes, when an appeal to sweet reason and a threat of upchucking the Minneapolis Blog all over the original Freas cover they just bought can do the same sort of thing without compromising our historic apolitical

fannish gambolings. (We begin gamboling best when high: jags or better to open.)

\* \* \* \* \*

The Minnesota science fiction club began planning for the Mpls in '73 bid long ago. Just when is a matter of dispute: some scholars hold to the theory that it was in 1926 (coinciding with the invention of science fiction) while others argue that it was in 1858 (coinciding with the invention of Minnesota). Most local fans, however, trace it back to the Old Stone Age (coinciding with the invention of clubs). The last theory is substantiated by one of Richard Shaver's rock photos which bears an unmistakable picture of zeppelins, loons, and the Foshay Tower superimposed upon a doodle in old Stonish runes (or RUNEs) which translates roughly as "Land Beneath the Big Glacier in 1973 B.C.!"

What happened to this bid is uncertain: the likeliest outcome is that given the long lead time of the



KFetch 74

bid and the short attention span of your average Old Stone Ager, everyone simply forgot about it. Somehow, though, it first succeeded in implanting itself (which is not as dirty as it sounds) in the Fannish Racial Memory.

Time passed, humanity evolved, nations rose and fell, empires crumbled, uranium degenerated, Tucker was born, distilling was invented, Tucker degenerated, and ditto faded. At some point in the late 1960s the memories surfaced in the minds of the Powers That Be (Such As They Are) or Minn-STF, and as soon as a supply of furbs could be acquired, the old bid was refurbished.

Unfortunately, things which float to the surface after years tend to do so belly-up, and the bidders, concentrating on winning the Stone Age vote (with promises of good con com/cave complex relations, an indoor lava pool, and a -- literally -- mammoth banquet), had failed to note that fandom at large (as well as those who had been rounded up) was automatically assuming an A.D. bid. Not until early 1971 was this broken to us, and continuing the Minn-STF tradition of doing things backward, as soon as it was broken, we dropped it.

Eager to exit with grace, who had to leave early, the Powers That Be instructed their agents to search out other cities interested in having the con. The word that a certain "Toronto" -- obviously an alias -- might be interested was surreptitiously passed along by one of those agents, a female U-boat commander. The Sub Rosa information proved correct and Toronto went on to win the bid.

\* \* \* \* \*

Unfortunately, having won the bid, Toronto immediately began to devote all of the energies to actually holding the convention instead of continuing to bid for it. For the first time in eons, there was no functioning '73 bid. The Racial Memories were not happy. The anima began displaying animosity. The fertility deities stopped trying. Something Had To Be Done to restore silliness to the land. We pondered sacrificing a whoope cushion, choosing a dodo as sun king, convincing the Little People to bring us bowls of milk. All the while, we knew in our innermost beings (ID required for entrance, or at least IV) that here was only one real solution.

Besides, we'd sort of gotten used to holding bidding parties. They're a lot of fun. Some might even call them intoxicating. So, once the site selection was over, we resumed dizziness as usual.

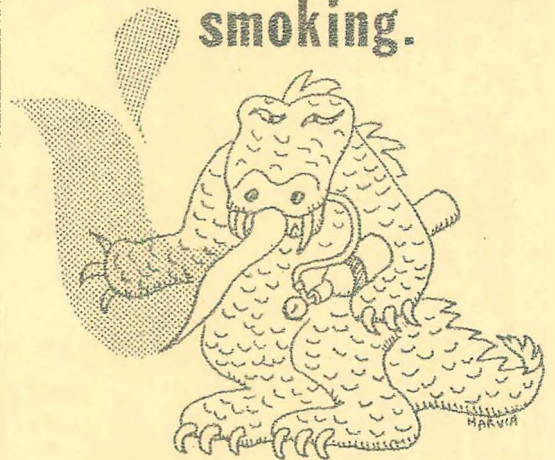
\* \* \* \* \*

The pitch:

Minneapolis is bidding for the 1973 world SF convention. We feel we are the obvious choice: we have much more experience bidding for this convention than any other fan group can claim. (Rumored rival bids on the part of Cahicago and/or St. Paul will be met with dignified silence, punctuated with dignified raspberries.)

We want YOU! (But we'll settle for you. In fact, we'll settle for your vote.) At the moment, post-supporting memberships are very reasonably set at minus one cent. (A 1973 penny, of course.) Simply send an SASE to Mpls. in '73/ P.O. Box 2128/Loop Station/ Minneapolis, MN 55402 and your penny will soon be in your hands (or whatever you use to open your mail with). But do not delay -- memberships may later go up to minus two cents, minus five, ten... (And of course there are special

**I hate tobacco.  
But I still enjoy  
smoking.**



**I burn Methane® brand  
gas. Tobaccoless smoke.  
A lungfull is all it takes.**

charges for tables in the Buyers Room and for tickets allowing you not to eat the banquet.)

Practical considerations:

Travel, Geographic: Minneapolis is reachable from anywhere on earth. Eventually.

Travel, Temporal: Our Time Travel Committee is looking into possibilities of using the International Date Line and/or some sort of calendar reform to get everyone back into 1973. However, our best hope perhaps lies in some mad scientist inventing a time machine. To this end, we are doing all in power to madden scientists with hotfoots, dribble glasses, etc.

Accommodations: Given functioning time travel, there should be no need for expensive hotel rooms. A twist of the dial sends you back to the Old Stone Age, where sleeping is free. (Wake up service provided by cave bears.) For those insistent upon conventional rooms, we will oblige with our hotel, the Leamington (which is a fine hotel except for its neurotic habit of jumping off Norwegian cliffs into the sea once a year).

Programming: Since our attendees will arrive living backwards, we have tailored the convention to them. Thursday afternoon opens with a dead dog party and follows with closing ceremonies. (Check out time is ordinarily 3 P.M., but by special arrangement with the hotel we have gotten it changed to noon.) Several hours of nursing hangovers and complaining about the speeches at tomorrow's banquet follow, and so on.

The last major event on Monday aside from the opening ceremonies is the Meet the Prose party (in which everyone sits around and reads for awhile).

A Final Word of Warning: Liquor stores in Minneapolis are open only on Sundays. The legal age for drinking is 19.

If you are 18 or 20, forget it.

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# IN SEARCH OF EVERYBODY

A Report on Windycon  
by LINDA ANN MOSS

## SCENE: RIVERCON

Chicago Fan: "Come to Windycon."  
Me: "But I wasn't planning to."  
Chicago Fan: "So come anyways."  
Me: "Why?"  
Chicago Fan: "Because I think you should."  
Me: "Oh. OK."

## SCENE: IGUANACON

Me: "Where's my Minicon music room tapes?"  
Lee Pelton: "Which convention did you say you were going to do a con report on for RUM?"

(At this point there seemed to be a lack of communication, but it soon was straightened out. I got the music room tapes and Lee is still waiting for this. I didn't say it was straightened out to everybody's satisfaction.)

## SCENE: PGHLANGE

A certain (hairy, to be sure) Canadian comes up to me. I receive a down payment on a kiss from same. I will collect the rest later.

## SCENE: OHIO-INDIANA TURNPIKE

A brief cloud of mist covers other cars as a low-flying blue Honda passes on its westward trek to the Windy City. Inside, Beth Friedman and I are singing along to the above-mentioned music room tapes; and John is sitting in the back seat grumbling.

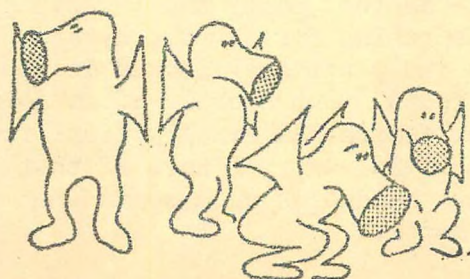
Several hours later -- eight hours since I got into the car -- I get this strange feeling of deja vu. I've seen this hotel before, but something's off slightly. It doesn't quite feel like a con -- we didn't get lost and end up in Gary, Indiana like last year.

I parked the car and we walked into the hotel just opposite the con registration desk. Almost immediately Bill Colsher, the Chicago fan, showed up. This was the quickest and easiest I found anybody all weekend.

We took the luggage up to the room John and I were sharing with Bill and his wife, Michelle. Bill brought out his new guitar to show and play for us. He wanted a suggestion as to which artist I thought he should have paint a dragon on the back; I suggested Joan Hanke Woods.

We were in our usual dehydrated state after having made a trip to the room. We went down to the con suite, searching for something to drink. There was nothing in either of the bath tubs.

We decided to go down to the "Meet the Everybody" party, which was scheduled for 8, after the opening ceremonies (a Smooooth by Bob Tucker). I was standing talking to Dave and Caryl Wixon and other Minneapolis people when



HAYVIA

Gordy Dickson came flying past on his way to opening ceremonies. I went to the speeches and caught the tail end of the "smoooth". I decided to stick around to see just exactly who was there -- but everybody left after the introductions.

Mike Glicksohn wandered by. He stopped and I collected the kiss I had gotten the down payment on at Pghlange. It was worth the wait.

We started in search of "everybody", and it seems I spent the rest of the weekend in that elusive search. There seemed to be a lot of people walking up and down the stairs, looking for other people and parties. We did some uncreative wandering to the con suite, where they still were out of pop or bheer or anything else. At 10 we went down to the masquerade to watch the official run-through. I thought the best of show should have gone to Obnoxious Ed (Chicago fan who never has a last name on his name badge). He went as Bluto from the toga party in "Animal House", complete with crushing bheer cans on his head.

It turned out to be a weekend for listening to music. We were outside the con suite around 1:30 when Nate Bucklin showed up. We went back to our room, where Nate and Sarah Prince made music. We left the door slightly ajar and people wandered in and out freely. When that broke up, I went down to the other filksing.

About 5:15, I was standing outside the con suite with Bill and Michelle, Alex and Phyllis Eisenstein and 3 or 4 more, arm in arm, holding each other up.

Bob Asprin walked by and overheard somebody ask, "Is it 5:30 yet?" He asked why, so we explained that all-night fandom occurs at 5:30 and we couldn't go to bed until then. He shook his head and walked away muttering into his whiskers.

Later that day we toured the art show and the hucksters' room. I spent no money in either of them -- nice compared to last year, when I spent more than I could afford. We sat in the "Grill the Editor" panel, where George Scithers explained the various processes a story goes through leading up to final publication. At the "Techie Time" panel, we listened to them explain how they had become involved in General Technics and how they had evolved from their early interests in electronics and building models to

building ray guns, robots, and computers. The moose antlers on each of their heads set it off just right.

We caught the last few minutes of Joe Haldeman's slide presentation on living in space and some of the artists' conceptions of what it will look like. We walked through the art show, and stuck our heads into Gordy Dickson's "Build a Story" program -- something about Fred and Ralph.

For dinner we decided on a Szechuan restaurant, Hunan Gardens, which had been recommended by a local fan. The food was good, conversation was good, and the company was excellent.

Back at the hotel, we stood listening to the speeches for awhile, got some Cokes from the con suite, watched the art auction, and went to Nate's room for more music. At some point in the evening we got a bit silly and started doing old Beach Boys songs, starting with our room number - 409. It went downhill from there.

This hotel was set up almost ideally for party hunting. There were stairwells at each end of the building and one on either side of the elevators. We started on the top floor and worked our way down. We didn't find any parties till we hit 9; then we ran into three.

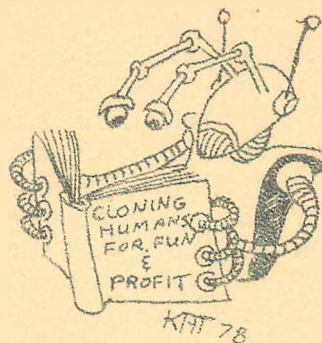
We wound up in the Conclave/Confusion party which was going strong. I got some Scotch from my room and went back and helped Mike Glicksohn celebrate his poker win. Around 6 A.M. Mike wandered off to another party and I went to sleep.

I spent most of the weekend searching for everybody and never finding them. I looked in the stairwells, I looked in the parties, I looked in the function rooms and programs. They were nowhere to be found. But shortly after joining the bar party on Sunday, Bill and I concluded that our search had finally found fruit -- "everybody" was in and was the bar party. The most vivid memory I have of that bar party is Ben Zuhl explaining to Bob Tucker the various handholds on a woman when kissing her. I somehow wound up being a demonstration model...



# books

BELLA by Anne and Edward Syfret.  
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1978.  
231 pp., \$7.95.



"I liked Ipswich Station and always had. I liked the way you can stare at the black hole that is the tunnel in the hill on the London side until the Monster Train sees fit to emerge. It was a Devil Train, really, breathing fire and possibly even brimstone as it came, all huff and puff and chuff with masses of smelly smoke -- and no other smoke quite like it. I liked the waiting bit, too, while you tried to guess which, of all those doors in all those carriages, would be the one to produce the person you had come to meet."

When I read that opening, I knew that I was bound to like BELLA whether I cared for the story or not. The writing was simply too good for me not to like it. And I wasn't disappointed. BELLA is a very good book, but you will enjoy it for the wit and imagery of its writing, and for its sympathetic characters, even more than for its story.

BELLA is a strangely gentle Gothic fantasy. Sandy is a young teen-age girl in England in 1938. Her house guest is Honorine, a French girl her own age. In a deserted estate in Suffolk they find a beautiful antique fashion doll with which Honorine instantly falls in love.

The refreshing thing is that Sandy and Honorine are level-headed enough to realize there is something unnatural about such a valuable antique being left in an otherwise empty house. There are a number of fantasies about evil dolls that bring tragedy to their owners, but Bella is no more inherently evil than a loaded revolver. Of course, you shouldn't give a loaded revolver to children to play with. That's essentially what BELLA is about: how the doll affects Sandy and Honorine as they consciously try to resist its spell, as they try to learn where it came from and what connection it had with the deaths of its former owners, and as they decide what to do with it.

There are a few scenes of creepy suspense, when the girls are exploring the cobwebby old Bell Tower Hall and when they conduct an experiment to prove their suspicions about Bella's supernatural powers; and there is one dramatic subclimax when Bella almost succeeds in arranging Honorine's death. Aside from that, there is no outright horror. Sandy and Honorine are too intelligent to put themselves into situations that might result in horror. (This tends to confirm my opinion that a lot of horror novels would have no excuse for their shocking climaxes if their protagonists behaved with any common sense.)

You might almost say that BELLA is a horror-fantasy of manners, since most of the action takes place on a very genteel level. This may disappoint some readers who expect and want shock! shock! shock! when they select a novel in this category, but I think that most readers will be pleased with BELLA. You will be intellectually intrigued, with Sandy and Honorine, by the mystery behind Bella, and emotionally saddened when they learn her history.

BELLA, first published in 1975 in England, is listed as a first novel by its authors. I hope they go on to write much more if it's of this quality.

-Reviewed by Frederick Patten-

WYST: ALASTOR 1716 by Jack Vance. Daw, 1978. 222pp., \$1.95.

I've said several times in the past that Jack Vance is now in the business of creating travelogues for us. Now by that I meant that, while his novels (particularly recently) have had the usual novelistic hardware -- characters, plots, etc. -- those elements have actually been rather unimportant considerations in the books. In reality, the basic thrust of these novels has been to present to us the worlds that the author's imagination can dream up -- so engagingly and in such detail! -- and show how they have affected the people living there and their society.

In WYST: ALASTOR 1716, Vance has stepped off to one side from the path he had been following. The plot remains insignificant, a tiny little mystery/political intrigue, but it dwindles into insignificance indeed amidst its setting. So, too, do the characters come to seem unreal to the reader -- for they are less individual entities than bench marks by which to measure the real protagonist of the book: the society of WYST.

I've been expecting to see reviews blasting this book as some sort of transparent anti-Communist polemic; I haven't seen any such, but then I haven't been reading many reviews lately.

As I said, the true protagonist of this book is the society of humans on Wyst -- primarily the inhabited city of Arrabus. That society was based on a socialist, egalitarian principle, and works by having everyone share the work and share the rewards. Highly automated, the Arrabins can devote most of their lives to pleasure by working at state-assigned tasks mere hours each week. In return they are provided food, shelter, and a small wage. Their principles say that this is enough for anyone, and no right-thinking person should want more.

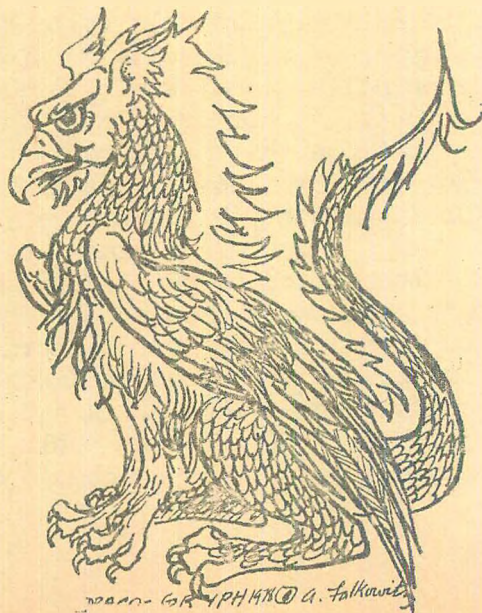
While all this sounds fair enough, Vance turns his creation into a chamber of horrors by examining the proud society a century after its creation. And this is what the book is about: the moral decay of a civilization dedicated to higher things. It becomes a catalog of hypocrisies.

Vance's story points up a wide-ranging list of specific indictments to be leveled against Arrabin society -- and, by implication, against any similar society which might evolve here on Earth. For that reason, I suggest that this may be considered Vance's most political work. (I also suspect that this may be only the latest step in a trend not heretofore noticed by myself; it may be worthwhile for me to go back and reread some of his previous work from this new viewpoint.)

I mentioned that WYST (the book) could well be labelled "anti-Communist"; when I said that, I was using a form of shorthand to crudely indicate that the book seems to me to be viewing socialism and certain libertarian ideals from a right-wing posture. Please be sure of this: I am not calling Jack Vance a Bircher, a Goldwater, a Reagan -- not even a Gerald Ford. But I am saying that he seems to me to be portraying a pseudo-left society with

One technique law students are quickly exposed to is the Parade of Horrors style of argument; basically, this is used when one side in a case has no better legal argument to make than to portray to the Court the Terrible Things which might result if the case is not decided in the arguer's favor. (Judges usually consider this a pretty weak sort of argument, since they are not on the bench to decide matters of social theory, but only to decide the specific case on hand.)

Thus, Vance portrays a society which, instituted on socialist, egalitarian principles with the purest of motives, has rapidly decayed into a vast swarm of unprincipled low-lives.



Arrabus set up a communist system, with each citizen turning in his thirteen hours per week at whatever task he was assigned to. These differed, and so no one ever learned, no one knew how to do more than the simplest of tasks, and the society is in a constant state of disrepair. Everyone is equal, says the motto -- and so thievery is condoned, murder ignored, morals depraved, and privacy impossible.

You'll have to read the book to see the depth of Vance's portrayal of degradation, like the worst dreams of life amid the Red Chinese "swarm" which once disturbed the sleep of Dulles and Hoover. It is a distasteful picture, the more so as one is left with the feeling that Arrabus has not even noticed the catastrophic events in its body.

Distasteful, yes -- but one might argue that the condition comes to every civilization eventually.

Arrabus was set up as a sort of closed-ecology society, living off itself for itself. Vance has introduced the concept of entropy to sociology, and shown us a society that is running down due to a slow leakage of its energy. He implies that just as the entropy-death of the universe may come when all its matter and energy are evenly distributed throughout the volume of space, so may a society reach a sort of entropy-death by too evenly distributing its own resources of energy and moral fiber.

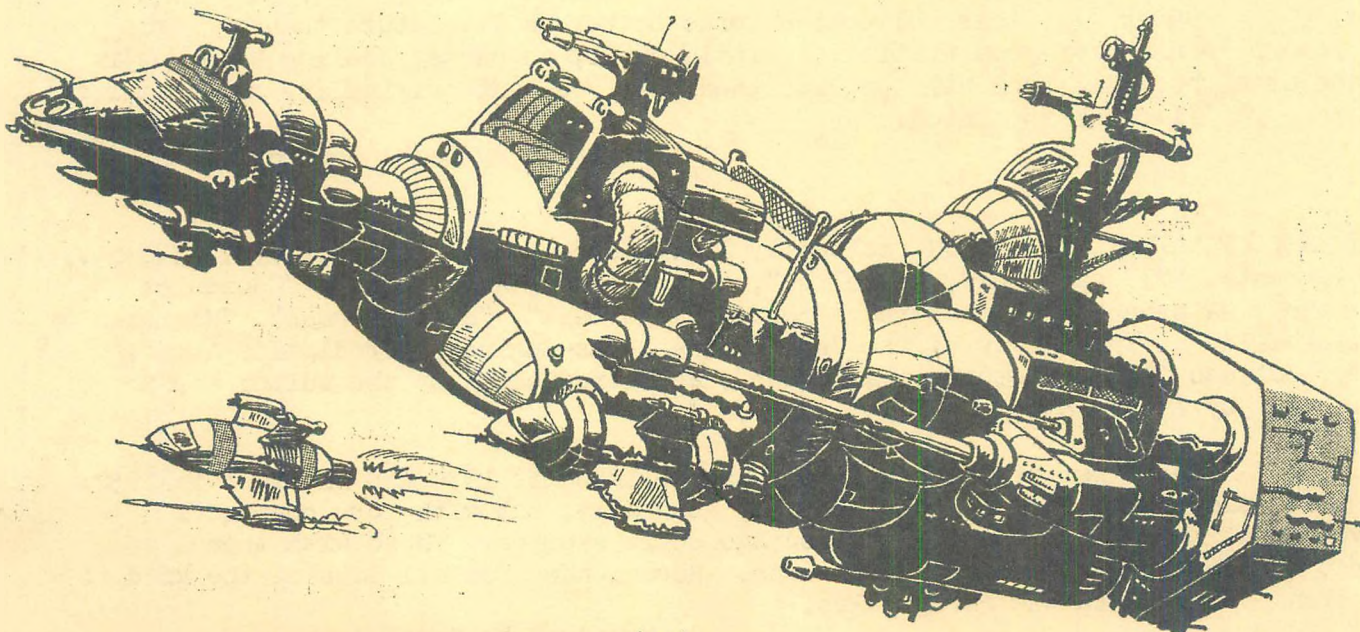
Such a provocative stand has surely been implicit in previous social theories; I can think of several I've read myself. In response to the charge that the money being spent to build a new opera house (or some such thing) in San Francisco could feed California's poor for a month, someone once noted that when the month was over the poor would rapidly become hungry again, and no one would be able to go to the opera.

Earth today may well be able to feed everyone, were all resources divided up equally. To do so, though, might spell out a different sort of doom for the whole race.

Soviet Russia today is a major power. Fifty years ago it was not. It made that stride by ruthlessly impoverishing a vast number of its citizens so as to build up the capital needed to industrialize itself. It may be that inequalities are a necessity to a civilization, to provide the platforms needed for higher reaches.

The American space program is today falling victim to the equalists of our society, who point out how much good that money can do here on Earth. Vance may be giving us the answer to that in parable form.

--Reviewed by Dave Wixon --





SHADOWS edited by Charles L. Grant. Doubleday, 1978.  
182 pp., \$7.95.

The editor recommends that these stories be read only two or three at a time, so that they can be experienced individually, as good horror tales should be. The stories range in length from 5 pages to 32 pages; the editing is skillfully done to mix not only lengths, but tone and subject, so that adjoining stories do not detract from each other. However, the quality of the stories themselves is equally variable.

Avram Davidson's "Naples" is full of lovely descriptive writing, but the ending is predictable by the second page. "The Little Voice", by Ramsey Campbell, is just as well-written and much more original, subtle -- a horror of the mind rather than of the macabre. "Butcher's Thumb", by William Jon Watkins, is less skillfully written than the first two; it seems quite ordinary and predictable -- until the very last line...

Thomas F. Monteleone's "Where All the Songs are Sad" is somewhat similar in theme and setting to "Naples", but is long and rambling rather than precise, and is even more predictable. (And I believe that the place "where all the songs are sad" is Ireland, not Sicily.) "Splinters", by R.A. Lafferty, about a television star who plans a unique publicity stunt, is clever and tightly-written, but not horrifying. Robert Bloch's "Picture" is a flawless little story about a soul-seller's flawless little plan to beat the Devil.

"The Nighthawk", by Dennis Etchison is competent, but there's more to its story than can effectively be told in 16 pages; it leaves too many loose ends and unanswered questions. Ramsey Campbell appears again with "Dead Letters", another story of the very real horrors in the lives of ordinary people. Next is my favorite in the collection: "A Certain Slant of Light" by Raylyn Moore; it's an incredibly delicate story of possession. "Deathlove" is by one of my favorite mystery writers, Bill Pronzini; but it's a mystery to me why this 8-page cliché was included here.

Michael Bishop's "Mory" is pointless and uninteresting. "Where Spirits Gat Them Home", by John Crowley, a speculation on the natures of heaven and hell, is metaphysical and oddly comforting, rather than frightening. The longest story, Stephen King's "Nona", is macabre and Poe-like, similar to but better than Pronzini's story, but still a cliché.

Generally, this collection works better as literature than as horror. If you're looking for good writing, a little chill, an uneasy feeling when you're alone at night, this book will provide them. If you want originality and some real scares, you'll be disappointed.

- Reviewed by Carol Kennedy -

THE BEST OF RAYMOND Z. GALLUN (edited by J.J. Pierce). Ballantine, 1978. 336 pp., \$1.95.

Contents: "Old Faithful", "Derelict", "Davey Jones' Ambassador", "Godson of Almarlu", "A Menace in Miniature", "Seeds of the Dusk", "Hotel Cosmos", "Magician of Dream Valley", "The Shadow of the Veil", "The Lotus-Engine", "Prodigal's Aura", "The Restless Tide", "Return of a Legend", an introduction by the editor and an afterword by the author.

The first of these stories was published in 1934 and the last in 1952. They're space opera/hard science stories, generally, but with more character development than often found in Golden Age short stories. Those with themes of First Contact are particularly well done. Recommended for all fans of the kind of fiction published in the early pulps.

- Reviewed by Carol Kennedy -

DANCERS IN THE AFTERGLOW by Jack L. Chalker. Ballantine, 1978. 198 pp., \$1.75.

When I first picked up this book a phrase from an old Small Faces song came immediately to mind: "...and resting in the afterglow". I wondered then if Jack Chalker was an old rock fan. The musical theme seemed to be reinforced when the first and all succeeding chapters were titled after musical expressions seen on sheet music, usually of a classical nature. But in the end, the book gave me neither the impression that old rock and roll nor that older classics give me. I came away with a distinct feeling of having read a book written by that German machine-music band, Kraftwerk.

Chalker covers a number of themes in DANCERS, most notably the incredible adaptability the human race possesses, along with its lemming-like inclination to act like everyone else. He uses the basic callousness of government toward individuals, and most of all, man's fear of himself. He has a good grasp of these concepts, and does not fear to use them. But I had the feeling, slight at first, strong later on, that he was using these concepts not as a device to move the story along, but to bludgeon the reader into seeing his point of view. I do not say that many writers do not do this very same thing; but most mask their intentions better.

The basic plot is that man is fighting a war with an alien race that is so different in their thought process that peace can never happen between the two species. A surprise attack and capture of a pleasure planet precipitates the book's action. The methods of "conversion" used by the aliens against the populace reminded me of the march to Bataan the Japanese forced American soldiers to make during WWII. The loss of individuality and other horrors are meticulously detailed, although they happen too fast for credibility. In the end, you don't feel as though anything happened to the people in the book. Perhaps it's because Chalker himself is not using the people as individuals, but as mere cardboard soapboxes for his own theories on man's foibles. I hate being preached to, and found this book almost insulting.

I suggest that if you have not read any of Chalker's books, you don't start with this one. It might be awhile before you try another.

- Reviewed by Lee Pelton -



# Qazabls (the letters)

Rick Sneary ...As I have an interest  
2962 Santa Ana St. in fan history, the  
South Gate, CA "Early Days" talk was  
interesting, and  
rather funny (which is unusual for a  
transcript of a panel talk, as they  
usually fall flat in print, no matter how  
many people fell out of their chairs when  
it was live). I was frustrated that there  
wasn't more actual dates given...and I'm  
not clear what was Nov. 25, 1966. The  
first meeting; the first idea; or the  
first Minicon? I've been trying to keep  
a card-file history of conferences, and

I don't have anything on #1, but list #2 as April 4-6, 1969, at the Andrews. (I have dates for most of the other cons, and most of the GoH: but only a couple references to Jim Young as Chairman -- and nothing for the year 1977. I've a note that Blue Petal was co-chairman in 1971, and always wondered what that meant. There is strange and unguessed knowledge in my card files)...

The con report by Bobbi Armbruster was the best I have seen, and barring a chauvinistic regret that it had to appear in a non-Los Angeles zine, have enjoyed it...

I realize that once I knew I would think all your references to Fuzzy Animal Fandom would be pretty silly -- but I still feel a mental itch, at not knowing what it is all about. Has anyone told you that one of the bigger Los Angeles import shops has been advertising a Bear Garden? A room devoted to bears and their equipment -- Teddies, Paddingtons, German, and all the rest. No craze is too crazy for some one to try to make a buck off it. Not that I look down on fuzzy animals -- there is a very small fuzzy bear looking down on me, at the moment -- from a perch inside a large stein. (Just above the ivory monkey.)

((Perhaps some local historian will fill in the gaps in your Minicon file.

Blue Petal is a still-active local fan. As for finding out about Fuzzy Animal Liberation -- one day that small bear will no longer be in the stein but will be picketing your typer. Then it will be Too Late.)))

Ed Zdrojewski  
1891 Union St. Apt. 10  
Benton Harbor, MI 49022

...I would like to thank Bobbi Armbruster for writing an Iguanacon report in which the Ellison-Markstein feud did not figure prominently...Such a relief. It's nice to know what ELSE went on at the con...Yes, odd things do tend to

happen in elevators, especially the see-through jobs at the Hyatt. I would suggest waiting until after sundown when Phoenix is lit up like a desert galaxy, dropping acid and spending the next few hours riding up and down. Guaranteed to be a ride you won't forget./ I thought everyone knew the FBI raided the huckster's room...It seems to me that the FBI has better things to work on these days than jobbing for 20th Century Fox and Star Wars Corporation. Things like murder and the Mafia. Those who attended the Hugo Awards ceremony probably heard the representative of 20th Century Fox say we'd have another surprise waiting for us at next year's Worldcon. Scotland Yard? Interpol?

It's a LOC from the planet Mer ordering us to stop publishing their top secret government reports in our fanzine.



Ro Lutz-Wagey  
3773 Parkdale Rd.  
Cleveland Heights, OH 44121

Hmmmm. Controversy is about to boil. In these here parts, a spayed gerbil is made by, and I quote: "Putting two parts gin in one part Campari, stirred but not shaken over ice with a twist."

What Mssr. Grant is referring to is a slightly mutated form of an old Ann Arbor drink, the Frosted Aardvark. But let's not get into that here. My lawyer is taking a year's sabbatical.

Day after I read Early Days of Minn-STF, I was in a store that had a chair whose arms and legs were made out of antlers. Only cost \$450. Please send certified check or money order.

Joe Green  
1390 Holly Ave.  
Merritt Island, FL 32952

Thanks for RUNE #54. The cover this ish is outstanding! Just loved those delightful -- freckles on the face of the centaur. The back cover is good too. The prose would have to strain hard to equal the art, but Bobbi Armbruster's

Iguanacon report was very enjoyable. As for Charlie Grant's feeble attempt to blame the Spayed Gerbil drink on Liz Lynn -- shame on you, Charlie! No one will believe that specious tale. We must all suffer for our sins (notice how Harold Robbins and Irving Wallace are paying for theirs these days, don't you?), and you must pay the price for having invented such an atrocious drink.

In gratitude for all these nice RUNEs, I named a major female character "Minneapolis Rune". That story hasn't sold yet. After 17 years of selling every SF story sent out (not counting two short-shorts; only Fred Brown can do short-shorts) I suspect an evil influence. Can it be Mpls. in '73?

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

...Good cover, though:  
one wonders what the  
Man in the Moon might  
have called it.

(That is Jim up there, isn't it?) Perhaps something like "Satyrday Night at the Recreation Centaur" would be appropriate...

Charlie Grant is probably correct in his history of the genesis of the Spayed Gerbil (his account is born out by an article written by Andy Offutt for BEN 'ZINE which might appear in another decade or so, although Andy disagrees in some of the details) but it's all rather futile I'm afraid. Liz Lynn may well have invented the SG and the SG may well initially have been vodka and rootbeer (Offutt insists on a cocktail onion as well) but the simple fact of the matter is that history has supplanted both Liz and her recipe. Charlie ought to know that history is written by the survivors and in the case of fandom, fanish history is written by the fans who happen to write the most for fanzines. And that's me and Ben Zuhl and to us, the Spayed Gerbil was invented two years ago this weekend at Chambanacon and consists of gin, campari and a twist. And due to our tireless efforts that's what the majority of fans have accepted as the real SG...



Jerry Pournelle  
12051 Laurel Terrace  
Studio City, CA 91604

...I especially enjoyed Bobbi Armbruster's Con Report. I had much the same impression she did: that the management of the Iguacon worked very hard, and were very well meaning people; but the result left something to be desired...

I have no animus toward Phoenix and the committee which put on the con (and which was not the committee which won the bid). But I wonder: IS GOOD WILL ENOUGH? Is being a nice person and meaning well sufficient qualification for a worldcon committee? It used to be; for me the convention will be a success if there are fans to talk with and editors to lie to; but is that really all we should expect in the future?

Four years ago I suggested to fandom a simple charter to create a permanent governing body for the worldcon. The directors would be the chaircritters of the past, current, and immediate future worldcons; three fans elected at large for staggered 3-year terms; and two members of SFWA. Thus the fans outnumber the pros, there is continuity and the chance to learn from experience, the bidding goes on as before -- but the board collects the money and handles the registration through a central office, and hires outside auditors to count Hugo ballots, and in general has supervisory jurisdiction over the worldcon -- would, for example, name the new city if the winning bidding committee vanished or lost its hotel or such like, and be the final authority on rules interpretation...

I am given to understand that in addition to being an alcoholic beverage, a spayed gerbil is a necessary item for the perversion known as sci-fi (pronounced "skiffy"): a perversion requiring two consenting adults, one non-consenting non-adult, taking place in a bathroom and employing a walnut and a spayed gerbil. I told this to my daughter and after reflection she said she didn't see how it could be accomplished without a ladder. I've given thought to that and she's right.

P.S. I much enjoyed the cartoons for Minneapolis in '73 posted in the elevators, but was it absolutely necessary to infect them with Twonk's Disease?

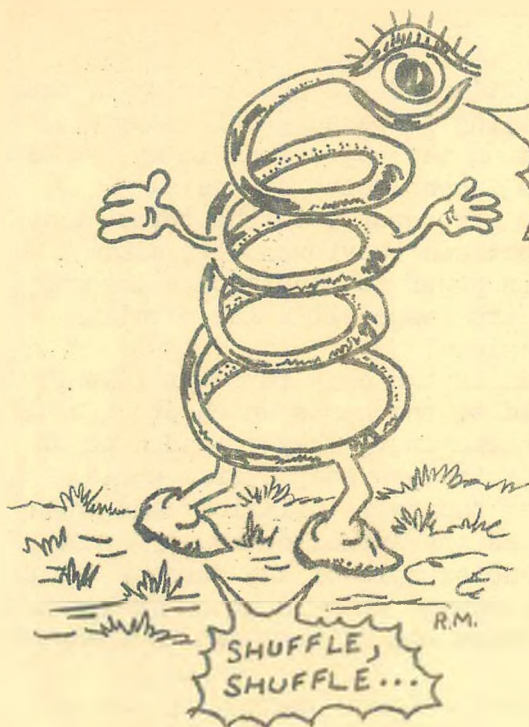
George Perkins  
1102 Third St.  
Brookings, SD 57006

...Did anyone else notice that the Hotel Leamington (((site of Minicon 13 - Ed.))) had a missing floor? My party of co-con-goers decided to track this down. If one were to stand outside the hotel, it was plain that when the top three stories were added

on the roof of the original structure, there was enough room left between the top floor of the old structure and the first floor of the addition to make one complete floor. (It was not floor 13 missing, by the way, rather it was something like 16.)- The top floor of the old structure was its usual self. When one took the stairs, however, one would climb an extra two flights of stairs to get to the first floor of the new section...We immediately tried the elevator, and found that there was no 16½ floor marked on the buttons. We then climbed all five stairs leading between the two sections of the building. The fourth staircase led to a jackpot: a lone doorway onto the mysterious 16½ floor... The door, unfortunately, was locked. Upon

returning to the top level of the old part of the building, we met a person in the hall -- obviously a mundane. When we tried explaining to him our discovery, pointing out that the elevator didn't go to floor 16½, and so forth...all the mundane did was throw up his hands (literally!) and exclaim, "The elevator doesn't stop between floors, ya stupe!"...  
(((Nothing Is As It Seems.)))





Adrienne Fein  
26 Oakwood Ave.  
White Plains, NY 10605

Cal Johnson's comments on FORBIDDEN TOWER are the kind of thing that can set me off on a ten-page essay. Yes, Andrew seems kinda dense.

There are more people than one might think, though, who are far denser! The average density of the human race is appalling!...

I certainly hope that people in the future will be far more tolerant of whatever doesn't hurt anyone, or interfere with anyone's rights -- I do a bit to help make sure of that, for that matter -- but I don't think that is necessarily what will happen. Historically, we have had continuing cycles of tolerance and repression. Recent sociological archaeological theories are that human pre-history may have been rather more tolerant than many cultures today in some respects...

Jim Meadows  
606 Jackson #2  
Peoria, IL 61603

...Cal Johnson should know better when he criticizes the Darkover books for having what he considers 1968 morals. Of course we'd all like to think that the people far ahead in the glorious future would have the same progressive, clear, and just plain correct thoughts we do. But you have to consider a few things. First of all, there's no guarantee that the people in the future will be as progressive and right-thinking and as nice as you think people should be. They might be barbarians... Or they just might not agree with you. Secondly, as Cal noted, we're not thinking 20 years or 200 years in the future, but 2000 years... Two thousand years in the past, we didn't have Christ, or Mohammed. We didn't have the technology that made a true world war even conceivable, or worldwide communications possible. And within that 200 year period, morals on things like polygamy and homosexuality haven't progressed or regressed in any straight lines. They've been cyclic...

Steve George  
94 Brook St.  
Winnipeg, Man. R3N 0Y4

...Marty Helgesen's review of Stephen R. Donaldson's LORD FOUL'S BANE, re: accepting being tossed into another world. Y'know, I feel exactly the same way. If suddenly reality were to waver about me and I found myself on a strange landscape surrounded by strange creatures and up to my neck in political intrigue and adventure, I'd accept it...I wonder if this is from reading SF, or if reading SF is another side effect of the thing that makes me feel that way about accepting a strange situation...

Wayne Hooks  
2200 Chalfont Dr. #28  
Richmond, VA 23224

...I find myself in disagreement with the feeling that Covenant should have accepted the magical universe as real... for Covenant, this unbelief is necessary to him as a character because, in regard to his conception of the universe, he had already constructed a fairly elaborate denial system which operated around his leprosy. Given that he already had this system in operation, it would seem logical that he would continue to use established patterns to deal with new situations, like magic, until such coping mechanism is found to be nonfunctional in the current situation...It was impossible for Covenant to react any other way and remain in character...



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

...It's nice to see Charles L. Grant calling a spayed gerbil a spade, ending the vague look in my eye and the inconclusive synapsing in my mind whenever I run across a reference to the term. But here again is something that can be viewed with alarm. How far has fandom lost its power to manufacture legendry, if a roomful of mere pros are responsible for creating this particular bit of mythlore?

...Marty Helgesen is the only reviewer I've found so far who reacted as I did to the names which Stephen R. Donaldson chose for his characters. They reminded me of

nothing so much as the names Bob & Ray used in their imitation soap operas while they were famous radio stars. I thought almost all of them were hilarious and these names prevented me from taking the book as seriously as the author obviously meant it. I also felt that the book was overly padded, an extreme example of the current trend to create long books even when the story line doesn't demand such length. Publishing circumstances made enormous novels necessary when Dickens was writing his three-deckers but there's no such mandate today.

I don't think it's particularly hard to write for free when you're making a living by writing. In most cases, the real trouble seems to be not the drain on energies that Stephen Goldin suggests but a terror of failing to make all the money that might be out there waiting to be written for. I've been combining a full-time newspaper writing job with fanac for thirty-five years and I don't think it's done any harm to either my job or my hobby...

Lee Carson  
1639 W. Touhy #1  
Chicago, IL 60626

...I loved "The Early Days of Minn-STF" (this is too bald a sentiment to print, no?). (((No. - Ed.))) As an old apa-45 from the days we thought Minn. fandom was a hoax perpetrated by John Kusske and a long-time friend to the Minn-STF spirit (and that's surely too mawkish to publish), I was astonished how the old hands could amuse me.

(((Lee, they sometimes amuse even themselves.)))

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

...three cheers for Harvia -- a real find, as people (including me, just now) are always saying. His work reminds me of the work of the person who drew Babar the elephant. If he wanted to saturate 90% of today's fanzines with his art the way Rotsler does I think his career would quickly eclipse Rotsler...

Graham England  
1 Fleetway  
Didcot, Oxon.  
OX11 8BZ England

...A fuzzy hedgehog lives with me, he isn't interested in liberation movements. "What's the bleedin' use," he said when I waved the article before his nose. Being into anarchy at the moment, I read bits of Bakunin to him, and his considered reply was "Sod off"...

Seth Goldberg  
Dept. of Chemistry  
Univ. of Hawaii  
Honolulu, HI 96822

...In your last two issues you have had funny transcripts from Minn-STF events. Are these typical? Can we rent you to come out and enliven Honolulu fandom?...

(((If the rental fee includes plane fare, and the enlivening is scheduled for January or February, I'm sure any fan in Minneosta would be thrilled to be of service.)))

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

...On Dave Minch's letter -- he says an F5 star would be unlikely to have planets, and in any case there'd be too little time for life to evolve. I don't have enough knowledge of astronomy to refute that, but I do have a copy of the 1970 edition of HABITABLE PLANETS FOR MAN -- which Minch cites as an authority.

"The only stars that conform with the requirements of stability for at least 3 billion years are main-sequence stars having a mass less than about 1.4 solar masses -- spectral types F2 and smaller..." p. 68.

F5 stars are smaller than F2s.

Now, HABITABLE PLANETS FOR MAN does say that the upper limit of stellar mass is about 1.43 that of the sun. (And Stephen Dole is rather optimistic in his assumptions.) So a star 50% larger wouldn't be likely to have planets long enough for life to originate on them.

However, life could originate elsewhere and evolve on those planets. It could be brought there from other worlds, and then evolve into new intelligent species in one of two ways.

1) The species which built the starships might die off, leaving some of the life with which they'd seeded this new world. Another intelligent species could then evolve.

If they'd bred domestic animals for intelligence, the process might be speeded up. It might still be speeded up if they'd taken near-intelligent animals and taught them certain skills. Chimpanzees which have learned sign language from humans might have a better chance of survival and their descendants might have a better chance of evolving into a dominant intelligent species, if we were to die out.

2) The intelligent species might evolve further, into one or more superior species. This would be unlikely to happen unless there were a disaster, with only a few left. But it could happen.

As for how much similarity of form is likely to humans -- on Earth, placental and marsupial mammals which fill the same ecological niches look much alike. But -- kangaroos and their relatives fill the same ecological niches as cattle, antelope, and other herbivores. The ones which occupy the same ecological niche as antelope resemble antelope somewhat. But they have hands, and antelope don't.

A world in which both herbivores and carnivores had hands and used tools might be interesting. A herd of cattle with pikes, standing firm against the arrows from the wolves -- I'd hate to go deer-hunting on such a world, though...



Tony Renner  
P.O. Box 851  
Panama, IL 62077

Odbert's cover...I'm curious as to how many people objected to the bare breasts... as opposed to those who objected to the cover of #50...

((No one objected to the bare breasts. One person objected -- possibly in jest -- to the dominant female/subordinate male image. One person, while not precisely objecting, wondered at the ubiquity of bare-breasted females in fanart, citing also page 1 of RUNE 54. We thought that the center figure of that triad was a male.)))

M.K. Digre  
1902 - 4th Ave. S., #1A  
Minneapolis, MN 55404

...I might mention one factual error in Carol's listing of  
QUINAPALUS: It is not printed on goldenrod paper. It is  
printed on what is known to the cognoscenti as buff.

((Humbug. I've seen "goldenrod" and "buff".

Buff is nothing but faded goldenrod! - Carol)))

Also Minneapolis Yellow is yet a third color, distinct from both of these; to wit,  
canary yellow Twill-Tone, a very nice color of yellow with aesthetically pleasing  
darker-colored fibers scattered throughout...

"Fanfaronade" is a laudable feature, and I am glad that you have at last  
got around to doing a complete listing of fanzines. It may be something of a chore,  
but it is one of the most important services a clubzine can provide...

((I now plan to do Complete Lists, and Selected Reviews, in alternate .  
issues. - Carol)))

Ruth Odren  
2437 Emerson Av. S. #3  
Minneapolis, MN 55405

Runed Editors:

My good friend Rhuth has asked that I write to thank  
you for publishing her "Dear Rrving" letter. She was  
surprised and delighted to find it thought fhanish, and to  
have it suspected of being the work of Carol Kennedy.

However, Rhuth wishes to assure your readers that she is not and never has  
been Carol Kennedy. Also she is not a  
crook. What she is, is an illegal alien  
ans proud of it. The problem is no one  
will believe her; when she tries to  
register in January the Feds  
laugh.

## INVASION of The QAT SNATCHERS



This only proves that  
she has indeed taken on  
most of the aspects of  
local fandom; she looks  
loco -- er, that is --

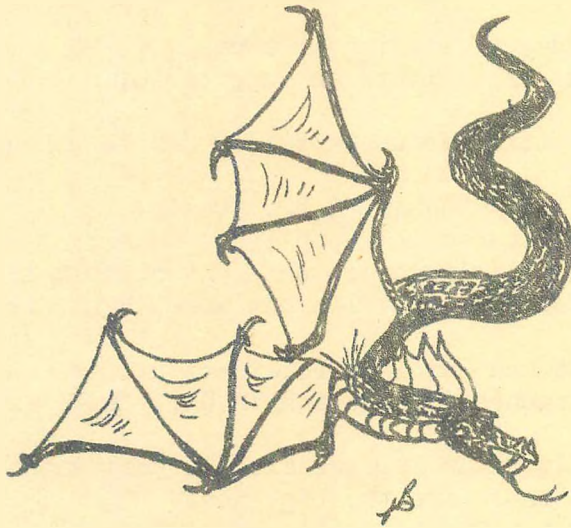
Anyway, to think that  
Rhuth is a local fan is a  
bass canary (her expression).  
She entreats me to have you  
publish a retraction at  
your earliest convenience.  
(She's too busy reading  
RUNE to write herself.)...

((Let this serve as an  
official retraction.  
Sometimes it's hard  
to tell the visitors  
from the natives.

-Ed.)))

Randy Miller  
7338 Pleasant Ave. S.  
Minneapolis, MN 55423

...everyone around  
reads RUNE. My parents,  
brothers, sisters, neighbors,  
and even my cat read it.  
At least, I found it in  
his box...



David Schlosser ...Gosh Wow Boy Oh  
7322 Aldea Ave. Boy! Harry Warner,  
Van Nuys, CA 91406 Jr. mentioned my  
conrep. Does this  
mean I've made it in fandom?...

Fred Jakobcic ...The illo [of the  
113 W. Ohio, Apt. 4 Early Days panel],  
Marquette, MI 49855 well, five of the  
six look like  
Rusty Hevelin, the one in the middle  
looks like nobody...

Marty Levine ...There is a definite  
6201 Markley Hall RUNE feel and  
Ann Arbor, MI 48109 through the changes  
of editors you've  
managed to keep it up. (Humm -- the  
RUNE feel? Well, you take your right  
hand and you put it...)

Nan Lambert ...I haven't tried RUNE with Granola and milk, but it is good  
Rt. 1, Box 315 with a beer. Someday I'll even get brave and try it with a  
La Vernia, TX 78121 sprayed gerbil...

Bill Futreal ...The cover! In a word: cosmically wondrous! I think that  
Rt. 2, Box 1171 was two words...  
Warsaw, NC 28398 (((Our two main weapons are fear, surprise, and  
ruthless efficiency...)))

Wicki Carson ...Just for the record, Kathy and I hate goldenrod, too --  
1639 W. Touhy #1 but we also hate green...  
Chicago, IL 60626

Chester Cuthbert ...You publish a literate and interesting fanzine, and  
1104 Hulvey Ave. you and your contributors deserve high praise...  
Winnipeg, Man. R3M 1J5 Garth Danielson tells me that your conventions help to  
defray the costs of publication of RUNE, but your own  
time and labor must be donated out of love. Those of us who benefit from your  
efforts can only thank you and wish you well...  
(((Letters like this make it all worthwhile. Thank you.)))

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Paula Gold, Delmonte, Kees Van Toorn, Don Franson, Elysse Grasso,  
Terry Hughes, Ben Indick, David Govaker, Burt Libe (twice), Pauline Palmer, Leigh  
Edmonds, Joan D. Vinge, Gil Gaier, David Parsons, Margaret Middleton, Miranda  
Thomson, R Laurraine Tutihasi, Ron Salomon, Eric Mayer, Michael Herzberg-Bender,  
Harry Andruschak, Bruce Kvam, John Huotari, J. Owen Hanner, Billy Wolfenbarger,  
Perry Glen Moore, Laurel Beckley, Linda Frankel, Ben Fulves, Teddy Harvia, Any  
Falkowitz, Richard Brandt, L. Sprague de Camp, Paula Crunk, Irvin Koch, Sally Syrjala,  
P.L. Caruthers, Dick Lynch, Jim Meadows, Sheryl Birkhead, Roger Vanous, Arthur  
Hlavaty, Taral, Roy Tackett, Jessica Amanda Salmonson, Alan Prince Winston, Ed  
Chambers, Cal Johnson, Sarah Prince, Stella Nemeth, Avedon Carol, Mike Bracken, John  
Purcell, Lynne Holdom, James Dean Schofield.

ADVICE ON VISITING BRITAIN, WHEREIN GRAHAM ENGLAND MAKES SWEEPING STATEMENTS, MANY OF WHICH ARE NOT WHOLLY TRUE:

Budget on £10 (currently \$20 U.S.) a day if staying in a hotel, or £2 per day if staying with fans. This does not include expenditure on paperbacks, or other fanish staples of life.

Rail is the most comfortable way of getting about Britain. Sample journey times are:

London-Reading 30 min.

London-Birmingham 1 hr. 30 min.

London-Brighton 1 hr.

London-Newcastle (upon Tyne) 4 hr.

Buses are cheaper, but take about twice as long. Airlines are not convenient unless you're going a long way, and cost the earth. Ask your travel agent about Britrail passes.

Travellers cheques -- American Express and Barclays International are readily cashable in Britain. Barclays have the most branches of any bank in UK; you'll find a Barclays in just about every town in Britain.

Visa, Master Charge, Diners Club and American Express are all well known in Britain. There are other cards as well, but these are the big ones.

Visa is known as Barclaycard here, Master Charge as Access; both can be used for getting cash advances for sterling, but only at certain banks. Visa at Barclays only, Master Charge at National Westminster, Lloyd's and any other bank displaying the Access symbol.

Food is different from the U.S. You don't wait in line to be seated in Britain very often, nor have I ever served myself from a salad bar here. We do have McDonalds, but only in London; Wimpy's are the nationwide fast food chain, followed by Golden Egg, and the Kentucky Fried Chicken House.

Food can be got at most pubs, when they're open. Don't feel worried about walking in and asking about what food they do, because that's what we do. If you don't like the atmosphere of the pub, walk out and try another -- again, that's what we do. There is a great deal of snobbery about beer. If you express any interest in English beers, you are likely to be taken on a tour of the fan's favorite local pubs, and an hour-long monomaniacal discourse on hops, brewing, how to serve beer, and so forth.

Licensing hours when pubs may open were introduced during World War I, due to the distressing results of armament workers getting drunk. We've got used to them now, and some publicans find it hard to imagine what to do if the opening hours were extended.

Some Americans complain about these restrictions; note that serving liquor outside hours could lead to the publican losing his license, his job, and perhaps going to prison. They are not going to be keen to avoid the law.

British fans drink beer mostly. U.S. fans I observed drinking mostly whisky. This is largely due to price, and to the difference in British and U.S. salaries. This difference is real and large. I earn £6000 per annum in Britain, and could expect to earn \$20,000 U.S. per annum in the USA. Like Mike Glicksohn has written, I'd like to live in Britain, on a U.S. salary.

End of advice. Ask Joyce Scrivner for further details of life in Britain, write to David Piper, Mary Long, or me if you'd like more info. U.S. travel agents seem well-stocked with all the tourist info that seems to be available here. We can get you maps more easily though.

Mpls. in '73 has not booked a suite at the Metropole, shame on you. Aren't you a serious Con bid?

(U.S. fans who are interested in staying with fans in England should contact Graham -- address in lettercol, or Joyce Scrivner -- address on p. 37.)

# Minn-STF Meetings

Feb. 24 -- Steve Bond, 7311 W. Franklin,  
St. Louis Park.  
Mar. 10 -- Keith Hauer-Lowe,  
4819 Columbus Ave.S., Mpls.  
Mar. 24 -- David Cargo & Cecilia Henle,  
2647 Girard Ave. S., Mpls.

Feb. 24 and Mar. 10 meetings --  
nominations for the Board of Directors.  
Mar. 24 meeting -- election.

COA -- Denny Lien & Joyce Scrivner:  
2528 S. 15th Ave., Mpls. 55404 (2/17)

Jim Young has sold a novel to Pocket  
Books.

The Southern Fried Fandom David Emerson  
Transfer Fund is announced. Following  
Gil Gaier's delicious example, David  
Emerson will be thrown headlong into  
the very den of hoodoo fandom. The  
fund is accepting donations, and will  
be selling memberships to Nutriacoon 78  
(yes, retroactive memberships can be  
yours -- you don't have to admit to  
your friends that you weren't at that  
historic event -- send one dollar to  
Ira M. Thornhill, 4214 Loyola St.,  
Apt. A, New Orleans, LA 70115.

# MINICON 15

April 13-15, 1979. Pro GoH: Theodore  
Sturgeon; Fan GoH: Tom Digby; Artist  
GoH: Rick Sternbach; Toastmaster: Bob  
Vardeman.

Registration: \$6 till March 15, \$15 there-  
after and at the door.

Rooms: \$19 single, \$22 double.

Location: Hotel Radisson, Minneapolis.

Information: Minicon 15  
P.O. Box 2128  
Loop Station  
Minneapolis, MN 55402

Back issues of RUNE are available from  
the editors (address on p.1) at \$1 each.

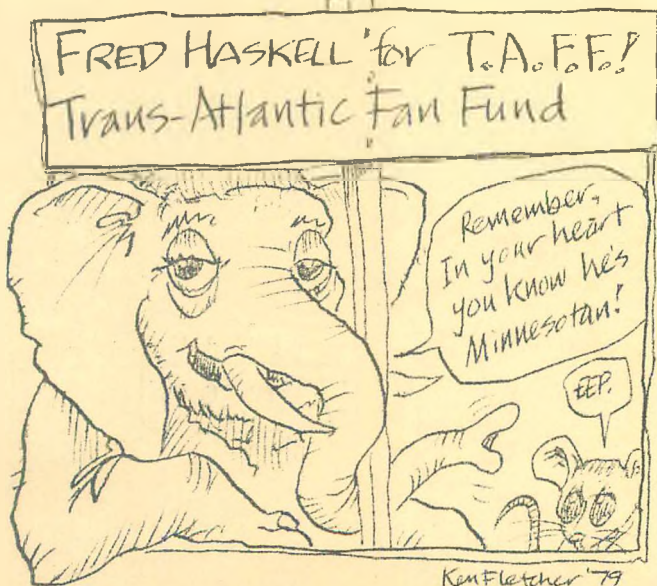
Brookcon '79 - June 15-17 at the  
Stauroilite Inn, Brookings, SD. Advance  
membership \$4 till May 1. Dealers'  
tables \$10. Brookcon profits go to  
charity.

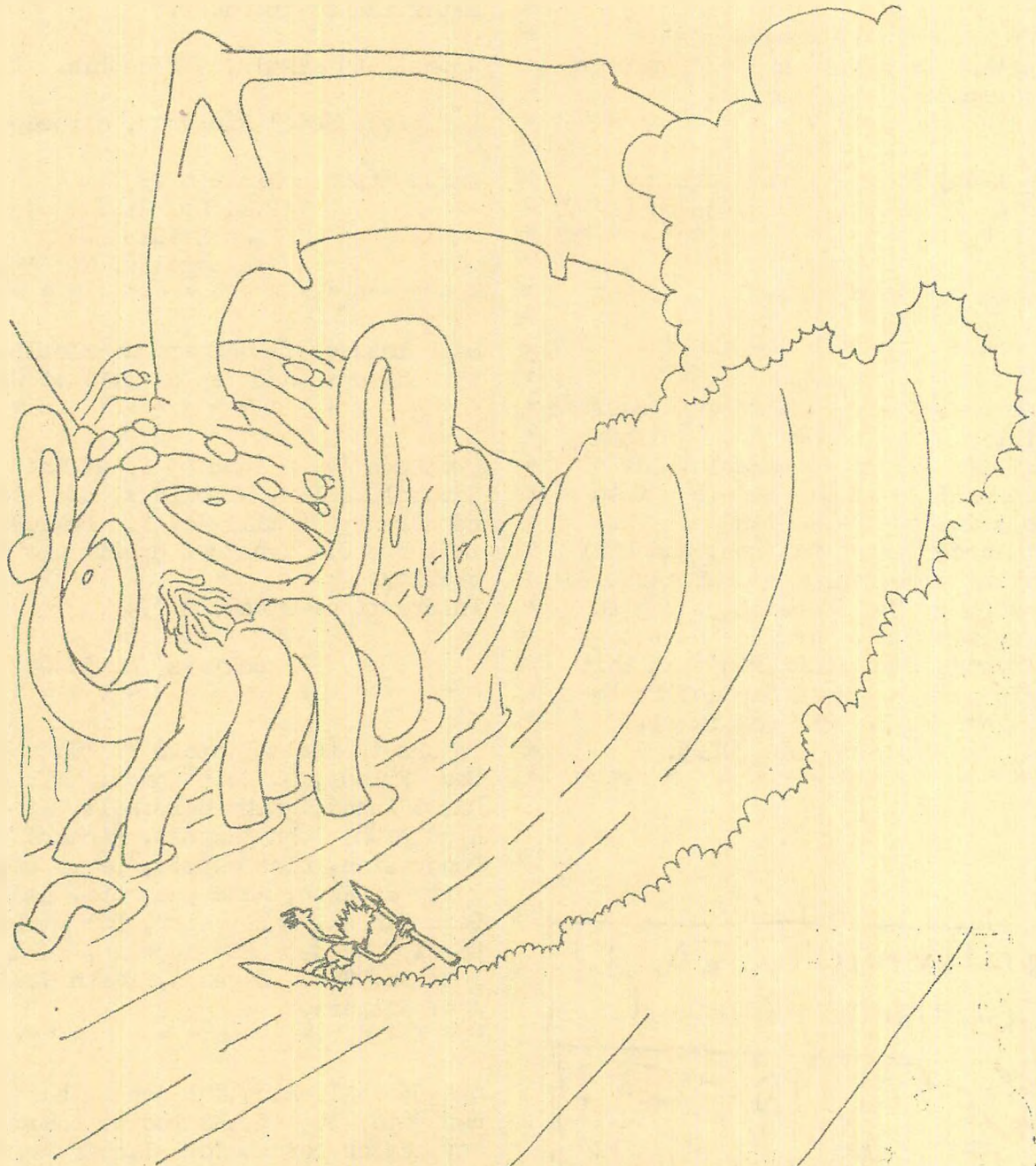
Information: Brookcon '79  
707 - 6th St.  
Brookings, SD 57006

Thanks to the collators of RUNE 54:  
Doug Friauf, M. Beth Komor, Mark Richards,  
Carol Anndy, Kathy Marschall, Jan  
Appelbaum, John Bartelt, Richard Tatge,  
Denny Lien, Blas Mazzeo, David Emerson,  
Jerry Stearns, Anne Chenette, Lee Pelton,  
Dean Gahlon, LaLee Kerr, Don Bailey,  
Carol Kennedy, Nate Bucklin, Karen  
Johnson, Steve Glennon, Keith Hauer-Lowe,  
Joel Halpern.

APA-55 is looking for new members. Anyone  
can join, but if the roster becomes full,  
any member born before January 1, 1955  
can be dismissed and replaced by someone  
born after that date. For information:

Alan Bosco  
915 Phay Ave.  
Canon City, CO 81212





PARSONS