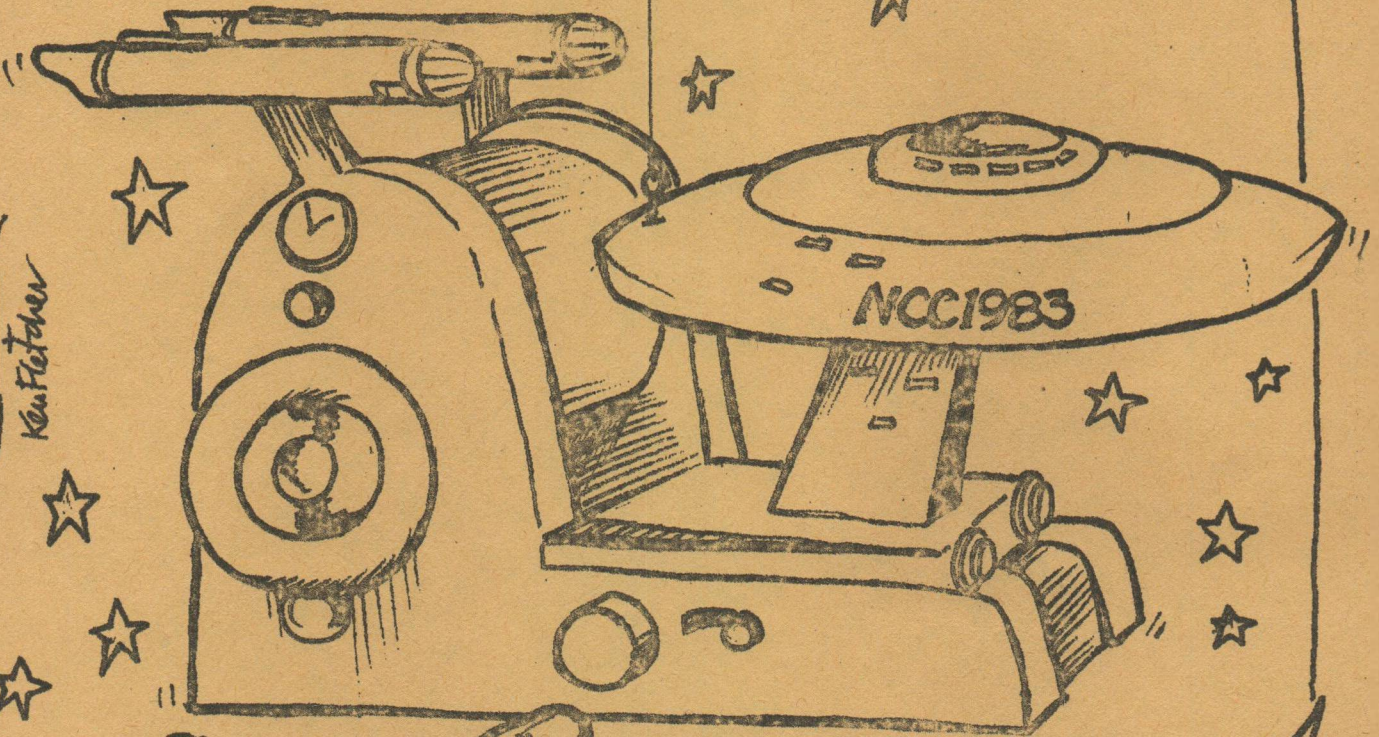


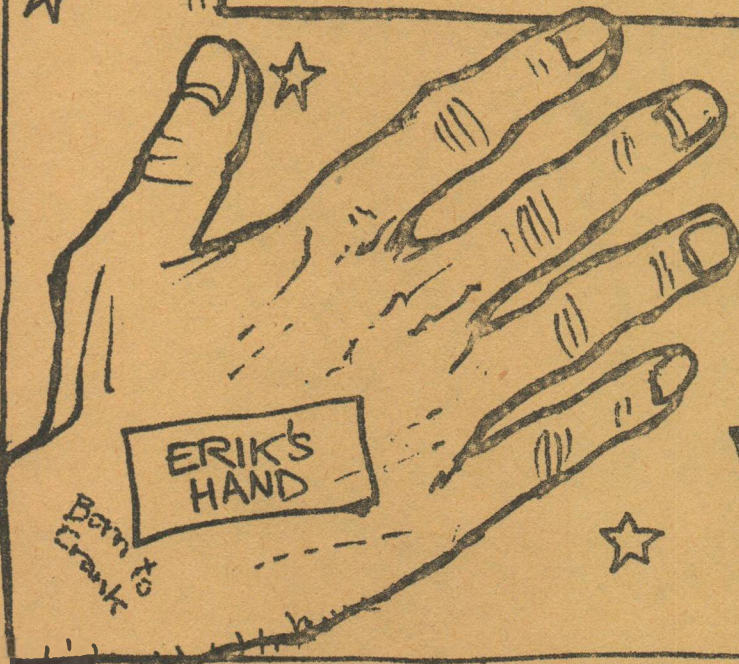
RUNE

72



Ken Fletcher

HAND MODEL: STEVE FOSTER



Born to
Crank

KEEP YOUR *@??!!*!!
HAND AWAY FROM THE MODEL
TILL WE'RE DONE WITH THE
SHOT, ERIK! GEORGE'LL
BE BACK ANY MINUTE!

THIS ISSUE:
RETURN OF THE
EDI

RUNE 77

VOL. II, NO. 1

DECEMBER 1983

EDITED BY M. K. DIGRE & ERIK BIEVER

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RUNE BREWING CO.

BREWING FINE BEER AND FANZINES SINCE 1983

MIKE WOOD

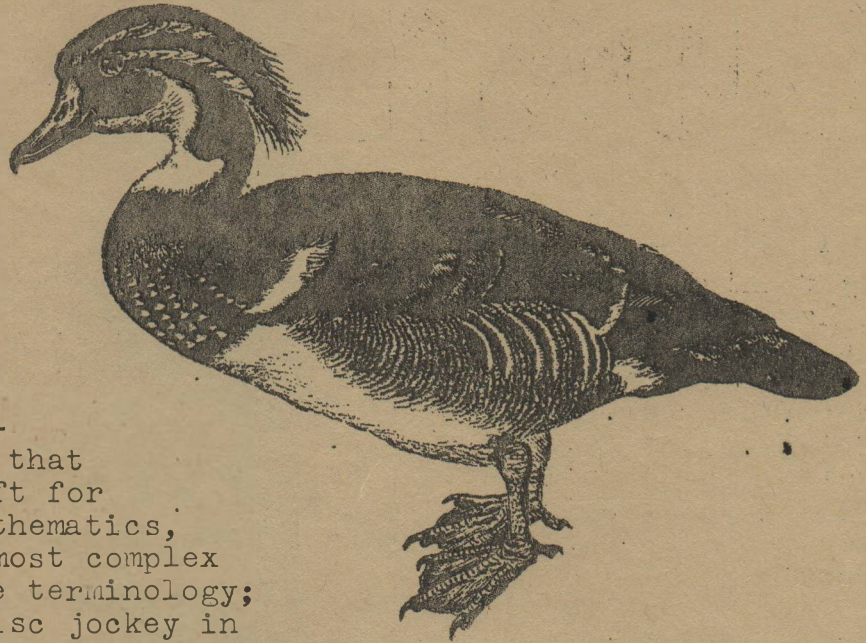
1948-1983

Michael Lee Wood was born on October 2, 1948, in Richmond, Virginia. He graduated from Mt. Lebanon High School, near Pittsburgh, in 1966, entering Michigan State University that fall as an Alumni Distinguished Scholar (one of ten in a freshman class of 12,000). Eventually, with the help of a National Science Foundation fellowship, Mike was to complete his M.S. in computer science at MSU, following which he worked as a computer programmer until his death.

While at MSU Mike discovered science fiction and s-f fandom simultaneously, and was actively involved in both the MSU Tolkien Fellowship and the MSU Science Fiction Society for about a year before putting out his first genzine (Operand) and first apazine (Colog, for Apa45). Apa writing soon became Mike's primary interest in fandom. His first year in Apa45, and several years afterward, he was voted Best Writer, editor of Best Fanzine, and writer of Best Mailing Comments. Mike went on to join Blue's Apa, TAPS, SLANAPA, RAPS, Apa69, Stipple-Apa, LASFAPA, Mixed Company, and Windyapa (this list is incomplete).

In fall 1971 Mike moved to St. Paul, thus becoming the first fan ever to move to the Twin Cities specifically to be with other fans. About eight months later, Mike launched a project that became his largest single contribution to fandom: MINNEAPA. At its peak, MINNEAPA ran to over 300 pages, with 57 members and over 30 on the waitlist. Mike continued as official editor until his death.

Mike was a committed feminist, a lover of ducks, a humanist, a musician, a firm believer in simplified spelling, and a devout non-car owner (though he did have a drivers license). He wrote five original songs, of which the best known is "When It's Midnight in Grove City, It's Nine in L.A."; at least two "filk" parodies; and one other collaboration. He was the best soprano recorder player I have ever heard, and a fine harmony singer who sang tenor in a local Unitarian church choir; he had been asked, and had agreed, to play recorder on the hoped-for Jane Freitag album, and to sing harmony on the Nate Bucklin album.



Mike's college roommate Bill West remarks that Mike had an unusual gift for communication about mathematics, being able to put the most complex of concepts into simple terminology; that Mike had been a disc jockey in college, with no special gift for announcing, but an encyclopedic knowledge of rock music; and that Mike had been his high school valedictorian.

On Monday, October 3, 1983, Mike was found dead in his south Minneapolis apartment. The medical examiner ruled the cause of death was "insulin reaction". (Mike had been a diabetic since 1969 or '70, and recently had had recurring severe problems with low blood sugar, requiring at least five emergency trips to the hospital.) The time of his death is not accurately known, but it seems certain that he did not reach his 35th birthday. Mike is survived by his parents, Hank and Jean Wood of Mt. Lebanon; two sisters and a brother. He was also my friend for fourteen years.

-- Nate Bucklin

* * * * *

MIKE WOOD MEMORIAL FUND

In recognition of Mike's many contributions to Minn-Stf, and his love of ducks, the Board of Directors of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc., has established a Mike Wood Memorial Fund. A donation of a minimum of \$100 and a maximum of \$500, matching any contributions from Minn-Stf members, to Ducks Unlimited, a non-profit group that works to maintain wetlands for duck breeding habitat. Contributions from Minn-Stf members only will be matched.

Locally, contributions are being collected by Joel Halpern, Minn-Stf Treasurer. Contributions can also be mailed to: Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc., P.O. Box 2128, Loop Station, Minneapolis, Minnesota, 55402. Checks should be payable to Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc.

RUNE

EDITORIAL

by

M. K. DIGRE

My fannish friends are always a little concerned when they learn that I have taken up the game of golf. They say to me, "Consider, Digre, is this wise? Golf is merely the first step to mundanity. You think to yourself that you can handle it, but it creeps up on you by, as it were, degrees.-- Ha, ha!" First the occasional round of golf with a friend, just to be sociable. You watch yourself closely at first, but as it doesn't seem to be affecting your fanaticism, you get careless. Before you realize what's happening, you find that you've bought a house and a couple of cars and have got married, and then where are you?"

I always scoff at these well-meaning fools, and claim that playing golf is no more mundane than reading the Wall Street Journal. Both are specialized pursuits that interfere in no way with one's ability to enjoy the occasional Jack Vance novel. Then I tell them how my latest war with the links began. I say my latest war, because I used to play golf when I was a youngster, about 14 years old. At that time my family still lived in Clinton, a small town in western Minnesota. My brothers and I golfed at the course in Graceville because Clinton had none of its own. The Graceville course is unique among those I have played in that it has sand greens. It also has sand traps, and the only way to tell the difference between the two is that the sand on the greens is soaked with oil to allow the golfer to make a smooth putting surface. With this in mind, the groundskeepers supply two different implements for maintaining their surfaces -- rakes for the traps and iron bars at the end of long handles for the "greens."

I had plenty of trouble with my golf at this time, what with missing the ball entirely part of the time**, and not knowing which direction it would fly the rest of the time, but these are part of the common experience of golfers everywhere. The sand greens presented their unique problems (an optimist would call them challenges). For one thing, after putting on one of them, your golf ball is coated with a film of oil, which stains your pants if you put the ball in your pocket. On days when I had been careless about this, I sometimes overheard people whisper as I passed by, "There goes young Digre" -- for I am not the first of my line -- "He plays on sand greens."

The oil and the yielding character of the sand also slow down the ball, thus requiring a heavy touch with the putter. The danger here is that you will get under the ball, lifting it from the surface of the green. Without that oily grit gripping it and holding it back, the ball flies into the middle distance, adding another half-dozen approach shots to your score.

Still, the sand greens did have their advantages. They were flat, which eliminated much of the need to "read" them, always a risky undertaking at best. The sight of your ball rolling straight when you expected it to break to the left, or vice versa, is one of those things

* I have yet to meet anyone who is above using this insipid pun.

** This is called a "practice swing."

that you have to steel yourself to if you wish to maintain some vestige of your peace of mind on the links. It is one of those situations where you must remember that, in this world, we can't always have things exactly the way we want them.

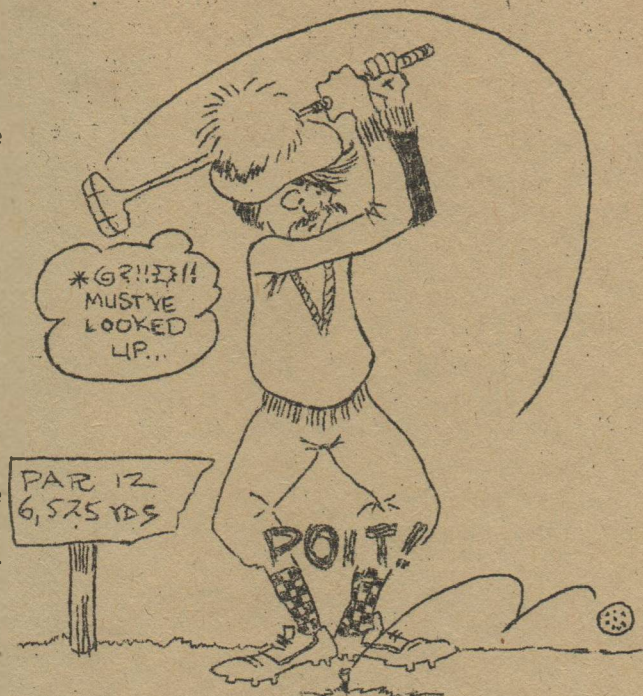
Besides being rather flat, the sand greens allowed for a bit of insurance. If no one was looking, you could always use your putter to make a groove in the sand from your ball to the hole, thus putting the thing in the bag.

My wildness off the tee, whether with the brassy, the spoon, or the cleek, and from the rough -- I don't recall ever having had the opportunity to discover my form on the fairway -- coupled with my discovery of the powers of the putter, as demonstrated on the sand greens, inspired what was perhaps my only innovation in the game. I refer to the cheapest and lightest set of golf clubs available to the ghastly duffer to whom the distinction between driver and niblick is meaningless: the putter solitaire.

I actually played a round using no club but the putter at about this time, and it was instructive for me to note that this restriction had no effect whatsoever on my score. The putter, while not giving good distance off the tee, mitigated my wildness in two ways. First, because the shaft is so much shorter than that on any of the woods, there is less opportunity for the clubhead to go astray in its arc, with a corresponding increase in the likelihood that it will actually strike the ball. Second, because the club has no loft, it tends to produce shots with flat trajectories. This means that any mis-hit ball -- a term that described any ball I had managed to hit at all -- will strike the ground closer to the tee, and, consequently, closer to the green.

Aside from subduing my wildness off the tee, the putter affected my game in other ways. From the fairway, which the 20-yard tee shots finally enabled me to hit, the putter normally -- say seven times out of ten -- yielded a shot that sizzled through the grass for another twenty yards, which perforce landed my ball nearly on course. It was in the deep rough that I felt most keenly the disadvantages of playing solely with the putter. While its unlofted face may have given yeoman service off the tee, and may have caused the ball to sizzle through the grass on the fairway with unprecedented accuracy, it isn't so dashed easy to make golf balls sizzle through grass from six to eighteen inches tall. With a mean distance of about three feet on my shots in the rough, and no change in the disposition of the wooded areas of the course to act like some strange hybrid between a pinball machine and a minnow trap, I was forced to conclude that, so to speak, what I had gained on the swings I had lost on the roundabout. In the end, I decided to approve the putter as the sole club for a ghastly duffer on the grounds that a) it doesn't really hurt his game, and b) carrying it is easier on the back than carrying the regulation set of fourteen clubs.

More recently -- in the last year or two -- I picked up the game again after an interval of over ten years in which you might say I was



There are, no doubt, elements of truth in both of these descriptions. My usual feelings after swatting balls over difficult terrain all evening for a 65 on nine holes, or 130 on eighteen, aside from a bit of pain in the right elbow owing to tendonitis, is that if I had just kept my head a bit more still, my left arm a bit straighter, and hadn't rushed my swing quite so much on the tee, I might have shot a 61 on the front or a 63 on the back. And so, swearing all the time that golf was invented to make us feel better about going to work every day at dawn, I make plans for another round later in the week, when I will correct these defects.

So enticing was the prospect of being one of the ignoble characters in these stories, that I actually signed up to play in last year's Mojo Invitational, a tournament that ranks (for those of you who are famil-

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iar with the stories) somewhere below the President's Cup, the Junior Rabbit, and the Grandmothers' Umbrella in prestige. At the time, I had not played golf for about ten years, so that my form was well below that of the typical entrant. Undaunted, I teed off at 7:00 on that fateful sunny morning with my mind full of good intentions and sunny optimism regarding the inside path to solid impact as a cure for my slice. Five hours later, my mind was still full of optimism, but now with regard to devouring the fried chicken supplied by the tournament's organizers. In the intervening time, I had sliced drives into the woods, topped shots from the rough, hit chips from the fringe over the greens, and misjudged putts for a total score of 169. My scores on individual holes ranged from a 4 on one par 3 to a number of holes in the mid-teens.

This sort of performance might seem discouraging, but since the event was divided into four flights and allowed a handicap for each player, no one was really out of the running -- not even the best players. First prize was the Mojo Cup -- a bronzed article of clothing best not described in a dignified fanzine. It was given to the player with the low net score of 44. His gross (or real) score was in the 140's. The golfer with the low gross -- this time it was 71 -- received for his troubles the Mojo Mini-cup -- a child sized version of the Cup itself. The Cup winners, as well as the flight winners, are rewarded in proportion to their, er, achievements with gift certificates, too.

These prizes, along with door prizes for everyone, were distributed after the food had been disposed of. First the Cup, then the Min-cup. Next, the flight winners -- the Champagne flight for those scoring below 90, the Booze flight for those who shot between 90 and 109, and the Beer flight for the poor souls who shot between 110 and 129. I sat at my picnic table wishing I had known I was supposed to bring my own beer and trying to make out what was going on when someone jabbed me in the ribs with a short iron and said, "That's you!" To reply "Huh?" and sink into confusion was with me the work of a moment. "You've won the Charged Water flight," my neighbor explained, making the situation plain to the meanest intelligence -- namely, mine. I went to collect my gift certificate with a certain amount of disbelief, and curiosity as to how I might have achieved the feat.

To corner the scorers and demand an explanation was with me the work of perhaps half an hour. The handicapping scheme for this event, as it was explained to me, had to allow for players who didn't play often in organized events, so that they had no established handicaps. Since it would be manifestly unfair to force these occasional golfers to play scratch, the handicap was based on the players' scores in five randomly selected holes in this tournament. Thus, a player who duffed the five handicap holes and played better on the others would turn in a lower net score than a player who did the reverse. I happened to fall into the first category, getting myself a handicap of 114, and thus a net of 55, by playing a few selected holes in double digits.

This, if nothing else, should convince the skeptics that golf is not an inappropriate pastime for a science fiction fan and fanzine editor. The whole thing is more like an episode on the old "Mathematical Games" column of Scientific American than anything else. On the other hand, the might be distressed to learn what I did with the prize money. Did I nip off and buy the latest Hugo and Nebula nominees? I might have, but I thought something else would be more fitting. I bought a new golf bag.



THE OLD HIDDEN BALL TRICK

by HARRY WARNER, JR.

What was I doing for three hours one afternoon during the first Noreascon, when I should have been fulfilling my duties as fan guest of honor? Why did I refuse to allow an old fannish friend to pay me a visit on a certain date one October, ordering him to come at another time instead? What prevented dozens of locs from emerging from Hagerstown the last two summers?

I've never kept secret my love for baseball. But I haven't written much outside FAPA about the awful fact that I might very possibly be a more ardent baseball fan than science fiction fan. Science hasn't provided any reliable mechanism for measuring my ardor for those two hobbies. But some of the evidence is significant.

No fan saw me during those three hours in Boston because I had sneaked off to watch the Boston Red Sox play the Cleveland Indians at Fenway Park a half-dozen blocks from the con hotel. I felt guilty as the dickens about it, even though I'd asked permission from the con committee and Tony Lewis had even offered to pay my taxi fare from the convention funds, not understanding that the true baseball fan always walks to the ball park if it's in walking distance. That exhibition of bad manners involving fan hospitality resulted from the fact that my visitor had proposed coming on a date which conflicted with my watching a World Series game. He was understanding and postponed the trip for two weeks. My loc output was smaller than it might have been during the last two baseball seasons because the Hagerstown cable company added WTBS, Ted Turner's Atlanta superstation, to its offerings, and this enabled me to watch the Braves play scores of games. Depending on the length of a baseball game and the size of the fanzines, I can read and loc from two to four fanzines during the time consumed by a baseball telecast, so the consequences for my fanac were enormous.

It would be possible to draw up a list of ways in which science fiction fans and baseball fans have similar characteristics. Most members of both groups tend to drink a lot, in both groups you'll find many fans who prefer to express themselves in ways other than the most obvious one (watching games or reading science fiction), males once dominated in both hobbies but women have become increasingly prominent in more recent times, and so on. Unfortunately, the ways in which baseball fans and science fiction fans



differ in their behavior are probably more numerous than the similarities. Baseball fans depend to a greater extent than science fiction fans on the professionals in their field for things to talk about. Baseball fandom is much older than science fiction fandom but it isn't as widely spread throughout the world.

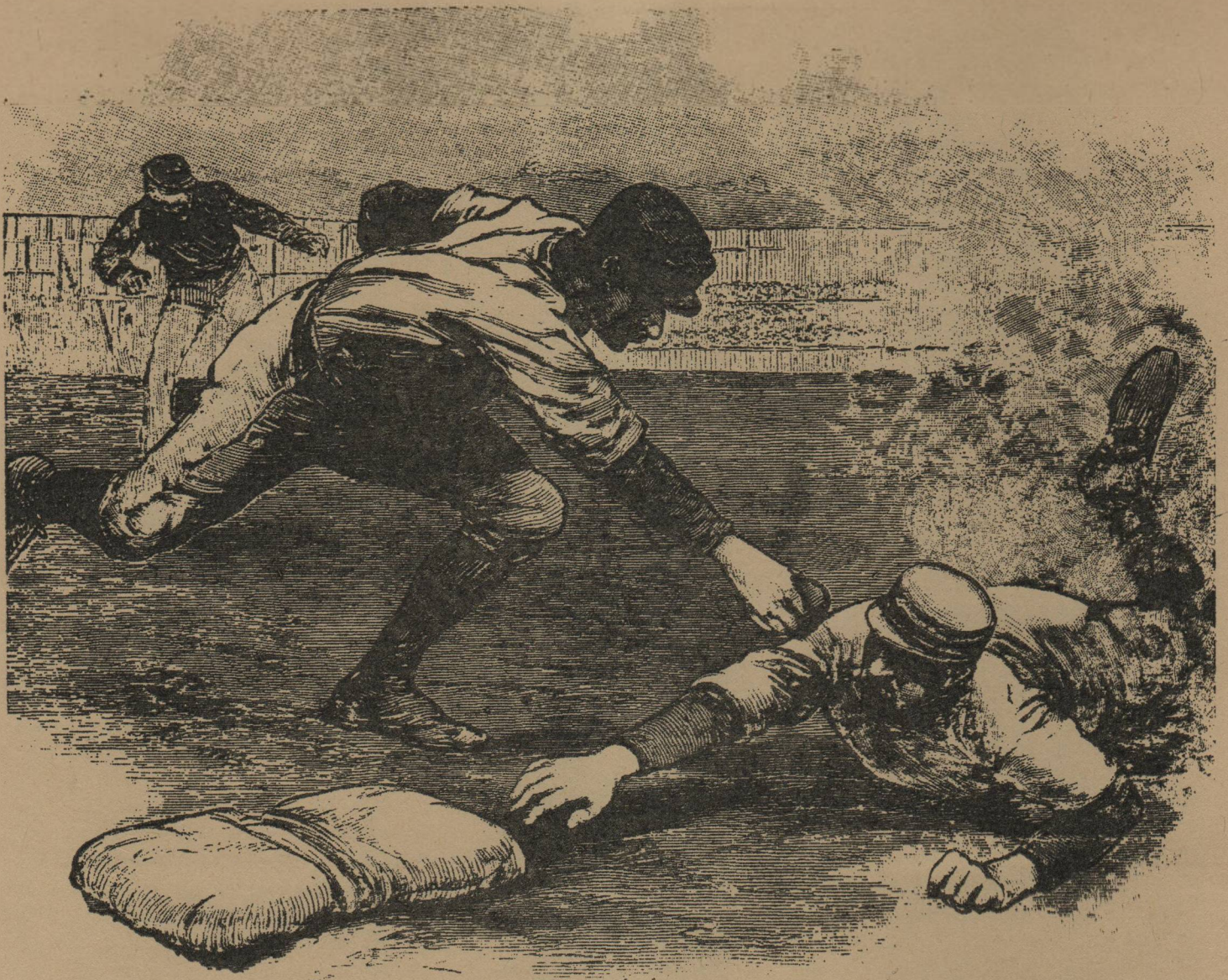
But I would be considered only a fringe fan in baseball fandom, more a spectator and small-scale collector than an active fan. That's strange, when you consider that my interest in baseball has always been so strong and began earlier than my discovery of science fiction. Memories from early childhood are strange, because very brief but clear snatches of recollections can survive into adult life after most memories from so long ago have vanished or melted into general impressions. I can remember with perfect clarity the first time I played baseball. I must have been terribly young, because my father escorted me across the street from our home to the lawn of the big Moller Organ Works factory where some of the neighborhood children were playing one old cat, and I also remember the way I horrified him when I went up to bat for the first time in my life. I straddled home plate, putting one small foot on each side of it, toes pointed at the pitcher, and held my bat in my right hand high over my head like a tennis player preparing to serve. My father called time and enlightened me about the importance of standing on one side of the plate, turning the body sideways, and swinging the bat in a horizontal plane with both hands instead of vertically.

But I was never much good at playing baseball. I was dreadfully scrawny while growing up, didn't have the strength to drive or throw a ball far, never caught the knack of judging a fly ball except for pop-ups, and was slow afoot. Just as many science fiction fans seem to be frustrated writers of science fiction, at first at least, I must have become such an ardent baseball fan because I couldn't play the game very well. The first World Series I got excited about was the one played in 1931 between the A's and Cardinals, when I was eight years old. I somehow learned the name of a St. Louis newspaper and wrote to the Globe-Democrat, asking how much the issues carrying coverage of the series would cost. Some wonderful clerk in its circulation department must have been moved by my scrawl or syntax, because a week later I received an enormous package containing all those issues, gratis. A year or two later, my father began buying me The Sporting News and I'm still reading it religiously, a half-century later. I even served as its Hagerstown correspondent for a dozen years in mid-century when Hagerstown had franchises in the Interstate and Piedmont Leagues.

I can't date the first big league game I heard over the radio during the regular season; all I can remember is that Detroit defeated the A's by a 6-2 score and Mickey Cochrane hit a home run. But in 1934, I began to listen almost every day to the Washington Senators games as described by Arch McDonald, beginning a fondness for that team which never wavered despite its lowly status and eventual demise. Money wasn't plentiful during the Depression years, my family didn't have a car, but my folks managed to get me to Griffith Stadium for one or two games each summer, the first time I'd seen major league baseball.

Meanwhile, I'd started reading the prozines in mid-1933 and five years later became much more active as a science fiction fan than I'd ever been as a baseball fan,





if you define activity as doing creative things instead of just watching, listening, and reading. My infatuation for professional science fiction began to fade in the 1940s and never has returned in its original strength. I was semi-gafrated in science fiction fandom for about a decade from the late 1940s to late 1950s, then resumed a full output of fanac. But such waxings and wanings have not occurred for me as a baseball fan. I love the game, if possible, more now than I ever did, I still spend entirely too much time reading about it, listening to play-by-play broadcasts on the radio, and watching the games that are televised by stations available to my television set. Circumstances outside my control may have been the main reason I haven't been more creative as a baseball fan: forty years of newspaper work involving long hours and for much of that span a six-day work week made it impossible to go to big league ball games very often, Hagerstown was without a minor league team for nearly a quarter-century until it acquired a new franchise in 1981, and many forms of baseball fanac take entirely too much time and money for me to achieve. I read longingly, for instance, of the farmer near Cincinnati who acquired the scoreboard, large sections of the walls, lots of the seating, and other components of Crosley field after the Reds moved into a new stadium, and erected

them on his property, a feat comparable in magnitude to the Willis issue of Warhoon. I'd like to join the pilgrimages of baseball fans who see games in most of the nation's major league cities in a frantic ten-day period or take part in the research organization which goes over ancient newspaper files to make discoveries like the fact that a little-used catcher for the Giants early in this century had only 11 bases on balls during a season for which all the reference books credit him with 12 walks. The only real contributions to baseball lore I've achieved up to now have been a few articles for the Hagerstown newspapers which may have guaranteed the survival of information that would have been otherwise lost. I traced down after endless efforts the location of Hagerstown's 19th century ball park, which no living person is apt to be able to remember after a few more years pass, and I got into print a lot of inside information on the operation of Hagerstown's old Blue Ridge League franchise during the 1920s with a fascinating stack of documents a collector lent me. Now that I've retired, I feel a strong urge to tackle a big sercon project in baseball fandom, a study of minor league baseball in this city during the 20th century. It wouldn't be quite as difficult as researching and writing one of the science fiction fan history books, but I'm not sure my eyes are capable of coping with all the hours of staring at microfilm readers that the project would require. On the other hand, I've already had a publication offer for such a manuscript and I would get much egoboo if I did it and sent a copy to the Hall of Fame library in Cooperstown, perhaps qualifying in that way as at least a small-scale BNF in baseball fandom.

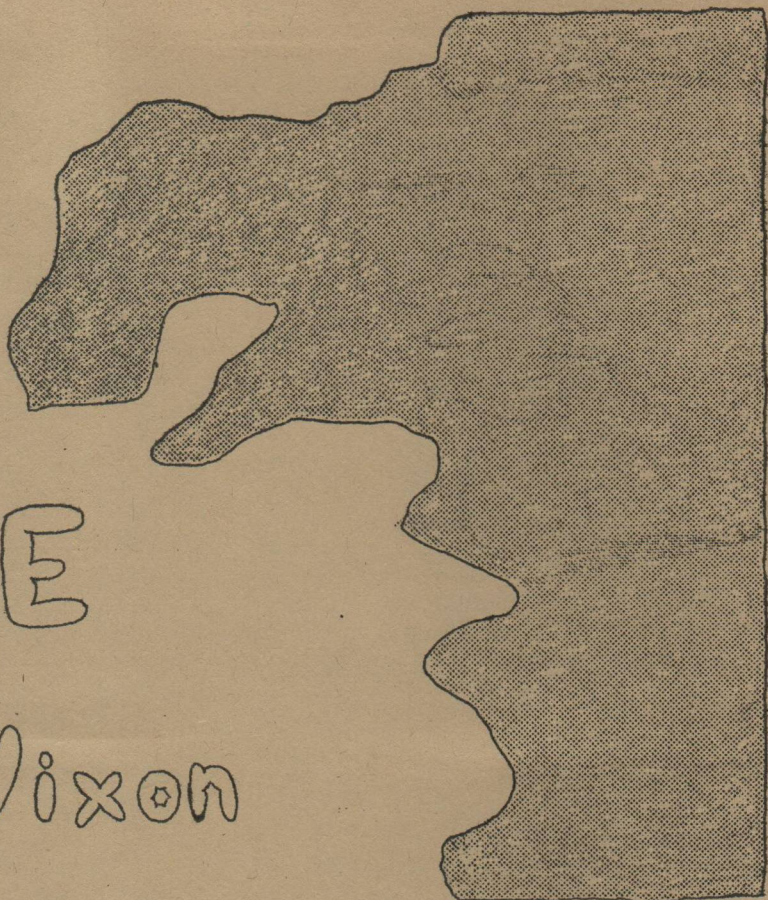
This semi-secret love of baseball has even affected the accuracy of the way some fannish visitors have described my home in print. They write about my attic filled with fanzines, correspondence, and science fiction books. But in actuality, quite a bit of its space is occupied by stacks and stacks of The Sporting News. One of the few non-utilitarian objects on my desk is a grimy baseball on which the signature of Arthur Ehlers is fading badly; it was last in play during an Inter-State League game in Hagerstown one-third of a century ago. It's right beside the framed note from Kim Darby. There's a fair amount of baseball memorabilia in the theoretically empty spare bedrooms: I've acquired some rather rare books and other old publications on the sport at flea markets and yard sales.

Some of those books attempt to answer the question of why baseball retains such strong fascination for people like me. None of them gives a clear-cut, indisputable solution to the mystery, so I won't attempt to solve the problem in three pages of typing. When I was young I was moderately interested in basketball and football, but they have lost their appeal for me by now; baseball retains all the fascination it ever exercised on me.

I feel better, now that I've written this and have brought out into the open an aspect of me that has been semi-secret up to now. But I do sometimes wonder what vast amounts of fanac I would have achieved down through the years, if instead of baseball I'd had a passion for a sport like luge, which would take only about ten minutes of televising time every four years at the Olympics and perhaps one hour of reading time in a lifetime.

NEVER RAIN ON MY PARADE

by Dave Wixon



It was well-lit in the caverns I traversed; but as I turned and stepped through the short tunnel the green thing expanded before me, seeming to pulse with a peculiar luminous quality I've never seen elsewhere. Even the air above it seemed a part of it, possessed of a definite quality that delimited it -- showed it to be different. The green creature huddled in its own cavern, surrounded by the bright blue seats that paid it homage in great circles....

It struck me, as I walked down the long course of shallow cement steps towards the left field line: I was in a Cave of Steel, and I didn't remember ever having decided to be there. (Not literally, of course -- I'd taken a bus downtown and bought a ticket while fully dressed and in my right mind.)

What I really mean is that I suddenly realized, in one more way, that I have again wandered into the Future, not realizing that I was doing so; and the image of sloppy ol' me mooching along with head in the clouds (or clouds in the head) may not be too far from the truth (and is somehow appealing to my self-image).

Caves of Steel was, of course, the great classic by Isaac Asimov, and it has to be counted as one of the primary sources of the images my mind built of the Future, in my adolescent time (which ended yesterday). But my point is that it took me several trips into the Metrodome, the great teflon-roofed concrete bowl that now houses the Vikings and the Twins, to recognize that the philosophy of security through enclosure didn't die with the taming of the west.

I always figured such a thing as this burying of life would begin in places like New York and Tokyo; but now that I look at it, it seems logical that it would really begin where some other factor can first add its weight to the inevitable political discussions that must come first.

Here in the Twin Cities, as in the other places that went this way, it was weather that swung the balance; and, indeed, we've been doing



this for longer than I'd realized -- the skyway system has been extended year by year, until now one can walk anywhere in downtown Minneapolis without going outside. St. Paul has them, too. I suppose one day they'll connect, with a series of prominent politicians all helping to drive a symbolic Golden Rivet.

We've combatted our susceptibility to the weather by locking the stuff outside -- and no doubt one day other things will be found to have been locked out, too: what journalist will one day be first to document that police services are better inside the skyway system than outside it, for instance?

All this will not come without certain traumas; and for now, sports is the area where those show up.

So we have the people who argue that by throwing the weather out, the Dome has ruined the game -- baseball or football, take your choice; others will say that the Dome has actually make the games better, more pure. Some say that being indoors takes a lot of the pleasure out of those games -- and others say it's worth it not to get wet or cold or even rained out.

Me, I haven't decided just where I come down in this argument. I do know I miss sitting in the sun with a hot dog, somewhere near the third base line with sweat on my back and brim of cap low over the eyes to cut the glare; on the other hand, I was at the coldest game the Vikings ever played in....

I always felt the future would be a big, shining place that I'd see on the horizon, aglow, as I drove towards it. But when I called it, last summer, I got put on hold; and so I opened the window of the third-floor room I was in, and leaned out while waiting to talk, trying to get some cool air -- and hoping to be able to hear myself on the radio without embarrassing feedback.

See, the occasion was that of the Vikes' first game -- only an

exhibition -- in the Metrodome. And, as for all home games of the last few years, the contest was followed by comments and analyses of the event by a variety of presumable experts -- and by a call-in show that invited on-air comment by listeners.

I'd tried calling such a program on occasions in the past, but never got beyond a series of busy signals. However, my brother in D.C. having charged me with the duty of keeping him fully informed on the Vikings, so he can defend himself against Redskin fans, I had to call to ask a question.

Specifically, I had noticed that for a time in the fourth quarter the play-by-play man had listed the Vikings defensive line as manned by three ends and a tackle. I felt (accurately, as it turned out) that this would be significant for later in the season...well, anyway, I wanted to ask the experts exactly how the players had lined up: who was inside, who outside, and which on left and right.

Sunuvagun! Paul Flatley hadn't noticed at the time, and didn't know the answers.

It wasn't until afterwards that I realized that my call had been the first one taken -- and so I'd been the first one to call in after the Vikings' first game in the Dome.

I can live with the fame.

The real kicker, though, came almost four months later, after the players' strike ended and WCCO was trying to bring radio attendance back to the customary high numbers...and the long radio commercial that played for weeks on the most-listened-to AM station in town, using short examples of each portion of a typical broadcast -- included my voice starting off my question.

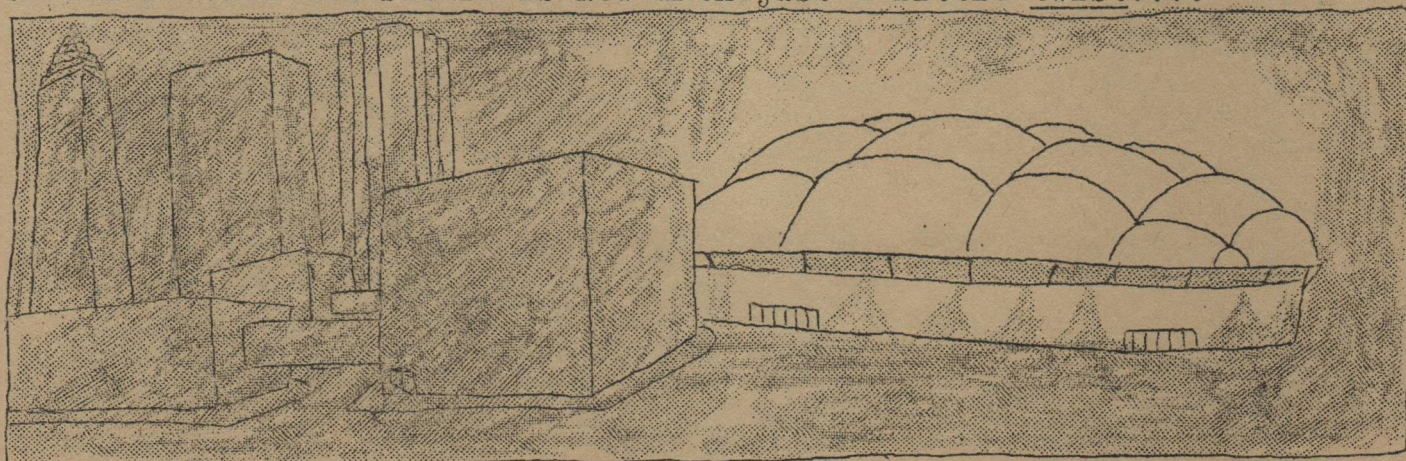
I still have some trouble dealing with this, I'm afraid. I always recognize the voice, but it takes a moment to realize, at gut level, that it's me. An that makes it surreal, because I don't really see myself as fitting into that world -- the world of people who talk on the radio.

Which is appropriate, in a way -- because there is a certain air of unreality about the Dome anyway. I think it's the lighting....

What I mean is that this future does glow on the horizon, sometimes, like a soft, opalescent balloon squashed flat on the skyline -- when it's gotten dark out the thing looks kinda like the moon has gone down and fallen flat on the edge of the world.

Inside, too, there's something different.

But the whole thing is a kind of Future; and maybe some of us don't really see ourselves as fitting into that kind of Future -- that kind of world. Maybe the worst kind of Future Shock is the kind you get when that world sneaks up on you from behind and taps you on the shoulder...and the Future is Now with just a little twist....



A FEW MINUTES WITH GERRI BALTER

Have you ever watched the lines on the highway: the dividing lines, the Do Not Pass lines, etc.? Aren't they boring? I think they are, so I decided to see if I could think of a way of livening them up.

First, I thought of using different colors. Wouldn't it be neat if the lines could be painted different colors? It would be pretty, but not very informative. Then, I thought about using dots or some other design on the lines. That was better, but something was still missing.

After doing lots more thinking, I came up with a terrific solution. There are a great many artists who need to exhibit their work. There just isn't enough space for them to do so. Even if there were, there would be a good chance that the right people wouldn't see them. Well, why not let them use the lines on the highways as a space to exhibit their work? Every artist would have so many feet of highway line or island to use as he/she wishes. The only stipulation would be that they would have to sign their work and put down a number at which they could be reached. Just think how lovely that would make our highways.

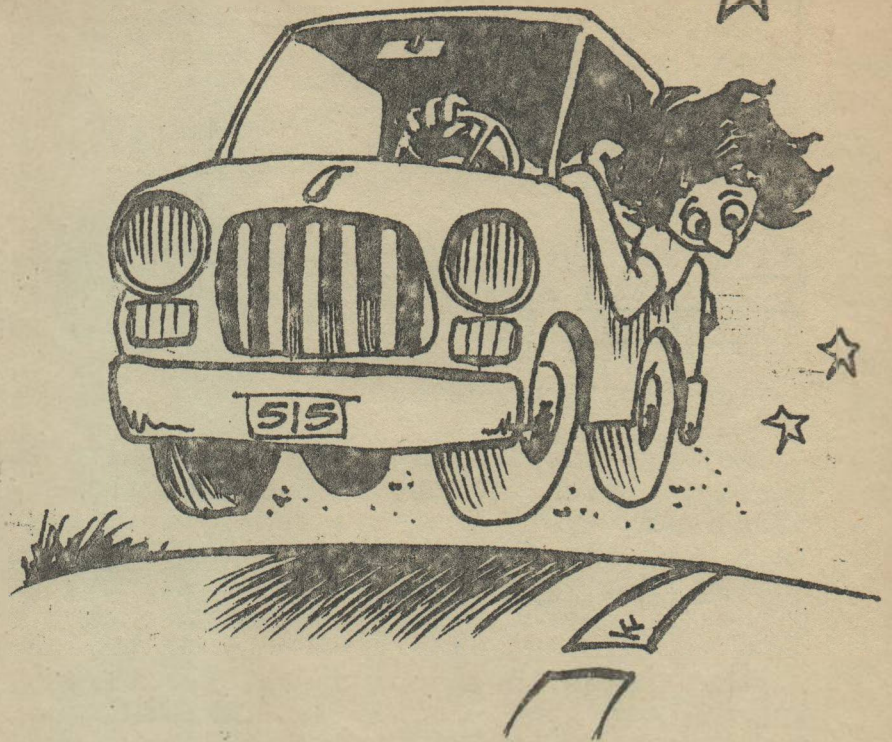
Now, I know there are those of you out there who see faults with this idea. I thought I would address some of the ones I've heard already. There are those who say that this might slow down traffic. I hope it does. It seems that there are fewer traffic accidents at lower speeds. And just think how much nicer traffic jams would be if there were some nice paintings in the street to look at while you wait.

There are those who politely point out that in Minnesota, the lines on the highways fade during the winter. So much the better! In this way, artists can get different parts of the highways to work on in different years, and new artists can have a place to put their work, too.

I cannot wait to see the highways decked out in rich, warm colors, not the dull white and yellow we usually see. Perhaps some who like the artwork on certain highways could get a wardrobe to match, for instance, an I-94 outfit to match the artwork between the University and Hwy. 230.

There are so many highways and freeways and even city streets in each state, I wonder if there will be enough artists to go around. If not, I suppose some unpublished writers could use some of the space to write some of their smaller poems or stories, with the same stipulation as the artists. As an unpublished writer, myself, I wouldn't mind using the highway to write some of my stories which haven't been published yet.

Have I ever told you about the...



RUNE

BOOK REVIEWS

THE BIG THREE

Friday, by Robert A. Heinlein, 1982, Holt, Rinehart, and Winston
Foundation's Edge, by Isaac Asimov, 1982, Doubleday
2010: Odyssey Two, by Arthur C. Clarke, 1982, Ballantine Books

Reviewed by Bruce Kvam (several months before the Hugo Awards -- Ed.)

Science fiction has been doing quite well in the market place lately. Seven of the ten books on the New York Times bestseller list of January 9, 1983 were science fiction (or a reasonable facsimile). In second and fourth place were 2010: Odyssey Two, by Arthur C. Clarke, and Foundation's Edge, by Isaac Asimov (which had been up to third place in previous weeks). A number of months before, Heinlein's Friday made it into the middle reaches of the bestseller lists.

What makes these books sell so well? Is the public at large accepting SF more openly now? Are SF readers the people with the money? Are more people reaching for SF to escape our current economic woes? I don't know, but that won't stop me from speculating. Let's take the three books by the three biggest SF writers alive today and examine why they stand where they do.

Unfortunately, there is much more to a book than its contents. How well a book sells has nothing at all to do with how well it is written. Three of the most important aspects of success are the author's name, media connections, and the amount of money spent on advertising.

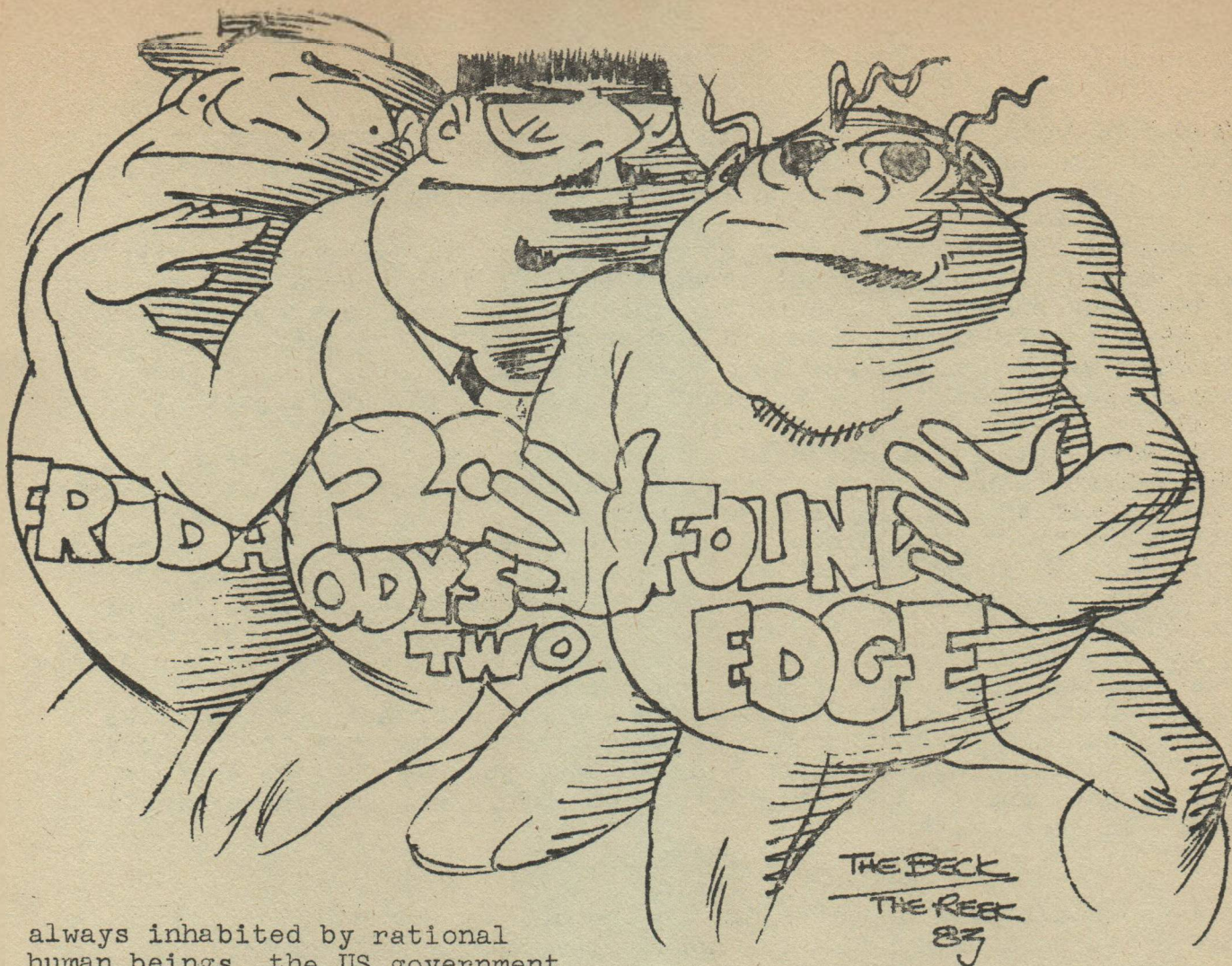
These three authors inarguably qualify as Names. They have collectively been SF writers for at least 120 years, and are probably on equal footing in the public's eye.

The media connections for 2010: Odyssey Two are impressive. 2001: A Space Odyssey was the most successful SF film before Star Wars. Given those credentials alone, I would have to predict that 2010 would do the best. Though there was no movie made for the Foundation trilogy, I think that being the sequel to one of the all-time SF classics should be a pretty big draw in and of itself. So Foundation's Edge should come in second. Poor, imaginative Heinlein does the worst by coming up, with an original work. Connections are everything in life, ain't they?

As for advertising, only the SF books by big authors receive any advertising outside the SF community. I have no idea what the respective budgets were for these three books, but I bet 2010 received the most, simply because it has the largest potential audience.

With this incisive reasoning and these precise financial statistics, we can see why these books do as well as they do. But how about the books themselves? Do they really count for nothing?

The basic plot for 2010 is right out of today's headlines. In the years since the space ship Discovery began circling Jupiter, its orbit has decayed due to the drag of Jupiter's atmosphere (remember Skylab? and Cosmos 1402?). It will burn up in the jovian atmosphere unless someone acts soon. NASA, always the victim of a stingy Congress, is helpless. But the Russians can make it in time, and they ask the cooperation of the Americans. Amazingly, as Clarke's universes are



always inhabited by rational human beings, the US government agrees to the joint salvage operation and they set off for Jupiter. We then follow Heywood Floyd, the only character from 2001 to appear in 2010, from his home in Hawaii to Jupiter aboard the Russian space ship Cosmonaut Alexei Leonov.

Yes, you find out what happened to HAL, and why David Bowman was more of a machine than HAL. Clarke does a better job with characters in this book than usual. His people are always so reasonable and intelligent and hardly ever have any personal problems, but this time they do. Don't expect any Harlan Ellison, but I think Clarke is still growing as a writer. Of course, Clarke's forte has always been big ideas, and 2010 is no piker. Of the three books, I got the most over-all enjoyment from this one.

One thing did kind of annoy me about the book though: Clarke constantly dropped little things that no one will remember in the year 2010 (he mentioned Star Wars, for example), and did a few other 'cute' things that may have been aimed at the motion picture sheikhs.

Foundation's Edge is the fourth book in the Foundation series, the third volume of which was printed in the early 1950's. Asimov picks up the story some 500 years after the foundation of the Foundation. The book covers the exploits of one Golan Trevize as he tries to seek out the Second Foundation ("Didn't they do that in the last book?" you ask. In any case, they're doing it again in this one).

Golan Trevize is a councilman on Terminus, and is having a terrible time convincing the current mayor that something is wrong with the Seldon Plan, just when it seems to be going so well. His reason? It is proceeding too well. Everything is going along as Seldon predicted it would more than 500 years before, and that is flatly impossible.

The Second Foundation must be interfering with the plan, manipulating mankind like puppets on strings. Trevize is run off the planet with secret instructions to find the Second Foundation, with the cover story that he is looking for Earth.

Much of the first fifty pages of *Foundation's Edge* are a rehash of what went on in the previous three books. I didn't find this portion of the book particularly boring, since it had been several years since I'd read the trilogy. What did bother me was the preposterous climax. The fate of the galaxy rests in the hands of one man, and is there a reasonable explanation of why that should be? No. It's just plain silly.

Another thing that bothered me was the paucity of new ideas in this book. Everything that Asimov hadn't used elsewhere already was stolen from another author. It's also amusing to track how our current technology has progressed since Asimov wrote the original books and compare it to similar progress made in the Foundation after a period of "technological stagnation." In particular the computers bothered me. In the original trilogy they used slide rules and mechanical calculators. In *FE* they have machines that we'll have in about ten years, yet Asimov tries to make them into mystic oracles.

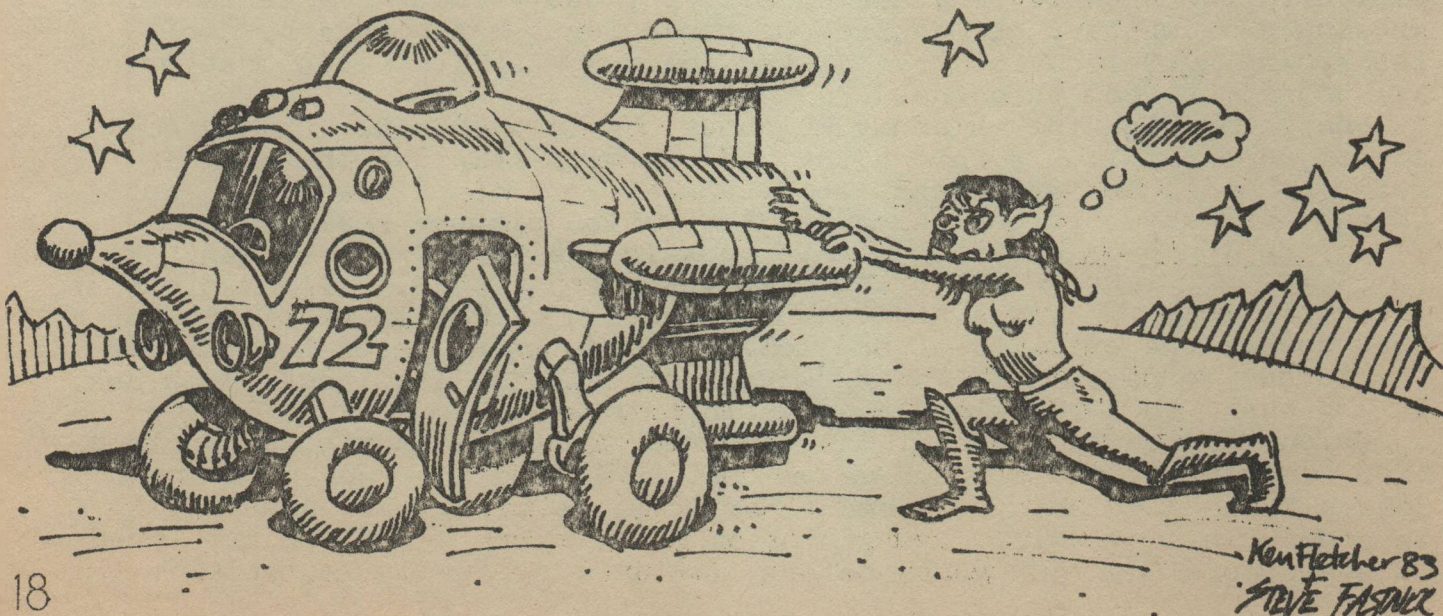
In general I find it difficult to be fair with Asimov. He lives only to see his next hundredth book published, and thus doesn't seem to care so much what it is that he writes, just as long as there's lots of it. And to make it all the worse, his writing is terminally cute. *FE* ended with

THE END
(for now)

He couldn't have a postscript on the dust jacket telling the reader that he is hard at work on the next volume of the second trilogy. No, he had to end his book by telling you in his cute little way that there is another volume (if not two) in this epic.

I didn't much care for *Foundation's Edge*. It seemed too contrived, with a terribly contorted plot which tried to emulate its predecessors in the Foundation trilogy, but with little effect. Asimov has tried to cast it in the same mold as the original books, but for me the attempt failed. It's not 1950 anymore.

Robert Heinlein's *Friday* is not a sequel, but an original work. That's not to say that it is original. It's chock full of characters



who say exactly what Heinlein's characters have been saying for the past two or three decades, in that same authoritative, sometimes authoritarian, manner. If you liked Heinlein's previous work, you'll probably like Friday. If not, you'll probably hate it.

I liked it, but then I like most of Heinlein. Friday is an adventure novel, with a lot more action and emotion than either Asimov or Clarke are able to put in a book.

It's about a female secret agent, known as Friday, and what happens to her on an earth that is falling into many pieces. Friday has everything: she's smart, she's beautiful, she's strong. But she's not human. Friday is the end product of a very successful genetic manipulation program--better than human. The oppressive masses of mundane humanity doggedly maintain that despite her superior body and intellect, she is less than human. Oh, she can prove that she is human, both legally (with skillfully forged papers) and physically (with many, um, close inspections). She is human, and she can convince anyone of it. Except herself.

These shreds of self-doubt are what made Friday work for me. If she had been another of those completely infallible heroines I would have thrown the book across the room before I was half done. There were rough spots, of course. The ending was pretty weak, with amazing coincidences every three pages. Friday made some very bad mistakes that were completely out of character, but were required to push the plot on its proscribed path. Friday is a hopeful comeback by Heinlein after the unfortunate Number of the Beast.

All in all, these three books represent well the previous works of their authors: Clarke is still writing those slow-paced, awe-inspiring books that make you think in terms of universes; Asimov is still writing those galaxy-spanning yarns in which two men sit and do nothing but talk; and Heinlein is still writing adventures with characters who have strong minds and take decisive actions.

Will this be the last year we see these three men appear in print simultaneously? Asimov has suffered a heart attack. Heinlein has been having medical problems for years. Clarke had vowed never to write another book (but went back on his promise). These men have been writing about the future for so long now. It seems a damned shame that they won't live to see everything they wrote come true.

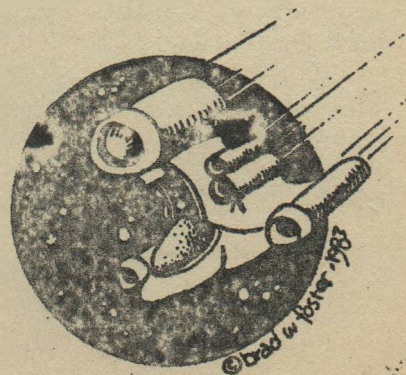
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The Mists of Avalon, by Marion Zimmer Bradley, 1983,
Alfred A. Knopf

Reviewed by Gerri Falter

I admit I bought and read this book because it was written by Marion Zimmer Bradley. My knowledge of the subject matter of this book came from watching "Camelot", "Excalibur", and "The Sword in the Stone".

After reading this book, however, I have a great curiosity to know more about this matter. For those who don't know, The Mists of Avalon is the story of King Arthur and his knights as told by the women who participated in it: Igraine (Arthur's mother), Morgaine (Arthur's sister), Viviane (Arthur's aunt),



Morgause (Arthur's aunt), and Gwenhwyfar (Arthur's wife). The main character is Morgaine. I am not going to tell you the plot of this book, but I will explain why I liked it.

The main reason I enjoyed the book is because there are no "good guys" or "bad guys" in it. The book is inhabited by characters who do what they do because they think it is the right thing to do. The characters are fighting for the survival of what they believe in and they do what they must in order to make sure that what they believe in does survive. The fight for survival is between early Christianity and non-Christian religions. It is made very obvious to the reader that both cannot survive side by side. Even though I get the idea that the author leans more toward the non-Christian religions, both sides are portrayed quite fairly, to me. However, I am not a Christian.

I enjoyed the fact that the events were told through the eyes of the women because I get the chance to see how everyday life was lived in those days as well as the larger history-making events. One of the amusing events to me was Gwenhwyfar's worrying that she might have to go to the bathroom just as she was getting ready to leave to meet Arthur for the first time. It helped me identify with the character.

I felt the author did her very best to help the reader understand the characters in this novel. It was very strange for me when I read about this timid Gwenhwyfar who was afraid of being out in the open and who was portrayed as a very pious Christian and comparing it with Vanessa Redgrave singing "The Lusty Month of May".

This is not a book that can be quickly read. The author gives the reader a great deal of background and minute detail that surrounds what is happening at all times. Those who are looking for some light reading would not be advised to pick up this book. Every time I picked up the book to read it, I would find myself back in the days of Arthur long after I put the book down. It was an enjoyable experience.

I do have a few nits to pick with the book. The biggest one is that the main female character in the book is supposed to be Morgaine. Yet she leaves Arthur's court for a time and gets lost in another land. Instead of telling about what happens to her in great detail, it is glossed over and suddenly we are in Arthur's court and are seeing everything through Gwenhwyfar's eyes. Now, when Morgaine was a child, we saw events through the eyes of others. But Morgaine is there and the events had something to do with her. My other nit to pick is that we never know what happens to Arthur during his childhood. In fact, I've never seen any movie that does much with this aspect of Arthur's life. And I admit I'm curious about how he spent his childhood.

I would recommend the book to those who know a great deal about the Arthurian legend because I think they would get a different perspective on the events. I would also recommend this book to people like me who know little about the legend because I learned a great deal from it and hope you will, too.



RUNE BRAND SWEETENED CONDENSED BOARD OF DIRECTORS MINUTES

Board Members: Don Bailey, Judy Cilcain, Scott Ines, Karen Johnson, Sharon Kahn.

Officers: Dean Gahlon, President; Gin Nelson, Vice President; Joel Halpern, Treasurer; David E Romm, Recording Secretary; Lynn Anderson, Attendance Secretary; Mark Richards, Corresponding Secretary.

4/26/83

Sharon makes a motion "recommending that we read the bylaws as entertainment." Not voted on, but various passages' interpretations discussed.

People are encouraged to save milk cartons for Mpls. Aquatennial Milk Carton Boat Race. 2000 are needed to compete in Admiral Class.

5/10/83

Board authorizes fall con (Maxicon), agrees to advance \$500.

6/14/83

Rune and Rune disclaimer discussed with merriment.

Minicon Exec reappointed themselves because no one complained on the suggestion sheets passed around at a Minicon meeting.

Midway Motor Inn chosen as Maxicon site (changed at last minute due to hotel problems).

10/25/83

Maxicon: About \$450 to be returned to the club. Since \$500 seed money was used, Maxicon lost about \$50. Entire loss can be attributed to additional costs associated with the last minute move from Midway Motor Inn to McGuire's Inn. Estimated extra costs due to move about \$377. Possibility of legal action to be discussed at next meeting.

Rune: Board requests that Rune editors attend next meeting of board with Rune issue or a timetable for publication.

Mike Wood Memorial Fund: In recognition of Mike's many contributions to Minn-Stf, the board will authorize the donation of at least \$100 of Minn-Stf funds, and will match club members' contributions to a maximum donation of \$500 of club funds. Recipient to be chosen at next meeting.

11/15/83

Mike Wood Memorial Fund: Contribution will be made to Ducks Unlimited Unlimited, a non-profit group that works to maintain wetlands for duck habitat.



ask DR. MIMEO

Dear Dr. Mimeo:

Someone just handed me a stack of four-hole stencils to print, and I have discovered that they will not fit on my trusty Gestetner stencil duper. Pray tell me, Good Doctor, what can I do?

-- Befuddled

Dear Befuddled:

Do not despair! Dr. Mimeo is here to save the day. As I am sure you have noticed, the silk screen on your Gestetner is wider than the four-hole stencils, and the stencil clamp does not match the holes in your stencil headings. There are simple solutions to both these problems.

First, get a roll of transparent adhesive tape, at least $\frac{1}{2}$ " wide. Apply a strip of tape to each of the long edges of the underside of the stencil, so that the tape extends beyond the stencil edges by at least $\frac{1}{4}$ ". The smooth side of the tape should face the stencil backing sheet, so that the sticky side of the tape will face the silk screen when the stencil is mounted on the duper (see Figure 1).

When mounting the modified stencil on the machine, raise the stencil fixing bar and carefully center the stencil in the stencil clamp (see Figure 2). Close the stencil clamp by pushing down firmly on the stencil fixing bar, punching new holes in the stencil heading (see Figure 3). Print as usual. Have a beer.

This technique will doubtless save you many hours of frustration. I am reminded of a rather sticky situation that developed many years

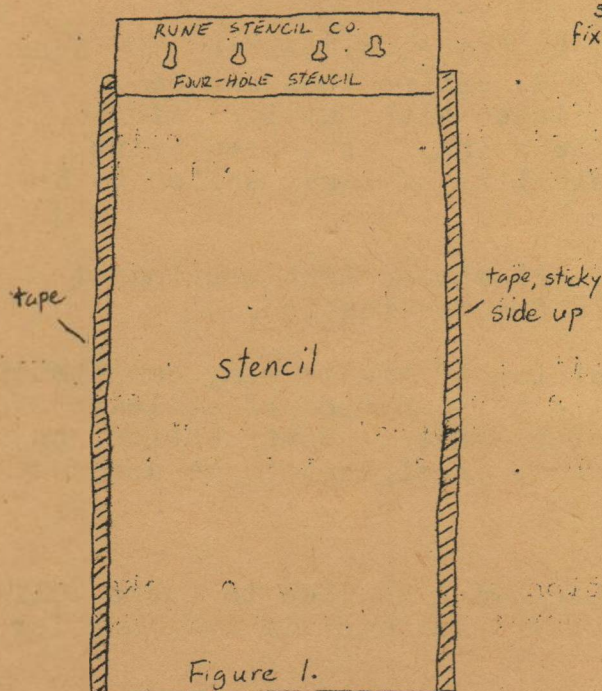


Figure 1.

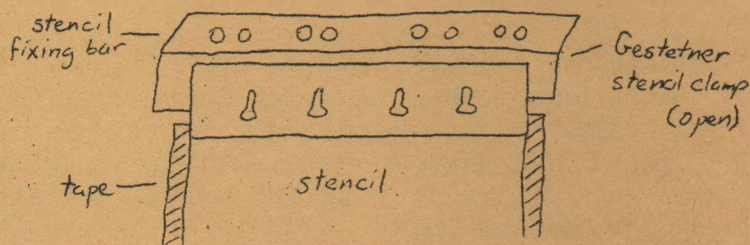


Figure 2.

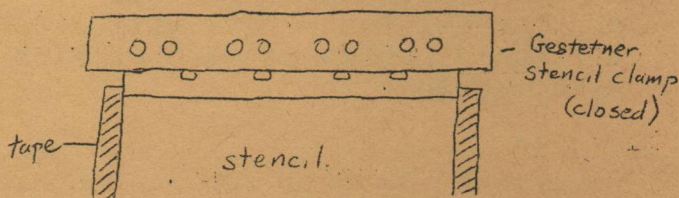


Figure 3.

ago when I was stationed in India. It was in the Punjab, no doubt, in the vicinity of the Khyber Pass. I was serving as Commander of His Majesty's Gesteetner Battalion of the Royal Bengal Lancers. We had clawed our way from Trivandrum to Rawalpindi, and our supply of stencils was running perilously low.

We had hoped to replenish our supplies at the garrison at Corfluabad, and had almost reached it when disaster struck. We encountered an enemy force of overwhelming strength, and all routes of retreat were cut off; we were surrounded. A fierce struggle ensued and our lads acquitted themselves well, but we were down to our final stencil as darkness fell.

Our only hope was to send a patrol through enemy lines to the garrison to obtain a fresh supply of stencils. A group of brave volunteers was assembled and dispatched, armed only with a hectograph. Faced with incredible odds, the patrol managed to return a few hours later with several quires of stencils. We worked feverishly through the remainder of the night, and as dawn approached we were ready to load the machines. It was at this point that a terrible discovery was made: the stencils that we had obtained and prepared through such effort were four-hole stencils that would not fit our duplicators. Catastrophe seemed imminent.

Suddenly, I had an inspiration. Our remaining supplies included a bottle of stencil cement and a few unused stencils. I quickly sliced the unused stencils into thin strips, and attached them with stencil cement to the edges of the prepared stencils. At my command, the duplicators were loaded by jamming the stencils into the stencil clamps, punching new holes. The machines were ready without a moment to spare.

As daylight broke, we launched a devastating barrage, and the enemy fled from the field in disarray. The battle was won, and we reached the garrison with no further difficulty. For my efforts in this triumph, I was awarded the Victoria Cross and the Distinguished Duplication Medal.

I sincerely hope that you never find yourself in a situation where your very survival depends upon your ability to run incorrect stencils on your duplicator. It is reassuring to know, however, that in a pinch, this technique is usable.

* * * * *

Dr. Mimeo answers all sorts of questions about the finer points of the arcane science of mimeography. Send your questions to Dr. Mimeo, c/o Rune, P.O. Box 2128, Loop Station, Minneapolis, Minnesota, 55402.

RUNE

FANZINES

CAROL
KENNEDY

Many months ago the new editors of RUNE asked me if I would like to do fanzine reviews for them. At the time I did not guess that my first column would be due within a month after the arrival of our child. (Actually, it--the column, not the child--was due some time back, but you know how these things are.) So here I sit at my typer at the last possible moment, listening to the childish laughter as father and son play together downstairs (occasionally the baby laughs, too), wondering whether I'll ever have time to be a Real Fan. Parenthood seems to be a full-time occupation.

For those who wonder about such things: The baby's name is Benjamin Kwang-Soo Kennedy Adams. He was born in South Korea on May 20, 1983, and arrived in the U.S. on November 12, 1983. We are adopting him through the Children's Home Society of Minnesota. I will be writing regular "Benjamin Reports" (idea borrowed from Sharon Kahn). If you would like to receive them, please let me know; if you are someone I don't see frequently (and especially if you are not from the Twin Cities), I would appreciate your sending me self-addressed stamped envelopes.

And now, on to the column's reason for existing. M.K. and Erik have asked that I list all the fanzines RUNE has received. In cases where we have received several issues, I'll list only the most recent.

THE ALPHA CENTURA COMMUNICATOR, c/o SF3, SUB Box 120, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, NM 87131. 6 per year; sub. \$3, sample copy 50¢; contributions and trades accepted. Clubzine. November/December 1983 issue has club news, bylaws, general SF/fantasy news, articles, movie reviews, locs. More of general interest than in most clubzines, and cheap.

ARTIST WORKSHOP SHOWCASE, David Heath, Jr., 332 33rd St., San Pedro, CA 90731. "...published in order to provide members of the National Fantasy Fan Federation... with an outlet for their artistic talent and to provide them with assistance in improving their talents and finding markets for their works...invites comment, letters, ARTWORK, and any other assistance..." No. 2, March 83 has some decent art and some advice to artists on getting their work into fan publications.

AURORA, SF³, Box 1624, Madison, WI 53701-1624. 3-issue sub. \$6, single copy \$2.50. "Speculative feminism." Issue #22 has articles, reviews, fiction, poetry, features, and loads of artwork. This is a very good-looking, well-produced, professional-quality zine, except for the front cover, which, in my opinion, is unspeakably ugly. The writing is generally rather serious and quite good.

THE BIBLIOFANTASIAC, editor C.F. Kennedy, 802 Pape Ave., Toronto, Ontario M4K 3S7. 6 per year; sub. \$4.50 (payable to Channel 53 Productions). "A Canadian magazine of fantasy and science fiction." May/June 1983 has the real story on ancient astronauts, book reviews, essays, fiction. Adequate.

BLUE MOON, editor Cheryl Cline, 1621 Detroit Ave. #23, Concord, CA 94520. A genzine made up of writing that first appeared in Women's APA, illustrated with colorful rubber stamps. Thin but excellent. How does one get it?

GUSFUSSING, Columbia University in the City of New York, Science Fiction Society, New York, NY 10027. 12/\$2, 20¢ each; exchange for trade zines, locs, attendance at the Barnard-Columbia Science Fiction Society's meeting, review copies, or any of several other things. Number 38 has locs, book reviews, fiction, and an index of stories that appeared in Unknown. Serviceable appearance, some good material, very cheap.

DE PROFUNDIS, Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, 11513 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood, CA 91601. Monthly. Usually consists of mention of events and some extremely strange minutes of LASFS meetings.

THE DILLINGER RELIC, Arthur D. Hlavaty, 819 W. Markham Ave., Durham, NC 27701. "...a personal journal, available by editorial whim only." It's worth trying to arouse Arthur's whim. He's an often-nominated Hugo loser for best fan writer, and deserves it. (No, no, the nomination, not the loss.)

ESTEY, P.O. Box 1924, Spokane, WA 99201. If you're interested in SubGenius stuff, you may like this. I can't really describe it.

GALACTIC DISPATCH, P.O. Box 1284, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. Monthly?; sub. \$6/year; available also for trade, locs, etc. Clubzine of Science Fiction Assn. of Colorado Springs. Mostly club news.

HEARTS RATING UPDATE NO. 4, Dick Lynch, 4207 Davis Lane, Chattanooga, TN 37416. Quarterly. Just what it says.

HOLIER THAN THOU, Marty and Robbie Cantor, 5263 Riverton Ave. #1, North Hollywood, CA 91601. 3 per year; 3/\$4 U.S., single copy \$1.50 or five international reply coupons. Number 17 has articles by Stu Shiffman, Jean Weber, Adrienne Fein, and others, fanzine reviews by Don D'Amassa and Mike Glycer, a very long letter-column, and more. 92 pages of pretty good stuff; a bargain. Try one.

IBID, Ben Indick, 428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck, NJ 07666. "Published ... for The Esoteric of Dagon." January 1983 issue has a portfolio of good black-and-white reproductions of Michael Whelan art, a play, reviews, and more.

INSIDE JOKE, Elayne Wechsler, 418 E. Third Ave., Roselle, NJ 07203. Monthly; \$1 each. "A newsletter of comedy and creativity." Number 18 has some SubGenius stuff, poetry, articles on a wide variety of topics (some of which I almost understand), and some undecipherable parts. 24 pages of mostly teeny print; lots of material there. The contributors don't waste their time talking about how weird they are; they just do it--a blessed relief in this kind of zine.

IZZARD, Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden, c/o New Decade Productions, Inc., 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, VA 22046. "...published several times a year, is available for arranged trades, printed contributions, \$2 the copy, or 3/\$5." #7 has material by R.A. MacAvoy, Ted White, Steven Bryan Bieler, Debbie Notkin, Terry Carr, Jerry Kaufman, Steve Stiles, Paul Williams, Jay Kinney, and the editors. Good writers, all. However, I find the Nielsen Haydens' publications to be often rather fannisher-than-thou in tone. If that doesn't put you off or you don't agree with me, I recommend this.

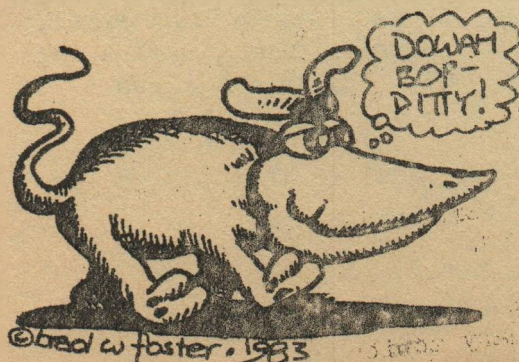
INES OF OCCURRENCE, Arthur D. Hlavaty, 819 W. Markham Ave., Durham, NC 27701. "...a science fiction fanzine...available for \$1 (\$2 outside the US), trade, letter of comment, art, and anything else the editor feels like accepting." See my comments on The Dillinger Relic, above.

LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO AWRY, Fran Skene, 344 - 10202 - 149 St., Surrey, B.C. V3R 3Z8. Irregular; 2/\$2 or available for loc, art, poetry, or trade. Some very personal writing from Fran, poetry (some of it excellent, by my standards) from a variety of people, an interesting and personal lettercolumn; this is number 6.

LUNA AND BEYOND FOR \$8 A YEAR and its successor, the name of which I can't figure out, OSFiC, c/o Bakka Books, 282 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ontario M5V 2A1. Monthly?; included in Ontario Science Fiction Club membership of \$8/year. October

1983 issue has club news, book reviews, a lengthy article on Canadian prozines, and a memorial to Mike Wood. High-priced for those who can't be active members of OSFiC.

INSTANT MESSAGE, New England Science Fiction Assn., Box G, MIT Branch Post Office, Cambridge, MA 02139-0910. Twice monthly; subscribing membership \$12/year. Mostly club news. Boy, do these people have a lot of club news and business!





Q36! Marc Ortlieb, P.O. Box 46, Marden, S.A. 5070, Australia. Irregular; "available for trade, contribution, LoC, at the ever popular editorial whim, or for a naughty in the bushes." The August 1983 issue has articles on such topics as Australian-rules football, "How to Pick Up Sentient Beings", and "The Literature of Excess". (What other topics could possibly be "such as" those?" Very entertaining.

RHETORICAL DEVICE, Clifford R. Wind, #206, 308 Summit E., Seattle, WA 98102. "Available for discourse and by editorial whim. Money accepted only as a last recourse. #2 has an essay on emotion and a lively lettercolumn, even an intellectually stimulating lettercolumn. I like it.

THE SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION REGISTER, 9850 Fairfax Square #232, Fairfax, VA 22031. "Being an unofficial incomplete listing of upcoming gatherings..." Bimonthly; complicated sub. schedule, single copy 25¢ and 20¢ self-addressed stamped envelope.

SCIENTIFRICTION, (no editorial info anywhere in the zine, as far as I can see; but it's from Mike Glyer, 5828 Woodman Ave. Apt. 2, Van Nuys, CA 91401). This is the 10th anniversary issue; it has some very good writing from Stu Shiffman, Taral, Avedon Carol, Arthur Hlavaty, the editor himself, and others. Really worth getting, if you can figure out how.

SPACE AND TIME, Gordon Linzer, 138 W. 70th St. Apt. 4-B, New York, NY 10023. Twice a year; sub. 2/\$7, 4/\$13, single copy \$4. Mainly fiction; some poetry, art, and letters. Has been around a long time--this is #64. Good in its genre.

THE SWAMP GAS JOURNAL, Chris Rutkowski, Box 1918, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 3R2. Irregular. "Letters of Comment...are accepted for publication, as well as book reviews and short articles on UFO and fortean phenomena." That's what's in it. August 1983 is the latest issue we have.

THE TEXAS SF INQUIRER, FACT, P.O. Box 9612, Austin, TX 78766. Monthly?; sub. \$2 or with membership in FACT at \$12/year. "The best little newszine in Texas." August 1983 issue has a variety of news, a memorial to Larry Propp, con reports, letters, and club meeting listings. Interesting and attractive.

TO THE STARS, John & Bjo Trimble, 3963 Wilshire Blvd. #142, Los Angeles, CA 90010. Bimonthly; sub. 6/\$8. Premiere issue has a wide variety of material, from "The Jungles of Craft: Write a Book in 10 Weeks" by John & Nancy Crowe to "What Will Life Be Like in the Year 3000?" with viewpoints from several writers. "Future issues...will contain interviews of science fiction and fantasy authors and artists, more space news, media newsbits, artwork, cartoons, letters..." Professionally typeset--looks as if it intends to be a prozine. Lots of interesting material.

We also received three catalogs/sales lists:

J. & I. Kennelly, P.O. Box 5230, Lakeland, FL 33803. Lots of Arkham House books in first edition and other first editions, as well as less esoteric material. Bud Plant Inc., P.O. Box 1886, Grass Valley, CA 95945. Books, zines, comics, art. Comic Shopper, 316 3rd Ave. S.E., Cedar Rapids, IA 53401. Ads from various suppliers.

To round out this column, I'm going to list a few fanzines that the editors or I received for ourselves, rather than in trade for RUNE.

BLATANT, Avedon Carol, 4409 Woodfield Road, Kensington, MD 20895. Available for the usual or \$2. Personal writing, short essays on many topics. Terrific.

PRIVATE HEAT, Lee Pelton, P.O. Box 3145, Traffic Station, Minneapolis, MN 55403. Irregular; sub. 4/\$4, single copy \$1.50. #2/3 has part 2 of Lee's "My Life Through Rock 'n' Roll", some of the most entertaining writing I've read in a fanzine in a long time. Also a comic strip by Emma Bull & Will Shetterly, a story by C.J. Cherryh, a poem by Billy Wolfenbarger that's illustrated by Barb Armata, and a lot of other very, very good stuff. This is just plain My Favorite Fanzine. Lee's about to mail another issue; I urge you to order one.

QUINAPALUS, M.K. Digre, 4629 Columbus Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55407. "Available for fanzines in trade, letters of comment, humorous contributions, \$1, or 50p." I don't know whether M.K. will be able to continue publishing even at his former erratic pace (the December 1982 issue actually came out in February 1983 or so) now that he's editing RUNE. The problem for his schedule--and the glory of his fanzines--is that he's a perfectionist. His mimeography is flawless, and much of the zine's artwork is done on stencil. He attracts some very good humorous writers, and he's adept in that field himself.

WHIMSEY, Jeanne Gomoll, 409 S. Brooks St., Madison, WI 53715. Published on a whimsical basis and available for the usual. Jeanne writes about her life and the people in it with grace, humor, style, and definitely whimsy.

MAINSTREAM, Jerry Kaufman and Suzle, 4326 Winslow Place N., Seattle, WA 98103. "Available for \$1, trade, letter, contribution or any strenuous expression of interest." The March 1983 issue has articles by David Emerson, Loren MacGregor, Terry Garey, Jon Singer, David Bratman, Greg Benford, and the editors and artwork by Ken Fletcher, Brad Foster, Alexis Gilliland, Bob Lee, Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Andrew Porter, Stu Shiffman, Dan Steffan, and Reed Waller. It's a shame they couldn't get anyone good... (For those of you who are new to the wonderful world of fanzines, that's a joke. That's quite an impressive lineup.)

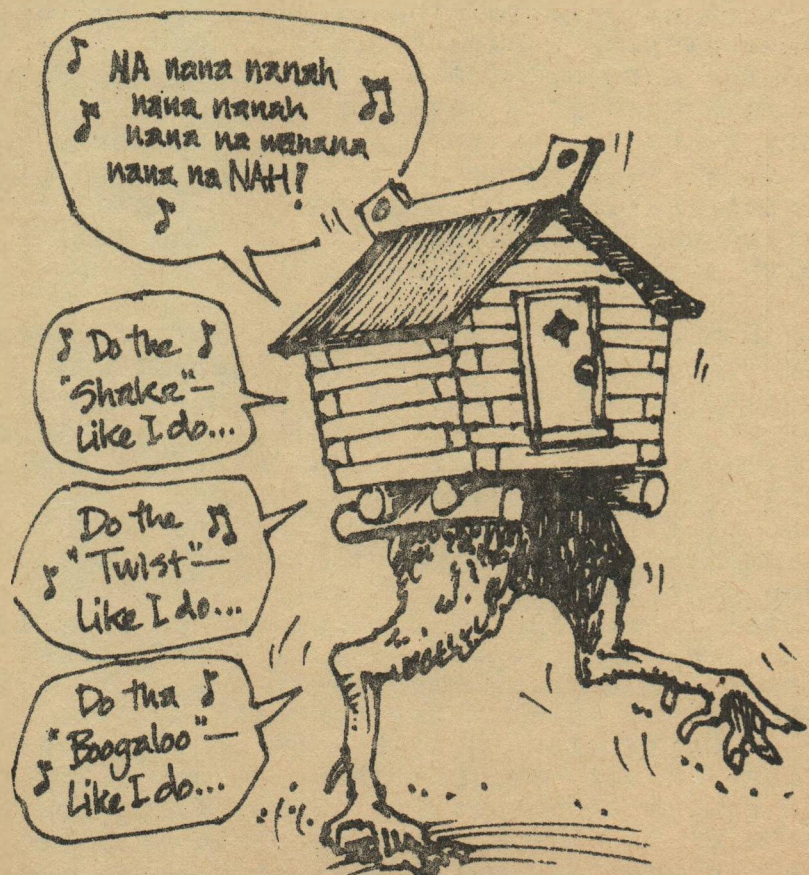
I think that the RUNE editors want to continue to list all the fanzines RUNE receives in trade. However, in the future I will probably just list them and do longer reviews of a few.

It is likely that the zines that get longer reviews will be the ones I have my own copy of. This isn't intended as solicitation of a bribe-- "Send me yur fanzine if ya wanna be in my column!"-- but as a statement of practical policy. Fanzines that come directly to me are ones that I have the longest to read, make notes on, and write reviews of.

Please do not put me on your mailing list and take RUNE off. I want to be added if possible, but not substituted. My address is

3336 Aldrich Ave. S.
Minneapolis, MN 55408

Letters discussing my reviews are also welcome.



Kenf's

RUNE

LETTERS

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

I found Sci-Fi People Weekly amusing, although I admit to having never looked through an issue of People, which I assume it parodies. The National Enquirer used to arrive at my desk at the office regularly, for some reason I never understood. I glanced through each copy, and have never felt any inclination to look at any remotely similar publication since the complimentary copies stopped coming.

And it's nice to see what some of you Twin Cities people look like, if my faith that the captions of the halftones can be trusted isn't too naive.

The Bong issue is notable for the insight into con politics which John Bartelt's editorial provides. Even if he wrote it in a particularly bad mood, the editorial seems to cast some light on general problems that may have some bearing on the difficulties other cons have been having during the past year or two: if these disputes can turn up in connection with Minicon, they probably afflict other cons.

The tiny book reviews are surprisingly informative. I second the nomination of Home, Sweet Homicide as a fine mystery story. Moreover, there was a movie version produced in the mid-1940s which was almost as entertaining as the book and had the additional distinction of featuring Randolph Scott in one of his rare non-Western appearances on the screen. I also like the A. A. Fair novels by Earle Stanley Gardner and I've never understood why the television industry didn't try to base a series on them. If Perry Mason and his friends created such a smash success for so many years (it's still running on Ted Turner's WTBS super station in Atlanta) the quite different and more vivid continuing characters in the Fair series might also produce high ratings with viewers.

Ed Rom
2600 $\frac{1}{2}$ Calihan Ave.
Bemidji, MN 56601

"One Last Bitter, Cheap-Shot Editorial" was rather interesting. I have an observation or two to make. I agree substantially with what the editorial has to say, although I am not an insider with Minn-stf, and therefore don't know about the faction fights that are evidently going on.

I do know that something has been happening to Minicon over the last few years. I first started going to cons in 1978, with the Minicon of that year, which was the last one to be held at the Leamington Hotel in Minneapolis. Minicon has been less fun each year since then.

What is the problem? I don't know, but it may be as John says; there's something wrong with the con committee, or rather, the people who decide on what the con will be like. John brings up a good point when he mentions how the con committee was worrying about the con getting too big, and how they are now worrying about it getting too small. It smacks of insecurity to me; first the arrogant, cliquish attitude of exclusion, and then the panic when people decide they don't need to be included anyway. I actually think that the con has been getting smaller because of the bad state of the economy.

I was peeved, though, when I learned that the con committee felt that Minicon was getting too big. It's amusing now to learn that they are worried about declining attendance. I guess some people can never be satisfied.

I actually think that Minn-stf is suffering from hardening of the arteries. Just today I got a flyer in the mail from the Board of Directors disclaiming any responsibility for Rune Vol. 10, No. 10. They actually "apologize to anyone who might have been hurt or offended" by the material in that Rune. This mystifies me, because I don't really know what they are talking about. Was it the Bartelt editorial? The SubGenius material? At any rate, the flyer convinced me of one thing for sure: the powers-that-be in Minn-stf are into being dull.

Brad W. Foster Loved reading John's last bitter, cheap-shot edi-
4109 Pleasant Run torial. Always fun to read this kind of stuff
Irving, TX 75062 without knowin what the hell is going on. Think
that is my favorite part of each Rune, all the
stuff about goings-on in Minneapolis fandom. Not being involved in
any of that way down here, can sit back and shake my head in a smugly
superior way. Really does great things for my ego-set.

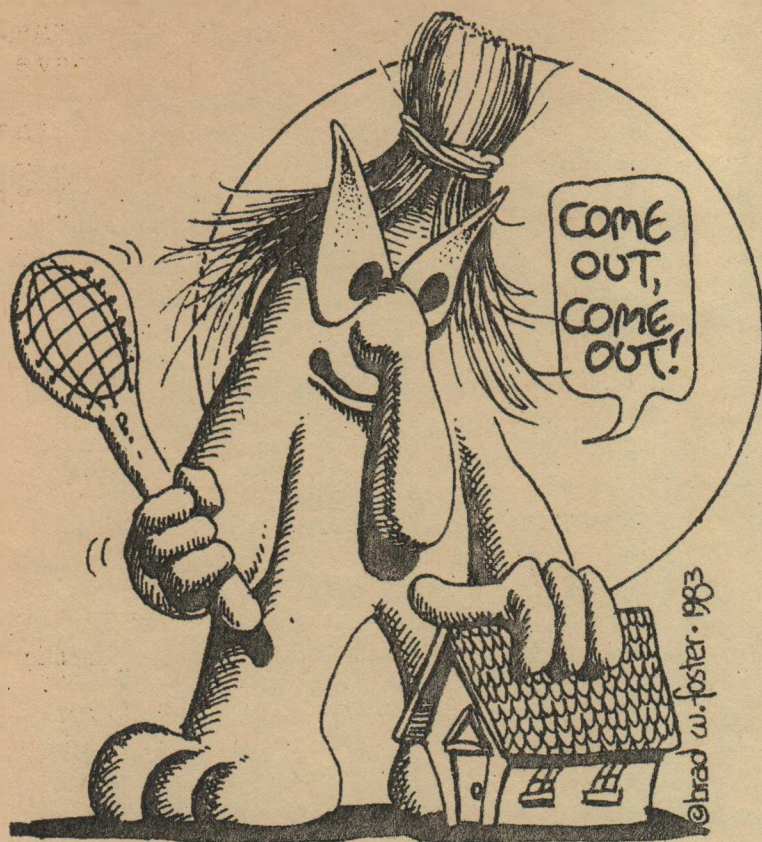
Although I'll continue to look forward to future issues of Rune,
I am a bit saddened to see the passing of the latest editorial "team".
You people seem to have gotten your share of flack (maybe more than
your share at times!), but looking back over the last ten issues with
the wild variety of formats, packaging, and contents, I can say that
it has neve been dull, always surprising. Looking forward to Rune 72
to see what volume eleven is gonna be like. I
don't think they can top the gonzo weirdness of
these last ten, so best bet is to go off in
another direction again.

☺ Well, Brad, here is volume eleven,
and if you had had the elementary good
sense to invest a fiver in your bet
you would be a fiver richer today.

Erik and I may not be the dullest
two people in Minn-stf, but we are
certainly non-controversial. (I
don't think I will say who the
two dullest people in Minn-stf
are for fear of having to waste
another \$40 on postage for the
apology.) Gonzo weirdness, as
it turns out, is just not up
our alley. We are more the
type to be quietly amused by
absurdity in everyday life,
so Rune will most likely
carry a feeling of quiet
amusement, or else of ab-
surdity, for as long as
the Board of Directors
will tolerate us.

Thanks for sending
along the illos. We
can always use them in
the lettercol and in
the reviews. -- MKD





Jon Singer
5116 'ms Fork Trl. #110
Boulder, CO 80301

Have in hand your latest issue and wanted to address smoe comment to Garth's coverage of the SubGCon:

You flyblown pusbubble NorthAmerican disposable=mentality drugsucking coprophages are all the same. As soon as it gets decently challenging or difficult to do something where you are, you proclaim it "boring" or some such, and slitcan it. Not for you the GOOD hard work of restoring a damaged subculture, no. "Fuk itt," you say, too stoned to tyoe decent copy (as always.) Better fans than you have stuck their ghoddam tongues in their Electrostencillers and fucking DIED rather than put out a zine with six typo-

graphical abominations per column-inch, you pervo-devo rat-fucking reactionary slime!

Other than that, I rather enjoyed the SubGCon coverage (thankye), and thought the piece on Reed was too neatly informative.

I think that what you tried to do with Rune (provided I correctly understand what it was that you were about) succeeded at least partially, and might perhaps have done a little better had there been a bit more concern for legibility: an unreadable zine may be a solid piece of conceptual art, but if you put print in, people will very likely try too read it, and if they have too much trouble, they are going to get PISSED OFF.

This is entirely aside from any objections that some people might have to a particular outlook or creative approach. (I am given to understand that some people raised such objections. Do I see any of them volunteering to run the zine?)

Chris Estey
S 3707 Latawah
Spokane, WA 99203

Bong was so bloody lame it made my sinus erupt spasming spittle all down my ripe herma cheeks -- I'm sending you the coke bill to restore my nasal passages -- what happened? you were definitely groping in the grub for the first issue of it, my dingle holy and prolonged, the Hinkley schtick is so old and pale it made me defecate -- can't believe you bugger boys could get so limp -- none of the letters were funny in the slightest -- Sci-Fi People Weekly was somewhat amusing until I read such narcissistic twaddle as the piece on Garth and the SubG backpatting purge -- I hammered the final nail into Bob's palm so long ago it's absolutely wretched you'd ever bring him up again -- Goddam, go back to reading those pretentious books they made you read in college before it's too late -- find some new ideas --

prick Trego for more of her delicious input -- stop holding out and hamming it up -- at this rate, Ted White would find your magazine exciting!

Rick Sneary
2962 Santa Ana St.
South Gate, CA 90280

I have missed writing LoC's for the past couple issues, because of family and personal ill health..and I haven't had time to read the current Bong #31, or Skiffy People -- but if I wate untell I do, threr maybe more issues here, or you all maybe dead, or the horse may talk.--But, even when I don't respond, I an great-full for copies.. - Sorry to read of your troubled time. It sounds like growing pains allright. It is hard for a large group to maintain the free crazyness of the smaller ones -- as I from LASFS's activity.. Maybe to many friends-of-fans, but maybe just change.--Comment on LoC by Ed Rom.. Being the odd-man at room parties is nothing new, and coolness to non-insiders at local clubs too..regetably.. One answer is to get to know people before through letters and zines. The great thing about fanzine Fandom has been the ability to meet people from cross country, you never wrote, but you know each other because of exchanges in zines. --The next best thing is to volenteer for a job. Most groups are 'open' once they know someone----but...not all so-called fans are so jolly that they are above 'useing' someone, without being friendly.. But-stick around 30 years, and you can say pompous things too.. --Hope you find an old fashion Ed for Rune..

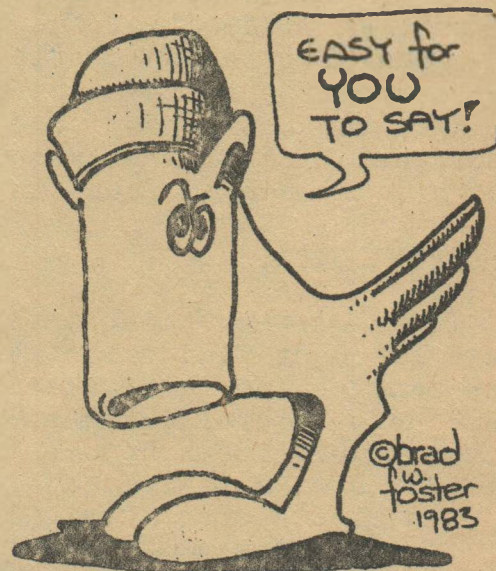
Al Sirois
PO Box J12, 258 Park
New Haven CT 06511

As a long-time subber to Rune, as well as an occasional loccer and contributor of fanart, I would like to say that I think that "the Rune boys", as Stever/Danielson/Bartelt/Trego/Wesson have come to be known, did a fine job on the zine. So maybe I'm crazy. I'm a fan, after all, right? I may not know much, but you can damn sure bet that I know creativity when I see it, which is more than I am willing to concede to some critics of the past few issues of Rune. End of rant.

Ben Indick
428 Sagamore Ave.
Teaneck, NJ 07666

Gee. Gosh. Wow. Ooh!
Oh. Agh. Eh. Hey!
Huh? Aw. Ha. Hee.
Ech. Bah. Rah!

Pschaw! Sheeeee! So? Yeah. Naw. Bah!
Well. Y'know. Tut. Cruc! Great! Crap.
Yup. Nope. Mebbe. Never. Always. Pits.
Tops. But. If. Still. Never. Always!
Worst. And --
-- Best, Ben



We also heard from: Gil Gaier, Burt Libe, Frank McTruck, Joe Napolitano, Roldo K. Os, Jon Singer (again), and Gene Wolfe, who says (as of March 5, 1983) "There will indeed be a 5th book, a coda to the tetralogy. The Book of the New Sun was an account of Severian's rise to the Autarchy. The Urth of the New Sun will begin 10 years after the end of The Citadel of the Autarch."

RUNE

EDITORIAL

ERIK BIEVER

The fan on a tight budget is engaged in a constant struggle to cut expenses wherever possible. One of the more entertaining methods is shopping in second-hand stores.

For the past five years, I have had the good fortune to live within a few blocks of the main Goodwill store in St. Paul. As it is in such close proximity, I have become a regular customer, averaging about two visits per week. My purchases there have ranged from such mundane things as wool shirts, furniture, and dishes to such exotica as an electrostenciller, several mimeographs, an Oldsmobile, and a few ceramic fish (see below).

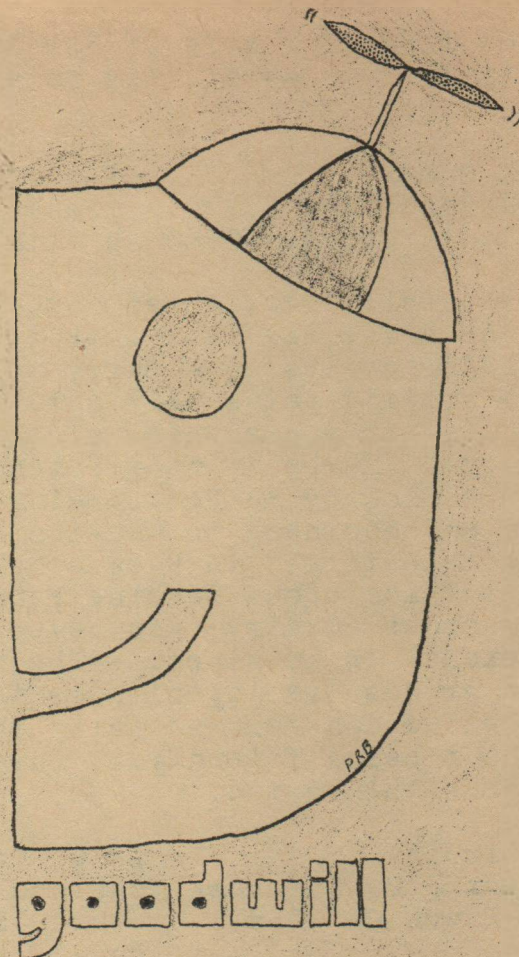
Goodwill is a non-profit organization that provides training and employment for the handicapped; it operates second-hand thrift shops to sell donated goods, some cleaned and/or repaired by Goodwill employees. Similar stores are operated by the Salvation Army and others, and can be found in most cities.

SHOPPING STRATEGY

It is of the utmost importance that the intrepid Goodwill shopper make frequent visits to the Goodwill. There is a rapid turnover of merchandise, so desirable items such as mimeographs and ceramic fish (see below) rarely stay on the shelves for more than a couple of days. (Undesirable items, on the other hand, stay on the shelves for a long time). I find that I can usually see all that I want to see in five or ten minutes on a typical visit.

If you see something you want at the Goodwill, buy it right away; it will probably be gone tomorrow. Pricing can be somewhat erratic: while the majority of items are quite reasonably priced, occasionally the prices bear no relation to reality.

When items are underpriced, it is possible to get terrific bargains. When items are overpriced, however, a bizarre chain of circumstances tends to occur. While an overpriced item remains in the store, customers tend to play with it, drop it on the floor, smash shopping carts into it, and generally mess it up. This drives the value of the item even lower relative to its price. Eventually, the price is lowered to clear it out of the store, but by then the damage



has been done.

I once saw this happen to a nice old art deco dresser that I wanted to buy, but was priced beyond what I was willing to pay at the time. It sat in the store for a couple of weeks, in which time the finish picked up several scratches from being rammed by shopping carts. They eventually lowered the price, but by then I was no longer interested. Fortunately, this does not happen very often, but it is interesting to watch when it does.

PUBBING ONE'S ISH

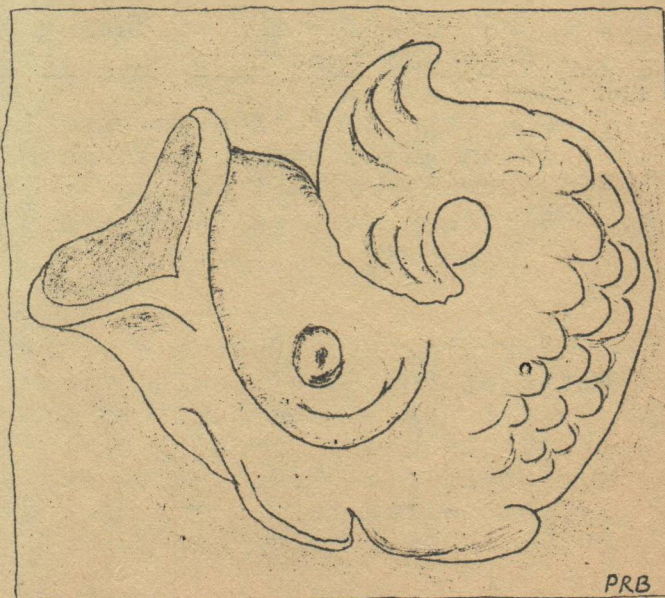
Foremost among the needs of the Compleat Fan is the need to pub his or her ish. In order to accomplish this feat, it is useful to have 1.) a typer, and 2.) duplicating equipment.

Typers are some of the most readily available items at the Goodwill. While an occasional electric model can be found, most of the typers found there are old manual machines. Some of the typers will be broken or out of adjustment, but a bit of conscientious searching should yield a useful machine at a very low price; most older manual typers at the Goodwill go for about \$10. A bit of money spent on cleaning and adjustment can result in an excellent machine in like-new condition for a fraction of the cost of a lower-quality new model.

Duplicating machines, while not in such abundance as typers, can also be obtained at the Goodwill. Many businesses and churches are in the process of converting their duplicating operations from mimeo and ditto to photocopying. As the trade-in value of a used mimeograph on a new photocopier is about the same as that of a ceramic fish (see below), some excellent duplicators are finding their way to the Goodwill, to be snapped up by Joe Fan and his ilk, at bargain prices. These machines are sometimes in need of minor repairs, but generally have many years of use left in them.

THE CERAMIC FISH OF DEAN C. GAHLON

Notable among the various treasures that I have found at the Goodwill are the hideously ugly ceramic fish that I give to Minn-Stf President Dean Gahlon each year at Minicon. This is an ancient tradition that had its origin in 1979 when Dean, my wife Paula, and I met one fateful evening at the Goodwill. We discovered an aqua-colored ceramic fish that had undoubtedly put in long years of faithful service on a knick-knack shelf in someone's bathroom before being honorably retired to the Goodwill. Having made several amusing observations regarding the loathsome piscene object, Dean made the mistake of leaving before we did. Paula and I bought the fish and



presented it to Dean at Minicon the following year. I believe that he has never completely recovered from the shock.

Each year we search the Goodwill for the perfect ceramic fish to give to Dean at Minicon, and have not yet failed. One year we gave him a black ceramic fish with gold flecks which one would hang on the wall and keep plastic flowers in (assuming that one were the sort of person who would do things like that). Last year we gave him a pink ceramic fish that is useful as either a candleholder or a soap dish. Next year's fish has already been acquired, but cannot be described at this time.

As the years go by, Dean's collection will grow to the point of being too large to display in his home. I understand he is considering the possibility of establishing one of those theme amusement parks that one finds in the Black Hills of South Dakota, to be called "Dean C. Gahlon's Ceramic Fishland". Tourists by the thousands will flock there to gaze upon the world's foremost collection of ceramic fish and buy enormous quantities of overpriced food and refreshments. Huge fiberglass replicas of ceramic fish will be liberally scattered throughout the park grounds. There will be an assortment of amusement park rides, featuring a merry-go-round with ceramic fish in place of the traditional wooden horses. The main attraction, however, will be the Ceramic Fish Museum itself, an enormous building where Dean's entire collection will be on display, for the benefit of the general public and ceramic fish scholars throughout the world. Soon family station wagons will be seen everywhere festooned with bumper stickers proclaiming, "Flintstones Amusement Park", "Reptile Gardens", "Wall Drug", and "I Saw the Ceramic Fish of Dean C. Gahlon". But, I digress.

CHEAP ENTERTAINMENT

Not to be overlooked is the entertainment value of a trip to the Goodwill. As admission is never charged, the cost of an evening's entertainment. One can go and peruse the selection of loud ties, or browse the book section, counting the number of copies of Chariots of the Gods and None Dare Call It Treason, or search for ceramic fish (see above).

I hope this narrative encourages you to try shopping at your local second-hand store.. You can always be sure of getting your money's worth, be it in goods or entertainment. One final note: my local Goodwill accepts Visa and MasterCard.

"Brewing Fine Beer and Fanzines Since 1983." That's the motto of the Rune Brewing Company. Now that you have seen our first issue of the fanzine, in the next issue I will write about the beer. Brewing beer at home is fun, easy, and satisfying, as M.K. and I have found in the past few months. My next editorial, then, will deal with the beer-making side of the Rune Brewing Co.

THE LAST PAGE

RUNE 73

The next issue of RUNE will feature the Minneapolis in '73 worldcon bid as its general theme. Artists and writers are invited to send material to either of the editors, whose addresses are listed below. Join us as we celebrate one of the grand old traditions of Minn-Stf: MPLS. IN 73!

ADDRESSES

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COA

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