

RUINA 51



19
H. Emerson

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YOU MUST SEND US YOUR CHANGE OF ADDRESS when you move, or else the Post Office destroys your copy of RUNE and charges us 25¢ to tell us your new address; then we assume you don't care about RUNE and we terminate your subscription. Send all COA's to Joel Halpern.

Special thanks to Joel Halpern for getting the electrostencils done, Nate Bucklin for typing and talking, Dave Wixon, John Stanley and David Emerson for helping us so much in this, our first issue.

The collators for RUNE #50 were; Mike Cavanaugh, Scott Dennis, Joan Peterson, Vera Matich, Dainis Bisenieks, David Dyer-Bennett, Dean Gahlon, Doug Friauf, Don Bailey, Dave Wixon, Ed Emerson, John Bartelt, Joel Halpern, Jerry Stearns, Jim Young, Ken Fletcher, Keith Hauer-Lowe, Karen Johnson, Lalee Kerr, Linda Lousberry, Margie Lessinger, Mark Digre, Pam Dean, Scott Imes, & Richard Tatge. A heartfelt thanks to all.

FAREWELL STATEMENT

As should be obvious if you've read this far, I am no longer the editor of this august fanzine. I have resigned.

It is now two years since I first volunteered for the job; at that time, I was full of the Spirit of Fanac, and had every intention of carrying on the Fred Haskell fat-genzine tradition for RUNE. But a lot can happen in two years, and I now find that publishing a high-quality fanzine is pretty far from what I want to do with my life. This was part of the reason that there were only two RUNEs in the last year and a half. So I'm giving it up and passing it on to other Minn-stfers to handle as they wish.

However, this was not possible two years ago. When Fred announced that he was nearing the end of his term of office, there was no one who was interested and able to take over from him, except me. I'm gratified that the situation has changed: there were three or four local fans who practically beat down my doors to volunteer when I let out the rumor of my resignation. I feel that this is partly due to the low-key approach that I brought to what now appear to be transition issues of RUNE -- from prestigious genzine back to the club function that it is supposed to be. I seem to have made the job easier and more appealing to the fans around here who really are capable of doing it.

That out of the way, I'd like to take this opportunity to say something about the local fandom that I've wanted to say for a long time. Fans are very reasonable here. That's a simple thing, but it's extremely important. I've been in fan centers in other cities, and I've read of doings of fans in other places, and there always seems to be misunderstandings and feudings and divisiveness. But I find very little of that in the Twin Cities fans.

For example, there was a Board of Directors meeting at which the RUNE editorship was discussed. Instead of knock-down-drag-out pitched battle, we just talked. I felt uneasy about giving up the editorship; they asked me why, and helped me examine my feelings about it, and came up with possible solutions. We checked some of these things out, and my fears were allayed. There seems to be an implicit assumption around here that we are all friends, something that's not necessarily true in other places, although it certainly should be.

You may have heard that there are two main fan groups in this area. I was surprised to learn recently that nearly all members of Noces are also Minn-stf members (anyone who attends at least one Minn-stf meeting is a member). In fact, Minn-stf was conceived as a blanket organization covering all science-fiction fan activities in Minneapolis/St. Paul. That seems to me to be pretty magnanimous -- to embrace all the separate social groups, interests and activities, and see them as one.

I'm proud of Minn-stf. And I'm glad to be here.

-DAVID EMERSON-

Editorial

Lee Pelton

It wasn't so long ago that I was telling a friend of mine that I really felt that SF fandom was the only place I could ever feel totally comfortable; that if I belonged anywhere, fandom was the place. Many changes in myself, most of them good ones, have taken place since that conversation. The opportunity to grow was given to me by fandom, by Minn-stf in particular; and I am grateful for its very existence.

In retrospect, I see that I had been given this opportunity in the past, and I botched it pretty well. The "I, me, mine" syndrome was very much a part of me back then. With help, I am making this less a part of my personality. This brings me to the point of this editorial.

I wonder where many of us would be if Minn-stf and fandom did not exist? I wonder how many of us appreciate what being a fan means? I think a fellow Minn-stfer, Dean Gahlon, put it best when he told me that his life would be "awful" if fandom wasn't a part of it.

Being a fan has shaped my life in so many ways I can't begin to list them. Almost all my free time is centered around fannish pursuits. Carol and I belong to three APAs (Amateur Press Associations) and go to cons whenever possible. We read SF, see SF films, read SF book reviews, and associate with people who have similar interests.

And it really is PEOPLE who make fandom what it is. Because of fandom, we have friends in New York, California, Louisiana, Illinois, and other states whom we have never met or have met briefly. Yet these people are in many ways as good friends as the fan who lives a couple of blocks away.

It is a society in which "doing your own thing" is actually practiced - unless you hurt someone else while doing it. Fandom has a language, books of knowledge, and its very own ghods. I recall at Big Mac the opening laser light show which ran a collage of the stories our ghods had written, eliciting cheer after cheer and thunderous applause. It felt soooo good to be a part of it. I think it was then that I realized what fandom could be to me, if I let it.

Fandom has been good to me. Through it I have found peace, acceptance, and, most of all, happiness. And I do not believe myself to be alone. Perhaps it is worthwhile to pause a moment and reflect on where you would be if you weren't a fan. What would you be doing - the same thing or something totally different? Would you like to change places with the person you would be if fandom weren't a part of your life? Or are you glad we're here? Are you glad to know "You're Not Alone"? I hope so.

If you're a fan you probably have not lost that "sense of wonder" and a willingness to believe. And that makes you special. To steal a line from a song Jerry Stearns and David Emerson sing at local gatherings: "Could you, would I deny our children's children's children's children such a great big, wonderful galaxy?" Fans won't let that happen, for which I give thanks. Pax vobiscum and Mpls. in '73.

*"Starship Jingle"
Intergalactic Touring Band

MINICON 12.75

OR: THERE AND BACK AGAIN
By Jerry Boyajian

being the story of how the Mad Armenian, Abdul Alhazrian, our sterling hero from Boston, survived the New Year's weekend trapped by the lunatic hordes of Minneapolis Fandom.

Prelude #1 (26 Feb. 1977): I first get involved with Minneapolis Fandom by contributing my first zine to Minneapa.

Prelude #2 (04 July 1977): David Stever gets back from his midsummer jaunt to the Sin Twitties. He informs me that he plans to return there around Christmas/New Year's.

Prelude #3 (24 July 1977): Stever and I head home from Autoclave, the site of my first meeting with a dozen or more Mpls. fans. As we start for home, I tell Stever that if he goes to the Cities for the holidays, I would consider going with him. He was amused.

Prelude #4 (05 Nov. 1977): After talking on the phone to a number of people at the Minneapa collation, Stever finalizes his decision to attend the collation/party on New Year's Eve. For a month and a half, I ruminate on the possibility that I, too, might go.

Chapter 1: "But I can't be in Boston!"

Well, the decision was made, my ticket was bought, the time off from work was arranged (a gruesome story in itself). Greg Ketter kindly offers crash space at his house. Stever leaves Thursday morning; I leave Friday morning. Completely suitable for such a fannish excursion, Northwest Airlines' magazine, Passages, has an article on collecting memorabilia, including comics and Star Wars items. Of course, for a Star Wars collector such as myself, this magazine issue becomes, itself, a collector's item. It figures.

Finally, circa 12:30 Central Time. I am in the Sin Twitties for the first time in my life, and I am greeted by Stever, Greg, Dean Gahlon, David Cargo, Carol Anndy, and David Dyer-Bennett (and whoever I've forgotten--- there's got to be someone else --- I'm sorry, but the mind fogs). The afternoon is spent sightseeing the well-known tourist spots of Minneapolis, such as the Hobbitat, the Bozo Bus Building, Castle Anthrax, and Uncle Hugo's.

Just outside the Bozo Bus Building, we run into Scott Imes, who tells us that a number of Chicago fans were also in town, and proceeds to list them, lastly mentioning the Eisensteins. As synchronicity would have it, at that very minute I happened to look toward the street just as a car pulls up and disgorges Alex E. Muttering, "Speak of the Devil", I greet Alex and Stever spins around and does likewise, saying, "Welcome to Minneapolis, Alex!" Alex looks at Stever. Alex

looks at me. Alex looks bewildered and quite lost. Alex says, "But I can't be in Boston."

The real fun had yet to begin. Friday night, there was the first of the weekend parties, at the lower Hobbitat, which proved to be typically bozoid. Amongst other things, I helped somewhat in the preparation of David Cargo's Champagne Lucifer, and got a lot of use out of my "Official Mistletoe Tester" tag. Bizarro conversations pervaded the evening, and I learned such astonishing bits of esoterica such as the merits of Pêche a la Frog, as opposed to Frog a la Pêche, and the origins of the cabalistic phrase, "Klaatu barada seekonk". And then there was the demonstration of the wonderful properties of Slime, and the "ROCKY HORROR" sing-a-long, and the meeting of your humble narrator, the Mad Armenian, with the Mad Hungarian. Just how many other demented things happened that night have (thankfully, probably) retired to the outer reaches of my memory; where they will no longer be made available to mortal man (or Armenian).

Chapter 2: The Set-up

Sometime early Saturday afternoon, Greg and I trundled off to the abode of Joel Halpern's father in Inner Suburbia for the Minneapolis collation/New Year's Eve party. It was great fun engaging in collatio (papyral-digital stimulation) with all of these neat people, some (a lot, actually) whom I had known only through their zines.

At midnight, a large group of us rang in the New Year by dancing the Time Warp while it was played on guitar by Jerry Stearns. Afterwards, a large group of people retired to one of the rooms upstairs for a "Fred Haskell Song and Slide Show(sans slides)". I wanted very much to sit in on it, but I couldn't do so comfortably. I've recently been experiencing negative reactions to cigarette smoke in small rooms, especially when it's crowded.

While this was going on, I was initiated into that elite group of card players to whom "500" does not mean "500 Rummy". A very bozo game indeed. At one point, sometime after the card playing was over, I was dragged upstairs to take photos of the "Secret MinnStf Handshake", which proved to be a truly bizarre example of platonic orgiastic contortionism.

Greg and I finally got home around 6:00, me to sleep, and him to get ready to go to work. I spent New Year's Day lounging around the house until Greg got back, and, after dinner, we took off for Annie Isenberg's apartment-warming party. This party was a bit slow to begin but eventually got going extremely well. This time there was more room, and I could enjoy listening to Fred, Nate Bucklin, and Mike Wood play and sing with no discomfort.

I attempted to learn "Skat", another bozo card game, but gave up. "500" was strange enough. Greg left relatively early, having gone since Friday morning with only four hours sleep, but I stayed a bit longer, having received a gracious offer of a ride back to Greg's from Elizabeth Anne LaVelle.

Chapter 3: "You are the reason our children are ugly"

Monday, Greg, Stever, Renee Valois and Vicki Schnoes plus myself, went to see Close Encounters of the Third Kind. This was my fourth

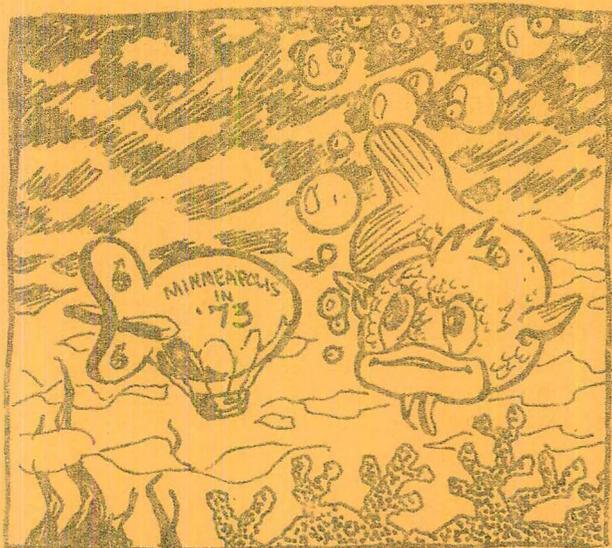
time, and Greg's second, but it was the first time for the other three. The three previous times I had seen it, the audiences reacted with a slight cheer when it was seen that the little kid was wearing a "Boston University" t-shirt. This time, however, there was no such reaction, which I thought peculiar, until I recalled that in St. Paul, Minn., Boston University means nothing. Strange the way the mind works.

That evening, there was an expedition to the Princess Gardens restaurant. While there, we built a Devil's Tower out of ~~our washed~~ ~~plates~~ plates and teacups, and proposed using the ornate chandelier above us as the Mother Ship. We also thought about adjusting the water levels in the glasses so that we could play the "Five Tones".

After dinner, we all drove out to the Sheraton Inn at the airport to hear Nate Bucklin and Kara Dalkey's band, Runestone, where we were joined by numerous other fen. Earlier in the evening, the audience was almost exclusively fannish, but by 11:30 or so, there was a sizable crowd of non-fans, too. A bunch of us decided to return Tuesday night, but there was a long exchange of farewells with Stever and I, anyway, since no one was really sure if he/she was going to show up Tuesday.

Tuesday morning, I got up early to accompany Greg on his first day back at school. On the way, we picked up Stever, and Greg left us off at the Coffman Union while he went to class. Stever and I explored around the Union, finding the cafeteria, where I lost money in the coffee vending machine (ah, so nostalgic). We managed to find the game room, but I wasn't able to rent a pool table without a student I. D., and Stever wasn't too impressed with the pinball machines, so we trundled over to the Whole coffeehouse, where we were soon joined by Renee, Greg, and Elizabeth. Eventually, we all tritzled off to Dinkytown to have some lunch and look around, and later dropped in on Jerry Stearns at his office.

Elizabeth decided to call in sick at work, and the five of us drove around in Greg's car for a while, stopping off at a 45-record store along the way, which had for sale such classic hit records as "You Are the Reason Our Children Are Ugly" and "You Can Take This Job and Shove It" (both of which are for real). We later picked up Fritz, Elizabeth's car, and drove to her place, spending an hour or two, during which occurred the "Leather Pig Orgy" (don't ask) (it wasn't what it sounds like).



Waller '70

A number of us showed up at the Sheraton that night. The previous night, I had had an incredibly bad vodka collins (I have to admire a bartender who can screw up a vodka collins). This time I decided to try a tequila sunrise, instead. Blechh! Lots tequila, little sunrise. At Mike Wood's suggestion, I called it a tequila fogbank. I unfortunately missed a fair amount of the band's playing due to a

long conversation in the lobby with some people, but I had a good time anyway. Again, there were many heartfelt farewells made as we all left for home.

Chapter 4: The Sting

After spending five blissful days under the Lords of Law, it was inevitable that Chaos would have its turn Wednesday morning. Greg dropped me off at the Hobbitat on his way to school, and Carol and Vicki drove Stever and me to the airport. Due to unfortunate circumstances (not to mention a heart-failing moment when Stever couldn't find his plane ticket), we arrived at the airport ten minutes before departure time. As we got to the boarding gate, we were greeted by a "YOU GUYS ARE LATE!!!" from Karen Johnson, who I had forgotten had agreed to see us off. Too short a farewell was exchanged, and we dashed onto the plane.

Arriving back in Boston, we found out that our luggage had been put on the next flight, since we had arrived so late to the MSP Airport. "Voluntary Separation" they called it. I was not in the least surprised by this. In fact, I sort of expected it. But we were extremely peeved that we weren't told in Mpls. that we volunteered to be separated from our luggage.

To further complicate matters, there was no one to pick us up. Jack Wickwire was supposed to do so, but he had called me at Greg's the day before to inform me that he had been put on the day shift instead of the night shift at D.E.C. (he had just started that week). He tried to find someone else to pick us up but, obviously, was not successful. I told him that we could manage anyway.

David and I ran out to the front of the terminal to catch the shuttle bus and we got outside just in time to see the bus pull away from the terminal, so we had to wait for the next one. When it came around the bend, it wouldn't stop until we flagged it down. After we get on the bus we see a sign that the bus doesn't stop at Northwest Airlines unless by previous arrangement. Of course, this notice is not posted anywhere but on the bus. We got to the subway just in time to see the train take off, and again we had to wait for the next one. Oddly enough, we did make it downtown in time to catch the bus to Outer Suburbia. After getting to my house, I found out that my car, Chee Lan, was still in the garage being fixed. I had dropped it off Friday, and told the guy there that there was no hurry, since I would not need it for about a week. We had to wait until my father got home to drive us to the garage to pick up Chee. David and I drove back to the airport to pick up our luggage, and I drove him to work.

So, somehow, your humble narrator managed to venture into that den of lunacy in Minnesota, and make it out alive and (somewhat) sane. Of course, unbeknownst to him, he has been infected by the dreaded Bacillus Rapphaedus, or Dodo's Disease, which compels him to make further migratory trips to the Sin Twitties, such as Minicon 13 in March, and Minicon 13.25 in June. Maybe someday, he'll contract Tertiary Rapphaedus and find himself actually moving to Minneapolis.

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

Reviewed by Charles Curley

Now, this is a good film! It is well acted, and the basic concept is well thought out. It is a special effects tour-de-force, of course, and they belong in this sort of film, so it is not special effects for the sake of special effects. The production values are all excellent.

The film is a look at the UFO phenomenon. It takes the rather blatant position that the UFOs exist, as it follows Richard Dreyfuss, Francois Truffaut and Melinda Dillon through their meetings with UFOs and IETs. The subject is handled, mercifully, with a touch of humor, but you know that, even with the humor, the subject is serious. There is one scene where a motorist stops to consult his map late at night. A set of headlights comes up from behind him, and he waves the driver to pass him. A few minutes later, he is again consulting his map, and another set of headlights again approaches. He waves the driver on, and returns to his map. The set of headlights passes over his car.

If you are expecting another Star Wars, forget it. Star Wars is space opera, a western with blasters. As such, it is excellent, but it does not require the viewer to think. Close Encounters is speculative fiction, in the rigorous sense of the term, and it does require the viewer to think. It handles the subject intelligently, which puts it far ahead of almost every other first-contact story filmed. The aliens aren't malicious. And they aren't met by the Army with tanks and guns, and no one opens fire. Hurrah for that.

I think that the special effects are technically better than Star Wars. I didn't see any matted off-register, for one thing. The UFOs match some of the real descriptions of UFOs, and they are much more difficult to do than the models of Star Wars.

The film does have problems. I found the first hour to be slowly paced. I think most of the cutting should come from the scenes which establish that Dreyfuss' kids are obnoxious. This is done early, and is then beat into the ground later. This is not to say that these kids serve no purpose at all: in fact, they have at least three. But the pace could be tightened, and some repetition eliminated by cutting back on their scenes. The other two problems are technical. One is a minor problem of continuity (a wrong license plate on a car) but the other, considering the rest of the special effects, stands out: the stars don't twinkle! Almost all the exterior night scenes in the first three quarters of the film have the star backgrounds matted in for added intensity. Why weren't twinkling stars matted?

I don't yet know how I'm going to vote on the Hugo for this year. My ghood: we have a year in which there are two, count 'em, two films worthy! It's usually "No Award".

But -- and I think this is one purpose of the film -- in the future, I'm going to take UFO stories a bit more seriously. I quote Haldane's Law: "The universe is not only stranger than we imagine, it is stranger than we can imagine".

There are sound effects in the film which require very low frequency capabilities, so see it in a theatre known to have a good sound system. The track is in Dolby, and that helps immensely. Where I saw the film, the sound got as low as thirty hertz, and the whole theatre was vibrating at times. If you liked Sensurround, you'll love Close Encounters.

Fanfaronade

Carol Kennedy

When I first decided to write this column, it was going to be a fanzine review column. I have a particular attachment to fanzines (the surgeon can't do a thing about it...) because they were my first contact with fandom.

The first fanzine I intended to review was KNIGHTS. It's one of my favorites; and I wanted to begin my reviewing career on a positive note. I mentioned to another fan, who has done fanzine reviews in the past, that KNIGHTS is a favorite; it turned out to be decidedly not a favorite of his.

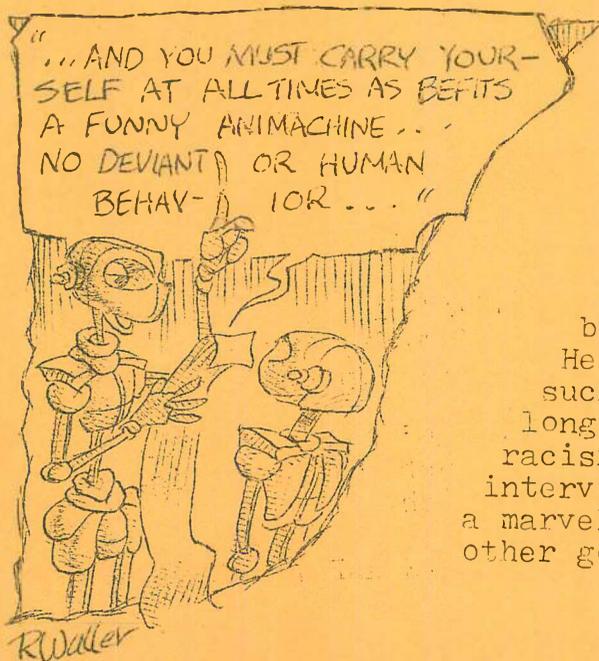
At that point I decided that it is unfair for one person to do all the fanzine reviews that appear in a clubzine. Tastes differ too much. A reader who has tastes similar to the reviewer's will think the reviews are brilliant, perceptive, and incisive (of course, mine are). A reader with dissimilar tastes will think that the reviews are shallow, ridiculous, and putrid. Editors whose zines do not fit the reviewer's tastes will see no reason to submit zines for review.

So, I am inviting any reader, whether Minn-stfer. or not, to act as alternate fanzine reviewer. You may review fanzines which you receive on your own, or review copies which I receive. It might be interesting for two people to review the same zines the same month. Contact me if you're interested.

The only way to guarantee that a particular fanzine will be reviewed is to send me a copy, separate from the RUNE trade copy, marked for review. I, or another reviewer, will cover all zines so received. However, we may also review other zines which we acquire in various ways. I guess that there's no way to guarantee that your zine won't be reviewed.

FANFARONADE will not be exclusively a fanzine review column. I'm so enamored of the word that I'm going to keep it as the permanent title of my column, no matter what the subject.

Now, a mini-review. KNIGHTS 19, December, 1977, from Mike Bracken, 1810 Ramada Blvd., Collinsville, IL 62234. In his editorial, Mike says that he is trying to achieve a "balance between serious sf criticism and humor". He is doing an excellent job of attaining such a balance. In 19, Wayne Hooks has a long, sercon, but never dull article on racism and sexism in fandom. There are interviews with Algis Budrys and Deborah Lewis, a marvelous letter/article by Robert Bloch, and other goodies. I like it, I like it.



WHO'S ON FOUR?

by Jerry H. Stearns
with Dean Gahlon, M.K. Digre, John Stanley, David Emerson

CHANNEL KEY

4. WFAN-TV (FBS)

6. WYRD-TV (FBC)

9. FMSP-TV (Inc.)

12. KMAC-TV (FET)

7:00 4. SUNRISE SEMESTER: Rise of Fandom in Modern America. J. Maxwell Young.

6. RUBBER ROOM: Children.

7:30 9. HOUR TO COWER: Religion. "Glarconish Lifestyle."

8:00 4. CAPTAIN KANGAROO: AussieCon Eidding Program, films.

6. MIPPLE-STIPPLE TODAY: News.

8:51 12. TIME AND AGAIN: Serial.

9:00 9. THE KOALA-TI OF LIFE: Religion. Commentary on the Book of Eucalyptus, John Husske, host.

9:27 12. MOVIE: (1956) "Forbidden Planet", Rescue party finds missing Scientific expedition and is attacked by invisible monster. Walter Pidgeon, Leslie Nielsen, Anne Francis, Robby the Robot.

10:00 4. THE 20,000 Quatloo Pyramid Game.

6. WORMRUNNER'S DIGEST: Science?

9. EDITOR KNOWS BEST: The Editor talks about SF. J. W. Campbell, Gordon Dickson, James E. Gunn.

11:00 4. MEET THE PROS: Interview. Philip K. Dick fields questions from Dave Wixon (RUNE), Richard E. Geis (SFR), and Zyx W. Vuts (At Large).

6. FACE THE CONTINUUM: Interview. Scheduled guest is Harlan Ellison.

9. HOBBY SHOW: Care and feeding of electrostencils. Victoria Vayne.

11:27 12. ALL OUR YESTERDAYS: Faan History. "First Fandom & the Dinosaurs", Harry Warner, Jr., Host.

11:30 6. HOLTVILLE SPRINGS: Serial.

NOON 4. NEWS: Walter Mumble, Ellen Aslance, Lemming Meringue.

6. THE SERCON REPORT: News.

12:30 4. THE BLINDING LIGHT: Serial.

6. AS THE WORLD BURNS: Serial.

9. ATOMIC PILE, U.S.M.C.: Comedy. "Nuke" answers the 3 questions.

12:41 12. WHO'D KERR: Cooking. Rubber Chicken is today's dish.

1:00 4. TIME AND AGAIN: Serial.

- 6. MOVIE: (1974) "Miracle on East 19th Street", heartwarming story of the Mpls. Worldcon bid. Jiminy Stewart, August Allison, Susan Ryan.
- 9. ATOM 12: Drama. Story of the discovery of Magnesium.
- 1:11 12. PERFORMANCE AT WOLF-BANE: Live. "Da Fred Haskell Song and Slide Show."
- 1:30 4. MY THREE SUNS: Comedy. Fred gets involved in a sail-ship race around the triple star system.
- 9. THAT FEMMEFAN: Comedy. Sally's meddlesome mother tries to fafiate her just before the local Regional Con.
- 2:00 4. STAR TREK: Science Fiction. "Spock's Brain". Skip it!
- 9. THE JON SINGER SHOW: Talk. Scheduled guests: Bob Vardeman, clone; Dr. Dodd Clegler, Faan Historian; Nate Bucklin, filksong writer.
- 2:17 12. JOURNAL: Films from the Dr. Dodd Clegler Institute for Trans-temporal Fannish Studies. Film #13.39--"The Hotel Staff".
- 3:00 4. HODON'S HEROES: Comedy. Gonad meets a squeak-bear in the forest, and together they look for the Kitchen Magician.
- 6. ATLANTIS BANDSTAND: Music. Clark Clarke, Host.
- 3:04 12. THE SELECTRIC COMPANY: Children.

- 3:30 4. ORAL ROGERS AND DALE ARDEN: Panel. Religion and Cosmology in SF.
- 9. GILLIGAN'S ASTEROID: Comedy? The survivors are not rescued by a sinister band of organleggers and the professor deals with small scale plate tectonics. B. Schaeffer, L. Wu, Speaker-To-Animals--Lon Chaney, Jr.
- 3:53 12. SENSE OF WONDER STREET: Children. Sketches on astronomy, duplicators, and cartooning. Puppeteer--Ruth Gordon.
- 4:00 4. SPACE: 1949: Sci-fi? The Alfaans meet giant insects from a rogue star system who are scared away by television commercials. Robby the Robot.
- 6. THE PUNSTERS: Comedy. Science and the Occult clash, causing family stress. Herman--Elliot Shorter.
- 9. NEW WORLDS FOR OLD: Cereal.
- 4:57 12. MR. RAHger's NEIGHBORHOOD: Children. How to get along in a tough universe. Today: TANSTAAFL.
- 5:00 4. LOVE ALDEBARAN STYLE: Anthology. Short stories on the theme of first alien contact. Bradbury, Russell, Leinster.
- 6. NOVA: Science. D. Lien, host.
- 9. FBI (Fannish Board of Illustration): Crime. Special Agent Efrem Fletcher searches for mundanes who are infiltrating humans into the Funny Animal Apa; discussion of "Fan Cutsie Round" cartooning style.

- 5:43 12. JOURNAL: Films from the Dr. Dodd Clegler Institute. #13.40--"The Con Committee: Man, Myth or Mango?"
- 6:00 4. NEWS: Walter Mumble, substituting for himself, the late Biff Dixon.
6. MIPPLE-STIPPLE PIPPLE: People news.
9. DEPUTY DAN: Children.
- 6:32 12. BAG LUNCH: Extension classes from Miskatonic University. "Introduction to True Enlightenment."
- 7:00 4. LAURENCE ELK: Music? Antlers optional.
6. BARNABY STREET JONES: Crime. New York Crater is the scene of strife between Barnaby and his wife. Dinner follows.
9. TIME AND AGAIN: Serial.
- 7:30 4. BOZO THE CLONE: Cartoons.
9. ROCKFORD FILE COPIES: Drama. Rockford (Mike Glickson) finally fills out his complete run of AMAZING STORIES, and exhausts his pile of fanzines "to be LoCed".
- 7:37 12. MASTERPIECE THEATRE: "MidWestSide Story". Adaption of the stage musical. S. Ryan, B. Bova, D. Lien. Music adapted by D. Emerson. Hugo Award winner.
- 8:00 4. NFL MONDAY NIGHT DUNGEON: (See CloseUp Below)
6. BEST SELLERS: "Dhalgren", adaption of Delany's novel. Episode 31 of 79, in which Kidd writes a poem. M. Hacker, A. Quark, Jules Apor.
- 8:30 9. SANDWORM AND SON: Comedy. Court intrigue in the House of Atreides. Paul-- Paul Shai-Hulud.
- 9:00 9. CHEKHOV AND THE FAN: Comedy. Silly misadventures of a pair of mechanics in a Zeppelin repair station. D.M. Bones, Producer's Wife--C. Nurse.
- 9:07 12. TO BE REMEMBERED...
- 9:30 9. S*T*A*S*H: Comedy. Hawkeye hosts an elevator party and proves that the whole is more than the sum of its parts. Hawkeye--A.B. Dick.
- 10:00 6. MARY HARDART, MARY HARDART: Comedy Serial. Cindy and Gus-Gus have trouble with a troll, Mary's musical career goes down the tubes, and there are alarums and excursions in the night. Woody Allen, Alan Page, Page Count.
9. Special-PLEASE PASSAVOY: Musical Variety. Guest Star, Reed Waller, performs the title song from the hit TV show, "Barnaby Street Jones"
- 10:13 12. THE BOOK SHELVES: Literature. Tips for pulp collectors.
- 10:30 12. TIME AND AGAIN: Serial.
- 11:00 4. SATURDAY NIGHT: Comedy. Live from Boskone 15. Host--David Stever.
6. MOVIE: "The Flying Sorcerors" (1971) A scientist tries to survive on a planet ruled by dubious magic. Noah Ward, Courtney Boat, Yngvi.
9. ALFRED HATCHPLOT: Suspense. "Green Magic" (Jack Vance) a magician searches for that which Fan was not meant to know, and finds his great uncle. Cary Thatweight, Audrey Farber.

CLOSEUP

- 11:02 12. MONTY PYTHON'S FLYING CIRCUS: Zany, madcap discussion of the relative airspeed velocities of unladen swallows.
- 12:00 9. ALFRED HATCHPLOT: Suspense. "The Gods Hate Kansas" (title self-explanatory)
- 1:00am 4. MOVIE: "Time and Again" (1951 or 1970). Based on a novel by Clifford Simak or Jack Finney. Too confusing to describe. J.G. Chronopolis. T. Traveler, Oliver Again.
6. DEAR FRIENDS: Religion.
9. EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG: Religion.
12. IN THE NEXT WORLD YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN: Religion.
- 2:08 73. RUBBER ROOM: Adults Only!

NFL MONDAY NIGHT DUNGEON: Sports. The Holtville Springs Wombats meet playoff-bound Minnesota Crazies, live from Harlan Stadium in Frostbite Falls, Minnesota.

It looks to be a wizards' duel as the expansion Wombats take on the veteran Minnesota party in their homemaze. No. 10 for the Crazies, P'in Bal, wily starting wizard, leads the league in number and severity of spells this season, and holds league records in karma, rank, and 3rd level clutch situations. The Wombats' wizard, rookie Frank Oz, on the other wand, has taken over a hundred hits so far this season and hasn't died once. He has proven himself to be a crafty teleporter and he makes excellent use of his wide tornadoes. See rosters, p. 73A. B. Petal; L. Brommer, M. Schafer, commentators.



"IN SEARCH OF THE PELVIC THRUST"

CONFESSIONS OF A ROCKY HORROR FAN
by Greg Ketter

A Worldcon.

To be more specific, MidAmericon. The Mpls. in '73 party suite. I was busy serving blog and talking and being bozo and...

I looked at my watch. 2:00 A.M. "Does anyone want to take over for me here? I want to go see a movie."

"What movie?"

"Something called the ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW."

"OK. Sounds strange."

"Could be. I've heard some vague rumors about it and I've seen some stills in various magazines. Looked strange."

The party continued without me as I made my way down to the film room along with my friend, Gerry Wassenaar. We walked into the dark, half-full theater where a very strange duet was taking place between some nerd called Brad and a rather foxy woman named Janet. Things got progressively stranger. Gerry and I grew progressively more confused.

After the lights came up and we stumbled on to receive strength and fortification from a Dixie cup of blog, I could be heard to mutter, "What was that I just saw? I've got to see it again to figure it out."

Gerry only nodded and said something about having a run in his fishnets...

For the uninitiated, ROCKY HORROR is a pastiche of every horror and sci-fi* film cliché, put to 50's rock & roll music. Now add a transvestite ("He's the hero. That's right! The hero!"), some kinky sex (mostly implied or suggested), and a small amount of decadence -- and what you come up with is still a mystery.

This is definitely a cult film. A theater in Austin, Texas has been showing weekend midnight matinees for two years. It's jam-packed every time. New York has a huge fan following. Every weekend the same people show up, many in costume. They throw rice at the wedding scene, throw cards for "Cards for sorrow, cards for pain", and, of course, dance with the infamous "Time Warp" scene. SF con committees try desperately to get a print of this much-requested curiosity to add to their film programs.

But why?

Good question. I wish I had the answer. I only know why I like it (and sometimes wonder about my reasons) and can only guess why so many others do.

I love well-done parodies and I suspect many other people do, too. The main target in RHPS is SF and horror movies, clearly

*Used purposely for effect. Please disband the lynch mob immediately. I hate violence (especially upon my person).

evidenced by the opening song, "Science Fiction, Double Feature". No fewer than a dozen such movies are cited in the song (which, by the way, is sung by a gigantic pair of red lips).

The whole cliché-ridden plot is a parody of the "nice young couple's car breaks down and they seek aid in the mad scientist's castle" scenario. Here the mad scientist is a transvestite called Frank N. Furter, who is creating a man a la Frankenstein, with the twist that Frank is making Rocky to satisfy his own strange appetites.

Other easily identifiable objects of parody are KING KONG and the Busby Berkeley musicals. There are others less obvious, too many to list.

Frank N. Furter is one obvious reason for the film's popularity. As one male friend of mine has said, "I'd take him home any day." Frank has that sort of appeal.

Tim Curry plays the sweet transvestite with a relish and enjoyment bordering on the obscene, combining the sexual traits of the aloof Mae West and the hip-swinging Elvis Presley. And contrary to Jenkinson's Law, it does work.

Then we get to the music...

It is an even mixture of 50's rock & roll and love tunes. The love duet, "Dammit Janet", is a nice little piece in which one can credit the overall hilarity of the scene to the moronic Brad and his fumbling attempts to woo the fair Janet (who needed very little wooing). The background singers have to be seen to be believed.

"Over at the Frankenstein Place", although mistitled (there's no Frankenstein in the picture, though the castle might be considered "Frankensteinesque"), is a great take-off in the Nelson Eddy/Jeanette McDonald mold.

The ultimate in bizarreness is "Time Warp". After a rather disarming beginning by our humpbacked friend Riff-Raff, played by the show's author Richard O'Brien, the scene degenerates into a dance line that would have dear departed Busby turning in his grave.

Did I say "Time Warp" was the ultimate in bizarreness? Well, I lied. The title "Sweet Transvestite" says it all. This number has the most incredible opening I've ever seen. (I won't spoil it for those who haven't seen it, and those who have know what I mean.)

Tim Curry milks the scene for all it's worth. He plays the supreme bisexual lover trying to excite as much of the audience as possible (and probably pretty much succeeding). He is quite lovely to behold.

Frankie creates his "mate" in front of our dauntless heroes, and prepares to enter a life of happily wedded bliss in "I Can Make You a Man". Before he can consummate the "marriage", one of Frank's "mistakes" (Eddie) escapes, creates quite a furor of his own, and is quickly disposed of by Dr. Furter with some handy fire-fighting equipment.

Peter Hinwood as Rocky is a very pretty specimen of blond hair and lots of muscle, while Meatloaf as Eddie makes it fairly obvious that man did indeed evolve from the apes.

Frank introduces Janet to his strange world of cheap thrills and decadence. While Frank then does the same for Brad, Janet finds the beautiful Rocky and proceeds to announce her willingness in "Toucha, Toucha, Touch Me".

Then, during a slightly different version of Peyton Place, Dr. Scott, friend of Brad and Janet, appears and exposes Furter to be more than he appears (?).

Dinner is served and Dr. Scott sings of his nephew "Eddie", who is Scott's main purpose in coming to the castle. The dinner ends in a shambles with Frank chasing Janet while singing "Planet Schmanet, Janet".

Frank immobilizes our heroes and prepares for "The Floor Show" (consisting of "The Floor Show", "Don't Dream It--Be It", and "Wild and Untamed Thing"), which is interrupted by Riff-Raff and Magenta, who reveal the extra-terrestrial origins of themselves and Frank. Frank sings the sentimental swan song "I'm Going Home", but Riff-Raff puts an end to that plan.

Brad, Janet, and Dr. Scott are allowed to leave, and they sing the capping song "Superheroes" (which is cut from some prints).

To end this glorious mess, there is "Science Fiction, Double Feature--Reprise".

I hope you'll see this film if you haven't done so, because telling you about it cannot even prepare you for what you'll see.

Anyone with information on or with offers of any info on ROCKY HORROR, please contact me through RUNE. I am in the process of putting a ROCKY HORROR Book/Fanzine together.

Play nice and always live your life for the thrill of it.

FILM CREDITS:

Tim Curry	Frank N. Furter
Susan Sarandon	Janet Weiss
Barry Bostwick	Brad Majors
Richard O'Brien	Riff-Raff
Patricia Quinn	Magenta
Little Nell	Columbia
Jonathan Adams	Dr. Everett Scott
Peter Hinwood	Rocky
Meatloaf	Eddie
Charles Gray	Narrator

Book, Music, Lyrics -- Richard O'Brien

Directed by Jim Sharman

© 1975 Twentieth Century Pictures

All Booked Up

By Nate Bucklin

LUCIFER'S HAMMER by Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle. Playboy Press, 1977, \$10.00.

To start with, I'll explain by biases. I prefer Old Wave science fiction to New Wave--and convincing New Wave stories with real human characters to scientifically questionable Old Wave stories with cardboard characters. If you want to translate this as meaning "here's a reviewer who prefers Larry Niven's stories to Harlan Ellison's, and Harlan Ellison's to Doc Smith's", you'll be close enough for most purposes.

Books selected for review will include both current and non-current sf; books the editors and I feel like advertising will outnumber books we feel like warning people away from by at least 2 to 1. Reviews of the latter will probably be limited to recent releases.

LUCIFER'S HAMMER is worth buying in hardcover. It's also worth borrowing at the library, although you probably want your own copy. Warning: it's a disaster novel--but for those of you who don't like disaster novels, are you sure it isn't because you haven't read a good one yet?

What you can't tell from the dustjacket is how meticulously the authors have taken care to work the plot out--the disaster, the different ways of surviving it, the effects on the weather (after reading this book you will never forget that civilization is dependent on a reliable food supply, which in turn demands predictability of rainfall and temperature), and the wide variety of possible human responses to calamity. It deals with a large cast of characters, and jumps around from one to another with great frequency; this technique is risky, and in other books has had the result that readers found it difficult to maintain interest; but in this book it's necessary--something like photographing a mountain from all sides; you have to move the camera to do it. Fortunately, it works perfectly, due largely to the omnipresence of the comet, and partly because of the terse skill with which individual scenes are written. Best of all, cliffhanger endings are avoided.

The book's strongest spot, in fact, is its overall readability. LUCIFER'S HAMMER is a readable, even gripping, book. The two writers have successfully fused their styles as well as they did in INFERNO, better than in THE MOTE in GOD'S EYE; and the story is told with a convincing matter-of-factness rarely see in science fiction.

On the negative side--L.A. fan critic Beverly Kanter has pointed out that the cast of characters is heavy on WASPS, light on blacks, and lacking in Chicanos and Orientals, in spite of the California setting; I have to agree that this is a little unrealistic. Further, many science fiction fans have grown accustomed to books which feel like science fiction--gadgets, sense of wonder, futuristic settings, etc. HAMMER is completely lacking in that feel; it's also a better book because of it, but readers who insist on those certain elements in Their science fiction will be disappointed.

Nonetheless--it's good science fiction, and a first rate story.

CAVEAT EMPTOR AND HIS FABULOUS SEVEN SHORT REVIEWS

BEST SF: '75--NINTH ANNUAL, ed. Brian Aldiss & Harry Harrison, Bobbs-Merrill 1976, \$10.00, 240 pp.

Because it attempts, more than any other annual, to represent the entire spectrum of SF, this anthology will necessarily seem spotty to most readers. Myself, I enjoyed re-reading Haldeman's "End Game" and Cowper's "The Custodians," and was impressed on a first reading of Moorcock's "A Dead Singer" and M. John Harrison's "Settling the World." But the editors also saw fit to include a piece of tripe by Updike and Malzberg's "A Galaxy Called Rome," which is no more than a verbal sneer at the reader who is so foolish as to read SF. An uneven bunch, but you'll find here something you haven't read before!

CRACKPOT, Ron Goulart, Doubleday 1977, \$5.95, 150 pp.

The farcical spirit of his Barnum System stories now diluted by fatigue, Goulart here toys with the cross-currents of the underground in the military-industrial tyranny; he remains a master of exaggerating the humor to be found in painful situations--but it's tired!

A SCANNER DARKLY, Philip K. Dick, Doubleday 1977, \$6.95, 220 pp.

Hardly SF at all, this is a downer about drugs and destruction, made all the more poignant by Dick's biographical end note: there is no evil in the use of drugs--but the consequences can be worse than evil!

THE RIGHT HAND OF DEXTRA, David J. Lake, DAW 1977, \$1.50, 176 pp.

A Vancian sort of odyssey-adventure in a world made of the wrong proteins; the plot is weak but it's the pictures that count.

THE GAME PLAYERS OF ZAN, M.A. Foster, DAW 1977, \$1.95, 445 pp.

An immense character-study of lovable mutants up against it on bureaucratic Earth; well told, but the plot has a few truck-size holes. Slow starting, but you can really get involved with the ler.

RAUM, Carl Sherrell, Avon 1977, \$1.50, 189 pp.

A good idea, to have for your hero a devil who is, himself unknowing, trying to make his way out of evil--unfortunately, it comes across as bad fan-fiction: the author even uses words incorrectly--for instance, in one scene a character is "clamoring up the ropes;" obviously, in the situation, that should be "clabering." Characters change attitudes with mercurial rapidity and little justification, and early on it becomes apparent that the author feels he must prove the evil nature of his hero often, through any meaningless violence handy. A truly amateur book, this nevertheless has magnificent interior illos by Fabian--buy it for those!

CHARLES FORT NEVER MENTIONED WOMBATS

Buck Coulson & Gene DeWeese, Doubleday 1977, \$6.95, 173 pp.

Another fantasy mystery set in orbit around a SF convention--this time the Australian Worldcon-- this one is Goulartishly farcical. But it attracts with the images of those of our friends who get included in the action: it's fun if you know the real-life people who are here--particularly a certain crusty, red-headed skeptic! (Hi, Rusty!)

QAZ ABL5

Dave Crawford
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Though I am an enthusiastic reader of fantasy and science fiction, my fannish feelings fall far below even those of a fringe-fan: I do not know Minn-Stfers very well. Still, I've always thought that people who read SF, etc., were basically enlightened and non-reactionary sorts of people. Alas, this generalization, like most, has proved wrong. As evidence I present the cover of RUNE #50.

The person who drew the cover seems to be emulating John Norman: "Beat her on the head, haul her to your cave, screw her--she will be eternally grateful. After all, this is what every woman wants." I shouldn't come down so hard on the artist, who has a right to portray whatever suits him/her.

On the other hand, the person or persons responsible for the decision to publish the picture, or responsible for endorsing that decision, owe an apology to every woman who doesn't want to be a submissive oriface-on-legs and every man who doesn't want to be a macho stud. Science-fiction authors have been among the first to portray women and men as people instead of sex/role stereotypes. (i.e. Schmitz, McCaffrey, Russ, LeGuin, etc.) RUNE, by publishing a cover like that of #50, seems to be endorsing the opposite tendency.

Doesn't seem right, somehow, does it?

((Lee speaking; I don't believe that that's exactly what David had in mind when he printed Jim's cover but we agree on the net result it caused. We cannot extend an apology for David but we can promise to be careful in our choice of covers in future issues.)))

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

"As the Platen Turns" was the highpoint of the issue for this idea-trip oriented fan. Dave Wixon brings up some points I had not considered when I wrote my life-out-there piece for the recent DIEHARD. I discussed different chauvanisms we bring to the idea of extraterrestrial life, as brought up by Sagan in The Cosmic Connection, and added some of my own. But I had not thought of mankind-uber-Alles chauvanism. It is true that we have no right to make this assumption that we will be regarded as at least equal with beings who have had civilization for, say, a billion years. If there is a pecking order, we may be very low on it indeed.

((Lee speaking; Dave is a fine writer, we agree. The mark of a good writer is often his ability to make you think. It is obvious Dave has done so for you. We are sorry space limitations cannot allow us to print Clonecon I. Try sending it as an article.)))

George Flynn
27 Sowamsett Ave.
Warren, RI 02885

There was a recent NESFA meeting at which four Davids were present. What can this creeping Davidism mean? There was that story of Brian Aldiss's in which the whole world came to be populated by a bunch of guys named Frank; can it be he got the name wrong? Then again, the effect may be self-limiting, for it is written, "A house Divided against itself cannot stand."
(((ARRRRRGHHHHH! the Editors)))

MIKE Glicksohn
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As one of them there "active fanzine fans" that you mention I do mourn the passing of the Haskell-style genzine RUNE. Because it had such a lengthy informal lettercol as well as contributions from many active fanzine writers the old RUNE was a very easy fanzine to become involved with, to feel a part of. I'll miss it, because in the ...what?...six years I've known you (David) you've never really shown us what we all suspect you could do with a fanzine if you really wanted to devote your time and energy to it. But that's a choice only you can make and we'll have to learn to live with it. At least until the next editor of RUNE comes along.

...And Mike Blake??!! I'm amazed, I'm delighted, I'm impressed. I had no idea Mike could weave words so well. He does it all.

...A weird lettercolumn. Really weird. All sorts of people being carried away by the incipient insanity that is Mipple/Stipple. I can see fans all across the country either naturally or artificially trying to create the sort of inspired nonsense Spider and Jean Sheward and Lee Carson are represented by here rather than risk the fate of Harry Warner, whose two page letter (as we all know it originally was) ends up as a mere three paragraphs.

((Gee, Mike, we seem to have cut your two page letter to three paragraphs... This might be the place to mention that the RUNE you have in your hand is probably typical of the size publication that we will have. Fred Haskell subsidized RUNE, to the extent of matching Minn-stf funds for it. Neither David Emerson nor the current editors can do that! We hope that you will judge the new RUNE on its own merit, rather than as a continuation of Fred's zine.)))

Jessica Amanda Salmonson It really wasn't possible to enjoy the current issue of RUNE, as I simply couldn't get beyond the cover... Why would anyone want to depict a woman (sex object or human) clinging to the knees of a limp but well-hung baby-faced Aryan?...

((The mail seems to be about 5 to 1 against the cover -- and that's counting some fairly neutral letters as "for".)))

Tom Perry
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Boca Raton, FL 33432

(Addressed to Dave Emerson) No reflection on Haskell, but I think I like your RUNE better. As I recall the old RUNE it was almost too perfect to say anything about. Yours is more like the fifties fanzines I feel comfortable with -- the kind that used to be the only kind before (as Terry Carr says) Ted White ruined fandom...

((We hope that you'll be equally pleased with RUNE in the future!)))

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: David S. Bratman, Lester Boutillier (twice), Tom Digby, Laurine White, Harry Warner Jr., Carole Chayne Lewis, Mary Long, Doug Barbour, Andy Porter, Peter Werner, Sarah Prince, John Purcell, Stan Greene, Linda Ann Moss, Donald R. Stark, Fred Jakobic. Thank you all. Please continue to LoC; as we get better acquainted, we'll have more replies to make to you!