

RUNE

ST. PAUL
DOUBLE

65

WHAT DO YOU MEAN I'M NOT IN MINN. ST.? I WENT TO A MEETING 2 1/2 YEARS AGO!

YEAH, THE ROOF'S BEEN CONDEMNED TWO YEAR'S NOW...

WHAT ARE ALL THOSE STRIPED THINGS UP THERE?!

~~YOU HOORUSSIES!~~

~~BOMB HERE FIRST~~

SEE SARAH? AUNT GERTRUDE'S ON JOE'S MANTLE!

ANYBODY WANT A '58 CHEVY DEL REY?

MY NAME IS JOHN BARTELT AND IF BECKER DIDN'T GIVE ME FREE VOOTIES I WOULDN'T PRINT ANY OF HIS CRAP!

IT'S BEEN FOUR PIGEONS A WEEK FOR AWHILE NOW...

THEN I'LL RIP OFF THE PORCH AND REBUILD IT WITH A BASKET-BALL COURT!

A MINICON IN ST. PAUL?! THAT'S LIKE CELEBRATING HITLER'S BIRTHDAY AT THE WAILING WALL!

I AM STEVER'S TAX SHELTER

BECKER ALWAYS DOES SOMETHING DISGUSTING FOR A RUNE COVER! THIS TIME ALL THE INK IS TOEJAM MIXED WITH SNAG!

LET'S SEE ... YOU DON'T LIKE 'ROCKY HORROR' ... YOU DON'T LIKE COMPUTERS.. YOU DON'T PLAY ACOUSTIC GUITAR.. AND YOU DON'T GIVE MESSAGES ... WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING HERE?!

PRIME

OF

Handwritten text on a banner, possibly a name or slogan.

Handwritten text in a speech bubble.

rune

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(hah) is published by
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65.

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This issue is edited by David Stever
(788 Dayton Ave. St. Paul MN 55104),
but normally John Bartelt's name would
appear as co-editor. John gets enough
mail now, send your LoCs to Stever,
because it cheers him up.
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Thanks to Great Aunt Gertrude.....

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Please . . .

LEAVE KEY ON DRESSER - TURN OUT LIGHTS!

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. . . If You Take Anything, We'll Send for You.
License Number on File.

**THANK YOU,
COME AGAIN !**

EDITORIAL

Gee, here we go again. We touched base again, and now we go off and throw away our nice safe formula for doing Minn-Stf's fanzine. This is the first of five issues of RUNE that just spilt out of the envelope you opened a few minutes ago. What are we doing? Let me explain.

RUNE 62 was our first issue. Yes, we know it was crude. We thought so too, and so did you. We had all done fanzines before, but never had we worked together on a single project like that, and we had to basicly figure out how we all worked. I think that we still had some good material though.

RUNE 63 was our first experiment. I think that it was Garth who first came up with the notion of a sideways fmz. Not that it makes any difference, we all 'ran' with the idea then. Again, I'm really proud of the material that we had, and the response that we got reflected that, too. The issue was supposed to have been dedicated to Jerry Lapidus, but hey, it was fun to experiment with. If we all had wide bodied typewriters, I think we might want to work some more on the flexibility that the format gives you.

RUNE 64, our last issue, was again of normal graphic format, and it proved what I had been saying to Garth and John all along- "Don't hold it til next time, something will come along that we can use for the next issue." We didn't quite sell out to the walls, but we might have put out something smaller, leaving us with incredible amounts of material for these issues, but I for one pushed to get it all out. As I

type this I still don't know what material we have this time, but it is another experiment for us.

RUNEs 65-69 are being done by five individuals, as five fanzines. I guess that the theory is that the Who record together, but Townshend, Daltry and Entwhistle also have other things to say, so they record solo albums. The four of us who work on these things: me (David), John, Garth, and Joe, all have things to say that get smoothed out when we work together. In this series of fanzines, we are all doing an issue of RUNE as we would do it ourselves. We won't get an issue of DIGRESSIONS, BOOWATT, PROPER BOSKONIAN, and JOE WESSON; what we will get is four issues of RUNE from four viewpoints. Sit back and enjoy now, we have basicly given you more for your sticky quarter this time. I always like fat fanzines...



REFLECTIONS BELIECTIONS?

DAVID
CUMMER

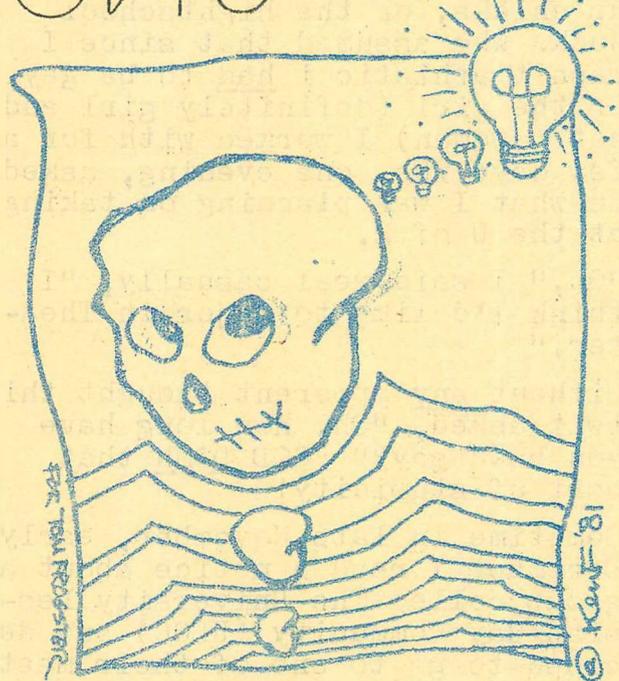
On November 8th 1980 a question asked in a casual, unimportant conversation made me realise something about myself: that I had spent the last 24 years in a closet.

That night I was visiting with a friend, talking about something that had nothing to do with the course the conversation would suddenly take. After a pause he said to me, "You know, there's something I've been wondering about. Are you gay?"

I thought for a few seconds, looking the other way. "I wish I knew, I really wish I knew."

Later that night I went to a chinese restaurant with some other friends. During the meal I excused myself from the table and went to the men's room. A funny thing happened when I was washing my hands. I looked up into the mirror over the sink and..

I was seven or eight years old. I was in the second floor bathroom of the old farmhouse my family was renting. For some unknown reason I found myself looking into the mirror repeating my name over and over until it lost meaning as my name and became just sounds. I don't know if I was experiencing a mild trance or astral projection or what. I was looking at my reflection and having no connection with the child I saw there. I wondered many things, why I had been born to my family, why I was a human being and not a bird, and why I wondered who I was.



....over the sink and was reminded of something that happened once when I was younger, of seeing my reflection and not recognising who it was that looked back. I leaned towards the mirror and the alien feeling of being outside of myself came back.

"You are a homosexual aren't you?" I thought to myself. This wasn't the first time I had wondered about being gay. It was, however the first time I didn't panic at the question and could accept that I had some doubts about my 'normality'. I thought back to myself, "Yes, you are gay and you've always known that haven't you?"

And I was right, I always had.

After spending most of my life convinced that I was straight, this was a bit of a surprise. (actually it came as a hell of a shock!) The month that I

started to come out I fluctuated between feeling very odd, frightened, depressed and angry as hell. What bothered me the most was the feeling that 'All Those People' were right. People like the guy who wondered why I wasn't hitting up chicks, or the highschool jocks who assumed that since I wasn't athletic i had to be gay. Or the girl (definitely girl and not a woman) I worked with for a few days who, one evening, asked me what I was planning on taking at the U of M.

"Oh," I said real casually, "I think I'd like to major in Theater."

Without any apparent thought this twit asked, "Oh, how long have you been gay?" GOD DAMN that sort of stupidity!

Sometime in late November, early December I read a notice about a group called The University Lesbian/Gay Community (ULGC) and decided to go to one of their meetings. Walking across campus to Coffman Union where the meeting was held I was nervously praying, "God, if this is a mistake, if this is the wrong thing for me, please stop me." But I made it into the building and up to the third floor (I compulsively stop-

ped at every water fountain I passed), walked into the room and sat down. At that moment I realized that being gay and being positive about it was more than 'just' coming out of a closet but also coming into a community. I have to admit that it was strange to be in a room with about fifty or sixty gay men. Especially since for a few minutes I thought I had walked into a meeting of the engineering club; I decided I was in the right place when they started talking about repealing the sodomy laws in Minnesota. But I also felt comfortable in a room full of strangers, something I couldn't have done before. Going back home that night I felt very... well, healthy and I was able to breath for the first time in my life.

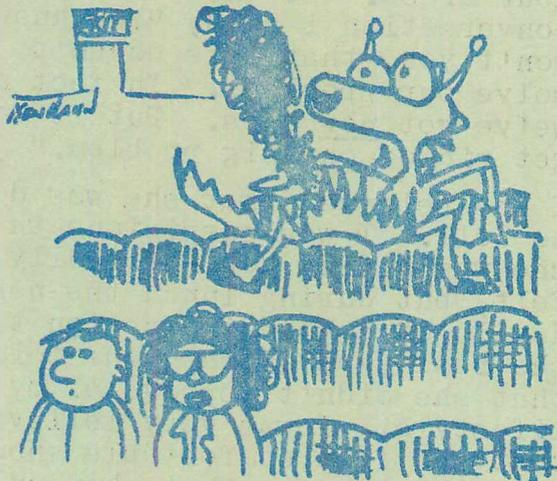
This was all happening just after I moved in with Sarah Green, Rachel Fang, and Evan Morris. When I got home that night I came out to them because I felt I owed it to them. They weren't too awfully surprised. In fact shortly after that I asked Rachel what she thought of me the first time she saw me.

"Well, I remember watching all these women coming up to you and ~~and you sort of didn't~~ notice them. so I decided that you were either gay or very naive." She later agreed with me that I was, in reality, both.

DON'T GIVE ME THAT NICEGUY SHIT...



That Thanksgiving I ~~went~~ home to Moorhead, Minnesota and spent the weekend with my mother and younger brother. That Friday night I went to temple with an old friend of mine named Lisa. The service was very good, all about freedom. I took that as a note and on the way home I came out to her. Lisa's reaction completely floored me. She



"Honestly, Herb! This is the filthiest movie I've ever seen!"

reached over, patted me on the knee and said, "Oh, thank God! I've been praying you'd come to your senses!"

However, it was sheer hell being with my family. I was comfortable with my brother Jeff. I had come out to him when he told me he was going into the Army, it kept us from yelling too much.

But my mother... I'd been raising her since I was twelve, taking care of her. I was convinced that I had to tell her but equally convinced that I had to protect her at all costs to myself.

It got so bad that one day when she asked me to go to the corner mail box and post some letters for her, I didn't return for three or four hours. When I did come back I stormed into her room and screamed at her, "Goddamnit, if you hate your job why don't you get a better one?" Basically what I had done was purge myself of about ten years of anger in about as many seconds. When I was done we both just sort of looked at the pile of anger quivering on the floor, and looked the other way as it tried to crawl

under the bed.

Christmas was more of the same.

At a ULGC party in January '81 I met a man named Don (he insisted on being called Donny. yech). We talked a little as I did some of my conversational routines, juggling words in a snappy way. Somewhere in the middle of my act Donny stopped me cold by asking, "Would you like to go to a movie Friday night?"

Damn! I dropped and broke a brilliant observation while I stopped and thought, "Is this just going to a movie with a guy or is it a 'date'?"

He picked me up that Friday and we drove over to the first night of the Minneapolis International Film Festival. (I've always thought that a film festival in the Twin Cities was a real neat idea, but something like THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL MINNEAPOLIS FILM FESTIVAL is a bit silly!) The film that night was from Norway and called "Men Can't Be Raped". (Well, that was a nice reassuring note to start on!)

There was a seance in the movie where the female lead meets a man in a restaurant. He invites her up to his hotel room by asking her, "Would you like to come to my place for a cup of coffee?" Once there of course, he rapes her.

In the car after the movie Donny asked me what I would like to do now.

"I dunno. What would you like to do?" (see, some things are the same all over.)

"Would you like to go to one of the gay bars?"

"Gapht herck mergle garck!?"

"Oh." Donny thought for a moment. "Would you like to come over to my place for a bit?"

"OK, but no coffee!" I had tea, and the next morning I fixed us some oatmeal. Three months later Donny broke up with me in the middle of a busy restuarant.

Sometime after that I ended up in bed with a friend of mine, something I had promised I'd never do because he was in a three year old relationship with another man. I didn't like the role of "the other man".

Because of what had happened between Donny and myself, the "affair" and a few other problems I was having, I decided to start seeing a counsēlor. I saw him privately for about six months, and am now in a group with about ten other men.

About that time I met a man named Paul. The first time we went out to a movie we held hands and have done so ever since. Slowly, strangely, and surprisingly enough, we fell in love. Oh God.. It's wonderful, especially when you've been convinced that you're capable of love.

This year when I went home I was a different man going into a different situation. I was more relaxed and accepting of myself then I had been the year before. My brother was gone. It was just my mother and myself.

I told her I was gay on Thanksgiving. I hadn't really planned on doing so, but I had gone home with the feeling that "this might just be the time".

It's not that I wasn't scared, because I was.

She took the news very well. She didn't faint, or call for an ex-orist, or (thank God) blame herself. Instead she gave all the correct answers: "You're still my son. I still love you. I won't kick you out of the house..."

We talked about it for another hour or so. At the end of the conversation i said, "You know, don't you, that this doesn't solve our problems. In fact now we've got new ones. But it does get rid of one big problem."

I was releaved that she was doing so well. I was suspicious that she was hiding how she really felt, but during lunch the next day I got a good indication that she reallywas OK when she told me that she didn't approve of my lifestyle. I was very relieved that she felt comfortable enough with the subject that she could be honest with me.

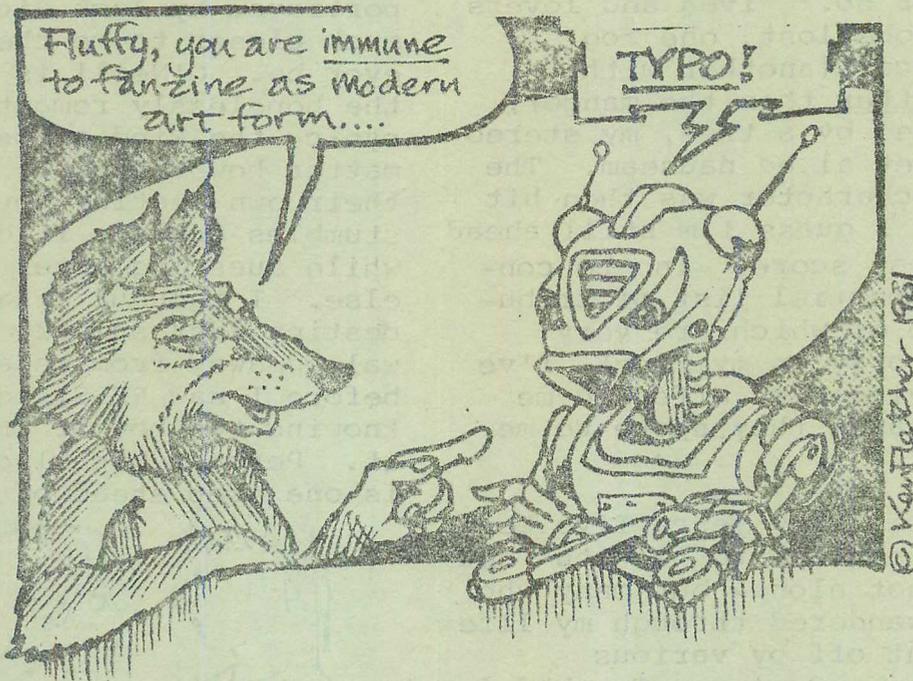
I GOT THE RECIPE FROM
A STEVEN KING BOOK.



I called Paul that night to tell him what had gone on and to let him know he'd been invited up for Christmas. We decided not to go up, but to spend Christmas here, instead.

I've been wanting to write an article like this for a long time. In fact I had decided to write an article on homosexuality for *Minneapa* in May of last year, 1981. However when I tried to write it, I just wasn't able to get anything on paper. Various people finally convinced me that I had to keep to a private timetable- if I wasn't able to write about being gay just then, I had to stop worrying about it, and wait until I felt comfortable enough with myself before tackling the subject.

In December of '81, an article titled "This May Come as No Great Surprise to Some of You..." appeared in *Minneapa* 152. David Stever read a copy of it over here, and asked me if he could print it in *RUNE*. I agreed as long as I could do a little re-writing. So I rewrote. So here I am.



Funny how rock 'n roll will see you through; I didn't have a title until I popped a cassette of Rico's favorite band, Da Blue Oysters and their Cult into my player and then

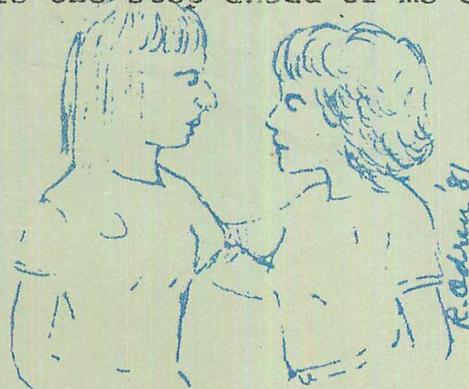
things ain't
what they
used to be.

AND THIS AIN'T THE GARDEN OF LOVE

Just like the Bode character who believes that things can't get any worse in his life- his wife left him, he lost his job and his apartment, and his dog has the mange, my life has dealt me a series of Job-like Tests of Faith. Of course not having any faith worthy of testing, it's just resulted in making my life an interesting place to live since 1979 or so. Wives and lovers have left, jobs lost, one dog struck by a car (another with ringworm- better than the mange), my car crushed by a tree, my stereo ripped off, et al ad nauseam. The little Bode character was then hit by a bus, so I guess I'm still ahead of him on that score. In the context of the partial list of tribulations (two of which are very recent, and prey on my mind), I've seen two movies which effected me greatly, because they spoke to me, about myself.

During the last few years I've been looking for someone to be with- not by myself, not alone- but many who might have wandered through my life have been put off by various aspects of me and mine. Too bad for me, eh? Those who I have been involved with didn't want to settle down like that; I've gotten hurt. I could roll into a ball and toss it all in, but it would all go away then, the pleasure as well as the pain, and I'd rather live on to feel the pleasure again.

I saw REDS with my ex-lover, and I wanted to identify with the character of Jack Reed, because of his burning love for Louise Bryant. Because I burn like that too, sorching all those around me driving them away from the intensities that I exhibit. In the end, I realised that the sad character of Eugene O'Neill, as portrayed by Jack Nicholson is much closer to me then Jack could ever be. O'Neill is shown to be the hopelessly romantic, hopeless cynic- the kind of person who, no matter how talented, doesn't make their own destiny, but instead stumbles accross it one day, while questing after something else. I thought I had made my destiny last summer, but it had walked away from me a few weeks before I saw REDS, leaving me not knowing the how or why of any of it. Perhaps Nicholson's O'Neill is one step ahead of me on that-



"THE INTERESTING THING
ABOUT HIM IS, HE HAS
PUBIC HAIR ALL OVER
HIS ENTIRE BODY..."

when Reed came back to Bryant, he knew that his affair with Louise was over; but could even he ever know why it had occurred at all?

Two weeks or so later, I saw MODERN PROBLEMS with my ex-wife. Chevy Chases character has just broken with his lover over his uncertainty of how he stands with her, and her male friends. This is insecurity, and I know it like an old friend. Any confidence I have is a thin veneer over my uncertain nature, and it's my clutching, uncertain nature that drives my love lovers away. In his hour of need, when his world is coming down around his ears, the characters ex-wife is there (at this point, the others in our little movie group turned to look at me- the parallels were not lost on them, either) to keep him from stumbling in front of that metaphorical bus...

I can silently mouth the Iggy Pop lyric, "I wish life could be, Swed-

ish magazines," but I don't, really. I want tonight to be Swedish magazines, but I want my life to be meaningful- my lover must be a friend of mine, and for too many around me, their lover is just a lay. I want to discuss Nabokov, city government, French Socialism, and my plans for rebuilding my front porch; a part of my life. I need my head examined, I need my eyes excited- I'd like to join the party, but I was not invited (Elvis Costello).

Jack Reed is able to galvanize Louise Bryant's life- thrill her, drive her away from her life in Portland, and even at times, drive her away from him as well, but never-the-less attract her to him time after time, and wrap their lives together. Chase's character reaches for what he wants too, but kicks it away when he is about to pick it up. He does no better then I would (I can't speak for you)- wanting so



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badly what seems so near. Seeing all the asses who surround our lives and who seem to get what they want. Dabney Coleman (he had earlier played the boss in 9 TO 5) and the unknown actor who picks up Chases's girlfriend are so transparently false. Many men know people (other men) who play a game rather than live their lives.

It's pretty sickening to see these people 'in action' when you have tried to be so up front in your own relationships. "Pretty girls walking with gorillas down my street.." comes to mind.

For Chase to suddenly be able to work magic- his telekinesis- to be able to end their bullshit games is to strike at these pompour individuals for Everyman. When he uses his abilities in bed with his girl friend (you mean to tell me that Telzey Amberdon didn't masturbate? Why not?), the fabulous restaurant scene and the triumph of good over - evil? No, perhaps pompousness. When Dabney Coleman Gets His (my god, he plays an ass really well, doesn't he?), it is once again a triumph to cut through the games to expose the inner sleaze.

Not every one will like MODERN PROBLEMS- the downtrodden male will appreciate it, but I don't think that the sauve confident men of this world (these are the guys who never seem to have any problems getting laid, folks) will. I don't know how women will take it, beyond the obvious comedy; if I knew that I wouldn't have gotten as hurt as I have in this world. REDS is so universal in it's theme that it can and does appeal to all. By all means, see both movies.

In the meanwhile, don't cry for me, Argentina, as life does go on, and it has already gotten interesting again. (No, I won't mention her name, I've been discrete so far, haven't I?) Thank god for my friends.

KEEP YOUR SIN AT HOME - OR MINICON COMES TO ST. PAUL

Ketter's column

News item from the April 13, 1982
Saint Paul Dispatch:

SCI-FI MEET RAIDED; 46 ARRESTED

(AP)A weekend gathering of science fiction readers ended on a bizarre note. Many members of the annual "Minicon" were arrested for violating numerous local city ordinances, ranging from public nudity to possession of a corn cob pipe.

Most of the charges were misdemeanors, with sentences up to months in prison and \$1000 fines. There were 17 felony charges with much stiffer penalties.

Charges included: Possession of paraphenalia (corn-cob pipes claimed to be props for a play); gross public homosexuality (two men were seen to be hugging); cruelty to animals (talk of a "dead dog" party- the animal was never found); violation of obscenity laws (people were swimming nude at a private pool party); and subversion and terrorism (vice squad officers also overheard a conversation discussing how to build a nuclear device and possible uses for such a weapon). Also, a charge of lurking with intent is pending against numerous young male attendees. There were two dozen other charges.

Spokesman for the group, Donald Bailey, said, "I don't know what the problem was. It was a private function. These things happen all the time at conventions all over the country."

St. Paul City Council members are looking into the possibility of banning any such future gatherings. Councilman Ron Maddox said, "We must protect these people from themselves."

This scenario may seem a little far-fetched, but the various laws mentioned can and have been enforced. In st. Paul, homosexuals have no rights, owning 10 very vaguely defined drug paraphenalia is a worse offense than possession of marijuana, and lurking with intent, without naming any intention can get

And now, daytime drama in the afternoon.

VERNON DRIVE

(organ music)

This afternoon, we find that Lorraine has fallen in love with Bill, a gay, half black, half oriental, transvestite of homosexual persuasion.

However, Bill's half brother, Elmer, (a black missionary from Africa), discovers that Lorraine is married to Bill's second cousin Alistair.

Alistair has been a Vietnam MIA since 1962, but turned himself in to authorities in Switzerland last week, and has admitted being married to Leechee, a nurse of Samoan origin.

Samoa has been in an uproar, since local tradition forbids Samoan beauties from fraternizing with MIAs.

Kurt Waldheim from the U.N. (played here by himself, in a rare cameo appearance.) has promised to look into the matter, but states, "Since Alistair Jackson has turned himself in to Swiss authorities, he is not any longer an MIA and therefore has not violated any laws of Samoa." Samoan authorities replied, "Blow it out your ass, Kurt."

Bill is crushed, "Lorraine, why haven't you told me of Alistair?" To which a tearfull Lorraine replied, "Why I didn't want to trouble you darling, besides he had been an MIA since 1962, I thought there was a snowball's chance in hell that he would still be alive."

In the meantime, Alistair and Leechee are recuperating from their ordeal at a Swiss village. Elmer has just flown in from Africa only to discover Alistair was buried in an avalanche. "Well Elmer," an American consulate representative said, "I'm afraid this is it." "Gee," replied Elmer, "Do you think there is any chance Alistair is alive?" "Not a snowball's chance in Hell," responded the government lackey. "Well, enough of avalanche jokes, I must return to the embassy and file a report. If you have any questions Elmer, I'm in the book, OK?" "Uh uh uh sure, Mr. Consulate, in the book." "Gee," he thought, "Poor Lorraine." "Good-bye, Mr. Consulate." "Good-bye, Mr. Elmer."
(organ music)

LANCE
NEMENIC

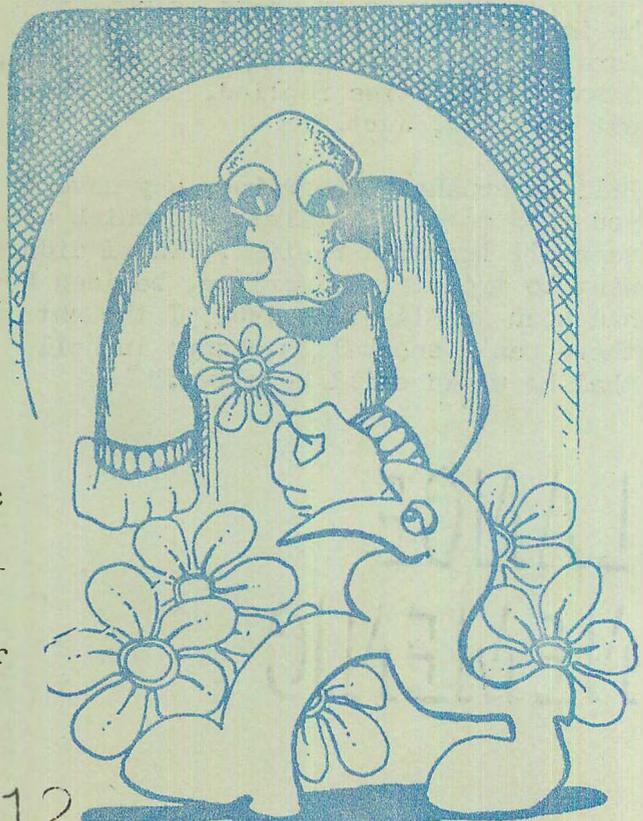


you are where you eat

While I know that many people don't relish the notion of going shopping, I approach it as one more place to observe The Human Condition. Just as you spend a lot of time in front of your favorite animal at the zoo, so do I stare at some of the more unusual specimens at the local shopping malls; and ask me about Princess Cinnamon Buns some time (reference to Confusion 1982. I don't dare take my camera with me- they'd stare back, and it would effect their otherwise natural behavior. In the past, I've loved to walk around suburban malls, looking at all the types to be found there, but I've grown jaded because all the Twin Cities malls are basically alike, down to the \$35 hairdos on every female over the age of twelve. But, to my rescue comes the new style in supermarket, The Gourmet Supermarket.

Yes folks, we're talking about a market that gives you a real choice as to what brand of caviar you can buy, that carries that all important frozen pheasant in the meat department, and even has a restaurant, where you can plot your shopping strategy, over dinner.

The first, a new store in the local Byerly's chain, opened in St. Louis Park over a year ago- maybe it's been two years by now. This was just what St. Louis Park had been waiting for- a theatrical setting for fresh veggies. The yogurt and bottled water crowd ate it up, of course, because it became permissible to admit that you ate groceries. I went there because it is cheaper than tickets to the Guthrie, and it was more fun than Southdale (that's theater and shopping mall, respectfully). It was a small group of easily amused people (yes, dopers and druggies) and we looked at all the exhibits and displays, and we even bought pastries and Yoplait before we raced out to the car, where we began to compare notes on what we had seen. The restaurant, the chocolate and sweets shop, the liquor store, the maps of the store. It was grand.



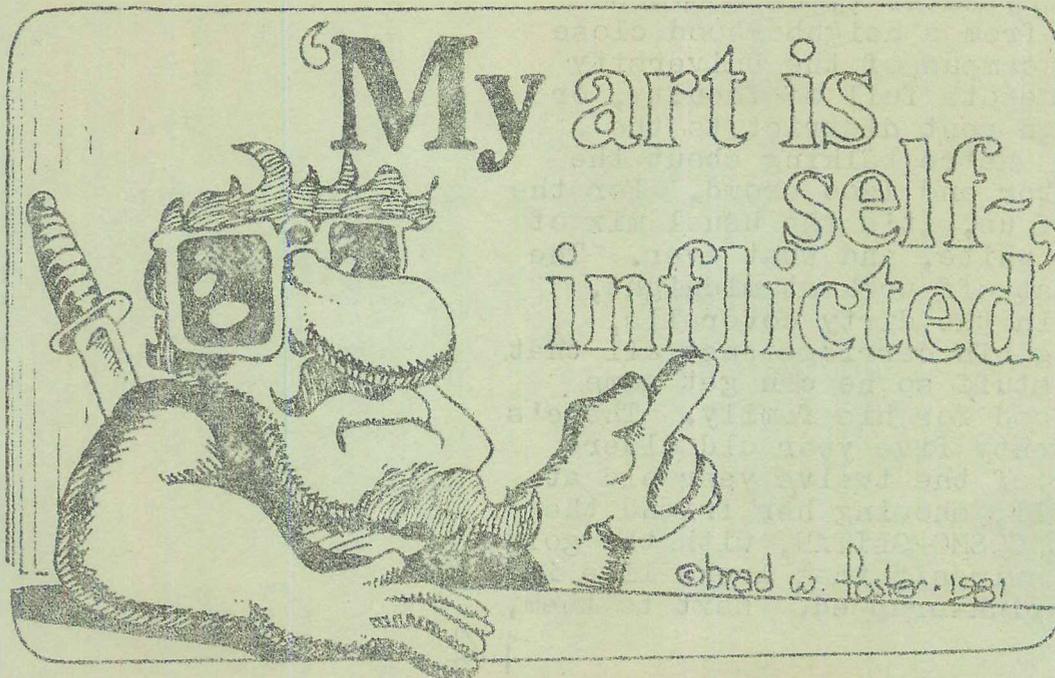
store. It was grand, but I continued to shop at the local food warehouse (...so we pass the savings on to you!), and went to Byerly's restaurant from time to time, when I was in that end of town. The store and restaurant is open twenty fours a day so that one can pick up that all important carton of milk after the show. I am told that the restaurant is some what of a trendy spot to be at two ayhem, if one is some St. Louis Park.

Meanwhile in Saint Paul, my shopping habits changed. Working second shift, I had better things to do with my time, and the warehouse closed when I got off from work. There was a nearby twenty four hour market, an average unit of a second local chain, Applebaum's. Located in a center half way between downtown Minneapolis and downtown Saint Paul, the next storefront had stood vacant for a few months when it suddenly spouted a sign saying that it was the location of the next Applebaum's store.

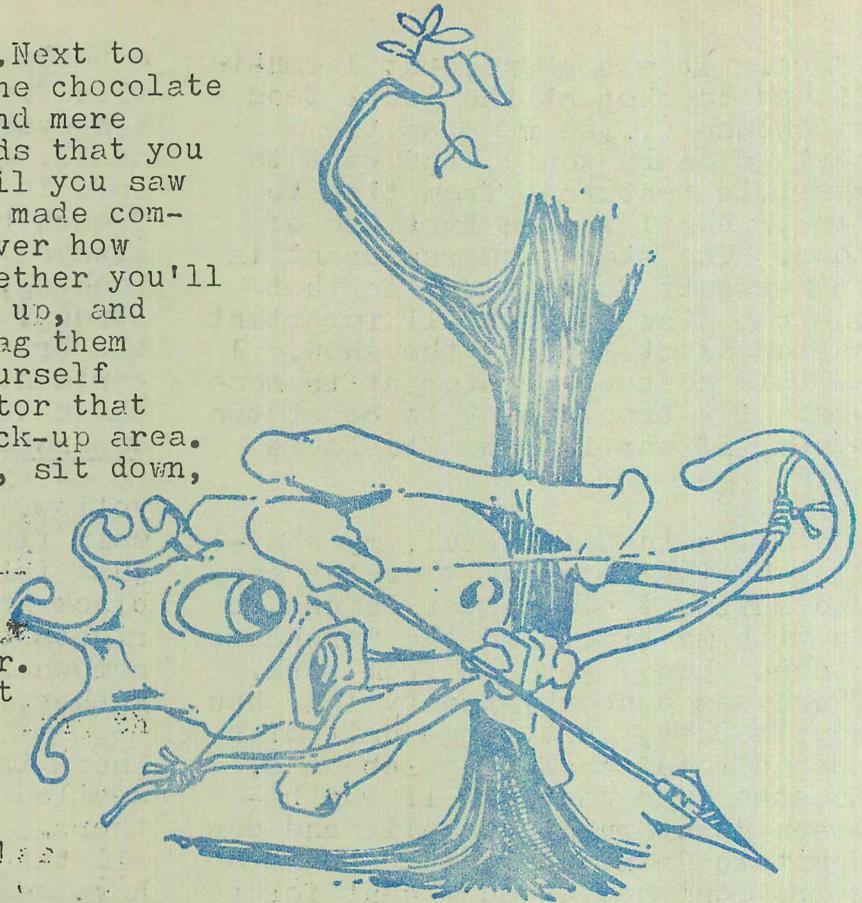
When it did, it was a trip. Some one had obviously been shopping in St. Louis Park; the new store has

a pasta shop just inside the door with fresh pasta made from ten to ten every day. White pasta, red pasta, green pasta. The french cafe is next, and it ajoins the french bakery, where the bread is always fresh, the men are good looking, and the women are strong. Well, it's true about the bread anyway. The vegie department more or less fades into the natural foods, and then the supermarket begins. The exterior is an eye shattering green and yellow, and the garishness of the main floor tries to match it, but just falls short. Yellow and black graphics, lights that by rights should be along a freeway somewhere, and not so close together.

Where is the caviar? Next to the deviled ham spread, but we'll get there. The dairy department has all the stuff Prof. Pastuer would have approved of, and there's no more yogart then has any right to exist. Crossing the jungle (brought to you, as are most Twin City floral shops, by Bachman Florsts), you'll find the deli with it's attendant cheese shop, and bottled water heaven. Pop?



That was four rows back. Next to the Vichy Water comes the chocolate and treats that transcend mere 'candy', and kitchen aids that you didn't know existed until you saw them here. Checkout is made complicated by decisions over how many items you have, whether you'll have the parcels picked up, and whether or not you'll bag them yourself. Entertain yourself by watching the TV monitor that shows you the parcel pick-up area. Get the bags to the car, sit down, wind down. Got to get something to go with dinner? Visit the liquor store which occupies the old Applebaum location, next door. Get a nice german import beer, if you can chose among the dozens of brands they carry.



The Midway Applebaum's has an interesting draw of people (remember? We were people watching...), the common types who one finds at this sort of place, simply because it's open all the time. Those who DEVO refers to as the ninnies and the twits, but then we have some of Saint Paul's very own Beautiful People. Those of you from Minneapolis can stop snickering now. The Vichy water types could be coming from a neighborhood close to the campus of the University of Minnesota full of faculty, or the high rent district to the south. We're talking about the alligator and Izod crowd. For the rest of us, it's the usual mix of black, white, and what ever. The men just off work at midnight, still in the dirty coveralls, pushing his carriage past all that weird stuff so he can get some real food for his family. There's the twenty five year old older sister of the twelve year old at the mall, showing her friend the latest COSMOPOLITAN, with the gold mylar swimsuit that looks like it was shrink-wrapped. Next to them,

a black woman who can't understand why either of these birds would be interested in anything that looks like that. I walked past all of them with the superior smirk of the sociologist among the subjects...

in memory yet fuzzy -

DAVE ROMM

I'm not sure when the Hudson building was first tenanted by fans. Legend has it that Gordy Dickson's mother lived there in the 30s. Then Bruce Wright moved in circa 1969. A young Jim Young became the new caretaker, circa 1972 and started telling other fans when apartments opened up. For more precise information, ask one of the other caretakers which include Don Blyly, Dave Wixon and at the end Scott Imes.

When I first heard of it, the Bozo Bus Bldg was already a Mpls landmark. People gave their address as "The Bozo Bus" and were puzzled when I didn't have the address somewhere in my files. During my move to Mpls in November of 1978, I shortened that to 'the Boz' and it stuck. My apartment, the basement, was named "the static" because it wasn't the attic, it was electric, and I was there to stay; in the preceding 18

months I had moved 7 times: I lived in the Boz 2 years and nine months. The Mpls phone company won't let you pick out a number, but they did let me choose among several. 871-2233 stuck out and I grabbed it. I thought it was an easy number to remember, but most people liked the acronym better so it became US1 CAFE. I have many fond memories of the Boz. Some of them are kinda fuzzy from age, and some have combined into longer chains.

Some Chicago people were up to visit, and we were lounging around David Emerson's apt. whiling away time when *CLANG* *CLANG* *CLANG* went an alarm. David leap to his feet. "Musical instrument in trouble," he said seriously.

He went past the piano and the organ and reached behind the synthesizer, then turned pale. "It's...a keyboard." He flipped some switches and twiddled some knobs. "It's close...close...AH! Stevens Ave, next to the Kenny's. Let's go!"

Without a backward glance he quickly put on his winter gear and left. We followed. Sure enough, right where his monitor had indicated, there were a group of people trying vainly to push a piano into a moving van. We marched up, made introductions, joined forces and in no time had the piano packed safely away.

Amid the cheers and tearful thanks of the owners, we refused any reward, "No thanks, all in a day's work." With a sense of accomplishment, we went to the Mpls Institute of the Arts.

For a program at one Minicon, Jerry Stearns (who never lived in the Boz but did live nearby in the Overture Building at 1812 Clinton Ave s for a time) and I wanted to have everyone who had ever lived there to go up on stage



and say, "Da Bozo Bus Bldg been bery bery good to me," parodying Chico Esquela on Saturday Night Live. We started making alist. While it was still very incomplete, it had over 50 names! Though most of them were going to be at the con, the sheer logistics of getting all those people together at one time was tremendous. At the time of it's demise, 17 of the 19 apts. were rented by fans, many of them doubles. We were on good terms with the other two couples (who had lived there for years) and traded laundry tips and bat stories with them.

An incestous lot were we. We made damn sure that fans were appraised of every opportunity of a new apt. opening up. At one point, Karen Trego was in England debating whether or not to stay in Chicago or move to Mpls upon her return to the States. Her decision was made by Mitch Thornhill who spearheaded a movement to rent the apartment for the three months that remained until Karen's return. Only the first month was raised by collection. The other two months had Cecilia Henlie living there until Karen had time to pack up and move to Mpls.

It was nice having friends you could walk to in your slippers.

In the same apt. as before but with different tenants and a new name, "the elevator," I was sitting around talking with Mitch Thornhill, Garth Danielson and a few others when one of the Flying Karamozov Brothers roller skated in and taught us all how to juggle. Er...no. That's a different story. Anyway, we were sitting around and in walks Ben Lessinger and plops a handful of these toys in front of us.

We assemble a few of them, and start to play. A small plastic ball is attached to a string. You whirl the ball. Out of the ball streams a long piece of colored celophane. "Hey these are neat! Where did you get them?"

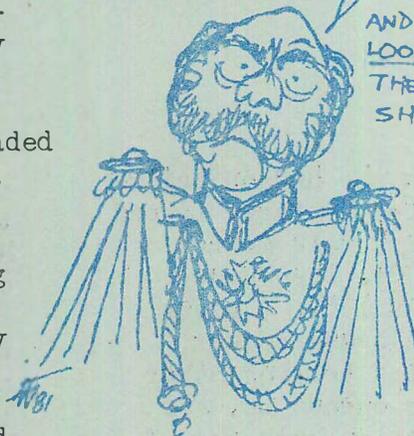
"Oh, I work at Burger King, and these are their current promotional give-away. I can get you more, if you want."

I was in charge of programming for Anokon, a small practice con. "Can you get me, say, 200 of them?"

"They come in boxes of 500, and I'm sure we'll have at least one of those left."

Armed with this information and knowing a good opportunity when I see one,

JUST WALKING THROUGH THE MAP ROOM OF MY INTERSTELLAR EMPIRE TAKES FROM BREAKFAST TO LUNCH.



AND IF I STOP TO LOOK AT THE MAPS. THE WHOLE DAY IS SHOT!

I waited until the give-away was over and called up all the Burger King's in the phone book. "Hi! I represent this non-profit organization and if you have any spares..." They replied, "God yes! We have no place to put them. Please take them off our hands. PLEASE!"

Garth drove me around and I wound up with 2800 of these neat little toys I renamed Electric Streamers. Even after two years of desperately giving them away, I still have 500 or so left. I'm saving them for a surprise.

In many ways, the Bozo Bus Bldg was the only true slanshack in fannish history. To be sure, there were other attempts that had a modicum of success, but none of them lasted for so long maintaining such a diversity of people. How would you like to have 20 to 30 good friends within arms reach? It wasn't exactly one continuous party, but it sure felt like it.

I'm convinced that one of the major reasons for the success of the Boz as a fannish unit was due to the fact that it was not owned by fans: it was an apartment building with a fannish caretaker. We didn't have to argue about money or communal food. All the apts existed as separate units with a common enemy: Jerry Baer, the landlord. Scott

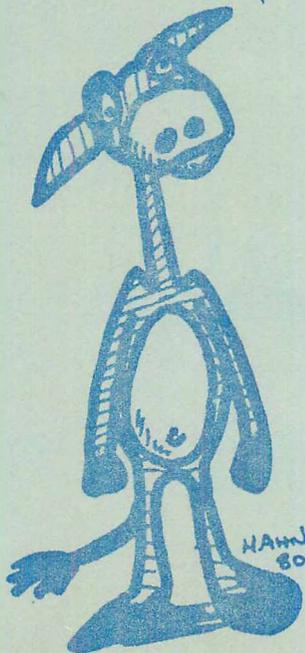
would run interference for us; relay complaints, cover for a late rent check, go into apts first to clean up, etc; but we were responsible for ourselves.

Jerry Baer is not a good landlord. The building was a solid one, but it needed upkeep and Jerry did not provide it. The back porch was sagging and some of the wood was rotting away: He painted it. The plumbing wasn't very good. He would come in and twist a few pipes and cause leaks. We tried to buy it, but no dice.

So we huddled together for warmth. Potluck dinners were occasionally spontaneous, occasionally planned for weeks in advance. Rickety though the porch was, the fourth floor landing was a great place to watch thunderstorms.

The Bozo Bus Bldg wasn't like a convention, it was a convention. The Huckster's Room was down the block at Uncle Hugo's and Castle Anthrax. The Art Show was Ken Fletcher and Vootie. The con suite was wherever you were at the moment.

"Wow, there certainly is a fuck of a lot of food in here. The red beans and rice alone could feed everyone here, if



the Dr. Pepper holds out." the "Don't worry. If you put food out, it will get eaten. Say, I'm going to go outside and watch the storm."

"I hope it holds up with everyone out there. Maybe I'll play frisbee on the roof next door..."

"...and all it says in the constitution is that you have to hold a business meeting and award the Hugos. You don't even have to give them out right there. So Loonvention is just going to be one huge party, a generic worldcon. Now, Minicon budgets under \$2 a person for the party suite. Some money will have to go for publications and supplies, but if we charge \$10 a person we can throw one hell of a party..."

"...say Ken, what about those Dreadfully Important covers you were going to have finished 3 months ago?"

"Oh, I haven't gotten around to them yet."

"Hmmm, I see. Well, I just happen to have these 6 ditto masters with me. They're my Minneapazine, and they have these blank spots."

("Here, give them to me. Let me go get a yellow master from my apt..."

"...and this is where they cut off my antennae..."

"...SWEETIE! On the paper, that's a good dog..."

"Oh, Yes, that's sore. That's a good spot to work on, it's really tense."

"Here?"

"Well, there too, but mostly where you were a minute ago...there!"

"Is this a good stroke? Is this helping at all?"

"Yes, this is a big help. It feels great."

"Hmmm, well, if that's the spot, then so must this one..."

"oooOooo."

"...and this one..."

"Ooooo..."

"...I was just in the crawlspace above the fourth floor and I smelled gas. The whole building could blow up at any minute..."

They say that all good things must come to an end. I don't know who "they" are or why all good things must come to an end or even if it's true.

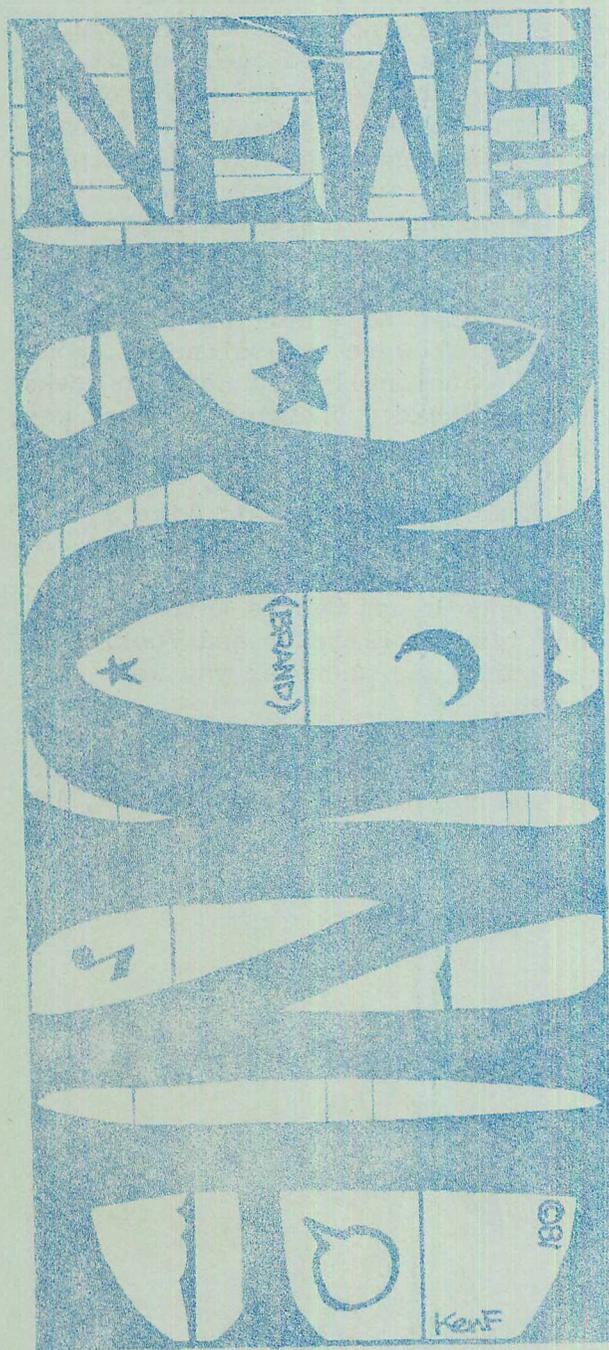
I think we were party to our own demise. A building that was in poor shape and had a high rent for it's con-

dition maintained a 100% occupancy for years. The landlord must have thought it was due to the building, not the cohesiveness of its tenants.

One day he came in and casually raised the rent by a minimum of \$40. He made the usual promises of upgrading the plumbing and electricity; he even went so far as to install some light switches and replace the backdoor. But it wasn't enough.

Some people just left. Some people paid the increase until they found another place, and then left. A hunch of us went on a rent strike, which was partially successful and a whole other story by itself, and then left. A few hung on until they couldn't take it any longer. The last fan moved out of the Hudson building in January 1982.

A part of our lives is gone.



Hey Rasta!



Thanks to the rise in popularity of marijuana and reggae music, the Rastafarians (the Ethiopian Orthodox Church, to give them their formal title) have come increasingly into the awareness of the American public. Of course, the hiring of 60 MINUTES to do segments on them every few months has helped, too. Based in Jamaica, the Rastafarians believe that Heille Selaisse was/is the second coming of Christ on Earth, and will lead the oppressed people of what has come to be called the Third World, to heaven. Of course he's not dead, you understand... Older Rastas hold that the proper sacrament is our old friend alcohol, and congregations that were founded very early on, still use it in great amounts. The younger Rastas hold that a weed common to the island (and therefore more available to the common people), ganja, is the true sacrament, and they use that in great amounts. Everyone in America has become quite used to films on 60 MINUTES of curly headed folks smoking enormous spiffs of ganja, and dopers accross the country wonder why they never seem to cough on all that smoke—after all, will power has little to do with it.

Well Mr. and Mrs. America, did you know that we have another cult in our midsts, with many similar believes? Just because Mike Wallace or Maury Shafer hasn't filmed them doesn't make them any less real; I refer, of course, to the White Rastas of Minnesota. Marijuana, or 'hemp' goes back a long way in Minnesota—when the plains of western Minnesota were first settled by white farmers, they planted hemp as a quick growing windbreak, to shelter their barnyards until the trees grew large enough to better do the job. Eventually it was not needed any more, but being hardy, the hemp didn't just go away, and on the plains, many a ruggedly handsome Scandanavian lad smoked hemp cigarettes, which were eaasier to come by, then the expensive tobacco ones. In the World Wars, farmers were encouraged to grow hemp agai again, so America could supply herself with rope. Listen to "Jack Johnson and the Titantic" for its rope refer-ences.



With the Great Depression, many resettled Nordic people in Minnesota longed for the stability of their snowy homeland, and from these roots came longing that forty years later has become the foundation of the White Rastafarians. In early 1947, in North Mankato, Alfred Gustafsson was smoking a marijuana joint (the lingo of the negro Jass singers of the American south had crossed cultural as well as racial lines, on it's way up the Mississippi River), and under it's influence, he had a vision, that King Olav would lead his people to freedom, when The Judgement came. When he told this to his friends, he was ridiculed, because there was no King Olav, anywhere in the world. Weeks later, however, he was vindicated when he discovered that the son of King Haakon of Norway was named Olav. Gustafsson thought that this must truly be a sign, and one that he could not safely ignore. The young son of a farmer founded what he called The First Church of Christ, Norwegian, which gained in membership as nearly anything will, but slowly, since the reaction of family and friend alike was scorn and ridicule. We can well imagine what the early years of the church was like- we all know what Mankato is like- North Mankato is even worse.

There is no musical 'sound' associated with the ICC,N- it floundered on it's own until the mid seventies, when a group of students at the local campus of the University of Minnesota noticed the unmistakable aroma of dope, coming from the plain white frame house at the edge of town; at this point, the secret of the Olav worshippers was out. College and high school aged youngsters soon streamed out of the suburbs of the Twin Cities, as they heard about this strange but alluring group. Gustafsson soon had to appoint a Bishop at Minneapolis, and churches sprang up in South Minneapolis, Bloomington, and Brooklyn Park. Two years later, Saint Paul was split off as a separate bishopric, with churches in Highland Park, Falcon Heights, Maplewood, White Bear Lake, and Lake Elmo.

Some point to the use of the extremely popular herbal sacrament ritual as the only reason for the church's sudden growth; critics say that it's unlikely that old King Olav is about to lead anyone anywhere, but believers say that they do believe that Olav was tested by his family's flight from German troops during the second World War, and say that his regency, while his father's health declined, was to prove to his people that he was worthy of their love and trust. In any case, the sight of the White Rastas (so named after the Jamaicans came into notice), has become a common sight in the Twin Cities, even if the church has made no progress in North Mankato. Their untamed locks, held by a simple knit cap, protected from the cruel Minnesota climate by their colorful flannel shirt. While possession of their sacrament is still illegal small amounts of it for personal use is now deemed a misdemeanor by Minnesota statute, a measure of the growing influence of the group, an influence that will likely be felt more and more in the coming years in Minnesota, by their doubting peers.

USELESS CATAGORIES,
MEANINGLESS PIGEONHOLE S.

FANZINES REVIEWED BY
LUKE MCGUFF



Well, hello again, here's another installment of my never ending battle against taste-mongering. And along with that, another new address:

RUNE REVIEWS
P O Box 14846
Mpls MN USA
55414-0846

It's up to the stinking editors to decide if they will trivialize RUNE by sending it to you just because your zine was reviewed in here. Feh!

I covered a lot of territory here, that's why the title; also why the handy classifications. Unless otherwise specified, all 'zines are available for the usual-LoC, contribution, or trade. Now on to the show.

700th FANDOM

PONG #29

Ted White
1014 N. Tuckahoe St.
Falls Church VA
22046
and

Dan Steffan
1010 N. Tuckahoe St.
Falls Church VA
22046

PONG is published every three weeks. I reviewed it last issue, too; although I generally won't review every issue of a fanzine here (my goal is to introduce people to each other, rather than provide a cri-

tique), I thought I'd talk about PONG again.

Ted White considers himself some sort of champion of the faanish writing of the fifties, as practiced by Richard Bergeron (see below), Walt Willis and others. Lately, there's been a revival of interest in this style of faanishness, sparked by Patrick Nielsen Hayden and other faneds. These people took the time to read the old fanzines and got those writers interested in practicing again. Or perhaps everybody just started coming out of, gafia at the same time, the late seventies through today.

As I said, Ted White considers himself a champion of this type of writing, and the revival of interest in it. Too bad he can't hack the company he keeps.

Of course, there's almost nothing more faanish than a thrice-weekly fanzine. Not even a weekly apa. Such an effort must be slim, and PONG #29 is only ten pages, but five of those pages are taken

up with churlish complaints. First there's "The Difference Between Horse Manure and Mimeo Ink, Part one" then there is "an issue oriented response" and finally "tdbhmmami, part two". The two examples of horse manure are Yandro and RUNE specifically. Steffan dislikes Yandro because it's been the same for ten years; White dislikes RUNE because it tries different things, tries to experiment.

Such a small fanzine can't afford to waste this much space on such effete-ness. Compare it to the late, lamented FAST & LOOSE. That was an exciting fanzine. When it showed up in my mail box, it seemed a new type of faanishness I hadn't seen before. I thought, man, that's the way to do a fanzine. F&L spent much less time picking on people than it did just plain having a good time. To me, that says (even though I'm sure the editors like each other's work) F&L was a much better fanzine, better edited, it had more of a spirit. PONG is filled with tepid thoughts of an old man who wants to be in with the in crowd.

GROGGY TALES #14
Eric Mayer
1771 Ridge Rd. E.
Rochester NY
14622

GROGGY is another zine that really excited me when I first saw it. I didn't know ditto could be so beau-

tiful, and yet so simple at the same time. Writing this good was worth studying. During the course of my association with GROGGY (and Eric) I've learned of the giant rutabaga hoax; Kathy and Eric's italian neighbor; the games their baby and cat play. The writing has consistently been warm, without cloying sentimentality. Even when Eric was depressed, or discussing emotional situations, his writing veered away from tawdriness or dishonesty. Like all the really great fanzines, the personality of the editor is on every page of GROGGY. This ish contains a trip report by Mary Long, and an article about Fleur and Luna by Kathy. GROGGY is almost unfaanish. No cute references to Courtney's boat, no misplaced ideas about What is Right. Just entertaining, careful writing. A real labor of love and warmth. What

RAFFLES

Stu Shiffman
and
Larry Carmody
c/o Carmody
19 Broadway Terrace #1D
New York NY 10040

The nifty cover by Jeanne Gomoll is undermined by the poorly printed interior. The writing, however, is pretty good. Jon Singer's columns and articles are always entertaining. I remember the first "Technocrat of the Breakfast table" I saw in SPANNISH INQUISITION 7/8 (well, some number around there). It was writing like that that hooked me on fandom. There's much more of that in here, with Walt Willis writing about "Irish Highs", locks to pick, and two editorials. Filled with trademarked Shiffman illos. Some things never change.

WARHOON 29
Richard Bergeron
Box 5989
Old San Juan,
Puerto Rico
00905

This features the best multi-color mimeo cover I've ever seen. The spare use of lines avoids complicated registration problems. The colors bring Christmas to mind, for some reason. Besides that, the propeller beanie person reading PLANET STORIES looks suffused with delight.

Almost all the writing by Bergeron is about Wrhn 28. That's to be expected after a massive, decade long effort such as the WASH. In fact, I'd say Bergeron shows taste and restraint in not babbling his fool head off. Almost perfectly printed interior (I haven't yet found the fault that makes me say 'almost', in fact). Nice use of color in the interior also; spare use of illustrations, but still Wrhn is laid out cleanly, easy on the eyes for sustained reading. A very tasty reprint from "The Improbable Irish" by Walt Willis. "All My Yesterdays" by Harry Warner plus other articles and columns by some of the great scribes of faanish writing.



By The Fricking
of my nose,
Something FANISH
This way goes...

TELOS
Patrick &
Theresa
Nielsen Hayden
Jumping Jesus Bar & Grill
4712 Fremont Ave. N.
Seattle WA
98103

There have
There have
been better
issues of
TELOS, but
even this all
LoC issue is
pretty good.
Each page is
headed with

something like "Willis gibbers from experience" or "Steffan squeezes the ATom," "rich brown warming up," "rich brown popping into second," "rich brown righteously cooking." It's not for nothing that Patrick Nielsen Hayden has been claimed by many to have triggered off the 700th Fandom Renaissance. Even this slender effort proves why. A fanzine in the mailbox should be like a friend come to visit. TELOS is certainly that.

POLITICAL FNZ

FREEFAN JOURNAL #2
Samuel Wagar
861A Danforth Ave.
Toronto, Ontario
M4J 1L8

Much better printed than the first issue. This number is mostly taken up with response to Michael

Moorcock's article in the first issue. The anarchist slant is borne out in essays by the editor. There are also further notes on the anarchist's apathe he is forming. There's an emotional tone to most of the writing. Letters

and fanzine reviews round out the issue.

LITTLE FREE PRESS
715 E. 14th St.
Minneapolis, MN
55404

Would you work for free if everything was free? The Little Free Press espouses a political theory

that seems to be one step beyond anarchy. Very humanistic. Ernest Free Mann publishes many little pamphlets available for a SASE. A donation would be nice, too, if you can afford it. We might as well be starry-eyed idealists. Practicality will only induce apathy in the face of the Reaganomics recession.

RIPPER
Tim Tonnoka
1494 Teresita Dr.
San Jose, CA
95129

The best hardcore punk fanzine I've ever seen. Probably the best there is. Excellent interviews and record reviews.

The editor actively seeks trades and new information; Almost everyone in the punk zine field is willing to trade publications, but no one else pursues that course as aggressively as Senior Tonnoka. The effort pays off-- there are more than fifty zine listings from around the world, covering many different types of music. The contents of RIPPER goes beyond music news, and includes thoughts on mass media timidity, independent media and ideologies, and what punks are yelling about. There is a new column in #6 reviewing anarchist publications-- RIPPER goes a long way to increasing the communication among several fronts. Every record and zine listed are independent productions. There is also a listing of radio stations that play independent music. SF fanzines are kind of out of the league of RIPPER, but if your zine has political content or an interest in independent media, then surprise him. Otherwise, send a dollar an issue for as many as you want. RIPPER is a strong force in the growing network of independent, political media (that ~~turn~~ again!). Support it with money and/or relevant information.

FUNZINES FUNZELINS

CRAZY PETE AND BEN NEWSLETTER
c/o CPAB World International
Planet HQ
229 Bicknell #10A

Only
fanzine
alive to-
day with

Santa Monica, CA
90405

the courage
to print
laundromat

reviews. Good hilarious times in each toe-jam packed issue. Highlights of V.2 #2 are a CPAB pin-up, a photodocumentary of the CPAB pad and even a "Why this issue is late" editorial with scandalous revelations of Marie Osmond, Gov. Jerry Brown, and quaaludes. shocking in its intensity! Available for clip-on ties, recipes (seem to specialize in munchy food that goes well with beer), letters, postcards, Etc. Send them some ideas, too. Yeah!

WHO NEEDS LIFE? I
GET HIGH ON DRUGS
Tony Cvetko
20750 Colwell #1
Farmington Hills MI
58024

"Another literary effort from that nonfaanish genius, me." Anton P. Cvetko. Good front and back covers (by

Bill Bryant). Coast Guard and Army ads are sharp and funny. There's a "Give Anton P. Cvetko a new Middle Name" contest. Crass commercialism here. Best contribution (by far) is Gary Mattingly's "Untitled".

SKUG
Gary Mattingly
PO Box 6907
San Francisco, CA
94101-6907

A variety of writing by Gary. Trip reports, personal essays. I like his writing a lot, no matter what the topic. Even the lists of what shows he's see, books he's read, and movies



he's gone to, are interesting. This is a very different type of writing from the other fanzines in this column. Jeremy Boggs and Billy Wolfenbarger have contributions that fit well into the tone of the issue. Illustrations by Bill Bryan, Delmonte, Teddy Harvia, and many others. Well printed, well designed.

MISCELLANEOUS

MAD SCIENTIST DIGEST 8 Details of BEB's Brian Earl Brown accidents and 16711 Burt Rd. #207 life over the Detroit, MI past few months. 48219 A little sercon thrown in for

good measure, about new women writers. Many letters; this is a scaled down MSD, perhaps because of his accidents, again. All the other issues have been much better.

TALES OF THE EXPECTED #2 Another OK ish Nigel Sellars from OK. 411 S.Santa Fe There's a long Norman, OK article about 73069 personal conflict between members of the Norman, OK SFA. A bit more complicated than most such articles would get, but it still would have been better in something with a more limited circulation. Articles about lacrosse, con reports. Cute books review section: NOSFA looks at SF porn. Severely mis-

stapled; it would be better to forgo stapling altogether than to staple a folded zine on the fold. Save money, too.

ZOSMA 19-21
Steve George
94 Brock St.
Winnipeg, Manitoba
R3N 0Y4

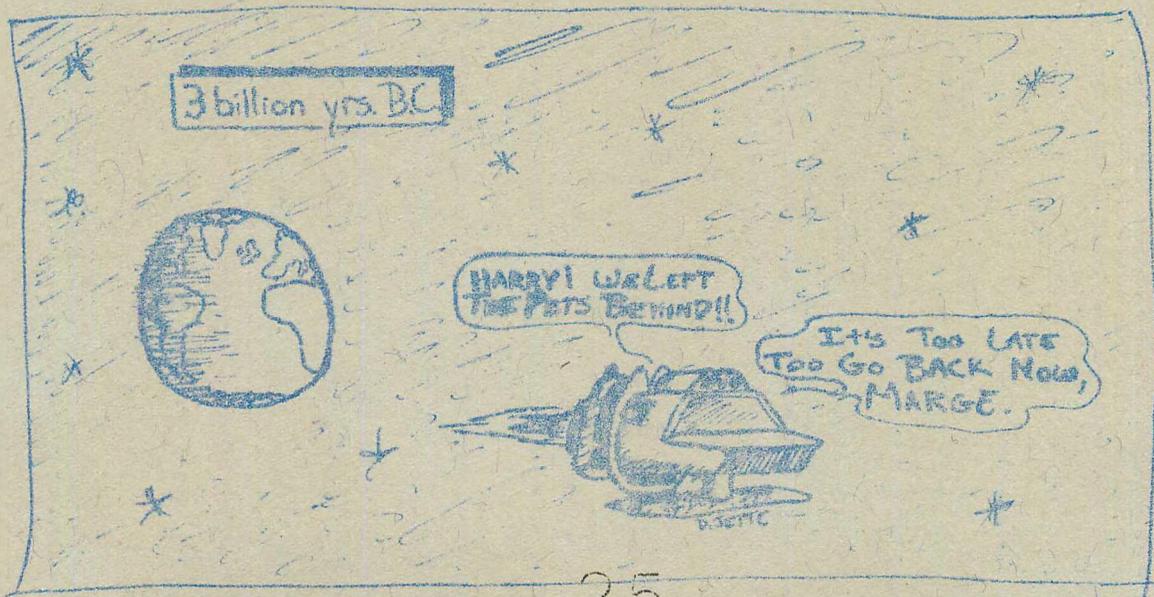
Now Bimonthly! The cluttered, slapdash feel of ZOSMA put me off at first but by the 3rd or 4th issue I saw I

began to like it a lot. ZOSMA's mostly letters and book review; most of the contributors are located on the cover. A frequent zine like this, with lotsa LoCs, builds a feeling of discussion among the participants. Some of the articles and zine reviews are in each issue. He doesn't care a whole lot for RUNE, but look at his company there. (I don't hold it against him).

NEW CANADIAN FANDOM
Box 4655 P.S.S.E.
Edmonton, Alberta
T6E 5G5

I suppose I should have mentioned this earlier, but Canadian postage rates have gone

up: 35¢ to America, 30¢ inside Canada. NCF is a newszine covering Canadian activities- there seems to be a fair amount going on (or there was before the postal rates went so high). There's a good breath and depth of coverage, too. Publishing news, information about Canadian SF archives, news, last minute news, convention reports, book reviews, faanish history, convention listings. This



This fanzine is also bilingual, at least to the extent that there are articles published in Canadian French (but there is not dual tracks in both languages), which I think is a good idea.

TAPPEN
Malcolm Edwards
28 Duckett Rd.
London
N4 1BN
UK

Malcolm Edwards is one of those legendary faneds a little punk neo like me only heard awed whispers about, during the '70s. What

do I think of yet another "return to print"? It's great! The articles are all very amusing. Both issues have a thing called "Desert Island Discs", a listing of the writer's favorite records. Faanish mathematics makes Greg Pickersgill's list 25 discs long (Edwards asks for only 8). Articles are separated by amusing editorial ramblings. High faanishness here.

See you in the "Real Soon Now"!



© PAGES 8

PAGES

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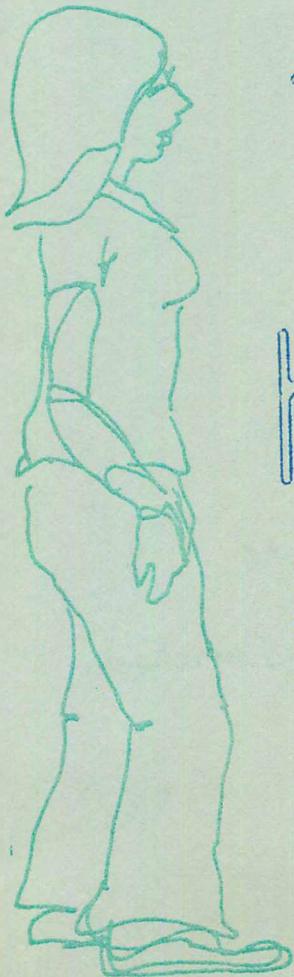
Joe and I were having a conversation down at his place, and somehow the topic came to (ex-)lovers, and then to Langdon Charts. For those of you who are fairly new to this, Langdon Charts graph sexual connections between people. Unless you are British, in which case, they chart sexual connexions. They can be pretty homourous, if you can laugh at your sexual activities and your partner's activities. There's someone around here who claims they can come up with a connection between them and a sheep in only three 'links'. See? That's pretty fun funny right there, and we haven't even gotten to your place in the sceme of things, and how you and I are connected. In any case, I don't purpose to talk about Langdon Charts here. What sort of fool do you take me for anyway?

Joe

Joe's and my conversation then stepped back from the absurd to the sublime; we talked about people that we had shaken hands with. Less chance of spreading disease that way, you know. In my life I've shaken hands with a few famous peo people, who in turn, have *ahem* gotten

around, as it were. A case in point: I've shaken hands with Isaac Asimov, who has shaken hands with Werner von Braun, who in his life, shook hands with Adolf Hitler. Hitler in turn, shook the hand of Stalin, Chamberlain, Goerring, etc. From Stalin to Lenin, from Chamberlain to Churchill, or Stalin to Churchill. See how that works? By the way, we have granted ourselves a maximum of four links between 'us' and 'them'. If it takes more then four, they're too distant- it wears off, or something.

Then Joe pointed out that he's shaken the hand of a patient where he works, who shook hands with Ernest Gane (sp?), the Wisconsin murderer and whacko who liked to eat people. This might not seem really neat, but he is the character that Bob Bloch based his story PSYCHO. I then pointed out that Gane is then linked to Bloch in four links, from Gane, the patient, Joe, Asimov, to Bloch. And Hitchcock in five, and the Queen in six.....



the
secret
hand
shake of
fandom



In the beginning of the 1976 presidential campaign, prior to the Massachusetts primary, I found myself shopping at the Haymarket on a Saturday morning. The previous week Henry Jackson astounded the crowd with feats of flesh pressing, and on this weekend, Jimmy Carter was there, and he I didn't actively avoid like I had Jackson- I shook hands with the next president of the United States. Via Carter, the world is my oyster, more or less. I can claim Greg Allman, Pierre Trudeau, Breshnev, Thatcher, Schmidt, and Gerry Ford. I link with Bianca Jagger via Carter-Hamilton Jordan-(the owner of Studio 54)-Bianca. Sun Yat Sen via Carter-Nixon-Mao-Sun Yat Sen. Carter Mondale-Clavin Griffith (owner of the local baseball team), gets me to Harmon Killebrew. Carter-Kennedy gets me to Mary Jo Kopecne, but that's getting back to Langdon Charts again.

Joe links to Howard Hughes via another patient-Judy Garland-Mickey Rooney-Jane Russell-Hughes. I countered with Carter-Ford-Nelson Rockefeller-John D. Rockefeller-Andrew Carey and Thomas Edison. Joe was very impressed, but then so was I.

We talked to some of our friends here, and here's some of the chains that they lay claim to. If you have any unusual ones, we'd like to hear from you about them.

Karen Trego-Dudley Moore-Julie Andrews-Hitchcock

-Blake Edwards-
Peter Sellers-Britt Eklund-Rod Stewart

Tim Fay- Hubert Humphrey- everybody

Trego-Gigi Gilmartin-Robert Anton Wilson-
Tim Leary

Sarah Prince-her H.S. Principal-Jerry
Rubin (graduated same school)

Michael Butler-Eck (a physicist)-Leo
Szillard-Ernest Rutherford (if you
were a physicist yourself, you'd be
impressed)

John Bartelt-Sir Fred Hoyle-Queen Eliza-
beth-the Beatles (I'm not a physi-
cist, so this one impresses me)



ALL ABOUT JOE'S SILENT "ROOMMATE"

THE STORY OF THE RUNE MASCOT

Like every great institution, we at RUNE, lest our creative energies be diffused by the conflicting drives of every day life, need a focus; a lens to concentrate our efforts, so that we don't burn out like so many bright meteors in the fannish skies. We have been editing RUNE for over a year now, burning ourselves at a fearful rate, living proof of fanac not being inversely proportional to sexual activity. BUT NOW, we do possess such a lens, and this is the story of how we came to possess it.

In June, Joe and I decided to go to Midwestcon- I think it was his second or third, and it was to be my first; Greg Ketter, fabulous RUNE columnist was also going with us. I found myself also agreeing to drive a U-Haul truck back from the Cinncy area, as a favor for a woman at work, so while Joe and Greg drove my car back to Saint Paul, off into the night I went in his fourteen foot truck, with a dog, and a radio that didn't work. The sun had yet to set, but metaphorically speaking, it was nighttime. I paid a surprise visit to my friends Sue and Dan Dashnaw, transplants from Connecticut to

Terre Haute. I had a most enjoyable time, and determined that I'd return to visit them during Cham-banacon, which would then let me see the house that they were about to buy (Sue and Dan aren't fans, but know and are know by a fairly large number of folks from Boston who are).

In the week before Thanksgiving weekend, I called Sue to make last minute arrangements ("When are you going to be here, dear?"), and as is typical with any conversation with Sue, it was wide ranging, and when we began talking about our respective manageries, I brought



up the notion of dumping this 'surplus' kitten that I had on the Dash-naw household.

"What does it look like?" I told her of it's natural good looks and kittenish appeal.

"How old is it?" I told her when I had discovered the momcat and her little ones, and how I had declared Sarah's birthday to be the kitten's birthday, too. This was good. Sue was also born on August 28th.

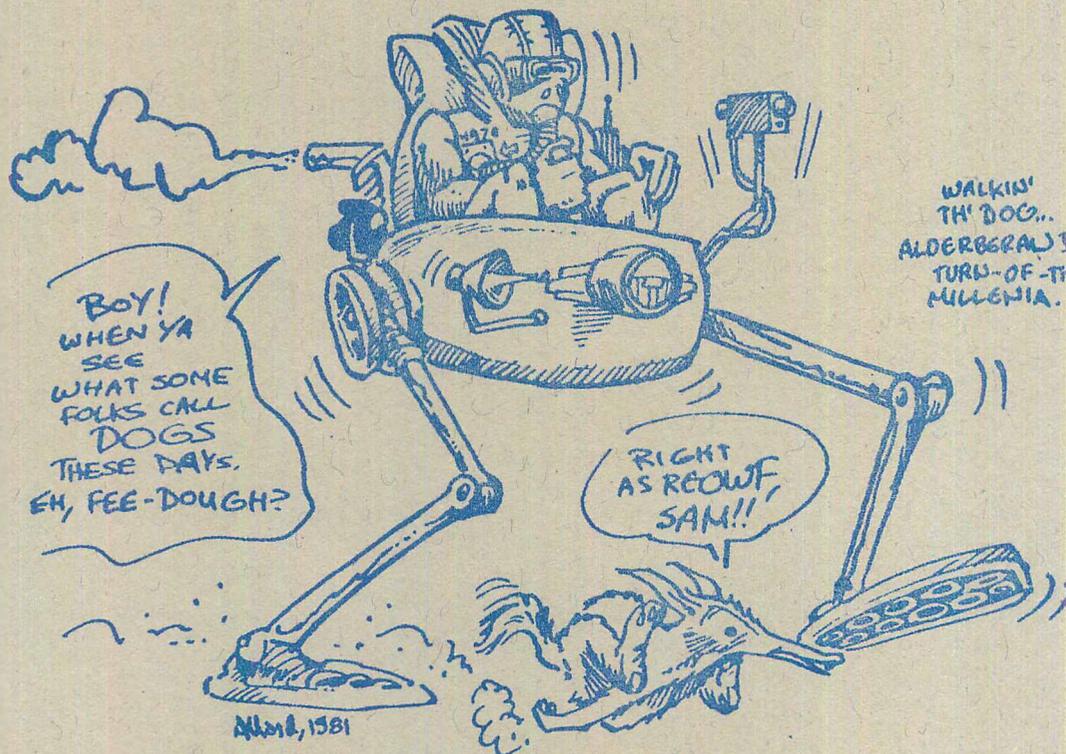
"Hhhhm. David, I do want it. Orgy (Or-Ghee) and Cheryl (Teigs) (this is another cat) will just have to get used to a little one running around here. Hhhhm yes, I want her very much." Great, now I have something interesting occurring on a trip to write up for Joe's issue of RUNE. A kitten to Indiana. Even better than Two Mules to Sister Sarah...

Conversation wandered onward, and

I found out that Dan might be transferred to Milwaukee. I expressed my dislike of eastern Wisconsin and told Sue how nice the area around Eau Claire, in western Wisconsin was very pretty, and how close it is to the Twin Cities.

"How close is Eau Claire to Saint Paul, David?" About an hour and a half, Sue.

"Ahh, hhhm, this might be a terrible thing to ask, but Great Aunt Gertrude was born in Eau Claire; I've had her in a closet for almost three years now since she died. She wanted to be thrown out with the trash you know, after she was cremated, but I liked her too much to do anything like that to her. David what to you think about you scattering her around Eau Claire? Would that be too much to ask?" Wow, now I really had something interesting on the trip to write about for Joe's RUNE. A kitten for Great Aunt Gertrude,



even up. No problem.

"Are you sure it's no inconvenience to you? I know it's an awful lot to ask of someone, but I thought I could ask you if anyone." Hey no problem, Sue, Sarah and I could make a trip to Eau Claire in December with Gertrude.

Conversation ranged again, Sue's grandmother, Gertrude's sister. She's not dead. She came up in connection with funeral arrangements in Terre Haute; according to a local funeral director in Terre Haute, the nearest crematorium is in Indianapolis, and if Sue's grandmother were to die in the summer, she would have to be rushed there, since none of the local funeral homes have any refrigeration; "The help don't like 'em around to smell, don't ya know". She said he told her that the hospitals can put your stiffs on ice, but that they generally don't like to... You have to understand that she has a way of attracting people and conversations like this. We hung up, and would see each other in a week.

Sarah and I drove to Chambanacon with Floyd Henderson, and Friday was so neat that Floyd didn't quite beg with us to take him to Terre Haute. I called Sue about it, and she said if he was a friend of mine that it was good enough, and he would be welcome in her house. We had a very nice dinner, and then we played 'find the kitty,' which was combined with the the nickel house tour, an ever popular event. It's too bad that it's Terre Haute, because it's a really nice house, purchased cheap. Once the kitten was found, we sat in the living room talking, and Dearly Departed Great Aunt Gertrude was finally brought up in conversation. Dan was dispatched to retrieve her, while Sue confided that Dan had never been very keen about having a dead woman's ashes in a closet in his home, and that they would both be more or less glad to see

in his home, and that they would both be more or less glad to see the last of her.

Gertrude resides in a very nice 'cocoa tin', the tin is labeled as being for transportation only, and has a sheet of vital stats taped to it's side. She does rattle. I mentioned the notion, first broached by Joe, that Gertrude would do well to become the mascot of our RUNE, and the idea was well recieved by Sue. She said that Gertrude would have liked the idea. The idea of mixing her with the ink, a sick repellent thought that comes naturally to people of our ilk, was again dismissed, because she might not mix, what with the way she rattles and all- then you'd have to clean the drum out on the mimeo. Dan said that when he died, he wanted to be stuffed, and set up in a shadow box, with a breakfast tableau in front of him. If he couldn't be composed properly, he said that a wax head would do, with a fresh flower to be placed in a vase in front of him every day, as well as the morning paper, too.

We made it home to Minneapolis and Saint Paul, and Great Aunt Gertrude is now safely ensconced on Joe's mantlepiece, visible to anyone who visits the fabulous RUNE offices here in Saint Paul. Dearly Departed Great Aunt Gertrude, living proof that you can be dead and still still be fannish.

CARTOONS FOR THE[®]
GRAPHICLY HANICAPPED

"are you listening,
RUNE kiddies?"

SPECULATIONS...

Do you know anyone who has ever been in the audience of the Johnny Carson Show? I bet that you don't. Where do these people come from? Who are they? Who do they represent? When Johnny goes out into the audience, where do they come up with the songs they sing to play "Stump the Band"?

-Dan Feyma

What ever happened to the massive army of Red Chinese that were massed south of the U.S.-Mexican border (if you could believe the John Birch Society and the Minutemen)? Always one of the great threats to American Freedom during the early sixties, the army was a common rumor that the rightwing press always told us about. The Mexicans, of course, were simply not to be trusted, and untold thousands of the yellow buggers laid in wait for the signal from Moscow. Leaving in the east, I was never sure what their target was- maybe Palm Springs during the Bob Hope Desert Classic- I dunno, but then they melted away, and have never been heard from again.

-David Stever

DR. MINN-STF

Dear Doctor Minn-Stf,

I have a reputation of being really weird at work, where a person told me that since I was strange and read a lot of Robert Heinlein that I should go to a meeting of the local SF club. Well, Doctor, I went, and there were people there who were really weird. I'm talking about serious weird- these people were wacko. I'd stop going to their meetings, but I have my reputation to think of; what can I do?

/s/ Can't Hack it.

Dear Hack,

You are what we call "prematurely weird". In your peer group you were indeed weird, but in Fandom, you're just one more face in the crowd. Short of

carrying a bigger or fancier knife than anyone else (which Doctor Minn-Stf does not recomend!), or inventing a fourteenth century persona, you'll just have to get used to no longer being the weirdest kid on the block.

SPECIAL GUEST- STAR

A Work of Art: A FANZINE REVIEW by Cy Chauvin// ENERGMEN 16, edited by Mike Glicksohn and Susan Wood

I waited eagerly for this fanzine. Reading it, I would regain my lost fan-nish youth: I would begin writing locs daily and drink ditto fluid along with my orange juice in the morning. As I began reading, I realized how totally I had forgotten what ENERGMEN was like. Reading it reminded me of James Blish's famous story, "A Work of Art." That story is about apparent recreation of Richard Strauss, the composer, sometime in the near future. The music of the time is atonal and quite inferior to Strauss' ears, but he wishes to compose again. He labors away, producing a couple short songs while working on a major piece, but he is in some ways dissatisfied with the way his work is going. On opening night at the concert hall he leads the orchestra, and as he leads it he realises that all he has created is a pastiche, a variation on the work he has done before: not the totally new work he had hoped. The crowd appaulds, and he believes they are fooled, when suddenly the "mind sculpters" appear: and he finds out the audience has been applauding them, and his personality has merely been implanted upon that of another man- and in an instant, they will snap the man out of the sort of hypnotic trance in which he has been, and "Strauss" will be no more.

SNAP Okay Roger Reynolds, you can wake up and go home. It was a pretty good performance -- er, fanzine. Want to try Bill Bowers next week?

-Reprinted from RATS ON FIRE #2

-our thanks to Brian Earl Brown

-and Cy Chauvin for their per-

-mission

WE APOLOGIZE: For cutting off page 10. Greg meant to say get thrown in the slammer...