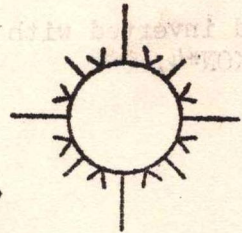
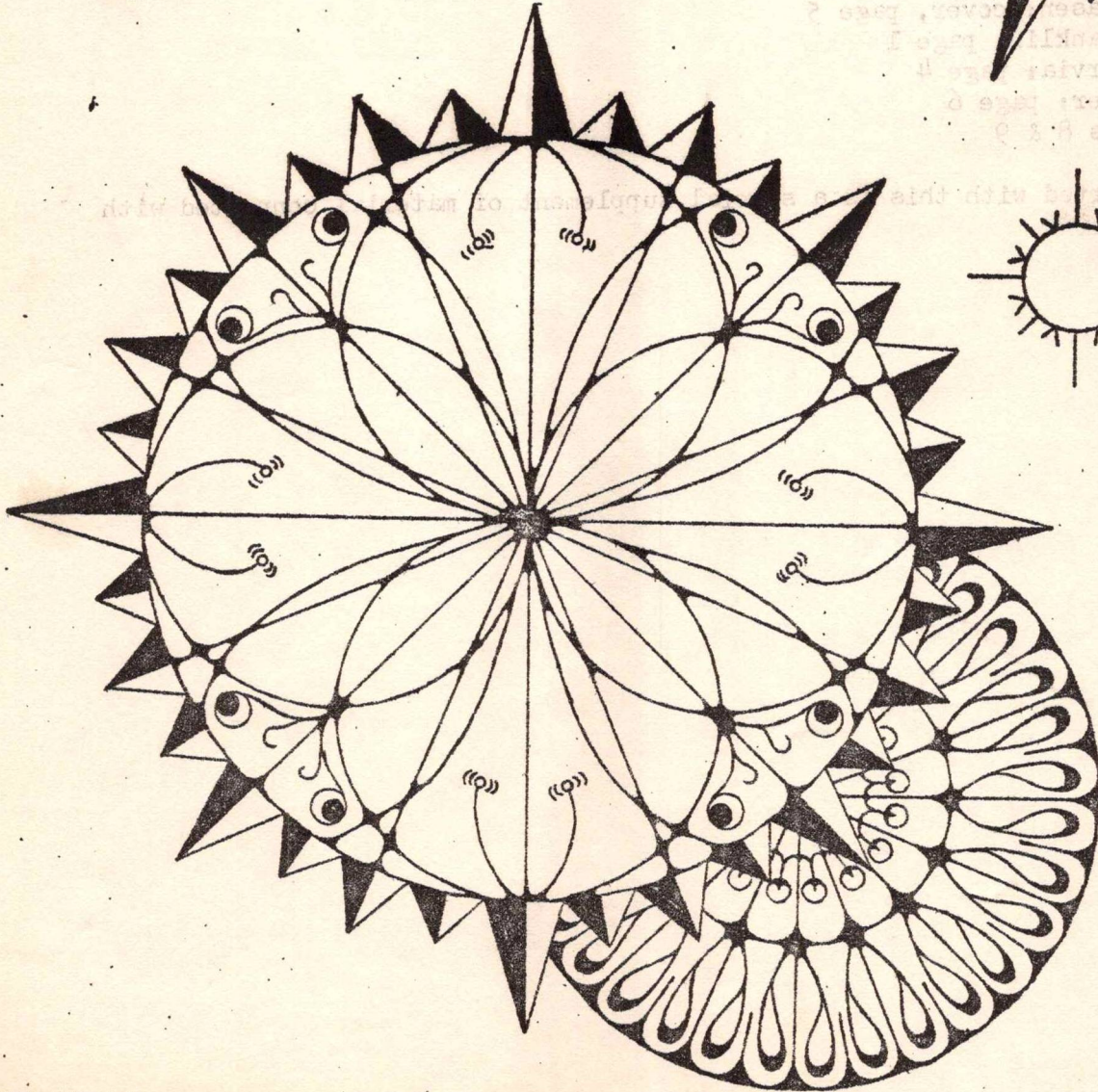


Diana



**RUNWAY  
37**



Spicy 21

RUNWAY 37 No.2 Autumn, 1979

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Quarterly

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copy. Typical print run is 200; one page of advertising would cost \$2.00, you  
print the ads and send them to me.

The "upcoming conventions" listing is absent this time because time is getting  
short before I have to have this ready to collate. FYI will be back next ish.  
(Winter is a slow con-time in the South, anyway)

Art credits this issue:

Olivia Jasen: cover, page 5

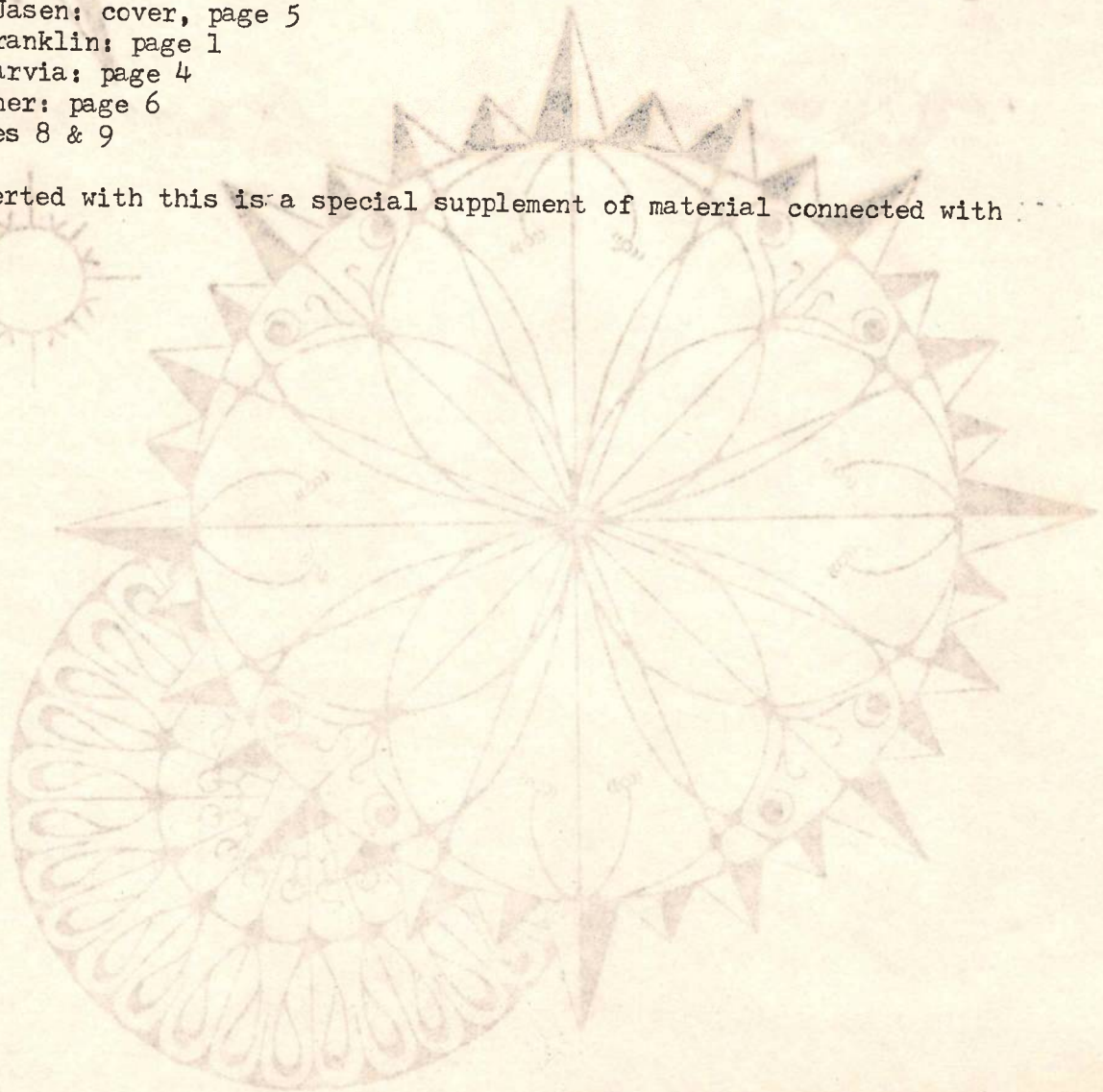
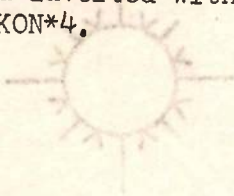
Cindy Franklin: page 1

Teddy Harvia: page 4

Jim Fisher: page 6

Me: pages 8 & 9

Bound inverted with this is a special supplement of material connected with  
ROC\*KON\*4.



HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER ~~7/10/71~~

①

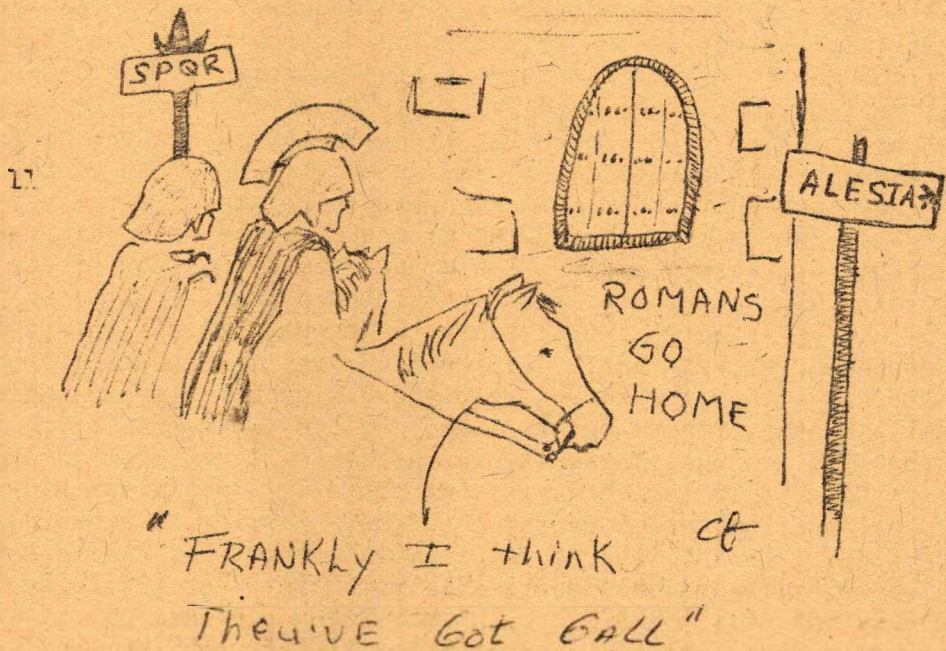
Busily, that's how.

I chopped-off this narrative about July 10 in R37#1; the weekend following that I was at ARCHON (St. Louis), the next weekend I was at OKon (Tulsa), and the next weekend I was at FilkConI (Chicago). Then came the Little Rock Amateur Radio club's hamfest the first weekend in August, and with only one weekend's rest there were two airshows and Northamericon all back-to-back-to-back.

In between all that I've been trying to get a set of folding doors put up between the kitchen and the rest of the house so that our cats won't destroy things while we're away at cons. ((this was first composed Aug. 20; the doors still are not up.))

St. Louis is an awfully long drive from Little Rock on Friday after work. About 9 hours worth. I think it would have only been 7-8 hours if I hadn't been carpooling with Nancy Collins and detouring to Jonesboro to collect her. Stan Musial & Biggie's Airport Hilton Inn is not the place I'd really pick to hold an SF convention. Besides being expensive, there's no place to sing except people's rooms after the pool-area lights go out (about 10 p.m.; they're on an automatic timer). Aside from that, it isn't a bad sort of place. The meeting rooms are plenty large and the coffee shop isn't too outrageous on its price/quality ratio; but the staff's attitude left something to be desired. I hope Barb Fitzsimmons and her crew can find a more suitable location by next summer.

I'd had an ulterior motive for going to ARCHON, actually: ROC\*KON\*4's Pro Guest of Honor Gordy Dickson was going to be there and I figured this would be my last chance to talk to him about R\*K arrangements until sometime in September, as he was to be off to Australia as GoH at Syncon in August and had originally planned to go on to Seacon from there. That eventually fell through, but we did get in a lovely long conversation Saturday evening about ROC\*KON and a lot of other things.



...SUMMER cont'd

2

OK on the following weekend is still sort of a blur: I was Fan Guest of Honor and this con was much larger than TheOtherCon2 was back in January. I even had to give a speech-speech, for chatsake! Mary Robbins' crew eased the shock somewhat, however, by presenting me with three bottles of Tullamore Dew when I arrived Friday ("That's how many bottles of Beam Tucker asked for; I figured we ought to be fair and get all of our guests that many"). For once I didn't lose weight at a con: Bob Asprin bought me dinner in the Flame Room Friday night and a group of fen repeated the feat Saturday night. Usually I just grab any old thing in the coffee shop or bring my own breakfast-bars and munch when convenient, but people are starting to try to take care of me now.

Filk Con the last weekend in July was even blurrier: I was con-chair-critter for this one. I do not really recommend doing this at a range of 400 miles: for one thing it makes it really hard to take the leftover beer home with you. Your phone bills get hairy, too.

Hamfests and airshows aren't really mundane. There is a lot of overlap between hams and fans, especially, and I am forever running into fen who are also airplane-interested. Sometime I must prepare a "UFO" slide show of some of the flying machines constructed and operated by members of the Experimental Aircraft Association.

Coppertone that has been riding in the ice chest is a sensory experience all to its ownself.

I got myself reminded of that two weekends in a row at the end of August, when I went to two airshows. The first one I managed to watch most of from under the wing of a Stearman, but the second I spent staring stright up with the rest of the tourists--a hat doesn't do much good under those circumstances and the Coppertone gets vital.

The Almyra, Ark. show is mostly a bunch of local folks, filling in a slow weekend between crop seasons. The Confederate Air Force's Razorback Wing put on a more ambitious festivity at Pine Bluff the next weekend, though. It featured a B-17 up from Galveston. I had never met a B-17 "personally", so I came armed with plenty of film and the Coppertone, and wearing my shirt with the X-Wing Fighter embroidered on the back. I managed to crawl through the venerable old Queen with the rest of the kids (ages ranging from one-quarter to at least twice mine) and liberally photographed it, the P-51, two F4-U's, three AT-6's, and assorted other exotic flying machines cavorting about that day.

Tuesday evening we were off toward Louisville. The night was spent with Morris' folks in Memphis, then we hit the road again in the morning. Morris and I were both working on this con; Morris in Operations (shift supervisor for the midnight-to-8 a.m. run); me in Special Events (discussion groups, take-a-pro-t-lunch, etc) so I, at least, did not get to a lot of the programming. Fortunately, the panels I was most interested in came in clumps, on Friday and Monday. And there was the filksinging, too. Especially the Belle of Louisville cruise on Sunday evening. It were very filk out Sunday night. In addition to the floating sing (BJ. Willinger, Anne & Hawkeye Passovoy, Diana Gallagher, Murray Porath, Buck & Juanita Coulson, Mike Longcor, and me), there was an onshore sing running more or less concurrently, a gigantic sing following the Starving Artists Auction, and a second-wind sing when some of the folks who had been party-hopping first came to the singroom. I think we finally bailed out of that about 5 a.m. or maybe a bit later.

AT THE MOVIES:

MOONRAKER, From United Artists, starring Roger Moore as 007  
review by Margaret Middleton.

Practically the only elements remaining from Ian Fleming's early-50's book are the title and a few character names. Inevitable: rocketry has progressed considerably since then.

MOONRAKER is nonetheless aptly named: producer Albert Broccoli skims schtick from every imaginable source, not excepting even earlier Bond flicks (there is a silver speedboat, for instance, which bears a remarkable resemblance to a certain Aston-Martin...)

Other bits which come to mind include a cablecar crash inspired by "Silver Streak", a mysterious lady in floating white robes who leads Bond into a mysterious ruin (and where they found such a ringer for Ursula Andress I probably should not ask...), and a touchtone secret-door-opener with a five-note musical code (yes: those five notes!). Not even Roadrunner-and-Coyote is ~~overlooked~~ overlooked: catch Jaws' expression as he goes over the waterfall.

plot in a Bond movie??? Picky-picky!

Plot? You demand a

Do go see it, though, and preferably in company with at least one deep-dyed film buff: this person's reactions will be worth the price of admission in themselves!

STAR CRASH, or, Yew Cain't Keep Ah Guid Robot Daiown (unfortunately)  
review by Samanta Jeudé

The movie ads promised this as "A Space Adventure for All Time" and it more or less delivers: STAR CRASH is a Space Adventure, and it certainly seems to last forever. From the first chintzy optical--an almost direct steal of the space-ship chase opening STAR WARS-- the audience can guess the plot, characters, and denouement of this Italian turkey. Produced and directed by Luigi Cozzi, STAR CRASH offers us a busty brunette named Stella Starr (Caroline Munroe), and her "alien" sidekick (Marjoe Gortner) as a pair of fun-loving space pirates, who get picked up by a cracker robot named El (Judd Hamilton, with Hamilton Camp providing a voice that sounds like a cross between Sgt. J.W. Pepper and Stepin Fetchit), and tossed into the radium mines. They get sprung by the Emperor (Christopher Plummer) to go look for his missing Imperial Battleship, the MURRAY LEINSTER (sic!), and go off cavorting among the stars.

Joe Spinnel and Robert Tessier feature as the bad guys--the crazy duke Zarth Arn and a double-crossing cop sent along with Stella, El, and Marjoe--and David Hasseldorf adds his pretty face as Simon, Prince of the Empire. This motley film drags along, with Stella et. al. wandering around on planetary surfaces looking for survivors of the LEINSTER, and Zarth Arn paddling along in his "evil giant weapon", a spaceship that resembles nothing so much as a gigantic blue hand. Stella gets to go through more costumes than Barbarella, Marjoe suddenly has to die, and "fades-out" in a manner that would make Obi-Wan turn green with envy, and El gets to play both R2-D2 (he gets smashed to bits by a roving group of humanoids, and rebuilt in time for the "exciting" climax) and C-3PO (everything "maykes may nervus"). The "ster crash" of the title is actually a collision between a floating space-city piloted by Stella, and Zarth Arn's blue claw--which for some strange reason can't move to avoid the lumbering city. The acting is half-hearted--Caroline Munroe gives a terrific performance as a robot--, Christopher Plummer struggles to make his appearances dignified and impressive,

continued

AT THE MOVIES, cont'd: STAR CRASH

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and only Marjoe Gornier seems to have any fun working in this film, by out-Morking Robin Williams with wide-eyed, innocent stares and laughing at everything possible (he also gets in a couple of cute special effects: "playing" with an electronic pulse, and absorbing and reflecting the bad guys' death ray). There are a couple of creaky robots from FLESH GORDON, the black-haired witch-queen from BARBARELLA, radium mines from the old serial PHANTOM EMPIRE, light sabers from you-know-where, and two of the worst bits of dialog ever delivered (by Zarth Arn, in his spaceship, "By sunset, I'll be the master of the Empire!", and, as the city piles into his ship, "Don't leave, you cowards, or I'll kill you!") And then there's--but why go on? This movie was obviously written, directed, and produced by clods who thought that anyone could write, direct, and produce science fiction; and then had the audacity to pretend it was serious. If you must go see it, try your local drive-in--and leave the volume off. No dialog you can make up will be as ludicrous as the real thing!

THE MUPPET MOVIE, by Jim Henson & co.  
review by Nancy Collins

The biggest shock in my young life was seeing Kermit the Frog sitting in Jim Henson's lap as mite and charismatic as a--a hunk of green felt. But now I know it was all an act. Kermit and all the Muppets are really alive and THE MUPPET MOVIE proves it.

The plot involves Kermit the Frog as he heads for Hollywood to become Rich and Famous. Leaving the swamp on his Schwinn, he teams up with Fozzie Bear, the comedian at the El Sneezy Cabaret who drives a Studebaker. Colonel Hopper, the French Fried Frog Legs magnate, wants Kermit to be his mascot or else. Of course Kermit refuses to promote such moral cannibalism, and Hopper chases him across country.

Along the way the Frog and the Bear pick up Gonzo (the Prince of Plumbers) and his lady chicken, Miss Piggy, Rowlf the Dog, Dr. Teeth and the Electric Mayhem, and Professor Honeydew and Beaker. There are walk-ons, one-liners, and cameos by the likes of James Coburn, the late Edgar Bergen, Mel Brooks, and Richard Pryor.

THE MUPPET MOVIE is a neat film. Go see it. The Great Gonzo commands it!

THE MUP-



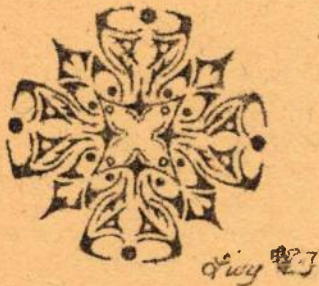
Howdy, paw!

ANOTHER FILM REVIEW, THEN ON TO OTHER MEDIA  
review by Brian Worthington

5

Picture, if you will, a wierdly lighted landscape on a desolate planetoid composed of nothing but free-form dangerous stone outcroppings. As the wind howls around you a large spaceship lands on this desolate ball. You, as an impartial and invisible observer, accompany the exploratory party to a bizzarely designed interplanetary craft. One of the party, upon finding the twelve-foot-plus lizardlike skeleton in the command chair concludes that this must be the source of the distress call they intercepted. The explorers, with you following, return to their ship, where it soon becomes obvious that there is some monstrous thing aboard that is destroying the crew one by one. Your name is Mario Bava and in the 1950's you translated your visions into a film called "Planet of the Vampires". You have been wondering recently whether Dan O'Bannon has ever seen your film....

JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT  
LP Record written by Andrew Webber & Tim Rice;  
Expanded Version; 1+ hr. MCA Records #MCA 399



'Way back in the good old days, when Rock was fun, some guys helped make it serious and oh so confusing (morally) with a record, JESUS CHRIST, SUPERSTAR. That one album(s) caused a lot of critics to point at what was bad with the field (a moral P.O.V., not musical). It also helped to make the field upper-class and stuffy; Rock had done something that was up there with operas and highbrow musicals (at that time they did not consider the rock musical TOMMY to be in the same class; it was strictly for the common masses).

Well, getting away from that particular argument, "JOSEPH" was the first finished musical work that these two fellows ever did. Its original version (recorded) was about 31 minutes long. This was done in about '69, as a follow-up to "SUPERSTAR". The newer version (thought I'd never get to it) was recorded around Autumn of '73 and winds up being almost twice as long as the original.

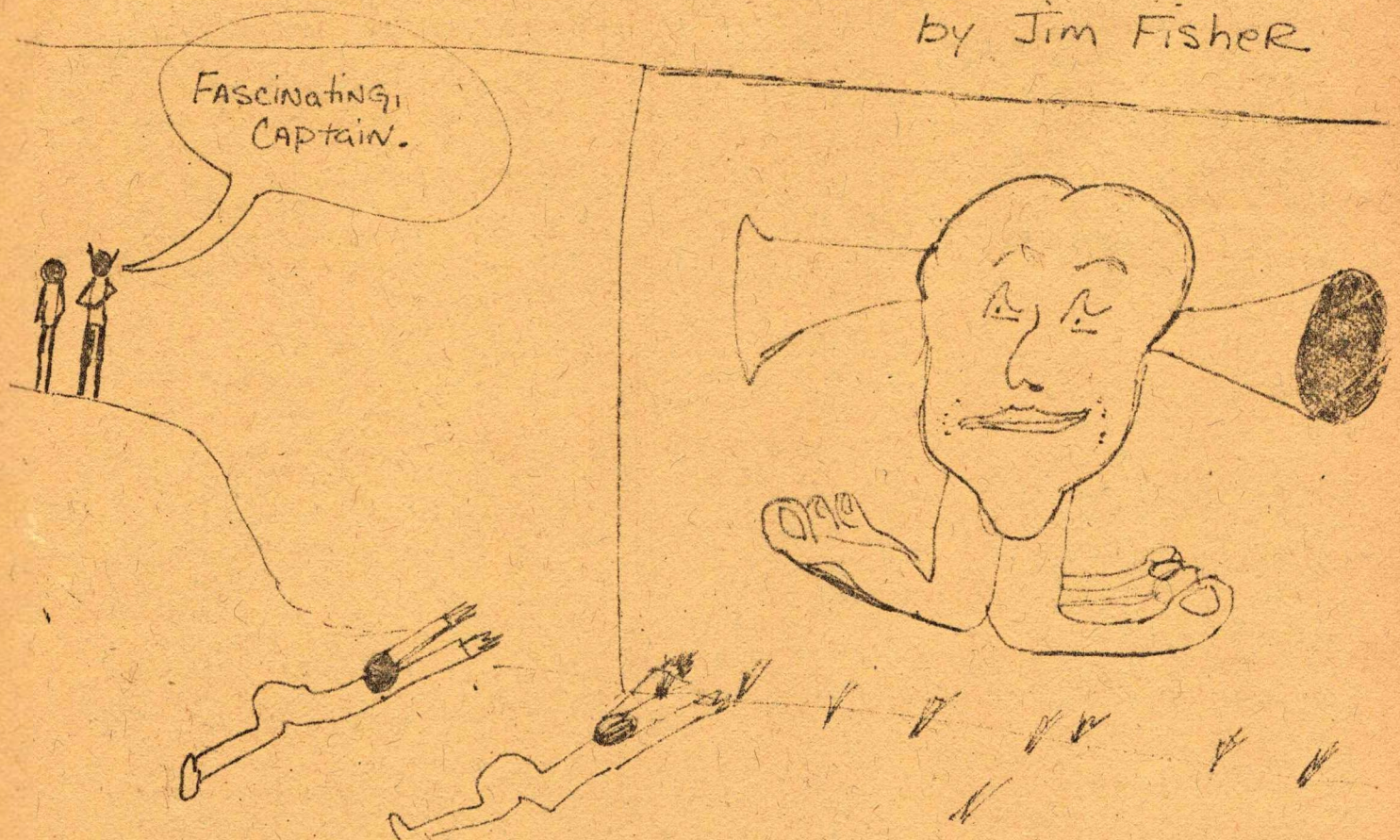
Does this long recording make the work itself better? With the new length one can go into the material (from the Bible) in more detail, add dimension to the brothers and their father, make the background more colorful, and just generally enhance the entire musical spectrum.

I'm sorry to say that it never comes about. Lyricwise, the shorter version is not expanded that much. There are some added words, making up a few songs, but mostly the work is drawn out musically, with some additions that seem to muddy up the entire composition.

After listening to the longer version, I went back and heard the earlier, shorter, one. I found that it is much more pleasing to the ear, with a smooth flow about it, and, surprisingly, it did not need to be expanded. It was almost perfect, like it was. This is not to say that the record was all that great, just that of its type it was good.

# EARlobes of a different kind.

by Jim Fisher



Last year about this time, some large graffiti appeared on several prominent walls in western Little Rock. Always the same, always cryptically signed "Balstovitch". The artist was never identified, but anyone with that sort of sense of humor clearly belongs in Fandom. Balstovitch, who/wherever you are, please come home soon.

LASEROCK by Steve McGrata  
review by Olivia Jasen

During a recent visit to St. Louis, I visited the McDonnell Planetarium where I watched "laserock" performed by Steve McGrata. It was a "live" show in that all laser work was done on the spot. As implied by the name, the lasers were choreographed to rock music (pre-taped). Between two consoles and one "blue box", McGrata manipulated one laser with ten fingers, two knee pedals, and two foot pedals. He admits that his varied musical background of piano, guitar, and other instruments helps very much in the coordination of it all. As

cont'd



the laser comes out of the "blue box" it can be split into as many as four very pure color beams: red, yellow, blue, green.

There are two forms which the laser can be manipulated in to. The large, flowing, ethereal "abstracts" are the slower of the two, and the exacting "spirograph" images can be manipulated to specific musical cues. McGrata prefers the latter, as it allows more creativity on his part.

Although the laser work can be preprogrammed, McGrata (as well as his cohorts) prefer the "live" set-up. This allows him to be in tune with the audience and he can play to what they want somewhat. This also assures that each program will be slightly different. This way also keeps him employed. Sometime in the future he would like to experiment with having a live band.

His laser is provided by Easer Images, Inc. and is a Mark IV. To work this laser (or any) you must be government certified. He said that many people that work with lasers at rock concerts do not have this certification and could endanger the audience when the laser is played out over them (A laser in the eye can literally melt a retina).

These shows are not only played throughout the United States, but in other countries as well. They are generally played in larger cities and in planetariums. You should check in your town as well as any city you might be visiting. The program is visually stunning and you will come away with the sense that this is the entertainment of the future.

AND NOW TO THE PRINT MEDIA

first review by Brian Worthington (again)

Asmodeus Mogart. If you think the name has a demonic sound to it you would be both right and wrong, because Mogart is also a sot in addition to being a demon who has been stranded on Earth for his transgressions. And he had the bad taste to do this at the very time when the existence of the Earth is threatened by a Moon-sized asteroid on a direct collision course! His instinct for self-preservation momentarily overcoming his taste for the grape, our dear friend Mogart enlists the aid of two humans to procure Power Gems from his fellow demons in five alternate realities. Our intrepid adventurere journey through such places as a land where sin is divinely punished immediately and a version of gangland Chicago where magic works, merrily collecting Gems all the way. However, when they arrive back on Earth, they find... ah, but that would be Telling. The book is AND THE DEVIL WILL DRAG YOU UNDER, brought to you by Jack Chalker and Del Rey Books.

GLACTIC EMPIRES, VOL I-(Avon \$2.25) Brian Aldiss, ed.

review by Barry Reeves

In this anthology, Aldiss has collected 14 stories by a total of 16 authors, on the theme of the galactic empire. All of the stories have been taken from science fiction magazines and are printed complete with the original blurbs.

The first story, "Been a Long, Long, Time", by R.A. Lafferty, is a humorous tale of monkeys and typewriters. But it drives home the fact that the birth and death of the universe is only a blink of an eye in the life of the gods.

"The Possessed" by Arthur C. Clarke, tells of an ancient race of parasitic beings called the swarm, who roamed the galaxy in search of sentient hosts. They found a planet which

(cont'd)

GALACTIC EMPIRES, cont'd.

might someday evolve intelligent hosts. The swarm separated and part of it went to search for hosts elsewhere, while part remained and waited. Millions of years passed, and still no proper host evolved. At regular intervals the remaining part of the swarm waited in a valley, for their brothers to return. They finally found a host species, but they had deteriorated until they had forgotten their origins. At regular intervals they still waited, in a valley no longer in existence, for a reason they had long ago forgotten.

The next two stories, "Protected Species" by H.B. Fyfe and "All the Way Back" by Michael Sheave, are very similar. In these, mankind has begun to explore and colonize the first new worlds. But what he learns from "the powers that Be" in the galaxy, comes as a complete surprise. In "All the Way Back", this knowledge proves fatal.

In "The Star Plunders" by Poul Anderson, we find man at war with the decaying empire of the Gorzinni, a savage race that is fast losing grasp of the technology with which it has carved out its empire. The Gorzinni capture humans as slaves to do the scientific and technical jobs they no longer understand.

Isaac Asimov's "Foundation" is the classic story of the galactic empire. It was later expanded into the Foundation Trilogy; if you haven't read it, you should, and if you have, it's always good to read again. The anthology would not seem complete without it.

"We're Civilized!" by Mark Clifton and Alex Apostolides, is a story about the arrogance of Man, and our indifference to the fate of a race we consider inferior to us.

"The Crime and Glory of Commander Suzdal" by Cordwainer Smith tells of the captain of a ship sent out "to explore the outer reaches of the galaxy" by the Instrumentality. The ship is run completely by turtle-men while Commander Suzdal lies in frozen-sleep. He is awakened only when human intelligence and authority are needed. The story is told almost in the style of a fairy tale, but the ending leaves you wondering.

"The Rebel of Valkyr" by Alfred Coppel is one of the best stories in the collection. In an Empire which four generations of star-kings have fought to build, wars are fought on horses with the sword as the greatest weapon while all remnants of science have become the property of witches.

"Brightness Falls From The Air" is a very good story by Idris Seabright. It is a short sad tale of beautiful bird people, the Ngayir, whose planet is taken by Man.

Clifford D. Simak's story "Immigrant" is about Seldon Bishop, one of the few humans selected to go to the planet Kimon. From the letters other humans on Kimon send their friends and relatives on Earth, the only source of information about the place, Kimon seems to be a place where one can gain incredible wealth, and Bishop trains himself accordingly. Things aren't quite what they seemed, though, and the only job Bishop can get, for all his training, is one as playmate to Kimonian children. The unravelling of the whys and wherefores of this situation makes for a fast-paced story, well-written; a good read.



In "Resident Physician" by James White

cont'd)

(8)

## GALACTIC EMPIRES, cont'd

Dr. Conway of the gigantic Sector General Hospital encounters a patient with a minor skin problem. Minor, that is, until he begins treatment and the patient's skin refuses to heal...

Hal Lynch's "Age of Retirement" is a short piece in which the chief of the Space Patrol is forced to retire...

Many fans discover Science Fiction at the age of 10 or 11. At that age the stories of galactic empires were more than stories. They were a way to escape from our mundane existences in the real world. We know deep down inside that somewhere there was a galactic empire, and that it was only a matter of time before they would find us and ask us to join them. We waited excitedly for the day when it would be possible, (some of us are still waiting) for us to sign up on a spaceship and see the stars. Most of us have outgrown our youthful optimism about man's entrance in the galactic empire. We may not feel the sense-of-wonder we once did reading these stories, but they're still good entertainment and well worth the price. Besides, we can still hope.

NIGHT SHIFT by Stephen King (Signet, 1978, \$2.50)  
review by Collins

After three successful examples of his novel-length horror style, Stephen King has brought together twenty of his short stories, old and new, for those of us who live for the "graveyard dirt and foggy night" stories.

King's style can be compared to Bloch and Matheson. Reality broken by the unreality of the supernatural and the ultra-reality of violence. But King's style is also his own, and it is a relief to see a new horror writer emerging. (And one popular with the public prehumously, for a change.)

NIGHT SHIFT is clearly from the shuddery nail-biting school. King proves he can tickle horror out of any situation and graphically describe violence without revolting or insulting his readers; intelligence. In King's less-than-cheerful universe, evil crouches in the strangest places.

A teacher is menaced by j.s.'s from beyond the grave. A Hadley-Watson Model 6 Speed Ironer & Folder is possessed by a powerful, blood-hungry demon. A crippled astronaut grows eyes in his hands after an abortive Venus shot. A redneck good ole boy drinks contaminated beer with disgusting results. A sadistic Syndicate headman creates a foolproof plan for kicking the smoking habit. The trucks of the world gain a malevolent sentience and go on a rampage that is an economy-car-owner's nightmare.

But my personal favorite is the tale of a young father convinced that his three children were killed by the Boogeyman that lurked in their closets while the door was closed.

Stephen King doesn't hit home every time, but he comes damclose even when he misses. I'm just glad my closet didn't come equipped with a door.



FIRST TIME'S THE CHARM

TELEMPATH by Spider Robinson. 1977 Berkeley (hardcover) \$7.95; Berkeley Medallion (paperback) \$1.50.

review by D.G. Factor

In this reviewer's opinion, some of the most readable, entertaining, and honest book reviews in the SF field are being written by Spider Robinson. They are characterized by their frankness, reliability, and humor which occurs mostly in the form of puns. Likewise, Spider's short works (his "Callahan's Crosstime Saloon" series, especially) are known as fairly humorous, good reads. A while back, Spider won a Hugo for a novella which he has expanded into a novel which was in turn Hugo-eligible (though it didn't win) and is every bit as good as the novella.

Surprisingly, it isn't overflowing with, or even based on puns or humor, but contains Serious Extrapolation about what this world would be like if man's sense of smell were magnified by a thousand. This would be enough of a Good Idea for most authors to stretch to novel length, but Spider doesn't just leave it at this: he adds the existence of another life-form with which the inhabitants of this future, "hypercosmic" Earth must cope, and draws not only a chilling scenario of the future, but develops real characters, and a plot that will keep developing along with the characters 'til the fascinating (and logical) denouement. The novella which makes up the first several chapters of TELEMPATH stood fairly well alone, but the ideas brought up in the novella are allowed to expand, grow, and bloom in the complete novel. Even if you have the novella version, go out and get this one.

JANISSARIES, by Jerry Pournelle; ACE, \$6.95

review by Danell Lites

A trade size paperback, JANISSARIES, at 334 pages, and \$6.95 is a hefty volume in more ways than one. Unfortunately, much of the "heft" in those 334 pages is artwork. Yes, fans and neighbors, it's one of 'those' books. The cover blurb says that the novel is "massively illustrated". And the print size is giant to say the least. This is another of those novellas masquerading as a novel that have plagued the market lately. You do not get more for your money, contrary to publishing hype. Most fens would rather have a much cheaper, non-illustrated novel-length story than this cheat. Well, enough of that. What is the book about? Well, there are these mercenaries, see, who are fighting in Africa against the Cubans and they're about to get wiped out, see, when this flying saucer lands... Seems the aliens have an urgent need for some experienced mercs... there's this primitive planet, see, with this valuable drug that grows only once every 600 years and the natives have to be conquered and forced to harvest it, etc. Sounds like standard stuff, huh? Well, not quite. The planet is a fascinating place, the people and cultures even more so. There are plenty of rousing battle scenes and tactical fun for those of us who get off on that, a bit of mystery and suspense, even a bit of romance.

Not a bad book, but do you want to spend \$6.95 for it? Up to you, sweetheart, but I did. It's an old-fashioned romp, fun but not very significant. Pournelle has done better, true, but then again, he's also done worse. Be warned.

KIND OF SHORT STACK OF BAGELS THIS TIME OUT

Mike Horn Rt 1, #25 Ward Drive Benton, Ark. 72015 I noticed several people have commented on the quality of our TV sf programs. You have to realize two things before you can understand them. The first is that most producers require name stars and show similar to what is already popular--whether that makes for a good show or not. The second item was stated correctly by Asimov: "SF writers can write fiction, but fiction writers can't write SF"((at least not deliberately. msm)) Whenever someone comes up with a good plot the networks always get someone who may have written only situation comedies or other such trash to write the new science fiction. If a show makes it after that it has to really have something going for it.

Danell Lites 5422 Skyline Drive Shawnee Mission, KS 66205 Recovered from NorAmCon yet? Didn't think so. Those sings were a marvelous experience! Jezuz, I couldn't believe that last one. I counted twenty-two singers at one time during the night. Hearing Azarael again was great. He and Yang together were almost too much... How about Diana Gallagher? Wasn't she great!? I'm ashamed to say that I had never heard Moonwolf before. I loved it. Stop me, I'm raving!

Teddi Stransky 643 N. Edwards Wichita, KS 67203 Congratz on the new zine. I think you've proved to your skeptics that a decrease in the # of issues per year means a proportionate increase in the quality of the zine. The #1 issue is a much finer bit of work than previous issues. ((blush, thanks. msm))

Re: Page 9, Samanda Jeude's LoC and also FYI--4 cons in 7 weeks is far from a record. I myself made 3 in four weeks just last year and I ain't even in the running. As nominees, I suggest Neil Rest of Chicago, who spends his summers hitchhiking from con to con, or Mike Glicksohn, of Toronto, whose Con-going masochism has made him a BNF many times over.

One suggestion-- you should credit your writers a bit more clearly. Most of the zine is in the first person, an 'me' is not real distinctive, althouth "Margaret and I" at least lets us know that your devotion did not produce the entire zine (Oh, my aching brain, the very thought...)

Buck Coulson Route 3 Hartford City Ind. 47348 I've now seen "Buck Rogers" on tv--the original film"edited for tv" and the 2-hour start of the series. The film was mildly--very mildly--enjoyable; I watched the next two hours only because Jack Palance and Roddy McDowell were promised. (McDowell had more promise than reality, but Palance's hamming made up for the lack of exposure for Roddy.) Now, I think I may keep on watching it. For one thing, there's a big difference between it and "Galactica"; it doesn't take itself too seriously. Humor is the funniest thing around, as James Adams used to say. (Juanita's comment was that "Buck Rogers" was closer to "Star Trek" than to "Galactica"--at least partly because the plotting is competent even if not inspired. "Galactica" kept throwing in elements that had no basis in the previous action.)



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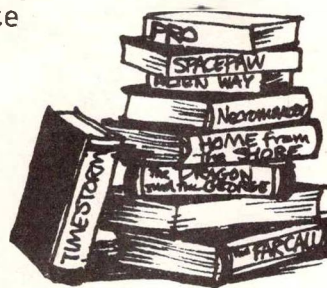
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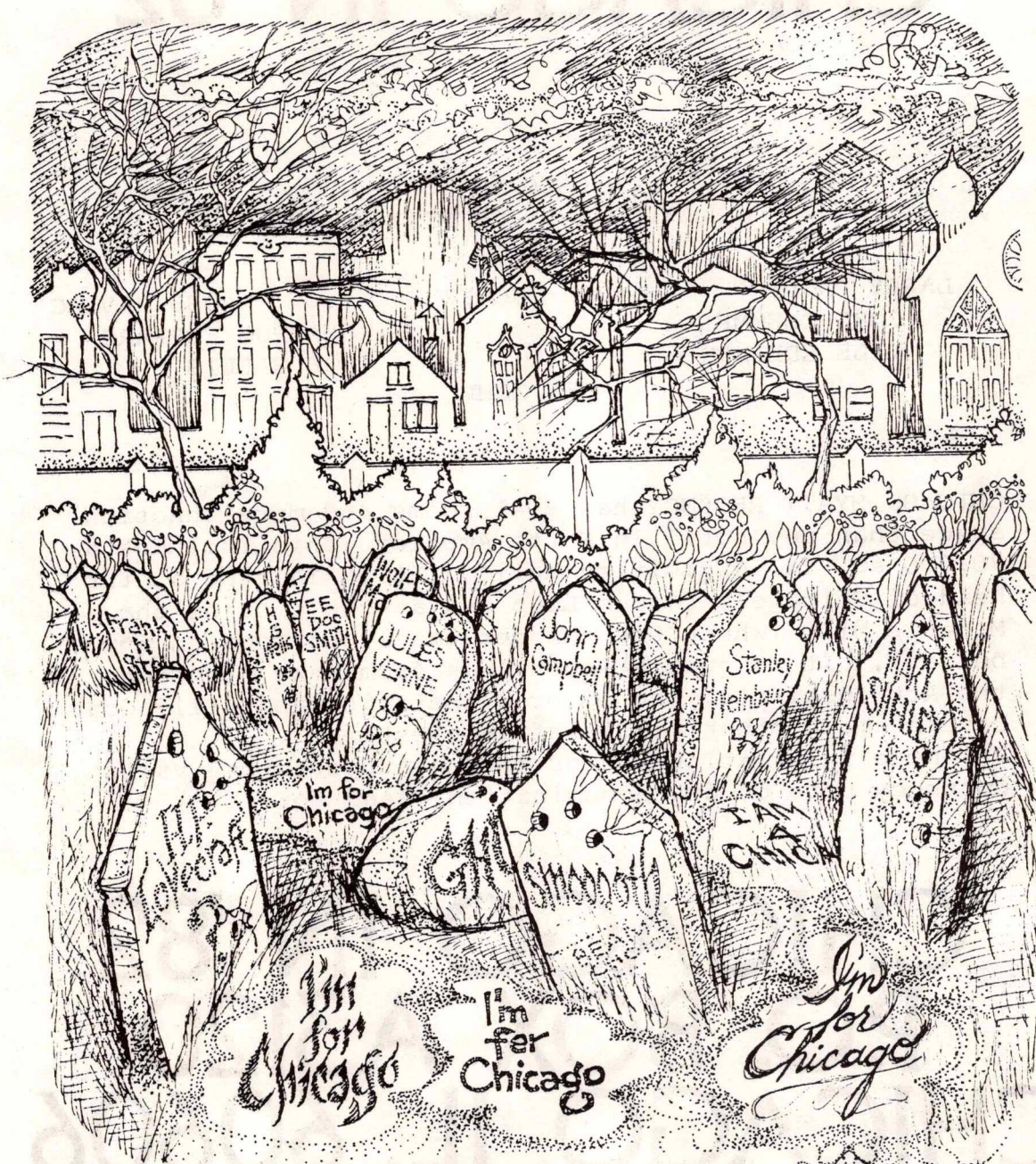
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