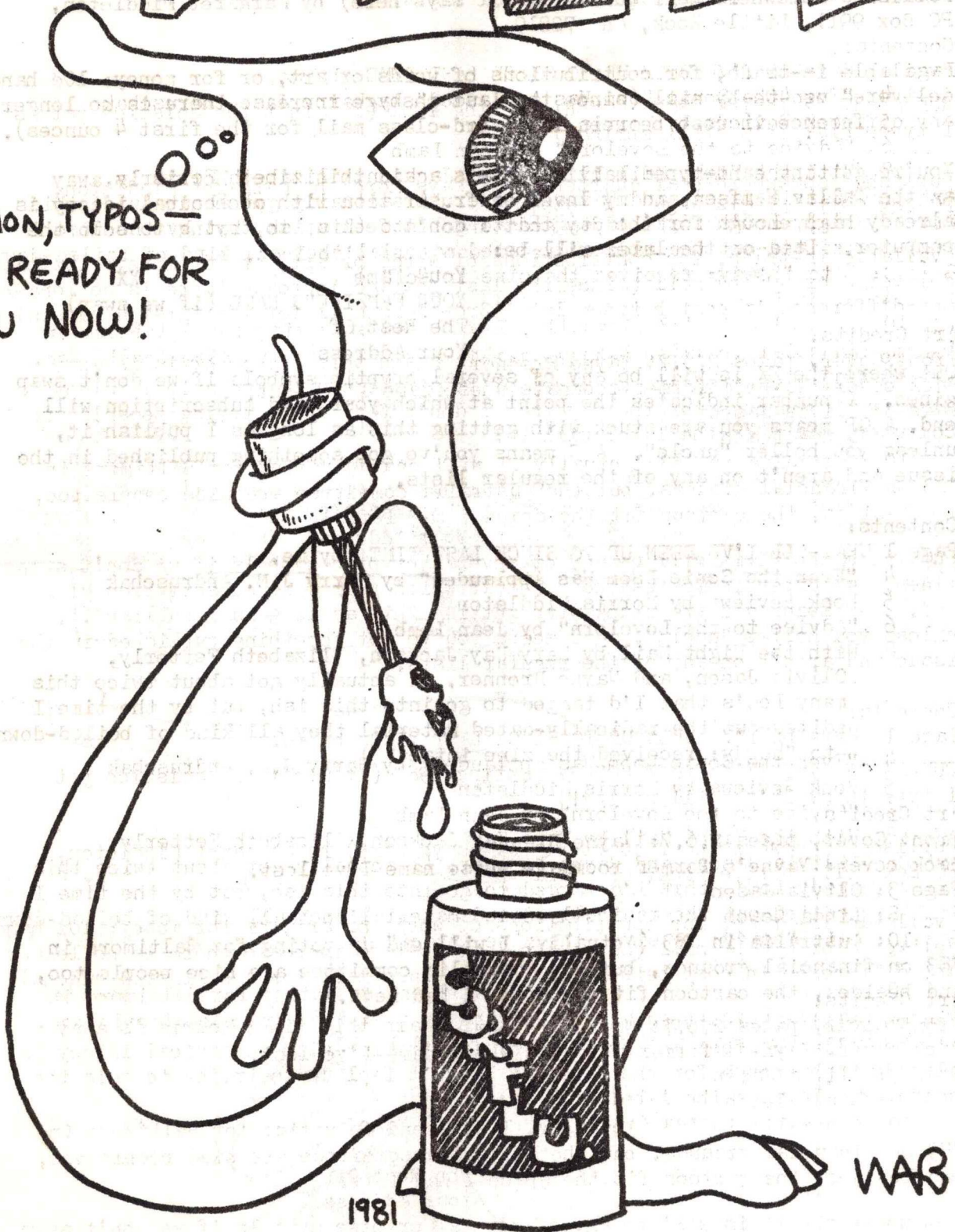


Runway 37

C'MON, TYPOS—
I'M READY FOR
YOU NOW!



1981

WAB

RUNWAY 37 '77 INSIDE FRONT COVER: Spring 1981 (it ain't the solstice yet as I type this; it's still spring!)

Published somewhere near quarterly (it says here) by Margaret Middleton, PO Box 9911, Little Rock, AR 72219

Available in-trade, for contributions of words or art, or for money: 10¢ hand-delivered or 40¢ by mail (since the last postage increase there is no longer any difference in cost between 1st & 3rd-class mail for the first 4 ounces).

You're getting hand-typed mailing labels again this time; Morris is away at the Dallas Hamfest and my level of frustration with mechanical idiocy is already high enough for the day that I don't feel up to trying to solo the computer. Data on the label will be:

You4 Name XX
YOUR FANZINE'S NAME (if we swap)
The Rest Of
Your Address

Out where the XX is will be any of several cryptic symbols if we don't swap zines. A number indicates the point at which your paid subscription will end. A GP means you are stuck with getting this as long as I publish it, unless you holler "uncle". A C means you've got something published in the issue and aren't on any of the regular lists.

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- 5 Book Reviews by Morris Middleton
- 6 "Advice to the Lovelorn" by Jean Lamb
- 8 With the Night Mail by Mary Kay Jackson, Elizabeth Fetterly, Olivia Jasen, and Wayne Brenner. (I actually got about twice this many LoC's that I'd tagged to go into this ish, but by the time I edited-out the radically-dated material they all kind of boiled-down to "howdy; received the zine intact")

Art Credits:

- Front Cover, pages 2.6.7: Wayne Brenner
- Back cover: Wayne's former roommate whose name I've lost.
- Page 3: Olivia Jasen
- 8: Linda Leach
- 10: Australia in '83 (Actually, I will end up voting for Baltimore in '83 on-financial grounds, but the Australia committee are nice people too, and besides, the cartoon fit the space I had left.)

WHAT-ALL I'VE BEEN UP TO SINCE LAST TIME:

Good heavens, it has been six months since the last ish of this came out! Time flies when you're having fun, or at least busy.

In December, Morris decided to go self-employed as a consultant in program design and evaluation for community mental health facilities. In January I went to ConFusion again (as a huckster this time). In February Morris took the plunge, and the two of us went huckstering at Norman Conquest. In March we got our income tax refund; I restocked the hucking business and Morris went shopping for a bigger computer. In April I hucked at FoolCon, Morris bought the computer, and I decided to quit my drafting job. At the start of May we went to Khubla's Ninth Khanphony, and by the end of the month I was a full-time fan. So much for the highlights. Pertinent details follow.

MORRIS'S NEW BUSINESS: He'd been being Director of Program Evaluation & Development for the State of Arkansas. What this involved was composing standards and an overall plan for the State's mental health system, serving on advisory/coordinating committees for some other states' mhs's, and being among the people from which were selected the inspection teams that made sure the various centers in the state were up to snuff.

As a freelance consultant, he is available for much the same activities, only on-contract to the centers or other state agencies on an individual basis. His first lot of clients were all in-state centers, and he has been on the road 2-3 days a week most weeks. He has just landed the first out-of-state client, though, and as the business expands to keep him on the road more, I will be taking up the slack in the clerk-work, now I am out of the other office job.

THE NEW COMPUTER is a TRS-80 Model 3; anybody want to buy a Model 1? (Actually we've got ads in the local papers this week again about it; I hope it sells before this gets mailed-out!) I am just getting acquainted with the new critter; ghod-knows what the mailing labels will look like this time around.

CONVENTIONING: Since the last issue of R37 I've been to 4 cons, huckstering at 3 of them, and pretty much covering expenses thereat. I'm not making travel-costs yet (especially not the airfare to ConFusion!) but it gets clower every time out.

THE NINE BILLION NAMES OF CON-FUSION: Jan 23-25, Plymouth MI. ConFusion was its usual insame self. This is the second one I've been to, and I've had an absolute blast both times. I gotta get the hucking up to being able to really afford the travel to this one! I spent this ConFusion almost entirely in the huckster room, except for time-out to sing, eat, and sleep. I saw none of the programming, and would not have met CoH Barry Longyear if he hadn't come through the huckster room on Sunday morning.

I had arranged to take Monday off work, so as to be able to stay over for the Sunday-night festivities at Chaim Sweeney's Pub (located at the intersection of the Outer Drive and Pelham Road in Dearborn MI, for them as would like to try it sometime), Sunday at Sweeney's is nothing more nor less than addictive. Mostly this is because of Marty Burke's singing. (His cassette-albums are the best-selling thing in my huckster-stock) Do not get me started on that; if you haven't heard Marty sing yet, you won't believe me and if you have I don't need to say any more.

I'm going back in June.

R37/7 page 2 WHAT-ALL I'VE BEEN UP TO cont'd.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST: Feb. 20-22, Norman OK. This was billed as a one-shot convention, but if the same crew ever tosses another one, under whatever name, I want to go back. I actually went to some of the programming (was on two panels!), which was considerably aided by Morris being able to come along and swap-out on the table with me. It pays to have a partner. Actually there were 2 carfuls of us from Little Rock & vicinity: Tracy Rogalla, Chuck Bishop, and Richard Morgan drove over with us. Just a smallish, relaxed, fun convention. The good kind.

Park KS. This is one I'm afraid I'm not planning on going back to, short of them having Spider & Jeanne Robinson as Pro Guests.

FOOL-CON: April 3-5, Overland

The con is held on a community-college campus, with a humongous attendance of locals, and is so un-designed for the out-of-town attendee that the program book fails to include: (a) a map of the interior of the buildings used, (b) a map of where to find food when the cafeteria is closed, or (c) a map of the best way to get between the hotel and the convention. I managed to make expenses on the sheer volume of attendance.

Again, there were a clump of us from Little Rock and vicinity: Tracy again, her sister Sharon Taylor, Michele Cox, and Paul Sulin. Saturday of the con-weekend was Michele's birthday. Michele, Paul, and Sharon needed to be back home for classes/work on Monday, so they took my Subaru and left Sunday afternoon. Tracy and I returned in her truck Monday, and had a much less adventurous trip than the others did...



KUBLA'S NINTH KHANPHONY: May 8010, Nashville TN. Ken & Lou Moore tried a new hotel this year; one just-finished building in fact: the Holiday Inn @ Briley Parkway and Elm Hill Pike. It was not a total success as a con-hotel, despite providing the best-cooked banquet food I've tasted in a long time.

I had enquired after huckster-tables there, but was too late to get into the rooms provided. I could have paid a single-table fee and hucked out of our own room, but decided it was too much hassle. I hope, if Ken changes hotels again next year, that he can find a place with sufficient function-space to have the hucksters all in one room, rather than dispersed through 3 or 4 conference room spaces.

As usual, I rather ignored programming in favor of conversation with friends and acquaintances encountered hither & thither around the convention space.

cont'd next page.

R37/7 page 3 WHAT-ALL I'VE BEEN UP TO cont'd.

The filking came-up a bit strange, too. For the first time since I can remember at a Kubla, I was the only major filker there. There were a couple of other guitar-players, David Pettus and Charlie Hamilton; and quite anumber of filk-fans like Ruie Clifford and Sue Phillips; but no BJ Willinger or Murray Porath, or Joe Haldeman or Gordy Dickson.... I'm used to this happening in Texas, but not in the near-midwest!

UPCOMINGS: I've got a couple of Fan GoH invitations which oolk like fun.

The first-received-but-farthest-off-in-time is TEXARKON, in Texarkana in about a year, May 15 & 16, 1982, to be precise. Pro artist Guest of Honor is Kelly Freas, with Polly as Toastmistress. The folks throwing this have been picking the brains of other convention committees in the area for most of a year now, and studying the workings of the conventions, so-as to minimize the first-convention-itis as much as possible. Anyone interested in further details can write TEXARKON, PO Box 6643, Texarkana, TX 75501.

More recently received, but coming up in September, is OtherConV at College Station/Bryan Texas. This is the off-campus convention held halfway around the year from AggieCon, the major Texas convention. They've had me down as Fan GoH before; c-starring with Marion Zimmer Bradley. This time the Pro Guest is to be Gordon Dickson. The concom are mostly Texas A&M alumni who have wound up getting jobs in the vicinity of the University. For further details, write Sven Knudson, 203 Edge St.. Bryan TX 77801

UNABASHED ADVERTISEMENT: Since becoming effectively a full-time fan, I now have time to elaborate my hucking business somewhat. Several folks have asked what-all of the filk-related materials I have on my huckster table can be ordered by mail. I've done-up a list of those items, which can be got for a SASE sent to either this fanzine's address or the hucking business's address. Ask for THE FILK SUPPLIER.

I am also offering FIRE LIZARD PORTRAITS. These are hand-colored (by me) prints of dragon-drawings by Billie Odell, mounted on 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ " round bsdges. Specify the color and the lizard's name, take your chances on which of 6 poses you get. Price is \$1.50 which includes postage.



guy 

EVEN THE SONIC BOOM WAS APPLAUDED
by Harry J.N. Andruschak

All work at JPL stopped around 2 a.m. on 12 April, 1981. There isn't all that much going on during the graveyard shift anyway, but at that time TV sets all over the lab were turned on to watch the launch of the shuttle. JPL has a large stake in the shuttle, as it is the launch vehicle of all future planetary missions, assuming there will be any.

My own thoughts as I watched the shuttle were the Solid Rocket Boosters. The SRB's have always been one of the danger points of the shuttle. Once started, they cannot be turned off. Once started, the Orbiter is committed to launch. And any failure on the way up is officially said to be "unrecoverable".

We all waited as the countdown progressed, and then came the moment when, main engines already started, the SRBs were ignited. And by god the whole assembly lifted off the launch pad. I was surprised at the speed of the liftoff...much faster than the Saturn 5 or Titan-Centaur. A cheer went up as the word "launch tower cleared" was announced.

Then the roll-over onto its back, and up it went. Champagne bottles came out...yells and screams all over the place...and a wonderfully smooth separation of the SRBs after 2 minutes. Majestic.

Tuesday April 14 saw another show-down at JPL as cars and buses left for Edwards AFB. Those who say there is no support from the public for space programs should have been there. 500,000 people were there, about 5% of the LA population. There to see 1 minute.

Most of you saw the return of the shuttle on TV. Why did so many people go to Edwards for those 60 seconds?

Because it has to be seen to be believed. The return had been followed by portable TV's and radios. The shuttle was coming in, and every step of the way was cheered, applauded, and agonized over. Half a million people and no crowd control problems.

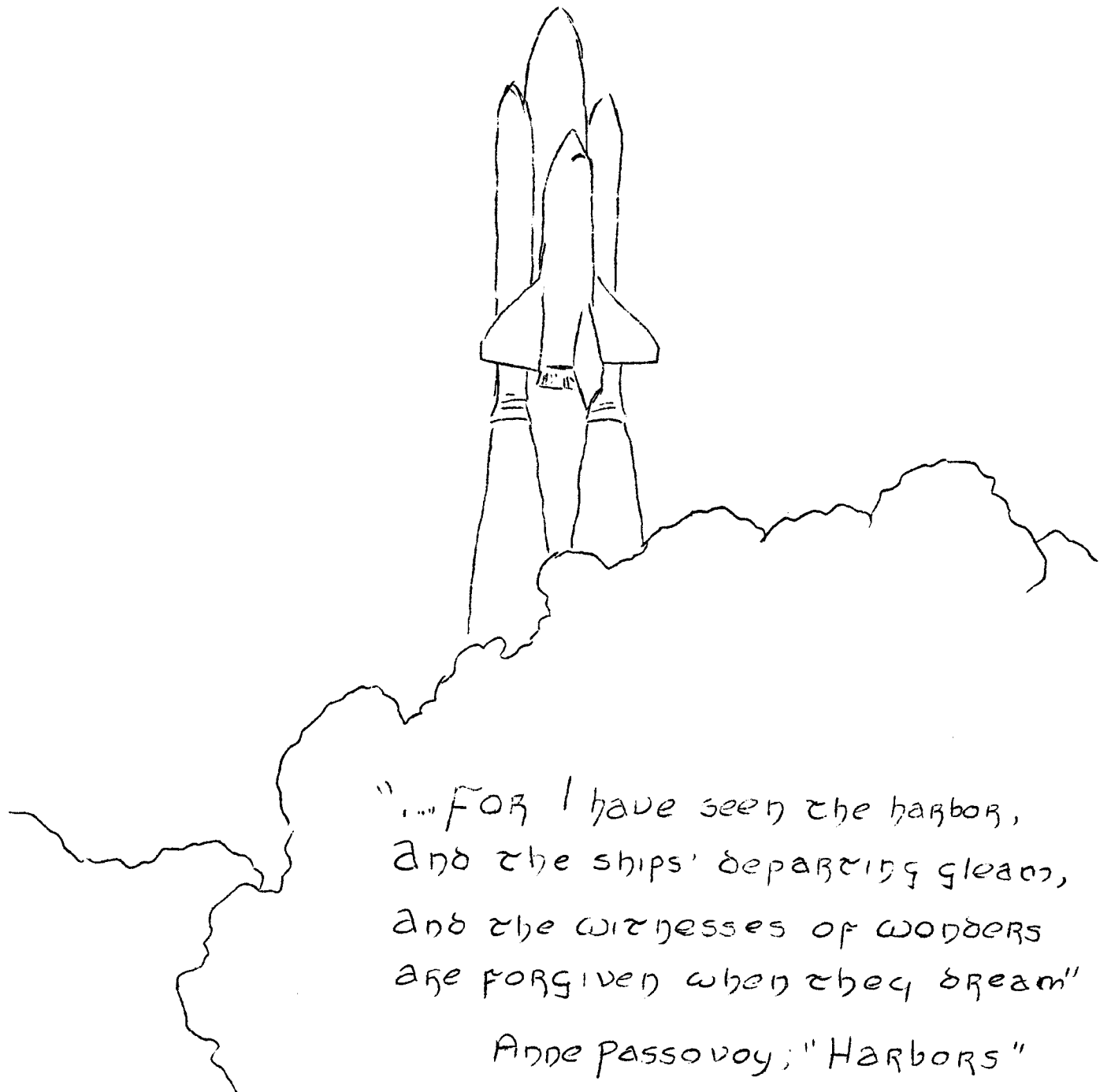
The previous night many people had just camped at the site. There had been games, singing sessions, parties, all of which I missed. It was a communal gathering the like of which has never been seen at the base.

For the first time in history, a sonic boom got a round of applause! Boom-boom, somewhat faint. But we knew what it was.

And there it was...chase planes following. The crowd went bonkers. Cheers and laughter and applause and yelling and screaming. 60 seconds.

The trouble with TV is that the screen is too small. You just cannot really grasp the size of the shuttle as it comes in. And gliding at such a steep angle you wonder if the engineers knew what they were doing. But here it came,down and down, aimed for the runway.

And up came the nose, down came the wheels, and Young and Crippen just greased the shuttle onto the runway. The t-38s roared by but the noise was lost in the cheering of the crowd. It was jam. Perfect.



"... FOR I have seen the harbor,
and the ships' departing gleams,
and the witnesses of wonders
are forgiven when they dream"

Anne Passovoy; "Harbors"

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MSH (TRACED FROM
PHOTO IN TIME)

COLUMBIA rolled to a stop and just waited. More cheers. By god she was beautiful! The justification of Project Vanguard, the major breakthrough of the space program in the late 1950's.

And after all the worry about the skin of the Shuttle, those tiles that everyone worried about...most of the crowd was more damaged by sunburn.

#####

....For I have seen the harbor,/And the ships' departing gleam,
And the witnesses of wonders/ Are forgiven when they dream"

from "Harbors" by Anne Passovoy,
copyright © 1979 by Anne Passovoy

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BOOK REVIEWS: TWO BY ZELAZNY. Reviewed by Morris Middleton

This month I had the unexpected pleasure of finding two new paperbacks by Roger Zelazny on the same day. The two, ROADMARKS and THE CHANGING LAND, are both published as Del Rey Books by Ballantine and are widely available in bookstores carrying science fiction.

ROADMARKS deals with a time road along which Red Dorakeen and his electronic companion Flowers drive his battered blue Dodge pickup on various errands such as running M1 rifles to the Greeks at Marathon. At the beginning of the story Red discovers that someone has registered a Black Decade, a series of ten legal attempts on his life, against him. The potential assassins are carefully picked and range from a battle robot, a friend of Red's making a living as an expert potter on a quiet 11th century Abyssinian farm, to a 14th century Chinese monk and a 27th century Tyrannosaurus Rex clone.

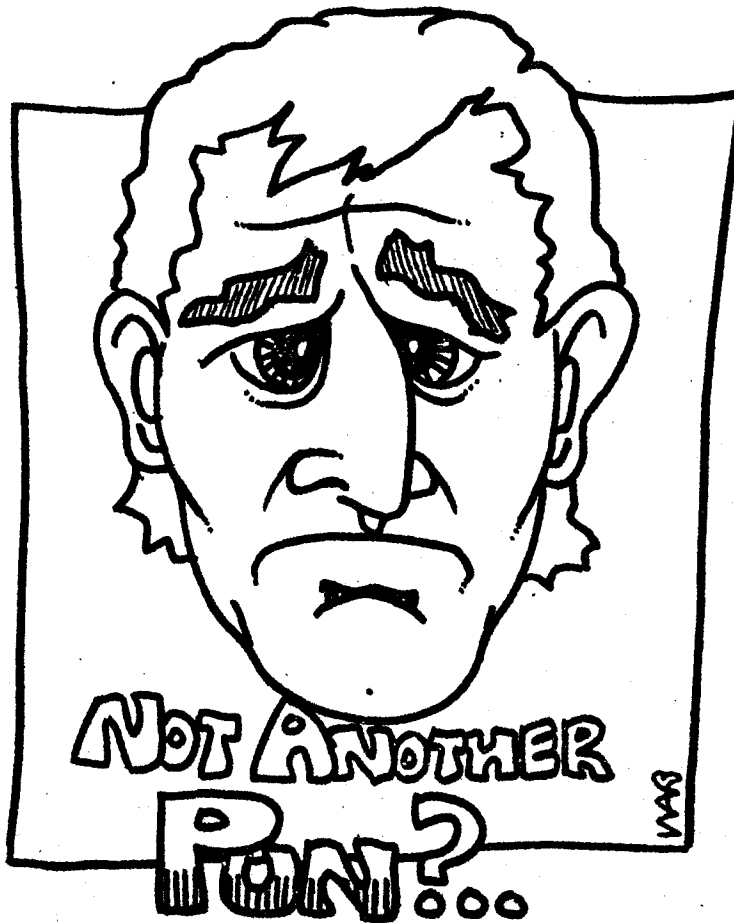
The culmination, at the Last Exit to Babylon, provides answers to the puzzles of Red's mysterious ailments, his steadily increasing youth, and his enemy's motive while leaving plenty of scope for future stories. But for me the major feature of the novel is the pleasing byplay between Red and his friends, both organic and mechanical. Zelazny's exploration of this dimension provides a delightful respite from the strictures the genre places on the symbol-laden characters of more "serious" fantasies.

In THE CHANGING LAND Dilvish the Damned, introduced in "The Bells of Shoredan", makes his reappearance to the delight of many eagerly awaiting fans. Lord Jelerak of Castle Timeless, Dilvish's archenemy and nemesis, is away and his swift return thwarted by his steward, Baran of the Extra Hand. In his absence the captive Tualua, kin of the Elder Gods and source of much of Jelerak's power, is slowly going mad and producing massive time disturbances. This entices wizards and sorcerers of all persuasions to attempt the invasion of Castle Timeless in hopes of binding Tualua's powers for their own purposes.

But Dilvish, supported by his firebreathing, metallic horse Black, has another end in mind. He and the elf-sorceress Arlata, granddaughter of a former lover, cross the changing land and reach the castle. He is captured but frees himself and a group of previously incarcerated wizards, then hangs on for one of the wildest rides in fantasy.

Zelazny's continued analysis of the major symbols which bind our world together is masterfully carried-out in this fast-paced adventure.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN
by Jean Lamb



Michael Elliot was taking it easy, still recovering from the trauma of his previous adventure. The mousy, nondescript humanoid was definitely rising in the world. True, he was still working on the police beat of the Death Star Clarion, but that certainly beat being a main feature of the obituary section, as his editor Kabin had once threatened. Things actually appeared to be calm this morning.

His peace was rudely disturbed when the blating voice of the intercom summoned him into the editor's office. The three-eyed Antarean was green with anger, and Michael wondered what he had done.

"Elliot! About time you got here! Any extra columns. I suppose that's all you can expect from a Rigellian, but I need help fast. Pick up the mail for Aunt Glabby down in the basement, come up with something by noon. Or else."

When Kabin used that one, Michael didn't argue.

He rushed down to the mailroom and asked for the letters for the advice column. He wasn't expecting two large sacks full, not to mention a singing micto from Aldebaran VIII. Still, in a way he was relieved, as out of all this junk there should be something he could make up a column with.

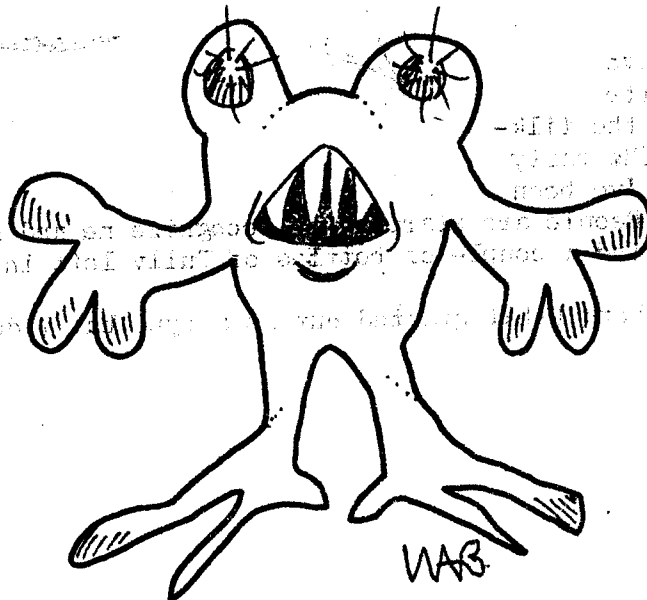
Unfortunately, most of the letters were all too predictable--the usual divorces, marriages, fission-pair upsets, time-warp estrangements--all were a decided credit a dozen. Even the micto's message was simply a garbled request for assistance in finding three more Aldebaranians of the proper sexes to complete a mating group. Michael did find one letter, though, concerning two De-nebians, a Vegan, half a professional rollerball team, and a beerkeg that was totally fascinating. Then he saw the postmark on the envelope and threw it away in disgust: another lousy hoax from Quail University!

Suddenly one crumpled missive caught his eye. "Dear Aunt Glabby," it began. I am an Algolian from Correc and I used to work at the Rubinstein Building. Last month when I lost my job, I met this good-looking human." Michael began to smile. He thought he knew who this was. "He was a jerk. But later on I met his boss. And oh, Aunt Glabby, then I lost my heart. His beautiful eyestalks waving in the wind, his graceful tentacles and his lovely voice made me want to love him. But he won't have anything to do with me." Michael thought he knew now why Kabin had been so ill-tempered for the last couple of weeks. "I know that things would be hard for us, and I know we would make a strange couple. Oh, Aunt Glabby, please help me! I know we are so different, but I love him so. Do you think a Scorpio would ever be happy with a Taurus? Yours sincerely, Andrea."

Michael got an evil glint in his eye. After the way that Kabin had treated him for so long he lusted after some revenge. Besides, he couldn't think of two people that deserved each other more. He quickly wrote up a column denouncing drunken space-yachting within 2 AU's of any civilized planet and then got down to business. Fortunately for him the many tear-stains on the Algolian's letter gave him something to work with. After all, he had majored in exo-chemistry for two terms before flunking out. He went to the political reporter's office for some liquid inspiration and began.

Later that week, Michael ran into Kabin again. The editor was blissful, as his glowing pink color showed. Michael had guessed correctly again. Andrea's tear-stains and an old bottle that Pol Harvey would never miss had done the trick.

Was it not true (at least for Antareans) that ⁺she made the heart grow fonder?



Mary Kay Jackson
816 Russell Circle
Norman, OK 73071

The cartoon on p. 13// "The Last It's Dead Jim Cartoon"// was wonderful. Gave a much-needed laugh. You know, though, when I saw it, I assumed it had been done by a woman. Was very surprised to find out a man had done it. Have you ever heard Cheryl White's song "He's Dead Jim, He's Dead"? It's written to a 50-ish tune and has a chorus of female singers in the background doing the shoobie-do-wap number!! Hysterically funny!((No, I haven't. It do sound intriguing, though.msm))

We had Wintercon in Tulsa this year. It is put on by a group called Oklahoma Alliance for Fandom (OAF) and is usually held in OKC. It is primarily dealer/comic oriented but has been getting progressively more fannish. Russell Bates and Mike McQuay were both there as pro guests, but the main pro guest was Lafferty. There were some neat films (this con is about the only one where I ever make it to the film room) and some wonderful Merrie Melodies cartoons from Warner Bros. Not to mention John Connolly's copies of SNOW WHITE and PINNOCHIO. I had an interesting experience. Before I even got to the registration table Susan waylaid me and asked me to judge the costume contest. (Which was filmed by one of the local stations to be shown on the local version of PM Magazine) As I tried to walk down the hall to the dealer's room 3 people stopped me and asked where the filking was going to be. I ended up organizing the filking that night. Sat. nite John McMahon gave me the keys to the consuite and asked me to organize the filking in the one room and the party in the other!! I think I've been going to too many cons. People are wanting to recognize me and give me chores to do! We even managed to find a couple of bottles of Tully left in Tulsa.



about Marty and the King Dong (that started out as a typo but I decided to leave it) song is still funny. The story

Elizabeth Fetterly What a compliment...sharing a page with a handwrit comment
401 Flint from Kelly!

Jonesboro, AR 72401 Whoops! Here I am thinking I'm finally beginning
What's CoA? ((Change of Address.msm)) to understand the rules of LoC'ing and you throw me a new one;

FilkCon2 sounded like fun-and-I-wish-J'd-
been-there-to-hear-and-see-it-all-especially-"Unreality Warp". 'Twould have been fun
to pun-out, but then YOU already know how high my tolerance level is for puns. ((I
will be up in Michigan again shortly after this is mailed; I'll make every effort to
get a coherent tape and/or printout of the words to "Unreality Warp". I don't guar-
antee to be able to sing it, because Clif has a habit of writing songs nobody but he
can sing, but at least we can giggle over the words.msm))

NOISEMAKERS sounded like
the fourth of July and fun, besides, but then most-everything you tell us about
sounds like more fun than if I'd made the effort myself. ((actually I only sound like
that when I'm telling about something I really dug myself. ref FOOLCON report this
ish msm)) You really got me on that page with one word: "ga-ron-tee ". You dig Jus-
tin Wilson, too? ((yes, and I haven't heard him in too long. The educational TV sta-
tions don't carry 'Cookin' Cajun' anymore around here. msm))

Reading about GETTING
THERE IS HALF THE FUN is all mine. Thanks once again, intrepid reporter, for bring-
ing it back alive. Has Michele started turning gray yet? ((if not from that trip,
then from the Return From FoolCon she should be. Ask her or Sharon Taylor or Paul
Suliin what ITS UNDER THE HOOD is about. But be outside arms'reach when you do.))

Olivia Jasen My favorite piece in #6 was "On The Late Massacre at ROC*KON" by
Rt. 8 Box 423 Sandra Miesel. I chortled delightedly through the entier piece.
Mountain Home, AR Have you tried Razorback bheer? It's pretty sad. And how
72653 closely I know when she writes "The carnage over, the sated Ra-
zorbscks reverted to human form". On a football weekend here at

Fayetteville ((University of Arkansas home-campus--msm)) a glance out a window re-
veals acres upon acres of red converging for the bloodfest sacrifice upon the field.
I've often wondered why the field itself wasn't in red, and came to these conclusions:
1) they all see red, or (2) their piggÿ little brains haven't thought of it, in
which case don't ever associate my name with the idea.

Barney Neufeld did wonders
for my vanity. Compliments like that are wonderfully encouraging & help keep me
going. I never seem to have the time to draw much while at school (except the circle-
doodles which I work on between classes) but I've got some ideas.

George "Ian" Laskowski "A Spicy Tale" by Jean Lamb was one savory piece. I'm
47 Valley Way no sage so could not even hope to chive an answer like
Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013 that. This is the second (or is it third? fourth?) one
of Jean's that I have read. Is she on celery? Or parsley
so? She poppys up often enough to be paid more than words (herbs?) printed on paper.
Maybe I better stop before you think I'm a nut, Meg. (Sorry about that one. I'll go
out and bay at the moon for the cinnamon (my sin, anyway).) As Rhet said after he
had left Scarlet far behind, "Tarragon!" (cont'd next page)

R37/7 page 10 WITH THE NIGHT MAIL/Laskowski cont'd.

I agree with Barney about Olivia Jasen; I received a note from her with a few of her "Starflakes" which I do plan to use on my fanzine. Thanks for giving her my name & address.

The book review of Bradley's TWO TO CONQUER by Samanda was intriguing, in that it gives a positive review of the book. The others I've read either pan it, or are indifferent to the story, saying that Bradley preaches too much. The ultimate test, however, is to read it yourself, and decide for yourself. Add it to the list...

The last "It's Dead Jim" cartoon was pretty good. My favorite of that type was done by Charlie Williams for CHAT. It's a series of panels in which the Pillsbury Doughboy is beamed onboard the Enterprise, and the transporter malfunctions. Upon examining the body, McCoy turns to Kirk and utters the immortal words: "He's bread, Jim" ((I saw it. You-right; that is the classic variant to-date,msm))

Wayne Brenner
1811 Tamarind Ave #22
Hollywood, CA 90028

The cover by Brian Worthington was kinda nice.

huh? ((yup,msm))

Your BLATH-ERINGS TO MAKE THE PAGE COUNT COME OUT RIGHT was interesting as usual, but geez! lady! you certainly like planes,

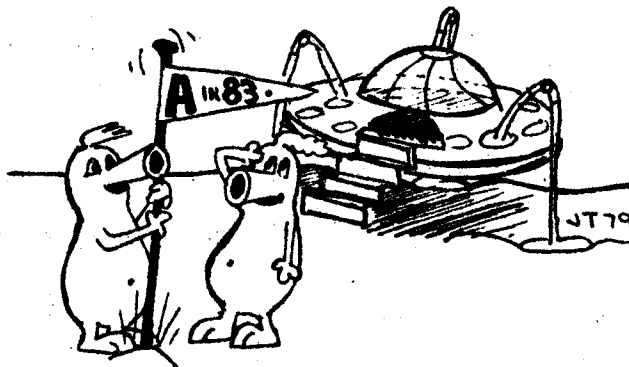
Niesel's fantasy was intelligibly funny even to this nonsportsfan Yankee, More crazy stuff like this would be appreciated.

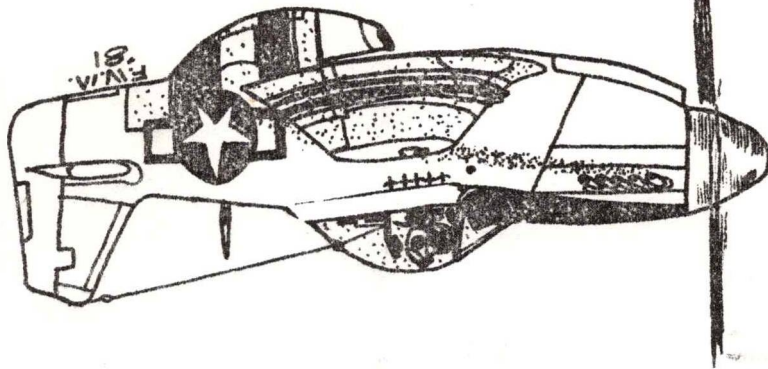
A SPICY TALE: If Jean continues with these abominable puns (worse even than mine), one of these days she'll have to take it on the lam. Still, I'll have to admit that her account of Michael Elliot's adventure in the ol'olfactory factory did make quite a bit of scents.

Tell me, though, does Ms. Lamb smile sheepishly as she writes them? ((have no idea,msm))

The lettercol seems more alive than ever, more vibrant, boisterous, etc. (And the exact repro of Freas's loc was a nice touch.)

You,er, seem to have forgotten the byline for the illo on page nine...rrb? Robin Brunner? It's a good illo certainly. ((and it is by Robin Brunner. Sorry 'bout that. msm))





RUNWAY 37 #7
PO Box 9911
Little Rock
AR 72219



TO:

Diana Gallagher 7
2951 NE 2nd Ave
Boca Raton, FL 33432