









This is RUNE; Volume 7, Number 3 (Whole Number 41).

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- Minicon Registration: Bev Swanson, 2301 Elliot Ave S, Mpls MN 55404
- Australian Subscriptions: Leigh Edmonds, PO Box 74, Balaclava, Victoria 3183

THE DEADLINE for material for the next issue is: Wednesday, 12 February 1975.

THE EDITOR WISHES TO THANK THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE for collating and addressing the last issue of RUNE: Dave Wixon, Jan Appelbaum, Dick Tatge, Paul Tatge, Larry Brommer, Denny Lien, Mark Digre, Patti Zbikowski, Lynda Kuiper, Kate Lehrer, Al Kuhfeld, and Don Blyly.

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PLEASE LET US KNOW ahead of time when you are moving, so you can continue to get RUNE uninterruptedly....

#### CONTENTS:

Minn-stf Official Business: Upcoming Meeting Schedule and Locations....	2
Comie Serial: "Watch Out!", by Reed Waller and Ken Fletcher.....	25
Travelogue: "Letters From Fanne," by Asenath Hammond.....	6
Article: "End of the World," by Dave Wixon.....	29
Comic Strip: "The Gerbils...", by Tom Foster.....	5
Editorial: "Whynesses," By Fred Haskell.....	3
Bizarrrity: "Attick Laboratories," by Ruth Odren.....	24
Lettercolumn, by the readers (with intrusions by the editor).....	10
Listing of fanzines received.....	9

#### ART CREDITS:

Jim Young; cover  
Reed Waller; pages 10, & 19  
Al Sirois; page 2  
Jay Kinney & Grant Canfield; page 9  
Mike Gilbert; page 31  
Tom Foster; pages 3, 16, & 29  
Ken Fletcher; pages 12, 15, & 20  
Grant Canfield; page 11

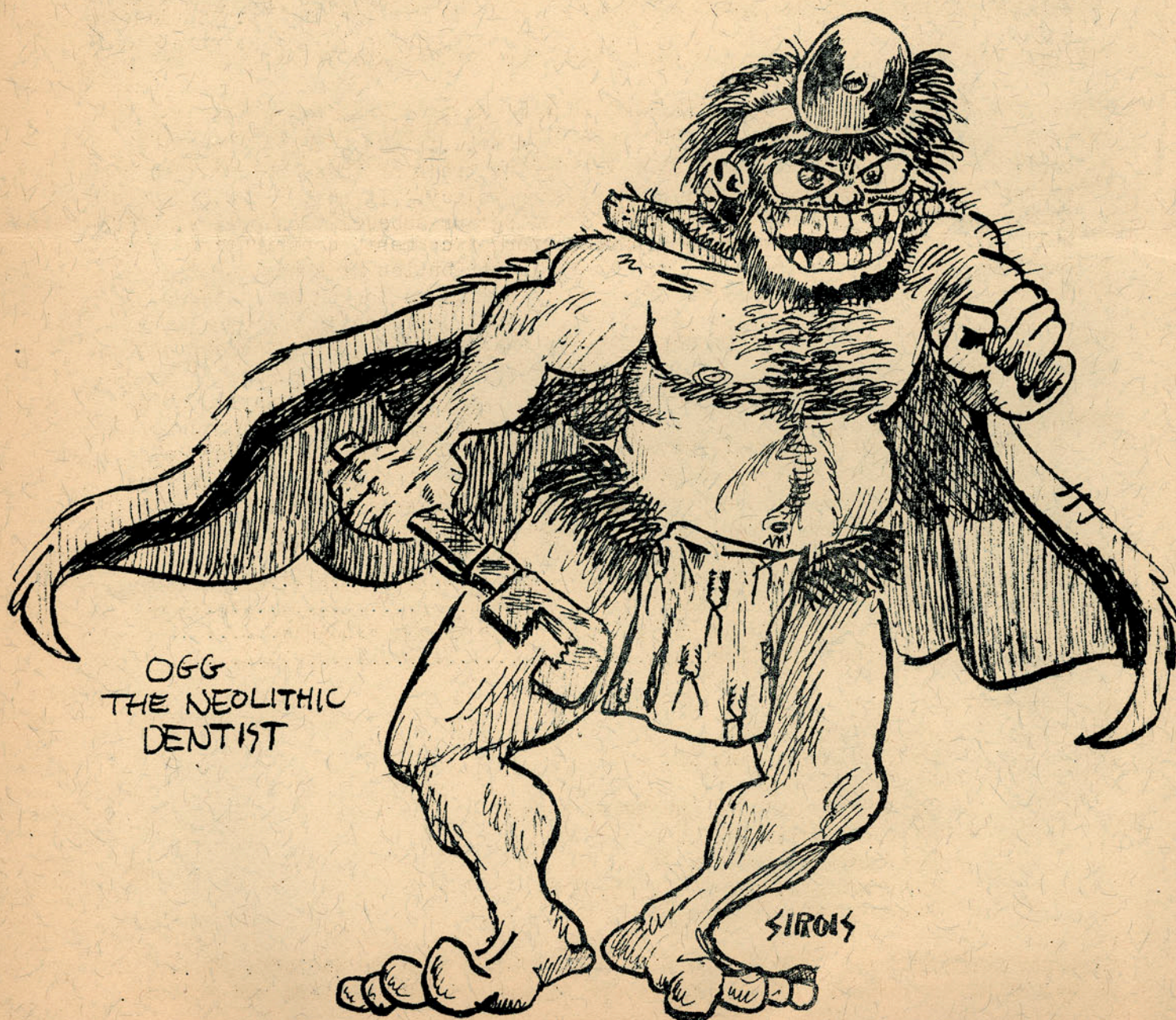
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Below you will please find a listing of upcoming Minn-stf meeting dates and locations. All of these are Saturday meetings, and begin at 1:00 pm.

- December 21 - Don Bailey, 4143 South 25th Ave., Minneapolis
- January 4 - Nate & Caryl Bucklin, 4701 Park Ave., Minneapolis  
(Minneapa collation also)
- January 18 - Boggie Tap (formerly the Hobbitat), 3755 Pillsbury Ave.,  
Minneapolis
- February 1 - Cynthia Franzen, 1964 4th St., White Bear Lake
- February 15 - Bozo Bus Building (esp. the Wixon/Blyly manse - #5B),  
343 East 19th St., Minneapolis (Minneapa collation also)

Also there will be a non-meeting Minneapa collation on <sup>1/25</sup>, starting at 1:00 pm, at the residence of Denny Lien, 2408 Dupont Ave. S., Apt 1, Mpls.



OGG  
THE NEOLITHIC  
DENTIST

SIRONI



# edi tor ial

Hello. You're probably wondering why I called you all here today. I suppose that I could wend my way through a long and tortuous introduction, full of obfuscating trivialities and tangential details, but I shan't. It gives me great temptation, believe me, as I don't really know exactly what I want to say, or how I want to say it, but I am certain that something must be said about this matter, and I really am the person who ought to tell you about it. So leaving these thoughts and temptations aside, I shall now strike to the heart of the matter at hand. Ahem....

(koff) Yes, well, this is the matter to which I must apply myself, and I shall now begin to do so. (koff) (koff) Ahem.... Okay, if you read the contents page carefully, and have been keeping track of these things, you know by now that we are changing our subscription policy. If not, I shall now take this opportunity to tell you. We are changing our subscription policy. RUNE will no longer be "available by trade, letter of comment, contribution, expressed interest, because you are there, contribution of money, or the Spanish Inquisition." No, dear friends, this will no longer be the case. Getting the RUNE will still be quite simple, but different: You can get a year's subscription to the RUNE by joining the Minicon. Or, as before and as is usual, you'll get RUNE by trading your fanzine for it (we prefer to trade all-for-all, but other arrangements can be worked out, if necessary), or by sending in a letter of comment or other contribution that gets printed (either of which will add one issue onto your subscription). And, failing all else, you can send in one dollar for a year's subscription. (You Australian fans will get essentially the same deal, except that a year's subscription will cost two dollars Australian, and is obtained through Leigh Edmonds.)

Now to the questions that are bound to crop up about this, which actually is the whole point of this editorial rambling. "Why," I hear some of you asking, "are you doing this?" Well, it's actually due to a number of interrelated things. One is that I have been putting out RUNE more often than





before, and I intend to continue to do so. Another is that the RUNEs are tending to be larger than they were before. And still another is that the circulation of this issue will be somewhere around 700. What all of these things have in common is that it is costing the club more money to put out RUNE than ever before. Now, nobody is really begrudging that money, but the fact is that the club really only has so much money to spend on such things. Well, we could make the RUNE smaller, or less frequent, but neither of those options appeal to us, so they're out. I suppose that we could cut the mailing list, but I'd sure hate to be the person going through and deciding. wouldn't continue to get the RUNE. Or we could put it on a strictly money/trade/contribution basis. This last option is getting close, but it is still not quite satisfying, as this is a club publication, and really should go out to the members of the club and our friends. Which puts us back to where we started, almost. Because somebody hit upon using the Minicon registration list as a way of determining who should get the RUNE. Now this is beginning to look better. After all, most of the money for RUNE comes from Minicon, and many of the same people who we'd like to get the RUNE are those who show up at Minicons, or at least join it. This is almost there. The main problem with it is that it is unfair to those out-of-state fans who cannot attend the Minicon for whatever reasons to ask them to pay a full Minicon registration fee in order to continue getting RUNE. So we add together the last two ideas, and we pretty much have it. Anybody who joins Minicon will get RUNE for a year. Or if there is somebody who cannot attend and does not wish to join the convention, but still wants to get the RUNE, heshe can do so by sending us a dollar for one year. And I firmly believe in the traditions of a free issue in return for contributions, and of trading fanzines, so we continue that. And that does it.

I suppose some of you might be wondering why we're asking so little. After all, a dollar for six issues works out to under 17¢ per issue. And in actuality, most people will probably be getting this with their Minicon registration, rather than for a "sticky dollar." Well, again, there's a number of reasons for this. One thing is that we are not intending to recover all our costs by charging; we just want a little help towards them, and we want to be sure that everybody getting RUNE has some interest in getting it. Another is that being an incorporated non-profit organization under the laws of the state of Minnesota, we have been able to obtain a Non-Profit Organization Bulk Mailing Permit from the Post Office people, so we can mail RUNE out much more cheaply than if we had to pay third class postage on it. And finally, well, it's just 'cause we're such nice people....

By now, our Canadian readers are probably wondering how this affects them. After all, we cannot mail copies to Canada on our Bulk Permit. We thought about this for a while, and decided that there are few enough Canadian readers that we can afford to give our good neighbors to the north the same subscription policy that we worked out for our American readers. If our Canadian readership grows alarmingly, we may have to reassess this, but that is how it stands right now.

As stated on the contents page, this policy will be going into effect on April 18, 1975, that being the first day of Minicon 10. This is to give us time to organize things, and also to give you a chance to get it together and either register for the con, or subscribe, or whatever. If you're anything like me, you'll need the time and the reminders in upcoming RUNEs to get around to responding in some way, and we don't wish to leave anybody "out in the cold."

And I guess that just about does it. You now not only know what our new subscription policy is, you know why it is. If you have any questions that I



Well, that really does do it. It's nice having you along on this issue, and I hope you'll stick around for many more. Peace.

P.S. Darn. I just noticed that I blew a couple of "also heard froms" in the lettercolumn. Each was a short postcard expressing enjoyment. One was from Freff, and the other from "David & Delany & THE BLOT & LARS & Asenath & All the Blips at C." Thanks for the thoughts, folks, and sorry that you aren't mentioned at the bottom of the lettercol, ~~where~~ you belong, instead of here.

FH

\* \* \* \* \*





# Letters From Fanne...

by Asenath Hammond

My dearest Frederick,

As you so graciously requested, I am setting pen to paper to recount the tale of my journey from the city of New York to the midwestern metropolis of Minneapolis.

T'was in the early part of the month of October, as the leaves were heralding the arrival of autumn, that I commenced to hear beckoning voices. "Come to Minneapolis," they whispered, "come to the land of lakes, home of the Hobbitat, domain of Dickson and meeting place of Minnstf." Never have I been one to ignore disembodied voices, as you are aware! Thus urged, I consulted my fairy godmother, the Bank of Marine Midland. "Go, my child," quoth my bank, "but hearken -- you must return before the bell tolls on Hallowe'en, or your credit card will suffer a metamorphosis and you will find yourself possessed of a pumpkin -- postage due."

Armed with this warning, I set about the task of preparing for my departure. Equipping myself with a brace of valises, I bid farewell to my esteemed colleague, David the Effervescent Emerson, promised my feline friends that I would avail myself of the postal system to send them scenic cards depicting my travels and set off bravely to the station of the rapid transport system of New York. As befits a voyager to your musical habitat, I had amongst my various accoutrements a guitar of dubious vintage. In the underground station, I was accosted by a gentleman, who pressed his card into my hands. Perusing this bit of cardboard with some interest, I discovered that I had been offered the opportunity to avail myself of various recording facilities. Alas, but my musical expertise extends only to the rhythmic repitition of a single chord -- fate truly was enjoying a jest at my expense!

I shall relate more of my peregrinations in further missives, dear Frederick.

I remain, as ever,  
Fanne

Fred, baby --

Well, sweetie, I caught this Northwest Orient Big Bird at LaGuardia Airport. The flight was dullsville, so I had a couple of cokes to drown my sorrows. Finally, we landed at the Sin Twitties Airplace. I snuggled into Horace -- you



know Horace, don't you, pussycat -- my furry coat? Well, anyway, there I am, up to the earlobes in warm, cause I know there's going to be a blizzard -- I mean, it was 35° in the Big Apple, for ghusake -- and it turns out to be 65° in Mipple/Stipple. Sheesh. Horace burst into tears. It's going to take months before he wants to go out again -- I mean, what's his motivation?

Love and kisses

Fanne

Deer Uncle Fred,

Nate and Caryl and Jerry and Mike came to get me at the place. They took me home in a big blue car. Minneapolis has trees and air. Jerry was sick and we took him home to his house. Mike went to see his friend Saint Paul. Caryl made us a big dinner and we stayed up all night and watched TV. We ate lots of popcorn. Don't tell my mother.

XXXXXXXXXX

Fanne

P.S. Jack chewed on my feet when I went to sleep.

Mon cher Fred,

On Thursday, Caryl and I, we went to the shops. I saw the so delightful Uncle Hugo's and the Electric Fetus, where I made the purchase of a phonograph record. We proceeded to the liquor market, to obtain of supplies for the evening party. We returned chez Bucklin for the cleaning of the house and the making of brownies, then dined at the nearby Burger Whatsit.

Mdle. Odren was the first to arrive at the soiree, followed presently by the large part of the fannish monde of the cities. I made the acquaintance of many new persons, and was able to observe the so valiant Denny Lien as he saved the world from a surplus of bheer. Gordy arrived with Joe Haldeman, and we had a pleasant discussion on the goodness of vodka and Fresca for those who are engaged in the following of a regime of diet. I regret that the party soon became an aimiable blur of the eyes but I do recall your entreaties for the making of more popcorns.

Je t'embrasse,

Fanne

MEMO

TO: Haskell

FROM: Fanne

RE: Friday

- 1) Lunch: ate at the Malt Shop with Caryl and Nate Bucklin, excellent meal (\*\*\*\* in the Minneapolis Restaurant Guide)
  - 2) Minicon (afternoon): perused the art show, hucksters room, greeted Ctein and Rusty Hevelin; missed the annual Jim Young Ten Cent Tour of downtown Mipple.
- Minicon (evening): attended con party under the influence of blog. Entertainment provided by the trio of Ben, Barbara and Joe, singing those oldies but mouldies. Attendees appearing from far parts: Rick Sternbach & Charlie Duelfer from Connecticut, Don Lundry from New Jersey, Mike Baker from K.C., Rick Gellman and Louie Spooner from cross country. A fan time had by all.



(Letters From Fanne, Cont.)

Dear Mr. Haskell,

Thank you for your request for information about the Saturday programme at Minicon. Unfortunately, Minicon had no programme this year. As a substitute diversion, attendees were directed to the Library, where they were amused by a variety of panels and films. Guides were distinguished by propellor beanies.

During the evening hours, a banquet was offered, at which Ben Bova was presented with the andy offutt matchbook for his discourse on the marshmallow. Following this entertainment, those present adjourned to the con suite, to imbibe blog, listen to the various musical offerings and consume vast amounts of peanuts.

I hope this satisfies your curiosity on the matter. Please feel free to make future enquiries.

Sincerely,

Fanne

Greetings, entity Fredhaskelleditor. We are attempting transmission through organic means, as radio wave interference is rife from your planetary body. Please continue consuming the liquid lubricant at your disposal, as it facilitates communication.

Our observance of the rotation period that terminated "Minicon" included a gathering at the domicile of the gestalt entity that calls itself "The Lessingers." Entities present partook of the liquid lubricant, which seemed to induce unconsciousness. Can you explain this phenomenon? They also engaged in a communication ritual involving the imitation of tonal patterns produced by agitating filaments stretch along hollow constructs.

While all of this was most informative, we have a question that we beg that you will answer.

Please, Haskelleditor, what is a "bug eyed monster?"

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN (APA) -- Monday was the opening night of Caryl and Company, in their triumphant return to the Sheraton. The performance was attended by a motley crew of sci-fi fanatics, who apparently regard drinking as a way of life. One of the crew, Dick Steinbach, occupied himself with defacing the liquor tabs with drawings of strange landscapes that seemed to completely disregard artistic conventions of light and shadow. He was occasionally dragged out onto the dance floor by two blonde females, who eventually had to support him as he staggered out the door of the bar, screaming for pizza.

The rest of the party left en masse as the bar closed, heading off to engage in lord knows what perversions. What ever happened to the cleancut audiences that used to attend Perry Como's performances?

Frod, ol' recitfier of grammatcal errors, I know I promised to reveal all about my trip to Mipple -- speaking of trips, boy look at the typerighter it's crawling off the tabel -- did you know tripewriters had tails? Long white ones and they plug them into walls and purr. Far out! Anyway, I don't remember much since the full prefrontal they did on my fanzine collection last week and anyhow David says take two giant -- er, that my career will be runed if anyone sees this and I was in Boston all week I have witnesses. Anyway, who would believe in a city that turns off its waterfalls?

Fanne



# FANZINES RECEIVED

((Still no reviewer. I think I'll toss in a few admittedly biased comments this time, so as to give you a better idea of what a zine is about.))

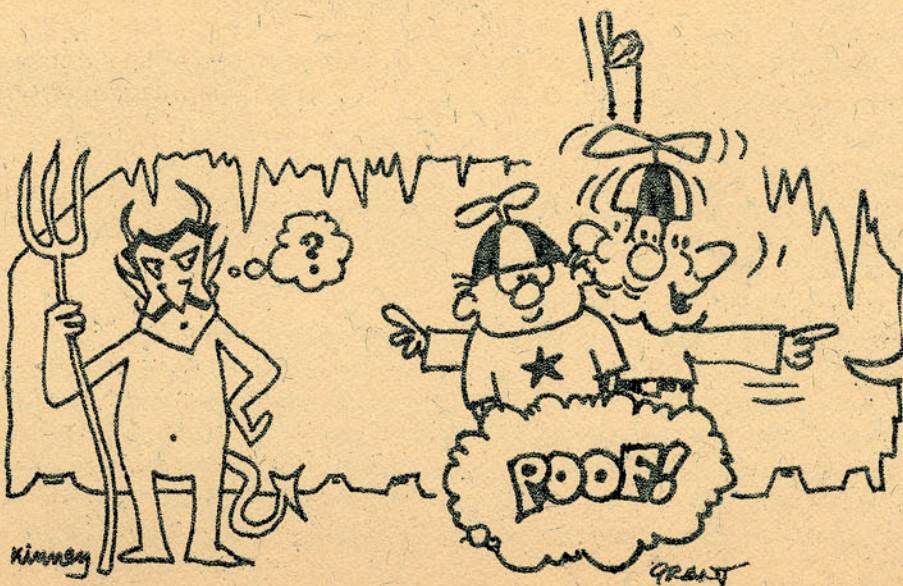
STARLING #29= Irregular, by Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 525 W. Main, Madison WI 53703. 50¢, 5/\$2, or the usual. Genzine. (36 pages.) In a balanced diet of fanzines, this must be one of the staples. Hank and Lesleigh have been putting out consistantly fine fanzines for as long as I can remember, and this issue is yet another example of that. Now that I think about it, it is somewhat surprising that STARLING has yet to win a Hugo....

THE ALIEN CRITIC #11 = Quarterly, by Richard E. Geis, P.O. Box 11408, Portland, Oregon 97211. Subscriptions: In the US, \$4/one year, \$7/two years. (76 pages.) This zine tied with AIGOL for the Best Fan Magazine Hugo this year, which you probably already knew. It is letters and articles woven into a running monologue (and sometimes dialogue) by Geis. I personally find it very entertaining, but it apparently drives some people to apoplexy. I think you owe it to yourself to find out how you react to it, if you don't already know.

ASH-WING #14 & #15 = No listed schedule, by Frank Denton, 14654 8th Ave.S.W., Seattle, WA 98166. "It is available....and available....and available. It likes to receive (inaudible) locs, (expletive) contributions, (rumble) art work by Rembrandt, Rostler, and Rosemary Wood. Also Ukrainian Easter Eggs. Sample: \$1." Genzine. (49 and 50 pages.) Chock full of good stuff. I am particularly fond of Frank's editorial columns, and what appears to be a series of articles by Michael Carlson called "Travels With No One," in which Michael talks about the people he's met while traveling around the country teaching an intensive reading development course at various colleges. And fine lettercolumns....

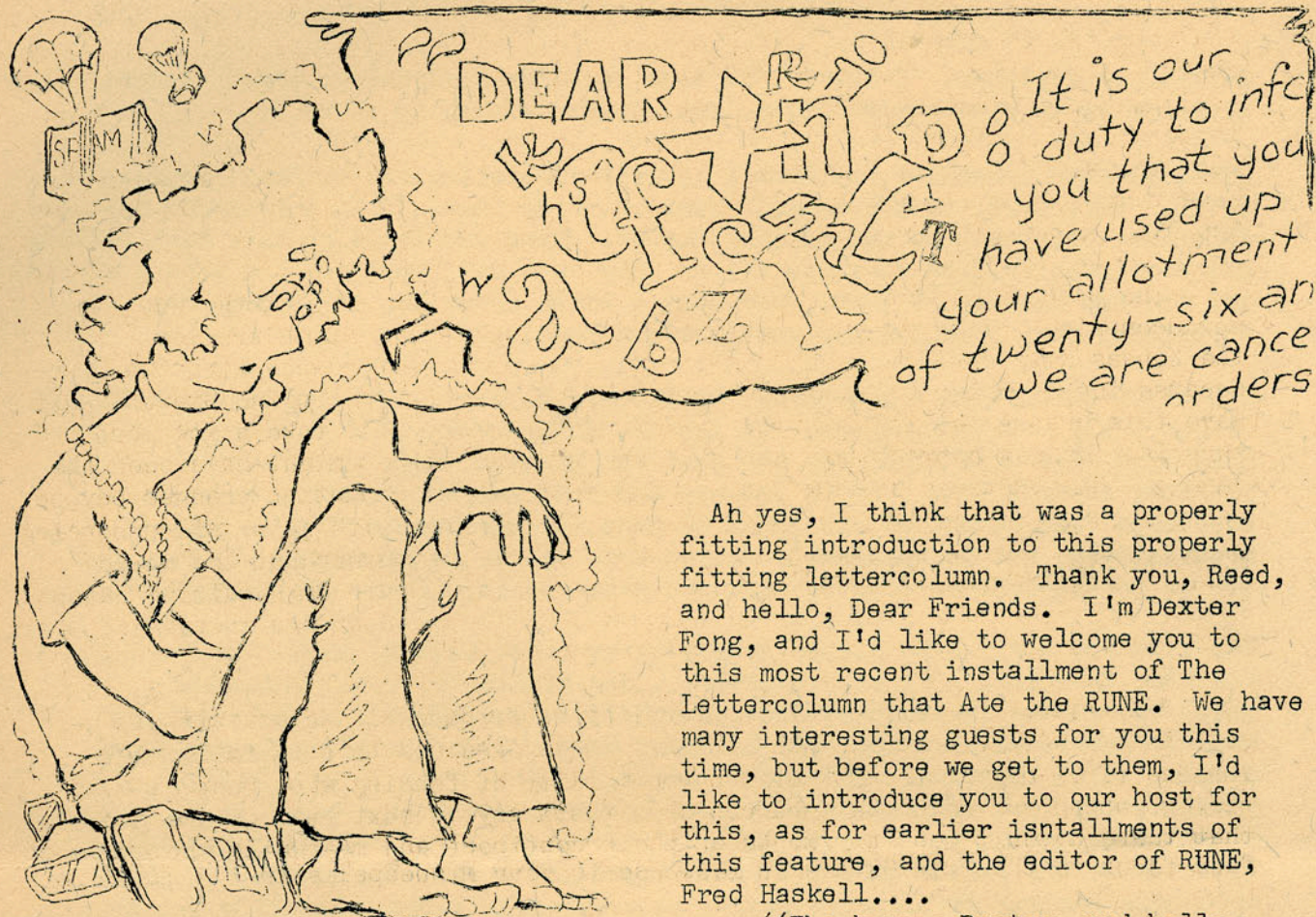
ZYMUR-WORM #20g = Attempting six times a year. Dick Patten at 2908 El Corto SW, Albuquerque, NM 87105 (send stuff there) and Bob Vardeman. "It can be had for locs, contribs, trades, or as a last resort 50¢." Genzine. (23 pages.) To be honest, I wasn't enamored with this issue, but I expect that to change in the future -- I don't know Dick, but I know that Bob is quite capable, and I doubt that they would have teamed up if this wasn't the case with Dick as well. I'm looking forward to the next issue....

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)



LOOK, HERBIE! IT'S BOB  
TUCKER, I KNEW HE'D  
BE HERE... AND  
THERE'S HARRY! HI,  
HARRY! OH, BOY, THIS  
IS GOING TO BE SOME  
FUN! HI, BLOCH! HI,  
ROTSLER; HI, GRANNELL;  
HI, GALKINS... OBOY  
OBOYOBOYOBOYOBOY  
GOSH WOW GOSH...





Ah yes, I think that was a properly fitting introduction to this properly fitting lettercolumn. Thank you, Reed, and hello, Dear Friends. I'm Dexter Fong, and I'd like to welcome you to this most recent installment of The Lettercolumn that Ate the RUNE. We have many interesting guests for you this time, but before we get to them, I'd like to introduce you to our host for this, as for earlier installments of this feature, and the editor of RUNE, Fred Haskell....

everybody! Nice to be with you again. If you've been following along, you'll know that this first letter arrived last time, but too late for inclusion in that issue, and that I am very glad to have received this letter (see RUNE39). It is, of course, from none other than Harry Warner, Jr.!!>>

Harry Warner, Jr.  
423 Summit Avenue  
Hagerstown, Maryland 21740  
October 1, 1974

Dear Fred:

Now that you went on like that in the loc section about a Warner loc, I hate to think what you'll do for a encore when this one goes directly to you. Nothing, presumably, since I've missed the deadline for the next issue, which is just as well. I do feel conspicuous when a loc from me runs to two or three times the length of any other loc in a letter section; thank goodness, Sarah Sue Bailey got so excited about getting her first fanzine that she spared me this particular embarrassment in the 39th RUNE.

The cover came at the strategic time for me, not very many days after I'd returned home from Washington feeling left-out and neglected over my failure to come face-to-face with Tucker. The only time I saw him at a distance was at the masquerade and since we hadn't met for three years, there was too great a risk that he would mistake me for one of the contestants and as a judge award me one of the prizes. He was so hard to find at the worldcon that I suspected him of grabbing money from a fund that has been collected and running off to Australia with it.



I hope you can live up to you intentions as expressed in the editorial of this new issue. Publishing a local club's fanzine is a task that would frighten me: I would probably degrade its quality by using too much material from club members, in the pious hope that I was encouraging and developing new contributors for fanzines in general by featuring them in their own publication. Maybe you can still work in a great deal of local material. Looking over those two pages of names and addresses for Twin Cities area fandom, I just can't believe that there aren't a half-dozen or more potential writers of good fanzine material. Just the sight of five Andersons in the directory, for instance, causes me to hope that they possess some of the family genes that made a former Twin Cities fan with the same family name such a fine writer.

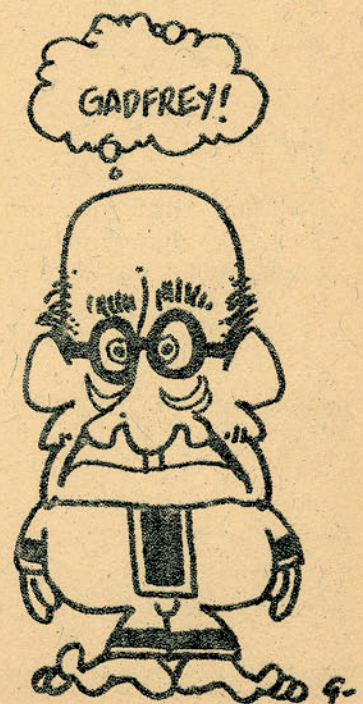
The Byobcon report was particularly interesting in view of the way the worldcon site voting went in Washington. I am already hearing predictions that the Kansas City worldcon will produce an even bigger attendance than the Discon, because the city isn't impossibly far from anywhere in the United States. But I have this uneasy feeling that the petroleum situation will take a few more surprise changes between now and 1976 and that the Discon might have been the last of the monster cons until the whole world energy situation changes beyond recognition. So many things could happen: a big fuss with major oil-producing nations, the arrival of sanity for influential people throughout the world causing a decision to start a global slowdown in the drain on remaining natural resources, or strict rationing in this nation to drive down the increasing prices of foreign oil.

Meanwhile, you people will be terribly embarrassed if scientists discover soon that a monk miscounted back in the Middle Ages and this is really 1972 instead of 1974. Just think of the possibility of feuding with Australia, if they go ahead and have the worldcon down there anyway next year on the grounds that there haven't been any monks on their continent and meanwhile thousands of fans flock to the Twin Cities in response to your Minneapolis in '73 slogan.

The cartoon feature is promising. But I didn't care for the implications of violence to the vegetables. It makes me nervous when I see any hint that a vegetable is about to meet a violent end. Vegetables don't eat one another, or leave their droppings all over the place, or indulge in grotesque contortions for sexual purposes. I can't understand why vegetarians eat vegetables, when their professions of reverence for life would seem more appropriate directed at preserving vegetables and eating animals.

Ken Fletcher's column is amusing but obsolete in its reference to Hagerstown fandom. Hagerstown fandom has now reached the imposing level of three Discon attendees, so it can't scratch its right ear any longer. I wouldn't be surprised if we had a weekly apa, a titanic feud, and a NASFiC in Hagerstown before this year is over, the way fandom is thriving around here. Ken also reminded me of a famous baseball anecdote, the one which is usually attributed to some batter or other one day when Walter Johnson was pitching. The batter complained about a called strike, telling the umpire it sounded high to him.

Merciful heavens, I just looked through the loc section again and that wasn't Sarah who took up all that space after all, but your response in large part. So I was conspicuous after all. The mistake is a good





example of how confused I'm growing after too many years of fanac. Anyway, I hope you'll all have a splendid time at the imminent Minicon, whose banquet price sounds like the good old days. If prices at the huckster's tables follow the lead of the cost of the meal, it might pay a fellow to buy a ticket to Minneapolis, because he could more than recover the transportation expense in the bargains he would pick up in books and magazines.

The illustrations are splendid throughout. I especially liked Tom Foster's lunar scene on page 20, if it's supposed to be a Moon episode, which it probably isn't. I even read the map on page 2 with interest because I share the trait common to most stay-at-homes, that of being fascinated by maps of any kind, even those showing places where I've never been and probably will never be.

HARRY WARNER, JR.

((Well Harry, I'll try to keep myself in check this time, not so much because you missed the deadline for the 40th issue, but rather to save you the embarrassment of my ranting about how much I enjoy getting letters from you. And due to the valiant efforts of the ~~Big Wild Hickory~~ Boy Wonder of Canada, whose letter follows, you are also spared the embarrassment of having the longest letter in this section. (I certainly hope that you appreciate all the embarrassment-saving efforts we're making in your behalf....))

I was much pleased to be in the right place at the right time to get those photos of Bob Tucker engaging in fanac which I ran as the cover of RUNE 39, and it's very nice to hear that you (and others) seem to enjoy them as much as I do.

I don't really know if Poul left any of his genes behind to enrich the Twin Cities gene pool, but I can say that there does seem to be a remarkably talented group here for me to draw on for material. (Notice that the bulk of the contributors for the last two issues are local fans: Ken Fletcher, Dave Wixon, Richard Tatge, Jim Young, and Denny Lien.) So I am very fortunate, in that publishing a lot of material from club members does not make RUNE an inferior-quality fanzine -- quite the contrary, in fact. And I'm hoping that the prospect of appearing in a quality showcase will bring other local talent out of hiding....

Yes, I noticed that the incredible growth of fandom in Hagerstown has even affected the McDonalds outlet there -- which, in its attempt to corner the fannish market, now has murals depicting The Attack of the Hamburger People, and other stfnal themes....

Well, I can't testify as to the prices in the hucksters' rooms at the Minicons as I am usually too broke to partake of their particular delights, however it is true that a person couldn't go wrong attending a Minicon. Even unbiased attendees tell us that it is one of the more enjoyable regionals going.

It gives me especial plaasure that you seem to appreciate the illustrations in RUNE as much as I do. If we can keep those fine artists happy, they'll return





the favor by keeping our eyes happy....

Well, thanks for your letter, Harry. I understand that the pressures of getting your fanhistory of the fifties into shape prevents you from writing letters as often as you might like to, so I doubly appreciate it whenever you find the time to drop RENE a letter.

And now, as promised earlier, we are again honored by a letter from that Canadian Wonder and bon vivant, Mike Glicksohn. It comes on stationary which fails to thrill me as much as the last only because its imprinted sketch depicts an alien ~~critter~~ critter rather than the Boy Wonder himself....>>

Mike Glicksohn  
141 High Park Avenue  
Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3  
Canada  
October 23, 1974

Dear Fred,

How about this stationary then? Take that, you old Sense of Wonder you. I'll teach you. Take that, and that! There, that should keep you stationary for a while; and if you move around I'll letter loose again. Or send a guided missive...

Got the second gala issue of Fat Freddie's Super Subsidized Lettersubstitute today, aka The Journal of Obscure Groups, Shows and In-References and having nothing more interesting than flunking a class of calculus students, I was able to peruse it right away. Since my mundane requirements have given me a few moments when I have literally nothing more important to do than to loc a fanzine or two, you get a speedy response. Sorry I cannot guarantee quality. But being an American, you ought to be used to/happy with a philosophy of "If you can't be good, be sneaky and fast on your feet."

I can't help but wonder how long the club is going to keep paying for this most entertaining personalzine you're publishing, Fred? I'm used to having my loc one of the longer ones in the lettercolumn, because died-in-the-wool letterhacks are still a rarity in fandom, but when I write a page and a half and you answer with a page and a half, I've got to figure this is a nice little setup you've got going for yourself. Of course, in Minneapolis these things are easy to pull...(when will you change the name to RUBE?...)(Only kidding, folks, only kidding: Minneapolis fans are among the elite in fandom...and you can take your pica them too...)

Enjoyed Dave's praise of Watership Down which I too read in a British paperback version. I don't think it was the same one, though, since I don't remember meeting Dave anywhere in the book. Of course, he might read at a different rate than I do, or I might have skimmed the section he was in at the time. I'll look for him when I'm rereading it.

I'm as enthusiastic about the novel as Dave is, though, and don't mind admitting that I had tears in my eyes at the ending, which is both sad and beautiful. I expect this will become a cult book once there is an American paperback, and we can look forward to numerous reviews of it in the fan press. Most will say what Dave has said here, but not as well. Nice piece; good thing to start the zine with.

KenFletch has indeed caught the spirit of DISCON, and his cartoon strip is another amusing insight into his much-deserved reputation as The King of The Fannish Cartoonists. (Don't bother looking it up in the FANCYCLOPEDIA, I just made it up. But it fits.) There is a danger in an overdose of Fletchian humour, though. In twisting and turning RENE in order to see all the neat little bits



and schticks Ken squeezed into the strip, I found all sorts of typos, blobs of conflu, missing letters, stencils holes and other such things falling out of hidden recesses in the history of the fanzine. Perhaps I'd better leave RUNE in its normal orunetation next time and cavort around it myself to see what wonders would otherwise be beyond my Ken. It all makes for INVOLVEMENT with your offspring though and there's nothing better than involvement...(except maybe a good fuck, a bottle of scotch, a new Travis McGee novel, Spiny Norman, Ruben and the Jets, Lompoc...hell, there are lots of things better than involvement, but one has to encourage you struggling faneds somehow. A little deception never hurt anyone... except maybe Tricky Dick, and Sneaky Spiro, Mata Hari, Eccles....)

Most of this issue is lettercolumn, as you were perceptive enough to point out, and most of the lettercolumn is you, which is a lot better than it being me, since you're witty, and interesting and personable. (Do you have the fan GoH for next year's Minicon yet?) Richard Harter is the only other faned I can think of who appeared to such a large degree in a genzine lettercolumn, and he made a great success of it too. I hope they let you keep it up. It would be a shame if you had to take it down, it looks so nice there.

I suppose I could save postage by hand delivering this at Windycon in two days but if you weren't there, I'd hate to have to chop off my head to give to Bev to give to you with the letter. I've grown kind of attached to it. Can you digit? Besides, why deprive you of the pretty Canadian stamp? Probably brighten up the whole state of Minnesota...

So you got a letter from Singer, eh? That swine. Fifteen issues I published and all the ungrateful wretch ever sent me was money. American money too! I guess things must be tight in the physics business if Jon's started writing locs (as inadequate as they may be) in order to get fanzines. He ought to get into a more stable business: raising horses maybe. Actually the last couple of paragraphs, about the joys of self-~~abuse~~amusement in New York, are close to being typical Singer. If anything from that fertile, febrile brain is ever typical. Ginjer Buchanan had an article somewhere recently in which she was casting for a fannish movie. Come to think of it, it was in SPANISH INQUISITION, so you probably saw it. She cast the Marx Brothers as Singer, which was the funniest, and most accurate, line in the piece.

I hope your policy of not editing letters will apply to your next issue too. If all those inane things got published, I should be allowed to make a fool of myself in print too. (You really ought to tighten the locs a bit...after this one...)

If you wish to know the secret of reducing a thriving science fiction club to a mere shell of its former self, of driving an active overcrowded organization back into the doldrums where everyone knew everyone else but very little got done (not that I mean your club was ever like that, I'm thinking of the local group) I will sell it to you for a modest fee should the success of Minn-Stf ever get to be too much for you. It's simplicity itself, which probably explains why I was the one to implement it up here.

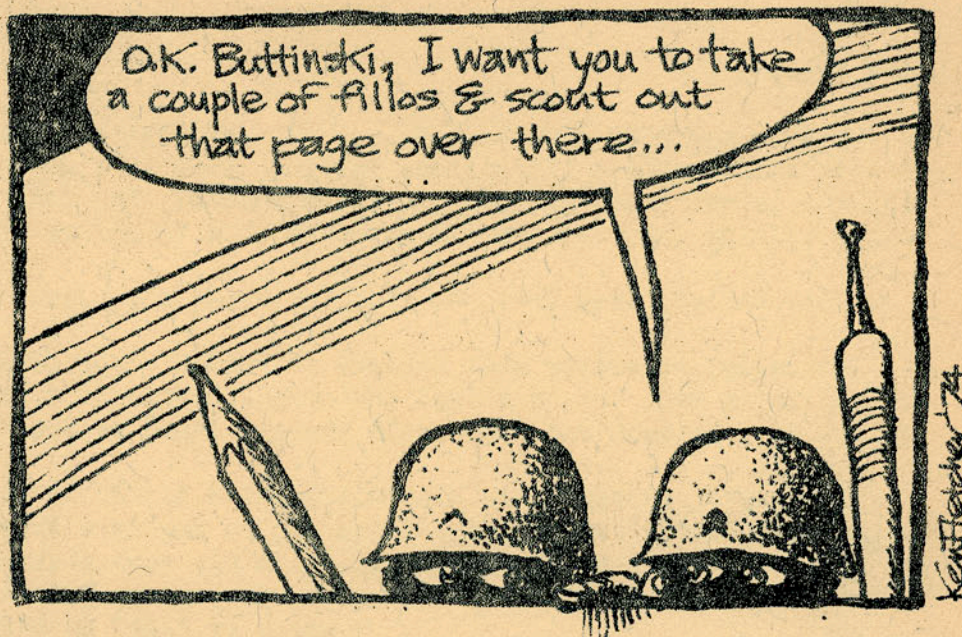
The word is "sercon", Fred you old fakefan. From "serious and construtive" which you even had in there without apparently realizing the significance. "Sir con" is a gathering of English peers. Or possibly a semi-precious stone after Webster gets through with it.

As a genzine editor, I got quite a lot of unsolicited material actually, much of which I sent back as unsuitable. But that was after I'd established a bit of a reputation, so with only one issue under your belt (as he said patting



the pregnant woman's tummy) it isn't surprising you haven't been inundated with postage due manuscripts of inferior quality. Someday you'll look back on these peaceful days and sigh, if your dreams of fannish grandeur are fulfilled. You poor silly bugger...

I admire your editorial policy muchly, and wish you luck with it.



An award for the best letter in the issue? Why, The Mike Glicksohn Memorial Award, of course! I'm appalled at your lack of imagination and paucity of inventiveness. It came to me in no time at all...

MIKE GLICKSOHN

((To give credit where it's due, the Watch Out! strip last time was a collaboration between those two masters, Ken Fletcher and Tom Foster. So you were only half right in your assignment of "authorship" on that, Mike. On the other hand, I'd be the very last person to dispute your elevation of Ken to The King of The Fannish Cartoonists....

I really would have preferred hand delivery, as I can usually use a hand when putting out RUNE, but I guess it fingers that you couldn't part with it. Oh well.

Edit letters? Why, how could I, Mike? I'd hardly know where to begin. And worse still, I might be hard pressed to know where to stop as well. For example, it would have been simple to have edited your letter this time, thusly: "Dear Fred, I admire your editorial policy muchly, and wish you luck with it." But somehow I can't help but feel that though more concise and direct, this wouldn't have had the sheer...uh...bulk...no, that's not it...uh...well anyway, I think you understand what I mean....

Yes, I know that "sercon" is derived from "serious and constructive," it's just that I don't think about spelling much when I write a word, and I pronounce it more like "sircon" than "sercon." I spose I'll prolly hafta correct dat....

The only realy difficulty with having a "Mike Glicksohn Memorial Award" is that it wouldn't really be right to have a memorial award until you've, uh, passed on. However, if you're really anxious that we call it that, I'm sure that something could be arranged....

Well, thanks for your letter, Mike. I'm really flattered to have an original Mike Glicksohn letter in each of two successive issues of RUNE.

Moving now from the Canadian Wilderness to more civilized environs, we find a letter from a Chicago fan who I have been running into at conventions for more years than I can remember. On such occasions, it has always been our delight to discourse learnedly upon Parmenides' writings and other scholarly topics, and it was a nice surprise to find this letter from him huddling in my mailbox recently....>>



Alex Eisenstein  
2061 W. Birchwood  
Chicago, Illinois 60645  
November 1, 1974

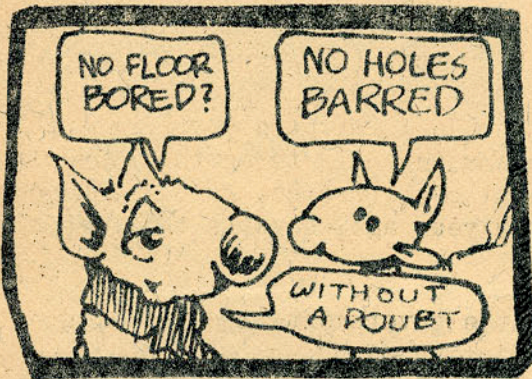
Dear Fred,

Thanks for RUNE #40, as #39.... How you plan to make a genzine out of an article about rabbits (fictitious rabbits, yet) is a good trick. The trouble with the latest issue of RUNE is -- too sercon! Too many letters! Too many people talking about how you'll never be able to change RUNE into a genzine....

More matter; less art! No room, no room, move down! Etc.

Actually, no matter what happens to RUNE, I look forward to its continued arrival in my mail box as a real and symbolic mode of contact with Minn-stf and various good friends and fun people therein (such as Fred Haskell -- shucks!).

The eighth paragraph in Mike Glicksohn's letter is Very Interesting, all things considered. Sometimes I think sex is really a substitute for fanac (or any ac); but that's another story.... I'm not sure what Mike is responding to, anyway (or who he's thinking of...). His usage of "fan" in that paragraph seems to imply that "girls" cannot be "fans," nad that "fans" are all male, but maybe the term "fan" is meant to include old hard-bitten lesbians...eh? Actually, Mikes observations on sex-and-fandom runs in a tired old groove, a la Ah, Sweet Idiocy and such-like classic fan-grotches, about which Jim Young surely could tell you more than anybody could possibly want to know -- you know?



I would like to send some illos (I know I've been saying that for some time now, Fred), but my fine fannish humor is at low ebb art-wise, so I'll have to devise something serious-and-significant, not to say constructive, apropos the special ambience of RUNE. Now if I only knew what that means....

Kudra's salutation of "Dear Official Hapless Greenwood" was truly inspired -- much better than his letter, in fact. Why must everyone writing to RUNE attempt to write in RUNish?

ALEX EISENSTEIN

((Actually, I don't know that making a genzine out of an article about rabbits is really that good a trick. Pulling a rabbit out of a hat is a much better trick, after all. I mean, all I really had to do is put a cover in front of it, a mailing wrapper behind it, toss in liberal amounts of letters and artwork, and voilà!

Indeed, I really must agree that in order to be properly tasty, RUNE needs more stuffing than a few rabbits -- a situation which I hope I have corrected somewhat in this issue, and which should improve even more in coming issues. After all, Mike Glicksohn assures me that as soon as I become Established I will receive a veritable flood of contributions, and surely some of them will be worth publishing. Besides, some of the biggest names in the fanwriting biz have personally assured me that as soon as they clear up a few mundane matters, they'll be submitting fine examples of fanwriting. Real Soon Now, they say, and I believe them....

Besides which, you got something against rabbits, bub?

Are you suggesting



that Jim Young may have some, uh, extraordinary knowledge of "sex-and-fandom" sir?  
Hnnnnnnnnnn. Very interesting....

Seriously though, Alex -- RUNE was devised to keep "us" in touch with our friends, and I'm glad that you enjoy it on that level, as well as on others. See you at Minicon....

With this next letter, we push out "batting average" to three out of three. That is to say, each of the Haskell-edited issues of RUNE has carried somebodies first loc to a fanzine (Sarah Sue Wilde in RUNE39, Jon Singer in RUNE40, and now Kathy Anderson in RUNE41). It especially pleases me that we are generating letter-writing interest not only among hardened letterhacks, but also among fans new to such things. I hope that this trend will continue....>>

Kathy Anderson  
1815 Mahan  
Richland, Wa. 99352

Dear Fred,

I was somewhat surprised today when I opened the mailbox and found a copy of RUNE. Did I ask you for a copy while in D.C.? Anyway I'm delighted. It arrived on election day, but I've decided not to hold that against you.

As you may remember, from our conversations, I'm rather new at this fan business. This letter is another first Letter of Comment (my goonis, I just figured out what a loc was!). Ah yes, this has all been a prologue to a plea for some definitions of fannish terms. Time out while I reperuse your lettercol for some of the more baffling terms. Well, it seems the only terms that weren't self-evident were apa and sircon. If you wonder at my ignorance, kindly remember that I never even heard of a fanzine until about a year ago, despite the fact that I have been reading sf for 15 years.

Discon II was also my first con. Don't let the government find out about the cons -- they're sure to ban anything that addictive with just one dose! Wish we had more of them out west. It's almost enough to make me envy you guys back east. (From here even Minnesota is back east.)

Back to comments on the letters. I just love illegible explanations. I refer to the cartoon strip on page 13. It was the biggest laugh of the day, except for the elections, of course.

On to the longest letter of the issue. I don't know why Mike Glicksohn brought up sexism in sf Fandom, but his observations on male reaction to us girls (?) (a sexist term in itself) are substantially correct. At least in my con experience. It might have been flattering to my ego, if the male to female odds hadn't been so obviously high.

The discussion of fanac made me jealous again. I've been considering starting a club here, but I don't know what happens in a sf club. So anyone out there who would care to send me a short note, or a long letter, on the subject would soon receive my blessings.

Well, just to finish up here, I enjoyed RUNE greatly, especially the letters and your responses to them. I guess that makes sense since they made up the greatest part of the publication.

Why oh why didn't someone introduce me to fanzines before now?

P.S. Hot Fudge Gerbil!?

P.P.S. I loved the cover.

KATHY ANDERSON



((Define "apa" and "sercon" (I misspelled it last time), eh? Alright. I'm lazy, so I'm going to turn to a little booklet entitled "A Key To The Terminology Of Science-Fiction Fandom" compiled by Donald Franson and stencilled and published by Ron Ellik and Al Lewis in 1962 (I don't know if it's still in print) for the definition of apa. It says "Apa - Amateur press association. A group of people who publish fanzines, and instead of mailing them individually, send them to an Official Editor, who distributes them to members in identical bundles." It might be added that there are apas ranging from quarterly to weekly in schedule, and ranging from very exclusive (or even secret) memberships to absolutely open memberships. They have any number of excuses or premises for existing.

And "sercon"

(as you probably know from reading this far in the lettercolumn) is from "serious and constructive" and can either be disparaging or laudatory, depending upon the context and the views of the person using the word. Frequently "fannish" or "faanish" is used as its antonym.

As for conventions and fan groups in your area, you might wish to get in touch with the British Columbia Science Fiction Association (BCSFA), at P.O.Box 35577, Vancouver, B.C., V6M 4G9, Canada. Subscriptions to their newsletter cost \$1.50 per year, and memberships in the Association are \$3 a year, prorated. They are having a convention soon, about which I shall quote briefly from their newsletter (#16): "Vcon IV lives! -- at P.O.Box 48701 Station Bentall, Vancouver, B.C. The fourth Vancouver SF Convention will occur on February 21-23, 1975 at the Sheraton-Landmark Hotel in downtown Vancouver (1400 Robson). The membership rates are...\$5 until February 1, and \$7 thereafter. ....The guest of honor is Robert Silverberg." You might wish to write them for further details on that. I know it's not exactly right-next-door, but it's not way out here in the "east" either....

SF club meetings are sort-of like sfcons, only not quite. Minn-Stf meetings tend to be somewhat like a subdued con party, and I'm told that some clubs have meetings that are like a piece of can programming. It all depends on the personalities of the fans in the particular club....

Glad you enjoyed the RUNE.

And so we now come to another

"short 'n' sweet." Love it!>>

Brian Tannahill  
615 East 69 Street  
Kansas City, MO  
November 14, 1974

Hello there:

You don't know me, but I stayed at the RUNE once and had an extremely enjoyable time. I'd like to be a regular guest, so could you please put me on the mailing list for the next issue? I promise to loc and not to turn the tv up too loud.

BRIAN TANNAHILL

((Okay, Brian.

M'ghod! He writes his first loc to a fanzine, and it goes to his head! So now, for the second time in as many issues, let me make way for Jon Singer.>>

Jon Singer  
216 E. 5th St, #2  
New York, New York 10003

Dear Fred,

Here I am at work, trying to figure out why my program doesn't do quite what it's supposed to. At the moment, I am quite stuck, so I figured I would loc the new RUNE....

I have more sense than to try to define fandom for Malcolm Kudra or anybody



else. It would take too long and many fan would be highly unsatisfied with the result. I will, however, say that fandom seems to be diversified into what some of my friends consider to be almost separate groups, despite considerable overlap between them -- People will talk about convention fans as opposed to fanzine fans; of course most fanzine fans do go to cons.... Or sercon fans as opposed to faannish (or even faaannish) fans, as if anybody could really be one or the other and not both. What I am trying to say is I don't really like that kind of characterization (or rather, categorization) partly because it can lead to a very real self-fulfilment effect, and also because it tends to alienate us and make some of us feel that perhaps we are not in the "in group" of whatever type or category seems attractive....

Be that as it may, fans seem to display certain attributes which I will describe as I see them -- anyone who cares to add or dispute is welcome.

A lot of the fans I know are food freaks. They will go miles (sometimes hundreds of miles) out of their way for a good meal or a chance to try a new kind of food. (I find it amusing that Fred is rather conservative in this regard -- obviously Fred is a fan, so none of the things I am going to mention are ironbound....)



Fans tend to like puns. Some of them groan, which seems to me to be a little inconsistent, but they do like both producing and receiving them.

Many fans love to fight with other fans. This ranges all the way from fans having earnest political discussions even while realizing that the likelihood is that nobody will change any opinions as a result (though I have seen discussions of this sort which did result in people changing their opinions...), to fans suing one another for \$25000, as has happened more than once in the past and will doubtless happen again.

On the other hand, there is the fact that there are also many fans who do not like to fight at all, and who will cheerfully engage in discussions, but keep the hell away from real feuds. I myself have never been involved in a feud (at least to my knowledge), and hope I never will be.

Most fans really believe that if you look at fans as a whole, you will find that they are more intelligent (and probably more creative) than the general population. Even I believe this one most of the time. This is known as the "Fans Are Slans" generalization. It might even be true -- who knows?

Fans are a little clannish and in-group. It takes a little while for a new fan to be accepted. Let's face it, I've been around for five years or so, and there are lots of parties which I ordinarily don't even find out about, but even when I do, I usually don't even bother to try to get in because I know that even if the person whose party it is happens to be too polite to refuse me entry, I am still not particularly on their most wanted list. I figure that sooner or



later they will take notice of my existence and invite me. So far I've been satisfied with the results. Mind you, I don't just ignore these people and wait for them to see me. I either introduce myself or have someone introduce me. But it does take time.

I think I have shot off my teletypical mouth more than enough, and I have probably made some gross errors. I think I will close this section of my LoC with the two classic comments on fandom:

Fandom Is A Way Of Life  
Fandom Is Just A Goddamned Hobby

I have to say that I found the cover very amusing.

MORE FUNNY COVERS!

MORE ZEPPELINS!

MORE PICKLED GREEN TOMATOES!

On the Big Comic Strip: COK!.....!XOO

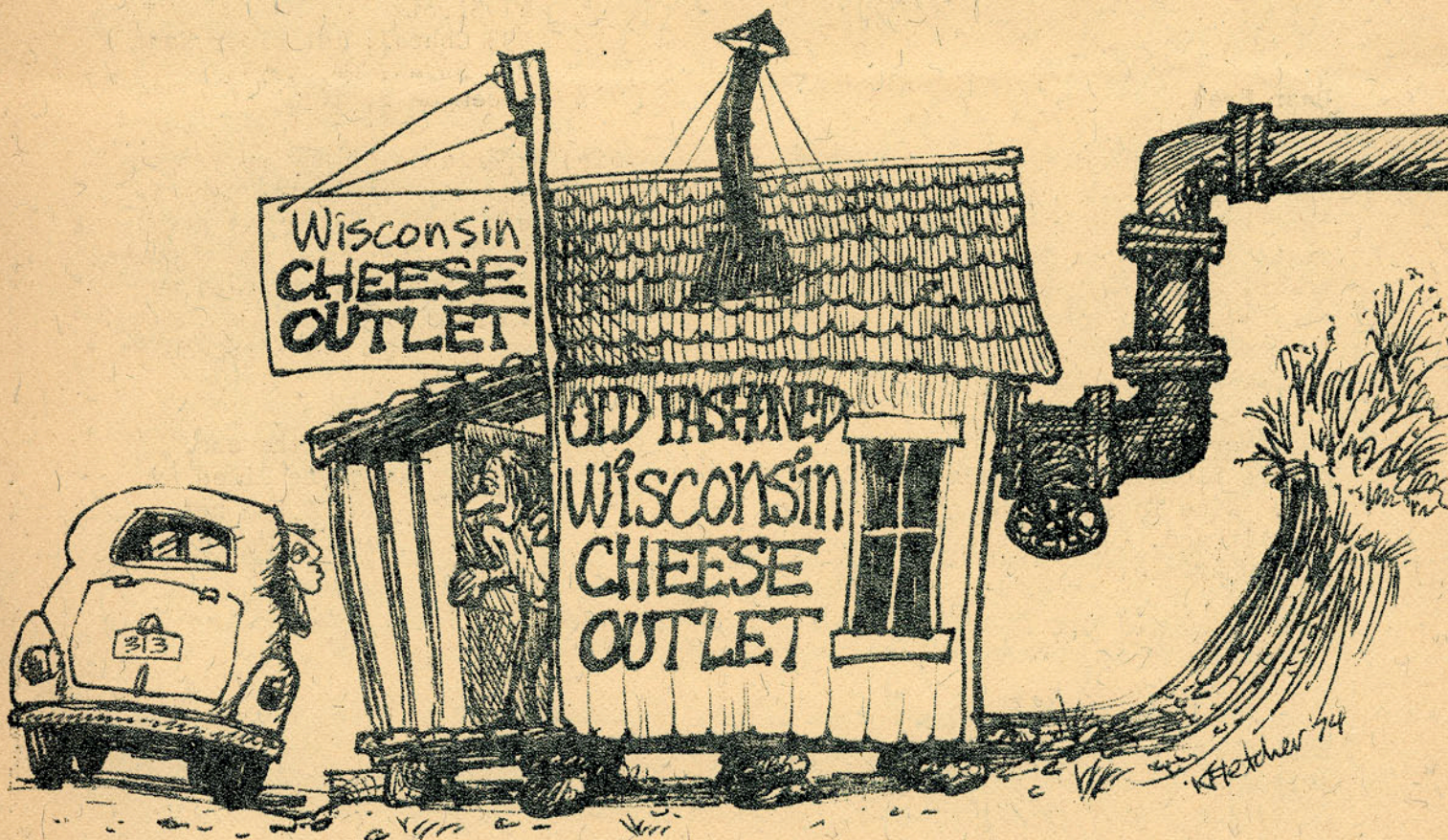
Once again the call rips out -- "MORE KENFLETCH IN PRINT!!"

Anyway, I must go. The people at IDC (computer in Mass.) seem to have fixed the damage suffered this morning, and on top of that, I'm HUNGRY!!

....

Oh -- good luck to NHSFFA, and particularly to Ed Slavinsky, a great cook and a crazy fannish freak.

JON SINGER



"Sorry -- no cheese today --  
we've had a pipeline break"



{{For a person not defining fandom, you sketched a pretty interesting picture, Jon. Just for amusement sake, let me quote again from the previously mentioned "A Key To The Terminology Of Science-Fiction Fandom." "Fan - Here means science fiction fan. What exactly constitutes a fan is too deep to go into here. The different kinds of fans, such as fanzine fan and convention fan are self-explanatory, while trufan and fakefan are too subjective to be easily defined." And "Fandom - The group as a whole, the fans and the pros who are in contact with one another, an empire of vast boundaries and small population. Fandom here always means science fiction and fantasy fandom; there are other fandoms and hobbies, but we say 'fandom' as we say 'the sun' and 'the moon.'" Something tells me that these "definitions" are less than satisfactory. In fact, I think I prefer your "non-definition," even if it is somewhat long and rambling....

I am very much a food freak, Jon -- it's just that I prefer to partake of foods which have familiar flavours. I am not against experimentation, but I frequently find that I'm not very happy with what I find. On the other hand, I am itching to go to St. Louis soon, so that I can eat at El Sarape again....

I think that it must be pointed out that the kind of fighting that fans engage in is usually limited to verbal, or intellectual, fighting. I don't know of many (if any) fans who prefer to engage in physical battle. You know that, and probably didn't mention it simply because it didn't occur to you in this context that there is any other kind of fighting than verbal or intellectual....

I m'self rather like a good discussion, but like you, am not fond of feuds or fights. To each his own....

Well, winding things down here, we have this last letter than just snuck in ~~through the knothole~~ under the deadline....}}

Al Sirois  
533 Chapel, 1st Floor East  
New Haven, CT 06511  
December 1, 1974

Dear Fred,

For the past month or so I have had the weird experience of having various fen tell me that they saw my LoC in RUNE 40 and enjoyed it. The weird part is that I never saw the damn thing until TONIGHT -- here's why. (1) It (my copy) musta got lost in the mail -- nothing odd about that. (2) Sternback was supposed to bring #40 over here for me to read, but he never did, so -- (3) tonight we stopped off at his place before he and BRONS (of NESFA fame) continued on up to Boston from INFINITY, so that I could peruse #40 at my leisure. (I borrowed it and read it and this LoC is the result.)

More weirdness -- Jon Singer came up to me this afternoon (at the con, before Rick and Brons and I left) and introduced himself and said he liked my LoC. Nice to meet Jon, of course, but I had to admit to him that I had not seen it and, indeed, had FORGOTTEN WHAT I'D SAID!! So I was naturally eager to read what seemed to be, from what I had heard, a great LoC!

It wasn't so great.

Not much of a faanish anecdote, but there it is.

Item -- Malcolm Kudra, who is without a doubt one of the most turkey-like individuals I have ever met (met him at DISCON II -- he and Doug Faunt accompanied Jody and me to CONN -- gave us a ride!!! AND THEY LIVE IN SOUTH CAROLINA!!!!!! THEY WERE SO EXCELLENT AS TO DELIVER JODY AND ME TO MY DOORSTEP! AND LEAVE FOR S.C. THE NEXT DAY!! AFTER GIVING JODY A RIDE TO MIDDLETOWN, CT. -- WHERE SHE LIVES -- WHICH IS A GOOD 45-MINUTES NORTH OF NEW HAVEN!! Needless to



say, I judge Malcolm and Doug as two of the finest people who grace Ghu's Green Golfball) -- knows damn well that I'll draw whatever he wants, any time. And I gave him my COA, too.

Malcolm, you Fucker, if you want some art, lemme know.

Ah, yes -- well -- we ain't got but ONE copy of Anomaly #1 left, and it is club property. But A2 is on the way -- still -- and this very night I will pack up a TOTAL EFFECT #2 to mail to you. Yes, it is definitely available -- (not number one, tho -- all gone) from me, for 35¢ -- ANOMALY #2 is available, too, but for 50¢ -- rising costs, y'know. Also -- a FABULOUS CONNECTICUT FANDOM ONE-SHOT ZINE!! "SHORTS & QUARTS" is its "name" and it is by me, Sternback, Mike Carlson, and Mike Gorra. S & Q is 50¢, likewise, and it contains goodies galore.

Oh, yes, and we (NHSFFA) too need outside contribs -- we are \*CHOKED\* with art (with two new female club members our count of resident artists, including Rick and myself, is now up to EIGHT) but MUST HAVE articles and columns. We're okay for #2 (maybe #3) but after that -- help!!

Well, at last, on to a LoC of RUNE #40. Why no editorial? The pensive article on Watership Down, tho enjoyable and well-written, doesn't really deserve the leading position. I want a Fred editorial!! By-the-bye, when was that article written? "Even" in September 74 it was MORE THAN OBVIOUS that Adam's book had done a bit more than "create a small stir" -- or is Wixon unaware of how long W.D. was (is?) on the NY Times Best seller list?? And Frodo certainly wasn't "complacently retired," as I think Wixon knows full well. I may have taken his remark out of context, tho; if so, my apologies, Dave.

"Watch Out" was pretty odd, OK. You people had better learn that everything you know is WRONG.

Nice LoCs -- except mine. I'm not that big a neo, folks. Kudra is, but not me. \*GRUNT, SNORT\*

The bestpart of the ish was you -- your more-than-remarks in the lettercol. You Minn-stf filk are all crazy monkeys, but sensibly crazy ones with good editorial policies. Write, in the words of Jodie's husband, on!

I am discovering that the tone of a given zine affects the tone of the zine's LoCs. For example, LoCs to Sutton Breiding's personalzine BLACK WOLF tend to be introspective and slow-paced, whereas RUNE's LoCs are manic and fragmented -- and this is not an inherently Bad Thing, obviously.

And that's about all, I guess -- RUNE #40 was sorta thin, contents-wise, but enjoyable nonetheless.

More Haskell photography, please. And more Fletcher articles, too. I was hoping for more, after that one in #39. C'mon, KenFletch, get off your ass.

AL SIROIS

((Before I forget, Al wanted me to point out that his address, as it appears at the top of his letter, is a new one. So all you COA freaks take note!

I have sent you a replacement copy of RUNE40. I'd guess that your COA reached us after it had been sent, and the post office then bounced it back to us instead of forwarding it (this is, by the way, usually what happens when somebody moves



without telling us -- we get either the zine or the last page back in the mail, postage due, with the new address written on it. We make appropriate corrections in the mailing list for the next issue, but don't feel we can afford the first class postage to remail the bounced issue).

Ahhhh, you didn't study RUNE 40.

Because right there on page 19, in my reply to Mike Glicksohn's letter, I explain why that issue had no editorial. This issue will have an editorial, but only because I have a "mechanics of the zine" kind of thing to talk about. Essentially, I shall run an editorial whenever I can think of something I consider interesting enough to talk about in one, and not when I can't. It's as simple as that. (Besides, that way I don't feel as guilty about my lengthy "replies" to letters here....)

I am but flattered, though, about your kind words about me. I do like to think not only that I am imbuing RUNE with my own personality, but also that this makes it at least somewhat enjoyable. I can say that this is what makes it fun and worthwhile for me, and it is pleasing that you find it thus as well. And like my mother always used to say, "You gotta start young if you're gonna stick it out." No, seriously though, she used to take me aside and say, "Fred, my son -- be crazy, but be sensible about it." A Great American Pragmatist, my mother....

As for the rest, well, I am definitely planning to run more of my photos through the RUNE, I just haven't made any decisions about what or when yet. (I have been negotiating with a prominent New York fan about running one of the nude shots I did of her recently, but I'm not as of yet sure of how all the readers would react to that.) But there will be more Haskell photographs, rest assured of that. And as for Ken, well, Ken refuses to be pressured, but I think we may be able to get something out of him relatively soon as well.

Thanks for your kind words, Al.

What? What, what, what? ~~What? What, what, what?~~ Uh, what is the letter doing here at the bottom of the pile, instead of in the middle, where it belongs? Oh well, there goes my chronological order....>>

Gary S. Mattingly  
P.O. Box 1333  
Storm Lake, Iowa 50588

To: Fred, Minn-stf, etc.,

Multo grazi for RUNE 40. I like de cover (the insides, too). You no mention Minicon. I want to read about what I missed in the daytime. The parties at Minicon were terrific. Course that's not unusual. Will anyone ever have pizzas at a banquet? Spaghetti? The ice cream did go fairly well with the rum we had, though.

Oh, did you already get news on BYOBCON in Kansas City, July 18-20 at the Muehleback (the '76 worldcon hotel), with GoH Robert Bloch, FGoH Linda Bushyager, Toastmaster Bob Tucker? Advanced attending memberships of \$5, \$7 at the door, and \$1 supporting; with rooms going at \$10 per single, \$26 for doubles or twins, and huckster tables at \$10 per. Just thought I'd ask.

Anybody from Minneapolis going to CONFUSION in Ann Arbor, Michigan, January 24-26? By that time I should be well settled in Detroit, and will be going. If I don't see you all there, I'll see you at the next Minicon (at the parties).

Ah well, not much else happenin' here in Iowa. Now if I were just in Minneapolis....

GARY MATTINGLY

<<Just enough room left to thank Gary for his letter and for the information about BYOBCON (thanks, Gary), and to say that we also heard from David Dancks. This is your fearless editor saying, "So long till next time....">>



ATTICK LABORATORIES

621 5th Avenue SE #1, Minneapolis MN 55414

Fred Haskell  
343 East 19th St., Apt 8B  
Minneapolis, MN 55404

Dear Mr. Haskell:

I'd like to report that we here at ATTICK LABORATORIES are well on the way to success with our latest model, the Portable Attick #1,023.

The Portable Attick is the answer to fandom's biggest problem -- what to do with all that stuff. Fans who've been forced to sleep in the yard or on the roof (or worse yet, with other fans) because the entire house or apartment is completely filled with books, fanzines, prozines, correspondence, broken-down bicycles, malfunctioning autos, other fans and even cats will not have to sleep outside again.

The Portable Attick fan will merely tie his Attick to a window sill, and fill it at leisure with all manner of memorabilia. Metal objects must first be encased in plastic. Simply run your old bicycle through the Portable Attick Plastic Encaser; there's nothing to it.

You'll be happy to know we have worked out our little difficulties with the Fire Marshall's office. At first, they were a bit reluctant to approve our Portable Attick -- something about hydrogen being flammable. But we (and our persuaders) have convinced them this isn't much of a problem. After all, cigarettes are flammable, and that never stopped anyone from smoking. Besides, what with fewer people smoking due to health hazard and expense, firemen have had fewer fires to attend. So having Portable Atticks here and there around town actually keeps the Fire Department in business, and firemen employed year 'round. (Merely as a precaution, of course.)

Naturally, some fans will prefer to leave their other-worldly goods in the house or apartment, and to sleep in the Attick. We feel that any fan who tries it will agree that being wafted to sleep by the gentle wind beats sleeping in a water bed all hollow -- unless the water bed is installed in the Portable Attick. Cats who wish to sleep in the Attick will of course have to be encased in plastic -- at least about the paws. Simply run your cat through the Plastic Encaser.

Mr. Haskell, because of your prominence in fandom, we'd like to tie a Portable Attick to your windowsill -- just tell us which window. We know you'll proudly demonstrate it to visitors. So we'll let you have it for only \$5 million, a rare bargain.

Just \$5.00 down. And you get the Portable Attick Plastic Encaser FREE. And a cat.

Sincerely,

*Ruth Odren*

Ruth A. Odren, President  
ATTICK LABORATORIES



MAN THE TURNIP DOES!  
GUARD YOUR ROOTS!

STOP AT NOTHING!!

WATZ  
OUT!!

NOTHING

GRUNT!  
=GASP!=

-R. Waller +  
Ken Fletcher '74

Chapter 3 in an  
interminable  
series.

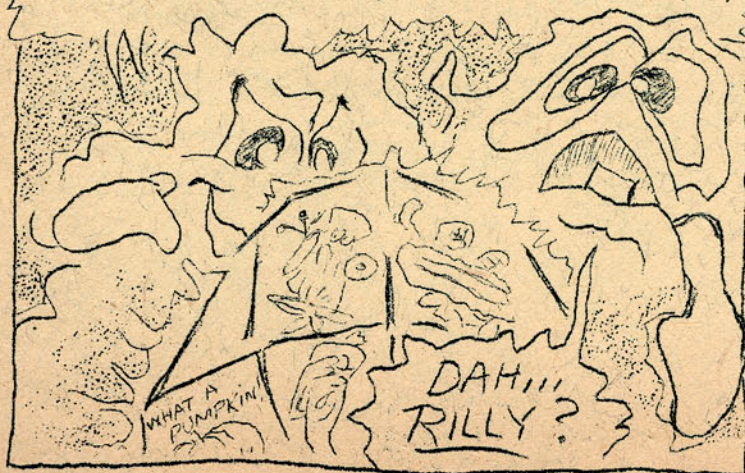
FORWARD: THE  
COMIC STRIP WHICH  
NORMALLY APPEARS  
IN THIS SPACE-TIME  
SLOT HAS BEEN  
KIDNAPED. FOR  
DETAILS, READ ON!

DEEP IN THE PHOSPHOR CAVES  
OF OILSLIX 8, REVOLVING AROUND  
A SLIMY, REVOLTING SUN IN THE  
CLANX CLUSTER...

OF COURSE WE HAVE,  
YOU IDIOT BLOB," THRU  
ENERGY-EVIL TV, WE  
HAVE CONFUSED THE  
CARBON-LIFE TOTALLY!

OW!

HAR! AT LAST WE HAVE THEM!



WHAT A  
PUMPKIN!

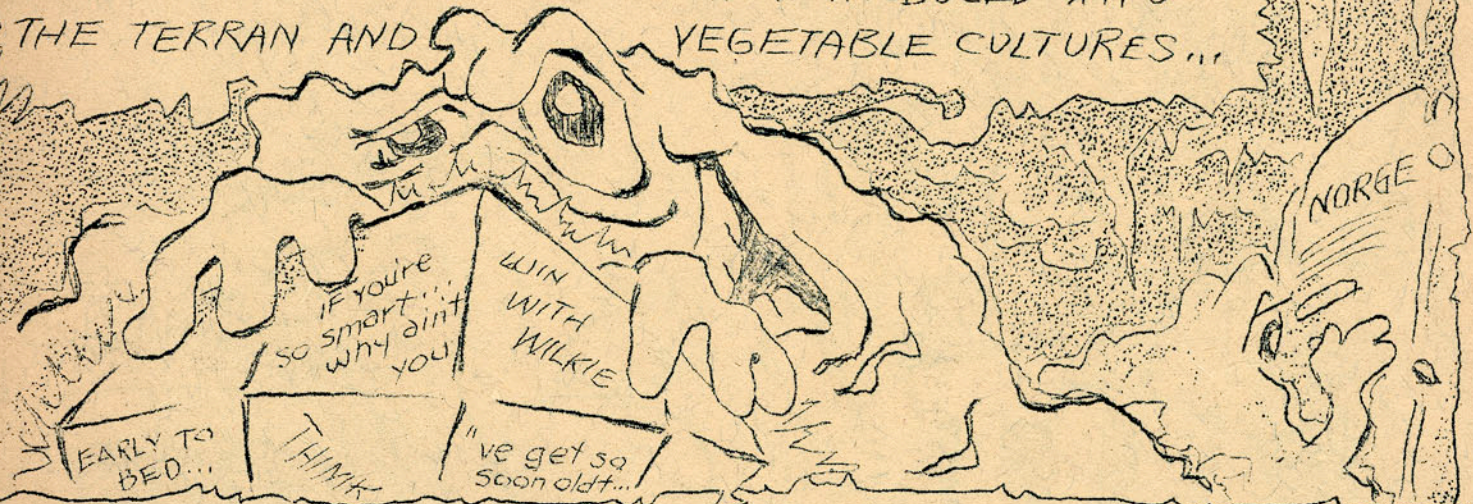
DAH!!!  
RILLY?



BOOM!!



...THE GRNXIAN LIFE-CRYSTAL HAS REVEALED IT!  
OUR EVIL, NAUSEATING PLAN IS WORKING!  
THE TV CONTRAPTION WHICH WE INTRODUCED INTO  
THE TERRAN AND VEGETABLE CULTURES...



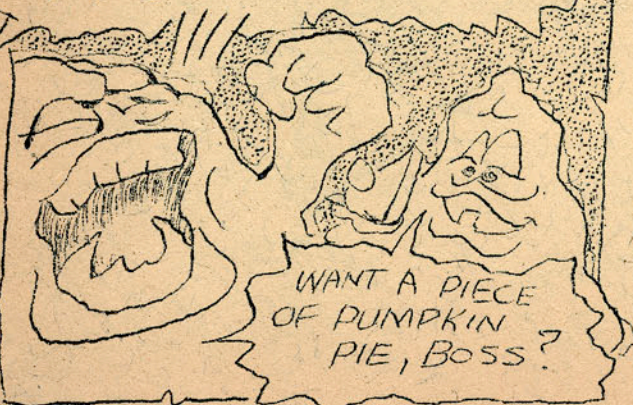
...IS DISRUPTING AND MAGNIFYING  
THEIR PETTY SQUABBLES TO  
THE POINT AT WHICH THEIR  
CONFUSION WILL SOON BECOME  
COMPLETE...

THEREBY PAVING THE WAY FOR  
THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF  
ALL CARBON-BASED LIFE...

SO THAT WE CLANXIAN  
SLIME-BEINGS...



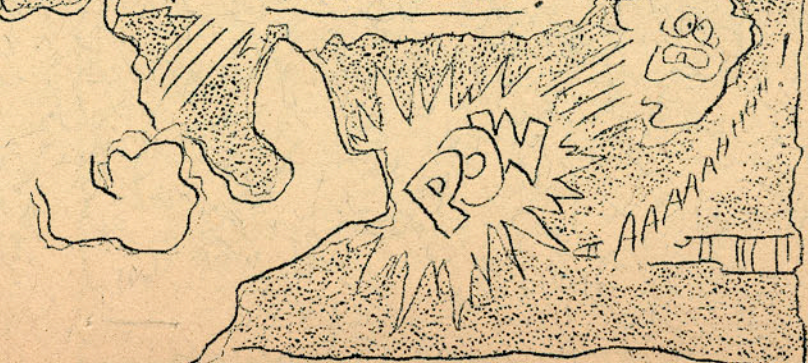
CAN CONQUER  
THE UNIVERSE



WANT A PIECE  
OF PUMPKIN  
PIE, BOSS?

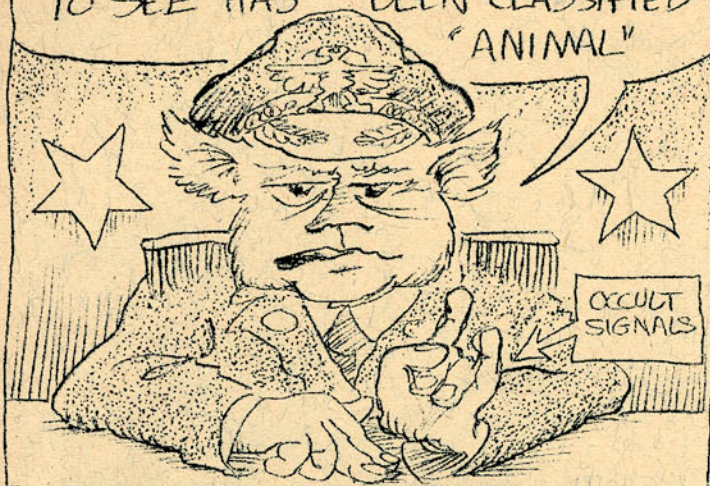
TRATOR!!! I'M SURROUNDED  
BY TRAITORS!

...TO THE SLUDGE PIT—  
YOU PROTOZOAN!





AT EASE, DR. GENERAL FIRESON JUNG-  
OF THE SAUCER DEFENCE COMMAND.  
THE COMIC STRIP YOU ARE ABOUT  
TO SEE HAS BEEN CLASSIFIED  
"ANIMAL"



UN-ENLIGHTENED NATIONS, EARTH SUB-SOL  
307th CHORP DIMENSION  
DEPARTMENT OF ETHNOCENTRIC REALITY  
Saucer Defence Command

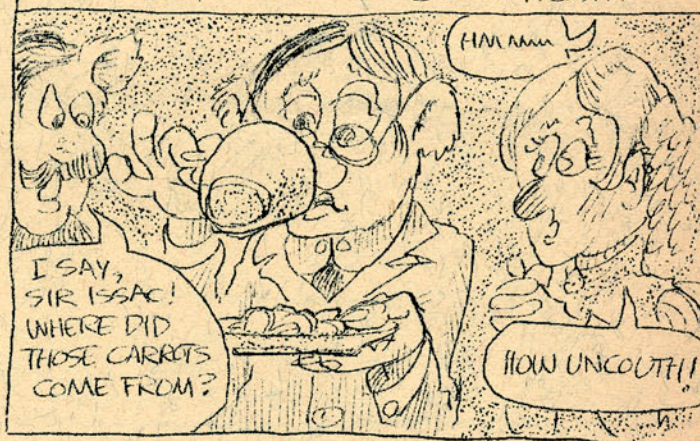
# KNOW YOUR VEGETABLE

SPECIALIST FLETCHER-GRAPHIC STORY SECTION

CONTRARY TO "SALADS OF THE GODS"  
THERE ARE NO CONCLUSIVE PROOFS OF  
VISITS BY VEGETABLES IN EARTH'S  
PRE-HISTORY... HOWEVER...

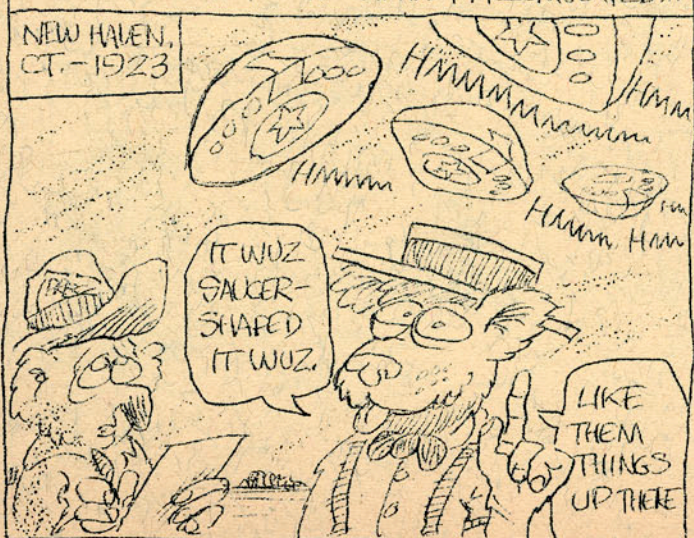


— IN 1887, A CURIOUS DISCOVERY  
WAS MADE IN THE LABORATORY GARDEN  
OF SIR ISSAC ELECTRO-MAGNETO, NOTED  
ENGLISH SCIENTIST & LUDDITE ...



OBJECTIVE DATA WAS RAPIDLY ACCUMULATED...

NEW HAVEN,  
CT. - 1923

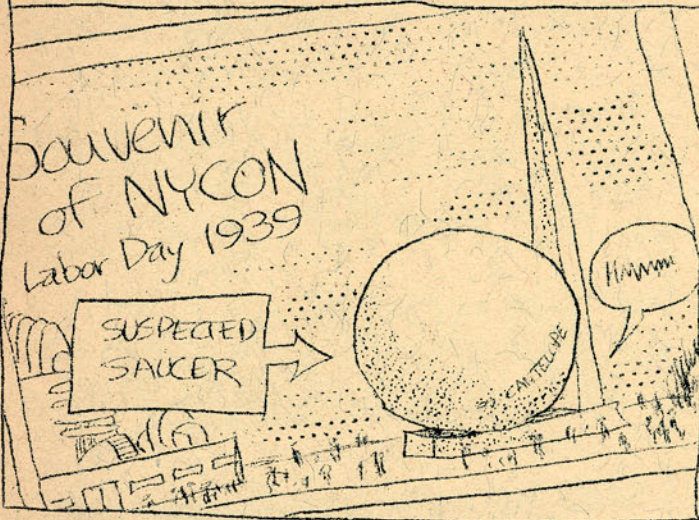


CULMINATING IN THE EVENTS OF  
RECENT TIMES —

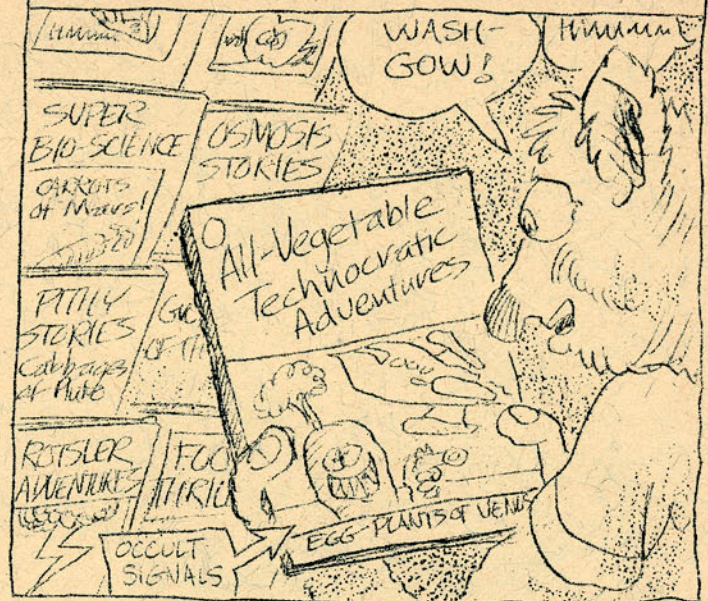




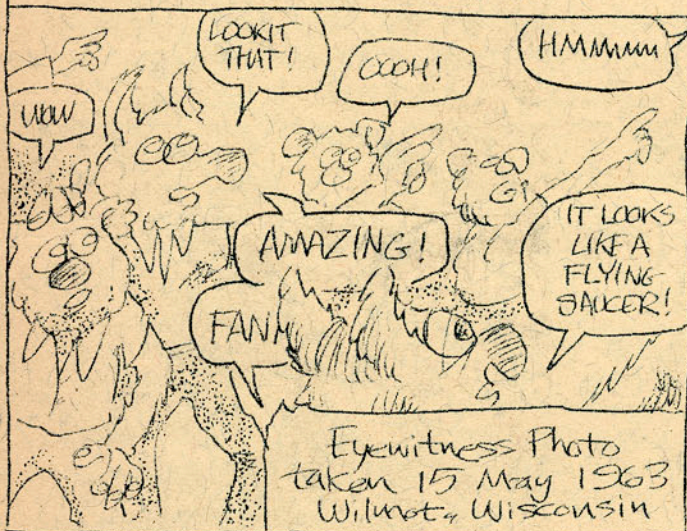
PICTORIAL EVIDENCE OF SAUCERS  
HAS BEEN CULLED FROM VARIOUS  
SOURCES - SUCH AS THIS 1939 POSTCARD



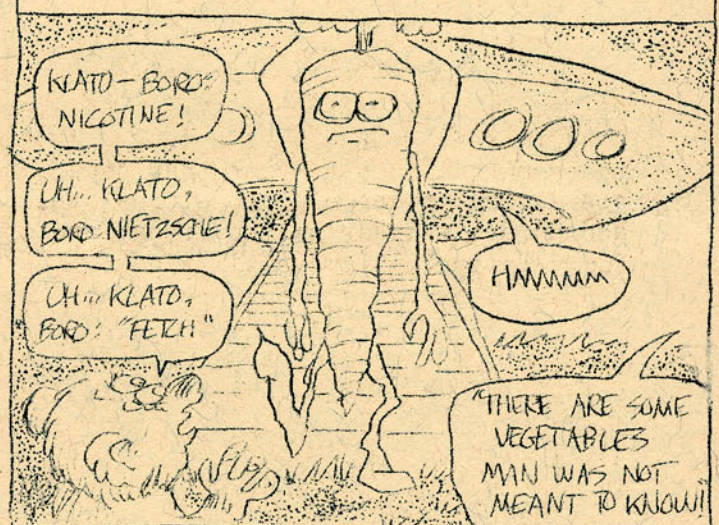
... CONTEMPORARY MAGAZINES



... EYEWITNESS PHOTOGRAPHS ...



... AND DOCUMENTARY CINEMA ...



THE OSTENSIBLY FRIENDLY (OR INDIFFERENT)  
TO US PEOPLE, THE RELATIONSHIP  
BETWEEN EARTH'S VEGETABLES AND THE  
COSMIC VEGETABLES IS UNKNOWN...



... ACCORDINGLY, FOR THEIR PROTECTION,  
THEY HAVE BEEN RELOCATED TO  
RESETTLEMENT CAMPS (KNOWN AS  
"TRUCK FARMS") FOR THE DURATION...





END  
OF  
THE  
WORLD

by Dave Wixon

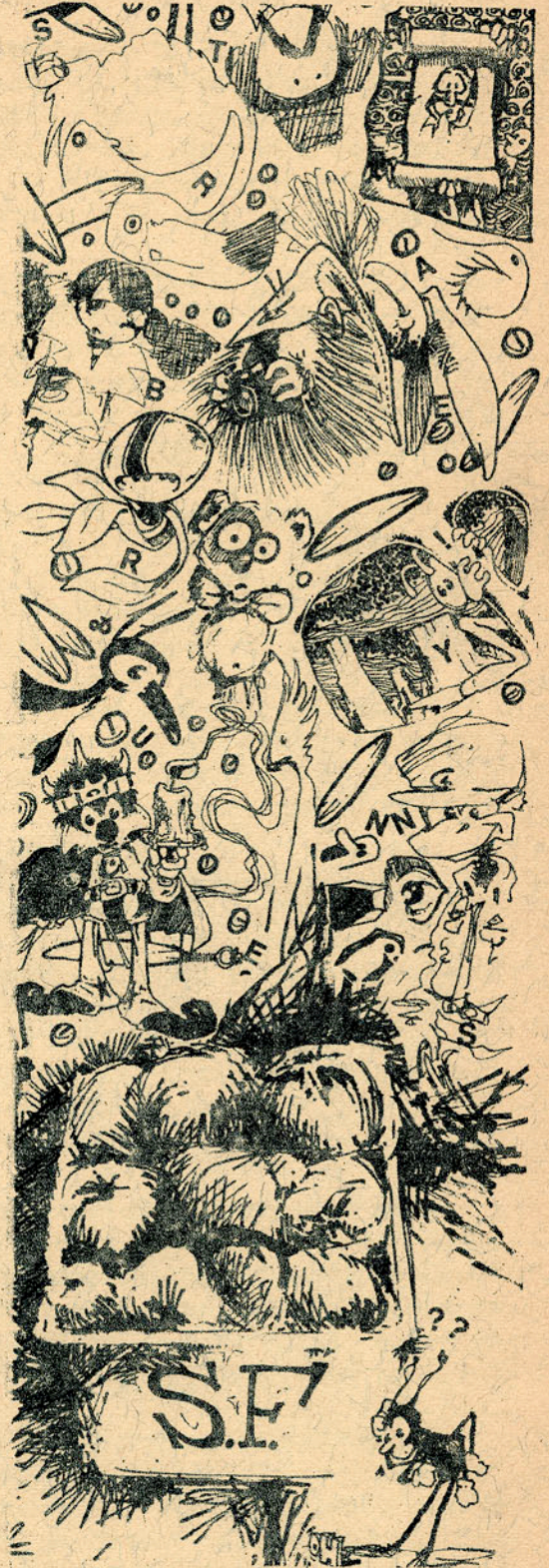
A number of weeks ago Walter Cronkite, perfectly straight-faced, informed America that this is going to be a tough winter: the squirrels are furrrier than usual, and are laying in larger food stores; the acorns are thicker on the trees; and the fuzzy caterpillars are all black. In Minnesota we had a premature frost....

Point is, there may have been a trend toward colder winters over the last few decades: is a new Ice Age in the making?

Others have turned to this idea, and have written adventures, epics, novels. Wilson Tucker wrote Ice and Iron instead. It's a horror story, but you won't notice that.

The story is a fascinating one, of a research team prowling the edge of an advancing ice cap, two centuries in our future. Their job is to investigate unusual items which seem to be popping up unseasonably -- bricks, weapons, fish -- and bodies. The protagonist, Fisher Highsmith, figures out most of what's going on -- and the story ends.

The whole thing is done quite low-key, and character development is minor: the reconstruction team is a band of innocents, of specialists/scientists dedicated to their work as life. If they are innocent, who are the sinners? There are none.





I find myself irresistably drawn into a comparison with Rendezvous with Rama, in which Clarke proved you don't need soul-searing emotion to win a Hugo. Clarke painted Rama itself, and the imagination of the concept, plus the skill of his presentation, won the award.

The same sort of atmosphere radiates from Ice, but the "hero" is harder to pin down: not the glacier itself, awe-inspiring as it is; nor the recon team; not even the noble savages. Somehow, I find my thoughts dwelling most on the 50-century timespan; where Clarke gave us a grand creation, Tucker has somehow made a 5000-year chunk come -- not alive, but real. He has a true awareness of the meaning of time, of the mutability and malleability of our world, and us.

The real glacial chill lies in the realization that this happening will -- must -- totally alter the future that all of us unconsciously are living for; nothing can be done to stop that, and man is reduced to merely another of the creatures who must desperately fight for life, who must adapt or die. In the face of something this large, man can no longer boast that it is he who adapts situations to suit himself.

Man seeks immortality, and has tried everything from religion to exploration. The best result yet is sublimation of the drive for personal immortality in procreation, the desire to ensure the survival of one's "blood," one's "line." Others seek a bit of immortality in deeds, seeking to go down in History or to produce something lasting -- work of art or whatever.

Where would a man be left if confronted with proof that all his works were for naught; that when he's dead, none will remember he'd ever been? This is horror: to be so thoroughly dead as to be forgotten; to be so meaningless as to seem to have never existed at all.

The protagonist of Ice finds strong evidence that the world, some five thousand years in the future, will be much changed from our world; that our nation, our ways, our very civilization will be dead and forgotten. The knowledge doesn't seem to affect him. (Probably most of us are willing to admit that our society won't last forever; most of us do not really believe it. The Third Reich boasted that it would last 1000 years; if it had, it would have been exceptional, for few societies have made it nearly that long. But who of us can really envision and empathize with an Earth without the U.S., or at least a civilization derived from our "Western" civilization?)

The idea doesn't bother Fisher; it does bother me, and it makes me wonder about Tucker -- and not in a demeaning way, for this seems to me to be the ideal of philosophic and scientific detachment. Highsmith is, after all, an archeologist, and he can be forgiven for treating a picture of the future as he does one of the past -- it is only chance which makes his subject this time not the dead past, but the dead future.

From this viewpoint Toynbee looked out to scan all human history and derive its patterns. Most of us, regrettably, are not so detached. We feel a thrill when a novel about the far future links up with the "past" we live in, for through the link to something we're part of, we still live in that future; our emotional structure knows this and reacts to it. When the human race fights for its life in the far future, we identify -- for if the race should die, so would we. (Our subconscious cannot tell fact from fiction as easily as could be desired.)

This is why no one really succeeds -- seldom tries -- with a story in a truly alien context. The most futuristic of fictions must always relate to us,



both because one of us wrote it, and because the rest of us must read it. I'm not saying that Tucker made this an unrelated future; he just came close enough to give pause, in the vein of the old stories which make humanity's place in the cosmos merely that of fodder animal for some Chosen race. No one likes those stories.

Here lies the next great Chauvinism to be conquered: Race (in the literal sense). Despite some patronizing efforts the other way, SF has thoroughly imbued fandom with the idea of the Ultimate Destiny of Mankind, the Earthman's Burden. None of us could really believe in a Universe without Earthmen. I don't know if we'll ever be able to bridge this gap.

\* \* \*

Still, I haven't pinned down this book for you -- it feels like more than a story of an event, but it's not a story of people interreacting. More accurately, it's both of these, but neither element predominates; there's something more involved here. Maybe the whole is greater than the sum of the parts? I speculate that this, much more than most works, is a portrayal of reality. This is a slice of history (not History); this is how it would actually have happened, and the author has made small use of his poetic license to dramatize, to highlight.

Why then do I get the irresistable urge to call this poetry? It seems there's something in the flavor of the book which speaks softly that way.

There are so many other stories which could have been told in this setting; a deal of explication to assuage the curiosity. I'd love to hear Tucker's explanation of why these people work for \$30 a month; why Canada joined the U.S.; what's going on in the rest of the world; how the Ice pressurizes U.S. society (and the Russians), and how they in turn act on their neighbors to the south.

Tucker left this out. He didn't have to; this could be volume one (or three, or five) of a larger work. But he didn't have to include these answers to make this a whole book, either.

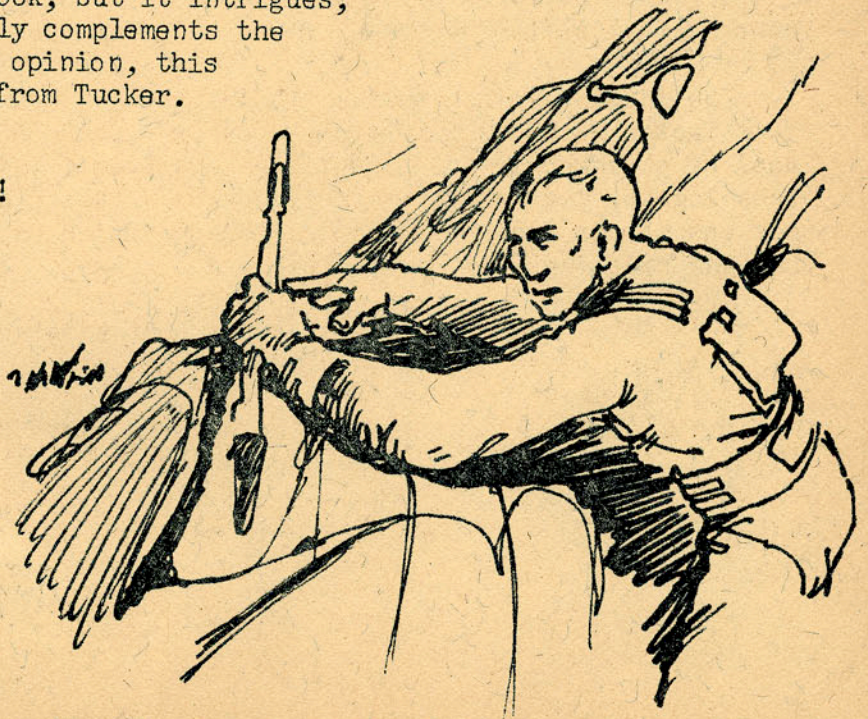
This is not a perfect book, but it intrigues, and Tucker's style marvelously complements the story he was telling. In my opinion, this is the best thing I've seen from Tucker. It may be worth a Hugo.

And oh, the frustration! There are myriad things left unexplained, unexplicated -- there are a million stories in the naked Ice Age!

But it wasn't necessary that Tucker explain and clarify; the work is complete in itself.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Fisherman, poets need not explain their creation."





(FANZINES RECEIVED, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9)

SOITGOZE #11 & #12 = Biweekly by Tim C. Marion, 614 72nd St., Newport News, VA 23605. Available for prearranged trades, 2/30¢ or two 10¢ stamps. Personalzine. (12 pages each.) There's room for improvement, but already interesting.

CHECKPOINT = Irregular by Darroll Pardoe, 24 Othello Close, Hartford, Huntingdon PE18 7SU, England. Subscription rates are 10/60p (N.America airmail 5/\$1, Australia airmail 8/\$1). Also available for news or trade. Free sample on request. Newszine. (4 pages.) Seems to be a good way to keep up with UK and Continental news.

SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL #157 & 158 = Two to four times a month by Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, MD 20906. 25¢ each, 10/\$2. Clubzine. (22 pages) Media notes, book reviews, fanzine reviews, con listings, and WSFA report.

TREPONEMA PALLIDUM #3 = Schedule unknown. By Richard Bartucci, Peach Hall Dormitory, Kansas City College of Osteopathic Medicine, 2105 Independence Blvd., K.C. MO 64124. 50¢ or the usual. (14 pages.) A bit weak, but it's just getting started. If Richard can come up with material that matches his intentions, he might have a good thing on his hands....

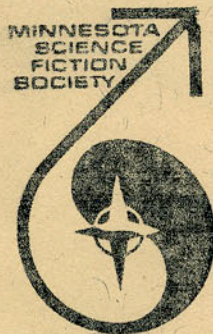
HOPSFANATIC #1 = Schedule unknown, by Jim Dana. Address: HOPSFA, c/o Student Activities Commission, The Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore MD 21218. No information on how to get it. (9 pages.) It's a crudzine now, and with a stated policy of "any reader who wishes to, may send in stuff, with the warning that no matter how bad it is, it'll probably get included" it probably won't get any better.

LOCUS #166 - tri-weekly by Dena & Charlie Brown, P.O. Box 3938, San Francisco CA 94119. Subscriptions in North America 15/\$6. Newszine. (8 pages.)

-FRED HASKELL

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