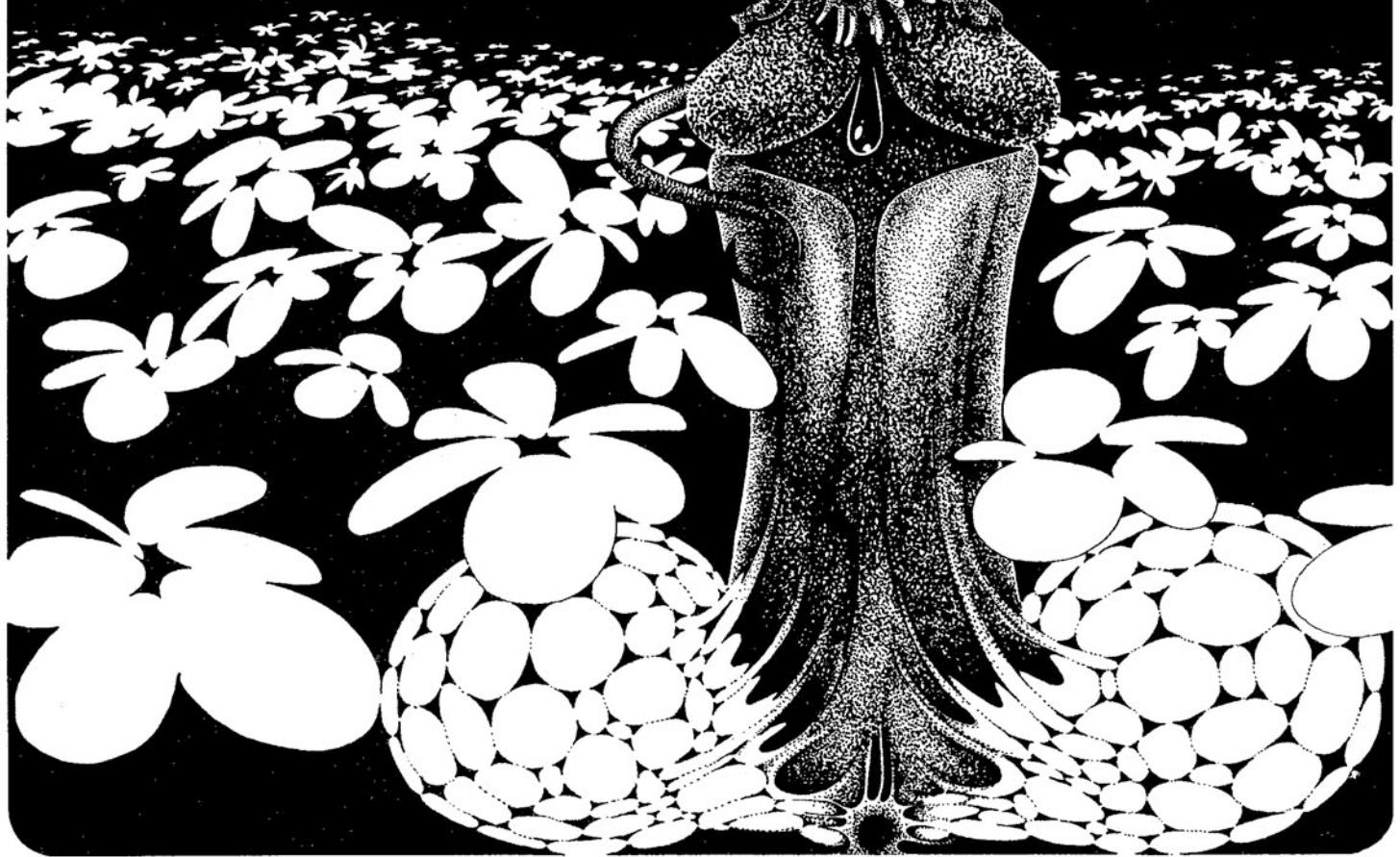


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for said collation.

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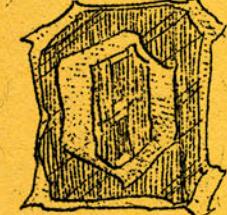
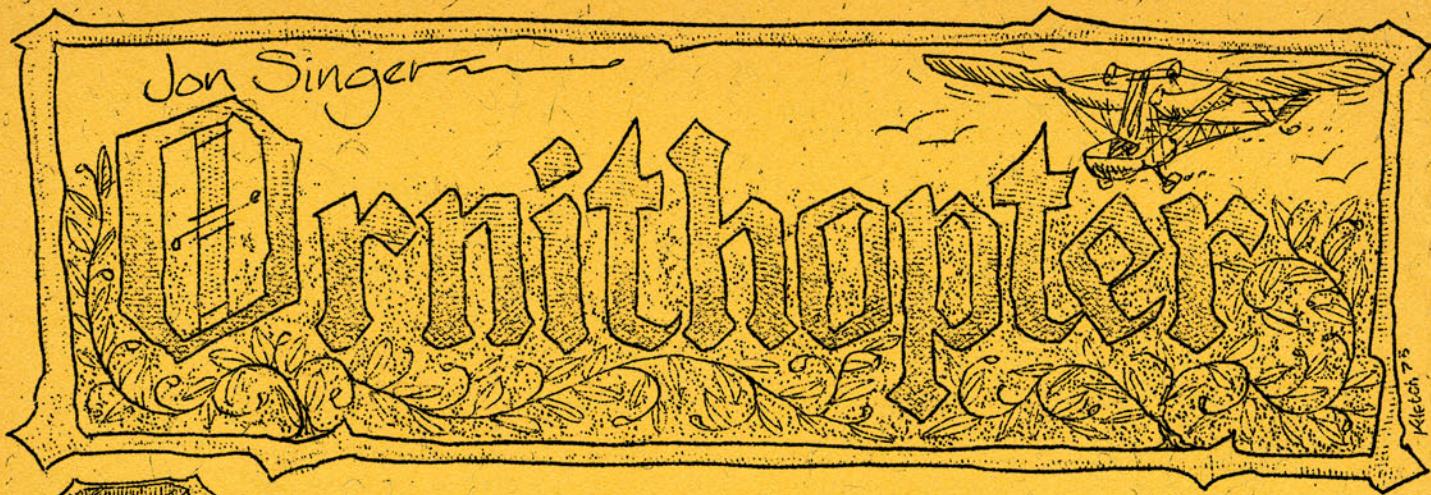
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Jim Odbert; cover.
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nee upon a time.....I dunno about this....there was an old man who lived in the woods and built ornithopters. He was a pretty decent craftsman, and his ornithopters flew quite well, if a bit lumpy. The dwarves in the neighborhood all patronized his shop, not only to buy little ones for the kiddies, but also for troop transports and whatnot. One day, the big Kahuna of the dwarves came by and said to the old man, "Don't let me hock you a chainik or anything, but can't you do something for the old bones? I mean, I ride one of these flapping goodies, it turns my back into a classic corkscrew, only it goes both ways at once, and it pounds my kidneys into calves-foot jelly. I wouldn't even tell you what it does to my nuts." The old man was very upset. He had been trying to figure out a better way for a long time, and if I told you how old the old chozzer really was, you would know that when I tell you a long time, I mean A LONG TIME. Unfortunately he had become stuck on the track, and all of the ideas he had tried were basically ornithopters. While still comparatively young, he had tried a model in which one wing went up while the other went down, I don't have to tell you how that worked. Then he tried some with three wings, but you don't want to know about that. After all, how do you sit on it? How much lift can you get from a wing that sticks straight up and wiggles, anyway? On the whole, very distressing. Later still, he went to four-wingers, in which one pair of wings went up while the other pair went down, and vice versa. You think that's pretty decent, don't you? Hah! You wanna ride a bucking bronco three hundred feet up in the air, good for you. I don't like it, and neither did the old geezer, who wasn't maybe so old at the time, only he still didn't like it.

Time passed, and he spent more of his afternoons thinking about new designs than he did making them, which maybe wasn't so bad, especially if you think a minute about what happens when you make a model and it works fine, only the particular design don't scale up too good, and a fifty foot dragonship goes googoo in the air.....

So anyway, when this big megillah from the dwarves asks him for a smoother ride, he patiently explains, for about three days (a good thing dwarves got stamina, even the crotchety old ones) all the things he has tried. The dwarf, being not too slow, figures out that the old fellow is going in circles.

Now, this dwarf, this megillah, he is a very heavy guy. He is like very well up on zen, and like that. I mean, he can really do it. This guy can tell you what is the sound of one hand clapping, only because you're a zhlob, it wouldn't mean anything to you. Besides, it's a little slippery, and you would forget it. I know. I forgot it. So anyway, from his little cloud of satori, he gets this lightning bolt that maybe he should bounce the old guy a few times on his head, maybe loosen things up a little. This is better than doing the thing himself, because after all, the old man is the flying machine expert, so why not turn him around a little so he can do it. Why should the dwarf get him mad, by doing it and making him look like a fool? Besides, dwarves dig in the ground, not in the air. Right? Right.

So he thinks to himself, this guy needs a little zen in his life. He goes to the old man and commissions an ornithopter model with no wings at all. This is not much, only step one, but of course the old man doesn't like it. It keeps him awake a little. Why does the dwarf want one with no wings? The old man figures either the dwarf has something up his sleeve that he thinks might work, or else he has something up his sleeve that he thinks might work, but in either case, maybe the dwarf wants to upstage him. Of course, you and I know that the dwarf has something up his sleeve that he knows ALREADY works, only what it is, it's his arm. So much for that.

The next thing, the dwarf is seen standing in his back yard, turning around and around until he falls over, all the time laughing himself sick. After all, even dwarves gotta have fun, right? What you didn't know, in dwarves the semicircular canals are connected to other parts of the brain, so when a dwarf turns around and around, and so on, the result is like a few tokes of some nice weed, plus maybe a bit of sexual turnon. Nice, no? Don't you wish you were a dwarf? Well shut up and listen to the rest, maybe you change your mind.

At this point, the old man began to be genuinely upset. He didn't know beans about the psychophysiology of dwarves, and since dwarves don't usually perform this maneuver in public, he didn't know what the hell was coming off. (The dwarf, of course, had cleared it with his neighbors, who sat in their houses laughing the whole while.) What the hell, he thought, Why is he doing this? Of course, the dwarf knew which way is up, but you can't be too obvious about things, can you?

A few days later, the dwarf goes out and runs over the meadows with his arms out in the air, making a buzzing noise. You and I know that the dwarf is just cruising, but the old man doesn't pick up on things like that too quick, being all sublimated in his work.

I don't have to bore you with intimate details of how the dwarf worked on the old man until he was really ripe. It was, after all, a standard methods thing. The day finally came when the dwarf figured everything was set, that the old fellow was just about ready to have a major break, and he went to visit. Spent the whole afternoon telling the poor bastard zen koans, meanwhile crumbling his bread into his tea and using the result to construct little bitty artificial turds on the table. Suffice it to say that the old man now sits on a perch in his office and makes noises like an owl, and the dwarf makes ornithopters.

Morals:

- 1) Well, somebody has to make the goddamned ornithopters. YOU wanna do it?
- 2) Dwarves're DIM.



CLIFFORD SIMAK



An Interview

Writing has been a great part of Clifford D. Simak's life. He began to write science fiction in 1930, and he has been a newspaperman since 1929. Since 1939 he has worked for the Minneapolis Star and Tribune.

When Simak began to write science fiction, it was a new field. (Science fiction is abbreviated "SF," and no true lover of the

field can tolerate that Madison Avenue neologism "sci fi.") Only a few pulp magazines specialized in the genre at that time. (Pulp magazines were something like predecessors to paperback books, but were considered by mothers and literary critics alike to be worthless -- if not morally degrading.) Simak was one of the few writers of early science fiction who tried to write more than the simple adventure fiction found in the pulps. During the mid-1930s he began to concentrate on his newspaper work and did not write fiction.

When John W. Campbell (1910-71) became the editor of Astounding Stories magazine in 1937, Simak began once more to write science fiction. Simak thought that Campbell would try to raise the level of pulp science fiction to that of a respectable art-form. In his stories for Campbell, Simak depicted common people in strange situations in the future. He told, for example, of the plight of Iowa farmers on the planet Venus, of a football game on Mars, and about a reunion of war veterans on Ganymede (a moon of Jupiter).

During World War II, Simak tried his hand at writing Western fiction, but he found the plot-formula required by the Western pulps "stifling," so he returned to science fiction. Simak then wrote a series of stories for Astounding about a possible future situation in which mankind abandons its congested cities for life on Jupiter (where people are converted into beings capable of living on that giant planet). Only a few human beings remain on Earth, and the world is governed by mutant dogs who can think and speak as well as any man, as well as by the robots men had built as servants. In 1952 this series was published in book form as City. It went on to win that year's International Fantasy Award, a forerunner to the Hugo Award given annually by the World Science Fiction Convention. Simak is one of nine people who received the International Fantasy Award before it was discontinued in 1954.

Simak has twice received the Hugo Award (named to honor Hugo Gernsback, the man who published the first science fiction magazine). In 1959, he was awarded a Hugo for his novelette "The Big Front Yard." In 1964 he was again awarded a

SCIENCE FICTION AND MEANINGFUL EXISTENCE

by Jim Young

Hugo, this time for his novel Way Station. A novel of his published in 1972, A Choice of Gods, was nominated for the Hugo in 1973 although it failed to win.

Simak has had 25 volumes of his novels and short-stories published, along with five works of non-fiction. He has also edited a volume of non-fiction taken from the "Science Reading Series," a column he edited for the Minneapolis Tribune.

Simak, who at 69 is still working for the Minneapolis papers and writing science fiction, was interviewed at his home in Minnetonka, Minnesota, on the evening of Monday, 7 May 1973.

* * *

Clifford D. Simak is a kind, fatherly man. My first impression when I met him five years ago was of a man who had given the world a very close look, who had learned many things from that examination, and who had developed many original ideas based on his observations. Above all, he seemed to be a man who had tried to be content within a world of traffic-jams and crowds.

Many of his short-stories and novels probe the question of containment. City, perhaps his most famous novel, describes a means of getting away from all the troubles of Earth: people simply leave home in that work -- even leave the human form -- to become happy.

Science fiction has for a long time been the product of a group of writers who have voiced their concern and plans for the future, and told their tales of places beyond our planet. It has been a ghetto genre. Today, however, many authors have adapted SF concepts into their writing.

I first asked Simak, "Do you think science fiction has come to be so widely accepted that there are no longer going to be boundaries around it?"

"I suppose you're talking about this concept of 'mainstream fiction,'" he said, pulling on his pipe. "I've always felt -- though I'm not too sure of my grounds here -- that there is no such thing as mainstream fiction, there is simply fiction. Fiction is a wide enough term, and a broad enough one, to include everything."

"I do believe that science fiction is becoming accepted not so much as science



fiction, as as a type of writing that does offer some enjoyment, and has gotten some following, and is, after -- what is it, 40 years? -- proving that probably it has a place."

"Do you have a definition of science fiction you use when you write a science fiction story?"

"No, I can't define science fiction. I think we've gotten hung up on this idea of what is science fiction and what is not science fiction because we haven't recognized that it is fantasy. It is part of the entire fantasy picture; and I think that perhaps we could define fantasy, but we would have a hard time defining science fiction. I have no special guidelines."

"When I start to write a story I have two things in mind -- that I must have a story to tell, and that I must tell it well enough that the reader will enjoy reading it. After all, science fiction -- any kind of fiction -- is entertainment. If you can put something more than mere entertainment into it, that's an added bonus. But its first function is to entertain."

"Cliff, who are your favorite authors?"

"Are you talking about science fiction authors?"

"No, just in general -- "

"Oh, Hemingway...Steinbeck, Faulkner...Proust. I used to -- and I still do -- pick up and read The Grapes of Wrath almost once a year. I do the same thing to a lesser degree with The Sun Also Rises. And I've read through Proust's Remembrance of Things Past. Then I started in again to read it a second time, this time paying more attention to the writing than to the narrative. I found that I got more out of it if I just picked it up at random and turned to some part of the book that had pleased me before. I read that in the way I sometimes read The New Yorker -- simply for the literacy and for the beautiful language. And you can't read Proust hour after hour, or one day after another. You sample him. The same thing is largely true of Faulkner."

"Well then, who are your favorite SF writers?"

"Now you're putting me on the spot, because there are a lot of them, and I probably haven't read them all. You're asking me to pass judgment on colleagues, and some friends."

"Understanding that this isn't meant as a criticism of anybody I do not mention, here goes. I think that one of the finest books ever written in science fiction is Walter Miller's A Canticle for Leibowitz. Aside from that, I like Fritz Leiber, Ted Sturgeon, Heinlein -- Fred Pohl is very good; and Gordon Dickson and Poul Anderson, of course. Oh I could go on -- And Larry Niven. I can't think of any others that really stand out now, but if you gave me an hour I could come up with a long list of them. And the reason why I like each one is different."

"I certainly am looking for something different when I read science fiction from when I read something by Faulkner, or Proust. At least so far as content is concerned, I'm looking for a different thing. But so far as writing is concerned, you should be able to look for as good a level of writing in science fiction as you could find in Faulkner or Steinbeck, or anybody else...and we're beginning to get it."

* * *

Since the mid-1960s there has been a movement within the science fiction field

calling itself the "New Wave." Writers such as J. G. Ballard have promoted this movement in the past. Often "New Wave" stories seem to be amateurish experiments in writing prose-poems based upon T. S. Eliot's "The Wasteland." I asked Simak in reference to this movement if he thought there has been too much concentration on style in some recent science fiction, to the detriment of story and other elements of the field.

Simak smiled and said, "Now let's twist this around the other way. Let's say -- and I think Larry Niven said it fairly well -- that too many of us are writing topically. We're writing special stories for special audiences. And the fact that some of us pay more attention to style than we do to content or story-line may be because we're writing toward a special audience. I think that style is a good thing, something you have to have, and above all you must have fairly good writing -- But the thing that has made fantasy and science fiction has been the story it has had to tell. And I'd hate to see us lose that. In some instances we have lost it; but generally the story is still there. We still do have pretty good content."

"What makes for good content then?"

"Well, I don't think there's any one answer, but you might come pretty close with this: If you write a topical story, the topic becomes less important as the years go on. It's conceivable that the people who are writing about pollution right now may find that they are writing more topically than they believe. What you need to make a good story is Universality. You need to handle the old truths and the old emotions, the things that reach down and are always with us, no matter what the situation might be."

"Then science fiction shouldn't try to warn people about problems that might come up in the future?"

"No, but it's getting away from universality, and it's also topical. Yet I am convinced that science fiction did do one good deed for the world. I think science fiction writers were the people who made the rest of the world -- or at least the United States -- aware of what an atomic catastrophe would be like. People in the United States have an idea of what nuclear war would be like because some of them have read the stories written back in the late 1940s. I remember you could hardly pick up a science fiction magazine that didn't have at least a couple of stories about what things would be like after an atomic war."

"But I think that we should be very sparing in our warnings. We're probably not well enough informed to do an adequate job, and we're placing ourselves in the position of pamphleteers rather than writers. And there's always a sort of false note when you begin riding a white horse."

"I'm not too sure, aside from this atomic threat, how effective we are. I'm not too sure that we were entirely effective on the atomic threat -- the knowledge might have seeped through after a time. But I think we helped."

"Well perhaps we shouldn't try to warn -- but what about the future? Shall we talk about it?" He nodded so I asked, "What about the short range?"

"The thing is that you can't talk about the long or the short range because as Arthur Clarke pointed out, all prophets are too timid. That is, we can't possibly foresee ten years ahead. We can indicate general trends, and then we aren't always right on that."

"Now George Washington lived in an age which probably seemed to him a fairly progressive age. And yet if you had told him that 200 years from his time that man would be walking on the moon, he would not have believed it, would he? If

you told a man of my generation, who saw his first airplane about 1914 at age 10, that that dot up there in the sky would lead to sending rockets up in the sky, or crossing the Atlantic in a few hours, you would not have been believed.

"We talk about the speed of light as a limit to motion. I remember that some years ago there was a conference in which a group of newspapermen and a group of top scientists got together. Well, you see, one of the newspaper associations shortly after Sputnik decided that science would be coming into the news, so they called this conference at Marshall, Minnesota, to discuss how science should be reported. Everything was off the record so that the scientists could say what they wanted to.

"One evening the question was raised as to how long it would take before we would travel to the stars. One man said 350 years, 'give us 350 years!' And someone else said, '150 is enough, we won't need 350.' Then somebody asked how we would get around the speed of light. And they said, 'we'll find a way around it.'

"So even scientists will look ahead and see these possibilities. We in the science fiction world aren't quite that crazy after all.

"I would suspect," and there he paused to relight his pipe, "that two things will happen to the human race -- always supposing that we won't kill ourselves off. (I'm beginning to believe that we probably won't.) We either will continue to be a great technological race, and we will go out into space and probably to the stars -- despite the limitations of the speed of light. Or it may be that some of the sociologists are right when they say that any race of intelligent beings will have a phase in which they will stress and develop technology. Once they have gone so far in that direction, they then will drop technology, and they will no longer try to have these technological triumphs -- it won't mean anything to them any longer.

"Then they will go in the direction of creating a better life, perhaps -- a better way to live, or to find more meaningful relationships among themselves. That would probably be a more meaningful life than in the great technology.

"I am inclined to believe that we may outlive our technology in another couple of hundred years, that we may come to think that there is no great merit in going out to the stars.

"There may still be some of us going on, some of our descendants. But take a look at the counter-culture today. They aren't talking about technology, they aren't talking about worldly success, they're talking about meaningful existence. And just how far this will go, I don't know. I think that any movement grows, and develops, then peaks and dies down. Then it lies there dormant for another 50 years and starts up again. And I wouldn't be surprised but that the people of the counter-culture may be the forerunners of the future."

"But there is always an 'x-factor' -- something totally unpredictable that might change all this."

"Yes, there is always the x-factor."



"Some of your work has described one such possible factor -- E.S.P. or psionic powers -- "

"You know, the thing that has kept psionic power from being recognized -- and kept more work from being done on it -- is that the physicists have investigated it in a rather haphazard way, and they found one very damning thing about it. Nowhere could they find any exchange of energy in a psychic event. Physics says that for anything to happen, there must be an exchange of energy.

"But I can't buy that. There's an old story that around the turn of the century, the idea came up that everything that could be learned had been learned, and the scientists instead of doing any particular further investigation began to catalogue the facts. They no sooner got started on this than many new things did begin to happen. Simply because we can't measure energy in a psychic exchange doesn't mean it can't happen. We either don't have the instruments to measure it, or it may not be measurable."

"But what about the future, the far future? Can we do anything more than dream about it?"

"Once again, once again, we can't even imagine the far future. Man has made the advancement he has made because he has controlled his own environment. He's been able to build shelter and master fire and keep himself warm -- and to make tools, by which he can shape his environment. I would assume that this process would continue, and that perhaps our tools will be much more sophisticated -- tools of the mind -- and that we will continue to shape our environment for our own good. Just how far this can carry us, I don't know.

"I think also that our viewpoints will change and our sense of values will change, but I can't even imagine what it might be like 100,000 years from now. There's no basis for it. I'm certain that we probably won't be living in the same relationship to one another or to the universe as we are now. Whether we will be separated on distant stars, talking to one another across vast distances telepathically, whether we will be able to create energy from almost nothing, I simply don't know.

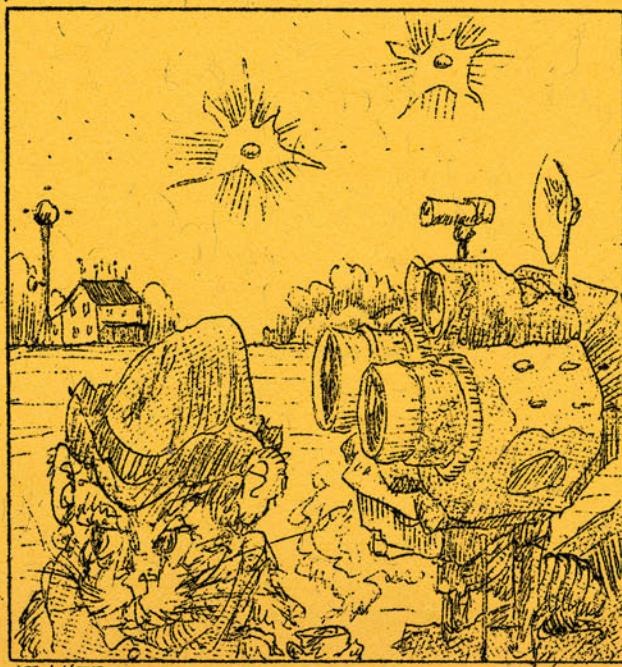
"Isn't it Freeman Dyson who talks about shell-stars? -- About a planet that has become so technologically involved -- that needs so much energy -- that it

finally has to use all the energy of its sun. In such a case, Dyson thinks we would see energy retaining shells built around the star-system.

"I'm inclined to disagree with that. I think that our use of energy would become less rather than greater. Instead of leading the complicated life we lead now, we'll probably try to simplify our lives in another hundred years, and possibly to use less energy."

"Would we then concentrate more on philosophic matters?"

"I think so. I think we would at least concentrate on happiness. The newspapers in the last couple of years have carried stories about several Minneapolis businessmen who have given up jobs and gone on to some other work



Kirchhoff

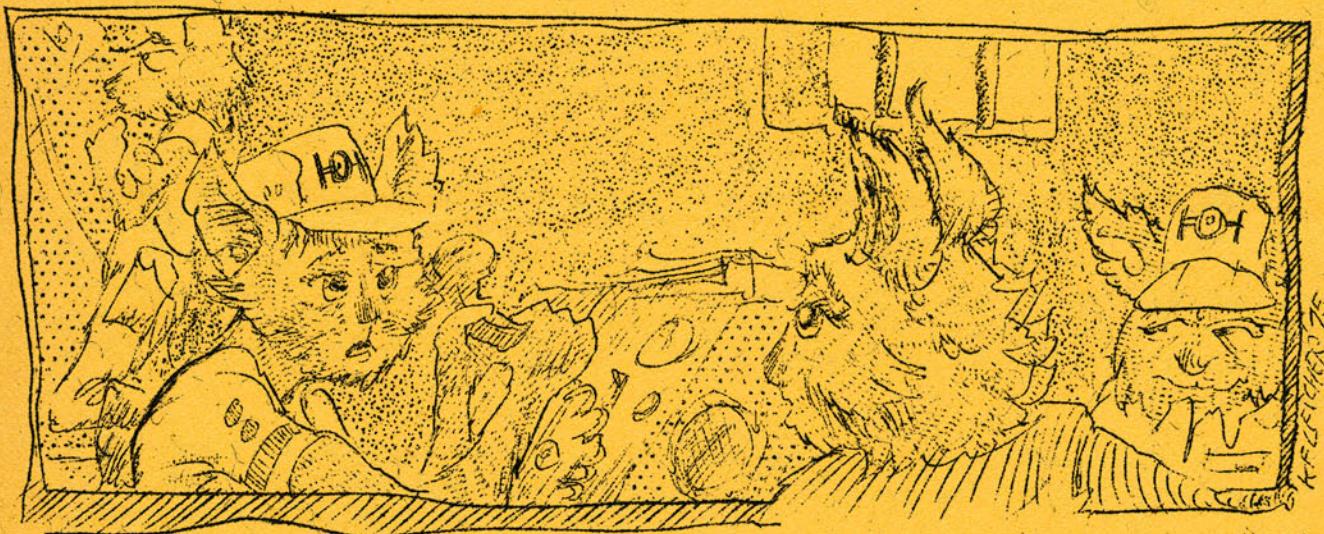
that they thought was more satisfying. They probably aren't getting anywhere near the salaries they were getting, but they're doing what they want.

"I have talked to any number of university students in the course of my newspaper work, and time after time the thing they tell me is that they want to do something for somebody else. They aren't thinking in terms of a 20 or 30 thousand dollar job, they're thinking in terms of helping humanity. If that attitude continues, and it's not just youthful enthusiasm and idealism, it's going to mean a considerably different Earth in the next generation."

The evening had fallen, and I got up to leave. Simak first showed me around his home, however. He brandished his grandfather's Civil War saber, saying that although it was still stored at home he had given it to his son. Simak said he was particularly interested in the Civil War because most "of the dirt and the blood has washed off it -- it still has a romantic tinge."

Just before leaving I asked him if he used history as a means to get background for some of his stories.

"No, history is my big enthusiasm. I read it simply because I want to know what has happened."



* * * * *

REVIEWS LIKE GRANDMA USED TO BAKE

The Island of Dogs, Lee Falk / Experiment at Proto, Philip Oakes Orn, Piers Anthony -- all Avon paperbacks.

Dogs is the 13th in the Phantom series. It should not be reviewed here, for it is in truth an adventure/mystery novel, rather than SF. Granny was not able to read this without visualizing the comic strip on which it is based. She calls it fast, easy reading, of little interest to SF fans.

Proto, too, is not SF, but a novel of the seamy side of life in a research colony. It repulsed Granny, being slick and meaningless. The cover matches the story in its unattractiveness. Harold Robbins would like it.

Much more pleasing was Orn. Granny likes birds, and Anthony has drawn a sympathetic, emotive view of an intelligent one in a savage world. The cover is one that draws the eye into a search for detail; it hints at the prehistoric flavor of the book. SF fans: Granny would like to give you the bird.

OFFICIAL MINN-STF BUSINESS PAGES...

AGAIN, DANGEROUS MINN-STF MINUTES -- 1 March 75 -- at Al Kuhfeld's.

In absence of President or Vice President, Secretary Denny Lien called the meeting to order at 3:07 p.m. Joan Marie Verba appointed temporary Secretary in his place.

Dave Wixon brought up a point of order which was pointedly ignored in an orderly fashion.

Dick Tatge announced that there was to be a Secret Masters of Minn-STF Meeting on Sunday, 2 March 75, at Don Blyly's apt. in the Bozo Bus Building. Secret Masters ("you know who you are") take note.

Lien announced that the meeting had been called for purposes of opening nominations for Minn-STF Board of Directors; anyone with other business should speak up. No one did. Lien mentioned that everyone should read the ground rules for the election in the being-collated RUNE 42 and/or as posted on Al's doorway. With announcement of basic ground rules (anyone may nominate, second, or be nominated, but only Voting Members --51 to date -- may vote in the actual election on 29 March at Lien's; nominations open today and on 15 March at Bucklins'), the nominations were opened, as follows:

Joan Marie Verba, nominated by Carol Stodolka, 2nd by Dick Tatge.

Masked Wombat (Denny Lien) nominated by Dick Tatge; declines the nomination.

At this point, Mark K. Digre made a Terrible Pun, which will be ignored.

Jan Appelbaum, nominated by Blue Petal, 2nd by Dave Wixon.

Al Kuhfeld, nominated by Dick Tatge, 2nd by Phil Voerding.

Blue Petal, nominated by Fred Haskell, 2nd by Jan Appelbaum.

Fred Haskell, nominated by Dick Tatge, 2nd by Joan Marie Verba.

Someone brought up Point of Order: may one not present be nominated? Answer: yes.

Margie Lessinger, nominated by Ken Fletcher, 2nd by Frank Stodolka.

Ken Fletcher, nominated by Fred Haskell, 2nd by Blue Petal.

Don Blyly, nominated by Dave Wixon, 2nd by Denny Lien (illegally?).

Dave Wixon, nominated by Frank Stodolka, 2nd by Fred Haskell.

Jim Young, nominated by Jerry Stearns, 2nd by Dick Tatge.

Jerry Stearns, nominated by Fred Haskell, 2nd by Dick Tatge.

Denny Lien briefly appointed Mark K. Digre to chair the meeting, while he (Denny Lien) nominated Don Bailey, 2nd by Ken Fletcher; Lien then resumed the chair before Mark K. Digre realized what was going on upon muttering of an instant coup.

Ruth Odren, nominated by Ken Fletcher, 2nd by Dave Wixon.

Someone brought up Point of Order: may someone who is not a Voting Member of Minn-STF be nominated? Answer: yes.

Franky Hanky Panky (i.e. Frank Stodolka), nominated by Carol Stodolka, 2nd by Phil Voerding.

Snuffy Wuffy the Dog nominated by Al Kuhfeld, 2nd by Phil Voerding.

Dick Tatge nominated by Don Bailey, 2nd by Phil Voerding.

Craig Van Grasstek nominated by Ruth Odren, 2nd by Phil Voerding.

Blue Petal moved (on strong hint of presiding officer) that nominations cease. Dave Wixon seconds. Passed with one negative vote and one abstention.

Lien announced that he would entertain ((beg for?)) a motion that the meeting close. Fred Haskell moves that the meeting close. Sue Ryan seconds. Vote agrees.

MINN-STF BUSINESS (con't)...

Meeting closed at 3:17. 17 nominations (excluding one who declined) to date: 16 humans and one dog. Election Chairperson Lien rules that Snuffy-Wuffy the Dog does not qualify as a Sentient Being as per Minn-STF Constitution By-Law I.1.b: if Snuffy-Wuffy disagrees, he should contact Lien in writing before 16 March 75.

Quasi-respectively submitted, Denny Lien.

THE LAST DANGEROUS MINN-STF MINUTES (of 1974/75):

Meeting of 15 March 1975 at the Bucklins' (last meeting of voting year 1974/1975.)

Called to the usual quasi-order by President Jim Young at 2:10.

Denny Lien gave elections report: of 17 beings nominated at meeting of 1 March, two--Fred Haskell and Joan Marie Vorba-- have withdrawn their names. One--Suffy-Wuffy the Dog-- has been disqualified as not being a "sentient being" as per By-Law I.1.b. Rising tide of objection to last ruling was ignored.

Nominations were opened for second and last time.

Mike Wood was nominated by Lien and seconded by Dick Tatge.

In absence of further nominations, nominations were closed. There are thus fifteen candidates--all human-- for the Board of Directors election next meeting.

Lien announced that the Monty Python movie AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT was playing on campus continuously from 4 to midnight today.

Ruth Odren announced that David Emerson was arriving on the Better-Than-Average Silver Bird that evening at something or other after seven o'clock and that folk not at (a) Monty Python, (b) the comics convention, or (c) the Dungeon game that evening should meet him at the airport. (Lack of advance notice precludes writing of usual Minn-STF Welcome Song.) Jim Young complained that "Why doesn't somebody tell me these things; I have a Calculus test on Monday!"

Lien obligingly announced to Young that Young had a Calculus test on Monday.

Someone moved adjournment, someone seconded, and everyone agreed.

Adjourned at 2:18.

Submitted by retiring Minn-STF Secretary,
Denny Lien.

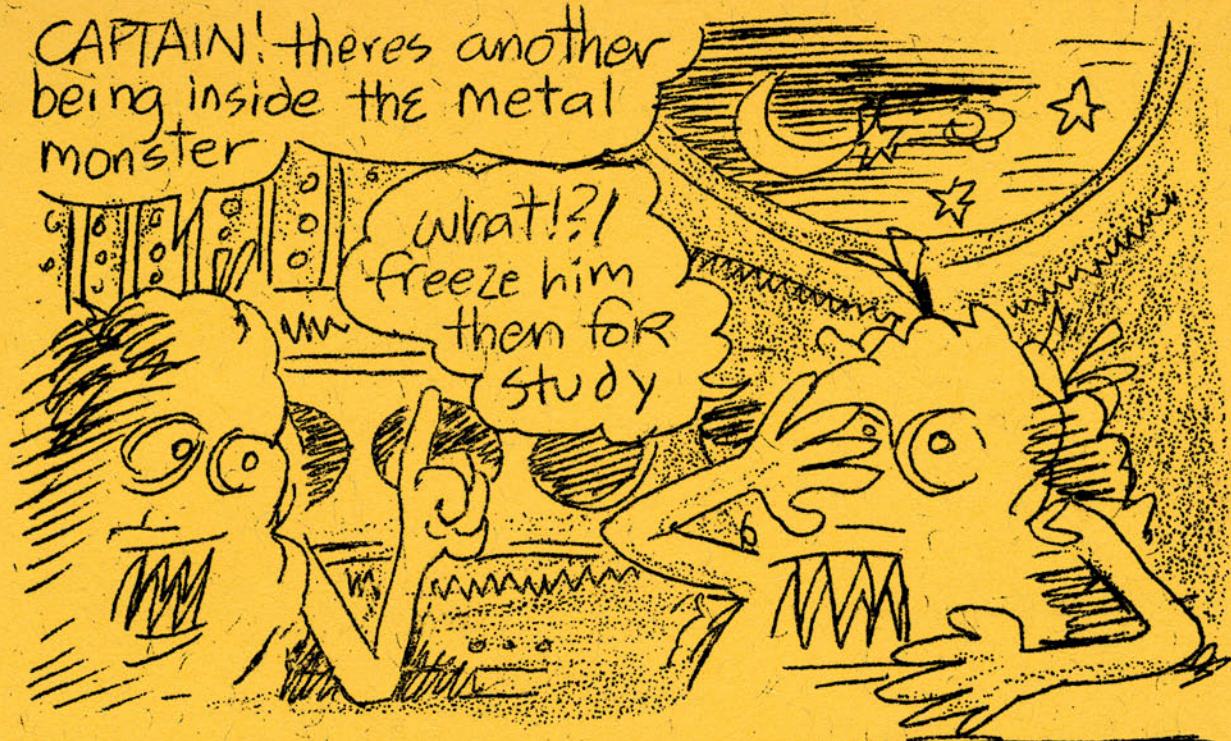
THE FANS LOOK UP...

Minn-STF meeting notes for 29 March 1975, held at
Denny Lien's. 4 ? p.m.

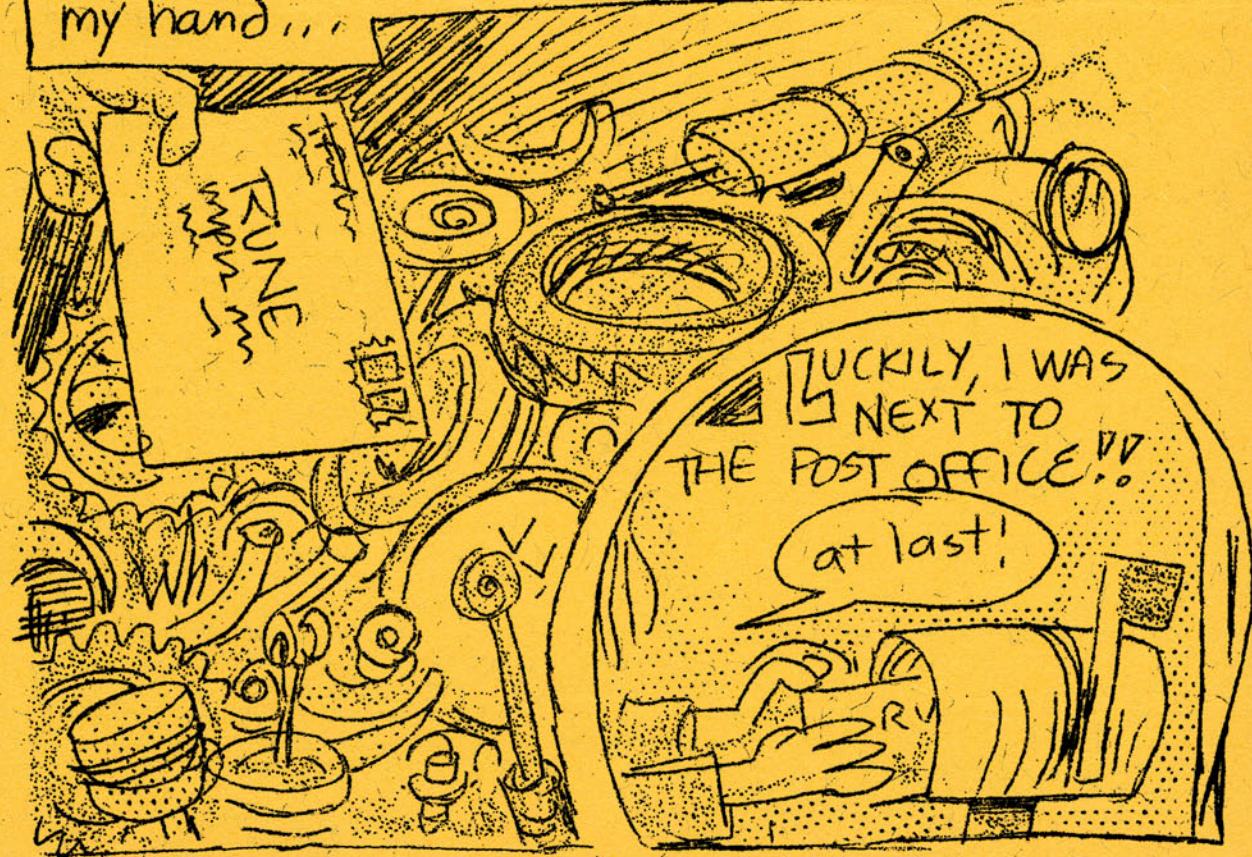
There was a meeting and Board of Directors election at this meeting as you may know. Then again, you may not know. In fact, considering RUNE's readership, you probably don't know. Then again it doesn't really matter. However, Denny and his Elves counted up the votes and informed the eager audience (half of whom were up for election) that Jen Appelbaum, Ken Fletcher, Margie Lessinger, Jerry Stoarns, and James Maxwell Young were elected. These then cloistered themselves and came up with these really bright ideas:

{Continued on page 36}

CAPTAIN! theres another
being inside the metal
monster



3 months later I awoke and found my
car in a million parts and a letter in
my hand...





Letters...

>Hello again. As you may have noticed by now, there is no "editorial column" per se in this issue, so I thought I might just as well clear up a few editorial ramblings right here, before we get into the letters. One thing that I feel I must mention is rather a tradition -- "Why This Issue Is Late." Perhaps that really isn't fair, since this issue isn't really all that late, but it is somewhat so. And this, added to the fact that I had planned a rather longer than usual gap between this issue and the previous one probably got you to wondering where RUNE was. Or maybe not, but in any case, it's like this -- you see, I recently got a "straight job" in order to support some of my expensive habits (one of them being RUNE (did you think that the club would be willing or able to pay the entire cost for a zine this large and this frequent? Hah!)) It seems that I am now a Manufacturer's Representative for Bassett Furniture Industries, Case Goods Division. This has necessitated some changes in my life-style, not all of which are through happening. And during this period of adjustment, I have found it difficult to get the

work done which is necessary to turning out a zine like RUNE. As should be obvious, the work has finally gotten done (with much help from Dave Wixon, to whom I must give gracious thanks), but it took longer than I think it should have. In any case, I hope to become more adjusted to things soon, and that the next issue will appear when it should.... It seems as if I had a million and one other things to say here, but now I can't seem to think of any of them, so I guess I'll just fade out and let You, The Readers, have your say....)

Dear Fred,

I think my subscription to RUNE (if that -- subscription -- is what you call it; I suppose it's based on my having joined Minicon last year) is getting weak. Enclosed

Gene Wolfe
Box 69
Barrington, IL 60010
2/8/75

is a dollar to renew. It's cheap at the price; RUNE is becoming one of the top dozen genzines.

In V.7 #3, I particularly liked the "Letters From Fanne" -- beautifully done. Your art is excellent throughout. It seems to me, though, that a great many readers are likely to miss the point of the engaging drawing on P.9. Despite the stalactites, it cannot be that people like Tucker, Bloch, Rotsler, and Harry Warner, who have worked so long and hard and often for others, without hope of gain, should end in Hell. It is the gentleman with the pitchfork who is not where he believes himself to be.

GENE WOLFE

For reasons which will probably be evident, this next letter is being printed in its entirety.)

Charles P Holst
2301 Elliot Ave
Mpls., MN 55404

2/15/75

Dear Fred,

Here's one of those provocative letters you were looking for. The first provocation will be a review of RUNE 41, keeping in mind your pledge to make RUNE one of the best fanzines ever and not to accept any crap.

Cover: Hastily drawn and (literally) unbalanced. The draftmanship is poor and the oversize logo has neither clarity nor grace, resembling a mass of tangled roots more than anything else. Resting on the creature's neck as it is, it's actually causing the poor beastie to topple over...why, you can see that the rear leg is already off the ground! Does Tom Foster actually like this stuff?

Meeting dates: Not much you can do here to liven things up, but why publish Minneapa collating meetings? I always thought the idea of an apa was pretty much a closed-circulation, in-group kind of thing. Presumably, the members of Minneapa have enough contact with each other -- through Minneapa if nothing else -- to know when and where the next collating meeting will be, so why advertise to the general public? Has Minneapa failed as a medium of communication, is Mike Wood trying to get extra collating help, is it a secret message to members of the Hobbit Underground, or what?

Editorial: Wordy; I'll get into some of the issues later.

The Gerbils: I fail to understand what this strip is doing here. Is it part of a series? If so, why print only part of it? If it's a single, an exercise in comic-book art, it's still obscure though well-drawn. In either case it printed too small. If it is just a fillo, then it is totally unnecessary where it is because you could easily have tightened up your editorial a couple of paragraphs and saved a whole page.

Letters from Fanne: Without knocking Asenath as a person, this is nauseatingly cute, an example of form dominating content to the detriment of the latter. I think a straight report without the gimmickry would have been more enjoyable.

Lettercol: No comment on the letters this time except to say that I found them, on the whole, interesting and enjoyable. I do think there is too much of Fred Haskell in the lettercol for what is supposed to be a clubzine. I would much rather see shorter replies by you and more from other members of Minn-stf (not necessarily in the same issue).

Watch Out!: This aptly-called interminable strip has basically one joke and was already tedious with the second installment. There is no plot, little suspense, and the only ups and downs are in the quality of the jokes. Besides, I have trouble identifying with vegetables -- always have had.

The strip does have its occasional high points, such as the intellectual carrot in the "Day the Earth Stood Still" panel, but goodies such as this need contrast to stand out instead of being surrounded by too many variations on the same theme. Ruthless chopping of this strip down to a page or less would, I think, improve it at least a couple hundred percent.

End of the World: Wixon's review of Ice and Iron is more to the point than his previous review of Watership Down which had a strong tendency to wander towards the end. Dave has an interesting approach to his material and has potential for becoming an excellent reviewer if he can just learn to stick a little closer to the point.

Illos: Generally good. Waller should keep away from in-jokes and -references in a general-circulation fanzine and you, as editor, should know enough not to print

them. Fletcher's forte is definitely the fillo, the ones in this issue are uniformly excellent -- much better than the strip -- my own favorite being the one on page 15. Brevity is the soul of wit.

The issue as a whole: I think RUNE was better as a clubzine than as a would-be quality genzine -- at least it had the Minn-Stf minutes. (One reviewer called it "the best clubzine that doesn't try to be a genzine.") Certainly, this issue needed a lot tighter editorial control. There was enough good material in it to fill maybe 16 pages, not the 32 you so lavishly spent club money on. But if it's any consolation to you, Fred, I couldn't get past the first few pages of "Jill, the Giant Killer" in Analog, either.

It comes to this: are you running a clubzine or a personal genzine? If the latter, then I don't think the club should be paying for it. The Toronto fan with the funny hat whose name I've forgotten (the fan's name, not the hat's -- I know the hat's name) has been needling you about this for a couple of issues, but it is the local fan who are footing the bill who should be most concerned.

Your stated order of priorities for RUNE -- public relations, entertainment and club announcements -- is just the opposite of what I would have for a clubzine, except that I would also like to see RUNE used as a club forum, one of the most important functions a clubzine could have, though you fail to mention it. And if RUNE were used for local news, just think of the headlines you could have: YOUNG ACCUSES HOLST OF CHANGING MIND; HOLST DENIES IT, SAYS HASN'T HAD NEW THOUGHT IN YEARS.

And why the hell emphasize public relations? Sure, public relations can be important to a club, or to anyone, for that matter, but is it necessary to make it the first order of priority for a fanzine? PR usually implies that you are trying to sell something -- yourself or a product -- and I'm not sure what it is that Minn-Stf has to sell that it isn't doing well at already.

Taking PR seriously, though (are you really that sercon, Fred?), there is the question of allocation of funds. You are now spending, I believe, about \$70 an issue on RUNE, roughly three times what Bev was spending per issue as editor and about \$70 an issue more than Lynn and I ever got from the treasury to publish RUNE. This money is coming mostly, if not entirely, from the club treasury and I am not sure the club can afford it. But assume that Minn-Stf does have PR money to spend -- should it all go into RUNE? I don't think so; I would rather see some of it spent on con parties. It wouldn't reach as many people, of course, but it would have the advantage of introducing the people present to more local fan than just Fred Haskell and a handful of Minneapa people, as well as being (I think) more fun.

The point is, I do not think it is either necessary nor desirable to spend \$70 an issue of club money on what has become increasingly a private fanzine. I mean it, Fred. I think RUNE is currently being published by and for a small group of friends. You have had some excellent material -- the photocovers and Fletch's column, for example -- but you have also been publishing a lot of in-group material that has no place in a clubzine or even in a general-circulation genzine, for that matter. The result is that RUNE is now, I feel, more representative of Minneapa than of Minn-Stf.

Peace,
CHUCK HOLST

Re listing Minneapa collation dates and locations: unlike most other apas, which have a limited number of memberships and frequently have restrictions as to who may be a member, Minneapa is open to anyone who wishes to contribute a standard-sized page every-other mailing, and who makes some arrangement for getting their copy of the mailing. Also, non-apa members are welcome at collations. So I feel that it is legitimate to list the collation information in RUNE, just as I shall continue to list any events which I feel will be of interest to the RUNE readership.

If you will go back and reread my comments on page 18 of RUNE 40, I think you'll find that you misunderstood what I said about priorities. Nevertheless, I will clarify my previous statements on this somewhat. First, even though I consider entertainment for the readers and public relations for the club and Minicon to be more important than announcing times and places of club-related events, I do print all such announcements. Second, I was speaking of public relations in the denotative rather than the connotative sense. (According to my Thorndike Barnhart: "public relations, activities of an organization...that are concerned with giving the general public a better understanding of its policies and purposes....")

I do not think it would be proper to go into details here, but the figures are available from me (or any of the board members) at any time, and over half the money being spent on RUNE is coming out of my own pocket.}}

Dear Fred;

As I am sure you already know, my almost inevitable reaction to Stiles cartoons is to double over and fall on the ground laughing. The only reason I did not react that way to your cover is that I saw the original just after Steve finished it, and fell over then.

Jerry Stearns is at least as good in RUNE as he is in Minneapa, if not better. In RUNE he doesn't have to worry about doing mailing comments, and I think that tends to free the imagination somewhat.

That Reed Waller illo at the top of the lettercol is fine. I cannot find my copy of the previous ish (packed when I moved, don'tcha know..) so I can't tell whether or not I mistook a Waller for a KFl, but if I did, the following responses are in order: 1) My apologies to Reed, 2) Considering my esteem for Ken, it was a compliment.

In response to Doug Barbour: what kind of treatment has he observed being accorded to Joanna Russ? She got a rousing ovation at the last PgHANGE, where she was the GoH -- she delivered a terrific speech, and everybody loved it. I have not seen her at the mercy of fen that many times, but I don't recall that much bloodshed. I do, though, seem to recall a bit of flack over And Chaos Died....

I am not sure why it is significant to M. Kudra to state in his comment to me that he saw his name in print five times in #41... Explanations? I thought that "TRUCKON II" was great. As far as M covering errors better than /, I had thought that the whole idea of using / was to leave the thing legible. Anyway, I don't know of a fandirectory, and if Malcolm wants to tackle one, I bet he finds it a hell of a job, but well worth it. Just so he doesn't sell the list to the Acme mail order shit warehouse and dreck dispensary. Though I guess if they want a copy bad enough, they will get one no matter what any of us do to try to prevent it.

Ghoddam! LoCs from both Tucker and Bloch! You are really hitting the big time, aren't you? Lessee, Harry Warner, Bloch, Tucker, Glicksohn....

Glicksohn again. Hmm...Mike -- 1) How do you know that half of them are under 15? 2) So what? Does that give you the right to slight those who aren't under 15? Other than that one point I enjoyed Mike's LoC thoroughly.

Mike Wood's "collect them all!" got me.
(Speaking of Fanhistory, things are still happening on the Fancyclopedia front. We may have settled on a binding scheme, and it looks like stencils may start to appear soon. Still: no promises on date of publication.)

Ahh, trifle. I really dig trifle, although my exposure to it has been severely limited. Laurine White has hit the correct button for me. I wonder how many fans really are food nuts, though. I have encountered various people who are limited either by

Jon Singer
2503 Avenue J
Brooklyn, NY 11210
3/7/75



allergies or prejudices (a nasty way of saying dislikes)....I, for example can't abide brussels sprouts, and I tend to avoid cauliflower most of the time. Anyway, I thank Ms. White for providing a moment of reverie.

So! I guess I will get to meet Sarah Sue Wilde at the con. Hmm. Maybe you should do a "Jim Young tells all" thing. It would be entertaining. Guaranteed, even if is a hoax from beginning to end.

I tend to disagree with Dave Wixon about the branching universe business. I think that the branching universe thing by its very nature excludes the possibility that anything can happen outside of the branching structure EXCEPT if part of the universe is totally different and under different rules, and anyway, isn't that really part of the branching structure as well? I mean.... well, isn't that just one more branch? Okay, I can see that if you have a branching structure over here where all decisions go both ways (and, by the way, that could be done as new branches coming into existence each time a cusp occurs or as parallel or nearly parallel lines all of which exist permanently (unless terminated)) and in the other corner a nonbranching structure in which decisions go one way or another but not both, then you can have action outside the branches, but I think that that is not exactly what Dave had in mind. What a garble.

Watch Out! was as good as ever, if a bit hard to follow. I particularly enjoyed the Steelye Pun. (Take THAT, F, F, & Y. In fact, you too, H.) Rutabagamoto, my Edmond.

And so the sun sinks into the burning ocean once again.... See you next branching, Fred.

P.S. Contrary to what some fools believe, Al Sirois is not a turkey. He's a motorcycle. (What?)

JON SINGER

{}{I must agree that Jerry Stearns is an entertaining writer. He kindly came over this evening and typed up the Official MINN-STF Business Meeting pages for us (for which I now thank him) and we discussed some ideas for future articles from him -- so you should be seeing more of his stuff in the next issue or two....

Rather than answering for him, I think I shall wait and let Malcolm speak (or write) for himself -- something which he is quite capable of, let me assure you....

Damnit Jon, how many times must I tell you -- I am a food freak! I'm just not as catholic about it as you.}}

Greg Ketter
1163 Matilda
St. Paul, Mn 55117

Amigo Fred,

Well you went and did it. You acquired another lifelong fan for RUNE. RUNE 42 was my second and also my downfall. I'm hooked!

I didn't know all science-fiction addicts were nuts like me. (Judging from the majority of the loos, I'm fairly straight as compared to them.)

The cover was fantastic. I loved it. I really enjoy reading letters so your zine was made for me. I'm gonna go to the Minicon if only to keep up my subscription. How often does RUNE come out?

I may be naive (or is it stupid?) but what is a DNQ zine? And also, can any dummy attend those biweekly meetings? If they can, you'll see me. (Ugh. What a revolting thought.)

GREG KETTER

{}{I'm glad that you like RUNE, Greg. And no, I don't think that all sf addicts are nuts, but those of us who become actifans seem to be. (Also, RUNE seems to attract some of the looniest letter writers in fandom for some odd reason. I ain't gonna bitch -- they're my kind of people....)

Theoretically, RUNE is on a roughly bimonthly schedule. Normally, it should hit the mail approximately two weeks after the "material deadline" listed in the table of contents....

"DNQ" is fan shorthand for "Do Not Quote." A DNQ zine is one which is to be kept confidential.

Yes, any dummy can attend Minn-stf meetings, but we tend to prefer those who have some interest in, or at least read, science fiction. Feel free to attend, even if you aren't a dummy....}}

Dear Fred,

Darroll Pardoe
24 Othello Close
Hartford, Huntingdon PE18 7SU
England
3/10/75

Thanks for RUNE 42, and special thanks for sending it airmail. RUNE is big, fat, yellow, and getting better with every issue. You know, if there's one thing RUNE reminds me of, it's a sort of faint, distant echo of one of the incarnations of SHAGGY. There's the vibrant letter column and the club meeting minutes. I know it's not very much like, but there's a hint of something there.

I agree with your stand over this horrible abbreviation that has crept in over the last few years to denote what we always used to call SF. "Sci-fi" (to me, at least) sounds like an academic who's discovered science fiction and thinks that to call it "sci-fi" makes people think he's literate and cultured and understands where SF is all at. But he doesn't, really. I think in England the term was first used by some of the most ultra-sercon of the new fans of the mid-60s, and somehow got picked up by people such as the book reviewers of the Sunday papers, and the blurb writers of the paperback houses.

I liked Dave Wixon's article on possible parallel universes. It's one of the best things about SF that it's possible to imagine what would have happened if a certain event had turned out differently and to write a story based on that extrapolation. My own favourite story along that line has always been "Starmaker", Olaf Stapledon's story where (although it's not all that well put together as a story) he throws out so many SF ideas, many of which have since been used by other authors as the basic for their stories. At the end of the book we find that our universe is only one of many created by the "Starmaker," and in fact a quite juvenile effort before the Starmaker got on to the really interesting universes. All these universes are somehow co-existing although each has its own time sequence. Now that's a really mind-stretching book.

Sam Long doesn't think gerbils are fannish creatures, does he? I don't know why, they are after all fury little things and if rats can be fannish (and here in England we have lots of ratfans, all with big teeth) I don't see why gerbils shouldn't be. Maybe I should counter Sam's dreaded F.L.A.W. with a F.L.A.G. (Front for the Liberation of All Gerbils).

Talking of silly animals, I was astonished to find RUNE containing WOMBATS. How about liberating the Minneapolis Wombats then, Sam?

Nostalgia is all right in a way, I suppose, but what fandom has always prided itself on is timebinding, not looking back to a (probably mythical) "golden age" when fandom and Roscoe knows what else were supposedly much better than they are now, but bringing the best of the past forward and tying it in with what's going on in fandom here and now. A much more rewarding exercise, but I'm afraid a lot of (especially long-established) fans do prefer the nostalgia. Oh well.

Incidentally, RUNE made it here in $2\frac{1}{2}$ days. Incredible, isn't it? And not a sora tch on it. How much did you have to bribe the P.O.?

DARROLL PARDOE

Dear Fred,

Brian Tannahill
615 East 69 Street
Kansas City, MO 64131
3/11/75

I really wasn't trying to put you on the defensive when I said RUNE wasn't a clubzine. I had been thinking of a "clubzine" as something focusing almost exclusively on the club. If you use that definition RUNE isn't a clubzine. But the other definition, the one I wasn't thinking of, is that a clubzine is published by the club and written by the club, for their amusement and covering any topics anyone wants to write about. The second definition is the better one, and it does fit RUNE.

And I'm not critisizing your editorial personality, uhuhnotmenosirreebub. It's just that you do dominate the zine so that it seems more like Fred Haskell's fanzine than Minn-stf's. Your comments in the lettercolumn help to make it the most interesting part of each issue. Maybe what I really meant is what Sam Long said: it's "not just a clubzine".

The lettercol in number 42 doesn't seem to suffer from your editing the letters



here and there. Mike Wood is right, there should be some editing. I recall a couple of puns I made in my letter that I was rather ashamed of (the puns, not the letter). I was just as glad not to have them printed, they might have runed my good standing in fandom. Use your own judgment on what should be printed. That's what you're there for.

How do you say "Minn-stf," is it "Minn-stuff"? It looks fine on paper but sounds rather strange. I've never really cared for saying "Kassfus," but it's easier than spitting out "K,a,C,S,F,F,S." Not all acronyms do that to me, but the worst is saying "suffwa" for the SFWA.

Finally, I'm glad to be able to say that due to an oversight at the Post Awful, all my copies of RUNE have arrived in good condition.

BRIAN TANNAHILL

Yes, well, I'm sorry that I got carried away in my reply -- I can see that your "perspective" wa s more for the sake of humor than anything else. So now that that's all cleared away, you can go back to writing your humorous letters (which, by the way, I hope you do -- I must admit that I prefer your "silly" letters to your sercon ones).

It turned out that editing letters wasn't as hard as I had thought it would be. I guess now all I have to do is to get better at editing....

"Minn-stf" is pronounced "Minn-steff." I've always thought that it was a rather pleasant sounding "word." } }

Rich Bartucci
Box 369, KCCOM
2105 Independence Ave.
Kansas City, MO 64124
3/12/75

Goodfan Haskell:

"Halftime at the Congames" was interesting. I particularly liked the thought of Risk being played with live people. Just think -- large-scale invasions, real blood, agony, pain and suffering... Hey, wait a minute there....

I'm a wargamer, and I recall the Philadelphia Modification imposed on Risk; every player gets a grease pencil and a straightedge, and is allowed to draw in an invasion route when he wants to. The only trouble with that sort of thing is that the route stays open thereafter, so you might just get back in kind what you dished out. Imagine being able to invade North Africa from Vladivostok.... Better yet, something I just thought of: warp invasions. Just appear out of anywhere into any area you like. It could add a whole new dimension to the game. Like constant fear...

"Wa tch Out" was more chaotic than last time, but then, what's infinity to the $n+1$ power compared to infinity to the n ?

Ground-up pulp magazines infiltrated into pies was a measure developed and first used during the First World War. On Thursday, 13 December 1916, sweet-potato pies containing shredded copies of Gemütlichkeit Spielenstunde magazine were dropped over the lines of the 3rd Battalion, His Majesty's Own Folkestone Yeomanry. Ravenous after three months of Royal Army Rations, the Yeomen engulfed pie after pie, without questioning the source, until they were incapacitated. An attack of the 3rd Guards Division rolled the Yeomen from their positions in a daring night assault, only to be repulsed by swift counterattacks undertaken by the 24th Regiment of Foot, the Abercrombie and Fitch Highlanders, and the 91st Battalion of the Royal Forest & Moor Wardens (these last were only in the area to counter a threatened outbreak of Dutch Elm Disease among the oak trees that sheltered the artillery of X Corps).

While Lieutenant-General Hans Ficken, the brilliant but erratic instigator of the pulp-pie maneuver, maintained that the idea was basically sound in spite of the overall failure of the endeavor, the German High Command refused to utilize the device again until November 6, 1918, when a number of pies were abandoned in the Meuse-Argonne Forest to be found and devoured by two companies of the 82nd Infantry Division (American). It is noteworthy that these two companies were never heard from again.

Personally, I don't believe in "free will;" a wise man once told me tha the Cosmic Divinator determines your activities by the fall of the raisins in an infinite bowl of Granola. Speaking of which....

RICH BARTUCCI

++Around here, they've invented a couple of interesting variants on RISK. One of them, "Phantom Zone Risk" involves using two boards. One board is set up in the normal fashion (and with the normal rules applying to everything on that board), and the other board is set up next to it and is the phantom zone. At the beginning of the game, armies are placed on the real board according to the normal procedures, and nothing is placed on the phantom zone board. Armies may be moved from any country on the real board to the same country on the phantom zone board (and vice versa); and on the phantom zone board armies need not be left behind when passing through a country. This makes movement on the phantom zone board pretty unrestricted until people begin building up on it. An occupied country on the phantom zone board is the same as one on the real board -- to enter it (from an adjacent country or from the same country on the real board) you must attack following the normal rules. A further variant (used more often in conjunction with Phantom Zone than with normal Risk) is "Mad Bomber" -- after each round, a card is drawn from the spare deck for each board, and the country drawn is decimated by the Mad Bomber: all armies on the country are wiped out, and the country becomes impassable for the remainder of the game. (Usually a chess piece is used to mark the country where the Mad Bomber has hit.) (If any of the local Risk fans feel I didn't do justice to either or both of these variants by my explanations, you're welcome to write a letter explaining better....)++

Denise Stokes
24761 West Outer Drive
Melvindale, Mich. 48122
3/13/75

Dear Fred,

Hiya! I shoulda sent this dollar the day I read you were gonna switch to paid subscriptions (that must mean something!) but I never was one to do what I'm 'sposta. RUNE is getting more and more fun to read -- it used to be strictly a Minneapolis-oriented paper, but with the broadening of it's contextual base, I'm finding it more and more entertaining and informative. I honestly think you made a big difference in RUNE, and one that makes it a really excellent fanzine. Is there no end, Mr. Haskell?

DENISE STOKES

Tom Digby
1043 N. Curson Ave. #6
L.A., Calif. 90046
3/18/75

Dear Fanzine,

Looking through and finding comment hooks....

If you want bylaws to put in the mill for the next bylaws-amendmending orgy, I suggest:

"All of our bylaws are written in verse
With definite rhythm and rhyming and form.
And every amendment, for better or worse,
If it be lengthy or if it be terse,
Regardless of whether a blessing or curse,
Will have to adhere to the norm."

If this passes then it will of course be necessary to recast all the existing bylaws into rhyme also, but that should be a trivial matter considering the talent available (like at least a couple of songwriters). And after one of the many musicians in the club becomes sufficiently famous that people will buy anything they do on name alone, the whole thing can be set to music and recorded, with subsequent amendments put out on singles (assuming the main body is an LP). If the club is listed as composer then the royalties will eliminate any requirement to collect dues or otherwise try to pry out of the members.

if douglas barbour8s typer is like mine the letter supposedly all in lower case is not consistently so since such items as parentheses, apostrophes, underscores, ampersands, number signs, and question marks are all upper case.

On clubs -- LASFS is not quite like any of the others. People start arriving around 1930hr Thursdays and the meeting is supposed to start at 2000hr although it usually starts about 15 minutes late. Meeting officially consists of (usually) reading of the minutes, treasury report (of some seriousness since the club owns its own meeting building), a short auction, introduction of guests (non-members get three free meetings as a sort of Introductory Offer), committee reports (if there is anything to report), Old and New business, announcements, reviews, and maybe a program. Announcements are of whatever anybody wants to announce, including parties, new books, jokes about Comet Schmidlap, stuff for sale, items in the paper, etc., etc. Reviews are of anything anybody wants to review -- usually books or movies, but sometimes things like new restaurants nearby. All during the meeting people are

socializing in the hallway, the back room, the library, and too often in the meeting room itself, while APA-L is being collated in the APA-L room. Munchies are not usually provided but there is a hamburger stand a block away and a market across the street. Then after the program the meeting adjourns to more socializing and/or lining up for APA-L disties, by which time it is maybe 2200 or 2230hr and people start wandering off to home or a restaurant, sometimes to stay until 0100 or so.

There is also a Board of Directors which meets Sunday afternoons every two months or so and hashes over some of the heavier business. Theoretically every member is welcome to attend but few bother.

My favorite concept of alternate worlds is like a sponge in maybe five dimensions. First off, when a split occurs (at some kind of decision point -- exactly what will influence details like numbers but not much else) the whole universe does NOT split all at once. Instead, the split radiates outward from its origin at the speed of light, sort of like a hyper-dimensional blister, so that the little matter of whether the South or North wins the Civil War does not show up in the affairs of the Andromeda Galaxy for some little time yet. And universes also merge. Any time you have a situation in which the past can never be known, such as when the only record of some event is lost, there has been a merger of several pasts leading up to a single present. This may be happening on the subatomic level if your universes are splitting every time an electron can go a different way, or it may be only at major events -- Perhaps the past in which the CIA killed John Kennedy is merging with that in which Oswald did it alone, for instance. Thus the number of universes, though it may be huge and constantly varying both in space and in time, stays roughly constant.

Free Will? That may or may not tie in. Possibly all the alternates are real, but only for physical bodies -- the "you" inside gets to choose its path through the maze of choices. Or perhaps some other situation holds.

My enjoyment of the crossword puzzle on the last page was somewhat hampered by your leaving out the definitions. However, I think I have managed to reconstruct them and would like them confirmed before working the puzzle itself:

ACROSS 25Feb "Worlds of ___" /2Mar "God is my ___-pilot" /5Mar Fanzine exchange society
10Mar a rat as a title character in a movie /16Mar "___ Dog Band" /22Mar first person
singular pronoun /23Mar "___ Olde Antique Shoppe" /26Mar sick /30Mar "APA- ___" (Los Angeles)
2Apr "after this" /6Apr hurt /11Apr adult movie rating /15Apr kind of psychic ability
21Apr opposite of "down" /24Apr "___ on parle Francais" DOWN 23Feb Official Collator
28Feb SF freak /3Mar double-reed instrument /26Feb type of publications /16Mar clubs
love to amend these /28Mar year of Heicon /8Apr "___-cat" /17Apr 3.14159etc /25Apr
"Middle ___"

While we're on the subject of RUNE, I might as well put in a dollar for another year of it.

TOM DIGBY

Only Ken and God know the original definitions that go with the crossword puzzle on the last page of lastish, but yours seem to work so why not. Thanks....

Buck Coulson
Route 3
Hartford CITY, IN 47348
3/19/75

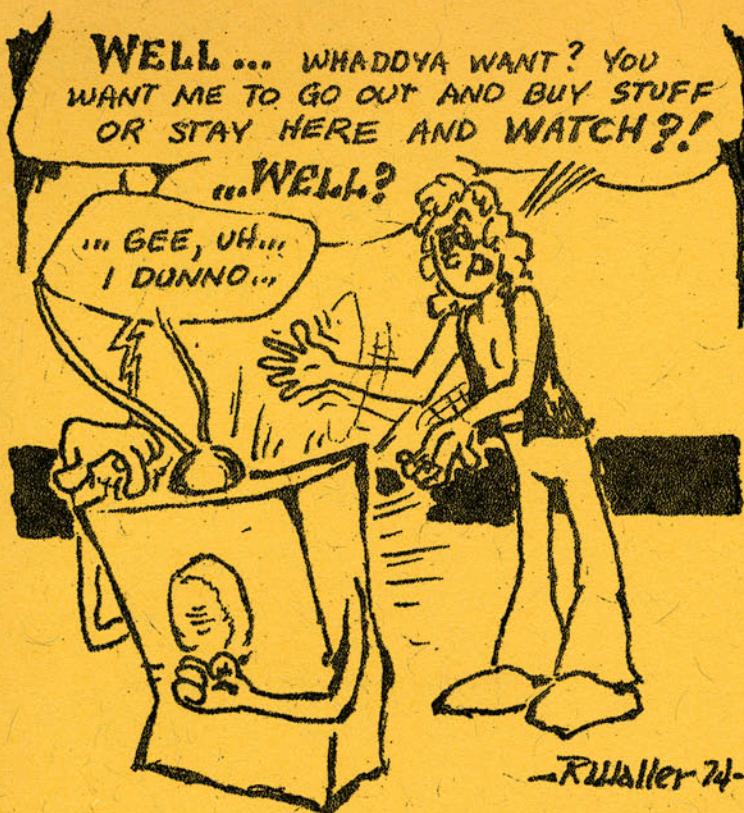
Dear Fred,

I wonder if you did that deliberately to get a letter out of me? Addressing RUNE 42 to "Hartford, IN 47348," that is. There aint no Hartford, IN; it's Hartford City. (The "City" part may be in the imagination of the city fathers and the post office, but it's still official.) Pity the poor postman; the same day we got a letter from Freff addressed to "Yandro and Its Keepers" at Route 3, etc., and a couple of days ago one came in addressed to DEVLINS REVIEW, Route 3, etc. (That last one arrived with a question mark affixed by someone along the line; they're pretty good at delivering weirdly addressed mail, but there are no guarantees.)

I suppose now that I have a letter actually started, I might as well comment on the thing.

Nice of you to date your letters; I was about to take Tucker to task for not reading my reviews when I noted that at the time he wrote, my review hadn't been published. I might even copy that idea for our letter column -- except that half the writers don't date their letters to us, which makes for a bit of a problem.

Right; editing letters is easy -- and it gives you a feeling of power.



Fred:

There was a fannish ditto in East Lansing from 1964 through 1968, though Mike Wood might not have known of it. Rich Mann, then OE of Apa45, had a tiny ditto machine that turned out perfect copy, day and night. When Rich transferred out, I immediately bought my own, primitive, flat bed ditto machine, which churned out 500 pages for Apa45 between then and 1968 when I left Michigan.

While I sympathize with Bob Tucker's irritation that people felt ICE AND IRON should have had a more conventional ending, I didn't like it either, not because the ending was unconventional but because it didn't seem to go any place at all. There was never any significant interplay between the two cultures. It was rather like RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA -- a nice tour without much substance.

The movie with Jim Arness as the vegetable that Sam Long was groping for is THE THING, made from Campbell's WHO GOES THERE?

DON D'AMMASSA

Samuel S. Long
Box 4946
Patrick AFB, Fla. 32925

Dear Fred

Thanks for RUNE 42: copies of Q8 are winging their way Minnesota-wards for the deliction of MSP-fandom; I hope you enjoy it and will LoC.

Here's my LoC on RUNE: a damn ghood fanzine. Is Minneapolis Yellow any relation to Acapulco Gold?

Halftime at Congames: hilarious and exceedingly faanish. Did Harlan Son of Ellis throw out the first dice because tra dition says he must throw out at least two, or becasue of the monitory phrase "Never say die"?

The history of words meaning "young female" in English (and other languages) is interesting. One by one they come into use on a high level, become debased, either coming to mean servant (maid) or whore (wench). Whore itself is cognate with chere, dear. Words for "young male" also change, but less rapidly and with less distortion than those for "young female": consider the words youth, swain, lad, &c. All with the exception of knave are neutral.

To Brian Tannahill: hitting people with a clubzine like RUNE could give them a distorted view of the fannish press.

Aside from enjoying good, bad and indifferent puns, I'll go along with Harry. I dislike fighting with other fans (and if you'll all quit disagreeing with me we'll get along splendidly), and while I have firm preferences about food, they're all in favor of eating at home. (Not my own cooking, either, though I don't have any humorous disasters in the culinary line to relate. Mine are more pitiful.)

BUCK COULSON

“No, it wasn't intentional, but seeing as how it worked I'll have to remember it....

Glad you like the dating of letters. I have noticed that while not all people date their letters, the post office does (and it's usually legible). So if a letter isn't dated, I check the postmark before I throw out the envelope....”

Don D'Amassa
19 Angell Drive
E. Prov., RI 02914
3/20/75

Wayne W. Martin
4623 E. Inyo, Apt. E
Fresno, Calif. 93702
3/22/75

Dear Fred:

RUNE 42 graced my mail box the other day and I now sit down to write you a letter. Your requirement of last issue that locs be publishable (the point on which Glicksohn dwelt with all of his Mikeishness -- or is that "Mike dwelt with all of his Glickschnishness"?) put a slight stymie in the hows of getting RUNE, but I lucked out and you printed my letter -- this time, but what about next, I worry -- and I had sent a copy of my zine. Well, I should have my second issue ready to send in time, which if you people are in a good mood.... Then there is this feeble attempt at a loc....

Okay, who did the illustration onpage 28? It isn't listed in the art credits and isn't signed (that I can find).

HALFTIME at the CONGAMES was an enjoyably amusing article, but I think a rundown of the complete game itself is called for. Get Jerry Stearns to his typer and demand he complete a script for the game itself.

Alright, you're at it again. Who did the NIGHTREADER -- the review of MACROSCOPE? It was very good and a natural assumption would be Dave Wixon, again; but something about it didn't have the same feel of his writing (what little I've seen of it). Yet, it did show traces of Wixon's writing style.

Fourteen pages of letters. That's a sizable group of locs alright. Strange characters you have showing up in there. Dan Feyma certainly is having his problems. By some chance, did somebody let him onto the Congame field of competition without telling him what it was?

Bob Tucker and Robert Bloch in your letter column? Well, I guess you can't have all big names, but those two aren't even in the same class with Carlyle Botts. Better luck next time. Glicksohn too, huh? He ain't much better than the other two. Tell the truth, you wrote the whole letter column yourslef, didn't you? Nobody really writes letters like that. Real people don't say those kind of things. The only legit thing was the AHFs.

WAYNE W. MARTIN

Actually, we prefer to trade all-for-all with other fanzines (not only is it simpler that way -- we think it's the fairest and best way), so you don't have to worry as much about getting your zine out in time for each issue of RUNE. (The only reason we say "if you've been getting RUNE in trade, and your zine was not listed last issue, nor this issue, and won't reach us in the near future -- best you drop us a line, lest we drop you" in the fanzine listings this time is that we are finally revising the mailing list, and want to "clean out" those people who haven't published in years and are no longer interested. But normally -- no problem.)

These is no illustration on page 28 of RUNE42. That's why it wasn't listed in the art credits....

I guess I might just as well fess up -- "the Nightreader" is a House Penname for anyone who wants to write a review anonymously....

And yes, I did write all of the lettercol last time myself -- just as I am doing this time. It's an old trick I learned from MAD, NATIONAL LAMPOON, and some of the "men's magazines." I guess that's doing pretty well for someone who's a hoax himself, eh??

douglas barbour
10808 - 75th avenue
edmonton, alberta t6e 1k2
canada
3/24/75

dear fred:

RUNE received & read, & enjoyed. thankee, thankee. i'll only comment, as i have so little time to write, on what i really dug (im afraid im not that into fandom yet, to really get off on "halftime at the congames" tho i can see it was well done).

your lettercol is good, you know, just as all the letterwriters in it say. it contains the first harry warner letter ive seen in which he plays a joke. delightful. & im with bob tucker versus the reviewers-who-want-an-ending-they-can-tell-immediately-is-an-ending. dont give in, let them



try to work their imaginations. of course, i still have to read the book, so maybe im speaking out of turn. but one can be too kind to these ~~bastards~~ gentlemen too often (says i, who's only too often a reviewer).

dave wixon's review bothered me this time. it was, is, will be?, an interesting little play with the idea the novel apparently plays with too, but it doesn't tell me very much about the novel, & like, dave, im rather interested in meredith, precisely because WE ALL DIED AT BREAKAWAY STATION was a pretty damned good novel of its kind (meredith is not a stylist of the class of say, le guin, russ, or delany, but he can write, & he gets inside some of the events in his stories quite well). WE ALL DIED was especially good on aliens because they remained totally alien -- no communication possible. it also had some really interesting high violent scenes. really interesting because they seemed to do more than merely give us some blood & gore for the thrill of it all. so: whatin'ell does AT THE NARROW PASSAGE do? dave doesn't say much, nothing like what he tells us about ICE AND IRON last ish.

& the one time he seems to be dealing with a really new concept, that of making the mind sanp, he waffles away & refuses to explain just what a sanping session might be like. it appears he's experienced this. well, the rest of us want to know what it's like. sounds interesting, if a bit hard, & even bothersome. is it worth it? how does one prepare for a sanping session? i want to know, & i feel dave wixon is culpably mean not to have gone into the whole business at greater length. im looking forward to a loong article in the next RUNE on the subject.

douglas barbour

++You know, I didn't realize it until I was in the midst of typing the letters up this time, but RUNE does have a good lettercol (I probably still wouldn't realize it if I hadn't heard about it from so many different directions -- I'm a bit thick some times...). The only irritating thing about it to me is that I really can't take any credit for it -- the reason the lettercol is good is that so many interesting and entertaining people choose to write letters to the RUNE. I really do hope you all continue to do so -- it's so much fun this way!

Sorry, no article on sanping thish. But I do have some of my staff working on it, so perhaps soon....++

Ben P. Indick
428 Sagamore Avenue
Teaneck, N.J. 07666
3/25/75

Dear Rune,

After that ruinously funny cover, what's left? Terrible, awful, shockingly vulgar...but it made me laugh....

What gives in Mpls/Minn anyway? It is a veritable hotbed of intellectual and artistic fervour all of a sudden. Just yesterday I wrote to one of your prime madmen, Joseph A West, Lovecraftian artist/poet/lunatic extraordinaire (and a heap big favorite of mine) and subtitled the address "The Athens of America." Lovecraft-wise, Arkham seems to have been transported to your place. Would HPL recognize his dour New Englanders among all those Swedes? I think I use more stamps to Minn lately than to local department stores (then again, maybe my wife has been doing less shopping.)

Anyway: let's see, you have 48 Voting Members and a few dozen more sometime-people...I must bashfully admit I only know a few names, but they're good'uns...Chris Sherman, Ruth Berman (poem) Kirby McC is in NY now, I think...I met him there anyway... I don't think a society of similar style exists here. Is there a different fan/friendly feeling in MplsMinn? I do think I'd be glad to attend some meetings of a group here, if there were a convivial one. There used to be and mayhap still is one of the earliest, in Newark, NJ, the ESFA; I went to meetings years ago, and tried one a while back, but it was without any oomph. No women, for one thing, and they would help. (I offer this observation with no intimations of intimacy. Just good old fanfren.) Bob Tucker's letter seems to say much the same thing, about your being such a fine and fannish place.

I even get the feeling you guys are showing off. I mean WHY send a clubzine with minutes and all around the country? Well, your comic strip is one good zany reason why, and the Prologue at the end of the magazine is another; a zippy lettercol is to the good also.

As for Monty Python, I am afraid one minute of laugh for ten minutes of arid silliness, wherein the ancient British delusion that a man dressed as a lady is hilarious is driven into our eyeballs with huge jackhammers, ain't my cup of afternoon tea. Then again, I'm a grump.

Anyway, thank you for a breezy, entertaining zine, which I shall now lay upon some unsuspecting folks in my pharmacy to read in the john, instead of AMERICAN DRUGGIST, which they have read 100 times at least without titillation. RUNE will destroy the buggers!

BEN INDICK

"Gee, Ben, I dunno. Maybe it's sumptin in the air or sumptin. Or the climate. I dunno.... I'm not going to worry about it, though -- Bozohess Marches On! (I just flashed on a Mary Tyler Moore episode in which she would "fall down the rabbit hole" and discover Minn-stf. That would freak-out her (as well as middle-america), eh?)

RUNE in the john, eh? You do have your Captain Faan Conversion Kit handy so you can pounce on them as they wander out in a daze, don't you? Why, in no time at all you'd have yourself an interesting and thriving Fan Group right there in Teaneck, so you could have fun meetings to go to...."

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, Maryland 21740
3/28/75

Dear Fred:

Maybe the postal people were as impressed as fandom by your revival of The Ink in Yellow, because the 42nd RUNE reached me with no injury more severe than one dislocated staple. This might have a good effect, in the end, because it reminded me that I have been virtually out of staple's for several years, and no fan should be low on that vital necessity, even if he doesn't staple his own fanzines. I'll try to buy some to fit my stapler as soon as my vacation arrives, because it might take several days. I went to three office supply firms here the other day before finding one that had correction fluid in stock.

Halftime at the Congames was amusing, although it left me wishing material like this could be distributed in audio form. I know one fan who has a sound synthesizer, at least one or two fans work in radio stations with much complex tape equipment, and it must be inevitable that someone will come along eventually who will have the facilities and willingness to duplicate tapes rapidly enough for a sound fanzine. There have been such things in the past, but always in editions of just one or two copies, to be sent from one fan to another. What we need is someone who can turn out copies which can be kept by anyone who supplies blank tape for the purpose.

The pages containing the MSFS's election procedure frightened me. Are you sure that you aren't the new name for the Republican National Committee or a new, democratic version of The Family, or something of that sort? Such elaborate precautions against election shenanigans seem destined for some tremendous cause rather than a fan club up in the frozen north. Or maybe you've struck gold somewhere near the Twin Cities and that's why a fair election is a necessity.

The lettercol embarrasses me somewhat because you ran so much of my loc and cut some of the others mercilessly. Remember, I see my comments in fanzines to and beyond the point of my satiety and the most unkindest cuts of all are the ones that fanzine editors do not make on my locs. I always write a prompt loc to a fanzine when it has announced that it won't publish another issue, simply because it's so nice to know that those two pages will never bob up in print to haunt me.

It wasn't an advertising executive who invented sci-fi. It was Ackerman, who proudly admits responsibility and spent part of a recent interview or speech or something explaining how it happened. I don't like the term, either, but I've often wondered why almost all fans agree with me in this reaction. Is it the sound of the words that annoy fans? Or the fact that it forces a mispronunciation of the first i in fiction? Originally, fans may have objected because so many were interested in good sound reproduction, and were angry at the way "high fidelity", a term which began as a meaningful reference to good audio equipment's performance, was seized upon by Madison Avenue and in its shortened hi-fi version, was being employed to boost sales of \$9.98 transistor radios and even children's wind-up record players. But after all these years, young fans couldn't be expected to know all this, and still fans mostly dislike the term.

Malcolm J. Kudra has a sound idea in his current address file proposal. The simplest way to compile a basic and up to date fan directory would be by persuading each worldcon committee to provide a copy of its membership list. This would include the bulk of the names and addresses would be only a few months out of date, at worst. Come to think of it, a worldcon committee might pick up some extra cash this way: distribute the membership list with its final PR, perhaps, to each member. Presumably, it would acquire a fair quantity of supporting members who wouldn't join if it weren't for the chance to get an up to date fan directory in this year, since

they have no intention of going to the con, and their money would be mostly profit for the committee. The task of a private individual in fandom who decided to ask everyone to send him name and address for an independent publication would be enormous; there wouldn't be enough volunteers and he would need to do endless searching through fanzine letter columns and begging for local club rosters and so forth.

Maybe Tucker could describe a worldcon in the new ending for the Ballantine edition of ICE AND IRON. Such quantities of ice are consumed at each worldcon that his hero's problem should be solved.

The idea of parallel worlds has always fascinated me, too. But Dave Wixon didn't mention one way in which we can have their benefits without needing the assumption that they exist. Isn't the jury still out on the question of whether the universe is finite or infinite? If there's a possibility that the universe is infinite, then we needn't worry about parallel worlds. If the universe goes on and on, there automatically exist infinite millions of other Earths, an infinite number of which are identical to this one, and infinite numbers of others that differ in degrees ranging from imperceptible to enormous.

The artwork retains its usual high caliber. The front cover is spectacular in theme and execution, Watch Out! is somewhat more exciting than is good for my ancient nerves but I risked poring over it anyway, and some kind of special medal of honor should go to the inspired little "Anyone here know Latin?" sketch on an unnumbered page of the letter section.

You really should include references to Monty Python films only for recipients who are geographically able to do something about them. It's bad enough that I must ruin my eyesight trying to see the television series flickering and fading from a UHF transmitter almost a hundred miles from Hagerstown, because the Baltimore PBS station and those which I can pick up readily in Virginia and West Virginia won't schedule Flying Circuses. Now you have to go and tantalize me with an announcement of a movie which I can't go to without losing a night's sleep.

HARRY WARNER, JR.

There have been a number of interesting theories put forth about out election procedures, Harry. One is that in Minn-stf, where there are so many thoroughly bozo fans, the few serconists must be exceptionally zealous in order to compensate. Another has it that there is nothing so straight and complex as a bozo pretending to be sercon. And I've even heard some go so far as to suggest that the nefarious Dr. Dodd Clegler, the self-appointed King of the ~~self~~ Serconian World Conspiracy, has been observed lurking around Business Meetings. (Stranger still is the cryptic note I received yesterday, which read: "d) none of the above.") So the definitive answer to this mystery is still not known to this reporter....

Your capacity to become embarrassed amazes me -- it almost surpasses my own. Just remember, Harry, that I know that you know what you wrote -- it's for the benifit of the other seven-hundred and some odd readers of RUNE that I print your letters....

I don't know about others, but I think that the major reason I don't like the term "sci-fi" is that it does have such a glittery plastic MadAve sort of sound to it. You know, "Fourty great timeless themes from fourty great timeless works of fiction, all in glorious steorio sci-fi!"

You may console yourself with the fact that here in Minneapolis, we really get eyestrain watching Monty Python on the ~~self~~ tellyvision, as the nearest station which carries them is on the East coast!

Thanks for your rather delightful letter! :)

Al Sirois
533 Chapel St.
New Haven, Conn. 06511
3/31/75

Dear Fred:

Happy April Fool's Day Eve to ya. What better time to LoC RUNE? I enjoyed the return to "Minneapolis Yellow" ... even tho I never saw the original. Suffice it to say, that Minneapolis Yellow gets you off.



That cover....*cough*. Yes, that...cover....was pretty good. *ahem* I think I'm going to Xerox it and hang it on my joke wall. (Which is really the side of my filing cabinet -- my "place of honor" as it were.) I sure did like that cover. Yep.

HALFTIME AT THE CONGAMES was one of the funnier things I've run across in zines so far this year. Stuff like this often tends to fly apart at the seams, especially when it runs to 3½ pages like this, but, aside from a bit of straining which became evident at times, the whole piece hung together well, and was relentless without getting too self-indulgent or spastic. I even understood some of the in-jokes. I must be reading too many fanzines...or at least reading too much RUBE. Damn good thing I used to watch ROCKY & HIS FRIENDS; all that talk of upsidaisum and like that....*sigh* Makes me feel like a kid again....

I just realized that ~~*NOCRES~~ spelled backwards is "SERCON". Do This Mean Something?

Being not sure whose side I'm on ("Psst! Whose side are you on?" "Side Two!") there is a buck-enclosed so I can keep getting your stupid fanzine. RU?E is the closest thing to NATIONAL LAMPOON fandom has managed to vomit forth.

douglas barbour can't spell. why no capitals? is he, too, a cockroach?

I'm getting sick of Malcolm Kudra's puns. The Canfield drawing goes well with his LoC, tho. Even looks like him. Get him to tell you about COSMIC TURKEY, the world's most expensive one-shot, sometime....after I'm gafiated. What with GIGO, it's no wonder he saw his name five times in ROOF #41. A hint, Malcolm: If you wanna see your name in print even more often, change it to MEN'S ROOM.

I really like that Ice Lolly cartoon of Foster's. The stick looks just like rocket exhaust. Or, as Tom Swift (or was it Kimball Kinnison? The two are so...) used to say, "Rocketwash."

I think that by calling Traffic a protest-rock group, with reference to John Barleycorn, Fred, you're taking a lot for granted.

I have no comments on Sirois' LoC this time. I thought it used to be longer....

Sam Long: Can it be that you have forgotten that James Arness played the super-carrot in THE THING???? How could anyone forget the name of that film? Boy, it sure scared hell out of me the first time I saw it, at age 9. I still enjoy it, and I have no idea how many times I've seen it. I think it's one of the more successful "monster" type (yeah, I know, what other kind are there?) sf movies ever made. For a change the producer (Howard Hawks) didn't blow the mood of the piece by showing the audience every detail of the Thing's appearance, down to the last acne scar; there is never a long (temporally speaking) shot of Arness. This is in the fine tradition of horror fantasy, i.e. allusion and hinting, giving your imagination just enough to work on to scare the mundanity out of you. I sure do enjoy that film, even tho it has its faults. Pound for pound, it's one of the best.

I agree with that Sohn-of-a-Glick; RUNE is fun(e). I enjoy it more than almost any other fanzine I get, and to date I've only read three issues.

My club is sorta like parts of each of the three types (uh, that should be types) that Jon talks about....jeez, it even sounds as if he knows what he is talking about. That can't be true....Anyway, NHSFFA is getting odder in its old age. For one thing, I am now the President, mostly because Slavinsky didn't want the job; he has all the fun editing ANOMALY, but he won't take on the responsibility of running the club. Shit. So I concocted a newsletter for us, which seems to be getting good response, and, with one of the other members, outlined a sort of RUNE-ish spin-off zine called PVENUS PFLYTRAP which we are putting to bed as of 4/30, the last date that we will accept contribs. Yeah. As if anyone outside the club (and now, you, there in your ivory tower) knows about PP.

MIKE WOOD: In re Fred editing letters: I can you doestime, however. No. Think does? Can't.

What is the illo on page 29 supposed to be? My copy is all fuzzy, and seems to have been run off separately from the printed part of the page. It looks vaguely like something Fred Schrier once did in an underground comic called MEEF. Come to think of it, RUNE and MEEF actually have a lot in common in certain ways. MEEF is more intelligent, tho.

I liked Wixon's thingie on parallel universes (universi?). I enjoyed the way he carried the idea to extremes. If he ever does get the full thing written, maybe

you'll either print it or tell us readers where it will be printed. It's certainly the only thing in your lousy fanzine which has anything to do with sf.

AL SIROIS

Bink
PO Box 160
Hazeldean, Ontario K0A 2B0
Canada
4/4/75

Dear FreH,

This is to let Mike know that more than one of your Canadian readership has been growing alarmingly (I was tempted to spell that "readershit" but I restrained myself). Since June last year, I put on 30 lbs. However, that must have taken me to my critical mass, because on the 21st of March, I experienced Traumatic Fission. The smaller part weighed 9 lbs. That'll teach ya not to keep track of us up here in the Northern Wilderness, won't it Mike?

Now FreH, I'll bet all the girls are dying to know which was your first Worldcon. If you tell, that should pin it down to just 10 or 20, leaving the remaining unnumbered (and uncountable) (or is that unaccountable?) dearly beloved free to sigh in relief that they, at least, are not to blame -- unless, of course, the first time you made love, it wasn't with a girl (which among fans, doesn't mean necessarily that the being was male either). Then again, maybe you ought not to tell. There's no telling how many jealous husbands may have accumulated in the meantime and it might actually be hazardous to your health.

BINK

++I don't quite see how revealing which Worldcon I first attended would give one of those hypothetical newly-acquired jealous husbands any more useful knowledge of the situation than he already had. Unless the presumption is made that he already has a certain amount of information and isn't bothered by it, but would be bothered if he found out that it was my first time. The more I think about it, the more confusing it becomes. In any case, I suppose that it's for the best that my lips are sealed on the question of which was my first Worldcon. (My fingers, on the other hand...)++

Renee M. Valois
2014 N. Cleveland Ave.
St. Paul, MN 55113

Hello up there...

I couldn't believe it when RUNE 42 showed up in my mailbox. One of those legendary fanzines, no less! I want to keep it coming, so accompanying this letter is a beautiful, crisp (devalued) dollar bill.

I was really surprised to discover an authentic science fiction society in Minnesota. I'd love to join (hint, hint --). By the way...how do you join? (Just out of curiosity, of course.)

I'll be looking forward to seeing the next RUNE, and if possible, learning more about your stf society.

P.S. Have you read Dhalgren (by Samuel R. Delaney) yet? It's unbearably magnificent. Devastating! (and I really mean it)

RENEE VALOIS

++Joining Minn-stf is quite easy, actually. All you have to do is attend a meeting. (I don't remember the exact wording, but according to the By-Laws, any sentient being who (or which) attends a Minn-stf meeting is a member.) To become a Voting Member, said member must request membership and give his/her name and address to the secretary (i.e. signing the sign-in book & including your address), and he/she must attend seven or more meetings within the twelve months immediately preceding the election. Beyond that, all you need to know is where and when the meetings are held -- and that information should appear somewhere else in this issue. So now you know more than you ever wanted to about becoming a Minn-stf member. All you must do now is put this information to use (go ahead -- you'll probably find us to be a strangely fascinating bunch of weirdos).

I haven't read Dhalgren yet, but the Nightreader has. They give their views of it somewhere else in this issue....++

++Well, other than mentioning that we also heard from Flieg Hollander and K. Allen Bjorke, that about wraps it up for this time. Hope you enjoyed it! Vootie! FREDØØ

NIGHTREADER

Book Reviews

Newton and the Quasi-Apple, Stanley Schmidt, Doubleday, 1975, \$5.95.

This is a fairly standard plot concerning a primitive world being secretly observed by (advanced) humans, who are bound by a non-interference directive. When a spate of barbarism threatens to stifle the planet's most advanced civilization, the watchers get permission to act.

Unfortunately, that action inadvertently discredits the work of a local genius, who is combining the advances of Copernicus and Newton: now what?

It is never made clear just what purpose the watchers are supposed to serve, and the book could well have been made longer for that reason. This would also have made the conclusion more pointed. The novel begins excellently as a well-executed portrait of the alien genius and his culture. Alas, the later part of the book, revolving around the humans, is more prosaic and less alive, less real. The denouement becomes slightly stale.

On the whole, a pleasant short exercise in entertainment, which could have been more. Trivial but mildly amusing.

Dhalgren, Samuel R. Delany, Bantam Y8554, 1975, \$1.95.

Gobble-gobble!

It has been advertised that this novel was four years in the writing. Well, it is a very long book. But all that means is that the reader is left to feel he has wasted a greater amount of time.

This book is not science-fiction (the cover blurbs have nothing to do with the book inside -- do not be deceived!), but rather an attempted "psychological" novel. It doesn't come off, for the characters are all unconvincing, motiveless madmen.

There is no plot, but a series of incidents, some well-portrayed, but mostly unclear, and vague in continuity and meaning. Strange things happen, but they have no meaning. The characters wander in a fog (so does the reader), and eventually don't even notice it. The book is deadly long and unevenly. One is grateful when it ends, and not surprised that there is no conclusion.

The worst part is that this seems to be one of those novels which the author purposely made this way. He may see meaning in it, or he may think it is "art." The reader is left only confusion and resentment.

The Man in the Maze, Robert Silverberg, Avon Equinox 21915, \$1.95.



A man with a hideous mental scar exiles himself from the human race in the middle

of a strange city on a deserted planet. The city is huge, and empty, but is still alive. And it is deadly. For some unknown reason, its vanished builders made of it a maze -- one with all sorts of ingenious death traps. The man who wanted to be alone guaranteed his privacy by making his home in the center of that maze, where no man had gone before. And that was before this book even begins!

This book is a true classic of modern SF, and is probably the best pick so far in Avon's "SF Rediscovery" series (it's #5). It has plot -- the problem of how to cajole the hermit from his den in the face of a new need for the service only his peculiar affliction can provide -- and it has character development.

The affliction? The man leaks on the mental band.... In this, Silverberg retains the sombre outlook which has marked much of his best work. But it does not detract from -- is, indeed, at the hub of -- this story.

Maze is a piece of storytelling technical expertise, and a large measure of the ability the author has learned to command, on occasion. This book rivals Hawksbill Station as the author's best work.

Sign of the Unicorn, Roger Zelazny, Doubleday, 1975, \$5.95.

This third volume in the Amber series has been eagerly awaited by fans; they may be disappointed to a small extent.

The book is billed as "a complete adventure in its own right;" that is an overstatement. Although handicapped by the fact that I have read the first two books (there are two more to come), I believe that one who has not read Nine Princes in Amber and The Guns of Avalon will be somewhat confused inside this book.

Unicorn concerns itself primarily with developing further the internal politics of the royal family of the Universe, as they vie for the crown of their vanished father-King in the face of an unknown adversary from beyond the edge of Sanity. Not only do several of them wish the leadership, but it seems that one, at least, is a traitor.

In effect, this book seems to be only a transitional work before the great climax of the series. It will be a necessary part, but it gives a feeling of "marking time." It does not draw the reader along in the story as well as the earlier volumes; the action feels slightly contrived, and one feels it to be mere padding to make salable in its own right the stage directions of the next story. The feeling of incompleteness is typified by the unresolved mystery which ends the book.

Yet the book really suffers only in comparison to its enchanted predecessors; there is no shame in that. Read them all.



TALES FROM THE MINICON

(Being a compendium of reports and ramblings received to date, concerning Minicon Ten in some way or another. As you might already know, Minicon Ten (held April 18 through 20) was the most recent in our long series of crazy Minneapolis Conventions. The Guest of Honor was Poul Anderson, and the Fan Guest of Honor was Gordon R. Dickson (where else but in Crazy Minneapolis would Gordy have been Fan guest?). Toastmaster was Lester del Rey. There were 510 registered members, and a good time was had by all. Keep those cards and letters coming, folks, as we'll be glad to print more on the Con nextish.)

ON MINICON TEN

We went to a Convention
Whose name we'll presently mention;
We met a lot of fans;
We shook a hundred hands;
We drank a tub of whisky;
We got a little frisky;
Got kicked down the stairs,
Then we stood on our heads in chairs.
In spite of all this
We wouldn't have missed
Minicon Ten.

Some pros were there,
All willing to share
The tricks of a trade
Where money can be made.
"All you need is imagination
And a flair for incantation.
Good prose you'll always treasure
Because it gives your readers pleasure.
Don't take any crap from editors;
Practice dodging creditors.
Study upon science and
Form a secure alliance
With a good agent."
This they told us at
Minicon Ten.



We could go on and on for hours
Speaking of the powers
Discussed that fateful night,
But we don't wish to bore --
We only will implore --
If you think you'll be around at all,
Just come right down -- don't call.
Next time we'll look for you
To sit with us and hoist a few
And maybe sing or dance a bit
And think about what a hit
We'll be when we see you again
At the next Minicon Ten.

Excuse please, our Freudian slip,
We're trying too hard to appear super-hip!
We should have said we'll see you in heaven.
Right here.
Next year.
At Minicon Eleven!

JAY KRIDNER

WHAT MINICON MEANT TO ME - A Conreport from a long way away.

by Leigh Edmonds

Valma and I visited my Parents while the fans in Minneapolis treated themselves to yet another Minicon. I reckon that my parents are pretty alright people but even so Minicon might have been a nicer way to pass the weekend. Anyhow, we somehow managed to fit in our own little bit of conventioning.

Just the other side of Ballarat the land looked familiar. "Doesn't this remind you of the countryside that Jim Young drove us through in South Minnesota?" I asked. "Yes," Valma replied, "but their trees don't look like that." The land dipped every now and then, gently rolling with millions of years hard wear from the elements. In Australia it is old age that has softened the land, in Minnesota (so far as I remember) it is the glaciers from some ice age or another that have done the work. Either way the effect is the same. Earlier on in the day we had driven along the Tullamarine freeway which leads out to the airport. We'd felt mightily like following it to its full length, getting into an aeroplane and flying away - it's something we often feel like doing these days.

"Where do you want to go?" I asked and it was a toss up between Albuquerque and Minneapolis but we decided to go to Minneapolis finally. "If we catch a plane right now we should make it to at least some of the Minicon." But we took the Bendigo turn off and drove on to Dimboola instead.

Friday evening found us sitting with my parents, eyes pointed at the tv but voices going off in other directions. Mary Tyler Moore was doing her thing, bringing back memories of actually being inside the IDS building and also of watching the show on the Busby tv set in Seattle. There wasn't much to the show really, maybe just a little bit above the usual standard so we told my parents about Minneapolis once again and wished ourselves to Minicon - forget all improbabilities like the Date Line which say logically that the con is a long way off starting, all conventions begin when you think of them as having begun.

Later go to bed and sleep. Later still, get up and wander about. In the afternoon go for a drive in the country and take a walk along a track through the mallee which is short but interesting. Ponder the nature of the universe and stir up ants nests with the reward of seeing hundreds of little bodies running around in a frenzy. Ponder what people might be doing at Minicon. (Two strongest images are Fred Haskell playing and singing with Nate Bucklin and Gordy Dickson drinking some poor defenseless neo into a stupor.)

That evening my mother wasn't feeling so well - nothing serious. My parents are early to bed people anyhow so Valma and I were left up by ourselves looking at the tv. Everything was third rate, only we were not used to going to bed early so we stayed up and suffered. "The FBI" must be one of the most disinteresting tv shows there is but by co-incidence the tv station was showing an episode in which the mad bomber threatened to destroy one of the high-rise buildings in the Twin Cities. We didn't see much of the city and we saw too much chunderous plot but it was Minneapolis so we watched anyhow. Ain't tv wonderful.

On Sunday we drove back to Melbourne. We called in to visit fan friends in Ballarat which might be my favourite city in Australia. They showed us some of the sights we hadn't seen before and we accidentally ended up driving along this little road with the trees brushing the sides of the car and the suspension and the transmission suffering. When we got to the top of the road we discovered we'd been driving up a mini-bike track. So much for crazy Ballarat fandom. Crazy, but no match for crazy Minneapolis fandom.

Drive home, listen to two and a half hours of the Borgia family history on the

radio and go to bed. Get up and go to work.

That was our Minicon - we hope yours was as enjoyable. More so even,

* * *

FILKSONGS AT MINICON

by Brian Tannahill

For me, one of the highlights of the Minicon was the filksinging. When you sing long enough, it's hard to remember the words to all the songs and the words get all mixed up; but I'm sure I remembered all the right words to this one, my favorite.

MINIWOCKY

'Twas April, and the slithy fans
Did gyre and Gordo in the cold:
All Tuckered were the drunken slans,
And the mome raths wore gold.

"Go to the Minicon, my son!
Peanuts for all, parties that last!
Beware Bushyager's blog, and shun
The Haskellous bandersnatch!"

He took his dittoed zine in hand:
Long time the letterhack he sought --
So rested whom in the huckster's room,
And browsed a while in thought.

And as in fannish thought he stood,
The Minicon, with peanut shells,
Was cleaning up as fast it could,
All through the con hotel!

Filksing! Filksing! But now and then
Mundanes' complaints would halt the cry!
They'd start again, it would not wane
its spirit would not die.

"And wert thou at the Minicon?
A fan's delight, you lucky boy!
A trufan here! Get him a beer!"
He published in his joy.

'Twas April, and the slithy fans
Dis gyre and Gordo in the cold:
All Tuckered were the drunken slans,
And the mome raths wore gold.

* * *

MAILGRAM TO GORDON R. DICKSON -- 19 March, 1975
by Western Union

Please extend my apologies for being unable to attend Minicon. Unfortunately business is keeping me away. Have a good con and hoist one for me.

BEN BOVA

SON OF END OF THE WORLD

--by Dave Wixon

In the days when the Empire perished, the lights were going out. Many died, and most of those who remained alive were filled with doing just that. It had happened before, to various degrees. But there were a few men who, whatever were their motivations, tried to preserve some small part of the knowledge of their fathers.

The above is a very generalized description; it could apply to several parts of history. It could also be applied to a number of the histories of our futures, such as A Canticle for Leibowitz.

Such a story is a subspecies--a large one--of a familiar part of our literature: the end-of-the-world story. Of course, the "world" to be ended can range from the Universe through the Earth to--egotism--a nation or civilization. (Of course, if there is no afterlife, then one's personal death is indeed the end of the world!)

Since a total destruction implies that there is no longer a story to be told, most such stories really concern people who live through, or after, the End. Of particular interest to Americans are possible changes in the USA itself--those which might result from some catastrophic End. Nor are we alone in such chauvinism.

An End can come in many forms; in Michael Kurland's Pluribus, the latest dealing with the subject, it took the form of disease. With a large proportion of the population dead, and most of the rest blaming the catastrophe on Science, the technological base of civilization could not be maintained. So decay begins; for the educated few, a long process of survival and rebuilding is indicated.

Is indicated, that is, until it is learned that a mutant version of the deadly virus will probably soon destroy all but a few of the survivors--and from that End there could be no recovery for millennia. The rest of the book concerns itself with the struggle to avoid that End, and is strongly colored by the author's inventiveness, as he paints the disruptive, degrading effect the first "Death" had on America.

Here, as in innumerable works, we have the struggle of a small group of the educated to save the world, in the face of ignorant mankind's determination to hide its head in the sand. And to kill all who don't care for sand. Small pockets of the elite adopt various survival methods; some do not succeed. The power of the unreasoning mob, it appears, may be overthrown only by the virus.

Occasionally I'm unsure that this is entirely a fictitious world-view.

Here we raise questions which smack of elitism, which imperil democracy. We ask not only if the mass Man has been educated, but if He is even educable? Today our schools seem to produce mostly functional illiterates--is it the fault of the system, or of the material it must work with?

Read about Kornbluth's Marching Morons. Do you see yourself in there? If you read this, you probably will tend to identify with Kurland's educated few. Read Morons, and ponder on your morals. Are the educated to be governed by the moral code of the pseudo-educated, the semi-literate, the norm? Do you think you're better than the average?

In these days of liberation and Liberation, we begin to self-critically watch ourselves for traces of possible bigoted--sexist or racist--attitudes; yet we may well live all unaware of another prejudice. And this one could be the most important of all. Learning, more than any other asset, is what got us to wherever we are. All of us have some sort of attitude towards it. And we also have attitudes towards people who possess a different amount of this asset. All of us. And we're not aware.

Educated is acquired, but the ability to acquire it is not evenly distributed. Yet all of us use estimations of the educations of others in every day. On some deeper level, even this basic a discrimination may be immoral.

Thank you, Mass Man.

((Editor's note: Pluribus by Michael Kurland is a recent Doubleday release, at \$5.95. In fact as of this typing, it's not out yet; its release date is May 16.))

* * * * *

OFFICIAL MINN-STF BUSINESS... Continued from page 12

President: Beverly Swanson

Vice President: Frank Stodolka.

Treasurer: Jan Appelbaum.

Secretary: Blue Petal.

Assistant Secretary: Jorry Stearns.

Assistant Under-Secretary: Ruth Odren.

The Minn-STF Records were transferred with ruffles and flourishes at about 7:00 p.m. Finding myself with no notes of the meeting thus far (inaccuracies as to time have slipped in), as a matter of fiction, I can't recall the meeting ever being adjourned.

Blue Petal.

NEW BOARD: NEW BY-LAWS...

By-Law IV, Section 1 be amended to read; "Officers may or may not be members of the Board of Directors."

By-Law XII be amended to read "Previous MINICON Chairperson(s) shall select successor(s) who is (are) recognized by the Board of Directors."

Blue Petal, Secretary.



Dexter Fletcher

FANZINES RECEIVED

((This) is not ye olde ed Fred this time, unfortunately; the fellow has been on the road a lot lately, and somehow.... Who this is, it's Dave Wixon, who has never reviewed a 'zine before, and never may again. In other words, beyond the occasional fact, the following is entirely opinion. Mine. And a word of warning before we begin: if you've been getting RUNE in trade, and your 'zine was not listed last

issue, nor this issue, and won't reach us in the near future--best you drop us a line, lest we drop you. Other than that, we're good people.

((The following material is presented in no order at all, and need not be the sum total of all the 'zines we have gotten--things can get lost around here. Moreover, we're not yet geared for in-depth reviews of 'zines--at least not now--so our primary purpose here will be to lead the interested to other 'zines. But don't forget where your heart is....))

((I know, San Francisco...))

THE SPANISH INQUISITION #\$\$=3 or 4/yr=Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Tompkins, 622 W. 114th St., #52A, NYC 10025=35¢ or 3/\$1, or the usual (they boast of even accepting RUNE!) A good-looking 'zine, somewhat NYC-oriented.

DESPERATE DESOLATION=a one-shot=Bruce D. Arthurs, 2401 W. Southern, #B-136, Tempe, AZ 85282=mostly an apology for not producing GODLESS lately.

KARASS #12=Linda E. Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, PA 19076=the usual (1 for 1 trade) or 4/\$1. Newszine.

SYNAPSE (Feb 75) and OSF COMM (Mar 75--replaces SYNAPSE)=official newsletter of the Ontario SF Club=monthly to members, \$6/yr=Wayne MacDonald, 1284 York Mills Rd., #410, Don Mills, Ont. M3A 1Z2 Canada=clubzine.

SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL #177-78=2-4/yr=Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, MD 20906=25¢, 10/\$2=lots of reviews.

THE ROGUR RAVEN #2-6=Frank Denton, 14654 8th Av. SW, Seattle, WA 98166=10/\$1=small personalzine.

QWERTYUIOP #8=Samuel S. Long, Box 4946, Patrick AFB, FL 32925=the journal of mince fandom?=not for sale, but the usual.

PHOTRON #13=Mar 75=3/yr=Steve Beatty, 1662 College Terr. Dr., Murray, KY 42071=40¢, or for LoCs, contributions--but not trades ((oh?))=a little of everything, but unfortunate repro.

ANOMALY #2=irreg=New Haven SF&F Assn=ed. Ed Slavinsky, 100 York St., New Haven, CT 06511=the usual, or 50¢=a well-made 'zine with solid, varied material; fine covers front and back by Surasky and Wyman, respectively.

GREEN EGG #69-70=8/yr=Church of All Worlds, POB 2953, St. Louis, MO 63130=\$1, 8/\$7=not really a fanzine; elements of women's lib, paganism, ecology, witchcraft, etc.

ZIMRI #7=Mar 75=Lisa Conesa, 54 Manley Road, Whalley Range, Manchester M16 8HP, United Kingdom=the usual, or 25p/ea.=genzine; impressive and slick.

STYX NEWSLETTER #1=Feb 75=Joe Krolik, 490 Cordova St., Winnipeg, Man., R3N 1A7 Canada=Joe wants letters to foment discussion, on anything; send 50¢ and your accompanying letter gets into print.

TREPONEMA PALLIDUM=irreg=Richard Bartucci, Box 369, KCCOM, 2105 Independence Ave., Kansas City, MO 64124=25¢ or the usual=personalzine.

IT COMES IN THE MAIL #14=Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St., Newport News, VA 23605=newszine/'zinezine.

MYTHOLOGIES=Mar-Apr 75=6/yr=Don D'Ammassa, 19 Angell Dr., East Providence, RI 02914=for LoC=heavy lettercol, deep discussions.

THE LONG HELLO #19=Apr 75=irreg=Mike Bailey, POB 48563 Stn Bentall, Vancouver, B.C. V7X 1A3 Canada=6/\$1, or the usual, or for threats=personalzine with lots of SF; nice cover by Shull.

STARLING #30=Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell, 525 W, Main, Madison, WI 53703=50¢, 5/\$2, or the usual=mixed mediazine, with another good Shull cover.

TALES FROM TEXAS #4=Feb 75=from Dallas Area SF Soc=Bob Wayne, 2515 Perkins St., Fort Worth, TX 76103=12/\$2=contributions welcomed=newszine, including comics and movies.

CYGNUS X-1=Western Pa. SF Assn=Bob Ruben, 1351 Denniston Av., Pittsburgh, PA 15217=\$1.20/yr or the usual=named after a black hole; heavy satire genzine.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE MONOLITH #42=Apr 75=monthly=Eric L. Larsen, Box 16373 NCSU, Raleigh, NC 27607=25¢=genzine.

CYNIC #7=irreg=Gray Boak, 2, Cecil Ct., Cecil St., Lytham, Lytham St. Annes, Lancs., FY8 5NN U.K.=personalzine.

BCSFA NEWSLETTER #21-23=clubzine of the British Columbia SF Assn=Mike Bailey, POB 35577 E, Vancouver, B.C. V6M 4G9 Canada=for membership (\$1) or sub (\$1.50).

RICHARD E. GEIS #2=irreg=POB 11408, Portland, OR 97211=personalzine; the man can be intriguingly honest.

SCIENCE FIVTION REVIEW #12=quarterly=from Dick Geis, see above=\$4/yr, \$7/2yrs=genzine; perhaps the best there is!

MOTA #9-10=6-weekly=Terry Hughes, 866 N. Frederick St., Arlington, VA 22205=for the usual, or in exchange for nuclear weapons=faanzine.

FAN PUBLISHING RECORD #2-3=Roger D. Sween, 319 Elm St., Kalamazoo, MI 49007 (until 15 June)=50¢, 10/\$3, or trade=index of fanzines and articles therein; well done.

DEGLER! #250=Andy Porter, POB 4175, NYC 10017=chatty.

PHOSPHENE #1=irreg=Gil Gaier, 1016 Beech Av., Torrance, CA 90501=for the usual, or 3/\$1=good personalzine.

SHORTS AND QUARTS=one-shot by Mike Carlson, Mike Gorra, Al Sirois, and Rick Sternbach who don't give their addresses but want 50¢ for this=fine front cover; funzine.

UNIVERSE=May 75=Keith L. Justice, Rt. 3, Box 42, Union, Miss. 39365=75¢=detailing plans for a reviewzine.

KYBEN #11=Mar 75=Jeff and Ann Smith, 1339 Weldon Av., Baltimore, MD 21211=35¢, 3/\$1=genzine and mediazine.

RANDOM #6-8=monthly=Mike Gorra, 199 Great Neck Rd., Waterford, CT 06385=the usual.

STULTICIAE LAUS #1=Darroll Pardoe, 24 Othello Close, Hartford, Huntingdon PE18 7SU, U.K.=a personalzine, not generally available=comments on RUNE 42: "attracting a lot of good LoC writers"

CHECKPOINT #60-61=D. Pardoe, see above=the usual, or 12/\$3=small=the newszine of the Englanders.

SCUZMOTHRE #2=8/yr=Gary Hubbard, 208 Hubbard Ct., #2, Westland, MI 48185=the usual, or 8/\$1=personalzine=this was the Nate Bucklin Memorial Issue.

FANZINE FANATIQUE=Keith A. Walker, 2 Daisy Bank, Quernmore Rd., Lancaster, Lancs., U.K.=6/\$1 or usual or begging letters=small genzine with repro problems.

AMOR #5=Susan Wood's personalzine.

DYNATRON #61=Jan 75=Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd., NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107=for the usual=a highly literate genzine.

DEVLIN'S REVIEW=first of two issues=Buck and Juanita Coulson, Rt. 3, Hartford City, IN 47348=50¢=Buck is leaving the fanzine review field, and closing out his reviews in this fashion=an index.

BRACH #1=Garth Danielson, 20-327 Edison Av., Winnipeg, Man., R2G 0L9=personalzine: a trip report interlaced with Bowie lyrics/hard to read unless you know everyone (including Bowie).

BOOWATT WEEKLY #3-10=irreg=G. Danielson, see address above=5¢, 6/25¢, 13/50¢ (they pop up fairly often)=mostly stream-of-consciousness by the proprietor, on the backs of used paper=Somewhere in here were instructions on how to defrost beavers.

LETTA2=Rusty Hevelin, 6594 Germantown Pike, Miamisburg, OH 45342=an apazine; mainly short answers to comments by others (in some other place), but seeming to center on the 7 for 77 Worldcon Bid. Ya hadda be there!

((Tim Marion has informed us that SOITGOZE has ceased publication, due to the weight of events, or something. Come back soon, Tim.

((Additionally, congratulations are in order for all the winners of Hugo nominations, including Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell's STARLING--richly deserved!))

Following is a listing of upcoming Minn-STF meeting dates and locations.

24 May (1975) -- The Lessingers, 4805 Lyndale Av. So., Mpls. -- 1:00PM

7 June -- Bill & Shelby Prock, 1109 14th Av. SE, Mpls. -- 1:00PM

21 June -- Jan Appelbaum, 5836 West 25½ St., St. Louis Park -- 1:00PM

4 July -- Don Bailey, 4143 25th Av. So., Mpls. -- 7:00PM

16 July -- Bozo Bus Bldg (residences of Don Blyly, Dave Wixon, and Sue Ryan, mostly), 343 E. 19th St., Mpls. -- 7:00PM

Finally, bear in mind that the deadline for submissions for the next RUNE is Wednesday, 9 July, 1975. Ghu willing, that will be RUNE 44.
(Bless our Gestetner!)

18 May	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31 May
1 June	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	16	17 "You Are All Sunbaku!" - Salem Poor, 17 JUNE 1775		19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30 June	1 July	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14 "Tout Est Merde," Voltaire après le siège de la Bastille, 14 July 1791.	15	16	17	18	19 July

July 25-27 - RIVERCON - Louisville, Kentucky