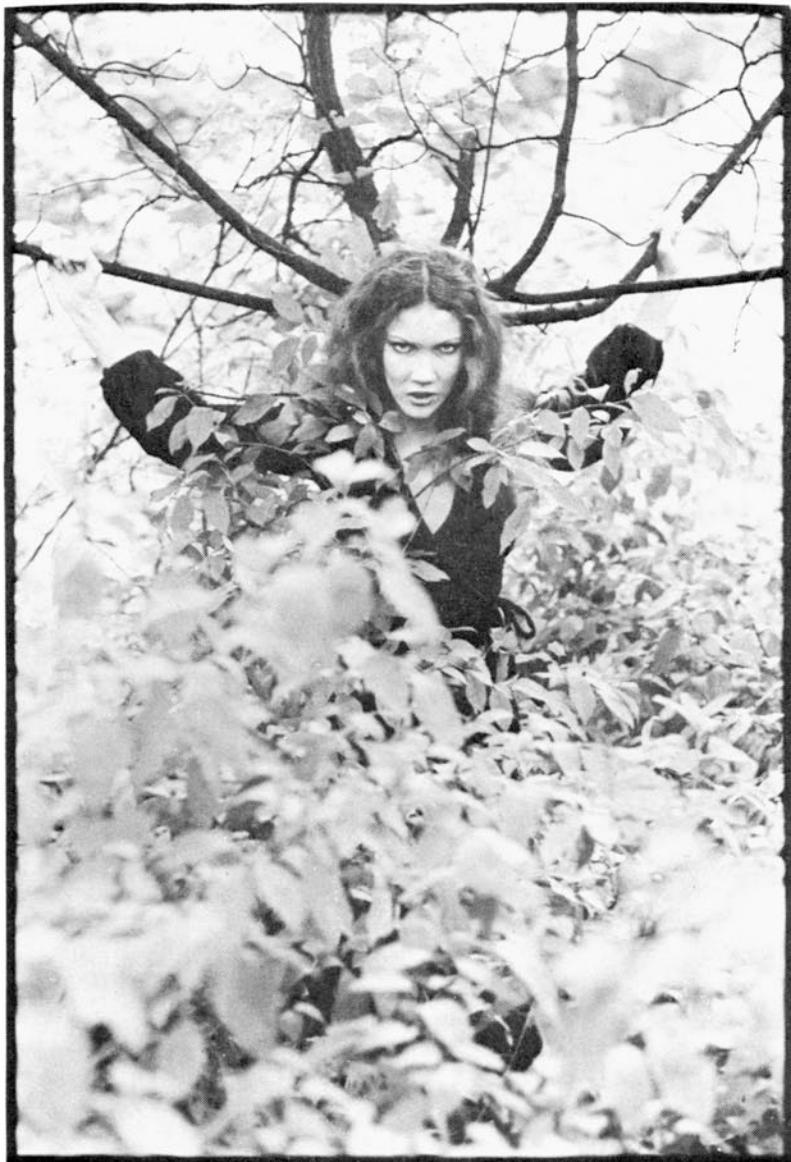


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Tom Hahne '75

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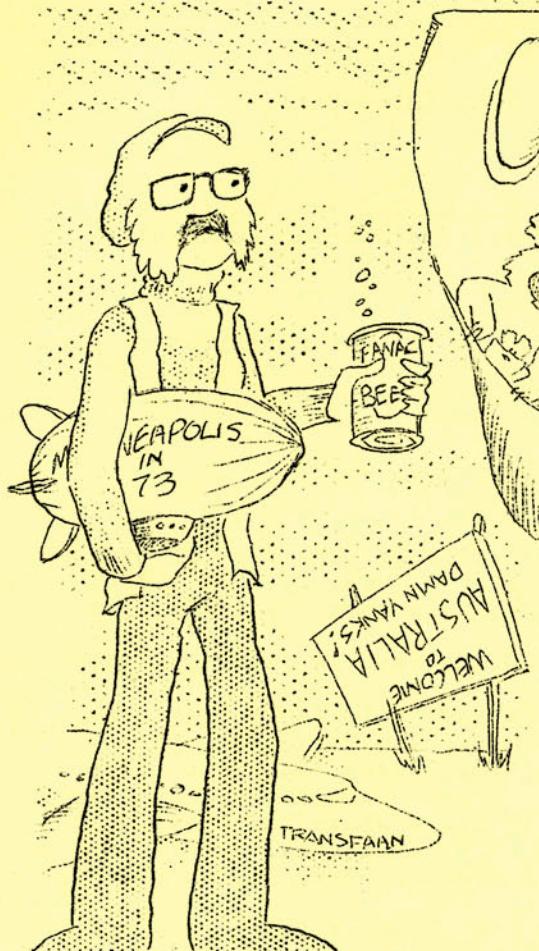
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MARSUPIAL GANDOM

by Denny Lien!

FIRST OF

t may have been a dark and stormy night. Or day. Or maybe not.



Mostly because I don't recall just when I first seriously thought about attending Aussiecon. I know it must have been before August 9, 1975, because on that day I was already on a plane headed out over the Pacific, and I suppose it must have been after the Labor Day weekend of 1973, because previous to that time the Aussiecon was only a gleam in the collective eye of various fans. But that still leaves a couple of years to narrow down, and I can't quite do it. Somewhere in that period I slipped from thinking about Aussiecon as a nice daydream to an outside possibility to a half-hearted plan worth the investment of a refundable deposit. Somewhere around spring of '75 I began to realize I might actually make the trip instead of simply being The First Fan on My Block to try to impress the others by talking about it. In early summer the Second Fan on My Block, Don Bailey, decided Australia seemed somewhat more interesting than his previously-selected vacation spot of Nebraska, and I suddenly had a traveling companion and a roommate and a commitment to throw the Minneapolis in '73 party.

Which explains what I was doing on August 9 on a plane headed out over the Pacific. (At least everyone assured me it was the Pacific; all oceans look alike to me.)

I knew it was going to be a strange trip when I showed up at the Air New Zealand ticket line in Los Angeles International Airport and was assured by tour co-leader Don Lundry that I couldn't be Denny Lien because I was supposed to be fat and bearded. (I'd been working on the former for some years, but the results didn't seem to impress him.) He argued a good case; good enough so I began to wonder if I were an imposter and thus didn't complain when the airline seated me in the "Smoking" section instead of the "Non-Smoker" I'd wanted. After all, how did I know which the real me would have preferred?

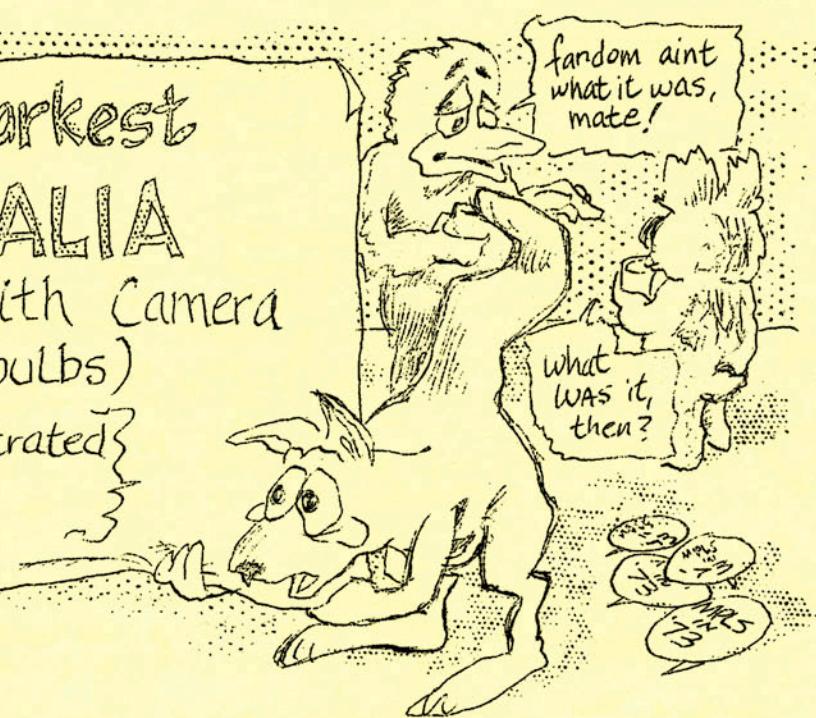
Don Bailey showed up shortly thereafter. He too was neither fat nor bearded,

OR: Through Darkest AUSTRALIA

Without Gun But With Camera
(But without flashbulbs)

{... profusely illustrated}
by Reed Waller

TWO PARTS



which didn't surprise me since he hadn't been a few days before when I left Minneapolis. I did catch Don Laundry shaking his head at this new betrayal of the Minneapolis Image, and Bailey also found himself declared an honorary smoker for the duration. A pattern seemed to be emerging.

Bailey and I were seen off by my wife, Doris Hess, with whom I'd been staying for the previous few days. (Having run out of worlds for a professional actress to conquer in Minneapolis, she'd moved to Hollywood with plans to become the Toast of Tinsel-Town. Competition is fierce, but she's already become the English Muffin and is understudying as the Zwieback. California readers of RUNE who happen to be producers please note.) I got last-minute instructions -- buy some more film, send postcards, don't migrate -- and then found myself walking toward the big Air New Zealand jet.

As we approached, I began to panic: did I really want to fly halfway around the world in an airplane named after a country whose national emblem was a flightless bird?



If one could ignore the cigarette smoke, which I could with some difficulty, and concentrate on the inexpensive Leopard Lager served by the stewardess, which I could with no difficulty, the trip was basically enjoyable. I spent it reading Donald Horne's *THE LUCKY COUNTRY: AUSTRALIA TODAY*, drinking said Lager, eating the huge meals that the line seemed to serve every hour or so (since we were losing time as we flew west, we may have ate all of them at the same time, explaining the general air of surfeit), and occasionally talking to the fans near me -- Don Bailey, Jack Chalker, and Roger and Patricia Sims. My immediate seatmate was a middle-aged British lady who was flying to New Zealand to visit her sons; we exchanged some smalltalk and I was gratified when the revelation of my trip's purpose didn't inspire from her any comments about That Crazy Buck Rogers Stuff. (Or even, considering her nationality, That Crazy Volsted Gridban Stuff.)

First stopover was Honolulu. I added another state to the mental list of those I'd set foot in and after setting the other foot in front of that one found myself walking around the airport with Don B. It was midnight or so and

we only had 45 minutes on the ground, but even allowing for that Hawaii seemed a bit of a disappointment: no Polynesian women throwing flowers around our necks. We discussed this lack with fellow fans and decided to take turns making it up. Attempts to get Bruce Pelz to volunteer as an honorary Polynesian woman came to nothing, however.

Next paranoid topic of conversation was the possibility that this was all a hoax. The airport was mostly concrete and as we recalled Hawaii was supposed to be mostly coral. Perhaps Hawaii didn't exist and we'd really been flown to a mock-up in, say, Idaho? In which case, Melbourne would turn out to really be Philadelphia and so on. Shuddering at this eldritch intimation of things Fan Was Not Meant to Know, we returned to the terminal -- passing Bob Tucker complaining that "I didn't get my lei" -- and took turns making the metal detectors beep (Trufen have a steely glance and a lot of brass). Shortly thereafter we were back in the air, as, fortunately, was our airplane.



At some point that endless evening we crossed the Equator and had great fun watching all of the right-handed people on the plane become left-handed, all the "innie" belly-buttons turn to "outies," and so on.

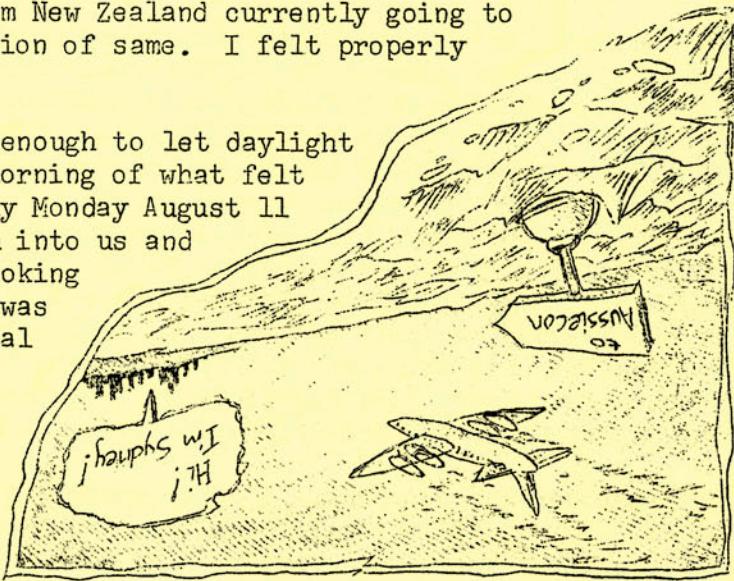
At some other point we crossed the International Date Line and found ourselves two days ahead and thus much more sleepy. Don Bailey remained awake long enough to work out the possibilities: if we're ever going to get the Minneapolis in 1973 bid off the ground, we'll have to make use of the dateline to get back to 1971 and stuff the ballot box. A mere 1500 flights apiece east over the dateline per voter should ensure this as long as no voter has to lose his/her day back again in between flights (we may appoint a committee to look into ways to handle that). At roughly \$500 one way Sydney to Minneapolis, the forty or so hardcore Minn-STF members should be able to pull this off for a mere thirty million dollars in air fares. Contributions to the war chest are now being accepted.

At sometime later in that endless evening we landed in Auckland and once again spent a hour walking around a terminal (except for those who were sharp enough to spend the hour sitting around the terminal's bar instead). Aside from a couple of trips to Canada and a few to Mexican border towns, this was the first time I'd ever been in a F*O*R*E*I*G*N country and I felt rather like a world traveller so I killed most of the hour asking myself for my autograph.

Back to the plane to discover my new seatmate was a globe-trotting hospital equipment manufacturer from New Zealand currently going to the Phillipines to attend a convention of same. I felt properly humbled and tore up my autograph.

The stop in Auckland had been enough to let daylight catch up with us and it was still morning of what felt like Sunday August 10 but was really Monday August 11 when the crew packed one more lunch into us and then pointed out that that funny-looking non-water-like stuff down below us was called "land." This called up racial memories in most of us and we were rather glad that our plane had been lucky enough to find some of it to land us on after all those miles of the other substance.

The land was named "Sydney."





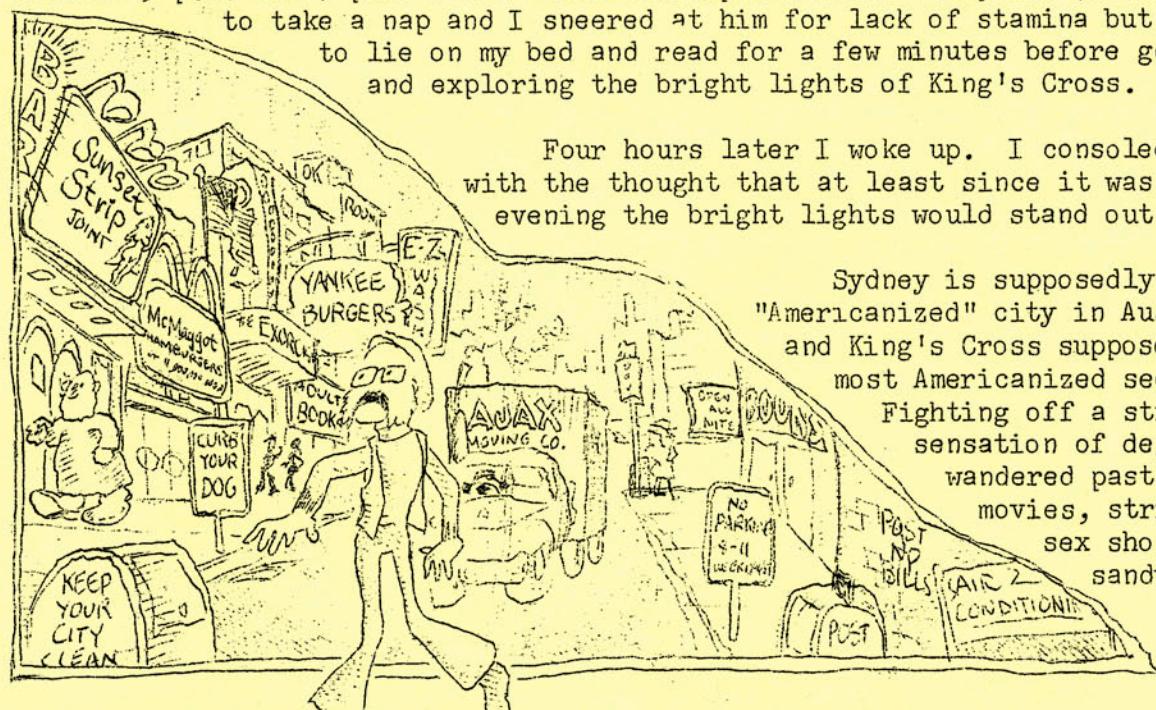
he customs forms we'd been given required us to declare any number of strange items, including used bicycles or tricycles. Not having any, I got through customs easily and found myself part of a small group being mobbed by Shayne McCormick and other Sydney fans. I unleashed my Instamatic and took a couple of shots of the group standing around with their luggage surrounding them (pulled the bags into a circle as protection against marauding herds of kangaroos, you know) and looking a bit like the wretched refuse of your average teeming shore except, of course, for speaking the local language. Sort of.

A few of our number got kidnapped by local fcn and taken off by car while the rest of us found ourselves in what was called a private motor coach but looked just like a bus. The Sydney Airport was quite a distance from downtown so we had a long and pleasant ride taken up with challenging each other to say something amusing with the assumption that any such quip would wind up in at least thirty trip reports, and in counting the number of houses in the suburbs which seemed to be roughly all of them.

Suddenly the coach made a couple of turns (always frightening when riding on what your instincts assure you is the wrong side of the road in the first place) and pulled up at the Hyatt Regency Hotel in King's Cross, which was to be our home for the next two days. This was fine with me and my spirits weren't dampened even when we all discovered that due to some engineering problem there was no hot water in the hotel at the moment. My body wasn't dampened either.

Don Bailey and I found ourselves in room 1721 in the lower of the hotel's two towers, closer to the desk, the bar, and most of the other fans, but further from the room of con chairperson Robin Johnson, who'd come to Sydney to welcome us or possibly size us up, and who was throwing the evening's party. At the moment, sleep and a shower (cold, even) seemed more interesting than a party, which gives you some idea of how being tired can affect your value system. We paged through the tourist brochures supplied with our room, made tentative plans of what sights we would try to sightsee the next day, and looked bemusedly at the number of ads for opals, souvenir koala bear dolls, and escort services ("Hello! We are Dreamdate's Girls. Please call and enjoy a fun evening. We love male company, dancing, romantic little restaurants and prefer good wines. Phone between 5 p.m. and 9 p.m. . . . American Express Cards accepted."). Don planned to take a nap and I sneered at him for lack of stamina but decided to lie on my bed and read for a few minutes before going out and exploring the bright lights of King's Cross.

Four hours later I woke up. I consoled myself with the thought that at least since it was now evening the bright lights would stand out better.



Sydney is supposedly the most "Americanized" city in Australia and King's Cross supposedly its most Americanized sector.

Fighting off a strong sensation of deja vu, I wandered past adult movies, strip shows, sex shops, sandwich shops,

then did a double take and went back to the sandwich shop.

The Australian sandwich shop looms large in my eating habits for the duration so a word is probably in order. This is not your American-style McDonald's (which apparently exist but which I didn't see -- or look for) but a generally small place with little or no seating which makes sandwiches to order and charges per ingredient. Most of the ingredients seemed straightforward enough but some were a little strange and I've always regretted I never got around to ordering a spaghetti, baked bean, pineapple and beet sandwich. Hamburgers when ordered generally came with California rabbit food all over them; I was thankful that my few days in Los Angeles had so accustomed me to this that I actually ate the lettuce instead of picking it off piece by piece as I was used to doing. Only one day in Sydney and I was already becoming Americanized....

After a little searching I discovered two late-night secondhand book stores and proceeded to raid them of British paperbacks. The clerk at one of them suggested that I might stop back and trade them back in when I'd finished reading them and I explained why for several reasons this would be a bit difficult.

After further exploring I returned to the hotel, ran into Don, and headed with him to the party in Robin Johnson's room. Much of the thundering herd had already come and gone and the beer stocks were small so I sipped on wine and had a grand time swapping lies and occasional truths with Al Fitzpatrick and other local fans whose names have receded in the general connish aftermath. I remember best the talk of the more vital questions of the day such as the system of beer distribution in Australia and the old Goon Show. My own pride in having sixty or so shows of the latter on tape was trumped by someone whose brother had all but half a dozen. After I stopped drooling I began to casually enquire about local penalties for such peccadillos as burglary and homicide.

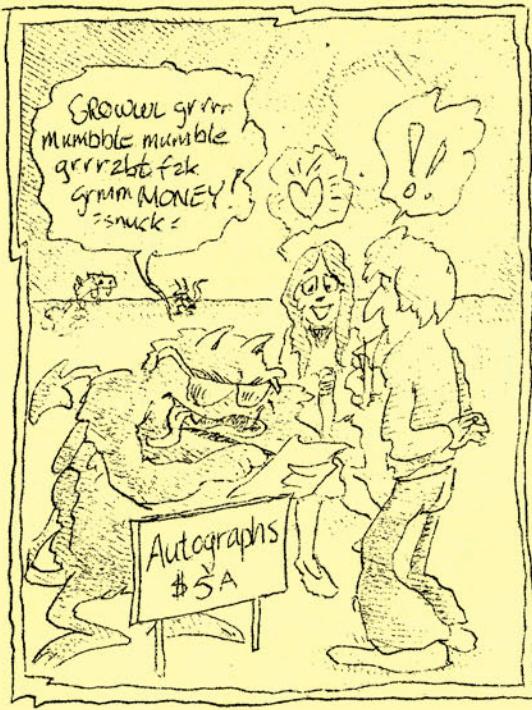
The nap didn't prove to have been quite long enough and around midnight we all began turning into pumpkins and sought our beds which, fortunately, we found in our rooms.

 At some unpleasant hour of Tuesday August 12 we awoke, finally got our hot showers, and decided to try the hotel coffee shop for breakfast. This proved expensive but otherwise fairly good if one could ignore the grilled tomato which turned out to automatically appear on most Australian breakfast trays as a matter of course.

Returning to the lobby preparatory to setting out, I found myself looking non-busy for a moment (after a year in Civil Service, I should have known better) and Robin Johnson collared me and appointed me trail boss in charge of seeing that everyone flying to Melbourne the next day knew when the coach to the airport would be leaving. Since at the moment neither Robin nor I did, this presented a possible problem but I was told I'd find out and was given a list of people and room numbers which tended to match to some extent.

Don Bailey and I caught a bus for the harbor and discovered that on Australian buses you pay a conductor rather than the driver -- this allows the driver to concentrate better and supplies someone to guard his/her back





from paper airplanes of which we had none anyway.

At the harbor, we managed to locate both a bathroom and a store which sold sunglasses, but discovered that only the former was within our price range. We shortly embarked on "Captain Cook's Coffee Tour," a motor launch tour of harbor sights, and I joined the happy crowds (including several fans) shooting pictures of the Sydney Opera House from every possible angle except underneath and of every other sight that moved or looked as though it could be trusted not to. It was all great fun up until the point when it started raining after which it became good fun, but not great fun, and we didn't much mind when we were returned to the quay.

I did, however, mind a bit when Don pointed out that I'd had the lens cap on my camera ever since we'd left Los Angeles.

I took it off and since it had by now stopped raining we threw caution to the seagulls and caught another launch across the water to the Taronga Zoo which advertised 5000 birds, mammals, fish and reptiles; three hours later we decided that we'd seen 4999 of them and were not about to go back to check which one we'd overlooked. Highlights were the native animals (especially those in the Nocturnal House such as my first live Tasmanian devils), and most especially their platypus -- even though it turned out to be a rather incompetent platypus when it came to finding the worms dropped into its cage/aquarium -- it did manage to find several large stones but no worms which says something to me about the evolutionary odds on monotremes, or maybe on worms. Or, possibly, stones. The platy was cute anyway.

We caught the last ferry back to the quay, ate at a nearby cafe, and returned to the hotel where I did a few trail boss things like find out when the bus would be (11:30 a.m.) and who, if anyone, already knew about it. The task was not simplified by discrepancies in the list of fans I had nor by the fact that I knew less than half of them. After leaving a few notes and the like I decided that was enough serious constructive activity for one night and it was time for the big questions like is there a party tonight and if not who else wants to go barhopping? The big answers turned out to be no, and Don Bailey and Genie DiModica, respectively.

Genie left to eat and didn't return which, with 10 p.m. closing time creeping up, left it to Minneapolis fandom to set a good example (in fairness, it should be noted that Tucker and various other reliables had already left on the night train for Melbourne). We did our best but it was not one of the great barhops: our first (the Outback Bar) had "authentic" decor and only two other people in the place (which may have been part of the authenticity -- not many folks in the outback, you know); the second was called the Dirty Half Mile possibly referring to the bar which was about the only furniture in the place, and by the third we'd decided the best thing to do while sipping was to decide whether or not our room number (1721) was prime by taking turns eliminating possible factors -- this also served as a sobriety test which we both started flunking by 10 p.m., anyway, around "107?".

And so to bed.



nd so up, and so to breakfast. (Wednesday, August 13.)

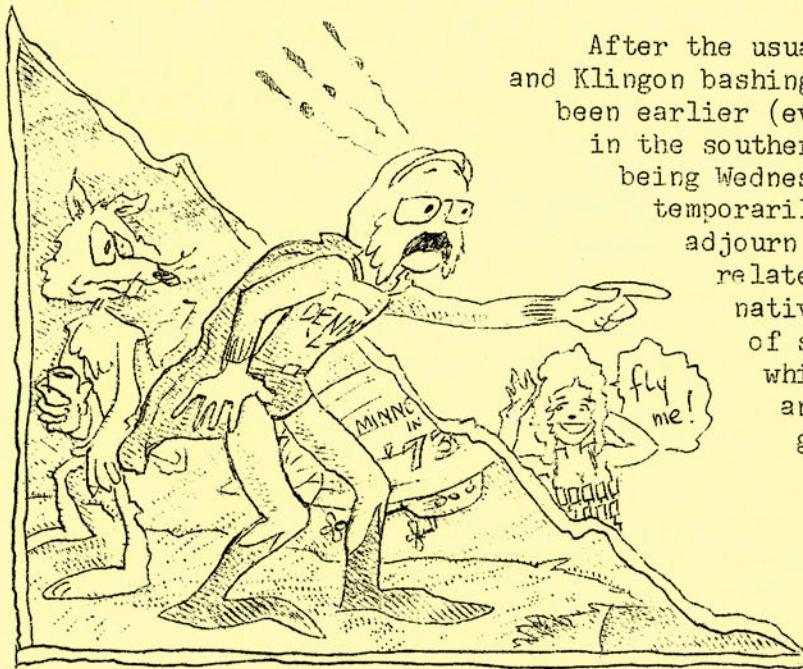
I continued to contact people, involving at one point a trip to a cheaper hotel to which Mike Glicksohn had transferred ("Lien Travels Halfway Around Globe to Knock Up Glicksohn in Cheap Hotel"). Finally I decided everyone had heard except for Richard Brandshaft who the remaining people seemed to think had taken the night train. Since neither I nor the remaining people seemed quite sure who he was, the opinion had to be discounted a bit (but turned out to be correct).

The sight of thirty or so fans camping in a corner of the lobby of the city's swankest hotel with duffel bags piled around and milk and crackers being passed about and Fannish Things Being Said made me Suddenly Realize I was at (or about to be at) a C*O*N.

(Previously I had thought I was at a tuna fish cannery in Tacoma, wondering why everybody had funny accents and drove on the wrong side of the road. Obviously I hadn't been paying attention.)

Two bus trips, one plane ride, three hours and seven scrawled-on postcards later we were at the Sothern Cross Hotel in Melbourne.

After dropping our bags in room 630 (not prime), we went up to the 15th floor to register. I had the nasty shock of realizing my trip package had not automatically converted my supporting membership to attending and so fed a few more dollars into the con's coffers. Don discovered the Star Trek computer games in the room adjacent to the registration area and saved the galaxy from the Klingon invaders. (This was not as easy as it sounds -- Ken Konkol, following him on the same machine, destroyed the Enterprise in one move by running it into a star; later another player managed to destroy not only the Federation but, what is more important, the computer program.) Bruce Gillespie spied my name tag and the body attached and told me that the special Tucker issue of SF COMMENTARY (in which I had a bibliography) hadn't made it out in time for Aussiecon. I in turn spied a body, did a double-take, and declared it to belong to American fan Don Fitch, who had not come out with the tour and had in fact been in the country for some time already. Aside from problems of having a third "Don" to distinguish among in my report, I was delighted to see him both as a Good Fan and a notorious Minneapolis in '73 Sympathizer.



After the usual quantity of fannish chatter and Klingon bashing it became later than it had been earlier (even though we were after all in the southern hemisphere) and thus, it being Wednesday, time for the local fans, temporarily doubled or so in number, to adjourn to DeGraves for food and related items. We followed our native guide down an endless number of strange streets at the end of which we put on our silver shoes and stepped through the looking glass and there it was, right between Gavagan's and the White Hart.

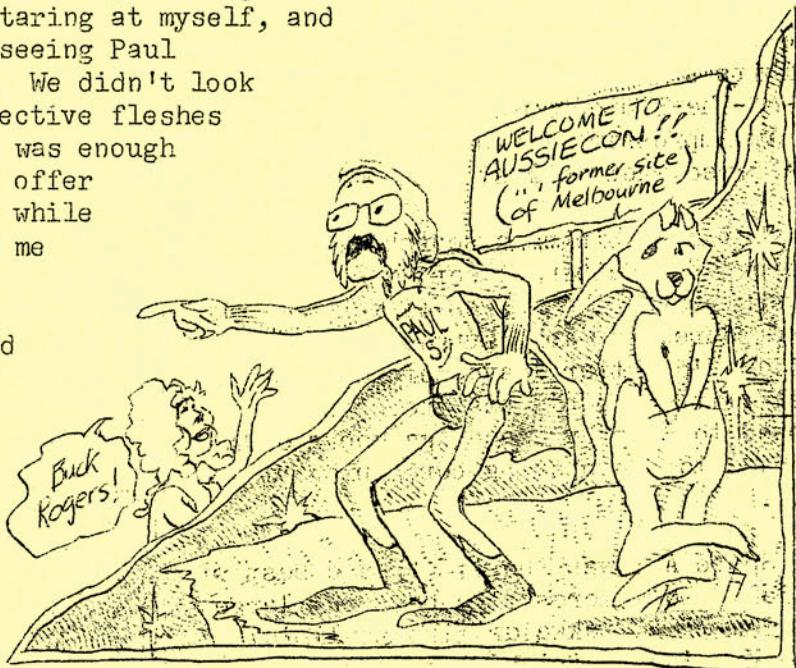
DeGraves turned out to be a large semi-subterranean place which was a little slow on food orders but

fast enough on wine and beer so I didn't much care. Don, who is not much of a beer fancier, discovered that he actually liked a local brew appropriately named "Courage;" I met David Grigg, with whom I had once shared an apa (actually we both shared it with about 40 other people); and topics at our end of the table (occupied by Connie Mellott, Evelyn Clough, Genie, Don B. and myself) centered on such serconish topics as Pittsburgh and fake book jackets (1001 THINGS TO MAKE WITH HUMAN SKIN) and the foghorn-like qualities of the cook's voice as she called out orders. I kept watching for Leigh Edmonds and Valma Brown to come in and after finally spying them across the floor crept up behind arriving as Valma was explaining to her tablemates why nametags were an absolute necessity at a convention. I dropped in some comment about agreeing because after all she hadn't recognized me yet and had the satisfaction of seeing her do a full-body doubletake ending with her shrieking and hugging my head (which happened to be closest to her) and bending my glasses out of shape while Leigh sat there chuckling evilly and everybody else at the table looked bemused. It was great to see them and talk to them for the first time in a year (telephone not counting). We happily blabbered about mutual friends and Minneapa and the Minneapolis in '73 ad for the program book and Leigh's DUFF report until my goulash and their whatever started to get cold so we postponed further for later and shortly thereafter I caught another native guide back to the hotel.

By then it was 8:30 and half an hour later a con-pro-publisher party on the 15th floor opened to the proles, this event being signalled by the reputed free bar turning into a cash one. The publishers looked excessively mundane even for mundanes; all wore suit and tie (well, not the same suit and tie, it just looked that way) and most seemed by general consensus to have called the escort services for their escortees. (The people supplying the computer games had themselves hired three professional escorts to advertise them, decked out as "Barbarella Girls" -- one of the less-inspired innovations. Don B., feeling the missionary urge, attempted to convert one to science fiction -- a task complicated by the fact that not only did she never read s.f., she never read anything.) The best response to the menace of creeping mundania was by common consent that of Neil Rest, who for the occasion wore his "Eat The Rich" t-shirt.

I bought Tucker his ceremonial drink and eventually settled into a group consisting mostly of him, Mike Glicksohn, Valma, Eric Lindsay, John Alderson and me, with exact personnel varying depending on whose turn it was at any one moment to run off to the bar. At one point I glanced off across the room, found myself staring at myself, and decided that I must be finally seeing Paul "Antifan" Stevens in the flesh. We didn't look quite as much alike in our respective fleshes as we seem to on film but there was enough resemblance remaining for us to offer mutual condolences, and after a while I caught him sneaking stares at me and moaning softly.

At some later point I found myself in a room with Leigh and Valma and some other folk listening to a radio interview with Ben Bova and snickering a bit at the interviewer, and at some time after that I called it a night ("Wednesday night," to be exact) and crashed.





or some reason we were up by 8 a.m. which is better than I do most days at home. The reason may have been the excitement of the con or the desire to show the Aussies what a self-disciplined bunch we Minneapolisans could be, but then the demolition crew across the street who started up their jackhammer at 7:45 may also have had something to do with it.

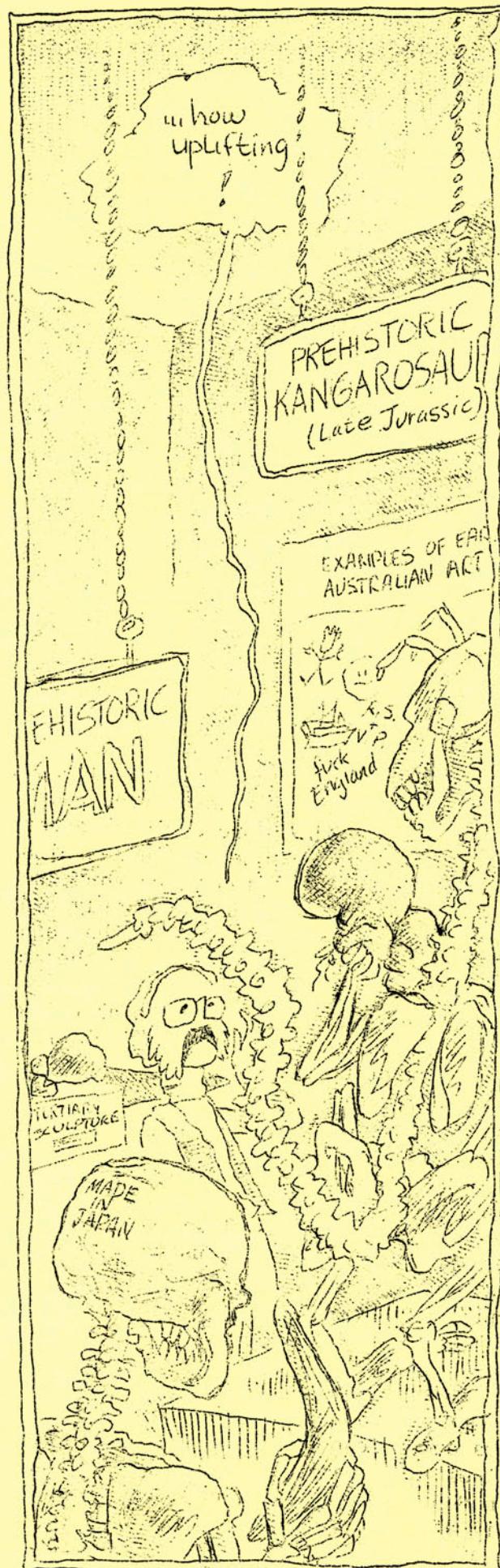
Don and I walked a couple of blocks over to a late-night early-morning place called the Pancake Parlour where we found Mike Glicksohn and Sheryl Birkhead and were shortly thereafter joined by twenty or so more fans. In honor of Mike I had Canadian bacon but he refused to pick up my tab anyway. Don noted the chess bower below us and pondered the chances of hanging around hustling chess games with the bet of a breakfast on the side, possibly luring in timid opponents by spotting them one knight and one scrambled egg.

We pondered the chances of somehow organizing an expedition into the Somewhat-OutBack to visit the giant earthworms but decided the chances were not good and settled instead for an expedition to downtown Melbourne. First stop was the Old Melbourne Gaol and Museum; after viewing Ned Kelly's armor and death mask, Don decided to add him as a menace in the special Australianized Dungeon game he was constructing.

Next we took in the Natural Sciences Museum of which only the aborigine exhibits stood out for me from your run-of-the-states museum, though it was fairly impressive for sheer size as we discovered when we lost each other.

After combining a search with a viewing of remaining floors and fighting my way through the hordes of school kids who'd poured in (more Dungeon menaces) I decided I'd better leave before I lost myself; it was a bit past noon and I planned to stop by Space Age Books on my way back to the opening ceremonies at 2 p.m.

Space Age was the fourth and best of specialty bookstores I've been in; larger than Toronto's Bakka or Minneapolis's Uncle Hugo's and friendlier than



Hollywood's Collector's Book Store. I raided their second-hand paperback section and bought a few special wants from the new racks, deciding I'd have to leave the used magazine room for later. I made it back to the hotel well before 2 and found (1) Don hadn't yet returned; (2) no one seemed to have yet scheduled a party for that evening.

We'd vaguely thought of the Minneapolis in '73 party as a likely Friday event but this chance seemed too good to pass up. I started asking about supplies and was reminded by a couple of people that the Aussie fan were barbaric enough to prefer wine to beer which was fine for them but I still needed the traditional bathtub full of ice for the soft drinks and for the beer which I at least planned to consume and it was at this point that it occurred to me that the hotel had no ice machines. A kindly committee member (whose name I have shamefully forgotten) took pity upon my perplexity and got himself and me on the phone and about half an hour later we'd arranged for forty pounds of ice to be delivered that evening; hardly a tubfull but perhaps enough to cope. I headed off for the opening ceremonies of the con and stopped on the way to tell various folk about the party and ask them to spread the word.

The con was formally opened by Race Mathews, a former fan who had gone down in the world and was now a mere Member of Parliament; it was proper touching to see the way everybody applauded him just as though he were a big-name letterhack instead of a mere politician. Other opening ceremony items included an impressive slide-show and an introduction of notables at which it was announced that Donald Tuck, the Australian Guest of Honor and the person I'd most looked forward to meeting (always excluding Leigh and Valma, whom I was remeeting anyway) would not be able to make the convention -- definitely my biggest personal disappointment of the entire trip.

The next item on the program was a panel called "How to Really Enjoy Yourself at This Convention" and since I didn't figure I'd have time to enjoy myself for a while anyway I left to start stocking up for the party. On the way, I passed word on to Don Fitch, who insisted upon contributing to the support of the Minneapolis party. This bumped the budget up another bracket and ensured our ability to see that every attendee we could squeeze into the room could have enough booze to drink everyone else under the table, always presuming that each attendee brought along his or her own table.

A couple of hours later I had fourteen bottles of wine either cooling in the refrigerator or standing around thinking room-temperature thoughts and six dozen large (3/4 quart or so) cans of warm beer awaiting ice and one large (6' 4" or so) puddle of warm fan awaiting roommate when it occurred to me to ask about store closing times which turned out to be RealSoonNow -- so, off again in search of munchies and soft drinks which with a bit of a scramble I obtained before the sidewalks rolled up. By now it was around 7 and I'd missed two further program events but had found Don B. in what scarcely seemed a reasonable trade. He'd heard of the party and had placed a notice on the bulletin board which gave me visions of 630 fan crowding into room 630 but anything for P.R. for dear old Minn-STF, one supposes....

We located supper at an Australian restaurant which like most of the other Australian restaurants we found were run by former Italians (except for the Italian restaurants which were operated by ex-Lebanese) and were back by 8 to accept delivery of the ice and to juggle cubes, cans, and tub into a mutually satisfactory whole. The party was set for 9:30, which gave us a chance to pick up the latter portion of Ursula Le Guin's guest of honour speech with which I mostly found myself disagreeing. I'll have to wait for a chance to read the complete text to see if I can decide why (mostly I seem to have a higher

tolerance/liking for junk than seems respectable in an age when sf has become art, or thinks it should be so).

This evening we didn't have to ask where the party was.

Quotation from the next day's issue (#2) of THE DAILY CON:

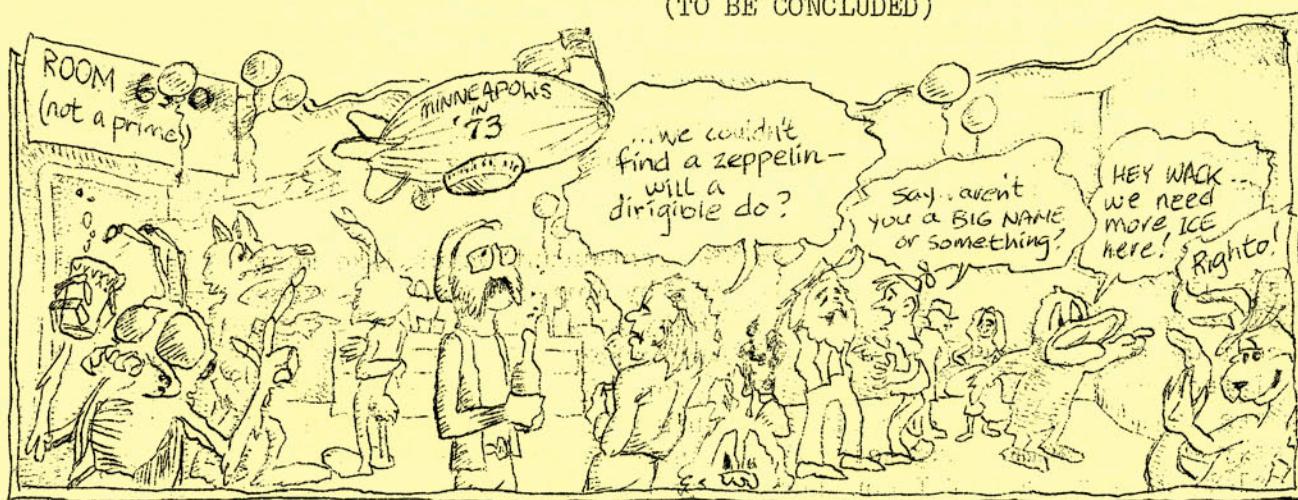
"Yesterday evening two fans from Minneapolis held the traditional 'Minneapolis in '73' bidding party. 'Minneapolis in '73' is a very strange thing and the only person who can explain it properly is somebody from that city — if you see a tall gentleman (sic) with a mustache and the name tag which says 'Denny Lein' (also sic) he is the person to ask about it. Anyhow...back to the party. When your humble editor arrived the room was packed. As time passed it became even more overcrowded until there was hardly standing room and the bathroom was holding its own party at which at least seven people were attending. As other parties collapsed the 'Minneapolis in '73' party went from strength to strength and all the best people were seen there at one time or another. Late on in the evening it was impossible to move so everybody moved up to the State Suite where the party lasted well on until the early and/or late hours of the morning."

It perhaps remains to be noted that the affair was conducted in Minneapolis Formal Wear on the part of the hosts consisting mostly of propeller beanies and such items as a "Moosylvania Farkling Squad" t-shirt and Minneapolis in '73 buttons; that the soft drinks as usual gave out first; and that the transfer to the 15th floor was courtesy of Robin Johnson and probably about one jump ahead of the hotel moving in to shut down the party altogether after various warnings to pull people in from the hall and keep the door closed. I began to feel like calling room service for twelve hard-boiled eggs and one duck egg but kept getting distracted by people and bottles instead.

The move to 15th took place around midnight and shortly after it happened I realized I could stop playing host and shut down my adrenalin factory and sneak back to the room for a very unfannish spot of sleep. The con had officially been open for only ten hours and I'd spent 30% of that time drinking for the honor of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society (anytime, folks). That seemed to me about the ideal percentage, but it proved impossible to maintain; the next time I opened my eyes (to the tune of jackhammers) the con had been open for eighteen hours and I'd wasted eight of them sleeping.

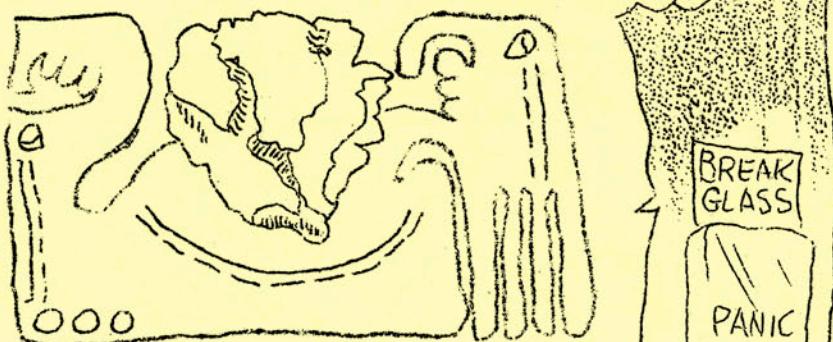
Time to catch up. . . .

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



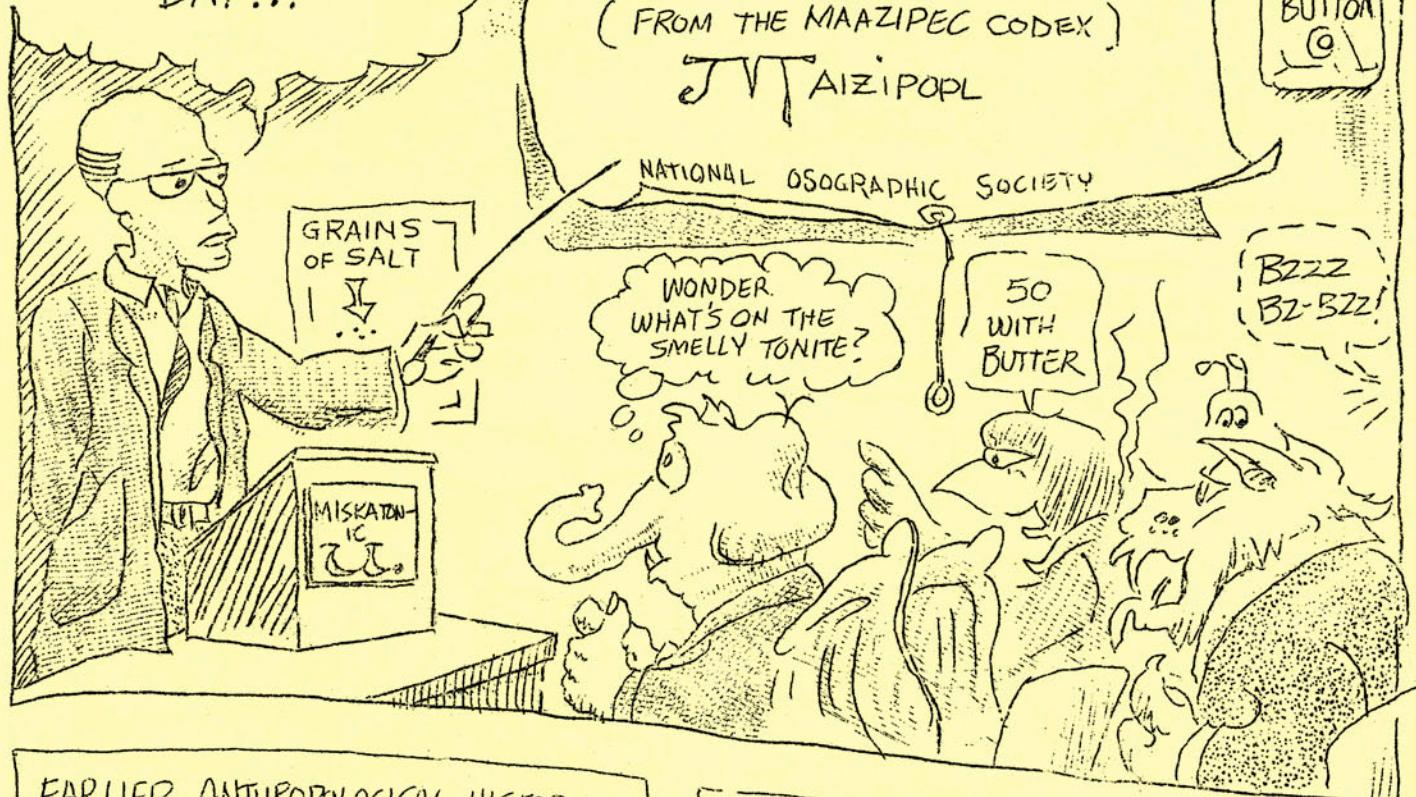
MAIZIPOPL - DREAD MAYAN HARVEST GOD (AND

COUSIN OF SEVERAL
GODS WITH POLITICAL INFLUENCE
SHOWN HERE AS
REPRESENTED IN
THE DOMINANT
MEDIUM OF THE
DAY...



(FROM THE MAAZIPEC CODEX)

JTV MAIZIPOPL

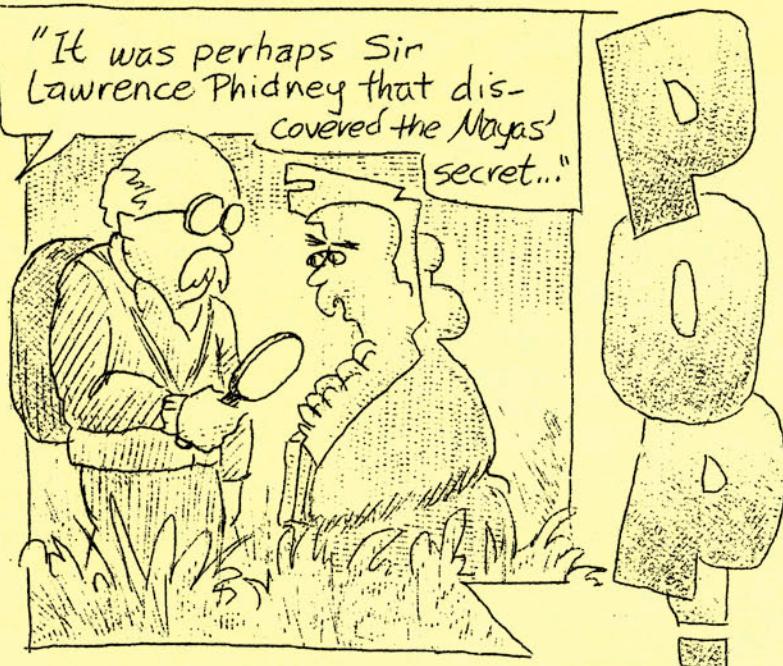


EARLIER ANTHROPOLOGICAL HISTORIANS
TENDED TO CONFUSE SIGNS OF
MAIZIPOPL WITH OTHER MAYAN
GODS... SUCH AS WHEALOTCHI,
GOD OF COTTAGE CHEESE —

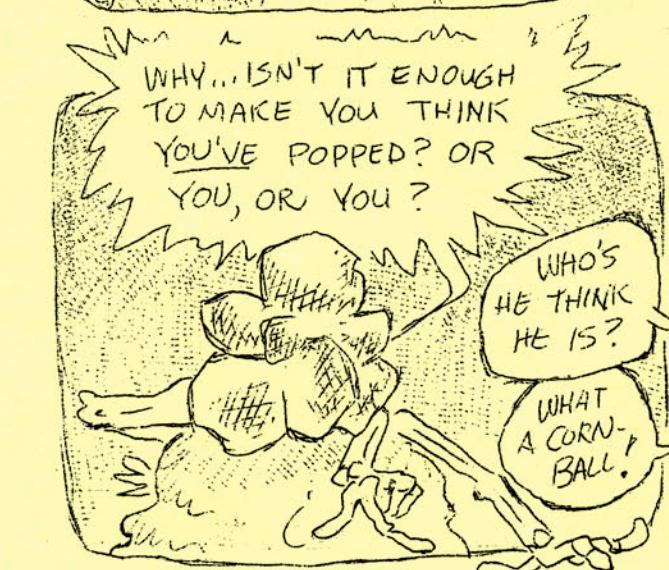
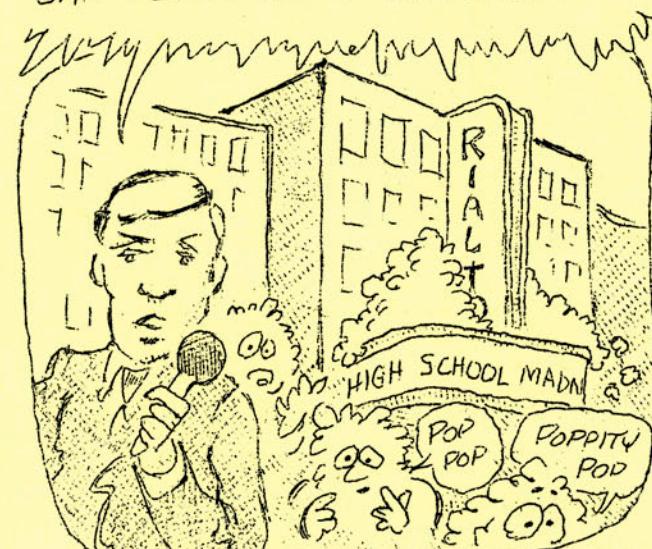


AND KUKALOTL,
God of Cauliflower —



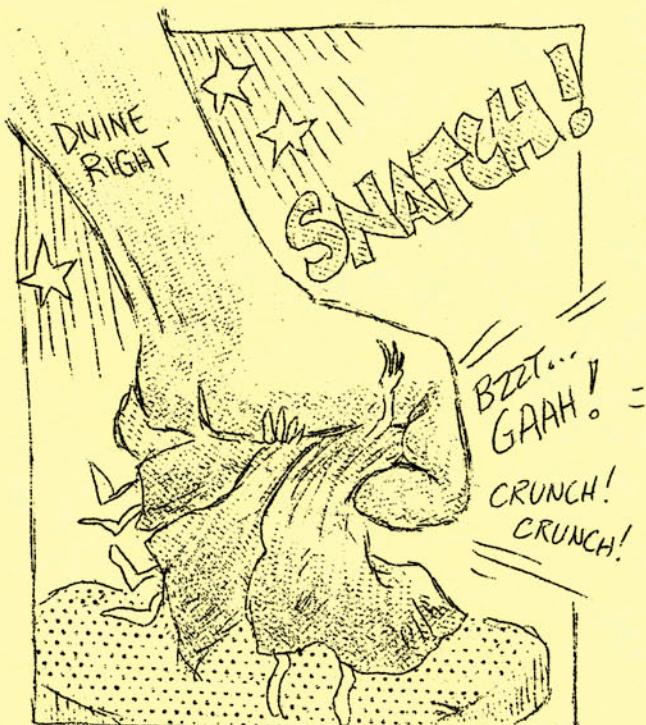


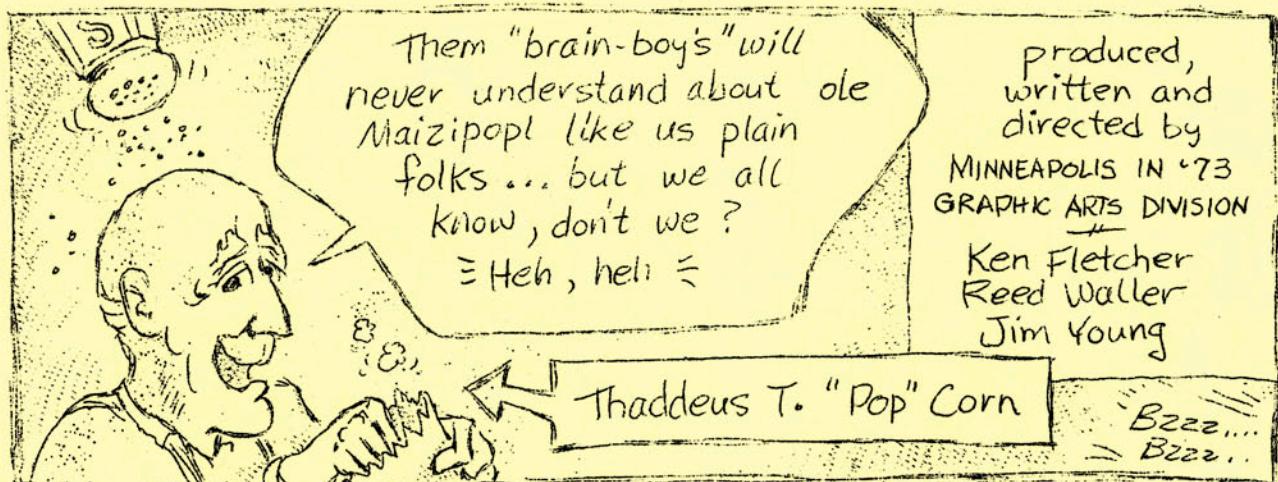
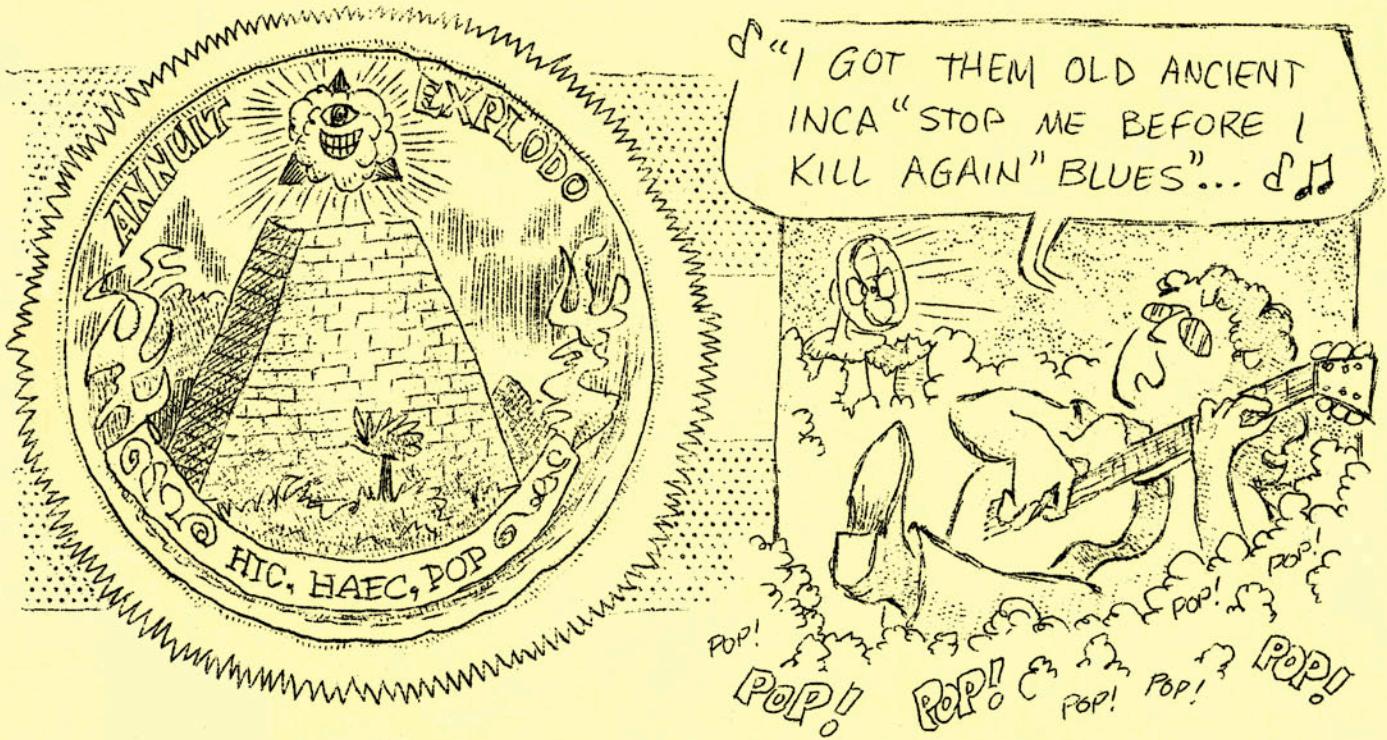
WHY DID HUNDREDS OF TERRIFIED CITIZENS FLEE FROM A SAN PEDRO MOVIE THEATER?





High Priests of Maizipopl present Themselves for Absorption
(circa 1325 C.E.)





PROS AND CONS

The Minicon 10 Fan Guest of Honor Speech
of

GORDON R DICKSON

(transcribed by Dave Wixon)

((Introductory comments by Lester del Rey not included here))

It's very hard to agree with Lester.

However, in this case -- because it is a great honor for me to be Fan Guest of Honor here -- I must admit he's right. To begin with, fans already know that the Fan Guest of Honor outranks pros; which is why, when the committee approached me with this honor, I said: "You'd better be kidding! I'd pass up a chance like this?" And I didn't. And I'm here. Lester is quite right, about a great many things.

Lester is a very perceptive fellow. I like him very much. He has one bad effect on me.

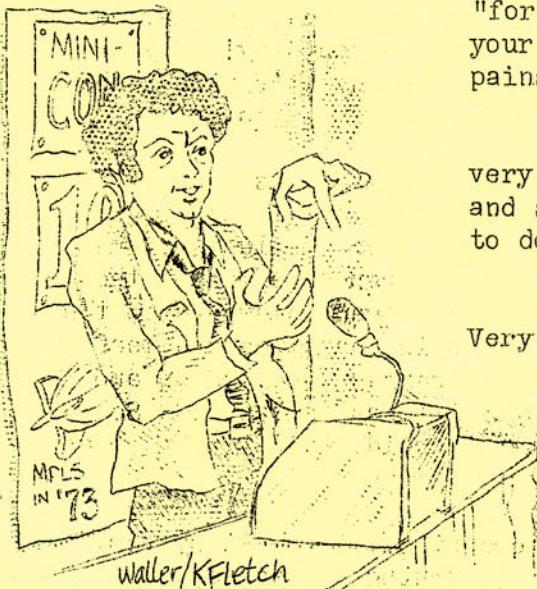
As most of you know, I am the kind of person who can stay up very late at night and get up in the morning and still keep moving. Normally this doesn't bother me. However, about a year ago I was in New York, I think it was for the Nebula Awards week or whatever it was, and I woke up in the morning with a pain in my head. Now, as you can check with all my friends, I never have a pain; other people get pains in their head; I don't.

But this morning I had one. And again, the next trip, it happened again. The only common denominator I could find was that Lester had been involved in all the evenings before. I checked with my local physician, and he said: "There's something wrong here. I can't put my finger on it, but there's something

definitely wrong. I have known you," (as he has), "for about thirty years. You've never had pains in your head and you shouldn't now. Other people have pains in their heads, you shouldn't."

And I said, "Well, it's true, you know. I have very sharp, piercing pains. It starts at the edges and spreads out." He said, "Well, I don't know what to do," and sent me down to Rochester.

Now -- you know the Mayo Clinic in Rochester? Very famous research place -- they checked me out.



And couldn't find a reason for it. However, about two weeks after I'd been checked out, I got a long-distance phone call from Rochester, from a doctor there who said, "I've had a marvelous idea; would you come back down?"

Well, I got back down there next week-end, and he checked me out. He used a large, mechanical, silver device which clamped sort of like this; and he checked me out. And he said, "Now I want you to come back after your next trip east, the next time you get the pain."

And I said all right. So I went east -- I think it was about last October -- came back, and went down to see him. He said, "Pains?" I said, "Yes." He put the silver thing on my head and said, "Just as I thought, pressure's up again." He checked my left ear. "Just as I thought. You're stopped up over here. We'll have to operate."

Well, to make a long story short, they did operate and removed forty-two strong del Rey opinions which had gotten into my head through my right ear and couldn't get out again. They tell me the team of specialists who did the operation were exhausted afterwards.

Now to the important talk of the evening. It's just that I had to settle Lester's hash before I got started here. I realize -- we can go into it later on.....are you hearing me? I seem to fade in and out, to my own ear....
((laughter))

I have something to say about fans. It's fairly brief, but it's a heartfelt thing: there is a phenomenon known as science fiction, and there is nothing like it. Truthfully.

It's unusual in ways that go beyond this type of friendly gathering and things like this; because spelunkers get together, mystery writers and mystery fans get together, and so on and so forth. But there's a very peculiar thing about science fiction. And that is that we have what opera used to have, in certain areas of Italy: we have a claque that isn't a claque. But it is not an approving claque. (You know the whole business about the claque in classical opera? All right. Those who do can tell the rest of the audience. Very well.)

The point is, this particular claque does not simply sit there and applaud. It sits there and throws rocks. Which is very good for the field. Because, you may be a king to your publisher, you may be a king to your audience, you may be a king to the librarian, and to people who come trotting in -- but boy! if your last book offended the fans, they will let you know! That's why it's nice to be a fan as well as a pro: I get to throw rocks along with everybody else.

Lester once said something that made me very proud of him at the time; I don't remember exactly what sparked him off, but somebody once said something up on the platform at a convention, and Lester answered him. You know Lester: he can talk from twenty rows back without a microphone and outargue the man on the platform. At any rate, somebody on the platform (I think it was somewhere on the West Coast, but I'm not sure) said something like: "This is what pros are meant for," you know, to be paid attention to, to have their expenses paid, so on and so forth. ((Voice in the background, probably Lester: "It was Harlan.")) So this person, whose name I shall not mention ((laughter)), said, this is what pros are for, they are different than fans.

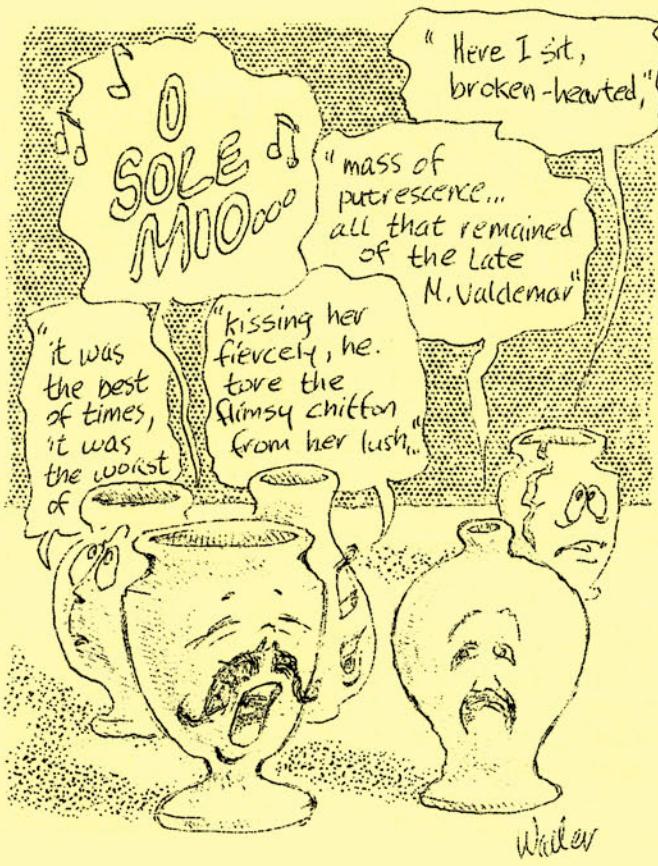
And Lester stood up, forty-two rows back, and, drowning out the PA system, said: "But Harlan -- I'm a fan!" Am I right, sir? ((Turning to Lester)) Okay.

Basic to science fiction, and you see it along the doggone row at the table here, there is nobody who is useful to the field (except in very recent years, when fandom has gotten to be a larger thing) who wasn't a fan to start out with: Don ((Wollheim)), you were a fan at one time, right? Right. Poul ((Anderson)), Lester, myself, Cliff ((Simak)): fans.

The point is that there was a good reason for it: you have to love what you're doing before you start to do something with it. You can't make good pots unless you say: "Oh boy! I can imagine a marvelous pot, nobody's made it yet, but I'm going to make it. It's going to look just like this." And you go putter-putter on your potter's wheel, and you think, "No, that isn't right, but next time I'll make the perfect pot." And you keep on turning out these things.

Soon someone comes by and says, "Hey, what're you doing with these pots?" And you say, "You know, I'm trying to make the perfect pot here, heh, and it's not coming out quite right." And he says, "Well, these aren't perfect, but you know, I kind of like them; may I buy this one?" You say, "Well -- Okay." You

know, five sesterces. So he takes one away. Then someone else comes in and says, "I hear you're selling pots for five sesterces." And you say, "Well, there's only four of them left, you know. Maybe they have some value. Actually I hadn't planned to sell them at all, but since there's a market for them, I think I ought to sell them for at least seven." So he takes one away for seven, see.



And you're going on, and this time it really is a perfect pot -- Wow! Magnificent pot! You say to yourself, "Yeah! This is superb! Some of this superbness must be in the other ones -- that's why they wanted to buy them." So somebody comes in and says, "I hear you're selling your pots for seven sesterces." But now you say, "Ordinary pots, yes. But the point is, these have the mark of greatness about them. You see, I'm working on the perfect pot here. Fifteen sesterces at least." He says, "Nonsense! I won't pay more than twelve!" "Sold!"

And this goes on and the price goes up.

Now, the great danger is that in falling in love with the perfect pot (which you never make; nobody ever makes a perfect pot), and you keep upping your price on the ones that don't work out, and consequently, your chest swelling along with the price, you say, "Boy! Am I a pot-maker!" They're now paying you fifty-seven sesterces....

To the point where you lose sight of what you're dealing with. This is true in every field of art; it is a danger in every field of art. Unless you can get away from it. Now in every field of art, to get away involves going off and being very much a loner. Very much alone. And I look at the people around here who are professionals, who think this way, and who were fans to begin with -- and I mentioned people along the panel: Phil, and...both Phils are fans: Phil Farmer

and Phil Klass -- these people know, as I know, that writing is a very lonely business. Most of us speak of going away; somewhere....

So the one thing that saves you, in this lonely business, is having people who come by every so often and say, "You know, they aren't worth fifty-seven sesterces, but you're on the right track." And this is what sustains you. This is what fandom is good for, this is where it's useful, this is what it does.

This is what it does for those of us who are up in the blinkin' spotlight; but this is only half of it, it does something else too. And I wish first off -- Is Bob Tucker still here? ((He's in the bar.)) ((Laughter)) Okay. Stands to reason. Okay.

The point is that if Bob were here he'd back me up very strongly in this, because if there is any one of us who has been both pro and fan from the very beginning, it's Bob. He has done both simultaneously; he has been pro, fan -- and he has been not merely pro science fiction, but pro science fiction and pro mystery writer at the same time. He knows this.

It is always a lonely trade: your work, you do alone. But the idea of people who will give you an honest, "You know, your pot is crooked," is great! Now, if you lived in an artificial world where nobody liked your pots, until this came along, and somebody said, "Your pot is crooked," you'd say, "Hey! Stupid idiot! What do you know?!" But if it's somebody you've known for a long time, and you know he likes straight pots, you say, "Eh? Nonsense!" But you go away saying, "Hmmm? Maybe it is crooked." And you look at it again.

The great advantage of writing science fiction is double. One is part of the technological revolution: the airplane and the long-distance telephone have put us in touch with each other. Stop and think: there never was -- the old-world phrase was "a school of writers." Science fiction writers are not a school of writers: each one that is useful as a writer is markedly different from each of the others. They are not people who live in a small community and follow a common pattern at all. In fact, they operate generally at cross-purposes, in many ways.

But the point is, they can survive and do this. And I quote you the words of Ted Cogswell (and they are historic words, particularly for a writer (but they're true for fans too, because fans are also highly-gearred people who will chew each other up)), who said: "Writers should live at least five hundred miles apart, and see each other at every possible opportunity."

And this is what is possible, with jet planes.

Now, it costs you money, so you don't do it all the time; you don't always see the people you want. And when you do see them, you're in condition to take them for a three-day binge, which is what it amounts to. All of you fans -- really! -- don't all of you have a three-day binge on this kind of thing? You know, it's a high-gear deal: you're exchanging information, you're living on a high level. All the things I do myself: I find myself staying up until five in the morning, catching three hours sleep, and saying, "Oh boy! I've got to be here and there...."

And it isn't just because I'm on the program; it's because I don't want to miss a minute of it. These people I don't get a chance to talk with, except under these conditions.

Okay, the point is that this situation builds a community. The community has a fine critical effect on the writer; it enables the community to tell him

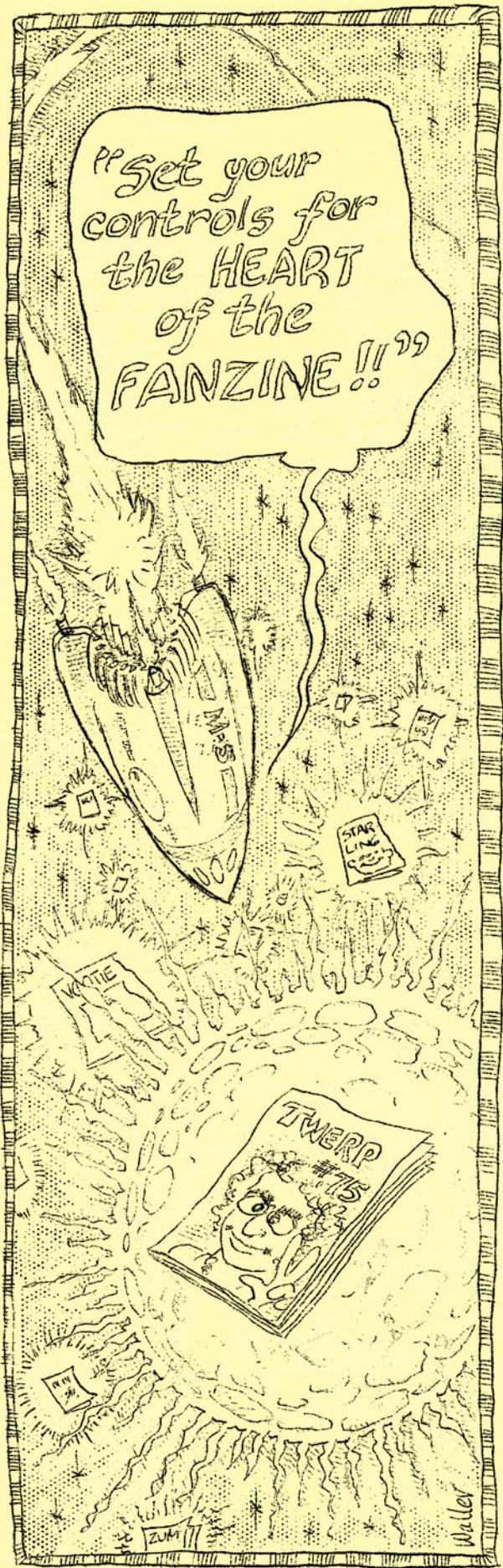
what it doesn't like without destroying him. And the trouble with creative people -- artists, painters, sculptors, composers, anyone -- is that, very often if you tell them that what they're doing is wrong, you destroy them. There's a strong, almost visible umbilical cord between the writer and his novel, between the painter and his painting, between the composer and his score -- all the way along the line. And it is awfully hard to get good feedback without somebody coming along with an axe and going "chop!" on this blinking umbilical cord. This is what you run into in commercial reviews generally -- newspapers, book reviews -- no matter how well meant.

The thing is, the writer who does not have this feedback, who does not have fan feedback, which -- so help me God! -- science fiction writers are very lucky to have; when he gets the review fed to him by a clipping service or by his publisher (because publishers are very nice and pass on reviews), he is likely to get something that will destroy him. For the next week, he's ruined. And not merely for a week, really, but for the rest of his life, damn near, he goes around thinking that maybe there was some truth to the idiot review. The review may have said: "This author has written a story about climbing a mountain, but apparently (and I checked) he has never been above five hundred feet; so what does he know about climbing a mountain? And since there is no obvious evidence he knows anything about climbing a mountain, his story can't be any damn good." And that man will feel destroyed, in spite of the fact that he may have been a cliff-climber for years (there are banks of the St. Croix River out here eighty feet tall that mountain climbers actually come from Europe to try, simply because they are classical tests of skill. They are eighty-foot cliffs over a river -- when you get to the top, it's a nice, green, you-walk-away type of situation). Well, the point is, in spite of the fact that he knows better, he's going to be destroyed. Contrawise, as the result of a gosh-wow good review he may be uplifted beyond reason, just as he may be destroyed beyond reason by the other kind.

Fandom in science fiction is proof of counterweight, all along the line; this is why I cherish it. This is why (and remember, I'm just substitute Fan Guest of Honor), when it was offered to me, I said, and I think I said earlier: "You're kidding if you think I'm going to pass this up!"

I love you all!





Last issue I said that Mike Gorra's RANDOM was "the faaanish fanzine these days." Well, that statement's going to need some revision. First of all, RANDOM has folded and Mike has semi-gafiated, having found that there are better things in life than pubbing one's ish. Secondly, not long after RUNE 44 was mailed out, we received MOTA #11 from Terry Hughes. MOTA is now, I can freely say, the faaanish fanzine. I am spared from having to decide between the two finalists in this contest of fannishness by Gorra's timely resignation.

Why is MOTA so fannish? Well, for one thing, Terry Hughes is certainly a fannish fellow. No doubt about that. Then there's a Bob Tucker article. Can't get much more fannish than Tucker, that's for sure. Another article is by Bob Shaw. Though his pro writing is well known (as is "Wilson" Tucker's, by the way), Shaw has been a fan for many a long year, and a fannish fan at that. And of course the lettercol is full of fine fannish names.

Big deal, I hear you say. Most fanzines are edited by fans, with articles and locs by fans. Why make such a fuss about a particular group of fans, calling them "fannish" and setting them apart from the rest of us?

You may have a point there. After all, we're all in fandom because we like to be. Nobody is going to force you to read fanzines; fan clubs are not mandatory, nor are conventions. The whole point of fandom is enjoyment -- enjoyment of science fiction, and enjoyment of other fans. If you enjoy a fanzine, it doesn't matter what label anybody puts on it; if you like it, that's cool, and if you don't like it, that's just a matter of taste.

So can we really ask, "What is a good fanzine?"

In an objective sense, no. But we can arrive at a consensus opinion and make subjective judgements on fanzines based on

our own tastes and likes. So I can say, "A good fanzine is one I like." And what is a better fanzine? One I like more, obviously. And the best kind of fanzine is the kind that has me saying, each time I turn a page, "Wow! This is great! I haven't enjoyed reading a zine this much in a long time."

What kinds of things in a fanzine can make me say that?

Basically, it boils down to this: good writing, by an interesting person, on a subject I want to read about. Good humorous writing. Good art, too, if it's well-reproed. Otherwise, repro and layout and other visual considerations are mere frosting; the only requirement is that they be neither so poor nor so spectacular that they interfere with the reading.

A key phrase in the above is "interesting person." Especially in the kind of fanwriting that takes as its subject the day-to-day happenings in a fan's life. Frank Denton's THE ROGUE RAVEN is always enjoyable, because Frank is an interesting guy and I like hearing about what he writes about. TRR #12 is mostly a Westercon report; #13 and #14 cover subjects from his son's wedding to a Colin Wilson book on booze; but Frank's personality comes through it all, transforming it from a mere recounting of events into a communication from a warm, friendly human being. On top of all that, he just plain writes well.

What else do I like in a fanzine? Humor, if it's well done. It can be a humorous concept, like the SF-author trading cards distributed with Dave and Mardee Jenrette's TABEBUIAN; or a write-up of a humorous event, like Ted Cogswell's "Evolution of a Soldier" in TABEBUIAN #23, describing how he became Brig. Gen. T.R. Cogswell, Ret'd, US Pederastic Corps and the Vicar-General of the Order of St. Vonnegut; or even reportage of humorous scenes, like the following in Mike and Pat Meara's KNOCKERS FROM NEPTUNE:

"Skel: 'Are those potatoes supposed to squeak when you peel them?'
"Pat: 'Nc?'
"Me: 'Could be this is a Koala bear I'm peeling, then?'"

The best kind, and of course the most difficult to do well, is a description of an ordinary, perhaps even trivial, event, in a humorous manner. Another example from KNOCKERS FROM NEPTUNE illustrates this, as Mike talks about seeing the battlefield where Richard III was defeated:

"...there was a 'Battlefield Centre', a converted farmhouse with a display of bits and bobs, an unfree filmshow, and various booklets and brochures at various prices. (I got all this info from Pat; she and Cas went round this lot while Skel and I sensibly sat in the nice warm car, drinking Newky Brown and eating crisps, while the kids ran around desecrating various items of historical interest.)"

Or this, from Peter Weston's column "Slice of Life", in MAYA #8:

"There we were. Adrian sitting on the W.C. lid reading old Zeniths, me nailing down floorboards, talking SF.

"'I'd better be careful or I'll hit a pipe,' I said, hitting a pipe."

Personally, I have a sense of humor that appreciates the bizarre. I'm delighted by inspired craziness. We got this one-sheet dittoed oddity called BRAVE NEO WORLD from Lee Carson (himself something of an oddity), which starts out, "Brave Neo World is the bell id of Beta, too, but not a Soma-Lee Product,

tho deadicated in parte to Those Who Make The Trains Run On Time", and gets less coherent from there on out. We also acquired a copy of a one-shot produced at this year's BYOBCon in Kansas City; it's as if the high spirits and hilarity of a successful con party suddenly condensed onto paper. It features, among others taking their turns, Bob Vardeman, Mike Glicksohn, Bill Bowers, Nate Bucklin, Jon Singer, and Tim Kirk; and there's a recycled Steve Stiles illo on the front. There's something about a convention one-shot that makes people want to fill stencils with lunacy. Especially with the cast changing so rapidly, and odd linos being stuck in at seeming random.

But I still haven't explained why I like fannish fanzines, or even what a fannish fanzine is. Well, I'll do that, but I have to digress a bit first.

When Rob Jackson's MAYA #8 arrived in the RUNE editorial office (koff koff), I glanced through it, noting the magnificent Harry Turner cover and the impressively laid-out, typeset interior, and then settled down to read. Little did I suspect what awaited me in the middle of this seemingly innocuous British fanzine. I was reading along merrily, listening to Malcolm Edwards talk about fanzines, when up from the lower side of the page jumped the phrase, "The author, David Emerson...." He was talking about my article in AMOR! Far out! And then, not content to gush in admiration over my not inconsiderable talents, he printed an excerpt from that selfsame article. He quoted me! ME! Dear Friends, do you know what this is? This is Egoboo!

EGOBOO! The fannish wonder drug that cures scurvy, hives, and flat feet, wins friends, influences people, and is guaranteed to grow hair on a peachpit! EGOBOO, the seductive narcotic that all fans clamor for, thrive on, and die without! EGOBOO, which hooked me on Fandom and has never let me gafiate! Egoboo the superb, egoboo the sublime! Egoboo, sweet egoboo.....

Ah. Um. Excuse me.

Having had our little digression, we can now see that fans like to see their names in print. Why else would fandom invent the word "egoscan"? A corollary to this is the phenomenon that a fanzine will seem more interesting and be liked more if the reader is mentioned within its pages. I mean, I just love that issue of MAYA. Great fanzine.

But the odd thing is, I like seeing other fan's names in print almost as much as my own. I want to communicate with other fans and find out what they are like; and many fans communicate better in print than in person. We all want to know what everybody else is doing -- fans love fannish gossip. Consequently, a fanzine full of fans talking about other fans is a lot more fun to read than one that talks about science fiction all the time.

An example of this was apparent as I leafed through KNOCKERS FROM NEPTUNE and found myself dwelling longer on the anecdotes about other British fans than on the book reviews, and to some extent the fanzine reviews as well. I learned quite a bit about British fandom that I hadn't known before, simply from reading a few British zines. Another example is DRIFT, the first issue of which has been published by Gary Farber -- he talks about other fans almost the entire way through. Not only in individual incidents, but in fan club meetings and conventions, too, giving increased opportunity to hear about the doings of fans.

Now, all this is very enjoyable, and getting more so as we go along. But it's still not quite what I have in mind when I say "fannish". Let me point to a specific example.

This particular example is somewhere in one of these boxes of fanzines ...

just a sec, I'll see if I can find it hmm, POTLATCH, FOCAL POINT, hmm, CIPHER, FOOLSCAP, EGODOO, hmm, ENERGUMEN -- gee, that was a fine issue there -- hmm, BEABOHEMA, THE GREEN FANDOM (where'd that come from?), hmm, METANOIA No, I guess it's not in this box....

Well, in that case I don't think I'll analyze The Enchanted Duplicator right now.

Let's look at this other example: FOCAL POINT 12.5, produced by rich brown and Arnie Katz in 1970 for the promotion of a special fan fund to bring Bob Shaw to the Noreascon in '71. This was a fannish enterprise organized by fannish fans for the benefit of one of the most fannish of them all. As rich says:

"This is a separate case [from TAFF]. We are a specific group of people -- and I include you, reading this, because by definition you are One Of Us -- who know exactly what we want and are trying to achieve it. We have done this before and will do it again when we find it necessary.

"We are fannish fandom. And we will reward our own."

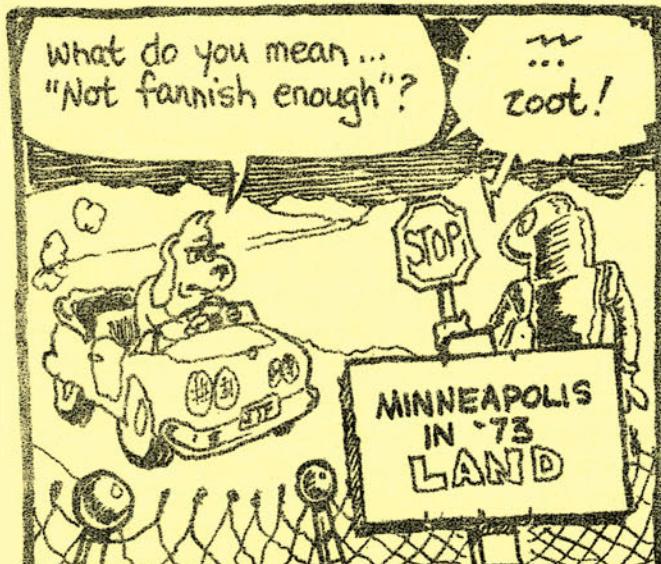
Although this seems to imply "fannish fandom" is one specific group of people, like "Brooklyn fandom" or "Minneapolis fandom", such is not really the case; only in the sense that fannish fans tend to be in contact with other fannish fans throughout the whole of fandom. As fans throughout the mundane world are in contact with each other. If fandom can be said to be an "underground", then fannish fandom is the sub-basement. A step farther removed from mundanity.

This analogy holds further to explain some of the "why" of fannishness. Readers of SF become fans so they can talk to each other about their favorite subject -- science fiction. A subject that they can't discuss with non-readers. So they become part of fandom and experience it as a social phenomenon; fan politics, fan gossip, feuds, social standards, groupings and gatherings. Some of them become interested in the social phenomenon itself more than in science fiction. They find they're too busy publishing fanzines to read any SF at all.

As a reader can't talk about SF with a non-reader, the fan who wants to talk about fandom certainly can't talk to a mundane. The jargon and fannishly-coined neologisms are enough to throw most outsiders, let alone the concepts behind the words. So out of the broad spectrum of fans, the few fans actively interested in fandom form their own small group -- a sub-fandom.

Big deal, I hear you say. (Funny echo in here.) There are lots of sub-fandoms around. What's so special and different about this one?

Look at FOCAL POINT 12.5 once again. In his editorial, rich outlines the previous fan funds, tells of Irish Fandom, and shows how the Bob Shaw Fund developed. Ted White relates "How I First Met Bob Shaw, Ate Pizza, and Found Ghod". Steve Stiles, in an installment of his TAFF report, describes the



Waller '75

fabulous fannish character Harrison and the accolades that British fandom had heaped upon "the mainstay and chief support of the British Empire." There are reprints of classic articles by Bob Shaw and Charles Burbee. Arnie closes the zine with references to the now-legendary Irish Fandom, SIANT, HYPHEN, The Enchanted Duplicator, and Ah, Sweet Idiocy (which Bob Shaw was not involved in).

The outstanding common feature of all these articles is their awareness of the history of fandom. Today there are so many groups within fandom that one might be led to believe that there is no such thing as Fandom, but merely a set of fandoms. But Fandom is a historical entity, having existed for several decades now as a continuous, evolving society. This continuity is the only point by which we can distinguish the true Fandom from all the other fandoms. Continuity is established by continuous individuals (like Tucker), continuous fanzines (say, YANDRO), and continuous organizations (like FAPA or LASFS): it is maintained by a continuity of ideas and social standards. Present fans who are aware of fandom's history are in touch with this continuity; and fannish fans, due to their interest in fandom, tend to have that awareness.

Other subfandoms tend to have little or none of this awareness. It is this, rather than lack of contact with the rest of fandom, that many fans really object to about groups like Star Trek fandom. Related fandoms can originate on their own and establish their own goals and standards, have their own BNFs, and even their own conventions; but unless there is that shared knowledge, that common origin, they are not considered a part of "real fandom".

One does not have to have lived through all of fandom just to be fannish, however. Some fannish fans are quite young, and some are very new to fandom. Most of fandom's legends and traditions are handed down from BNF to neo through oral history and common subcultural knowledge, but there are a few written documents in the field: Sam Moskowitz's The Immortal Storm; Harry Warner's All Our Yesterdays and his forthcoming history of the 50's; FANCYCLOPEDIA's I and II; and a few special projects here and there, such as Dick Eney's A Sense of FAPA. Of course, the fanzines of any time period are valuable as source documents.

In the fifties, Lee Hoffman published a fanzine called FANHISTORY, the subject of which should be obvious. And currently, two young New York fans, JoeD Siclari and Gary Farber, are intending to publish FANHISTORICA, hoping "to reprint articles of historical fan interest and have articles (new and old) on fan history." They have already put out a "non-issue", which they claim is merely a prospectus for the actual zine; it contains pieces 15 to 25 years old, including a look at a 1940's SF club, a write-up of a 1960 event, and a classic fannish article by Redd Boggs. So perhaps it's time for a revival of interest in fan history.

Now, I don't know about you, but I really like fandom; I'm very pleased to be a fan. Fandom feels like home to me, like an extended family; it offers something special to me, like no other group I've ever been in. I enjoy that feeling of being in touch with Fandom As A Whole -- which is why I go to conventions, and read fanzines, and write articles for fanzines, and contribute to apas, and sit around smoffing in my spare time.

And that's why I make a big deal over fannishness. Because it puts me in contact with True Fandom and makes me feel like a trufan.

Sometimes it's almost as good as egoboo.



FANZINES MENTIONED ABOVE:

MOTA #11, July 1975. Terry Hughes, 866 N. Frederick St, Arlington VA 22205. For the usual.

THE ROGUE RAVEN #12-14, July 15 to September 15, 1975. Frank Denton, 14654 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle WA 98166. 10/\$1 or, presumably, the usual.

TABEBUIAN #23, Fall 1975. Dave & Mardee Jenrette, Box 374 - Coconut Grove, Miami FL 33133. 12/\$3 or the usual.

KNOCKERS FROM NEPTUNE #1, July 1975. Mike & Pat Meara, 61 Borrowash Road, Spondon, Derby DE2 7QH, England. \$1 each or the usual.

BRAVE NEO WORLD, Lee Carson, 3412 Ruby St, Franklin Pk, IL 60131. No information as to availability.

BYOB CON ONE SHOT, by fans attending the 1975 BYOBCon at the Hotel Muehlbach in Kansas City. No information as to availability, but try KaCSFFS.

MAYA #8, July 1975. Robert Jackson, 21 Lyndhurst Rd, Benton, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE12 9NT, England. \$1, 4/\$3, or the usual.

DRIFT #1, July 1975. Gary Farber, 1047 E. 10th St, Brooklyn NY 11230. For the usual, and/or 25¢.

FANHISTORICA, JoeD Siclari and Gary Farber, Box 1343, Radio City Station, New York NY 10019. For the usual, old fanzines, reprint suggestions, help in research, or 50¢.

OTHER FANZINES RECEIVED:

ASH-WING #17, July 1975. Frank Denton, address above. For the usual, or "first editions of the Gutenberg Bible, signed (by God, not the printer), french fried mantras, maps for buried treasure in Lankhmar, and recommendations for records." General.

BHEER #1, August 1975. Matthew B. Tepper, 2200 Sixteenth Avenue, San Francisco CA 94116. 25¢ or the usual. Purple ditto on white paper; this copy's already getting hard to read. A sercon zine, despite the title. Cover is a Kelly Freas drawing which suffered in the translation to ditto master, and was further ruined by the neoish lettering of the title. But a little above average for a firstish.

BOOWATT WEEKLY #14-22; ORLY #1-2; and SERMON FROM A MOUNT; all from Garth Danielson, 20-327 Edison Ave, Winnipeg, Manitoba R2G 0L9, Canada. BW is 6/25¢. Personalzine, printed on the backs of crud sheets.

BRITISH COLUMBIA SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER, #26-28. Clubzine of BCSFA, Box 35577, Station E, Vancouver B.C. V6M 4G9, Canada. Subs for non-members, \$1.50 per year.

BROWN PAPER WRAPPER #1, Brian Earl Brown, 55521 Elder Rd, Mishawaka, Ind. 46544. For the usual or two 10¢ stamps. Personalzine with reviews.

CYGNUS X-1, #2, Summer 1975. Bob Ruben, 1351 Denniston Ave, Pittsburgh PA 15217. Clubzine of Western Pa. SF Association. Very neat appearance; contents include a comic strip and a very good article by Stu Kisilinsky about, and in the style of, the Firesign Theater. Presumably for the usual.

DON-O-SAUR #42, June/July 1975. Don C. Thompson, 7498 Canosa Court, Westminster CO 80030. Aside from the Shulls and the Canfield, most of the art is pretty poor. Content is mostly personalzine and letters. 35¢ or the usual.

DORK-PIZZLE #1 & 2. C.E. Bennett, Box 8502, Portland OR 97201. The usual, or 25¢; \$2.25 per year. Quarter-page sized personalzine.

DRIFTGLASS #24, Jostein Saakvitne, Ekornrudv.27b, N1410 Kolbotn, Norway. In English, fortunately -- an international issue, they call it. Rather enjoyable, small but interesting in its glimpse into Norwegian fandom. Excellent artwork by Geir Olsen, including a surreal comic strip. For, I suppose, the usual.

DWARF #3. KaCSFFS, 508 W. 75th St, Kansas City MO 64114. Edited by Joe Rhoads and Sarah Sue Wilde. Lotsa convention reports this time. Available to members and for the usual.

ECLIPSE #7, Mark Sharpe, 2721 Black Knight Bv ((sic)), Indianapolis IN 46229. The usual or 50¢. Fiction.

FANZINE FANATIQUE #10, 11. Keith Walker, 2 Daisy Bank, Quernmore Road, Lancaster, Lancs., England. The usual or 4 for 35p. Fanzine reviews. Getting better.

FOUDROYANT #1, Mike Blake, 2799 Pawtucket Ave, East Providence RI 02914. Clubzine of RISFA. 50¢ or the usual. How to build your own sandworm for fun and profit.

GALACTIC REVIEW #1, Stanley Greene, 740 Sycamore St, Apt 6, Red Bluff CA 96080. 40¢, or maybe the usual. Movies and comics.

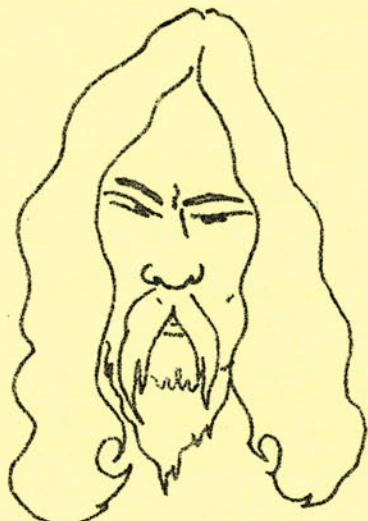
GREEN EGG #72 & 73, Church of All Worlds, Box 2953, St. Louis MO 63130. \$1 each or \$7 per year (8 issues). Neo-paganism, Earth Religions.

GUARD THE NORTH, Daniel Say, Box 65583, Vancouver B.C. V5N 5K5, Canada. The usual, I guess. General.

IT COMES IN THE MAIL #17, Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St, Newport News VA 23605. No info as to price. Fanzine reviews and news about fans.

THE JOURNAL SUPPLEMENT v33 n2 (formerly SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL), Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd, Wheaton MD 20906. 30¢, I think. SF reviews, fanzine reviews, some fan news.

KARASS #16, Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave, Prospect Park PA 19076. The usual or 3/\$1. Good fannish newzine.



KNIGHTS #13 (formerly KINGHTS OF THE PAPER SPACESHIP), Mike Bracken, 3918 North 30th, Tacoma WA 98407. \$1.50 each, 4/\$4, or the usual. Slick cover, fancy layout, 102 pages long. Once a crudzine, always a crudzine.

KYBEN #12, Jeff & Ann Smith, 1339 Weldon Ave, Baltimore MD 21211. 35¢, 3/\$1, or the usual. Almost all letters.

MUNDAC #4, Rick Stooker, 403 Henry St, Alton IL 62002. 25¢ or the usual. Personalzine with letters. The major item is "Scenes From a Day", an unusually perceptive and candid story of physical and emotional events in one day of Rick's life. It gets pretty heavy.

MYTHOLOGIES #6, Don D'Ammassa, 19 Angell Drive, East Providence RI 02914. 70¢ in stamps, 75¢ in coin, or the usual. Discussion of Serious and Meaningful Topics.

NICKELODEON #1, Tom Reamy and Ken Keller, 1131 White, Kansas City MO 64126. \$2 or something approximating the usual. Slick and visually impressive, but content is far from outstanding.

NOCRES #1 and 2, published by Nocres (the club); first issue officially editorless, second lists as editor Cat Ocel, 343 E. 19th St, Apt 6B, Minneapolis MN 55404. The big drawing card of this zine is the large number of photographs of fans and fan gatherings. Twin Cities fandom boasts several high-quality photographers, and several fine pictures have been well reproduced in this offset fanzine. Not for the usual, but for 25¢ each, 4/\$1.

NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT #12, Denis Quane, Box CC, East Texas Station, Commerce, TX 75428. 30¢ or the usual. Science and Science fiction discussion.

PHOTRON #14, Steve Beatty, 1662 College Terr Dr, Murray KY 42071. The usual or 40¢. General.

PVENUS PFLYTRAP #1, Linda Johnson, 674 Elm St, New Haven CT 06511. Clubzine of The New Haven Science Fiction & Fantasy Association, spelled NHSFFA, pronounced "fred". 25¢, 4/75¢, or the usual.

REQUIEM vI n5, Norbert Spehner, 455 Saint-Jean, Longueuil, P.Q. J4H 2Z3, Canada. 75¢, 6/\$4. "REQUIEM est disponible pour des échanges avec d'autres fanzines." Not a word of English front to back. Sure looks good, though.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #14 (formerly THE ALIEN CRITIC), Dick Geis, Box 11408, Portland OR 97211. \$1.25 each, 4/\$4, 8/\$7.

SHADOW #47, Eric Larsen, Box 16369 NCSU, Raleigh NC 27607. 25¢ or trade. Clubzine of The Nameless Order of R'lyeh.

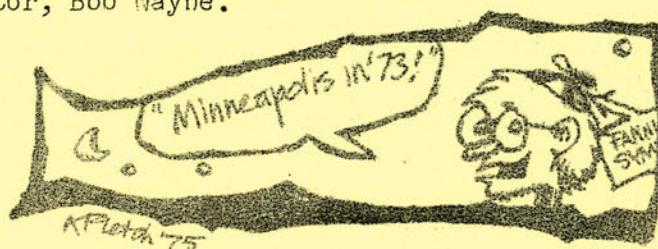
SOUTH OF THE MOON #10, Tim C. Marion, 614 72nd St, Newport News VA 23605. The usual or 4/\$1. Index of generally available apas. There is some amount of misinformation here, and Tim has already generated bad feelings in many areas by not checking with his own published sources for verification. Caveat emptor.

STRAWBERRIES FROM MARS #1, Robert Melhorn and Tom Foster, 90 N. Belvedere, Memphis TN; \$3.50 for 10 issues. Also a Tom Foster coloring book, for \$1, from 502 N. Avalon, West Memphis, Ark. 72301. Quite bizarre and otherwise indescribable. Foster has a weird mind.

SYNAPSE #11 and 13, Taral Wayne MacDonald, 1284 York Mills Rd, Apt 410, Don Mills, Ont. M3A 1Z2, Canada. The usual, OSFiC membership, or 35¢. Clubzine of the Ontario SF club.

TALES FROM TEXAS #11, Clubzine of Dallas Area Science Fantasy Society, 2515 Perkins St, Fort Worth TX 76103. Editor, Bob Wayne. 12/\$3, \$2 for members.

WEIRD TAILS #22, Mike Bailey, PO Box 48563 Station Bentall, Vancouver B.C. V7X 1A3, Canada. The usual, 6/\$1 or 12/\$2. Personalzine.



THE CONVENTION OF THE DECADE **MUDCON**

by Leigh Edmonds

Soon after AUSSIECON, John and Elizabeth Foyster invited the members of the committee up to their farm way out in the bush for a quiet weekend. The idea was to lie around and do nothing very exciting; in other words, unwinde. That this was a month after AUSSIECON gives you some impression of the state the committee had got itself into (Robin Johnson is still not quite sane though he has stopped dribbling).

The main attraction at the farm was a tv set; hooked up to something which looked like a tape recorder, it enabled the committee to see all those programme items they had missed at the convention itself. Some weren't too interested in looking at tv (no matter what was on), so they played wargames. It was a quiet time except for the sound of panelists droning on and on and the occasional groan as various people watched themselves make absolute fools of themselves, or so they thought.

At about eight o'clock on the Saturday evening, Elizabeth interrupted proceedings by walking into the loungeroom (she is addicted to neither tv nor wargames) and asking if anybody had a car powerful enough to pull a bogged car out of a sticky situation. We wondered what she had been doing but she soon cleared that up by pushing forward a stranger who, she said, had appeared at the back door and made such a request.

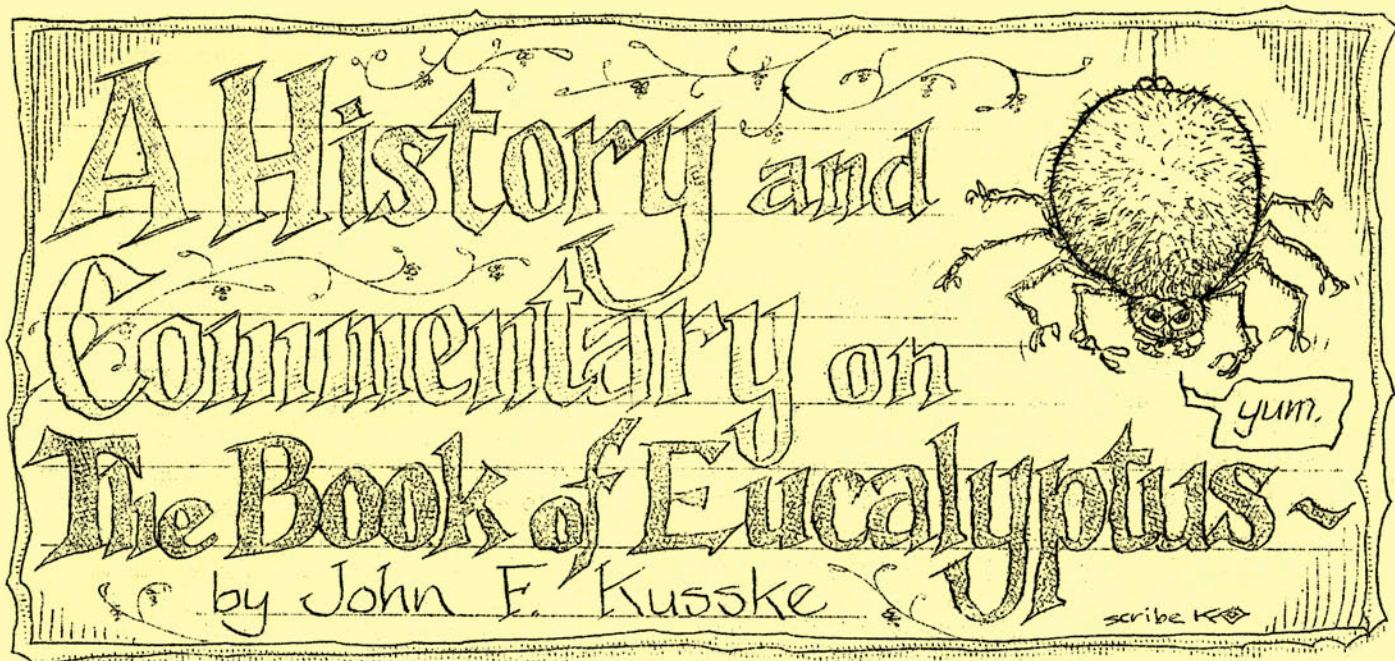
Nobody was willing to volunteer their car for the venture but we looked around and saw a dozen or so fans who, despite glasses and overdeveloped broad mental horizons, should be able to do something about getting a car unbogged. Why, if we all went we might even be able to lift it up bodily and carry it to safety.

A short time later everybody (except for Robin who was still suffering badly from the convention) were stacked in a couple of cars and zooming down a little bush track. It had been raining heavily during the day and there seemed to be more water and mud than road. After a mile or two the road deteriorated to the state where we got out and walked -- it was all very well to help some poor mundane who had got bogged, but having to unbog three cars did not seem like a good idea.

The car, it turned out, was not your ordinary car but one of those lovely British Jaguars. Saying it was bogged would not be very precise either -- it looked more as if the back wheels had fallen into a bottomless pit disguised as a puddle. First off we tried the idea of picking it up and carrying it away but even though we strained and heaved absolutely nothing happened. So much for fine minds -- broad mental horizons don't guarantee vast physical strength.

To cut a long story short (even in micro elite), we liberated the car after an hour or so. The fun was the doing. I'm not much on mechanical things so I can't describe all the various things that we tried: the grass, the dead tree trunk, the carpet and, in a last ditch effort, Ken Ford wedged under the wheels. All I really remember was somebody telling us to try to lift up this or that end of the car every so often, we'd all gather around and strain, and the wheels of the car would throw mud everywhere. Mud is pretty yucky stuff until you get used to it but after you've slipped over a couple of times and been sprayed with the stuff it gets to be okay, something to laugh about almost, but not quite.

Between bouts of lifting we stood around and looked at the Milky Way stretched out across the sky (it's a beautiful sight way out in the bush) and made convention organising comments to each other, such as, "where's the video equipment" -- all rather funny at the time but not so in retrospect so you're spared them. Finally we got the car unbogged and just before the man drove off into the distance and the darkness he confided to us that he was the owner of one of the pubs in Gisborne and if we ever happened to be padding through that way, call in and collect our reward. We haven't been up that way again yet but we sure will.



Illustrated by Ken Fletcher

As recently as 1914 four ancient copies of The Book of Eucalyptus still survived. They were regarded as national treasures by the governments that owned them, and, fearing the power and avariciousness of radical political and religious movements, these regimes safeguarded the manuscripts through airtight policies of secrecy.

The first manuscript to be destroyed was the so-called "cornskin paper," owned by the Prussian royal family. Shortly after the beginning of the Great War, British commandos raided the castle wherein it was kept, believing from the extent of the fortifications there that they had discovered the site of Germany's gold reserve. Instead of huge piles of ingots, though, all they found was a moldy collection of crumbling papers. Turning the mass over to Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, they were astounded to see him releasing it to The Times of London, which ran Eucalyptus as a crossword puzzle from September 14th to December 3rd. That effectively dissolved the manuscript, because to this day not one crossword enthusiast has been able to decipher a single clue, and the puzzle editor of The Times soon went incurably insane.

A second manuscript met a similar fate. Seized by the Bolsheviks during the Russian revolution of 1917, Lenin intended to issue it as a full confession of bourgeois-imperialistic-crimes-against-the-people, ascribing the authorship to Tsar Nicholas. But before it could be published, White Russians captured the printing plant, and when they learned what publications had been planned, they put the entire place to the torch and shot all of the employees.

In 1926 the third manuscript perished in the Great Norway Fire. This conflagration destroyed that entire unhappy Nordic country, and the slaughter there was so great that it was decided to ignore the entire tragedy and proceed under the assumption that it had never happened. That is why, if you ever visit Norway, you will be struck by its similarity to Sweden. They change the street signs at night for the benefit of foreign tourists.

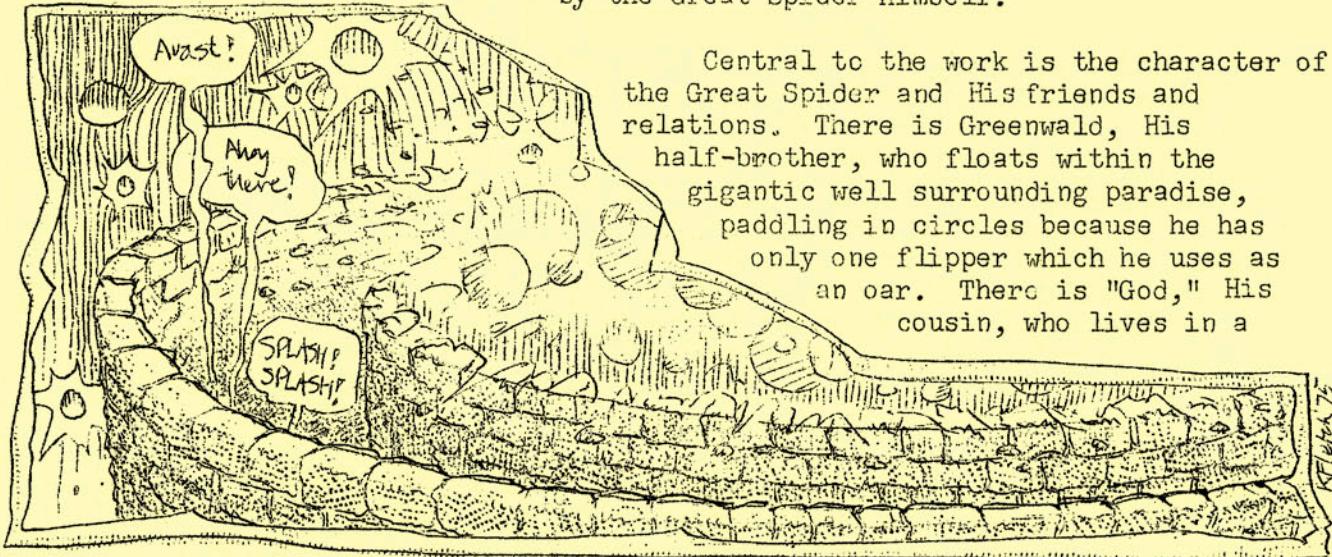
Perhaps the history of the fourth manuscript is the most interesting, though. Copied on rare Chinese silk in an obscure Mongolian dialect, it was liberally illustrated by an ancient who did passable imitations of Robert Crumb, and, in addition to being the most beautiful Eucalyptus ever to exist, it was also the

most informative. Bearing the personal autograph of the Great Spider, the "Scarlet" edition was the prize possession of the Japanese emperor and was housed deep within the lower confines of his imperial palace. When American planes began bombing Japan in the Second World War, it was transferred for safekeeping to the village of Sobe, Okinawa, where it was lost during the invasion of that island in 1945.

For 23 years the world believed the "Scarlet" edition to be destroyed, and with it the last remaining trace of the ancient religion of Great Spiderism. Research groups from Harvard, The Sorbonne, and Grambling College combed Okinawa hunting for traces. The Japanese emperor declared a reward of 500,000 yen for information leading to the discovery of only a fragment. But all efforts were futile. Apparently it had completely vanished, and, one by one, the intellectuals of the world reluctantly gave up hope.

This situation remained static until 1968 when your author, on an expedition financed by the United States Army, stumbled over the manuscript in a sugar cane field three miles north of Tori, Okinawa. Realizing at once the importance of my discovery, I tried to have it copied, but for some reason -- perhaps having to due with the exact chemical composition of the ink employed on the "Scarlet" edition -- a Xerox machine refused to reproduce the pages. Nevertheless, I memorized it as much as possible, and, on returning to this country, immediately began to laborious process of translation. Owing to the battered quality of the manuscript and the difficulty of the language, I have been able to complete only one chapter at the present. Additionally, my progress has been hampered by the final destruction, only four months ago, of the "Scarlet" edition itself in a gay rights demonstration at the University of Minnesota. From now on I will have to proceed using only the resources of my fantastic memory. However, from the amount I have already translated and from the notes I've gathered on the rest of the book, it is possible to comment on Eucalyptus as a whole. (Other commentaries include Eucalyptus, Its Life and Times, Myth and Reality in Eucalyptus, Eucalyptus and the Unborn Child, and The Joy of Eucalyptus. All four works were destroyed during the sack of Carthage.)

Eucalyptus is as fine a work of history as it is of religion, encompassing, as it does, the origin of the universe, the creation of mankind, the rise of agriculture and the eventual industrial revolution, the atomic age, star travel, and the ultimate fate of the cosmos; mixed in with specific day-to-day predictions and including twelve appendices explaining the languages of the elves, dwarves, hobbits, and orcs. It is filled with poetry and passion. Great men enter and exit through its pages. Eucalyptus is divinely inspired, every word being written by the Great Spider Himself.



Central to the work is the character of the Great Spider and His friends and relations. There is Greenwald, His half-brother, who floats within the gigantic well surrounding paradise, paddling in circles because he has only one flipper which he uses as an oar. There is "God," His cousin, who lives in a

padded cell because he believes he created the universe and occasionally gets violent about it. There is Mura, who lays eggs and tries at odd times to unsuccessfully seduce the Great Spider. She usually fails and therefore lays a prodigious quantity of fertile ones. But dominating them all is the personality of the Great Spider.

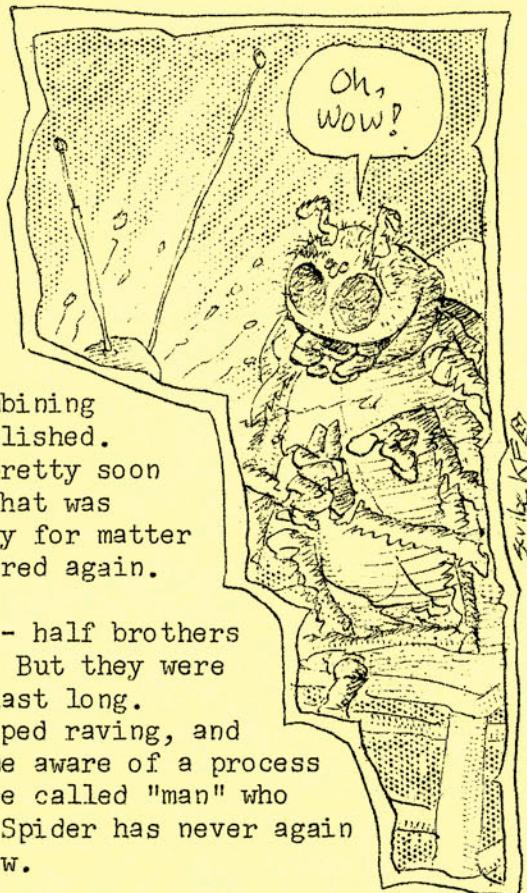
Creating Himself on a whim, He sat around in isolation for an undetermined length of time until He got bored. It wasn't exactly company that the Great Spider desired, just activity. So He made matter and watched it float around, combining according to laws He didn't even know He had established. It formed into atoms and then into molecules and pretty soon into suns and planets and galaxies. For a while that was interesting. But then just about every possibility for matter had been accomplished, and the Great Spider got bored again.

So He created the various beings around Him -- half brothers and cousins and even His own mothers and fathers. But they were all predictable, and His interest in them didn't last long. Greenwald never stopped paddling, "God" never stopped raving, and Mura was just too unsuccessful. But then He became aware of a process which had started called "evolution" and a creature called "man" who was developing, and from that moment on the Great Spider has never again been bored. He just sits back and watches the show.

Man was such an interesting fellow that the Great Spider grew fond of him. He used to roar with laughter at the wars and break into tears during the famines and plagues. It was like watching a soap opera 24 hours a day. Eventually He became so fond of man that He gave the species an immortal soul so that man could share paradise along with Him. For a while that provided a good show also. Individuals died, their friends and family weeping up a storm, and in an instant their souls would be transmitted to paradise. At first they would be scared of this huge black thing, but soon they'd see He meant no harm, and they'd settle back to watch the circus along with Him.

It all started one day when somebody got pushy. The Great Spider had noticed that paradise was getting crowded -- a fellow didn't even have room to stretch His eight legs anymore -- and He planned to enlarge the place. But the Egyptians were invading Babylonia again, and He didn't want to miss any of the action. Naturally as the invasion progressed paradise got more crowded. People kept popping in all the time, and it was getting so there wasn't any place to pop into. Finally this rather large Etruscan fellow became cramped and decided to change his position. Only trouble was that he didn't have the space. He shoved a bit here and a bit there and finally got desperate and really pushed. A little kid was standing right in front of the Great Spider then. He got shoved just when the Great Spider was yawning and ended up right in His mouth.

The Great Spider had never eaten anything before. He didn't digest and He didn't excrete. He just existed, and He had never felt the need for nourishment. If He hadn't been so interested in the invasion, the Great Spider would probably have spit the child out, and that would have been the end of it. But His interest, at the moment, was overwhelming. Before the Great Spider knew it, He had closed and opened His mouth several times, and the poor boy was mashed into a pulp. Worse yet, the Great Spider loved the taste. It was fabulous. The paste, which had been the child, spread all over the inside of His mouth, and the sensation was exquisite. Forgetting entirely about the invasion of Babylonia, the Great Spider began stuffing Himself with gobs of humans, and before long

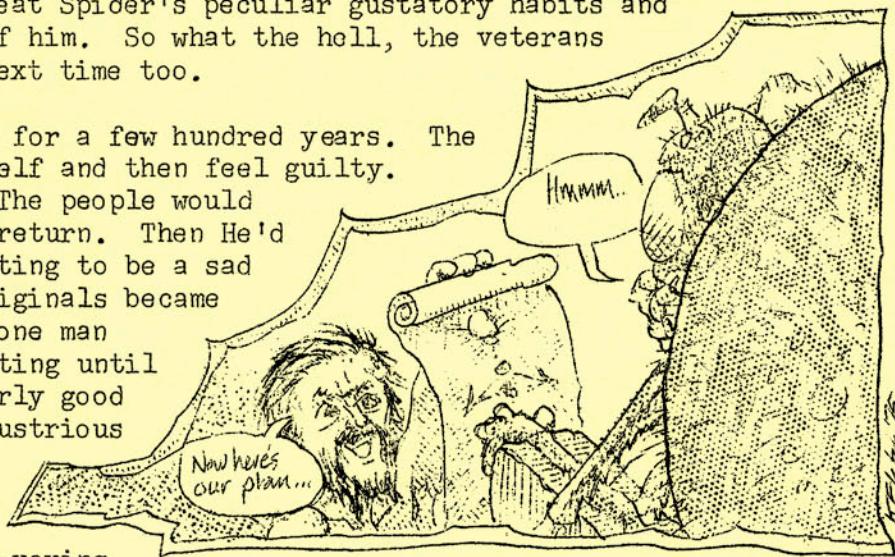


paridise was considerably less crowded.

Even the vilest have a conscience, though. Soon the Great Spider had eaten and eaten and eaten and was about full. As a matter of fact, He couldn't have swallowed another infant, even. His stomach hurt. Just as He had never before experienced sensual pleasure, so too had He never felt pain. I mean His stomach ached. So the Great Spider began feeling guilty. Poor people, He thought. During mortal life all they had ever known was pain, and now too, after they had died, He was torturing them. He had a veritable orgy of self-recrimination.

For a while He was good. Since paradise had a lot more room now, the people had huddled together into the fringes, shaking and trembling and wailing. For a long time they wouldn't come near Him, even though the Great Spider offered them all kinds of things. He had really made up His mind to stop eating people, and He was terribly sorry for what He had done and wanted to make amends. Mankind has a short memory, and after a few days of shaking and trembling and wailing in the corners, most of the people came out. The new arrivals had helped things too. They didn't know about the Great Spider's peculiar gustatory habits and consequently showed no fear of him. So what the hell, the veterans thought. Maybe I'll escape next time too.

Things went on like this for a few hundred years. The Great Spider would stuff Himself and then feel guilty. He'd vow to kick the habit. The people would hide from Him and eventually return. Then He'd get hungry again. It was getting to be a sad situation, and some of the originals became pretty tired of it. Finally one man decided to do something. Waiting until the Great Spider was in a fairly good mood, he approached. "Oh Illustrious One!" the man said. "For too long have you been vexing my people!" And the Great Spider said yeah, He had been vexing the people, but He couldn't seem to help Himself. "It is not right that all meet the same fate!" the man said. "What you need is a system."

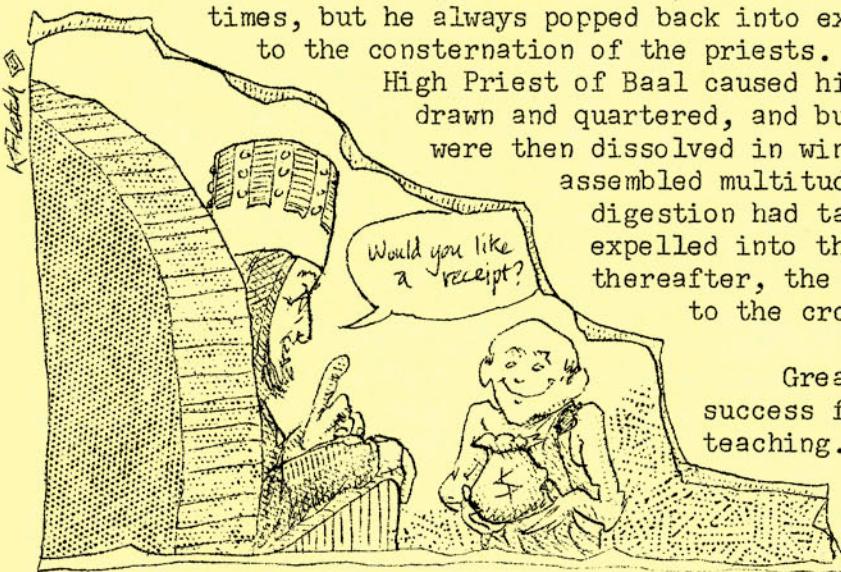


The Great Spider thought this was very interesting, for while He enjoyed His feasts, the spells of remorse afterwards really hurt Him. So He listened to the fellow, who was explaining how it was right that the Evil People should be eaten, because they deserved it. But the Good People merited a reward, not a punishment, after they had cast aside the cares and worries of the world. The Great Spider decided this was a fine idea. Only how, He asked, could He tell the good people from the bad ones. So the guy explained the principles of religion. Those people who truly believed in the Great Spider and who supported His church should be blessed after they died, and those people who did not should be eaten. The Great Spider thought the system was fantastic.

Much speculation has centered on the character and origin of this first of the Chief Prophets of the Spiderist Church. Plato asserted that he was a twig from the mythical Tree of Life which had been blown off in a windstorm and taken root and somehow survived on the barren and rocky soil of earth. Nietzsche claimed he was the original German Overman who had, by his actions, established the foundation for the German Empire. More recently a popular poet has stated that he was the spirit of Young Love who inhabits seashores and gaily tinkling waterfalls when the moon is right. The only facts we have are those handed down by the Chief Prophet himself, and they are slightly less than credible.

He maintained that he had been a famous and victorious general who, between brilliant victories against overwhelming odds, composed the Iliad and the Odyssey, constructed the Taj Mahal, formulated the laws of Hammurabi, and invented 203 new positions for sexual intercourse. After achieving everything possible in life, the Chief Prophet maintained, he noted that his body was becoming old at 27 years, and, despairing at the limitations of both the human form and creative spark, stoically surrendered himself to 726 poisonous bumblebees.

Many scholars have doubted that one man could invent 203 new positions for sexual intercourse, so they have tended to disbelieve the more astounding claims that the Chief Prophet put forward, but the immediate success of the Spiderist Church testifies that this man's abilities were by no means ordinary. After persuading the Great Spider to reincarnate him, the fellow went to work converting the population of earth away from their old Gods. It was certainly not easy in those days to establish a new religion. The priesthoods of those already in existence were jealous, and they resented any newcomer sneaking into the action. After his reincarnation, the Chief Prophet ended up being sacrificed a number of times, but he always popped back into existence shortly thereafter, much to the consternation of the priests. One time, in desperation, the High Priest of Baal caused him to be trampled by elephants, drawn and quartered, and burned at the stake. His ashes were then dissolved in wine, which was drunk by the assembled multitude, and after the process of digestion had taken place his remains were expelled into the Tigris river. Shortly thereafter, the Chief Prophet presented himself to the crowd and asked how he had tasted.



Great Spiderism received much of its success from the simplicity of its teaching. The glorious "two-fold path" was so elementary that even the most stupid of humans could understand it. To be saved, the Chief Prophet taught, one

had merely to say that he believed in the Great Spider and, in addition, pay a bribe to the Chief Prophet himself. Of course, as time wore on and the entire population of the ancient world became believers, additional bribes became necessary -- which caused some individuals to renounce their belief in the Great Spider. Pleasing the Great Spider while saving the largest number of human beings from his wrath turned out to be a delicate task indeed, and the accomplishment of this can be said to be the Chief Prophet's greatest achievement. It is surprising that he managed to balance the tension for so long.

As more and more people became believers, the Great Spider's meals became sparser and sparser. He complained to the Chief Prophet, ordering him to subdue his efforts for several centuries until an adequate stock of souls had been built up. But the Chief Prophet could not bear to lose such a large source of income for such a long period of time, and he suggested that the Great Spider merely regenerate those souls which he had already consumed and eat them again. This appealed to the Great Spider's love of justice, for being eaten many times is certainly worse than being eaten once, and those people evil enough to refuse to believe in Him deserved the most terrible of punishments, in His opinion. But then an even more difficult dilemma threatened.

Since being converted to Great Spiderism, humans lost their love of warfare, and no longer did the Great Spider have gigantic spectacles to watch. Why fight the Huns when they already worship the same Deity that you do? Antagonistic traits disappeared from the human soul, and people discontinued their bad habit

of invading neighboring territories and putting the entire countryside to the torch. As a matter of fact, bad habits of all kinds began to disappear. Nothing was forbidden anymore. The "two-fold path" taught that a person had only to believe and pay in order to achieve salvation. With their sins receiving, so to speak, official sanction from the church, they soon ceased to be exciting. Men stayed home and raised huge families of believers, none of whom would ever grace the Great Spider's table, and He became discontented again. The world had become an unexciting place for the Great Spider to watch.

What thoughts passed through the Chief Prophet's mind at this moment? How did he feel seeing his generations of labor on the verge of being wasted? What agony stabbed his breast as he contemplated the fate which his fellow human beings would presently suffer? We have his words, recorded by a temple janitor, as the Chief Prophet addressed a convention of his various underlings. "I fear," he said, "that the number of bribes will drop off sharply in the near future, and I advise stringent economy measures."

He made a number of half-hearted attempts, apparently, to regain the Great Spider's interest. He encouraged the "Black Widowite" heretics and did his best to build up a crusade against them. But since all of the heretics were beautiful women, it was rather difficult to persuade the men to hate them. He renounced the faith himself and attempted to form a rival religion, which paid particular attention to human sacrifice and conquest, but the people were so happy with Great Spiderism that he was unable to find followers. Finally the Chief Prophet surrendered to disgust. He bought a farm in the country and retired to write his memoirs. It is this autobiography, distilled from the bitterness and failure of the Chief Prophet, which forms the basis for The Book of Eucalyptus.

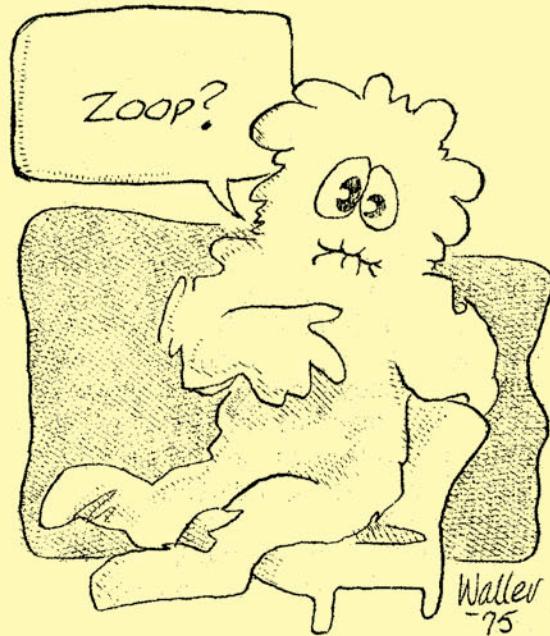
As the years rolled by, people remembered less and less of the Golden Age which had held sway under the tender and beneficial rule to the Great Spider. New prophets arose with greater public relations skill, and they gradually weaned the population away from the True Faith. Warfare began again, and, because of intemperate personal habits, so did disease and hunger. All knowledge of the True Faith died, except for the sacred documents stored in the holiest of holy places in each temple, basilica, mosque, synagogue, and cathedral. The Great Spider was again happy. And the former Chief Prophet of the Spiderist church, now poor and heartsick, endured reincarnation after reincarnation, given to him out of the gratitude of the Great Spider's heart.

While I translated the pages of this astounding book, a strange feeling of sadness and frustration came over me. I began to pity the poor creatures that we all are. I felt anger that there is nothing we can do to better our lot. At times I surrendered to marathon bouts of despair, during which time I hardly spoke to anybody. It was during one of these black times that I felt the memories return. I forgot what my name is this time, which century this is, or where I am living. Scenes from my past lives filled my brain. I recalled the Spiderist Church as it had been during its days of glory, and all the secret rituals and signs that had been parts of its worship. I remembered the Golden Age of mankind and how war had been ended, as well as hunger, disease, and cheating at cards. I recollected the achievements of my first life, the brilliant victories, the fantastic poems. I especially recalled the 203 positions for sexual intercourse.

Maybe this time, I thought, the Great Spider will do better. He's older now, and perhaps He has seen everything. Perhaps the fullness of time has changed His nature. Perhaps He is once again ready to share His paradise in peace with the creatures He loves so well. Why not? It's worth a try.

In case any of you are willing to end war and disease and death, to eliminate sickness and hunger and human rapacity, to institute a new golden age for the people of this sad planet, send your bribes in care of the New First Arachnid Church.

Book Reviews



Starship, Brian Aldiss, Avon (New York). \$1.25

A reprinted Aldiss (accent on the "old") from 1958. It seems there's this primitive race of tribal people living in the jungle of "'ponics" growing out of the great decks of this huge starship...stop me if you've heard this one...and among them is Roy Complain (well-named) who loses his woman when he's not looking and is cast out of his tribe to wander the decks -- pursued by his society's philosophy of aggression and his own dissatisfaction with everything -- and who becomes involved, along with some other outcasts, in a search through the decks and towards the mysterious "forwards" (where dwell the Giants) to discover the Ship's Destination and, also, the Meaning of It All...oh, you've heard that one before. Sorry.

-- Reed Waller

Bill, the Galactic Hero, Harry Harrison, Equinox (New York, 1975). \$1.95.

I can't really agree with Avon that this book ("SF Rediscovery 13") is a classic. Basically, it's a parody, and only 10 years old. And because it was written pen in cheek, the criteria of literature cannot really be applied. Harrison has fun with the concept of a vastly depersonalized Galactic Empire, and all the absurdities of its controlling bureaucracy. And, in a Universe in which garbage is disposed of by mail, a convincingly stupid plowboy somehow -- unbelievably -- takes a place in the system.

The book is entertaining and imaginative, but frustrating for anyone who looks for meaning; all the message seems to be about the dangers of our present governmental drifts -- but Harrison exaggerates so much that the real bite of the message is lost.

-- Nightreader

Another Roadside Attraction, Tom Robbins, Ballantine. \$1.50.

Fountainhead of American culture. Hot dogs and fruit juice. Wild mushrooms. Neon. The Carnival. The Highway. The Unknown. Scrutiny of the microcosm for the holographic fraction of the Great Truth. Looking at the world through

kaleidoscopic glasses, searching for Meaning. But above all, the girl, the girl, Amanda.

"'There are three things that I like,' exclaimed Amanda upon awakening from her first long trance. 'These are: the butterfly, the cactus, and the Infinite Goof.'

"Later, she amended the list to include mushrooms and motorcycles." (p4)

Such reflections lead Amanda to abandon her place as clairvoyant with the Indo-Tibetan Circus and Giant Panda Gypsy Blues Band, to follow her mad magician lover John Paul Ziller into Washington's lush, water-colored Skagit Valley -- there to journey toward The Source in an organic hotdog stand and roadside zoo. Their journeys are documented with hysterical color by horny, frustrated, rational, over-civilized Marx Marvelous, their biographer, who comes to live with them and attempts to infuse a bit of Good Common Sense and Reason into their joyfully wacky mysticism. No way; reality is on the side of the madmen.

Portentious letters to the roadside stand from Plucky Purcell (the only white man the natives trust!) reveal that their friend has accidentally stumbled upon a training monastery for Jesuit monk guerrillas. Further messages inform the gang back home that Plucky is being transferred to the Vatican to help guard the world-famous treasure. Here he discovers a treasure so important that it deserves to be saved from the crumbling of the Vatican (Already in Progress!) for the edification of the hotdog munchers back in Skagit Valley.

Does Plucky Purcell's discovery mean the end for dear old Christianity? Will the forces of patchwork gypsy magic win out over centuries of hard-fought Reason? Will sauteed mushrooms and the eroto-metaphysical analysis of Johnny Weismuller's Tarzan movies lead our band of Seekers to a rebirth of Awareness? Can Marx Marvelous, or Tom Robbins for that matter, finish writing the novel before an overdose of reality or his wild imagination overcome his mental stability? Only Jesus Christ knows for sure, and he's got more important things to talk about.

Read the book. If you love America, read this book. Freak out. Get in your Chevy van and drive off into the sunrise, leaving a trail of I Ching pages behind you.

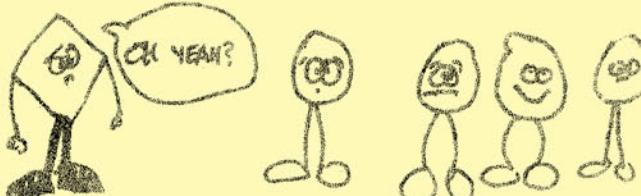
-- Reed Waller

Under a Calculating Star, John Morressy, Doubleday (New York, 1975). \$5.95.

This is a reasonably competent space opera with undertones of better. It's about a galaxy inhabited by a number of races, many earth-descended. But culture and technology have decayed, and only the fact that the ships built on old earth are almost incredibly durable allows communication. (That's how you get axe-wielding barbarians in space, fans!)

The story revolves around a rogue who, attempting to win a vast treasure, liberates the consciousness of one of his crewmen. After a wry twist to the Ulysses legend, the ending tails off into a sort of "fresh start in the new world in the sunset" epilog.

-- Nightreader.



AS THE PLATEL TURNS

by dave wixon

It had been a long time since I'd read anything by Marion Zimmer Bradley. Her name evoked for me images of *Ace Doubles*, which at one time were oases of soothing SF in the barren stock of a small-town drug store, but now are relegated to some distant day when I'll Have More Time To Read.

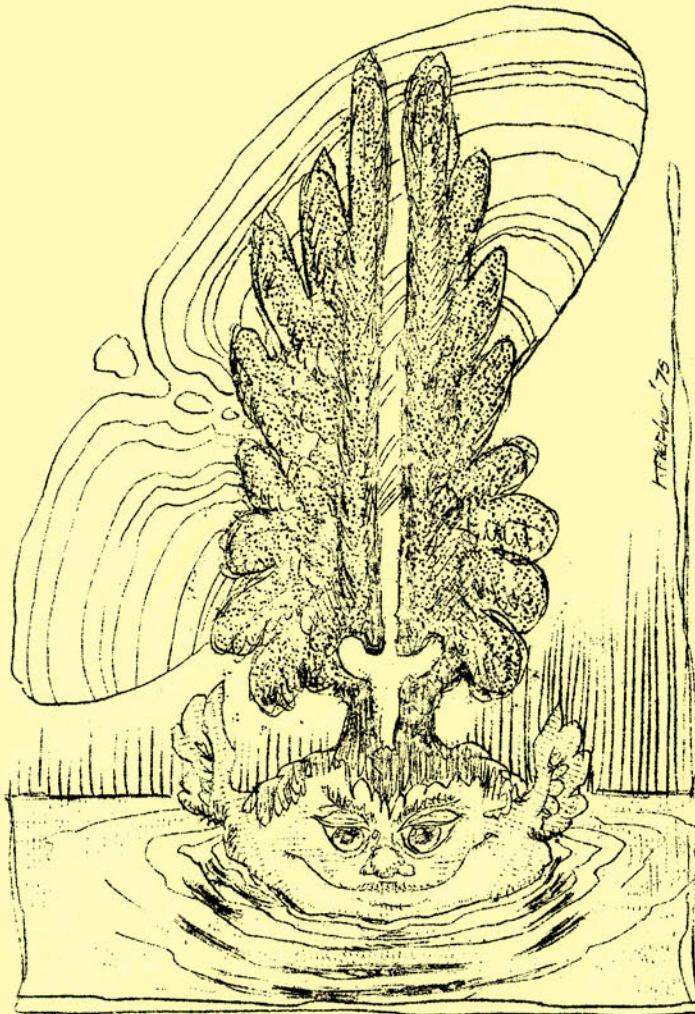
But since reading *The Heritage of Hastur* I've realized that it's been far too long. Now I must go through the ordeal of locating copies of books I skipped over.

Heritage must be an award nominee. It is, I understand, one of a number of works set on the planet Darkover, where marooned earthlings became Darkovans, and developed psionic skills and a feudal society. This novel, set against that backdrop, details the maturing of two boys and the destruction of a number of men.

Bradley has developed an imaginative feel for the nuances of laran -- ESP talents of various kinds. Where most authors have portrayed ESP as a tool, to be used or abused, won or lost, turned on or off -- Bradley sensitively links it to the nervous system, to the mind, to the psyche, to the soul. In her hands, laran is an immediacy before the possessor. Most impressive of all is her conception and able detailing of the link of the power to physical-sexual maturity; the youth who first feels the stir of laran is as possessed by it as an adolescent by his/her growing awareness of sexuality. It can be depressing or exhilarating; it can kill or, like a case of acne, cause psychic agony with minimal damage.

Even while she so superbly portrays these powers and what they must mean and do to the life possessing and being possessed by them, Bradley also displays a great ability to make her characters live, grow, and change. Even die. She sees these people, and can paint them for us.

And I was awed by a curious, pervading sensation that she somehow managed to infuse into the book; very early into it, I was struck by the feeling that the people moved swathed in silks -- tight-clinging, with a



subliminal, swishing susurrus which means elegance/dignity/ancient lineage and bearing, and the confidence of knowing who you are, in relation to all others....

Somehow, I want to use my hands in sweeping curves and flowing lines, as I talk about this.... It's good. It has a strong plot, with vividness of imagination; it's in a grand style, free-flowing and easy reading; it's a book of character and development, of growth and truth and adventure and love.

To pick just one of many interesting points, the book manifests that elitism so prominent in SF characterization. That is not surprising, no doubt, for most literature is more concerned with the unusual man than with John Doe. Moreover, most SF fans view themselves as somewhat above the norm, intellectually, and identify with such characters.

What is a little more unusual in Heritage is that the elite portrayed is one made so largely by lineage. I was struck by this when I enunciated to myself that line about people moving "swathed in silks;" I realized that in fact the people I "felt" were an aristocracy, and almost certainly the common people -- not much in evidence in the book -- had a different lifestyle.

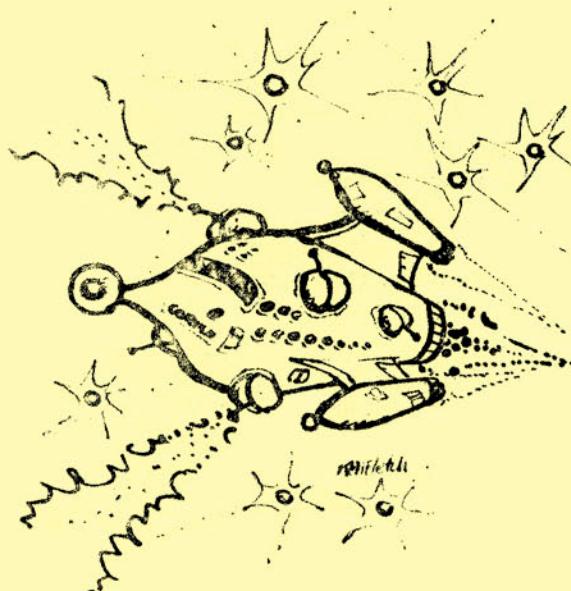
Bradley herself is aware of this dichotomy, I believe -- she gives hints of a future resolution of the problem, here and there.

The aristocracy of Darkover is largely a conscientious one, concerned with the good of the people "below." (It is interesting to speculate whether there can ever be a "bad" form of government, if the persons in actual power are "good.")

However, there are other kinds of elites. One such is that strange form of scientific brotherhood -- usually under the domination of one brilliant young (male) scientist -- which flourished in the SF of the '30's. It pops up again in Ultimate World, a 1930-style novel written by Gernsback in the late '50's. (Sam Moskowitz, in a rambling biographical introduction, explains how this late work went so long unnoticed. He avoids mentioning that it's bad.)

The elite -- even the hero himself -- is not important to Gernsback, however. The book is one of that unfortunate genre which use cardboard people to show off the wonders of the author's imagination. Alas, Gernsback's imagination and powers of scientific prophecy had been badly dated. The author's style is painfully "gosh-wow!" to the modern reader, who bores rapidly in the face of a torrent of coined "scientificational" words like electronic chess, teliibrary, electronoptical telescopes, cosmitronics, airobile, etc. (And all italicized, yet!)

How vast a difference there is between these, the representatives of two different eras of SF! There was a time when it was enough to open new vistas of imagination before your readers; there was little enough of it in life, and every item which stretched minds was welcome. It may be that we've all been stretched to the limits now, but I would rather think that we are into a new and more subtle complacency. (At least then there would be hope....) What was once imaginative is now commonplace, and



we've become blasé. I suspect that what we now see as imagination is just variation on older themes, now-familiar themes; maybe one day a truly new vision will be found -- if so, I suspect many of us will reject it....

SF began in the dreams of kids and crackpots, people bemused by the visions opened before their eyes. As they grew, they clung to the visions which had given them so much, and demanded more of the same. But that could not be: the thrill of those first revelations to make the head swim in space was unrecapturable. Today, we settle for more subtle pleasures; that's how we start to refine the concepts, playing variations on the themes, producing for the sake of "literature."

Gernsback's era gave us visions of wonder in strange colors and shapes; today's SF -- Bradley's -- is at its most imaginative when it gives us visions of wonderful ideas and relationships. There is something to be said for each, and if Hugo Gernsback stayed back in the '30's, why, I'll bet he enjoyed them!

{{The books mentioned in the article are The Heritage of Hastur, by Marion Zimmer Bradley, a 1975 DAW release at \$1.50, and Ultimate World, by Hugo Gernsback, a 1975 Avon release ("SF Rediscovery #14") at \$1.95. }}

#

"WOGGLE: Ken Fletcher:: Do you honestly think we should let these--these--these Aussies have the Worldcon? I mean, they don't even have paved streets out there, man! And they say they've started putting indoor-plumbing in some of the posher hotels in Sydney just this year! And you know what they say about the kangaroos--they use 'em for everything. Hat-check girls, waiters, bus conductors. What would the Fannish Humane Animal Treatment Society (FHATS) think of it? Disgusting, that's what it is. But then I hear Dallas is bidding against them, so I suppose there's nothing left but to hold it Down Under. Besides, that country is ruled by a MONARCH! Did you hear that? A MONARCH!!"

-- Jim Young, THE PLUMBING OF PLUTO,
in MINNEAPA #2 (7/26/72).

"I really wonder if fandom is ready for the TRUTH about Australia. I mean, with mutant kangaroos taking the place of real people, and everything. I've heard it's them Japanese fans that are master-minding it all--just so the Greater East Asia Faanish Prosperity Sphere can have a Worldcon. With programming in Japanese and Kangaroo.... Did you say that some sort of butterfly was ruler of Australia?

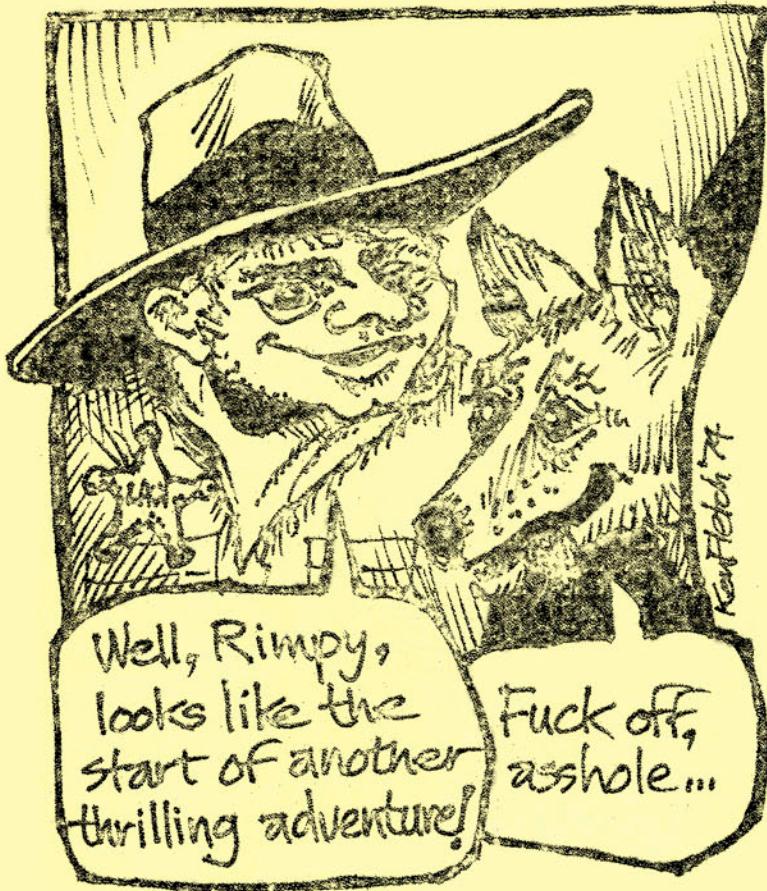
"Ah, yes.... The Great Geoduck Series of Children's Instructional Tales. My own favorite was "The Great Geoduck and Arnold, the Shoe-shine Boy, or, The Case of the Barking Crabs." It was quite enlightening. I was surprised to learn of the bizarre oriental cult that had monopolized all the secrets of the Puget Sound shoeshine trade, including the infamous Dungeness Spit. No one can say that this story's writing lacked polish...."

-- Ken Fletcher, WOGGLE #3,
in MINNEAPA #3 (8/9/72).

"'Sidney or the Bush'--quite lucid, actually--it's a reference to that great religious event where Dr. Dodd Clegler had to choose between St. Sidney of Ghu and the Burning Bush of Roscoe. Dr. Clegler begged off at first by insisting upon consultation with some specialists. Unfortunately specialists caught up with him on Foo's Hill that evening, and surrounded by tentacle-held torches, he was forced to choose. 'Sidney or the Bush!' is said to have been the cry of the Specialists that night. As to how the Dr. chose is hard to say, as he has never been seen in material form since. The neofans chirping in the fens, working on their fanzines have been known to say Dr. Dodd Clegler was swallowed up by the Hill of Foo... But how much credence should one give to neofans' fables?...."

-- Ken Fletcher, WOGGLE #7,
in MINNEAPA #7 (10/7/72).

LETTERS



hips. By nextish, perhaps he'll have the lettercol leaping through hoops of fire. He feels it a little too soon to put his head in its mouth, however.

Related to this new programme of trained lettercolumns are these Words to the Wise: If you must comment on either Dhalgren or the "proper" abbreviation for "Science Fiction," make sure it is entertaining or humorous (or both), because it will surely be edited out of your letter if it's not. We are working to improve the "class" and interest of the lettercol, and your help in this matter will be greatly appreciated. (Don't be afraid to write, though -- we welcome letters -- but please try to put some extra thought and care into them.) If we all work together on this, we'll all have a much better lettercol to read. Well, enough with the soapboxing, and now...On With The Show!††

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

Dear Fred:

If you claimed that I'm a trifle late with this loc on the 43rd RUNE, you wouldn't get much of an argument out of me. Evidence for the defense is scanty and I'm not feeling well just now, leaving me in even less of a fighting mood than usual. It arrived while I was working on the new fan history book and in the weeks since the manuscript departed Adventwards, I've been grabbing fanzines at random for comments. There are vague memories of other issues of RUNE awaiting comments and no doubt I'll grab one or more of them before long, if I remain in a condition which permits grabbing.

Of course, you may not remember that issue after so long. It's the one with the young lady in an uncomfortable position atop either a large mushroom or a romantically inclined bem or something. I liked the illustration very much, anyway. My ignorant anti-artistic intellect keeps wondering abstractedly how hard it was to draw those white flowers on the black background. I can imagine myself trying to draw flowers and failing, but I can't conceive of myself even making a complete attempt to draw the background in such a way that flowers will appear.

The Cliff Simak interview was intensely interesting. One of my Noreascon regrets was the scantness of time to converse with him: just during one meal and

"Hello, and welcome to the RUNE 45 lettercolumn. You might be interested to know that "The Lettercol That Ate The RUNE," which went on a rampage through last issue, was finally cornered by the Boz Bus Irregulars (working closely with the Faanational Guard) in Metropolitan Stadium (after some rather exciting and costly scenes showing it destroying toy cars, bridges, and the like). The scratches on the film hadn't seemed to affect it, but our Boys in the Lab cooked up a bazooka load involving corflu and some old faanzines, which effectively did the monster in.

Having learned his lesson (i.e. Size ain't everything), the Good Dr. Haskell enrolled in the Famous Faneditors Lettercol Training School, and is currently practicing with chairs and

whips. By nextish, perhaps he'll have the lettercol leaping through hoops of fire. He feels it a little too soon to put his head in its mouth, however.

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at the banquet session, and on both occasions lots of other people wanted to talk, too. Jim Young writes as if he'd meant his article for a newspaper or magazine where lots of mundanes would be reading it, but it doesn't seem to suffer much from the occasional narration of things that fans already know. Come to think of it, I wonder where Simak now stands for longevity as a writer of professional science fiction? With the passing of Murry Leinster, I can't think of anyone who has been doing it longer, except Ed Hamilton, and I can't remember that Hamilton has been publishing much in recent years, aside from all those reprints. Simak emerges from this article as a very young-thinking person, and I'm glad that a lot of genuinely young fans approve of his fiction which took up their causes long before they were born.

So, nursing the faint hope that only Jon Singer took seriously the reference in my letter to MacDonald's and gourmet tastes, I liked the way Brian Tannahill described the difference between the two types of clubzines. Now what we need is agreement that the word should apply to only one type, followed by the invention of another word that will describe the other type. Tom Digby's description of a typical LASFS meeting was valuable. This is the sort of basic information which sometimes never finds its way into print because the people involved know all about it and nobody bothers to write it down for the edification of the uninvolved people, and eventually the situation vanishes and most people who were active in it grieve and then nobody can be sure how things really were, without the help of a Tom Digby loc in RUNE.

The Minn-Stf business notes provided a mild time travel effect for me. Is Snuffy Wuffy the Dog any relation to Squanchfoot? Or maybe nobody who is active in the club today remembers Squanchfoot as well as I do, and I know what he looked like only through his pictures in a fanzine. He was a member of the old MFS back around the early 1940's, when there were famous people like Dickson, Bronson, Boggs, Gergen, and many another active in the Twin Cities area. Most of them eventually ended up in California and I never did hear if any of them took the dog along.

There's always a mild sense of triumph when I run across a book review whose subject I've already read. It happened this time with *The Man in the Maze*, which I also thought a great novel. I can understand why Bob Silverberg feels so much like quitting his science fiction writing career, when such a book must become the subject of a "rediscovery" series instead of staying available to new readers right along.

Leigh Edmonds' Minicon report was a delight, additional proof that much of the best writing in fandom is emerging from Australia these days. I can't quite reconcile myself to the fact that all those United States television programs are shown in Australia, just as they are up here, and yet it doesn't work the other way around, because I can't remember ever having seen anything of Australian origin other than news on commercial television channels around here. Well, not long ago I bought some old 78 rpm records which had been made by Australian Columbia, so I feel less deprived than formerly. (They contain string quartet music by a British composer so obscure that I had to hunt through several reference books before learning that he wasn't Australian, and the discs are about twice as thick and heavy as Columbia 78's from either the United States or Great Britain.)

The fanzine listings were depressing, and that's not Dave Nixon's fault. Almost every entry unleashed a fresh bolt of remorse through what remains of my conscience, as yet another fanzine that is awaiting a loc.

I liked his review of *Pluribus*. But I suspect that these stupid dolts who inspired Kornbluth's fiction so often will be the only ones who will survive a global catastrophe. They'll kill off the intelligent people before they start fighting among themselves but the winner of all these battles will still be alive on the cultural level of European peasants in the Middle Ages.

HARRY WARNER, JR.

++I tend to doubt that Snuffy Wuffy is any relation to Squanchfoot, as reports have it that Squanchfoot was reasonably intelligent and articulate. And I understand that Squanchfoot lived with Cliff Simak for most of his life.++

Rick Gellman
38 Johnston Ave S
Hamilton, NJ 08609

Runeloc 1 calling Bozo Bus Control Tower...this is Rick Gellman aboard Runeloc 1 calling Fred Haskell at Bozo Bus Control, Bozo Bus, Minn...do you read us? Request permission to land...over? Please guide us in. We're on manual -- our

model doesn't include automatic typesetting. Okay, we see the landing field...we can see the margins, altho the right-hand one is a little uneven. ...thanks for turning on the white (Minneapolis yellow?) spaces on the edges of the margins -- it makes it much easier to land right in the lettercol.

Hi Fred! Hi everybody! Sorry it took us so long to get here. Runeloc 1 was in transit for a few days, but technical difficulties prevented our landing as originally planned in RUNE 42 with a cargo of comments on RUNE 41. Unfortunately, after all this time, I'm afraid that the cargo spoiled and had to be jettisoned. Right now we can't find RUNE 41 to load up with new stuff even if we wanted to. However, we do have our package of RUNE 42 and 43 comments with us.

Thanks for sending us RUNE. We really enjoy reading it and it helps keep us in touch with Crazy Minneapolis Fandom. We find it a necessary supplement to what we hear at cons and the infrequent phone calls of Margie Lessinger.

I liked the Steve Stiles cover -- concept, drafting, and repro. All concerned please swell your heads by 3 hat sizes. Actually, I've liked almost all the RUNE covers. The RUNE 39 cover with the photos of Tucker was an instant classic. No need to swell your head by 3 hat sizes, Fred, just let your hair grow back.

Jerry Stearns' "Halftime at the Con Games" was one of the more fun and faunish articles I've come across. Certainly it is not as sercon or erudite as some articles I've seen in other zines, but, I, like the rest of the RUNE audience appreciates the low-keyed humorous. (Too many damn sercon zines around anyway, grumble, grumble, mumph.) I'll skip the business stuff and review of Macroscopic since I haven't read the book, but the review is literate and intriguing.

The lettercol has its own personality. I like it. But, I must admit, that sometimes your intro to the column and your replies, Fred, seem a bit dull. This disappoints me because I know you to be an interesting and entertaining being of the universe -- who also likes the Chad Mitchell Trio (I'm sorry, Fred, I blew it -- our secret vice is out!) But the col is so cold and forgotten by now that I'll not comment except that I, for one, would approve of your printing the photos of the nude model -- your nudes are good, Fred -- I assume that the model approves.

In general, RUNE has mighty fine illos. Not all, but a goodly percentage. Keep the Foster and Kenfletch illos comin' -- it's the next best thing to having them send us artwork -- which they haven't done in some time. Enjoy Reed Waller's too.

Great cover on RUNE 43! This guy Odbert can really draw.

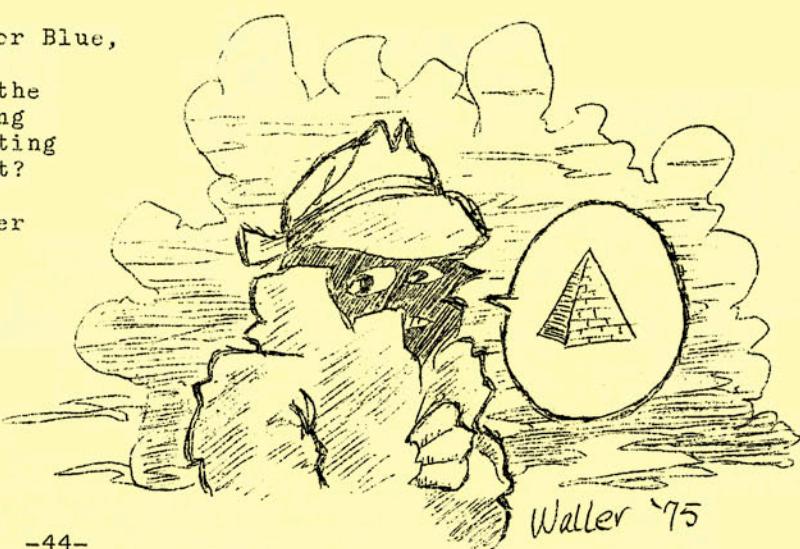
I'm glad to see Jon Singer (bon variant and well-known oriental noodlist) writing locs and articles. Alas, "Ornithopter" crashed upon take-off as I looked at it. Sooner or later Jon will get his laser guidance functioning properly and will fly right.

Absolutely loved "Reviews like Grandma use to Bake." Granny's short pithy comments are just right. Not too hot and not too sweet. She just needs to add more books next time.

Fred, you, or Denny Lien, or Blue, or someone, or all of you are a genius(es). I enjoyed reading the Minn-stf Minutes. (Us non-voting member, don't-go-to-all-the-meeting types gotta stay informed, right? Hey, right, fellas? Jez, don't nobody give you a straight answer around here?)

RICK GELLMAN

{} I had been putting off doing the nude photocover because I hadn't found the right photo for it. For such use, it is not enough that it be a good photo -- it must also be "coverworthy." And I wasn't sure that I had such a photo.



Recently, however, I realized that one of our readers (or the parents of one of our under-eighteen readers) might find such a cover "obscene." So the matter of whether I could even run a nude photocover when I found an appropriate photo became a decision for the publisher, rather than for the editor. The Minn-stf Board of Directors has the matter under consideration, and I'm sure that they would welcome readers' comments.

I'm glad you like my nudes, Rick, and I hope you enjoy the clothed I used on the cover thish.

My sense of ethics would prevent me from running a photocover without the model's approval, and my sense of self-preservation would prevent me from running a photocover unless the model signs a release....})

Louie Spooner
38 Johnston Ave S
Hamilton, NJ 08609

Dear Rune:

Rick and I were originally going to write one loc, but I really couldn't see associating myself with his six page monstrosity. Besides which, I disagree with him on a few items. One of which is RUNE's editorial policy. I feel somehow that there is a lack of Mpls.-St. Paul fan related material, news, and so forth. RUNE certainly looks much better in terms of layout, quality of artwork, and repro, than it did before.

I basically like Fred as an editor. He does a good job. He should attempt to do just as good a job on his own genzine, or alter his editorial policy to fall in line with the wishes of club members.

Contentswise, I have enjoyed most of the articles and revies in the last few issues of RUNE, with the exception of Jim Young's interview with Clifford Simak. (I now know that the interview was written for a non-fan audience originally, and was not altered to make it more palatable to fans.)

While I love Ken Fletcher's artwork, I find the continuation of the vegetable comic strip tedious and unfunny. Perhaps there are too many injokes involved to make it comprehensible to one who lives outside of Mpls.-St. Paul fandom.

Basically, I enjoy the present form of RUNE, criticism notwithstanding. Whatever you decide to do with RUNE, please don't stop.

LOUIE SPOONER

{Okay, a few nits here, Louie. First, I'm editing RUNE the best way I know how (as I've said before on a number of occasions). It would be next to impossible for me to edit it any differently (other than evolutionary changes, some of which have already occurred). Second, as far as Minneapolis/St. Paul fan related...take a look at the Table of Contents of thish. Denny Lien, Gordy Dickson, David Emerson, John Kusske, Dave Wixon, Jim Young, Ken Fletcher, and Reed Waller are all Minneapolis fans. And the other two contributors, Leigh Edmonds and Tom Foster, are certainly kindred spirits. How could RUNE possibly be more related to Minneapolis/St. Paul fans? And last, you make a rather interesting statement: "...alter his editorial policy to fall in line with the wishes of club members." This is interesting -- so far only you and Chuck Holst have expressed any major disagreement with my editorial policies. If I really felt that the majority of the club thought I am doing RUNE wrong, I would quit. Or, if a few people felt strongly enough about it to convince the Board that I should be removed, they could do so -- I am appointed by the Board, and stay on only by its grace. But I think that most club members are content with the job I'm doing. Well, enough.

(Let me point out that there is now another Minneapolis fanzine, NOCRES (see review on page 29 thish) which tends to be "newsier" than RUNE, mostly due to its nature -- it's more frequent and it's offset. I'm sure that they'd be glad to have you as a subscriber, if you want that sort of contact and information.)

I must admit that it irritates me to see the comic strip constantly referred to as "Ken Fletcher's." The original vegetable strip was drawn by Tom Foster alone, and the rest of the strips have been collaborations, with Tom, Ken, Jim Young, Reed Waller, and EssJay all contributing at times. Each strip has a credit line somewhere in it, and I always list all participants in the Table of Contents, so I don't know why this happens. Please be more careful, people....

I'm glad that you like RUNE anyway. I shall continue to try to have it be as high quality as possible. (The paper thish was an attempt to improve the quality that unfortunately failed. Oh well -- gotta try....})

Laurine White
5408 Leader Ave.
Sacramento, CA 95841

Dear Fred,

Do you really think RUNE 43 was sent out late? Not to me. I didn't even have a loc written to #42 before this ish arrived. Tom Foster's cartoons are neat. I really like that bear's expression on page 17. Wombats and gerbils are being used as fannish creatures; now you want to introduce hamsters? "Kingdom of Never-ending Night" is a romantic name and I liked Foster's cartoon of it.

The interview with Clifford Simak was enjoyable. It's refreshing to find someone with such an optimistic viewpoint, even though I find it hard to agree with him. He thinks that in the future our energy needs will be less. What does he think will become of our technologic society which supports such a large population? Without technology a lot of people will die.

LAURINE WHITE

"Yes, I really did think that RUNE 43 was being sent out late, but that was nothing compared to how late thish is. It looks as if it will be out about a month later than I had planned. Oh well....

I really don't know Mr. Simak's opinions on these matters. Since he gets RUNE, maybe he'll let us know himself. (On the other hand, I suppose he's quite busy. Perhaps I'll ask the next time I see him.)"

Reed Waller
Box 27
New Richland, MN 56072

Dear Fred,

(And also all my good friends in Falls Church fandom)

My compatriot, the late Bugsy McCclone ("The True Factual Facts about Cincinnati," RUNE 44), expressed great elation over the serious attention received as a result of his visit to Midwestcon and his rather colorful account of his experiences. It is truly unfortunate that this promising young artist and writer was so tragically struck down in the budding of his career. But he has little future now, after having had his head bashed in with a pipe wrench by a local Trekkie semi driver who failed to appreciate his charmingly parodic conversational style. Sic transit.

It was a joke, I SAY, it was a JOKE, friends! Some of my best friend. are Dan Steffans. Just ask one.

As Mr. McCclone was heard to say before his mind expanded over the pavement, "It is my personal oppression that which some individuals personally have no sense a humor, as it were."

Anyway, before we proceed to the next subject, let me disavow any connection between myself and the rather unpopular Mr. McCclone. I can't let my literary characters interfere with my reputation as a all-around Nice Guy.

What I did do was show Dan my Wonderriter pen, which I had just discovered and was having lots of fun with. He enjoyed the pen and we had a good time scribbling together and separately at the Couch's and Terry Hughes' parties.

Incidentally, I used the Wonderriter on the RUNE 44 cover. Produces a nice line, very much like brushwork, without all the embarrassing mess that occurs as a result of me getting India ink all over the silverware, drapes, floor, upholstery, other people's fingers, etc.

See you at the next terribly secret Secret Masters of Faanish Fandom meeting, to be held soon. We are going to discuss ways to transmogrify Ben Indick. Bring a penguin and a flashlight. Ten-four.

REED WALLER

Bruce Townley
2323 Sibley St
Alexandria, VA 22311

Dear Fred,

Just thought you ought to know: ditto fluid tastes like turpentine. Not that I've tasted it (like I've heard tell that arsenic tastes like garlic but who's to say huh?) but this friend of mine and I were down in the basement where I keep the ditto fluid and for some reason he tipped a gallon can of

it to his mouth and down the hatch. Later he said he thought it was a container of gin which just goes to show that not even your friends feel that they have to pay more for the container. Who can blame them? Now my friend tells everybody that I keep stocked gin that tastes like turpentine.

BRUCE TOWNLEY

"That certainly was a useful piece of information, and one that deserves a place of honor in the annals of fannish history. How could we have got on so long without knowing what ditto fluid tastes like...."

You know, don't you, that it's now your fannish duty to have your friend find out what mimeo ink tastes like...."



J. Maxwell Young
1948 Odysseus Ave
City of Dreams, MN 55418

My Dear Haskell:

Received the 44th RUNE in good order, and I must apologetically correct a typographical error in my notice in the letter-column. The Leibnizian postscript to my integral equation on page 2 of the magazine is missing. The equation should therefore read:

$$\int_0^{\infty} e^{(x \ln P)} dx = [e^{(x \ln P)} \cdot \left(\frac{x}{P} + \ln P\right)]_0^{\infty}$$

For those of you who are at all concerned, the above equation approximately describes the number of possible universes (given that P^x describes the states of existence possible, in which new universes arise at turning points of history). To belabor a point raised by many (well, actually, one), the number which is the evaluation of the above integral is greater than a first-order infinity (i.e., greater than \aleph_0).

Now on to the rest of the publication.

I am mightily impressed by the verisimilitude, the depth, and the camera obscura techniques employed by Professor Waller in his remarkable cover illustration. Undoubtedly this is a classic of the fannish print, and will one day be as famous as, oh, say Norman Rockwell's famous advertisement for Rock of Ages (though lovable).

The "Larf Riot," of course, blends those stream-of-consciousness techniques which are the label of 20th century art with the witticism and deaf humor for which the Marx Brothers were famous. (I always admired Karl and Engel Marks, even if they were rubes.) It has long been my opinion that stream of consciousness writing, like that of James Joyce or Faulkner, is the product of an age in which life for the first time in human history, passes by like a roaring blot. Thus, what seems to be confusion in literature and the arts, is in fact nothing more nor less than confusion about the phantasmagorical rush of human existence as, to quote Piel, "History accelerates." The significance of this panel art -- a return to the medieval triptych (though expanded in the manner of the present age so that it encompasses not three but 26 panels) -- is its ability to laugh at the generally rampant oddity of that existence currently deemed human.

Without doubt, the finest contribution to the literature of modern urban sociology is the MacLane essay, concerning the new god of southern Ohio urbanity, Cincinnati. This deity, once a small-time rounnder on the south-side of Chicago during the late Pleistocene, has now become one of the regular guests

on the talk-show of fannish life which occurs annually in the Buckeye State. MacLone's revelations, laden as they are with penetrating insight into this arcane knowledge, is undoubtedly of worth to those fannish time-travelers who are undoubtedly reading this page from their vantage point in the future. To those future historians, I say, read and read well.

In conclusion I must submit that this is, despite its occasional small lapses into mere significance, one of the most reasonable and just amateur publications which it has been my pleasure to peruse.

J. MAXWELL YOUNG

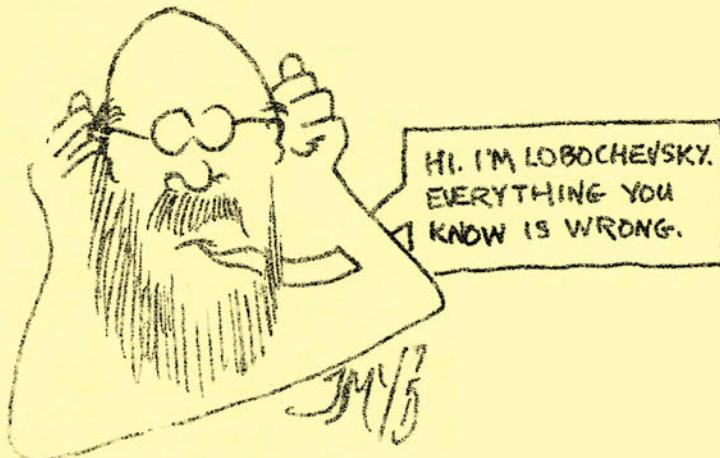
{Huh?}

Dear Fred,

Paul Novitski
1690 East 26th Ave
Eugene, Oregon 97403

I think it's sad that your readers who were bored by Delany's Dhalgren feel antagonistic toward Delany for "wasting their time" and toward people who enjoyed the book. One would hope that in the science fiction field people with differing opinions would approach one another with a desire to empathize, or at least with tolerance. But of course, sf fans are just as conservative and xenophobic as the rest of the human race, which is why most sf is conservative and xenophobic.

I think we define genius as the ability to transcend known parameters, to see patterns and formulate gestalts which interrelate previously unrelated events or thoughts. People like Newton, Einstein and Hawking are referred to as geniuses because of their contributions toward a general field theory of physics, for example. But the title Genius is usually conferred retrospectively or even posthumously, and does in no way insure the conferee with absolute acceptance of his or her ideas. I think that future literary historians (academic or armchair) will generally concur that Delany was one of the greatest innovators in the late 20th Century sf, because in his essays and fictions he is striving (successfully, I feel) toward a general field theory of communication.



Innovation, successful or not, is a risky business. You have to put yourself out on a limb to get a wider perspective on any landscape. Sf is the one literary genre which provides greatest freedom, and therefore greatest risk in a philosophical sense. Sure, Dhalgren bored me in parts, but what carried me through to the end was my enthusiasm for Delany's risk, my realization of some of the high ideas he's tackling. I wouldn't even try to convince anyone that Dhalgren is enjoyable if they felt otherwise. I think that depends on too personal, too prejudicial a basis for logical argument. I don't think it's important that we all enjoy the same kinds of fiction -- if anything it's important that we not. But what bothers me is an expressed resentment of Delany for having written a book that requires active participation in thought and emotion. Perhaps sf is suffering from a readership of the Television Generation, but I can see our pulp roots of forty years ago still restricting progressive change. And the comics, too: I particularly enjoyed Tony Cvetko's remark that "I fail to see why I should have to 'work' my imagination when reading a book." My criticism of comics, like TV, is that its artisans have been applying linear fictions to multi-dimensional media. I would love to see a comic book or a TV movie that really involved me intellectually, one with which I would have to use my intelligence to grasp the larger shapes that loom beyond. Too much of what I see is simplistic and superficial. That is why I like Delany.

And just to abide by my own scoldings, I should add that I frequently like to sit down with a book (or TV, or comic) to ingest for pure relaxation, one that requires nothing from me, nor gives me anything I have to chew. Who says everything we read has to be arty and intellectual?? Pap lib!

“I don't know -- I guess I'm still somewhat willing to believe that fans are a bit more intelligent and flexible than other people. I do know that I run into a higher percentage of interesting and worthwhile people at cons, and in fandom in general, than I do elsewhere. But I must admit I am beginning to wonder if I'm right about the flexibility and sensitivity of fans -- this is due not to the Dhalgren bruhaha (of which I can see both sides), but to the reaction we've been getting on the "Watch Out!" and "Larf Riot" comic strips. I feel they're truly innovative -- they are a use of the comic medium which is not simple and linear, and they do have more going on in them than initially meets the eye. Yet they have received a great deal of criticism -- apparently because they are not linear and immediately transparent. Another example of this sort of reaction was on "The True Factual Facts About Cincinnati." I thought that this was quite obviously satire, but tagged it "by Archibald E. 'Bugsy' MacLone, Jr. Esq. (as told to Reed Waller)" just to make that quite clear. And yet I understand that many people are upset with it, because they took it seriously. I just don't know. I do know that the readers of RUNE (and fandom in general) are a fairly intelligent group of people -- it would be wrong to assume, as do the TV networks, that the audience is made up of insensitive clods. Yet the abundance of negative reactions to these things really do bother me. Experienc has taught me that I must choose material on the basis of whether I think it's good -- trying to second-guess and figure out what other people are going to like is bound to fail. Am I so often wrong about what is good? Or is my estimation of the readership inaccurate? Or what? ”

douglas barbour
10806 75th avenue
edmonton, alberta t6e 1k2
canada

dear fred:

well who couldnt like a zine with that long a lettercol? actually the whole thing was fun. i enjoyed the con reports, or at least the first one. i note yr editors note on p 42 & am only wondering which of you had to clack the coconut shells all the way to cincinnati & back?

Dave Wixon's article made sense this time. his search for the core themes of war stories (in sf or out) made for interesting speculation. i'm more or less ready to agree with him, but wonder if that "love" isn't of a very special kind a kind most dangerous to peacetime & peaceful worlds. it's a binding thing that makes for an US/THEM thing between the united warriors & the rest of society. why do army buddies stay that way (& often stay adolescent in so many of their attitudes) afterwards? does one have to have been in the army -- as i have not -- in order to perceive it clearly? or does that experience perhaps make it impossible to perceive it clearly?

loved the lettercol even when i was disagreeing like mad. like about DHALGREN (uh oh, i promised myself i wouldnt go on about that book: oh well). well, i'll just say that i found it fascinating, mind-bendingly intriguing, often extraordinarily exciting, sometime boring. that it's about so many more things than the average novel (not just sf), but one of the main things it's about is perception & the articulation thereof which is far more complex than most writers ever even dream let alone try to represent. that i dont want people to read it if they dont like it; that's fine. but it really & truly bugs me to see people who dont know the first thing about the literary complexities of such a book trying to tell me it isn't any good. they dont like it, they found it boring, they couldn't follow it, they didnt see any recognizable storyline, they didnt like the sex, they werent granted the kind of escapist fare they desire from sf (why read Delany then? get out Lin Carter); all these are valid responses. but anyone who has read Delany with any care during his career (& i have read all his novels at least 4 times, & the final four up to NOVA anywhere from 9 to 12 times) will know that he is a very careful craftsman & a particularly ept student of fictional art. he spent 5 years on DHALGREN, & whether or not you like it it aint no mistake, that's for sure. what's really good is it's selling so well, & obviously to people who dont usually read sf. but then i liked GRAVITY'S RAINBOW too, another book a lot of sfans probably couldnt get through either. & it's a fucking modern masterwork! which sort of brings me to Sam Long, cos tho he's not in the same class with Delany, at least not in his recent work, Zelazny is a damnd good writer & the Amber series has been getting progressively better as it's gotten more & more complex morally. SIGN OF THE UNICORN is the best book in the series because the characters do talk, & talk with the kind of wit & intelligence Zelazny's characters have not talked with since at least ISLE OF THE DEAD. but then i love intelligent writing. i do not read to work Tony Cvetko, but i cant really get off on books that ask nothing of me. good books are a good mindfuck, & i think fucking is a wonderful thing, but only if you participate in it. good books ask you to participate, & if you do you feel better for the exercise. if you arent moving forward you're probably

going backward, a stasis of the mind is a kind of death & bad books invite that kind of stasis. no thank you, for me -- & i only say this for me -- i want books which involve me in the participatory event of reading. the glorious -- whether happy or sad, loving or frightening -- mindfuck.

Sorry couldnt stand LARF RIOT.

wish youd maybe run some of Vaughn Bode's stuff as memorial instead. It wouldve been better anyway.

doug barbour

Robert A. Bloch
Los Angeles, California

Dear Fred:

My thanks to you for RUNE #44, which I enjoyed -- in spite of Bob Tucker's scurrilous canard about Lefty Feep in your lettercol. I understand he has subsequently left the country and fled to Australia, and no wonder; I doubt if he'll ever be heard from again. But then I was always an optimist.

Hoping you are the same,

ROBERT BLOCH

Dear Fred: I was appalled, repelled, amazed and di
...good grief!! I'm about to write you a postcard
about how things have just conspired against my get-
ting a loc off to #44 and I'm not as far along as
the first line when all the lights go out! This is
ridiculous! If God didn't want me to respond to RU
NE why did he ~~XX~~ have Denny give me a copy 35,000ft
above the Pacific lo these many weeks ago? Somehow
I've been rather pressed for time since that mind-
boggling moment, and I've evn now only been able to
skim the zine. Had I much time, I could loc it at
even greater length than has been my wont of late,
but I haven't, so you luck out. (Still, if this was
by Bloch I bet you'd print it anyway.) I do plan on
carefully putting the issue aside in the hope that
I'll eventually be able to read it properly. And if
I get to feeling tired and sad, I'll know there's

Mike Glicksohn
141 High Park Ave.
Toronto, Ont., M6P 2S3



Fred Haskell
343 E 19th Street #8B
Minneapolis, MINN 55404
USA

always RUNE for improvement. *W. H. H.*

James Styles
342 Barkly St.
Ararat Victoria,
3377 AUSTRALIA

Dear Dread,

To Samuel S. Long in RUNE 44. Contrary to your beliefs RATS are very Fannish creatures. In fact under the guise of " ARARAT IN '02 " the Ratons are creating a world wide Fannish movement.

To minnipeople especially -- At future Worldcon's Ararat may well be

throwing room parties rivaling those thrown by Minneapolis in '73 supporters....

As well as ads in Worldcon Program books there is discussion among Ratons on introducing yearly SF rattish awards: Biggest Rat in SF for the preceding year... Writer, Character or even Editor. (Watch out Fred!) Best Rattish Story/Novel.... Never read a rattish story? Read "The Politics of Ratticide" - Arsen Darnay (March 75 Galaxy).

Also two Progress Reports a year, make Ratcon in '02 a worthy bid to pre-support. Pre-supporting memberships cost A\$2. or US\$2.50.

After that lengthly plug I feel it is only fair to tell how I met RUNE. Aussiecon, seeing my first ever Fanzine -- RUNE 43! Intrigued by the cover and the size I bought it. That same night in the State Suite of the Southern Cross Hotel a short, incredibly confident man wearing a Minneapolis in '73 badge came over to the Wang Star Trek computers (at which I was patiently waiting for a chance to save the Universe) and forced the waiters to take a yellow wad of stapled paper! Immediately I defended my honour! A long duel followed, which ended with me being run through by RUNE 42! Egad! Me, an Australian run through by some Past-supporting Yankee!

However, meeting this person numerous times (hotel corridors, Daily Con 3 and room parties) convinced me that Minnipeople were very decent and great people. (Aren't most fen?) Take a bow Don Bailey and Denny Lien.

The last day of AUSSIECON went quickly, and in mortal fear I would never see another Fan again, I instituted the Ratcon bid, subscribed to RUNE, RATAPLAN and FANEW SLETTTER (thanks Leigh) and bought RUNE 44....

RUNE 44 -- Cover and interior illustrations terrific! Loved the Worldcon one and full marks to Sirois' advice.... The Lettercol that ate the Rune -- Keep getting good food for this fella, Fred! Fantastic! The reports on Midwestcon were enjoyable... Give those nuts a regular! Fanzine reviews and Larf Riot educational.... Book Reviews -- Ugh! Boring! Fair Dinkum effort by reviewers though. Guess it's just not my line....

P.S. Relevant Address for Ratcon is: RATCON IN '02, 342...etc.

JAMES STYLES

Garth Danielson
20-327 Edison Ave
Winnipeg Manitoba
Canada R2G 0L9

Dear Fred:

Reed's cover was neat and I enjoyed it very much. The potato man looks just like you. Did you sit for it or were you threatened?

About the sci-fi, sf thing -- I have a tendency to use both in letters and writing. I use science fiction or sf when speaking. Sci-fi sounds strange.

I'm glad that Monty Python is getting such a good following. In a letter I've got from John Cleese he says that "It really is most heart warming to think that a show we all originally thought irretrievably English, has had such a good reception in Canada and in tiny parts of the USA." Interestingly enough, Cleese uses the word sci-fi in his letter.

GARTH DANIELSON

Ben Indick
428 Sagamore Ave
Teaneck, NJ 07666

Dear Runey-Tunes:

Thanks for new big fat issue. Depression (mental-psychic), Depression (Financial) and Depression (Increasing age) have caused a delay in response. However, I had to rush a reply to acknowledge to Mike Glicksohn's letter that I have seen the error of my Monty Pythonesque ways. I do watch the show, still shaking my head in bewilderment about 80% of the time, but laughing it off the rest. This isn't a bad percentage (I don't expect DUCK SOUP, after all). Monty's DEJA VU routine was one of the genuinely classic humor bits I've ever seen on TV, brilliantly edited and conceived. And the Ministry of Silly Walks is as devastating a satire on bureaucracy as Orwell's 1984, and even funnier!

The lettercol was remarkably sprightly and nice, albeit microscopic. The comic strip was brash and humorous, and D. W. "Griffin's" colossal final scene was, in spite of lack of any figurative drawing, its finest Cleglerian moment. Will there be a sequel?

The rest of the zine was very nice, fresh and like iced tea, whatever that means. By the way, the heading of this letter is a pun on the delightful wrap-around cover. Th-th-that's all, f-f-folks!

BEN INDICK

Laurine White
5408 Leader Ave
Sacramento, CA 95814

Hello Fred,

You must be working on making RUNE a higher class fanzine by putting a wraparound cover on issue 44. The art looks like a 1830's cartoon or something from one of the better comix. In fact, I liked all of Waller's cartoons. Does he call that cover Sour Symphonies?

Perhaps you gave away more info on Fergo Farp than you intended. That person with the skinny legs on page 7 might not only be reading Fergo Farp Funnies; he might also be smoking the stuff. It reacts with the innards of old inner tubes to produce a mind-blowing gas, is my guess.

The first I saw of Monty Python was "And Now for Something Completely Different" at Discon. When it came to town, I took my folks. Actually, it snuck into town. Less than 20 people were there opening night. Most of them were college students and they roared. Mother didn't appreciate it at all. My father was interested enough to want to see "Monty Python and the Holy Grail". That movie came in with lots more fanfare. It is still playing at the area's most expensive theater. My sister and I watched the $\frac{1}{2}$ hour show on cable tv in Monterey one Sunday. She doesn't like that humor any more than mother.

"Larf Riot" is more confusing than your talking vegetable strip, but I enjoyed it more. But that fellow is going to the wrong college. At work one of the summer help came from San Jose State, and, hoo boy!, did he have tales about "stark dorm life"!

Fanzine reviews: What is Squeaky the Cat doing in DWARF? I thought he belonged in Fesselmeyer's zine. So there is a recent issue of PROPER BOSKONIAN -- I sent those people a buck 3 years ago and didn't get one issue.

War gamers may be viewed suspiciously ("Love and Killing" by Dave Wixon), but I think numismatists and philatelists would be looked at the same way, if those weren't profitable hobbies.

LAURINE WHITE

Yes, I am trying to make RUNE a "higher class" fanzine. The wrap cover last time was only one of the many ways that I'm trying. Another is the idea David Emerson and I came up with -- having him do an actual column about fanzines (as well as listing the ones we've received) instead of just "reviewing" them. (Actually, he is free to write about anything he wants to in his column. If he can relate it to something in a recent fanzine, then so much the better. And knowing David, I'll bet the column will always deal with fandom in some way or another.) And, as mentioned earlier, the paper this issue is printed on was an attempt to improve the looks of things too. Unfortunately, the cheap ink we've been using tends to offset on it, and there's some showthrough problems as well. I am both sorry and embarrassed about this, and we are considering ways to correct it in the future.

(There are some other "class improvement actions" as well, but I shall leave them as an exercise for the reader....)

"What is Squeaky the Cat doing in DWARF?" The foxtrot. You can have the next dance. Herbert!, throw her the fox! :)



Dear Fred,

Roy Tackett
915 Green Valley Road NW
Albuquerque, NM 87107

Wonderful. The typewriter still works. Now, if I haven't forgotten how to type....The machine has been gathering dust and I've been watching the stack of unopened and unread fanzines grow and grow wondering how high it would get before it toppled. Fine fanzine article there...the toppling tower of fanzines. RUNE came in a day or two ago and I actually opened it. Even more, I read it. Maybe I'm recovering from the current attack of gafia. Some sort of response seemed called for.

What stirred me out of my lethargy was Dave Wixon's Love and Killing. Combat can become a way of life while life lasts. It is dirty and bloody and brutalizing...and exciting and adventuresome. One is faced with the possibility that death can come at any moment...but the blood runs fast through the veins, all of your senses are alert and expanded; it is, as some of the younger types might put it, a high. (And, what the hell, consider that any time you are in a car you are only ten seconds away from death....)

Tsk, I would have to say that Madman Riley must belong to today's deprived younger generation if he doesn't know how to work a flipperless pinball machine.

Hmmm, if Mike Glicksohn thinks men who dress up in women's clothes are funny he should really enjoy Milton Berle....

Thankx for RUNE. Enjoyed.

ROY TACKETT

Fred:

Don D'Ammassa
19 Angell Drive
East Providence, RI 02914

RUNE arrived here just as I was about to feed Jim Young breakfast, which had a bit of a strange effect, as you might imagine. Jim certainly has changed since I first met him, way back in 1967. Which isn't terribly relevant to RUNE.

Rich Bartucci is right in praising MALEVIL, though I would have compared it to EARTH ABIDES rather than ALAS, BABYLON. Merle poses some interesting moral questions in the novel, without forcing his own opinion down the reader's throat. Very thought provoking.

I continue to not fully comprehend what Dave Wixon is trying to say. He seems to be saying that there are no stories about war, only stories about people during wars? Huh? What does he want? Stories about jeeps during wars? Stories about robot armies fighting chesslike battles? I fail utterly to see the distinction.

I still refuse to respond at any length to anonymous reviews, but I will say that far from being padded, BIRTHGRAVE is one of the finest novels I've read this year, despite the rather disappointing final chapters. There are actually three novels in one volume, and the story never drags. I suspect your anonymous reviewer just doesn't have an attention span sufficient to cope with four hundred pages of words.

DON D'AMMASSA

Goodfan Haskell:

Rich Bartucci
Box 369, KCCOM
2105 Independence Ave
Kansas City, MO 64124

What's more gratifying than seeing one's own LoC in print? Seeing Mike Glicksohn make nice on one in his LoC. Ah, recognition in one's own lifetime.... Still and all, I somehow doubt that Goodfan Glicksohn has a completely accurate picture of me. To say that I would explain Risk to a large-breasted nurse by shuttling viscera from hither to yon in some unfortunate's abdomen -- well, Blue Cross would never hold with it. Though the human pancreas does have an outline reminiscent of South America's....

Then there's Sam Long, maintaining that the Imperial German Army would use British Brian Burgess Meat Pies in such a vital undertaking as the attack on the Ffolkestone Yeomanry.... Such an unpatriotic action would hardly be allowed by

the General Staff. According to von Tunckus-und-Vlatulenz (Military Pastries of the Great War), the pulp-pies of Ficken's fiendish assault were definitely made of sweet potato. Perhaps Goodfan Long is confused by the fact that, while the Yeomenry were cavalry, they had been dismounted during the action in question. Their horses had been converted to Brian Burgess Meat Pies.

To ignore a problem is to be defeated by it; willful ignorance of unpleasantness is a characteristic of the 70's, it seems, and I've been reduced to incoherent fury more than once by my friends' headstrong denial of the existence of war. "If we avert our eyes," they seem to say, "perhaps it'll go away." Therefore I was delighted to read Dave Wixon's "Love and Killing" in RUNE 44, for my stefnal companions were no less guilty of this idiocy than were my mundane friends. Goodfan Wixon -- and the authors of Combat SF -- give the lie to my misconceptions. SF writers are hard realists (they have to be; they dream audaciously) and can bring themselves to deal with subject matter that mainstream writers and readers can only shut their eyes to. That a fanzine like RUNE could include such an article as Wixon's indicates to me that fandom is coming to a level of maturity commensurate with that of the pros.

Due to the fact that the next con I'll be able to attend will be the MidAmeriCon in '76, I decided to get in all the con-going I could in the Philadelphia Star Trek Con last weekend.

Star Trek Cons are so bloody different; at a regional or world SF con there are trufen in abundance, filk whose every utterance is replete with stefnal inferences, who carry a copy of Triplanetary close to their hearts, who drop to their knees at the mention of Robert A. Heinlein. At a Star Trek Con you get an impression of overwhelming amateurishness. There are prepubescent munchkins darting hither and thither like spastic lemmings. "There's George Takei! There's Nichelle Nichols! There's the washroom attendant at Desilu Studios!" For four days.

The only pleasure I got out of the con was a chance to see "When Worlds Collide," a movie that only runs on the late-late-late show when I have exams on the next day. I saw "Changeling" four times, the blooper reel five times (twice backwards, once upside-down), and Al Schuster too damn often to suit me. The hucksters plucked green stuff from every Trekkie that passed (I sold an impromptu sketch of "The Speculative Internal Anatomy of a Tribble" for \$1.75) while the usual quota of Orion slave girls circulated through the crowd.

I also heard about Vaughn Bode at the con, which took much of the pleasure out of what little joyed me. While I wasn't as lucky as you -- I never met him -- I can feel his loss with you. His comic inventiveness was a never-ending source of wonder to me. And now it has ended. There's a little less originality in the world now that he's gone.

RICH BARTUCCI

{No more cons for you until MidAmeriCon? But you're in Kansas City -- surely you can make it to the BYOBCon there in May....}

Jessica Amanda Salmonson
Post Office Box 89517
Zenith, Washington 98188

Dear Fred:

Shoot, I don't even remember if I LoCed RUNE 44. Your emotional message in the front about Vaughn's death was moving, and also such a downer that it took a long time to actually read past that beautiful photo you reproduced. I had a small color photograph of Vaughn on my bedroom wall, and because everyone knows I'm nine tenths lesbian, most people who saw the pic assumed he was a girl and asked, "Who's she?" In spite of my feminist leanings, and the Wizard's chauvenism that should have made me irate with his creator, I was madly in love with everything Vaughn did and am selfishly unhappy that now I can never meet him nor proposition him as I had intended. It is no exaggeration, but pure fact, that I spent several hours on the Crisis Line when I learned of Vaughn's death, crying non-stop, and could not be left alone for the next two days I was so miserable. I can only wonder how hard it must have hit those who knew him first hand. I did try to write you shortly after, but the letter was so full of misery and upsettedness that it stood against all that Bode tried to make us feel, so I waited, and now I don't feel so bad, though I can't put his picture back up on my wall I fear, and it'll be a while before I can really laugh at his cartooning without crying at the same time. You know a lot of people loved that pretty guy.

JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON

Dear Fred:

Rick Sternbach
PO Box 966
West Cornwall, CT 06796

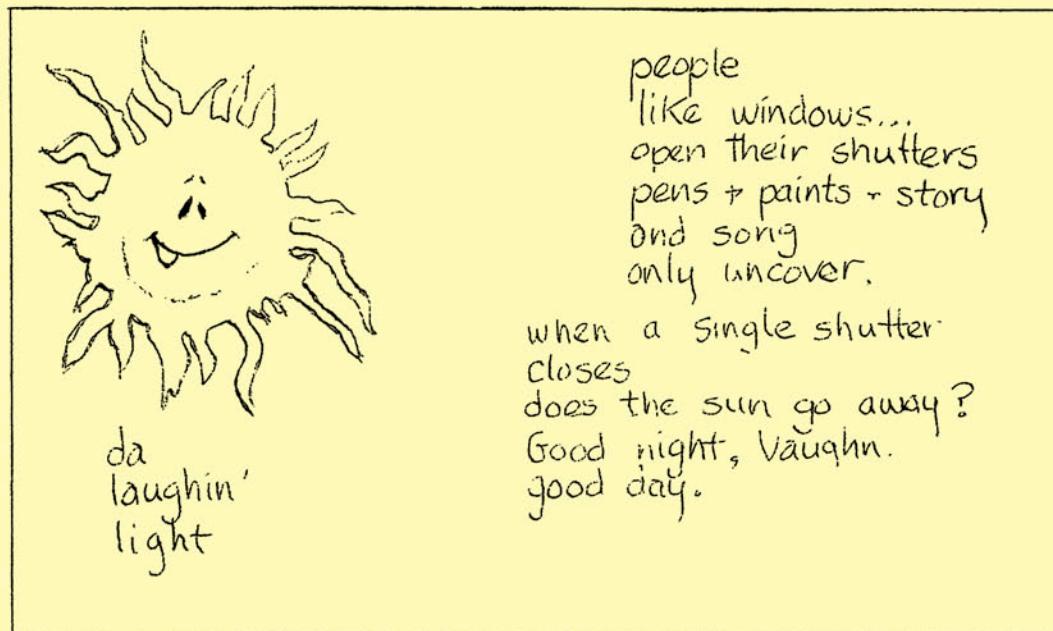
I appreciate the words you published about Vaughn Bode in RUNE 44. I met him for the first time at Torcon and at subsequent conventions we'd trade bits about what each of us was currently doing; even though I had been working professionally for only a couple of months, he had seen my stuff and liked it, and I liked his work immensely. It was evident that he liked art and artists, for the thing that impressed me most was a pep talk he gave to a following of budding cartoonists at the New York Comic Art con in '74. He spoke with the same confident, soft manner that was so very different from the one he conveyed during his stage presentations. You're right. He deserved more. He had such big plans for film versions of his characters, tours with the rock groups, that kind of thing.

When Al Sirois told me what happened, we had the feeling that the stories were going to fly around for a while and "There's going to be a lot of talk in the industry for a long time." Yeah, I guess so, but the stories aren't really important any more.

Don't it always seem to go...?

RICK STERNBACH

Reed Waller
Box 27
New Richland, MN 56072

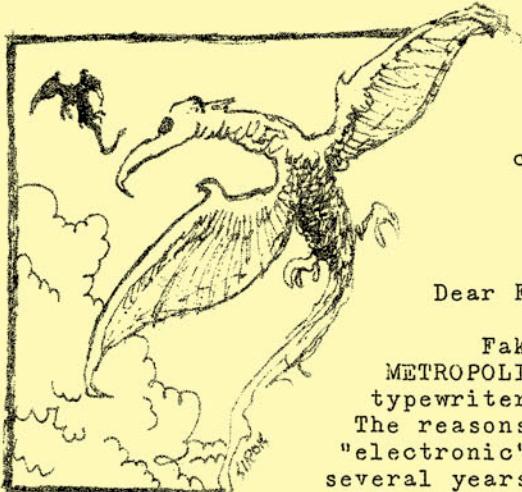


Dear Fred,

7 Cranley Drive
Ruislip, Middx
England HA4 6BZ

As RUNE 44 was the first mention I'd seen of Bode's death, I can hardly start this letter with the usual "thanks for RUNE 44, which I enjoyed..." on account of the fact that I didn't enjoy that news at all. I didn't know Bode but I enjoyed his artwork a lot and it's a sad thing.

Apart from that news I did enjoy RUNE...especially the long, meaty lettercol. Lotsa letters here, Fred, and I just love long meaty lettercol...even when I dunno what 'alf the geezers are on about being as how you didn't airfreight over with No. 44 all the previous 43 issues. Is that right that the rest of the members of Minn-stf greet you with cries of "here comes ole cheapo-cheapo 'askell" when you arrive for the meetings? I had heard! I mean, dunni(?), what would it have cost? A mere few hundred dollars. That's all. (shrug).



Seriously tho' (hoho). I'm only sorry that Denny had to give his apazine the elbow in order that I saw RUNE. I'd like to carry on ~~blowing~~ seeing it, so herewith a buck for a couple more issues.

DAVE PIPER

Peter Roberts
6 Westbourne Park Villas
London W2, England

Dear Fred,

Fakefan that I am, I've just switched off METROPOLIS half-way through and have turned to my typewriter with the intention of locting the latest RUNE. The reasons? I don't feel like watching the tele, and the "electronic" soundtrack is giving me a headache. I saw it several years ago in any case, and then it had a proper piano accompaniment by one of the original silent screen professionals (he looked old, but he played bloody well).

So, many thanks for sending along the 44th issue. You know it has the look and the feel of a real, honest-to-Roscoe fanzine; I don't know how, but in some way you've managed to produce an Archetypal Fanzine in RUNE. The size, the texture of the paper, the colour, the typeface, the layout, the illoes -- they're all subtly contrived to spell out F-A-N-Z-I-N-E even to the rankest neo or dustiest gafiate. What arcane, smofistic lore have you gained access to, sirrah? Whose aged, fannish brains have you picked over? Tucker? Bloch? Warner? Even.....Degler?

Go on, surprise me. A hairy midget called Glicksohn told you how.

Well, so it goes. RUNE 44 is merely a mirage. The bad news is that when I read through it, I didn't honestly find anything much that I liked. The conreps, for example: the first was dull, and so obscurely written in places that I couldn't follow it; the second was simply unreadable. Ok, that's just tough on me -- no need to cry about it. I'm a fan of Fletcher's (loved seeing that Minneapolis Zeppelin again), but "Larf Riot" was too much of a good thing. I think the word is "overjill" -- or, if I was a better typist, "overkill". If it had been split up into single panels, frames, or bits of comicstrip (I haven't the vocabulary for this high-power art discussion) and then distributed randomly all over the zine, it would have been a lot more digestible. Messy, but digestible.

Never mind. The letter-column is a safely neutral area in most fanzines, and RUNE's version is certainly entertaining. "Sci-Fi" (ouch -- it pains me just to write it) sounds like a cheap holiday firm that's on the nether verge of bankruptcy -- "FLY HIGH BY SCI-FI!" Jessica Salmonson says it sounds like an abbreviation for science fiction; it may look like one, but it certainly doesn't sound like one (unless you degenerate Americans have thought of some strange way of pronouncing it). Jessica also reckons that "stf" sounds like "stuff" (rubbish) which seems pretty stupid to me. However, I notice that Jon Singer mentions that he pronounces it "steff" and this leads to a minor, but interesting sidetrack. This is it (don't hold your breath). At the British Seacon last Easter, Mike Glicksohn (the Very Same) was chatting on (and on and on) and mentioned "Bisfa". Eh? I thought, shaking myself awake, and what exactly is a "Bisfa"? It turned out that He meant the BSFA (British SCI-FI Association). Now, over here, where English is still spoken, initials are initials -- in other words, they are normally pronounced as a series of letters: viz, "The B-S-F-A," or (to get back to the point), "S-T-F". I've never thought of turning that into "stef" or "stuf" or "stif" or what-have-you. And perhaps that's why I object so strongly to "SCI-FI" -- it's "S-F" (unless you're a Secret Master, in which case "S-T-F" is de rigueur).

I'd better disappear now. Thanks again for RUNE. Look forward to future issues.

PETER ROBERTS

{Well Peter, it all started a couple of years ago. I was in a used bookstore in one of the oldest parts of town. From the looks of it, the place had been a bookstore ever since it was built -- rows and rows of bookshelves with barely room to walk between them, and that faded color of dust and old paper that catches

in the back of the throat. I was looking for old pulps, when I spied a dusty, leather-bound volume in the darkest corner of the shop. Even now, I don't know what compelled me to pick that arcane book up, but pick it up I did. The gnarled old man who ran the shop smiled strangely at me when I brought the book up, and said, "For you, that will be one dollar."

I hurried home and began reading. I must have fallen asleep while trying to puzzle out the archaic script, for the next I remember there were three Dark Figures in the room with me. One spoke, in a voice like dry, old paper. It whispered a question: "You are intending to pub a faanish fanzine?" Too terror-struck to speak, I nodded my head -- "Yes." There was a sound almost like distant laughter, and the Three encircled me, muttering strange incantations. I became dizzy, and the chanting became louder. I passed out.

When I awoke, the Three Dark Figures, and the book, had vanished. And when I ventured out the next day, I couldn't find that old bookstore. It was as if the buildings on that block had rearranged themselves to hide its disappearance. I decided that the whole thing had been a dream, and forgot all about it until something in your letter reminded me of it....}}

Steve and Sue Miller
119 Willow Bend Dr #3-A
Owings Mills, MD 21117

Dear Fred-and-friends,

RUNE 44 was a fine addition to a mailbox which otherwise contained only bills and requests for \$\$ for local charities.

A few words (maybe I should enclose a nickel?) on the SF, stf, sci-fi bit. Sci-fi bothers me, much the same way that hi-fi and a few other gimmicky words (or sounds) do. Either SF or stf are ok, as long as the derivation of stf doesn't have to be repeated everytime. Sci-fi reeks of monster movies and low budget comics, both of which are fun once in a while. Maybe eventually sci-fi will be a distinct genre -- but not the same one as SF.

Is Madman Riley the same Madman Riley who used to travel on the professional wrassling circuit? His style seems to be about the same -- which is to say entertaining. I miss flipper pin ball machines, which seem to be losing ground all over the country to the electronic winky-dink badminton/space war/tank war/rabbit chase jobs. I couldn't understand why that was happening until I realised that the electronic wonder-tubes require slightly less maintenance, are souped up with booms, zooms, and screeching tire noises, and net the promoters a cool quarter per play. Of course the total flipperless machines are designed(?) to be gambled on rather than enjoyed. Some places in Maryland still pay off to players of this kind of madness, but it's not worth your while if you're just out for enjoyment. At a local pinball emporium I saw a man play for eight hours straight, and wind up two dollars ahead of the house. Oh yes, his hands were bloody from banging on the sides of the machines. Give me flippers....

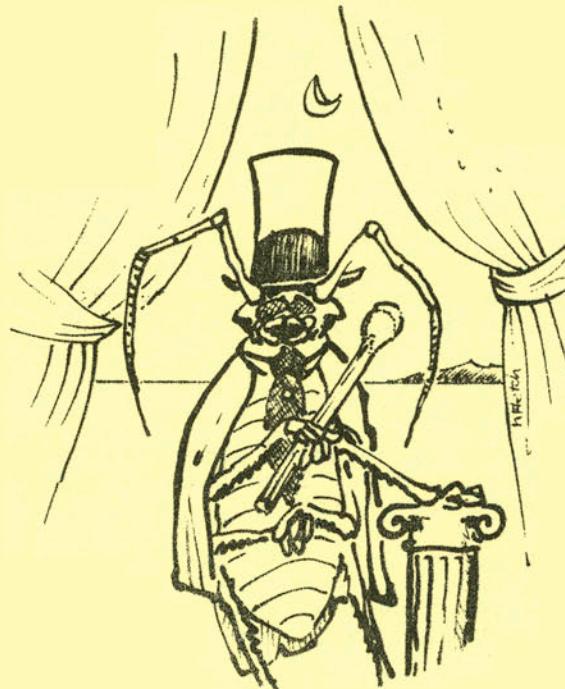
STEVE MILLER

As far as I know, the only circuit this Madman Riley travels is the Midwestern Con Circuit. I won't comment about the people he tries to get to wrassle with him....}}

Dear Mr Heskell.

I just got your fanzine, Rune. It was real good.

I think you should write more fan fiction. I like it a lot, and it gives us new writers a chance to be read by people who would not otherwise have a chance



Hector Jonse
1011 S 5th St, Apt 4
Minneapolis, MN 55403

to reade us new writers writres. So here is a sotry of mine for you:

The Ace fix Space

"What are we goin to do, Hethcliffe," siad Jerry The Horse, King of the Space lines. "We have been captured by the Space Pirates and haev to play ball against them."

"Teh Space Pirates are nothing compared to the Space Yankees," said Hethcliffe, witticl.

So's how that? If you want, I willl send you my novel, which is realy good too, don't; you think? I was especially fond of the con report by Madman bythe way, and thought it would be real fun to go to acon with you guys. It reminded me of a tiem when I was driving back to Minneapolis through a thunderstorm, to. It was a real cloudburnst, and the lightning was so bad it was breaking off the headlighsts over the highway. What a strom!

Well, keep sneding me Rune, and I'll write you some moer losc.

HECTOR JONSE

{(That letter was sic.)}

Fred,

Bruce D. Arthurs
920 N 82nd St, Apt H-201
Scottsdale, AZ 85257

Got RUNE 44 yesterday and immediately sat down to read it. I noticed that quite a few people referred to the penis on the cover of RUNE 43. "Penis? What penis?" I asked myself. So naturally I pulled RUNE 43 off the shelf and took a look.

Oh my god, a PENIS!

After clasping an arm across my delicate pink eyes and turning the offending fanzine face down, I managed to regain some control. "My God," I thought. "What is fandom coming to?"

More to the point, what was I coming to? Here seemingly all fandom had been saying to themselves, "Hey, looka da penis!" while I, I had been picking my nose and saying "Gee, dat's a purty pikchur." I realized what it meant. It meant... it meant...it meant that I was NAIVE! Oh, the shame of it!

However, I was ashamed only temporarily. By using General Semantics/ Dianetics/Astrology/Dean Drive/Telaugs/etc. (choose one), I soon arrived at the true facts of the case. Why had I not seen the penis? Because...my attention had been riveted on that beautiful naked cat-girl of Odbert's, that's why! No sir, I know what's important to look for in a drawing! And all those other people who'd seen the penis instead of or in addition to the girl? Preverts and sex fiends, every one of them! Why, I'm the only healthy-minded one amongst all of them. It gives a very satisfied feeling to recognize that fact.

But on to comments: "Larf Riot" gives me the feeling that there are several pages of art missing from between every panel. Must be a New Wave story, cause I sure can't find any plot, theme, characterization, or even coherency, for that matter.

Thanks to David Emerson for the review of GODLESS. Of course, I disagree with his appraisal of Brad Parks' cover as "wretched" or I wouldn't have used the drawing. I get rather irked at the people who dismiss Brad's work with one word (usually "bad", "crud", "bleech" or the ilk) and don't try to analyze why they don't like it. Myself, I think Brad is loaded with talent and that that is becoming more and more olear as he gets more experience. Brad has improved immensely over his first crude efforts.

Madman Riley's conreport is one of the best I've read this year. His renditon of the massive rainstorm reminds me of when I was driving across the country last January and ran into a cloudburst in South Carolina. The road was covered with several inches of water and visibility was barely beyond the front of the hood. Of course, I wasn't as stupid as some people I could name; I pulled to the side of the road, stopped, and pulled out a paperback to read until the

storm passed.

McLane/Waller's conreport, on the other hand, reads like a script for "Larf Riot."

BRUCE D. ARTHURS

{Brad Parks may be loaded with something -- but if it's talent, I must admit that I haven't seen him use any of it yet....}}

Dainis Bisenicks
413 Hawthorne Ave
Ames, IA 50010

Dear Fred --

RUNE is a good fannish zine, but I'm afraid the most delightful and thought-provoking item this time was in Uncle Hugo's catalogue, which listed The Chairwoman's Shadow by Dunsany. It sets visions dancing in my head of a detective in drag investigating a feminist conspiracy. Are there any other titles that could be creatively changed by adding, subtracting, or altering one letter? Apart from the well-known Torrent of Feces, I mean.

Does there or does there not exist a Committee for Screw Thread Standardization on Hugos? Kelly Freas once told me about a problem he had with a press photographer the year the Hugo was combined with the Invisible Little Man.

DAINIS BISENICKS

Andrew Porter
PO Box 4175
New York, NY 10017

Dear Fred:

Thanks for the current RUNE.

A couple comments for Jim Young: I'm sure that the Cordwainer Smith booklet would sell better at a dollar less, but a few calculations based on the cost of printing 1,000 copies, postage and envelopes and especially royalty payments to the authors involved come out to the fact that at \$1.50 a copy the total income would come out to about \$200.00 less than the total costs. Or, to put it another way, it would lose money.

The point of publishing the booklet was, among other things, to make money. If you knew how much it cost to publish ALGOL you'd be interested in making money, too.

It'd also be appreciated in future reviews of small press type stuff if you'd put the address of the press/person/publisher down. "(New York, 1975)" isn't too helpful. How about "Algol Press, P.O.Box 4175, New York NY 10017" instead?

Cover this issue certainly was Strange but Good. RUNE is one of my more preferred Small Room reading materials.

ANDY PORTER

{Gee, thanks Andy...I think.}

Terry Hughes
866 N Frederick St
Arlington, VA 22205

Dear Fred,

RUNE is undoubtably the best clubzine coming out these days. In many ways it is reminiscent of the clubzine of the 1960's, CRY. The two zines definitely have different personalities but share several strong points. RUNE definitely gives me a favorable impression of the Minneapolis group. Not that I didn't already have one (I certainly did), but it is nice to have such feelings reinforced from time to time.

Very nice cover for #44 by Reed Waller with a charming depiction of Potato Fred. Reed's art has obviously been heavily influenced by Tom Foster and Ken Fletcher, but they are Good Fellows and so the end product is very pleasing.

Ah, the RUNE lettercolumn is monstrously fat. It could stand to shed a few words here and there, but what the hell, such indulgences are minor at best. It definitely gives a feeling of reader participation and interaction which, I am

certain, is the effect you are after. Clubzines should have bulky letter-columns.

While Laff Riot didn't quite live up to its title, it did produce a number of chuckles. But I will admit that Chuckle Producer is not such a catchy title. Strips like this are part of the good feelings evident in the Minn-stf group. Your abundance of pencil pushers continue to do cartoon concerts to the delight of the rest of us.

It is good to see David Emerson popping up as a contributor. Besides being a Fine Fellow in person, he is also a good writer with a sharp sense of humor. I know that I have fond memories of that little fanzine he used to put out frequently, good ol' ... uh, uh ... the ever popular .. well I fondly remember it even if the title escapes me at the moment. How embarrassing and disheartening. Anyway I do remember it well whatever it was and I enjoyed the way it was written by ... by uh ... by old what'shisname. Oh, shit, my memory must be going. Where am I? Who is this naked lady next to me? Who am I? Wait! Stop! Help, everything is spinning around and around and around and around and arou.....EEEP!

TERRY HUGHES

Joseph Green
1390 Holly Avenue
Merritt Island, FL 32952

Dear Fred;

Many thanks for RUNE 44. I don't know what I have done to deserve it (as the man said mounting the 13 steps), but I am most grateful. You must pardon me, though, if I cannot share your enthusiasm for the swollen letter column. I really would have preferred a few more book reviews, or Con reports such as those by Riley and Waller.

Overall, RUNE seems to transcend its intended purpose and be a fanzine suitable for all ages (whether or not the reader belongs to MiniFandom).

May the Runes you cast auger well for the future of MiniCons!

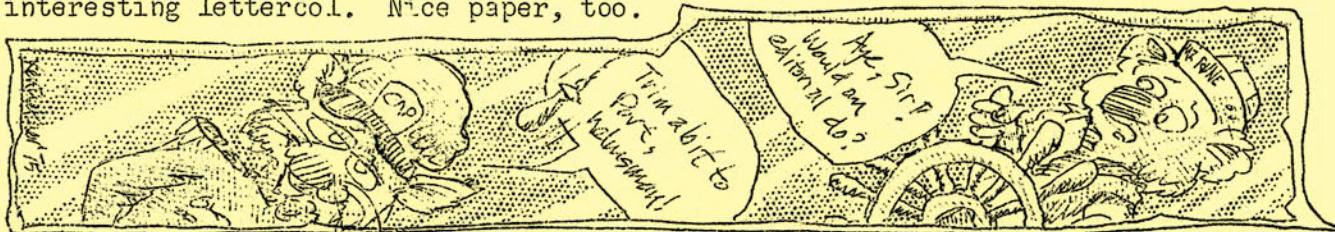
JOE GREEN

{}{Thank you, one and all. We also heard from: Dan Feyma, Denny Bowden, Linda J. Johnson, Wayne W. Martin, Gregg Ketter, Matthew B. Tepper, Ygor Rega, Barry Smotroff, Sam Long, and John A. Purcell. And Just This Once, I'll publish these two CoAs, as requested: Freff, 3624 North Potomac, Arlington VA 22213; and Al Sirois, 45 South St, East Haven, CT 06512.}}

* * * * *

{We apologize most sincerely that the following was left out of its proper place in "Set Your Controls for the Heart of the Fanzine," due to an administrative error.})

THE SPANISH INQUISITION #6, Jerry Kaufman, 880 W. 181st St, Apt 4D, New York, NY 10033, and Suzanne Tompkins, c/o Bushyager (see address under KARASS). 50¢ or the usual. Jon Singer discourses on synthetic fannish memory and the banana conifer malted. R.A. Macavoy tells of the extinction of the pronoun. Peter Roberts discusses strange carpet-beating rites and other sins. Rob Jackson relates his meeting with Arthur C. Clarke in Ceylon. Ginjer Buchanan reveals her (and Suzie's, and Sandra Miesel's) secret childhood fantasies. Plus pieces by Gene Wolfe and John Curlevich, two editorials, lots of good art and an interesting lettercol. Nice paper, too.



AN EDITORIAL

Hello. I'm Fred Haskell, and I'd like to reintroduce myself into the RUNE. (Ta-da! "What was that?" French horns.) You've probably seen me loitering around the lettercolumn, making occasional wisecracks. Maybe you've noticed my name in the Table of Contents, and have figured out that I'm the editor of this yellow-clad manifestation of Crazy Minneapolis Fandom. In that case, good for you -- I had started getting a little diluted in the past few issues. But now I'm back, giving you the opportunity to find out something about the person who's been encouraging the various writers and artists to transcend the ordinary and the sane, and who's been consolidating their efforts into this over-the-edge package we like to call RUNE....

So I'm the editor. What does that mean? What exactly do I do? Well, there are the obvious things -- I do the page and overall layout, I type the whole thing (!), I decide which fillos will go where, and things like that. I also arrange for the thing to be run off, for materials to be at hand, and for collation. And I act as a figurehead -- a person "representing" the RUNE at conventions and to whom letters are addressed. Okay, you probably knew all that already. What else?

Well, I make decisions on what material is going to be used, and when. Yes, surprising as it may seem, I do turn things down occasionally -- everything that appears in RUNE is included because I think it is good, and because I think it fits. If you see something that doesn't seem good, or doesn't make sense to you, you might try going back and reading it again -- there's probably more to it than you saw the first time through (though I already mentioned them in the lettercol, good examples of these are Reed Waller's conreport of last issue, and the perennial Cosmic Strips). And I occasionally make suggestions on how a piece might be improved, or actually do revisions myself (with the permission of the author, of course).

But wait, there's still more. Occasionally, an article comes along that really cries out for specific illustration. So rather than pulling a few fillos out of the file, I drag one of our local artists out of his cage, chain him to the drawing board, and have him commit custom illustrations to stencil. (This is what was done for both "Marsupial Fandom..." and "A History and Commentary on the Book of Eucalyptus" this time.) And, of course, I'll occasionally have one of the Boys whip up a heading for an article or column, rather than going with the lettering-guide and file-fillo.

And finally, I sometimes come up with an idea for a fillo or for an article, figure out whose talents would best bring it to fruition, and try to tickle him with it. (I just recently planted an idea in Jon Singer, for example, and I am waiting anxiously for it to sprout. It's an off-the-wall idea, and one that only Jon could execute properly (if it can be done at all).) And related to this are the ideas and topics that come up as a result of conversations between myself and a contributor -- the present form of David Emerson's column is due to this process.

So why am I telling you all this? No, it's not because I'm off on an ego-trip. It's because I hope that it will help you to better understand and appreciate RUNE. I think the contributors are doing a damn-fine job, and I hope that more of you will come to agree with me on that in the months ahead. (And come to think of it, this might be a good time for you to go back and re-read this issue (or last issue, for that matter). See if you can find some neat things that you missed the first time through -- I'll bet you can.) In any case, enjoy. And be well.

FRED HASKELL

OFFICIAL MINN-STF BUSINESS PAGE

UPCOMING MINN-STF MEETING DATES AND LOCATIONS (all Saturday - 1:00pm)

November 22 -Erica Simon, 2230 Hillside Ave, St. Paul (647-0784)
December 6 -Jeff Berry, 501 Unique Dr, Burnsville (894-5857)
December 20 -Ken Hoyme, 1404 Kelly, Golden Valley (545-4642)
January 3 -Erica Simon, 2230 Hillside Ave, St. Paul (647-0784)
January 17 -Don Blyly/Dave Wixon, Bezo Bus Building, 343 E 19th St #5B,
Minneapolis (333-3820)
January 31 -New Hobbitat, 2633 Dupont Ave S, Minneapolis

MINNESOTA SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY, INC.

The Board of Directors will hold an open meeting during the regularly scheduled Minn-Stf meeting on Saturday, 22 November 1975.

Input is invited on matters relating to the operation of Minn-Stf, Inc., including publications policy and revisions of the bylaws. Ditto copies of the corporation constitution and bylaws will continue to be available at Minn-Stf meetings or at Uncle Hugo's Bookstore.

Jim Young has resigned from the Board of Directors and Bev Swanson and Blue Petal have resigned from their offices in Minn-Stf -- all due to competing mundane obligations. They will continue to be active in the Minicon 11 concommittee. In accordance with the Minn-Stf, Inc constitution and bylaws, the Board of Directors will be appointing a director and officers in their places.

Ken Fletcher -- Society Reporter

THE FOLLOWING RESOLUTIONS were approved by the Board of Directors and upon publication in RUNE shall become BY-LAWS:

1. The mailing list shall not be sold for profit or offered for profit-making use.
2. The Minn-Stf, Inc. Board of Directors can establish and/or designate Official Minn-Stf, Inc. Publications as it deems advisable. An Official Publication is one with editorial responsibility delegated by the Board of Directors where the Board has the right to place or remove editor(s), and only an Official Publication shall have the use of the Minn-Stf, Inc. bulk mailing permit. The Board shall designate someone to keep financial records of each Official Publication, to be reported to the Treasurer of Minn-Stf, Inc. whenever requested.

ANNOUNCEMENTS:

Anyone who wishes their address kept private should please tell us so; we will not be selling the RUNE mailing list, but it may, in parts, be made available for certain fan activities. We will definitely respect any and all restrictions and desires for privacy of our readers. So please tell us....

There is another fanzine named RUNE; it is being published in Ohio and has no connection with Minn-Stf. (They have promised to cease using the name, but we'll see....)

Local people may wish to advise us of recent changes in their telephone numbers, and also tell us if they do not wish it to be published in the next Directory (which will go out with RUNE 46).

If you wish to send out a flyer with RUNE, please contact us for rates and details.