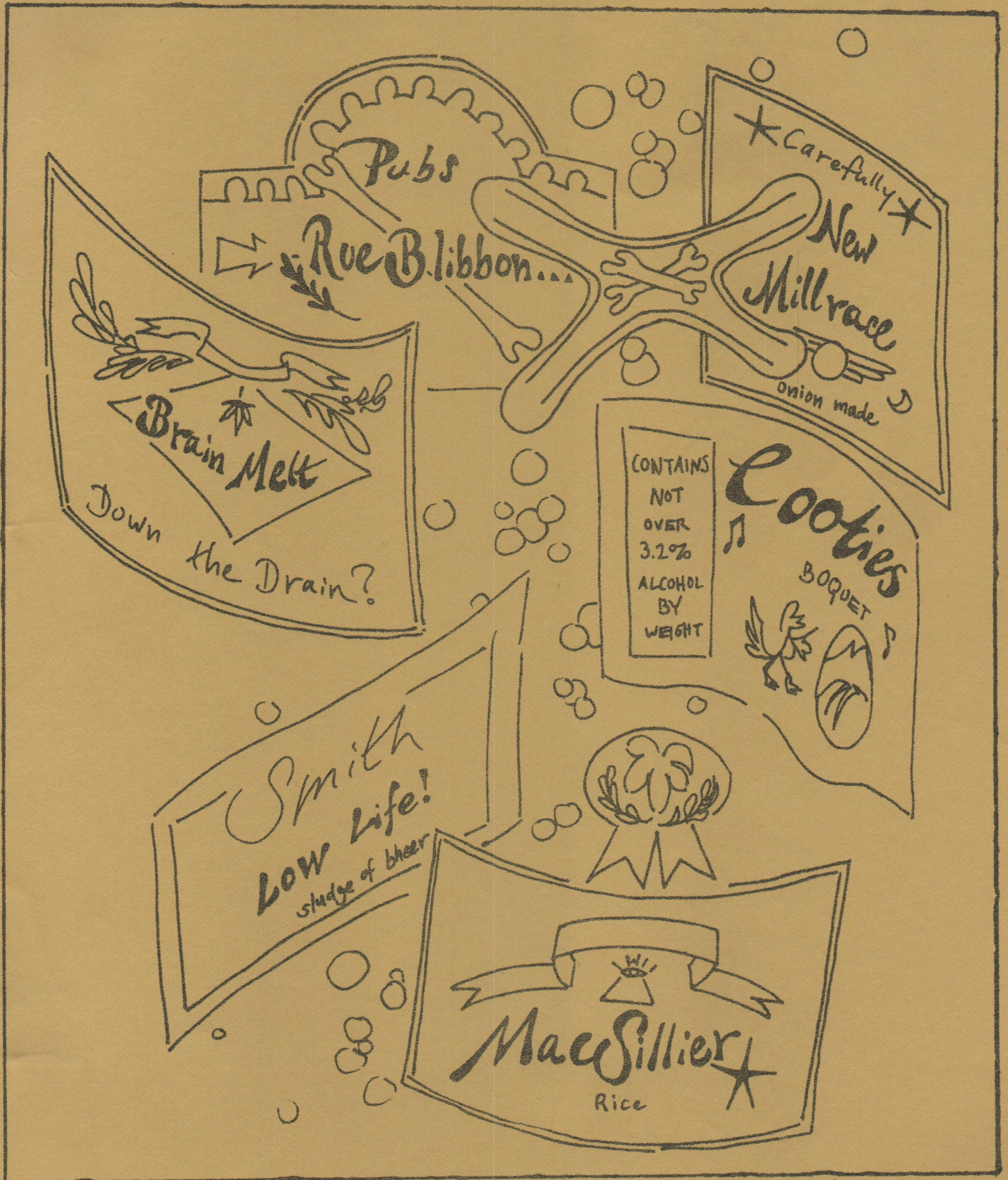
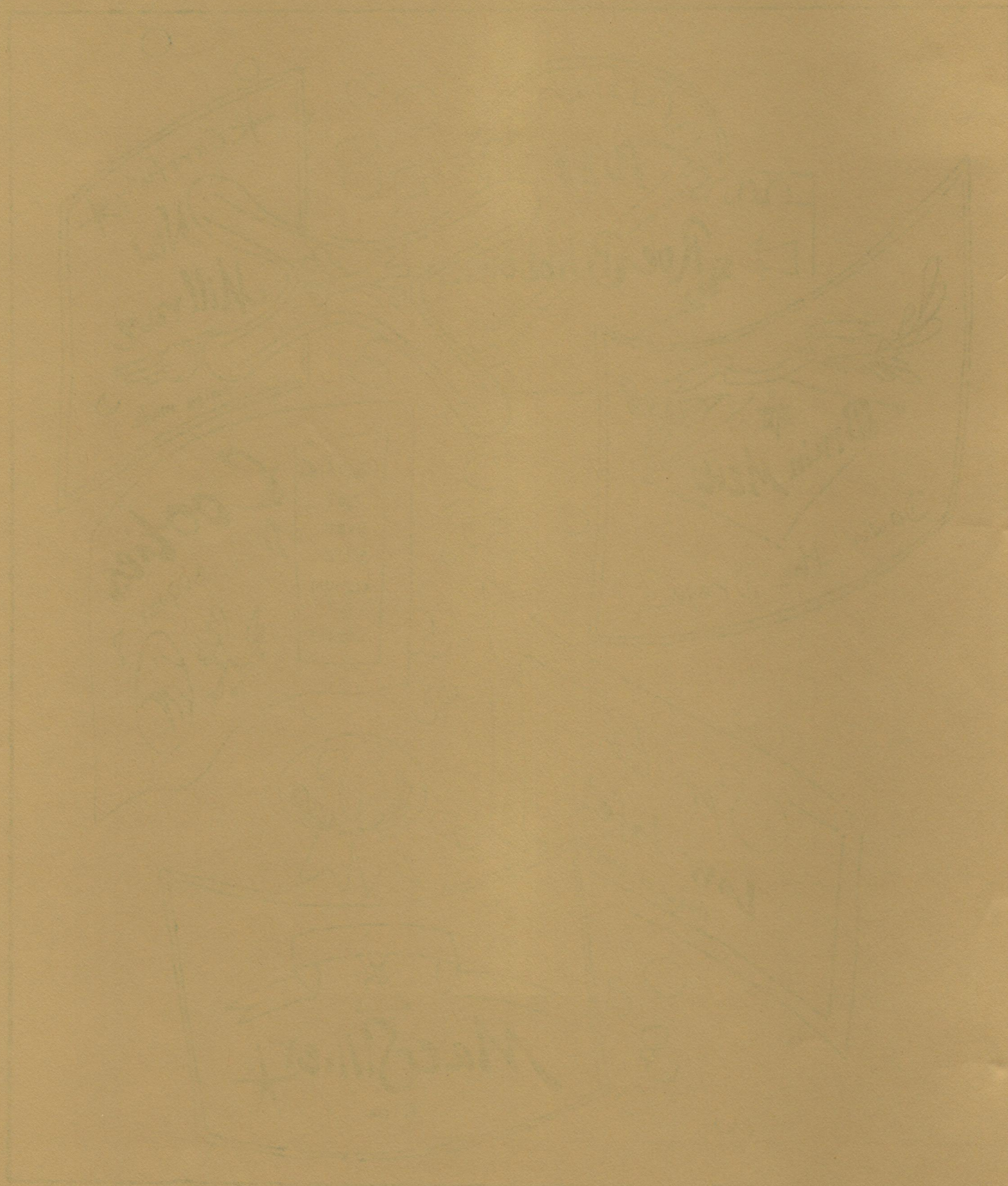


RUNE 73





RUNE 73

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EDITED BY ERIK BIEVER & M.K. DIGRE

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RUNE BREWING CO.
BREWING FINE BEER AND FANZINES SINCE 1983

RUNE

EDITORIAL

by ERIK BIEVER

It is undoubtedly common knowledge to the readers of Rune that M. K. and I were chosen as editors primarily because of our ability to pop corn and drink beer at the same time. In fact, most editorial staff meetings include a demonstration of these most ancient and arcane arts. (We have even been known to grill bratwurst and drink beer at the same time, but bratwurst are outside the scope of this editorial. Maybe next time.)

Every now and then, someone comes up to me and asks, "O. K., Erik, I see that you can pop corn and drink beer at the same time, but what good is it? Is there some deeper significance to it all, or are you just showing off?" My response to such questioning, assuming that I am in a good mood, is that simultaneously popping corn and drinking beer is but a surface manifestation of a more significant pair of abilities: publishing fanzines and brewing beer at the same time.

Assuming that the readers have at least a passing familiarity with fanzines (otherwise you probably wouldn't be reading this), I will move into less familiar territory -- the brewing of beer at home.

People sometimes ask me why I go to the bother of brewing my own beer when a quick trip to the local liquor store and the disbursement of a few dollars will result in a supply of ready-to-drink beer from a commercial brewer. One of the reasons I brew my own is because I like a variety of styles of beer. There are times when an ice-cold domestic lager beer is just the thing (see the beer reviews starting on page 14 of this issue), and this sort of beer is available at very low prices, especially if you avoid the more heavily advertised labels.

At other times, though, I want a different sort of beer, be it a Maibock, a pale ale, a stout, or whatever. These types of beer, mostly imported, are available at well-stocked liquor stores, but they tend to be quite expensive. My current favorite imported beer goes for about a dollar a bottle, so my consumption of this beer is necessarily rather limited. A dilemma is raised: I can afford all the beer I want if I am willing to limit myself to inexpensive domestic lager. If I want different types of beer, I can't buy as much as I would like.

My solution to this dilemma is homebrewing: I can brew a beer of any type I want, for about the price of inexpensive domestic beer. Further, I can brew the beer to suit my individual taste, rather than merely choosing from what is available at the liquor store. By brewing my own beer, I know exactly what the ingredients are: malt, hops, yeast, and water, the only ingredients permitted by law in German beers. This is the true beauty of homebrewing -- it is possible to brew any sort of beer that you can imagine.

Not to be overlooked is the fact that brewing is a pleasant and relaxing hobby, one that takes up less space than, say, model

railroading. While it is convenient to have part of a basement available for brewing activities, I know people that brew quite successfully in small apartments.

"This is all well and good," I can imagine you saying, "but can I do this, too? Is it very difficult?" I will use the remaining space answering these and other questions that are likely to arise.

Just how difficult is it? I formerly answered this question by saying it isn't any more difficult than baking bread. This makes sense to those who bake the occasional loaf, but to those who don't it sounds rather imposing. Brewing beer is a little more difficult than popping corn, but somewhat easier than good Chinese cooking.

Is it legal? Congress legalized homebrewing in the United States in 1979; it has been legal in the U. K. since 1963. I don't know what the situation is in other countries.

Do I need a lot of elaborate equipment? No. All you really need is a large pot to boil the malt and hops in, a suitable container for fermenting in, a plastic fermentation lock, a siphon hose, and a bottle capper. This equipment shouldn't cost over 50 dollars if bought new; a little creative scrounging can bring the cost well below this figure.

Will the bottles explode? Emphatically not, provided that proper procedures are followed. Exploding bottles are a legacy of the bad old Prohibition days of homebrewing when beer was bottled when the fermentation was "almost finished". Correct, modern homebrewing procedures can be found in many books. I have listed three that I think are fairly good; the one by Burch is the cheapest and most useful of the bunch.

Burch, Byron. Quality brewing: a guidebook for the home production of fine beers. 1980, Joby Books, P.O. Box 2603, San Rafael, CA, 94912.

Reese, M. K. Better beer and how to brew it. 1978, Garden Way Publishing, Charlotte, VT, 05445.

Papazian, Charlie. The complete joy of home brewing. 1984, Avon Books, New York.

I hope that some of you may be encouraged to try brewing your own beer. There are few things more satisfying than to sit down on a hot summer evening with a stack of fanzines and a mug of homebrew by your side.



RUNE SHAGGY DOG STORY

Here's the full story of What Really Happened that Dark and Stormy Night -- er, Afternoon, actually. Our SF club has become famous (infamous) for that play, and few of us will discuss it to the extent that I am about to. But I feel that history should be made right, and besides, too many people have been bugging me about it. My role: stage manager. (I tried to manage it, honestly I did).

Our club, the SFFS (or Science Fiction and Fantasy Society, the S-double F-S) had gotten excited with the idea of putting on a play. It was mainly for our own perverted amusement, but the thought was entertained that we could take it on the road to various cons if it got good enough ("...visions of egoboo danced through their heads").

As usual in such gatherings, there was an inordinately large number of experts offering their opinions (and little else) on everything. The lead role, Traya, was particularly sought-after, and several people were still vying for the part long after they should have been resigned (I won't say "contented") to playing musical mooses on kazoos in the background. ("Why, everyone knows there's moose in Minneapolis, tra la!") A local fan named Leon especially refused to give up the fight, although we had hopes that his bouts of clumsiness would eventually persuade him to concentrate on his own character while on stage. (He was presented with the bulkiest BEM costume we could think of, to that aim.) Joe Phan, who actually had the Traya role, was one of the few of us with acting experience, and did his best to put up with amateur egos like Leon's. Traya's companion Sercon Sue (played by a Sue, howzabout that?) helped to absorb some of Leon's crude scene-stealing by acting straight man occasionally.

This dramatic effort was put forth in the summer, and there were a few references to peculiarly Minnesotan customs...such as -- as late as June -- carefully determining the windchill factor before leaving the house. One character had to don mittens to demonstrate this and other survival techniques of living in the Land of the Loon, or Frostbite Falls Country. The only mittens we could find were somebody's little sister's, with tiny faces on the fingers. Well, as long as the actor kept them hidden from the audience, it would work. The sad thing is, he got into giving them personalities and began talking to them (under the guise of entertaining us). "Yes, you're being good today, aren't you, little mitten?" Oh, well. Being tolerant, friendly fen, we tried to let it go....

That's not much of an explanatory summation, but I firmly believe

* The names have been changed to allow chances to malign the guilty in person -- preferably in some highly-public fannish place -- and to further torture the suspicious.

by JEANNE MEALY

that it's constitutionally impossible. (At least my constitution won't stand for relaying the entire grisly details, I don't know about yours.) Suffice it to say, in a graceless copping-out, that it was a typically wonderful mishmash of many fans' overactive imaginations. The Farce was with Us.

Some time later (wasn't that smooth?), we were facing our first real performance. Half the cast appeared to be flying high, the other half nearly comatose from nervousness. The audience was several dozen attendees of our local con (a mini-con, really), who later scattered back to their home towns with tales of infamy.

I'd like to say the performance went fine. I'd really like to say it. I'd be lying, though. I will say that things went fine Up To A Point. People caught their cues, delivered lines like they had practiced in rehearsal -- all that we'd hoped for. Egoboo was as thick in the air as the night my parakeet got caught in the ceiling fan, and...never mind.

The character with the mittens was just coming on stage, sort of whispering to his mittens to keep his nerve up. He had the misfortune of awakening an irate bug which'd crawled into one of the mittens, and expressed its extreme displeasure by biting. Biting very HARD.

In his pain and confusion, the actor went howling on stage with yells of "BAD MITTEN! BAAAD MITTEN!" Ohhh, yes; there was someone off-stage ready with a badminton racquet, who also became confused and thought it was needed now--and delivered it with abrupt dispatch (not Federal Express, as is commonly thought).

Ooooh. That was bad enough. The absolute pinnacle of the debacle (the debacle made me do it?) came a bit later, however.

Joe and Sue were waiting off stage for their cue. Sue noticed Leon skulking around the scenery, trying again to steal Joe's lines. That skunk had actually been going for the gusto, hamming it up for the egoboo, by appropriating some of Traya's lines. Joe was beginning to steam under his foil uniform-collared. Sue decided to share her suspicions about the coming scene with Joe, and whispered, "Be careful, or he may steal the scene and be Traya!"

That utterance went out loud and clear to the actors on stage and the audience--for Sue had unknowingly been standing next to a live mike. The audience responded with hisses at the pun, but Leon knew the line was about him, and lost his footing in his surprise... crashing horrendously through the stage (which was a less-than-stable platform fatally taxed by the weight of many fans)!

Oh, how I cringed. I wished desperately to be elsewhere -- even at a banquet dinner, for Ghu's sake -- but luckily caught the line that still is celebrated as Saving Our Show.

Joe/Traya walked out accompanied by Sue, surveyed the damage for a long moment and replied, "No, it's just a stage he's going through!"

RUNI

OPERA REVIEW

Who amongst us has never heard of that fabled composer P. D. Q. Bach, last and certainly least of the offspring of the mighty Johann Sebastian? Indeed, no less a personage than Professor Peter Schickele of the University of Southern North Dakota at Hoople has devoted his life, nay, his career to the discovery and promotion of the bloated corpus of works by this unique composer. Eleven record albums and many touring live shows have left in their wake audiences of musicologists, impecunious students, and just plain folks gasping at the wealth of (borrowed) material and (surprisingly anachronistic) styles wielded by this man who has been described as "a pimple on the face of music."

So we were nightly surprised when we heard that Professor Schickele had been commissioned to "discover" a full-length, three-act opera funnia by the Musical Midget of Wein-an-Rhein. P. D. Q. Bach's repertoire for the operatic stage know to date had comprised but a handful of works: "The Stoned Guest," a half-act opera; "Hansel and Gretel and Ted and Alice," an opera in one unnatural act; "The Civilian Barber," a comedy which exists only in fragments, or better to say, shards; and "A Little Nightmare Music," with its dreamlike and almost sensical account of what happened on the night that Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart died and P. D. Q. Bach didn't.

So it was with great anticipation that, on 24 April 1984, we attended the world premiere of P. D. Q. Bach's "The Abduction of Figaro," given by the majestic Minnesota Opera Company at its temporary home, the Orpheum Theater on lovely lower Hennepin Avenue. First we dined at an eatery most suitable for the occasion, the McDonald's on lower Hennepin. While this particular restaurant lacks the charm and hauteur of, say the McDonald's on 42nd Street in New York, nevertheless we ate our greasy cheeseburger and soggy fries with the anticipation of the musical wonder that was to enthrall us later in the evening. As the flunky poured out the chlorine and mopped the floor directly below our rakishly slanted table, we considered the treat we had in store. And what a treat it was!

We could almost swear (if it were not beyond our sensibilities to swear) that this was the social occasion of the decade, if not the millenium. We were almost certain that there, in row F, was a man who used to work for former Governor Elmer C. Anderson; and in the topmost balcony, could that have been one of the many anchorpeople from Channel 11? (They change them with such bewildering rapidity that it is difficult to keep them all straight.) And, only three rows behind us -- and we are willing to attest to this in a court of law if necessary -- was the famed, eminent, and jocular writer of science-fictional fable, Mr. Somtow Sucharitkul. Truly a most star-studded audience for so opulent an occasion!

As the lights dimmed, we could almost swear (if it were not etc.) that a sense of a sort of anticipatory hush fell over the crowded multitudes. Then a single spotlight hit no less a personage than Professor Peter Schickele, who was entering the orchestra pit in the normal fashion. We were simultaneously gladdened and disheartened

REVIEWED BY
MATTHEW B. TEPPER

that he was for once on time for the proceedings, as he has often been known to arrive slightly late and been compelled to utilize the most expedient method of making his way on stage (usually climbing down a rope from a balcony). Nevertheless, with the Good Professor riding herd over the performance from a position of relative obscurity, we were better able to appreciate the performance on stage. And, O! what a performance it was!

The plot is basically a combination of typical German and Italian opera plots from the late 18th Century. (Remember, P. D. Q. Bach was aware of the stage works of the blessed Mozart, and was always willing to follow the Salzburg Wunderkind's lead, especially when it meant a few fast Groschen.) The Argument follows:

Act One is set in "a town on the seacoast of Spain or Italy or somewhere." Figaro, a retired hairdresser, lies dying in his deathbed in his home on the estate of the Count Almamater. As his wife Susanna Susannadanna and the family doctor Al Donfonso look on, there enters a Spanish lady, Donna Donna by name, protesting the cruelty of the fickle finger of fate which has caused her to be jilted by her betrothed, Donald Giovanni. Donna Donna's servant, Blondie, has meanwhile fallen in love with Susanna's servant Peadillo, and vice-versa, whilst the rakish Donald Giovanni and his (usually) mute servant, Schleporello, prepare as always for a quick getaway. Then, to the dismayed shock of all, Captain Kadd, a most vile pirate, kidnaps the dying form of Figaro, bed and all, in order to effect an escape.

The second act grows even more complicated, as Giovanni, Schleporello, and Peadillo set off in search of the kidnapped hairclipper. Somewhere in the Turkish Empire they encounter the Pasha Shaboom and his eunuch servant Opec, and witness the fabled Dance of the Seven Pails. Ultimately they escape with their lives, and other things, intact.



The third act, which follows hard on the second, is set in "a tropical forest," which we recognized as Cuba, and no sooner had our heroes entered and exeunteed than we were treated to a wonderful and entirely gratuitous ballet theat was a meeting between a classical ballet troupe and a more traditional Cuban form of dance. Eventually our heroes, after encountering a swineherd named Papa Geno and his wife, Mama Geno, confront Captain Kadd and discover the thrilling denouement.

Oh, and how wonderful was the singing! LeRoy Lehr, in the triple role of Al Donfonso, Pasha Shaboom and Papa Geno, sang with flair almost as the Good Professor himself might have done (but Mr. Lehr sang in tune). Dana Krueger as Susanna (and later also Mama Geno) and Marilyn Brustadt as Donna² pleased in their appearances Lisbeth Lloyd as Blondie pleased with her appearance -- oh, and we enjoyed her singing too, especially her Act Two aria, "Macho Man" (complete with cello obbligato stolen from Mozart's "Batti, batti" in Don Giovanni, but we digress, don't we?). The Donald Giovanni, Michael Burt, was almost too serious to be performing in an opera funnia such as this, but we had no com-plaint with his singing, acting, or appearance. Bruce Edwin Ford as Peadillo stands passing fair to challenge the great Irish tenor John MacCormack for the world's record of longest held high note. The eminent bargain-countertertenor John Ferrante made more than a cameo appearance as Opec. Last and probably not least, Jack Walsh as Schleporello sang what can truly be called a show-stopper near the end of the third act. And oh, how the dancers danced, and oh, how the orchestra played!

After the show, we collected our friends and acquaintances and spent the rest of a very merry evening imbibing many a drink, even as P. D. Q. Bach himself might have done. A truly auspicious end to a wonderful evening's entertainment!

We have heard that The Abduction of Figaro is soon to be issued in recorded form by the highly respected Vanguard Label, and that a videotaped presentation of the opera may even soon be shown over whichever cable network is willing to pay the most for it. We look forward to these eventualities with breathless anticipation.



A FEW MINUTES WITH GERRI BALTER

Have you ever realized that no one, I repeat, NO ONE ever speaks out for the rights of the Mortally Handicapped? "Who?" you ask. The Mortally Handicapped are what you lay people call "the dead."

"Why do you call them 'Mortally Handicapped?'" Well, the word "dead" is so boring, dull, so undignified, so dead. I mean if housewives, garbage collectors, and janitors, to name a few, can change their names to something more dignified, why can't the Mortally Handicapped? Besides, it seems that most minority groups change their names when they decide to speak out for their rights.

"Why can't the Mortally Handicapped speak out for their own rights?" Alright, you might not ask that question, but I'll answer it anyway. The Mortally Handicapped are a shy, retiring group for the most part. I do realize they have their radical fringe; I'm talking about those who haunt houses and otherwise make spectres of themselves. But the vast majority of the Mortally Handicapped are very quiet and unassuming.

Now that I've given you a bit of a background on the Mortally Handicapped, I would like to tell you a bit about why they need someone to speak out on their behalf.

The Mortally Handicapped are the most segregated group in America today. Just think about it! The Mortally Handicapped reside on land which is usually surrounded by a fence or some other barrier. Their closest neighbor may be across the street sometimes, but a great many Mortally Handicapped reside miles away from living people.

There are usually reasons why people living in an area refuse to let others who are different move into it. I'd like to discuss a few of them and show why they don't apply to the Mortally Handicapped.

Let's be honest and start with the fact that there are those who don't want people of a different color living in their neighborhood. Since the Mortally Handicapped reside in the ground, there should be no trouble from these people. After all, they will never see the color of the Mortally Handicapped who live in their neighborhood.

Then there are those (the vast majority, I think) who don't want people to move into their neighborhood who would bring down property values. I can understand this. Usually property values drop if the people in a neighborhood let their homes and yards deteriorate. I have visited some of the places where the Mortally Handicapped reside. Rarely have I seen signs of deterioration. The grounds are well cared for; flowers are blooming and the stones which mark who resides where seem to be well kept up. They also don't need to be repainted.

Lastly, there are those who don't want people in their neighborhood who make noise late at night, whether it is a wild party or loud rock music. You will never have that kind of trouble with the Mortally Handicapped. They are very quiet neighbors. They don't borrow your tools; they aren't nosy. And they are good listeners. You can tell them things you wouldn't tell another living soul and be sure they will go no farther.

Before I close, I also want to remind you that someday you will become one of the Mortally Handicapped. That's why you should speak out for their rights now. Once you become Mortally Handicapped it will be too late. So speak out now!

RUNE

FANZINE REVIEWS

Some of the fanzines in this column were reviewed by Carol Kennedy last summer; others were reviewed by M. K. Digre in April 1985. The late appearance of Carol's reviews is not Carol's fault, since we had them in time for our original publication date last summer.

ALPHA CENTUARA COMMUNICATOR, Vol. IX, No. 1, c/o SF3, SUB Box 120, UNM, Albuquerque, NM 87131. Craig Chrissinger, editor. Sample copy \$.50, subscription (6 issues) \$3, contribution, or trade. Club news, interview with David Bishoff, news items, reviews.

AURORA #23, SF3, Box 1624, Madison, WI 53701-1624. 3/\$6 (\$8 outside U.S.). A journal of "speculative feminism". Articles, interview, fiction, poetry, art. Beautiful content and execution.

BLATANT #13, Avedon Carol, 4409 Woodfield Road, Kensington, MD 20895. Avedon tells us how she spent her Xmas vacation, the state of her TAFF report, and why she has decided to go from being merely bi-coastal to bi-continental. Although she says she is planning to move to England, she doesn't say how long the address above will be good.

BRICK, Anders Bellis, Vanadisvagen 13, 113 46 Stockholm, Sweden. "...a small, infrequent fanzine...available to almost anybody who either trades...or comments, and an extraordinarily huge heap of money might also secure you an issue or two." Personal writing on the urge to publish, how to edit, fandom.

CORFLU GAZETTE, Typo Press, 2230 Huron Dr., Concord, CA 94159. Actually a convention flyer for Corflu, this is laid out like a newspaper and reads like a fanzine.

CRYSTAL SHIP 8, John D. Owen, 4 Highfield Close, Newport Pagnell, Buckinghamshire, MK16 9AZ, England. "...available for the usual reasons, except money... Displays of interest may get a newcomer a copy." Reviews, articles, lettercolumn, some excellent artwork, nice clean layout. Very good.

CUSFUSSING #40, 42, 43, & 44, Columbia University in the City of New York, Barnard-Columbia Science Fiction Society, 206 Ferris Booth Hall, New York, NY 10027. Now edited by E. Warwick Daw. Letters, reviews, fiction. Winner of Rune longest address competition.

EMPTIES #5 & 6, Martin Tudor, 845 Alum Rock Road, Ward End, Birmingham B8 2AG, England. Martin writes amusingly about his life, and adds articles on Gilbert & Sullivan, fandom in Sweden, bell-ringing to the letters and fanzine reviews to make a well-rounded genzine. #6 is mostly fanzine reviews and letters.

EGOBOODLE #6, #6.5, and THE MOVING PAPER FANTASY #7, Linda blanchard, 23509 Hedlund Ave., Mountlake Terrace, WA 98043. \$.50, locs, articles or artwork (on approval), editorial whim, silk flowers, beach glass, or trade. Lots of personal writing, not taking itself too seriously; long lettercolumn with Linda's responses. Very good.

FANZINE FANATIQUE QUARTERLY, Keith & Rosemary Walker, 6 Vine St., Greaves, Lancaster, LA1 4UF, Lancs., England. Fanzine reviews (similar to this column's).

FRIENDLY ALIEN #1, Mike Koenigsberg, P.O. Box 272, Hibbing, MN 55746. \$1. This first issue is in tabloid newspaper format. Movie reviews, fiction editorial, report on the William Shatner Fan Fellowship con, word game, and more. The contributors are apparently mainly high-school students; they've put together a well-written and well produced zine. (In an accompanying note, Mike says that the next issue will be out as soon as he builds up an audience. That was quite a while

ago on account of Rune's ever-slipping schedule.)

GIVE DOG BOILED YAK No. 3, Seth Lockwood, 19 Coleby St., Balcatta, Western Australia, 6021. \$.75 Australian, or "the fannish usual". This issue is entirely fanzine reviews (mostly of Australian zines). Entertaining.

HOLIER THAN THOW 18, Marty & Robbie Cantor, 11565 Archwood St., North Hollywood, CA 91606-1703. Published three times a year; \$2 (3/\$5) or 7 International Reply Coupons (3/17 IRC). Hugo-nominated fanzine. Prides itself on "putridity" but sometimes comes across as self-indulgent. (The editors inject themselves into everything. $\frac{1}{2}$ We just hate that sort of thing. --Ed. $\frac{1}{4}$) This 92-page issue includes "How to Write a Joseph Nicholas Letter" by Don D'Amassa, articles and columns by Mike Glycer, Ed Rom, Terry Carr, and others, and a huge lettercolumn.

INSTANT GRATIFICATION #2, Victor Gonzolez, 9238 4th Ave. SW, Seattle, WA 98103. More fan politics, plus an article on film noir and a review of DNQ 34.

IZZARD 8, Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden, whose current address we don't have. \$2 or 3/\$5, arranged trade, or editorial whim. Editorials; articles by Debbie Notkin, Sidney Coleman, Paul Williams, and R. A. MacAvoy (a very, very good report of a trip through Ireland) and a comic strip by D. West. Lively and intelligent letters.

KRAX No. 19, c/o 63 Dixon Lane, Leeds LS12 4RR, Yorkshire, England. Mostly poetry, plus reviews of various types of small press publications, including fanzines.

LINE OF OCCURRENCE 8, "a science-fiction fanzines", and THE DILLINGER RELIC 34 & 39 "a personal journal", Arthur Hlavaty, 819 W. Markham Ave., Durham, NC 27701. LOO: \$1 (\$2 outside the U.S.), trade, loc, art, or anything else the editor feels like accepting. TDR: editorial whim only. Good writing, usually backed by good thinking, on a wide variety of topics.

MICROWAVE 6 & 7, Terry Hill, 41 Western Road, Maidstone, Kent ME16 8NE, England. Trade, loc, contribution, or "3x10p stamps". One of those hard-to-explain British fanzines. Articles (not entirely serious), humor (not entirely facetious), letters (not entirely comprehensible). I think this is an acquired taste, like room-temperature beer. $\frac{1}{2}$ I thought they were pretty keen, myself. -- MKD $\frac{1}{4}$

MYTHOLOGIES 15, Don D'Amassa, 323 Dodge St., East Providence, RI 02914. \$3, contribution, editorial whim, or substantial letter of comment. Don is back, with long, thoughtful, and thought-provoking articles on friendship, sexual harassment in the workplace, video games, and more.

NORMAL BEAN 5, Roland Trenary, 2409 23rd Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55404. \$2. "Comic book" doesn't seem the right description; this is more black-and-white drawings with captions, telling stories. Lovely covers (color Xerox, I think).

OUTWORLDS 37 & 38, Bill Bowers, 2468 Harrison Ave., Cincinnati, OH 45211. This issue \$2; future issues \$1 or editorial whim. 37 has poetry by Billy Wofenbarger, interviews ("chats") with Walt Willis and Mike Resnick, columns by Bob Tucker and Dave Locke, letters. #38 has the column by Tucker and letters.

PHIZ, Typo Press, 2230 Huron Dr., Concord, CA 94519. A guide to household monsters, San Francisco restaurant review, model railroading, and lots of good letters.

PROCESSED WORLD 10 & 11, 55 Sutter St. #829, San Francisco, CA 94104. \$2. Articles, poems, fiction. Not SF-related; more socio-political subversion.

QUACKERY #1, Tony & Cathy Alsobrook-Renner, 2916 A Keokuk St., St. Louis, MO 63118. First issue of a new zine from a longtime fanzine fan. (It sounds as if just one person wrote the material, and I'm guessing it was Tony.) Mostly fanzine review. "Fanzines are a closed system, and that's one of the things I enjoy most about them.... Quackery, for a good instance, is primarily about fanzines."

RHETORICAL DEVICE #3, Clifford R. Wind, #206, 308 Summit E., Seattle, WA 98102. Available for discourse and editorial whim. Full of discourse, mostly contributed by readers, carefully edited and arranged by topic.

THE MENTOR Nos. 46,47,48 & 49 Ron L. Clarke, 6 Bellevue Road, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, Australia. \$1 or the usual. Articles, fiction, poetry, lots of book reviews, letters, all good.

SCIENCE FICTION CHRONICLE, V. 5, N. 12., Algol Press, PO Box 4175, New York, NY 10163-4175. \$1.95. "Hard" news about SF writers, publishers, and fans. Book reviews, and a few fanzine reviews.

SIKANDER 9 & 9.5, Irwin Hirsh, 279 Domain Rd., South Yarra, Victoria 3141, Australia. The usual, old fanzines, or \$3 (of which \$2 goes to the Shaw Fund.) Very competent presentation of writing by the editor and such talented contributors as Marc Ortlieb, Mark Loney, John J. Alderson, and Eric Mayer. #9.5 is a letter column supplement; 30 pages.

SING ME A SONG 9, Pete Presford, "Ty-Gwyn" Maxwell Close, Buckley, Clwyd., North Wales, U.K. "Available for your interest." Personal writing, mostly in diary form, including fanzine reviews, comments to cettters received, and other fannish items.

SMALL FRIENDLY DOG 24, Skel & Cas Skelton, 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire, SK2 5NW, somewhere in England's green and pleasant land. Low-key, mostly written by Skel himself, with letters scattered among his ramblings on your typical fanzine topics. Buried in the middle of this is a wonderful parody of Eric Mayer's writing, also by Skel. One of the few fanzines that I (MKD) actually read from front to back as soon as I get it.

SOUTH ON PEACHTREE No. 2, Worldcon Atlanta, Inc., P.O. Box 10094, Atlanta, GA 30319. Biographies of some bidcom members, memorials to Larry Propp, articles on Atlanta and on being a fan GoH (by Guy H. Lillian III).

SPACE AND TIME #65 and #66, Gordon Linzer, 138 West 70th St., Apt. 4-B, New York, NY 10023. Published twice a year; \$4 each, 2/\$7, 4/\$13. Mainly fiction; some poetry, art, and letters. The more issues of this I read, the more good fiction I find. Some borders on (or edges into) Truly Awful, but most is competent and some is better than 99% of what the prozines publish.

THE AMNESIA REPORT, Avedon Carol. Also see BLATANT. Mostly TAFF stuff from May 1984.

THE CORRESPONDER Nos. 13, 14, & 15 Ron Gower, Box 53, Mankato State University, Mankato, MN 56001. "A fan letter on Minnesota writers." News about new books, conferences, activities, and writers in all genres.

THE MAD 3 PARTY, Mass. Convention Fandom, Inc., PO Box 46, MIT Branch PO, Cambridge, MA 02139. Newsletter of the Boston in '89 Worldcon bid. \$3/4.

THE ROGUE RAVEN 32, Frank Denton, 14654 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166. Very good personal writing.

THYME: 28, Roger Weddall, 79 Bell St., Fitzroy, 3065, Australia. North American price 5/\$5 or 10/\$9 to agent Jerry Kaufman, 4326 Winslow Place North, Seattle, WA 98103, or trade for news or other interesting info. News of fandom and some reviews.

UNCLE DICK'S LITTLE THING #7, Richard H E Smith II, 2007 W Howard #3D, Evanston, IL 60202-3656. "The Gossipzine." Available for gossip, fanzines, artwork, lettes, whim, or \$.25. Full of gossip.

UNDULANT FEVER #9, Bruce D. Arthurs, 3421 W. Poinsettia, Phoenix, AZ 85029-3227. The usual or \$3. Personal stuff, book reviews, and lots of interesting letters in tiny dot-matrix printing. Worth reading if you can see it.

WAHF-FULL 12, 13, & 14, Jack R. Herman, Box 272, Wentworth Bldg., Univ. of Sydney, Australia 2006. Available for the usual or editorial whim. Articles and a lettercolumn in each issue. #14 has articles on genetic engineering and life in Jordan.

WASTE OF A TREE 2, Alex Stewart and John Murphy, 11a Beverley Rd., Colchester, Essex, CO3 3NG, England. Trade loc, or whim. A nice assortment of articles, poetry, and reviews and an unusual lettercolumn. A bit more low-key, and perhaps a bit more intelligible to Americans, than some British zines.

XENOPHILIA No. 3, Richard J. Faulder, c/o Dept. of Agriculture, Yanco, N.S.W. 2703, Australia. Trade, loc, contribution, or whim. "The journal of science fiction biology." That's what it's about. I think it would interest anyone whose favorite part of science fiction is nonhuman life forms.

a letter from

JIM YOUNG

Of course, my views of the good old days are bound to be skewed. The first meeting was held in November, 1966, when I was in 10th grade, and although it was only a few hours in duration, I will always remember it as one of the happiest times in my life.

I was 15 at the time, and that is a particularly raw and dangerous and vulnerable age; so it was that my first fannish incarnation was made up mainly of those three ingredients. Even at that tender age I was vaguely aware that Minneapolis had a checkered but gloriously fannish history, and I was determined to help found a fannish club that would more or less survive and prosper, instead of vanishing into the mists of time as had the Minneapolis Fantasy Society. This may be interpreted as representing either the raw, the dangerous, or the stupid in me. Any way you want it, Minn-stf seems to have survived for 17 years & more, and that has fulfilled my Big Dream of adolescent fandom conquering space and time. (Yes, I admit it -- I contributed a great deal to the old ethos of "Minn-stf Conquers the Universe" in those early days.)

My first fannish incarnation ended by my ascending into a new avatar during Nycon III, the Worldcon in New York City held in 1967. It was the largest Worldcon to date at the time, my first convention & my first visit to New York City. For some people, NYC is a downright drag, but for me it's like visiting Trantor or perhaps a setting out of a high-tech Sturgeon story. The setting alone was an amazing experience -- and a very positive one. But most important for the fate of future fandom (or fandoms, as a Mpls. Tribune reporter called it (them?) in 1969.), it was during this convention that Dave van der Werf (check with KenFletch on spelling) suggested that Minneapolis -- represented as it was by some 10 or 12 people! -- should consider bidding for the Worldcon. I rather stupidly said something like "Gee, golly, we were thinking of bidding for the Midwestcon!!" Well, I was set straight on that score, and then helped to estimate that 1973 would be the right year for such a bid.

And so it began. Ken Fletcher, who was there at the time, later told me that my eyes started glowing during that conversation. Sometimes when I think back on it, I suppose they still do.

I don't really have the time to tell you the whole story of the bid. Once I did actually sit down & write the whole tale, but it was full of invective against a few fannish fat cats & I don't care to think about that, or the mounting family troubles I faced at the time. I had to let Minneapolis in '73 go down the tubes, & there was no one sane who wanted to take it over, so it went (in December 1970).

It was Bev Swanson Elmshouser who really started the Post-bid Mpls. in '73 bid. Since then it's been going strong, which is certainly a tribute to our perspicacity or something like that. I think the post-bid bid remains an institution of genius, which only we could have thought up.

RUNE

BEER

REVIEW

3.2 BEER
AVAILABLE IN
QUART BOTTLES
AT YOUR
CORNER GROCERY

To those of you who live outside of Minnesota, the phrase "3.2 beer" may not hold the same meaning it does to the lucky few who do live here. To put the thing in a nutshell, 3.2 beer is a hangover from Prohibition -- back in those dark days it was the only type of beer that could be sold. It is defined by law to be a "non-intoxicating malt beverage", and while this definition is not quite physically accurate, it does come close to the truth. It is possible to get drunk on 3.2 beer, but you'd better have a heavy-duty bladder and a handy place to relieve yourself if you intend to try. The stuff is unique in Minnesota (and presumably in the few other states where it still exists) in that it is the only alcoholic beverage that can be sold by establishments without liquor licenses.

As ghastly as this whole business may sound, 3.2 beer does have its good points, or rather, its good point. On a hot summer day, if you have been working hard (or playing hard), as the Rune editors occasionally do, you get thirsty. If you don't feel like drinking plain water, and you don't feel like drinking one of those sugary concoctions like 7-Up or Squirt, a nice, bitter, malty bottle or three of beer seems like just the thing to hit the spot. The trouble is, you get zonked drinking that much beer when you are hot, tired, and dehydrated. What you really need is something that tastes kind of like beer, but with lots of water added.

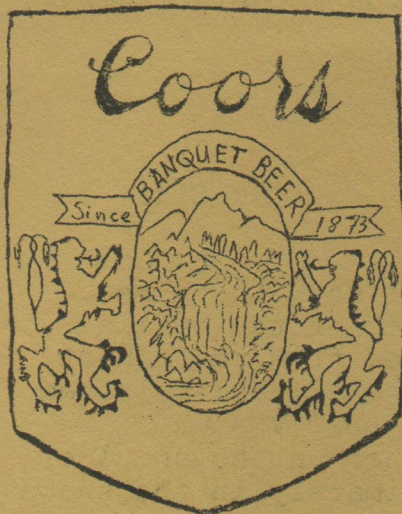
Enter the subject of our article. 3.2 beer fits the criteria of tasting kind of like beer with lots of water added, since it is beer with lots of water added. It also is available, thoroughly chilled, at the corner grocery store in quart bottles, which are just about the right size to quench the sort of thirst that it takes to make you want to drink the stuff in the first place. So, with the summer heat going on all around us, the Rune editors have decided to include this review as a public service, selflessly committing ourselves to a thorough research program along with the aid of our two invaluable assistants.

Our technique was simple: we stopped at a couple of corner grocery stores and picked up one quart of each type of 3.2 beer available in that size bottle. We ended up with six quarts of beer, which we tasted and took copious notes on. We also picked up some brats and buns to use in clearing the palate, but they are not the subject of this review. After the tasting was completed, we looked over our notes, and determined that there was not enough variability to justify a five-star rating system. We therefore decided to use a two-star rating system, defining what we considered to be the worst beer to rate no stars, and the "best" beer to rate two stars. Without further ado, then, here are our results:

Coors Banquet Beer

Price \$1.19

Rating:



Coors uses only one label on its bottle, and a non-metallic one at that. It is therefore a very easy bottle to recycle. The label claims that Coors is "Brewed with Pure Rocky Mountain Spring Water, the finest barley, selected grains and hops. No preservatives or additives." We could tell from its light golden color -- somewhat lighter than U. S. Grade A Extra Fancy Honey -- that it had a bit of barley in it, but the flavor was so light that it didn't support this contention. We were prompted to say "Where's the hops?" since the flavor and aroma of hops were totally undetectable. The main flavor we could pick up,

especially after trying some of the (relatively) heavier beers, was a very faint flavor of yeast. We also noted that it was very lightly carbonated, which would allow faster drinking if you were really hot and thirsty. The head was sort of a skin-head, very low and flat, and disappearing entirely shortly after pouring. These were some of the comments we made while drinking it:

"No Preservatives or Additives. -- They might try adding some beer."

"They could truck it in by balloon, it's so light."

"Well, that is remarkable stuff. It makes me think, maybe we should do reviews of near beer, too."

"We have to draw the line somewhere. Coors is near enough to near beer for my taste."

Old Milwaukee

Price: \$.99

Rating: *

Old
Milwaukee
BEER



Old Milwaukee Beer comes with two labels on the bottle, one on the neck and the main one on the belly. The label, in addition to informing us that the beer is union made and that the bottle contains "32 FL. OZ. ONE QUART (946ml)", along with the usual "CONTAINS NOT MORE THAN 3.2% OF ALCOHOL BY WEIGHT," also claims that Old Milwaukee is "Carefully brewed with genuine barley malt, select hops, cereal grains, water and pure culture yeast." The color is about the same as Coors, perhaps marginally darker, and the carbonation is also low, but there is a

detectable flavor of both barley and hops, without the yeastiness of Coors. Rather than a skin-head, it has a crew-cut head, which quickly settles down but does not completely disappear. The aroma of hops is more powerful than the flavor, which led us to disappointment when we noticed that there was no hop aftertaste. There was a malty aftertaste that we would rate a 2 on a scale of one to ten. Definitely a better beer than Coors, as well as cheaper. Our comments during the tasting:

"Tastes good after Coors, but anything would taste good after

Coors."

"Might draw slugs into a saucer placed in a garden." (One of our assistants seems to be obsessed with slugs in gardens. A beer requires a bit of maltiness to act as a good slug-drowning agent.)

"Somewhat beer-like aroma."

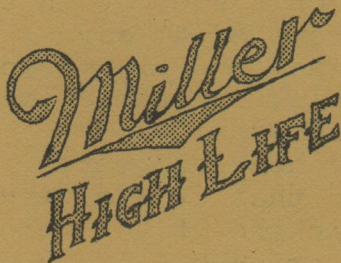
"You can get a whiff of the hops."

"Not much to say."

Miller High Life
"The Champagne of Beers."

Price: \$1.19

Rating: *

The logo for Miller High Life, featuring the word "Miller" in a large, elegant, cursive script, with "HIGH LIFE" in a smaller, bold, sans-serif font below it.

Miller tops the list with three labels: One on the neck of the bottle, with the legend "Brewed from the finest malted barley, cereal grain and selected hops and CONTAINS NO ADDITIVES OR PRESERVATIVES."; another on the shoulder of the bottle, approximately in the shape of an X, but with no text other than the name of the beer, and a third on the belly of the bottle, which contains the bit about the champagne of beers quoted above. All three labels contain foil, and therefore must be removed from the bottle before it can be recycled, at

least in the city of Minneapolis. The Miller Brewing Co. evidently assumes that you will be drinking the entire quart in one sitting, since they used a non-resealable, twist-off crown cap. The last interesting thing to know about Miller before tasting it is that the regular version of the stuff (not the 3.2) was rated a "best buy" last year by Consumer Reports magazine.

Miller is not quite as pale as Coors and Old Milwaukee, and has a somewhat hop-like aroma, but not as strong as Old Milwaukee's. It is lightly carbonated -- not very champagne-like at all. The flavor is a little maltier than the previous two, but the aftertaste is very weak, prompting one of us to call it "a flash in the pan". Miller Brewing Co. takes advantage of their clear glass bottle by printing yet another slogan on the back of the main label: "America's quality beer since 1855." We think that this may be a test to see if you can read the text after finishing the contents of the bottle -- and you can, since the beer "Does not contain more than 3.2 per centum of alcohol by weight."

Other comments: "Three down, three to go."

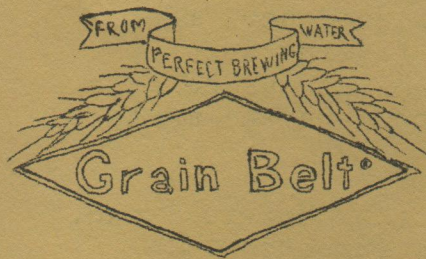
Grain Belt

Price: \$.99

Rating: *

This is another of your basic one-label beers. There is no mention of being union made, but the label does contain the slogans, "FROM PERFECT BREWING WATER" and "Golden Grain Belt Beer. Perfection in brewing since 1891." Grain Belt used to be brewed on Marshall Street in Northeast Minneapolis, and so was a favorite of the locals. The brewery was bought and closed down about ten years ago by Irwin Jacobs, who sold the rights to the name and the distribution system to G. Heileman Brg. Co., who have apparently, at least to the editors' taste, reformulated the beer

NOT OVER 3.2% OF
ALCOHOL BY WEIGHT



so that it doesn't taste anything like the old Grain Belt. It is now brewed at the Schmidt brewery in St. Paul, which was also bought by Heileman. Despite all of this, Grain Belt is the classic, traditional quart of Minnesota 3.2 beer, so we couldn't leave it out. One improvement Heileman has made is in the designs that form a relief around the shoulder of the bottle. Crossed ears of barley and twigs bearing hops alternate with the Heileman corporate logo, which isn't bad as corporate logos go.

Grain Belt is less pale than Coors. If Coors was an albino, this is a sun-bleached Swedish blond. G.B. is also more heavily carbonated than the first three tested -- we could feel the bubbles on our tongues, and hear them snapping, crackling and popping in the glasses. The head was higher on account of these bubbles, but it disappeared very quickly. "Acts like a snowball in hell" was our comment. There was no aroma of hops, but a mildly hoppy aftertaste. We speculated that some sort of liquid hop extract was used instead of fresh hops. We also noticed a slight metallic taste. Our comments:

"The perfect lawn-mowing beer, just enough flavor, but not enough to keep you from downing a whole quart in two minutes."

"Tastes like it has water from the Iron Range in it."

"Doesn't taste like Grain Belt used to."

"Doesn't taste like anything used to."

Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer

Price: \$1.19

Rating: **



Pabst is another two-label beer. The label around the neck is cleverly designed to look in part like a blue ribbon with the words "Highest Quality" printed on the pieces of simulated ribbon hanging down from the central piece, which contains the words "PABST BREWING CO." and "SINCE 1844" surrounding a picture of hop leaf with a "B" superimposed upon it. The main label, down on the belly of the bottle, contains the name on another blue ribbon in the center, the legend "Established in Milwaukee 1844" above the blue ribbon, a

tiny "Union Made" legend on the edge of the label, and the following statement about the product: "This is the ORIGINAL Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer. Nature's choicest products provide its prized flavor. Only the finest of hops and grains are used. Selected as America's best in 1893." Both labels contain foil, and must be removed for recycling. If you are a Twins fan, you also know that Pabst is one of the principal sponsors of the Twins' radio broadcasts. Pabst seems to be pushing illiteracy in their ads, with statements like "Pabst is the place" and "This is the way beer oughta be. I mean ya really know yer drinking beer."

The main label also contains stylized drawings of hops and barley, which seems appropriate since Pabst seems to have the

best-balanced flavor of hops and barley in the lot. Pabst has the darkest color of any of the beers we tested, is slightly more heavily carbonated than Grain Belt, and has a good head that doesn't instantly disappear when the initial fizzing subsides. There is as good an aftertaste of malt and hops as can be expected of a 3.2 beer, making this the Editors' Choice. Our comments:

"I can actually smell the hops in this."

"Clears off the tongue."

"I could actually drink 8 to 10 oz. of this before I gag."

(High praise from the one non-beer-drinker in our group.)

Budweiser
"King of Beers"

Price: \$1.19

Rating: *1/2



Budweiser has only one, non-metallic label, but it is the busiest label of them all, with slogans, emblems and little pictures of barley and hops scattered all over the label as if it were the paper currency of some petty baroque Bavarian prince. Under the name and the "King of Beers" slogan quoted above is the claim "Brewed by our original process from the Choicest Hops, Rice, and Best Barley Malt." One of the emblems contains in flowery capitals "THE WORLD RENOWNED BUDWEISER LAGER BEER", and at the top of the label in the center --

take a deep breath before you start reading this -- "This is the famous Budweiser beer. We know of no brand produced by any other brewer which costs so much to brew and age. Our exclusive Beechwood Aging produces a taste, a smoothness and a drinkability you will find in no other beer at any price." The shoulder of the bottle contains, in relief, the equally busy Anheuser-Busch corporate emblem.

Budweiser is a very pale beer -- just as pale as Coors, so it is appropriate that rice is listed before hops on the label. It has a strong, flowery hop aroma -- we concluded that it contains more hops than Pabst, and a different variety as well. We were not able to determine which variety was used, but probably could with some more intensive research. Like Pabst, we noticed a definite hop aftertaste at the back and sides of the tongue, but the flavor of malt was almost entirely missing. We made these comments as we were drinking it:

"Long on hops and short on malt."

"Most of the beer flavor comes from hops, not from malt."

"Hops, but no body."

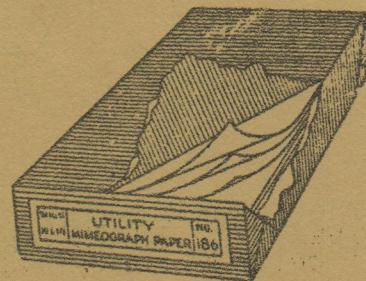
"Floral hop bouquet."

General Comments

Don't drink 3.2 beer with meals if you are eating strongly flavored food such as bratwurst. A more strongly flavored beer, such as Augsburg, or if you are on a tight budget, Bavarian Club, will stand up better.

Drink 3.2 beer ice cold! If it is too cool out to drink 3.2 beer ice cold, it is too cool to drink 3.2 beer.

ASK DR. MIMEO



Dear Dr. Mimeo:

I just bought a used mimeograph at my local Goodwill store. Since I have never used a mimeo before, can you tell me what safety considerations I should keep in mind when pubbing my ish?

--Bewildered

Dear Bewildered:

Fear not, you have come to the right place with your question. There are several simple precautions which, if carefully observed, will make your duplicating experience a safe and pleasant one.

I recommend the use of an X-acto knife or single edged razor blade when cutting holes in stencils for the patching in of illustrations. Twin edged razor blades have the unpleasant habit of cutting your fingers while you are cutting your stencils.

Never attempt to operate an electric mimeo in a flooded basement; you might drown.

The use of correction fluid requires extreme caution. Corflu should always be allowed to air dry. Never attempt to hasten the drying process by putting the stencil in a microwave oven; if you leave it in too long, you might melt the stencil wax and cause the stencil to burst into flames. I am reminded of the case of J. S. of Boulder, Colorado, who attempted to dry a ceramic fish in his microwave oven. The fish burst into flames, and the ensuing conflagration destroyed his home, which contained hundreds of dollars worth of valuable duplicating supplies and three spare ink guns.

A more appropriate use of the microwave oven is the popping of corn. Don't pop corn, however, while operating your mimeo. The popcorn could start to burn, and while you are distracted by the smoke pouring from the microwave oven your tie could get caught between the revolving cylinders of your mimeo. If you are fortunate the tie may be legible, but the text on your face will probably be smeared and difficult to read.

* * * * *

Dr. Mimeo answers all sorts of questions about the finer points of the arcane science of mimeography. Send your questions to Dr. Mimeo, c/o Rune, P. O. Box 2128, Loop Station, Minneapolis, Minnesota, 55402.

RUNE

BOOK REVIEWS

The Seven Towers, by Patricia C. Wrede.
(Ace, New York, 1984, 264pp. \$2.50)

M. K. Digre asked me to review Pat Wrede's novel, The Seven Towers. I declined at first because I've known Pat for nine years; reviewing a friend's work doesn't seem kosher to me. However, I did critique her first version of Shadow Magic, before the subsequent critiques by friends and editors. I saw her writing talent during its adolescence and pointed out weaknesses. It matured and our book collections are the better. Enough babbling.

The Seven Towers takes place in another world called The Land of the Seven Kingdoms. The Seven Kingdoms are threatened by a creature of sorcery shaped as a red cloud, the Matholych, which kills creatures, destroys buildings, wastes land and destroys the foundations of magic. It has sucked up power and grown physically. The Hoven-thaler, a southern nomadic people, have detected the Matholych's expanded movements and fled northward, even though it has meant violating an uneasy truce with their enemies in the other kingdoms.

Does this sound like a typical "evil tries to destroy the world" story? It is not. Seven kingdoms are at stake. Seven towers hold the Matholych's secret. And seven people are crucial in attempts to neutralize, destroy or exploit the Matholych. They are a Prince, a Princess, a desert nomad, an outlawed court minister, a mercenary soldier (who is also the Prince's aunt), the Wizard-King and a sorceress. (No partridges in pear trees though.) Add to this Pat Wrede's mastery of plot development, character development and dialogue and you have a top-notch adventure.

Pat's earlier novels, Shadow Magic and Daughter of Witches have plots with brisk and meticulous construction. But Seven Towers has a breakneck pace similar to Marx brothers movies, Firesign Theatre, P. G. Wodehouse and P. D. Q. Bach's works. I certainly hope I caught all the jokes, both obvious and subtle.

The plot twists are fiendish and plentiful. I found myself saying, "Good grief! This plot certainly is thick! How is Pat going to resolve everything in - Ohmygod, I'monlyonpageninety! There are 170 pages to go - the plot can only get more complicated." It did. Even worse, Pat ended all her chapters with cliffhangers. I had to read Seven Towers in one sitting because I couldn't wait to find out what happened next.

A digression: Authors have always relied on characters (otherwise we'd only have scientific reports and travel brochures to look at.) Unfortunately, typical characters aren't colorful and depend heavily on their author's descriptive remarks for indication of development, (such as, "I'm a witty person," said Jason as everyone collapsed in laughter. "I'm a witty person", doesn't quite make it alone.) Groups of characters with identical speech styles annoy me because they are hollow clones.

Fortunately, Pat's earliest writing, however humble, always displayed her brilliance for character development through dialogue.

She's economical with words. Pat's characters are both people in a story and "real characters," too, speaking exactly as you'd expect to hear them in real life -- but I'm relieved that this collection of vivid, distinct and colorful personalities exists only in a book. For example, Vandaris, the Prince's mercenary soldier aunt, interrupts a conversation with, "Too bad, lizard legs, Prince Eltiron has a prior engagement with me." "Vandi!" "You expected the White Beast of Mithum? Introduce me, or we'll be standing here all night." Or, in another situation, "Blood-rot and Shadowfire! Do you mean that this lizard-livered, slime-hearted, toad-brained vulture in peacock's feathers was nothing but a Tar-alem spy?"

Remember, I warned you. I claim Vandaris is a witty, sassy, articulate, opinionated, no-nonsense, competent, intelligent, conniving, flamboyant, practical and straight-forward woman. Do you believe me or do you have to read her lips? Another outstanding character is Amberglas, the sorceress. She reveals herself as a woman with impeccable manners, an extensive knowledge of diplomatic and royal protocol, and a practical nature which is obscured by her longwindedness, supposed absentmindedness and inability to stick to the topic of conversation at hand. I refuse to quote Amberglas. There isn't enough space here. She also has to be read in context.

Enough. Go read The Seven Towers for the numerous plot twists, cliffhanger chapter endings and characters who are really characters. This book is fun, without fluff. Go elsewhere if you want a "down" story.

-- Reviewed by Maryellen Mueller

Random Killer, by Hugh Pentecost.
(Dell. New York, 1981, 223pp. \$2.25)

Dell puts out a series of books under the subtitle of "A Scene of the Crime Mystery." Random Killer is the twenty-fourth book under this subtitle.

The setting for this book is the Hotel Beaumont, located on New York's East Side. The manager is Pierre Chambrun and he makes sure that his guests get exactly what they want. The main character of this novel is Mark Haskell, his director of public relations. As the title hints, there seems to be a random killer at the Hotel Beaumont who starts out by killing two people who have never met and seemingly have nothing in common. However, Pierre Chambrun does not believe this and he, with the help of Mark Haskell, solves this mystery.

Although Pierre is set up as an infallible character, he is not emotionless, and that helps make him a more likable character to me than most infallible characters. Mark Haskell, on the other hand, is quite human and makes mistakes and also has other more human characteristics and I liked him a great deal. I also enjoyed the characterization of the subordinate characters in the book. So often the only people you get to know in



a book are the main characters. Not so in this one. That's why it made it that much harder to figure out who did it. The author did not dwell more on one character than any of the others.

One of the things I like most about mysteries is trying to figure out who did it. If I can easily figure that out, I am disappointed in the book. I was not disappointed in this one. Although the solution was very obvious once it was disclosed, I just didn't see it beforehand. I enjoyed this book very much and would recommend it highly.

-- Reviewed by Gerri Balter

Burglars Can't Be Choosers, by Lawrence Block.
(Pocket Books, New York, 1977, 206pp. \$2.95)

Bernie Rhodenbarr is a master thief who has done time in prison and does not want to go back. When someone offers him \$5,000 to steal a little blue box, he jumps at the chance. It's quick and easy money, and what can happen? What happens is that police catch him in the act, and while he's bribing one of them, the other one discovers the dead body of the man who lived in the apartment. Of course the police suspect him and he runs away and tries to clear himself with the help of a young woman.

I like Bernie. He is a realist. He does what needs to be done and does not discuss whether it is right or wrong. He's a bit sarcastic and I like that too. Besides enjoying Bernie and the rest of the characters in the book, I learned a few interesting facts; of course, I don't know how accurate they really are, but they sound accurate to me. For instance, Bernie tells the reader that apartment buildings with elaborate security systems on the outside have poor security on the inside. That's because people assume that it is too difficult for anyone to get in that's not supposed to get in. Interesting thought!

I enjoy trying to solve mysteries and I did figure out who did it before the end of the book. But I couldn't figure out why the person did it. That is almost as good as not figuring out who did it before it is revealed. Not figuring out who did it before the end is what I like best. I enjoyed this book very much and would recommend it highly.

-- Reviewed by Gerri Balter



Interfaces: An anthology of Speculative Fiction,
ed. Ursula K. LeGuin & Virginia Kidd.
(Ace, New York, 1980, 310pp. \$5.95)

Did you ever read a book where, although you knew the meanings of all the words, you still didn't understand the meaning of the story? That's what happened to me when I tried to read the 17 short stories and 2 poems that make up this anthology.

I bought this book because I am an Ursula LeGuin fan. I figured that if I like what she writes, I would like the stories she picked for this anthology. I was wrong.

The vast majority of the stories are sad. People die or are mutilated or have no will to live. That might be part of my problem with this anthology, as far as I am concerned. Somehow reading 17 stories with nothing but misery in them, for the most part, just didn't appeal to me.

Some of the stories I just couldn't finish; others I finished but they had no meaning for me at all. I find I have nothing good to say about this anthology.

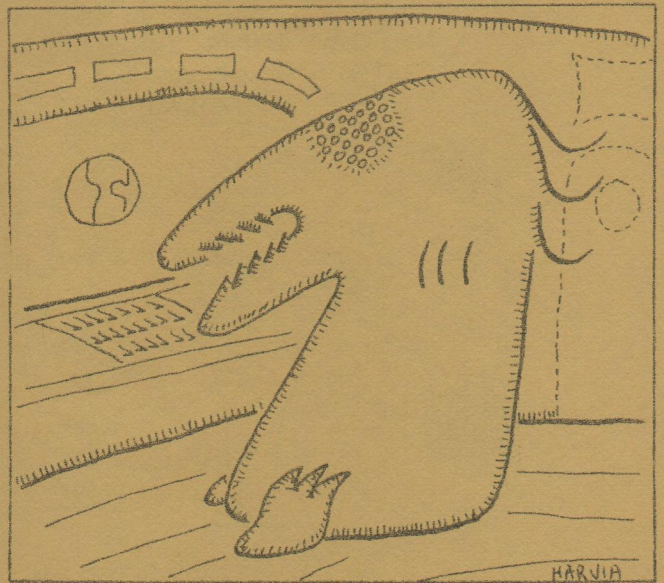
-- Reviewed by Gerri Balter

Together, We are Strong,
by Dirk Goldsmith. (Cosmopolis,
Alaphanor, 13845, 649pp. @3.00)

The author has a cure for most of our social problems. Put all public administrative activities under one central organization. Instead of a vigilance, a commonwealth, a multitude of special districts, and an unknown number of consortia (some of which exist only in name, while others keep their existence secret), working at cross-purposes or duplicating their efforts, we would have a "government" to plan a rational division of the work and assign subordinate groups to their tasks.

The simplicity breaks down when Goldsmith explains which functions would necessarily be included under the central

BEM'S. XENO-PROFILES (Pronounced Bee-e-ems)



ΛJ-WPZΛEBY

HOME: Miaplacidus (Carina)

AGE: 370.73

PROFESSION: Galactic explorer

HOBBIES: Teleporting, space-walking, pinochle.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK:

Beasts by John Crowley

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT:

First solo flight to the Large Magellanic Cloud.

QUOTE: "My extensive travels have convinced me that my own race, the Keels, is superior to all others in the galaxy."

PROFILE: Aggressive, arrogant, and thoroughly unpredictable. A true alien. Committed to nonhuman values beyond our understanding.

SCOTCH: Bem's "Infrared Label"



organizations's authority, which would necessarily be excluded, and which might or might not be included at the "government's" option. The choices seem arbitrary at times; after three chapters of well-written explanation, I was not convinced that traffic patrol-
 lers should be

included and doctors left to what Goldsmith calls "free enterprise".

The idea of one central organization is part of the history of philosophy. (And, as the "polis", used to be a standard element in space opera.) Most philosophers enamored of the idea have dealt lightly with one problem: How should the top administrators be chosen? The usual solution is either choice by the spontaneous will of the people, or choice of those best fitted to plan -- that is, philosophers. (In space opera, the polis is headed either by the hero or by the villain.)

Goldsmith devotes half the book to this question. He does not advocate any one method. He presents every method ever suggested, all the methods used to choose the officials of any and all known organizations, some which he seems to have invented, and some outrageous combinations and permutations. He seems to take them all seriously. Some have a certain bizarre charm: for example, a system in which a chief executive chosen by indirect election shares power with two rule-making bodies chosen by direct election from different sets of geographic divisions for terms of differing length. (There are also a "Supreme Court" and semi-autonomous lesser governments based on geographical considerations, to name only two of the complicating factors.)

Highly recommended to any sf writer or role-playing gamer who wants the recipe for a really exotic social order.

-- Reviewed by Dan Goodman

Song of Sorcery, by Elizabeth Scarborough.
 (Bantam, New York, 1982, 216pp. \$2.25.)

Maggie Brown is a hearthwitch. And although she can manage her father's estate and keep it neat and tidy, she almost always looks like a walking mess. Even at her best, she's no beauty. She also has a sharp tongue; she says exactly what she means. I really like her.

The novel consists of her adventures as she, a minstrel, and a talking cat set out to find her beautiful faery step sister. They meet a unicorn who falls in love with Maggie right away, a love-sick dragon, a bear, gypsies, and all sorts of interesting characters.

This novel is full of humor, but it is subtle. I like that kind of humor. She also manages to weave children's fairy tales into the

novel in a unique way.

When I finished the novel, I thought about it and realized that there was something missing in it. It didn't hurt my enjoyment of the novel one bit, but it bothered me until I realized what it was: No one got killed. There was a minimum of violence. It was nice to read a novel that wasn't bloody, but was still full of danger and excitement. I'm not much of a fantasy reader, but I sure liked this fantasy very much.

-- Reviewed by Cerri Balter

The Unicorn Creed, by Elizabeth Scarborough.
(Bantam, New York, 1983, 340pp. \$3.50)

Maggie's father decided that she should get married. After all, she was 21 years old. But, although she was a talented hearthwitch, she wasn't pretty or demure. And because she was a woman, her father couldn't leave his estate to her, even though she managed it for him. So he got her brother-in-law to make her a princess. Then she had plenty of suitors. But Maggie didn't want to be a princess nor did she want to get married. So she sets off with Colin, her minstrel friend, and a unicorn named Moonshine to ask her brother-in-law to take back the title of princess.

This book is just as delightful as Song of Sorcery, the book that introduced me to Maggie and her friends.

The author has come up with a world where magic is thought of as so commonplace, people can't realize what will happen if those who do the magic are taken away. She weaves her story so skillfully that I never questioned this premise.

One of the things I have objected to in some fantasies I've read is that they speak in modern English. But somehow in this book, it seems that they could speak that way. It's almost like an alternate universe where magic is still around.

You do not have to read Song of Sorcery in order to understand The Unicorn Creed. But I enjoyed both books so much I would suggest that you read both of them. And be prepared to do a lot of laughing because they are funny too.

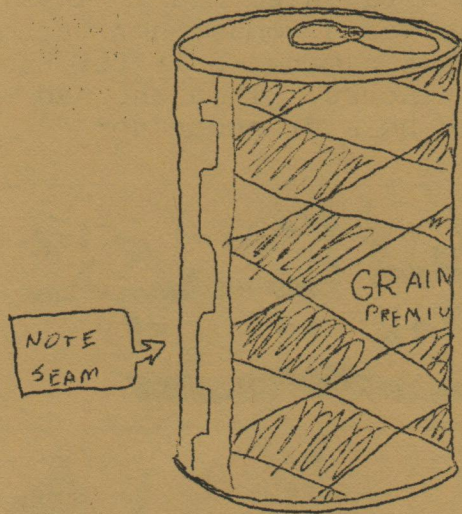
-- Reviewed by Gerri Balter

GREAT BOUNCING BUNNIES!



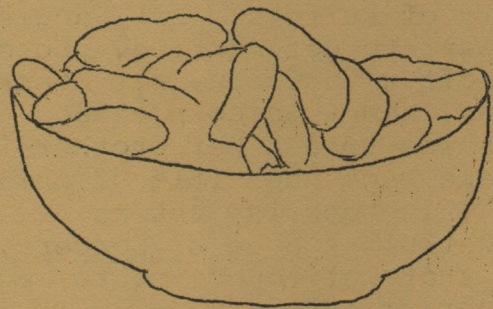
Official What-nots of the 1973 World SF Con

Official Beer



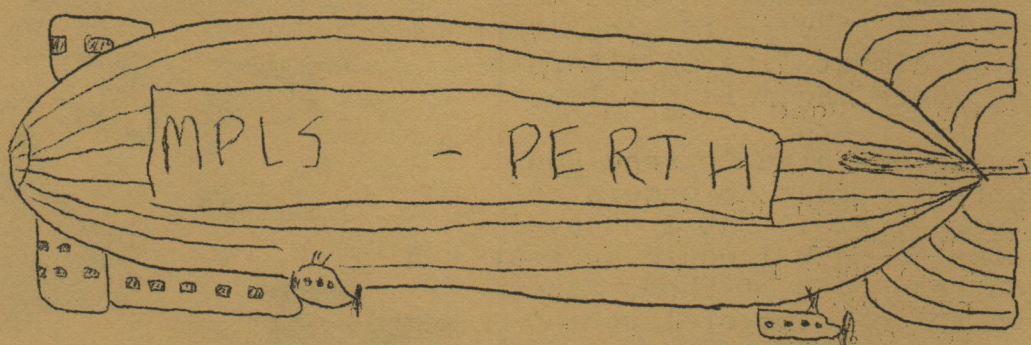
Grain Belt Premium

Official Junk Food



Par T Pop Chees Pops

Official Air Transportation Service



Minneapolis & Perth Airship Lines

RUNE LETTERS

Marty Helgesen
11 Lawrence Ave.
Malverne, NY 11565

I am above using the insipid "degrees" pun. It had never occurred to me, but if it had, I would have kept it to myself. It is my opinion that if a pun can be made about someone's name it almost certainly has been made by other people innumerable times. The bearer of the name probably got tired of hearing the pun while he was still a child.

The weirdness in Gerri Balter's column is amusing.

I remember the first Presentation of the Ceramic Fish to Dean Gahlon, although I did not actually witness it. I arrived on the scene in the consuite moments after the fateful event and Dean was still badly shaken.

Theme amusement parks frequently sell souvenirs so visitors can cherish the experience and share it with others, arousing awe and envy in them. The obvious choice for souvenirs of Dean C. Gahlon's Ceramic Fishland is ceramic fish. Since the collection itself must remain intact, these would have to be carefully crafted replicas.

Sir A. McFish
North Suburban, IL

Dear Mr. Rune

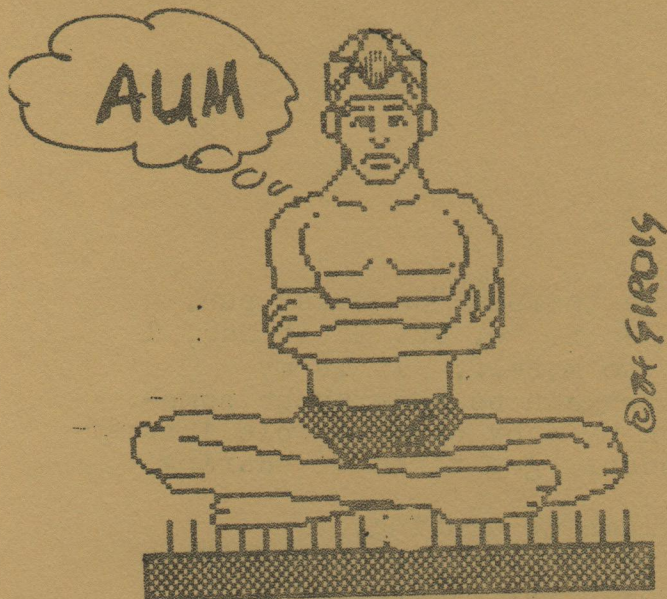
I understand that you have made free with my name in your disreputable publication. Cease and desist, or you will hear from my lawyers.

Dave Szurek
914 West Willis
Detroit, MI 48201

Bruce Kvam's reviews, and his question of why SF is doing so well in the market today: Partly, I think it's as simple as the practice of "mainstream marketing" by publishers. Some people flock to "anything" depicted as "in" or "trendy", and at the risk of making a sweeping generalization, myself, that seems like the habit of an inordinate number of those with more money than they need. But then, maybe that explains why they gravitated toward piles of money in the first place, they'd perceived cash as "in" or "trendy".

I also feel that it probably reflects the tastes of the (at least "relatively") affluent, for the price of books nowadays is such that it is virtually guaranteed reading is a pastime of the "upper"-middle-class and above. As for me, I hardly ever "buy" a "new" book any longer, and it's been ages since I actually laid down money for a "new hardcover". Maybe I'm not a true-blue fan. But if a lending library carries something, so much the better! Barring that, I shop "second-hand" bookstores or even do without.

☺☺ I hardly ever buy "new" books myself, more because I have an irrational "fondness" for old books than because I "can't" afford to buy new ones. Perhaps it is a habit that's been carried over from my "days" as a penniless student, but I actually "like" the musty smell of "second-hand" bookstores. I also have retained a certain amount of "parsimony", and still enjoy the idea of "buying" ten books for five dollars instead of one. --MKD ☺☺



Mentally drafting 2 TAFF
report.

Al Sirois
Box J-12, 258 Park
New Haven, CT 06511

The enclosed work is a hybrid--
art done on an IBM PC, and logo
done on a Macintosh. Original
logo printout included! Original
monkey printout not included!

I find it interesting that I
can manipulate a stored image,
tailoring it, if you will, for
different purposes. The monkey
is a case in point--the original,
done for a game program, is a
file which is identical to the
monk in the lower left hand corner
of the fanzine cover. What fun!

¢¢ The artwork Al refers to
can be found on the back
cover. ¢¢

Matthew B. Tepper
125 Oak Grove #41
Minneapolis, MN 55403

You seem to be fairly sports-oriented this
time around. I'm not much of a sports fan,
so the three articles (or two articles and
M. K.'s editorial, if you want to be picky)

were a bit much for me -- but the choice of subjects and their
authors was nice; how long has it been since I saw Harry Warner's
name attached to an article, rather than his usual letters? I hope
you won't lean too much on the idea of theme issues (though I am
looking forward to RUNE 73); I'd rather each issue have a variety
of material.

Letters. So that was all that was left from the last "issue,"
eh? Definitely a comedown from the days of the Fred Haskell RUNE
(easily my favorite editorship, not to cast aspersions on the David
Emerson and Lee Pelton/Carol Kennedy regimes, quite fine in their
own ways) when the lettercol ate the RUNE.

Lee Pelton
1032 N. Winchester
Chicago, IL 60622

M. K.'s editorial is really more of
an article, but that's quibbling. I have
never felt the lure of golf; and enjoy Arnold
Palmer's commercials more than the dull

pastime of watching the geriatric Arnie's Army trundle after him on
the golf course of life. Honest, his aged tractor is a better draw!
Now if you want to get into miniature golf, that's anudder story.
I could tell you about the course I discovered in LA while I was in
the Navy that had an enclosed driving range for one hole. Great fun,
and a great way to ease the tension that is caused by all those
missed putts before you get to this nirvana of self-expression.
Another nice by-product of miniature golf is no sand traps to in-
trigue nosy felines.

Harry Warner, Jr.'s "The Old Hidden Ball Trick" was a great read.
I, too, am hooked on THE SPORTING NEWS and am envious of Harry's days
as a correspondent to that tabloid. I believe Hagerstown had, or

still has, a team in the rookie league sponsored by the Baltimore Orioles and I wonder if Harry caught any of those games, perhaps seeing a few players now making money in the majors. If I were in Hagerstown, I'd gladly offer my aid in helping Harry do that sercon project on Hagerstown baseball.

Also, you did Rick Sneary, an old-time fan from waaay back, an injustice by not cleaning up his loc for legibility. Although it is legendary that Rick and his typer have been at odds for some time, holding him up for ridicule was lame and mean-tempered. Neither of you have the status within fanzine fandom to do this kind of schtick. Not yet, anyways...

¢¢ Rick's instrumental role in the Southgate in '58 bid has justly won him the respect and affection of umpteen generations of fans, including the current RUNE editors. Although we are normally more than happy to correct the occasional typo in a letter before we insert our own, in this case it seemed that "cleaning up his loc" would have destroyed the style of the original, substituting instead the style of the RUNE editors. We feel that we lack the status to do this ¢¢

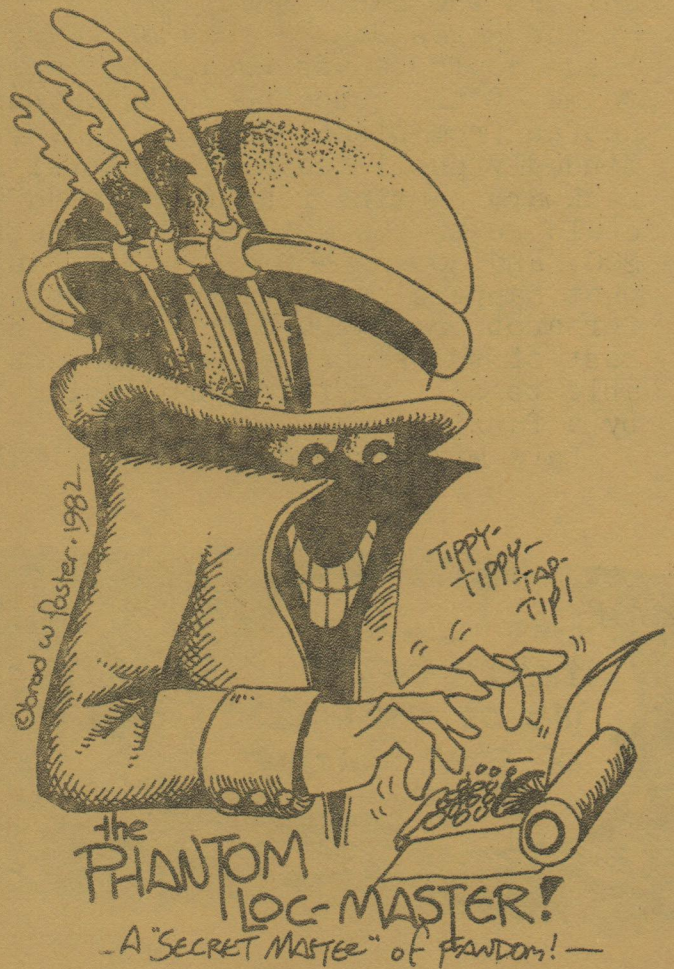
Richard Brandt
322 Limonite Circle
El Paso, TX 79932

Thanks for the copy of SPORTS FILLOSTRATED...
er, make that RUNE 72. (Damn--I'll bet I just missed the swimsuit issue!)

The sports emphasis gives this issue a healthy dose of theme. I've never been a great sports fan--spending a year and a half watching TCU football through a zoom lens does that to you--but I have some common ground with that duffer, Digre. I've occasionally played the odd erratic round of golf with my dad, who maintains his membership in the country club of whatever installation he inhabits (he's retired military, ya know). Back in Lakeland, Florida, there was a rather rugged private course we used to frequent. One hole in particular gave me a hard time. It was no longer than the usual par four hole--except between the tee and the green was a yawning crevasse, about a hundred feet down as I judged it. In case I didn't drop the ball into the gulch, the green was tucked on the opposite lip of the opposite cliff, with trees hemming it in on the other three sides. I very nearly shot a par on that hole, once.

Kudos to Dave Wixon for identifying a trend before it occurred to any of us; the time seems ripe for an Alvin Toffler book on the subject.

Now that Erik's gotten started on the subject of Goodwill stores, I can already see Harry Warner's loc on the subject. Of course,



Goodwill stores in El Paso aren't quite the same; people down here can't afford to throw out anything.

Oh, and Bruce Kvam gets credit for calling the bestseller status of the Big Three from last year, to a T. The books each sold about as he predicted, probably for most of the reasons he cited -- although who expected SF, fantasy, and horror to dominate the year's list of bestsellers as they did? (There's been a mild drought lately -- but what with Frank Herbert's latest elaboration on the stands, I think we're in for another SF season at the bookshops).

J. Ben Proton What IS this shit, anyway? Nothing about drugs, Los Alamos, CA you've actually got titles going sos you can read em, I dunno. RUNE lloks like shit, it ain't good no more. Not like the Old days. Man, with those guys you really knew where you was at. Great use of illos then, shit, man. Yeah. Lots of articles about real stuff. Cool. How come you wont let Garth do you're typing no more?

Looks like shit. Feels like shit. Reads like shit. Why dont you get off this shit and do real fanzines. Like before. That was great stuff. Yeah. More drugs!

Harry Warner, Jr. Even though I've never played golf seriously, 423 Summit Ave. your description of the Mojo Invitational Hagerstown, MD 21740 caused me to wonder if golf could give us some ideas to bring new life into the Hugo awards. Wouldn't it add to the excitement at worldcons, if additional Hugos were presented along the lines of the Mojo awards? Fanzine editors who can't spell or who mimeograph so illegibly that only half of the pages can be read or never get around to publishing the next issue could be assigned handicaps like inferior golfers, and just think of the suspense as thousands wait to see if a 14-year-old neofan from Dismal Seepage, Ohio, will win a Hugo because he absent-mindedly published his latest single-sheeter with the stencils applied backward causing readers to need a mirror to read it. A new Hugo could go to the author of the best novel, based only on pages 100, 200, and 300 or 400 if it's a long book, not taking into consideration what happens on any of the other pages. And think of the competition for another new Hugo that would result from its being awarded to the best of the simonpure amateur authors: those who have never been able to sell anything professionally or to get a manuscript accepted by a fanzine.

Dave Wixon's piece is beautifully written, easily comparable to





the best writing in books of the best sports reporting and essaying. For a long time I've nursed the idea that the lack of e-t visitors to this planet might result from the fact that almost everything civilization has created is out in plain view on its surface. Maybe the test of a genuinely advanced civilization is the policy of building everything beneath the surface of a world, where it won't suffer from weather and cosmic rays and bombs and other unpleasant things. The landings on the Moon and the unmanned probes sent to Mars might have been wasted because the inhabitants of those worlds are beneath the surface, ignoring any visitors from Earth who are too stupid to understand that anyone in the interstellar civilization stays out of sight beneath the surface.

Construction of the Metrodome might be a step in the right direction. It isn't underground, but at least it isn't open on top.

Gerri Balter's idea about highway center lines is splendid but it wouldn't be practical in this part of Maryland. Motorists around here don't understand those yellow and white lines down the middle of roads in the way that motorists do in most parts of the nation. In this area, drivers think they're guides to where you should keep the tires on your driver's side. This has various unsatisfactory consequences, like the need to repaint the lines several times a year because traffic rubs them out so rapidly, and the damage to my nerves when I'm going down a narrow road and I encounter a truck or other vehicle which extends a considerable distance outward from the tires that are following the center line. Elsewhere, the highway art show would undoubtedly be practical. But I sense it might give way before long to something more commercial. The advertising agencies of the nation would probably get into the act before long, persuading state highway departments to sell them sections of the center line on which they would paint commercial messages. They might even start manufacturing Burma-Shave again, with this opportunity to revive the old advertisements.

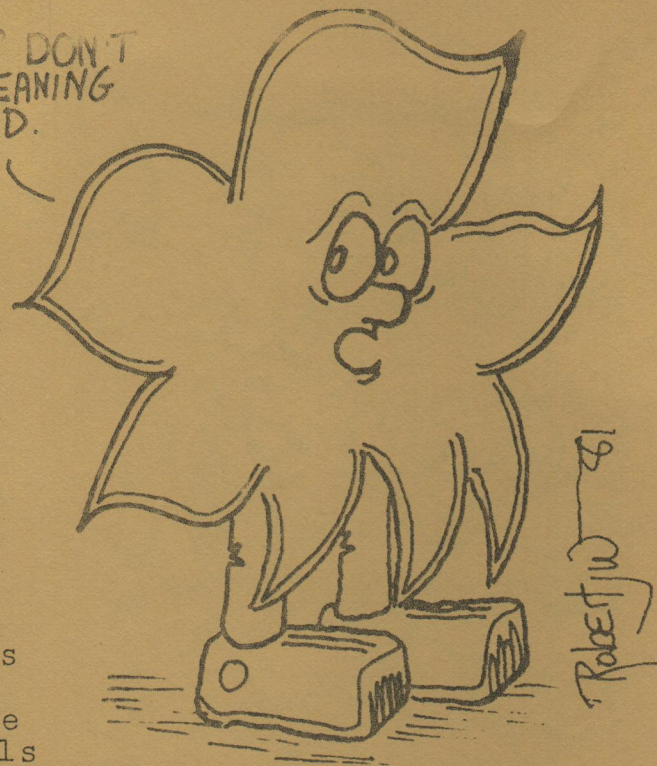
Amen to Erik's recommendation to make frequent visits to Goodwill and similar establishments. The Goodwill store in Hagerstown isn't big and doesn't carry the extensive line of merchandise that the establishments offer in big cities. And I'm reluctant to visit the ones in Washington I used to patronize, because of deteriorated neighborhoods. But I still make three or four visits weekly to the Hagerstown store and manage to make the rounds of a half-dozen in surrounding towns regularly, mostly for books and records, but sometimes for other exciting things.



Ron Saloman
1014 Concord St.
Framingham, MA 01701

DEFINITION? DON'T
KNOW THE MEANING
OF THE WORD.

I have had extremely little to do with sports my entire life. I used to be defense in tag football games as a youth. Participated in one unorganized football game in the Fens with fellow Northeastern U. students. Went at 14 to one Red Sox game at Fenway Park. Passed as 12 and got in for \$1.50. Took in one basketball game between the N.U. team and WBZ radio jocks. And that's it. I tried golf in high school. Couldn't hit the damn ball. Without eyeglasses (prohibited in gym class) I couldn't even find the friggin' ball, let alone clobber it. So it goes. But parallels between baseball and skiffy -- how about a seventh inning stretch during Hugo awards, hot dog and beer vendors circulating among masquerade watchers, official convention pennants to wave, and of course numbered shirts for all the feelthy types at the meet-the pros party and accompanying book instead of name badges.



Brad W. Foster
4109 Pleasant Run
Irving, TX 75308

Well, yeah, all those thoughts on why playing golf is okay are fine and good, but it still doesn't explain how to overcome my main problem. I can't see the frigging ball once I hit it! Tried golfing in high school, and swear to god I'd keep my eye on that sucker, hit it, and then have no idea where it was while everyone else around had no trouble pointing out to me exactly where it went. I thought it was simply because I was on top of the thing, while they had the "big picture." No such luck. I can watch someone else, and as soon as the club connects with the ball, it's gone. This is not fannish exaggeration for a humourous loc, either, I really do lose it every time. So that was the end of golf.

Died laughing when I read Harry's description of his pose first time at bat!!! That's great! And who knows, had his father not "corrected" him, he might have been starting a whole new trend in baseball! (Hey, what is this, a special sports issue?) And of course, another course I was screwed up for young. My mother got me into little leagu, where I was immediately the guy (there's one on every team), who was known as "easy-out," and the entire outfield would go get a soda when it was my turn to bat. I could never hit that frigging ball no matter how hard I tried. After a depressing season I decided baseball was a waste. Two years later it was finally discovered I needed glasses. That explained why, when I swung at where I saw the ball, it was somewhere else. But being razzed for months for being simply a bad player has left a life-long bad taste in my mouth for baseball. Ah, the joys of youth!

Gerri's got an interesting idea for the center lines of the highways, but stops short. The way I read this you can only look at the art by slowing down. But consider those long sequences of stripes

RUNE

EDITORIAL

by

M.K. DIGRE

A number of readers have commented on what they perceived as an undue emphasis on sports in the last issue of Rune. Others, in response to my editorial on golf, mentioned in their letters that they never were much good at sports themselves. Presumably the 95% of you who have shown your support by remaining silent are sitting back, agog, waiting for more. We Rune editors, anxious as we are to please, find ourselves in the uncomfortable position of having to emphasize other topics in this issue, the number 73 being laden as it is with significance in Minn-stf.

Still, from where I sit as I write this, in my comfy chair midway between the winter and summer Olympics, and also in the northeast corner of my living room, I can't help but wonder what ABC's coverage would be like if the Olympics included events more closely related to everyday life than are luge, the giant slalom, pole vaulting, or the hammer throw. I am thinking of things that all of us have to do at one time or another just to get along in our modern, mundane lives, such as trying to match all of the socks in our laundry, or putting off filing our income tax returns until 11:59 p.m. on April 15. In my addled brain I can hear the announcers now:

"Good afternoon, and welcome to the second portion of today's Olympic coverage. This afternoon we'll be bringing you live coverage of the pot-hole giant slalom and the lawn-mowing competition, plus recorded highlights of this morning's set patterns in the missing-the-bus-to-work event. First, though, let's look at what happened yesterday in the company picnic cook-offs.

"It was a lucky day for the United States team, who defeated the British team in the semi-finals when the British captain's Jaguar suffered a breakdown en route to the picnic site with the team's main barbecue grille in the boot, causing them a crushing delay in the smoked-meat category. Coupled with respectable U. S. performances in volleyball and beer-drinking, this was enough to win it for the home team.

"In yesterday's other match, the Soviet Ministry of Picnics and Barbeques scored an easy victory over the Vatican team, who fell once again into their habit of burning the pig that they were roasting at the stake. The Soviet team smoked their pork, played flawless volleyball, and drank beer with their usual well-drilled but joyless efficiency. The final match between the U. S. and Soviet teams is three days from now, with the match between Britain and the Vatican for the bronze the day after tomorrow. And now, here's Bob Bozotti and Fats Gizzard with the pothole giant slalom. Fats?"

"Thank you, Jim, and hello, everybody. We're at the spaghetti bowl where the pothole giant slalom is about to get underway. The road crews have been hard at work for years building this facility, and an excellent one it is! The roadbed is steel-reinforced concrete, with giant potholes painstakingly generated by the classic snow-and-salt technique. These potholes were then patched with a smooth layer of asphalt last summer, and exposed to another winter full of

blizzards, road salt, and articulated buses to create this truly spectacular field of potholes. For those of you who don't drive over this stretch of road to get to work, the potholes come in all shapes, sizes and depths. The final layer of asphalt makes all the difference here. After a winter of hard pounding by trucks and buses, the original potholes are back, bigger and better than ever. But now there are truly vast and treacherous areas where the two-inch layer of asphalt has come loose from the originally smooth pavement, adding a new dimension to the sport. It will undoubtedly change the strategy of the drivers, and perhaps we'll see the emergence of new stars here today."

"You know Fats, I drove over this course yesterday, and it was really tough."

"That it is, Bob, and the new variety of potholes, since they're too big to dodge with the Rabbits and RX-7's that dominated the event in 1980, promise to give drivers of Fleetwoods, Town Cars, and Imperials a chance at the gold this year. Remember, drivers are awarded points for speed, and points are deducted for each pothole they hit. So cars that can cruise over some of the potholes without slowing down have a chance to beat the cars that can dodge the potholes, but with a loss of speed. But before we go into the event itself, let's see what our musical sportsman, Jack Detroit is doing."

(Ed. Note: The Rune editors believe that not even science fiction fans should be subjected unnecessarily to musical interludes by Jack Detroit, even if the pain is diminished by another kind of lude. Therefore, we will cut this portion of the editorial and return you directly to the action.)

"This is Fats Gizzard, and I'm here once again at the Spaghetti Bowl, where the action is about to get under way. I can see the first car pulling up to the starting line now. Bob, you're the expert on this stuff. Could you tell us about this car and its driver?"

"The car seems to be a Bertone, so this must be an Italian driver. If you live in a country with an auto industry, you have to drive one of your own country's domestic cars. In a Bertone, the driver is obviously going to try to dodge as many potholes as he can. His car is very small and has good low-speed handling, but very low ground clearance. It could get hung up on some of these potholes, so he can't just cruise over them."

"Heads up, Bob. I've just got word from Traffic Control that the metered traffic lights are about to flash."

"O. K., Fats. Here he comes! He's weaving from side to side on the entrance ramp. If he keeps this up he won't be doing over 35 before he has to merge with traffic. He's coming to a smooth patch. He's downshifting, and now he's really moving. He's closing in on a bus, and it's blocking his view of some really big potholes. He's signalling a lane change, but they won't give him room. There go his brake lights. He's dodging one, two, five potholes, but -- Oh! He's just hit a real monster and bottomed out, but he's still going. Finally he gets in his lane change. This lane is smoother, but it looks like he's leaking oil. He's never going to make it to 46th Street at this rate. I think he realizes that now, because he's starting to move to the right. He's off on the shoulder now, and it's the AAA for him."

"That just goes to show, Bob, how luck can play a big part in this event. A bit of heavy traffic at the wrong instant can wipe out years of practice. But I see that one of the Olympic city's favorite sons is pulling onto the entrance ramp."

"I'm told by the locals, Fats, that this driver does O. K. on

the Spaghetti Bowl in an MG, but because of the rules in this competition he is driving his 1974 Imperial. That's got to be one of the biggest cars in the field."

"Remember, the rules of the competition require that each driver drive one of his native country's domestic cars."

"I remember, Fats, and I'm sure our audience does, too. There's the light, and he's headed down the entrance ramp. He's getting off to a slower start than the Bertoni. His car seems to be suffering from a bit of hesitation. So far he hasn't hit any potholes though. Wow! Look at that! His hesitation problem is past, and his 440 cubic inch V-8 is really taking off. He's up to speed already, and still has a good bit of ramp to go. If he could get that kind of acceleration whenever he wanted it, he could really do a number on the lane changes."

"That's what it looks like he's done right now, Bob. He's moved a couple of lanes to the left, and is now travelling down a stretch of pavement with only the wide, shallow potholes."

"So he is, Fats, and with the weight of his car, he should be able to cruise right over them without slowing down. Yes, that's what he's doing, and it's giving him a very good time. We'll have to wait and see, though, how many points he loses for hitting all of those potholes."

"Do you think we're seeing a little of the hometown advantage here, Bob? The way he got over into the smoothest lane right away suggests considerable experience to me."

"Yeah, he did seem to know what he was doing. Now he's shifting to the right again as he approaches 46th Street. It looks like he may have trouble getting into his lane, but -- Did you see that? He's slipped in between two buses. That really takes guts."

"They appear to be the 35B and the 35D."

"But that's not the important thing, Fats. He's saved himself some time here because traffic in the three left lanes is slowing down about a mile upstream from 46th street, as it always does. He knows it, and knew he had to make that maneuver or lose a lot of time. As it is, he's still right on track."

"Isn't the 35D the same bus that he missed this morning in the Missing-the-Bus-to-Work competition?"

"Yes, it is, and his good performance in this morning's set pattern is why he's in the pothole giant slalom this afternoon."

"For those of you who aren't familiar with the event, these set patterns consist of a required series of blunders that must be executed in sequence, causing the contestant to miss his bus. Points are awarded by the judges for style in each of the major blunders -- oversleeping, misplacing keys and wallet, forgetting the bus pass, and not being able to cross the street with the bus in sight on account of heavy traffic. Points are also awarded for the nearness of the miss -- more points are awarded for a bus-misser who manages to cross the street just as the bus pulls away from the stoplight on the next block than for one who reaches the corner to see that the bus is already six blocks away."

"That's right, Fats, but we've still got a pothole giant slalom run going on. While you were babbling, our American driver thwarted the driver of a Parisienne who was trying to cut in on him. Now he's on the exit ramp, and his time looks really good. He's braking -- and he's got the best time so far!"

Well, that's about as much of this sort of thing as even an addled brain can take. We aim to please, but we've got only so much ammunition.

MINN-STF BOARD MINUTES

Minutes, Minn-stf Board meeting, May 22, 1984. Judy Cilcain's residence, 2416 25th Ave. S. Recording secretary, Judith Bratton.

Board members in attendance: Scott Imes, Judy Cilcain, Virginia Nelson, Don Bailey. Not in attendance: Karen Johnson. Also present: Lynn Anderson, Mark Richards, M. K. Digre, Erik Biever, David Cargo, Geri Sullivan, Dean Gahlon. Meeting called to order at 8:37.

Minutes of last meeting read by Scott Imes. Discussion of Rune budget was first on agenda. M. K. Digre stated that the editors had come in under budget last year, having not printed all of the projected issues. Board worked with editors to produce a budget for this year. A budget of \$1150 was reached and agreed upon. This includes the cost of producing Einblatt.

Board estimated Minn-stf expenses for coming year at \$2150. Board discussed funding Mpls. in '73 parties, and agreed that any con but Worldcon should get \$30 and a bottle of Beam's Choice, while supplies last. Board approved \$150 for Doug Friauf to use for Mpls. in '73 party at Worldcon.

Judy Cilcain, representing Karen Johnson, asked for \$100 for the milk carton boat and race. After a discussion on cash prizes, the \$100 was approved.

Minneapa collection binding was tabled for lack of information on condition and number of zines.

Discussion on the bankrupt Constellation produced information leading the board to decide not to send any money. Mark Richards will write to Constellation to inform them of this.

Discussion on making sure Minn-stf membership knows in advance when board meetings will be. Discussion on approving Exec of Minicon, and assigning dates for next Minicon committee meeting and next board meeting. Meeting adjourned.

Minutes, Minn-stf Board meeting, June 26, 1984. Judy Cilcain's residence, 2416 25th Ave. S. Recording secretary, Judith Bratton. Board members in attendance: Karen Johnson, Don Bailey, Judy Cilcain, Scott Imes, Virginia Nelson. Also attending, Joel Halpern, Geri Sullivan, Dean Gahlon. Called to order at 8:20 p.m.

Minutes of the last meeting were read by Don Bailey, who had the only copy. Discussion of the proposed Executive Committee of Minicon was first item on the agenda. Proposed Exec, consisting of Scott Imes, Caryl Dixon, Joel Halpern, Mark Richards, and Martin Schafer, was approved by a vote of 3 yes, 2 abstaining.

Minneapa binding was once again tabled.

Scott Imes brought several requests to the attention of the board. Reen Brust asked for Spindizzy recordings for cub scouts who had looked at Minicon this past Easter. Don Bailey moved to give each of them two, motion seconded by Gin Nelson. Motion passed, with Karen Johnson abstaining. Greg Ketter asked to be reimbursed \$25 for Mpls. in '73 party he threw at X-Con. Board approved. Eric Heideman asked about some way to show appreciation of Clifford Simak on or around his birthday. After discussion, the board agreed that Eric should be advised to bring up the subject at the next Minn-stf meeting.

Maxicon proposed budget was presented to be looked at.

Mpls. in '73-Zeppelin stickers in the quantity of 10,000 can be had for \$266 for two color paper, or \$278 for two color foil. Doug Friauf, who supplied this information, also said that he would be willing to get them. Board approved expenditure of up to \$300 to get them printed, by a vote of 3 yes, 2 abstaining.

Meeting adjourned by general agreement to attack watermelon.

Minutes, Minn-stf Board meeting, Sept. 18, 1984. Judy Cilcain's residence, 2416 25th Ave. S. Recording secretary, Judith Bratton. Board members in attendance: Judy Cilcain, Don Bailey, Karen Johnson, Scott Imes, Virginia Nelson. Also present: Redk Gellman, Geri Sullivan, Dean Gahlon, Steve St. Onge, Mark Richards, Joel Halpern. Meeting called to order at 8:35.

Rick Gellman reported on Maxicon. There was discussion on the Friday night visit of the police to the con hotel. They were there for an assault charge. Paramedics were called to the hotel Saturday night, reasons unknown, and there was a false alarm fire call on Sunday evening.

Joel Halpern brought up that the I. R. S. lost its records of us as an incorporated whatever. However, this is already rectified.

Mark Richards pointed out that the General Post Office wants us to prove that we are Inc. also. This can be done with available documentation.

Geri reminded us to renew bulk mailing permit in December, and had a request for money for a Mpls. in '73 party at Tzarkon, \$15 approved. Retroactive payment for a Mpls. in '73 party at Valleycon would someone throw one, approved.

Scott brought up several items. He wants to know if people who worked Minicon 15 want any more copies of Maturity. If not, he wants to put an ad in Locus: "Now on sale to the public, first time ever, Maturity, (insert description) copies #1, limit 2."

Minneapa will be looked at.

Reen got even more spindizzies.

Meeting adjourned at 9:38.

Minutes of the Minn-stf Board meeting, November 26, 1984. The meeting was held at the residence of Judy Cilcain, 2416 25th Ave. S. Judith Bratton, recording secretary. Board members attending: Don Bailey, Virginia Nelson, Karen Johnson, Scott Imes, and Judy Cilcain. Also present: Geri Sullivan, pres., Joyce Scrivner, David Cargo, Mark Richards, and David Stever.

There was a short discussion on the subject of \$10 having been budgeted for Maturity post cards, the secretary having missed it during the last meeting.

Other old business included making sure that John Robey, who had thrown the Mpls. in '73 party at Valleycon would receive the previously agreed upon sum of money for doing so. Karen Johnson was strongly encouraged to submit an estimate for the milk carton boat, and agreed to do so. Geri Sullivan brought up the subject once again of the school system having asked members of the club to come and speak to school children about involvement with science fiction.

David Cargo proposed new business of setting up a telephone answering machine for club use in keeping better updated on club events than Einblatt can. Much discussion ensued, the outcome of which was that a Minn-stf hotline was agreed on. David Stever was requested, along with Karen Johnson, to purchase a telephone answering machine with club funds. Virginia Nelson agreed that the line and answering machine could be installed in her home. Funds for installation and continuing service were made available.

Geri Sullivan requests that Virginia request money for a Mpls. in '73 party at Windycon. Board approved.

After much discussion of events at recent Minn-stf conventions, the board decided that a list of trouble makers will be kept, and passed on to Minn-stf sponsored convention committees. People on the list will be barred from attending Minn-stf sponsored conventions. No policy for removing people from the list was decided.

Joyce Scrivner revived the Minneapa binding question. Joyce agreed to take the Minneapa's to a bindery. David Stever volunteered to make sure that the binding gets done correctly. A committee was formed to get Minneapa bound. On the committee are Beth Friedman, Chairman, Joyce Scrivner, and David Stever. An upper limit of \$1500 has temporarily been placed on the project.

Virginia Nelson and Beth Friedman have volunteered to run the fall convention in 1985. Further discussion was postponed until the next meeting.

The meeting was adjourned at 10:20 p. m.

Minutes of the Minn-stf Board meeting, January 29, 1985. The meeting was held at the French House, 3552 Colfax Ave. S., home of Virginia Nelson. Recording secretary, Judith Bratton. Board members attending: Scott Imes, Judy Cilcain, Don Bailey, Virginia Nelson, and Karen Johnson. Also present: Geri Sullivan, Pres., Joel Halpern, Geof Stone, Dan Goodman, Peter Larsen, Jonathan Adams, Beth Friedman, Lynn Anderson, Dean Gahlon, Scott Ritche, and Rick Gellman.

The minutes of the last meeting were read by Don Bailey.

On the agenda for the meeting were the topics: the treasury of the 1984 fall con, Minneapa, Mpls. in '73, the 1985 fall con, and putting down Dan Goodman, not necessarily in that order.

The treasury of the 1984 fall con (Maxicon) was the first item discussed. A legal signator of the fall con's bank account, Denise Nelson, had used monies from the account for a purpose which she considered legitimate convention business, the legal fees of a dispute which arose at the convention. She had contacted Don Bailey earlier in the evening to say that although she could not be at the Board meeting, she would call the meeting place at 9:30 p. m. to further discuss the Board's stand on this matter. The board, after hearing from Rick Gellman, the co-chairperson of Maxicon, and reviewing the bylaws of the club on the subject of extraordinary expenses, ruled unanimously that Denise had gone beyond the limits in the bylaws in appropriating the funds for the purpose that she used them for, and in that she did not first request the funds before appropriating them. The board agreed to ask Denise to pay back the sum (\$575) by a repayment plan if she can't repay all if it at once. It was agreed that Don Bailey would speak to her when she called the meeting.

When Denise called the meeting, Don informed her of the Board's decision, and made arrangements to meet with her on Thursday, January 31, 1985 at 6 p. m. at the Rainbow Cafe. Scot Imes proposed giving Don \$15 for expenses for that evening. The Board approved the expenditure.

Mpls. in '73 became the next item on the agenda. Geri Sullivan has become the chairman of the convention bid, as Denny Lien has stepped down from this position. The Board approved \$30 to be spent for flyers to be printed.

Fall con '85 was next on the agenda. Virginia Nelson and Beth Friedman have agreed to be co-chairpersons, and several people have agreed to assist them in this endeavor. The Board approved of their bid for the fall con, which has yet to be named.

Dan Goodman wished to discuss the Minn-stf hotline's policies and perhaps to have some of them modified. No change in policy was made.

Karen Johnson requested permission to catalogue, update, and index the Minn-stf library, starting with cataloging current titles on index cards. Board approved up to \$20 for purchase of index cards and such.

Rune needs new editors. Judy Cilcain volunteered to call the current editors to discuss this with them. The choosing of new editors will be left to next year's Board.

As we do not have a complete set of Minneapa, it is difficult to get them bound. Beth Friedman has agreed to get a list of the missing ones and hunt them.

The meeting adjourned at 10:40 p. m.

Minutes of the Minn-stf Board meeting, Tuesday, Feb. 12, 1985. The meeting was held at the French House, 3552 Colfax Ave. S. Board members attending: Don Bailey, Judy Cilcain, Scott Imes, Virginia Nelson, Karen Johnson. Also present were Geri Sullivan, Pres., Joel Halpern, Treas., Mark Richards, Minicon Exec, and Dan Goodman, Editor of Einblatt. Recording secretary Judith Bratton was not present. These notes are courtesy of Scott Imes. The meeting was called to order at 8:30 p. m.

Minutes from last meeting were read.

Don Bailey read notes from his Tuesday, Feb. 5, 1985 meeting with Denise Nelson. Karen Johnson was also present.

At Gin Nelson's suggestion, the board approved \$120 for Joel to get the bank records for Maxicon.

Don Bailey said he would attempt within the next two weeks to convince Denise to give back the money, and return any bank records and receipts.

Joel will clear Maxicon account at the bank and there will be an attempt to get Rick Gellman to return all of the funds that he is holding.

The board unanimously approved \$1200 for resolving this problem. If Denise does not agree to return the money, the board will go to small claims court to get a hearing date set. If Denise drops out of sight, the board will proceed with criminal charges.

Dan Goodman wants to appoint Lee Reynolds as assistant editor of Einblatt. The Board approved.

Judy hasn't spoken to the Rune editors about asking others if they might be interested in editing Rune. Gin suggested asking Minn-stf for Hotline editors as well as Rune and Einblatt editors.

Geri Sullivan wants approval to go ahead with "Mpls. in '73 Regress Report" to appear 6-8 months after Minicon. Wants to get a mailing list for this at Minicon.

The Board allowed that the Jan. 27th Steve Brust Workhouse party could be considered a meeting for voting purposes, per bylaw XXV.

Meeting adjourned at 9:43 p. m.

Minutes, Minn-stf Board meeting, March 12, 1985. The meeting was held at the French House, 3552 Colfax Ave. S. Recording secretary, Judith Bratton. Board members present: Scott Imes, Virginia Nelson, Judy Cilcain, Don Bailey, Karen Johnson. Also present: Geri Sullivan, Lynn Anderson, Mark Richards, Dan Goodman, Dean Gahlon, M. K. Digre, and Erik Biever.

First business was the Denise Nelson case. Don and Virginia agreed to go to Conciliation Court to file a claim against her. Mark Richards will accompany them.

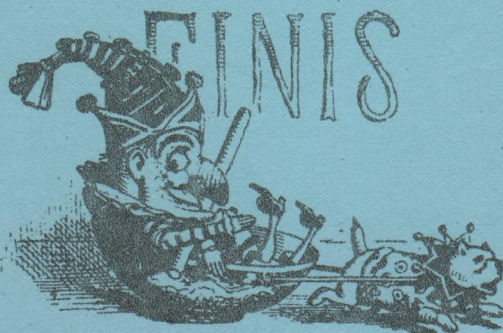
Rune may be out before Minicon. The board's position on the change of editorial staff, i.e., that new editors be chosen every two years, was explained to the editors. Einbwatt should cawwy a wequest for assistance or wepacement of Wune editors.

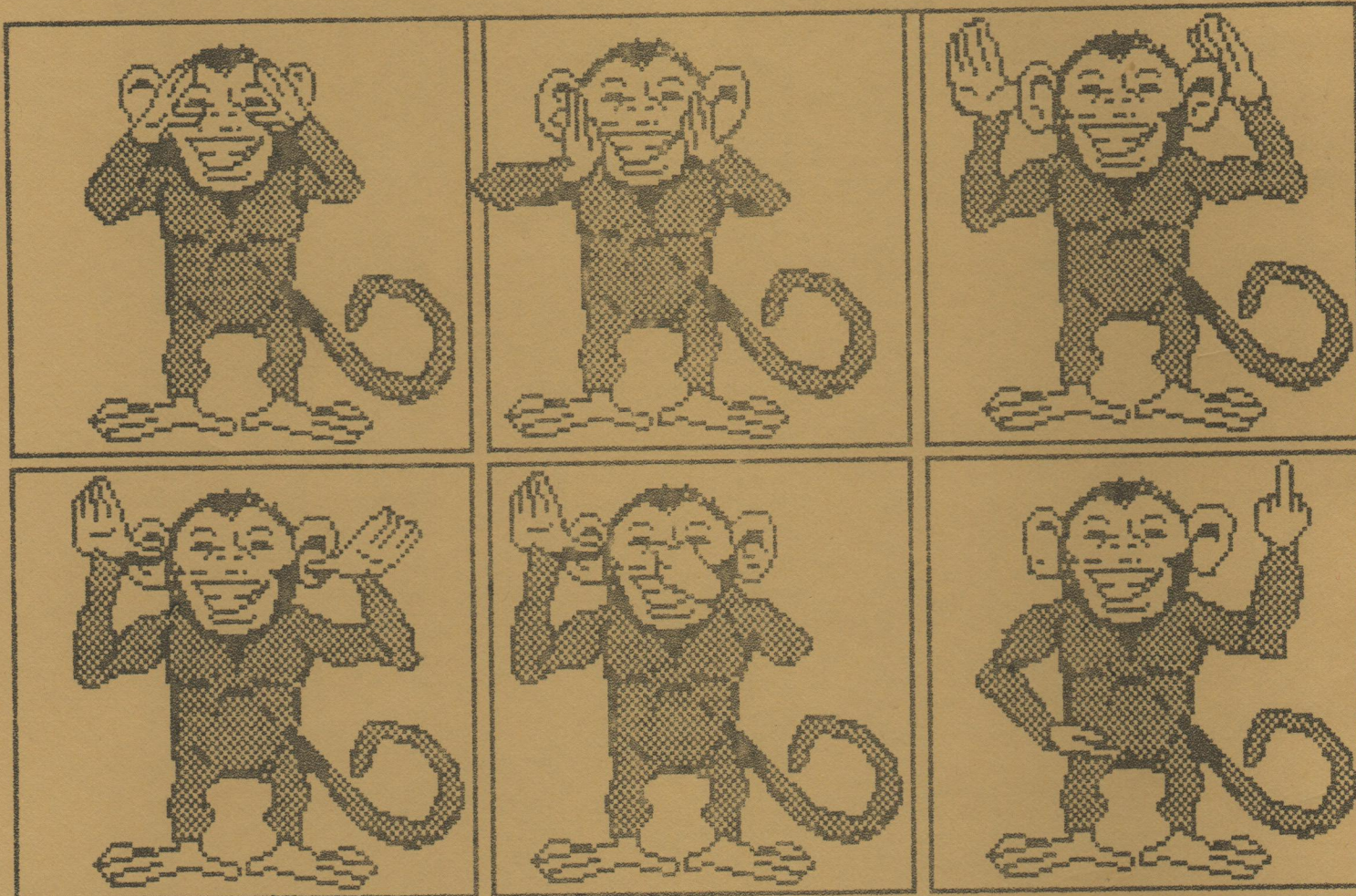
Mark Richards brought a reques from Archon for an exchange of mailing lists with Minicon. The Board set a policy that the mailing list is not to be given out freely.

Scott Imes requested money to purchase replacement lights for overhead projectors. The Board approved.

Don Bailey brought up getting "Mom and Dad, Mpls. in '73" T-shirts printed, and Geri Sullivan said she would bring up the subject to the next board.

Meeting adjourned at 9:15 p. m.





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