GOSH, WULFH! ARE YOU REALLY GOING TO *PROOF* THE GREAT MINNESOTA GLACIER? OR TAKE THE ZORCH GUN AND ZORCH IT TO DEATH? OR INTIMIDATE IT WITH RUNES OF GREAT POWER? OR...

> GULP <

...READ IT SOME ARTHUR LED ZAGAT STORIES?

TWIN CITIES
FURTHER DOWN THE TUNDRA
RUNE, 13 is edited by Jim Young, and published by Ken Fletcher for Minn-Stf (the Minnesota Science Fiction Society) on an approximately monthly schedule. Officers of the Minn-Stf are: Frank Stodolka, President (1325 W. 27th St.; Mpls. 55408); Jim Young, Vice-President (1948 Ulysses St. N.E.; Mpls. 55418); Ken Fletcher, Secretary (1901 Breda Ave.; St. Paul, 55103); Range Lessinger, Treasurer (1350 Queen Ave. N.; Minneapolis, 55411).

RUNE'S FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Minncon One was held January 6, 1963. The following week, the first RUNE was published under the title "Minn-Stf Newsletter," although it was dated so that it could be mailed out two weeks after the con. So RUNE's birthday won't really be until after Christmas, but we've decided to make this the anniversary issue to coincide with the reason, and because the anniversary is so near.

This issue is a little more than just the usual newsletter; material by Redd Boggs, Kuske, as well as that of Your Servant To Obey are included this time. Hope you like it. — Jim Young.

MINN-STF HAS A NEW MEETING PLACE!

During the summer, Minn-Stf met at M. Golob's Bookstore. Golob has shut down though, through an unfortunate mix-up, the Second Anniversary meeting of November 20th wasn't able to meet in Golob's store, and the meeting was shifted over to the nearby Steak House Restaurant.

Things have changed. Walter Schwartz (of 4138 Wentworth Ave. S., Minneapolis) has donated the use of his recreation room for Minn-Stf meetings.

To get to Walter's house, you can go via Cedar or Lyndale. Take either of these streets to 40th, and follow 40th to Wentworth. Go down Wentworth until you see a three-story white house — and you're there.

Thank you, Herr Schwartz.

Next meetings are scheduled for December 14, and December 28th, 1963.

MINN-STF CHRISTMAS PARTY

The Minn-Stf Christmas Party will be held December 20th, at 615 Ontario St. S.E., Minneapolis (at Apartment 6a). Contact Karen Johnson at 331/106, for further information.

MAGAZINE NEWS

Ted White, a long time fan (and in the past several years, pro) has been given the job of replacing Barry Nilsberg as the editor of AMAZING and FANTASTIC. Ted has announced the following plans (according to LOCUS): James Blish will continue running the book-review column under his William Atheling, Jr. pseudonym; Fritz Leiber will be asked to continue the fantasy-book reviews for FANTASTIC; and Ted will be reintroducing the lettercolumns back into both magazines. There will be fanzine reviews in AMAZING (evidently the first such reviews since the demise of THRILLING WONDER and its ilk, and IMAGINATION) and fan-articles (some reprints) in FANTASTIC. He hopes to get the cover illustrations connected with the stories by having some stories written about the covers. As a general statement, he said, "I'm not especially interested in a new wave type experimental magazine, which was the direction Barry Nilsberg seemed to be heading, but in an exciting magazine with reader involvement."
FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION has been taken off regular quarterly schedule, according toBox Brell. Looming is its editor, G.S. has set the same trouble that its companion magazine MAGAZINE OF HORROR met a few years back—bad distribution and bad sales. FSF will still be published irregularly, until it either gets on its feet or dies. For the time being no subscriptions are being taken, other than one at a time, and no further new manuscripts are being accepted. Issue number nine should be out in January.

MAGAZINE OF HORROR will be carrying a series of stories written by the late Dr. David W. Kaiser. Parts of the series ran in WEIRD TALES, MARVEL SCIENCE STORIES, and STIRLING SCIENCE STORIES, but many portions of the series have never been seen print before. The series will begin in the March issue (number 26) along with the beginning of a serial that readers have been demanding for the past several issues—Seabury Quinn’s THE DEVIL’S BRIDE. The serial will run in three installments; each segment containing two of the WEIRD TALES installments. (Which means that WEIRD TALES ran the story in six parts back in 1932, he said with a look of mathematical sparkle.)

SPACEWAYS SCIENCE FICTION is out. I picked up a copy at Shindler’s in downtown Minneapolis although I haven’t seen a copy on any other stands as yet. The cover is a pretty good break by former area fan, Morris Scott Dollens. Ted Tubb has the lead story, a novel entitled "Unwanted Heritage," which I’d say is somewhat interesting; a serial by the late Ralph Milne Farley (who was a University of Wisconsin prof named Roger Sherman Hear) called "Radio Minds of Mars"—which is a somewhat archaic sounding adventure story...part of a series that ran in ARGOSY in the ’20s and ’30s; and a "Letter From Mr. Sci-Fi"...a column by Forry Ackerman. I dislike the term "sci-fi," but Forry is Forry, and he can do with it. NOT magazine can’t. I’m glad this is around; I wish that they’d reprint (and they have a little) Cordwainer Smith’s "Scanners Live in Vain"—they own the rights to Lineberger’s first story. I really would like to see it again.

Gordon H. Dickson has written a serial called "Qflying," which is currently running in ANALOG. It is something. I will say nothing more than that this is the best thing to run in ANALOG in quite awhile.

At the Galaxy magazines, Fred Pohl has purchased a Frank Herbert piece that’s...catch this you Herbert fans—a sequel to DUNE. LOCUS (another newsmazine, as you recall), says "it’s long." Sounds like something good? I hope so.

I haven’t been able to find out how WORLDS OF FANTASY is doing. I hope it does well...I’d like a zine like that to succeed. (FSF isn’t that kind of a fantasy magazine...anymore.)

SECOND EXPEDITION TO "2001" PLANNED...by Minn-Stf, that is...

A second group viewing of the Clarke-Kubrick film, 2001, is planned for some time during the Christmas school break. Frank Stodelka told me he’d have some more information available at the meeting of 14 December, so...

"DUES" IS ALSO A FOUR-LETTER WORD

And so it will remain, too. In other words, we’ve sort of licked the dues problem. We’re placing a container someplace in the meeting room, and attending fans can put in whatever they want to (or afford.) The money put into the container goes into the treasury from there. (This item is basically put there for the edification of outsiders, and for the interest of anybody who hasn’t been able to make meetings, but gets this sheet...)

HARRY WAINHER FAN HISTORY DUE IN EARLY 1962

Harry Warner, Jr., a long time fan and Chood Man, has been planning a history of fandom for the past several fanzine cons (at least,) Advent, which is a fan publishing house in Chicago, has finally announced imminent publication of the volume. Harry Warner writes: "Of course, all your uncertainties about the old Minneapolis Fantasy Society will end when you get the fan history. Minneapolis has its own section,
on page 239. (Honest - the proofs have now been sorted out into numbered pages. Publication is being delayed while I attempt to devise a method for the book to self-destruct if any fan shows his copy to another fan, so sales will reach their maximum potential.)

The history will probably be cut during the summer of next year.

NOTES ON MINICON PREPARATION

Minicon is rolling along very slowly; however, things will be going much faster within a month. A notice on the con will appear in IF beginning with the January, 1969 issue of the prozine. Information on the con has been placed in several newsmags: SF TIMES, OFAN and Locan. Most important event to happen in December is the publication of the first PROGRESS REPORT.

I-7 CANCELLED

The production of the Minn-Stf movie "I-7" has been cancelled until next summer, due to lack of money and time. About $200 was needed to cover the entire cost of the film, and it couldn't be raised... at least in time for Minicon. A good deal of work has to be done on the con - and the movie could have hindered the con. I say that as a conchairman, and as Jim Young - not a representative of Minn-Stf. Maybe it's just as well we wait on the movie.

RECONCILING CAMPAIGN: MINN-STF STYLE

To get more fans in the area to come to Minn-Stf meetings (and to recruit new members of course) Minn-Stf has recently started a poster campaign in the Twin Cities area. The poster depicts Jane Fonda, in a BARRACELLOSH costume, and bears the legend "FONDA SCIENCE FICTION?"

After that kind of a fanshine come-on, we figured (we being Gene Veigle, the artist who drew the poster) we'd either draw fanshine types, or...

The posters were put up late in November, in many book stores throughout the area, including one of the Shinder's stores in downtown Minneapolis. As of the second week in December (as this RUNE heads toward publication) there have been about ten people responding to the posters. (In some places, along with the posters, post-card size quiz-sheets have been displayed. The cards ask about the person's interests; people are asked to fill them out, and send them into Minn-Stf.)

Frank hasn't been kept enormously busy by incoming queries, but he says "we've gotten some good responses." Any response is immediately answered by Stodolka.

Obituaries: The Year of the Jackpot Continues

CHARLES LEE RIDDEL died October 197; he was best known as the publisher of PEON, a fannine of the early fifties. He was active in SAPS, FAPA and the N3F. During the fifties, he also published the "Checkdex", which was a continuation of the Day Index to the SF prozines. His son Ira Lee Riddle is also a fan.

I never met Charles, but I've read many copies of PEON. He had a fun fannine; I certainly enjoyed them. Now he's lost to us.

MERVIN PEAKE, author, illustrator, poet, and painter died November 17th, at Burcot, England, of a brain disease... a disease that kept him from working for the last ten years of his life. He was 77.

He was born in China, and educated in England. During the thirties, he married Mavis Gilmore, wrote two children's books (and illustrated them), and did illustrations for an edition of TREASURE ISLAND -- which are considered to be his best work. During World War II, he published a volume of poetry, THE GLASSBLOWERS, and a book of drawings.

But he was most famous for his GORMENGHAST trilogy. Grove Press published the trilogy in hard covers last year, and in late October, Ballantine released the trilogy in paperback. And a few weeks later, he would be gone, too.
MYSCERIANGUS NOTES:

Dick Tague is back from Vietnam. Hopefully, he'll be stationed in the Twin Cities from now on, now that his affiliation with the government is ended. \#\# Billy H. Petiot is in town and will be here through January. Petiot is working for Control Data (do I have that right Bill?) and is in the area as part of his work. He's been in fandom for a goodly number of years and publishes numerous fandoms. \#\# Karen Johnson asks you to please call before coming to the Christmas party, so that she'll know how many people will attend. \#\# For MINICON, we're hoping to get our hands on METROPOLIS, but can't find it anywhere. Can anyone reading this tell me where we might be able to rent the film, or what distributor might be handling it? Contact Jim Young. \#\# If you're in the library (public or private) and happen across the NATIONAL REVIEW, grab it. Theodore Sturgeon reviews the \#\# AGE SCIENCE FICTION SPECIALS in that issue, and glowingly, we might add. (Wait a minute -- what issue? The issue of November 19th, Young?) \#\# (Most of what follows is directly from LOCUS; the last comment is from the nimble typewriter of Ed Cox.) BUG JACK BARON by Norman Spinrad, though it has been called something of a "hot" book, folks, is being published in hard covers by Walker, with a Jack Gaughan cover. The paperback will be from Avon, as has previously reported. \#\# Harper and Row is now actively seeking SF, and paying top money as well. They are publishing a textbook-style anthology (edited by Bob Silverberg) to be called S F : CRITIQE CHOICE, which will contain both stories and critical essays. An unnamed anthology edited by Harry Harrison will be published, which will carry stories by mainstream authors. \#\# The SF BOOKCLUB selections for May and June will be Delany's NOVA and SPECTRE IS HAUNTING TEXAS by Leiber. Starting in July of '69, there will be two selections a month, instead of one. \#\# The 1969 Britannica YEARBOOK OF SCIENCE AND THE FUTURE features an article by Isaac Asimov called "The Art of the Tomorrow Seeker." It's an SF history, complete with color plates of old AMAZINGs and WONDERs, as well as films, books, and shots from astronauts in space. Very few errors here; Poul Anderson has his name spelled "Paul," and Arthur C. Clarke was not one of the writers for Campbell during his "Golden Age" of pre- and early World War II days; and the fact that fandom clamped "Star Trek" to its bosom can be quibbled with. (And that's the material from LOCUS.) \#\# Memberships in St. Louiscon (the 27th World SF Convention) stood, as of November 25, at 372 people. (And that's not counting GoHs and the concommittees.) \#\# Ivan Tors will film H.G. Wells' "Shape of Things To Come," with a budget of $15 million. A version of this was done back in 1936, you'll still read a Frederik Pohl comment in IF or GALAXY proclaiming the excellence of the 1936 production. \#\# Did you know that GALAXY used to be off-set? Those of you who did (and those who didn't and wonder what's happened), here's what went on, according to the guesses of Jack Gaughan: Galaxy got in with a printing company that will do typesetting and printing at a low price. (Incidentally, don't blame Jack if you hear something to the contrary. It is, after all, his guess as to what went on.)

And there's that out of the way. As long a list of miscellany as you'll ever want to see again, eh Young?

---

\textbf{\textit{\textbf{MINNEAPOLIS IN '73...}}}

Recently, various groups have been announcing their plans to run for the Worldcon of 1973. Minneapolis was one of the first groups to stick its neck out in the race, under the auspices of your honorable Obedient Servant, Ken Fletcher, and Frank Stodelka. Chicago was coming along about that time, putting up itself for bidding, and New Orleans dark horses its way into the electioneering loving hearts of fannish politicians.

In other words, a lot of people wanted the con.
Now I was at Baycon, when I was accosted by members of the Chicago in '73 committee. I was immediately set upon with a multitude of questions. "Doom you peaky questions?" I cried, and with a shout of "THRILLING WONDER STORIES" Isummoned up the Columbus in '73 people. (You see, it was Monday, September 2nd, and the Columbus people had just lost their bid to St. Louis.)

"Well Chris," I have a bad habit of calling all the Columbus people "Chris," to keep in line with my "Columbus in '92" bit. "Chris, I say, you boys better give the Chicago fans a run for their money."

"Oh, they'll give us a run for our money all right," chuckled one of the Chicago fans, knowingly.

"That wasn't very polite," I said, and the Chicago fellow said he was sorry.

"How much are your hotel's room rates?" asked a Columbus person. "How much are yours?" I asked a Chicagoan, and I slipped quietly away.

I was hopping down the hall towards the Hacksters' room, to gorg myself with ASTOUNDINGS and hate myself for a lack of money (but who needs money when you want to eat a few good "Golden Age" ASTOUNDINGS?) I heard somebody say, "Hey aren't you a Minneapolis people?" I said, yep.

"Yup."

"Well, I'm from New Orleans."

"Oh," I mumbled, nodding my head. I suddenly realized that the Hacksters' room was closed because it was four o'clock in the morning.

"He's bidding against you for the '73 Worldcon."

"Oh yeah. Sorry --- I'm sort of asleep."

"It's okay. Say, how much are your room rates?"

"Well, we've got the largest hotel in the city, the Lemington --- I was about to say something (notes at this time of the morning, Young; habitually forgets the Lemington's room rates -- The Editor) but I saw this fella from Texas come along down the hall.

"Say, I want you to meet a friend of mine," I said to the New Orleans fan. "He supports Houston in '73." Now at that time, it wasn't generally known that there was going to be a Houston in '73 bid. (Just last week, we got some sort of flier supporting the Houston bid.) The New Orleans fan, poor guy, dropped his mouth. It fell on the floor, rolled around, and generally got dusty. After he got his mouth back on, he said, "How much are your room rates?"

I slipped quietly away again... into a phonebooth. (However, I was going to make a phone-call back to Minneapolis, not do the Clark Kent bit.)

"Hello, Frank?" I asked.
(End.)

The whole piece of esoterica was written entirely on master, December 12th, (a Friday), 1968, by Your Servant To Obey.................................

MINNESOTA fandom

AN OCCASIONAL DEPARTMENT OF FUNE

Harry Warner's fan history will clear up a lot of areas of question on Twin City fandom. To fill up the general gaps, Harry Warner has supplied the following information in a recent letter:

"Organized fandom in Minneapolis really dates back to 1937 when the Minneapolis Science Fiction League Chapter formed." Note: The Science Fiction League was a national SF club sponsored first by Gernsback's WONDER and then by THRILLING WONDER -- AUG. The chapter didn't survive but some of its members continued to meet unofficially, and then the MFS was organized, meeting for the first time on November 24, 1939. It lasted until early 1943, when almost all the members had either entered the service or moved away, then the survivors resumed informal get-togethers until December 27, 1947, when the group was formally reactivated. Harry goes on to say that the group was "still going strong in 1951."

Rodd Dozoe has said that nine people attended the first MFS meeting in 1937. The last MFS meeting Rodd remembers was in 1952. The first Minn-Stf meeting had five people, and was held Saturday, November 27, 1965. There was no organization area fandom during the intervening 14 years -- although attempts were made to activate and reanimate such an organization.

And Rodd Dozoe speaks ably on the subject.
The only difference between the old buildings of the lower loop and the new public library building of Minneapolis, which has sprung up among them, lies in place as an electronic laboratory in a Chic Sale Outhouse, in that they are more tidy and ugly, while it is bright, clean and ugly. But at least the city of the library’s information desk was attractive as compared with the library’s information desk was attractive as compared with the elderly personnel type the usually handle those duties and I leaned at her elbow curiously, ____________

I took the elevator to the second floor, paused to let the nitrogen bubble that emerged from my blood, and almost instantly noticed John F. Anderson, Jr., bound for his seat in a stately, well-groomed, sharply pressed trousers. I blushed for my second-best sweatshirt and baggy pants and winced at his youthful energy and enthusiasm. He had been the moving spirit (though Ruth Rasmus did much of the actual work) behind this first attempt in nine years at organizing a new Twin Cities Fantasy Society, and he led me back to show me the meeting hall he had booked: a large empty room, filled with a great deluge of cold blue fluorescent light and containing 200 empty green chairs and an equally empty rostrum half a block away. John left me to occupy the premises while he went off to try to round up some more people.

I started to sit in a corner chair, then thought better of it and perched directly at a table. I suddenly realized that the hall wasn’t empty after all, but was crowded with ghosts summoned by a breaking harp-string to this bright new location to conduct old familiar business. Oliver Saari and Douglas Blackley and John Clymer were there, in the very first row. And Arden “Duns” Benson and Bob Madson and Carl Jacobi and Paul Brunson, passing out copies of The Fantasite, and John W. Ogden and Gordy Dickson. And Cliff Simak and Kenny Gray and Richard Elsberry. And Paul Anderson in long stocking cap, flouting a Wallace button, and Dale Poston and Monroe Stremley arguing about some. And Morris Bolmers, surrounded by tons of photographic and recording equipment, and two dozen other fans of yore were present too. And occupying the rostrum stood Samuel D. Russell, delivering his famous lecture on Reinhard.

I knew that in a little while the meeting would break up and everybody would file into Saari’s SfNash (long since scrap iron) and zoom down Hennepin Avenue to the New Yacht cafe (long since out of business) for the usual post-meeting bullfest over coffee and sandwiches. I stood up and tottered over to the window and looked at my reflection in the dark glass. I looked solid enough, with no trace of ectoplasm rising up from my extremities. I turned back to the room and gestured signal...
to her self-styled fan club; sister, and called me the first Minneapolis B&W to blossom since Nathalie. 

said, "appears to be her self-styled fan club; sister, and called me the first Minneapolis B&W to blossom since Nathalie."

I turned aside and lightly, to bring forth another. I opened the door with the name of St. Paul's, complete with a scholarly brevity, and there was a hint of the Burgundy and waved it aloft as a credential.

It then appeared that both Ruth and Fred are math students at the university, but not conversed largely in algebra or calculus, full of irrationalities, absurdities, and games. "I used to be a wiz at long division," I said after awhile. Actually, I was, although I was pretty good at short division, but this was unimportant, for some reason. I decided that a conversation with Jean would be very dull. "How's the world treating you?" I asked brightly. She looked puzzled, and replied thoughtfully, "According to the dualistic epistemology, the world is composed of two sets of entities: material things and mental states of them. The inferred material things are existentially non-identical with the immediately perceived things from which they are inferred, and..."

These other people came in just then, and I wondered if they were material or not, but they were high school students and SF readers who had never subscribed to the paper. There were now eight attendees at the meeting, which was a real meeting — the first Minneapolis Fantasy society meeting in November. I had a total attendance of nine — but the big hall swallowed us up like the desert, the center of the earth. John was, I'm afraid, slightly crushed, although he wouldn't have been; he decided not to hold an official meeting but to just visit as a late date. Ruth invited everybody out to her house for coffee. The others got in one car, while John and I took my redoubtable Packard. Between myself and John, on the corner of the city I made a wrong turn somewhere and drove the fenced-in boscage in a bee-line across lots most of the way, arriving far ahead of the other cars.

Forewarned by phone, Ruth's parents made John and I welcome. The stately Brown house, staring proudly through a couple of black evergreens at Lake Bodien, is a large place containing the usual stuffing and the even more important requirements for the good life: books, records, musical instruments, and hobby equipment. Ruth's father is a doctor, and was engaged at the moment in the delicate medical operation of drying pizza. As soon as the others arrived, we were ushered into a breakfast nook where we ate pizza and chatted with Terry and Mimi Carr. The latter two weren't present except as mental states. Inspired by pepperoni and hot coffee Ruth grabbed the phone and dialed Berkeley (the city, not the bishop), and it was the sort of boom to make contact with the Carrs in order to tell Fancast about this latest event in the history of Twin Cities fandom. Ruth paid for the call, but generously allowed me to monopolize the phone for several minutes, and just as generously Terry permitted me to speak briefly with his sexy wife.

Afterward Ruth showed me her Oz collection — all those early editions featuring full-color plates by Keifer — and Jean sat down at the grand piano and nonchalantly played Poullenc's "Mouvements Perpetuels" with her shoes off (as an encore she played Beethoven's "Hammerklavier" with a real hammer.) And there was chatter-chatter and deep discussion till it was time to leave. I offered John a ride home (he lives ou-
(Now we shift from an historical study of Minnesota fandom to the story of another segment of fandom: APAs. APAs are, as you may remember, those groups of fans who publish fanzines, mailing their zines to an official editor (who then collates the fanzines into a big pile called a mailing, and then sends the mailing out to the members.) APA-45 is an APA that was founded in 1964; only a person born after January 1, 1945 can be a member. John Kuske contributes the following article with the following words: "Ticket to the Past" number one is intended to be part of a series. Others will be written when I feel in the mood, and I hope that the things will eventually provide material for a full-fledged History of APA-45." This piece will be published as a pamphlet early next year, and sent through APA-45.)

I

When Rich Mann resigned as Official Editor of APA-45, I was saddened but not entirely surprised. It was evident that his extensive participation in fandom was hurting his performance in "real" society, and his parents, who were shelling out the money for Rich's education and for his fannish exploits, were becoming more and more dissatisfied. They were disappointed because he showed no ambition to obtain mundane work, and they knew that his relatively poor showing in college was a direct result of fandom. Left to himself, Rich Mann probably would have never "burned out," but his parents were quite capable and willing to apply the blowtorch to him.

Therefore, I expected him to begin to limit his fandom. I thought that he would give in to the pressure that was being exerted against him, eventually drop out of NAP, SDECLIN, TAP, and SAFS, and stay in APA-45 long enough to complete his term as CE. The APA-45 of the fourth, fifth and sixth mailings had been built by Rich Mann, and he took a great deal of pride in it. He had recruited Joe Staton, Arnie Katz, Don D'Amasue, and Gaye Evans. (Not all of these were grade "A" finds, but they provided the variety of personality that a good APA needs.) He had been a leader in developing and pushing through the new constitution, and he had almost single-handedly changed the group's image from that of a haven for prolific crucifere produciure to that of a collection of maturing EMPS. However, the forces driving him were greater than I thought, and his eventual capitulation, although following the lines that I had anticipated, was more extensive.

For his successor Rich chose Tom Dupree, and his reasons are still partially unknown to me. Certainly Tom was a capable young man who showed signs of someday turning into a major fan, and his philosophy largely coincided with Rich's; but Hank Lattrell, the Emergency Editor at the time, also possessed these attributes;
and his appointment would have had the additional advantage of being sanctioned by the constitution. Perhaps Rich feared that the OEship, having once fallen into the hands of Missouri fandom, would never be regained by other sections of the country. In any case, all I can do is speculate. If Rich ever returns from the wilds of the Air Force, perhaps he will explain his thinking.

Tom soon turned out to be a poor choice. It is likely that nobody could have followed Rich Mann successfully, but several other people would have made more of a effort to do so. Dupree seemed to be operating under a laissez faire attitude. He made little effort to persuade demobilized members to stay in the APA, and his own contributions indicated that he was less than enthusiastic himself. Tom wasn't a moron, he was running out of time, and he promised an accurate and cohesive OE (the official organ) but an average Official Editor wasn't what APA-45 needed at the time; an excellent one was.

One by one the talented people dropped out, and when they started to go, the average and poor members went with them. Creath Thorne, Gregg Wolford, and Joe Staten quit, and then Richard Benyo and Alan Mann followed. (Allen and Rich were the members of the first sibling team in APA-45. Lesleigh and Chris Couch are the second.) Rich Mann himself dropped the APA, inducing Dave Heal and most of the rest of the Michigan State crew to give up. Throughout this exodus, Tom Dupree sat in Jackson, Mississippi putting out feeble little APA-45 zines and saying "Gee fellows, don't quit." He was probably doing other things too, but as we shall see, they weren't intended for the benefit of APA-45. It was evident that somebody new was needed, and Don D'Amassa and I began quietly developing our election campaign.

— II —

There are probably as many concepts of what an APA should be as there are APAs, but most of these ideas can be grouped into major categories. Don's concept exists 178 degrees away from mine. He apparently believes that an APA exists to provide a "clearing house" for genzines, and I believe that it exists to provide a "family" for friends. As soon as we found out who was running, therefore, we dedicated ourselves more firmly to winning. Our common enemy was Tom Dupree, of course, but we didn't feel the bitterness toward him that we felt toward each other. As the election progressed, we became more and more irritated with each other, and the final return only served to intensify this enmity.

Each of us had a firm power base. Alexandria fandom provided mine; Jerry Ljung, Alton Byron Chermak and myself. Don's was the Michigan State Crew, many of whom had not dropped out yet; himself, George Fergus, Dave Heal, and Lee Carson. In addition, Don was popular with the young members, and I had the support of the older ones. Tom Dupree didn't seem to inspire anybody. A few days before the deadline, I called Alan Mann, the teller. He told me that Don had won by a single vote and that he doubted that any more ballots would be coming in. I was disappointed; I began making preparations to drop the APA, in fact. However, several days later when I came home from work I noticed a large banner pasted to the garage door. As I stepped into the house (my parents and family were away on a trip around Lake Superior), I heard the blaring sound of Mozart's "Last Recess"—my favorite piece of music, but an odd one with which to celebrate joyful news—and the bubbling of a huge glass of Coke. Then I saw Jerry and Alton basking with enormous smiles. Jerry was holding a postcard. It was from Alan Mann. It said that two more votes had come in. It said that I had won the election by one vote. Soon afterwards Don quit.

At this period in history being OE of APA-45 didn't even hold the little prestige that it does now. We had only a dozen true members, and a few of them weren't really fans, just fringies. We didn't have a treasury, because Tom Dupree had spent it all. Our APA spirit was nonexistent. The quality of our mailings was low. Fan-
The first mailing that I put out was absolutely discouraging. The only thing of worth in it was Lee Carson's OTHN, and this mailing (number nine) wasn't the low point. I put out two more mailings, each worse than the last, before the quality improved. How did we get along between mailing number nine and mailing number twelve? When an APA hits a low point, the people in it are forced closer together. They begin to feel elite, and they get to know each other very well. Their mailing comments begin to show this, and when a new member stumbles into the group, he is welcomed. He becomes part of the in-group, and he sticks around. Soon another new member comes in, he is treated well, he is brought into the family, and he stays. When an APA has a long waiting list, this doesn't happen. People feel that there is no great harm done if the new member doesn't like the APA, because there are plenty more where he came from. So, by developing a close in-group spirit and by treasuring new members, APA-45 began to lay the foundations for a rebirth.

--- John Kuske.

--- REASONS WHY YOU GOT THIS:

--- You are an honorary member of the Minn-Stat.

--- You'd like to trade.

--- Please review this in your zine, please?

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