RUNE 93

RUNE, whole number 93, is volume 16, #6. It is (c) 2023 by the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, all rights revert to the original creators. This issue was produced by guest editor and fanzine fan Jeanne Mealy. Assistance and contributions from SO MANY people were greatly appreciated, especially John L. Stanley and Thorin Tatge’s technical support. Anything that differs from the Table of Contents is a proofing exercise.

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Contributors include Ray Allard, Greg Bridges, Cy Chauvin, Brad Foster, Linda Lounsbury, Marc Ortlieb, Lloyd Penney, John Purcell, Victor Raymond, Jerry Stearns, Thorin N. Tatge, Larry Tisch, Cassandra Trainor, and Cesar Ricardo Tomas da Silva.

Upcoming Mn-Stf Events

Sadly, Einblatt is no more. For info on regular meetings and other events, check the calendar at mnstf.org.

Minicon 57 will be in St. Louis Park on March 29-31, 2024. Check the website for more details: https://mnstf.org/minicon57/. See you then.

Minneapolis in 2073: Stay tuned.

RUNE 94: AND NOW IT’S YOUR TURN. We’d like YOU to be a one-time guest editor. Let us know as soon as possible and we will share the secret knowledge involved in this pursuit.

You will get this issue (1) if you are a Mn-Stf voting member or 2) if you send us The Usual (a letter of comment, fanzine in trade, or any amount of money). Write to rune94@mnstf.org or RUNE, P.O. Box 8297, Minneapolis, MN 55408. Do the fannish thing.
I collaborated on RUNE years ago with the amazingly-creative DavE Romm. He did much of the work and I weighed in on decisions of what to print. Most of my fannish experience has been writing LoCs (Letters of Comment) to fanzines and participating in apazines (five at one time years ago, on a manual typewriter!). These days I’m herding fannish butterflies with Stipple-Apa, the waitlist apa that outlasted Minneapa. We’re up to issue #361 in January 2024 and welcome new members who like to write and get acquainted with other fans. Contact me for details.

Back to RUNE: It’s an interesting challenge to create a fanzine from scratch. Thanks to Matt Strait and Linda Lounsbury for offering advice on how to assemble this issue. I had a great time requesting art, articles, and poetry and was pleased when so many fans responded. I am sure you will find something you enjoy.

Linda’s editorial last time ended with the question about whether life has returned to the old normal. COVID and its variations, the flu, and RSV (Respiratory Syncytial Virus) are still a concern. Many folks are cautious. Masks were required at the conventions I attended this year. But for the most part, people have stopped wearing masks and gone back to attending public events, shopping, and the like. Authorities warn that waves can still occur and urge people to get vaccinated. Illness is often spread in the winter when we head indoors to stay warm. I expect that these diseases will become a regular part of Life, just as colds and the flu have been doing for years. Fortunately, vaccinations exist to protect us and are usually available in a variety of locations. It still feels a bit odd to get vaccinations at a grocery store or warehouse (such as Sam’s) pharmacy. Doctors’ offices are suffering from staffing issues like so many other businesses. Those of us with health complications take those extra steps to manage our health. I’m not interested in a debate about the potential dangers of vaccinations. I just want YOU to be here for awhile.

I’d love to see brief contributions about what you do. A page or two will do. If work is interesting, write about that. What are your hobbies? I like writing for Stipple-Apa. Every six weeks I stretch my creative writing muscles to describe what I do, keeping in mind that not everyone attends conventions, walks in parks, enjoys bird-watching, cooks and bakes, and attends the state fair. And even if you do, we each have our own viewpoints. Reading, yes! I have stacks of books to read with topics such as travel, science fiction and fantasy, humor, and more. I picked up some classics from Denny’s collection. I love movies, especially in a movie theater. It’s fun to see OLD classic movies. (I rewatched “Army of Darkness” around Halloween. Weird, funny. I do love a good skeleton army.) I also watch TV, having gotten addicted to it as a child. I’m an active viewer, watching camera angles, critiquing the writing, lamenting the shows with laugh tracks. Yes, I was an English major, so don’t get me started. Heh, heh.

Are you itching to contribute to RUNE 94? I know you have ideas and experiences to share. Were you on convention panels for the first time? Do you have ideas on how fandom will evolve? Would you like to attend a convention in space? (I’ve been on that panel several times.) Hope to see a flood of LoCs as you share your opinions. Are there topics not covered, art that is still available? Let’s see more book reviews! Music! Science!

This clubzine needs your contributions to thrive. We want to hear from you. I don’t know who the next Guest Editor will be or when the issue will come out. The more we hear from you, the more likely RUNE will get back on a regular schedule. Now is a good time to write to rune94@mnstf.org or RUNE, P.O. Box 8297, Minneapolis, MN  55408.
MEMORIALS

From LOCUS, Fancyclopedia, and miscellaneous fans. Linda Lounsbury points out that Ansible has lengthy obits every month that include fans and celebrities that science fiction and fantasy fans might care about. Dave Langford edits this ‘infamous British SF/fan newsletter, published since 1979’ (his words). https://news.ansible.uk/Ansible.html.

Justin E.A. Busch, 63, died October 21, 2022. He was best known in the field for his first book, The Utopian Vision of H.G. Wells (2009), and for his work in fanzines. He was a member of Stipple-Apa for several years. Photo by apa member Kathy Sidles at a collation.

Justin Edwin Anton Busch was born April 23, 1959 in St. Louis, MO, and lived in Nashville, TN, and Geneva, NY. He earned a BA in Philosophy at Hobart College (1981), a MA in the Humanities at Old Dominion (1986), and a MA in Philosophy at Queen’s University (1992). He taught at various institutions, including Quest University in British Columbia, Canada.

Justin edited fanzines Far Journeys and Films Fantastic, and wrote the fanzine review column “Fanfaronade” for Nameless News, the National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F) news ’zine. He received a Neffy Award for Best Fan Editor from N3F in 2021, and First Fandom posthumously presented him with the Merit Award in late October 2022 for “attaining excellence in his work.” In addition to SF, he wrote about music, film, and philosophy, and was a successful composer and performer.

Chuck Holst died March 5, 2023. He was one of the founders of NOCRES (Sercon spelled backwards) and an excellent photographer. He was a Mn-Stf officer and board member in the 70s, then gafiated sometime in the 1980s.

Dennis Kieth Lien, aka Denny, September 26, 1945 - April 15, 2023. Denny was a long-time Minneapolis fan and collector. He worked on many Minicons and was a member and officer of Mn-Stf. Denny served as editor of Einblatt. He was a co-author of “Midwest Side Story” and performed in its first production as Anti-Fan. He was an apahack, having been a member of Minneapa, Stipple-Apa (served as OE), ANZAPA (president in 1989), Applesauce, Spinoff (served as OE), Vanapa, and Apa 070.4.

In mundane life, he was a reference librarian at the University of Minnesota. In 1984, he married fellow fan Terry A. Garey, whom he spent several years taking tender care of as her physical and mental health deteriorated. He died of kidney cancer and acute myeloid leukemia, the latter diagnosed in January 2023.

Jeanne here: Denny helped with untold numbers of fannish moves that involved lifting many boxes of books and other heavy stuff. He was an avid book collector, filling a very large house in Minneapolis. See Linda Lounsbury’s article on page 18 that includes stories about clearing out that huge house and getting items to many, many people who could use them.
Ira Mitchel “Mitch” Thornhill, (December 23, 1953 – July 25, 2023). He was born in Mississippi, attended Louisiana State University, and worked as a nurse. He became involved in fandom in the 1970s while living in New Orleans and later in Minneapolis when he joined Mn-Stf and lived in the Bozo Bus Building. Mitch wrote for and published fanzines from the 1970s until the 1980s. *Bozo Bus Tribune, Fear and Loathing in the Night, New Matrix,* and *Rainbow.* He was an aficionado of roller derby and played the cowbells. A huge Grateful Dead fan, Mitch followed them on some of their tours and filled his house with psychedelic and fantasy art. He cofounded Corroboree Press in Minneapolis with Ripley Thornhill and Greg Ketter, publishing works by R.A. Lafferty, Philip K. Dick, and Kate Wilhelm in the 1980s and ’90s. Mitch came up with the name "Corroboree", an Australian Aboriginal word for "a big party", and a fitting way to describe his life. He was a member of SFPA and was a former Bozo Bus resident. In late 2021, Mitch suffered a series of falls resulting in a spinal cord injury that left him largely paralyzed. It was not promptly diagnosed or treated effectively. Surgery in December 2022 was unsuccessful.

**AUDIO THEATER**

By Jerry Stearns

I’ve been making audio theater as The Great Northern Audio Theatre with my partner, Brian Price, since 1995. Back at a Minicon in the late 90s or so we did a radio play called “Drummer’s Dome”, starring David Ossman and featuring Jeff Schalles on drums. It was a small audience, but we had fun. And we found out that there was more to the story.

Later we wrote a new finishing chapter to the script and reproduced it in the studio, with local actors and a different professional drummer. (Bill E Webb was my neighbor across the alley.) It was released in 2002. The basic story line is that Drummer finally gets to build the Geodesic Dome house he always wanted, only to find that the inside of the dome is on a different planet than the outside.

As we talked about Drummer and his old band, Bent Sunshine, we decided to add to the web page about the play. One thing we added was a list of the songs on their last double album, *Excess Is Not Enough.* Songs like *Far From Fargo, Koochiching,* and *Counting on the Count of Monte Cristo.* After a while we began to hear snippets from those songs in our heads. Of course we couldn’t let them languish there, so we began making those songs real.

The website at http://www.greatnorthernaudio.com/gnrt/drummers.html now has four of those snippets linked on the bottom of the page. We are continuing to work on more of them, too. I’ve got Far From Fargo in my cue right now. This is a fictional band from a story about the 60s, so it’s a kind of music that we are very familiar with – imaginary.

Also on the site is a history of the Mark Time Radio Show that begins at Minicon 31 in 1996. ☀
I used to ride the #21 bus when I was in junior high and high school, through Minneapolis and St. Paul. Each week, that bus and other bus routes would be part of my journey to school or home or the homes of friends. These included the #19, #22, and the #2 bus routes, and sometimes the #4, the #6, and even the #9. But each bus might as well have been equipped with warp drives or interdimensional gates, as far as I was concerned. The mid-70s in the Twin Cities was a magical time and place.

At that time, I lived with my father and step-mother in south Minneapolis, just off Cedar Avenue, not too far from Lake Street. When I was younger I had discovered science fiction and board wargames, through James Horswill, a stage actor and the father of one of my closest friends growing-up. By 1971 or 1972, I had played *U-Boat, Afrika Korps, Stalingrad, and Blitzkrieg*, and developed an interest in history and military history. When I was seven, Mr. Horswill lent me his hardcover copy of *Space Cadet* by Robert A. Heinlein, and after reading that, I discovered my love of science fiction and fantasy. I remember my first works of science fiction and fantasy included *Lucky Starr and the Moons of Jupiter*, *Against the Fall of Night*, and *The Hobbit*, and shortly after that, *The Lord of the Rings*.

By 1975, I was going to school at Marshall-University Junior High School. My parents had academic backgrounds and wide cultural tastes and indulged my interest in all things fantastical. We had gone to the Minnesota Renaissance Festival, and I had gotten used to buying science fiction at B. Dalton Booksellers at the mall, and the local bookstores in Dinkytown. But I was beginning to sense there was more out there in the wider world.

I had asked my older friends where to buy this game, and they told me it could be gotten at a store called “The Little Tin Soldier Shoppe” located at 818 West Lake Street in south Minneapolis. By the time I was 12 years old I had gotten used to taking the bus around Minneapolis, so there was no problem getting there. At that time, Lake Street was lined with small businesses in one or two story brick buildings; the “Little Tin” was on the north side of the street, near Bryant Avenue and Lake Street. To get there, I would take the #21 bus west. When I reached Bryant, I would pull the cord to let the driver I needed off, and would step down to the curb. The “Little Tin” was just nearby.

It had a magazine rack in the front, displays in the window, a counter immediately inside the door, and a gaming table in the back. Between the counter and the gaming table there were displays of new games, miniatures from various historical eras, and some fantasy and science fiction items here and there. I don’t exactly remember what it was like going there for the first time, but I have memories of looking in wonderment at all of the possible games to buy, a considerable amount of tobacco pipe-smoke, and a very “historical/military/(masculine)” social environment. Almost all of the customers were white men, somewhere between 25 and 65 in age, a few with military haircuts. Women and people of color were absent -- something I only noticed much later.
Although I had some idea of the games sold at the “Little Tin” I soon discovered that my interest in fantasy wargaming was considered somewhat juvenile and outre; I got the distinct message that I should be putting my money towards REAL wargaming, like Napoleonic miniatures. I took that in, but I was determined to get a copy of this new game. Although I had been playing for months before buying my copy, putting together the money for D&D from my allowance required financial management and took some time.

About that same time, I discovered Uncle Hugo’s Science Fiction Bookstore, then located on Franklin and 4th Avenues in south Minneapolis, right off the #2 bus route, and a block or two from the #9. It was down the street from the Minneapolis American Indian Center, where my family went for pow-wows — my father was Rosebud Sioux, as am I, and my step-mother was Cherokee. When we moved to the Twin Cities in 1968, my father was a founding member of the Department of American Indian Studies — there were a lot of Native people in Minneapolis, then and now.

There wasn’t a lot of connection between my family heritage and my interests, but I was enthralled by fantasy and doing “adult stuff” like getting around town on my own and having some teenage independence. Like a lot of young gamers, that “sensawunda” was a siren song. I would get $1.50 or $2 for lunch each day; if I spent 99 cents on lunch, I could save up enough quarters to buy one or two paperback science fiction or fantasy books at the end of the week. Games like D&D, which cost $10 in 1974, could take a month or more of saving up, or wages from the part-time jobs I had later.

By my early teens, I had also discovered Minn-StF and the Society for Creative Anachronism. My recollection was that Minn-StF meetings at the time were held in the homes of members on Thursdays and Saturdays (has anyone kept their old Einblatts?), and the meetings of then-Shire of Nordskogen were on Sunday afternoons. But playing D&D took up my time on Tuesday nights and Saturdays at Coffman Memorial Union, and later on Friday nights at the community room of the Minneapolis Police Department’s 6th Precinct, on the #18 bus route. In the 1970s, being a teen meant you could have a lot of free time -- and I spent that free time riding the bus and dreaming of other worlds. Wandering the back streets of Lankhmar with Fafhrd and Grey Mouser, sailing the reaches of Earthsea with Sparrowhawk, or discovering new planets and trading opportunities with David Falkayn - all of this was grist for the mill of Dungeons & Dragons.

Looking back at D&D - what is now often referred to as _Original_ Dungeons & Dragons - the three little booklets inside a cardboard box were quite inviting, and from a rules-writing perspective also something of a mess. Warriors and wizards to play, monsters of almost infinite variety, dungeons filled with devious traps and heaps of treasure. Each “referee” - or “dungeon master” or “judge” had to make up their own dungeon and the world it existed in. The “rules” were really a toolkit for the referee to interpret and use as they saw fit. Which is exactly what every referee did.

One D&D-inspired game that was quite different was Minn-StF Dungeon. The story of how Blue Petal, Richard Tatge, and others created their own dungeon-delving and monster-fighting game deserves its own space, but I will note that it was not a game I played much, back then or now. In retrospect, I find that a little odd. I suspect it was due to a kind of personal division of genres: in my mind, Minn-StF was about fantasy and science fiction books, but the “Little Tin” and various game clubs were about D&D and other tabletop roleplaying games. As new D&D-related products were published, there was more visibility and support for D&D as a commercial product, which probably reinforced my thinking about all this.
Another interesting aspect of my experience gaming in the Twin Cities was the invisible division between Minneapolis and St. Paul. When I was getting into gaming I had been told that Dave Arneson, the co-author of *D&D*, lived in St. Paul. But I rarely -- if ever! -- took the #21 bus across the Lake Street/Marshall Avenue Bridge into St. Paul, much less ventured to the College of St. Thomas to find the gamers there, including Dave. Much later, Dave and I would become friends, but that is a different story.

When I finished school each day, I would take a city bus home. Running upstairs to my bedroom, I would look at my growing collection of fantasy books and think of all the things I might include in my *D&D* game. I would read the rules of the game, and then I would draw out dungeons and worlds, with graph paper, paper with a hexagon grid, and colored pencils. I would make notes about what was going on where, and I would imagine what stories I might tell through gaming, and be inspired by it.

How I played *D&D* varied. If I was gaming with my junior high and high school friends, initially things were wild and not very defined -- we were teens being teens. If I was gaming with adults - mostly young men in their twenties -- I was most often a player, learning as much as I could from observing how they played. But sometimes I had the chance to referee. My very first dungeon was just one level filling an entire sheet of graph paper, rooms and corridors and traps and monsters and treasure — I didn’t get a chance to finish other levels. At 12 or 13 years old, I was rather proud of it, and I first ran it for two older players, who advised me on how to improve it after playing with me.

My friend Paul, who was a couple of years older than me, was a considerable influence on how I thought about playing and refereeing *D&D*. Paul lived south of me in the Standish-Ericsson neighborhood, just off the #22 bus route, and I gamed with him a lot during high school. He had developed his own set of rules, based on *D&D*, which were quite advanced for the time. His gaming world included three different civilizations spanning over thirty-three sheets of hex paper. He also developed an alternative form of dungeon-mapping, which I learned by playing in his world.. I have fond memories of spending Saturday afternoons in the summer gaming with Paul, only taking breaks for milk and chocolate chip cookies baked by his mom.

Within just a few years after *D&D* was published, other roleplaying games appeared: *Tunnels & Trolls, En Garde!*, *Superhero (20)*, *Runequest, Chivalry & Sorcery*, and *Traveller*, amongst others. That last one made a huge impression on me, since it was science fiction, inspired by the writing of Poul Anderson, E.C. Tubb, H. Beam Piper, and Jack Vance. By the time I was 17, I was making plans to go to college, and by then *D&D* was only one of many different games I was playing.

In retrospect, the appearance of *D&D* in 1974 had a profound effect on American society, though nobody knew it at the time. *D&D* was clearly part of a larger social and cultural shift which had taken place in the 1960s: the first Renaissance Festivals, the centennial of the Battle of Gettysburg and the emergence of historical re-enactment, the founding of the Society for Creative Anachronism, the premiere of *Star Trek* as a TV show and its resulting fandom, the paperback release of *The Lord of the Rings — all of these set the stage for Dungeons & Dragons*, only a few years later.

Over the fifty years since *D&D* was published, the game has gone through nearly a dozen different editions, each one more developed and supported than the previous. Likewise, the hobby has grown from a few hundred people in 1974, to over 14 million players today around the world.

The biggest difference between gaming then and gaming now has been in the assumptions gamers would make about what they thought about playing *D&D*. When the game first came out, because of the “toolkit” nature of the game, the dungeons and worlds created for them varied by the imagination of the referee. The question asked back then was, “How is your dungeon different?” -- the expectation was that no two games were alike. Due to the massive popularity of *D&D* in the present day, the question has changed to “how can I be sure that your game is the same as others?” In other words, gamers today already have their expectations set, which speaks to how much *D&D* has entered our cultural mindset.
Looking back, what made D&D special for me and many other people was that it was (and still is) a vehicle for our imaginations. We can create worlds and share them with one another, and craft stories through the adventures we have when gaming. This is magical and worthwhile - all we need to do is open the rulebooks, and be ready to be inspired. All it takes is you.
2023 Hugo Awards

The winners of the 2023 Hugo Awards—one of science fiction and fantasy’s most prestigious awards, decided by the popular vote of WorldCon members—were presented in October at the 81st WorldCon in Chengdu, China. https://www.thehugoawards.org/hugo-history/2023-hugo-awards/.

**Best Novel:** *Nettle & Bone*, by T. Kingfisher (Tor Books)

**Best Novella:** *Where the Drowned Girls Go*, by Seanan McGuire (Tordotcom)

**Best Short Story:** “Rabbit Test,” by Samantha Mills (*Uncanny Magazine*, Nov. - Dec. 2022)

**Best Series:** *Children of Time Series*, by Adrian Tchaikovsky (Pan Macmillan/Orbit)

**Best Graphic Story or Comic:** *Cyberpunk 2077: Big City Dreams*, by Bartosz Sztybor, Filipe Andrade, Alessio Fioriniello, Roman Titov, Krzysztof Ostrowski (Dark Horse Books)

**Best Related Work:** *Terry Pratchett: A Life With Footnotes*, by Rob Wilkins (Doubleday)

**Lodestar Award for Best Young Adult Book (presented by the World Science Fiction Society):**

*Akata Woman (The Nsibidi Scripts)*, by Nnedi Okorafor (Viking Books for Young Readers)

**Astounding Award for Best New Writer (presented by Dell Magazines):** Travis Baldree

**Best Dramatic Presentation, Long Form:** *Everything Everywhere All at Once*, screenplay by Daniel Kwan and Daniel Scheinert, directed by Daniel Kwan and Daniel Scheinert (IAC Films / Gozie AGBO)

**Best Dramatic Presentation, Short Form:** *The Expanse: “Babylon’s Ashes”*, written by Daniel Abraham, Ty Franck, Naren Shankar, directed by Breck Eisner (Alcon Entertainment)

**Best Editor, Short Form:** Neil Clarke. **Best Editor, Long Form:** Lindsey Hall

**Best Professional Artist:** Enzhe Zhao

**Best Semiprozine:** *Uncanny Magazine*, publishers and editors-in-chief: Lynne M. Thomas and Michael Damian Thomas; managing/poetry editor Chimedum Ohaegbu; managing editor Monte Lin; nonfiction editor Meg Elison; podcast producers Erika Ensign and Steven Schapansky.

**Best Fanzine:** *Zero Gravity Newspaper*, by RiverFlow and Ling Shizhen

**Best Fancast:** *Hugo, Girl!,* by Haley Zapal, Amy Salley, Lori Anderson, Kevin Anderson

**Best Fan Writer:** Chris M. Barkley

**Best Fan Artist:** Richard Man
Game Night at Dream Park: A Recollection of Sorts
By John Purcell

Recently Jeanne Mealy wrote to me asking for a short article to include in this issue of *Rune*. Some memory bit of my time in Minn-stf would be good, she said; not too long, but a fond recollection of time spent with my longtime cohorts. It sounded like a good break from grading student essays and such, so I agreed, and shortly the topic of this piece came to mind.

Friday night gaming has been at the house of Richard and Sharon Tatge for as long as I can remember. Their home – a.k.a., Dream Park – in south Minneapolis is one of those massive, late Victorian and/or early Edwardian age houses that seems to have room upon room on all three floors; at least this is how my memory banks have stored the layout of Dream Park. Suffice it to say it is one cool looking house and worth exploring.

Serendipitously, as I finish writing this it is almost October 31st, 2023, which reminds me that Dream Park was also the site of many Minn-stf Halloween Parties. It was at one of those soirees (ca. 1980-81) when I visually punned Will Shetterly. Since most attendees wore costumes to this annual event, I created one at the last minute. All I did was wear my company’s softball uniform with a New York Yankees jersey, tied a black bath towel around my neck so that it hung like a cape, wore a simple black eye mask, and carried a Louisville Slugger around all night. Will made the mistake of coming up to me and asking what I was supposed to be. My answer was a guttural, “I’m Batman!” The painful look on his face was worth it.

But back to gaming at Dream Park.

I started going to game night toward the end of 1979 when I shared an apartment with Barney Neufeld in the Uptown neighborhood of Minneapolis. We started going because Richard and Sharon hosted Minn-stf meetings besides these aforementioned Halloween parties and caught wind of this game night during the announcement portion of a club meeting. Barney and I talked it over and figured we’d go. We enjoyed ourselves, and soon became regular gamers – in the sense of board and card game players – at these game nights for the next few years. We might have skipped a week or two here and there, but overall, our Friday nights were reserved.

After I married, going to game night continued for me until the mid-80s when my first wife and I moved to Los Angeles for a year (I had a job offer there), then resumed going to game night at Dream Park when we returned to Mipple-Stipple in 1986 and reconnected with our Minn-stf family. However, I finally stopped going to this weekly game night shortly after the 1988 Minicon. Such is life: interests grow and wane, and game night at Dream Park was one of the casualties.

Through it all, the monthly Minn-stf newzine, *Einblatt*, has listed local fannish events since 1968, and this weekly game night has been a regular item there for as long I can remember. (*Side note: *Einblatt* is no longer “published” in the traditional sense but has been available online or via email since 2002. The new editor, Isaac Scheider, just sent out the most recent “issue” in August 2023. And yes, the Friday Game Night at Dream Park was dutifully mentioned as hosted by Richard and Thorin Tatge, and sometimes Sharon.)* It was always fun, and other semi-regular players I recall were Todd McElroy, Lee Reynolds, Beth Friedman, Dean Gahlon, possibly Joyce Maetta Odum, and others whose names are forgotten to the mists of time. However, I do believe John Stanley was also there off and on, plus the cast of characters changed over the years, so if any *Rune* readers here remember going to those Dream Park game nights of yore, feel free to write a letter-of-comment to guest editor Jeanne Mealy or directly to me, for that matter, to refresh my memory banks.

So, what usually transpired? Well, there were a lot of board games typically played. The most common were Risk, 221-B Baker Street (a particular favorite of many), D&D (not one that I ever
really got into, unlike so many of my contemporaries in Minn-stf), and a role-playing game that Richard Tatge was developing, so we were his beta-testers as he refined playing rules, roles, game layout, scoring, and what-not. I wonder if he ever finished that project. His game was interesting, I do remember, despite my not being very interested in RPG’s in general.

Not surprisingly, a wide variety of board games were always played. Richard and Sharon had a very large and varied collection of these; there was at least one closet packed full of board games. The most popular games played were Sorry, Monopoly, and even raucous versions of Chutes and Ladders, with people taking turns all evening. Clue was also a biggie, but by far the one game that everybody loved playing was 221-B Baker Street, a mystery board game based on the Sherlock Holmes canon. It was great fun. My first exposure to Mahjong happened one fateful night, changing my life forever. Naturally, card games – mostly whist, bridge, and hearts, sometimes that old childhood staple War – were always popular, too. Cribbage has long been a favorite card game of mine, so quite often I brought my cribbage board along throughout those years. During each game night a wide variety of games would be played, ensuring no single person was bored. (See what I did there?)

As mentioned earlier, this game night is still running. Assuming that the weekly Friday game night at Dream Park started in, say, 1978 or thereabouts, this event has been happening for 45 years now. That’s a damned impressive string.

All in all, I have fond memories of Dream Park game nights. Should I ever get the chance while visiting Minneapolis – my brother still lives there – to partake of a game night again, I would do so in a heartbeat. It is great fun, and the company is the best part of the deal.

Did I just make another gaming pun? Possibly.

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THORIN WRITES: Solving twisty puzzles like the Rubik's Cube, but not the Rubik's cube, has for some time been a hobby of mine. In the summer of 2020, while I was walking twice weekly or so through George Floyd Square to try out every flavor of Blizzard at my local Dairy Queen (a restaurant with an outdoor ordering window, thus skirting the pandemic), I would fiddle with one of the most daunting puzzles in my collection: the Megaminx Ghost Pyramid. Blue with black stickers, I soon realized this puzzle was topologically equivalent to the normally cubical Skewb, but in the shape of a tetrahedron. The 'ghost' part meant that its sides weren't different colors like a classic twisty puzzle; rather, the whole thing was blue with black stickers. Each of the 14 pieces was a different size and shape. As a final insult, the puzzle's solved state wasn't even one of the normal states from which it could be twisted in four directions; rather, it was between two of these states, making it all the harder to work out which pieces belonged where. For a puzzle with so few pieces, this one was exceptionally difficult for me. When I finally managed to finish it, I celebrated by writing a poem about the process.

The ghost pyramid
reared on symmetry
does not realize it is a blue hippopotamus
clasping a teacup in between
monstrosities that are faces
and petite nails that are edges
in the perfect skewed cube it thinks it is.

Its fourteen pieces
(the cattywumpus number)
spin in geodesis
(but they actually lumber)
by their nature proving
that one shape's another
if you set it moving
and remove the color

Each mausolismic chunk
or modest flat triangle
of the pyramid both defines
the fact of its challenge
and provides a handle
by which to distinguish
mess from edifice
(which in civilized puzzles
is accomplished through color coding).

Here, just two truetypes dwell:
eight nuclear turners
around which six polyhedral clouds
glide, clod and collide
like electrons
for nucleons barely stable;

but as I turned
these irregularities incarnate

with algorithmic faith
that they would rotate neatly
into flat planar place if I
perpetrated no mistakes,

I thought not of isotypes and ions
but of animals built for their environs
staunchly standing in grave proportion,
small as field mice or great as lions
No more strength than their proper portion,
Legs as long as prescribed by science
coming flush under careful torsion.

Supple springhare or weighty kudu
is not so easily alien gauged
when it would have as much flesh as you do
if you were similarly staged;

Thoughts like these are inevitable
when you are forced to weigh the hippopotamus
and the teacup
Equally in what turns out to be
in the end, ramshackle path notwithstanding
A solution of perfect symmetry.
Exploring the Old Book Cabinet
By Cy Chauvin

In the basement of my house is an old book cabinet made of black walnut with a curved glass door. It was moved from my father’s house on Georgia Street sometime in the early 1960’s, but is much older than that, perhaps dating to 1900. It is filled with old books from my father’s childhood: Tarzan books, Bomba the Jungle Boy (an imitator), Jack London, The Land That Time Forgot, James Oliver Curwood, and many others. We used to go downstairs with my father once a week, my sister and I, and borrow a book.

My father would rifle through this small old fashioned key-ring, trying each key until he found the one that unlocked the cabinet door. “Notice how it’s always the last key that opens this door, no other,” he would say mysteriously.

I suppose that’s how I got my love of reading: from that mysterious dark cabinet of books. The Land That Time Forgot by Edgar Rice Burroughs, opens in a tower built of skulls on a mysterious island of devolved creatures. Tarzan was always fighting off attacks from fierce lions or monsters, whose goal was to slice open his “jugular” vein!

But just as the books I first read were not currently published ones, I find now that what I most often read are not new books, but older books that I re-read, or ones that I bought many years ago and haven’t read yet, or that I borrow from the library. It seems that books have to ‘age’ awhile, before they’re at their best to read.

Take A Wizard of Earthsea by Ursula K. LeGuin. Did I last re-read this in 1970, or have I re-read it at some time since? I wanted to take a small paperback to read on a plane trip, and it seemed the perfect fit. After reading a couple chapters on the plane, I decided it was too good to waste on a trip! I wanted to reread it when I could give it my full concentration.

Rereading a novel that made a deep first impression is always fraught with disappointment and double memories. I know I hesitated before about rereading A Wizard of Earthsea because I thought, “it’s another novel about a school for wizards, like Harry Potter.” But the school for wizards on the island of Roke takes up not much more than a chapter. I found it hard to read Earthsea as a ‘young adult’ novel, and think of main character (Ged) as a boy. He already seems self-reliant, and engaged in the business of growing up. Perhaps that is because there are no real parents or sibling in the novel; he is alone. It is far more sophisticated than the typical young adult work, and more gracefully written.

The magic in this novel is a philosophy (like the Tao) as much as it is a device. It has some meaning, rather than just being a plot device or a means to wreak violence on another. That seems all part of LeGuin’s intent. It all seems so much deeper than the way magic is used in current young adult fantasy. And yet at the same time, there is a lot of magic happening in the novel, and it is used in creative and colorful ways.

I also misremembered the role of the dragons in the book, thinking they helped Ged save himself and Earthsea. But Ged saves himself entirely through his own efforts, in essence by facing his own problems, as adults must. I don’t know if all Earthsea was really at danger, in any case. If I was starting a book cabinet for someone, I’d certainly include this in it.

Another might be A Sudden Wild Magic, by Diana Wynne Jones (1992). While she has written many books, this is one of her few adult novels. Except for Marcus, a two year old, there are no children or young adults in the novel. It opens with Mark Lister, outwardly a computer programmer, secretly a
magician, getting in touch with Gladys, an older widow and one of the four members of his inner ring, about an approaching magical catastrophe. Mark has found that another world is spying on earth and stealing its ideas, both technological and magical. And it appears that climate change has been induced by this other world, so that earth will be forced to come up with an answer to this problem for this alternate world, known as the Pentarchy.

The spying is done from a small ‘pocket universe’ they dub Laputa- Blish (check your sf knowledge for the reason for that name), and they hatch a plan to send a capsule (adapted from an old bus) filled with 16 women and two men to this pocket fortress. Zillah, the sister of Amanda, one of the members of the inner ring, has a great deal of untrained ‘wild magic’, and decides she wants to go with the recruits on this voyage. She wants to escape (mentally) from Mark, with whom she has had an affair and a son, Marcus. The staff and cadets at Laputa- Blish take an oath of celibacy for their stay, so when the capsule reaches it, the woman soon spreads havoc and disturbs the ‘vibrations’ necessary for their magic and spying on earth.

This book is great fun, and the author’s ability of original invention is just bountiful. After this, my third re-reading, I want to say that there must be a little more than that to the book. But isn’t fresh humor enough? There are a whole series of characters that are ‘pairs’— analogues represented in both parallel worlds, and in one case, a whole person who has been split in two by magic, and one half sent to the other world. The climax of the novel occurs when these two are reunited. Is there symbolism that I don’t understand in this? Or is the truth that the mistress of all this sudden wild magic is not Gladys or Zillah or any character, but Diana Wynne Jones herself? A less gifted writer would have made this a series.

*The Space Machine* (1976) by Christopher Priest harkens back to the much older novels of H.G. Wells, and although intended for adults, would be a good volume for the book cabinet. This novel might be claimed to be the first steampunk novel. It is written with nearly unerring style and the viewpoint of the time, told by Edward Turnbull, a commercial traveler who meets Amelia Fitzgibbon at a hotel despite barriers caused by the proprieties of the time (1893). I think I’m beginning to find that I prefer to read novels that at least start with some basis of reality, then become fantasy or science fiction. She introduces Turnbull to Sir William, who has invented a time machine! The time machine has the ability to move in space as well as time, and Turnbull and Fitzgibbon take a late night ride and end up on Mars. They encounter a Martian civilization, with its race of slaves and overlords, and described in fitting details inspired by both *The Time Machine* and *The War of the Worlds*. The overlords are preparing to launch an expedition to be Earth (shot from a mile-long cannon).

Turnbull and Fitzgibbon mix with the humanoid Martian slaves, and wonder at their despondency. But the overlords, as they discover, have tentacles. Although created from human stock to increase the intelligence and intellectual powers of the race, they now are ruthless and consider the others only as slaves and as a food stock. Turnbull and Fitzgibbon stow aboard one of the projectiles shot to Earth. When they return, the story closely follows that of *The War of the World*, from Woking on into London. A nice touch is when they rescue H.G. Wells from a riverbank, where he laid after an encounter from the Martians! Near the end of the book, Wells says “We stand in the early years of a new century, and it is one which will see many changes. At the heart of those changes will be a new battle: one between Science and Conscience.” Could Wells have actually written those words? They seem something quite in his vein. Quite an enjoyable read.

*The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag* (1940) by Robert Heinlein, was a surprising read, since it seems so atypical of Heinlein. This short novel (about 122 pages) is bound in with four other short stores. First serialized in *Astounding* magazine, it is science fiction with a horror and film noir feel. Jonathan Hoag goes to meet Edward and Cynthia Randall, a husband and wife who operate a detective agency, because he can’t remember what he does during the daytime. He has no memory of what he does for a living, but just wakes up, leaves his apartment in Chicago, and then returns home.
at night. He has been to a doctor who offers him an unsatisfactory answer, and discourages him from finding out what is wrong. The couple trace Hoag as he leaves for the day, with his apparent destination a company on the 13th floor in an office building. But although one of the couple sees him enter, they can find no trace of the company – or even the 13th floor, of course. When the Randall couple confers at the end of the day, each has seen something different! And both have seen Hoag at different places at the same time! Then they begin to have some strange, intense dreams. But the story has a science fictional rationale and conclusion, rather than supernatural or fantastic.

Black Easter (1968) by James Blish, on the other hand, is fantasy. But it is unusual for the author of a novel about magic to include a note stressing its authenticity. “[The] background is based as closely as possible upon the writings and actual working manuals of practicing magicians working in the Christian tradition from the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries… All the books mentioned in the text actually exist; there are no "Necronomicons"… and the quotations and symbols are equally authentic. (Though of course it should be added that the attributes of these works are seldom to be trusted…)” Blish also writes that all the novels he has read before on magic and witchcraft have treated it in a playful and romantic fashion. So in other words, he has taken the intent of ‘hard’ science fiction and used it to write fantasy. The story of this short book is that of a black magician, Theron Ware, who is hired by a large munitions industrialist, Baines (he seems to have no first name), to perform at first a couple demonic murders by magic. The first murder is entirely casual, to no purpose except to prove Ware’s abilities to Baines. (And perhaps to make the reader realize what kind of man Baines might be.) Then is sprung the far bigger task by Baines upon Ware, which involves the unleashing of multiple demons upon the earth, and which Baines regards as akin to a work of art, with he as its patron! The project goes wrong. Another character tells Baines something that I think is a major point of the novel: “…I was interested in the history of science. That involves trying to understand why there wasn’t any science for so long, and why it went into eclipse almost every time it was rediscovered. …I think the human mind goes through a sort of cycle of fear. It can only take so much accumulated knowledge, and then it panics, and starts inventing reasons to throw everything over and go back to a Dark Age every time with a new, invented mystical reason.” And there is more. And so this novel isn’t really at all a novel of horror, but something else. It ends, but I won’t give away the ending, even though this novel is now commonly published together with its sequel, The Day After Judgement, into one combined book. The book is written in a way that is quite compelling, despite it being without much exterior action.

I never really appreciated Theodore Sturgeon before to the degree he deserves; I suppose that’s because his real talent as a writer was not in world creation, or unusual ideas or important matters of life and death, or saving the universe, which is what I looked for when I was young. (And I still look for those, but sometimes quieter virtues will suffice.) So I never heard of the stories in The Golden Helix before finding the book in the attic. The title story is quite ambitious. Some colonists aboard a spaceship wake to find they’ve landed on the wrong planet, and that some aliens there hold them in awe and want to worship them. But as the colonists explore and also give birth on the planet, they find out the animal life there and themselves are ‘de-evolving’, which leads to a tragic end. The beginning of the story is magnificently written and so ambitious (Sturgeon convinces me of the aliens’ awe), but ‘de-evolution’ is such a hoary old and stupid idea (left over from Edgar Rice Burroughs) that the story never fulfills its great potential. Sturgeon says that “…and my fear is great…” (a terrible title) is one of his favorite stories, and I like it a lot too. It is about a poor young man who meets an older woman. She has psi powers and recognizes that he has some psi potential, and so invites him back to be her friend. She is actually a lonely woman. At first, there is just a class of cultures (lower class and middle class), but later when Donny (the young man) meets a girl, Miss Phoebe (the older woman) becomes jealous. The appeal of the story isn’t what Sturgeon does with psi powers, but the details of the characters and their dialog from the early 1950’s or 1940’s. Many of the other stories’ appeal is similar. “The Man Who Lost the Sea” isn’t about the sea at all. It is a true experiment. Quite a collection of ambitious stories.
October the First is Too Late by Fred Hoyle (1966) is a book I last read in 1968 – when I loved it, but didn’t understand it. I re-read it almost non-stop. It is told by Richard, a musician and composer, who is caught in a strange, catastrophic event. Hoyle must have known quite a bit about music (did he play an instrument?), to write so well and convincingly about his character’s background. In science fiction, where most characters are scientists, or astronauts (or who seem to have no firm profession at all), to have someone write so convincingly about a musician is unusual. Richard meets his friend, John Sinclair (who is a scientist), and they go on a mountain climbing expedition. This ends after Sinclair is missing for a few hours, and can’t remember what he did. The two then fly off to work on a scientific project together. The reasons for Sinclair wanting Richard to accompany him seem a bit shaky at first, but they go on together, first to New York, and then to California and Hawaii. Sinclair’s project has to do to some frequency modulations that have been detected coming from the sun, which Sinclair can only believe is the transmission of information.

Suddenly, Hawaii is cut off from America. A plane sent finds California and the rest of the USA a primitive and apparently uninhabited land. Radio signals are coming from Britain, so the plane continues there. England appears normal, but on the continent, World War I is being waged. In Greece, the classical era has returned. But besides the past, Sinclair and Richard also find part of the earth is in “the future,” bleak and barren as a plain of glass, and also as a small future civilization. By means of this breakup in time, Hoyle is able to work in some speculation on the nature of consciousness, and also the future of humanity. This future, semi-utopian world is restricted in population to only five million, and unwilling to involve itself in the problems of the rest of the planet. Hoyle gives quite an extensive view of this future.

Before this, Richard also spends some time in ancient Greece, and in a sense, this is period of classical Greece is offered as a counter-point to the future (and our present). The Greeks were rich in time. “Everyone here was what they wanted to be.” (He is not including the slaves, of course.) “They didn’t like the idea of elected representatives. To them it was important that every free adult member ….should be permitted to vote on every specific issue.” Here in Greece one of the climatic moments of the novel occurs, a musical ‘battle’ between Richard and someone he believes is a Greece priestess – actually a woman from the future. Earlier, in California, after his impromptu playing at a party, Richard realizes: “It came gradually upon me how much loneliness was increasing in our modern society.” Not an issue in Greece.

The novel’s end is very poignant: the different sections of the earth are going to return to ‘normal’, with no possibility of travel between the time periods. Sinclair and Richard must decide: stay in the future, or return to their past? An astonishing and thoughtful novel that remains fast moving until its end.

I’m going to end this article with a book that helped inspire it: Isaac Asimov’s Opus 100 (1969). It is a quite different book than the others: a celebratory collection of fiction and non-fiction marking the publication of his 100th book. Asimov made his first sale, a science fiction short story, in 1938, and his first book, Pebble in the Sky, in 1950. His first book of non-fiction was a textbook, published in 1952. He describes how his career as a writer was not planned, but came about by accident, as did this book. He told his 100-book idea to his wife. “Being the wife of a compulsive writer is a fate worse than death since your husband is physically at home and mentally absent most of the time. … The thought that I would set myself a hundred book-goal and get worse and worse as I strove to reach it was too much for her.” Of course, he eventually reached at least 300 books!

The book is divided up into eleven categories: Astronomy, Robots, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Words, History, The Bible, Short Shorts, and Humor. Examples are included from books Asimov has published in each, both essays and non-fiction book extracts, and a surprising amount of science fiction (who would have expected an sf story in the Mathematics section – e.g. “The Feeling of Power”? But I must admit most of the stories are dated, and so is much of the science. But the
real reason to read this book is for the personal commentary Asimov interweaves between.

Rereading this book was a real act of nostalgia, unlike the other books. I remember the glow I got when I first received the book in the mail, and remembering loaning it to my grandmother to read. (She was the most devoted reader in the family.) I wonder what she got out of it? I suppose the sense of Asimov’s personality.

It is amusing to read many of Asimov’s comments – he could be a funny writer. It brought back that time period, when I first joined the science fiction book club and was discovering fandom through science fiction magazines. True nostalgia means overlooking wooden prose and ideas that are no longer new. I can’t recommend this book in the same objective way as the others, but I’d include it in my own personal book cabinet.

JUSTIN LIEBER AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MEMPHIS
By Greg Bridges

Justin Lieber was Fritz Lieber's son and the grandson of Fritz Lieber, Sr., the actor. Something I learned not too long ago was that one of Justin Lieber's first academic position after earning his Masters in Philosophy was an instructorship at Memphis State University in the 1962-63 school year. I get the Alumni quarterly where there was a squib about what happened to Justin Lieber. Drama transpired when the President of the University, Cecil C. Humphrey, came to his class. It seems that Humphrey had heard that Justin Lieber was wearing SHORTS -- HORROR of HORROR! I have spent many a Spring/Fall day on the campus of U of M and I have to say that in the time I was attending, those wearing anything other than shorts would have been in the minority of school staff. The building where he taught is still there where the Philosophy, Economics, and Sociology Departments are shoehorned in together. I took a number of classes in the building, so perhaps I was in that hallowed room where Lieber was confronted!

I don't know if Justin Lieber was fired, quit, or just did not have his contract renewed, not having tenure. I just know he was not there after that. Likely as not he just got offended by the attitude and uptightedness around him. It was a volatile time. For instance, the University of Mississippi was being integrated, admitting James Meredith in the Fall of 1962 (with student riots, the whole bit).

Justin Lieber went on to teach and wrote some SF novels, but is known for his philosophical writings on the Turing Test. University of Memphis lost a good instructor in Lieber. He got his PhD from the University of Chicago in 1967 and a B.Philosophy from St. Catherine's College, Oxford.  

I had been reading SF for a few years by then and would have known who Fritz Lieber, Jr was, so would have been impressed that his son was teaching there. Likely I would have wanted to go see him teach and meet him. My idea of a celebrity is someone who is creative and productive, so SF authors, and those like Justin Lieber, are my idea of a person one should celebrate.
In the case of Denny & Terry’s house, the bustle lasted far longer than a morning. My share of it lasted about five months. My part started in early February when Terry’s brother asked for help in choosing clothes to take to Terry, who had moved into a nursing home. We spent a couple of hours going through her closets and dresser and I ironed on homemade name tags. Denny invited Terry’s friends to choose whatever fabric and notions they wanted from her extensive collection. I was one of half a dozen from her poetry group and sewing circle who came over one afternoon in late February. Although we carried off boxes and armloads, it barely made a dent. There was so much lovely fabric that I gave in to temptation and took more than I should have.

With so much left, Denny encouraged us to offer it to attendees at Minicon. In late March, I hauled another two carloads home and washed all the fabric, since the mice had been living in (and leaving droppings on) the shelves – in spite of the three resident cats. I lost count after 12 washer loads. At Minicon, I spread out bins of fabric in one of the smaller function rooms. Friends who had already chosen some fabrics discovered other treasures. Passing fans who stepped into the room out of curiosity left rejoicing at the wonderful things they found for costumes and other projects, as well as craft magazines and books.

I still had most of a carload to take away. The cotton/muslin fabrics I took to the Minnesota Quilters, who donate quilts to shelters and hospices. More fabric went to Sub-Saharan Africa Youth and Family Services in St. Paul, which offers sewing classes to recent immigrants. More fabric and notions remained. Shelly from the American Sewing Guild took a carload. Terry’s sister had wanted the antique treadle sewing machine, but the cost of shipping it to the west coast discouraged her. In the end, Julie gave it a home. The modern sewing machine and dressmaker’s dummy went to other fans.

Denny had donated the house to Habitat for Humanity, but he wanted as much as possible of the contents to go to friends rather than end up in landfills. After Denny died, a week after Minicon, Terry’s brother came to help clear out the house before Habitat took possession. Greg had already rescued many of the science fiction books and taken a collection of older pulp magazines to a university archive. Neighbors took home mementos and brought household goods to various charities. Sharon organized a wine-tasting party to find out if Terry’s wines were still drinkable. A couple dozen bottles were set aside to be opened at the next Minicon. A fan from Illinois came up just to collect a van-load of books, and another friend of a friend collected books and comics to distribute at a school. Laramie took some of the jewelry and craft supplies to Terry in the nursing home. Ruth and Rebecca salvaged some of Terry’s manuscripts and published poetry. Several people took home some of the canned and frozen food. Even so, much ended up in the trash or the compost pile.

This process lasted all of April and May. Towards the end of May, feeling exhausted, I turned in my key to neighbor Vicky. Let others finish, I said. In June, I took several boxes of personal mementoes and family heirlooms to Denny’s memorial gathering. I thought that was it. Then the call went out that more books were in danger of going to the landfill, so I retrieved a key and put more books in the Little Free Library in front of The House and other LFLs around town. Other friends found homes for some of the vinyl records, and the next door neighbor adopted the birdfeeder. This second bustle extended until shortly after Independence Day, when Habitat finally changed the locks. After that, the remaining bustle was carried on by their crews.
For those who want to de-clutter their own “stuff”, here’s a list of places in the Twin Cities area to donate it: Check that they are accepting what you want to donate. Their needs, and staffing, change.

Goodwill (goodwill.org/donors/donate-stuff/ books, clothes, DVDs, and most anything)
St. Vincent de Paul Thrift Store (svdpmpls.org/storedonations_2.html dishes, cookware, clothes)
Bridging (bridging.org/give-stuff/acceptable-items-to-donate/ quilts, dishes, decor, lamps, etc.)
Salvation Army (https://satruck.org/Home/DonationValueGuide almost anything)
Savers (savers.com/donate books, clothes, DVDs, craft supplies, dishes, toys, small furniture)
ARC Value Village (https://arcsvaluevillage.org/donate/whats-accepted/ books, clothes, etc.)
Half-Price Books (hpb.com/ you might get a few cents for your books)
Animal Humane Society (animalhumanesociety.org/donate/donate-our-wish-list towels, pet food)
ArtScraps (https://artstart.org/material-donations/ craft supplies, paper, paint, sequins, etc.)
Assistance League (assistanceleague.org/minneapolis-st-paul/thrift-shop/ décor, art, clothes)
Sub-Saharan Africa Youth & Family Services (sayfsm.org/under-one-roof.html fabric, notions)
Steeple People thrift store (oldschoolthrifty.org/donate/ books, clothes, housewares)
Little Free Libraries (app.littlefreelibrary.org/ourmap books, there’s one near you!)
Free Geek (freegeektwincities.org/accepted-electronics computers, cell phones)
Minnesota Quilters (mnquilt.org/qfo/ quilting fabric, batting)
American Sewing Guild (asg-mpls-stpaul.org/donate fabric, notions)
Methodist Hospital (healthpartners.com/care/hospitals/methodist/about/volunteer/ lap quilts, yarn)
Free Store (centralmpls.org/community/freestore/ clothes, shoes, dishes, linens, toys)
Hidden Treasures (hiddentreasuresmn.org/donate books, clothes, housewares, games)
Joyce Uptown Food Shelf (joyceuptownfoodshelf.org/take-action canned & packaged foods)
Tandem thrift store (wearetandem.org/material-needs children’s clothes, books & toys)

LINDA’S CREATIONS FROM TERRY GAREY’S FABRIC COLLECTION

I’ve made bed-size quilts for Bridging and lap quilts for Methodist Hospital and Mt. Olivet nursing home. I donated quilted placemat/hot pad sets to Meals on Wheels and doll clothes for children like Sophie’s evening gown on page 19 to the Free Store at Central Lutheran Church.
“She’s home!” Ebony called from the window. Callie rushed to switch the TiVo back away from the “Lone Ranger” reruns she had lately become addicted to watching while Jeanne Mealy and John Stanley were away, and also adjusted the secret dial that converted the images from human to cat or other animals.

Ebony was a coal black tabby that had recently moved into the Mealy and Stanley household. Callie was a smaller grey striped tiger with hazel green eyes. Ebony slid out of the cowboy boots she kept hidden underneath the couch, and hid the extra ration of catnip she had found.

“Gosh, I thought you said she was going to be gone away the entire weekend to a science fiction something! Now our weekend will be simply ruined,” said Callie.

“Something really bad may have happened,” said Ebony. “Maybe she lost her job again, or John’s car broke down, or her head fur has fizzed up so bad that it can’t be licked down. (That’s why she has that absolutely lovely hairbrush that she never shares with us.) So let’s be comforting. After all, we could be homeless.”

“But I want to play cats and cowboys!” whined Callie, circling around the furniture, but then quickly running to the door when she heard it being opened. She might get a treat after all, and she was the favorite one, she knew, not stinky old Ebony.

“Hi Mom!,” said Callie, rubbing around Jeanne. “Meow, meow, meow, Callie,” said Jeanne in reply. (‘Oh, why don’t they ever learn to pronounce it right!’ thought both Ebony and Callie, rolling eyes at one another.) But they hated to criticize, so asked what time dinner would be instead.

Jeanne was having a bad day, but it was a comfort to have some chicken noodle soup, and C and E curled up on her lap, while she played with her rubber stamps. Oh! That was a really cool one, especially with the new purple ink pad she had.

She went to bed early, which was fortunate, since that fit in with Callie’s and Ebony’s plans for the weekend. It was soon dark, and then Ebony and Callie climbed onto Jeanne’s bed. Ebony had on her long dark cowboy boots, and Callie had on a cowboy hat with small holes cut in it for her ears. (A mouse she threatened with ritual execution had sewn it for her.) They had a bag of supplies and some magic dust. Callie untied the mattress from its posts. She had fastened two small flags at either side of the foot of the bed; one said “Stipple” and the other “Apa”. The mattress slowly drifted up, and Callie carefully maneuvered it through the window. Jeanne slept soundly.

“That a boy, away Silver,” she called, as soon as they had floated above the house. The bed stirred, and the sheets started to ripple. The bed moved forward, and Callie looked at Ebony and gave her a big Cheshire cat grin. “And you thought it wouldn’t work! Skeptic!” But then a loud horsey “Neigh!” came from deep within the mattress and both cats’ fur shot up. And the mattress galloped quickly forward!

When Jeanne woke up, she knew she had to be dreaming. Stars were shining in the dark sky overhead, and the meteorites where shooting down toward the west. There was a full moon, of course, always a time of rebellion or disturbance in the animal kingdom. She saw three cats sitting on the bed, and recognized her own, but they looked a little strange. She felt light-headed, probably she was a little sick, which was why she was having this strange dream. “Oh,” she groaned suddenly, as she felt a sudden thump in her stomach, just as if she was in an airplane and had hit an air pocket. But since she was safely home in bed, this could only mean she was really sick. So she slid safely down into the covers and hid her head.
“Smart move, Callie,” said Penelope, another cat from Stipple Apa, who owned a human named Cy Chauvin. She had teleported in for the adventure. (“A cat is never where it’s been”). Penelope was excited. In one of her earlier lives (she was on her fifth life now), she had visited Minnesota, but never flying through the air on a horsehair mattress. She was wearing her dude hat and a black leather harness adorned with bullets. “Now she’s back in slumberland. You wouldn’t mind if I drove this for a while, would you, dear Callie?”

Now if Ebony had asked, Callie would have said no, even now, after she was actually tired of directing this reluctant mattress, because she thought of Silver as her own personal steed. But since it was Penelope, she quickly gave her the reins.

“Hi-ho, Silver!!” Penelope screamed, and then stuck her rather sharp claws into the mattress, and they bucked and shot away faster than before. Much much faster than before. (Penelope had years of practice on Uncle Cy’s mattress.) Callie and Ebony’s eyes (already dilated because of the wonderful inky darkness) grew wide, but Penelope only bragged, “Don’t worry. In my present life, I’m always riding the curtain rods at home. I know how to get the furniture in the house to really move!” As they sped through the dark night toward their destination, they could see the glowing lights of downtown St. Paul to one side, while the stars wheeled overhead.

Meanwhile, at Cat Whisker Ranch….

Judie Cilcain was having a nice dream. She was hearing the pitter patter of tiny feet on the rooftops, and was dreaming of sugar plums and Santa Claus and miniature reindeer.

***Thwump!!!*** and a chorus of angry meows woke her from bed, but she couldn’t rise up immediately because she was terribly twisted and caught in the sheets and blankets, almost as though someone had tried to tie her in her bed. She flipped on the light by the nightstand, and found a dead mouse in her water glass. “Ohhh, how disgusting,” she thought, and it momentarily distracted her from the noise. “Those cats do leave their presents in the strangest places. Or was the poor mouse thirsty and drowned?” She felt a little sorry at that, and looked in her dresser for a small box suitable for a proper mouse burial. She glanced over at David’s side of the bed, and saw a mouse in his water glass too. How odd. She’d have to get David to help her enlarge the pet cemetery in the backyard.

On the rooftop, Alex was busy reassuring Bosco.

“Yes, boss, I slipped them each a mickey AND tied up their blankets. We don’t have to worry how much noise we make, they’ll never wake up until morning. I sure hope Callie and Ebony didn’t forget the catnip!!” Alex’s eyes already looked a little wide and glazed over, but Bosco didn’t say anything. Alex was always a little spacey.

Back Aboard Silver, the Flying Horsehair Mattress...

“What’s that?” said Penelope, shivering a little, and then arching her back up involuntarily into a humped Halloween cat shape. A dark black lump-shape wiggled up from between the covers near the foot of the bed, where Penelope was sitting, holding Silver’s reins. “OH NO IT’S A SOCK CREATURE!!!” She screamed, and then pounced fiercely, attacking the dreaded creature, but unfortunately at the same time she lost control of the aircraft – er, flying mattress. Callie and Ebony both screamed as Silver dived and spun, and Jeanne meowed loudly as she awoke in pain from Penelope’s attack on her sock, then meowed again as the sock escaped from the clutches of her foot and attacked Penelope back. The sock creature inflated itself to its full size, hissed, and then launched itself against our hero cat. “Grrgh!!” exclaimed Penelope, and tried to bite the sock’s tail, but the sock expanded its black jaws, rather like one of the undersea fish creatures that haunt the deeps of the ocean, and swallowed Penelope’s head!!!! Callie and Ebony screamed again in horror (and thought, their little Jeanne always wore two socks to bed, where was the other one lurking?), but then saw that Penelope had pulled her head out of the sock creature’s jaws, and suddenly everything went black (and then all white as the sheets flew up over them), and the sock creature tumbled off the bed and Penelope with it, as they crashed landed into a large tree!
“Penelope,” yelled Callie from her perch on the crumpled mattress. “Where are you?!” (Notice that she wasn’t the least bit worried about Jeanne!)

“I’m here,” said Penelope, on the ground, quietly licking her paws. “Where did you expect me to be?” One needs to remember that Penelope once jumped from the balcony at her home and into a nearby tree branch, which wasn’t enough to quite support her weight. She and the branch slowly slid to the ground. She wasn’t in need of her guardian human who rushed out of the house to save her then, and she certainly didn’t need anyone to save her now.

Next to Penelope was a Colt 45 pistol, smoking. Next to the Colt were the remains of the deadly sock creature. (“I wonder how I got another hole in this sock. Darn!” said Jeanne the next day.) Penelope carefully slid the pistol back into her holster/harness, and began to climb up the tree.

Poor Silver was whining and shivering in the tree. In the distance, Callie and Ebony could see a glowing sign: “Cat Whisker Dude Ranch”, blinking off on and off. “Free Entertainment. Catnip, Tuna and Grilled Mouse-meat.”

“At least it’s not one of those joint that serve milk,” said Ebony. “I love milk, but it always goes right through me and I have to spend the entire day in the litterbox.” They decided they would have to walk over to the ranch.

But Penelope was distracted; she was busy investigating a hole in the tree. She smelled squirrel or maybe …. Raccoon! The enemy was near, and because she was a quiet demure housecat (with a Colt 45 pistol) she knew it was her duty to investigate for possible masked bandits, especially so close to the Cat Whisker Ranch. This could be a gang’s hideout! Besides, it was a hole – rather like a nice cardboard box someone had stuck in the tree, just for her to play in!

“Come on, don’t get distracted, we have to free Silver! Otherwise, how will we ever get home before Sleeping Beauty wakes?” yelled Callie as she walked along. “And how can this be an ‘Adventure at Cat Whisker Ranch’ if we never get to the ranch?”

And meanwhile, back at the ranch...

Alex and Bosco also had a supply of the magic dust used to awaken Silver, and they were breaking in some ‘wild mattresses’ (i.e. discarded ones) in the garage of the ranch, so they wouldn’t break the corral and get away. Then they rode ‘bareback’ on a couple of shaggy couch pillows that were stored in the garage and pretty lively from being cooped up so long. Callie and Ebony thought they might need a new mattress to return home on because Silver, really, was exhausted. Plus they discovered a hole in Silver where Penelope had shot the sock creature. Callie was beginning to think that perhaps she was lucky to have Ebony as a housemate, and not a wild cat like Penelope. “I do envy her gold and black fur,” she thought, “but Ebony is more controllable.” Of course, Callie had never been attacked by a sock creature, either. Penelope had much experience in that regard, since they ran loose all over the house in which she lived, hiding underneath beds, in the basement, laundry baskets and clothes chute. She lived in a carnival roller-coaster type of fear and delight of them.

She was also looking forward for her turn to ride ‘bare back’ on the couch pillows (and shredding some stuffing), but Alex and Bosco were enjoying showing off. What Tom Cats they were! “Giddy up, cat-poke!” yelled Callie. “Your steer is getting away from you!” she yelled, jumping up on the parked car as Alex was thrown from a maroon and white speckled cushion with a torn scar over its zipper. It seemed to have particularly mean and blood-shot pig-buttons that peered out at the cats, begging them to taunt him further, and rushed at sweet Bosco with fierce dangling black springs to the fore. Callie’s tail twitched and she humped her back like a Halloween cat and hissed!

“My! Don’t get so worked up, Callie,” drawled red-neck Alex, huffing up to Callie. But where were Penelope and Ebony?

Inside the big ranch’s kitchen, Judie was up, restless, and a little hungry, so she had cooked a hard-boiled egg up on the stove. Just after she cracked it open and began to peel it, she thought she
heard a mild tapping noise at the window. “Must be the wind,” she said, and went on peeling. But she heard the tapping again, persistent and intelligent. She peeked out the curtains.

“Oh, my!” she said, staring eye to eye with a beautiful black and gold haired cat. “You’re not one of mine. What are you doing out there? Lost?”

The cat seemed to indicate she was there for a purpose, and spoke in a persuasive voice. Hypnotized (hadn’t her mother warned her not to let strangers into the house?), Judie opened the window, and the cat touched her paws to Judie’s index finger, then led her to the half-peeled egg. Judie finished peeling off the remainder of the shell, sliced it open, and gave most of the yolk to the cat. “After all, it’s not really good for me,” she thought to herself. Then the black and gold cat ate it, and strode out the window. Unknown to her, a coal black cat had wandered in while she had left the window open, and uninterested in eggs, but very interested in exploring, had wandered down the hall to the bedrooms.

“My,” thought Ebony, “a ranch is rather like a house, not at all like what you expect from TV. But then look at the way they portray the most intelligent species on the planet!”

She found a dressing table, with some shiny jars and fascinating bottles with crinkling cellophane wrappings. She had lately begun to think that she might want to change her fur color, after looking in the mirrors. Add a little gold to her fur, and make herself look richer. She put a paw gingerly into a white jar and then on her nose and ***Poof***! Oh, she looked in the mirror. She now had a white face and a white left paw, and it made her want to ***sneezzzzzze***! Over there was one of those absolutely lovely hair brushes, wouldn’t Callie be jealous if she knew that she, Ebony, latest to the household, not the alpha but merely the beta cat, had a chance to rub and roll herself on that marvelous hairbrush, and Callie didn’t! And what’s this little dark place, she said, stepping on a switch, and ***Wooosh***! A hair dryer turned on.

An hour later, a very unnatural looking piebald creature came wandering out of the bedroom and down the hall. It seemed to have some of its fur in pink rollers and pins. And a pink bow on her neck. A new dude ranch look?

Bosco and Alex had finished their bronco riding and tied up their mattress steeds to a couple of old bed frames in the garage, when Bosco noticed a disturbance in the backyard. It looked like a gang of couch pillow rustlers had crept into the backyard, with their black hats, black handkerchief masks, and black dog ears, and great slobbering black hound lips and drooling jaws! Bosco was simply appalled, but Alex took it more in stride.

“Well, that’s the end of our cattle. They won’t be fit for a couch after the black Angus Gang comes through!”

Ebony and Callie were more than appalled. Ebony saw a pride of black snakes humping through the yard, and hissed and snarled, losing all her carefully applied make-up and ribbons, and making a general spectacle of herself. Callie saw a bunch of wild raccoons, but pretended they were so beneath the notice of cats (which they are) that they were only to be ignored.

Penelope of course saw her dreaded enemies the squirrels, once more armed from teeth to tails, and she was ready to fight to save the good ship Cat Whiskers from these deadly pirates. She snarled, and took the gun from her holster, twirling it in her paw just as though she had a mouse by the tail, then twisted her whiskers in a wicked way. “That’s the only way to deal with rustlers and outlaws,” she told Callie, “Be more wicked and nasty than them!”

“So you can only tell the good guys from the bad guys by the color of their hats?” Callie replied. “I always hate those kinds of movies.” But she pulled out the rifle that she had hidden underneath the mattress – er, Silver – and handed it to Ebony to use on their dreaded enemy. “Defend the nest,” she snarled, “Defend our freedom! Defend … our dear adopted mom!”

Ebony was shocked that Callie had handed her the rifle when she was otherwise the beta cat. Then she realized that Callie had very sensitive ears; she always turned down the TiVo when the
gunfights started on the Lone Ranger, although otherwise she watched it eagerly with her ears flattened against her head and her eyes squinting with a greenish light. Kamikaze cat!

Now the guns were blazing, while the arrows from the deadly squirrels, possums and snakes flew toward our hero cats! The squirrels had cleverly attached blue jay feathers to the end of their arrows, and Penelope for one was having an extremely difficult time concentrating as what she perceived as tiny blue jays shot past her. She wanted to reach out her paws and chase the arrows. She kept trying to shoot the arrow rather than the deadly enemy!

Bosco and Alex, since they didn’t have any better weapons, were using shooting frozen peas and squeeze bottles of mustard and ketchup they had raided from the refrigerator in the garage. “Whaddya think this is,” snarled Captain Penelope. “A picnic?!”

Boom Pow! Penelope and Callie leaped up. Ebony had hit one of the dreaded enemy with the rifle! A black carcass fell to their paws. It was Jeanne’s other sock (creature)!

“Don’t aim toward Mom!” whined Callie.

“It looked like a huge ferocious monster squirrel to me,” replied a bewildered Ebony, twitching her tail nervously.

The defense was not doing well. Captain Penelope, with her long experience in command of The Wilfred, could see that the squirrels and their allies outnumbered them. They would have to regroup and retreat. If the enemy dared invade the house, the recumbent and comatose human members of the cowboy family would have to join them in defense of their turf.

“Alex! Bosco!” Penelope snarled again. “You retreat and dig in under the kitchen cupboards! Search all wastebaskets and garage cans for the enemy, then knock them over! Knock those cans down! We don’t want to give them any place to hide!”

“Callie! Ebony! We need to try to make a break for Silver, and see if we can’t launch her before the squirrels realize what we’re doing! About paws, let’s make our fur fly!” She was panting herself, her tiny pink tongue hanging out as she led the way.

My, thought Callie, she’s so bossy. It’s what comes from being an only cat in a one human household, especially one with a weak and pliable human like hers is reported to be. However, she couldn’t think of anything better to do, and besides Mom was on Silver, and she was the favorite one! Maybe mom had some treats hidden in her pajamas. Dear Callie was getting hungry.

So she started to run after Penelope, and Ebony (the beta cat, the good follower) was following close behind, covering the rear with the rifle. Now if only they had been sensible, they would have kept their tails down as they ran, but being cats they couldn’t, and this is where dear Ebony appeared to have been wounded: a bright blue jay feathered arrow shot through the tip of her tail and stuck in her fur! But they didn’t stop to bind the wound, but ran all the faster now.

“I think I’m going to die,” whined Callie, as they pawed up the tree. “But I’m the one that got wounded,” whined Ebony back.

Silver wasn’t wedged in the tree anymore, but floated beside a branch, tied to it by a pajama string. Jeanne was still safely tucked in under the covers. She had been dreaming of the 4th of July, and fearful cats growling and running to hop in her lap because of the noise! How funny it was!

Now first Penelope hopped in. Silver sank a tiny bit from the weight. Then came Callie, and Silver wobbled and sank more. An arrow shot up and pierced the side of Silver, who let out a dreadful whinny. Ebony finally struggled up the tree with her large heavy rifle, and leaped on to Silver, who started to sink uncontrollably! “Jump back out, Ebony, you’re too fat!” yelled Callie. “You’re not the favorite one anyway. You stay behind!”

“No, just drop the gun overboard,” said Captain Penelope. “We should stay afloat if you do that. But don’t forget to put on the safety --”

***Boom*** The rifle shot off after it hit the ground, but Silver was airborne and they were
away! “Hi ho, Silver!” yelled Captain Penelope. “Giddiyup!”

Back at Cat Whisker Ranch, Judie was in her bedroom. She took a pill, and rinsed it down with a mouse-free glass of water. She was really very tired now for some reason (well, it was 2:00 a.m.!), but looked out the window one more time at the full moon. My! What was that zeppelin doing in her neighborhood – the Foshay Tower was in the opposite direction – and so strange shaped, and flying so low. She had never seen a rectangular zeppelin with blue stripes before. She’d have to tell Jeanne about that in the morning!

In all stories, certain items have to be left out. In this one, we don’t know exactly how Penelope and Callie and Ebony made their way home and slipped faithful Silver in through the bedroom window without disturbing the neighbors. However they managed, we know they enjoyed themselves. We don’t know if Judie ever wised up to what was happening in her garage, spare bedroom or roof, and if Bosco and Alex were properly disciplined for their excursions outside. Perhaps you can ask her in a mailing comment.

However, we do know the ending. That morning, Jeanne woke up and stretched. My, how rested she felt! Like she had spent the night on a mountainside, with a fresh breeze and cheery cheeks! And she felt so glad to have her precious cats with her, good as gold, she thought (looking at her latest e-mail from Cy Chauvin), not like that Penelope, always getting into trouble, and making such a vain show of her naturally beautiful gold and black fur!!! She hugged Callie and then Ebony (And Callie looked at Ebony and meowed: “See? I’m still the favorite one, she petted me first”), and then danced her way outside to catch the bus to start her own wonderful adventure. ✦
LETTERS OF COMMENT

11/8/22, Ray Allard, Minnesota: Thanks for Rune 92. Nice to see the old ship still sailing -- or is it the bus? Still a handsome edifice! I even recognized two or three names in there. Proof my mind is not going 'poof!'

I understand the old Bozo Bus Building is no more, even though I know there are still plenty of Bozos around. Haven't looked in the mirror lately, but I'm sure some of those former associates think I'm one. Oh well, it's nice to be noticed!

From Linda Lounsbury, the former guest editor: BTW, the Bozo Bus Building still exists, although currently occupied by the 1900 Fourth Avenue Condo Association. I checked the old city directories on-line and can confirm that Gordy Dickson's mother, aunt, and grandmother lived next door to the future Bozo Bus Building at 1904 Fourth Av. S. (flat 6) in 1913. That building was torn down in 1942 and replaced with what is now Grace Temple Ministries. For $1100 a month, you too can live in the Bozo Bus (Bozos not included). https://www.apartments.com/343-e-19th-st-minneapolis-mn/veyg3mg/.

11/4/22, John Purcell, Texas: Imagine my surprise when I received the latest issue of Rune last week. I honestly thought this clubzine was dead and gone since I had not heard word one from anybody about it until I received a request for my snail mail address on Facebook. I am very pleased to receive this issue and even more surprised to find myself mentioned within these pages (in Justin Busch's historical article about Rune). But this is enough of an introduction. Thank you, Linda, for sending this.

It certainly brought back fond memories of my time in Minn-stf. Back when Lee Pelton and Carol Kennedy were the co-editors. I was one of Rune's distribution agents; these were the people who took care of the actual mailing of every issue. Man, I wish I still had some of those issues; it was quite the job to get each mailing ready for the post office. This took quite awhile, too, considering that each issue's print run was in the 1000+ range, and I had put all the USA copies in numerical order by zip code, then bundle them in groups of ten, stuff these bundles - still in correct zip code order, mind you - into large official USPS mailing bags before schlepping those bags to the downtown Minneapolis Post Office bulk mailing center to send them all on their merry way. The same thing applied to the foreign issues: Canada was not that bad considering those likewise had to be in alpha-numeric postal code order, but I also had to work with Rune's mailing agents in Europe and Australia to send those boxes overseas. This was quite the process. Imagine how much money the club would have saved if online PDF zines were available back then. In any event, from front to back, herewith some comments on Rune #92.

Ah, there's no better way to start off Rune than with a Ken Fletcher cover! Well, there is, come to think of it: a collaboration between Ken Fletcher and Reed Waller. That has been done before, so it could happen again, right?

Thankfully, we have a big bag of our grandchildren's crayolas here, so I shall get cracking on coloring in the front and back covers of this issue. (Laramie Sasseville! Yay!) And speaking of Reed, it is good to see his filler art scattered throughout the zine, along with the work of Teddy Harvia and Cathy Buburuz. Good stuph all around.
Content-wise, your comments about "Fandom in the Time of Covid" reflect how I feel about this topic, Linda. Fans, being slans, adapted accordingly and created alternate means of fanac. As for your closing rhetorical question, I rather doubt there will ever be anything remotely like the "old normal." The "new normal" means of fannish contact seems to have quickly entrenched itself, so I suspect fanac going forward will continue to adapt to whatever new situations arise. We have done this before, you know. After all, we fans have Giant Minds, and that's a good thing, innit?

All the obituaries and photos of these Minn-stf/Twin Cities fandom people make me sad, but I consider myself fortunate to have known 10 of these 14 wonderful people quite well. I could easily tell stories about them all, but that would create an extraordinarily long letter of comment. *sigh* While sad, memories of these folks makes me recognize the importance of how much I loved being a part of Crazy Minneapolis Fandom, so much so that whenever I can get to a science fiction convention these days my brain immediate shifts into full-on 'fan mode' and I'm back in the zone. The way I look at it, fandom may not be a way of life, but it sure as hell has influenced my life, and because of this my life is that much richer.

Good to see a letter column in Rune again, but the lack of editorial ripostes hurts the flow of the loccol. Hopefully the 93rd issue will have some of that good old give-and-take again. Thorin Tatge's homage to the RadiShTree Hotel was lovely. Man, I have memories of some incredible Minicons in that hotel! With any kind of luck I hope to be back next Easter for Minicon. And speaking of that upcoming event, how odd to think of it as being held in my old hometown of St. Louis Park! Should I actually make it, that's going to be one heckuva homecoming. I probably won't recognize the area; my brother, who lives on the south end of downtown Minneapolis, tells me he doesn't even need a car anymore since he can either walk, or take a bus or light rail train to wherever he needs to go. This, I must admit, is another reason I want to go: see my brother again. Rick came down here to Texas for a visit three years ago - before the world came to a screeching temporary halt - and we had a good time. Seeing him and all of my old friends again would be a great mid semester break. Keep your fingers crossed!

The three short con reports are nice, but not as in-depth as I prefer. Even so, it was good to read these brief convention overviews from Jeanne Mealy and Laura Krentz - hi there, folks! - and also Michael Lee's report on 2022's TAFF recipient Fia Karlsson's visit. "TAFF on a Stick" is a great concept, and frankly any fan fund delegate should include a visit to Mipple-Stipple on their itinerary. It's full of fun people and great places to go.

Justin E. A. Busch's article about fanzine fandom's reaction to Rune over the years was a good introduction to the development of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc. in the late 1960s and the humble beginnings of this fanzine. Hard to believe the zine has been running for nearly 60 years, albeit with some lengthy gaps between issues these last twenty years. Imagine my surprise to see my name crop up in Justin's article. A minor correction to that part, if I may. Justin is correct in noting my first contact with Minn-stf was at Minicon 7 in 1973 while I was a freshman at Concordia College. However, that was Concordia College in Moorhead, Minnesota, not Concordia College in St. Paul. I just want to point that out. My life definitely has not been the same since. You can blame Steve Glennon for this -- especially since he was responsible for introducing me to Lee Pelton right before we went to that fateful convention.

And with that, this is done. It feels good to write a letter of comment to Rune again. Been too long, imho. The way I look at it, there really is only way to sign off here: Vootie!
12/2/22, **Lloyd Penney, Canada:** Hello! Welcome back to Rune! Thank you, Linda, for reviving it. As I always try to do, I will respond so there might be a next issue. How am I doing so far?

I don’t think we truly know how much COVID has affected fandom. So many deaths, and so many things have changed. Conventions seem unaffected in the US, but in Canada, they have been decimated. There are only a few fannish cons left here, and they are reported as not living long. Our own Ad Astra looks like it is permanently gone. If we want to go to the kind of cons we like, we will have to cross the border to get to them. Good for you with Minicon and CONvergence!

We caught COVID fairly early in 2021, and we recovered fairly well, but we have masked consistently since the masks became readily available. We also have five COVID shots in each of us, plus our flu shots. We feel like pincushions, but we have every intention of surviving this pandemic. Return to normal? No, we need something better than normal in order to truly recover.

So many deaths lately…this is why as much as I like zines like Ansible, the huge lists of passings each issue depresses me. Just lately…Greg Bear, Ray Faraday Nelson, Justin E.A. Busch, Hania Wojtowicsz in Toronto.

Greetings to David Shea, better known to some of us as E.B. Frohvet. My current interests are SF generally described as written or movie/TV, but mostly written these days, for reasons…my new job.

Worldcon is something we haven’t gone to since 2011 in Reno. It’s become too expensive, and too political for us. NASFiCs? Well, maybe…

Great item at the back, the upcoming centennial for Amazing Stories! Guess what? I am the new editor-in-chief for Amazing Stories! Let’s work together on this. Who came up with the idea and the ad? I’d like to get in touch with them, and get the idea further out. Let’s make it happen.

Done for the evening…thank you for this new Rune, and I hope there will be more of them soon. Yours, Lloyd Penney.

(Lloyd: Sadly, no one caught that the Post Office has a restriction on what stamp topics can be commemorated, so there won’t be a series for Amazing Stories. - Jeanne)

1/6/23, **Brad Foster, Texas:** Hi, Linda (& Matt!). To quote a famous cartoony kid, "Good grief!"

Trying to clean/organize the piles of stuff around the desk and drawing board for the new year, and look here, it's a copy of Rune #92, with a penciled note that it arrived on October 22, 2022. And it is not the only thing buried in there I need to respond to. Can't even blame it on Covid anymore, which used to be my go-to for quite some time to explain my bad habits, but too late for that now. Yeah, I have -got- to get a better handle on correspondence in the new year!

So, a new issue-- I love it. Rune was one of the first sf fanzines I got way way back in the late 70s, and one of the first I contributed to with issue #63 in 1981. The frequency of publication has slowed down just a -wee- bit since the early days but, as they say, any issue
pubbed is a good issue, and here's another good one. (Even without any weird fillo art from that Foster guy, but that's another issue!)

Our own Covid shutdown story of 2020 was we picked that moment very moment to make the move between our old tornado-blasted home and a new one miles away. Weren't even sure if we would be able to find movers to help us, though we got lucky and did find someone. And when we got to the new neighborhood, there was no going around to the new neighbors to introduce ourselves, just some waving from across lawns and other people in masks. Have gotten to know a couple since then, but still kind of odd.

Ha! Just flipped to my own loc in this issue, and looks like it took me something like seven months to respond to the last issue, so, heck, this time it's an improvement! Surely that means replying within a month to the inevitable issue 93 is a possibility. Quick, publish it so we can test my theory!

Great to see the multiple regional convention reports. Even the plague can't keep the fannish family from gathering! We've had a couple of our own small local ones vanish with the problems of the last few years, but also hearing of other groups getting together to start up new ones to take their place, so the convention experience shall live on, I hope. Often they have been the only places I have been able to touch base with people once a year.

The "What Does An Archivist Do?" piece got me curious to see some of this stuff that Matthew was sorting and scanning and posting. Unfortunately the article itself gave no links to find any of it, but I made the guess that if I could find a website... and there is one, listed in the front of the zine. Now, if I search that and add in "Rune"... eureka! Not only found the page with all of the old Rune-ish goodness filed away, but the note that next-editor Matt was asking for specific contributions to fill out the next one.

So, checking the files, I see I did send two pieces after issue #90 that haven't found a home yet. Since that was quite a ways back, I'm going to re-send them here, plus stick in two brand new, 2022-fresh pieces, and hope that one or all might find favor and a home in the new issue, and I can feel better that I have contributed more than these sad locs.

And remember, you -have- to keep Rune going, even if long gaps between issues-- so damn close to hitting issue #100, can almost taste it!

Thanks again for keeping me on the mail list, always a wonderful burst of happy when a new issue shows up! Drop me a line if you need something else for the next one. - Brad

8/7/23, Cy Chauvin, Michigan: Hi, Linda. Thank you for sending me Rune #91. It is so rare to get a fanzine in the mail (or even via e-mail), as opposed to downloading it from e-fanzines.com. It seems more personal when sent.

There is nothing so essentially MSFSian as a Rune cover by Ken Fletcher, and even if not new, this is a very good one.

I am quite impressed that you had six weeks of supplies stored in your house prior to the pandemic, Linda. Despite a warning from my brother, and a science fictionally enhanced mind, I only bought an extra-large bag of rice when I had warning of the pandemic. I did immediately think of the James Tiptree story, “The Last Flight of Dr. Ain”, as soon as I heard of the pandemic, but perhaps I didn’t want to believe it. I also tend not to write long shopping lists, and six weeks supply would require some planning. I’ve also managed to get through the pandemic without getting sick. I still wear masks in large buildings.
Obituaries are a feature nearly non-existent in the fanzines I knew from last century! No one seemed to die back then; all the major authors were still living. I recall only that C. M. Kornbluth and Henry Kuttner had died, both about 1958, and I used to always get them confused because both had a K starting their last name, and died in the same year. But which one died from a heart attack running to the train station after shoveling the snow?

A couple of your correspondents mention a “hectographed” version of Rune #91. I never did any of my fanzines that way (it was before my time), but did run many apazines off on ditto machines. It was by far the cheapest and easier way, often free. One local fan worked in a high school print shop, and ran off hundreds of copies in light pink ink of a girlfriend dressed in a skimpy SCA costume, named Belinda. We called it belinda paper, and printed our apazines on it, even over-printing dear pink Belinda with our purple text. The fans in Toronto became jealous, and created Victoria paper in revenge! (It was a photo of Victoria Vayne in green ink; hardly the same at all.)

I enjoyed Jeanne Mealy’s conreports, although of course reading a conreport is rarely as much fun as being there. I’m sorry that Jeanne didn’t understand Jason Spitzer’s clues to find the hidden pennies in the hotel for the medallion hunt (as she says, “I didn’t understand the clues even when they were explained to me!”). But then I would have been worried that she might get lost looking for the hidden pennies – we all know she has no directional sense – and John Stanley might be still searching the hotel for his lost partner!

Chicon VIII did have printed program grid sheets that gave the name, times, and locations of panels and other items.

Justin Busch’s article on the reaction Rune has drawn from other fans over the years was a nice overview. Perhaps the changes in opinions he found from Brian Earl Brown and Buck Coulson he found over the years had as much to do with what else was being published to compared to Rune, as changes in Rune itself. I think Brian Earl Brown became more picky on what he considered ‘good’ over the years, while Buck cared less and less. I note too that there is a huge jump in Justin’s overview: from 1981 to 2002! Twenty years! Perhaps no one outside of Minn-stf received Rune then. I’m sure that’s too early and too great a period of time for the internet to have been of any influence.

Best, Cy Chauvin

(From Linda Lounsbury, the former guest editor: Hi Cy, Matt is still the official editor. I just raised my hand because I thought it was time another Rune went out. I have now retired as guest editor. I’m forwarding this to him in case he wants to use your story and/or LoC. Rune 93 will be out RSN.)

Glad you enjoyed Rune 92. It is unfortunate that we had so many obituaries to print (even though covering a period of several years). Sadly, there are going to be more occasions to consider printing more in the future.

10/23/23, Jeanne Mealy, Minnesota: Linda, thanks for bringing out RUNE 92. Good to see Ken Fletcher’s art on the cover (“Furry” Toon types: A Field Guide), though the repro for some parts was rough.

“Fandom in the Time of COVID” was a good summary of what we in general and your household in specific went through in the early times. I remember being so worried about the mail, going outside, etc. News reports about illness and death were frightening. It helped to go outside for a walk. Face masks became a problem: Did we have to wear them, why aren’t other people consistent about wearing them, etc. Virtual conventions and
other gatherings worked, not well. Humans don’t like people staring at them, or looking away at other distractions. Even if we had to wear masks, it was wonderful to eventually attend cons with other people. Most people stopped wearing masks some time ago, but there’s worry that a bad outbreak could happen again. COVID and its mutations are still with us, as are the annual vaccinations. The PR folks need to stop showing those needles in ads and videos if they want to encourage people to get the shots.

Poetry: Thanks for printing the “Rebel Horticulture” poem by Terry Garey. She could have written a hilarious article with that title. Nice to see your zinnia and bee photo. I loved Thorin’s ode to the long-time Minicon hotel. It was nicknamed RadiShTree because it began as a Radisson, then a Sheraton, and is now a DoubleTree. Over the years thousands of us went to panels and parties, volunteered, produced art, and somehow got by on little sleep while doing it all. I made friends, participated in pub trivia contests, was on panels, and—heck, I’m still doing all of this, just not at the RadiShTree. I do miss those towers. One was tall and relatively narrow, great for throwing paper airplanes from the upper floors. The other was wide with balconies around the second floor rooms (parties!), plus the pool, the hot tub, and the area that was used for performances and special events.

“Remembering…” brought back memories of many good people. The LoC column with old notes is still worth reading.

Thanks for putting Teddy Harvia’s Wing Nuts cartoon with my con reports. I enjoyed Laura Krentz’s report about Chicon VII. A Chicago worldcon during COVID was definitely different than the previous ones. And she went as a handicapped person before impending knee replacement surgery. I’m not handicapped, though some might argue that my sense of direction is impaired. I had quite a time figuring out how to get to panels in the two towers with several levels. Someday I predict we will have little robots or somesuch to help guide us clueless people.

Michael Lee’s “TAFF-on-a-Stick 2022” shows what a good host he was for Fia Karlsson, the TAFF winner. I’m pleased he took the chance to visit the American Swedish Institute for the first time. It’s a wonderful place. I’m sorry I wasn’t able to join you at the state fair since it’s one of my favorite events. FYI, the popular Giant Slide is 50 feet high with 100 steps. I’m impressed you all had energy to shop at the Source after that. I was pleased to catch up with Fia at the Chicago worldcon.

It’s bittersweet to read “Reading the Runes” by Justin Busch since he’s one of the fans we’ve lost. He loved to write about the history of fanzines and focused on RUNE this time. I agree: The clubzine will exist when people contribute enough quality material.

Matt Strait tells us what the Mn-Stf archivist does. I’m impressed with the sorting and decision-making and amused by his side comments, such as when he found a 3.5 floppy disk (“Or maybe it is toast after sitting in the archives for 30 years.”). Thanks, Matt.

Official Business is a good account of What Goes on Behind the Scenes for the club, Minicon, RUNE, etc. It’s more unusual than usual since part of it was about COVID Times.

Calling All Fans! Sadly, the post office didn’t approve of our write-in campaign for commemorative stamps honoring Amazing Stories because “no corporate names, logos or trademarks” can be featured on stamps.
They leave pawprints where your eyes cannot track them, evaporating like fog in the sunlight before you've even stirred your head from the pillow. If you sleep at night, their eyes glimmer in the dark, star-whirled and slitted. Their fur is the black sky that holds them, and their howls are the chirping of crickets or the whisper of wind in the night.

If you sleep in the day, they are simply grey, though their eyes are blue as the sky and streaked with fluffy, cream-colored occlusions. Less beautiful, but perhaps more precious, the grey cats pace the walls with silent footsteps, brushing impossibly soft fur across the baseboards, flicking their tail, twitching a nose. They brush narrow cheeks against the cracks, the crevices, the weak points in the barriers.

They are, you see, the experts, the scouts, the oracles, marking out the targets before they evaporate. The cloud-eyed cats, at dusk, simply evaporate, melding away into nothing more than shadow and dust.

Thousands more are the star-eyed cats, and they come always in pairs, and with the soft whisper of a suggested purr. They tread across the blankets and chests of their owners, meowing longingly for a scratch behind the ears, a smoothing of their fur. Even in pairs, the cats of the night are lonely, and short-lived, and they fall in droves.

The cats of the night are thieves, gleaming black fur moving across pairs of socks, a key, a hair tie. The cats of the night ravel up passphrases and numbers and codes, and they are villainous bandits of the paper-strewn desk. The forgotten, the inconsequential, the minute detail, they inhale. The child who shall not be born or known, the book not written, the blackout after a long night of drinking.

Sometimes, rarely, the potent memories of a crone or an old man. These, they take sparingly, and only with need. These, they take only in love.

For the cats of day and night love you.

At night, the star-eyed cats stuff the cracks in the world. With lost socks, lost papers, lost memories, meowing softly, they shore up your baseboards. They walk through walls and doors; they carry squirming regrets clenched between their jaws. They die in droves to despair, to dark things that have no names or form, to things that must never have names or form. And in silent vigilance, they follow the markings of the cats of day, though they meet only in the scentless musk of grey. And in silent vigilance, they are forgotten, even as forgotten things shore up the lines between sleep and dream.
Hello! Believe it or not, I am the editor-in-chief of Amazing Stories. I still can’t believe I can honestly say that! But, it’s true. Wow.

I have the job that George Scithers had, that Ted White and Harry Harrison and Barry Malzberg had, that even the revered Hugo Gernsback himself had. If this is a dream, no one pinch me, I don’t want to wake up.

I have been asked how did you get that kind of job? Why you? This is the kind of dream that you never expect to have, because you know this isn’t the job you will ever, ever have, and it will never be coming your way…until it does.

There’s been a lot to learn here, but I had been with the magazine for a few years and I had at least some kind of head start with it. Like most SF fans, I knew about Amazing Stories as the oldest of the pulps, the first dedicated SF magazine. It had come and gone, but still seemed to hang about in one format or another. I found out in 2012 that the name was returning as a website, but that wasn’t enough to grab my interest.

In 2018, I saw a news item detailing that Amazing Stories was to return as a full magazine, under the editorship of Ira Nayman. Ira is an old friend, and he also lives in Toronto, so I am not the first Canadian to be editor. Ira took over the editorial reins from publisher Steve Davidson. I got in touch with Ira, congratulated him, and asked him if he needed any help, and he said yes.

With Volume 76, No. 2, issue 615, I became the copy editor/proofreader for the magazine, and discussed with Ira how he wanted me to present corrections in stories to him. He wanted me to track changes and leave comments so he could accept or reject anything I might have for him. I carried on with this until Volume 77, No. 3, issue 620, and it looked like we ran out of gas, and other things that make us keep going.

And then, things happened…Ira resigned the editorship to get back to his first love, writing, and Steve transferred all of his publisher’s responsibilities to art director and webmaster Kermit Woodall so he could look after a sick mother in Florida. So, that left Kermit and me, and he asked me if I would be the new editor-in-chief, and once I scraped myself off the wall, I said yes. So, how did I get this job? I usually say attrition.
Being the copyeditor/proofreader got me not only copyediting the magazine, but all of the Amazing Selects books, ten of them now, and another on the go. Plus, I also got to copyedit and edit some books not part of Amazing Stories, books by known authors like Shirley Meier, Nancy Kilpatrick, Sharon Lee and Steve Miller, and the Empire Rising series of space adventure books by D.J. Holmes.

I’ve read SF since I was in public school, and I have been a proofreader/copyeditor/editor for most of my professional life, and this is the first time I have been able to combine the two into this dream position. (Another question I have been asked…how much are you getting paid to do this? I wish I could quote a spectacular figure, but this position is entirely voluntary.

And now, the future, and what will happen to Amazing Stories magazine? Well, we marked the 97th anniversary of the magazine this past spring. The April 1926 issue of Amazing, issue #1, was released March 11, 1926, so it won’t be long until the 100th anniversary of that first release. There will be a special celebration through RiverCon in Richmond, Virginia in 2026. I hope to be able to go there, along with all of the other folks who have returned Amazing to the modern day, and we also hope to return Amazing to published status and paper issues as soon as we can afford to do so. Our first Kickstarter wasn’t successful, and we are hopeful that our next Kickstarter will do the job.

We will be trying to increase our visibility in the intervening years, and the celebrations of Amazing 100 should be great fun, celebrating a massive achievement. I sincerely hope to be a part of it.
Decidedly Unfishy
By Marc Ortlieb

Australian GUFF winner, bookseller and regular convention attendee Justin Ackroyd has a habit of introducing me to strange books and television programs, a habit for which I am very grateful. A number of years back, after one of his regular visits to the U.K. for a convention, he brought back two DVDs featuring a program called *QI*, the initials standing for Quite Interesting. I was immediately hooked.

The show then started appearing on Australian television and I was an avid watcher. The format hasn’t changed over the years. Each show is themed on a letter of the alphabet. The two DVDs that Justin initially passed to me contained shows themed on the letters “A” and “B” and as of the moment of writing, they are up to letter “T”. The show is ostensibly a quiz show with a compere and four panelists. The first compère was Stephen Fry (*Black Adder, Fry & Laurie* etc) who was then replaced by Sandi Toksvik. Panelists are usually British comedians, but have been drawn from all over the world. The one constant panelist is the British actor and comedian Alan Davies, probably otherwise best known for playing the eponymous *Jonathan Creek*. Some international comedians who have appeared include Americans Rich Hall and Reginald D. Hunter; Australians Colin Lane and Julia Zemiro; Irish Dara O’Brian and Aisling Bea and Danish Sandi Toksvik (who then took over as compère).

The compère asks questions with points going to panelists who come up with the most interesting or obscure answers while points are deducted from panelists who come up with the worst misconceptions - that often being accompanied by a loud klaxon and the back screen flashing the incorrect but common answer. Which brings me to the point of this article.

In one of the “F” episodes, Fry asks the question “What conclusion did biologist Stephen Jay Gould draw from a life-time study of fish?” Sadly Fry’s researchers let him down a little, in that he attributes a Nobel Prize to Gould, which Gould did not achieve, and he suggests that fish were Gould’s major scientific interest, whereas Gould actually specialised in molluscs, before developing his interest in general palaeontology, evolutionary theory and in science education. But the answer to the question is that there is no such thing as a fish in terms of their biology. This idea should really be credited to Willi Hennig, who developed the concept of cladistics under which an organism’s evolutionary history is more important than the features it shares with other similar organisms. Fry notes that, according to cladistics, a salmon is more closely related to a cow than it is to a hagfish, despite the fact that salmon and hagfish are both water-dwelling and have gills, whereas cows are terrestrial and have lungs. Hagfish are jawless fish that are grouped, with lampreys as cyclostomes. The group that broke off from the cyclostomes - the gnathostomes - include all jawed vertebrates from sharks all the way through to lizards and mammals and are illustrated in the diagram below. Thus we have four extant groups, all of which we refer to as fish, but each of these groups evolved by breaking off from the common ancestral line.

On that same *QI* episode, one of the panelists, David Mitchell, who appeared in *Upstart Crow* as William Shakespeare, noted that the definition of fish provided on a restaurant menu may be just as valid. My dinner last night was fish and chips according to the shop. However, given that the fish was flake - a type of shark - I could have claimed that a hamburger with the lot and a side order of chips was more closely related to fish and chips, cladistically speaking. I’m not sure that this logic would have passed muster with the Catholic Church in those days when you were supposed to eat fish on Friday, though there is a certain congruence with the joke about the Catholic convert who was told that the best way to convince yourself that you are now a Catholic was to recite “You’re a Catholic,

1 Dipterist Files – Willi Hennig http://www.biodiversityinfocus.com/blog/tag/cladistics/
2 Fries, for any American reader.

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not a Protestant”. The poor fellow was caught by his local priest, grilling steak on a Friday while reciting “You’re a trout, not a steak.”

To a cladistic biologist then, we never outgrow our origins. YouTube biologists, such as Aron Ra, Viced Rhino and Gutsick Gibbon regularly remind their viewers that human beings aren’t descended from apes but that we are currently apes and that we are not descended from chimpanzees but that the human and chimpanzee lines of evolution split from a common ancestor that as neither human nor chimpanzee. We are, in fact, more closely related to chimpanzees than chimpanzees are related to gorillas, despite the fact that chimpanzees seem more similar to gorillas than they do to humans. Similarly, birds are not descended from dinosaurs, they are a type of dinosaur. Some creationists have taken to creating straw men, trying to debunk evolutionary theory by claiming that evolution suggests that birds evolved from Tyrannosaurus rex, rather than the evolutionary biologists who explain that non-avian dinosaurs and birds had a common ancestor that gave rise to both birds and the other theropod dinosaurs. Sadly we can’t even rely on science fiction to portray the science of evolutionary theory. An episode of Red Dwarf has a sparrow retrogressing until it becomes a tyrannosaur, and two humans regressing to become gorillas.\(^3\)

What I tend to gather from this is that common sense isn’t a particularly useful tool by which to evaluate the world. Humans are far too good at inventing categories and shoe-horning everything into it or, if I may mix my metaphors, forcing them into the Procrustean bed. No, that has nothing to do with crustaceans, which aren’t fish either. It has to do with the robber from Greek mythology, who only had one sized bed and guests who were too short for the bed were stretched on the rack until they were the right height, or had bits lopped off if they were too tall. One of the hardest lessons for people to learn is that, apart from at the quantum level, nature tends to continual rather than discrete jumps. It’s very easy to say that a human is alive but a rock isn’t, but it’s impossible to draw a clear dividing line between very complex chemicals, viruses and bacteria. Sadly, too few people have the ability to accept that there are far more than fifty shades of grey. 

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\(^3\) “Pete” Series 8 Episodes 6 & 7.
I’m going to break with tradition and not print the recent Board Minutes. The collection starts in 1972! If you want to see them, here’s the link: http://mnstf.org/records/ If you really want to see them in the next issue, write to us: Rune94@mnstf.org or RUNE, P.O. Box 8297, Minneapolis, MN 55408.

The website is full of interesting materials. It’s easy to click on the tabs on the home page and dive down into edification. Did you know that Mn-Stf was founded in 1966? And there’s a Cheer Secretary? Why do many of us spell and pronounce the club name differently? (No, I don’t think you’ll find out why here.) Some info may need updating, so keep that in mind.

Here’s some of that cool info you can find on the website:

**Minn-StF Officers**

The board members serve a one-year term. Elections are held the last Minn-StF meeting before Easter (i.e., before Minicon). Officers serve from appointment, which takes place as soon after the board election as the board can manage, until the board appoints a replacement, if any.

The current officers are:

- **Board of Directors**: Isaac Schneider, Matt Strait, Linda Lounsbury, David Dyer-Bennet, Scott Raun
- **President**: Sharon Kahn
  - First Vice President: Dean Gahlon
  - Second Vice President: Hershey Harris
- **Treasurer**: Irene Raun
  - Assistant treasurer: Carol Kennedy
  - For-profit bank — main account signers: Carol Kennedy (primary), Irene Raun, Richard Tatge, Dean Gahlon
  - For-profit bank — convention account signers: Kevin Austin (primary), Emily Stewart (primary), Matt Strait
  - Credit union — membership controllers: Matt Strait, Irene Raun
  - Credit union — convention account: Matt Strait, Linda Lounsbury
  - Investment account — signers: Aaron Vander Giessen (with web powers), Carol Kennedy, Irene Raun
- **Correspondence Secretary**: Hershey Harris and Linda Lounsbury
- **Membership Secretary**: Scott Raun
- **Recording Secretary**: Matthew Strait
- **Cheer Secretary**: Carol Kennedy
- **Einblatt Editor**: Isaac Schneider
- **Rune Editor**: Matthew Strait
- **Archivist**: Matthew Strait (includes web archives)
- **Quartermaster**: Jim Porter
- **Director of the Fan Photo Archive**: David Dyer-Bennet
- **Webmaster**: David Dyer-Bennet
IN THE BREAKING LIGHT
By Cassandra Trainor

You can have it all back - but never the same -
the door of your childhood house, your childhood heart.
But sure as the sun rises and will one day be embers -
as sure as the loneliness in the darkest of hour -
the year will turn on, and you will turn with it.

Take your joy in what places, what people you'll find it -
from the strains of the organ, cheap lights in the dark.
From the flare of a match to the smiles on the streetway -
take nothing away, but take all that is offered.

You are here, spite the dark, spite the loss, spite the hunger -
to endure, to remain, to rage at the seasons.
Whether tree, whether heartsore, whether gifts or rice pudding -
the return of the sun comes, and us to turn with it.

So pour out your tea - your whiskey - your comfort.
The niveous shiver, the icicles trembling.
Take what family you'll make, you'll break, and you'll barter.
Take what name you will give it, or none if you have to.
The days will grow longer, the snow will grow deeper -
The heart will grow roots - and one day, grow larger.

And we will have light if we have to set the motherfucker on fire,
ourselves, or our roof, each dream once expired.
Claw for hope in the darkness, or more in our hunger -
for the what we have lost and the day to grow longer.