

**Roooooooooon 39**



Good evening. We apologize most sincerely to those of you who have bought this magazine under the impression that it was in any way connected with the science fiction club fanzine: "RUNE." This was due to an error in the printing stage of the magazine cover. This magazine is in fact called "Pleasures of the Dance: a collection of Norwegian carpenter songs," compiled by Oscar Tritt.

Good evening. We apologize for the previous apology. This apology was unnecessary, and appeared on this page owing to an administrative error. This magazine is not as stated in the previous apology, Pleasures of the Dance: a selection of Norwegian carpenter songs, but a new magazine from the crazy Minneapolis fans: RUNE.

Yes, well, this is in fact RUNE, Volume 7, Number 1 (Whole Number 39). It is available by trade, LoC, contribution, expressed interest, because you aren't here, cold hard cash if you wish, or the Spanish Inquisition....

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CIRCULATION MANAGER: Mark Hansen  
PRINTER: Don Blyly  
ADVICE AND TEA: Ken Fletcher and Jim Young

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Deadline for next issue: Friday, 27 September 1974.

DISCLAIMER: All of the opinions expressed herein are those of the expressers, and are not to be construed as reflecting the policies or opinions of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc., unless expressly so stated.

Featured on our cover this time are photographs taken (by Fred Haskell) at the BYOBCon of Wilson (Bob, Bhab) Tucker (alias: Hoy Ping Pong and others), engaging in a strange native rite. In view of this disgusting ritual, it is only ~~right~~ right that there is a movement underway to get this man out of our country (or maybe it's an attempt to get him "down under" -- something which even the most determined of drinkers has been unable to do (not to mention the first-hand look he could give the Aussiefans at these and other bizarre Native American Customs)). In any case, if you are interested in helping in this effort, contact: The Tucker Fund, c/o Jackie Franke, Box 51 ARR 2, Beecher, Ill. 60401.

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As a special preview of all the exciting things you'll find to read in this issue of the RUNE, we are proud to present this thrilling chapter of Minn-stf business meeting minutes here. Later chapters of this delightful work will, of course, be found later in this very same issue; but for now, and without any further ado, we give you: →

"The Amazing Colossal Minn-stf Business Meeting Minutes That Ate Minneapolis"

Meeting held on June 22, 1974, at home of Denny Lien.

Called to order at 3:14 by Denny Lien, Secretary, in absence of President or Vice-President.

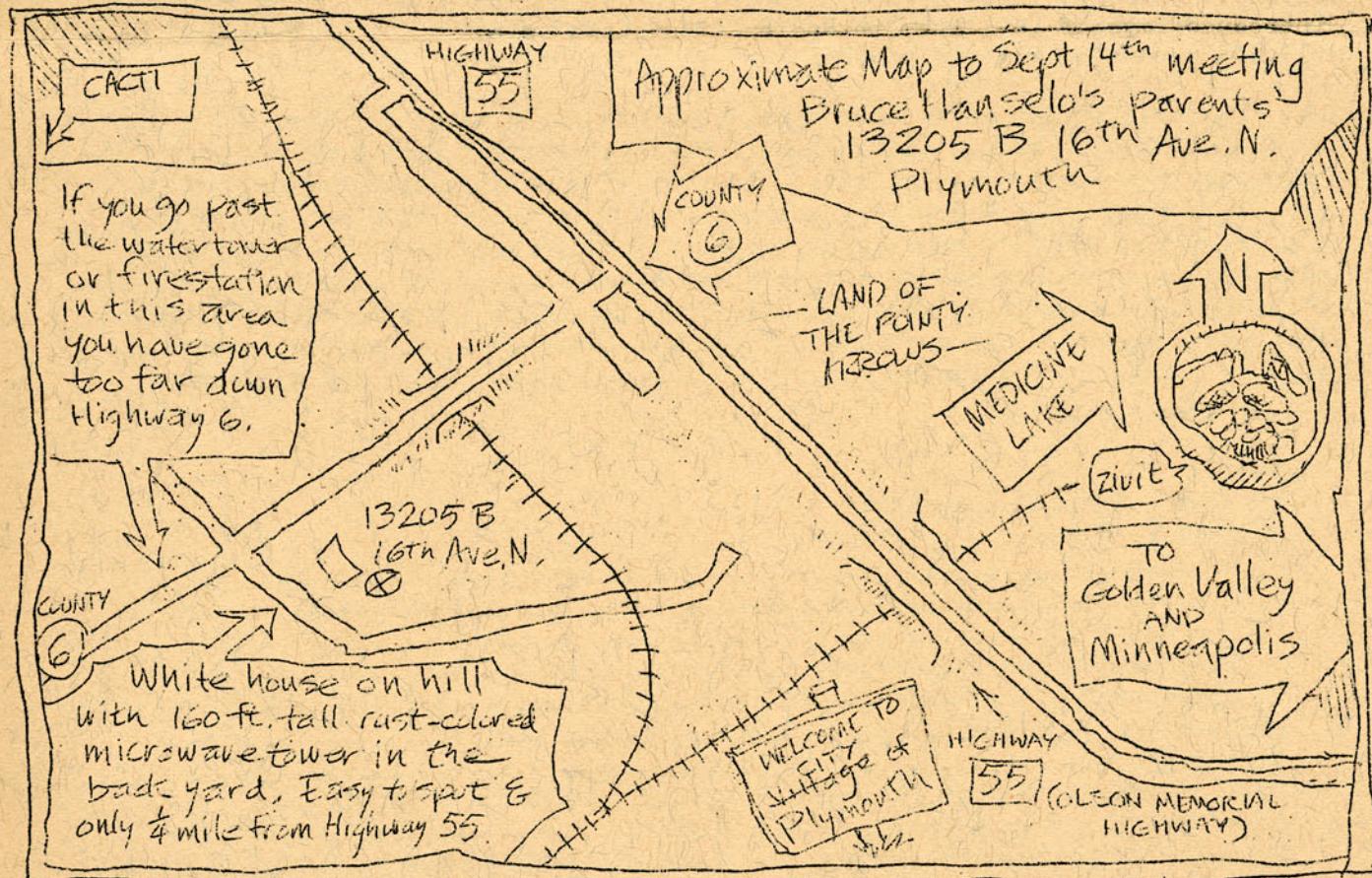
It was announced that the July 13 meeting would definitely be held at the Hobbitat, as previously announced. (As it turned out, it wasn't.)

Meeting adjourned at 3:15 by unanimous consent and to scattered applause.

Denny Lien, Secretary

Wasn't that exciting folks? We thought so. And they get better, so don't go away. And since you're still here, you might just as well read the following schedule of upcoming Minn-stf meetings (all on Saturdays at 1:00pm): →

- Sept 14 - Bruce Hanselo's parents', 13205 B 16th Ave N, Plymouth (see map below)
- Sept 28 - Denny Lien's, 2408 Dupont Ave S, #1, Minneapolis (no map)
- Oct 12 - Minicon 9 (no meeting)



# EDITORIAL

BY  
FRED  
HASKELL

You're probably wondering why I'm here (and so am I). So perhaps the first thing I ought to discuss in this editorial is the whys and wherefores of my taking over as RUNE editor. (From there, I will move on to a pitch for material -- this will probably turn out to be pretty much in the standard format of editorials by new editors. Except that I won't take the time to "introduce" myself -- I am intending that this zine will be permeated with my personality, so those of you who don't already know me will come to by reading this and future issues of RUNE.) I guess that there's two major reasons for my decision to do this (well, three, if you want to include the generality that I'm crazy as one of the reasons), and in some ways, they both will be presented somewhat in the nature of confessions. First, there's the matter of club pride. It is nice that the general consensus among fanzine reviewers seems to be that the RUNE is one of the best clubzines being published today; however, I look at the RUNE and think that it's nice, but that I can do so much better. And I think that it would be really nice for the club if RUNE came to be acclaimed as one of the best fanzines going, rather than just as a good clubzine. I realized that these thoughts were not really quite in keeping with my role as Official Happy Deadwood of Minn-stf, but....

Second, I guess that I'm a publishing fan at heart, and my Dream as such has always been to publish a really high quality genzine. But there have always been obstacles in the way of such an endeavour -- like

the need for time, money, and material. There is no way to circumvent the need for time (you never outgrow your need for time), but it occurred to me that by taking over the RUNE instead of trying to do a genzine on my own, the financial difficulties would be surmounted, and the problems of obtaining material would be lessened. So here I am.

If it isn't already clear, my aim in taking over the RUNE is to attempt to turn it into the best fanzine in the country. It should be obvious that there's no way for me to know in advance whether I can achieve this end, but I am going to try my hardest. It seems possible that I may step on some toes in this pursuit -- by turning down somebody's pet manuscript that fails to meet what I feel should be the standards for this zine, by attempting to make this zine interesting instead of bland, by actually editing instead of just throwing together whatever material clubmembers hand me, or whatever. If this turns out to be the case, I'm sorry; but I learned long ago that if I attempt to please everybody with a particular piece of art (or as in this case, with a publication), I end up pleasing almost nobody; whereas if I strive to please myself, I end up with a quality result that pleases many people. So I am going to run this zine the only way I can. (And by the way, if anybody has a particular complaint about my running of the RUNE, I'll be more than happy to discuss it with them. And in fact, I hope that anybody with a complaint does express it to me -- either I'll decide that they're right, in which case I'll change what was wrong and thereby improve RUNE; or I'll show them why I am right, and thereby improve magazine-reader relations....)

Well, to get back to the point, I want this to be a high quality fanzine. And that is something that I cannot do by myself -- I need the help of contributors. So realize that this might be just the zine you've been waiting for to submit your piece to -- you'll get sensitive layout and high quality repro, and your work will be nestling in amongst other people's work of equally high quality. Also, you'll have your work read or looked at by many fans (RUNE's circulation is presently at 530, and climbing) in many places (RUNE goes out to fans all around the US, and to fans in Canada, England, and Australia as well). Finally, if your submission isn't quite what I want, I'll attempt to enclose a note explaining why this is the case when I return it to you. It seems to me that it makes good sense for you to contribute to RUNE. (And by the way, I'll welcome provocative letters for the lettercol -- it's nice to be told we're running a nice zine, but it would also be nice to get some animated discussions rolling in the lettercol.)

I would now like to take the time to pay especial thanks to the following people for their extraordinary contributions to this issue: Tom Foster, Ken Fletcher, and Jim Young, for their incredible artwork; and Mark Hansen for getting the mailing list into order and typing address labels and for a thousand little things. Also, thanks to Don Blyly for running this off, and to the members of Minn-stf, who will be collating this at the upcoming meeting. And thanks to everybody who wrote articles or letters for this issue.

Well, I guess that's about all the cage-rattling I have to do for this time. I hope you enjoy the "New Improved" RUNE, and I'll be with you again in six weeks. Peace....

FRED HASKELL

## GOIN' TA KANSAS CITY, KANSAS CITY HERE WE COME, AND BACK AGAIN

being the adventures of two half-breed Hobbits and their friends and fellow travellers in the mythical land of the long tall steak.

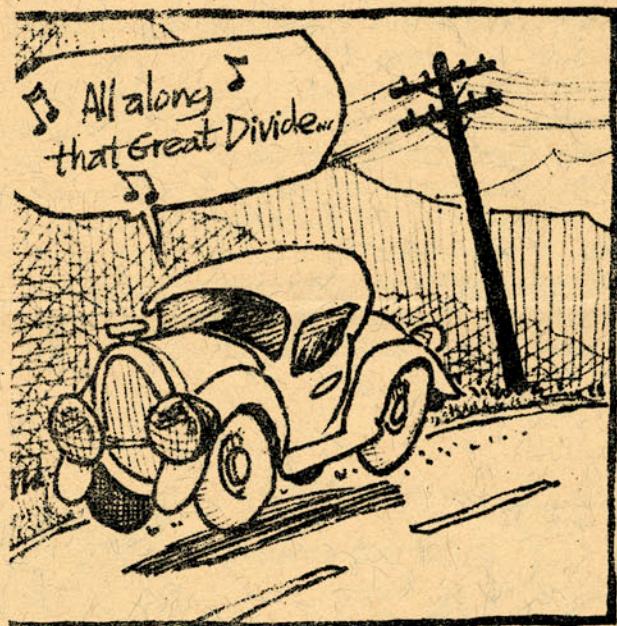
Or in other words, gentlefen, it's time for another Richard Tatge con report, this time on the BYOBCON in Kansas City, Missouri, and you're already reading it.

I started out in the company of Don Blyly, Don Bailey, Martin B. Schaffer and all, on the afternoon of Thursday, July 18. The weather it was hot, but we were lucky enough to run into a couple of thundershowers, which cooled us off a bit. (Luckily, no damage was sustained by either the thundershowers or Don's car.) The first part of the trip was passed fairly pleasantly for all but Don (Blyly) in a traveling game of Dungeon. It was highlighted for me by such incidents as having the party's virgin females barter their virginity to a bunch of dryads to prevent their males from being lured away, and then promptly running into five unicorns, which in the absence of virgins decimated the party, killing three. Later on there was also a pitched battle between Thor and Nyarlathotep, which might have destroyed my entire dungeon if Thor hadn't managed to banish Nyarlathotep from the earthly plane on the second round.

We traveled till it began to get dark, then stopped at an A&W Root Beer fast food place, where the others had a nice meal and I had one of the driest, leatheriest pork tenderloins it has ever been my misfortune to ingest. Thence back to the road, where, it being too dark to continue our game, Martin and I traded Filk songs back and forth for a couple of hours, after which we spent a couple more hours with Tom Lehrer songs and much to our surprise found ourselves in Kansas City.

Our immediate destination was the Hobbit House house, residence of Allan Wilde and Sarah Sue Bailey and others. Arriving about 1:30am, we found the remains of what looked to have been a good sized party and feast, and our host and hostess informed us that Bhab Tucker, Rusty Hevlin and Bill the Galactic Fesselmyer had gone off in search of more booze, and everyone else was asleep in the basement. This included fellow Minneapolitans Fred Haskell and Chris Donahue and others whose identities shall remain unknown, since they didn't wake up. After a short chat the Tucker Bunch returned with bheer and tales of derring-do upon the highway, and the party continued for another hour or two, highlighted by our discovery of Bill's "Cthulhu Tunes and Merry Moledies" in issue number two of his zine, Brass Cannon. Martin, Bill and I sang these until everybody else went to sleep, whereupon we followed their example.

I was roused about nine in the morning by Tucker stumbling over me, saw that he and some of the others were preparing to leave for the con and went back to



sleep. At the more reasonable hour of 11:30 I got up and joined our merry crew for a brunch at McDonalds', and thence to the Muelbach Hotel for the con. After a bit of searching we found the consite on the basement floor of the convention center, got registered, secured a room, and left Don to get set up in the Hucksters room. Nothing else was happening, so I left for a walk around downtown, which proved very unexciting, though it's a fairly good looking downtown. They had no mall, and their Forum Cafeteria had a plain restaurant interior instead of Minneapolis's Art Deco fantasy. Joined our carful for dinner, and again bombed out, getting a small and leathery veal cutlet. It just wasn't my weekend for restaurants! Probably my own fault, I should have ordered a Kansas City Steak instead. We went back to the con, got a Ken Keller grand tour of the hotel and its potential Worldcon facilities, which seemed quite adequate with the possible exception of the elevators needing a bit of mechanical work, and then got ready for the party.

Despite the name of the con, there was plenty of Coors on hand, and as the con committee had munificently given their guest of honor an entire case of Beam's Choice, "smooth" cries rose as the partygoers got properly lubricated. Much fannish discussion went on, and the party lacked only two things to make it a really good one. The first was female fans, since only Sarah Sue and a very good looking neo named Fran were there. Chris grabbed Fran, since her boyfriend wasn't there, and Sarah Sue gallantly tried to make up the lack by forcibly removing all the male shirts in the room but still it would have been nice to have a few more women there. The second lack was music, and it was fulfilled quite adequately when Fred got back from an expedition to the strip clubs down the street. I had forgotten to bring a kazoo, but I sang and whistled along with some of the other fans, Fred made good guitar music and a good time was had by all till the early morning hours. Sometime in the midst of all this Martin and I introduced Bill and some others to Dungeon, Bill having expressed an interest in fantasy games, and along about 5 in the morning the party broke up and we went to bed.



About noon I got up and spent an hour enjoying a shower, then took my glass pieces down to put in the art show. It was a small art show, but then it was a small con, and the quality was high. Tim Kirk had some collaborations with another artist whose name I unfortunately didn't get, and Daryl Murdock had some beautiful watercolors of unicorns. By the time I got cards made up the panel with Tucker, Richard Delap, Tom Reamy and Jeff May was half over, but it carried on quite awhile and was very good. After a bit of a recess, the auction was held. Tucker at one point auctioned off a newly empty Beam's bottle, and later beat out Allan in a bidding battle over my dragon window, which was

gratifying. I proved my lack of good sense by buying one of the aforementioned unicorns, thus destroying any profit I might have made on the trip, but what the heck, they were beautiful.

Lacking money I skipped the banquet, which was just as well according to the reports I got, but got to hear two long speeches by Tucker and a short one by James Gunn. Afterwards I watched part of what had to be rated a very good film program and then up to the party, where Ken Konkol was giving a slide show of Torcon, Minicon and Midwestcon slides. Seeing a shortage of munchies I went out with Don and Don and bought some, and returned to find that Fred had very thoughtfully bought a kazoo for me at a local music store. Fred played long and well, ending the night with lots of early fifties Rock and Roll, and Tucker and Rusty kept a fascinating conversation going in the other room, and I just sort of bounced back and forth like a badminton birdie all night, which is as good a way as any to enjoy a party.

Since there wasn't much going on Sunday except for a couple of films, I went swimming in the hotel pool, which proved to be quite small. The swim was enjoyable, but when I got out of the pool I burned the soles of my feet on the sun heated tiles, which was quite painful. The temperature was 110 or so, so it wasn't too surprising. We decided to leave early and miss the after-con feast at Chico's Mexican restaurant which all the remaining fans were going to. The trip back was hot. Don tried turning on the car air-conditioning, but it promptly overheated the engine, and we had to stop for a while to cool it off. We saw a couple thundershowers, but despite earnest efforts on our parts they managed to dodge us. No other events worthy of note took place, with the possible exception of passing the National Plowing Championships and seeing several very strange looking Drag Tractors on trailers along the road.

All in all, I'd rate this as a nice small con, unspectacular but with some very nice people present. Since the Kansas City fans hadn't decided to have a con at all until about a month before, I think they did quite a good job, and wish I could have been at last years' MidAmericaCon, which was a full size con and very good according to attendees. I'm not positive that Kansas City is the best 76 Worldcon site, but they're good enough to get my vote, and I suspect that we'll all be heading that way in just two years time. See most of you at the Worldcon, and goodbye.

\* \* \* \* \*

{We will be changing over to a new addressing system here at RUNE, and Mark, our Circulation Manager, wants to remind you to let us know if there are any errors on your present mailing label. Also, we wish to remind you to let us know when you are moving, so you won't miss any issues of RUNE. Thank you.}



OFFICIAL MINN-STF BUSINESS PAGE

By-Laws of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society Adopted  
Since Its Incorporation On February 22, 1972

By-Laws 1 through 8 were adopted with the articles of incorporation.

By-Laws 9 through 11 were passed as resolutions by the Board of Directors on August 25, 1973. However, the publication in Rune, as required, was not effected within the three-month period. They were published in Rune 33, dated November 1973 but actually issued circa December 20, 1973. The resolutions were re-passed by the Board of Directors on January 12, 1974, and presumably went into effect as of that date.

- #9: Minn-stf shall hold combined board and officers meetings, with board members retaining sole voting rights.
- #10: Resolutions of the board of directors shall be published within three months of passage in Rune; until such publication, said resolutions shall be posted on the Minn-stf bulletin board.
- #11: Officers are authorized to define any generally announced open meeting as an official Minn-stf meeting for the purposes of fulfilling voting privileges of members.

The following resolutions were approved by the Board of Directors on August 11, 1974, and upon publication in Rune on or before November 11, 1974, shall become by-laws:

1. In the absence of a recommendation from the previous Minicon chairperson(s), or in case of death, disability, or disappearance of the Minicon chairperson(s), the Board of Directors has the right and duty to recognize a replacement or replacements.\*
2. The Minicon chairperson(s) are invited to attend as non-voting members at all Board of Directors meetings.
3. The Board of Directors can approve and promulgate censure and removal from office of any Minicon chairperson(s) or Minicon committeeperson(s), with the approval of a general meeting, announced in advance, of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society; by simple majority of attending members of that Society who have attended at least one general meeting six months or more preceding said general meeting.
4. The Board of Directors, with and only with the unanimous vote of the full board, shall have the power to dismiss a motion for removal of any Minicon chairperson(s) or of any Minicon committeeperson(s) as spurious if the motion is clearly brought for reasons of personal disagreement or personal gain. Abstention in this case shall not be counted as dissent.
5. An open Minicon committee meeting, previously announced at a general Minnesota Science Fiction Society meeting, and open to all people interested in working on or with the Minicon committee, shall be held at least ten months prior to the convention, when possible, or in other events as soon as possible prior to the convention. The major purpose

\* See note at end of document.

OFFICIAL MINN-STF BUSINESS PAGE

of this meeting will be to select titled committee members. An official announcement of titled committee membership will be made within two weeks following this meeting. Additions and changes to said committee membership may be subsequently made by the Minicon chairperson(s).

6. Minicon chairperson(s) will state at the beginning of each Minicon committee meeting whether or not the meeting shall be conducted according to Robert's Rules of Order or by an alternative method.

The above resolutions, approved by the Board of Directors on August 11, 1974, are to be posted at the general meeting of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society on August 13, 1974, and subsequently published in Rune. If so published on or before November 11, 1974, they will become By-Laws 12 through 17 of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society.

Comments are invited and may be addressed to any Board member: Margie Lessinger (current President), Caryl Bucklin, Ken Fletcher, Blue Petal, Jim Young; Chuck Holst (nonvoting--Vice President) and Dennis Lien (nonvoting--Secretary).

Respectfully submitted,  
Dennis Lien  
Secretary, Minnesota Science Fiction  
Society

{  
NOTE: It has been pointed out to us that the first resolution was to have contained an initial sentence that at some point (at the time of voting, in the minutes, or whenever) was inadvertently omitted. I am printing it here for the convenience of the Board members, who will undoubtedly wish to act upon it in some way. It was to have read: "Previous Minicon chairperson(s) shall select successor(s), who is(are) recognized by the Board of Directors."  
Editor.}  
}

\* \* \* \* \*

{  
As promised earlier, it is now time for us to present two more chapters of that spectacular novel of far-reaching scope, Minn-stf Conquers the Universe. Note that the author has cleverly written each chapter as if it were the minutes from a particular meeting of that fictitious organization, Minn-stf, and that each of the many characters is so painstakingly created as to seem like real, living people, instead of just players in this masterful novel. We are extremely pleased at the highly favorable reactions we've been receiving about this particular feature, and we promise to continue it so long as this sort of response continues from our readers. Editor.}  
}

Minn-stf Minutes of July 23, 1974 -- Meeting held at Hobbitat

President of the moment Ken Fletcher opened meeting at 8:25 p.m.

OLD BUSINESS:

Jim Young brought up the question of 1967, then put it down again.

Someone pointed out that Gerry Wassenaar had requested there be a Treasurer's Report at the next meeting, which is to say this one. However, Treasurer Caryl Bucklin was not present to give one. Nor was Gerry Wassenaar present to hear one. And there wasn't.

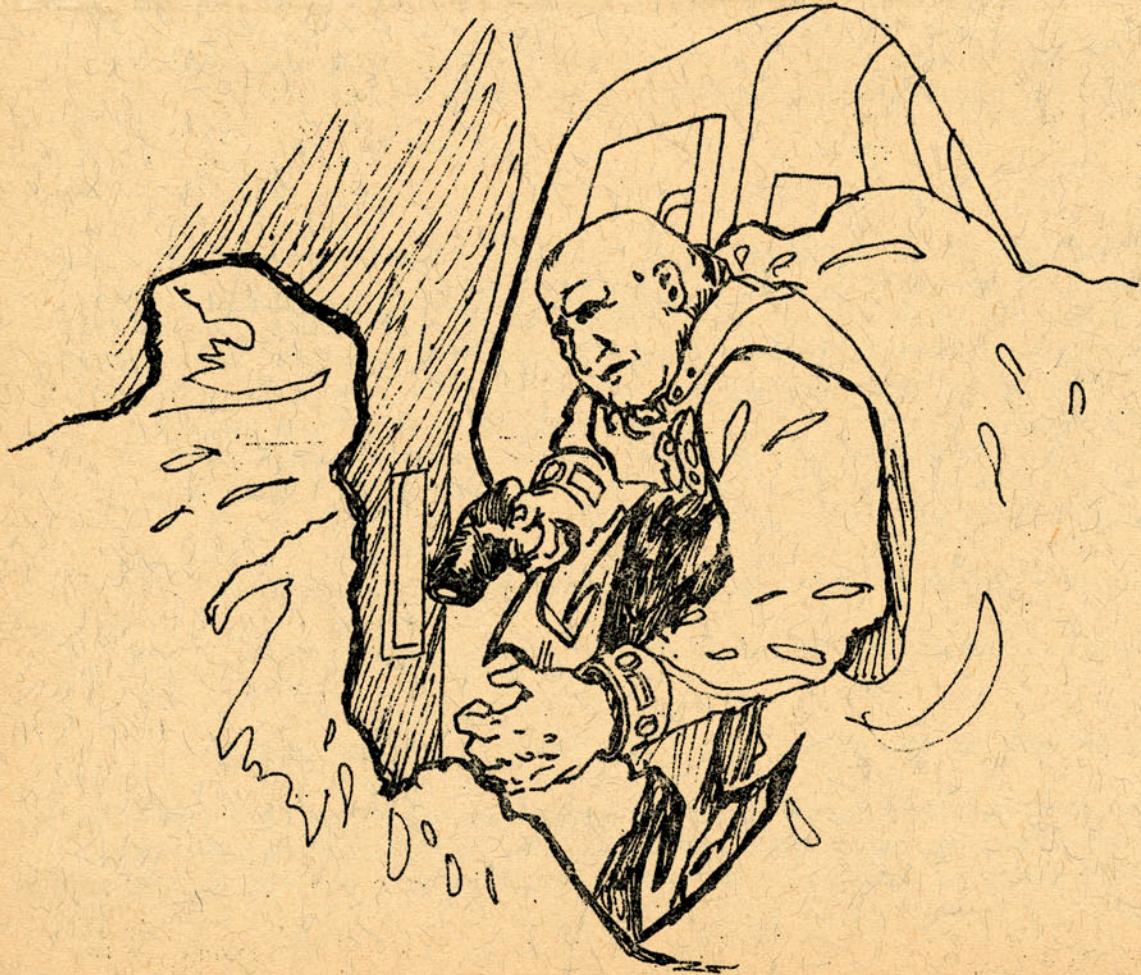
OFFICIAL "MINN-STF" PAGE (cont.)

Frank Stodolka announced that he had been looking into and pricing addressing systems for RUNE and would continue to do so.

NEW BUSINESS

Bob Schmelzer asked if Minn-stf wanted to provide money for a Minneapolis in '73 Party at the upcoming Worldcon. There was general agreement that we did, but that the question of how much should wait until a Treasurer's Report could be made. The question then arose of where such a party should be held: did any Minn-stf members have reservations for a double room or larger? Martin Schafer did, and volunteered his. No one seemed to have booked a suite. Jim Young suggested the possibility of finding non-Minn-stf but friendly-to-Minn-stf people with a suite and try to work out a deal. The Open Party is expected to be huge and will presumably ease the strain on our party, so that perhaps that large a room would not be needed. Jim Young will contact the Toronto and Kansas City People. Chuck Holst indicated that we should make our own arrangements for our own room. Other possible party sites suggested included the Washington Monument, the D. C. Zoo, and the Goodyear Blimp. Frank Stodolka said that it was his impression that the rooms in the D. C. hotel were larger than those in Toronto. Don Bailey and Martin Schafer each have doubles: could they arrange to get adjoining doubles? Jim Young recommended a pass-on of \$25 each from Minn-stf and from Minicon for the party.

Mark Hansen reported for Don Blyly: there will be on July 28 (Sunday) at 2 p.m. a Secret Masters of Minicon meeting for committee people and willing helpers. Among the topics for discussion will be Guest of Honor. Jim Young



caused a sensation by describing the serious possibility that we might be able to convince ((at this point the secretary, while carefully taking these notes, had to bend over to tie his shoe while scratching his back, kicking a dog, answering the phone, and getting a refill on his coke. Somehow, while so doing, the pencil with which they were being recorded must accidentally have been flipped over to "Erase," as an eighteen-line gap exists in the notes here. It could have happened to anyone.)) And Jim Young then concluded by saying, "well, if (inaudible) is willing to come to our (deleted) con, then for Roscoe's sake, get it!"

Mark Hansen reported that Mother Goose Band would be playing August 7 at the Cedar-Riverside People's Center, with the usual Minn-stf hangers-on hanging on.

Matthew Tepper, crazy California fan, will be arriving by airplane this weekend to visit crazy Minnesota fandom. Gather at the Bucklins' in the wee morning hours of either Saturday or Sunday or whatever to write the welcome song and journey thither.

Mark Hanes reported that we had 18 people signed up for the worldcon bus.

Chuck Holst reported that Bruce Wright needs a ride to Picknickicon leaving at or after noon. Date and place and ground rules of the Picknickicon were repeated.

Upcoming meetings were set: Aug. 3 (Sat. aft.) at the Bozo Bus Building; Aug. 14 (Tues. eve.) at Don Bailey's; Aug. 24 (Sat. aft.) at Joan Verba's.

Meeting adjourned at 8:50 p.m.

Dennis Lien -- Minn-stf Secretary

\* - - \* - - \* - - \*

Minn-stf Minutes -- Temporarily Under New Management

Meeting of 13 August 1974 at Don Bailey's home.

Meeting called to order at 8:18 by Denny Lien, in the absence of either President or Vice President. Joan Kusske appointed temporary Secretary.

Lien announced that Fred Haskell is the new editor of Rune and that material for the upcoming issue should be in his hands by Friday, 16 August.

Lien announced that Margie Lessinger has now rotated into the Presidency (previous President Ken Fletcher having "lost his political base" or somewuch) and will remain there until October 16, when Blue Petal will take over.

Lien announced that a Board of Directors meeting and a Secret Masters of Minicon meeting had both been held at the Bucklins' on 11 August, and that the



former had produced a number of resolutions which would become By-Laws of Minn-stf upon publication in Rune. Copies of the resolutions were posted on the bulletin board and comment was invited.

Lien announced that Fred Haskell was also redoing the address list and wanted new addresses and phone numbers given to him.

Lien having gotten rather tired of announcing, Gerry Wassenaar slipped in one of his own: Uncle Hugo's Science Fiction Book Store will be coordinating rides and drivers for the Worldcon (the proposed chartered bus having failed to come off).

Everybody having gotten rather tired of announcing, the meeting turned its flagging attention to site selection for upcoming meetings. The 24 August meeting is set for Joan Verba's, and Worldcon follows the next week. Would we want to go back to an every-other Saturday afternoon meeting schedule after Worldcon, as is traditional? Dick Tatge asked if presiding officer wanted a motion to that effect and Lien made the mistake of indicating that he did not, as he was running an informal meeting. Tatge then made an informal motion which was informally seconded by Nate Bucklin and passed with three informal abstentions and one informal "Present." Upcoming meetings will thus be every other Saturday afternoon commencing on September 14, two weeks after Worldcon.

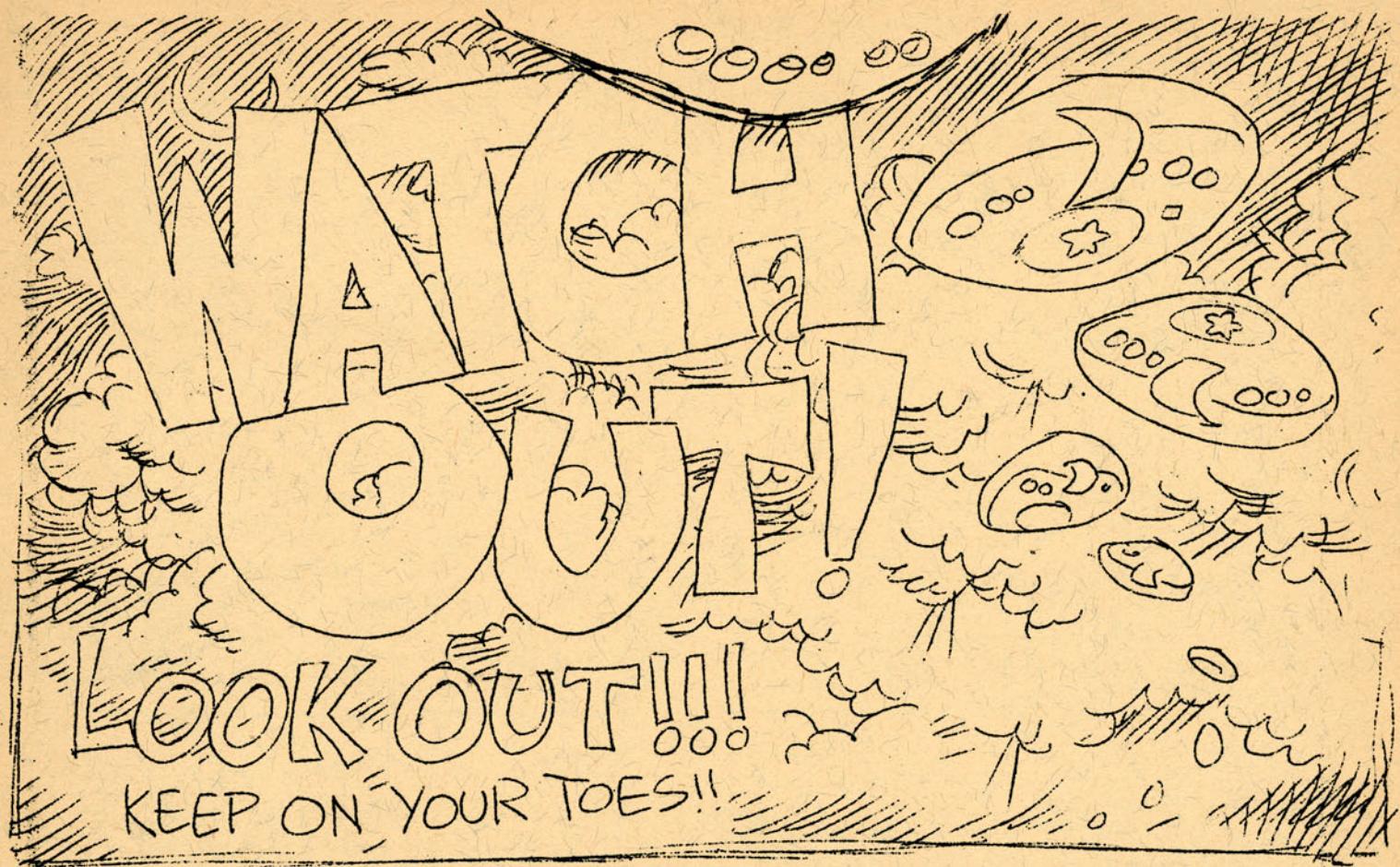
The September 14th meeting will be held at Bruce Hanselo's parents' home: 13205 B / 16th Ave. N. / Plymouth, Minnesota. The September 28th meeting will be at Denny Lien's: 2408 S. Dupont--Apt. 1 / Minneapolis. Mike Wood pointed out that Minneapa had gone triweekly, and that there would be a collation thereof at the September 28th meeting. October 12 is Minicon; no meeting that week.

Martin Schafer informally moved for adjournment by walking out and Dick Tatge informally seconded by following him, followed by everybody else. Meeting adjourned at 8:25.

Typed from notes taken by Joan Kusske,  
Secretary Without Portfolio, and  
grudgingly approved by  
Dennis Lien  
Minn-stf Secretary (with portfolio)

\* \* \* \* \*





LOOK OUT!!!

KEEP ON YOUR TOES!!

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE BEEN HAROLD BANANA-SMITH WHO WAS ESCORTED FROM HIS BACKYARD BAR-B-Q PARTY TO MARS BY CRAZED AND IRATE VEGETABLES FROM THE MILKY WAY?

OR ALICE LASAGNA OF 1419 ICE CREAM LANE WHO FELL ASLEEP UNDER HER HAIR-DRYER AND WOKE UP ON THE MOON?



WHO CAN FORGET THE NIGHT FRED HASKELL WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A GIANT KAZOO FOR 3 DAYS BY A STRAY UFO RAY! IS THERE REALLY ANY WAY TO STOP THESE INTERPLANETARY ATROCITIES? IS IT WORTH THE TROUBLE? WE'LL SEE....

0000 00 XXO OOX XXX 000 OXO OXX 000 XXX

MEANWHILE IN OUTER SPACE

BZU! I'M DYING  
OF THIRST! GOT  
ANY HIGH OCTANE  
LEFT?

NO...  
WANT  
TO TRY  
SOME  
ETHYL?

ANYTHING! I'LL  
DRINK ANYTHING!  
JUST AS LONG  
AS IT HAS GAS-  
OLINE IN IT!

YOU'VE BEEN  
HITTIN' THE CAN  
A LOT, LATELY,  
ELROD, WHAT'S  
UP?

BURP!

IT'S LIKE THIS, JACK... YOU  
SEE IT'S A LONG STORY, I  
MEAN IT GOES LIKE THIS...

30 YEARS AGO, MANY MOONS  
THAT IS, I WAS IN A GRILL ON  
THE LOWER END OF VENUS...

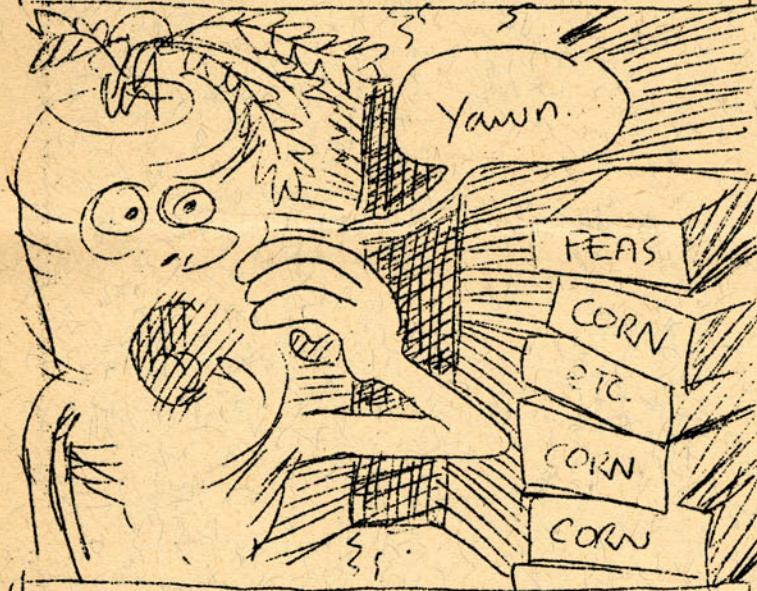
I WAS A YOUNG SPROUT  
THEN, JUST BUMMING  
AROUND SOAKIN' IN THE  
MOONBEANS..

GUNK GUNK

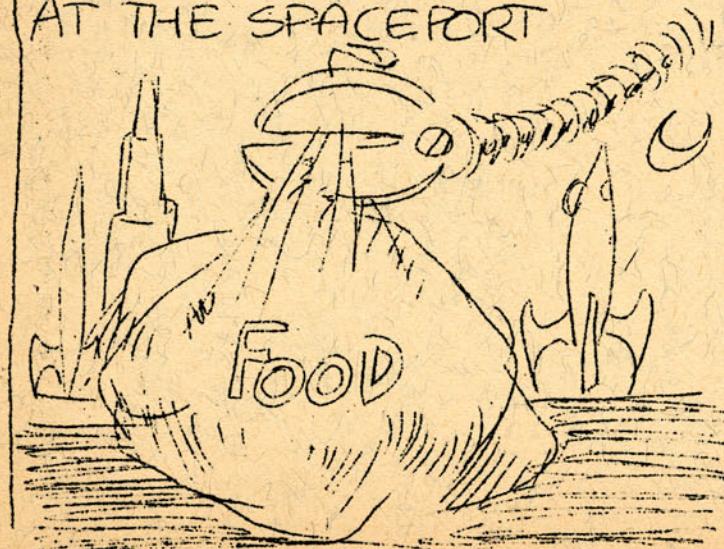
I HAD MY FIRST SIP OF THIS LETHAL JUICE THEN AND WHILE UNDER THE SPELL OF THIS INTOXICANT...



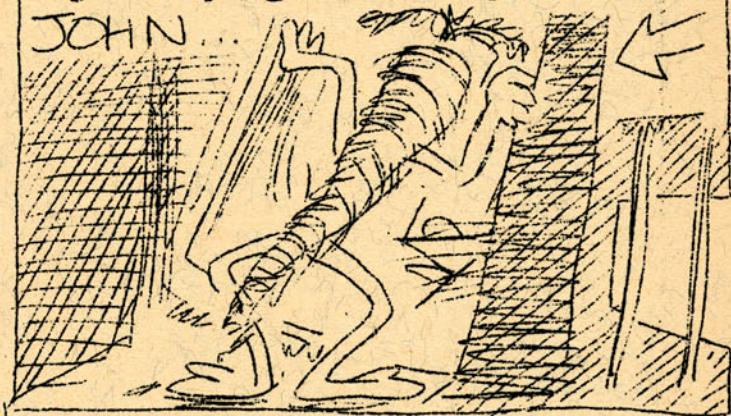
BUT FELL ASLEEP INSTEAD BECAUSE OF THE DRINK..



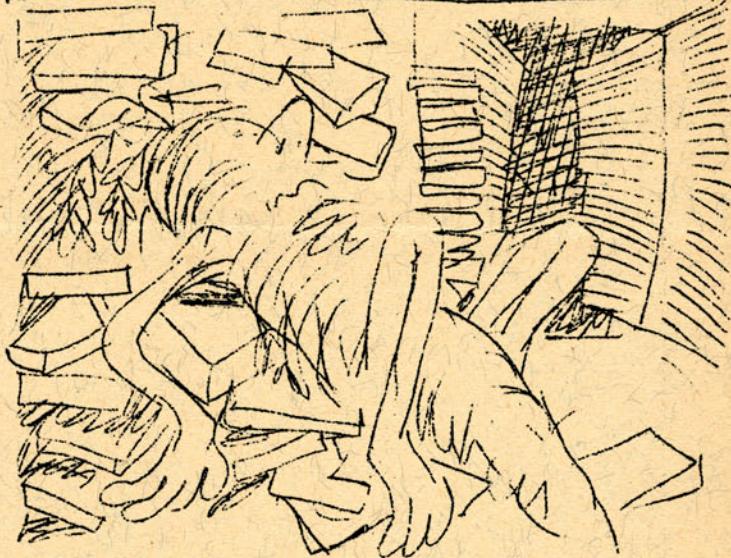
AND WAS DELIVERED AS PRODUCE TO A ROCKET SHIP AT THE SPACEPORT



ACCIDENTLY AND UNPURPOSEFULLY WALKED INTO THE BACK OF AN UNLOADING DELIVERY TRUCK AS I WAS LOOKING FOR THE JOHN...



ACTUALLY I PASSED OUT...



AND CAME TO IN THE KITCHEN AS I WAS ABOUT TO BE RADARIZED..



MY LIFE WAS SAVED BY A  
KIND VEGETARIAN WHO LET  
ME - PHEW! I'M ON A PLANE!

WAIT! TELL ME  
LATER, WE'RE ABOVE  
MINNEAPOLIS NOW!  
PREPARE TO LAND!

YOU KNOW WHAT  
WE'RE SUPPOSED  
TO DO, DON'T YOU?

WE'VE GOT TO OBTAIN ONE  
HUMAN BEING FOR OUR  
ANONYMOUS BOSS

RIGHT!  
BUT NOT  
JUST ANY  
HUMAN! ONE  
SPECIFIC PER-  
SON...

HOW CAN WE TELL? THEY  
ALL LOOK ALIKE TO ME...

A NAME? THEY'RE THAT  
ADVANCED?

ALMOST.  
HERE'S HIS  
PHOTO.

THIS ONE  
HAS A  
NAME

A NAME? C'MON, YOU'RE  
KIDDING ME...

NO I'M NOT.  
LOOK, HERE IT  
IS: KENFLETCHIER.

YOU CALL  
THAT A NAME?

TO BE CONT'D...

{}You've all heard the story -- some ambitious young fan(s) deciding to put out a new zine -- it will be the best he had ever seen. Preparations are made...but somehow it never comes out. Something arises that prevents the publication of the fanzine, and fandom misses another chance to be revolutionized. (Some say that lurking behind the still-borning of many of these efforts lurks the evil and shadowy figure of Dr. Dodd Cleggler, but that's another story....) Anyway, so it was back in 1972, when Jim Young, Ken Fletcher, and Fred Haskell set out to publish a new fanzine. "Magic Twanger" it was to be called, and it was going to be great. Only somehow, it never got published. In any case, the following is a reprint of Ken Fletcher's column from that never-seen first issue of Magic Twanger. Editor.{}}

# Whizzing and Pasting and Potting!

by Ken Fletcher

FROM THE CITY THAT BROUGHT YOU MINNEAPOLIS....

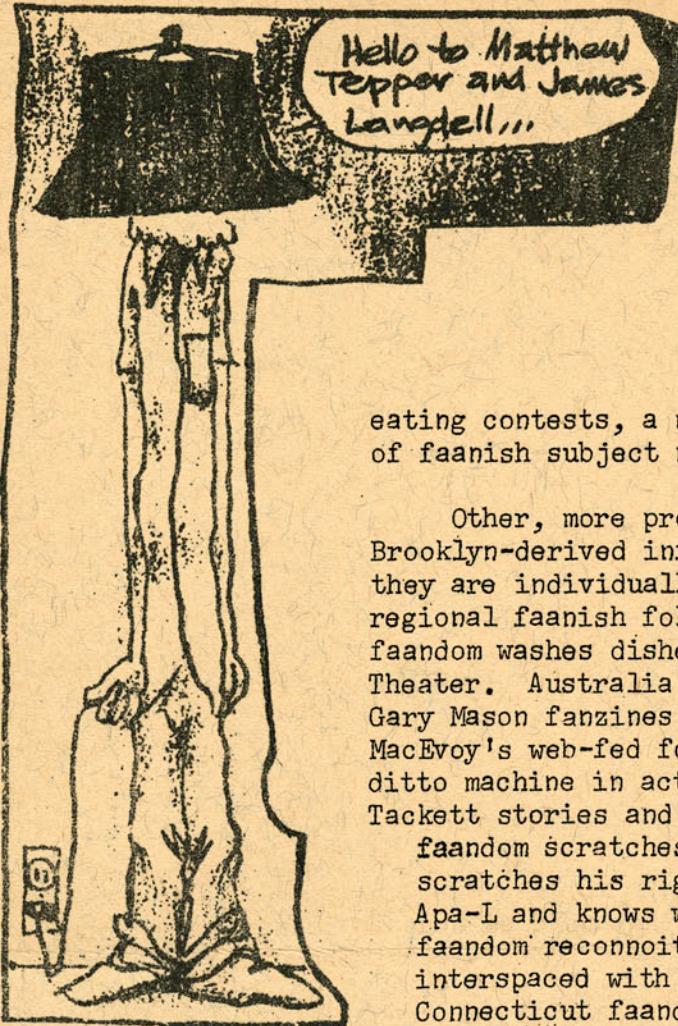
Some fans say that Minneapolis fans are crazy. "Crazy Minneapolis Fans!" you can hear them boggle upon recognition of the distinctive regional fannish mannersims -- the Twonk's Disease encrusted body, the Byzantine chauvinisms, the fanzines dittoed on yellow second sheets, membership in unknown apas, piles of flyers here & there on a registration table -- recognition of all the elaborately constructed and pervasive myth. Yes, myth. Bunk. Faparot. Worth no more than scrapings from a can of mimeo ink. The deceptively pleasant facade of a stale dittomaster pizza. A tower of root beer cans up to Fred's bellybutton. Creative self-delusion is all that it is -- created by you. Minneapolis fandom, as you think you know it, exists only in your mind. Fannish idealizations and liquified stereotypes bubbling behind your eyes, and you see a Minneapolis fan at a convention party...a catalyst for a myth to form around.

All of this having nothing to do with reality. Actually, you see, Minneapolis fans are crazy....

\* \* \*

THE CEREMONIES OF THE NATIVES ARE QUITE INTERESTING....

It seems that every major truefannish area must have its own distinctive truefannish activity or activities nowadays -- all part of Ghu's wisdom, I suppose -- otherwise you couldn't tell one fannish fanzine from another without an up-to-date report on current regional activities.... Brooklyn faandom with its relative seniority, of course has quite a few of these identifying topics of essay, including the imported activity of putting one's foot behind one's ear.



Hello to Matthew  
Tepper and James  
Langell...

(No need to be alarmed. This came from Irish faandom and is Historically Authenticated -- therefore it must be good for one's faanish soul, to say nothing of the faanish body....) Another Brooklyn faanish practice, well known and often emulated, is that of a group of fans gathering together to record each other's conversation for their respective faanzines. Brooklyn faandom has recently taken to conducting

eating contests, a most inventive and distinctive variety of faanish subject material.

Other, more provincial faandoms may show Brooklyn-derived influences in their commentary-hooks, but they are individually distinguishable by their creative regional faanish folk-activities. Columbia, Missouri, faandom washes dishes and chants quotations from Firesign Theater. Australia faandom smuggles things and reads Gary Mason fanzines. East Lansing faandom watches Seth MacEvoy's web-fed four-cylinder tandem-perfecting 20-color ditto machine in action. Albuquerque faandom tells Roy Tackett stories and reports on local politics. Heyworth faandom scratches his left ear. Hagerstown faandom scratches his right ear. L.A. faandom publishes in Apa-L and knows who Tom Digby is. Pennsylvania faandom reconnoiters Philcon and conreports same, interspaced with Flinchbaugh and Schalles illos. Connecticut faandom is ceremonially barefoot. North Carolina faandom gets visited by Mike Wood. Boston faandom survives Noreascons. Bristol faandom raises aardvarks for Fun and Prophets.... And so it goes.

\* \* \*

#### ...OF ONE FANZINE PLOPPING...?

I am not yet certain of Minneapolis faandom's most characteristic reported faanish activity, but I may be close in chronicling one of the things we do here in St. Paul. In St. Paul, we sit around and listen to the fanzines plop into the mailbox....

Just the other day, in fact, a few Minneapolis people were over to listen to my mail delivery. It was a good one. Fanzine impact can always be distinguished from surrounding mundane mail at the lowest levels of faanish mailbox listening -- the ditto and mimeo paper and the stapled format are distinctive, of course. This particular time was quite a challenge. \*Plop\* and after the postman crunched across the snow-covered yard, we sat in silence analyzing the sound. John Kusske was the first to commit himself, an observation that was in doubt -- two fanzines? One fanzine was obvious (though strange) -- Fred Haskell identified that it was folded the long way. The other possible fanzine was more of a question -- I suppose John's long apa experience paid off here -- he had identified the mimeo paper in the muffling envelope. What had caused the problem was the offset-papered zine in the same envelope.

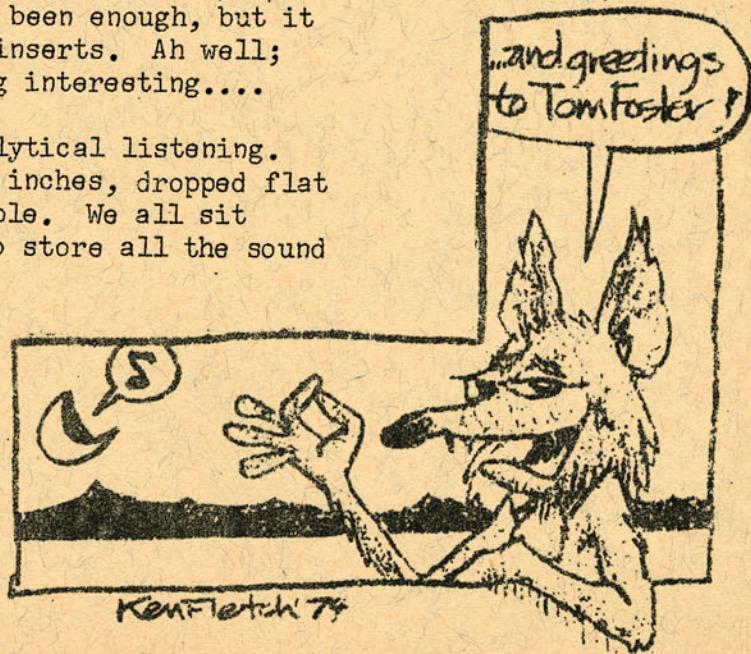
Even so, this probably-fannish envelope was even more of an enigma, as Blue Petal remarked, reminding us that the 'muddyness' and dissonance of its sound was not yet totally explained. We discussed this for a while, reaching no definite conclusion -- though I was first to mention that the stapling may have had a lot to do with it -- something we should have all jumped on, seen in retrospect.... Source was a question mark. Small apamailing? Experimental fanned? Faneds sharing an envelope? An apa postmailing? -- the most likely, but yet.... Probably not from the West Coast, but no fanned was clearly suggested.

The other fanzine (long-folded) was also a challenge, yet it fell into place a bit better. I opted for a loose mimeo mailing wrapper, one staple. Agreement. Blue: Ditto and mimeo (experimental fanned). John: Mimeo on ditto paper. Discussion. Possibly -- John knows mimeo, but that is calling it mighty fine, considering that most of the paper was probably mimeo. Fred: All the mimeo art is electrostenciled. We beat him about the head and shoulders. (As it turned out he was wrong -- just barely. I don't know if he's putting us on or what....) It quite definitely had an East Coast sound; an experimental fanneditor; probably faanish (he was using ditto) -- but he wasn't familiar. (Yeah, that's right. The sound of a Mobius Trip ploping down to rest practically screams: ED CONNOR!)

So, we'd gone about as far as we could with our mailbox analysis. I stepped out and got the mail. The folded zine was Neal Goldfarb's Warm Heart Pastry 1. Now if he had been publishing more often, we could have probably guessed who he was -- a very distinctive fanzine, in its experimentation. We had done pretty well with this one: ditto and mimeo (some very outstanding Dick Flinchbaugh covers), with mimeo on the ditto paper of the inside back cover (surely the only way John could have heard it). Most of the art was electrostenciled, with a few fillos excepted. We pretty much agreed that we'd be able to identify the sound of any future issues, if Neal stayed anywhere near the same format.

We all groaned and pounded tables upon seeing the 'muffled fanzine' -- Tomorrow And... 8. No wonder it had such a muddied-up sound. First off, there was the distinctive TA... format -- offset; stapled on the shortend for a short and wide fanzine. Then two mimeo inserts (one stapled corner each) for loc's and book reviews. And finally, the significant deviation -- the magnificent 'Mike Gilbert Goes to Fantasyland' bulky fold-out insert. Foo. TA... should have been easy.... The sideways-stapled-sound should have been enough, but it was hidden by all those confusing inserts. Ah well; that's what makes fanzine listening interesting....

So we finally came to the analytical listening. Our standard height of drop is six inches, dropped flat onto an uncovered wooden dining table. We all sit around and listen very intently, to store all the sound of impact that we can. You see, we realize that fanzines aren't really that sturdily put together -- so analytical drops are limited to two for the lifetime of the fanzine, to save on wear-and-tear. We limit ourselves to one analytical drop when we get the zine, preferring to keep the other opportunity in reserve. The sound we get



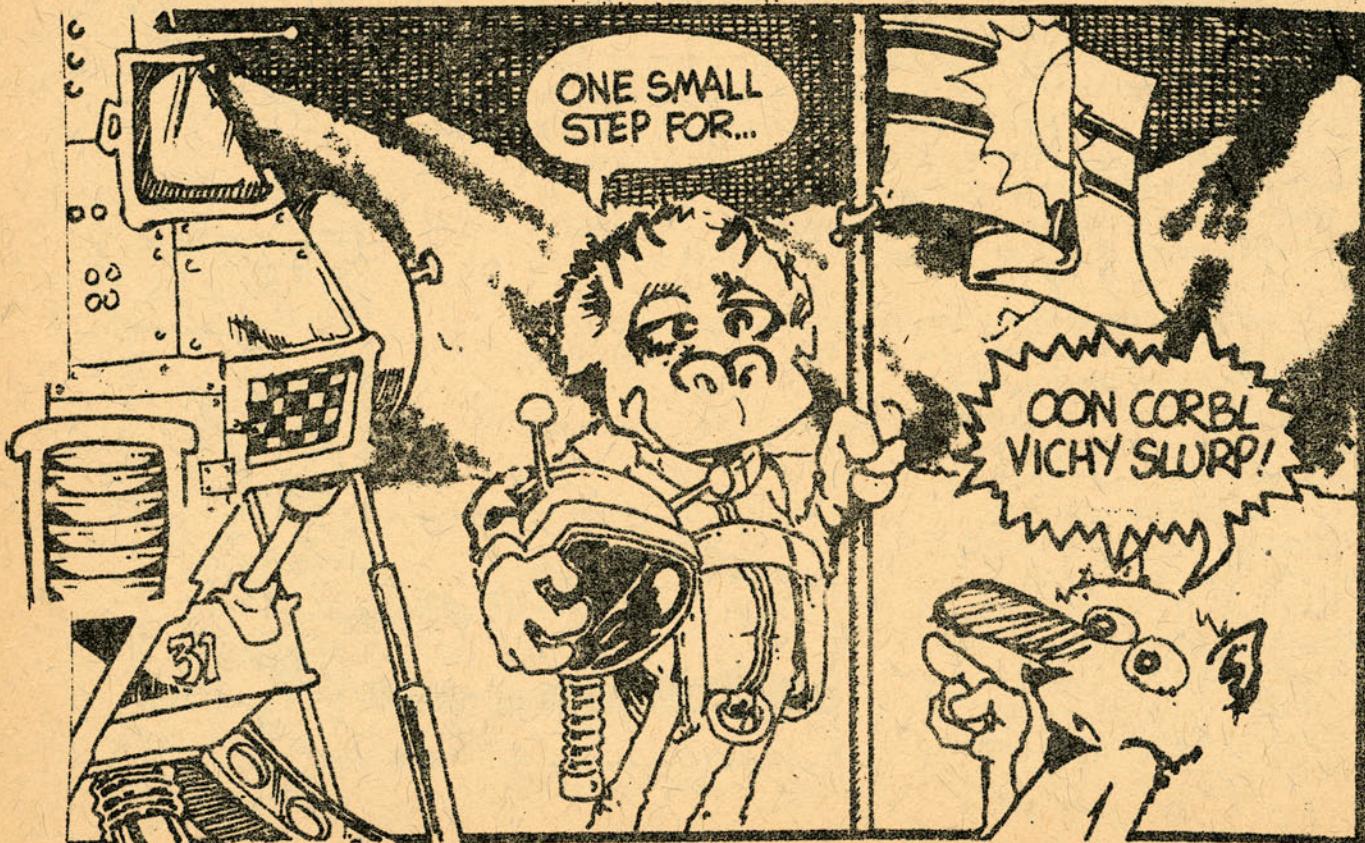
isn't the same as the ideal "hitting-the-mailbox sound, but the audial essence is there -- and that's what we listen for....

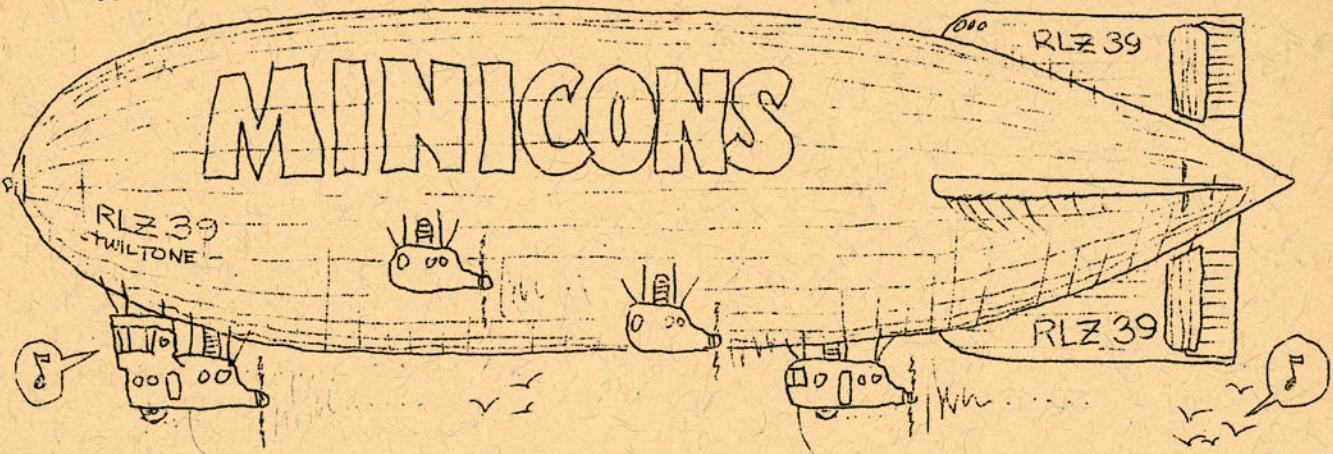
\* \* \*

#### A LITTLE MORE TREBLE, FRED....

Listening is good these days -- all sorts of fanzines are plopping into the mailbox.... Columbia, Missouri, zines with their distinctive hollow-letter twang; the solid, multicolored crisp mimeo THUNK of a Carandaith; the sharp white noise of an Algol; the echo of the micro-elete in Rats!; the repetitive, matter-of-fact theme of Locus; the xerox ghostly chime of a Sanders floating down to rest; the symphonic open silences within an Outworlds; the boogie-beat of Jay Kinney's shading plate backing up the Brooklyn Sound; the rich, klutzy, upbeat sound of a Granfalloon -- like a jamsession between the Cream and the Six Fat Dutchmench. With so much to listen to, we're all starting to specialize. Mike Wood is busy listening to small apas now, John Kusske is studying individual FAPAzines, and I'm thinking of taking up some selective listening to comiczines (always good to expand your listening tastes, as I say).

And so it goes in faanish, exotic, old St. Paul.... We'll have both feet behind our ears if we can just resolve the impasse of faanish ethics that we're getting into. You see, John Kusske and Fred Haskell seem to feel that it would be okay to hook up a sterio pickup and amplifier to the mailbox! Even worse: recording the analytical drop! It smacks a bit too much of sercon for Blue and myself -- but it is so tempting -- the thought of the fanzine sounds of the early 70's being saved for generations of fans to come.... ("Hi, there! Ted White here! Remember this faanish melody?:" \*plop\*. "Yes, fellow fans, that was the classic sound of Void 29; and it and 49 other famous fanzine sounds can be yours for only....") But then again.....





## MINICON 9

The Minneapolis Public Library will be holding a Science Fiction Festival the weekend of October 12. Guests at the Festival will include Lester and Judy-Lynn del Rey, Fred Pohl, Allan Dean Foster, Ben Bova, probably James Gunn, and perhaps a few others. With so many people coming to town, we thought we ought to throw a party for them. So, Minicon 9 will be held the weekend of October 11-13, 1974, at the Hotel Dyckman (site of Minicon 8).

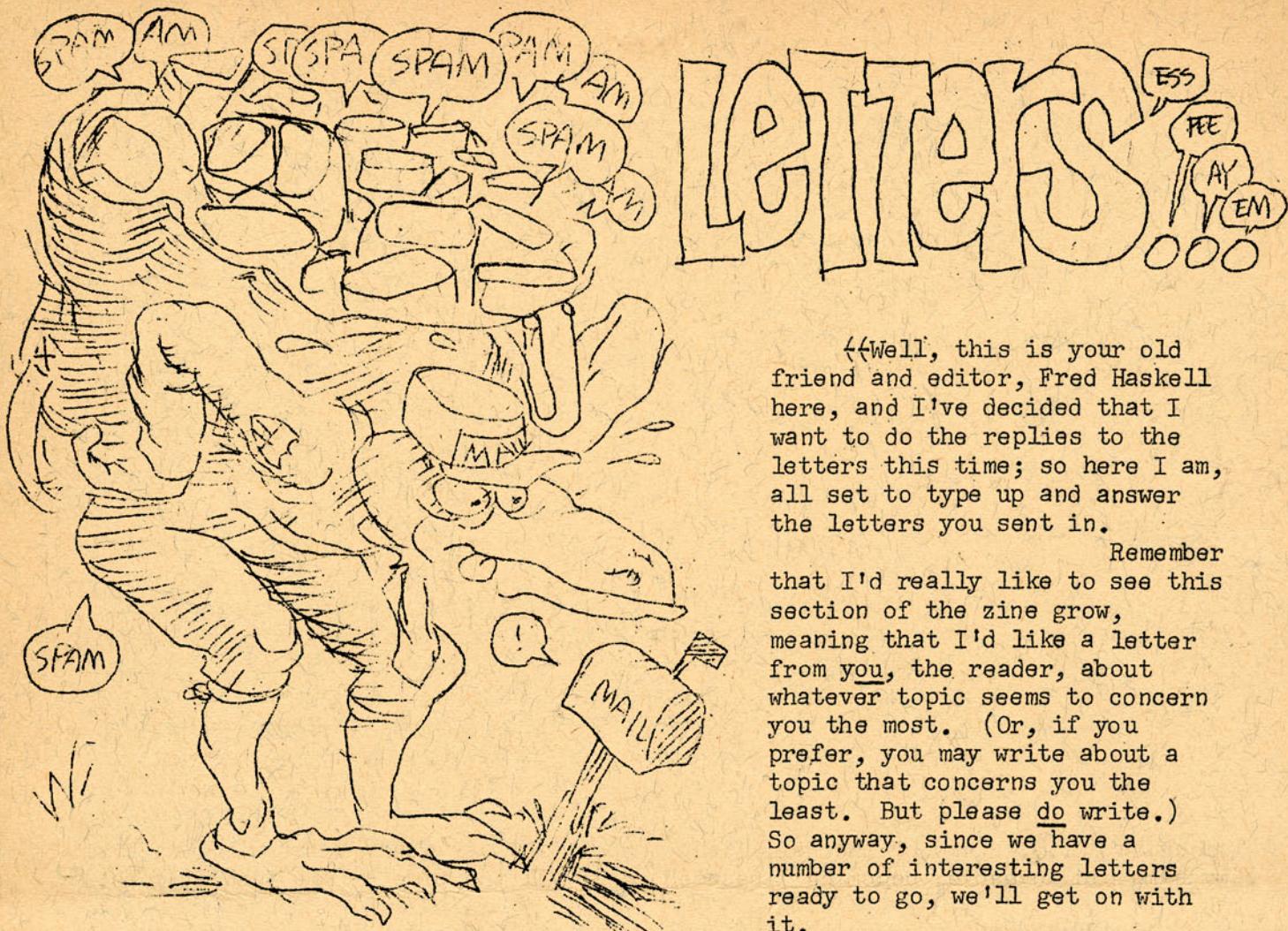
We want Minicon 9 to be a small, relaxed, unhurried con (especially for the committee, which is still exhausted from Minicon 8), so there will be no programming at the con. (There will, of course, be the library programming going on  $2\frac{1}{2}$  blocks away.) We had considered having nothing but the parties, but decided that would be unfair to those who have to huckster or sell artwork to afford to come. So, we will have a huckster room -- but it has a limited number of tables, and out-of-town hucksters, who need to sell to be able to attend, will get first chance at the tables. There will be an art show and auction. (Write to Dick Tatge, 3755 Pillsbury Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minnesota 55409, for art show information.)

Registration will be \$3.00 in advance or \$4.00 at the door. To register, send a check payable to Minicon 9 to Bev Swanson, 2301 Elliot Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minnesota 55404. (Out-of-town hucksters should add \$5 per table to the check to Bev.)

We will have a Saturday evening banquet, featuring a choice between chopped sirloin with mushroom sauce or baked ham. We will be having speeches in the banquet room following the meal this year. Cost will be \$5.25 per person. When you send your banquet money to Bev, please let her know which main course you want.

## MINICON 10

Minicon 10 will be April 18-20, 1975. (This is not the Easter weekend. Easter falls in March in 1975, and March's weather is too unpredictable for us to want to risk having half of our attempted attendees stuck somewhere in a blizzard.) The Professional Guest of Honor will be Poul Anderson. There will be programming in the style of Minicon 8. There will be wide-open huckstering. There will be a large art show. There will be crazy Minneapolis fans throwing crazy "Minneapolis in '73" parties. And there might even be a costume ball if enough people express interest.



# Letters

Well, this is your old friend and editor, Fred Haskell here, and I've decided that I want to do the replies to the letters this time; so here I am, all set to type up and answer the letters you sent in.

Remember that I'd really like to see this section of the zine grow, meaning that I'd like a letter from you, the reader, about whatever topic seems to concern you the most. (Or, if you prefer, you may write about a topic that concerns you the least. But please do write.) So anyway, since we have a number of interesting letters ready to go, we'll get on with it.

First, there's a letter from

Marsha Allen  
8140 Twin Bridges, Apt 204  
St. Louis, Missouri 63123  
April 14, 1974

Dear Don and Mark,

I was quite chagrined to get the issue of RUNE at my new address. It seems that fans are more efficient about such things than the mundane world. It took the magazine subscriptions over a month and the only fans I can recall sending my new address to were the Discon II committee. Far out!

Does anyone know by chance of the name of the SF story the Jefferson Airplane based their album Jefferson Starship on? A friend of mine here (not a fan) is looking for a copy of it. If someone can help me please write.

Looking at the picture of me you published recently, I have a huge urge to go for plastic surgery immediately. Well, some of us are photogenic and some of us are not. Thank goodness fans are more interested in brains (or are they?). Really though, most fans (male fans that is) are remarkably liberated in their attitudes toward femme fans. They enjoy looking at a shapely bod, but they seem quite aware that there is something else that makes up a woman. People like Nita Coulson, Leigh Couch and many others too numerous to mention are complete persons, not mere extensions of a man. Fans are quite remarkable people; I feel that I have more friends that I see once or twice a year than people I see every

day in the mundane world. They may turn into sexist beasts as soon as they go back to work after a con, but as long as they're real people around the con, they're beautiful.

The typographical errors in RUNE make me feel homesick for the good old days of OSFAN. Also, I ought to charge you for a bandaid. I cut my finger on the staples (my attorneys will contact you soon).

I'll probably run into you at Midwestcon this year, so until then don't take any watered-down gasoline.

MARSHA ALIEN

{(I'm sorry, but I can't help you on the Jefferson Starship album question. I even asked some of my best sources of unusual information (Jim Young, Ken Fletcher, and Mark Hansen), and none of them knew either. I've been told that a song on one of Jefferson Airplane's albums (and please note that Jefferson Starship, while containing some of the same personnel, is not the same group as Jefferson Airplane) contains a couple of lines quoted from a John Wyndham novel. But that doesn't really help you or your friend, does it? I guess I'm going to have to throw the question open. Any of you other RUNE readers care to help Marsha out?

It smacks of that tired (and rather stupid) old "fans are slans" routine, but I must admit that it seems that fans are generally rather nice people. I find it quite interesting that fans do seem to be generally less sexist than the rest of society, while at the same time they are also more open about their interest in sex (both as a participatory sport and as a topic of conversation). I don't know if there is any correlation between the two, but it will make for some interesting speculation.... (And by the way, I can't speak for any other male fans, but I am my same old loveable, becoming liberated, self all the time -- not just at cons.)

Sorry to disappoint you, by the way, but we're trying to get RUNE down to a much lower percentage of typos. Hopefully you'll continue to enjoy it, but I'm afraid you'll have to find a new surrogate for your typoed OSFAn nostalgia. Anyway, thanks for the letter....

And now on to a letter from Sarah Sue Bailey, to whom I must also apologize, as not even one paragraph of the letter saw print last time. It seems to have been temporarily misplaced; but it is now found.})

Sarah Sue Bailey  
1915 Mews Drive  
Kansas City, Missouri 64131  
May 29, 1974

Dear Don or whoever is running Rune now,

Thank you. Thank you. Rune #37 is the first fanzine I have ever personally received. Of course I've read fanzines at Hobbit House or ones that were sent to Ken Keller or Jim Loehr or Bill Fesselmyer or some of the other K.C. fans, but this one is mine, all mine. The other people in my house weren't even sent a copy. I'm unique for once.

I enjoyed the North Country Comics and Fantasy Convention very much. Being a dealer is by definition mostly dull. You can do three things while tending a dealer's table. You can sit and watch, or watch and wait, or wait and sit. However when I got out of the dealer's room I was most impressed. The programming was good, of high enough quality and varied enough for a major SF con not just a small comics con. I know you all tried hard to stress that it was not just a comicscon (and it most certainly wasn't) but the name and the fact that it came as soon after Minicon 8 couldn't help but give people the idea it was mostly a comiccon.

I found the slide show/discussion of the Oz books most fascinating and I thought the panel on SF film came off very well (though I might be a bit prejudiced). Someone must have done a lot of hard work setting up the film program. Congratulations. (Where did you ever manage to get a print of "Neverworld"?)

Minneapolis is full of nice folks. I suppose they also happen to be fans (at least the ones I met) but basically they are just nice people --- a little bizarre (see I learn fast), but nice. I hope at least some of you will get down to K.C. to see us soon. If any of your readers are ever in K.C. on the second Sunday of a month, come by my house between two and five and you'll find a KaCSFFS meeting in progress (by the by that's Kansas City Science Fiction and Fantasy Society for anyone who has never heard of us, though I dare say after our Worldcon bid that should be very few).

I took note of Robert Bloch's letter about Minneapolis being fan-capitol of the world. Well, I'm pretty proud of KC's fan activity. Three fanzines, a club of over thirty active members, a Worldcon bid and one of the fine best SF bookstores in North America isn't bad for a cowtown. Want to race for fan-capitol?

Please keep sending me Rune. And remember: KC in '76.

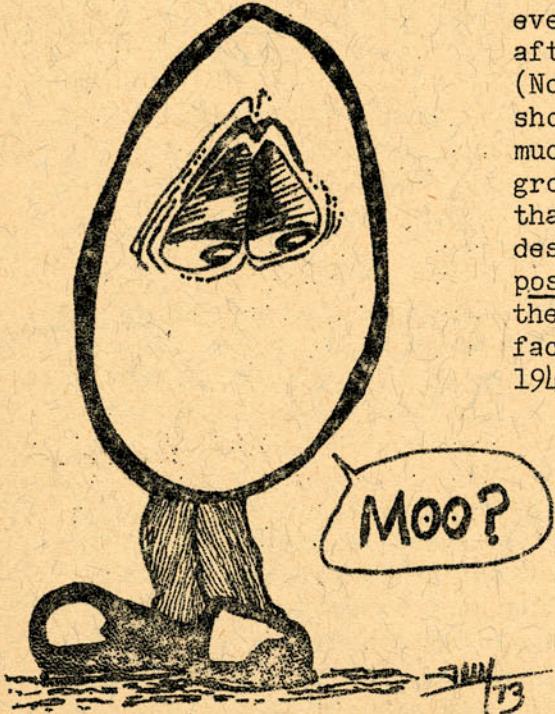
P.S. What happened when Tucker met the Intergalactic Squash?

SARAH SUE BAILEY

{}Though we do have some membership in common with the Minnesota Comics and Fantasy Association (the people who put on the North Country Comic and Fantasy Convention), you should be aware that we're not them, and they're not us. Though I am glad that you enjoyed the convention, and am passing that word on to those of the MCFA who put on the con.

I am also pleased that you like us Minneapolis folk, and I think that I can safely say that the feeling is mutual.....

You have every right to be proud of Kansas City's fan activity. I much enjoyed the BYOBCon; and most everybody I met down there before, during, and after the con were fine and interesting people. (Not to mention the hospitality you and Allan showed Chris Donahue and me, for which we are much appreciative.) In all, it is a fine fan group. However, it behooves me to point out that perhaps you are a bit misguided in your desire to "race" for fan-capitol. Not that I'm positive that Minneapolis is the fan-capitol of the world, you understand, but consider these facts: Minneapolis has had a fan group since 1940 (and such prominent pros as Cliff Simak, Gordy Dickson, Poul Anderson, Oliver Saari, Ted Cogswell, Charles de Vet, Ruth Berman, and Al Kuhfeld are or have been Minneapolis fans). Such fine faanish terms as "Twonk's Disease," "fout," "Arthur Leo Zagat,"\* "zottmew," "the Amoeboid Scunge," "Minneapolis Yellow," "PAFIA (Procrastinating Away From It All),"



\*See James M. Young, Arthur Leo Zagat: The Man and the Myth (Minneapolis, 1974).

"puppybarph," "Squanchfoot," and "Minneapolis in '73" all originated right here in Minneapolis. Innumerable fanzines are edited and published here, and we are also the home of the most successful new apa in years -- Minneapa. Minn-stf has about fifty active members and about another hundred semi-active members. True, you are running a Worldcon bid, but we've been running one for six years now, and will probably continue to do so for the next fifty years or so; we've thrown highly successful "Minneapolis in '73" bidding parties at every Worldcon\* and major midwestern con since 1968. (And besides, who am I to argue with such a prominent fan as Bob Bloch?)

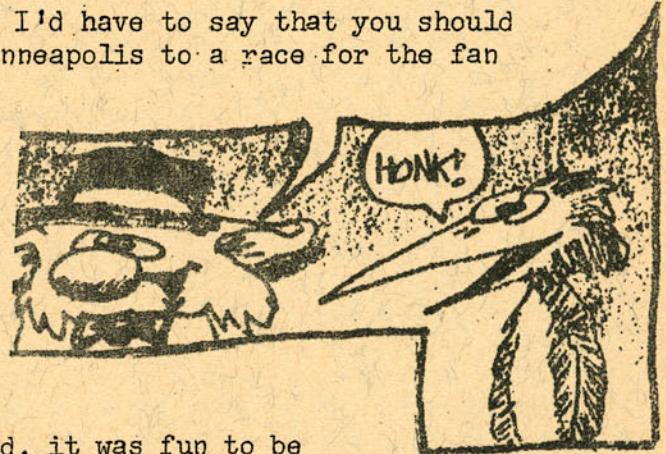
In any case, I'd have to say that you should probably think twice before challenging Minneapolis to a race for the fan capitol. (Besides, it wouldn't be a fair race. Minneapolis is much closer to Minneapolis than is Kansas City....)

As to your post script (now that that has been taken care of), watch for an illustrated feature on that very topic from Ken Fletcher soon to be appearing in an upcoming issue of RUNE.

All kidding aside, thank you for your letter -- not only was it nice to read, it was fun to be able to get extendedly wacky in my reply. Keep giving me comment hooks like that, and you'll have yourself a better friend than Androcles's. (And I ain't lyin'.)

And before I get on to the rest of the letters, I must give not only my own, but also the club's congratulations and best wishes to you and Allan....)

{I hope that none of the other people represented in this lettercolumn feel slighted or belittled by this, because that just isn't my intent, but I must admit that I am most pleased at being able to print the following letter. You see, I've been publishing fanzines for ten years now, and in that time at least one issue of every series was graced by a letter from Harry Warner, Jr. It is sometimes said that a fanzine doesn't quite exist until it's carried a letter from this man. I don't really know how he finds the time to read and loc as many fanzines as he does; and more amazingly, his letters are always interesting and fun to read. Therefore, it tickles me that I am able to run a letter from Harry Warner, Jr. in my very first issue as editor of RUNE. You know, here it is, my first issue, and I've already "arrived." But I guess it's about time for me to "shut up" and let Harry Warner, Jr. get on with it....)}



Harry Warner, Jr.  
423 Summit Avenue  
Hagerstown, Maryland 21740  
August 7, 1974

Dear Bev or whoever:

I recently emerged from the depths of fandom during the 1950's. With the first draft of the new fan history book about finished, I've been trying to start to restore myself to the good graces of all the people who have been sending fanzines despite the four-month cessation of locs. There must be three or four issues of Rune on hand, all of which I should cover in this letter. But this evening's spare time would be gone, if I started hunting through the stacks of fanzines awaiting attention to find everything. So I'll concentrate on the most recent issue, meanwhile parroting what I've been saying year after year, that Real Soon Now I'll be caught up on loc duties and will be able to give each and every fanzine the attention it deserves.

The picture pages were wonderful. Fans rave over the graphics revolution that has been created by electro-stenciling, the professional appearance which a fanzine here and there attains through offset reproduction and sophisticated typewriters, and the greater know-how fans possess today with regard to layout. But I suspect that the biggest improvement in fanzines really consists of their photographic reproductions. It used to be that a photo reproduced in a fanzine came out without middle tones, just black and white, and faces vanished except for two specks where the eyes should be and the photographers stood thirty feet or so away from the individual they focused on. Your pictures here are as fine, both in photographic and in reproduction values, as the best work that the German fanzines have achieved, and that's saying considerable. You should put a set of these prints into a sturdy envelope somewhere, and leave them untouched until 1989 or thereabouts when some foolhardy fan announced plans to write a history of fandom during the 1970's and needs illustrations for it.

The long, complicated tale of misfortune with the motor vehicles made me feel less alone in the world. I haven't had a car stolen yet, or commandeered by a meter maid, but everything else has happened to me. Just last week, for instance, I finally got up courage to do something with a small knob which I had always assumed had some kind of role to play with the hand brake, because it's only an inch or so away from the handle. I fiddled with it for a moment, and behold, the ventilator vent on the left side, which had never functioned, and which I'd never wanted to spend the money to have repaired, began to emit lavish quantities of fresh air, after a preliminary outburst of dust which had been accumulating during the two years I've owned the car. The next thing I want to do is figure out how to work the mechanism which releases the front seats, so I can shove them forward and save passengers from the need to climb over the backs to get into the rear seats.

All the material about congoing was pleasant to read. So many evidences of the good times made me feel as if I should attend the Pickinnickinnicon III, particularly since I haven't been to a picnic in years. But this Rune didn't arrive until today, and chances are practically everyone has gone home by this time.

The letter section provided some edification and one enormous spelling error on someone's part. That fanzine Rich Elsberry wrote for was Quandry. If Redd Boggs wrote it Quandra, I mean Quandry, you see what habit does, if he wrote it Quandry, he's definitely over the hill as a fan. If one of you people accidentally changed his spelling on purpose, you'd better get in line now to buy a copy of my new book, which will have much information on Quandry when it appears a mere two or three years from now. I've never seen Billy the Kid Vs. Dracula, and I'm not so sure that it exists after reading Dave Wixon's description. But if it's real, maybe it's the source of a familiar saying whose origin I'd always wondered about. If Dracula was trying to lure girls to his bed deep in a mine shaft, and finally succeeded, it could have been this episode that caused people to start saying that so-and-so "went down for the Count."

Randy Bey's little story isn't exactly Hugo caliber. But it did inspire a mad idea in me: the thought that I might be able to enjoy all the more extreme examples of New Wave writing, if I had someone run off several hundred copies of the last few paragraphs of this story, and I then pasted a copy at the bottom of the last page of each of those far-out tales.

In all, a good issue, one that maintains identity as a local club organ without being totally incomprehensible to a reader who doesn't live in the city

where the club exists. And I have realized in the nick of time that I forgot to say anything about the art work, which breaks up the pages very nicely although it breaks up the one real eternal verity of makeup on one page: it's better not to continue lines across the gap created by an illustration as was done on the second Pickinnickinnicon page, because it's too hard for the reader to keep his eyes aiming at the same line when there's no word for several inches. I liked particularly the little Ken Fletcher sketch on the last page and the Foster drawing at the end of the fanzine reviews.

Thanks for being so patient with me.

HARRY WARNER, JR.

{}Since writing my introductory comments to your letter, I have realized that I got a bit carried away, seeing as how it really was addressed to Bev more than to myself (though I guess I do fit into the "whoever" category). I am glad to have it to print, make no mistake about that, but I can hardly take credit for any of the things you comment on (except for some of the photos -- which are, by the way, being carefully preserved by myself. So any future fanhistorian will be able to obtain them). But thanks, and I hope I'll hear from you soon on my merits. (I'm sure, by the way, that Bev appreciates this letter, and would probably thank you for it if she was writing these replies...)}  
{}And last, we have here a postalcard from what is apparently a Vardeman simulacrum.{}

Vardeman #17  
Box 11352  
Albuquerque, NM 87112  
5Aug74

Dear RUNEd ones,

Sorry not to have responded sooner, but we simulacra have been fighting lately. Been to Westercon, San Francisco to visit Canfield, Denver twice (#1 for fun, #2 for fun and to see Clapton and CSN&Y) and one of us had his thumb broken by a mad samurai in downtown Denver outside a cathouse (the berserk baloney packer in real life was subdued by a passing librarian/knight marshal of the barony), been down to Big D once and am leaving again tomorrow noon, then another of us is going back to Denver and on to Spokane for the World's Fair. In between, a member of the clan wrote and sold another book so among us we've 2 books and a short story out. Different names on all, of course. Still another simulacrum invites you to Boobiecon, er Bubonicon at which he is a committee member. #82 sends his regards. The pictures of Minicon were nice. #17 of us has fallen madly in love with the picture of Ginger from Nashville and all of us want to get Tucker out of the country...send the blighter to Aussieland! And #1 sends his best wishes!

BOB VARDEMAN

{}With so many of you around, it seemed somewhat odd that none of us Minneapolitians had seen or heard from you in quite some time. Glad that you are all still more or less functional (though I hope that thumb can be repaired soon). Perhaps you'll stop by our crazy "Minneaplis in '73" bidding party at the Worldcon; or aren't any of you going to be there?{}  
\* \* \* \* \*

#### ART CREDITS:

Tom Foster; pages 11,12,20,28(art)

Jim Young; page 24

Ken Fletcher; pages 5,18,19,21,25,28(words)

Alexis Gilliard; page 7

Foster/Fletcher collaborations; pages 3,6,22

Mike Gilbert; page 10



...love the purple... rather suave and dashing, actually... holder does set it off... nice breeze... Mmm, yes...

... A person of perception — impressed with the view but soon to realize how paltry a mere balcony of one's own can be among the many material and spiritual riches to be experienced if they will come to support

## Minneapolis in '73!

... suiteloads of Fergo Farp... slices of straz... tubs of slaw...

... (pull the curtains, Fred)...

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