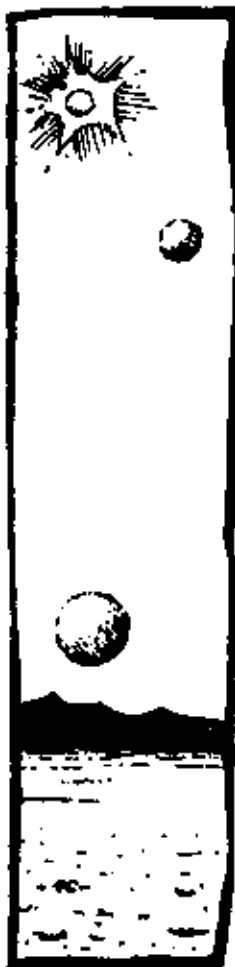


MINICON



NOTHING IS AS IT SEEMS



MINICON 13

Committee

EXECUTIVE:

Jan Appelbaum -- Treasurer
Margie Lessinger -- Registration
Jim Odbert -- Art Show
Jerry Stearns -- Party/t-shirts
Dave Wixon -- Hotel/Publications

and the MERRY MINICON MOB:

Carol Anndy -- Gofers/Treasury
Jim Atwood -- Filthy Pictures
John Bartelt -- Flattery
Lynn Anderson -- Hauling Stuff
Pam Dean -- Making Everyone Else
Feel Awake
Bev Elmshausen -- Asst. Margie
Ed Emerson: Sounding Like His Bro.
David Dyer-Bennet: Restaurant Gde.
Don Bailey: Computers, Quiet
Joel Halpern: Computers, Other
Richard Tatge: Decor
Elizabeth Anne LaVelle: Long Names
Martin Schafer: Northfield Liaison
Dean Gahlon: Asst. Clegler
Karen Johnson: Token St. Paulite
Doug Prief: Damn Fool for Opening
Saturday Morning
Caryl Wixon: Hostess Cupcake
Keith Hauer-Lowe: Wookie
Annie Isenberg: Bubbles
Denny Lien: Huckster Room/Role
Model for Libby
Joel Lessinger: Auction
Rick Gellman: t-shirts/winkwink
Dave Mruz: Films God
Scott Imes: Audio-video-oreo
Louie Spooner: t-shirts

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NOTES

NAME TAGS: Because of the size of the con, and our use of expensive equipment, we are forced to require all convention members to either wear their name tags or show their registration cards in order to enter any convention function or meeting room. We apologize for this inconvenience but it is absolutely essential. **PLEASE -- WEAR YOUR NAME TAG!!**

COMPLAINTS, INFORMATION, etc.: If you wish to volunteer to help the convention, or if you have any queries or complaints, please go to Convention Registration, in the Minnesota Room. A message board will be in the area, for those desiring to leave messages or requests for rides or room-mates.

COMMITTEE MEMBERS: can be identified by green name badges unless trying to hide in the crowd. They're willing to try to help you with any problems or requests; please remember that they have been, and still are, very busy with this con -- be patient.

RUNE: is the official journal/club bulletin/fanzine put out by the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc. (also known as Minn-stf or MNSTF), parent organization of this convention. Minicon members may subscribe at a special rate of \$1/year. Please note that since less than the hoped-for number of RUNEs were issued during the last year, those who subscribed at Minicon 12 will have their subscriptions extended at no charge. Sign up in the Registration Room.

GOFERS: also known as the Minnesota Gofers, these are the people who help carry out the innumerable little tasks that pop up during a con to harass the rest of the con Committee. Their contributions, generally little-noticed, are nonetheless essential, and are greatly appreciated by all of us. If you'd like to be one of this stalwart little band, trot over to the Registration Room and look for Carol Anndy, top-sergeant of the bunch.

LIQUID REFRESHMENTS: Non-Minnesotans should take local liquor laws into account in their planning: the age limit is now 19; liquor stores close early, too: 8 PM on Friday, 10 PM on Saturday. After those hours you can only buy by the drink -- and that not for long! (From room service it'll cost you painfully....) Plan ahead!



HOME FROM THE SHORE

Gordon R. Dickson

*Yin...and Yang.
The Sea and the Land...*

Johnny Joya stepped into the Castle-Home conference room deep in the Atlantic. Twenty of the People were already there with Chad Bidell, watching an image of Pul Vant, Secretary-Advocate for the land.

"...You understand," Vant was saying, "we can't have six million people without even a government holding seventy-point-eight per cent of the world's surface area. If the rest of the Space Cadets from the sea will come back voluntarily...we don't want to declare war."

"No," said Chad. "You don't want that."

Vant disappeared.

"They caught some of us?" Johnny asked.

"Yes," Chad said. "A hundred and twenty-nine didn't make it home."

The room was silent. Johnny found himself remembering the eye of the killer whale. The dark eye, hidden of meaning, and steady. Something moved in him. He felt the distant, but actual presence of the imprisoned sea-born.

"We can save them," he said. "We can rescue our own people."

The others stared at him, silent. Though the walls of the room enclosed him, he seemed to sense the eye of the killer whale upon him, steadily watching...

Coming in June from Sunridge Press

COMPUTER GAMING: If the gods are smiling on us, this year the Minicon will feature a room set aside for you computer-game enthusiasts. Under the benevolent dictatorship of Don Bailey and Joel Halpern, there may be as many as half-a-dozen terminals set up in Room 339. Prospective players will be required to sign up in advance for playing slots. The machines, which will include several Plato units, will be in operation at the following times: Friday — 3-11; Saturday -- 10-9; Sunday — 11-3.

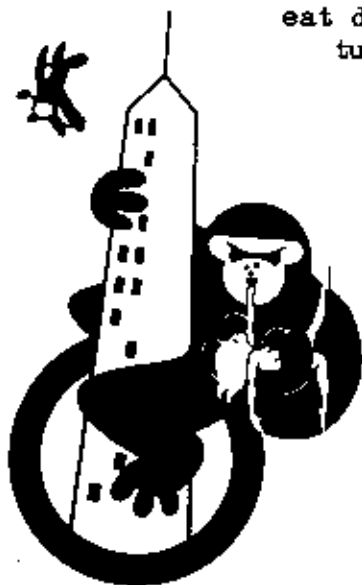
PROGRAMING NOTE: This year we have been immensely aided by the kind services of members of the Minnesota Society for Parapsychological Research, an organization for exploration and education in all phases of psychic research and development. MSPR is a non-profit organization associated with the U of M. You can give them a call at 376-1445 for more information. They are represented here by: Benny Phares, education director and psychic investigator; Anne Fand, a psychic lecturer interested in the practical aspects of ESP; Rose Alexander, a psychic; Jim Luger, public relations director of MSPR and communications consultant to Universal Products. Also present is Dr. Harvey Sarles, who will function as moderator; he is a professor of anthropology at the U of M, and is not a member of MSPR, but an interested observer.

BANQUET: A buffet-style, all-you-can-eat dinner, with choice of ham and turkey, will cost you \$9.50. This also guarantees you a good spot for the speeches afterward. As we must inform the hotel in advance as to how many will be at the banquet, we will have to cut off sale of the tickets at 7 PM on Friday. Wine will be available at the banquet for an extra charge -- choice of Rose or Chablis: ask your waitress.

CHECK-OUT TIME: has been extended to 5 PM on Sunday, for our members.

THIS CON RATED:

"T" for Trufan.



OTTERBURN ASSOCIATES...

...would like to make this offer to Minicon attendees: we'll send you any of the following sf novels, or all of them, personally autographed to you by the author, Gordon R. Dickson (while supplies last) —

TIME STORM, first edition: less than a year old, this big novel has been receiving rave reviews across the country.....\$12.50

THE FAR CALL, first edition: so brand new that it is on sale here at Minicon for the first time; don't be confused by the previous publication of a portion of this book in **ANALOG** — that was only the acorn from which this solid novel grew.....\$11.50

ALIEN ART, first edition: now out-of-print and very hard to get.....\$10.00

SPACE WINNERS, library edition: also now out-of-print, Dickson completists may find this one hard to get anywhere else.....\$6.00

In future, Otterburn Associates will be publishing a newsletter that should be of interest to science fiction readers; if you'd like to receive it, send us your name and address at the address below.

Minnesota residents: don't forget our 4% sales tax!

Enjoy the Minicon!



OTTERBURN ASSOCIATES

P.O. BOX 1896 • ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA 55111 • (612) 866-1165

introducing

the Guest of Honor



SAMUEL R. DELANY

by a fan who knows him -- Rick Cellman

Many of you know Samuel R. Delany the writer; you've met him in print -- if you haven't, he probably would not be opposed to you buying some of his books and doing so. But since he's never been to a Minicon before, I thought I'd introduce you to Chip Delany -- fan, pro, nice guy, and decadent.

I met Chip at my first con: Cleveland, 1966; I promptly inserted my foot into my mouth -- up to my thigh.

A few months before, EMPIRE STAR had blown me away. Now I had just found another Delany book in the huckster room, and had it in hand as I spied a group of writers talking in the lobby. I was too new to know them, so I started trying to read name-tags, without being too gauche about it. I read a name-tag and bumbled: "You're Samuel R. Delany! I just discovered you! I mean as a writer...."

It was funny. Chip smiled gently and thanked me for the attempted compliment. He also autographed my copy of THE BALLAD OF BETA-2: "To Rick, glad you discovered me."

More: when the rest of the pros there left for the bar, Chip took the time to excuse himself to the 12-year old fan he'd been talking to, explaining gently that he had to go, was sorry to cut the dialogue short, and would be happy to resume it later. It was obvious that he had saved the kid's feelings from being crushed.

Before you choke on the sugar content of the above, let me tell you about the decadent Chip Delany. He was GoH at Anonycon, in Buffalo in '76; Monday morning his door was open, and a number of us shared a breakfast of cake and champagne....

This may not seem decadent to ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW freaks; let me assure you: there are levels of decadence. That morning was decadent; subtle, and with a naive charm. Eating rich foods and (especially) drinking champagne -- on a weekday morning when society tells you you should be at work -- is an experience!

Afterwards, he accepted a ride to the airport in the rear of a van so decrepit that he had to sit on the floor in back....

So, if you see Chip at the con, don't be afraid to go up to him, to say hello, tell him what you think, or ask questions. You will like this man; he's easy to talk to. And don't hang back if you didn't make it all the way through DHALGREN; I asked Chip once about his reaction to everyone else's reactions to the book — he told me it didn't bother him if some people didn't like it, as long as they reacted to it in some fashion. A writer likes his work to reach an audience and affect them; Chip stays open and friendly in either case.

SAMUEL R. DELANY

by a fan who's never met him. Yet! — Dave Wixon

I'm not sure just what I expect. On the one hand, I've heard the stories of Chip Delany the fan; I've even talked to him on the phone, and I know he sounds gracious — indeed, eager! — about being our Guest. So are we eager to have him.

But that other Delany — Samuel R. — should not be forgotten, for the writer was the first aspect of this man that most of us ever encountered.

Delany the writer doesn't always sit well with the readers; but whether they liked it or not, few who have read his work can ignore it. As Rick says above, that's fine with Samuel R. Delany.

Samuel R. Delany has won four Nebula awards, bestowed by his fellow writers, and a Hugo. His novels include THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION and BABEL-17, both award-winners; and NOVA, TRITON, and DHALGREN. (The latter novel is surely the most controversial piece of sf in several decades, if one can judge by fanzine reactions; everyone seems to have reacted to it, and that ought to sit well with the author.)

In addition, Samuel Delany has recently had published a collection of essays in sf criticism, THE JEWEL-HINGED JAW, from Dragon Press. They make it apparent that Chip Delany has staked out as distinctive a place in criticism as he has in his fiction.



WINNIPEG IN '94

It's more than just a hoax

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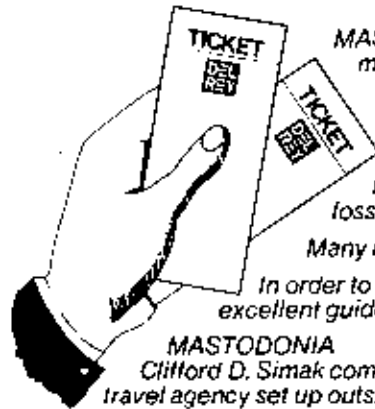
Just a short life time away

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FUNCON

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'Unicorns our Specialty'

introducing



the Fan Guest of Honor

SPIDER ROBINSON:

WHEN IS A FAN AN ARACHNID?

by Ben Bova

The problem before the group this week-end touches on aspects of zoology, anthropology, and that peculiar sub-branch of sociopoliticomythogenesis known as Science Fiction.

Simply stated, the problem is this: How can a professional science fiction writer, a winner of awards, a taker of money (see Ec 1, Prof. Galbraith), be invited to Minicon 13 as Fan Guest of Honor?

At first thought, such a situation seems akin to inviting Andres Segovia to a hootenanny, or Reggie Jackson to a stickball game, or Gordon R. Dickson to a WCTU meeting.

Yet, upon closer scrutiny, the idea has surprising complications and perhaps even some merit.

Despite his chosen cognomen, Spider Robinson is not an Arachnid. The fact that he has only two arms, two legs and four eyes definitely removes him from classification among the arachnidae. In fact, although there are some minority opinions that deny it, the evidence points strongly to the conclusion that Spider Robinson is a member of genus Homo, species sapiens.

But which subspecies? That is the crucial question.

After a superficial examination of his artifacts, the inexperienced student might be tempted to place him in subspecies H. sciencefictionus professionalis. And it is certainly true that his artifacts include literary works of sufficient merit to earn him a Hugo, a Campbell, and other plaudits. He has accepted money for many of these artifacts. He has also composed, played, and sung music — showing some rudimentary esthetic sensibilities. This, despite the fact that his home territory is in the frozen wasteland of Nova Scotia. (Some workers insist that he was born and reared elsewhere, in Civilization, and moved to Nova Scotia voluntarily!)

But if one examines the complete body of his work, it becomes apparent that this pseudo-arachnid is actually a prime example of the subspecies H. sciencefictionus fannus — a subspecies which is, thankfully, unendan-

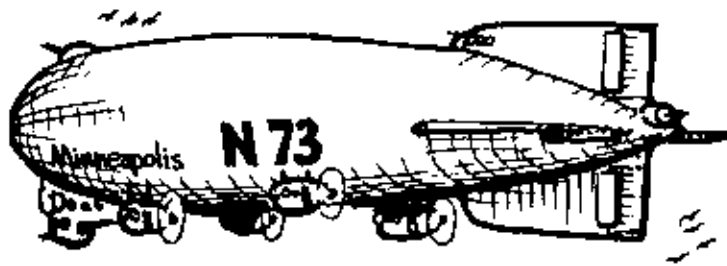
gered, despite its own tendencies toward self-destruction.

The evidence: Robinson loves science fiction. He writes letters to fanzines. He has been known to enjoy himself at science fiction conventions -- something that no professional his age would admit to! He has spent much time reviewing books for a magazine that seldom paid him: only a Fan would do that. He is an inveterate punster, forever surrounded by a sea of groans -- the mark of a true fan.

And finally, his move from Civilization to the Wilderness cannot be interpreted as anything other than a fannish desire to Gafiate.

So, group, study him closely this week-end. No matter how many comments he makes that sound as if they were coming from the lips of an H. SF professional, if you stay close to him (especially after dark) and watch him eat, drink, and make merry (especially with his guitar) you will become convinced that he is actually an H. SF fannus.

And an extraordinary one, at that.

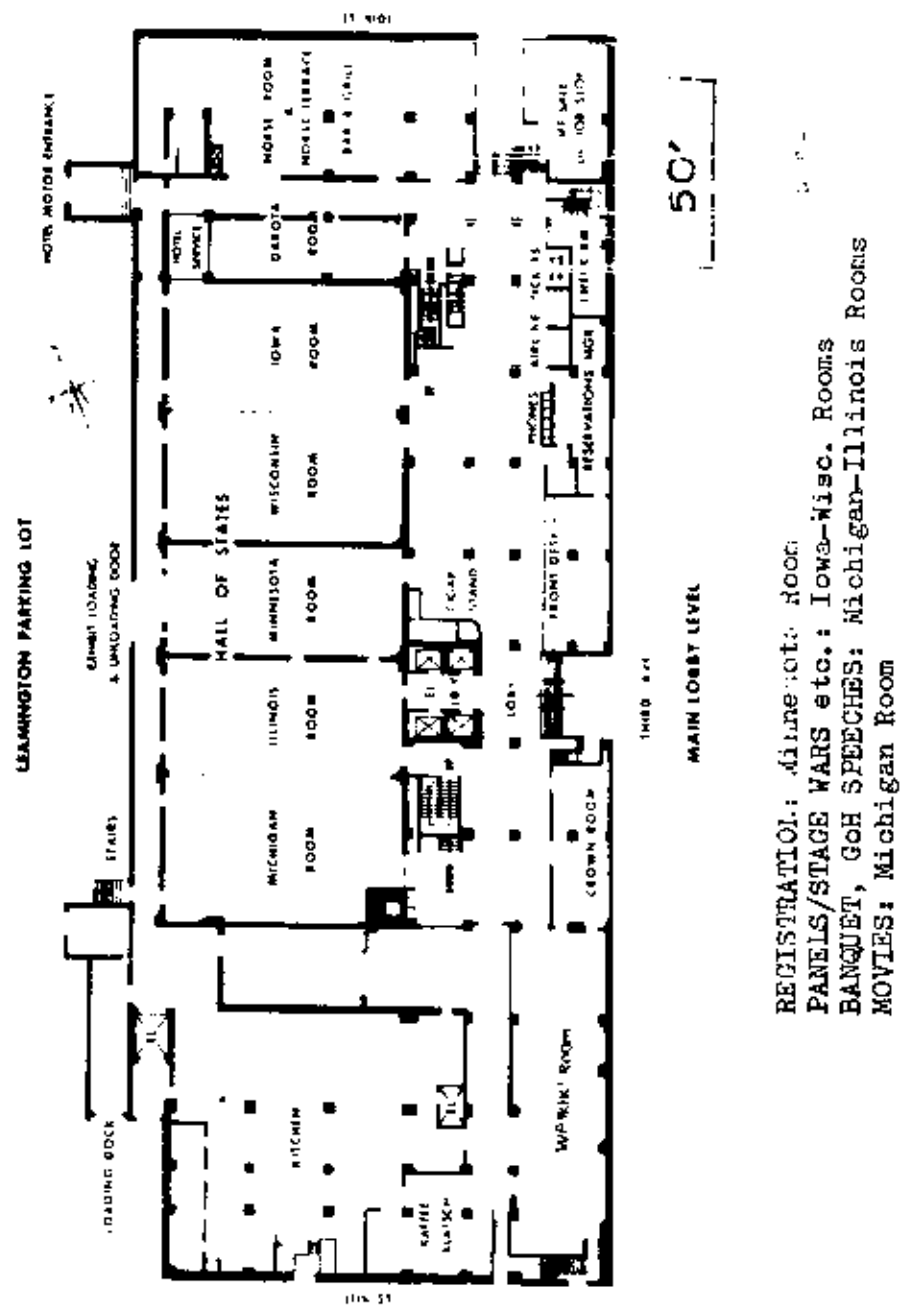


Credit

THE PUBLICATIONS STAFF WISHES TO THANK: for artwork: Jim Odbert, for the cover and the goodies on pp. 6, 10, 28; Ken Fletcher, on pp. 2, 14, 16, 24; Reed Waller & Larry Brommer, on p. 8; Rich Larson, p. 32 -- and The Artist GoH for pg. 22; for words: Ben Bova, Rick Gellman, David Stever, Caryl Wixon; for sticky fingers on the Publications Staff: Carter's Rubber Cement.

MINICON 13 is a product of Confuse-a-Con, LTD.

"All in a week-end's work for Confuse-a-Con!"



REGISTRATION: Minnesota Room
 PANELS/STAGE WARS etc.: Iowa-Wisc. Rooms
 BANQUET, GOH SPEECHES: Michigan-Illinois Rooms
 MOVIES: Michigan Room

Program

FRIDAY, 24 March --

- 1 PM: Huckster Room opens
2 PM: Registration opens
Movie (Michigan Rm): YELLOW SUBMARINE
3 PM: Art Show opens
3:25 PM: Movie: THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL
6:30 PM: OPENING CEREMONIES (Iowa Room)
7 PM: Meet the Pros (Iowa Room)
7:45 PM: MEET THE GUESTS: Samuel R. Delany and Spider Robinson interview each other (Iowa Rm.)
8:30 PM: Huckster, Art Show Rooms close
9:30 PM: Meet the Bartenders -- ConComm Party Suite (Rms. 553-561)
10:00 PM: THE DEMON WITH THE GLASS HAND -- TV script by Harlan Ellison (Michigan Room)
Registration closes
11:00 PM: Movie: HARDWARE WARS -- trailer of a Spectacular Space Saga of Romance, Rebellion, and Household Appliances
11:15 PM: Movie: NO TIME LIKE THE PAST -- from "The Twilight Zone"
12:15 AM: Movie: THE MORNING SPIDER -- beautiful mime
12:35 AM: Movie: OMEGA
12:45 AM: Movie: MUSIC OF THE SPHERES
1:00 AM: Movie: MR. WONDER BIRD -- a strange but entertaining French cartoon (1 hour)

SATURDAY, 25 March --

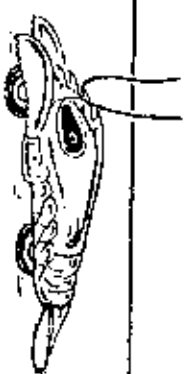
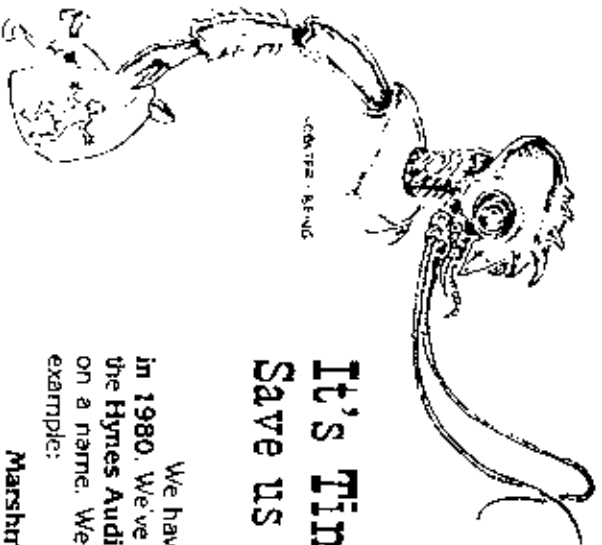
- 11:00 AM: ANIMATION IN SF: a film/talk by David Mruz (Michigan Room)
Huckster, Art Show, Registration Rooms open
1:00 PM: Discussion: PARAPSYCHOLOGY -- Ben Phares, Anne Fand, Rose Alexander, Jim Lager, Dr. Harvey Sarles (Iowa Room)

SATURDAY (continued) --

- 2 PM: Discussion: THE SCIENCE FICTION/PARAPSYCHOLOGY INTERFACE -- members of the previous panel, plus Clifford D. Simak, Joe Haldeman
3 PM: The Artist GoH Earns His Keep -- Bob Tucker (Iowa Room)
3:45 PM: Discussion: WRITING, SELLING & MARKETING SF -- Gordon R. Dickson, Ben Bova, Frederik Pohl, Don Blyly
4:30 PM: Auction (Wilson Room)
6:00 PM: Registration, Art Show, Huckster Rooms close
6:30 PM: Banquet (Michigan-Illinois Rms.); followed by speeches at roughly 7:30 -- Mr. Delany will speak on SCIENCE FICTION AND LITERATURE
9:00 PM: STAGE WARS (Iowa-Wisconsin Rooms)
10:00 PM: Meet the Bartenders again
Movie: GALAXY BEING -- the first "Outer Limits" TV episode
11:00 PM: Movie: YELLOW SUBMARINE
Midnight: Art Auction (Wilson Room)
12:30 AM: Movies: JUSTICE, from "One Step Beyond" series;
1 AM: HARDWARE WARS; 1:15 AM: MORNING SPIDER;
1:30 AM: OMEGA; 1:45 AM: MUSIC OF THE SPHERES;
2:00 AM: DEMON WITH THE GLASS HAND

SUNDAY, 26 March --

- 11:00 AM: Huckster, Art Show, Registration Rooms open
COFFEE CLASH -- open mike in the Iowa Room
Auction -- maybe, if it seems a good idea
12:45 PM: Slide Show -- Sandra Miesel outrages the masters (Iowa Room)
1:30 PM: Registration closes
Discussion: THE EARLY DAYS OF MNSTF -- the founding, losing, and refunding: Jim Young, Fred Haskell, Frank Stodolka, Nate Bucklin, and Ken Fletcher; David Emerson conducts.
2:30 PM: Closing ceremonies: outaugural doggerel
Art Show closes
4 PM: Huckster Room closes//Be here for Minicon 14!



CONVENT - SEND

It's Time to Play NAME THAT CON!

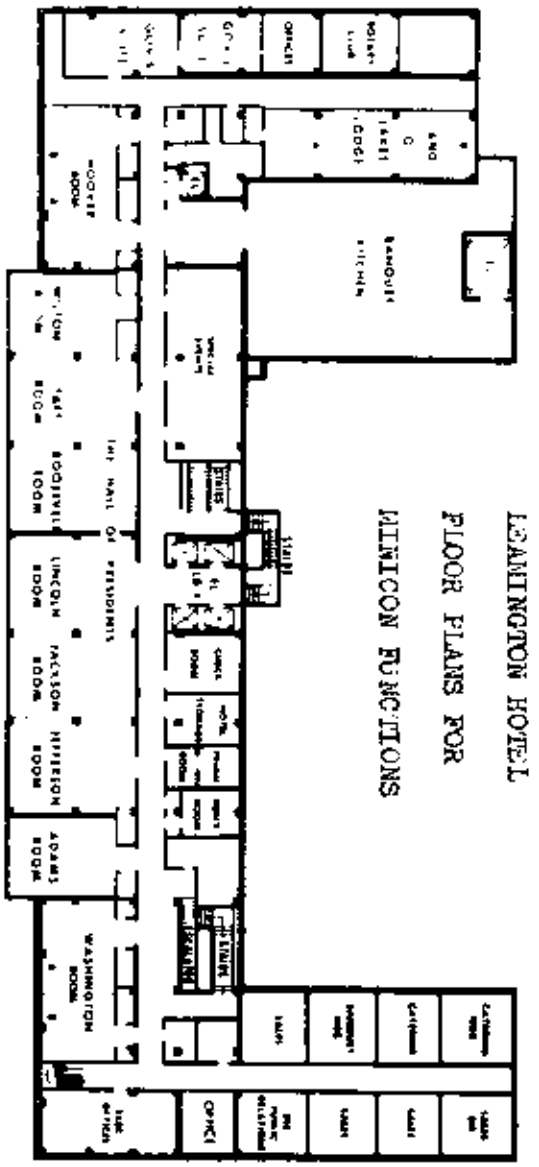
Save us from a fate worse than Iggy . . .

We have been moving right along planning for a possible WorldCon in Boston in 1980. We've made preliminary arrangements with the Sheraton-Boston Hotel and the Hynes Auditorium. There's only one little problem — we haven't been able to agree on a name. We have come up with lots of names but most of them are terrible. For example:

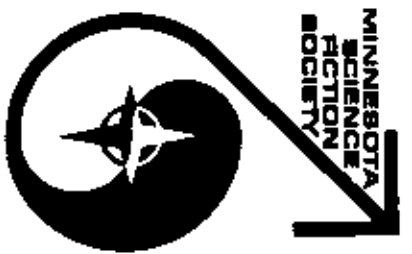
- MarshmallowCon
- BeanCon
- CrustaceanCon
- CodClave
- MassachusettsBayCon
- etc.

So, to help us decide, we're having a contest. Send in your ideas by April 1, 1978. The first person sending in the winning name will get a free membership if we win the bid. While you are writing, why not send us your ideas on what sort of a WorldCon you would like to see? Enter early and often . . .

The Committee for Boston in 1980, P.O. Box 714, Boston, MA 02102

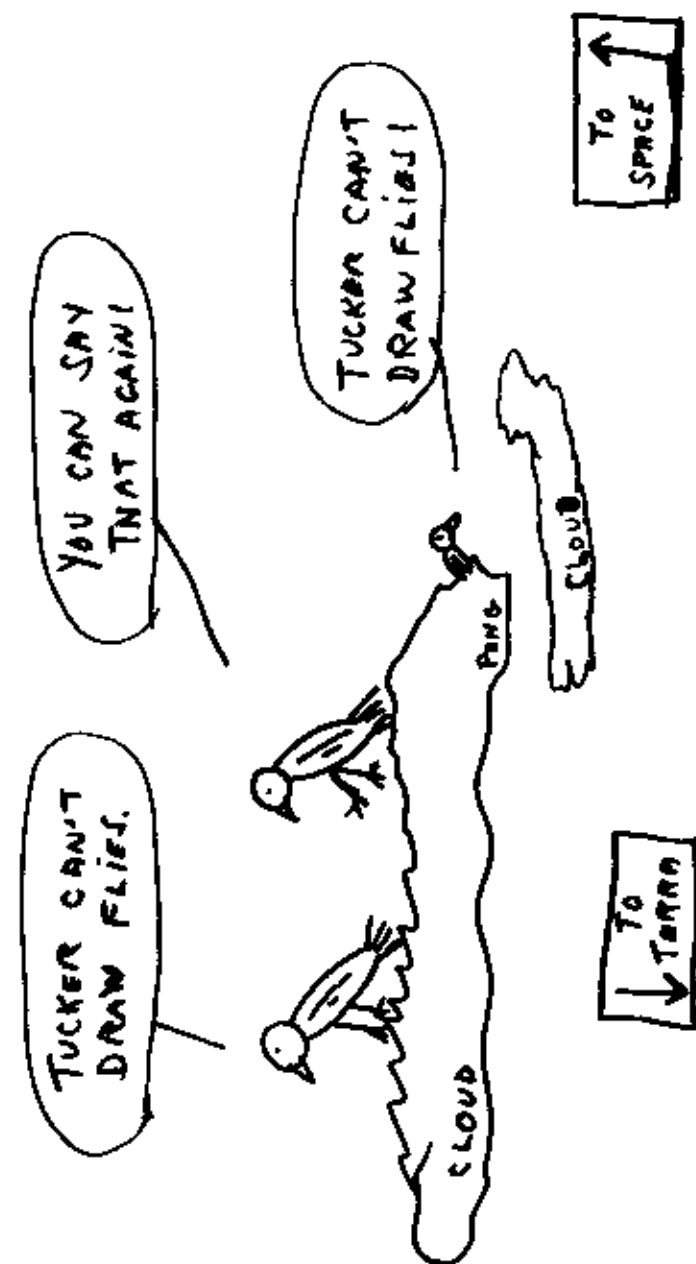


- HICKSTERS: Jefferson-Jackson Rooms
- ART SHOW: Roosevelt-Taft Rooms
- BUCTION: Wilson-Hoover Rooms
- MAGINATION UNLIMITED: Adams Room
- MINICON HOOVER: Washington Room



ARTIST

GUEST OF HONOR



WILSON TUCKER: BOB: FUCHER

THE SLANDER OF KANSAS, AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF A 1969 CHRYSLER, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF BOB TUCKER

reflections thereon by Dave Wixon

How we got there is two chapters in itself, but suffice it to say that one day late last August I found myself piloting a vehicle bound for Albuquerque, site of Bubonicon. I shared the car with 600 pounds of books and a somewhat smaller Bob Tucker, as we entered Kansas. "Remember," he said, "Kansas wasn't flattened in a day!"

Years before I ever met another sf reader, I knew of Wilson Tucker, author of THE LINCOLN HUNTERS. Soon after becoming an active fan I developed a great respect for the author of ICE AND IRON. But I was also becoming aware of the legends of Bob Tucker, Ultra-Fan.

Bob Tucker is everything a fan wants to be: he goes to lots of cons, and is eagerly welcomed at all of them; he has published a fanzine that is a legend, and his articles are still desired by faneds everywhere; he writes both sf and mysteries, and gets money for both!; the reputation of his ways with ladies and bottles is unmatched in fandom; and he is one of the most sought of convention guests, most accomplished of toastmasters. (He is also intelligent; the single aspect of fandom in which he is not involved up to his elbows, is running conventions....)

It was about noon of a hot, smelly, overcast day in Kansas City — naturally, we'd been up late the night before, and so were starting late. Bob hadn't been out West very much, and was eagerly looking forward to a long, sunny vacation. I was just tired; he was tired but happy. He kept intoning wisely: "Remember, Kansas wasn't flattened in a day!"

Fittingly enough, we'd decided on this trip the previous time we'd been in Kansas — for Totocon, in March. Now we were to spend an entire day crossing the state; it was an education for me: "Remember, Kansas wasn't flattened in a day!"

Bob turned out to be one of the most amiable fellow travelers I've ever known. He was full of the expected Tucker humor, from fannish anecdotes to wry comments on the scenery, or lack thereof — he greatly admired the deepest well in Kansas, and talked of it for days; together we speculated about the phallic water tower

with the annex, and a sign boasting that its water was "99-44/100 % pure." Bob also proved an expert in the art of maintaining a companionable silence, a very rare thing. (But he would break the silence to remind me, once more, that "Kansas wasn't flattened in a day!")

Tucker can discuss serious subjects intelligently, cogently — have you read *THE YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN*? I heard him tell an audience that that was his vision of the future. But I also heard him spin off, on the spur of the moment, a history for the tiny town of Kismet, Kansas, after its name caught his fancy. He declared that he was going to retire and live there. (It's only twenty miles from the Tucker Motel....)

As a Big-Name Fan, Bob is a master at putting people at their ease; as a room-mate, he's carefully considerate. He puts up with a lot from demanding fans, as when he let me browbeat him into doing a couple of cartoons.

And Bob Tucker is not above milking an idea for all it's worth: ten days after we parted at Albuquerque I received a post-card whose only message was: "Remember, Kansas wasn't flattened in a day!" A month later, another. And when I arrived at *ICON*, I found he'd gotten there ahead of me, and primed a number of people to whisper to me the cryptic catch-phrase....

So why is Bob Tucker our Artist Guest of Honor?

Because we know that living is an art form. And we know that Bob Tucker is a consummate artist.



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COULEECON

Coming up in November, there's Thanksgiving, dead leaves, bare trees, and... CouleeCon!

We know it's hard for you to choose, but a glass of dead leaves just doesn't make a convention. Neither does a glass of CouleeCon, but that's beside the point.

On November 17th, 18th, and 19th, CouleeCon shall bubble forth at the Ramada Inn of La Crosse, due to the enormous expulsion of energy by our ConComm, and possibly because there is no known cure.

Featuring:

GoH: Under wraps (it's cold down here).

Fan GoH: Under Surveillance (we're picky).

Also: Movies • Bheer • Huckster Room • Bheer • Art Show • Bheer • Brunch • Alcohol • Fans • Bheer • Radio Play • Bheer • Hospitality Suite • Bheer • Bheer • Bheer

Registration: \$8.00 before November 1

\$10.00 Thereafter

• Brunch is included in the registration fee

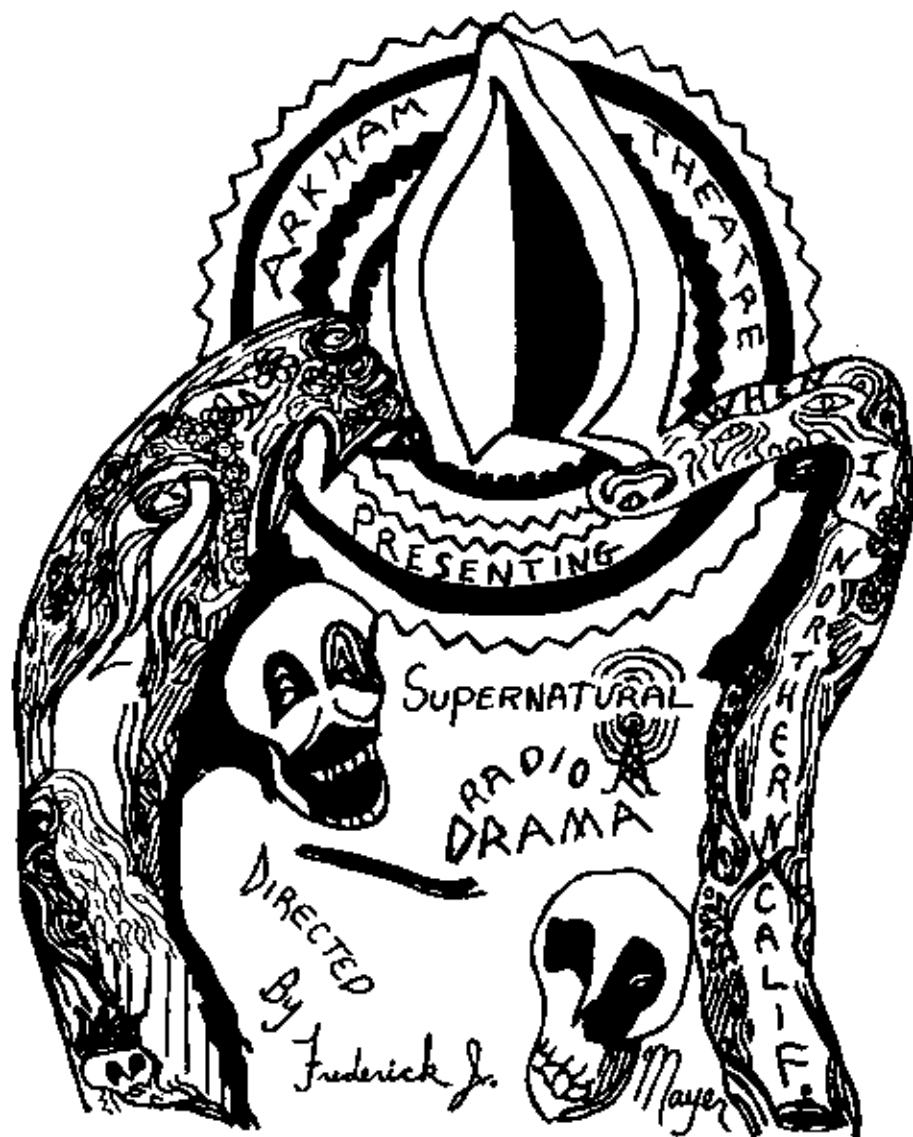
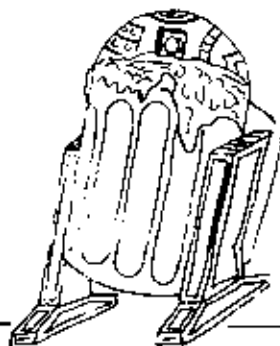
Room Rates: \$19.00 single

\$21.00 double

For more information, Huckster Tables, etc., contact:

CouleeCon
P.O. Box 932
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54601

Or see a La Crosse fan here.
(Not in the program book,
here at Minicon)



introducing the Toastmaster



Krissy probably believes that she shouldn't be here. Surely more than once during this week-end she'll ask "Why me?!" Well, Kris is here because a lot of people know her, and a lot of them really like her. They've seen her at conventions all over the Northeast, from Boskones to Disclaves, and from Philcons out here to Minicons, too. As for what she's done to deserve it — let me remind you:

Krissy's been in fandom since the olden days of the Newton South High School SF Club, and then NESFA. She made her first appearance at a Minicon in 1971, while attending Lawrence University in Appleton, Wisconsin. She returned again and again.... A member at times in APA-45, APA:NESFA, and Minneaps, she's been on the committees for Noreascon, every Boskone since 1970, and the Boston in '80 bid.

For fans visiting the Boston area she's either the supplier of crash space herself, or she knows who does have a spare bed. And in the real world she is a book designer at Little, Brown — she is, in truth, a little, brown designing female.

She won't believe it, even after I've related all this; you fans will have to tell her, yourself, that she well deserves the honor that the Minicon Committee has bestowed on her. Congratulations, Kris.

A THANKSGIVING TO OUR KRISSY, THE FELINE DEITY

O Beloved Krissy, we, adoring and fannish subjects, do give thanks to you this day for your many and varied blessings upon us. We thank you for crash space given joyfully and unselfishly to underslept and overbroke fans. We thank you for unending gallons of blog appearing miraculously from plastic trash cans under your ministrations. We thank you for mothering needy fans through crises untold, both major and minor, fannish and mundane. We thank you for your sweet smile and lovely voice, laughing eyes and gentle guitaring hands that would become anything but gentle if fannish family were threatened. We thank you for caring and giving of yourself in all these ways. And we do thank you for consenting to be our Toastmaster, this Minicon 13, and giving us some small way of letting you know just how happily and appreciatively we hold you in our hearts.

-- Caryl

Mankind has taken its first small step outward from Earth, leaving its footprints on the Moon. The next step, perhaps in the closing years of this century, will be many times longer and more perilous—the leap to Mars. *The Far Call* is a master novelist's evocation of that epic step, of the men and women who unite to make it, of the tangled web of rivalry, stubbornness, greed and indifference that threatens to prevent it, of the driving need for humanity to complete it.

Grand in scope, yet sharply focused in its depiction of character, *The Far Call* reaches beyond the bounds of conventional science fiction to achieve the status of a major novel about a future that will grow out of our own times.

A Selection of the Science Fiction Book Club

GORDON R. DICKSON, in just over 25 years of full-time professional writing, has published over 150 short stories and more than 30 novels, winning the Hugo and Nebula awards, and serving two terms as President of the Science Fiction Writers of America. *The Far Call* was inspired by his long concern with and research into the space program, and his conviction that "the Giants' Ground which is the Space Center represents a piece of the future in our midst right now."


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1 Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza
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\$8.95

GORDON R. DICKSON



The Far Call

 QUANTUM SCIENCE FICTION

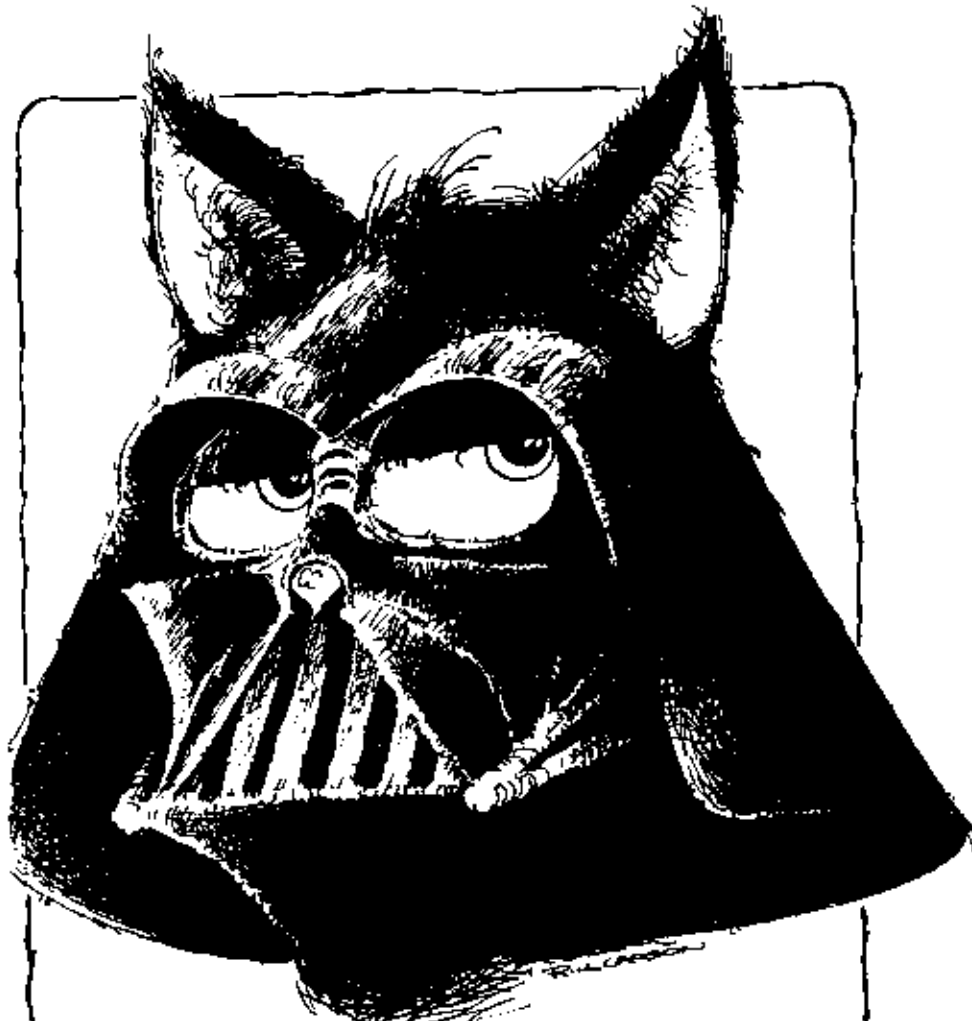
Stage Wars

(OR WHO'S BIGGS?)

Moebius Theatre, the Chicago SF Comedy/Theatre Troupe who put on this entertainment, first came to the attention of the Minicon Committee at Windycon 4. Those of us who were there saw the premiere performance of this play — or whatever — and were convulsed with laughter. We resolved to ask them to come down to Minicon and do it to us again. (This was clever because (1) we can see STAGE WARS once more, and (2) we can continue the "old" Minicon tradition of presenting terrific theatre — without having to work ourselves into the ground....)

In case you haven't guessed by now, STAGE WARS is highly reminiscent of a certain popular sf film of recent vintage; it is probable you'll love both. The cast:

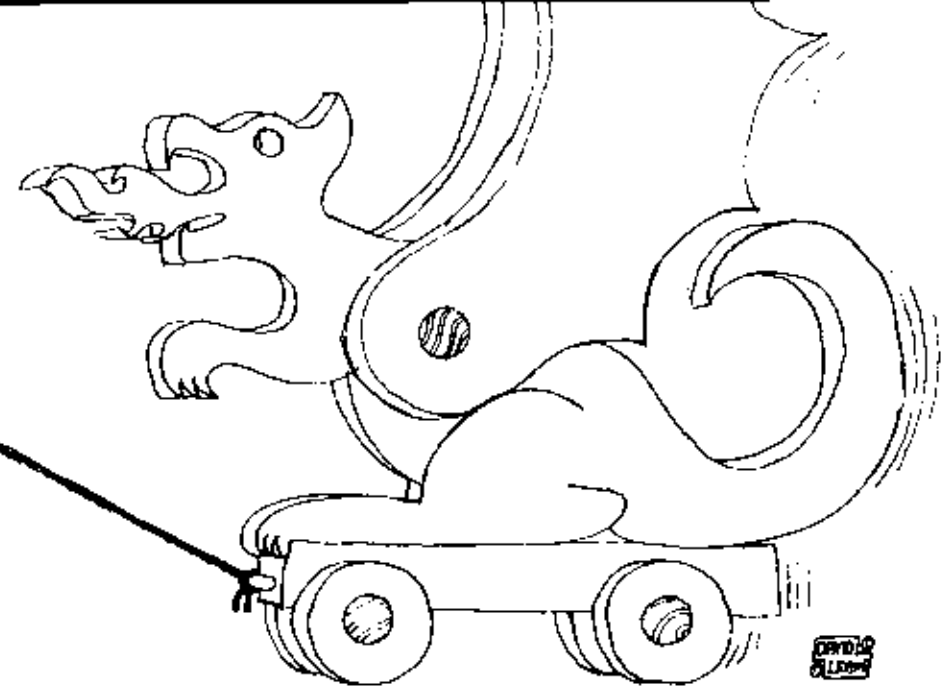
Tim Allen
Chip Bestler
Leah Bestler
E. Michael Blake
John J. Buckley, Jr.
John Cislak
Marty Coady
Phil Foglio
Dave Inhat
Alice Insley
Angel Insley
Marco Mendez
Doug Price
Doug Rice
Thalia St. Lewis
Martha Soukup
Linda Struwe
Karen Trego
Derrick White
Ben Zuhl



minicon 13

The Minicon thanks you, gang.

Blank page



• DRAG YOUR DRAGON •

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IN RE

Windycon⁵

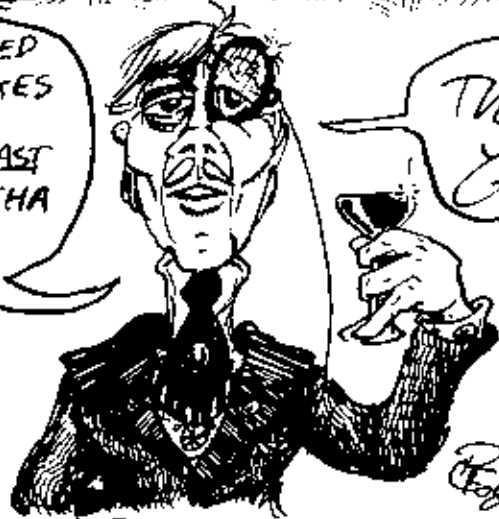
The Royal Latvian Winegrowers Guild, & the Municipal Latvian Chamber of Commerce humbly request your presence at **WINDYCON 5**.

It will again be held at the ubiquitous ARLINGTON PARK HILTON on OCTOBER 6-8.

Their PROFESSIONAL GUEST OF HONOR will be the Multitalented **BOB SHAW**. The fan GOH is "Mr. Nice Guy", **GEORGE SCITHERS**. It'll be a positively Ripping time, so, in behalf of LATVIA, please don't come HERE again.

HAVEN'T FISHED ALL THE BLOKES OUT OF THE VATS FROM LAST YEAR, DON'TCHA KNOW.

Thank you.



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