

[.....s?]ings in Frisco?"

[.....ings?] the New Orleans fans and the Houston people [...] [.....] going to be making a '73 bid, so they all cancell [sic] each other out, [.....] we predicted."

"and with less than 100 votes," Stodolka said, "we can take the worldcon..."

"Yes," I laughed. "Yes...."

And so, Children, ends the story. Stodolka, Fletcher and I have figured out that the only people who could win would be St. Louis, Minneapolis, or Des Moines, Iowa. The St. Louis people might support us; we wouldn't think they'd want a con so soon after having one. And who would vote for Des Moines, Iowa? So we've got it in the bag. And the night we figured out our maneuvers, and how they worked, we got a phone call from somewhere in California. The voice said, "I am the Ultimate Secret Master of Fandom. You have done your work well. Hahahahahahahaha...."

The above piece of esoterica was written entirely on master, December 13th,

(a Friday), 1968, by Your Servant to Obey.....

MINNESOTA fandom [large lettering]

AN OCCASIONAL DEPARTMENT OF RUNE

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

"Organized fandom [in Minneapolis] really dates back to 1937 when the Minneapolis Science Fiction League Chapter formed." Note: The Science Fiction League was a national SF club sponsored first by Gernsback's WONDER and then by THRILLING WONDER. - JMY. "The chapter didn't survive but some of its members continued to meet unofficially, and then the MSF was organized, meeting for the first time on November 29, 1940. it lasted until early 1943, when almost all the members had either entered the service or moved away, then the survivors resumed informal get-togethers until December 27, 1947, when the group was formally reactivated." Harry goes on to say that the group was "still going strong in 1951."

Redd Boggs has said that nine people attended the first MFS meeting, in 1940. The last MFS meeting Redd remembers was in 1952. The first Minn-Stf meeting had five people, and was held Saturday, November 27, 1966. There was no organized area fandom during the intervening 14 years -- although attempts were made to activate and regenerate such an organization.

And Redd Boggs speaks ably on the subject.

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PIZZA,[?] PI, & SCIENCE FICTION [large lettering]

(A SERIOUS DISCUSSION) by Redd Boggs

((Editor's Note Again: Redd hasn't given specific consent for this article to be reprinted, so I take all responsibility for its publication here. This was an editorial in Redd's zine DISCORD, number 11, dated April, 1961. I can find no copyright data, but if it is copyrighted, then it's done so by Redd

Boggs, I would presume. Apologies extended to Redd for not getting the complete information on the reprinting of this material. In the future, we'll hopefully be able to reprint a Boggs article on Minnesota fannish history that ran in Ruth Berman's NEOLITHIC. Redd has given permission for me to reprint the historical article. -- JMY.))

The only difference between the old buildings of the lower loop and the new central library building of Minneapolis, which has sprung up among them looking out of place as an electronic bathtub in a Chic Sale Outhouse, is that they are drab dirty and ugly, while it is bright clean and ugly. But at least the girl at the library's information desk was attractive as compared with the elderly librarian types who usually handle those duties and I beamed at her approvingly as I asked, "Where is the Twin Cities Fantasy society meeting being held?" I knew the room number (253-A) but not the location, and this was lucky, for as I said those words a sound seemed to come from the sky, like a breaking harp-string, dying away mournfully, and I understood only her gesture toward the southeast corner of the library.

I took the escalator to the second floor, paused to let the nitrogen bubbles rise out of my blood, and almost instantly noticed John F. Anderson, Jr. bouncing toward me, resplendent in sports coat and sharply pressed trousers. I blushed for my second-best sweatshirt and baggy pants and winced at his youthful energy and enthusiasm. He had been the moving spirit (though Ruth Berman did much of the spadework) behind this first attempt in nine years at organizing a new Twin Cities fan club, and he led me back to show me the meeting hall he had booked: a large airy room bathed in a great deluge of cold blue fluorescent light and containing 200 empty pastel-green chairs and an equally empty rostrum half a block away. John left me to occupy the premises while he went off to try to round up some more people.

I started to sit in a contour chair, then thought better of it and perched gingerly on a table. I suddenly realized that the hall wasn't empty after all, but was crowded with ghosts summoned by a breaking harp-string to this bright new location to conduct old familiar business. Oliver Saari and Douglas Blakely and John Chapman were there, in the very first row. And Arden "Buns" Benson and Bob Madsen and Carl Jacobi. And Phil Bronson, passing out copies of The Fantasite, and John Gergen and Gordy Dickson. And Cliff Simak and Kenny Gray and Richard Elsberry. And Poul Anderson in long stocking cap, flaunting a Wallace button, and Dale Postomily and Manson Brackney arguing about women. And Morris Dollens, surrounded by tons of photographic and recording equipment, and two dozen other fans of yours were present too. And occupying the rostrum stood Samuel D. Russell, delivering his famous lecture on Weinbaum.

I knew that in a little while the meeting would break up and everybody would pile into Saari's Stfnash (long since scrap iron) and zoom down Hennepin avenue to the New Elgin cafe (long since out of business) for the usual post-meeting bullfest over coffee and sandwiches[sic]. I stood up and tottered over to the window and looked at my reflection in the dark glass. I looked solid enough, with no trace of ectoplasm rushing up from my extremities. I turned back to the room and gestured fiercely [sic].

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[.....and?] at the sound of that dread word all the ghosts [.....]

John returned with two girls in tow. One, I knew instantly, must be none other than Ruth Berman, the first Minneapolis BNF to blossom since Richard Elsberry; the other proved to be her self-styled fake fan kid sister, Jean, age 9 1/2 Time which had labored long and mightily to bring forth another Minneapolis fan, had done its work well, I decided; Ruth doesn't resemble cynical old Elsberry, being a bright, attractive, and personable young lady. I fumbled out my fountain pen but she was apparently too awed to ask for my autograph. Just then another fan showed up: Fred Calvin of St. Paul, complete with a scholarly briefcase and the beginnings of a beard. Out of one or the other -- I didn't notice which -- he fished a copy of The Dying Earth and waved it aloft as a credential.

It soon appeared that both Ruth and Fred are math students at the university and they converse largely in algebrese or calculese, full of irrationals, absciseas, and pi-i's[pi-l's?]. "I used to be a whiz at long division," I said after awhile. Actually that was a lie, although I was pretty good at short division, but this boast didn't impress them, for some reason. I decided that a conversation with Joan would be more enlightening. "How's the world treating you?" I asked brightly. She looked puzzled,[the?] remarked meditatively, "According to the dualistic epistemology, the world is composed of two sets of entities: material things ad mental states of ideas. The inferred materials things are existentially non-identical with the immediately presented ideas from which they are inferred, and..."

Three other people came in just then, and I wondered if they were material or mental; at any rate they were high school students and SF readers who had never contacted fandom previously. There were now eight attendees at the meeting, which was not a bad showing -- the first Minneapolis Fantasy society meeting in November, 1940 had a total attendance of nine -- but the big hall swallowed us up like the expedition to the center of the earth. John was, I'm afraid, slightly crushed, although he shouldn't have been; he decided not to hold an official meeting but to try again at a later date. Ruth invited everybody out to her house for coffee. The Bermans and Fred went in one car, while John and I took my redoubtable Rambler. Being slightly unfamiliar with that corner of the city I made a wrong turn somewhere and drove the Honeybee in a bee-line across lots most of the way, arriving far ahead of the other car.

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

Afterwards Ruth showed me her Oz collection -- all those early editions featuring full-color plates by Neill! -- and Jean sat down at the grand piano and nonchalantly played Poulanc's "Mouvements Perpetuels" with her shoes off (as an encore she played Beethoven's "Hammerklavier" with a real hammer.) And there was chitter-chatter and deep discussion till it was time to leave. I offered John a ride home (he lives out

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[.....]) and Ruth volunteered to drive Fred at least part way [back?][....old?] St. Paul. Before we parted, we paused awhile in the Bermans' front [..] to identify some of the stars and constellations blazing in the late-winter sky.

Far out across ice-locked Lake Nokomis, Norlemin's star glimmered dimly

(End.)