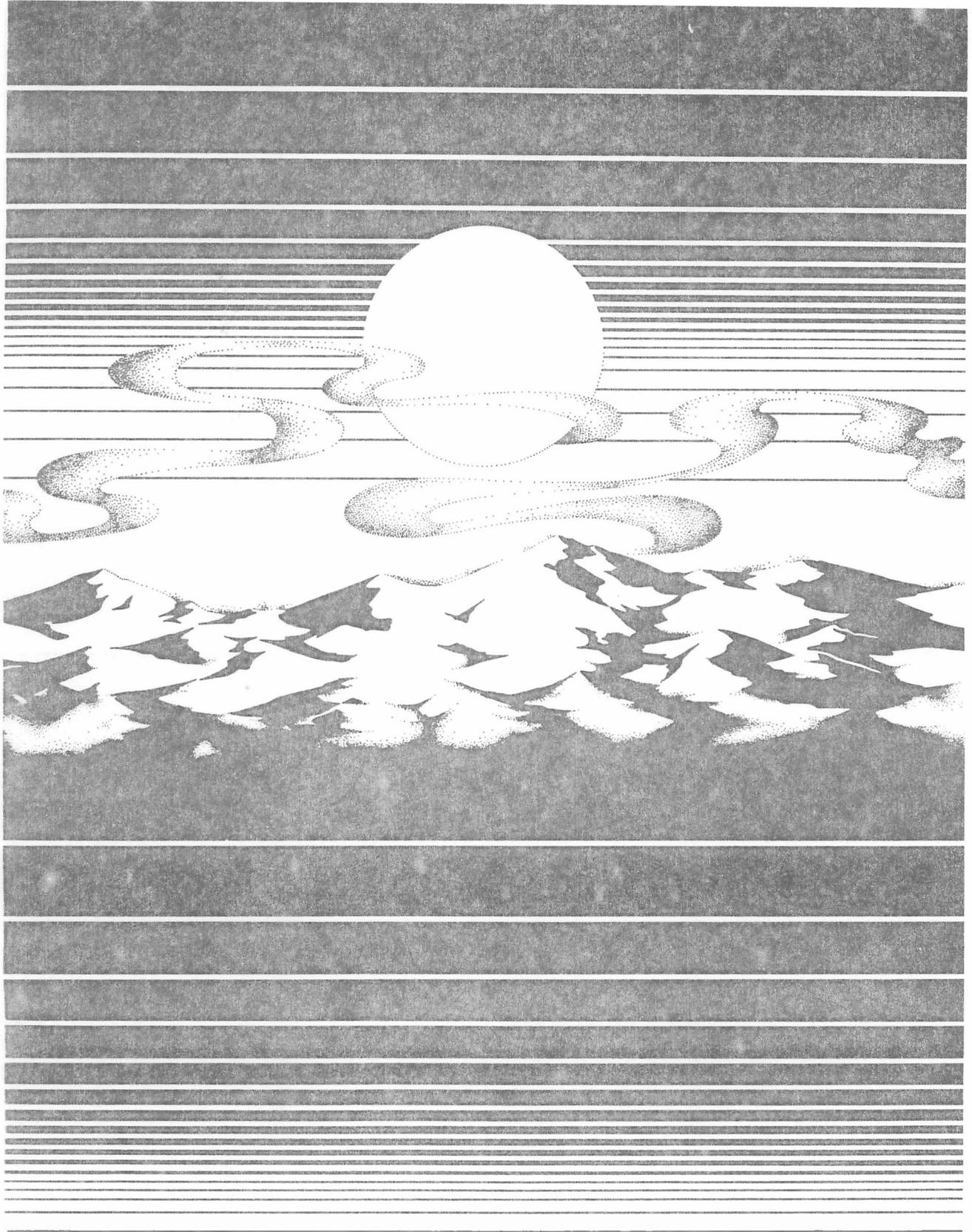


WARNING

The contents and language of this issue of Rune might cause people to talk. Watch out.

WARNING

WARNING



Included

Rune is edited by John Bartelt and David Stever No 68. Summer 1982 issue.

Sheets A,C,D by Garth Danielson  
The New Hotel Dyckman by Ken Fletcher Sheet E  
Good For America Good for You! By Garth Danielson Page 1  
Heads by Jerry Collins Page 4 and 5  
God Discovers Rock 'n' Roll and makes out by Larry Becker Page 7  
Supermarket Mentality by Garth Danielson page 11  
Review-Desolate Angel by Garth Danielson page 13  
Ranger Smith Has a Bad day by Garth Danielson page 14  
The Princess and the Goldfish by Garth Danielson page 17  
Mike Hall by Ed Ackerman page 20  
Mouse Death by Garth Danielson page 22

Special Insert the Second Edition of the Newt Boxtop Cut out doll by Ray allard.  
Paste on a sheet of light cardboard and colour. Cut out and assemble. Don't cut your self.

Ed Ackerman-20,22  
Larry Becker-10,11  
Clip art-cover,backcover, 1,2,6,7,8,9,12,13,15,16,18  
Jerry Collins-4,5  
Willie Crawford-19  
Ken Fletcher-sheet E  
Steve Riley-17  
Jim Young-21

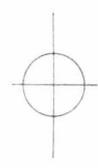
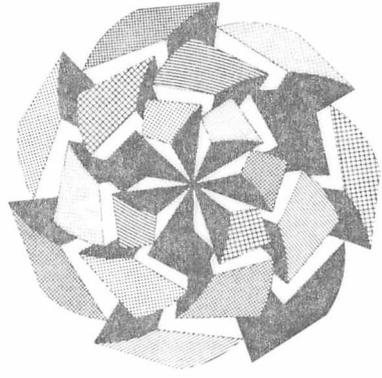
Sheet d and Titles by Garth Danielson.

Quotes in Boxes are from recommended books, in lieu of reviews, which bore me, the books speak for themselves



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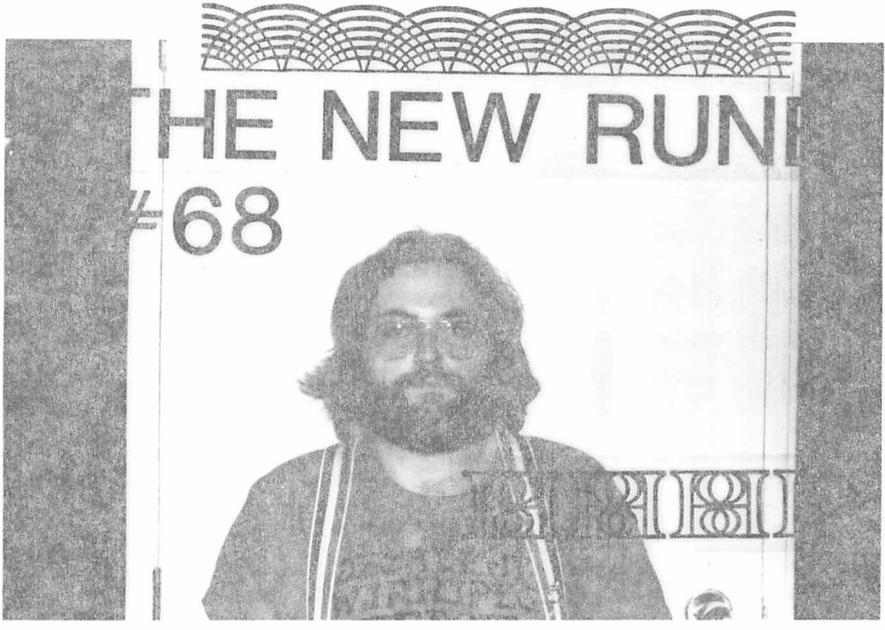
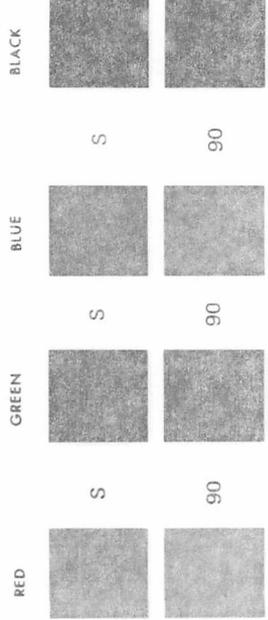


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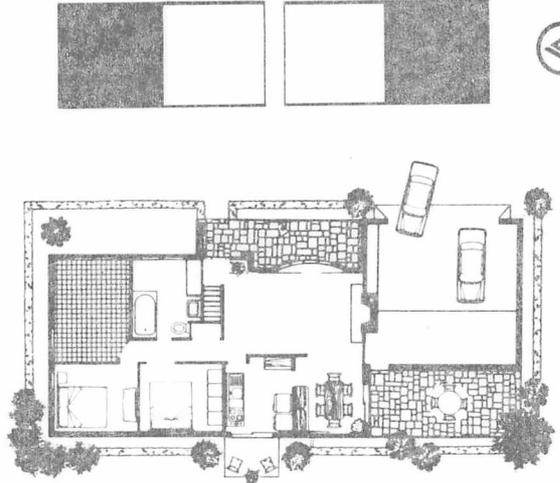
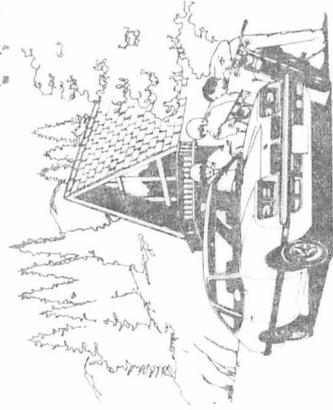
This issue specially edited by Garth Danielson

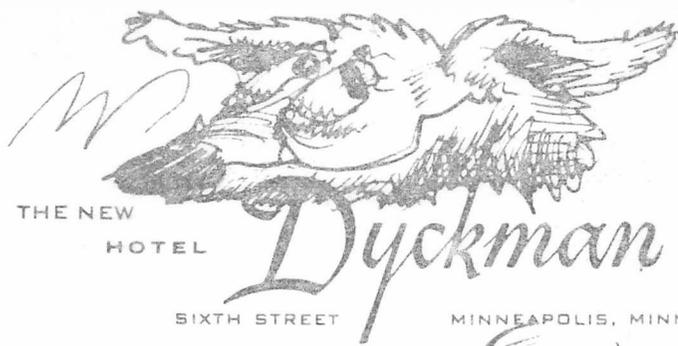
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CONTROL CHART

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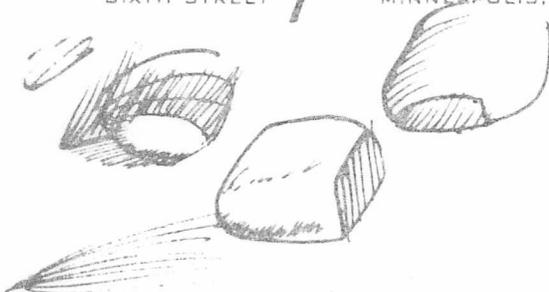


THE NEW  
HOTEL

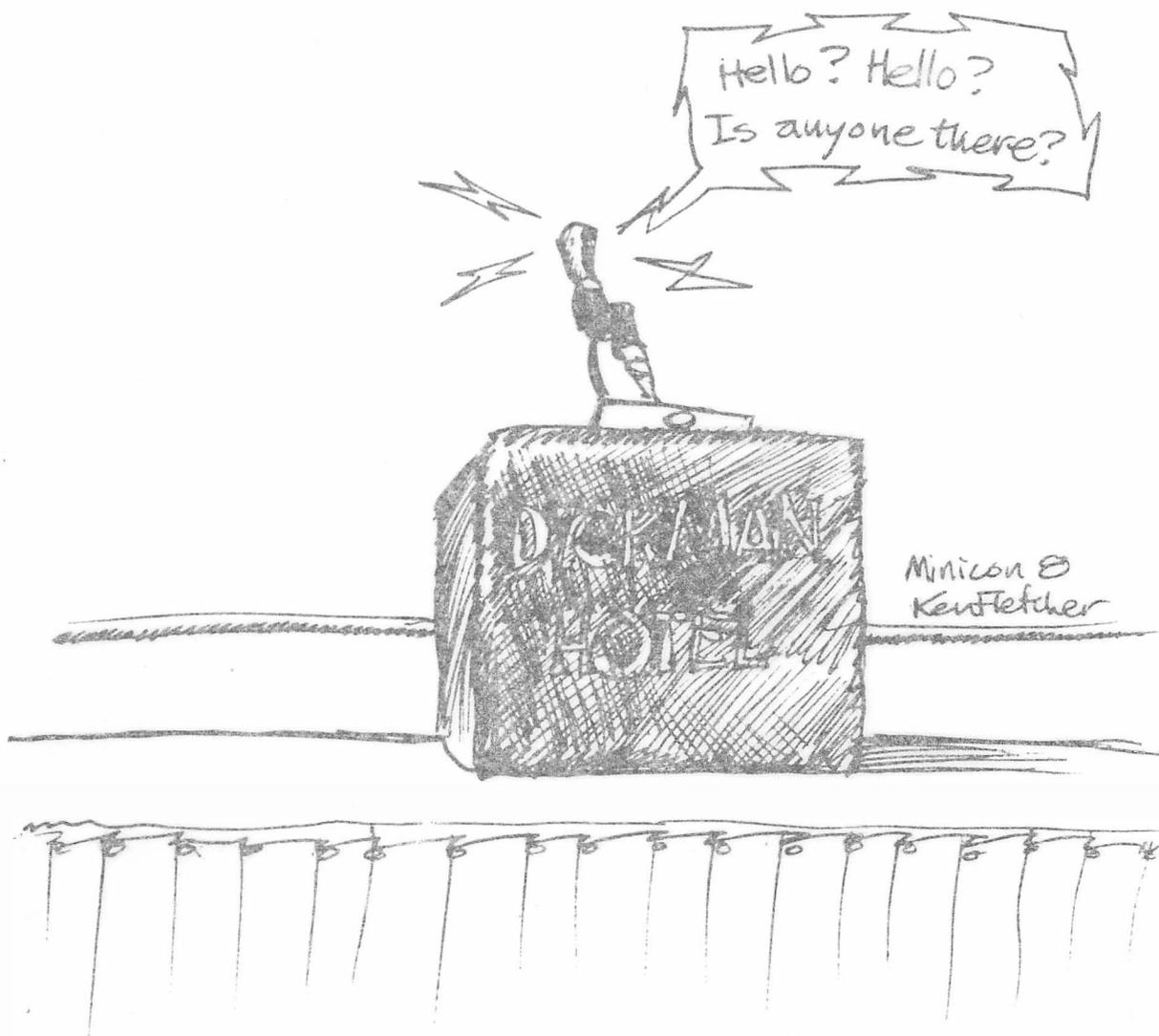
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EXECUTIVE OFFICES



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TELETYPE M P 440



SENATOR HOTEL  
SACRAMENTO, CALIF.

THE WARWICK  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

THE TAFT HOTEL  
NEW YORK CITY

THE TOWN HOUSE  
NEW YORK CITY

ISLAND INN  
WESTBURY, LONG ISLAND

CLAREMONT MOTEL  
PETERSBURG, VA.

**GOOD FOR AMERICA  
GOOD FOR YOU!**



Occasionally people will come to me and ask, "Garth, Where can I get a good love doll?"

I've had this idea to get a love doll and leave it over in the corner of the livingroom. Classic decorating, no doubt about it.

If you want a doll, you have to decide not only what type of doll you want but what options and how much you want to spend. Like any other Capitalistic American venture you've a large body of work and price to choose from.

There are three basic types for dolls. Air-inflated, foam-inflated and foam-inserted. All of the dolls come with or without special features and options. You can get the stripped down model or the most deluxe.

Hustler magazines Leisure Time Products offers 3 different dolls, each with it's own name.

Suzie the standard model for \$29.95

Janie the vinyl virgin with a pulsating, battery operated, remote control pussy for \$49.95.

Babette the deluxe model with all the features of Janie, plus an electronic vibrating hand with fingers than can be placed in the position of your choice. All for \$59.95.

I'd really like to see how that hand works but who's got 60 bucks for something like that. That's an uncertain number of new records.

The accompanying photo in the ad of a wooden human model is a good example of the depictions of the dolls. In over 20 ads, only one showed what a doll's head looked like. The other course of action is artwork depicting what a doll looks like. The drawings range from very bad or poor to fairly good. For certain reasons, one of them being space, none of the ads are reproduced here. For a good sample of advertizements and address of where to write for your own love doll, write to me and I'll send you some photo copies. Send \$1 to cover the cost of postage and handling and photocopies.

Climax Distributors (What better name for a seller of sex products) in the UK offers a doll named Heidi with real hair, 36-24-36 figure, soft latex breasts (as opposed to vinyl, the amazing American miracle fabric), female parts built in (better than coming

in a separate box), flesh like body. Heidi also comes with sexy open topped bra and pants and intimate spray. I'd like to know what the intimate spray is and what do you spray it on.

The standard Heidi costs £29.95

The Electric Heidi costs £35.00

There are various types of electronic additions to arouse and titilate.

The House Of Pan in the UK offer a talking option to their doll at £35.

"She never says NO."

The standard model Miss Wonderful is £19.50, "...for the man who gets it when he needs it."

Lovecare (UK) offer the original Loving Lisa doll with electronic type mouth, moulded breasts and all female parts. Lisa is the action doll which provided an overwhelming success on the continent that we have brought Lisa to Britian.

With exotic underwear £24.95

Inga Olsen Imports(UK) offer a doll named Randy Racquel for £10.75, what they call an unbeatable value.

"A beautiful blue-eyed blonde, that's Racquel, the ever willing, blow-up doll, no more problems with hard-to-get girls. Racquel never says no."

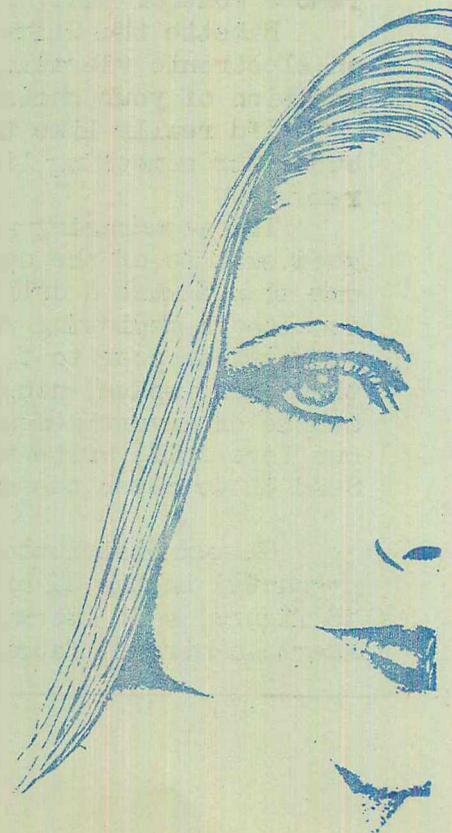
Perhaps it's a coincidence but Neil Innes has a song called Randy Raquel(yes, a different spelling). It's from one of his solo albums...Take Off.

Randy Raquel  
I think you're swell  
My sweet inflatable you  
You never say no  
Or come and go  
You're always faithful and true

Neil Innes  
© 1977 Pendulum Music.

Herbert Ashbury-The Barbary Coast  
New York 1933  
San Francisco before the  
Earthquake

"The Barbary Coast is the haunt of the low and the vile of every kind. The petty thief, the house burglar, the whore-monger, lewd women, cut throats, murderers, all are found here. Dancehalls and concert saloons where bleary-eyed men and faded women drink vile liquor, smoke offensive tobacco, sing obscene songs, and do everything to heap upon themselves more degradation, are numerous."



Back on our continent Spectra Sales offers a doll on the lower end of the cost scale. \$5.00 gets you, your own 5'2" lifesize Løvie doll. "Not a cheap toy, but the best looking sex partner we have ever produced at the lowest price thanks to our new mass production process. She comes complete with hairy vagina and huge breasts."

Ava, a 3 hole bundle of sex! A solid, not inflated (more on this later) doll. Her friend is Big John, a solid doll modeled after pornstar John Holmes. In case you are unfamiliar with John "Big Wad or Johnny Wadd" Holmes, he's one of the superstars of porn. With his huge 13½ inch member, he thrust and splashed his way to the top of the heap. He claims to have screwed 14,000 women.

Both dolls are offered by the company on the enclosed reply envelope. No address is given on the literature.

Both Personal Selections and Action offer an Angie doll. The doll sounds the same but the advertizements are different.

Personal Selections doll comes two ways, Inflated for \$24.95 and foam filled for \$34.95. "If you buy the virgin option, Angie will be 'tight' and resistant, yet soft and wet, and unlike other girls, Angie can be a virgin for you over and over again... or you can remove the virgin insert and make her an experienced woman."

Action's Angie comes in 4 different models.

The regular doll for \$39.95

The deluxe with electronically pulsating vagina for \$49.95

The deluxe as above plus soft sexy voice option for \$62.95

The real deluxe as above with furry frontal hair and sexy pants for \$72.95

Both ads have a Buyer Beware, with the same words. There is also an explanation of Solid filled dolls.

"Don't confuse Angie with an inferior competitor with a so called "foam expander" in an areosol can. The "expander" is nothing more than a can of gas which you used to "expand" an inadequate amount of inferior foam. When the gas leaks out, the doll goes flat. Insist on the Genuine Angie doll...packed tight with a resilient, weight supporting foam. There is no substitute."

"Foam Filled, a totally new concept. Angie is fitted with hidden zippers where you pack her tight with resilient, weight-supporting foam (included). More expansive, but wow! Limbs and torso feel solid; love openings hug your manhood; when you press her she yields just enough, resists just enough. For easy storage, a small amount of foam can be removed and Angie can be folded over in a closet."

Several companies offer cheap dolls for \$10 and less. They sound very similar.

Dottie \$9.95

"Deluxe model, use her anyway you want. Budding breasts and childlike charm (for the guy who wants a young girl, I'll bet.), make her a picture of teenage lust. Shapely hips and rounded thighs coupled with the vibrating effect of her nymphete vagina make her an experience you'll never forget."

Karen said she read what I've typed so far and she likes it. But then again she never complains when I fart in bed.

"I knew you were crazy when we started going out. I thought I'd be the one to make you change."

Woody Allen-Manhattan





Honeycutt Enterprises offer a lifesize doll standing 5' 2" tall. \$5.95. "Not a cheap toy but a quality lifelike depiction of a real girl, who will become your personal sex slave."

Import Forwarding offer a lifesize Fuckdoll at \$7.95. "This all-new sex item is not a cheap doll that bursts at the seams, but a top-of-the-line-depiction of a real girl."

R & R Enterprises offers no information with their Electric Sex Doll, "the best looking, very sexy" \$5.00.

P.C.C. Mailing Service offer Miss Big Vagina with a free bikini for \$20.00.

Coupon offers Lolita the Teenage Playgirl and her friend Johnny Stud. Lolita features 3 models.

Open Vagina \$29.95

Deep Throat \$39.95

Electro-vibe Greek with extra large breasts \$49.95

Johnny Stud is an ambitious project, 3 models each with flesh like vinyl body, built in anus, erectable penis, realistic detailed face with mustash, all packed into a full 6 foot tall body with realistic human action.

The custom \$29.95

Electronic model with built in electronic vibrating penis \$39.95

Deluxe Electronic with built in remote controlled penis that squirms, rotates and vibrates \$49.95.

The Personal Selections ad is my favorite...know why?

Kim, little China doll. \$19.95

"4' 10" with 3 fully functional love openings. Perky button nipples."

Options

Pulsation feature for sex opening \$10.00

Special "Virgin Vagina" insert \$10.00

Virgin Vagina with built in pulsation \$10.00

Furry Frontal hair and lingerie set \$10.00

"If a chinese girl is not what you had in mind, but you still want a very young virgin, this doll is also available as your favorite American Teenie-bopper with blond pigtaails and freckles-Lolita in Person."

depiction of a real girl

Lots of depiction of a real girl

different depiction of a real girl

types to depiction of a real girl

choose from depiction of a real girl

just like the depiction of a real girl

real world.



2  
( )

I got a nice present a while ago, a nicely inscribed copy of Reed Waller's very first underground comic..."Omaha" the cat dancer

"Garth=Thanks for all the support for Vootie, and thanks for keeping the jizz in Minn-stf!" Reed Waller

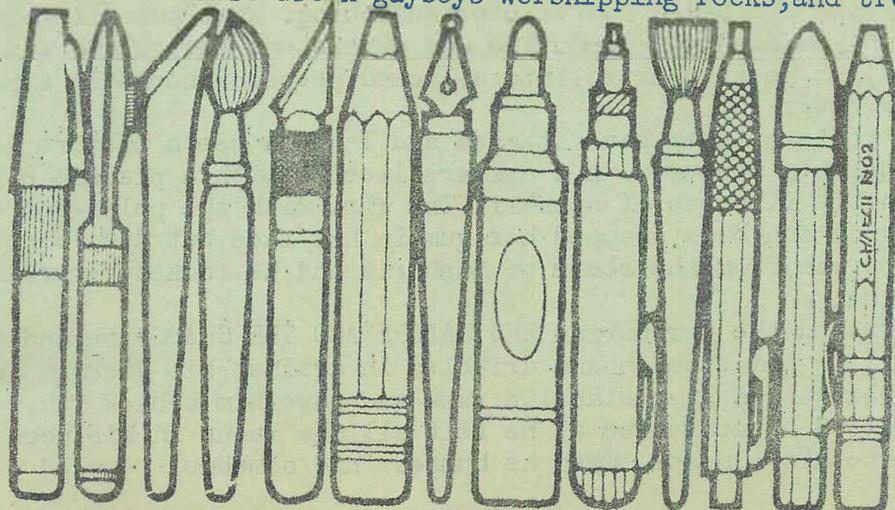
If you don't have one already you should go out and get one. It's great, lots of sex.

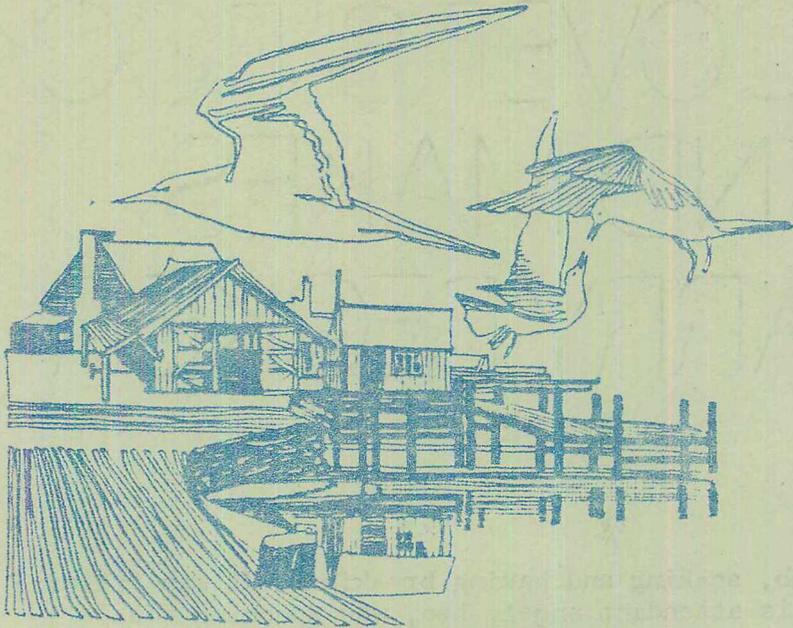
# GOD DISCOVERS ROCK 'N' ROLL AND MAKES OUT BY LARRY BECKER

God was sitting in the bathtub, soaking and having breakfast. It was filled with orange pop and cheerios and his attendant angel, Leo, was spooning the soggy cereal into his mouth with a snow shovel. Every once in a while the effervescence would exit as a fart and he would try to bite the bubbles, but he really didn't consider it crass because that day he had decreed they would smell like Chanel #5.

God did not think anything was crass, for had he not created everything, and thus could not afford a sense of good taste? True, he had invented ~~elan~~ style and a host of others, but didn't really think he had to bother with them. Spontaneous creation was his bag, and he had little time for anything else. Putting the big ideas in the heads of the Edisons and Einsteins, and the little ideas like the waving hands you put in the back window of your car took a lot of work. "Some got it, some ain't" he philosophized. He didn't usually have a few moments to settle back and actually experience what he had wrought. He had just now gotten around to orange pop and cheerios. They weren't bad he thought approvingly and considered adding some coffee for a little extra body. "It's a gift" he said.

There had been a few times when things had not turned out so pleasantly. Take the time he had come up with heroin. It had taken him awhile to figure out how to inject it, since he was really not too mechanical inclined when it came to hypos, but once in...kablooey! He hadn't gotten behind a dyno rush like that for a long time. However, the only thing he remembered afterward was eating a lot of paint chips, seeing a lot of green ants crawling around on his body, and conjuring up a lot of used, unmarked twenty-dollar bills to give to someone called "the Man" who really had an icky egotistical attitude. When he got off that run, everything was a mess. There were all kinds of guys running around claiming to be him. He had really gotten off on those Greek gayboys worshipping rocks, and trees, and





About a score of people in the lobby were having a final smoke and talking. Novak could divide them easily into two types; juvenile space hounds and employed hobbyists. The hobbyists were what you'd see at any engineers convention: pipe-smokers, smiling-men, neat, tanned. The spacehounds were any collection of juvenile enthusiasts anywhere—more mature than an equal number of hot-rod addicts, perhaps, but still given to nervous laughter, horseplay and catch words.

Takeoff—C.M. Kornbluth

rivers, but these new ones were heavy duty. The towel-heads in northern Africa had one, there was some blue guy in India, another claimed to be related and got himself crucified by Romans, and worst of all an old stand-up comic in hornrims was playing him in movies. He felt as embarrassed as Lincoln had after the three-day drinking binge. This was also when he invented swearing and knock-knock jokes.

Today was going to be different. He'd been meaning to invent the seventeen-year deodorant pad and a way to turn urine into beer, but they could wait. Recreation, not creation was on the list today. Music. He wanted to hear music, but not any of that boring orchestral classical shit.

God stood in line waiting to get into the bar staring into the bright sunset. "Forgot how bright I made that sucker", he said. "Should have brought my shades." It was hot. God didn't sweat, but everybody did who were rubbing against him in the line. "Should have made these guys cold-blooded," he thought as he imagined all the germs and disease-ridden bacteria thriving in those damp armpits.

Some girl came up to him with a leaflet and asked him, "Are you prepared for heaven, sinner?!"

"Oh shit, even here," thought God.

"Jesus Christ Our Savior is waiting for you on the Mountain if you repent your sins! You will burn in Hell when you die if you forsake the Light of the Lord!"

God wondered how this burned-out chick could speak in so many capital letters. Maybe she had a hare-lip or something. What was all this heaven and hell crap?! When you died you died. She was persistent though and was beginning to bug him, so he teleported into a locked peepshow booth in a porno bookstore in another city.

"You gotta gitcher hand stamped and I needa see a picture I.D."

God quickly conjured up a drivers licence with a plausible birthdate and reasonable likeness of himself. The girl with the polka-dot eyeshadow and humungous fun bags snapped her gum in his face but didn't notice that the license was from the state of Euphoria and he looked remarkably like Orson Welles. }

He entered the bar during PUS GALORE AND THE SCABS' second set. The bass grabbed him in the stomach and dribbled in against his sternum like a basketball. The beat readjusted his metabolic rate and gave him a back rub. "Nice wall of sound effect," he commented as he felt all the mucus in his nose run screaming back up into his sinuses. Then he bumped into someone.

"MOTHERFUCKERGODDAMNSONOFABITCHIN'ASSHOLEWINOGAYBOY," said the gentleman in the naugahide leathers who promptly kneed God in the nuts. He really didn't get a chance to see what the guy looked like and could only dimly sense the fists as big as Buicks. "Good thing I'm celibate" God coughed as his cherries went bye-bye. The beer bottle crashed on his head just as a left uppercut to the jaw lefted him to his tiptoes. "Okay!" grinned the Boss. "I'm balding, so the glass splinters won't muss my hair and I'll keep my porkpie on so the scars won't show!" The chair bounced off his pudgy stomach causing his liver to explode and one of his lungs to collapse. A double-hand smash to the side of his head broke his jaw, gooshed his left ear, and dislocated his neck. It was soon popped back into place as the double-hand smash plowed into the other side of his head at the mere expense of that ear. The last thing he remembered seeing was the guy's face coming closer then he felt the teeth bite off his nose. The thumbs gorge out his eyes and the right foot stuck in his mouth and stamping downward, ripping his jaw completely away.

God was not angry though. Was he not the prince of peace? He was not prone to becoming emotional in times of severe personal stress. God did not get mad; he got even.

Suddenly every pore in his assailant's skin began to bleed and run with pus. The geometric center of each bone in his body instantaneously and simultaneously became a fraction of a nanogram of anti-matter. Following the subdermal tinkling of hundreds of breaking bones, his toenails began a rapid ascent to approximately eight feet above the floor through his body and three blocks northwest, effectively turning him inside out and carrying him out of the bar.

Spontaneous regeneration was no price of cake when one was half looped on beer. Still he was okay if a bit stiff by the time the brunette helped him up.

"ARE YOU OKAY? I DON'T KNOW WHERE THAT GUY WENT, BUT HE SURE WAS AN ASSHOLE."

"YEAH, YEAH... THE NECK'S A BIT OUT OF WHACK, BUT IT'S NOTHING."

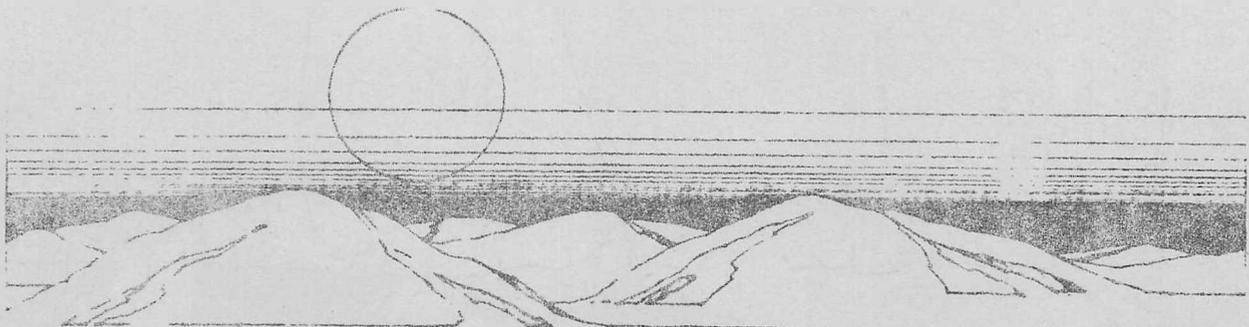
"OOOOO LET ME KISS IT AND MAKE IT BETTER!" She cooed as she buried her lips below his left ear.

God grew a third leg where he once swore he'd install something in tune with his celibacy...like a PEZ dispenser.

"Y'know, maybe what Beckers done here is a social statement that could only be expressed in a unique scenario that is purposely created to be very personal and very radical."

"Cut that shit, Stever, he just scrounges under the kitchen sink for all the easy-off and sani-flush he can find, opens a wein with a brillo pad and pours it in. Why d'you think the original has all these steel wool shavings stuck in the bloodstains? No, Becker is just looking for a cheap rush."

"Blow it out your ass, blow it out your ass, blow it out your ass! Becker likes to shock, and you fall for it everytime, John! You over-react, and that's



just what he wants. Personally, I think he's after groupies. He wants persons of the female persuasion to touch him physically with various portions of their anatomy and say he's great. He's lonely but not as lonely as you guy'll be if you don't wise up!"

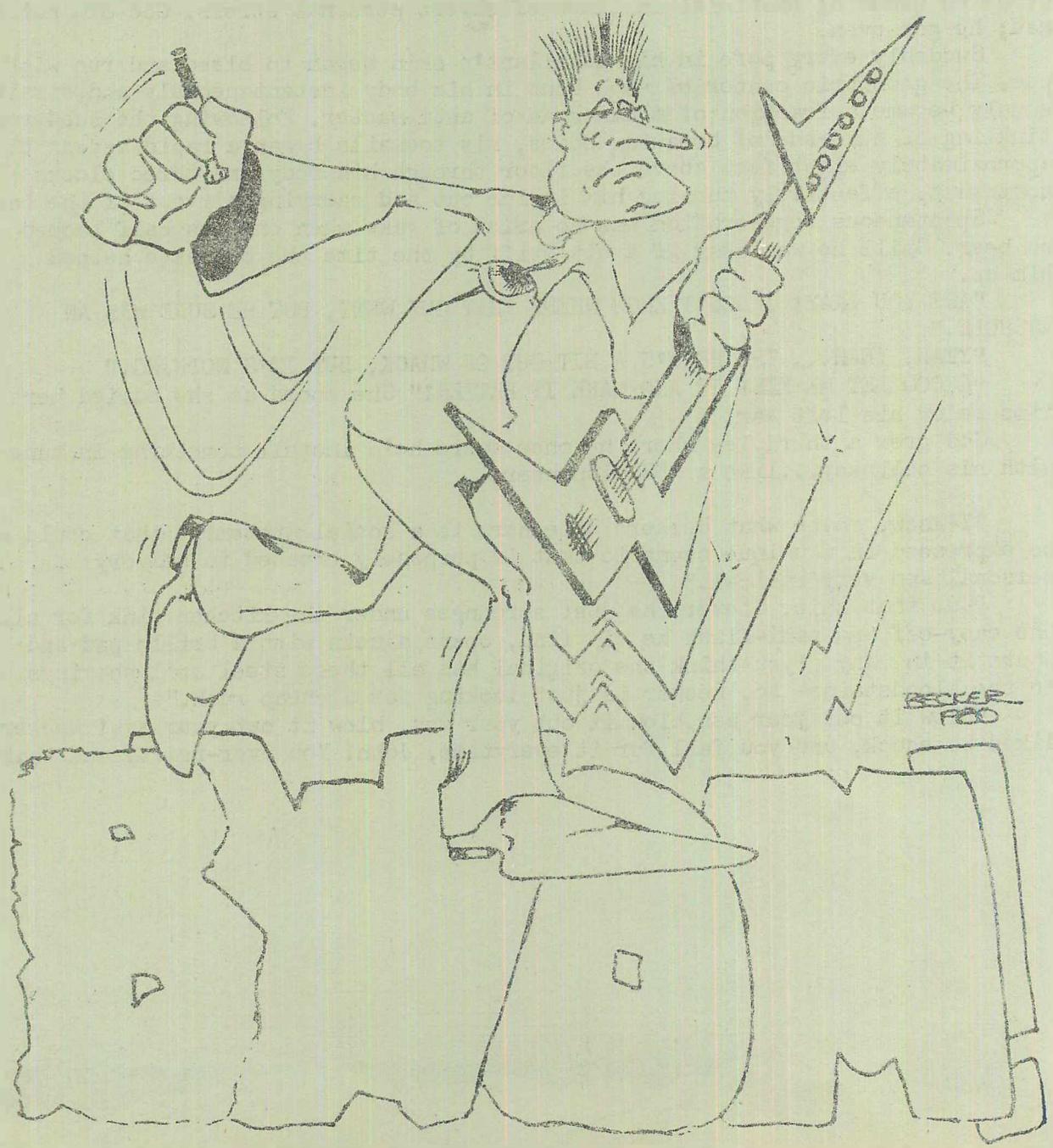
"Garth, you...okay, stay back with that rotary lawnmower...as RUNE editors we have to put out a well-produced, readable fanzine..."

"But that doesn't mean we can't put out a zine that is a piece of art in itself by carefully editing and displaying our contributors' wares and have a little fun as well. But as always you digress, fuzzy."

"What do you think Joe?"

"You guys are all wrong because you've overlooked the obvious! Becker obviously got his yucks and couldn't decide how to end it, so that's why he's put all these stupid words in our mouths which are probably true anyway."

10



# SUPERMARKET MENTALITY

The Jan. 18, 82 issue of Forbes has an interesting article on the B. Dalton and Waldenbooks chains. Here are some interesting points:

Dalton's has 575 retail stores across America.

Walden's has 750 outlets.

Dalton's plans to open 556 stores at a cost of some \$300 million by 1987.

Walden expects to open 80-90 stores a year for the next several years.

"Books are enjoying what the marketers sing about as "democratization" and the purists deplore as vulgarization. To be blunt about it, books are no longer bought just to be read but, like any other consumer item, to be owned, to be looked at, to be given away as presents. Not surprisingly, picture books, sex books and cook books are major products. In an age of cable television and video cassettes, people may not necessarily be spending more time reading books, but they are spending more money buying books."



This is the market place. But the market place is responsible to it's investors, and when some revelation enters my mind, the marketplace is not interested - for it is a world of sales figures, reports and imitation of what in the past has sold well.

The marketplace, I think, is of more detriment than benefit to an artist. To produce under a deadline, one is forced to learn formulas and shortcuts, which do not help in the real expression. The artist is finally unable to differentiate what he wants from what he thinks he wants.

Jeffrey Jones -  
Yesterday's Lily

"But if you've got money, and more coming in, what's it good for?"  
"Your old age," I said.  
"If you spend it fast enough, your old age takes care of itself. You won't have any."  
The Dead Ringer-  
Fredric Brown

Americans spend only \$26 a year on books. Less than they spend on movies and concerts. Not anyone I know.

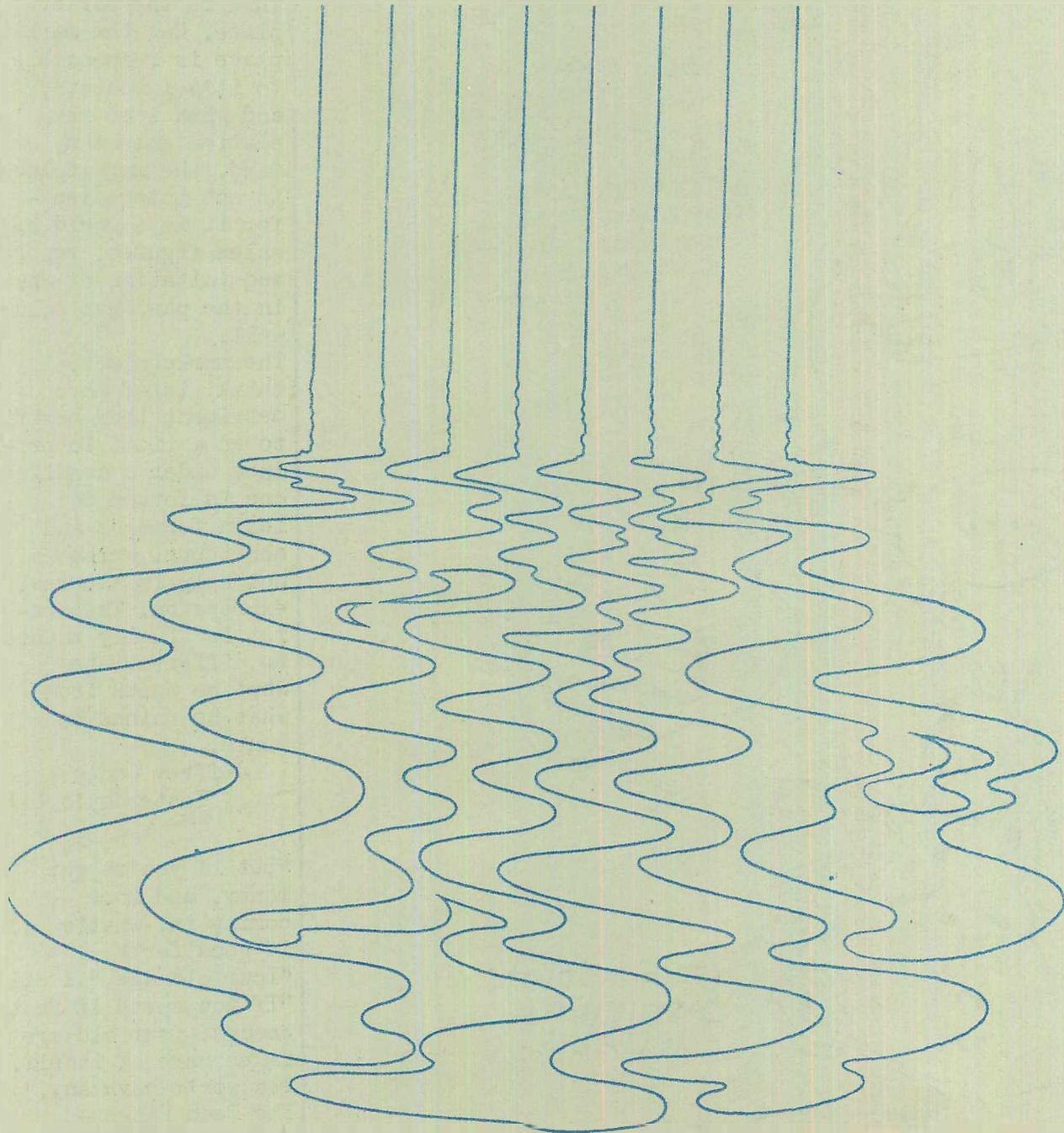
John Dessauer of the Book Industry Study Group says that the 5.5 Billion dollars spent on books each year will grow to some \$10 Billion by 1990. More than half of the growth will result from higher prices.

Dalton also is testing 3 Pickwick discount book stores in Columbus, Ohio and if they are successful plans to open some 500 of the stores by 1986—in addition to the other 556 stores they are opening.

Dalton stores carry an average of 25,000 titles in stock all the time. "At Dalton and Walden, however, a supermarket mentality prevails. Order a little of everything and remain secure in your capability to restock quickly those titles the computer says are selling fast."

"With 25,000 titles and computerized inventory, books move like groceries."

Typical.

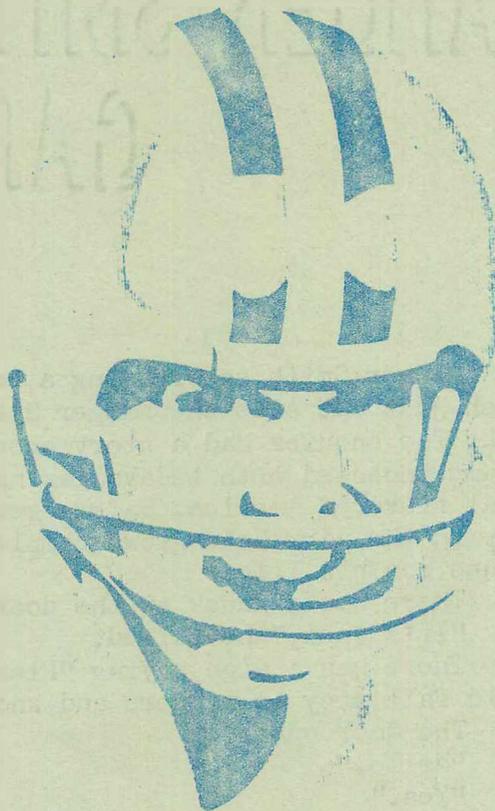


External criteria were all the rage for most young Americans, who shared a pronounced distaste for both the war in Korea and pacifism, whose ambitions focused solely on career and marriage and mortgage. In the words of one contemporary observer, it was a generation "pathetic, laconic, no great loves, no profound hates, and pitifully few enthusiasms," a beaten generation that generally scorned Jack's deadly intensity, often perceiving him as an egocentric goof.

The reason for the quick economic growth in the 50's becomes more evident. Acres of mindless, dreamless, career orientated people milling about the industrial world. If you are in your 20's your parents were part of this boom.

Children paid a war tax as well. Their mothers made up one third of the work force, and with their fathers gone and no supervision, often living in new and unfamiliar neighborhoods, American children were lost and disturbed. In New York City at the time (Summer 1943) Jack was waiting at the hiring hall for a ship out, vagrancy and sex charges against teenage girls had nearly doubled in the past year; "Victory Girls," they were called.

Sexuality above all could not stand comparison with Gerard (a dead brother), and masturbation became another bar in Jean's (Jack Kerouac) prison of conscience. He had a life long pattern of "jacking off", even as it seemed ultimate blasphemy to him. Since he felt at heart that he was already unspeakably vile, it was easy to give up and indulge in the aching pleasure of orgasm. His resolve to be good would vanish, and he would stealthily slip into the bathroom, unbutton his pants, and enter the dream world of satisfied desire. As the pleasure faded and he scrambled about wiping up semen with a tissue, he would sudder with the disgust at his grass carnality, and once again vow to be like his vision of good—Gerard, the Church, Easter Lillies, Kittens, and lambs.



A few years later, in 1962, television dipped again into the Beats to create a new program by the simple expedient of sanitizing On The Road. Trading in a muddy 1949 Hudson for a gleaming Corvette Stingray, producer Sterling Silliphant took the archetypal freedom image from Jack's book and added George Maharis, an actor who eerily resembled Kerouac, to produce Route 66. Appalled by the show's violence, Jack asked two different lawyers to sue Silliphant for plagiarism, but both concluded that there was insufficient evidence.

all the words on this page are from:

Desolate Angel, Jack Kerouac, the Beat Generation and America.

by Dennis McNally.

It's a very good book about a very interesting man and a very different sort of man. I wish I knew more people like him.

# RANGER SMITH HAS A BAD DAY

## GARTH DANIELSON

Ranger Smith sat reading a copy of the National Enquirer. He'd found it in the trash just outside the Ranger Station near the entrance to Jellystone National Park. The Enquirer had a story about sex crimes. Ranger Smith was incensed. He often became incensed with today's lax morals and just plain disgusted with the poor moral fibre of America. Safely secluded in his comfortable Ranger Station hidden away in the park he'd grown complacent and let his simple cartoon attitudes and values run his life.

There was a knock at the door.

"It's open," he called.

There was a sign saying "Please Come In" but often, blind, stupid tourists would fall prey to manners and knock.

The door opened.

"Hello."

"Yes."

"Hi," the man entered. He was one of those typical types from the suburbs, thirty-ish with a short sleeve sport shirt, two sizes too big.

"Hello," said Ranger Smith.

"I've a complaint."

"Oh." Ranger Smith didn't like complaints.

"It's about your bears."

"What." Ranger Smith liked complaints about his bears even less.

"Well, I really wouldn't have mentioned it but it was a little unusual."

"What was?"

"This bear masturbating."

"Well, I really can't control the urges of the bears. We tried saltpeter but they put it in the water fountains."

"It's just that while we were startled by the "show" as it were, someone ran off with our picnic basket."

"Picnic basket, Oh no."

"It wasn't really worth much."

"Did this rude bear have a hat and a tie on?"

"Well, as you mention it, I recall it. I never thought much about it really."

"Well, don't worry. I'll try to get your basket back. I doubt there'll be any food in it though."

"Well, it's just it upset my wife so."

"I understand."

After the man had left Ranger Smith sat at his desk. He thought about Yogi and the years of trouble he'd had. It was enough to make a grown man cry, let alone the uniforms he'd soiled.

The door opened.

"Hello, Mr. Ranger sir."

"Oh, hello Boo Boo." The ranger paused in his thoughts and looked at Yogi's companion for all these years.

"Boo Boo."

Boo Boo jumped.



"Yes, Mr. Ranger, sir."

"Where's Yogi."

"That's what I came to tell you...he's ...well..." Boo Boo's voice trailed off. He looked at the floor.

"What about Yogi?"

"I think he's gone crazy."

"I thought so." It was so simple in a cartoon world.

The door burst open. Things happen fast in a Garth Danielson Story(TM).

"Hey. One of your bears jumped my wife."

"What?"

"Then he took my picnic basket."

"Where is he?"

"Who knows. What about my wife?"

"Take her to the hospital. I'm no doctor." Ranger Smith's manner grew more and more serious. He took his 30-06 down from the wall.

"Mr. Ranger, sir."

"It's for the best, Boo Boo. We can't have any dangerous bears running around in the park, now can we."

"I know sir."

Ranger Smith strode solemnly from his Ranger Station. His mind directed by a grim purpose and a tight plot.

Yogi threw down the picnic basket. He burped. He had had a good time. He'd been a long time without female company. A little rushed but dessert was nice. He heard a car.

It was Ranger Smith.

Now I'm in trouble, he thought. He pondered his situation. He saw Ranger Smith climb out of his jeep.

Ranger Smith had followed his instincts to Yogi. It was all in the cards.

He climbed out of his jeep. He looked at the rifle on the seat, loaded, ready to go. It was fate, time had dealt a cruel blow to his furry friend...or fiend.

He picked up the rifle.

Yogi saw the gun. He reacted to slow. He screamed as the bullets struck his flesh, tearing their way into his skull, leaving holes. He bled red blood.

Ranger Smith looked down at the dead bear. Just another dead bear in a hat and tie. He wiped a tear from his eye.

It had to be done, he thought as he drove off into the hand painted sunset. He had a headache.

"You know," she continued, waxing philosophic, "almost any man if he stays in bed long enough and enjoys sufficient privacy will find some woman along side of him sooner or later."

"Trouble is," said Mr. Hawks, "the majority of man are not so optimistic as that - or so patient."

Night Life Of The Gods-  
Thorne Smith

Old hippies never die, they become sci-fi fans.

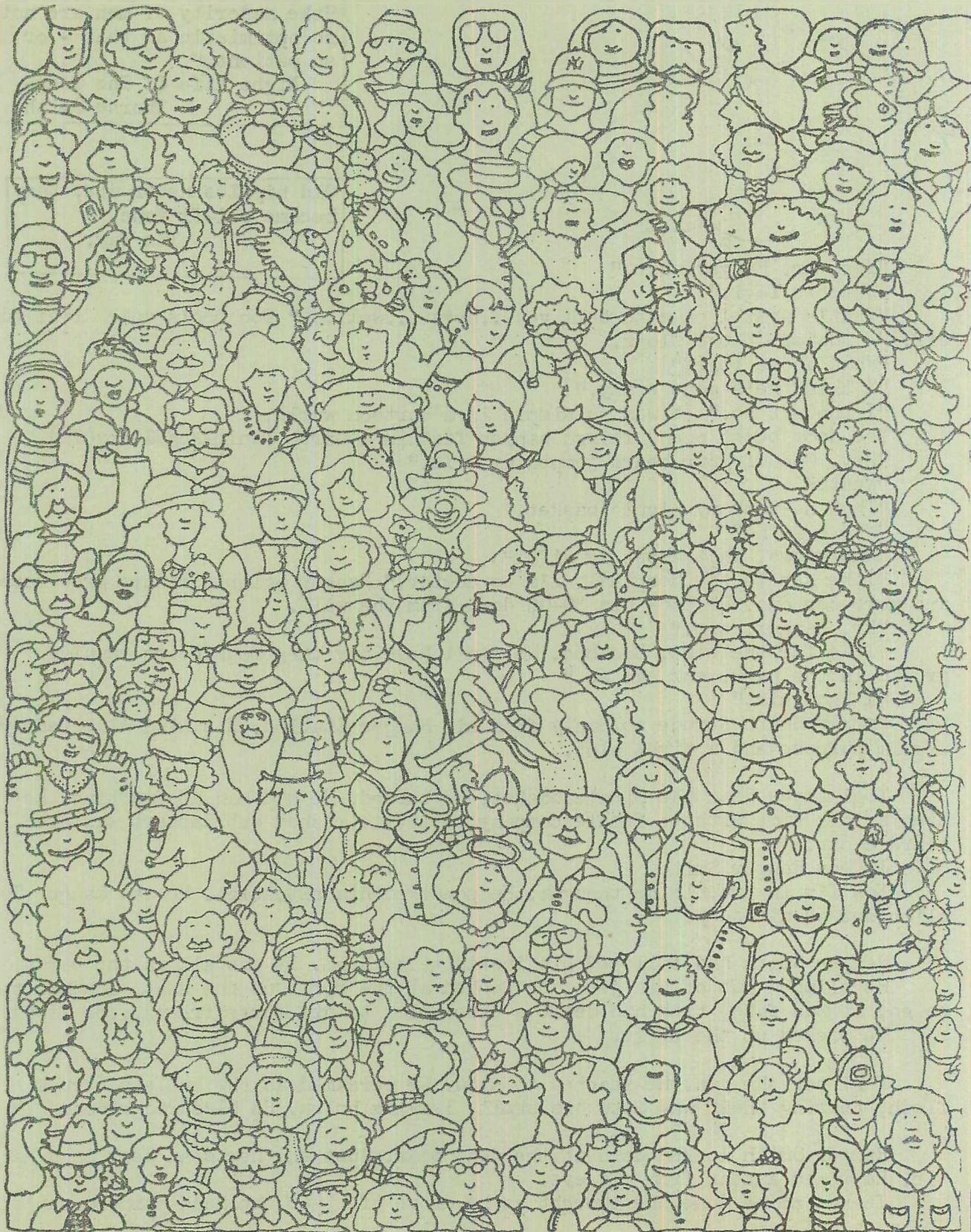
Tim fay.

My second wife had left me on the grounds that I was too pessimistic for an optimist to live with.

"Maturity," Bokonon tells us, "is a bitter disappointment for which no remedy exists, unless laughter can be said to remedy anything."

"Nah," sneered the bartender. "He was one of those kids who make model airplanes and jerked off all the time."

Cat's Cradle by Kurt Vonnegut.



# the princess and the goldfish

## GARTH DANIELSON

In a small relatively backward country some where in the large landmass to the East of England lives a fat princess and her father, the King of the country.

Now the fat princess and her father were named Nyome and King. King King. His parents were not the most imaginative people, thus the king tried to bestow a somewhat more imagative name on his daughter.

The king and his fat, repulsive daughter weren't at all well liked and were constantly facing the problem so commonly faced by despotic leaders of small backward, repressed countries. Revolution.

One morning a fierce yelling came from the Princess room. Her ladies in waiting covered by the door to her room. None of them wanted to enter and face the wrath of the Princess anger. Eventually the King came and asked what the hell was going on. The King was a rather direct man. He always said take the money from the people and give it directly to me. He laughed when he said that. He was in some ways a very simple man.

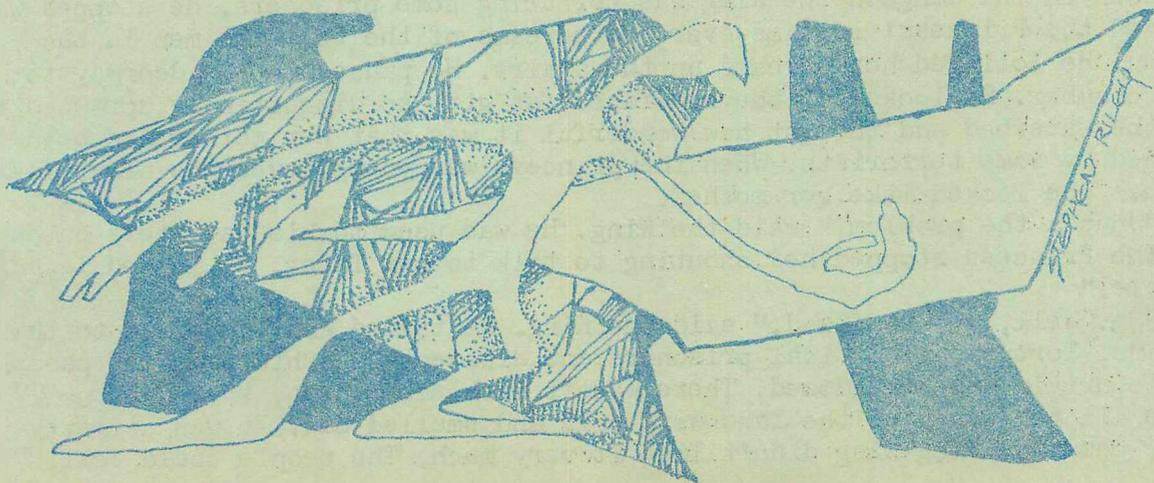
The princess stopped shouting and heaved her fat bulk off of the bed she so unenvitingly was sprawled upon.

"This bed isn't comfortable anymore," the Princess whinned. "I want a new one."

"Well," said the King. "We shall get you a new bed. One fit for a king. A King like me."

"I don't want a bed fit for a King. I want a bed fit for me. I don't care if it fits you. I'm the one sleeping in it."

"Well. I didn't mean that it would be fit for me but fit for a royal type person. You are a royal type person and you should have the best in the land." The king called for his purchasing agent, who was aroused out of his bed and



and dragged around to see the king.

The Purchasing agent cowered in front of the royal family. The King and the Princess were all that were left of the royal family. Everyone else had died of poisoned food and disentary.

"She wants a new bed," said the King.

"What kind?" said the P.A.

"A bed fit for a royal person."

"What style?" asked the purchasing agent. He knew to ask all the right questions. He'd had his job for over two years.

"I want a water bed," said the Princess.

"You heard her," said the King.

So the purchasing agent got on the phone to the waterbed store just near the downtown and soon had the finest water bed in the land sent round to the palace. It arrived that afternoon.

Finally it was full of water and the princess stopped shouting. She was glad the bed was there. She was tired from shouting for the 9 hours she'd been up that day.

During the filling of the waterbed a small fish swam out of the faucet and into the bed unbeknownst to the staff working so diligently to fill it before their ear drums burst. The fish swam about the bag and would have discovered that it was trapped but it's brain was too small. It just didn't care and swam contentedly.

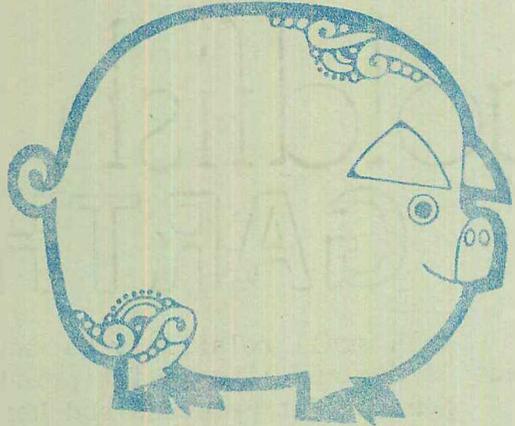
The princess watched the waterbed fill up and eventually stopped screaming. Soon the sheets were in place and all the covers straight. The bed was made. It looked so soft and inviting that the princess smiled. It was a hideous sight. She flopped her huge bulk up over the real sharkskin side boards and sprawled uninvitingly on the water bed. Instantly her smile vanished. Hoarse shouts issued from her face. The serving maids ran from the room, fearful of their lives. It just wasn't a very good day, as days go.

Down in the dungeon the King was torturing some prisoners. He stopped when he heard the Princess' screams over the screams of the tortured men in the dungeon. He followed her screams up the stairs. He paused in the doorway to her royal chamber. He looked at the red faced fat girl so disgustingly sprawled all over the waterbed and thought how wonderful it was that her mother had been poisoned by some terrorists. When the princess was young, everyone always said how much she looked like her mother.

"What's the problem," said the King. He was used to his daughters outbursts.

The Princess stopped her shouting to talk to her fater. "This bed is uncomfortable."

"Oh. Well, get it fixed," said the King. He turned and went back to the dungeons. Torturing political prisoners and disadents was his favorite passtime next to driving the bulldozed. There wasn't much else to do, there was no TV and almost all the women of the land were ugly and smelled bad. It was a pretty shitty country. King King didn't like it very much. The people could tell.



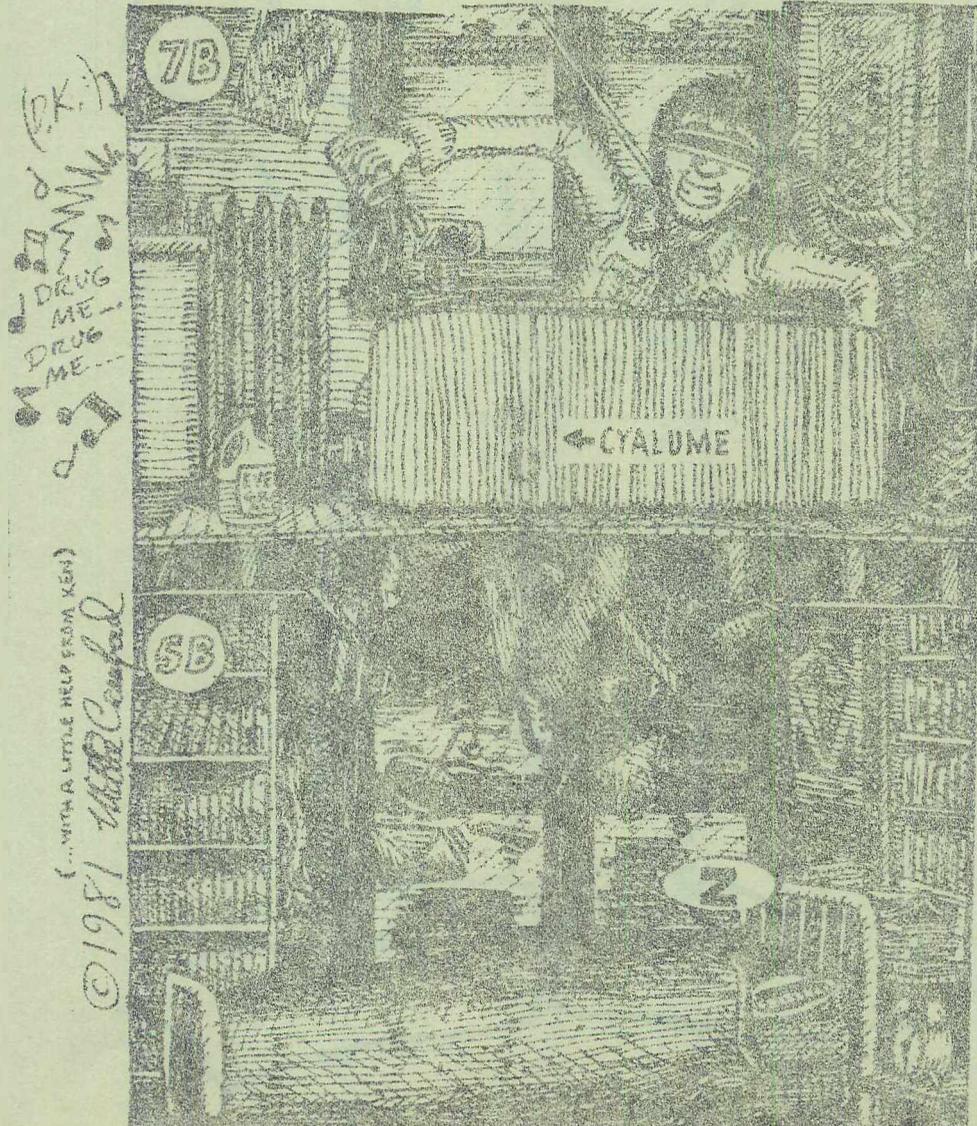
The Princess wasn't surprised to be put in charge of her own comfort. She called in the royal thinker, a small skinny man with the IQ of a toaster oven. After some pondering he approached the Princess with an idea.

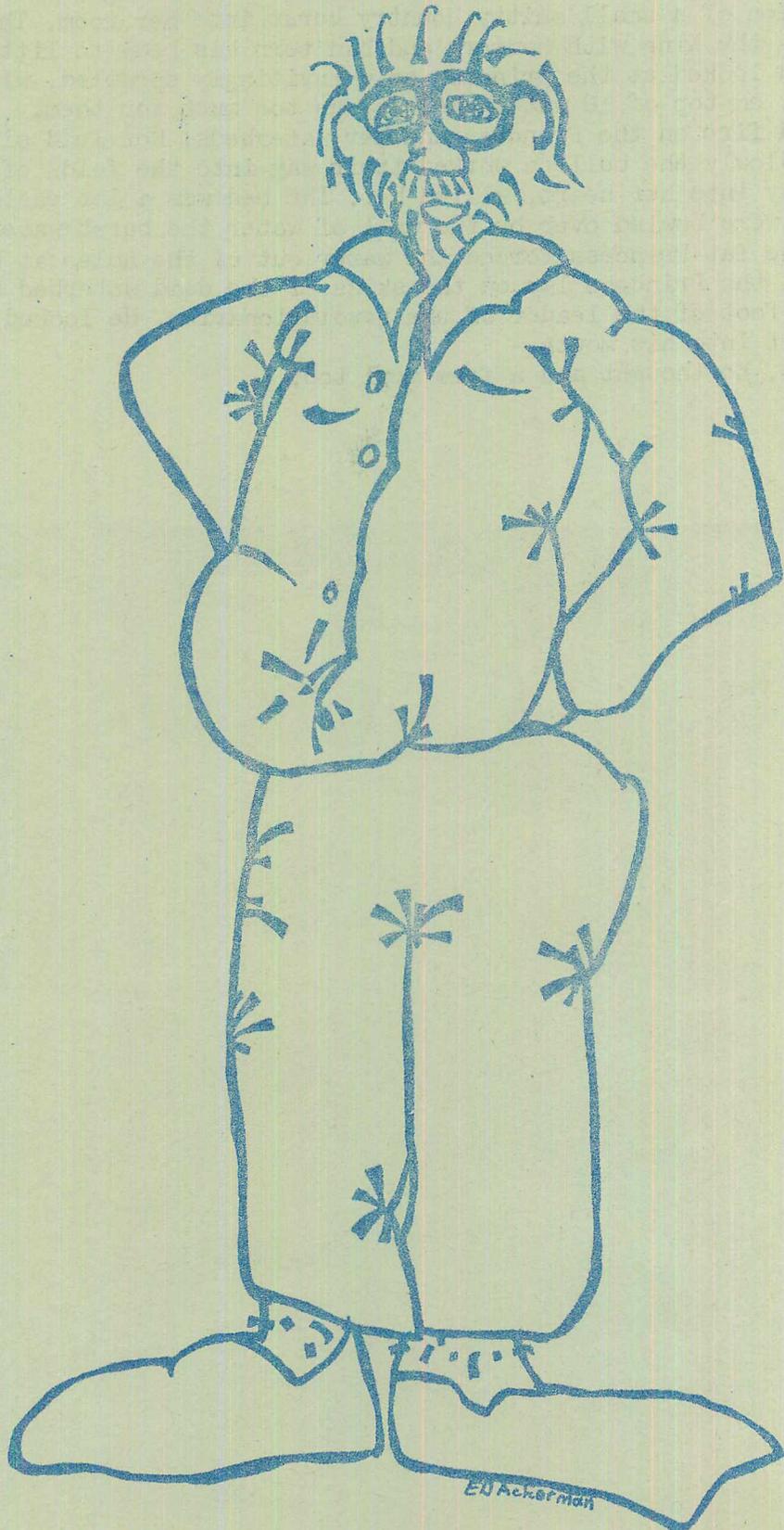
"If one bed is uncomfortable, maybe two would be better." Never having had an original thought in her life, the Princess thought that here was the solution to her problem. So, with the help of the Purchasing agent a second waterbed was ordered and upon its arrival was installed over the first.

Sixteen waterbeds later the Princess was still screaming when the front for the liberation of a small shitty country burst into her room. They had just finished killing the King with hammers and had torn his body to little pieces. They stopped and looked at the princess so uninvitingly sprawled, with her mouth wide open, on top of 18 waterbeds. It was too much for them.

They opened fire on the Princess and her waterbeds. Hot lead slugs tore into her body. Slowly the bullets worked their way into the folds of fat and finally digging their way into her heart, killed her. The bed was a lot easier. The revolutionaries were bowled over by the wall of water the burst waterbeds made. The weight of the fat Princess forced the water out of the holes at high velocity. When it settled, the Princess lay on the skins of the dead waterbed bags and the fish lay at the foot of the leader of the revolutionaries. He looked at it briefly before popping it into his mouth.

A good coup, he thought and a free meal too.







GARTH DANIELSON,  
OUR FOUNDER

"Matusse 79"

# MOUSE DEATH A SORT OF EDITORIAL

for Karen Trego  
written in the summer of 1981.

The other day I had some reason to go through one of my shirt drawers. I've got three T-shirt drawers, one for good t-shirts, one for work t-shirts and one for black t-shirts. When I worked at Holden and systematically destroyed my t-shirts working everyday, this was a good arrangement, keeping my good t-shirts home safe. Now, I'm working where I don't get dirty, so today I'm going through my work t-shirt drawer to find what is salvagable.

Somewhere along the line in the direction of the past, I used to hear scratchings in the wall in my bedroom. I never paid it any mind and one night Joe tells me we've got mice running around the living room. I don't care too much about mice. They're cute little critters and as long as they don't run on my face I just don't care too much.

It's back to the present and me pulling open my drawer. Now I had noticed that the mice had been in my dresser. I could see the little mouse poo-poops looking like little tiny chocolate non-pariels all ready for some rude cake in some disgusting bakery.

When I opened the drawer I could smell the mouse death. There is nothing like the smell of a dead mouse except maybe a dead rat. Under a few layers of t-shirts lay my poor dead mouse. He was a pitiful sight, having puked up all his lunch all over some t-shirt now destined for the trash. My t-shirts still smell like mouse death several weeks later. I've washed all the good ones, some twice and slowly the smell goes away. It was interesting and Karen always laughs when I say mouse death. It doesn't take much.

The poor little mouse is gone and now so am I.

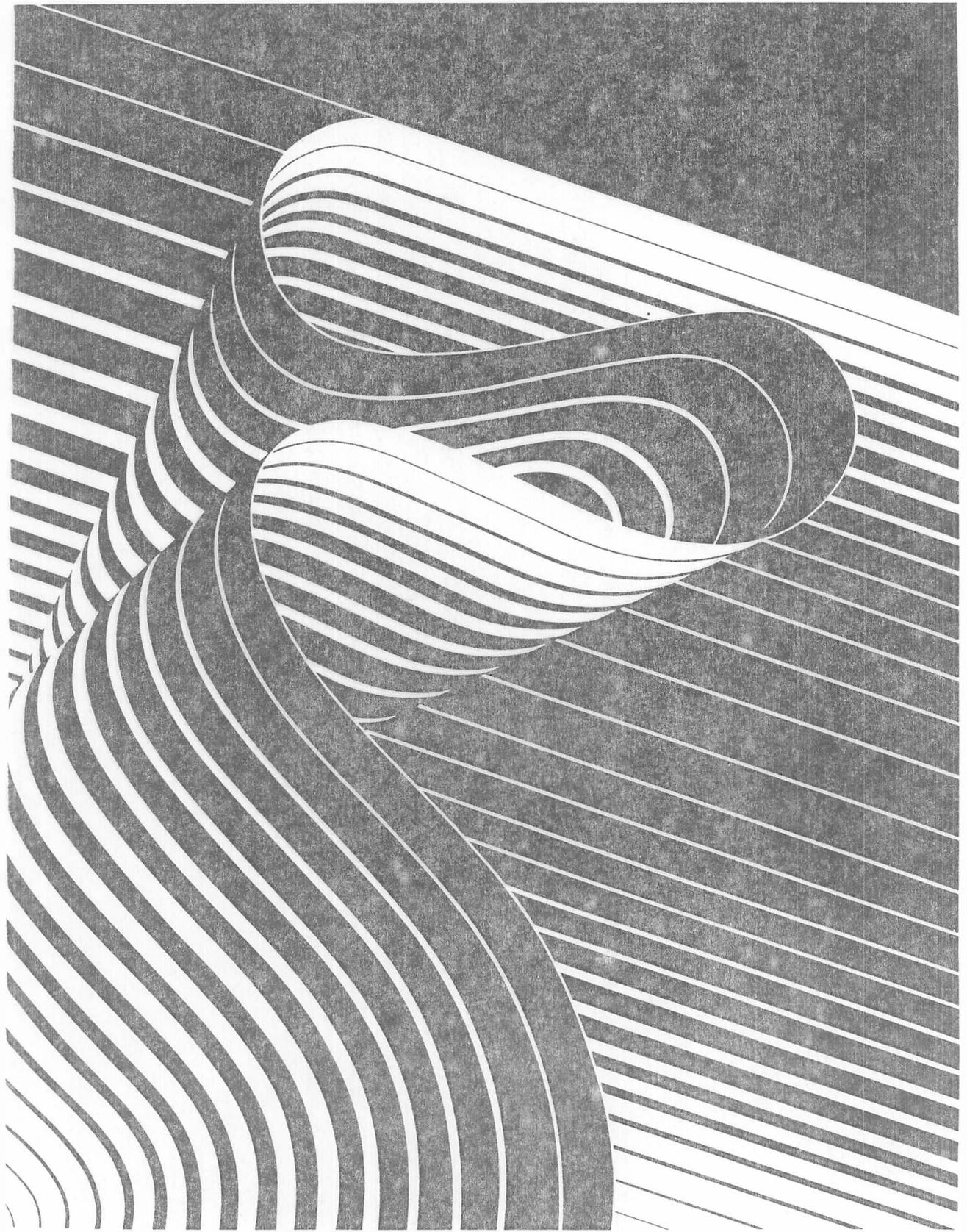
Good bye.

Joe says it better than I can.

Garth.

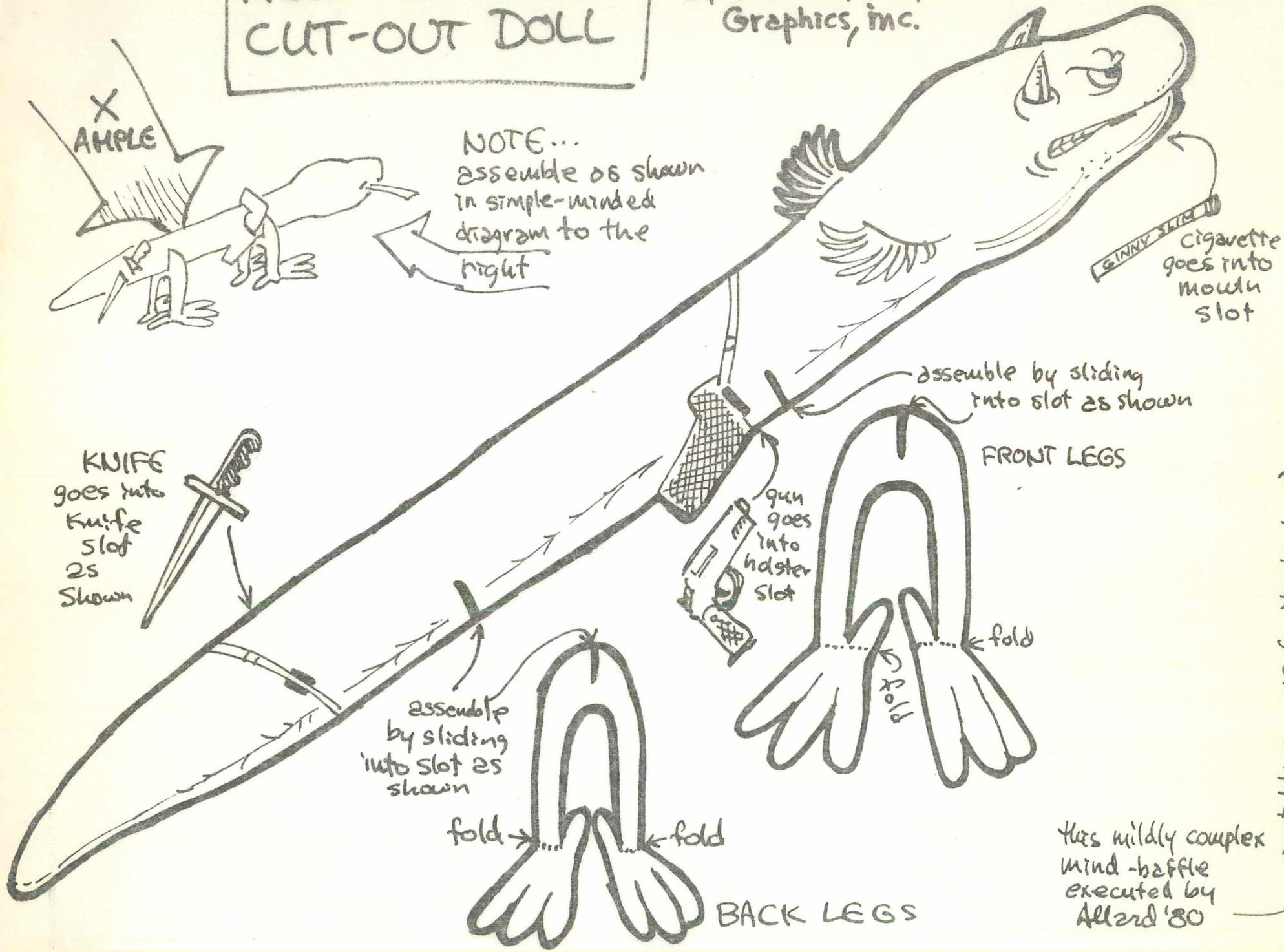
Jan. 17.82





# NEWT BOXTOP CUT-OUT DOLL

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This mildly complex  
mind-baffle  
executed by  
Allard '80

at Minicon (in its decline)