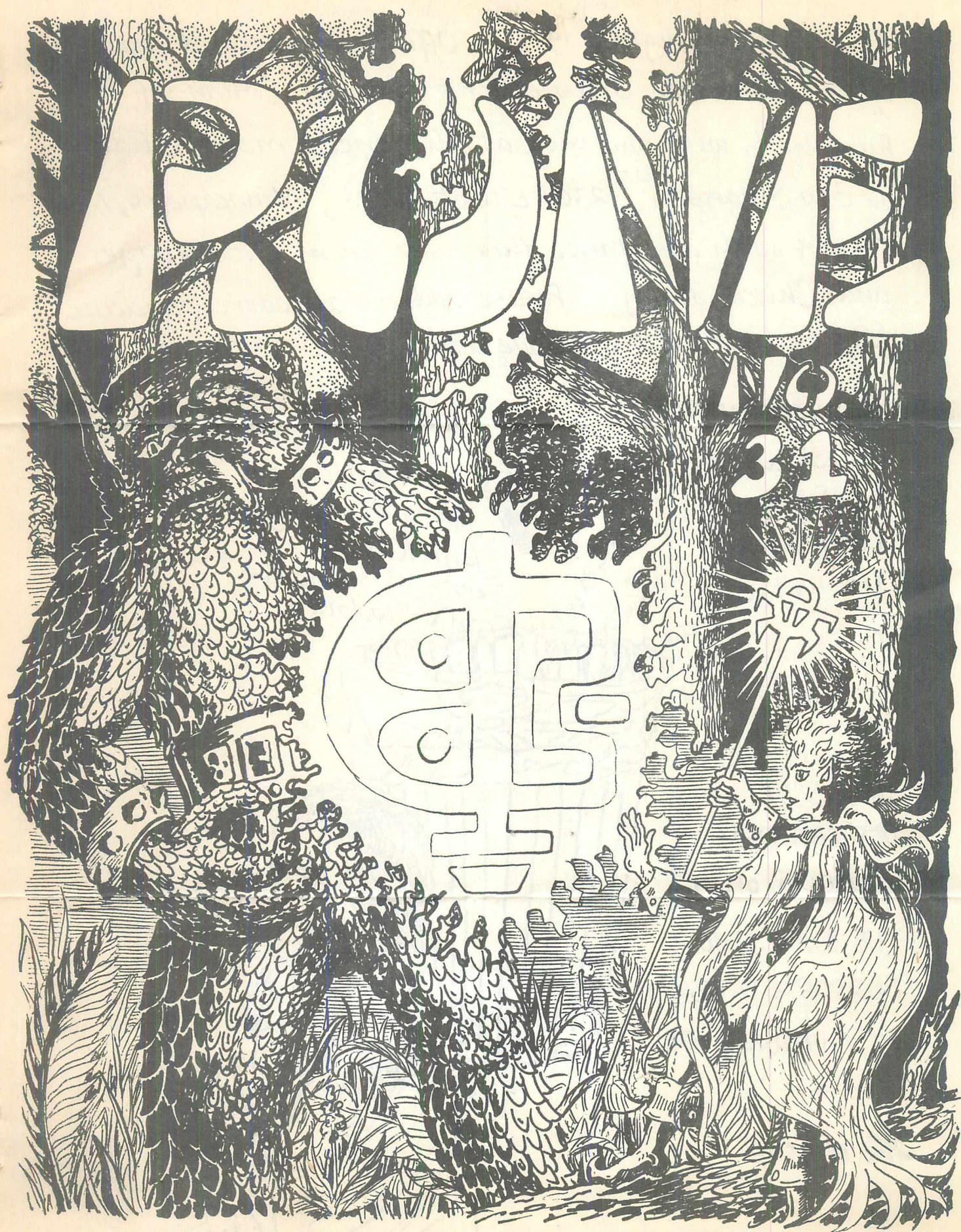


# RODNEY

NO.  
31

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RUNE 31, August 1973. Official organ and fanzine of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society (Minn-stf). Published, with any luck at all, once a month. Edited by Bev Swanson, 2301 Elliot Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55404 with assistance this issue from Dick Targe and Chuck Holst. Please address all correspondence to the editor at the above address.

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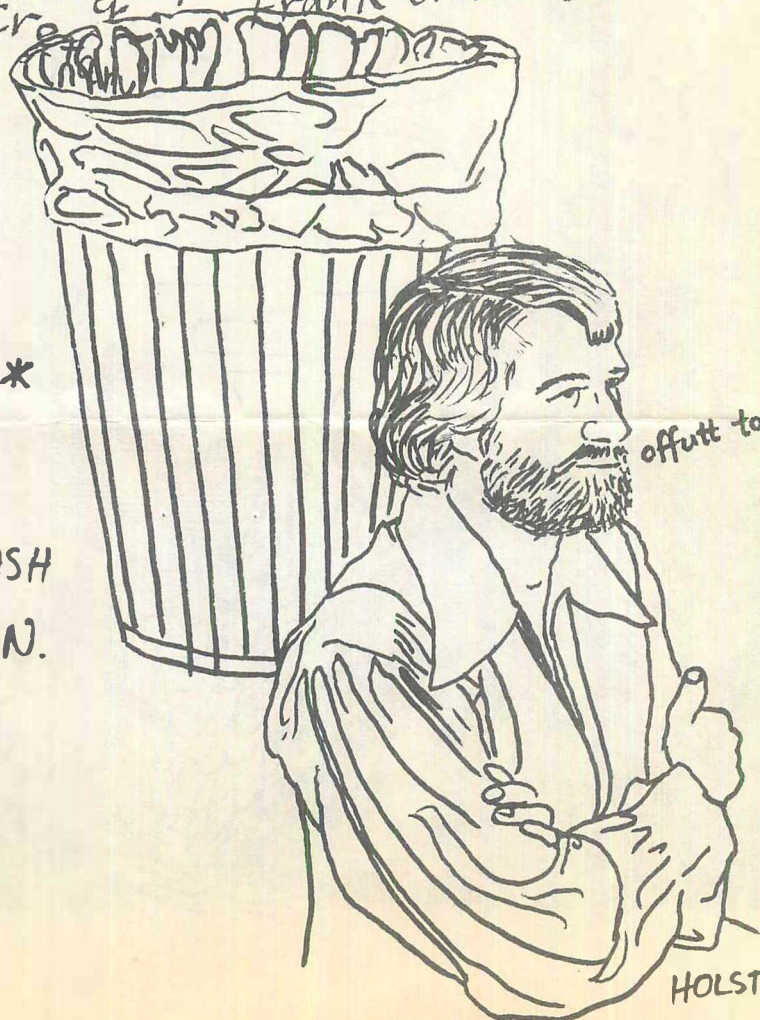
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THIS ISSUE  
DEDICATED TO  
ANDREW J. OFFUT\*  
THE MAN WHO  
SUPPORTED TRASH  
AT CHAMBANACON.

\* RECYCLE



offutt to MINICONERS, via RUNE

Thursday 26 April 1973

Funny Farm  
Haldeman  
Ky. 40329

offutt to MINICONERS, via RUNE, via Swanson: peace.

So comes in the mail a weird green envelope, long. Contains a garishly colored card, large; a genuine Marvel card, with no less than the mighty Thor himself reaching for me throat and brandishing his hammer. Inside-- notes. Greetings; Touches. Drawings. Tiny print and big. And names. All notes to us, because we weren't there, and my god ~~they~~ you're all beautiful, and my eyes blurred a bit. Then came recuperation, and the mischievous leer, and the following replies to all those greetings, which should effectively take care of the next issue of RUNE --if not destroy it. Your notes and my answers:

A tip of my tam-o-shanter to you too, Dude!

"Dear ones-- you are not here-- Dammit! --Martha Beck."

Sorry, Martha. I had to pee.

"Andy, you schmuck! Why couldn't you you swallow your pride and made it to Minicon. I flew out all the way from New Jersey!!! We miss you-- Louie." Because, Spooner, my frelanctz had a lobotomy. And stop showing off those damned Yiddish words, shiksa --schmuck does NOT mean honeybunch!"

"But keeps what?--Blue Petal."

Presumably this refers to one of 1972's great novels. The Castle, Blue Petal, keeps women. Would you like to be a kept woman?

"May your next woman have a sandpaper snatch... sincerely, Madman R."

Jesus! May your beard grow back up your nostrils, R, and your toes bend. Up!

"Andy--missed your humor--?--Wally"

Goddam smartass hippy hardhat!

"Andy-- where were you when we needed ya? --Jackie."

Wally was lookin. Sorry. But don't forget our date: furnace room, Quality Courts, 5AM.

"Who you callin names, wisecass? --Ann Passovoy."

Put down that guitar and say that, coward!

"Funny what?--Don Blyly."

Funny you should ask, thass whut.

[drawing]"I don't know you yet. Howdy anyhow."

Thou art maybe Adonai already?

"You may mutilate, staple, spindle or bend this card. But you must R E C Y C L E --Joni."

You kiddin? I'm sittin here with tears mucking up my beard, and I gonna keep this card forever.

"It's awfully early, folks, but it looks like a good'n.--Rusty."

Come on, Rusty--without us?

"Hi, brother Igor--Fred Haskell."

That's IGOR, Khloodc, Igor! But to reply properly: Hello brother. Get blond broad. Master Vincent wait in dungeon."

"Me too--Phyllis Eisenstein."

God, you too?

"Me too, Margie Lessinger."

You TOO, Mwaaaaahge? OK, furnace room, Quality Courts, 4 AM.

Chuck "Starcruiser" Holtz.'

Commercials, commercials. I stayed home to practice for our tournament....

----over----



(A sandpaper snatch! God, what a monster! Let this world be safe from R's.)

"Wore my pretty jacket and you never showed up to admire it. Fink! --love, Len."

Ben darling, try to cool it. People are starting to Talk.

"Hello Andy!--LVCN(Larry Niven)"

Who's Larry Niven? --ajoV

"Greeting fuzzily."

Uh, er, riiiiight.

"FLIEG HOLLANDER(without you as a target throwing beer cans just ain't the same)"

You only love me for my utility. Jesus, what's wrong with my body?

"Arthur Leo Zagat was here. (Wanna buy a ~~new~~ round-walled cubicle?)

--Jim Young."

Sure, baby. And I'm really looking forward to your next book, From The Other Side.

ALEX B. EISENSTEIN--freelance dilettante and professional literary appendage(Isq.)"

Put your silly appendage away, Alex, nobody's impressed.

"Æ(not to mention artiste extraordinaire)

Please put your silly appendage away, Æ, I'm beginning to get impressed....

"Remember only 17 seconds--Bev Pecon '72."

Odd last name... but sure I remember. Though I never thought you'd complain about it in public like this! I promised to try for 20 next time.

"Gordon R. Dickson (Not seen listing to starboard)"

Have some more port, Gordy.

"Warning: the SMOFs have determined that Not attending Minicons is hazardous to your health.--Denny Lien."

You kiddin, man? It gets me this beautiful card from all you lovely people! Talk about positive reinforcement for my negative act!

"All these many loves from Minicon.--Ann."

Yeah, ann, yeah, and it's lovely, lovely, and thank you all.

And stay well, and please be careful, and Write On!

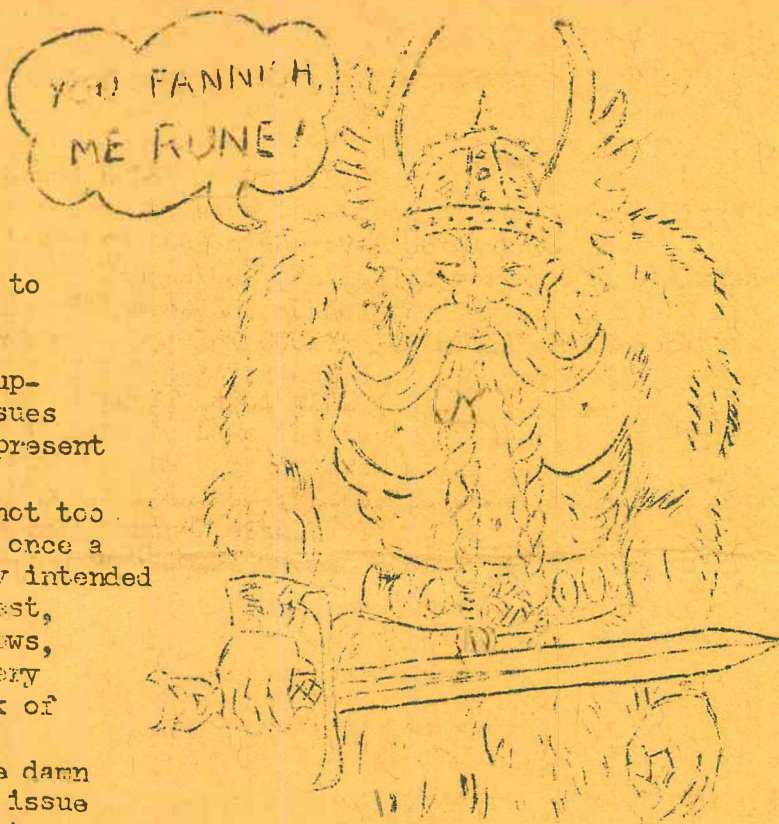
recycle



### EDITOR'S NOTES:

This month in the key of E  
RUNE is finally using  
the correct fuel formula  
(plenty of time and lots of  
beer) to jetison the remnants  
of the floundering ship into  
a new era. King Apathy III seems to  
have taken its toll of the once  
skybound ship. Now after an over  
extended period of rest and recoup-  
eration and a few short trial issues  
RUNE is back to satisfy the everpresent  
need for egoboo.

Our publication schedule is not too  
definite, but we try to meet our once a  
month goal. The zine is basically intended  
to dispense items of local interest,  
such as upcoming local events, news,  
and meeting dates and places. Every  
third issue is relegated the task of  
dispensing vital information and  
interesting gossip to whomever we damn  
well please. If you recieved this issue  
thru the slow but sure postal system, you have  
some connection on the staff. If you didn't recieve this issue by the aforementioned  
system, but would like to, make your connection soon. The next "staffs choice"  
issue is scheduled for serious thought the beginning of Nov. with a deadline  
somewhere in the middle of the same month. All contributions (literary) and  
requests recieved before that time will be honored, even if stored in a jo's  
circular file. (What greater honor could be asked for.)



### MINN-STF NOTES

#### MEETINGS

AUG 14-TUE- 7:00 pm CHUCK HOLST 2301 ELLIOT

At this meeting we hope to have the tapes of the Dudley Riggs  
"Interstellar Follies" and they might even be played.

AUG 18-SAT- PICKINICKINICKINICKINICON REVISITED more on that elsewhere

AUG 25-SAT- 1:00 pm Bev Swanson 2301 ELLIOT

This is our first annual JOINT COOKIE & BIRTHDAY MAKING PARTY

SEPT 8-SAT- 1:00 MARK SCHLIFER 6827 3rd AVE S

SEPT 22 -SAT- 1:00 JERRY STEARNS 3200 E 24th ST.

Jim Odbert has sold to Analog three interior illo's. They will run in  
George R. R. Martin's "SONG FOR LIR" a novellette.

#### THIS ISSUE

ILIOS DICK TATGE- cover, pages 5, back

CHUCK HOLST PAGE 2

KEN FLETCHER PAGE 6

Technical assistance by GREGG LIEN, MARK HANSON and FIG NEWTON



"HOW DO YOU FIND THE KINNICKINNIC?"

"WET."

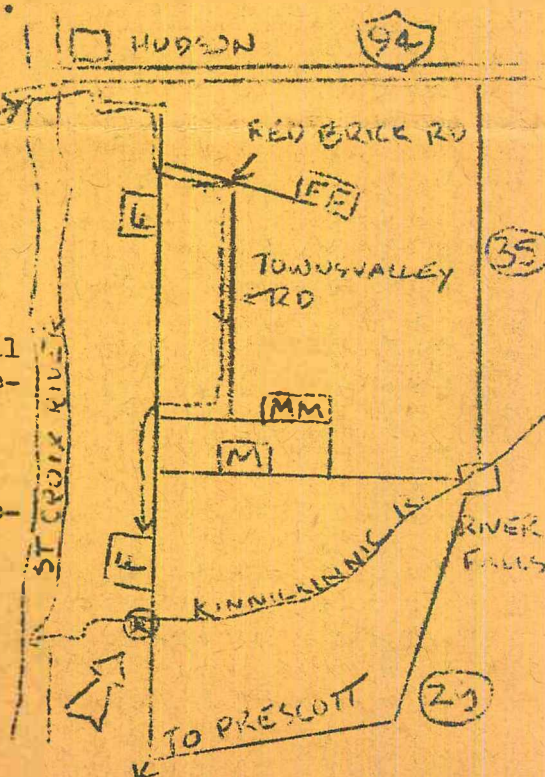
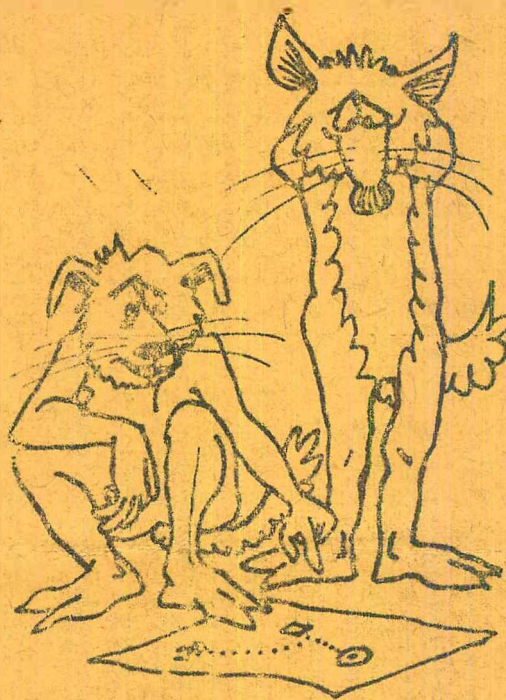
About 16 Minnesota fans celebrated Bastille Day this year on the Kinnickinnic River in western Wisconsin. No one sang the Marseillaise (not even Jim Young who is known for his Gallic wit), but entertainment of a finer sort was provided by a trio of guitarists named Bucklin, Stearns and Waller who regaled us with song and music from behind a row of guitar cases laid on the sand -- much to the bewilderment of a family group farther down the beach who had anticipated nothing more than a quiet day in the country, but much appreciated by those of us who did not want to go wading right after our picnic lunch. (After all, cramps in two feet of water can be just as dangerous as cramps in six feet of water if you are serious about drowning.)

The picnic site was the same as last year's -- a spacious beach near the parking areas and just across the river from an ice-cold spring which served as a cooler for the beer, pop and watermelons. Aside from the above-mentioned family, we had the beach entirely to ourselves. The first to arrive (after myself -- I got there Friday night and camped out under the full moon), around 11:00 AM, were Don Nelson with a couple bottles of Archbishop's Mead and a fan whose face was familiar, but whose name, I'm sorry to say, has slipped my mind. The rest of the party all arrived in the next hour and a half and stayed till after six, in contrast to last year when almost everyone left before four. The day was cloudy but warm, the mosquitoes stayed in the woods, and a generally good time was had by all (dissenters stay home next time).

#### PICKINICKINNICON 2½

Speaking of next time, there are several people who wanted to go to the picnic who were not able to make it July 14. They are getting another chance. Pickinickinnicon 2½ will be held on August 18, a Saturday, at the same time, place and channel. The same rules prevail -- bring your own food, drink, insect repellent and transportation or make arrangements. And, once again, there will be no official (or official, either) cancellation due to inclement weather; Minn-stfers, I truly hope and believe, do not have to be told to come in out of the rain.

Some people drove through road reconstruction last time; others took the official detour which is almost as bad. There is still work being done on County Road F, so I suggest you take the following detour which is different from the posted one; Take County Road F south





# RIDING THE TORCON TRAIL

By Frank Stodolka

There has existed a Universal law for Minn-Stfer which, for many years, has held just as firmly as  $E=MC^2$ . This law, you may call it Knarf's Konstant, states simply that in order to estimate the number of Minn-Stfer's who want to go to a Worldcon, you merely count the number of road-worthy passenger vehicles available to our local fans and multiply by ten. Thus, it was for what seemed like eons that Minn-Stfer's were doomed to a squalid existence faunching over post-convention reports casually dripping from the mouths of the lucky fen who made it or-- worse yet-- appearing in the cold black-and-white of LOCUS.

However, in the last few conventions or so (conventions being standard, though somewhat irregular units by which we measure time in this dimension of fandom) the capacity of vehicles available to Minn-Stfer's has increased somewhat. Now it seems that almost ten passengers can be carried in each of the vehicles going to the worldcon. As a matter of fact, there is even space available for some fans who still want to go to the Torcon.

As I type this, there are four groups of Minn-Stfer's in various stages of preparations for riding the Torcon Trail: the Bucklinmobile, the Lessinger's motor home, the Odren-Stearns camper, and the Slan Van. The Bucklinmobile will be driving express to Torcon and not coming back, so those fans planning an extended stay in Canada or wishing to use Torcon as a jumping off point for worlds beyond are advised to contact Nate or Caryl at 644-1454 for further information. The Lessinger's beautiful motor home still has (surprisingly) room for more-- Fred Hackell, Chuck Holst, Bev Swanson and, of course, Margie are the only fen who are currently involved in this venture. For more info contact Margie at 827-5056.

The Odren-Stearns (Stearns-Odren?) camper is reportedly at capacity. Jerry Stearns, Ruth, Linda and Annette Odren, Dick Tatge, and Delores Lennon will be leaving for Torcon on August 30th. Similarly, the Slan Van with seven or eight occupants will be about full for a trip of this length. Don Bailey, George Cole, Bruce Hanselo, Mark Hansen, Dave Thornley and Adrienne, as well as yours truly, Frank Stodolka (Carol still might make it) will be departing from the Hobbitat at 7PM on August 29th, Wednesday and returning on Tuesday, September 4th.

Riding the Torcon trail is going to be a bit different from going to most other conventions. Some of these differences relate to the unique city of Toronto itself and some to the hassles of crossing national borders. Native Canadian friends of mine tell me that the con site is beautiful. So, while some of you may be a little alarmed by the news that the Royal York is now officially full, most can rest assured that they have a good chance of finding lodging at any of a number of other nearby hotels. Better still, Minn-Stfer's can contact Milan (Mick) Korich, manager of Strom's New World Travel and he can probably get you a bargain in reservations. Just contact Mick at his office (739-7423) or his home (771-1195), tell him you're on the way to Torcon and he'll swing the rest. Mick, of course, ~~was not~~ is planning on flying there, himself, the lucky @#\*!&+!. There's also such a thing as a Canadian Travel Bureau in town which can probably give you other info too.

Now, as for border problems. Customs and import duties may complicate things for some hucksters. But, getting in, the border guards are going to ask you where you're going and how long you expect to stay, also. If you have long hair & beard, rumor has it that they will be more likely to insist that you carry \$25-30 per day you expect to be there-- or no go. Also, make sure you are carrying either a birth certificate or a voter registration card with you so U.S. guards will let you back in. Driver's licenses and draft cards aren't enough. OOPs! Looks like the end of the page for me. Guess I'll sign off/. Have fun at the con everybody! \*F.S.-SF\*

GETTING ALONG WITH OUR FRIENDLY FORIGEN NEIGHBORS OF THE NORTH  
OR  
A SHORT GUIDE TO DEALING WITH CANOOKS.

When visiting any Forigen Country it is important to remember that you are an unofficial diplomat from the U.S.A. Some people tend to forget this when in Canada because the Canooks look and act almost like we do, but it is important to remember that they are forigeners..

When you first get to Canada you will probably notice that many of the Canooks have red hair and talk funny. Many of them say "bean" for been, as in "Where have you 'bean' today?". A subtle way to correct them is to say, "I have bean in a been plant." Another common error they make in pronunciation is saying "shedual" instead of schédual such as "What is your 'shedual' today?". Again subtilty is the key. Your reply- "I am shedualed to go to a shoal." should set them straight without causing them any embaressment. The Canooks make a few more mistakes in pronunciation, but they don't murder the language like the British and Austrailians do.

There are some Canooks who speak French, although not the true French that you may have learned in High School and/or College. So don't be too critical if you hear mistakes there also.

Even if you don't speak French you can impress the Canooks by using a phrase or two. "Vive la Quebec Libre!" sounds nice, although I don't know what it means, Charles DeGaulle said it once in a speech in Canada and it was in the news for days, so it must have impressed them quite a bit.

In dealing with Canooks in stores or cafes, remember that their money is differant from our money. Consiquently there will be an exchange rate. When you are presented with the bill for goods purchased be sure to point this out by saying, "How much is that in real money?".

When making light conversation with Canooks be sure to point out how much better off they would be with just a little more American know-how. If the name of Prime Minister Trudeau should come up, a funny little joke to make would be to say, "Oh yes, I like his comic strip 'Deonesbury' a lot."

One last thing, whenever outside of the U.S.A. you can never be sure of the quality of the water, so be sure to ask if it's safe before you drink it.

Mark Hansen

\*\*\*\*\*  
Two Wrights don't make a Wrong -- they make a baby Wright. (Come again?)  
\*\*\*\*\*



from I-94 about 1.4 miles to County Road FF; go 1.4 miles on FF to Red Brick Road, just past a 40 mph sign. Turn right on Red Brick, then left on Towns Valley Road. follow Towns Valley to its end at County Road MM. Turn right and proceed back to County Road F. Turn left and continue to the Kinnickinnic. Thass all. Unlike the posted detour, this route is paved all the way.

POOR ON THE  
ZENGEIS,  
LET'S SPLIT!

Life is what happens to you while you are making other plans.  
8 8

HERE WE SUT WAITING FOR CHUCK TO FINISH EATING. Chuck, How can you eat at a time like this? All else is done that can be done and we need you to do your thing with the presidential missive. I shall sit here and do the chain of thought, nonsensical type typing, until you grace us with your presence. On second thought, I'll type a line every five minutes till you get here. DAMN HES HERE.

But Bev, I wasn't eating all that time. Gordy called with a couple of questions for me (the second of which he had forgotten by the time I finished answering the first) and then we chatted a while about Torcon, Minn-stf, worldcons and GoHs and I really didn't give a damn what you were up to in the next apartment, because I knew, after all, that you had Frank to help you find the solutions to any problems you might come across. Well, you asked for

Once upon a time I had all kinds of plans and problems about Minn-Stf that I wanted to discuss, but, you know, it is damn hard to remember them, let alone organize your thoughts about them, at 12:30 in the morning. (you have no idea how long it tookk to write the above paragraph, what with interruptions and all) with all kinds of conversation going on around you and from without you and now Bev is deliberately rocking the table I am typing on and I've got to meet this deadline if we are going to get this Rune out before the next meeting and if I can keep this bullshit up much longer, I won't have to marshall my thoughts , because there won't be any space left to marshall them in.

Take a deep breath. Think. Exposit.

GODDAMN, THERE'S A SPACESHIP

DEATH  
TO  
SERCON?

SPIRIT  
OF FREEDOM

C.P.H.



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