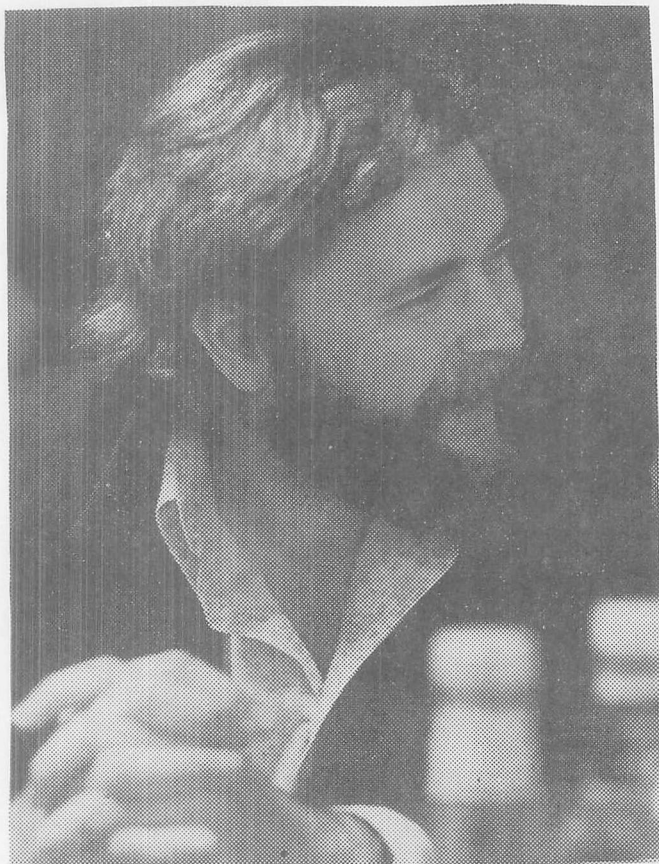


SMOF

RUNE 38

CHUCK HOLST '74



1-C



4-C



2-F



5-F



3-C



6-F



7-C



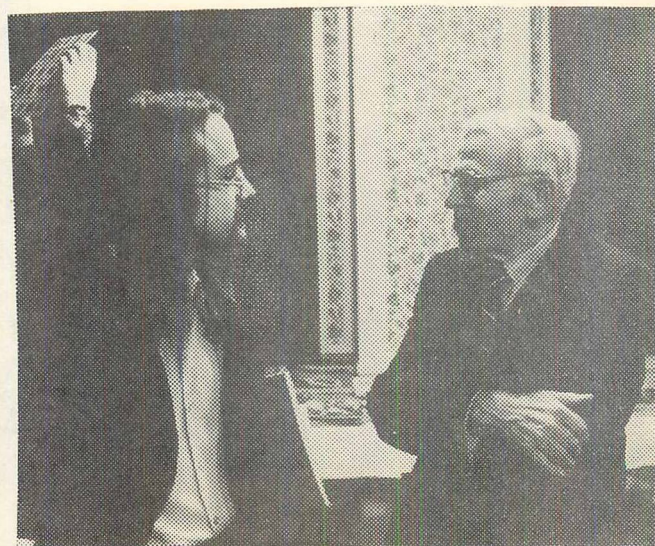
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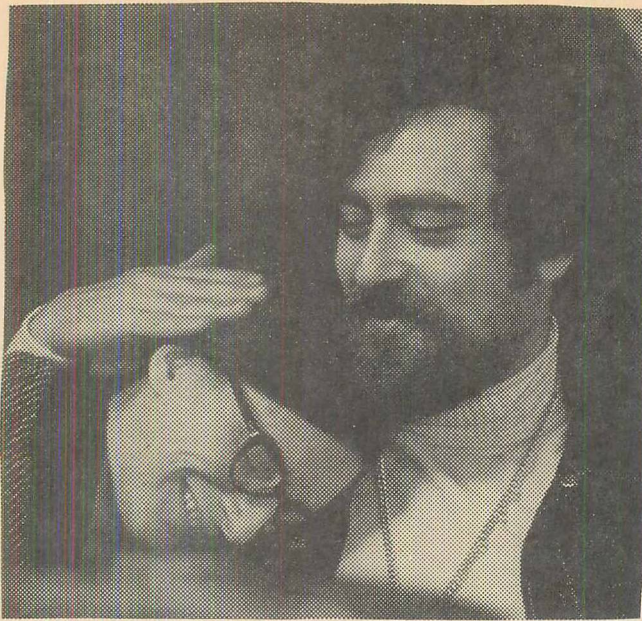
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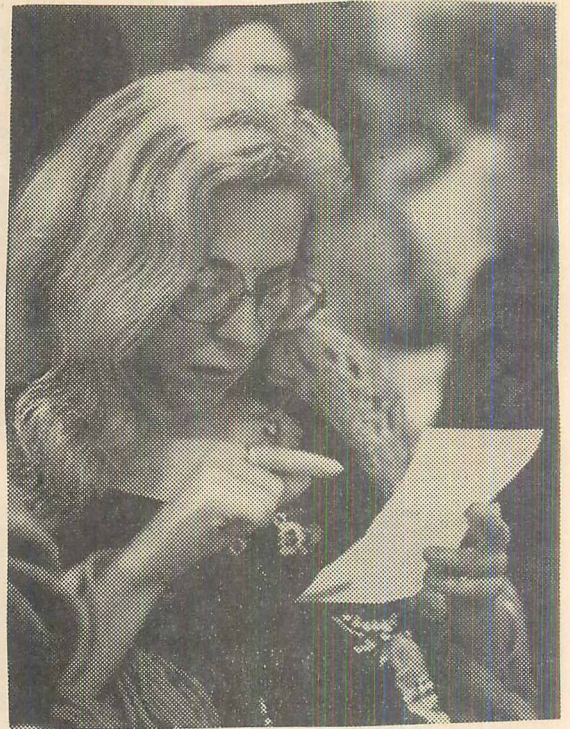
9-F



11-G



12-7



15-C



13-7



14-F



16-C

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA 55404 THIS ISSUE EDITED BY
BEV SWANSON. AVAILLABLE BY TRADE, LOC, CONTRIBUTION,
EXPRESSED INTEREST, BECAUSE YOUR THERE, OR IF YOU
WANT TO BE MERCENARY, COLD HARD CASH.



CONTENTS

SOMEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO
FIND MOST OF THE FOLLOWING, BUT DON'T FEEL CHEATED
IF YOU DON'T.

"FINAL INPUT" A STORY BY RANDE BEY
CON REPORTS BY BEV SWANSON AND DICK TATGE
LOCS'N'POCS
LOST AND FOUND
SOME NEW BOOK RELEASES
A PICKINNICKINICON PROGRESS REPORT
FANZINE REVIEWS BY CHOCK HULST

COVER

THE COVER IS A COLLAGE DONE BY
CHUCK HOLST AND DESIGNATED FOR
FOR THIS PARTICULAR ISSUE BE-
CAUSE OF ITS REFERENCE TO SMOF-
FING, SMOFFIES, SMOFFISMS, SMOF-
FIERS. SMOFFLED, SMOFIATED ETV.

STAFF

A MANY TIMES OVER WORD OF
THANKS TO ALL WHO HAVE HELPED
ME THIS LAST TIME AROUND.

CHUCK HOLST: READING, TYPING
PICTURES, LISTENING

FRED HASKELL: PICTURES AND
UNDERSTANDING

KEN FLETCHER: ADVICE AND ART-
WORK AND SMILING

DON BLYLY: PRINTING AND WAITING
AND PRINTING AND WAITING

BRUCE WRIGHT: TYPING

DICK TATGE: TYPING

AND ALSO FOR ALL THOSE WHO WILL
HELP WITH THE COLLATING T ACCEPT
THIS AWARD AND I THANK YOU.

PICTURES

C- CHUCK HOLST

F- FRED HASKELL



ARTWORK

SOME OF THIS ISSUES ART-
WORK IS BY KAREN HASKELL. IT
IS BEING PRINTED WITHOUT HER
KNOWLEDGE, BUT HOPEFULLY IT'
ALRIGHT. FRED HASKELL GAVE
THE FILE TO ME WITH THE UNDER
STANDING THAT IT COULD BE
USED IF I SO DESIRED. THESE
PARTICULAR DRAWINGS WERE
CHOSEN BECAUSE THEY SEEMED
TO FIT TOGETHER IN A STORY.
I GUESS IT WAS THE STORY
THAT ACTUALLY INTERESTED ME,
BECAUSE NO MATTER WHAT ORDER
THE PICTURES ARE IN THEY
STILL TELL A VERY STRANGE
STORY. COMPLETE NONTHELESS
WITH CHARACTER DEVELOPMENT.
PLOT AND JUSTIFIABLE ENDING.

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PICTURES

ONE RON BOUNDS AT MINICON IN A VERY TYPICAL POSE, SMILING, LISTENING, AND LOOKING INTERESTED.

TWO DICK TATGE PRESIDING IN CHIVALROUS STYLE OVER HIS ART SHOW.

THREE LESTER DEL REY AND WOLDREI DEEP IN DISCUSSION OF PAST AND FUTURE.

FOUR KELLY AND POLLY FREAS, AS ALWAYS, SMILING. TWO WONDERFUL PEOPLE TO BE ACQUAINTED WITH.

FIVE MIKE GLICKSOHN AND GAY HALDEMAN CAUGHT ATTENDING PROGRAMMING. MIKE IS SUCH A NICE GUY THAT HE WOULD LITERALLY GIVE YOU THE SHIRT OFF HIS BACK. NO WONDER I HAD SUCH A GOOD TIME IN TORONTO.

SIX BEN BOVA HARD AT WORK EARNING HIS GLASS OF TOAST.

SEVEN MARGIE LESSINGER, BEV SWANSON AND PHYLLIS EISENSTEIN ADMINISTERING A POST-CON CURE TO JOE HALDEMAN, WHO DIDN'T MIND A BIT

EIGHT DAVID EMERSON AND NATE BUCKLIN TAKING ADVANTAGE OF AN OFF MOMENT TO CATCH UP ON SOME UNFINISHED CONVERSATION POSSIBLY RELATED TO MINNEAPOLIS, TO WHICH BOTH CONTRIBUTE.

NINE JONI STOPA AND BOB TUCKER DISCUSSING WHY NO ONE WOULD STREAK WITH HIM THROUGH THE SACRED HALLS OF THE DYKEMAN. DISREGARDING, OF COURSE, THE FACT THAT IT HAD ALREADY BEEN DONE. AFTER ALL, WHO CAN START A FANNISH TRADITION BY BEING SECOND.

TEN KEN MOORE AND KEN "KC" KELLER TOTALLY ENVELOPED IN ONE OF THE PANELS. I DON'T WANT TO BE QUOTED ON THIS BUT I NEVER MET A KEN I DIDN'T LIKE. BEAUTIFUL.

ELEVEN REED WALLER AND CLIFF SIMAK IN UNCLE HUGO'S PROBABLY NOT EVEN DISCUSSING BOOKS OR ANYTHING RELATED TO THEM.

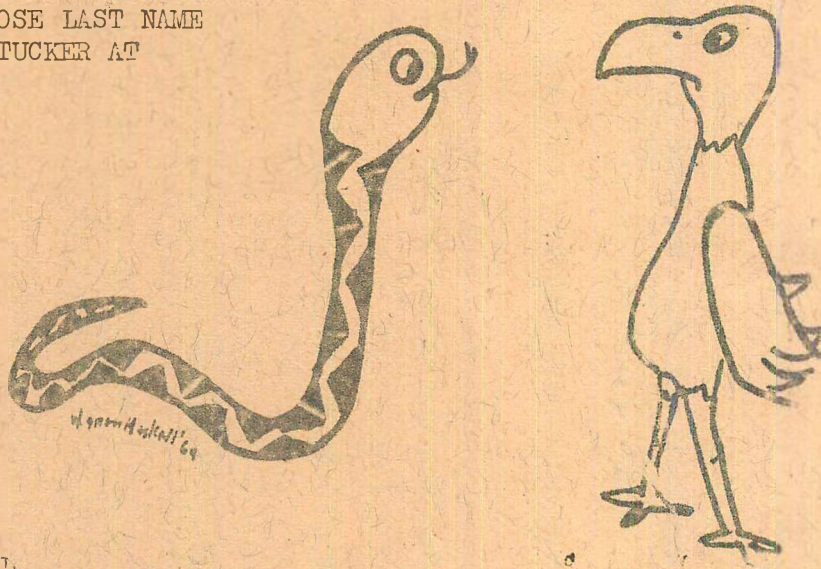
TWELVE PHYLLIS EISENSTEIN AND LARRY PROPP

THIRTEEN GINGER FROM NASHVILLE? WHOSE LAST NAME I CAN'T REMEMBER AND BOB TUCKER AT KHUBIA KHAN TOO!

FOURTEEN LIECH COUCH AND DON BLYLY TAKING A SHORT BREAK

FIFTEEN CAROLE STAFFORD IN THE TYPICAL NASHVILLE ACT OF CHECKING THE BILL FOR THE BANQUET PRESENTED WITH PRECEDENT DURING THE SPEECHES.

SIXTEEN BEV SWANSON AND JACKIE FRANK ADMINISTERING THE POSTCON CURE TO KHAN MAN KEN MOORE. A WELL DESERVED CURE IT WAS TOO!



THIS IS AN ATTEMPT
AT A LETTER
COLUMN WITH OUT-
SIZED MARGINES.

EDITORS NOTE:

THIS STARTED OUT
TO BE AN EDITORIAL,
TURNED INTO
A CON REPORT AND
ENDED IN NOTHING.
MERELY A CHANGE
FROM SOMETHING
I HAD TO DO, TO
SOMETHING I WANTED
TO DO, TO SOMETHING
I WAS TOO EXHAUSTED TO
FINISH DOING.

WHATEVER.

FOLLOWS IS A
COMBINATION OF
NEEDING TO SAY
MANY THINGS AND
NOT BEING ABLE TO REMEMBER THEM
ALL AT THIS PARTICULAR TIME. THIS
TIME JUST HAPPENS TO BE 7:40 P.M.
MON MAY, 13, 1974. ODDLY ENOUGH THE
PLACE IS SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE OF
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY. WHAT AM I
DOING HERE? WELL IT'S THE ONLY
WAY I COULD THINK OF TO GET

A CON REPORT INTO
THE EDITORIAL.

CHUCK HOLST

JEFF APPELBAUM,
TICK TATGE AND
MYSELF ARE AT
THIS MOMENT ON
OUR WAY BACK
FROM KUBLA
KHON TOO! JUST
INCASE THE WORD
HASN'T SPRED
YET, KKII WAS A
DAMN GOOD KHON.
UNBELIEVABLY THE
BANQUET WAS ONE
OF THE HIGHLIGHT
THE FOOD WAS
GOOD AND THERE
WAS PLENTY OF IT.
THE SPEECHES AND
AWARDS, AFTER-

WARDS, WERE THE MOST ENJOYABLE I HAVE HEARD
AT ANY CONVENTION BASICALLY BECAUSE THE
NUMEROUS SPEAKERS WERE KNOWN TO ALL. THERE
WAS A WARM SMALL TOWN FEELING AT THE KHAN

THIS CAN HARDLY BE HELPED THOUGH WITH GORDY DICKSON,
POLLY AND KELLY FREAS, RUSTY HEVELIN, BOB TUCKER,
(by the way ann and bob passovoy and bob tucker and
barb, we just passed the exit to seymour, ind. de-
spite tour rave reviews, we will resist the call
to visit the city and push on home.) BACK TO
THE KHAN!...AND ANDY AND JODIE OFFUTT AND JON
HOLLIS AND KHAN MAN KHEN MOORE AND CAROLE
STAFFORD AND GINGER AND THE REST OF THE
NASHVILLE PEOPLE AND ALL OF THE RECEIVERS
OF THE GALACTIC EGG.



from Mark Hall '69

LOST AND FOUND
the adventures of time-warpmat
minnicon eight
INADVERTANTLY AT EVERY CON
THERE ARE THOSE THINGS
THAT ARE MISLAID AND
FORGOTTEN. I HAVE A BOX
FULL OF SUCH
THINGS THAT HAVE
YET TO BE IDENTIFIED.
IF YOU ARE MISSING
SOMETHING
THAT MAY
HAVE BEEN
LEFT IN
THE CON
SUITE,
SEND A DESCRIPTION
OF
SAID OBJECT TO
THE RUMER RETURN
ADDRESS AND MAYBE WE'LL
SEND IT TO YOU. ACTUALLY WE
ONLY WANT TO FIND OUT WHO THE
ITEMS BELONG TO SO WE KNOW WHAT
MINIMUM BIDS TO PLACE ON THEM AT THE
NEXT MINICON AUCTION. SPEAKING OF AUCTIONS,
IF YOU ARE OWED MONEYS BY MINICON
PLEASE WRITE TO US AND HAVE US CHECK OUR
RECORDS AS THERE MAY HAVE BEEN SOME MISTAKES.

ALSO, IF ANYONE HAPPENS TO FIND AN
EXTRA OVERNIGHT CASES WITH WOMEN'S AND
CHILDREN'S CLOTHING IN IT, THE OWNERS HAVE
BEEN IDENTIFIED AND ARE WELL AND ALIVE
IN MPLS.

THE MINNSTFFFF LIBRARY

NATE BUCKLIN WILL BE PRESIDING OVER IT
AT THESE TIMES: WED 1-3 pm

FRI 5-7 pm

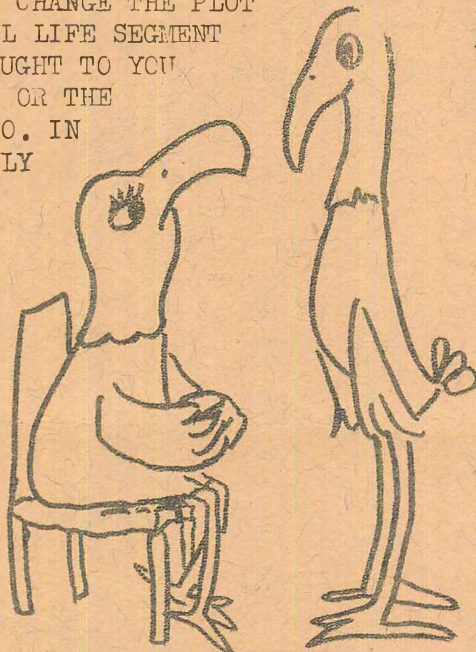
please call before going over. HE'LL
MAKE IT A POINT TO REMAIN ON THE PREMISES
IF HE KNOWS SOMEONE IS INTERESTED. 825-0018

MINICON EIGHT
or how a convention can interfere
with real life

I ACTUALLY DON'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN SINCE IT IS DIFFICULT TO PICK A CERTAIN POINT IN TIME AND TRY TO EXPLAIN IT WITHOUT REFERRING TO SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED BEFORE THAT. I THINK, THOUGH, THAT IF I START AT MINICON SEVEN OR THEREAFTER IT WON'T BE TOO DIFFICULT. TRADITIONALLY AFTER EACH CON THE COMMITTEE GETS TOGETHER AND DISCUSSES THE CON AND HOW TO IMPROVE IT. AT THAT PARTICULAR MEETING WE DECIDED TO HAVE A LARGER COMMITTEE. IT EVENTUALLY TURNED INTO THIRTEEN OFFICIAL AND TEN UNAFFICIAL MEMBERS. IN MY OPINION, THIS FACT ALONG WITH THE DEPENDABILITY OF EACH COMMITTEE MEMBER MADE MINICON EIGHT THE SMOOOOOTH AND MELLOW CON IT WAS. I ACTUALLY COULD HAVE ATTENDED THE CON MORE THAN I DID IF REAL LIFE HADN'T GOTTEN IN THE WAY.

I KNEW THAT THROUGH SOME IMPERVIUOS

LITERARY MEANS I COULD CHANGE THE PLOT TO REAL LIFE. THE REAL LIFE SEGMENT OF THIS PROGRAM IS BROUGHT TO YOU COURTESY OF THE M.T.C. OR THE METROPOLITAN TRANSIT CO. IN MPLS. IT MAY BE THE ONLY SYSTEM WE HAVE, BUT IT'S THE WORST. ONE MAJOR FLAW IN ITS OPERATION IS THE LACK OF SERVICE FROM 1am- 5am. IF MAY NOT SEEM ALL THAT BAD BUT TO US GRAVEYARD SHIFT WORKERS WHO NEED TRANSPORTATION HOME DURING THOSE HOURS IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH. THAT ALONE IS THE REASON I SWALLOWED SOME WORDS AND
(cont upper right)



Karen Haskell '69

(cont)

AND BOUGHT A CAR.

THE CAR ISN'T ACTUALLY ALL THAT BAD. IT'S A '66 DELTA 88, WITH ALL THE EXTRAS. (i call it the starship) IT HAS ALL THE EXTRAS INCLUDING POWER TRUNK AND ANTENNA. THREE BUTTONS THE DRIVERS SIDE OF THE FRONT SEAT ARE THERE SOLELY FOR POSITIONING THE FRONT SEAT. EVEN THE STEERING WHEEL CAN BE POSITIONED WHEREVER COMFORTABLE. BUT ALL THIS TAKES SECOND PLACE TO THE BAR THAT'S LABELED "WONDER BAR". IT'S LOCATED ABOVE AND SOMEHOW CONNECTED TO THE RADIO. WE FIGURED IT'S CALLED THAT BECAUSE WE ALL WONDERED WHAT IT DID. WHEN PUSHED IT WOULD SOMEHOW FORCE THE STATION INDICATOR NEEDLE TO STREAK ACROSS THE DIAL INCESSANTLY UNTIL THE RADIO WAS TURNED OFF.

RECENTLY IT WAS POINTED OUT TO ME THAT IT WAS ACTUALLY AN ALIEN MESSAGE REVIEWER AND THE NEEDLE WAS SCANNING THE RADIO WAVES FOR A MESSAGE FROM SOME ALIENS. IN ORDER TO INTERPRET THE MESSAGE IT WOULD BE NECESSARY TO REMOVE THE BATTERY AND CONNECT IT TO A COMPUTER INPUT DEVICE AND LET THE COMPUTER DECODE THE MESSAGE. ABSURD?

GETTING BACK TO THE CAR NOW, ITS ONLY MAJOR PROBLEM IS THE MILEAGE IT GETS. 8 MILES TO THE GALLON IS NOT EXACTLY KEEPING UP WITH THE PRESIDENTS STANDARDS. BUT DAMN THE PRESIDENT, A FREE CAR(my sister actually gave it to me) IS BETTER THAN A TAXI ON THOSE COLD WINTER NIGHTS. OR SO I THOUGHT. UNFORTUNATELY I'D BEEN DIPPED BY MY OWN SISTER. THE CAR HAD NO HEAT! FOILED AS IT WERE, I STILL DROVE THE CAR, UNTILL....

THAT FATEFUL DAY IN MARCH, ONLY FIVE WEEKS BEFORE MINICON EIGHT. I LEFT WORK WITH MY USUAL GLEE AND STARTED THE USUAL SEARCH FOR MY SHIP IN THE PARKING LOT. AFTER WANDERING A WHILE AT RANDOM, A FRIEND OFFERED ME A RIDE. WE TOURED THE ENTIRE LOT TWICE...NO CAR. MAYBE SOMEONE TOOK IT AS A JOKE? WE DROVE TO MY APT. AND CHECKED OUT THE SPARE SETS(made after loosing the orig. in the snow)... NO LUCK. CALLED THE POLICE TO CHECK ON TOWES...NO LUCK. EVENTUALLY I FILED A STOLEN REPORT AND WENT OUT AND DROWNED MY SORROWS WITH A FRIEND. AFTER DROWNING WE DROVE THROUGH

THE PARKING LOT AGAIN...NO LUCK. DAYS WENT BY. NO WORD. I'D COME TO BE VERY DEPEN*
DENT ON IT, EVEN THOUGH IT HAD NO HEAT. THEN.....

AS IF BY THE HAND OF GHOD, THE POST OFFICE HAD A SALE OF USED VANS. THE PERFECT
SOLUTION TO MY PROBLEM, A MOST USEFUL VEHICLE, SO I BOUGHT ONE. ALL I HAD TO DO WAS
BUY THE PLATES AND I COULD TAKE THE CAR HOME. PICK UP DATE WAS SCHEDULED FOR FRI.
APRIL 12, THE OPENING DAY OF MINICON. IT ARRERED AS THOUGH REAL LIFE WAS GOING TO TRY
TO GET THE BEST OF THIS CON. WELL I FIGURED IT WOULD TAKE BUT AN HOUR SO I AGREED.

THE CONVENTION ITSELF ACTUALLT STARTED ON THURS NIGHT. IN THE TRUE MPLS TRADITION
WE HAD OUR PRE- CON COLLATING AND WELCOME OF EARLY ARRIVERS PARTY, AT WHICH TMS
AVAILABLE SLEEPING SPACE IS DOLED OUT. I WAS LUCKY ENOUGH TO GET TREE UNLIKELIES AS
RUSTY HEVELIN, BOB TUCKER AND KEN MOORE. WEARY OF THE THOUGHT OF SPENDING THE NIGHT
ALONE WITH SUCH IL-REPUTABLE PEOPLE, I WAS RELIEVED WHEN CHUCK CAUGHT US STEALING HIS
SPARE MATTRESS OUT OF THE BASEMENT. ACTUALLY TUCKER WAS THE FIRST ONE CAUGHT, BUT IN
HIS USUAL GUISE, DEMANDED TO KNOW WHAT CHUCK WAS DOING THERE. IT SO CAUGHT CHUCK OFF
HIS GUARD THERE WAS TOTAL SILENCE FOR AT LEAST FIVE SECONDS, ODD CONSIDERING WHO
ALL WAS INVOLVED. AT LAST CHUCK GASPED AND REPLIED" I LIVE HERE AND THATS MY MATTRESS
YOU'RE STEALING."

EVENTUALLY THINGS QUIETED DOWN WITH RUSTY SLEEPING WITH THE FISH(not tucker and
moore, but my aquarium) TUCKER WITH CHUCKS NEW BOOK SHELVES(still trying to find out
who they were) AND KEN ON CHUCKS COUCH(although you can never really be sure, know-
ing how easily ken can fall asleep literally anywhere.) AND SO BEGAN A MOST RELAXED
CON. UNTILL.....

UNFORTUNATELY THE LICENSE BEAU CALLED FRI MORNING TO INFORM ME THAT THEY HAD
GIVEN ME PASSENGER PLATES FOR A TRUCK AND I'D HAVE TO EXCHANGE THEM BEFORE I COULD
DRIVE THE VEHICLE. EXTRA- UNFORTUNATELY, IN THE RUSH TO GET TO THE HOTEL, THE OLD
PLATES HAD BEEN LEFT BEHIND, NECESSITATING AN EXTRA TRIP BACK HOME USING, OF ALL
THINGS,THE M.T.C. AN EXTRA THREE HOURS ADDED ONTO THE PROCEDURE OR SUBTRACTED FROM
THE CON DEPENDING ON HOW IT'S VIEWED.

THE CON ITSELF WAS VERY LOW KEYED. I ACTUALLY GOT TO MEET PEOPLE. THEY BECAME
MORE THAN JUST NAMES AND FACES FLITTING PAST THE REGISTRATION TABLE OR BAR. THERE
WAS EVEN ENOUGH TIME TO INITIATE A FEW NEW PEOPLE INTO MPLS FANDOM-,AMONG THEM CHRIS
SHERMAN, WHO ACTUALLY STARTED THE WHOLE THING WITH THE GUIDING LIGHT OF BOB TUCKER,
BOB SCHWEIZER, MIKE GLICKSOHN, JOE HALDEMAN (with the help of margie lessinger and
phyllis eisenstein) , KEN MOORE AND A FEW UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPTS.

MARK HANSON INITIATED HIMSELF BY STREAKING THROUGH THE EVER POPULAR HALL PARTY.
THIS ACT PROMPTED BOB TUCKER TO MAKE AN OPEN INVITATION TO ANYONE TO STREAK WITH HIM.
HE EVEN ASKED GORDY DICKSON' , BUT TO MY KNOWLEDGE AND BOBS DISMAY, HE REMAINED FULLY
CLOTHED IN THE PRESENCE OF FANS. AND SO IT WENT. UNTILL....

THAT FATEFUL MONDAY AFTERNOON. THE CON SUITE WAS EMPTIED OUT, THE LAST PIECE OF
ART COLLECTED, THE LAST FAN OFF TO WHEREVER AND TINFD AS I WAS,I WANTED TO GET HOME
TO GIVE MY NEW TRUCK A TEST RIDE. BUT...

DISMAY'. MY TRUCK WAS NOWHERE IN SIGHT, BUT THE NO PARKING 8-11 am MON WAS ALL
TOO EVIDENT. OVERSIGHT. IMMEDIATELY CHUCK WAS THERE TO CONFIRM MY FEARS. MY NEW
UNDRIVEN ALMOST VIRGIN TRUCK HAD BEEN THE VICTIM OF GRAHAMS GARAGE AND GRAVEYARD. A
TICKET AND AN \$11.60 TOWING CHARGE WERE ALL THAT AWAITED ME. SO I DESERVED IT. IT
WAS PART OF MY COMEUPANCE FOR ENJOYING MYSELFE AT THE CON. WE ALL HAVE OUR PRICE TO
PAY, MINE IS ALL INVESTED IN CARS. SO I RETRIEVED THE TRUCK AND RESTED IN PREPARATION
FOR THE POST CON PARTY, HELD THAT NIGHT AT THE BUCKLINS.

A GOOD WRAP UP DISCUSSION TOOK PLACE DURING WHICH WE DECIDED THAT A
LARGE COMMITTEE COULD WORK MORE EFFICIENTLY. ESPECIALLY IF WE ALL COMMUNICATED
SOMETIME BEFORE THE CON SO WE ALL KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON. AT LAST MINICON EIGHT WAS
PUT TO BED FOR A WHILE BUT ALAS.....

TE REAL WORLD MUST GO ON, AND SO IT DID. BEFORE EVEN BEING ABLE TO RECOVER FROM
THE CON THE REAL WORLD WOKE ME UP. A POLICEWOMAN CALLING TO TELL ME THAT SOME
EFFICIENT METER MAID HAD FOUND AND TAGED AND ALLOWED GRAHAMS GARAGE AND GRAVEYARD TO
TOW MY CAR WHICH AT THIS TIME WAS LONG GONE AND FORGOTTEN. HOW NICE OF THEM. FOR A

MERE 11.60 I COULD HAVE THE DISGUSTINGLY DECADENT CAR BACK. WHAT COULD I DO? IT WAS STILL LEGALLY MY CAR AND AS OWNER I WAS OBLIGATED TO RETRIEF E IT. SO I DID. THERE WAS ONLY ONE MINOR PROBLEM, THE BATTERY WAS MISSING. I DIDN'T NEED A COMPUTER TO DECODE THE MESSAGE WRITTEN IN THE DISCONNECTED AND EVER SO IMPORTANT ELECTRICAL SYSTEM. IT WAS ALL TO CLEAR. IF THINGS GO RIGHT AT A CON, THEY GO WRONG IN REAL LIFE. AND SO IT GOES.....

RUNE MAILING LIST

and other discussions of cosmic and comic import.

if by some ridiculous reason you are recieving two copies of the rune, please let us know. we no longer need to stuff the mailing list as we are now over 500. there is still no fee for recieving rune, however bribes are accepted. attendance at minicon, minnstff or some written contact with us is enough to keep you on the list, since proceeds from minicon finance the rune and written contact gives us something to publish. it's a viscious circle, but it works.

LOCS'N'PCCS* (a preview)

DEAR MINNIACS: JUST WANTED TO DROP YOU A POSTCARD TO SAY THANKS FOR RUNE 37 BUT MOSTLY IN THANKS FOR THIS YEARS MINICON. OF THE APPROXIMATELY THIRTY-FIVE OR SO CONVENTIONS I HAVE ATTENDED I'D RATE YOURS AS EASILY THE MOST ENJOYABLE I'VE BEEN TO. THIS WAS ENTIRELY DUE TO THE MANY VERY FINE PEOPLE WHO WERE THERE, BOTH RUNNING THE CON AND ENJOYING IT AS I WAS. THE PROGRAMMING WAS LIGHT, THE WAY I LIKE IT, AND THE PARTIES AND THE FILKSINGING WERE EXCEPTIONALLY FINE. TO ALL WHO WERE INVOLVED IN THE CON, THE HEARTIEST THANKS OF AT LEAST ONE VERY GRATEFUL FAN! //THERE ISN'T A LOT I CAN SAY RE RUNE 37 HOWEVER. I HAVEN'T READ ANY OF THE BOOKS REVIEWED, ALTHOUGH I HAVE ACTUALLY READ SOME SF OF LATE. I'M DOING MY DUTY AND READING AT LEAST THE HUGO-NOMINATED NOVELS SO I CAN CAST MY VOTE IN A PROPERLY INFORMED MANNER. CONSIDERING SOME OF THE NOMINEES IN THE FAN CATEGORIES, THOUGH, IT SEEMS AS IF THOSE WHO DID THE NOMINATING WEREN'T TOO CAREFUL ABOUT THAT PARTICULAR ASPECT OF THINGS, SO PERHAPS MY EFFORTS ARE RATHER FUTILE. IT SADDENS ME TO THINK OF THE SPACED OUT LIBRARY SITTING HERE IN TORONTO FULL OF ALL THE NOMINATED SHORT/FICTION AND ME WITHOUT THE TIME TO GET OVER THERE AND MAKE UP FOR MY LACK OF READING THIS YEAR. OH WELL, I'LL STICK TO THE FAN CATEGORIES, LUDICROUS AS THEY MAY BE. BEST WISHED

MIKE

(MIKE GLICKSOHN)

**** IT WONT WORK MIKE. WE ALL KNOW YOU'RE JUST BEING NICE TO US BECAUSE YOU THINK WE'LL LET YOU HAVE THE WORLDCON IN '73. WERE TOO WISE FOR YOU MIKE. BUT IT'S STILL NICE TO HERE FROM OUR NEIGHBOORS TO THE NORTH.

APRIL 14, 1974

DEAR DON AND MARK,

I WAS CHAGRINED TO GET THE ISSUE OF RUNE AT MY NEW ADDRESS. IT SEEMS THE FANS ARE MORE EFFIDIENT THAN THE MUNDANE WORLD. IT TOOK THE MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS OVER A MONTH AND THE ONLY FANS I CAN RECALL SENDING MY NEW ADDRESS TO WERE THE DISCON II COMMITTEE. FAR OUT!

...

MAIRSHA ALLEN

**** SORRY WE COULDN'T PRINT ALL OF YOUR LETTER BUT AS NORMAL I LOST TRACK OF PAGE COUNT AND ITS EITHER STOP HERE OR FIND ANOTHER PAGE OF MATERIAL. HOPEFULLY IT WILL BE PRINTED IN FULL NEXT TIME.

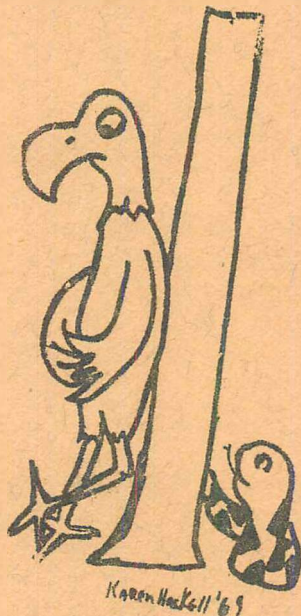
"#\$\$%_ A SPECIAL THANKS TO MARK HANSONELO AND AL KUHfeld FOR ALL THEIR WORK "#\$%&

LOCS and POX * LOX AND POCKS * logs AND pawks

* LOCKS und POX * locus and pocus

LOCS

* lucks AND pucks



REDD BOGGS
Post Office Box 1111
Berkeley, California 94701

Saturday, 22 June 1974

Dear People and Others:

Thanks for sending me Rune, copies of which have been arriving with bewildering regularity of late. I'm sorry I haven't responded before, but I am speechless with amazement at the magnitude of fan activity in my old home town. The fanac in the Twin Cities seems to grow and grow, and it must be at a higher intensity than at any time since 1941. Indeed, I wonder if it hasn't even surpassed that of 1941 by now. It may be mere nostalgia to imagine that the era of Phil Bronson and The Fantasite, John Chapman, Oliver Saari, Samuel D. Russell, Arden Benson, and all the rest of that fabulous crew was quite up the the present glory of the Minn-stf (Inc.)

Speaking of past glory, though, I wonder if Don Blyly and Jim Young, who live (or lived) at 343 East 19th street, Minncapolis, are aware that they live (or lived) within a couple of blocks of a fannish shrino? One of the most famous fans of the Dark Ages -- from the end of the old Minncapolis Fantasy Society to the start of Minn-stf -- lived at 413 East 18th street back about 1951. That was Rich Elsberry, a genial young man with an offbeat sense of humor and a sardonic style, who wrote columns and articles for all the leading fanzines of the day, like Quandary and Opus. I have no idea whether Elsberry's family still lives there -- probably not. Certainly he doesn't. But unless that area has been "redeveloped", I suppose the house is still there, and it should have a plaque affixed to the front door. I would be interested to know if the house indeed still exists. I have a vague feeling that the streetcar no longer runs half a block away, as it did in the days when Elsberry lived at 413.

Don Blyly's book reviews were enjoyable, although since I seldom read science fiction any more they gave me a depressing sense of being "out of it". For instance, I hadn't known that Leigh Brackett was writing sf again. However, from Blyly's description of her new book, I guess thing haven'y changed too much. Why, it sounds just like Brackett's novelettes for Planet Stories.

And Jodie Offutt's chattery anecdote about visiting a dentist in Lexington was pleasant enough, too, although I had another moment of feeling I exist in another world from all this. She says, "People want to hear what they knew" when it comes to music, and she names four tunes that everybody -- I presume -- is supposed to know: "Deliverance," "Foggy Mountain Breakdown," "Salty Dog," and "the pickin' 'n' grinnin' song from HEE HAW." None of these I had ever heard of before -- and what is HEE HAW?

The "announcement" of the publication next year of The Autobiography of Donald Wandrei was the first I'd heard of the project and the first I'd heard of a breach between Wandrei, co-founder of Arkham House, and the present management of Arkham House. If dim memories serve, I met Wandrei at a MFS meeting once, ages and ages

ago, and he seemed like an interesting person. His autobiography, or any autobiography that deals with the subject's life with great candor, would be interesting, even fascinating, for truth -- such a rare phenomenon in this world -- has incredible power, even when wasted on uneventful and drab lives. But from Wandrei's description of the book, I take it that he deserts the truth now and then to deal with such grandiose subjects as "an explanation of basic differences in the cosmicism of Lovecraft, of Smith, and of the author." I would be more interested, I'm afraid, in an analysis of the differing belches among three drunks on Skid Row.

Though Chuck Holst seems to be one of the sparkplugs of Minn-stf these days, I thought his limericks pretty bad, first, for his outlook which is certainly male chauvinistic, and second (and worse), for his artistic lapses.

I guess I should have mentioned that I was commenting on Rune #37, inasmuch as you've been putting out so many issues of late. I look forward to more frenetic activity in the future.

Regards, Redd

*****Well, Redd, Fred Haskell, Ken Fletcher, Bruce Wright, Mark Hanson, and Al Kuhfeld demand equal time; we live as close (or closer) to 413 East 18th street. But a plaque wouldn't last well in the middle of a freeway, which is renewal with a vengeance. The Vengeance, as you may know, is an automobile produced in the Arab states and first introduced to the American public late in 1973. It is the modern refinement of the Quandary which you mentioned earlier. The Opus, on the other hand, is a German vehicle.



Frank Kelly Freas 20 Apr '74
Route 4, Box 4056A
Virginia Beach, Virginia 23457

Dear Minnipeople --

Forgive the salutation -- it's the only word I could think of to include all the delightful people we met there!

We both want to thank you not only for a fine convention and the honor of being your guests, but also for the kindness and consideration we encountered everywhere. It was, and is, a special pleasure to find so many new friends, and we look forward eagerly to meeting you all again soon.

With warmest regards --

Kelly and Polly Freas

*****If only we had the money to photoreproduce that letter of yours, Kelly.....

Susan L. Guthmann
815 S. Fairview Ave.
St. Paul, Minn. 55116
May 21, 1974

Dear Whomever-Edits-Rune

Enclosed is a "bribe" (a VERY small one, I'm poor too!) ((actually the promptings of a GUILTY CONSCIENCE, I'm getting this neat thing free!)) to ensure that, after June 7, you'll send RUNE to me at my HOME address which is included. Thanks!
Yours Truly, Susan L. Guthmann.

*****You're lucky you weren't writing to the Great Spider. With a bribe like that, you'd be doomed. Fortunately, Rune accepts anything. You will be happy to know that your bribe was in turn passed on to the venal owner of a printing shop, who passed our cover under the counter in return.

Jerry Kaufman June 23

Dear RUNEatics,

Book reviews good, Jody Offutt good, lettercol heavy on organizational matter, limericks ghastly. Hope you fill that bus for Discon; want to see those I know, want to meet those I don't (maybe not all forty on bus, this is only a four day convention.) This poc is on Rune 37 but Jody Offutt always good.

Yours,,,,, Jerry Kaufman

*****Jody Offutt always good? Actually, there are tales of her escapades with a Vardeman simulacrum at the 1973 Minneapolis Worldcon....

Dave Wixon
704 Brian St.
Marshall, Minn 56258

1 June, 1974

Dear Minn-STF (i.e., I don't know who'll read this):

...it's just after midnight and I'm watching a movie, upon which I just have to comment. And that comment is "Yech!"

The movie is Billy the Kid versus Dracula, a title which naturally appeals to a student lawyer -- and I'd say even the Supreme Court would be hard-put to find any "redeeming social value" here.

John Carredine plays a cadaverous, leering Count, but the only noticeable character in the film is the lady who sells Folger's Coffee with a Swedish accent; same accent, but now she's German. Billy is the standard fool. But a nice guy. I'm not sure how his speed with a gun will be any advantage to him...

My biggest gripe is the mutilation of the vampire legend: the Count seems to be able to teleport; moreover, he can either move about in the daylight, or everyone does everything by night (the lighting is so bad you can't tell if it's day or not...). And the Count's main objective seems to be to lay the heroine -- he's got a plush bed down in an old mine...

I was right; the gun did no good at all. But Dracula growls like the Werewolf when he fights -- bestial!

If the bullets don't work, how could the vampire be felled by a thrown gun!!!? Happy ending time. But if Dracula lies dead in the mine (and he does), who's the bat dying on the ground outside? Nothing else about the movie is at all interesting, and it's poorly done even for a 1966 cheapie. Avoid unless you're one who'll endure anything for the name of Dracula.

Be writing from the
coast; have a good
summer, all!

Dave Wixon



17 May 1974

To the 37th issue, folks. Why, it inspired my nostalgic memory to hark back to the days when I started the whole mess by publishing "The Minn-Stf Newsletter." Only Fred Haskell and I remember the small fiasco which followed, but even we have become enured (sic) to it.

It has recently come to my attention that Minneapolis has become the Fan Center Of the Universe. For my small part, however humble it may have been in this great drama, I would like to thank you all. I am always impressed by these sorts of things, you know. Robert Bloch, for goodness' sake. Next thing you know, there will be Franklin Avenue Axis stories, as there used to be Bixel St. stories about Los Angeles fandom (back when there was a Los Angeles fandom). It gives one a warm Milk of Magnesia feeling -- or as Mike Wood might say, "a warm Twin Cities feeling" -- to know that one is taking part in History. Being an authorized historian, let me tell you that it's really great.

As to the "Minn-Stf Conquers the Universe Syndrome," let me tell you that it's been around for some time. Chuck Holst -- who has suffered from it in his day -- was proposing only mild palliatives. (The only way to lessen the evil effects of the syndrome is to give way to the symptoms and conquer the universe -- or try to, at least.) Why, back when I had it, I wasn't going to stop at buying a duplex for the club. I was gonna buy hotel. We could make money and hold conventions and everything.

I contacted a local rep -- named Robert Short -- and made plans to buy a really great hotel. At the mortgage rate I was guaranteed -- and this was as a federally guaranteed student loan, mind you -- it would have taken the club 12,433 years and eight months to pay off the debt. Then I found out the hotel was in St. Louis. Not St. Louis Park, but St. Louis, Mo.

"Fine," I said, nonplussed. "Wrap it up and take it home for me."

"When would you like delivery, Mr. Young?" The sales person asked.

"Next Tuesday will be fine." Then it occurred to me to ask the name of the hotel.

"It's called the Chaso-Park Plaza."

Well, that quashed that deal. This was after St. Louiscon, you see.

But so it goes in the Fan Center of Reality.

Jim.

*****Yass, yass. And now, in line with our policy of equal representation, we are proud to include an anonymous letter (which arrived with a surfeit of "GROK" stickers.)

I found these reproducing themselves in the back of an already over-crowded drawer, and decided to plague you minnstf folks with them -- perhaps you can find ways to make use of them -- like giving them out as party favors, or slipcovering Don Blyly's typewriter (maybe better, slipcovering Don Blyly?)

-- I received these GROK stickers unasked-for through the mails some years ago, and since crazy Minneapolis fans are for the most part unasked for themselves, who better to send them to?

zip code 55409

*****No, sir, it is safety pins that grow up the coat hangers, which grow up to be bicycles, which produce little safety pins, and.... So if you find something breeding in the back of a drawer, rest assured: Modern Science says it's safety pins. So where did all those grok stickers come from. ("Well, there was this cabbage plant...")

A kon report on KUBLA KHAN KLAVE TOO by Richard Tatge

On May 9 a number of demented Minstfers left Minneapolis on the way to Nashville to take in Ken Moore's latest bid for immortality. We travelled in Chuck Holsts' car, other voyagers being Jeff Appelbaum, Bev Swanson and Blue Petal. The trip was uneventful and long, broken only by a session of collating some copies of Al Kuhfelds' Songbuch der Filken, and hand addressing RUNE.

We arrived in Nashville early Friday morning and attempted to find Kens place, with no sucess as we'd mistaken a street on the map for an avenue. So we got a bite to eat and went over to the Harding Place Holiday Inn, where practically no one had yet arrived, and spent a pleasant morning playing electric Ping Pong. About noon registration got under way, and we got singed up, Bev taking Rusty Hevlins name tag instead of her traditional Tucker one since Tucker and the Passavoys hadn't arrived. Turned out later that they'd been delayed on the way down when their train stopped to mug a small town named Seymour. Fortunately no one was injured. Much was made of this event during the con by Tucker, which surprised no one.

After a quiet afternoon visiting with various fans, I went out to dinner with Brandy Brandon, a femmefan with a great fondness for dragons, including the stained glass type I make, and another fanne whose name escapes me. We went to a local Irish restaurant and had steak smothered in gravy over baking powder biscuits topped off with Irish coffee, for a rather odd meal.

Back at the con I watched some Emsh movies and an Ernie Kovacs retrospective, consisting of excerpts from his great TV shows, and then up to the party. It was a good party, I don't remember anything of it except a long session of singing old Broadway show tunes with Brandy.

Arising at noon, I wandered down to the program room to enter my work in the Art Show, which was competing for space with the programming. I ended up helping set up, which gave me a good chance to admire the Freas's, the paintings by Ron Miller, drawings by Jackie Franke and a local named Blinky, and of special note a display of Emsh paintings included for show only. The place was so crowded a bunch of Dollens astronomicals didn't get put out until the auction, and a couple of Dennis Dotson's paintings were being knocked down every time someone at the speakers table stood up. Ken says he'll have more space next year.

At the aforementioned table Gordy Dickson (The GOH), Joe Green, Phyllis Eisenstein, andy offutt, Don Wollheim, Greg Williams, Charles Fontenay, and Perry Chapdelaine were having a writers panel. Thomas Burnett Swann was there but wouldn't participate out of modesty, much to my regret, he's one of my favorite fantasy authors. When they finished I unwarily allowed Ken Moore to drag me to the artists panel, and found myself sitting at the same table with Kelly Freas and Ron Miller, and talking about SF art. If fellow amateurs Jackie Franke and Dennis Dotsun hadn't been there to give me moral support, I don't know what I'd have done. Fortunately Kelly did most of the talking. After the panel a number of old Max Fleischer Superman animations and old Crusader Rabbit episodes were shown, with miscellaneous monster clips, and then it was time to clear the room for the banquet.

Said banquet was buffet style, and quite good, with ample portions and not too long a wait in line. This was apparently quite a contrast with the year before, as Carrol Stafford arose and recited a long poem bemoaning the fate of those at the end of the line in last years' banquet, who had been forced to subsist on cold mashed potatoes and pickled beets. A large bowl of mashed potatoes and beets was then set before Ken in loving memory. Ken then stood up and did not introduce andy offutt at great length, giving Bob Passavoy the chance to butt in with the epic tale of the great Seymour train wreck, ending by presenting Ken with a bent railhead spike taken from the scene. Not to be outdone, Ken retaliated by giving all the guests Great Bird of the Galaxy awards.

These consisted of plastic L'Eggs panty hose containers painted black with little white stars, mounted on elegant wood bases. Dan Caldwell, notorious Fan about Town, got a special one with a lot of extraneous gadgetry, including a wire whip, which threatened to explode at any moment. Andy Offutt finally got his chance to speak, but before he could say much a delegation handed him a very large cylinder gaily wrapped in colored paper and ribbons. Opening this he found wads of newspaper, and then a large mailing tube. Inside was more paper, which he began tossing at the eager crowd, then another mailing tube filled with still more paper. After some fifteen minutes of spirited struggle, Andy triumphed over the infernal thing and extracted the contents, a can of Grain Belt, which promptly fell to the floor. Having done his job to amuse us, Andy introduced Gordy, who talked on ways SF could influence the popular media, especially movies and TV, for the better presentation of Science Fiction. Jack Chaulker then gave a preview announcement of the Hugo nominees, after which an auction was held.

I had been somewhat distressed when the Passavoy's, their bodyguard Barb Lawson, and Tucker, had all shown up wearing propeller beanies. This because I had spent some hours before the con devising a beautiful fannish beanie and expected to have the only one there. The fact that theirs were one color mass produced jobs whose props didn't spin very well mollified me somewhat, however, since mine was a free spinning job with three colors. So goes glory.

Afterward up for the parties, which reminded me very much of Minicon parties as did the whole con, which was very much like the Minicons of about 3 years ago. One of the night's highlites was a showing of the film Deep Throat in Tucker's room. Later had a fine time listening to Ann Passavoy sing while Kelly sketched her.

Sunday morning listened to a Frank Zappa bootleg record titled "The Cool Green Hills of Earth", then watched Kelly sketch all and sundry in the lobby. Some of us then went sightseeing, including taking in a full sized replica of the Parthenon which the Nashvillites have erected in one of their parks. We then dropped Blue off at the Bus depot, as he was going to spend a week with his family before returning.

Back at the con I saw a peculiar silent movie, Witchcraft Through the Ages, which attempted to relate witchcraft to 1920s psychology. Thence to dinner, - after up to the party suite, where things got off to a rather slow start. Still, about 11:00 it started to pick up, and soon equaled the previous nights'. Ken, for instance, exhausted by his chairmanly duties and sampling the party wares, passed out on the floor. Bev and some female accomplices promptly stripped off his shirt and proceeded to decorate his torso with magic markers. Meanwhile I busied myself giving massages to all likely candidates. Later, while folksinging in Gordy's room with Jackie Franke, Allen Greenfield and some others, Ken zipped into the room. He looked somewhat the worse for wear, even discounting his multicolored decorations, and when he announced that he was leaving to drive himself home Gordy was appalled. He's in no condition to be out on the highway, Gordy muttered, and promptly set out to do his bit for public safety by the simple method of getting Ken so drunk he couldn't stand up, much less drive. Unfortunately, Gordy decided courtesy demanded that he match Ken drink for drink, disregarding his 6 hour head start. He introduced Ken to Tequila, using beer chasers, and after that was gone went over to Irish whiskey, the Scotch having been finished off. About 6:00 o'clock Ken ended the contest by standing up, and we tucked both of them into bed.

Which brings us to perhaps the most unusual moment of the entire con, for when we awoke Gordy at 11:00 the next morning, HE HAD A HANGOVER! So bad, in fact, that we had to pack up his things and escort him to the airport, making it with seconds to spare. And any con which could do that to Gordy Dickson just had to be a very good con, as indeed it was. Thank you, Ken Moore!

PICKINNICKINNICON III PROGRESS REPORT 12

Minn-stf's annual picnic-cum-return-to-nature-and-the-savage-state (with inner-tubes) has been changed from the previously announced date to Saturday, July 27, and every one receiving this warning is invited to attend. (guests arriving from either coast may arrive a day early to rest.)

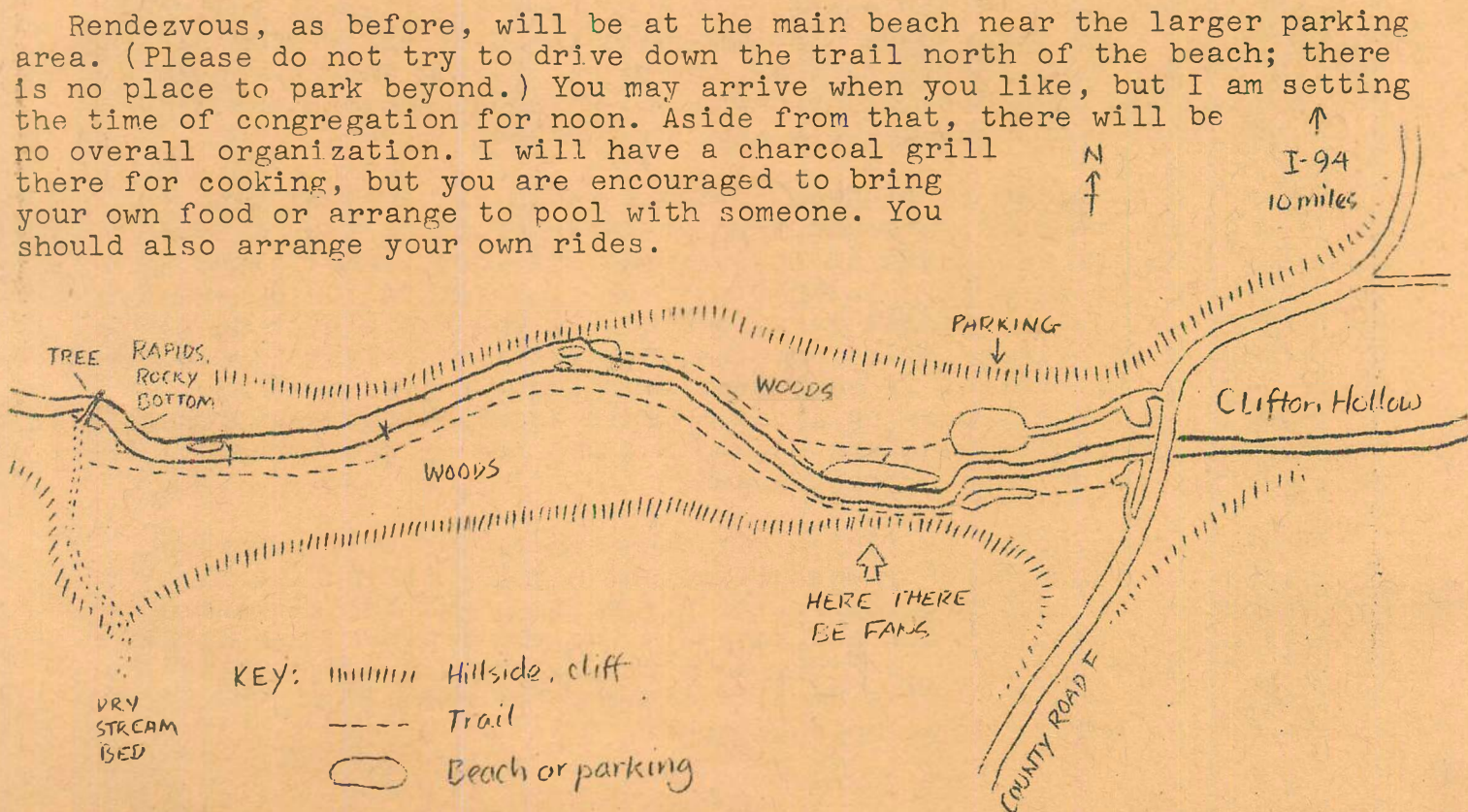
As in previous years, the scene of the action will be on the Kinnickinnic River in western Wisconsin. The maps, I hope, are mostly self-explanatory. Twin Cities fans should take exit 2 to County Road F after crossing the St. Croix. Fans coming from the east on I-94 should get off at the last exit before Hudson and take the service road to F.

(This exit is also known as Exit 12.)
(Expletive deleted)

.....

If you miss the exit you can get off at Hudson (Exit 1) and cross the freeway by the A & W stand. From there it is 10 miles south on F to Clifton Hollow and the Kinnickinnic.

Rendezvous, as before, will be at the main beach near the larger parking area. (Please do not try to drive down the trail north of the beach; there is no place to park beyond.) You may arrive when you like, but I am setting the time of congregation for noon. Aside from that, there will be no overall organization. I will have a charcoal grill there for cooking, but you are encouraged to bring your own food or arrange to pool with someone. You should also arrange your own rides.



I am also shucking off the responsibility for cancelling the event in case of rain by leaving it up to you whether to go or not. (Some people like soggy potato-chips.) If there is a poor turnout for whatever reason, we can always schedule a second picnic as we did last year.

Last year the picnic lasted from around 11 am to about 8 or 9 hours later, breaking up around sunset and I think we can expect the same again this year. Some people, however, may wish to camp overnight. If you do, and the weather is fair, you can dispense with a tent as long as you sleep on the beach. The woods are full of mosquitoes (bring repellent) but for some reasons they usually avoid open spaces such as beaches and the river and I have often slept out on the beach with nothing over my head but the moon and stars. (Well, there was air and clouds and airplanes and bats and one night a brilliant meteor, but you know what I mean.)

Activities besides eating will probably include exploring the river downstream. The Kinnickinnic flows through a beautiful little gorge with high hills and cliffs on either side and woods on the bottom. The river itself is very shallow, averaging one to two feet in depth, with a mostly shallow bottom ideal for wading. There are patches of stony bottom, mostly above the rapids, but these can be seen easily enough through the clear waters to avoid walking over them. Last year several fans brought innertubes and air mattresses with them and floated over the rocky areas. Dick Tatge used his innertube to shoot the rapids several times, but the tree that came down across the rapids last spring now has trapped too much debris for anyone to go under. Anyone who wants to float further downstream will have to portage.

Several fens during Pickinnickinnicon I waded all the way down to The St. Croix and back, a round trip distance of about 5-6 miles and 4 hours. When the St. Croix is low, there is a low, sandy island at the mouth of the Kinnickinnic that is very pleasant to lie on and swim from. There are also several large beaches in the vicinity that used to be leased to private clubs when the river was in private hands but which now may be public. If you think you might want to go the whole distance, I suggest you bring along a small knapsack for carrying refreshments. LaBelle's and Sears both carry one for around three dollars or less that folds into a small pouch.

Miscellaneous notes to finish the page: There are trails through the woods but watch out for mosquitoes and nettles if you use them; the river is the best highway....The river rises and falls about 6 inches twice a day. The current schedule (no pun intended) is for it to rise at 8:00 and fall at 2:00, am & pm....Over a hundred years ago, when the river was deeper, a small paddlewheeler steamed up the Kinnickinnic to the bridge by our picnic spot.



FANZINE REVIEWS

The following fanzines have found thier collective way to my apartment in trade, apparently, for RUNE. They are all addressed to Minn-stf.

TABEBULAN 13 (Dave Jenrette, Box 374 -- Coconut Grove, Miami, Fl. 33133) 28pp., printed, 6/\$1.. Sprightly humor in a digest-sized format with photos and drawings. This issue includes exposés on Uri Geller and a Miami witch coven, a report on the Jenrettes' trip to the west coast, and articles on Where- Do - You -- Get - Those -- Silly - Ideas?

LOCUS 159 (Dena & Charlie Brown, Box 3938, San Francisco, Ca., 94119) 6pp., reduced & printed, 40¢ or 18/\$6. The Hugo-winning "Newspaper of the Science Fiction Field." Who, what, when, and where.

CHECKPOINT 47 & 48 (Darroll Pardoe, 24 Othello Close, Hartford, Huntingdon, PE18 7SU, England) 4 pp., printed, 10/50p, sample free on request-- I suggest you ask about overseas rates at the same time. Biweekly British newszine, news mostly U. K. oriented, as to be expected, but also reviews foriegn, i.e., American fanzines.

ANTITHESIS 3 (Chris Sherman, 700 Parkview Terrace, Minneapoli, MN 55416) 38 pp., ditto, 50/¢. This issue is oriented toward weird fiction which has never been my cup of tea ("Lapsang Souchong, please."), nor are the samples of weird art and fiction offered here of any particular merit despite the care Chris has lavished in printing Joe Vest's portfolio. The poetry is awful. Iliked the cover, though, and Bob Tucker's advice to a young neofan to kick me in the shins.

PARADOXX 9 (Bruce Robbins, Box 396, Station B, Montreal 110, PQ, CANADA) 38 pp., printed, \$1.50 sample or 4/\$4..A very scholarly and interesting fanzine. This ish includes an 1818 review of Frankenstein which among other things attempts to define SF without, as Robbins points out, having a name for it, an 1838 satire called "The New Frankensein", 4 pages of artwork by Mary Shelley, and a bibliography of Arkham House books in paperback. The headline "Idiotorial" is inappropriate.

DILEMMA 5 (Jackie Franke, Box 51-A RR 2, Beecher, Ill. 60401) 20 pp., mimeoed, no price listed.. This is the first DILEMMA I have seen, but it appears to be a personalzine on its way to becoming a genzine. Jackie tells how the Tucker Fund came into exsistence, Mae Strelkov has an autobiographical essay, and Buck Coulson gives a two-page report on Minicon. The handcut stencils are marvelous.

KARASS 3 & 4 (Linda E. Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, PA. 19076) 12 pp., mimeo, 5/\$1 or usual. A newszine, but more fan-oriented than LOCUS, to which it makes a good complement. KARASS \$4 includes a 5-page Rotsler portfolio. News and reviews.

MAYBE 36 (Irvin Koch, c/o 835 Chatt Bk Bg, Chattanooga, TN 37402) 16 pp., 6/ \$2.50, 50¢ ea. or trade, mimeo? Mostly fanzine reviews.

TUCKER BAG 2 (c/o Franke, Box 51-A RR 2, Beecher, Ill. 60401) 4 pp., mimeo. The Tucker Fund progress report and listing of auction material for same. Jackie will probably send it to you free for the asking, but I recommend you send in a donation to the Fund with your request.

AMELOR X-1 (Gary S. Mattingly, P. O. Box 1333, Storm Lake, IA 50588) 2pp., mimeo, available free on request. Pre-sheet on new fanzine; contains con reports on Minicon 8 and Kubla Kon Too (also known as Kubla Khan 2 -- the Nashville convention, you know.)

NOCRES UP! (Bev Swanson, 2301 Elliot Ave..S. #1, Minneapolis, MN 55404) ? pp., mimeo, offset or comb., 5/\$1 or trade, contrib. or loc.. Proposed fanzine to be edited and published by Bev Swanson, who is quitting RUNE after this issue, under the auspices of the Nocres, the new Mpls fan club. Essays, articles, reviews, artwork, etc. welcomed from all sources. Tentative publication schedule is once every two months, but who knows...?

THE ALIEN CRITIC 9 (Richard E. Geis, P. O. Box 11408, Portland, Oregon 97211) 52 pp., mimeo, 4/\$4. Idiosyncratic, entertaining. Fine article on Heinlein by the Panshins, a revealing (about the state of his mind) letter from Richard Shaver, more by Gene Wolfe, Harlan Ellison, John Brunner, Mike Glickson, and others. Well worth it at a buck an issue, you can get it at Uncle Hugo's.

AGAINST THE WALL 10 (Against the Wall, P. O. Box 444, Westfield, N.J. 07091) 8 pp. & ads, offset, 25¢. This is not a fanzine, although it was sent to RUNE, but a political journal for Libertarians, whoever they are. I say "whoever they are" because I don't know even after having read their fanz-, er, journal--this despite the fact that this particular issue contains about five different definitions of "Libertarianism". Advertisers include the YAF, East Coast Coin Co., Church of All Worlds, Libertarian Party, Spaceview Magazine (occult), and Books for Libertarians, whose ad begins, "If you have ever been stirred and enlightened by the novels of Ayn Rand, George Orwell or Robert Heinlein....." Crap.

INWORLDS 10 (Bill Bowers, P.O. Box 148, Wadsworth, OH 44281) 4 pp., reduced & offset, 10¢ stamp. Mainly a promotion sheet for OUTWORLDS, but also includes some news.

YANDRO 225 (Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, IN 47348) 46 pp., mimeo, 4/\$1.80. The hardy perennial. I last read this one some months ago but it got buried under a stack of other fanzines and whatnot and only recently excavated. The most enjoyable items, memory tells me, are Tucker's "Instant Loc" and the family humor by Locke and Coney. I was not amused by the introduction to the Harlan Ellison parody, finding it rather tedious, and skipped the main parody altogether. Interesting reviews and letters.

Fanzine Reviews by Chuck Holst



Final Input

by

Randy Bey

Sweat poured down through his skin as he struggled with himself in bed. He rolled and contorted with the demon burning in his brain. The drenched bedsheets scraped and strained against his feverish skin, producing an unnatural sound in the night air. Despite his torture, he murmured not a word, did not whimper or fret, was completely quiet in this world. But in the other....

The car stopped at the curb while the light was still green. It was a convertible, and one of the two men in it turned and asked Peter if he wanted a ride. Assuming they thought he was hitching a ride, Peter smiled and told them, politely, that he did not want a ride. His bus was coming soon. The man in the car, a rather stocky and burly sort of fellow, grinned cruelly and motioned to the driver, who sped through the light as it turned from yellow to red.

Peter sighted the bus, off in the distance, and started fishing in his pockets for exact change. Looking up, the bus was standing at the corner, waiting for him.

"Wait a minute," Peter said, aloud, and then to himself, "I thought it was further away than that." He climbed up the steps and deposited money in the chat-tery coin machine. He walked back across from the rear exit, and sat down in his usual seat.

"Glad you changed your mind, fella," the burly man said, twisting back in his seat to spit Peter, who was sitting in the rear of the convertible, with steel eyes.

"Quite alright," Peter said, relaxing on the cool leather upholstery of the back seat. "My bus was miles away, anyway."

The tough little man stared a second longer at Peter, apparently waiting for more conversation. Peter sorted through his mind, and told them that today was a quite beautiful day.

"It's going to rain," the driver said, looking at Peter with cold eyes through the rear view mirror. "and we need the rain, too" Peter said, "After that long dry spell, my plants were beginning to wither."

Turning back around in his seat, the man chuckled a humorless chuckle and left Peter to stare at the back of their heads.

Despite the lack of invitation, Peter felt it his duty to continue the conversation. "Otherwise, it wouldn't be polite," he thought. Peter began telling them how much he liked the car, it being a convertible, which Peter admitted a fondness for, and so pretty with a shiny black paint job.

The two men in the front seat did not seem to be paying too much attention to what Peter was saying, and Peter found his own attention wandering, so his idle conversation sputtered to a stop and was replaced by the sounds of the silent city.

Peter had not been paying too much attention to where the car was going, and, on looking back, he could not remember whether or not they had turned any corners. The three of them drove on with an uncomfortable silence pressuring Peter, until he felt that any talk at all would be an intrusion on the current majesty of the hurting silence.

It might have been the quiet, or even just the movement of the car, but Peter felt a small knot growing in his stomach, like an expanding coal burning inside his guts. Peter began to feel sick, and he was afraid of the possibility of vomiting, so Peter began formulation some inoffensive way to get away, so he could be sick in private.

The car turned left, and pulled into a small parking lot, and stopped next to a telephone booth. The woods surrounded the lot on all sides but one, and it seemed very isolated out there.

Peter was calming his stomach as much as possible before he asked what they were doing there. But before he could as much as open his mouth, the stocky man

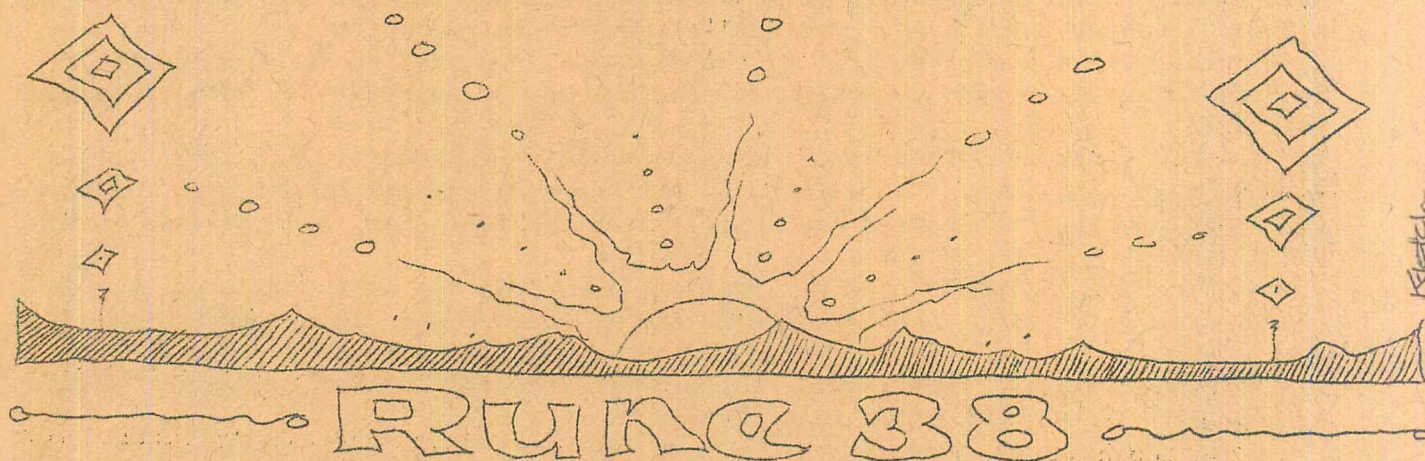
turned in his seat again, and with a Lugar in his hand, shot Peter in the chest three times. Fiery cracks and the smell of ether permeated the air, The bullets thudded through him, tearing and breaking his body as they went. He fell into fatal shock, and everything went black.

For a moment, he stared into the blankness before him. Then, off in the distance, growing slowly larger, a white box came twirling toward his eyes. It spun closer and closer, until it froze not six inches from his nose, immobile in the thinnest of space.

Printed on the face of the object was the 3M corporate logo, and the inscription:

"3M Mind Tapes. the most realistic thing you'll ever encounter."

The thought faded, and with the fading came the light.



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