

We join our flaccid hero as he wanders down the beach in search of the other half of his canoe.

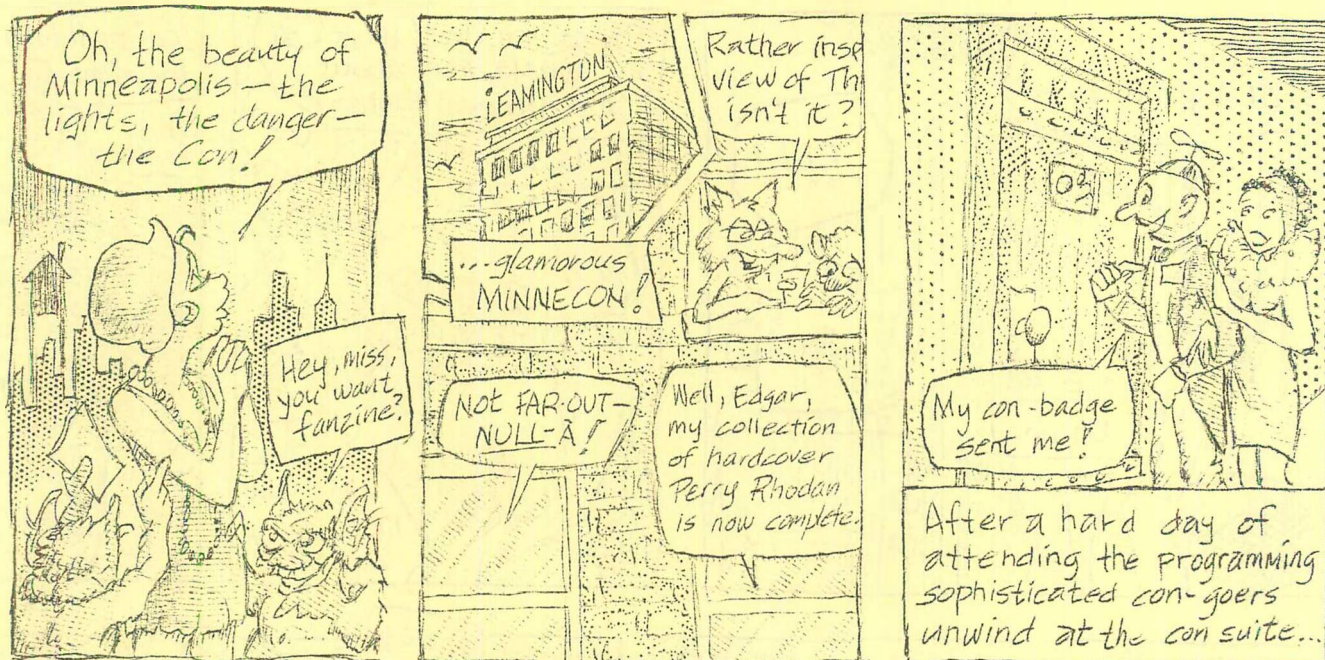
Drat that sonofabitch. I don't even know who it was. Why me? What did I do to deserve this? Where the hell is my boat?

Our hero has a one track mind.

Where the hell is my damn boat?

Boat, indeed.

He might just as well ask for the Taj Mahal, who probably hasn't even been born yet, at the time of this occurrence. We leave Roland Courtney as he continues to wander down the beach, bereft. It is suspected that had his boat not been sawed (I sawed it! I sawed it! it were right over there! ...) he might have rowed in the race, and it is seed by the seers that he would have seesawed over the falls down the river, and would never have been seed (sawed) again. In fact, it may be that the evile criniminimal was actually doing him a (sawed) favor (sawed off?) (shot up, you.)



"Where's your badge? Okay. Hey, where's your badge? Hi, Jim. Hi, isn't it? Alex! So you made it after all. How's Phyllis? Where's Phyllis? Oh, excuse me sir. Where's your badge? Uh... this is a convention party. You've got to have a badge. Sorry. Alex? Oh, shit. Hi, Mike..."

"...had one femmefan he asked for a badge and she had to roll up her arm and bend over. Really nice badge too."

"...batch of new ASTOUNDINGS in my room. Wanna see 'em? Then we gotta find Dave, 'cause he's got the key to my room."

"Is there any programming now?"

"Just movies."

"Oh, where's the bar? Where's a bookstore? Where's Gordy?"

"Last year he autographed my copy of VENUS ON THE HALF SHELL, but wouldn't admit a thing about him being..."

"...and there was Tucker with the protuberance of a bottle in one hand and a protuberance of hers in the other, standing up on the bed and bouncing to the music..."

"...a recorded voice said, 'Gentlebeings, start your air!' Wwhhooooossmooooothssshh! A huge silent cheer went up from all the ships around the field. I was sittin' in a lounge chair with Rich and Denise on the platform. Pretty good seats except for the officials' ship about a mile and a half in front of us. They all lined up and clustered their thrusters in the salute..."

"...couldn't pass up a deal like that, so I bought his whole collection, even though I had about half of it already. I can always sell them at the next Con..."

"Anybody want another bheer? What What? Why do you want three?"

"...spent over two hundred dollars at Uncle Hugo's in one week and didn't duplicate a thing..."

"...couldn't get the fucking elevators to work at all, so we walked down seventeen flights to the registration desk. She had just left for the party suite, so we said 'screw it' and went back to the Minneapolis in '73 party. Great music and some really nice women, a one-shot, and Harlan all at once. Almost made me want to..."

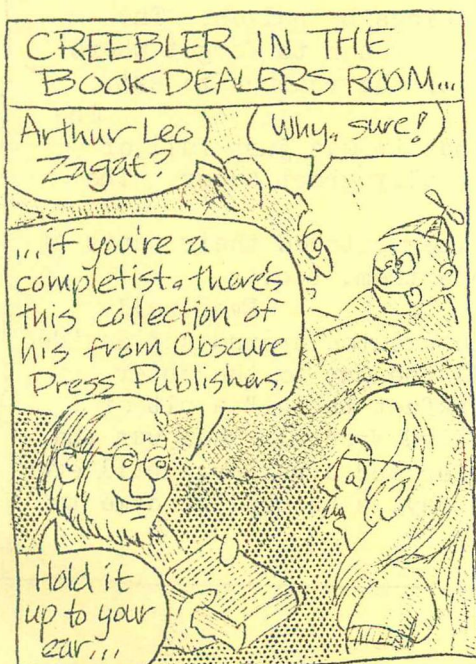
"...couldn't stand the smoke so we went out on the balcony. We weren't there two minutes when this guy came up over the railing, landed on the balcony, and proceeded to take off his jet-pack and helmet. You'd never guess who it was. Go on, guess."

"...British scientist who did a study on woodpeckers to find out why they didn't beat themselves silly pounding their heads against the trees all day. It seems they wear their brains in a little sack around their necks..."

"...built a new bookshelf and had it completely filled up inside of three days. Now he's looking for a bigger apartment."

"My singing voice is pretty burned out. Does anybody know where Tucker is? I could use a shot of Beam..."

"Where's your badge? Oh, Don? Jim is looking for you. Try the Kansas City suite."



Friends, neighbors, ...ahhh, where was I, Fred? Oh, yes, thank you, ...ahhh, as I was about to say, we are gathered here, no that's too melancholy, ahh, oh, yes! I was about to, ahh, I have called you all together today, ahh, I think maybe I should, hmmm, yes, where was I, Fred? Oh, yes, thank you...As I was saying, we have an important matter before us this...yes? Do I see a hand from the floor? No? Well, to, ahh, continue, the matter under discussion, ahhh...where was I, Fred? Oh, yes, thank you...yes, the matter we are here to discuss is one of the utmost importance to....to....to....is that a hand? No? Oh, well, as I was saying, where was I, Fred?

The other day, I was watching a cockroach...naturalists get to do all kinds of neat things like that. Anyway, I was watching this roach which was walking around in circles, widdershins it was, on the floor. Roaches, don'tchaknow, they're most interesting. Anyway, there I was watching this poor roach, it was just going in circles. I tried turning it around, I love playing god, don'tchaknow, it's most interesting...anyway, the little bastard turned right back. I hate the little mothers when they won't do what I want, don'tchaknow? I hate roaches anyway, filthy little shits. I stomped the damn thing, don'tchaknow? Hate 'em. Don't know why I was watching it in the first place...anyway, as I was saying.

In times of great family stress, the Turaco sheds his magnificent plumage, and walks around in sorrow, usually in circles, widdershins, don'tchaknow, where was I, Fred?

Most of my friends seem to think I'm not all here. It gets to me, after a while. I mean, I may drift in and out a bit, but I'm substantially around, at least most of the time. It's not as if I was like that other person, what's-their-name, you know, the one who vanishes at odd intervals. I mean, I may lose my grip a bit, and one of my hands gets a little transparent, but you can overlook that, can't you? I mean, can't you? I mean, I really try, I do, it's not always so easy, that's all. I do my best to stay straight...just every so often something catches my attention, and I kind of drift off a little, you know? You know....you listening to me?

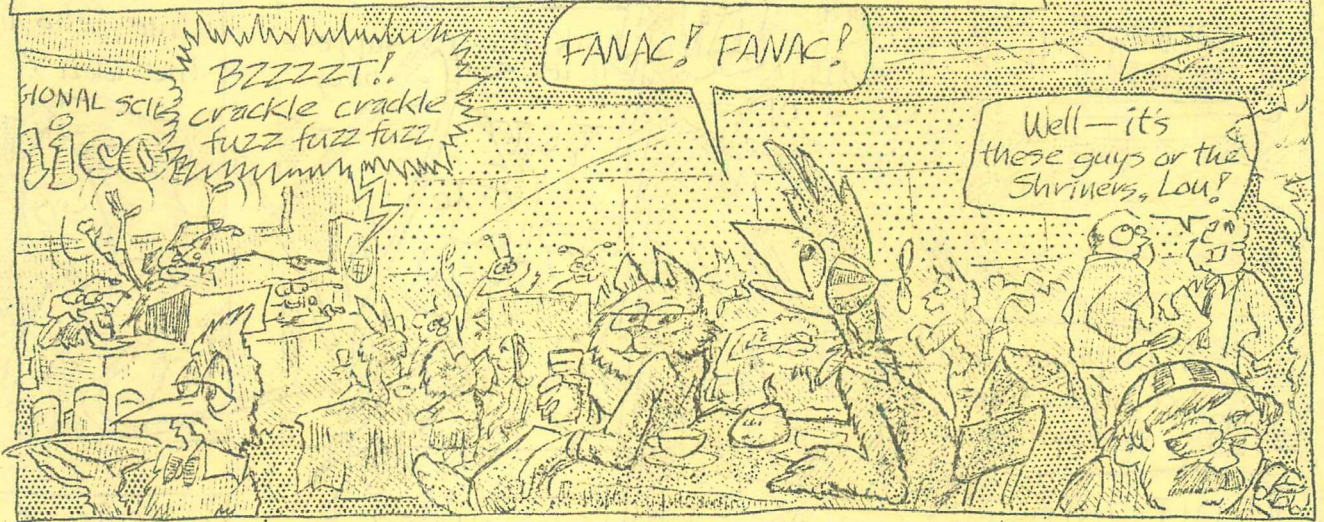
I think this evening I will tell you of the valley of the trolls. Once upon a time there was a neat little valley, inhabited only by trolls and cockroaches. The sun couldn't get in but one hour a day, and so the trolls could run around pretty much with impunity, which they did, also with relish. Trolls may be stupid, but they don't do things by halves. The roaches were fairly happy too, because trolls are stupid enough to forget where they've hidden the odd bone or two. There was plenty for the roaches to eat.

One day a paper manufacturer came to the valley, and saw that it was just full of wonderful big trees, from which he felt he could make really great paper. The roaches ate him.

Another time, a circus came through. They pitched their tents at the top of the valley, put up signs, and the roaches ate them, too.

Eventually there came to the valley a housing tract developer. He scouted around and decided that here was a shining opportunity. He got almost all the way to the outer perimeter before he fell into the famous "roaches' breakfast table," a pit of magnificent proportion, designed by the famous Frank Lloyd Wroach. There was the days. Those roaches grew bigger and bigger, and ornerier and ornerier, until even the trolls were a little bit afraid of them. Then one day, a naturalist came to the valley, don'tchaknow....where was I, Fred?

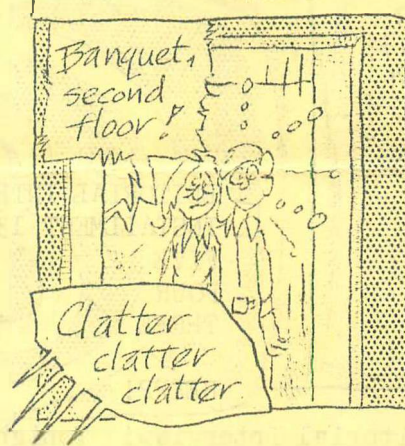
The convention banquet is a highlight of the evening....



Meanwhile, in the elevator shaft...

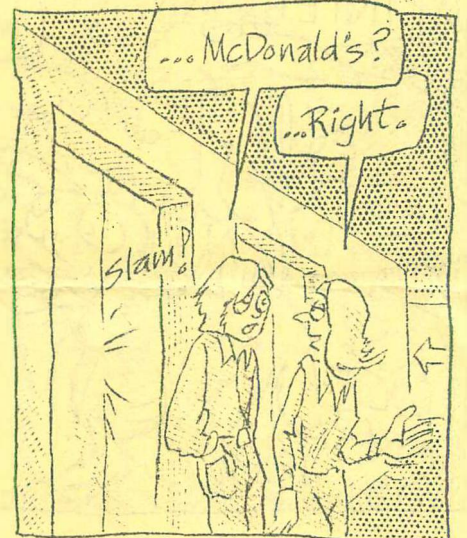


Four buzzes, seven clicks and eighteen seconds later...

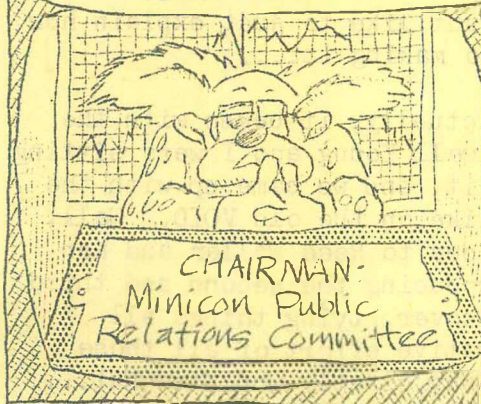


...McDonald's?

...Right.



We'd like to take this opportunity to explain that these fictional episodes are not intended to reflect the actual experience of attending a science fiction convention...



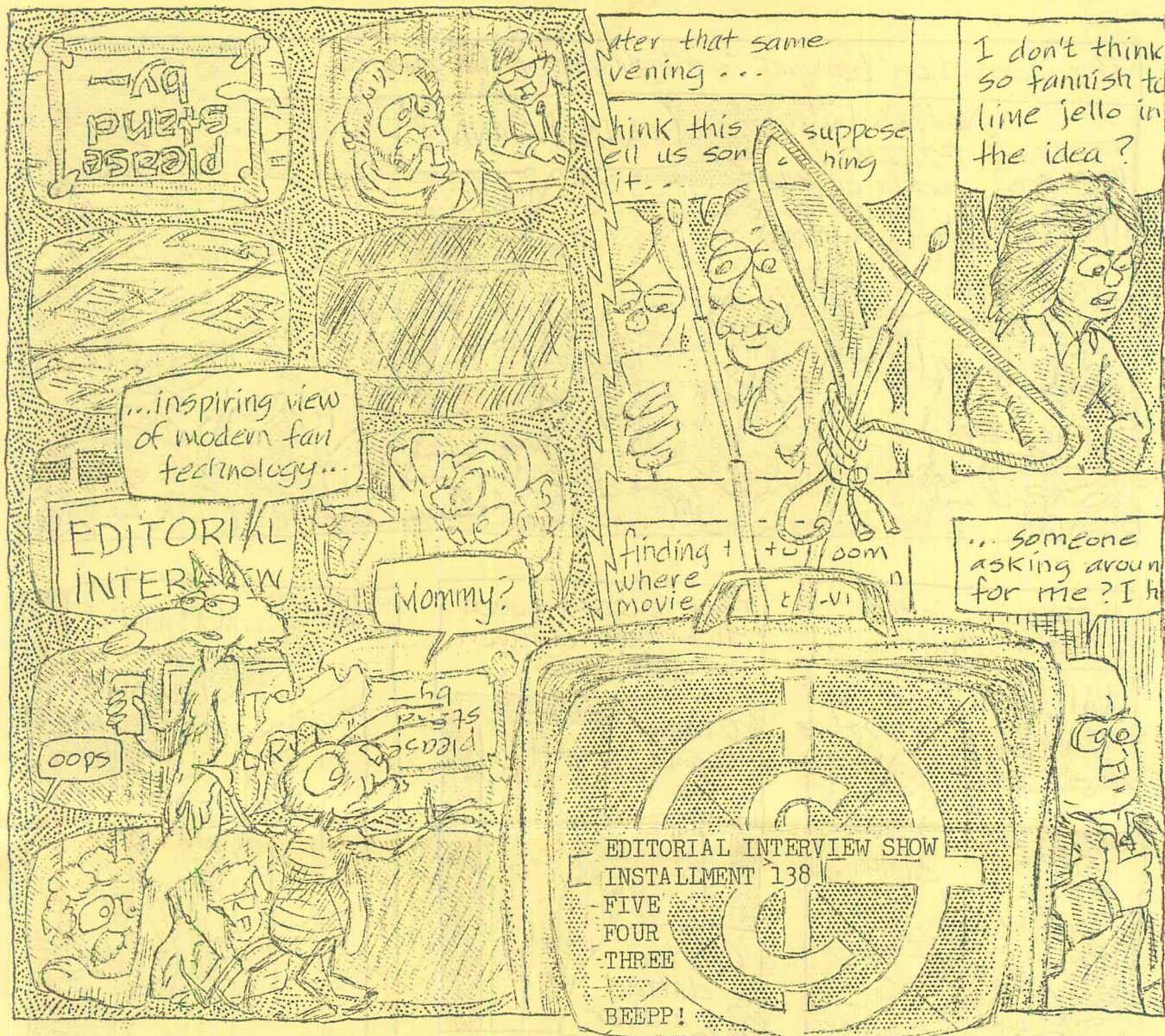
Conventions are, in reality, quite positive cultural experiences in which courteous and friendly individuals enjoy themselves quietly in a stimulating atmosphere...



...In fact, psychological studies at Fort Mudge Memorial Institute have indicated that children, once exposed to the enriching stimulation of science fiction conventions, frequently show a marked tendency to display in creative aptitude and motor reflex capabilities quite... HELP! I'm squeezing myself out of the tunnel!



ONE MOMENT PLEASE



Good evening! and welcome to Editorial Interview! Tonight we're talking to Fred Haskell, editor of RUNE for the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, about the forty-seventh issue. Now, Mr. Haskell; this issue has been a little confusing up to this point, and I was just wondering if you might like to take this opportunity to explain it for our viewing audience.

Nope.

Oh. Well then.... Uh, in that case, psrhaps you might like to just explain how this issue came about --- you know, what all went into making it....

Certainly Mel, as long as you put it that way.... Actually, it began with the fine cover Jim Odbert did for this issue. James Maxwell Young and I were sitting around one night, talking about the best way to use it, and we came up with the idea of doing multiple covers. You know, somewhat like on the old VOID. Well, this seemed like a fine idea, and when we gave the idea to Reed Waller and Ken Fletcher, they really took off with it -- rapidly producing the second and third covers. And of course, Jim Young did up the fourth cover, tying things all together. But the whole thing really was a collaborative effort of all those fellows -- I mean, once they get going it's hard to say exactly who did what....

I see. And why did you go into cartoons from there? Why couldn't you have just

put those four covers onto a normal RUNE, rather than doing this And Now For Something Completely Different Issue of RUNE?

It just seemed like the thing to do at the time, Mel. Yeah, we could have just held those covers and used them like they were normal, but we figured that since we were off to such a good start, it would be nice to do up a special crazy issue in time for Minicon. Sort of a celebration.

Like a pre-Minicon party on paper?

Uh, yeah Mel.

Heh, heh. Anyway, who else was involved?

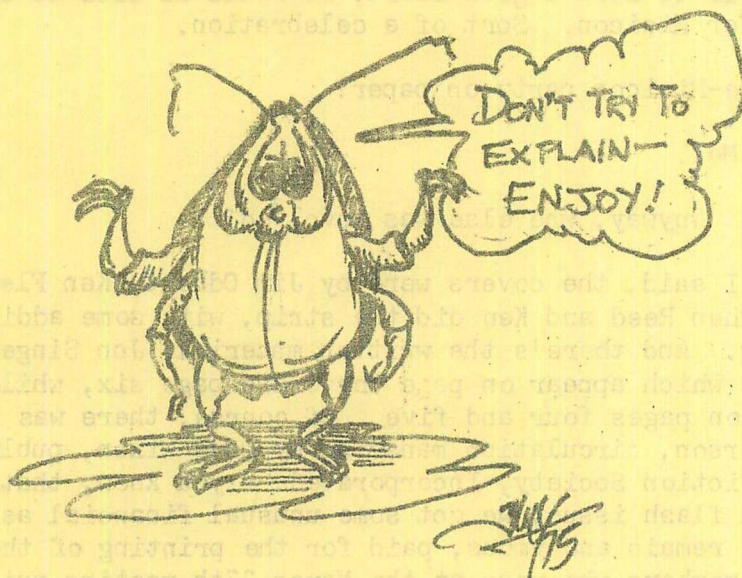
Well, as I said, the covers were by Jim Odbert, Ken Fletcher, Reed Waller, and Jim Young. Then Reed and Ken did the strip, with some additional dialogue balloons by Jim Young. And there's the written material; Jon Singer was kind enough to write the texts which appear on page three and page six, while Jerry H. Stearns wrote the text on pages four and five. Of course, there was the usual: mimeography by David Emerson, circulation managing by Dave Wixon, published by the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Incorporated -- you know, that stuff. And since this was a special flash issue, we got some unusual financial assistance: Dave Wixon, who wishes to remain anonymous, paid for the printing of the first cover; and the Minn-stf members who were at the March 27th meeting put \$13.16 in the hat to help cover paper costs. I guess that was pretty much it.

In your editorial last time, Fred, you said that you were going to step down from your position as editor of RUNE after this issue. Is this still the case? I mean, is this your last issue of RUNE?

Not exactly. You see, I was planning to quit after the May issue, and that's still what I intend doing -- I just had no idea this special issue would be popping up in-between. Next issue, RUNE 48, will be my last issue. And in fact, if any clubmember out there reading this would like a crack at this job, you should contact a Board Director as soon as possible; I hear they want to decide on a new editor soon.

How very interesting, Fred. Well, we have to cut away for a commercial now, but stay tuned -- we'll be right back to talk with our next guest....



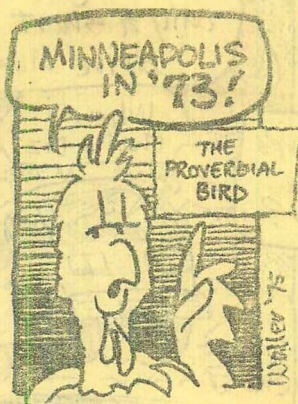


The entire contents of RUNE 47 are COPYRIGHT © 1976 by the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc. All rights revert to the original writers and artists.

RUNE

Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc.
343 east 19th street
minneapolis, minnesota 55404
USofA

Non-Profit Org.
U.S. Postage
PAID
Minneapolis, MN
Permit No. 2164



Jan Howard Finner
PSC Box 614
A.P.O. N.Y., N.Y.
09293

S

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED