



editorial

There were a couple of things that nobody ever told me before I took the job as editor of RUNE.

One was that publishing a genzine is a lot of work, even though it's also a lot of fun. I put much more time and effort into last issue than I had anticipated, and nearly burned out then and there as a result. Gradually I came to realize that in order to produce the highest-quality fanzine that I am capable of, I'd need to spend every spare minute being a faned. Since I have lots of other activities to put my energy into, I can't see devoting all my time to a fanzine.

I don't know how Fred Haskell did it. He fattened up RUNE considerably, until his last issue was 80 pages. I remember so many times, going up to his apartment and finding him typing stencils, stereo blaring, coffee brewing, and often an artist or two scribbling illos. It seemed, during some periods, that RUNE was all he ever did besides eat and sleep. Probably was.

That was great for the zine, and for the Minneapolis in '73 bid, but it's not the sort of life that I want to lead. Consequently, RUNE is shrinking and is losing its flash and glamour. This issue was not, as last was, laboriously laid out before being typed; I just sat down and started typing stencils, and hoped things would come out right. I don't have the time or the inclination to badger artists into custom-illustrating articles for me, nor to think up fancy innovative layout ideas. So RUNE is not the full expression of what I could do as a creative editor. But should it be?

For several months, I've been getting a lot of "Where's RUNE?" queries from all over fandom, as well as from next door and upstairs. It does me well to remember that this fanzine is, after all, a clubzine; it has a function to fulfill. There are announcements to publish, and subscriptions to honor. It gets to a point where it's more important to get the zine out than to worry about its being a reflection of my creative abilities.

For years, as Ken Fletcher so prudently reminded me recently, RUNE was little more than a two- or four-page flyer announcing meeting dates & places. (Nowadays we put out a one-sheet called the EINBLATT when this information needs to be communicated but there's no RUNE ready.) What I see happening in the future is that RUNE will shrink and become more like it used to be, and consequently more useful to the club membership. A side benefit of this change is that whoever takes over from me won't need to be such a genzine-oriented fanzine fan as I; just someone capable enough to do for the club what the club needs being done.

Unfortunately, this will no doubt disappoint the active fanzine fans who have come to regard RUNE as a fine genzine under Fred's editorship, as well as all those who saw reviews of Fred's issues and subscribed -- too late. Well, sorry, but the change-winds are blowing. "Auntie Em, it's a cyclone!"

Oh -- the other thing that nobody ever told me: What do you do while waiting for the corflu to dry?

-- David Emerson

AS THE PLATEN TURNS

A COLUMN BY DAVE WIXON

PECKING ORDER

In the last year or so I've learned to watch for stories by John Varley; you can imagine my pleasure when gifted with a copy of his first novel, The Ophiuchi Hotline! In fact, it's the lead-off for a new line of titles which Dial Press styles "Quantum SF." And someone there knows how to start off right: this is an exciting, immensely readable adventure, as well as an immense stretching of the imagination. This book is a certainty for both Nebula and Hugo ballots.

The story is set in the future, more than five hundred years after an alien race of tremendous superiority -- the Invaders -- evicted humans from the Earth. Humankind has for centuries been mining information from an interstellar broadcast originating, apparently, in the neighborhood of 70 Ophiuchi.

Humanity lives on various worlds in the solar system, using hotline information to obtain wonderful, exotic choices of life styles. The Invaders go about unknown business on Earth, as do a similar race on Jupiter. Varley's solar system, and indeed his Universe, virtually swarms with life -- for every niche of space there is a life-form able to fill it -- many of them, indeed, intelligent: there are dolphins in the seas of Earth, and the Invaders are there; humans live in and about many of the other bodies of the system; there are even creatures who live in the raw vacuum around Saturn. And elsewhere, the galaxy teems with races, humanoid or otherwise.

And here is where Varley has taken perhaps the biggest step in recent imaginings; here is where he has broken new ground: he has created a Darwinian Universe. Observe:

SF has a long tradition of idealism, and a large proportion of the field's leading speakers have over the years espoused such concepts as one-worldism -- which, the idea extended, becomes a concept of the essential unity of intelligences, regardless of physical form. Such beliefs can be seen to have animated the fiction of such authors as Doc Smith, Simak, Heinlein, and Anderson, for instance -- in their works the themes recur frequently.

John Varley suggests that such comradeship need not be the case. He postulates a sort of quantum theory, speaking of levels of intelligence as rungs on a ladder. And he has the temerity to suggest that humans shall occupy a rung below the top! (In fact, about third or fourth place....)

This sort of idea has been used before, of course, and can be found, if only obliquely, in stories such as those where humanity is only one race among many; is exposed as being of finite duration; or exists only as toys of other beings, or as food sources. Yes, Varley used an old concept, but his restructuring has made it seem new -- and never before has it been used in such an upbeat manner!

Frankly, I'm unsure exactly what the author means by "intelligence." His top rung is occupied by creatures such as those which evolved on Jupiter, and the Invaders. Now, it makes some sense that beings evolving under those awful conditions would be extraordinarily powerful -- in fact, would be more likely to develop ESP-like powers than Earth people (for whom it would be easier by several orders of magnitude to simply move an object physically, for instance).

Varley -- and his characters -- never contact the Jovians, or the Invaders, in any communicative sense; both are described as so superior to humans as to be unfathomable. Apparently, then, these beings have been accorded an aura of superiority simply because their own -- apparently natural -- powers dwarf anything humanoid intelligence can accomplish. But does this truly mean they are intelligent? Except for assertions by William, the hotline peoples' spokesman, Varley gives us little to prove that the Invaders are any more than a superior animal....

The most brilliant person of our race must fall before tiger, grizzly, or shark, unless the constructs of the race's intelligence are there to help. Should no available construct prove sufficient, all is lost -- and to a naked man in deep water, it makes little difference if the shark is a brainless brute or has a god-like intellect, as long as it acts like a shark with regard to the man.

It may be that intelligence will turn out to be as difficult of definition as the concept of the soul has been. Credit Varley for being real, here: should we ever run into Invader-like beings, we would probably be left with just these same speculations; and whatever conclusion might be reached would probably prove totally useless. Speculation is all there could be, until human intelligence found a way to cope.

I don't think any of us have ever before thought of the possibility that intelligence could be so far beyond us that we could not even be sure it was there!

And Varley further suggests that our intelligence may never be good enough to overcome such a lead as the natural abilities of the Invaders have given them. He suggests -- and perhaps I'm only drawing an unmerited inference -- that what we call intelligence is not the end of the evolutionary process, the goal of the struggles of life -- but only a tool given to some races in one more experiment being conducted by Nature. And it may not even be the winning tool; there may be something better, and, if so, we should not be surprised if we can't even imagine what it could be!

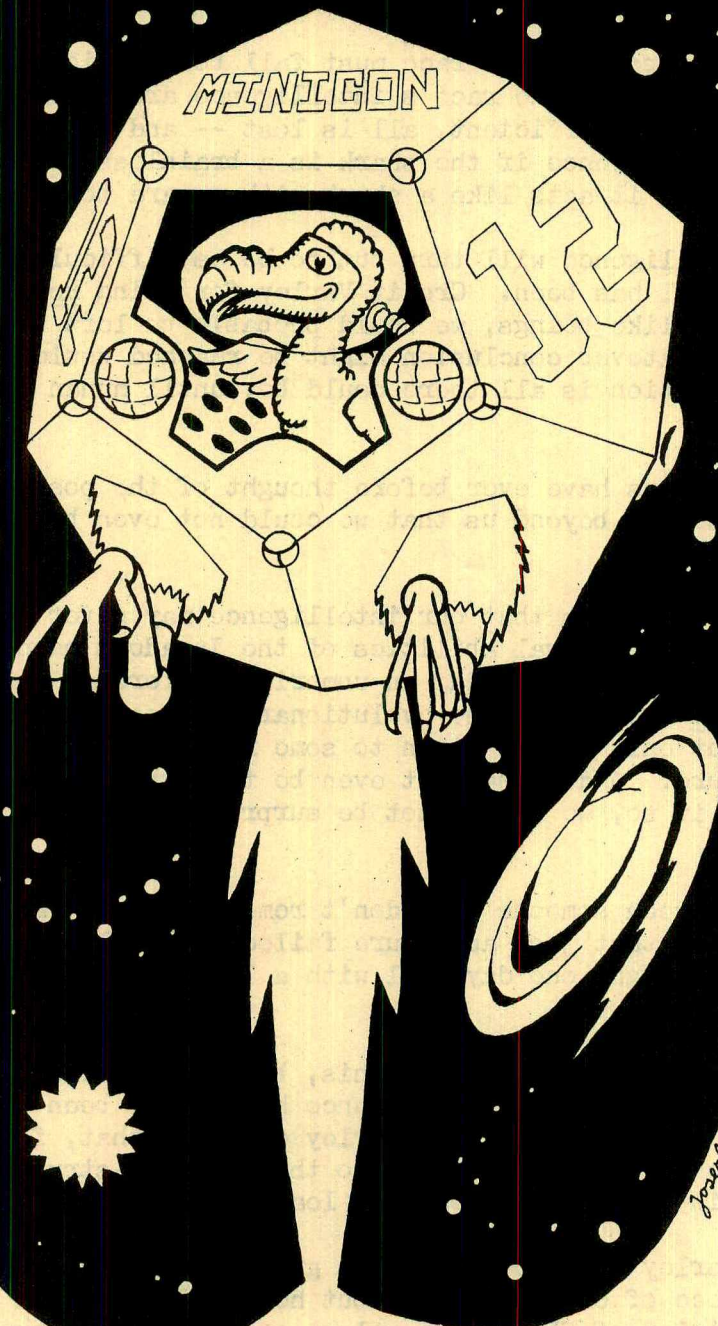
Once before I have seen someone -- I don't remember who -- approach this concept, in a speculation that just as Nature failed with a life-form with great size and strength, so it might one day fail with a life-form with great intelligence: quit, and try something new.

No, I don't think Varley sees it like this, but the inference might be drawn by the speculatively-inclined. Our intelligence has always been supposed to reside in, and arise through, our adaptability. Varley endorses that, foreseeing a future in which the human race successfully adapts to the universe-structure the Invaders force on us -- living in the interstices they leave us.

This view makes Varley's achievement even greater: not only has he put together a splendid piece of entertainment, but he has done an end run around the great racial chauvinism of SF, the prevalent expectation of humanity's ultimate triumph. Triumph is, after all, mostly a psychological attitude.

The Ophiuchi Hotline by John Varley, Dial Press/James Wade, 1977, \$8.95

MISSION REPORT: M-12 WAS COMPLETELY SUCCESSFUL BLAST...



Josephine 7704.12

TWO VIEWS OF MINICON 12

I: I REMEMBER MINICON (almost...) by Jackie Causgrove (Franke)

"Will you write up a Minicon report for RUNE?" David Emerson asked shortly after we'd bumped into each other in the lobby of the Hotel Leamington in Beautiful Downtown Minneapolis. I was rushing off to ghod-knows-where, only pausing to say hello, and the question caught me off guard.

"Really? Me? Aw, gee..."

David made the usual flattering gestures and laid on the heavily buttered egoboo that all faneds quickly adopt as Standard Operating Procedure in order to pry material out of prospective contributors. I nodded in approval: wish my technique worked as well as his!

"Sure; why not?" I agreed. Bobbing our heads farewell, we parted not to meet again for hours-n-hours later...

The convention took on a new, radically altered air. Already it was being revealed as Different from the usual -- perhaps mostly because of being viewed through bloodshot, exhausted eyes.

The trip to Minnstpl always had been a Major Undertaking from Beecher, Ill., and I was accustomed to feeling not quite in contact with reality for the first several hours after arrival from the road-weariness a 10-12 hour ride induces. This year, though, the trek had commenced in Toronto, and Mike Harper and I had been travelling for a full 24 hours when we'd entered the hotel lobby at 10:30 Friday morning. Nearly 1000 miles had rolled under the wheels of Betsy Bug, and to put it as mildly as possible: I was pooped!

This Responsibility that Emerson had placed on my shoulders rested like a leaden lump, enhanced more than a trifle by my spaced-out condition, and I assumed a reportorial-like gaze in order to study the convention's occurences. All-seeing; all-knowing; all-telling -- ah, yes: I'd give RUNE a fabulous conrep, one that would put even Denny Lien's Aussiecon report to shame. A newly-annointed Journalist was on the loose, prowling the hotel hallways at midnight.

And 1 a.m. And 3. And 5 as well. 8:00 and those eyes -- weren't they slipping downwards just a tad? -- were still open, observing. Dutifully, I took notes, jotting down little phrases during trips back to the room to refill my glass with Sugar-Free RC and Southern Comfort. Sample entries: Sleepy. Tried to nap. Took bath. Joined Martha, Lou, Vardebob, Keller, Caryl and Krissy at lunch.

Oh, it was thrilling stuff, folks. Pulitzer-prize winning exposés spring from seeds like that, don't they?

Sometime Saturday morning -- I think it was before noon -- the body just up and quit. I'd been up since 7:10 a.m. on Thursday, some 52-odd hours, and though I had grabbed an hour-and-a-half's worth of sleep during that period, it was so scattered throughout those hours that I can't really count it as "rest". I'd paid my dues in all-night fandom for yet another con, along with Midge Reitan and Chuck Holst. (For awhile there, we three thought we were the only ones left to maintain Tradition, but a group came into the con suite during the early-morning hours to sing bawdy ballads and chat, relieving our minds from the awful notion that Our Sort was a dying breed.)

I've heard that Harper tried his damndest to get me up in time for GoH speeches and later on for the play. He knew how badly I wanted to see "MidWest Side Story" in particular, and what a sucker I am for after-dinner talks in general. All I know is that I never heard the poundings on the door nor the ringing of the phone. By 10:00 he was concerned enough to come in and shake me awake. Befuddled by sleep, I couldn't understand what this demented person could be raving about. Past 10? Why, it was pitch dark outside. It couldn't possibly be morning. Any idiot could see that!

Eventually the true state of Here and Now percolated through my brain and I was awake. Just to be safe, Mike sent in reinforcements in the form of Martha Beck, Midge, Joni Stopa, and Ann Asprin. They chuckled and giggled about all I'd missed during the death-like sleep I'd been in.

After a quick meal at the Hungry Eye -- that 24-hour place was a life-saver! -- I felt more human, though extremely disappointed at missing so much. I questioned the group as I munched on my chicken.

The speeches, how were they? Well, you know banquet speeches. Nice. Bova was interesting, though he pooh-poohed the L-5 concept -- wonder what Haldeman will have to say about that? The Coulsons were grateful for the honor and seemed to be enjoying the con, their first Minicon. The play? Oh, I had wanted to see it so badly! It was good and funny. Some thought it strained in a few spots, not as good as last year's "Mimeo Man"; others thought it better. I only hope it's performed again, somewhere, soon: when I'm in shape to see it...

David Emerson was leaning against the hallway wall as we passed by. "David," I said sorrowfully, "I can't write that con report."

"Why not?!" His eyebrows climbed toward his hairline.

"Because I haven't been here. The trip, no rest, exhaustion, stoned from lack of sleep, then collapsing for over 10

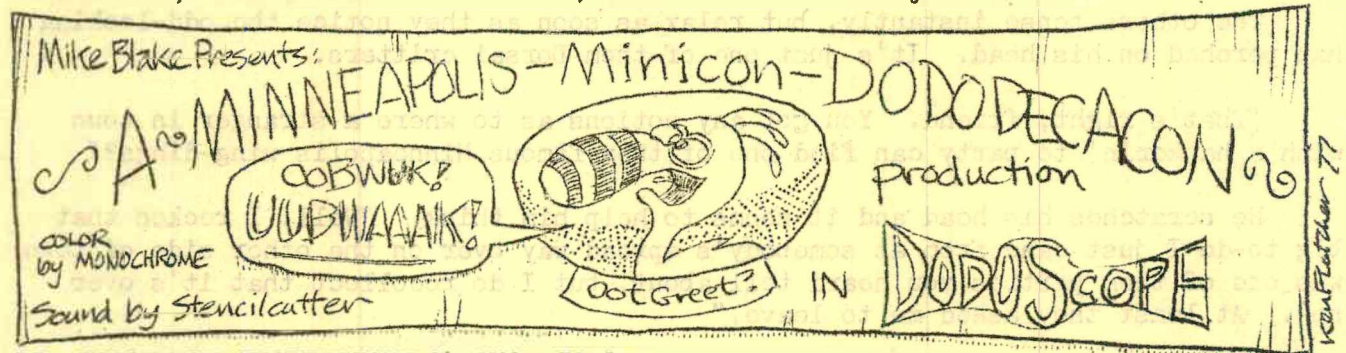
hours -- now I'm all washed out from too much sleep. I'm not really here; I've missed all the programming!"

"But you're here now," David said irrefutably (once a faned lands a promise, never will himmer let go...), "and the parties are the best part anyway..." I was still on the hook, squirm and wriggle though I might.

So, Simon Legree Emerson: here is your Minicon report, what of it I saw.

Martha Beck. Jon and Joni Stopa. Mike Harper. Lou Tabakow. Chuck Holst. Caryl Bucklin. Ann and Bob Asprin. Dave Wixon (perhaps the most helpful committee-person in captivity). Sid Altus. Bill Fesselmeyer. Mike Glicksohn. Rusty Hevelin. Tom Rose. Lynn Parks. Bill Bowers. Wally and Paula Franke. Dana Seigal. Yale Edieken. Bruce Pelz (with the FAAN award final ballots; a most conscientious administrator!). Madman Riley. Cat Ocel. Ben Zuhl. Jennie Brown. Peter Edick. Randy Reichardt. Ro and Lin Lutz-Nagey. Margie Lessinger. Joel Lessinger. Sara Sue Hardinger. Midge Reitan. Joe and Gay Haldeman. Denny Lien. David Emerson. Bill Dixon. Susan Ryan. Buck and Juanita Coulson. Bev Swanson. Stephanie Oberempt.

Names. Yes, but names of people; friends. And friends are what make a convention, even a con like Minicon, which I wasn't truly at...



II: DODOESQUE IMPRESSIONS by Mike Blake

I have this theory about cons, you see, that could be called the Blake Cinematic Hypothesis of Science Fiction Conventions. It's very simple. Conventions are like movies.

For example, some cons are like bad movies. MidAmeriCon was like an Italian muscleman epic: despite the costumed cast of thousands you could tell the props were papier-mache, and the dubbing was bad. Some cons are like mediocre movies. Certain past Boskones have reminded me of those old Republic serials: will NESFA survive? Tune in next year for the next exciting chapter.

My very first convention seemed to unreel before me like some surrealistic film bearing little relation to reality. Events swam past me but I could get no grip on them, and a few ragged hours of sleep in my small single were the only intermission. On the other hand, some cons since then have been done in painfully clear cinema verite, with each moment remembered in much more sparkling clarity than I would wish. Finally, a few conventions have been slapstick, right down to some of the actors getting pies thrown in their faces.

Minicon 12 was a mixture of many of these, with enough of Alain Resnais that I sometimes looked over my shoulder for a camera wondering if I were an actor in Last Year in Minneapolis. A great deal of Minicon 12 I remember in montage, and a series of scenes and dialogues that cut back and forth, flashing forward and backward in time within the space of a weekend. The con encompasses a host of movie genres and filmmaking techniques, or at least the final cut of it imprinted on my cinematic memory does. More complete versions may have survived the mental splicing table and be in general release elsewhere.

The following convention is rated PG. Parental Guidance suggested. Some scenes may be too intense for pre-teens.

* * *

It starts like one of a hundred traditional westerns. Four strangers ride into town, silent, unheralded, and determined in purpose. They've ridden long and they've ridden hard, for two nights and a day, heading west through parched terrain tinged with brushfire. The night is starless and still, and the air slightly chilled, as they mosey on into town in a long, lean vehicle ominously called an Omega. They pull on up to a hitching post in the old hotel parking lot. As they pile out and stretch their legs, they notice a mighty peculiar-looking coot who rambles on down the street past them and starts up the steps of the hotel's back entrance.

"Howdy, there," one of the strangers calls out, "you a fan?"

The owlhoot on the steps turns around real slow-like and his hand drops instinctively to his side. "You talkin' to me?"

The others tense instantly, but relax as soon as they notice the odd-looking hat perched on his head. It's just one of them Dorsai critters.

"That's right, friend. You got any notions as to where a stranger in town with a hankerin' to party can find one of them famous Minneapolis wing-dings?"

He scratches his head and it seems to help him think. "Well, I reckon that big to-do I just came from at somebody's spread way over on the other side of town was one of them parties you heard tell about, but I do recollect that it's over now. At least they asked me to leave."

As he wanders off, never to be seen again now that his walk-on is over, the strangers figure he must be talking about the famous Triple B, one of those legends they've come over a thousand miles to see. But things seem mighty quiet in town -- almost too quiet -- and they figure it's best to turn in for the night.

Two of the strangers head on in for a showdown with the desk clerk.

The one in the lead is long and rangey, and rides tall in the saddle. Deadeye David Stever they call him, and fans on both sides of the Mississippi have learned to fear his deadly moose joke. He squints to be sure of his aim and strides relentlessly towards the front desk, armed with a sure-fire reservation card and a quick-draw Master Charge. Moseying on along beside him, and taking the role of wisecracking sidekick in the confrontation ("Yep," says Stever, "he cracks wise and I kick 'im in the side.") is one Mike Blake, the Two Pun Kid. Armed with nothing but his wit, he could be in trouble if the desk clerk decides to make a fight of it.

"But this says you'll be arriving at high noon," sputters the desk clerk, "not the middle of the night!"

David gives him a look that could stop a moose in its tracks. "Your friend on the 800 line done messed up, then. When I said I was arriving at twelve, I sure as hell meant high midnight, not high noon. You ain't fixin' to cause me no trouble, are ya?"

"N-no."

"You do have room, don'tcha?"

The clerk looks down at his master pad on which the numbers of all rooms currently occupied are filled in. With two major conventions coming in for the weekend, only a dozen or so are taken. "You could say that."

"Well then, what are ya waiting for?"

Minutes later the duo walks away triumphant, two keys to room 425* secure in their grasp. They have won the showdown at the Mipple/Stipple hotel.

Now all they have to do is snuggle the other two unregistered guests and their luggage into the room.

* * *

Suddenly the scene changes and we've flashed forward to what looks like a Marx Brothers movie. The four Easterners, David Stever, John Spert, Jack Wickwire and Mike Blake are eating lunch and acting weird (or normal, depending on your point of view) at the infamous Hungry Eye restaurant across the street from the Leamington with rising young sf artist Joan Woods.

"Look at this. They put lettuce and tomato on my hamburger. I hate lettuce and tomato on my hamburger. In fact I hate lettuce and tomato. Do you want it?"

"Sure, why not?"

"Then catch."

"Got it."

"...so as I was saying, my problem is that I'm always being confused by people with Jo Ann Wood --"

"That's dumb of them. She's got a couple of pounds --"

"-- and a couple of years --"

"-- and a couple of kids on you."

"-- or mistaken for Susan Wood, who, unlike Jo Ann, I resemble much more. I think it's because --"

"You both have blonde hair --"

"And glasses."

"Pass the ketchup."

"-- but that's about it. I don't think you look like Susan Wood at all."

"What for?"

"My french fries, of course."

"In fact, I think I know just who you remind me of..."

"But I don't like catsup on your french fries. How am I going to eat them?"

"Really? Who?"

"How's this, I'll put ketchup on the fries on this side of the plate, but not on the other side."



* Not prime. -- ed.

"All right, it'll have to do, I suppose. But why you would want to waste perfectly good french fries by drowning them in catsup..."

"A local Minneapolis fan, whom you might have met at some point."

"I wouldn't talk -- I know you put tartar sauce on yours."

"You remind me of Jim Young with a sex change."

"It's bad enough there's too much salt -- huh?"

Dead silence.

"Don't you guys think so? You don't think she looks just like him if he were a her?"

"Stever, you're out of your fuckin' mind. Here. Have a french fry."

"But there's ketchup on it."

* * *

Then a montage of Minicon memories. So that's a Cliff Simak. Buck Coulson convulsing an audience with quotes from The Blind Spot -- and a quick flashback to an earlier part of our lunch when Joan Woods put aside her copy of The Blind Spot to tell us what a great classic it was. Mike Glicksohn doing a double take the first time we run across each other. "A bit of a ways from Rhode Island, isn't it?" "Oh, it's only a thirty-hour drive, if you come straight through." Another double take. Then a cut to me doing a double take when I come out of the main program into the lobby and bump into Jon Singer.

"What are you doing here? You're in Baltimore."

"No I'm not, I'm in Chicago."

"Well then, that explains everything."

Then some brief reaction shots. Me seeing Da Fred Haskell Song 'n' Slide Show for the first time. I look pleased. Yay, Fred. Then me seeing the film of Everything You Know Is Wrong for the first time. I look disappointed. Alas, poor Firesign, I knew them well.

Slow fade to me meeting Ken Hoyme. A point of view shot as I notice Renée Valois pulling apart two of the curtains that serve as the wall of the hucksters' room surreptitiously, sticking her head through, and talking to someone. She leaves, and drawn by curiosity I go over and take a peek. All I can see is a name badge a few inches away that says "Ken Hoyme".

Cut to Ken's point of view. Ken jumps back, startled, as a hand comes through the curtains and a muffled voice says "Hi, my name's Mike Blake. Remember me from Minneapa?"

"What? What?" Then I stick my head through. "Oh. Hello. Glad to meet you. I think."

One of my favorite moments from Minicon 12 has to be Karen Johnson and Her Amazing Pop Rocks. This is a strange candy manufactured in California that is impregnated with CO₂ in such a way that the moisture on your tongue releases it. Suddenly your tongue is overwhelmed by this indescribable fizzing sensation. It's

harmless and fun, but for one panicky instant you practically choke in shock, wondering if you've just had a mouthful of sulphuric acid. Several reaction shots of various fans trying Karon's Pop Rocks for the first time, beginning with me, will do nicely for the next scene.

* * *

Finally, all the people from all the previous scenes appear in the major sequence, the play-within-a-movie, MidWest Side Story. Fresh from my performance in the fannish Gilbert & Sullivan operetta the RISFA Players put on at Boskone 14 a month and a half before, Mik Ado About Nothing, I had more than a passing interest in the technical aspects of it. And 90% of the cast consisted of friends from Minneapa. This was one program item I couldn't miss.

For more than the obvious reasons. For now I can reveal I was also assigned to view MidWest Side Story as a Secret Observer. There had been vague noises from direction of the Suncon committee about us putting on Mik Ado at the worldcon. But then there were rumors those crazy Minneapolis fans wanted to do MidWest Side Story instead. Would we end up in the fanmusical equivalent of a battle of the bands? And so I was sent to scout MidWest Side Story for the competition. Little did I suspect I would end up working on the technical crew of MWSS.

Ken Hoyme and I were walking idly towards the performance hall forty-five minutes before the play was scheduled to begin, engaged in speculation as to the seven secret pseudonyms of Bob Vardeman. I mentioned that I intended to wander backstage and see if there was anything I could do to help. Ken smiled knowingly and said they had just the job for me.



The next thing I know I'm standing before an extremely harried writer/director/performer Susan Ryan, who's asking me if I'd like to be a Lighting Engineer. How could I turn down such a heavy responsibility as that?

Just what do I do? "Well, sit here next to this plug. Now, when I wave like this, put it into the wall socket. And when I wave my arms like this, pull it out. Got that? Think you can handle it?"

Fortunately, the job did not quite reach my level of incompetence. But I did miss a few of my lighting cues. At first I couldn't even see Susan, who was gesturing frantically while standing behind a huge stage amplifier that blocked my view of her completely. Later she moved to where I could see her plainly, but this led to even greater confusion on my part. As the musical swung into high gear and began running smoothly, Susan got carried away by the inspiring songs she'd helped write and began singing them to herself

in time to the performers on-stage and started to conduct an imaginary symphony orchestra backstage. But I couldn't be sure of this at first. I watched bewildered as she waved her arms back and forth, up and down. Was that a cue? Which signal was she making now? What did that one mean?

Somehow I managed to muddle through. As the musical finished to tumultuous

applause, I got the final cue right and made my way through an enthusiastic throng backstage where the cast was congratulating themselves on a job well done. I added a few congratulations of my own, and figured now was as good a time as any to ask the question.

"So, Susan, is it on to Suncon now?"

She almost collapsed.

And that was that.

* * *

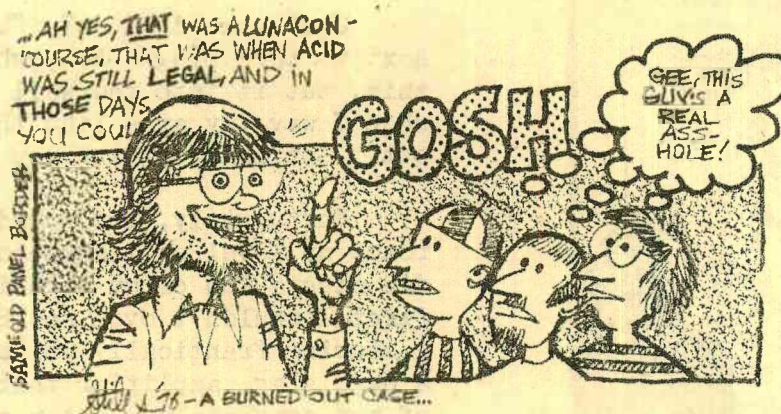
As the credits roll up let me add a few post-production notes: Minicon 12 was one of the best conventions I've ever attended. I managed to catch a persistent flu that laid me low for the next month, and temporarily dislocated my thumb while helping David Emerson move his keyboard instruments after the play.

But such trivialities as my health aside, Minicon 12 is definitely rated five stars by this critic. And if the autour theory is true, Minicon 13 should be even better.

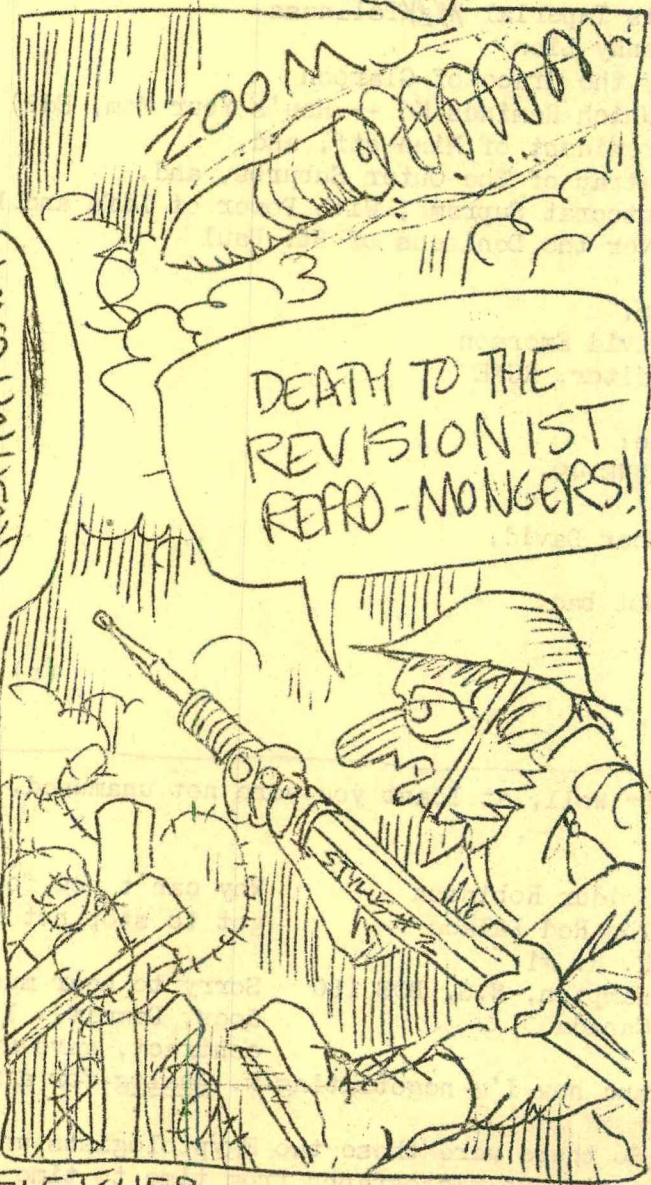
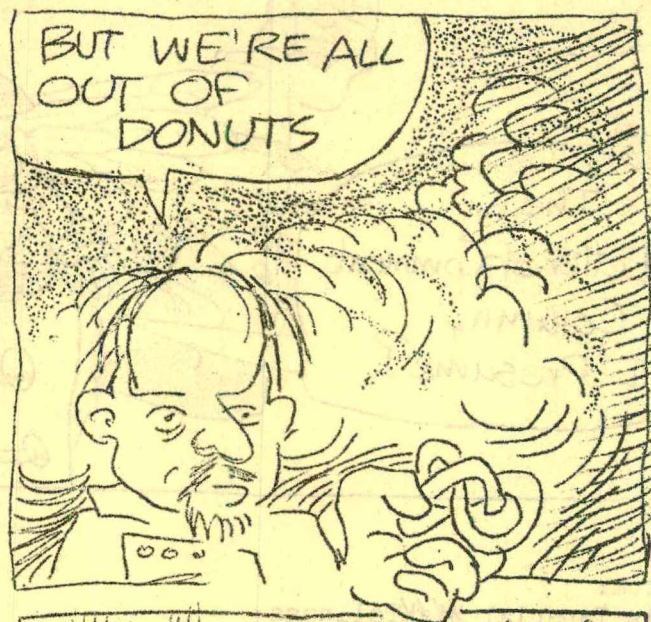
The Proceeding Convention
Was A
Minn-stf Production

Presented by
Twentieth-Century Dodo

THE END

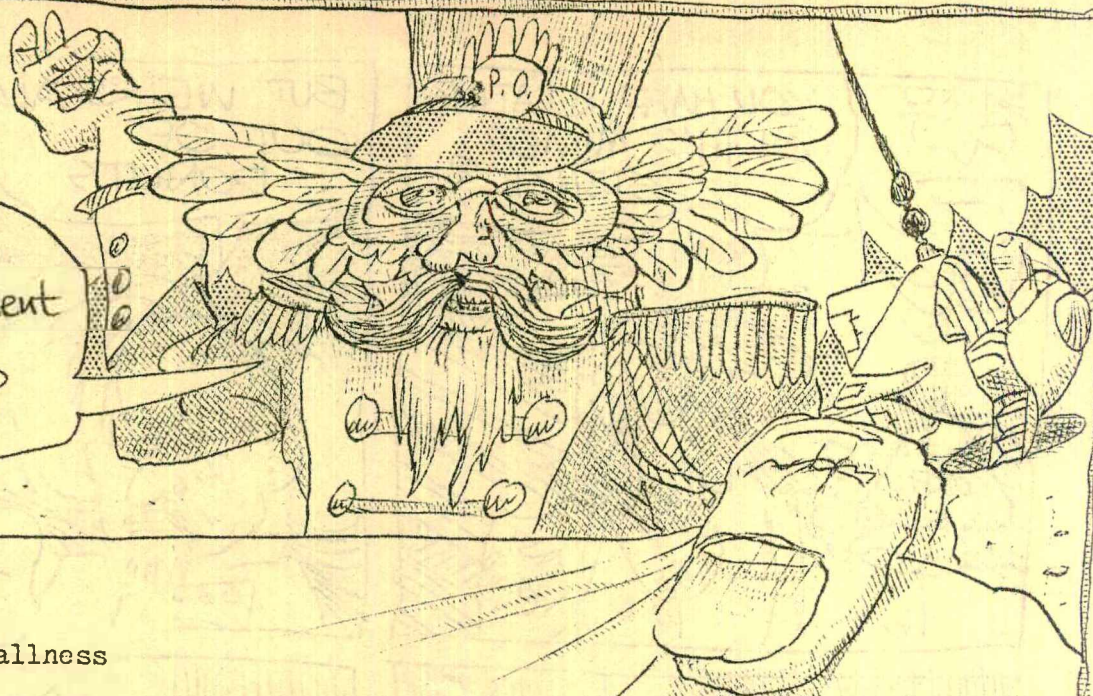


NEXT YEAR IN MINNEAPOLIS! Minicon 13 will be held on Easter weekend again in 1978 -- March 24-26. Once again it will be at the Leamington Hotel near the heart of downtown Minneapolis. Our Guest of Honor is the award-winning Samuel R. Delany, author of Dhalgren and many other works. For Fan Guest of Honor, we have Spider Robinson, the biggest name fan in Nova Scotia. As a special bonus, Bob Tucker has agreed to be our Artist Guest of Honor (!), and Boston's Kris Benders will master the toasts. Registration is \$5 in advance; it will be a few dollars higher at the door, so join now. Send money, or write for more information, to MINICON, PO Box 2128 Loop Station, Minneapolis MN 55402. Minneapolis in 73!



Foster / FLETCHER

The...
Letter-of-Comment
Column,
I Presume?



From:

His Imperial ~~Wig~~ Tallness
Denny Lien

By the Grace of Glaroon

(Which Reminds Me -- How's Your Mom, Ed?)

President of Minn-stf, and,

Satrap of The Outer Suburbs, and,

Autocrat Supreme, With Power of Life and Death (Antlers Optional),
Over the Denizens of St. Paul

To:

David Emerson
Editor, RUNE

Re:

RUNE 49.

Dear David,

Not bad.

Somewhat Truly Yours,

(s) Denny Lien

His Imperial etc.

++ Well, at least you were not unamused. ++

Spider Robinson
The Red Palace
R. R. #1

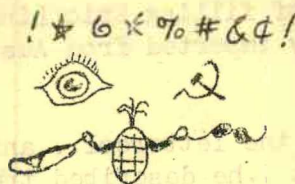
Hampton, N.S. BOS 110
Canada

Why can't you folks move Minneapolis here, dammit? We've
got to stop not meeting like this.

Sorry to hear music ain't paying you a living ... it never
does, Dammit. I spent 4 years in hot pursuit of a rekkid
contract, gave up in disgust and turned to writing sf,
and now I'm negotiating w. Analog for a record contract. Ah well.

So there were these two Egyptologists who corresponded in hieroglyphs, making up
their own pictographs from time to time to keep the language alive. The first,
Fonebone, ran across a particularly hideous curse on a sarcophagus he was defiling
(the curse ran: "May you fall into the outhouse just as a platoon of Ukrainians
is finishing a prune stew & 12 barrels of beer"). He sent a copy to the other,

Freenbean, and added:



which, as you can plainly see (if you realize the pineapple is brandishing a bikini) translates: WILL THE CURSE / I READ / BEAR FRUIT?

Freenbean replied:



P.S. -- any truth to the rumor that Minneapolis was a Greek mouse? Or are they midget cops?

++ UNCLE!! We give in! You can be Guest of Honor at Minicon. Just don't ++
++ hit us again (hard). ++

Freff I am stunned at the thought of the Bozo Bus Building. How
211 Highland Drive the hell do any of you ever get anything done? (As it is a
Enterprise AL 36330 well known fact that given fans in close proximity, getting
together occurs with a frequency that devours all time.)

++ Good question. Now you've got an idea why this issue is so late. ++

Jean Sheward It wasn't until I plugged the parrot into the freezer terminal
Millstone that light dawned. This was all of three months ago. Only now -
Station Road having scraped the last of the fried poultry from my neolithic
Martin Mill typewriter - do I feel sufficiently recovered (in a pretty shade
near Dover of pale green velour) to be able to congratulate Minn-stfdom (and
Kent, U.K. Haskell in particular), for the illuminating experience masquerading
as a mere fanzine name of RUNE. ('Mere: n. Lake, pool, stretch of
fresh water. 'Fan': vb. to oscillate air. 'Zine': abr. magazine; military store
for explosives. RUNE: Store for pool of oscillating explosions?). I have only
one complaint about no. 48 - the damn thing is much too thick. I'll have to use
something else to prop up the short leg of the kitchen table. Now if you could
make ish 49 exactly $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick I may be able to type my next LoC without mountain
boots on.

RUNE 48 was my first - and it had to be Haskell's last - what did I do??? Best
of luck to Fred. Best of luck to you. Best of luck to everyone on that side of
the pond. And if the Powers That Be condescend to print one of those lovely
psychedelic visas in my passport I may even pay y' a visit next year.

Terry Jeeves Enjoyed your look at regional fandoms /in RUNE #48/ but you
230 Bannerdale Rd. missed out (not at all surprisingly) Bannerdale fandom. This
Sheffield S11 9FE little known and very tight little group (consisting of me...
U.K. and I'm often tight) has been duly registered under the
Companies Act as 'Soggy Fandom' Bannerdale Branch. Activities
are many, and include reading sf, loccking, illoing and writing for fanzines,
publishing TRIODE and ERG, making animated movies, and suchlike and of course,

hosting visiting TAFF candidates (Ellik, Tacketts, etc) and others who pass this way. Only last week, we had the pleasure of filling Eric Lindsay's water bottle at the crumbling Jeeves billabong specially imported from Australia in honour of the occasion.

Naturally, the best thing in the issue was the lettercol...and I'd better clear up a mistake made by Sam Long at this point ..he described trains running on different sides of the track in Australia or some such place where they rely on magnetism to keep them from falling off into space. In actual fact, trains in England, Germany, France, Australia and America, almost invariably run on the same side of the track...namely, the top side. There are a few which use the underside, such as the helium inflated bugroos of Lower Slobbovakia but otherwise a close inspection will reveal that all normal trains run on the top...as numerous heroines since Paul, Poul or was it Pearl? White have proved.

Pete Presford British Groups have not changed much in the last few years.
2 Maxwell Close Although they all seem to be undergoing a personal shift at
Buckley the moment /5 January 1977/.
Clwyd, Nth. Wales

The Gannetts seem to have lot of new faces. With Ian Maule drifting down to a job in London and Thom Penman drifting into a domestic phase. Even Ian Williams seems to be living in a haze of the past.

The Rhats!?! Well, even the Rhats themselves don't seem to know what they are doing. And with even some of their more solid members drifting into a life of married bliss, things are starting to change. Mind, it shouldn't do some of them any harm. Perhaps even drill a little bit of common sense into a few of them.

The Kittens: With the demise of 'K', who knows if they are still alive and kicking. Though no doubt Dave Rowe struggles on alone.

My old group M.A.D. are thriving in Manchester. Although here again new members are taking over. The trouble is with all the newcomers in the Group, they don't really know how to insult the other Groups.

So it looks like a phase of British Fandom is coming to a close. And 1977 may see the emergence of a new type of U.K. fhan. All the Groups named have had it good for at least five years. Which I should think is about average.

Harry Warner, Jr. I was glad to find you devoting all that space to the
423 Summit Avenue United Kingdom fanzines. They are approaching more closely
Hagerstown MD 21740 all the time to the level of quality and to the publishing
 frequency that fanzines over there possessed back in the
late 1950's and the early 1960's when Irish Fandom was at its height and there were equally talented people active in the London area and elsewhere in the U.K.

But the notes on computer fandom strike a bit of terror into my heart, or wherever terror goes in case the theory that I don't have a heart is sound. Computers are things I know nothing about and feel instinctively I couldn't learn anything about without dropping everything else and studying for several years. I feel the same way about rock and Burroughs fandoms. If more and more such areas of interest keep bobbing up, I'll eventually feel as baffled by fandom as I was the day I discovered it.

John Kusske's "Guide to the Nation's Best Atmosphere Restaurants" is almost as funny as the diners' notes in travel magazines which it satirizes.

quite ready for the concept of daveids, as opposed to Davids, even if it did come from the mind of Jon Singer.

Rich Bartucci The descriptions you give of the apartments in the
Cedar Brook-New Bklyn Rd Bozo Bus Building lead me to consult the 1976 Directory
Cedar Brock NJ 08018 to intern training hospitals of the American Osteopathic
 Association in order to determine if a suitable
institution exists in Minnesota so that I might apply for the 1978-79 internship
year. Did you know that your frozen corner of the world contains no internship-
bearing osteopathic hospitals? How the hell is a fannish D.O. to function in
Mpls, Mecca of Midwest fandom? It is my fond hope that Minn-stf will bring its
not-inconsiderable influence to bear on the problem in the Minnesota state legis-
lature.

It's pretty obvious that Goodfan Kusske's travels never took him into northern Kansas City, for how else could he have missed the fabled Kobeyashi's Hiroshima Gardens not fifteen minutes from MidAmeriCon's own Meulebach Hotel? Only at Hiroshima Gardens can the gourmet errant tantalize the jaded palate with such delicacies as "Scorched Dog," "Incinerated Pigeon," and the specialty of the house, "Firestorm Duck." Each dish guaranteed radioactive, so that when the lights are turned down low, the atmosphere is rendered more charmingly intimate by the pale blue-green glow of every forkful. Dosimeters are provided at the door. Rating (hypothesized, of course): 652.81***yd.

I was much surprised by the information that Minn-stf, Inc. maintains a treasury (your reply to Goodfan Boutillier's LoC). Prior to this time, I had thought that Minn-stf issued its own currency. I suppose this means that my wad of ~~for~~ 10 bills (with Ken Fletcher's picture on the front) are valueless.

++ Afraid so, Rich. The ~~or~~ 10 bill has a picture of Jim Young on it. Yours ++
++ must be counterfeit. ++

It was with considerable regret that I read Goodfan Huff's impassioned LoC in defense of Star Trek, particularly when her defense was sparked by my "attack" on STrek fandom. To reassure Goodfan Huff and relieve her anguish, I must say that my notions on the Star Trek phenomenon have undergone some re-thinking since my LoC in RUNE 45. First, at that Philadelphia STrekon, I met a large number of mature, interested and highly articulate ST fen, any of whom I would be (and am) proud to count among my friends and correspondents. The problem was that for every such intelligent and dedicated fan there seemed to be twenty or thirty "prepubescent munciikins" jamming the convention floors and clamoring for an opportunity to lay hands upon the sanctified form of George "Sulu" Takei, the casual "drop-ins" who sour the intimacy I've come to cherish in a convention of SF fen. These are not true neos, Goodfan Emerson, but rather a crew of casually interested people who will experience one facet of science fiction and then drop it like red-hot shot. The real neofan may be drawn into fandom and its zaniness by one or two manifestations of the Art --- in my case, back in 1971, it was the worship of Robert A. Heinlein. As neos are exposed to fanac and to the broader vistas of science fiction and fantasy that fandom opens before them, they learn to accept and delight in all forms of speculative fiction from the scripts of Harlan Ellison to the SF wargames of Redmond Simonsen. I didn't discover Star Trek until I saw a few episodes and the blooper reel at Noreascon in '71, and I'd never read H. Beam Piper until an older fan showed me the cover of the November 1964 issue of Analog, featuring his "Gunpowder God." (This, of course, grew into Lord Kalvan of Otherwhen, Piper's last and greatest work.) When I got into fandom, I took root and grew. Too many STrek fen simply become potbuds and wither into gaffiation without ever knowing the term exists. They are to be pitied, and their company is something painful to a trufan of sensitive nature.

As a manifestation of science fiction, however, I consider Star Trek to be one of the great successful experiments of television, ranking along with Outer Limits and The Twilight Zone in daring and excelling them in sheer scope. There is within me a reborn sense of wonder at the sound of the words: "Space, the final frontier; these are the voyages of the starship Enterprise..." no matter how often I may hear them.

When I graduate from medical school, I'll be wearing a class ring that marks me as a professional physician. In that stainless-steel ring will be set a dark blue stone and on that stone, encrusted in white gold, will be the division insignia of Star Fleet Sciences as depicted in the Technical Manual. I could think of no symbol that more eloquently portrays my dedication to the advancement of humankind and my confidence in the future of the human race. And every time I look at it, I will think of "Space, the final frontier..." and know that I'm part of something special.



Taral Wayne MacDonald
415 Willowdale Ave, #1812
Willowdale, Ont. M2N 5B4
Canada

For a long time I was totally flabbergasted by STrek fandom. Just what was a trekkie anyway? What were the differences between a fan and a trekkie? Obviously they couldn't be the same. There were 50,000 trekkies and maybe only 10,000 fans including anyone who so much

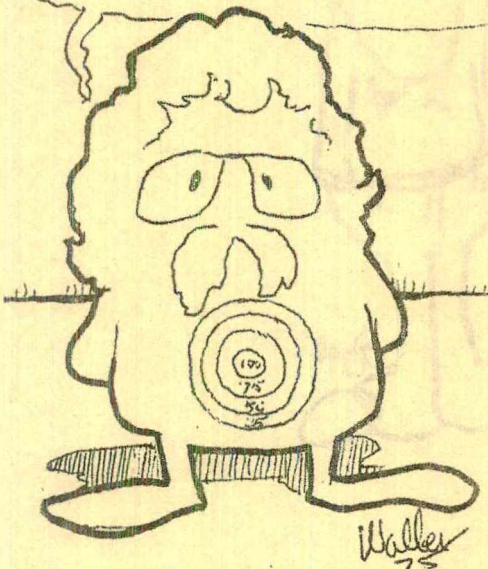
as considered going to a worldcon once... Nor were they the same people. Something kept these two groups apart and made one group much larger than the other. [Here Taral indulged in about 2/3 of a page of derogatory comments reflecting the very attitude that Laurie Huff complained about last issue. He does, however, continue with some observations about the interaction of the two fandoms:] With so many STrek fen, sf fandom could have been swamped if it hadn't resisted.

In the past we have seen other fandoms threatening to swamp sf fandom with sheer numbers, and the reaction was the same. The other fandom suffered slander and prejudice from "us trufans". But when the other fandom realized its path lead elsewhere and the pressure on sf fandom relaxed, then the problem of fringe fans disappeared. Who rails about comics fans that much anymore? Or Burroughs fen?

I think it's important that other fandoms be kept separate from sf fandom, but it should be done consciously, not by emotional reaction against "those fringe fans" (with connotations of some imaginary inferiority). Otherwise it will be difficult to keep our institutions the way we value them. But if you don't particularly mind a succession of worldcons that pass between committees of Trekkies, Dorsai, movie freaks, comics hucksters, and occult nuts, then you may not work up much interest in a fannish segregation. Bussing anyone? Beat you to the ghetto...

It was odd to see you explaining how RUNE's lettercolumns were always so carefully edited. One of the things I always thought weakened RUNE was a too loosely edited lettercol. It always rambled on and on for about half the issue, and so many of the letters were insubstantial. "Gee Fred, lively issue this time. I thought the Jophan article was incredible, and Belcher's cartoons were the funniest thing I ever saw. Wasn't the Joanie Offbeat loc clever and to the point about how the previous ish was also fantastic, etc." Egoboo is great for those who the egoboo

UH... IT HAS COME
TO MY ATTENTION THAT
THERE HAS BEEN SOME
CRITICISM OF MY
EDITORIAL POLICY...



is bestowed upon, but does little for the rest of us. This is not to sound as if I don't like long letter columns -- the letter issue of MYTHOLOGIES was fascinating all right -- but I don't think lettercolumns should be too self-indulgent unless the editor really doesn't care much about reader response. (Which sound self defeating, and it probably is...)

++ Notice I said carefully edited, not ++
++ tightly edited. By this I mean that there ++
++ was always some reason for each paragraph ++
++ and each letter that Fred printed, and ++
++ that the letters were arranged in sequence ++
++ very carefully to provide continuity and ++
++ contrast; so that, taken as a whole, the ++
++ letter column would be as well constructed ++
++ as an article written by one person. ++
++ The reasons for printing any given comment ++
++ were many and varied. Sometimes one would ++
++ have a point to make and would say it well. ++
++ Sometimes it would help perpetuate a value ++
++ the editor thought worthwhile, like giving ++
++ egoboo where it was due (or overdue), or ++
++ putting down fuggheadedness, or demon- ++
++ strating proper fannish etiquette, or ++
++ simply being bozo. And sometimes an other- ++
++ wise unprintworthy comment would be printed ++
++ because it raised a question that needed being answered, allowing the ++
++ editor to write a lengthy reply. Ahem. ++

Mike Glicksohn
141 High Park Avenue
Toronto, Ont. M6P 2S3
Canada

Not much to say about the editorial. It's Heidi Zurcher, not Heidi Somebody. Heidi Somebody was that transvestite dwarf albino you picked up while stoned at the last Midwestcon who left fandom in disgust after spending five hours trying to disentangle herself from your chest hair after you passed out in the con suite, remember?

++ No. In fact, I don't even remember being at the last Midwestcon. ++

Fanzine listings and book reviews don't exactly provide wickedly barbed comment hooks. More like comment worms, I guess. Soft wriggly things that are hard to get impaled on and tend to wriggle away when you put the fanzine down. All of them seem to have left my copy of RUNE 49, as it happens. Must be the mating season or something.

The Kusske piece was neatly done (and Reed's illustrations add much to the effectiveness of the article, as usual) but somewhat beyond my range of experience. Most of the restaurants I'm familiar with are subsidiaries of CUP-CAKE (Creative Use of Plastics -- Carbon And Kerosene Endeavors) and are inherently uninteresting. I'm more familiar with bars than places dispensing solid food anyway.

Bruce Townley deserves some sort of citation for creating a loc that is a verbal analog of a Bruce Townley illustration! Christ, who'd have thought it possible the demented buggar could write in as bizarre a fashion as he draws! Everything Bruce does comes out as if it'd been produced on the surface of a sheet of water then burst through by an octopus on speed.

Well it isn't a FrRUNE, it's a DRUNE so this isn't a typical Glickloc. It's shorter, saner, tighter, and written while absolutely sober. I'm not sure I like all these changes in the fundamental makeup of the cosmos...

Laurine White SASSAFRASS: Surprise! It isn't defunct yet. Emp is
5408 Leader Ave. Emperor Adams, the man in charge of the club. I don't
Sacramento CA 95841 know of any members named Ed, so ed must be editor James
 Kimball. I introduced the main members to Dungeons and
Dragons in March, and they've been playing ever since. There haven't been any
Sassafrass meetings since then that I know of, just D&D sessions.

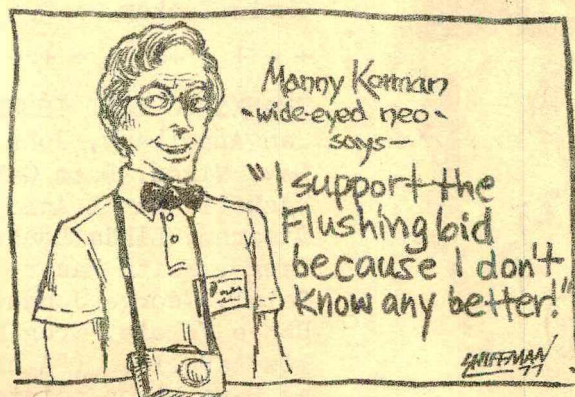
Bill Kunkel's cartoon on page 12 reminds me of the Vaillancourt Fountain in San Francisco. It is located behind the Hyatt Regency, a futuristic hotel, and has been called the square turds from a square dog. My favorite cartoon this issue is Reed Waller's can of beans in the fancy setting. I haven't heard of Fido's in Selma, Alabama, but there is a restaurant in Selma, California, that has achieved notoriety of a sort. Harlan Ellison stopped there on his way from Los Angeles to BayCon in 1968 and threw his plate of food against the wall.

David Fryxell I hope that I can count on all you people to get behind the
2716 S. Lincoln Sioux Falls in '84 bid. We've already lined up George
Sioux Falls SD 57105 Orwell as our GoH, Winston Smith will be toastmaster.
 After much consideration, we've finally settled on a name
for the con. We'd considered Doublespeak Con, Crossroads Con (Sioux Falls is, of course, the "Crossroads of the Nation" being situated at the crossing of I-90 and I-29), and Big Brother Con, but CornCon finally won out. We're working on a pre-pre-supporting membership program now, something where you send us \$10,000 and Harlan Ellison and we send you a progress report printed on an ear of corn. I'll get back to you with the details. Word went around Big Mac that our chief competition is going to be Abilene, Texas.

Remember -- sf is also short for Sioux Falls!

M. K. Digre I am tempted to add to your reply to Tim Marion in #49, and in
1110 SE 13th Ave fact I will. Minneapolis in 73 is actually the "longest bid
Mpls MN 55414 behind presently going," to adopt Tim's syntax. This, of
 course, ignores the South Gate in '58 bid, which isn't terribly
active these days as far as I know.

In today's /31 July 1977/ Tribune an article about Hennepin Ave. mentioned that the Andrews Hotel was sold (for only \$75,000), and that the new owner is putting



\$250,000 into refurbishing it. He is also reportedly getting the cooperation of the police & mayor's office in clearing the whores and winos out of what is presently one of the city's largest dens of iniquity. Certain people fondly remember Minicon 4, which was held at the Andrews (although that was before my time). The promised improvements, along with the low rates (\$8 for a single) might once again make the Andrews an attractive site for a small regional, perhaps a fall Minicon, or considering the hotel's present reputation, a slumpcon.

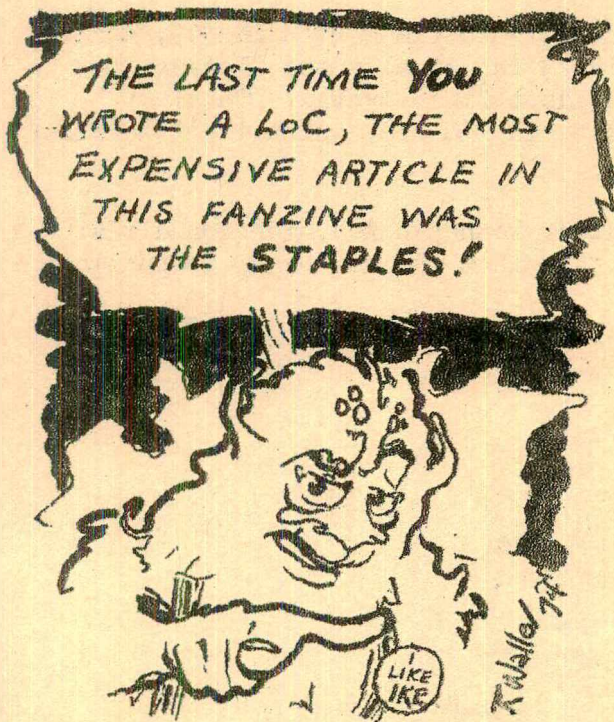
++ Some time ago, I received another ++
 ++ personalzine from wacko Lee Carson. ++
 ++ What disturbed me about it was that ++
 ++ I could understand most of it. I ++
 ++ sent him a letter, expressing my ++
 ++ fears that I was getting to be just ++
 ++ as crazy as he was. The following ++
 ++ letter is what came in reply. I ++
 ++ include it here not because it's a ++
 ++ letter of comment on RUNE, but ++
 ++ because it demonstrates that you ++
 ++ don't have to live in Minneapolis ++
 ++ to be bozoid. ++



Lee Carson
 3412 Ruby St.
 Franklin Park IL 60131

One way to check whether or not you're becoming unhinged in the same manner as I (IN BEWILDERMENT IS THE PRESERVATION OF THE MIND) (a good needlepoint project). When I first saw "Booga-booga," I thought of a David Steinberg routine

where he lifts his lapel and barks "I'LL BE RIGHT IN!" But that's not the true test. Rather meditate on the phrase "The Way of the Thinker Is Error." Then if you can avoid thinking of a blue Kusske, the Goddess of Dandelions will appear and deliver a twenty minute lecture on the essence of coherency (followed by unusual refreshments). My own opinion is that we both suffer occasional spells of lucidity.



WE ALSO ~~WALK/BOOG~~ HEARD FROM: HJN Andruschak, K. Allen Bjorke, Alan Bosco, Lester Boutillier, Gary Deindorfer, Barb Fitzsimmons, Michael Harper, Maurice Harter, Ben Indick, Fred Jackson III, Dave Prill, Robert B. Rarr (or Rorr, maybe), Tony Renner ("PS. I am not a looney. Really, I'm not. I was only in the insane asylum once. And that was for a visit. Really it was."), Jessica Amanda Salmonson, Steven Sawicki, M. Schirmeister, and Chris Tucker.

+++++

THANKS TO LAST ISSUE'S COLLATORS: Jim Young, Jan Appelbaum, John Kusske, Ken Fletcher, Dave Wixon, Dean Gahlon, Lalee Kerr, Fred Haskell, Carol Anndy, Richard Tatge, Jerry Stearns, Linda Lounsbury, Mark Digre, David Cargo, Keith Hauer-Lowe, Mike Wood, Blue Petal, George Johnston, Martin Schafer, Renee Valois, Greg Ketter, Ken Hoyme, and Liz LaVelle. ("A captive MINNEAPA collation," as Dave Wixon pointed out.)

OFFICIAL MINN-STF BUSINESS

UPCOMING MEETING DATES & PLACES:

- Nov 20 - MINICON 13 planning session
7 pm Scott Imes, 343 E. 19th St. #6B, Mpls, 870-4368
- Nov 26 - Minn-stf meeting
1 pm Denny Lien, 2408 Dupont Ave S. #1, Mpls, 374-9021
- Dec 3 - Minneapa collation
1 pm Ruth Odren, 2437 Emerson Ave S. #3, Mpls, 377-0332
- Dec 17 - Minn-stf meeting & Minneapa collation
1 pm Carol Anndy, 2633 Dupont Ave S. (downstairs), Mpls, (377-7387)
- Dec 31 - Minn-stf meeting, Minneapa collation, & New Year's Eve party
1 pm on Sherman Halperin, 220 N. Meadow Lane, Golden Valley, 374-3367
- Jan 14 - Minn-stf meeting
1 pm Richard Tatge, 2633 29th Ave S, Mpls, 724-6615
- Jan 21 - Minneapa collation
1 pm location to be announced
- Jan 28 - Minn-stf meeting
1 pm Carol Kennedy & Lee Pelton, 1204 Harmon Place #10, Mpls, 339-9031

MIDWEST CONVENTIONS:

- Nov 25-27 - CHAMBANACON 7, Champaign-Urbana, Illinois
Guests Andy Offutt & Ken Moore
Registration \$5 in advance, \$6.50 at the door
Info: Al & Penny Tegen, 1602 Linden, Urbana IL 61801
- Jan 13-15 - CONFUSION II, Ann Arbor, Michigan
Guests Kate Wilhelm & Jackie Causgrove
Registration \$5 until Dec 25, \$7 afterwards
Info: Dave Innes, 3532 Terhune, Ann Arbor MI 48104
- Feb 17-19 - WISCON 2, Madison, Wisconsin
Guests Vonda McIntyre & Susan Wood
Registration \$5, payable to University Extension
Info: SF3, Box 1624, Madison WI 53701
- Mar 24-26 - MINICON 13, Minneapolis, Minnesota (see page 12 for details)

ANNOUNCEMENTS:

ARTISTS -- Minn-stf is now soliciting designs for the MINICON 13 t-shirt. If you have an idea for a design, contact the Minicon committee at Box 2128 Loop Station, Minneapolis MN 55402.

Once again we want to remind people that working on a convention is a lot of fun, and that Minicon needs people to help out in all sorts of ways in order for the con to be a success. If you want to volunteer, get in touch with us at the Minicon address above.

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CIRCULATION MANAGER: Dave Wixon, Box 8600, Minneapolis MN 55408.

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SPECIAL THANKS TO: SJ for procuring electrostencils; John Bartelt for pasting in electrostencils; Vera Matich for carting paper; Ken Fletcher for the pep talk; and Ken, Jim, Linda, MK, Scott, Margie, Dana, Jenny, Gordon -- and all Bozos on & off the Bus -- for company, support, tea & sympathy.

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