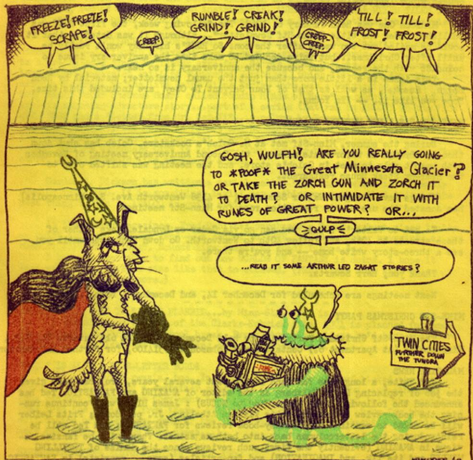


- RUNE 13 -



December

1968

— DECEMBER, 1966 —

NUMB. 13 is edited by Jim Young, and published by Ken Fletcher for Mimm-Stif (the Minnesota Science Fiction Society) on an approximately monthly schedule. Officers of the Mimm-Stif are: **YOUNG STODOLKA, PRESIDENT** (1325 W. 27th St., Mpls., 55408.) **Jim Young, Vice-President** (1948 Ulysses St. S.E., Mpls., 55418.) **KEN FLETCHER, SECRETARY** (1901 Dreda Ave., St. Paul, 55108.) **MARGE LESSINGER, TREASURER** (1350 Queen Ave. E., Minneapolis, 55411.)

MIMM-STIF'S FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Number One was held January 6, 1968. The following week, the first **NUMB** was published under the title "Mimm-Stif Newsletter"...although it was dated so that it would be mailed out two weeks after the con. So **NUMB**'s birthday won't really be until after Christmas...but we've decided to make this the anniversary issue to coincide with the season, and because the anniversary is so near.

This issue is a little more than just the usual newsletter; material by Reid Boggs, Kusaka, as well as that of Your Servant To Obey are included this time. Hope you like it. — Jim Young.

MIMM-STIF HAS A NEW MEETING PLACE

During the summer, Mimm-Stif met at M. Golob's Bookstore. Golob has shut down though; through an unfortunate mix-up, the Second Anniversary meeting of November 20th wasn't able to meet in Golob's store, and the meeting was shifted over to the nearby Steak House restaurant.

Things have changed. Walter Schwartz (of 1138 Ventworth Ave. S., Minneapolis) has donated the use of his recreation room for Mimm-Stif meetings.

To get to Walter's house, you can go via Cedar or Lyndale. Take either of these streets to 40th, and follow 40th to Ventworth. Go down Ventworth until you see a three-story white home — and you're there.

Thank you, Herr Schwartz.

Next meetings are scheduled for December 14, and December 28th, 1966.

MIMM-STIF CHRISTMAS PARTY

The Mimm-Stif Christmas Party will be held December 20th, at 615 Ontario St. S.E., Minneapolis (at Apartment 6.) Contact Karen Johnson at 291/106, for further information.

MIMM-STIF NEWS

Ted White, a long time fan (and in the past several years, pro) has been given the job of replacing Barry Malsberg as the editor of **AMAZING** and **FANTASTIC**. Ted has announced the following plans (according to **LOCUS**): James Hish will continue running the book-review column under his William Atheling, Jr. pseudonym; Fritz Leiber will be asked to continue the fantasy-book reviews for **FANTASTIC**; and Ted will be reintroducing the lettercolumns back into both magazines. There will be fanzine reviews in **AMAZING** (evidently the first such reviews since the demise of **THRILLING WONDER** and its ilk, and **IMAGINATION**) and fan-articles (some reprints) in **FANTASTIC**. He hopes to get the cover illustrations connected with the stories by having some stories written about the covers. As a general statement, he said, "I'm not especially interested in a new wave type experimental magazine, which was the direction Barry Malsberg seemed to be heading, but in an exciting magazine with reader involvement."

SCIENCE FICTION has been taken off regular quarterly scheduling, according to Michael J. Louwer, its editor. JFF has not the least trouble with its companion magazine MARCHING OF MONKEYS but a few years back -- had distribution and had sales. JFF will still be published irregularly, until it either gets on its feet or dies. For the time being no subscriptions are being taken, other than one at a time, and no further new manuscripts are being accepted. Issue number nine should be out in January.

MARCHING OF MONKEYS will be carrying a series of a stories written by the late Dr. Marie M. Keller. Parts of the series ran in WEIRD TALES, MONKEY SCIENCE STORIES, and OTHER SCIENCE STORIES, but many portions of the series have never seen print before. The series will begin in the March issue (number 26) along with the beginning of a serial that readers have been demanding for the past several issues -- Gregory Sidman's THE BEAST'S GUIDE. The serial will run in three installments; each segment containing two of the WEIRD TALES installments. (Which means that WEIRD TALES ran the story in six parts back in 1932, he said with a look of mathematical apoplexy.)

SPACEWAYS SCIENCE FICTION is out. I picked up a copy at Shinder's in downtown Minneapolis -- although I haven't seen a copy on any other stands as yet. The cover is a pretty good piece by former area fan, Morris Scott Dollans. Ted Tubb has the lead story, a novelet entitled "Unwanted Heritage", which I'd say is somewhat interesting; a serial by the late Ralph Milne Farley (who was a University of Wisconsin prof named Roger Sherman Hear) called "Radio Kinds of Mars" -- which is a somewhat absolute sounding adventure story...part of a series that ran in AEROSY in the '20s and '30s; and a "Letter From Mr. Sci-Fi"...a column by Perry Ackerman. I dislike the term "Sci-Fi", but Perry is Perry, and he canby with it. TIME magazine said: "It's good this is around; I wish that they'd reprint (and they have a little) Cordwainer Smith's "Seamers Live in Vain" -- they own the rights to Lindegarde's first story. I really would like to see it again.

Gordon A. Dickson has written a serial called "Golfing", which is currently running in ANALOG. It is something. I will say nothing more than that this is the best thing to run in ANALOG in quite awhile.

At the Galaxy magazines, Fred Pohl has purchased a Frank Herbert piece that's -- catch this you Herbert fans -- a sequel to DUNE. LOCUS (another magazine, as you recall) says "it's long". Sounds like something good! I hope so.

I haven't been able to find out how WORDS OF FANTASY is doing. I hope it does well...I'd like a line like that to succeed. (JFF isn't that kind of a fantasy magazine... anymore.)

SECOND PREVIEWING TO "2001" PLANNED...by Miam-Stif, that is...

A second group viewing of the Clarke-Fubrick film, 2001 is planned for some time during the Christmas school break. Frank Stodolka told me he'd have some more information available at the meeting of 14 December, so...

"DUNE" IS ALSO A FOUR-LETTER WORD

And so it will remain, too. In other words, we've sort of licked the dune problem. We're placing a container somewhere in the meeting room, and attending fans can put in whatever they want to (or afford). The money put into the container goes into the treasury from there. (This item is basically put here for the edification of outsiders, and for the interest of anybody who hasn't been able to make meetings, but gets this sheet...)

HARRY WARNER THE HISTORY BOY IN FAIRLY 1960

Harry Warner, Jr., a long time fan and Good Man, has been planning a history of fandom for the past several fannish cons (at least.) Advent, which is a fan publishing house in Chicago, has finally announced imminent publication of the volume. Harry Warner writes "Of course, all your uncertainties about the old Minneapolis Fantasy Society will end when you get to the history. Minneapolis has its own section,

on page 109. (Honest -- the proofs have now been sorted out into numbered pages. Publication is being delayed while I attempt to devise a method for the book to self-destruct if any fan shows his copy to another fan, so sales will reach their maximum potential.)"

The history will probably be out during the summer of next year.

NOTES ON MINICOON PREPARATION

Minicon is rolling along very slowly; however, things will be going much faster within a month. A notice on the con will appear in IF beginning with the January, 1989 issue of the prozine. Information on the con has been placed in several newsletters: SF TIDES, ORION and Igloo. Most important event to happen in December is the publication of the first PROGRESS REPORT.

"I-7" CANCELLED

The production of the Minn-Stf movie "I-7" has been cancelled until next summer, due to lack of money and time. About \$200 was needed to cover the entire cost of the film, and it couldn't be raised...at least in time for Minicon. A good deal of work has to be done on the con -- and the movie could have hindered the con. I say that as a cochairman, and as Jim Young -- not a representative of Minn-Stf. Maybe it's just as well we wait on the movie.

POSTCARD CAMPAIGN: MINN-STF STYLE

To get more fans in the area to come to Minn-Stf meetings (and to recruit new members of course) Minn-Stf has recently started a poster campaign in the Twin Cities area. The poster depicts Jane Fonda, in a BAUTISTAish costume, and bears the legend "POSTER: SCIENCE FICTION?"

After that kind of a fanish come-on, we figured (we being Gene Veigel, the artist who drew the poster) we'd either draw fanish types, or....

The posters were put up late in November, in many book stores throughout the area -- including one of the Shinder's stores in downtown Minneapolis. As of the second week in December (as this RUNZ heads toward publication) there have been about two people responding to the posters. (In some places, along with the posters, post-card size quiz-sheets have been displayed. The cards ask about the poster's stated interests; people are asked to fill them out, and send them into Minn-Stf.)

Frank hasn't been kept excessively busy by incoming queries, but he says "we've gotten some good responses." Any response is immediately answered by Stodolka.

Obituaries: The Year of the Jackpot Continues

CHARLES LEE RIDDLE died October 18; he was best known as the publisher of FIDW, a fanzine of the early fifties. He was active in SIPS, FAPA and the NYF. During the fifties, he also published the "Checker", which was a continuation of the Day Index to the SF pressings. His son Ira Lee Riddle is also a fan.

I never met Charles, but I've read many copies of FIDW. He had a fun fanzine; I certainly enjoyed them. Now he's lost to us...

MORTY PRAKE, author, illustrator, poet, and painter died November 17th, at Buroot, England, of a brain disease...a disease that kept him from working for the last ten years of his life. He was 77.

He was born in China, and educated in England. During the thirties, he married Naava Gilmore, wrote two children's books (and illustrated them), and did illustrations for an edition of TREASURE ISLAND -- which are considered to be his best work. During World War II, he published a volume of poetry, THE GLASSHOPERS, and a book of drawings.

But he was most famous for his CONCENTRAT trilogies. Grove press published the trilogy in hard covers last year, and in late October, Ballantine released the trilogy in paperback. And a few weeks later, he would be gone, too.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES:

Rich Gallego is back from Vietnam. Hopefully, he'll be stationed in the Twin Cities from now on, now that his affiliation with the government is ended. # Billy M. Pettit is in town, and will be here through January. Pettit is working for Central Intelligence (the I name that right Billy) and is in the area as part of his work. He's been in tandem for a goodly number of years, and published numerous features. # Karen Johnson asks you to please call before coming to the Christmas party, so that she'll know how many people will attend. # For MORGAN, we're hoping to get our hands on MORGAN, but can't find it anywhere. Can anyone reading this tell us where we might be able to rent the film, or what distributor it might be handled by? Contact Jim Young. # If you're in the library (public or private) and happen across the NATIONAL REVIEW, grab it. Theodore Sturgeon reviews the ACE SCIENCE FICTION SPECIALS in that issue, and, glowingly, we might add. (Wait a minute -- what issue? The issue of November 19th, Young!) # (Most of what follows is directly from LOCUS; the last comment is from the nimble typewriter of Ed Cox.): BOB JACK BAKER by Norman Spinrad (which has been called something of a "hot" book, folks), is being published in hard covers by Walker, with a Jack Gaughan cover. The paper back will be from Avon, as has been previously reported. # Harper and Row is now actively seeking SF, and paying top money as well. They are publishing a textbook-type anthology (edited by Bob Silverberg) to be called SF: CRITICAL CHOICE, which will contain both stories and critical essays. An unnamed anthology edited by Harry Harrison will be published, which will carry stories by mainstream authors. # The SF DOGMA selections for May and June will be Delany's NOVA and A SPOT OF IS HAUNTED TEXAS by Leiber. Starting in July of '69, there will be two selections a month, instead of one. # The 1969 Britannica YEARBOOK OF SCIENCE AND THE FUTURE features an article by Isaac Asimov called "The Art of the Tomorrow Seeker". It's an SF history, complete with color plates of old AMAZINGS and WONDERS, as well as films, books, and shots from astronauts in space. Very few errors here; Paul Anderson has his name spelled "Paul", and Arthur C. Clarke was not one of the writers for Campbell during his "Golden Age" of pre- and early World War II days; and the fact that fandom clasped "Star Trek" to its bosom can be quibbled with. (And that's the material from LOCUS.) # Memberships in St. Louis (the 27th World SF Convention) stood, as of November 25, at 372 people. (And that's not counting GOR's and the committees.) # Ivan Tors will film R.C. Yells' "Shape of Things To Come", with a budget of \$15 million. A version of this was done back in 1936; you'll still read a Frederik Pohl comment in IF or GALAXY proclaiming the excellence of the 1936 production. # Did you know that GALAXY used to be off-set? Those of you who did (and those who didn't and wonder what's happened), here's what went on, according to the guesses of Jack Gaughan: Galaxy got in with a printing company that will do typesetting and printing at a low price. (Incidentally, don't blame Jack if you hear something to the contrary. It is, after all, his guess as to what went on.)

And there's that out of the way. As long as a list of miscellany as you'll ever want to see again, eh Young?

RVN <editorial "MINNEAPOLIS IN '73..."

Recently, various groups have been announcing their plans to run for the Wroldcon of 1975. Minneapolis was one of the first groups to stick its neck out in the race, under the auspices of Your Honorable Chodiant Servant, Ken Fletcher, and Frank Stodelka. Chicago was coming along about that time, putting up itself for bidding, and New Orleans dark horse'd its way into the electioneering loving hearts of feminist politicians.

In other words, a lot of people wanted the con.

...of political doubledealing, let me tell you that this is going to be a tale of political doubledealing... (But that makes it an electioneering story, doesn't it?) Well, who cares, as the brain-rotters of Pluto always used to say. And with that in mind, on with the story....

Now I was at noon. When I was escorted by members of the Chicago in '73 committee. I was immediately set upon with a multitude of questions. "Have you party questions?" I cried, and with a shout of "FABULOUS MONDAY MORNING" I wandered up the Columbus in '73 people. (You see, it was Monday, September 2nd, and the Columbus people had just lost their bid to St. Louis.)

"Well, Chris," I have a bad habit of calling all the Columbus people "Chris", to keep in line with my "Columbus in 1992" bit, "Chris, I say, you boys better give the Chicago fans a run for their money."

"Oh, they'll give us a run for our money all right," chuckled one of the Chicago fans, knowingly.

"That wasn't very polite," I said, and the Chicago fellow said he was sorry.

"How much are your hotel's room rates?" asked a Columbus people to a Chicago person, after I talked about our Lexington. "How much are yours?" said a Chicagoan, and I slipped quietly away.

I was heading down the hall towards the backstagers' room, to pore myself with ASABUDDIN and take myself for a lack of money (but who needs money when you want to eat a nice good "Golden Age" ASABUDDIN?) I heard somebody say, "Say aren't you a Minneapolis people?" I said, yep.

"Yep."

"Well I'm from New Orleans."

"Oh," I stammered, nodding my head. I suddenly realized that the Backstagers' room was closed because it was four o'clock in the morning.

"We're bidding against you for the '73 Worldcon."

"Oh yeah. Sorry -- I'm sort of asleep."

"It's okay. Say, how much are your room rates?"

"Well, we've got the largest hotel in the city, the Lexington --" I was about to say something (note: at this time of the morning, Young habitually forgets the Lexington's room rates -- The Editor.) but I saw this fellow from Texas come along down the hall.

"Say, I want you to meet a friend of mine," I said to the New Orleans fan. "He supports Houston in '73." Now at that time, it wasn't generally known that there was going to be a Houston in '73 bid. (Just last week, we got some sort of flier supporting the Houston bid.) The New Orleans fan, poor guy, dropped his mouth. It fell on the floor, rolled around, and generally got dusty. After he got his mouth back on, he said, "How much are your room rates?"

I slipped quietly away again....into a phonebooth. (However, I was going to make a phone-call back to Minneapolis, not do the Clark Kent bit.)

"Hello, Frank?" I asked. ...and we began slipping to get a better radio of

(A SECOND DISCUSSION) By Redd Hodge

NOTE: While again Redd hasn't given specific consent for this article to be published, so I take all responsibility for it's publication. (Note: This is an editorial in Redd's zine DISCORD, number 11, dated April, 1971. I have changed the copyright date, but if it is copyrighted, then it's done so by Redd. I don't want to presume. Apologies extended to Redd for not getting the copyright information on the reprinting of this material. In the future, I will be sure to take in reprint a Hodge article on Minnesota feminist history that appeared in Herman's LITERICA. Redd has given permission for me to reprint his editorial article. — JH.)

The only difference between the old buildings of the lower loop and the new literary building of Minneapolis, which has sprung up exactly where the old one stood, is an electronic bathtub in a Chic Sale Outhouse, if that place was ever there and holy, while it is bright clean and ugly. But at least the rest of the building's information desk was attractive — as compared with the elderly, ill-spirited types who usually handle those duties and I beamed at her as we walked away. "What is the Twin Cities Fantasy society meeting being held?" I knew the date (1974) but not the location, and this was lucky, for as I said those words a drum seemed to come from the sky, like a breaking harp-string, dying away immediately, and I understood only her gesture toward the southeast corner of the block.

I took the escalator to the second floor, paused to let the nitrogen bubble out of my blood, and almost instantly noticed John F. Anderson, Jr. bounding toward me, resplendent in sports coat and sharply pressed trousers. I blushed for his second-best eventshirt and baggy pants and winced at his youthful energy and enthusiasm. He had been the moving spirit (though Ruth Berman did much of the work) who led this first attempt in nine years at organizing a new Twin Cities meeting, and he led me back to show me the meeting hall he had booked: a large airy room, washed in a great deluge of cold blue fluorescent light and containing 200 empty pastel-green chairs and an equally empty rostrum half a block away. John left me to occupy the premises while he went off to try to round up some more people.

I started to sit in a contour chair, then thought better of it and perched myself at a table. I suddenly realized that the hall wasn't empty after all, but was crowded with ghosts summoned by a breaking harp-string to this bright new location to conduct old familiar business. Oliver Saari and Douglas Blakely and John Chapman were there, in the very first row. And Arden "Buns" Benson and Deb Madson and Carl Jacobbi. And Phil Bronson, passing out copies of *The Fantasist*, and John Gargen and Garry Dickson. And Cliff Simak and Kenny Gray and Richard Kisberry. And Fred Anderson in long stocking cap, flaunting a Wallace button, and Dela Neustadt and Monica Bradley arguing about women. And Morris Bellens, surrounded by tons of photographic and recording equipment, and two dozen other fans of yore were present too. And occupying the rostrum stood Samuel D. Russell, delivering his famous lecture on Yeapians.

I knew that in a little while the meeting would break up and everybody would pile into Saari's Stifnash (long since scrub iron) and, soon down Hennepin avenue to the New High cafe (long since out of business) for the usual post-meeting bullfest over coffee and sandwiches. I stood up and tottered over to the window and looked at my reflection in the dark glass. I looked solid enough, with no trace of actual illness rising up from my extremities. I turned back to the room and gestured toward

and I went with her into town. One, I knew instantly, must have been the woman, the first Minneapolis WPF to bloom since the 1930s. She seemed to be her self-styled take the kid sister, Jean, and I was a little bit awed and slightly to bring forth another Minneapolis WPF. She was a little bit faded; but doesn't resemble anybody at all. She was a little bit friendly, and personable young lady. I fumbled out my forty-five, and she apparently too good to ask for my autograph. Just then another woman, a friend of St. Paul, complete with a scholarly briefcase and the air of a scholar, but of one or the other -- I didn't notice which -- he was the one of the first Earth and waved it aloft as a credential.

It soon appeared that both Ruth and Fred are math students at the university, and they conversed largely in algebras or calculus, full of irrationals, which I was a little bit to be a bit at a loss. I said after awhile. Actually, I was a little bit, although I was pretty good at short division, but this least didn't seem to be, for time reason. I decided that a conversation with Jean would be better. She was a little bit, "How's the world treating you?" I asked brightly. She looked puzzled, and I said meditatively, "According to the dualistic epistemology, the world is composed of two sets of entities: material things and mental states of things. The material things are existentially non-identical with the immediately preceding thing from which they are inferred, and..."

There were other people there in just then, and I wondered if they were material or mental. At any rate they were high school students and SF readers who had never attended before. There were now eight attendees at the meeting, which was a good thing -- the first Minneapolis Fantasy society meeting in November, and a total attendance of nine -- but the big hall swallowed us up like the bottom of the center of the earth. John was, I'm afraid, slightly crushed, although he wouldn't have been; he decided not to hold an official meeting but to hold one at a later date. Ruth invited everybody out to her house for coffee. The house and that I went in one car, while John and I took my redoubtable Fashlar. Being slightly unfamiliar with that corner of the city I made a wrong turn somewhere and drove the Fashlar in a bee-line across lots most of the way, arriving far ahead of the other car.

Forewarned by phone, Ruth's parents made John and I welcome. The stately Bernadette, staring moodily through a couple of black evergreens at Lake Nokomis, is a large place containing the usual furnishings and the even more important requirements for the good life: books, records, musical instruments, and hobby equipment. Ruth's father is a doctor, and was engaged at the moment in the delicate surgical operation of making pizza. As soon as the others arrived, we were ushered into a breakfast room where we ate pizza and chatted with Terry and Miri Carr. The latter two weren't present except as mental states. Inspired by pepperoni and hot coffee and grabbed the phone and dialed Berkeley (the city, not the bishop), and it was the work of but a moment to make contact with the Carrs in order to tell them about this latest event in the history of Twin Cities fandom. Ruth paid for the call, but apparently allowed me to monopolize the phone for several minutes, and just as General Carr permitted me to speak briefly with his sexy wife.

Afterward Ruth showed me her Oz collection -- all those early editions featuring full-color plates by Neill -- and Jean sat down at the grand piano and nonchalantly played Poulenc's "Mouvements Perpetuels" with her shoes off (as an encore she played Beethoven's "Hammerklavier" with a real hammer.) And there was chitter-chatter and deep discussion till it was time to leave. I offered John a ride home (he lives on

(cont.)



TICKET TO THE PAST

PIECE OF A HISTORY by JOHN KUSSEY

((Now we shift from an historical study of Minnesota fandom to the history of another segment of fandom : APAs. APAs are, as you may remember, those groups of fans who publish fanzines, mailing their zines to an official editor (who then collates the fanzines into a big pile called a mailing, and then sends the mailing out to the members.) APA-45 is an APA that was founded in 1964; only a person born after January 1, 1945 can be a member. John Kussey contributes the following article with the following caveat: "Ticket to the Past number one is intended to be part of a series. Others will be written when I feel in the mood, and I hope that the things will eventually provide material for a full-fledged History of APA-45." This piece will be published as a pamphlet early next year, and sent through APA-45.))

-- I --

When Rich Mann resigned as Official Editor of APA-45, I was saddened but not entirely surprised. It was evident that his extensive participation in fandom was hurting his performance in "real" society, and his parents, who were shell-shocked and the money for Rich's education and for his fanish exploits, were becoming more and more dissatisfied. They were disappointed because he showed no ambition to obtain serious work, and they knew that his relatively poor showing in college was a direct result of fandom. Left to himself, Rich Mann probably would have never "burned out," but his parents were quite capable and willing to apply the blowtorch to him.

Therefore, I expected him to begin to limit his fandom. I thought that he would give in to the pressure that was being exerted against him, eventually drop out of WAPS, SDOCLER, TAPS, and SAPS, and stay in APA-45 long enough to complete his term as OE. The APA-45 of the fourth, fifth and sixth mailings had been built by Rich Mann, and he took a great deal of pride in it. He had recruited Joe Statton, Linda Katz, Don D'Amassio, and Gaye Evans. (Not all of these were grade "B" fans, but they provided the variety of personality that a good APA needs.) He had been a leader in developing and pushing through the new constitution, and he had almost singlehandedly changed the group's image from that of a haven for prolific crusade producers to that of a collection of maturing BFFs. However, the forces driving him were greater than I thought, and his eventual capitulation, although following the lines that I had anticipated, was more extensive.

For his successor Rich chose Tom Dupree, and his reasons are still partially unknown to me. Certainly Tom was a capable young man who showed signs of someday turning into a major fan, and his philosophy largely coincided with Rich's; but Hank Ishtrell, the Emergency Editor at the time, also possessed these attributes.

and his appointment would have had the additional advantage of giving something to the constitution. Perhaps Rich feared that the OEWOP, having under William Hays the hands of Missouri's tandem, would never be regained by other sections of the country. In any case, all I can do is speculate. If Rich ever returns from the wilds of the Air Force, perhaps he will explain his thinking.

Tom soon turned out to be a poor choice. It is likely that nobody could have followed Rich Mann successfully, but several other people would have made more of an effort to do so. Tom Dupree seemed to be operating under a laudable false altruism. He made little effort to persuade disenchanted members to stay in the APA, and his own contributions indicated that he was less than enthusiastic himself. Tom wasn't a member of the APA, but he was a member of the OEWOP, and he was a member of the OEWOP. He was the (the official organ) — but an average Official Editor wasn't what APA-45 needed at the time; an excellent one was.

One by one the talented people dropped out, and when they started to go, the average and poor members went with them. Creath Horne, Gregg Wolford, and Joe Staton quit, and then Richie Denzo and Alan Mann followed. (Alan and Rich were the members of the first sibling team in APA-45. Lealeigh and Chris Couch are the second.) Rich Mann himself dropped the APA, inducing Dave Real and most of the rest of the Michigan State crew to give up. Throughout this exodus, Tom Dupree sat in Jackson, Mississippi putting out feeble little APA-45ines and saying "Cee fellows, don't cuth." He was probably doing other things too, but as we shall see, they weren't intended for the benefit of APA-45. It was evident that somebody new was needed, and Don E'Amaze and I began quietly developing our election campaign.

— II —

There are probably as many concepts of what an APA should be as there are APAs, but most of these ideas can be grouped into major categories. Don's concept exists 178 degrees away from mine. He apparently believes that an APA exists to provide a "clearing house" for geniuses, and I believe that it exists to provide a "family" for friends. As soon as we found out who was running, therefore, we dedicated ourselves more firmly to winning. Our common enemy was Tom Dupree, of course, but we didn't feel the bitterness toward him that we felt toward each other. As the election progressed, we became more and more irritated with each other, and the final return only served to intensify this enmity.

Each of us had a firm power base. Alexandria fender provided mine; Jerry Ljung, Alton Byron Chersak and myself. Don's was the Michigan State Crew, many of whom had not dropped out yet; himself, George Fergus, Dave Real, and Lee Carson. In addition, Don was popular with the young members, and I had the support of the older ones. Tom Dupree didn't seem to inspire anybody. A few days before the deadline, I called Alan Mann, the teller. He told me that Don had won by a single vote and that he doubted that any more ballots would be coming in. I was disappointed; I began making preparations to drop the APA, in fact. However, several days later when I came home from work I noticed a large banner pasted to the garage door. As I stepped into the house (my parents and family were away on a trip around Lake Superior), I heard the blaring sound of Mozart's "Last Serenade" — my favorite piece of music, but an odd one with which to celebrate joyful news — and the bubbling of a huge glass of Coke. Then I saw Jerry and Alton beaming with enormous smiles. Jerry was holding a post-card. It was from Alan Mann. It said that two more votes had come in. It said that I had won the election by one vote. Soon afterwards Don quit.

At this period in history being OE of APA-45 didn't even hold the little prestige that it does now. We had only a dozen true members, and a few of them weren't really fans, just friends. We didn't have a treasury, because Tom Dupree had spent it all. Our APA spirit was non-existent. The quality of our mailings was low. Fan-

don't, which had previously taken little notice of us, forgot that such a thing as APA-45 existed. Most fans simply assumed that we had quietly died. But APA-45 had a road map, and as the meeting went by, this group of bitter-enders stood around and gradually, new people came wandering in.

The first mailing that I put out was absolutely discouraging. The only thing of worth in it was Lee Carson's CYRON, and this mailing (number nine) wasn't the low point. I put out two more mailings, each worse than the last, before the quality improved. How did we get along between mailing number nine and mailing number twelve? When an APA hits a low point, the people in it are forced closer together. They begin to feel elits, and they get to know each other very well. Their mailing comments begin to show this, and when a new member stumbles into the group, he is welcomed. He becomes part of the in-group, and he sticks around. Soon another new member comes in, he is treated well, he is brought into the family, and he stays. When an APA has a long waiting list, this doesn't happen. People feel that there is no great harm done if the new member doesn't like the APA, because there are plenty more where he came from. So, by developing a close in-group spirit and by treasuring new members, APA-45 began to lay the foundations for a rebirth.

— John Kueske.

-----REASONS WHY YOU GOT THIS:

___ We trade. ___ You are an honorary member of the Minn-Stf.
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RUNE

C Jim Young
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