

Rune 35, February, 1974, is the clubzine of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc. (Minn-stf). Editing, typing, mimeoing, and collating by Don Blyly, with collating help by whoever he can grab. Collating help last issue by Ken Fletcher, Linda Lounsbury, and Jim Young

MEETING DATES

Upcoming Minn-stf meetings:

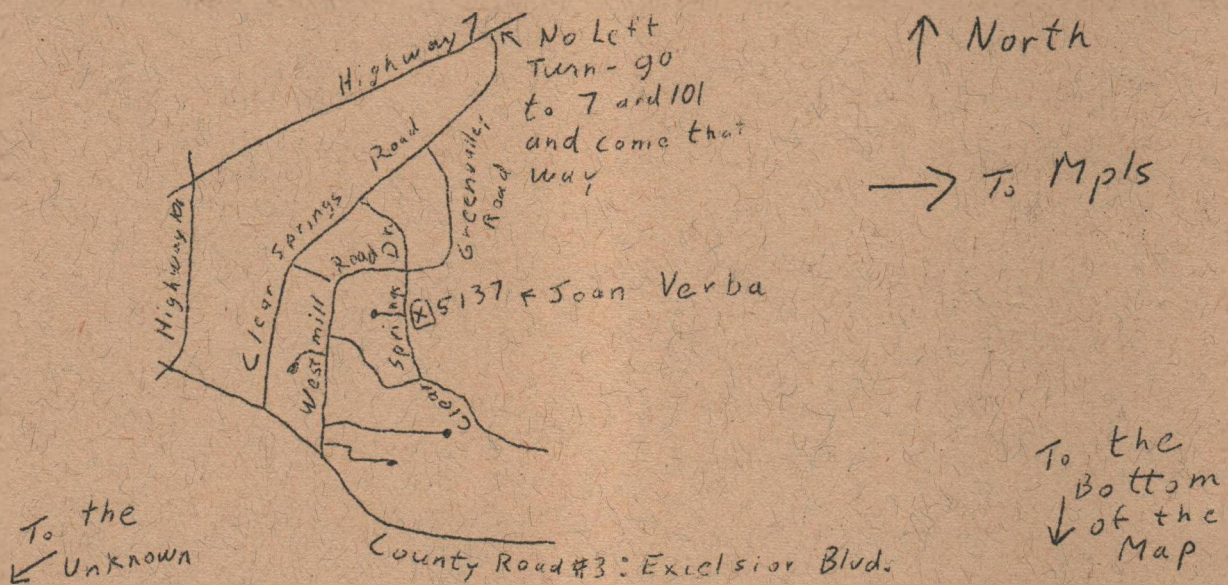
Saturday, February 23, 1974, at 1:00 p.m., at the Hobbitat, 3755 Pillsbury Ave. S., Mpls. (Nominating meeting for the Board of Directors of Minn-stf.)

Saturday, March 9, 1974, at 1:00 p.m., at the apartment of Denny Lien, 2408 Dupont Ave. S. #1, Mpls. (Nominating meeting for the Bored of Directors.. Last meeting to qualify for voting in the election.)

Saturday, March 23, 1974, at 1:00 p.m., at the home of the home of the Lessingers, 4805 Lyndale Ave. S., Mpls. (Election for the Board (Bored) or Directors.)

Saturday, April 6, 1974, at 1:00 p.m., at the home of Joan Verba, 5137 Clear Springs Drive, Minnetonka. (See map.) (Last chance to register in advance for Minicon 8.)

April 12-14, Minicon 8, at the Hotel Dyckman, 27 S. 6th St., Mpls.



There are a lot of non-Minnesota fans who are receiving this Rune for the first time, or who received last Rune for the first time and are also receiving this issue. Many of you are there on the mailing list because we want you to come to Minicon 8. You will receive Rune until Minicon. After Minicon, we will probably remove most of you who have not come to Minicon, or who have not responded in some way to let us know that you are still interested in receiving Rune.

The issue of Insider magazine which was supposed to have hit the stands around the 20th to 25th of January still has not come out (as of February 8). Nice to know that prozine also know the meaning of Real Soon Now. KenFletch read the article before it was sent to the printer and says that it is favorable to fandom and has lots of good info about Minn-stf and Minicon. ((2-9-74. It just came out, and it does NOT have the article in this issue.))

Editorial Natterings

Since last issue a number of interesting things have happened. Rune received three LoC's. (Is that a record?) Mark Hansen got some replies to some of his train letters to Washington. (In effect, they said, "Of course we won't give you a group rate. Why don't you do something sensible like chartering a bus instead of wasting our time with your silly letters." They were slightly more polite than that, but you get the general idea.) So, Mark and I got a lot of information about chartering a bus. (It looks a lot better than either of us had expected, but Greyhound is trying to get a rate increase because of the skyrocketing cost of fuel--which they will probably get at least part of, but nobody knows yet how much the rates will increase. Their representative did tell us that he would be able to guarantee rates to us before Minicon. Also, by chartering the bus we get the right to have a bar on board. Unfortunately, we could not get any additional discount by chartering more than one bus.) Things keep looking better and better for Minicon. (If quite a few people are interested in staying until Monday because of no gas on Sunday--and we expect there will be quite a few people who will--we will simply keep the party going Sunday night in the con suite. The program items look very interesting this year. I expect the art show to be the best one Minicon has ever had. (Bring money so that the artists don't go away broke.) More and more interesting fans and pros keep showing interest. And remember, all you low number freaks, there are still a few low numbers available, but you'll have to hurry.)

Mark Hansen, Kick Tatge, and I went down to Northfield a couple of Tuesday nights for the Carleton College free movies on SF. The second time we went, Chuck Holst also showed up. Both times we spent about an hour to an hour and a half after the movie talking with a good portion of the local fan club. (The bad portion didn't show up.) Participants included Jonathon Adams, Susan Guthmann, David Dyer-Bennet, Robert Thinges, Nori Ann Odoi, and Julie Campbell. Most (hopefully all) of them will be at Minicon. Semi-participants included Bill Titus (who put on the movie series, and afterwards led the bunch of us to a locked room, let us in, and then fled to avoid the resultant fannish insanity) and Susan's roommate (who was supposed to be guarding the building and probably thought we were a mighty suspicious lot. She was right.) A fannish good time was had by all--they even fed us the second visit (which is a good thing since nobody else in Northfield would. The idea of a town with two colleges but not a single hamburger stand croggles the mind.)

My SF course got cancelled because too few people signed up for it. (All of the courses offered had much smaller enrollments than had been expected--the fact that it didn't get above zero for two weeks of the registration period probably had something to do with that.) I talked to some 7th grade English classes about SF. (A very bad experience. The natural tendency of 7th graders to raise hell was enhanced by the fact that the regular teacher was sick that day. Ever try to talk over a loud roar of high pitched voices while dodging paper airplanes--while the substitute teacher chases around little brats who are too busy throwing shoes at each other to pay attention to what you are trying to say. It's a lot different than talking with a class of college students who are very interested in SF.)

I'm currently checking into the possibility of opening up a bookstore, to specialize in SF, fantasy, comics, underground comics, a select few fanzines, and a little SF artwork. If it looks practical, I'll have it open before Minicon.

And I continue to get farther and farther behind in my studying. (At least something is going normally.)

If you get a chance to see Fantastic Planet, you definitely should see it at least once. It is an animated SF movie which I believe was made in Eastern Europe. (The projectionist turned off the projector light halfway thru the credits at the end of the movie, so I don't know for sure where it was made. It was not made in

English, and the names of all the artists sounded Eastern European.) The plot was interesting, and the overall quality of the animation was very good. I'd say that at least half of the animation was superior to any American animation I've ever seen, and there were a couple of short pieces that were absolutely brilliant. (Until I saw this movie, I had always shuddered at the thought of anybody animating Lord of the Rings--just think of hobbits looking like Yogi Bear. But I think the people who did this movie could do LotR so that I would enjoy the movie even more than I enjoyed the novel.) I hope to be able to see the movie again before it leaves town.

Mark Hansen recently complained because he doesn't get any junk mail. No junk mailer has his address. In desperation, he has to resort to ripping open any mail that comes to the Hobbitat marked "Occupant" or "Resident." Won't you please help Mark out. If you have some junk mail you no longer want, give it to Mark. If you have a crudzine laying around, mail it to Mark. It just isn't fair that millions of Americans get junk mail practically every day, but Mark never gets any.

To join Discon II, the 32nd Worldcon, Aug. 29 thru Sept. 2, in Washington, D.C., write to P.O. Box 31127, Washington, D.C. 20031. The first 1000 people to register will receive an illustrated progress report size booklet of Roger Zelazny's poems. (As of Jan. 6, 858 people had registered. You might still have a chance of making the first 1000.) Registration is \$3.00 non-attending; \$5.00 attending according to Linda Bushyager's Karass or \$7.00 attending until June 1 according to Locus. I can't find a Discon progress report, but I believe that the \$5.00 figure is correct. (Luna also lists attending registration as \$5.00.)

The filksong on page 13 of the last Rune was actually written by Blue Petal (as numerous people notified me after it was too late to do anything about the mistake). Sorry, Blue. Also, I understand that it is already a popular song to collate by on the East Coast.

By far the favorite typo of last issue was "secretive cliches." Don't forget to vote for your favorite typo of this issue. I find that I actually make fewer typos on the stuff that compose directly onto stencil than with the stuff that I type and proof-read before I put it on stencil. Strange.

Joyce and Arnie Katz' Fiawol carries the welcome news that Ken Keller has decided to bid Kansas City for the '76 worldcon. Columbus and New Orleans are also bidding, but the last I heard Columbus did not have adequate hotel facilities, and I get the impression that, rather than New Orleans bidding actively for the worldcon, the rest of southern fandom seems to be trying to force it onto them. In Kansas City, the recently remodeled, world-famous convention hotel, The Muelbach Hotel, has promised to set aside 700 rooms. And (digging out my latest copy of Meetings & Conventions, I see that) there are an additional 1180 rooms in other major hotels within one block of the Muelbach. Since Minicon is the largest midwest regional before Mid-

westcon, and since there will be at least one busful of Minneapolis fans going to Discon, it will be interesting to see which of the 3 bidding groups will be sufficiently organized to send a representative or group to Minicon 8.



Kent Leck 74

A Sort-of Addendum to a Sort-of Secretary's Report

The following additions should be made to the Secretary's Report published in Rune 34:

List of Minn-stf meetings for the year--add

December 29:	Holst & Nichols	(33)
January 12:	Blyly & Young & Fletcher & Haskell & Ted & Alice	(38)
January 26:	The Hobbitat	(36)
February 9:	Bob Schmelzer	
February 23:	The Hobbitat	
March 9:	Dennis Lien	

The March 9th meeting, the 26th of the year, will be the last one counted for purposes of qualification as voting members. Nominations for the Board of Directors will be open on the meetings of February 23rd and March 9th; the election will be held at the meeting of March 23rd, at the Lessingers, which will then be the first meeting counted towards qualification for the following year.

Rune 34 printed a list of 25 Minn-stf members who had qualified as voting members by attending seven or more meetings as of December 15, 1973. Three meetings have been held since then and, as of January 26th, the following names should be added:

Carol Anndy	Bob Schmelzer
Don Blyly	Joan Verba
Ken Fletcher	

Also, as of January 26th, the following people have attended from four to six meetings during the year and hence need to attend from one to three of the remaining three to qualify as voting members, if they wish to so do:

Sharon Campeau	(6)	Greg Lien	(6)
Fred Haskell	(5)	Kirby McCauley	(5)
Delores Lennon	(4)	Annette Odren	(6)
Benjy Lessinger	(4)	Chris Sherman	(4)
Elizabeth Lessinger	(4)		

Once again, all of these figures are as of the sign-in sheets circulated at the meetings; no additions have been made from memory, etc.

Dennis Lien
Minn-stf Secretary

Upcoming Event:

SF Play

Stuart Rosen's SF play, Jumpday, will be presented March 1-3 and 8-10, with Friday and Saturday shows at 8 p.m. and Sunday shows at 2 p.m. The Lowry Hill Theatre is in the Trinity Community Church, corner of Bryant Ave. S. and Lincoln (one block north of Franklin). A suggested \$1.00 donation may be contributed at the door.

Minn-stf Minutes Have Risen from the Grave!

Meeting of January 26, 1974, at the Hobbitat

Meeting called to order at 3:40 pm.

Chuck Holst announced that elections for the Board of Directors would be held on March 23rd. Nominations would be open during the meetings of February 23rd and March 9th. As the Minn-stf constitution requires, the election will also decide the number of members to make up the Board for 1974-1975: three, five, seven or nine. The present Board will make no recommendation re number of directors.

Chuck Holst asked for a volunteer to chair the elections (volunteer to supply own chair, though the club might spring for the rental of the whip and pistol loaded with blanks). Mark Hansen stupidly opened his mouth and was thus appointed to volunteer; he indicated that he would form a committee consisting of himself, Mark Hanson, Mark Hanselo, Mark Hansenelo, and any other misspellings of himself created by the secretary over the past year. Discussion followed on question of responsibilities of chairbeing, procedures for getting ballots to eligible voters, etc. It was noted that another Rune would be out before the election. Since the Board (which is elected) is responsible for appointing the officers, it was suggested that anyone desiring, for whatever strange reason, to become an officer make that fact known.



Upcoming meetings and locations were set: February 9 at the home of Bob Schmelzer (as previously announced); February 23 at the Hobbitat; March 9 at Denny Lien's; March 23 at the Lessingers'; April 6 at Joan Verba's.

Don Blyly announced that he was making a Fanac Run to Waseca Office Supply again on Jan. 29 and those interested should place orders with him.

Craig Von Grasstek announced that Speery is having an office supplies sale and that he had purchased and donated a ledger to be used as a sign-in book. (It could also be used as a lampshade, but being rather opaque, it will probably be of more use as a sign-in book.)

Caryl Bucklin reminded people that contributions of Minn-stf supplies, books, etc., were tox-deductable; see her for forms.

Denny Lien made his usual desultory plea that people sign the sign-in sheet.

Almost everybody tried to move that the meeting close, and as a result I can not identify people moving, seconding, thirding, or fourthing this motion. I can report that Caryl Bucklin fifthed it and that Dick Tatge sixth it.

Meeting adjourned at 4:00 pm.

Letter Column

Harry Warner, 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

I'm appreciative of the issues of Rune which have begun to arrive again. I've enjoyed these two recent issues very much. Since I missed the Torcon and photographs from that event haven't been copious in fanzines, the picture pages in the 33rd issue were of particular interest to me. You people seem to have learned some lessons from German fans, who normally are the only people who are able to take and reproduce con photographs as clearly as this, with heads big enough to be seen without energy-consuming squints. The photographs also bear out what almost everyone has been saying about the Torcon: how friendly and enjoyable a con it was. The relaxed poses and genial expressions here seem to prove that fact.

The Walt Kelly obituary was exactly right. I suppose that this death will touch off in fandom a great revival of interest in this cartoonist. Fans were among the first people to take him seriously, before he had gained his full national prominence. Maybe the older fans began later to fear they'd be mistaken for comic fans if they continued to write and talk about Pogo, because it has been a dozen years perhaps since the comic strip has figured prominently in fanzines. Kelly's genius was probably as great as that of Disney, in a lot of ways.

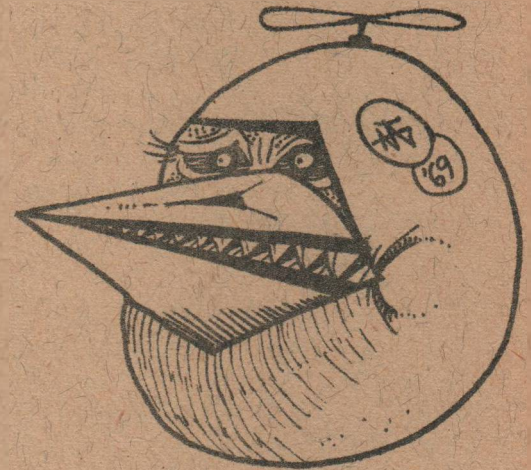
Chuck Holst's ponderings in this issue about the club's future must have been echoed by almost every municipal fan club's president at one time or another. I hope you people are able to work out the present problems without a feud or great dwindling of membership. [Before last issue, the average size of meetings was 22, with 30 being the largest attendance for the last year. Since last issue, we have had two very friendly, interesting meetings with 38 fans at one and 36 at the other. I don't think we or you have to worry about a great dwindling of membership.] I have never belonged to a local fan club so I don't have the slightest practical experience in what might work. But I've always wondered why other clubs don't test the system that the Los Angeles club maintained so many years: a formal meeting followed immediately by an informal meeting; members could attend either or both as they wished; and it seemed to work particularly well when the club was meeting in a cafe, where there was food and drink to help the sociability during the meeting after the meeting. [Minn-stf meetings are held at the home of various club members, with the home-owner providing some refreshments and the attendees bringing some soda, beer, and munchies. This is a good arrangement for informal meetings with clusters of people scattered about the house, but most homes are not designed for formal programming for 30-35 people. Thus, we can sometimes have a slide presentation or show a short film for those people who are interested, if the particular house has a room suitable for that purpose, but a panel discussion or guest speaker is out of the question. And most Minn-stf members are sufficiently socially inclined to prefer the present informal meetings with little formal programming to the possibility of moving to a location good for formal programming but deadly to friendly drinking and talking.]

However, when I think about what has happened at cons, I can't help wondering if ten years from now we won't be looking back on this kind of problem as a quaint reminder of how different things used to be in fandom. I wouldn't be surprised if local club meetings in the 1980's begin after work or school late Friday afternoon, continue through Saturday and Sunday, are officially ended at dawn Monday so people who must get away can do so, but linger with diminished numbers on hand for another day or two. If transportation becomes more difficult to accomplish over long distances, local club meetings may become quite similar to today's regional cons.

In the 34th issue, the KenFletch illustrations almost made up for the lack of worldcon pictures. Come to think of it, you might have had trouble finding a new worldcon to use for subject matter in time for your sixth annish. [Actually, we did come up with another worldcon in time for last issue, but we decided to wait

until this issue to publish a conreport on it. Never underestimate the ability of crazy Minneapolis fans to find fun cons!/
 I hope you can accomplish something with the rent-a-train project. It's conceivable that the Minnesota Science Fiction Society could purchase the Penn Central Railroad for approximately the \$82 per person rate you were quoted for a group round trip fare to Washington. But maybe you people feel that this would be too ostentatious or something. /Actually, we simply aren't interested in becoming quite that non-profit ./ I agree with you about the ability of comparatively few letters to politicians to accomplish things, as long as they are clearly the work of individuals writing them, not literally copied from some kind of form letter.

One other possibility might be to tackle the matter from the travel bureau angle. There must be some kind of national association of travel agencies to which local travel businesses belong. I would imagine that the severe cutbacks in airline service would be making travel agents nervous about how badly their commissions may be cut in the future. It's conceivable that travel business people are already thinking about an attempt to substitute train accommodations for the intra-continental tourist groups which are not going to find it as easy to arrange for charter flights. (It must be getting bad, because I just read about a college football team that will be forced to cancel one game on its 1974 schedule for inability to find guaranteed transportation from one coast to the other.) If you could get a travel agency association to add its clout to yours, it might help convince people in Washington about the economic effect on tourist attractions which could result if fast private car service were made available on trains to the groups that may not be able to find jets this coming season.



The minutes are entertaining, and much more coherent than most such documents. I have this strange delight in learning inside secrets about which hotel is nasty to fans even when they can't possibly concern me.

As I should have said at the outset, I'm glad to see you publishing something again. It did give me a considerable start to find you publishing a fanzine 'way up there, though. /I still find that there are many fannish activities that I enjoy a lot more than typing stencils, so I hope to only publish another issue or two of Rune after this issue before turning it back to Bev Swanson. Of course, when publishing a fanzine, it's always nice to publish a clubzine so that you don't have to pay for supplies or postage./

Gerry Wassenaar handed me the following report on Bob Ferris:

Minnstf's alternate universe has, I'm afraid, put in another appearance. A letter to the editor of Rune showed up in my refrigerator wrapped around a pound of summer sausage. I assume it came to me rather than Don Blyly, the new Rune co-editor, because Bob just wasn't sure who was editing Rune these days. There were parts I couldn't make out but I have tried to reproduce faithfully as much as possible.

Dear ?

Chuck Wagon's editorial or statement in the last issue of Ruined is most welcome. The trouble with Minnstf is that it just isn't serious enough.

What has happened to purpose? Where is the meaning? Why aren't we hammering away at the multimedia project like we should? Why aren't we tripping people at Shinder's and saying, "Hi, I read SF, too. Want to be a fan?" What has happened to Frank Smokeyvision's great idea of Minnstf Conquers the Universe? Let's stop fooling around with those damned fannish fans. If John Cussed and Mike Apa don't listen to reason, throw them out. If that doesn't work, we have to. . . . ought to put stink bombs in their guitars. . . .can't let them push us around. . . .nothing like good tow hour business meetings to separate the wheat from the shaft. . . .

Mike Glicksohn, 141 High Park Ave., Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3, Canada

The latest of your club bulletins arrived complete with Minicon PR #1 and the mystic rune on the envelope "Address Correction Requested." Herewith my compliance with that demand. Since I would very much like to make Minicon, I'd appreciate your updating your records for me. [Your change of address is noted.]

Rune 33 was greatly enjoyed, mostly for its photos of Torcon 2 and Chuck's extremely humorous captions. Excellent writing, and damn good photos too. I'm also glad to hear of yet more attendees who enjoyed the con. Some people didn't, but they're a very definite minority so far.

Looking forward to meeting more of you in a more relaxed atmosphere some day, like at Minicon.

TANSTAAFL

or

Fandom is Just a God-Damned Way of Life
by Frank Stodolka

Chuck Holst and Don Blyly have opened the issue of Minn-stf growth and meeting arrangements in previous issues of the Rune. The bad feelings that a few Minn-stfers have concerning Minneapa's use of space at our meetings is only one symptom of a space shortage caused by growth. This response to their sincere and well thought-out analyses of the problem is an effort to put our growth into perspective and to generate alternatives for solving the shortage problem.

Slowly but surely we have outgrown the apartments and homes of many of our members. This growth has created a housing problem compounded by two very unique aspects of our membership: the diversity of activities we bring to our meetings and our preference for a homey congenial atmosphere at meetings. Each of these aspects separately can be considered as natural expressions of our Minn-stfers' openness to each other and desire to share our fun at meetings. But crammed into a Minn-stf meeting with games and guitars in a small apartment, diversity and hominess are about as complimentary as tribbles in a Klingon star ship.

Until Chuck and Don opened this dialogue in Rune, most Minn-stfers responded to this lack of meeting space by cliquing a bit, stretching out meeting times and, yes, even grouching. Now we're a sociable lot but we too have our limits. No matter how much we may want to talk to everybody new at a meeting there's always that old somebody special we're engrossed in--and time passes. Meeting times have been known to stretch from 1 p.m. Saturday afternoon to late at night. Some fen have left the Hobbitat Sunday morning.

If we grouch a little because the Minneapa collating took too much space, or the filk singing drowned out the Risk games, the grouching is softened by all the good times we've had together. Although our meetings have grown--they've grown

slowly. And through the years we've gotten to know each other well enough to not only handle these personality hassles but also work together on our fanac.

The biggest fan activity in Minn-stf right now is Minicon and I think this on-going project of ours can serve as an example of how to handle the housing problem created by our growth. Like our Minn-stf meetings, Minicons have been slowly growing with more fen attending each time. Minicons have seldom suffered from the tight clique stuff we've seen at many other cons--partly because there's so much to do at a Minicon. Like our meetings we've been stretching our conventions out with pre-con and post-con parties.

We have every reason to congratulate ourselves on having a very good convention. Minicon is so successful because, as it has grown, so has our support for the con committees that have run it through the years. The growth of Minicon has been paralleled by the growth of a bunch of fans who have earned this support through the work that they do on the con. So, I ask you, if we can put this kind of effort into a convention, once or twice a year, why can't we put it into solving our meeting space problem?

In the last few months I have been giving a lot more thought to the alternatives open to us for Minn-stf housing. So far the best type of structure that would suit



our needs seems to be a duplex, although how the duplex would be owned or financed is entirely open to discussion. A duplex would allow separating the meeting facilities from the dwelling of the fen who would live in and provide daily maintenance for the structure. This means that meetings could be held there any time by Minn-stf when we are on a flexible summer schedule or by any of our fans with a special interest in gaming, writing, or just browsing in the Minn-stf library.

Gordy Dickson has suggested that one way to handle the ownership thing is to incorporate a separate non-profit group that could purchase the duplex, fix it up, and live in half of it as "caretakers." On the other hand, since Minn-stf itself is a non-profit group, any group or private individual (pronounced "angel") who let us have part of a duplex rent-free can take a tremendous tax break. That's the whole idea behind our non-profit incorporation.

Yet another ownership alternative is to take advantage of our non-profit status to bid on some of the FHA repossessed structures now available. Just as a blue-sky estimate, we could probably buy and fix one of these up for \$8000--maybe a third of the market value. Even if the price varied considerably from one structure to another, the savings would be fantastic.

Right now the quickest and least expensive way to solve our housing problem, no matter who owns the structure, seems to involve fixing up an older duplex.

All the other alternatives that Minn-stf officers have examined in the past involved exorbitant rents and/or an institutional environment. This is not to say that there aren't any other organizations left that could provide comfortable housing. However, serious pursuit of an institutional arrangement require changing some attitudes about "hominess". Is that worth visiting every church, YMCA, public library, and Elk's lodge in the city?

Whatever direction we take, it is now clear that we need your ideas, your opinions, and your support now. The space shortage problem is, without a doubt, the toughest problem we've ever encountered. But I have no doubt that we can solve it.

A FIELD REPORT

on the 1973 Worldcon in Minneapolis

by Dr. Dodd Clegler, Chairman
of the Institute of Trans-
Temporal Fannish Studies.

On schedule, my trans-temporal transporter had deposited me behind a rubber plant in the lobby of the Hotel Lemmington in Minneapolis. The date was 30 August 1973, a Thursday. It took me several minutes to disentangle myself from the luggage of a fan I recognized from our identity tapes as Bob Vardeman --as I had several questions to ask Bob in regard to the source of the infamous Sandworm puns, I was quite disappointed upon my recovery to find that Bob had already checked in and was shuffling into one of the hotel's 64 elevators to take his luggage to his room. I am not as spry as I used to be. I headed for the convention registration desk on the second floor.

"I'd like the lowest number available," I told the woman at the registration desk. I thought I recognized her --but she seemed only vaguely familiar, and her five o'clock shadow seemed disarming to me.

"The lowest one is 2,147. Have you figured out who you're going to support for the next worldcon yet?"

"No," I said as I picked up my finished registration materials. The woman began to say something when I was swept away, luggage still in hand, by a large number of people rushing through the convention area.

"Where are you taking me?" I croaked. They didn't answer, but I heard some of them mumble "Gridban" and "Zagat." Suddenly they stopped, and I found myself in one of the main meeting rooms. There were several people up on the platform, seated in pairs, opposite one another. I quickly leafed through my program book and found that the current program involved Arthur Leo Zagat, Volsted Gridban, Vektis Brack and Vargo Statten. All of them were participating via Ouija boards. I carefully noted this down in my little notebook --it seemed like a dangerously creative item. I'd have to do something about it...

I waited until the discussion finished--Zagat claimed that he seriously considered everything Statten had done to be utter crap, but thought Brack could really write--and then prepared for a debate between Bob Tucker, Gordy Dickson and Poul Anderson.

"Grain Belt," were the only words Dickson said to open the debate. Immediately Tucker began to shake his head. "Beam's Choice," said the latter. Then Anderson chimed in: "Scotch in deference to Gordy, but Grain Belt über alles." "Beam's," said Tucker. "Grain Belt," said Dickson. "But Gordy, I thought sure you'd want scotch," said Anderson. For ninety minutes the debate continued. Then a waiter, who had been waiting at the foot of the podium shouted in a voice all could hear, "Grain Belt it'll be!" The waiter left the hall, and just then the convention committee cleared the room. I was unable to find out whether or not the waiter found the three men later on; the next time I come to this convention I'll watch him more carefully.

Despite my provision of stamina pills, I found myself overcome with hunger. I'd have to have that taken care of next time I went in for rejuvenation. I headed for the hotel's coffee shop.

The restaurant was packed. I sat down at the counter and discovered that I was sitting at the left-side of Bob Vardeman.

"Vardeman, old man," I said; and as I did so, somebody on my left said, "Yes?" I turned my head, and there was Vardeman. Quickly I looked back to my right, but the seat was empty. Another nameless fan sat down in the seat. This struck me as odd --I would make a notation of it later. I had heard the wides-

pread rumors, of course, that there had been several Vardebob simulacra at Noreascon; I had the strange feeling that I had just stumbled upon one--or some--of them. I began to chat with Vardeman while waiting for my order to come. Strange, but he talked mostly about fishing. I couldn't imagine why, and so I decided to note it also. Were fish and oceanic currents becoming current fannish topics of conversation? If so, it might be dangerous trend that would have to be swerved aside. The hamburger made its way to me after about two hours; the pickle tasted more like hamburger than the patty. Vardeman got up and left after seeing it. I was nevertheless so hungry that I actually ate it all. As I waited in line by the cash register I saw Vardeman enter the restaurant once more; he must have been overcome by hunger, I surmised.

I ran into Vardeman again while trying to get through the crowd waiting to get into the coffee shop. "David," Vardeman said, calling me by my assumed name, "let's go to the Minneapolis in '73 party." It sounded like a good idea, so I followed him. Then I realized what he had said.

"Vardeman, old bean, don't you mean the Minneapolis party--not 'the Minneapolis in '73 party?'"

"You have to understand Crazy Minneapolis Fandom. They'll be throwing Minneapolis in '73 parties for centuries to come, in or out of Minneapolis. It's the Minneapolis metaphysic. You know, tuna are doing quite well in the Pacific this year...."

We were swallowed by one of the gigantic elevators and whisked to the 14th floor. A giant party was obviously in progress. A hub-bub worthy of the Roman Senate was in progress, and music of several kinds filtered through the noise of conversation.

"Excuse me, Vardeman, but--" I turned to speak to him, but he was gone. Then I turned around, and Bob Vardeman, wearing a suitcoat--which he had not been wearing before--confronted me.

"Well there you are," I said. "Now tell me, rather than the Minneapolis 'metaphysic', don't you mean the Minneapolis 'ethic'?"

"No, that's too sercon. It's Crazy Minneapolis Fandom, you know." He walked off, mymbing about getting a drink.

I began to suspect that the Zeppelin race, scheduled for the last morning of the con, was not a hoax. I pulled out my notebook, ready to make certain that my agents in the future would make the race impossible, when I heard the word "smooth" bellowed out in such a bizarre, outrageous manner, that I dropped my book. That any single voice should have been able to carry over that noise, that veritable charivari, was enough to make anyone drop their notebook. I looked down at the floor, but couldn't see the thing. Dropping quickly to my knees, despite advancing stiffness of the joints--I'd have to get that taken care of, next rejuvenation--I began to search for the book. It was nowhere to be found.

In the sweltering heat of that room, terror began to grip me. What if someone here should find my book and realize that it contained information on what would be changed--how it would be changed--and by whom it would be manipulated. Why, even certain Trans-temporal formulae were in that manual! Disaster had befallen me in the midst of an extremely routine operation.

I pushed my way toward the bar, in hope that someone had left my book off there. There was a tremendous throng of young male fans, oggling around the belly-dancers, and it was a tight squeeze through that part of the room. When I got to the bar I found Vardeman in charge of operations.

"Vardeman," I croaked, "have you seen my notebook? I just lost it. It's about this big, black--" I gasped to catch my breath.

"No, nothing's been turned in here. What you need is a drink. Have some saki. It's quite good, get it imported you know. Would you care for some abalone in sweet sauce? I got it imported too...." I wandered away into the crowd, drink in hand. I suppose this is what writers refer to as a daze, I thought to

myself. I was almost totally unable to think; I decided to find out where the "smooth" roar had come from.

As I approached the spot near where I lost the book, I began to ask members of the con committee who had enunciated that horrible yell. "Oh, it must've been Tucker. Tucker always does that, it's his reputation, but have I told you about the slan shack I'm going to build with the money we make on the con?" I begged off, and deftly manipulated the fellow into conversation with a few nearby neofans.

"Say," I felt a hand grab my elbow and turn me 'round. It was the slan-shack fellow again. I examined the quality of the ceiling tiles for a few minutes then asked, "Do you know Bob Vardeman?"

"Sure, sure, Vardeman's been very helpful this con. In fact, you wouldn't believe how much help Bob can be when he puts his mind to it. Why there's Bob Tucker. Say, do you know Bob Tucker? Why don't I introduce you?"

The man led me over to Tucker, grabbing my elbow all the way, and began to introduce me. "Say, I don't think I caught your name."

"I didn't throw it," I told the slan-shack fellow. "I'm David." I extended my hand to shake Tucker's, but he lifted a bottle to his lips, drank for a few minutes, then hollered once more, "Smoothooth." At first the floor shook, then the chandeliers rattled. I got to my feet finally, and as I did I saw one of the hotel porters carrying my book. I gave a few excuses, and ran off after the bell-boy.

I took the 14-floor escalator to the main lobby of the hotel and asked about the bell-boy who had been carrying my journal. I left a small gratuity with the person at the desk and carefully noted the time--11:55 P.M., Central Daylight Time, 30 August 1973. I felt certain that I could catch some sleep while waiting for my notebook to arrive; I walked over to a sofa and sat down. Bob Vardeman was sleeping, head in hand, at the other end of the couch. So even Vardeman must sleep on occasion! I settled down, and saw Vardeman running off towards the elevator. I couldn't see Vardeman there, thought I could have sworn that I had seen him. I guessed that I needed some rest.

Every half hour I got up and walked to the lobby desk, asking for my notebook. At four that morning I felt that it was time to quit; the man must have turned it over to his captain. I tipped the young man at the desk so that he would keep a sharp look-out for my notebook and he said, "Thanks, mister." Now that phrase had been a code word last week for some of the Institute's operatives in this period. I looked him over, but I was certain he wasn't one of our men. Could there be some sort of counter operation going on against us here?

I adjourned to my room, certain I could straighten everything out in a second tour of this convention. The next day, I awoke in time to catch the panel discussion with Bob Tucker, Mike Moorcock, Phil Farmer and Dick Lupoff on the future of Zeppelins in SF. I sat through a panel of former Minneapolis fans--discreetly photographing them all--which included such semi-mythical fans as Oliver Saari, Redd Boggs, Art Saha and Walt Schwartz. My vision, slightly blurred from loss of sleep, made me wonder if they were all there. I could have sworn that at least three Bob Vardemans stood at the bottom of the stage just before the panel began; it seemed that some of the old-time fans were a bit fuzzy around the edges. Suddenly I became completely awake. Fuzzy around the edges, eh?



Any one who had ever gone through a preliminary course in trans-temporal transmission knew that fuzzy edges indicated a poor transmission. Had some of those old Minneapolis fans been sent from the future? I would have to examine the photos carefully to be sure.

The parties that night were even more grandiose than the night before. Three Goodyear blimps had been rented and had been moored to the hotel during the day. The blimps had then been connected by walkways to the party suites so that there would be room for all the fans. While watching a fish-fry in one of the blimps I heard that Vardeman planned to bid for the 1975 worldcon. It was the first I heard of such a notion. It sounded more than a bit fishy to me; but Vardeman was a fan who could scale any heights. Just then, someone handed me a fin.

"What am I supposed to do with this?" I asked.

"It's the entrance ticket to Vardeman's Secret Stencils of Fandom party, room 1492.5." I pocketed the fin, after carefully wiping it off--it was a bit fresh and thus somewhat slimy--and headed for Vardeman's party.

As I entered the room, I realized that a terrible argument raged therein. Apparently some Antarctica fans were challenging Vardeman's bid. "We've never had a worldcon before, we deserve it."

"Much as I'd like to say you deserve it," said Vardeman wittily, "you don't." The fans applauded and howled with laughter at Vardeman's remark. The Antarctica fans turned red in the face in unison. Making a mental note of the proceedings, I decided to catch a few of the other parties. I went to one party in which the members of First Fandom were listening to Mozart; he was speaking in German, however, and my knowledge of that language wasn't too good. I left for another party at which Ann Passovoy and Juanita Coulson were singing when Bob Vardeman walked up to me and asked me to vote for his worldcon bid.

"I know you're an important fan, David," he said. "Vote for me and I'm sure we'll put on a great worldcon for you."

I left for another blimp party, but the fumes were so strong there--the blimp had been elevated, you see--that I was making my way down the gangway towards the hotel when I met Vardeman once more. "We'll put on a worldcon you won't believe." I shook his hand, smiled, and walked on.

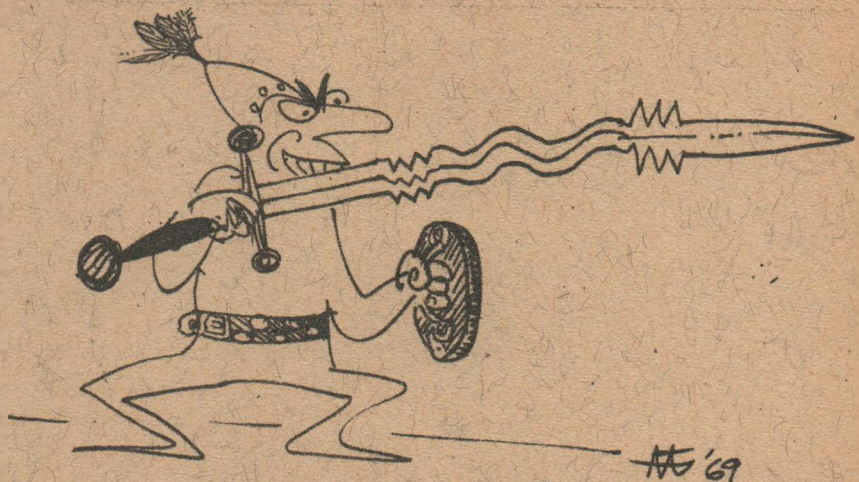
Then I saw that porter carrying my notebook. I chased down the hall after him. He was calling out, "Paging Mr. D. Oddcleg Lear. Paging..." I nearly caught up with him when he entered a party. I struggled to get through the door, but my height and unfortunate girth made it slow going; the bell-boy had passed into the party between the legs of those people caught in the door.

I headed down to see the movies. The local club had produced a feature-length film, directed by Bob Ferris, called Frank Smokyvision Conquers the Universe. Lots of plot in the thing, but less action than I expected. Some of the special effects were decent, though; some of the scenes in which mole-hills were turned into mountains were very effective.

Saturday I came down with a bit of time-sickness. It happens to even the most experienced of us. I barely made it down to the voting session for the 1975 worldcon. About 120 people attended the site selection meeting, 70 of whom were Bob Vardeman. Now I knew that my suspicions were well-founded. There were tens on tens of Vardeman simulacra here! The Antarctica bid had sunk, and the Minneapolis in '73 bid had never had a chance. They had already had a worldcon, after all.

That night the costume ball was quite enjoyable, though one dissident from the SCA showed up and tried to skewer a hotel detective with his sword. He got up on the runway for the masquerade, shouting "Run varlet! The only good swordsman is a crooked swordsman!" I found the whole affair distasteful, completely indicative of what I have endeavored so long and hard to eradicate in fandom. Frivolousness incarnate!

Sunday, I spent a good deal of time in the huckster's area. Several bookstores had been moved into the hotel, down to the waste-paper baskets, and outside one of these I heard Vardeman claiming that he had discovered ludefisk and was soon to open a northern office. I made a note of the term "ludefisk" for future reference. Perhaps it was part of Vardeman's secret simulacra process. Doubtlessly, he would have to be deprived of his process, whatever the case.



I decided to tour the art-show that afternoon. I was quite impressed by the heroic sculpture that had been displayed in the show; one equine fountain caught my fancy. I had never seen a statue of a urinating horse so artful and creative. I would get a copy of this piece, I vowed.

In the coffee shop, I heard the rumor that all the Vardemans had disappeared. Quite a few angry mutterings were to be heard, damning the man for the room-stuffing he had pulled during the site selection. Much of the fannishness had temporarily evaporated from the convention because of it. This presented me with a severe dilemma--for I had to rid the convention of fannishness, and also rid it of Vardeman simulacra. If I removed the simulacra, fannishness might grow to unremovable heights.

As I left the restaurant I saw the bell-boy with my notebook.

"Boy, I'm Lear and that's my notebook."

"Are you Mr. D. Oddleg Lear?"

"Yes, yes, that's right." I looked around, and admitted to this gross mispronunciation of my real name because no one was nearby who could possibly identify me. I grabbed my book and handed the boy a hundred dollar bill. "Did you read through any of it?"

"No, I don't read so good. I tried reading some of this science fiction stuff though. Boy, it was strange. Weird, you know?"

"Fine son, fine." I ran off to my room. I checked through the book, and all the pages were intact. Quickly I used the calculator imbedded in the backcover of the volume, checking some mental calculations I had made. To my horror I discovered that if I manipulated Vardeman out of his simulacras, the convention would become so faanish that all of fanism would become uncontrollable for years to come. And if I left it alone, the last days of the con would gradually become even more fannish than any previous worldcon. I had one chance.

Tonight at the banquet, Killgore Trout would make his guest of honor speech. Isaac Asimov would be toastmaster. If I could place an essence-of-fish capsule in Asimov's food, and add a drop of anger-enhancer in Trout's water, I would be able to dampen the faanishness of this convention.

The hours moved slowly toward the banquet. I wandered around the hotel for ten minutes once an hour, finding out how the principles in my little drama were doing. Asimov was boasting that he had produced some of his greatest masterpieces of wit for the occasion. That bothered me until I used the snooperscope in my notebook to read the stuff. It was tripe, utter tripe. Only with a totally drunken audience and miraculous delivery could any of that so-called Asimovian humor be termed moderately amusing.

They say the bell-boy will recover the use of his jaw.

I guess.

Asimov got up, and I was surprised--though I could not hear what he was saying through the buzzing that seemed to plague the P... system--to find the fans at my banquet table hit by some spasmodic attack. Then I realized that they were laughing. Asimov had the delivery, and the wine had the audience. I tried to do some calculations in my head--since I did not dare try to use either my calculator or take pen to napkin for fear of being observed--and I realized disaster had set in. Something unprecedented was about to take place, something with extremely faanish overtones. Worst of all, things would only become more faanish if I tried to change anything. I would have to leave the vicinity soon, and never try to manipulate the convention, or it would become even more faanish.

"There are few...and so I said...now I humbly present...." The fans applauded, laughed, stood on the tables, and Killgore Trout rose to the podium.

Trout farted.

Asimov stood up to quiet the audience as I neared the exit. I turned to hear what he said.

In sheer disgust I left the room. The convention, as far as I could do anything to save it from itself, was a lost cause. "I heard the peels of laughter, echoing cosmically from that vast banquet hall. I walked across the lobby to the registration desk and asked to check out. A boy was sent up to my room to get my luggage. When he returned with it, I had paid for my room and was ready to leave. I tipped the



boy to leave my baggage--only one suitcase, actually--by one potted palm, and dialed in my notebook for the trans-temporal iris to open in the wall. I stopped the iris though, as I noticed a horde of Vardeman simulacra swarming through the lobby.

"What are you all doing?" I asked.

One of them turned to me and said, "We're looking for a site for our worldcon." As one they all got down on hands and knees and began to examine the floor. Someone tapped me on the shoulder. I turned, and there was a Vardeman.

"They're actually getting ready for an after-the-banquet skit. I'm Bob Vardeman, by the way. Have I met you? Would you like to buy some nice Atlantic Whitefish?"

"No thanks," I said as I walked away. "By the way," I added in a tone heavy with significance, "do you know what's gone on in there?" I gestured towards the banquet hall. Vardeman shook his head negatively. "You better go in there and find out before you present a skit. There's been more than hot air passed in there."

"You don't mean--" and Vardeman began to laugh outrageously. He staggered through the doors of the banquet hall, followed by his troops.

Quietly I opened the trans-temporal field, grabbed my suitcase, and stepped through into my world, my time. I irised the field closed behind me and breathed a sigh of relief. This was one operation that could only be termed a "real stinker."

Son of Letter Column

Since the earlier letter column was typed, Rune has received letters from Jackie Franke, Morris Scott Dollens, and Garth Danielson (who actually sent some money to help us cover postage--a novel idea). I am going to quote part of Jackie's letter:

Jackie Franke, Box 51A RR2, Beecher, Ill. 60401

While Bruce Gillespie was here, after our stay in Heyworth, we came up with the notion of establishing a fan-fund to send Bob Tucker to the Worldcon in 1975. I contacted Tucker about it, and after due consideration, he's given his full approval. Gene Wolfe kicked it off with donations of cash and auctionable material and an account has been set up at the American National Bank in So. Chicago Heights, Ill. (60411) in the name of The Tucker Fund (courtesy of the creative mind of aforementioned Gene Wolfe). Bruce will be accepting contributions at his address (GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia) in the same name.

Because of the current DUFF and TAFF campaigns, full-scale activity will not begin until June 1st, though we would like to have it made known that it will be on, and start soliciting auction material in early April. A fundzine TUCKERBAG (pubbed by me *sigh*) will be sent out June 1st with (hopefully) auction



items and progress notes. Update issues will be released as needed.

A zine of reprinted material from Tucker's fannish writings will be made available in mid-June. Bob Bloch has done the introduction, Dave Locke (AWRY) is handling the layout & stenciling, and various artists, pro & fan, are being contacted for illustrations. I expect it to run in the 75¢-\$1.00 range, with about 300-500 copies to be made.

Naturally, contributions, donations of material (to remain in possession of donor until auction is completed), suggestions, criticisms, comments, in fact anything but rectangular, ticking objects will be acceptable and welcome by me.

We'll need at least \$1,000.00 by June of 1975 in order to send Bob on what, I'm sure, will be the trip of his lifetime. Records are being made of all contributions (though not being actively sought until after June 1st, as mentioned) so in case (Ghod forbid) we fail to collect the necessary amount, refunds will be made. We are, of course, hoping that such a necessity will not occur.

We all know what Bob has done for fandom--it surely would not exist as it does if not for him--we hope you'll agree that it's time for fandom to do something for Tucker. After his recent eye problems and his semi-retirement, he never could afford a trip to Aussiecon on his own. We'd like to make it possible.

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