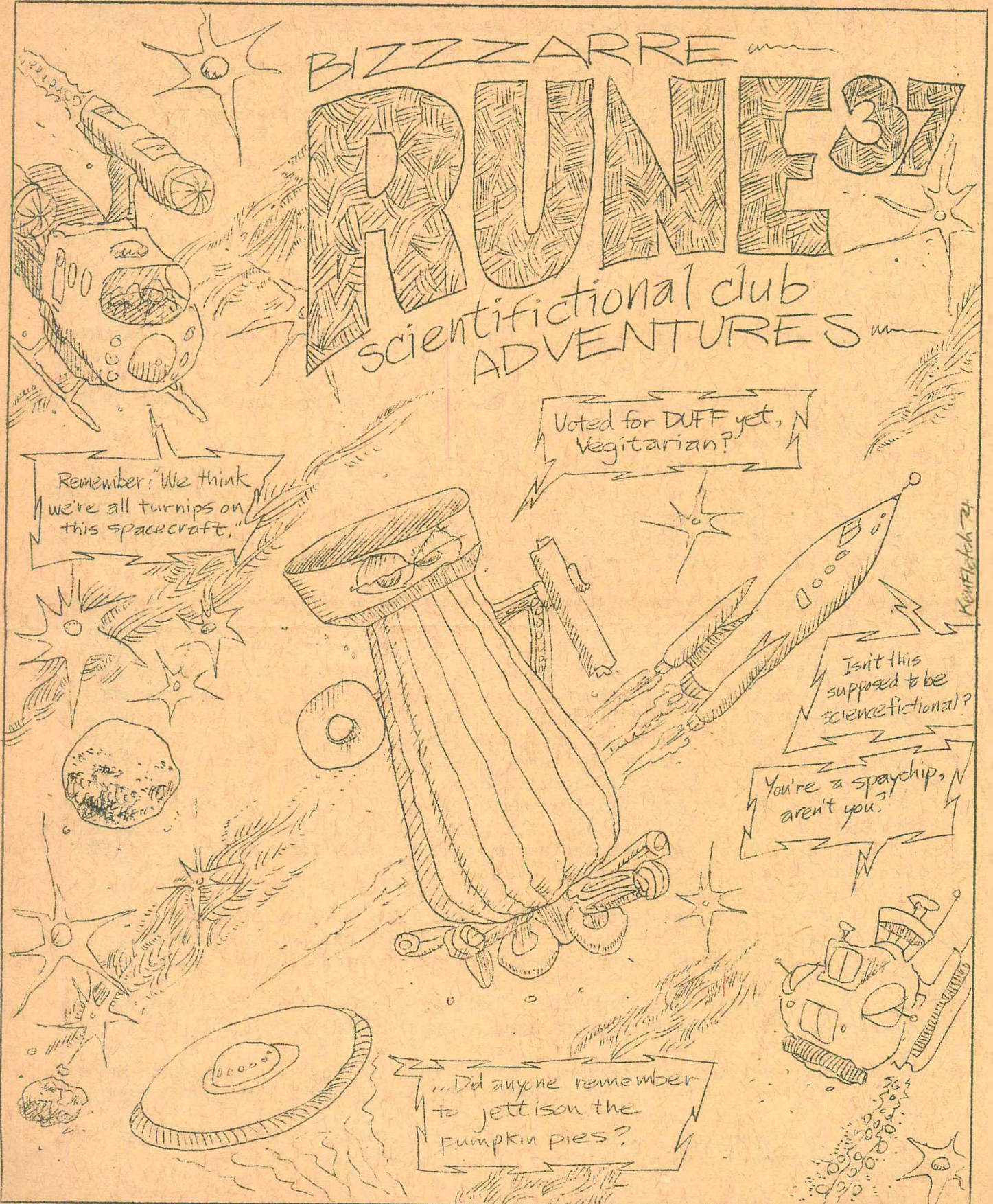


# BIZZARRE RUNE 37

scientific club  
ADVENTURES



IN THIS ISSUE: Bob Tucker meets the Intergalactic Squash! (PAGE 345)



Rune 37, May, 1974, is the clubzine of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc. (Minn-stf). It is sent to people we think might be interested in it. If people decide that they want to send us sticky quarters (or sticky dollar bills) for it, we don't object. We also keep track of such things.

Bev Swanson and Jeff Appelbaum are supposed to be editing this Rune, but they are currently enjoying themselves (along with Chuck Holst, Dick Tatge, and Blue Petal) in Nashville. Typing this issue by Denny Lien, Jerry Stearns, Dave Wixon, and Don Blyly. Mimeographing by Don Blyly. If she gets back in time, Bev might also type a page or two. Sorry about the shortage of interior illos this issue. With so many different people typing, it would have been rather difficult to coordinate placement of illos.

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#### MEETING DATES

Saturday, May 18, 1974, at 1:00 p.m., at the home of Don Bailey, 4143 S. 25th Ave., Mpls.

Saturday, June 1, 1974, at 1:00 p.m., at the home of Jeff Appelbaum, 5836 W. 25 $\frac{1}{2}$  St., St. Louis Park.

After June 1, Minn-stf will go to its traditional summer meeting schedule, which involves a Saturday meeting every third weekend (to give people more free weekends) with a Tuesday or Wednesday evening meeting a week and a half after each Saturday meeting. If you have a preference for either Tuesday evening or Wednesday evening, you should attend the May 18 meeting and make your preference known.

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The North Country Comics & Fantasy Convention (sponsored by the Minnesota Comics & Fantasy Association) will be held in Minneapolis at the Curtis Hotel on May 24-27, 1974. This convention is not aimed just at comic fans. There will be discussions of Star Trek, Lovecraft, Frank L. Baum, Tolkein, SF films, and, of course, comics. There will be a huckster room, art show, comic-cartoon art workshop, radio-tapes listening room, auction, and a very large movie schedule. There will not be open parties like there are at most SF conventions.

There are a few advance registrations still available at Uncle Hugo's Science Fiction Bookstore (2002 4th Ave. S.) until Saturday, May 18, at \$5.00. Registration after May 18 will be \$6.00. You may register at the door for the entire con for \$6.00 or for a one day membership for \$2.00.

The film schedule goes like this:

Friday, May 24, starting at 7:00 p.m.: "Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation," a Star Trek episode, "City on the Edge of Forever," a Flash Gordon chapter, an hour-long cartoon festival, "King of the Rocketmen," and "Night of the Living Dead."

Saturday, May 25, starting at 7:00 p.m.: Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes in "Mysterious Island," Disney's "3 Caballeros," and Karloff in "The Dark Old House."

Sunday, May 26, starting at 7:00 p.m.: Bowery Boys in "Spooks Run Wild," "Black Sunday," a Star Trek episode, "The Corbomite Manuever," and a surprise feature.

Monday, May 27 (Memorial Day), starting at noon: H.G. Wells' "Island of Lost Souls," Groucho Marx's "You Bet Your Life!" and miscellaneous short subjects.

Many people in both Minn-stf and the comics group think that it would be a Very Good Thing if this con succeeds. It would hopefully mean that in the future there would be fewer non-SF-fan comic fans coming to Minicon and then bitching about it not being a comic con--as well as giving everybody a chance to see a lot of good films.

Book Reviews by Don Blyly

Aware Press is a new California publisher which has just released a series of science fiction books by authors I have never heard of. These books are marketed as Papillon Books, cost \$1.25, and have covers that make you think that they are non-fiction ecology books.

Mr. Tomorrow by Con Sellers is the second Papillon Book. Its backcover blurb declares, "Had George Orwell thought more about Tarzan and less about Stalin, this is the novel he would have written instead of 1984." Opening the book at random, I saw on page 82:

From behind Jon's shoulder, Ilse said cuttingly: "Virgin, yet. Virginity is a vastly overrated commodity, savage--but it is a commodity. What do you want for yours?"

On the next page, the next chapter started with:

Tor soaked in the sunken bath, letting the water's heat bake him. Orgies were tiring in themselves, but a combination of women like Viki and Luri could wear a man into nothingness.

He allowed himself a small smile. Still, the orgy had been an excellent idea.

Something told me that this might not be your average SF book. In fact, I decided I had better read it to see if I should be paranoid about the age of somebody who might decide to buy it at Uncle Hugo's.

Jon Adams has lived all his life in a cave on a mountain top (where he has apparently picked up approximately a college-level education, a strong sense of morality, and lots of animal cunning). One day he decides to go to the big city to grab his perfect mate. (He knows exactly what she will be like, because he has read a lot of poetry.)

Soon after he arrives in the big city, the evil police land in their jet car and try to arrest him for carrying his bow and arrows in the city. He starts quoting constitutional theory at them, they pull their swords, and he proceeds to kill them all. Naturally, this calls for reinforcements, so that there can be yet more killing.

Soon, Tor, the evil head of Genetics, takes charge of the man-hunt. Tor spends most of his time raping in the name of the State, plotting political schemes, and organizing orgies. His main purpose in the book seems to be to follow Jon's lectures on how dirty politics and sex are with a demonstration of how dirty politics and sex are. And Tor has to capture Jon alive, because lots of politically powerful women want to rape Jon, and Tor will be in bad trouble if those women don't get what they want.

Eventually, Jon is captured, escapes (still a virgin), kidnaps his ideal mate (naturally, a virgin), and starts a revolution of which the result is not only to destroy the evil state, but to completely destroy evil civilization--because we can only have true democracy if civilization is destroyed.

The book is full of sadistic sex, but it usually is not shown very graphically (or skillfully). The political attitude of the book is almost equally objectionable. Needless to say, the characterizations left a lot to be desired.

But I needn't have worried about getting busted for selling it. So far, nobody has bought a copy.

The Ginger Star by Leigh Brackett, Ballantine, \$1.25.



A shorter version of this was serialized in the Feb. and April, 1974 issues of If. This is the first in a series of novels about the adventures of Eric John Stark. I am looking forward to the rest of the series.

Stark lands on a planet full of strange old decaying cultures to try to track down his foster father, who had been captured by the servants of the Lord Protectors. Stark fights his way half way across the planet, encountering lots of very interesting and well-portrayed cultures and creatures. This book is a very enjoyable way to kill an afternoon or evening.

The Weathermonger by Peter Dickinson, DAW No. 104, 95¢.

Since the hero of this book is sixteen, and his sister is eleven, this was apparently written as an English juvie, altho that's about the only indication. I guess the English write their juveniles for a higher intellectual level than do most Americans. (Of course, this could probably be blamed more accurately on the differences in publishers' attitudes than on the writers.)

Five years before the beginning of the story, a strange change had come over England. Suddenly and mysteriously, machines stopped working properly, and people started hating machines. In a short period of time, 20 million people left England as refugees, getting away in row boats until they were picked up by power craft waiting, waiting outside the effective area of the strange power.

Nobody knows what the power is or how it can be stopped, but the rest of the world is afraid that it might spread. Agents have been sent to England, but few have returned and they could give little information except that while they were in England, they also hated machines. Planes that had tried to fly over England had not functioned properly, and their pilots had developed a loathing for the planes while over England, resulting in almost all of them crashing.

Meanwhile, the people who remain in England are living like they had during the Middle Ages in many respects. All machines are shunned, and anybody found using anything more modern than the Middle Ages is stoned, burned, or drowned as a witch. There are certain people, called weathermongers, who have the ability to control the weather, and thus get rich by guaranteeing good weather for the farmers of their village.

As the story opens, the hero (a weathermonger) and his sister are about to be drowned because the hero was caught with a piece of a machine in his possession. The hero was struck on the head and can't remember anything since before the power hit England (which gives his sister a lot of opportunities to explain to him how things are). They manage to escape, reach France, and get sent back to discover the source of the power. (The hero is one of the very rare people who is immune to the power.)

Their flight across England is beautifully described. They finally reach the source of the power--inside a huge castle, surrounded by a forest of oaks hundreds of years old, guarded by a pack of huge wolves--none of which were there five years before. They are met by a somewhat scatterbrained man who is shocked that the Middle Ages have returned to an area larger than the immediate valley, and keeps talking about a mysterious "he" who caused all this. They eventually discover the secret of the power and manage to arrange for the return of England to normal.

This is an enjoyable book with a lot of nice description, and it has a very nice George Barr cover.

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## GETTING IT OFF IN THE DENTIST'S CHAIR

by

Jodie Offutt

Dave's a great dentist. Young, good-looking, sharp. His office is painted blue to match his chair and he plays groovy music on the intercom. (His new office will have headsets; neat.) But what endears me most to Dave is his laughing gas. It just makes me feel so good. Sometimes he gives me a dose even when I don't really need it. As I said, Dave's great.

But he doesn't cover all bases and when I had to have some gum work done, I was sent to Lexington to a gum man. A periodontist. That office was painted white and there wasn't any music. It was just like going to a dentist. I spotted a tank of nitrous oxide and thought, Oh boy, maybe this won't be so bad after all.

When I asked if I could have some laughing gas, he hedged. Said if he were going to sedate me, he'd give me a shot in the arm. "But that's not sedation," I told him. Then he asked if I was driving; maybe he doesn't have oxygen to help bring you down. (Nitrous oxide produces much the same feeling of contentment and euphoria as a good jay.) Finally he told me the apparatus got in his way while he was working. Whatever the reason, I didn't get my hit.

To make myself as comfortable as I could during the ordeal, I took off my shoes and settled back for the hour or more I would be there. He goes to work, giving me several shots of novocaine, humming as he plays with his instruments. During the next hour I find out that he is a guitarist and banjo player. He's humming a song he'd heard and learned the words to: "Propinquity," written by one of the Monkees. He eventually sings it when I ask him. (One gets music wherever one can.)

When he's playing the banjo for people, he gets four requests: Theme from "Deliverance," "Foggy Mountain Breakdown," "Salty Dog" and the pickin' 'n' grinnin' song from HEE HAW. People want to hear what they know. We talk about THE EXORCIST, the PLAYBOY Philosophy and Women's Lib. At least I talk until my mouth won't work any more, then I listen to him and his assistant.

At last he's through and I begin to realize just how much pressure and so on have been going on inside my mouth. I ask what it will feel like when the novocaine wears off.

"It'll be sore," he says and proceeds to write out a prescription for codeine. (Codeine?)

Does he think I ought to get the stuff and take it before I leave town? (Lexington is about 70 miles away.) Yes, it would be a good idea to take one or two before the novocaine wears off. How long will that be? About an hour or so. (Lexington is a little over an hour from Morehead.) Is it OK to drive? Well, codeine affects the central nervous system and will probably slow down your reflexes.

Swell. I'd planned to muck around for a while--go to a book store, record shop, whatever.

Instead, I decided I'd better get on the road and home to our drug store just as fast as I could while I was still numb from eyeball to adam's apple.

You lose a lot of dignity when a piece of you is numb. My lips were dry, and when I tried to put on lipstick, I found out how much I use my lips to apply it; I lipsticked my chin. Thirsty, I bought a can of Coke, but dribbled it on myself. I had to hold my mouth shut with my fingers when I lit a cigarette--and still didn't get a good draw.

In my haste to get out of town, I turned left where I shouldn't have and came face to face with a red sign that said WRONG WAY. That was embarrassing. Fortunately there wasn't any traffic in my way when I turned around, but all those people stopped for the light saw me. Truckers shaking their heads. Calm down, Jodie, I told myself, and let's go.

Unpatriotically ignoring the new 55 mph signs on the interstate, I rushed toward Morehead at 65, sometimes 70.

My face began to "feel" about 10 miles from Bishop's Drugs. As the doctor said, it was sore. (At least I could smoke.) At the drugstore, I got my pills and took two right away. Then headed for the Funny Farm and andy.

I felt better. I'm sure the codeine helped, but mostly it was being in my own nest and close to my security blanket--andy. Home. We talked a while and pretty soon I really felt good. Euphoric. Hmm. (andy frowned.) I decided to type for a while, and sure 'nuff, my reflexes weren't quite up to par.

I took a couple of more painkillers before bedtime and woke up with a headache. "Withdrawal," andy surmised. Probably. My jaw was swollen, too. I didn't need the codeine but twice the next day.

They do make you feel good. . . .

I wonder if I can sweettalk the pharmacist into refilling the prescription. Probably not--Bishop's pharmacist is female. . . .

Perhaps I'll call Dave and ask him to taper me off with his gas. Good old Dave wouldn't want me to cold turkey. Anything for Jodie. And next time, instead of sending me to a dentist who is handy to a shopping center, he might check on who has laughing gas. Got to get the priorities in their proper order. First things first and all that! Competence be damned! Pretty offices, good music and a fine high are what's important!

\*\*\*\*\*

Get on the stick, Dave! It's all your fault! My dolls are almost gone! It's been six weeks now, and my mouth still hurts! Never mind the nitrous oxide--that's sissy stuff! Fine friend you turned out to be!

\*\*\*\*\*

Why I'm liable to wind up at the Narcotics Hospital in Lexington!  
Do you think Blue Cross will cover it?

Jodie Offut  
March, 1974

#### THE GREAT BUS CHARTER OF 1974

Yes, friends, this is the May report of the Bus to Discon. Since you have last heard from us the action has increased tremendously. So far besides Don Blyly and Mark Hansen, three other people have sent in their \$20 deposit for the bus trip. Contrary to rumor those who have signed up are not Mark Hanson, Mark Hanselo, and Mark Hansonelo. Those three guys wanted to get on but they didn't have the money.

With five places already called for that means that there are only thirty-four places left on the Bus. So if you want to be assured of a spot (or seat) be sure to send your twenty dollar deposit now. Please remember that Minnesota people have first choice until June 1st, when we will open it up to the thousands of out-of-state people wanting to get on board.

As a recap of the statistics we give you: (1) Seat reservation--\$20. (2) Full round-trip fare--\$60--includes ice, water, and cups. (3) Bring your own Beam. (4) Full fare must be in by August 1st. (5) Send all reservations and money to Don Blyly at: 343 E. 19th St. Apt. 5-B Minneapolis, Minn. 55404.

Also send your junk mail to Don. He will forward it to Mark Hansen.

Harry Schwartz  
on the road



## ANNOUNCEMENT

Commencing in 1975, the Autobiography of Donald Wandrei will be published in three volumes of approximately 350 pages each, illustrated, covering the periods 1908 to March 17, 1942; March, 1942 to July 4, 1971; and July 1971 to date.

This work, with a general title still to be chosen, will be a permanent factual record and completely documented chronicle of the author's interlocking relationships and his participation in important segments of American literary and art trends of the twentieth century, of special interest in the realm of imaginative writing, both supernatural cosmicism and science-fiction.

Circumstances of birth produced the brothers Donald Wandrei and Howard Wandrei. Happenstance, coincidence, chance and a rare overlapping of lifetimes resulted in long correspondence and friendships with both H. P. Lovecraft (from 1926 to 1937 in Providence and New York) and Clark Ashton Smith (from 1926 to 1961 in Auburn, California).

The Autobiography gives full details never before disclosed of the author's visits with Lovecraft; direct accounts of Lovecraft's aunts, Mrs. F. C. Clark and Mrs. A. E. Phillips Gamwell; first hand observations on W. Paul Cook, Bernard Dwyer, C. M. Eddy, James F. Morton, Samuel Loveman, Frank B. Long, George Kirk, Reinhart Kleiner, Alfred Galpin, Arthur B. Leeds, H. C. Koenig, Seabury Quinn, and many others of the Lovecraft group.

The author presents an equally vivid record of Clark Ashton Smith and his parents, friends and environment in the hilltop ranch house, now destroyed, where Smith lived in Auburn, California.

The origins of the author's own development are here for the first time revealed, with hitherto unknown published work identified; his encounters with Farnsworth Wright, editor of Weird Tales; F. Orlin Tremaine and Desmond Hall of Astounding Stories; Fanny Ellsworth of Black Mask; Mort Weisinger of National Comics Publications; Harry Bates, John W. Campbell and more. There are accounts of Dr. Hereward Carrington, T. Everette Harre; experiences as advertising manager for E. P. Dutton & Co. in 1928-9 at the height of the post-war boom in New York of the Prohibition Era, and of living in New York 1932-8 during the Great Depression.

The author's military service from March, 1942, through November, 1945, in the U. S. and in France, Germany and Austria is covered, including two brief chance encounters with General Patton, highly to the General's credit.

Recorded in the Autobiography are the specific origins of stories from real life experiences; an explanation of basic differences in the cosmicism of Lovecraft, of Smith, and of the author; and a partial influence by the author on Lovecraft's own creativity.

Full details are provided of the author's repeated efforts to achieve wider magazine and book publication for Lovecraft's tales from 1927; of his correspondence and relationship with August Derleth; of his part in obtaining an editorial job for Derleth in Minneapolis in 1929; of the collecting and publishing of Lovecraft's tales and the founding of Arkham House by August Derleth and Donald Wandrei in 1939 when no established publisher could be found for Lovecraft's work.

The Autobiography is solidly substantiated by the author's own complete files of all correspondence and memorabilia from H. P. Lovecraft, Clark Ashton Smith, Mrs. Gamwell, Frank B. Long, W. Paul Cook, Samuel Loveman, Bernard Dwyer, August Derleth and many more, as well as drawings, sculptures, watercolors and metallic painting on silk by Clark Ashton Smith; the lifetime correspondence of Howard Wandrei as well as the total lifetime art of Howard Wandrei--batiks, oil paintings, charcoal sketches, sculptures in wood, plaster casts, jewelry and the incredible pen-and-ink nightmares in multiple colors which Lovecraft himself described, after seeing them in New York in 1935 at the Wandrei apartment, as "the greatest fantastic art ever produced."

The illustrations for the 3 volumes of the Autobiography will be selected from the author's own files of letters, memorabilia, art works, and photographs taken

by himself at his studio in New York of Lovecraft, Hall, Long, and others, as well as photographs made in St. Paul and at Clark Ashton Smith's ranch house in Auburn. An unusual illustration is the set of palm prints of August Derleth made at the author's residence in St. Paul on June 7, 1971, just four weeks before Derleth's death.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Autobiography will NOT be published by Arkham House, from which the author severed all connections in May, 1973; nor will any further work by the author, or of his ownership, editorship or control, be published by Arkham House under its present management.

Donald Wandrei  
March, 1974

### SCIENCE FICTION WRITERS BIRTHDAYS

Note: Most of the information here is gathered from Stella Nova, with additions from Contemporary Authors and other sources. A somewhat more complete list (including more minor authors) has been running every month in my Minneapa fanzine, Electric Bumblebee Sandwiches. A previous installment covering Jan.-March appeared in RUNE 34.

Don't think of this installment as 6 weeks late; think of it as 46 weeks early.

#### April

1--Anne McCaffrey (1926)  
1--Samuel R. Delany (1942)  
5--Robert Bloch (1917)  
7--James White (1928)  
8--Col. S. P. Meek (1894)  
12--Emil Petaja (1912)  
13--Hank Stine (1945)  
16--Kingsley Amis (1925)  
16--John Christopher (1922)

17--Lloyd Biggle (1923)  
20--Peter Beagle (1939)  
23--Avram Davidson (1923)  
26--H. L. Gold (1914)  
26--A. E. Van Vogt (1912)  
27--Frank Belknap Long (1903)  
29--Jack Williamson (1908)  
30--Edmond Cooper (1926)  
30--Larry Niven (1938)

#### May

9--Kris Neville (1925)  
13--Roger Zelazny (1937)  
18--Fred Saberhagen (1930)  
20--Gardner Fox (1911)  
21--Manly Wade Wellman (1903)

23--James Blish (1921)  
25--Phyllis Gotlieb (1926)  
27--Harlan Ellison (1934)  
30--Hal Clement (1922)

#### June

3--Marion Zimmer Bradley (1930)  
8--Robert F. Young (1915)  
8--Kate Wilhelm (1928)  
9--Lin Carter (1930)  
9--Keith Laumer (1925)

16--Murray Leinster (1896)  
19--Robert Moore Williams (1907)  
19--Brian Ball (1932)  
20--Mark Geston (1946)  
24--Fred Hoyle (1915)  
30--Sam Moskowitz (1920)

Denny Lien  
Minn-STF Secretary

Upcoming dates of interest: June 2--Ken Fletcher deposes Caryl Bucklin as Minn-STF President. August 11--Margie Lessinger deposes Ken Fletcher. October 27--Blue Petal deposes Margie Lessinger. January 5, 1975--Jim Young deposes Blue Petal. Mid-March, 1975--New elections are held and it starts all over again. Vive le roi.



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

	attendance	
Feb. 23 (Hobbitat)	: 27	(Business Meeting Held)
March 9 (D. Lien)	: 29	(Business Meeting Held)

For the year (March 24, 1973 through March 22, 1974) Minn-stf thus held 26 official meetings: 23 on Saturday afternoon and 3 on Tuesday evenings. Business Meetings were held at 9 of these and Board of Directors Meetings at 3.

Sign-in sheets were maintained at 25 of the 26 meetings, with signed-in attendance ranging from 12 to 38. Average (mean) attendance: 24 (plus a few nice guys. . .). Median attendance: 23.

Thirty-one members signed in at 7 or more meetings, to become voting members. Some 70 to 80 additional people attended 1 to 6 meetings. Most attendances credited to any one member was 23.

The new Minn-Stf year began with the March 23, 1974, meeting, at which elections were held. Caryl Bucklin, Ken Fletcher, Margie Lessinger, Blue Petal, and Jim Young were elected from a field of fifteen to serve as the 1974-75 Board of Directors. The Board appointed Chuck Holst Vice-President; reappointed Dennis Lien and Caryl Bucklin as Secretary and Treasurer, respectively; and decided to rotate the Presidency amount them alphabetically. Hence Caryl Bucklin is currently President and will remain so through June 1. Thus far (May 10) there have been four (Saturday afternoon) official Minn-stf meetings held in the new year. There have been two Board meetings and no Business meetings held. Minicon 8 occupied the weekend of April 12-14 and attracted about 350 people.

Denny Lien  
Minn-stf Secretary

Nixon's Song--sent in by Alexis Gilliland

You can't take my mandate away  
No matter what the media say.  
You must look me in the eye  
To know I'm an honest guy.  
No, you can't take my mandate away.  
    You can't take my mandate away.  
    I've earned every cent of my pay.  
    If you can't stand the heat  
    Leave the kitchen when you eat.  
    No you can't take my mandate away.  
You can't take my mandate away.  
You haven't got a case, anyway.  
If I ever made a goof  
Haldeman destroyed the proof.  
No, you can't take my mandate away.  
    You can't take my mandate away.  
    My lawyers will fight to delay.  
    I will tough it out, by gee,  
    To stay in the Presidency.  
    No, you can't take my mandate away..  
You can't take my mandate away  
Even if they impeach me some day.  
There's a great conspiracy  
By the enemies of me,  
But they can't take my mandate away.





Letter Column



from Mike Glicksohn, 141 High Park Ave., Toronto, Ont., M6P2S3

Dear Don: Just wanted to pass on a postcard of thanks to you for RUNEing my day with #35. During the first year of my term as President of the local club, I worried a bit about making the meetings more enjoyable, but during the second year, I gave up on that, and on attending meetings as well. I got to figuring that when a club has some 80+ names on its mailing list, and the president is elected by a majority of one vote, out of a total of one vote cast (and not by me either) then they deserve whatever they don't get.//The report on the Minneapolis in 73 con had its amusing moments. I can't help hoping that one of those Vardebob simulcra can be activated into publishing SW again and into getting "I Drank Canada Dry", the name Bob mentioned for his mammoth TORCON report, into print. Can a Worldcon actually be considered to have taken place if Vardeman doesn't write it up??? Best Mike.

2111 Sunset Crest Drive, Los Angeles, California 90046

March 5, 1974

Dear Don:

Minneapolis may well be making its bid for fan-capitol of the world! In the past week I've received a letter from Carl Jacobi..a photo from Chuck Holst..and now RUNE 35. Such hyperactivity is bound to create a dazzling impression and dazzled I duly am. Many thanks for letting me see the issue!! Best-

Robert Bloch

Box 51-A RR 2  
Beecher, IL 60401  
April 28, 1974

Dear Minn-stf,

This is a novel experience, writing to a group. I don't recommend it, however; it's awkward and somehow lacks that personal touch a letter of thanks deserves. But, since I wasn't informed exactly whose idea it was, the club itself should be addressed....I guess.

Out of room, continued next page...



Phyllis Eisenstein acted honorably and ably in her position as Messenger. I'm quite certain there was no need to bond her, despite her recent reaching for the status of Dirty Ole Pro, she was above Temptation. The \$10.20 arrived safe and sound and promptly last Saturday night. Many thanks, both to the fellows on the fan-artists panel whose work was auctioned off for the Tucker Fund, and to those who bid on it. Thanks too to the folks of Minn-stf, who offered so many opportunities of publicizing the Fund, and who supported it so generously. The Fund is now up to \$129.88, with another \$140 in bids and pledges! Tucker shall be deported, America will be clean and pure once again of his corrupting influence! (And the South shall rise again... or something like that.)

Plans are developing well for Chicago's convention. Lou Tabakow accepted as Fan GcH and the date October 25-27th is definite now. Currently negotiations are going on between two hotels, but the contracts will be signed sometime this week. "Official" announcements should be released the week after that. Windycon is "On", in any event.

Well, many thanks again for your help; it was appreciated and welcome. See you next year...

Sincerely,

Jackie Franke  
The Tucker Fund

4/5/74

Dear Editor (and readers)

I just thought I'd write (or type)(or both) this letter to tell youall that you have got my address right, and I am (fortunately) getting my requested copies of RUNE. Oh, by the way, you have NOT got my NAME correctly! That's all right, by now I'm used to it. To correct your records I am ROBERT IHINGER (as opposed to Robert Things whom I have never heard of, and if he wants RUME too then he better write and give you the right address). Thanks.

I have enjoyed RUNE very much in the few issues that I have received so far. Please continue to send it along after Minicon. I have all kinds of comments that I would like to make about them but space limits me to just one. I feel that I must correct the mistaken assumption of Denny Lien in his letter to RUNE 36 ("(I still don't believe in any race naming their own moon "Fantastic Planet! A moon is not a planet...)"p. 7). There is at least one moon that IS a planet, our own! As anyone and everyone should know (and now does), our moon does not orbit around the Earth; it orbits around the sun. Since it is too large to be an asteroid, it must be a planet (because there are no other classifications). Thus we have a situation in which a race has called it's sister planet a moon. Why can't they do it the other way around? For a fuller explanation (and a mathematical proof, for those who will not believe anything unless it has been proven mathematically) of this fact read Chapter 7 ("Just Mooning Around") printed in McFT&SF but I am not sure of the issue (although it was before '65).

continued...



Lettercol (con't):

Speaking of Asimov, I feel we should start a campaign to get him to come to Minicon 9 (since it is already too late for Minicon 8). I think that if enough people in the Minnesota area show that it isn't ALL Grain Belt, snow-mobiles and polar bears and that we DO have an interest in SF and fandom and Asimov etc., he would at least consider the idea. I know that someone here at Carleton has already contacted him about coming here, but for him even to think about it, it must be worth his while. I'm sure that if he were contacted by Minicon and 5 or 6 (or 9 or 10) colleges and institutions in the area he would consider taking the train or, Arabs forbid, a car. Once he comes to the Northland and gets your legendary welcome he will consider Minicon annually. Besides, I've got to meet him.

Robert F. Ihinger, Jr.  
Carleton College  
Northfield, Minn. 55057

Alias: Robert Ihinges  
Robert Ihinger  
Robert Shinger  
Robert Thinger  
Robert Inger  
Bob Ihinger  
Robert Ihingor  
Robert Ihingerson  
Robert Ihingelo  
Robert Ihingersonelo  
etc.

257 Florence St.,  
Hammond, IN 46324  
24 April, 1974

Dear Don,

Was delighted to recently receive a couple of issues of RUNE, (35 and 36), even though I couldn't make Minicon (hope things went well). Can't find anywhere where it says so, but I presume a loc will keep me on your mailing list. So here's a loc.

Being a complete outsider, I should perhaps exercise restraint in prescribing solutions to the Minn-stf problems discussed in recent issues. But I really can't bring myself to do that, so... About the space problem: sure, having your own duplex or something would be ideal. But I wouldn't count on getting a bargain with a FHA place. These "bargains" have received so much publicity that the price has been bid clean out of sight --like \$10,000 for a little house that needs \$10,000 worth of work to make it livable. A duplex, of course, would run more. (I'm basing this on my knowledge of conditions in the Chicago area--it could be different up your way.)

However, if you could find a duplex somewhere that wouldn't require more than a \$20,000 investment (good luck), you could buy it if 40 members each kicked in \$500 (good luck again). I'd presume you'd have to pay cash--I don't know where a little non-profit org. like yours would get a mortgage. Renting each half of the duplex to members at \$150 each would pay everyone back their \$500 in about six years (there's prop. tax and maintenance to consider). You'd want to use both halves for meetings--otherwise there'd be no space advantage over your present set-up.

continued...



An alternative would be for an individual member with good credit (angel is right!) to buy the place and rent the other half to another member. The club might pitch in to help him raise a good-sized downpayment...

But I think I'm getting a little carried away. I suspect your best bet will just be to follow the line of least resistance and continue to hold meetings in people's homes. If so many people come that it gets too crowded for some people to have a good time, then some people will stop coming, and you'll have more room. Unfortunate, but vastly preferable to meeting in a legion hall, I'd think. (It would seem to me that the very fact that the club has grown so much with its present style of meetings would indicate that such a radical change would turn off the majority of the members.)

As for the discussion on club goals, I'd suggest that few things would be so deadly to your club as trying to undertake some "mission" to provide state-wide fan services (consisting of what, may I ask), or to educate the masses about sf. The suggestion to make RUNE into a mag that would somehow serve all the sf readers in the state is pretentious and absurd. Most of the people outside of the so-called hard-core (i.e., fandom), couldn't be less interested in RUNE, either as it presently is, or chock-full of news, reviews, con-reports, letters, and a gossip-column. The only way you'd stand much chance would be to make it into a prozine. (Aside on the gossip column--there's no reason why it might not be worthwhile, if you can find a clever and witty person willing to write the thing. But then the same might be said of a stock-market column..)

About RUNE itself--it's a by far better than average clubzine. (Clubzines tend mostly to be irregular, under-edited, and either 1) one or two page meeting-announcements, or 2) full of crud by club members the editor feels obligated to print. RUNE, however, is full of good, fannish art (very rare in clubzines), letters, an editorial which matters along very nicely, and meeting minutes which manage to be sufficiently informative and fannishly entertaining as well. All in all, I enjoyed reading it, and I have a feeling I'd enjoy one of your meetings. Anytime you'd like to use my place for one, let me know.

Regards,  
Mike Juergens.

Al Snider  
Tower Road  
Lincoln, Mass.  
01773

Dear Minn-stf,

Geo, this is a bizarre new typewriter, and I don't know if I like it yet. Well, no matter, it works. I'll settle the rest later. Ah yes, RUNE. It was good to receive. I used to get RUNE some years ago when Jim Young or Fletch or someone remembered who I was. I found this issue interesting reading.

I was especially interested in the Stodolka/Warner/Holst conversation about club organization and various tactical matters. When I was involved in club fandom out on the West Coast, we were faced with a wide variety of problems some of which are faced by you people now. When I was a member of VALSFA (Valley Science Fiction Association) in the LA area, one of the major problems was getting people to pay dues, at least towards the end. The club was meeting bi-weekly and at individual homes which were volunteered by members, but after



Lettercol (con't):

a while people were into coming and talking, etc., but were not interested in the governmental affairs of the club, and since they didn't care who the Chairman or whatever was, they didn't see why they had to pay dues. At times it would get tough to get meeting places. Lots of people were into the social structure of the club, but not into supporting that structure. I can understand it...being laid back and unconcerned with anything beyond the good vibes you were getting from people and conversations, but I must admit it was not an outlook conducive for expansion of the club or even sustaining any given size.

You mention that the space demands of Minneapa are a problem. This seems like a strange attitude to take. My guess would be that Minneapa is an entity independent of the club...at least in the view of the complaining members. I know at LASFS the apa was considered an integral part of the entire LASFS scheme, as it was at VALSFA. The evening consisted of talking to people in two different ways: one in person and the other through the apa. Often the conversations would mix. As the issue was available that night, people could talk in person about a discussion or set of mailing comments that appear in the apa, then go home and think about it at length...eventually writing your thoughts up in your entry to the next issue. Then, at the meeting you can go from there. Is there a clique formed in Minneapa that is not shared by the rest of the membership...a division? If so, this might be stopped by making the apa and the club one and the same, dropping any existing membership requirements beyond being a member of the club and some small fee...and with no set number of people allowed to contribute. How the hell do I know? I don't even know about Minneapa and here I am spouting about it.

Fandom is such an interesting thing, involving the free socialization of many people. However, free socialization is maximized only as long as there are no non-social aspects involved...like money. This leads me to believe that the duplex idea...or anything that involves investment to solve the space problem, should be undertaken by the club itself, and not a few individuals. The LASFS Building Fund is a sizeable tradition by now, and the assumptions behind it (and wisely so) are that the club should be an organization belonging to no set group of individuals, but any group that happens to be members at that time; and that there can be no real permanence in a relationship that depends on a set group of people...seeing as how time changes people in many ways. The best way is to have the club itself own something or rent something for the meetings to take place in. The real problem here is the size of the allocation needed and the amount of time needed to raise that kind of money. I guess it is just another case of having to compare short- with long-range goals.

I thought the con-report was \*ahem\* very interesting. However, having known Vardeman's activities at some earlier conventions, I hardly believe any of those stories about him. Why, I know from personal experience that even in his most degraded state he is a perfect gentleman. You can ask Ivan Thoen if you don't believe me.

I have heard a lot of things about FANTASTIC PLANET, some good and some bad. The good side tells me that it is a superior technical production, and that the abstract presentation is excellent. The bad side tells me that the effects are okay, but that the story (humans as pets) is overdone and trite half-way through the movie....the story just wears out. Oh, well, I guess I'll just have to go see it and find out for myself. It does seem that the concept would wear itself out, unless there is a lot of embellishment that I haven't heard of. I don't want to see any more PLANET OF THE APES types, thank you.

continued...



My wife and I probably will not make it to Minicon, but I will give Minn-stf a subscription to CROSSROADS to put in their Library if we can trade even after the Con. I'll try to remember to give Mincon a good write-up next issue. You know, I have never read an unhappy con report from a Minicon, nor have I ever been to a gathering of Minn people at a convention that I did not enjoy.

I think that's pretty high praise. Better take the egoboo before I snatch it back for myself.

Best,  
Al Snider

From Joan Verba, 5137 Clear Springs Drive, Minnetonka, Minn. 55343:

On Rune 36: I don't have too much to add to Denny Lien's comments because I agree with the basic points he made. I think it is good that Minn-stf meetings include a variety of activities; that's what attracted me in the first place and induced me to stay on. Since quite a few people show up for an average Minn-stf meeting, I cannot see how a single activity could be planned that would hold the interest of even a majority of members (the only thing I could think of on that line would be a movie or a guest speaker, but could we produce one or the other for a meeting), since discussions on any one topic seems necessarily limited to a small number of people (for instance).

I also wanted to say a few words on the comments to my Star-Con report. You're right, Denny, I don't like being called a "Trekkie." I equally dislike the term "sci-fi." However, I don't blame neo-ST fen for using "Trekkie," since they don't know any better, and I didn't think Harlan Ellison should have blasted neo-SF fen for using "sci-fi" for the same reason. I think Harlan Ellison could have explained politely that SF fen don't use that term for various reasons. In retrospect, I do see that my use of the term "picky" to describe my feelings was inappropriate. (None of the Freas paintings at Star-Con were ST oriented, as I recall. 99

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#### Star Trek News (Perhaps)

In the late afternoon of the last day of Minicon 8, a call was received in con suite which stated that an important announcement had been made about Star Trek at both Lunacon and Equicon. The announcement was that ABC had decided to start making new episodes of Star Trek. The first show would be a made-for-TV movie, with all of the old crew. During the movie Kirk would be promoted and a new captain would take command of the Enterprise. The series would then continue in its old one hour format with all the old crew except Kirk. So far, I haven't seen any con reports on Lunacon or Equicon, so I have no idea how accurate the telephone report was. Anybody know?

Don Blyly

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#### Chuck Holst Limericks

There once was a writer named Dickson  
Who was told that he looked like Dick Nixon.  
Young sir, I must fear  
You have had too much beer  
For to look like Dick would be a trick, son.



More Chuck Holst Limericks

There was a con chairman named Moore  
Who once went to bed with a whore  
But when morning had dawned  
He found he'd been conned  
Of the bed, his bedclothes, and the door.

There once was a writer named Offutt  
Who found a young maid on a tuffet  
Said, "Don't be a fool,  
Get down from that stool,  
We surely do not want to muff it!"

I saw an old pro with a lassimov  
Who said, "I don't want to be crassimov,  
Let's stick it in here  
Instead of your rear  
I like your front more than your assimov!"

There was a stf painter named Kelly  
Who had a young model named Nelly  
She started to grow  
But the artist was slow  
And he had to redo her big belly.

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