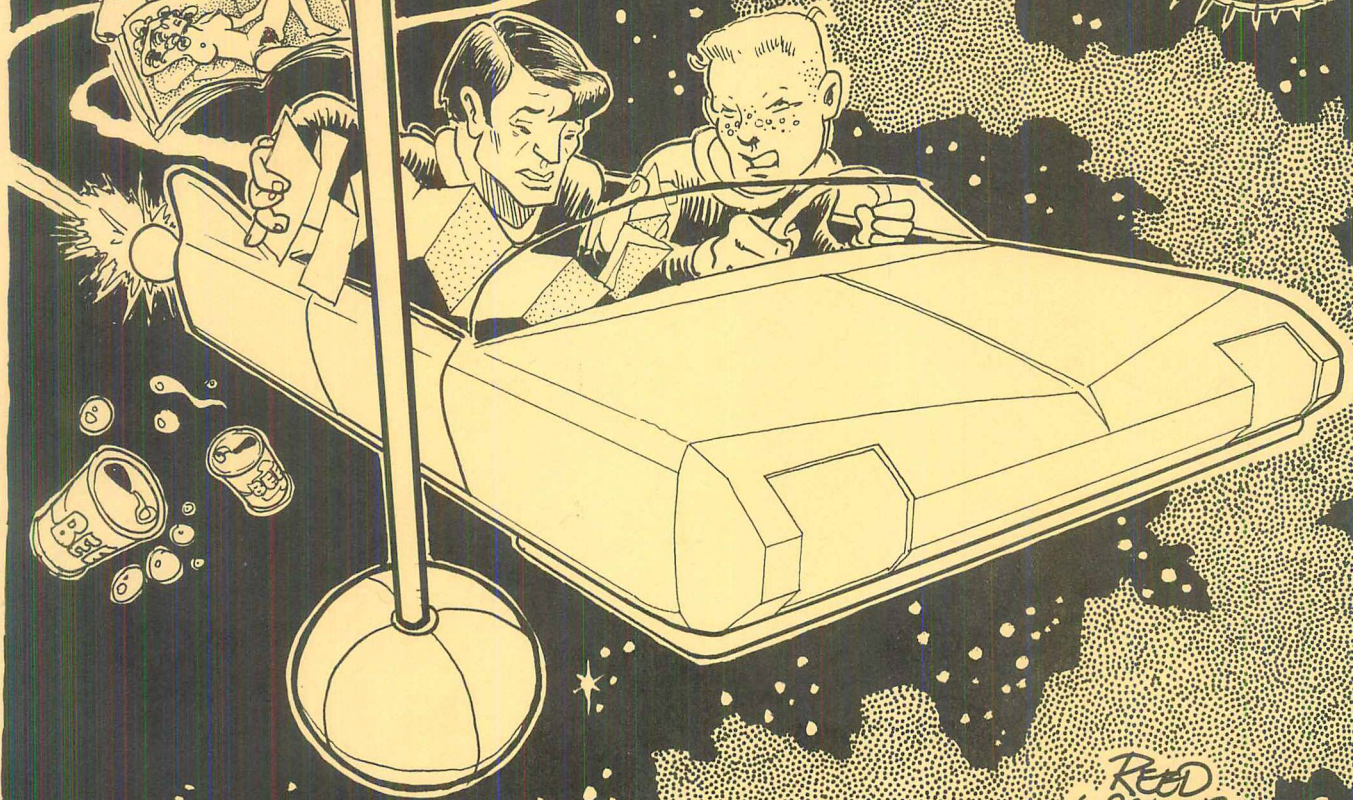




$E=mc^2$

WAIT —...
NO — THIS IS 66
ALL RIGHT !

YEAH, WELL I
STILL SAY WE
TOOK A WRONG
TURN !



REED
WALLER



SHORT TAKES

DOCTOR STEVER'S 3D HOUSE OF COLD

January was quite the amazing month here in balmy Minneapolis. The temperature got down to thirty below zero more than once. That was much too often. And then it snowed more than two feet, two different days. I had enough. However, one good thing resulted from this calamitous month. David's house got a fancish name. More than once more than one of the RUNE editors has complained about how drafty and chilly my flat is. The first night it hit thirty below the temperature inside the house began to drop like a rock. David and I frantically began plugging drafts wherever we could locate them. Still the temperature dropped, 65-60-55-50. The radiators were all much too hot to touch. We finally stablized the situation at between 45 and fifty degrees. But it was touch and go. Several days later John and Garth were over printing and listening to our tale of woe. John laughed and said, "This is Dr. Stever's 3D House of Cold." (cont. on pp. 8)



送风机不在

送风

送风机不在



送风机不在

RUNE 66 ER

1066 ER 66

RUNE 66- vol. 10 #5
winter 1982 issue
Lord we got trouble,
right here in River
City. Where are you
Great Aunt Gertrude?
We need a message
from beyond.

Rune c/o
Mnstf
Box 2128
Loop Station
Mpls., Mn. 55402

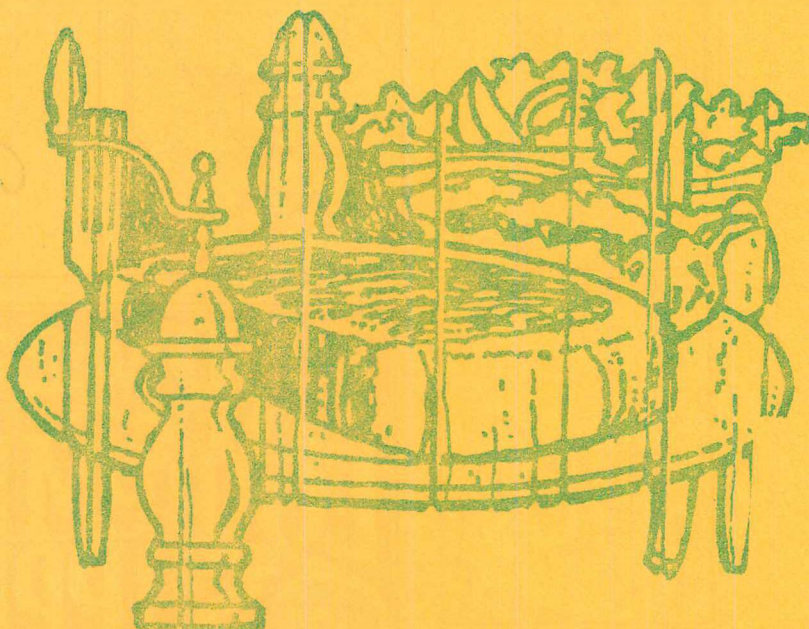
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the contributors
and Mnstf

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Lick Me, Lube Me,
Lip Me pp. 15 - Rico

**"Talk about "Talk about
Economy!" Service!"**

**"Talk about "Talk about
Selection!" Value!"**



MENU

ART CREDITS

Reed Valler- cover
Bill Rotsler- 1,10,12
Jerry collins- 2,4,5,6,7,11
Cecilia Henle- 4
Bill Kunkel- 4,5
Stu Gilson-5
Steve Fox- 6,7,11
Richard Bruning- 7
Brad Parks- 8
Dave Vereshagen- 9
Rich Larson- 13
Larry Becker- 14,15,16

Thanks guys, the art was
fabulous



a

monolog

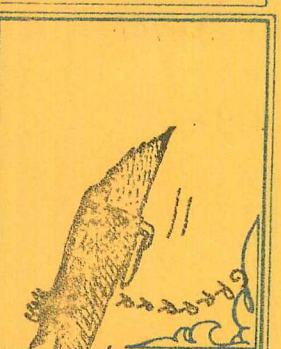


1981
FARM
EQUIPMENT
and SUPPLIES
BUYERS GUIDE

in



lieu



of



JOE
WES
SON

edi
tor
ial

Decide for yourself

Hello. I think that in the strictist sense, I'm not supposed to be here. Not as an editor anyway. But, not to worry. John and David have been forced to read and censor everything in this issue. I have no wish to put their plural ass in a sling. I am doing so because I have no idea what is offensive to that ambiguous plurality known as Mnstf. I could understand the commotion if Mnstf were full of bigots and fascists. But it's not. I know fascists and bigots when I meet them. They're

not in Mnstf, not many anyway. Of course the NEW RUNE may have transgressed some unwritten laws. But nobody told us. Documentable evidence of criticism has been slight. But the mojo wire has been humming. The drums have

been talking. We are on the out with every clique but our own.

We are misguided and untalented oafs. We are fannish versions of the anti-christ. Our support is

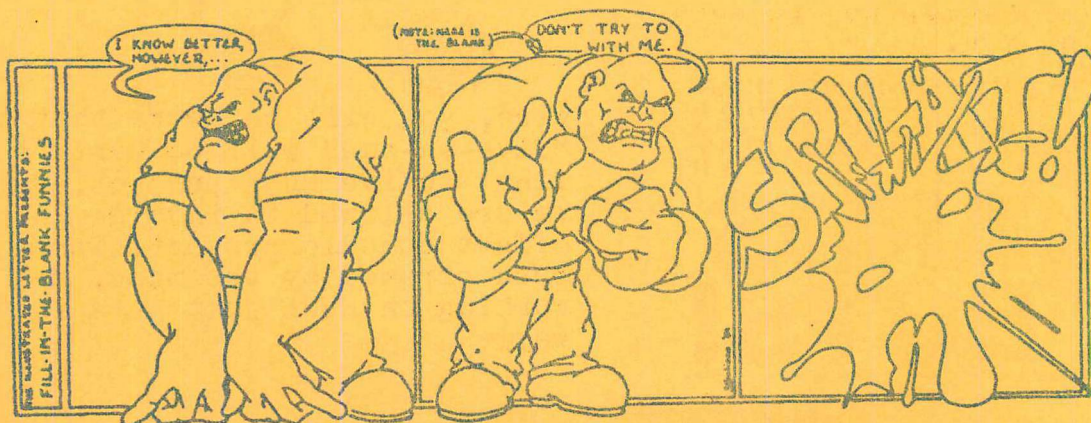
from some longtime non-Twin Cities fans. I put a lot of faith in the mojo wire. Soon the Mnstf board

of directors may feel compelled to insist that the extraneous editors(i.e. anyone but John and David) cease to work on RUNE. In fact, RUNES 65-69 may even be the last straw. It is hard to tell exactly. But it is easy to see that, in general, certain of the contributors to the NEW RUNE are not popular with the membership of the sponsering club.

The mojo wire names names.



But nothing said about us is really true. It's a lot of warped opinion. And by the time it reaches anyone on the RUNE staff, it has been translated into psychotic delusion. None of us are angels. But we are willing to do the work. And the work is creating a fanzine, not running a newsletter. There is a great big difference between a

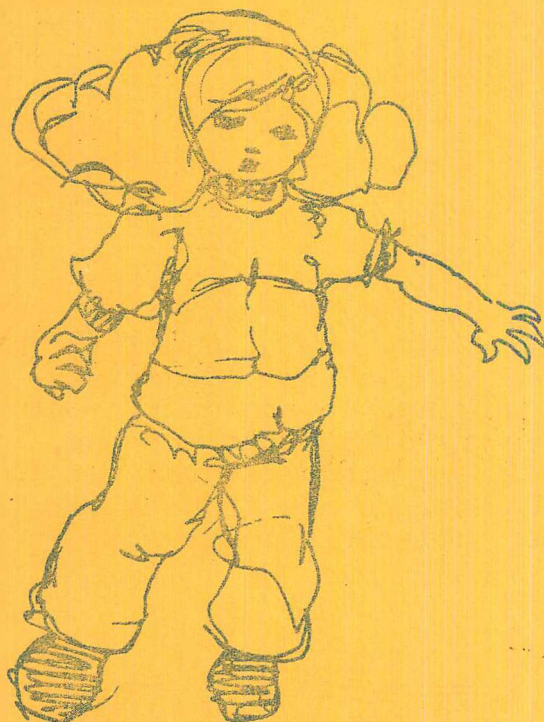




fanzine and a newsletter. RUNE has been a fanzine for a long time. Every RUNE I have ever seen has been a reflection of the editors and their tastes. Our intention when we began plotting (and yes, we did plot) to become editors of RUNE was to produce the best RUNEs that had ever been done. And we wanted to shake things up and take things furthest. We are on our way to doing both. We won't be here that long folks. You should sit back and enjoy your ride on this train. And when the mojo wire lets you know that the pressure in the boiler is getting low, get up front and shovel some coal. It can be an exhilarating ride if you let it. Of course, if what you are looking for is a lot of backslapping/I'm okay/you're okay garbage, we are sure to disappoint you.

**NO
IFS, ANDS
OR BUTS!**

We enjoy the concept of a conflict of ideas. It may be that you don't understand what fuels the NEW RUNE. It is conflict. We do not expect to agree with each other totally. From conflict comes synthesis and consensus. Our gestalt is forces pulling the canvas taut between them for use. Not all of us running in the same direction with the canvas flapping out behind us, uselessly. It is the variety between us that makes the NEW RUNE something nice, interesting, and fun. Realistically, we threaten no one. Fandom is the whole of no one's life, not even of those who think it is. This is a premise. It can be denied, but not disproven. RUNE is a toy. Mnstf is a toy. Minicon is a toy. They are to be cherished while they provide amusement. And they are to be discarded when they begin to bore or impede more important things. If you have been paying close attention to the mojo



wire, you will be aware that this "five-in-one" will be Garth's final active RUNE project. Unless we are allowed to indulge in our offset comedic project. Garth has been arrowed by the muse, and working on RUNE just gets in the way.

Garth is moving on, as all of us will, with no regrets. We won't mourn any might-have-beens. What will be is enough. This is like smoke in the wind, pretty as it vanishes. Even WARHOON 28 is interesting mainly as a sweet history of friends and of friends of friends. It is easy to make too much of fandom. It is a nice place to make friends, but it can't make



Finding fanzine fans in Mnstf is barely a two hand affair. Finding anyone at a meeting who helped bid for '73 is a one hand affair, if anyone is there from those days. Mnstf of late has become a transitory club. It had tradition. But it has lost it. Mnstf started too late for the oldtimers to become an entrenched elite. So now the fashion of Mnstf is dictated by a series of short term phenoms. It matters little to me personally. But it is interesting to observe. Bozo, weird, etc. are definately symbols of Mnstf past now. Mnstf future, I can wait to find out.

us all friends. It is a marvelous toy, but a limited toy. Everyone has to move beyond fandom or become stagnant and twisted. But the issue at hand is the NEW RUNE and its editors, John, David, Garth, Karen, and Joe. They represent a fandom that the mojo wire says has seen better days and won't see any more good days until the convention fandom of today is dead. John and Garth are purebred fanzine fans. David and Karen are the stuff from which worldcon smofs are made. Joe doesn't talk such bullshit about himself, only about his friends. They all have

impeccable fannish credentials having nothing to do with Mnstf. Even in the insular world of fandom, Mnstf is particularly insular.

Hmmm... this may bring the mojo wire up to a high pitched whine. I hope so. It's supposed to.



SHORT TAKES

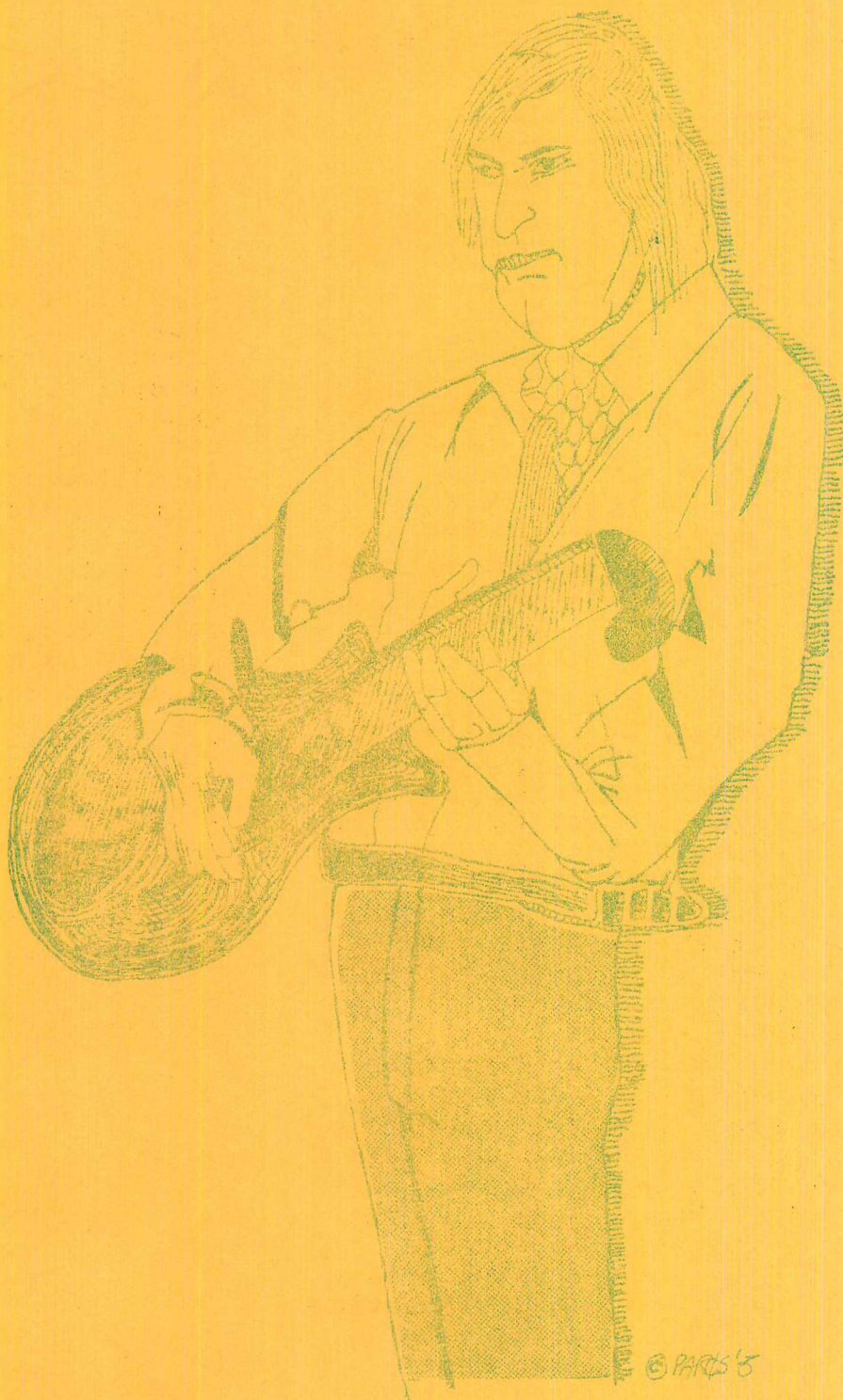
The picture flashed into my mind. Stever in a tuxedo with his hair slicked back and me with a hump on my back and bushy eyebrows, both of us shoving blankets towards the camera lense and Stever saying, "A blanket perhaps?"

APOLOGIA

Page ten of RUNE 65 is my fault, but it was four in the morning on a work night. And the green drum does print about a quarter inch left compared to the blue and black drums.

THE FABLED GARAGE

At Confusion I was talking to Howard Devore. We talked about this and that and one of the things we spoke of was his house and garage. Howard has enomous amounts of simply everything, and he has to constantly expand his house just to have space to live. It brought back heady memories of my first visit to Howard's garage. You walk in it and there are books and magazines everywhere and Bok and Finley on the walls. It's a fabulous place, and Howard and the tales he can tell are some of the most fabulous.



TRIPPIN A TRAVELOG BY DAVID STEVER

I like to drive. Sounds like a typical A-mur-i-kan there. I like to drive a lot. I like to drive new places and stop in neat places. I even like to drive in new cities, too. I'm not talking about Rochester, Minnesota either, but cities like Chicago, New York, Buffalo, Cleveland. Sometimes with a goal in mind, sometimes just for the hell of it. I like to drive. A lot.

There have been years when I've had to cut back, usually because I'm paying for the previous year or some such thing. In 1979 that was the excuse, and also a tree fell on the car during a tornado. I wasn't in it at the time, mind you, but then I was feeling pretty restless that night, and I broke off enough branches from the tree to allow me to back the car out. The next day I drove it eight blocks to a safer area, and found out that it had twenty-seven hundred dollars worth of damage. It was fun, I'll admit, driving around in a car as screwed up as that. But then I like to drive. A lot.

When I was an east coast boy, I had a Gremlin. My father thought I had a lot of miles on it. It got wrecked on me one fine day. After I had had it for five and a half years. The insurance company totaled it. I think that I had driven something like 65,000 miles in five and a half years. I think that even I thought it was a lot. I had driven it to Minneapolis once, and Detroit, and numerous jaunts down to DC. I bought a nice new car with my money.

"A woman is a pitfall, a hole, a ditch, a woman is a sharp iron dagger that cuts a man's throat." - Babylonian "wisdom literature"



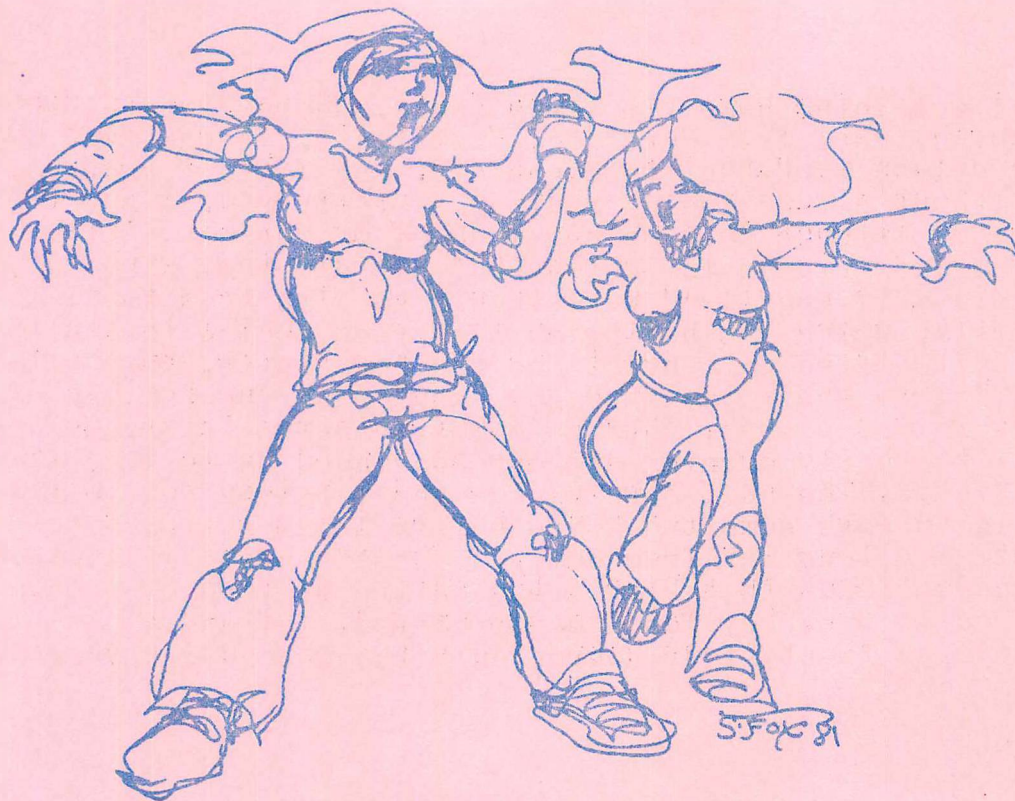
I bought a Datsun 810. And I found it was every bit as nice as I had thought it would be. I bought another one a month later. Because the first one also got totaled. But it never got out of Massachusetts in its ten days of life. It had a thousand miles on it then. I grew to love the car. Then I moved to the Twin Cities. I became a Midwestern Fan. I moved here six months after I got the Datsun. And I began to travel more. Take last year for instance:

I started out the year with 73,000 on the car. I stuck around home until March or so. Driving in Minnesota winter weather is not something that even I relish. In March, at a Mnstf meeting, I kept on remarking to Joe (that's the self-same Joe Wesson, Editor of this here RUNE) that we would surely better enjoy ourselves in Madison, where at that very moment Wiscon was occurring. Joe kept on doubting this could possibly be true. The fourth time or so he asked me if I really thought so. I said yes. He said let's go. We went to drop something off at the Bozo Bus Building. And there we picked up Luke McGuff and Tom Longo, two lads looking for a good time. So they took off with us. We got to Madison at about one ayhem. It turned out that Joe had been right in his original reasoning. We left around seven or eight ayhem, the car, where we were sleeping, was getting cold.

THERE IS NO GRAVITY



I went to work and told a few people of this weekend escapade. And tuesday night after work, three of us went to Chicago. Which was felt to be, perhaps, a better time than Madison, Wisconsin. We started at about four ayhem and the further we got, the more sober we became. In Madison in time for breakfast, we called in to work. Spoke to the manager, who wished us luck, when the women told him she was calling in for three people. We got to Wheaton about one in the afternoon. I had finally attained unconsciousness three hours before. We had wanted to play tourist in



the Loop. I drove again since; a) no one else wanted to, and b) I hadn't before and I wanted to. Got to the top of the Sears Tower and the Hancock Tower and I bought some Popeye's Chicken (if you think I was going to drive all that way with out getting any, you're crazy). I thought about the fact that no fans knew I was in town but decided

against calling anyone. If I did, there was every likelihood of some sort of party like thing that might well prevent us from getting back to work the next afternoon. My problem of somehow still informing locals that I had been there was solved when I was finding my way through the financial district during rush hour. I saw Lynnette Parks-Carter walking down the street. I yelled hello Lynnette, she yelled hello Stever, and we both went on. Later I drove up the LSD (ask a Chicagoan if you don't understand), and took an interesting perpendicular street until I stumbled across a freeway and traipsed back to Wheaton. We drove home after midnight. We even got back to work for the next day, me bringing in my fire eating chicken.

That was excitement enough for me until June. Then I figured it was about time I made it to a Midwestcon. The sister of someone at work was moving back to Minnesota from Kentucky and needed someone to drive a U-Haul truck for her... Joe, Greg Ketter, Aura (my dog), and I drove down and had a real good time. I didn't want to go through Wisconsin. So we drove south into Iowa via small highways before hitting an interstate heading east. It was a great convention. During the weekend the truck drove up, I was handed the keys, and a fat wad of gas money. Sunday my car took Greg, Joe, and Suzi Stefl away bound for Minneapolis via Chicago (to drop Suzi off). I headed off with the



U-Haul and Aura. I was going home via Terra Haute. Where I would visit friends who had moved there from Hartford, Cnneticut. It was over two years since I had driven my U-Haul to Minnesota. And I had forgotten. Being that long without a functioning radio was pretty bad. I got to Terra Haute. There my friends told me how much of my personal life they had heard from our friends in Boston (but how did they find out, I hadn't told them?) They convinced me I should go with them to visit a local Morman family, which was having an ice cream social that night.

While the adults tried to convert Sue and her sister, Dan, Sue's husband, and I talked to their teenaged son about rock and roll and fandom. We thought it was a draw, when we compared notes later. Sue and I talked until the early morning and she convinced me to stay the night rather than leave. The next morning she and I talked some more. I finally called in to work some two hours before I was supposed to be there. I was still a long way from home. I chased across Illinois. I watched the tornado clouds that barred the entire western horizon. But I wasn't allowed to one, boy was I disappointed. I found a McDonald's that is open twenty-four hours, only the second I have ever found. The first is on the Ho Chi Mihn trail in New Jersey. I ate a huge meal at some point in the early ayhem. I drove through the fabulous Quad Cities. I got to the Twin Cities at around eight ayhem. I had been nursing one of the truck's tires for about five hundred miles. And it had about a third of its tread still attached. U-Haul is very good for that sort of thing...

And that only takes me through half of the year. Well there you are. When I get behind the wheel it always an adventure. Sometimes it's even funny. By the way the car ended the year with more than 95,000 miles on the odometer.

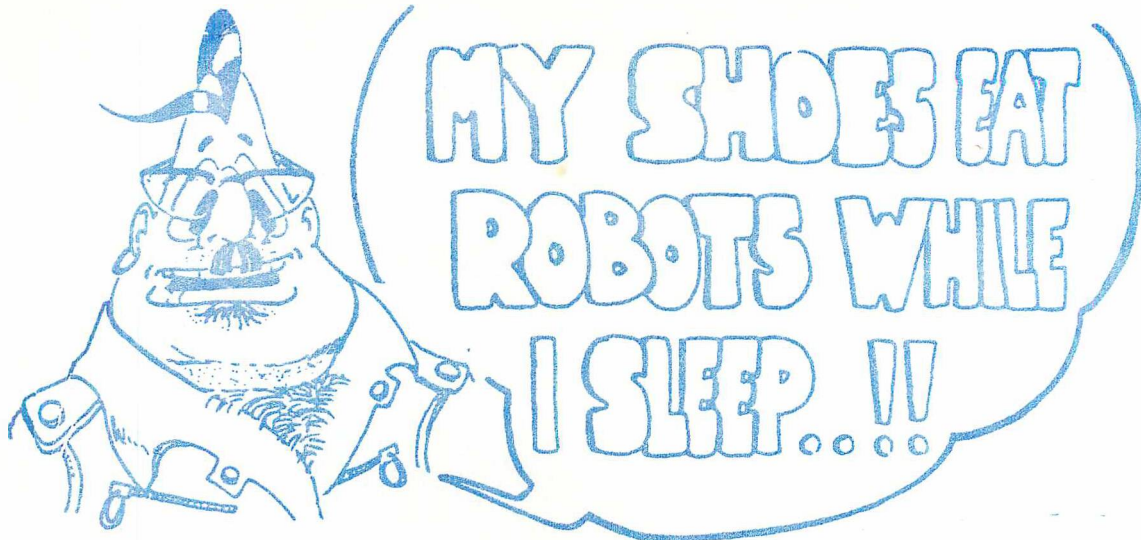


PLEASE!
TAKE MY
DRUGS!
TAKE MY
BODY!

KISS OFF, BABY.

I'M INTO
ROCK
&
ROLL.





'Allo. My name is Rico Popoqatipatetl, new in your country couple years from Jamaica. This is so-so portrait my good fren' Uncle Larry, he draw... Ha ha no no Uncle, keep away from me wi' that fork, I was only kiddin' abou' you drawn. He's a crazy guy 'chu know but rilly kinda fabgear and bossgroovy an'way.

I been hangin' aroun' the men stuffs clob in awhile, kinda shy, stay inna corners listnin' for the peoples singin' abou' the filks. Maybe lotsa guys you don' notice me but it's hokay 'cause they say my grandma and accents too mucho plenny, so I thin' I put somethin' in the manysnappa 'cause then peoples won' notice my accents. Howm I doon?

I get inna S.F. Through the music and get a lotta cosmos when listnin' to the Blue Oysters and Their Cult, the greatest S.F. band inna world. I get into this newpunkswave the most. I think it's because I'm a true son of the '80's and my personal space beings full of the anger at wat-cha we doon our environs and ourselves with the powers nuclears. When we all got numbers and live on credit in the future societies who wanna live like that when that happen? Got no gas we gotta

roller disco to work, and then that fad go down the tube what we do? So I don' like girls an' don' wanna live so I listen to the Clashes and the news Elvis 'cause they sayin' it like it is abou' the despairs and frustrations. Comprende?

So I spend all my money on the clothes and stuff the fashion fashions says make me look in 'cause I don' wanna look bad when I go. But I look at the sunnys side besides I take a lotta drugs, and the colors is better than TV. I gets lots of S.F. cosmos ideas doon it an I' I'm goona write a big novels with spaceships as soon as I sell some records I don' like anymore an' buy a typewriter. Hey, an'body want some Sergio Mendes an' Brasil '77 elpees?



Hi Sports! Dismembers me? This is one Rico Popoqatipatetl comin' atcha once an' again. I told yous I was gwan make a stories S.F. and now here it is. Knock youselfs out.

It was dark an' stormy in the nights. The hudest nose sat by the street with the blinks of lights in the front. Only the rockets comin' down sides row in an' row out and the signs neons showing "Flying Saucer Diner" says what it is.

Jose Cuervo, famosou Rastaman detective, pulled up in the curb with his black an' gold Mustang wit' the leopards-skin converts-able top and snuffs the Quetzat-coatl. He make out the New York Times on Sunday in the hubcap on seat. He takes a long look at the eatsplace an' putting his dreadlocks under up his straws an' vinyl cowboys hat gets out the car, grabbing at his strikes

"KISS ME,
KILL ME,
LICK ME,
LUBE ME,
LIP ME"

RICO
POPOQATIP-
ATETL

lucky off the pink corduroy seats seats. He gotta feel around awhile but he got 'em hokay.

He flashes on his mind when not on the purposes he listen to the news Blue Oysters and the Cult tape backwards on his 8 tracks ina Mustang. Over an' over it keeps sayin' "Paul he's dead, Paul been dead, dead that's paul", but when he turns it up all the satics put him on trance an' mew-meow cat voice say this diner full of bugs-eyes monsters and dripping televisions off buses from across the outer spaces.

So Jose he knows his duty an' sees. He come down here an' goes in. There's all kinda peeps in there but Cuervo he takes his seat to the counter. He don' know who's from outta town an' who's just mundanes. So he's sittin' an' pickin' his nose an' slurpin' wit' his coffee outta the saucers wonderin' whats he gotta do.

The news been talkin' about all kinda different napkiddings and stuff ina around the neighbors hood an' the diner. One kid was ate by plates sauers kraut that got up and walked out. Man gots out his car to wipe a big goob the bird poops on his windowshield and he's piles charcoal ona pavement. One ol' lady never see her when she walks up the sidewalk with a mucho plenny big bush. All kinda stuff like that.

Then jose blows his noses ina hands an' gets a hots flash sitting ona stool an' peers serious at the peeps ina cafe.

"Hokay you alieones now I know who's whose! You guys are like a chameleones. You can change way you look like what you think an' you thinkin' about us! You can do so mucho perfecto so no one sees who you ain't. But there's one thin' you can' do an' thats what makes us different of animals. You guys stan' up!"

Everbod' stan' up when Jose wave the pistola.

"One thin' you can' copy make as good as us is ours sense of couths an' the good tastes! You guys wit' the white belts, shoes, seeya!" Jose shootsbangs them all down.

"You peeps ina rayon, nylon, more than 35%, no got to live no more!" Jose ratatats off coupla more shots.

"Crewcuts; baggy clothes, bye bye, no worry 'bout rent no more!" Pretty soon no more bangs-bang, no more peeps.

Jose Cuervo, famosus Rastaman detecative, pump up his leopards-convert Mustang an' split.

Happys end.

