THIS IS RUNE 38 PUBLISHED BY THE MINNESOTA SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY, INC. 2301 ELLIOT AVE S, #2 MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA 55404 THIS ISSUE EDITED BY BEV SWANSON. AVAILABLE BY TRADE, LOC, CONTRIBUTION, EXPRESSED INTEREST, BECAUSE YOUR THERE, OR IF YOU WANT TO BE MERCENARY, COLD HARD CASH.

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COVER
THE COVER IS A COLLAGE DONE BY CHUCK HOLSIT AND DESIGNATED FOR THIS PARTICULAR ISSUE BECAUSE OF ITS REFERENCES TO SMOFFING, SNAPPY, SNAPPYSM, SMOFFIFIERS, SMOFFLED, SMOFFIATED ETV.

STAFF
A MANY TIMES OVER WORD OF THANKS TO ALL WHO HAVE HELPED ME THIS LAST TIME AROUND.
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AND ALSO FOR ALL THOSE WHO WILL HELP WITH THE COLLATING TO ACCEPT THIS AWARD AND I THANK YOU.

PICTURES
C- CHUCK HOLSIT
F- FRED HASKELL

ARTWORK
SOME OF THIS ISSUES ARTWORK IS BY KAREN HASKELL. IT IS BEING PRINTED WITHOUT HER KNOWLEDGE, BUT HOPEFULLY IT'LL WORK. KAREN HASKELL GAVE THE FILE TO ME WITH THE UNDERSTANDING THAT IT COULD BE USED IF I SO DESIRED, THESE PARTICULAR DRAWINGS WERE CHOSEN BECAUSE THEY SEEMED TO FIT TOGETHER IN A STORY. I GUESS IT WAS THE STORY THAT ACTUALLY INTERESTED ME, BECAUSE NO MATTER WHAT ORDER THE PICTURES ARE IN THEY STILL TELL A VERY STRANGE STORY, COMPLETE NONTHELESS WITH CHARACTER DEVELOPMENT, PLOT AND JUSTIFIABLE ENDING.

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PICTURES

ONE - RON BOUNDS AT LINICON IN A VERY TYPICAL POSE, SMILING, LISTENING, AND LOOKING INTERESTED.

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FIVE - MIKE GLICKSOHN AND GAY HALEMANN CAUGHT ATTENDING PROGRAMMING. MIKE IS SUCH A NICE GUY THAT HE WOULD LITERALLY GIVE YOU THE SHIRT OFF HIS BACK. NO WONDER I HAD SUCH A GOOD TIME IN TORONTO.

SIX - BEN BOVA HARD AT WORK BURNING HIS GLASS OF TOAST.

SEVEN - MARTIN LESSINGER, BEV SWANSON AND PHYLLIS EISENSTEIN ADMINISTERING A POST-CON CURE TO JOE HALEMANN, WHO DIDN'T MIND A BIT.

EIGHT - DAVID EMERSON AND NATE BUCKLIN TAKING ADVANTAGE OF AN OFF MOMENT TO CATCH UP ON SCALE UNFINISHED CONVERSATION POSSIBLY RELATED TO MINNEAPOLIS, TO WHICH BOTH CONTRIBUTED.

NINE - JONI STOPA AND BOB TUCKER DISCUSSING WHY NO ONE WOULD STREAK WITH HIM THROUGH THE SACRED HALLS OF THE DIXIEMAN. DISREGARDING, OF COURSE, THE FACT THAT IT HAD ALREADY BEEN DONE. AFTER ALL, WHO CAN START A FANNOGRAPH TRADITION BY BEING SECOND.

TEN - KENN MOORE AND KEN "KC" KELLER TOTALLY ENVELOPED IN ONE OF THE PANELS. I DON'T WANT TO BE QUOTED ON THIS BUT I NEVER MET A KEN I DIDN'T LIKE. BEAUTIFUL.

ELEVEN - REED WALLER AND CLIFF SIMAK IN UNCLE HUGO'S PROBABLY NOT EVEN DISCUSSING BOOKS OR ANYTHING RELATED TO THEM.

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FOURTEEN - LEES COUCH AND DON BLYLY TAKING A SHORT BREAK

FIFTEEN - CAROLINE STAFFORD IN THE TYPICAL NASHVILLE ACT OF CHECKING THE BILL FOR THE BANQUET PRESENTED WITH PRESIDENT DURING THE SPEECHES.

SIXTEEN - BEV SWANSON AND JACKIE FLAN PRODUCING THE POST-CON CURE TO KEN MAN REEN HOOP. A WELL DESERVED CURE IT WAS TOO.
Editors Note:
This started out to be an editorial, turned into a con report and ended in nothing. Merely a change from something I had to do, to something I wanted to do, to something I was too exhausted to finish doing.

Whatever follows is a combination of needing to say many things and not being able to remember them all at this particular time. This time just happens to be 7:40 P.M. Mon May 13, 1974. Oddly enough the place is somewhere outside of Louisville, Kentucky. What am I doing here? Well it's the only way I could think of to get a con report into the editorial.

Chuck Holst
Jeff Applebaum, Tick Pathe and myself are at this moment on our way back from Kubla Khan too! Just incase the word hasn't spread: Yet, kii was damn good Khan. Unbelievably the banquet was one of the highlights. The food was good and there was plenty of it. The speeches and awards, afterwards, were the most enjoyable I have heard at any convention basically because the numerous speakers were known to all. There was a warm small town feeling at the Khan.

This can hardly be helped though with Gordy Dickson, Polly and Kelly Firas, Rusty Hevelin, Bob Tucker, (by the way Ann and Bob Passovoy and Bob Tucker and Barb, we just passed the exit to Seymour, Ind., despite tour rave reviews, we will resist the call to visit the city and push on home.) Back to the Khan... and Andy and Jodie Offutt and Jon Holli and Khan Man Khan Moore and Carole Stafford and Ginger and the rest of the Nashville people and all of the reviewers of the Galactic Egg.

Lost and Found
The adventures of time-warpmat minicon eight
Inadvertently at every con there are those things that are mislaid and forgotten. I have a box full of such things that have yet to be identified. If you are missing something that may have been left in the con suite, send a description of said object to: The Rune return address and maybe we'll send it to you. Actually we only want to find out who the items belong to so we know what minimum bids to place on them at the minicon auction. Speaking of auctions, if you are owed money by minicon please write to us and have us check our records as there may have been some mistakes.

Also, if anyone happens to find an extra overnight cabs with women and children's clothing in it, the owners have been identified and are well and alive in MPLS.

The Minninstpff Library
Matty Bucklin will be presiding over it at these times: Wed 1-3 pm, Thu 5-7 pm
Please call before going over, he'll make it a point to remain on the premises if he knows someone is interested. 825-0018
MINICON EIGHT
or how a convention can interfere
with real life.

I ACTUALLY DON'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN SINCE IT IS DIFFICULT TO PICK A CERTAIN POINT IN TIME AND TRY TO EXPLAIN IT WITHOUT REFERENCING SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED BEFORE THAT. I THINK, THOUGH, THAT IF I START AT MINICON SEVEN OR THEREAFTER IT WOULDN'T BE TOO DIFFICULT. TRADITIONALLY AFTER EACH CON THE COMMITTEE GETS TOGETHER AND DISCUSSES THE CON AND HOW TO IMPROVE IT. AT THAT PARTICULAR MEETING WE DECIDED TO HAVE A LARGER COMMITTEE. IT EVENTUALLY TURNED INTO THIRTEEN OFFICIAL AND TEN UNOFFICIAL MEMBERS. IN MY OPINION, THIS FACT ALONG WITH THE DEPENDABILITY OF EACH COMMITTEE MEMBER MADE MINICON EIGHT THE SMOOOTH AND MELLOW CON IT WAS. I ACTUALLY COULD HAVE ATTENDED THE CON MORE THAN I DID IF REAL LIFE HADN'T GETTEN IN THE WAY.

I KNEW THAT THROUGH SOME INTERVIEWS

LITERARY MEANS I COULD CHANGE THE PLOT TO REAL LIFE. THE REAL LIFE SEGMENT OF THIS PROGRAM IS BROUGHT TO YOU COURTESY OF THE M.T.C. OR THE METROPOLITAN TRANSIT CO. IN MPLS. IT MAY BE THE ONLY SYSTEM WE HAVE, BUT IT'S THE WORST. ONE MAJOR FLAW IN ITS OPERATION IS THE LACK OF SERVICE FROM 1am-5am. IT MAY NOT SEEM ALL THAT BAD BUT TO US OR THE GRAVEYARD SHIP WORKER WHO NEED TRANSPORTATION HOME DURING THOSE HOURS IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH. THAT ALONE IS THE REASON I SWALLOWED SOME WORDS AND

(RECENTLY IT WAS POINTED OUT TO ME THAT IT WAS ACTUALLY AN ALIEN MESSAGE REVEIVER AND THE NEEDLE WAS SCANNING THE RADIO WAVES FOR A MESSAGE FROM SOME ALIENS. IN ORDER TO INTERPRET THE MESSAGE IT WOULD BE NECESSARY TO REMOVE THE BATTERY AND CONNECT IT TO A COMPUTER INPUT DEVICE AND LET THE COMPUTER DECODE THE MESSAGE. ABSURD?

GETTING BACK TO THE CAR NOW, ITS ONLY MAJOR PROBLEM IS THE MILEAGE IT GETS. 8 MILES TO THE GALLON IS NOT EXACTLY KEEPING UP WITH THE PRESIDENT'S STANDARDS. BUT DARN THE PRESIDENT, A FREE CAR (my sister actually gave it to me) IS BETTER THAN A TAXI ON THOSE COLD WINTER NIGHTS, OR SO I THOUGHT. UNFORTUNATELY IT'S BEEN DIPED BY MY OWN SISTER. THE CAR HAD NO HEAT! FILLED AS IT WERE. i STILL DROVE THE CAR, UNTILL...

THAT PAINFUL DAY IN MARCH, ONLY FIVE WEEKS BEFORE MINICON EIGHT. I LEFT WORK WITH MYUSUAL GLEE AND STARTED THE USUAL SEARCH FOR MY SHIP IN THE PARKING LOT. AFTER WANDERING A WHILE AT RANDOM, A FRIEND OFFERED ME A RIDE. WE TOURED THE ENTIRE LOT TWICE...NO CAR. MIGHT SOMEONE TOOK IT AS A JEST? WE DROVE TO MY APT. AND CHECKED OUT THE SPARE SETS (made after lossing the orig. in the snow...) NO LUCK. CALLED THE POLICE TO CHECK ON TOVES...NO LUCK. EVENTUALLY I FILED A STOLEN REPORT AND WENT OUT AND DROWNED MY SORROWS WITH A FRIEND. AFTER DROWNING we drove through
THE PARKING LOT AGAIN...NO LUCK, DAYS WENT BY, NO WORD, I'D COME TO BE VERY DEPENDENT ON IT, EVEN THOUGH IT HAD NO HEAT. THEN.....

AS IF BY THE HAND OF GOD, THE POST OFFICE HAD A SALE OF USED VANS. THE PERFECT SOLUTION TO MY PROBLEM, A MOST USEFUL VEHICLE, SO I BOUGHT ONE. ALL I HAD TO DO WAS BUY THE PLATES AND I COULD TAKE THE CAR HOME. PICK UP DATE WAS SCHEDULED FOR FRI. APRIL 12, THE OPENING DAY OF MINICON. IT ARRIVED AS THOUGH REAL LIFE WAS GOING TO TRY TO GET THE BEST OF THIS CON. WELL I FIGURED IT WOULD TAKE BUT AN HOUR SO I AGREED.

THE CONVENTION ITSELF ACTUALLY STARTED ON THURS NIGHT. IN THE TRUE MPLS TRADITION WE HAD OUR PRE-CON COLLECTING AND WELCOME OF EARLY ATTENDEES PARTY, AT WHICH TIME AVAILABLE SLEEPING SPACE IS DOLED OUT. I WAS LUCKY ENOUGH TO GET THERE UNLIKE AS RUSTY, REVELIN, BOB TUCKER AND KEN MOORE, WEARY OF THE THOUGHT OF SPENDING THE NIGHT ALONE WITH SUCH ILL-USABLE PEOPLE, I WAS RELIEVED WHEN CHUCK CAUGHT US STEALING HIS SPARE MATTRESS OUT OF THE BASEMENT. ACTUALLY TUCKER WAS THE FIRST ONE CAUGHT, BUT IN HIS USUAL CUSE, DEMANDED TO KNOW WHAT CHUCK WAS DOING THERE. IT SO CAUGHT CHUCK OFF HIS GUARD THERE WAS TOTAL SILENCE FOR AT LEAST FIVE SECONDS, ODD CONSIDERING WHO ALL WAS INVOLVED, AT LAST CHUCK GASPED AND REPLIED "I LIVE HERE AND THAT'S MY MATTRESS YOU'RE STEALING."

EVENTUALLY THINGS QUIETED DOWN WITH RUSTY SLEEPING WITH THE FISH( NOT TUCKER AND MOORE, BUT MY AQUARIUM) TUCKER WITH CHUCK'S NEW BOOK SHELVES( STILL TRYING TO FIND OUT WHO THEY WERE) AND KEN ON CHUCK'S COUCH( ALTHOUGH YOU CAN NEVER REALLY BE SURE, KNOWING HOW EASILY KEN CAN FALL ASLEEP LITERALLY ANYWHERE.) AND SO BEGAN A MOST RELAXED CON. UNTIL...

UNFORTUNATELY THE LICENSE WAS ALREADY CALLED FRI MORNING TO INFORM ME THAT THEY HAD GIVEN ME PASSENGER PLATES FOR A "TRUCK" AND I HAD TO EXCHANGE THEM BEFORE I COULD DRIVE THE VEHICLE. EXTRA-U UNTILLY, IN THE RUSH TO GET TO THE HOTEL, THE OLD PLATES HAD BEEN LEFT BEHIND, NECESSITATING AN EXTRA TRIP BACK HOME USING, OF ALL THINGS, THE M.T.C. AN EXTRA THREE HOURS ADDED ONTO THE PROCEDURE OR SUBTRACTED FROM THE CON DEPENDING ON HOW IT'S VIEWED.

THE CON ITSELF WAS VERY LOW KEYED, I ACTUALLY GOT TO MEET PEOPLE, THEY BECAME MORE THAN JUST NAMES AND FACES FLOATING PAST THE REGISTRATION TABLE OR BAR. THERE WAS EVEN ENOUGH TIME TO INITIATE A FEW NEW PEOPLE INTO MPLS FANDOM, AMONG THEM CHRIS SHERMAN, WHO ACTUALLY STARTED THE WHOLE THING WITH THE QUINDING LIGHT OF BOB TUCKER, BOB SCHMELZER, MIKE GLICKSCHNO, JOE HALDEMAN ( WITH THE HELP OF MARIE LESSINGER AND PHYLLIS LIESENSTEIN), KEN MOORE AND A FEW UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPTS.

MARK HANSON INITIATED HIMSELF BY BREAKING THROUGH THE EVER POPULAR HALL PARTY. THIS ACT PROMPTED BOB TUCKER TO MAKE AN OPEN INVITATION TO ANYONE TO STREAK WITH HIM. HE EVEN ASKED GORDY DICKSON, BUT TO MY KNOWLEDGE BOBS DISMAY, HE REMAINED FULLY CLOTHED IN THE PRESENCE OF FANS, AND SO IT WENT. UNTIL...

THAT FATHFUL MONDAY AFTERNOON, THE CON SUITE WAS EMBRITED OUT, THE LAST PIECE OF ART COLLECTED, THE LAST PAN OFF TO WHEREVER AND TIN A S I WAS, I WANTED TO GET HOME TO GIVE MY NEW TRUCK A TEST RIDE, BUT......

DISMAY: MY TRUCK WAS NOWHERE IN SIGHT, BUT THE NO PARKING 8-11 am MON WAS ALL TOO EVIDENT, OVERSIGHT. IMMEDIATELY CHUCK WAS THERE TO CONFIRM MY FEARS. MY NEW UNDRIVEN ALMOST VIRGIN TRUCK HAD BEEN THE VICTIM OF GRAHAM'S GARAGE AND GRAVEYARD. A TICKET AND AN $11.60 TOWING CHARGE WERE ALL THAT WAITED ME. SO I DESERVED IT. IT WAS PART OF MY COMPLAINT FOR ENJOYING MYSELF AT THE CON. WE ALL HAVE OUR PRICE TO PAY, Mine IS ALL INVESTED IN CARS. SO I RETRIEVERED THE TRUCK AND HELD IN PREPARATION FOR THE POST CON PARTY, HELD THAT NIGHT AT THE SULLERS.

A GOOD WRAP UP DISCUSSION TOOK PLACE DURING WHICH WE DECIDED THAT A LARGE COMMITTEE COULD WORK MORE EFFICIENTLY, ESPECIALLY IF WE ALL COMMUNICATED SOME TIME BEFORE THE CON SO WE ALL KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON. AT LAST MINICON NIGHT WAS PUT TO BED FOR A WHILE BUT ALAS......

THE REAL WORLD MUST GO ON, AND SO IT DID, BEFORE EVEN BEING ABLE TO RECOVER FROM THE CON THE REAL WORLD WOKE ME UP. A POLICEWOMAN CALLING TO TELL ME THAT SOME EFFICIENT METER MAID HAD FOUND AND TAGED AND ALLOWED GRAHAM'S GARAGE AND GRAVEYARD TO TOW MY CAR WHICH AT THIS TIME WAS LONG GONE AND FORGOTTEN. HOW NICE OF THEM. FOR A
HERE 11.60 I COULD HAVE THE DISGUSTINGLY DECADENT CAR BACK. WHAT COULD I DO? IT WAS STILL LEGALLY MY CAR AND AS OWNER I WAS OBLIGATED TO RETRIEVE IT. SO I DID. THERE WAS ONLY ONE MINOR PROBLEM, THE BATTERY WAS MISSING. I DIDN'T NEED A COMPUTER TO DECODE THE MESSAGE WRITTEN IN THE DISCONNECTED AND EVER SO IMPORTANT ELECTRICAL SYSTEM. IT WAS ALL TO CLEAR. IF THINGS GO RIGHT AT A CON, THEY GO WRONG IN REAL LIFE AND SO IT GOES......

RUNE MAILING LIST

and other discussions of cosmic and comic import.

if by some ridiculous reason you are receiving two copies of the rune, please let us know, we no longer need to stuff the mailing list as we are now over 500. there is still no fee for receiving rune, however bribes are accepted. attendance at minicon, minstf or some written contact with us is enough to keep you on the list, since proceeds from minicon finance the rune and written contact gives us something to publish. its a vicious circle, but it works.

LOC'S N'PCGS*( a preview)


(MIKE GLICKSCHN)

**** IT WONT WORK MIKE. WE ALL KNOW YOU'RE JUST BEING NICE TO US BECAUSE YOU THINK WE'LL LET YOU HAVE THE WORLDCON IN '75. WERE TOO WISE FOR YOU MIKE. BUT IT'S STILL NICE TO HERE FROM OUR NEIGHBORS TO THE NORTH.

APRIL 14, 1974

DEAR DON AND MARK,

I WAS CHAEGAINED TO GET THE ISSUE OF RUNE AT MY NEW ADDRESS. IT SEEMS THE FANS ARE MORE EFFICIENT THAN THE HUNDAINE WORLD. IT TOOK THE MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS OVER A MONTH AND THE ONLY FANS I CAN RECALL SENDING MY NEW ADDRESS TO WERE THE DISCON II COMMITTEE. FAR OUT!

***

MARSHA ALLEN

**** SORRY WE COULDN'T PRINT ALL OF YOUR LETTER BUT AS NORMAL I LOST TRACK OF PAGE COUNT AND IT'S EITHER STOP HERE OR FIND ANOTHER PAGE OF MATERIAL. HOPEFULLY IT WILL BE PRINTED IN FULL NEXT TIME.

"##&## A SPECIAL THANKS TO MARK HANSONELO AND AL KUHFEID FOR ALL THEIR WORK "##&##
DEDD BOGGS
Saturday, 22 June 1974
Post Office Box 1111
Berkeley, California 94701

Dear People and Others:

Thanks for sending me Rune, copies of which have been arriving with bewildering regularity of late. I'm sorry I haven't responded before, but I am speechless with amazement at the magnitude of fan activity in my old hometown. The fanatic in the Twin Cities seems to grow and grow, and it must be at a higher intensity than at any time since 1941. Indeed, I wonder if it hasn't even surpassed that of 1941 by now. It may be mere nostalgia to imagine that the era of Phil Bronson and The Fantasite, John Chapman, Oliver Saari, Samuel D. Russell, Arden Benson, and all the rest of that fabulous crew was quite up the the present glory of the Minn-stf (Inc.)

Speaking of past glory, though, I wonder if Don Blyly and Jim Young, who live (or lived) at 343 East 19th Street, Minneapolis, are aware they live (or lived) within a couple of blocks of a fennish shrine? One of the most famous fans of the Dark Ages — from the end of the old Minneapolis Fantasy Society to the start of Minn-stf — lived at 413 East 18th Street back about 1951. That was Rich Elsberry, a genial young man with an offbeat sense of humor and a sardonic style, who wrote columns and articles for all the leading fanzines of the day, like Quandary and Opus. I have no idea whether Elsberry's family still lives there — probably not. Certainly he doesn't. But unless that area has been "redeveloped", I suppose the house is still there, and it should have a plaque affixed to the front door. I would be interested to know if the house indeed still exists. I have a vague feeling that the streamer no longer runs half a block away, as it did in the days when Elsberry lived at 413.

Don Blyly's book reviews were enjoyable, although since I seldom read science fiction any more they gave me a depressing sense of being "out of it". For instance, I hadn't known that Leigh Brackett was writing SF again. However, from Blyly's description of her new book, I guess things haven't changed too much. Why, it sounds just like Brackett's novelties for Planet Stories.

And Jodie Offutt's chattery anecdote about visiting a dentist in Lexington was pleasant enough, too, although I had another moment of feeling I exist in another world from all this. She says, "People went to hear what they know" when it comes to music, and she names four tunes that everybody — I presume — is supposed to know: "Deliverance," "Foggy Mountain Breakdown," "Salty Dog," and "the pickin': 'n' grinnin' song from HEE HAW." None of these I had ever heard of before — and what is HEE HAW?

The "announcement" of the publication next year of The Autobiography of Donald Wandrei was the first I'd heard of the project and the first I'd heard of a breach between Wandrei, co-founder of Arkham House, and the present management of Arkham House. If these memories serve, I met Wandrei at a MFS meeting once, ages and ages
ago, and he seemed like an interesting person. His autobiography, or any autobiography that deals with the subject's life with great candor, would be interesting, even fascinating, for truth — such a rare phenomenon in this world — has incredible power, even when wasted on uneventful and drab lives. But from Wandro's description of the book, I take it that he deserts the truth now and then to deal with such grandiose subjects as "an explanation of basic differences in the cosmicism of Lovecraft, of Smith, and of the author." I would be more interested, I'm afraid, in an analysis of the differing beliefs among those three drunks on Skid Row.

Though Chuck Holst seems to be one of the sparkplugs of Minn-stf these days, I thought his limericks pretty bad, first, for his outlook which is certainly male chauvinistic, and second (and worse), for his artistic lapses.

I guess I should have mentioned that I was commenting on Runo #37, inasmuch as you've been putting out so many issues of late. I look forward to more frenetic activity in the future.

Rogers, Rodd

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Woll, Rodd, Fred Haskell, Kon Fletcher, Bruce Wright, Mark Hanson, and Al Kuhfeld demand equal time; we live as close (or closer) to 413 East 18th street. But a plaque wouldn't last well in the middle of a freeway, which is renewal with a vengeance. The Vengeance, as you may know, is an automobile produced in the Arab states and first introduced to the American public late in 1973. It is the modern refinement of the Quandary which you mentioned earlier. The Opus, on the other hand, is a German vehicle.

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--

Susan L. Guthmann
815 S. Fairview Ave.
St. Paul, Minn. 55116
May 21, 1974

Dear Whomever-Edits-Rune

Enclosed is a "bribe" (a very small one, I'm poor too!) ((actually the promptings of a GUILTY CONSCIENCE, I'm getting this neat thing free!)) to ensure that, after June 7, you'll send RUNE to me at my HOME address which is included. Thanks!
Yours Truly, Susan L. Guthmann.

-----

Frank Kelly Freas 20 Apr '74
Route 4, Box 4056A
Virginia Beach, Virginia 23457

Dear Minnepople——

Forgive the salutation — it's the only word I could think of to include all the delightful people we met there!

We both want to thank you not only for a fine convention and the honor of being your guests, but also for the kindness and consideration we encountered everywhere. It was, and is, a special pleasure to find so many new friends, and we look forward eagerly to meeting you all again soon.

With warmest regards——

Kelly and Polly Freas

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If only we had the money to photoproduce that letter of yours, Kelly.....
Jerry Kaufman       June 23

Dear RUNEatics,

Book reviews good, Jody Offutt good, lettercol heavy on organizational matter, limericks ghastly. Hope you fill that bus for Discon; want to see those I know, want to meet those I don't (maybe not all forty on bus, this is only a four day convention.) This poc is on Rune 37 but Jody Offutt always good. Yours,,.., Jerry Kaufman

*****Jody Offutt always good? Actually, there are tales of her escapades with a Vardoman simulacrum at the 1973 Minneapolis Worldcon....

Devo Wixon
704 Brien St.
Marshall, Minn 56258

1 June, 1974

Dear Minn-STF (i.e., I don't know who'll read this):

...it's just after midnight and I'm watching a movie, upon which I just have to comment. And that comment is "Yech!"

The movie is Billy the Kid versus Dracula, a title which naturally appeals to a student lawyer — and I'd say even the Supreme Court would be hard-put to find any "redeeming social value" here.

John Carredino plays a cadaverous, leering Count, but the only noticeable character in the film is the lady who sells Folgers Coffee with a Swedish accent; same accent, but now she's German. Billy is the standard fool. But a nice guy. I'm not sure how his speed with a gun will be any advantage to him...

My biggest gripe is the mutilation of the vampire legend; the Count seems to be able to teleport; moreover, he can either move about in the daylight, or everyone does everything by night (the lighting is so bad you can't tell if it's day or night...). And the Count's main objective seems to be to ley the heroine — he's got a plush bed down in an old mine...

I was right; the gun did no good at all. But Dracula growls like the Werewolf when he fights — bestial!

If the bullets don't work, how could the vampire be felled by a thrown gun!!?? Happy ending time. But if Dracula lies dead in the mine (and he does), who's the bad dying on the ground outside? Nothing else about the movie is at all interesting, and it's poorly done even for a 1966 cheapie. Avoid unless you're one who'll endure anything for the name of Dracula.

Be writing from the coast; have a good summer, all!

Devo Wixon
To the 37th issue, folks. Why, it inspired my nostalgic memory to hark back to the days when I started the whole mess by publishing "The Minn-Stf Newsletter." Only Fred Haskell and I remember the small fiasco which followed, but even we have become enured (sic) to it.

It has recently come to my attention that Minneapolis has become the Fan Center Of the Universe. For my small part, however humble it may have been in this great drama, I would like to thank you all. I am always impressed by these sorts of things, you know. Robert Bloch, for goodness' sake. Next thing you know, there will be Franklin Avenue Axis stories, as there used to be Bixel St. stories about Los Angeles fandom (back when there was a Los Angeles fandom). It gives one a warm Milk of Magnesia feeling -- or as Mike Wood might say, "a warm Twin Cities feeling" -- to know that one is taking part in History. Being an authorized historian, let me tell you that it's really great.

As to the "Minn-Stf Conquers the Universe Syndrome," let me tell you that it's been around for some time. Chuck Holst -- who has suffered from it in his day -- was proposing only mild palliatives. (The only way to lessen the evil effects of the syndrome is to give way to the symptoms and conquer the universe -- or try to, at least.) Why, when I had it, I wasn't going to stop at buying a duplex for the club. I was gonna buy a hotel. We could make money and hold conventions and everything.

I contacted a local rep -- named Robert Short -- and made plans to buy a really great hotel. At the mortgage rate I was guaranteed -- and this was as a federally guaranteed student loan, mind you -- it would have taken the club 12,453 years and eight months to pay off the debt. Then I found out the hotel was in St. Louis. Not St. Louis Park, but St. Louis, Mo.

"Fine," I said, nonplussed. "Wrap it up and take it home for me."

"When would you like delivery, Mr. Young?" The sales person asked.

"Next Tuesday will be fine." Then it occurred to me to ask the name of the hotel.

"It's called the Chase-Park Plaza."

Well, that quashed that deal. This was after St. Louis soon, you see.

But so it goes in the Fan Center of Reality.

Jin.

****Yass, yass. And now, in line with our policy of equal representation, we are proud to include an anonymous letter (which arrived with a surfeit of "GROK" stickers.)

I found these reproducing themselves in the back of an already over-crowded drawer, and decided to plague you minnStf folks with them -- perhaps you can find ways to make use of them -- like giving them out as party favors, or slipcovering Don Blyly's typewriter (maybe better, slipcovering Don Blyly?)

--- I received these GROK stickers unasked-for through the mails some years ago, and since crazy Minneapolis fans are for the most part unasked-for themselves, who better to send them to?

zip code 55409.

****No, sir, it is safety pins that grow up the coat hangers, which grow up to be bicycles, which produce little safety pins, and.... So if you find something breeding in the back of a drawer, rest assured: Modern Science says it's safety pins. So where did all those grok stickers come from. ("Well, there was this cabbage plant....")
Akon report on KUBLA KHAN KLAVE TOO by Richard Tatge

On May 9 a number of demented Minstrels left Minneapolis on the way to Nashville to take in Ken Moore's latest bid for immortality. We travelled in Chuck Holts' car, other voyagers being Jeff Appelbaum, Bev Swanson and Blue Petal. The trip was uneventful and long, broken only by a session of collating some copies of Al Kuhfeld's Songbuch der Filken, and hard addressing RUNE.

We arrived in Nashville early Friday morning and attempted to find Ken's place, with no success as we'd mistaken a street on the map for an avenue. So we got a bite to eat and went over to the Harding Place Holiday Inn, where practically no one had yet arrived, and spent a pleasant morning playing electric Ping Pong. About noon registration got under way, and we got sung up, Bev taking Rusty Hevlins name tag instead of her traditional Tucker one since Tucker and the Passavoyas hadn't arrived. Turned out later that they'd been delayed on the way down when their train stopped to mug a small town named Seymour. Fortunately no one was injured. Much was made of this event during the con by Tucker, which surprised no one.

After a quiet afternoon visiting with various fans, I went out to dinner with Brandy Brandon, a femmefan with a great fondness for dragons, including the stained glass type I make, and another fanne whose name escapes me. We went to a local Irish restaurant and had steak smothered in gravy over baking powder biscuits topped off with Irish coffee, for a rather odd meal.

Back at the con I watched some Emsh movies and an Ernie Kovacs retrospective, consisting of excerpts from his great TV shows, and then up to the party. It was a good party, I don't remember anything of it except a long session of singing old Broadway show tunes with Brandy.

Arising at noon, I wandered down to the program room to enter my work in the Art Show, which was competing for space with the programming. I ended up helping set up, which gave me a good chance to admire the Freas's, the paintings by Ron Miller, drawings by Jackie Franke and a local named Blinky, and of special note a display of Emsh paintings included for show only. The place was so crowded a bunch of Dollens astronomicals didn't get put out until the auction, and a couple of Dennis Dotson's paintings were being knocked down every time someone at the speakers table stood up. Ken says he'll have more space next year.

At the aforesaid table Gordy Dickson (The GOH), Joe Green, Phyllis Eisenstein, Andy Offutt, Don Wollheim, Greg Williams, Charles Fontenay, and Perry Chapdelaine were having a writers panel. Thomas Burnett Swann was there but wouldn't participate out of modesty, much to my regret, he's one of my favorite fantasy authors. When they finished I unwarily allowed Ken Moore to drag me to the artists panel, and found myself sitting at the same table with Kelly Freas and Ron Miller, and talking about SF art. If fellow amateurs Jackie Franke and Dennis Dotsun hadn't been there to give me moral support, I don't know what I'd have done. Fortunately Kelly did most of the talking.

After the panel a number of old Fleischer Superman animations and old Crusader Rabbit episodes were shown, with miscellaneous monster clips, and then it was time to clear the room for the banquet.

Said banquet was buffet style, and quite good, with ample portions and not too long a wait in line. This was apparently quite a contrast with the year before, as Carroll Stafford arose and recited a long poem bewailing the fate of those at the end of the line in last years' banquet, who had been forced to subsist on cold mashed potatoes and pickled beets. A large bowl of mashed potatoes and beets was then set before Ken in loving memory. Ken then stood up and did not introduce Andy Offutt at great length, giving Bob Passavoy the chance to butt in with the epic tale of the great Seymour train wreck, ending by presenting Ken with a bent railroad spike taken from the scene. Not to be outdone, Ken retaliated by giving all the guests Great Bird of the Galaxy awards.
These consisted of plastic L' Eggs panty hose containers painted black with little white stars, mounted on elegant wood bases. Dan Caldwell, notorious Fan about Town, got a special one with a lot of extraneous gadgetry, including a wire whip, which threatened to explode at any moment. Andy Offutt finally got his chance to speak, but before he could say much a delegation handed him a very large cylinder gaily wrapped in colored paper and ribbons. Opening this he found wads of newspaper, and then a large mailing tube. Inside was more paper, which he began tossing at the eager crowd, then another mailing tube filled with still more paper. After some fifteen minutes of spirited struggle, Andy triumphed over the infernal thing and extracted the contents, a can of Grain Belt, which promptly fell to the floor. Having done his job to amuse us, Andy introduced Gordy, who talked on ways SF could influence the popular media, especially movies and TV, for the better presentation of Science Fiction. Jack Chauker then gave a preview announcement of the Hugo nominees, after which an auction was held.

I had been somewhat distressed when the Passavoy's, their bodyguard Barb Lawson, and Tucker, had all shown up wearing propeller beanies. This because I had spent some hours before the con devising a beautiful fanmish beanie and expected to have the only one there. The fact that theirs were one color mass produced jobs whose props didn't spin very well mollified me somewhat, however, since mine was a free spinning job with three colors. So goes glory.

Afterward up for the parties, which reminded me very much of Minicon parties as did the whole con, which was very much like the Minicons of about 3 years ago. One of the night's highlites was a showing of the film Deep Throat in Tucker's room. Later had a fine time listening to Ann Passavoy sing while Kelly sketched her.

Sunday morning listened to a Frank Zappa bootleg record titled "The Cool Green Hills of Earth", then watched Kelly sketch all and sundry in the lobby. Some of us then went sightseeing, including taking in a full sized replica of the Parthenon which the Nashvilleites have erected in one of their parks. We then dropped blue off at the bus depot, as he was going to spend a week with his family before returning.

Back at the con I saw a peculiar silent movie, Witchcraft Through the Ages, which attempted to relate witchcraft to 1920s psychology. Thence to dinner, after up to the party suite, where things got off to a rather slow start. Still, about 11:00 it started to pick up, and soon equalled the previous night's. Ken, for instance, exhausted by his chairmanly duties and sampling the party wares, passed out on the floor. Bev and some female accomplices promptly stripped off his shirt and proceeded to decorate his torso with magic markers. Meanwhile I busied myself giving massages to all likely candidates. Later, while filksinging in Gordy's room with Jackie Franke, Allen Greenfield and some others, Ken zipped into the room. He looked somewhat the worse for wear, even discounting his multicolored decorations, and when he announced that he was leaving to drive himself home Gordy was appalled. He's in no condition to be out on the highway, Gordy muttered, and promptly set out to do his bit for public safety by the simple method of getting Ken so drunk he couldn't stand up, much less drive. Unfortunately, Gordy decided courtesy demanded that he match Ken drink for drink, disregarding his 6 hour head start. He introduced Ken to Tequila, using beer chasers, and after that was gone went over to Irish whiskey, the Scotch having been finished off. About 6:00 o'clock Ken ended the contest by standing up, and we tucked both of them into bed.

Which brings us to perhaps the most unusual moment of the entire con, for when we awoke Gordy at 11:00 the next morning, HE HAD A HANGOVER! So bad, in fact, that we had to pack up his things and escort him to the airport, making it with seconds to spare. And any con which could do that to Gordy Dickson just had to be a very good con, as indeed it was. Thank you, Ken Moore!
Minn-stf's annual picnic-cum-return-to-nature-and-the-savage-state (with inner-tubes) has been changed from the previously announced date to Saturday, July 27, and everyone receiving this warning is invited to attend. (Guests arriving from either coast may arrive a day early to rest.)

As in previous years, the scene of the action will be on the Kinnicinnic River in western Wisconsin. The maps, I hope, are mostly self-explanatory. Twin Cities fans should take exit 2 to County Road F after crossing the St. Croix. Fans coming from the east on I-94 should get off at the last exit before Hudson and take the service road to F. (This exit is also known as Exit 3, but the expression is deleted.)

If you miss the exit you can get off at Hudson (Exit 1) and cross the freeway by the A & W stand. From there it is 10 miles south on F to Clifton Hollow and the Kinnicinnic.

Rendezvous, as before, will be at the main beach near the larger parking area. (Please do not try to drive down the trail north of the beach; there is no place to park beyond.) You may arrive when you like, but I am setting the time of congregation for noon. Aside from that, there will be no overall organization. I will have a charcoal grill there for cooking, but you are encouraged to bring your own food or arrange to pool with someone. You should also arrange your own rides.
I am also shucking off the responsibility for cancelling the event in case of rain by leaving it up to you whether to go or not. (Some people like soggy potato chips.) If there is a poor turnout for whatever reason, we can always schedule a second picnic as we did last year.

Last year the picnic lasted from around 11 am to about 8 or 9 hours later, breaking up around sunset and I think we can expect the same again this year. Some people, however, may wish to camp overnight. If you do, and the weather is fair, you can dispense with a tent as long as you sleep on the beach.

The woods are full of mosquitoes (bring repellent) so they usually avoid open beaches and the river and slept out on the beach over my head but the (Well, there was air and airplanes and bats a brilliant meteor, but you know what I mean.)

Activities besides eating will probably include exploring the river downstream. The Kinnickinnic flows through a beautiful little gorge with high hills and cliffs on either side and woods on the bottom. The river itself is very shallow, averaging one to two feet in depth, with a mostly shallow bottom ideal for wading. There are patches of stony bottom, mostly above the rapids, but these can be seen easily enough through the clear waters to avoid walking over them. Last year several fans brought inner tubes and air mattresses with them and floated over the rocky areas. Dick Tatge used his inner tube to shoot the rapids several times, but the tree that came down across the rapids last spring now has trapped too much debris for anyone to go under. Anyone who wants to float further downstream will have to portage.

Several fen during Pickinnickinnicon I waded all the way down to The St. Croix and back, a round trip distance of about 5-6 miles and 4 hours. When the St. Croix is low, there is a low, sandy island at the mouth of the Kinnickinnic that is very pleasant to lie on and swim from. There are also several large beaches in the vicinity that used to be leased to private clubs when the river was in private hands but which now may be public. If you think you might want to go the whole distance, I suggest you bring along a small knapsack for carrying refreshments. LaBelle’s and Sears both carry one for around three dollars or less that folds into a small pouch.

Miscellaneous notes to finish the page: There are trails through the woods but watch out for mosquitoes and nettles if you use them; the river is the best highway... The river rises and falls about 6 inches twice a day. The current schedule (no pun intended) is for it to rise at 8:00 and fall at 2:00, am & pm... Over a hundred years ago, when the river was deeper, a small paddlewheeler steamed up the Kinnickinnic to the bridge by our picnic spot.
FANZINE REVIEWS

The following fanzines have found their collective way to my apartment in trade, apparently, for RUNE. They are all addressed to Minn-stf.

TABEBUIAN 13 (Dave Jenrette, Box 374, Coconut Grove, Miami, Fl. 33133) 28pp., printed, 6/$1. Sprightly humor in a digest-sized format with photos and drawings. This issue includes exposes on Uri Geller and a Miami witch coven, a report on the Jenrettas' trip to the west coast, and articles on Where-Do-You-Get-Those--Silly-Ideas?

LOCUS 159 (Dena & Charlie Brown, Box 3930, San Francisco, Ca., 94119) 6pp., reduced & printed, 40¢ or 18/$6. The Hugo-winning "Newspaper of the Science Fiction Field." Who, what, when, and where.

CHECKPOINT 47 & 48 (Darroll Pardoe, 24 Othello Close, Hartford, Huntingdon, PE18 7SU, England) 4 pp., printed, 10/50p, sample free on request--I suggest you ask about overseas rates at the same time. Biweekly British newszine, news mostly U. K. oriented, as to be expected, but also reviews foreign, i.e., American fanzines.

ANTITHESIS 3 (Chris Sherman, 700 Parkview Terrace, Minneapoli, MN 55416) 38 pp., ditto, 50/¢. This issue is oriented toward weird fiction which has never been my cup of tea ("Lapsang Souchong, please."). nor are the samples of weird art and fiction offered here of any particular merit despite the care Chris has lavished in printing Joe Vost's portfolio. The poetry is awful. I liked the cover, though, and Bob Tucker's advice to a young neofan to kick me in the shins.

PARADOXX 9 (Bruce Robbins, Box 396, Station B, Montreal 110, PQ, CANADA) 38 pp., printed, $1.50 sample or 4/$4. A very scholarly and interesting fanzine. This issue includes an 1818 review of Frankenstein which among other things attempts to define SF without, as Robbins points out, having a name for it, an 1838 satire called "The New Frankensein", 4 pages of artwork by Mary Shelley, and a bibliography of Arkham House books in paperback. The headline "Idiotorial" is inappropriate.

DILEMMA 5 (Jackie Franke, Box 51-A RR 2, Beecher, Ill. 60401) 20 pp., mimeoed, no price listed. This is the first DILEMMA I have seen, but it appears to be a personalzine on its way to becoming a genzine. Jackie tells how the Tucker Fund came into existance, Mae Strelkov has an autobiographical essay, and Buck Coulson gives a two-page report on Minicon. The handcut stencils are marvelous.

KARASS 3 & 4 (Linda E. Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, PA. 19076) 12 pp., mimeo, 5/$1 or usual. A newszine, but more fan-oriented than LOCUS, to which it makes a good complement. KARASS $4 includes a 5-page Rotsler portfolio. News and reviews.

MAYBE 36 (Irvin Koch, c/o 835 Chatt Bk Bg, Chattanooga, TN 37402) 16 pp., 6/ $2.50, 50¢ ca. or trade, mimeo. Mostly fanzine reviews.

TUCKER BAG 2 (c/o Franke, Box 51-A RR 2, Beecher, Ill. 60401). 4 pp., mimeo. The Tucker Fund progress report and listing of auction material for same. Jackie will probably send it to you free for the asking, but I recommend you send in a donation to the Fund with your request.
AMELOR X-1 (Gary S. Mattingly, P. O. Box 1333, Storm Lake, IA 50588) 2pp., mimeo, available free on request. Pre-sheet on new fanzine; contains con reports on Minicon 8 and Kubla Kon Too (also known as Kubla Khan 2 -- the Nashville convention, you know.)

NOCRES UP! (Bev Swanson, 2301 Elliot Ave., S. #4, Minneapolis, MN 55404) ? pp., mimeo, offset or comb., 5/$1 or trade, contrib. or loc. -- Proposed fanzine to be edited and published by Bev Swanson, who is quitting RUNE after this issue, under the auspices of the Nocres, the new Mpls fan club. Essays, articles, reviews, artwork, etc. welcomed from all sources. Tentative publication schedule is once every two months, but who knows...?

THE ALIEN CRITIC 9 (Richard E. Geis, P. O. Box 11408, Portland, Oregon 97211) 32 pp., mimeo, 4/$4. Idiosyncratic, entertaining. Fine article on Heinlein by the Panhans, a revealing (about the state of his mind) letter from Richard Shaver, more by Gene Wolfe, Harlan Ellison, John Brunner, Mike Glickson, and others. Well worth it at a buck an issue, you can get it at Uncle Hugo's.

AGAINST THE WALL 10 (Against the Wall, P. O. Box 444, Westfield, N.J. 07091) 8 pp. & ads, offset, 25¢. This is not a fanzine, although it was sent to RUNE, but a political journal for Libertarians, whoever they are. I say "whoever they are" because I don't know even after having read their fanz-, or journal-this despite the fact that this particular issue contains about five different definitions of "Libertarianism". Advertisers include the YAF, East Coast Coin Co., Church of All Worlds, Libertarian Party, Spaceview Magazine (occult), and Books for Libertarians, whose ad begins, "If you have ever been stirred and enlightened by the novels of Ayn Rand, George Orwell or Robert Heinlein......" Crap.

INWORLDS 10 (Bill Bowers, P.O. Box 148, Wadsworth, OH 44281) 4 pp., reduced & offset, 10¢ stamp. Mainly a promotion sheet for OUTWORLDS, but also includes some news.

YANDRO 225 (Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, IN 47348) 46 pp., mimeo, 4/$1.80. The hardy perennial. I last read this one some months ago and it got buried under a stack of other fanzines and whatnot and only recently excavated. The most enjoyable items, memory tells me, are Tucker's "Instant Loc" and the family humor by Locke and Conley. I was not amused by the introduction to the Harlan Ellison parody, finding it rather tedious, and skipped the main parody altogether. Interesting reviews and letters.

Fanzine Reviews by Chuck Holst
Sweat poured down through his skin as he struggled with himself in bed. He rolled and contorted with the demon burning in his brain. The drenched bedheets scraped and strained against his feverish skin, producing an unnatural sound in the night air. Despite his torture, he murmured not a word, did not whimper or fret, was completely quiet in this world. But in the other....

The car stopped at the curb while the light was still green. It was a convertible, and one of the two men in it turned and asked Peter if he wanted a ride. Assuming they thought he was hitching a ride, Peter smiled and told them, politely, that he did not want a ride. His bus was coming soon. The man in the car, a rather stocky and burly sort of fellow, grinned cruelly and motioned to the driver, who sped through the light as it turned from yellow to red.

Peter sighted the bus, off in the distance, and started fishing in his pockets for exact change. Looking up, the bus was standing at the corner, waiting for him.

"Wait a minute," Peter said, aloud, and then to himself, "I thought it was further away than that." He climbed up the steps and deposited money in the chatter box. The man sat down in his usual seat.

"Glad you changed your mind, fella," the burly man said, twisting back in his seat to spit Peter, who was sitting in the rear of the convertible, with steel eyes.

"Quite alright," Peter said, relaxing on the cool leather upholstery of the back seat. "My bus was miles away, anyway."

The tough little man stared a second longer at Peter, apparently waiting for a response. Peter sorted through his mind, and told them that today was a quite beautiful day.

"It's going to rain," the driver said, looking at Peter with cold eyes through the rear view mirror. "and we need the rain, too." Peter said, "After that long dry spell, my plants were beginning to wither." Turning back around in his seat, the man chuckled a humorless chuckle and left Peter to stare at the back of their heads.

Despite the lack of invitation, Peter felt it his duty to continue the conversation. "Otherwise, it wouldn't be polite," he thought. Peter began telling them how much he liked the car, it being a convertible, which Peter admitted a fondness for, and so pretty with a shiny black paint job.

The two men in the front seat did not seem to be paying too much attention to what Peter was saying, and Peter found his own attention wandering, so his idle conversation sputtered to a stop and was replaced by the sounds of the silent city.

Peter had not been paying too much attention to where the car was going, and, on looking back, he could not remember whether or not they had turned any corners. The three of them drove on with an uncomfortable silence pressing Peter, until he felt that any talk at all would be an intrusion on the current majesty of the hurting silence.

It might have been the quiet, or even just the movement of the car, but Peter felt a small knot growing in his stomach, like an expanding coal burning inside his guts. Peter began to feel sick, and he was afraid of the possibility of vomiting, so Peter began formulation some inoffensive way to get away, so he could be sick in private.

The car turned left, and pulled into a small parking lot, and stopped next to a telephone booth. The woods surrounded the lot on all sides but one, and it seemed very isolated out there.

Peter was calming his stomach as much as possible before he asked what they were doing there. But before he could as much as open his mouth, the stocky man
turned in his seat again, and with a Lugar in his hand, shot Peter in the chest three times. Fiery cracks and the smell of ether permeated the air. The bullets thudded through him, tearing and breaking his body as they went. He fell into fatal shock, and everything went black.

For a moment, he stared into the blankness before him. Then, off in the distance, growing slowly larger, a white box came twirling toward his eyes. It spun closer and closer, until it froze not six inches from his nose, immobile in the thinnest of space.

Printed on the face of the object was the 3M corporate logo, and the inscription:

"3M Mind Tapes. the most realistic thing you'll ever encounter."

The thought faded, and with the fading came the light.

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