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FANDOM by Bob Tucker, revised by Linda
Lounsbury and Linda Bushyager are avail-
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HUGO AWARDS

The 1975 awards were presented at Aussiecon, the 33rd World SF Convention in Australia. Runners-up were not announced. (*Info on Aussiecon provided by special reporter John Millard, with help from LOCUS and Bob Tucker.*)

BEST NOVEL - THE DISPOSSESSED by Ursula K. Le Guin
BEST NOVELLA - "A Song for Lya" by George R. R. Martin
BEST NOVELETTE - "Adrift Just off the Islets of Langerhans" by Harlan Ellison
BEST SHORT STORY - "The Hole Man" by Larry Niven
BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR - Ben Bova
BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST - Kelly Freas
BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION - "Young Frankenstein"
BEST AMATEUR MAGAZINE - "The Alien Critic"
BEST FAN WRITER - Richard E. Geis
BEST FAN ARTIST - Bill Rotsler

OTHER AWARDS

Little Men's "Invisible Man" - A. Bertram Chandler
First Fandom Award - Donald A. Wollheim
"Big Heart" Award - Don Tuck
"Grand Master of Fantasy" (Gandalf) Award - Fritz Leiber
John W. Campbell Award - P. J. Plauger
Committee Awards - Donald Wollheim and Walt Lee

ORLANDO WINS 1977 BID

The Orlando bid, chaired by Don Lundry, won the 1977 bid with 298 votes (New York received 111, Washington - 91, Philadelphia - 28). Most of the votes were mail ballots and the actual site selection was sparsely attended. The GoH will be Jack Williamson. Membership fees are now \$5 attending, \$3.50 supporting and will be raised soon.

AUSSIECON

Aussiecon had a total of 2044 memberships with 606 attending the actual con. About 60 North Americans attended. From all accounts it was a great con, with heavily attended programming, banquet, masquerade, films, and the usual Worldcon activities. Bob Tucker dominated the con, and soon everyone was saying "smoooth." For the Americans on the group flight, the con was only part of the trip, for they also toured Australia seeing such places as Ayres Rock and Ballarat, and visited New Zealand. GoH Ursula Le Guin got sick during the con and missed the banquet, but did give a fine GoH speech. Unusual items included a pizza pie night, Georgette Heyer Tea, and lots of filming of the con by Aussie TV.

BOB TUCKER REPORTS ON AUSSIECON

In the beginning the convention was quiet, subdued. More than half of the 600 fans crowding the halls and rooms of the Southern Cross Hotel in Melbourne were strangers of a sort - it was their first convention and they weren't sure how to behave or how to react. Speakers and panelists doing their thing on that first day commented on the cold audience, the unresponsive audience; in-group jokes and fannish references fell flat except for a small number of Aussiefans and Yanks who knew the score. The strangers there were there expecting a mundane type of convention.

All that changed on the second day, after the first-night party and after the old hands took over and warmed up the con. The fine fannish tradition of "Smooooth!" was introduced from the podium and three or four hundred neofans watched with surprise and delight as the panelists passed Beam's Choice back and forth while discussing the merits of SF. And on the second day when Susan Wood interviewed me on the subjects of fan history, myth, and customs, their innocent minds were blown out of state. We had planned the thing in advance, with Susan feeding me straight lines calculated to bring out the worst in me. Right there in front of five or six hundred incredulous faces I told the full and unexpurgated Rosebud Story, and followed it with various other American-fannish tales to keep them reeling. At the end of the interview, we stood up and exchanged the bottle with loud cries of "Smooooth."

The convention was no longer cold, and never again did a speaker complain of an unresponsive audience. Hardened old Aussie and American fans, veteran con-goers all, ran with the ball and turned the Aussiecon into a smashing success.

The masquerade was small but worthwhile. I saw (and later got to know) one dancing girl and one amazon woman representing some offworld or another. A pack of Vikings put on a bash and nearly succeeded in knocking cold their fearless leader. There were sea captains and barbarians and gnomes and androids and a few figures out of fantasy novels. There was a person who could have been male or female, but no one knew which; to be on the safe side I gave he/she/it one of my appointment cards. There was a book and magazine auction which generated incredible amounts of money for specific items. Examples: a fine old copy of "The Ship That Sailed to Mars" sold for \$360; a copy of Ray Bradbury's 1939 fanzine "Futura Fantasia" brought \$100; and a first edition of Arkham's "The Outsider and Others" sold at \$250. Most rare old pulps fetched between \$5 and \$11 a copy, but a 1927 Amazing Stories Annual sold at \$50. Book and magazine prices are terribly high on Australian newsstands so the locals thought nothing of bidding as high as \$7 for old paperbacks.

The convention committee needed all the money they could generate, because the hotel gave them no free rooms or halls. In Australian hotels, conventions must pay for everything and Aussiecon may yet wind up in the red.

The convention was opened with a pleasing innovation. A battery of six slide projectors were positioned at the rear of the hall, projecting a slide show onto the picture

screen behind and above the heads of the officials seated on the podium. The slides, seemingly hundreds of them, were all astronomical, science fiction, and fannish subjects, including a splendid picture of Ursula Le Guin which was shown each time she spoke. Almost the entire convention was video-taped by a Melbourne group of fans and pros, and later the edited tapes may be available for overseas viewing. There were a number of radio reporters running around with tape recorders and several fans and pros were put on the air. TV reporters covered the con on Wednesday, just before opening day, and at least 3 fans turned up on the 6 o'clock news that evening. The TV man played the "Weird men are in town" angle but the radio people played it as straight news.

60 American and Canadians came on the plane together, and later I found 7 other Americans who had flown in separately. Also in attendance were 1 man from England, 1 from Italy, and 1 Oriental from somewhere in the mysterious East. The great bulk were Australians, of course, hundreds of them who'd never before attended a con, and many of them who hadn't known there were other fans or readers living in their own home towns. One of the strangest coincidences to happen to me was the evening at dinner when I discovered 4 fans from Perth who hadn't known each other existed. I introduced them each to the other and when last seen they were busy making plans to form a club...or something.

The natives think that Americans talk funny, and one of them had me repeat the word "grass" several times so that he could savor the way I pronounced the letter "a" in the word. I then told him about Hank Aaron and Anaconda.

Carried away with it all, newly drunk with power, the Aussies want to do it again. Even before the convention ended they began selling memberships for Sydney Cove in '88. The actual ending itself was something never before tried, never before done, but it went off like a rocket. Robin Wood gave me the official worldcon gavel to carry to Kansas City next year. I asked the entire hall to rise and perform a fannish ritual with me. As Robin and I drained the last drops from a Beam bottle, 500 or 600 fan throats roared "Smooooth!" The rafters shook, and the con was done.

- Bob Tucker

N A S F I C

The North American SF Convention held over Labor Day in L.A. evidently went off with mixed success. Two of my spies report different reactions - one said it was a boring disaster with few active fans, the other saying it was a fair success with weak programming but that it was enjoyable. Some 1500 persons attended. Program features included speeches by Fred Pohl and Jerry Pournelle, a panel led by Marion Zimmer Bradley on Females in SF, and an evening showing of A BOY AND HIS DOG followed by a question-and-answer session led by GoH Harlan Ellison. Much of the programming was fringe-oriented, with time given over to the SCA and Count Dracula Society and such. Westercon bidding parties and impromptu sessions on SF and folksongs highlighted the con. (*Geni DiModica & Alan Bostick.*)

F A N F A I R I I I

held in Toronto received mostly negative notices from the critics - the fans who attended this regional. The committee was inexperienced, and evidently also so cheap that they had not planned any parties. Since about \$2500 was made from the con, there is now a feud raging in the Toronto club as to what should be done with the money and what should have been done at the convention. Fans did manage to enjoy themselves on good Canadian beer and the few parties that were held. Hotel rooms were scarce because the con was held on a major holiday weekend, the banquet food was poor, and rooms were not blocked. (*Leah Zeldes, Sam Long, Jeff May, & Mike Glicksohn*)

STAR TREK GETS MEDIA BLITZ

The recent Star Trek convention in Chicago evidently got a lot of media coverage - in fact, it was reported in a large article in the WALL STREET JOURNAL and TIME. Evidently, some 15,000-16,000 persons paid \$20 for the con. If some of you thought I was crazy to point out possible problems with commercialism at conventions, perhaps you might begin to wonder when I tell you that the Chicago ST con grossed about \$300,000, which resulted in a profit of \$100,000! (or more, according to TIME) The con was run by Telos IV Corp., brainchild of Lisa Boynton. I can't help but wonder what's going to happen with ST fandom and ST conventions when the ST movie finally comes out.

MIDAMERICON

The 1976 Worldcon in Kansas City now has registration rates of \$15 attending and \$5 supporting until May 1, 1976; then they go to \$25 and \$6, respectively until Aug. 1 and \$50 at the door. If you plan to attend, join now. Supporting memberships are convertible to attending at the then current rates, so if you paid \$5 and convert at the door, you'll still have to pay \$45. Advance membership is already over 2000. There will be no fringe programming and movie programming will be decreased.

The committee will handle hotel reservations directly and will require a deposit of 1 day's payment with reservation. Reservation cards and information will be included in the next progress report.

Evidently Robert Heinlein will be speaking only once - at the banquet. Since the banquet will seat less than 2000 persons, it is obvious that not everyone will be able to see Heinlein speak. Heinlein won't allow any recording of his speech either, so to hear him you'll basically have to buy a banquet ticket...if you can get one. Seating for the masquerade will probably be limited to about 1700, but at this time it is highly likely that closed circuit television will be available to broadcast this event. (*Locus & Ken Keller*)

Midamericon, Box 221, Kansas City, Mo. 64141.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS

NASA ARTISTS TOUR: Freff was able to take Rick Sternbach's place when he wasn't able to make it to the Apollo/Soyuz launch. First the artists (which included Freff, Jim Cunningham, Sandra Miesel, Ron Miller, Vincent DiFate, Kelly Freas, and other SF fans/pros) were taken into the Viking Clean Room (all in plastic suits), then out to the Viking pad, then to astronaut simulator training room, then to the roof of the VAB for an incredible view of sunset, then for night viewing of the launch area they went to the other major launch pad on the Cape. All of this was of course capped by the launch.

Ron Miller, former fan artist who you may remember from many Ohio zines and Granfalloon, has done a cover for the Roger Elwood/Western publishing ORION line of SF comics. (His work is also appearing in various prozines.)

Freff has started work for a new magazine called CELEBRITY, in the PEOPLE mode. His first assignment is to do short pieces on BELLA ABZUG and PATRICK OLIPHANT. He hopes to be able to include some SF people soon. (*Above 3 items from Freff*)

Christopher Fowler will now edit British fanzine VECTOR. *Chris Boyce* just won the Gollancz/Sunday Times Award for the best new SF novel for CATCHWORLD. *SF Monthly*, high circulation British prozine, published a special edition on SF in Australia which also reported on Aussiecon. *SPACE 1999* cost over \$7 million to produce.

(*David Somerville*)

Mike Gilbert has collaborated in the writing and did the illustrations/cartoons for a book on the painting of miniature figures "The Martial Art of Painting" to be published by Miniature Figurines, USA, Ltd. Also, Dell has purchased paperback rights for "Day of the Ness" by Mike Gilbert and Andre Norton.

Darrell Schweitzer is doing a series of interviews with pros for AMAZING. He also has sold an article about fandom to CONCERT magazine which should appear in the Oct. or Nov. issue.

New Orleans in '79 is the cry of a new bidding group set up by John Guidry.

Mimeographic Buyer's Cooperative is being set up by John Boardman (234 East 19th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11226 (phone 693-1579 or 780-5180)). This is a very good idea, but I don't know if people outside of N.Y.C. will be able to take advantage of it. The idea is basically for fans to get together and order all their supplies at once (including paper, ink, stencils, envelopes, staples, corflu, etc.) and thus get cheaper prices.

LELAND SAPIRO AGAIN

Leland Sapiro is evidently adamant in suing Roger Elwood for publishing Sandra Miesel's article in THE MANY WORLDS OF POUL ANDERSON without Leland's permission. Leland has sent me a copy of an editorial he will publish in Riverside Quarterly on the subject. After explaining how he came to see the article, wrote Elwood, and began to receive critical letters from fans, Leland states that basically he is pursuing the lawsuit for several reasons -- because of Elwood's unprofessional conduct in printing a copyrighted article without permission and because now he has lost several friends over the controversy, including Sandra Miesel. Leland also writes he will not speak to Roger Elwood under any circumstances, but he can speak to his lawyer, Averill Pasarow (213 653-2321).

Meanwhile, the SFWA has sent out a memo on the controversy describing the facts and its findings. Its findings are basically that Sapiro only had 1st serial right to the work, and that his interest in the article is only that of a publisher, which is in conflict with the interests of the writers and creators of publishable material. Also, as a matter of common courtesy Elwood and/or Miesel should have requested formal release of copyright from RQ, however SFWA does not believe this incivility has morally or ethically entitled RQ or Sapiro to profit from Miesel's work. SFWA recommends that it support Miesel, Elwood, and Anderson in any lawsuits or threats thereof and warns SFWA members to carefully consider submissions to zines in light of this controversy.



MIKE GLICKSOHN'S BEARD



In the con suite at the Disclave, the open party was going full blast. Beer was flowing freely into paper cups. A group of filksingers in the corner were being drowned out by the roar of the many fannish conversations going on about the room.

Mike Shoemaker leaned toward me and shouted into my ear, "I've looked around and Glicksohn's not in here!"

"Let's go back into the hallway where it's quieter!" I shouted back.

As we moved toward the hallway, stepping carefully so as not to spill our drinks or tread upon any of the bodies sitting, lying, or collapsed upon the floor, my mind flashed back to the scene earlier that night, when Shoemaker and I had been drinking and shooting the bull in George Well's room.

"Say, did you know that Mike Glicksohn was at this con?" Shoemaker had asked.

My eyebrows arched up, and my ears started paying more attention to what was being said. Mike Glicksohn!, I thought. Boy Wonder (Aging Division) of Canadian Fandom. Hugo-winner. Owner of a large collection of used IPA bottles. A BNF of such reputation that when Ken Ozanne had sent out questionnaires for his WHO'S WHO IN FANDOM, one of the questionnaires had come back marked in the "Fannish Claims to Fame" section with "I have met Mike Glicksohn."

"Why, no," I replied. "Is he **really** here? I wouldn't have expected him to come all the way from Toronto."

I had at this point never met Mike Glicksohn in the flesh. In fact, I had never even seen a single issue of ENERGUMEN (a fact which I had entered as one of my claims to fame on the WHO'S WHO questionnaire). Was this to be my big chance?

"Yes, he's really here, I saw him yesterday," continued Shoemaker. "But he wasn't easy to recognize -- he's shaved off his beard."

"What? Mike Glicksohn without a beard? Why that's...that's unfannish!" A sudden inspiration stuck me and I continued on, "Was he," I slowly asked, "wearing his



by BRUCE
ARTHURS

*a fable between
truth and falseness*

"Aussie hat, by any chance?"

"Err...no. What about it?"

"Did he have an IPA bottle with him, perhaps?"

"What? No beard, no hat, no IPA! How do we know it really is Mike Glicksohn? It could be an impostor for all we know!"

Shoemaker fell back onto the bed and howled with laughter. Finally, he managed to repress it and moaned, "Oh Christ, we've got to find Glicksohn and pull that one on him! I can't wait to see his face when you accuse him of being an impostor!"

And so to the con suite, looking for the victim. I had to depend on Shoemaker to point Glicksohn out to me, since the only picture I had ever seen of Glicksohn was with a beard and I had no idea of what he looked like without one.

We conferred in the hallway and decided to look into the other parties being held in the hotel: No sign of Glicksohn in the Orlando suite, or the New York suite, or at the Ron Ellik Memorial Poker Game. We even knocked on the door of 787, Glicksohn's room, with no answer.

It was nearing midnight, and we knew that the convention would soon be showing FREAKS in the main meeting hall, a movie that I had wanted to see for years. Shoemaker was planning to head home for Alexandria. We got into the elevator and rode it discouragedly down to the lobby and got out. A scruffy looking individual in faded jeans and sandals, accompanied by a nice-looking girl, stepped past us as they began to move into the elevator. Shoemaker made a full stop and turned wildly, making strange gesticulations toward the elevator. "That's him!" he cried in a strangled voice. "That's Mike Glicksohn!"

"What's this?" the scruffy fellow asked as he stepped back out of the elevator. The scruffy...bearded...fellow. In the back of my mind, I heard Dan Dailey tell Jimmy Cagney, "Think fast, Captain Flagg, think fast." Here I had come, fully prepared with a hilarious icebreaker, and now I found myself at a loss for words. I stood

there with my mouth gaping. "Say Glicksohn, this is Bruce Arthurs," Shoemaker said, pointing at me. You bastard, I thought. There was no other way; I'd have to try and bluff it out.

"Hey, glad to meet you," Glicksohn said, extending his hand.

"Thanks, I've always wanted to meet you," I said, shaking with him. "But...how do I know you're really Mike Glicksohn?" The scruffy man looked puzzled. "After all," I continued, "you're not wearing Glicksohn's hat. Why, you're not even carrying an IPA with you! How could you be Mike Glicksohn without a bheer and a hat?"

"Well...gee, I left my hat at home and its a bit hard to find IPA in D.C."

"Maybe so, but you still can't be Mike Glicksohn. I have it from a very reliable source," I lied, "that the real Glicksohn was seen yesterday, clean-shaven, and you have a beard!" Glicksohn ran his fingers through his beard, put his head down in a crest-fallen manner (were those tears I saw forming at the corners of his eyes?), and shuffled his feet a bit. Then he looked up again and spoke: "I grew it back again last night."

I broke up, laughing, with more than a little relief. Glicksohn had come up with the perfect capper to the routine. Maybe he'd seen the same Dailey/Cagney movie. The conversation went on to more normal matters from there. I was introduced to the girl, Gay Haldeman, wife of filthy pro Joe Haldeman. In a slip of the tongue, I referred to her as "...one of the Haldeman brothers," which drew a highly deserved exclamation of disgust from Glicksohn. He also commented on the denim jacket I was wearing, with GODLESS and POWERMAD embroidered on the sleeves: "That's...disgusting. My grandmother made me a headband with ENERGUMEN on it, but I never actually had the guts to wear it."

The last time I saw Glicksohn, he and Gay were getting on the elevator again. Once they were gone, I turned and asked Shoemaker, WHY had he told me Glicksohn had shaved? "I don't know what you're talking about," he said innocently, I never said any such thing about Glicksohn."

The hell with it. I'd enjoyed meeting Glicksohn too much to even disagree with Mike. He took off for home, and I proceeded to the meeting hall, just in time to see FREAKS. It was a bit of a disappointment, after Glicksohn.



WANTED - Photos, drawings, or stories about Mae Strelkov's visit to the US last year for possible inclusion in her trip report. Contact Sam Long (Box 4946, Patrick AFB, Fla. 32925) or Ned Brooks.

THINGS FOR SALE/AVAILABLE

SF Club Address List is a comprehensive list of correspondence & local clubs. For 25¢ or 10¢ + self-addressed, stamped envelope from LASFS, 11360 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, Calif. 91604. *DREAMS MUST EXPLAIN THEMSELVES* - an essay on the Earthsea series, a story taking place in Earthsea, interview, etc. by Ursula Le Guin with Tim Kirk illos published by Algor Press. Available from F&SF Book Co., P.O. Box 415, Staten Island, N.Y. 10302 for \$3.

Avon has *THE FORGOTTEN BEASTS OF ELD*, a new adult fantasy, written by Patricia McKillip available for \$1.50. Also has *THE DISPOSSESSED* by Ursula K. LeGuin for \$1.75. Avon will be publishing George R.R. Martin's "A Song for Lya" in book form in a collection of Martin's stories in early 1976. (Avon Books, 959 Eighth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019)

Pocket Books is publishing a series of *Space:1999* novels by various authors based on the new TV series. The first are *BREAKAWAY* by E. C. Tubb and *MOON ODYSSEY* by John Rankine. They are \$1.50 each. (Pocket Books, Div. Simon & Schuster, 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10020)

DAW BOOKS now has a catalog of all available titles which might be very useful in ordering books directly from them. (DAW, NAL, 1301 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019.)

Avon also has issued more books in its SF Rediscovery Series, including *A MIRROR FOR OBSERVERS*; *BILL, THE GALACTIC HERO*; *CITY UNDER THE SEA*; and *ULTIMATE WORLD* by Gernsback. All are \$1.95. *THE NEUTRINO*, a nonfiction book by Isaac Asimov is available for \$1.50.

LITTLE GEM GUIDE TO SF FANZINES is Peter Roberts' helpful guide to types of fanzines. It also contains hints for producing fanzines and a large list of fanzines with prices and addresses. This is a new, revised edition. Copies are 50¢ available from Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, Pa. 19076 in North America or from Peter at 6 Westbourne Park Villas, London W2 for 25p in Great Britain.

T.K. Graphics has a catalog of books for sale including its own, most pbs, and many hbs. Write T-K Graphics, P.O. Box 1951, Baltimore, Md. 21203. *Stardust* is a new fictionzine which pays 1¢ per word for 1st serial rights. (Stardust, 70 Vermont St., Toronto, Ont. Canada, M6G 1X9)

TRAVELING INFORMATION CENTER is a nonprofit collection of fanzines and books (comic, fantasy, and SF) which travels to various cons and distributes a free brochure of the zines it displays. You can also receive a copy of the brochure via the mails for 25¢. Fan publishers wishing information on being in the display should write Fred Burkhart, c/o 20th Century Anonymous, P.O. Box 10066, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45210.

Kelly Freas has another set of 6 full color prints available for \$19.95 (signed \$29.95) Postpaid in a sturdy tube. Va. residents should add 4% sales tax. For information on individual prints, other posters, or to order write Kelly & Polly Freas, Rt. 4, Box 4056A, Virginia Beach, Va. 23457.

2000 A.D. - Illustrations from the Golden Age of SF Pulps is a large 176 page book by Jacques Sadoul containing myriad black and white illustrations, commentary, and 5 full-color pages. It contains lovely Finlays and Boks as well as some of the poorer beauty vs. BEM drawings of the era. \$15 hardcover, \$7.95 pb from Henry Regnery Co. Publishers, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60601.

ALGOL IS THIS A FANZINE?

Andy Porter recently sent me the Rate Card for Algol. Rate cards show such things as advertising rates, classified ad rates, mechanical requirements, and sub information. Rate cards are issued by professional publications. Since Algol pays contributors, accepts advertising, and is distributed in some bookstores and by F&SF Book Co., how can this be an amateur magazine? The Hugos are divided into various categories, and two are Best Professional Magazine and Best Amateur Magazine. I maintain that ALGOL is a professional magazine. Similarly, SF Review (formerly The Alien Critic) by Dick Geis, pays contributors, has advertising, and makes Dick Geis a profit of about \$300/month (according to him he wants to live off the profits). I don't think this is an amateur magazine. Last year both these magazines carried out these practices and were awarded Hugos (a tie), this year SF REVIEW won. How long will fandom go on ignoring such obviously ineligible magazines competing in the amateur magazine category?

COAS

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Mike McFadden, 2871 Lawton Place, St. Louis, Mo. 63103
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Michael Carlson, 3577 Lorne Ave. #9, Montreal, P.Q. Canada

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