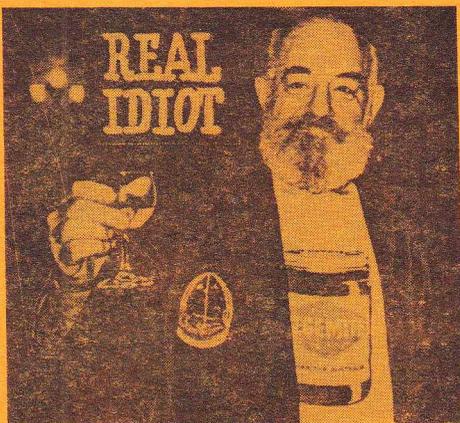
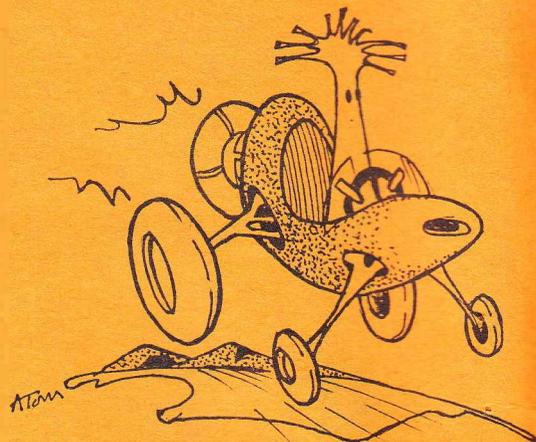


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This is YHOS 45, the born again fandom-fanzine, published for The Usual: essay, letter, artwork or trade for your fanzine. Also distributed thru the FAPA. Copyright © by Art Widner, 231 Courtney Boat, Orinda, CA 94563, or reserved to the original contributors. Bodacious Publication #67.

Fen keep asking, so I'll install this repeat box until they stop. YHOS is an acronym, wch stands for an archaic way of signing off letters; Your Humble Obedient Servant. They started abbreviating it as early as the 18th Century: Yr Hbl Obt Svt (G. Washington et al--Al used it a lot), so why not go all the way and just use the 1st 4 lettrs? I may have bn the 1st in fandom to do so, but I wdnt bet on it. But I was the 1st to use it as a fanzine title, starting with a small hektoed perzine for FAPA in October 1941. It has a Gallic pronunciation (EE-hoss or EE-hoce, depending on how I feel at the moment) and a Hebraic plural (1 YHOS, 2 YHOSIM).

On 12 Oct, Pat, my house partner and companion of nearly 14 yrs, went for an angiogram, indicated by results from an earlier stress test. Pix showed an artery 90% clogged, and need for an angioplasty, a treatment where a small balloon is inserted and inflated. In 50% of the cases it works, but Pat was one of the 20% where something goes wrong & she had to go into surgery for ^{what} turned out to be a triple coronary bypass.

The good news is that after 3 days in intensive care she came on like ^{god} a good buster and was home in a week and is already walking and driving and working parttime. All I have to do now is to sit on her occasionally to keep her from slipping back into her old workaholic ways wch got her into such a mess in the first place.

Even tho I added 4 pp this time, so many great cards and letters came pouring in that I cdnt print mor than half of them. My apologies to those who didnt make it. Please dont get insulted and slack off, bcoz I really appreciate em. Its what keeps me going.

David Rubin had some interesting ideas on "Who Fwamed Woger Wabbit?" He was one of the few I've heard who didnt like it. I must say the ads and promos I've seen havent made me rush out and buy a ticket. Then there was this wonderful meandering missive from Luke McGuff wch shdvbn in #44, but I was hoping that I could entice him to pull it together into an article that wd knock everybody's sox off, Just for openers he was on about non-sf fanzines, especially mailart, and how they are getting into standards and purpose and all of that threatening controversial stuff. But I havent even got around to writing to him about it.

rich brown has responded to a chance remark at Corflu IV with a great challenge to fan editing. I sent it back with a request to condense 50%. He swallowd his pride and went to work at it, but came up with something twice as long as the original! If we can work it out between now and next ish, it shd be a Jim Dandy.

Mike Glicksohn makes a hurtful point about what I did to PULP. He is quight right, but I can only plead (as I already have) that mundane postawful realities left me little choice. I can only hope that his precedent of demanding (and paying for!) the "original" PULP won't queer the whole deal. I'd like to work another one with Orstrylia--LARRIKIN perhaps?

Sigh At last I extracted one of those trifely witty & erudite Gilliland lox (with two cartoons already!) (Speer will have apoplexy at such a hypenation) and no room to put it. Oy weh.

Then there was Chauvenet's rebuttal to my kvetch on the NSA, for wch many summers he toiled. Dear Russ! How patient he has been, lo! these fifty years with my leftwing emotional outbursts.

And of course, FAPA. Guilt, guilt. I barely egoscand mailing 204. More uglit from Hazel Ashworth, whose exclnt LIP I havent loct. I see no reason why gunpowder treason or the Night of 1000 whiskies at the Craven Heifer shd ever be forgot.



Fannish Geography

PART III

FANDOM IN THE FROZEN NORTHEAST
by Andi Shechter

Briefly, the major parts of "official" Boston fandom look like this: NESFA, the New England Science Fiction Association, is the ongoing fannish group which meets twice a month, owns a clubhouse, puts out APA: NESFA, holds occasional program meetings and runs Boskone every year. MCFI is the umbrella organization which is throwing a little party for several thousand fans over Labor Day '89 - Noreascon 3. There are other groups

around. MITSFS still exists, I think, and RSFA North, but the core of Boston's organized fandom seems to be in the first 2 groups. But while NESFA and MCFI overlap in many ways, I am a member of MCFI and not of NESFA.

While my initial encounter with real fandom was in Albany, New York, lo, these many years ago, my real fannish coming-of-age took place during the ten years I lived in the San Francisco Bay Area. Fandom in the bay area was once described (and I wish I could remember by whom) as "the fandom that refuses to organize." I chaired the Little Men for a couple of years, and fondly remember the day we found the by-laws and panicked until we could hide them again. I'm assuming they remain, er, lost, to this day.

So, given my bias that laid-back fandom is what I'm used to, and, in fact, what I prefer, getting used to Boston fandom has taken an effort. Boy, are these guys organized. I see this both as the strength and weakness of Boston fandom. It's a strength, because the people here have a wealth of experience in working on and running conventions. They provide good quality staff and are, in many ways, the backbone of a lot of convention fandom. They also do a damn good job in many aspects of running their own conventions, and organizing fandom.

Keep in mind, please, that when I came to Boston from Berkeley in late '85, I was leaving a life which included serving on a Board of Directors, a city commission, a major city subcommittee, task forces, and blah, blah, blah. Further, I was living with a bad back and house-mates who weren't clear on the purpose of toilet cleaner. So the last thing I wanted in my life was more meetings and lots of discussion for hours on end. And that's the downside of Boston fandom for me. It feels too gung-ho and I sense too much pressure to get involved in organized fandom and work for the cause. I find NESFA meetings to be awful. Forty minutes of discussion about whether someone can accept a proxy for someone else who had to leave and they already were carrying a proxy . . . well, you get the idea. For many people, the intricacies

of procedure are fascinating - to me, they are tedious and boring. I don't have the patience. We all know what happens when two or more fans are gathered, and I don't find it amusing to sit through 20 minutes of discussion on something that might have been resolved in the first 2 minutes. I'm not saying this stuff isn't interesting: I am saying it's not interesting to me.

I still find things are more traditional here in New England (and I was born here). There seems to be a lot of respect and admiration for people who have officer positions in clubs, and have run conventions. This contrasts with the attitudes I remember from the Bay Area, where it's no big deal for anyone to have held a fannish position of authority. No one there is treated at all differently for their 10+ years of convention work, or for having been a fan GoH. I don't know how to describe the feeling well - it feels as if things are more hierarchical here, that what matters is that you've held some title, or you know the right people, or what the gossip is about you. For some (and I stress that) fans here, you're more impressive because of who you know than because of who you are. Is that true all over (I sense voices clamoring around me)? Mebbe so, but I didn't sense it in Berkeley. Some of that, I would guess, is because there's more opportunity in the bay area to mingle. I miss the mob of pros in the field who were involved in West Coast fandom - the editors, authors, booksellers.

MORE→

C

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O

ANDI SHECHTER & STU SHIFFMAN are in a holding
pattern over E Mass, but havent found a
spot yet. Stay tuned. Film at 11.

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22201

A's

ROSEMARY HICKEY, 1318½ Uffert, Bakersfield,
CA 93306

There's also a major bias toward computers and people who work with computers - not that this is the only place you find that but, if you aren't working in the field and you aren't on a net, and you don't get E-mail, well, you just aren't in the 20th century, and if you miss something, well, maybe you should switch jobs. I don't sense the same diversity of interests here.

Boston has a reputation for snobbism; while I can see the reasons for it, I don't think this reputation is necessarily deserved. For the most part, it's simply that any well-organized, somewhat enclosed group appears insular, and if you're on the outside, it might seem hard to break into the inner circle. To their credit, I feel that many Boston fans, many NESFA members, are working hard on the issue of bringing in "new blood". At the same time, some Boston fans listen to their own press a little too closely, and might be convinced that they are the Chosen.

The crowd here is mostly convention fans, and for good reason - you can travel the circuit up and down the east coast and hit conventions in Boston, New York, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and then some. There's also not much of a fanzine crowd here. This surprises me since, after all, this is the home of MIT and Hahvahd, and I would have expected more of a crowd interested in writing and zines.

Of course, if I didn't like Boston fandom, I wouldn't be working on Noreascon 3, where I'm Deputy Director of the Facilities Division of MCFI. I am convinced that this Worldcon will be one of the best organized, most thoughtfully planned and creative conventions ever offered. And, of course, if all Boston fans did was spend those 40 minutes in endless debate, I couldn't say that.

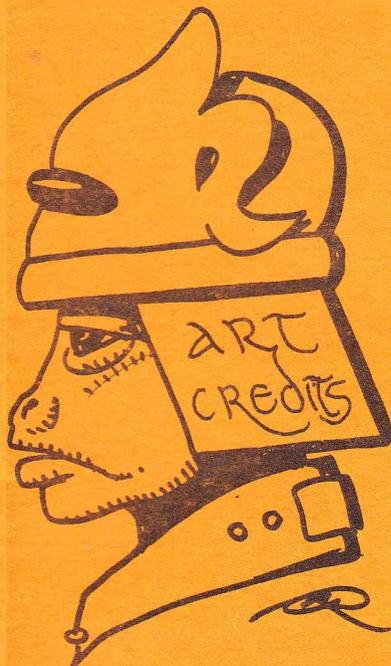
If I didn't think Boston fandom was a good group of people, I'd be living in Gafia. I've done it before. But when I moved here, it was fandom that helped me feel like I wasn't alone, and it was my fannish friends in

Boston who made me feel welcome. I was flattered as hell to be asked to be on the Noreascon committee, and I have had wonderful times with a number of fun, intellectual, broad-minded and interesting people who are also Boston fans.

I think I'm back to the old dichotomy: for many, many active Boston fans, Fandom is a Way of Life. For me, it's Just a Goddam Hobby. This can cause friction, or impatience on both sides. I don't have any desire to attend NESFA functions and I don't like the seriousness I see at social events (they take attendance at the non-business NESFA "other meeting" and there is a report in the club's newsletter on who came and who did what. There's a sense to me of, if you will, "planned spontaneity" about some events.)

I wish, (she said in her best California accent), that Boston fandom could just mellow out here a little bit. Maybe it's the cold weather. I'd prefer though, that Boston fandom were, perhaps, a little less organized. Ω

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TURN YOUR HEAD TO THE LEFT AND COUGH

BY MARK MANNING

Here's how I could make the most out of my new scar:

I awaken, but don't yet open my eyes. Her fingers are winding through the hairs of my chest; sometimes her nails scrape my skin, an delightful effect she deliberately controls. I don't open my eyes because her long blonde hair covers my face, my eyelids. I take a deep breath, smile back to full consciousness, and brush her hair away, gently, gently.

When I open my eyes, I focus on her left nipple, which points at me from the fullness of her breast in the late morning light. She's close against my left side, and the sable sheets cling to her hips. "What a wonder this last month has been," I think.

She combs her hand out of my chest hair, and slowly pulls the sheets up and off our bodies. A summer breeze floats over us from the white lace-curtained window, ruffling the hair on my legs. At least, that's what I feel; I'm watching her nipple harden.

"Mark," she purrs, "there's something I've been waiting to ask you."

"The answer's `yes,'" I tell her nipple. My body concurs.

"What I want to know is, how did you get that scar?" She traces a fingertip across it, from the point of my right hip down to where the `yes' is asserting itself more firmly by the millisecond.

"I got it in a fencing duel in college. Have you ever seen The Student Prince?"

She props herself up on an elbow. If I wanted to, I could now see, perhaps communicate with, both her nipples. But her periwinkle-blue eyes are so beautifully wide, they capture my glance.

"Mark, when you duel with sabers, you get your scar on your face. The only way you could get a dueling scar down there," she tosses her head in a pointing gesture, which made her hair tickle my left arm, "the only way you could get that kind of scar, is if you'd duelled naked!"

"I've always believed in living dangerously," I say, simply and truthfully, then begin demonstrating my philosophy in action.

* * *

Having a sexy scar does change things, you know. But I didn't get it in a duel. Not really. Here is the true history.

When washing up after work on April 6th, I discovered a (nearly painless) lump on my groin the size of a chicken's egg. "Oh fuck," I said out loud, "just what I need." Soon I discovered that by checking the lump, by trying to determine its size, I could make it disappear. I didn't have to be any kind of MD to understand that I had come home with a hernia.

Now, my mundane job is as a janitor. Not exactly the kind of job one can do without risking backstrains and hernias, is it? But, try as I might, I couldn't recall lifting anything too heavy for me that night. I couldn't recall, say, hauling a heavy something-or-other out of my work's way, only to clutch my bidness in agony. You know, the Doan's Pills scenario.

This story, like all stories, exists only in context. For months, facilities supervision in my plant has been obsessed with reducing the number of workers' compensation claims we janitors and electricians and plumbers file.



W 88

The general supe has even made speeches to us, comparing our safety record to his Army barracks inspections. "Whenever someone'd screw things up for us at inspections, we'd throw a blanket party for 'em. The other GI's'd sneak up behind 'em, toss a blanket over their heads, and beat the hell out of 'em."

This would usually produce a gestural equivalent of a Greek chorus among my co-workers as they'd bare teeth and punch fists into hands. Working in a profession that tends to disproportionately attract the mentally handicapped certainly has its drawbacks.

Some other time I'll have to tell the story of Stinky, who never bathes, who used to steal a huge sack of recyclables from the plant nightly, and who carries his worldly worth on his person at all times--in gold.

Or the story of The Slug, who occasionally applies Ben Gay to his body while standing in front of the water fountain. Like, in full view of everyone in the building. Like, with his pants pulled down. No joke.

Or the story of Crazy Bruce, who I once caught throwing a temper tantrum on the floor of a women's john.

Alas, I digress.

My first hernia-related move was to make sure I wasn't imagining things. No sense having my bosses incite mayhem against me when I actually had an ingrown pubic hair or something.

I phoned my doctor, only to find he'd moved to D.C. as some kind of doctors' lobbyist. I wound up a couple of days later in the office of one Dr. Jaffe, a pleasant sort of fellow, rather like a kempt (physically and mentally) Jon Singer. After discussing his recent vacation to Hawaii for a while, he had me turn my head to the left and cough, while he felt for evidence of the more common types of hernia and, for all I know, other lumpy groiny stuff I've never heard of and wouldn't want to hear described, I'm sure.

13

"Yeah, Mark. You've got a hernia, all right. Looks (sic!) like a grobbledy mezuzzah ferxnabob hernia, caused by a failed O-ring at the place where the flibbety-jibbet passes through the will-o'-the-wisp."

"I see," I said, rather wishing I'd brought my white cane and a German shepherd. "Will I have to have an operation?"

"Hmmm. Let's send you to a specialist, a very sharp young surgeon named Dr. McQuinn. He'll be able to answer that question better than I."

After standing around his office for another half hour, waiting for his people to pencil in an appointment with McQuinn's people (the examination had taken maybe five minutes), I went off to work, which begins for me at five in the afternoon.

I made a point of informing my boss about the deal. "Butch," I announced, "last Wednesday, I got a hernia at work."

"How'd you do that?" she asked.

That stumped me. "I'm not sure about the exact incident. Maybe tossing sacks of microfiche around, maybe mopping up that quarter-mile long hall during my last half-hour of work that night. All I'm sure of right now is that I didn't have a hernia when I came to work, and I had one when I got home from work. All I did in between was to work." Q.E.D., I thought, realizing anew just how little my college philosophy classes actually prepared me for rational discourse in the marketplace of ideas. If only I'd sent in that matchbook cover to learn how to drive the big rigs....

"Can you work tonight?" Butch asked, interrupting my train of thought even as it derailed.

"Sure. Not even a weight restriction on lifting." And a damn good thing, too: Unlike some shops at my company, facilities will not find light work for its injured employees. A weight restriction equals a layoff.

"Good. Don't let them talk you into an operation."

With her inspiring words in my ears, I slinked off to another fulfilling night of labor.

Then came the visit with Dr. McQuinn, a Mississippi native with blond hair and blue eyes and a see-through whitewhite complexion. He told me to turn my head to the left and cough while he checked the points and plugs.

"Here's a diagram of what's happened here, Mark," he told me, producing a little pad of paper and a pen. He drew various circles and lines while delivering the kind of health class lecture my high school football coach used to give in order to maintain his teaching certificate.

"You'll need to have an operation as soon as we can schedule you in," he concluded. "Your hernia is still very small, but if it isn't treated, it'll enlarge and weaken the muscles in the area so much that a long-deferred operation would resemble sewing tissue paper to tissue paper."

"Is the size hernia I have dangerous?" Twenty years earlier, I would have asked whether you can really catch VD from toilet seats, you know; doctors' office questions aren't any more intelligent than health class questions, they're just more immediate.

"Dangerous?" he smiled, "Well, a hernia can always strangulate outside the muscle wall. If only fat's trapped out there, it'll merely be excruciatingly painful. If it's intestines, you could get gangrene and die."

Super.

The conversation got pretty difficult to sustain after that, and I was back in his waiting room real soon.

And out there, I waited and waited, filling out forms, calling workers' comp, making various appointments.

That night, I told someone at work about the upcoming surgery; the lead woman in one of 'my' shops, a silicon microchip manufacture/inspection area. Winnie remembered the night of the injury, because I'd been mopping up a spill of rusty water that had dripped from the ceiling onto the cleanroom floor.



Satori! She'd jogged my memory back to that night. Workers in the cleanroom area have to wear plastic-coated paper shoe covers that are slicker than corporate lawyers. I'd been about to mop the spill when I'd slipped, nearly doing the splits. At the time, I'd thought I'd pulled a muscle, but that's so common on my job that I'd put the incident out of my mind. Score one for my long term memory store, thanks to Winnie.

Then, (‘then’ meaning in this instance the next noon) came the obligatory second opinion. I arrived early, as per the receptionist’s request, so as to fill out a new patient form. That took perhaps all of two minutes, whereupon I pulled out an Amazing from last year I’d been meaning to read for a long time. When I finished the magazine, I checked my watch. Two thirty. So I began to pace, to look at the fake impressionist paintings, to mock the gouramis (they seemed rather blase about my talents as an impressionist).

When I began to tear up a pamphlet (entitled, “The Care and Feeding of Your Hemorrhoids: A Guide for the Patient”), the receptionist ushered me into the examining room. Dr. Hanson, a smallish, balding man, told me to turn my head and cough while judging the things he felt. Medicine is rather like writing reviews that way, I thought. Perhaps that’s why a failed pre-med like myself winds up reviewing in my middle age, just judging the things I feel.

“Dr. McQuinn told me I needed a hernia operation,” I told him. “Do you concur?”

Yes, I actually said ‘concur.’ Damned if I was going to let virtually the only medically interesting situation of my adulthood pass without using the terminology I learned while watching Ben Casey and Dr. Kildare way back when.

“Yep. Any questions?”

“How about some advice on the care and feeding of the hernia over the next few days?” No point wasting a perfectly good line.

“Brace your groin every time you sneeze or cough. Best of luck.”

And so we come to the actual operation, and the recovery thereafter. Anticlimaxes, both of them.

I stayed awake all during the operation, feeling the

shaver mow down a tarot card-sized patch of pubic hair, listening to Bach's English Suite on the anesthesiologist's Walkman, watching Dr. McQuinn's gore-spattered, rubber-gloved hand lift high in the air, pulling a suture tight.

At one point, I heard Dr. McQuinn say, "Oops." You don't want your surgeon to say "Oops," not now, not ever, never. The next thing I heard was the nurse say, "Sorry, Dr. I thought you wanted the Number Ten. Here's the Number One you asked for." I began to breathe again.

When it was all over, they rolled my gurney (a kind of rolling bed, probably named after Gurney Norman, the novelist who wrote Divine Right's Last Trip in the Last Whole Earth Catalog) to Recovery. Recovery is a room that reminded me of an auto repair garage. Instead of hydraulic lifts, they had curtained-off spaces. Instead of Sun machines, they had sensitive electronic bio-monitors that doubled as trays for crumbly oatmeal cookies and paper cups overflowing with Kool-Aid.

I lay in bed, listening to a former girlfriend--my indispensable Ride Home--tell me about what a rat her boyfriend--after-me had been, while a whole bagfull of saline solution dripped into my veins. The friendly nurse told me that I had to drink Kool-Aid and eat cookies until I felt able to take a piss and dress myself. Then I could be driven home.

Drip drip drip, kvetch kvetch kvetch, gulp gulp gulp, crunch crunch crunch for two hours, then I learned how to pee as if it were an alien concept. Getting dressed was a load of fun, too, the last time I tried it for three days. Finally we hit the road.

I could walk from the first, cooked for myself, picked up my own mail, then read fanzines and SF classics in bed. The so-called artificial morphine the hospital gave me went down the toilet the second day, perhaps to make the sewer alligators high. Within three days, I could walk with a shillelagh (glad I didn't toss it out!), within six days, I could drive. That's about as long as my recovery would have been noticeable to an observer. Except that I spent six weeks in solid, fulltime fanac.

Not that there aren't more morally edifying stories to tell. Like how my boss threatened me with an investigation on the grounds that I'd said I couldn't recall the actual injury incident at the time I'd reported it to management, while my workers' comp claim form describes a slip. The actual adjective used by my boss was 'fishy.' (I feel my old Marxist lecture #241 coming on: Why bosses are dogs. Just. Simply. Dogs.)

Of course, the state insurance adjudicator ruled in my favor a couple of weeks into my recovery. Not a peep from my boss since then. Or perhaps, I should say, not a bark.

* * *

But I don't want to think about dogs. My plans for the future use of the hernia scar are decidedly more feline:

We're out in a secluded part of the forests, where the trails have overgrown with delicate purple wildflowers and the only indications of humanity are occasional quiet screeches as 747s rocket toward the Pacific. Our homemade Greek salad's almost gone, so I pour the last of the Riesling, her glass in one hand, the wine in the other.

She watches me like a cat. A cat that smiles and smokes a cigarette. I hold her newly full glass up to watch her, see her olive skin and jet hair through amber wine.

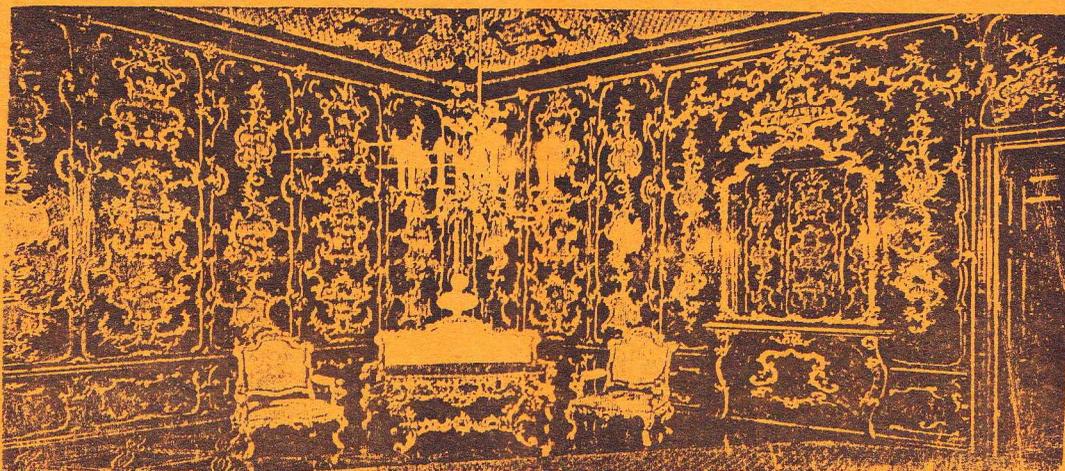
"Mark," she says, wrapping a hint of Latin America around my name, "I want to see that hernia scar I've heard about."

"Ah, mi amor," I answer, "my hands are full right now."

She pouts out a lower lip.

"But," I continue, "if you want to take a look for yourself, this is as good a time as any."

Ω



H A L L O F M I R R O R S

The illustration of page 13 for CORFLU--where's it being held? Someplace in California? Something tells me that's the case. Darn it. I could probably fly there, but with plans for a couple of other big cons that I'll have to get to by plane, I'm sure my budget won't allow it. Well I guess I'll have to wait for one to get a little closer.

Tom Sadler
422 W. Maple Ave.
Adrian, MI 49221

SEA OF TIME: Corflu 6 will be held April 28-30, 1989. Attending memberships are \$29 until July 31, 1988, at which time they increase to \$34. (Please note that this is a one-month extension over what was previously announced—we figured since this PR is late, we might as well give you a break.) If necessary, membership rates will increase December 1, with that price lasting until the convention. Attending membership includes the traditional Sunday buffet, which promises, as usual, to be quite edible. Supporting memberships are \$5 the whole time; with conversion to attending costing the difference between supporting and the prevailing rate at the time of conversion. To join, send your check or money order payable to Geri Sullivan at 3444 Blaisdell Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55408-4315 U.S.A. Checks made payable to Corflu won't work, as rates for a business checking account would have forced us to double our membership rates. (Okay, so I exaggerate. But not much.)

HOLD THE PRESSES! Hotel contract signed with the Normandy Inn (Best Western) in downtown Minneapolis. Room rates: \$49.50/1—2 people; \$52.00/3—4 people. *That's all, folks!*

Another country heard from, and another con I'd like to go to is being put on by Heidi Lyshol. She agreed with Tucker's update of *I Audit the Chicon*, "except on the booklet. I don't think mimeographing quite fits a worldcon.... The con will be held at the University of Oslo. Norwegian hotels charge too much for us fans, so the bit about "private accomodation" is important."

Sounds like the V-con, held in Vancouver at the UBC. My kinda con. "Convention rates" at the big hotels are so much malarkey. When we fill up their hotel we shd get lower rates, not higher. If Motel 6 can give you a decent room around \$20 and make a profit -- who needs these glitzy outfits at double and triple a fair price? Dont tell me a few conference rooms and an auditorium make all that much difference. See also JR"Mad Dog" Madden's letter. - *hos*

INTERCON 89

AUGUST 4TH - 6TH 1989

OSLO, NORWAY (NORCON 8)

AMERICAN GoH	SAMUEL R. DELANY
BRITISH GoH	TO BE ANNOUNCED
NORWEGIAN GoH	TOR AGE BRINGSVAERD

Extensive 2-1/2 track program of talks, panels, films, fannishness and virtually anything else you may expect to find at a con. At least one third of the program will be in English and all SCANDIFANS speak English.

Private accommodation and guided tours of Oslo will be available for those who book in advance.

REDUCED RATES FOR NON-SCANDINAVIAN RESIDENTS (*not speaking Norwegian/Swedish/Danish*). - £5/\$9 until January 1, 1989. - £10/\$18 afterwards and at the door.

CONTACT ADDRESS: HEIDI LYSHOL, MARIDALSVN. 235 A, N-0467 OSLO, NORWAY

My wife has been accused on several occasions of talking in typos. In truth, what she accomplishes are known as "spoonerisms" which are phrases with sounds mixed between words. My favorite one occurred on Thanksgiving when she asked me to "curve the tarkey." Another of her specialties involves mixing cliches which, I think, has been defined as yogisms (after Yogi Berra) but somewhat laps over into the typo area. The latest one that almost had me convulsing on the floor erupted during an argument when she snapped "Don't look at me in that tone of voice!"

As to Sheryl Birkhead's query regarding fanhistory, shouldn't we put some joint effort into the 3rd edition of the FANCYCLOPEDIA that is apparently, sort of, maybe being worked on by Glyer, Pelz, etc. first? Then, the tackling of the fanhistory of the sixties could sputter into action through a semi-concerted effort of a group of history fanatics with some funding, if needed, by SCIFI, Inc. and/or WorldCon Atlanta, Inc.

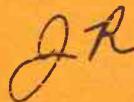
Idea fostered by Kristin Ruhle's loc: Kristin should not compare WorldCon fees of today with those of past WorldCons even when adjusting for inflation. That is, you can not look at just the membership fees by themselves. Not to denigrate concerns of the early WorldCons by any means, but the services/benefits offered by WorldCons today are much more than in the past. Progress reports, informal/formal fanzines, program book, souvenir books, film programs (35 mm & 16 mm), mega-track panels, vast art shows and dealers' rooms. It costs more per person to host a convention for 5000 than it does one for 200; not a linear relationship, of course, but it still does cost more per head. Therefore, fees have to be higher unless some fan who is also a millionaire chooses to host a WorldCon on his own.

I can understand why you have decided to cease WorldCon attendance since they are not as you remember them to be and Corflu-type cons are more in keeping with your vision of fandom-as-it-was/should be. There are still those fans for whom fandom is a large group of like-minded friends; for them, a con is a place to socialize and visit with friends. For a large percentage of the newer fans, a con is a place to see authors & celebrities, shop, view art, behave serconishly by attending lots of panels. They do not have the friendships established in fandom in the more traditional sense so they do not come to cons viewing them as "family reunions." For them, a science fiction convention is more akin to a trade show or a technical meeting. They attend more than they participate.

But, though you are resigning from WorldCon attendance after 1990, I am glad I may be able to see you at one of the WorldCons prior to then!

Reply begins next page

Your's in fandom,



J. R. Madden

J. R. Madden
P. O. Box 18610-A
University Station
Baton Rouge, LA 70893

Yeah, Im into spoonerisms too. When Im bord on the freeway I often compulsively spoonerize hiway signs. Like "Murfing Tragic" or "Chadar wrecked by speed." Many years ago, when I was becoming disenchantd with church going (not that I was ever all that much enchanted with it; my wife had the odd notion that we shd set "a good example" for the children), whenever we sang "Onward Christian Soldiers" I cdnt resist cynically changing the line to "With the Joss of Croesus, going on before." Nobody ever noticed, or if they did, they thot it was just a meaningless error.

Good point on FANCY. Get one project done before we go tearing off on another. Besides Ive had zero response to my offer last ish. Rob Hansen, by the way, has been putting forth yeoman efforts in nailing down the fanhistory of Britain.

Im just a bit miffed at the way people are just not hearing what Im saying about cons past and present. Im NOT talking about "family reunions" or "getting back to the so-called good old days." I'm NOT against those who think of it (if they think at all) as a "trade show" or "technical meeting." I'm NOT against all that expensive stuff you listed from "Progress reports...to dealers' rooms." What I am saying is that all that stuff is not necessary. Its nice, but its peripheral to the real purpose of a convention. We need to take a look at it and see if its costing us more than its worth. I think it is.

Modern fandom (except for fanzine fandom) has become a hollow thing. It has no core. Its all show & no go. What Harlan Ellison calls the "stone fans" have pretty much taken over. They have the numbers, they have the money; they pay the piper & call the tune. All well and good. If thats what they get off on, let em; they dont need me and my kind. But for Ghod's sake, dont call it a science fiction convention! Call it a trade show, a philm phreaks phestival or whatever phancy strikes u, but not science fiction.

The main point is that there is really no great difference between eos (One of my apazines is titled *Eo-Neo*, wch shd give you a clue) and neos except that central and peripheral have become reversed. In the Beginning, we wrote to each other, then came together as self-appointed, self-anointed critix (There were no others. Academia, as Kurt Vonnegut put it, mistook sf for a urinal. Now they are falling all over each other to cash in on a new "publish or perish" mine shaft. True critix, like Williamson, Gunn or Hartwell are still rarities). We came together to share ideas about the "Literature of Ideas" and the many kindred subjects to wch those discussions gave rise. We also found that we cd develop our social skills and all those other things you mentioned as a sort of bonus.

Our attitude toward the pros was similar, but again, subtly different. We were properly respectful to them, but we didnt worship. We aspired to join their select company, but even if we cdnt, we still wanted to ask them why they did this or that or why didnt they do so-and-so. We lamented the "decline" of all except *Analog*. "Thrilling" Wonder rubbed us the wrong way. But even the mighty Campbell wasnt universally revered and we rejoiced at the arrival of *Galaxy* and *F&SF* and the first pioneering paperbax.

Some wag back then defined a fan as one "who, if he threw a ball up into the air and it didnt come down, wdnt be too surprised." Your stone fan of today would probably freak out and start a whole new subfandom based on the experience and then escalate that into Trufandom; non-believers drop dead. Then some spoilsport like Tucker wd point out that it was merely stuck in the roof gutter, and the stone fan wd say, like Emily Latela, "Oh. Never mind."

So why dont I just go to Corflu and shut up? Why dont I leave the worldcons and the large regionals to the stone fans and forget it? I would, except that I have this nagging feeling that a lot of stonies just dont know any better, and havent had a chance to find out What Its All About. If confen stop treating us like the old maiden aunt with Alzheimer's, confined to a little room in the attic, they might find they have a lot to gain.

FIJAGH-FIAWOL is a related polarization that wd benefit from being treated as a spectrum. But there is one card-carrying FIJAGHer who has heard what I've been saying, ghod bless her. Weve been corresponding about Fanzine Room vs. Fan Lounge, wch she is in charge of for next Boskone. If you think Im just an Oldphart phart-ing around for the phun of it, listen to Andi Shechter:

In re fanzine fans etc. You're right about Tom' being the kind of omnifan². Also correct regarding a least a "fanzine corner" as part of the fan lounge _ I definitely like that idea. I'm actually pretty fascinated thinking about a point you make regarding fanzine fen being the core of fandom. In fact, I would like to see some major discussion on that - and want to run it past P & TNH who are doing fan program for N3. When did that split happen . . . why is it that zine fandom is considered out there and conventions are the Big Deal now? When did we lose that focus, dammit, and why? Maybe this is too much like too many "whither fandom" articles or discussion of the past year, but it's very, as we say, right on. When fandom was small, and fans communicated primarily in writing, fanzines were respected sources of communication. Now, I don't know that they're exactly looked down on, but the area has lost its importance to fandom, and there's something wrong about that. I fear that some of it is related to the expansion of fandom into more than a reading community. There's nothing wrong inmy mind with the offshoots of fandom that encompass media, movies, gaming, and all that jazz, but the focus of science fiction is, I thought, (or should be) literary - reading and writing. One of the things that sets us apart is our interest in, concern for and support of the written word as a valuable thing in our society. And I tell ya, I get real tired of hearing some fen talk about Their subfandom as the important one. My personal tastes would not suffer if I never saw another costume, or heard another filk song. There's a lot to talk about in this - as you can see, you got me started, and I'm not the most invested fan around. (It's the influence of the company I keep).

1. Whitmore
2. Ted White's term for fen who dont limit themselves to just one aspect of fandom as if that were all there is. I consider myself one, in that Im keenly interested in movies, have been known to filk a little, & did "costumes" (Giles Habibula and Granny (from *Sian*) long bfor SCA was ever heard of.

THANK FOR COLLATION HELP on #44 to: John McLaughlin, Ron Hayden, Dan Murphy, Doug Faunt, Pat Dickerson, Rich Dutcher, Larry Verre and Jim Dumond.

It's true that in YHOS 42 you tell Sheryl Birkhead (pg. 21) "write in lines no wider than $5\frac{1}{2}$ ". However, in YHOS 43 you tell her (pg 13) "I'm trying to get loccers to use 5" margins as Jon so obligingly did..." Then in YHOS 44 you comment to Brad Foster (pg 23) "I defy you or David Palter or Vince Clark to point out where I said anything about 'margins.'" You then accuse us of projecting words onto the page, although it should have struck you as odd that all three of us happened to suffer precisely the same delusion. If you had only realized that we were commenting on YHOS 43, not YHOS 42, you would not have made this grotesque blunder, which, if you were an adherent of the medieval Japanese ethos of bushido, would necessitate that you salvage your honor by means of seppuku, ritual self-disembowelment. Since, as you mention having colitis troubles (pg 30), you are not on the best of terms with your bowels anyway, perhaps the idea will have some appeal.

The most famous word to have entered the language by way of a typo, and which, oddly enough, neither Skel nor you mention, is filk. Of course, it may be that you were both afraid to mention the word, for fear that you will be suspected of associating with some form of fringe fandom. Who knows. (Personally, I do associate with fringefans.)

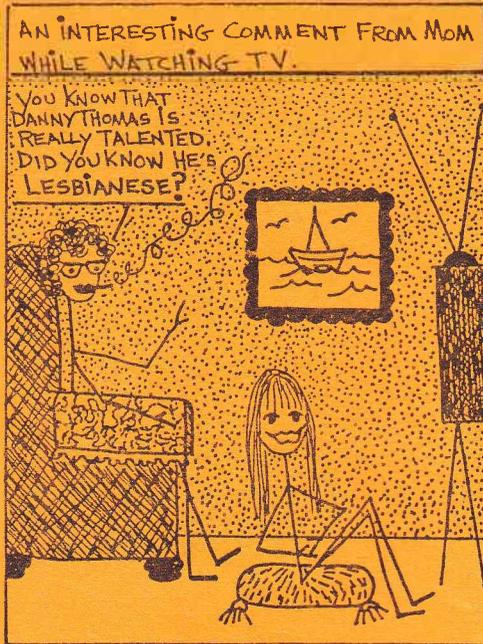
Since you are soliciting opinions on the subject, let me say that I share your view that the emphasis on grammar and usage should be descriptive, rather than prescriptive. To put it another way, the test for correct usage should not be, "does this conform to currently accepted models of correctness?" but merely "does this communicate effectively?"

I finally got a more specific diagnosis from my dr; diverticulitis, instead of the general catchall term "colitis." Not that it makes my guts feel any better. If you wd accept partial seppuku in penance for my sins, there are days when I wd gladly give up several feet of the poorly functioning parts of my intestines. It might have an added benefit, in that less of what I eat wd get stored as fat. But I wd like you, Brad and Sheryl to know that I did do my homework in that I went thru both Y 42 and 43 looking for the possible reference that led yawl to go on about "margins." Unfortunately, I found two, one in each ish, and figured that's all there were. Somehow I missed the crucial third little buggler.

Diverticulitis. I just know what Skel's going to say, so I'll beat him to the punch. Diverticulitis: the astronaut ailment, taking its name from the old deep sea divers who wore similar types of suits with screw-on helmets. As soon as the helmet is screwed on, those afflicted withe ailment experience a tickle, or an overpowering desire to scratch the tip of their nose or some other inaccessible place.

David Palter
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Toronto, Ont. M5R 3B4
Canada

DOWN WITH HUGOS! UP WITH BERTIES!



Eric Mayer 279 Collingwood Drive Rochester NY 14621 August 24 1988

Dear Art,

Loved the article by Skel. I immediately thought of a couple of Kathy's cartoons on the same theme. I can't, offhand, think of too many verbal typos....not that I haven't heard enough. I recall a friend of mine in high school telling me his "turn" paper was due. He'd heard "term" as "turn" the first time and had just been using the word for years, without giving any thought to its meaning.

You speak about language and meaning in the loccol. I guess I'm with you in that I see language as something that evolves...the manner in which people use and understand language takes precedent over any prescriptions by the authorities. What's important is communication. Words are, after all, not things....they have no life of their own, no integrity to protect....they are merely descriptions of the "real" world of ideas in our heads. People get confused, I think, when they get used to using words in a particular context, begin laboring under the misapprehension that the word is something, and consequently can be applied in contexts where it is actually not meaningful. For example, it would be silly of me to call my zine *Deja Vu* an *sf fanzine* (or even a *fanzine* probably) since two thirds of the people on my mailing list wouldn't know what I was talking about. Although Dave Langford doesn't realise it, his description of a "fanzine" applies equally

as well to hundreds and hundreds of other amateur publicatinns whose publishers have absolutely no knowledge of sf fandom. He ought to check out Mike Gunderloy's FACTSHEET FIVE for confirmation of this fact. To my mind a word doesn't mean what you or I would like it to mean, or what some politician during an election year, would have us believe it means. Words mean what people, generally, understand them to mean. And that can change from time to time and from context to context. You can't impose meaning. Someone once wrote an article for my magazine FRAZZLE saying "Language is an outlaw" and I think that's true. The law is always on its tail but it always gets away.

As you might imagine from the foregoing I take a pretty loose view toward fanediting. Like you, if possible I simply photocopy the original manuscripts because I hate typing. I work as a legal editor -- writing jurisprudence articles for an audience of lawyers, I have to be pretty careful with my grammer etc....but "editing" Deja Vu is something else entirely, despite the misleading use of the term "editing" in relationship to the two operations. (Just because we refer to what we do as fan "editing" doesn't mean that there is anything more than a superficial resemblance between it and professional magazine editing. Let's not feel constrained by a word to impose similarities we may not want)

Yeah, that illo you ran in the loccol was by me. Someday its going to be the cover for a mini-comic

Eric **MAYER**

Even tho you and Palter and the following comments by Cheslin and Clark agree with me on descriptive vs. prescriptive attitudes toward English, a little voice way back there is nagging, "...but...but..." I miss Terry Carr. Im sure he'd put his finger right on it.

While I helped to fight the good fight against snobbish prescriptivism thruout my teaching career, I also felt I had to hold the line against falling over backwards into the "Anything goes" camp. To boldly split infinitives where none have been split befor doesnt mean that change is always for the better or that sloppy and careless usage shd be tolerated, especially in writing.

All this kinda got to me when a very nice person in another apa suggested that if I ever quoted him/her, I shd not use my "reformd" spelling. Fine. I already do observe that courtesy. I think one of the worst sins of communication is putting your words in somebody else's mouth. (The only thing worse is to then read to those words as if that was what the other guy said!)

So I made a mental note and felt a twinge of guilt for a second, wondering if I shd pull down my banner, paint out the "Exelseeor" and cave in to the current stupid fashion of orthography. Then I read on, and in the very next sentence, the writer said "I could care less" (about how I speld my own writing)! I CDNT care less if this sort of thing is done in casual apa natter, but if we are attempting anything like rational discourse, then we shd treat our sacred mother tongue carefully and respectfully. As Terry used to say, this sort of thing makes my back teeth itch.

I suppose you cd argue that its like the double negative. If Joe says "I aint got no money," no native speaker is going to assume that he does have some money. I go with the linguists, who get around the problem by positing three "levels" of English: Formal, Standard & Informal. The foregoing locutions belong in Informal, of course. Some wd admit them to Standard, but not me. Me wdnt do a thing like that, wd me, Jack?

Graham Stone makes a hard case on the futility of even trying to reform spelling. I'm only too keenly aware of this. If such redoubtable powers as Teddy Roosevelt and GB Shaw came a cropper on it, what chance do I have? Well, he said, again waving his banner with its starng device, in the words of HG Wells, "He....saw in the growing pile of civilization only a foolish heaping that must inevitably fall back upon and destroy its markers in the end. *If that is so, it remains for us to live as though it were not so.*" Italix mine.

Wch reminds me of another hopeless cause. Lets change the sf awards from Hugos to Berties, to honor the memory of the Real Father of Science Fiction. Mary Shel was the Mother, of course, wch proves that Ye Olde Tyme Machine really did exist.



If this dire threat is stamped near your mailing label it means that this is your last ish unless you respond in some way.

BEWARE!

ken cheslin, 10 Coney Green, Stourbridge, West Mid. DY8 1LA, Merrie England.

We have a lot of local dialects around here, tho undetectable to the average "outsider." I had a mate once who did a thesis on them. For instance, a Lye man would never mistake a Cradley man for a Stourbridge man, or a Brierly Hiller for an Old Hiller, or a Netherton bloke for a Tipton man. All of these occur in less than a fine mile radius, and at least a half a dozen more besides--a relic relict of the time when this area (The Black Country, was a myriad of riny manufacturing communities. The advent of TV and radio has lessened the differences to some extent, but not as much as one might think; the population generally is not given to constant migrations.

Then of course, the language changes withe situation; for instance, the way the children talk in the classroom and outside differs a lot. In the playground or street or home the dialect broadens and starng e or stragne words creep in.

The generality of outsiders to class all of these as "Birmingham accent, but in fact the Brum accent is higher and more whining than Black Country and even the Brummie accent varies according to district. A few miles away to the west, five at the most, you begin to get "country" accents--slower and more "west countryish."

10501 8th Ave. N.E. No. 119
Seattle, WA 98125

Bev Clark

Why I wasn't at Corflu: on Saturday, I was in a legislative district caucus all day (8 a.m. to 6 p.m.). Washington doesn't have a presidential primary, so delegates to the national political conventions are selected through a lengthy series of caucuses and conventions for each party. The caucuses, etc., also determine the party's platform. Each level elects delegates and alternates to the next level. I was an alternate for Jesse Jackson (from the precinct caucuses held in March) but ended up with voting privileges when some of the delegates didn't show up.

It's an awkward system but it has its benefits. The biggest one, imho, is that an ordinary person has a much greater chance of becoming a national delegate than in a primary state, where the delegates are people known to the party hierarchy. The other advantage is that a lot

more people have a say in determining where the party will stand on various issues. On the other hand, because this system takes a lot of work and few people participate (both parties would be thrilled to get 10% turnout), a well organized minority can take over. This actually happened in 1988 in the Republican party in Washington: fundamentalist Christians were mobilized through their churches to attend the Republican precinct caucuses and vote for Pat Robertson. Although polls showed that Washington Republicans preferred both Bush and Dole to Robertson, Robertson ended up with all but one of the Republican national delegates because the Bush and Dole supporters didn't get off their duffs and attend their precinct caucuses.

This embarrassment to Washington isn't likely to happen again. The mainstream Republicans are spearheading an initiative to replace the caucus system with a primary by 1992.

That covers Saturday, with some digression. Sunday was devoted to writing my apazine, which had to be in the mail by the following Friday (and hadn't been started, ahem). Actually, I was at Corflu Saturday evening until about 10 p.m., hanging out in the fanzine display room talking to the likes of Bryan Barrett, Donya White, and Elinor Busby.

Ah, typos. The best one I ever saw in a fanzine was "demonstart" for "demonstrate." It sounded like something out of *Black Easter* and is undoubtedly what the fundamentalist types think F&SF is all about in the first place. As for words one recognized in their written form but didn't know how to pronounce, for years I thought "mised" was the past tense of a verb "to misle" and was pronounced "mai-zuld."

I'm not an English teacher, but I agree with your approach to English grammar. Eight years ago, though, I would have been on the side of the prescriptivists. What happened was that the proper approach to English grammar became a hot topic in my apa after a couple of reviews of John Simon's *Paradigms Lost*. After a couple of rounds, it was obvious that many of us, myself included, were arguing from ignorance. So I started reading some linguistic works about English, as opposed to pop grammarians' works about English. A year and Otto Jespersen (multiple volumes!) later, I had completely reversed my opinion. And the histories of English I continue to read only reinforce the linguists I read earlier.

Some titles I found particularly useful: *Linguistics and Your Language* (Robert Hall), which makes the same point you do about Chinese; *A Structural History of English* (John Nist); *A History of English* (Barbara Strang); and a book by Peter McKnight on the history of criticism of English usage. The McKnight book was particularly influential, because it pointed out that many of the usages criticized by modern pop grammarians are not contemporary barbarisms but have been railed against for nearly 300 years (double negatives, for instance), with absolutely no effect.

What you have is a difference between grammar -- the structures permitted by the nature of the language and the way its speakers understand it -- and preferred usage (and pronunciation), which differs in different places and times and is inherently political. What is preferred at any given time is the usages of the politically and economically powerful. Thus, we speak a version of English based on that of London instead of York, because London was

and is the center of power in England. Certain middle-class usages and pronunciations are standard instead of the aristocratic usages (pronunciation of ³at the end of gerunds, condemnation of and, at least in the United States, enunciation of all syllables in polysyllabic words) because real power has been vested in the middle class since the 19th century.

Sorry to go on about all this, but the subject is one of my "buttons" and I will cheerfully discuss or argue it for hours.

Was that a picture of your granddaughter on 27? If so, she's a) gorgeous and a lot more sophisticated looking than the average girl who's just graduated from high school.

↓ GPO Box 4440
Sydney 2001

J. Graham
STONE

Baker's The Australian Language was a pretty good book in its day, and was, I believe, the first serious treatment of the subject. But it's 40 years old or more, and it was the work of one researcher. Language changes fairly fast, and he couldn't cover the continent. "Clag" is a trade name for office paste, familiar enuf to be used generically. Hey, herè's a good one: a few years ago there was a movement in the USA, soon followed here, for stores to sell common products indented generically, meaning no brand names but labelled "flour", "macaroni" Right -- so some genius in Aust registered the brand name Jeneric.

Ah, yes, spelling reform. Russian, Turkish, Norwegian, and if I remember rightly Dutch and Afrikaans have had successful spelling reforms this Century. Russian even had a second one to get rid of some common inconsistencies that had hung on. Chwana, probably lotsa African examples but I've heard of that one. Indonesian Malay. Nugini Pidgin, which used to have at least three locally established systems. But one thing all of these had in common: a central authority that the relevant government could direct to have the change made.

Whereas, to change English spelling... If our good Prime Minister decided spelling should be standardised in Aust, could he do it? He could not. He could -- if his own party and the opposition backed him up -- have a scheme adopted by the Australian Dept of Education for schools in the ACT, I think. I don't believe it still has any authority in the Northern Territory; I doubt that there any schools in the other federal territories which are mostly uninhabited; it doesn't have any authority over State school systems and it could do no more than ask the universities to think about supporting the idea.

Next, the PM could order the Public Service Board to work out ways and means of getting the scheme adopted throughout the public service. My guess is that the Board would stall till the next election to see if he was still in office then, and if he was returned they would go right on stalling. It would take at least a generation to get as far as working out plans.

Meanwhile, our PM could lean on the State governments. That's simple enough in principle. In our version of federalism nearly all the revenue goes to the Commonwealth and finance gets doled out to the States. So the PM could meet the State Premiers as he does at least annually and demand their acquiescence under threats of looking for excuses to cut down the cash for this and that. At least one would literally laugh in his face and walk out of the meeting at present, and that would be the end of any action in Queensland for a start. All the rest would just say blandly that it's no use unless all the States are going to act, and that would be that.

But even if the Premiers agreed, and forced the ^{state} Education Ministers to agree, that it was a good idea, and even if they convinced their Departments, and also the teachers' unions, the church school systems and everyone else with a say in education -- oh, and the printing industry and publishers from daily papers on down -- and you didn't get a mass protest movement -- everyone on first hearing the proposal would say the same thing: "Yes, a good idea. But what are they doing in England? What are they doing in the USA? Canada? NZ? South Africa? ...and so on down to Vanuatu? (Or do they speak French there? I'm not sure.)"

Furthermore, Australia would be a ^{relative} pushover to organise for spelling reform. In the USA you'd not only have to work down through the federal government and fifty states, you would also have to deal with a few thousand local school authorities. In the British Isles you'd be looking at a central government with compartmentalised educational systems for Wales, Scotland, Northern Ireland...on down to whatever, but to get anything done in the field you'd be working on county and municipal school authorities, maybe parishes for all I know, as well as the same lot of kibitzers as everywhere else. All, or 99%, to be convinced, or no go.

I therefore don't expect much progress on spelling reform. You'll get changes from usage, word by word. Pessimists have been expecting more illiteracy for a long time, or at least more people whonever learned to spell at school. OK, they'll write in their own spelling, maybe if there are enuf of them doing it it will have some effect. It's happened to some extent in the past, our spelling is a bit simpler than it was 200 years ago. Or is it? We've acquired new words from standardised variant spellings like urban/urbane; and bastard spellings like the intrusive u in the -or words.

Esperanto might be a better prospect.

And I don't know if I've mentioned it before, but I've been maintaining for years that Dune is pronounced to rhyme with money.

Stropy is a word I don't remember ever hearing except in British TV programs.

Whatever! Regards,

INSIDE EVERY BLOATED
WORLDCON, THERE'S A
SLIM, TRIM CORFLU
TRYING TO GET OUT.



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