

undulant
fever

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Cover by
Bruce Town-
ley Page 8
illo by
Aric Brown,
age 5 (his
first illo!)

And what to talk about this issue?

One of the old standbys faneds can always use is to fill up a few pages with con reports. I don't really feel like doing con reports, though.

I may as well mention, however, that I was in attendance at both Leprecon 5 in May and at the '79 Westercon in San Francisco.

A few interesting things happened at Leprecon. I was one of 23 people in a jacuzzi. I more-or-less moderated an obligatory fanzine panel that had its good moments. I made one of the worst puns of my life, in response to someone else's anecdote about yet a third party. Unfortunately I can't repeat the story that inspired the pun, because if I told it, it would be considered malicious towards that 3rd party.

Westercon was ok, but disappointing in some ways. It was too much like a Worldcon, where you see someone you'd like to talk to, but wether you or they are doing something and can't stop to talk for more than a few seconds. I can count the exceptions to this on the fingers of one hand, and still have some left over.

Westercon had a very well organized and extensive art show, due to a lot of hard work and preparation by Ctein and Terry Garey. I spent a good deal of time there, since Hilde was helping with it. Hilde'd been appointed to head

the Art Show for the 1980 Leprecon, so she wanted to get a good idea of how to organize and run one.

(Pardon the abrupt change of typeface. Life is such that I do my fanac in my *ahem* spare time, so I am typing this at my mother-in-law's while Hilde is attending a Leprecon meeting at the Dane's nearby.)

We also ate out a few times while in San Francisco. The banquet buffet was good, both in quality and selection, but some items (such as the creampuffs) ran out fast, and I think another half hour should have been slotted for eating time, since not quite everyone had stuffed themselves when the hotel help cleared off the buffet tables.

Outside the hotel, there was an obligatory trek for Chinese food with other fans. Very good stuff, including my first experience with sweet-and-sour fish. The fish looked very disgruntled with what had been done to him, but he sure tasted good, if a bit mild in comparison to the other food served.

Before I left San Francisco Sunday evening (I had to arrive late and leave early by plane due to work, while Hilde drove up about a week earlier and stayed with friends), Hilde and I also made a quick trip out to Pier 39, looking for good seafood. While Pier 39 looks like a fascinating place and I'd like to see more of it, we found that most of the restaurants were up on the second level. Which, since Hilde has extreme difficulty climbing stairs, put them out of our reach. We eventually found a nice place on the ~~ground~~ sea-level called Amadeo's and had our dinner there.

Back in Phoenix, we've also eaten out on a few occasions. For our 2nd anniversary in July we went out to Etienne's in Paradise Valley along with a few friends. Etienne's is a continental cuisine joint, and we've placed it in our list of the top ten restaurants in the Phoenix area. Besides having some of the best (not just good, but best) food I've had in a while (escargot in herb butter, *drool*), It definitely has the best service in town. The staff were all polite, quick, responsive and unobtrusive. We ate rather late, and our waiter began to get a little wacko around the edges as midnight came and went, but pleasantly so. One of the other people in our party had him sing "Happy anniversary to you, happy anniversary to you..." to us as he served up crepes suzettes. When he finished, he paused and said, "Ah, that's what it's all about. Dignity."

So what else have I been doing? Well, a few days before flying out to Westercon, I dropped my clever pose as a mailman and stood revealed in my true identity as a firefighter. I was delivering the mail along 18th Street and had stopped to deliver a package. As I stood there, I noticed that there was smoke rising from around a house across the street.

I walked across the street, pausing to dump my handful of mail back in the jeep. I found that a grass fire had started in the back yard and was spreading to the neighbor's picket fence and to the house itself. The house had been vacant and uncared for since the owner's death some months before, and the grass was high and dry all around it.

I stood there a few seconds and thought the situation over. There was a large piece of tarpaper on the ground near me. I picked it up, threw it over an approaching line of fire, stamped on it, picked up the tarpaper, stamped another section of fire, and moved on to the picket fence.

At this point, the neighbor on that side came out and yelled

for me to use the hose. I dropped the tarpaper, which was beginning to scorch my fingers, turned on her garden hose and hosed down the base of the picket fence. I pulled the hose over the fence and started spraying where the flames were licking at the base of the house.

Meanwhile, the fire was spreading around the other side of the house, where the hose couldn't reach, and threatening to spread underneath a couple of cars parked in the neighbor's side yard.

I saw another hose hooked up to the back of the vacant house. I turned on the faucet, grabbed the loose end of the hose, and held my thumb over the end to make a spray. Since most of the hose had been laying in the burning area, when the water reached my thumb it was scalding hot. I played hot potato with the hose for a few seconds, then started spraying again.

I worked to the other side of the house before the hose reached its limit. On that side, there was a third faucet and hose. I turned that on and played the hot potato routine again. All this while, the fire had been spreading faster than I'd been following it. It had been solely in the backyard when I arrived, and had now spread around the house to the front yard.

By this time, though, some of the neighbors from across the street had come and were beating the burning areas with shovels. One of them mentioned that the fire department had been called. A dry bush in front of the house blazed up, and I sprayed it down with the hose.

After that, it was only a few minutes until the fire's spread had been stopped, and I started walking back around the house, looking for any spots that were still smoking. A pumper truck arrived from the fire department. The firefighters looked around, hosed a couple of smoldering spots, and thanked everybody for their help.

I wiped the sweat off my forehead, coughed up some of the smoke in my lungs, tried to brush some of the soot smears off my uniform, and went back to my jeep and finished delivering the mail.

And do you think I got any sort of recognition back at the office for my good deed? Of course not! Ingrates! Selfish, uncaring bastards! Government employees!

Of course, it might have helped if I'd bothered to tell anyone at the office about it....

BOOKS I was going to talk about books I've read recently, but first I wanted to mention something I consider one of the most important bits of literary news in years. Unfortunately, I found as I glance over the legal pad where my first draft lies, I see that I had intended to quote a lengthy portion of this particular work. So I'll hold off on that portion until I return to my home and regular typer, and just mosey along to:

Another book I've been highly impressed with, even tho' I haven't completed reading it at this writing, is Richard Adams' Shardik. I read a number of reviews of this when it first came out, and quite a few of the reviewers seemed to feel that it was slow-moving, particularly in the first portions of the book.

Where they got this impression from, I don't know. It's kept my attention steadily riveted so far. Adams can use a goodly number of pages to advance the action just a bit. But nothing in those pages is wasted. Each action or thought or feeling of a character builds his or her persona more thoroughly

and clearly. Each bit of background information makes a more complete picture of the world Adams has created. And every word fits together smoothly and progresses logically.

Now if you want an unimpressive book, you might try Orson Scott Card's Capitol. This is a collection of short stories, set in a common universe and chronologically arranged; i.e., a Future History.

The trouble is, there really isn't very much to this universe. Capitol has got to have the weakest sense of background I've run across in a long time.

For instance, the planet Capitol is supposed to be one huge city, covering the entire planet in plastic and steel. The reader is told this, but he's never really shown it. There's no sense of the huge distances involved, the amount of material involved in such a structure, or the huge expenditures of energyth that would be necessary to keep such a structure from strangling in its own waste products. The action of the stories could almost as well have been set in a large office/apartment complex. The backgrounds of the stories in Capitol are like a wash in pastel watercolors: faint, hard to see, and blurry.

Some of Card's characterizations are good, though: I was especially impressed with the heroes of "A Thousand Deaths" and "Burning." Of course, both these characters are Budrysque in that they're obsessed maniacs, and I've always been partial to obsessed maniacs. It's quite possible that other characters in the book were actually better characterized.

But not all. Take Abner Doon, who is a recurring character in a number of the stories. I'm still not sure why he does what he does. (Like, what's his motivation, man?) For that matter, I'm also not sure how he does it, or even what it is he's doing!

One might argue or hope that future stories in this universe (I have a copy of Hot Sleep, but haven't read it) would fill in the background so largely missing from Capitol. But that isn't much of an argument when you consider that Capitol was published by itself, as a single lone entity, and that that is the way most casual readers will come across it.

As it is, I feel somewhat cheated....

The preceding sections were drafted back near the end of July, when I was interrupted. Bruce and Gigi Dane came over one night, and brought up the idea that they and Hilde and I, and our respective kids, should pool our resources and buy a large, multi-bedroomed house to live in jointly.

Eventually, we all decided that sharing a house would be a bit too complex, both emotionally and financially, to last. Before deciding that, though, we all looked at some very neat and/or bizarre houses. (One of which, a 5-bedroom, the Danes decided to buy for themselves. Their new address is 3433 W. Sierra Vista, Phoenix, AZ 85017.)

But Hilde and I decided that we wanted to move anyway, over towards the northwest area of Phoenix, for a variety of reasons. One was that Hilde wanted to be closer to her mother's home; since Hilde can't drive, if I'm working and she needs to go somewhere, it's usually her mother who gets asked to make the long drive across town and provide the wheels. Another is that theth geographical focal point of Phoenix fandom is continuing its long-time trend of moving westwards. I can remember when almost all of Phx fandom was centered around ASU and the Tempe environs. I figure if this westward movement continues, eventually we'll all end up as retirees in Sun City. ~~Or maybe San Francisco.~~) Except for Terri Gish, Hilde and I are the easternmost fans in Phoenix

who are fairly active.

Anyway, we found a great house. The back yard was big enough for the family garden. The front yard was small enough to not take too much care. It had 4 bedrooms along one side of the house, a fair-sized living room and kitchen/dining room through the center, a pantry/laundry room and storage room in the back corner, and, th up in the remaining front section, an enclosed two-car garage that could easily have been converted into a fantastic family room. And it was only a bit more than a mile from Hilde's mother's. And a school for Aric within walking distance. And a postal station I could have transferred to less than two miles away. And the price was actually affordable.

And the reason I'm talking about that house in the past tense is that we're not going to be able to get it. We had until October 17th to get our loan approved and the down payment made. The loan was approved with no problem, but contingent on the sale of this house.

We worked like dogs to get the house in sale condition. The gardens were tilled under and fresh grass seed spread. (And for weeks, I had to treat little corn and pea and melon and cucumber seedlings like they were weeds.) We put almost all of the books, all of the fanzines, and a lot of other material in storage to make the house seem less cluttered. (We now have two bookcases in the living room, instead of seven.) We hired a professional cleaning crew to attack the walls, carpets, floors, windows, etc. We'd repainted the outside of the house just a few months previously. Damn, but it looked good!th

And in the three months it's been on the market, I think we have had maybe nine or ten people look at it. We've had two open houses. At the first, two people showed up. At the second, right after the latest jump in the prime interest rate, nobody showed up.

As if that wasn't disappointing enough, the two jumps (so far) in the interest rate have raised the projected payments on the house we wanted from \$402 a month to over \$450, and we honestly doubt if we could afford it anymore. In which case, I guess it may be a good thing the house hasn't sold. But still disappointing.

Hilde and I will still be keeping this house on the market, however. When we do find a buyer, we'll hunt for a new house for ourselves again. We may not be able to find one as perfect as the one we lost, but we still want to move.

MORE BOOKS What with all the housecleaning and yardwork I've had to do the last few months, about the only reading I've been able to get done outside of an occasional short story have been my lunchbox specials. These are the paperbacks I carry in the ammo box I take lunch to work in, and read while stopped to eat.

One of the benefits of this system is that these books are the only reading matter I carry. I don't know about you, but there are a fair number of books on my shelves that are a bit... intimidating. They're Big and/or Complex and/or Highly Styled. And if I want to sit down for a few minutes after work and dinner and relax my brain cells with a book, it's much more likely to be something with a title like Planet of the Slumlords than any of those books that might actually require thought. But with my lunchbox specials, I have to read the bloody things...and since I've usually been wanting to, RSN, the arrangement's quite satis-

factory.

All of which is leading up to the announcement that a few days ago I finished reading Dhalgren.

I bought the book when it first came out, read 160 pages, bogged down, and dropped it. But the wildly differing opinions I kept hearing kept up my interest in reading it to the end some-day.

I was impressed. Not, I have to say, with the book as a whole. The concluding (?) section, the "Anathemata", is something I consider rather clumsy and I got the feeling that much of it was included for Delany's own satisfaction, rather than that of the reader. But some of the individual sections of the "Anathemata" are brilliant.

I would say that the main question arising among people who read Dhalgren, or try to read it, has been "But what does it all mean?" I think the answer to that question is that Dhalgren means a lot of different things, and that it was meant to mean a lot of different things. Some seem to be more important than others, and/or more skillfully presented.

Myself, I think I would best give my own feelings about the book's major purpose by describing it as a "novel-in-progress-in-progress", and by saying that I would unreservedly recommend it to writers and would-be writers; not for its style, but for what Delany says about writing and being a writer.

All of which is not to say I understand everything about the book. There are deliberate contradictions, and ambiguities squared and cubed, within it. But it has joined that small list of books I'd like to go back and reread someday. (I noticed, when I reread the 160 pages I'd completed on my first attempt, that they went much more smoothly, clearly and easily the second time around. I'm not certain if this is because of treading familiar ground -- much of the remainder of the book was read with almost equal ease -- or because I've undergone some sort of broadening of my literary horizons in the couple of years since I first got the book.)

Time for a little public info:

LEPRECON VI, the annual Phoenix convention, will be held May 2-4th, 1980 at the Hyatt Regency Hotel in downtown Phoenix (where the comet landed). Pro Con is Gordon Dickson, Fan Con Milt Stevens, and Stastmaster Terry Carr. Cost is \$6 until December 1st (which will probably have passed by the time this is published), \$10 thereafter, and \$15 at the door.

I notice the membership price has gotten higher than previous years. It's a trend that will probably continue, unfortunately, not just in the Phoenix area but nationwide. It has become almost impossible to find free function space in Phoenix hotels anymore, even in the off-season. To get the hotel space for the upcoming Leprecon, it was necessary to guarantee 100 room-nights, or approximately 50 rooms registered over the weekend; this means there'll be more out-of-town publicity in order to get more outsiders coming in. The room rates aren't too bad, though they too reflect the nation's double-digit inflation: \$33 single, \$36 double.

In short, conventions are getting more expensive to put on, the financial risks are greater, and budgets are tighter. I suspect we'll be seeing fewer cons held, more cancellations like Autoclave had to do when they got a pitiful number of advance hotel registrations, and more cons going into the red.

What this might result in is an enlargement of fanzine fandom, with fans once again keeping in touch by print, instead of seeing each other at cons every weekend. I realize that costs for fanzines are going up, too, but I can put out at least two issues of UF for every con I go to, even ones where I share gas and room with others and bring a bag of food for myself. (Trail Mix

is Good Stuff, folks.) ((Last minute correction: Hyatt double is \$38, not \$36.))

MORE BOOKS Now that I'm back to my regular typer, I can go back to mentioning one of the most important bits of literary news in years. The news is that Delilah by Marcus Goodrich is finally available in paperback (Popular Library, \$2.50), nearly forty years after its first publication.

Delilah is not sf. Nor is it, as the title might suggest, some sleazy Biblical pseudo-historical. "Delilah" is the name of a U.S. destroyer sailing in Philippine waters shortly before the first World War. The book is about not only the men aboard her and what happens to them, but the mystique, the being of a ship of war.

It is not an action-filled novel, though there are moments of frantic violence. But Goodrich's prose is so carefully patterned and balanced and assembled, the book shines in one's mind like the facets of a highly polished diamond.

There is a short section near the front of the book that can stand on its own. For the purposes of this review (is this a review? I always wondered how to write one), I'm excerpting the entire section. After you read the excerpt, you might understand my enthusiasm:

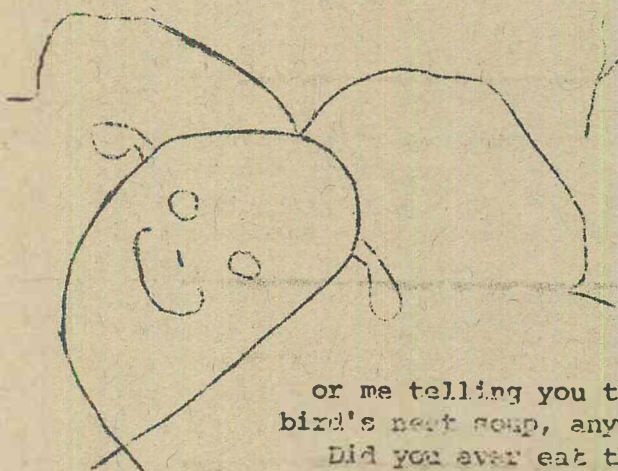
O'Connell was heavyweight champion of the Squadron, and he was too tough to serve on anything but the black boats. He had been in the Navy twelve years, and his service was a record of turbulence. For much of it, he had been deprived of advancement and pay and slammed in the brig; but for some of it he had gotten the Congressional Medal of Honor and a reputation for being a "hard egg" in the face of things that were likely to smash him as well as in situations where he was the one able to do the smashing. It was for this reason that people looked upon him as a wild man rather than as a bully. It is probable that the function of introspection was but primitively a part of his mental operations, and his test for human authenticity seemed to be a formula involving physical force, elemental simplicity and "guts."

In 1907, when he first went to destroyers, the thing had occurred that gained him the Congressional Medal. A cylinder head blew off at sea while O'Connell and three others were in an engine-room making emergency repairs on the engine. The spluttering steel and steam killed one man outright and wounded the other two. The right side of O'Connell's head was crushed in. Nevertheless, he seized the Engineer Officer, who was one of those knocked out, and dragged him up out of the lethal cubicle onto the deck. Then realizing that the scalding steam was intimidating the Rescue Party that had gathered to extricate the men remaining below, he flung himself angrily into the midst of the fat, white death billowing out of the hatchway, and tumbled back down into the engine-room. Those on deck could hear his wild and private curses spouting up with the steam. A moment later, in rapid succession, the limp bodies of the other two men shot up through the steaming hatchway as if they had been chunks of lava flung skyward by the violence of an erupting crater.

When O'Connell had made his raging leap down the hatchway, his intention had been to make his way to the steam manifold and shut off all the steam making its way from the boilers to the engine. But in landing on the steel floor plates he had broken his left leg. It would have taken him so long a time, he had felt, to crawl first to the manifold, hoist himself up and turn off the steam, cracked up as he was, that the lungs of the men he was trying to save would surely have been

burnt out by the steam. So he had heaved the men up first; and then afterwards, though the boiled flesh had been peeling from his hairy arms and legs, and his cracked head had assumed something like one of those grotesque shapes usually seen but in the distorting mirrors of a penny arcade, he had rolled and clawed his way to the manifold and shut off the steam. When the rescuers reached him, his slowly relaxing, blood-spattered body was doubled over his broken leg; but his big hands were fiercely gripping a polished engine stanchion after the manner of a wrestler holding to the limb of an opponent, and he was enunciating, more as if in realization than as if in supplication, "Peace, you son of a bitch, peace...peace...peace..."

With his bronze medal on his breast and a silver plate in his head, he had lain for a long time in hospital bunks and champed restlessly in places good for his lungs. But he finally went back to destroyers seemingly cured of everything but a curious, elemental rage at something too far beyond the horizon of his consciousness to assume definite objectivity. When he raised hell, the men said: "You see, he's got a silver plate in his head."



Kickbacks

NED BROOKS, 713 Paul St., Newport News, VA 23605

Wish I could remember what I said about kangaroo tail soup... I suppose that AWRY must be here somewhere, but probably not filed. Hooha, it is in the files... That was from '74. I don't remember you buying that soup,

or me telling you that. Ah well... Probably better than bird's nest soup, anyway.

Did you ever eat the soup? ((Yes. It was quite good. I have this hideous suspicion that it may have been for the same reason mushrooms taste so swell; mushrooms themselves are flavorless, it's the bullshit they're grown in that gives them that flavor.))

Ben P. Indick, 428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck, NJ 07666

Gafia is difficult, isn't it? One forms habits, likes old friends, a conditioned response occurs -- when time weighs heavily, fingers itch to stencilize... I had dropped out so I could concentrate on writing. However, after some temporary unemployment, I found that, back at work again, I was unable to use evenings for creative effort. Thus, I gave something away for nothing! However, having retired more or less from fanac, I am disinclined to start in again. I'll leave it for the new generation!

Anyway, I'm glad to note you've gotten past an entire year of marriage safely. Actually, it's the first month which was toughest for me -- I was ready to quit! However, I guess that things must have improved because this August will be 26 years.

ALEXIS GILLILAND, 4030 8th St. S., Arlington, VA 22204

And you put out UF to get back into the wonderful world of fanzines? That is proper strange, that is...just when you were well out of it, too.

Comment hook: "DNO". My own use has generally been in talking about myself or my family, and the "DNO" mark has been a compromise between the desire to tell all, and the desire to remain a private person. We bureaucrats say:

"Not for attribution." or "This is for background only.", both meaning that you can quote, but not name the source. "...a middling high gopher said," "...according to semi-reliable sources...." We also have: "A high official uttered this very self-serving statement," and "Unsubstantiated rumours from the highest levels," not to mention the well known leak near the P. himself which all of Liddy's plumbers couldn't fix.

George Beahm, 13 Gainsborough Pl., Newport News, VA 23602

Very interesting to read about your marriage and job-hunting hassles. There isn't anything more demeaning, demoralizing, and time-consuming than job-hunting, a hell of an experience. Instead of helping job hunters, large companies seem to beat them down into submission: submit resume (which has about as much a chance to be read as a first draft story by a neo at one of the slicks), wait for phone call, interview with Sunday clothes, etc. What a waste. No wonder people hate to go job-hunting. It's an ordeal, make no mistake.

Wish I could write more, but I'm tired, literally exhausted. I'm working on Corben's World, a third index ((to follow the Bode and Kirk indexes)), and then must get back to a short story I'm writing. Much easier to write an index than a good piece of fiction.

JON SINGER, 3590 Arthur Ct., #1, Boulder, CO 80302

Hi. First: Note change of address. Next: Alexis does it again. (First/second/turd, indeed.) Which Alexis was that, anyway? The handwriting does not look like Gilliland's acid-etch blockprint...

Hey! Garden! What do you do for fertilizer? Do you maintain a compost pile? Do you know the evil truth about zucchinis? (The evil truth is that if you plant more than one plant, they have to come out with a backhoe to uncover your house. You know Paula Gold? Two years ago, she planted TWO WHOLE ROWS of 'em...a bad mistake. She gave away 50 lbs a week until she just couldn't stand it any more, and chopped them all down.) ((I used steer manure as fertilizer, which I know isn't the best, but it's what I could afford. I also chopped up the unusued parts of plants at the end of their seasons and turned them back under. The improvement over the first season I planted was rather dramatic; the soil was easier to work, a larger percentage of seeds sprouted, and the harvests were better. And while I never planted zucchinis per se, the other squash and cucumber plants I had were close enough cousins to have a lot of the harvest go to waste.))

The "Little Pinko Riding Hood" thing was rather bizarre.

AHH! IT WAS GILLILAND! Surprise.

HARRY WARNER, JR., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, MD 21740

Just the other day, I got a severe bawling out for not having married, so I found slight consolation in your account of how terrifying it is at first. I'm the timid type and maybe I wouldn't hold up under the strain as well as you did. The bawling out came from my cleaning woman's daughter. She gave me a detailed account of how I should have gone about approaching a woman who took my fancy, then she provided some details on the economics of married life, and she ended with veiled hints that maybe it isn't too late yet. When that girl enters kindergarten in September, her classmates will have a hard time.

The test of your con speech is sort of melancholy. It's accurate enough, but what makes me sad is the fact that enemies are so easily made these days when other people don't share an individual's particular interests. I sense the hostility when I walk past clusters of young persons in Hagerstown, just because I'm old and they're young. I read the pop music record reviews in HIGH FIDELITY and STEREO REVIEW and they positively frighten me by the hatred they contain toward performers or types of music that the reviewers dislike. I buy THE SPORTING NEWS and find in it a large advertisement for T-shirts made up on a custom basis, starting out "I hate..." and ending with whatever teams in any sport the purchaser hates.

"DUE TO A LAST-MINUTE PAPER SHORTAGE, PAGES 10 & 11 WILL SEE PRINT NEXTISH. WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Harry Andruschak, Don Ayres, Brett Cox, Garth Danielson, Gil Gaier, Jeanne Gomoll, Linda Ann Moss, Ron Salomon, Mae Strelkov, Tony Strelkov, Dave Szurek, Roy Tackett, and Bruce Townley. A few more letters from various people may have been misplaced.

UPDATES AND CHANGES OF ADDRESS:

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Jeanne Gomoll, 2018 Jennifer, Madison, WI 53704
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Linda Ann Moss, PO Box 203, Minneapolis, MN 55440
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Joe & Ruby Sheffer, 1810 West St., #4, Berkeley, CA 94702
Jon Singer, 3590 Arthur Ct., #1, Boulder, CO 80302
Don Thompson, 57 S. Sherman, Denver, CO 80207

The following people had their copies of UF #3 returned marked "NOT DELIVERABLE AS ADDRESSED." Any info would be appreciated: John D. Berry, Sheryl Birkhead, Cy Chauvin, Mike Kring, John Robinson, Willie Siros and Robert Whitaker.

The usual obligatory apologies for the lateness of this issue. I will try to get started on the next issue as soon as we get everything moved into the new house. Yep, we'll move into the address shown below on February 1st, 1980, and I'm trynig to get all this stuff done and out of the way so I won't have to pack it for the move. Details next issue; film at eleven.

NEW ADDRESS!!

Bruce D. Arthurs & M.R. Hildebrand
Craig Ananda
3421 W. Poinsettia
Phoenix, AZ 85029

NEW ADDRESS!! TAKE NOTICE!!

Jackie Causgrove
3650 W. Newton St., #15
Torrance, CA 90505

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