

HELLO! I'M...
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EDITORIALUS

Our regular editor, Charles Seelig, is attending Seacon, the World Science Fiction Convention. It is being held in Brighton England. For this reason I am editing this ish. Because Charlie is also the typist, mimeographer and mailer of CUSFuSsing, this issue is a departure from our usual format. We have recieved some letters of comment (loc) that we have not printed. They will be in the next issue. We are down to 10 pages, because we have to be under the 1 ounce limit to keep postage affordable. Most of this issue was prepared around the following page.

Our inention is to be the first fanzine to report to you the Hugo winners. The page contains all the nominees for the various awards. We hope to print, collate, staple, and address all the copies in advance. Charlie is supposed to call me right after the awards ceremony and tell me the winners. The winners will be checked off and the issue mailed the next morning. Some of the copies will be going first class. We have not been able to mail all of them that way since 300 copies times 15¢ would blow our budet to pieces. The choices of who to send to first class is somewhat random, I'll try to mail as many as possible that way.

I recieved a letter from Charlie in England, and I reprint it forthwith:

...At the moment I'm writing this I am in Earl's Court, London, England. I tried my best to get the issue typed and printed before I left but it was beyond me. We will be having a much larger issue (20 pages hopefully) about the middle of September. One thing-- how many of you think the co-er is at all funny. Merrick could'nt see the humor in it.

Building Better Worlds For You
Charles

As usual the editors' comments are in ((double parentheses)).

Charlie promised something about the World Science Fiction Society, Inc. This issue has had to be cut short (it's Friday the 24th of August, 4:20 pm as I type this and access to the mimeo stops at 5), and additionally the incorporation papers are still in process, but I'll give you a short bit, and you can write me for more information or wait until we print something longer here.

We are NOT THE WORLDOON OR THE WORLD SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY (unincorporated), we claim no jurisdiction at all over the Hugos or the running of the worldcons. Our name legally includes the ',Inc.' at the end and that is what separates us from WSFS.

The purposes of WSFS, Inc., as stated in the certificate of incorporation are: to encourage, and promote fantastic literature, increase affiliation among fandom, serve fandom by providing useful services, support conventions, maintain SF libraries, and print various things. There are several other stated purposes, such as "literary, scientific, and educational", which insure that we qualify for nonprofit status.

I urge you to write for more information. Charter memberships open through 31 December 1979. per year: \$2. registered, \$5 su-scribing, \$10 supporting. Group rates on request. Write to: WSFS, Inc. c/o Dani Eder, 535 West 112th Street, New York, NY, 10025.

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The Hugo Winners, 1979, Awarded at Seacon, August 26, 1979

Novel

Blind Voices
(Tom Reamy) —
Dreamsnake ✓
(Vonda McIntyre)
The Faded Sun: Kesrith
(C.J. Cherryh) —
Up the Walls of the World
(James Tiptree, Jr.) —
The White Dragon
(Anne McCaffrey) —

Novella

Enemies of the System
(Brian Aldiss) —
Fireship —
(Joan D. Vinge)
The Persistence of Vision ✓
(John Varley)
Seven American Nights
(Gene Wolfe) —
The Watched —
(Christopher Priest)

Dramatic Presentation

Hitch Hiker's Guide
to the Galaxy —
Invasion of the Body
Snatchers —
Lord of the Rings —
Superman ✓
Watership Down —
Professional Editor
James Baen —
Ben Bova ✓
Terry Carr —
Edward Forman —
George Scithers —

Fan Writer

Richard E. Geis —
Leroy Kettle —
Dave Langford —
Bob Shaw ✓
D. West —

John W. Cambbell Award

(Best New Writer)
Stephen Donaldson ✓
Cynthia Felice —
James P. Hogan —
Barry Longyear —
Elizabeth Lynn —
Charles Sheffield —

Gandalf Book-Length Award

The Courts of Chaos--Roger Zelazny —
Gloriana--Michael Moorcock —
Saint Camber--Katherine Kurtz —
The Stand--Stephen King —
The White Dragon--Anne McCaffrey ✓

Novelette

The Barbie Murders
(John Varley) —
Devil You Don't Know
(Dean Ing) —
Hunter's Moon ✓
(Poul Anderson)
The Man Who Had No Idea
(Toomas Disch) —
Mikal's Songbird
(Orson Scott Card) —
Short Story
Cassandra ✓
(C.J. Cherryh)
Count the Clock That
Tells the Time
(Harlan Ellison) —
Stone —
(Edward Bryant)
The Very Slow Time Machine
(Ian Watson) —
View From A Height
(Joan D. Vinge) —
Professional Artist

Vincent DiFate ✓
Stephen Fabian —
David Hardy —
Boris Vallejo —
Michael Whelan —

Fanzine

Janus —
Maya —
Mota —
Science Fiction Review ✓
Twill-Ddu —

Fan Artist

Jim Barker —
Farry Bell —
Alexis Gilliland —
Bill Rotsler ✓
Stu Schiffman —

Gandalf Grandmaster

Ray Bradbury —
Ursula LeGuin ✓
Michael Moorcock —
Jack Vance —
Roger Zelazny —

Z QUIZ

First Stories Quiz, Answers by Ben Fulves

1. Isaac Asimov's first story was "Marooned off Vesta" in the March, 1939 AMAZING.
2. Alfred Bester's first story was "The Broken Axiom" in the April, 1939 THRILLING WONDER .
3. James Blish's first story was "Emergency Refueling" in the March, 1940 SUPER SCIENCE STORIES.
4. Leigh Brackett's first story was "Martian Quest" in the February, 1940 ASTOUNDING.
5. Ray Bradbury's first story was "Pendulum" (with Henry Hasse) in the November, 1941 SUPER SCIENCE STORIES.
6. John Campbell's first story was "When the Atoms Failed" in January, 1930 AMAZING.
7. John Christopher's first story was "Christmas Tree" in the February, 1949 ASTOUNDING.
8. Arthur C. Clarke's first story was "Loophole" in the April, 1946 ASTOUNDING.
9. L. Sprague de Camp's first story was "The Isolinguals" in the September, 1937 ASTOUNDING.
10. Lester del Rey's first story was "The Faithful" in the April, 1938 ASTOUNDING.
11. Gordon Dickson's first story was "Trespass" (with Poul Anderson) in the Spring, 1950 FANTASTIC STORIES QUARTERLY.
12. Harlan Ellison's first story was "Glow-worm" in the February, 1956, INFINITY.
13. Joe Haldeman's first story was "Out of Phase" in the September, 1969 GALAXY.
14. Edmond Hamilton's first story was "The Monster-God of Mamurth" in the August, 1926 WEIRD TALES.
15. Robert Heinlein's first story was "Life-line" in the August, 1939 ASTOUNDING.
16. Damon Knight's first story was "Resilience" in the February, 1941 STIRRING SCIENCE STORIES.
17. C.M. Kornbluth's first story was "Stepsons of Mars" (with Richard Wilson) in the April, 1940 ASTOUNDING.
18. Henry Kuttner's first story was "The Graveyard Rats" in the March, 1936 WEIRD TALES.
19. Fritz Leiber's first story was "Two Sought Adventure" in the August, 1939 UNKNOWN.
20. Aane McCaffrey's first story was "Freedom of the Race" in the October, 1953 SF PLUS.
21. C.L. Moore's first story was "Shambleau" in the November, 1933 WEIRD TALES.
22. Fred Pohl's first story was "Before the Universe" (with C.M. Kornbluth) in the July, 1940 SUPER SCIENCE STORIES.
23. Clifford Simak's first story was "The World of the Red Sun" in the December, 1931 WONDER STORIES.
24. A.E. Van Vogt's first story was "Black Destroyer" in the July, 1939 ASTOUNDING.
25. Donald Wollheim's first story was "The Man From Ariel" in the January, 1934 WONDER STORIES.

Some statistics here: 8 authors had their first stories in ASTOUNDING, 3 in WEIRD TALES, 2 in AMAZING, 3 in SUPER SCIENCE STORIES, 2 in WONDER STORIES, and 1 each in THRILLING WONDER, FANTASTIC STORIES QUARTERLY, INFINITY, GALAXY, UNKNOWN, SF PLUS, AND STIRRING SCIENCE STORIES.

Next issue a quiz of puns.

Book Reviews by William (Bil) Lancaster

A Voice Out of Ramah and The Doppelganger Gambit by Lee Killough
(Both from Del Rey Books)

Lee Killough has been getting her stories published in science fiction magazines since 1970. To the best of my knowledge, A Voice Out of Ramah is her first novel. It is an auspicious start as a novelist. While it is very much in the tradition of Ursula K. LeGuin's The Left Hand of Darkness or Joanna Russ' The Female Man, it isn't derivative of them; it has its own things to say.

What it does is examine the sex and gender roles of Marah, a planet settled 600 years before the start of the book by a male-dominated religious cult. The examining is done by an extraterrestrial woman visitor--the first in 600 years--and one of the planet's male religious leaders.

To me, the most interesting part of the book is when Sheperd Joseph Jared disguises himself as a woman so that he can travel more freely. He finds that the women of his planet have developed a society completely apart from the men. While most of them like men, they are still uncomfortable when a man intrudes. Jared discovers how artificial the differences between the sexes really are. He finds that the men are every bit as enslaved by their own positions of superiority as the women are. Somewhere along the way, he discovers himself.

This book isn't drawn in black and white. While the men are the oppressors--and seen quite clearly as such by the women--they are not presented as being all bad. That is, Jared is not the only exception. When a woman says to him, "You're an unusual man," Jared answers with with, "Maybe I'm just the first one you've ever had the chance to know as something other than a priest." (p.163)

Marah has problems: deep-seated ones. Killough doesn't show easy answers for them and says that they may take years, even decades, to straighten out. What she does provide is a personal ray of hope for the lead characters. We can only hope that this means, given time, the rest of Marah will be given the same hope.

This is a beautiful book. It has given me a lot to think about for the weeks to come. I recommend it whole-heartedly. I hope it moves you as it did me.

As a final, supplementary note, I'd like to thank Del Rey Books--not just for the good sense to publish this novel, but for their excellent packaging as well. The cover by H. R. van Dongen is gorgeous, not just artistically, but in the way it represents the book. Even the cover copy is nice: it is accurate and it doesn't give too much away. Altogether, the book is a great deal at only \$1.75.

After A Voice Out of Ramah, Lee Killough's second novel The Doppelganger Gambit is something of a disappointment. It is a detective novel set about 100 years in the future. Now I've never been a fan of detective stories. Too often they are cold, emotionless puzzles with figures instead of characters. But then, to characterize them all like that is like dismissing all science fiction as "that Buck Rogers stuff." Detective fiction is large enough to encompass Agatha Christie, Dashiell Hammett, Mickey Spillane, and Donald Westlake. So I swallowed my prejudices for a few hours, and I read The Doppelganger Gambit.

It's not bad, either. There are real flashes of inspiration and excellence here. As she did in Voice, Killough shows her fascination with societies that produce two separate but subtly interactive cultures. Gambit is at its best when she examines the "sligh" (short for "slithytove") culture: those people who, for one reason or another, choose not to accept all the benefits society

provides. Unfortunately, the slights' non-society is seen only in brief glimpses. While the reader can extrapolate a great deal from the little he is given to work with, these glimpses are somewhat too cursory for my taste. I get the impression Killough wanted to show more, but was unable to without slowing down the story. Perhaps she would have done better to examine the same culture with a different story--or different type of story. The detective story is of necessity fast-moving. While Killough crams as much in as she can, the speed of the story does not allow careful examination of anything more than the way the killer constructs his crime and the way the police unravel it. Given the medium of the detective story--or, at least, this particular author's use of it--a world apparently carefully and lovingly constructed becomes a poorly-seen background.

Well, a bit more than background. The killer is able to avoid detection for as long as he does by taking advantage of what turns out to be a fundamental flaw in the construction of the future society. However, this flaw is not really examined as such, but rather relegated to the status of a "tricky alibi." Once or twice the author does try to do more with the situation, but is ultimately unable to do more than pay it lip service. She says, in effect, "Yes, we've got a problem. Now let's ignore it and get along with the story."

The novel is set up something like a TV detective show, the only oddity being that it is set in the future. Killough introduces her world, and thrusts her heroine and her villain into it. The villain is presented as such from the very beginning: a crooked lawyer, exploiter of the needy, mass murderer. There is no mystery, just detection as the heroine and her partner try to figure out "whodunnit." And once that's solved, they have to figure out how to convict him. As on the TV shows, the police are the "good guys." They know perfectly well how to catch criminals, but they are hampered by silly things like laws protecting the citizens, due process, and proving guilt. The shades of Dick Tracy and Jack Webb lurk in the ideological background.

But one thing sets the plot of this novel at least a notch above the TV shows. On TV, the police are always able to overcome all obstacles and prove guilt conclusively. Usually, the villain breaks down and confesses with a "this is how and why I did it" speech that ties up all the loose ends and leaves the viewer satisfied. Killough's villain never breaks down. Not ever. He is always true to his original characterization as a cool and clever gamesman. In fact, while it seems that he will in the end be convicted of something, it looks like it will probably not be for any of his real crimes but rather a trumped-up charge of attempted murder.

As it sets out to be, the book is entertaining. It is a nicely-constructed light read with a bit more depth than one usually finds in books of this type. It's definitely recommended as summer reading; just don't come to it with your expectations too high--which is easily done if, like me, you read A Voice Out of Ramah first.

Looking at both books together, a few trends begin to emerge, all of them hopeful. First, and perhaps most apparent, is Killough's desire to create new worlds for her books. This is something that a good many books purport to do, but as often as not these new worlds are thinly-disguised or weakly-extrapolated versions of our own world. There is definitely something new in Killough's worlds--attitudes and customs are genuinely different. And, just as importantly, it isn't hard to see how we got there from here. That is, her extrapolation from today's world is both original and be-

Locjaw ((note: the dates are those on the letters; if not available, I used the postmark))

James R. Madden, POB 18610-A, University Station, Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70893
29 July 1979

Received your issue #14 at the Post Office Box today. I appreciate your sending me a copy; always nice to hear from other parts of the country though I am a bit curious as to where you got my address--most of my fannish activities are centered in the Deep South with the exception of the Worldcons. ((Charlie says he probably got it out of that famous club-zine CHAT))

The book (and film) reviews by Bil Lancaster were very interesting and not too long which can detract, to some extent, from a review. On the other hand, in one review, he concentrated on critiquing the work while in another review, he synopsised the plot, and that synopsis bore a striking resemblance to the description of the book in the Science Fiction Book Club Flyer; minor point, but it might lay him open to charges of not having actually read the book at all. Actually, this all sounds a bit silly--reviewing a review! ((Our illustrious editor wrote the review James mentioned, he hasn't been in the SFBC for several months. If his review was that close to itm maybe he can get a job writing blurbs))

The interior art of the zine was good and the cartoons, for the most part, were fairly humorous, but the 'cover' art did not come through as well; I had to look at it a couple of times before it became apparent that it was'nt just a smear of ink; too much black. And I still can't make out the name very well at all. ((See the letters from Charlie Seelig))

The third report of Disclave was a little confusing as the first and second of the 'series' was not available to me. The report left me with the impression that not very much happened at the con and quite a bit took place outside the hotel, but there was not enough hard information to verify that assumption.((see previous comment))

As I mentioned earlier, most of my activity is confined to the Deep South and up until last year, there were not any conventions at all in the immediate vicinity. However, they have begun sprouting up like weeds; the only conclusion is that science ficiton has finally arrived on the Gulf Coast(not counting New Orleans). ((small excision from letter to save space)) The ultimate Southern convention is the DeepSouthCon (DSC) which rotates throughout the south depend ng on who is foolish enough to want to put it on in any given year. This year it was held in New Orleans just last weekend and was eagerly looked-forward to by Southern fans. However, they were pretty disappointed. If the con had not been in New Orleans, there might have been violent attacks upon the persons of the Con Committee--as it was the lure of the French Quarter was enough to calm the ire of irate con-goers.

The preprogramming was a shambles; events started early or late by anywhere from one to four hours. Functions once started would sometimes stop in midstream while various items were sought from within the confines of the committee's rooms. The con suite, traditionally stocked with beverages dear to the hearts of Southern fandom, was out of drinks or ice a large part of the time; the film program, which had a nice list of films, lacked a projectionist a good part of the time. If one came to DSC this year with a mind to visit friends and tour the city, one was in luck. If one came with the intent to attend a convention, sorry, Charlie. Just to end on an upbeat note (C#), Saturday night at DSC a costume contest was held and a small number of very good costumes were entered. There was a group from Baillestar Galactica with VERY good costumes and weapons, a Beauty and the Beast, a Runner and Sandman, a couple of Star Trek crewmen, all finely done. ((the foregoing was cut and slightly edited due to our length limits this issue. I hope the "Mad Dog" doesn't get too mad))

Sharon Webb, Rt. 2, Box 350, Blairsville, GA 30512
2 August 1979

Thanks for sending me a copy of your fanzine. I liked it. And three cheers for your use of the Columbia Publications mailing permit. ((and three cheers for them for letting us use it))

Deb Hammer-Johnson, 508B West 11th Street, Rome, Georgia 30161
2 August 1979

Many thanks for sending me a zine. My health has been a bit torrid lately, so I'm far behind in my loccing. Today started off half decent, so I'm sitting here in my bookstore, making tons of money, and tickling the typer with my fingers. ((I took her suggestion that appears below, see next page.

lievable. Furthermore, the worlds she creates are complete. She seems to have worked them out in great detail, leaving very little out. She does this a bit too much in Gambit, but at least she gives a feeling of completeness.

Second is Killough's fascination with the divisions society creates within itself. Examining these--entertainingly--seems to have been her primary concern in both novels. Jared's excursion into his society's other side was, for me, the most enjoyable part in Voice, while Killough's presentation of the slights in Gambit was the best-done part of the book.

Thirdly, Killough seems to distrust pat endings. In Voice, she makes it clear that the end of the book is only the beginning of a long process of social change. Gambit, being a detective novel, demands a pat ending; Killough provides one, but manages to side-step a bit so as not to compromise her characters and her story.

I believe Lee Killough is a writer to watch. Her first novel has very few faults and is overall excellent. Her second novel doesn't quite live up to the standards of the first, but it is nonetheless a fun book to read and lose oneself in for a few hours. At least it was good enough to make me want to wait around for a third, and a fourth.

Jem by Frederik Pohl, St. Martin's Press, \$10, 359 pages
Reviewed by Susan Kahn

Jem is an excellent book with a good plot and well-developed characters. It takes place in the near future where the world is divided into three power blocs--Food, Fuel, and People--a logical extension of present politics. Faster than light travel is possible. War is out of the question--its too expensive. Man is exploring the galaxy in search of intelligent life and through an unmanned probe finds life on the planet Jem.

Jem involves the planet Earth's attempt to colonize Jem and find peace with each other (everyone hopes that life could be different on Jem.) The main characters meet each other at a scientific conference in Bulgaria and a plan takes shape for man's journey to Jem. On Jem man's rivalry does not die--each group still needs something that the others have--the Fuel Bloc flaunts a helicopter while no one else has fuel.

Since there were three colonies, three power blocs, three characters (Danny Dalehouse, Marge Menmoger and Ana Dimitrova) there are three different kinds of aliens. The Kripits are a group of intelligent insects. There are balloonists that live in the air, they don't have wings, but balloons. A burrowing race lives below. Each culture is developed through a representative of each but given the odds for other intelligent life in the universe I find it hard to believe that three intelligent groups can evolve independently on the same planet.

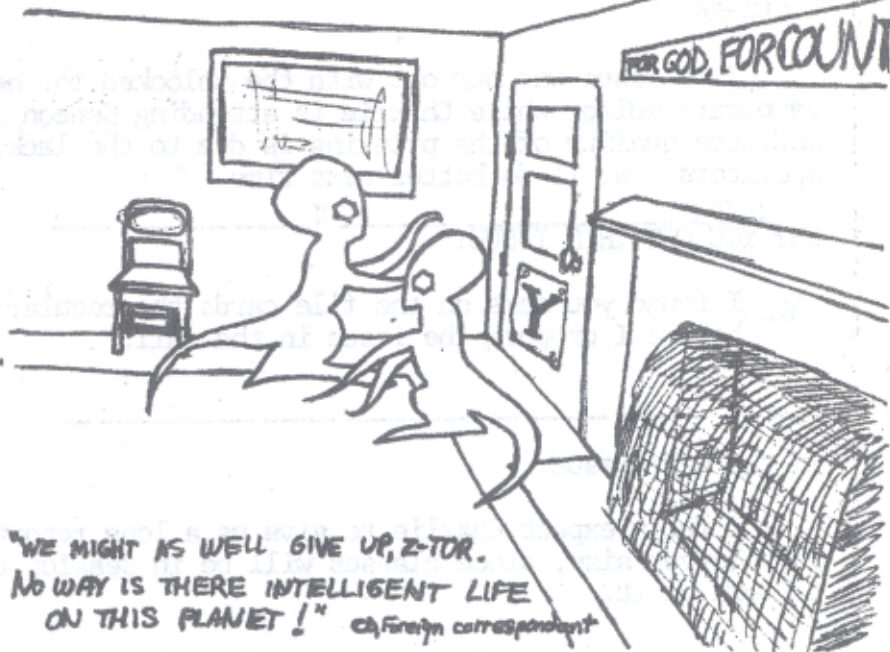
Earth is destroyed by a nuclear holocaust and the colonists are on their own. At first their animosity continues but after realizing their isolation--and after an attempt at violence, they live in peace. The end reminds me of the end of Planet of the Apes, since you are brought much further into Jem's future. Humanity survives but it really changes.

For a university affiliated group, you certainly seem to have a lot on the level. Don't take that as a putdown. I "ran" (if you want to call it that) an SF group at the University of Tennessee for a year-and-a-half, and we were beset with a lot of hassles at being a college group. One can't accomplish anything (!!) around finals, which is rather frequent on the quarter system, and the types of members are so transitory, that anytime you build up a good membership you're faced with losing it after graduation. Or at least some of the members. I do like the ring of this zine; it ain't of Hugo Quality, but it has a lot of personality and ambition. As far as layout goes, I agree with Ben Fulves comments in the "Locjaw" column, that some logos and art illos would help break up the massive page-after-page approach that can mess up us astigmatics out here. But, poo-bah, kick me in the pants; I don't have much right to pass judgement on Cuss-fuss until I've seen and read a couple of them.

I'm perfectly horrible when it comes to sf quizzes, so I won't touch the Lensman Quiz.// Cam Nyhen's Disclave report reminds me of last year's DSC, where Sandmen, Trekkers and Star Warriors, all in costumes, decided to run around and annihilate each other. It was quite funny to see the different types chasing each other. The Sandmen had the definite advantage since their role is to chase down and wipe out everyone else. Princess Leia held a good accounting of herself (actually, herself, as there were two of them), and the SCA managed to get a few clean swipes in. They have the advantage that their weapons don't need electronic amplification to work.//I wonder why Bill L. finds STAR WARS to be "mindless trash" now. Is this after seeing ALIEN, or a gradual disenchantment with the merchandising overkill that resulted from the film? I haven't seen ALIEN, but I'll stick with my original assessment that STAR WARS is a fine and beautiful film, and a tribute to the genre.//The Orson Scott Card reviews by Charles Selig were the highlight of the zine. You have a considerable knack with writing them. I'm one of those sf readers who is dedicated to "catching up" with my reading (talk about lost causes), and the only way I can keep up with current works for conversational purposes is to read reviews like this. Heh-heh. Already won one argument from these two.// With your HUGO reviews being Meat-of-the-Zine, I must confess a Big Disappointment. I think you should have just reviewed those categories where you had some knowledgeable contributors. I can understand someone bowing out of one or two of them, but both Bil (one 'l'), Dani, and Charles bow out every other page, and it became quite patchy. I guess I was looking for something that would illuminate, for me, the different nominees. Still, those categories, like film, Short Story, and Novel where you had good multiple contris, it worked rather nicely.

I do have to grit my teeth at the GANDALF AWARD section. GRAAAAAQQQHHH!!!! Fantasy is probably my prime interest. I'm a Jack Vance and Michael Moorcock completist, and Stephen King is my current rage. I, too, think the Gandalf Awards are absurd, but for another reason. I think the field is so vast that two awards out of the entire HUGO line-up are far too few to do the field justice. Maybe that's why the same folks are up time after time.//For the record, my personal choices this year come to: DRAMATIC PRESENTATION: Lord of the Rings, FAN WRITER: No Vote, FAN ARTIST: (odd how I know these names so well and not the writers) Jim Barker, FANZINE: Janus, GANDALF BOOKAWARD: The Stand, GANDALF GRANDMASTER: Michael Moorcock, CAMBELL NEW WRITER AWARD: Stephen Donaldson (though I may be crazy), ARTIST (pro) AWARD: Michael Whelan (an absolutely fine and beautiful fellow), PROFESSIONAL EDITOR: Jim Been, SHORT STORY: No Vote, NOVELETTE: No Vote, NOVELLA: Varley's "Persistence of Vision". I'm still undecided about BEST NOVEL; maybe I'll split it between the McCaffery and Cherryh books. It's interesting to see how many nominees are women this year. It gladdens my heart.

Your #14 did get some good mileage from me, and coming from a loccer, that's the best complement one can pay. Once again, thanks for the copy.



"WE MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP, Z-TOR.
NO WAY IS THERE INTELLIGENT LIFE
ON THIS PLANET!" *Ch. Firefly correspondent*

Lastpage

This issue was put out with the unlooked for help of John Cho and Phil Golden. The temporary editor while Charlie is attending Seacon in England is Dani Eder. As usual the mediocre quality of the printing is due to the lack of experience of the mimeo machine operators. We'll do better next time.

WHY YOU GOT THIS ISSUE:

I found you name on the file cards the regular editor maintains or I thought of you before I dropped the issue in the mail.

In the next issue:

I fully expect Charlie to give us a long report of Seacon. The issue will be back to it's larger size, since classes will be in session and more than a handful will be available to work on it.

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Next issue in 3 or 4 weeks.

Art by Merrick Lex Berman pp. 1
Carol Downing p.9

Thank Ghod it's over.