

"A LITTLE LOWER AND TO THE RIGHT, PLEASE."

24 May 1974

You noticed.

Yes, KYBEN is looking a little different, for a couple reasons. One is that the last issue cost me almost 40¢ a copy to produce and mail. With reduced postage due to the shorter length and the absence of traditional covers, this one should go down to less than 30¢. When you've run over two hundred dollars in the hole publishing fanzines in the first five months of the year, you begin to notice things like that.

The other reason is that, to me, KYBEN seems to be getting a little staid. What with "Nameless Natterings," "Book Reports," "Ah! The Cerealand Parade!" and "Deadly Litter" as "regular" features, small wonder that "The 20-Mile Zone" and other features, when they came in, had to be jammed into an issue at the expense of a "regular." So what I'm doing is phasing those four items into one amorphous mass, stencilling them as I feel like writing them. ("Phasing" because it may take a couple issues.) Articles can be tossed in willy-nilly, and in general KYBEN should resemble in some ways THE ALIEN CRITIC.

edited and published by Jeffrey D. Smith, whose NEW ADDRESS is 1339 Weldon Avenue, Baltimore MD 21211. Please take note. Single issue price is 35¢; subscriptions are 3/\$1.00. Back issues available at the same price are 1 2 4 6 and 7. Australian agent is Paul Anderson/21 Mulga Road/Hawthorndene, S.A. 5051. Copyright © 1974 by Jeffrey D. Smith; all rights returned to the contributors. This is the June 1974 issue and is Phantasmicom Press Publication #31.

KYBEN 3

Appropriately, in this issue I will run a piece by Cy Chauvin which is very critical of Dick Geis's fanzine. Obviously, I do not agree with Cy that TAC's format is a bad one, but his article might help put my transition into an odd sort of perspective.

I have several other articles on hand that will be appearing soon: a "20-Mile Zone" from James Tiptree, Jr.; a short story by Raccoona Sheldon; and Charlie Hopwood's Austrian article--which last time I said would be in this issue. Well, maybe it will, but I doubt it. Charlie has it and is revising it at the moment, and whether or not there will be room left in the issue when he gives it back will remain to be seen. (24 pages is it.) I have some things that have to be done: Cy's article, my related comments, letters on the last two issues...but I will bring you the article, As Soon As Possible. Honest.

Now, obviously, merely rearranging the material in the issue is not going to improve the material itself. But if it can enliven the magazine as a whole, I think it's worth a try.

27 May 1974

Friday, May 10, I woke up somewhat contorted. There was a ring of considerable pain circling my body, just above my waist. Moaning and groaning, I staggered into work. (It was a necessity that I be there; a final exam was being given Saturday, and I had to type it up on ditto masters.) While watching the California Jam on IN CONCERT that night I looked through my old Health 101 textbooks. One of the interesting things I learned was that appendicitis, while ending as a pain in the right side, often starts as a pain in the left side and travels over later. As by this time my pain had localized in my left side, I began waiting for it to switch. I refused any kind of self-treatment for what was just a pulled muscle, because the books said there's nothing appendicitis enjoys more than heat and medicine--instant rupture!

Saturday some friends were getting married, but Ann and I stayed home. I lay on the couch doing nothing, and the sheer relaxation helped me considerably.

Sunday was much the same, and I would have liked to have stayed home and done nothing again. However, it was Mother's Day.... When I got out of the car at my parents' house I couldn't breathe; the driving position did not agree with me at all. Sitting in a straight-backed dining room chair playing cards for hours didn't help, either. By the time we reached Ann's parents' I was practically among the walking dead.

PHANTASMICOM 11 was in the vicinity of being half done--perhaps medium rare. And the fast-approaching Saturday, the 18th, was the scheduled Collating Day. I needed artwork (I never did get as much as I wanted); I needed to write my book review column; and from Don Keller I needed his autobiographical sketch and--most important--his interview with Gardner Dozois. (Most important because we had set arbitrary lengths for our own articles, and we knew how many pages they would run. But we had no idea how many pages the interview would take up, so I could not number the pages that came after it--and unnumbered could not run them off.) About half the pages were run off, there were still 30-40 to type...and I hurt!

Monday I went to work, not because I didn't want to call in sick, but because I had to type. (I stencil most everything at work. The mornings are often hectic but the afternoons are usually slow.) It was pretty bad. Not as bad as Sunday--it never got that bad again--but even though the pain was minor it was a pain I didn't feel like being irritated by. The back of my mind started saying "Give it up" and "Forget it" and "Do it next week" and even "Now do you remember why you said you'd never publish PHANTASMICOM again?" The back of my mind was even beginning to convince the front of my mind.

I think I typed two pages that day, when I should have typed about seven.

At home, in the mail, nothing. Don had promised his article would be down in the Monday mail. I was really discouraged. It was looking like a June issue Monday evening. Then, during dinner, a phone call. Don's father had stopped by to see Don in Philly and Don had given him an envelope to bring down for me. After dinner I drove over to pick it up.

The turning point: In the envelope was not the four-page article, but the product of some marathon talking/transcribing/copy-editing sessions, the Gardner Dozois interview. From the shopping center (never drive out to do just one thing) I called Ann gleefully. When I got home I filled the tub with hot water for my side, sank into it and figured out that the piece would run eleven pages. I numbered the succeeding stencils--and knew that somehow I would manage to get the issue done by Saturday night.

And I did. It wasn't all smooth sailing, though. Wednesday and Thursday evenings I went home for supper and then returned to the office to type till eleven or eleven-thirty. When I left to go home for the night "darkness" took on new meanings; they put on few exterior lights at the college.

By Friday there were still over twenty pages to go. Carolyn, one of the girls at work, offered to help, and I gave her Barry Gillam's article to finish. (The Dozois transcripts were probably decipherable only by Gardner, Don and myself, the three whose scribbles covered it.) I forgot to tell her to capitalize the titles Barry had underlined, though, and the typewriter she used has a recognizably different typeface from mine. I would have preferred it otherwise, but I more preferred it done tomorrow.

Friday afternoon I brought the typewriter home with me (aggravating my injury hauling it out of the car). Don took the bus down from Philly and Saturday he typed while I ran the mimeograph. He typed his article and most of my review column. I had misjudged Barry's article, which came up one page shorter than I had anticipated, so I had to lengthen mine by a page. I had been planning to dash off a page about THE BEST OF STANLEY WEINBAUM on Saturday, but now I needed two pages--and I hadn't time to write two pages. So I hastily adapted a letter-of-comment I'd written to Dick Geis back in September. And the issue was on stencil. I didn't finish running the pages off until the collators had already arrived. We listened to a little Monty Python and then dug in.

It was a bear. Six of us collating about 12,000 sheets of paper. (One of the six was Judy Coon, one of the instructors from

I... THINK I'VE  
GOT IT! YEAH!

E.O.S

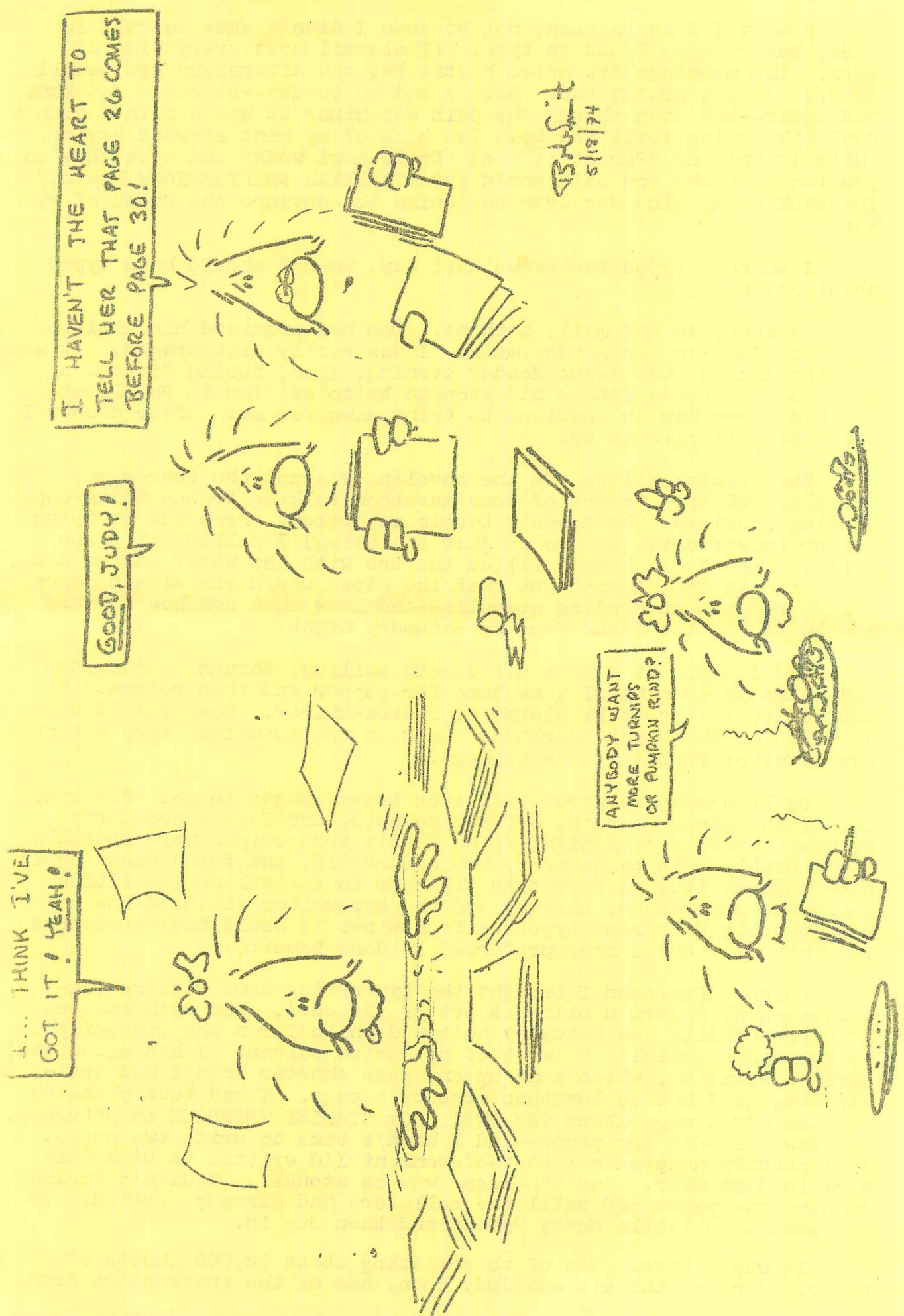
I HAVEN'T THE HEART TO  
TELL HER THAT PAGE 26 COMES  
BEFORE PAGE 30!

GOOD, JUDY!

Walt Disney  
5/19/74

ANYBODY WANT  
MORE TURNIPS  
OR PUMPKIN RIND?

*Walt*



CCC, whose initiation to this madness this was. I also lent her I HAVE NO MOUTH & I MUST SCREAM.) My side was killing me. People started dropping out and going home around 2 AM. Ann picked up the loose pieces of paper and went to bed. Don and I finished the stapling about three-thirty. I refused to take Don downtown to the six-thirty bus, pulled the sofa-bed out for him, and crawled off to sleep.

I unveiled the issue at Disclave the next weekend. Since I was only stopping by for the one day, Saturday, I just tossed fifteen copies in a bag and drove the thirty-eight miles from my apartment to the Sheraton in Washington. By the time I'd given away eight of them they were all gone, because almost every time I took one out of my bag somebody nearby would want to buy one. (Before I used to carry them around openly and try to get rid of them, quite unsuccessfully. I think word was floating around, "There's a guy here with a hundred-page fanzine, remember them?")

So it's done. There are several things I'm dissatisfied with. By lengthening my article I was forced to shift the second S. Randall drawing from between two articles to inside one. (Also, I should have used the drawing as a cover. It's an impressive work that really looks buried. --On the other hand, the first Randall drawing looks better in the issue.) Despite my serious attempts at proof-reading, there are several prominent typos, I left the "Prologue" off the contents page, misspelled "Heathen" and "Schweitzer" with the lettering guides (it's very easy to misspell while using lettering guides; there's very little sense of continuity), etc.

But I am quite proud of the issue. It has finally surpassed KYBEN 3 as my favorite of my own fanzines. ~~had next year's will be even better~~

30 May 1974

The idea I had for The 1973 Kybs turned out to be a disaster in its own little way. Of the 100 ballots I sent out with KYBEN 6, only 14 were returned. So I doubt I'll repeat the experiment. However, I feel it's only fair to run down the list of "winners," so, briefly:

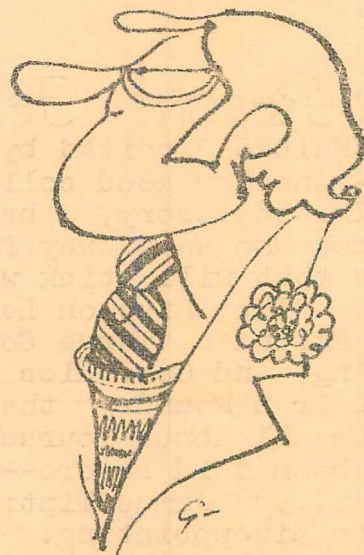
BEST NOVEL: 1) TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE by Robert A. Heinlein, 2) RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA by Arthur C. Clarke, 3) PROTECTOR by Larry Niven.

BEST NOVELLA: 1) "Chains of the Sea" by Gardner Dozois, 2) "Junction" by Jack Dann.

BEST NOVELETTE: 1) "The Deathbird" by Harlan Ellison, 2) "The City on the Sand" by Geo. Alec Effinger.

BEST SHORT STORY: 1) "The Ones Who Walk Away from Omelas" by Ursula K. LeGuin, 2) "Barnaby's Clock" by R.A.

FASCINATING, THIS "SCIENCE-FICTION" BUSINESS....



Lafferty.

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION: 1) SLEEPER, 2) THE EXORCIST, 3) WEST-WORLD.

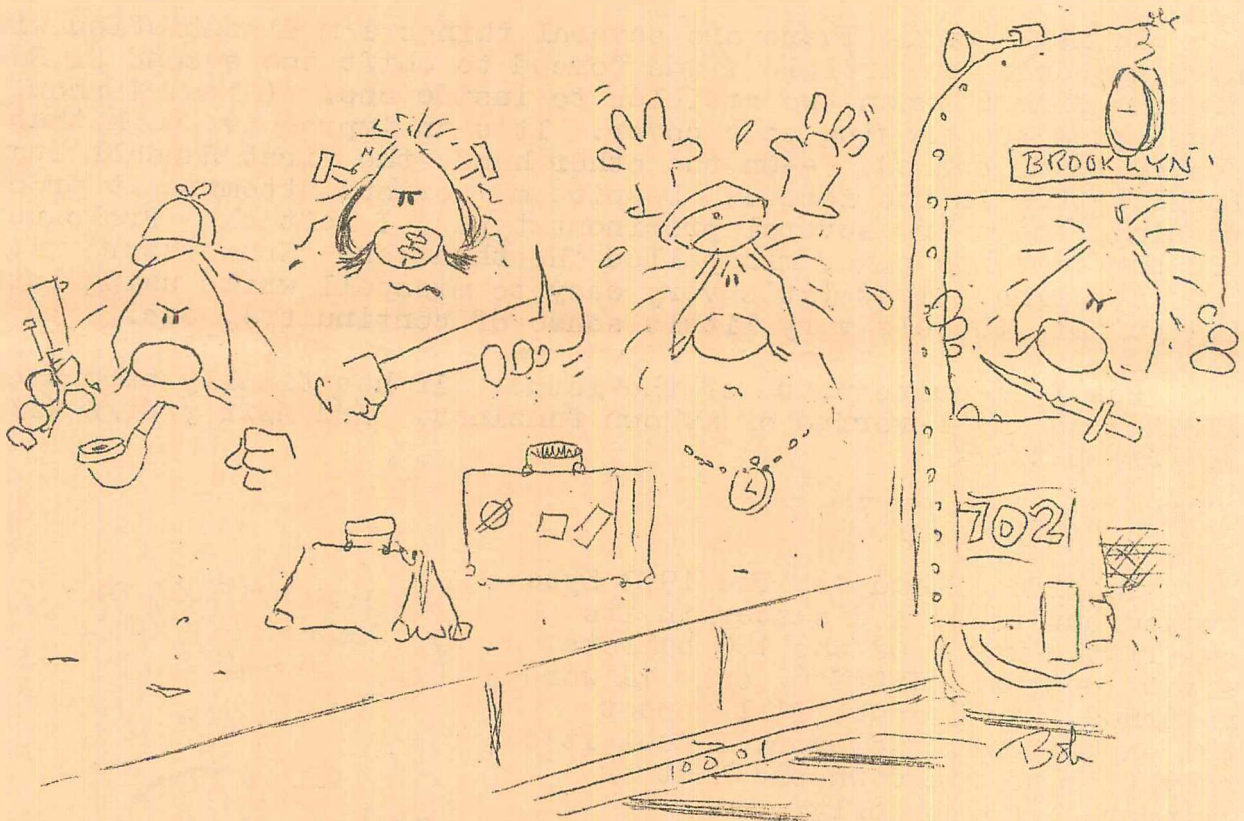
BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST: 1) Kelly Freas, 2) Vincent diFate, 3) John Schoenherr.

BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR: 1) Ted White, 2) Robert Silverberg, 3) (tie) Ben Bova, Terry Carr.

BEST FANZINE: 1) SF COMMENTARY, 2) OUTWORLDS, 3) MOEBIUS TRIP.

BEST FAN WRITER: 1) (tie) Frank Denton, Paul Walker, 3) Susan Glicksohn.

BEST FAN ARTIST: 1) Bill Rotsler, 2) Grant Canfield, 3) Tim Kirk.



## Book Reports: February-March 1974

NEW DIMENSIONS 3/edited by Robert Silverberg/Science Fiction Book Club -- Another good collection, but still not up to the first volume. The top story, a brilliant fantasy by Ursula K. LeGuin, is "The Ones Who Walk Away from Omelas;" it's one of that handful of stories that will stick with you for quite some time. Also noteworthy: "They Live on Levels" is one of Terry Carr's best works; Gordon Eklund's "Three Comedians" is quite unsettling and thought-provoking; and Geo. Alec Effinger has a typically strange story in "At the Bran Foundry" that is a pure joy to read. F.M. Busby's "Tell Me All About Yourself" is interesting, but says nothing that hasn't been said before--most of it in Samuel R. Delany's "Aye, and Gomorrah..." James Tiptree, Jr.'s, "The Girl Who Was Plugged In" is quite disappointing. It has an interesting premise but the execution is not up to the idea. (It did produce an excellent cover by Dennis Anderson, though.) ## ND3 is, in one respect, difficult

to read. In about half of the stories the author--or an author-induced personage--stands between the reader and the fiction. This is not necessarily a Bad Thing ("Omelas" is one of these) but the excess of Greek choruses in this collection gets a bit trying.

FRANKENSTEIN/Mary Shelley/I began reading this in Bob Smith's Airmont edition, then realized I had it in Penguin's THREE GOTHIC NOVELS (which also contains Horace Walpole's THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO and the short version of William Beckford's Vathek) and finished it in that. (Since I once worked for Penguin I have a couple hundred of their books.) -- Bob gave me his copy when the television FRANKENSTEIN: THE TRUE STORY was on. I really had no desire to read it, but I did anyway. And it isn't bad. It's certainly over-mannered, but not quite as bad in this respect as I expected it to be. I am very much a fan of modern fiction; I like the sleek economy that has developed. But I was able to enjoy the slow-moving FRANKENSTEIN. ## I was very surprised to find just how far off all the FRANKENSTEIN adaptations have been. There are several elements present in almost all the adaptations--such as the monster either stays with Frankenstein or is immediately pursued--that I assumed to be part of the original just because everyone used them, but are not in the book. The book is very literary, and unfilmable; too much is internal, and the monster holed up next to the peasants' cottage for a year just could not be intelligibly presented pictorially.

ENCHANTRESS FROM THE STARS/Sylvia Louise Engdahl/Atheneum -- This is one of the most adult of all sf juveniles. Generally we consider a juvenile good if it isn't written down to whatever level the author thinks teenagers read on. But the beauty of this book is that, in addition to that virtue, it presents the heroine one moral dilemma after another, to which there are no pat answers and solutions to which generally come down to a choice between the lesser of two evils. Yet it is not a depressing book, as it could easily have been. Elana suffers real pain, but she is always able to put it in perspective--which is the only true way to withstand pain in the real world, too. ## Brief plot precis: The Anthropological Service of an advanced space-faring civilization--whether Earth's or not is not an issue--observes one world trying to take over a less-advanced one, feeling the people there are so primitive as to not yet be human. (The aggressive world is just beginning to expand into space; the other world is approximately Dark Ages.) The Service tries, undercover, to help the native Andrecians chase away the invading Imperial Forces. They do this by pretending to be sorcerors and teaching the natives "magic." ## I have one major complaint: in this book there are three (3) major characters and a lot of cardboard people. Elana, who wrote it; Georyn, the native she loved; and Jarel, the sympathetic Imperial--vs. the rest of the characters, including three (her father, her husband-to-be, and Georyn's brother) who have very large parts in the story. I was quite irritated at several points wherein minor characters were slighted, but I recommend the book anyway. It is a strong one. ## It is available as a large-format paperback, 95¢, and if it is taken off the hardcover plates it's 275 pages with mediocre illustrations by Rodney Shackell.

THE TAKING OF PELHAM ONE TWO THREE/John Godey/Putnam -- This was one of 1973's big bestsellers, and after reading it I can see its appeal. It is totally a plot book about four men who hijack a New York subway train, fast-moving and engrossing. Godey makes a lot of attempts at characterization, but the people never really spring

to life. While far from a great book, it did bring a dead Saturday afternoon to life for me.

FUTURE QUEST/edited by Roger Elwood/Avon -- This is the first Elwood anthology I've ever read cover to cover, and I can't say I'm particularly sorry I've missed the rest. Aside from the fact that it is merely a collection of stories, with not one word from the editor, the stories are dull. The only ones that struck me as any good were the first and last: Anne McCaffrey's "Dull Drums" and Raymond F. Jones's "Pet," both somewhat entertaining tales with pedantic morals. Poul Anderson's "How to Be Ethnic in One Easy Lesson" wasn't too bad; the rest were eminently forgettable, particularly Chad Oliver's "Second Nature," in which he again demonstrated his total lack of knowledge of how to write paragraphs. The writers didn't seem too sure of what kind of audience they were supposed to be writing for--adult or juvenile. Many seemed to have decided "juvenile," and wrote down to that level.

THE ANNOTATED SHERLOCK HOLMES, Volume 1/Arthur Conan Doyle/edited by William S. Baring-Gould/Clarkson N. Potter, Inc. -- This book cannot be anything but a disaster to anyone but the most devoted of Holmes freaks. I had long wanted this, and doubtless someday soon would have decided to spend the money on it. But I ran across it in the library and brought the first of the two volumes home. Now I know I want THE COMPLETE SHERLOCK HOLMES instead. Even if their respective prices were reversed, and it were the COMPLETE which cost much more than the ANNOTATED, the COMPLETE is the better book and would be worth paying for. As things stand in reality, it's foolish to expend the money needed for the ANNOTATED unless you are already--or intend to become--extremely familiar with the Canon. ## The format of the book is this: each page is double-columned, so that on each two-page spread there are four columns. Of these, the inner two are text--apparently reprinted in toto from some earlier edition, as the typeface is different from the rest of the book and it is occasionally poorly spliced--and the outer two are notes and illustrations. ## After the first couple chapters of the introduction is ignored and barely mentioned. The assumption is that Watson wrote the stories, and the entire book is devoted to this conceit. ## To be quite honest, I cannot talk about the stories themselves. I found it impossible to enjoy them in the context of this volume. The notes were so intrusive that they seriously detracted from my attempts to merely read. Toward the end I tried to ignore them, and was able to do this partially, but the mere conscious act of ignoring was distracting. ## The major problem is that very few of the notes are worth reading. Much time is spent trying to figure out the "correct" dates each adventure took place on, so we have all the weather reports from the time to try and match to whatever hints Watson may have dropped about the rain or cold. Also, there are numerous idiotic little comments like: "Since the mail was delivered, this adventure did not take place on a Sunday." Every time a coin is mentioned ("It brings me two-pence a sheet...") we are "treated" to pictures of, histories of, stories about, etc., the coin. Distracting. ## The notes that explain how impossible a story is rob the story of its entertaining properties. And then there are ones like: "...by the information given, this could not be anthropologically correct." No-one I've talked to knows why it would be impossible for a white woman and a light Negro to produce a black-skinned daughter ("The Yellow Face"). ## Occasionally there are informative notes and even some interesting speculations. Several enjoyable pages are spent trying to determine the species of



snake in "The Adventure of the Speckled Band." Significantly, all this was placed after the story, as an epilogue--not in the middle, as a note. ## I was very disappointed. ## Of course, I realize that the Sherlockians are not alone in their mania. I remember an interesting article in THE BURROUGHS BULLETIN trying to explain how Tarzan's son could have fought in World War I if he had been born only three years earlier, as a previous book had implied. And Philip Jose Farmer did his biography of Tarzan, whom he claimed to have met and interviewed. James Bond, Nero Wolfe, Horatio Hornblower--all have lived outside their original fictional worlds. ## But fortunately, none have been the subjects of as pretentious and ridiculous a volume as THE ANNOTATED SHERLOCK HOLMES.

TARZAN OF THE APES/Edgar Rice Burroughs/Ballantine -- I don't know quite what to say about this. Four of my all-time favorite books are TARZAN OF THE APES, THE RETURN OF TARZAN, JUNGLE TALES OF TARZAN and TARZAN AT THE EARTH'S CORE. If perchance some of you know nothing at all about the Tarzan books, I can tell you that the worst of them is better than any Johnny Weismuller film. Tarzan is a very intelligent person and TARZAN OF THE APES is a very engrossing book, chronicling his growing up with the apes and ending with his failure to win Jane. ## I turned this into a movie as I read it, and what a movie it would make! The opening scenes of his parents on the boat, and the bloody mutiny that stranded them in Africa. The naked youth running through the lushly-photographed jungle. (Tarzan donned his first loincloth mere hours before meeting Jane and her people.) An hour or so of film with no human speech. And the final scene: A little room somewhere in Wisconsin. Tarzan, dressed in suit and tie, is holding a telegram informing him he is the real Lord Greystoke. His unknowing cousin, the current Lord Greystoke and Jane's fiance, comes up to him, thanking him for all his help and asking him how he came to be in the jungle in the first place. The camera is focussed on the telegram, in Tarzan's hand dangling at his side. If Tarzan tells the truth, Greystoke loses his title and lands--but so would Jane, as his wife. Tarzan says: "I was born there. My mother was an Apo, and of course she couldn't tell me much about it. I never knew who my father was." And he crumples the telegram. The action freezes with a very loud crunch, and the final credits roll.

27 May 1974

There is a fair amount of controversy in fandom over the "semi-professional" fanzines (LOCUS, ALGOL and THE ALIEN CRITIC, generally). Very tradition-bound fans refuse to consider them fanzines at all, but wish to relegate them to some "seperate-but-equal" status. Blah blah blah who cares? I figure if an editor feels he is publishing a fanzine, it's a fanzine. Don't ask me to draw any lines.

My main concern here is with THE ALIEN CRITIC, not as a fanzine or as a prozine or as anything in between, but as a publication which reprints material from small-to-medium circulation fanzines, and which buys fanzine-type material from writers. Dick Gois reprinted two articles from PHANTASMICOM 10, and unless something changes will be reprinting at least one article from PhCOM 11. This is fine with me; I feel that the material I publish is good and deserves wide publication.

The problem is that two people, now, have withdrawn material from PHANTASMICOM to sell to THE ALIEN CRITIC. I can see where this could prove tempting to a fan writer, who suddenly sees a way to make a little money off his work, but why can't he write something new? Withdrawing doesn't do much for the original editor, who--as in my case--is probably losing too much money on his fanzines to even consider paying for material.

When I complain about withdrawn articles I am told I have no respect for my writers, that I should be glad that they could sell their work. Now, when I was editing FULCRA, a semi-pro anthology that fell through, I was not upset when I lost Hilary Bailey's "Chronicle of Blackton" to NEW WORLDS QUARTERLY, and I rooted for Bob Sabella to sell his novella "Chez Nous" to F&SF (he didn't). That's one thing. And so is withdrawing material from a fanzine to sell professionally. But I am not impressed by a fan writer's ability to place an article with two different fanzines. Child's play! I told them the pieces were good; I didn't need Geis to confirm it.

One of the writers asked me: "If you had placed an article with a fanzine, and then saw a chance to sell it, wouldn't you?"

I replied: "That's a difficult question to answer, because I don't know how the situation could arise. If I heard somehow that someone was out looking for an article along those lines, I might try to work something out--but it would be up to the editor to whom I had first given the article....I definitely would NOT just submit the material on spec to someone else, as you did."

So we have the writer and editor slugging it out, and, against his will, Dick Geis. Dick never asked anybody to steal material from another fanzine for him, but he could easily end up looking a villain--in much the same way that rape victims are considered guilty of wearing short skirts. Geis "tempted" these poor innocent writers. Right?

Really, honestly, truly, without reservation, I am all for fanzine editors branching out and doing things fanzine editors have never done before. I am all for fanwriters and fanartists getting paid for their work, if that's what they want. (I personally have never really concerned myself with that, even though I made over fifty dollars once on a single fan article.)

But everybody has to be cool, man. None of our hands are clean, no one is entitled to throw stones. Editors sit on material for years, writers and artists fail to honor their commitments, and yet the world continues to spin on its axis, and the moon has yet to land on Butte, Montana. Does it really matter that much?

I lost one of the articles to Geis, and lived. I fought for the other, and won, but I'd have published without it. (I was reacting more to the cavalier treatment I received from the writer than to the loss of the manuscript, though I definitely did want the article enough to fight for it. However, when Geis heard the story he felt it was my article and not his, so there was no real fight. Just a lot of acrimony.)

So, basically, what this boils down to is this: If you give an article to a faneditor, let him keep it for a reasonable length

of time. (It might not be a bad idea to discuss with him what a "reasonable length of time" is.) If you want to sell an article to Dick Geis, sell him a new one. If you want to sell him one someone else plans to publish, I think it should be up to the original editor.

I feel--and I may be alone in this--that the agreement between editor and writer that a piece will be published in a fanzine is a contract, just like real writers and publishers have. I don't think the writer should then give it to someone else--or that the editor should. (That happens, too.)

Actually, I think everyone of us should act like we possess both courtesy and common sense. I'm willing if you are.

THE FRENCHMAN  
PAPER DONUT  
Cy Chauvin

No doubt I shall be sorry I ever wrote this; Dick Geis will probably never look at one of my articles again after he reads this review of THE ALIEN CRITIC, and perhaps may even hire David Gerrold to do a hatchet job on me. But book reviews can become boring and mere hackwork if you write too many, and besides, what I have to say deserves to be said, whatever the consequences.

Let's put it this way: THE ALIEN CRITIC, a probable Hugo nominee, is vastly over-rated. It is not nearly as good as Dick Geis' previous fanzine, SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, was, and indulges in the sort of useless controversy that zine was famous for.

Take visual appeal. TAC has generally been offset, while SFR was generally mimeographed. (With TAC #3, Geis has changed back to mimeo.) Yet SFR was almost infinitely more attractive--nice headings, illustrations, and layout. TAC has never had anything more than rows of print, one article running into the next, without anything other than a typewritten title between. Dick Geis says it is much easier to put the fanzine together this way, and it is; but let's not fool ourselves into thinking it's better. I've seen crudzines put out by neofans which had better layout and graphics than what I see here.

But as Dick says, it's the written content that's most important, right? I'm not sure if that is substantially better--certainly it doesn't equal what Dick has done in the past. Dick remarked in a recent issue of PREHENSILE that Mike Glycer (its editor) should put in no less than "ten pages of editorial"--a good zine, as Dick correctly implies, has to have a strong personality. But how many pages of editorial does TAC have? Eight has three--which is the equivalent of more, due to Dick's micro-clite typeface. This is a considerable improvement over the previous offset issues, which usually had only two pages (and these contained considerably less wordage than in the mimeo editions). I hope this is a permanent improvement. (The editorials aren't, however, as funny as the ones with Geis' alter ego in SFR, or the long engrossing diary/autobio-

graphy in his personal journal, RICHARD E. GEIS.)

What about the letter column? That was one of SFR's best features. Unfortunately, Dick has arranged the lettercol in the worst possible way: whenever he gets a letter, he just types it on the stencil, in between all the other articles, reviews, etc. This obviously dilutes the power of the lettercol, as well as making it an inconvenient feature to locate--you have to flip from page to page to see various people's reactions to the previous issue. There is no excuse: it is pure laziness and carelessness on Dick's part.

This says nothing at all about the quality of the letters themselves, which is surprisingly low. I don't understand entirely why this is so: Dick sends out over a thousand copies of each issue, and one would suspect that he would receive a fairly large stack of letters in return. But perhaps not, since I don't believe Dick gives away copies of TAC for letters-of-comment--at least, not for loes from fans.

The reviews, like the letters, are scattered throughout the issue, in a fairly haphazard fashion. Also, unlike in SFR, they are all done by Dick Geis himself. Obviously, this is much more convenient for Dick, and Dick is a fairly competent reviewer. But again, he can be a lazy and shoddy reviewer: one time he reviewed a book only on the basis of its first thirty pages. This isn't particularly fair; what would Dick think if some author wrote him a hot-headed letter, based only on the first paragraph of one of his reviews? If the book was so bad Dick didn't want to read any further into it, that's perfectly understandable: but then he shouldn't have reviewed it.

As I've said, Dick is a competent reviewer; he is on a par with the old SFR reviewing staff, with the exception of Paul Walker, who has always had a looser, more readable style--and was probably a more perceptive reviewer to boot. (Although he was guilty of shoddiness, too--he reviewed Brian Aldiss' REPORT ON PROBABILITY A simply by quoting a long section from it and saying something to the effect that "there's 200 more pages of this garbage." Writers deserve more consideration than that.)

And of course, the reviews in SFR were never as well done as those in SPECULATION or SF COMMENTARY. Dick undoubtedly tries to review too much, and thus nothing is reviewed particularly well. So it goes.

The articles alone live up to SFR's old standards, and they are what keeps me buying the fanzine, against my better judgment. However, the articles still reflect the same flaws as those in the old SFR. Dick has a tendency to print material in which gossip about sf writers and editors is mixed with trumpeted-up controversy--which is not bad, except it generally serves no useful purpose except to get everyone mad at one another.

The article in TAC 8 by Ted White, which is a reply to a letter by Harry Harrison in that same issue, is a case in point. As everyone knows, Harry Harrison and Ted White do not get along at all: they have a private feud going on between themselves. (Harrison's letter in this issue contains such phrases as, "If he ((Ted White)) is half as boring to himself as he is to us he should do right by everyone and slip up his own asshole and vanish.") Ted White's col-

umn is slightly better than this, but not much. In the course of it we find out he embezzled \$900 worth of Bob Shaw's money in 1969, which he later paid back only under pressure.

At the end of Ted White's article, Dick makes some very odd comments. He says, "Harry Harrison's letter in this issue is ill-advised, intemperate, and no credit to his reputation." Then why did Dick bother printing it? He is certainly under no obligation to print every letter he receives. At the end of his comments, Dick says, "But I hope this matter can be dropped and forgotten." If Dick sincerely meant this, why did he publish it in the first place?

I asked another fan about this and was told that big names and controversy attract more readers, which means more money for Geis so he can produce a bigger and better (and still more controversial?) fanzine. Oddly enough, this sort of objective did not seem to bother the fan, although it bothers me greatly; I'd like to think a simple concern for the people involved, or a "love of science fiction," might be a more important motivating factor, but perhaps I'm being too idealistic.

Some of the other articles are interesting: I shouldn't give the impression that all material in TAC is like the above Harrison/Aldiss fiasco. Some of it isn't particularly good in other ways (the Brunner column in #8 is a very boring listing of quotes, showing how one editor changed the wording of one of Brunner's novels), but it is not offensive. TAC is, however, more concerned with the problems of writers, their fights with agents, editors and publishers, than with the actual science fiction such writers produce.

And Dick Geis has a very engaging personality which manages to keep the fanzine on a fairly even keel.

But TAC is not a fanzine worthy of Geis' talents, nor one I think truly worthy of a Hugo Award or even Hugo nomination. There are numerous other fanzines more deserving. But due to the large role circulation plays in these matters, this article is no more than a voice howling in the wilderness.

---Cy Chauvin

---

It's not that we don't want more community. We do. We crave community. We lust after it. "Community" is a national obsession. But we want other things more. Not getting involved with the neighbors is worth more to us than "community."

We yearn for a simpler, more communal life; we sincerely want more sense of community. But not at the sacrifice of any advantages that mass society has brought us, even ones we presumably scorn.

I could find a Mom & Pop store if I really wanted one. But I don't. I prefer a supermarket's prices and selection. Also the anonymity, the fact that I'm not burdened by knowing the help.

Even as we hate being unknown to each other, we crave anonymity. There are three things we cherish in particular--mobility, privacy and convenience--which are the very sources of our lack of community.

Excerpted from INTELLECTUAL DIGEST  
excerpt of WE, THE LONELY PEOPLE,  
by Ralph Keyes.

25 June 1974

Busy, busy busy. At work it's been a busy summer semester, lots of labs running. At home...I've been moving. The new address is on page one--I took the opportunity of changing the address to retype the whole page, which looked pretty awful in its first incarnation. (Not that it's any beauty now, but...)

Sometime I'll try to sit down and write about the house, but I want to take my few minutes writing time here to correct a misconception. In a letter-of-comment on KYBEN 7, Cy Chauvin wrote:

I really liked your "Ah! The Cerealand Parade!" The best and wittiest fanzine reviews I've read in a long time --better than the ones Mike Glicksohn did in the last PREHENSILE as well, easily. And horror of horrors, I somehow get the impression it was done first draft onto stencil. People like you shouldn't be allowed in fandom.

I wrote back to him that it wasn't so; I hardly ever first-draft onto stencil. However, Cy had already written a loc to Dave Gorman for GORBETT, in which he said:

I certainly don't know how anyone like Jeff Smith can write anything as excellent as he does direct onto stencil: it boggles my mind.

And a fannish myth is born.

The truth is, I am very uncomfortable writing directly on stencils. I like to revise as I write; and it's much easier to cross out a word on a sheet of paper than to corflu it out on a stencil.

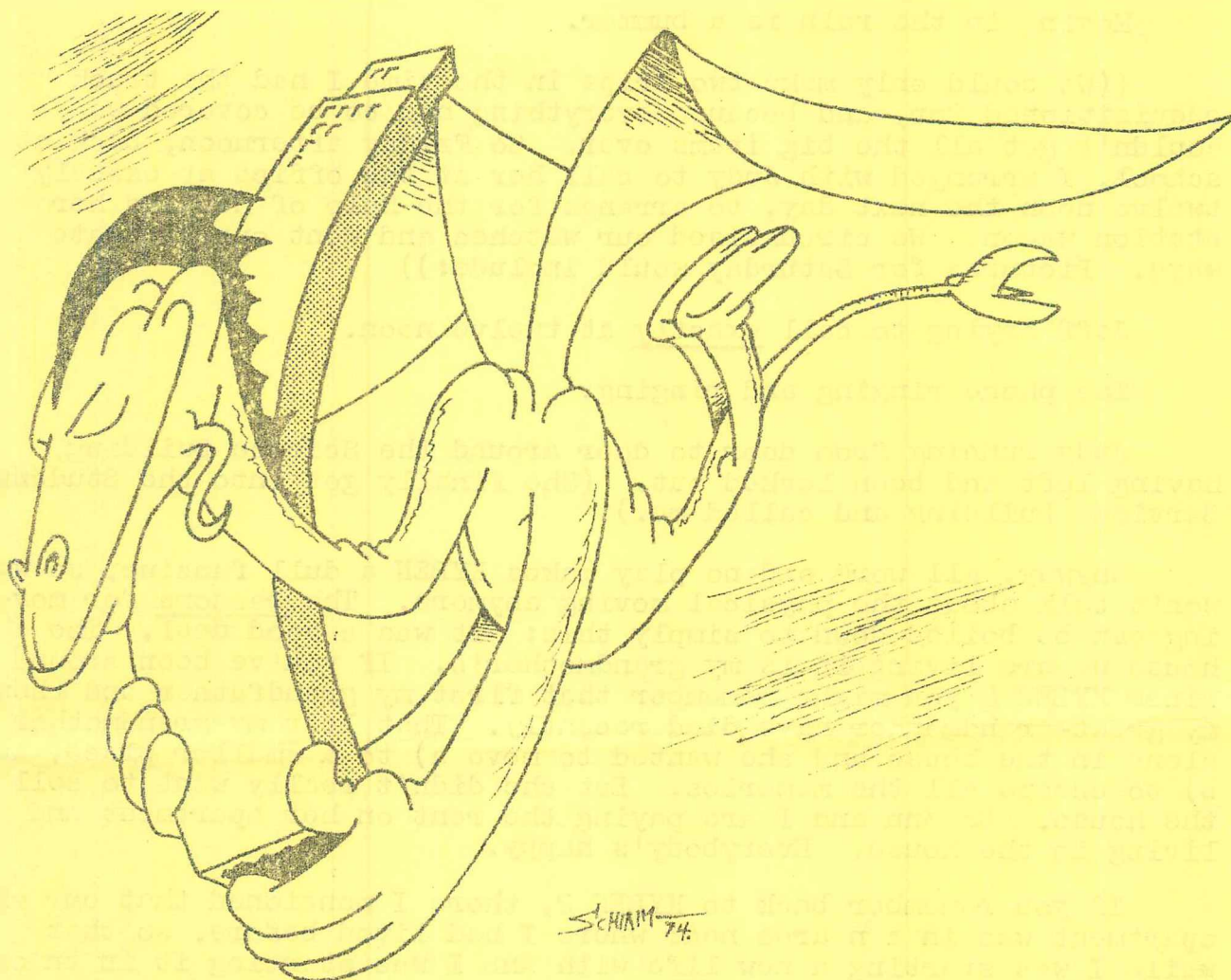
It isn't heavy rewriting that I do--though I can easily throw out a page and start over. In fact, on this page I haven't yet changed a word, so when I type it up it will read like a first draft because that's what it is: however, it won't be first-draft-on-stencil.

So, I'm getting praise for such interesting first-draft writing, when I should be lamenting that my revisions read like first draft. Such is life. (I have, of course, written directly onto stencils; what fan-editor hasn't? I will whenever necessary. But my choice, in everything from letters to fiction, is to handwrite first.)

On a somewhat related topic: Dave Gorman and I have an incredible relationship. Every time he brings out a GORBETT I think, "What a fine fanzine! I wish mine were that good." And Dave keeps trying to make his as good as mine. Stalemate! (It is a heady thin to read comments like I am "one of the best writers and editors in fandom today." I've been getting a raft of similar comments lately --and with all due respect to the misguided people who've made them, I just don't believe you. Not at this point. But I have plans.... (It was a real relief to read Mike Gorra in TITLE complain that KYBEN was boring. It has been, and I'm glad I'm not alone in my feelings. Which is why I'm changing things here.)

GORBETT 7/David M. Gorman/337 North Main Street/New Castle IN 47362. 75¢, 3/\$2, or the usual. 7 is my least favorite issue, not

because the material is bad, but because it doesn't appeal to me. A 10-page article on Philip K. Dick by Leon Taylor and 35 sonnets by Sheryl Smith form the bulk of the issue; so it's a good issue, even if not to my taste.



5 July 1974

I promised I'd write something about moving and related subjects, but I've kept putting it off for a variety of reasons. For one, there's so much material backed up that I find it hard to realize that not too long ago I was straining for manuscripts. I'll probably be stencilling KYBEN 9 before I finish running off and mailing this issue.

Another reason is that I have no words about moving readily available. I have pictures aplenty--the whole thing falls into my mind as a comic strip, but I don't have an artist I can sit down and work it out with, so let me try and describe just a couple of the scenes you should have seen.

((The Friday I had set for moving the furniture it rained. I had spuriously requisitioned a pick-up truck from work, and Lance (one of the student aides) and I went to the apartment and loaded the furniture. The picture:)) Lance driving the truck, alone in the cab. Jeff is in the back, trying to keep the furniture covered

with a sheet of plastic. Jeff and the furniture are getting wet. Lance is getting lost. Jeff is screaming "Stop! Stop!" but is not being heard.

Moving in the rain is a bummer.

((We could only make two trips in the time I had the truck requisitioned for, and because everything had to be covered we couldn't get all the big items over. So Friday afternoon, back at school, I arranged with Judy to call her at the office at exactly twelve noon the next day, to arrange for the help of her and her station wagon. We circumsised our watches and went our seperate ways. Pictures for Saturday would include:))

Jeff trying to call exactly at twelve noon.

The phone ringing and ringing.

Judy running from door to door around the Science Building, having left and been locked out. (She finally got into the Student Services Building and called me.)

Anyway, all work and no play makes KYBEN a dull fanzine, so we won't talk about the physical moving anymore. The reasons for moving can be boiled down to simply this: it was a good deal. The house we are living in is my grandmother's. If you've been around since KYBEN 4 you might remember that first my grandfather and then my great-grandmother have died recently. That left my grandmother alone in the house and she wanted to move a) to a smaller place, and b) to escape all the memories. But she didn't really want to sell the house. So Ann and I are paying the rent on her apartment and living in the house. Everybody's happy.

If you remember back to KYBEN 2, there I mentioned that our old apartment was in a n area near where I had lived before, so that while I was starting a new life with Ann I was starting it in an old familiar place. This time it's even worse: we're living in the first home I ever lived in, way back in 1950. (Not for long, but it was the first.) My father was in the Army, and I spent most of the first year of my life in Falls Church, Virginia, but I don't think I remember any of it. Then we lived a couple blocks away from here until I was nine.

Fortunately, I haven't the energy to attempt a self-analysis of my territorialism right now (deep-rooted insecurity manifested as an inability to exist in a foreign environment blah blah blah), so we're spared all that.

The house itself, briefly, is a row house with a front porch, living room/dining room/kitchen, three bedrooms (or, bedroom, sewing-typing room, library) and unreconstructed basement. The garbage cans were ripped off after my grandmother moved out, but the garbage collectors are on strike here anyway...

To move along, I got a couple interesting letters from Michael K. Smith/604 N. Hampton/De Soto TX 75115 today--one on KYBEN 7 and one on PHANTASMICOM 11--and I'd like to quote some of the parts that call for comments from me. Perhaps other parts will be printed later if I ever get around to a catch-up lettercolumn.



It's somehow satisfying to know that your soul has wings, even if you don't. I gather your fascination with flying is actual as well as metaphorical.... Airplanes aren't the same thing, but I once went up in a sailplane with a friend; soaring has got to be the closest thing to "personal" flying short of jumping off a mountain and flapping your arms. My own private daydream/fantasy has long been time-travel. I read history steadily, I've written a little, and I've taught it. The great events of the past fascinate me--UP THE LINE is one of my all-time favorite yarns. To be able to go back of the present and touch the past, to watch Hannibal coming down out of the Alps into Italy, to watch the Minutemen harrying the redcoats all the way back to Boston, to stand outside the gates of Vienna with Sabotai with Europe on the other side, to be on the floor of the tennis court in Paris in 1789, to sail down the Strait of Belle Isle with Bjarni Herjolfssen...wow. **\*\*sigh\*\***

Actually, I have never physically flown at all. I don't even like roller coasters (too much speed). I did always used to get a swing going well and jump off. Good Tarzan vines were rare but always welcome.

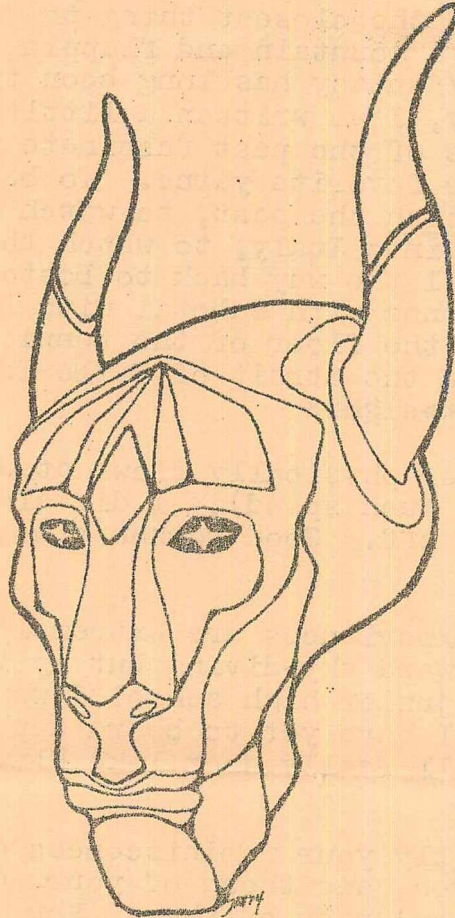
But my pseudo-wing experiences are extremely few. I have a vague emotional appeal toward sky-diving but my intellect is scared to death of it. (And in junior high school I went through a Jacques Cousteau period.) While I have yet to board a plane, I can't imagine that riding a jet will really seem like Flying. A bi-plane maybe, but...

I enjoyed especially your reminiscences on The Editor Arising From the Waves, and those of your colleagues, even though I know (or knew) none of them. You make it all sound appallingly easy. I speak from the innocence of one who has never (yet) put out a zine. I've put more mileage on the old mimeo than I care to consider (I was a Yeoman in the Navy, back in the early '60s--when the world was young), and I've managed to consume about 1½ reams of typing paper every year for some time now, but I've not put out a serial publication with my very own name on it. Frankly, I hesitate. I know perfectly well that the first few issues (at least) would undoubtedly be wretched, and I'm too much of a perfectionist to accept that. So, naturally, I've solved the problem, thus far, by doing nothing at all. One of these days....

Five years ago, way back when I entered fandom, fanzine publishing was entirely different from what it is today. Genzines were the thing then, and everyone was imitating SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW. Back then, you either published genzines or wrote for them. Today, every one publishes his own writing. This is all well and good, but it produces mixed feelings in the already-existing faneditors. Like, when Denis Quane started NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPT. (Box CC, East Texas Station/Commerce TX 75428), I knew it would be a zine to look forward to--but I also knew I would miss Denis's letters of comment. There isn't time to do both, for most people. (I write maybe six locs a year, at an optimistic guess.) People who try to do both seem to burn out pretty quick.

So, what I'm saying, Mike, is that if you ever decide to put

out a zine, more power to you and I'm sure it will be a good one. But if you decide to stick to locs and reviews and articles, I know I won't be displeased. It's nice to have some good, unattached writers out in the void.



22 July 1974

Dear Diary: We had a very strange time at work one day last week. It was a lazy day, one in which very little professional happened. And what did happen was very unprofessional indeed.

In the afternoon, we were sitting around the office bouncing tennis balls at each other. Gradually we moved out into the hall, and Bonedigger and I started an improvised handball set. I was truly inspired, and though we had no rules there was no doubt that I outplayed Bonedigger, Anestos, Potter and anyone else who stepped out in the hall. Potter did give me some trouble, as he hit the ball harder than any of the rest of us, and I faced him after facing several prior opponents, but I was still going pretty strong. Anestos got a legbone out of the cabinet and we played a little baseball, but a hit tennis ball moves pretty fast for an indoor game.

Potter and I moved outside with the frisbee. Playing frisbee with Potter always wears me out because I can throw better than he can, so I have to do a lot more running after errant tosses. Even so, he beat me badly, 5-2. It was a pyrrhic victory for him, though, as chasing one throw he ignored the warning path and charged into the stone wall.

We came back to the office and when Duckett saw Potter's raw side she went into her "Oooh, blood!" routine. So we went into her "And you want to be a nurse?" routine. Retrenching, she became Nurse Duckett and happily swabbed his side with alcohol. Potter looked like it felt real good.

We sat around the office catching our breath when Anestos noticed a Laboratory Counter sitting on top of the radio. Soon she discovered for herself the sheer pleasure of seeing how often she could click it in one minute, and a new contest was on. Anestos beat me 406 to 404.

Unfortunately for propriety, Paoli was sitting back in the office's lounge chair with the counter in his lap, clicking very rapidly. This prompted Anestos to remark that he had apparently had much practice making similar motions, and the session went downhill from there.

We finished our busy afternoon with a round of clayball. It was I who one lazy day discovered the joys of throwing round lumps of modeling clay at walls, and Potter and Duffy who refined it into CCC's answer to Hollywood Squares. We have a playing area of nine bricks, and the clayers try for tic-tac-toe. (It's more like darts than anything else.) Game is best-of-three, and if it's tied one-to-one we have a clay-off.

I won my first match, but then some work walked up and demanded to be done, so I was forced to retire early. The rest played clayball for a while, and then really got weird. I couldn't tell everything that was going on, but the major diversion appeared to be the theft of Duckett's shoes by Potter and Paoli. Potter, who is tall and thin, placed them on a very inaccessible ledge. Anestos, who will never admit to being bested (her heroine-figure is Red Sonja from the CONAN comics), was determined that she could get them back. I sat trying to very calmly work on an inventory while everyone else waited in the lobby for Anestos to fall and break her neck. Finally Potter got them back and tossed them in the men's room, and eventually Duckett and Anestos worked up the nerve to go in and retrieve them.

Summers are very strange around this place.

A couple days later was possibly worse, though this time at least we didn't disrupt the college. It was the last day of classes of the first summer session, and Potter and the Fair Lynn had been planning to go to lunch together. Feeling left out, the rest of us joined them. They had planned on just going to the cafeteria, but, after a lengthy debate we settled on Pappy's, a nearby "beef 'n beer" place. Seven of us crammed into my Duster, and away we went--Bonedigger carrying his little bag lunch that Mrs. Bonedigger so dutifully packs for him every morning.

Apparently sensing trouble, Pappy's people placed us in a corner. After much debate we bought two large pizzas. (Duckett bought a small one for herself.) A couple of us bought tossed salads, and we started off with one pitcher of coke and two pitchers of beer. The final tally was the one coke (which I consumed myself, with a little help from Duckett and Anestos) and five beers. Or, for the beer drinkers, practically a pitcher apiece.

After a couple swallows of beer, Duckett, who was virtually uncorrupted when she started to work for us, started telling risqué jokes. "How much does a rabbi get for circumcisions? Ten dollars plus tips." Still, though, her coup de grace was beyond her telling. She had to whisper it to Potter, who told the group: A rabbi, who had been performing circumcisions for twenty years, was asked what he did with the pieces of skin. He said he had saved them all and had just had them made into a wallet. After twenty years, just enough to make a wallet? Ah, said the rabbi, but when I rub it it turns into a suitcase.

Paoli put money in the player piano. One of Pappy's hostesses nearby asked if he'd play her favorite tune, so he pushed the appropriate button. And we heard the most cacophonous piece of noise imaginable, increasing our mood of hilarity.

The capper was probably the Exorcist imitations. Paoli, Duckett and Anestos regaled us with the cross-masturbation scene and their versions of Mercedes McCambridge saying "Lick me! Lick me!" and "Your mother sucks cocks in hell."

Looking up, I noticed all the people at nearby tables staring at us. Further, all the people in the kitchen were staring at us. Laughing hysterically, we stumbled into the sunlight.

Never try to drive six drunks in a Duster, particularly if one has a beach ball (given free with the large pizzas) he insists on trying to dribble out the window.

It was like having a science fiction convention in the mundane world. Wild.

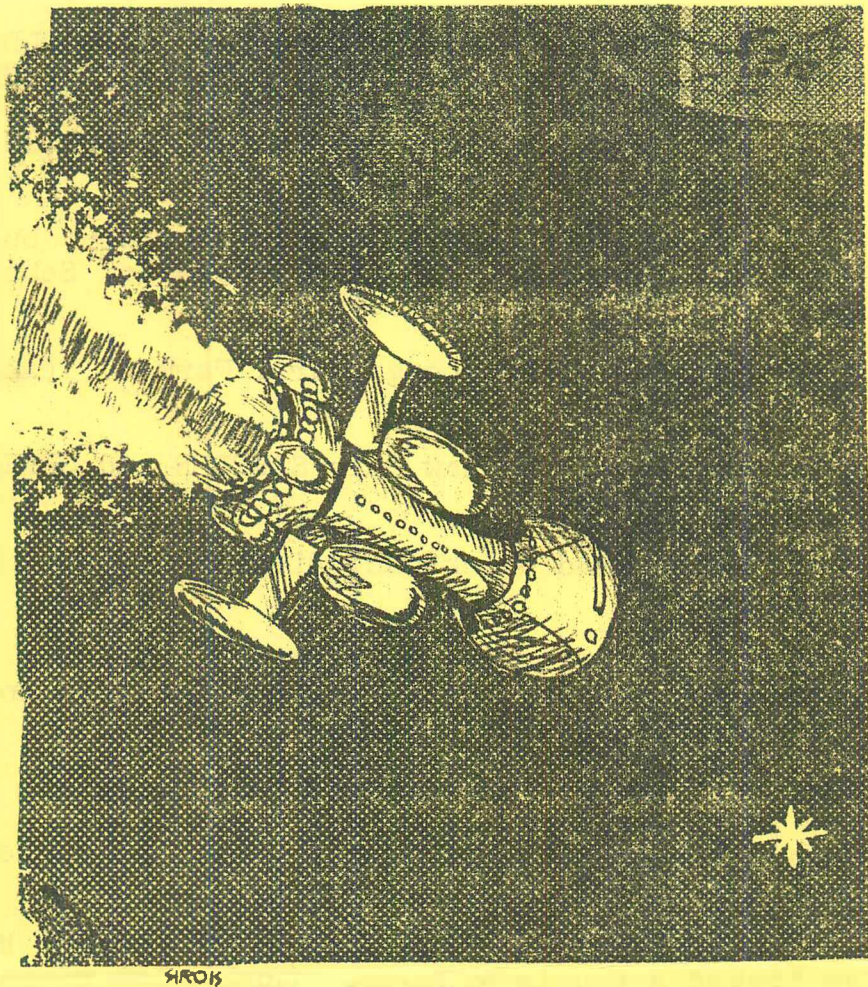
28 July 1974

I started running off the issue this evening; I had meant to change "This is the June 1974 issue." Hmm. And almost August. I hope you'll accept moving as a legitimate excuse.

Ann and I just finished filling out our Hugo ballots. Like last year, Ann was very conscientious and read everything, except two of the ANALOG stories (Pournelle and Martin), which I didn't have. The Pournelle we weren't worried about; his "The Mercenary," which was up last year, was all but unreadable for us. From comments in other fanzines I have reason to believe the Martin is good--but it would have to be very good to better the LeGuin and McIntyre stories in the same category.

I have not read four others besides those two, which is unfortunate but beyond worrying about. Below I will go over my ballot, and list Ann's in parentheses. My choices never win; hers often do.

In the Novel category, I have actually read only Poul Anderson's THE PEOPLE OF THE WIND and Robert Heinlein's TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE. I am currently reading Clarke's RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA. The Anderson is not worth considering. I would not even vote in this category if I weren't certain that the race will be solely between the Clarke and the Heinlein, with which I am familiar. (Also, from reviews, I am certain that nothing will happen at the end of RW/R to change my opinion of it.) I had a difficult time deciding between the two, as



I like them both. But the Heinlein is very flawed so I voted for Clarke. (Ann: Clarke, Heinlein, Niven, no award, Anderson, Gerrold.)

Novella, as it was last year and probably will be again next year, is one impressive list of stories. I have not read Gene Wolfe's "The Death of Dr. Island." I will one day soon, I'm sure, but I could not get interested in it the two times I started it and found myself resenting being "forced" to read it. I loved the two by Michael Bishop, and my one-two votes go to him, with "The White Otters of Childhood" on top. Then Gardner Dozois' "Chains of the Sea," one of his better stories. Wolfe I put fourth, ahead of Tiptree's "The Girl Who Was Plugged In," which despite others' praise did not impress me very much. (Ann: Dozois, "Otters," Tiptree, "Asadi," Wolfe.)

In Novелlette I read three of the five, two excellent and one very good. I voted Harlan's "The D athbird" ahead of McIntyre's "Of Mist, and Grass, and Sand," but it wasn't easy. Tip's "Love Is the Plan the Plan Is Death" is a close but definite third. I had trouble trying to force myself to read the Effinger because I want to read the novel it's a part of (RELATIVES), and I wasn't happy with having to read just a section--so I didn't. (Ann: Ellison, McIntyre, Tiptree, Effinger.)

Another toss-up is in Short Story: the LeGuin and the McIntyre are both so fine.... Unfortunately, Vonda again got second place on my ballot. And surprisingly, I thoroughly enjoyed the Simak, though Ann didn't. (Ann: McIntyre, LeGuin, Simak.)

Amateur Magazine gave me a lot of trouble. OUTWORLDS first, but the other three.... I finally settled on THE ALIEN CRITIC, LOCUS, ALGOL, but I hope you don't want the reasons why. (What reasons?) A real struggle... (Ann: OUTWORLDS, THE ALIEN CRITIC, ALGOL.)

Professional Artist: Freas will undoubtedly win, but I don't really like his stuff that much. Di Fate, Frazetta, Schoenherr, Gaughan, Freas. (Ann: Di Fate, Frazetta.)

Professional Editor: Silverberg, Carr, Ferman. (Ann: Carr, Silverberg.)

Dramatic Presentation: We saw only SLEEPER and GENESIS II. We both voted only for SLEEPER.

Fan Writer: Susan Wood Glicksohn, Richard E. Geis, Sandra Meisel. (Ann: no vote.)

I did not vote in the Fan Artist category. None of the nominees, to my knowledge, did any but very minor fan work in 1973. I abstain. (Ann: Austin, Kirk, Rotsler.)

John W. Campbell Award: no vote from either of us.

Gandalf Award: both of us the same: Tolkien, Leiber, de Camp, Anderson.

We'll have to wait and see what happens at Discon, but I think this year I've backed a couple winners. (And a lot of people I didn't place first on my ballot will satisfy me with their victories, if such should happen.)

TYPING DATE, JULY 31, 1974: Last night, talking to Jack Chalker on the phone, I asked him if Discon was planning on publishing the voting breakdowns, like...was it LACon?...did a couple years ago, and I got a most emphatic no. In fact, he said, they aren't even telling who comes in second and third. Apparently there have been complaints from people who have been "humiliated" by the release of placements.

I find this rather dumb. I've never attached any stigma to a nominee coming in second or fifth or whatever. I'd have no complaints about being considered the fifth best fan writer, or publishing the fifth best fanzine. Alas for tender egos...I had a ball playing with the voting breakdown a couple years ago, and would have loved to have done it again.

30 July 1974

None of us were really surprised when Rick Wakeman left Yes; the move had been foreshadowed. In interviews Wakeman had expressed his displeasure with the group's latest album, TALES FROM TOPOGRAPHIC OCEANS (which is damn near my favorite album); and on the latest tour his playing was nowhere near as inspired as it was on the Yessongs tour. (I had never even liked him until I saw them on that tour, where his playing--particularly on his solo piece--converted me to an instant fan.)

His departure left a big hole in the group, though. Aside from his excellent soloing (some of the keyboard parts of TOPOGRAPHIC OCEANS were actually written by Alan White, the drummer), his mellotron filled in the background very well.

Rumor has it that his replacement will be Vangelis Papathanassiou--which is a mouthful if ever there was. Papathanassiou is the keyboard man for Aphrodite's Child, a Greek group that made a small splash here with their concept double-album 666 a couple years ago. I heard that album once, when it came out, and while I thought it wasn't bad it didn't particularly impress me. I'd like to hear it again, to concentrate on Papathanassiou. I really remember nothing about the group's actual sound.

Papathanassiou, besides the keyboards, also plays flute, viols and miscellaneous Greek instruments. I'd love to hear Yes with a flute. Wakeman's mellotron made some very nice flute sounds, but a real flute would be better. (Compare the recorders in "Your Move" on THE YES ALBUM to the mellotron on YESSONGS.) And the Greek instruments could add a whole new dimension to the group's sound.

(Incidentally, my Greek student aide says the name is pronounced just as it is spelled: something like VAN-juh-lis pa-pa-than-a-SEE-you.)

Now, it may not work out that this guy will join Yes, but I think it would be a good idea. I'm slowly learning about European rock groups, being tutored by Australians Paul Anderson and Alan Sandercock. I'm not too interested in European heavy-metal, but their art-rock I find fascinating. I have an album called COLLAGE, by an Italian group named Le Orme. I also have a Tangerine Dream (German) set, ZEIT, which sounds like the soundtrack from 2001 and is great for reading RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA by.

There'll be more complete, worthwhile comments on European art-rock soon in KYBEN, if all goes according to plan. We'll try to give you an idea in words what some of those strange-looking albums in the import racks sound like.

2 August 1974

Time to finish up. I'll get the thing printed and collated this weekend, and start mailing it out next week. And immediately start typing KYBEN 9...

No rest for the weary.

Found out yesterday that I'm to accept any Hugos that Tip might win at Discon. Strange. I honestly don't think he has much of a chance, not against this year's competition. And the stories of his that were published last year were better than the ones published for this year's consideration. (See why I hate to write onto stencil? That error is far too complex to easily change, though I could have easily added the needed words onto a sheet of paper, so that the sentence would have been corrected by the time I got around to typing it.)

Next issue: The columnists take over. And I print some of your letters. See you then.

# ART CREDITS

- 1 S. RANDALL
- 4 Bob SMITH
- 5 Grant CANFIELD
- 6 Bob SMITH
- 15 Marc SCHIRMEISTER
- 18 Jim McLEOD
- 21 Al SIROIS
- 24 Bob SMITH

