

KYBEN 9

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BOOK REPORTS: APRIL to JULY

April:

THE RETURN OF TARZAN/Edgar Rice Burroughs/Ballantine -- It's work, is what it is. This is a very rough semester at the college and when I get home I just don't feel like doing anything--including reading. So when I do read it's something simple like Tarzan. ## This is the first time I've enjoyed RETURN more than APES. The stereotyped characters gave me a rough time in APES this reading, and there are less of them in RETURN. I like RETURN mostly for the first half, before Tarzan reverts to his loin-cloth. Pretending to be civilized in Paris, disguised as an American hunter in North Africa--the novelty is effective. There is also an excellent sequence of six people in a lifeboat without food or water.

THE LOCKED ROOM/Maj Sjöwall and Per Wahlöö/Pantheon -- If you have yet to read a Martin Beck mystery, don't start with this one, because the critic in me says that it is poorly paced. The reader



in me, however, has absolutely no complaints, as some of the chapters are among the best in the series: Chapter 18 is hysterical, like something out of Westlake (but better than anything he's managed lately); and Chapter 24 is an excellent character study. Beck himself ends up happier than usual (these books have to be read in chronological order to be fully appreciated) and there are some very nice ironies. ## I know I'm getting redundant, but a) these are the best mysteries currently being produced, and b) they are among the best novels currently being written. The series is almost ended; I wonder what the authors will do next.

DERYNI CHECKMATE/Katherine Kurtz/Ballantine -- The second in the Deryni series. The third is out already; I'm on top of things as usual. This is a pretty good book, much to my surprise. I read the first volume when it came out in 1970, and now I honestly cannot remember whether I liked it or not. And lately I've been reading some strong criticism of the books (Ursula K. LeGuin being one of the critics), so I figured it probably wouldn't be much. Consequently I was quite surprised when I found myself engrossed in it. It won't go down as one of the great fantasies of all time, but it is quite a bit more entertaining than the average sword-&-sorcery novel. ## In an alternate England of medieval times, the Deryni have "magic"--actually psionic--powers. They are hated and feared and persecuted by the rest of the people, who far outnumber the Deryni. Yet there are a fair number of Deryni around, some admitted and some unknown: the king himself, his two top advisers, and the man who hates the Deryni the most, and is out to destroy them all--he knows he has inhuman powers, but he thinks they are a gift from God to help him in his campaign. Very interesting.

May:

334/Thomas M. Disch/Avon -- Publishing PHANTASMICOM 11 took up most of my reading time this month, but as I wanted to review 334 in PhCOM I managed to finish this one book, anyway. (I'm in the middle of three others, which I may or may not finish.) Since I did review 334 in PhCOM it seems superfluous to do it again here. Suffice to say that it is one of the great books of speculative fiction--but it will not be to everyone's taste.

June:

THE NIGHT STALKER/Jeff Rice/Pocket Books -- The original version of the story made into the tv movie smash hit. The problem with reading it, as opposed to seeing it, is that Rice's style is extremely colorless--and his pacing not equal to that of veteran Richard Matheson, who did the screenplay. All in all, it reads like something that should be turned into a good movie. It was, and everybody should be happy.

And that was the last entry in my "Book Reports" diary. I've finished so few books since then that I never got around to digging my papers out and writing on them.

I did have one heavy reading period in June, though, a couple days when I was sick. I read four novels and ten short stories. I had two books out, THREE TO SHOW by Dick Francis and A TREASURY OF MODERN MYSTERIES, Volume 1, presumably edited by Marie R. Reno. THREE TO SHOW has three novels in it, and the TREASURY volume has two novels and the ten stories. Counting the ten as a separate an-

thology, I had six books, and was reading them alternating from volume to volume.

First was DEAD CERT, which I started with some trepidation. Francis has been highly recommended to me by several people, but I have no interest at all in stories about horse-racing. My fears were quickly laid to rest, however; either Francis had had an editor unusually committed to an ex-jockey's first novel, or he was a natural-born storyteller. The plot, a jockey fighting corruption, is not completely without contrivance, but the pacing is elegant--leading up to an unusual final scene that, while not unique in itself, is a perfect ending. I looked forward to NERVE.

But first, though, was ENDLESS NIGHT by Agatha Christie. Again, I was reluctant. Christie had always bored me. But the last one I had read, MURDER ON THE CALAIS COACH, I had very much enjoyed. And that proved to be the case with ENDLESS NIGHT--which much to my pleasure was not a mystery novel, but a novel involving a mystery. The first two-thirds were just about the relationships of a few rather odd people, and the novel is highly recommended. (I was also greatly pleased with the style, not because it is a beautiful style in itself but because Christie wrote the book in a style other than straight exposition--a departure unusual for a long-established mystery writer to make.)

NERVE is even better than DEAD CERT, a frustrating tale of frustrated men, victims of such viscious rumor-mongering that they begin to doubt themselves. A very powerful story, and quite a nasty one.

The ten short stories were all okay, but I was not excited by any of them. I enjoyed them, mildly, but I think I'd have been better off reading THE GOODEYE LOOK by Ross Macdonald, the novel that finishes volume one. I still haven't read it. (I think there's a strong possibility that I have lost my previously-strong affection for the crime/mystery short story. I'll have to read a few more and see.)

The last novel in my binge finished up THREE TO SHOW. The last story was ODDS AGAINST. If my first two Francis novels had been good, ODDS AGAINST put them to shame. OA is about a jockey who, his hand ruined after a fall, is offered a job with a detective agency. He gets personally involved in a very nasty case that involves a couple complex schemes and a great variety of pain. One of those un-put-downable novels.

I confess to being surprised by the fact that Dick Francis is as good as everyone said he was. I suppose I shouldn't have been.

July:

July I spent reading the Hugo nominees. As I did not read a complete book in the entire month, and my impressions of the nominees were in KYBEN 8, we now turn to other matters.

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Science XIII	<u>Exploration of Science Communication and Worlds of the Future</u> will investigate the fields of science and communications through science fiction. Using basic knowledge acquired in this course the student will, through lecture-seminars and laboratories, demonstrate his a-
(3:2,1)	
MWTh Th lab	

bility to cope with communications/science situations.

There are no prerequisites for the course other than an interest in the scientific investigation of contemporary issues. Reading assignments (novels, short stories and handouts) will be assigned in class. The student will be evaluated on a lab reaction manual (30%), tests including final (25%) and group exercise participation (45%).

Successful completion will be credit toward the math/science elective or the humanities elective (speech option).

- I. Tools of the Astronomer
 - A. Prove the heliocentric system
 - B. 1. Optical telescope
 - 2. Radio telescope
 - 3. Miscellaneous extras
 - II. What he sees
 - A. Stars in our Galaxy
 - 1. Types of stars
 - 2. Conditions on these types
 - 3. Life cycle
 - B. Outside of our Galaxy
 - 1. Types of galaxies
 - 2. Pictures of shapes and their meanings
-

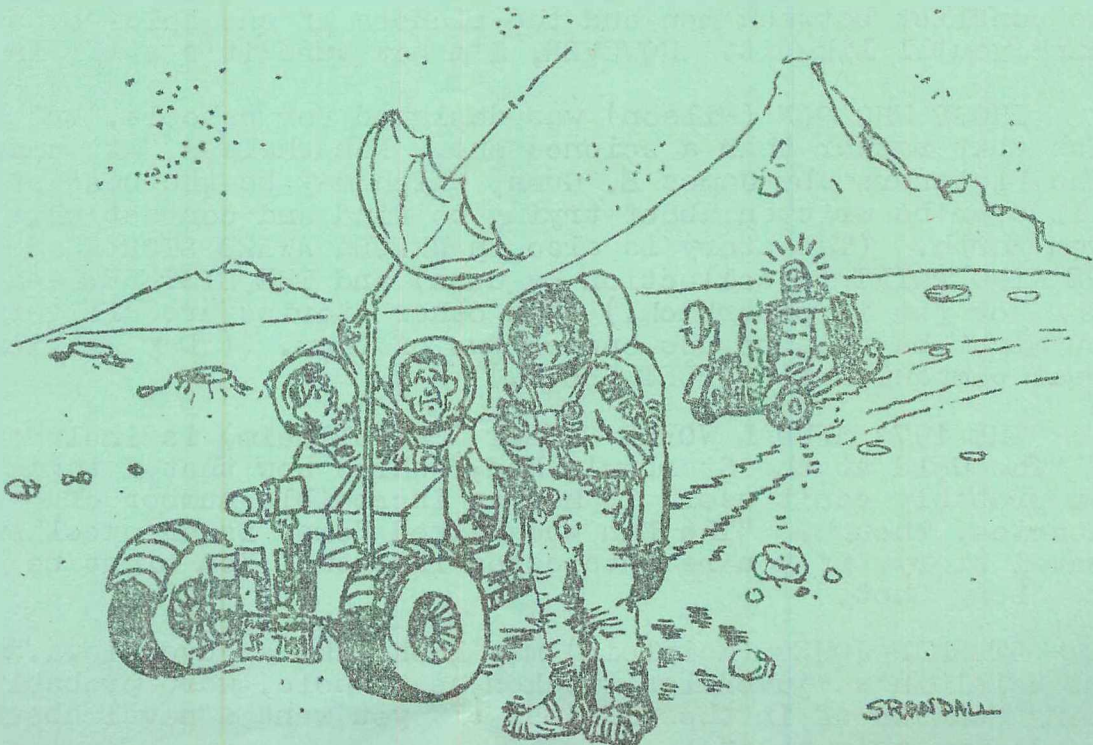
I LIKE IT TIGHT!
ANY OBJECTIONS?



- C. Expanding universes
 - 1. Light travelling
 - 2. Doppler shift
 - 3. What it means
- III. Is There Life Elsewhere?
 - A. Origin of solar system
 - B. Discussion of what life is
 - C. Conditions necessary for life
 - D. How it exists on earth
 - 1. Evolution of planetary atmosphere
 - E. Possibilities for life in our solar system
 - 1. Atmosphere of the planets and general characteristics
 - 2. Why they are this way
 - F. General conditions for life around any star
 - 1. Zone of life
 - 2. Suitable types of stars
- IV. Contacting Intelligent Life
 - A. Discovery of pulsars
 - B. Pioneer plaques

LIST OF THINGS TO READ

The Black Cloud
Foundation -- 3 books
Out of the Silent Planet
Perelandra
That Hideous Strength
The Outposters -- new
A Canticle for Leibowitz
Childhood's End



8/2/74

To: Stephanie and Ruth Ann
From: Jeff Smith

I had a fair amount of trouble with this; most of my collection consists of biological, sociological and psychological science fiction. Most physical and astronomical sf appears in the magazine ANALOG and doesn't get reprinted too often--and even when it does I generally don't buy or read it. And in any case it is difficult to come up with stories to tie in with "Types of stars," "Types of Galaxies," etc.

So, let me tell you what I have come up with, and I hope some of it may be of use. (I apologize in advance for any errors. It has been ten years since I read some of these stories and my memory may be faulty.)

THE SCIENCE FICTION HALL OF FAME, VOLUME ONE (not VOLUME TWO, which is a disaster). This is probably the best sf anthology ever published, and it would be nice if you could use it. "A Martian Odyssey" would be great for a communications lab exercise, with a totally alien being communicating with a human knowing only half a dozen or so English words. "First Contact" is the classic story of its type--humans and aliens meeting in space. "The Cold Equations" and "Surface Tension" are science-oriented but probably not the way you want.

FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION STORIES (Healy & McComas) might be worth flipping through. It's all stories from the thirties and forties when science was the main concern. As this is the only book here not available in paperback (though the hardback is only \$4.95) I assume you would really have to like it before using it.

TOMORROW'S WORLDS (Silverberg) is an excellent collection about the conflict between men and the planets of the solar system, and I think you'll like it. HOWEVER, I'm not sure it's still in print.

THOSE WHO CAN (Wilson) was designed for schools, but as an English text rather than a science one. Nonetheless, it contains "The Listeners" by James E. Gunn, which may be the best story that will ever be written about trying to find and contact aliens by radio from Earth. (The story is also in NEBULA AWARD STORIES FOUR, BREAKING POINT (a collection by Gunn) and THE LISTENERS--a novel version not yet in paperback.) The other stories are all very good and you might be able to use one or two of them. ("Day Million" is a great companion to FUTURE SHOCK.)

THE 1973 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF (Wollheim) is included because of "The Gold at the Starbow's End," which now that I think about it you probably can't use. It has an incredible number of concepts and theories, though. "The Man Who Walked Home" is an excellent time travel story, if you're interested in them. You might be able to use "Long Shot."

STARMAN JONES (Heinlein) may look like a juvenile...and it is. But Heinlein's "juveniles," taken as a whole, were probably the best thing done in sf in the fifties. If you want a novel about running a spaceship, this is it.

THE WIND FROM THE SUN (Clarke) is an odd book. The long stories

are very good and the short stories are occasionally mildly amusing. "Maelstrom II" is about the Moon, "Transit of Earth" Mars, and "A Meeting with Medusa" Jupiter. All of these might be usable-- and there's also a story ("Dial F for Frankenstein") about communications satellites. It's not as good as the others, but it's there.

NEUTRON STAR (Niven) strikes me as a near-certain must. Almost every one of these stories involves physics and/or astronomy in some weird fashion, and they are very entertaining. I think you'll like this one.

And as an aside, FUTURE SHOCK by Alvin Toffler is nearing five years old but is still fascinating. If you, like me, feel that the main purpose of science fiction, and hence science fiction courses, is to make people THINK, then this book should be assigned as an "extra."

Stephanie: Have a nice trip. Hope I didn't overload you.

Ruth Ann: I'm on extension 316 if you need me.

Jeff

2:35 AM
(yawn)

5 August 1974

There was a very strange item on the radio news today, about a live-frog-swallowing contest in Ireland. The winner swallowed five frogs in 65 seconds. He beat four other contestants. There were two contestants who dropped out at the last moment, and one who was disqualified for...chewing.

Now that is one contest I have no desire to win.

We figure they must have used the tiny sand frogs. We can't imagine people swallowing live three-inch grass frogs, and bullfrogs ...forget it.

Yucch.

Michael Carlson

TRAVELS WITH NO ONE

Installment 5: Carlisle, Pa.

Prologue: May 1973. I wake up in Middletown, Connecticut, on a living room couch. The sun, just risen, is streaming through the picture window at my foot and trying to fry my eyeballs, even though my eyes are shut. I check the clock, 6 AM. Barefoot and groggy I plod downstairs for a cup of coffee. Then upstairs to a waiting typewriter and a Pelican Shakespeare. It's time to get my friend Mastrangelo graduated from college. He has eight credits (five of them incompletes from previous years) to make up in the next two weeks, or else no BA. My assignment is a ten page paper on four plays. For fifteen bucks if he gets a B- and an additional five for each grade above that. The four plays are ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA,

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, ROMEO AND JULIET, and KING LEAR. I've never read A&C or R&J. KING LEAR, however, is one of my favorites, and M FOR M is ok. The paper is something to do with male/female relationships. I told him I'm weak on that topic, but he needs the paper bad. It's finished at quarter to ten.

I leave it in his mailbox and hop into a fully packed (two guys and belongings) Audi and head off west. A constant 100 mph except down 209 in Pennsylvania, which is the only way to get to I80 from I84. They're trying to get to Cleveland. I get out at the junction of I81 and I80 and start hitching south. Two rides later I'm in Howard Johnson's on 81 in Carlisle, but no one's home at the Petty's, so I ask directions to their house. I get confused directions that involve me getting back on 81. I'm up on the road, thumb out, and an old Ford pulls over and nearly hits me. Two guys spilling beer and laying rubber offer to let me drive a junked car for them, since one of them doesn't have a license to drive. Luckily my exit is before the junked car. They leave me with a beer and take off. I gulp down the beer and get my thumb out again. It's hard to get rides if they see you drinking, by the way, so gulping is smart in this case. My next lift takes me to the door, which is open, so I walk in and wait for the Petty's, whom I haven't seen in almost two years, to come home.

Peggy Petty taught speech and debating at Wesleyan and I met her through my residential college my freshman year. Her husband Fred had been working on a PhD at Yale, now he teaches music at Dickinson. It took me $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours, Middletown to Carlisle. It's another hour until they show. We re-une for a few days, then I hitch back to Connecticut. It takes considerably longer. Next time I go back to Middletown I see Mastrangelo. He got a B+ on my paper. He doesn't have the \$25. I never get it.

January 1974. I've just finished my program at The Peddie School and am making the drive to Lexington, Va., in two days, via Carlisle. I've calculated it's exactly four hours from Carlisle to Lex, directly down 81. I drive across Pennsylvania and pull in, unannounced, at the Petty's, the first time I've been there since the previous May. Fred and I are in the living room when Peggy comes home from work (she's now the director of the Educational Development Center at Dickinson). I'm explaining to him how my schedule is all set, and after Washington & Lee I'll be teaching at Wesleyan, a triumphant return to alma-mater.

While we talked, Peggy returned, and when she saw me sitting there she yelped and did a very stagey double-take. Turned out she had just finished, not ten minutes before, talking to Ken Baldridge, my boss, about doing a program at Dickinson through her office. After convincing her we hadn't arranged it for me to stop by, I talk to her about the program and the next day talk to others in the administration before I leave for Virginia.

Baldridge gets the Dickinson program, and gets me to give up teaching at Wesleyan and do Dickinson instead by offering my airfare to Boston so I can still go to Boskone. At Boskone I...no, that's another story. But that, in a nutshell, was my previous history around Carlisle, and how I found myself sleeping on the side of 81 in Virginia one Friday afternoon, skipping Fancy Dress Weekend (wow) at Washington & Lee, and trying to stay awake long

enough to coax the Baldrige VW back north to Carlisle. Having done 71 final evaluations between 2 AM and 6 AM that morning, that was no mean task.

For those who have been unable to follow the geographic acrobatics described above, Carlisle is located about 20 miles southwest of Harrisburg, Pa., about 50 miles north of ~~Winters~~ Hagerstown, Md. It is in the Cumberland Valley, and really looks like a piece of Shenandoah Virginia moved north by accident.

Actually it's no accident really. It's not surprising that the Army of Virginia fought in Gettysburg, which is about 25 miles from Carlisle. That part of Pennsylvania and western Maryland are in spirit, if not fact, south of the Mason-Dixon line. The north doesn't seem to really begin until you hit Harrisburg, if then.

Carlisle is a nice looking town, all low and wide and rolling. Heavy shade trees line the wide streets, and many large houses or old row houses give it a decidedly colonial appearance. It has something of the hot and heavyness that epitomises the south for me, and I sensed that slowing down of pace the first time I was there.

Dickinson College perfectly echoes Carlisle itself. It is a very small school, with attractive old style buildings, some in matching stone. But in the middle of campus, growing like some transplanted ferns, are a theatre, student union, and library. Individually all are nice buildings, not too oppressive examples of modern architecture. But in their setting, they don't fit. This is true of Dickinson also, as I was to learn. Although they like to think they are changing with the times, really they are stuck in all of the most traditional of the small college motifs, and so the school seems to exist in some sort of educational limbo, not quite progressive, not quite liberal, not quite modern, not quite first class.

My contact at the school centered around minority group and other disadvantaged students, as they are the ones with whom the EDC deals (Educational Development Center, remember?). About half my students were funded through the EDC, while the other half paid for themselves. Interestingly enough, the three students who made it to all twenty off my classes were all self-paying.

My position, as a 23 year old teacher, is often very shaky. I don't have the legitimation of being on the college faculty, or having a PhD. I don't have the trust of being a fellow student because I'm not. And because I'm offering a course that is at least part remedial (as much as I like to look at it as enrichment it will always carry strong remedial overtones) I can be classified as some kind of repair man, called in to fix, not the students themselves, but the little man who does the reading for them. In other words, an outsider.

Because of this I've adopted a rather straightforward classroom attitude. Actually, I can hardly see myself teaching in any other manner. I'm myself, which is non-authoritarian, and very loose. I don't dress up unless I feel the class needs impressing (and you'd be amazed at the difference a tie can make) and I like

to sit on the desk and drink coke while I teach. The classes themselves can't be as open as I'd like, for the simple reason that I'm doing skill instruction, but I try to keep it loose. That is the key word, I guess, loose.

To many students, even in college, this is something of a new experience, and I'm approachable, so I can get some rapport with them. This happened at Dickinson almost entirely with my black students, and if not for them it would have been me and the Pettys. Which isn't to say I was Conrack with the proles. But only to say that beyond the EDC students, I got very little extra-curricular response.

My like at Dickinson hinged around my room and the snack bar. On most programs Baldrige gives you \$31.50 a week for food, lump sum, and on that you're supposed to eat. If you're into restaurants you get 3/4 of a meal a day. I try to starve myself and lose weight as I save money, but what I save always seems to be allocated right back into beer, defeating both purposes. They also pay for your room, but not in cash, so you try to get the best place possible in the 30-35 dollar price range. That's per week.

Good friend that she is, Peggy Petty arranged for Dickinson to provide me with room&board, and this cut \$5 per person from the cost of the program. And it stuck me into a faculty guest room, and carte blanche at the college snack bar.

The faculty guest room was a motel room relocated on the top floor of the faculty club room. It had twin beds, a TV that got 3 stations, and a bathroom. In fact, on that top floor were 2 offices, 2 guest rooms, and 3 bathrooms, counting mine. Bladders must run large (or small) there. Besides all that equipment, there was a dead squirrel in the walls.

Now, I never saw a dead squirrel, because I don't have X-Ray vision and can't see through walls. But I smelled a dead animal, and for sanity's sake I assumed it wasn't an elephant. I explained this to Peggy and she explained it to the college Buildings & Grounds crew and they came and fixed it. They put a three inch screen in one of my windows and left a spray can of disinfectant. Brilliant. I slept like a log, my nose buried in the pillow.

I soon discovered that BLTs and Club Burgers were the high spots of the snack bar menu, and concentrated on breakfasts, which made sense because on top of all the other indignities, I had an eight am class, forced on me by thirteen students who swore they couldn't make it at any other time. Attendance at eight am averaged 1/4 per day, not counting me, cause I was only 1/2 there. I ate for four weeks at that snack bar, except for an occasional dinner at the Pettys, and my total bill was 68 bucks. That included a few boxes of Oreo cookies, which I soon learned I could buy there with, or instead of, my food. So everybody won except my stomach and my pocketbook.

My stomach can stand a few losses.

Another of my problems in Carlisle was the fact that there is only one movie theatre in town, and they insisted on showing nothing but films I'd already seen, and made sure none of them were good

enough to see again. I'm caught in the middle of the small town movie merry-go-round, moving from area to area and always having the same year-and-a-half-old films to see. I knew it was starting to affect me when I found myself watching CHARIOTS OF THE GODS, which might have made a good tv show but was a bore as a film. Of course I stayed and saw the whole thing.

I also saw the Strawbs in concert. This was the musical equivalent of CHARIOTS OF THE GODS. The Strawbs, for those of you unaware, are a British rock group that recently discovered the mellotron, an electronic device which users pass off as an instrument, and which is capable of imitating the sound of 1,005 violins. The Moody Blues kind of started the mellotron craze, and the overall effect is like having Mantovani and Kostelanetz multiplied a hundred times playing behind you. What it does do is cover up vocal and musical deficiencies, so I guess it's needed.

As a sidelight, in the latest ROLLING STONE Jon Landau suggested that the reason why bad US groups are better than bad British groups is that they don't try to do anything pretentious. As an example he used Grand Funk, who are awful, and do awful material, but because it's simple it doesn't grate on you as much as, well, the Strawbs do. Makes sense, for once.

The Dickinsonian shit really began to hit the fan when a federal inspector visited Dickinson to check out the EDC program and discovered that of the 140 or so people on the EDC list, only six were actually eligible for aid under the federal guidelines of income and grade point average. This guy talked to all the administrators, right up to the President of the College, and one night over double Irishes (for me) and something I could hardly see and can't remember (for him) he told me about the administration of the college. It was mostly the same old stuff about red tape and backstabbing and inanity, but peaked when he told me about the college President telling him about the black graduates who come back to his office and thank him for their college educations. One in particular impressed him: "He's a fine example for blacks, and a fine human being besides!" Thank you, massa.

Like I said, Dickinson is not quite.

Because of this inspection I found myself getting far more involved in the internal workings of the college than I would (or could) normally. And if any of you are thinking about going into college administrating, watch out.

The same goes for college teaching.

The highlight of my stay at Dickinson was something relatively simple. One night, as I watched TV and drank Tab at the Pettys, Peggy told me that the next day I would have to make sure I visited the office of one Dr. Newkam. Ever curious, I tried to get her to tell me why, but she, ever mysterious, refused. So, the next morning, immediately after my eight o'clock class, I strolled around the corner and found the doctor's office. Pausing on the porch to look through a NEWSWEEK in the mailbox, I noticed that there was nobody around, but the doors were open. I walked in.

There are some things that have to be seen to be believed.

This was one of them, and if it sounds cliched it's probably because I cannot understand why a human being would do what Dr. Newkam has done.

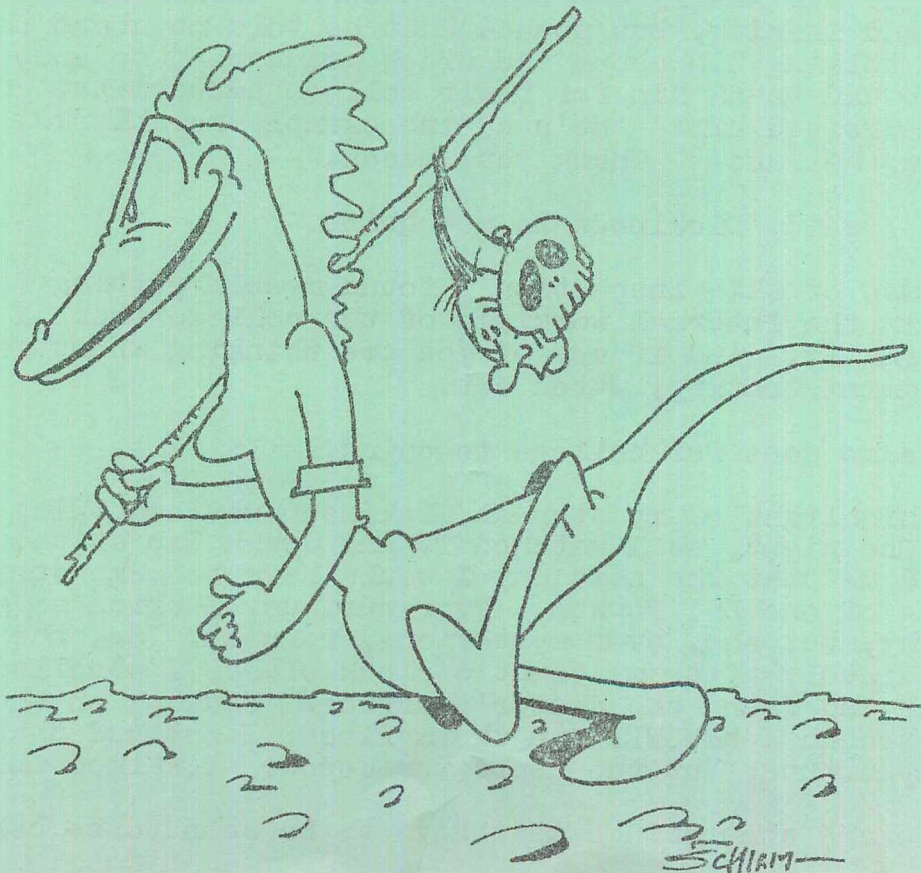
The outer room of his office is maybe 12x7 or a little bigger. There is a fireplace with a mantle, a number of shelves, and a large window that lets in a lot of sun. A few chairs, a small sofa, and a table with the usual doctor's office collection of antique magazines.

And a veritable frozen zoo, a huge collection of stuffed animals, each bearing a small plaque or tag telling where and when it was shot (or in the case of fish, I presume, caught) by the good doctor. And when I say zoo I am not exaggerating. There were maybe fifty or sixty fish, birds and small animals--skunks, squirrels and the like. Some were arranged in action poses (e.g.: a fox with a pheasant in its mouth), others just strewn around. There were the heads of a brown bear, an antelope, a zebra, a wild boar, and eight varieties of deer, elk and moose. And for the piece (or pieces) de resistance, there were full-sized stuffed specimens of: lion, tiger, cougar, leopard, puma, and polar bear.

It was hard to feel alone in that room.

Seeing the same thing in a museum wouldn't affect me, since I suppose I would be prepared for it, feeling the museum was acting "for the greater good." Seeing this trophy room, a walk-up display, in a doctor's office no less, upset me greatly.

I left, and noticed that the doctor's parking space out front was filled by a huge Cadillac pimpmobile. It sort of figured.



Chances are good I'll be going back to Dickinson next year. Hopefully things will be different then. I have reasons for this hope, that have nothing to do with the doctor and his office. But I won't tell you about them. Maybe next time I will tell you about the Army War College in Carlisle. See you then.

10 September 1974

DATECON

I don't know if it was me or the 4300 other people, but I wasn't in much of a convention mood at Discon. So, while I enjoyed myself, there have been other conventions I've enjoyed much more. (There have also been some I enjoyed less.)

For one thing, there was a problem I don't ever remember having in Washington, DC, before: the water. All of us from Baltimore were having problems with the water, which we were avoiding as much as possible. But while it wasn't too difficult to turn away from tempting water fountains, the ice cubes were truly insidious.

I seemed to have precious few real conversations during the entire con. And those I did have, with Jeff Clark, Sheryl Smith, John Douglas, Ginger Buchanan, Freff, and maybe a couple others, all seemed woefully short. Only with Bill Bowers did I have what approximated a satisfying talk. Quinn Yarbro, Bob Silverberg, Kate Wilhelm, Bob Sabella, Lesleigh Luttrell, Jerry Kaufman, Al Sirois, Mike Carlson and tons of etceteras I pretty much passed in the night, talking with for maybe five minutes at the most. I saw a lot of Barry Smotroff's back, as he was invariably wandering down a hall or aisle in the other direction.

Trying to compensate for the lack of a social convention by treating it as a science fiction convention was not particularly successful, either. The program, at least what I saw of it, was uninspired. The "Harlan Ellison vs. Isaac Asimov" item was enjoyable, as they stood at opposite ends of the hall hurling insults at each other, but there was no redeeming social value. What I heard of the Women in Science Fiction panel was interesting, though I missed most of it. Most of the panels seemed deadly boring and the only one I both sat all the way through and enjoyed was "Look What They've Done to My Book, Ma"--Harlan Ellison moderating Dave Gerrold, Forry Ackerman and Leigh Brackett on translating sf to film. Harlan did an excellent job of keeping the panel going, perhaps the best I've ever seen, making sure everyone had equal time and disposing of bad questions and dead ends very well. But the rest...even Roger Zelazny's guest-of-honor speech was a disappointment--very choppy, with some interesting parts and some that seemed worthless. Roger stated at the outset that he had had problems deciding what to talk about, and unfortunately it showed. His autobiographical section was fascinating and I enjoyed every minute of it, but the speech never really picked up after that.

From the film program I saw Errol Flynn's ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD and scads of cartoons. And the main film item, the movie version of Harlan Ellison's "A Boy and His Dog." (The movie was being

being called A BOY AND HIS DOG at the con, but by the time it hits the theaters will almost definitely have a different title). I don't know the full story behind how the con got the film, but I'm sure it wasn't easy. And at nine-thirty Friday night a large audience sat listening to (of course) Harlan's introduction. Then the film was started.

Production was not yet completed on the picture and we had the work print, in ten reels. There were two projectors but it soon became apparent that only one was working. Therefore, after every reel the house lights came on and Harlan did a song-and-dance routine while they replaced the reels (which I believe took longer than showing a reel did). The sound quality was extremely poor, and we saw the first reel three times that night while they tried to let us hear it. Upon realizing that they could very easily destroy the work print by running it through a projector that wasn't working right, the project was abandoned.

Fans en masse can be a very rowdy crowd, and two of the attractions they most enjoy being rowdy toward are movies and Harlan Ellison. When the projection crew started having trouble I honestly expected a lot of noise at best and a near-riot at worst. I was very pleasantly surprised when the audience sat very quiet and patient. Very pleased indeed. Harlan was upset enough without having to worry about crowd control.

Saturday at midnight they tried again. Only one projector was working, still, so we had the long waits every few minutes, but the sound was good for most of the duration. (The 'downunder' scenes were sometimes unintelligible.) And we saw the whole thing.

Obviously, it is unfair to judge a theatrical film by its work print as shown under unfavorable conditions. I am not going to criticize A BOY AND HIS DOG. Maybe when it is released I will.

But I will say that it appears to be one of the best screen adaptations of a science fiction story ever. I don't think it will be a great film that will start the world spinning widdershins, but it's quite good and with luck might even be mildly popular. (The producers deserve to get their largish investment back on it.)

The adaptation of the story is excellent. It retains more of the flavor of the original than I expected, and yet also managed to present the concept in such a way that most of the ideas will be comprehensible to people who are not familiar with the last thirty year's worth of sf, an assumption Harlan didn't have to make with the prose version. (There were things the audience questioned, like the slight *pings* on the soundtrack when the dog was "casting" telepathically, that an sf audience didn't need to understand the film, but a general audience would.)

The best feature of the adaptation occurred Downunder. Vic was lured down to bring "new blood" to the underground citizens; to impregnate the ladies. In the story he serviced them directly, which was not consistent with the puritan sensibilities of the citizens as depicted in every other phase of their life. In the movie they tie him down and milk him, a superb touch in itself--and double that by marrying all the girls to him. They are all lined up, in wedding gowns, come in, get married to a tube of semen, and make way for the next.

The movie deserves success for that if nothing more--but there is much good to it. There are things I didn't like...but let's wait and see if they're still in the final print.

(Aren't you lucky? I forgot to mention that when Harlan asked the audience to try and come up with alternate, viable, commercial titles for the movie, someone whose reputation I'll protect suggested CANINES AND CANNIBALS.)

The other main event of the con was the Hugo ceremony. I didn't feel like shelling out the banquet money, so Pat Sullivan, Bill Gill, Ann and I drove out to Silver Spring to the steak house there, and the four of us ate well for what two of us would have had to pay at the banquet. Then back to the hotel.

I had a vested interest in this year's awards; I was James Tiptree's acceptor. So there were two reasons I didn't want Tip to win. One, I didn't want to face 3500 people. Two, I thought there were better stories than Tip's two last year.

I got down to the area just as Andy Offutt was starting to talk. I had never heard Andy before, but I was interested in doing so. He has been toastmaster and emcee and goh at so many cons I assumed he must be an entertaining speaker.

I have never been so bored in all my life.

I don't know if he just had an off night, or if he's always as bad as he was that evening--but I'm afraid "bad" is as charitable as I can be. His jokes were forced and unfunny, his patter absurd. When Harlan called out "There's a lynch mob forming back here, offutt!" he was only slightly exaggerating. There was quite an audible rumble on my side of the room, the voices of discontent. And it was HOT. Many people, Harlan among them, trickled outside.

Which, of course, was where Harlan was when he received some strange "Braille Award" or something for being "the most human sf writer." As Freff said, is Harlan any more human than Thomas Burnett Swann? At any rate, oddly as they designated it, I'm sure it was a sincere thank-you to Harlan for either something special he had done for the presenters or for the enjoyment they had received from his stories.

As Andy moved into the Hugos themselves I remember hoping that chasing Harlan down in the hall and getting him back to accept the award would be the most exciting thing I had to do that evening.

Things rolled pretty smoothly once we got into the real thing, and many of the winners were present: Tim Kirk, Susan Wood, Andy Porter, Kelly Freas, Ben Bova. (Paula--from-MIT--remember her from KYBEN 4?--orgasmed at Bova's win and went running up the stairs crying tears of joy.)

After Ursula Le Guin won the short story Hugo (hurray!), Andy read the nominees for novelette. The applause seemed to favor Harlan, and he and I were both very happy when he won. (I think "The Deathbird" is really good.)

I turned to Ann and smiled shakily. "One down, one to go."

I listened very close to the applause on the novella category.

It was pretty tight. The Michael Bishop stories I wanted to win probably got a hair loss. The Gene Wolfe sounded like it got a hair more. Andy opened the envelope and said, "Well, I'm glad to see this," and my heart sank. "The Girl Who Was Plugged In" by James Tiptree, Jr." I dropped my pen and papers under Ann's chair with a heartfelt "Shit."

The applause seemed thunderous as I wended my way through tables and chairs toward the platform, where Andy was imploring Tip to come up and accept the award himself. (Everybody "knew" Tip was out there somewhere, incognito.) As I plodded up the steps Ted Pauls (I think) hissed at Andy, who was still talking, "Jeffrey D. Smith." And I was announced, and I was handed this immense trophy. I locked up and saw thousands of people staring at me, and quickly turned my gaze to the microphone.

I hate public speaking. In private speaking, relaxed, informal, I tend to a mild stammer. I avoid public speaking. Yet here I was, in front of much more than a class of students.

It went pretty well, though, actually. Because of the rushing sound in my ears I couldn't hear what I said too well, but it seemed smooth and coherent. I believe it was: "James Tiptree doesn't like awards, and this is his second this year. I don't know how I'm going to break it to him. But if he were here he would say 'Thank you' anyway, so I'll say 'Thank you' for him." That's close, anyway.

As I stepped down to the floor I noticed my sandals were wet; obviously I was dehydrating through the soles of my feet. I thought it would be quite an ignominious end to slip and gore myself with the Hugo, but I survived that crisis, too.

Due to the bustle around me I just barely heard that RENDEZ-VOUS WITH RAMA won the biggie, and then I was swamped with friends and photographers and such. Eventually I got the Hugo back to the room, where I hid it (and worried for the rest of the week about the reports of room break-ins), and resumed the general con activity. (At one point Harlan snarled at me, "You know you've got everyone thinking you're Tiptree?" I smiled sweetly.)

I rather expected to one day find the Hugo gone, with a little note saying "Thanks, Tip" left in its place. But that never happened.

The big question, the one I was asked more often than anything except "Is he here?", was "How are you going to get it to him?" The simplest thing I could think of was to take it to his post office in Virginia and have it waiting for him upon his return from Canada.

I felt very strange being in McLean. So many of people snoop around the area trying to find Tip I felt terribly guilty, even though I wasn't snooping. I kept waiting for someone to walk up behind me and rasp, "We don't want your kind in this town." But we found the post office, and hopefully convinced them to hold onto the thing rather than ship it up to Wisconsin, where Tip was going to pick up his mail for reading on the way back. Then we skeedad-dled back into Maryland.

And we came home and laid around sick for a couple days, and then *sigh* back to work.

THE
20-MILE ZONE



A LETTER
JAMES TIPTREE JR.

No mail box
Quintana Roo, Mex.
3 Apr 74

Dear Jeff:

Hi, the annual rite of sending you a cockroach-laden message from the mangrove swamps is now under way, with the added attraction that this year my type seems to be Mexican duplicator tape that runs when I spray it. If you can read this it probably means I didn't spray hard so for god's sake be warned. They have developed a new generation of weapons systems down here, if you step on one it carries you two yards before you can jump off.

I'm sitting and sweating and swatting in a broiling, roaring hot south wind the Mayas call But Kann, the Stuffer. It blows for days & nites, "stuffing" the North which then spews it back as a Norther. But this time of year the North hasn't got much blow in it. This is not, by the way, an "idyllic" beach like the Acapulco side, this is a raving brilliant blowing beach, storms of glittering coral dust, torn skies tumbling by, the surf creaming and blowing spume, the bay inside the reef has a million white lemmings running and plunging over it, everything glinting and gleaming and shrieking turquoise and jade shrieks, palms sweeping, birds going ass over endwise, only the noble frigate birds demonstrating calm. And then every so often the winds die for a day and the Mayas--and turistas--rush into every available bay and lagoon after fish and go about beaming Que bonita!...And next day the whole works blows back from the other way.

Yesterday we had a bit of excitement on the shore, a family of fishing tourists took one of the owners' skiffs out on the reef in a 20-30 mile souther, six people including a kid, and broached it. Everybody out!--So they all piled into the chop a mile offshore, no flippers or masks or nothing, and L'mus--remember him?--who was running the swamping skiff promptly headed for shore, abandoning the bobbing heads. After he had found some ranch-hands to help him turn the skiff over and empty it and replace the motor he went back and handed them their flippers, but they were by then almost ashore. I mentioned that this seemed a bit cavalier to the rancher, my friend, and he shook his head gravely. "Oh no," he said, "I would have done just the same. That motor is valuable. You should understand how he takes care of that motor; he chains it up at night. He did just right. After all, they could float."

So now I know what to expect if I go lobster-diving with L'mus.

I see his point. Motors are the lifeblood here. We figure there are about two hundred on the east coast of Yucatan. About 25 hp is what they find best, small enough to skim over the shallow lagoons and sturdy enough for the reef. They're switching to Yamahas now; chalk one up for Nippon.

Any friends or followers of L'mus, otherwise known as Audomaro Tzul the Maya puro, will be interested to know that he is converting from land-based electrician to marine. He has been taken on as general engineer and mechanic, and the motors are indeed his treasures. The guides here drive them through anything, and L'mus keeps them running with rusty nails and--literally--string. (In the accelerator heads.) The nails go as cotter pins. He is also taking to the

water himself since the departure of another brilliant little guy, Estéban Burgos, who was seemingly born under water and provided the ranch with lobsters single-handed. (No boat, nothing but four fantastically strong Maya limbs and the sea.) But the big news about L'mus is romance.

You may recall that when last heard of L'mus was busy courting the beautiful and at least quasi-virginal Rosalie Pech Balan. But when I came by this year, no more Rosa. Instead, we find the glistening and slick-down snake head of L'mus where? Gleaming before a filled side table in the camp kitchen, that's where. And the camp stove is presided over by Gregoria, a large, globular, brown, flashing-eyed and earringed and beruffled matronly widow of at least forty exciting years. It seems that after whatever happened with Rosa, L'mus took a good look around and headed straight for the well-filled hammock of Gregoria. So Gregoria's hammock is even better filled, and so, not coincidentally, is L'mus. If he is mourning the charms of Rosa he is doing it in front of an endless supply of damn good cooking. Gregoria hums and flashes and puts new garnishes on the burnt pargo, thoughtfully saving the best for the side table. Last time I was down there L'mus clocked in over an hour solid eating time. Presumably he can use the weight, that hammock must be bouncy.

But L'mus is really in his glory out on the water; he and Estéban were a sight to behold, fiercely upright in their skiffs in the flaming sea, right out of 3000 years ago if you overlook the madras briefs. Mayas have a habit of standing up in boats, practicable due to their low center of gravity. They also don't give a damn how many are aboard or how much water comes in. When a party of ranch hands passes going up to Tulum you see four or five stocky dark figures apparently proceeding through the waves without visible support, standing in a bunch on nothing. It takes several looks before the horizontal line of the staggering skiff can be made out under them. They go into the surf in whatever they're wearing, too. One dawn a huge cable drum washed up, and the foreman simply waded out fully dressed to wrestle it in. "The people on the next ranch steal EVERYTHING out of my sea," he complained to me, lowering his voice to a hiss and squinting his eyes, forgetting he was supposed to be Spanish. "Everything," he repeated, "poles, planks, lumber, nets," his voice went into a strange rhythmic singsong, and he twisted his neck with a most evil look, chanting imprecations in a way utterly unlike anything you've heard except Maya. He waded out to get it (I had discovered it) and I tried to "help" him horse it in. Christ, it was like trying to help a volcano; I barely got out of the way before he had that three-hundred pound sodden monster heaved out of the sandbar and rolling in. His little daughter, tagging along, laughed at me. I suggested the drum would make a good table, and he agreed, suddenly becoming again totally different; in an instant this barrel-shaped old man was a beautiful girl strutting in a hat-dance on the table.

A satisfying haul. The sea is a great supplier; everything but metal. Complete small boats come in over the reef from nowhere, Cuba or Jamaica four hundred miles away. One night a shrimp-boat broke up on the reef, and my rancher was mad at himself when he saw the lights of a crew from a ranch miles down the line, out in the breakers all night stripping her. A forty or forty-five foot boat; quite possibly abandoned for the insurance.

Development, unfortunately, is coming here fast; there have

been enormous changes in the five years since I first started coming by. The government has pushed the road through (it was a machete-cut trail) and is starting a bridge over the mouth of the lagoon, that used to be bridged only by an oil-drum ferry. (It was a day's work for the ranchers on the next key to get their cocos across. A pleasant day.) And a big tourist center is going up 70 miles north. The newly discovered big ruined city (Cobá) has been vandalised--true of everything here & in Guatemala and Honduras; the vandals even use chain-saws to slice the great stone steles. And it is now so accesible with the new coast road that it is as deep in Polaroid backing as in jungle. Hoards of campers, cycles and trailers are on the way; a few filter down here each week or so. People actually camp--even clear roads and dig wells--in somebody's ranchland. Last year an incredible phenomenon was in Yucatan: a trailer tour, very monied. Cadillac after Caddy, nose-to-exhaust, towing deluxe aluminum wombs, airstreams or what, hundreds. I was told they only stopped by big city supermarkets, where they loaded up, and never got out of their air-conditioning. Don't roll that window down, Marvin! You put it right back up before Mexico gets in! Great. A huge trailer-bearing cruise ship from Miami also docked just North (after running ignominiously aground the first try.) Discharging what I am told was the entire contents of about five nursing homes. The Eolero. A young girl who was on it told me she had never seen people eat so. "They were all--oh, excuse me--so old." I reassured her that I could bear the thought and was surprised to find that she had felt sympathy for these living hulks. "They were having fun." I fear I struck her as unsympathetic to my own; it rather humbled me hearing this dear little creature be so humane.

Live and learn.

Jeff, since I have not only had no news of you for months but not even much news of the US, I can't say anything very connected to reality. I wonder what you are doing--still the labs?--and how you both are. Of the US I hear only that the Great Polluter is still in the White House, the remaining wilderness is about to be strip-mined, and people are taking off their clothes for reasons which elude the Mexican press services. I trust that this is not an activity obligatory for all right-minded pinko communist radic-lib. But if the sight of Tiptree in the buff puffing down the GW memorial parkway is really deemed vital to world peace, so be it. We shall see. In a few weeks now. Meanwhile Jeff all good things to you and be sure good vibes are wavering toward you from the mangroves. If I get time and coolth to add a more sf type note I will, if it isn't in here's good wishes from yrs as ever. Fondly Fahrenheit. Whew!

Tip

...Much later; it's past midnight & a few refreshing beverages. Still blowing like a furnace, sea raving & crashing in the stage moonlight so bright you can see the indigo waters and cobalt sky, palm fronds thrashing with a perpetual sizzling strum-like static from space, the lavender shadows chasing themselves around over the shining sand like flat animals pouring by. The sea has taken most of the beach up to Puerto Morales, leaving an enormous opalescent shingle on which lone coconuts incoming from, maybe, Africa, play ghostly billiards. The strange parcel service of ocean. Dead men occasionally, plastic unending. A fluorescent tube came in waving like a submerged conductor's baton. The plague of dolls I mentioned a couple years ago seems to have ceased; whatever rites caused them



must have stopped. They were replaced by a sending of glass hypodermic vials--empty. Quick shoot-ups by the rail. Every year there is a harvest of the wooden planking used to stack freight, gratefully received by the Mayas. Lots of very big bamboo, occasionally immense mahogany logs from a Honduran barge. I mean immense; four foot diameters. Several such trees are buried in the beach, which uncovers them to gloat over and then covers them again. There is also a very old sailing vessel deep down, just the ribs showing. The bolts for the shrouds are visible at times; a sailor told me they were hand-poured in place, you can see where the hot metal ran. About two hundred years ago...Crash, crash; the sea is busy bringing a new beach up from Belise.

Guilty recall that this was supposed to be about sf. Well, I did read some; newest was a collection of Aldiss' he sent me, MOMENT OF ECLIPSE. Take a look at one killer in there, "Heresies of the Huge God." It tells nearly everything you need to know about religion--and should be afraid to ask. I like Aldiss; when he gets into high gear he's hot. He seems to have seen some of the places I met early, his piece on the living and the dying is the blow that makes you reel in India. And he's the only writer I know who has done something with a loa worm infestation; my uncle got one. What happens is that a fly lays an egg which hatches into a solitary hair-like worm which for the next seven or so years roams your body under the skin, looking, as I was told it, for its mate.

If you have gone back to Illinois of course the mate is missing, so the loa roams on, causing incredible swellings. One day you can't buckle your watch-strap, a week later you have a melon on your elbow. The idea is to wait until it crosses your eyeball and hook it out. The waiting is made interesting by the knowledge that if it wanders into your brain you die.

Listen, Tiptree: sf. OK. Oh hell--the main thing I've been into is a serious study of Tolkien's RING and reading H.G. Wells for the first time. I will spare you my conclusions beyond saying I take both very seriously indeed. One of the aspects which they share is that they are both strategies for handling almost unbearable grief. In Wells' DAYS OF THE COMET the fantastic, gut-tearing paean of hope reveals the wound beneath; it is the blinded crying for light. In Tolkien the held-back cry of bitter loss becomes lacerating; it is interesting to read that his first memories were of the ravaging of his childhood lands by the devastators of the railroad, and that in his youth, by 1918, all but one of his close friends had been killed in the war. His prescription is go on, go on; it stinks, it hurts, but go on. Somehow go on. Wells goes on, too; both men are, well, sturdy. Brave, one might have said in a simpler age. Both tremble toward sentimentality, are saved at each last moment by their brilliantly observing eyes, their regard for what is no matter how dismaying. And of course with Tolkien the rich airy landscape of words, his almost magical grasp.

In contrast I was reading another favorite, Malzberg; didn't too much like his IN THE ENCLOSURE--not so much new in it for me--but was delighted by one of his that seems to have slipped out unnoticed a couple of years back: REVELATIONS. Dear god what mythic ideas. M. is another of those in overt pain--Stop it, this has to stop, I can't bear any more. And his pain rises above exasperation and frenzy, it has metaphysical dimensions. But it is a somewhat different pain, less focussed. Everybody & everything hurts, for no known reason.

...I often feel that way.

Take a look at REVELATIONS. He has used his stock figure of the disenchanting astronaut in a now wild way. And the concept of the incredible TV talk-show host savagely driving to find, well, god, or something--to me unforgettable. And the way the thing comes out, the way you fall through dissolving realities. Some rough edges, some writing that bears signs of too long hours pounding out a story a day or whatever he does, but I'm not about to quibble with the oyster.

The main other item I went through was some Ballard, principally the CHRONOPOLIS group. I've decided not to shoot myself because of Ballard; he's great but he is for me on some kind of parallel track, his stories send me up but never have that ultimate personal reference.

Finally got around also to Aldiss's REPORT ON PROBABILITY A--probably the world's hardest story to end, after that maniacal obsessive crescendo flight through the microscope; a genuinely strange story. And--at last--Silverberg's antho NEW DIMENSIONS ONE, now I see why everybody was raving about Harlan's "Mouse Circus" & Le Guin's "Vaster than Empires and More Slow." That Harlan.

Well, all this and now I remember what I really wanted to chat at you about; which is, Tiptree's Year of the Women. Culminating in trying to write one for Vonda McIntyre's antho, AURORA. (Beyond Equality.) To do it honestly. I have as you probably know a talent for making any simple task into a soul-searing struggle, complete with intimations of mortality. But it grows late; let's break. Leaving for our next, if interested, how Tiptree found happiness in Womens Lib. I know now why women have always attracted me, you see: they are the real aliens we've always looked for...Yes. Now I feel better.

Send a line when you can; again, all the very best.

'Sta,
Tip

27 September 1974

Not bad. This issue took a little less than two months. I can't expect much better. Again, I'll start stencilling KYBEN 10 immediately; next issue will be almost exclusively letters. I have locs on KYBEN from #6 on, and I'll also be running the locs on PHANTASMICOM 11.

Why not publish them in PHANTASMICOM 12? you ask?

Oh. You guessed.

Yes, that's right. PHANTASMICOM is dead again, after all. I announced its death with 10, revived it with 11, and now, before 12 has a chance to get started...kaput.

It isn't like before, I promise you. It isn't because I decided not to go through all that aggravation. Au contraire, mes amis. I couldn't be happier with PhCOM than I am right now. PhCOM 11 was such a good issue (he said modestly), and response to it has been so flattering (gosh) that I was full of plans for 12.

And those plans will reach fruition. Just not in PHANTASMICOM, that's all.

The fanzine to look for is BLIND FAITH. For BF I will again be but one of two editors, just like the old days of PhCOM with Don Keller. BLIND FAITH will be a Jeff Smith/Dave Gorman production, about which I'm thrilled. Dave's GORBETT has made me envious for two years now, and at last I've insinuated myself in. Now I too can publish Sheryl Smith's fascinating critiques, and all those interesting letters, and everything. ~~Now/it/phantasmicom/dont/dont~~

Seriously, BLIND FAITH should be an excellent fanzine, one I hope you'll be interested enough in to subscribe to. It will be quarterly, sixty pages, three hundred copies. Catch that "three hundred copies," because we'll be coming back to it. The first issue, out in February, will have (believe it or not) the Charlie Hopwood article I've been promising for the last five issues of KYBEN, the Raccoona Sheldon short story I've mentioned here before, a reprint from GORBETT of Sheryl Smith's "The Ellison of Byronism,"

and as many regular people (like James Tiptree, Jeff Clark, Don Keller, Barry Gillam, Juanita Coulson, etc., etc.) as we can squeeze in. The second issue should have my symposium on Women in Science Fiction, with: Betty Ballantine, Suzy McKee Charnas, Ursula Le Guin, Virginia Kidd, Vonda McIntyre, Raylyn Moore, Joanna Russ, Tiptree, Kate Wilhelm, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, and maybe one or two others. And lots more to come. A good fanzine.

But we are not going to be sending out free too much. There are a dozen or so Permanent People who will be assured of getting it, and contributors, but the rest of you are going to have to pay our outrageous subscription prices: \$1.25 per issue, 4/\$4.00. A lot, yes, but Dave is keeping GORBETT and I am keeping KYBEN and we just cannot afford to foot the bill for a fanzine that loses as much money as PHANTASMICOM did. We figure there are three hundred people around who will help subsidize BF, and those are the ones who are going to get it. Even contributing to an issue won't guarantee you getting more than that issue, so I suggest that you all subscribe, and then watch your subscription extend and extend as we print all your sterling articles and locs. (Seriously, we can't promise complete runs to anybody except Permanent People and subscribers, and we will not be printing over three hundred copies per issue.)

Our policies aren't completely settled yet, so more next issue. Or write me a letter.

A couple quick news notes to wrap up the issue. Last time I mentioned Vangelis Papathanassiou as the probable new keyboard man for Yes, but instead it will be Patrick Moraz from Refugee. Papathanassiou ran into the same problems Tetsu Yamachi did when he joined Faces, as mentioned in KYBEN 5: He couldn't get a work permit for England.

And James Tiptree has a second collection coming out, sometime, from Ballantine. More on that next time, maybe.

Chow.

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