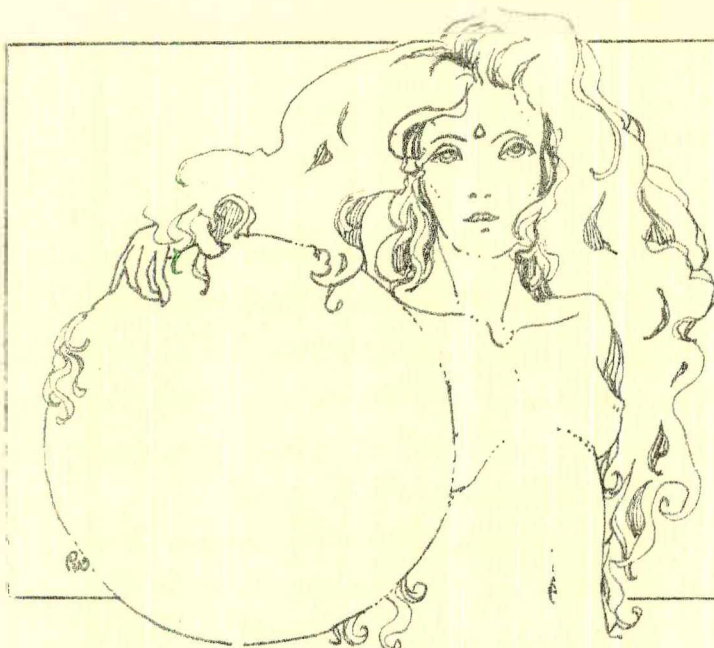


KYBEN 13



is edited by Jeff and Ann Smith, 1339 Weldon Avenue, Baltimore MD 21211, 301-889-1440. This is the January 1976 issue, although most of it was produced in September 1975, and no longer seems of vital importance. KYBEN is available for 35¢, \$1.00, or the usual. Back issues available are 2, 11 + 12. (Also available are subscriptions to KHATRU, a serious journal of science fiction discussion: \$1.25, 4/\$4.00. KHATRU is not available for trades.) On hand for KYBEN 14 (March): columns by Bob Sabella and James Tiptree, Jr., and an article by Don Ayres on the late Bernard Heinmann. This issue: "Jade" by Ann, "Nameless Natterings" by Jeff, "Büchs" reviewed by both of us, "Deadly Litter" (the letter-column), and More Nameless Natterings. The artwork is by Grant Canfield (4, 23), Paula Marmor (2), S. Randall (3), Bill Rotsler (5), Marc Schirmeister (10), James Shull (15), Al Sirois (22), and Bob Smith (1, 12, 17). This is Phantasmicom Press Publication # 42, and is copyright © 1976 by Jeffrey D. Smith.



# JADE

## Ann Smith

I don't know about you, but I'd always had the idea that bank work was mild, pleasant, and primarily boring. If I ever thought of it at all I assumed that since banks were straight so are most of the people they deal with. Ha!

I work at the main office of a fairly large savings bank in lovely downtown Baltimore. Until recently I was a teller. Now, it may have something to do with Baltimore, or the fact that we're in the center of the city, but personally I think we use subliminals in our advertising offering special interest rates to Weirds. I do not use the term lightly.

There are the couple of customers who use the main floor as a lavatory; the old woman with the poorest excuse for a wig which she holds on her head with an even more disreputable scarf, who mumbles loudly and smells worse than the monkey house in August; and then there's the Count.

Let me tell you about Count Dracula. This man practically has a room at the bank. He's in four or five times a day to deposit anything from a handful of change to a fistful of crumpled bills. The account is in the name of Count and Countess Dracula. Don't ask me how he got the government to go along with it, but even the checks he gets from the US are sent to the Bank payable to Count Dracula.

For all that he has a small fortune in the bank he dresses like a vagrant and does odd jobs all over town (as far as anyone knows). The bank is his home away from home, and, unfortunately, he likes me. He'll come up to my window and talk away. Unfortunately, I'm always polite to nut cases--I have a healthy respect for people who may suddenly become violent. He's generally okay, but the cops did haul him out of the bank one day because there was a warrant out on him for assault.

At any rate he generally just talks about how he was born into the wrong century, etc. The one that floored me was when he told me all about Hitler. Seems he met Hitler and Eva Braun and Goering in a bunker while waiting for the Russians to come



into the area (Germany I presume). At any rate he thinks Hitler was top notch--doing a "Good Thing." I told him what I thought of that but he ignored me and went on to say that they'd been so nice and offered him tea and cookies or somesuch.

The best is yet to come: The US Army taught the man German and sent him behind the lines to send back information--a task he didn't perform. While the girl working next to me is breaking up, I'm trying to decide if he really intends me to believe all this. But of course he does--for all I know he believes it.

The bank is very big on "Don't upset the customers." With the ones we get it's quite a challenge.

Of course, when things get boring there's always likely to be a new girl who thinks the silent alarm is a pencil sharpener and the next thing we know we're populated with lots of cops. And since I'm the only one with a customer everyone comes to me to know if I'm all right and I have no idea what's going on.

The police do not take kindly to running into a bank only to find one old lady buying bus tokens.

Nameless  
Watterings

Jeff Smith

I was brought up in a sports-minded family, and it rubbed off. (So was Ann, but it didn't with her.) My primary interest has always been baseball. (Not the playing of. In my one Little League season I failed to get a single hit. I have been playing a lot of softball recently, though, and enjoying it quite a bit.)

My grandfather was a big baseball fan. There was at least one season in which he saw virtually every Oriole home game--those he didn't attend from the start he showed up for around the eighth inning, and they let him in to see the end. He used to take me often. The first players' strike, some years back now, really disillusioned him, and he never went by himself after that. He would take the kids whenever we wanted to go, but refused to support the sport on his own. He loved the game, though. When the Orioles finally made it to the World Series, in 1966, tickets were not easy to come by. You had to apply by mail, and your order could not be postmarked earlier than a cer-



tain date. So there were huge lines of people at the main post office downtown, waiting for midnight. We were pretty much assured tickets, as a friend in the post office guaranteed our request would be in the first mailbag. Nonetheless, my grandfather stood in line with everyone else, to talk with them, because it was part of the general World Series ambience.

The most recent time I went to the game (to see a tremendous pitching duel between the Orioles' Jim Palmer and Catfish Hunter of the Yankees) (pitching battles are generally considered boring by the general spectator, though not to the fan) (we lost, 2-0) ballots were passed around. We were supposed to choose the Baltimore Orioles' "Most Memorable Moment" and "Most Memorable Personality" as some sort of Bicentennial something-or-other.

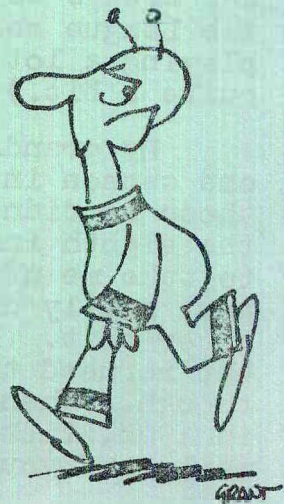
That's what sparked these natterings--a flood of memories inspired by the little booklet listing 31 nominees for "Most Memorable Moment."

The first one, "O's 1st home game," might have been memorable if I'd been older than 3. As it is, I remember nothing about it.

The third one, though: I Was There. September 20, 1958, relief pitcher Hoyt Wilhelm made a rare start and accomplished a rare achievement: He no-hit the Yankees; the New York team was undeniably the best in baseball, but they could not muster a single hit all afternoon long. At seven, I was not fully aware how important a no-hitter was, but it was a marvelous game nonetheless. We won by only 1-0 (on a home run by my then-hero, Big Gus Triandos, in the seventh inning), and to this day I feel that any no-hitter that is won by more than 1-0 is not a "pure" no-hitter.

I learned a lot about no-hitters after that Wilhelm game, and waited avidly for the next one. The next year I saw Hal Brown pitch a one-hitter against the Yankees. The only hit was a Mickey Mantle home run, and we won 4-1. That's the closest I've come to seeing another no-hitter.

A little while later (I don't remember the year) I heard on the radio probably the weirdest no-hitter ever thrown. The team with no hits won. I don't recall the details (a lot of walks, I know that)--only the horror of lying in a dark room and listening to Steve Barber and then Stu Miller giving up two runs without allowing a hit. I felt sick. We lost, 2-1.





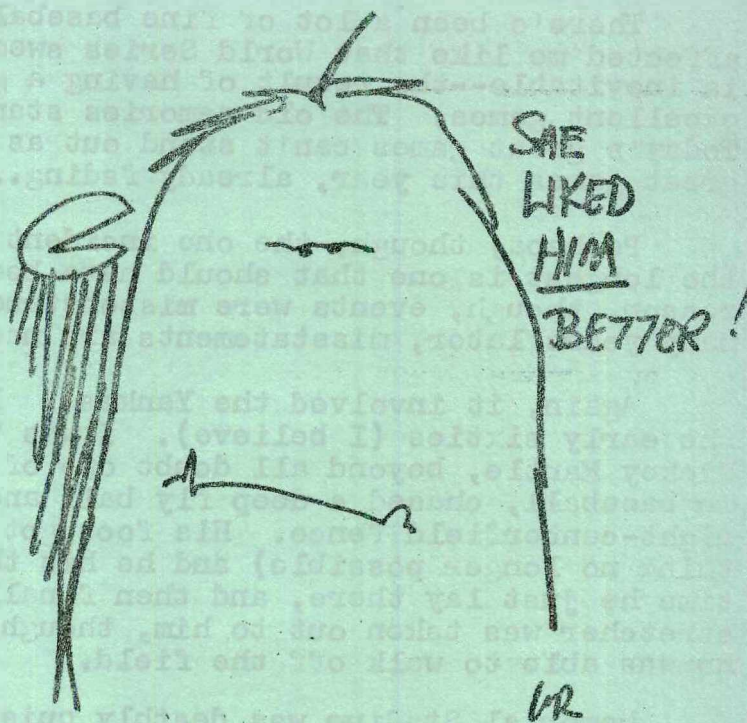
#6 I have remote memories of. I didn't see or hear the game, but I recall a friend running out of his house and yelling that Jim Gentile had just hit his second consecutive bases-loaded home run.

#9: "That Yankee Game." Oh yes. I remember June 23, 1964. The Orioles were playing New York, and losing. I was watching the game on tv. In the eighth inning we were down 7-2, and the first two men up were out. You only get three outs so things didn't look good. Then the Birds erupted and scored seven

runs over the next half-hour or so. This is quite likely the most exciting baseball I have ever seen. It was so exciting I didn't even see a lot of it--I kept turning the set off for thirty-second intervals and turning it back on. I couldn't bear to see the third out. Eventually the inning came to an end, but wow! That game will live in a lot of memories a long time.

#11: Frank Robinson made one of the greatest defensive plays it's likely I'll ever see, on June 21, 1966. I'll just quote the pamphlet on this one: "Roy White's 2-out 9th inning 3-run homer in Yankee Stadium would have beaten the Birds 8-7 except that Frank Robinson leaped high, caught the ball, then tumbled into the stands for a game-ending game-saving catch, and the O's won 7-5." Televised, fortunately, and preserved for posterity.

#14: 1966 World Series. After twice coming close (1960 and 1964) the Orioles at last won the American League pennant and met the Los Angeles Dodgers in the Series. I mentioned earlier that we had tickets. Games 3, 4 and 5 were scheduled to be played in Baltimore, and my parents and I split our set of tickets, I getting game 4 and they getting 3 and 5. The Series is taken by the first team to win four games. The Orioles won the first two games, in LA, and were met at the airport here by an ecstatic crowd. My parents went to the first Series game ever played in this city and the Birds won again, a tight 1-0 game. This put my parents in a quandry. They of course wanted to see the underdog Orioles demolish the National League team, but if the Series only went four games their game 5 tickets would be useless. I rather think they half-rooted against the team as they watched the game on tv. But I saw them win, and Memorial Stadium went wild, and the entire city of Baltimore went wild, and there was dancing in the streets to be sure--and I don't think my parents really minded cashing in those tickets. #14 is my choice for the Orioles' "Most Memorable Moment." Pure magic!





There's been a lot of fine baseball since, but nothing that's affected me like that World Series sweep. (Perhaps part of this is inevitable--the result of having a great team, and consistently excellent games. The old memories stand out from a mediocre field. Today's great games can't stand out as well. And there were some great games this year, already fading...)

Perhaps, though, the one incident that will remain with me the longest is one that should have been insignificant. For some reason, though, events were misconstrued by the press and still, many years later, misstatements are made about that evening.

Again, it involved the Yankees. It happened in Baltimore, in the early sixties (I believe). I was there. Yankee outfielder Mickey Mantle, beyond all doubt one of the greatest players ever in baseball, chased a deep fly ball and ran full-tilt into the right-centerfield fence. His foot got caught in the fence (something no longer possible) and he hit the ground hard. For a long time he just lay there, and then finally he moved. When the stretcher was taken out to him, though, he refused it. With help, he was able to walk off the field.

Memorial Stadium was deathly quiet through all this, no sound but soft murmuring. When Mantle walked off the field, though, he received a tremendous amount of applause--applause that signified the crowd's relief that this man was not seriously hurt.

I know. I was there.

To this day, Baltimore-detractors condemn sports fans here (we are generally known as "bad" fans, whatever that means), and the prime example cited is that evening when we cheered when Mickey Mantle hurt himself.

This is something that makes me very bitter.

Turning to happier things--the Orioles' "Most Memorable Personality" is no contest. Perhaps the biggest reason there are baseball fans in Baltimore is because we have been able to watch Brooks Robinson play, game after game, year after year. We have had some outstanding players here over our twenty-two seasons--but none has meant as much to the sport as Brooks.

(I never got to turn in my ballot--my usher didn't collect them like he was supposed to, and I couldn't find the ballot boxes.)

I know a lot of people can't sit still for baseball's slow pace--but it's been the source of a great deal of pleasure to me over the years. I may not follow it as closely as I once did (something I'm not sure Ann believes), but I love it nonetheless.

13

I like to think that even had I not gone out to see a Yes concert in the summer of 1972, I would still have become a Yes fan. I hope so, at any rate; I hate to think that that easily I could have missed out on one of the great pleasures of my life. (That is not hyperbole.)

It was Merriweather Post Pavilion in Columbia, Maryland, July or August 1972, Yes's second or third American tour. We went to a



lot of concerts that summer; Merriweather had \$2.50 tickets. Yes seemed worth two-fifty, though I can guarantee I wouldn't have paid any more than that. I didn't have any of their albums, though I had played my brother's copies of THE YES ALBUM and FRAGILE. I hadn't really been impressed, but I mildly liked them, and some friends convinced me it would be a show well worth seeing. They were more than right.

The \$2½ tickets allowed you to wander around the grass behind the seats, and with the binoculars we had a pretty good view. This was the tour that was recorded, for the live YESSONGS album. At the time I was fairly unfamiliar with their music, so I really didn't know what they were playing. I can only assume that they played basically the material on YESSONGS. I don't think they opened with "Siberian Khatru" (it seems to me they played a couple other songs before playing the newer pieces), and I'm pretty sure they didn't play "Close to the Edge," but on the other hand I think they did "The Clap." At any rate, I came away Very Impressed, and a total convert to Yesfandom.

This love, admiration and respect for the group grew more and more, every time I listened to their records. In December of 1974 they released TALES FROM TOPOGRAPHIC OCEANS, and that to me is THE album, period. They toured again that winter, and on February 13, 1974, they came to the Baltimore Civic Center. The Civic Center is a terrible place for concerts, awful acoustics, but we lucked out considerably. Not only did we get good seats from a visual standpoint, slightly off-center about twenty-five rows back, but sound-wise we were perfectly situated--the sound mixing equipment was just to our left, right in our row. The sound was pretty terrible at first, but as their wizard engineer Eddie Offord slaved over his board, before too long I felt like I was wearing headphones. Perfect sound. Those were the best seats I've ever had at any concert, and I have the feeling (as you'll see) that I've been paying for them ever since. The program was as follows: "Siberian Khatru"--"And You and I"--"Close to the Edge"--piano solo --(intermission)--the entire TALES FROM TOPOGRAPHIC OCEANS (something audiences later in the tour didn't hear; in fact, Baltimore may be the last place they played all eighty minutes)--encore: "Roundabout."

The concerts kept getting better after that, but my seats kept getting worse. The next concert was at the Civic Center again, December 12, 1974--three days after their latest album, RELAYER, came out. We sat in our expensive seats staring at the speakers, able to see about half the band--the bassist mostly, the singer usually, the back of the guitarist, sometimes one arm of the drummer, and the keyboard man when he walked off stage. Fortunately for the evening, they played superbly, totally imbued with new enthusiasm by their recently-acquired keyboard player, Patrick Moraz. The night was far from wasted. The program: "Sound Chaser"--"Close to the Edge"--"To Be Over"--"The Gates of Delerium"--"And You and I"--"Ritual"--encore: "Roundabout."

Yes didn't play Baltimore on their most recent tour, but they came close enough. We saw them twice: Monday, July 21, at the Spectrum in Philadelphia, and Thursday the 24th, at the Capitol Centre in Largo, Maryland, right outside DC. I got my Philly tickets very late, and they were behind the stage. Nonetheless, they were slightly better than the last Civic Center seats; we could see more. (We'd have seen quite a lot if they hadn't raised a screen between us and the group.) I was looking forward, though,



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A HISTORY OF YES

being an imaginary two-record anthology  
of Yes's career, compiled by Jeff Smith

side one -- 23:43

Jon Anderson/Peter Banks/Bill Bruford/Tony Kaye/Chris Squire  
SURVIVAL -- Anderson -- 6:01  
SWEET DREAMS -- Anderson/Foster -- 3:48  
TIME AND A WORD -- Anderson/Foster -- 4:31  
Jon Anderson/Bill Bruford/Steve Howe/Tony Kaye/Chris Squire  
STARSHIP TROOPER -- Anderson/Squire/Howe -- 9:23

side two -- 22:25

YOURS IS NO DISGRACE -- Yes -- 9:36  
Jon Anderson/Bill Bruford/Steve Howe/Chris Squire/Rick Wakeman  
WE HAVE HEAVEN -- Anderson -- 1:30  
HEART OF THE SUNRISE -- Anderson/Squire/Bruford -- 10:34  
WE HAVE HEAVEN (reprise) -- Anderson -- :45

side three -- 24:26

ROUNABOUT -- Anderson/Howe -- 8:29  
SIBERIAN KHATRU -- Anderson/Howe/Wakeman -- 8:57  
Jon Anderson/Steve Howe/Chris Squire/Rick Wakeman/Alan White  
I'VE SEEN ALL GOOD PEOPLE -- Anderson/Squire -- 7:00

side four -- 24:56

"Finale" from RITUAL -- Yes -- 10:20  
Jon Anderson/Steve Howe/Patrick Moraz/Chris Squire/Alan White  
TO BE OVER -- Yes -- 9:00  
"Soon" from THE GATES OF DELERIUM -- Yes -- 5:28

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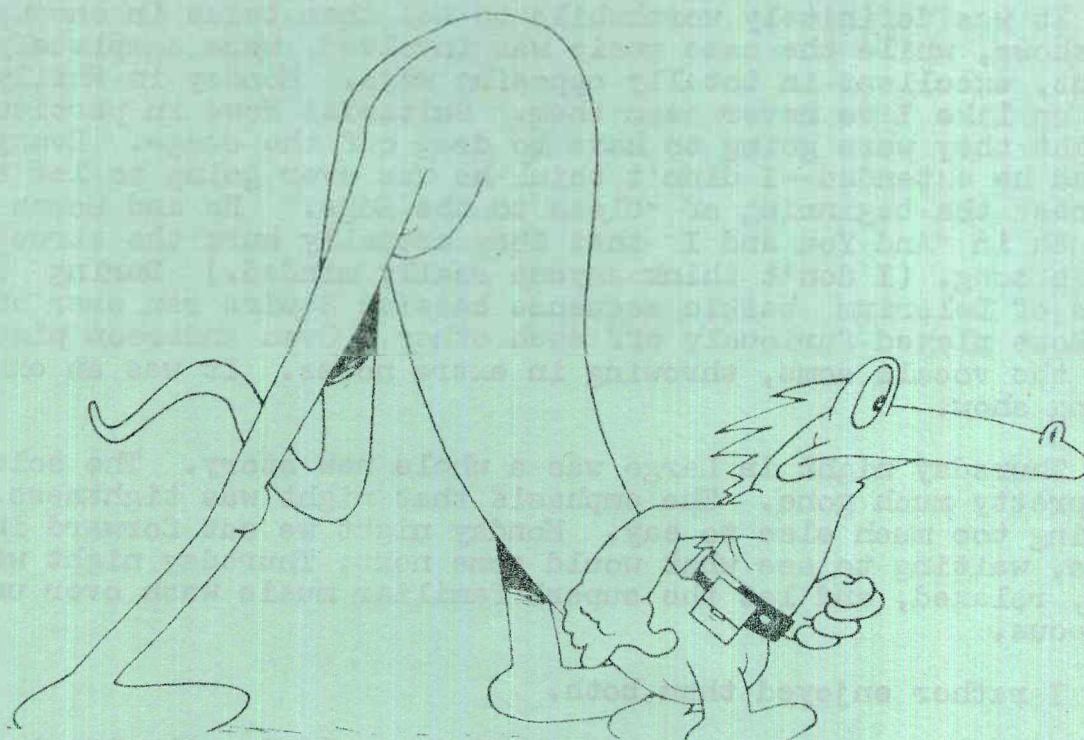
to the Largo show, for which I thought I might have good seats. The Smith luck held, though, oh yes: we walked in and sat down about thirty feet from the stage left speakers, which obscured everything. (The same seats in Philly would have been fine, because there the speakers were above the stage, not on the side of it.) I was in misery--three strikes and you're out. I felt I would never get good seats at a Yes concert again. Fortunately, Freff (who was sitting next to us) decided to complain. After all, we had paid a lot of money to stare at those speakers! Lo and behold, the Capitol Centre gave us some very comfortable folding chairs a few sections back where we could see practically everything. (We didn't mind not being directly in the line of sound, either; I think Yes plays a little bit louder than optimum.)

The show was similar to the December one: "Sound Chaser"-- "Close to the Edge"--"And You and I"--"The Gates of Delerium"-- "Your Move"--"Mood for a Day"--"Long Distance Runaround"--piano solo--"The Clap"--"Ritual"--first encore: "Roundabout"--second encore in Philly: "Sweet Dreams"--second encore at Largo: "Starship Trooper." The short pieces between "The Gates of Delerium" and "Ritual" were all acoustic, and that particular set was outstanding--particularly "Long Distance Runaround," which had been completely redone from the version on FRAGILE, and much improved. In fact, the older version now sounds pretty lame, though it never









of some of them after a couple weeks, so I have some free time again.

Sunday--I liked the opening episode of SPACE: 1999, mostly for its attention to detail. The acting is atrocious, though, and the scripts are trying to match it. I also dislike the lack in continuity--none of the later episodes have had anything to do with the first episode, and I don't watch that show any more. CHER is nice to have on while I'm doing something else, and NBC's SUNDAY MYSTERY MOVIE is starting off well.

Monday--RHODA, PHYLLIS and ALL IN THE FAMILY. Baltimore is not carrying THE INVISIBLE MAN. Awwwww.

Tuesday--I've always liked GOOD TIMES, and watch it very often. WELCOME BACK, KOTTER is new but is pretty much a throwback to the old days of silly, non-relevant comedies. It owes little to ROOM 222. I've enjoyed it so far, but it may prove tiring. I only watch it because it fills the time between GOOD TIMES and POLICE STORY. Fortunately, there's nothing on at ten o'clock that interests me.

I bowl on Wednesdays, so I miss WHEN THINGS WERE ROTTEN. But I get home in time to watch KATE McSHANE, and I like that a lot. Anne Meara is excellent as a lawyer who gets a little too emotionally involved in her cases, causing her pain. This may not be THE LAW, but it may be the second best lawyer series we've had.

Thursday--This is my tv night. DON ADAMS' SCREEN TEST is shown on Thursdays in Baltimore, and this is a show I like. Aside from the fact that it's funny (an aspiring actor or actress and an established one replay a scene from a famous old movie, and most of the show consists of the outtakes), the weekly prize is terrific.



ic--whoever is judged the best of the two contestants on each show wins a bit part in a movie or tv show (GENERAL HOSPITAL, THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN, the new Mike Nichols movie)--a truly valuable prize for someone wanting to break into film. NBC is taking care of the hour I waste watching THE MONTEFUSCOS and FAY, by canceling them both. THE MONTEFUSCOS was amusing, but FAY had tons of potential and deserved better than it got. NBC should have moved it to another time slot and tried to find its audience, for it was a true quality show. Oh well, I'll probably end up watching THE WALTONS. Then there's ELLERY QUEEN, which is both a good show and a disappointing one. It's good because it's clever and well-done, but it's disappointing because it's not Ellery Queen--something, unfortunately, that the stars and producers are proud of, positive they've improved the character. Actually they've just made him less original--but in that case it's probably true that the "new" Queen will be more acceptable to a mass audience.

Finishing up Thursdays is my favorite program of the new season, MEDICAL STORY. I was anxiously awaiting the program ("anxiously" because I was hoping it would be good but afraid it might not be). I was a bit worried they might go in for overkill, nothing but exposes of bad doctors. There is a lot of that--more so than there was when POLICE STORY opened, but then doctors haven't had the bad press the police have had, until very recently. MEDICAL STORY is basically a positive show, though, concentrating more on the good doctors than the bad ones. It's an honest program (like POLICE STORY, but unlike its other partners, POLICE WOMAN and JOE FORRESTER), and, as befits its life-and-death subject matter, often genuinely moving. Ratings are so-so. Ann suggests that people would rather see a MARCUS WELBY in which the doctor is superman, and she's probably right. As for me, this show comes when I was losing all confidence in doctors, and I find this watching of committed people battling mediocrity uplifting rather than depressing. It's an excellent series.

Friday--Well, I watch BIG EDDIE, which is amusing, but only because I like Sheree North, and because the show that follows, M\*A\*S\*H, is essential. Perhaps the best show on tv. The new season has not been a let-down, despite the loss of two major characters. And then MASTERPIECE THEATRE--not really a good follow-up to M\*A\*S\*H, but an excellent show and well worth watching. This is the first time we've been able to watch this, as the PBS station in Baltimore has a weak transmitter and we can only see it under good conditions. Oddly enough, Annapolis started a PBS station with a very strong transmitter, and we can get that fine.

Saturday--Fortunately, the only thing I'm interested in is THE MARY TYLER MOORE SHOW, so Saturdays are fairly free.

The glass teat indeed. What a time-killer!

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From the tourist map of Yellowstone National Park:

NOTICE TO BEARS

BEWARE OF SABOTAGE

We want to warn you that certain humans in this park have been



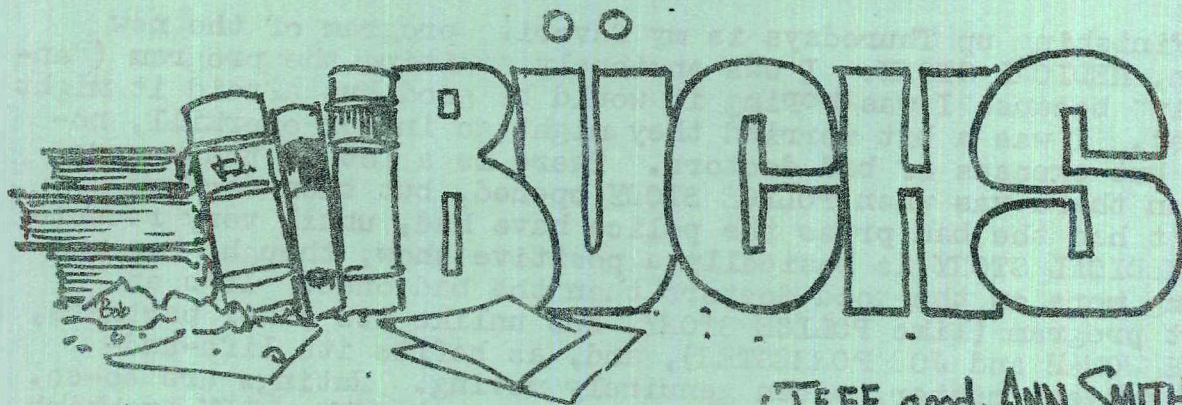
passing the biscuits and soda pop to some of your brothers. Keep your self-respect--avoid them. Don't be pauperized like your uncles were last year. You remember what happened to those panhandlers, don't you?

Do you want gout, an unbalanced diet, vitamin deficiencies, or gas on the stomach? Beware of "ersatz" foodstuffs--accept only natural foods and hunt these up yourself.

These visitors mean well but they ignore the signs. If they come too close, read this notice to them. They'll catch on after awhile.

The Committee

IF YOU CAN'T READ, ASK THE  
BEAR AT THE NEXT INTERSECTION



Jeff Smith first:

Since KYBN 11 I've read approximately three dozen books--not as many as I'd like, but too many to cover in depth now. (In fact, with my poor memory I couldn't cover some of the older ones in depth if I wanted to.) I'll run through as many as I can here, and we'll consider ourselves caught up.

A series I've been diligently reading has been Pyramid's Harlan-Ellison-of-the-Month Club. I've read six of the first eight so far. (I haven't reread PARTNERS IN WONDER yet, and I just picked up THE DEADLY STREETS.) (Two of the eight are science fiction, and of the sixteen titles so far announced six are sf. Yet if you want to find these books you will probably have to look on the science fiction shelves. I don't blame Harlan for being unhappy about this situation.) These are nice editions, with new material, Dillon covers (not their best, but still fine) and well-chosen photographs of Harlan on the back. THE GLASS TEAT (1970) is one of his best books, slightly dated in sections, but most of the essays hold up still. PAINGOD AND OTHER DELUSIONS (1965) is a mid-level sf collection, with good but mostly minor stories. The new introduction is extremely moving. The new story ("Sleeping Dogs") included is minor enough to fit right in. Lester del Rey picked it for his best-of-the-year anthology. Right. MEMOS FROM PURGATORY (1961) is the largest slice of autobiography Harlan has yet written, his time with the kid gang in Brooklyn, and his resultant time in jail. These three books I reread, with great pleasure. The next three I read for the first time. THE OTHER GLASS TEAT (1975) did not, on the whole, impress me as much as the first volume, but there is some excellent ma-



terial here: Harlan's adventures on THE DATING GAME, his original script for THE YOUNG LAWYERS (better than the average tv script, not as good as the average Ellison short story), and the butchery it underwent--as eloquent an indictment of television as I have ever seen, and as depressing. SPIDER KISS (1961) is a novel about rock in the late fifties. The blurb on the back (probably written by Harlan, I'm afraid) absurdly calls it "one of Ellison's best novels;" he's only written three and I liked both the other two better. SPIDER KISS has its moments, but only moments. GENTLEMAN JUNKIE (1961) is a much better book than I must admit I expected it to be. As short stories these are quite minor, but all together these vignettes and character studies form a complete picture of the portion of society circa 1960 that Ellison was most familiar with. Really an excellent book.

I also read one non-Pyramid Ellison--PHOENIX WITHOUT ASHES by Edward Bryant and Harlan Ellison (Fawcett). This is a novel by Bryant based on an Ellison screenplay, and one of the best novelizations I've ever read. Bryant has done far more than translate from one medium to another (I assume, not having read the script), but has brought his own sensitivity to the job. There's little original in the plot, but the treatment makes the book worth reading.

I reread a couple Edgar Rice Burroughs', AT THE EARTH'S CORE and THE MONSTER MEN, and enjoyed them both. THE MONSTER MEN is pretty awful (particularly when you know the ending already), but AT THE EARTH'S CORE is one of ERB's better works. Also a couple from one of his counterparts, Robert E. Howard: ALMURIC and CONAN (the latter by Robert E. Howard, L. Sprague de Camp and Lin Carter). ALMURIC is a Burroughs pastiche I had never read before, and pretty interesting. The hero continually over-hypes his macho qualities, but Howard's supernatural bent and the ERB-ish elements he adopted for this one work combined for an oddly pleasant book. CONAN is a very minor collection, with two good stories ("The Tower of the Elephant" and "Rogues in the House," both by Howard), three okay stories ("The Hall of the Dead" by Howard and de Camp, "The God in the Bowl" by Howard, and "The Hand of Nergal" by Howard and Carter) and two awful ones ("The Thing in the Crypt" and "The City of Skulls," both by Carter and de Camp). I still prefer the comics.

Still in my minor reading, I conquered three James Bonds and the same number of Travis McGees. The Flemings are DOCTOR NO, GOLDFINGER and FOR YOUR EYES ONLY. DOCTOR NO shows the real emergence of Super-Bond, the Bond the movies used, rather than the Bond of the early novels. Unfortunate. GOLDFINGER is similar. FOR YOUR EYES ONLY is a book of five short stories, the last of which, "The Hildebrand Rarity," is one of the best short stories I've read in a long time. Look it up if you can. The Macdonalds are BRIGHT ORANGE FOR THE SHROUD, DARKER THAN AMBER and ONE FEARFUL YELLOW EYE. These are McGee novels, and there's little more that I can say about them. I enjoyed them all; I like Macdonald. Some people don't.

One book I really enjoyed, non-fiction, was STAYING ALIVE! by Maurice and Maralyn Bailey (Ballantine). Sailing alone across the Pacific in 1973, the Baileys were struck by a whale and their boat sank. They were very fortunate in being able to supply a life-raft and a nine-foot dinghy before they were forced to aban-



don their yacht. Nonetheless, granting their luck there cannot diminish the extent of their ordeal--they drifted for almost four months before they were seen (although they saw seven ships whose attention they could not get). This diary of survival is an incredible document, and although Ballantine is charging \$1.50 for a 129-page book, I recommend it as worth the price. This volume is truly fascinating. Four months! Remarkable...

As for science fiction, the highlight was Ursula K. Le Guin's *THE DISPOSSESSED* (Harper & Row, Avon), which I'd started when it came out but hadn't really had time to read. This time, though, I went through the novel with great pleasure. I don't suppose a capsule review would do anybody any good at this time--if you've decided not to read it, I won't be able to change your mind. However, I must protest Avon's packaging. They chose intriguing quotes from reviews, and wrote decent enough blurbs, so that people picking the book up would be interested in buying it. The idea being to get non-sf readers, right? Why, then, did they saddle it with an ugly space scene of a cover, so that people who might be impressed by the blurbs won't even pick the book off the rack? I'm not too sure how well the hardback cover fits the novel (not too badly, I suppose), but at least it's non-offensive, even attractive. The paperback cover cannot claim any of that.

Avon's packaging of *WATERSHIP DOWN* by Richard Adams is more interesting. Only once in a huge number of blurbs does it mention that the novel is about rabbits. The other twenty-one reviews just say it's a great book. And at any rate, it's a very good one. Its faults cannot detract from its overall impact. If you've avoided the book because you don't like fantasy of whatever quality, that's reasonable. If you've avoided it only because you're wary of rabbits--wrong move. The ending didn't impress me (the ideas were all there, but Adams' storytelling fell flat), but otherwise I spent every day at work relating what I had read the night before--and the only other books I've done that with lately have been *THE DISPOSSESSED* and *STAYING ALIVE!* *WATERSHIP DOWN*, like *THE DISPOSSESSED*, was written with great sensitivity, and is an extremely satisfying read.

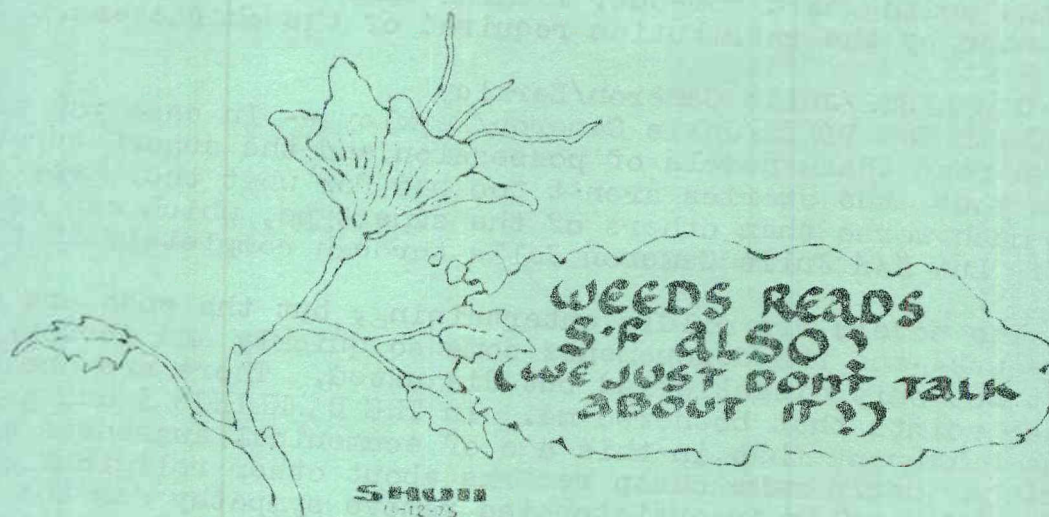
I picked up the Schocken paperback of *BILLION YEAR SPREE*, Brian Aldiss's "true history of science fiction." While overbalanced in its coverage, spending inordinate amounts of time on some writers to the detriment of others, it is all-told an excellent volume. A real history of sf, that is, of science fiction, and not science Fiction writers, has probably been most closely approached by Sam Lundwall with his *SCIENCE FICTION: WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT* (Ace), though I wouldn't consider that a really definitive study by any means. I don't know what to suggest about getting such a real history written: I certainly wouldn't attempt it.

I must confess to a surprising and distressing amount of boredom at two books I had anxiously awaited: *THE FEMALE MAN* by Joanna Russ and *THE NEW ATLANTIS* edited by Robert Silverberg, with stories by Wolfe, Le Guin and Tiptree. The Russ book (Bantam) had its moments, to be sure, and there were pages I was caught up in, lines of wit, paragraphs of drama, pages of burning truth, etc. But it did not fall into a cohesive whole for me. Having read it only once, I am not about to blame Joanna for this; the fault may well be my own. But I got little pleasure out of that one reading.



THE NEW ATLANTIS (Hawthorn) affected me similarly. I just could not get interested in any of the three novellas. Again, pieces of each grabbed me, but not the whole. Alas, am I losing my taste for sophisticated speculative fiction? Only time will tell....

Am I losing my taste for science fiction, period? I've been reading a lot of mysteries, and a lot of just plain junk. I've read two volumes in Avon's SF REDISCOVERY series, Philip Jose Farmer's STRANGE RELATIONS and Harry Harrison's DILL, THE GALACTIC HERO, and while I enjoyed them both, the old thrill wasn't there. Alas, oh wail, oh gnash of teeth! Tune in next issue to see if things have changed.



reviews by Ann Smith:

THE COMPUTER CONNECTION/Alfred Bester/Derkley-Putnam -- To the brst of my knowledge, I have never before read anything by Bester, so I can make no comparisons with his early work. However, for those of you who have waited the twenty years since THE STARS MY DESTINATION: Congratulations, your patience has been rewarded. An excellent piece of work, this book is neither flashy nor arty, but has a complex, meaty plot, characters in every sense of the word, and a quiet sense of humor and humanness that underlies everything. In short, this book is done to a turn.

The future society is well-defined--New York's disaster carried to extreme proportions and spread over the continent. Anti-intellectualism and ignorance form the way of life for the masses.

The bastard spanglish is a joy to read, though fortunately most of the book is in English, one of the advantages of having characters who spanned previous generations. Another obvious advantage is an overview of the present civilization.

One of the better facets of the novel is the delineation of the immortals (or "molecule men") themselves. By virtue of the circumstances surrounding their creation they are a motley crew, their only similarities immortality itself, and eccentricity (born



of human minds given unlimited time, leisure and wealth). They were originally human, so most of them continue to identify strongly with humans. They do not reek of the cold superiority commonly associated with immortals in the literature. The strongest element preventing a disdain for "shorts" is Bester's gift of immortality-with-a-catch: the immortals can survive on any substance for air or food, but they must beware of injuries. Major injuries especially leave them prone to a hideous disease, and they can be killed by direct damage to the heart or brain. Therefore you have none of the heroics or looking for bizarre kicks of those who cannot die. So when they attempt to destroy a computer which for all intents runs the country, they do so at a real personal risk.

I was entranced from the beginning to the end of THE COMPUTER CONNECTION, and while I feel there will be people who will object to the ending as a cop-out, I think this is minimal and that it is leavened by the retribution required of the characters.

THE DARKLINGS/Julie Cameron/Berkley

DEVIL IN THE PINES/Julie Cameron/Berkley -- In case you are tempted to read these novels of possession and the supernatural, let me warn you: the stories aren't too bad for what they are, certainly not much worse than others of the same type, which can be great fun. But ~~Y/Y~~ Julie Cameron falls through completely in the endings.

The novels are mildly entertaining, but the ends are complete cop-outs--and the denouements come so quickly and abruptly one is left not only dissatisfied but disgusted. There are one or two other points that bothered me. In THE DARKLINGS I had a very hard time believing that in this age of ecumenical awareness a young minister would make cheap remarks about other religions seriously. This and similar inconsistencies remove sympathy for the characters. In short, the rest of the books do not make putting up with the large frustrations of the endings worthwhile.

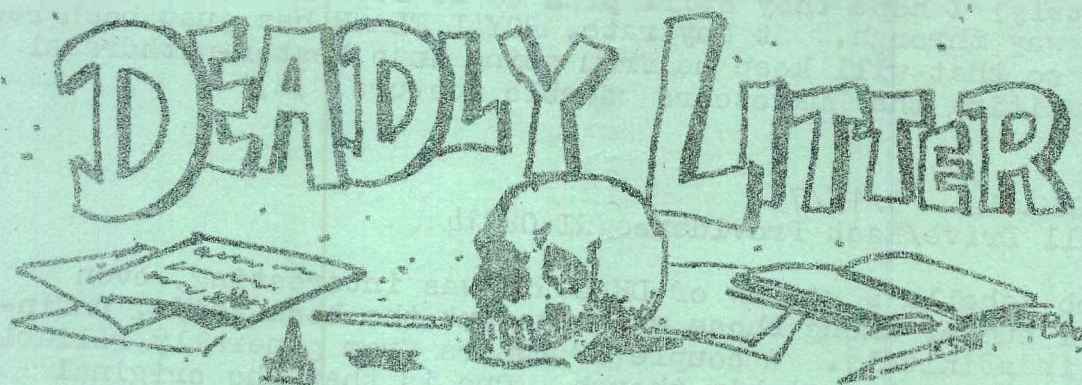
SARNIA/Hilary Ford/Ballantine

SARSEN PLACE/Gwendoline Butler/Ballantine -- Who says there is no such thing as an intelligent heroine in a Gothic? Here we have two heroines who are not only intelligent, but liberated. Unfortunately, one of the failings of SARSEN PLACE is Mary Lamont's liberation. The daughter of a widowed artist and teacher, she has an acquaintance with some of the real sides of life. No sheltered violet here, her father often has affairs, and his models at times are ladies from the local cathouse. Mary works as governess to the granddaughter of a "sensitive" high-class woman, a stopgap until she can enroll in the university in the fall. And herein lies the main problem. Some of her friends are true workers in the cause of women's rights, and Mary spends a great deal of her time saying how very advanced and clever she is. All her airs about her intelligence become very obnoxious and get very much in the way of what otherwise is an intelligent and different Gothic. Unfortunately, extreme dislike of the heroine is a decided disadvantage.

The heroine of SARNIA, Sarnia, is intelligent and independent. She works at a bank, one of the few in the period which has women clerks, after her mother's death ends a pension. Without ever making a big deal over the fact, she shows that she is not a frail, stupid female. Sarnia is, however, a totally normal person with

(continued on page 23)





MIKE GLICKSOHN 9/28/75  
141 High Park Avenue/Toronto/Ontario M6P 2S3/Canada

I know very little about modern films, going to the movies about as often as I publish fanzines (and the last KENIUM appeared nine months ago) but even I know that THE FOUR MUSKETEERS was the second half of something originally conceived of as a single entity. This, among other things, the so-called "reviewer" seemed unaware of and it's amazing someone so ill-informed holds down that position. It's like getting Bowers to write articles on publishing attractively mimeod fanzines, for heavens' sake! (S(Worse yet, Mike Brown is now--and may even have been then--editor of the paper.)S)

If I had all sorts of time on my hands and nothing much to do with it (snort followed by howls of slightly strident hysterical laughter) I'd give DHALGREN a try, just to see if I'd be as totally bored with it as every review I've read has led me to believe I would be, but unless the threatened teachers' strike occurs and lasts for a year or more, I can't see the situation coming about. Delany loses his nickel royalties, I guess.

WAYNE W. MARTIN 9/27/75  
4623 E. Inyo/Apartment E/Fresno CA 93702

The FOUR MUSKETEERS bit was nice. However, the scheming fellows who split the movie into two films (to initial outrage from the stars who'd been paid for one film, but additional remuneration settled that) in the first place are now attempting to release the combined version as a third movie. The same bunch also have plans on the board for a new Superman movie--but done as a serious drama. Yeah...

(S(The way director Richard Lester explained it in a tv interview, originally THE THREE MUSKETEERS was supposed to be one long film, and the neat break at halftime was for an intermission and to help television figure out it could be shown on two nights. The distributors, unfortunately, refused to take more than 100-or-so minutes. Lester first considered editing the film down to that length--but then hit upon doing two films. (And, yes, the producers neglected to tell the actors they'd just made two mo-



vies.) The "third" movie is actually a restoration of the original--the whole story in one film. I haven't heard too much about this lately; I hope they still plan to do it. I'd love to see it all the way through. At any rate, ROYAL FLASH has just been released, so that will keep me from going into Lester-withdrawal while awaiting the Musketeers "double feature.")S)

DON D'AMASSA 9/15/75  
19 Angell Drive/East Providence RI 02914

Bob Sabella's review of DHALGREN was interesting, even though I number among those who have put the book aside, unfinished, indefinitely. A couple of rumors from generally reliable sources might interest him though. One is that the original manuscript was not quite twice as long as what was published. Another is that THE TIDES OF LUST was the first novel Delany ever wrote, which if true obviously invalidates, or at least lessens, the chance that his observation of the possible sexual carryover is true.

DARRELL SCHWEITZER 9/18/75  
113 Deepdale Road/Strafford PA 19087

So Sabella likes DHALGREN. I'm surprised how many favorable notices the book is getting (I've seen at least four) considering how few people manage to finish the thing. There's talk of holding a poll at Philcon to the tune of "how far did you get?", which is probably just talk, of course, but the results would be interesting. Asking around I have found only one other person who finished the book. I finished it only because I was doing a review (which was scathing) so I hardly count. I found the average breaking point was about page 200. The next largest group got to about page 500. Then there are scattered figures, like people who never got beyond page 60, or the first chapter. Whitaker claims he gave up on page 800, which is unusual.

I did an article on the book for a British fanzine, and also for OUTWORLDS (I hope--Bowers hasn't responded) so I won't go into detail, but I think DHALGREN was so bad it hurt. Maybe I'm pessimistic but I think Delany has caught a terminal case of self-indulgence and is finished as a creative artist. James Elish predicted this some years ago in MORE ISSUES AT HAND, pointing out that many writers are put out of business by too much success too fast, the result of which is that they fail to see any need for control or discipline in their work. I think the same thing has happened to Heinlein in his last two books, but it would be a shame if Delany burned out this early. He seems to have forgotten the message of Thomas Wolfe's "The Story of a Novel," which is that even if something is your best writing, if it has nothing to do with the story it must be ruthlessly excised. Wolfe, like Delany, tended to ramble on and on without getting anywhere, only Wolfe had a Maxwell Perkins and Delany doesn't.

As for filming the thing--spare us. With a pair of scissors the thing might be cut down to a passable ten thousand word novel novelet. It has about enough substance for one, though the character development is really too inconclusive to lift it beyond



the level of an anecdote.

Why does the book sell? I think it panders to pretentious people who 1) don't like to be seen reading hardcore porno, which this book is behind its tasteful covers, since it functions on no level but the erotic (i.e., is a failure on all other levels), 2) like to read something "heavy" so they can congratulate themselves for it, or 3) dislike books with any kind of intellectual challenge to them, and prefer a soothing mind-wash. DHALGREN really is ver good daydream escapism, but as serious literature it hasn't much merit.

JEFF CLARK 9/20/75  
2329 Second Avenue/San Diego CA 92101

Nous Sommes du Soleil!

Between you and Don (S(Keller)S) I've finally been made a convert. Yes--I like Yes very much now. Over the past two weeks or so I've been over TOPOGRAPHIC and RELAYER many times, and I'm really impressed. I don't know if Don ever told you, but several years ago when you first played CLOSE TO THE EDGE for me and I liked it--well, that seemed to be incomprehensible to me recently. I didn't care for it at all anymore, and told Don so when we went through that half of the album one day and talked about music. But later I took a chance on getting RELAYER, liked it better, and then Don played TOPOGRAPHIC for me over the Nasfic weekend. I've since gotten that one and, though RELAYER may indeed be an advance, I have a special fondness for it much like yours. There is some very impressive stuff in that album. Yes are far and away (to my mind) the most interesting of the progressive rock musicians I've heard, and I can only agree with Don by making faces at the negative, uncomprehending reviews of their work. ...But that's enough, really. Let me only conclude by saying that I still don't really care for "Edge;" but I'm not irritated/exasperated by it either. It falls into perspective now. (S(I prefer the second side of CLOSE TO THE EDGE, with "And You and I" and "Siberian Khatru," myself.)S)

(I think in my turn I helped/coerced Don into liking Procol Harum's HOME: tit for tat.)

Eric Lindsay's review of Illich's MEDICAL NEEMESIS is very provocative in that it makes me want to look the book up. I've had my own rather strong impressions about the professions, particularly medicine; and since I've also been reading/editing one successful MD's opinions (often unfavorable) it's interesting to have this new angle of attack for comparison. I do find it easy to accept medical care as a commodity--but harder as a "status symbol." How many people can view it that way--it's so damned expensive! I suspect that the rash of malpractice suits lately is due as much to the patient's thinking he can get some of his own back for those high prices he met as to a feeling of having been let down by a godlike authority. (Sort of like setting insurance fires in an economic recession.) But about patient trust and consumerism: in a society that views the individual as a production/consumption unit first and foremost, who should be more highly revered than the mechanic who fixes the human machine? That's always been my thought. Besides, the doctor combines in



his person two disparate aspects of human activity in a general-publicly acceptable way: he earns an "honest" living, does things with his hands, has skills (blue-collar); and he smacks of the intellect, wide knowledge and penetration of the higher realms of wisdom (something of the white-collar, perhaps, but a palatable/comfortable version of "the intellectual").... At any rate, my MD tells me that no one--no one in his experience--goes into the profession for altruistic reasons. And of the ones competent enough to pass their medical exams, the students who usually make it are those from economically deprived backgrounds: they have the strongest drive, of course. That's not far from what I expected. But no one's really to blame in particular; the nature of our society makes that inevitable. (And have you heard lately that, in addition to his life expectancy being lower today, the American consumer uses far too many laxatives? Sic transit effluvia. The great Char-man casts you out!)

DOUG BARBOUR 9/15/75  
10808 75th Avenue/Edmonton/Alberta/Canada T6E 1K2

About all this Yes talk. Well, I really can't argue cos I haven't heard enough of them. Just what I get on the radio. For some reason I've never been moved to shell out shekles for them. And after being burned--I felt--by one Mahavishnu lp, I haven't gone back to him either. Not that he isn't good, and even marvelous, for example, on Miles Davis albums. But there he's under a true stone genius of modern music. There's a lot of energy in the music these groups make (tho I except ELP from that: they're simply shitty, no more) (S(Boo!)S); I find that for me, it lacks passion, the kind of passion I find in Carlos Santana's playing for example, or in the various bands that Charlie Mingus has led over the years--and Mingus' jazz is not simple stuff, it is extraordinarily complex, yet the deep blues roots are there, the music fucks. I'm getting back into classical music these days, while waiting for the new Bruce Springsteen album and enjoying, really enjoying, people like Gram Parsons, Emmylou Harris, the Eagles, Pure Prairie League, etc. (And never forget the Stones, the greatest....) Again, in that music you find a purity and complexity (hell, there's so much range you can't describe it all) lacking in the intellectual rock stuff (and besides, it seems to me that intellectual rock is missing the point of rock). (S(Tsk. In sf you want the field open to the broadest possible range, but in rock you want to impose limits as to what is "really" rock. I like the way PLAYBOY reviewed Yes's TALES FROM TOPOGRAPHIC OCEANS: something along the lines of "extending rock a little further from 'Maybelline.'" And TIME compared them to Mahler, which was interesting. You're right that they don't have Santana's passion, but they do have their own variety of it. (There are intellectual passions, after all.) They care deeply for their music. Watch these pages for news of when Patrick Moraz's solo lp might come out; you might be interested in that, as he is using Brazilian jazz musicians.)S) I mean, we listened to the whole of Wagner's Ring Cycle one weekend--two days, about twelve hours each day: a party!--and that was a rush so different from anything I'd thought it could be I can't really describe it. But it was fun, which I hadn't really expected. But then, I hadn't expected to stay for more than part of the first opera, either. Strange things sometimes happen.



Bob Sabella's got good taste in sf. I'm no longer sure whether I think 334's better than THE DISPOSSESSED or not. They're both major works. And I liked "Strangers" too. And then he does a worthwhile job on DHALGREN, one of the few fanreviews I've seen that even begins to come to grips with that book, and doesn't just dismiss it as a bad book. Only Richard Lupoff in ALGOL has made worthwhile comments in fanreviews of that book, as far as I know. Most people will believe, and likely agree with, Geis, and Geis is right about Geis, in that I believe Geis was truly bored. But the book is not boring to me. I doubt, Bob, that Delany could have edited the sex scenes "somewhat." After all he had five years to make such editorial changes if he wanted to. I think we have to admit that Delany knows what he's doing. I believe he does anyway --his comments on the art of writing are too intelligent not to so believe. He has deliberately, and with exquisite care, chosen to put every word where he has put it in that huge book. I have misgivings about a few--not the sex scenes which I think are brilliantly realized--but I really and truly respect the intelligent labor that went into the making of that novel. People don't have to like it--liking and disliking are every individual's prerogative--but I just don't think very many of them are in any position to be able to say it isn't well done, it's stupid, or it's badly written.

I love all of Altman's films since McCABE AND MRS. MILLER, which I still feel to be his best. NASHVILLE is a strange film in that it gets better with each subsequent viewing, and can't really be seen in only one viewing: there's too much there. A magnificent movie, but I shudder at the dogs that will be set upon us by less talented directors trying to emulate Altman's methods in this film. However, that's the price we pay for having a genius among us in filmdom.

Meanwhile, Dylan has released THE BASEMENT TAPES, he and The Band have never sounded better (as good occasionally, I'll grant, but that's all), and that record is one of the few out of the whole pop/rock scene of the past twenty years I'd say will have to be put in a time capsule. It's eternal music, anyway. Just incredible, and we've had to wait this long (though maybe that simply makes it possible for us to appreciate it fully now).

CHIP BESTLER 9/9/75  
2312 N. Clifton/Chicago IL 60614

I'm hardly one to complain about typos, he who is without sin, etc., but I can't see how you could have let "coulmn" slip by on page two, since you complain about poor typesetting in the same paragraph. (S(Just lucky, I guess. I was really disappointed that nobody caught a rather glaring typo in #10, when I discussed the record album "MEET THE NEATLES." I rather expected someone to send in a witty summary of the Neatles' career, but nobody did. Maybe I ought to trade you all in on a new, witty audience.)S)

I doubt that DHALGREN could be brought to television, even with industry considerations aside. There are a lot more than just strong characters in DHALGREN. There are also a lot of games played with the idea of reality and the like, many of these based on the written language, and would take equal genius to substitute for on screen. Additionally, many of these unreal elements would be totally missed on television; a change in the layout of the city



would be taken as a technical goof and not anything meaningful. We're all too used to seeing things that are beyond belief on TV, anyway, only they're meant to be real. (S(Maybe something along the lines of THE PRISONER....)S)

Eric Lindsay is in no way qualified to talk about medical care, and has taken little effort to educate himself. For example, his statement that "historical figures, such as Presidents, authors and creative workers seemed to live longer in the past" is total nonsense. By taking these groups he has eliminated the major advances in medicine. Since they have become authors, creative workers and Presidents, they obviously survived well into adulthood. This cleverly bypasses the fact that in the past, far far fewer people made it into adulthood; this has been the major advance in medicine.

Using Presidents to measure changes in health care has to be the most ridiculous test I have ever seen. The nature of the Presidency has changed so much that you are comparing apples and oranges. Modern Presidents are subjected to so much strain and pressure that it is a testament to their medical care that they survive their terms.

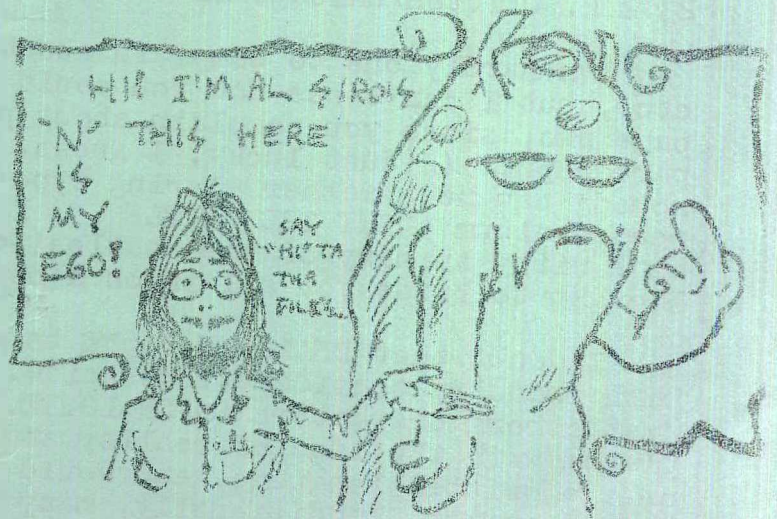
ARTHUR D. HLAVATY 9/16/75  
250 Coligni Avenue/New Rochelle NY 10801

I'm beginning to think that there is no idea so stupid and discredited that it can't be dressed up in new clothes and sold to someone. The Illich book is a good example. Ah, for the good old days when we didn't take a lot of chemicals into our bodies in violation of ~~God's~~ the Balance of Nature. (And if God had meant for us to fly, He would have given us wings; or, as Philip Slater says, jet lag is nature's way of telling us not to fly long distances.) The main difference between the Old Fundamentalists and the New Fundamentalists is that what used to be sinful is now unnatural (as if it were possible to do something unnatural).

I didn't read all the stuff on progressive rock because I like regressive rock--oldies and country music. Once they loaded rock down with Art & Relevance and like that, they killed it, at least as far as I'm concerned. (Of course, you could say the same thing happened to sf, but I like what it did to sf.)

AL SIROIS 11/23/74  
45 South Street  
East Haven CT 06512

Who is Philip Foglio? That cartoon (S(in KYBEN 10)S) was damn fine, damn fine indeed....How the hell come every other fan-artist seems to be able to do nifty little car-





toons with so few lines, and it takes me vast amounts of shading (which only cover up my own errors) to get anywhere? Perhaps the answer will never be known....Once again it's proven that technical abilities are not worth a rat's ass against sheer economy of line and a good eye. Hell.

BÜCHS, continued from page 16

vanities and weaknesses. She gives in to despair and pride. In most other respects the plot is much closer to the traditional Gothic. It is a very entertaining novel, with some interesting twists, and is worth reading if only for Sarnia.

#### MORE NAMELESS NATTERINGS -- UPDATE

Alas for ancient concerns. Seventeen of these twenty-four pages were stencilled late in September, and seemed very au courant. These last seven were done within a week late in January, but there was quite a dry spell in between.

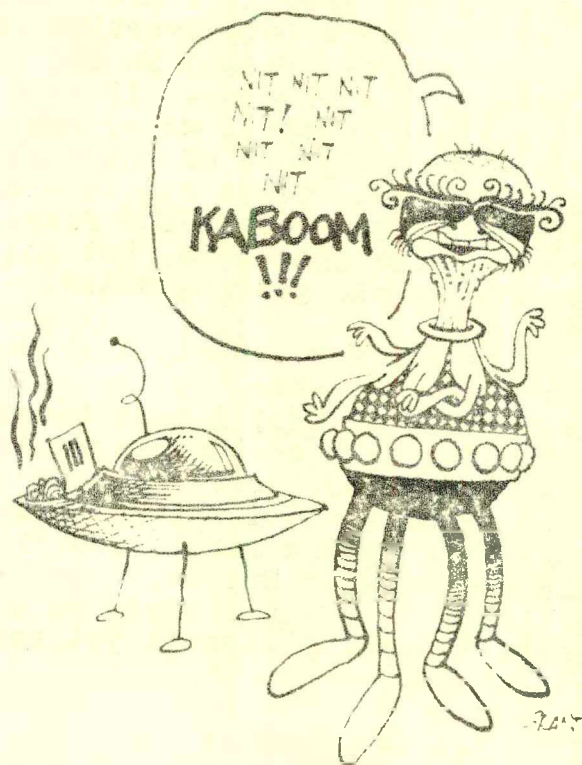
So. What about those burning issues, anyway? I doubt that either of us has the heart to go through another run-down of the television season, so I won't attempt that. I will note that, yes, MEDICAL STORY was cancelled, as expected; a letter in TV GUIDE labelled it too depressing, although it was just the opposite to me. But still, I watch more TV than I should. I wonder if it might be because it can be a shared experience?

Ann and I can watch the same show at the same time, and discuss it if that seems worthwhile. When we both sit down and read, we are not experiencing the same things. And I get restless just sitting down and listening to music; I hope to do something else at the same time. So it comes down to movies and tv, and tv is cheaper.

That's off the top of my head, first-draft-on-stencil.

As for baseball, well, the Orioles made a valiant last-ditch attempt to wrest the division pennant, but they had played too poorly in the first half of the season; and the second half, while good, was not good enough to make up the deficit. How about that Boston/Cincinnati World Series, though? That sixth game was one of the most exciting baseball games I have ever seen. If I had a cartridge tv set I'd probably own a tape of that one.

And of several of this year's football games. This was the year to be a football fan in Baltimore, much to Ann's chagrin. The





Baltimore Colts went from a 2-12 record in 1974 to division champions in 1975, a truly remarkable turnaround. They won their first game, played well and lost the next three (but no-one expected them to play well), played their one bad game of the year and lost to a weak team. But even though they were 1-4 at this point, people were enjoying their play, for the first time in years. Then, non-stop wins, including an eerie overtime battle with the excellent Miami Dolphins that went into overtime as an intense fog drifted in and blanketed the stadium. It wasn't a great football game, but it was probably one of the most exciting; both teams had to win. We were eliminated in the first round of the play-offs, but oh! the fun we had getting there.

As yor Yes...well, I think I may want to make one change in my HISTORY OF YES; I have become very enamoured of the piece "Astral Traveller," off their second album. And I think I might want that on the first side in place of "Sweet Dreams." As Yes still does "Sweet Dreams" in concert, though, I haven't yet really decided.

Two Yes-members' solo albums have come out so far, with more due soon. Guitarist Steve Howe's BEGINNINGS is a stunning work. It took me several listens to get into, because there is none of the flash-guitar finger-play I rather expected, and Howe's voice is less than beautiful. But like recent Yes works, there are so many very nice melodies therein that it is not immediately discernible that there are any melodies at all.

And bassist Chris Squire's FISH OUT OF WATER is out, more traditional, less exciting, more accessible. I like it very much, I think it is very attractive, but it hasn't the power and excellence of Howe's. More next time....

jds

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