



This is THE ROGUE RAVEN 42, and comes to you from Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166. This issue, I'm embarrassed to say, was begun on Sep. 4, 1990. Today's date is June 4, 1991. Embarrassed, ashamed, aw, to heck with it. Either I write it off and throw it all away, or I send it out. I guess I'll do the latter. My mother-in-law was a great one for saying, "Waste not, want not."

It seems like only yesterday I was telling my sad story of a computer gone bad, and you'll recall that the last issue of The Rogue Raven was produced with the old IBM typewriter. With the assistance of my good friend, Dan Willott, to whom this issue is dedicated, I now own new equipment. It is more sophisticated than I will ever be able to use, but I've learned my way around a new word processing system. Don't expect that you're going to find anything any fancier than you did before. And, no, I'm not going to bore you with all the technical data about what I bought to replace the old Eagle II.

This will probably be a wandering, nay, even meandering issue as I use it to learn my way around. So I won't let it bother me if you won't let it bother you. Summer is over, Anna Jo is back to school, with only two more years before retirement. For the first time in years she has received something more than a 2% raise, and is feeling very good about it, since her retirement is partially based upon the average of her best two years' salary. She is also delighted with a new principal, who seems able and willing to deal with some problem people on her staff. All in all, it seems as if she will have a pretty good school year. [Ha! You can tell when this was written. Summer is acumin in, lowd sing cuckoo.]

Several people whom I have admired have died recently, and I'd just like to mention them here. Two were jazz figures and the third might be considered such, although rhythm and blues might be the more proper terminology. The first was Dexter Gordon, the sax player. Dexter had a broken career, having spent some time in prison on a drug charge. But when he finally got out, he went back to making records and cut some very good ones. He also played the lead in the movie, "Round Midnight," which was an excellent portrayal of a jazzman who spent a good deal of his career in France. Supposedly the story was based quite a bit on the life of Bud Powell. Dexter Gordon proved to be an excellent actor for the part. The second person was June Christy, once the female vocalist with Stan Kenton's Orchestra. I remember the first time I saw June Christy. She walked on stage in a diaphonous white gown, opened her mouth and sang, and I fell in love. Many of you, unless you're near my age or are interested in jazz, may never have heard of these two people. The thing that disturbs me most, I suppose, is that they, also, were near my age. Time passes, and life goes along with it. The third person was Stevie Ray Vaughn, whose life was lost in that tragic helicopter accident after a concert in Wisconsin. I had only recently read that Stevie and his brother, Jimmie, were going to cut records together. Some are of the opinion that Jimmie is a better guitarist than Stevie. I wonder if any of that record got cut. [Yes, it did, and I later bought it for my collection. Three magic people now gone from my life. RIP.]

This may sound like Vacation: Part III, but I must make mention of Tankon 19.5. I've written about Tankons often in the past and it seems amazing to me that this Christmas will make the 20th gathering of a core of old friends. This is only the second time we've held an extra summertime gathering. Only four of us attended, Bill Marsh from Carson City, Nevada, and Dale Goble and Mike Horvat from Stayton, Oregon, plus myself. Strangely, both Mike and Dale, who are in the printing trade, left it up to Swampy and me to determine when we would get together. It seemed to us that Dale and Mike could better determine when they could miss some work, but we went with their wishes and chose a week in August.

I arrived in Stayton late on a Tuesday afternoon, having gotten stuck in traffic when a freeway closed due to a tanker which turned over. It took two hours and twelve minutes to clear the ensuing traffic

jam. Swampy had arrived on Sunday evening. Wednesday Mike, Swampy and I made a tour of the secondhand book stores and secondhand shops in Salem and Albany. I came away with a ton of westerns and the knowledge of two book stores than I hadn't previously known about. On Thursday we headed for the ocean. On the way we stopped in Corvallis to hit another second hand bookstore, quite a good one. Mike's in-laws have recently built a two story house just above the beach south of Waldport, Oregon. It looks out on the Pacific, and a flat stretch of sand several miles long. How peaceful to listen to the unceasing sound of the surf!

What follows might be referred to as the Graying of Tankon. We must all be getting older. I can't even remember any strenuous arguments, philosophical or otherwise. Mike had brought along a short wave radio, and hooking up an antenna, we listened to some ham operators, BBC, some German broadcast, much Spanish, and assorted others. In one of the bookstores, Mike had asked me for a suggestion of a good sf book to read. I offered A TALENT FOR WAR by Jack McDevitt, and he read right through it in the next few days. It must have been a good suggestion. I don't often do very well in suggesting books to him, since I don't read the kind of stuff that he likes very often. As I recall Swampy was reading a 'Matt Helm' book by Donald Hamilton. Gobe was communing with himself, I think, since I don't recall that he was reading anything. I was reading SIOUX DAWN by Terry C. Johnston, a fictional account of the Fetterman Massacre, the site of which Anna Jo and I visited last summer, near Fort Phil Kearny in Wyoming.

On Friday we drove south a few miles to Cape Perpetua National Forest headquarters and visitors center. The Walking Connection, an Oregon volkssport club sponsors a year-round walk there. It was a beautiful walk; first up through lovely forest to a 500-year-old spruce tree, then back to the visitors center, then south above the ocean on the softest path of conifer needles I've ever walked on, with tremendous views of the waves crashing on the rocks at the edge of the ocean. The final portion of the walk was right down near the rocks, ending at a formation called The Devil's Churn, where the ocean has driven a fissure back into the rocks and boils and spouts as the waves come in. Thence back to the visitors center. It was a beautiful walk, possibly the most beautiful walk I've ever done. I had to admit that it moved my previous #1 for beauty, Sinks Canyon near Lander, Wyoming, into second spot. We returned to the beach place, had something to eat, and before you knew it, we were all asleep. Did I say the Graying??

In between times we had some great walks along the beach, just to shake the cobwebs and get the blood stirring. Down near the water's edge the sand is hardpacked and the footing excellent for walking. Swampy and I walked both direction along the beach for nearly a half hour and it was just excellent exercise. Swampy, newly retired as the director of maintenance for the Nevada highway system, regaled us with tales of the Uniform Manual of Traffic Control Devices, apparently the manual for establishing that drivers can relate to traffic signs of all kinds throughout the country. The UMTDC, as we affectionately came to know it, seemed to be the byword for our few days together, creating

chuckles now and again.

And I'd be remiss not to mention Goble's great spaghetti sauce, that is always much appreciated. It takes all day to simmer, but well worth the wait. We did our best to take advantage of it, although I recall that Swampy sat with the remnants in a jar on his lap on the trip home, since we couldn't find a lid for the container. Too soon our time was up. Saturday evening we headed back to Stayton, taking a different route back to Corvallis and then on to Stayton. Swampy headed for home the same evening, since he had company arriving on Monday morning, a cousin whom he had not seen for many, many years. I stayed over with Mike and Susie, then headed home late Sunday morning. It was a wonderful and relaxing several days with old and dear friends, and was much appreciated. Thanks, guys, and especially Mike and Susie for putting up with me, and for providing a new venue for Tankon that was just super.

IN MEMORIAM

Is this an issue to be filled with death and dying? News of the deaths of two important fans has come in the last few days. The first to reach me was that of Don C. Thompson of Colorado. Don was the editor-publisher of the excellent fanzine Don-O-Saur. I first met Don in the early 70s when Anna Jo and I attended several Milehicons in Denver. He was a kind and gentle man, very affable, entirely easy to get along with. I remember having some fine conversations with him, and I ran across some notes scribbled in my notebook not long since that were written during a discussion we had about writing and about a particular story I was trying to work on at the time. When Don began Don-O-Saur it immediately became a most successful fanzine. It attracted many of the big names in its letter column, but it also always had room for the new and unknown fanzine fan. Don's own writing was lengthy and open, whether he was discussing his own foibles or those of the world. And he was always willing to publish other people's points of view, sometimes opposed to his own.

Don learned some time ago that he had cancer of a particularly obnoxious sort, not easily treated. In his inimitable way, he shared that news with his readers, not asking for pity, but simply laying his life before us as he had often done before. He was able to travel to Holland this fall and attend the Worldcon. Though he found it tiring physically, it must have been uplifting to meet fans, some of whom he had corresponded with but had never met.

I haven't crossed paths with Don for quite a few conventions. We didn't often attend the same ones, and I seem to have pretty much faded from the convention scene. More's the pity. I would have enjoyed another good conversation with him. Wherever he's gone there's bound to be new and more interesting discussions because of his presence. Our condolences to Carol, who stuck with him through thick and thin.

The second fan who has died recently is Rick Sneary. I didn't know

Rick well, but did have some pleasant conversations with him at a couple of California Westercons. Rick was a fan of long year's standing and probably not very well known at all by current fandom, but fan historians and students of early fanzines know who he was and respected and admired him. His spelling was atrocious and he'll always be remembered for that, but his communication skills never suffered because of it. He, too, will be missed.

READING LATELY: [OR PERHAPS EARLIER]:

I've run across a couple of very satisfying mysteries lately. Neither is probably for everyone as mystery readers have as individual tastes as science fiction and fantasy fans. The first is THE FOURTH CROW by D.W. Smith (St. Martin's, Dec. 1990. \$17.95), a book I first picked up when attracted to its cover, a field with three crows sitting on a railing and a scarecrow behind them. The inside cover blurb promised something to my taste and I bought the book. Harry Fathers is Detective Chief Inspector for Scotland Yard. He's called by the Home Office to investigate the possibility of a mole in MI5, since the superiors don't think they can trust an internal investigation. After months of following a journalist suspected of feeding information to the Russians, an attempt to arrest the fellow turns up empty. The superiors are certain he was tipped. Fathers' second case, handled by his own crew concerns a minor gang territorial dispute in the east end. Both cases are fascinating. The style is more than typically British and may be heavy going for many readers. I found the miniscule detail of both investigations as they twisted and turned to be much to my liking at the moment. Fathers' overloaded case load leads to domestic differences at home and some doubts about his marriage, and a new Superintendent who intends to run his new ship by the rulebook adds spice to the novel. I enjoyed this one a lot, and have ordered two previous novels by this author.

Cap'n Bob Napier, mystery fan and publisher of Mystery and Detective Monthly is responsible for recommending another fine read. He mentioned MARCH VIOLETS by Philip Kerr (Penguin, 1990, \$4.50). I am grateful. The setting is Berlin; the time is 1936. Bernhard Gunther is an ex-policeman and private-eye who does a fair amount of missing persons work. There was plenty of it to be done in 1936 Germany. He's hired by an industrialist to help determine what happened to his daughter and son-in-law, found murdered in their bed. More important, what has happened to a necklace and some papers missing from their wall safe. It's not long before he runs up against now only the police but the Gestapo. Hermann Goering wants him to find out what has happened to a colleague who often buys art for Goering's collection. He's gone missing. Needless to say, the two cases overlap and the situation gets very messy indeed. Before it's finished, Gunther has found Goering's friend dead, has discovered where the necklace has gone, has discovered the importance of the missing papers, and has interfered with power plays in the German hierarchy. Finally he is forced to go to the work camp at Dachau to ferret out information from an inmate there. Some of this is very unpleasant. Cap'n Bob had thought that perhaps the author

had lived through this time in pre-war Germany, but it turns out that Kerr was born in 1956 in Edinburgh. He's done a masterful job of research into the pre-war era in Berlin and I'm anxious to find his previous two novels about Gunther. Thanks for the suggestion, Cap'n Bob. By the way, Mystery and Detective Monthly is a letterzine, a very active and sparkling one, filled with give and take, almost like an apa for those who actively participate. If interested write Bob at 5601 No. 40th St., Tacoma, WA 98407. He'll send you a sample copy for \$3.

FANZINES

The other day I ran across a folder of art that had been stored away for a long time. "What's this?" I wondered, and sat down to go through it. What a manila folder full of memories that was. It turned out to be fan art from my golden days, some of which were used in Ash-Wing those many years ago and some, I'm ashamed to admit, that have never been used. I think I must make an effort to remedy that. In days of yore it wasn't quite so hard to come by illos from fan artists for your fanzine. I even found several pages of Loren MacGregor's art for his one-time fanzine, Talking Stock. These must have been pages which I electrostenciled for him.

What a rush! Going through it I found art by Grant Canfield, Dan Steffan, Tim Kirk, Bill Rotsler, Marc Schirmeister, Gary Green, Mario Navarro, Jim McLeod, and many others. There were full-page cover illustrations for Ash-Wing. I remembered the time when I used to spend untold hours putting together large fanzines; the typing, the electrostencils glued in, standing at the mimeo, collating, stapling, typing mailing labels, sorting for bulk mailing, all that stuff. Ash-Wing was never a top fanzine, but I enjoyed putting it together. At one time my mailing list approached 300, and some of the issues ran to 60 pages.

I received a fanzine the other day that was over 60 pages long and I thought, isn't it wonderful that there are still fanzine fans out there who are willing to put the time and energy into producing them. Then I took a second look at the fanzine. It was Brian Earl Brown's STICKY QUARTERS, and not only is it 60+ pages, but it is in smaller pitch than 12 characters to the inch. I have no idea how many words it may contain, but I salute Brian for the time and energy and money that it takes to produce such a monster. And I think it's one of the best issues that Brian has ever produced.

Which leads me on to report that Eric Mayer is back with a new issue of GROGGY. For a period of time Eric was producing smallish art zines and had suspended GROGGY. I missed it and I'm very pleased to have Eric back on the fanzine scene. And I was also happy to hear that Eric has managed to sell some of his writing here and there. Eric is into running and orienteering these days and his two essays on such are very interesting. Remember, they're being read by a guy who doesn't run, but sure walks a lot.

These guys have been around fanzine fandom for a long time, but I shouldn't close off this section without saying something about the newer folk. Mark Manning and TAND just keeps putting out fine issues, as does Tom Sadler with his THE RELUCTANT FAMULUS. I'm glad someone's holding up the tradition of decent sized issues and a degree of regularity. I seem to do neither these days, but I certainly appreciate the work of those who do. I shouldn't pass up the opportunity to congratulate Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins for another issue of MAINSTREAM in which they hold up the burning flame of older fanzines. Finally, believe it, Arnie and Joyce Katz are back on the fanzine scene with FOLLY out of Las Vegas.

Well, enough said about fanzines for the moment. Keep 'em coming, folks. I may not have the time to respond as I should, but I certainly do enjoy receiving them, and believe me, they are read.

Even more recently - remember the elliptical calendar of this issue - Andrew Hooper and Carrie Root have checked in with SPENT BRASS, a lovely four-pager, Darroll Pardoe sends his THE FLYING PIG from England, and Garth Danielson, who's been missing from the fanzine scene for too long, has published the first issue of SPANGLER. Not to mention Arthur Hlavaty's DEROGATORY REFERENCE, and Dick and Nicki Lynch's MIMOSA. I know I'm leaving people out, but I just grabbed these off the top of my head because I'm so pleased to still be receiving fanzines when my own activity is so slender. Please keep 'em coming, folks.

Another exciting thing that arrived in my mailbox was a tape from Randy Reichardt of Edmonton, Alberta. Randy's a longtime fan and a librarian at the Univ. of Alberta. He's also a mean guitarist, and recently joined a group of other Edmonton musicians to form a group called The Flicks. They've gotten excellent press in the Edmonton paper and recently released a cassette tape entitled Triballoons (Popped Live!) with seven cuts. I'll bet if you wrote to them c/o 10104 - 92 Street, Edmonton, Alberta T5H 1S7, they'd be happy to send you information on how you could obtain the tape. For a mere pittance, I'm sure.

Since I don't have an awful lot of news about my own life for this issue, I've decided to make amends to all of the fine people who write me wonderful letters. They write in response to previous issues, often have interesting things to say, and never see their letters published. To one and all I apologize. And maybe will remember to do this more often. So...onward to a letter column.

Harry Warner, Jr. -- 423 Summit Avenue -- Hagerstown, MD 21740

Of course, I hope there have been no repetitions or aftereffects of the physical problems that caused your fall. In a sense, I feel vindicated by your accident because I've scolded two or three fans who told about solitary hikes through wilderness areas. I've tried to tell them how much worse any hiking accident can be if a companion isn't there to get help or apply first aid or whatever.

Your accident certainly had no effect on the quality of your writing in this Rogue Raven. Nor can I find any evidence that your lack of a computer caused any bad effects. I've just discovered that William Shatner, who has begun writing novels in addition to acting, has joined Harlan Ellison and me in the capacity of holdouts against computers. It's nice to have company, which is at least distinguished, even if it's so small.

Twin Peaks seems to be like certain allergies, overwhelmingly important to a few people and a matter of indifference to everyone else. I can't understand why the media has given it such enormous amounts of publicity, unless it's just another example of pack journalism, in which everyone blindly follows the lead of a bellcow. Currently I'm watching nothing regularly on the networks except for baseball games. Newhart was the last series I watched with any regularity and I grew tired of that toward the end. I look through the listing in the TV Guide and decide to use the spare hour this particular evening to watch some videotape rather than anything on the local cable.

Someone in Los Angeles fandom is so intensely interested in the American Indian that I was about to tell you he would undoubtedly be very interested in this Rogue Raven. But now I find I just can't remember if I'm thinking of Don Fitch or Fred Patten. I wish that were the only problem that advancing years create for me.

As usual, my life has been much less varied than yours. There have been two encounters with fans in recent months. Dick and Nicki Lynch and Sheryl Birkhead accompanied me to a ball game at which we expected to see just two Eastern League teams, but Morganna showed up, too. A little earlier, a carful of New York City fans descended upon me with a lot of video equipment and staged an interview which was eventually shown at Corflu, the fanzine fan's convention. I wasn't very enthusiastic about this honor but I agreed to it because the only alternative was to accept an invitation to be guest of honor and attend the Corflu.

Most recently, I've been wasting much time trying to find the manuscript for my second book of fan history, A Wealth of Fable. There is a good chance it will appear before long in a corrected, hardcover, printed edition. I can spot some of the errors that invaded the first, mimeod edition without difficulty, but I think there may be other needed changes that I won't be able to spot without referring to the carbon copy of the manuscript. I've got a tender back from lifting boxes and shifting piles of stuff in various rooms and in the attic and that blasted manuscript just won't be found. I was sure I knew where it was and when I looked there, all I found was the carbon copy of my All Our Yesterdays ms. There's also some hope that a collection of all my articles about famous fanzines of the past will be appearing next year. If both projects reach completion, it'll be some badly needed egoboo for my declining years.

{{ The only aftereffect from my fall has been that I've worked closely

with a dietician who specializes in diabetes and have everything under control, plus now know that I must take along some carbohydrates and fats during those 10K walks. Anna Jo kids me about eating by the clock, instead of when I get hungry, but that's the way it works. I'm actually in better shape than I've been in years, walking a half hour every day, losing weight, and cholesterol and blood sugar numbers are good. // I can't imagine that you wouldn't be guest of honor at Corflu. I'm sure you would have enjoyed yourself, and talk about egoboo. You should do it sometime; your many fans would love to meet you. // Terrific news about A Wealth of Fable. We'll all look forward to its publication, and the other, as well. Hope by now you've discovered the mislaid carbon of the ms. }}

* * *

Yes, the best laid plans of mice and men, etc., etc. Good Ghu, I'm almost ashamed to send this out, it's so old. On the top of page 1 I boldly proclaimed the date, and just to wallow in my guilt, I'll leave it there. I'll noodle on for a bit and then ship this out.

Do any of still read science fiction or fantasy? Sometimes I wonder, since many of today's fanzines never mention the stuff. I'll simply mention some of the books I've read lately and try to keep my raving brief. Who knows whether your likes are similar to my likes or not. I was pleasantly surprised to discover GOBLIN MOON by Teresa Edgerton. I thought it rather offbeat and I liked that. It concerns a number of people in a society which struck me as Georgian. A young lad works with his uncle in retrieving things from the river. A coffin they retrieve contains a body which seems not to decompose. The uncle and another old bookseller determine to learn the secret, as well as to grow a miniature child. Meanwhile the bookseller's granddaughter, poor herself, acts as companion to the daughter of a wealthy family. The mother is convinced that the girl is not healthy and is attracted to many quackeries. The plot is complex, with several mysterious characters, an intriguing cast, an unusual setting. Altogether a satisfying book.

I finally worked my way through Michael Scott Rohan's trilogy, "The Winter of the World," which is comprised of THE ANVIL OF ICE, THE FORGE IN THE FOREST, and THE HAMMER OF THE SUN. It longish, and could have been tightened a lot. But the story is big, about a time before our time, with the ice creeping down from the north, attempting to sweep away civilization as it was. One man, a master smith, attempts to defeat the goddess who controls the ice. Needless to say, there's a lot more to the three books than that. A lot of interesting characters, adventures galore, a love story, imprisonment and maiming of our hero, and a nifty twist at the end of the third book. But the writing is thick, the kind that begs to be skimmed. I finally conquered the task by reading for about fifteen minutes each night before going on to something that moved a little better. Do you ever do that? Find a book that you want to have read more than you want to read? I'm not sorry I worked my way through these books, but the operable word was "work." I'm not reviewing Guy Gavriel Kay's TIGANA here, but it was a much more enjoyable book.

Shortly after that I read Rohan's CHASE THE MORNING, which I found to be a much more controlled book. In it, a successful man find his life pretty empty until he wanders into a different dimension, a place with some very nasty people. When his secretary is kidnapped he becomes involved in a sailing chase across the sea, and before the end, is captured and nearly becomes a victim in a voodoo ceremony. Very enjoyable and, although Rohan got a bit carried away with the voodoo ceremony, he could be a writer who provides interesting novels for some time to come.

I just looked at my file of TRR and discovered that the last issue was produced in August of 1990. Now it's almost the end of June of 1991. Am I a fanzine fan or what? Something has to give here. I've got to do a better job or opt out altogether. I guess there aren't any rules about this, but when I get in this mood I lay a guilt trip on myself. It doesn't help at all to have Andy Hooper and Carrie Root's SPENT BRASS come fluttering into the mailbox quite frequently. Nor Arnie Katz's FOLLY, and him a man who is partially blind. Generally I wonder what it is I have to say, but I'm not going to worry about that anymore. I'm just going to let fly with whatever is in my mind at the time. I remember the time when a person could produce a nickel fanzine. Postage was that cheap. Not anymore. And I did produce a four-pager for a while, ONE SMALL ROCK. I also remember that it kept my mind alert, since I was always remembering, "Ah, yes, here's something I can write about." Maybe it's time to stir up the feeble old mind again. So, apologies for the parts of this zine that are old and decrepit, like its writer. And promises to do better in future. Ending this 6-24-91.

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