

Out of the back alleys, side streets, and generally tipping over garbage cans and other ephemeral works of art, THE ROGUE RAVEN 10 comes tap dancing into your hearts. Did you know that between the pigeons and the politicians it's hard to keep the Old Court House clean? Didn't know that, eh? Frank Denton is the perpetrator of same and he still lives at 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166. It still costs 10/\$1 in line with Gerry's anti-inflation policies (huh? what policies?) and this is the issue for June 15, 1975 Ummma Gummma!!!

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NOTES

I'll be darned if I know what I'm going to write this time. I just stuck a stencil into the old typer and started wailing. Sometimes when I do that very strange things come out and I should put in a disclaimer right here at the beginning that I'm not going to be responsible for this issue. It's been one of those weeks. Here we are at the middle of June and we haven't even done a budget preparation for the next fiscal year yet. Our beloved legislature set a new record for being in session. They were down in Olympia (heights and gods and all that kind of crap) for over 140 days and I can't see that they did a hell of a lot except make \$55 a day in expenses, each and every one of them. They refused to face up to the responsibilities thrust upon them by the voters and did virtually nothing. Finally they managed to pass a state budget, and maybe they can let us get to work and see where we are going to be for the next year. The community college budget is one sum of money which goes through assorted (sordid) steps before I get my tiny hunk of it. It goes to the State Board for Community College Education first and then is distributed to the college districts (26 of 'em) at a meeting of the college presidents on June 23. In a district such as ours which has three campuses and district functions it must then be re-distributed to each of these units on the basis of a very carefully worked out formula. Aha, at last my college (North Seattle) has a sum of money with which to work for the coming fiscal year. Then we have our little internal struggles to see who gets how much, and I squirm and cuss and argue and present and request and grovel to get a decent share for library-media. Oh, what an academic exercise. There is never enough to go around as one would like. I guess what has me incensed is the lateness of getting a working, solid budget with which to start off the year. It really is not that bad a deal. We've always made out fairly well in terms of the amount of money that is available. I really can't kick. And we have started a fiscal year before without having a firm budget. So it's not insufferable. But with Westercon approaching rapidly and shortly after that going on vacation for five weeks, I'm just getting antsy to have it settled and firm. Then I can leave in peace. I've had to leave before when it was not settled and I left the chore in the very capable hands of my right-hand man. But I'm just a bit uneasy when I have to do that. Ah, well, I've unloaded on you for almost a whole page. TRR, the fanzine that allows its editor to purge himself of all evil humors. Tweef!! (A direct quote from AMOR)

Which reminds me of Susan Wood, who reminds me of Eli Cohen, which reminds me of THE EMPTY MIRROR, a book about Zen from which Eli often quotes. I ran across a short review of a new book by the same author and thought I'd just stick it in here in case Eli had not seen it. The book is A GLIMPSE OF NOTHINGNESS: Experiences in an American Zen Community and the author (whom Eli knows, but the rest of you may not) is Janwillem van de Wetering. Houghton Mifflin will publish the book at \$6.95. Quote: Roughly a



decade ago young van de Wetering spent nearly two years in a Zen Buddhist monastery in Japan. Out of that experience he wrote a fine book, "The Empty Mirror." More recently he took time off from his life in Amsterdam, where he helps to run a textile company, to visit a Zen community set up in America "near the Canadian border" by the young man, Peter, who had been the Zen-master's assistant in the Japanese monastery. Van de Wetering's intensely absorbing account of his several weeks' stay with Peter (by then himself a Zen-master) and his men and women disciple-students comes close to near-classic status. There is not a dishonest or self-serving passage in his now sober, now humorous but totally honest, ultimately profound narrative. Beautifully written, varied in mood, this is engrossing evocation of the "search" so many young people are making today.

The other day while visiting the University of Washington Book Store I went up into the sale loft (no, not the sail loft) to see if anything interesting had surfaced. Something usually has, and in this case it was a book written by Jiyu Kennett entitled SELLING WATER BY THE RIVER: A Manual of Zen Training. Since it was a bargain price and since I've been interested in Zen for a long time, I scooped it up. Now all I need is a little time to sit down and peruse it for a bit. Ah, such are the miseries of a busy, busy life. If I'd quit fooling around with dumb fanzines, I'd have time to look at all of the stuff I buy. Can't afford to pass up a bargain, though. Oh, yes, I was going to tell you about a student of ours, a young fellow who works in the library. He stayed for a week at the monastery at Mount Shasta where Jiyu Kennett is the Zen-master. I was surprised to find out that Jiyu is a woman. She is a very strong personality, according to Terry, and the rules are extremely strict. He was very interested in staying there for a longer time, but at the same time (he now admits) he was not prepared for the strictness and the regimen laid out for those who were seeking to follow the middle way. At the end of a week he left, but says that sometime he would like to go back with his mind better prepared. He's an unusual lad whom I've enjoyed very much having on our student staff. I'll miss him as he is going on to the Univ. of Washington in the fall. But it is people like him who make it all worth while and make the time go faster. In my position I don't have the broad opportunities to meet a lot of students the way a faculty member does, that is, a teacher. But I manage to come up with a few student acquaintances all the time who are interesting person, good conversationalists, and with whom I can share some crazy sessions.

STAR TREK LIVES

Yes, it does. Now, I've never talked about Star Trek before and you're probably wondering why I'm starting now, well, it's like this. You may remember that I have talked in the past about a series of sf programs sponsored by the Everett Public Library in which I took some little part. Actually I was involved in three of the five programs which were given throughout the year. There were some nice people up in Everett, to the north of Seattle about 30 miles, and I enjoyed doing the programs, even though the turnout wasn't astounding. One very nice young fellow by the name of Bill Retzlaff. He is a sophomore in high school, as I recall, and he kept agitating with Lois Meyer, the coordinator from the library, to put on a Star Trek program. Somehow he got in contact with another young fellow named Dennis Ahrens, who is also a sophomore at a school across the lake. Together they worked up a program for ST fans, and somewhere they invited me to come up and show some slides (not ST, since I don't have any such.) I took some costume slides and SCA stuff which I thought people might find interesting.

At any rate, Lois had conned the Entertainment Editor from the Everett Herald into having us out for dinner and whipping up some super omelets. We had a great dinner and enjoyed a pleasant hour's conversation outside on his deck. Lois was a little apprehensive about what sort of crowd might show up at the library at 7:30. I told her not to worry, she could handle it. Meantime the young fellow who had

started it all, Bill, had come down with mono and was flat on his back in bed at home. I'm sure that he was the most disappointed person in town.

Lois and I arrived back at the library at about 7, and were greeted by about a dozen young fans waiting for the program. We thought that perhaps the auditorium, usually seating about 50, was going to be plenty adequate. Poor fools we. By 7:30 the room was full and people were still coming in. It seems that there had been a four line squib in the paper (Seattle) and then one of the rock stations called the library to see what was happening and proceeded to advertise the program all day on the day of the event. Shortly after the program I counted about 130 people. Afterward I talked to many of the people and they had come from Tacoma, Seattle, Bellevue, and other places. And they were enthusiastic about wanting to do it again. Dennis pretty much carried the program and I was amazed at his young fellow standing up there and leading a discussion of 150 people as if he did it every day. Of course he was elated, and intends to start a Puget Sound SF Club and have a newsletter and...and... A nephew of mine, who works for the Everett Herald also was in attendance and wrote an article for the following day's paper. He referred to me as "a distinguished professor at North Seattle Community College" and a "nationally known science fiction fan." Gee.

PHILOMATH FANDOM VISITS

What's a Philomath, you ask? Well, it's a little town in Oregon, near Corvallis and Tangent, former home of Mike Horvat. Hmmm. That's another story. Whatever happened to Mike? Anyway, in the town of Philomath lives Dave Killian. Dave's not what you might call an active fan, but he's a great collector and was always around when we had our famous Christmases at Mike Horvat's place, first the old church building and later the old house. So I've probably known Dave about five years. He called last Friday evening around dinner time and said he was in town. I knew that he was going to be beginning a doctoral program in physics at the University of Wash. but didn't know that it was to commence with summer quarter. Seems he was up hunting for an apartment for the summer. I told him when he got tired of looking around to come on out and I'd scare up a Pepsi for him. He's a real Pepsi freak. So round about 8:30 he drove up just as I was finishing a fabulous lawn mowing (another story). We retired to the house and had a couple of hours of good conversation about books and prices and all such things that book lovers talk about. Along about 10:30 he said he ought to be going to find a motel to stay in for the night. With the kids gone we actually have a spare bedroom now, and I told him to stick around and stay overnight. No sense spending hard-earned cash. Besides that way we could spend another couple of hours talking. Which we did. Everybody slept in and we had breakfast and then he took off to do some more looking. So before long he'll be living up here, and maybe will drop in to Nameless meetings once in a while. He's been on a kick of collecting early paperback mysteries lately, and he told me he bought about 800 of them in California on a recent trip down there. He thinks they will be collector's items before long as interest in mystery fiction grows. He could be right. You may see an occasional ad of his in Xenophile. He's also the guy who bought Dick Wald's complete run of Weird Tales. Several thousand bucks. He had to sell off a lot of his collection to do that, but he seems satisfied that he did the right thing.

THE EXPOSITORY LUMP

That's the name of the writer's group which is made up of the alums of the Clarion Workshops held at the Univ. of Washington for two summers. In recent times some of the people who were originally in the group have disappeared, moved away, lost interest in writing, or other reasons. A few new faces were invited in and the other night I went to the first meeting since I had been invited. I took along a story; that was my second mistake. The first was in going at all. To elevate matters even more, mine was the only story that showed up for the evening. I was the lone target.

Oh, it was brutal. I bled a lot. The bruises still show. They will probably go away just in time for the next meeting. One thing I learned fast. I'll be damned careful about what I show next time and when I'm ready to show it. With pros like F.M. Busby, Vonda McIntyre, Bubbles Broxon and Deloris Tarzan you've got to have guts to stand there and let 'em fire. Cuch. It still smarts. I'm hoping that I can learn from the experience and I suppose it's a lot better than sending your submissions out into the great void and getting back printed rejection slips and never knowing what may or may not be wrong with what you've done. Youjolly well know when these people have had their say. Whether I can do anything with the criticism, whether it is going to help me to write better, only time will tell. But I guess I can bear with the experience a little better now, having been through it once. I'm not sure it's going to be any easier next time, but if I can learn and improve from it, then it will be worth the injuries.

SCATTERED THOUGHTS

Yep. Got a new lawn mower. That's why the lawn mowing went so swimmingly. I was sick and tired of being pulled, dragged and otherwise manhandles by the power mower that I had that I went on a quest for the elusive smooth running push mower which I recalled having when I was a lad. It took me about a week of looking, during which time I was cajoled into looking at \$450 Toros and Lawn Boys and assorted other monstrosities, but I held firm. At last I found it. A scott's Silent. And is it magnificent. It doesn't take any longer to do the lawn than when I was trying to gain mastery over the smoking, belching monster. And the quality of the job is five times superior to what it has been for the last several years. I don't usually rave about the onerous task of mowing the lawn, but I'm really tickled about this machine. Does a very nice job and I can recommend it highly.

I started to read Roger Zelazny's DOORWAYS IN THE SAND which is running serially in Analog. Got tickled pink by the opening scenes of the over-aged university student climbing about the roofs and spires of the university buildings. And I grinned ear to ear when in one scene the protagonist meets a retiring professor way up on the gable of a building late at night and they share a bottle of brandy and discuss the stars. Really neat. Schoenherr did a nice illustration of it also. Reminded me of when I was six years old and I made my way around a brick armory with my toes on about a five inch ledge and my fingers clinging to the cracks between bricks. Below was a 12 to 15 drop into a moat. Great accomplishment for a six year old. Weird kid, eh?

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FIRST CLASS MAIL

"And the day is ending,
And your mind needs mending..." -- Steve Ashley