

Huffing and puffing into your homes comes THE ROGUE RAVEN 11. It is presented to you by Frank Denton, he of the sore feet. Seems like today was the day to walk to the service station several times in quest of my car. Y'see, it needed servicing in preparation for the trip to Westercon coming up this week. So, of course, last night on the way home, it developed a list to the left. Well, not a list preciesly, just a tendency to be wayward on that side. So there has been some work to a brake cylinder, the culprit, besides the normal lube and oil change. Oh, shucks, let's get this thing back on its track. This is a colophon, after all. The address here is 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166 and the cost is usually 10 issues for one thin dollar. You is gazin' at the issue for July 1, 1975. Hooray for Whigs and Tories!



"Now....in the matter of detente...."

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TREK, AND THIS TIME I DON'T MEAN STAR

Yep, it's time to begin thinking seriously about getting down to Oakland, California for Westercon, the 28th in number, I do believe. That's why all of that business above concerning the suede Conestoga wagon having new wooden spokes, grease applied to the wheel axles, and general burnishing of the oxen. You ever curried an oxen? Takes a lot of elbow grease, I'll tell you.

Just a little while ago, I got a call from Susan Wood, who is going to ride down with us. She had evidently arrived in Vancouver, B.C. The move from Regina was made sometime during the last week. John D. Berry had helped her get the stuff across the Rockies and out to the coast. So Susan called to find out when it was that we had figured on leaving, and to tell us that John would like a ride as far as Eugene, where he would be hooking up with someone else. My guess is that it would be Paul Novitski. So with final arrangements made for the passengers, we agreed to pick Susan and John up at the Greyhound depot tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon. They said that they were singularly in need of some sleep before a con gets started. Seems that Michael Carlson kept them all up, when he stopped, presumably at the Barbours.

So I, in turn called a dear friend of ours who lives in southwestern Washington, because she had earlier insisted on our stopping on the way south. I told her that I would be happy to accept a bribe in the guise of bruchn at her house, so I called her back to warn her that four people with growing appetites would be descending upon her come Tuesday about noon. It's always good to get those important things out of the way early.

THE CONNECTICUT KID STRIKES

Michael Carlson was here. Yep, by gar. (That's a little dialogue out of the neat fur trapping stories I used to read when I was a kid.) Once upon a time the phone rang and I picked it up to hear the person on the other end identify himself as Michael Carlson, nefarious author of "Travels With No One" in that illustrious zine known as Ash-Wing. His voice was coming through too loudly and too clearly for it to be a long distance call. Y'see, sneaky me, I had a previous call from the same person with which to compare it. Well, he confessed that, yes, he was in Seattle. It all came about because one of the room mates from college who just happened to be living out here had decided to get married and Michael had come out for the wedding.

We made arrangements for Mike to come out to dinner for Sunday evening. He had a friend drop him off here at around five o'clock. A fine dinner prepared by Anna Jo, a half a bottle of Irish and ten hours later, I pushed him toward the spare bedroom and told him that there was no way I was going to drive him back into town at that hour of the morning. I would drop him off at his friend's house in the morning on my way to work. Which I did.

Needless to say, we had much conversation. It all runs together now, since I stopped later in the week at the house where he was staying and we visited for another couple of hours. Finally the next night he came with three of his friends from college to see if I really did know how to make Irish Coffee. It was a short evening that time; only lasted about six hours, until about two in the morning.

The conversations ranged so far and wide, I'm not sure that I can recapture even a part of them. Marvelous tales to tell. Mike is a sports buff and knows the subject well and very broadly, although I think he's happiest talking about hockey. He had been able to see the Seattle Sounders soccer club in action and it's hard to get me stopped when I get cranked up about them. I've pretty much stayed away from the topic since Gene Wolfe told me he really didn't give a hang about it. Music, of course, came in for its fair share of both listening and talking about. I recall that at the house of the friend I was treated (!??!) to Jerry Jeff Walker. Talk about raunch.

We talked widely about books, of course. Not just science fiction, but all sorts of other stuff. It's nice to know that I can still keep up pretty well when the conversation turns to Durrell, Burgess, Max Frisch, Friederich Durenmatt and other contemporary authors outside the field of sf. Michael is a lot closer to his college years than I am, and since he majored in lit. he's got a bit of an edge on me. It was a lot of fun to listen to the four guys talk about Wesleyan where they went to college. It sounded like quite a place to get an education. I was particularly fascinated with their tale of the Javanese gamelon which is owned by the institution. There are only three of them in the U.S., according to their story, and it is not just a museum piece there, but is actually taught. The instrument is a whole orchestra. They graduated to music on it.

Well, it was great fun to have him here and I'm awfully glad that he was able to make it out here for the wedding. He intends to begin graduate work at McGill this fall, so he won't be on the road for the Baldrige Reading Program. Hmmm, I wonder what he's going to use for topics in his now famous column. I'm sure that the exploration of a new city will give him plenty of subject matter.

I notice that I alluded to his visiting in Canada on the way home, even before I got to the bit about him. I had written about the visit in Ash-Wing also, and the two things got a bit mixed up. He knew that John D. Berry and Susan Wood were headed west so his intention was to cut them off at the Barbour's in Edmonton. Evidently he made it, and I'm sure I'll hear all about that on the way down to California this week.

I GOT MY SHIRT TOGETHER

One day as I was plunging through the mail after I had arrived home, I came across a bulky envelope from somebody in California. I think the package said Sunshine Productions or something like that. I wondered what that could be as I didn't recall having sent for anything from an outfit with that name. What to do but tear it open and find out. Much too soft for a book.

Well, to my surprise it turned out to be a light blue T-shirt with the Blue Oyster Cult with their first album's cover printed across the front and the ankh symbol

on the back. Far flaming out, I cried. Then I dug into the envelope to see how it was that I came by this gift. (From the Blue, so to speak.) Not another thing in the envelope; not so much as a scrap of paper. I examined the outside of the envelope again to see if there was a clue. Nothing but good old Sunshine Productions up there in the left hand corner where they belonged. Grief, a puzzlement.

So I tucked chin in palm of hand momentarily, a typical Ned Seagoon pose if I ever knew one, and thought. Thinks. All right, Minnie. Oops, got carried away there for a minute. Then it slowly came back to me. Walking down the street in the University District back in February when one other sf fan was in Seattle. Seeing new Blue Oyster Cult double record in window of record shop. Dashing into said shop, elbowing each other to see who buy it first. Getting a good sale price on it in the new release section. Now who else would send me a Blue Oyster Cult T-shirt without a word of warning. Why good, old, crazy Brute Townley from Ancient Alexandria, of course. Brute is just one of his aliases. Behind that suave and sophisticated mask is the jelly-like soul of Bruce Townley. And the demented mind. And the starved stomach. And the insane motor impulses which make him draw those crazy drawings. Heh, heh, Moriarity, I've found you.

Well, T-Shirts are neat, and Bruce is neat for sending one to me. I'll wear it to Westercon, local rock festivals, riots, skate board races, and when I wax my suede Conestoga. Thanks, Bruce. (Gee, am I going to be embarrassed if it were someone else.)

Meanwhile, back on the home front, T-shirts have been made for The Gryffyn Band, and I have one of those to wear, also. That ought to freak everyone at Westercon. I can hear them now. Who's Gryffyn? Never heard of them. Remember I told you about the taping session they had a while back for the Sunday evening concert on local FM radio. Turns out that they are playing individual cuts from the tape during the day time, back to back with nationally named groups. Far out. If only they got paid for it, it would be a lot neater.

THE BLUE STAR

I was happy to see the book by Fletcher Pratt of the above title appear once more on the stands the other day. I recall having read it shortly after I got hooked on sf and fantasy, back around '68. For the life of me, I couldn't tell you much about the story right now, but I do remember that it was an exceptionally well-written book of witchcraft and sorcery. Pratt knew how to write, as he evidenced in more than one book. I was also happy to see what I consider a superb cover illustration for this new paperback edition. It's by Darrell Sweet, and I don't recall that name before. This edition should sell well, just on the merits of its cover, but if you haven't read this one before, don't pass up the chance to grab it this time and give it a read. As I say, I've forgotten the story, so I started to re-read it last night. I know it will be worth the second reading even if it begins to come back to me.

I've been wondering what to take to England to read. Friends have suggested that I don't take anything, just wait until I get there and buy something then. Those of you who know me well can be assured that I'll buy more than enough to keep me busy for a long time. At least I did so last time, and I don't think I've changed in the intervening two years. But I like to be prepared, and besides, I need something for the depot and the plane. I picked up Robert Merle's MALEVIL and William Goldman's THE PRINCESS BRIDE on the strength of recommendation from a couple of friends. Merle is the Frenchman who wrote THE DAY OF THE DOLPHIN and this looks like a "start over after the holocaust" story. It's a good thick one and has good excerpts from the critics on the back, that is, they say that the book is good. I didn't read DAY, so don't have any opinion of Merle's writing. Besides it's in translation, but it ought to keep me busy on the flight. By the time I finish these two I ought to have purchased several things in Foyle's that will keep me busy for the rest of the trip.

PUTTING ASH-WING TO BED

I've amazed myself. I truly have. It's not been very long ago since you got copies of Ash-Wing 16. I thought a bit about how long it would take to get cranked up again when we got back from England. Then I realized that I had some material that was going to become dated if it sat that long, so I decided to begin work on #17, just to see if I could get it done before the trip. I just finished up the last four pages of letters that I intended to do; tomorrow morning I will type the Table of Contents page and hie myself off to school and the mimeo and finish running these last pages. Before we head for Westercon I should have it collated and stapled. That will give me four days to devote to packaging and mailing the beast off. I'm also proud that I managed to hold it down a bit in size from the last issue. Right around 40 pages this time. One of the things I discovered though was that I'm going to have to go back to a better kind of packaging than I've used for the last two mailings. Got some complaints about the condition in which they arrived, and then, to corroborate these remarks, I got one back from the P.O. I must admit that it was in bad shape, and I'd not like to have received a zine in that condition. Too bad; that was an inexpensive way out. Is this the place I put *sigh*?

HELP!!!

Harry Warner needs some help. He's looking for addresses of two sources of non-commercial recordings. One is a dealer named McCoy and the other is the Jonathan Edwards Memorial Foundation. He's hunted all over for addresses and can't find them. He's also interested in finding out if there are any recordings of a country-western singer by the name of Linda Parker. Both of these questions are rather outside of my purview, so help.

Another friend is trying to dredge up from his memory the source of a novel from the early 50's in a pulp magazine. The hero's name was RAVEN. He and a female teammate had a lot of unexplained super powers with which they fought the evil forces. A whole army of mutants were arrayed against them; telekinetics, teleporters, pyrokinetics, chameleons, mini-engineers. The punchline of the plot was that man was a lower form that metamorphosed after death into a moth-like being that could fly between stars and communicate mentally with the universe -- Homo in Excelsis. Does all of that stir any memories amongst you pulp fans?

Art last time was Jim McLeod and this time my punch line to someone else's picture.

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FIRST CLASS MAIL

"Mr. Story Teller, what can I say
Your stories get bigger every day." -- Leslie West
MOUNTAIN