



It's time once again for another issue of that famous fanzine that asks the question, "Why the hell did that record club send me two separate copies of The Hollies' latest record?" I mean, I like The Hollies, a whole heap, in fact, but I don't need two copies of any record in my collection. Ah, well, it's THE ROGUE RAVEN 16 coming right out of the typer of Frank Denton who dwells at 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166. This thing goes to some people whose names were drawn out of a hat, and all others have to pay \$1 for 10 issues. It's been a long time since I mentioned that it's a product of The Bran & Skolawn Press and this issue is dated October 15, 1975.

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GOOFED AGAIN

It seems like every time I mention a book with some enthusiasm I manage to get things mixed up. You'll probably remember the very first issue of The Rogue where I raved about the Heinlein collection and everybody got the opportunity to jump on me. Well, I've done it again, although so far the mail box hasn't jumped all over me. Just Jim Shull. I was talking about Mark Geston whose work I have enjoyed a great deal. Bob Rochm had said that Geston had a novel making the rounds which no American publisher was willing to pick up, nor was Ted White who had seen it. I jumped to the conclusion that a Geston title which I had picked up in England this summer might be the one. Alas, for one who was trained as a professional librarian, I should know a heck of a lot better. There it is clearly printed on the verso. That's library talk for the back side of a title page. "First published in Great Britain in 1972. Copyright 1969."

Jim Shull stopped right in the middle of moving, rummaged around for his copy of OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THE DRAGON and whipped off a letter: "...was published by Ace Books in paper in 1969. John Schoenherr did the cover, as he did for LORD OF THE STARSHIP. I unpacked my copy of the book to check. Now I have to unpack the rest of the box and find a place for the contents. Rats!

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Jim reports that Monty Python's Flying Circus was just beginning in L.A. "Now I can see what it is that all those people have been talking about."

WELL, YES, TELEVISION

I've said it before and I'll probably say it again. I'm really not much of a television viewer. Tonight seemed to be one of those nights when I couldn't resist, however. Our PBS station has begun showing a really fine series called The Rivals of Sherlock Holmes. It's based upon a couple of books of the same title which were edited by Hugh Greene. A couple of weeks ago there was a fine adaptation of one of William Hope Hodgson's Carnacki, the Ghost Hunter stories. Tonight was "The Mystery of the Amber Beads" by Fergus Hume. The detective was Detective Sgt. Gruber, but the real sleuthing was done by Hagar Stanley, a Gypsy woman. I was particularly pleased that I had decided to watch this one because one of the villains, the solicitor Vark, was played by Philip Locke whom I have seen in Shakespearean roles in Lodnon.

That was followed by the fine half hour of Monty Python. I've seen four of their shows now, and by far the funniest for me was the parody they did of a science fiction story, taking off on the UFOs which changed all Englishmen into Scotsmen.

That was when I should have turned the set off and gotten to work on this. But, alas, I waited to see the first few minutes of Soundstage with Blood, Sweat and Tears and Janis Ian. There I was, trapped for another hour. Ah, well, I don't do it very often, but when I do, I really splurge. 2½ hours and my seat is tired of sitting.

STRANGE GOINGS ON IN THE STATE OF OREGON

There's been a rather bizarre story out of the state of Oregon in the last week. It's hard to know what to make of it. The first reports claimed that it all began with the public appearance of a couple who claimed to be thousands of years old and from outer space. This latter bit has been stricken and it sounds like any number of Jesus cult things which we've all heard about in the last several years. The occurrence took place in Waldport, Oregon, a small town along the coast of the Pacific Ocean. I remember so well that we stopped there one morning on our way to Westercon this last summer when we had Susan Wood and John Berry as passengers. Anna Jo had remembered that there was an excellent bakery there and we had stopped for coffee and some pastry. I also remember that I was looking for a particular issue of a magazine and visited the drug store, and that John and I had walked over to the post office to mail an issue of The Rogue from there.

Waldport is a relatively small town and seemed to be like any other town of its size. But whoever these people were who spoke there recently, they managed to convince about 20 people that worldly goods were not where it's at. One fellow is said to have sold a piece of property worth approximately \$5000 for the sum total of \$5. Another person sold whatever goods he had and gave his three children away. How's that for a grabber? At first no one knew where the people had gone; it was as though they had completely disappeared and this may have lent credence to the extra-terrestrial story. But followup reports in the next few days seemed to indicate that they were showing up in Colorado and that the same lecture is being advertised in parts of California. The evidence seems to be pointing to a religious cult theory. Well, God bless America. It's still full of wackoes. Maybe a bit later I'll have the story of the ritual slaying of cattle that has hit some of the western states, Washington included. It may be even more bizarre.

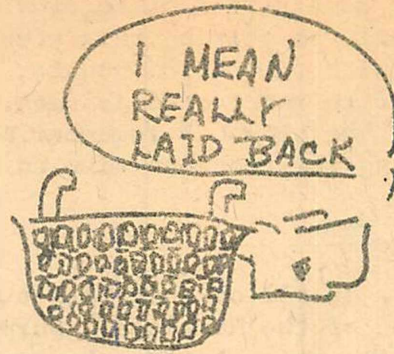
SUSAN, GET WELL

We were supposed to have visitors last weekend. Canadians were going to have a three-day weekend during which they would celebrate Thanksgiving. Susan Wood was going to journey down to spend the weekend with us and she was going to drag along, biting and scratching, Rosemary Ulyot. I was looking forward to seeing Susan again, hearing all about those crazy Aussies, and meeting Rosemary. Then Susan called to say that she had gotten a case of the dreaded lurgi and wasn't going to be able to make it. It had thrown her off stride, the papers weren't marked and somehow weren't going to mark themselves, and she thought it best if she just stayed home. Disappointment. So get well, Susan. Look, anyone who can acclimatize herself to the encroaching ice age as it moves inexorably toward Regina should certainly be able to adjust to the balmier, though perhaps damper, modes of the Pacific Northwest.

MUNN'S THE WORD

Last Friday I took the day off to play guest expert on science fiction. I fool a lot of people into thinking that and they do dumb things, like invite me to participate in programs. The Northwest Humanities Association was sponsoring a conference on science fiction for teachers of same as a part of a state-wide teacher's in-service

workshop day. Charles Yenter, who does a fine zine called Presenting Moonshine, primarily bibliographic in nature and featuring a lot of John Collier, was the moving force behind the workshop and he had asked me to come down and do my usual blather. I have a rap that usually has two phases: the first phase chews out the teachers of sf for having what I call the "ABC Syndrome" and I exhort them to get beyond Asimov, Bradbury and Clarke. Phase two is how farfines might just turn on a few kids in their class. Then I give them a list of some zines which they might enquire about, tell them to include a sticky dollar and hope that someone was listening.



The highlight of the morning was the guest speech of H. Warner Munn, author of THE SHIP FROM ATLANTIS and more recently MERLIN'S RING. Mr. Munn is getting along in years but still works every day and continues to write. He reminisced primarily about his first meeting with Lovecraft and of his association with The Lovecraft Circle. He spoke of Frank Belknap Long and of the early days of Weird Tales. The presentation was more in the nature of reminiscence than that of a prepared speech and it was fun just to sit back and listen to the old gentleman tell the stories. There is a good possibility that I may be able to present his remarks in Ash-Wing at some later date. It does mean that I'll have to transcribe from tape and it will take a while to do that.

One of the nice things that happened is that Phil Garland, a collector from Tacoma, who has recently gotten involved in small press publishing and is the publisher of Ind Lanthorne Press, had published a short story of Mr. Munn's and had it available for sale at the conference. The title is THE AFFAIR OF THE CUCKOLDED WARLOCK and it was published in a limited edition of 250 copies. I have copies 140 and 142. Should anyone be desperately desirous of a copy of this small booklet, I should be able to obtain one for \$2.50 including postage and handling.

Another person who shared the program was George W. Harper who has written science fact articles which have appeared in Analog and in Vertex. He has also written many other pieces which have appeared in non-sf magazines. He talked primarily about the scientific bases for science fiction writing, gave some astounding statistics for the teachers to try to digest, and described the time element involved in getting out of our galaxy if we must fly just below the speed of sound. I had fun countering him with talk about fti, space warps, tachyonic transfer, Alderson drive and other sf folderol. We had a good time and seemingly entertained the teachers while doing so.

Afterwards there were drinks at Yenter's house. I got a chance to see his collection for the first time and marveled at his persistence in tracking down varying editions of certain authors whom he specializes in. He had a whole shelf of Ursula LeGuin's books. My first thought was, "My God, she hasn't written that much." Then I realized that there were English and American hardbacks, English and American paperbacks, book club editions, other editions with varying colors of boards, foreign translations. Typical bibliographer. But he enjoys it greatly.

I also had a chance to chat again with Don Bungler who teaches sf courses at Highline High where my kids went to school. We had shared a television experience some years ago concerning sf, and I had seen him at the Evergreen conference of a couple of years ago. He was telling me that a former sf student of his, now in college and doing some interesting research into world planning, had visited NASA and somehow

had talked them out of some very recent information on space colonies. Even managed to get some slides which even some of the eastern universities with close NASA ties will only be getting this week. Don was happier than a lark because he's been doing a lot with simulation models, and having his students working on projects which are related to space colonization. Sounds like fun and Don, for one, has certainly moved beyond the ABCs. I remember accusing him of that a couple of years ago, when he was spending way too much time on 2001.

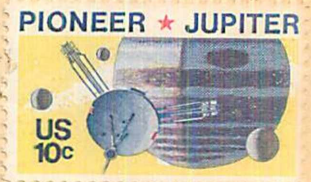
A FULL DAY

As if all of that wasn't nearly enough for one day, that evening was the monthly meeting of the Nameless. Surprisingly I was all talked out about sf. Well, that's not quite true, but as the evening wore on I found myself talking to several other members who have an affinity to the mystery-suspense-detective story genre as well as sf. Since we meet in a bookstore it was an easy topic to get into since we were standing in the kitchen where the mysteries happen to be shelves. Before the discussion was over, Martin Williams and I had pulled out fairly good stacks of things that we were recommending to each other. I think I managed to come home with about 13 paperbacks (which I augmented with another dozen the following day at our local store here in Burien). Looks like I have about 25 books of this type ahead of me. I ought not to have to buy any more for quite a while. There looks to be some awfully good stuff there and I'll use it to break up the sf reading. As a matter of fact, I already have read THE SLEEPING BEAUTY by Ross Macdonald. Not bad, but not as good as I had heard Macdonald's writing was. This one was just a little too complex and consequently a bit confusing, or so I thought.

PEOPLE DO WRITE

And some don't ever. This little fanzine which started out going to about 50 people, now goes to almost 80. Some are subscribers, of course, and I get letters quite often asking for a sample. Some people on the mailing list have never responded, however, and I think it's time to trim the list a little. If you have ever written, not to worry. Others, watch out. Just a card once in a while is quite sufficient. And you have no excuse; they've come down a penny and now retail for 7¢. Such a bargain. // No the art this time is not by Jim Shull; it's by Frank Denton. // Robert B. Parker's hard-boiled detective is now out in paperback. The title is THE GODWOLF MANUSCRIPT. This guy is a new star and his third novel is out in hardback this month.

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FIRST CLASS MAIL

"One day I'll be a minstrel in a gallery
And paint you a picture of the queen." - Jethro Tull