

serious writing gets done at night. Yes, it's going quite steadily and I feel quite good about it, thank you. No sales yet, but I don't mind, since I feel that I'm improving through practice. But let's not talk about that. Let's talk about something dumber, like.....

HOW THOSE BOOKS STACK UP. In the past few days some of the neatest stuff ever has come flying into the house. I don't know where to turn. I'm like a little boy with a penny clutched in his hand standing before the penny candy counter. Oh, sorry. There isn't any such thing any more, is there? Today the selections from the Science Fiction Book Club came scampering in. The Best of Henry Kuttner, for openers, with a superb introduction by Ray Bradbury. I must confess that I haven't read much Kuttner at all, and I'm looking forward to this fine collection of seventeen stories, serious and humorous, that should give readers a great deal of enjoyment, as well as introducing Kuttner's best work to us. There's not a great deal of it in print and you have to dig back into the magazines to find his stories and that's a drag for most folks. Along with it came Wilson Tucker's Ice and Iron. It doesn't look like a Hugo contender, but it does look like it's going to be good reading. There's an interesting premise for Tucker to work on. An encroaching ice age and the scientists who are living at the edge of the glaciers to study it are beginning to find artifacts from another time and place, and finally bodies begin to show up.

From another book club comes Laurence Durrell's Monsieur. Boy, am I looking forward to that. If you've read Durrell's "Alexandrian Quartet" or Tunc and Nunquam, you know what's in store for you. The reviews say that it isn't successful as a story, but Durrell's superb command of the language and his style will make it worth the effort. Durrell is one of the few writers I read with a dictionary at my side. From yet another book club comes Carlos Castaneda's Tales of Power. If you've been following the teachings of Don Juan in the previous books, you know what it's all about. If you haven't you'd better go back to the beginning and start in the proper order with The Teachings of Don Juan, A Separate Reality, and Journey to Ixtlan. In paperback sitting close by is The Company of Glory by Edgar Pangborn and Phoenix Without Ashes, a novel by Ed Bryant and Harlan Ellison, a novelization of Harlan's original "Star Lost" script. That one I'm looking forward to, because Harlan won a Screen Writer's Guild award for the script and Ed, one of the nicest guys in all prodom, persevered in getting it into novelized form. Also keep your eyes peeled for Ed's Cinnabar, which should be out soon now. I've got to clear the deck of some of this stuff in order to be ready for that. Can anyone arrange for it to snow up here? You know, just a little blizzard to keep us in for about five days would do it just fine. I could knock these books off in that amount of time and have a little left over to develop a whole new list. Frustrating, that's what it is.

Think how fat you'd be if the fork didn't have holes in it. - The Rogue's Ravings

I SUPPOSE THAT THIS ISSUE should be called the "nostalgia" issue because there's sure a lot of that in it. I want to tell you about The Cinnamon Bear. That's an old radio show that I finally laid my hands on. I don't remember what it was that set off the search for the crazy old thing, but a couple of years ago I began to look around for it. It was a Christmas show that was played originally when I was a little kid, probably eight or nine years old. Yep, back in the days of real radio. The Cinnamon Bear was a show that was in fifteen-minute installments and played for about



a month before Christmas. I didn't have much luck for a long time, but I persevered in writing for catalogs and searching through them. Finally one week when I was in Portland I heard a radio station there announcing that they would begin playing the show for the thirtieth consecutive year. I wrote to the station management asking if they knew where I could buy a copy of the show and they responded with the name of an old radio show dealer in Baker, Oregon. Sure enough, he had a master copied directly from transcriptions which are housed in the Oregon State Library. So I finally have a copy of the complete show.

It's all about Judy and Jimmy who go upstairs to the attic to search for the silver star that goes on the top of their Christmas tree. They don't find it but they do find a small teddy bear, the Cinnamon Bear, who tells them that their star has been stolen by the Crazy Quilt Dragon, so the three of them set off through a knot hole in the wall into another land to retrieve it. There they have adventures that go on and on until nearly Christmas day. It was great fun when I was a child, and it's a whole different kind of great fun now. Here it is the end of January and I still haven't heard all of it, but now that I have it, there's no hurry. I just listened to another episode tonight. It's still fun after nearly 35 years, although I'm sure that the feeling of anticipation back then was tied quite directly to the radio story then. That reminds me; I've got to tape an episode of Bold Venture with Bogart and Bacall tomorrow night when it's on the old time radio show of one of the local Seattle stations.

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I've just finished a terrific detective novel called Dancehall of the Dead. It takes place in Navajo and Zuni Indian country and the protagonist-detective is a Navajo policeman. The crime, however, is the murder of a young Zuni boy who has been in training for a long spell of dancing which he must do in an upcoming Zuni religious ceremony. Is that enough to whet your appetite? There's a commune not far from the scene of the murder, there's a second murder, there's an archaeological dig nearby, there's the murdered boy's Navajo friend, who wants desperately to become a Zuni because of the appeal of the Zuni religion and ritual. This is a well written story by Tony Hillerman and is now available in paperback from Avon. It was awarded the Edgar for best mystery novel of the year by the Mystery Writers of America, the mystery equivalent of a Nebula. If you're into mysteries, even slightly as a welcome break from sf, you ought to hunt this one down and give it a read.

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A very interesting book showed up on the stands this week. It's monumental, in a way, I suppose. Robert A. Heinlein's The Past Through Tomorrow. Now, before you get all excited (in case you haven't seen the volume by the time you read this), I hasten to tell you that this is not a new work following hot on the heels of Time Enough For Love. The subtitle on the cover and title page reads "Future History Stories" and it collects complete in one volume just that. It's the kind of thing that one would wish mightily might have been done in hardback, even if only in a Science Fiction Book Club edition. I suppose it's right about here that I should say that I'm not a Heinlein fan. For some obscure reason, perhaps a dietary deficiency, I have never been able to complete a Heinlein book. I've started five of them, including Time Enough For Love and Stranger In A Strange Land and have never made it through a single one of them. I'm taking a great chance in stating that here, publicly and in print. Denis Quane is liable to take me off of his mailing list. I must say, however, that this volume intrigues me sufficiently that I am going to dip into the first few pages of this on the very night that I write this. The man does have to be one of the giants of the field; I've got to admit that. This volume alone must surely signify that. I should also note that with the rising cost of paperbacks, this one has got to be a bargain. Berkley Medallion has marketed it at \$1.95 and it is a hefty 830 pages. When lots of 160-pagers are going for \$1.25 that means that for an additional 70¢ you're getting your money's worth. An added fillip is that it

contains Heinlein's own chart of his future history. Well, I guess that's enough of trumpet blasts for old Robert. I promise that I'll begin to read it. Whoknows? If I go carefully one step at a time, I may make it through this one. Even if I don't, I'll be the first to admit that it's a whale of an idea, and Berkley ought to be thanked for it.

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I'm humbled once again this year to learn that I've become one of the recipients of the 1974 Bow-Wow Awards. Sheryl Birkhead manages to come up with something new and different all the time and she's got to be some kind of a super person to show her appreciation in the ways that she does. And a fertile imagination she does have. I'm not sure how many of these awards she gives out, or even what her criteria are, although she says that they go to people to whom she wants to say a special thank you. I sure don't know how I rate, but I won't look a gift horse in the mouth. I just sit here kind of glowing and warm and thankful that whatever it is that I do gives her some pleasure. This years award takes the form of a beautifully cross-stitched "FIAWOL", matted and framed. As my science fiction room nears completion, as far as painting and cleaning and waxing the floor, and gets closer to the installing of new shelves, I'd like Sheryl to know that this award will be hung in a very prominent place for all to see and admire. Someday I'm going to think of something to do for Sheryl in return. In the meantime, Sheryl, thanks for being you and triple thanks for the gift.

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Well, that about wraps up the first issue. I hope you like it and will encourage some people to subscribe. My thanks for the art work of Sheryl Birkhead - p. 1, Gene Perkins - p. 2, and Victor Kostrikin - p. 4. Don't tell Yadhoo Khotho about this new zine or he'll probably come wandering back. Let's hear it for England in '79. Battle of the Bands tonight features Steely Dan vs. Doug Kershaw. No logic in that.

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FIRST CLASS MAIL

"Rikki, Don't lose this number. It's the only one you own."