

I've got to say that it was a good party, even if we were the hosts. A nice crowd of local fans that traded good conversation until 2:30 in the morning. I wouldn't want to do that every week or every month, but I suspect that we'll try it again sometime. The surprising thing was that so much of the conversation was science fictional. I don't recall that generally being true, even at conventions.

A couple of days later we left to drive to Los Angeles for Westercon. Sheryl accompanied us. It was too bad that we didn't have the time to do the trip in a leisurely fashion and drive down the coast, instead of I-5, which is not the most interesting highway in the world. As it is, it takes several days to drive to Los Angeles at the current highway speeds. The only interesting thing which occurred besides following the long ribbon of highway was that we arrived in San Jose in time to go to a birthday party at Jan Snyder's house. Jan is another member of Apanage. She was celebrating both her own and the country's 200th birthdays. I won't give away her age. We weren't able to stay until the wee hours as we had had a long and tiring day on the road and had another one ahead of us.

I'll skip over a Westercon report this time. One con report seems to read like another one. This con didn't seem so heavily programmed and for a good many people it seemed like it wasn't a very good con. For me, on the other hand, it was a superb convention. I acted like a old and tired fan and just had a good time talking to people who were there. I got to meet Gil Gaier for the first time and had a pretty fair talk with him. Dave Locke appeared at the first Westercon for him in some years, and we had a lengthy conversation one night. Dale Goble, who hasn't been to a convention in a couple of years, traded ear-bending with me three nights in a row, going until 4, 5, and 6 in the morning respectively. That I liked. Ed Cox was there, having a last fannish fling before moseying off to Saudi Arabia for something like 18 months, if I recall correctly, to sweep in some of their money. He could come back wealthy. Or with a harem. I had a chance to talk a bit with Bill Breiding, with Mark Anthony from Phoenix, Ken St. Andre, also from Phoenix (who regaled us with a story of Tanith Lee's children's books) and with Jim McLeod, artist extraordinaire. One of the delightful things about this convention was getting a chance to know Lee Norling a lot better. I suppose that came about because so few of the artists were there; not at all like last year when I swore that they would take over the convention for a while. Lee showed us several months of cartoon strips which he is sending around to the syndicates. They had us in stitches, and I hope that someone will give him a chance to get started one of these days. A couple more very fine people that I had a chance to talk with at length were Roy Squires, who recommended Laphroig Scotch, and by golly, he's right. It is good. Also, unfortunately not available in the state of Washington. Gee, when you compose on stencil you have funny sentences, don't you. The second person mentioned, or not mentioned, in the sentence a couple of rows back was Tim Powers. He regaled us with the tale of how he wrote a couple of Laser Books. Only one is out so far, #28, THE SKIES DISCROWNED. It's a lot of fun and that seems to be how he wrote it. He said that it was fun to write, and he admits readily to holes in it. Well, so much for not writing a con report.

On the morning after the convention we drove out to Simi Valley to visit with a friend of mine who used to live in Seattle. We hadn't seen him in about six years, since he fled before the height of the Boeing crisis. Now he works for Lockheed. Unfortunately he had to work that same afternoon and we were only able to visit with him and his new wife for a couple of hours. But it was fun while it lasted and he copied off for me a symphonic band number written by a student at Cal Poly. It is called "Middle Earth Suite" and has four movements. Pretty well done and can be had on a recording of the Cal Poly Band.

The next evening we ascended to Sacramento where Dale Goble had invited us to stay the night. He and Mona put on a superb fondue dinner for us and other guests, Jim McLeod and Debbie Hamilton. Steak, mushrooms dipped in beer batter, hot dogs,

cheese bread. We stuffed ourselves until we couldn't move. Dale had also made some special sauces that were excellent. Afterward we got a chance to see his book collection and do some more talking. It seems that we hadn't done quite enough at Westerncon. And at evening's end he showed us some movies of hill climbing in his Blazer over on the sand dunes of Nevada. It looked like a lot of fun; only crazy people need apply.

When we arrived home in Seattle, Jon Singer and Hope Leibowitz were there ahead of us, but were staying at Loren MacGregor's house. They made arrangements to come out to the house on Saturday afternoon and use the kitchen. Loren guided them thru the public market and they came trooping out on the bus with fresh salmon filets and fresh corn on the cob. Jon rolled up his sleeves and set to work. Before too long wondrous things appeared on the table. Dinner for six; Jon, Hope, Loren, John Berry, Anna Jo and I. Thanks, Jon. The following week Jerry Kaufman wended his way north to stay with Loren and by this time Eli Cohen had arrived to stay with us and take in Wagner's Ring in its entirety. So that Saturday saw a bunch of us descending on Chinatown for something special. HMMMM. Time dims things. I almost forgot to say that Susan Wood had also arrived to spend a few days. So it was a goodly crowd that dined on steamed Chinese foods on Saturday afternoon.

I suppose that a word should be said here about the Wagner Orgy. Seattle Opera began to do the complete Ring Cycle last year, and this was the second year that it had been done. Eli flew down on Tuesday to attend. Fortunately, he knows a lot more about the Ring than I do, although I had seen three of the four parts performed. The four operas are performed over a span of six days and one find that he is thinking about the cycle most of the time. It was the occasional topic of conversation throughout the six days, and gradually you became so immersed in it that you thought about it most of the time. Obviously this is the way to see the Ring, rather than piecemeal over several seasons.

On the opening night two things occurred to really get the whole production off to a good start. It was Eli's first visit to Seattle, and since Anna Jo was selling raffle tickets for the Opera Association, we had to arrive early. Since Eli had never visited the Seattle Center before we took the opportunity to stroll about for a half hour or so. As we were coming back toward the opera house we met Alan Nourse and his wife. They had another woman with them. Alan and I had shared a program for a group of librarians not too long before, so we greeted each other warmly. I introduced Eli to them, and then Alan introduced us to their guest, Ginny Heinlein. It seems that she has traveled to Seattle for two summers in a row to listen to and see the Ring performed. Unfortunately, Robert did not accompany her. She was staying as a house guest with the Nourse's. Immediately thereafter we wandered over to the High School Memorial Stadium to see who was making the music emanating from there. As we looked down into the field, we could see that a marching drill team was practicing and that their band was practicing in the stands. As we stood there the band broke out with "Oh, Canada." It was all the more fitting because Eli had, only the day before, been granted his Landed Immigrant status by the Canadian government after much travail. If you receive KRATOPHANY you know all of the sordid details. I allowed as how I had made a deal with the band to perform this special tribute to Canada's newest long-term visitor. But, in truth, it was one of the fortunate circumstances that are hard to believe.

The next person to come visiting was John Carl from Montana. John had written that he would be vacationing with his parents and would probably stop on a Friday evening. As it turned out, he arrived on Thursday. Unfortunately we were not expecting him, and had made arrangements to go out to the Pipeline Tavern and hear Renaissance. Don't ask me why they were playing there, instead of doing a big concert in town. But they played for a group of several hundred and did only one set.

The set was only an hour long, but when they came back to do an encore, they played for another half hour straight. Sensational!

Meantime John, who is only a senior in high school this year, was forced to stay home and listen to my records and peruse my library, since he isn't old enough to visit a tavern. We did have a nice talk after I got home around midnight, and the next morning we stopped at Loren's house to pick him up. He wanted to run some stuff off on the mimeo, so we all got to visit for a bit more. John stayed with Loren on Friday night and unfortunately got much the same treatment I had given him. Linda Rondstadt and The Eagles were in the Kingdome and Loren had had tickets for quite a while, so again John was left to his own devices. Saturday morning he and the family headed home to Montana. We'll try to do better the next time, truly we will, John.

Let's see. I lose track of time and sequence, but I think that the next visitor was Ed Bryant. Ed had never been in Seattle before and was visiting friends up here. He called one evening and for some reason I thought he was calling from Denver. I don't know why I did that; I receive a fair amount of calls from fans around the country and I always ask them first thing if they are in town. One never knows! But for some reason I just assumed that Ed was in Denver. It was probably ten minutes before I asked him where he was. When I found out that he was here in Seattle, we invited him out to dinner the next evening. We had a great feed, compliments of Anna Jo, and a fine evening of conversation.

Boy, I hope I'm not leaving anyone out. The next to appear on the scene was Don Livingstone and his family. Don is a collector friend from Chilliwack, B.C. and he and his family, augmented by one of the neighbor kids, were on a wandering sort of vacation to the States. We had them out to dinner and the evening was filled with conversation, primarily about books. Don is an excellent one to talk with about books. He seems always to have information about forthcoming items of which I hadn't heard. I feel like taking notes sometimes, although I don't do so. Occasionally I do write down scraps of things; titles, or dealers names and addresses, persons to contact. I understand that later the Livingstones continued on down into Oregon and had a chance to contact Mike Horvat in Corvallis. The same evening on which the Livingstones were visiting, along about ten p.m., the phone rang and on the other end was Dale Goble in Sacramento. He asked if we were doing anything on the weekend. I said that we had planned to go down to Portland for the day on Saturday, but that it was not anything important. We were just going to horse around. He said that they couldn't stand the heat of the Sacramento Valley any longer and were heading north for the weekend.

Saturday morning Dale & Mona arrived and we did the usual tourist things on Saturday. We took the Seattle Underground tour, went to the Pike's Place Market, did some bookshops, saw the Irish shop ("Wee Bit O'Ireland") and some other things around Pioneer Square. It was a fun day, Mona's first visit to Seattle, and Dale hadn't been here in quite a while. He has a sister whom they had visited on Friday night, and again on Sunday night at the end of their stay in Seattle. Sunday we went shopping for a special shirt that Dale was looking for. How come I ended up with four new shirts and he didn't buy any? I heard later by postcard that he had finally found the shirt he was after, so I didn't feel quite so badly. Me, I found some nice ones. Sunday evening Dale and Mona were kind enough to take us out for a lovely steak dinner. Needless to say, we stuffed ourselves, then went back home to sit around the dining room table talking and drinking endless cups of coffee. It was a very pleasant surprise to have them visit us. I wish that Seattle and Sacramento were just a tad closer together and that we could visit more often. It's not an easy drive; something like sixteen hours on the road. Otherwise we could see each other several times a year, as Dale is one of my favoritist people. Those of you into

fanzines may remember a very fine zine that Dale and Jim McLeod used to publish entitled INTERPLANETARY CORN CHIPS.

Well, that tells you part of how I spent my summer vacation. It seems that we had a whole heap of people through Seattle and we enjoyed all of them. There's more to come, but this is as good a place as any to give both you and me a break and talk about something else. I'll come back to the last fading days of August, a trip to the Midwest and a visit by the DUFF winner after this commercial break.

ROUND AND ROUND (Written way back in May)

In the summer of '75 while I was visiting with Keith Roberts in England we spent an evening listening to the music of Benjamin Britten and a remarkable recording by David Fanshawe entitled AFRICAN SANCTUS. (Have I told you about that recording? One of the most unique recordings I've heard in a long time.) At the time I was impressed by the equipment Keith was using, Bang and Olufsen, or B & O for short. The turntable, particularly, excited me as not only a lovely design, but a marvel of simplicity. What do they say about form and function? I decided to look into this particular turntable when I returned home.

I read the specs on the Beogram 3000, as it's called, and decided that they were quite good. I found out the price and began to squirrel away some money each payday. I was astonished to find that soon I had enough to turn in my Dual 1218 in trade and purchase the new turntable.

It is a totally integrated turntable with the tone arm, the cartridge and the stylus all designed as an integral unit. For a person like myself, who rarely plays anything other than 12" lps one at a time, nothing could be more simple to operate. One gentle push on a flat disc performs all the functions, whether it be to start the playing automatically, to lift during play, or to set down again. Gorgeous machine.

Now I have to set about providing tapes of recordings for Tim and Candy and for another friend who is at Prudhoe Bay. Everyone is isolated and they are starving for new music. Tim says that they get so tired of the same tapes after a while. John, my friend in Prudhoe Bay, said the same. When I mentioned that my kind of music wasn't his kind, he being a bit more middle of the road, he said he didn't care. Send him anything, jazz, rock, classics. Just so it was something he didn't already have. He said, "Just tape every new record you buy and send it up here. There are three of us working together and we have dissimilar tastes, but we'll be grateful for whatever you send." Well, this first time they are going to get Weather Report, Peter Frampton, Steeleye Span and Steely Dan. That ought to give them some variety.

(Well, I've had the turntable for six months now and it has continued to be everything I expected. I see that B&O is out with some new models now. That's the story of my life; buy something and they change models. That's OK. I'll probably use this one for four or five years. Meantime Tim and Candy have come home and now have gone back again, this time on a crab boat which actually goes put-put all by itself. Those of you who have followed the saga previously know that they were on ships tied up to a dock on Mackenack Island; the cannery and freezing operation replaced the engines. This time they are on a ship that moves under its own power and I'm not quite sure how their jobs will differ from what they did before, but they will be out on the seas. They may have the opportunity to take a trip to Japan if the company decides to unload there. It's also very likely that we will hear from them very infrequently as they won't touch land very often. They expect to be back in January or March of July. I like the specifichness of that. // It's amazing how much happens when you don't do one of these things for six months, isn't it?)

GENTLY IN THE WOODS

About a year ago Macmillan began publishing a series of novels about a British Inspector named Gently. They are written by Alan Hunter and are not new; the ones I've seen so far bear copyrights from back in the 50's. Nonetheless I have found them very enjoyable. Four have been published so far: GENTLY THROUGH THE WOODS, GENTLY IN THE HIGHLANDS, GENTLY WITH THE LADIES and GENTLY WITH THE INNOCENTS. A fifth title is due momentarily. I have yet to look Hunter up to see how many of these stories he may have written. Someday I'll have to break down and buy a copy of the new ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MYSTERY AND DETECTION. At any rate I find Hunter's writing quite fine and occasionally find a passage that gives me a special joy. I must admit that the first chapter of the first book by him that I read began with a motor trip over some of the same road I have traveled in England. I could relive my own drive up to Scotch Corner, turning west and crossing the Pennines, and heading north for the Scottish border through Carlisle. Maybe that has something to do with my fondness for him.

Anyway I was so tickled with a passage from GENTLY THROUGH THE WOODS that I decided to stick it in here:

"You'll see a deer here sometimes," Keynes said. "Though usually only the flash of his rump. And further on, in the Scots, there are plenty of red squirrel. I'll show you their drey when we come to it. We may just catch a glimpse of one in flight."

Gently snorted. "A strange place to kill a man!"

Keynes glanced at him sidelong. "Yes. The plains and the deserts are the killing grounds. Here you have the moral influence of the trees."

"The moral influence?"

Keynes nodded. "Trees are a sort of dolphin of the vegetable world. They love men. If you can walk in a forest and not feel that love, you are past redemption." He laughed suddenly. "Don't take my word for it. Cast your mind back over history. The cruel and warlike people have lived in plains, the cruellest of all in the deserts. Men need trees. When they are deprived of them they become decadent and savage. If we are to become like gods, and not like devils, it will be through the influence of trees."

"But trees are insensate things," Gently said.

Keynes shook his head. "Never. When Wordsworth spoke of flowers enjoying the air they breathe he was half-way to the truth - in his simpering fashion. Trees, flowers, all the slow-livers, are as sensate as you and I. It is only our arrogance that makes us blind to it, and our power to dispose and destroy. If you wound a tree, it bleeds. If you injure it, it falls sick. And if you protect and encourage it, it shows its pleasure, and tries to respond by pleasing you. They live more slowly than we, but not differently, and perhaps are greater than us in love."

Well, it was at this point that I decided that Keynes could not be guilty of the murder. I was right, too.

BOOK TALK

It seems that the longer one reads the more one finds himself stumbling far to the rear. There seems no way to keep up with the current publishing output without somehow extending the day, and there seems to be some natural law about that. Sometimes I think I ought to give up all fanac for about six months and just catch up.

I marvel, sometimes, about sf fans who are not readers; the ones who say, "Oh, I never read science fiction." I suspect that they don't read much of anything, sf or otherwise.

There seems to have been a number of good things published in the last couple of years that are just sitting there on the shelves glaring at me. Many of them are quite long and I've set them aside for that very reason. But they keep stacking up and if I don't get to them pretty soon, it's likely that the next year will produce another half dozen of them. I recall that I dived into science fiction because I grew irritated with the mainstream. Now there are several things from the mainstream which I want to read and have put off. For starters here are four: 1) Anthony Powell's A DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF TIME - all four volumes have been published in paperback now. There are 12 novels altogether and it might just take a while to finish them. 2) SHOGUN by James Clavell - I haven't heard so many personal endorsements about a book in many a long year. Many people have told me that I've just got to read it, but, my god, it's over 1100 pages. 3) GRAVITY'S RAINBOW by Thomas Pynchon- This one must be several years old by now and I still haven't gotten to it. I've read the other books of Pynchon and I've got to set aside some time for this one. 4) A GLASTONBURY ROMANCE by John Cowper Powys - this book has been out of print since 1952 and I just found a new paperback of it in Vancouver, B.C. a couple of weeks ago. Another book that is well over 1000 pages and it's hard to get started on something like that when you know how long it's going to take. My dilemma is compounded by having to read books which come from The Seattle Times for review and by books written by authors who have become friends over my years in fandom. Well, there are four biggies and I'm afraid to total up the pages in those four alone. Maybe I write this a-l down in order to coerce myself into beginning what I am sure is a pleasurable task and to necessitate my reporting on my progress periodically to you, and as a consequence, to myself. I could easily add another half dozen to the above four, books not quite so lengthy and which I have every intention to read, but also which seem to be just sitting there looking at me, or vice versa. I know you won't believe some of the titles on this secondary list; surely everybody interested in the authors or books has read them by now. I plead guilty. Confession is good for the soul, you know. THE CRYSTAL CAVE and THE HOLLOW HILLS by Mary Stewart (by now she has another: TOUCH NOT THE CAT), SHARDIK by Richard Adams, SHE AND ALLEN by H. Rider Haggard, BRIGANTIA by Guy Ragland Phillips, PASSAGE TO ARARAT by Michael J. Arlen and THE GREAT RAILWAY BAZAAR by Paul Theroux.

And on every side people clamor at me to read their favorites. Willo Roberts mentioned some mystery novels by McAuliffe. Jeff Frane insists that I have to make up for my neglected education by reading several of D.G. Compton's sf novels, and he gets very adamant when he talks about Kate Wilhelm's latest two books, THE CLEWISTON TEST and WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG. Dale Goble wants me to read THE CHOIRBOYS, GHOST BOAT and Lawrence Sanders' THE FIRST DEADLY SIN.

At the same time new books keep arriving on the scene. MASKE: THAERY by Jack Vance, ORSINIAN TALES by Ursula LeGuin, DEUS IRAE by Philip K. Dick and Roger Zelazny, and local author F.M. Busby's RISSA KERGUELEN. A couple of these caused me to just set everything else aside and just devour the new book. I did this with both DEUS IRAE and RISSA KERGUELEN. Both are fine books and I think the one by Buz is the best thing he's done to date. It ought to qualify for Nebula and Hugo balloting if the reading fans have their wits about them and if enough people have a chance to read it.

Well enough of book talk for a while. You can all see the quandary I'm in and I'm sure that a good number of you face the same problems yourselves. Of course, there is no real solution to it, but about twice a year I have to get it off of my chest. What good it does, I'm not quite sure, but I feel better about it. I'll report on whatever progress I make, be it ever so small. Say, did you know that JORIS OF THE ROCKS by Leslie Barringer has now been published by Newcastle. Here we go....

MORE OF VACATING, BUT FAR TOO SHORT

I think I left off just before we were to leave for Wisconsin in the middle of August. For someone from the very moderate climates of the Pacific Northwest, Wisconsin doesn't seem like the best place to choose for a trip in the middle of August. But there were good and just reasons for doing so. My mother and father came west just before World War I. My father's brothers also came west sometime later. But none of my mother's family did. So all of my relatives on that side of the family are still in the midwest. Two of my aunts who are now both in their eighties still live there and it seemed like a good time to visit them.

My cousin, Margaret, had graciously offered us lodging and putting up with all of the other silliness that goes along with having house guests. (She later wrote that she missed us, but not my cigarette smoke). Margaret lives in Racine and it is a handy place from which to reach the other relatives. In truth, Margaret has been our most frequent and closest contact with the family. In 1971 she met us in Dublin and traveled with us (or vice versa) on our first tour of Ireland. She has been to the northwest and stayed with us and we have many interests in common. We dearly love her and have such a very fine time when we are with her that it is an abysmal shame that we don't live just a little bit closer.

I can't begin to detail all of the things which we did during the week that we were there. It was a busy one. One day was spent at the Wisconsin State Fair. We walked the grounds from one end to the other, enjoying the exhibits. The floral hall was outstanding, with the bi-centennial theme carried out beautifully. We watched cattle judging, and saw a dog being operated on. This was one of the most interesting things to me. The Wisconsin veterinarians' association has a rather large demonstration and performs several operations daily. In truth, they are agitating for a School of Veterinary Medicine in the state of Wisconsin. I find it almost unbelievable that a state with so much farming and so many animals, both cattle and hogs, as well as other small animals, does not have a school to train their own veterinarians. Of course, it must cost millions to equip and outfit such a school but I can't fathom not having the training available in their own state. So the demonstrations at the fair; trying to get citizen involvement to assist what must be an ongoing lobbying effort in their legislature. Another highlight was the homemaking building where we found a quilt built by the ladies of Horicon and found the square contributed by another cousin. And an excellent demonstration of microwave cooking. Someday I won't be surprised if we break down and buy a microwave oven. It was interesting to have the Wisconsin State Fair to contrast with our own Western Washington State Fair which I have written about here at one time or another. I don't think the Wisconsin Fair was as large as ours is and that surprised me quite a bit. Nor do I think it was as good, and that conclusion came after thinking about it quite objectively for some time. Not just my Northwest chauvinism showing.

Another high spot was a daylong visit to Cedarburg, Wisconsin. Cedarburg is a town north of Milwaukee which strikes me as being quite typical of an older style Wisconsin town. Many of the houses have been purchased by people who work in Milwaukee and a certain amount of restoration has gone on. It is a clean, quiet town in which it must be very nice to live. The city fathers seem to have shown excellent good sense in keeping out all of the neon and big signery of many of our cities. At one time there was a woolen mill there which finally gave up about 1962 when synthetics had taken over. Too bad they couldn't have held on for another ten years to see a resurgence in natural cloth. At any rate the city fathers did not approve the sale of the property to a big oil corporation to put in a super gas station. Instead it sat idle for about ten years and was then sold to a small winery from Milwaukee which makes a specialty wine (about which more later). The buildings were remodeled and small shop space was leased out to house some very interesting shops.

There was an excellent restaurant at which we had lunch. There was a working blacksmith's shop in which two young men were making a variety of things, not all of which were ornamental. There were some excellent craft shops, pottery, art, needlework. A bakery sent delightful smells throughout the first floor, and attracted my Aunt Susan and me for a pastry and a cup of coffee. Another shop had every conceivable supply for making table centerpieces and other decorations. Upstairs some art classes were being held.

In the basement, ah, nice cool basement, the winery had found a perfect home. It specializes in cherry wine, and a tour is held frequently to go through and hear about the process. Having toured wineries in California, I knew many of the right questions to ask and endeared myself to the woman who was leading the tour. It is not a large winery and does not produce huge quantities of wine at a time. Something like 1500 gallons are working at a time. But much of the other production is done there as well. The boxes for gift packs are hand stencilled. Bottling is done by hand; no production line here, or rather, no mechanized production line. There is a nice wine shop which sells a good variety of other wines as well as their own cherry wine. Naturally we had to buy after sampling. They make a spiced one which must be very nice mulled in the winter time. They also make one slightly sweeter than the natural.

Well, I must move on and say a word about the aunts and the rest of the trip. Aunt Susan in 82 and last year had open heart surgery. One could tell from her letters of the last year that she was only waiting to die. During the surgery the surgeons did three by-passes. Now she acts as if she were only 60. She spent a whole day at the State Fair. She spent all day at Cedarburg with us. She is in fabulous shape and enjoying life very much these days. It was marvelous to see her in such good health and great spirits. During the time that we were there Aunt Alice celebrated her 80th birthday and a surprise party was held at her son's farm. About 50 people showed up and it was truly a surprise. It also gave me a chance to see all of the relatives at one time. A great evening.

There's little room to talk about wandering about Racine, or going to an excellent German dinner at Karl Ratsch's Restaurant (hope that spelling is close to correct.) Nor the excellent party which Margaret took us to where we enjoyed her friends very much.

I've forgotten which day (it must have been Friday) we rented a car and drove up to Madison to visit the Luttrells. It turned out to be collating party time, not for Starling but for Janus, a fanzine edited and published by Janice Bogstad and Jeanne Gomoll. We stood and kibbitzed during the entire enterprise. Purist me, who collates single-handedly. But it gave me a chance to look over Lesleigh's mystery collection and Hank's sf, while others were getting the zine out of the way. Then we took part in an evening of conversation. I don't recall all of the people who were there, but Anna Jo and I were much taken with Perri Corrick. We enjoyed her very much and since she teaches pharmacology we couldn't think of a better person to ask an opinion of concerning the swine flu shots. As a result of her fairly objective discourse, we have now had the shots. Anyway we had a swell time and want to thank Hank and Lesleigh for being such good host and hostess.

The following morning we drove down to Barrington, Illinois to visit all too briefly with Gene Wolfe and his lovely wife and family. I've admired Gene's writing a good deal and have wanted to meet him for some time. He hosted us very graciously, rounding up coffee for us and wishing to do more. Mostly, however, I had come to talk about writing with him and I thank him for the encouragement which he gave to me and some advice, which may turn out to be sage. We spent a pleasant hour downstairs in his basement where he works. He explained his working habits and since I am in much the same position as he in terms of available time, I listened carefully. Now if I can only put it into practice. I'm trying, Gene, I really am. And thanks for all.

Well, I could stretch this tale out at some length, but I limit The Rogue to ten pages so I'd best finish with some odds and ends. I'll have to continue next time with tales of the visiting Aussies, running into Harlan in Vancouver, and other Weird Tales. It feels good to be doing The Rogue again after letting him rest for so long.

There's no art this time because the stencil cutter which the library has is acting up so badly, I'm ashamed of what I've been getting out of it. Despair not, Barry McKay, all of those nice things you sent me will be used someday when I've solved the problem.

This issue will go to 102 people. That's too many, but some are new to the mailing list because they have evinced interest. A few are gone from the list. I suppose I should establish a policy that says if you don't respond for three issues, you will be cut off. Perhaps I will. Some people have written to say that I should list the people who receive it; just give them a little egoboo. OK. Here goes: Bruce D. ARTHURS, Frank BALAZS, Steve BARD, Steve BEATTY, Doris BEETEM, Carl BENNETT, John BERRY, Sheryl BIRKHEAD, Donn BRAZIER, Bill BREIDING, Ned BROOKS, Charlie & Dena BROWN, Ed BRYANT, Ken BUDKA, Elinor BUSBY, John CARL, Ed CONNOR, Don D'AMMASSA, Rick DEY, Dan DIAS, Sal DI MARIA, Carolyn DOYLE, Linda EMERY, Jeff FRANE, Jackie FRANKE, FREFF, Gil GAIER, Dale GOBLE, Mike GLYER, Fred HASKELL, David HAUGH, Mike HORVAT, Ben INDICK, Dorothy JONES, Jerry KAUFMAN, Tim KIRK, Mike KRING, Dave LOCKE, Sam LONG, Hank & Lesleigh LUTTRELL, Tim MARION, Don MARKSTEIN, Bill MARSH, Jeff MAY, David MERKEL, Loren MAC GREGOR, Joe MOUDRY, Larry PASCHELKE, Joe PEARSON, Ted PEAK & Judith BROWNEE, Bruce PELZ, Gene PERKINS, Andy PORTER, Tim POWERS, Denis QUANE, Michael J. READE, Ronald SALOMON, Les SAMPLE, Chris SHERMAN, Stu SHIFFMAN, Jon SINGER, Jim SHULL, Bob SPALE, James T.R. PAXTON, Roy SQUIRES, Ken ST. ANDRE, Roger SWEEN, Roy TACKETT, Don C. THOMPSON, Bruce TOWNLEY, Bob VARDEMAN, Harry WARNER, Laurine WHITE, Martin WILLIAMS, Gene WOLFE, Mike BAILEY, Doug & Sharon BARBOUR, Michael CARLSON, Eli COHEN, Michael CONEY, Charles CUSHING, Garth DANIELSON, Lynne DOLLIS & Rick MICKLESON, Stuart GILSON, Barry MAC KAY, Philip PAINE, Susan WOOD, David GRIFFIN, Terry JEEVES, Mike & Pat MEARA, Archie & Beryl MERCER, Dave PIPER, Keith ROBERTS, Peter ROBERTS, Peter PRESFORD, Paul & Cas SKELTON, Keith & Rosemary WALKER, Leigh EDMONDS, Eric LINDSAY, Christine MC GOWAN, Steve SNEYD (because he sent a conker) and Mae STRELKOV. Live it up, gang!

I see that I've gone too far down the page to just fold this zine over and address it. That doesn't work very well anyway and besides I have a bit more to tell before I close. So this will come to you in an envelope.

Mostly I want to tout a new book that may not get a lot of advertising play. It is outstanding and deserves to be read. It's entitled HARKFAST; THE MAKING OF THE KING by Hugh C. Rae, St. Martin's, \$7.95. It will probably be around in paperback eventually, so remember the title. I got the impression from Dick Witter's catalog that it is the first volume of a trilogy. I've only read half of it, but I couldn't wait another month to tell you about it. It takes place in England at the time the Romans are leaving. Harkfast is a powerful druid who raises a foster-son with the intent that he shall be a king who will weld the tribal Picts together. The boys' rite of passage is one of the most powerful and exciting pieces of writing I've read in a long time. I suppose it will be one of those books where I'll have to wait for the sequel for two years. Excellent reading in the fantasy vein, although the background is historically accurate.

Meantime Jeff Frane has convinced me that one can read only a single book at a time. I read six or seven and that's a bad habit. I'm trying to break it. Maybe will finish off a batch of unfinished stuff before the end of the year and start fresh with the new leaf. // Got asked to teach a science fiction course for winter qtr. Not too enthused about losing the time, since I will not be paid, but am excited about teaching such a course. Will let you know how it goes once we get under way. // Out of room.