



The weather is down around freezing for the first time this year, it has finally decided to snow in the mountains (the ski resort operators are going crazy, having missed not only all of the season so far, but the two big holiday weekends as well), there is a fire in the fireplace and a whole cord of green alder wood in the driveway (to be stacked when old Father Frank gets over his cold and a rotten sore throat) and now seems as good a time as any to begin another issue of THE ROGUE RAVEN, this being number 24 in the series. As usual, it comes from Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166 and is a publication of the Bran & Skolawn Press. A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL and this is begun on January 3, 1977.

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#### A SORT OF CHINESE NEW YEAR

Ah, yes. It was a nice way to start the New Year. Nothing big or elaborate, just a nice Chinese dinner with John Berry and Susan Wood. Susan was visiting in Seattle and called to ask if she might borrow a copy of Marion Zimmer Bradley's THE SPELL SWORD. It seems that she is writing an introduction for Gregg Press' edition of THE HERITAGE OF HASTUR. While she was on the phone she suggested that we get together to have dinner on New Year's Day. You'd be surprised at how many restaurants are not open on New Year's Day. Or maybe you wouldn't. We ended up going to Tai Tung, an old favorite of the Dentons in the International District. As near as I can remember we had barbecued pork, fresh salmon, sweet & sour prawns, shrimp in garlic sauce, squid and vegetables, crab chop suey, almond subgum chow mein and a couple of bowls of steamed rice. Not a bad start for the New Year. Susan was returning north on Sunday to make her last minute preparations for beginning classes on Monday. She said that the second semester would be finished in April. Oh, how I long for such a system as the University of British Columbia has. I think that our spring quarter will end on June 10th, by which time Susan will have been on vacation for a couple of months. Ah, well... Happy New Year, Susan! HAPPY NEW YEAR, EVERYONE!

RED LETTER DAY TODAY (Jan.3, 1977 -- THE AMAZING SPIDERMAN begins in the daily comics strips in the Seattle Times. It's been a long time since there has been a good adventure strip in any newspaper. May he also be appearing in your newspaper!



NO COURSE, OF COURSE (Jan. 20, 1977)

The last time I sat down to do this was somewhere back there, and time seems to have progressed somewhat. I thought that I had better just stick a stencil in to the typer and have at it. In the meantime, I've not been just lazing, but do have about half of the stencils finished for Ash-Wing. It may be ready to begin mimeo work by the end of the month.

As I was saying in the last issue, I was slated to teach a science fiction course at night school at the college. In what seems to be a nationwide trend, college enrollments are down a bit. Some of this has to do with veteran benefits running out, and some of it has to do with a slightly improving economy. When jobs are very scarce more people tend to go to college. When they find jobs they drop out for a while. So it is with us. However, it becomes very important that we try to maintain the number of FTEs (Full Time Enrollments -- equivalents and the way we must report our student population) because our money comes directly from the state legislature. In turn, through a rather complex formula, we are told how many FTEs we will generate, or suffer the consequences of a reduced budget in the following year. Toward the end of Fall Quarter it looked as though our enrollments were falling, and administrators were asked to hop in and teach a course. That is how I came by the science fiction course.

So I scuttled around, trying to decide what I wanted to use for texts, writing an outline for the course, checking to see if what I wanted to use was currently available in paperback, and generally scurrying. There was generally some concern on the part of the English Department, which didn't think this was the proper way for someone to infringe upon their territorial imperative. So I had to stand trial before them one brown-bagging noon hour and prove my adequacy for the job. After all, what could an administrator possibly know about teaching an English course. They'd forgotten that I taught a Freshman composition course at night school several years back. All of this hoo-ha didn't set too well with me, particularly since I was to teach for free. They finally allowed as how I knew a lot more about science fiction than they did and could teach the course, although they still didn't like the way it came down.

Of course, by the time all of this transpired the clas schedules had already been printed and so the course did not appear there. Signs were made and posted in the registration area, but it didn't work. We proved quite rapidly that if a course is not listed in the class schedule, students will not sign up for it. So after all the fol-de-rol, I am not teaching a course in science fiction. But I wish to extend my thanks to Susan Wood and Doug Barbour for the assistance they gave me based upon their own experiences. It would have been fun, I'm sure, but I'm just as happy not to be teaching it. Giving up three evenings a week for free wasn't my idea of equity. I mean, I get paid pretty well, but I do a pretty good job of administering a fair-sized library program. I think I earn my money and I know I'm tired when I get home, so the extra assignment wasn't that appealing.

#### MORE VISITORS

The Denton abode seems to continue to attract visitors. A week or so ago, (I've forgotten the exact date) I got a phone call from Kurt Erichsen. Kurt is a senior in engineering at Oregon State University and was visiting Seattle on a field trip for a week. We arranged to pick him up and have him out to the house for dinner. Kurt has been editing and publishing ENDEAVOR, a mainly fiction fanzine, for several years now. He is also a member of TAPS and we have quite a few friends and acquaintances in fandom in common. We had a delightful evening talking about people we had met, fanzines we had known and how to achieve better mimeo reproduction. He's had a fair amount of luck with thermal electrostencils and I



wanted to learn as much as I could about that. We had a fine evening, and he's welcome back any time.

Last week Larry Paschelke was in town. I was really surprised to get a phone call from him. Larry is my friend from Portland whom I've talked about here many times. Good collector, fantasy buff, and dirigible freak. He works for the Bonneville Power Administration and had been to Seattle to visit the Corps of Engineers office to take a look at a fabulous machine. The machine does exotic and possibly erotic things, and Larry's office will soon be acquiring one, so this was a first look at what is to come. His boss told him to lay over in Seattle, so he was able to come out and visit for the evening. I had seen him only a couple of weeks ago at TanKon (of which more anon) but we didn't seem to get much of a chance to talk then, so this was the opportunity to catch up. And we did, over a few beers, and heaping bowls of popcorn. Not a bad way to spend an evening; good friend and good conversation. The beer and popcorn were just bonuses.

YES, I SAID TANKON

The week after Christmas saw Anna Jo and I motoring down I-5 to Albany, Oregon to spend some time at TanKon. Well, I spent some time there anyway. Anna Jo split for the coast not long after we arrived at the home of Mike Horvat. Mike was hosting TanKon 6 (he insists that meeting Dave Killian somewhere along the highway to San Francisco was sufficient to be called TanKon 5). Mike had just closed a deal on an old house in Albany, not too many miles from Tangent, where this series of invitational Christmas conventions all began. Jeff Frane accompanied Anna Jo and I down for his first shot at the convention.

You'll remember from past reports of this conflagration that not an awful lot happens. It's just a meeting of good friends to relax for a few days and exchange conversation for half the night. Jim McLeod and Dale Goble were there from Sacramento and Bill Marsh from Carson City. They all drove up in Swampy's VW Rabbit. Hmmm, that must have been some trip. Dan Willott also came down from Seattle; he had been present at TanKon 4, which was hosted by me here in Seattle. The following day (after we arrived on Monday -- sometimes hard to compose on stencil) Linda Emery from Vancouver showed up.

Tuesday was the day for day trippers to arrive for part of the day and evening. Larry and Judy Paschelke and their children came down from Portland. Ted and Keta Thoms came over. Ted is a guitar plucker of some note. William Jordan and his wife, Lenore drove up in the evening. I think it was Wednesday before Mike Bailey arrived from Vancouver, B.C. and Paul Novitski came up from Eugene for the evening. All told, it was a goodly crowd; much larger than anything we had ever experienced before.

I can't say that an awful lot happened. We managed to play a lot of games of Jeopardy, and Jim McLeod is smarter than all the rest of us put together. At least, he won most of the games. We had plenty of time to talk, Mike fixed fabulous fan-fish spaghetti one evening and we ate every speck of it. Old Father Frank provided Irish coffee on Wednesday evening and we had lots of toasts until we ran out of coffee. Or was it the Irish we ran out of?

One of the fun things we did was walk downtown in Beautiful Downtown Albany one morning and shop a used bookstore. It's quite a good one and has everything quite well arranged. I think we really freaked them, because there were about seven of us and we really bought up a lot of stuff. I know I spent about \$15 and the prices were very reasonable, so I had a large grocery sack full. I'll bet they took in about \$60 from us in less than an hour's time. It was fun and we all were pleased with what we had found.



On Wednesday evening Mike Bailey and I showed slides. He has slides from many conventions which he has attended. I showed some slides of places in England which are associated with King Arthur; places like Tintagel, Glastonbury, Cadbury, Dozmary Pool and Caerleon. Everyone seemed to enjoy both shows. I recall that afterward Dale and I had a long talk about the Donner party and the story of trying to get through Donner Pass. Or I should say, I listened, while he showed me how much he knew about it. Someday I've got to go down there and go over some of the same ground that Dale has been over. The story is a fascinating one and certainly is worthy of looking into.

There was the story of Linda Emery and the bus. Good old Greyhound. She was to leave on an 8:40 bus one evening, make connections in Portland, and arrive home in Vancouver, Washington about midnight. It was a cold and foggy night and a few of us walked down to the bus depot with her. The bus was an hour and ten minutes late. By this time Linda called home to tell them of her plight, and called the Portland bus depot to find that she could not make any connection to Vancouver, because the late bus would not connect. So after an hour and a half in the cold, we stumbled back home to get warm. I don't think standing in the cold did me a lot of good; I'm still suffering from the cold that I picked up at the con. But I understand that this winter's colds are really hanging on, at least in this part of the country.

Thursday afternoon the gang started to break up. The southern contingent piled into the Rabbit and headed south. Anna Jo came and picked up Jeff and me just as Suzie, Mike's wife was arriving. (She was smart; she just fled away during our stay.)

On the way back home we stopped by Jeff's parents' home in Gresham where they treated us to a fabulous dinner and more good conversation. Jeff had been unable to get home for Christmas because of work commitments, so it was present opening time for all of them. Around 8:00 p.m. we headed on north, but Anna Jo had insisted that there was one more stop we must make.

In Vancouver, Washington there is a big hotel complex called The Inn at the Quay. She insisted we stop for a drink. I knew that it had to be something special because she had stayed there while on a field trip just after Thanksgiving. As we entered the combined bar and dining room it was like walking aboard an old sailing ship. To our left was cabin and on our right was the railing, with marlin spikes in place and rope rigging running upward. At the center of the room was a huge mast, and as you looked up the sails were unfurled. The rigging was all in place and through it you could see stars twinkling in the sky. All very effective. We went to the bar side of the room, had one drink, and listened to the first two numbers of a small combo playing there. We could look out the windows onto the Columbia River, looking upriver past the bridge between Washington and Oregon. It was quite nice, but one drink was enough, because there were still 165 mile or more to drive.

One more bit of excitement before we arrived home. Somewhere north of Centralia - Chehalis, I began to feel that the car was missing ever so slightly and losing power. I continued blithely on, because it wasn't quite so bad that we wouldn't make it home all right. However, around Olympia it seemed to get worse, and I noticed that the gas gauge was a lot further down than it should have been for a full tank having been put in in Portland. As we came out of the low spot at Olympia and started up the hill, it got much worse. We pulled in a Nisqually, could find nothing wrong. Jeff checked the wiring from distributor to spark plugs and thought that they might have been loose. Evidently that was it, for from there to home we ran fine and haven't had a bit of trouble since. It delayed our return a half hour. Gave me the cold sweats there for a bit, but that must have been it.



## PUBLIC APOLOGY TIME

I try to be good, I really do. The last issue of TRR I appended a listing of the people who were receiving it, a gesture of egoboo, for whatever that is worth. However, there were a couple of oversights. I listed Don Thompson, tall, skinny fellow, Hugo nominee, toastmaster, editor of Don-o-Saur, etc., etc. But I forgot to list Carolyn Thompson, other half, costumer, regular at DASFA's MileHiCon, letter writer, sometime belly dancer, etc., etc. Indeed, it was an oversight, as I had tried to remember to list both people where there were married couples involved in fandom. Carolyn responded with a nice, long letter from which I excerpt: "I also note listing of people who receive mailing. In the words of Dena Brown, (I paraphrase), 'What does a fella have to do to get some recognition from you guys?' I refer to listing of Don C. Thompson, but not listing of & Carolyn. We also serve who only patiently wait while the stencils are being cut and the issues run off, etc., etc. Right, Anna Jo? I'm pretty sure I read more of The Rogue Raven issue to issue than Don, so let's see some appreciation for your real fans."

Well, I am sorry about that. Let's see how I can fix it up (and try to not get in any deeper by saying something that's looks totally inane two weeks from now. Ever had that happen to you?) Since Carolyn responded and Don didn't, I shall duly list them as Carolyn and Don Thompson. (Don is, I suspect, like myself and has little time to respond to fanzines. There is just too much to do between Ash-Wing, TRR, several apas, for there to be any time left to write letters of comment. I'm sorry about that, as I truly would like to respond a bit more. But I have about 30 fanzines a month coming into the house. Sometimes I jot off a hasty ill-thought note, but that's about the extent of it. There are two or three zines which I consciously try to respond to in a decent way at least every other issue, mostly because I know and appreciate the people so much.)

Which has gotten me far, far from my apology to Carolyn. Please accept this apology. You may let Don read your copy of The Rogue AFTER you have finished it. (We'll hear more from Carolyn, later. She had some interesting comments on an author whom you all should meet.)

While I'm apologizing, I should take the opportunity to do so to Don Livingstone. He just plain got left off of the list in transposing it from page to stencil. Chilliwack's greatest fan and he gets overlooked. Sorry about that, Don.

## THE CASE OF THE GIBBOUS MOON

How often do you run to the dictionary? I'm not a great one for looking up words. Often I have a feeling for the meaning from the context of the story. But when I run into a very common word three times in 50 pages and I realize that I don't actually know the meaning, then I do something about it. Especially, when I think I know the meaning and it isn't jibing with the context of the story. Well, perhaps the word is not so common as readers of fantasy and science fiction think it is. The word is "gibbous" and nearly always it is used in conjunction with the noun, "moon." I've always had the feeling of low clouds scudding across and partially obscuring the moon. Along with it is an ominousness, a foreboding, an omen of something dreadful about to happen. When Fritz Leiber uses this adjective three times, it's time to go and see what it really means.

Surprise! Webster's 3rd International says that when used to describe the moon or planets, it is "seen with more than half, but not all of the apparent disk illuminated." Not at all mysterious. Simply more than half of a moon lighted. Big deal. The word itself appeared around the year 1400 and means protruding or rounded. It's first use in astronomical terms seems to be 1690, according to OED.



The Leiber book, of course, is his new one, OUR LADY OF DARKNESS, which ran in F & SF as THE PALE BROWN THING. I'm enjoying it a great deal. The protagonist, Franz, is close enough to Fritz himself to make one wonder how autobiographical the work is. Franz is a writer of supernatural tales; his main income is from the novelizations of a television show of supernatural tales. He is an ex-alcoholic and occasionally thinks back to those several years lost out of his life. He lives in a second-rate apartment house, once a hotel, in San Francisco. Yes, indeed, there are certainly a lot of similarities between Franz and Fritz. Anyway, the critics have not been very kind to the book, but I'm enjoying it a great deal. I'm almost finished with it (now as I transcribe this, not when I originally wrote it) and to me it has a nice mood, a nice feel for the city of SF and for the people who live there. Why, it even mentions Roy Squires (I thought that a nice touch and you must have been very pleased, Roy). One phrase on the dust jacket blurb stuck out at me; it described the prose as elegant, and I do believe that it is. Shucks, it isn't a Fafhrd and Gray Mouser tale, which would probably please me and a great number of other fans as well, but it's nice to read a new Leiber, and to hell with the critics. And so much for "gibbous."

#### NORTH OF THE BORDER

The President's Day weekend offered a good opportunity to get away for a couple of days and the choice was north to Canada. First to Vancouver for some book buying and then perhaps over to Chilliwack to visit with Don Livingstone and his family. We managed to get away from Burien by ten in the morning and the drive north was uneventful. As a matter of fact, because of the strange weather system which has created a drought in the usually rainy northwest, the day was beautiful. It was clear and sunny and at times the car was very warm from the sunlight streaming in the window.

When we reached the border there was an incredible lineup of cars awaiting the border crossing. We guessed that the wait would easily be an hour-and-a-half to two hours. Fortunately we were able to spot this before we were inexorably trapped in the line and we managed to take the exit into Blaine. Also fortunately, those people and many others like them seem to be totally unaware of a second border crossing a short mile to the east. While there was a short lineup there, it took us only eight minutes to move through and be on our way again. A mile or so beyond the border a secondary road leads back to the freeway. It's all quite simple and I just hope that people continue not to know about it and to sit stupidly in line at the main border crossing.

We drove on into Vancouver and parked near Robson Street, one of our favorite places. We found a small "German(?)" restaurant, which was run by a buxom Indian lady and her daughter of about twelve. Here we had bratwurst and potato salad and a roll. Then we windowshopped a bit. Anna Jo left to go to a yarn shop and I went to Duthie's Books. For once I had a list of certain authors whom I enjoy and for whom I could do a decent job of looking. I was particularly hoping to fill in a few missing titles of Nicolas Freeling, detective stories published by Penguin, and of Arthur Upfield's "Napoleon Bonaparte" mysteries, set in Australia. I managed to find a few, although not nearly as many as I had hoped for. Funny, I didn't find any books by either author in any of the used bookstores I visited. They must be popular authors for a lot of other people as well. Ned Brooks: take note; I found a second Susannah York childrens book, but didn't buy it. But it lists IN SEARCH OF UNICORNS. Have you ever found a copy of that title? I recall that it was all something of a mystery when we discussed it previously. Yes, folks, that's the actress, Susannah York.

Anna Jo met me at the bookstore and we walked on to the Hudson Bay Company.



While we were walking along the street, we happened to pass by a couple of elderly gentlemen. They were standing in the middle of the sidewalk and one was proclaiming to the other, "I discovered the secret this last summer. Yep, the secret is fresh air, good, clean fresh air." Well, it certainly was the secret on this particular day. Everyone was out, many in their shirtsleeves, the day was balmy and everyone was enjoying it.

The book department in the Hudson Bay Company sometimes has some interesting British paperbacks. This time I found what looks to be a very interesting first novel of a trilogy. The series title is LEMMUS, and the first volume is entitled WAITERS ON THE DANCE. The author is evidently a British rock musician and if you can tell a book by its cover, this one might be interesting. I suspect that I won't find vols. 2 and 3 until I get to England this summer. I'll tell you how this first one reads in the next issue of TRR.

One of the things I'm sorry I passed up was the 1977 Tolkien calendar published by Allen and Unwin. It contains paintings by JRRT himself, different ones than the ones used in the Tolkien calendar here several years back. Some of them seem to be from notebooks with long descriptive notes in Tolkien's own hand. I really should have bought one of them. I guess maybe I'll send for one. They can mail it down to me. There are paintings of the Gates of Moria, Rivendell, Helms Deep, and other places from LotR. Nice production. Somehow I just have not been turned on by the calendars featuring the work of the Brothers Hildebrand and have not purchased either of their calendars. I currently have a Watership Down calendar in my office and the one delivered by the milk man in the kitchen at home. How prosaic this latter is, in this, the Age of the Calendar.

Around 4:30 or 5:00 we thought it incumbent upon ourselves that we begin to seek out lodging for the night. We've been looking for a place near English Bay that might be a bit less expensive than our favorite place on Robson Street. There the rates have gradually risen until they reached \$28 a night, a bit more than we care to pay. It's bad enough to have to pay those sorts of prices when we go to a convention. But we come to Vancouver three or four times a year and we like to be able to do so without breaking the bank account for the month.

Since it was our President's Day weekend, the crowd at the border was only one indication of the number of Americans who had gone to Vancouver for the weekend. Looking for a motel proved to be interesting. We went to several before we found any vacancy at all. Then we were not too pleased with what we saw. Finally we found another with a \$16 pricetag. It turned out to be pretty good. Bedroom, living room, kitchen and bath. It was run by Indian people; most of the ones we had stopped at also seemed to be run by Indians. Between this and the restaurants it seemed much as it does in London; restaurants there are very often run by Indian, Pakistani, and a sprinkling of Oriental races. I can only imagine that it is cheaper labor and that Caucasians refuse to work for so little.

Having brought what little luggage we carry into the motel, we suddenly discovered that walking all over had tired us. A nap was what we needed and we flaked out rather quickly. By the time we awakened, it was evening and time to hunt some dinner. Denman Street was nearby and it has a variety of eating establishments. None of them are especially posh and it was a matter of picking a type of food we wanted, as there are all kinds. Mostly it was an opportunity to stroll up and down the street, window shopping, treating ourselves to a sundae at the Big Scoop Palace and browsing in a nice little book store called Pauline's Books. We picked up a copy of the Vancouver Province with headlines about a growing feeling of separatism in the four western provinces. We went back to the motel to read the paper from cover to cover and to watch a little television.



Sunday was a sleep in day. We awakened around 9:00 and lazed about, watching the New York Philharmonic's Young Peoples' Concert and munching on Chelsea rolls, apple strudel and fresh fruit picked up the day before in various markets along Robson Street. After a bit I made a long distance call to Chilliwack to see if the Livingstones were going to be home in the afternoon. Don was out, but Shirley said that we were most certainly to come along. I told her when they might expect us. We finally got it together enough to make the morning ablutions and finally check out of the motel. There were a couple of book stores which I knew were open on Sunday. I had saved them to check out before we left town.

The first is a discount store on Georgia Street. By now the weather had changed and it was raining. I didn't see any place to park on the street in front of the store, so pulled around the block. There, big as life, was a sign pointing to parking for the book store. It was a drive through and there was plenty of place to park in the dry. Alas, it was all quite fruitless. The last time I had visited this store I had found a couple of items which were quite nice and at reasonably good remainder prices. This time I found absolutely nothing. The only book that caught my eye at all was James Tiptree, Jr.'s A THOUSAND LIGHT-YEARS FROM HOME in a British hardback, but they wanted \$10.25 for it, which I thought was pretty steep. We snooped around a bit more, but didn't find anything, so we left.

The other store which I knew would be open was Frazer's Book Bin, a store which has primarily used books. Rather well arranged. My real quest this time was for certain mystery and detective writers so I came out with a sack full of books, most of which were in very good condition. Aarons, Mac Donald and Macdonald and Hampton Stone seemed to be the ones I scored on quite heavily. I didn't do very well at all here with Arthur Upfield and Nicolas Freeling. They seemed to have been picked over quite heavily. But the sales girl was quite willing to ring up nearly \$10 worth of used paperbacks, including a couple of Lee Hoffmans which Anna Jo had spotted. She also got for us by remote the directions to get us out of town and headed east. I had been to Chilliwack before, but mostly coming from the south. We had never left Vancouver to drive east. The girl didn't know how to get out of town, but she happened to get a phone call from someone whom she knew. She asked him the way and he gave directions to her which she wrote down for us. It was all quite simple, once we saw the directions. We thanked her profusely and made one last stop for a bite to eat before leaving town.

The rain was coming down pretty steadily, although not in torrents as we drove out into the Fraser River Valley. We passed north of New Westminster and Abbotsford. Not far out of Vancouver a large bridge sweeps you up and over the river and you can look down to see the shipping that makes its way upriver. The trip was uneventful, although I had not realized that Chilliwack was quite so far out of Vancouver. About 65 miles, if I remember correctly. In any event, we arrived in Chilliwack and had to stop for directions to Don's house. We had been there about 13 months ago, but I just couldn't remember the street to take us out to his house.

It happened that Don and Shirley were being visited by a cousin of Shirley's. The family had just returned from two years in Australia and had many stories to tell. It was fascinating to listen to them, particularly as I have met some of the Aussie fans and, as a consequence, have more of an interest in the continent than I did formerly. And, as ever, there was some talk about American and Canadian politics, including the talk of separatism, and some British Columbia dismay at the necessity for a 2.2 million dollar French television station to serve the province. If we have problems with desegregation, attempting to provide busing programs for school children, equal rights for women, etc. the Canadians certainly have the question of two cultures and languages to wrestle with. Neither one is easy. I



read with some interest this noon, a transcript of Prime Minister Trudeau's address to the joint session of our Houses of Congress. His remarks on separatism and the need for Canada's two cultures to understand one another and remain together were quite interesting. I wish them luck in dealing with this question over the next several years.

Well, in the longshot, we got to have a very nice visit with the Livingstones. I managed to get down to Don's library toward the end of our stay, to snoop a little bit at some new items which he had received, and to talk a bit about things which are sometimes set off by looking at titles on a shelf. Since we were driving home that night, we didn't want to postpone our stay too late. I had tentatively set 8:00 p.m. in my mind as a leaving time. But by the time we had eaten the marvelous spaghetti and garlic bread, plus dessert and coffee, then looked at books for a bit, it was around 9:10 when we finally got away.

The trip home was uneventful. Even less so than the last time we visited with Livingstones. Then we had been caught for over a half hour by a train that couldn't make up its mind which way it wanted to go; of course, it never cleared the crossing so we could get by. At Sumas, where we crossed the border, there were two cars ahead of us. I had estimated about a four hour drive home, but the trip actually took only 3 hours and five minutes, so we arrived home at 12:15 in the morning. It was nice to have the next day off and sleep in. Thanks again, Don and Shirley, for the good company and for the good food.

CECELIA HOLLAND

I said that I would get back to some more of Carolyn Thompson's letter. I have rarely let THE ROGUE RAVEN have a letter column, but people write some pretty interesting locs to it as well as to Ash-Wing, so maybe I'll have to change my mode. Anyway, Carolyn talks about Cecelia Holland, an author whom most fans ought to meet, if they have not already. Jeff Frane introduced me to her works a while back and I've read GREAT MARIA and THE KINGS IN WINTER. But I'll let Carolyn say more:

"I gather you don't need more books to put on your list, but just to show that the start of this letter is just make-believe mad, I will tell you about my current book in hand. It's Cecelia Holland's FLOATING WORLDS. This has been out awhile, and I think I saw another one by her in a Library Journal review or someplace, but I am always a little behind too. This is her science fiction book set in the future on Saturn and Uranus.

"I can't say I am exactly enjoying it. In fact, I may give it up without finishing it. Not because it is not well written, but because it is grim, grim, grim. Her GREAT MARIA had that affect on me too and in fact I think most of her writing is not of a light and cheerful character. I can take grim in small doses, but 465 pages gets me down. Just frivolous, I guess. I read her ~~THE~~ EARL all the way through and enjoyed it. This is about Harold of England Earl Godwin, loser at Hastings. Not exactly a cheerful time in history and the battle was a gory one. She has also written a book called THE DEATH OF ATILIA. I guess she likes a black and bloody subject.

"I wonder if her book will find its readers. I'm afraid her old readers will expect another historical novel and be put off by FLOATING WORLDS and sf people will not recognize the name and so pass it by. Wish I could remember more about her new book. It seems to me that I noted it was a wholly new departure for her again. She is 33 years old and has published a book a year for ten years now. That alone is pretty amazing. Looks like a kid, too. / Yes, she does look awfully young, even younger than her age. Like a teenager, really. But so does Linda Ronstadt. See Time Magazine's cover story on her. /



"For about a year now I have been on the book selection committee for our library and I enjoy doing it a lot. Of course, we are a recreational reading library in a suburban community so we look for that type of book. Victoria Holt and Catherine Cookson, etc. Still, a good book doesn't have to be "significant." I am going to have to check into your Gently books. Sounds like just the series for some of our mystery fans."

So ends Carolyn's remarks, or as much as I'm going to give her room for. As I finish this issue up, we've just come back from a weekend at the cabin, and I took a Gently book with me. GENTLY WITH THE INNOCENTS, a mystery involving the murder of an old man and the finding of a papal medal, very rare and very expensive among his meagre belongings. Typical Gently investigation, which to my mind, is very good reading. I'm going to save some of Carolyn's letter for next issue, as she natters on about more books. And I have several other letters from which to quote as well. So maybe the Rogue is going to become a tiny genzine. Naw, not really. Still will be my nattersheet, but golly, some of you folks write interesting letters. I have a report on a most unusual concert from Bob Spale and Ronald Salmonson sent some comments about my new turntable, as well as the care and feeding of records. So maybe the next issue won't be so long in coming, and it will contain some interesting matter.

#### BRIEF NOTES

I've just been going through Robert Weinberg's new catalog and finding all sorts of neat books to spend my money on. Bob and Phyllis seem to be doing a terrific job of bringing over British paperbacks. Lots of Jack Vance stuff not available here. Many Dr. Who books. Oh, how I wish that would show up on the telly here. He's even starting to bring in some British mystery paperbacks, and starts with five MODESTY BLAISE books. Also lists Dick Lupoff's new novel, THE SWORD OF THE DEMON. I've been hearing about this for quite a while and am looking forward to reading it. He's been working on it for a long time, something like six years, so I'm told. By the way, if you don't have Weinberg's catalog, write for it at 10606 So. Central Park, Chicago, Illinois 60655. Lots more good stuff. // Well, that's about it for this time. Ash-Wing in collating mode and will go in the mail soon. See you back here in a little bit. endit March 7, 1977.

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"Too far. We've come too far.  
The heart needs its woodlands  
Or it falters, closes, hardens."

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Christopher Wiseman - REMEMBERING DORSET

