



I have just finished up a story, typed the final copy and stuffed it into an envelope to begin its weary rounds, and somehow I'm feeling good about it. Not about the story per se, but about having finished one. That, dear friends, is not something that happens very often. So with the glow still within me, I decided that it was time to begin another issue of this thing I call THE ROGUE RAVEN, this being #25 of the series. Frank Denton's the name, fanzines the game. The address is 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166. This is a publication of the Bran & Skolawn Press. Beginning date is March 28, 1977.

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I will stuff Jethro Tull - SONGS FROM THE WOODS - into my ears and via the magic of earphones will let him rattle around in there to take the place of the nebulous thoughts that might make their way out onto this stencil. I seem to have a lot of things on my mind, or so it seems at the moment. I surely won't get them all down tonight, but it seemed a likely time to start in on them.

A lot of good reading arrived in the mail today and I suppose I really ought to be curled up in a chair and getting started on some of it. Part of it is stuff to review; part of it is an order from Bob and Phyllis Weinberg that I sent for just about the time I finished up the last issue and mentioned them on the last page of #24.

Included in that order is Richard Lupoff's new novel, SWORD OF THE DEMON. I've been told, perhaps by Susan Wood, that Dick worked on this one for six years. It seems to be based upon ancient Japanese mythology and should be quite a departure from much of the fantasy written these days. Along with that was a paperback of a Modesty Blaise novel, I, LUCIFER by Peter O'Donnell. I don't know how well this is written but thought that it was worth a try. O'Donnell has been writing for many years, so he ought to have the skills. It's a husky 287 pages and I'm hoping that it is a good read. It's in British paperback as is another item from the package, DR. WHO AND THE CAVE-MONSTERS. This is from the popular British television series and some of them read surprisingly well. Finally there are issues #14 and 15 of "The Rohmer Review. I think I'll stop right here for now and have a squint at these latter. I seem to be becoming a real Rohmer freak, and I can't give you a good reason why. But 'tis so. Besides Jethro's first side is finished and it's a good place to quit. More tomorrow night, perhaps.

## MORE BOOKS

A packet of books came in from Fred Patten; a little something to keep me busy. Please review for Delap's F & SF Review, says the letter. The nicest thing in the packet was an uncorrected galley of a new book by Clifford Simak. I'm about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the way through it and am finding it quite delightful. But then I've always liked what I've read by Simak. A couple of oldies can wait for a while, CATCH A FALLING STAR by John Brunner and THE GANYMEDE TAKEOVER by Phil Dick and Ray Nelson. Then there's a long short story collection edited by Elwood, he who has moved on to editing Christian books or magazines, so I've heard. VISIONS OF TOMORROW is nearly 400 pages long and looks as though it has some good stuff and some not so good. Fred wants every story reviewed. Uff Ta! Oh, by the way, (courtesy of composing on stencil) the Simak book is to be called A HERITAGE OF STARS and will be out in June from Berkley/Putnam.

Meantime a couple of mysteries have appeared which I couldn't pass up. A couple of favorite authors. Michael Delving (yes, LotR fans) has a new one called THE CHINA EXPERT. I haven't even had a chance to dip into it yet, but I've enjoyed his other books immensely. Delving is Jay Williams, who sometimes writes juvenile sf and fantasy. IN THE FRAME by Dick Francis, about whom I often rave, also arrived the other day and it's another one I'd like to set everything aside for, but can't if I am to get the reviews written.

I have two reviews of books finished to write. Arrrgh! Terrible sentence, that one. I've finished reading the books, have not written the reviews yet. IF THE STARS ARE GODS by Greg Benford and Gordon Eklund and DEATH OF A HAWKER by Jan-willem van de Wetering, my favorite Dutch author and his two Amsterdam detectives. Except that van de Wetering has moved to the United States now, so I hear.

## HI-FI

It was along about 1971 that I purchased my current hi-fi outfit, and I wrote recently about trading in my Dual turntable on a Bang and Olufsen. Meantime I have been putting aside \$25 a month to upgrade another piece of the equipment. The idea is not to have to replace everything at once as I did last time. So the other day there arrived a postcard from my friendly hi-fi dealer telling me all about a preferred customer sale and "please bring the card" and all of that fol de rol. So on Sunday, not having an awful lot to do and Anna Jo laying on the davenport with a heating pad on her paining ear, I drove on over to said dealer's emporium. It was a good thing that I took the card, because sure enough, there was an officer at the door to whom I had to surrender the card before he would let me enter. I was a bit surprised at that, since I had read an ad for the same place in the Sunday paper. It said nothing about a preferred customer sale, but did advertise a specific system at a good price and said that they were open. I never did stand and watch to see if anyone were turned away. I can't quite imagine that.

Well, the place was pretty much of a madhouse. Lots of people there and although the salesforce were all there, they were kept hopping. I walked into the rooms where the amplifiers are displayed hoping that I might see something that I knew something about. I saw lots of expensive equipment, some that I knew vaguely. But nothing that I was ready to buy right then and there. As a matter of fact, I think I've made up my mind as to the next piece of equipment I'll upgrade. Anyone want to guess. I'll tell you that it's the receiver, now you guess the make and model. Ah, the world of hi-fi is fascinating. It's only slightly less confusing than the world of photography, and the selection of a camera. One of my young workers was showing me brochures on ADS speakers and showing me the size and the specs on them. A little bigger than a paperback except thicker through. Amazing!



MAY 17, 1977 (Norwegian Independence Day)

Yes, that's true. Today is Norwegian Independence Day. Which I am never allowed to forget by one of my librarians who has been with me for almost ten years now. Unfortunately, this will be the last year. John is going to retire this year and I'm going to miss him a great deal. He came to this country from Norway as a boy of 10. He and his daughter were going to go to the parade in Ballard this evening. Ballard is a Scandinavian community in Seattle where the immigrants from the Scandinavian countries settled when they came here. For the most part they were fishermen in the early days, and many of them still do fish for a living. The community is proud of its heritage; many shops there specialize in things Scandinavian. You can find all sorts of unusual foods, such as lute-fisk and lefse, and lots of Scandinavian handicrafts are displayed in the stores. It's an interesting place to visit and of late there has been a lot of renewal going on there. Some new specialty shps have opened, and it's fun to spend a Saturday afternoon wandering around there. Which is one of the things Anna Jo and I have promised ourselves we would do a bit more of. There are a lot of small districts around Seattle with interesting stores and we have tried to visit one of them now and again, have lunch, and window shop just to see what was happening in these various areas.

Well. That wasn't what I started off to say at all, but with a personalzine I guess I can wander on about anything that strikes my fancy. I was listening to the ball game a moment ago when it occurred to me that I didn't feel like doing anything else but adding a couple of pages to this long overdue Rogue. Looking back to the first page, I see I started to do something on March 28th. Seems that it has sat idle for nearly two months. I could go into a long rap about the reasons for not particularly wanting to commit anything to stencil, but I think I won't. Let's just say that the urge has hit me again; I apologize for not writing but those of you who do fanzines know very well the variety of reasons for not wanting to do any writing. They can be many and varied, and just take my word for it, the reasons were very good.

Back up there I mentioned the ball game. Seattle is just as pleased as punch to have baseball back in town. Maybe I said that before. With an expansion team, it's not likely that we will ever climb out of the basement, but the town is happy to have the team anyway. We swept a mini-series (two games) from the Yankess when they visited, and that elated everyone. Tonight we're leading Baltimore 10-2 as I turned it off and put on a record by Pete Sinfield. Beat them last night, 8-2. So we can hold our heads up once in a while. My own personal batting average is .333. By that I mean that I've been to three games and we won one of them. It was an extra-inning game against the Minnesota Twins, and it had everything that one could want in a baseball game. Went 13 innings and we won. Nuff about baseball.

The Sounders, on the other hand, have not been too successful YET. You'll notice that my faith in our soccer club never waivers. Anna Jo and I have tickets for the season, and are looking forward to next week. Three home games; we'll be in soccer up to our ears. But the record hasn't been too good so far. 2wins and 4 losses. But we have some help arriving this week from England, so we look forward to better days.

Gee, I really got wound up for a whole page about things I didn't even know I was going to write about. Hmmm! Where will it all lead? I've been working hard all week getting my Arthurian slide show in order so that I can show it at the School of Librarianship Alumni Banquet this Friday evening. Same show I intend to give at Westercon in another month. Ha, I did finish the page.

## LESLEIGH COMES TO VISIT.

Now you see why I wanted to fill out the page. I didn't want to introduce Lesleigh down at the bottom of the page. You may recall that Anna Jo and I went up to Madison, Wisconsin last August while we were back in that state visiting my relatives. We had a very nice evening with Hank and Lesleigh and a whole floor full of other Mdstfen. Well, you see, they were collating a fanzine. Lesleigh talked about the possibility of coming out in April for a meeting of American Association of Physical Anthropologists. She didn't know for sure that she would make it, but we told her that if she did, we'd be happy to put her up or put up with her. I can't remember which.

I won't even try to remember the dates, but Lesleigh flew in directly from Minnicon. She arrived on a Sunday evening just about dinner time. I seem to recall that we had been to Tacoma to visit my mother-in-law and drove directly back to the airport to pick her up. Lesleigh said she wasn't hungry when we picked her up, but we cajoled her into eating something before dashing out to give her an overview of Seattle. Susan Wood had called and said that she would pick Lesleigh up in the morning and take her back to Vancouver for a few days visit beginning Monday morning. So we only had the first evening to show her around town by automobile. She was going to stay in town once she came back for the meeting and the town-fen (as opposed to we suburban-fen) are transit users. So we dashed off for a drive along the waterfront, out to the locks to watch some of the boats coming in to Lake Union from Puget Sound, a drive around the University of Washington and back home again. There wasn't enough time to see much in one evening, but we knew that John Berry and Loren would see that she saw some other important things during the week once she had returned to Seattle.

The next that we saw of her was Saturday when we met for lunch in Chinatown, er, excuse me, the International District. There is a Dim Sum restaurant with the exotic name of King's Cafe. There we met to sample the food. I'm not as crazy about that particular style of Chinese food as are Loren and John, but I'll go along with almost anything. The highlight, besides seeing our guest again, was that the legendary Jim Turner was present. Jim was a part of that crazy Columbia fandom that has gone many different directions now. Jim has moved west, partly for his health, and has settled in Longview, Washington. He had taken the bus up so that he could visit with Lesleigh. It was a pleasure to meet him after having read so many marvelous things by him over the years. He's as good company in person as he is in print, and we enjoyed him very much. We hope that we see more of him from time to time. Unfortunately, Anna Jo and I had several chores to take care of that afternoon so could not tromp around town with the troupe. I gather from later conversation with Loren and John that they got to see some more of the city.

We had made arrangements to pick Lesleigh up on Sunday morning so that she could get back to the airport for her flight. We had more nice chatter on the drive back to the airport and accompanied her on the underground railroad out to the North Concourse. I was sorry that she was not able to spend more time here, so that we could have seen more of her. But she's tentatively planning on coming back for Westercon. Unfortunately, Hank is unable to take that much time off, so he won't be able to come. Shucks. But we'll be glad to have Lesleigh and Hank back here anytime they can make it.

## A COUPLE OF ART BOOKS

These are not so serious that I can't start writing about them at the bottom of the page. Besides I couldn't think of any clever fillers. I could throw in a joke I heard yesterday, but it's awful. Besides, here's line 60.



Jeff Frane stopped by yesterday after getting out of class at his college. He has been given the onerous task of writing something about me for the Westercon program book. Poor fellow! I told him to make something up. Anyway, I hadn't seen him for a while, and it was a good opportunity to go out to lunch and have some good conversation. He said that after we were finished he had to go to the University book store and buy some board for mounting some photos. It sounded like a good opportunity to check out any new books which had come in since my last visit there, so I drove him on down. He discovered this marvelous new book just arrived. It's entitled MYTHOPOEIKON: THE PAINTINGS, ETCHINGS, BOOK-JACKET & RECORD-SLEEVE ILLUSTRATIONS OF PATRICK WOODROFFE. With notes and commentary by the artist. It took only a glance for me to see that I had seen some of his work on the covers of English paperbacks and on some import albums. I snapped a copy up. It's seems a bit steep at first; the going price is \$8.95, but it has 156 pages of illustration and it's all in color. The more I think of it, the more of a bargain it becomes. Much of Woodroffe's early work was influenced by Dali and Bosch, but the later stuff comes closer to what we think of as science fiction art. He's done a number of science fiction covers, some of which many of you would recognize. The English paperbacks of Piers Anthony's SOS THE ROPE series have his illustrations on the cover. Jack Vance's THE GREY PRINCE, the broken statuary and feline statue on UNIVERSE 5. The album covers which I recognized immediately were Greenslade's TIME AND TIDE and Budgie's BANDOLIER. This is a fine book and I highly recommend it.

The other book of art which I recently purchased was one which showed up in Marboro's catalogue. Several years ago three small books of paintings based upon Australian aboriginal myths were published. They were entitled THE DREAMTIME, THE DAWN OF TIME, and THE FIRST SUNRISE. I was able to find only two of them and when I tried to have the third one ordered, I was never able to get a copy of it. The book I bought from Marboro is entitled THE DREAMTIME BOOK and it contains some paintings from the original series of three. This book however, is large and the apintings are phenomenal. The page size is 11½ X 14. A color reproduction of a painting by Ainslie Roberts appears on the right-hand pages, and the text by Charles P. Mountford appears on the left-hand page, as well as a black-and-white illustration. The Australian myths are unusual and the paintings are glorious. If you are interested in fantasy, this is a book well worth having. To be honest, I don't remember what I paid for it. The original price was \$19.95 and I suspect that the Marboro price was about half of that. So much for the art lesson for today, children.

What inanity can I fill up this page with now. I intend to quit for the evening when I reach the bottom of the page. The above commentaries remind me of the color work in the new magazine, COSMOS, by Freff. It's unusual these days to find any color art in a science fiction magazine, and the editors are to be complimented on striking out in a new direction. I haven't gotten around to reading any of the stories in said magazine as yet, but definitely want to get to the Leiber pretty quick. Jeff ventured the opinion yesterday that there is a RIME ISLE story which precedes the two parts of RIME ISLE in COSMOS. Anyone know for sure, or where it appeared.

The other new magazine making its appearance in town is UNEARTH, which, I'm quite convinced, is nowhere near the quality of COSMOS. It is primarily a vehicle for new authors, and the stories haven't been all that good. I applaud their attempt, but I'm not certain that we haven't seen fanzine fiction that was as good. They also have a long way to go in the graphics department. It will be an experiment that I will watch with great interest. Will they stay around a while? How many paying customers will they have? Will the format, the graphics, the art, indeed, the fiction, improve, or will it stay at its present level?

MAY 18 (Look! Two Nights in a Row!

It's time to talk a little about music, and the illustration to the right is apropos. Besides that is recyclable. I'm quite certain that I have used it in Ash-Wing some time or other, but Chuck Wing, Florida artist, has nailed it just right. You see, I've been to a couple of concerts lately and I feel this need to rap about them.



I'm not a regular concert attendee. I'm generally very careful about the groups I want to see, and I particularly careful about where they are appearing. There has been so much bad publicity in this town about the goings-on at the larger venues, as the British would say; teen-agers getting drunk or overdosing on drugs are not something I particularly want to be around. This almost lets out the Coliseum or the Arena. And it leaves, of course, the Paramount Theater, a beautiful old theater from the thirties, which somehow has very fine acoustics. The crowd which generally attends the Paramount is a little older, and a lot more savvy about the music. They come because they want to listen, not because it's the thing to do or they want to be seen.

The first concert that we went to was in honor of Sean's birthday. Anna Jo, Sean, Loni, and I went. There were two bands, Starcastle and Gentle Giant. I have one record by Starcastle and had enjoyed it quite a bit. I thought they were a decent enough band, but much of the chatter in the lobby at intermission was that they were a direct rip-off of Yes. I have to admit that they are very Derivative.

But the band that everyone came to hear was Gentle Giant. They were superb. They were full of energy and went right to work. They are exceedingly talented. All of them play a variety of instruments and it was a real pleasure to see them all stop on various tunes to take up similar instruments to play together, all five on percussion, or all five on strings. There was an opportunity for each of them to star for a while as well. If you haven't heard them, their new album (4 sides) GENTLE GIANT LIVE, is an excellent introduction.

Anna Jo felt exceptionally proud of herself. No one is allowed to leave the theater, but she managed to talk her way out during intermission. She is allergic to pot; it makes her eyes swell shut and does other nasty things to her breathing and lungs. So she conned the two cops at the door into getting some fresh air. It doesn't happen very often, I'm sure. Ah, there are some advantages to age.

A week later Genesis was in town but she hadn't recovered enough (from the pot or the volume, I'm not sure which) to go again. So I went by myself. A strange experience. I didn't think much about it when there were four of us. But when I went down by myself, I really felt out of place. There was a line that stretched for miles, or so it seemed. I walked back along it, trying to ignore the stares. "Who is this old guy, anyway?" Took my place in line just like I was in my twenties. I was impressed by the four huge tractor and trailers that the equipment had come in on. Some hauling outfit out of Texas that specializes in band tours. Four great humongous ones; that's a lot of equipment to take up all of that space. Somehow I managed to get a seat that wasn't too bad, a bit to one side, but I could see everything quite well. Settled back and enjoyed.



I had heard a lot about the theatrics of Genesis. But it seems that they were mostly because of Peter Gabriel's influence on the band. Gabriel left the band a while back and Phil Collins, the drummer stepped in to fill the vocal shoes. His voice is very near to Gabriel's so the sound is much the same. The difference this made in concert tours was that a second drummer was added. This was the initial impact as I entered the theater. My God, two great drum sets raised on platforms and dominating the entire stage. Collins is a fine performer down at the mike, but when he doesn't have a vocal part he literally runs up the steps to his drum set, sits down and enters in without missing a beat. The extra drummer added for the tour was no slouch, he being Chester Thomas, who has recorded with Frank Zappa and Weather Report. When the two of them drummed together, it was like one drum set, absolutely perfect timing and togetherness.

Tony Banks is marvelous on the keyboards. The mellotron filled the theater, and he got wave after wave of applause. Steve Hackett is not a shaker and mover. He's a quiet guitarist, doesn't move about his section of the stage much, but plays superb guitar. Mike Rutherford for the most part played his magnificent double-necked bass, but at one point shared some acoustic guitar work with Hackett that left everyone breathless. Superb show; I'm glad I didn't miss it.

I had to pass up my all-time favorite band, Procol Harum, for the very reason stated at the beginning of this album. They were appearing in the Coliseum as the first band prior to somebody else (I'm sorry, I've forgotten whom) and I won't go to concerts there. I was really sorry about that, cuz I love 'em. Sean and Loni are selling Shannon's T-shirts at the Pike Place Market and a couple of the guys from Procol Harum came through. Sean recognized them and spoke to them. They asked if Sean had all of their records. He told them no, but his dad did. They howled. He ended up giving them T-shirts for free, so Shannon may get some publicity along their tour. If you see T-shirts hand painted with rainbows and mountains, they just might be my darlin' daughter's.

Getting back to Genesis and its personnel for a moment, they have all been busy. Ex-Genesis Peter Gabriel has an album with just his name as the title. Ex-Genesis Anthony Phillips has an album entitled THE GEESE AND THE GHOST. Steve Hackett has an album entitled THE VOYAGE OF THE ACOLYTE. Mike Rutherford helps him out on it. Phil Collins is not content to front as fine a band as Genesis and be the lead singer. He's been recording with a couple of fellows named Jack Lancaster and Robin Lumley. They have a very science fictional album entitled MARSCAPE, then evidently changed to the name "Brand X" and have done MOROCCAN ROLL and an earlier album. There, now you know more about Genesis and its personnel and ex-personnel than you ever wanted to know. Gosh, I haven't mentioned that the latest Genesis album, WIND & WUTHERING, is superb in every way.

I suppose that I ought to finish the page out with more music notes, since I seem to have rattled on for a couple of pages. I'll turn it over to the English folk enthusiasts for the balance, I guess. I picked up a new Swarbrick entitled, oddly enough, SWARBRICK. Dave does his usual fine fiddling on a number of folk and country dance tunes: The Hellenman, Drowsy Maggie, Carthy's March, The White Cockade, The Killarney Boys of Pleasure, Byker Hill, and many others.

Shirley Collins has had a couple of folk and country dance records with a group called the Albion Country Band. Ashley Hutchings and Simon Nicol are a couple of familiar names in the group. Hutchings, in particular, has been much into Morris Dance music lately. Anyway, the album is called THE PROSPECT BEFORE US and is by The Albion Dance Band. Harvest Label SHSP 4059, an import. By the way, the Swarbrick is on Transatlantic TRA 337, and is also an import. Next time I tell you about Madame Le Fontaine who sometimes play with Alan Stivell, Celtic harpist. No, the group is named YS, dummy. The least you could do is get it right.

JUNE 14 (Yep, Flag Day!)

It seems like quite a while since I've done anything on the old Rogue again. Is it an old and tired fan who sits before you? Could be. I've been in the doldrums for quite a while now. I haven't been able to quite put my finger on it yet, but I have several ideas. And there may have to be some changes in some of my priorities. I'm hot on the trail of a short story right now and that is taking some energy. I've also discovered that there are some activities which I am not quite comfortable with, and I think I'll drop them. Mysterious, am I not?

Well, don't expect things to get a heck of a lot better until the fall of the year. Westercon comes up in just a couple of weeks and immediately thereafter we will begin preparing for a trip to England. I don't really expect to get much fan writing done. I need to get a number of reviews finished to hold various people for a while, make a couple of apa mailings, etc. You understand.

Before I forget it, I should mention a couple more visitors who have been here. Dena Brown was visiting Susan Wood up in Vancouver, B.C. and she and Eli Cohen drove down for an overnight stay. Dena was a mess; accident-prone, that's what she is. She was taking a little vacation after a hospital stay and was on the most bland of diets. No, it wasn't pabulum but near enough. Then on top of it, on a hike up out of Vancouver she slipped and wrecked an ankle. So here she is hobbling around with crutches, unable to eat one of Anna Jo's splendid meals. I seem to recall that Jeff and Loren, invited out for the evening, made up for her. A good evening of conversation. John Berry brought his new Stringband record so we even had some music.

Then just last week John Carl, Montana's other fan, came through again with a friend. They stayed several days at Loren's house, but the whole gang came out for dinner on Last Thursday night. John's friend, Mark, is not a fan so was left out of it for a while, I'm afraid. But when the topic turned to music he got his licks in. Seems that he has been a weekend dj on one of the Butte stations. Had some funny tales to tell and we compared music likes and dislikes all over the place. They are now headed for California, San Francisco, to be exact. They both are going to go to school although they don't have a particular school in mind yet. As a matter of fact, John is coming back up here for Westercon and said that he could be convinced to settle here instead of S.F. There are any number of community colleges he could attend for a couple of years before settling on a major and a school to take his Bachelors Degree. It will be interesting to see whether Seattle or San Francisco wins out.

Of course, I should not let the opportunity pass by to mention that daughter, Shannon, also visited. She has been living in the San Diego area since the first of the year. She came up to sell t-shirts at the University Street Fair. The fair was pretty successful. They've cut it in half as far as the number of exhibitors goes, but she still managed to be accepted. While here she formed a partnership with her brother, Sean, in order to be able to sell at the Pike's Place Market. Since the remodeling the crafts people must be residents, and the crafts must be actually produced by one of the partners. No more buying a bunch of belt buckles and setting up a stall.

There was the matter of settling an agreement concerning a divorce also. They met with the lawyer, agreed on various things, and Shannon went to court the same day and was granted a divorce. She also took custody of grandson, Aaron. Then she flew back home the same afternoon. Sad old grandpa and grandma waving goodbye as Shannon and Aaron walked down the ramp to the plane. We'll miss Aaron, who has been with Joe and close by for visits. Of course, we miss Shannie too. A lot.



HELP!

Does anyone out there know the current address of Michael K. Smith? I received a zine from him several months ago, read it through, liked it a lot, and promptly lost it. I'd very much like his current address to be able to get in touch with him again. The last address I have is on No. Hampton in DeSoto, Texas and I'm quite sure that it is long out of date. I'd appreciate very much someone sending me the current address.

SEACON '77

Doesn't that sound like a comic convention? Well, you're right. Over the Memorial Day weekend there was a three-day convention, the kind I like to call a dealer con (it gets a nice double entendre that way). It was held only a few miles away from our house, over on what we call The Airport Strip. The Airport Hilton was the site. One of the members of the Nameless, quicker of brain and more energetic than the rest of us, saw it as an opportunity. He knew some of the principals of the convention, knew that they had paid for the rooms for various sorts of programming, and saw a chance to grab a room and put on some sf programming. Naturally, he roped in as many of The Nameless as he could.

The programming of the other folks was notoriously weak. Some films, a video room (how many times can they watch episodes of Star Trek?), an art room with mostly comic art and two rather large dealer rooms. I moderated one panel on SF Classics, was on another dealing with fandom. There was a rather good panel on collecting with people like Dick Wald and Chuck Garvin from Portland and Bob Brown from Seattle. It was moderated by Jeff Frane and had some interesting tales, as well as some good information. One presentation that I trotted over rather early one morning to attend was a Burroughes presentation. Two members of the Northwest Science Fiction Society did a good job. They had lots of stuff to show and tell and made an interesting hour. One of them had the Russ Cochran publication which I had been dying to see. ERB: A LIBRARY OF ILLUSTRATIONS. That's the one that sells for \$60 and if you take the first volume, you have automatically signed up for vols. 2 & 3 at the same price. Russ has a standing offer to buy them back at the original price. They are limited to 2000 copies. I must say that the book is impressive; one of the finest examples of book making that I have seen. One page has the original St. John illustration from TARZAN OF THE APES in gold leaf. It's beautiful.

None of the local sf fans stayed at the hotel, so it didn't have the flavor of a convention put on by fans. I got a warped view of how the dealers were doing. I kept asking Dick Wald how he was doing and he kept saying just fine. It turned out that he had excellent stuff which was selling, but most of the others were not making expenses. I can't say that I bought much. I managed to pick up a couple of books; THE EMPEROR OF AMERICA by Sax Rohmer and "C.I.D." by Talbot Mundy. Both hardcovers but not in dust jacket. Still I felt satisfied. So the convention was not a complete bust for me, although it seemed strange to go for a while, then come home, instead of looking forward eagerly to room parties.

Larry Paschelke came up to help out Dick Wald for a day and stayed overnight at our house. Mike Bailey was down for a day and he stayed overnight at our place, also. It was good seeing them again. Everyone here is looking forward eagerly for Westercon. It's been a long dry spell for conventions in this part of the country, since Vancouver did not hold V-Con this year. Fran Skene was down to give a pitch for Westercon and hopefully to draw some new faces to Vancouver over the 4th of July.

I should have mentioned that H. Warner Munn was sf guest of honor and Frank Brunner was the comic guest of honor. I got Munn's autograph on THE WEREWOLF OF POKKERT. It's nice to see him getting a little recognition.

SHORT TAKES

New book by Algis Budrys arrived in today's mail. MICHAELMAS. It's good to see that Budrys is writing again. He wrote some very good stuff back in the 60's. // Must be the marrying season. We've been to two weddings in the last couple of months. People still do it, don't they? // When is Steely Dan going to do another record? // I see in Publisher's Weekly that Roger Elwood has done it again. He's going to edit a series of sf books for Pinnacle. Why, when there are so many other talented editors around? // Terry Carr's first novel, CIRQUE, has been published and looks interesting. // Seth McEvoy couldn't stay out of pubbing a zine, but this time he's roped three others into a rotating editorship with him. Come out every three weeks and is called, yep, TWEED. // Has anyone heard from Charles Cushing lately? I sure haven't. Where are you, Charles? // Just had a call from Mike Wood from Minneapolis. He wanted it known that he wouldn't make the Slanapa mailing. Hmmm. It's no wonder. He's in seven apas and tells me that he is traveling a lot on weekends to conventions and to visit friends. // Had calls from Dale Goble and Jim McLeod, too, concerning Slanapa. And I'm not even the OE this time. Jeff Frane is, but he's out of town and I'm easy to reach. // OMPA is not only surviving, but looking bigger and healthier with every mailing. It has survived the rival British apa, which has folded already, and will make a good comeback. // Got a nice zine from the Maules the other day. Good to see Ian pubbing again. // Gee, I could turn this into a fanzine review column. // I could also dig out the rest of Carolyn Thompson's letter from several months ago, as I said I would, but then, I lie a lot. // Persons with an interest in things Oriental should read Dick Lupoff's new book, SWORD OF THE DEMON. // William Kotzwinkle's FATA MORGANA is great reading. Historical, detective story, fantasy, novel of manners all rolled into one. And beautiful illustrations by Joe Servello; scratchboard, I think. // Ha. I will make it halfway down the page yet. // The Raven on page 1 is by Barry Kent McKay, and I thank him. // Don't know when the Rogue will swoop down on you again. Perhaps not until after the trip to England. That would be September. No worse than the lag between this issue and last. Say goodnight, Rogue. Goodnight, Rogue.

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