

The old Rogue feels that it is once more time to put stencils into the typer and have a go at bringing people up to date on what is happening at the Denton household. And who am I to argue. Enough has happened since the last time to idle away some hours doing what comes naturally to a fanzine editor. Randy Mohr's cartoon seems to fit the weather pretty well, except that the umbrella ought to be open. Excellent rains around here lately, and the best winds we have had in some fifteen years. A storm the other night blew apart a floating bridge across Hood Canal. Three sections of the bridge went down, and it will probably take about two years to restore it. While it did not isolate the people living on the peninsula, it has

added considerably to the time they must spend in getting to Seattle. Western Washington seems to have excellent luck with its bridges. Almost everyone has seen the famous movies of 'Galloping Gertie,' the Tacoma Narrows Bridge, which went down in 1938. (By the way, Arthur C. Clarke makes reference to this event in his new novel, The Fountains of Paradise, and made me glow for half an hour as I discovered an error by the old master. He says that it fell into the river below; 'tweren't no river, folks, it was Puget Sound.) Almost a year ago a large ship moving up the Duwamish Waterway hit a bridge between the downtown area and West Seattle, and has effectively put out of commission one span. All traffic going both ways must now use the span which normally carries four lanes of traffic east. And now the Hood Canal Bridge. It had taken winds up to 90 miles per hour previously, but evidently could not cope with 100 miles per hour. Well, enough of this weather report and its attendant disasters. On with The Rogue Raven which comes to you from Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166 (Started: Feb. 19, 1979)



SCIENCE FICTION FAIR

I'm not sure whether this was even a glimmer in my eye last time I did an issue of The Rogue. I don't think so, but am too lazy tonight to look up last issue. The Science Fiction Fair was the brainchild of J.T. Stewart and Dale Meyer. J.T. is a part-time instructor at Seattle Central Community College and Dale is a full-time English instructor there. The idea had been hatching for some time before I became involved. The two of them had held meetings with Vonda McIntyre, one of Seattle's shining sf lights. J.T. called me to see if it were possible that someone might come up with some sponsoring money at North Seattle Community College. I was able to make the contact with student government for them. To make a long story short, the event was jointly sponsored by the student bodies of Seattle Central and North Seattle and the Seattle Community College District. I won't go into what sort of weird administrative structure we have.

Well, the event is over now and I feel like I have been on a treadmill. I know now, more than ever, why I have refused to become involved in convention committees. What we had was really quite a simple event, and it was enough to run me ragged.

We didn't have to worry about hotels, banquets, art shows, huckster rooms, all-nite movies, etc. but still there was plenty to keep a relatively small committee very, very busy.

Our guests and principal participants were Vonda N. McIntyre, Suzy McKee Charnas, Peter S. Beagle and Harlan Ellison. We opened Wednesday evening with a reception at the University Towers hotel where members of the college community, a couple of the press and radio media, and many of the close knit family of fans gathered to welcome the guests. Events then took place of Thursday afternoon and evening, Friday afternoon and evening, and Saturday morning. Essentially we had panels with non-specific topics which allowed the participants a great deal of latitude and readings by each of the writers. I suppose the average attendance was about 120 persons, with Ellison's reading on Friday evening probably drawing close to 200. I think we learned quite a bit about doing this; we didn't have too many foulups, and the people who attended were all pretty pleased.

Both campuses hosted with the Central Campus having Thursday and Saturday, and everything moving to the North Campus for Friday's activities. The Guild 45th Theater also cooperated by having a special showing on Thursday of Harlan's "A Boy and His Dog" at which he spoke both before and after the movie; on Friday morning they showed "The Lord of the Rings" and Peter Beagle, who co-authored the script, spoke.

Saturday morning we wound things up with two panels; the first was on the teaching of sf and the second on the writing and marketing of sf. This was followed by a brown bag lunch at which those who wished could sit down and have conversation with the authors. I worked with Dave Turner, Bookman, to provide a sale table on all three days, and Thursday evening we had a big autograph party. It worked out pretty well, and I hope Dave sold enough books to have made it worth his while. Those who had money to spend were certainly well pleased.

I was called on to participate a bit more than I would wish, moderating a panel on Friday, introducing Harlan on Friday night, and being a panel member on Saturday morning. Other local fans who participated were Jeff Frane, Loren MacGregor, and Paul Novitski, all of whom moderated panels. I was also pleased to be able to go to dinner with Vonda and Suzy Charnas, her husband and step-daughter, and J.T. Stewart and Marilyn Holmes on Friday evening.

So already they are talking about what we are going to do next year. I gather that everyone thinks it was extremely successful and wants to do it again. Let's see what sort of news came out of it that might be interesting to you. Harlan says that The Last Dangerous Visions will be published around the Christmas season, and that he is going to be writing a mainstream novel which should bring big bucks. Suzy is working on some vampire stories. Peter seems to be extremely happy doing screenplays, but also hopes to have a novel finished in about two years. Vonda said that she had several projects going, but did not specify what they were. Oh, yes, Harlan has left the I, Robot project, but will probably be known as co-author of the final script.

INTERLUDE

I'll tuck this little bit of fluff in here in hopes that it will be skipped or forgotten. It's in the nature of a disclaimer of sorts. You'd think that at my advanced age I'd be able to make a decision about something as simple as a fanzine. And I guess after much vacillating I probably have done so. It's only a guess, but my guess is that we've seen the last of Ash-Wing. In a sense that decision is related to another decision I've made. It's time I got serious about some other

kinds of writing. I rather suspect that there is not time enough for both. Ash-Wing takes an enormous amount of time to produce and that time will be better spent at writing fiction. So The Rogue Raven will continue to be short and sweet and off the top of my head. It will probably change slightly from what it has been, as I will wish to include some comments culled from letters I receive. I would like to continue to trade with other fanzine editors, if they are willing to accept The Rogue Raven as an even trade. There are several zines which I will subscribe too, as I value them highly enough that I would not like to miss them. I will very likely be trying to cut my mailing list, so if you do not edit a fanzine and wish to continue receiving this, you might consider dropping me a postcard of comment occasionally. That will suffice; all I really need to know is that you are reading what I send you. This issue will go to everyone on the Ash-Wing mailing list and then I will take it from there. It is hoped that this will be just a tad more frequent than Ash-Wing had become.

A REVIEW OR TWO

Berserker by Fred Saberhagen. Ace Books, \$1.75

I'm awfully glad to see this book back in print again. I think it was published by Ballantine in the late 60s. The book contains eleven stories of man vs. berserker. The berserkers were computer-driven machines of destruction, the sole legacy of war between races in a far galaxy. Their only reason for being is to destroy. Ultimately they reach man's galaxy and it is small, weak, frail man who must attempt to outwit and destroy these monster machines. These are good stories; recommended.

The Year's Best Horror Stories; Series VI edited by Gerald W. Page. DAW Books, No. 297. \$1.75

I have never been into horror stories the way some fans are. It seems to be a sub-genre with its own following. At Iguanacon, however, there was a panel on horror and I was impressed with the people who appeared on it. One was Charles L. Grant. I immediately went in search of his books. (They are not easy to come by. His publisher is Doubleday and I have a deuce of a time getting their books, even when I "special order". When I saw that this collection has authors such as Stephen King, and Michael Bishop listed on the cover, as well as C.L. Grant, that was enough to make me pick it up. A glance at the table of contents also showed Lisa Tuttle, Manley Wade Wellman and Tanith Lee. Others were unfamiliar to me, but must be quite familiar to those who read horror more than I. There is also a smashing Russell Kirk story which somehow is not listed in the table of contents. Lisa Tuttle's "The Horse Lords," Stephen King's "Children of the Corn," and stories by Kirk, Bishop and Grant were my favorites. This is 240 pages of solid horror reading and a heck of a buy for the price.

AND NOW FOR THE SPORTS REPORT



As most of you who have known me for very long, or have been reading TRR will know, I am a sports fan. Not an absolute fanatic, you understand, but I like to stay current with the local teams, and I root for them as most other people in the Seattle area do. And I occasionally am inspired to write about them here, just because I feel like getting some information down which I may read again 20 years, or because I like to spread the word about our teams here in the Northwest. Who knows? We may have some fans in other parts of the country. (How many of you remember when Michael Carlson used to write about hockey in Jawbone?) I know of at least one Seahawk fan in the norther California region. Especially since Madden has left Oakland as coach.

I've followed the St. Louis Cardinals (baseball) since I was eight years old, and often it's been a lonely thing. Still, it's fun.

Well, the Mariners are off to their inimitable start in this baseball season. That means bad. As I write this portion on Sunday, May 13, (Happy Mother's Day), the Mariners have won 10 and lost 24. That gives them a percentage of .294, which is pretty lowly. Nothing to really crow about. Not only are they in last place, but they are 14 games behind the leader. The only bright spot so far has been the three-game stand with the Yankees here. The Mariners swept the series, and then traveled back to Yankee Stadium a week later and it looked as if they were going to do the same thing back there. They started out by beating the Yankees 12-4. But it's been losses since then, except for a win over the Red Sox. Everyone says that they are a much better team than they are showing at the moment. The team members all insist that things will come together and that they will win more games than they are currently doing. Well, they certainly did better the first year of their existence, several years back when they let Oakland have last place at the end of the season and the Mariners came in next to last. Knowledgeable people in the area say that they have the potential for ending this season as high as 5th or even 4th in the standings, but they are going to have to start winning more often if that is going to be the case.

Meanwhile the Seattle Sounders of the North American Soccer League have not been doing all that well either. Soccer is my favorite spectator sport. This is the team for which I shell out hard earned money to watch every home game. Much of our old team is gone and there are quite a few new players on the team this year, most from the English League. They are certainly not the caliber of the New York Cosmos, but we didn't buy a championship with a million dollars worth of players, either. That may be one of our problems, the reluctance of management to spend a bundle on good players. It will take some time for these newer players to jell, to blend in with each other. Soccer is a sport where a team absolutely must play together for quite a while to learn what each member is going to do in any given situation. Currently the team has a 3 wins, 4 losses season. Not very sparkling, but adequate. They have played some of the tougher teams in the league already, and had to cope with the players brief strike as well. They have 29 points in the standings, which is one point behind Portland, and 21 points behind the Vancouver Whitecaps. Vancouver is the team to beat in our division.

It's nice to see soccer beginning to appear more frequently on television. Yesterday was a superb day for the viewer, at least in our part of the country. On Canadian television (we have cable) we were able to watch the English Football Association final between Arsenal and Manchester United. A fine game with Arsenal coming off with the trophy on a 3-2 win. Later in the afternoon one of the networks gave us the first of a series of N.A.S.L. games which will be shown this year. It was the New York Cosmos vs. Tampa Bay Rowdies, and the Rowdies came off the winners, giving New York its first defeat of the season. Then last night the Sounders played the San Jose Earthquakes here in the Kingdome and we won that one 2-1. During the winter and early spring we got taped shows of the games in the German League. This was on our public television station here, God bless 'em. So the sport is doing pretty well on tv, at least here in the Northwest.

Finally we come to the Sonics, who this very day are in a do-or-die situation. Having played a very rough series with Los Angeles in the playoffs, they find themselves in this second series with Phoenix down 3-2 in games. They play in Phoenix today and must win to stay alive, and then win again to take the series. They have not played well in this series, often looking as if they didn't have the will to win.

By the time you read this, it will be all over, and I suspect that the Sonics will not make it into the finals. Oh, ye of little faith!! (Later: well, they made me a liar.)

At my ripe old age the only sport I engage in is walking, attempting in some small way to stay at least partially fit, to get the blood circulating, and to clear the cobwebs from my brain. Anna Jo and I intend to do a week of walking on the Coastal Footpath in Devon and Cornwall this summer. We've been trying to get a little bit in shape. I notice that there are more articles on walking appearing in various newspapers and magazines lately, and Publisher's Weekly is filled with news about the number of books which will be appearing on the subject of walking in the next several months. It looks as if it will rival running as a subject to be written about and read; there will be a spate of walking books equal to that of running books. The emphasis seems to be that running, while healthy for many, often causes injuries to knees and feet. While it takes less time to accomplish what is necessary aerobically, walking is equally as healthy, with less injuries involved, if it is pursued at a pace which gets the lungs working and the blood circulating. The articles which I have read are talking about a pace of about four miles per hour. I usually walk at about three miles an hour, and the trip we are planning this summer is figured at somewhere around two miles an hour, but we are talking about walking for an eight-hour day. A recent article which I read in "In Britain" by a fellow who walked the South Downs Way related how good he felt on the first day, overwhelmed by the sun and the fresh air and the incredible views. He did 27 miles on that first day. The second day he could hardly walk at all. I think we shall try to avoid duplicating his feat (or even feet).

MUSIC

I find myself in something of a quandary these days. Is rock music changing so much or is it me? I've gone into my favorite record store a couple of times during the last month and haven't found a single record that I wished to purchase. The groups which I am hearing played on hyped a lot on the rock stations here in town don't do anything in particular for me. The ones which seem to have risen to the top lately are groups like Supertramp, Cheap Trick and Bad Company. None of whom I like. I have always relied on one of the fellows in the record store to turn me on to new groups who play the sort of stuff I like. I asked Rick the other night who he might recommend, since the bands I liked seem to have folded and/or not put out any new records lately. He admitted that he was having the same trouble as I was, and there wasn't anybody out there that he could recommend.

My two favorite electric folk groups have both died, Steeleye Span and Fairport Convention. Sandy Denny died, so no more music from her. Maddy Prior has done a couple of solo albums which are quite good, but not quite the same as when she was singing with Steeleye. The two most recent purchases which I have enjoyed quite a bit are "Misplaced Ideals" by Sad Cafe and a jazz recording by Cedar Walton entitled "Animation." There is a fine cut called "Precious Mountains." Maybe Randy Reichardt can send me some recommendations in the folk field that will be satisfying. Somebody said that Magna Carta was going to be recording again. I've enjoyed a couple by Gay and Terry Woods who used to be in the early Fairport. Also Richard and Linda Thompson, who, on their latest album, "First Light," have a chillingly haunting song entitled "Pavane."

There have been some interesting stories on the network news lately about the mob moving into the music business. The first report had to do with the mob bailing out a couple of groups that were in financial difficulties and then owning their souls. Rare Earth was one such group, and they are just beginning to recover now from the ordeal. Back in the studio for a recording session, so I understand. Three Dog Night was another group. The second report had to do with concerts, and showed two promoters who feel they are honest, and are afraid to promote concerts in their own area, Chicago. They have been able to promote in other parts of the midwest without any trouble so far. That segment showed Ted Nugent, who did a concert in

Chicago Stadium, which police estimated held 90,000 people. Nugent claims that he was paid on the basis of 56,000 attendees. His statement went something like this: "I hate to gripe when I walked away from a gig with a quarter of a million dollars, but if 90,000 people paid to see Ted Nugent then Ted Nugent ought to be paid on the basis of 90,000 people." The third report had to do with the mob's moving into the recording industry, and quite often with the pirating of records and tapes. We were shown two records with identical labels and record jackets. One was legitimate and one was not. Likewise with tapes. It's difficult to know what you and I as record buyers and concert goers can do. It does look like the feds will be taking a closer look at this activity, and I think there has been a committee hearing in the House or Senate, so maybe something will be done to try to curtail the mob's activities. I rather doubt it, however.

NORWESCON II

Let me see if I can go back toward the end of March and try to recreate a little of the flavor of Norwescon II. This was an entirely different convention for me. The house is filled to overflowing with books, and unlike some folks I know, there is not unlimited space. I decided to go through the collection and try to clear out some shelves. It's quite amazing that some things which I had to have ten years ago are no longer necessary to the collection, things which I no longer have an interest in, things which I have read and know that I will never read again, styles of books which I don't care about any longer.

So Anna Jo and I purchased a dealer's table. Let me tell you, being a dealer really ties one down during a convention. I suppose that dealers look forward to the room parties at night as the major part of their convention, but since we live only five minutes from the site of the con, we didn't have any room party as we often do, nor did any of our close friends. One evening after the huckster room closed, Dick Wald of Portland invited a bunch of people up to his room for margaritas, and everyone sat around for a couple of hours having a nice conversation. It was nearly nine o'clock by the time we decided to go out for dinner. Seafood eaters won, and we drove miles to a Sea Galley, only to find that we would have to wait over an hour to get a table. So we drove carefully back along the highway and finally hauled into a place called The Country Broiler. It turned out to have nicely priced and substantially portioned barbecue dinners. Everyone ate to their heart's content. Later we stopped at a Baskin & Robbins for the ice cream treat we all felt we deserved. By the time we got back to the hotel it was nearly midnight and we didn't have much partying left in us. Mike Horvat stayed the night with us, and we hauled out old fanzines and gave them to him. He's much more of an organizer than I am and I know that if I ever need to see one of these zines again, they will be more easily found at Mike's than they would if stored in cardboard boxes in my garage.



Much of Sunday morning was given over to judging the art show. I was one of four judges, each judging separately and the result being coordinated by Clifford Wind. Unless you have had this task to do, you'll never know how difficult it is. I had previously been a sole judge of one of

rotation order. The betting is paramutuel as in horse racing and one can bet win, place, or show. We attended games on two nights and lost only \$36 out of \$96 wagered. So we won back often enough to keep us from going broke and to lend excitement to an already exciting game.

Dale and Mona Goble, old friends from Sacramento, came over for two days and we spent most of that time together, going to casinos, eating our meals together, and finding time to hunt up a couple of antique shops and a couple of book stores. They went to the jai alai games one night with us. Gobe and I were fascinated by the gun collection at Harold's, up on the second floor. You have to put up with the noise of a thousand slot machines going, and you have to step around people intent on feeding coins into these things, but there are some magnificent old guns there, including a great duck hunting gun like the one James Michener describes in Chesapeake.

The Dentons and the Gobles have a mutual friendship with Bill and Mary Marsh who live in Carson City. We met one evening at Washoe, about halfway between Reno and Carson City to eat a magnificent meal at The Cattleman's. Steaks and crab, huge potatoes, fresh bread. Mmmmm! Good! Then we all drove back to Reno to take in the big show at the MGM Grand. I've described this a couple of times -in apas, and I don't have a lot of space left, but I'll say right here at the beginning that if you are ever in Reno, you must take the show in. It's expensive, and you'll have to tip to get a good seat, but it will be worth it. I counted over 100 showgirls on the stage in some of the big production number (couldn't be bothered counting the guys). The opener has a jet landing in Reno and ends up landing on the stage; it's a spectacular opening. Other big production numbers include a science fiction-fantasy scene with space ships coming down out of the ceiling, and caves with fires and orc-like creatures dancing around, ending up with a waterfall coming down on both sides of the stage and a curtain of rain across the front. A big San Francisco scene has the gentility, the Barbary Coast and the San Francisco earthquake with collapsing buildings and buildings on fire.

The stage is the largest I've ever seen and is equipped to do all sorts of magical things. The finale has the Emerald City of Oz coming up out of the floor. Two small side stages are also used in the production numbers, about 2/3 of the way up each of the side walls. The small acts between the big production numbers are very entertaining as well.

Well, you probably get the idea that we had a grand time. Yes, indeed. We'd like to go back again soon, but it looks like it will have to wait until next spring again. There are a couple of novels coming out about casinos and casino hotels. I'm anxious to see what they divulge about the inner workings of these places. They are fascinating.

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The Drawing of the Dark by Tim Powers. Ballantine Books (A Del Rey Book), \$1.95

This is a tough book to review, since I know the author and a little bit about the background of the book. At one time this was slated to be a series of three books with a stipulation that they must have King Arthur in them. Well, leave it to Tim and a rather perverse sense of humor. I'm not sure what happened with the previous deal, but I have a suspicion that the Del Rey is an even better effort than might have been. And, yes, it does have King Arthur.

Arthur is in the form of one Brian Duffy, however, and the year is 1529. The main action of the story is the seige of Vienna by Suleiman, but there are much more sinister forces behind the scenes of war. Duffy is originally hired by one Aurelianus while he is still in Venice. Aurelianus asks him to travel to Vienna where a former monastery has been turned into an inn. Herzwosten beer has been brewed there

(continued on page 12)

Somerset Dreams & Other Fictions

by Kate Wilhelm

Harper & Row, 1978, \$8.95

--Reviewed by Darrell Schweitzer--

Entry #89 in The Standard Encyclopedia of Useful Phrases For The Critic reads: "This book isn't _____'s best work, but then _____'s worst is frequently better than most people's best."

Very well, then: #89. Somerset Dreams is a collection of hitherto unreprinted Kate Wilhelm sources from Orbit, Epoch, COSMOPOLITAN, and something called A Shocking Thing, edited by Damon Knight, presumably an anthology. (Lost in the Elwood deluge? I've never heard of it.) The introduction by R. Glenn Wright should be taken with several grains of salt. While he is perceptive enough to see Wilhelm as a superior writer, his view of science fiction is very narrow -- if it doesn't have rockets or little men in it, it isn't SF. Wright is an academic, which explains a lot, but he's also associated with the Clarion Workshops, so he should know better.

The title story is from a very old Orbit (#5) and its subject matter has been handled better in more recent work. There are several Wilhelm pieces which could go under the collective title of "The Experimenters." They're about scientific experiments and the personal lives of the people conducting them. The two are usually tangentially related at first, but come together later on. In "The Planners," they really didn't, so I don't consider that a successful story, Nebula Award or no Nebula Award. The best treatment I have seen is the novel, The Clewiston Test, which leads one to suspect that writers with problems like this are often better novelists; you can be fragmentary in shorter lengths, but if there isn't a complete story in a novel, no editor will buy it. "Somerset Dreams" is about halfway between the extremes. The prose is, as we've come to expect by now, immaculate. Characters are drawn with sensitivity and economy. The experiment itself is interesting to the point I wish more time had been devoted to it. But somehow the story doesn't quite jell. It is static, without clear resolution, perhaps because the relationship between the results of the experiment (Do city people coming to an isolated small town start dreaming the same dreams as the country people?) and the building pressure on the characters isn't clearly enough delineated. There is a difference between subtlety on one hand, and not all the parts being there on the other. There is also a difference between ambiguity which adds to the story's effect, and that which prevents the story from being told. We have several flashbacks and poorly defined transitions, even in mid-paragraph (see p. 8), which, especially because the whole thing is in first person present tense, force the reader to go back and sort out the muddle, just to see what is going on. Happily, her more recent work avoids such crudities.

Now everybody stop reading my review and go read that by Larry Niven in SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW 25. Niven reports that at a Milford conference Kate was told that "The Encounter" made little sense, and Damon Knight defended it on the grounds that it was based on Jungian archetypes, which the science fiction audience probably wouldn't recognize, not having read Jung. To which Niven replies quite sensibly that you shouldn't have to learn an archetype if it has anything to do with reality. Again we have clumsy transitions (something which got entirely out of hand in a story called "A Cold Dark Night With Snow" in Orbit 6; since the volume also contains the superb "The Chosen," one suspects Damon can't tell her good work from her bad.) and a basically muddled story. I had difficulty keeping track of the characters, which is remarkable with a cast so small. As I read it, it's the sort of psychological fantasy Harlan Ellison did so much better in "Shatterday." One of the characters turns out to be an unreal extension of the other. Either that or all sorts of odd things are going on within a closed world of private symbolism.

"The Hounds" is another story which Niven cites as overtly Jungian. This one, I think, works much better, archetypes or no. A suburban family moves to a Kentucky farm, where the wife is followed by two exotic dogs no one can get rid of. They get on her nerves. She has dreams about them. She and her husband begin to quarrel. Eventually she shoots them and everything is fine. How are we to take this? The model I'd fall back on isn't Jung, but Nathaniel Hawthorne. The story, like this, is full of materialised symbols, and has an inner consistency even when it makes little sense on a literal level. And Wilhelm handles characters far better than Hawthorne ever did in his short work, vividly conveying the wife's mounting unease. Let's not worry if Symbols can be done in with a shotgun.

"Planet Story," one of the few Wright manages to recognise as science fiction, is just that. Explorers on a new planet find themselves overwhelmed with terror and suicidal depression, even though there is no tangible cause for alarm. A potentially powerful situation. LeGuin got a lot of mileage out of it in "Vaster Than Empires And More Slow." Wilhelm's version is vivid, but there are shortcomings. I haven't been able to figure out if the narrator/protagonist is a man or a woman. Since the story is about the tensions, including sexual tensions, between the characters, this would be a useful thing to know. He/she is attracted both to a man and a woman, so that's no help. The result is unconstructive confusion, which stands between the reader and the story. The resolution, also, is less than it should be. At the end someone speculates: "...there is a system of responses to archetypes built into each of us, and this planet has triggered those responses." Again, a potentially powerful premise, but if this is supposed to be a basic fact of life in the story, it should be introduced somewhere before the final page.

"Mrs. Bagley Goes To Mars" (apparently published here for the first time) is a brief farce about an ordinary housewife who is tired of daily drudgery, so she heads for Mars. There she finds more of the same, and thinks about Ganymede. Basically this story is well-written fluff, and inconsequential.

My choice for best in the book is "Symbiosis," which is straight realism, sans rockets, little men, and archetypes. This doesn't make it inherently superior, of course, but it does clear the stage for what Wilhelm does best -- the exploration of intimate personal relationships. The story is about friendship and a brilliant woman who is ultimately stifled on a midwestern farm. It's the sort of thing which should be in anthologies like the Best American Short Stories series.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, This is Your Crisis" (no rockets, so Wright doesn't see this as SF) is about a novel use for television. People with serious psychological problems are put in a wilderness survival situation where if they get out they also win a prize, while millions watch them via incredibly thorough surveillance techniques. There are two stories going on; that of the people being watched, and that of the watchers, who are a particularly loathesome couple who seem to be made worse by the experience and only calm down once it is over. The sponsors of the program would doubtless claim this is healing through catharsis, but the managers of Roman gladiatorial games might have said the same thing, if they'd had the moder vocabulary. The story is basically a slice of life, a description of the event without resolution. The foreground characters are also a logical springboard for some psychological critic who wants to write an essay on The Problem of the Repugnant Protagonist. (Recall Mark Twain's comment about wishing the characters would all go jump in the lake together.)

"State of Grace" is a wacky, UNKNOWN-type fantasy about little men living in a tree in the protagonist's back yard, and her rivalry with her husband in dealing with them. They bring good or bad luck, so these things have to be done carefully. The technique of the story is interesting. The writing is spare to the point of

synopsis, which is the way it has to be in a short story when dealing with a series of events over an extended period of time, as opposed to continuous action. But it isn't a mere summary, either. It's a fine line, which many writers (as I can tell you from my slushpile reading experience) fail to perceive.

This collection is a must for devoted Kate Wilhelm readers, but it is not where the new reader should start. If it were the first thing she had ever published, I'd say it would point her out as promising, but would hardly cement her reputation.

-- Darrell Schweitzer --

(continued from page 9)

for centuries, and Brian Duffy is to protect the beer and act as bouncer. Especially to be protected is the Herzwosten Dark, which comes to full flavor at a certain time of year and must be instrumental in warding off the eastern powers.

Tim has a rather large cast of characters, and does an excellent job of blending the light, happy-go-lucky attitude of Duffy with the serious business of seige and battle and the conflict of darker forces behind the scenes. He even finds a place for The Fisher King, whom I hadn't thought about since a serious go at medieval legends about eight years ago. The book is 328 pages long, and as such, is a real bargain at today's book prices. It's well paced, full of interesting characters and more than a few surprises. Tim's previous work was two books for Laser, where his sense of adventure showed through. The years between have shown Tim to have learned quite a bit about writing, and I'll look forward even more enthusiastically for future books from him.

--(Reviewed by fdd, your old editor)--

ART: Randy Mohr - pp. 1 & 6; Ja-n Frank - p. 3; Joe Pearson - p. 8

THE ROGUE RAVEN
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Bulk Rate
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