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THE ROGUE RAVEN 34 comes to you from Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166 and is available for, oh, you know, the usual stuff, '52 Studebakers, early Zelazny first editions, bouquets of fall flowers mixed with boughs of vine maple, the sound of Canada geese migrating, and when all else fails, a postcard of comment. This issue begun on October 31, 1985. This is Hedgerow Press Publication # 45.

-----we have lift off!!!-----

With A Pen???

It appears that unless I change my strategy somewhat, there won't be any more issues of the ol' Rogue, and we can't have that, can we? So as of tonight, Halloween, it's back to the old ploy of writing just a little bit each night. And writing it by hand while sitting in the comfort of my easy chair. That seems a stupid thing to do when there's a computer sitting at my elbow, but you know what? It feels good. Aeons ago, when postage stamps were still a dime or less, I did a fanzine called One Small Rock. That must have been about '68 or '69. It was written this same way, in bits and pieces, late at night, usually after I had been for a walk. These days, having worked at the computer for four or five hours every day, it's nice to see the words flow out at the end of a pen for a change. The big question is how long will it take me to finish off a zine at this pace. We'll see. It may even be faster than trying to do it all at once, which I don't seem to be doing very well these days.

Volksmarching

Back in November of '84 I read a notice in the paper about a local volksmarch. It sounded like the kind of thing I like to do, go for a nice walk. This one was scheduled for a Saturday in Discovery Park, which used to be an Army fort here in Seattle. Unfortunately, we were unable to go that day. Something else had already been planned. But later, at a dinner meeting of the MWA (more about the MWA later) someone suggested I talk to one of our members about the walk. It turned out that this woman had gone on the walk and she was able to tell me about the volksmarch movement, and later on sent me some information which opened up a whole new world for Anna Jo and me.

The volksmarch movement began in Germany. Organizations which sponsored "fun runs" discovered that, despite the fact that it was supposed to be for fun, the participants insisted on trying to win. Searching for something that would be non-competitive, they decided to try walks. From that humble beginning, the organization has become international. A 10 km (6.21 mi.) route is laid out and posted with arrows. Checkpoints are established where a walker has a "walk card" stamped (can't have cheaters, can we?). A participant can start anytime between 8 a.m. and 1 p.m. or 2 p.m. and must finish by 5 p.m. Sometimes 20K (12.4 mi.) routes are also available for people who wish to walk farther.

People may walk at their own pace, start whenever they wish, and finish when they like. Many of the walks will accommodate strollers. The events seem to attract a fair number of families. We've met people

with strollers, wagons, children in back packs, and many dogs on leashes.

Our first walk was just before Christmas. It was held in Olympia, the state capitol. It was an atypical event in that it was a night walk and was partially on downtown streets to allow us to see some of the Christmas decorations. And we were sent off in groups with a walk leader because of city traffic. We went in groups of 25-30, pausing occasionally to carol. The route led to the state capitol building, then through residential neighborhoods, finally to Tumwater and the Olympia Brewery, down to the edge of Capitol Lake and back to the start/finish.

A walk on May 12th in Leavenworth was more typical. We arrived at about 12:30 p.m. just ahead of the 1 p.m. latest starting time. The route led along a country road, then cut into private land and wound through the center of an apple orchard. The owner was working in the orchard, smudge pots were arrayed along the edge of the path, protection from frosts, and a windmill stood in the center of the orchard, used during cold nights to circulate the heat from the smudge pots and blow away any fogs. After leaving the orchard we returned to the country road, then checked through a gate at a winter ski area in the Wenatchee National Forest. For nearly an hour we followed trails through pine forests. Plenty of wild flowers were already in bloom; daisies, lupine, and wild sweet pea. Leaving the forest we followed another country road back toward the town, took another detour through the friendly farmer's apple orchard, returned to town and followed residential streets back to the finish. Walking time was a little over 2 hours and 30 minutes. The people from the Leavenworth club told us that they had nearly 700 people walk the route during the two days.

In the spring there was also a walk in Canby, Oregon. We decided to go down for it and spend the night with Horvats. Then I had the bright idea to invite everyone I knew in the Portland-Salem area to join us. I sent out invitations and a flyer from the Valley Volkswalkers. Thirteen people showed up to join Anna Jo and I and Tim (eldest son on way through town; heading for another fishing season in Alaskan waters). We had a wonderful time. I had a chance to talk to all my friends: Larry, Judy and Michael Paschelke, Jeff and Rosalind Frane, Mike, Susie, Jenny, Matthew, and Rebecca Horvat, Richard and Cleta Dix, and Rita Stuart.

The AVA (American Volkssport Association) issues books which are stamped at the completion of each walk. After having completed the required number of events or distances, pins are awarded. The first is for ten events, then thirty, then fifty. Distance pins are a little harder to earn. The first is for 500K, about 310 miles. Each event has a medal cast for it, and for a modest \$4, your book is stamped and a medal is awarded. They're quite handsome, sometime pewter, sometime cloisonne, and make a nice display and remembrance of your walk. But people can also walk for free and not concern themselves with pins and medals.

It's been great fun so far. We've had a chance to visit some places we don't often get to, enjoy the fresh air and outdoors, and get some exercise. We even did a walk in Sacramento, California, which one can do anytime they please. We did it one morning during Westercon over the 4th of July weekend.

Since I'm a believer in giving something back to organizations that I derive pleasure from, Anna Jo and I joined the F.S. Family Wanderers, the new volkssport club in Seattle, and helped out on the club's second event. We manned a checkpoint for the 20K route for almost five hours, then had time to beat the deadline and to the 10K walk ourselves. The checkpoint was at the end of a wharf on the Seattle waterfront. The wind blew off the harbor and we darned near froze to death. But we've enjoyed the event so much that we felt good in helping other people to enjoy the Seattle event. The 10K route was wonderful, going from the Seattle Center to the top of Queen Anne Hill, along a street with fabulous houses and gardens, then along the west side of the hill looking down on the harbor, wending its way down the hill to the waterfront, through two long waterfront parks, then uphill to the Chief Sealth statue under the monorail, and back to the Seattle Center. And in the last half hour a squall moving across Puget Sound caught up with us (we could watch it coming minute by minute) and we got soaked. The afternoon had been beautiful, but you know Seattle weather. It turned out that we had 428 walkers for our one-day event. (More recently our club sponsored the Moss Bay walk in Kirkland, and had 544 for the one-day event.

Well, I've rambled enough about volksmarching and the AVA. Can you tell that we're enjoying it?

The Compact Disc

The newest toy in the Denton household is a compact disc player. I was nudged toward its purchase by a warehouse sale by one of the oldest and most respectable dealers in the Seattle area. With a 33% discount, I managed to purchase a pretty basic Technics player at a very nice price. I had heard good things about the CD, and had been mightily impressed when I stopped in one evening at Tower Records classical shop and they had theirs playing. But the sound in a record store is always different from what you get in your own living room. I was really astounded when I got it hooked up at home. The sound is sheer brilliance. There is none of the hisses, pops, and groove noise that we've become accustomed to in our vinyl lps.

Of course, one of the most admirable traits of the CD is that it should never develop any of the above faults, no matter how many times one plays it. The information is digitally encoded in a small plastic disc and read by laser. I have lps that I bought as a young man that have been played to death. As carefully as I've treated them, they have worn. I can now buy a piece of music with the assurance that it won't wear out.

The drawback to all of this, of course, is the cost of the disc. When I first started buying discs, a few months ago, the price was around \$15.99, with the occasional sale of certain labels at \$13.99. Just recently a decrease in price has brought them down to the latter price, and it will be interesting to see if the occasional sale price is \$11.99.

At that price the pop or rock album, with its usual 35 minutes or so, is not a bargain. As a consequence of that, I've pretty much limited myself to classical music, a small amount of jazz, and some music I lump, for want a better term, into "new age" music. This latter includes

Kitaro, Vangelis, and Andreas Vollenweider, the Swiss harpist. I continue to buy rock music on lp, since the listening life is relatively short. That is, something new comes along and today's lp goes a little further back in the stack, and finally is filed with the 1000 or so other records in my collection.

Any of you who are interested in classical music would find my buying tastes bizarre. As yet I have no Beethoven, Brahms, Liszt, Mozart, etc. I do have several discs of Janacek, Sir Arnold Bax, Elgar, and singles of Dvorak, Ippolitov-Ivanov, Holst, Respighi, Berlioz. I seem to have a fondness for people who are not considered "biggies."

One of the interesting things about the disc is that it took off before it was supposed to, and the people in charge of production got caught without the facilities to keep up. This can be frustrating for the disc buyer who knows that a certain disc has been produced but is unable to find one to purchase. Last year I was able to attend a Seattle Opera production of Janacek's "Jenufa." I liked the opera, both music and story, very much and wanted to purchase a copy. When I first looked for the opera, it was only available on lp and cassette. One day while browsing in Tower Records, I noted that it was now available on compact disc. There were three copies on the shelf. Of course, I didn't have the ready cash on me. When I went back a few days later there were no copies. And there have not been since. Believe me, I ask about it every time I stop in. Very frustrating.

CONVENTION TIME

I've just returned home from a couple of conventions. The first was Fantasticon V in Redding, California. Bridget McKenna was in charge of programming (I just heard that one of her stories won a prize in the Writers of the Future contest). I was surprised that it stayed light so late in the evening in late October. Then I realized that I was some 650+ miles south of where I normally am. Usually I pass through Redding in the summer where the temperature hovers around 107 degrees.

I thought I was going to show my slide show on Arthurian England. When I looked at the program book, I found that, in addition, I was slated for seven panels. A working convention, one might say. It was a lot of fun, though. Reed Andrus came over from Reno, and Richard Montague was up from Salt Lake City. Ray Faraday Nelson, Sharon Baker, Stephen Goldin, James P. Hogan, helped with the panels. Bob Vardeman was Guest of Honor, and David Gerrold was Toastmaster. Jim McLeod, an old friend, was Fan Guest of Honor. I had a very nice time, and they've invited me back next fall to be Fan Guest of Honor.

Since I was going on to another convention in San Francisco the following weekend, I hung around Redding for a few days. I had a couple of nice evenings with Bridget, Doug Herring, the Viking, Joel Jefferson, and Matt Davidson. We had a great cheap Mexican dinner one night. For a couple of days it rained (?? this is Redding ??) and I stayed in the hotel room, working on revisions of some writing.

Finally it cleared and I headed for Weaverville, a suggestion I had received from Joel. Weaverville is about 50 miles west of Redding, and

was one of those hot places during the Gold Rush. Its heyday was in the 1850s. Now it is a lovely town, with a population of about 3500. Many of the older houses are still lived in, and many bear a plaque with the year they were built and the name of the original owner. I visited the Catholic Church, St. Patrick's, walked down the main street reading the historical markers, spent an hour in the museum, an excellent one. I was mostly impressed with the metal jail cells in the basement, and with some of the art still on the walls drawn by prisoners.

The highlight of the visit to Weaverville, however, was a visit to the Joss House, a Chinese Taoist temple, the oldest continuously used Taoist temple in the United States. Although it has been deeded over to the California State Parks, it is still occasionally used for worship. At the time I visited there were only two Chinese still living in the town. (A recent bulletin from the Weaverville Joss House Assn. reports that Mr. Moon Lee died recently, so only his wife is left.) But upwards of 65 Chinese people come to worship in the temple at some time during the year. When that happens, the curator/park ranger holds up tours of the temple until the worshipers are finished.:

There is a very modern park building with a museum of Chinese artifacts from gold rush days. At the height of the gold rush, there were 2500 Chinese in Weaverville. The original temple was built in 1854. It burned and the current temple was built in 1874. There was a Chinatown, with two theaters, stores and rival benevolent associations (tongs). There was even a tong war, with the Battle of Nickle Gulch.

The temple is small, but remarkably well preserved. Inside the outer door is a false door, and a still which one must step over. By tradition, evil spirits cannot go around corners or over sills, so this protects the interior of the temple from evil spirits entering. The worshiper skirts the false doors to the right, and there is faced by a god who examines each person who comes in. Banners adorn the altar, and there are statues of Chinese gods. In the front is a table on which to offer sacrifice, often fresh fruit, and a jug in which to pour rice wine as sacrifice. To one side is a small stove. When a worshiper offers money, he or she burns a small paper boat or other image in the stove. Then he hits a drum and a gong at the same time to let the gods know that the offering has been made.

A couple of other people were on the tour with me and they weren't much interested. I could have spent more time in the temple, examining the various statues on the altar and the magnificent embroidery of the banners. Next door, part of the same building, was the dwelling of the priest, a guest room, and a meeting room for the local Chinese, sometimes used as a Chinese court (for decisions concerning their own community). The last priest left the temple in the 1940s and Mr. and Mrs. Lee kept the temple up as best they could until about 1960. Then the arrangement was made with the California Park system to take over.

The priest's living must have been precarious at best. The small room in which he lived could not have been more plain. A second room was used as a guest room. Wooden bed, plain cooking and eating utensils, a small table and chair. The meeting room still has local decisions papered onto the walls.

I enjoyed the visit very much, and immediately joined the Joss House association. Outside the park building, a statue of Kuan Yin, "she who listens," has been placed by a pool. I talked with the young woman who gave the tour, and ended up buying a small statue of Kuan Yin. I figured I needed someone around who would listen to me. The woman said that they needed someone to write a decent guide book to the temple, and she's right. They have only a small brochure, with the most essential information. If I lived closer, I'd take a shot at writing a guide book for them.

On Thursday I drove on down to San Francisco and checked into The Sir Francis Drake Hotel, the site of this year's Bouchercon, the mystery convention; it's sort of the Worldcon of Mystery Fandom. Anna Jo flew down Thursday evening. I won't go into a lot of detail, since most of you aren't mystery fans (or maybe you are). There were plenty of pros there and excellent panels. Dapa-Em, the only mystery apa, had lots of its members there and we had some great parties, including a wonderful roast of our OE, Art Scott, sometimes known as The Emperor of the Universe.

Anna Jo and I found time to take the cable car down to the waterfront, visiting The Cannery and Ghirardelli Square, having dinner in a Chinese restaurant, and watching a very clever puppeteer for fifteen or twenty minutes.

The convention had a wonderful huckster room, book dealer after book dealer. Oh, for a huckster room at science fiction conventions like that. I came home with a suitcase full of books to read. Next year's Bouchercon will be in Baltimore, and I'm trying to figure out how to get there. And the year after in Minneapolis. That's easy. But I'd sure like to make next year's convention.

Thanksgiving

And a Happy Thanksgiving to you. Probably also a Merry Christmas and other Yuletide and Hanukkah greetings. At the rate that I produce this fanzine, it will be the 4th of July before I greet you again.

And happy snowies, too! Here in the Pacific Northwest, with a climate moderated by the Pacific Ocean and Puget Sound, we don't know much about snow. Boy, do we shut down when it does occasionally come. And it came last Thursday (Nov. 22). 9-1/2 inches of the stuff. Beautiful, but we just don't deal with it very well. Weathermen kept threatening more, but it took a few days before the skies were ready to unload again. Then it dumped another four inches on my patio.

I feel sorry for those people who live in climes where this is the norm. I watched the hockey game from Edmonton the other night and it was 35 degrees below zero. My cousin wrote from Wisconsin that the first snow had also come on Nov. 22. But she'll have to live with it now until March or April. Ours will melt soon and we may not see any more snow this winter. 'Tis a rarity. I guess we Northwesterners have been spoiled. And, of course, the people who do expect and live with snow every year must be used to it. Many of them enjoy it, I'm sure. Well, the best to them.

No longer having to leave the house unless I wish to, I've dealt with the cold and snow pretty well. As a matter of fact, I've had some very refreshing walks in it. The only thing that I'm sorry about is that Anna Jo and I had our minds all made up to drive to Vancouver, B.C. on Friday after Thanksgiving. We haven't been up there for a year, and we were looking forward to it. Bookstores, German food at The Schnitzel Haus, a visit with the Livingstones in Chilliwack. Now, we've had to call it off, and will probably make do by watching a couple of videotapes on the telly. Shucks.

Well, I hope that all of you had a good Thanksgiving and didn't stuff yourselves too much. I know that Canadians celebrate Thanksgiving about a month earlier than we do in the states. Does Australia have a Thanksgiving holiday? Our daughter and grandson recently moved back to the Seattle area, so they'll be home for dinner as well as Sean and Loni. Poor Tim is up in the Aleutians and the Bering Sea, fishing, and I've heard some dreadful stories about the weather up there. He called a few weeks ago to say he'd be home for Christmas. So the whole Denton tribe will gather for the first Christmas celebration all together in quite a few years.

I can't leave this section (have to carve the bird pretty quick) without mentioning that for about ten years now I've come to expect a telephone call from Jon Singer on Thanksgiving Day. It came this morning from the Bay Area. Jon had been in the Northwest doing some technical writing for somebody until just last week, but was just too busy to call while he was here. So he waits until he gets to California. But Turkey Day is the day, and I always appreciate Jon's call. He's still centered in Boulder, but is between jobs at the moment, so he said.

The poor birds have been having a bad time in the cold weather. The crows were digging around in the street, so I threw some bread into the front yard. They approached very cautiously, shuffling through the snow, cocking their heads to make sure they weren't going to be attacked. I swear that they can see into our living room when we watch through the curtains. In the back yard we've scattered wild bird seed for the sparrows, Oregon juncos and chickadees. The robins have been pecking away at some apples still hanging in the neighbor's tree and at the red berries on the tree of another neighbor. We'll try to remember to help the birds out during these days of inclement weather.

Why Must They Do This To Me?

Anna Jo and I have just returned from seeing King Solomon's Mines. I am happy that it was a Thursday evening and we only paid \$2. Sharon Stone is lovely, but can't act. Richard Chamberlain is handsome, and can act, but not in this picture. The production values stunk. The matting was awful in some places. The producer must have said "Let's camp it up and play it for laughs." A perfect good adventure tale goes down the tube. Probably comes to the tube in double quick time, too. Actually there were a couple of scenes that came close to being true to the novel. They surprised me. H. Rider Haggard is probably turning over in his grave. Blech!!! My only hope is that Jewel of the Nile, the sequel to Romancing the Stone, will be as entertaining as the first picture was.

Spidey

As you may recall, until my retirement in 1982, I was the director of the library mentioned in the clipping to the right. The objet d'art mentioned was given to me by a young man who, during his stay at NSCC, worked for us at the circulation desk. His name was Randi Gustavson, and he transferred to the University of Washington when he had completed his two years at the community college, and went on to complete his B.A. with a major in art. It was while he was at the U that he created Spidey as an art project. When the project was finished it hung on the outside of the art building at the U for a couple of days, then he brought it to us.

I was away on the Friday afternoon that he hung it over the stairway to the second floor of the library. He must have risked life and limb to do so. I remember that I didn't discover the web swinger hanging there until late Monday afternoon, when I had to go up to the media center. My staff thought it was a great joke.

Over the years, Spidey has become quite a fixture (heh-heh!) in the library and on the campus. Our Early Childhood interns would bring the pre-school children on a walk to the library to see Spiderman. When the administration stole a corner of the second floor to put in a Developmental Center, the center's director wanted us to remove Spidey. No way!

Now, after a dozen years, someone has stolen the piece, apparently taking some risk themselves. I had several calls from the campus police. How much was Spidey worth? Could I think of anyone who might want to steal it? Who did it legally belong to, me or the library? It had been given to me as a personal gift, but when I left the college, I left Spidey because too many people enjoyed him. So I guess it belonged to the library and thus, to the college.

When I went to teach my Wednesday evening class, I saw signs posted around the college. "Spiderman. Come Home. No questions asked."

But Spidey hasn't come home. He's still missing. I hope the fink that stole him is happy.

Blood, or, Pride Goeth Before A Fall

Everyone needs to get their comeuppance once in a while. I started giving blood on a pretty regular basis when I read the introduction to one of Robert Heinlein's books some years back. It was the introduction that told about him having a rare blood type and being grateful to the

Web of intrigue: Where is campus superhero?

■ SEATTLE

Spiderman is missing and the police have been called to investigate.

The ol' wall crawler is gone from the spot he has occupied for the past 15 years, hanging from the ceiling of the library at North Seattle Community College. This spiderman isn't the real thing, but a lifesize, red and blue paper-mache figure, weighing 10 to 20 pounds.

Someone, apparently with some spider-like talents of his own, scaled a barbed-wire fence outside the library, jumped onto the roof, and removed two skylights to get at the figure, which was suspended by wire below one of the skylights. The figure dangled 40 feet above the library's staircase.

Rare Blood Club for coming through when he needed blood badly. It sounded good to me. And, of course, blood donating has become a regular event at a lot of science fiction conventions.

Well, a few weeks ago I donated my 38th pint. I was pleased that I was getting close to 5 gallons. Of course, in the coffee and cookie room where I donate, there are photos of a lot of people who have given 100 pints. I figure that I still have a chance to reach that. But the clipping at the right is enough to take the wind of false pride right out of one's sails. Ed Phipps, whoever you are, you're some kind of guy.

The Puget Sound Blood Bank seems to have put Ziggy to work for them. Sometimes Anna Jo and I get a little metal button that says, "I gave blood today." But this is a new one, with a sticky label so you can display it on your lapel.

I don't know how it is in other parts of the country, but it seems that people's ignorance of how AIDS is communicated is screwing up the blood donor program. Somehow people have gotten the idea that you can contract AIDS from the needle that draws blood during a donation. Have they never heard of sterilization? Doctors in the northwest have had to cancel elective surgery because of the shortage of blood. Stupidity! Do you give? How long has it been? You can donate five times a year, you know.

Books

As usual, I'll fill out the rest of the issue with some recent reading. During the summer, when we were hiking in that section of Cornwall very near to the settings for the Poldark novels, and where much of the television series was filmed, I decided that I should read at least one of them. I remember hearing a couple of years ago from Doug Faunt that he had been hooked on them. Somewhere inside me I had a niggling feeling that Winston Graham shouldn't be making so much money off the Cornish people, since he didn't even live there. I knew that he lived in Sussex.



CITY GRITTY

by Alf Collins
Times staff columnist

■ **Not in vein:** Ed Phipps donated his 200th pint of blood to the Puget Sound Blood Center yesterday and seemed nonchalant about establishing a statewide donor record. He said he began donating in the 1950s as a member of the Teamsters Union and "it just got to be a habit."

**Ask me
what
I did
today**



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PUGET SOUND BLOOD PROGRAM

Dumb, Denton, dumb! Fortunately, I discovered a book entitled Poldark's Cornwall with text by Winston Graham and wonderful photographs by Simon McBride. Winston Graham and his family did live in Cornwall, from before his marriage and many years thereafter. His children were born and raised there until they left for school. The reason he eventually left was because his wife's lungs were being troubled by the moist air of the Cornish climate. And yes, it is wet down there.

So I forgave Graham a transgression he never committed. I read the first Poldark novel, Ross Poldark, while on the trip and the second, Demelza, shortly after returning home. They are well written, and, I hate to admit it, a bit like historical soaps. There is a cast of hundreds, from the low to the high, and there plots and sub-plots galore. But they do tend to capture you with the time, place, and people, and you find yourself getting wrapped up in what's going on in Poldark Country. I guess I could waste my time on worst things. And so could you, if you have a slight interest in Cornwall.

Probably the best book I've read in recent days is The Red Fox by Anthony Hyde. A Toronto author, this is his first book, and it's a hum-dinger. Best seller, and for once I believe it deserves it. It's a very involved story in which a middle-aged man responds to a call for help from a woman to whom he was once engaged. Her father has disappeared. Thus begins an incredible story of deceit and adventure. I won't give away the plot, as the twisting and turnings of this one are very enjoyable to the reader. May Brightman's cry for help leads Robert Thorne from Toronto to New England, to Detroit, to Russia. 321 pp. of incredibly good writing; a book I truthfully did not want to put down.

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