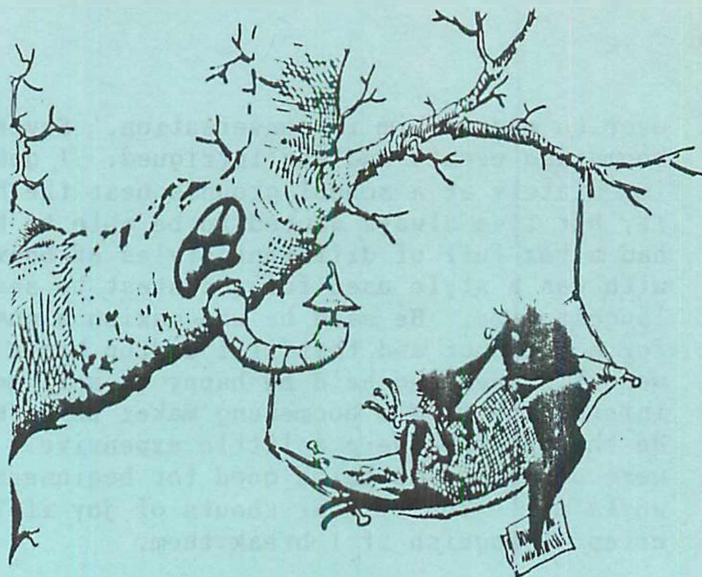


THE ROGUE RAVEN 43

The fanzine that asks the question "Who is that masked man rolling the bathtub down the Appian Way?" Brought to you by DelMonte Foods and Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166. This issue dated somewhere around the end of December, 1991. How's that, Mark? Did I make it before the end of the year? Not quite before Christmas! But I tried!!!



* * * * *

6-11-91 - SPELLING ANYONE?

Doesn't anyone care about spelling anymore? Oh, yes, I know that there are people out there who have a terrible time with spelling. They never had Sister Moreen to drive the rules into one's head. But it seems to me that businesses who depend partly on their signboards to attract customers would be a bit more careful.

In a short half-hour walk around the area near my home last night I came across these. A local fruit and produce stand advertises that it has "Romiane" lettuce. The local dry cleaners has a "drappery" special. And the Chinese food restaurant not only cooks Szechuan style, but also "Manderian." Amazing! {{An addendum: During our summer vacation trip, while in Bend, Oregon we saw a Shell Station that was "temporally" closed; I suppose that's as distinct from being spiritually closed. And, of course, a local tavern was having "amature" night.}}

6-23-91 - VOLKSMARCHING AND BOOMERANGS

I try to not talk about volksmarching often, but maybe this is really a peripheral story. We did do a volksmarch last Saturday at The Evergreen State College in Olympia, Washington. It was really a very nice 10K walk. It wandered through the campus, then into the woods on a trail that led down to the Organic Garden, which looked to be in full swing. There was also a nice yard of chickens. I hadn't seen any Barred Rocks since my family raised some when I was a kid. A quiet country road, then back into the woods, winding downhill to Puget Sound, then a pretty good pull uphill, some more roads leading into the campus. Good fresh country air, birds singing in the woods, a look at the water. At the control point the person who was stamping our start cards was reading Carl Sandberg's ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and we had a nice chat about the pleasure of reading history. Just for my own sake, as a sort of record of how far I've walked, I've just finished 3100 km or 1925 miles.

As we neared the finish line, we walked around the playing fields of the college. A young couple were practicing with a soccer ball, and later we came across a young man throwing boomerangs. He had one small one which circled and circled before coming down. I hadn't seen one like it before and went

over to engage him in conversation. Several years ago I went to a couple of boomerang events and was intrigued. I got a boomerang and broke it immediately at a school grounds near the house. Somehow I never got back to it, but I've always wanted to be able to throw one correctly. The young man had a box full of different styles of boomerangs. The one he was practicing with was a style used for a contest to see who can keep one aloft for the longest time. He said he was making a number of boomerangs that would be good for a beginner and that if I'd drop him a line, he'd let me know when they were finished and he'd be happy to sell me one. He also gave me some information from a boomerang maker in Berkeley where I could order one or two. He thought they were a little expensive. So I've sent off for a couple which were described as being good for beginners. I'll let you know how all of this works out. You'll hear shouts of joy if I learn to throw them correctly, and cries of anguish if I break them.

Gel Boomerangs tends to wax just a tad poetic in their brochure. Here's a sample: "The artwork on and in Gel Boomerangs is as important as the airfoils carved into them. Each Gel Boomerang has a one-of-a-kind painting created on its surface. The painting is there to be seen and enjoyed, at rest and in motion. The shape of each boom is not just functional, it is also esthetic and sensual. Gel Boomerangs are sculptures and paintings. The airfoils actually create the lift and gyroscopic precession which makes the boomerang turn and come back, but the artwork makes that flight more colorful and eventful. The boomerang becomes the artist in the air as it paints its majestic and poetically articulate circles on the air. The three-dimensional object called the boomerang is thrown by the boomeranger and as it flies, floats, and turns it defines a temporal, three-dimensional and circular space that becomes a sculpture in itself. That space that the boomerang circumscribes is a temporary sculpture -- the boomerang creates a colorful flash in space and time and then it is gone. Only to be created again and again." Aw, c'mon, guys. Gimme a break! What we have here is a throwing stick that, if thrown properly, goes out and comes back again. Do they really think that this rant will sell more boomerangs?

CHARLES DELINT'S THE LITTLE COUNTRY

I just finished reading Charles DeLint's THE LITTLE COUNTRY. It's a longish (630 pages) fantasy set in present day Cornwall. I won't try to tell you all about the plot, as there are several, and sub-plots. What attracted me to the book was the setting of Penzance and Mousehole, places that we have visited more than once. The protagonist, or more properly, one of several, is a folk musician, who plays, among other things, the Northumberland pipes. I'm interested in piping, having been A PIPER in the days of my youth, and at one time Pipe Major of the Clan Gordon Pipe Band of Tacoma. When we moved to Seattle for career reasons, the piping went by the wayside. In hindsight, that was probably a stupid thing to do. I should have found time for it, and a new band to join. At the time there were three bands in Seattle. The Keith Highlanders, at the time considered an upstart band, within a few years began to concentrate on Irish pipe music and became an excellent band. It would have been fun. At any rate, I had never heard of the Northumberland pipes and went looking for a recording that might let me hear what they sound like. I haven't been successful. My suspicion is that they are somewhat similar to the Irish uilleann pipes, which are a lap instrument, much quieter than the highland bagpipe or piob mhor that I played, and that you see when you see a bagpipe band.

So I digress already. The major plot revolves around a book left to Janey Little's grandfather. It seems that an American, who is head of a cultish Crowley-type magic society, wants the book desperately. He thinks it contains the secret of the universe, and will give him great power. Perhaps it does, and perhaps it will. It's up to Janey, her grandfather and her friends to keep the book out of the American's hands. But he has powerful agents working for him. Another plot involves a local witch who turns a young girl, one of a group of children called the Tatters, into a "small," no larger than six inches. How to find the girl and turn her back to normal size is a large problem, since the witch can call up fetches and dead men from the sea for assistance. There's a lot of wonderful stuff in this book, and it's the kind you can curl up with evening after evening and never lose interest. I tried a very early book of DeLint's and bogged down in it about halfway through. Either he has improved, or perhaps my mood wasn't just right for what he was presenting. [That happens, you know!] But this one I thoroughly enjoyed and I intend to go back and try some of DeLint's other novels. I also harbor vague hopes that he might show up at Westercon in Vancouver, B.C. so that I might find out from him about the Northumberland pipes.

6-23-91 - THE CULT

Anybody out there who might be interested in joining The Cult? The Cult is a tri-weekly apa, sort of. You must write a letter to a rotating publisher once every two mailings, or once every six weeks. Once a cycle (39 weeks) you must publish what other people send you. It's quite simple. Once known as "the nastiest bastards in fandom" we are a much more sedate group these days. There are 13 active members, and 5 active waitlisters (who also have an obligation to write, but not to publish). Currently there are openings on the active waitlist. And nobody at all on the inactive waitlist. So I'm recruiting. It's fun and not overly burdensome. What with electronic bulletin boards, even some of the older apas are having trouble finding members. I hear that even FAPA has a short waitlist. Of course we know that FAPA is the "elephant's graveyard" or where old fanzine fans go to die. Just kidding. No intention to hurt anyone's feelings. Anyway, if you have even the vaguest interest in finding out more about The Cult, drop me a postcard and I'll tell you all the gory details.

6-24-91 - MAILING LISTS AND JOE WESSON

This morning I took a little time to bring my mailing list up to date. You know, you get a stack of fanzines piled up and you know you're never going to loc all of them. The least you can do is make sure that your mailing list shows that you've received them, so you don't cut the editor/publisher off of your list (that's in case you ever do publish again). While doing this



WHAT'S A
HAND-CRANK
MIMEO?

somewhat pleasant task I discovered a little green 3X5 card stuck in with the rest of the cards. On it were listed the numbers of copies sent at various times. It seems that back in 1976 I was sending out 363 copies of this fanzine. It looked like it peaked in 1977 with 386 people on the mailing list. By 1981, the list was down to 280, and on this date there currently are 163. Nope, make that 164. Joe Wesson, among the missing

and presumed dead for these many years, just checked in with the JOE WESSON MAGAZINE, a nice little perzine. Joe has apparently been pursuing a PhD. for these last five years and, having attained it, is ready to bash his way back into pubbing. Write him at 951 River Road, Valley, AL 36854. He's actively seeking fanzine fans to receive his publishing effort, since he's been out of touch for so long.

8-15-91 - CAN'T YOU DO ANYTHING RIGHT?

I thought I was being smart. I took all of the copies of the last issue to be mailed to foreign locations along with me on vacation. I took stapler, extra staples, mailing labels, the whole works. I prepared a few each evening, went to a local post office, and bought stamps and mailed them off. When I arrived home they were all sitting at my post office. I publish so infrequently that I don't even know the postal rules anymore; or I forget in my dotage. It seems that copies sent to foreign countries must be in an envelope. Having several tens of dollars tied up in postage that returned home, I was bright enough to ask if I could have my money back so I could try again. By golly, I could, if I turned the used postage back to the post office. Of course, it was on pages 9-10, so I had to re-copy those two pages. And, of course, there was a 10% deduction for handling. But eventually they all were packaged and sent out. You've heard of homing pigeons? I think what we had here was a homing raven.

Speaking of ravens. We don't have a lot of ravens where I live. Crows aplenty, but no ravens. When we get over Montana and Wyoming way we see lots of ravens. For the third year in a row we stopped in Lander, Wyoming overnight and drove out to Sinks Canyon State Park to do a volksmarch. The place is gorgeous; seven thousand feet in elevation with steep canyon walls to either side and the Popo Agie River running down the middle. We had walked about a quarter of the route when a raven flew toward us. When he was directly over my head, he trimmed his wings against the breeze blowing up the canyon and hovered. He let out several soft caws, then lifted one wing and wheeled away. Now, was this spiritual or what? Don't anybody kid me about my totem from now on. We're on the same wavelength. Talk about a vision quest. I didn't even have to fast for four days.

8-28-91: IS THIS SOME KIND OF A CHALLENGE, MANNING?

I received a postcard from Mark Manning a couple of weeks back, on which he had printed, nearly in shorthand, all of the news of Seattle fandom and then some. On the bottom he had scribbled a note, suggesting that he'd like to see another issue before Christmas. Now, if that isn't a challenge, I don't know what is. Now all I need to do is find some things to write about. I'll get even, Mark.

One thing I might talk about is our trip to Vancouver, B.C. for this year's Westercon. For nearly twenty years I attended Westercon wherever it was; then suddenly I found I wasn't interested in going. What happened, I wondered. I think that the major problem was that the last few conventions I attended were populated with people that I didn't know, that were a lot younger than I, and that didn't have the same interest in science fiction and fantasy that I had. Huckster rooms were filled with media-associated dealers, Star Trek, Dr. Who, et al and jewelry and dragons that sit on one's shoulder and crystal and ceramic mugs. The book dealers seemed to be outnumbered. It's all symptomatic of what has happened to the science fiction world, and with it

fandom, since I came into it twenty-plus years ago. Fandom was pretty much based on the books and magazines that were available. People talked about the books and stories and ideas. We had yet to see the proliferation of movies and television shows which have attracted the people who are attuned to the more visual aspects of sf and fantasy. Those people in fandom at that time could pretty much keep up with all of the books being published, and find time to read Galaxy, If, Amazing, Analog and F&SF. So we could talk to each other. I was at my local drug store the other night and there were 168 titles in the racks to choose from. This doesn't count the 'horror' rack, which drains off another group of people who are more interested in that kind of story. Anyway, fandom has changed so much and with it the attendees at major conventions that I'm not sure I fit very well any more. But with Vancouver practically in my back yard, and with Don Livingstone and Bruce Morgan egging Anna Jo and I to come on up, we decided to go.

I don't regret going, although the huckster room was a disaster, as far as I was concerned. I used to come home from conventions with armloads of books. Of course, I'm a lot more careful in what I buy these days when hardcovers are running close to \$20 these days. There was plenty of programming, but little that attracted me. So I fell back on hoping to see some people that I hadn't seen in some years, or perhaps meeting some new ones. There I lucked out. I hadn't seen Don Fitch in many a year and he hung out the same place I did, in a hospitality room where smoking was allowed. We had several excellent conversations, including some about the Indian "hand game" or what I have heard referred to as the "stick game." Don doesn't look a day older than he did the last time I saw him, so maybe there is time-binding. I also ran into Hope Leibowitz in the lobby, and made sure that I had her correct address. I haven't seen her in a few years; unfortunately, we didn't see each other again, and I never had a chance to have a real conversation. I met Jean Weber, all the way from Australia, but she was busy registering people and I missed out talking with her. At least I got to ask after Eric Lindsey and found out that he was in good health, busy, and couldn't come. Anybody who receives and reads Gegenschein would know the first two. Randy Reichardt came down from Edmonton, then went home again to play a gig with his band, The Flics, then flew back to the convention. We saw him in the hotel reservation line, and then never saw him again. I'm truly sorry about that, Randy.

I ran into Bill Ransom in the art show (which, by the way, was quite good) and we had a nice chat. If you have not read JAGUAR, I would recommend it highly. I see in the latest Locus that Bill has delivered the manuscript for a new novel to his publisher. It is set in a near-future Central America, and is entitled ANGEL OF EDEN. Watch for it from Ace Books. Bill has spent time down there giving medical aid to a small area of villages. I look forward to reading the new novel when it is published. I also had a couple of good conversations with Bill Gibson, whom I have known for a long time, even before he became famous as one of the high priests of cyberpunk. Let me say this about Bill right up front. Having become a successful author hasn't changed Bill a bit, not an iota. Bill had just returned from East Berlin and had a lot of fascinating tales to tell. He said that that part of the city could be called "truly eldritch." Bill just sort of hung out, talking with everyone. He had a lot of fun signing copies of THE DIFFERENCE ENGINE and using a rubber stamp that Bruce Sterling had made of a logo that was used on the title page. I can recommend this book highly. If you don't think you're up to cyberpunk, try this. I'm not even sure you can call this cyberpunk.

Well, yes, there were a few attractive programs, even for an old and jaded fan like me. One was a panel on The Trickster. It was a bit slow to get going, but seemed to pick up speed as it went along. We were in the area of the west coast where the trickster in Indian myth is not Coyote, but Raven, and that made for some interesting comment. The discussion roamed far and wide and mentioned the trickster myth in Africa, the Pacific, and South America. What I brought away primarily were recommendations for a couple of books, which I sought out later. One of the panelists considers herself as following a native American Indian path, whatever that means; as a religion, I think, or perhaps merely as a way of life. One looks upon the trickster tales as models for happens in his own life and provides him with the ability to laugh more easily at life's little enigmas. Bruce Byfield, of whom more later, sort of held the panel together with his knowledge of the breadth of the trickster myths in the world's literature. And the panel's audience provided a whole long list of trickster counterparts, which I should have written down and didn't. One that I remember is Road Runner of cartoon fame, another was Irene Adler in the Sherlock Holmes story, a third was a character from Star Trek: the Next Generation (which I have yet to watch, I must confess). And I was surprised to learn that humming bird is the trickster in some societies.

The other program that I attended was a talk about Fritz Leiber by Bruce Byfield, whose master's thesis at Simon Fraser University was on Leiber's work. Bruce had told me a year ago that someone was interested in publishing it. It has been published as WITCHES OF THE MIND; A CRITICAL STUDY OF FRITZ LEIBER. It was published by Necronomicon Press, 101 Lockwood Street, West Warwick, RI 02893. You can probably obtain it through Robert Weinberg or any other mail order dealer. I've got to warn you that the print is tiny, but there is a lot of information packed into the 69 pages of text. I've found it fascinating reading, but because of the print size, have only been reading a few pages each evening. Bruce apologizes for this, but it was something over which he had no control. He is happy to have had his work published, but wished it could have been a little more readable. Along with this I've just been sorting some books, and came upon a real stash of Leiber paperbacks, many of which I've never read. I'm pleased to have unearthed them, and will begin reading some of Fritz's wonderful writing. Bruce's program was primarily him answering questions about Leiber and about things which people had read in his study. He had hoped that Leiber would be in attendance, but it was also the weekend of the eclipse of the sun, and Fritz and Margo had opted to cruise down the Mexican coast and take in the eclipse. Bruce tells me that there is some chance that he may get to edit the letters of Harry Fischer, Leiber's longtime friend and the source and instigator of the Fafhrd and Gray Mouser tales. So we may have to look forward to, as well. I wish him luck. Meanwhile, his master's degree completed, Bruce has been teaching at Simon Fraser University, although I don't think he is tenured as yet.

The highlight of the convention, at least for a lot of people, was a visit to the Museum of Anthropology on the University of British Columbia campus. I saw a lot of convention attendees there during the afternoon that we visited. One enters the museum down a ramp that leads to a very high room. Along the ramps are carved longhouse

DEAR FRANK,
THE RAVEN JUST DROPPED
IN FOR ANOTHER VISIT. HE'S
ALWAYS WELCOME TO SIT A
SPELL.

entrances, carved chests and other artifacts from coastal Indian tribes of British Columbia. At the lower end are totem poles. Outside, on the grounds are a number of totem poles also. Smaller artifacts throughout the museum are displayed in glass cases or in drawers. Every item is labeled and can be looked up in readily available books to read the identification and more about the artifact. The most unusual thing about the museum is that nothing is in storage; everything that the museum owns is on display. We spent several hours enjoying the displays. At the same time a dance troupe, comprised of both Native Americans and caucasians, was rehearsing a program that was to open a week later. So, although they were not in costume, we were able to see a dance portrait of a native legend. Quite intriguing, and I wished that we would still be in town to see a performance.

Don Livingstone, Don's son, Ken, Bruce Morgan, and I found time to slip away from the university one afternoon and visit the White Dwarf Book Store. It was tiny and crowded, but filled with pretty good sf and fantasy stock. We also managed to get away for a couple of dinners, eating Greek one night and Chinese another. It's always enjoyable to visit with these folks from Chilliwack. Bruce and I were both disappointed that Guy Gavriel Kay was not at the convention. We had both been very impressed with TIGANA. I also had hoped that Charles de Lint might be there, but he was not. I might have found out something about the Northumberland pipes which he mentions in THE LITTLE COUNTRY.

All in all, we had a pretty enjoyable time at Westercon. We didn't see nearly as many old fans as we hoped; the convention attendees just keep getting younger and younger. And the panels? Well, after 20 years of convention going, there aren't many that I haven't heard before. But I always scan the program book in hopes of something new and intriguing. There wasn't much new this time, but what I found I enjoyed. To my utter shame, I never did get to the fanzine room. Now just what sort of fanzine fan am I, anyway?

9-3-91 DON'T TRY THIS AT HOME

I'm afraid that I don't have anyone around to tell me to act my age. Today I was playing a little hoop on an outdoor court with my grandson. Trying a fancy shot, well beyond my ability, I fell. My mind told me how to do this, but my body said, "Don't do this, stupid. This is for twenty year old kids." The only problem was that my body was a little too slow to tell me that. Result: hip hits concrete; concrete wins. Sore? I want to tell you. My mind is now telling me that I could have ended up with a broken hip. As it is, this sucker's going to take at least a week before it feels right again. Undaunted, I challenged him to a game of 21 and for a brief period I was ahead. Alas, I lost 21-18. I do have enough sense not to play Horse with him. I've watched him play that game with others. I know I'm incapable of double pumps, pump fakes, and 360s. Such things were unheard of in my day. Jump shots were the norm and hook shots were spectacular. I remember getting yanked from a game by my coach for trying a hook shot.

9-4-91 MASTER GARDENER

The last time we were in England we spent a day at How Hill, a nature reserve in the Norfolk Broads. I was really impressed with the place. It originally was the country home of the Lord Mayor of Norwich. There's a silent tour of the waterways on an battery-powered boat called The Electric Eel. There are pathways to blinds from which you can watch waterfowl without

disturbing them. We spent an entire day on the relatively small estate and enjoyed every minute of it. Near the house, where groups of school children come for nature study and where adult groups can stay for weekend seminars, there was a lovely garden. In it were hollyhocks, not the kind you usually see, which are doubles, but singles. My wife says I'm crazy, but I like the simplicity of singles, even single roses. The hollyhocks were beautiful and some of them were just beginning to go to seed. I snatched a seed pod, not knowing whether the seeds had matured sufficiently to grow once I got them home. Last year I remembered them and planted them in the garden. I was disappointed when they didn't even come up. Imagine my amazement when they came up this year. Then someone told me that hollyhocks don't come up the first year. Well, they came up this year, not in huge bunches, but about five or six stems and they've bloomed nicely. Now at the end of the summer, they've given me lots of seeds. In a couple of years the back yard will be full of hollyhocks. I'm no gardener; most of the gardening is done by Anna Jo. I manage to keep the lawn cut and to plant a few gladiolus and occasionally add a new variety of iris. I tend carefully a couple of gooseberry bushes that we acquired a few years back and look forward to the gooseberry pie that they give me. But the hollyhocks have a special place for me because they remind me of the splendid place that How Hill is. Now if only the blue poppy had come up. Those seeds were found on a yard waste tip near Ranworth Broad. A beautiful brilliant blue poppy. Alas, those seeds never have produced anything. So, I must be content with my single hollyhocks.

"Ravens and the cries of ravens fill the air."

Robert Jordan - THE EYE OF THE WORLD

I occasionally pick up on mention of my totem in a piece of writing and like to quote it. While I've got that quote right here, I should say a few more words about the book quoted. I'd seen Robert Jordan's name on book covers, but as far as I remember, they were Conan books. Not that a Conan book is bad. Sometimes you're in the mood for a little thud and blunder. But there are quite a few Howard Conans that I've never read, so why go for an imitator. So once again I am caught in a misperception about an author. I gazed for a long time at THE EYE OF THE WORLD. Having only recently finished Michael Scott Rohan's monumental trilogy, I didn't think I was quite ready for another monster reading adventure. But curiosity got the best of me when Jordan's second book, THE GREAT HUNT, was published in paperback. What sort of a writer was he? I wondered. I picked up the book and read the back; blurbs from Orson Scott Card, Locus (it doesn't give the reviewer's name) and Booklist. Now I'm pretty certain that the American Library Assn. can't be bought, not that I'm suggesting that the others were. But it didn't tell me much about the book. Rich in detail, wide and complex scope, vivid sense of drama, rich and interesting world. Yep. So I had to read a page or two. There was enough decent writing there that I thought it was worth laying down my handful of farthings. (Noticed the price of paperbacks these days? I should haunt second hand bookstores more often.) I'm now over a hundred pages into the book, which is only



a nice start. The pages number 814. The first thing that Jordan did for me was present me with characters of ordinary station. I dislike lords and ladies, and even to some extent, those who wait on them. Here in the opening scene are a father and son, driving a horse and cart from their country farm to the town, which on the morrow will celebrate a seasonal feast. They are carrying kegs of a drink they produce which the innkeeper and mayor of the town anticipates. Nice ordinary people, and it stays that way pretty much as the story begins to slowly unfold. Indeed, the book is rich in detail. Some people would cry that there's too much detail and for Jordan to get on with it. Interesting characters so far, the threat of unrest, but far away, until Rand and his father, Tam, return to their farm, and all hell breaks loose. I think I'm going to like this a lot; considerably better than Eddings, on whom I've given up.

A LETTER FROM STEVE SNEYD, 4 Nowell Place, Almondbury, Huddersfield, West Yorkshire HD5 8PB, England (Sometime around mid-summer).

Good to hear that the walking still goes well. My main walking project this summer has been to finally finish walking the canal towpaths of West Yorkshire (plus some associated stretches running into adjacent counties). Today, all being well, should be the very last stretch, about three miles of the Aire and Calder Navigation in southeast Leeds (between Knostrop Waterways Depot and Stourton Rail Depot). I've been doing stretches "in bits" for years, but somewhat systematically the last three years. Much of it has been through pleasant and sometimes beautiful country, some through 'rustbelt' areas of derelict industry, and a few places where the way has been blocked or totally overgrown, so a few hair-raising scrambles. Anyway, as I say, touch wood today will see the end of it -- not that a lot hasn't been enjoyable, but like many of my projects it has gone on too long.

Interesting you should mention MARCH VIOLETS. I've not read it myself yet, though it is "on the list, as a friend here has strongly recommended that and THE PALE CRIMINAL, also by Philip Kerr, with the same 30s Germany setting. Have you read Len Deighton's SSGB? An intriguing parallel universe 'crimer' where the Nazis have conquered Britain and the protagonist is an ordinary English policeman trying to solve a murder and becoming embroiled with both conquerors and Resistance -- a fascinating maze of betrayals. I've just been having a burst of rereading Deighton (after a jag of Ross Macdonald) -- the themes of both, betrayals and human inability to comprehend each others motives and the tug of the past, prevent either writer from dating, even though Deighton's Cold War world is now changed utterly.

Re: the Harry Warner loc you quote, the collection of his articles about famous fanzines of the past is now available, rather confusingly entitled "All Our Yesterdays", the same title as one of his earlier books. It's a megatome of 40 reprinted articles (written between 1951-75), and it's available from the editor/publisher: Chuck Connor, Sildan House, Chediston Road, Wissett, nr. Halesworth, Suffolk IP19 0NF, England. 4.5 pounds, dunno U.S. price but as Chuck's in the Royal Navy, the equivalent in dollar bills, including an allowance for postage should do it, if you want a copy. (About \$8.50 at today's exchange, plus a couple of dollars for postage.)

I stuck with "Twin Peaks" till the incomprehensible wrap-up -- I think mainly in awe at how an underground guru like Lynch had somehow managed to get

the studio moneymen/TV moguls to finance his farrago of cross-genre experimentation. What an amazing feat of sleight-of-hand. Eat your heart out, Orson Welles -- just think what he could have done with Twin Peaks' budget!

Only new SF that has struck me recently was Sheri S. Tepper's GRASS. I had to read it for review and was amazed that for once a genre blockbuster lived up to the hype -- not that the ideas were wildly original but the way they were put together with the people did genuinely create sense-of-wonder/reader commitment/involvement. Another I've not read yet, but have had is JURASSIC PARK, also much hyped, strongly recommended by someone whose judgment I'd trust.

"So Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to You All"
"And Likewise a Happy Hannukah"

So we come to the end of another issue. This one was relatively painless as I entered it in bits and pieces over a period of some months. I could say here that I'll try to do better, but I know that isn't so. I'll try to do just the same; how's that? So, until next time, stay well. Write if you get work. Send a COA if you move. Never end a sentence with 'and.' I'm outta here.

Yikes: Joe Wesson's address now is:
1605 Valley Road #1
Pullman, WA 99163

ART: 1-Pound 3-Ye Ed
6-Sheryl Birkhead 8-David Haugh

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