

THE ROGUE RAVEN 45 is an attempt to stay in touch. This was not the issue it started out to be nor was intended to be. The best laid plans of mice and men....I did manage to sneak a few locs in this issue. Oh, Ye Olde Editore is Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166-1953. I suppose that I could now properly say "Burien," since this past weekend we did become the city of Burien, rather than being an unincorporated area of King County. I've written about that before. My friends at the postal station tell me that it won't make a bit of difference; mail addressed either way will reach us. I begin this on March 1, 1993. [Yeah, and I end it on July 29, 1993. How slow can one man be?]

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Have any of you been following Crankshaft in the comic pages? He's been hospitalized and in tonight's pages he sees the white light beckoning. Well, nothing quite so dramatic happened to me. But I found it interesting.

In January I had a slight bout of the flu. It was strange, much diarrhea and not much else. It went away in a week's time and I went on a usual 10K volksmarch on the weekend. When I went out for my daily walk of 30-40 minutes on the following Monday I felt a pressure in my chest and some shortness of breath, plus breaking a sweat in about four minutes, instead of a normal twenty. I accused the damned flu, but when it was still doing it on Friday I knew something wasn't right and I'd better see the doctor.

On Monday, the doctor took no time in having the lab do an EKG, and in calling cardiology downtown. He prescribed medicine and arranged for a treadmill test. Meanwhile he insisted I quit walking, and he had his nurse call me every couple of days. When I told her one day that I had the same symptoms when walking from the parking lot to the entrance to the mall one evening, he'd heard enough. Friday evening I found a message on my answering machine. "Forget waiting for a treadmill test. They are expecting you at Group Health emergency." So I checked into the hospital.

I was treated just fine, except for hospital food, and a drip in my hand. The cardiologist came to visit on Saturday and Sunday both. A very direct guy. "Here's what we're going to do," he says, "and depending upon what we find, here are your options." What do I know? I'm agreeable.

So, on Monday morning bright and early, two ambulance guys come, load me on a gurney, wheel me out of there and into an ambulance for a ride to University Hospital, the hospital and medical school of the University of Washington. There my health cooperative does all of their heart work. At eight we're ready, and they wheel me into a room where my cardiologist (note the possessive) awaits me. In less than twenty minutes we see on the big screen this wonderful blockage of a coronary artery. It's textbook. Well, this calls for angioplasty, the balloon up the artery and then we blow it up.



Three more doctors suddenly appear. One introduces himself as head of cardiology. Apparently they insert two sheaths, one in an artery and one in a vein somewhere down in the groin area. I don't feel a thing, not even the novocaine being inserted locally. "You will feel the same symptoms as you did previously," one of the doctors says. He's right. It's fairly unpleasant. The artery, however, does not wish to cooperate. As soon as the balloon is retracted, the artery collapses. After several tries, they decide it's time for Star Wars. Bring on the laser.

Someone wheels in this humongous machine and more people appear. Over in the corner someone, a teaching doctor, I presume, is lecturing to two students about the procedure. Behind a glass partition other people stand watching. Finally they send the laser up the artery and blast away the offending blockage. Funny, I can feel it going tic-tic-tic-tic in the base of my throat. At last one of the doctors say, "Ah, that does it."

Aha, we're not done yet. It appears that there are some ragged ends left in there. Not good, apparently. So, up goes the balloon (not a trial balloon) to smooth out and compress the ragged edges against the artery wall. The doctors are finally satisfied and go off to lunch. I've been on the table for five hours and fifteen minutes. I learn later that I've really screwed up the schedule. I should have been out of there in an hour or so. Someone finally comes and tells me that I'm not to move my right leg, on the side where they inserted everything. Then he tells me that I've got to lever myself off the one table and onto a gurney. But, I think groggily, you just told me not to move my leg. Can't you help just a little bit?

Well, enough of this dramatic story. The worst part of the whole ordeal was having to lie on my back, first for twenty-four hours until they removed the sheaths, and then another six before I could sit up and move around. You wouldn't believe the pain in the back. Wednesday noon I was released, and the Sunday next I walked a 10km volksmarch, taking it relatively slow and willing to stop anytime if it became too much for me. It was a gorgeous sunny day, the forest surroundings were beautiful, I felt happy to be there and able to walk, and I strolled my way through it in 2:16. Since then I've done a treadmill test, where the good doctor exhausted me in six minutes and found everything satisfactory. Review in two months, and another treadmill to come in August. Meantime I've become pretty much a vegetarian and also quit smoking. Does this mean I will become as blatantly nasty as other ex-smokers I've known? I knew the cardiologist would jump all over the habit, and having spent six days without, I figured I'd gone through the withdrawal. Farewell, fond weed.

My dear, dear wife has been reading the books recommended and trying to figure out what the heck I get to eat, and can it be made palatable. Of course it can; it will just take a while to find those dishes that satisfy me.

Well, enough of all this. I so rarely have anything so exciting happen in my life that I just had to set this down on paper. I hope I haven't bored you to death. Now, on to some of those letters I promised several pages back.

It's hard to get parts for a '47 Studebaker, you know!

MUCH, MUCH LATER, AND ONE REASON YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THIS RAG IN A WHILE.

You want more excitement? I'll give you more excitement. The angioplasty described above in such loving terms lasted only two months. We were going to take a week's vacation in early April, drive down to Reno, Nevada, visit Bill and Mary, do some volksmarches, lose a little money. We intended to leave on Sunday morning, April 4th. We couldn't leave on Saturday because my dear wife, Anna Jo, was playing the part of Nikki Porter in a recreation of Ellery Queen's "The Invisible Clue" before our august old time radio club, REPS (Radio Enthusiasts of Puget Sound). That evening, while walking home from the grocery store about seven blocks away, I got hit with an angina attack. We canceled the trip and hotel reservations and on Monday made an appointment to see the cardiologist. He hospitalized me again, then sent me over to University Hospital for a second angioplasty. That was at noon on Wednesday. Everything went swimmingly. Around 5 o'clock that evening the anesthesiologist came in to visit. He was Irish, from Galway, a town we've visited a couple of times. We had a great chat about bookshops, The Spanish Gate, St. Nicholas' Church, and Kinvarra, where I almost bought an attached house one time. That's another story. He had just left the room when I felt a terrific angina attack. I motioned for Anna Jo to hit the nurse's button, and Dr. Mahar came roaring into the room at the same moment, having been watching my heart monitor at the nurse's station. The artery had collapsed and I was rushed to surgery for another angioplasty. They found the artery so bruised that they decided to a by-pass. This time they did unspeakable things to my body. I think it was Thor's Hammer that they used to split my chest open. They took a vein from my left leg, and by-passed the collapsed artery. It took seven hours. The surgery seems to be successful, or so both the surgeon and my cardiologist say. The healing hasn't been easy, but it's pretty well finished as I write this part at the end of July. Only an occasional twinge now and then.

HOW ABOUT A LOC OR TWO?

Cathy Doyle, 26 Copeland Lane, #D, Newport News, VA 23601

Our local mariner's museum sold part of its park to a retirement home development, with massive protest, and to calm the protestors, they developed part of the park as a nature trail, about five miles around the lake. I've walked parts of it, but finally did the whole thing after Thanksgiving, which made me feel virtuous, as I'd never set out to walk that far on purpose before. Also made me feel like I'd exercised afterward. I've been walking home from work (about a mile and a half) during good weather, which has become (slowly, very slowly) my exercise program. Next on the agenda is doing more on weekends.

I got a remainder book you'd probably like and have been plowing through it slowly. It's called ROUND IRELAND IN LOW GEAR by Eric Newby (Viking Penguin, 1988) and describes his biking tour around Ireland, mostly in the middle of winter (he likes to garden during the summer). Amazing descriptions of biking through foul weather; why his wife didn't divorce him is beyond me!

[As anyone who has read this fanzine for long knows, the Dentons do a lot of walking, and are always pleased to hear about other people walking

adventures. In the north end of Seattle there is a path of about 2.8 miles around Green Lake. It's jammed with walkers, runners, skaters, and bicyclists. It has also been a bone of contention between the footers and the riders. Reminding the footers that the path was originally lobbied for and created for the bikers doesn't change the arguments. This fall, during our trip across Canada, I was greatly impressed by a river path in Calgary. It stretches nearly 30km now, and when finished will be close to 45km. Minneapolis has a park system encompassing a number of lakes and a magnificent path system through it. It appears that more and more cities are recognizing the need for such paths. // I've read the Newby book, and had exactly the same thoughts. The weather in Ireland is not the greatest, even in summer time, and I can only imagine the soaking those two must have gotten. Not the brightest decision, that trip, but Eric Newby is certainly one of the most respected travel writers currently living.]

Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St., Newport News, VA 23605

That 'found art' on the first page is odd - seems to be a crow in a hammock wearing plaid shorts, but there's something wrong with the top of his head, though the art is good otherwise. That chimney looks like one in Timlin's THE SHIP THAT SAILED TO MARS and probably wouldn't draw very well.

I will have to look out for deLint's THE LITTLE COUNTRY; sounds interesting. I just finished Tarr's ARS MAGICA and have started Rucker's THE HOLLOW EARTH.

Why did I think your totem was the owl? There are ravens in LotR, and in THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

[I love it when you talk books. I haven't read Timlin's THE SHIP...which you mention, but have been working my way through Merrit's THE SHIP OF ISHTAR. There are a lot of older works which I've never read, but I think the current generation of fans, at least those who read, probably haven't even heard of most of them. I was just looking at my shelf of Ballantine Adult Fantasy books and am appalled at how few of them I've read. // THE LITTLE COUNTRY is now out in paperback and anyone with an interest in folksinging or folksongs should enjoy it. I seem to have gravitated to deLint and Guy Gavriel Kay, both Canadians and both very good writers, imho. I can't recommend Kay's A SONG FOR ARBONNE highly enough. // Everyone who remembers my genzine, Ash-Wing, thinks that my totem is the owl. I received many owl gifts during my days of publishing that zine. But the string of owl covers on that zine only matched the owl of that name from Lloyd Alexander's "Prydain" books. One doesn't see owls very often and one hates to suggest that one might be wise as the old owl. On the other hand, I see crows every day in my neighborhood and ravens occasionally in my part of the country. I can more readily identify with them. There is a wonderful study of ravens entitled RAVENS IN WINTER by Bernd Heinrich in which he found that this species is highly intelligent, perhaps much more than the wise owl of our children's stories and Hollywood's cartoons.]

If wishes were cobblestones, there would be no grass!

Randy Mohr, 605-1/2 Lakeview Blvd., Sandpoint, ID 83864

Do Not, I repeat, Do Not Opt out of producing TRR no matter how long it takes you between issues! I would be as pleased if it came once a week or once a year (or so). It is such a pleasure to open the mailbox and find amidst the bills, Ed McMahon, and To-Claim-Your-Very-Special-Chosen-Specifically-For-You-Gift-Listen-To-A-Representative/Salesman-Of-Our-Timeshare-Condominium-For-A-Very-Short-Hour pitches that wonderful occasional epistle known as the Rogue Ravin (yeah, Ravin). It's been at least 14 years since the last issue of PHENOMINAL was tossed to the postal winds and when I receive TRR that old itch starts in again at the back of the moth-balled cortex. Man, wouldn't it be great to put out a zine again, strike up all those correspondents from long, long ago and galaxies far, far away? Yeah, wouldn't it be Great? Well, time to clean the house, time to go to work, time to get married, time to do a shit-load of other stuff...etc., etc. *sigh* Real Soon Now... maybe. (Wow, maybe I could, I still remember some of the lingo.)

[Randy goes on to tell me about his marriage and honeymoon. And he recommends THE MADNESS SEASON by C.S. Friedman for your reading pleasure. Early last summer, coming back from Missoula, we stayed in Coeur d'Alene and I looked in the phone book for him. My mistake, I should have tried Sandpoint, which isn't that far away. It's too bad you don't have the time or energy to take a whack at fanzine pubbing again, Randy. With your broad background in both art and music, esp. folk music, you could do a very interesting personalzine. Aw, c'mon, give it a try.]

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INVITATION TO A SIGNING

I've just spent a couple of hours of a fine Sunday afternoon standing in line to get some books signed. It's not often that I do this. I have done it at science fiction conventions, of course, and also at mystery conventions. But not recently. I have attended signings in local bookstores for writer friends in both the mystery and fantasy fields. Most recently my grandson and I journeyed to the nearby town of Renton to talk with Terry Brooks and get him to sign his seventh novel concerning Shannara. But it didn't take any two hours. So who was the draw today? What was the attraction?

Would you believe a very nice man who writes animal stories reeking of anthropomorphism? You know, talking animals. The sort of story that they tell you can't be sold anymore. Well, it's hard to break someone who has very early memories of BROWNIE FLATTAIL BUILDS A HOUSE and Burgess's MOTHER WEST WIND STORIES. More recently I've had great admiration for William Horwood's DUNCTON WOOD and four novels following, in which we attend the adventures of a mole. Lesser admiration for W.J. Corbett, whose "Pentecost" stories are a bit preachy. Of course, this recent trend began, I'm quite sure, with Richard Adams' WATERSHIP DOWN, a book I enjoyed immensely and touted heavily in my fanzines at the time it was published in the U.S. (I had picked it up in England and had a head start, so pushed it to people who might not otherwise have tried it.)

This nice man, for whom I waited a not inconsequential time, is Brian Jacques, a Liverpudlian who has captured both an audience of children and adults. His series heroes and heroines are primarily mice living in and around Redwall Abbey, but other characters include foxes, badgers, weasels, stoats, rabbits, etc.

I was struck by the number of children who had given up their Sunday afternoon, and, I discovered, some of their own allowances, to stand in line with me to buy Jacques' latest book, SALAMANDASTRON. They were excited to be about to meet one of their favorite authors and didn't mind the wait at all. Some of them had the presence of mind to have their parents bring cameras so they could have their pictures taken with Brian Jacques. I saw hands clutching hardback copies with tattered dust jackets from many readings, and even more tattered paperback copies.

Mr. Jacques himself was absolutely charming. He said he'd sign until he got to the end of the line, no matter what. And the line was long. It ran from outside the main entrance of the University Book Store, up the stairs, along a short wall, then turned for a complete flight of stairs to the children's section in the loft, and 2/3 of the way across the width of the store. I heard a clerk say they had ordered 250 copies of the new book, and she was down to 18 copies left. Not a bad day for Mr. Jacques, selling nearly \$5000 worth of his new book, plus quite a few copies of his other books. The family in front of us was buying three titles, and we were buying two, since I had missed his last title, MARIEL OF REDWALL.

Brian Jacques had something to say to every person, child or adult. He inscribed every book, no matter how large the stack. He willingly put his arms around children to have his photo taken with them. Two places in front of us a young girl didn't want to share his signing of one book with her younger brother. The young boy cried, and Brian gently, but persuasively, admonished his sister. When we arrived at the signing table, he thanked us for standing in line for so long. We talked briefly about Wales, something left over from his conversation with the person previous. His father had been the gatekeeper at Conwy Castle in Wales, and we had visited there on one of our trips to the U.K.

During our wait several people came up and spoke to us. One was a young black woman who had taken my writing class a couple of years ago. She has just begun a teaching career, teaching 2nd and 3rd grade and we talked about the challenge of teaching. Another was the postal clerk who until recently was at our branch post office and with whom I dealt a lot over the past year. I asked him where he had gone and he said he had transferred to a branch closer to his home. I miss him; he was always fun to talk to. With the man in front of us the conversation wandered a great deal, but mostly I remember talking with him about foreign countries visited and museum and art galleries, seeing collections of things we had never anticipated seeing when we were young. He is about to visit Czechoslovakia (the Czech Republic?) where his in-laws are teaching English on a six-month contract. He is anxious to see what is happening in that part of the world. Talking with various people helped the time to pass quite nicely.

Well, now to finish this off so I can settle down once again, as I did when

I was a child, with a new book by a favorite author and lose myself in the world that Brian Jacques has created, the world of Redwall. For anyone interested in following up at your library, the titles in order are: REDWALL, MOSSFLOWER, MATTIMEO, MARIEL OF REDWALL, and SALAMANDASTRON. Brian Jacques has also written a short story collection, SEVEN STRANGE AND GHOSTLY TALES.

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This has probably been the most cobbled together issue of TRR I've ever done. It's Brian Earl Brown's fault. Along with the recent issue of Sticky Quarters came The Whole Fanzine Catalog, which sure as heck reminded me that I haven't produced one of these things in quite a while. And soon people will take me off their mailings lists, and I'll have nothing at all to read.

I haven't mentioned that Anna Jo and I took a two-month driving trip across Canada in the fall of '92, about which I have much to tell. Nor that in June of '93 we flew back to Portland, Maine, hired a car, and drove back into Canada to finish off some portions of the Atlantic Provinces that we had been unable to visit because we were running out of time and had a mystery convention to attend in Toronto on a certain date. So there are not one, but two, count 'em folks, lengthy trips to Canada to report on, one of eight weeks and one of six weeks. That should certainly be enough to get me started on the next issue. I wish I could write short and succinct stuff off the top of my head like Arthur Hlavaty does. Derogatory Reference 75 arrived a short time ago and I enjoyed it, as I do every issue.

IN MEMORIAM
AVRAM DAVIDSON

Going through the mail which had gathered during the six weeks were most recently gone, the sad news of Avram's death greeted me about halfway through the pile. His face gazed up at me from the cover of Locus. My heart lurched for a moment. Avram's death was not unexpected. He had been in ill health for more than a few years, and most recently attended conventions in a wheel chair. But he never talked about his health, nor this living conditions, which I've been told left a lot to be desired. He was always pleasant, full of stories, and indulged himself at conventions, cadging cigarettes from me, and establishing himself in the bar, where I'm sure the hard stuff was not his doctor's prescription for dealing with his diabetes.

His writings, stories and novels of a sort which didn't attract huge followings, were eagerly looked forward to by those readers with the discrimination to see how well-wrought and entertaining they were. I think that much of my Davidson is now packed away in boxes and stored in the garage, but one of these days soon I intend to find it and re-read the marvelous short stories and the novels of Avram's which found publication. A couple of novels for which Avram intended sequels were never published. My suspicion is that the first volumes did not sell well enough for the publishers to continue. For those of us who were fans of Avram, this is a great loss. I wonder where the manuscripts are, and if any small press publisher would take the risk and initiative to publish them if they were found. Meantime, two volumes of Avram's writing has recently found small press publication with George Scithers's Owlswick Press; THE ADVENTURES OF DR. ESTERHAZY and ADVENTURES IN UNHISTORY. He left more than eighteen books, many of the early ones in paperback.

Well, Avram will be missed by many, I'm sure, and especially here in the Northwest where he was a fixture at conventions. For a time he lived in Bellingham, and more recently in Bremerton. At conventions he was never without companionship, his chair surrounded by friends he had made here. I suspect, however, that between conventions he didn't have many visitors. I hope I'm wrong. And I hope that wherever he has gone, there will be many of his friends to swap stories with, to cadge cigarettes from, and to buy him a drink in the bar. He earned these perks and many more for gracing our lives with his presence and writing his wonderful stories. Goodbye, Avram.

VANCOUVER ONCE AGAIN

It seems as if we no sooner get home from Canada than we go to Canada. The purpose of the trip on the last weekend of July was the wedding of Bruce Livingstone, one of the sons of Don and Shirley Livingstone, of Chilliwack. They invited us to not only attend the wedding, but to stay overnight in their Vancouver home. The day was warm, the wedding was efficiently and beautifully done by a marriage commissioner at a chapel in Burnaby, the bride was beautiful, and the groom handsome. Of course, of course. What else should we expect? The afternoon wedding was followed by a sitdown supper at a hall in Queensborough. Anna Jo and I were introduced to the assembled masses in the formal part of the wedding supper as out-of-town guests, which I thought was very nice. When all the ceremonies were over and the dancing started and the music got too loud, Don suggested that we could probably leave.

We followed him home across parts of Vancouver which I had never seen before. Anna Jo was suffering from allergies, so went right to bed. Don and I sat up until 1 talking books, music, records, pulps, westerns, mysteries, sf, ghost stories, and probably a hundred other topics, as we usually do when we're together. Among other things we compared our recent health/medical experiences, amazingly similar, although his a lot more severe than mine. We determined that we were both going to hang in there for a little while more. I had been enthusing about a visit to Green Gables, the national park on Prince Edward Island, which was the home of cousins of Lucy Maud Montgomery, the author of ANNE OF GREEN GABLES and the sequels to that book. Don told me that he had run across a ghost story by L.M. Montgomery which he thought was excellent. He promised to photocopy it and send it to me.

In the morning after breakfast we talked some more, until it became time for the groom's family to hie themselves off to watch the newlyweds open their gifts. We made our goodbyes and headed downtown to do a little Sunday afternoon shopping. Strangely, we found very little which I thought I had to have. I bought a couple of Montgomery books in paperback and found an autographed Iain Banks' novel, THE CROW ROAD, at the Book Warehouse. We searched several records stores specializing in CDs in an attempt to find a suite of music based on THE LORD OF THE RINGS which I had seen in a store while we were in the Atlantic Provinces. I thought that it would be widely available and got fooled. I should have purchased it when I saw it. Nobody locally in the big CD store nor in the Vancouver stores has any listing of it. Of course I didn't write down either the composer/performer or the name of the store/s back east in which I saw the CD. If anyone should run into this recording, please write down the particulars and the name and address of the store where seen so I can try to get a copy. Thanks.

We headed home around 5:30 and crossing into the U.S. the Customs Officer asked me why weren't at home watching the Seafair Races, our annual unlimited hydroplane races. I laughed right out loud; the question seemed so out of left field. I told him we had attended a wedding the previous day and he waved us on through.

NATTER

Poor NASA! Can they do anything right? I'm sure that there are a lot of talented scientists and technicians trying their very damndest to do things right. But first the Hubble telescope. And now the Mars exploration seems to be a bust because of a transistor. A friend told me today on the telephone that the rumor is that said transistor is from the same batch responsible for an earlier failure. Can that really be? Don't they test things when they receive them from the manufacturer.

On the other hand I have read a couple of good things recently. One is that someone, I don't think it's NASA, hooked up ten radio telescopes in tandem, which will somehow give better resolution and reach farther into the universe to explore what's out there. I was surprised to read that one of these telescopes is in Washington. I don't know where; I'll have to check into this. The other good thing I read about recently is the experimental rocket which took off, maneuvered some 350 feet sideways and back, and landed on the pad in the vertical position. Shades of all those wonderful illustrations from the old pulps, the huge ships with the gantries reaching out to ships standing on end and people looking like ants as they loaded cargo amidships, or the ones blowing up clouds of dust as they thrust against the planetary surface to ease the ship down. Well, a couple of hits and a couple of misses. We're pretty happy when the Mariners are playing .500; should we be happy with two out of four?

After about fifteen years I decided that it was time for some new hi-fi equipment. I established a dollar figure in my mind, but hesitated to go to my friendly hi-fi dealer for fear of being attacked by one of those young male salesman who would snow me with tech talk. Well, I was attacked by a handsome young devil as I perused a room full of receivers, amplifiers, and tuners, plus assorted CD players. Here it comes, I thought. What could he show me? I explained my desire to upgrade, what components I would need, and gave him the dollar figure. He stood quietly listening, asking a few questions about my use, my listening habits, the kinds of music I listened to. This went on for quite some time before he finally said, "Let me think for a minute." When he surfaced again, he told me what he thought he could do that would fit my desires. I was rather astounded. Every component which he recommended was of a higher calibre than I had anticipated being able to afford. It's not high end; these old ears probably wouldn't notice any difference between high end and what I got. But it's very nice stuff and I was so pleased that I wrote a note to the company president telling him how nicely we were treated and how much we liked the young man's approach. For those who are curious, here's the new lineup upon which I am listening to three Wagner overtures even as we speak. The new equipment is a Nakamichi receiver, model RE-3, Nakamichi CD player, model CD-4, Denon dual cassette deck, model DRW-660, and two Polk Audio speakers, model L50. The only component which I kept from the old system was the Bang & Olufsen turntable. I have only one tiny regret; the

dual cassette player does not have a microphone jack. I'm told I can rectify this with a small mixer. I don't often use voice, but occasionally send cassette letters, more often than not a mixture of voice and music. Needless to say, I am ecstatic with my new toys. The Polk Audio speakers are terrific and the other components complement them very well. My son, Sean, was more than pleased when asked if he'd care to have the old system.

Avram's death prompted me to pull out COLLECTED FANTASIES, a collection of his stories published by Berkeley Books in June of 1982 with a very nice introduction by John Silbersack. I read it completely during a stay at our cabin where we were engaged in refinishing the front porch and getting deck seal on it to protect it from the elements. The Davidson collection does contain some outstanding stories; "Manatee Gal, Won't You Come Out Tonight?," "The Cobblestones of Saratoga Street," "The Lord of Central Park," and "Or All The Seas With Oysters" come to mind as I sit here. I have so many books stored in boxes, but my dim memory suggests to me that I sold off a lot of Avram's books some years back. It is to kick oneself. I should never have done that. Well, as one who haunts bookstores while traveling, it will give me something to look for, to see if I can put a decent collection of Avram's books back together. Fortunately two exceptional books are in print from Owlswick Press, THE ADVENTURES OF DR. ESZTERHAZY and ADVENTURES IN UNHISTORY. What a good place to start. But it's all of those early paperback novels that are going to be hard to find.

Well, it's been a long time, and I promise that it won't be so long between issues from now on. A lot of things appear to have happened since my last issue. Brian Earl Brown became a father, Mike Glicksohn got married, Eric Mayer married Mary Long, Dale Goble turned 50 and quit smoking (he sez), Mike Horvat got arthritis in his back, and Ned Brooks just keeps on buying books. Enuff. Endit.

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