



Ned Brooks was right. The sun does come back, and to hear him talk about it, it's only because he and some others do some ritualistic thing which I really don't wish to investigate too closely. Anyway, the sun is shining on 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166 and it's time to bring you once more THE ROGUE RAVEN 5. Subs, in case anyone is interested are 10/\$1 or ten-10¢ stamps. This is a Bran & Skolawn Press Publication. April 1, 1975

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PROLOGUE

I'm afraid that this issue of RR is going to be a very disjointed one. I don't have any of those long involved adventures to relate, so it's just going to be bits

and pieces of little things that I've been reading, listening to, and otherwise using to keep myself occupied and off the streets. Don't despair. One of these days soon I'll fling myself off the Aurora Bridge or drive off the end of the Bremerton ferry so that I can have something worth regaling you with. Meantime, you're stuck. You'll just have to put up with minor happening for the time being.

SETH IS BACK

Well, I don't know whether I'm partly responsible for the event of the week or not. You may remember that in the first issue of RR, I related my fondness for Seth McEvoy's AMOEBOID SCUNGE, later to become B WEEK. It was one of the things that prompted me to start this foolishness. Well, Seth has finally realized the folly of his gafia; he's repented and as proper penance, has begun to publish a zine once more. He blames it on Dave Jenrette, pubber and editor of TABEBUIAN, for falsely inserting a letter attributed to Seth, in which Seth said that he would be publishing PRIMORDIAL SLIME. So, rather than be made a liar, Seth did it. He claims that it will be bi-weekly and although the name has been changed (to protect the innocent??) he picks the numbering right up with #21. If you want to see a zine which started my own particular brand of zaniness, write to Seth McEvoy, Box 268, East Lansing, MI 48823. He says it's available for news, views, and booze or 25¢ an issue. No checks or stamps. So it's up to you, Kiwis, as Sargeant Saturn would say. Chevy '39 was sold by Seth in a fit of gafiatic passion. Chevy '39 was a mimeo, so PS is ditto, but the words are there and that's what counts. Hey, welcome back, Seth. And congratulate Cathy for getting a cataloging job at MSU. Library jobs are not easy to come by these days, as a couple of other fans, Dee Beetem and Ken St. Andre, are finding at the moment.

THE BOLOGNESE BUDDHA

I'm sitting here at the moment with my fat stomach aching and I'm afraid, if you promise not to look, I'll have to undo the top button of my pants. You see, I've been attracted to the full page ads being run recently by Hunt's in the women's magazines. I suppose I should call them homemaker's magazines. That's something to work on. I'm an inveterate reader of Family Circle and Woman's Day, both usually available at the checkout stand of your supermarket and both of them bargains, perhaps the best bargains in magazines today. I digress, as usual. The Hunt's ads have been full-page step-by-step depictions of recipes, nicely done art and anyone should be able to follow the directions with the pictures. Well, the most recent one which captivated me was for Bolognese Spaghettoni. As I read through it, it sounded like a spaghet sauce

that was quite different from the one we usually have. It sounded worth a trial, at the very least. So on the way back from taking the lawn mower in for its spring tune-up (yes, it's that time of year, dear hearts. I told you Ned brought back the sun.) I stopped at the store to pick up some fresh mushrooms, carrots, an onion, green pepper, Italian sausage and spaghetti. This latter is nothing more than a super-skinny younger brother of spaghetti. Well, it only takes about ten minutes to put the sauce to working and forty minutes to let it simmer. Anna Jo was pleased that I wanted to play chef as she had a little project of her own going on in the middle of the living room floor. (She had gotten some baroqueishly opulent contact paper on sale and was making the interior of the bedroom window shades presentable again for a fraction of the cost it would have taken to buy new window shades, something like \$7-8 apiece. Nothing wrong with the shades. They just were a little aged and scungey looking. Oops, sorry, Seth.)

Anyway, in due time Chef Boyar Denton had this marvelous meal on the table and there was just enough Lambrusca wine for each of us to have a glass to accompany the pasta. I must say it's different. Very tomato tasting, on the sweet side. All of the things I mentioned above combine to give it a sweetness, the green pepper and the carrot. But a very nice combination. And I made a pig of myself, I did. But it was sure good. The Lambrusca was the only red wine in the cupboard, and by sheer coincidence it comes from the Bologna district of Italy. If you like spaghetti, you might want to try this recipe. It's found in an ad for Hunt's Tomato Sauce and you'll find it in any current issue of a woman's magazine.

THE HUCKSTER ROOM RE-VISITED

A couple of weeks ago there was a small comics convention held in one of the suburbs north of Seattle. So I hopped in my little Toyota and drove off through a miserable downpour about 30 miles to see what comics conventions were all about, not ever having been to one before. I didn't expect to see anyone I knew, but I thought I might fill in a few items I needed for a few comic titles I collect and there was always a chance that someone would have the copies of The Secret Six that I needed to make a complete run of the seven issues.

Well, I walked in the door and immediately ran into Charlie from Tacoma. I don't know Charlie's last name, but he's been helping Carl Person in Carl's Book Store for at least five years now. As I was talking to him, Les Sample came over. Les is one of The Nameless and is Don Glover's right hand man, running the Horizon Book Store where The Nameless meet once a month. So all was not lost. While I was looking at items that Les had for sale, I glanced across the room and saw Mark Montchalin's name above a table. I met Mark in Portland several years back when he was only 15 or so and when I went over to say hi, he remembered me. I dumped about \$8 with him. Finally I ran into the custodian who used to clean my office when I was at Seattle Central Community College. I didn't know that he was a collector, nor did he know that I was. He gave me a tip worth the whole trip. That orange boxes are good boxes to store comics in. They are substantial boxes with lids that fit over the entire box and they hold two rows of comics. Dale Goble says that Coors beer boxes are perfect, but Coors beer is not sold in the state of Washington. So this was an excellent tip for me, who have been searching for some decent way to store several grocery bags full of comics.

Well, comic conventions, if this were any standard, are nothing more than huckster rooms. There must have been a dozen or maybe 15 dealers there with tables and I can't say that the action was frantic. But I imagine that over the seven or eight hours, a fair number of people came and went and I suppose the turnover was pretty good. I only stayed for about an hour, long enough to talk to those I knew and to buy about \$12-15 worth of stuff. Altogether I had a good enough time, got to talk to more people than I would have expected, and found a few items to add to the collection. I may even go to the next one.

I promised last time that I would allow a little space for the letter writers who respond to this thing. If access has anything to do with the amount of mail received, then I must say that this thing is successful...4 pages of my blather sure seems to drag in the comments. Sometimes people just write to say thanks; sometimes they flatter me and then I blush. Anyway, thank you all for your kind reception of The Rogue. It makes the bi-weekly schedule worth while, it does.

First off, here's Susan Wood, with the longest thumb in the world. It reaches all the way from Regina to Seattle and she's bumming a ride to Westercon. She wants to see the coast, so I reckon we'll take the slower route at least part of the way to Oakland and show her the coast.

"ROGUE RAVEN just came flapping past the P.O. strike, reminding me of just what it was like to grow up in Ottawa, a civil service town -- and why I swore on a pile of fill-out-in-quadruplicate forms that I would get as far away from bureaucracies as possible. All but one of my Ottawa friends are now working for the Ottawa civil service, their names (numbers?) on pension plans, their salaries secure, their minds numbed by looking for serial numbers on chairs or the equivalent. (Reminds me of the one-and-only summer I took a CS job rather than starve. I was working in a library -- doing vital things like sorting paper clips.) When I go home, the aforementioned friends look at me pityingly and ask: When are you going to settle down? My mother doesn't, though. Neat lady. What happens if someone sawed up chair #8kl7-A-003 for kindling?" /Gosh, I don't know, Susan. It might cause as big a stir as who sawed Courtney's boat./

Michael Carlson checks in with a short letter apropos Travis McGee. It was written on the back of a take-out order from Wong's Chinese Restaurant in Milford, CT. I don't know who or how many Michael was buying for, but it sounded like a nice meal. Menu for the evening was Wonton Soup, Egg Rolls, Roast Pork Egg Foo Young, Almond Gai Ding, Moo Goo Gai Pan, and Clams with Black Bean Sauce. Yummm. Reminds me that it's time for a trip to Tai Tung.

"Actually that bit with McGee extolling the virtues of the Pulsar watch illustrates just what it is that bothers me about McGee -- namely, if having time stare him in the face bothered him existentially the way he says it did, why didn't he get himself a pocket watch? (I don't say this just because I have a pocket watch and have never been able to wear a wristwatch.)

"It's the same thing that causes McGee to curse cramped airlines and plastic stewardesses -- and then ride first class as if it were a solution. All he's doing is 'conquering' the consumer game in the only way they've set it up for you to conquer it -- by spending more. And more. And more,more. But the McGee's are rewarding -- keep reading."

There's not much you can do about plastic stewardesses. I suspect that many of them are no more plastic than you or I. They've chosen a job in which they have to wear a facade for the length of the flight, be nice to all kinds of people they could care less about often. They have a tough job. I hate to argue with you, but 1st Class seats do have more leg room. Once flying home from Chicago, a colleague and I were asked if we minded sitting 1st Class to Minneapolis as the plane was out of balance. I kid you not. And believe it, it's a lot more comfortable. But as you say, also more expensive. Flying to Denver for MileHiCon, we've discovered that Economy Coach is Coach class minus sandwiches and saves about \$9 apiece each way. Save \$36. Enough to have a superb dinner at the Sheraton upon arrival and money left over for the huckster room.

Lesleigh Luttrell took time out from a busy grad school schedule to send a nice note with kind comments. From her point of view, times are tough all over and legislators are looking for places to tighten up. The legislators in Wisconsin are evid-

ently doing the same kind of searching. Lesleigh suggests that a lot of her fellow students will be looking for community college jobs when they graduate. They may be just as hard to come by as university jobs. The big building program for junior and community colleges is already past and consequently the job market is no longer as big as it was. The faculty has pretty much settled in at most institutions and is mostly on the younger end of the scale. Except for a few retirements and occasional new programs, not a large number of people are being hired, at least if my institution is any yardstick.

Mike Kring has been one of the most regular responders to TRR. Extracted from a recent letter is his assessment of Samuel Delany's DHALGREN. Help! I didn't recommend it, Mike. Just said everybody was talking about and that some people have said that's it's outstanding, the finest sf novel ever written, and so forth, etc. blah.

"WHAT IN THE WORLD?????? You recommend DHALGREN by Delany???? That has got to be one of the worst things he's ever written. It is pure drivel from one end to the other, and you never really care for or understand the central character. Now that ain't right, at least in my book. And then the end is a pure cop-out, trying to make it circular in a way. And the people are so incredibly D-U-M-B!! I admit I did like some of the characters, but not most of them. (I know that isn't a requirement for a novel, but if that novel was to keep my interest, it should have thrown more interesting things into it or more intelligent characters in it somewhere.) And besides all that, it is so incredibly RELEVANT that it's already obsolete. Not even worth the time it took to read the damn thing. And the ham-handed attempts to explain things by Delany (the red eye contact lenses and the boxes of brass orchids and all that.) And the plague journal was such a tricky thing to read, and played so heavily upon the reader's memory that it failed. It's like the Ellison thingy in FIVE FATES. What was the point of writing like that? The little type tricks were completely useless and served no purpose whatsoever. They both should go re-read THE STARS MY DESTINATION and find out how type-tricks should be used."

Well, how's that for an indictment? I still haven't read DHALGREN and don't know when I'll get to it. It will be interesting to see whether it comes up for either of the awards. And to investigate among fans who read (they don't all, you know) how many have read the whole novel by Westercon time. I'll do a little asking this year. Meantime, that's all. Art last time was by Marc Schirmeister and Bruce Townley, this time by Chuck Wing. Celebrate Chimes and Bells Week. Take a ding-a-ling to lunch.

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FIRST CLASS MAIL

"It's a yellow plastic shoobedoobe." -- Genesis