

This is THE ROGUE RAVEN 7, the fanzine that dares to say, "Now that the Deadline Slug Bait commercials are back on the air, can Spring be far behind?" It comes as usual from Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166 and is a publication of the Bran & Skolawn Press. Subs are 10/\$1 and the cold and flu are gone, thank you.

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THE GOOD MUSIC HOUR

A late, late hour. Tim and Candy were over for dinner and sat around and talked for hours and hours. Listening to some of my newer records that they had not heard. Then he asked if he could borrow my guitar for a while. I said sure, since I do not seem to have time to play it much any more. In the bottom of the case was the list of songs which I used to do when I was playing and singing a lot. He got to reminiscing about all the old folk songs, asking me to sing snatches so he could remember the melodies. Lots of nostalgia tossed in for good measure. Funny, what the kids remember from years back.

So now I'm sitting with the earphones and typing this and listening to my latest find. Steve Ashley on a very fine album entitled STROLL ON. If you like music of the type of Steeleye Span (as you must have surmised by now that I do) you should enjoy this one a lot. Steve has a very fine voice. He used to have a group called Ragged Robin, but this album was cut with a variety of people on different cuts. Much of it is original stuff, but it has the flavor of traditional ballad stuff. Reminds me a bit of Jimmie Spheeris. An excellent opener called "Fire and Wine." If you're into that kind of music, see if you can give this album a listen. You may enjoy it as much as I do.

NOT WITH A 4" BRUSH

A couple of weeks ago Anna Jo announced that there was an exhibit of Alaskan artists in town at the Frye Museum. You may recall that as one of the museums to which I took Bruce Townley on his recent visit here. We own a woodblock print by Dale De Armand, one of the artists who was to be exhibited. It's a composition of three snow geese and Anna Jo is the one who was so struck by it that we bought it, probably six or seven years ago. The artists were to be here for the opening of the show on a Tuesday and Anna Jo decided to go down to meet Ms. De Armand as soon as school let out. I couldn't make it at the time and, as it turned out Ms. De Armand did not come "out" as the Alaskans like to say. On top of that Anna Jo was disappointed in the turn which her work had taken. However, most of her work sold the very first day, so others were not disappointed.

What Anna Jo did get excited about, however, was another of the artists who was there. The artist was John Pitcher and he paints birds. Anna Jo was so enthusiastic that I determined to take some time out over the weekend to go see for myself. Well, they are almost indescribable. If you know what realism is, you will understand what these eight or ten paintings were like. The birds were so lifelike one expected to hear their calls. Every feather could be seen and sometimes you wondered if he had laid on real feathers. The positions of the birds were entirely natural. I know that experts say that the bird poses which Audubon used can be found in real life, but to me they always have seemed unnatural and forced in order to show particular views of the birds body or plumage. Pitcher's seemed to me to be entirely natural. Additionally, the plant life on which the birds perched were equally as detailed. On one plant you could see small insects and in one painting a ladybug in flight was easily identifiable. The paintings were absolutely incredible. Besides the paintings themselves, several pages of field sketches and notes were displayed. They were equally intriguing, with printed notes on bird behavior scattered here and there, sketches of specific parts of the body (a foot and leg or a bill, for instance) and measurements in centimeters of distances between the eyes, or the length of a beak. It was a most enjoyable

half hour to just stand and marvel at the perfection. Anna Jo had overheard a portion of conversation by the young man (early 20's) in which he said that he sometimes used a magnifying glass to get the details just right. Oh, yes, if you're interested in purchasing one of these lovely things, the prices hovered right around \$2800. No, I did not misplace a decimal point. And you thought George Barr was high.

LET'S HEAR IT FOR GRYFFYN

You'll probably get tired of hearing about Sean's band before very much longer, but I can't help it. Bear with me. I have a very good tape of them now. It all came about like this. A local FM radio station plays a recording of a live concert featuring a local band each Sunday night at 11:00 p.m. About a month ago Gryffyn was asked to do a concert for them. The recording is done in Seattle's best sound studio, Kaye-Smith, with a live audience of about 30 people. The band gets no money, but does get exposure over KZOK-FM and does get a professionally produced demonstration tape. So last Sunday night was the big night and I whipped a brand new cassette on the Advent and got a very fine recording of the guys. They sound pretty good to me, but I will be the first to admit that I'm prejudiced. Anyway, this week they're appearing at The Flame and packing them in. Two weeks at Baldy's coming up, after that a week at My Place and tonight we just heard that they are to be the headliner band at the University District's Street Fair, Seattle's first, opening of the summer, outdoor attraction. They are also booked to close the summer off as headliner and only rock band at the Seattle Center's Bumbershoot Festival on Labor Day weekend. Rock on, guys!

PACIFIC NORTHWEST "UNOFFICIAL" NEBULA BANQUET

Don't ask me why. I think someone must have been feeling sorry for me for not selling any stories yet. Or maybe they're encouraging me to hang in there and keep trying. At any rate, I was invited to the unofficial Nebula Banquet held here last weekend. Let me back up a bit. There is supposed to be only one official Nebula Banquet, but with all the sf authors living in California, they decided to hold their own. I seem to recall that there has been at least one in the south also; New Orleans, perhaps. It escapes me now. Well, Bubbles Broxon decided that she couldn't afford to go to California for a banquet and that there probably were a number of others in the Northwest who were in the same boat. So she sent out a call to see if there was enough interest to hold one locally. There seemed to be a fair amount among the pros and inviting a few people who are working at writing, but haven't quite made it yet, would surely put the number over the mark essential to pay for a room and have the hotel provide a banquet room. By golly, it worked.

The Sorrento Hotel, not one of Seattle's biggies as hotels go, but an older hotel with a fair reputation for providing pretty good meals, was chosen. A total of 26 people showed up. The Vista Room was the meeting place, but we went up to a banquet room just off the Top of the Town for cocktails at 6:00 p.m. and a very fine dinner of prime rib around 7:00 or so. Lots of good conversation over drinks and continuing during the meal. The program was short and sweet. F.M. Busby did the honors as toastmaster and had the assembled introduce themselves and tell what they were working on. By previous arrangement with the official committee, Buz was able to give us the official Nebula Result at the end of the program.

So as not to keep you in suspense and mayhap even scoop Charlie Brown (Hi, Charlie and Dena) here are the results:

Best Dramatic Presentation - SLEEPER

Best Novel - THE DISPOSSESSED by Ursula LeGuin

Best Novella - BORN WITH THE DEAD by Robert Silverberg (F & SF - April)

Best Novelette - IF THE STARS ARE GODS by Gordon Eklund and Gregory Benford
(UNIVERSE 4)

Best Short Story - THE DAY BEFORE THE REVOLUTION by Ursula LeGuin (Galaxy - August)

There were several special awards given as well. One to George Zebrowski for editing the Bulletin, one to Damon Knight for founding SFWA and one to Robert Heinlein as Grand Master.

With the results announced there was nothing left to do but repair down one flight to the Vista Room and continue the serious business of the evening, drinking and conversation. One of the most interesting moments of the evening came when I recognized Duane Chapman, an old colleague of mine with whom I was friends when I was at Highline College and again later at Seattle Central C.C. He since had returned to Highline where he is an instructor in biology. It turns out that he is the D.D. Chapman who is co-author of RED TIDE, one of Ace's new Science Fiction Specials, along with Deloris Lehman Tarzan. I knew of Deloris Tarzan, as she writes for the Seattle Times, but I had no idea that Duane was involved in the book with her.

Buz announced that he had gotten the final mind-boggling number of pages of his monstrous novel off in the mail and was loafing. Alan E. Nourse and his lovely wife were there and he says that THE BLADE RUNNER is selling well and will go into a paperback edition sometime in the future. I had the pleasure of meeting Jesse Bone from Corvallis, of whom Mike Horvat has spoken many times. Jesse is a veterinarian, or I should say Professor of Veterinary Medicine at Oregon State University. Great talker. Susan Anderson was also up from Corvallis. Susan is co-editor with Vonda McIntyre of a forthcoming anthology of feminist science fiction to be entitled AURORA BEYOND EQUALITY. Jackie Trimble, formerly of the team of Louis and Jacqueline Trimble, spoke of her work on a three-volume fantasy. Vernon Skeels, a local doctor who writes under the name of Oscar Rossiter and whose novel, TETRASOMY TWO, has sold well, was his usual gregarious self, full of good humor and stories told on himself.

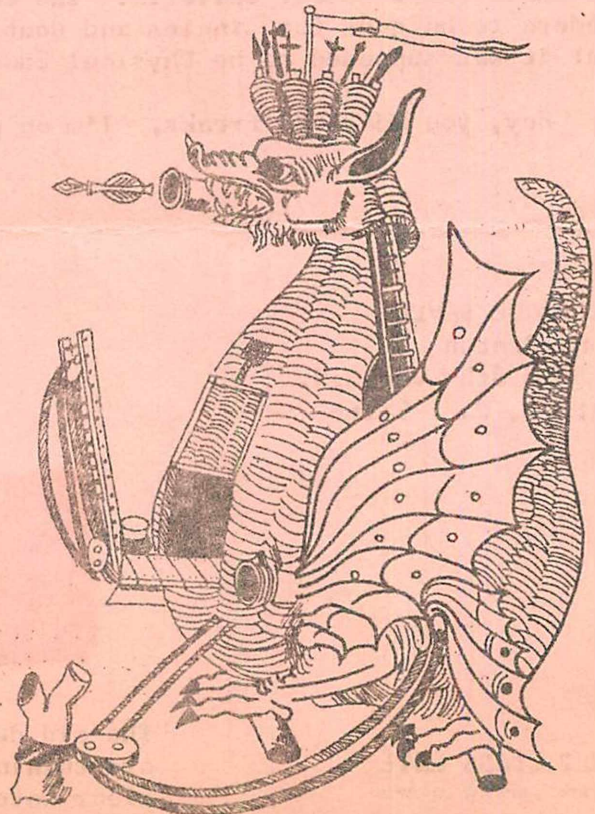
One of the most delightful people that I met during the evening was a young fellow who has recently moved up here from Portland, Oregon and is trying hard to write. His name is Jeff Frane and we had an evening of very fine talk. I guess maybe because he is a collector as well we hit it off. He knows many of my friends in the Portland area and we had a lot to talk about.

Well, Anna Jo and I enjoyed the evening a great deal and hopefully by this time next year, I might be legitimately in attendance.

Holy mackerel, is this rambling rag getting serious and having real news? I'd better spend the rest of it just rapping about a variety of things.

A VARIETY OF THINGS

In our continuing effort to keep you apprised of the quaintness of the State of Washington, let me just mention that the Port Townsend Clam Gulping Championship is coming up soon now. Last year a new record was set with the winner gulping down 577 clams in 8 minutes. I'll try to keep right on top of this one and report the results to you, since I know you're panting to hear. Do I hear retching out there? Yes, you may excuse yourselves.



Ken St. Andre checks in with a little more about Dungeons and Dragons, which I reported some time back:

"Dungeons and Dragons! You were the one who told me about D & D, so you should shoulder some of the blame for the monster that now has Phoenix fandom in its toils. After much looking around and inquiry, I found a games person with a set of the D & D rules, and I sat down and perused them for about three hours, from which I was able to devise a greatly simplified version which should probably be called Tunnels and Troglodytes. The advantages of my version are: 1) the rules don't cost \$10, 2) it has been simplified to the point where you can learn to play in an hour or so, 3) you don't need any complicated equipment like 20 sided dice, 8 sided dice, great combat tables, etc. Now dungeons are springing up around Phoenix like apartment complexes around a university or toadstools in a swamp. I am strongly considering doing a one-shot fanzine with the simplified Tunnels and Troglodytes rules and instructions in it, and perhaps a 4 or 5 level dungeon along with the key for those who don't want to take the time to design their own, the whole thing to be profusely illustrated by Rob Carver and to sell for perhaps \$1. It would be clearly explained that this is a spin off and inferior to the original game by Jack Gyax, but for bargain-basement dwellers like myself without computers to play on, it might be useful. I want you to comment, and will promise faithfully to refund any advance orders if the project isn't completed."

Well, there it is, adding a little fuel to the Dragons and Dungeons fire. Ken is honest as they come, so you don't need to worry about your buck if you choose to send him one. He may just need that little impetus to spur him on with his project. His address is 4425 No. 8th Ave., #1, Phoenix, Arizona 85013. I've already sent him my buck; you see, I trust him.

Hooray, hooray, the first of May; outdoor hand-holding starts today. Is that the way you heard it?

Funny story from one of the community colleges down the line. They had a little mix-up in their summer bulletin. The course description for Psychology 281 read: "Modern techniques for singles and doubles; rules for scoring." The only problem was that it was supposed to be Physical Education 281; Beginning Tennis.

Hey, you DHALGREN freaks. I'm on page 43. Alan Nourse only made it to page 30.

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FIRST CLASS MAIL

"The old dead leaves in riverbeds of musty decomposure
are turning through a lazy dance in happy spring's
clear water." - Steve Ashley - Springsong