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7-16-73



# BY OWL LIGHT 1

In a burst of fannish fever which I shall probably rue before I am done, I bring you the first issue of BY OWL LIGHT. I can't remember where I first found that phrase but it has stuck in the back of my brain and dredged right up when I cast about for a title. This thing is available for a few measly stamps if you really want it badly and don't have time to write. Mostly it's the kind of thing that some people are going to get whether they want it or not, others get it because we trade all-for-all (down, D'artagnan), others get it as long as they respond once in a while, and new kids get it for one 8¢ stamp for each issue. Frequency might be monthly (don't tie yourself down, Frank!). It comes from Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166 and is a Bran & Skolawn Press Publication. Highly supportive of the Mae Strelkov Fund, of which more anon.

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PONTIUS PILATE AND I WASH OUR HANDS

I'd like to cast a few aspersions, but when I went to the sporting goods store,

they were all out. All they had were green wrigglers with a triple-hook, and I wasn't sure I could cast one of those as far as I needed. The aspersions that I was going to cast were in the direction of Seth McEvoy and Jay Cornell, with hopefully a second pass at Loren MacGregor. Seth and Jay started a thing called AHOE-BOID SCUNGE and Loren started one that seemed similar in nature to SCUNGE; he called it TALKING-STOCK. Here they were just zipping these things off with dizzying frequency (that's somewhere near the top of your radio dial) while I was plodding along with a thing called OCCASIONAL PAPERS on a bi-monthly basis. Scunge came out bi-weekly and T-S approximately monthly. Part of my problem was that I had opted for a quarter-page size and it required dummyping, cutting half with a paper cutter after running the mimeo and twice as much collating.

Well, I have finally seen the light, brothers and sisters. Salvation has come my way. I have been convinced that it would be a lot easier to just have an empty stencil and let the chips fall where they may. So blame all of this nonsense on Seth, Jay and Loren. BY OWL LIGHT will hopefully be a bit lighter and perhaps a shade less personal than Occasional Papers was. But it will still be me, underneath somewhere. It hopes to be approximately monthly and should run six pages, maybe occasionally eight. I really haven't decided what the copy run will be. OP ran about 65 copies. I hope that it never runs higher than 100 copies, and as the mailing list builds, it will become more important that the reader occasionally respond. If you've been getting OP, you probably can't avoid getting this, no matter how hard you try. If you trade for Ash-Wing, you're also likely to have a hard time keeping this from creeping into your mail box. If you're someone else, how the hell did you get a hold of a copy? But if, in some strange manner, you did so, then send along some stamps if you are a glutton for punishment and want to see more. S&H green stamps won't do. One issue for one 8¢ stamp. Now that's what I call fair.

There's a bicycle shop that I pass every day on my way home from work. They have a neat reader board that occasionally contains humorous sayings that must bubble out of the insides of the shop somewhere. Currently it says: "Bicycle clothing. Come in and get your shirt together." Well, maybe with this thing I finally have my "shirt" together. Long time back, there was a zine of this sort called ONE SHALL



ROCK, more recently the OP (each with a separate title), now this fowl creature. We hope you'll enjoy. We???. Yes, you'll meet further along one who occasionally nods in with a remark or two.

**NIXON NOMINATED FOR HUGO** Rumors are flying that President Nixon is being considered for a nomination for a Hugo by an underground movement of science fiction fans. The category is believed to be BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION. The movement began to gain some strength shortly after the President's "Watergate" speech on television. There is consternation among other fans that it is illegal for this nomination to be placed, since nominations have already closed. They suggest that perhaps a special Hugo be considered. Someone has suggested that waiting until next year might be too late. This writer considers that while the acting was superb, particularly those portions in which sincerity was portrayed, that the script was so cliché-ridden that it ought not be given serious consideration.

**VISITORS FROM THE NORTH** A couple of my favorite people dropped down from Canada for the lay meeting of The Nameless. Like Bailey and Brent MacLean blew in for the Friday evening meeting, then were going to travel on down to Portland to hit a few bookshops, and perhaps even get as far as Tangent to see Like and Susie Horvat and perhaps buy a few things from him. Like was excited about getting his driver's license to be followed shortly by the purchase of a new car. The, look out, fandom. He'll be loose to go to conventions without having to depend upon others for transportation. Presently he intends to go down to Westercon and back to Toronto for Worldcon.

Brent is just coming out of the woods. He's been working up in Pemberton, B.C. in a lumber mill. He tells a funny story about walking off the job just shortly after the shift had begun. Working on the green chain in a lumber mill is not the easiest work in the world. With four carts full and only one more available and filling rapidly, Brent signaled for the fork-lift driver. He paid no heed, and when the fifth was full and the chain had to shut down, Brent just chuckled to himself and walked away. He hitched back to Vancouver and has been free ever since. He's currently at sixes and sevens about what he wants to do, but he's writing, and thinking seriously about Clarion East at Michigan State.

**THE BICYCLE CONSPIRACY** A couple of weeks ago Seattle had its first international bicycle show. It was held in the Exhibition Hall at the Seattle Center. Somehow the yen to see what was happening in the bicycle world took hold of me, so Anna Jo and I went. A whole floor full of the latest in bicycles, biking gear, clothing, clubs represented and a strange assortment of other things vaguely connected with biking. It was good to see such a display going on because it means a greatly increased interest in bicycling as both a sport and a mode of transportation. One of the odd things was that Schwinn was showing a movie, quite a good one at that, but I didn't see one Schwinn dealer present nor any of their bikes. Most of the foreign makes were there and it was interesting to see the changes that have taken place in availability since I quit biking about six years ago. Peugeot, Motobecane, Gitane seem to be the big names, with possibly Nishiki of Japan in there also. I only saw one Carlton, which is Raleigh of England's top bike, and which was the bike I foolishly sold after taking a 600+ mile road trip. Ah, woe is me. It must be either a lot of fun or very frustrating to try to make up your mind if you happen to be in the market for a bike these days. In the earlier days of biking, fixing on a price pretty well limited you to a few makes and models. Now that wouldn't help very much, because in any price range you can find a dozen models to choose from. I have the urge just a little bit to get back into biking, but just don't know if I will or not. It might entice me into a bit more exercise than I am currently getting. I've always enjoyed riding a bike and would enjoy getting into the swing of riding regularly. Well, we'll see.



Eugene Stone, who has written THE COMPLETE BOOK OF BICYCLING, was here during the show. After the show closed he took a bike trip up toward the northwest corner of the state, to what we call the Olympic Peninsula. Damned if he didn't have an accident while crossing the floating bridge across Hood's Canal. I don't know how a guy with his biking experience could have done it, but he ran into the draw span in the center section of the bridge, broke his shoulder and ruined a very fine bike. I understand that it was a hand-made bike worth about \$800. He said in an interview that if the bike hadn't broken in the frame, cushioning the shock somewhat, his own injuries might have been a lot worse.

**FAITH RESTORED, WELL ALMOST** Faith in our system of government was slightly restored on May 10 and 11. You'll notice that I said "system of government", not "government." In less than 48 hours a federal grand jury brought in an indictment of John Mitchell and Maurice Stans, the judge dismissed and acquitted Daniel Ellsberg and Anthony Russo, and the House of Representatives overwhelmingly turned down a Defense Department request for funds to continue the Cambodian conflict, or I should say, U.S. participation in same. Things may be coming around after all. Our Congress may be beginning to take back some of the things which rightfully belong to them. And maybe the system does work.

**HOME FROM THE ROAD** At last report, Loren MacGregor of TALKING-STOCK had gone on the road for a bit. He had headed for California, and thence to East Lansing, Michigan to visit with fannish friends and attend Michicon. He had told me before he left that he was going to get started on a novel. No, not reading one, dear friends, but writing one. And he claimed that he would have a first draft done when he returned to Seattle. He had quit his job here in town and I did not anticipate seeing him for some time. So it was a great surprise to hear his voice when I answered the phone the other day. Seems that there was an urgent need for Loren at home and he had to return. I was even more greatly surprised to hear from him that he had managed to write 8000 words during the time that he was gone. I had presumed that he would get some visiting done first before settling down to write. Meanwhile he has returned to work here for a while, but hopes to find time to whack away at the typer. Go, Loren, go.

**TALKING-STOCK REVIVED** You didn't know it was dead, did you? That was only wishful thinking. T-S just had a very short-lived vacation. With Loren back, he intends to crank it up again. It wasn't gone very long. Meantime, Les Sample, Loren's co-something-or-other, has left the area and returned to South Carolina. So it looks like yours truly will attempt to sit in for Les. I hope that I can be as interesting and entertaining to T-S readers as Les was. We will miss him out here in God's Country. Don't know why a person would want to leave the Northwest for South Carolina. Strange, these fans.

**MASTER TIM KIRK** I was very pleased to get a flyer from Tim Kirk announcing his Master's Degree Exhibit. Most of you know that he has been doing a series of paintings of THE LORD OF THE RINGS. Many of us have seen some of his work at west coast cons. I don't know if any of this series has been exhibited back east as yet. Many people think these are the definitive portrayals of the characters and occurrences in LOTR. It's times like this that I wish I were rich and could fly down to Long Beach and view the show and offer my congratulations to Tim in person. I hope that the people in charge of the art show at Westcon find some way to exhibit all of them this year. For any of you in Tim's part of the country, the exhibit is being hung in Gallery C, California State University, Long Beach. Hours and dates: May 27, 1-4 p.m., May 28-31, 11 a.m. - 3 p.m. Congratulations, Tim, on completing this part of the degree, and thanks from all of fandom.

You heard about the hospital orderly who was arrested for panhandling?



MOTHER'S DAY saw Daddy Frank take Momma Anna Jo out to dinner at the Dragon Pearl. Yep, back to Chinese Food Fandom. Not nearly as good as Tai Tung, our favorite spot, but then we didn't have to drive down town to Chinatown, either. Afterwards we happened to drive by the local, friendly Toyota dealer where I bought a Celica a couple of years ago. I've been trying to think ahead to the time when our "big" car, the '65 Barracuda, will decide that it has done all it's going to for us. After all, it now has 140,000 miles on it without any major work. Only a month or two ago I was thinking in terms of another Detroit iron for comfort and long trips. Now, I've been scared by the gasoline shortage/gas price hike that we are beginning to hear about. So just out of idle curiosity, you understand, I thought I'd drop in on Honest Don. I mean one Toyota that gets 29+ miles per gallon makes you think twice about monster cars, no matter how much fun they might be. Dealer had some excellent buys on '72s left over. Not really in the market right now, but I like to keep up on what is happening. Anyway he gave us a nice record that you may have heard being advertised by Al Hirt on the radio. It has jazz of the Dixie sort on one side and rock on the other. Not a bad record and free for just going in and taking a test drive (which we didn't do, but talked to the salesman who had sold us our car and he was nice enough to volunteer the record. Matter of fact, I'd forgotten about the record offer). So that's what I've been listening to. Besides Hirt on side 1 are Louis Armstrong, King Oliver, and The Dukes of Dixieland. The rock side has Jose Feliciano, Jerry Reed, The Generation Gap, Guess Who and Jefferson Airplane. What a mish-mash. Ah, but never look a gift record in the grooves.

PUBLIC NOTICE: We are withdrawing from circulation the manual, MOTH-TRAINING MADE EASY. Reports from readers indicate 15 to 20 per cent of trained moths attack their masters. No need for alarm; moth bites may be painful, but are not poisonous. As soon as our moth experts find out what has gone wrong, we will return your book with further instructions. Moth Specialists Co., New York City, New York.

THE TITLE of this thing pretty well describes how I work on it, or rather when. Usually late at night, and a dab at a time. When something strikes my fancy, I sit down and whip it out. This makes for strange and unusual sentence construction at times, but if you'll remember the manner in which it is produced, and bear with any parenthesized attempts to explain which invariably follow, then we will get along just fine. Like that lengthy and convoluted sentence which just flang right out the typer just now. "By owl light", of course, refers to the time when the owls come alive and do their hunting, and that tends to be darkness. As a matter of fact, I would imagine that they get their hunting done earlier than I get started on my various activities, which tends to be pretty late at night, or sometimes the earliest of mornings, just after midnight.

NODDING IN Frank indicated a ways back that someone else would be along later on. It is now later on. Please to allow me to introduce myself. I am Yhadho Khotho, Minister Plenipotentiary from the Planet of Plethora. I do intend to "nod in", as Frank says, from time to time. I find subtle amusement in commenting on such an awkward society as the one in which you live. So I shall do such nodding as pleases me.

This thing which you hold in your hand, and I presume, are now reading. It amuses me greatly. You have a holiday/holyday (as the case may be) which you cel-

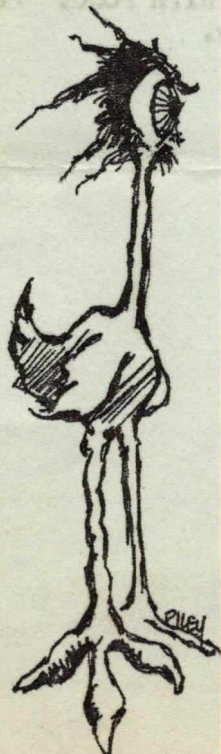


eborate toward the end of your year. It is the custom, I believe, to send greeting cards to one another at that time. In these cards you wish the receiver a happy holiday season. Some people choose to kaleidoscope onto a one-page inclusion all that has passed during the previous twelve-month. I believe that these inclusions are commonly known as "the Christmas letter." This frippery upon which Frank chooses to devote so much of his spare time strikes me as nothing more than a variety of the Christmas letter. It may, indeed, be of no more value than most of the Christmas letters which I have overheard many of your fellow beings make so much fun of. Ah, well, I shall continue to observe the strange workings of human beings. Maybe that someday I will understand. I doubt it, but in the meantime, I chuckle a lot.

FRANK RESPONDS      \*\*\*Hummumph!\*\*\*

THE BIG QUESTION      I just received Leland Sapiro's RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY in the mail. Strange thing. I met Leland at the first Vancouvercon in Vancouver, B.C. about two years ago. Up to that time I had been receiving it in trade for ASH-WING. From that time until this very moment I have not received another copy. Has it been dead all of this time? I notice that Leland gives thanks to the Saskatchewan Arts Board for a donation which allowed him to print this. Or did I just get cut off the mailing list in some strange and mysterious way and just as mysteriously get put back on? Hey, Yhadho, work on that one for a while.

HELP, I'M A PRISONER IN A CHEMISTRY LAB      I got a postcard in the mail from Denis Quane today. Denis, not knowing precisely what he was getting into, asked for a copy of Ash-Wing (someday I'm going to find some consistency in my attempt to write the names of fanzines), but I was all out. He seemed to be gingerly placing his big toe in the pond of fandom. I certainly didn't want to disappoint him, so I bundled up a batch of older stuff, like back issues of Occasional Papers, and sent them to him. Denis teaches chemistry at a Texas college and says that he practically lives in his office. I thought that as long as he is a captive there (Yhadho has been unable to come up with any other reason), we must see to it that he has reading. Send fanzines, old shoes, diaper pins and incunabula (no, Yhadho, worms go to Seth) to Denis Quane, Box CC, East Texas Station, Commerce, TX 75428. Hi, Denis. See what a nice guy I am. You'll be inundated.



THE WILLIAM MORRIS REPORT I      Do you have a complete or substantially complete set of the Ballantine Adult Fantasy books sitting on your shelves? So do I, and every once in a while I feel a sense of shame in that I have not done a very good job of reading them. I mean, if I spent good money on them, why the heck haven't I read more of them? Perhaps it's the collector in me that made me buy them. Sometimes I envy those people who only buy an sf book when they've finished the one they are currently reading. I'm always afraid that I'll get snowed in and be without.

Lin Carter seems to make a great fuss over the fact that William Morris is really the father of modern fantasy, so I said to myself recently, "Self, why don't you read Morris and see how he goes? Then those books won't feel so neglected." So I made myself a promise to do just that. Ballantine has pub-



lished THE WOOD BEYOND THE WORLD, THE WELL AT THE WORLD'S END (in two volumes) and THE WATER OF THE WONDROUS ISLES. In addition I have a much marked copy of THE MOUSE OF THE WOLFINGS given to me by my good friend, Larry Paschelke. Five volumes totaling 1552 pages. That's a fair amount and should be enough of Morris for a while when I finish. When will I finish? Ghu knows. I intend to read a few pages a day, but so far I find the language stilted and not something I wish to swoop through. This, then, represents the first report on where I am and how much I have completed. Now why should you wish to know this? Of course, you don't, but I would have imagined that by this time you would have realized that I do this zine for my own pleasure. So you're stuck with the Morris Report, probably for the next 23 issues. (Are there going to be that many?) Shall we start a pool to see who comes closest to the completion date? That would be foolish; I'd rig it so that Abner would win. Then Sgt. Saturn would protest. Anyway, as of May 16, 1973 I have completed 113 pages of THE WOOD BEYOND THE WORLD, the first book that I have tackled. Aren't you thrilled? Cheers, William!

**LAE STRELKOV'S FRIENDS** Joan Bowers and Susan Glicksohn have begun fundraising to bring Lae Strelkov from Argentina to the '74 Worldcon in Washington, D.C. They need to raise \$700 for air fare. So far they have raised \$193.00, which isn't bad for a start. They need cash donations and items for auction. There are already some great things up for auction, and these can all be found listed in Bill Bowers excellent monthly zine, INworlds. Why don't you subscribe to that as a first step. If you start before June 1, you get 5 issues for a \$1 bill; after that time it's 4 issues for \$1. Send to Bill Bowers, P.O. Box 148, Wadsworth, OH 44281. Now, donations to the Lae Strelkov Fund can be made to Joan Bowers (checks payable to her, please) at the same address. Jump on fandom's latest fandwagon. It's a good one.

**NOISE** Sure, I want to hear from you. A little egoboo never hurt anyone, especially 43-year old librarians. Let me know what you think of the new rag. You might even find your name here in the next issue, sort of assuring your own sort of egoboo. Yhadho Khotho says that he will even name the Plethora Egoboo Award of the Month. That ought to make you write.

**POGO FANS** Look for the new TEN EVER-LOVIN' BLUE-EYED YEARS WITH POGO. For \$2.95 there are 285 pages of ghood stuff. Enjoy, enjoy.

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