

ack
7-16-73

Counter girl to friends who had dropped in to visit for a moment:
"My old man said it's time to boogie, so he took to the road."



BY OWL LIGHTS

"It's always on my mind, but where did it come from?"
Words taken from the immortal Ken Hensley on his album
Proud Words On A Dusty Shelf and used to describe the
disconnected prose of one Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave.
S.W., Seattle, WA 98166 for this thing called BY OWL
LIGHT 2. June 22, 1973. A Bran & Skolawn Press Public-
ation.

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STREET FAIR TIME It's street fair time again in the city of Seattle. Several good ones, but the biggest and the best is the one in The District, as we call the University District. This one stretches for about 8 blocks. Anna Jo and I spent about 4 hours there, looking at booth after booth of pottery, generally bad paintings, leather work, candles, macrame, iron work, hand woven goods, and other odds and ends. Thousands of people attend this two-day affair, so it take just a little while to get through it all. Lots of street musicians, some of them really fine. Lots of bluegrass, folk, and surprisingly some religious music. Like Hare Krishna chanting and Salvation Army type groups. Folk dancing goes on at one end of the 8 blocks, Scandinavian dancing was going on when we arrived, and as we were leaving the exotic belly-dancing. Reminded me of Westercon. At the other end of the fair was a big shell where rock groups held forth, one after another. Lots of fun, but I'm afraid I didn't spend much money except to donate to many of the street musician groups who were laying down good sounds. I noticed the one group that seemed to be taking in the most money was a group that had a lovely girl to pass the hat. Smart thinking. Anyway, the funny quotations at the top of the pages in this issue were things overheard as I passed through the assembled masses. Some of them really broke me up.

VISITOR FROM OCEAN PARK A few weeks back I received a phone call from Greg Burton of ABERRATION fame. Greg has written for ASH-WING and is the guy whom Alpajpuri was staying with down at Ocean Park before he moved up to Vashon Island. Well, it seems that Greg was in Seattle for a few days to visit friends. So I made arrangements to have him out for dinner before he headed back down to the ocean.

I picked Greg up on the way home from work at the place in the University District where he was staying. Then I made The Big Mistake. I should have known better for a couple of reasons. I got on the freeway since there was an entrance close by. I should never have done that. First, it was 5:15 p.m., just about the peak of traffic and the freeway through the center of Seattle is not known for being the most brilliantly de-

One long-haired, bearded fellow to another (both the epitome of what some might call hippies: "What sort of mark-up do you use? What's your margin of profit?"

signed.2)Knowing Greg's aversion to The Big City, the last thing I should have done is driven him along the concrete swath into the normal traffic jam that forms every day at this time. All the way south to Burien, he kept shaking his head and saying, "I used to understand all of this. I really did. I used to be a part of it." Hang in there, Greg. As long as you can avoid it, the big hustle and bustle of city life, more power to you.

Well, eventually we made it home to a lovely meal prepared by Anna Jo. The three kinds of homemade bread turned Greg on, but I won't go into a lengthy discussion of the entire meal, ala the Katz's. (Say whatever happened to old Joyce and Arnie?)

During dinner we had a great discussion of the hottest news item then current. Why, Watergate, of course. Mostly it was a sharing of information, since both of us felt much the same way about it.

After dinner we sat and talked. About damn near everything. Fandom, books, music, banjo and guitar. I brought out my Epiphone Appalachian banjo and Greg played it for a while. Then I introduced him to a fine banjo record, cut way back in about 1958 by Billy Faier. Faier plays both traditional mountain styles as well as some very fancy classical style banjo. Talk fared well into the late evening, with Greg's plans to write a ballet based on a poem he had recently read, the problems of writing prose, delight in Paj's (Alpajpuri) first pro sale, and on and on. Along about 11:00 p.m. I drove him back into town and he said that he was heading for Portland the following morning to visit some friends, and then back to Ocean Park. AB 2, Greg's fanzine, has been done for a while, but he hasn't gotten up the energy to collate it and get it into the mail. Hope it comes along soon, Greg. I'm anxious to see it. Greg also thinks he'll be playing folk music in a lounge in Ocean Park during the summer tourist season. He'll save a few bucks to tide him over the next winter.

So ends another fannish visitation to the Denton Manor. Lessee, that makes Sand Meschkow from Philadelphia, Larry Paschelke and Richard Dix from Portland and now Greg. Oh, yeh, Johnny Chambers was here once. I understand that he has an underground comic out now of the Little Green Dragon. And part of it a collaboration with George Metzger of Moondog fame. That must have been done when Johnny visited Metzger in eastern B.C. Anyway, buy it if you come across it. Johnny's a nice lad; I'm sure that he can use the money.

SETH LIVES! Seth McEvoy sent along a letter written on the back of a page full of photographs. I presume that it will be a part of B WEEK 17, which holds the key to who dat. Meantime B WEEK 17 has not arrived yet (at time of this writing), and I am left to my own guessing. (What, you don't receive B WEEK, son of ANOEBOLD SCUNGE? Well, shame on you...) Seth was kind enough to list the people pictured, but not which one was which (or should that be who was who?) So I tried my hand at guessing and so far I've gotten, with a good deal of confidence, General Custer, Abner, Cathy McEvoy and Loren MacGregor (yes, Seattle's own, who visited Michicon and other foreign parts lately.) Cathy was easy, since she was the only one pictured who evidenced certain traits of feminine pulchritude. Abner was a little harder, but I finally decided that frogs and humans are remarkably un-alike and since there is only one Abner and many look-alikes of humanoid form, I gambled. General Custer is astride a horse and none of the guys listed can afford a horse. I'll wait for proper identification to make sure. Loren was easy. I see him a couple of times a month, so it only took 15 minutes to pick him out. Hey, Seth, run another photo-quiz. This time get a picture of Sgt. Saturn. Better still, I'll trade you a photo of Yhadho Khotho for one of Abner and Sgt. Saturn in their cups.

One fellow to another: "Your marriage is gone, man."

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one entering your house whom you presume to be a couple of thousand miles away.

Dorothy had talked about wanting to move back to the Northwest and had applied here last year. So when she heard about an opening at Longview, about 2 hours south of here, she flew out for an interview. She was successful and signed a contract. So rather than fly back from Portland, the nearest airport, she drove up to Tacoma to visit relatives and then came over to the Burien area to drop in on us. We live only ten minutes from the Seattle-Tacoma International Airport, and she flew back to Chicago from here.

How pleasant to be surprised with such a visit and how happy to have Dorothy back within visiting distance. I was so delighted that I just had to write it down somewhere. Welcome home, Dorothy.

THE FANZINE CORNER

I just received a copy of OAFS<sup>1,2</sup> from Bill Patterson of Phoenix and recommend it highly if you are at all a fan of Gordon Dickson's work. Bill managed to corner both Gordy and Poul Anderson sometime during the last Worldcon. I don't know what he used for coercion, but he obviously extracted promises from both of them to contribute to OAFS. What has transpired is a special Gordon Dickson issue. Poul starts it off with a remembrance of how things used to be when they were both much younger and Poul, too, lived in Minneapolis. He remembers the good times and the qualities that make Gordon the writer that he has become. Bill Patterson follows with his fan/critics eye in a brief appreciation of Dickson's work. Gordon then takes over to expose his master plan for the entire series of novels of which the Dorsai novels are a part. Gordon calls it "The Childe Cycle" and it stretches further than has been apparent in what has been published so far. When complete it begins in the 14th Century and ends in the 24th Century. He also explains his concept of his novels, what he calls "the consciously thematic novel."

There are also 4 pages of Dickson bibliography and if Bill had stopped at p. 17, I would still have said, "a damned fine issue." But there is some other good stuff, though it pales slightly when stacked against the foregoing. Two different LA Con Reports, a passle of book reviews, impressions of seeing the film, "Just Imagine" for the first time since 1930. All in all a very fine issue. 43 pages in all, will cost you 75¢ from OAFS, Box 7241, Phoenix, AZ 85011. Good going, Bill. You've got the stuff to entice this kind of material from the pros. See who else you can build an issue around.

CHINESE HERE

Recently a gymnastics team from The People's Republic of China was here. It was a fascinating and fun event, for all concerned, from what I have seen and read in the local papers. The team itself seemed to be made up of older persons than are normally seen on gymnastics teams here. One of the instructors at the college in which I work is also a gymnastics coach for a number of girls in the area. He was very much in evidence at the meet. At coffee the other morning he was relating some of the incidents which took place during the meet. This was strictly a friendship meet as a part of the opening up of cultural relations between the Chinese and ourselves. Consequently no scoring was kept, except by one American and one Chinese judge. Their scores were not made public, but they conferred with one another after each had scored a member individually. The Chinese have not been in international competition and consequently took this opportunity to learn something about how scoring has been going in international competition. Of course, there were interpreters along and a good deal of exchanging of pins came about. The Chinese members had a small gymnasts pin which they loved to pin on people. It was a kick to read about the various sports writers scurrying to come up with something to exchange with the gymnasts. Things like Seafair pins (a summer water festival here), tie-clasps, key chains. Sort of a kick.



One gal to another: "There have been some really lovely dogs here today."

At any rate the Chinese team was accepted delightedly in this city, everyone enjoyed their stay, the competition was well-attended and good sportsmanship abounded. There was absolutely no political overtone. One of the sights the team asked to see were the Boeing jets which are being built here for the Chinese. So off they went to peek and prod, even though the planes will not be completed for another year. I hope that these young people were accepted as graciously by other cities in which they appeared. I sort of felt good about the way they were treated in my city.

CORDWAINER SMITH      The latest issue of ALGOL arrived a short time ago and I'd like to recommend it as a superb issue. Not to get involved in a fanzine review here, but if you dig Cordwainer Smith, buy this issue. It's a sort of Smith special and well worth the money. 80¢ per copy or sub for 6 issues for \$4 to Andrew Porter, P.O. Box 4175, New York, New York 10017.

Reading about Paul Linebarger, which was Smith's real name, gave me the urge for reading some more Cordwainer Smith stories. I read a couple of books of his short stories when I was first turned on to him by one of the members of The Nameless. Then I realized that there weren't all that many stories and that I couldn't go on forever, as one might with an author like Andre Norton. She's still producing, but that's another whole story. No, Cordwainer Smith was someone I wanted to savor, to stretch out over a period of time. But Andy's issue of ALGOL prompted me to believe that it was time once again. The Planet Buyer is the book I pulled from the shelf and before I knew it I was involved with Rod McBan back in Old North Australia, concerned about the crop of stroon, and before it was all over; being charmed by C'Mell and hearing passing references to Mother Hitton and the planet, Shay'al. If you haven't had the pleasure of reading Cordwainer Smith, take the plunge one of these days. I think you'll be delighted. My only regret in reading this book is that I am that much closer to having read his entire output; not many left now that I haven't read. But I guess I can always start all over again, can't I?

THE WILLIAM MORRIS REPORT (Chapter 2)      Well, you may recall from last issue that I had set off on a journey through the writings of William Morris. The goal was five books that I have, four from the Ballantine Adult Fantasy series and one other. You'll be pleased to know, won't you, that I have finished the first book, The Wood Beyond the World, and am now 39 pages into the second book, The Waters of the Wondrous Isles.

Meantime there appeared on the racks late in May a new addition to the Ballantine Adult Fantasy series. It's by Lin Carter and is called Imaginary Worlds. It's a pretty fine overview of the whole fantasy field and begins with William Morris in the first chapter. That ends the William Morris Report for this month, but I may as well tell you a bit more about the Carter book. Loren says he never knows whether to believe Carter because he's caught a couple of mistakes in some of the introductions he has written for books in the series. That may be, but I suspect that there's enough good information here to satisfy most. It's nice to have such an overview to tie the whole field together. From Morris he moves on to Dunsany, Eddison, Cabell, Lovecraft, Clark Ashton Smith, Burroughs, Merritt, Howard and even has room to more than mention people like C.L. Moore and Henry Kuttner. This is in the first quarter of the book, and I have yet to reach C.S. Lewis, Peake, Tolkien and a host of lesser lights. The last 60 pages contain three chapters on world making, the problems of creating a milieu, which surely must be a necessity for any would-be writer of





Husband to wife: Twenty-three years we've been married and you can't remember which back pocket has the wallet and which one has the handkerchief."

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fantasy and may even have some tips for the sf writer. The problem of names, for instance, looks like a very interesting chapter. Finally there's a good bibliography, a substantial set of notes, and two lists for which I and others must be grateful. The first list is that of the progenitors of the Ballantine Adult Fantasy series, published by Ballantine, but before the concept of the series was born. The second, of course, is a listing of the complete Adult Fantasy series in order of publication through May of 1973. There are 57 titles in all, and the last listed is The Sundering Flood by William Morris. The list does not include Imaginary Worlds which I am discussing here.

And so, dear hearts, we bring to a close another in this series of William Morris Reports. Stay tuned until next time when your intrepid reporter once more presents the report that adds monotony to your life. Is the mike off? That ought to hold the little bas.....

IT JUST ISN'T TRUE that the town of Plus, West Virginia cancels out the town of Minus, Georgia.

AMAZING I just picked up the August issue of Amazing Science Fiction from the stands this evening. I've been waiting for this one for some time because two of my friends are represented therein. First, on page 24 (see I don't even have you hunt for it) is a story entitled "The Wind She Does Fly Wild" by Alpajpuri. Alpaj is also the editor of two fanzines, Carandaith and Pogo and I have known him for several years. Matter of fact we drove back from the worldcon in Los Angeles and spent a good share of the ride talking about writing. "The Wind" is Alpaj's first sale, so I want all you guys and gals to buy the magazine, read the story and treat it kindly. I haven't had a chance to read it myself as yet, so I'm saying all of this without any critical bias toward the story. My bias, I guess, is toward the person of Alpajpuri, whom I consider a friend and who I wish to see succeed.

Now turn to "The Clubhouse" on page 111, gentlefen, and read the fanzine review column now being written by another friend, Ed Smith. Ed and I are in Slan-apa together; I had the chance to meet him also at L.A., and we're all pulling for him to do a good job of taking over this regular feature. I did whip through the reviews; they seem to be thoughtfully written and cover a few more zines than were previously covered. He was also kind enough to give Ash-Wing a 6½. Thank you, Ed.

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