



"I live in the Tower of Flints," he  
cried. "I am the death owl." - Titus  
Groan, p. 371

# BY OWL LIGHT 7

++ ++ ++ Having decided that there may be some worth to this thing, once again we  
++ ++ present BY OWL LIGHT 7 from Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle,  
++ WA 98166. A Bran & Skolawn Press Pub. May 21, 1974

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I'LL HAVE A SCOTCH AND FANZINE, PLEASE

Ah, Chivas, you are so fine. A guy really ought to have a fanzine called Chivas Regal. It's been a long hard weekend with a visit to Tacoma to say "Happy Mother's Day" to my mother-in-law (an experience in itself and too complex to regale you with here); a visit to the opera to hear Richard Tucker in "Pagliacci" along with a light, frothy "Gianni Schicci"; another visit to the Seattle Center to take in a bumper of a bicycle show and finally the home opener of the Seattle Sounders soccer game of which more anon. Sandwiched in between was as much collating as I could get in. Yes, Ash-Wing will be along presently. About half done with the collating job; 48 pages and 300 copies.

To top off the evening (late evening now; it's 12:40 a.m.) I poured two jiggers of Chivas Regal over ice and sat back to read Bruce D. Arthur's POWERMAD. Not a bad combination. Bruce becomes more and more of a real person with each issue and I'm looking forward to the opportunity to meet him some day. POWERMAD is a fine personalzine and I sometimes wonder if I don't enjoy it more than I do Bruce's GODLESS. Of course, that's what some people have said about BOL; that they enjoy it more than Ash-Wing. It gives one pause to think sometimes. Well, c'est la vie. At least they are getting BOL after several month hiatus when I seemed to have run bone dry of personal words. Lots of words of stories on paper, but not much to say to the assembled out there. So I lift my glass this evening to Bruce D. Arthurs and to POWERMAD. Long may he continue to write and to entertain me on many another quiet evening, be it at the end of a busy, hectic weekend or be it otherwise. Salud, Bruce, or as they say in Ireland, Slainth.

BUT WHERE DID BY OWL LIGHT GO?

There was a great flash in the sky as the super travel issue sped on its way last December and then nothing. Well, strange things have been happening. First, there were several stories that needed writing and evidently the creative whatever went in that direction rather than into BOL. I must be honest and admit that I enjoyed writing them and they gave me a lot of pleasure at the time. They were both mysteries and they are both currently making the rounds.

Then there have also been two science fiction stories. Both are unfinished at present but are being worked on diligently. The local group of non-Clarion sf writers has begun meeting again and it seems that it could be quite fruitful. At least

the two meetings we have had have gotten right down to work with no fuss and really wailed on the stories. It's not the same group as before; the pros and the Clarion Workshoppers have formed a group called "The Expository Lump." Our old group used to be called "The Selectric Phew." Methinks we need a new name. Anyway, it keeps the pressure on quite a bit and people are producing more and better than we did a year or two ago.

The other cause for the hiatus, however, was a period of self-doubt. It seemed, all of a sudden, that what I was writing was not particularly interesting. I don't know what set off that idea, but it got to the point that whenever I'd think about writing something, it would immediately be followed by the thought that, "No, that's not very interesting and who cares about that?" So I'd procrastinate, thinking that something better would occur to me.

It's only been recently with the last couple of copies of Michael Carlson's BUSTED FLUSH, Bruce Arthurs' POWERMAD and Sutton Breiding's BLACK WOLF that I'm beginning to get the feel of a personalzine and its worth. Well, maybe the adrenalin is running again and this issue will crank it up once more. I did have seven pages of stencil typed but it's so dated now that I'll give it the old heave-ho and start with a fresh leaf.

organic gardening - till it like it is

#### SOCCER

Sunday evening, May 12th, there occurred an event that I have waited for a long time. From time to time in various writings I have mentioned the sport of soccer. Anna Jo and I have been watching the local teams in the State League for probably ten or twelve years. We've learned to enjoy the game a great deal and we've tried to take in every game played by the touring pros over those years. Chelsea, Manchester, Westham United, Rott Weis Essen; we've seen some very fine games. When the latter two teams met here a few years ago a crowd of 11,000 showed up and I began to have a glimmer of hope that we might just get a pro team here sometime.

Meanwhile little league soccer was growing by leaps and bounds and in three heavily populated areas near Seattle thousands of kids of all ages were playing. That means moms and dads were seeing little Johnny play and they too were learning something about the game. Two years ago soccer became an interscholastic sport in the Seattle Metro League and other high school conferences. The University and the two private colleges also began to play the game. When expansion of the North American Soccer League came Seattle was ready and good local money was here to buy the franchise and deal for players. I think the financing is pretty solid. Herman Sarkowsky is one of the owners and you've probably heard that he recently paid two million for Bill Walton to play basketball with the Portland Trailblazers in the NBA, a team he also owns.

Of course, American soccer has not progressed to produce the caliber of player that is found in Europe or South America. Consequently, the rules of the league allow importation of players, but with the hope of reducing the number of imports allowed and using more and more Americans as the years go by. Currently we have three local Seattle players, two played here and one played college soccer at San Jose. But for the most part the players are from England and Scotland with three from Holland. Fortunately our season begins after theirs closes. They play throughout the winter and hence can come to play here for our season.

The season opener for the Seattle Sounders (after Puget Sound) was against Los Angeles and the team had only been together for a few days. They lost 2-1. The home opener was against Denver and over 12,000 people showed up to see the Sounders win, 4-0. I thought that the crowd was good because it was something new in town and a good 2-for-1 promotion from McDonalds (yup, the Golden Arches). But the following

Sunday evening even more people showed up to watch the Sounders beat San Jose 3-1. Anna Jo just got tickets for the next home game and the gal at the ticket office said that tickets were going fast. It looks like Seattle was ready for professional soccer. Simple rules and 90 minutes of action. What more can you ask for a spectator sport? Go, you Sounders!

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That Linda Bushyager really knows how to hurt a guy. In KARASS 4 she describes ASH-WING as "your standard small genzine." 44 pages. Small? Humph!

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At one time Larry Nielsen was attempting to keep track of all of the apas which abound throughout fandom. He produced a small zine called SOUTH OF THE MOON which kep one apprised of the apas and their rules, who the OE was and how one might join or at least get on the Wait List. The other day I got a request from Rich Small, 117 S. Meridian St., Apt. 3, Tallahassee, FL 32301, who has decided that it was a good thing and is attempting to pick up where Larry left off. In the meantime there have been some new apas. I understand that there is an apa-50 now, CHAPS has been started for western fans, and Dapa-Em for mystery and detective fans. There are probably some more that I don't know about, but those come to mind readily. It seems like a good thing that Richard is attempting to do. I don't know when he will be ready with the first compilation, but if you are at all interested in finding out about apas currently in operation, or if you know about an apa that you think he might not know about, or may need information on, why don't you drop Richard a line at the above address. Should be a most interesting thing to see.

Speaking of which. I just received an invitation from Donna Balopole, 80-27 254 St., Floral Park, NY 11004, to join Dapa-Em or Elementary My Dear Apa. This is the apa for mystery and detective fiction and looks as though it might be fun, a sort of relief from talking about science fiction all of the time. At the present it sounds as if it is still small, but active, but I'm sure that it won't stay small for long. There must be scads of mystery fans out there who would participate if they knew about it. Perhaps you're one of them. If you yearn to rap about Nero Wolfe, Lord Peter Wimsey, The Toff or Napoleon Bonaparte, why don't you drop Donna a line. She'll be delighted to send you information on the apa, I'm sure.

I might not have been quite so ready to join this apa if I hadn't just finished a couple of mysteries which I enjoyed immensely. The first was The Emperor's Pearl by Robert Van Gulik, a mystery set during the Tang Dynasty in China, about 700 A.D., in which the magistrate, Judge Dee, is also the detective. Very interesting because of the setting and the time. The other was Canto for a Gypsy by Martin Smith, set in New York City with a Gypsy as the hero/protagonist. Roman Grey is not a detective, but rather an antique dealer. He becomes involved in the protection of a treasure being returned to the Hungarian government, but being put briefly on display in St. Patrick's Cathedral before it leaves the U.S. There are a lot of nice touches to this novel, but most delightfully, there is quite a bit of information about the Gypsies.



Another prod at the Denton personalzine arrived in the mail recently. THE FRACTURED MONGOOSE came in (no, Yhadho, mongeese don't fly) from Mike Kring of Albuquerque. He showed me once more how it's done; mainly in a huge rush of enthusiasm. Mike didn't spend a lot of time sitting down to do an artisti and aesthetic fanzine; he went right to the heart of communicating. Don't misread me, it's not a crudzine. But Mike just did a good job of rapping for six pages and then

quit when he was done. I read it word for word and enjoyed every bit of it. Maybe you can talk him out of a copy, but you'll have to respond to stay alive. Try him as PSC #1, Box 3147, Kirtland AFB East, NM 87115. Locs or trade; no artwork and no money. Good job, Mike. More, more.

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I saw "Fantastic Planet" over the weekend. Hmmm! What can I say? Interesting. Boy, that doesn't tell a lot. In retrospect, I've thought quite a bit about the film. This is the one which won the Cannes Film Festival Award for animation in 1973. Having been reared on some of the better, earlier Walt Disney animated films, I found it difficult to get into the entirely different style. I also realize that that is pretty much my fault, for not being more open and receptive to the film. The plot is thin and pretty much of a cliché. The animation was fairly good, and probably the best thing about the film were some of the fantastic creatures and plants portrayed. Overall, I'd have to say that I enjoyed it and I think it's worth seeing. Don't expect an epic of an sf film, but enjoy it for what it is, an interesting animated film. And different. I was fortunate (???) to find it matched with "Barbarella", which I had not seen before. It was good for laughs.

The weekend was a biggie for movies. For me, that is, who goes to maybe 5 films a year. You might say that I'm not a great film goer. Dan Willott was over on Thursday night and said that "The Apple War" was down to its last few days and I just had to go to it before it left town. Friday night was perfect. I was so dead tired that I was looking for some good passive entertainment to falke out in front of. Well, it's like no fantasy I've ever seen before. If it comes to your town, for pete's sake, see it. It was made in Scandinavia, Norway, I think, and it involves the efforts of a small group of businessmen to put together a Disneyland-type development and the efforts of a small group of townspeople to keep it from happening. The further the film went, the more fantasy was involved. An eccentric inventor, his sister, and a young man from the town lead the opposition and it gets funnier and funnier as it goes. I won't attempt to relate any of the funny incidents as they would simply pale on paper; just take my word for it. Don't miss it if it comes your way.

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It's funny how a series of things seem to fall into a slot in one's thinking. Seemingly unrelated things, I guess is what I should have said. It seems as if I have been aware over the last few days of some delights in simple things, not all of them necessarily mine. Sutton Breiding's BLACK WOLF is filled with these things. And Sutton says those things so well. Delights in the simple glass of wine, or bottle of beer. A few weeks ago we were spending a weekend at our cabin. Some young friends dropped by. It was a lovely, warm day and we walked down by the river and sat very quietly for about an hour, just listening to the river running by. One of the young men said, "I haven't heard this much quiet in a long, long time." Today, as I was walking through the parking lot at a large mall, I noticed a young lady almost subconsciously



reach out and touch the newly growing tips of an evergreen tree planted along the edge of the parking area. It was almost as if she were telling it hello. Just now, as I write this, I have poured a freshly brewed cup of coffee into a lovely gray cup I brought back from the Leach pottery works in Cornwall. I enjoy this cup for itself, for its simplicity, and for the fact that it reminds me of a fine day spent in St. Ives. Finally, if any of this is connected at all, I continued my reading in Titus Groan today. I'm at the point where Flay has left Gormenghast Castle and is living in the forest nearby. "As the day went by he had found that he was moving to and fro through the region in order to be at one place or another in time to watch the squirrels among the oaks at noon, the homecoming of the rooks, or the death of the day from some vantage point of his finding. And so it was this night that he wished to watch the crags as they blackened against the falling sun." Nice! I think maybe Flay has found himself.

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I was talking to one of our instructors the other day and as a result of the conversation garnered this rather quaint story. We were talking about the prospects of his being changed from a part-time instructor on our campus to full-time. It is not currently in the cards and after four years here he is somewhat peeved, to say the least. Anyway, here is his story, Russian in origin, so he tells me:

"A peasant was walking down a lane along the edge of a pasture when he came upon a small bird. It was winter and the bird was in the snow nearly frozen. He picked it up and listened closely and felt the small body and he thought that he detected the faintest glimmer of life in the bird. He cupped the bird in his hands and tried to breathe his own warm breath onto the bird. But it didn't seem to be enough and he knew that the bird would die. Suddenly he came across a great steaming cowpie in the middle of the lane. He bent over and placed the bird dead center in the cowpie, knowing that if the heat from that would not revive the bird, then nothing he might do could save it. And having done what he could for the poor little creature, he walked on. Presently the bird did begin to revive, and finding the blood coursing through its body again, being alive and warm, it threw back its head and burst into song. A wolf, skulking along the hedgerow, heard the song, pushed through the brush and leaped upon the bird, devouring it. There are three morals to this story: 1) the person who puts you in it is not necessarily your enemy, 2) the person who takes you out of it is not necessarily your friend, and 3) when you're in it up to your neck, don't sing."

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Gale Research Company has sent several press releases on publications which will be forthcoming from them. First is The SF Index, a "new and comprehensive bibliography of the science fiction and fantasy book" to be published in 1975. The compiler will be R. Reginald. It looks as though it will attempt to be as comprehensive and complete as possible. In October of this year Gale will publish The Ray Bradbury Companion, edited by William F. Nolan. The work will be bibliographical in nature, with full bibliography of Bradbury's works, a lengthy forward by Bradbury himself, written especially for this work, and a huge checklist section with all of Bradbury's appearances anywhere, in any media. It will also contain information on articles about Bradbury which have appeared in books, magazines and graduate theses. Pretty comprehensive, so it seems. The book will come in a slipcase and will be priced at \$28.50. Finally, for collectors there will be a Cumulative Paperback Index covering the years 1939-59. It will cover 14,000 paperbacks issued by 39 publishers under 69 imprints. You've got to be a real collector to need this kind of information. It's going to cost you \$24 and is already available, according to the press release. So save your pennies, kiddies. These are important works, but a tad costly.

I was lucky enough a couple of weeks ago to be invited out for a day on Puget Sound. We have a couple of gung-ho science types on campus who really do have it all together. Their field trips are usually very well planned and put a lot of the classroom work to practice. The instructor of an Introduction to Oceanography class has a field trip on the water. He asked if I would like to go along, thinking that having an administrator take part is good PR for his program. He's right, of course. We met at Lake Union in the morning, to board the 72' ex-yacht Pagan. From there we went through the Ballard Locks which lowered us to the level of Puget Sound, then headed north until we reached a point perhaps 10 miles north of Seattle. There the engine was cut to idling, and school began. The students aboard were divided into three groups, to rotate among the captain and two crew members. I followed one group throughout the day. The captain gave them something about navigation and chart reading, a young biology grad gave them an introduction to the sound itself, its tidal actions, salinity, exchange of water with the ocean, life cycles of the denizens and food chain. The second biology grad gave them an introduction to the equipment they would be using throughout the day. Then each group got to put out equipment for plankton gathering. What is called "the spring bloom" was on, with plankton reproducing at fantastic rates with the advent of sunny weather. We gathered plankton from several levels, going as deep as 80 fathoms, then took the samples down to the galley where four microscopes and a microprojector are installed. There we could identify the creatures and study them at some length. Later we took samples from varying depths to determine salinity, dissolved oxygen, and several other things about the water environment.

It was during the early part of the afternoon that we were treated to a view of Boeing's jetfoil. It came roaring down the sound, really up and flying on its foils, and went by us at a speed that I couldn't begin to estimate. I know that it can do 45 knots comfortably. So perhaps it was doing 50 mph. It passed about 200 feet off our stern and cameras were clicking all over the place. Kodak would have been proud. The vessel is about 90 feet in length. It was a rare chance that we were at the right place and time to see it being tested. I believe that to this date several have been contracted for by the Italian Navy and one is scheduled to go into operation as a passenger carrier in the Hawaiian Islands sometime during 1975.

In the late afternoon we got under way once more to go around to the western side of Bainbridge Island and do some dredging. Each group brought up a dredge full of sea cucumber, sea squirts, eels, mollusks of various sorts, lots of sand, star fish and other oddments. After examining them, most were thrown back. A few sea cucumbers were kept to prepare for eating on the way home.

On the way back one of the young men took those of us with the stomach and interest for it down to the galley to prepare the sea cucumbers. I suppose that I should describe these creatures. They look like a big soft cucumber, measuring about 8-12" in length and are perhaps 5" in diameter. They are mostly full of water and when they are cut endwise all of this water gushes out. A very simple intestinal system is then quickly stripped out and one is left with a flat piece of flesh about 5" wide. Lengthwise on the interior are about five muscles, very thin, and this is what you are after. They are stripped out very carefully and you are left with about a tablespoon of meat. A lot of work for very little edible meat. These are fried in butter, and then snipped into small finger-sized bits for eating. Salty, a bit like clam taste. It was an interesting food adventure that I wouldn't have missed.

We managed to move through the lock up to the Lake Union level quite smoothly and around 5:00 p.m. found ourselves back at the Pagan's moorage. A fine day!

The nice thing about a personalzine is that one can write about non-fannish things. Last winter you listened to me rant about winter walks. Most of you are still with me so some of you outdoor types might be interested in a magazine that was shown to me the other day by one of my library student assistants who does a lot of hiking and climbing. He brought me a copy of a magazine called "Backpacker", one that I had not seen before. A really beautiful production job, worth looking up just to admire the beauty of the magazine as an entity. Of greatest interest to me was an article about a family of five who went hiking extensively in England. We hope to do a lot more of that next trip (if there ever is one, what with Crises of one sort or another. As one of my librarians said the other day: "If there still is an England in three years.") Beautiful color photographs which made my heart ache for the hills of Wales and the Lakes District again. Then whom should I stumble upon but Dr. Alan E. Nourse writing about hypothermia. Someday that man will write some science fiction again. I understand that his new home medical encyclopedia is selling wonderfully and has been picked up by a couple of book clubs as their standard medical encyclopedia, which should bring him a fair hunk of change over a number of years. Finally, there was a rundown on hiking boots, with construction details, comparison charts, prices and recommendations. Sort of a "consumer report". There must be hundreds of "waffle stompers" being made; they are really big with the kids in this part of the country. BACKPACKER says that the Danner 6490 "comes closest to being the ideal hiking boot." Surprisingly, J.C. Penney's Model 014-6824 ranks nearby in the same class with the same "excellent" rating. A superb feature in each issue is an interview with photographs by some of America's outstanding mountain and outdoor photographers. Upcoming will be Bob and Ira Spring of Seattle who have done some magnificent books. BACKPACKER is not a cheap magazine; 4 quarterly issues for \$7.50. The address if you wish to subscribe is BACKPACKER, 28 West 44th St., New York, NY 10036.

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"I believe that the truth of a man is in his dreams. If you want to be a photographer, or writer, or whatever, DO IT. You run the chance of failure, of course, but better that than living a life of quiet desperation."

"My primary goal is to be happy. I've always kind of dived into things, and it's worked. I hope to be able to work as hard as I can within a framework I can handle mentally and physically. And that's sometimes less than I wish it to be because of instilled laziness. But I believe there are too many wonderful things to do in life than just sit around."

--Stephen J. Krasemann, Wisconsin Photographer quoted from BACKPACKER--

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I was visiting Fox's Book Store in Tacoma the other day and there was a very small child incessantly asking Mrs. Fox, "Whacha doin', lady?" Finally I heard her say in exasperation, "I'm building a fence around an orphanage in the Adirondacks." The little boy said, "Oh" and left her alone.

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Last Saturday Anna Jo and I had a couple of errands to do downtown. We don't get downtown much anymore. We may be like the most of American society. It's easier to go to a nearby shopping center where everything is available, plus parking. I had to take my old reel-to-reel tape recorder in for some repairs and Anna Jo had to pick up a watch which had been left several months ago for repair. Across the street from where her watch was is Beatty's Book Store and I thought I'd check the children's section to see if there were any Walter Farley books which I didn't have. Do you remember Walter Farley books from your childhood? THE BLACK STALLION, etc. etc. Somehow I've reverted to my early years of teaching when I would read one or two of the Black Stallion books to my fifth graders. I decided

to pick up nice, clean, jacketed copies when I found them. They're cheap, usually \$1-1.50, and somehow I find them nice to have. Well, I did find one, The Island Stallion's Fury. Very good condition, almost new.

But better than that. As I glanced through the stack of used records, which usually are in horrible condition and a motley selection at this store, I found six Anthony Newley records, all at \$1 each. Anna Jo has always been a fan of this English singer, but mostly I had enjoyed two musicals in which he was successful, both as a performer and co-author. These were "Stop the World, I Want To Get Off" and "TheRoar of the Greasepaint, The Smell of the Crowd." This past summer we had the opportunity to see him in the new show which he wrote with his partner, Leslie Bricusse. This was "The Good Old Bad Old Days" which I spoke of in BOL 6.

Well, I couldn't pass up this bargain, because now I'm really a bona-fide, class A Anthony Newley fan. One of the records was in pretty bad shape, but the others simply looked a little dirty, finger printed and dusty, perhaps. But no obvious scratches. Sunday I washed them with a little cold water and LOC. No, that's not a letter of comment. It's Low Organic Concentrate, a product of Amway which does a superior job of cleaning records. I spent Sunday afternoon listening to one after the other of them and there wasn't a scratchy one in the lot. Now delightful to occasionally find a real bargain! Now, if I could just run onto a cache of old Lulu records, I'd really be in seventh heaven. Most of these Newleyes were from the middle and early 60's and they've found a nice home here.

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Golly, I hate to brag about our Sounders all the time, but look at it this way. The season will be over in August and you can rest your eyeballs until next May. I just want to mention two recent scores. Saturday before last Baltimore came to town the highest scoring team in the league. Their coach said there was no way that Seattle could win. Seattle 5, Baltimore 1. Eat your heart out, coach. Last Saturday is was the Philadelphia Atoms, last year's champions with their team virtually unchanged. Seattle 2, Philadelphia 0. Attendance:13,876, a sell out and highest attendance anywhere, anytime for a North American Soccer League match. That's nothing compared to England, Europe or South America, but it's very good for soccer here.

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