

Somehow it seems to be the proper time to begin another issue of The Rogue Raven. I must admit that it was prompted by a nice 8-page zine from England which arrived in today's mail. It is entitled DRIFTING SOUL and comes from Mike Hamilton in Derbyshire, but who spends 4 months at a time at sea. It's a straightforward, unpretentious zine that talks a bit about his life at sea, rock music, short, pithy excerpts from letters, etc. It had a nice feel to it and I enjoyed it.

So, into the breech with THE ROGUE RAVEN 31 from Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166. Letters and postcards always welcome. This is a Bran & Skolawn Press Publication. Begun 8-31-81

Begin 8-31-81

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Anna Jo and I have just returned from six weeks in England and Ireland. No, we were not shot at nor stoned, but we did witness the beginning of a protest march in Dublin. It was in protest of the treatment of the prisoners in the H-Block of the Maze prison in Belfast, the place where the hunger strikers have given their lives. About 16,000 people marched that day and at the march's end, when the Irish Gardai (police) blocked the march from continuing to the British Embassy, it erupted into violence. I'm glad that we saw the beginning of the march and not the end of it.

At any rate, Anna Jo had to return to work (teachers' workshops) the day after our arrival home. I took one more day off and waded through the mail. Have you ever seen a stack of mail that has been accumulating for six weeks? Especially a fan's mail? It must have a life of its own, growing and feeding like some alien thing from a B science fiction movie. The Post Office wouldn't hold more than four weeks worth. So Sean, our son, went to collect it at the end of four weeks. He took a big cardboard box to carry it in. The clerk said, "No, that's all right. I won't need that." "Oh, yes, you will," Sean said. The clerk was dismayed. He filled it three times.

When I got home I collected an additional box from the P.O. Then I spent the day sorting. Bills went in one pile, junk mail into the garbage, five packages of books, and finally a pile for fanzines, apa mailings, and fannish letters. It took the entire day.

Now a week later I'm almost back into the swing of things. I really haven't had time to reflect upon the trip yet. We did take the film in on Saturday and drop it off. 15 rolls of 36 exposures each, about 540 slides to be sorted from two cameras. That, at least, is one record of most of what we did, though not all. Sometimes I just wasn't in the mood to shoot pictures; other times I'm sure that I over-shot.

I also kept a daily diary which will be useful to contemplate. I have momentary thoughts about publishing it as a fanzine. but I certainly don't want to send it to all 300 of you, unless there is a real interest. Why don't you send me a postcard and let me know if you are interested in reading it. If there is sufficient interest, I'll publish it over the winter. If there is not much interest, I'll save myself a lot of time, energy, and cost. I'm quite willing, but only if there is enough interest. A terse note on a postcard will do.

AGE WILL GET YOU, EVERY TIME!

About six months ago I had my 51st birthday. You'll note that I didn't say "celebrated." 50 didn't bother me at all, but somehow 51 got to me. I think that 50 seemed to be the end of the 2nd quarter of a century, but 51 was the beginning of the 3rd quarter. A subtle difference, I suppose. Just wait; you'll be there

one of these days.

The feeling wore off, of course. I had other things to think about. But one thing keeps re-occurring in my thoughts. With luck I have about 25 or 30 years left to go. There are a lot of things I want to read; things that somewhere along the line I promised myself that I would read. Many of these things are not science fiction or fantasy. Much is about England. Books about places I have visited and which I want to know more about. I've recently discovered Richard Jefferies, a much-respected writer during the late 1800 and early 1900s. His field was nature and natural history. On each trip to England I've posted home many books about regions like Exmoor, the Lake District, Yorkshire, Dorset, etc. I want to dip into the Dartmoor novels of Eden Phillpotts. Dickens, Hardy, Scott, Blackmore and others beckon from my shelves, even old Bill Shakespeare. I bought quite a bit of poetry this trip; Irish poets Thomas Kinsella and Seamus Heaney. Keith Roberts presented us with the collected works of John Betjeman and I have Ted Hughes, Richard Hugo and Austin Clarke on the shelves.

So if I occasionally drift off into something weird in this fanzine, bear with me. If Denys Howard can write about books on socialism and communism in his fanzines, then I guess I can write about stuff I'm reading as well. (Hi, Denys!) I am of the strong opinion that many sf readers are eclectic anyway. I know lots of my fannish friends who read mysteries as avidly as I do. And I'm sure that they read lots of other crazy stuff as well. So maybe you'll find something of interest among the things that I read.

I also have this crazy interest in self-sufficiency. I love to read about people who have tried to become self-sufficient and succeeded. I doubt that I could do it, although we may all have to arrive at a much more simple life style in the next 20 or 30 years, if things continue the way they seem to be going. So you may occasionally read a bit about a book concerning a simpler way of life. It's probably the romantic in me and I'd hate it if I were forced into such a life style by circumstances.

Well, I'm not going to quit reading sf, fantasy, or mysteries. I know that I won't. And I'll review some of them here. But you'll find some other strange stuff showing up occasionally here as well. Who knows? Maybe I can even make it interesting.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO "FUGITIVE FROM THE EMPIRE"?

The other night some friends from Portland, Oregon came out to spend the evening. They were up in this area for a little vacation trip before school gets started again. Jim and Ellie Rogers are both mystery fans and Jim is an sf fan as well. Both of us have videocassette recorders and we were comparing notes on the sort of stuff we collect on tape. I asked him if he had caught Fugitive from the Empire: The Archer. He hadn't, nor had he even been aware of it.

So we sat down to watch just a little bit of it, you know, and ended up watching the entire show. We made comments about the good and bad of it and ended up thinking that there were more pluses than minuses. We decided that it was a valiant effort to adapt a sword and sorcery story to television and that it succeeded better than Space 1999 did in adapting sf to tv.

The dialogue was a bit sloppy in places, anachronistic here and there, and just plain silly in a few places. The production values were generally good. The actors were most unknowns, except for George Kennedy (whom I couldn't believe had gotten so fat). The villains were villainous, the hero has a real quest, and the heroine has

an honest conflict with the hero. Costumes were generally good, and the story was not the worst s&s I've ever read.

Somewhere I heard the rumor that there were to be five parts to this thing. But I've never heard another squeak about any more of it. Perhaps this fall or winter will see another part of it shown. I hope so. While the story did finish out an episode and stood pretty much alone, still there is a lot left to go. Hero, heroine, and villain have a-l gone their own ways for the moment, but haven't resolved their conflicts.

I can imagine that the Nielsen ratings were not very high. And this may be the reason we've not seen any more of it. If your grapevine has told you anything about this series, drop me a line and let me know what you've heard.

SPEAKING OF SWORD AND SORCERY

Swords Against Darkness V edited and with an introduction by Andrew J. Offutt.
Zebra, c 1979, 288pp., \$2.50

I don't read much s&s any more, or even Heroic fantasy, as Andy calls it. But I still have a soft spot in my heart for it. No, not my head; my heart. A little of it goes a long way, hoever. Unless it's well done and somewhat original, it can be a real bore. So much of it is derivative. I suspect that if I tried to write some heroic fantasy, it would turn out to be derivative, too. Maybe it's something I ought to challenge myself to do; write a non-derivative heroic fantasy.

Anyway, in spite of the '79 copyright, this collection is just new on the stands. I picked it up to glance at the contents and bought it on the basis of the inclusion of a Darrell Schweitzer story. Is Schweitzer the latest successor to Robert E. Howard? No. But Darrell and I have been in fannish contact for a good number of years now, and when one of my friends starts to have a bit of writing success, I have to see what they are writing. Darrell's is a pretty good story; a bit of Sir Gawain and the Green Knight, perhaps, but a rousing and thought-provoking ending.

Ramsey Campbell and Tanith Lee are the only name authors in this collection, but don't let that put you off. Andy Offutt has a good eye for good stories and is willing to give new people a chance. None of the stories is weak. Some I liked especially well.

"Awake, Awake, Ye Northern Winds" by Simon Green has a pirate ship going to raid a city purported to house an immense treasure, but ghoulsome creatures are there to protect it. Good characterization in this one.

"Hungry Grass" by Keith Taylor is a very real picture of a slave escaping from his village in pre-Roman Britain. For all of its realism, there is just a touch of fantasy in it.

Gordon Linzner publishes his own magazine, Space & Time. Here he writes a very different story of the high mountains, a strange religious belief, a priest who questions his own deeply ingrained beliefs, and a woman who sacrifices much to assist him. "Joni" is the story.

Paul McGuire III offers a samurai setting in "The Scream of the Rose," a story of great love and great revenge. Good stuff here, especially motivation beyond the ordinary strong-guy-with-big-sword-must-kill sort of story we often get.

Well, that's enough. I didn't mean to run down the entire contents. But if you like even a small dose of heroic fantasy, this is certainly a worthwhile buy. Andy seems to indicate that he doesn't know if this series will continue. I hope that sales are sufficient to convince Zebra to continue. Offutt's a good editor of this sort of fiction and certainly an offering of this anthology at least once a year ought to be supported.

OMNIMAX

I had the opportunity the other evening to go to a free showing at Seattle's own Omnidome. No, not the Kingdome, where our various valiant athletic heros toil. And where, it is said, The Rolling Stones will play when they are on tour. No, not that one.

The Omnidome is a theater separate from, but associated with, the Seattle Aquarium on the waterfront. It is built to show films which have been shot in the Omnimax format. This format is a peculiar 70mm format which does not show a 360 degree picture, but a 180 degree picture. In a sense this is better, because it is all one can do to take in the pictures being projected on one-quarter of the interior of a globe. The person who introduced the film said that it took half an hour to load the camera for three minutes of shooting.

The film being introduced that evening, and probably to show for at least six months, is The Great Barrier Reef. Undersea photographers Ron and Valerie Taylor filmed most of the 50 minute film. They take us down below the water's surface to view the many wonders with which they spend a good deal of their time. We are allowed to see close up and in their own habitat many of the creatures which we have previously seen only in aquariums or in photos in books. Clown fish, octopi, manta rays. We see tiger sharks devour one of their own. We see Val try to steer a large sea turtle. Later we watch the baby turtles hatch and make their mad scurry down the beach to the water. We see Val hold a puffer fish in her hands. It looks like a toy balloon. Later she plays with a moray eel, seemingly with little danger involved.

It is a wonderful film. It gave you a sense of being a part of the scene, rather than just being an observer. The theater and its film should be another fine attraction for Seattle's revitalized waterfront tourist industry. Coupled with good seafood nearby, the aquarium and a good book shop and gift shop, it's another place to spend a pleasant hour.

SOME FOLKS ARE JUST LUCKY, I GUESS

It is not often that I talk about my job and I'm not going to here at any great length. I guess I'm just going to set this down as a record for my own amusement when I read this over some day in my old age. Most of you know that I'm the director of a community college library and media center. I have a staff of thirteen. The current state of economics in Washington State is not good. It is related, as it must be across the country, to high inflation and higher interest rates. Housing starts are practically nil, the lumber industry suffers as a result, and everything else suffers along with it. In Detroit it's cars; in Washington it's lumber.

State revenue has suffered badly and state institutions were anticipating a 5% reduction in budgets. Friday the news hit. The Governor announced a 10% reduction. And a possibility of a 20% reduction looms in the wings. Half of our state's budget goes to the public schools. They are claiming that they are not state agencies and will go to court to seek an injunction against the state cutting their budget. If they win, all state agencies will take a 20% cut. I am currently

with a \$100,000 reduction.

(No sense in being silly about this. There has been a 5 month hiatus in the writing of this. I must have been so depressed about it all that I just gave up. Should never have written about it in the first place. Ultimately the cut came to about 14% for the library-media center. I took \$48,000 and have been struggling ever since. The struggle at this point has brought me to within 5 months of my retirement, so if I can hang in there just a bit longer, I'll have it made. Enough of this. The country is in a recession and you probably have just as many problems as I do. Good luck with them. Let's move on to other topics.) Jan. 31, 1982

FILM IS FUN

No film critic I, but I have just watched "Breaker Morant" on Showtime and somehow I have the urge to say a word or two about it and a couple of other films. I'm grateful to Teleprompter for having left me their little black channel selector box. When we first went on the basic cable subscription service, mainly for the purpose of being able to bring in a couple of Canadian channels from Vancouver, B.C., there were several channels on which we did not get very good reception. When I called to complain they came out and hooked up the little box with which to make our selections.

"en Tim, our eldest, saw it he said, "Oh, good. Now you can get "Showtime." He set it between A & B and with some fussing could bring it in. Often it was over-saturated, however. But when I got my VCR I quickly discovered that with the VCR on, Showtime came in perfectly. I'm not a big movie freak, so I'm glad that I'm not laying out \$10 a month for the Showtime service. Anyway, with this small digression, I meant to talk about several movies with which I have been pleased.

"Breaker Morant" has been playing in Seattle for nearly six months. It's had good reviews and the word of mouth has been good, also. I've been meaning to see it for those same six months and somehow not getting around to it. (I have gotten a bit sedentary lately and am going to have to do something about it shortly.)

I seem to have an affinity for films about British colonials. Breaker Morant is about a courtmartial of three Australians fighting the Dutch in South Africa during the Boer War. The orders from Kitchener were passed by word of mouth to take no prisoners and many Boers were summarily executed. Morant turned revengeful after his commanding officer was killed in an ambush. He and two fellow officers were courtmartialed for executing prisoners. The charge was murder. The trial, if the movie is to be believed, was a mockery. Witnesses for the defense were transferred to India. Kitchener would not appear to testify concerning his orders. The prosecution had six weeks for preparation; the defense had two days.

All of this is well acted and photographed and makes for an intriguing movie. You don't want to go out for popcorn during this one.

I was reminded that two other movies about colonial troops have kept me equally enraptured. "Conduct Unbecoming" is about the indictment for rape of a young officer in an Indian regiment. A young Michael York is the pseudo-lawyer in defending his young fellow officer at what is called a "Subaltern's Court Martial," so that it doesn't get beyond the regiment and besmirch their reputation. York takes his task of defense seriously, much to his commander's chagrin, and unearths much regimental dirty linen. Another good film of its type. I remember seeing this double-billed with "The Man Who Would Be King" and thinking that "Conduct Unbecoming" was a better film.

A third favorite of similar nature, although not about a court martial, is "Zulu," which I also have on tape. It concerns the Battle of Rorke's Drift during

the Zulu War. It was a high point of bravery for the Welsh regiment involved. Their military museum is in Brecon in Wales. I've visited there and the diorama of the battle is quite superb.

I suppose that someone with a psychologist's bent can make something of the above a desire for me to be macho or some such. I never had to fight in a war, so I don't know if I'd be brave or not. But I do have a reverence for those whose deeds were brave. I'm reminded that the British people know a lot more about the history of their military outfits than we seem to. We are not very proud of our military and I think those currently in the military can feel it. Into civvy clothes at the first opportunity. Certainly never off the base in uniform if it can be helped.

I stood one Sunday in Plymouth, England and watched the dress rehearsal of a Queen's Review to be held two days later. Those around me could give me a good deal of the history of the Royal Marine Commandos, who were to be reviewed. They knew when they were formed, where they had fought, what honors they had won. A much different attitude than we have towards our military. I don't know if this is good or bad; it's just a comment.

AFTERMATH: Jan. 11 I was talking to one of our history instructors this morning over coffee. He has visited Africa. He recommended two books for me to read. The first is on the rise of the Zulu nation and the Zulu War. It is entitled The Washing of the Spears by Donald Morris. About 600 pages long, I learned when I found it in our own library collection. The other book he recommended is about The Boer War. It is entitled Good-bye, Dolly Gray by Kruger. I'll tackle the Zulu first; in fact, I'm about 30 pages into it already. Well written and fascinating.

TRAVELING TIME

One of the things I enjoy doing that helps keep life a little bit sane is traveling. Going to conventions has been a nice part of traveling for the last twelve years. Last fall I had a couple of opportunities. In early October, over the Columbus Day weekend, Bouchercon was held in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Bouchercon is the one and only mystery-detective fiction convention. It generally draws about 200 participants. I think I read that the total this year was 210. The programming is quite good, and since there is not much else to compete with the speakers and panels, it is well attended.

Helen McCloy, first woman president of the Mystery Writers of America, was Guest of Honor. She was married for many years to Brett Halliday, the creator of Mike Shayne, and she loves to talk about him. But she has written many mystery books of her own. Now in her 80s, she was spry, interested in all of the other writers, asking questions just like the rest of us. Allen Hubin, founder/editor of the original mystery fanzine, The Armchair Detective, was Bouchercon's first Fan Guest of Honor. A special attendee was Mickey Spillane, brought out of his secluded southern home by Lite Beer. He was friendly, down to earth, very approachable and endeared even those who don't like their crime hard-boiled. There were a couple of evening movies, one of which was The Girl Hunters, in which Mickey Spillane played his own character, Mike Hammer. There was also a very active and quite good huckster room.

There is only one mystery apa, Dapa-Em, or Elementary My Dear Apa. Nineteen of its members were there. We had rented our own hospitality suite and had a couple of smashing evening parties, stretching into the wee hours. It was great to meet all of the folks. I had attended Bouchercon two years ago in Los Angeles and knew a few of the members personally, but this added a great number of in-person acquaintances.

Some of the other mystery authors who attended were Joe Hensley, Joe Lansdale, Max Collins, Robert Eckels, William Campbell Gault, David Hagberg (Sean Flannery), Ed Hoch, Francis Nevins, William DeAndrea, Robert Randisi, and critic and bibliographer, Jon L. Breen. An excellent convention. Next year in San Francisco, with Don Herron (ex-heroic fantasy fan) as convention chairman, ably assisted by Art Scott (OE of Dapa-Em) and Bruce Taylor, San Francisco book store owner. Bouchercon-by-the-Bay should be a good one. Dapa-Em's Mary Ann Grochowski was this year's convention chairwoman.

I should mention that I saw Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell, former editors of Starling, one of the better fanzines of the 70s, at Bouchercon. They are no longer married, but remain friends. Lesleigh said that she might be coming out to Seattle in the spring to do some job hunting. It seems that her job at the University of Wisconsin will be drying up.

PLUG: I should also mention that if any of you are mystery fans, you might be interested in Sergeant Chough, a mystery personalzine which I do occasionally. Subs are 4 issues / \$1. Back issues are available at the same rate; #s 1-8 are available.

After the convention I stayed two extra days to visit relatives. Two elderly aunts live in Wisconsin. Aunt Susan is 87 and lives in Milwaukee. Aunt Alice is a mere 85 and lives in nearby Ixonia. My cousin Margaret lives in Racine and her brother, Joe, lives in East Lansing, Michigan. He's just recently retired from a teaching career at Michigan State University. We had a grand time catching up with news of the various portions of the Moran clan, my mother's side of the family.

Margaret took a couple of days off from her teaching and chauffeured me around a bit. She showed me the Kettle Moraine area, where ice age scoured Wisconsin. And we visited Old World Wisconsin, an area of over 500 acres which is owned by the Wisconsin State Historical Society. They are slowly but surely moving in old settler's homes into ethnic villages about the property. A German settlement, a Finnish, a Danish, a crossroads community, and others to be added later. Many of the buildings are from the late 1860s, just after the Civil War. It was a fascinating place to visit, and I came away with a story idea on which I am currently working.

ON TO SALT LAKE CITY

In early November I was fan guest at Intervention Gamma in Salt Lake City. I was delighted to have a chance to visit Salt Lake. I had never been there before. The convention started on Friday, late afternoon, but my arm was twisted by Reed Andrus to come down on Thursday. He used Ken St. Andre as bait. Ken and I are good friends, but he lives in Phoenix and I live in Seattle. Well, you know.... Thursday evening the con committee gave a huge dinner at the new Marriott Hotel for the committee members and convention guests. It was splendid, but the cost must have hurt the convention expenses (of which more later).

Friday morning Ken and I went book hunting. I scored a stack of older Ellery Queen Mystery Magazines. I forgot what Ken got there, but later at the Cosmic Aeroplane on Sunday afternoon, he sure got a stack of pulps. We walked blocks to visit another book store which we then found had moved to the mall next to our hotel. But it did give us a chance to talk and talk, which we don't get much opportunity to do. After a nice Italian lunch I talked Ken into taking the Temple Square tour. It was interesting and I'd recommend it for anyone visiting Salt Lake. I don't think I'll convert right quick, but I did enjoy hearing about the Latter Day Saints a bit more, and especially seeing the Mormon Tabernacle. (Ken, you were kind to hang in there with me.)

Another problem the convention committee had was too many guests. C.J. Cherryh and Larry Niven as headliners. Marion Zimmer Bradley to m.c. the masquerade. Ken St. Andre and Tim Kask to run gaming tournaments. And self as fan guest. That's a lot of expense. And while I came home with a check for my plane fare down and back, I was called later and asked not to cash it. Seems the convention was boodles in the red. They promised that it would be made up somehow, but I haven't seen it yet.

Once the convention started, I was kept busy. I did an Arthurian slide show and occasionally learned some new things from Marion Zimmer Bradley about Arthurian places I had been and was showing. Watch for Marion's novel about Arthur. It should be very good. I did one panel called The Mystery-Science Fiction Connection with Larry Niven. I've done three panels now with that title and every one of them has been different. This one seemed to concentrate on stories which were both sf and mystery combined. I did a 45-minute standup attempt to keep an audience interested, if not entertained, while the pro panel was an hour late for a major evening presentation sponsored by the Utah Endowment for the Humanities. I did another panel on The Prevalence of Fantasy with Tim Kask and Reed Andrus. Yet another panel on Fandom didn't come off for lack of attendance. Finally, at the last minute I was asked to m.c. the banquet.

The programming was quite good. Intervention also has a heavy concentration of gaming. Ken St. Andre had been brought in to run a Tunnels and Trolls tourney and Tim Kask ran a D&D. Later he ran some of his other games as well. Ken also introduced some people to Gran Prix and another game which is based on Moorcock's Elric stories. I enjoyed getting a peek at some of the games being played. It was quite enough to learn that they can be very time-consuming. On Sunday evening, Ken and I were guests of Reed Andrus and his family. Richard Montagu came along and we played a T&T dungeon for a couple of hours, so I could get the feel of it. It was fascinating, but I don't want to get hooked, or I'd never get any writing done.

Monday we were off to the airport while Reed was on the way to work. Seattle was really fogged in, so Ken and I got to talk a lot more. He finally got away first. I got away at about 11:30 and didn't know whether we would come down in Portland, Yakima, or Seattle. We couldn't get in to Sea-Tac International, but were able to make it into Boeing. Buses took us back to Sea-Tac in about a half-hour ride. Portland would have been $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and Yakima more like 4-5. So I was pretty lucky.

I enjoyed Salt Lake and would like to explore it more. I enjoyed the convention, it felt a little overworked. The committee needs to put more than two people on a panel. Two people carrying an hour is a bit much. They need to have less grandiose ideas of a convention (no need for a free bar in the hospitality suite nor for room service catered meals for guests) and appoint someone with a very tight rein on the finances. Then...voila...they won't go in the hole. The hotel was excellent, the indoor mall next door a load of fun and surprises. And I met a lot of nice people, so I can't complain.

DID YOU HAVE TO GO SO SOON?

National Public Radio is a fine thing to listen to on my 18-mile commute home in the evening. Once I've heard the traffic report from the chopper pilot on a commercial station to make certain that no one has fouled up in my normal route, I switch over to All Things Considered. A little more depth to the reporting, an occasional off-the-wall piece, and week-long probing into a specific story usually carry me home in fine style. And no commercials.

The danger in listening to the news show, no matter how well done or in what-

ever depth, is that it sooner or later will tell you something you don't want to hear. These last weeks it did just that. In a report filed from Minneapolis, I got the first news of the death of Sigurd F. Olson. And in a similar report filed from Houston came news of the death of Lightning Hopkins.

Sigurd F. Olson was a biologist, a teacher, a conservationist and a writer. While he could have taught at much more prestigious institutions, he spent his teaching career at Ely Community College in Ely, Minnesota. Later he was Dean of Instruction there. Ely, Minnesota is in the Quetico-Superior area near the Canadian border. Olson wanted to live there to be in the heart of the wilderness area he loved. He was a great canoer and made several trips through the lakes and rivers into Canada, probably traveling 1000 miles or more. He portaged from lake to lake, following the route of some of the early French-Canadian trappers and voyageurs.

What he did splendidly was write about these trips and about the forests, lakes, and rivers and their inhabitants. If you like books about these subjects, you might try one of the following: The Singing Wilderness, Runes of the North, The Lonely Land, Listening Point and Open Horizons. Some of his best essays were collected in Sigurd F. Olson's Wilderness Days. He was at various times the president of The National Parks Association and The Wilderness Society. But for me he was always the enjoyer, conserver, interpreter of our natural heritage with a marvelous ability to write about trout pools, the virtue of pine knots, the flight of wild geese, the w's of the canoe, and timber wolves. I'm sorry that he will write no more.

Lightning Hopkins was a blues man. Not one of your slick, electric blues performers, but a down-home, acoustic blues player and singer from early childhood. I guess he was in his late 60s when he died in late January. I had the chance to see him perform once. He came to Seattle and played in some little union hall. The folkies of the time, and I was one of them in the middle 60s, came from far and wide to hear him. He was legendary. I'm told that he never rehearsed. He just sat down and played. He wrote lots of his own songs as well as playing the songs of older blues musicians whose songs have passed into the tradition. He could shout and he could moan, and he could make his guitar do both. Then he could grin and tell the damndest stories between songs. I'm glad that I got to see him the one time. I hope they appreciate him where he's gone.

TIME TO FINISH THIS THING OFF

I'm afraid that I'm not much of a publishing giant any more. I started this thing back at the end of August and ten months have gone by. I don't want to dwell upon the changes at the college nor any of the bad news about the budgets for the coming year. Suffice it to say that four administrators are taking the opportunity to get out while the getting is good. As I write this I have one more day to go. The office is nearly cleaned out and a few good byes will suffice for tomorrow's work. Thirty years in education ought to be enough, I think.

Off to Phoenix for Westercon the following morning. Then some time at home until the end of July. Then we'll fly to Alaska for a couple of weeks of vacationing and gathering material for a few articles. Home for a week, then off to Montana and Wyoming for more material gathering and taking in an exceptional western art show held annually in Helena.

Come September I will settle down to some serious writing and perhaps spend a little time trying to choose a microcomputer on which I can do word processing. That should be an experience in itself. I'm hoping that, with the stress of my job past, I can get back into the swing of producing this thing a little more regularly. I hope so, since my end of the communication has not been very good for a while. Thanks to all fanzine editors who have patient far too long. Til next.

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