

THE ROGUE RAVEN 35 comes to you from Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166 and is available for the usual stuff, small stones smoothed by a river, cloudless days, the sight of a Great Blue Heron in flight, the ratcheting sound of a well-lubricated bicycle derailleur, and when all else fails, a postcard of comment. This is Hedgerow Press Publication # 56.



WHITHER?

The Raven continues to fly downhill, methinks. It seems to become longer between issues and I seem to have less to say. It begins a process of devolution, turning from a legitimate fanzine into a letter substitute. Which may not be a bad thing. I've had a great deal of pleasure over the years from Darroll Pardoe's letter substitute from England, and I wonder sometimes, in a Truth-In-Lending sort of fashion, whether I might as well admit that that is what the Rogue is becoming. I might even find more happiness in admitting such; certainly I'd feel less guilt. Nearly eighteen years ago I published my first fanzine because I was no longer able to keep up with the correspondence in fandom. A pseudo-letter may be the best thing after all. Is this what they mean by entropy?

V-CON 14

Anna Jo and I recently returned from a brief stay at V-Con in Vancouver, B.C. We drove north on Saturday morning (May 24), taking time out to do a 10K volksmarch in Bellingham. It was that city's big weekend for an event called the Ski-To-Sea. Teams of eight people participate in eight different events which cover 85 miles from Mount Baker to Bellingham Bay. The events include cross-country skiing, downhill skiing, bicycling, running, kayaking, swimming, sailing, and one other events which I can't recall. Our volksmarch was a simple 6.2 mile walk, hardly anything compared with the big event. We started on Western Washington University's campus. The route passed through a beautiful neighborhood of older houses, wound down to a park overlooking Bellingham Bay, thence to Fairhaven, one of the old sections of the city, through a second wooded park, following a stream, then back through another residential area to the start/finish line. It was a humid day, and the first one of the spring to reach a temperature of the high 70s.

Once we finished the walk, we drove north into Canada, stopping at a motel which we had previously booked, and getting a quick shower before going on to the University of British Columbia for the convention. We arrived in time to keep a dinner engagement with old friend, Don Livingstone, and his son, Ken. Ah, Greek food at Simpatiko. We stuffed ourselves with pita bread and humous, a wonderful salad, and

souvlaki and kalamari. Dinner conversation revolved around recordings, opera, books and adventure strips. (I'm excited about the upcoming publication of Hugo Pratt's 'Corto Maltese' strips, never published in this country before.) It was the sort of conversation which is good for my soul. We came away with promises to tape some music for each other; things in one person's collection which the other does not have.

We got back to the convention site in time to see the masquerade, which turned out quite nicely, considering that the committee had to send out press gangs in order to get people to participate. Afterwards I had a chance to talk briefly with Michael G. Coney before we headed back to our motel (by the time I had made up my mind to attend, the convention center's rooms were all booked).

Sunday morning we arrived in time to hear one panel on ecological science fiction before heading for the champagne brunch. Guest of Honor was Fred Pohl, fan guests were Mike and Beth Finkbiner and my old friend, Randy Reichardt from Edmonton was Toast Master. Randy was apprehensive about doing the chores, but he did an excellent job. And was he really excited about the Montreal Canadiens winning the Stanley Cup? Does a bear walk in the woods?

The huckster room wasn't much, I fear, so we said our goodbyes in the early afternoon and drove into downtown Vancouver for a walk up and down Robson Street. Every time we go there a bit more of the old world flavor and charm is gone, and another block has been remodeled to boutiques and high priced fashion stores. It's still an interesting street, but nothing near as interesting as it was when we first traveled to Vancouver in the early days of our marriage and when the children were young. Alas, time passes.

And you know, in spite of visiting several book stores, I couldn't find one book that I absolutely had to buy. I had hoped that Duthie's would have had some British imports that I was unaware of. What a disappointment!

Of course, all of the excitement in Vancouver now is the world's fair, Expo 86. We'll be going to that a little later in the summer for a few days. In the meantime, we've been gathering newspaper reports and making notes from conversations about what must be seen and what can be missed. The #1 exhibit, by all reports, is the Ramses II exhibit. We've heard other reports on exhibits that shouldn't be missed, but I'll leave that for a later Rogue, after we have actually been there.

RELIEF

This last week a couple of events concerned with helping the poor were held. One was the Hands Across America and the other was a running event held in various countries for the relief of Africa. Anyone who gives these problems much thought probably has a favorite relief to which they give. I hope you contribute what you can. I've watched some reports on American farmers who are losing their farms. It saddens me that some farmers can't make enough money to keep their land. Maybe it's because I come from farming stock and some of my relatives in the

midwest are still at it. Well, I didn't mean to go all political on you. I suppose that if you dwell too much on South African apartheid, starvation in north Africa, and the displacement of people by war in various parts of the globe, you could go crazy.

BOOKS

I was interested to see, in a interview with Barbara Hambly in a recent issue of Locus, that she doesn't read much fantasy, because she finds so much of it poor. I agree, and I'm begging for recommendations. I gave up a while back and have been re-reading Gene Wolfe's four books in his "Book of the New Sun." What a rich book!

Got any good ideas out there? Any fantasy books you found rewarding? Somebody I talked to at the Nameless the other night suggested Judith Tarr? Just jot your suggestions down on a postcard. Science fiction, too, for that matter. I'd like to find a couple of good ones to sink my teeth into. Kim Stanley Robinson has a new book out and I certainly enjoyed The Wild Shore.



Meantime, I have a shelf full of mainstream stuff; a new Robertson Davies, What's Bred In the Bone; Cormac McCarthy's Blood Meridian, Ernest Hemingway's latest (you'd think he was still alive), The Garden of Eden; and John Fowles' Maggot. John LeCarre's The Perfect Spy is out and I'm anxious to get to it. Why am I asking for recommendations? I've already mentioned enough books in this paragraph to keep me busy reading for two months.

Of course, I continue to find much pleasure in reading mysteries. Good ones I've read recently include Lawrence Sanders' When the Sacred Ginmill Closes, Joe Gores' Come Morning, Stephen Greenleaf's Beyond Blame.

EL COPA MUNDIAL

Only occasionally do fanzine editors talk about sports in their zines. Most fans find it boring. But I can't pass up the opportunity to say a few words about The World Cup. After all, I won't have another chance for another four years. The sport? Why, futbol, of course. Well, the rest of the world calls it football, but we North Americans, having our own brand of football, call it soccer.

Once every four years, after a series of qualifying rounds, the best soccer players in the world, representing their country, come together to play until one national team is named world champion. I'm

fortunate to live where I do. On our cable system we not only get ESPN, the primarily sports network, but two Canadian channels. Somehow our cable company, Group W, was also wise enough to use an open channel to provide the World Cup coverage of SIN, the Spanish International Network. I don't speak Spanish, but the pictures seem to be in English, so I follow it quite well. For the most part, coverage from various venues in Mexico has been superb.

I haven't watched so much soccer since the North American Soccer League and the Seattle Sounders folded. As I write this I've watched 18 games. Before the tournament is over I will watch eight more. The United States didn't make it to the world cup, having been ousted in qualifying elimination play. Canada went on to represent our group in The World Cup. Canada was eliminated after the first round, having played a round robin with three other countries in their group. They played well and certainly did not disgrace their country. Not bad at all for a country which does not have a professional soccer league. It is hoped that this will encourage more and better soccer in Canada.

If I have a sentimental favorite, it's England. Eight teams have been ousted now with the conclusion of the second round. From round two on it's single elimination. You lose, you're out. France, Brazil, Mexico, Spain, West Germany, England, Argentina, and Belgium are left. My, god, Belgium. They must be ecstatic. Italy, the World Cup defending champions from 1982 have lost and are out. One interesting note: No European team has ever won the World Cup when it was played in the western hemisphere. Only Brazil has ever won when it was played in the eastern hemisphere. [MUCH LATER: The World Cup is long over and Argentina won, beating West Germany in the final game.]

While speaking of sports, I must mention the Seattle Mariners. They fired Chuck Cottier, the manager at the beginning of the season. They have hired Dick Williams to try to make something happen. It hasn't, yet. Some changes are beginning to be made, but I must say (only for the record, you understand) that the Mariners have the worst record in major league baseball. [AND AGAIN, LATER: The season is nearly over, and while the Mariners are no longer in last place, they aren't far enough out of it to heave any big sighs of relief. Will major league baseball survive in Seattle, or will George Argyros take his team and run somewhere else?]

Well, all of the above for the few people in fandom whom I remember as occasionally mentioning sports in their zines: Randy Reichardt, Eric Mayer, and Jeff Smith. Hi, guys.

NATURE

It seems that spring is taking its own sweet time in coming to the northwest this year. Or maybe I'm just grouchy because it's been cloudy and showery for the last couple of weeks after a week of sun and temperatures in the 80s. I shouldn't complain too much. Anna Jo has been bringing in fresh strawberries from our few plants every morning and night. Fresh berries on cereal in the morning, and shortcake in the evening. Nice!

We've had a pair of White Crowned Sparrows nesting in one of the bushes in the back yard. During the week when it was hot (by our standards), we were sitting on the patio one night. The young birds have already hatched, since the parents were coming to the yard, after hunting, with insects in their beaks. At first they took their time in determining whether we were a threat or not. Then the route became quite regular. They would alight on a particular branch of a huge Norwegian pine we have, look us over momentarily, then fly a sort hop to the dogwood, then on to the bush which conceals the nest. I haven't attempted to make any inspection of the nest. We'll see the young soon enough when they are fledglings and learning to fly. It's nice to have them as our temporary guests.

[UPDATE: I can't understand it. Usually we have great summers in the Northwest when Anna Jo and I go to England. We did not go to England this year, but we had warm sunny days for 41 days in a row. I even have brown arms to show for it. Temperatures during that time ranged in the high 80s and low 90s. Gads, can this really be Seattle?]

TRAVELIN' TIME

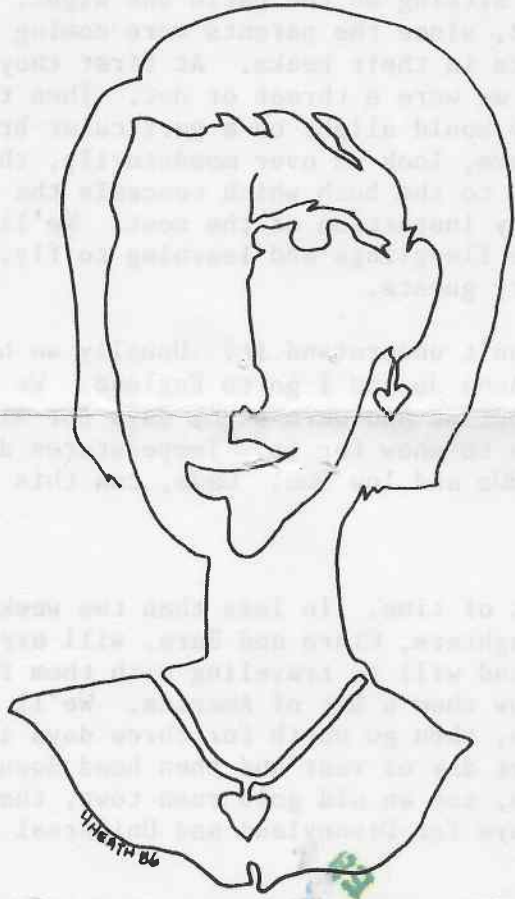
I'm running out of time. In less than two weeks, Dave and Cathi Piper, and their daughters, Clare and Sara, will arrive from London. We've rented a van and will be traveling with them for nearly three weeks, trying to show them a bit of America. We'll show them a bit of Seattle and environs, then go north for three days in Vancouver, B.C. and Expo 86. A short day of rest and then head down the Oregon coast, through the redwoods, see an old gold rush town, then San Francisco and Los Angeles, with days for Disneyland and Universal Studios. It should be a great trip.

Last words: My immense thanks to Jeanne Gomoll for the new logo. I am going to have it made into a rubber stamp as well. I think it's terrific. // I hope that the Rogue will become a little more frequent, but no promises. I do enjoy receiving other people's fanzines and want to continue to stay in touch, so I hope that fewer pages may mean more zines. Till next time, I hope you all have a terrific summer.

-----aw, come on-----

Well, friends, I obviously had hopes of getting this finished and into the mail before the Pipers arrived from England. And it didn't happen. So I had the option of scrapping the whole thing or sending you old news. Since it's been so long since I put out an issue of this zine, I decided - what the hay! - I'd send it out anyway. A couple of items I updated, the rest I let stand.

The trip with the Pipers was terrific and I'll tell a bit about that next time. Likewise, we've spent several days at Expo86 in Vancouver, B.C. and hope to spend a couple more before the fair closes on October 13. I've read a few more things to tell you about. There are walks, uplifting to the spirit, to regale you with. And there are life's little setbacks. So expect me back when you see me, but I'll try to keep it short and sweet and maybe in a couple of months.



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