

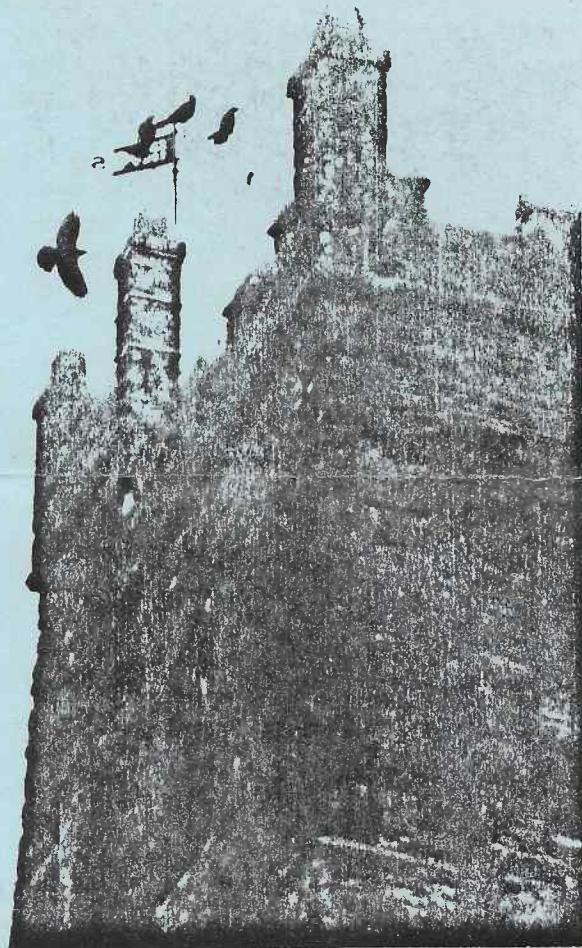
THE ROGUE RAVEN 46, a sometimes fanzine, nay even a personalzine produced by the nimble fingers of Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166

POTLATCH III

It's been a long while since I've been to a science fiction convention. I even passed up the last edition of Westercon, even though it was held here in the northwest. The last few conventions I attended were filled with hundreds of people whom I did not know. And they get younger every year. The dealer's room was no longer filled with book dealers, but rather with animation cels, Star Trek memorabilia, crystals, jewelry, swords, and role playing games and equipment. I wondered whether the folks who attend sf conventions know how to read. So I just gave up.

A while back a former student from my writing classes told me that I should attend Potlatch, a very small convention which was started here in Seattle, but which now alternates between here and the Bay Area. "Small" seemed to be the operative word and several months ago I sent in a membership. Then Anna Jo found one of the progress reports lying around and decided that she wanted to attend as well. At that point, I still wasn't certain that I would attend, even though I had a membership. I didn't attend opening night ceremonies on Friday afternoon and evening, but we arrived early enough on Saturday to catch the tail end of the first panel and all of the second, which was entitled Writing: Why Bother? It was probably good for me to hear. It featured four local writers who have found publication but who do not write best sellers or even books that become extremely popular. They write what they enjoy writing, writing primarily for themselves, and manage to find markets even though they are offbeat. The four were Kathleen Alcala, Jessica Amanda Salmonson, Eileen Gunn, and Richard Paul Russo. I've had more than a few disappointments with my writing and I really needed to hear this panel.

I mentioned "small" above. This convention probably had a membership of perhaps 150 people. There was no art show, no masquerade, no hall costumes. The programming was single track, and people actually show up for the panels. I've attended Westercons where the panelists outnumbered the people in the audience. At Potlatch there were always at least 50-60 people in the audience



and there was a good give and take between audience and panel. I attended another panel on alternate histories. One of the things I discovered right away was that the attendees at this convention were all knowledgeable readers and were not afraid to ask questions. There was great give and take.

For luncheon my wife, Anna Jo, and I accompanied Dee Berry and Tim Allen up 45th Street to the Wallingford Center to a place called Capons. They do wonderful chicken dishes and sandwiches. Next table to us were Stu Shiffman, Jerry Kaufman, and Suzle Tompkins. Good conversation, a fine meal, and a little exercise since it was a fifteen minute walk each way.

The hospitality suite was several floors away, and when we made our way there we found plenty to nibble on and lots of people to talk with. I was surprised to see as many Californians up for this small convention, but fans in the Bay Area host this convention every other year. I had not known that, since I had not attended this convention previously. When I first arrived, after I had greeted several old acquaintances, I looked around the room. I was just about to ask if anyone knew A.P. McQuiddy, when the fellow sitting on the bed right before me said, "Hey! You're Frank Denton." I told him that I was looking around for someone who might know who he was and point him out and we laughed about that. It was great getting to meet Andy, although we had talked on the phone previously. (Later he called me with an offer for a set of Tim Hildebrandt trading cards at a very good price, for which I was grateful.) We had a nice chat about Elanor, the apa, and he confided that he was going to try to do something to wind up the Round Nazgul, a round robin story, perhaps with the help of our esteemed CM.

Late Sunday morning was a brunch featuring quite good food, and for a program, a small remembrance of Avram Davidson, who died this past year. F.M. Busby read a longish piece that Avram had contributed to CRY, the club fanzine of The Nameless from the early 60s. In it Avram told of waiting for the birth of his son. Elinor Busby followed that with reading of another letter to CRY. Eileen Gunn followed with a short letter of Avram's responding to some comments she had made concerning a manuscript of Avram's which she had edited. The remarks were pithy and very funny. Then Eileen finished the program with the playing of a tape in which Avram ruminated about mermaids from various historical sources. There followed an auction of various materials which had been contributed, the proceeds to go toward helping students of Clarion West, the six-week writing program.

While the auction was going, I visited the book room (4 dealers) and real sf and fantasy books. I bought several books by Terri Dowling which were published in Australia, a Basil Copper novel, The Black Death (not everyone's cup of tea, a sort of Gothic-supernatural set on Dartmoor), and a two-volume set; The Supernatural Tales of Fitz-James O'Brien, collected and edited by Jessica Salmonson. This will keep me reading for a bit, as if there wasn't enough stuff sitting around home already. And we talked, with Janice Murray and her new husband who has moved here from Toronto, and with Fran Skene from Vancouver, B.C. All in all, it was a most enjoyable convention. Next year's convention will be held in the Bay Area, probably sometime in February. The date is not set yet, because the hotel is not confirmed. But this is one convention that I can highly recommend.

LETTERS, WE GET LETTERS

I should have coronary artery problems more often. My tale certainly got a lot of response. I wasn't really fishing for sympathy. But let me say that all of the well wishes were gratefully received. I'm not going to include any of that stuff, but I am going to make most of this issue one of locs on the last issue. There should be enough of me just in my responses to things written. I still have plenty of interesting letters for the next issue, which I'll start on soon. But don't let that deter you from writing in response to anything you read here.

Ned Brooks - 713 Paul Street - Newport News, VA 23605

In the nature of things one seldom sees an owl at all, though I have heard that a worker doing maintenance on the roof the Full Scale Tunnel, a low-speed windtunnel next door to us that dates to the 1930s, came face to face with a Great Horned Owl. And a coworker at our tunnel got an excellent photo of a large barn owl that perched on the catwalk for a while. But how do you tell a raven from a crow? We have a lot of crows around the building along with the pigeons, but recently I saw what looked like very large crows striding about the parking lot - were those ravens?

Is Brian Jacques related to Robin Jacques, who did all those great illustrations of witches and goblins? There were at least four books of tales by Ruth Manning-Sanders and I seem to remember illos in some fantasy novel as well.

I must have most of Avram Davidson's books. I correspond with a Seattle fan, Dave Hall, who saw him fairly frequently and told me that Avram's son recovered at least the enormous card-index file that Avram called 'The Encyclopedia of Vergil Magus'. I haven't heard whether there are any unpublished manuscripts. I think Avram himself told me that he never wrote any more of the proposed trilogy about 'the Six-limbed Folk' of which THE ISLAND UNDER THE EARTH was the first volume.

{{ Wish I had the vision to see what was walking around your parking lot. I'd have to guess crows. Maybe on steroids. Ravens are definitely larger, have deeper voices than crows, and can usually be identified by the so-called beards, rough feathers on the neck, as well as rough feathers just above the beak and on the top of the head. The crow's neck is smooth. In size the crow is about 17-1/2 inches in length, while the raven measures about 24 inches. // Somehow I doubt that Robin Jacques and Brian Jacques are related. The art work for the jackets and the interior illos (chapter headings) of Brian Jacques' books are by Gary Chalk. Not to say that if they were brothers that Robin would get the illustrating job. I vaguely remember the Robin Jacques illustrations you mention. // I thought that I would have a difficult time rounding up Avram Davidson's books, but in a very short time I managed to find nineteen of them. I still have some to go and may find them more difficult, but I have quite enough to satisfy me for some time to come. }}

Joseph Nicholas - 5A Frinton Road - Stamford Hill - London N15 6NH - U.K.

"The weather in Ireland is not the greatest, even in summer" you say in response to Cathy Doyle. Perhaps we got lucky, but we (me, Judith, and

Judith's friend Maureen, from Perth) spent the last two weeks in August touring Ireland, and some very good weather indeed -- two full days and three half days of bright sunshine, amounting to two-thirds of the country's summer. (Dublin, on the day we arrived, was experiencing either its third or its fifth fine day of the year, depending upon who we spoke to.) Our finest day was spent in a region where it ought to be the wettest of all; Sligo, on the Atlantic coast in the northwest -- but instead of rain we had a sky of the palest blue, with lines of scattered cloud marching in from the west on a strong breeze, only to dissolve into rainless nothing as they encountered the updrafts blowing over the mountain slopes of Knocknarea and Benbulbin.

It did rain on a couple of occasions, of course, but by purest good fortune the greatest downpours occurred on those occasions when we were in the car, driving from one place to another, rather than out inspecting the scenery or the neolithic remains. Otherwise it was most overcast, and cool without ever getting chilly -- except on one occasion, when we climbed to the remains of the neolithic cemetery on the summit of Carrowkeel, and it kept getting colder and colder. But we didn't mind the cold (caused by wind chill rather than low temperatures) so much once we'd reached the summit, and could appreciate why the cemetery was sited where it is: to give the dead the best view over the surrounding valleys (and perhaps bring them closer to the gods and goddesses who'd ruled their lives). Up there was nothing but us and the wind and the stones -- and a few startled sheep.

I don't know how much of Ireland you've seen, of course, or even if you've seen it at all, but if you have visited the country I daresay you can't have missed Newgrange. It's spectacular, arguably the finest passage grave in western Europe, but by god what a lot of New Age airheads it attracts! One woman twiddled her pendulum by the standing stones near the entrance; another squatted by a fallen stone, clutching at it with an expression suggesting that she was either pretending to commune with Mother Earth or about to have a dump; a third babbled on to one of the guides about something called "the Earth wisdom camp". Aside from its high embarrassment quota, it's also rather irritating -- why can't these people accept these monuments for what they are, as expressions of the complex (and to a great extent unfathomable) religious beliefs of a highly organized agricultural society, instead of inventing new (and rather silly) meanings for them out of nothing? Surely the best conceivable fate for such brain-addled specimens must be to wall them up alive in a passage grave and leave them to babble out their imprecations to the Earth Mother until she accepts them to her cold and clammy bosom.

I could probably burble on about Ireland for another page or so, but will restrain myself. In the two weeks we were there, we saw only the middle and the west, so will have to go back at some future date to see the south.

{{ Indeed, we have been to Ireland and tasted their weather. Three times. During which we covered the Republic pretty well and saw almost everything there was to see. The neolithic burial site atop a hill and its marvelous view which you describe reminds me that it was my fate to scatter the ashes of a friend. He was considerably younger than I and I apparently had no hesitation in promising that I would place his ashes in a specific place which he had viewed from some distance. He died rather tragically and his wife remembered my promise and sent his ashes. The spot is just south of Mount Rainier, a 14,410 foot mountain which the Indians called "the mountain that

was god." A range of lesser peaks, the Tatoosh Range, run to 6-8 thousand feet. In a pass between two of these peaks one can look back at the spectacular sight of Mount Rainier; looking the other direction on a fair day one can see Mount St. Helens and Mount Adams, and on into Oregon to Mount Hood. So I scattered the ashes on both sides of the pass so my friend can look both ways. // I found the same silliness at Glastonbury Tor, where several starving "hippies - flower children - what have you" were camped out in a blowing wind, trying to cook some rice in a tin container, not really a proper pot. When I asked them why they were up there, they responded, "Man, this is a holy place!" Indeed, I would have thought it more holy on the grounds on which the monastery was situated before being torn down after the Dissolution of the Monasteries. Or even in the functioning chapel which is situated on the grounds. // Newgrange may be the finest passage grave, but there's nothing wrong with Wayland's Smithy, near Uffington. If you've not visited this or the "White Horse of Uffington" I'd recommend it highly. }}

Andrew Porter - P.O. Box 022730 (this is a COA) Brooklyn, NY 11202-0056

His letter of 27 September - I leave Wednesday for two weeks in England: Birmingham and British Fantasy Con, then five days in Cornwall (again: went last year) then up to London for several days. So I'm cutting this short to get back to work. But it was truly wonderful to get another issue of TRR.

P.S. Ravens in England! This is a photo of ravens on top of a granite church in Launceston, taken last year on my last trip to England.

{{ Well, if the photo copied well enough, you see it on the first page of this issue. Mostly I included Andy's short letter for his COA, and to pout a bit about his trip to England. We must get back some day soon. // This is a good place to say HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS on winning the Hugo after all of these years. These things are meant to be shared, surely. It's about time. // It seems that Andy is spending a good share of his English trips in my favorite part of England, the southwest. I recall earlier having read about being out on Exmoor (now we're really talking "favorite") at Dunkery Beacon. And tell me, does the wind blow there? You bet it does. Hope you had a great trip, Andy. }}

Robert "Buck" Coulson - 2677W-500N - Hartford City, IN 47348

I'll agree on deLint, though he hits a clinker now and then. Of course, since I read and review all the stf magazines, time for book reading is cut down. Latest stf books have been A BONE FROM A DRY SEA by Peter Dickinson; it alternates between the story of a "girl" in a hominid tribe that gets its food from shallow waters, and a girl who has joined her father on a paleontological expedition that's digging up the bones of the hominids. It's based on the Elaine Morgan books, THE DESCENT OF WOMAN and THE AQUATIC APE, so when I finished off the stf, Juanita shoved her copy of DESCENT at me and I read that. Have no idea how true it is, but it seems logical. Then I read MIRROR TO THE SKY by Mark Geston, because I remembered favorably his LORDS OF THE STARSHIP from 1967. MIRROR is pretty good, and I'm glad to see Geston writing again. Then I tried Turtledove's GUNS OF THE SOUTH because several people had mentioned that it was about disaffected Boers giving AK-47s to the South so it would win the Civil War and create another slave nation. It didn't seem very probable from what I'd heard, so I was pleasantly surprised. I'm a little

dubious about the Boer's financing, considering the amount of stuff they shovel into the South, but otherwise it's an excellent book. The war scenes are less than half of it; what it's about is people learning to live together (and what a rotten job some of them make of it). The U.S., incidentally, after losing the Civil War, attack Canada and apparently conquer it, but that's all offstage.

I usually liked Avram Davidson's stories. He has a posthumous novella in the November ASIMOV'S; possibly his last published story. Not his best work, but pretty good. He was an uneven author, I thought, and I usually liked his digressions better than his plots. Where editors straightjacketed him into a strictly narrative book, the results weren't nearly as good. I often felt that, between them, Avram Davidson and L. Sprague de Camp were the repositories of all human knowledge. I don't think I ever actually met him, but we corresponded irregularly for a time -- a short time -- and his letters were in YANDRO whenever we received one. In a short memorial in ASIMOV'S, Gardner Dozois mentions that Avram was a bastard to work with (though not in those words), which may have been true. I suspect he intended to tell his stories his way, and editors be damned.

{{ Harry Turtledove's GUNS OF THE SOUTH was read by Dick Estell, the Radio Reader, on NPR stations across the country. Not bad. // The U.S. always seems to be picking on Canada, first in Turtledove's book, and then NAFTA. // The Boers are probably going to have their hands full with what's happening in South Africa. From recent reports, they don't seem to want to give in easily to the end of apartheid, and para-military groups abound. // I don't doubt that editors found Avram difficult to work with. Just as you say, he would do it his way. We'll miss him. }}

Chester D. Cuthbert - 1104 Mulvey Ave. - Winnipeg, Manitoba R3M 1J5 - Canada

(Some discussion of wife, Muriel's health and the expense of her medication.) We are fortunate in having the families of four of our five children here in Winnipeg; and they have taken over most of our family entertainment gatherings, which are now beyond Muriel's strength. I'll be 81 next month, but my health is robust so far; however, I am no good at household tasks and must be supervised by Muriel.

This year has been almost without summer; thousands of basements were flooded by the heaviest rains on record; 800 cartons of my books are still in storage until the insurance company feels that the threat of further flooding is over, and somewhere between 30 and 40 cartons of water-damaged books are being listed for the insurance company's files and so values can be established. While these books are out of the basement, we have replaced our old oil furnace and tank with electric furnace; our old copper hot water tank, which would never leak, but whose fittings were rusting and might not easily be replaced, with a new electric tank.; installed an expensive air conditioner and a sump pump in case of further flooding; had our hot and cold air ducts cleaned, and acquired some wooden pallets onto which we shall place the cartons of books to raise them above floor level. My reading of books was cut to zero for several weeks, and my correspondence suffered.

The insurance companies will face about 200 million dollars in claims, and the government additional millions for damage not covered by insurance. I

have no idea yet which of my books were damaged, as the list has not yet been compiled.

{{ Well, you explained much better than I could the condition of your basement. Believe me, folks, Chester tells no falsehood when he says 800 cartons of books in the basement. There was no room to walk between the stacks of cartons, as I recall. I hope that the 30-40 water-damaged cartons did not contain priceless gems. And I'm so pleased with the Buchan books with which you gifted me; they escaped such treatment. I can see you now, once the insurance company settles. All that money to buy books with. Chester does not mention in his letter the cartons of books upstairs. Please take good care of Muriel and you will learn to cook, won't you? }}

Alden Hackmann - P.O. Box 166 - Indianola, WA 98342

As always, I enjoyed your latest Raven, though the first few pages were a little harrowing. By pure coincidence I read it a few days after I heard from my father that he will undergo a quadruple bypass(!!!) operation just a few days from now. Of course I knew from the fact that you were writing a fanzine that it had worked out alright for you, so you gave me a little more confidence that my father will survive the ordeal.

I had a similar experience illness-fanzine conjunction once before, where a fanzine writer assured me that everything would be alright: I was due to have my wisdom teeth removed, and was almost petrified with fear. I happened upon Susan Wood's essay on dentistry in the Best of Susan Wood collection, wherein she told me that he had been petrified, that she had conquered her fear, and the dentistry part had not been nearly as bad as she had thought it might. She must have had a better dentist than I, or her fear was greater than mine, as my experience was still bloody awful, but she gave me the confidence to walk into the clinic. The collection had been published after her death, so I never got to meet her and thank her.

I've saved the Susan Wood collection for many years, the last of my small collection of fanzines. Occasionally I see it taking up its 10mm of shelf space and ask myself, "Why am I keeping this? I gafiated, right? I haven't written anything fannish in years, and I was never much part of the fanzine circle ANYWAY. right? All these people writing esoteric in-jokes about people I've never met or even read their articles...what's the point, eh? And the gods know I need the shelf space..." And I take it down, blow the dust off, open it at random, and suddenly become Susan Wood. It's amazing. It's almost frightening. And I read for a while, standing there, and put it back on the shelf to gather some more dust, until the next time I forget.

I should bring you up to date, briefly, on my life. Cali and I went to Mendocino, CA for a week last spring to spend three days at the feet of Michael Hubbert, a maker of hurdy-gurdies. Our goal was to apprentice ourselves to him and learn all we could in that time. We got 24 hours of videotape, and drove home with our heads buzzing with details. We've spent the time since in transcribing the tapes to a printed manual, editing, drawing plans, buying tools and trying to stuff them into our already crowded house. We tried to build a thickness sander, with only marginal success, so we bought one. We bought a metal lathe, of mid-1930s vintage. We bought a new router, and a pin router, and a miter saw, and countless little tools. We've made

jigs and fixtures. At last we are actually building an instrument, which we will keep as our own, and we have an order for the next one. During the day I still work at the University as a molecular biologist, and commute back and forth on the Edmonds-Kingston ferry. I don't get much sleep.

{{ Alden was a community college student when I first met him hanging out in my library at NSCC. Now look at him, a molecular biologist and with Cali, is Olympic Instruments, builder of fine musical instruments. We probably haven't seen each other since either he or I left the college; I forget who went first. But it's great to hear from him occasionally, and especially with such interesting stories. Let us hear more about the hurdy-gurdy when it's finished. Did it turn out as well as you expected? No doubt you learned a lot. // I hope also that your father's surgery turned out all right. Quadruple bypasses are much more common than my single. They don't like to do singles, but in my case, they had no choice. }}

Ken St. Andre - 3421 E. Yale - Phoenix, AZ 85008

Do you know that we have been corresponding for 25 years now? For all that longevity, I seldom seem to get a LoC published by you. {{ Mostly because I haven't been publishing LoCs much. This zine is almost totally LoCs because so many people wrote such interesting things. Maybe I should do this more often. }}

You may wonder why I'm writing instead of typing. I'm taking some time at my desk on afternoon break to answer the Raven. I'd never get to it at home.

On my desk right now are 162 science fiction and fantasy books I want to read. Three more are around the corner in the staff room. At least 150 of them belong to me personally. I brought them from home because I have more reading time at the library than at home. Most of them came to me last year while I was on the Nebula novel jury, but I bought some, and other came just because of my gaming connections. I might catch up, except that people keep publishing new stuff I want to read; Zelazny's A NIGHT IN THE LONESOME OCTOBER, for example.

My big project right now is creating a gamebook for Flying Buffalo. I'm re-doing and re-releasing my old game, MONSTERS! MONSTERS! It's a good chance to revamp an old gaming system, and it gave me a chance to play editor again.

You say you're always interested in other people's walking. These days my two-year-old son, Corwin, sees that I get my exercise -- mostly at night and on weekends. He's quite the hiker now, and we usually walk a half-mile or more. I never was the epic walker you are, and half a mile usually seems like plenty to me. Well, this has just been a note to let you know the St. Andres live and flourish.

{{ Ken! Ken! Listen closely. You will never get to 162 books read. If you even come close they will be replaced by an additional 262 or even more. You're right. They just keep coming along. I'm twice afflicted since I'm a great mystery fan as well. And occasionally a western fan. I've written one western but it hasn't found a home yet. I choose my sf and fantasy very carefully these days, but just yesterday the package from Robert Weinberg came with the Zelazny you mention, which has been receiving rave reviews, plus de

Lint's INTO THE GREEN, and THE MISTS FROM BEYOND, an anthology of ghost stories edited by Bob Weinberg and others. // I'm on the MWA Edgar jury this year for biographical and critical works, so I may have some heavy reading to do in the mystery field. But I can guarantee that it won't amount to 162 books. Enough to keep me busy, though. // I'm not certain that I knew that you had a two-year old son. And well-named for the very best of the Amber characters. He should either keep you young or make you old before your time. // I noticed what I thought was a new edition of your TUNNELS AND TROLLS in my local sf/comics/gaming shop the other day. // Tell you what. You keep writing and I'll keep pubbing locs. Deal? }}

All the boys think she's a spy; she's got Bette Davis eyes - Kim Carnes

VISIT TO OUR HOMETOWN

It was just another fabulous day in our hometown, Tacoma. It's not often that we get down that way, although it's only a half-hour drive south of our home in Burien, a suburb to the south of Seattle. There generally is not much reason to go to Tacoma. Since our parents are no longer living, and since we have lived in the Seattle area for thirty-one years and no longer have friends in Tacoma, there's not often any reason to visit there.

However, once in a great while a real reason comes along. This time there were two major reasons. First news appeared in the Seattle Times that the Tacoma Art Museum was displaying some French impressionism. And secondly, an acquaintance of ours whom we know through the old time radio club to which we belong, was directing a play at the Tacoma Little Theater. Either event would make the trip worth while; together they made it imperative. In spite of both of us having been under the weather for several weeks with colds and sore throat, the theater production was in its last week and we were determined to see it.

We arrived around four in the afternoon at the Tacoma Art Museum in downtown Tacoma. Previous art exhibits in which we had been interested had been displayed at the Washington State Historical Museum, also in Tacoma. But this was our first visit to the Tacoma Art Museum. There was no such thing when we moved away in the early 60s. The museum is housed in an old bank building and takes up four floors. The basement floor, which still holds the huge walk-in vault, now is used for workshops. There were some interesting examples of watercolors in which a group of teachers had explored brush strokes.

The French impressionist show was small but tasty. The French impressionists are my favorite school of art. I recall that when I was introduced to this movement in an art appreciation class in college, I never expected to see any examples except through art books and prints. By great good fortune I've seen major exhibits in London, Chicago, and Ottawa, and occasional small collections in places as varied as Seattle, Vancouver, Portland, Maine, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Fredericton, New Brunswick, and Halifax, Nova Scotia. The Tacoma show consisted of some predecessors of the impressionist movement, such as Corot and Jongkind. There were five Renoirs, two Mary Cassatts, one Monet, one Degas, one Pissarro, and

three by Boudin. As I said, the collection was small, but very nice. There was time to examine the paintings rather than being overwhelmed by large numbers. We enjoyed it very much. The museum closed at 5:30 so we had time to examine a floor which displayed various kinds of prints, lithographs, linocuts, woodblock prints, etchings, etc. I sometimes wish I knew more about the various processes.

When the museum closed we drove to the Tacoma Book Center, a large second-hand book store run by two old acquaintances. I was looking particularly for Frederic Brown and John Dickson Carr/Carter Dickson. I was nicely rewarded. I found six titles by Frederic Brown, all mystery works, plus six Carrs and two Dicksons. I was very pleased to find these titles which I did not own, but I still have a long way to go with both authors.

Then it was off to Bimbos. Bimbos is an amazing Italian restaurant in the poorer section of downtown Tacoma. On one side is a boarded up tavern. On the other a vacant lot, the building torn down, and next to it The Last Chance Shelter. A small renaissance is working its way toward this end of the downtown shopping area. The wonderful old railroad depot, Union Station, a huge domed building, is being renovated a block farther along and across the street. It has been standing empty for some years and will house law courts. Yet when we parked the car, the vehicle behind was obviously acting as home for the two men inside.

It had been years since we had eaten at Bimbos. After all, we moved away from Tacoma thirty-one years ago. When we entered it looked precisely as we remembered it. We've eaten Italian in many restaurants in Seattle, but we've never found a place whose spaghetti tastes as good as Bimbos. So...an antipasto, a plate of spaghetti, bread sticks and warm French bread with real butter. What more could one ask?

Timing was perfect. Supper over, we drove a short distance to the Tacoma Little Theater. Our acquaintance, Larry Albert was directing play entitled The 1940 Radio Show by Walton Jones. Essentially it is the action prior to and the performance of a one-hour radio variety show which was performed on Dec. 21, 1941. A small band, three women singers, four men singers, including the so-called star of the show. An announcer-impresario, Pops, the doorman, a stage director and a handy man. It was an energetic show, a lot of fun. The audience was expected to act just as a 1941 radio audience would at a radio show. Applaud when the "applause" light came on, and generally being egged on by the announcer. The show's numbers involved some comedy, some pathos; a member of the band was just about to leave for overseas, and there was sadness at his leaving, plus a little patriotism. "Buy Bonds." There were even commercials for commodities which are no longer made and which I had long forgotten.

So ended a long afternoon and evening in our old home town. Our timing was impeccable. I saw some examples of my favorite school of painting, found more than a dozen books for which I was hunting, had a fine spaghetti supper, and enjoyed an entertaining play/variety show. All without a hitch. Would that all days were such fun!

STOP THE PRESSES! Selected/Collected Poems of Steve Sneyd now available from New Science Fiction Alliance, Anne Marsden, 1052 Calle del Cerro, #708, San Clemente, CA 92672-6068 for \$15. Steve is British fan known to many.

Whoa there, Big Fella!
