

\* do you think you can get cracked up again? \*

I'm not so sure, but unless I put a stencil in the machine, I'm not likely to ever find out.

\* but what do you think you've got to write about? we've been away for a while, you know. \*

I know, I know. We could write a whole bunch about the trip, if nothing else.

\* ah, you can't do that. you promised that you'd do a trip report and that would spoil all that. do you see what I mean now. we've been away and if you don't write about the trip, what the hell are you going to write about? \*

Beats me. Let's just start out and see...

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Well, that's an inauspicious start if I've ever seen one, but like the Rogue asked above, can I really crank up again. Thus begins THE ROGUE RAVEN 13 and it's brought to you by Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166. The date of this perhaps incomprehensible meandering is August 31, 1975.

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THE ROGUE RAVEN FLIES BACK AGAIN

Indeed, it has been a while since I've set myself down in front of the typer and pounded out a few words for all of my friends. I'm not quite sure where this issue is going to lead. It's been so long, I'm not even sure that I remember the keyboard. This may be an error-laden issue, for which you'll all forgive me, won't you? Since it's only been a few days since we arrived home from England, I seem to still have the tea habit. The English make abominable coffee for one who drinks it black. They never serve it that way. When you order coffee in an English restaurant or cafe it automatically come "white", as they say. With cream already in it. You must expressly ask for black coffee. And it's strong enough to stand a spoon up in it. Consequently, it doesn't take long to give in and just ask for tea. I must admit that it does not take long to become accustomed to drinking tea. I think I'd drink it a great deal more except that it has to be brewed fresh and I find myself not wanting to go through the hassle of preparing it. However, this cup of tea seems like a welcome friend. I'm enjoying it, so if nothing much comes out of this first page or two, you'll know that at least I'm getting something out of it. As for you, you'll just have to suffer through. Keep your hopes up. Maybe in an issue or two I'll be back to my old self.

I should tell you that the tea was stirred with a spoon brought back from England. So what? Big deal! No, no. Let me go on for a moment. One evening we were walking along the streets of Callendar, a small town in Scotland. Just moseying along, looking in the shop windows. In an antique shop I spied an array of old silver spoons and there was a tag which proclaimed that they were Georgian silver. I was intrigued, but of course, the place was closed for the evening. I determined at that point to keep my eyes open in other antique shops for a couple of spoons. At the time I had no idea as to what they might cost, but it doesn't cost anything to ask.

Sometime later in the trip we were in Keswick in the Lake District of England. There were several antique stores and in one of them I found an odd collection of Georgian silver spoons. The prices were not exhorbitant so I bought two which were in nice condition and matched. They have the initials "B.R.A." on the handle. It so happened that a cousin of Anna Jo's with whom we were staying at the time had a little booklet with silversmith's marks and by examining the marks on the back of the spoon carefully one can place the time and place of their crafting. These two spoons were made by someone belonging to the London Guild of Silversmiths in the year 1801. If I'm correct, that puts them in the reign of George III.

I tend to buy this sort of souvenir, if that's what it can be called. Something which I can use often and in so doing remember a place I have been or a day I have



enjoyed. Quite often I bring back pottery mugs or cups and saucers from places which I have visited. Because I drink so much coffee it's a natural for me to do so. I've really been getting off on these silver spoons, though. 1801 makes it a hundred and seventy-four years ago that they were made. I wonder who B.R.A. was and what sort of a home and family. How wealthy were they? What sort of educations did they have? What enterprises were they involved in? Who was the black sheep of the family? Were the ladies beautiful and the men handsome? Gads, it's enough to set off a Georgette Heyer type novel.

I've been sitting here wondering what to write about. Since I haven't been home for some while and I'm not quite back into the swing of things, it's not quite as easy as it usually is. I've been having a lot of catching up on music to do. Essentially we were without music most of the time we were in England. At the very end of the trip when we visited Keith Roberts and then Dave Piper, it was awfully good to hear music again. The car we had rented did not have a radio. A few of the places we stayed did have, but the choices of the stations, of which there are only five, weren't quite to my satisfaction most of the time. I must say that we heard a fascinating folk music show one night. I'd love to be able to hear that kind of a show every week. It was well done. Had some very fine songs on it. At Keith's house we listened mainly to music composed by Benjamin Britten, some Purcell and a fascinating record called African Mass by David Fanshawe. I'll have more to say about that when I've had a copy sent over from England. I think Keith will have to find it for me and send it along. At Dave Piper's house we heard some good jazz and a bit of Chicago, some things we had not heard in a long time.

Well, I dragged home a variety of records from England and have been working my way through them. There are a couple of records of folk songs from The Lake District or Lakeland as they sometimes call it. Then some groups that I have some records by, but found others which have not been issued or distributed in this country. Examples are Tir Na Nog, Greenslade, Lindisfarne. A folk group from Dorset called The Yetties. A very traditional Irish group called Planxty which was recommended to me by Don Kellner when I met him at Westercon.

Of course, I found some new releases awaiting me at home when I went to the local record store. A new Procol Harum, a new Renaissance and a new Gentle Giant. All good listening to an ear that hadn't been massaged for quite a while.

The same thing can be said for books. Of course, I'm almost ashamed of the number of books I bought in England. You'll notice that I said almost. Mostly paperbacks, of course, but quite a few hardbacks as well. Mostly new, but occasional finds in the used book stores here and there. These alone could keep me reading for a long time. But the first trip to the University Book Store unearthed the fourth book in Susan Cooper's very excellent young adult series of fantasies. It started with UNDER SEA, OVER STONE, then THE DARK IS RISING, then GREENWITCH. Now the fourth book, THE GREY KING, is out. If you like fantasy you ought to look them up in your local library, probably in the children's section. If they don't have any of them, recommend that they buy them. They've been highly recommended by most of the review media and won one of the children's book awards; I don't remember which one right now.

Marion Zimmer Bradley has a new Darkover book out, THE HERITAGE OF HASTUR. I've been a Darkover fan for quite a while and this looks like a very good addition to the cycle. I'm a little over 150 pages into it and it is a more complex story than the last couple of Darkover books. Also a hefty 300+ pages. Jack Vance's MARUNE: ALASTOR 933 is out between covers now. I neglected it while it was running serially in Amazing, but will get to it shortly. It's nice to see THE BEST OF CORDWAINER SMITH out for those who may have gotten hooked with NORSTRILIA. I've read all of the stories in THE BEST..., but I must say that there's a lot of good reading there. If you haven't tried Cordwainer, I recommend this volume heartily. Vonda McIntyre's THE EXILE WAITING



arrived from the SF Book Club and that's also on the 'must read' list or my name will be mud. So you see, I have reading to keep me busy for a while. I haven't even mentioned some of the books brought home from England that are demanding attention. Currently I'm reading THE CHALK GIANTS by Keith Roberts. I should warn you that if you are a fan of Keith's, the American edition out this fall from "the Sons of Putnam," as Keith says, has the front end of the novel cut off. I'm going to try to get copies of the English edition to sell to people who can't stand such butchery. Keith won't even look at the thing, he's so unhappy about it. He gave me a copy just to get rid of it. He did admit that it paid the taxes.

#### BOOK NOTE TO MICHAEL CARLSON

Colin Wilson has a new book out. A BOOK OF BOOZE. I kid you not, that's the title, on the level. London, Victor Gollancz, 1974. £3.00. Gads, I just got the book out to write down that information and ended up reading the first chapter, about 25 pages. It's fascinating as Colin Wilson can be fascinating, which is why we like his stuff, huh, Kid? It's a history, an appreciation, a literary tour, a melange of stories and observations about booze, primarily wines, but a certain amount of space dedicated to beer, whiskey and other spirits. This looks like the kind of book that is excellent for a chapter a night. Relaxing, informative, superbly written, yet like listening to the learned conversation of an old friend.

#### WHEN IT'S SLIDE SORTING TIME IN THE VALLEY

The slides from the trip arrived back from Kodak today. 19 rolls X 36 exposures per roll comes out to 684 slides to sort out. It wouldn't be too hard if it weren't for the fact that I use two cameras on trips. One has a zoom lens, 80-205 mm and this is the one that I use most of the time. Occasionally I want a picture with a broader field and need the 55 mm lens. I use an old Argus C-3 for these pictures, but probably shoot one roll in it to four or five in the Pentax. So the sorting gets kind of complicated. It will take a fair amount of time to do the job, but there's no big hurry, I guess. Another thing is that I occasionally buy slides that have been commercially made. Usually this is because they depict things which I can't get pictures of, interior shots, or shots from position which I can't reach or don't have the proper lenses for. These also have to be placed in their proper sequences for our photographic record of the trip. When it's all together we intend to invite some friends in for a showing; several showings in fact. I've never been one much for foisting my slides off on friends. I wouldn't do this normally. But we keep being pestered by people who seem to be genuinely interested. The number of slides I have is too many by far for one sitting. There's nothing more deadly than an overlong slide show, even when people have asked for it. So breaking it up a bit maybe will do the trick. Several short showings, along with some music and a light repast. This will provide a nice excuse for several small gatherings of friends over the upcoming winter months.

#### LASER BOOKS

The first of the Laser Books have hit the newstands here. Everyone got one as a freebie at Westercon when you registered. I suspect that the same was true at other conventions around the country this summer. I must say that the covers are striking on the first six. All by Kelly Freas and all of a similar format. A head, of the protagonist, I presume, in the foreground and a scene from the story in the background. Having heard from Elwood's own lips at Westercon that he was looking for a story with a beginning, a middle and an upbeat ending, a strong protagonist, I'm kind of anxious to see what these first six turn out like. I'm afraid that I won't get to them for a while, as I suggested above. I also wonder if the covers will continue to be done by Freas. It would seem that they would get a little tiresome after a while, even though Kelly is an outstanding cover artist. I guess we'll just have to wait and see as time goes by, both as far as covers go and content, too. Three a month, huh?

LABOR DAY WEEKEND

For people who are involved in the field of education Labor Day weekend is one of those landmark dates which dot the year. If you are on the giving end it means that it's time or nearly so to get back to work. Anna Jo will meet her students for the first time on Wednesday. I still have a bit of a respite, although I went back to work immediately upon returning home from England. College classes won't begin until around the 22nd and my professional staff won't check in until the 15th. Still there have been some reports to do, tidying up the inventory report, other such odd jobs. Still it's been quiet in the library; only a few visitors. Anna Jo finds herself still not knowing whether she will be teaching a split class again, 3rd and 4th as she did last year, or perhaps a straight third. She'll most likely find out tomorrow.

Normally we take the last opportunity of the summer to go to the cabin near Mt. Rainier. And we did so again this time. A rather lazy weekend, with rain most of the time. We did manage to get one small stroll in, down to the river. The Nisqually is an amazing river in that it changes every year, or has during the 13 years that we have owned our recreation property. An island or bar that we have not been able to reach for over five years was accessible this time. The river had routed itself in some manner to the south bank and the north channel allowed us to simply walk over and explore what's been happening on the small island over the last few years. Next year it will probably be isolated once again. While it was drizzly we did manage to see a couple of deer; does they were. Grazing individually in two different spots. They each lifted their heads and watched us intently but made no move to run off, nor did we make any move to scare them off. I did talk to them and it didn't phase them any. They are such lovely creatures. Within a few weeks the sound of gunfire will scare them into the high hills where they'll stay, if they have good sense, until the hunting season is over. One evening we found a little green tree frog on the front porch. Confused chap. We both sawed firewood in some of the drier moments for winter will soon be upon us. While there is not enough snow to keep us from spending weekends there, it is cold enough that I don't particularly want to spend time outside cutting wood. So there's a fair supply now for the winter months. Other than that I just read and worked on the plot for a short story. Spent a lot of time doing that. Thought I'd like to see what might happen with my writing if I really had the plot worked out for a change. Well, the plot's worked out; now if I can write the damn thing halfway decently. Well, somehow I managed these four pages, but it didn't come easy. Out of practice, I guess. We'll see what the next two weeks bring. Ciao.

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FIRST CLASS MAIL  
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I'd like to thank Annie Crozier for playing  
Psaltery on this album.