



It's almost time for the Fall Quarter to begin so the ol' perffesser dons his academic robes, strolls nonchalantly to the typer, looks at his yellowed notes, and proceeds to have a go at THE ROGUE RAVEN 14. The ol' perffesser is, of course, Frank Denton, at 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166. Subs for this are 10/01, but it looks like something will have to change around the end of the year, if I read the newspaper correctly. I guess I'll cross that bridge when it emerges on the horizon. This issue is for September 15, 1975.

#### LOTS OF EXCITEMENT

I think that this issue of The Rogue is likely to be a day or two late, as things have been a little hectic around here. You will discover this if you read much further.

I'll try to think back over all of the occurences and put it all in some sort of chronological order, if I can remember, that is.

Tim and Candy (Tim being the oldest son and Candy, his lady of the past six years) decided to go job hunting for something completely different. I don't think it was inspired by Monty Python. They'd been looking around a bit and got a lead on a job which was hiring. It turned out to be the Universal Seafood Company. The upshot of itall is that they have signed contracts to work on a crab canner for six months. The company will fly them first to Ketchikan, then by a smaller plane to Dutch Harbor, out near the end of the Aleutian chain. There they will work on a canner boat which is a converted World War II liberty ship. The cannery operation is down in the hold of the ship, and the living quarters, dining facilities, laudry and other such stuff is on the main deck. According to what they've been told the ship has just been refurbished and is the most modern of its type in the cannery business. The rooms are to be a bit smallish; there's not a lot of room for taking half of your belongings, but everything is supposed to be quite nice. Room and board are free, the plane flight is free, so although the wages are not high, it's almost pure profit. There is also supposed to be lots of overtime, both per day and per week, so the guys hope to come back with a sizeable nest egg. Weather conditions aren't all that great over the winter months, but they are going pretty well prepared.

One of the things that they couldn't be guaranteed, however, was the opportunity to room together. Aha, time for a wedding. It was all done rather hurriedly. It seems that there was a crabber strike on at the time they signed the contract, but once it was over, they would get four days warning before the plane left. Of course, they didn't know when that might be; a few days or a few weeks. Not wanting to take any chances, they whipped down and got a marriage license.

The wedding was last Thursday night. It was a quiet ceremony held at our church in the small chapel. Only about 30 guests were there; close family and friends who had been invited by telephone. Old Father Frank here got to be Tim's best man. That was nice; I felt very flattered to be asked. The ceremony was relatively brief, but exceptionally nice. Since Candy's parents' home was not large enough to hold the reception afterwards it was held at our house. Just a nice comfortable house full. Around 11 o'clock at night, the newly weds finally got away and headed for the cabin we own near Mount Rainier. They couldn't have picked better weather. They intended to return home on Sunday night. Wouldn't you know, Saturday morning we get a call that the strike is over and they need to call in and confirm that they still want to

go.

Naturally there is no telephone at the cabin. The only way to reach them was for me to drive up and deliver the message. So a couple of hours later I arrived with the news that the honeymoon was over. I'd hate to attempt to do all of the things that they have had to do in the last couple of days. Gear to buy, people to say goodbye to, a couple of dogs to find boarding for, an emergency dental appointment, lots of other things which I've forgotten. It takes a lot of time to do all of these things and the kids have been on the constant run ever since they got back.

One of the things which there is a dearth of when they get to Dutch Harbor is entertainment. As a matter of fact, there is neither radio nor television. Knowing how much music means to everybody in this family, I broke down and bought a cassette recorder and some tape for them to take along. There has been an almost constant taping session going on ever since. So at least they have some music, probably about 10-12 ALBUMS (oops!) altogether. Well, it will either be a great adventure or six months of deadly dull. At least they intend to come back with a fair chunk of money. I'll keep you posted as to how they are doing and whether the job is all it is cracked up to be.

#### THE NAMELESS MEET

The meeting of the Nameless was held the other evening and it was the first time I had been able to attend for almost three months. Most of the regulars were there and we had the added treat of having some friends down from Canada, members of the British Columbia Science Fiction Assn. Specifically Fran Skene, Lynn Dollis and Rick Mickleson added spice to the meeting. As I've said before, meetings of the Nameless are meetings in name only. It's a stand around and talk sort of situation. So we had a good chance to talk to the visitors. I especially enjoyed talking to Rick, who had visited England last May. In comparing notes, we discovered that we had seen precisely the same plays. Was it coincidence or just two great minds? I won't tell.

I was a very fortunate recipient of another book by Robertson Davies. I suppose I really should have kept quiet about it until I see Susan Wood and Doug and Sharon Barbour again in the spring; then surprise them with having read another novel by this marvelous Canadian writer. But I really need to say thanks again to Lynn, who had hoped to surprise Elinor Busby with it. I think it was the other way around, because Elinor surprised Lynn by having already read it. So it was passed on to me.

I spoke about FIFTH BUSINESS some issues back when the Canadians sought to broaden my literary horizons by recommending Davies to me. It is probably one of the best things that I've read all year. The book that I inherited the other night is A MIXTURE OF FRAILTIES. It's rather an earlier book of Davies, with a copyright date of 1958. I've read only the first 40 pages, but I'm enjoying it immensely. Fran Skene, who is a librarian, tells me that a new novel of Davies will be available shortly.

#### A WEEKEND WITH WILLIAM RAYNER

When I was in England in 1973 I discovered a book entitled STAG BOY by William Rayner. It looked interesting and I bought it, but didn't read it until the winter following the trip. It was a young adult fantasy about a boy and a stag in the Exmoor area. Not only is that one of my favorite areas in all of England, but I was impressed with the writing of the book. This year I discovered a couple of other new books by this author. I decided that I would carry the books with me, and when we reached Exmoor, I would try to find Mr. Rayner's house and at least secure autographs for the two new books. In due time we did visit Exmoor and I enquired in Porlock of the whereabouts of the author. I asked the right person, who claimed to be a drinking



buddy of Mr. Rayner's and he described where I would find the house. Well, we found Mr. Rayner home and secured the autographs plus being able to have a nice chat with him. I think he was rather surprised that someone would go to the trouble to look him up.

This past weekend but one I found time to read one of the two books, A WEEK-END WITH CAPTAIN JACK. It's a most unusual book. On the one hand it's the story of Captain Jack of the Modocs, an Indian chief who holed up in the Lava Beds of northern California and stood off the American Army sent to take the members of the tribe to a reservation in Kansas. I've read the story of Jack before and it's a powerful one. Rayner's approach is quite unusual, however. At the same time he's relating the story of Jack, he's relating the story of himself as a writer. The weekend is spent in thinking about how he will write the story. It's filled with all of the interruptions of a writer's life, the guests who drop in, the Saturday night at the pub, the little daily chores that have to be done, the major interruptions of something unusual which has to be taken care of immediately. It's a refreshing look at both the creative life of a writer, rather stripped of the glamour, and having to deal with a variety of things besides being just a writer. A fascinating book, and most enjoyable. The publisher is Collins, the copyright 1975, and the price is £2.25.

#### OPERA SEASON OPENS

If there is any one thing I can say about the opening of opera season this year it is that it's too darn early. I'm not the only one to say it; friends whom we met during intermission volunteered the same comments. It just seems that with the sun streaming down, and football just getting underway, it wasn't quite fittin' to get all dressed up and head down for the Seattle Center in what surely was still broad daylight. Ah, well. By the time the next opera rolls around we'll be back to our typical winter wet and I'll feel comfortable again.

The opera was Richard Strauss' Der Rosenkavalier, and it was beautifully performed. It has lovely music in it, but it tends to be a bit talky; doesn't have the arias that one expects from an Italian opera. However, that's the Germans for you. As a matter of fact, it does have an Italian aria in it which was well appreciated by the house. This opera is also one of the few in which the male protagonist is sung by a woman. Now feature that, if you will. It's a bit distracting, to say the least. No matter how hard you try to "willingly suspend disbelief" (where have I heard that term before), it's just awfully tough to do. I must admit, however, that it affords an opportunity which Strauss did not overlook. And that is for some very excellent duets and a trio. There's a fine duet at the beginning of the second act and a trio, followed by a duet at the very end. They made up a great deal for the earliness of the season and the interminable sung dialogue which has basically very little melody.

The work was beautifully staged and costumed. In addition, there's a great bit of folderol in the third act during which the old Baron is attempting to seduce a young maid. He's been set up, and there are a number of seemingly supernatural occurrences which throw him completely off stride; faces appearing at the windows, the mounted heads of animals extending from the wall toward him, movements at the curtained bed. It is followed by the entrance of a lady with four children claiming the Baron to be the father. All delightfully done. Gee, as I recount it, I guess it wasn't such a bad evening after all. Anyway it certainly means that we are into the fall with a furor.

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The 85-90 degree weather in England this summer was so unusual that the English had jokes about it being imported as a part of the ECC (Common Market) - 90 degrees  
foreignheit??

KING ARTHUR IS DEAD

Some time back I bought the then new record by Rick Wakeman entitled THE MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF KING ARTHUR AND THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE. When I had finished listening to it a couple of times around, I snorted, "Pretentious" and I don't think I've listened to it again. Maybe I'll do that tonight. I must admit that even thinking about it again was prompted by the October issue of Stereo Review, which has just arrived and which has a brief review of the record. Well, it does take a while to get reviews into print. Let me quote for just a line or two: "The legend of King Arthur has been turned to schlock before our very eyes before and will again." Later there is mention of Wakeman playing with the ping pong effect, as though stereo were something new. And finally, "There's also a little lyrical piano here and there, and the kind of moon-June lyrics the subject of Camelot always seems to inspire. I can hardly wait for the Norman Conquest." To which I can only add "Amen." I was really excited about the album when I first heard about it, but Wakeman seems to be fading fast. He may have been doing so when he was still with Yes, because that group seems to me to be a lot more together since Wakeman left and Patrick Moraz came aboard. But why did Wakeman have to do it with King Arthur? Couldn't he have chosen someone like Cardinal Richelieu?

One little tag here at the end of my badmouthing. Does anyone know of a group named Iguana? Or have you heard them? They are supposed to have a quad tape out entitled "The Winds of Alamar." I don't think it's in stereo, only quad. I'd be interested to hear if anyone has heard any or all of the recording.

NATTER

I understand that there is to be a postal raise sometime around Christmas. Merry \_\_\_\_\_!. I don't know what I'll do with this rag when that happens. It's going to get too expensive, I'm sure to continue to do it on a bi-weekly basis. (Which I'm surprised nobody has called me on yet. You obviously didn't notice. This thing is not bi-weekly, but rather semi-monthly. Ha!) Anyway, I may have to convert it to the old By Owl Light format of 8 pages every month instead. Which may be just as well. It will still be pretty regular and I will be able to afford sending it to a few more people at about the same cost as before. // I know fall is here for sure when it's time to play captain of the United Way campaign again. First meeting tomorrow. Not totally a pleasant task, but one which the college president has asked me to do. // Monty Python television shows finally become available in Seattle. Yea!

THE ROGUE RAVEN  
Frank Denton  
14654 - 8th Ave. S.W.  
Seattle, WA 98166



Jackie Franke  
Box 51-A, RR 2  
Beecher, IL 60401

FIRST CLASS MAIL  
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"You should never turn your back on your face!"