

The Rogue Raven

It's a great stormy day in the Pacific Northwest and a perfect day for listening to the hi-fi, drinking hot chocolate and working on a fanzine. Last night it blew to beat the blazes, lashing the bushes around the house, working at the screen door and making it creak. Today the weather is what might be called variable. At the moment the sun is shining, everything out of doors is glistening. Ten minutes ago it was pouring down rain in sheets. Ten minutes from now it will be raining again. Portions of the city were without electricity as power lines were blown down. Interesting day. Well so much for the weather report. Time to get on with it all and bring to you the windblown Rogue. Yep, it's THE ROGUE RAVEN 18 and the guy behind the typer is Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166. Still costs the same as always, 10 issues for \$ in cash or stamps. Some of you don't have to pay, but you are on the secret list and already know. Bran & Skolawn Press did it again and it's November 15, 1975.

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COUPLE OF NEW RECORDS

You can always tell when not an awful lot has happened to me because I start out talking about recent record acquisitions. They are always good for filler. Last night was the meeting of the Nameless, which you may remember meets at the Horizon Book Store. Well, there are bins of used records there and I just casually was going through some of them while I was talking to Mike Dunn. I wasn't finding much that was of particular interest to me, when suddenly I stumbled across a Doug Kershaw. Grabbed it for \$2 and have it on the machine right now. Don't know why I'm so delighted with Kershaw cause I'm not really into country, but this guy from Louisiana somehow fascinates me. This album seems to have less Cajun music than the other one I have, but I'm enjoying it just the same.

The other new album is Dog Days by the Atlanta Rhythm Section, a fine band. It's not one of those big flashy bands with lots of fireworks, but just a good solid band with some very fine lyrics, which Ronnie Hammond sings very well. So if you happen to see an album cover with a soffey-eyed bloodhound wearing a Rebel hat and fanning himself, you might give it a listen. Do any record stores let you try out their wares?

MORNING BREAKS

This issue is going to be a few days late folks, but we can blame it all on Charlie Brown. More of that later, however. Do you have trouble rolling out on Monday morning, not really looking forward to going to school, or to work, or to the sink full of breakfast dishes? Yass. I have that feeling most Monday mornings. I can bet you that there are at least 99 other places in which I would rather find myself than walking into the library and greeting the staff with a smile that isn't for real. Granted, there may even be some for real smiles when I get warmed up sometime during the week. But that first one is probably false.

This morning, however, I had something to really smile about. I was telling you about the storm on the first page. A couple of days have passed since then. This morning was clear, sunny skies, a beautiful morning. First thing I got was a fantastic view from the waterfront viaduct of the Olympic Mountains. They've been hidden by cloudy weather for a couple of weeks, and the last time I saw them it had not snowed on them yet. This morning they were shining clear and cold and snow-covered from one end of the chain to the other. Beautiful sight, it's enough to drive off the viaduct with rubber-necking. Or as one disc jockey says (usually in response to a particularly beautiful sunset), "It's enough to pull over and climb a tree for."

That was a pretty good start, but a bit later as I rounded Green Lake, I watched the runners doing their three mile circuit. One gal was jogging along and a big grey squirrel ran up to her. Practically under her feet. She had to jump up and over him in order to avoid stepping on him. The look on her face amused me and I was still grinning when I saw the flock of mallards up on the lawn doing some morning feeding. Gads, with all that kind of natural stuff, the mountains, the birds, the animals, how the heck can one be grouchy when you finally get to work. No, of course not. It was only later when I had to call seven times, and three different numbers in order to get ahold of one person that I had the first frown of the day.

WHAT WAS THAT BUSINESS ABOUT CHARLIE BROWN, ANYWAY?

Yes, I was blaming the lateness of this thing on Charlie Brown. That's not really fair, though. This issue should have been done on Friday and it wasn't. Normally I wouldn't even tell you that it was late; I'd just do it on Saturday and get it into the mail and you could blame it on the post office. But here it is Monday night and I'm only on page two. And that's Charlie Brown's fault.

Charlie arrived in Seattle on the plane from San Francisco on Saturday afternoon. I picked him up at the airport and brought him over to my place, which is only a few minutes drive from Sea-Tac International. Charlie was to have a business engagement with someone on Monday morning and just thought he'd come up a day earlier and visit for a bit. So that shot the rest of Saturday and Sunday. I mean as far as doing the issue of TRR. You don't shoot anything when you have the encyclopedic mind of Charlie Brown to contend with. He's read 5 times as much stuff, been at it five times as long, and remembers it five times better. He's a hell of a guy to try to hold a conversation with. What are you going to tell him that he doesn't already know. Actually we had a fine time. I learned a lot of things, many of which I've forgotten already. One of the interesting things is that we are both interested in the Hornblower type of sea story, typified mainly by Alexander Kent and Dudley Pope these days. So we had a good chat about that. Charlie doesn't think much of Adam Hardy's "Fox" series, however.

Later on Saturday afternoon Mike Bailey of Vancouver, B.C. called. He was in Seattle and looking for Dave Killian. I gave him an address, but Dave doesn't have a phone number. I made arrangements for he and Dave to meet us at Tai Tung for some Chinese food for dinner. Around about 8:00 p.m. we stuffed ourselves with all kinds

of good things and then waddled off to our cars and repaired back to the Denton abode for several hours of conversation. It seems that with the Canadian postal strike, which looks as though it is going to last a long, long time, Mike was starved for fannish news and thought he'd just come down and check things out. So we had a good fannish evening.

Sunday we took Charlie out sight seeing. I suggested that we probably wouldn't find any book shops open so there wasn't much point in trying. We drove through the West Seattle area, along the waterfront at Alki, then along the viaduct into Seattle. Stopped briefly at Magazine City where we were able to pick up a few paperbacks. Then we drove on to The Seattle Center, had a bite to eat at Center House and then wandered downstairs to the International Bazaar. It was there that I remembered that Shorey's Book Store had a branch. There we were able to find some good used paperbacks and Charlie unearthed a 1st edition of Voyage of the Space Beagle. After we left there we drove down to Pioneer Square where there were only three book stores open. You see, my memory isn't too good about these things. They were not the book stores that I would normally think about going to if I were to take off on a Saturday to go scouting for books. But Charlie seemed pleased, and I was glad that it worked out so well.

Sunday evening Charlie took us out to dinner. Unfortunately the place that we chose didn't measure up very well. I know that we've had better meals there and we could easily have chosen another place that would have been better. Sorry, Charlie. Next time, we'll do better. But thank you for a very nice time. I couldn't kick about the Ciopinno I had at all.

Charlie had a room reserved at one of the local hotels near the airport, so I drove him over around 11:00 p.m. Sunday evening. We would liked to have talked some more but he needed to have a good night's rest before his business meeting on Monday morning. And I needed to have a go at another week of work. So we parted until the next Westercon.

There was one evil suggestion during the weekend. Charlie tried hard to convince me that I should check into the possibility of going offset with Ash-Wing. That's a terrible thing to suggest. No more standing for 14 - 20 hours at the mimeo. No more fibretone dust up your nose. No more ink all over your hands. How dare you make such a suggestion, Charlie? I wonder what it costs. Where's my calculator?

WHAT IS THIS? THE FANNISH HUB OF THE UNIVERSE?

Just this very minute I had a long distance call from Andy Porter. Guess what? He's got another issue of Algol out and was wondering how he was going to get them to the fans in Vancouver. I told him that I would be going up on the Thanksgiving holiday and that if they got here in time I'd be happy to drop them off with someone. Poor Canadian fans. Andy was telling me that the Toronto fans have gotten a P.O. Box in Tannawanda, NY or some such unlikely place. I know that Mike Bailey said he was on the waiting list for a box in Bellingham. He's 180 on the waiting list. And it's not even a border town. The little border towns have been sold out of boxes a long time. Northern Comfort Communications, which did the hardback Vaughn Bode book, sent a brochure for a folio of Bode art work. It was mailed from Georgia and the return address is Blaine, Washington. The con committees are going to have a rough time of it, too, if the strike doesn't end within some reasonable length of time.

NEW BOOTS

Yup. And they're hurting a little bit right now. Not quite broken in yet. Why did I suddenly get the urge to have some western boots? Used to have some when I was a kid and rode horses. I remember that they were really comfortable. So the other

day I went out and bought a pair. Yup. Got a pair with diamondson the side and a big eagle across the front. No, of course, I didn't. I tried to get a nice subdued design. What do you think I am, a rhinestone cowboy? Natural leather, sedate stitching. Rather nice, and a squared off toe, not pointy ones that choke your big toe. Now if I can just get them broken in a little, they'll be all right.

FREEBIES FALL FROM HEAVEN

A representative from Prentice-Hall called last Friday and asked if he could have an appointment to see me today. I said sure. He asked if I were the guy who was interested in science fiction and then reminded me that he had called on me some years back, like maybe four or five, and that we had talked about sf. I remembered and told him that even though we didn't have much money to spend on books this year to come on out and we'd talk about sf.

Well, today he showed up and we chatted about the budgetary crisis in libraries in the community college system for a while. Well, anyway let me show you what I've got, he says and reaches into his bag and pulls out Jim Gunn's new book, Alternate Worlds: An Illustrated History of Science Fiction. I hadn't seen anything but the cover of the book and was delighted to have an opportunity to take a look through it. When we got all done talking, he gave it to me. Yes. Could have knocked me over. Just said, "You go ahead and keep it. It's yours." Hmmm. There's got to be an ulterior motive there somewhere. But I really haven't figured it out yet, because when he gave me his card, it says that he is not a sales representative but a field editor. Anybody know what that means? It's a beautiful book and I'll try to review it for you in Ash-Wing. Suffice it to say that it contains about 100,000 words, pictures of all sorts of people, lots of repros of the old pulp covers, and the earlier digest size covers. It looks like a coffee table book, but a brief glance at it shows that it is much more than that and it looks like Jim has done anexceptional job on it. The price is \$29.95 but it looks to me like it is well worth it.

The Book Editor of The Seattle Times must have gotten tired of having those reviews show up in the mail because he gave in and sent me some stuff to review. One mystery and one sf. At least I think it's sf, but it sure doesn't look like a book that I really want to review. The Giants by J.M.G. LeClezio, translated from the French. Now really. Couldn't he have started me on a Lin Carter book. // Running out of room. It was good to hear from Larry Paschelke who sent along some quotes for down below the address. Good record stuff. Love this first one of the several he sent. Tim C. Marion (Timlorn) did the logo for #10; it finally gets printed on #18. Thanx, Tia.

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

"Totin' a bag full of yesterdays
and a mind full of doughnut holes..."
-- Billy Joe Shaver --