



SHULL  
11-12-75

As you can see from the above, The Rogue is just as anxious for Christmas to get here as almost anybody. It's just around the corner, folks. And I hope that you are ready for it. I managed to get most of my cards out, have a good share of my shopping done, and only have only a little baking that I want to do over the next ten days or so. Thanks again go to Jim Shull for the marvelous illustration of The Rogue about his work. This is, of course, THE ROGUE RAVEN 20 and it comes from Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166. Yes, Christmas is just around the corner and so is the postal raise. I still haven't figured out what I am going to do with The Rogue. You'll just have to wait and see. It could go to tri-weekly as suggested by Ken St. Andre thereby costing just about the same amount of money to mail, and probably would be 6 pages. John Berry, on the other hand, suggests getting the most for your money and publishing as many pages as the 13¢ stamp will carry and pubbing irregularly when the ten-pages are reached. Ah, the quandary. At any rate, no sub price given this time until I figure out what it will be. This is the issue for December 15, 1975, and the last one for this year.

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#### MOVIE TIME

Anna Jo and I have just finished something I don't believe we've ever done before in our entire lives. We've been to the movies two days in a row, and both of them were double bills. I can recall times when we have attended plays for more than two days in a row. We have a veritable orgy, so to speak, of play-going when we are in London, but that's something that only occurs most infrequently.

Anna Jo first suggested that we go to a movie last night. It had snowed here the night before and I had stayed in the house all that evening and most of Saturday. By Saturday evening I think we were both tired of being in the house and were looking for something to do. I shook out the entertainment page and went to work on making

the big decision. Fortunately the south end of town offers a good selection as of a recent remodeling of a nearby theater into a triple-theater. Actually there were a couple of good things showing, but the one that I couldn't resist was Woody Allen in "Love and Death" billed with Peter Sellers in "The Return of the Pink Panther." Woody Allen and Diane Keaton were superb in "Love and Death" and the one liners they threw away were funnier than most movie fare. Some of the philosophic discussions between the two took me back twenty some years when I was reading heavily in Russian literature and so it seemed doubly funny to me. We seemed to be in the mood even for "The Pink Panther." This one isn't nearly as funny as the original; about the only thing which stands up to the first film is the animated opening and credits. Too much of the humor was semaphored; you could see it coming and it's not nearly as funny when that happens. Both were good movies for the end of the week blahs.

While I was looking through the movie section I discovered that one of the movie houses downtown also had an excellent double bill. Not only that, it was one of the theaters which has unusually cheap rates during the first hour on Sundays. \$1.25 is not bad for seeing "The White Dawn" and "Chinatown." I had been wanting to see "Chinatown" and Anna Jo had been wanting to see "The White Dawn." An excellent opportunity to kill two birds. "Chinatown" was not quite what I had been lead to expect. I had heard it compared in feeling to "The Sting" but I didn't get that impression at all. I would compare it with "Farewell, My Lovely" which I thought was a better film. Will you listen to me? I go to three or four films a year and begin to spout like a real film critic. "The White Dawn" was excellent albeit a bit messy at the end. But the Arctic scenery and the life of the Eskimo people was exceptionally well done. Not sorry I saw that film at all.

Time Magazine has a cover story on the new Kubrick film to be released shortly. It's entitled "Barry Lyndon" and is the story of an 18th Century Irish rogue and adventurer. Starring Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. I think that everyone in fandom who is interested in film at all has kept an eye on Kubrick since "2001" and "A Clockwork Orange." Of course, filmgoers outside of fandom certainly have. He's sunk 11 million of Warner Bros. dollars into this one and they say it has to gross 30 million to break even. I can't imagine with a name like Kubrick that it won't. The article is extremely interesting and well worth reading. And the film sounds worth waiting for.

#### GRYFFYN ROLLS ON

I might as well give you an update on the doings of The Gryffyn Band, #2 son's rock and roll road emporium. It ties in with all of the entertainment scene described above. I think that I told you previously that the band dropped the keyboard and bass players and added two new members. Then they were picked up by the big agency here in Seattle, Far West. This agency handles 22 bands and is currently pushing Gryffyn hard. Rightfully so, as they are the only local band with their own lights and the only one to be able to do any sort of stage show. They don't always do a stage show, but do have one available if it's called for. Since they have been picked up by Far West they've begun to work much more steadily. Last week at My Place, then Friday night at the University of Puget Sound in Tacoma, Saturday night in Pullman, clear across the state for a gig at Washington State University. Next week they go to State Line on the Wash.-Idaho border for three nights at a fat figure. The only problem with cross-state travel at this time of year is that the Cascade Mountains have to be crossed and the whole eastern half of the state is usually covered with snow a good part of the time from now until spring. Ah, well, it's good money, although Sean just got in at 8 o'clock and they've been on the road since noon. The Gryffyn Band t-shirt has even been to Australia, compliments of Susan Wood. International renown already. We went over to My Place one evening last week to see how they were sounding and it was all right. Lots of people, lots of dancing. Good times.

## VISITORS AGAIN

Last Saturday night Susan Wood and John Berry came to dinner. Susan was down from Vancouver, B.C. and John has been living temporarily in Seattle and working at the Seattle Public Library at a temporary job. We had a fine evening of talk and some records. Susan had brought me a copy of Stringband, a Canadian group. (As a matter of record (heh, heh) it is playing right this very moment.) The album is called "National Melodies" and is good down homey stuff as well as some originals by the band and some French-Canadian songs. A very fine album. Susan knows Marie-Lynn Hammond, the female of the group. She tells me that "Canadian Sunset", their first album, is out of print but will soon be back in print.

John Berry had a fine bottle of wine under one arm and it went just fine with a mountain of fried chicken which Anna Jo whopped up, along with scalloped potatoes, a salad, and other goodies. Of course, both of them were filled with tales of Australia which were good to hear. Also the excellent news that Doug and Sharon Barbour would be spending a part of their summer in Vancouver, where Doug will teach a course at the University of British Columbia. Previous to that they will spend a month in England, if I heard correctly. Gee, I wonder if they need a guide.

Susan regaled us with tales of teaching and trying to find out what the rules are at U.B.C. for gaining tenure. She also allowed as how she didn't think that Robertson Davies' World of Wonders was as good as Fifth Business. That was a sore blow and I refuse to believe it. I will read it for myself and ignore her statement and enjoy it. I will enjoy it. Just 'cuz she's got the Ph.D. in Canadian Lit. is no reason for me to believe her, is it?

The other piece of news that surprised me was that the night of the snowstorm which I described in the last TRR was also a night of earthquake in Vancouver. We evidently slept right through it, because I certainly wasn't aware of it at all. It hit about 4.5 on the Richter scale according to the story. Of course, the biggest surprise of all in British Columbia came this week after Susan had gone back home. Barrett and the NDP were voted out of office and Bennett and the Social Credit Party voted in. Maybe it wasn't a surprise to British Columbians but it was to a few of us down here who take a slight interest in British Columbia politics.

## DENTON WELCH

The first trip to England netted, among many other books, a single volume by a young Welsh novelist, Denton Welch. The book was entitled A Voice Through A Cloud, and it was written as Welch lay on his death bed. He literally wrote in five-minute gasps and had not quite completed the work when he died at the age of 31 on December 30, 1948.

Sometime later I happened to run across an advertisement in the London Times Literary Supplement for a broadsheet of something by Denton Welch. Naturally I sent for it. When it arrived there was a note that the people who were doing the fine private printing were also going to do a series of broadsheets and if I were interested I could let them know. Well, I did, and recently they arrived. A very nice job of private printing from Words Press in Surrey, six broadsheets in all. Denton's own illustrations from doodles in his journals for cover illustrations and then various things from his diaries and journals. A very interesting assortment of notes. Someday I'd like to get to the University of Texas to examine his manuscripts and journals. Why they were left to Texas, I haven't the foggiest, but that's who has them. One wonders, of course, what he might have produced if he had lived to some greater age, but that's pure speculation of course. It's tough to think that a person with talent has to go so young. Coming up to the anniversary of his death made me think of him and include this small gesture of one man's appreciation of his work.



## HISTORICAL TIME

The other night I had to go to the local Safeway store to buy something or other. I'm of a nature that I cannot pass by even the most meagre of paperback stands without stopping to peruse the offerings. There happened to be a big thick historical novel entitled Great Maria by Cecelia Holland. I remembered that Jeff Frane had recommended this woman as a writer of fine novels, so I shelled out for it. I used to read a lot of historicals; that was before I discovered sf. I've probably only read four or five in the last eight years. It's terrible what sf fandom will do to one, isn't it? Well, I'm just at the 200 page mark of a 541 page book, but it's going along just fine. It's set in 11th Century Italy when men were carving out kingdoms for themselves. This novel, however, has the woman as protagonist, and her husband, Richard, is gone a goodly part of the time fighting the Saracens. Being mistress of the keep, fighting occasional incursions by a nearby Duke, trying to raise two sons, building a church for the local shrine. A fulsome book and recommended. It's nice to get away from sf once in a while and a good historical was just what I needed at the moment. Bi-Centennial time ought to be a good time to break out a Kenneth Roberts book. I haven't read all of them yet. And John Jakes' historical series for the Bi-Centennial is selling extremely well, I've heard. It will contain six books in all; three have been published so far. Anybody have any good recommendations for other historicals which ought not to be missed? Send them along and I'll include a list next time...

## SIMULATED REALITY REVIEW

Ken St. Andre sent along a Christmas card with the note that he didn't know that "snew" was the past tense of snow. Well, of course. // Ash-Wing is almost all typed. I will begin to run off pages tomorrow and I do believe that it will be finished by the end of the year and into the mail. Since I have a bulk mailing permit I am not worried about the postal raises, but I would have to renew my permit at \$30 if it were not finished until after the first of the year. It will run around 40 pages, as it looks now. // Too much talk about IBM Selectrics in this house lately. First Charlie Brown and now Susan Wood. Terrible. Gets one to thinking too much about it. Must look into it. // Forgot that I had a quickie recipe I wanted to share with you. Sort of a custard pie made with bisquick, all blended in a blender and just poured into a buttered pie-plate. Nice and easy. Next time. // 79th mailing of OMPA arrived from England. Only 30 pages but we're still alive. OMPA has fallen on bad days. // Jesse Colin Young recorded for his latest album in two concerts over weekend here in Seattle. Both nights sellouts. I wasn't there so don't listen for me on the record.

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"Lord, it's a strange place to pray: at 2 in the morning,  
on Saturday night, at Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe."