



--Sure is a funny time to be starting a new issue.
**Oh, I don't know about that. What makes it so funny.
--Well, I mean, you ought to be out partying or having some friends in or something like that.
**Why? Just because it's New Year's Eve?
--Yes. What's the matter? You getting old so you can't take it any more?
**Well, you could say that, I guess. By the way, we'll be having friends in later in the week. Thought we'd just stay home tonight and not be the target for any drunks. Rather smart, I thought.
--Well, how come you're starting a fanzine? Why didn't you just curl up with a good book or Michael Bishop's story in the new F&SF?
**Oh, I don't know. I thought maybe I couldn't do any better than starting off with a lot of my friends in fandom. They make up about as good a party as you can find anywhere.
--Well, it's your zine. Go ahead. I'm going to have a hot toddy.
** yeh. You do that. And don't bother me for a while. So I can say to all the nice folks out there who don't bug me like you do.....

This is THE ROGUE RAVEN 21 from Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, Washington 98166 and will probably come to you sometime during the month of January, 1976. Subscriptions for the time being are now 6 issues for \$1. The postal raise, you know. Happy New Year, Everybody!

.....

Yes, I'm afraid that the Post Office has done it to the Old Rogue. Up until the very moment that the postal raise came into effect, I had not made up mind as to what The Rogue was going to become. I had taken my trusty calculator out several times and run the magic numbers through it in various combinations to see what the possibilities were. Same frequency with fewer freebies, tri-weekly with 6 pages, monthly, or just whenever ten pages got put together. But I didn't really make up my mind. Then came the lower court judgment postponing the postal raise and I relaxed. Only momentarily, however, as a higher court overturned the lower court decision. Boy, you should have seen me scurry to write checks and get them in the mail before midnight last night. And you should have seen the lines in the P.O. today as people tried to buy 3's and 13's. When at last it really got to me I made a snap decision (the best kind) and took John Berry's advice. Go for ten pages or whatever one stamp will carry and when you get there, run it and mail it. I should say that I earlier had considered Ken St. Andre's most logical solution (in light of what TRR was) to go for six pages every three weeks. But I've opted for the Berry Equation. It may make The Rogue a bit different than it was before, but maybe it was due for a little change anyway. A couple of zines have rolled in from across the briney, the land of baps and lorries. To be more specific, Paul and Cas Skelton's INFERNO, Mike and Pat Meara's KNOCKERS FROM NEPTUNE and Pete Presford's MALFUNCTION all have arrived in the last

couple of months and they are so loose I can't believe it. I'm enchanted by the way different things are sprinkled about. Fanzine reviews, letters and responses from the editors, book reviews, general natter. I thought it would be fun to try that for a bit. While TRR won't be as long as any of these zines, it probably will have a bit more of that sort of thing along with the general blather I have been writing. So let me know whether you like this issue or hate it. Hate it and I'll fold, I promise.

MOVIETIME

Anna Jo and I went to see "Doc Savage" the other night. Yep, spent good money on it. We had seen the short promo film a couple of years ago at Westercon and had been waiting to see it ever since. Thankfully it was showing rather near the house so it didn't require a trip downtown. It was double billed with "Westworld" which we had seen some time back, and didn't consider worthy of a second viewing. Neither is "Doc Savage." Oh, we enjoyed it, I suppose. But it's played for camp and that does not take long to pale. The gadgetry of Doc's apartment and secret arctic retreat are fun, but with Doc's five companions playing their roles as badly, or as campy as Doc plays his, it's a bit tiresome. Of course, the black and whiteness of the characters is quite typical of the pulp era and shows badly in attempting to put this story into a modern film. There's plenty of action that helps to hold the movie up a bit, but I'm afraid that if there are sequels, I won't be going, thank you. But then what do I know. With "The Six Million Dollar Man" and "Space 1999" having good success and the former spinning off a program about the bionic woman, I guess I don't know much about what appeals to the tv or movie viewer. Just for kicks, I thought I'd try a Doc Savage novel from the reprint series. The Quest of the Spider. I didn't remember that they read so badly. Had to put it down, I'm afraid. I should have known better, I'll admit.

WANDERING

Normally during the Christmas break I take some time off. It's one of those situations where if you take a few days vacation, you can have ten or eleven days off. This year, however, staff members wanted to take some time off. My secretary was going to North Dakota to spend Christmas and the gal who supervises circulation was flying to Greece. So while I had a few days off at both Christmas and New Year's, I did not have the full time which I have taken for the last several years.

Anna Jo and I decided that it might be fun to go for a drive on the day after New Year's Day. Nothing can budge her from the bowl games on New Year's Day. On the day after we slept in until after 10, but finally got awake enough to think about going somewhere around noon. There had been a couple of days just prior to New Year's Day when the skies had been clear and the weather sunny. We had thought then about taking the cameras and heading north to a place called the Skagit flats, where the Skagit River empties into Puget Sound. At this time of year there are numerous migratory birds which will stop there, particularly Whistler swans. We thought that we might get a few pictures.

Even though the weather had not held we put the cameras in the car. There were a few chores to be done locally, stopping at the post office, the library to return some books and look for one specific one which had been recommended to me by Charlie Brown, pick up a few dollars at the bank. It was nearly 1 p.m. when we finally pulled away from Burien. We didn't really know where we were going, but generally north seemed to be the plan.

When we reached Marysville I had this sudden pain in my stomach. You see, there is a restaurant in Marysville which has had a reputation for many, many years for the pies which they make right there. Good old homemade pie and the cream pies have about two inches of meringue on top. The pain in my stomach said that it would go away

if we were to stop and soothe it with a cup of coffee and a piece of pie. At one time it was a real chore to get to the cafe. It was quite a ways off the freeway, but nothing succeeds like success and both the freeway and the cafe have moved. Now it is a simple matter to swing off the freeway exit and stop.

The prescription seemed to be for banana cream. It was scrumptious and the pain went away almost instantly. We were having a good time people watching, one of the easiest hobbies in the world to get into, when someone tapped me on the shoulder. It was a couple whom I knew who were just returning from several days in Vancouver. We chatted briefly, then got back in our cars and headed in opposite directions. They back to Seattle and we on northward.

Another hour's drive up the freeway and we turned off to go visit a small town called La Connor. Among other things, it is near here where Tom Robbins, whom I keep raving about as the author of Another Roadside Attraction, lives. No, unfortunately I am not going to tell you about finding out where he lives and having a fantastic four-hour visit with him. As a matter of fact, I think he is off traveling right now, having finished and delivered his most recent novel. We knew that there had been some renovation done in the little town recently and thought that it would be fun to see just what they had done. In particular, a fellow who was involved in interior design and who had helped to design some of our library furniture had since opted out of the rat race, and had renovated a building there. He had told me about it and I wanted to see what he had done. He has a gallery at the back of the building and rents the front part out to some people who have a sandwich shop and delicatessen. Above the gallery Glen has a studio and according to the sign on the door, classes are given from time to time. Unfortunately, he was not open, but I could see that he had done a nice job on the building renovation and it looked as though he had some interesting art in the gallery.

We wandered on up the street and crossed over to the other side as Anna Jo had spotted a yarn shop. We just got to the other side when a voice yelled, "Anna". It was a young woman with whom Anna Jo taught several years ago. She and her husband had since moved to Idaho, and now were back where he is vice-principal of a high school nearby. We stood on the sidewalk in the freezing cold and chatted for ten or fifteen minutes. Then it was time to get warm in the yarn shop. Anna Jo said that it was one of the best that she had ever visited. Had lots of good yarns, but I couldn't convince her that it was time to start knitting another sweater for me. I'm sure that we'll have to visit there again when she has a knitting project in mind.

After visiting a couple of antique shops, we headed further north and it was after 4:30 when we reached Bellingham. We had wanted to visit a section of Bellingham called Fairhaven, one of the three original towns scattered around Bellingham Bay. I said, "Why don't we get a motel room and spend the night." It sounded like a good idea, so we did. We stopped at a grocery store and picked up some apples, oranges and sweet rolls for breakfast, and blew a whole \$3.47 on a thermos, something we had neglected quite sadly to stick in the car before we left.

I had the phone number of Pauline Palmer whom I had never met, so after dinner in one of the local restaurants, I gave her a call. She and her husband live relatively close to where we were staying, and rather than try to give me directions over the phone, John said that he would drive down and lead me back to their house. Anna pleaded tiredness and went to bed around 7 in the evening. I followed John out to the Palmer household and enjoyed about five hours of conversation. Pauline edits a fine fanzine which is printed in newspaper tabloid style. It's called Wild Fennel and some of you may be recipients of it. John is the W.P. Frames listed as publisher. He owns a framing shop in downtown Bellingham. Pauline works at Western Washington State College and told me that at one time she worked for the Highline Public Schools in the administration center about a mile away from our house. Small world.

Pauline served homemade wine and some delicate cheeses which were most tasty. But most tasty of all was the conversation which, as you can imagine, bounced from pillar to post. One subject would set off another one. Both of the Palmers are great sports fans and we had a lot of fun reminiscing about teams we had seen, the old teams of Seattle, and Bellingham's current place in the world of sports where last summer the baseball team lost 25 games in a row. Of course, we talked about fandom, people we knew, had met, corresponded with, etc. We talked about fanzines we have known and loved, our own and others. Unfortunately, we didn't talk enough about Wild Fennel and I realized the next day that there were a lot of questions I wanted to ask Pauline about it. John enters into all of this conversation quite well, has read the zines, knows the personalities, etc, but when it comes to the production of Wild Fennel, it's Pauline's baby. They have just bought an IBM composer, so that Pauline is not dependent upon anyone else for that phase of the production. It's a used one, but I am sure will do the job well. Along about 11 o'clock Pauline whipped up some of the best hot chocolate I've had in a long time. Yummy! All in all, just a super evening for me. I'd wanted to meet these folks for a long time and it just turned out nicely that this season of the year was the time to do it. Thank you much folks.

The next morning we drove out to Fairhaven. It's not a big section of town as far as the shopping area goes, but there are some interesting shops there. The main attraction is a four story building which I take it was once a hotel. It has been nicely refurbished and holds four floors of shops; the kind that you usually think of when you have building renewals of this sort. Jewelry, pottery, a book store, a wine shop, clothing boutiques, etc. No money to spend but it doesn't cost to amuse oneself by looking. I've expressed that before; if you are interested in that sort of thing, you can have a fun day and never spend more than the cost of an occasional cup of coffee. There was a nice bicycle shop down the street but I forced myself to do no more than peer in the window.

John had asked us to stop by the framing store. Among other things he had remembered that I have this pen fetish and he said he had one that he would give me. So we went back down town and found his store. It's quite large, with a big area in the back to do the framing. He evidently has a pretty good business going. In front, a large selection of prints and paintings, many of them framed and ready to take home and hang. And bins of fine art prints. And racks and racks of unusual postcards. I bought a handful of cards to correspond with Dale Goble on and Anna Jo picked out some Arthur Rackham prints which were on sale. Finally we had to say goodbye, but John extended an invitation to stop by that evening again if we were still in the area.

The previous evening, however, I had also realized that we were not more than an hour's drive from Chilliwack, B.C. Chilliwack happens to be the home of Don Livingstone. Don is not well-known in fandom, but I have enjoyed talking about books with him at the several V-Cons held in Vancouver, B.C. I knew that he had quite a collection and I always like to see collections belonging to other people. Besides, we had not had very much time to talk at the last V-Con so I thought we might catch up a little.

So I had called Don to see if they would be home on Saturday, and he had said to come ahead. It was an interesting drive heading northeast out of Bellingham. It was heavily overcast and as we drove toward the border crossing at Sumas, we passed through farming country. There are some high hills which seem to rise right out of the flat farmland, and low clouds gave us several different scenes which looked as though they were taken right from ancient Chinese scrolls. Unfortunately the light was not good for photography so we didn't capture it on film. The border crossing is simple at Sumas. No long lines, no waiting for a half hour to move up to the station. A few simple questions and we were across and heading a couple miles north for the junction with Canada 1, the Trans-Canada Highway. From there it was a simple 15 or 20 miles to the Chilliwack exit. One stop at a gas station for a phone call to Don and with a few simple directions we found the house just fine.

The Livingstones live in a relatively new house on the outskirts of Chilliwack. I'm not sure that it can be called a suburb, but I believe that it is outside of the city limits. We found it with a minimum of difficulty from Don's instructions on the phone and pulled in sometime around 2:30 or 3. It wasn't long before a pot of tea appeared accompanied by some yummy pastries, and we all settled down for a good talk. Don was particularly interested in my interest in the recent B.C. elections. A lot of the interest stemmed, I think, from the coverage we had seen of the campaign when we were up that way at Thanksgiving time. From what we had seen of the turnouts to hear the principles, I was sure that Barrett would win again, and was quite surprised when the news came down our way that Bennett was the man. We talked a bit about the current political situation and it's always interesting to hear other people's opinions of what is going on. Among other things the new government had already pronounced a doubling in automobile insurance premiums to make the deficit in the insurance program left from the previous government. I would not care to be driving a car now in B.C.

Before long Don and I descended into the basement where he has a room devoted to his collection. Ah, what fun to just stare at another man's books. To see what it is that he likes best; the sorts of things that he will buy and keep permanently. Don is a fan of horror and terror things and I saw lots of titles I had never seen before. A nice selection of Arkham House books, and most of the newer Grant things. A stunning shelf of pulps, mostly Doc Savage and The Shadow. Nice stuff there. And I got my first chance to see a pretty broad selection of Robert Weinberg publications. I'm going to have to get some of them as they look pretty good.

After a bit it was time for a delicious dinner. Fried chicken and salad and pie and lots of coffee. We managed not to make pigs of ourselves. Then we sat around the table and talked about travel for nearly an hour. The Livingstones are currently planning a cruise to Alaska this summer and are quite excited about it. I don't blame them for being so. They asked us lots of questions about our trips to England and we always enjoy regaling people with our tales of people and places we have been. Before long it was 8:30 and we thought we had better be on our way. We had had a great time but it was more than a few miles home. We could have stayed a lot longer and talked into the night but thought better of it.

For the most part the trip home was uneventful. Except... Just after you cross back into the U.S. at Sumas and continue through the town the road turns right and crossed a railroad track. Darned if there wasn't a train on the track. Lots and lots of boxcars. So we sat...and sat...and sat... Back and forth. Eight cars forward and thirteen back. Then stop. Then five forward, three back. Then it looked like it was getting up a head of steam and really going to leave. Twenty-some cars went by and we breathed a sigh of relief. Then it stopped again and didn't move for over ten minutes. When it did move it was to back up again. Finally, after a half hour of sitting, the train cleared the crossing. I was in no mood to get caught. The motor was running and the car in gear as soon as I saw the engine. Since I was first in line I wasted no time in getting across that track and on my way. So we didn't arrive back home until midnight. Other than that it would have been a simple three hour drive. But we had enjoyed our wandering weekend considerably and got to see two fans while at it.

TAFF WINNERS

I just got word that TAFF (Transatlantic Fan Fund) wound up in a dead heat between Bill Bowers and Roy Tackett. Now it couldn't have happened to a couple of nicer guys. The administrators of the fund decided that they had enough money to send both of them to England for Eastercon and that's how it will be. To tell you the truth, I don't remember who I voted for. I know both of these fine gentlemen and like them

both. I think I may have tossed a coin to see who my vote went for. It must have been the right one; otherwise one of them would have won by two votes. Right, folks? The way I see it, everyone will benefit from this. The two guys both get to go to the con in England and the rest of us can look forward to two TAFF Reports. Not bad. Congratulations to both of you guys; naturally I wish I could be going too, but I'll have to attend vicariously through your reports. That's just about the neatest thing that has happened in fandom since Mae Strelkov was brought to Discon.

TIME SURE DOES FLY WHEN YOU'RE HAVING FUN

It's pretty obvious by now that Denton is in some kind of a time warp. Trapped. Yessir. Something went wrong with the schedule. Not enough hours in the day. Come home, eat dinner, work on the shelving project, go for a jog (yep, thought I should do something about my condition), collapse for half hour after jog, watch Olympic Games, try to write something for apas. Oops, bedtime. Consequently, this thing has gotten strung out and I don't even remember what I thought I was going to write about. Tonight I sat down at the typer and decided that I would just start in and see what happened. Still don't know.

If this is the way it's going to be from now on, so be it. But in deference to my readers I had better start dating the entries. Paul and Cas Skelton do that, a sort of diary, but not quite. Anyway it will give a reference point for whatever is said. Hi, Paul and Cas.

INFLATION (Feb. 11, 1976)

It's just a sign of the times, I guess, but I was struck with it last Sunday morning as I sat with a cup of coffee and the Sunday funnies. There's old Charlie Brown going to see Lucy, the psychiatrist. It's cold and snowy out, so there's a snow man to listen to Charlie's tale. What really caught my eye, however, is that Lucy's price has risen from 5¢ to 7¢. That's about a 40% and if this were Canada she wouldn't get away with that, I'll bet. They have a new Board up there to take care of things like that. How is it working, gang?

MUSIC, MAESTRO

Jim Shull wrote recently to find out what had happened to The Rogue. Now that was nice of him. Mayhap he thought it had gone for good. No such luck. Secondly, however, he gave me this hook. He asked me what I preferred in the way of music. That's something like opening Pandora's Box. I tend to be pretty eclectic in my musical tastes. Those who have been getting The Rogue for a long time have heard me speak of the opera season. Further on I regale you with words about the Gary Burton - Oregon concert. Earlier this evening I taped Jesse Colin Young's newest album, On The Road. Part of it was recorded here in Seattle. I've followed him since the early days of The Youngbloods. And as I type this I have Wishbone Ash's new album on the turntable. The title is Locken In. This is a very first listen since I just bought the album tonight. My friendly record dealer says that Wishbone is going downhill. I think what happens is that there are so many groups and individuals recording these days that there is always a new sound. I tend to have a lot of loyalty to groups even through some of their poorer efforts. Certainly they don't lose the technical abilities to perform. Sometimes they lose the energy they had when they were newer and rising stars. I'm occasionally amazed at groups that have been together a long, long time being able to change sounds and continue on. Two that come to mind are The Hollies and The Bee Gees. Back to Wishbone; this record isn't a killer, but it's more than adequate (on first listening, remember.). Maybe I'll do a couple of record reviews each issue in the future. Gradually Jim and the rest of you will be able to put together some sort of profile on Denton's musical tastes. And you'll probably say, "Weird!" It will give me a chance to push some favorite groups. Now you've done it.

REVIEW TIME (Not What You Think) (Mar. 7, 1976)

A while back Vonda McIntyre was creebing to F.M. Busby that nobody ever reviewed sf in the Book Section of the Seattle Times. She was harrassing him to do something about it. He, in turn, harrassed me into calling the book editor of same newspaper. The gentleman told me that the person who had been doing it had just suddenly quit performing and that he had not known whom to send new books to. (yes, to whom; a product of composing on stencil.) I told him that I'd like a crack at it and he said he'd send something along. Well, he didn't do too well with the first one. It was a translation of a French surrealistic novel which went almost nowhere and I really didn't feel that anything I would write would be of much justice to the book.

Along with it, however, he sent a mystery. Not a biggie, but at least readable. A Child's Garden of Death by Richard Forrest. So I labored over a review of it, keeping it within the length restrictions suggested until I thought it gleamed. Off it went and nary a word came back. OK, I thought, he doesn't like the way I review and that's the end of that. Then out of the blue came Damon Knight's Science Fiction of the 30's with a note to keep it to two pages. So I wrote a review of that and the heavens opened.

I've had about eight books land here since then, including Cecelia Holland's new book and her first sf book entitled Floating Worlds. Another that has arrived was Den Bova's Millenium. I must say that the rest of them are an interesting group of books; don't know if I can remember them all. The Pious Agent by John Braine, The Aelian Fragment (foreign intrigue), 911 by Thomas Chastain (about a kook loose and setting fires in New York), Dogs (get in on the evil animal book binge), and a couple of others that I don't remember. There is no way that I can possibly review all of them in a short period of time, but I gather from one note from the book editor that he didn't necessarily care if I sent reviews of all of them. Which is rather nice. I do have other things I want to read besides what he sends me, things to review in Ash-Wing. But it is nice to have nearly a hundred dollars worth of new books dumped on me. Several of them quite readable. I finished The Pious Agent the other day and have rough drafted a review of it. A devout Catholic is also a killer for D16, successor of M16, secret agency of the British government. Get those dirty Commies. Two interesting notes preface the book: 1) 50 or more unidentified bodies are found in London each year, and 2) no Soviet agent has been brought to trial in the U.K. since 1961. The book leads you to believe that D16 wipes them out, that's why. It's a rattling good story, worth recommending.

Yesterday's mail brought a note from said editor asking if I would be interested in seeing Leon Uris' new novel, Trinity. From what I've read about the book so far, it's a lengthy (700 pp.) several generation novel about Ireland. Uris can write. He's of the type that Jerry Lapidus and I have been carrying on a discussion about in one of the apas; the quality of writing of people like Irving Wallace, Irving Stone, James Michener and their like. I'm looking forward to having a go at reviewing something like this book. By the way, Uris and his wife did a beautiful book called Ireland: A Terrible Beauty. It's frightful of me to forget Mrs. Uris' first name, because she was responsible for all of the photography in the book.

As much fun as it is to receive free copies of books in the mail, I hope the editor slows down a bit and gives me a chance to get at least half of them read and reviews written.

CONCERT

A few days ago I received a letter from Jim Shull who wanted to know what had happened to The Rogue and he hoped that I would sometime say something about my tastes

in music. He'll be sorry that he ever brought it up. But for this time I'll just report on a recent concert Anna Jo and I attended.

I was feeling sort of down on Friday evening. Things have been on a downer at work and I'm at the point where I don't much give a damn. I suppose if I were younger and didn't have so much invested I'd look for something else. You can tell the kind of thoughts going through my mind. On Friday evening, I wasn't even looking forward to reading or fanac or much of anything. Not even television. As a matter of fact, I couldn't get charged up enough to do much of anything, even make a decision.

Earlier in the week, I had seen in the paper that Gary Burton and his quintet were going to be appearing in concert. Along with them was to be a group called Oregon. I had had vague thoughts about going, but felt so out of it by Friday when I arrived home that I gave it up. Then about 7:00 p.m. I said to hell with it. There wasn't much sense in sitting around moping (most unusual for me), so I said to Anna Jo, "Let's go to the concert." In five minutes we were on our way, not knowing if the concert might be sold out or what kind of seats might be available.

We arrived about 20 minutes before the concert was scheduled to begin. We all know, however, that concerts never start on time. The seats we got were in the balcony of the old Paramount Theater, which is now known as Paramount Northwest. It's a beautiful old place, the carpeting now a bit shabby, but the art deco on the vaulted ceiling and on the sides of the theater are indications of the grandeur the place once knew. It was one of the big theaters in the old days of theater in Seattle. We took the stairs to the mezzanine, then entered the balcony seating section and climbed higher yet. At the time we thought that we would probably be able to move down lower once the concert started, as it didn't look like there would be a full house. We were correct, but an amazing thing happened. The people in our row and in the row ahead were interesting. We had a nice chat before the concert got started. A young man to our left talked about how he had become interested in jazz and when and where he had first heard Oregon. The girl in front of us talked about studying at Portland State in the same building where the New Music group were studying and performing. We shared our experiences in the late 40's and early 50's and listening to big band jazz. By the time the concert began, I felt comfortable with the place we had and the people about us. I didn't care to move and nobody else seemed inclined to, so we spent the entire concert there.

Oregon is a strange group. What they play I would describe as improvised classical music. I know that it's more than that and that it isn't all improvised, but that comes closest to a simple explanation. Ralph Towner is the leader and plays acoustic guitar, both 6-string and 12-string. Sometimes, however, he plays French horn and other times piano. The bassist is fantastic playing the instrument both plucked and bowed. The horn man plays English horn primarily, but also flute, bass clarinet and one other straight horn (it looked very like another English horn). The percussionist played tablas primarily, but had a variety of other percussion instruments which he used at various times. He also played sitar on a couple of numbers.

I have not kept track of what is happening with contemporary jazz. I had never heard Oregon and didn't know quite what to expect. I had been told that what they did was excellent and that it was an experience. Indeed, it was. I'm sure that the music is very structured, but certainly not in the way jazz was structured when we were growing up. It was exciting to hear the interplay of these unusual instruments. The improvisations were long; a piece might last ten minutes or more. I was totally absorbed in the music, which was not loud nor harsh, but intricate, sometimes dissonant, but never uninteresting. It was unusual to see one of the members quietly set down their instrument and nearly tiptoe to another part of the stage to play something entirely different. The bass player, for example, played violin on one number, then

crossed the stage to pluck the strings of a grand piano and to hit them with what looked like long thin pieces of bamboo. Totally absorbing. A fine applause was heard at the end of their portion of the concert, and they came back for an encore, playing a new piece which is unrecorded as yet, and for which the bass player had to use written music.

After intermission, Gary Burton came on with his current quintet. He featured Eberhard Weber, who I understand has recorded with a group of his own. Weber plays what I think is an electric oud. Our local reviewer said it was an electric bass, but I'd argue with him. It had a gourd-like body and he played it upright, like a bass, although he sat on a stool with the instrument in front of him. Pat Metheny played a hollow-bodied electric guitar and got chords out of it that I've never heard. The bass and drums stayed pretty much in the background. Burton himself was in the center stage and rightly so. I don't think anyone can touch him on the vibes these days. Tjader is good but I don't think he tries anything nearly so difficult as Burton. Four sticks were all over the instrument and the sound was beautiful. For a while I was disconcerted for I thought I was hearing a synthesizer or perhaps high French horn notes. Then it became apparent that they were coming from Eberhard Weber's instrument, whatever it was. The Burton quintet hued more strictly to a driving, rhythmic sort of jazz which I understand a little better.

Near the end of the concert Ralph Towner came out and just he and Burton played together. When the rest of the group came back, Towner played with them through the end of the concert. All told there was 2½ hours of excellent music and I'm glad I had enough strength left to make the decision to go to the concert. If they happen to hit your town, go hear them. It's a great experience.

RUPERT AGAIN

A while back I mentioned here that I had bought a Rupert Annual while visiting in Vancouver, B.C. Rupert is a bear who appears in the London Daily Express and an annual of his antics and adventures is published each year, in time for Christmas. Michael G. Coney dropped me a short note after he had read my bit about Rupert.

He reports: "To my knowledge Rupert, the Daily Express bear, has been going since the early 1930's. My parents used to take the Express and they, like most parents of the time, thought the Rupert Annual was an ideal gift for a small, impressionable and imaginative child.... Nothing heavy? No symbolism?

"I found Rupert terrifying. Rupert was always going for flights on the backs of strange, huge birds which wore jewelled crowns, and were the emissaries of sinister Chinamen. I've always been scared of heights. Rupert also used to get lost in forests so thick that he could climb a tree and walk across the treetops like a carpet -- a disturbingly-shaped beast with no identifiable tree used to show him the way.

"Worst of all were the dragons Rupert was always meeting. I can see one of them now -- a lithe long-necked brute with clawed feet, scales and wings, asleep in the forest while Rupert tiptoed past....Or was the dragon asleep? I could have sworn the eyes were half open. In the end, I stuck those pages together with gum, so I wouldn't come across the dragon by accident while reading in bed.

"Frank -- I blame Rupert squarely for most of my psychological hang-ups today. In fact I'm not sure Rupert isn't to blame for the mess Britain is in right now. Regards to Anna Jo."

Perhaps if all of the above is a true summation of what Rupert, really is, we had best not mention him again. At least not until next Christmas. While Michael has reservations about Rupert, he reports that Winnie-the-Pooh is great. I say Amen.

LAST PAGE (March 14, 1976)

By Jove, I think I may finish this issue yet. If I can fill about 35 more lines I'll close it off and call it quits for this time. I've been trying to rack my brain to see what's most important for these last few lines. There are a couple of things which I could write about, but I guess the most important is the new car. Well, not exactly new; how about a new used car? Most of our good efforts went down the drain. We were going to really have a high time trying out all sorts of things (so we said) before we settled down to buying. You know; here was a good opportunity to try out a new TR-7, a Fiat X-1.9, maybe a Mazda, etc. We soon discovered that we really did not want to spend all of the time required to try out all those cars which we had no intention of buying. We did try a Honda Civic. Later I had the idea that perhaps for about the same amount of money that a new Civic would cost, we might find a low mileage, late model Toyota or Datsun. We tried out a Datsun B210 with about 10,000 miles on it that was just like showroom. Finally we found a Toyota Corolla SR-5, a five speed with a 1600 cc. engine. It handles a lot like the sports cars of old. To me it feels like the old MG-TF which had a 1500 cc. engine. Anyway the price was right; we cried a lot when we had to trade in the old '65 Barracuda, which had done so remarkably well. It had 170,000 miles on it and had never had a major overhaul. It just had reached the point where the mileage was really poor, it leaked on your legs in the rainy season and it rattled a bit. But she certainly was a good old car.

I'm afraid that I won't be driving the new one much. Anna Jo was certain after the first couple of times of driving it that she really wouldn't get used to the 5-speed gear box. I figured that she would, since I taught her to drive and she's driven stick shift cars many times. By the time the third day rolled around it was a lost cause. So if you see a little yellow Corolla SR5 doing a four-wheel drift through a corner and accelerating out on the other side and there is a mild-looking lady behind the wheel, don't try to dust her off. You haven't a prayer. Oh, I see that I forgot to say that the SR5 is a 1974 model and it had 28,000 miles on it. It should be good for a great many more.

ANOTHER CONCERT

Friday night we went to the Opera House to see Cleo Laine, singer superb, and her husband, John Dankworth, who is one of England's great jazz musicians. Excellent crowd for a concert that began at 11:15 at night because of other commitments in the Opera House. By golly, I've finally run out of room, so a more complete report next time.

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

"How can I miss you when you won't go away?" -- Dan

