



It looks like it's time once again for an edition of THE ROGUE RAVEN, the number of which this is 3. It's brought to you by Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166, who believes, along with most law enforcement agencies, that UFOs should be reported to the proper authorities, whether they have been sighted or not. What???? Subscriptions are 10 issues for a thin buck or ten 10¢ stamps. As in days of yore, this is a Bran & Skolawn Press publication. March 1, 1975

+ + + + +

WEATHER REPORT That's the name of a jazz group to which I'm typing this right now, but that's not what I want to talk about. Maybe more about that later, but I never did get around to explaining Mama Rita in Hollywood from the

first issue. You see I like to hold all of these topics in abeyance. Laurine White was chiding me for promising bi-weekly issues because she knew that I would be gone for five weeks this summer to England. But I'm just storing up these little topics here and there so I can produce beforehand and keep my promise. Yes, it was a weather report of sorts I was after here, wasn't it?

It seems like February often brings some of the worse kind of weather that we have during the year. Along the Washington coast there is a city that takes advantage of this fact, providing some excitement of an eccentric nature, and encouraging people to come down and spend the weekend. The town is Ocean Shores, a development city which at one time had such people as Pat Boone and Dinah Shore as backers. Each year they present the Fog Festival as an enticement. During this festival, if not dampened by a brightly shining sun, a variety of events are scheduled. This is when the North American Mid-Winter Wading Championships are held. Other events include the Dungeness Crab Relay, the Ankle Deep Links Championships are held for the golfers, the North American Leg Wrestling Championships take place and as a grand finale the Kick-the-Can Super Bowl, which this year featured the Ilahee Eels and the Oyhut Oysters. Lots of fun during the less than splendiferous time of year in the State of Washington. Which reminds me that I must drive over the mountain passes and across the state to Spokane and Pullman. The passes were all closed with avalanches last week and I hope I can make it without running off the road and into a ravine. Maybe you'll get reports from on the road, like Michael Carlson's. Hi, Mike.

A NIGHT ON THE TOWN - WHOOPEE! A couple of young friends of ours called a while back and asked us to accompany them on a night on the town. Guess I'm getting old, or maybe it's that we've never been great ones for going down town for a dinner and drinks. Maybe I'm cheap; I'd rather spend the money on records or books, although we do take in the opera and theater pretty regularly. Anyway, we said sure. It seems that they had a ticket which was good for a meal at a relatively new restaurant called The Breadline. We had heard of the place, which opened about three or four months ago and had advertised for older people to work there. The place is fascinating. It is designed to look as though it were depression times and the food generally is quite plain, but hearty. The meal consisted of a fresh green salad with a house dressing, sweet, that was superb. This was followed by loaves of bread right out of the oven, and big steaming dishes of stew with meat, potatoes, carrots, celery and gravy. For dessert there was a basket of fresh fruit, or you could order home-made pie extra. The meal was scrumptious, but the most fascinating part was the decor. The kitchen was quite open and reminded me of the soup kitchens of the thirties. The owners had

scoured a good number of shops, I am sure, to come up with the memorabilia of the depression which adorned a rather extensive room. In the kitchen was a sign concerning the NRA, which it took me a long time to remember. I think it was the National Relief Association or Agency. I remember seeing the symbol quite plainly from my childhood days. Old wicker furniture was scattered about. One area was set off by lathe lattice work which you don't see any more and a sign above it proclaimed it as a WPA Picnic Ground. Who remembers the old Works Progress Administration? There were old washtubs functioning as light fixtures. There was a huge old Ford flat bed truck on which the fresh fruit was displayed. I'll be darned if I know how they got that truck into the building and down the stairs from the street level. Huge photos adorned some of the walls and they took me back to the corner stores which had prices painted in white paint on the windows. One restaurant window photographed proclaimed three pork chops for 30¢. Another had breakfast, toast, eggs, and ham for 25¢. I'd forgotten that many cities had what we called "Hollywood on the flats", shack cities of sheet metal, tar paper, wood from crating materials. There was a picture of the shack city of Seattle's area, now industrialized. Ah, memories of my childhood. A good meal and a good time.

For a change of pace we walked around the area for a few minutes, taking in some of the specialty shops in the area, mostly window shopping. But the evening was cold and it wasn't long before we scooted for the car and drove over to another new place called the Terry Avenue Freight Company. This is a restaurant built in a building that was indeed a freight terminal at one time and the loading bays can be seen quite plainly although they have been bricked in with cement blocks. Outside the entrance the old railroad tracks are still in place and only a few feet further on are still in use. On the tracks alongside the building are four railroad cars, newly painted and refurbished in their original colors. There is a dining car, a caboose, and old wooden tank car (built with staves, like a barrell) and a red-white-and-blue mail car. These are spotlighted and show up well. Inside the dining area has huge freight packing cases for booths, and an open dining room has a huge pot-bellied stove from an old station waiting room. At the other end of the building two rooms comprise the bar. The bar proper is situated in the center of a flat car which has been rolled in. Packing crates scattered about make up the tables and chairs. A few steps up there is a very formal room with genuine antique furniture placed in groups. Overstuffed divans, chairs, marble topped tables make it a very comfortable place to stop off for a late evening drink. You can tell I'm impressed when I eventually get off my duff, out of the house, and do a night on the town. Maybe the reason I'm impressed is that I don't do it often enough to become blase about such things. The funny thing is that there are loads of places around the city which are probably equally interesting. People are always telling me about places that I ought to visit. I suppose we really ought to go out more often. Well, let's see. Maybe I can make reservations at Herfy's or McDonalds. I understand that the food is just great.

VCON IV - Feb. 21-23

I'm not even going to try to write a complete report on Vancouver's VCon IV at this time, but it may ultimately be one of those things which slips away from me completely and never does get written. I seem to see VCon IV in terms of people more than programming. Perhaps this



is because the Canadians seem to see programming more in terms of presentation of papers, while Americans are content with panels in which the participants seem to wing it. The papers tend to be academic in nature and are generally fairly heavy. I heard only three such papers during the convention weekend: one by Doug Barbour on Joanna Russ entitled 'Style and Theme in the First Two Novels of Joanna Russ,' one by Jerry Wasserman of Univ. of British Columbia entitled 'Van Vogt's The Weapon Shops of Isher - 1984 Revisited' and one by Mason Harris entitled 'Science Fiction as the Dream and Nightmare of Progress'. Harris is with the English Department of Simon Fraser Univ. and I should have mentioned that Doug Barbour is with the English Department of the Univ. of Alberta. The first I heard because Doug is a good friend, but also because I'm interested in Joanna's work, although I don't always agree with her position. The second I heard because the topic interested me and the last because I have heard Mason Harris several times now and have always found him to be a dynamic speaker and thought-provoking in his content.

Other than that, I must admit that the convention was wholly taken up with people. I saw none of the film showings which were virtually non-stop throughout the day and evening, both in 16 mm. and videotape, two rooms going at once. I should add that the convention featured two major films on Saturday night; No Blade of Grass and Zar-Doz. We had seen them both and didn't care to see them again.

I participated in the con by making introductions of notables, some announcements of changes and things left out of the program and generally welcoming the assembled and entreating them to have a good time. All of this at 5:00 p.m. on Friday. On Sunday I took part in a panel on fan publishing along with Susan Wood and Elinor Busby and moderated by Mike Bailey.

There are some good and close friends whom I look forward to seeing at this con and I spent as much time as possible with them. Doug and Sharon Barbour are just super people and I find myself almost exhausted by the energy they create. Put them together with Susan Wood and Eli Cohen, who came in from Regina and it was almost overwhelming. Susan will be moving to Vancouver in midsummer to teach at Univ. of British Columbia and, as she says, we'll be neighbors. The last time I had met Eli was at LACon and it was good to see him again and to have a chance to talk with him. Although now that I think about it, I think Anna Jo had a chance to talk to him longer than I did. Next year, Eli.

Both Friday and Saturday nights we shared parties with these fine folk, although I must admit that Saturday night's party was a bit large, with 26 people in the room at one time when I counted. Almost impossible to talk to more than a few, but everyone seemed to be having a good time. There was even booze left over the next morning, much of which had to be distributed as we couldn't bring it back across the border.

Inevitably the talk got around to Canadian literature, or, as they like to speak of it, Can Lit. Both Susan and Doug teach the stuff and find myself hearing about poets and novelists of whom I've never heard. Then I dash out to Duthie's Books the next morning and try to run some of it down. Last year Doug was very high on Leonard Cohen's Beautiful Losers, which I duly read. This year it was Robertson Davies' Fifth Business which I managed to acquire and have begun reading. Superb writing, but I'm not very far into the book as yet. I've been warned that I have a lot to look forward to. I wasn't able to find any of Doug's books of poetry, but he has promised to send some to me. Of course, while I was at the bookstore I managed to scrape together a few mysteries published in English paperbacks as well as a few children's books. I should be kept busy for a while.

Of course, every convention brings forth recommendations of new sf books. It's either "you've got to read" or "have you read yet?" A few of the books which seem to be high on the list are: The Note in God's Eye - Niven & Pournelle, Dhalgren - Delany, The Dispossessed - LeGuin, Cry My Tears - Dick, Sign of the Unicorn - Zelazny and

The Gray Prince - Vance. That's about two month's worth of reading right there.

Bob Silverberg was the Guest of Honor and was pretty much available to whomever wanted access to him. He came to both room parties, although he didn't stay long. He read from his own work after the banquet on Saturday night; Sundance and another story, the title of which escapes me right now. On Sunday afternoon, speaking without notes, he gave a sort of swan-song speech that discouraged many of us who admire his work. The gist of it was that the strides toward becoming a real literature which sf writers have made has swiftly been eroded by the inflation-recession mode we are in. Publishers are seeking the security of the reprint and series market and are becoming less willing to publish things which are experimental. They will publish what is safe and is going to sell and the last ten years of effort on the part of writers like Harlan, Silverberg, Russ and LeGuin and newer writers like Tiptree, Dozois and Effinger are likely to go begging. It was a disheartening speech by a disillusioned man and it made the convention a bit sadder. Bob says that he will take some time off to think about where he goes from here and will perhaps think about doing some screen writing. Of course, many of us hope that the feeling will pass, that Bob will be able to sell good stuff which will sell thousands of copies, but being realists we're no more certain than Bob is. We can only wish him the best of luck, hope that he remains a fan and is successful at whatever he does. Lots of luck, Bob.

I can't pass up a con report without mention of the Schnitzel Haus. Indeed, any trip to Vancouver is certain to contain a report on a meal there. Good German food, excellently prepared, washed down with a good beer. We took care of this ritual on Friday evening, being accompanied by Doug and Sharon Barbour, Michael G. Coney and Dan Willott and Susan Mason, who had ridden up with us from Seattle. Good conversation which somehow covered quite a gamut, including children's books. At the end, full tummies. No room for dessert. Ah, such good schnitzel.

Altogether a very good convention from my slightly warped viewpoint. I have only two regrets about it, both having to do with not seeing enough of certain people. One was Mike Bailey who was convention chairman and didn't even have time to come to a party and the other was Don Livingstone, good friend from Chilliwack who only attended one day. We didn't have nearly enough time to talk; same with Michael G. Coney. Hmmm. How'd that happen?

Art credits: p. 1 - Mario Navarro and p.2 - Jann Frank. Celebrate Sanitary Sausage Week. Eat a cleaner weiner. // Go read Phoenix Without Ashes by Ed Bryant and Harlan.

THE ROGUE RAVEN 3  
Frank Denton  
14654 - 8th Ave. S.W.  
Seattle, WA 98166



Jackie Franke  
Box 51-A, R.R.2  
Beecher, IL 60401

FIRST CLASS MAIL  
\*\*\*\*\*

"Silver bullets not grow on tumbleweed, you know" - Tonto