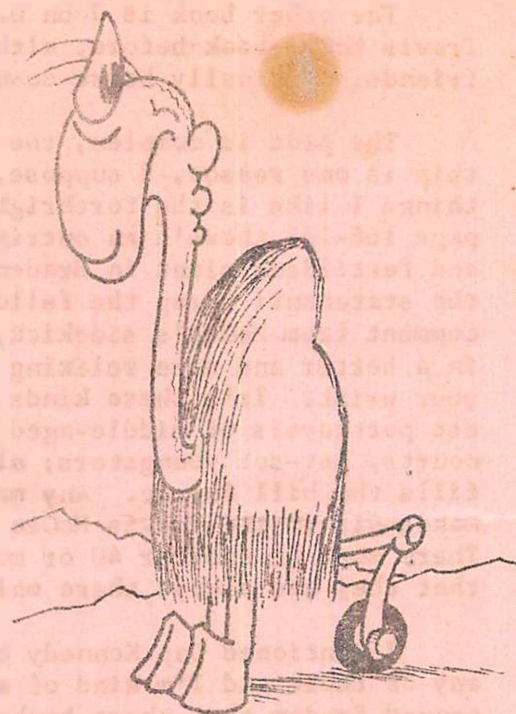


Hobbling out of the hut of inhospitality and toe-tapping down the trail of travail, it's THE ROGUE RAVEN 4, brought to you by Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave.S.W., Seattle, WA 98166. If you can watch the sun rise in the west, you're a better man than I am, Parker Cook. You can subscribe to this thing at 10/\$1.00 or ten 10¢ stamps for a like amount of issues. Isn't that keen? A Bran & Skolawn Press Publication, of course. March 15, 1975

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GODDAM POLITICIANS      That bunch down in Olympia are something else. It's not the home of the gods, if that what you're thinking, but sometimes they think it is. There's one guy down there that pulls a lot of weight, seniority and all that stuff that puts him in a powerful committee position. He's somehow gotten this bug about the community college system; I don't know if he thinks we're corrupt or what. Anyway, as a result of some of his distorted thinking, I spent the entire day trying to run down certain pieces of equipment in the the library. The state office must have run a random generation of numbers based on the state inventory tags, and then these were given to us to have ready for inspection when the auditor arrives, which is tomorrow, as I write this. I have approximately 400 chairs in my library. I had to find five specific chairs, one typewriter, two book shelves, two end tables, two pieces of audiovisual equipment. I wonder if this twit knows how many man hours are going to be spent around the state and how much money that is going to cost the taxpayer to prove that we didn't sell the stuff on the black market. I'm so mad I could spit.



OH, MY ACHING BOOK LIST      The books on the 'must read' list continue to pile up and I don't know how to ever catch up with them. Just today I picked up Michael G. Coney's THE JAWS THAT BITE, THE CLAWS THAT CATCH and E.C. Tubb's ELOISE. You already know that I'm a sucker for the 'Dumarest' stories. Brian Aldiss' THE EIGHTY MINUTE HOUR also is available in paperback now. Publisher's Weekly featured SHARDIK, Richard Adams' new novel, on the cover and I expect it to arrive any time now.

I mentioned last time that Doug Barbour had been very high on Robertson Davies' FIFTH BUSINESS. He also mentioned that there was a newer novel entitled THE MANTICORE, but he said that I wouldn't be able to get it because it was tied up in some sort of litigation and the books were sitting in a warehouse. Gosh, Doug, I'm sorry to disagree but I stumbled across a hardback copy on sale today on the remainder table at the University Book Store. It's a bit battered, what people here in the trade are now cleverly labeling 'hurt books' these days. But it's a hard back at about 1/3 the original price. When I finish FIFTH BUSINESS, I'll get to it.

Meantime I'm firmly ensconced in two books; one at home and one at work. At home I finally got to Edgar Pangborn's COMPANY OF GLORY. Almost immediately after the first issue of The Rogue, I got a note from Roy Squires. In it he told me to drop whatever it was that I was reading (probably Doc Savage or Cap Kennedy) and get to Pangborn's new book concerning Demetrios, the Storyteller, living in a post-cataclysmic North America in the city-state of Katskil. Roy was correct; I should not have waited this long as the writing is superb and the characters pure Pangbornian. Read that to be synonymous with delightful.



The other book is John D. MacDonald's THE TURQUOISE LAMENT. I've never read a Travis McGee book before, although he's been recommended many time by many different friends. I finally broke down and am finding this to be very good reading.

The plot is complex, the characterization of McGee comes across very strongly and this is one reason, I suppose, that the series has been so successful. One of the things I like is the forthright way in which MacDonald has McGee speak his mind. On page 166-167 there's an outright indictment of the pollution from a Borden phosphate and fertilizer plant in Bradenton, Florida. McGee ends the descriptive paragraph with the statement: "Drop the fellows a line, huh?" On page 68 there's an interesting comment from McGee's sidekick, Meyer, concerning the Pulsar watch and how it puts time in a better and more relaxing perspective by not needling you every time you look at your wrist. It's these kinds of things that make the book so genuine. There are honest portrayals of middle-aged marriage breakups, retired people living in trailer courts, jet-set youngsters; all so realistic. And for complex plots I guess MacDonald fills the bill for me. Any more complex and I wouldn't be able to follow it. This makes #15 in the Travis McGee series, so I've got plenty of them to look forward to. There must be another 40 or more titles besides the McGee books. It's nice to know that they are always there waiting when I want a well-written mystery.

I mentioned Cap Kennedy back there a ways. I must confess that I haven't read any of these and I'm kind of a series nut. I keep hearing this rumor that's floating around fandom that these books have gotten steadily better and that people like Sturgeon are lurking behind the house name of Gregory Kern. Has anybody out there read any of these and care to comment? As a matter of fact, it's almost time to have a reader's issue as I've had quite a few locs to RR and I think the locers need a chance to share whatever response they've had to what I have written. Also they need to get a little egoboo all over their faces. I've gotten a very high percentage of response from those to whom I sent RR and even have 5 subbers. How about that? Anyway, look for some locs; maybe in this issue, but certainly in the next.

MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC      Gee. I wish I knew how to write about music. I've just spent a very nice 45 minutes more or less with the earphones listening to Tom Scott and the L.A. Express playing some very fine jazz on their album, TOM CAT. I can't remember having enjoyed anything so much in recent weeks. It's an all together album. This is the group that Joni Mitchell has used in her concert appearances and which play such a tight arrangement of "Pave Paradise" on her recent concert recording and which is getting a lot of air play here, even on stations which don't get heavily into music which isn't pretty standard. Tom Scott plays the sax as well as boubling on several other instruments, and I'm impressed with Larry Nash on the keyboards. Not a frenetic keyboard player but very solid, with nice big chords and blending very well with the rest of the group. And there's a fine drum solo section by John Guerin on "Mondo." Even the album cover is kicks, as all of the players are portrayed as tom cats and the scene is a back alley, complete with shoe coming over the fence. I only wish that the paper shortage had not made it necessary to have this as a wrap-around cover, instead one of those where the cover folds out. The painting is by McMacken. If you like jazz that's not way out and cerebral, but just good tight playing with solid arrangement that makes you tap your foot, play drums on your thighs and bob your head a lot, I recommend this album highly. More. More. Soon. Soon.

VISITOR FROM OTHER SPACE      Bruce Townley was here. Yep, the guy who goes variously by such cognomens as Brute Tornley, Bryce Tynely and writes from Alexandria, Ancient Egypt. The pride of Virginia came, dragging his ragged issue of Hype, the rock and roll fanzine edited by Mark Jenkins. It seems that Bruce was between jobs and since his father has been working out here for over a year, he took the opportunity to come out, visit his father, see some of the great Northwest, sample the rain, sample the sun, and see what he thought. Unfortunately he didn't arrive in time for VCon IV, which he might have enjoyed.

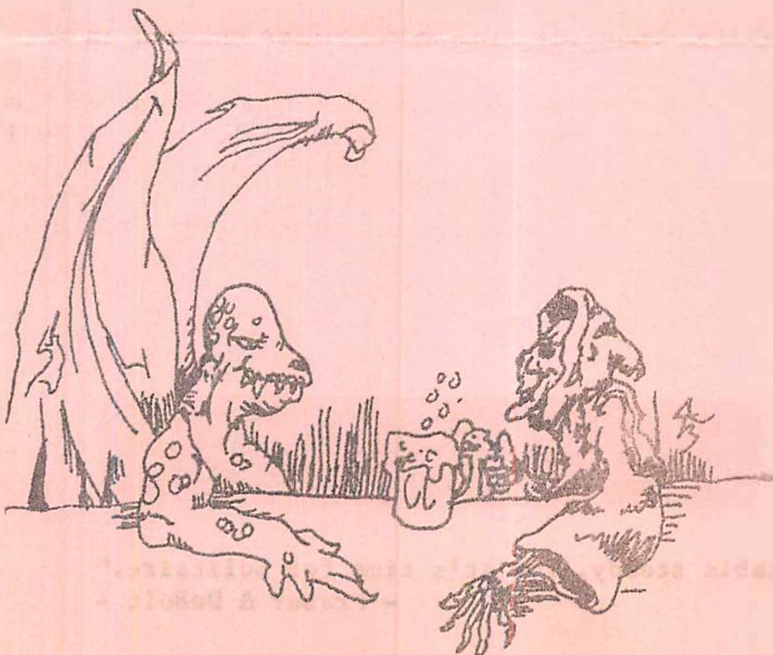


He flew into town a week ago Wednesday, called me on Wednesday evening and I invited him and his father to come out for dinner on Friday evening. Sure enough, they managed to find the place and Anna Jo had prepared some of her usual fine cooking which we all managed to polish off pretty well. Shades of Arnie Katz. Then we just sat and jawed until about midnight. We covered all sorts of topics, but I didn't find out an awful lot about Bruce that evening. The conversation tended to be pretty 3-way with Bruce's father a very articulate conversationalist. It was only when I steered the conversation to topics fancish or musical that I got to find out a little about Bruce. However, it was a fine evening and I made arrangements to have Bruce call me the following week to figure out when we could meet Saturday and do the town a little bit.

On Saturday I picked Bruce up at 11 in the morning and we spent about six hours doing a variety of bookshops, a couple of art galleries and touring the Pioneer Square area. It was then that I got to know Bruce a little better. We started out at Don Glover's Horizon Book Store where he met Les Sample and we both picked up a couple of mysteries and Bruce found a couple of lp records. MC5, I remember, was one of them. "Kick Out the Jams."

Then we headed for the University Book Store where there were a lot of sale items. I recall that he found THE EMPTY MIRROR by van der Wetering, the young Dutchman's account of his stay in a Zen monastery. Bruce remembered that this was the book from which Eli Cohen quotes often in his fanzine, Krataphony. He also picked up a book by Barthelme. Later he found another book by this same author, one with whom I am not familiar. As we walked around the District we stumbled across Campus Music which had Blue Oyster Cult's newest album, a live album entitled "On Your Feet or On Your Knees." Bruce almost leaped into the store, he was so excited to find it. Good price, too. \$5.69 for a double album. That gives you an idea of his taste in music, but then if you happen to get Hype, it's pretty heavy rock.

We managed to polish off some good authentic Greek food for lunch at the Continental Cafe, then headed for a couple of art galleries. The Seattle Art Museum had Oriental art, some Indian statuary and some Japanese religious art from the 16th century and before. We also took a look at the permanent jade collection. At the Frye Museum we were greeted by an exhibit of Chinese brush work by the contemporary Chinese artist, Li Chi-Mao. Quite nice. Some recent purchases by the museum are works by N.C. Wyeth, Andrew Wyeth and Jamie Wyeth. The Frye was the first museum to purchase a painting of Jamie's. We also strolled through the collection of 18th and 19th century European oils.



At Pioneer Square we simply nosed through some of the interesting specialty shops and Bruce picked up a hardcover of Joyce's ULYSSES which he didn't have. He said he'd worn out his paperback copy and we talked about Joyce and Dublin. I gathered that he thinks a great deal of Joyce.

Interspersed in all of this was talk of fans he had met in the east at conventions,



impressions of people whom I've known through correspondence or zines but whom I've never met, talk about art, books, fanzines, and all of the other stuff that fans talk about. I found Bruce to be a little reticent at first meeting but it didn't take long for the barriers to come down. He has a strange sense of humor, something that comes through in his art, but I found that his knowledge of art is quite broad, both classical and contemporary. Much of what he draws has classical attachments, if not, indeed, roots. If you get Donn Brazier's TITLE, you'll see Bruce's work on the cover of #37. I'm sorry I can't remember what Bruce referred to as the inspiration for that drawing, but it was something out of Victorian England, if I recall.

Well, Brute Tornley has come and gone, but I'm richer for it. I enjoyed the two times that we got to be together and I hope he did, too. He's welcome to come back and visit anytime he's in the area. On the Friday that we had dinner here, I pulled out a sketch book and a couple of Mars Lumograph pens (I always keep them on hand for visiting artists) and Bruce did a couple of his strange and 'mysterious' drawings, one of which is reproduced on the previous page. You might say, aw, he's not much of an artist, but believe me, he's serious about it. It will be interesting to see where his art goes. Meantime, it's back to Alexandria, Virginia or Ancient Egypt where he expects to find a job in a hospital and keep on fanning. And rockin' and rollin'. It was nice meeting you, Bruce.

LATER Remember back there at the beginning when I was grotching about having to pull an inventory audit? Well, as Joni Mitchell says, don't it always seem to be? Today the representative from the independent CPA auditing firm came in to do her thing. Yes, it was a nice lady who smiled a lot under fire. I'm usually quite cooperative in situations of this sort. Maybe Mr. Politician really has a very good reason for whatever it is he's trying to prove, and, at very least, there is a certain advantage to be gained by cooperating. After all, here's the guy who chairs the House Appropriations Committee and that's where our budgets come from. But when this gal lays a sheet of paper on my desk and tells me that there is an additional 'surprise' audit on these items, I'm afraid I exploded with one brief, but quite intelligible "God Damn!" I later apologized; it's not her fault. She's just doing her job. But I made it quite clear that yesterday I went through 400 chairs, tipping each one over to find the state tag # and pull out five specific ones and now was going to have to do it all over again to find 3 additional specific ones. I wasn't too happy. Ah, isn't bureaucracy grand?

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FIRST CLASS MAIL  
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"Hold the table steady, for it's time for Solitaire."  
- Fraser & DeBolt -