

the ROGUE RAVEN

Comes to you THE ROGUE RAVEN 9 and I didn't even tell you about The International Belly Flop and Cannon Ball Contest held a couple of weeks ago in Vancouver, B.C. And I probably won't now. I mean, who wants to hear old news. Grief! So this comes from Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166 and it costs \$1 for 10 issues, in case anybody wants to know. This is the June 1, 1975 issue.

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Gosh, Tim C. Marion did the neat logo which you see running strangely up the side of the page. You see, the problem was that he did it full width and my machine would just cut it off on both ends. If I ran this by offset, I could have had it in its proper place, right up on top. But with the A.B. Dick mimeo, the only way I could preserve Tim's pristine calligraphy was to run it up the side. Anyway, thank you, Tim. You're getting better all the time. // I suppose I should mention that after all of the bragging I did about Sears mimeo stencils and how the price was good for the quality, the new catalogue came out and they jumped \$1.40 per quire. Yep, went from \$3.39 to \$4.79. Nice guys.

Just a few minutes ago I read the first 20 pages of SHARDIK by Richard Adams. I've been putting it off and putting it off. I finally realized that I was being chicken. You may remember that I was one of the first ones to wax eloquent about WATERSHIP DOWN. So I looked forward to his new book with enthusiasm. My big mistake was to read some of the reviews as they came in. They have not been very kind to my man. The book is another long one, some 600 pages. I have a hunch that it's not the page by page writing that they find any fault with, but rather some error in concept or in carrying out that concept. Well, the first 20 pages isn't much to go on, but Adams can write. Whether the whole story holds together or not, the reading of the elaborate descriptions is going to make it a very worthwhile journey. If it does fail, it's still going to be magnificent in doing so.

RELEGATED TO SIBERIA or HELP, I'M A PRISONER IN A FANZINE.

Every once in a while a new fanzine hits the mailways that just tickles the living daylight out of me and I have to shout about it for a while. The last time I did this was when Loren MacGregor decided he couldn't quit and he published the first issue of QUOTA. Today another fanzine dropped into my mailbox and I urge you to send for it. It's published by Vic Kostrikin

and is called THE SUNDAY SIBERIAN. What is it that tickles me so much about this zine? Well, Vic lives in Gervais, Oregon, a town not especially known to be a bastion of fannishness. But somehow he managed to stumble upon fandom and has been corresponding with quite a few people. When he first wrote to me, I recognized a literate, witty, young fellow and decided I'd like to correspond, but I really didn't have time for voluminous carry anymore. We settled down by mutual agreement to relatively frequent postcards, mostly 4 X 6 in size. He sent some art and each time he sent some it got better. Somehow Vic just seems to be an extremely likeable guy. And THE SUNDAY SIBERIAN only goes to prove my point. It's literate, witty in spots, informative, entertaining, and jam-packed, edge-to-edge, with words. It even features Canfield, Kirk and McLeod art. Not bad for a first issue to get those guys. Layout it hasn't got, because space was precious and Vic was paying to have it offset (albeit with other people's money) and he didn't want to waste a single centimeter. It's only an 8-pager and can be devoured in a gulp, but gee, I loved every minute of it. Vic has about 25 copies to trade or you can have one for 50¢, coin or stamps. He claims that it's a one-shot but I rather doubt that. I think he had too much fun writing it to stop now and I fervently hope that he goes berserk once more and does another....and another....and another. Besides, in what other fanzine can you find out what a Molo-kan is? Having glowed all over this page about THE SUNDAY SIBERIAN, Vic now has absolutely no choice but to do a second issue sometime. Right, Vic? Welcome to the pubber's world.

ON THE ROAD AGAIN

A couple of weeks ago Larry Paschelke wrote a note to let me know that a Portland book collector was going to be having a slae of his children's books soon. He didn't know if there was anything worth buying or not, but it seemed like a good opportunity to invite us to come down for the weekend, and if nothing else, we could spend Saturday doing the bookshops around Portland. That sounded like a good idea to me also, so on Friday, the 16th, I tried to get everyone out of the library at closing time and get the building locked up in a hurry. It worked out reasonably well and I hurried home.

Anna Jo and I threw together a quick meal, flung some clothes in a suitcase and stopped briefly at the store to pick up some fruit, sweet rolls and other snacks to take along. Even hurrying along, we didn't manage to leave Burien until almost 10 minutes to 7. It was evident all along that we were not going to arrive very early at the sale.

The drive from Seattle to Portland is usually uneventful. It's a freeway drive and while the scenery is generally nice, when you've been over it as often as we have it tends to be pretty much the same. We were fortunate this trip to have a Seattle Sounders soccer match to listen to, although I didn't think we'd be able to hold the station in all the way. I was surprised that we were able to do so. It was an exciting match, in that we had to play the last 22 minutes one man short because of a penalty. At the time we were leading 1-0 and it remained to be seen whether we would be able to defend that lead. Finally with about six minutes to go and deep into the city of Portland with radi reception being interefered with by power lines and telephone wires we finally found a spot where we could understand the announcer, pulled over and waited for the end of the game. We managed to stave Dallas off and did win with the 1-0 score.

That helped to pass the time of the drive down. That and counting state patrolmen. I was driving slightly over 60 and managed to make it without getting a ticket, but we did count 11 state patrolmen in the 165-mile stretch, some of them running radar, but all booked up at the moment we were passing.

The name of the fellow who was selling his books was Lance Casabeer. He and his

wife are shortly going to Europe and he had hoped to have a little extra money to take along. Unfortunately I don't think he made much. He had provided a spread of champagne punch, sandwiches, cheeses, etc. and if he broke even on that, I'd say he was lucky. There were a few very nice items, but terribly expensive. Things like several Rackhams with prices around \$100, one exceptional Pinnocchio with art work by an Italian artist whose name I've forgoteen, but the price was about \$130. But most of the stuff was quite common and unless you were really into children's stuff, it was not what the ordinary buyer would buy. And perhaps if you were really a collector of children's stuff, you would already have most of the books he had for sale. I didn't see anything there that I cared to buy.

Most of the collectors and dealers that I know in Portland were there: Dick Wald, Richard Dix, Chuck Garvin and some others. I enjoyed talking with them at some length. It was a great deal like a fannish party, and I'm just sorry that Lance didn't make a bundle, because everyone had such a good time.

We left a little after 11 and followed Larry out to his house, where we were staying for the weekend. Like idiots we sat up until about 2:30 in the morning talking and drinking beer, but it was all good fun.

I managed to rouse myself around 9:30 and a little after 10, breakfast was finished and we headed for the round of bookshops in Portland. It was a wild, madcap sort of day. In all I think we covered nine bookshops and two record stores. We wound up sometime around 5:30 in the evening. Now, don't let anyone kid you. That's a full day's work.

The day started out with what seemed to be an ill omen. A stop at The Armchair and at Cal's netted next to nothing. A couple of used paperbacks. The first hit was at Cameron's where I picked up a stack of Ellery Queen Mystery Magazines. When I took them up to Mrs. Cameron I heard her mutter something about 75¢ and I thought she was talking about one of the issues. It turned out that she was giving me the price for the whole stack. A real bargain.

Dalton's is evidently a chain of bookstores which has not extended its tentacles into Washington. Richard Dix and I had been talking about an N.C. Wyeth book with beau coup illustrations in it and he told me that it had been remaindered at half-price and was available at Dalton's. So Larry and I scooted over to grab a copy; a very nice book with over a hundred illos and priced at \$15 instead of \$30. I notice that both Maxfield Parrish books have now been remaindered, but I'm not into Parrish as much as some people I know and I think I'll pass. By now I was feeling better, having had the book buyer's fix, and things got better. A couple of children's books at The Children's Book Shop and a hard copy of a Michael Delving mystery plus a book on gypsies at The Green Dolphin. It was there that I met a young lady with two Masters degrees in Librarianship who is unable to find a library job. Such are the vagaries of today's job market.

From there we drove to a shop called Django's where an ex-school teacher has a thriving business in used records. The shop is well organized and has bins and bins of records all sorted by category. It looked to me as though the owner did a pretty good job of looking at the condition of the records when he buys them for re-sale. I picked up seven records: Kiki Dee's LIVING AND FREE, Leslie West's MOUNTAIN, Carly Simon's NO SECRETS, Triumvirate's ILLUSIONS ON A DOUBLE DIMPLE, an unusual thing called CELTIC REQUIEM, an old Lulu and a John Martyn which I gave to my son, Tim, since I knew that he liked him a lot.

That pretty much ended the buying, although we stopped at a couple more places on the way home to see what we might run into. At Garvin and Levin's I was shown a complete set of Arkham House which Chuck Garvin says will be sold intact for an asking

price of somewhere between six and seven thousand. It's getting richer and richer, isn't it?

Saturday evening was total exhaustion. We sat around with idle chatter, listened to some of the new record acquisitions, drank beer and ate popcorn and finally collapsed around 11 or so.

Part of Sunday morning was spent in looking over some of Larry's recent acquisitions, talking about a couple of his non-sf interests, such as climbing, especially the Eiger, and dirigibles. We both think that the time is coming when dirigibles will be used to carry freight, and perhaps even passengers. It will be interesting to see when that time comes and who will be the first to grasp the idea that it may be economically feasible and common sense ecologically to take advantage of what new technologies can do for the airship.

Finally we loaded up to head home. I decided that before we left town it might be nice to have a bowl of steaming oyster stew at a place called The Oyster Bar, an old place with a good reputation which is well deserved. A half-bowl of oyster stew and a plate of deep-fried oysters and cole slaw took care of the appetite for this fine sea food for the time being. The drive home was pleasant and we had enjoyed the weekend a great deal. Thanks, Larry and Judy.

Oops, I forgot to tell you about the goats. Larry and Judy had had a B. G. Gruff. He had been about to be abandoned and they took him in. Then he had the temerity to get sick and die. So they've been sort of thinking about getting a kid to raise, just as a pet. Judy thought she'd go to an auction just to see how the prices looked. Uh-huh! Well, she came home with not one, but two (count 'em, folks) goats. One is a white Swiss type and the other a brown half-Nubian. Both of them are just as cute as bugs ears, to coin a phrase. And remarkably well-behaved. Currently they are so small that they can wiggle out of the fenced off area which Larry built for B.G., so they are kept near the house in a small pen until they get bigger. Then they can be transferred to the field set aside for them. Since the Paschelkes live near the top of Mount Scott, it will soon be just like in HEIDI. Hmmm! Someday I've got to read that book again.

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Ever start a book and see it just wasn't going to make it. I looked forward to THE EIGHTY MINUTE HOUR by Brian Aldiss., but after 40 pages, it doesn't have it. Dam!!!

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FIRST CLASS MAIL

"Lemon lady, sweet and sour,
You have me in your lemon power." -- STRAWBS