

K-4 PACIFIC

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Occasional Paper #2  
December 1, 1972

K-4 PACIFIC is Occasional Paper #2 from the pen of Frank Denton. It is published for my closest friends so they know what is running through my head at the moment and distributed free to them. All else can have it at the phenomenal sale price of 4/01. Contributions are not sought; isn't that a relief. LOCs are gratefully received provided they don't violate Denton's Law of Diminutive Returns. Simply stated said law declares: No issue of this zine deserves more than one postcard of comment (it may be brimming, but if you go over the edge you're on your own). One liners are nice when they say, "I enjoyed." Oh, yes, the address is 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166. Of course, this is a Publication of the Bran & Skolawn Press. At present it looks as though it will have a bi-monthly frequency as originally predicted. That's just your tough luck.

A SPECIAL MERRY CHRISTMAS ISSUE

SEPTEMBER 27

The first part of my continuing tussle with Richard Wagner arrived a while back. I'm talking about the first package from Time-Life Books of the recording of the complete Ring Cycle, Der Ring des Nibelungen. You may have received the circular for the package which comes in four bi-monthly installments. Well, I bit.

The recording is the fabulous one which Georg Solti spent seven years in recording. All of the great Wagnerian singers were used and Joan Sutherland even sang a very minor role because of her interest in the project. I had read all about the recording when it was first released and was reviewed in the Stereo Review. At the time it seemed awfully expensive and I guess it really is. But Time-Life, which has to be given some credit for some marvelous publishing in the last five

or ten years, has done a magnificent job here. Encluded with the four operas of the cycle are 1) a biography of Wagner, 2) the book which tells the story of the most monumental recording project ever undertaken, 3) George Bernard Shaw's articles about The Ring Cycle, and finally, a 3-record introduction to the themes and motifs with spoken commentary.

I am sure that it's going to take a long time to get through it all and to read the books which provide such excellent background. Happily, the Seattle Opera Association is presenting one of the Ring Cycle operas this season, Die Walkure. Studying the Wagnerian operas is one of those things on my list to do before I die. Sure, everyone has to have a list like that. A friend of mine just this last summer completed one of his projects, that of seeing every one of Shakespeare's plays acted. No mean feat. What are some

of my projects? Well, to read all of Shakespeare's plays, to see all of them performed, to read all of James Joyce's works; yea, even FINN-EGAN'S WAKE. Of this last I have read THE DUBLINERS, A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN, and ULYSSES, but haven't gotten up the nerve to take the skeleton key in one hand and FW in the other and begin. Oh, yes, one more project; to read the complete and unexpurgated LE MORT D'ARTHUR of Malory and I've started on that.

OCTOBER 2

Well, it's been a while since I have written anything for this zine, since I've been involved in typing up and running #1. But that's in the mail now and I have some catching up to do. All of the previous was left over from the previous issue.

HI HO, COME TO THE FAIR

A couple of weeks ago, Anna Jo and I spent a Saturday at the Puyall-

up Fair, more properly entitled The Western Washington State Fair. There are a number of smaller regional fairs around the state, but this is the big one. It runs for nine days and this year drew a total attendance of over 600,000 people. There is always some kind of a tug on my body at this time of year. I know that the fair is going to be pretty much the same as it was last year and the year before and next year and the year after that. But the anticipation begins to build a little and pretty soon I say to Anna Jo, "Let's go to the fair on Saturday." And so we do.

Slyly we go. With the biggest attendance on the weekends it is not unusual for there to be enormous traffic problems. Funneling thousands of people into the little town of Puyallup (population, 12,603) easily leads to traffic being backed up for miles. Even with the police and reserves on every corner trying to move

the cars along, there is just a fantastic problem. Unless you know a better way. Having lived in the area all of my life, I do know a better route. So we speed on down the free-way, passing the normal cut-off to Puyallup, turn off at Fife, cross the Puyallup River on a narrow bridge that will accomodate only one-way traffic, and sneak into Puyallup the back way. In a half hour we are at the fair grounds.



The fair covers acres and acres. And I find myself getting old. I used to cover it all, missing not a single cow or chicken. Now I often find myself standing in the central walkway of a cow barn and looking both ways. Row upon row of Jersey cows or Herefords or sheep. If you see one Holstein, you've seen them all. The old legs no longer seem to want to walk up and down every single aisle. In the poultry barn, I was delighted by the bantam chickens, particularly the Silver Sebrights and the Golden Sebrights. It almost made me want to figure out how I could keep a small pen in the back yard. The rabbits were all furry and cuddly looking, as they should be, except for the big New Zealand Giants and that's pure meat, you can tell. How long has it been since you have had rabbit for dinner? We don't find them much on the market here in the Northwest. Perhaps because chicken is much cheaper.



The barn area just isn't large enough any more. Missing for the last couple of years have been the goats. I always enjoyed them, but there doesn't seem to be any room for them any more. And the areas for the sheep and swine are now very limited. One draught horse barn provides room enough for only one hitch each of Percherons, Clydesdales and Belgians. Too bad. The rodeo stock barn is closed most of the time as people have not dealt kindly with the bucking stock and there is a danger of riling up the Brahma bulls. The race horse barn is also closed most of the time to protect the Thoroughbreds there.

On and on we walk to take in the Homemaker's Building where baked goods and hand-made rugs, sweaters, patchwork quilts and all sorts of other hand-made goods are on display. A woman is demonstrating spinning on an old spinning wheel and further

down a man is carving a killer whale in wood. The Floral Building is jammed with beautiful exhibits, mostly dahlias, chrysanthemums and gladiolas this time of year. There was a large display of orchids, which were most interesting in their variety of size, color and formation.

The Photographic Salon has been one of our favorites for years. It usually exhibits a couple hundred photos and draws entries from all over the world, including many from the U.S.S.R. and other Iron Curtain countries. Beautiful stuff that often makes me wonder what some of my better slides would look like if they were enlarged and matted for display. Someday I'm going to find out. Contrariwise, the Art Building seems to display increasingly amateurish (to this jaundiced eye) paintings. Both the Photography and Art shows are judged shows and I have trouble determining how one can have such consist-

ently high quality and the other be so bad.

We took time out to have a hamburger smothered in onions (you can smell them cooking a good ways off) and a cup of coffee and then wandered over to the automobile building, poked our heads into a few campers and trailers and looked at the Wildlife Building and the display of birds, animals and fish brought in by the State Game Department. We stopped briefly to listen to the Summer High School band play some interesting jazz arrangements. It's interesting how school bands have changed to keep up with the young peoples' interests. They play some cool licks these days.

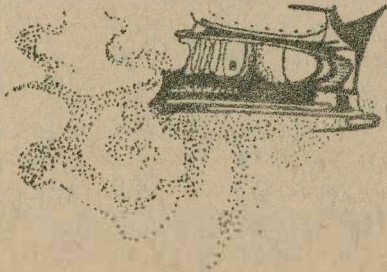
By this time we were beginning to get pretty tired, so we wandered back through the huge building under the grandstand where all of the commercial firms have their exhibits. We listened to some very amateurish mus-

ic being performed by students of the Hawaiian Conservatory, looked at some harness boots in a western shop, marveled at the long lines of people waiting to buy scones at the Fisher Flouring Mill booth (this is one of the most popular booths at the whole fair, and a tradition for many people - hot scones with strawberry jam inside). We checked out the Democratic and Republican political booths, and tried on new glass frames at Columbia Optical. By now we were leg weary again and grabbed the nearest coffee stand and sat for a while.

Temporarily renewed we set off to stroll around the carnival fairway. We didn't ride on anything or play any of the games there to take our money; I have better uses for sticky quarters. But we enjoyed watching others ride, listened to the screams of the roller coaster riders, watched the monster scare the bejabbers off of the girls who were brave enough to ride through

the monster house. Girls don't ever wear dresses anymore to activities like the fair, so they've done away with the jet of air that used to blow their skirts up at the Fun House. That's just an observation. We watched dart throwing at balloons, baseballs being thrown at weighted kewpie dolls and leaded beer cans and the electric horse racing game using the pin ball machine. Mike Wood, the Pinball Wizard, should have been along. I've never heard such a non-stop announcer and the games run constantly, one after another. That booth must take in one whale of a lot of bread. I'd estimate that they collect \$4 every thirty seconds or less. That could amount to \$5760 a day, if my guess is anywhere near accurate, and in a nine-day run the take would be \$51,840. That may be too high, because of slacker crowds during the daytime on weekdays. But still they do take in plenty of money. And the rest of us work for a living. Well, having watched the young people

at their fun, we made one last stop so Anna Jo could buy a chameleon to take back to her class at school. They always manage to keep one alive all year long and the students enjoy it a lot at the 5th grade level. For a dollar it provides a good project for the school year, as well as having some educational benefit. By now we were plumb tuckered and staggered out the gate to head for home. The fair was over for another year and as far as we are concerned we probably won't go again next year. It will just be the same old stuff. (Ha!)



OCTOBER 13 (Friday, the 13th)

Curiously, I said to myself, nobody has asked where the title of this effort that was used last time came from. Was it inherited, fought for in a dark alley, did it arrive in a CARE package, or did it just slither in under the door and establish squatter's rights? Well, matter of fact, none of the aforementioned. I meant to tell that story last time. But I guess I just forgot.

Summer a year ago we were in England and Ireland for five weeks, as many of you have heard too often. On our last day in England we journeyed down to Dover. Three days were left in which we had to cross the English Channel to Oostende by ship, take the train to Brussels, and then on to Amsterdam and fly home. Settled in Dover for the evening we searched for a good old laundromat to get one last change of clean undies. We found it

right across from a city park. After we got everything into a machine, I strolled over to the park and found a magnificent carousel. And the legend on top of the carousel, complete and entire, was the title that I used last time: The Greatest Sensation of The Century: Swale's and Forrest's Grand Study of Racing Horses and Flying Cockerels. I just knew when I saw it that it had to be the title of a zine. I've got to admit that it is a tad lengthy. And this little thing which is so much fun for me, is not really "the greatest sensation of the century." So I've had my fun and will change the name now. As a matter of fact, I'll probably change it every issue. Just as I ramble along about whatever crosses my mind, I constantly run into things that would make good zine titles. I have way more titles than I will ever have zines, that's for sure. So just think of this zine as an occasional paper which has a new title every time, but ret-



ains its consecutive numbering.

By the way, the title this time comes from a tune on Gerry Mulligan's new album, "The Age of Steam." Gerry is one of the fine jazz musicians in this country, a baritone sax player, and there just aren't too many of those around. He made some great albums with trumpeter Chet Baker some 7-10 years back. Although he has recorded with some fine jazz musicians like Charlie Mingus and Dave Brubeck in recent years, he has not recorded with a group of his own leadership for seven years. So this is a milestone, and a tremendous album if you are a jazz buff. Good sidemen, interesting rhythms, complex charts. Oh, so fine. Anyway "K-4 Pacific" is a fine driving tune based on the rhythms which Gerry remembers from a Penn RR engine that used to run by his house when he was a kid. So, in a sense, this issue is dedicated to Gerry Mulligan and a fine record that took a

while to get here, but better late than never.

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Do you get the idea that I talk a lot about music in this zine? Yes, I guess I do. Music is pretty important in our house. I just blew a bundle on new hi-fi equipment, the first new outfit in about ten years. Sounds very good. It is used every night of the year; probably about 10 hours to every one of television. You might gather from that that we don't watch TV very much. For those interested in this kind of stuff the system consists of Kenwood 5150 receiver with AM/FM, Advent 201 cassette deck; Dual 1218 turntable, Advent speakers, and the only holdover and old work horse, Sony 500A reel-to-reel tape recorder. The Sony is now 7 years old.

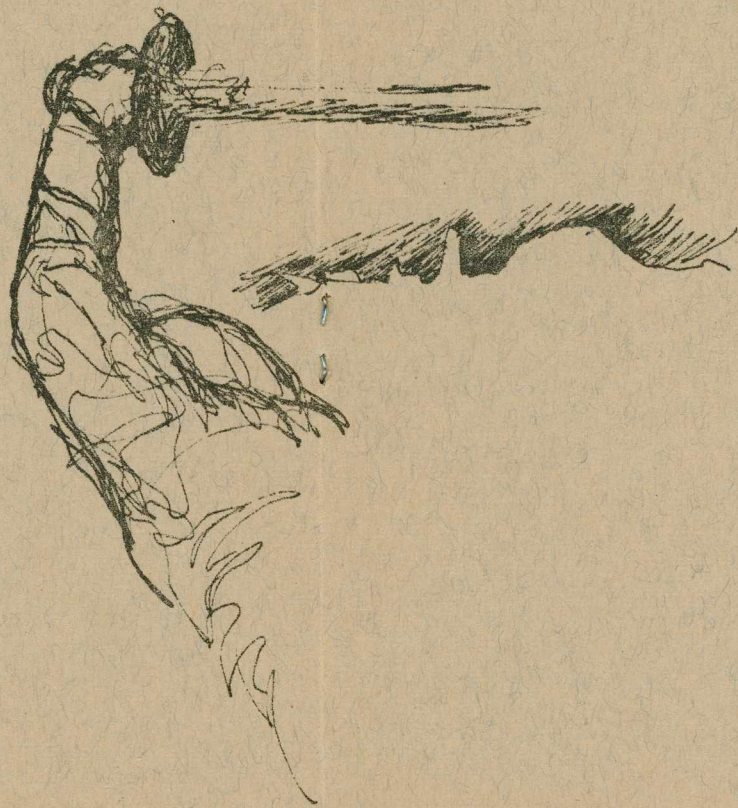
Before I get off the topic, but with no promise not to return, another very unique and interesting album is Sergio Mendes and Brazil '77 (yep,

they finally updated). The album is called "Primal Roots" and goes back pretty authentically to the Brazilian folk roots of the group. It's interesting to see how this group stays up there after all these years and through all the changes of personnel, particularly of the female vocalists who carry a lot of the load. I see one of the most recent departures from the group has now appeared in Playboy as "Playmate of the Lionth". Well, of course, now everyone who is interested in music will make a mad dash for their back issues of Playboy. I'm not going to tell you which issue it is because 1) I don't remember, and 2) think of all the fun you will have going through those back issues. You may have forgotten what it is you're looking for by the time you get to it.

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OCTOBER 10

I don't think that there is anything more frustrating than losing something and I think fans are singularly blessed with the ability to do so. Lose isn't really the proper term; misplace is rather more correct. The date approaches for you to get your apa contribution into the mail. You've let it go too long and now you are going to have to rush to do min-ac. You saw the last mailing just the other night and you need to find it so that you can get started on some mailing comments. Well, many of you have been through this and you know exactly what I'm talking about.

Well, that's not exactly what set me off this time. Really what I misplaced was a recipe. Sean came home late one night from a session of practicing to be a rock and roll star. "I'm hungry" - a typical opener. My rejoinder - "Well, fix yourself something to eat." "Hey, dad, where's

your recipe for Irish griddle cakes?"  
"Oh, it's right here where I keep all of my special recipes." Except that it wasn't.

Well, then the search began. I dropped everything and began to rummage through various recipe books where the loose recipe might somehow have a home. The various books of Irish cookery, the bread books, the Woman's Day Encyclopedia of Cookery (an excellent set, purchased some time back one volume at a time through the grocery stores). No luck anywhere. Well, we decided to wing it. We thought we could come pretty close from memory. So the griddle was turned on and the ingredients thrown together. And it looked all right as the triangles of dough were thrown into the pan to fry to a golden brown on each side. Except that they seemed to take a little bit longer than usual to get to the right color. I think that we did get the ingredients right, but we sure

didn't get the proper quantities. It just didn't turn out right. Very frustrating. That recipe has got to be around here somewhere. The biggest problem is that I don't remember where I came across it originally. If we don't find it we're going to have to do a lot of experimenting to reconstitute it. 'Cause it sure is good with a cup of tea. Hot out of the pan with butter and strawberry jam, it just can't be beat for a late evening snack. Masha, masha. So the search goes on.

OCTOBER 17

There's absolutely no excuse for what I did last time. So I'll take time out to apologize to the two artists whose work contributed whatever may have been good and holy to the last issue. Jim McLeod did the centerfold illo. Most of you have seen lots of Jim's work in a variety of fanzines and someday he will be nominated for a Hugo. Gene Perkins did

the other two illos that were used and I hope to use more of his work in this and other zines I do as time goes by. Gene is currently a student in commercial art at Seattle Central Community College and has a fine touch with the very small and detailed illo. I'm glad he lives so close and I can tap him once in a while. The dumb cartoon was by your editor as was probably apparent from my rap about Bill Rotsler. This time I'll try to remember to give credit where credit is due when I get to the last page. Since I'm the only one who will publish my own stuff, I get a chance to run with some nice company. The rest of you are real artists and I thank you for helping me to dress this rag up.

OCTOBER 24

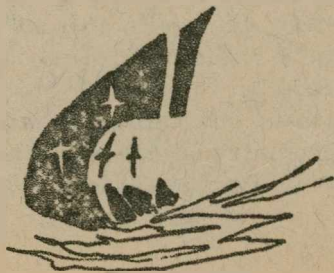
I spent all day today at a meeting of the Community College Instruction Commission. This is comprised of the Deans of Instruction of the 26



community colleges of the State of Washington. No, I'm not a dean of Instruction. I have enough problems without being that. But as the duly elected (stuffed ballot box or no) President of CLAMS (surely I've told you about CLAMS: Community College Librarians and Media Specialists) I am ex officio a member of the Instruction Commission and, indeed, the Executive Board of same. So, for 12 days out of the year I get to pretend that I'm a dean. This afternoon, somewhere along about Boring Time, as I recall it was in the middle of a discussion of some new state standards concerning industrial safety and industrial first aid, I got to looking around at the assembled gentlemen. They are a strange lot, I suppose like any conglomerate of people anywhere. Then I got to seeing such weird differences. Next to me was the newest dean in the state, a fellow just a tad older than I am, I would guess, who has the neatest long hair. It's

a nice gray; he doesn't have the problem of the thinning top that I have. It gives him a very distinguished look. Directly in front of him sat another dean with a crewcut. As the room had warmed up during the day, people had shed their coats to get down to business. Prominent on crew cut's left arm is a nice tattoo. Further down the line is my counterpart for the continuing ed organization. A very mod dresser with long, waving hair. Next to him a real straight dean from the northwestern part of the state who runs one of the most innovative instructional programs in the state, a college without a campus. Two chairs down from him is one of the few men that I have met in the community college system that I really don't like. I guess I know him too well; I worked under his administration for one year and then managed to persuade higher administrators that the organization which placed me there was all wrong. Anyway he

wears a wig, and he couldn't have picked a worse one in the world. Who he thinks he's kidding is beyond me. So it goes, some deans bald or balding; I am, too, for that matter, but compensate by having my hair relatively long. It's a shade below collar length. I guess this is just one more indication that hair length or mode of dress have little to do with the person that's inside. It gave me a respite from the dullness of the report; in all honesty I must say that the report was dull only to me because it bears serious implications for occupational programs in the community colleges of the state. Dull, but not unimportant.



NOVEMBER 14

It seems as though I'm not going to get very far along the route from Canada to the Mexican border that I talked about last time. You'll remember that I was walking a bit each night and keeping track of the distance and had started at Blaine on the Canadian border to keep track of my imaginary journey. Well, yesterday there came a stop to my walking for a while. Today I am hobbling. Minor surgery removed four of my toenails and I must say that it has slowed me down just a tad. The doctor says that it will take from four to eight weeks for them to heal completely. I did manage to go to work today, but along about 2 p.m. I got a little queasy in the stomach and very sleepy. I presume that this was from the pain pills that were given me. So opted for home and slept solidly for four hours. I guess even minor operations leave a little shock in the body. Anyway I must report that I have walked only

32 miles since I started. I expect to be able to walk fairly comfortably in a couple of weeks and maybe then I can get back to it. Will keep you posted.



Tonight seems to be racking night. No, I don't mean that I've got Anna Jo on the rack. We each started a gallon of wine about two weeks ago. And both of them required racking off tonight. She has white chablis going and I have a jug of mead. Ah, yes, mead. I can't make any claim to doing anything spectacular with this. A while back I discovered that one of the wine making shops had the concentrate for mead; a nice neat little can prepared in England which contains the honey and other ingredients. I still want to make it from scratch sometime, but in the meantime I have this gallon going. Another four weeks and it will be done, but I'm told that it really needs to age for a year before it should be any good. I will probably sample it before I bottle

it and then will sample bottles of it at quarterly intervals to see how it is. If it comes anywhere close to the bottle of Merrydown that I brought back from England it will be more than worth the effort. If not, I think I will investigate the cost of a case from the state liquor store. While we do have a state monopoly in Washington, and are pretty well stuck with what they wish to offer us, they will special order anything that you wish if you will order at least a case. The Merrydown was especially good and it would be worth having a case of it. Not that I am that much of a drinker, but when I want a small glass of wine occasionally before bedtime, it would be nice to have a good mead. Another report on this when it becomes tastable.

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A couple of years ago there was a biography of Sir Walter Scott published. It was entitled SIR WALTER SCOTT: THE GREAT UNKNOWN and was written by Edgar Johnson. 1397 pages, 2

volumes, boxed. I wanted to buy it in the worst way, but not at the price that was being asked for it. \$25. More than I cared to spend. Aha, I thought, I'll wait until it is remaindered. Or until I can find a used copy. Well, I have seen used copies, but they were still asking \$20, so I passed them by. Well, this week my patience paid off at last. In the tabloid catalog from Harboro Books which arrived this week, on the very front page, there it is. And for a mere \$9.98. Not too shabby. Of course, this reminded me that I had not read a novel of Scott's for a long time. So I went to the shelf and plucked off ROB ROY. Fortunately I was given a set of Scott's complete works some years ago by another librarian who had had them donated to her for her library, but didn't see much need for a set of Scott at the high school level. It's not a good set, but it is complete, and 'gift horses can't be choosers' or 'never look a beggar in the mouth'. But I

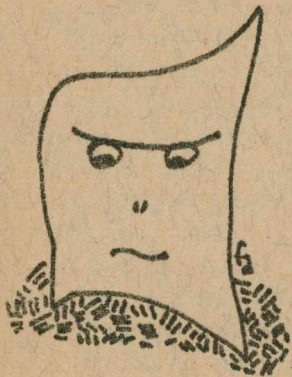
digress. ROB ROY, wasn't it? Somehow I had never gotten around to reading that one. Scott is one of those people that I would eventually like to read all of. Hardy is another one. I think I first fell for Scott when everyone else in Senior English was moaning and groaning about having to read IVANHOE. Not me, I ate it up. Strange kid, wasn't I? Anyway, I've probably read 6 or 7 of his novels, and occasionally the mood strikes or something comes along to remind me of him and I dive for another one. I like to read him rather slowly and leisurely and I don't try to rush through the novel. I sort of savor it five or ten pages a night and I really enjoy it. I do somewhat the same thing with some of the Adult Fantasy novels that Ballantine has been publishing. They just don't buzz along like the ordinary sf or fantasy, but if you put a little bit of effort into them over a longer period of time you find that you have had a very



enjoyable experience when you get to the end. So I guess I'll live with ROB ROY for the next month or so. I should really say with Frank Osbaldistone for he is the narrator of the story.

It's funny how things seem to run together. A week ago Anna Jo and I drove out to the University to hear The Readers Theater do three of Kurt Vonnegut's short works. They were nicely done; Welcome to the Lionkey House, EPICAC, and Next Door. But that's not what I wanted to tell you about. There was a fellow sitting in the row in front of us who had brought his dog. It was sitting quietly in his lap, very well-behaved. I know a fair amount about dogs, and can usually tell what breed the animal is, even some of the rarer ones. But I couldn't decide what this one was, so leaned forward and asked him. It turned out to be a Dandie Dinmont, a Scottish breed which figures somewhat in

one of Scott's novels. I knew you were going to ask, and I can't offhand tell you which one. I had never seen a dog of this breed before and was much taken by it. A small, longish, terrier type, probably originally bred to do in rats or some such. I've been meaning to look it up ever since, but haven't gotten around to it. Hmmm, Sir Walter Scott meets Kurt Vonnegut. I must have a strange mind.



CRUD WILL  
GET YOU  
NOWHERE!

NOVEMBER 26

Well, Thanksgiving is over and I'm almost done with this issue. I thought that I would be through sooner but there has been a lot of pressure on my time. I no longer control my own destiny. I had thought to have it out prior to Thanksgiving and to wish you Thanksgiving greetings. Instead I hope to be one of the earliest to wish you Holiday Greetings for the Christmas season.

Thanksgiving Day was a weird one at the Denton house. For some years we have been the ones which hosted the family gathering. Close family which lived in the far corner of the state always came to our house, as well as those from nearer. Recently they moved somewhat nearer and we thought we'd wait them out, since they now lived close enough to extend the invitation. It never came. Meantime Anna Jo's brother went into the hospital and the clos-

er to the holiday it got, the more screwed up things became. The kids were invited to a large dinner at Shannon's ex-fiance's house and they trundled off to Olympia. I guess there weré 22 in all and they had wild game, pheasant, quail and venison, as well as all kinds of other good stuff. We ended up having an empty house, going to Tacoma to visit Anna Jo's brother in the hospital, grabbing a bite to eat in a restaurant and taking in a hockey game that evening between the Seattle Totems and the Portland Buckároos. To be quite honest about it, we didn't feel all that badly abused. Outside of the hospital visit, which is always a sad occasion, we rather enjoyed the quiet and the ability to do as we wanted. We've both been so swamped this school year that a chance to relax a little was most welcome. A bonus was the fact that the Totes won and any win over arch-rival Portland is to be savored.

I had hoped to say a little bit about the soccer season here. Anna Jo and I have been soccer fans for a long time. We used to drive over from Tacoma to see games when the only soccer to be seen was the State League. The players then were all foreigners who had come to this country. A good share of them still are, of course, but more and more young players are coming up through the junior leagues which abound; there are literally hundreds of them in the Everett-Seattle-Tacoma area. Well, we've lived in Seattle for 10 years now, so you know we've been going to soccer matches for a long time. The league has grown from a measly six teams (and you knew that the Hungarians were going to win the championship every year) to a good healthy 20 teams this year. The days have been just super this fall and have made it excellent soccer weather. Unfortunately, we have been so busy that last Sunday was the first

time that we had gotten a chance to go all season. And the season half over already. Well, if the weather continues the way it has we should be able to make a few more games before it winds up.

Well, this about finishes this issue of Occasional Papers. I decided that it was too much trouble to attempt to justify the right margins and only attempt to come close. That saves a little time.

Art this issue:

- 7 - Gene Perkins
- 14 - Gene Perkins
- Center - Jim McLeod
- 28 - Jim McLeod
- 35 - Frank Denton

Have I recommended Tom Robbins' ANOTHER ROADSIDE ATTRACTION? While not exactly sf or fantasy, it is one far out novel, and I don't use that descriptor lightly. It is now available in paperback. Get it and read.

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