

THE GREATEST SENSATION OF

THE CENTURY - -

SWALES AND FORRESTS

GRAND STUD

OF RACING HORSES

AND FLYING COCKERELS

1

October 1972

This fanzine, of a highly personal nature, is written and produced for a small circle of friends. To them it goes with my gratitude for being neat people whom I especially like. Others, who are of the opinion that they cannot live without knowing the innermost secrets of Frank Denton, Boy Science Fiction Fan, can obtain it for a mere sticky quarter. Nothing else will assure that they will receive it. Proceeds go to support the C.C. MacApp Memorial Art Museum, housed, strangely enough, at the residence of the BSFF at 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166. Loos are welcomed, especially if they ignite some new rambling on the part of yhos, but will not be reprinted either here or in the hereafter. Consequently I advise that 6¢ postcards filled to brimming are about all that one should write. Anything beyond that, in reference to this title only, is a waste of your time. Be ye warned.

Frequency intends to be bi-monthly. Whether it is or not remains to be seen, but a \$1 bill will bring you the next four issues. I think that's quite enough for one colophon.

Does anyone do a fanzine for fun anymore. Yes, I suppose they do. But it seems like pubbing a large fanzine and sending it to a lot of people I don't know, or know very little, isn't nearly as much fun as it used to be when Ash-Wing was a little 12-page thing that went out to all of the people I knew in all of fandom; yep, all 38 of them. It was written entirely by ye olde editore and somehow I felt that it communicated, just what I'm not certain, but it didn't make a whole lot of difference.

Now, don't get me wrong. I love Ash-Wing and I'm going to continue it for a long time, I hope. And I'm beginning to change it a bit and

make it more personal. But it still isn't the same. It's not something in which I can say Hi to Mike H. and Swampy and Gobe and Jim and the Elder Ghodess and Don Fitch and Mike W. and Nate and Caryl and Larry Paschelke and Ken St. Andre and Vardebob and a whole lot of other people. And let them know what's on my mind at the time. A lot of people have told me that when I ramble, I'm at my best. So I'm going to ramble.

Mike Horvat is responsible for the format. Good old Mike with his lovely old church that sits in Tangent, Oregon. Filled with musty old pulps and an open arms welcome when we come by. With a great bell tower and a bell that really rings and Mike swings up and down on the bell rope and the bell tolls his goodbye. And somehow it makes you feel all good inside because for the moment you are someone special. Well, Mike has done a couple of things in this

format and they intrigued the heck out of me so I thought I'd like to do a zine someday in this format. And now I am.

It's a little zine. Something you can read through quickly. Something that you don't even have to respond to. Oh, you can send me a postcard full if you really enjoy it. But I don't care if you don't send me anything. Somehow that's the kind of zine that I enjoy getting and I figured that some other people might also. So here it is. Enjoy it. Save it or pass it on; leave eyetracks on it, loving ones please. Because that's the spirit in which it was produced. In a sense it's a sequel to One Small Rock which had a couple of issues several years ago, but I hope this sticks around a bit longer. We'll see where it goes.

One of the things that you will

find with this zine is that almost anything is likely to appear here. Almost anything can set me off, so it's not likely to be strictly an sf zine, but then most of the personal-zines aren't these days. A case in point is something that just happened a few moments ago. Anna Jo has been at summer school for the last nien weeks. She was taking 18 hours and consequently the housekeeping slipped just a little bit. Now she must be feeling some sort of remorse or perhaps just the release from the studying and the getting up early and the worrying about tests. Anyway, she has attacked the house with a vengeance. Just a few moments ago she asked me to open a bottle on which the cap was tight. I picked it up without much thought and opened it. A flood of memories came flying out of that bottle. It was ammonia. Shades of the '30s and '40s of my childhood. I can remember so well my mother using ammonia around

the house to clean with, and more particularly I remember my 8th grade days when I worked in a butcher shop after school. My last task of the working day was to clean the display cases, inside and out, with ammonia and hot water. The case was probably forty feet long and the outside was not so bad, but in order to clean the inside I almost had to stand on my head. Old Man Clark was a tough taskmaster and probably had a lot to do with my growing up during that year. He expected me to be at work on time, and there was no going home just because it was 6 p.m. You went home when everything was finished and had passed his inspection. There must be more to olfactory memories than any other. A smell can conjure up a good many things from the past. I do not think that they come as often as do other of the sensory memories, but when they do they seem to be among the strongest memories that there are.

AUGUST 22

I decided that it might be wise to date these sections. Then you'll know when these particular thoughts were on my mind. 'Cuz there's no telling when they'll see print. Most of them are written by hand on engineer's pad originally. We won't go into my whole fetish with writing instruments and my partiality to engineer's pad. Those of you who have known me for a while have heard it before, and those of you who know me less well, just accept that that's the way I prefer to work.

I guess here's a good time to pop in, though, with a note about what my neat cousin, Margaret, just did for me. Last summer she met us in Ireland to travel with us during our tour there. She went back again this summer and before she left, she wrote to ask if there was anything that we'd like her to pick up for us. I knew immediately. The very

last hour of our stay in Ireland we were in Dun Loughaire (pronounced Dun Leary). We had delivered the rental car and were scampering about for some food to take on the ship back to England, fruit, pastry, a couple of candy bars. I happened into a small dime store to pick up a paperback to keep me occupied during the 8½ hour crossing. There I came upon some cheap Irish ball point pens, 4 pence apiece, and I bought two of them. They write nicely and somehow I've developed a real affinity for them. They do most of the rough drafts of the stories I'm working on. So I described them to my cousin, evidently quite accurately for, pure delight, a dozen of them arrived last week. Certainly this is enough to last me quite a while, since the original two are still pouring out the words. Thanks, Margaret.

What I really started to set down tonight was one of those small surprises that brighten one's life. My wife, Anna Jo, has been insistently talking about the condition of the paint upon the abode. Too bad that's not adobe; I'm sure that would make it more simple. Anyway, I've known it was coming and have dreaded it. When the paint somehow mysteriously showed up in the house a couple of weeks ago, I got that sinking feeling. Well, today I determined that I had put it off quite long enough. Tonight, by Crom, I would begin. Mind you, I'm not one for working my fanny off at anything. I like to determine an amount of time that I will work and then quit, in mid-brush stroke if that's when the time is up. Well, the house needed scraping and steel brushing in some spots, the

goofed on the dummy

paint having cracked badly. So tonight I began. I chose an area, estimated how long it would take to scrape and paint, and began. Our house is a two-tone, one-level home and in the midst of scraping the upper, white portion, my wife remarked, "Oh, I thought we would just do the charcoal this year." O joy, O words of beauty, O music of the spheres, O great philosophical statement, O frabjious day. I could have hugged her. That means that a 32" width all round the house does not have to be done this year. Nuff said.



I've just finished THE CASTLE KEEPS by everybody's favorite author, Andy Offut. Oops, I mean Andrew J. Offut. It is a mean book. I'm not particularly an Offut fan, did not particularly like EVIL IS LIVE SPELLED BACKWARDS. But I certainly respect the attitudes of Andy toward the mechanics of writing, so I try to keep up with most of his output. If the wordage counts that I have heard can be depended upon as accurate, he cranks out a lot of words and does it consistently.

Which is neither here nor there. I would urge all of you to read THE CASTLE KEEPS. It's good. And foreboding. I don't like Andy's extrapolation of the future of the country, but it may, indeed, be accurate. And that's scary. I hope it is Andy's own particular breed of paranoia. However, a news report the other day tells us that Oregon and Washington will double their current

populations by the Year 2000. That means 7 million people in Washington and I'm not certain that I want to be around then. I used to think so. I'll be 70 years old then.

I couldn't help but think of another news item that appeared in the paper at the same time I was reading offut's book. Recently a number of beaches along the Washington coast have been closed to automobiles. Hurrah, I say. But some three hundred or more people didn't think so. In protest they drove onto one of the beaches. Nineteen were arrested. It's kind of discouraging that during a time when we think that people are becoming more environmentally aware something like this has to happen. I don't understand the mentality of the people who must certainly know what they are doing to spoil the beauty of the beaches and to kill the clams and other life that lives beneath the surface.

While I dislike equally government control and police enforcement, in a case like this there doesn't seem to be any other way. Perhaps better use of the media as an educational tool to point the correct way. Very discouraging.

AUGUST 26

Bummer, bummer, bummer. I won't even attempt to regale you with all of the bad things that have happened today. Worst of all was not getting my car out of the shop. You see, I have this '65 Barracuda. It has lots of miles, like 126,000 on it and it runs real well; it always has since I bought it in October of 1966 with a mere 19,000 miles on it. So I decided that Deirdre needed some kind and loving attention. She's easily good for 200,000 miles. Wouldn't it be nice to take out all her dents and give her a fresh coat of paint, new racing stripes and replace some of those missing chrome strips? Why,

yes, it would and it would certainly be less expensive than payments on a newer car if I traded her in.

So the day Anna Jo finished summer quarter we took her to the shop. We exacted a firm promise that she would have a grand coming out on the following Friday (like yesterday). Well, as noted above, she did not make it. Under other circumstances, I wouldn't have minded too much. BUT, today we were to leave on vacation, wending our merry way toward L.A. Con. The shop owner was entirely apologetic and, in some sense, I respect his desire that a really good job be done on the car. His painter insisted that to do it right would require more time. I guess I should be happy that they even care. Anyway, he gave us a loaner, knowing that we were headed for L.A. It's a '68 wagon, Chevy Chevelle Nomad, to be precise, which promptly devoured 3 quarts of oil

and made persistent rumbling sounds. Deep inside it keeps growling, "more oil, more oil " So tomorrow I will buy a case of oil and a spout and I will feed it on a regular basis. What ignominy Deirdre's first worldcon and she had to miss it. *sigh* I wonder if the person who despises the use of *sigh* is on the mailing list for this?

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We stopped briefly at the new center of Washington fandom, Ocean Park. Greg Burton and wife, Susie, live there and Alpajpuri lives with them. Paj was going to hitch to the L.A. Con, but had no way to take a box of materials with him. Had we been driving straight through, both Paj and materials could have ridden with us. But since we're loafing down the coast, sort of vacationing, we're too early for Paj to ride, but we were willing to pick up the box load and take it along.

All three came out to greet us as we pulled up to the weatherbeaten abode of the Burtons. (All houses along the Washington coast are weatherbeaten from the winds and salt sprays; this is in no way to be construed as a derogatory remark.) Susie, fresh from her bath, and wrapped only in a towel was immediately identified by Anna Jo as a 'nubile spirit'. By golly, she was the first one I had seen all day. We ran her back into the house before she caught her death.

The house needs a good deal of interior work and Greg's bushy, flaming red hair and wire-rimmed spectacles showed white evidence of having artistically wielded the paint brush in the very recent past. I got a quick tour of the house and was sorry 1) that we couldn't tarry a bit, and 2) that Greg wasn't coming down to L.A. for the con. We'll be back, Greg and Susie.

A passing thought as we drove through the resort towns along that particular area of the coast. People work their tails off to own nice homes and large yards and probably don't even know their neighbors. Then they buy campers or trailers so they can drive 150 miles in order to camp three feet from another camper or trailer and gather round in the evening like old cronies to discuss the weather or fishing. How is that?

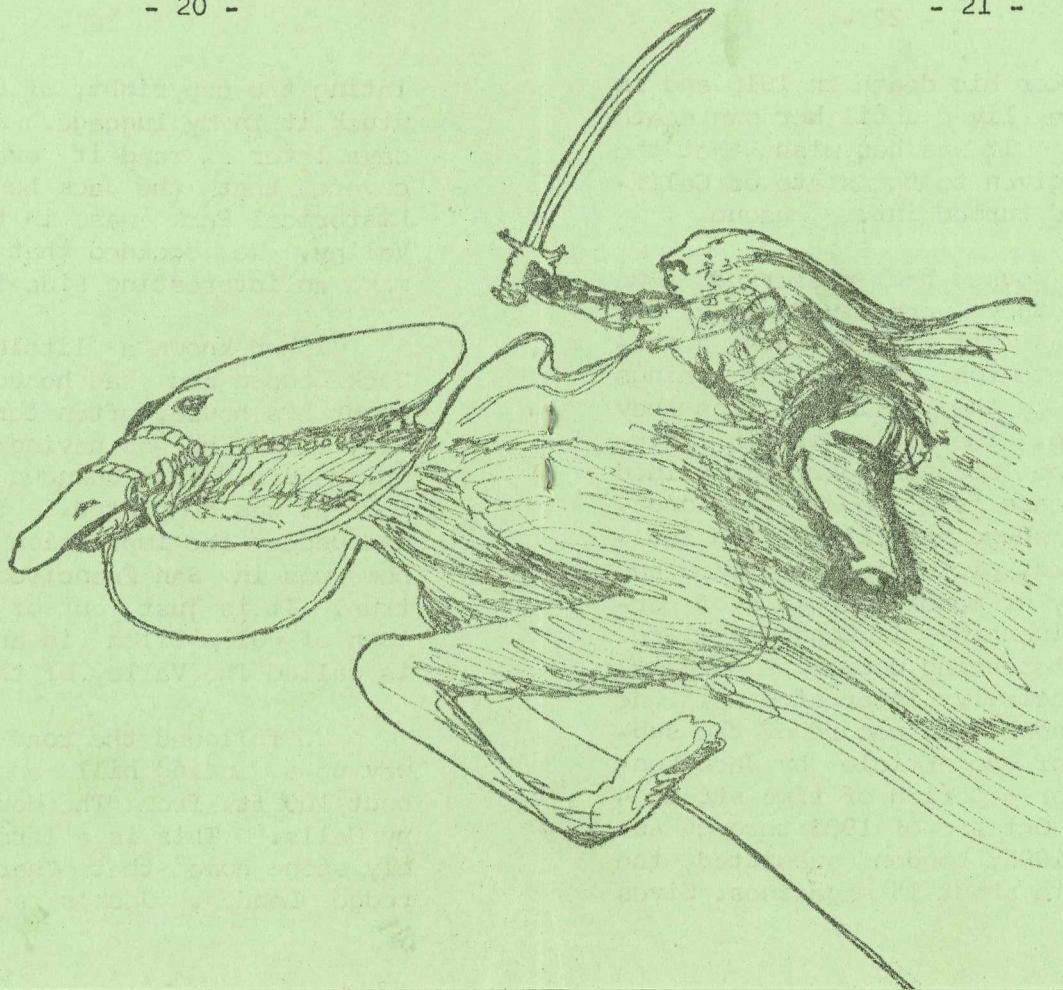
AUGUST 29

Still on the way to Worldcon and the weather is hot. Very hot. But today was one of the highlights of this particular trip down the coast. Before leaving home I happened to be glancing through the current issue of Road and Track, a sports car magazine. This particular issue was nice enough to have included a sports car tour of the wine country in the Napa and Sonoma Valleys. I made a photocopy of it (vio-

lating the copyright, of course) and stuck it in my luggage. A couple of days later I read it over and discovered that the Jack London State Historical Park was in the Sonoma Valley. We decided that it might make an interesting side trip.

I had known a little bit about Jack London and had heard the story about his house, often termed a castle, which he was having built and which burned from unknown causes before it was completed. Somehow I was under the impression that this home was in San Francisco. But not true. It is just out of the little town of Glen Ellen in an area that is called The Valley of the Moon.

We followed the road a short way up a winding hill and parked about 100 ft. from "The House of Happy Walls." This is a large and lovely stone home that Charmion Kittredge London, Jack's second wife,



built after his death in 1916 and in which she lived until her own death in 1955. It was her wish that the home be given to the state of California and turned into a museum.

The house has preserved some rooms as they were lived in by the Londons as well as providing a museum of mementos of the many things gathered on the various trips they had taken. The walls of the stairway to the second floor were lined with spears from Maori and Tonga. Upstairs showcases filled with letters, notes, pictures of the farm and a gallery of pencil drawings of persons influential in London's life. Among interesting documents were two that especially interested me. One was a handwritten record of the submission of one article by Jack London. Over a period of time stretching from October of 1903 through August of 1905, London submitted the article to about 15 magazines. Gives

one some hope, doesn't it? The other item was a letter to the local Glen Ellen unit of the Socialist Labor Party, to which London had belonged for a good many years. The letter is his resignation from the party because it had become too compromising. He felt that it was violating its own principles. Strange that a man who had become the first millionaire novelist should have belonged to the Socialist Party.

Downstairs were showcases filled with London's works in American and foreign editions. Among other mementos of his life was a memento of his death; a photocopy of the certificate of his death. The cause was uremic poisoning. He suffered from chronic nephritis and had been warned by doctors that very year to curtail his drinking. Only recently Irving Stone, in his fictional biography of London, SAILOR ON HORSEBACK, tried to intimate that London

had committed suicide. No mention of this at all on the certificate of death.

After I left this house, I hiked about 2/3 of a mile down the hill to London's grave. Set upon a wooded knoll, the grave is marked by a huge lava boulder. The woods crackled from the heat, presumably the leaves drying out and splitting. Occasionally a lizard would scurry across the path and up the side of a tree. A bit further on were the ruins of Wolf House, the home that London had planned. Four stories high, of stone, with several fireplaces (the chimneys still standing). What was to have been a courtyard with a huge reflecting pool is now only a concrete hollow. It is a pity that the house was never finished. London had begun plans to have the house reconstructed after the fire, but he died before they got beyond the stage of just plans.

Altogether this was a most enjoyable episode on the trip.

After we left the park we drove back down to Glen Ellen and since it was so hot we decided to have a beer at the Rustic Inn, a saloon in which Jack London often drank. To our delight, many foreign beers were in the refrigerator and we enjoyed a bottle of Watney's Red Barrel, a dark beer that we had tried in England. To our greater delight the owner turned out to be one Bridget Roche, 15 years over from Ireland; Donegal, to be exact. We had a delightful conversation with her. Besides this tavern, she and her husband own the Abbey Tavern at 5th and Geary in San Francisco. Irish music is featured every weekend. So the afternoon was well spent, a combination of Jack London and Ireland. I have not read more than an occasional short story of London. I somehow missed CALL OF THE WILD and WHITE

FANG when I was a lad. I did read the autobiographical MARTIN EDEN about ten years ago. So I guess I'll have to read a bit of the other works when I get back home.

SEPTEMBER 3 (At Worldcon)

This is in no way to be construed as a Worldcon report. Just a passing commentary as I escape for the moment from a crowd and lay down on the bed to relax for a few moments. I had the pleasure, a few moments ago, of purchasing at auction an Eddie Jones painting. This I accomplished at the regular auction rather than the art auction. Eddie is from England, and does covers for a German science fiction magazine entitled "Terra Astra." He is a rather short, slender, red-haired man and most personable. As I returned to my seat clutching the painting which I felt I had absolutely stolen for \$20 (I stole a second one later for \$26), he smiled at me and said,

"Thank you " Can you imagine that? Granted that he had been paid for the work by the German publisher, still I was almost ashamed that such a dismal price should net me acquisitions. Schoenherr's work was going for \$175-\$200. Kelly Freas' roughs averaged \$28-\$38. All I could do was smile back and say, "Thank you, Eddie, for doing such lovely work." Believe me, they will be matted and framed and displayed with great pride in the C.C. MacApp Memorial Art Museum.

* * * * *

Anna Jo just commented that she didn't know which was worse, being cooped up in the artificial, air-conditioned environment of the hotel or going out for a walk in the smog-laden Los Angeles air. It gave me pause for thought. In the first place, there isn't much of any place to walk, the convention taking place at the International, just steps away from the L.A. International Air-

port. But I must admit that my feet have not been warm since I arrived several days ago. I wonder how long it would take to become acclimatized to the hotel environment. Or to any artificial environment. This might be a touch of the feeling our astronauts must have, being for days in an enclosed space much smaller than this. I can't wait to get home for some evening walks in the clean Washington air which will soon begin to take on an autumn crispness.

Talking about artificial environments, did you see where the French scientist has just emerged from six months in a dark underground cave where he was studying biorhythms? Any volunteers?

SEPTEMBER 6

Who'd you meet at the con? That is always a perennial question when you get home. Dang, there were so many big guns there. There was also

one huge horde of people. And so the big lights were just that much harder to meet. At Westercon I usually try to pick a moment when no one is currently engaging the pros, and I usually try to pick that moment carefully. I watch for it over the several days and usually find it toward the end of the con when everyone else has had their chance and the person is being left alone a bit more. I first met Avram Davidson that way at Westercon in 1971 and talked to him for about twenty minutes all by myself.

I think that it's harder to meet the pros at Worldcon because there are so darn many of them. They tend to see each other; many of them are old friends and dig the chance to talk shop just the way the fans dig talking about their clubs or fanzines. Notice how the fanartists tend to congregate a lot. It's natural.



Well, Bill Rotsler was the one this time. I was seated with Jack Chalker and Roy Squires at lunch one day when Bill came over to make a fourth at the table. I found him to be a delightful person. And before the con was over, he was floating because one of the editors in attendance had made him an offer that he said would make him wealthy. He was not able to say more but I could tell that he was really elated. So we'll have to watch for some news to break. Meantime I have a pretty fair opinion of his writing, based on "Patron of the Arts" which appeared in UNIVERSE 2. He hasn't produced more than four stories and I haven't read any more than the one, but I intend to rectify that shortly. But "Patron" I really liked. You'll see how easily influenced I am by a cartoon that appears herein. Actually, I've been playing with this little character for about a month. I'm not an artist, and that should be

readily apparent. I wish I were and could do good things. But this little guy is fun and as ideas occur to me I scribble them down. Don't know if he is Swale or Forrest.

SEPTEMBER 8

I'm still thinking about people I met at the con. One group that comes to mind quite readily are the Neffers, members of the NFFF. So many people try to put the N3F down all the time, but I'll tell you that it is alive and pretty healthy. And some awfully nice people representing N3F were there, people that I knew only by name and through correspondence. Let's see if I can remember them all. Stan Woolston, of course. Stan is president of N3F. He's awfully approachable and over the course of several conventions I have had a most enjoyable time kidding with him. By the way, Stan was given the E.E. Evans Award, sometimes called the "Big Heart Award" for

long time service to fandom. His acceptance, though brief, was poignant. He said, "Well, it make nice company, I guess, but I'd much rather that Ed was still here." Congratulations, Stan.

Don Franson was there and we talked a bit about updating some of the Fandbooks. Don is working on several of them and I hope that at least one of them sees publication this year. There were others, great people all. Joe Siclari, who has taken over the chore of doing Tight Beam, and still continues to produce his own excellent genzine, unter Helios. George Wells, librarian and conversationalist supreme from Riverhead, New York. Sheryl Birkhead, whose engaging drawings are beginning to pop up here and there. Rose Hogue, Elaine Wojiechoswki, Dorothy Jones, Irvin Koch; fine people all and I'm happy I had a chance to talk to them. It was nice meeting you.

What an anomaly! What a dichotomy: Kitting the paperback stands here this week - a Belmont Double Book. Two stories: DOOMSMAN by Harlan Ellison and THE THIEF OF THOTH by Lin Carter.

Speaking of Harlan. A few weeks ago after his public lecture at the Seattle Science Fiction Writers' Workshop I asked him about his love-hate relationship with fandom. He looked at me quizzically. I hastened onward before I got decked. "Are you ever going to attend a convention again?" I asked obsequiously. The answer was a terse: "NO!"

It was with some amusement that I saw Harlan listed as a speaker at L.A. Con. I thought that he would show up, deliver the speech for which he was scheduled, and disappear. The Amusement changed to Hilarity as I watched the con draw to its conclusion and Harlan was still

around. Matter of fact, he finally was leaving as I was loading the car for the drive home.

SEPTEMBER 10

Well, I just got home from walking a mile. Yep, it's time to walk again. I've let myself get really out of shape in the past year and I really feel quite badly about it. The old bod hurts where and when it shouldn't and I know that I'm not getting enough exercise, so I decided today, having recovered a bit from Worldcon and the long non-stop drive back, that it was time. Today was the day. I don't think that it's so much how far you walk, but the regularity with which you do so. So one mile it was and I'll see if I can force myself out in the wind and the storm as the fall and winter progress. I read recently about a fellow who kept track of his mileage and used a map tack on a map to mark his position on an imaginery route.

Anything for incentive, what? Well, if it worked for him, it ought to work for me. So here I am. That's me, the little blue-headed tack that is just a mile south of the Peace Portal at Blaine, Washington. That's on the border between Washington and British Columbia. I'll keep you posted as we (the map tack and I) head toward Mexico. It will probably take several years, so have patience. But I can't help but think that it will do the old body some good. It ought to help the legs and the heart and just generally help me feel better than I have lately. Hup, two, three, four.



DIG THAT
MONTANA
IN SLAUGHTER-
HOUSE FIVE!

French onion soup. Anna Jo made some from scratch yesterday. It was very good; I was just going to say 'superb' but that would be lying. I have had better, but not by much. We thought it might last a while, but friends of ours called to invite us over and we said we'd bring the soup along for a little pot luck. Other friends were there also and the soup just sort of disappeared. We got to thinking afterward that it fed thirteen people. Oh, yes, delicious garlic cheese bread floating on top. Not a bad meal for about \$1.25.

SEPTEMBER 11

Some of the nicest fantasy art being done today is showing up on record album jackets. That is, if you are into rock music. I just finished listening to an album by a group called Yes. The album is entitled "Fragile." The cover is a masterful fantasy. A large windship shaped like a fish floats above a

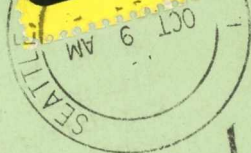
planet. On one side of the cover you get a side view with lights showing from rooms, possibly the bridge or an observation deck, which are inside the fish. On the other side a view from above the vessel as it moves across a continent. Sets of sails billow out and you can almost hear the eerie silence of the void, yet you know it is not silent in the wind which blows through the sails and rigging. Listen to me wax eloquent concerning an album cover, but I do really dig it. I won't recommend the album because I don't know what your musical tastes are. I like it. Some of you may have heard it already. But if you happen to be in a record department of a discount house, take a look at that jacket. It reminds me of the Cordwainer Smith story, the name of which eludes me. Perhaps it was "Count Two, Think Blue."

* * *

Well, thus ends the first issue of this little experiment. I hope you have enjoyed it. It has been a little frustrating in that I wasn't very smart. I chose to do the dummy on one typer, then decided to use a different typer to cut the stencil. Two different size types and there wasn't enough margin for the center. So I had to redo the dummy. And this does require a dummy since the pages are not run consecutively. As long as there is a dummy, there might as well be justified margins, too. Or so it seemed. We'll see how much of a problem it really is when I get to cutting the stencil. You will also probably be aware of some strange hyphenations. It happens. When you are working with a 36-space line.

Now to see what problems arise in cutting stencil, running the mim-co and collating. With luck it won't be much problem and we'll stick with this format. A votre sante til next.

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