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I sure don't know what happened to the last issue of this. I sent it, and Redd says he never got it. And, alas, it was filled with wit humor, pathos, sintillating verbosity, and almost psychic insight. Ah hell, it was another damned fanzine, . . . Actually, it just confirms my opinion that the Post Awful is one of the worst public utilities anywhere around. How they can have managed to lose a parcel in the 400 miles between here and the Bay Area passeth all understanding. Maybe there is another Bermuda Triangle in the vicinity of King City. Or maybe Fresno. Anyway, I have been granted a stay of execution by our illustrious SecTreas - to whom I am duly grateful. If any of you out there should happen to find a parcel full of single sided sheets on the subject of Tarot - it's mine.

I was at the local Sears department store the other day, in the garden shop. While I was waiting inline a kid about thirteen walked up to the counter and asked if the clerk was also responsible for the plants stacked outside of the building. On receiving an affirmative, he held out something which the clerk took and asked what it was. I thought for a moment, from the glimpse I had of it, that it was some sort of long twisted shell. Then the clerk dropped it on the floor and jumper back about four feet. I bent over to peer and saw that it was a chrysalis. I picked it up and said something about it, whereupon the kid's mother said "Oh, we thought it was a bug or something." I responded with "Well, it is, sort of. It will hatch into a butterfly. Put it in a box or something. Don't let it loose in the house, and you can watch it hatch out." Now, several things strike me about this, in retrospect. First, the kid, who presumably has some sort of natural science classes in school, didn't know what it was, and second, his mother didn't know what it was nor did the clerk. It seems both sad and very strange that even a city dweller wouldn't know about metamorphosis. The other thing that strikes me is that I should have either talked the kid out of it, or told him to take it to school. It was the biggest damned chrysalis I have ever seen. It was a good four inches long. What in the name of heaven comes out of a chrysalis that size? It was a typical butterfly/moth sort of creation, with the looped-over antennae, dark red brown in color. It was alive, you could see it wriggle. Just like the little green-gray ones in the passion vine that the Gulf Frittery make - but those are only about an inch and a half long. Gives one to wonder.

Our terrible, terrible, terrible lawn is limping along as usual. After my ill-fated attempt to put in dichondra we had a bumper crop of bermuda grass. I was willing to face the fact that we were going to have to go on mowing the lawn when I spotted a dead spot in the grass. The dead spot began to spread outward like some sort of Lovecraftian fairy ring. It must have been nematodes or something. Anyway, it was obviously not going to contribute to the welfare of the lawn, so I bought a big bag of weed killer/insecticide (which is what I should have used before I tried to put in the dichondra) and killed off the whole lawn area. I am now back down to bare dirt and a few weeds and wondering what to do next. I think my next attempt will be in the line of ornamental strawberry vines and a few paving stones and to hell with the concept of lawn. I just was not cut out to be an amateur gardener. I don't like to weed, mow, cut and prune. I don't mind planting. It's sort of neat to put

out all those plants and think how great they'll be when they grow up. Then things come along and eat them, or weeds grow up around them and it's all awful again. I guess I ought to look on the bright side. The passion vine and the persimmon tree are under control, the lemon tree and fig tree are doing well, and birds come and scratch around in the dirt. One pair of linnets have even gone so far as to get in through a torn screen and build a nest outside of the bathroom window. We can hear them chirping in the morning, and when the female (presumably) is off of the nest you can see three little blue eggs. Ah, spring!

I can't really suppose that spring is responsible for the rat, though. Yes, we have another rat. I think we are on some sort of quota system. We have had four rats in five years. Actually, more than that, I imagine. I read somewhere that if you don't see any rats around your property you have between five and ten and if you see one you probably have closer to twenty. The first beast chewed my potatoes and I set a trap which whapped him to death. The next one was a big female which had been gnawing the goodies in the fruit bowl. She got caught in the trap but not killed and I drowned her in the mop bucket. The next one was just a youngster and we took pity on it and let it go in the back yard with no more damage than a smashed tail. That brings us down to our latest infiltrator, who has gnawed eight potatoes and half of six slices of bread, plus nibbling at two sacks of flour. I do not feel charitable toward it. I broke one of my rat traps and can't find the other one, and the steel rabbit trap seems like a bit of an overkill. I have toyed with the idea of getting one of those "humane" traps, but then what the hell would I do with a live rat? I suppose I could put it in the old fish tank and make a pet out of it . . .

Speaking of fish tanks, my impulse purchase of a few months back is now coming to respectable size. I had two blue gouramies, five neon tetras, a red sword, two weather fish, a clown loach, a cat fish, and a plecostomus. Then I bought Oscar. He was really cute, and I can't say that I was led down the garden path. I know all about him and his ilk. It became apparent by the second day that he was not about to take anything off of anybody, despite the fact that he was only about 1-1/2 inches long. Now he is up to four inches long and I am minus five neons and one red sword. He's a very curious fish, and I can't quite get over the feeling that when he fins quietly over to stare at something he's measuring it against the width of his mouth. He is supposed to get to be nine inches long. I have been deliberately not feeding him any live food in the hope that he won't grow too rapidly. The only problem with that is that he seems to have been able to find his own live food.

Gee, at this rate I may make it through the entire contribution without mentioning sc. . nc. f. ct. . n.

We are still bookbinding, although not as rapidly as before since Chuck does a lot with his minicomputer(s) and I have taken to binding mostly books which take a long time to bind. I am working on my fourth blank book at the moment. Our binding master says that blank books have been very popular in Europe for many years, only recently catching on in the U. S and then in a much cheaper form. I made a bicentennial blank book for my godmother's birthday, and another one as a gift for a local femmefan. The really prettiest one I've made was flawed in that the leather of the spine at the top and bottom didn't come up over the top and bottom of the book as far as it was supposed to. It was bound in quarter red moroc-

occo with marbled Cockerell paper, and I had done false raised bands with blind-stamped fleur d'lys at the base of them on each side. I really liked the look of it, but each time I picked it up I couldn't see anything but those damned headcaps. Bill, our binding master, says that you really notice the faults in your own books and I think he's right.

Speaking of Bill, he has his own saga. For a long time he didn't want to tell us what it was that he did outside of bookbinding, except that he had done it before, and it was keeping him busy seven days a week from four in the morning until seven in the evening. We made a lot of guesses, but Chuck finally told him that we had decided that he trained race horses - which happened to be true. He had always said that what he was doing was so far removed from binding that he just didn't want to talk about it. I guess he thought we'd figure he was nuts, or something. Well, after we figured it all out he was a lot more expansive about it. Seems he used to be a trainer a number of years ago, was doing very well and living high off the hog. Then he took a bad fall from some nag and smashed eight vertebrae. He was lucky he wasn't killed. That laid him up for quite a while and he turned to bookbinding, which had been his hobby, as a means of livelihood. When he got to the point that he was physically able to go back to training - which I gather is pretty strenuous - his license had long since lapsed. The licensing board here in California doesn't want to renew any license if it has been void for more than two years, so he had to fight that out. Then, having gotten the license, he had to find someone who had a horse for him to train. He said that he knew a lot of people were watching to see if he would make good the second time around. Well, he found an owner and took on a two year old filly called "Sweet Bargain." About this time the library, where he had been holding his classes in exchange for teaching binding to the repair committee, decided to discontinue the committee and told him he'd have to go elsewhere. That left him with no place to hold classes and hence no income. We were lucky, having set up a bindery at home. Anyway, Bill sold practically everything he had, and borrowed anything he could to keep body and soul together. Besides himself he had a mother and two kids to take care of. He caught the flu, and must have lost about thirty pounds working up to the big day when Sweet Bargain would have her day at the races. First she was supposed to race on a particular Friday, but there was the goofed up deal about the parinutal clerks going on strike and keeping the track from opening. He went to about four meetings of trainers over that and sweated blood until the contract was settled. Then the horse was supposed to race the following Wednesday. It didn't, for whatever reason. Then it was going to race on the next Thursday, and Chuck and I were beginning to feel like we were looking in on "As the World Turns." Finally the big day came and I took my little portable radio to work so I could hear the race. I even picked up a copy of the day's racing form. Wouldn't you know it. I turned on the radio too early and caught the first race, then I turned it off, got involved in something else, and turned it on in time to hear the fourth race. The nag was in the third. Phooey. When I got home I discovered that Chuck had got tied up too and he hadn't heard the results either. So we had to wait until the morning paper. (If you think this is dragging out, imagine how we felt.) In every good soap opera or tearjerker movie good triumphs over all. Unfortunately real life isn't like that and wishing simply doesn't make it so. Sweet Bargain came in

...seventh. (The layout just came out that way, honest. I didn't plan it.) That was a week ago - exactly. We haven't heard from Bill, and I don't know what he's going to do. Frankly, I almost hate to see him. What do you say to a man who just saw all of his hopes finish out of the money?

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I changed jobs five weeks ago. I had been working as a Technical Artist/Illustrator in the Publications department at Xerox Computer Services for four years. It got so boring/frustrating/dead end that I decided to look for something else. Initially I tried to find something as an illustrator, but I came to the conclusion one day that the whole field was boring me. I'd been doing it for ten years, after all. I heard that a couple of the other departments in the company were looking for trainees, so I interviewed for and got a job as a Technical Writer. Actually, my job title is Assistant Product Specialist, and I am supposed to go into quality assurance and probably on into consulting or programming. At the moment I have just finished working on one training manual and am in the middle of researching a second and putting together a third. It is fun, and I am learning a lot about the computer systems and the company software products. One of the things I really like is that I am no longer forced to cope with all of the people who want artistic favors or who bring me what they invariably refer to as "fun jobs." As any artist can tell you, that gets pretty old pretty fast. You can talk yourself blue in the face to someone about hating to do G jobs (G for gratis - or as a friend of mine used to call them "KMA Jobs" - Kiss My Ass because that's all the thanks you ever get.) and they'll turn right around and ask you to do one for them because it's "different." Anyway, I am now free, free, free. Not too many people ask you to write technical manuals or QA their computer programs. The nice thing about staying with the company is that I still have all of the medical benefits, retirement, paid holidays, etc. Besides, next year I will be vested in the savings plan. I even got a raise with the transfer.

We are also in to computers on the home front. Chuck bought a small Scelbi last year, and now we have a Sphere with 20K of memory. Chuck has a tape cassette interface for it, so we can save programs, but we haven't gotten the BASIC computer language set for it yet. That is supposed to be on the way, but considering that the company was three months late in delivering the computer, we aren't holding our breaths. At the moment one has to program it in assembly language which is a lot slower and which I don't understand all that well. I have written a small Short Story Generator which takes the user inputs and puts them into a pre-set paragraph, and that is sort of fun. I've written about four or five other game programs, but they're in BASIC and I have been putting off re-writing them in the hopes that the BASIC tape will show up. Incidentally, there is now a magazine out for mini-computer enthusiasts. It is called BYTE and is published by the same fellow who puts out 73 for the other four radic nuts, and Chuck had an article in it a couple of months ago. Golly, an honest-to-goodness professional publication. For money, even.

Minicomputers are really the growing hobby field now. It sounds like a lot of money on the surface, but minis actually cost around what a good ham rig runs, and I have seen people put a devil of a lot more into stereo systems.

I feel like I'm running out of steam. I may be reduced to some reflections on the Philosophical Considerations of Zen or, heaven help us, mailing comments. As long as I can avoid sc..nc. f.ct..n.

I could talk about my belly dancing class, but what with the proliferation of scantily clad slave girls at the con masquerades the past few seasons you're probably all fed up with it. Well, what the hell. When has that ever stopped a fan. I started taking lessons about four months ago at the behest of a local fan friend of mine. She had been going for about two months and was very enthusiastic about it. Now let's face it, I am edging my way towards 35 and the old gray mare ain't what she used to be. I like to think of myself as opulent rather than plump (I heartily recommend this word - it has a great Lillian Russel feel about it.) but I certainly am not the girl I was at nineteen. Belly dancing sounded like just the thing. All those gyrations ought to do SOMETHING for me - if only give me an aching back. Well, I had that all right, but it wore off, and I have actually mastered the technique of having my rib cage go in one direction while my hips go in another. When I started class, however, my chum quit. Now she and two other LASFSians are taking private lessons from another teacher. I am supposed to join them next week. I saw their instructor once and was really impressed with her muscle control. Besides, she's a she. My previous instructor was a guy, and not even a lavender one. He told me that in Europe the majority of the belly dancers are men. He's good, but I'd like to take lessons for a while from someone who shakes the same things I do.

At the moment the sink is plugged up, the stationary tub is plugged up, there is a rat in the house, Chuck is supposed to go to Toronto on Monday, and we're having the FAPA assembly party here on the 13th. I don't know if I am coping as well as I might. The kitchen is a real disaster area, and Chuck's sister will probably drop in on us within the next week or so. Lordy, I hope it's when Chuck's home! I just don't feel like coping with an avowed leftist revolutionary all by myself. I don't even feel like coping with the rat by myself. Oh yeah, and my car, Mazie the Mazda, is overdue for servicing. Whimper. And our stocks keep going down instead of up, and the P.O. lost my last FAPA zine. I understand there's a nice cheap air fare offer to London on right now ...

I've ordered a button-maker on a whim. Well, actually I ordered it as part of our business, Crayne Services. Perfectly willing to bind one book for you, or make one button for you. Books start at \$5.00, buttons start at \$.50. Write for details, as the ads say. This button maker is a hand press, sort of like an odd pair of pliers, and creates 2" buttons from about anything flexible to go over the rounded edges of the button assembly. Photographs, slogans, fabric, etc. We are also thinking of getting a rubber stamp vulcanizer. Hey, mister, you wanna dirty stamp, feelthy button? We aim to please. Nothing too raunchy. I wouldn't want to cope with large orders with this hand press. A friend of ours has one, and estimates that it is going to take her 27 hours to turn out an order for 1,000 that she recently accepted. Of course, if business got real good, I could always buy a bigger press.

Since I mentioned prices for books, I think I'll list our fee schedule, in case any of you are rash enough to want something bound. These prices are for fans only, our prices for "outsiders" are considerably more. Frankly, we are just about making cost of materials on these. All bindings are covered with buckram in your choice of colors (black, red, blue, yellow, orange) or in fabricoid (imitation leather) if you want. They have ornamental headbands at the top and bottom, and the title and author gold stamped on the spine.

Maximum thickness - 2-1/2"

Looseleaf (fanzines, manuscripts, etc.)	\$ 5.00
Magazines:	
Flatback, padded, or front stapled	\$ 5.00
Saddle stapled, comic books, Playboy	\$ 7.50
Books:	
No repairs, re-sew and new case	\$ 12.50

If you have something particular you need, feel free to write. We'll be happy to quote some staggering fee. Or you might write to our fellow bookbinder, Creath Thorne. I dunno, CREATH, is it just a hobby with you or are you going into business?

We've gotten two Los Angeles fans into binding lessons (although I don't think much of the way they're being taught; Creath, would you believe endpapers put on in two pieces with a fabric library hinge between them?) and quite a few more express at least interest in the process. Considering the great love of books that fans have, and the enormous collections of them that fans amass, it's about time they looked into repair work at least. I bought a book some time ago called "Cleaning and Preserving Bindings and Related Materials" by Carolyn Horton which I heartily recommend to anyone with a book collection. It doesn't have much to do with actual bookbinding, but it tells how to make some simple repairs for yourself and how to keep your books in a good state of repair. It was put out by the American Library Association and tells you how to recognize books that are in danger of going to hell. Sorry, fans, plastic baggies aren't enough.

The book I really want to get - aside from the two volume "Gothic and Renaissance Bookbindings" by Goldschmidt - is "Hand Bookbinding: A Manual of Instruction" by Aldren Watson, who illustrated the Horton book. He also illustrated "Restoration of Leather Bindings" which is a very explicit book on re-backing. According to the description of his book, it tells how to make slipcases, boxes, and dust jackets. All of which I know how to make none of.

Hey, here I am at the bottom of page six! Incidentally, isn't it interesting the way membership in the apas has waned? SAPS doesn't even have a wl at the moment - they invited six people to membership, including one who had been dropped last time. And the FAPA mailings haven't been anything to crow over. The Cult has a little waitlist. Has everyone just gone away, or have they disappeared into the weekly apas? Goodbye for now.