

"There ain't no cure for the summertime blues"... "Summer's here and we'll be dancing in the streets."

Of my earliest memories, only a few are of the Winter. Of these, the most vivid is of the first time I saw it snow and, the next day, finding a toad that had been frozen in the snow. I took him inside and my mother wrapped it in a cloth and set it next to the heater, where it slowly warmed and came out of whatever sort of hibernation it had been in. I was already seven or eight years old, not really very early at all.

My earliest (to my conscious knowledge) memory is a brief glimpse of a rabbit silhouetted against blue sky as I peered into the end of an upturned pipe. They would hide in the old, unused irrigation piping we had on our property. I seem to recall standing but bending over far forward in that alarming looking way that small children are capable of, before the center of balance rises too high to be trusted in such positions.

That's the extent of it. I had forgotten those rabbits until one long night my brother Gary and I spent recalling and conjuring childhood memories. When he asked me if I remembered rolling irrigation pipes to make the rabbits inside them get dizzy and fall out, I immediately saw a black silhouette shape largely obscuring a small sky-blue circle.

I was amazed at the ease with which this recollection came. It sprang forth whole from my subconscious as if it were something I had thought of yesterday, or last week. Gary says I was around two years old: I don't know as I have no concurrent memories. It is an isolated fragment and perhaps not the earliest of my unsorted fragments of memory, but this fragment carries with it an enormous sense of wonder, possibly at the fact that rabbits could be obtained in such a manner. A faint touch of that wonder always returns whenever I stop and recall that silhouette.

JoHn re



summer. She was 16 and I was 12. Despite this I became her close friend, thereby setting a precedent that I'm still trying to shake. I didn't want to be just her friend, and isn't that how it still goes today?

The first girl I ever kissed, my first girlfriend, met me in the summer, and by fall it was over. The summer of my senior year in high school saw me happier and with more friends than I had ever had

before. One of my best friends was Michelle Alberigo, and I sat by and watched her through two boyfriends. School ended and summer came, taking Michelle to her grandmother in Germany. I never told her that I had fallen in love with her a boyfriend-and-a-half ago.

To knock a thing down, especially if it is cocked at an arrogant angle, is a deep delight of the blood

--Santayana

People seem made for summer. Could the Beach boys have made it big singing about snow skiing in the winter sunshine? Summer is when time stands still, and clocks don't matter, because lying under the sun, we're all equal, all animal. In the sun we all become simpler, sensual beings. Not that I do a lot of sun-lying. This animal tends to burn a little too easily.

Summer is when anything could happen. Winter is when nothing happens, Spring is when everything is about to happen and Fall is when everything has already happened. But Summer, well the Summer is magic, isn't it?

JoHn re #7 : the fanzine for, by, and about JoHn. This is for APA-V eight. Questions and comments to JoHn 965 E. Cottage Grove #4, LV NV, 89119