OF CABBAGES AND KINGS (AND BABY TURTLES) Fall '83

This FAPA 'zine is written by Peggy Rae Pavlat, 5709 Goucher Drive, College Park, Maryland 20740.

For those who have joined FAPA during the last five years or so (since I last thought to explain the title), the Baby Turtles in the title refers to my "baby daughter" Melissa Kathleen (Missy) - now 17½ years old. This title has given me the perfect opportunity to discuss whatever is happening in my life right now that I want to share with FAPA.

You know all too well what is going on in my life right now. I don't know how much of what I'm feeling I'm willing/able to commit to paper (or at least share). So I'm probably going to deal with some superficial types of ideas - and I hope you'll understand and forgive me.

Last month, I was down in the basement looking for something when I found items of interest to FAPA members - never did find the item I was looking for...(a never ending cycle). There hanging on pegs by the mimeograph were some cut stencils. As far as Bill Evans and I can figure out, they look like they were meant to be (some or all of) FAPA BOOK II. We'll try to look through his records and make a more educated guess later. Then eventually, we'll run the stencils off or have them run off and include them in a FAPA mailing. Bob had not mentioned to me that he had been working on Book II for FAPA, so I'll need to figure it out for myself. I know you'd like to know what they really are, but I can't deal with sorting through pieces of paper with Bob's writing on them yet. (There is enough of that kind of sorting which I can't put off.)

So much for staying on a "safe" topic. Let's see if I can change the subject sufficiently to get my equilibrium back.

I'm looking forward to continuing Of Members and 'Zines (and Egoboo Polls) this year. I usually enjoy doing that index. Bob and I had expected that eventually his index would overlap with mine. This year, without ConStellation to take up enormous amounts of my time, I hope to even be able to vote in the Egoboo Poll - felt really silly not voting last year, but for the last year or so, I have been making active decisions not to do things which are optional so that I had a chance to do required things correctly.

One of the chores which I've put off so far which I'll need to take care of during the next six months is writing a new will; the reason why I bring that up here, is that I'd really like some input from FAPA about the disposition of our FAPA collection and records when (no longer if - the real world intrudes) something happens to me. I've heard from two FAPA members, and would appreciate (preferably within the Mailings) hearing from others, since I must either ignore the issue (leaving to chance - and thankfully Bill Evans - the children's remembering that they were supposed to check with FAPA members before making any decisions on the FAPA material) or make a decision before next summer.

I want to thank all of you who wrote to me after Bob died. I was struck by how often you said that "I know that nothing I write can help...", because your writing was a wonderful and very needed support for me during a most very difficult period. And each of those letters did (and does) help.

Fandom has reacted during this period like the extended family we talk about having. It's been one of the strangely good parts of the summer, that so many people, fans in particular, have been wonderful and supportive.

Decisions. One of the many ways my life has changed is the way decisions are made. Bob and I used to talk about large purchases for quite a while and do some leg work/investigation and then think about it some more, then finally go ahead (or not go ahead) with a major purchase. That luxury is no longer available. Last month I drove the 1971 Toyota which Missy has been driving (the one with 130,000 miles on it); the upshot was that I began to have reservations about the safety of her driving it once winter approached the D.C. area. Then, as I used it more to try and determine if we should repair or replace it, I came to the conclusion that even the $250 I'd spent to repair the brakes and fix the problem with the oil gauge and get a tune up in September had been a mistake. So, there was the problem of what to do then. Unfortunately, while Missy is quite talented, she hasn't yet learned how to fly (without an airplane). Another form of transportation therefore seemed useful. So, I called a friend (being a natural coward, I didn't want to look at cars by myself!) and we spent two days looking at/driving cars. There are lots of them I didn't even want to consider. Some lovely ones quite out of my price range. A number more that were worth trying to drive, but I didn't want to own, and a few which seemed reasonable. The upshot of this venture was that last night I drove home my new Nissan Stanza.

This morning I drove it to the subway station...but was having so much fun driving it, that I couldn't bare to leave it, so I drove right by the station and all the way into work. (Thereby having to pay a $6.00 parking garage fee!). One hopes I'll have better control in the future!

We'll see what I think about it in six months!