

OF CABBAGES AND KINGS (and Baby Turtles) February 1987. This fanzine is published from time to time by Peggy Rae Pavlat, 5709 Goucher Drive, College Park, MD 20740. Phone number is (301) 345-6652. Contents are whatever is on my mind that I want/need to share and, occasionally mailing comments for FAPA, which is what will appear (at least at the beginning) this time. These mailing comments are on the May 1986 mailing - which I have just read.)

ART WIDNER: Read about your trip to Australia with fascination and horror! Was astonished that I noticed no followup comments (about the trip and its tribulations) in your Yhos 35.

WIDNER & STONE: Graham Stone's letter in Yhos 35 brought back all kinds of memories! Graham writes "Do you remember anything about Cloukey by the way? Clearly he died around 1930 after writing just the few stories that I thought pretty good ... And later, around 1940, seem to recall mention of a Helen? That can't be right. But a wife? Sister? Cloukey being present no doubt at some early convention."

When I was a girl, we had science fiction fans visiting "Six Acres" (the name given to our (Buddie and Jack McKnight and Toni and me) small farm-like land). One of these fans was Helen Benedict. Helen was married to a man named Larry, of whom I thought not very highly. However, Helen herself was wonderful. She was a Doctor and also the tallest woman that I knew. This was important, because my older sister was clearly going to be quite tall, and if Helen could be tall and a Doctor, then anything was possible for my sister also. (Being a tall girl was just unheard of in the nearby small town, and my sister caught much more than her fair share of nastiness from her school mates!)

Helen apparently remembered exactly what it was like to be a tall girl, in an even less accepting era and "adopted" my sister (Toni). For many years Helen lived with her Mother (known to me only as Mrs. Cloukey) in Bethlehem. (Was that after she and Larry were divorced or before they were married???) We would go up to visit Helen, and I would wind up spending part of the time with Mrs. Cloukey. Some years later Mrs. Cloukey moved to Falls Church, Virginia (I don't know if Helen was living in New York City at this time - where she lived when I visited her other times). I was invited to visit Mrs. Cloukey in Falls Church. Traveling from my home to Falls Church meant taking a train and then a bus from Lansdale, Pennsylvania to Philadelphia to Washington and then probably another bus to Falls Church from Washington. Quite an adventure for me at that age (I was probably nine or ten years old at the time).

Most of the memories from that trip have faded, but the ones of a conversation with Mrs. Cloukey one afternoon are still quite vivid. We had discovered (does that mean my sister was with me???? I have no memory of Toni being on the trip, but I know I wasn't alone when we discovered the cards - and the "we" keeps coming out with no bidding on my part) Anyway, we had discovered some very old playing cards, and for some reason, asked Mrs. Cloukey about them. The expression on her face changed as she talked. She said that she hadn't used the cards for years. She used to tell fortunes. The fortunes, according to this tale, were often a little closer to what later happened to feel very comfortable to her, but she stopped telling fortunes altogether when one day during a gathering at her house, there was no fortune for one of the

women. Mrs. Cloukey made up some story about forgetting that she had to do some errand, and cut off the fortune telling without telling the woman that she had no future. The woman was, according to Mrs. Cloukey, killed on her way home. Mrs. Cloukey refused our request to read our fortunes. She said that after that day she'd never tried to read fortunes again.

The other strange story that Mrs. Cloukey told us that afternoon was in reference to mourning her son's death (I assume her son is the Cloukey referred to in the Graham Stone letter). (They apparently lived in the first house on the edge of a small to medium sized town during the time that her son had died and this story takes place. We were visiting her in the mid 50's, and she talked as though her memories of his death were many years old.)

She told us that she had been sitting on the porch, some months after his death, thinking about him, when a band of Gypsies walked by on their way into town. They stopped and asked her for food. She gave them some and exchanged a few words with them.

As they left, one of the Gypsies said to her, "Your son's soul will never find peace until you let him go."

GREGG CALKINS: You have been having a rough time! I cannot imagine losing my sister. We share too many memories that no one else shares. I remember all too well the feeling of each day being just less bright and the future less hopeful from Bob's death. (Does that ever change?) To over-lay that with the loss of a marriage which you thought was going well and getting better must be hard.

Climbing Mt. Whitney sounds like fun (if not my own cup of tea). Glad you got to do it.

Gregg, do those of us a favor who are into indexing. Give us at least a hint about WHO wrote the letters you reduce (oh, so tiny I can sometimes barely read them and sometimes I can't make the words out at all) and reprint. I gave credit to Guy Lillian for the letter on page 10, signed "Guy", because it looked like his signature, but I was basically taking a shot in the dark. (I give credit for letters published in someone else's FAPA 'zine, to the person who wrote the letter, if that person is a member of FAPA; if not a member, I ignore the potential double credit.)

Looks like you are having fun with the multi-color capability.

JOE SANDERS: Good to see you post mailing, if not in the mailing itself! Sorry I didn't have a chance to have a real conversation with you during ConFederation. (That was the story of my convention, I was so blank blank busy that I didn't have a chance to do most of the things which I would have liked to do. I don't even know if there WAS a FAPA party!)

I went through your piece for teachers of SF. I was glad to see it in draft form, because I hope that the order of presentation was adjusted as you moved to the final text. I don't know if it is too late, but I though I'd make a few comments.

The J in Forrest J Ackerman is not followed by a period.

The list of news fanzines should really include Ax, published by Larry and Noreen Shaw in the early 60's. This is the very best newszine that I have read in the field.

The reference to Terry Carr and Ron Elick editing Fanac should read Ellik. (I thought there was a third co-editor???)

Bob Pavlat and Ron Ellik did an index of early fanzines. My copy has (to my deep sorrow) disappeared, so I can't give you a citation.

I couldn't find an explanation of the Hugo awards, in the draft, only a related controversy is mentioned on page 14.

HARRY WARNER: Your frustration with my and the other 63 members' laxness must be extreme. I can't disagree with any of your grumphs; however I was left wanting you to give more information about each of your statements about the changes in FAPA. For example, who is the one remaining charter member (Speer???) (Bob probably told me, but I don't remember), what were you referring to when you said that "official critics have been exterminated"? (And by the way, what ever did happen with Martin, was he the official critic?) Where were "mailings ... donated to a repository for amateur journalism"? Are some of them still there?

In response to your more implied question, I think that the problems in FAPA which you cite are a direct outcome of the success of fandom and in particular of FAPA. The stereotype fan (male, awkward, skinny or fat, few social graces, single, etc.) has been changed by the acceptance within the fannish group (often in face-to-face situations) and now, instead of having time to do fannish activities the way they SHOULD be done, yester-year's awkward fan is trying to juggle fannish activities with home and job and family and other "real life" experiences which weren't part of the fannish life thirty (or even twenty) years ago.

ED COX: You were speaking of FAPA history. Do you have the time, interest and ability to publish Bob's FAPA Book? He had many stencils ready to run off (only one needs to be re-typed, the rest look fine). In addition, Bob had a second or third draft of the narrative which I think went with it. I won't be able to work with this for years yet (unless I all of the sudden get my act together and don't get upset by seeing his handwriting), and I do think that he would have liked to share it with FAPA. Maybe for it's 200th mailing?

Thanks to two large snowfalls in four days, I didn't have to go to the office today (a Monday), and instead got to stay home and get some things done here. Highly successful! And it sure is pretty outside.

The group's work at Mother and Bill's goes on. We took some months off (before I went totally insane), but now we are back to spending two Saturdays a month over there. I hope that we are down to the last five or six visits. Last Saturday we moved some of the bookcases and LOTS of boxes. We had an especially large group (fifteen instead of the normal five or six) because I knew there would be a lot of heavy work to do and I wanted to spread out the workload. My downstairs room (which is sometimes a lovely large room with a fire place leading onto a walk-out patio) has now been divided by the Great Wall of Boxes. Stacked five

high and six wide and five deep. Sigh. I'm looking forward to finding my house.

On the other hand, we had a small party here New Year's Eve - with plans for breakfast. New Year's day many people who are addicted to puzzles were kept busy with an evil array of the blasted things. They thought it was neat to attack puzzles as a group, surrounding the table in front of the roaring fireplace. I thought it was more fun to abscond with one of the group and attack a corner of my basement which I hadn't looked at for years. By 9:00 p.m., the guests had all left, several puzzles had shared their secrets and I had found a major corner - and quickly hit it from view by organizing all of the Christmas decorations, wrapping paper, etc. in that corner. That part of the basement looks much better. About twenty more days like that and it will be finished.

One of the goals I set even before I realized that I was going to have LOTS of extra things in my house for years and years, was to go through my house and throw out things which I no longer value. It's amazing, how things which took hundreds or thousands of hours to accomplish can be reduced to one or two sheets of paper. Several times the primary reason why I kept something was that I thought my 'grandchildren' might be interested, thirty years from now.

I certainly have been interested in some of the letters which mother kept from when I was a little girl. Speaking of years passing, my 'little boy' is no longer little.

Eric has been writing poetry for about a year now. Seems hard to believe that he's a senior in high school, is 5'11" tall, not quite as thin as Ed Cox, and fun to be around almost all of the time. He asked if I would include his poems in my FAPA mailing. It's hard to tell if I'm just the traditional proud-mother, but since I've been fascinated with some of his poems (and hit hard by others) I thought I would share them with you.

Enjoy.