

OF CABBAGES AND KINGS (and Baby Turtles), July 1990, is written (nothing so erudite as "edited," that's for sure!) by Peggy Rae Pavlat of 5709 Goucher Drive, College Park, Maryland USA 20740. This is being sent out as a Post Mailing, because I want to invite you to a party at Worldcon.

Going to Den Haag for ConFiction?

All current and former FAPA members and current waiting listers are invited to come to a FAPA Party on Saturday from 3:00 p.m. until 6:00 p.m., in my room in the Bel Air Hotel (near the Convention Center). BYOB. Invite other FAPA members (and former FAPA members) to join us. (Don't assume that everyone who is a current member has read this post mailing!) Each time we've had a FAPA Party at a Worldcon, the people who've come to it have enjoyed getting to talk with other FAPAns.

Last year, when I anticipated being "a little busy" with Noreascon, Moshe Feder arranged the FAPA Party, and a fine time was had by all. (I have the list of who attended both that one and a previous one, but the time it would take to find it isn't worth while right now. Presumably I'll run into it real soon now and start a new FAPA zine with this information. See "Special Project" below, for why I'm hopeful I'll run into it soon.)

Computer Alert

For those folks who are interested in such things, this is being written on Word Perfect 5.0 on my Unisys computer. It's a much fancier computer than I need (by a long shot). It's a 386 with a color monitor and a 40 MB hard disk, running at 16 MHZ, etc. etc. etc.

Last summer, when I was working on the "Second Floor", i.e., the ConCourse, for Noreascon, my Visual Computer died. Actually, only my keyboard died; but it was an attached keyboard and popping off the keys, cleaning underneath them and putting them back didn't begin to solve the problem of the run-away hhh.

I gnashed my teeth and wondered if this was really an unsolvable problem and how I was going to figure out what kind of computer to replace the Visual with. (The Visual was a 512K, two floppy disk system with no hard disk, running Leading Edge word processing.)

Because of the extensive correspondence I was doing for the convention, I wasn't about to try it on a manual typewriter!

Several days later my company (which was buying a slew of computers for the office) decided to include within their company order computers for those employees who wanted to purchase them for slightly over \$2000, with printer. This sounding like a good idea; I bought into the purchase and had my computer a week later. I've been very pleased.

Work-Related Information Alert (but since I work with computers ...)

The last two years it's seems as though I've spent much of my life in an airplane. Don't get me wrong, I still enjoy the feeling when the plane lifts off the ground (even if I know this is the most dangerous part of the trip - along with the touch-down at landing). But I never learned

to sit still. And there is such a thing as too much of a good thing.

Traveling for work is full of adventure, you say. Well, there's a certain amount of truth in that (sometimes a bit too much adventure). I've been lucky to get to see quite a few FAPAns (and other fans) during these trips.

During the last two years, I've installed the software for upgraded computer systems in Boston (twice) (and lots of trips in connection with N3); Hartford (but no time and no known fans there); Dover, New Jersey; Madison, Wisconsin (LOTS of nice fans there); Phoenix, in December (saw Doreen and Jim Webbert and Bruce Farr); Augusta, Maine (no known fans there, but I had a marvelous time there playing tourist); and Allentown, Pennsylvania (Yale Edeiken is now in Allentown). More recently, I've gone to Lansing, Michigan (Mia Cowen, Lan and Michael Kube McDowell and a pretty-good sized group meet about an hour away from Lansing on a regular basis). There were trips to Seattle in January and April. I had the chance to meet Kristi Austin and Kris Demian and Mark Manning as well as renew old friendships with the Ballards and Jane Hawkins).

This June I went to California for three weeks (taught six classes). Seth Goldberg and Robert Lichtman took me on a tour of NAPA Valley. I'd never had a chance to poke around a mission before, so the historical part of the day was especially fun. But then, the wine tasting was fun too! And it was a special treat to get shown a strand of redwood trees. My godfather had recently mentioned that he'd always wanted to see a redwood tree, and since I was going out to California, would I see one for him. When I mentioned this to Robert and Seth, Robert said he knew of a place nearby which would do just fine. I sent one of the red wood pine cones to my godfather, along with a note, when I got home. (Yes, I also shipped home a mixed case of 1988 Sauvignon Blanc and 1988 Johannisberg Riesling Special Reserve from the Buena Vista vineyard.)

When I was in Los Angeles, Bruce Pelz decided that since I was visiting Los Angeles at the same time as several fans, that a party should be thrown of us. He did. We had fun.

Most recently, I went back to Lansing to teach another class. I just got home this Thursday (today is Sunday, July 15th). There's talk about my spending either one or two more weeks back in California later this month or in early August. Early Friday afternoon, I thought I knew when and where I was going on that trip. By the time I left work on Friday, I didn't have a hint! We'll see if that gets straightened out this week! It seems like dealing with ambiguity is a requirement for my position.

Special Project

My current "project" is taking quite a bit longer than I anticipated. (So what's new!) I decided during my many travels for work and preparations for Noreascon Three that I'd take some time when N3 was over to "find my house".

The concept is to go over every square inch of my house and put things where they belong, throw them out, respond if a response is needed, etc.

I thought I was allowing a generous time for this project, in allocating September through the end of April.

When I was at home for more than a week at a time, and when I wasn't sick (I spent much of last fall and early winter battling bronchitis), I've been reasonably diligent (but certainly not compulsive!) about going through drawers and closets and piles of stuff which seem to accumulate whenever I turn my head for even thirty seconds! Some of these piles have a tendency to just stay there from month to month (or year to year).

After having to do so much sorting after Bill (long time FAPA member and my step-father of many years) and Buddie (my mother) Evans died, (I'm sure the sorting would have been MUCH easier for them to have done) I didn't want to either do that to my kids (or friends) or have them casually toss things "of importance" because neither of my kids wanted to spend the time to go through things. (I also thought it would be neat to be able to find things I'm looking for.)

Note, that when I say "so much sorting", in the above paragraph, I'm not talking in terms of hours, or even weeks. It took a year and a half to go through Buddie & Bill's house. During that time, I took five weeks off of work to do some of the sorting. My sister and her husband came out from Arkansas for two weeks and helped (and took back a truckload of stuff). The Bubble Brigade (four to six people at a time) went out about twice a month for about five hours a shot for all but about six months during that period from November 1985 though June 1987. There was a LOT of stuff out there.

I'll have my revenge for my kids not helping very much with Bill and Buddie's estate. To wit: I've loved kaleidoscopes for as long as I can remember. I used to buy them as presents for really special people. I sometimes still do so. However, now I also buy them for myself. I have enough now that I only buy them when different technologies than I currently have are used to create the kaleidoscope. And some people know how much I like them; when they run into a neat one they'll get it for me and save it for Christmas or a birthday present. In this way, I've been getting three or four or five kaleidoscopes a year for the last seven years. I figure at that rate by the time I die my collection will be large enough to create a real problem of space for them, and yet too interesting/valuable for them to toss. Plotting revenge is sweet.

I started this special project of finding my house last September. It is with some joy I can report to you that there IS progress. It is nice to be able to find an extension cord when I need an extension cord - instead of a week later. There are drawers which are one-third full; and everything in the drawer belongs in that drawer. There have been extra bags of trash taken out the curb from time to time too.

However I've only done about twenty percent of what needs doing. For example, I'm sitting here, in the library, and can count eight distinct piles of papers within sight in this small room which I should go through and decide what can be tossed and what I need to keep. (And I've already gone through two of the piles in this room!)

Six of the eight piles are of a rather ancient vintage, and I'd be surprised if I need to actually DO anything with any of the materials in them (other than figure out where to keep them, if I decide they shouldn't be thrown out).

One of the other piles (a small one, thank heavens) is related to ConFiction and the final pile is the remaining things which accumulated from the three weeks when I was in California (things like my homeowners insurance is suggesting that I take a slightly different policy with a slightly higher premium but that is 100% replacement value - this sounds like a useful thing to look into, but they want to know all kinds of things like the outside dimensions of my house and the kind of roof I have (I assume shingle, since it's not slate or tile or wood shingle/shake, which are the other choices.) If I "file" this, I'll never ever fill it out. So it's here on the pile and sometime soon (I hope) I'll have someone help me measure the outside of the house.)

I wonder if two years will be long enough to finish this special project!

You're Invited
to a FAPA Party at ConFiction
3:00 to 6:00 p.m. on Saturday
of the Worldcon
See text on page one!

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