

Of Cabbages and Kings (and Baby Turtles)

Is produced by Peggy Rae Pavlat, 5709 Goucher Drive, College Park, MD 20740. This issue consists mainly of mailing comments on the May 1991 Mailings. It was started last winter! It was intended for the February 1992 Fantasy Amateur Press Association mailing; it is intended for the November 1992 mailing!

The summer of 1991 I succumbed and applied for a CompuServe account. It seemed reasonable, since many of the Division Heads for ConFrancisco (the 51st Worldcon) were already hooked into CompuServe. (And I'm the Vice-Chair for this Worldcon.) My net address is 70272,2763. I am very interested in having an Fannish E-Mail Directory developed.

My friend John Lorentz, from Portland, Oregon consented to take on this project. If you're on e-mail please send your net address to John at 74007,3342. If you know the e-mail addresses of other fans who are willing to have their e-mail addresses circulated to other fans, please include these addresses also. This project is new enough at the moment that we don't know yet how big it will grow or what the parameters will be. (But we do know it's dumb to be forced to take the action I took last winter: I called Bruce Pelz and left a message on his answering machine giving him my e-mail address and asking him to send me an e-mail message with his net address!)

If any of you already know of such a wonderful Fannish Directory, please know there is no desire to duplicate or denigrate this directory: none of use who have articulated the desirability for such a directory are aware of the existence of one!

Te Dijo, Karen Cooper: Welcome to FAPA. I was interested in your comments about Spanish-speaking fen in South America. ConFrancisco is attempting to get some writers to the 51st Worldcon, we'll see how successful this venture is! Any knowledge you could share on who to contact and methods of funding this participation would be appreciated.

Memory Dump #3, Brian Earl Brown: Gosh, Wow! OhBoyOhBoy! All knowledge is contained in fanzines! Just earlier today (January 4, 1992) I was trying to find some information on what sounds a whole lot like the Gestetner 5230. Nifty, Keen! Gosh, WoW! Thanks! I take it Leah and Dick Smith are likely to know how to contact the manufacturer about this nifty piece of equipment.

Synapse, Jack Speer: Most of the programs which I document and teach were written for OSHA because the programs are specific to the work of keeping track of OSHA Inspections and the resultant citations, penalties and abatement of the hazards. That is, the programs had to be specifically written for OSHA because it is unlikely that any other group would have needed this particular information.

Many companies would need "establishment data", a set of fields in the database specifying the name, address and other identifying information about a particular business or government entity. (A field is a discrete piece of information such as the name of the establishment which was inspected or the number of people employed at the establishment.) However it is unlikely that other groups would need to keep track of how many inspections were done by which employee and how many days were spent of each inspection, etc. etc. etc.

In addition, probably no one else needs the same reports generated (for example, which standards are most frequently cited as having been violated.) Jack, you asked as simple question and got a three-hour lecture, with pictures.

Interesting comments on improving the Social Security system!

Horizons, Harry Warner, Jr.: This is actually a comment on your comment to Eric Lindsay. Long, long ago, in a universe far, far away, I worked for a bank in southern California. (This was so long ago, Harry, that you had only just begun talking about being an old man and about dying soon.) In any event, I was employed as a "machine bookkeeper". This meant I got to play with numbers all day long ... so I was happy.

In addition to the bank officers and tellers, with which the public interacted, the bank employed two people to handle the tracking of checks which were to go to other facilities and ten of us who processed the checks for our bank. The method was double entry bookkeeping, with one entry for each check being processed being made on the "bank's copy" and another being made on the "customer's copy" of the statement. Different people entered data on the customer's copy than did the bank's copy. At the end of the day, the totals for each group were compared. If it happened (rarely) that the totals agreed, no further action was necessary. However usually some time (sometimes quite some time) was spent reconciling the two totals for the checks.

I wasn't extremely popular with my fellow bookkeepers, because I soon found it great fun to see how many days in a row I could go with no errors. Several times that meant a week or more with no errors. The other young women weren't too thrilled because they had all been there longer than I had and had spent quite some energy trying to get our bosses to understand that it wasn't possible not to make mistakes.

The comment, though, is basically that more people may have been involved behind the scenes than you were aware of while you were banking before the computers were installed.

brg, Bruce Gillespie: Did you send these comments on Jonathan Carroll to him (via his publisher if his address is unknown)? Thanks for taking the time to share this with us. On the other hand, it feels as though you NEEDED to write to sort out the strangeness.

For FAPA, Eric Lindsay: Since red port gives you a hangover, have you tried white port? Dick Roepke, a good friend who lives nearby and likes to play with many of the same things I do, and I have been exploring ports. (Yum, Yum!) We discovered a white port, Graham's Porto, bottled in Oporto, imported by Premium Port Wines, Sonoma, CA. We found this white port to be quite delightful the evening the bottle is opened. It's a mistake to decide to have another glass the next evening. It's dead, Jim! (Yuck, Yuck!)

The Annex, A. Langley Searles: Your hilarious story of your wife's birthday present reminds me of the evening my son, Eric, and I set out to buy a mop. A hundred and eighty-one dollars later we in fact did have a mop

The James Willard Schultz books which I know that I have (what else I have is always uncertain in this house of thousands of books!) are: The Quest of the Fish-Dog Skin, Apauk, Caller of Buffalo, Blackfeet Tales of Glacier National Park, Rising Wolf: The White Blackfoot, and Friends of my Life as an Indian. Which ones would you like to read and how are we going to arrange for the safe transfer of these books to you and then back to me? Let's work on this!

A Wisconsin Yankee in Dixie, Tom Feller: Coordinating the History of ... Exhibits for Chicon V made the logistics of doing these same exhibits for ConFiction look easy.

It was interesting to read that you'd arranged for a Magicon rate at your Embassy Suites Hotel in Orlando. That's neat. What kind of coordination (if any) was there with the Magicon committee? Sounds like interesting negotiations between the Park Suites and the Embassy Suites.

A Propos de Rien, Jim Caughran: Good to see you in FAPA again. You mentioned calling our home and asking for Bob. My son, Eric, was the one who answered the phone and dealt with telling you that Bob had died (June 13, 1983). However, when you then asked for Bill Evans' phone number, Eric decided this was too much for him to deal with and called me to the phone. Bill died June 24, 1985. His wife, my mother, died November 11, 1985. (And my Dad, Jack McKnight, died December 5, 1984.) Such a period. I sincerely hope that neither I nor either of my children (or any of you) have to live through such a time again.

It was fun seeing you and Nell (was it two years ago already!) in Toronto. Hope you are having fun with your two little ones!

You mentioned Dean Grennell: Grennell is alive and well in Dana Point, California. His address is PO Box 870 zip 82629-0870. It would be a Good Thing if I copied the FA and this zine and sent it to him. Dean: Consider this an invitation to join the elephant's graveyard (or as someone put it recently the "dinosaur's playground".)

Phyllis and Arthur Economo are in New York City and seem to be doing well. I'd have to dig for their address, but do have it somewhere (in my database, if no where else). I'll hunt if someone asks.

Glitz Issue #3, Arnie & Joyce Katz: Fakin' It was bad enough - but leaving us with the sentence/paragraph: "I ask you: what would we do for culture in these United States without" as the final section of this page (with no continuation that I've found) was almost as weird as the faked orgasm contest.

Re: your comment to Vijay Bowen: Am I the only FAPAN whose favorite type of day features a gentle rain so fine it is barely more than a heavy mist? I find grey skies so beautiful and soothing. Sometimes I wonder if I can see shades of grey that most other people can't see. I'll often be thinking about how wonderful the day is, when one of my friends comments something like "Yuck! Another dull grey day!"

I was intrigued by the "personal invitation" from Kenneth C. Forman to come to SilverCon 1, hosted by SNAFFU in Las Vegas. It was a nice letter. Nice enough that I even wrote back to him.

Months and months later: Proving that I have no moral fortitude, when the Smithsonian Institute asked me to coordinate eight sessions with "leading science fiction authors" for the fall of 1992, I told them I really didn't have time to do so, but I would anyway. I was correct that this wouldn't be a time sink. I was also right that I had too many balls in the air to take on even another small project! (Vice Chair of this year's Worldcon in San Francisco and Chair of this year's Smofcon as well as a demanding job where I travel a good percentage of the time is a full load.) If I can make it through the end of the year without dropping anything major, then I'll "only" have the Worldcon to work on (and my job). In amongst this chaos, my daughter, Missy, who was told quite clearly that she couldn't get married until the summer of 1994 decides that she has met the mad it would be really sad if she didn't spend the rest of her life with, and they are getting married on November 21st! Leaving me little time to enjoy planning the wedding (as opposed to just making sure that things are taken care of). So! No more from me until after the first of the year! And, maybe not until next November!