

OF CABBAGES AND KINGS (AND BABY TURTLES) FALL 1974

This sometimes fanzine is Published by Peggy Rae Pavlat 5709 Gouhcer Drive, College Park, Md. 20740 from time to time. In it you may be bored with too much detail about campaigns or about interesting books I've read recently. Occasionally one will even find mailing comments. But it's been a while since that was true.

To bring you up to date. Some of you know that I ran for County Council in Prince George's County, Maryland. For those of you who didn't know, you now know. From the past tense, you have rightly assumed that I didn't win. In theory, there is a copy of my brochure enclosed...I enjoyed it very much, I learned a lot, and met many marvelous people. I got 10,700 and some votes (which wasn't nearly enough) and may four years from now decide to do it again - one would hope with different results. Enough of politics for now.

I have recently become reacquainted with my family - after the Convention and after the Democratic Primary. One of the nice things I have re-discovered is that there are interesting things to wonder about. Bob and I were talking about vegetables not long ago.....drop that in the middle of a cocktail hour and see how far that gets you.....and were trying to speculate which vegetables were native to the U.S.A., which were imported from Europe, and which were imported from somewhere else, and which were native to more than one of these locations.

We decided that corn and sweet potatoes were native of this country - or of North America- and that cows, horses and the like were imported. At the moment I can't remember if we decided that any vegetables were imported from Europe. Does anyone know about broccoli, cauliflower, spinach, carrots, etc. Potatoes were brought over from Europe, and so were beets and cabbage. Who knows more about this?

With vegetables, obviously, went animals, language, etc. How about animals such as geese, were they native to the US area? I would assume they were native to both Europe and North America, but that's only an assumption.

I recently ran into a copy of A Journey to the Centre of the Earth by Jules Verne. Having never taken the time to read it, I picked it up. I heartily recommend that same course to any of you who have never read it. Strangely enough, I was not able to find any mention of a translator, and I am therefore left pondering if Verne himself came back to provide that translation into modern - not of the style of his era anyway - English.

CONVENTIONS are fun, they are also extremely good at bringing one back to reality and bringing perspective in the midst of chaos. The weeks before the convention were not to be believed. I'm sure that Bob agrees with me that we never want to have such confusion in our household again. I was running in the Democratic Primary for County Council; the election was September 10th. Bob was running the art show for the convention; the convention was Labor Day weekend. It was very much like neither one of us were living at home, me more so than Bob. I don't even want to talk about that period, that's just a prelude to the Con itself. I finally was able to get down to the convention on Friday night. Bob had been down since

Wednesday. We almost missed each other anyway, even then. I had told Bob I would be at the hotel about midnight. I finally made it about ten minutes after midnight. I checked into the con staff headquarters and found that Bob hadn't been able to leave a note, so I was back to go.... do not go to jail, but also do not collect \$200. I headed up to the party where Bob and I have agreed to meet at all conventions when we are looking for each other. Just as the elevator doors were closing, I heard an anguished cry "Peggggyyyy....." Saved by the slowness of the elevator doors. That evening I think Bob and I saw more of each other than we had for the previous three weeks!

Even though the Convention was very big (well over 4000) I had very little of the problem I suffered at the last New York Con - seeing friends across the hall going the other way, and in the throngs of people never being able to do more than say "I'll talk to you later" Bob and I both had that problem in New York, it was a most frustrating con. Somehow people sorted themselves out and I enjoyed the con very much. Met some new people who were interesting, and had long talks with some old friends that I don't get a chance to see often enough.

We brought the kids to the con. Missy is now $8\frac{1}{2}$, and Eric is 5. My Dad and step-mother (Jack & Ann McKnight) came down to the con - and to grandchildren. So we really didn't see as much of the children as we might have. God bless them. One time that I did wind up with children though, was during the costume ball. My daughter asked to be allowed to go down front with some other children. It seemed reasonable. So with a stern warning about "managing oneself" I told her she could go....never to see her again until the end of the show. Meanwhile Eric and I settled down to watch the show. Bob was busy with Art Show, as usual during the Con. After 30 or so costumes had been displayed, Eric announced that he had "seen enough of this nonsense," I shushed him for a few minutes, and then realized that he wasn't going to have any, and that if I persisted I would just ruin the show for other people. So we left. I was disappointed. I went looking for a nice quiet room so that Eric could lie down and take a nap. I went into the room where coffee was served in the mornings curtesy of TORCON - for which many thanks - Low and behold when I opened the door the eardrum was bombarded with noise. We had found the bag pipers. A few others were sitting listening, so we joined them. Eric has always loved music, and he was fascinated. We listened to them practice - and watched too in sheer fascination at the showmanship displayed. (No, we didn't find out what Scotsmen wear under kilts.) After half an hour or so the men put their instruments down and began to drink beer and talk to those of us who were still there. One gentleman not only offered me a beer, but also saw how interested Eric was, and let him play with the drums. Eric played for a few minutes then asked the man how to play. He apparently asked the right question at the right time, because the man spent the next ten minutes with him playing and teaching Eric how to play the drums. Needless to say, my small boy had himself a very large time.

I enjoyed the con, most of all, I guess two things were at the top of my mind right after the con. First, the frustration that even though there was a con at my very doorstep, I couldn't be really involved. (Sunday for example, I had to leave and appear in a parade and then go to a lawn party) I usually would have had a con, as it were, from Wednesday to the following Tuesday. Sigh. The other thought, was that it enabled me to get a fresh grasp on the world. Like the world would keep turning, even though I wasn't elected, and that kind of perspective helped a lot .

Last spring, we had a chance to get a second (third?) hand upright piano. It was a good idea. None of us really know how to play, and I get frustrated because Bob has this uncanny ability to just pick out tunes that he has heard. Not being able to do that, I have stuck to learning the keys and their relationship to the lines and spaces and to each other. I have one real problem with the piano; it steals time. There have been numerous times that I have sat down to play for a few minutes at two in the afternoon, and the kids have come down and interrupted me when they came home from school at 4 o'clock. (While I campaigned, I obviously did not even sit down at the piano, I couldn't afford that kind of thing. Recently I have gotten back to playing - or what ever it is that I am doing, and I really enjoy it. How the others manage to keep their sanity is more than I know, because I tend to play one section until I get it right with ease, and don't have to hunt at all. Right now I am also spending time working on finger exercises and learning the chords. The really important thing, to me, is that I am enjoying it very much and it is a really good non-competitive activity for me, one just for me to putter with, because there is no doubt that I have no innate talent to develop and therefore I am perfectly free to just enjoy myself as I will.

Missy likes to play also, but has no current interest in learning the names of the keys or their relation to the lines and spaces. A friend of hers who takes lessons has taught her several songs, and from the speed she has picked them up, I think she will do alright if I remember to leave her alone, and not bug her once she starts lessons - probably next year sometime. Eric amuses himself at the piano from time to time and is showing signs that he wants to learn to play. He seems to care about the names of the letters and keys and will pick out every 'c' or 'd' for the fun of it...I've never seen him do it with any other note, but who knows.

Bob and I hope to go skiing for two weeks this winter. He says that one of those weeks is to be at Mt. Snow, and he hasn't made up this mind yet about the other. (With due regard to the women's movement, Bob makes this particular decision - though I guess I have veto power - because he has much more information than I do about skiing. vagrant thought: I wish he would do me the same courtesy when it comes to voting!) We hope to go for the weeks on either side of Boskone. Then of course, we would go to Boskone too. We both have found that after skiing for four or five days we need a rest, and Boskone will give our weary muscles a rest, if nothing else. We only went skiing once last year, and that only for a day, and with Missy and Eric (who are now $8\frac{1}{2}$ and 5) so we really didn't get any serious skiing. Hope we really do get this vacation this year.

I still don't believe that I enjoy skiing. Afterall, I don't take very kindly to high places, I am a unremittent coward when it comes to speed, and it is my preference to curl up with a book - or a FAPA mailing-in front of the fire on days when it is cold. So, how can I like skiing? One reason has to be that I just don't ski when it is bitter cold. And that I dress warmly on other days. I lost a lot of points with Bob last year - it took me two weeks to find out why he was annoyed with me - when I told him that I'd ski when it was 32 degrees or warmer and enjoy a fire and a book the rest of the time. Peace was made when I changed the 32 to 20. (But in practice I stuck to my 32 degrees.)

I wonder how many FAPA members ski. How many tried it on long skis years ago and never went back again? Without Bob to hassle me, I am sure that I not only would never have tried it to start with, but after one time out on those torture instruments I would never have gone again. I'm very glad that the short skis have taken over.

I wonder how much comment there will be in this mailing about Ford pardoning Nixon. People in this area were pretty upset about it. What I was, besides disgusted, wasn't really printable. I am really concerned that Nixon will lay low for a while, and then try to comeback - pointing out that he was never even indicted and that he was hounded out of office. He seems to me to be capable of brutally attacking anyone who would seek to bring back the record into the public's mind. I guess I will never forget the 1968 campaign (my first as a volunteer for the Democratic Party) when I spoke to lots of people about how & why they were going to vote. So very many people told me then that everything Nixon had done in the past was "years ago, and he has grown up since then." I remember Herblock shaving off Nixon's 5 o'clock shadow and the 'new Nixon'. I remember all too well, but it seems to me that the electorate is sometimes too forgiving. I still have to look in the Constitution and see how it is worded, but I am worried because Nixon only served $5\frac{1}{2}$ years, and there is a ten year limit. The wording could be very important. I hope I'm just being overly worried, but Nixon has always worried me...and it rarely turns out to be unfounded.

Ford sure blew his popularity in a hurry with that pardon. It seems strange to me that Ford has been in office as President for less than three months as of this writing. It seems like much longer than that.

I hope that by next mailing I will have time to put together a real issue of this disreputable zine. It seems as though I am forever pushing the deadline. Too bad that I always find so much else to do. I hope to spend the next two months being very domestic. I might even do something I haven't done for a couple of years and make fruitcake. Might even do surprise my husband and get the house running smoothly for a short while. I wouldn't want him to get used to it! For brief periods I find that kind of thing fun. Very brief periods. But with Christmas coming, it is an ideal time to be creative - which I am not, but there are enough I'm considering forcing paper white narcissius for Christmas presents. They look so great during the dead of winter. This fall we brought in some of the plants before frost hit them. We have impatiens and gardenias -we normally bring them in- and all kinds of things. I also got an amaryllis and got some bulbs to force for me. I've never tried that before, but last year Bob got some for me, and they were so pretty, that I couldn't resist trying myself.

I not only enjoyed the constitutional crisis that Rosemary created, but also the solution created by Redd Boggs. Redd's solution was even dictated by the constitution. Not a bad document there. I guess everyone thinks he or she is too busy to take the time to vote in the election just like they are too busy to vote in the egoboo poll. Let's see if I manage to have learned my lesson and vote from now on. When so few people vote as did in the last egoboo poll, I think the results tend not to be very accurate. I do have one request though, let's not get quite so complicated as last year's. I had intended to vote, but put it off until I had more time, since it looked complicated. How about a nice easy twenty points per category, no more than ten points per item.

VICE-PRESIDENT - please go back and read the last paragraph.

See you all in February, when with any luck at all, I'll put out my own version of the FAPA index, and this time I'll even try to get Bill Evans in it. Happy Holidays Folks.