

read more, created more art, and we did more things together as a family. In general, I think we were happier.

When the year was over, we brought the TV back out. For awhile, we were more judicious about what we watched and how often. Then, after two or three years, we were probably watching as much TV as before our one-year experiment.

My point is: Life in 1951 was very different. We were far more self-reliant.



Sure, I listened to the radio many nights. That's where I heard Edward Rowe Snow tell ghost stories, and I became hooked on New England's eerie history.

But, after dinner, I'd play outside with friends, or tour the neighborhood on my bicycle, or curl up with a good book from the library. Now and then, my family would watch a TV show or play a board game.

Kids didn't dream of running away to *follow* the circus... we dreamed of running away to be *in* the circus.

We *didn't* spend most of our free time staring at a screen, though I'm likely to sit in front of a TV or at my computer when I have nothing else to do.

That *bothers* me. It's such a *waste of time*, being a spectator, and – though I know better – *I'm doing it, too*.

This isn't a maudlin "good old days" remembrance. However, seeing social and economic changes ahead, I think the spectator lifestyle is poor preparation for the future. *That* worries me.

me laugh, even in this context. So, I lost a little time but I'm back on track with this zine. Well, more or less.

I spent most of the last hour more thoroughly combing the 1951 newspapers for ads to include. I found several that will work, including some that will bridge between the 1951-related content and the zine pages that are from and about 2010 and beyond.

7 p.m. update: I've completed text & layouts for another six pages, I think. I'm trying *not* to wander into the too-easy trap of rosy nostalgia and idealizing an era that had plenty of problems. But... where am I going with this, anyway? I'm not sure, and that's beginning to show.

I'm nearly ready to segue into modern collages and commentary. However, I can also see the merit of an early bedtime, so I can be up at 4 or 5 in the morning, to get a fresh start on the remaining pages.

8 p.m. update: I'm about halfway through the zine now. The basic layout is complete, and I'm finishing the cover right now. Well... I *think* I am.

Most of the remaining pages will be collages. Due to rapidly increasing humidity (my fingers are starting to stick to the keys on my keyboard), I should probably complete as many of them as I can, tonight. Otherwise the adhesive (gel medium) may not dry in time... the zine pages might stick to the glass on the photocopier.

The good news is, *Warehouse 13* is on. There's something ironic about how much I'm questioning the value of TV (contrasting 2010 lifestyles with those of 1951) as I'm avidly watching favorite TV shows.

9 p.m. update: My cat wants me to go to bed. (He's the hall monitor, in a way: Schedules must be kept. Order must be maintained.) I'm seriously considering quitting for the night. However, I have *just nine pages* left to complete. That's better than I expected, at this point in the day. Is it quality work? I'm not so sure. I'm too tired to tell.