

# ALLAR GANDO NO 16

*This is Allargando #16 and an Obsessive Press Publication #96 which means that rather soon I'll be faced with a centennial publication. (Will I do anything special, I wonder?) This issue is the first issue of an apazine I've produced on Scott's and my new Macintosh computer. I did Taffies #3 and 3.1, but I'll be using more than just a word processing program this time, and will plug the text into Pagemaker's program and attempt multi-columns! What hubris! Somehow that last word, "hubris" doesn't look right, but Mac says it's spelled correctly. Can I trust this machine? Maybe it's an atheist computer and will lead me wrong whenever I type a word with spiritual implications. But back to the matter at hand: the colophone. Allargando is still published by Jeanne Gomoll and mailed from Post Office Box 1443, Madison, WI 53701-1443. Or I can be reached by phone at 608-255-9909. All rights revert to their original authors or artists. Copyright © by Jeanne Gomoll, 1988. Member FWA.*

I've been busy. In fact, I don't think there's been a moment in the last few years that work hasn't been backlogged on my desk in GEF-2 as well as on my desk here at home to the extent that it would take weeks and sometimes months to finish it even if nothing else came in during that time. And something always does, of course. Most of the work I've committed myself to is my own fault: I actually like to have a lot to do. I would hate to wake up on a weekend and realize that I had nothing planned and no projects that needed to be worked on. Even when I watch TV, I like to be doing something else at the same time. No matter how complex the show or how much I've been looking forward to it, I am apt to start wandering around the moment the show begins, looking for something to do while the show runs. So, I mean, this isn't something I should really complain about, as if outside agencies have been cooping me up here and flogging me on to more labor. If all my work got magically completed, I'd book myself up with a month's worth of commitments in no time.

When Scott and I were visiting my brother Steve in Denver, Steve and I had a conversation about the way each of us uses our free time. Steve likes to experience new things and for that weekend visit, I tried his lifestyle. My brother and sister-in-law have cut down their activities since their baby Sarah was born, not that any normal person would notice: we had went to Boulder for a huge beach party and boat race, had four friends of Steve and Betsy's over for a barbecue, we watched Steve play in a tennis match, and I learned how to wind surf while Scott shouted encouragements from the shore, and after all that we went to a Nylons concert. Amazing. I imagined how much more they'd probably been able to do before Sarah and got exhausted just thinking about it. So we talked, Steve and I. And I said that I'd normally plan any one of those events for my experience of the month. Mostly what I prefer to use my free time for is to produce things. I feel far more fulfilled and happy about myself if, at the end of a day a work or a weekend at home, I can cross off several jobs on my do-list. Steve and I laughed over that and agreed to enjoy one another's differences and laughed over how we used to hate one another when we were in our teens. Maybe this is one of the good parts about growing up.

Still, I think I may be getting myself too deep, even considering my natural tendencies. It used to be that I felt busy, but confident that I could get things done on time if I didn't goof off too much. Now, I've not only lost that confidence, but I'm dead certain that I won't get everything done, and I spend a certain amount of time deciding what things are simply going to have to get skipped and which things can be done late.

This TAFF administration business is taking up far more time than I originally estimated that it would. (We laughed in Britain, thinking we should embroider on a sampler, "Everything takes longer and weighs more than you ever thought it would." Now I'm not laughing.) And of course there's this awful, wonderful computer. Probably any of you who has ever learned to use one is well acquainted with the time-eating properties of the infernal machines. Unfortunately, I included our Mac's capabilities into projections of my work capabilities in the same way as someone who includes an expected tax refund into their projections of future cash flow. And in the beginning, what I should have done was to halve the work I was likely to get done rather than what I did do: "Gosh with the computer, I'll be able to do it easily/faster/..."

So, I haven't gotten out even one issue of the TAFF catalog yet, and I'd thought I would have a couple out by now. I'm not very far along with my TAFF trip report. There is an SF story that George Martin told me I really should write and he'd like to see it when it's done: it's outlined in detail, but I haven't had the time to write it yet. Lillian Edwards and Christine Lake need a lot of help arranging their trip over here and I'm having difficulty getting answers out of the Nolacon committee. There is a stack of fanzines about 1.5 feet high on my desk that I really really want to look at, and I'm several months behind on Nation magazine, not to mention the stack of computer magazines that are routed to me at work. I've finished reading the book on Microsoft Word (and feel pretty comfortable working with that now), and am making progress with Pagemaker and Works, but Adobe Illustrator and Freehand are still merely icons on the screen. I have finished entering my active mailing list file into memory (No more retyping mailing lists, hooray!), but

still have about 600 or 700 other names and addresses from my not-so-active file to enter. Sigh. The 1988 TAFF election is over with (along with all the attendant paperwork), but the 1989 election must be started real soon now. Nominations will probably close soon after worldcon and the election deadline will probably be January 15, 1989. That means at least 3, possibly 4 more issues of Taffiles must be published by mid-January.

Not very long ago, a few people suggested that I might like to run for DUFF. Without a pause, I said, "Never. No. Won't do it."

Going to Britain was great, and it was worth everything to do it, but now, knowing what I know about what the administration part of running entails, I don't want to sign myself up for another couple years of the same. It's very much like putting your life on hold, which is something Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden said after their term of office, and which I didn't really comprehend right away, since it seemed to me that they had done over and above the call of duty during their term of office. But it's true. Take this last week, for an example.

Scott was just hired by the State of Wisconsin at the Mendota Mental Health Institution (congratulations, Scott!), and we sat down and talked seriously about the house I've been saying I want to buy in the Spring of 1989. Well now that Scott will have steady, good income coming in, we realized that we could buy it together, and that it could probably be a much nicer one than I could have afforded on my own, and that we could start looking immediately. In fact, we realized that it might be very important that we start right away because WEDA loans (low interest loans for first-time home-buyers) will be available on July 1, 1988, and who knows how long the money will last? But then we looked at all the things I was absolutely committed to doing in the next six months and realized that we couldn't start house-hunting now. There would be no way that we could find, finalize a sale, and move into a new house at the same time I was making progress on all the other stuff I have to do. So we decided that we'd put a hold on the house-buying process until Fall, and hope that we could move into a new house during the winter sometime.

Then...we found out about another low interest loan being offered by the city of Madison as of July 1, with even better rates than WEDA and a larger area. And we decided that we had to make an attempt to qualify for it. Which means that even though we decided previously that no way could we do both the home-buying and everything else too, that is precisely what we're going to try to do now. It's going to be a busy summer.

## MAILING COMMENTS

*These comments cover Turboapa #22 and #23. Through the wonders of computer-aided hacking, I can now combine mailing comments to the same person from both apas. Which may actually be confusing. If there are two apazines commented upon, though, I'll alert you by noting the change in number. whew.*

## Thomas Quale

I wish that I'd noticed the Pogo cartoon in "Ardent Sex Parasite" #3 before I sent thank you notes

to people we visited in Denver and Seattle; it would have made a great postcard. ah well.//I also have a small child relative by the name of Sarah and recently I took a whole roll of film devoted to her cuteness. She's my first niece and she lives a thousand miles away; I can afford to go overboard. Sarah hasn't progressed to saying cute things yet, however: she can only pantomime and pull herself around in her walker with her feet or by hanging on to the Irish Setter's tail. Your sister-in-law sounds like an interesting kid. Possibly you should publish a book about those darned things kids say. Or has that been done before?//It looks like I was forced to take your advice by default. *Julia and Julia* must have come to town while we were gone and so we missed it.

(#23) I am still confused about the "intentional creation of uncertainty" though I think it all connects with **Andy's** zine, "Stop them Damn Pictures." Here's my assumption: Ambiguity is only successful if it leads the reader/viewer to multiple, equally valid interpretations, the sum of which result in a larger, richer understanding. If ambiguity results in no interpretation at all, but merely confusion, the exercise does not succeed. Do you agree? If not—and this is where my confusion comes in, because it seems to me that you do not—how are you pleased at the results of such an exercise? You say it is a "defense against the perceiver's exertion of power." Taken to the logical extreme, that seems to suggest that any valid interpretation of your writing by anyone other than yourself hurts you somehow, and so the only defense is to allow no one to perceive your point. Why write, then? But more importantly (in my mind) why is successful communication a threat against you? What power does the understanding reader wrest from your words? You point out that the act of labeling is the death of becoming. Maybe. Sometimes. But that's the fault of the person who chooses to put a cap upon their own understanding and to allow only one meaning to a word, a phrase, a picture or an idea. No matter what or how you say something, there will always be people capable of diminishing it with a superficial summary. But that's the fault of the reader, not the writer. And you can't prevent someone from, for example, summarizing Moby Dick with a one-sentence, "high concept" description. You can only write for the people who allow themselves the freedom of ambiguity.

You see I'm not going to let go of this topic for a while until you explain. And given our different strategies of communication, this may take quite a while.

## Diane Martin

A lot of people answered the questions from the book of questions and seemed to have a good time

doing it. Perhaps we should actually do a party built around the book as you suggested. It would be fun, I bet.

(#23) Sorry I was confusing. By writing about my experiences about the Mad Moose Gazette, I meant to do two things. I wanted to explain why I didn't want to do it anymore and I wanted to suggest that maybe WisCon's new committee might want to consider just what they

wanted the MMG to be. It seems as if—with the old editor going out—that this is an ideal time to reconsider the whole publication. It's my opinion that the convention publication should print news, and if there is other stuff in the zine, that it should be written and typed before the convention, rather than being written at the con. But this should be discussed by the concom and the actual person who will do the work. At this point **Andy** seems eager to be that person, and since he disagrees with me about what the MMG should do, it seems to me that my opinion is superfluous.

**Paula Lewis** I like your new logo too. You're welcome.//It does seem that we use a particularly cut-throat set of rules here in the midwest for Pictionary. I've encountered the same thing whenever I play the game outside of Madison or Milwaukee. Usually, though, as soon as they learn "our" rules, they're instant converts to the method. You're right, though, about how our rules tend to breed very good players. Did you know that a new box of clues is being sold? I got one for my father's birthday and we played a game with it. The new clues tend to be much more difficult, I think: more phrases, more subjective and difficult concepts. Which made it more fun.

Sixth fandom was the last numbered fandom, if you ignore those who argue that Harlan Ellison's generation of fans constituted a recognizable, discrete group. The custom of numbering fandoms dates from the Old Days when there were so few fans and fan groups, that each "flowering" of fannish energy could be pointed to as a discrete event. (You understand, of course, that in fandom, a generation doesn't equal 25 years, but is closer to 2 years.) Anyway, the custom was finally given up when it became clear that the burgeoning fan population was creating fan groups that overlapped both geographically and chronologically. It just got too confusing. (If they were still trying to keep track of such things, Madison fandom would probably be cursed with the tag, #12.3.5.8b.) Sixth fandom is viewed by some as a "golden age" of fannishness because it included Walt Willis along with the whole of Irish Fandom, and marked a time of legendary creativity and cooperation in both the US and Britain.

**Lucy Nash** Apparently Kelly's desire for a bath (as you said in Lucid One #9) turns out to have been an aberration. Kelly wasn't at all eager for even a quick face-wipe during Dick's move a few weeks ago. He was a mess and I offered to swab him off and he screamed hysterically "Nooooo!" Curious to see if I could get a louder response, I offered to simply toss him into the washing machine, and discovered that indeed, yes, he could scream even louder. I never complained about taking a bath when I was a kid. Mom says the problem was getting me out of the water (...figures); I was going for the Guinness Book record for prune toes.

I sympathize with the problems you had at Hazelton. I see more and more articles in the news lately about the plight of nurses all over the country: overworked, underpaid and generally underappreciated. That together with the rising shortage of nurses in this country had better result in some drastic changes or we're all

going to be in big trouble. Hospitals simply can't operate without nurses. Unfortunately, feminists must take some blame for our contribution to the image of a nurse as a low status career. The refrain, "Why be a nurse when you can be a doctor?" had a negative effect on nursing school admissions, and more and more women are choosing to train to be doctors (or lawyers or financial officers, etc.) rather than becoming nurses. If, instead, we had valued nurses more, nursing might now be an attractive career to both women and men.

(#23) What a weird squirrel story! I wonder what Stephen King would do with it? I'm sure he'd manage to mesh **Kim's** attic invaders and your's and Lianna's personal encounter into some spine-tingling tale. He could even use the city of Madison's recent dealings with them. A couple years ago, I got onto an elevator in the GEF-2 building and heard one person ask their friend, (with a decidedly ominous tone to their voice:), "Have you heard? They've stopped feeding the squirrels." That would be the first line of the horror story. The friend (in the novel) would have then said something like, "Oh my god, not that!" In real life I just went off into a wild mental fantasy and missed my floor. (A couple years ago, the city apparently decided, as an economy measure, that it was time to stop feeding the little bandits around the capitol building. I hadn't realized that they'd been doing it, but it makes sense when you think about how many of them live on the square. But I remember how weird it was that summer, how aggressive they were for a while when their food supply had been cut off. They've gotten more laid back now. Apparently many have given up on the capitol lawn, and have emigrated to other areas. Like the east side.

**Cathy Burnett** Gosh, and I gave my Cole post-cards to my father. Obviously we must be psychically linked. I'll get you another set if I get to the Smithsonian again.

**Julie Shivers** Thanks for the cover; it was delicious.

**Hope Kiefer** I sent Mike Glycer a brief account of the Minicon twinkie toss and included some screened photos of the event (the group photo and the one of our MVP, I think). I'd meant to ask **Andy** to write a paragraph as if from the point of view of a TV sports announcer, but finally decided that I was making more of a project out of it than it deserved. Still, perhaps we'll be immortalized in the next File 770. Too bad we lost the challenge at Corflu.

Good stuff about your grandfather, Hope. Nicely written. You make me wish I'd met him. All-over tan, you say? Sounds like a really interesting old guy.

**Spike** I'm glad you're continuing your saga of continental travel. Great stuff. You have a knack for writing linear chronology without falling into the expected format which can make for dull reading. (#23) Which knack you used again for a great conreport of Corflu. Why don't you send a copy of it to Andy Porter? He frequently publishes conreports

in *SFC* and I'd bet he'd publish your's if it isn't too late (or if he hasn't already published another Corflu report). That goes for anyone. If you write a good conreport with as much detail of the actual convention as Spike included in her's, you can probably get your article reprinted in *SC Chronicle* or *File 770*. Do it Spike!

My bug stories are mostly about mosquitos and involve infections and penicillin injections, and don't really make for very good entertainment. Happily, I've never shared an apartment with cockroaches either; the closest I could come is with a bat story and if squirrels don't qualify, bats certainly wouldn't. So I guess I can't contribute to this collection of horror stories.

Good comment re/Pete Winz's and my discussion on language. I loved your use of feminine hygiene spray="protection" as an example.

I agree with **Bill Bodden** that the Palestinian Jews have indeed learned a thing or two from the Nazis—not in the way you argued against—but in the same way that an abused child learns things from his or her abusive parent. The child may hate the parent, and grows up determined to be nothing like that parent, but time after time will become abusive to their own child because the person inside has modeled themselves after the only parental role model they knew... Which is not to say that the Jews have become Nazis, just that things are a great deal more complicated than labeling one side the good guys and the other side the bad guys.

**Johan Schimanski** I heard about most of the Scandinavian feud history at *Conspiracy*, but not the bit about "the unfannishness of bicycles." How/why could bicycles be fannish or unfannish? What an amazing concept.

Thanks for the witty Norwegian lesson.

I know what you mean about how "easily worn out" desk-top publishing effects get. I remember back when computer animation effects were just becoming familiar and we started seeing the "sparklies" on movie screens on the introductory panels ("And now for our coming attractions...!"). Right away, I knew that I was going to get very very tired of those fake reflective starbursts. And so I have. It's going to be the same way with shadowed fonts.

It's probably true that I shouldn't jump to the conclusion that so few of the turn of the century artists were aware of their psychological attraction to the femme fatale image. But at the same time, it seems to me, female images have at times been produced specifically to describe the evil nature of women, and later, it was possible for women to "reclaim" those images with all their implications, while at the same time redefining "evil" in some positive way. Take witches, for example. We can imagine that witches were indeed very powerful women, most often midwives, but that their power wasn't lent from the devil but simply derived from female experience. Men's fear of that experience then, created the fear and violence toward these women. I do think that there is an element of this process when we

look back at the femme fatale image and I still do wonder if there might not eventually be another process that will take place when future, freer women look back on the images of women produced in our time.

(#23) When you suggested that your story would be like Borges' "Pierre Menard, Author of Don Quixote," I imagined that you were going to reprint a Walt Willis excerpt and call it "Johan Schimanski, Author of the Harp Stateside." "It's all different now!" you could have said.

**Bill Boden** As usual, I liked your "Bodden Abroad" writing. Thank you.//And yes, I'd vote for a TCPA picnic. That would be nice.

(#23) I hope things are going better for you. Having gone through much the same thing you have—lived with someone I'd broken up with until our lease was up—I can certainly sympathize with you. Distance does help. I'm sorry too, to hear about your friend's accident.

**Cathy Gilligan** Writing letters to friends just for the fun of it, to stay in contact with them, etc., is an activity that has fallen by the wayside of my activities. I think I used to write letters to friends in much the same way as I write apazines, and in fact the very similarity of the two styles prompted dropping the letters and sending those friends my apazines or perzines instead. When I did *Obsessions*, I used to keep a mailing list of friends to whom I sent copies of it; now I send copies of *Whimsey Letters*, I'm afraid, are rare. But when I write them they feel like they take up the same energy as apazine writing takes.

**Laura Spiess** My memories of verbal changes I made after my throat operation are sparse. I remember learning to stop using certain phrases like "I only meant..." or "I just want to say..." And I remember practicing short, punchy, controversial opening statements in my head before I jumped into a conversation. Plus, I found a few tricks. There's one that I still use, and I hesitate to mention it here in the apa in front of all these men, but what the hell, they'll probably just be embarrassed, right? And then they'll forget all about it. When you're in a conversation that seems totally dominated by a couple of guys talking, and all the women are listening listlessly, this is what you do: two women in the group begin an intense whispered conversation between themselves. I practically guarantee that the two guys will break up their discussion almost immediately when they realize that they've lost part of their audience and will eavesdrop on the two women. Then, the women have to hold on to their parts of the conversation because the guys will try to take it over and make omniscient, conclusive, conversation-stopping statements to wrest back control of the conversation.

Glad you liked *Gone to Soldiers*. Have you seen the rather interesting covers they're using for the books. There must be about a half dozen of them: black and white photos, obviously from the 1940's, picturing types

reminiscent of all the major characters of the book, one picture/type per book cover. Interesting.

**Andy Hooper**

Re #1 of "The Spotted Cur," I'm not really sure what problem you have with the mailing agents, and being a mailing agent myself and afraid the I may be one objects of your wrath, I beg clarification. Certainly I take the responsibility for mailing Julie her apazine after you've collated it, etc., but Julie mails her zine copies directly to you, not to me. If other out-of-town apa members are mailing their zines to their agents, all I can say is, why? Mail them directly to the OE. Do you complain when you get zines directly by mail rather than by the hand of an agent?//I do agree about the general yuckiness of RAEBNC, but I really like the derogatory term, rae-bink. "Set your phasers on ray-bink men! We don't want to actually hurt the bastards!"//If **Richard Russell** wants to come back, I'm glad to see him try again. For as much as I've found him frustrating at times, I've mostly found his writing entertaining, and when he does his infrequent mailing comments, he's one of the most thorough and interesting at it. I just wish he'd do it more often, and keep it briefer, if that's the only way he can keep up to date.//And while I'm on the subject of apa business: I vote for only 30 copies. Quality over quantity.

Most interesting was "Stop them Damn Pictures." I agree with you enthusiastically because I desire clarity, but I fear it's simply a personal taste, not really a standard that I should ask anyone else to maintain in their writing. I figure that **Peter** has a reason for writing the way he does and pasting in the illos he pastes in, (I imagine him chuckling at each obscure joke) but I don't pay too much attention to them as communication per se; I think of them as more "orchestration" to his writing. Still it was amazing to read **Tom Quale's** explanation two zines later on "the intentional creation of uncertainty".

**Kim Koenigsberg**

Indeed. We should do a picnic again and it would be nice if it were warm and dry instead of cold and wet. On the other hand, if the Madison SF group has some sort of power over the weather, the farmers might thank us to schedule a picnic right away.

Thanks for the comments about voice and women and conversation. You should be less polite (and less shy) in conversations. Whenever you do say something, it's always interesting. Unfortunately, too many men mistake women's politeness (waiting for them to finish their comments) for shyness, and assume too soon that quiet women have nothing to say, rather than assuming they don't feel comfortable about saying it.

**Randy Jones**

**Paula Lewis** won't be able to answer your question about her logo, since I did the thing. This is how I did it: I xeroxed several copies of a Dover (not copyright protected) book of Specialized alphabets. Then I waxed the back of the xerox copies and cut out the letters I needed with an exacto blade and pressed them into the drawing of the cloud and coffee cup. Then I made a PMT and

mailed it to **Paula**. Actually that's about the same way I did **Bodden's** too, and it's a pretty easy thing to do if anyone wants to design their own logo. And thanks for the compliment. But maybe your coffee would do it it was tea. (I cheated and used a cup of tea for the model, you see.)

**Kim Nash**

With the exception of your zine, Kim, I only (finally) got around to reading this apa (#23) about a week before the deadline for #24. Days after we'd picked up the apa from Andy, **Scott** forced me to sit down and read your story of the incontinent water heater. So I did and was most hysterically amused. Thanks again for a wonderful story. I'm most definitely not putting you on about how good I think your writing is. The only thing you've ever written here that I've skipped was in this zine, however, and that was the instructions for playing Sheepshead. Too many numbers. How did a cardgame get such an unappetizing name?

If you end up scheduling one, I'd like to be included in on the grand Pictionary playoff. I'm pretty good and anyway don't you want me to get my dad to pick up one of those timers for you?

Are you actually volunteering to be the Turbo OE if **Andy** steps down from the responsibility? Hard to believe.

Much as I bad-mouthed Robert Heinlein in the last decade, I share your experience of his books as incredibly influential in my youth. During the summer of my freshman year of high school I spent all my free time typing up all the titles of his books and stories, and all the characters (and I mean all), all the technological advances in his stories, and all the historical highlights that I could identify. With these tiny snips of paper which I laboriously glued to slightly larger bits of colored construction paper, I created a huge "Future History" diagram which incorporated Heinlein's original diagram and my own interpretation of the way his stories fit together on one timeline. By the time I was a freshman in high school, I'd read everything he'd written, and I kept up with his writing through my college years: after I'd written a high school paper about him and discovered that I didn't agree much with his politics, and after I'd grown disgusted with most SF for being so sexist (including Heinlein, of course), and through the period of time when I simply stopped reading most SF and concentrated instead on a feminist reading list. No matter what, I'd always pick up the new Heinlein. Until, of course, *The Name of the Beast*. After that I stopped buying his books; I borrowed *Friday* from the library and haven't picked up anything of his since then. Having his heroine fall in love with her rapist, I guess, was finally the last straw.

Still your comments about the potential "flurry of posthumous publications" fascinates me too. The thing his later writing lacked most terribly was good editing. He'd simply gotten too popular a writer for any editor to feel they had any right to tamper with it. And it needed tampering with desperately. So it might be interesting if a very good editor gets assigned the task of going over Heinlein's unpublished stuff and manages to pull out

something that feels more like the old, more story-oriented Heinlein.

**Simba Blood** Interesting that we share the same wish for personal powers. I'll try to remember to ask my brother Rick about the name of the book on textbooks. I read it at his house when I was visiting there a couple years ago. It was on his recommendation, and so he will probably remember. I hope.

**Peter Larsen** Reflective glass buildings do architecturally what people do when they wear mirror-shade glasses. Interesting thought. I'm getting rather fed up with the impersonal, monolithic, and dull kind of architecture being built these last decades. There was a wonderful building in Seattle, a skyscraper just built, which had a sort of art nouveau look, all covered with detail and color (mainly blue and pink actually), that I thought was quite beautiful. And considering the psychological implications your little essay suggested, perhaps it's a sign of good things for our culture.

The point, though, is that maybe women can bridge cultural/language differences because they share so many concepts unnamed in any language, and a common language rushes to fill a void in a way that would not happen for men of different cultures/languages.

**Nevenah Smith** Good description of an afternoon of productive procrastination

and also of the Pink Floyd concert. I've never been to any of the more theatrical rock concerts, and at first (and still a little bit) I thought you might be putting us on, and that I was possibly the only apa member not getting the joke. Incredible special effects!

**Jerry Kaufman** Welcome to the apa, Jerry! I liked your essay on apas and even learned something I didn't know about (like the connection between Fapa and the term, genzine). Once again: congratulations on a great convention. I got to thinking after Corflu that eventually, and maybe even sooner, I might start replacing wordcon with corflu. Sometimes it seems a bit silly wandering around a worldcon trying to find Corflu (essentially) and trying to avoid all the stuff we spent so much money paying for with our worldcon membership. The frustrating part is that one spends much of the time convinced that Corflu is actually there—someplace—but that it's impossible to find it. And the other stuff, the stuff to be avoided, just keeps getting bigger, noisier, and more expensive. On the other hand, Corflu was wonderful and I want more.

**Don Helley** Thanks for the review of *Matewan* and also the description of Tutu's appearance. I envy you; I wish I'd been able to hear him talk. Good luck with your work on the Peace Festival. Hope it all goes well.