
ALLARGANDO⁶

ALLARGANDO 6 is published by Jeanne Gomoll from Box 1443, Madison, WI 53701-1443 for TURBOAPA 7, and counts as number 80 in my publication series, i.e., OBSESSIVE PRESS. Member FWA.

Ray Russell, I have to tell you that after your comments on abortion in TURBOAPA 5, I didn't feel too great to read your dubious compliment to me. You said that I was a "non-threatening" sort of feminist that you wished other feminists would emulate.

I really should have commented on your abortion comments last time, but I confess that in the rush to get my zine out, I skimmed the last apazines in the issue a bit too quickly, and entirely missed your remarks. Spike mentioned her anger at what you had written, and then I went back to read what I'd missed. At first, I thought that she'd exaggerated matters, but when I read your zine again, I discovered that she hadn't misquoted you at all.

Don't you realize what it sounds like to say that abortion is totally the woman's responsibility, and that if she doesn't have sufficient financial resources, that she should do the job herself? Does the image of a clothes hanger mean anything to you? This was an incredibly crude and cruel comment, and I hope that you didn't really mean what it sounded like. Perhaps you don't know that without the financial ability to buy an abortion, that many women have indeed felt compelled to abort their own fetuses, using methods that are dangerous, exceedingly painful and often lethal. I suggest that you read Marge Piercy's Braided Lives and then come back to the apa and talk about this issue again.

Your main point, however, had to do with your theory that the fetus and child are entirely the woman's responsibility, because--according to you--she holds all rights with regard to decision-making. I think you are wrong on both the proposition and the conclusion.

First, the proposition that the woman has all decision-making rights is not true. As has already been pointed out by several people in the apa already, the decision-making begins with and includes the decision to make love in the first place. Any man who thinks that this act should not entail any responsibilities on his part should practice celibacy. Obviously both people share the decision and thus the responsibility of any potential problems that arise from the act of making love. You even admitted this in a sort of oblique way when you said that pregnancies that were caused by rape should not be only the woman's responsibility. I fail to understand why a woman giving her consent to sex frees the man from all responsibility... You seem to be suggesting that the only time a man has any responsibility after sex is when he takes sex illegally (rape). Perhaps you'd also include a business proposition in which a man owes the fee (prostitution) or when he legally signs on for ownership (marriage). This is getting perilously close to women defined as chattels of men.

To continue on this matter of "rights", you've got to consider the matter of whose body the fetus must grow within. Obviously no matter how enlightened the male partner might be, he can't share all the responsibilities with the woman. No matter how feminist he might be, the fetus will still grow within the woman's body, putting her life and health at risk in a way that no man will ever have to worry about. You claimed that because the "rights" were tipped in balance of women, that therefore the "responsibilities" should be tipped that way too. I

think you've got it backward. It's because the "responsibilities" are tipped so much toward women (who have to carry the fetus for 9 months, give birth, and care for the child if the man leaves town), that it's necessary and morally right to tip the scales to give women the first and last word in deciding whether or not to bring the fetus to term. Women have the right to make decisions that involve their own bodies, because they are forced by physical circumstances to take a greater share of the risk.

Here's an analogy. Two people agree to begin a relationship. But only one person is necessary to end the relationship. It's sad but true that if things get bad enough between two people, that one person can just get up and leave. It's not necessary to take a vote, to come to an agreement. And in any case, voting is a sort of useless thing to do when you've only got two voters and both disagree.

That's the situation with a pregnancy. It takes two people to fertilize the egg, but only one to give birth to it or to abort it. It's certainly possible for the mother and father to discuss the matter and to agree about what to do; that's probably the case for the majority of human pregnancies. "Hey honey, I'm pregnant." "Wow, great, let's move out of this one-bedroom apartment." But it's not necessary. And as with a relationship that ends prematurely (from one partner's point of view), that may seem sort of unfair. If she aborts the fetus, he should help pay for it. If she carries it to term, he is responsible for helping to support it. That's all true. That's the risk that a man takes when he has sex with a woman.

Maybe contraceptives are used, but there's always a chance of their failing. Maybe one of them was irresponsible and took a chance. Maybe he never asked if she was taking precautions. No matter how "safe" sex may seem at the time, we all must accept the possibility of some risk, and if that risk materializes and she becomes pregnant. . . all he can say is "how can I help?" She'd probably like to say, "You be pregnant," but she can't, and his responsibility is to be morally and financially supportive of whatever decision she makes with or without his input.

Now on to other things. I wouldn't mind it if Andy decided to institute some sort of apa guidelines, but I don't think I like all of your's, **Ray**. The minimum submission length of 2 pages...OK. I'm on the fence about whether to disallow more than one pages of blank paper (someone might be limited to a certain kind of duplication--mimeograph, for instance, or a xerox machine that doesn't easily do two-sided copying--that would make this rule a hardship) and I don't feel offended enough by blank pages to do more than ask people--for the sake of economy--to avoid blank pages. I'd prefer not to limit length either. If people feel it's a real financial hardship to pay the postage, I'd rather see the OE "tax" the verbose apa-hacks for excess poundage. And I'm definitely against limiting apa submissions to "written prose." I may not read much of the poetry published in the apa, but I'll fight to my extradition anyone's right to print it. Also, I'd like to see artwork by apa-members when they feel like including it, and this rule would exclude that too. That's why Andy gives minac status to the cover submission, after all. I tend not to like to see reprints in the apa that much, and if Andy really wants to tread in the dangerous waters of "quality" parameters, I'll support him, but otherwise I'm rather lukewarm on the idea of rules. (If Andy does want to enforce your submission guidelines, that's OK too, but if this is a vote, the only parameter I'd vote for is the minac/2 pages rule.)

David Busch, a suggestion: Could you summarize the next reprint you include in the apa? I don't have the patience, background or vocabulary to read the article you included last time, though as you say, its ramifications might be very interesting to me. A short paragraph might have been read by me, at least. One glance at the intimidating rhetoric of the article just inspired me to page on past.

Julie Shivers--good trip report. You wondered about what would be your next "Amuck in--" story. Well, a euphaneous, and cheap trip might be. . . "Amuck in Mukwonago"!

Thomas Quale--Right off I found myself disagreeing with the quotation you used at the very beginning of your zine, where it says "Poetry can't be transmuted; it can't be turned into a Broadway musical, or a Hollywood film, or a television sitcom." Well maybe Joel Gersmann (author of quotation?) is right about the TV sitcom, but one great movie is Stevie with Glenda Jackson, which is one long poetry reading and also a story about the life of Stevie _____ (I forget her last name; she was the Poet Laureate of England). She wanders around the house where she lives with her mother and speaks poetry as she lives her life. It's a sort of dramatic reading and a very good movie. And then in the category of Broadway musical, there's the play "For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide." I've got the album in case you're ever in town and would like to hear it. I think it's great. There's been good poetry done on TV too, though granted not on a sitcom. I'm thinking of Bloom's interpretation of Emily Dickinson.

Actually for as much as I am always saying that I'm not too interested in reading poetry, I found myself very intrigued by the philosophical/theoretical discussion going on about the subject in the apa.

For instance I was really intrigued by **Peter Larsen's** response to **Richard Russell**. He said "Part of the attraction of poetry is the chase, the sifting for information, the development of a tone or feeling, the approach of a particular mind set, all of which is wrapped up in a block of words. Poetry allows one to say thing on many levels at once, the sort of dense packing that I mentioned above, reinforcing aspects of the text by line breaks, word position, and so on. In the same way that a song carries meaning both through the words and the music a poem can support itself on more levels than the simple text." I was intrigued because with a few minor changes in his description of the joy of writing/reading poetry, I can easily identify my own joy of writing/reading prose. So often I've had arguments with people who claim that I am "ruining" a story or a novel by looking for different levels of meaning and texture than simply that provided by the basic plot line. "I read to be entertained," they staunchly maintain, as if daring anyone to try to convince them that there is anything more in the piece that entertained them. Peter says that the difference between a novel and a poem is that a poem asks that you find all the levels of meaning at once, while a novel allows you to find them (or not find them) with subsequent readings. And that's an interesting idea, too, but I don't think it really gets very close to the real difference between poetry and prose. If this were the basic difference, the determining characteristic, it would be necessary to maintain and be able to prove that you could not read a poem once and catch one meaning, and then read it through again and catch another. I think that if I wanted to research a little bit that I could quickly come up with a few exceptions.

No, the reason I'm fascinated with this apa conversation about poetry, is that I'm surprised that the difference between prose and poetry is so fuzzy and such a matter of disagreement.

Thomas Quale's quotation indicated one sort of distinction (that poetry can't be transmuted...i.e. that its form is what makes a poem a poem), and Peter came up with another (the multi-leveled, wholistic concept), and neither of them seem right to me.

Bill Boden's approach didn't do anything for me either. He divided up poetry's and prose's "purposes," with prose's purpose limited to informing and poetry's wide open to include informing, entertaining, expressing concepts which do not translate into prose, and "to challenge our rational minds to be silly and lighten up." I can think of examples of prose and poetry that can do all of the above, with the exception of the paradox definition (to say what the other cannot say), which isn't a useful definition anyway. Subject matter is simply not a workable definition. Any subject can be treated by either or both prose and poetry.

However, I still sense a concensus of opinion that poetry somehow says things in a different way than does prose, and that it somehow manages to communicate more. The emphasis seems to be on the word, "communication." But then around comes **Andy Hooper** and says "Imagine that poets are speaking with thick accents. Imagine that they are ascetics who have chosen to use only the most obtuse corners of the language to communicate with. Imagine that you are dealing with an alien, whose ability to communicate is severely colored by his unusual interpretations of terrestrial phenomena." Communication of the traditional sort, indeed of any sort, does not seem to be the work of poetry for Andy. After I laughed at the image Andy'd presented in his reply to Dick, I paused and suddenly realized that Andy's thick-accented alien speakers is exactly the right analogy for the experience that's most often turned me off from reading poetry.

It's not that I dislike ambiguity... I liked the ending of 2001: A Space Odyssey for the ambiguous way it handled the possibility of an alien experience. I saw The Final Wave several times. And it's not that I shy away from multi-leveled, "difficult" interpretations. I remember enjoying tremendously the detective work necessary to work out the meanings of T.S. Eliot's The Wasteland. I think my core problem with most poetry is that I suspect that so much of it is ambiguous (even "deliberately trying to be obtuse," as **Spike** characterized a poem of **Peter's**) --for the sake of ambiguity. And that's where I suspect--for me--the difference between poetry and prose affects me most strongly.

Last year, I spent several weeks writing a story for Whims^ey about the death of my grandfather and the reactions of people around him. Because I was trying to get down exactly what had happened rather than to partially spin a fictional story, which is usually what I do when I write, mixing fact with imagination, I thought quite a lot about the problems of accurate communication. Even when we're trying our hardest to accurately report a real occurrence, there are so many assumptions in the words we choose (words that have acquired added meaning among a small group of friends, or words that we emphasize peculiarly when we speak) and we forget that those added meanings fail to communicate themselves to most readers. My brother Rick and I were talking about how much of my grandfather's story is bound up in the family's shared history and that it is next to impossible to bring all that preliminary information into the story when we tell it to outsiders, so that they will understand the humor at the end. And so it was no great surprise that the letters that I got back in response to the story in Whims^ey indicated that indeed, everyone had read a slightly different story...

I guess I can't imagine wanting to write a piece that deliberately courts such extremely different readings, and that indeed may never communicate the central meaning for which the poet originally wrote. For many poems of the purposely ambiguous sort, I think of a Rorschach ink blot test, or one of those toys--a tube like a telescope, only with colored pieces of glass in the end, so that every time someone else picks it up and looks through it, they see a new design.

To change the subject slightly . . . I'm surprised that no one brought up the idea that poetry is closer to music than to prose, that pure sound is the more important aspect of poetry. Doesn't "sound poetry" supposedly try to touch the emotions directly without recourse to intellectualizations of meaning, or even language...?

But back to my regular mailing comments now.

I think you misunderstood me, **Thomas Quale**. I got into fandom after media fans had increased worldcon attendance by thousands of attendants, so I don't see them as having "fucked up 'my' beautiful world of SF." And indeed, I do think that the usefulness of a word makes its existence necessary. In this context, it would be difficult to talk about the differences between the first conventions and the most recent ones without talking about people who were drawn to fandom through their contact with TV and film SF, rather than just written SF. You suggest that merely talking about this change reveals me to be a prejudiced, bigoted person.

You said, "Why do I get the sneaking suspicion that describing 'some of the changes in big SF conventions over the past decade' as attributable to 'media fans' is akin to blaming crime on 'blacks'? 'Media fan' seems to be handy shorthand for 'anyone who's fucked up 'my' beautiful world of SF.'"

And I'm sort of at loss for what I said to inspire that. Perhaps you were going back to a comment I made to **Julie Shivers**, in which I added an anecdote to her observation that blacks seem to be blamed for any and all problems in black residential areas. The point of both Julie's and my comments, however, was that the assumptions are often erroneous.

Anyway, I think you mis-read my comments. In any case, it feels as if I am getting comments from you based on a zine written in an alternate universe, slightly different from the one I wrote... And it's experiences like this that make me even more distrustful of the potentials for misunderstandings in the ambiguities of poetry, in which one isn't even trying for clear statements...

Peter Larsen, I really liked the summary of your studies in Medieval homosexuality. I wasn't going to do any more than to compliment you on it and vote for continued installments on the subject, until after I'd finished typing up the comments to Thomas, and as a result I went off into a sort of wild mental digression.

First of all though, I wanted to tell you that I just read a review of a couple of books in The Nation that look as though they might interest you, especially the second one. (THE PINK TRIANGLE: THE NAZI WAR AGAINST HOMOSEXUALS, by Richard Plant. Henry Holt and Co.; and THE SPIRIT AND THE FLESH: SEXUAL DIVERSITY IN THE AMERICAN INDIAN CULTURE, by Walter L. Williams. Beacon.) The second book is about the homosexual male in American Indian culture, who was called a "berdache." I remember learning about berdaches in an anthropology course and wishing I could find out more. I may try to find this book myself.

The Indians seem to have accepted homosexual males (and not believed in homosexual women?) in a way that European cultures never did. Indians considered berdaches to be a sort of "third" gender, and often regarded them as sacred people, performing ceremonial roles as shamans and healers, or working as teachers and foster parents. The mental digression I went into was to wonder if the word that a culture uses to describe individuals or groups creates an indelible and powerful stigma for them. I've read elsewhere, and I think you suggested too, that it makes no sense to speak of gays as having existed before the late nineteenth century, because although there was sexuality between people of the same sex, there weren't large enough cities to provide the chance for communities of gays to gather. I've often been uncomfortable with that observation. It seems that there must have been large enough, dense enough populations in history that probably could have nurtured gay communities. But maybe--I digressed--maybe gays had never before been called a name that separated them from the rest of the community and thus prompted them to find others who shared their difference. In the case of European communities it finally fostered a hidden, frightened community. In America--briefly--it fostered something different.

Julie/Crash Gomoll do you mind if I keep calling you Julie here? I never did make the switch to calling our brother Rick, Eric, when he shifted to that more grown-up name, and I've got the feeling I'm not going to have any better luck in learning "Crash." ...Good luck on your new business!!

Bill Bodden, what an awful image that Dear Abby letter conjured up! The woman who wants to save her husband's beautiful tattoo after he dies, made me think of a trophy wall. --You know, a wall with a head of a deer or a stuffed marlin. And right next to those trophies, I pictured Popeye's stuffed, muscled arm poking out of a mahogany frame, displaying his tattoo...

Kim Koenigsberg, sorry you weren't at Nick's the night we brought the published SF3 Directories to the meeting. Pete wasn't embarrassed at all, I don't think, and it was sort of an anticlimax, but the build-up was fun while it lasted.

I think you need a different typeface for your apa title. I kept reading it "Bellzine."

OK, I'll bite on your "this month's controversy", **Jim Cox**. You say, "I submit that human life has no inherent value. A specific human life is neither precious nor is it worthless. A given human life is worth only what other human beings deem it to be."

You may be surprised to know that I agree with you. "Value" is a word that begins and ends with human perception. A rock does not value the soil into which it decomposes. (At least I'm going to assume it doesn't.) Value is relevant only to human desires, needs, and aesthetic judgement. A so-called good person will burn as well as a so-called evil person when thrown into a fire. The fire notices no "value." That's the point. We humans value other humans. We define one another's worth.

Sometimes we value one another with a religious crutch: "God made us. God loves us. Therefore it's a sin to kill or to commit suicide because we are God's creations." Religious people assume an outside agent, an outside evaluator. But it's been pointed out that it's perfectly possible to arrive at the same conclusions without believing in a god. Democracies are founded upon the principals drawn from philosophies that begin with the assumption that human life must have intrinsic value. And by this, they don't mean god-defined value, or even universe-defined value. They mean human being-defined value. Human beings have always valued their own life and in an attempt to protect that evaluation, they tend to define all human life as equally, intrinsically valuable.

Obviously, as you are no doubt already smirking about, there are historical examples by the thousands, of instances in which human life was empathically not valued. I think that most, if not all, can be explained by saying that human beings have an infinite capacity to define others--individuals and groups--as less than human. They're black; they're not really human. They're women; they're not really human. They're poor, that's their fault; they're not really human. They don't feel pain like we do. They are not born of royal blood; they're less than I am. They're not intelligent; they're not really human.

But the people we include in our family, our "kind," our race, or as our friends, we define like ourselves to have value. Unless one decides to live as a hermit, it's the only way to get along with a group of people. After all, urban communities wouldn't even be possible without the shared assumption by most of the people who live together in the community that each denizen's life is valuable. Without that assumption, there could be no law, for instance against murder or robbery, and without a framework of enforced morality, people would find large communities simply too dangerous to live within.

When this (not necessarily religious) morality fails to be enforced by government, and is replaced by individuals who narrowly define the kind of humans to whom they are willing to accord "value," things get lethally dangerous because you're never sure whether the next person you meet will look at you and see you as less than human and therefore of no value.

You see I agree with you in a narrow sense, Jim. Human life has no intrinsic value. I say, however, that it has a human-defined value. And that value must be equal to what we accord our own life. If some individuals and groups are to have less value than we do, it will work out that in other people's minds, we too --at times--have less value for them. I don't want to live in a world in which lynching, for instance, is tolerated. I believe that one is justified in taking another life, only when one's own life or another life is being directly threatened by that person.

By the time a crime has been committed, the criminal apprehended, guilt proven, and sentence must be pronounced--by that time, no individual and certainly not society, is any longer being directly threatened. Society has a right to protect innocent individuals from further danger at the hands of the criminal, but I don't believe there is a "right" of revenge--on an individual's or society's part. According to the human-defined value of human life, we--none of us, ever--has the right to take a human life except where another is threatened. The fact that someone has committed that crime does not free us to commit it.

I was struck with the introductory quotation **Mike Katzenberger** used at the beginning of his apazine: "Do not be sorry afterwards. Be sorry before. Then you will be a man who uses his mind to make his way instead of to repair it." - Chiun, Death Therapy. Actually, I've found that it works better if you're sorry afterwards. But this is a different context than Chiun meant, I think.

I have a friend, Anne, who was working on her Ph.D when I was in college. We got to be very close then, through what turned out to be a very difficult time of her life. And the differences between us hinged on the idea of being sorry before or after. Anne was extraordinarily intelligent, and an excellent researcher. But her pattern in school, and indeed in all her future experiences when she was writing a report or a paper or an exam, was to worry as she neared the end of whatever it was, that it was bad. She would finish the research for a paper and almost be done with writing it out, and find herself paralyzed with doubt --worrying that it was badly reasoned, poorly constructed, or irrelevant. She would study very hard for a test and worry before and during the exam that she was doing so poorly that she would flunk the test and be expelled from school. She works as a finance officer in a bank out east now, and still worries every time she turns in a report that it is badly done and that they will "find her out" and fire her for her ineptitude. Well inevitably, what always happens, is that she aces the exam and gets such a high grade that she ruins the curve for everyone in the class. Or she turns in the report at work and they're so thrilled with it that they give her a raise and a promotion. But sometimes her self-doubt gets so intense that she is completely unable to finish the paper or whatever and fails in spite of the probability that she will excell. This is what happened in college for her. She majored in history, before she started over again and got an MBA, and in spite of encouragement by her professor who said she had a brilliant thesis idea and excellent research, she was unable to complete her thesis. She missed getting her Ph.D by about one month's work.

I'm the opposite. While I'm writing something or working on a project, I'm usually convinced that it's the best thing I've ever done, and that it will be received with applause by whoever it's for. Toward the end of a project I get positively smug at how good whatever it is that I'm working on. I finish a drawing and I tend to want to make copies and show it off. ...But after it is actually done, and I turn it into a professor, or send it off to the publisher, or publish it, I'm suddenly wracked with doubts. I suddenly remember all the rough spots that I didn't consider at the time, by all the things that I should have changed and that now don't sound so good in my memory.

So for both Anne and I, the discovery that the thing got a good grade or was well received, was a great relief. . .but I usually had less of a hard time actually finishing whatever it was.

"Does anyone think we could get away with an issue of just writers writing comments to each other, wadayathinkhmmmm?" you ask, Mike K. **Sure.**

It sure is hard to know what to think about you movie reviews, **Mike DuCharme**. I agreed with you entirely on your A+ review of Mosquito Coast, Lady & the Tramp, Stop Making Sense, and Shop of Horrors this time. I can't really understand how you could let even a very good mood influence you to rank something like Tough Guys with movies like those. **Kim Nash** could learn some chaotic thinking tips from you.

I want some more Peace Corps Hell, **Kim Nash**. I'd even be willing to put up another beer if that's what it takes. Skip the idea of the chain letter though. I've had enough of those. Lately it seems that fandom has gone mad with them. I've gotten a few this year already. One was a women's chain letter on which each woman wrote the reason why she was in a desparate financial bind. It was a sort of guilt chain letter. I'm about aghast at these letters from SF fans as I am to know that any of them really believe in astrology...

You're right, **Lorelei Manney**, about how some men get defensive about feminism because they're insecure about themselves. Racism and sexism have both been used

to rationalize and justify a ready-made inferior group. If someone is afraid that they're not going to be able to compete in any arena on their own merits, it's always comforting to know that there is always one group of people, that by definition are always going to come in second-best.

Welcome to the apa, Lorelei.

Andy Hooper...did every one of those quotes get said by someone on the list? Did I really say one of them? My mind must be going.

I still maintain that bad poetry is easy to write. You haven't convinced me yet. Maybe you should read through a month's worth of submissions to Aurora. In fact I'd really like to hear your comments about the slush pile of poetry we accumulate for Aurora. How about it? You should talk to Diane about it.

Well, yes, Madison drivers are pretty discourteous to Madison bike-riders. But at least, for the most part, they accept the fact that we are here. In a lot of other cities where there are no bike paths at all and there are no safe ways to get from most points to other points other than in multi-ton vehicals, automobile drivers purposely try (by word and sometimes physical abuse) to force bikers off the road. ...Still, I'm sure we could both trade a few terrifying horror stories about biking on Madison roads. I still intend to commute in non-winter months via bike in Madison. But if I moved to Austin, for instance, I'd put my bike away except for purely recreational peddling expeditions in the parks.

Actually "sercon" didn't start off as a Britfan epithet. It's an old American fannish term used to sarcastically put down the serious and constructive genzine writers. However it evolved to a positive term in the seventies to mean the same thing, minus the sarcasm. Another example of one of those derogatory terms like "media fan" which was accepted by the group being addressed with it, and turned into an acceptable appellation.

It's fun, **Spike**, to hear both you and Julie tell the story about going to the country-western bar. The emphasis is slightly different, Julie ending up sounding mildly tolerant and amused about the experience, and you sounding wildly enthusiastic. I don't think you've got her converted to CW yet.

I wish we could get a videotape of Orsen Scott Card's "Secular Humanist Meeting." Of course it wouldn't be nearly as thrilling as actually being there, but I'd like other people to hear it. I've been to two of them now, and I'd go to another, but I wonder how long Card will be willing to repeat the performance. It must be a grueling experience after so many repetitions. And if he ever stops, I hope it's preserved for posterity.

I like the clear, brief way you respond to topics, **Diane Martin**, that drive me to too much length, or at other times, to skip responding all together. I'm reacting specifically to your comments to **David Lawson**, which caused me to mumble, "gawd, this would take pages to deal with. Well maybe next time..." Bravo. I also cheered at how you pointed out the inconsistency in **Ray Russell**'s comment about speaking in a female or male manner, and his ignorance of Kim Nash's gender. Funny too.

But it struck me too, at how you, Spike and I seemed to be lumped together in Ray's writing. Obviously it is more than the fact that we are all women; there are other women in the apa. I certainly don't think we share a "party line." It is, however, pretty common that people who are uncomfortable with feminists--both women and men who feel uncomfortable--often talk about feminists as if they did share one, monolithic point of view. "I'm not a feminist," she might say, "--I believe in equal pay for equal work, but I'm no bra-burner." This was a pretty common thing to hear early on in the women's movement. Bra-burning isn't that shocking a notion anymore though. But you still hear people say, "If you're a feminist, you must believe..." (fill in the blank) Phyllis Schaffley would say we believe in co-ed public bathrooms. Some men would say we believe in hating men. Some radical feminists might say we must believe in censoring pornography. I think all that's ridiculous. The whole point of feminism to me is that women

are human beings with all the rights, capacities and responsibilities of human beings. (I'm sort of paraphrasing a letter from Suzy Charnas here, which has been on my mind lately.) The main point of feminism for me is that women have choices to be and to believe what they want. Trying to enforce or implying there exists a "feminist party line" is a contradiction in terms. But it's certainly not uncommon to hear the assumption...

So maybe it's not surprising to find the assumption flourishing right here in the apa.

(In case anyone's interested, maybe I should quote Suzy Charnas's definition of feminism in its entirety. I think it's a great one: "A feminist is someone who believes that women are unconditionally and fully human beings, with all the capacities, rights, and responsibilities pertaining thereto, and that this basic reality is modified more or less restrictively and destructively by all cultures in which 'human' is defined as 'male.'")

On reading my own apazine over again, I discovered that I hadn't said all that I had been meaning to say on the subject of dropping "fillo's" into zines to break up text. And the thing was this: did you know that the very first apazines that were ever published, were done by printers? These guys put together their zines not to have conversations with one another, but to play around with type, type faces, paper, printing methods, and techniques. Rather than using original writing by themselves to demonstrate a new type font, or page layout, or inking technique, they'd simply borrow chunks of text from magazines or books, along with photographs or graphics they had around. Sometimes they'd even print the text upside down, because the point was not for apa-members to read what they were printing, but simply to look at the arrangement and printing quality. Eventually, they did talk a little with one another--making mailing comments about one another's formats, but for the most part they weren't interested in conversations. Whether you can get any moral statement about using fillos from that historical nugget, I don't know. But it may explain why I don't like using art simply to break up text; I'd rather see it connect with the text.

Dick Russell, unfortunately, for women's self-confidence building statements to not sound like "women are better than men," we couldn't say "women are great." That would sound and does sound to many men like the same thing as "women are better than men." We'd have to say something like "women are OK, well at least pretty good...considering," in order not to touch off their insecurities.

You wondered if the movie Lianna had missed Madison. I saw it at the Majestic when it came out. You must have been watching bad horror films and missed it.

Your talking about getting sick in ferris wheels but not in airplanes made me remember the time I almost got sick in the plane you were flying.

"You want to go flying, Jeanne?" You said one day. You were taking lessons and there would be room for Diane and I in the back seat. Sounded great to me. I like flying (or thought I did) and so I said "sure."

You didn't tell me exactly what you would be doing in the course of your lessons though. And not knowing much of the lingo, I just listened with half an ear as the instructor told you to do various things and we swooped and climbed and turned. The view was pretty and I was having a good time looking over the Wisconsin landscape. So I didn't really think much when I heard the instructor tell you to try a stall. All I knew was that we were climbing rather steeply.

This is interesting, I might have been thinking.

And then the motor killed and we were FALLING. We were obviously going to crash and all of us were going to DIE. There was no question in my mind that something had gone terribly, terribly wrong and that there would be no escape. The fall seemed to last for an hour, though it was probably over in a matter of seconds.

You gained control of the plane again as you were supposed to do. As you explained later, you've got to be able to know what to do in situations like this and so you practice "stalls." Gawd, Richard, I wish you'd explained that before

we started the flight.

In any case, I spent the rest of the time we were in the air struggling to get control of my stomach. A number of times I thought sure that I was loosing that battle and that I was about to make everyone very uncomfortable, but I managed to keep control. It was, however, a great relief to step back on solid ground again.

I don't know if I'd have reacted that way if I had known what was coming or not. I tend to think that I'll avoid ever finding out. Certainly I'd make a miserable astronaut.

Sorry, Richard, about the dangling reference. I too, dislike it when the comments refer to anchorless comments in previous issue. But I try to suggest the comment I'm refering to with contextual remarks rather than going to the point of actually quoting the entire reference. I agree with you, however, that saying things like "Good comment about the bad book," are more irritating than interesting.

For this one though, I think I'd better type out the quotation. You say, "Let me refer to Jeanne's 'idea that the one who does the work gets to decide how to do it.' The problem with this statement is the word 'one.' An apa is not the work of only one person, it is the work of many. As an example, I put in 15-20 hours on each apazine (not counting research), and I can't imagine how long it must take for those of you who search out clippings, or write poetry, or do art-work. Of the 25 members of the apa, I've recruited 4. Is this not work? Does this not contribute to the overall value of the zine? By Jeanne's reasoning, do I not have some right to decide how things should be done?"

By my reasoning you have the right to name your own zine, to organize your own zine, to decide who and how to comment to, and to generally make your apazine anything you want it to be. Even to print D&D character descriptions in. But Andy organizes the zine as a whole. He collates it, he distributes it, he provides the business pages, he solicits cover art, he keeps track of minac and any other apa-rules and enforces them. For this work, by my reasoning, he gets to determine what rules he's willing to enforce, he gets to write and design whatever organizational business he feels is necessary, and he gets to name the apa. Andy also does as much work as he wants to on his apazine. It doesn't matter if he does 15-20 hours worth of work or one hour's worth of work. For that he gets to publish his own zine the way he wants it done. As do we all, regardless of how many hours we each individually put into our individual zines. By my reasoning.

I apologize for saying that it's axiomatic that "any person may join the apa." That was an oops. I didn't mean it. I meant to say that "any person that joins an apa may drop out of it." The process of joining an apa is certainly not a "right" and indeed is governed by different processes in different apas.

You asked for ideas about how we could deal with postage costs. If Andy doesn't want to continue requiring that out-of-towners arrange their own delivery, I suppose we'll have to think up something else. The Women's Apa had a fairly good system, though it was a bit complicated. After everyone's name in the table of contents, the OE listed their "account total." When one's account got close to 0, we would send the OE a check for \$10 or \$15 which would be drawn from each mailing. If it cost \$1.80 to mail off an issue one month, then \$1.80 would be subtracted from everyone's account that month. Next time, the issue might be smaller and only cost 75¢ to mail. And so the OE would deduct 75¢ from each person's account. Of course WAPA was an entirely by-mail apa. I don't think more than a couple people lived close enough to Anne Laurie Logan to actually be able to pick up their zine. By the way, the deduction each month also covered the purchase of a jiffy-bag to protect the zines.

I loved Little Shop of Horrors. As a musical comedy, I thought it was a different film than the original, enough different to be an excellent film in its own right. (Insert here, again, The Fly argument.)

👤 **Hope Kiefer** congratulations on your graduation. I hope you have a great time in England. Are you going to continue to send in submissions to TURBOAPA?

I loved all your cartoons last time, especially "Life Styles of the Rich and Stupid." Isn't there some joke about rich people who race sailboats? The sport is defined as one in which you take a million dollars and dump it overboard into the ocean. Or something like that.

👤 **Nevenah Smith**, sorry I didn't get to your housewarming party, but I hope you continue to enjoy living with a roommate. It is an abrupt sort of adjustment; I know, I've made it a couple times now, and am looking forward to a third time this summer when Scott moves in.

👤 **Laura Spiess** did I lend you my Roches album? I've been looking for it recently, and I've got this vague but persistent memory of lending you a record album... I'd like it back, if I did, or if I didn't --do you remember if I lent you another album? The mystery is bothering me.

👤 Now, here's another poem from MOTS D'HEURES: GOUSSES, RAMES, by Luis D'Antin Van Rooten, with "translation".

"Noyé, l'ami, dans toot, sa lippe,
Après d'alarmants sauts, l'équipe.
En duvet deuil beffroi évêque...
apprête alors ma salle de teck.

"Here we have perhaps the clearest word picture presented in the manuscript. A simple translation is without doubt the best way to present it. One might almost give it a title, Lament:

"'Scornful of life, the friend was drowned
After alarming leaps by the clique.
In downy mourning the bishop's tower...
Prepare then my room of teak.'

"A room of teak is obviously a coffin. The first line, however, could mean that, unlike Shelley, our nameless friend did not drown, but drank himself to death-- a much more common and unromantic end."

👤 You may all wonder at the extraordinary length I went for this month's TURBOAPA when, last month, I declared that I thought I'd have to skip this issue altogether. Well, it's not that Andy's black mark against me on the business page scared me into contributing. It is that I am home sick today with a toothache that won't let me work, but won't let me rest either. I am in the midst of root canalery and something has gotten infected up there. The dentist has already removed the bad nerve, but the infection is being combatted with penicillin now, and all I can do is wait for the infection to drain away and take with it the throbbing pain I'm dealing with right now. The dentist says I should be much better by tomorrow. In the meantime, I find that arguing with people in the apa takes my mind off things. (Let me apologize now if my arguments have been slightly sharper than usual. Blame my tooth.)

But I'd better find something else to distract me now. I'm at the end of the apa. See you at WisCon.

Jeanne

6 February 1987