

ALLARGANDO ~~no 7~~ no 9

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This 7th issue of ALLARGANDO is coming to you in a reduced state. I've got a lot to say, since I missed the last Turboapa and so have two issues on which to comment. And I've already started thinking about two rather longish replies on two separate subjects of conversation...so, I'm playing it safe with my pocketbook and typing on overlarge paper, to be reduced later. I'll make sure it's good repro, so I hope that nobody's bothered by it. But if you are, let me know, and I'll endeavor to be less long-winded next time and not have to worry about the cost of reproduction. In any case, it's ALLARGANDO #9 still, and I'm still Jeanne Gomoll, receiving mail at PO Box 1443, Madison, WI 53701-1443, and calls at 255-9909. To those of you who voted for me for TAFF, thank you very, very much. In case you haven't heard, I won the award, and I will be going off to Britain for three weeks, starting the last week of August and returning the third week of September, this year. Before you know it, I'll be distributing TAFF ballots for 1988 through here...

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BUSINESS, FIRST

On **Andy's** motions, I vote no, no, and yes.

First, I vote against the motion to restrict "non-original" material from the apa, because the rule seems potentially very unfair and most difficult to interpret. With respect to unfairness, all the following examples of zines would be disallowed under the 50% rule:

- 1) a 6-pager with 3 1/8 pp-worth of clip art illos.
- 2) a 1-pager (minac) with opposite side showing a reprinted newspaper article and a cartoon
- 3) a 12-pager with 10 of those pages given over to reproduction of Supreme Court rulings or D&D character lists.

On the other hand, the following zines would be allowed:

- 1) a 7-pager with 3 1/8 pp-worth of clip art illos.
- 2) a 1-pager (minac) with nothing printed on the opposite side.
- 3) a 1-pager (minac) with a reprinted article and cartoon photoreduced so they cover only 1/2 of the back page
- 4) a 22-pager with 10 of those pages given over to reproduction of Supreme Court rulings or D&D character lists

Besides not being fair, the rule would not touch some of the problems that I assume are its target. There will still be extraneous material in the apa that most people would rather not see. The apa size will still be affected by voluminous reprints, clip art illos, etc., and postage costs will still be affected. In fact, ironically, smaller zines will be the most affected by the 50% rule and the writers of these small zines will most frequently be found to be in violation of the rule. Individuals who submit short issues will have to be very careful about pasting in cartoons, humorous newspaper clippings, etc.

Finally, I think the rule will be a bear to interpret. After all, what is "unoriginal material" anyway? Because it was constructed out of clip art, the fold-out collage cover of #8 could be considered as "unoriginal" as any of **Ray Russell's** weapon illos or **Dick Russell's** Supreme Court reprints. I hate to think of **Andy** (or whoever else replaces him after he gafiates from exasperation) painstakingly measuring the space taken up by each illustration and reprinted newspaper article and computing the ratio of "unoriginal" area as compared to "original" space.

And there are other problems that may be encountered by an OE trying to control the amount of unoriginal material in the apa. What if I included a re-typed version of an article or story I wrote for another fanzine, or an old illo of mine? **Andy** wouldn't necessarily know since he hasn't seen all of my writing or artwork by a long shot. ...In which case, why should my including a reprint of something most of you haven't read of mine be a problem? And there are other potential problems with this rule.

...But it would be a lot easier if we just encouraged one another to write our own, new stuff (or at least stuff that people in the apa hadn't seen yet), by writing mailing comments to the stuff that we like, and by ignoring the stuff we don't enjoy. As for people who have to pay postage for zines inflated with reprints, etc., well that's always been a problem for apa-hackers. You don't usually have much control at all over what or how much or how good the contributions that the other guy puts in their apazine. But that's one of the good things about apahacking too: we each have complete control over our own zines' content.

So anyway, I vote no on that motion.

I vote no, too, on the index and table of contents. A table of contents might be convenient, but I sympathize with the OE's desire to get the apa out right away and

personally don't think the mere aspect of convenience is worth the expense and OE's time. I am willing to trust the OE's accounts without demanding a full written disclosure of financial matters every issue. And I'm willing to keep track of people's names and addresses on my own.

And I vote yes on the 50¢ dues motion. I see no reason why we shouldn't help pay for the printing costs on the covers, business page and occasional photo section. I suggest too, that **Andy** collect annual payments if people can swing it. It would be easier to collect \$6 a year than 50¢ per month from everyone.

Also: In issue #8, **Spike** made a specific request for an apa membership limit of 25 persons. Why aren't we voting on that here too? I'm in favor of it. I think only members should get issues of the apa, except for a spec member who is within one issue of being admitted to the active list (that is, if one person drops out or is dropped off the membership list, that spec list person is the next to be admitted). But no one would be allowed to send in issues of their zine except for active members.



BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

SORT-OF-BUSINESS, SECOND

Andy alluded to it in "Some Notes on What Life Is Like for the OE." **Spike** titled her comments about it, "DNQ." "It" is, of course, the subject of privacy in the Turboapa. My comments are largely historical. Excuse me while I paste on my long, white beard and affect my quavery, grandmotherly voice. **Pete Winz**, are you reading this? It's for you and may include an essence of "Once Upon a Time When I Was a Young Fan" anecdote...

There are two kinds of apas. There are open apas and there are closed, private apas. The open apa's conversations overlap into convention party discussions, get reported upon in newszines, and even affect worldcons. (There is, for instance, an apa run by the Boston fan group which is open to anyone interested in commenting upon and making suggestions about worldcon management.)

Private apas are the ones you never hear about. Members swear death-oaths not to share their zines with anybody. They are maybe a group of friends who want to stay in touch and they consider their zines as very personal letters to one another. There are also some very secret apas made up of well-known fans or pros. I've seen a few of these (the invitations contain as many warnings not to show them to anyone, absolutely anyone, as any CIA Top Secret coffee pot designs you could imagine.), but have never joined one.

What's the real difference between these two kinds of apas? Well, the "secret" apas go for more money when they turn up on a con huckster table than copies of the open apas.

There may be a third kind of apa: the kind of apa that wants to have it both ways, the so-called "semi-private" apa. It too limits the number and kind of people who are allowed to see it, but it wants to advertise itself too, so that it can attract new desirable members, and make everyone else feel envious. A Women's Apa was one of the semi-private kinds. After we kicked the men out, men and anyone specifically cited by a member were not allowed under AWA's rules to read a copy of AWA. Maybe those restrictions are enforced by most of the members most of the time at the beginning, but eventually copies of AWA have gotten out. Even at the time of its publication, each individual probably made their own private exceptions and showed it to their close friends (with the warning, "Don't let anyone know that I showed this to you."), and finally the "secret" of conversations in the apa are about as secret as a conversation in the US embassy in Moscow.

In acknowledgement of the tendency of members to share their zine with spouses, live-in partners, etc., many apas have included that person as an "exemption" from the exclusionary rule, or even allowed "joint memberships" in recognition of the inevitable.

I'd support the idea of "joint memberships" for the Turboapa, especially if some people (like Spike) are really concerned about the idea of certain people reading the apa but not contributing. Spike added Scott Custis' name to the spec list and Scott has no intention of joining. He may, however, end up adding short comments--a half or whole page every once in a while--to my zine when a discussion really inspires him. Carrie Root has mentioned that she too might like the idea of a joint membership with Andy if she didn't feel constrained to contribute minac, but could merely tack on something to his zine when she felt like it. I don't see that there is anything we can do about people who live with one another reading each other's zines. This rule, however, might inspire these silent readers to speak up once in a while.

Secrets become less private with each additional person let in on the secret. There's an old saying that once you let more than one person share a secret, that it's no longer a secret. How much more true this is when we think of 35 people reading the apa and through them, the 35 "special" people they show it to. In fact I always write assuming that I have--or will have--a much larger audience than just the apa members. And that's a good thing, in many ways, but I'll come back to that in a moment.

It's storytime now. Once upon a time when I was a young fan, there was a divorce case being tried down in Arizona, and the man involved used to be a fan. His wife cleaned up in court by subpoenaing his old apazines in which he wrote about his extra-marital affairs, his marriage, and his financial situation. His lawyer argued against the use of the apazines in court on the basis that they were private correspondence, but lost the motion. The other attorney pointed out that the apazines were distributed to 40+ people who shared it with friends, etc. And so the jury got to listen to a fanzine being read aloud in the courtroom. And they didn't call it a "Fan-O-Rama," either.

Are you reading this, Pete? Understanding the potential problems of a legal nature in their own lives, people like Ted White, Steve Stiles and Dan Steffan devised a euphamism so that they could mention certain activities without literally incriminating themselves if some future, juried "Fan-O-Rama" was scheduled in their honor.

Nowadays, when people describe parties in their zines that were particularly fun in a particular way for the particular way in which they were stocked, some people say that it was a very sercon party. "Boy, did we get sercon," they would say. "Wow, we got so sercon at that party, that I can't even remember what we were talking about!" they might recall. "And what do you mean by 'sercon,'" the judge might ask. "'Sercon' means 'serious and constructive,' judge," these people could answer and be able to hold up lots of fanish glossaries and dictionaries to prove their point.

You might like to create your very own euphamism, Pete. "God, what a great party that was!" you might exclaim. "I got really, really hypnotized on the porch!"

There are some positive aspects about the reality of the lack of privacy in apas. If you remember that so many more people than the apa members are reading your zine and will be reading your zine after people's fanzine collections get passed on or sold, you may tend to try to write better. You're still going to be focussing on the apa conversations and on the concerns of your fellow apa members because they are the only ones who are actually talking to you. The other hypothetical readers are all silent eavesdroppers. But you will also write with the assumption that the apa's conversation and your writing may be of future interest to others as well. That can't help but affect the quality of apa-writing for the better.

It's very, very common for fans to over-print copies of their apazines. That is, they print more copies than just the minimum required by the OE (35, for Turboapa). These extra copies are sent out to the fan's own personal mailing list.. I used to print up an extra 50 copies of

Obsessions (an AWA apazine), minus the mailing comments section which was restricted to women-only readers, and send it out to my own mailing list. I traded Obsessions for other fanzines, and eventually did a one-shot (What Spare Time?) that became a two-shot and that eventually led to the first Whimsey. I couldn't have done Whimsey or couldn't have done it well, if I hadn't first done the 40 or so issues of apazines that preceded it.

Writing for an apazine gives you the confidence to write for a larger audience, even if that larger audience is mostly hypothetical. And it can eventually lead to a fan publishing their own generally-available fanzine. I think this confidence-building is the best feature of apazines. And I think we should be focussing on that rather than upon the unavoidable and not very serious repercussions of an apa's lack of privacy. The repercussions aren't really all that terrible (as long as we are prudent and use euphamisms where necessary). At worst, a person we do not like will read something directly in our zines rather than hearing it second or third hand through the grapevine. And so what?

I don't care that my conversations at parties are overheard by people standing around me at the time, eavesdropping on my conversation. If I want to keep it strictly private, I would ask the person I was talking to, to go someplace more private with me. Similarly, if I want to have a private written conversation with someone, I would write a personal letter.

I do object to an eavesdropper at a party horning into a conversation with me, demanding more time than I am willing to give that person. I wouldn't mind having a rule in the Turboapa that gave each of us a little power over new members in the apa, in other words (to continue the party conversation analogy), some rule that would give us a little more to say about who was invited to the party.

AND NOW, BACK TO THE BUSINESS AT HAND. THE MC's
(From Turboapa 8 & 9)

Little, screaming children's main purpose in life is to remind those of us who haven't decided to procreate that ...life isn't a Walt Disney fairy tale. I count my own firm decision not to have children from an experience much like Julie Shivers' babysitting nightmare at the Nash's house. When I was 18, my mom had her last child, and as an adult I took on a great deal of the child care responsibilities for the two years that I lived with my parents after Danny was born. One weekend when I'd been babysitting for two, long days, and hadn't been able to get beyond the second page of 150 pages of dense political science text that I was supposed to have read by Monday because Danny would shriek every time I failed to pay 100% attention to him, I had this fantasy. Well, really it started out as a dream. It was night; I was asleep, it wasn't on purpose. I dreamed that I was giving Danny a bath and that I pushed him down under the water, drowning him. I woke up in the middle of it, and you know how when you're having a good dream and you wake up, how you sometimes try to prolong it...? Well that's how it felt. Real good. That scared me and I decided that I didn't really care for the idea of having children of my own. There are many other reasons, but every once in a while I encounter a incredible shrieking child at a movie theater or a restaurant or a friend's house, and I remember the visceral, emotional reasons for my decision.

You won't need suntan oil in Mukwonago, except maybe in July and August. It's just south of my hometown, New Berlin. New Berlin and Mukwonago schools used to be archrivals in football and wrestling. It has a few good lakes and a funny name. Check a Wisconsin state map. Look West and a little south from Milwaukee. You could take a Badger Bus, \$10, round-trip.

Julie, you should ask someone why the juxtaposition of comments in Turboapa #8 comes off so funny. "I still don't know exactly what sodomy is!" you say. And then in the next paragraph, you go on, "I have yet another Hell for you: BUTT HELL!...now me and my butt are going to

hell forever!"

You're not alone as a dog lover. Scott and I will probably get a dog if and when we buy a house someday. If it has a yard that is. I'd much rather have a well-trained dog than a cat. I will never own a cat. You may not know it, but I gained some fame in my early years as a fan for producing the slideshow, "The Dead Cat Through History." I did it in response to the kind of people who carry pictures of their cats around in their wallets and show them off as if they were their children. The slideshow was a great success. It was shown at several conventions, including the Boston world-con.

And I sympathize with your feelings on crime in your neighborhood. The recent murder of two women in their car--their necks slashed from behind--made me more than a bit nervous. (It reminded me of all the times --when I was using a car at night--when I paranoidly checked the back seat and floor before getting into the car. Maybe not so paranoid.) I bicycle right past the murder site, or at least I did last year when Fish Hatchery was being rebuilt. I've definitely changed my bike route this year. The women were murdered about a mile away from my apartment.

I'm glad to hear that the Majestic will remain a Madison institution, Bill Bodden. Thanks for the news-flash. Now maybe with the next ten years solid, the Majestic maybe could consider fixing the seats and the restrooms...?

I've got lots of Growing Up Catholic stories and in fact I used some of them when I found out on short notice that I was going to have to make speech at Aquacon down in Los Angeles many years ago. I wish I'd taped it now, because it's one of those things on my list of potential, future articles. So maybe you'll read them someday in *Whimsey*. Have you read the books, *Growing up Catholic* and *More Growing up Catholic*?

I recommend them highly. They're really hilarious. You say (p.4): "I am crusued." A spello, I think. It means that someone tried to pick you up at a bar, right?

Shogun has been playing on a couple cable stations recently. Why don't you just tape it yourself, Bill?

Excellent zine, Peter Larson. I thought briefly about reading it like Hooper's quotation quiz, with each idea being a veiled mailing comment. It was wonderful how you engaged in conversation with several apa-writers at the same time you seemed to be writing a self-contained essay on faith. Bravo.

Faith is also used by individuals and institutions which would rather not have certain assumptions examined. Take for instance the afterlife belief you say you accept. Religions like to stress the afterlife, because with that accepted on faith, it's easier to promote the logically following system that teaches that life itself isn't that important. Don't worry if you're starving, unhappy, and imprisoned. It'll get much, much better after you're dead. Don't rebel in life and you'll have an even happier afterlife. So I think you can lose with that article of faith.

I would be a cad not to accept your apology after such groveling, Thomas Quale. So, ok, ok, get off your knees, it's OK now.//I would have liked to have met this one and only Jeanne, since everyone knows that I am the original Jeanne Gomoll and that Spike was the new Jeanne Gomoll, and who knows what nowadays. Well she better not join the apa, or she goes the way of false Kims and Petes.

It sounded like an appropriate punishment to me, Du Charmé. You want to waste all that time watching something that you knew from the first episode (if not from the previews) was going to be a dud, you deserve what happened. I just laughed and laughed when Spike called me up and asked if I had taped the show.

I have a contest winning story too. Actually Andy wanted me to tell the story at his and Carrie's anniversary party so that he could tape it and use it in his fanzine. Well it was such a wild and hypnotic party, that we didn't get around to it. And then I was supposed to tell him about it at Nick's, but we never did get around to sitting next to one another. So, here it is Andy. If I get this zine to you before your April 15 deadline, you have my permission to lift it out of context...

It was late in the day, almost 3 pm on a Friday, and we were all watching the clock, itching to get out of the office to enjoy what was left of the day outside. I finished the job on which I was working--12 certificates honoring the artistic creations of a bunch of pre-teens for a children's naturalist program the parks bureau was running. I shuffled them into order, slipped them into an envelope and tossed them onto my boss' desk. I went back to my office, prepared to spend the next hour straightening up and poising my muscles for a dash out the door at the end of my shift at 4:30.

"Uh, Jeanne..." came the voice from the other side of my office's partition. I looked around and saw my boss shuffling through the certificates.

"Anything wrong?" I asked. Please, please, let there not be anything wrong. I wanted to go home on time.

"Oh, no, no, nothing wrong at all. These are just great. I just thought we really shouldn't just present these like this." He held the certificates up above his head. No, I thought, one would generally present them one at a time. But I didn't say that. Judiciously I just gave him a puzzled look.

"I mean," he said, "I think we should frame them." He said "we," I thought. "Hmph," I thought.

I don't think we have twelve frames of that size on hand. When do you need them?"

"The ceremony is tomorrow. Saturday. I wonder where you could go to get twelve frames on short notice?" He looked at me expectantly.

I thought of that word, "we," again.

"Gosh I don't know," I said

Dave Aslackson was attempting to leave early and he and his briefcase were sliding behind my boss, going for the fast-escape-while-the-boss-is-bothering-someone-else. It didn't work.

"Do you know of a place where we could pick up a dozen frames in a hurry, Dave?" my boss said as he turned and pinned my trapped co-worker against the wall.

"Uh...maybe Shopko. You know that big department store on the west side."

"If I took the bus there, I couldn't get back here before 5:30 and the building would be locked by then," I countered.

"Hmmm, and I've got to be out of here before 5:30," Boss said, and I thought he'd drop the matter, but no...

"Why don't you drive her over there, Dave? You've got your car here don't you?"

"...uh, yes."

"And you normally don't leave the office till 4:15, isn't that correct? I'm sure you could get the frames and be back here before then."

And so Dave and I went to Shopko, Dave snarling at me part of the way for having gotten him involved in all this to begin with. "Hurry up," he said as I jumped out of the car in Shopko's parking lot, "I've got a date tonight."

"Oh jeez, I thought I'd shop for hours here..." I said sarcastically. Shopko is not the sort of store that I'd normally fantasize about shopping the hours away in. I'm not that big on shopping anyway, buying as much as I can through mail order catalogs. But Shopko repels me for more than the usual reasons (crowds, pushy sales persons, weird smells, etc.). Shopko is plastic, cheap, kitch products taken to an extreme. It is not a store one thinks of in terms of "quality merchandise."

And so I dashed inside, ran through several areas and finally asked directions to the shelves where picture frames were displayed, and found vast numbers of cheap

looking frames. I was at first stunned at the variety of junk. But I recovered quickly, grabbed a dozen wood-grain plastic frames, and dashed back toward the check-out counters.

That's where the plot thickens.

I was on overdrive, hurrying to get back as quickly as possible, and I scanned ahead to locate the shortest line, or at least the line with the fewest number of people with checkbooks out ready to cause a major delay when asked to dig out several forms of identification by the checkout clerk. While I was casing the line of checkouts, I noticed a disturbance at one end.

A guy in a tuxedo was waving at the checkout counters and giving instructions to a bored-looking young man who carried a videocamera upon his shoulder. Two anorexic teenagers in ballerina costumes twinkled next to the tuxedo, waiting for their cue. I groaned: a commercial in progress, I thought. Stay away from there. And so I ran to the other end of the line of cash registers, and took my place behind a woman even though she was digging a checkbook from inside her enormous purse.

"I should turn this into the archaeology department at the University," she smiled at me apologetically. "Who knows what they could find inside this thing. I haven't cleaned it out in a couple years."

I laughed. My adrenalin level was high and I'd suddenly stopped running. The energy had to go somewhere. "Purses of the Gods!" I laughed. "Wouldn't that make an amazing story!" and we laughed about the possibility. She ended up paying cash because she never did find two forms of identification in the archaeological site that was her purse, and I was paying for my frames faster than I would have expected.

While the woman and I were laughing in line, however, our smiles must have caught the attention of the games show host wearing the tuxedo. At least that's what I speculated had happened afterwards. Because as I reached for my bag, it was grabbed away from me by the tuxedo and handed over to one of the ballerinas. I looked up and found a microphone being thrust under my mouth and a video camera pointing at me.

"CONGRATULATIONS!" the tuxedo said. "Congratulations! You are the millionth person to shop at Shopko!"

I was speechless. All I could do was to stare longingly at the bag of frames and wonder just how long this was going to take.

"Well, young lady, how do you like shopping at Shopko?"

Forgive me, but only one thing came to mind; it's what I was thinking about. "You've got nice cheap frames," I said.

I'll say this for him. He only looked vaguely disappointed, and paused only a beat. "How long have you been a Shopko shopper?" he asked, beaming at me, obviously expecting me to vindicate his choice of me as the millionth shopper with my next breath.

"This is my first time," I said truthfully.

Well, after that he started rattling on about the gift I would be given for being the millionth shopper at Shopko, but he'd obviously given up on getting something sales-worthy from me on tape. I stood there while he turned his back on me and pitched some hype into the camera about how everyone loved shopping at Shopko. I couldn't leave; the ballerina had my bag of frames.

Finally the tuxedo turned around and told me the choices I had for my millionth shopper prize. They were prepared to give me a lawn mower or a water softener, or \$200 worth of Shopko clothing, or a color TV set. I rented an apartment at the time and so didn't need the first two things. I prefer good quality clothes, and so didn't need the third thing. But I didn't own a TV, so I took the TV.

This is the good part.

Dave looked up from the newspaper he was reading while he waited in the front seat of his car for me. This is what he saw: Me and the tuxedo walked in front of the ballerinas, who twinkled along side the store clerk, who was wheeling the TV in its case on a cart. The guy

with the video camera walked backwards filming the whole group of us. He should have been filming Dave's stunned expression. Now that would have made a great commercial. The clerk put the TV in the backseat of Dave's car, the ballerina gave me back my bag of frames, and they all waved to Dave and I as I got into the front seat.

"Goodbye!" said the tuxedo. "Now you be sure and come back a second time!"

"I told you, I wanted to do a little shopping," I said to Dave.

Well, my TV turned out to be a 13" model with a name I can't remember anymore. It was stolen the next summer by two thugs who came in through the window and ripped it and two bikes off the porch. But I'd gotten hooked too, and ended up replacing it, even though I'd done without a television for about 8 years before the Shopko ceremony.

By the way, congratulations, DuCharme.

I enjoyed reading your comments about reading in Turboapa #8. I read a lot, too. But I gave up without even trying to assemble a list of my 5 best-liked and least-liked books. I've always disliked best-of lists and always resist giving numbered ratings to anything. Sorry.

Lately I've begun to realize that I've got to cut down on the number of magazine subscriptions I buy because it's limiting the number of books I can read. But I still read about 1 to 1½ books a week, average. I subscribe to *Mother Jones*, *Nation*, *Ms.*, *Science News*, *Time*, *Step-by-Step* (which is an excellent graphics magazine), *Fantasy & Science Fiction*, *Nexus* (a comic), *The Lonesome Node* (Suzette Haden Elgin's zine), and *SF Chronicle*. I read all of them cover-to-cover. I also get the *Sunday Milwaukee Journal* and *Isthmus*, of course, neither of which I read cover-to-cover. Beside that, I get an average of 10 fanzines a week, many of which I read completely, though in the case of fanzines, I'm hardly ever current. I tend to let them pile up and then take a day or two and plow through them, skimming and recording addresses and issue numbers for my files, reading carefully and commenting upon others (writing letters of comment or reviews for *Whimsey* or other zines).

A thing that occurred to me after I read the most recent *F&SF* (May), is that I wish I could keep current with some of the good, short SF being written these days. It used to be possible back in the old days of short SF supply, but now it would be ridiculous to even try unless that's all you planned to read, and that would mean subjecting yourself to a lot of crud (Sturgeon's Law, etc.) along the way. The reason I was thinking about this as I read the May *F&SF* was the two excellent short stories in that issue. One is a very good horror story, "Rat Boy," by Paul Lake. (It has a weak ending, though.) The other story is a fantastic SF novelette by Michael Shea: "The Extra," which would be of special interest to any of you out there who like to call yourself media fans. Usually I wouldn't be so moved to strongly recommend stories from *F&SF*, because usually there isn't much that is exceptionally good. But I suppose there's a similarly small percentage of excellent stories in all the pulp zines. I wish that others of you who regularly read *Asimov's*, *Twilight Zone*, *Analog*, etc., would mention it when there's an extraordinary story in one of them. In fact, it might be a good idea to have a whole meeting in the Book-of-the-Month schedule every few months in which we bring recommendations of especially good stories published recently.

It sure would be an easier way to keep up on SF short fiction than reading all the zines, and more satisfying than waiting for the best stories to be reprinted in the anthologies. And (a bonus!): it would make those pesky Hugo nominations easier to do!

I loved the 3-column format, *Kim Nash*. It seems to go with your style well.

Of course I read the spelling article *John Peacock* included with his zine. There were some spellos in it weren't there?

But why should I worry about my spelling if a computer wants to spell my name "genie gumboil"?

In Turboapa #8, you said that written communication was a new experience for you. Well, I see your writing in the apa as one of the best things to come out of it. You are a funny, and a really, truly good writer. If you write nowhere else, I'm glad for the opportunity to read this at least. But I hope you eventually try submitting your stuff elsewhere too. I think it should see a larger distribution.

Has Andy asked for your collected Peace Corps stories when you're done with them?

And now, Ray Russell. This will be comments from both the #8 and #9 Turboapa.

You persist in this "no responsibility without rights" shit. You help make the fetus. That's what gives you half of the responsibility for taking care of it. It's just too bad that you don't get to control what "taking care of" means in any specific case. You have sex, that means you're signing on for the duration no matter what that means. No written contract should be necessary. (If it is for you, you should make sure you tell all of your future partners. I'll take a guess at what your batting average will be after you do that.) Take responsibility for contraception if you don't trust her to do so, or if you worry about failure rates. (The hypothetical story of the woman who traps a man is a bit of a red herring story. If you were involved with someone who would be so underhanded and uncaring to boobytrap your education by tricking you and getting pregnant, perhaps the problem is the lack of communication between the two of you, not the system which assumes the father to be equally responsible for a child.) But if something goes wrong despite both of your contraceptives, you've unfortunately signed a blank check, and you're stuck with half the bill. If you don't like it, don't have sex. Or as you suggested to me, have yourself sterilized. (I have.) As far as I'm concerned, I personally would never consent to sex with anyone with your opinions.

I assume you think this women's-only responsibility for the pregnancy or abortion choice began when technology made the choice possible. I mean, before the "right" to make a choice was possible, before birth control and abortion were generally available, sex that led to pregnancy was both the woman's and the man's responsibility, according to you, right? But once there was an actual choice involved, e.g., keep the child, or abort the fetus, you say that if it's the woman's choice, it's got to be the woman's checkbook, too.

(Actually, I really hate referring to the choice as a "right." It's a responsibility, one that most women would gladly give up, if giving it up would release them of the consequences of the choice. That is, whoever chooses to have the child must actually give birth to it. And whoever decides to abort the fetus must actually feel the tissue being artificially expelled from their own body. Most women would be glad to help you pay for either procedure if it actually freed them from it. And you seem to think it's possible...! I'm amazed and a little intrigued to think about what you must have had in mind when you talked about that little pre-sex contract: "I would give her the option of giving all rights and responsibilities to the male..." Perhaps you've tried that line on women before? "Sure, honey, I'll have the baby if anything goes wrong. Trust me." How did it go over?)

But OK, women can now choose not to have a child, and for this opportunity created by science, you wish to absolve all men of any responsibility they may have accepted before technology made birth control or safe abortion possible. They didn't always accept the responsibility in the old days, of course. They claimed that there was no way to absolutely prove it was their baby, or that having sex out of wedlock was exactly the kind of stupidity you railed against in an MC to Dick Russell (in #8), re late term abortions, which women should be made

to pay for, since it was their mistake. There have always been lots of excuses made by some men about why they shouldn't share the responsibility for the consequences of sex.

Basically, it all seems to come down to "It's not my body, nyah, nyah, nyah, nyah..."

But if you agree that prior to the time that technology made choices possible for women, that men should have shared financial responsibility for the children, then a man would have no right to duck all responsibility now that those choices have eliminated some of the most extreme consequences, for some women, some of the time. Pregnancies still result from sex some of the time, even when precautions are taken. The responsibilities still exist for both mother and father; they've simply become more various. No longer is there only one inevitable responsibility facing sexual partners who discover that their act has resulted in a pregnancy.

No man has the right to dictate the choice to be made that involves first and foremost, her body. What if she doesn't believe abortion is moral? This is not stupidity, it is simply her right to act morally according to her own beliefs. Will you put moral beliefs on your sexual contract? You may not want to help financially to raise a child for 18 years, but if you were to impregnate a woman whose moral beliefs prevented her from considering the choice of abortion, that is exactly what the laws of the land would demand that you do.

On the other hand, if a woman's life situation makes childbirth a dangerous or unwanted event and she decides on an abortion, you share the responsibility to help her pay for it, under the same line of reasoning.

There is no reason why men should escape all responsibility when there are alternatives. They used to be required to share all responsibility when there was no choice at all.

Ray, in an MC to Jim Cox (in #8), you bemoaned the fact that so many people fail to educate themselves on the reality of weaponry and war. "I too wish people would try to really understand the military before dismissing it as 'icky' and 'rude' and hope that this series /Soldiers/ helps educate a few." That's what you said. Well, one of the big reasons you are getting such exasperated comments from some of us in the Turboapa is the fact that you are so obviously oblivious and undereducated about the facts and opinions surrounding the issues of female-male interactions and roles. So far, all of the things you've brought up could be classified as things we would talk about in the equivalent of "Feminism 101"...no, in "Feminism, remedial"... I'm sure you'd get a bit exasperated if the only comments you ever got on all the writing you've done on SDI were arguments against the efficiency of projectile weapons. You'd get even more exasperated if you'd been hearing those same arguments over and over again, at that level and no higher, most times that you'd brought it up with "pacifist" acquaintances. You'd want to tell them to educate themselves, to read up a little in the field before they argued with you about such an important topic. You'd begin to resent having to spend so much time teaching people who felt it was important enough to disagree violently with you, but who didn't feel that it was important enough to do any reading about the issues themselves.

If you'd done some reading (or listening or viewing) of feminist ideas and concerns which are at least as readily available as weaponry texts or shows, you would probably have heard of women's anger at so-called feminist men who expect women to teach them everything they need to know about the movement. The idea of feminism is for women to live complete lives of their own and not be always trapped into the role of helpmate to the men in her life.

You think you're being open-minded to throw out your half-baked ideas and ask for feedback from the rest of us. Some of us feel that your ideas are disturbing,

offensive, and much too familiar, and your anger at not getting carefully reasoned, helpful replies reminds us of other men who have demanded our time (to spare them their time) to explain to them how the world is changing. The world is changing and it is affecting you. It is affecting how women relate to you and how you will relate to them. It is affecting every aspect of your life which includes other human beings. If that's important to you, it should be important enough for you to look into the subject and study it a little on your own.

After this, I've decided that I really don't want to spend time talking about this issue with you until you've shown a little more willingness to go outside the apa for information rather than using your present method of throwing in a bomb and then asking why everyone's upset. It's not worth it anymore.

I'm beginning to feel that **Spike's** method of responding to you was by far a more rational way to deal with you than the one I chose. You refuse to understand that her first response to you was meant simply to demonstrate to you what your comment made her feel like. You've continuously made comments that several of us have told you were extremely offensive and have made no attempts to change the style with which you discuss matters that we've told you were sensitive to us personally. And yet when **Spike** rebutted in kind, you escalated your attack on her, insulting her personally. You did so several times in Dew Lines #8 within sly comments to others, even though at the beginning of that same zine, you urged others to restrict their arguments to ideas rather than personal remarks.

"I think it's time for those stomach shots, Spike." This remark utterly disgusted me. Certainly not the argument restricted to ideas that you advise for everyone else, **Ray**.

I'm sorry, **Laura Spiess**, that you were offended by the directory cover. That was entirely my work. It was even meant as a "surprise" to **Pete Winz**. I suppose if you don't know the long series of jokes it refers to, that it might mean something else to you. I've been mock-threatening people ever since Janus #2 to get their coas in to us because changing coas and resending the copies of Janus and Aurora cost so much money. And then when I took over doing the directory, I continued the joke about being exasperated about changes-of-address, warning people that they should stop moving altogether. I remember in one issue of Aurora I got an old drawing of a mass-hanging of witches. In the foreground one guy was obviously being given a chance to make a last confession before being taken to the gallows (a huge tree with dozens of silloetted figures hanging from it). It was a really gruesome drawing. Well, in a little speech bubble above the confessing guy's head, I put the words "Boy, I've sure learned my lesson. From now on I'll send Aurora my coa, promptly!" So, when I saw this photo of Pete dressed up for Halloween (taken by his PDA partner, **Kim K.**), I decided to use it as another in the series of bad taste coa threats.

Omygod, spray bubble gum. Can you imagine what a four-year old could do to a house with a can of that in its hands?!

Interesting the way they collate zines in the Southern Hemisphere, **Nigel Rowe**. I imagine that books must be very difficult to read if they're organized along the same methods.

I think I figured it out anyway. Welcome to the apa.

The problem is here, that I'm writing comments as I write, and that last massive comment to **Ray**, really wore me out. I just realized that I've read through three or four apazines now, and haven't been real inspired to write, even though I've been enjoying the reading. There doesn't seem to be anything more for me to say on the subject of poetry. And the dangling comments on labels (even when spelled correctly, thank you, **Spike**) make me feel that I've already said what I think. I don't usually use the term "mundane," so I'm

in no hot mood to defend its use, though it doesn't feel to me like a really derogatory term to me. Shoot, I refer to my own "mundane life," which most of the time has priority over fannish activities. A mundane joke would probably be a joke on fannish types, turned around, like "How many mundanes does it take to change a lightbulb? . . . One." But back to the subject of the paragraph. I feel like I've used up most of my energy for writing here on that massive response to **Ray** about abortion, feminism, etc. If it didn't seem like such a pointless waste of energy, I might feel better about it, but just now, I feel pretty drained. I feel I had to do it though, because to not say anything would have felt like saying, in effect, "OK, **Ray**, you've convinced me. I can't argue with that." Having accepted his invitation to talk about it, I felt like I had to finish it, or at least had to say why I'm calling it quits.

And at this point, I want to take a zine out of order and comment on **Dick's Russlings**, because there's a response I've got to something in there that fits in right here.

Dick Russell was replying to something **Andy Hooper** had said about men speaking about feminist issues and calling themselves feminists. **Andy** disapproved. **Dick** thinks that **Diane Martin** disapproves too, because she's said things like "Hearing mentell women what to do with their bodies usually strikes me as dumb." Lumping both of these opinions together, **Dick** made the argument that feminism is a subset of humanism, which is of vital interest to all human beings, female or male. Furthermore he points out that a man who calls himself a feminist is more trustworthy than someone who consciously disagrees with "women's lib' stuff."

I wish **Scott Custis** were a member of the apa here, because a conversation I had with him about all of this --were it to have been included in the Turboapa-- would have fit in really well here. **Scott** agrees with **Andy** on this. Both of them would say that men have no right to call themselves feminists, that assuming such a label is an arrogant thing to do, because the experience of being a woman is essential to it. Like **Andy** who says "I never try to pass myself off as a feminist myself, no matter how sincere my interest in the movement is, and I don't trust men who do...". **Scott** has said much the same thing.

I've argued this out with him.

Like **Dick**, I prefer to deal with men who call themselves feminists, if for no other reason than because that means that they think they "should" believe, say, or do certain things, and if someone points out a discrepancy in their professed philosophy and their actions, they can be embarrassed and perhaps will even change their ways.

When I hear some man say that he believes in women's rights, **Andy**, or even when I am introduced to some man who calls himself a feminist, I don't automatically assume that those words mean the same thing to and in him as they do to me. . . . No more than I assume that any woman who calls herself a feminist (or who claims she isn't a feminist) means the same thing by those words as I would mean by them. You don't have to worry that I will be deceived. I take the label as more of a demonstration of intent than of actual description. "I am a feminist," means to me most often when I've heard it: "I try to live my life in a manner supportive of whatever I've defined feminism to be." And every-one, women and men, defines it differently, it seems to me. I laugh when I hear people talking about a feminist "party line." Even within recognized, organized feminist groups, disagreements on philosophy range from right to left on the political spectrum. Women who support censorship against women who are making politically correct porn films. Women against abortion vs. women organized for pro-life legislation. Women arranged for and against bondage, S&M and childlove. It's a crazy, mixed up "single issue," feminism is. Outside the organized feminist groups, you can see women-

independent, assertive, productive women (who are feminists by my definition)-who avoid calling themselves by that name because of the unwanted associations they think that label creates in people's mind when they say the word.

So, anyway, if a man wants to call himself a feminist, it's really not going to confuse the issue anymore than it already is. And, as I said, I prefer hearing men commit themselves in that way. By calling themselves feminists, they are saying they are supportive of my rights to be treated equally to themselves, and we can argue from that point on, just what "equal" means. I'm by no means insulted by hearing a man call himself a feminist, but rather, encouraged that I live in a world that has finally made equal rights for women and men, a widely accepted "good thing."

Again, it may not mean as much as I'd like it. And here's where I (also) agree with Diane. I hear a lot of men--in the spirit of feminism--telling women what to do with their bodies, and I think that's pretty dumb too. I don't think that Diane was reacting against the idea of men talking about the issue of abortion, but rather, about the idea of men talking about controlling abortion.

The main reason, though, that I like to hear men calling themselves feminists is that it means that there are going to be less men--like Ray--who will feel that the only people he can talk to and get answers from on certain women-related questions, is from other women. The more often it happens that supportive, sympathetic men, like Andy, demur, and claim that they can't speak on this issue because they aren't women, and wait for a woman to speak up and argue with, respond to, or teach the other men, the more women are going to be put in the same, old male-supportive roles that we've been struggling to escape from all this time...

Look at another analogous situation, and you won't see this happening; A white man or woman says, "I try to be unbiased," or "I am not a racist," and though everyone knows (including the white persons speaking) that just saying this does not necessarily mean that they've conquered all the racism in their socialization, we all feel more comfortable with someone who makes a conscious effort to be non-racist, who objects to a racist comment said in their hearing, etc., than we would with someone who referred to "niggers," and was consciously prejudiced. To take this analogy further, I can't imagine this situation occurring: A white person makes a naive, very politically incorrect statement that--though it was not meant to offend, is obviously offensive. The person says, "Maybe black people's IQ, is lower than whites". I mean, look at the statistics. I should imagine that if one of us had a friend who said something like that, we'd groan, take him or her aside, and say a few words about the bias found in standard intelligence tests. What we wouldn't do is, look around for the nearest black person, and suggest that our friend repeat that statement to the black, so that someone more qualified to speak on race issues might teach our erring friend. That would be pretty obnoxious and presumptuous, and the black person would be excused by the rest of us for reacting angrily to both whites. Blacks should no more be held responsible for whites un-learning racist attitudes, than should women be held responsible for men's un-learning of sexist attitudes.

I would have been overjoyed if a lot of men had jumped in and devoted big chunks of their zines to arguing with Ray Russell and telling him what they thought of his resigning of all responsibility for any pregnancies he might help create. I would have been even more happy had men friends of his had engaged in a little consciousness-raising tutoring earlier in his life, so that he wouldn't have gotten to be a college graduate student who aligns himself with women's rights...and still have been able to come out with such blatantly offensive remarks. I would have been surprised if that had been the case though. Men more often feel comfortable calling one another on a racist remark than they would on a sexist one.

Anyway, I'm bowing out of this conversation with Ray. Don't let me stop any of you guys though, OK?

Well, as long as I'm on Dick's zine I may as well continue LoCing it...

I put both you, Dick, and Diane on Spec (and am doing so again, OFFICIALLY AND IN PRINT) when I went to pick up my apa from Blhear House last month. For as much as I tend to argue with you, and as much as I've tended to use your Supreme Court reprint as a Bad Example to Hold Up, I always find your zines fascinating to read. I think you're crazy to put so much time into the organizational format, but even that's fun at times. I'd miss having you in the Turboapa, and so I immediately jumped to your rescue and got you a spot on the spec list. You're welcome.

What a great response, even though it was a reprint, to all the SDI stuff! I read Cockburn all the time. --Not only is he in Isthmus, but he's got a regular column in Nation, to which I subscribe. I would recommend that you read it too, because I think that you'd like the writing, the politics and the information (it's sort of a left-wing politics Science News magazine: it comes out weekly on newsprint.), but I know that you don't have the time.

You asked if I was tempted by religious conversion during the "stalling" episode of my plane ride with you. No, not at all, I'm proud to say. I was thinking mostly about pain, and secondly about things-not-done.

You accused me of Orwellian double-speak and Humpty-Dumpty obtuseness for claiming that the OE's godship stems from the fact that the OE does the work. Please re-read my statement. I certainly did not say that the OE was the only one that did work. What I said was that there were two sorts of work: the work organizing the apa (the collating, the business pages production, the distribution, the rule-enforcing, and whatever else we end up deciding makes up the work of the OE), and the work done by individual apahacks on their individual zines. The OE does both kinds of work; the rest of us only do the second kind of work. Because the OE has the additional duties of putting all the rest of our zines together and distributing them, the OE also gets to make the additional decisions having to do with the structure of the apa; we get to participate to the level the OE wants to open the decisions for democratic debate--which Andy appears to want to do to a great degree. And then I said that since each of us individually does all the work on our individual zines, we each, individually get to make all the decisions within those zines (except to the extent that we want to open those decisions for democratic debate--as we now appear to be doing by voting on rules about format and quality considerations).

I've never thought astrology provided a useful or even interesting tool for understanding myself or others. When people ask me what my sign is I frequently pretend not to know, and am greatly amused as they go through several signs ("Are you an Aquarius--? A Taurus--? A Gemini--?" "No, no, no.") until they finally, by random, hit-and-miss methodology finally get to mine. (And inevitably say, "Oh, I knew it! That explains everything!") I get positively irrate when they try to use it to explain everything. ("Well of course your relationship didn't work. He's a Taurus, which doesn't go along with your sign at all!") But I do understand, or at least I've got an idea why Diane might say that astrology is "a fascinating tool for self-understanding." I think it is too, and this is certainly no testimonial. I think that other tools for self-understanding are the various popular psychology systems which divide people up into various types or groups (which we may all be at different times), and describe how they interact. Suzette Haden Elgin's Verbal Self-Defense describes commonly recognized roles and the typical ways one can counter verbal attacks from each of these groups. Or you can describe yourself as a "parent", "child," or "adult," in another psychological system. There are lots of them, and the thing they all have in common with

astrological systems, is that as you say about the astrological signs, they are "a random list of human characteristics to which the subject is asked to relate." The value about all these systems stems from the fact that most people seem to need some excuse to do the kind of thinking about themselves, about how they interact with other people, and how others interact with them. All the systems are games really --and there are even games marketed nowadays that do the same thing that astrology and pop psychology --and the system in Messages from Michael--does. As you say, "since virtually all of us have virtually all human characteristics at one time or another in our lives, these methods are all guaranteed to produce mainly hits." It's nevertheless important to understand and to actually see all those different characteristics in ourselves, and if any of these games helps us to catch glimpses of those other selves, to that extent these games are useful, I think. My irritation stems from seeing the people who get obsessed with one game or another, who use the systems of their games to limit what they learn about themselves or others. When they say, "Oh, you're only at the immature level of your Michael-evolution, and so I don't expect any better from you," I say forget it, to them. When someone tells me not to go on a trip because of my astrological forecast I can only laugh. And especially, when a friend tells me that they "understand" me because they know my sign, I am aghast at how that suggests that they are using astrology as a crutch to avoid real understanding, and I am offended.

I've got no objections to the method you propose for a decision-making process for Turboapa. I'll vote yes on your proposal since I have no discussion on the subject to offer.

OK, I'll bite. Who is Jeanette Rankin? (Though as I said before, I hate numbered, ranked lists, so I'll pass on this one too.)

I admired the way **Spike, Cathy Gilligan** and **Nevenah** handled their responses to **David Lawson**. Every time I read his stuff I am struck with the feeling that he is talking in circles of blithering. But I can never get a handle on how to respond; there seems to be nothing substantial to grab onto.

Cathy Gilligan, you say that there is a videotape of Orson Scott Card's Secular Humanist Revival meeting? Well I nominate that videotape as the next SF3-purchased videotape, then. If we must buy them, lets get a film of something very few members have a chance of actually seeing without the tape. Can you look up the reference, Cathy?

Great zine, **Hope Kiefer**. Maybe I should have let what you said be enough. I thought your comments to Ray were excellent. In fact I thought your whole zine was excellent. I'm going to miss you. See you in England. I liked your examples of unclear writing. I encounter them on a regular basis in my work too, since I type spec and layout a lot of material for the parks that are written by a variety of people trained on many levels. (I'm being tactful.) Yesterday I fixed one sentence about "settlers who dealt with Indian uprisings," and changed it to a sentence that avoided the passive verb. Sometimes mangled sentences say a lot about what people really think, or about what they'd rather not think about.

Diane Martin, thank you for your story/examination/essay/musing. Whatever, it was wonderful. And deeply moving. And explained a lot. I felt a little guilty for not understanding why you have moved away from people in past years. After I read it, I wondered if you realize just how much distance has built up. I'm glad at least to realize why now. You've always been one of my favorite Madison writers, and I'm glad that you're writing in the apa.

Pete Winz even though I think your candidness might very well get you into trouble, I think your autobio-

graphical writing of Turboapa #8 was fine. I liked how you put things in perspective at the end by comparing drug use to reading.

I'm not too interested in drugs myself. I've always had really weird reactions to that stuff. Once, two codeins made me sleep through an entire weekend. People telephoned me and I never heard the phone ring. On the other hand, it was almost impossible for me to ...um, get hypnotized in college. My friends tried and tried to get me hypnotized, but nothing ever happened. Finally, they'd be giggling off in the corner, and I'd sigh and get up and write a term paper. I did get hypnotized once at Denvention 2 (the worldcon in Denver) at the Hugo-loosers party that Jim Frenkel and Joan Vinge threw. Jim gave me some real strong, hypnotic brownies. I realized soon that I couldn't remember the beginning of sentences once I'd started talking and wasn't sure anymore how to end them. I spoke slowly, deciding on a word-by-word basis, what to say, basing every decision on how long the word was and how long it would take me to say it. I decided finally to go to my room, which luckily was downstairs one floor and not in one of the other hotels. The next morning I woke up still dressed, face down on the bed, on top of the bedspread. The hotel room door was wide open and the telephone was ringing. That's why I woke up.

The final straw was when I had my wisdom teeth out and they said I'd wake up after they took the teeth out and I'd (foggily) walk back to the recovery room. Well, instead I woke up six hours after surgery in an empty recovery room--empty except for the nurse wearing her coat and holding her purse on her lap, waiting for me to wake up so she could go home. The dentist was pacing the floor nervously and my friend Anne was looking panicky. (Anne was there to take me home and had been waiting a long time.)

So I've pretty much stopped experimenting. I don't have the normal sort of physical reactions to...trances.

Jeanne Gornall
4/14/87

Smile! the Jewel Expression of Beauty by Mimi Ford

