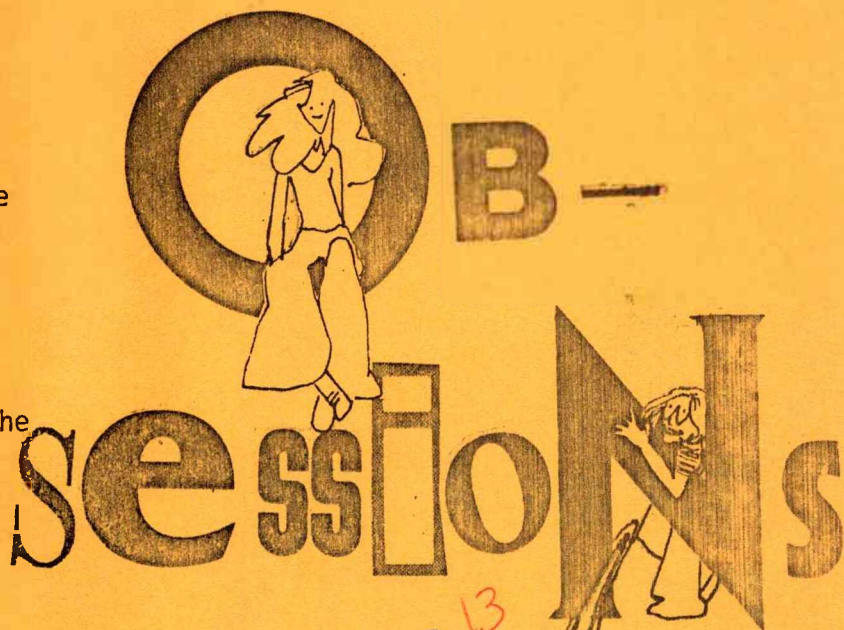


Hello everyone! Well it was a real surprise getting the apa so early! But hopefully this will serve its purpose and get us back onto a little more reasonable schedule and allow more time for mailing comments and writing and printing of the zines.

If things have worked out smoothly, Janet will have received the covers for the AWAPA that I printed up in the mimeo room at MiniCon, and if she didn't have anything else planned for this issue's cover, well then the cover on this package may well be mine. It's something I drew during my visit to Seattle (during the last couple weeks of March) and the gorgeous weather, lush flowering growth, and general un-wintery feeling of the area helped in the drawing of it. (title-"Alien Spring") Anyway, I was so pleased with how the original (17x14") turned out that I had limited run prints made of it and sold some at MiniCon. It's the first time I've done reproductions of my work for sale, but I think it may be the answer to the problem posed by planning on attending so many cons this year and not really being able to produce enough art to bring along with me to sell. Besides ArmadilloCon and AutoClave where I've been asked to be GfoH in May and in July respectively (exciting, nervous-making), I really do want to try to get to WesterCon and of course the NorthAmerican since I won't make it to England, and I will probably end up going to WindyCon as well. Well, it's a relief to know that I'll have a respectable "base" of work to carry with me to these cons (and be able to rationalize affording them to myself). I've already got one other drawing done at this point that I think is good enough to reproduce, but I'd like at least 2 or 3 others done within the next month or so.

Speaking of reproductions, however, I know several of you have asked whether there are any more Women's Apa T-Shirts left. Well, as I told



No.

~~14~~¹³

An Apa-zine by Jeanne Gomoll, published for a Woman's Apa, #17. This issue of OBSESSIONS #14 is OF NO COMMERCIAL VALUE and all art and writing is copyrighted © by Jeanne Gomoll, 1979. My address is 2018 Jenifer Street, Madison, WI 53704. I can be reached late nights at 608+241-8445. Date started: 4/24/79.

some of you already, there are none of those left anymore: I had just enough made to fill the orders because I didn't have enough capital to front a larger order. But there is someone here in Madison (someone who really should be in the apa, and some of you may have met her at WisCon or at WindyCon: Karen Axness), and she is interested enough in the T-Shirts to do another edition of them. If you are interested in getting one, you might write to her in care of SF³, PO Box 1624, Madison, WI 53704. (She's moved recently and I don't have her new address.) These T-Shirts are done in "continuous line" style, are very simple and are of a woman's face saying "'I'd rather read,' she said." with the words "A Woman's Apa" set below. The drawing is mine but the words are absconded with from an American Library Association poster

of several years ago. Karen may be selling them at cons (like WindyCon and WisCon), but I wouldn't count on it. Contact her for details of cost, color, etc. This is the last I will be saying about it.

What a small mailing it was this time. I suppose that was due primarily to the very little time most of us had to put together zines after having received #15. But in any case, here are

The mailing COMMENTS

AVEDON CAROL My sister Julie (age 16) is involved in a History project at her high school: they get to

produce a 5 minute videotape and sound tape to illustrate some portion of history they've been studying. They're called "zingers." Well my sister chose the late great radical 60's for her zinger intending to communicate the mood of activism of the time. I was one of her "sources" and she asked me what it was really like... I ended up giving her the "Hang in There" album by Holly Near and the "Strawberry Statement" album for some music cuts, and talking to her for a while about it, but shit—did that make me feel old: talking about my youth to someone who views it in such far-away nostalgic terms.

I think I'm getting frustrated talking to you about gender definitions, Avedon. I don't think either of us is going to convince the other of our assumptions. It doesn't seem either, like talking about whether you personally can always tell the difference between a man and woman however disguised (or the Kinks or Led Zeppelin however disguised) and whether I'm deficient in this special capability is a reasonable foundation for discovering how hard and fast are the various genetic and/or social differences between the sexes. And I really question whether the actual behaviors and reactive behaviors encouraged by our

culture were instigated and are enforced by some infallible distinguishing sense (that some of us have and some of us lack). I'm not denying that there are definite perceivable differences between the ways men and women have been taught to behave; I do think that they are superficial to the person inside for the most part, however, and that entirely too much of the person gets lost when it is insisted that they be placed in one of two categories.

A hefty, good double zine you have this issue...as always, I enjoy reading your writing (and hope you've gotten enough votes to get a faan nomination). Where did the excerpt from "The Arguments Against Guilt" come from? Is it yours? Interesting. Male compensatory behavior is hardly ever explained with guilt motivations...

And the description of the ancient Virgin Mary statue sounded interesting too. I'd really like to see a copy of it or get a reference on it so that I could look up an illustration and documentation.

What do you mean, non-smokers inventing allergies to cigarette smoke? Do you really assume all such complaints are deliberate lies to inconvenience you? I've seen Suzle Tompkins leave a smokey room in tears (not emotional ones) and know others who get physically sick from cigarette smoke. Certainly you are aware that individuals have all sorts and varying degrees of physiological reactions to all sorts of things. You can't seriously maintain that just because for you, smoke was a "minor annoyance" when you were a non-smoker, that this is univervally the case.

REBECCA LESSES In a comment to EMBLEMS OF A SEASON Anna, you say OF FURY "Come down to the Bay area so's us down there can see you some — you don't want to get mildewed in rainy Seattle, do you?" And then yesterday we got a JANUS loc from you with a coa indicating that you've decided to set up residence in mildewy old Seattle. What's up? You aren't going back to school in Santa Cruz? I can certainly

understand your moving of course though. It was fun to see you in Seattle, by the way. The zoo trip was neat.

I read WORD IS OUT too...but I think the actual edited interviews in the film were much better in terms of understandability. The editing tied things together and gave me a clearer sense of who these people were than the book (alone) would have. On the other hand, for missing information about the filmmakers, I think the book is invaluable in terms of giving a fuller picture of the interviewing process: in front and behind the cameras.

BARBARA JONES I've seen these before
APA GUIDELINES since Julia Sherman
(my employer at the
Women's Research
Institute last year) was on the committee that wrote these. Encouraging. They also encourage the use of neuter pronouns (Tey, Ter, and Tem) by authors who feel comfortable replacing the traditional forms. Julia does, but I can't see that anything but they/them/theirs is likely to become widely used, but it's good to see a large organization like the APA struggling to change.

MARGARET HENRY I'm curious about why
IN MY OWN WORDS as one of the list of
selling points about
MarCon, you list the
fact that its art show does not accept
prints as original artwork. I assume you mean that you are put off when you see prints hanging in a show along with originals (noone, I think, tries to pretend that their prints are actually originals: that would be cause for rejection by WisCon's art show and any art show I know of) and offered as auctionable material. Many artists do limited-run reproductions of their prints, and as such are potentially worth a good price. It is sometimes the only way an artist can get anywhere near a reasonable amount of money in regard to the amount of time spent on a piece of artwork. Most small regionals do not sell very much art over the average price of \$25-30, and when an artist spends 10 hours doing a painting or drawing and matting it, etc., and can't even hope to sell it at a price that reflects minimum hourly

wages, the only way they can hope to recover costs and make a reasonable amount of money on it is, if they can, sell it a number of times. Authors do this (selling first serial rights, hardcover rights, paperback rights, reprint rights, film rights, etc., etc.) and artists do as well, selling rights for a piece of art to appear in a number of different published formats. This is only good sense. To sell a painting once and then never see it again usually just means the artist is getting screwed. Doing limited run prints is another way of distributing and making a living on one's work. Do you feel insulted that the artist does not allow you sole rights to their work for a price that does not even pay them back for materials and time spent making it? Then you won't see that artist's work very much often at an art show. They would be crazy to throw away their time and money in such a way.

My appologies if I've misunderstood you. I would really like to hear your opinion (or the opinion of those who design such rules in Art Shows). As I mentioned in the beginning of this zine, I'm starting to work with prints and I'm curious as to how you react to seeing them in the shows.

DA LYNN PARK Goodness you put your-
ILE DE CHAOS self down a lot.
From thinking your
romantic interests would
be boring to discuss, that you are professionally doomed if you don't loose weight, to deriding your whole area (of letters&sciences) in comparison to Tina's major in accounting. Phew... Better stop that right away, or you're going to start believing yourself.

No, no, we do not all have cats. Why even two weeks ago at MiniCon, I headed a panel on dead cats. Joan Vinge was at the con and besides being a really fantastic person, she is an artist as well and we collaborated on this drawing of a cat backed up against a brick wall with a blindfold around its head, paw lifted and pushing away a "last" cigarette. The panel followed Diane Martin's imported "Madison Parade of Cats" —

counter programming, you know — and got a pretty good turnout. It was lots of fun and laughs: we started out with a song arranged by Tom Digby to be sung to a cat: "You are a Nuisance" and continued with the ancient dead cat lovers' ceremony, that is, eating cat guts (cleverly disguised strawberry jelly). Then all of us on the panel made our testimonials about how hard it is to "come out" in fandom as dead cat lovers and how we were now out of the closet, so to speak. You all know of course how much more difficult it is to come out about one's orientation to dead cats than it is to merely come out about one's sexuality in fandom, considering how vast the majority is that carries cute little photos of their hairy pets around with them in their wallets and hauls them out whenever they really get going with the cute kitty anecdotes. So anyway after we'd all told the traumatic stories of our particular histories, Dick Russell gave a demonstration, with visual aids, of his kitty "noose" leash, and of a gadget sure to teach any cat how to "play dead"... or at least to get its attention, that is, a hammer. Oh it was lots of fun...

Does that answer your question about whether all AWA members had lots of cats?

You ramble: "Am I just paranoid or does anyone else out there ever worry if their true selves are coming through on paper?" Occassionally. I wonder especially when I feel really good about having put a lot of work and lots of ideas into a mailing and (even when it's not a postmailing) I seem to get few comments on it. I wonder if I'm not saying what I thought I've said. Indeed, though, too much paranoia.

I liked the poem.

SARA TOMPSON Well, I suppose it
LINDEN LEAVES goes with your title
but the green on
white paper is definitely hard to read.

I'd like to see an issue of "Hard Pore Corn"...trade an issue for JANUS?

Yes, I read THE WOMEN'S ROOM by French. Excellent. It seemed to me that it was a compillation of all the books that I'd been reading in the past six or seven years coming out about women's lives in this country, making all those other books seem to be in retrospect, piecemeal attacks at a broad, epic tragedy. And I was really eager to see if it would have an incredible, mind-blowing effect on someone who hadn't read a lot of feminist things beforehand. So I tried it on my sister (slipping it past my mother who would have skimmed for the "dirty parts" and prevented Julie from reading it), and it did, it did. I've got the feeling that she'll be referring to that book as her watershed book, as the thing that started her thinking about and looking for radical feminist ideas. You might keep it in mind for such recommendations.

The other day, on the bus, I saw a woman reading THE WOMAN'S ROOM. She was sort of hunched over, crushed close to the window by the hulking bowling ball player (as advertised on his shirt) next to her. She was sitting legs pressed together; he sat legs spread wide apart, making her more uncomfortably cramped than his huge frame already did. He sat with his arm proprietarily draped over her shoulders; she with a hand attentively patting his right leg. Every once in a while he'd glance down at the book she was reading and look irritated as if he wished she'd pay more attention to him rather than read the book. Her eyes never moved from what looked like a really intensive reading of the pages. The possibilities of this couple's future amused me some as I watched them, and I played the game of wondering which part of the book she was to at that point, and when the book might start give her reason to push his leg over and complain that he was cramping her too much.

CELIA CHAPMAN Xerox reproduction
A SILVER WEB has been getting
pretty decent, hasn't

it? Your zine is highly readable even with the reduction (you might try to fill up the margins a little more though). I don't know what kind of reproduction I'll end up using for this issue of OBS, but the last two issues were xeroxed too. Sometimes I wonder how much I'm influenced in my perceptions of other people in apas through the appearance of their zines. Probably much less accurate than even judging people by first visual impressions of themselves. No doubt has something to do with spending so much time worrying and working on the appearance of JANUS.

"I don't mind my partner having sex with other women; I get jealous over signs of emotional intimacy." I know what you mean. I've found that monogamy does not work at all for me and have for the past several years been involved with several people...not the same several people, but when the number gets too low and I end up spending more time with only one, problems start setting in. And yet there is still the uneasiness sometimes of watching loved ones be loving to others. Normally this is a problem only when I'm feeling insecure or need reassurance of that person's love, and I usually take such nervousness as a sign that I am feeling a little insecure, not a sign that I would rather that that person and I cut ourselves off sexually and/or emotionally from others. Actually, for the most part, I find it extremely enjoyable to see people being loving...and seeing my lovers being loving reminds me of the reason I love them.

About coupleism, the first thing that usually springs to my mind when that word is brought up is an experience I had while in college and my roommate and good friend had gotten married. They were able to buy a house soon afterwards and during their courtship, and early part of their marriage, I was close to both of them and spent a lot of time with them. I was their "maid

of honor" (though I think we called it something else), and I helped them move into their new house. Soon after that I also moved into a neat old apartment with Dave and suddenly whenever the idea came up that we do something together, Dave was automatically included in the invitation. Now that might not have been all that ^{much} of a problem, but it soon became quite clear that Dave did not like Greg (my roommate, Deb's husband) at all. Actually he was incredibly jealous of Greg's professional success. So whenever Deb called up, I would make all these painfully ludicrous excuses for Dave, wishing all the time we could go back to being just friends, either Deb and I, or Deb and Greg and I. But instead, the invitations dwindled, and our conversations became more and more uneasy. I haven't seen either Deb or Greg for several years. I still think the whole thing was ridiculous and extremely stupid.

At the same time all this was happening, Dave and I were working our arrangement out to something comfortable, one in which it was OK for me to have other lovers and OK for Dave to work out things about his sexuality. We both gave each other a lot of support; Dave eventually decided he wanted to put all emotional energies into a gay identity. We broke up for reasons unrelated to all this a year or so later. But anyway, to friends in the small apartment building we lived in, we were a typical living-together college couple, and one time C.J., a friend who lived right next door talked to me about her impressions of us. She seemed to be having difficulty pinning down exactly what was "weird" about us, but eventually talked about times when Dave and I had had parties and there didn't seem to be a wall around Dave and I excluding other people. Should there be, I remember asking, sort of confused. She went on about being able to talk to either Dave or I, to be friends with either of us, not having to deal with us as a unit. She pointed out the difference between Dave and I as compared to a couple at that party who sat next to each other as if glued the entire time, both engaged in every conversation together. Oh, I said.

...and grinned because I knew that at that very moment, Dave was in the kitchen trying to seduce our "paper-boy."

Since then my awareness of the barriers people can set up when they define themselves as us-against-them couples (not necessarily just because they are monogamous, but because they are paranoid about the strength of each others' commitments and have to set up restrictions in a hundred every-day social ways in order to prevent anything from interrupting or tempting them from each other) has grown. I get really nervous about it...especially when I see myself doing such things. But again, most of the time, doing this seems to go back to needing reassurance. And if I think about whether the person really does care about me and what that has to do with whether or not they care for others ...and more: whether I'd want them depending on me for all their emotional and sexual needs, I can usually calm down my nervousness and laugh at myself and settle back to a little voyeuristic entertainment if there's nothing better to do.

I think you're right about attributing being able to retain a sense of self apart from the couple, to being able to avoid couplism. When you know that you are doing or being an individual in your own right (because of what you do or through a wide experience of many friendships and loves), depending on validation from one other person is likely to be far less crucial to you. Hopefully men will have less and less of a monopoly on this ability in the future.

(Related to all this is maybe the deadly "familyism" just coined by me, by the way. Example: both my parents have told us repeatedly that they define the success of their lives by the successes of their children. This is a problem, because since success equals Catholic, married,

financially stable if not extremely solvent, and lots of kids; and their children are not at all Catholic, not even religious. One of us, at least, is gay. Only one of us is anywhere near solvent. Two of us are artists, one of us gave up the promising career of Olympian genius-savior scientist for that of cabinet-maker, and one of us (the one near "success") works as an engineer for a successful corporation. None of us is married and only one is likely to and that one isn't hoping to have any kids. By definition my parents lives are failures...and they sometimes act as if they really believe this too. Similarly, anyone who defines their emotional or lifelong success and/or happiness on their relationship with someone else, is risking a whole lot. You never know really how that person is going to define success or happiness.)

I like what you said (before I quickly end this, she said gasping at how she'd gone on and on) about the abortion debate in the apa: "I wonder...if anyone is really trying to change the view of anyone else? I see it as a way of letting everybody check their reasons against others, to see if they overlooked some idea that now seems important. Also it could be a way of learning to understand views other than our own." Yes. Indeed. I'm so relieved it hasn't turned out to be a bloody ambush. (I bet you are too, Janet.)

SARAH SYMONDS PRINCE Hey you forgot to explain LONG DARK HAIR that illo in the last apa-zine you had in here. You know, the one with the cat committing suicide. I was really interested in the story behind that, and you promised to explain.

If you got to a second page, I didn't get it (or my zine wasn't printed on the back). Do you have an extra copy?

Good to see you at MiniCon, what I did see of you there...

FRAN SKENE I didn't see VENUS IN CONJUNCTION you at NorwesCon...Why

didn't you come up and say hello? I thought it was a pretty good con. I went to very little programming though, even though there seemed to be quite a bit of good stuff offered, mainly because I'm in the Northwest so seldom, and have made such good friends there and see them so little. So the con was mostly them to me, and as such it ranked the convention pretty high for me. I didn't even notice the proliferation of neos. I suppose you'd have to expect that though, seeing how incredibly fast NorwesCon has grown (to have nearly 1000 people and being such a young convention!). The art show was excellent and expertly run by Jane Hawkins; I thought Loren MacGregor's GfoH speech was hilarious and wonderful (and I won't say anything about Philip Jose Farmer's ~~Baylorn~~ GoH address....though it did give us all time to, uh, rest). The parties were pretty good, and best of all Norwescon seems to attract a lot of really good people (among the neos), Herb Varley, Vonda McIntyre, Liz Lynn, oh shit lots more, but I don't want to start a list here. I had a good time. Even sold a fair amount of art work! I ended up staying in town there for the week afterwards, and having more good times (it felt like a week and a half long convention). I think I saw more of out-of-town people than I did of Seattle folks since Ole Kvern and I were both staying at Jane's house, and during the days while Jane worked we went out and did things with David Vereschagin and Rebecca Lesses quite often. Oh I wish I were back there. Several job possibilities came up while I was there that I'm following up now, so we'll see.

When I got back to Wisconsin though, and got off the plane in Milwaukee (to visit with my folks), it was snowing! And it was April! phooey. Well, now it's more like real April, and you can go outside without coats and it smells beautiful and fresh...but the buds still haven't

made their appearance as yet. So I'm still waiting for it to look like April yet.

After thinking about whether I had any specific objections to anyone reading OBSESSIONS, and deciding I wouldn't stipulate any, (objections that I would have, I think are quite obvious to people concerned and I don't think its necessary or even effective for me to list my specific "cases" for these people), I was surprised to see that I found your's useful for me. That is "Please not to talk to me about what I wrote. Period. No matter how innocuous the comments." The only bad experience I've ever had related to apa secrecy has had to do with this. That is, when Victoria (I assume) was in the apa, I got a letter from Tarel arguing with something he'd read in AWAPA. The information he'd gotten from there was indeed innocuous...he could easily have quoted me from another source and made the same points; but I found myself very angry that he had access to AWAPA and was using the information in such a blatant way. So me too: if you show it to someone, ask them not to continue the conversation/disagreement whatever with me. This is a private conversation between myself and people in the apa and anyone I choose to show my mailings to.

Your experience with rock/classical music is similar to mine, though my early familiarity with classical was self-motivated. I found it an amusing way to rebel against my parent's ("beautiful music") tastes in music although I liked classical for its own sake as well. But it was funny to see them fuming about not being able to complain like all the other parents on their block, about the loud rock music their teenage daughter listened to. They couldn't really complain, or order me to turn the radio to a different station and it frustrated the hell out of them (especially since they'd had fun for several years beforehand predicting all the trouble they were going to have with their first, shudder, teenager.) Heh heh heh.

ME Re: the article on art show
OBSESSIONS running, I didn't get any sug-
gestions about where to submit
it, but I found a place on my
own: i.e., THE VOICE OF THE LOBSTER (the
fanzine publicizing NoreasCon business and
giving a fine fine account of how a WorldCon
gets planned. I recommend it highly to any
of you involved in convention planning.
Jane, have you gotten some copies yet?) For
details, write to the NoreasCon PO Box.
I'm sure you could get a sample copy through
that.

JANICE BOGSTAD Well except for the
GETTING ALL DOWN usual quibbles about
wishing you'd use a
bit more whiteout,
I really enjoyed this zine Jan. I'm glad
you made the deadline. Well if Diane has
gotten her's into Janet by now maybe
Madison will still have a sizable repre-
sentation here! We've talked about most
of your University and MRB news and
talked about GYN/ECOLOGY (and I've said
a lot about that book already in the last
issue of OBSESSIONS) and about the newly
formed Ladies' Sewing Circle and Terror-
ist Society stuff...and well I find I don't
have a lot left to say. Classic living-
in-the-same-city-apa-members-having-few-
mailing-comments-for-each-other situation.
But, yeah, get into how you "quietly"
live with a man...heh heh heh. I want to
hear this!

JANET WILSON Well, I really
CARDBOARD REPLICAs doubt that any-
body suspects
you of conspiring
to "'lose' her zine at mailing time,
'forget' to post her mailing till a
month after the other, etc." The only
advantage you seem to exercise at all
is the inexcusable tendency to do mc's
for the very zines that are in the
issue you're writing for! But nobody's
complaining. I'd like
to see that: your"trashing people right
and left!" Hah.

I've got the feeling that Owen J. Hammer
and others like him have little or no
access to AWAPA but feel that's no
reason to resist making assumptions
about what an all-women's organization
is up to. I think I know the letter
Jessicawas referring to (why don't you
print it by the way? If it's short
enough. Know our enemy and all that.)
and if it is the one I read, he was
saying, like a lot of others I've
heard talking, that the idea of a women's
apa is narrow-minded. A lot of people
have of course heard about our throwing
men out...and that's all they seem to
need. Actually, I'm glad AWAPA seems
to be becoming less of a well-known
(notorious?) apa. It gives us a measure
more freedom.

Now as for post-mailings from AWAPA #15, I got all of them except Beth Schwarzin's
BITCHES AND SAD LADIES. Janet or Beth, would you mind sending me a copy? Damn, I'm
so organized this time! Also, since I no longer have access to that free xerox
machine (though maybe I will have access to another by the time it's time to mail
this, who knows where Kelly may send me next), I doubt if I'll do any more typing
than is required to finish the mc's. This is getting long.

ANNELAURIE IOGAN Well maybe it is
DANCING BEARS & discouraging that
JUGGLERS you've written
enough in such a
limited-distribution
forum as this apa to equal a short novel
...but in a way it's sort of neat too.
Makes writing a novel seem not too im-
possible, you know?

friend, Terry Gregory plus a small
group of other (non-Madison) people.
Strange: a lot of people seemed to have
this reaction to the con, estranged,
but for a lot of different reasons.
Oh, and the artist who did the Windycon
badges was, of course, Foglio, which
may explain things some. It does to
me anyway.

Enjoyed and concurred with your descrip-
tion of WindyCon. I spent most of the
time being with and talking with a Madison

Thought your experience with the Nekkid
lady art and your prediction of who the
probable bidder would turn out to be,
was hilarious.

ANNE LAURIE LOGAN I don't under-
ALL HOMAGE TO THE stand the
TRIPLE GODDESS change in ti-
titles, but OK
OK. Enjoyed

both in any case.

The ♀T-Shirt I really laughed about
when I saw it for the first time
last week was "When God made man,
She was just doing a rough draft."

D. POTTER I see by some of the com-
NUMBER 6 ments to you in this very
issue that I have in front
of me right now for comment-
ing, that some others are intrigued too
by your saying "There was the author of
BLACK LIKE ME. This is not as obsolete
as it looks." (in a comment to Avedon)
Discuss please? Griffith (Griffin?)
was on NPR radio last week, a special
two-hour long interview about his exper-
iences during and since the book.

Hmrrrrm...well, I have in front of me MADAFYING PHARSES (sic?) by Sue Rae and
ANOTHER LAST MINUTE POSTMAILING by Sarah Tompson, Barbara's ASHES OF ROSES,
Dalynn's ILE DE CHAOS, and even a hand-delivered WILDFIRE by Candice (doesn't
that count? Isn't Candice's membership saved?), but there are no little x's
on any of their pages, no not anywhere. And considering the length to which
I've already gone and the fact that I don't feel like reading them through
again, I'll just tell you thank you, read them, enjoyed them, etc. and all
that, and finish with the mc's right here and now. Postmailings are nice to
get you know, pleasant interval fillers between regular mailings, even if they
do so often get misplaced when the time for writing comes around.

Visualize several rows of asterisks
here. Though I don't have the room
to put in the number of asterisks
that should indicate it--the month is
now May. It's definitely Spring out
and sometimes even gets mistaken for
summer (delighting in catching people
wearing shorts with mid-afternoon
temperature shifts), and everything
is blinking green. The WAPA deadline
is fast approaching, Jane's post-
mailing just arrived (just made it
didn't you, Jane?), the Hugo and
FAAn nominations have arrived, one
Seattle job fell through and one
still hangs in balance, and I've
returned from ArmadilloCon in Austin.
(Just to catch you up and make temp-
oral corrections in previous mailing
comments.)

ArmadilloCon was great fun. Contrary
to my apprehensions, going to a con-
vention at which I didn't know any-
one present was not in the least bit
intimidating. I simply had more time
to meet new people than I usually do
at cons where one of the major reasons
for my going has to do with renewing
friendships with seldom-seen friends.
One of the advantages of going as a
fan GoH is that one is never lacking
for people who want to meet you, and
I enjoyed that too.

The con gave me a chance to get to know
Herb Varley better than I had been
able to at WisCon, since there was con-
siderably more time for me in Austin
than there had been in Madison. Varley
signed an incredible number of his books
at the con, did several TV and newspaper
interviews, participated in a family
reunion, appeared on the program "How
I Grew Up in a Small Town and Lived to
Tell the Tale" with Chad Oliver and
Howard Waldrop; and with me on the
post-banquet program "On Illustrating
and Being Illustrated" and still had
plenty of time --it seemed-- to sit
down and talk with anyone that wanted
to ask questions or spout theories a-
bout his stories. Herb often gives the
impression of being a very quiet, almost
shy man (in spite of his formidable
six foot plus frame), however his con-
versations are animated and most enjoy-
able--especially if you catch him in
a small group.

Anet Mconel traveled with Herb to Arma-
dillocon and I really enjoyed meeting
and talking with her for the first
time. I remember especially talking
with her about a book I had acquired
in Austin, FEMME FETALLE, a book I
recommend to any of you who are inter-
ested in Art Nouveau and the art just

preceeding that (Pre-Raphael, I think). During the late 1800's the artists of these schools were apparently fascinated with the images of evil, destructive, castrating, deadly women. (The author suggests that maybe these images were drawn from their own fears concerning the consequences of the extreme mysogyny prevalent in the culture of the time.) What intrigued me--enough to buy the book--and Anet as well, as we began to talk about the fact that these portraits were meant to reflect mysogynistic nightmares of men of the time (no women, or only a very few women participated), was that the portraits were of women that we would categorize as extremely gorgeous, strong, passionate, complex women. In other words my ideal of what a woman should be was often portrayed in the pictures of what these artists considered terrifying. Weird. Some of that continued in our discussion on the panel "Images of Madwomen in SF" with Chris Pasanen, Anet and myself.

Chris is another person I was very glad to meet in Austin. I'd like to continue talking (or at least writing) to you Chris, and hope we can get together at some con sometime, hopefully when you don't have so many con responsibilities...though I suppose its possible that we might get together next at WisCon when the situation will be reversed...I'll be the frantic one. I especially enjoyed the tour that Chris (and her friend, Willy Siros) arranged for Anet, Herb and I at the Texas University Rare Books Collection, where both Chris and Willy work. It's an enormous collection and we were quite entertained by the two persons (not Chris and Willy) who gave us a tour and showed us various examples of the collection (among which a couple rare, signed and illustrated, books illustrated by Arthur Rackham, whose work I collect).

There was in fact some time to spend touring Austin and driving out into the country a bit. Austin struck me as being very much like Madison: both are University towns doing double duty as state capitols. Austin has a street much like Madison's own State Street that connects capital to campus and the general appearance and feeling of the

city was much like Madison. Later I found out that Austin is sometimes referred to (by displaced Midwesterners, I imagine) as the "Madison of the South" The countryside however is nothing like Wisconsin's. I got a chance to see some of the surrounding landscape after the con when we drove out to the Barbeque dinner/dead dog party. Though there are no mountains to contrast to Wisconsin's rolling countryside (around Madison, at least), and in fact in that regard the Austin area resembles my home, the vegetation seemed alien. I suddenly realized what it was: the whole place, mile after mile after mile of countryside looked like a never-ending park! And then after I'd pinned down that characterization in my mind I realized that because of the relative dryness of the area, trees tended to be much more widely spread, thick underbrush non-existent. Everything was very green...but also, sparse in an almost "pruned" way, as it is in a part. And quite beautiful.

The con itself was delightful. The con suite almost didn't "happen" in the same place as the rest of the con, and so I volunteered my room for the con suite...Well I didn't expect to sleep till the parties were over, anyway, right? It turned out to be a convenient arrangement in any case, and it was just as well that the hotel hassels necessitated the arrangement in the first place. One night we stayed up till 6 doing charades (which I think began at 2 or 3) and another night, there was a two hour long marathon of joke telling, one after the other all the people took turns telling outrageous, cute, and all sorts of jokes. I haven't heard so many jokes since grade school (don't you think they tend to disappear after that?) and as I predicted I can hardly recall more than a couple of the new jokes I heard that night. (That's what happens to the jokes after grade school: We are no longer able to remember them...) That same night a group of us went dancing for a while, and for a while there was some artists' jamming.

It was a lot of fun really. Like most conventions I try to write about, it seems that I recall events in flashes of memory: Howard Waldrop's inspired and

hilarious auctioning routine (doing mostly paperback books, some art, but also some original (drool!) manuscripts of Varley's fiction, including THE PERSISTENCE OF VISION. sigh), trying to find a radio station to dance to (before we gave up and went to a local disco) and finding only songs like "God's gonna get you for that!" with Ed Scarbrough and Charles Darby and Chris Pasenen; a marvelous hotel salad bar; looking through Brian Giza's portfolio; collecting addresses; a really enjoyable program with Herb (On Illustrating and Being Illustrated) that in spite of being most nervous about that one thing it turning out beautifully and enjoyably; giving Herb a drawing of "The Persistence of Vision" ("What are you going to do with it, Jeanne?" he asked when he saw it, obviously liking it a lot. "I'm going to give it to you." "Oh, wow, thanks!" Oh wow.); staying Thursday night with Chris and Willy and waking up in the middle of the night when a cardboard heart fell on my head (anyplace else, a movie or a book, it would have been an "arty" gimmick. That night it was merely confusing) And more. Mostly people's faces, good conversations, too little sleep.

Towards the end people kept asking me if I had a good time, and since my cheeks almost ached from all the grinning I'd been doing, I would ask plaintively, didn't I look like I was having a good time? I did. I was. Hope they do it again next year. (If they do and they seemed to be planning on it, they've got a great poster --a professionally designed purple and green, very striking poster-- look for it.)

Almost done. I'm working in an office with a typewriter that doesn't easily change margins...that's why this switch to single column format. It's a mag card typer, and since I don't know how to use the mag cards, I have to use it as a regular typer, and there are disadvantages about that. Like margins.

But as I was saying, almost done.

Hugo Ballots are coming out soon, and you will notice or will have already noticed that JANUS is again on the ballot. I feel I owe you all thanks, being part of our alleged block vote, you know. Well no, that isn't talked about much anymore, now they are saying that the British are the Block voting power. Oh well, sigh. I'm pleased. We're all pleased here in Madison. FAAn ballots are also out and JANUS is out for best fanzine (editors, rather) as well as for best single issues (both JANUS 12/13 and 14...Myself, I think that #14 is better of the two); and I am up as best serious artist. That's neat. Thank you again. We're all grinning like mad. And Avedon is up for best LoC writer! Congratulations Avedon; I hoped you'd be nominated again.

I'm really hoping that DREAMSNAKE and "Persistence of Vision" (McIntyre and Varley) wins... I'm so glad they both won the Nebulas!

And lastly, to wrap things up, I will mention that you should have received JANUS 15 by now or will shortly, sigh. I guess I am not going to get around to LoCing Janes postmailing. Can't: I've got two other apazines due this week and I don't think I'm going to make it. Wish me luck.

See you...in August.

Love,

Jeanne