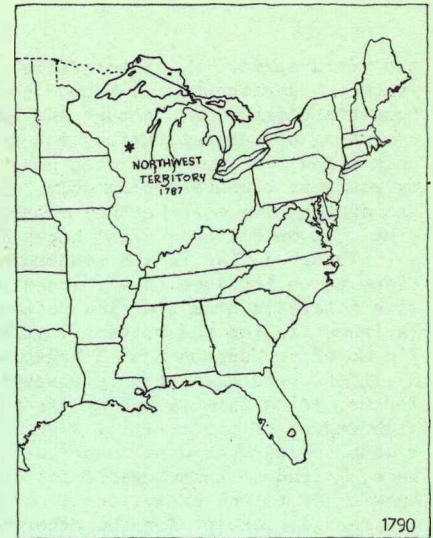


# Shoreline I

In app for CRAPA and this one time, for AWAPA, too by Jeanne Gomoll who is living at a new address, i.e., 2618 Jennifer St, Madison, WI 53704 but probably the same phone (608/251-5851). Since the title was the last thing decided upon for this app-zine, it will have to be explained later.



It sometimes seems to me that events are conspiring to make me move to the Pacific Northwest. The number of people in that region that I love increases with every northwest-midwest axis convention. The things that I know about the climate as well as about the wilderness and urban opportunities of the region make a future move for me tempting and highly probable. This is part of the reason I asked Denys to put me on the CRAPA wait list. There is also the fact that I know some of you (or would like to know some of you) and the app seems to be a good way to continue or make contact.

So here I am, a representative of the ORIGINAL Northwest (Territories)(See map), from this place that, when you think a while and stretch things a bit, can be identified as "Northwest" in a manner just as absurd as can the BC-Washington-Oregon-etc. area. Historically speaking.

I am 26 years old, 5'8" tall and look like this when I'm not grinning.



I am of German-Austrian-French-Scandinavian descent. I traced our family tree six or seven years ago and gave up in horror as it tangled and branched out all over Europe (and the edges of my poster board). I did enjoy finding out about one or two of our "skeletons" though. One of them is that of my great-great grandfather on my dad's side who was the youngest of many sons and stood no chance at an inheritance or commission in the army because of his late birth. Great-great granddad patiently waited for a day his father was away on business and everyone else was gone from the homestead for one reason or another -- and then sold the house and land and skipped to America. I wonder what my grandmother would say if she knew

I was publishing this information. She told me the sordid tale in whispers; she was so embarrassed by the story. For all that work on the project, though, I still haven't found out where the name Gomoll comes from. It's probably French or Polish though I'd have to go back further to find Polish ancestors, but I'm still curious about it, that being the original reason for my hunt.

More currently, I am the first child of 5 children, daughter of parents whose own families make ours look like ZPG ads. Family reunions for me are embarrassing carnivals in which literally hundreds of people, many of them strangers, feel compelled and free to ask any question whatsoever of anyone attending simply because we are related (or because the person is with and thus assumed to be engaged to a relative). One year my brother Rick made a scene by bringing two women to the reunion and at the same reunion I bumped into a friend that I had gone out with recently who turned out to be a second cousin. Scandalous. Thereafter, my parents stopped objecting strenuously to our skipping the reunions.

My father is a very handsome, friendly man who makes a living selling and designing corrugated boxes (handy around moving time). My mother is a very religious (Catholic), sometimes aggressively intolerant person who runs the household and works parttime as a typist at the local newspaper in New Berlin (a suburb of Milwaukee, WI). They both have on various occasions told us that they see their primary roles in life as being good parents & judge their own "success" in terms of how we "turn out."

I am quite close to my brothers and sisters. To one degree or another we all embarrass and/or confuse our parents, and maybe because of that bond, but more I think because we simply like each other a great deal, we are all good friends. I am the oldest, embarrassingly unmarried and obviously not at all unhappy about it, and inexplicably involved in such a non-remunerative obsession as editing JANUS. Rick is embarrassingly publically gay and has been living with his lover, Danny, for several years. Confusedly, he gave up a promising career as a genius scientist, dropping out of Stanford in the midst of excellent grades and took up cabinetry. Less embarrassingly, (with time all things become relative\*), Steve is only into pot and discrete affairs. But very confusedly he persists in rejecting his jock background and generally does not seem to be becoming the All-American young man my parents knew when he graduated as the high school basketball star. The three of us are all \*and relatives, it seems..

two years apart. My sister Julie, however, is 11 years younger than I am, a budding printer and mountain climber, and though she has begun to be confusing by her aspirations and attitudes, she hasn't had time yet to be too embarrassing. Danny, my youngest brother, being only 7 years old, hasn't had enough time to be either embarrassing or confusing, but we all have great hopes for him too.

Though I live in the aftermath and still continue to be involved to an extent by several obsessive interests from the time before I left home (science fiction and pottery), it wasn't till after I'd moved to Madison that I began to characterize my life as one dominated by obsessions. Obsessions, for me, being intense energy expenditures with a high degree of productivity. When I find something I want to learn or want to do, or someone I want to know, I tend to throw myself into the learning/ knowing of to the exclusion of as much else as I can manage...except for the other obsessions current. "Obsessions" was/is the name of my first apa-zine, for AWAPA, and still seems especially important because of its closeness to the way I tend to handle things.

For all of us, Rick, Steve and myself, moving away from home precipitated a great many good and exciting changes in our lives. and life in Madison for me was the beginning of a whole new set of obsessions. First there was a burst of academic obsessiveness -- which lasted almost long enough for me to get my BA on. I burnt out, blinking, exhausted, just before the beginning of my last semester and it was a terrible struggle to actually finish out my degree. When I graduated I felt as if someone else must have done all that work to have resulted in that 3.85 GPA, and in a way, someone else did. Part of the reason for that burnt out obsession was the beginning of new ones having to do with people. I'd been a self-satisfied walled-in "loner" all my life but had met several people when I moved to Madison who made me see my walls for the first time and instigated a desire in me to break them down. That process took a while but I accomplished that and am now very satisfied with the results.

I graduated from the University of Wisconsin-Madison with a BA in geography, intending to very sensibly go on for an MA in Urban Planning. I was assured of acceptance in the UW program, even some aid, but decided to take at least a year off first to pay back loans and recuperate. In that year, I discovered that I was keeping up on one obsession born at the U (through nearly 40 credits in post 1940's American and British literature), reading and writing, but not making any attempt to keep up with geography and planning. During my years in college the two extremes (orderly geography courses, emotionally-draining english ones) had kept me mildly scizophrenic but balanced nonetheless. Upon graduation it seemed I no longer needed the security of classes in which everything could be mapped, categorized and labeled. I don't think I read anything on city theory then or since that time. Anyway, I fumbled around a while. I started a feminist reading group and began, hesitantly, to read sf again (I'd stopped when I was 18 or 19, finding myself too angry and frustrated by the sexism and American chauvanism I became increasingly aware of). I attempted to integrate the things I'd loved and valued about sf when I was young with my ideas and preferences as they were. The Katru symposium had been out for several months around that time, and though I hadn't even heard of fandom yet, the changes in the field of sf were perceptible and I began to find new enthusiasm for it.

The obsession that still dominates my life be-

gan when I walked into a meeting I'd read about in a student newspaper, an sf group meeting, because I'd heard that they were thinking about beginning to produce a magazine. Jan Bogstad asked if anyone at the meeting (of about 7 or 8 people, Jan and myself the only women) could draw, and I said the fateful words: "I'll help." A couple issues later I'd become the co-editor of JANUS and Hank Luttrell told us we were editing what was called a "fanzine." Slowly I found out.

And slowly I learned to draw. My art background was primarily from my potting experiences in high school, considerable but not too applicable to illustrating. The closest real experience was a long history of irrepressible doodling in notebook margins, any scrap of paper I could find, in my mother's address book, walls, etc... I never seriously enrolled myself into any sort of training program because I was convinced I wasn't nearly good enough to make a living at it. I now think I was wrong about that conviction and sort of regret lost opportunities, but now I'm attempting to combine obsessions: design, art, sf, feminism, literature, books, people. The synthesis is nearly complete and terribly satisfying in JANUS, and I'm learning a lot, changing a lot with every issue though I still have a long long way to go. I'm hopeful though (and looking for a way), that will provide the same synthesis for me with the addition of a paycheck...

This introduction turned out to be somewhat longer than I had originally planned. I hope I haven't bored you with it: Next time I promise to spend time commenting on your zines, on what you said. I think I will have some things to say on the topic of art if the discussion is still going on.

This zine, by the way, will probably be going into AWAPA too because the deadlines are the same. And there are so many new people in it that weren't from the beginning that I figure it might be appropriate to "reintroduce" myself in that apa.

Right now, I'm laying out the last couple pages of a humongous issue of JANUS. What we'd planned to be a 40-45 page issue is now over 70 pages. And so if you are familiar with our fanzine, you may notice a certain similarity of its layout to that of this apazine...Because when I'm working on JANUS layout that's all I can think about, that's all I can talk about, it's about all I can do. It's a pretty issue, and I am exhausted.

I'm also moving out of the apartment I live in now and into another. THIS IS A COA:

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Madison, WI 53704

It's a really nice apartment; incredibly it's cheaper than the one I have now and in much better condition. I will have to depend on buses now though and that's the only drawback to the place.

Perhaps I'll see some of you at Iguanacon --or perhaps I will have seen some of you at Iguanacon, whatever. Bye for now.

Best,

Jeannie