

DENYS/DOUGLAS FIR, OF COURSE An increase of copycount to 30 is OK with me, with membership limited to 25. But I'd rather that we then keep to that number. I like the size of C/Rapa now: it is always possible to do mc's to everyone, as it isn't usually --or at least of the kind I prefer--when memberships are around 50. Good idea to send waitlisters the information page, etc., and to invite the top waitlister in the manner you've instituted.

PAUL/CRYSTALINE Sorry about misspelling your name. You may have noticed one or two instances...at least I'm told, when my critics are kind, that my spelling is "amusing."

I rarely have comments when conversation gets more heavily into marxist theory and applications. But enjoyed, etc. Like my brother Rick said (quoted partially in the next few pages), the languages of politics are somewhat foreign tongues to me, but the various dialects of radacalese seem the most applicable to reality than any of the languages.

DAVID/THE GROOM STRIPPED BARE As I type this rough draft I feel that I too might be on the brink of making such a mistake as you feel you made in visiting too much in Seattle and in choosing fannish socializing over your art. But the circumstances are different: I'm not in school, the pressures are mostly financial, though there is a lot to be said to devoting more time to working at my art as well. Right now, I'm on the brink of going to WesterCon.

(Later, on final retyping, it has turned out that necessary root canal surgery has prohibited me from going to WesterCon. As I balan-

ced my checkbook just the other day, I realized it was a good thing too. It just didn't feel that way when it happened...)

I do understand, however why you feel badly about having chosen as you did. I'm still glad though that you were in Seattle and we got a chance to talk and get to know one another. I don't think it's possible to do that through letters with you, but is through your writing in C/Rapa weirdly. I don't think you're a dilettante, if my opinion/observations are any consolation. But I agree and support you on your decision to put energy into working on your art even if it is sometimes to the exclusion of friends in fandom, or publishing, etc. That work will eventually nurture and strengthen your friendships and reputation after all; on the other hand, neglecting your art would eventually involve the souring of friendships and unsatisfying reputation for you. This is somewhat the reasoning I go through with myself and friends in trying to explain why I cannot move to Seattle and exist on shit work, clerical temporary work, why I have to have a good art-related job before I move, if I move. My work is connected in basic ways with satisfaction I feel for living and capacity for friendship and love.

Thank you for the reprint from THE GROOM STRIPPED BARE 5. When I saw it the first time, I guess I didn't understand what was going on. Sometimes I feel fatally un-read and under educated about things that should be second

nature to me. Like being told that Stately Plump Buck Mulligan is the first line of ULYSSES by Jerry. Shit. Even if I didn't manage to read the whole thing, I should have remembered the first line.

Was intrigued by your comment on the word "beauty." "I don't think," you wrote, "we should confuse aesthetics with beauty. There is, for me, a difference. 'Beauty' is a word people are apt to blithly toss about as a criterion for good art. I dispute this."

It seems that beauty is another one of the deranged or watered-down words that used to mean more than it does now. Nowadays about the deepest context you usually hear it used in is the following: "Now, Farrah Fawcett is pretty, but Katherine Hepburn is beautiful." Contrast that to Yeats' equation of beauty and truth. Now in that context, beauty might have a little more to do with aesthetics than you allow for. Beauty in Yeats' image has nothing to do with prettyness, conformation to community moral standards or even pleasantness. I think there is here buried a whole mess of semantic problems that also enter into Christine's use of such words as "meaning" and "meaninglessness", "effect on an audience", "audience benefit", "beautiful or thought-provoking", and "functional."

Again there is the problem of dealing with art from the artists' perspective, as opposed to that perspective that many people seem to need to see as basically different, the audience's perspective. Beauty in terms of inspiration and in terms of judgement, are two very different things, the former far more complex, I think. But more of this in Doug's mc.

JANE/LIKE A RAINBOW I am going to try to do the cover for C/Rapa soon, maybe this one.

Maybe now that there are three of us using the "fuzzy-minded liberal" label we should form a club and issue ID cards. Secret Code Rings. Have a convention.

What is this about the program for doing animation? Do you end up with extremely angular characters, or can a computer do curved lines? I want to see this. Eli?

I know what in-betweening is and how much time it takes...and if a computer can do it I'd really be interested to see how it could change the field.

JERRY/STATELY PLUMP BUCK MULLIGAN I was terribly confused about your mention of JoAnne McBride buying "Wendy's Fantasy" at V-Con, since I sold that piece at Iggy. As it turned out, the person who bought it in Phoenix, resold it in Vancouver...which is rather upsetting. I should think that that sort of sale (by a speculator, not an artist) should be carried out in the huckster room where people realize that they may not be paying the artist at all. Well, just the fact of its resale was not too neat a thing to hear about, but I don't think I have any rights to complain. I just know that that sort of thing is not going to happen in WisCon's art show.

I guess I'm going to have to listen to some more modern music, punk, etc. I've been missing something.

CHRISTINE/SPECTACLES I think your feeling that it's a good thing for artists "to struggle and be frustrated and overcome obstacles" in order to become better artists is only a sometimes true fact (in terms of Diane Martin's immortal true facts categorization system). An inconsistent fact, perhaps. The use of struggle and frustration to some artists' production is, I think, a personal work habit, not a general expectation. I, for instance, work best when I have a definite deadline to work against, when I know that I will incur much unhappiness and perhaps even danger of one sort or another to myself if I miss the deadline. Others tend to freeze under deadline threats, and not be able to produce at all if they know they have to finish something by a given time, or not to be able to do the project well. For me, quality is sometimes enhanced by pressure, but I'm trying to make myself into an artist that uses time better, gets things done beforehand, is able to spend more time in protecting and reproducing and presenting my art...for instance, having the time to do PMT's of art to send out rather than having to send out the originals because I have again finished the night before the deadline. I rather think that poverty and privation and lack of reputation might work the same way for an artist; an artist might be forced to work for scraps and condition themselves to work "best" under such conditions. That's
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This is from a flyer we received in our SF³ Post Office Box, advertising something called "Fantasy Faire" 9, to be held July 27-29, 1979 in Pasadena, CA. (Bill Crawford, Chair):

"FANTASY FAIRE GIRLS: We've added something new this year which we are sure will be taken up by other conventions ((OH?!), so just remember Fantasy Faire started it. The Fantasy Faire Girls will be there to make sure you are not a wallflower, to introduce you to guests, and to answer questions about Fantasy Faire."

I thought this was one of the traditional areas in which SF cons differed from straight conventions (ETks, etc.). Besides the comparatively small fees charged by our conventions. Marion Zimmer Bradley, Octavia Butler and several other women writers (along with chief Goh, Alan Dean Foster) are touted as attending guests. I wonder what they think of this additional feature.

Do most of you know about the San Francisco riot of last Monday, May 21st? It followed the conviction of Dan White for the murder of Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk in City Hall November 27, 1978. White was convicted by a jury of 2 counts of voluntary manslaughter. He had originally faced a possible death sentence if convicted of 1st degree murder. Now, he faces a maximum sentence of 7 years and 8 months; with good behavior he'll get out in about 5 years.

The only state of mind required for voluntary manslaughter is the intent to kill. By its verdicts, the jury determined that White could not have premeditated, deliberated, or harbored malice--the elements necessary for a murder conviction... No matter that White had sneaked into City Hall using a window to avoid the metal detector at the door which would have picked up his concealed gun.

White had quite his job as Supervisor, ostensibly because he felt he needed more income. However, the defence was originally going to bring out the fact that recent events in city government had been offending White's sense of values --especially the increasing power of gays and liberals in local politics. When he later changed his mind and asked to have his position back, Harvey Milk led a campaign with County Board liberals not to re-appoint White. At that point Don Horanzy was to be appointed in White's place.

Outraged, White sneaked into City Hall, killed Moscone with 4 bullets and walked down the hall (not able to find Diane Feinstein who he'd asked to see) and shot Harvey Milk when Milk smirked at him in passing.

White's lawyer, Schmidt succeeded in persuading the jury that the killings were not the work of a coldly rational killer, but the unpremeditated outburst of a man who had been pushed over the edge and no longer able to weigh the factors involved in the act. "Good people -- fine people with fine backgrounds -- simply don't kill people in cold blood," he pleaded. Just disregard the facts, he asked the jury.

An odd thing that has turned up since the trial is some information provided by James Denman -- White's jailer-- who felt that the main piece of evidence (a taperecording of White's confession, full of emotion, guilt-wracked outbursts) that got White off, was oddly inconsistent with White's jail behavior. He was super-cool and unemotional in jail, and in fact had the obvious support of most of the police in the building. (White was once in the police corps.) "It all seemed very fraternal... Officers and deputies were standing around with half smiles on their faces. Some were actually laughing" as White was booked, Denman reported. Denman feels that he wasn't called as a witness because the prosecution didn't want to go into the "connection between police attitudes towards gays and liberals and Dan White's state of mind." In fact, the defense did drop that tactic for some

reason. A deal was made perhaps.

Following the announcement of the verdict, thousands of gay outraged demonstrators marched up from Castro and Market Streets, where Cleve Jones (former Milk aid) had been speaking ("Out of the bars and into the streets!"), and marched up to the Civic Center where the mood quickly became one of violence. Windows were broken, 13 police cars were set afire, and Supervisor Carol Ruth Silver was injured. Police clubbed many of the rioters plus many uninvolved (even persons trying in vain to calm the crowd) and press people. A fire was set in the basement of City Hall. During this time, police were supposedly under orders not to do too much, but simply to keep the crowd in order-- I'm not clear on this part. And they felt so frustrated apparently because they had not been allowed to stifle the demonstration earlier on, that a large number of them then went on to make a sweep through Castro Street--rows and rows of sardine-packed cop cars rolled down the street provoking gays, yelling obscenities, taunting, and finally violently closing all the bars on the street, doing considerable damage and hurting many. A Captain Jeffries was heard to yell: "We lost the battle at City Hall. We aren't going to lose this one!" Noone is quite clear yet, it seems, on just who ordered this revenge mission.

The next day over 4000 people attended Harvey Milk's Birthday Party, many of whom were at the riot the night before. Many events were feared and rumored, but no violence erupted. Although there were numerous undercover police milling through the crowd (trained in non-violent crowd control); the uniformed ones were restricted by order of the mayor.

...The reason I have accumulated so much information on the events of late May in San Francisco is a letter I received from my brother soon afterward. It was a very emotional, moving letter, hardly any periods throughout its 10+ pages. But it impelled me to find out more about what had happened and to talk about the events and read Rick's letter on WORT-FM, on the Madison Review of Books Show that this week focused on Gay issues. Excerpts of

that letter follow (edited and punctuated slightly).

"The Dan White verdict -- we marched to city hall and stayed till the glass started breaking. The next night we were down in the Castro celebrating Harvey Milk's 49th birthday. The anger Monday night was justified certainly--by the end of the trial, White had become the son or brother of each member of the all white, middle-class jury. They could understand and forgive him, as no black man or woman or chicano or chicana or faggot or dyke would have been forgiven. It seems we live in different worlds. My first reaction to the glass-breaking and car-burning was disappointment. But the US NEWS AND WORLD REPORT just out, echoes a lot of other media: 'Now they're a political force to be reckoned with.' They won't listen until you smash something. I don't break glass, but Danny, (and then Sally Gearhardt Tuesday night said as well), I won't apologize for it either.

"Tuesday night -- the birthday party. Castro Street was closed off for a block, no police was in sight by the mayor's order. But Dolores Park, one block away was an armed camp. We got there about 8:00; the crowd was still gathering. Meg Christian sang --soothing the vague tension. (Voice in the crowd: 'Is that Joan Baez?' 'It doesn't look like her.' 'But it sounds like her.' 'Who is that?') Cecil Williams spoke, a gospel sort of sermon. A couple of politicians spoke. Finally Sally Gearhardt. She was in WORD IS OUT-- the middle aged woman with salt and pepper hair, who spoke of her life in the university and the church while closeted. She's the best speaker I've ever heard. She took the podium in front of a restless crowd, random noise. She carefully spoke: very quiet, very slow, forcing the crowd to settle down and listen. She read a birthday letter to Harvey Milk. I wish I could send you a copy. She listed things she'd like to be able to tell him--funny

things--that the police force had woken up one morning and discovered that they were all gay, that sort of thing. And then she spoke about the trial and verdict. That's when she said she couldn't apologize. And she said that the verdict has had a radicalizing effect on the gay community, that we're beginning to see 'as you (Harvey) always saw', the connection between underpaid secretaries downtown and men who drive big cars, for example. (And she continued with a list of seemingly isolated situations that share a patriarchal foundation.) By the end of the list people were applauding agreement. And she talked about patriarchy and the masculine code. 'An army of lovers cannot be beaten.' Long ovation. From an audience probably 3/4 faggots, 1/4 dykes.

"I think that what she said about radicalizing is true. We all wanted the jury to bring in the 'right verdict'--we wanted the system to work. I wanted the system to work. As far as I'm concerned, it didn't. And the best explanation of what happened is exactly what Sally said. Patriarchy and the masculine code, the values held by those people who wrote the laws, and... At the birthday party a lot of people agreed with that explanation.

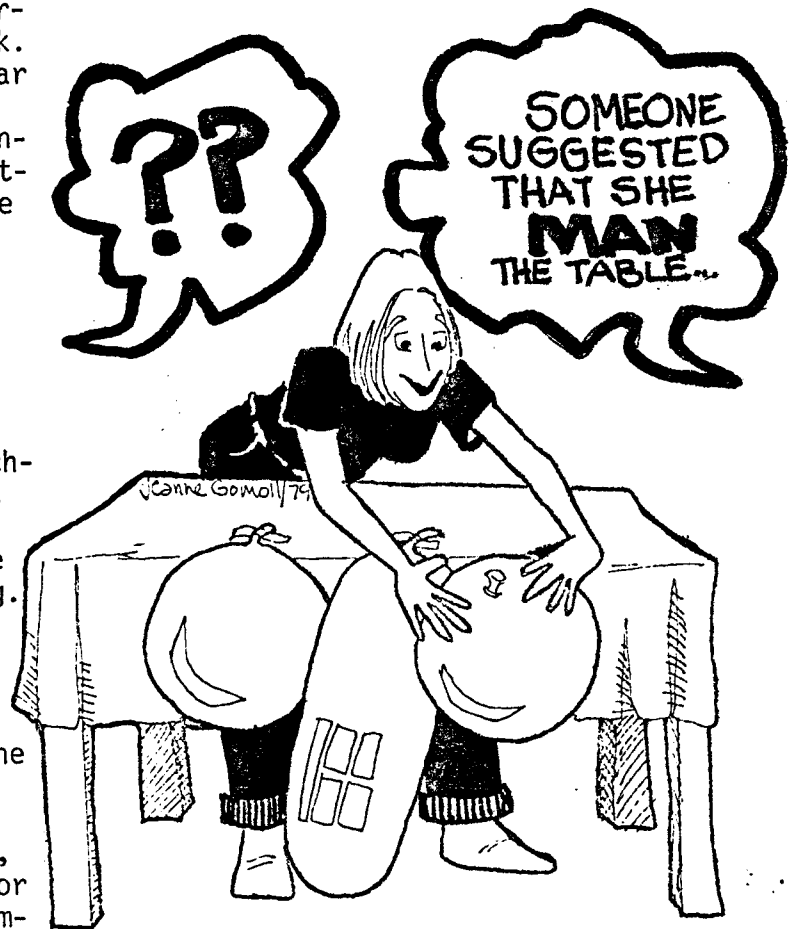
"Well, a long ovation. And then some quiet music, and then...the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching and Twirling Corps elbowed its way right up through the crowd! Much happiness. And later a dance band. No ugliness, a good evening. The cops never showed up.

"There was a sweep through Castro Street by the cops Monday night after the riot, lots of damage done by them, windows broken, etc. and at least one man in the hospital, clubbed. The police in this city, although held in check by the mayor and police chief, are still predominantly Irish Catholics. Recruiting minorities has just started. They don't like gays. Dan White

was a cop, and lived in that world as well as the Marine's, fire-fighters, and Eagle Scout's worlds. Investigations are just starting.

"A friend/fellow worker, named Mandy, who is a dyke from Little Rock Arkansas (where several years ago they had a councilman who bragged that the rape figures in Little Rock were the highest in the nation because they had the prettiest girls there, and he's just been elected mayor), views the world politically. She talks about class struggle a lot. That's a somewhat foreign language to me (politics, that is) but of all the political languages, the various dialects of radicalesse seem to best represent the realities of life on this planet."

(Rick gave me permission to reprint portions of his letter.)



Cartoon will have or will be about to appear in KRATAPHONY, ed. by Eli Cohen.

the poor starving artist school of criticism which says that Van Gogh wouldn't have produced had he been able to sell his work and received some notice for it. But I hardly think that that's a reasonable argument for the care and feeding of our artists in a similar manner on the assumption that they/we will produce better art if starved... I think I've gotten off the track of what you meant though...

I think a lot of how you and I tend to "miss" one another with regard to these discussions on art has to do with your using words that we each interpret quite differently. Well, I mentioned some of them in my comment to David. But a word I think of now, that you have used, is "scribbles." You use it to suggest the lowest of the low, the most meaningless of the meaningless, the (obvious) example of non-art. This confuses me. Perhaps, like Jerry did, an analogy to written art might be valuable here. Scribbles, to me, are like the kind of things I might right in a journal to release tension. Unconnected recollections of the day, scenes remembered, idea notes, written in order to start to draw things together for myself, to start to understand why I feel angry or tense or exhilarated. The doodle may emerge into a real composition (a method that, Kelly Freas, for instance, uses in much of his work), it may give me ideas as to what I am reaching for, and sometimes it functions as an unexpected "direct link" to my subconscious, emerging with surprising images. The scribbles--whether written or drawn--might then become something quite more, but would always to me be something quite different than the antithesis of art as you suggest: "Many times, looking at modern paintings and sculptures, I get the impression that the artist is just scribbling, and not caring whether the scribbles are anything but scribbles to anyone but the artist." Our difference in viewpoints seem often to be semantic, but often too suggest deeper differences: for I don't really care when I write or draw that first and foremost others react to what I produce in the same way as I did when I produced the work. Again, however, more on that in Doug's mc.

ELI/MOSS ON THE NORTH SIDE Enjoyed your mini-diatribes, Eli. "It's precisely the oppressors, the people on top, who have the most to gain through censorship of

any kind." It seems to me too, that the arguments going on in feminist groups and between various types of radical groups about what deserves/needs to be censored for The Good of Us All, is entirely beside the point. It's like arguing over which medical technology would most benefit from the introduction of "Ice-9". The inevitable ramifications would probably even detour the original, immediate goals. "We" would never never have control over censorship, even if our goals were the original impetus for its enforcement. "They" would use it against us. Where new sanctions against pornographic literature has been instituted, it has not been unusual to hear, for instance, that OUR BODIES, OURSELVES has been censored. And unless someone wants to try to convince me that I have too little faith in the inherent justice of the system, the benevolence of the bureaucracy, and the high-mindedness of those in power, (like my father lately trying to tell me that oil companies were run by people just like you and me, and that they are basically trustworthy individuals), I think I'll just continue to cynically resist the idea of censorship for any and all occasions.

After I read your description of the iridescent, non-reproducible pigment I got really excited about what money might look like soon with the "shimmer of butterfly wings, or peacock feathers" ...Wow. It's going to be harder than ever to part with money if it looks so gorgeous. I won't be sorry to see the ugly green things spruced up a bit: I always envied you Canadians (and other countries) for their pretty "play" money.

LYNN/THE EDGE OF THE FRINGE Your zine was a sad saga of lost mailing comments. Every time you started to type, it appeared the latest batch of comments would telaport off the type-writing stand.

Ahhh! Another anti-catist! We must stick together. Perhaps you'd be interested in my cat-wrapping experiment. Besides being lots of fun, it embarrasses the hell out of cats, so that alone makes it worthwhile. Cat-wrapping involves the simple use of a long scarf or piece of cloth wrapped around the

the mid-section of a cat. Be careful not to bind the legs or bind the cat too tightly (you don't want a posse of rabid catists after you). Once wrapped, set the cat down on the floor (or on a shelf, if you are a bit sadistic and there are no vengeful catists around), and watch the cat look stunned as it proceeds to fall over sideways. Thump. It can't seem to help itself. It just falls over. And then if it can scramble out of its wrappings it will scoot out of the room looking hideously embarrassed. It works every time. Even with the same cat; they don't learn. Noone knows why, it just works; it's weird. So far the score is 14 out of 14 cats. At ArmadilloCon they found out that I was into cat-wrapping (actually it's Madison's Diane Martin's discovery), and at the banquet they gave Herb Varley, Anet Moonel and Howard Waldrop each an armadillo candle. I, however, got a wrapped armadillo candle. Well, I humored them; I set it down on the table, and it fell right over!

DOUG/LETTERS FROM A FLOATING WORLD

Your mailing really interested me this time (not that it doesn't always, but this time, you've got a great many little "x's" and stars next to your writing.).

Before I get started on what you said this time though, I'd like to repeat my request for directions as to information about sound poetry. It's my impression from what you've been saying is that its sort of like abstract painting--only in sound. And I've got the feeling that it's going to be like some jazz that I hear on late-night radio... Dealing more closely with the symbolic elements of tone, word, sound,...pigment, line: Art without the reassuring reminders of the familiar provided traditionally with (seeing eye dogs:) plot or concrete images or melody or sentence. Are there familiar examples of sound poetry that I've just never recognized as such (Like, does any of e. e. cummings stuff work like that?) The idea of using different typing styles, spaces, etc. as Jerry brought up almost like musical signatures to guide the

reader in the correct reading style, is fascinating to me.

But back to Letters...Thanks so much for including the Robert Creeley excerpt in your zine, Doug. It fits in exactly with what we've been talking about. His idea that playing for an audience distracts from creating, that communication is not the primary motive for him as a poet. His ideas seem very close to Ursula LeGuin's when she talks about writing strictly from one's self, that the images one finds in one's subconscious, if openly sought out will eventually mesh with other people's innermost feelings--will be true, because they will be shared unconsciousness (in Jungian sense). However, she believes, it is unfeasible for the writer to search out the supposed archetypes of published fantasy and string them together in order to strike that cord in the audience. Writing will not work that way. One goes inside and articulates what one sees there, and the images will be archetypal, in an unexpected way and depth.

I liked especially Creeley saying "And if it is true that you cannot tell someone something 'new,' then the act of reading is that one is reading with someone. And I feel that when people read my poems most sympathetically, they are reading with me as I am writing with them. So communication this way is mutual feeling with someone, not a didactic process of information."

In fact it is interesting to take Creeley's ideas and turn them around...looking at what happens at a reading from the perspective of the listeners instead of from the perspective of the poet. Just as the consideration of audience was secondary to the creation of the poetry, the creator of the poetry is secondary to the listeners when that poetry is read. Back to LeGuin again...

"As a child I paid very little attention to authors' names; they were irrelevant; I did not believe in authors. To be perfectly candid, this is still true. I do not believe in authors. A book exists, it's there. The author isn't there--some grown up you never met--may even be dead. The book is what is real. You read it,

you and it form a relationship, perhaps a trivial one, perhaps a deep and lasting one. As you read it word by word and page by page, you participate in its creation, just as a cellist playing a Bach suite participates, note by note, in the creation, the coming-to-be, the existence, of the music. And, as you read and reread, the book of course participates in the creation of you, your thoughts and feelings, the size and temper of your soul. Where, in all this, does the author come in? Like the God of the eighteenth-century deists, only at the beginning. Long ago, before you and the book met each other. The author's work is done, complete; the ongoing work, the present act of creation, is a collaboration by the words that stand on the page and the eyes that read them." From "Books Remembered," Children's Book Council Calender 36:2 (November 1977), reprinted in THE LANGUAGE OF THE NIGHT, ed. by Susan Wood.

(Thinking of the last section of John Barth's CHIMERA, too: where the actual book, the bound text is the protagonist.)

I rather like LeGuin's image of the cellist playing Bach. Who is the artist in that situation? Why, both of course. And LeGuin demonstrates that the same can be true when we read a book, ...or view a painting on a wall (or be struck by a scene through a window). Performances, however, of the type you've been talking about, sound poetry or a musical recital, or a dance, or better yet (a more precise comparison to sound poetry reading, I imagine:) audience participation dramatic or comedic improvisations, "happenings," etc, are somewhat extraordinary examples of the process of art creation because they can introduce elements of community creation.

But I found myself thinking about something you said to David about words always carrying "some meaning as part of their burden in a way pigments need not"; and later: "pigments stand as things, or themselves, not for something else." It struck me as too simplistic a division of things to make. --It's always seemed to me that colors do tend to imply things, moods more than ideas, but still, an articulated form of symbolic communication. (Kelly Freas does a long, long talk on the symbolism of pure color.) There are some basic meanings that an artist cannot discard because they want to use the color in a different way. Like a

writer, there are certain implications for the artist that have to be dealt with in some way if the artist is going to be using the color/line/form in a way that is at odds with previous uses by previous artists. Visual art has built up a subjective language of its own.

Your comment on my window analogy ("putting a frame around that window would make it a work of art") reminded me of seeing movie directors portrayed as running around looking at their stages and actors and scenery through a frame formed by their fingers...and then the next night I had this funny dream (I woke up laughing) of all sorts of people, New Yorker magazine joke types (right out of Allan's MANHATTEN) walking around an art museum looking at art through finger frames made out of their thumbs and forefingers...

A review copy of STARDANCE was sent to JANUS as well, and I just finished it a few weeks ago. I wonder if the book's favoring of avant garde and experimental dance while Robinson himself does little experimental writing is not due to Jeanne Robinson's influence. In fact, that's what I assumed as I read. A friend of mine, a dance student, got very excited about the book when I told him about it, and it's comments on modern dance. Apparently the book is right on the mark. Interesting comments about the book.

Hope you enjoyed the readings and the poetry con at Blue Mountain. I'll look forward to hearing about that.

ME/SHOEBLINE Before anyone else says it, what is this word "incoherencies"?! And it's Varley's SORCERER, not MAGICIAN. Dumb. That's what I get for first draft writing. (and what is thus, for the same reason, no doubt profusely evident in this issue of SHOEBLINE...)

NEIL/LIRIUK NECRONOMICUS KANHT
You said "One thing working for other people (for the Company) is teaching me is that I really have to start selling my wares, which is writing."

I sympathize and know exactly what you mean. I used to think that art was a way I could keep sane simply by doing, even if it didn't mean making a living doing it. I used to think that no matter what way I earned a living, being able to draw and/or write would make me feel/know I was doing worthwhile things. It's getting more and more intolerable to me to continue working as a clerical worker. Much as I detest setting up the business of selling my work (contacting private and governmental agencies to do illustrations for brochures, mailing out resumes, filling out forms, interviewing, trying to find a way to make my obsessions pay their own way; I'm actually developing some skills in that business. The short article I volunteered to write about con art shows for a couple fanzines has turned out to be a mammoth thing; I'm surprising myself by how much I've learned. Which is making me feel good in a way. ...like, this work after all.

Several really really promising job openings here in town for graphic artists (and one of the best interviews I've ever done), plus a remarkable job doing a logo for a local business that will hopefully lead to others, is making me feel very optimistic right now concerning my chances of getting living wages doing art.

Your challenge to David: "Show me how the most cliched spaceship is tied to sf novels and short stories," fascinates me. Just taking that one visual image, the spaceship in sf art, one could trace the evolution of a certain extrapolative image through a long period of time, and really the images would have very little to do with the extrapolations of the writers whose stories those spaceships supposedly zoomed around in. The author's extrapolative ideas would have to do much more with the various ways FTL drives get around Einstein's equations ...not nearly as much with how they look, or how the space around them looks when they are tessering or whatever to Alpha Centuri. Of course the reader uses whatever images are provided by the artists along with the text, and the idea and the painted image become fused if

there's the least connection (and in some cases with entirely incongruent cover illos, even negative connections become part of the readers' memories of the story). If the artist shows more aspects of the protagonist's personality than the author suggests with a sparse verbal description, the reader may be influenced crucially in their reaction. So, even though sf art up to fairly recently has been inextricably tied up with written sf, it might be possible to consider them as two distinct progressions. I don't know if that's what you were leading up to, but it's an interesting idea.

"Building a very personal mythology" and working that in, making it become your art is what we have to do isn't it? The others will find their own resonances, perhaps not the exact reference to you and your life, but that doesn't matter does it?

COVER Nice photo. Thanks Jon!

Considering how many things seem to have gone "wrong" this summer, I'm having a fairly good time. I missed WesterCon due to having to have root canal surgery done, and then it turned out that they had to delay it (with a temporary filling) until my dentist finished with some drastic surgery of his own, heart surgery or something. Turned out it wasn't as urgent (as long as I had the temporary filling and everything cleaned out) as they had led me to believe when they told me I'd better not leave WesterCon week. Well as I've been telling myself, the cost of the teeth work would have made the trip impossible anyway, and so I looked forward to AutoClave instead. Last week I found out that it was cancelled. Sigh. Numerous committee and hotel problems apparently. Sigh. There have also been all sorts of hassels that have required me to go to Milwaukee a lot to be with my sister. ("I'm certainly not going to be a mother. This makes it certain. It's hard enough being a sister.") For some reason though I seem to remain

in a perpetual good mood. I can't understand it. Part of it, I'm sure is the fact that friendships and work within the group here in Madison have been very satisfying to me lately. A good part otherwise probably has to do with a feeling that I'm on the verge of getting a graphics job. Whatever, I'm enjoying it. The summer has been lovely. If everything goes right, I'll be at NASFC in September. Well, actually, things could theoretically go too right (if I get the job I just interviewed for and have to start work in mid-August) and I might not be able to do that after all, but I'm planning on it right now. ...I've got the feeling though, that it isn't too likely that I'll be seeing a lot of you Westerners there... In any case, I'm finished with writing right now. See you.

NOTICE: Wiscon 3½ (or: the Madstf annual Birthday Picnic 4) will be held August 19. If anyone is in the area and wants more information on that event, let me know.

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