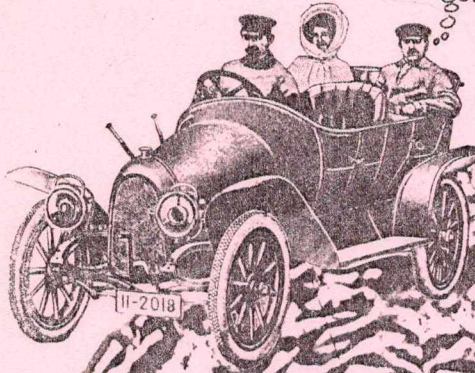


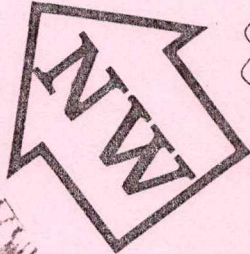
HELENS BRELLA

WATCH THE  
EDGE

I WANT TO  
GET OFF



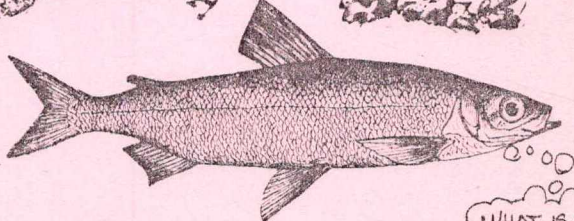
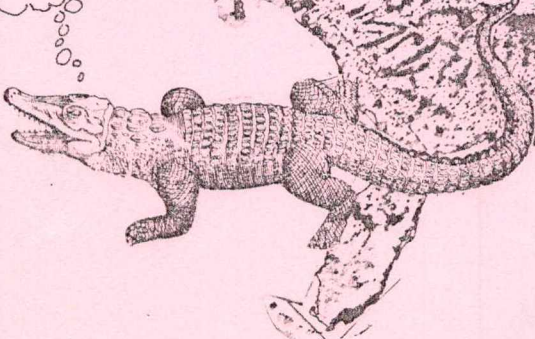
# C/RAPA



I THINK I  
MISSED MY  
WAKE-UP CALL!



WHAT IS  
ART?



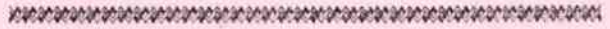
WHAT IS  
CARP?

You are here.



# SHORELINE

Welcome to SHORELINE 9, or Obsessive Press #56. The show is brought to you by Jeanne Gomoll, of 2018 Jenifer Street, Madison, WI 53704, who can be reached in a somewhat more direct manner (if late at night) by phone at 608-241-8445. SHORELINE is being typed very late in the night on the last day I could possibly prepare a zine in time for the deadline, in hopes that I will make C/Rapa 16. All material herein contained is hereby © copyrighted by Jeanne Gomoll, 1980. So there.



It's late.

It's always late. I've stopped expecting anything else. I simply work best, and most efficiently when I'm up against a deadline. This time, with this apazine, however, I've gone a bit too far and I'm just barely going to be able to make minac. If that.

Well, I've been busy you know. It just seems that most people seem to be able to be more relaxed and get more done than I do when busy. The *Nexus* project folded, but another one has taken its place. Richard Bruning

and I are doing a poster called "A Guide to Campus Life." (Well, actually, it's done. What we are doing is distributing and selling it to local book and poster shops.) I've also started a regular review column in *Bread and Roses*, a local feminist journal, and am writing another article in another feminist journal (this, under a pseudonym, first time for that). There have also been a virtual flood of logo commissions (I'm earning more on freelance work now than I did before I got a state job and was trying, desparately, to depend upon such jobs!), getting some work together for Autoclave at which I was co-GoH with Dan Steffan last weekend, and finishing off the 17th issue of *Janus*. This is our first cooperatively produced fanzine (as oppossed to a fanzine edited by two co-editors, *Janus* is now edited by a publication committee, listed alphabetically). It's working well. It worked well. We got this issue out in record time (once we started) and kept it down to under our 40 page limit; that is, it's 39 pages. And now we're starting to plan number 18. My job still goes well. I just finished putting together an exhibit for the State Fair (to be held in Milwaukee starting the first week of August and going through most of the month, I think). I've been trying to send out one-frame cartoons to mainstream periodicals and magazines (this seems to be a freelance market that would be perfect for my schedule, and I like doing such things), and am doing some cover drawings for a new local newspaper called *The Sugar Beat*. It's been a really good summer, actually, if only a bit too short, and I feel good about what I've accomplished. I feel good too about having done so much biking this summer. It started out being involuntary (because the bus drivers went on strike), but now that the buses are on the road again (after 3 months on strike), I'm still biking. I really like it a lot, and am going to be frustrated to have to put the bike away when the weather gets too cold for that mode of transportation.



In lieu of my usual comment on art,  
here is a piece by a friend...

*Ars est celare artem//SHORELINES*

by Loren MacGregor

He gestured out and away, with one hand; with another he stirred his coffee (with another he pointed at me; with yet another he smoothed back his unruly hair. I'd known him for years, and it was still unnerving.) until it was a smooth mahogany color, and said, "There's a planet, not far from here, where the people have built an art gallery. It's quite famous, and very well respected, and within are a number of beautiful, well-displayed paintings, some hanging in natural light, some presented under artificial lighting." He paused. "'Artificial' only in the sense that it is not the natural light of that particular place." He sipped his coffee, carefully added more cream and sugar (an arm apiece), while gesturing at me emphatically.

"All of those pieces have one thing in common; at a certain time of day the elements of the work come together in a scene outside the gallery, so that passers-by receive a burst of remembrance, of pleasure, of pain: of the feeling generated by the art itself.

"Some recognize the scene. Most don't. But it's an attempt by the artists and owners to lessen the difference between what is seen and recognized as *art* . . . and what is seen and recognized as life: 'Ars est celare artem.'"

He sighed. "Very few people notice. As very few people notice the arm of your friend, there." I looked at Shark, with his faceted arm gleaming. "They think it's makeup, or a prop." Shark grinned, flexed; the jeweled muscles flashed, backlit. "Good for play-for-pay," he said. "Strong."

I grinned. Good for player-in-part, too." And: "Why tell me about this gallery? I'm really not much for art."

He smiled:

. . . He drank. "You're going to make them notice," he said. "You're going to steal the gallery for me."

☆☆☆☆

RICH McALLISTER Don't tell me my Selectric is already out of date. I don't want to hear about that. Well, actually, I almost did get the new model with a memory, but I found out that Olivetti had a memory Selectric-facsimile that did justified margins, and IBM's Selectric doesn't yet. Yet. The emphasis is on soon, and I know that I'd have been very disappointed if I had gotten IBM's (I don't like Olivetti's typers in general, so I didn't even consider not getting an IBM) and then in a year or so they added a justified margin capability.

I will come see you when I visit SF at the end of the year. Or give you a call or something. And see you at Noreascon too.

☆☆☆☆

DOUG BARBOUR I loved your description of your New York trip, especially of the doing and reception of the sound poetry itself. The interesting/infantile cards are delightful.

☆☆☆☆

Did I say that I was rushed? Well things have gotten even worse. A meeting, an urgent meeting intervened and it is now even later than it was when I wrote that I was doing this zine very late at night. It is now, as they say, not late at all, but early. And not really very early. The post office will, in fact open in only a couple hours.

\*Sigh\* And I was hoping to get some sleep tonight.

I will be at Noreascon, and hope to see some of you there. If not, see you in C/Rapa and/or at the end of the year when I make my West Coast visit.

love, Jennie