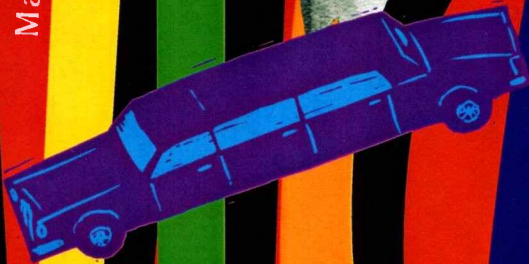


How was your...

Madison, Wisconsin

Writers' Workshops



Multi-track programming

Dealers Room



Opening Ceremonies



Feminist Science Fiction



Urban Fantasy

GUESTS OF HONOR CHARLES DE LINT & JEANNE GOMOLL



Tiptree Auction

MAY 26-29, 2000

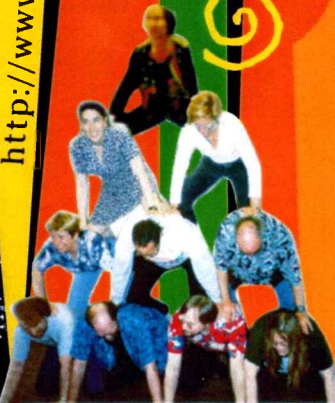
Art Show



<http://www.SF3.org/wiscon/>

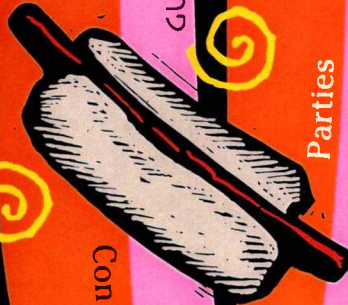
Human Pyramids

THE MADISON CONCOURSE HOTEL and Governor's Club



Parties

Con Suite



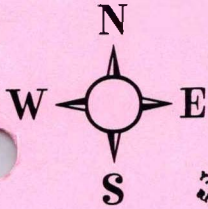
Pubs



TURBO-CHARGED PARTY ANIMAL 168

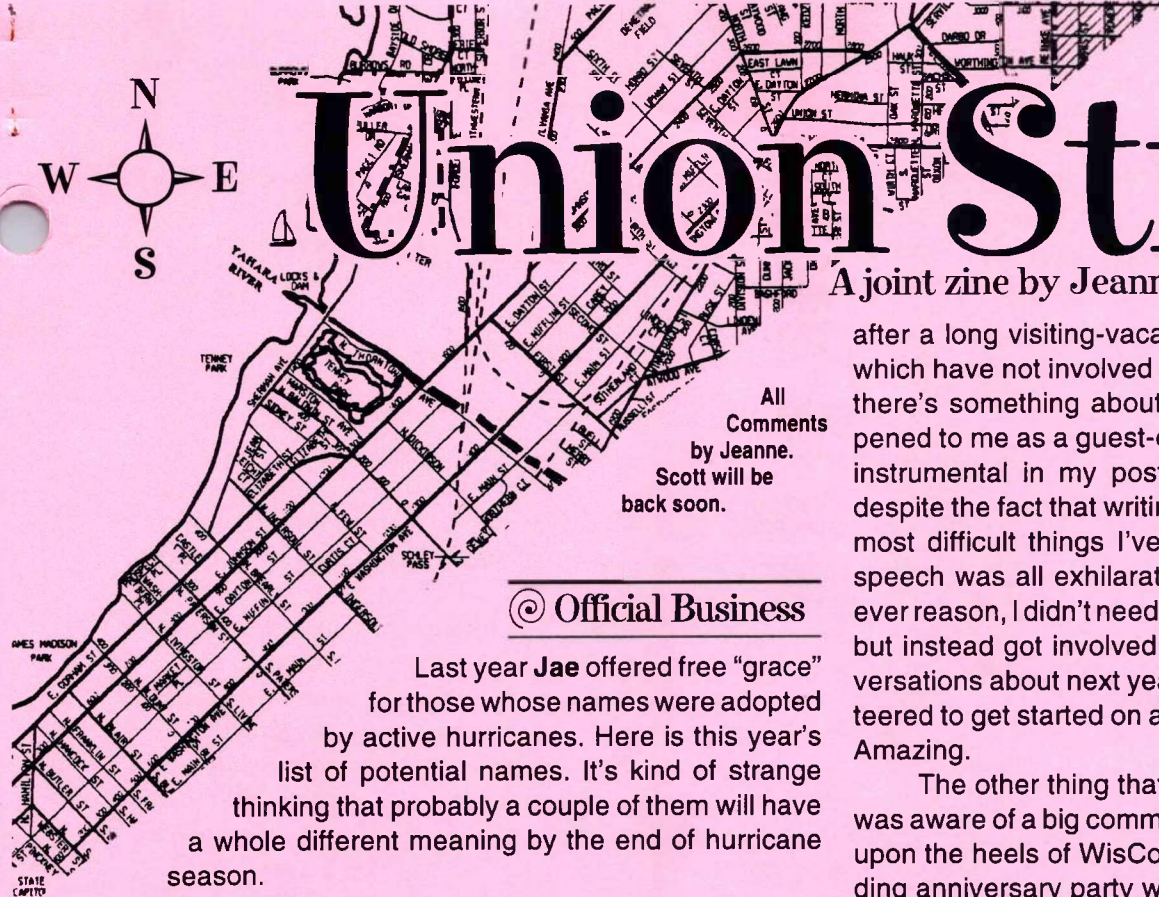
MAYBE THERE WILL BE CON REPORTS...

24?



# Union Street

A joint zine by Jeanne Gomoll & Scott Custis



All  
Comments  
by Jeanne.  
Scott will be  
back soon.

## © Official Business

Last year **Jae** offered free "grace" for those whose names were adopted by active hurricanes. Here is this year's list of potential names. It's kind of strange thinking that probably a couple of them will have a whole different meaning by the end of hurricane season.

Alberto	Helene	Oscar
Beryl	Isaac	Patty
Chris	Joyce	Rafael
Debby	Keith	Sandy
Ernesto	Leslie	Tony
Florence	Michael	Valerie
Gordon	Nadine	William

## © Jeanne's WisCon Report

Usually after WisCon, my schedule is completely free for a couple weeks. That's because I desperately need it to be free; I tend to turn into a hermit after an intense and/or long con with lots of social interactions. But my post-con schedule stays open for another reason too: because for months prior to the convention, I tend not to be able to think much past it. My at-con commitments feel so overwhelming to me that I tend to avoid making others.

Well, this year was different in a number of ways. First of all, I was surprised to find that I didn't experience an overwhelming urge to withdraw. Indeed, the con seems to have actually re-charged me this year. A friend suggested that maybe it isn't the intense socializing that does me in, but rather that my involvement in planning and con-organizing burns me out. That may be true, though I've also experienced the same thing

after a long visiting-vacation and intense worldcons, which have not involved much work for me. So I think there's something about all the good stuff that happened to me as a guest-of-honor that may have been instrumental in my post-con energy. For instance, despite the fact that writing my speech was one of the most difficult things I've ever attempted, giving the speech was all exhilaration. Nevertheless, for whatever reason, I didn't need any "recovery" time this year, but instead got involved in several enthusiastic conversations about next year's WisCon and even volunteered to get started on a couple projects related to it. Amazing.

The other thing that's different this year is that I was aware of a big commitment following immediately upon the heels of WisCon 24. My parents' 50th wedding anniversary party was scheduled for June 18, a mere two weeks after WisCon. I designed the invitation a few months ago, along with a gift card and splash screen for the new computer that Julie, my brothers and I got them as a gift, but I was largely uninvolved with the planning of the party. My brothers, sister, and sisters-in-law sent email back and forth about it, but I only had time to apologize and promise to get to work on my part right after the con. My part was to design a bunch of segue graphics for the video my brother put together with family photos, and to write a script for a skit we put on at the party. My brothers played the parts of my parents, one cross-dressing for the role, and my nieces and nephews played the parts of my brothers and sister. I thought you all might be amused by the script, so I'm including it in the margins of this zine. There are some inside family jokes embedded in it, but it stands alone, I think, and the main events described — the only two "family meetings" our family ever had — both held to announce and discuss the births of my youngest sister and brother (Julie and Dan) — actually happened.



But back to WisCon. A limo was sent to pick me up at home, which was a complete surprise to me. In retrospect, I understood some of the weird things Scott did to maneuver me to be ready to go to the hotel at

This issue of *Union Street* is brought to you by Jeanne Gomoll and Scott Custis, who live at 2825 Union Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53704. 608-246-8857. ArtBrau@globaldialog.com. *Union Street* #116, Obsessive Press #236, Peerless Press #118.

*Union Street* was created using a Power Macintosh G3, Pagemaker 6.5, Illustrator 8.0, Photoshop 5.0, and a Laserwriter Select 360. Display font is Elroy. All contents copyright ©2000 by Scott Custis and Jeanne Gomoll, June 2000 for the *Turbo-Charged Party Animal* #168.

## FAMILY MEETINGS

### A skit for Inez & Augie Gomoll's 50th Wedding Anniversary Party

by Jeanne Gomoll

#### Cast:

AUGIE	Danny Gomoll
INEZ	Steve Gomoll
JEANNE	Sara Gomoll
RICK	Amanda Gomoll
STEVE	Eric Gomoll
JULIE	Julie Gomoll (?)
NARRATORS	Julie & Jeanne Gomoll

*[JEANNE, RICK and STEVE enter carrying banner with title, "A Family Meeting" and then retreat to corner where they pretend to be extremely well behaved children. They pantomime sharing and smiling and kissing one another on their cheeks, etc. INEZ and AUGIE are sitting side-by-side. JULIE steps in front of them and says:]*

JULIE: Jeanne, Rick and Steve were all born two years apart in 1951, 1953 and 1955 – almost as if they were planned. I came along quite a bit later, seven years after Steve was born, in fact, in 1962. My arrival came as a bit of a surprise to dad when mom gave him the news... *[Julie walks off-stage]*

*[INEZ and AUGIE sit side-by-side, holding hands. INEZ sneezes frequently into Kleenex. Each time she sneezes she tosses the used Kleenex over her shoulder. She is visibly pregnant, though AUGIE doesn't seem to notice. AUGIE is smoking a corn-cob pipe.]*

AUGIE: Wow, I can't believe it! Little Stevie will be starting school this year. That means that you and I will get a little more time to ourselves now. I know you've been thinking of going back to work, Inez.

INEZ: We could sure use the money...

AUGIE: And I was thinking maybe we could do a little traveling. I've always wanted to go to Canada. We could drive up to Ontario. And, hey, I've got an idea! I could make cardboard suitcases for us! A different color for each person...

INEZ: *[smiling fondly]* Yes, and every time the kids ask how long it is till we get there, we'll say "two hours."

precisely 10 A.M. Friday morning. And the silly discussion we had about limos a couple weeks earlier now strikes me as hilarious.

"Look at that limo, Jeanne. What do you think?" Scott said.

"Pretty ugly," I answered.

"But it's cool, don't you think?"

"No, I think it's pretty ugly. It's stretched all out of proportion," I insisted.

"I bet it's pretty cool inside, though," Scott laughed, and if I remember, I looked at him like he was being crazy. But I didn't catch on.

On Thursday morning, Scott seemed a little nervous, but then he always gets nervous before a WisCon when he's got lots of responsibilities. He gets nervous before parties we throw, too. So I didn't suspect anything out of the ordinary. It was a little weird that he got pale when I decided to make the dip for the party and frost the Swedish Pastry for the Tiptree Bake Sale before I took a shower and got dressed. I remember him standing in the kitchen just watching me as I worked in my night shirt. Knowing he wanted to leave at 10 A.M. —something he'd announced earlier in the week and seemed to think was very important (I figured he had a schedule and needed me to help deliver stuff on time) — I was pretty efficient in getting ready. In fact, I was showered, dressed and packed by about 9:40 a.m. and about to suggest we leave early. So I was a little surprised when Scott chose that moment to say he needed a cup of coffee. Ah well, I pattered around and was in my office shutting down the computer when I thought I heard Scott shout, "Your cherry has arrived!" What?!??

Walking slowly to the front door, I saw the stretch limo. Kim Nash, WisCon's chair was standing on the sidewalk. The driver was opening the limo door for me. I stood inside the screen door just gazing at the scene for a few moments. Kim urged me to come out. When I got over my surprise I slid into the limo while Scott locked up the house. Many photos were taken. Inside the limo, I found Charles de Lint and MaryAnne Harris, Diane Martin, Kim and Kathi Nash, champagne, chocolate, and strawberries. We drove around Madison for an hour, pointing out the sights to Charles and Maryanne. Finally, we arrived at the hotel where more photographs were taken. It was all really fun.

My experience of the convention was narrower than I supposed it would be. It's the first time I've been on so many programs, pretty much back-to-back throughout the whole convention, and so any conreport I write is of necessity going to be more focused on my own panels than is usual for me. Normally I would focus on the readings, on things I heard from the audience and conversations with friends in the hallways and restaurants. Usually I would focus on the behind-the-scenes stuff, but I was pretty much out of the loop in that respect, except for what Scott told me when he came back from meetings with the hotel staff or with other concom members.

Maybe it was a numbers thing, but when I received the list of programming from Debbie and Jane, I looked at it purely from the point of view of the panels' content. I guess when I replied, "Looks great!" I didn't really consider how my schedule was going to work out. I was genuinely surprised when I circled my panels and events on the grid and discovered that I was scheduled on back-to-back programming from 4 P.M. Friday afternoon through Sunday night, not counting parties and sleep, and with the exception of my "roast" Saturday afternoon. As I

drifted to sleep Friday night, I thought dark thoughts about my carelessness and about what I had gotten myself into. But as it turned out that what I had gotten myself into was a great deal of fun.

Preparing some notes for each of the panels helped me segue smoothly between panels, but the main credit is due to some thoughtful panelist selection and a compilation of some really creative panel ideas. I've watched and listened to Debbie Notkin and Jane Hawkins interact with WisCon attendees who have proposed program ideas, and I'm convinced that they are two of the most talented people at the art of orchestrating all the voices, opinions and ideas that harmonize together on a con "symphony." It IS an art, I think, this process of providing a harmonious range of forums for such a large number of opinionated and variously talented people, not to mention dealing with misunderstandings and people changing their minds at the last moment. Bravo Debbie and Jane!

Scheduling "When It Changed: Feminists Debate the History of Women in Science Fiction," right at the start of the convention on Friday, was a masterstroke. It was exactly the right discussion to make available at the beginning of the con. It provided a thoughtful introduction to the convention to those of us who participated on the panel and for audience members. It seemed to me as if the rest of the panels (well, mine at least) flowed naturally from this one. This was the feminist history 101 panel that **Cathy Gilligan** and **Lisa Frietag** had lobbied for over the past year, and I'm happy to say that it was a lively and interesting panel that could well have gone on for another hour. In fact, it did, as several of us on the panel continued the conversation over dinner. What great panelists too! Justine Larbalestier, Joan Haran, Timmi DuChamp, Nalo Hopkinson, and Eleanor Arnason were fantastic. I look forward to this panel evolving at other conventions under Justine's care, and returning to WisCon next year, as the class panel does.

Opening Ceremonies was great fun, thanks to Tracy Benton and Bill Bodden and their troupe of players. I didn't even have to memorize any lines and I was still allowed some punch lines.

"An Alternative History of Science Fiction," turned out to be one of many reminiscing panels at WisCon 24. Janice Bogstad and I had some fun remembering the things that drew us into SF. I liked the thrust of this panel very much; I don't remember any previous WisCon doing anything like it.

But probably the most fun in programming I had outside of giving my speech was at my "roast" — which was titled, "An Open Letter to Jeanne Gomoll." What fun! I'm still laughing when I think about the stories told by my friends on the panel and in the audience. It was a lovely gift.

"Creativity as Revision" turned out to be rather different from the panel Laurie Marks has traditionally done at WisCon, but I think we captured the spirit of her program, and I was really excited by some of the things we discussed — especially the comparison of creative processes between writing, graphics, jewelry-making and music composing. We panelists created some interesting metaphors and taught one another some useful techniques for getting creative work done. I'm very glad to have been on this panel.

AUGIE: And I'll have time to do something with the back yard now! I could lay down some cement for a tennis court, and Stevie would love to have a baseball diamond back there...

INEZ: A swimming pool would be nice, too...

AUGIE: Sure, we could dig a hole for the pool right behind the tennis court!

INEZ: We'll do all those things someday, honey, I'm sure we will. But right now I've got some news for you. I'm pregnant again!

AUGIE: No kidding! That's wonderful! What a surprise! Oh sweetheart, I couldn't be happier! We've already got three of the most perfect, wonderful kids in the whole world. They're the most well-behaved, even-tempered kids a parent could imagine! Perfect angels! Who wouldn't be happy at the prospect of another angel!

INEZ: We're so lucky to have such delightful offspring! They all get along so well together and are so helpful around the house.

*[AUGIE and INEZ look over and smile fondly at the kids playing peacefully in the corner. And say together:]*

AUGIE & INEZ: Perfect angels!

AUGIE: We need to celebrate. I think I'll make myself a martini.

INEZ: This will be a surprise to the children. How should we tell them the news?

AUGIE: I've always wanted to have a family meeting.

*[AUGIE and INEZ look at one another, nod in agreement and call out to the kids:]*

AUGIE & INEZ: Children! Family Meeting time!

*[The kids walk toward their parents in a line. All are wearing halos and smiling angelically.]*

JEANNE: Hello mother and father. Would you like me to set the table for dinner?

INEZ: No, thank you dear. We're going to have a family meeting.

RICK: Hello mother and father. I already took out the trash. Would you like me to do anything else?

AUGIE: No thank you, we're going to have a family meeting.

STEVE: Hello mother and father. Would you like me to clean my room? It's pretty clean but I could dust my trophies.

INEZ: No thank you. We're going to have a family meeting.

AUGIE: Your mother and I have a wonderful surprise for all of you.

INEZ: In a few months, you're going to have a new little brother or sister!

KIDS *[all together, all excited]*: Wow! A new baby brother?! A new baby sister!? That's great!

*[AUGIE cups his hand around INEZ's stomach but it rebounds as if his hand has been pushed violently away.]*

AUGIE: Wow! That kid really wants to get out of there NOW!

EVERYONE: *[laughs fondly]*

JEANNE: The new baby can sleep in my room!

RICK: No, he can sleep in our room!

JEANNE: But there's already two of you in your room.

STEVE: There's room! I'd be glad to sleep on the floor. The new baby can have my bed!

*[Kids exit to the corner again. This time they do not play nice. JEANNE and STEVE, especially, seem to be fighting. RICK reads. JULIE climbs onto a chair. INEZ and AUGIE go back to their chairs and sit side by side. Augie picks up a newspaper and reads it. JEANNE (the real one) steps in front of them and says:]*

JEANNE: That was an earlier, more innocent time. We kids grew less angelic. Time passed; seven years passed. I was thinking about college and sending applications to universities. Rick was amazing everyone with his intelligence. Steve and I had developed a bit of friendly rivalry. And Julie was already showing signs of independence and innovation. But once again, mom had some surprising news for us all.

*[JEANNE steps off stage. AUGIE is still reading the newspaper. INEZ is nervously looking at him.]*

INEZ: Augie...

And I was glad of the chance to do a discussion of Suzy Charnas' Holdfast series. I wasn't actually very pleased by my moderation of the Potlatch panel I did on this subject earlier this year, but perhaps the Seattle rehearsal made this evolved version more successful. I'm more inclined to think, though, that its format as a discussion instead of a panel improved it. That, and the fact that we were able to go on past the 1½-hour mark. It's a BIG discussion and we were able to use the extra time. Excellent program decision there.

I was most nervous about the "Building Utopia" panel, because when I got around to reading Brian Aldiss's novel *White Mars*, whose ideas are what inspired this panel, I found I didn't like the book.... \*Sigh\* But as it turned out, the idea of building a Utopia by choosing five aspects of Earth life to jettison, turned out to be an exciting premise, no matter the quality of the novel.

My sister Julie probably wished she'd dug up a few more embarrassing stories about me at my "roast" Saturday afternoon. One of the pieces I read during my reading was the story of how she got the name "Crash," so many years ago. Now, THAT was fun! I've never gotten the chance to read my humorous stories at WisCon, and I enjoyed the opportunity tremendously. I think I secretly want to be a stand-up comedian someday.

I felt more the expert at the panel "Art and the Computer" than I did at any other panel. Nevertheless, I was really impressed by my copanelists, especially sculptor, Joyce DiBona. We had a great panel and were mobbed afterwards by audience members who had all sorts of technical questions, something that surprised me, but shouldn't have. There is obviously a market for this kind of nuts-and-bolts panel at WisCon, in the same way as there is for nuts-and-bolts writing panels. Debbie scheduled several panels focussing on visual and music artists. Great idea.

My first panel, "When It Changed" reminisced about the general history of feminist SF. My last panel, "The Legacy of Janus/Aurora" reminisced about some very specific history. It seemed we'd come full circle, or maybe full spiral, and all of it pointed to and wove seamlessly into my plans for my speech that night. It was a very satisfying feeling.

I was busy, but as my last panel ended, I felt as if my spirit and ideas had been gathered together, and I felt ready (for the first time in the weeks past that I'd been struggling with writing my speech), and that it was all coming together. I knew (finally!) that the words I had written were the right ones. By the time we sat down for dessert, I was no longer nervous, not even when I looked over to see my parents, brothers, and sister at the next table.... In fact, I was probably a lot less nervous than Scott, who had just learned that he would be expected to formally introduce me at the ceremony. Still, I was stunned by the standing ovations, not to mention the human pyramid organized by Spike Parsons after the speeches. By the way, if you're curious about my speech, it is posted on the WisCon web page, <[www.sf3.org/wiscon/](http://www.sf3.org/wiscon/)>.

My only complaint is the inevitable one, the complaint we hear from everyone about WisCon programming, the complaint that we interpret proudly as a compliment. There was too much that I wasn't able to see.... The program descriptions were marvelous; the panelist lineups were intriguing. I wished a half dozen times that I could split myself in two and see other panels. I am crossing my fingers that some of you

write con reports so that I can find out what happened in some of those other panels and conversations.

I wish I could have watched what happened when the kids took over the Harry Potter panel. I really wanted to be there for the next iteration of the class panel. (Lyn Palao's syllabus is really intriguing!) And where ARE the boys? I still wonder. And what a coup, to have gotten Jeff Smith talking about his memories of Alice Sheldon! Boy, I sure hate having missed that one. I always love sitting in on readings and I didn't get to hear any this year (except my own). Ah well, I could go on and on, about all the panels I would have liked to have gone to. This was a program PACKED with excellent panels and events. I think Debbie and Jane did a super job. Thank you

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## COMMENTS ON TURBO 167

### © Cover — carl juarez

Interesting cover with lots of movement, as was pointed out by several folks in *Turbo 167*. **Jae** says the font was hand-made by you, **carl**, and so I took a closer look. I liked the cut-out look of the letters, but kept wanting to fix the splayed end of the g's tail. Nevertheless, cool.

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### © Calvin Stacy Powers

I enjoyed your inside-perspective description of Israel during the Pope's visit. One of the things that I value most about the shrinking world (via travel and the Internet) phenomenon is how accessible such inside-perspective views have become to everyday people. I read about the demonstrations in Seattle earlier this year in emails from people who lived in the neighborhoods involved, who came home at the end of the day and wrote about what they saw. In the past, prior to the Internet, almost all our news came filtered through governments whose agenda edited and fabulated what we were told. It's not that engines of disinformation have gone away; undoubtedly they've gained strength and have been joined by even more aggressive and effective corporate engines. But the possibility exists for anyone to talk to ordinary people who are witnessing the event as it happens. The emails from the little girl in Albania that NPR aired last year provided a fascinating example. Unfortunately most people accept the blips of news shown on the 6 o'clock news and don't delve much further. But I value the existence of the possibilities, which brings me to a comment by...

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### © Georgie Schnobrich

who wonders if we aren't insulating ourselves overmuch by watching (on the web) rather than participating (on the street). Well there are potential dangers in that I suppose. But the Seattle demonstrations are now being credited with having sparked dozens of college campus sit-ins and actions against child and slave labor and the Universities complicit in those practices. A lot of people did indeed watch those Seattle demonstrations on their computers. But that watching seems to have sparked some very real on-the-street activism that pleases my 60s heart. I am hopeful that the web can become a tool of democratic action

AUGIE: Look at the pictures in the travel section here. They say fishing in Canada is great! I sure would like to see Canada some day... You know...

INEZ: Augie, there's something I want to tell...

AUGIE: You know, we could do it this year! Julie is going to be seven years old and will start school this year and we'll finally have more time to ourselves. Jeanne can babysit for a couple days. We can take off just the two of us on a vacation. We haven't gotten away together since our anniversary... *[smiles broadly at Inez]* ... yeah, since our anniversary.

INEZ: *[speaks under her breath]* Maybe we've been off together a little bit TOO often.

AUGIE: Yeah, this could be great. Since we don't have to worry about watching the calendar any more *[winks and grins at Inez]*

INEZ: *[under her breath again]* There's certainly no reason to watch the calendar any more.

AUGIE: Better get those cardboard box suitcase plans out!

INEZ: Augie!

AUGIE: And I've been thinking about the back yard again—

INEZ: AUGIE!

AUGIE: Stop interrupting me! I could pour concrete this summer...

INEZ: AUGIE, LISTEN TO ME!

AUGIE: What?

INEZ: We may have to postpone our plans.

AUGIE: Postpone? What do you mean? Why?

INEZ: I'm preggers.

AUGIE: *[stands up, raises arms to sky]* NO!!!! *[Begins coughing]*

*[INEZ pounds him on the back and is redirected by AUGIE to his lower back. He recovers.]*

AUGIE: But HOW? How could this happen?

INEZ: You know damned well how this happens!

AUGIE: But... but... I thought you were done.

INEZ: You thought / was done?

AUGIE: No ... I mean ... Yes. What about the hot flashes?

INEZ: I guess it was just a warm summer.

AUGIE: But when—?

INEZ: Our anniversary, remember? It was YOUR idea!

AUGIE: Well you haven't had an idea in three years!

INEZ: What about the leather brazier? That was my idea!

AUGIE: You would have preferred cardboard? Damn, who'd have known?

INEZ: BOTH of us, after all these years! Well, what do you think?

AUGIE: It'll be OK. We'll have to make a few changes, but everything will be OK. I suppose we should think about putting an addition onto the house—

INEZ: Not a cardboard one.

AUGIE: No?

INEZ: We'd better tell the kids.

AUGIE: Yeah. Let's celebrate. I need a martini.

AUGIE & INEZ: Kids!

[JEANNE, RICK, STEVE and JULIE troupe in, this time WITHOUT the halos. RICK is carrying a book. JULIE is carrying a phone. They all carry a banner that reads "Another Family Meeting, which they drop when STEVE and JEANNE start arguing.]

JEANNE: Stop pulling the banner!

STEVE: I'm not pulling it! You're slow!

[JEANNE kicks STEVE. STEVE hits JEANNE and then tries to run away. JEANNE trips him and laughs when he falls. RICK watches and then seems to get bored. He opens his book and reads it as he carries it across stage. JEANNE and STEVE run after one another to the corner. Rick sits down and becomes engrossed in his book, "Fixing Up Your Closet." Julie starts jumping from one chair to another.]

INEZ: Julie, be careful! You're going to break your back some day!

like no other before, not to say that it can of course become a tool of profit and greed like no other before, as well.

I share your dislike of nationally sanctioned rituals. Unless I can find some element in a traditional holiday that has some personal meaning for me (or can reinvent it for myself), I tend to want to skip the whole thing. One of the holidays I dumped was Easter. Despite its upbeat message of rebirth, its essential core is completely wrapped in essential Catholic mythology for me and when I stopped being a Catholic I found that it felt uncomfortably hypocritical to celebrate Easter. Of course it helped that I never really enjoyed the Easter bunny and hard-boiled eggs part of that holiday either. So, a long time ago, I started going to Minicon and telling my folks that I was committed to programming there. They finally stopped asking me if I was going to come home and join them at High Mass and the traditional Ham dinner. That holiday now has about as much significance as Japanese Boxing Holiday has for me.

The myth about women not being able to tell jokes well, I think, has more to do with the fact that women have less experience grabbing center stage — which is what one does when one tells a joke. Once an audience has agreed to hear a joke, they tacitly agree to remain silent, even through dramatic pauses, until the joke-teller comes to the end of their performance. This is basically an uncomfortable position of power and attention for a lot of women, and some probably stumble because of their unfamiliarity with the role. Shy men show the same lack of comfort, in my experience. They also dislike telling jokes and claim they seldom remember punchlines. On the other hand, confident people of either sex who feel comfortable "performing" verbally seem to do equally well when they tell jokes. So I don't think joke-telling has much to do with class, unless we're talking about the kind of joke being told.

Well, Scott and I rented *Tea with Mussolini* and I saw *Bicentennial Man* at a hotel while I was doing some training down in Illinois. I enjoyed both of them. The sentimentality of the short story, *Bicentennial Man* was fairly reproduced in the movie. I liked both movie and story. As for *Tea with Mussolini*, it seems to me that critics were reacting to what they considered the incongruent triviality of the subject matter; after all, no story about WWII (and some other topics) is supposed to be trivial. There's a double presumption in the case of this movie, though, and that is that the lives of upper class leisured women of the time had no real significance and were by definition a trivial subject matter.

I like *Der Rosenkavalier* a lot too. Its dance music has always been some of my favorite music — the best music in my mind for celebrating a joyful mood. I'd like to see it again, though, and consider your gender-bending ideas about it.

You know, I think you may have articulated the thing that really bothers me about public cell phone talkers. I had never really considered the idea that talking on the phone is, to me, a thing one is supposed to do in private. The other day, I turned down a hallway and noticed a guy entering the men's room who was obviously in a hurry and thought no one was watching. He was unzipping his fly. My feelings about overhearing someone talking on their cell phone in public are similar to that of seeing someone begin to undress in a public place. In neither situation am I witnessing anything really embarrassing. Most of those phone calls are pretty mundane. ("I'm here now; in an hour I'll be there.

What are you doing?”) Neither the cell phone talker nor the un-zipper is actually revealing anything private. But I seem to have mentally classified both these activities as essentially private ones, and my impulse is to look away and to feel that either the other person or I am in the wrong place. I bet that cell phone talkers themselves no longer classify their activity as private. What we’re dealing with now is simply a clash of expectations that will eventually, probably, be won by those who carry their phones into public spaces. A new etiquette about how long and how loud one can talk in public spaces, about which public spaces are acceptable, and in which situations it’s acceptable will eventually evolve. But I expect that the fact that phones are no longer stationary home and office appliances will eventually result in their acceptance by the public. Maybe even by me.

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© Jae Adams

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I enjoyed your apa format reviews. One of the more subtle things I’ve appreciated about computer layout packages for fanzine publications is their capability to set different margin widths for “inside” and “outside” margins. This allows me to set very narrow margins on the outside of zines (and pack more text onto the page, thus saving paper & money). But the inside margins can be set wide enough to accommodate staples. Your comment to **Hope** and **Carl** re their varying type sizes illuminates most people’s assumption that chunks of type set at the same size should actually *look* like they are the same size, no matter which font. Not true. *Union Street*, for instance, uses Times for Scott’s comments and Helvetica for mine. But Helvetica is a larger *optical* font that Times is, and in order to make the two fonts look similar in optical size, the PageMaker Style used for Scott’s contributions is set at 11 pt, while my text size is 10.5 pt. One has to figure out the optical equivalent sizes by trial and error, but once set, the actual process of switching back and forth between fonts of different sizes in a document is made simple by using PageMaker’s (or Quark Xpress’s) Style tools. One click in the text and the paragraph automatically switches to the other style. I assume that word processing styles work similarly.

You say that you “*have an inconveniently long & detailed memory and often take notes, though [your] mom has been know to tell [you] that [your] more controversial memories ‘didn’t happen.’*” Well since I also have a painfully clear memory of the year before WisCon 19 and since I took careful notes during those WisCon and SF<sup>3</sup> executive meetings, I think I’ll have to agree with your mom in this case. At least one of your memories didn’t happen; there was *never* a signed contract with the Holiday Inn SE for W19. Actually, from some hints you’ve included in past zines, I think you’ve got an incomplete picture of a number of other events that occurred that year, but to avoid boring everyone to death with a re-hashing of all that, I’m just going to clarify the hotel issue.

According to my log, which I kept to track events during my tenure as SF<sup>3</sup> president, this is what happened at the first WisCon Meeting, on 4/10/94. Matt Raw submitted a proposal for WisCon to commit to a 5-year contract with Holiday Inn SE. The contract you remember as having been signed with the Holiday Inn SE for W19 never existed. Matt may have made a verbal agreement with Holiday Inn SE, but there was no signed contract. Holiday Inn’s proposal that we sign a 5-year contract

JULIE: [*JULIE stops jumping and picks up the phone.*] Hi, this is Julie. Is this Mr. Gates, my kindergarten teacher? Oh, hi! Say, I’ve got an idea for using our nap times to turn out a product. I figure we could make an IPO by November...

AUGIE: You can talk to your little friends later, Julie. Hang up, we’re going to have a family meeting now.

[*AUGIE takes RICK’s book away from him and tosses it onto the floor in front of RICK.*]

RICK: What—?

AUGIE: Meeting time, Rick. We’re going to have a family meeting.

[*The kids still aren’t paying much attention. JEANNE and STEVE are still fighting. RICK turns a page of his book with his foot and tries to read it while it sits on the floor. JULIE takes out a calculator and starts punching in numbers. AUGIE finally pulls a whistle out of his pocket and blows it.*]

AUGIE: FAMILY MEETING!!

JEANNE: [*laughing, she looks at Inez as if to make a joke*] Not AGAIN, mom?!

[*INEZ glares at JEANNE.*]

JEANNE: [*ducks her head and quickly sits down*] Ooops.

[*AUGIE sits down next to INEZ and cups his hand on her stomach. He looks puzzled. Then he puts his ear close to her stomach.*]

AUGIE: [*looking up again, but still perplexed*] You’re all going to have a new brother or sister ... who REALLY doesn’t want to leave your mother’s womb. Is that a couch? Do I hear music?

[*INEZ slaps AUGIE’s hand away and glares at him.*]

AUGIE: Do any of you have some suggestions for the new baby’s name?

JEANNE: Archibald!

RICK: Gertrude!

JULIE: Persephone! [*with that, JULIE jumps off a chair and plows into Steve.*]

STEVE: Damn!

INEZ: WHAT did you say?!

STEVE: I said DAN. How about Dan for a name?

The End



was a new, and rather scary idea for the WisCon committee. We had never before made an agreement with a hotel beyond one year.

Those of us who returned to the concom after several years of gaffiation had volunteered to work on W19 but were primarily focused on WisCon 20. We sincerely felt that it would have been rude to have expected major roles in W20 unless we were also willing to do work for W19. But we had no intention of interfering with W19's hotel decision. The W20 committee had formed in parallel with the W19 committee and we had been discussing the possibility of moving the venue to a much larger hotel for W20. We were pretty sure we could convince Ursula LeGuin to come to W20, and we were already talking about finding grant money to invite all previous WisCon gohgs back as well. We figured that we would need a MUCH bigger hotel than the Holiday Inn SE for that. We hoped to move to the Concourse for W20 — not only for its larger meeting space, but because many of us had long wanted to return WisCon to a downtown location. Nevertheless, we had no intention of pressuring W19 committee to move there in 1995.

We were taken completely by surprise when Matt proposed that W19 should sign a *5-year contract* with the Holiday Inn SE. I argued with Matt at the 4/10/94 WisCon meeting that any long-term contract would need to be approved by the SF<sup>3</sup> board and the discussion was tabled until the next SF<sup>3</sup> Executive Board meeting.

As it turned out, the Executive Board wasn't able to deal with the hotel questions at their next meeting. On 4/14/94 Dave Weston requested a second emergency grant from SF<sup>3</sup> for the financially strapped MadMediaCon. The board granted his request that evening. But since the meeting had been called to order after the monthly book-of-the-month meeting had finished, we got off to a late start. We adjourned before we got around to discussing the hotel contract.

In the time since the 4/10/94 WisCon meeting at which Matt had proposed a 5-year contract with Holiday Inn SE, the W20 committee asked Ellen Franklin (W20's hotel liaison) to speed up her investigation of options for a W20 hotel. (Until Matt made his proposal, we had assumed we had plenty of time to work on a hotel contract for W20.) Ellen discovered that due to the changing convention and tourist business climate in Madison, other hotels — including the Concourse — would also expect us to commit to a 5-year contract. Ellen Franklin presented the Concourse's initial offer at the next WisCon meeting, on 5/15/94.

According to my notes on the 5/15/94 meeting, Matt disputed my position that the executive commit-

tee should have any power over WisCon or of his actions. He disagreed with the idea that long-range commitments should be outside the scope of a single WisCon committee. I reminded Matt that WisCon is officially an SF<sup>3</sup> committee whose chair is appointed by the SF<sup>3</sup> Executive Board.

Ellen presented the information she had gathered in her discussions with reps from the Concourse Hotel. The WisCon committee was impressed and it voted to allow Ellen Franklin to negotiate a contract with the Concourse Hotel for W19. The vote was carried by the concom as a whole, not just W20 people. This isn't in my notes, but I remember clearly that Matt never for a moment seemed to consider the idea of cooperating with the W20 committee for the mutual benefit of both committees. He seemed to view all opinions expressed and work done by the W20 folks as part of an organized attempt to depose him. In contrast, I believe that whoever shares the work, should share in the decision-making. This difference of opinion put Matt and I on a collision course.

On 5/18/94, three days after the WisCon meeting, the Executive Board met. Officers were **Pat Hario**, corresponding secretary; Richard Russell, recording secretary; Sandy Taylor, treasurer; Matt Raw, vice president; and me, president. The meeting was held at the ArtHouse Café, and the room was packed; several others from the W19 and W20 committees attended. We were astonished to find that Matt had invited the sales rep from the Holiday Inn to attend the meeting. Matt had shown her the videotape of the last WisCon meeting at which Ellen Franklin described the Concourse's offer. The rep assured us that the Holiday Inn West (a much larger hotel than Holiday Inn SE) could make a competitive offer. But Ellen Franklin pointed out that she had already investigated this hotel and had rejected it as a possibility because its management required that the large exhibition rooms be cleared out on Saturday night for a country western dance. Of course, the Dealers Room could not have been "cleared out" on Saturday night. Given this problem, the Holiday Inn rep agreed that a deal would be impossible, wished us luck, and left. Ellen proceeded to report on her latest, very successful meeting with the Concourse, which made it clear that all our requirements could be accommodated. The Executive Board voted to empower her to negotiate a 5-year contract with the Concourse. Matt abstained from the vote; all others voted yes.

According to my notes, Matt again voiced his dissatisfaction with interference by the SF<sup>3</sup> Executive Committee in WisCon business and walked out of the meeting before it had adjourned. Matt resigned from

both WisCon and the SF<sup>3</sup> Board on 8/24/94. Tracy Benton was elected to take his place on 9/18/94.

**Pat Hario** wrote that she didn't realize that we'd had a signed contract with Holiday Inn. Well, we didn't.

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### © Julie Gomoll

I understand your desire to find a different way to tell a travel story. I think that some of the best travelogues and fannish essays succeed because some imaginative point of view is used as a structure to organize the details of description and narrative. You suggest one such organizing idea yourself in this very issue of *Pull*. You write, "*All my travel memories have happy endings. I'm pretty sure I'm remembering them accurately ... on the other hand, sometimes you have to let a story extend in time to encompass the next good part, thus ensuring a happy ending.*" An interesting Julie Gomoll travel narrative might begin with that exact statement and continue with a story (or several stories) that most people would describe as being scary, catastrophic or sad. Then, the narrative could conclude with a description of the *real* ending of the story — something that ties up the events with a new understanding of yourself, or a reveals a long-range, unexpected result, thus bringing the story full circle to its organizing idea. You've got some great material, Julie. And I know you were often inspired with insights about yourself and the world as you traveled. Try turning those insights inside out: *Start* with the insights and use them as organizing structures to stories, rather than merely mentioning them as they occurred to you in the course of your travels. Bring in other events that support the idea and don't worry about describing the events chronologically.

Of course, this is just one way you could think about writing about your travels. It's a method I like to use. **Sheila** demonstrates another method in her zines. But I'm sure you will eventually find your own preferred style. I look forward to reading your stories as you do.

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### © Maureen Kincaid Speller

Well, chronological structure works too. I really enjoyed this diary-like issue of *Before and After Summer*. I felt like I really understood your daily routine and how mundane events weave into your contemplation of your life and self. Very nice.

It sounds as if you made the right decision about not going to Eastercon.

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### © Jim Nichols

Once again, congratulations to you and **Ruth** from both Scott and me.

And thanks for the good tip on selling difficult items at garage sales. Scott and I are going to have a garage sale at our house on the weekend of June 24–25. We're cooperating with neighbors — fellow members of our local "EcoTeam" — and will be pooling our stuff together and dividing the work for a multi-household garage sale. We've been meeting with this group since January of this year. Besides building some wonderful new friendships, Scott and I feel rather pleased with how we've been able to change some of our behavior for the better around recycling and other ecological issues. Anyway our group continues to work together on various projects (next we make laundry soap!), and this month we're doing the garage sale. We're going to donate 50% of all sales to the AIDs ride in Gerald Schoenherr's name. I'll keep your tip in mind for something really hard to sell! And anyone looking for STUFF, please feel free to drop by our garage sale!

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### © Tom Havighurst

If "*it was given to*" you to lead a talk, I wonder if you would use the same passive voice to describe the way in which you became WisCon 22 chair or a member of the consuite triumpherate. I get the feeling that this sort of thing happens to you every once in a while and you're not completely sure how it does....

Is it *possible* to have a "spoiler" for the movie, *Magnolia*? OK, you might tell someone what actually fell from the sky that night, or who dies or who finds out secrets, but none of that seems absolutely essential to an understanding of the plot. I guess that's my point, and the reason I didn't like that movie. Nothing really seems essential to it. Nothing would really spoil anyone's expectations of the plot, except maybe to know the storm's substance, but even that didn't feel essential to me, more a gimmick.

You're right that people's reactions to movies are subjective. No one can make definitive qualitative judgements about movies with which everyone will agree. Of course. But some people and some reviewers are fairly consistent in what they like and dislike. Once I get to know their points of view, I find it very useful to hear their opinions about movies I haven't seen. I may consistently disagree with a certain reviewer's understanding of SF themes or of another reviewer's love of film noir, for instance. But given the things I already know about the reviewer's reaction to

other movies I've seen, their opinions of new movies can be very useful to me. I probably wouldn't find it as useful to hear your reaction to movies if, as you say, your judgement changes totally, depending upon the mood you happened to be in when you saw a given film. Most people, though, tend toward a more consistent set of reactions, don't you think? Do you believe you have no consistent set of reactions to books and films that supercedes your mood?

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### © Tracy Benton

Watching Ian eat pancakes at the Jitterbug Café. Ah yes. I was there and I'll never forget. I wonder if he learned to eat pancakes that way, or if he invented the method?

What does *WABE* mean? William, Adams, Benton? Of course it would have had to be William, because Bill would have made the zine title *BABE*.

I have no idea why people at Potlatch thought we were feuding. Did they give you any clues? Could they have thought you were angry about my goof-up with your name in the previous *Turbo*? I'd really like to know.

I agree that **Tom Havighurst's** style feels like a slightly distorted Hemingway. It's as if he has edited himself down to the bare bones. Very effective style at times.

Bat stories.... I lived in an apartment on Mound Street with three housemates during my last year of college. My other housemates had already left one morning (or had never returned the night before), and I strolled into the bathroom to take a bath. Picture this: the door to the attic stairway opened from inside the bathroom and as I dropped the last piece of clothing onto the floor and prepared to lift my leg up and into the bath water, I heard someone walking down that stairway. Or I thought I did. Panic! I looked down: yup, I was nude. I looked around for a weapon. Nothing. Well, maybe the coat hanger? OK, there's nothing else, and no one else was in the apartment. Screaming wouldn't help. I took a deep breath. Better to take the initiative and try to scare the trespasser than wait for him. So, with coat hanger grasped in my right hand and raised above my head, I jerked the attic door open with my left, prepared to confront (and scare to death) an intruder. Unfortunately for my resolve, a little bat flew out of the opening, screeching slightly, which was not at all what I expected. I screamed, dropped the hanger, spun around to the bathroom door and pulled it open; I ran out, slamming the door behind me. A few moments later I'd calmed down and began to feel a little silly. Nevertheless, I couldn't bring myself to go back

into the bathroom. I scrawled out a note to my housemates: "DANGER! BAT INSIDE!" and stuck it onto the bathroom door. Marta Calden told me later that when she found the note, she merely picked up a bucket and a magazine, pushed the bat off its perch on the wall into the bucket, and released it outside. So much for bravery.

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### © Marijean Trew

Ex-*Turbo* member, Barb Jensen wrote a great travel report about her trip to Athens and the Parthenon ("I Yelled at Yanni"). Scott would probably be willing to part with some *Turbo* back issues if you'd be interested in receiving a stack of them (published prior to your enrollment). Just let us know if you want a copy of that apa (and others, too, if you're intereste).

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### © Carrie Root

Thanks for the compliment on our lists. It looks like I'll actually make a sort of *profit* from my list of books read this year. A Room of One's Own bookstore has asked me to keep an annotated list of recommended SF/F books on their web site when they get it going. It's going to be on a cooperative page operated for an organization of independent bookstores, which will handle the e-commerce end of things. ROOO will give my name and address to publishers and when they do, the free books should start arriving. Way cool.

Scott has a copy of *Endurance—Shackleton's Incredible Voyage*. I'm looking forward to reading it. I had never heard of Shackleton's story before I read Kim Stanley Robinson's account of it in *Antarctica*. It's almost unbelievable....

Childhood memories are certainly reinforced by others telling stories about us. But I think the act of telling our own stories (and retelling them) is actually the most effective way to remember. It seems to me that the stuff I don't talk about or have never written about is the stuff that slips away from me. So, those of us who rehearse an internal narration of our lives are probably skilled at making those memories permanent for ourselves (not to mention enforcing our versions as the "official" versions among people who don't tend to retell the stories of their lives).

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### © Michael Shannon

These past winters aren't part of a normal 10–20 year cycle. We're way beyond those norms.

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## © Nevenah Smith

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Brrrrrr. Horrid caterpillar stories! I've never thought of caterpillars as nasty animals in any way. You've certainly changed that for me!

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## COMMENTS ON TURBO 167

### © Cover — Georgie Schnobrich

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Beautiful! It's amazing how many different "personalities" you've created for *Turbo* covers. Mother Earth looks quite powerful, joyous and playful here. Thank you! I hope you're still considering a calendar. How about an exhibit of the whole set at WisCon next year?

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### © Tami Vining

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Welcome, Tami! Great title, great poem. Thanks. Wow, YOU'RE the inspiration for cyberpunk! I never knew!

With regard to supporting gay marriages, this is what I rather hope will start happening in Vermont, where they've now got both a high and low octane version of marriage. I hope a lot of straight people start demanding the right to become legal partners rather than go the traditional marriage route. What lovely chaos that might cause, especially for the IRS. Are these people married or not? How do we tax them? How do we deal with them in divorce and adoption courts? I think it could be tremendously entertaining.

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### © Calvin Stacy Powers

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You're preaching to the converted (Scott and I) regarding the so-called gas crisis. I agree almost totally with your point of view. Our culture is indeed addicted to gasoline. Scott and I laugh every time we hear on the news about how Americans are *outraged* at the evil gas-producing cartels for unfairly manipulating gas prices. But how many business-owning Americans share the philosophy that prices should be reduced on those products for which their customers have the greatest need? Drug companies do this all the time. Yeah, right. I think gas should be *more* expensive, not less. The price should reflect the actual costs of gasoline-powered engines on our environment. Instead, we depend upon artificially supported low gas prices; we subsidize road building agencies (and yet demand that mass transit pay its own way). Each car produced in this country is effectively subsidized because its owner does not have to pay for the real cost of owning and driving it.

Urban planners have known for a long time that freeway design is in fact a form of urban planning.

Building freeways actually *causes* suburban sprawl. But politicians still try to deny that and act like suburban sprawl requires more freeways to cure its problems. The location of Scott's and my house, its proximity to bus lines and bike paths, was actually one of the major elements of our house-buying decision. But trying to live in a place where one is less dependent on a car sure isn't high on most people's priority lists. When government and advertisements encourage people to ignore the length of their commute as an ecological and financial issue, people of course expect governments and businesses to make their commute as easy and fast as possible. Governments and businesses comply and the sprawl sprawls further outward.

The part I disagree with you on this issue is where you wrote "*in the long run, there's not much of anything we can do to affect the price of oil.*" I think we're doing all too much already, thank you. One of the major goals of U.S. foreign policy is to secure abundant, cheap oil for the U.S. market. We've already fought several wars for this "noble" goal and made who knows how many secret agreements with other governments to guarantee the American right to cheap gasoline. I'm really curious about what the Clinton administration gave up to the oil cartel this spring to get them to reduce gas prices. Also, I think we could do a lot to *raise* the price of gasoline by adding taxes to pay for gasoline's actual environmental costs. Very quickly, I think, alternative fuels and mass-transit would look a lot more economical, and urban sprawl would get a lot less so. The solutions to our gasoline addiction are out there; lots of people have been thinking about this for a long time. But the pressure applied by big business not to try any of these solutions is so far too strong to overcome.

*The Nation* magazine recently published an incredible exposé of the oil industry. It's one of the very best things they've ever done, I think. You might be very interested to read it; both Scott and I were bowled over by the information uncovered by the researcher. I'd be glad to send you a copy of the article and would like to hear what you think about it. I'd print a copy here in the *apa*, but it's really too long to frank. But if anyone else wants to read it, let me know, and I'll send you a copy, too.

I was amused by your musing on "totally pointless" stories. Have you seen the movie, *The Point*? You might enjoy it.

And I loved "The Killing Zone," too. We don't have nearly the problem you folks further south have with crickets. They mostly die off during the winter months, but I assume that if the warming trend continues, I should maybe be taking notes on your cricket-killing strategies.

You thought that the media didn't publicize the angle that Elian Gonzales' mother died to bring him to freedom??! That's hard to believe. I read and heard this all the time. There were paintings, weren't there? Of Elian's mom, looking like the Virgin Mary, holding Elian as if he were the Christ child. I read that Elian's mom wasn't at all interested in politics or particularly yearning for political freedom. She just wanted to join her boyfriend here. I can sympathize with her wanting to join the man she loves and make a family here, but it really doesn't look like she was motivated by some horror at the Cuban government or love for Democracy for herself or her son.

How did Scott and I, two introverts, meet? We were introduced by Scott's cousin, Spike Parsons, at an SF convention. Scott had never been to a con and looked obviously uncomfortable dealing with a party full of folks he didn't know. We sat in a quiet corner and talked for hours.

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### © Sheila Lightsey

Welcome, Sheila! It's wonderful ... TWO new fine writers and good folks added in this issue of *Turbo!* Good work, **Jae!**

I loved reading your fanzine a few months ago — *Bathing facilities across Asia and Europe*, wasn't it called? **Julie**, there's another interesting way to organize a travelogue. Have you seen Sheila's zine (actually called, *Accidental Fanzine*)? In fact, I bet that you two could have some interesting conversations. I've heard Julie say similar things to your comment about your sense that being home felt like a staging area between trips. She's been wondering if she even *wants* to have a big house to call "home." Certainly your attitude about jumping off the edge, expecting a net to appear, is similar to Julie's. Traveling alone to a city where you share a common language with so few people is a brave and amazing thing to do. I don't know if the enjoyment would outweigh fear for me if I were to put myself in this situation. It's something that's on my mind a lot when Julie talks about her travels.

You just jumped in with comments on the apa conversation. That's just fine. It's always a little weird when one comes into a new apa, especially if one doesn't know all the members very well. But you'll do fine. I'm really glad you're here.

I'm waiting to hear **Diane** explode on these pages about your attitude toward squirrels. Diane's feelings toward squirrels is somewhat less ... tolerant, shall we say ... than yours. It sounds as if you've basically accepted them as winter pets in your house. What a

funny story it was though, the drama of the squirrels, the trees, and your crazy neighbors! Thanks!

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### © Lisa Frietag

"William at the Playground" was a fine essay. I liked the see-saw between pride/love and boredom. You captured it in words beautifully.

And I was amazed by the quotation from *Possessing the Secret of Joy!* Thank you. What a fascinating idea that girls' dolls may have started out as fertility goddess idols, preserved subversively, but finally degraded by the erasure of their power. Whether this is fabricated or not, I love the idea.

But I'm sorry the reading of this was less than consoling to you while waiting for a colonoscopy.

Rib tips! Does William wonder about human T-bones, giblets, and center-cut roasts, too?

Excellent comments on why you write in the apa. I know what you mean ... writing for an audience changes the way I write, too, and makes me work harder than if it was just for myself. Your comments to **Georgie** about inspiration were interesting, too, especially this month. I've been thinking a lot about the problem of inspiration lately. Working on my speech last month for WisCon 24 was one of the hardest things I've ever done in my life. Scott can tell you how often he came home from work and found me angry and upset about how dissatisfied I was with my writing. I finally had to take off a few days from work to finish, but I still ended up tearing up five or six versions of the speech. When I finished, I still didn't feel very good about it. As I considered various passages, I would see different people's faces swim up before my eye. SHE says this so much better than I can; I shouldn't even try. THEY will be bored by this part. HE will think this is stupid. SHE will wonder why I left out stuff. I couldn't get away from the faces and didn't feel it was possible to say something that most of the people in the audience (including my folks and siblings who were going to be there too) would like.... I was a mess on the day before WisCon, really. I wasn't feeling excited at all. But I felt better after each panel and each discussion as I realized that what I'd written was indeed what I needed to say. But still, the process of writing it was torture. It felt as if my mind was blocked from whatever or wherever it was that I usually find my inspiration and all that was left was without passion and just words... Ah well, I felt better when it mattered. The trick, you say, is to write without inspiration. Maybe, but I would rather not have to do that again.

OK, you've convinced me that kids' definitions of heroes are a lot less complicated than I supposed.

You've got me intrigued now about the frequency of the various Myers-Briggs categories. Is there a frequency chart published somewhere easy to find? I'm wondering if Scott's and my patterns are rare or common.

You mention Christopher Moore as a candidate for the hypothetical Cyrano Award. Scott and I just started reading his books and keep falling down laughing. What a great find! I've still got two to read and I am saving them for a while, hoping to stretch out the reading experience.

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### © Jim Frenkle

Well, I see that Vernor Vinge's *A Deepness in the Sky* didn't win the Nebula Award. I really liked that book, but I'm also pretty happy that Octavia Butler won for *A Parable of the Talents*. And I was very glad that Ted Chiang won for his "Story of Your Life" and that Leslie What won for "The Cost of Doing Business."

I'm sorry that Joan is feeling so badly and that it's causing so much stress in your household. I hope she starts feeling better soon, soon, soon.

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### © Georgie Schnobrich

Perhaps there's a good explanation for the fact that so few movie characters are shown to choose abortion. When a woman chooses abortion for healthy reasons, she chooses the rest of her life and rejects something that would change her life for the worse. Unless the movie is ABOUT this choice, the choice itself doesn't work dramatically; it needlessly distracts from the main plot. Maybe that's the reason. Or maybe not, not yet anyway.

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### © Clay Colwell

I envy you your peach trees. When they're at that perfect, juicy, sweet, ripe stage — there's nothing better than a peach. Yum!

You say that what you need from the apa is "more probing questions." Good suggestion. But I didn't find any good probing questions from *you* in this issue of your apazine!

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### © Vijay Bowen

Wow, I'm impressed by the number of journal volumes you've done! And I can completely understand your desire for the perfect book to write in. Have you ever thought about having them made, especially for you? It wouldn't be difficult or even that expensive to do this. In fact if you had a dozen or more books printed, it

would probably save you money. You could pick out the perfect paper weight, texture and color; you could design the line color, weight, margins and width exactly to your preferences. You could choose the perfect plastic-coated spiral binding of whatever color you wanted, and pick out your favorite hard board cover — printed with an image and a title, with space for the volume number. If you want to do this, all you have to do is contact your local printer. Ask to see some paper and bindery catalogs. (Or contact some paper reps for samples. Your printer can help you with some phone numbers.) On your computer, create camera-ready copy of the lines to be printed on the journal pages and the cover art, and get an estimate from your printer. Basically all you'd be printing is three pages — the lined pages, both sides, and the cover art/text. You'd need thousands of copies of the pages, and a couple dozen of the cover art. It would be a simple job. The most expensive part would be the spiral bindery work, but I bet it would be much less than the hugely marked-up notebooks sold in stationary stores. And it would be fun, too, to choose the perfect sensuous combination of paper, art and binding.

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### © Pat Hario

So far we've had bad weather luck on Mondays and so as of this writing, we still haven't suggested going down to the Union on Monday afternoons. I hope that by the time this is published we will have gotten down there at least once!

When I said that the Everest climbers had no choice but to step over the corpses along their path, I meant that it is physically impossible for a climber to take those bodies down with them. Your interpretation was to say that of course they have a choice: they don't have to go in the first place. But having accepted the risk themselves and understanding that they too might perish on the mountain, deciding not to climb is not likely to be a real possibility in the first place. The climbers do not think that threat of death on the mountain is something that should prevent others from climbing. I don't know if it could reassure you or not, but I seriously doubt that ANY climber curses the inconvenience of a corpse that blocks the route up the mountain. For the most part these corpses appear and disappear with snowfall patterns; many have never been found. It's not as if there's a posted pathway up the mountain. When climbers do encounter a body, I imagine that they feel scared and saddened at what those before them endured.

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### © Diane Martin

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I'm sure it must have been easier letting go of a job where you were respected and your work was valued, than at your previous job where others implied that the problems were yours not theirs. Still, I'm sorry to hear that you've got to search for a job again, especially since you were enjoying work at Guild so much. I hear you've already found a new job. Good luck with it!

You're a far better person than I could be as a guardian of a teenager. I admire you tremendously for taking on the task, and hope that you eventually feel that you've reaped enormous benefits from sharing your life with Ariel and of course, Jim.

Thanks again for the Tiptree list. I've got to remember to go looking for a couple of titles that look especially interesting, *The Fathergod Experiment* and *The Iron Bridge*.

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### © Hope Kiefer & Karl Hailman

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See what I wrote about optical font sizes and PageMaker styles in a comment to **Jae**. If you want more info on this, let me know.

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### © Jim Nichols and Ruth Merrill

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Thanks for the party invitation. What a good party!

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### © Julie Clare Zachman

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Ooops, I suddenly realize that I've referred to my sister **Julie** in several comments back there without a last name, and am probably confusing you as to who I was actually talking about. Sorry about that.

I bet you could learn some useful criticism techniques and manners if you joined a writers' group. Have you ever wanted to do that?

You're certainly right about **Julie** being an obvious model for real-life, woman adventures. I wonder what kind of impact Julie's stories, and mine too, will have on her nieces as they learn about what we've done in our lives.

Congratulations on getting the raise you deserve at your job — for having played the guy game and won! And good for you too on deciding to take an apartment so you will have the time to find the *right* house for yourself.

Well, we're still in disagreement about the whole issue of whether religions resemble conspiracies. You haven't convinced me that they're different in any significant way. I still think that conspiracies are very real attempts to make sense of the world in exactly the

same way that religions attempt it. Everyone agonizes about the unfairness of life, and the seeming randomness of evil, pain and injustice. I think it's probably very comforting on some level to believe that you have discovered a very simple explanation for all that. The explanation may not make the horror go away, but having identified the "bad guys," it must indeed feel like it's possible that eventually those bad guys will be eliminated and order and fairness restored to the world. In one case the bad guys are Mafia/Cuban conspirators or monolithic international government; in the other case the "bad guy" is the devil, out to tempt us to dishonor God. Both conspiracy theorists and religious people believe that evil will one day be wiped clean from the world.

I agree with you, though, that some people DO manage to "theorize about religion, God, values, and the world in general without the paranoia and far-fetched explanations characterized by conspiracy theorists." It's pretty hard though, and unusual too. Most religions contain a BIG chunk of "farfetched explanations" as part of their doctrine (the virgin births, superhero gods, and miracles). In fact, I think that people who reject the farfetched explanations would not be considered religious by most religious organizations. If I reject the part of Catholic theology that says Christ was born of a virgin and was God incarnate, I would (and am) ejected from the Church. True, there are thoughtful and intelligent spiritual theorists, but I think they make up a small minority of those who consider themselves religious and when they publish their views, they are called heretics by adherents to most organized religions.

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### © Jerome Van Epps

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Ho, ho, ho. Richard *Ruffels* — *I like that*.

Congratulations on getting Vernor Vinge as one of your guests of honor at Odyssey Con. I look forward to hearing him speak. How effective do you think room parties are in terms of getting out the word on new conventions?

Your predictions sound pretty likely to happen.

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### © Tom Havighurst

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Take care of that ego, Tom. Not many people would publish a photo of the hairs on their arm!

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### © Jae Adams

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*The Museum of Me*, by Ellen Ullman, reprint essay: I've seen the commercial about the evil city and peace-

ful country home that Ellen refers to toward the end of her essay, and I found it rather disturbing, too, for the way it seems to point at new class divisions. But I think I'm less pessimistic about the web's potential for muffling political life. We're only beginning to see the effects of the web on political involvement. But it seems to me that there are very real signs that the web might eventually offer more choices and information

outlets than big government or big business would like, and end up turning into tool of empowerment for those who choose to use it that way. We'll see, of course.

And with regard to **Andy's** reprint piece: be assured that Scott and I certainly appreciate all the work involved in the OE routine. Thanks for your work, Jae.

—Jeanne Gomoll  
18 June 2000

# MULTI-HOUSEHOLD

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Sat–Sun, June 24–25, 2000

8 am to 4 pm

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Gerald Schoenherr's name.