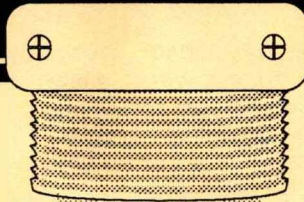


Union St

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PREFACE

(JG) The other day I received a letter from an old friend, a fanzine fan, which implied that he considered me stuck in some stagnant backwater of fandom. The out-of-date address he'd typed on the envelope was half covered over with one of those yellow stickers from the post office—a frequent condition of mail I receive from the fannish epicenter. Indeed, the only regular published proof I can offer to contradict the theory that I have gaffiated entirely is this apazine stapled into the Turboapa. A rather insubstantial argument.

Turning away from one thing only means one turns *towards* another thing. Fandom—if not behind me—lies over my shoulder *that way*: and that is certainly not to say I'm standing in a corner with nothing to look at. I remember—when I first got involved in fandom—hearing sad stories about a wonderful artist. This artist, it seems, was doing less and less fannish work and becoming more involved in a (mundane) art career. The voices of fans who spoke of him sounded distinctly disappointed, as if he'd personally failed them or had allowed himself to get sloppy...or perhaps lazy. I have heard people referring to my absence in fanzines with that same disappointed tone, as if they are trying to remind me of my obligations, of forgotten values.

...Which mostly amuses me. Does a fanartist draw if none of her drawings appear in a fanzine or art show? My output has avalanched since the first, awkward sketches I scratched onto mimeo stencils for the first issue of *Janus*.. I've done more work that I am proud of in the last couple years than I have in any other pair of years.

So...no evolved version of Catholic guilt pushes me back into the fannish whirlpool. And yet I think I will go back again: I work sporadically on the next issue of *Whimsey*. My intention remains to write that long-owed trip report. Still, most of my time these days evaporates in front of a Macintosh monitor, as I learn all over again to be an artist, amazed and endlessly fascinated by what I can do with this new tool. My Catholic guilt kicks in more often when there are tasks to do around the house, and since buying the house with Scott, I've discovered that the amount of work one can do around the place expands to overflow the time available to do it.

I've been feeling lately that I ought to write more—in *Whimsey* and here, especially now that some old friends,

like **Bill Hoffman**, and new friends who I've never met, are joining us—but this bloated, catch-up issue is hardly the place. Scott and I expect this issue of *Union Street* to be too long the way it is. I had been thinking of writing a little about our backpacking vacation of a few weeks back to Rock Island (in Door County) to which I took no computer magazines or books at all, and instead soaked up sun and read a fantasy (on the realistic side, the only sort that I enjoy usually) about King Arthur's court seen through Guinevere's eyes (by Persia Wooley). It was quite a nice week, and even now, I haven't quite regained the obsessiveness on the computer that I had before I left. That's probably good.

Now, as I said before, Scott and I have a lot of mailing comments for you, so we'd best get to them.

MAILING COMMENTS

HOPE KIEFER

#48

(SC) I was surprised and delighted to see that Turbo has been successful enough at encouraging people to submit fiction that you submitted "An Ode to Ed." You may not be ready for the Nebulas, but the story was funny and perfect for the occasion. You deserved the prize. I agreed with your review of *Dick Tracy*. I liked it, too. I thought Betty was quite good as Tracy. If you are familiar with the comic, you will remember that Tracy is the embodiment of "wooden." An actor couldn't be too wooden for Dick Tracy unless he was dead. I thought *Total Recall* and *The Abyss* were similarly good movies that desperately needed different endings. My enjoyment of *Total Recall* was probably helped by the fact I had not read the P.K. Dick story first.

Great cover.

(JG) Yes, what a beautiful cover, Hope! I love the colors. Scott and I will have contributed toward the xeroxing of this. (Verb tenses get very weird when one is behind on the apa, writing future tense about something that will have become past tense by the time others read it.)

#49

(SC) Yct to me on *The Cook*, *The Thief*, etc. We will have to agree to disagree. I've seen *Terminator* more or less three

times and any male crotch shots are very brief and shadowy. In *The Cook, The Thief*, the penis plays a very prominent (oops, sorry) role. The film's content is brutal. But I did not find it nearly as sick as your typical "R" rated teenage scream-slash-and-puke movie that are churned out by the dozens. These movies are truly depraved. From what I've seen and read about the movie ratings board lately, I seriously doubt they would have understood the film's content. They *would* understand frequent long shots of male genitalia.

(JG) I've noted all the support you're receiving for your word processing program of choice—WriteNow!—and feel compelled to point out that I wasn't trying to convert you to Microsoft's Word (as I rather was trying to convert you to Aldus Pagemaker). No, my preference of Word has to do with my situation at work in which I do editing of converted DOS files for which Word has some truly wondrous tricks. Also, as we discussed, it is not only the first word processing program I learned, but the very first Mac program of any sort that I learned. But now I've got another reason: I'm finding it an amazing tool for editing postscript code. One can actually open documents of any sort (like an illustration created in Adobe Illustrator or a malfunctioning Pagemaker document) and edit the actual code... Admittedly, I'm an utter novice at this stuff so far, and unable to do very much yet, but I love the almost unlimited power of this program—there's always more to learn, more that can be done. (Practically all the things you and others listed that you liked better about WriteNow! can be made to happen in Word by editing its menus and windows. Word gives the user complete control over them.) I'll have to show you the miracles it can do with imported data base files or how it creates tables on its own some time. This connects with the reason I love working on the Mac in general; there's always more incredible stuff to learn: this little, tiny box that can do so fucking much...

Anyway, pardon me while I dab the spittle off my lips. I was getting a bit *enthusiastic* there, wasn't I? When I said I liked Word better, I wasn't trying to talk you (or anyone else) out of using a tool that suits your needs so elegantly, just letting some of my goshwowjeepers leak out.

ANDY HOOPER

#48

(SC) Yes! Hooper returns with a splash! I completely enjoyed *9 Innings* start to finish. It had everything I had hoped you would include in your return zine from extended travels and adventures. As you explained it, it makes sense why you don't drive, but for someone growing up in smalltown Iowa, the idea of being young and not driving is impossible. At least you seem to be a good passenger. I think I drive Jeanne a little crazy when I'm her passenger. She's a good driver, but I have trouble sometimes restraining myself from "helping" her. Jeanne's pretty patient. There are times I know I wouldn't put up with myself as a passenger.

Jeanne and I attended our first baseball game July 4. It was the Brewers and the Oakland A's at County Stadium. It was a night game fortunately, because the heat and humidity during the day had been terrible. We spent the afternoon at the Milwaukee Zoo. The Zoo was great, but with temperatures deep in the 90s, the animals were very lethargic. They were, no doubt,

interested in us as bizarre, crazed creatures staggering around in the heat while they sat comfortably back in the shade. Anyway, the Brewers had been shut out 5-0 the night before by the A's and no one was expecting much of a game. The crowd was very thin (about 15,000). We went with Jeanne's Dad and I remember him joking with some of the ushers about the Brewer's chances. Shortly after we arrived, the weather cooled off and we were treated to an outstanding game. I did not take any notes, but the Brewers exploded early with several hits and homeruns. The A's pitcher, out of frustration, intentionally struck a batter with a pitch which resulted in a few tense moments. The A's were forced to try delaying until some threatening cloud cover came over in hopes of rain, but the clouds went around us. By the eighth inning, the score was 7-0 Brewers. They scored their only run in the eighth and that was all. I had expected a quiet, cool evening sipping beer and hoping "we" didn't get embarrassed. Instead I wound up yelling and waving, slamming down beer and having a grand time. And still winding up a little embarrassed. That's baseball.

(JG) It was fun, actually. As Scott said, the best part of it was that nobody expected the Brewers to be able to do anything. We were waiting for doom, and found wild victory instead. It was a good game for this summer's one baseball game, that's what I said.

I experienced the same, strange lack of enthusiasm for driving in high school as you did; maybe it had something to do with the fact that I too was one year younger than most of my classmates. I didn't bother getting a license till after I'd graduated because commuting by auto was the only way to UW-Waukesha from my folk's home. After that, even though I didn't actually ever own a car until this year, 20+ years later, I carefully renewed my license so that I would never have to go through the testing again.

#49

(SC) As a sort of fringe baseball fan, I would probably read your baseball writing even if it was just game recaps and statistics, but it is far more than that. You use baseball as a medium to discuss a wide range of issues and events in such an intricate fashion that I'm always impressed and entertained. I think even non-fans would see and appreciate that. You may indulge your "madness" all you want as far as this reader is concerned.

Yct **Steve Johnson**: I would like to sum up my feelings about contact with aliens by citing a quote from Dave Langford in his April issue of *Sglodion*: "Personally I still incline to the opinion that any true first contact with alien thingies will be as clear and unequivocal as the message beamed Earthwards in my and John Grant's disaster novel *Earthdoom*: 'YOU EARTHLING SCUM ARE THE DREGS OF THE UNIVERSE. WE COME TO ANNIHILATE YOU PAINFULLY AND RAPE YOUR PLANET.'"

(JG) (To Andy and Carrie:) I say drag her to the OE and force her to join up. Don't worry, Carrie, you'll feel *fine* afterwards—like you've *always* belonged...

Andy, I was enthralled by your carefully complex response to **Steve's** Majestic 12 story. It may have caused me to temper my own rather clipped opinion in my (past, but in this zine, future) comment to him. (Tenses are weird again. Were weird? They weird.) I think it was a very good essay in its own right, providing a chorus to your

designation of the *Turboapa's* evolutionary stage (Communication).

And yes, I think your *9 Innings* style could easily interest a much larger and general readership than the elite one that presently enjoys it. Possibly you should try for a column in a mainstream magazine or newspaper... Perhaps you feel this style is over-familiar or too casual, but you've actually honed the baseball metaphor into a remarkably sophisticated and very entertaining vehicle. Do it.

JOHN PEACOCK

#48

(SC) Valium, John. At least try one before you sit down to write another Editorial.

(JG) We start with different assumptions. I don't think of society as an organism with rights comparable (but greater) than any individual. I start with the assumption that society is the sum of its parts and does what we as individuals accept/agree must be done; thus, we each must accept a measure of responsibility for the group (society's) actions. I believe that murder is wrong; therefore, I can't condone execution, painless or not. If it is right to kill a person who has killed, it should be right to rape a rapist, maim a torturer, or run over a hit-and-run driver. None of these things is morally defensible from my point of view—most certainly not on the grounds of eliminating "bad genes!" There is absolutely no proof that evil is transmitted genetically, though it would seem from the predominantly black and Chicano faces on death row, that many juries were convinced that evil correlates with non-white DNA.

You seem to be accepting the definition of ecological costs and benefits preferred by those who profit by the environment's degradation. I agree with those who believe we should include—for instance—the loss of potential benefits of large, varied vegetative and animal gene pools for scientific and medical research. There are many ways to define the "value" of a species, a stretch of virgin forest, or clean air, and it's short-sighted of us as a society to pay attention mainly to economic costs or benefits.

ALI BRON

#48

(SC) "Tit Bit" was interesting and I liked the cartoon, but it was "The Norman Invasion" that really held me. What an embarrassing and infuriating experience that must have been. Hard to imagine ever being so naive, yet I know that most of us were at one time.

Good thing you put in that disclaimer about all the things you attribute to James that he didn't (mostly) say. I was prepared to believe he said all those things and more.

(JG) Well, thank you for checking on the price of the dolls but I guess I'll put aside my desire for one: it *does* seem too expensive for a joke. Thanks again.

Breasts. Mine grew during the '60s when Twiggy-flat chests were all the rage. I was the first in my class to develop them despite the fact that I was a year younger than most of them; I hated the jokes certainly, and to this day don't get much physical pleasure from the things. I

remember seeing a movie, *The Unsinkable Molly Brown*, set in the flapper '20s, and lusting hopelessly after a chest so I could wear the kind of beads that—when I wear them—get caught around a breast. All I can say for my breasts is that they keep me proportional.

KIM WINZ

#48

(SC) I have heard that IBM may be laying off some people somewhere. Are you in any danger? I must applaud Big Blue for pulling advertising from the PGA tournament to be held at the racist Alabama country club (forgot the name of the club). In Sunday's paper I saw a column by Mike Royko complaining that the IBM decision was silly because it hurts the whole pro golf industry and, anyway, everyone already knows country clubs are exclusive so what's the big deal? Goes to show that even a "liberal" columnist can be a real knob.

Don't you hate it when people make comments to you as if you were now *the* IBM spokesperson? Like I just did above? Great cartoons.

(JG) You reinforced my feeling that it would be a bad idea to see *A Handmaid's Tale*. I loved the book too, but have been put off by the hints I've gleaned from the press as to how they changed it in the film. Movie images are just too powerful: I didn't want to lose the image I'd created for myself while reading.

I think you should consider retitling your zine "Six Sigma Hell." Sounds vaguely like something Dante would have come up with had he been a management trainee.

#49

(SC) I see an opportunity to exercise our native capitalist tendencies. Surely we can work out a deal for shrimp in exchange for diet orange Slice. I can understand your missing Madison, but you should try to think positively. By taking a stand against Jessie Helms and introducing folks to the joys of brats and beer, you and Pete could become a powerful cultural and political force in the neighborhood. Why, they could someday even erect a statue in your honor. Perhaps on the site where you fell in a hail of bullets...oops. Well, maybe you should just come back and visit more often.

(JG) Interesting stuff from the virtual reality forum. I'm glad to hear you're defending the value of SF as "thought experiments." So how did they react to your defense?

I hope you start feeling more "at home" down there. Homesickness, like tonsil extraction, is more painful the older you get. I don't think there's a connection.

KATHI SCHELLER

#48

(SC) Yard work can be such fun and soooo rewarding. We were recently rewarded with a big pile of rocks and chunks of cement from our yard (want any?) The lilac bushes, beaten back briefly last year, are in need of more discipline this year. Diane keeps insisting that her rates for doing yard work are way too high for us. I haven't given up on her yet, however.

Sorry we missed the big birthday bash. I should have at least sent my favorite crying towel for you poor Birthday-in-December folks. You had beer. Crying in that is almost as good.

I can say this nasty stuff to you, of course, because my birthday is in May. Ha.

(JG) My father put a sign out at the end of his driveway to get rid of his yard detrius. "Free rock garden seeds," it said. The advertising gambit worked and they came in droves to take the boulders off his hands. Scott and I may have to try this method. But in the meantime, let me add my invitation to Scott's; Please feel free to take at many of our rock garden seeds as you like. Any time.

LUCY NASH

#48

(JG) Neat rubber stamps! And nice paper too: you're looking very faanish.

I knew about the drug testers' bias toward male subjects, but I didn't realize it extended even to drugs administered only to women. That's absurd! And horrid.

#49

(JG) It seems that Kelly must be feeling quite a bit better. At least he seemed fairly well behaved at the *Aurora* mailing "party" at our house. Beyond the normal attention-seeking kid behavior, I mean.

BILL FARINA

#48

(SC) Welcome. Impressive first submission. I approve of your priorities. Everyone should write their mailing comments first. Most everyone puts their MC's at the end of their zines, but I doubt that anyone still believes that the MC's get read last.

I have discovered that it is not as easy to transfer out of this job as you might think. Believe me, I've been trying. I'll take almost anything, including a demotion, but I'm still stuck out here. I know your brother slightly. We rarely work together. You're correct about injuries. Half the day shift on his unit are out on long term injury right now, all from patients. Two others have recently chosen to abandon the unit and come to night shift.

Yct Vijay: you ask "why protect someone else if they don't make any indication of wanting to be protected?" I think "protected" is the wrong word here. It should be a matter of respect. We should show one another respect without having to be asked or having it demanded of us. We sometimes have to look past people who do things that we know are not in their self-interest and help them anyway (a view you took in your later comment to Cathy G.)

STEVEN V. JOHNSON

#48

(JG) I'm still skeptical Steve. People are certainly willing to ignore truths to hold onto a "safer" world, but they are just as capable of attempting to sustain belief in a world they desire. I generally classify UFOogists and most intensely religious people together: the movements' tenants acquire power because their adherents *want* to believe so much. *True Believers* (in the sense that Tofler defines them) *want* desperately to believe in universal morality or in god or in an afterlife or in the divine aspect

of humanity...or they want to believe that we're not alone. And so they not only are willing to accept unexplained phenomena as "evidence" pointing toward their preferred belief but maintain that the phenomenon can *only* be explained by their belief.

Hell, I would really like to believe in an afterlife. I really really want to be alive when we make contact with other lifeforms out there. But that very strong desire is what keeps me cynical.

I'm waiting to see if **John Peacock** will jump into this discussion with a comment on scientific method. Because I think I might find myself in the unusual position of agreeing with him.

I agree with you that the act of simply sleeping with someone is an incredibly intimate thing—but to me it is something that I've always assumed goes *with* sex. In other words, I wouldn't have sex with someone I didn't want to spend a night sleeping with.

And maybe there still isn't a word to adequately replace "boy" or "girlfriend." Maybe the point is that we really don't need one, but simply have to get out of habits of thought that seem to require a term. I find that there are fewer and fewer times that I flounder for the word: and then only when I'm trying to "translate" myself in conversation to someone who demands those terms.

#49

(SC) I am glad you are receiving good feedback on your *Majestic Twelve* article. I'm sure it was a lot of work and you deserve a suitable response. It would be interesting to have a follow-up from you on some of the responses you got. At this time, I'm very skeptical so I would appreciate your rebuttal to critics (such as the Dave Langford article I sent.)

MIKE DUCHARME

#48

(SC) I remember when I lived in Prairie du Chien and I first heard of the Silent Woman restaurant. I never got around to eating or drinking there, but I knew it was a fairly nice place and I always wondered why the owner would go to so much trouble and expense just to screw it up with this lame "joke" name? Is that really the best name he could come up with? Be prepared to take some heat on this idea, Mike.

Yct Vijay: you are also skating on thin ice with your "acceptable prejudice" comments. You might want to know that the idea of an oppressed minority being at fault for its own oppression is very Republican and fashionable these days. It's a great excuse for all sorts of ugly behavior. I think your own personal experience might be just a bit narrow a base to pass judgement on everyone else's circumstances.

(JG) I don't think I want to patronize a restaurant with that logo and name, especially as applied to the staff. Check out my comment to Diane on this topic. An appropriate counter image suddenly occurred to me while reading the reprint she published in her zine, and I had to draw it for you all.

#49

(SC) Very interesting report on 4th Street. You seemed to concentrate your attention on food. Not fannish dinner conver-

sation—food. I didn't realize until your last couple of zines, what an adventurous diner you are. You could be carving out a new fan writing niche for yourself.

BILL DYER

#48

(SC) Is that all there is to say about your move to Saginaw? Just that it will save you time and gas? No harrowing moving adventures? No other redeeming features to this burg? I've never been to Michigan (unless you count a brief trip across the Wisconsin border at Hurley with a college buddy once, but you wouldn't be interested in that). I have a friend from high school who went to college in Alpena and has since settled in Owosso. We never thought he'd amount to much, but once he started selling oil leases, he took off. Now he makes many times the money I make. Oh well, he always was a bullshitter.

I enjoyed your rant at **Steve Swartz**.

I also enjoyed "The Carnival." From this story I conclude that you are a very visually oriented person. Descriptions of things are detailed, but you also are very careful to specify colors. Almost everything has a vivid color attached to it. The story, particularly the last sentence, reminded me of Stephen King's (Bachman's) depiction of Gypsies in *Thinner*. The stock boys are not smiling because it is sunny.

(JG) Well, my obvious hedging over the issue of genetic predisposition of people to act according to their gender identity means that I have no trouble in agreeing with you that women are fully capable of learning male power behavior. They do remember, however, the lessons they learned as young females about how to interact with others. Whether we choose to toss these lessons aside as irrelevant in a male-dominated society or whether we try to change the definition of acceptable behavior in the arena of power will be the proof of the feminist movement.

You ask if men would learn female traits in a matriarchal society. Probably, I think so. When it's useful, men have even been known to learn so-called female behavior in our very unmatriarchal culture. For instance, I know quite a few men who've mastered the vocabulary of emotionally aware sensitivity and use it as a way to pick up women. Many other men have learned more, and with more depth: but again because they've found themselves in situations (relationships especially) where they needed to learn or exit the relationship. Maybe that's how women in power learned male behavior.

Great descriptive images of the carnival. I thought parts of it was rather erotic, in fact. Looking over the comments you received in #49, no one else seemed to have had that reaction, but I'll stick with my first impression. Stockboys waxing cucumbers, indeed.

On the other hand maybe I'm one of those people who sees eroticism where it's not explicitly meant. Scott and I were the only people in the audience of *Ghosts* hooting during what we like to refer to as the masturbatory potters wheel scene. Others in the audience were turning around looking at us like we were nuts.

#49

(SC) Very nice diving story. The statement, "labels are less important than behaviors,"

is true. Alcoholism/problem drinking can be so subtle and complex depending on the individual. A close acquaintance of mine, now recovering, was a very hard case to spot. He drank beer, never hard liquor. Almost never went to bars. Usually drank until he was drunk, but didn't seem to drink very often. Always took precautions when getting home from other people's homes. Worked a shift opposite from his wife so there was little sign of domestic trouble and no sign of trouble at work beyond fairly typical use of sick leave. All of a sudden he seemed to go to pieces. He got in an alcohol-related car accident, he assaulted his wife, we found out over the years he was quietly consuming two cases (24 bottles per case) of beer a week at least, and he was in danger of losing his job because of the car accident. He wound up in treatment and managed to put things back together. But it was very unnerving to be so close to someone for years and be so unaware of (or deliberately ignoring) what was really going on in that person's life.

(JG) And bride rhymes with died, fried or lied; not to get morbid. It also rhymes with pied, as in "Hope never expected to get *pied* at the alter."

Well, I don't know about women keeping grudges against women and not against men. In the instances when I've given up on a friendship with a person and the breakup was so painful that my avoidance behavior kicked in, it had nothing to do with what sex that person was. I'm still uncomfortable speaking with several men and women many years after the fact of a falling out.

Wow, between **Bill Humphries'** piece on sail racing and your evocative description of scuba diving, I've gotten quite a few exotic vicarious experiences in this apa. Thanks.

NEVENAH SMITH

#48

(SC) Well, at least you have the good sense to sit down and do a minac when you are up against deadline. What I have discovered about *Union Street*, is that we are very reluctant to just do something-at-the-last-minute. For us, so far, it's been "do it completely, or don't do it." That's unfortunate because we are now faced with commenting on two very meaty Turbos in order to feel we've done a proper job. It's a trap, don't fall into it.

(JG) About the only way to improve the resolution of scanned photos is to scan them with a gray scale scanner in a TIFF format and then to play around with contrast and brightness—which you can do with some scanner software or various photo manipulation software packages, or to place it in a Pagemaker document and use its easy but powerful gray scale manipulation tools. (This is not the "expensive method" that **Hope** was referring to, i.e., making PMT screens. This is another expensive method that Hope doesn't even know about yet.)

BILL HUMPHRIES

#48

(SC) Terrific observation about Dale Cooper and Harry S. Truman being named for real local celebrities. I also enjoyed your cyberpunk discussion with **Steve Swartz**. "Cyberpunk takes place in a world with Reagan's values and much more efficient tools." Yeah!

#49

(SC) Excellent stories from the road. Are you writing from memory or lifting details from a diary? I like the snapshot style. Rollercoasters have been getting a lot of press lately. I've seen an article in *TIME* on the new faster, scarier rides that are popping up all over the country and another article in a recent newspaper on the resurgent popularity of wooden rollercoasters. I haven't been on one in years and I'm starting to miss them. I may need to make it a priority to visit one next summer.

(JG) Very nice description of the sailboat race. I felt as if I was there.

Don't worry about being made obsolete (as a white male, I mean). The change will be—I hope, I think—more on the order of monopoly busting, or addiction kicking. Power will be less certain for those accustomed to it, but more justly earned.

PAT HARIO

#48

(JG) I bet it turns out you had four hotel reservations waiting for you.

Hey, I heard the same story you heard about the Don Q—only the story I heard was about the Gobbler Hotel outside of Lake Mills. Must be one of those urban myths.

I was reading an article in *Science News* a few weeks ago that had some fascinating information: it turns out that we can recall the difficult to remember stuff easier than the easy to remember stuff. Apparently for years, researchers had been assuming the opposite, and only recently did one of them bother to check out this axiom. It turned out that after many years, the things that stuck with people was the information they had to devise bizarre mental tricks to remember. The easy stuff sifted out of their minds pretty fast.

RICHARD RUSSELL

#49

(SC) Glad to see you back in Turbo—even if only a brief appearance.

LAURA SPIESS

#49

(SC) Welcome back. You should fit in very well with the current crop of TurboApsans considering our continuing interest in job horror stories, homeowner hassles and travel adventures. You want lots of attention and comments? Start doing "Inspection Reports" on different people's zines.

DIANE MARTIN

#49

(SC) Thank you for the kind words on my modest contribution to *Aurora*. It will be nice to chalk up one accomplishment to my (brief) reign as V.P. *Aurora* is a good read and it looks great, the result of effort by a number of talented people headed by you.

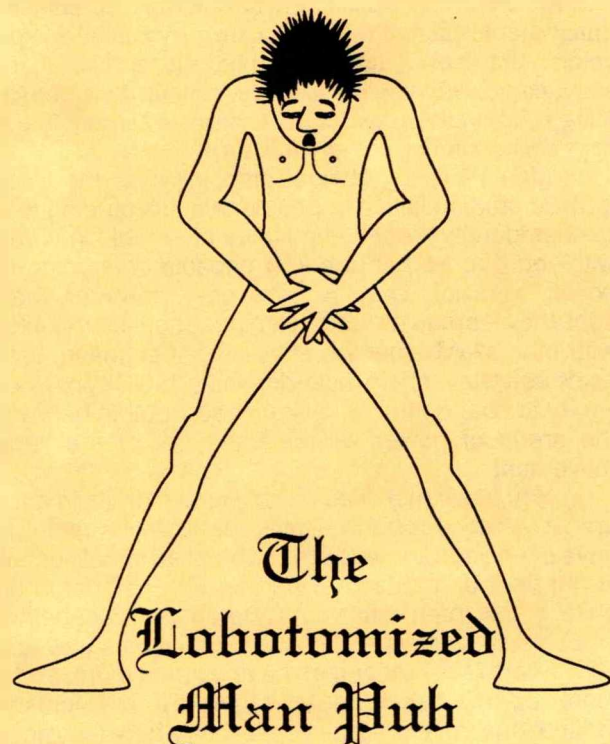
I second your enthusiasm for Elgin's *Lonesome Node*. It looks dense and boring, but is very rewarding once you start

reading/scanning through it. I find myself reading every issue Jeanne gets and I can say that about very few of her fanzines.

Yct Peacock: I agree that he is often writing deliberately inflammatory stuff to elicit debate. He has found a method of getting lots of comments. I don't intend to bite on his bait anymore.

Have fun on your trip to Holland. I hope I don't sound as envious as I feel. All of you must take notebooks along. Those of us left home will be hungry for details.

(JG) Thanks for reprinting the article on "The Silent Woman Restaurant," and to **Bill Humphries** too for including that dynamite quotation. What a disgusting name for a restaurant. I kept trying to think up an appropriate response/insult but all I could come up with is this... [Note: Scott's reaction when he saw the drawing was dramatic and contained at least one expletive, which I'll delete here. He goes on notice for objecting to the artwork, but what the hell, I'm laying the zine out.]

**BILL HOFFMAN**

#49

(SC) Welcome. Terrific first zine. Yct Jeanne got the response we're sure you intended. The night we picked up Turbo #49 from Nash, we were cruising home down John Nolan Drive when Jeanne came across your comment to her. We gave it a long, loud laugh.

(JG) How nice of you to join us Bill! Why didn't you do this years ago? We should have forced you to join a local apa (maybe even have formed one for the purpose) when you left town lo these many years ago. (digging his heels into the sand and straining against the superhuman grip of his captors, he turned his head away from the fat that awaited him. "No, no, not that!" he cried. But struggle was useless against the implacable

determination of the apans. The OE's tentacles slithered around his ankles and pulled him into the maw of the apa, devouring him whole as he screamed... this is the way it was before laid back ol' **Kim Nash** took over, of course. Count yourself lucky.)

No cats, don't be crazy. The Guide told us to get a dog.

Great trip report, by the way. You passed up Bob Hope for a folkfest?? I'm glad you've retained your good taste.

JULIE SHIVERS

#49

(JG) So, do you want those sexy sheer curtains, or what? Scott keeps wanting to trash them, and I say, oh let's wait to see if Julie wants them.

Hmmm, my first romance included a hot summer's concert in a park in Chicago and my first subway ride (which is about as detailed as *you* get about your romantic episode, so fair's fair, I'll have to stop with that). But it is a bit of a coincidence. I'm glad you're happy. You *looked* happy at B&B last week.

KIM NASH

#49

(SC) I was very distressed to read about your brother. That's awful news. I hope you will share updates on his condition with us from time to time. You have, of course, our sympathy.

(JG) How about a 2-sheet, 4-page zine next time and you go into depth about something, hmmm? Sorry to hear about your brother. I hope your family sticks together and supports one another—it can be a difficult time, especially for your parents, who—as you noted—can never be prepared for the loss of a child. A child is supposed to outlive a parent.

KAREN BABICH

#49

(SC) This was one of those outstanding zines that I will probably be addressing comments to for awhile.

On CD's. Jeanne got me a CD player about 3 years ago as a birthday present and we have been very happy with it. Two things stand out as advantages. I am no audiophile, but the difference in sound between LP's and CD's is dramatic. CD's are superior. I also like their durability. It's nice to not have to worry as much about scratching or wear and tear. Cassettes also eventually wear out. I was not aware that CD's might be cheaper to produce, which, if true, would be something of a ripoff. But I am rather contented with the higher price considering the higher quality and durability.

Your description of the neighborhood tempted me to write about our neighborhood and maybe eventually I will. Trouble is, our neighborhood is not as interesting. That makes the job too tough for this month.

Great cartoons and con reports.

Next time you are in Madison you will need to stop by the new Blue Plate Diner on Atwood Ave. It's true that they stole your zine's name, but the excellent food and atmosphere make up for it. Good photo opportunity. They even have daily Blue Plate Specials.

(JG) I was going to say about the same thing Scott

said about CDs. I doubt if it's a conspiracy on the part of the manufacturers. Rather they've discovered a market of people who want these things and are phenomenally eager to pay for them. In the classical music area—which I am most familiar—as soon as CDs became available, LPs simply stopped selling. They're practically giving away the out-of-print LPs in music clubs—\$1.99 or even 99¢—because once having heard CD sound, classical music collectors don't want the LPs anymore.

This is a note to myself to send both you and **Don Helly** a copy of *Fuck the Tories*, edited by Judith Hanna and Joseph Nicholas of London, England, last I heard. Though they were talking about giving up on Thatcherland and moving to Judith's original home in Australia, and they may have done so by now.

CATHY GILLIGAN

#49

(JG) By no means do I think that all women always interact in a non-hierarchical manner whenever they work together without men. As I said to **Bill Dyer**, there are far too many examples of women who have learned male patterns very well indeed. But neither do I think that non-hierarchical organization among women is particularly dependant on whether the group is volunteer oriented or not. One or two women who struggle for power in the male way frequently act like falling dominos in a group; the process stops only if other women consciously choose to keep it non-hierarchical (as happened in the DARE group). However, non-hierarchical interactions evolve naturally too, and I've seen it happen several times here at the definitely not volunteer DNR when groups of women got together to do a job and happily realized that none was demanding to be in charge or required a spokesperson, and the work was simply done by those most capable of doing it... I really do think this happens more often in women's groups than men's, but no, I don't claim it always does. It depends on the women not the place.

STEVE SWARTZ

#49

(JG) Back in my college days I remember feeling over committed in the way you describe, only the word I used was "obsessed," which led to a fanzine title several years later. Back then I never felt free of guilt unless I was studying for class. I could never do enough... I think I've managed to overcome that tendency by defining a greater range of activities as important, among them relationships, sleep, relaxation, etc.

Great response to **John Peacock**.

VIJAY BOWEN

#49

(JG) My favorite tea for making iced tea nowadays is Black Current. But I'll give strawberry a try.

Glad to hear the good news about your escaping the clutches of the crazy landlord. (**Steve Johnson** guessed that homeowners will lack sympathy for his homeowner woes. But my memory of various rental hells is still too

clear and I'd argue that it's mostly the renters among us who rolled their eyes at his complaint)

I know exactly what you mean about faking competence and thus becoming competent. I've accomplished several Great Changes in my life by pretending to be what I wanted to be, and then finding, by and by, that I'd metamorphosed. Have you read Vonnegut's *Mother Night*? It's about a double agent in WWII Germany who pretends to be one of Hitler's propaganda agents, a radio announcer. In reality he is sending coded information to the Allies during his radio shows. But because he never knows what information he's broadcasting or even if it's at all important, and because he is a very talented propagandist, he's never sure whether he's doing more good as a

spy than he's doing evil as one of Hitler's men. And over time, the person he pretends to be becomes more real than the identity he's hiding and when he is accused many years later of a war crime, neither he nor we are convinced that the accusation is unfair or not. It's a really powerful novel.

Take care of yourself. If your boss agrees that there is not time for you to schedule your vacation time, can't you get them to let you carry it over to next year? After all, it is their needs that are forcing you to lose a benefit they promised you when they hired you.

All

See you next month!—Jeanne and Scott

