

Welcome to *Union Street* (issue #23 and *Obsessive Press* #122), the zine with the transmogrifying masthead (this month thanks to *Life in general*). This issue contains a larger portion of non-first draft material than usual and is published by Jeanne Gomoll and Scott Custis, who reside in their home at 2825 Union Street, Madison, WI 53704-5136. Phone 608-246-8857. *Union Street* was created on a Macintosh computer—a IIx or an SE at various points in its lifetime—and hardcopy was printed on a Laserwriter IINTX printer. Text was created with Microsoft Word 4.0 and laid out with Aldus Pagemaker 4.0. The *Union Street* Logo was designed with Aldobe Illustrator 3.0 and Adobe Photoshop 2.0. All contents are copyrighted © by Scott Custis and Jeanne Gomoll, 1991. September 1991 for Turbo-Charged Party Animal APA #63. Members FWA.

OFFICIAL BUSINESS

(JG) Pat Hario's, Scott's, and my proposals received at least 13 mail-in votes and a couple more people voted in the apa, all in favor of both proposals. Pat delivered them to Kim Nash several days before the September deadline. The Official Business Page should now reflect the fact that both motions carried, and Rule #8 should now read:

Should any member or the OE wish to change the way things are done in the apa, a proposal should be submitted in writing for inclusion in the apa, in as clear a form as possible. The voting deadline shall be set no earlier than the publication date of the second apa published after the issue in which the proposal is originally made. Votes on the proposal will be tallied after the deadline has passed. A simple majority (13 votes) is needed to pass the proposal.

Many people responded "Yes" or "No Opinion" to the Opinion portion of the ballot (which asked whether apans approved of the use of a "constitutional congress"—made up of four apa members, chaired by the OE, and convened at the 1992 WisCon—to change or make new apa rules.) Since the assumption underlying this question was erroneous (four people will supposedly be elected merely to lay the ground rules for further rule-making, and will not actually make new rules), the results of this poll may be irrelevant. I would urge the OE to publish the results, however, because the number of people who answered "Yes," indicates a probable preference for the idea that apa business should be conducted *in the apa*.

(SC) OK I'll admit that I came down a bit hard on you, Kim, on the "constitutional congress" idea and I apologize if your feelings were hurt. It wasn't too hard to miss your intent and "jump to conclusions" because you didn't initially explain this proposal in much detail. I probably should have button-holed you at B.'n' B. for details before I shouted at you in print. I responded to what (little) you wrote. I'll be more careful in the future. As it stands I have no serious objection to what you

propose, but Jeanne and I still believe that the apa is a written forum and these issues should really be dealt with here. We have no nominations to make to the committee.

It was, of course, not our intent to "go behind your back" to do the mailing. You were complaining that the system for changing the rules didn't work and we set out to prove otherwise. Excluding you was not the point. We saw it as "our" project and so we simply did the work with the intention of presenting you with the results. I suppose I shouldn't be surprised that you took offense, but we did not think you would be particularly sympathetic to these proposals and want to help.

(JG) I've already apologized in person, Kim; here it is in print. I apologize for having hurt your feelings. That wasn't the purpose of the ballot Pat, Scott and I published. However, I have to say that after several issues of *Union Street* in which I have written dozens of paragraphs to you about apa business, this is the very first time you have responded to me in any way whatsoever. You've never written any response to any of my comments in the apa. You've never talked to me at the Brat and Brau about it. If it takes a mailing sent out to apa members with a non-OE return address, well maybe I should consider doing it again. Just joking. But seriously, I would have appreciated some response to all the discussion that I and quite a few other people were sending your way.

I'm less suspicious of the constitutional congress at this point, since—as you explained—it's not meant to be a rule-making body. But I'm still not interested in the idea of creating rules for the apa *outside of the apa*. This apa is a form of written communication. Rules should be made within that context. I think the newly revised rule-proposing mechanism might just work just fine. I don't think we need to create a new in-person rule-making mechanism.



Scott and I would like to do the October apa cover if nobody's volunteered for that one yet.



A PARTY REPORT

At the end of July, I was preparing myself for a nightmarish two weeks at the end of August. In spite of those worries (or perhaps as a result of the rule of lowered expectations), I had one of the best times of my life. And—as it turned out—I think Scott and I carried out our many responsibilities in high style.

Thank you, all of you who were there, so much for your part in my birthday party. It really was a wonderful evening: I was taken completely by surprise by the specially produced fanzine, the pile o' Cokes, and the enormous amount of fun I had that night. I'm really glad I got to celebrate my birthday at Chicon with so many of you.

Even though this was going to be my very first birthday party ever, I hadn't really expected that it would be a significant sort of evening. Scott and I had made so many commitments before worldcon, that we had abandoned the original plans for a birthday party closer to the actual date of my birth (September 10), because we figured that we'd be too burnt out by that point to really enjoy another big social occasion. (I imagined myself in my room, getting dressed for the party and muttering under my breath, "Well, maybe nobody will come.") So—at the time, in June, it sounded reasonable—we decided to throw a party at worldcon. And since SF³ wanted to throw a party too, we got a bunch of room reservations side-by-side in connecting rooms and planned to follow the birthday party with a later-in-the-night WisCon party.

This was our pre-worldcon schedule. (It grew slowly over the course of the year, and only gradually did we become aware of the confluence of events.)

- Aug. 11-21
- ✓ Input, design, layout *The Bakery Men Don't See*
 - ✓ Design and production of bake sale posters, party invitations, Tiptree nomination forms
 - ✓ Grocery shop for next two weeks, including party supplies
 - ✓ Finish up with the debacle that was Spike and Tom's wedding invitations, which were printed on time, but were then lost by UPS in a train wreck somewhere in Texas. The train wreck later turned out to be a possibly mythical event. We may never know, but I doubt that Spike and Tom will ever get to see those invitations.
 - ✓ Bake for the Tiptree bake sale and two pies for Spike's wedding
 - ✓ Prepare for panels at worldcon
- Aug. 18-20
- ✓ Attend Gomoll family reunion, Rhinelander WI (3.5 hour trip from Madison (Cookbook was being proofread during this time). More kids than Scott or I like to imagine.

- Aug. 19-30
- ✓ My job. Coincidentally, two of the busiest weeks at my office that I have ever had, so no extra days off were possible, other than the few necessary ones I'd already scheduled.
- Aug. 21
- ✓ Finish cookbook and deliver to press
- Aug. 22-25
- ✓ Host Scott's relatives who arrived early for Spike's wedding (Spike and Scott are cousins, and since their mutual family lives in Iowa, our house was the logical rallying point)
- Aug. 23-29
- ✓ Host Pam Wells, during her TAFF trip stop in Madison (though she stayed with **Diane Martin** until Sunday afternoon, when Scott's relatives left town)
- Aug. 24
- ✓ Attend Spike and Tom's wedding and reception
- Aug. 26
- ✓ Throw BBQ party for Pam Wells in our back yard on a day that she could meet Madison folks and learn how to swelter in steamy, 98° F+ heat, and swat insatiable mosquitos along with the rest of us. We also discovered a strange affinity between hornets and visiting TAFF delegates. (Kev Smith had the same bizarre attraction for these stinging insects.)
- Aug. 29
- ✓ Attend Chicon; participate on 3 panels
- Sept. 2
- ✓ Attend Chicon; participate on 3 panels
- Aug. 31
- ✓ Enjoy birthday party/WisCon party

It took a week as happy hermits to feel sociable again after coming home, but we're OK now. Sunday my folks came to town and took Scott and I out to dinner for a celebration; and Tuesday, my office mates decorated my office in lots of black crepe paper and doom-&-gloom signs and balloons, made me a cake, and in general, attempted to embarrass the hell out of me. But "40" doesn't seem to be the bugbear year for me that it is for some people. In fact I've been saying all year that I was about to turn 40 when anyone asked my age and I've gotten used to it. So I managed to stymie some of the fun, but got to enjoy myself in the process.

The Chicon party though...the thing that I was figuring would need to be "gotten through," scheduled as it was after so many other stressful events—turned out to be an incredible high.

When I arrived at the Hyatt with Pam—leaving Scott behind in Madison to take the bus down to Chicago the next day because he had to work Thursday night—I discovered a potential glitch in our plans. The massive load of stuff we carried down in our station wagon (thank god for the station wagon!)—which included 15 or 16 cases of soda, 7 grocery bags of munchies, a cooler full of vegies and dip, a large box full of chocolates, 250 very heavy copies of *The Bakery Men Don't See*, Pam's and my luggage, Pam's TAFF auction materials, and several boxes of bricks (I don't know how *those* got included...)—turned out to be difficult to move up into our rooms, given the valet-service-only parking available to hotel guests. Pam and I had caravanned down to Chicago with Carrie

Root, **Andy Hooper**, and **Steve Swartz**; and Carrie and I found ourselves stranded down in the bowels of the west tower parking garage of the Hyatt for three hours after our cars had been taken away to be parked and we waited for a bellman to come down to help us take our stuff upstairs. We had sent Pam off immediately, not wanting to taint our images in some eventual TAFF report and Andy and Steve had gone up to register. We discovered later that the hotel staff was being kept so busy upstairs in the main registration lobby, that they were simply ignoring calls from the parking garage. Eventually, **Dick Russell** came to our rescue. He borrowed Hank Luttrell's cart and was able to load all our stuff and help us up into our rooms. (Thank you, Dick. Are you reading?) I finally climbed into a shower and began to feel somewhat relaxed by 6 pm. We'd arrived in Chicago at one o'clock.

The glitch stemmed from that long delay in the parking garage. No hotel in SF history has ever believed that it doesn't need to overbook rooms for SF cons, and the Hyatt was no exception, even though it had hosted a worldcon not that many years ago. It's amazing. Our rooms had been confirmed by phone earlier in the day, but by the time I got up to the registration desk that same afternoon, the result of this policy was already provoking slightly edgy desk staff expressions. Smiling hotel workers, attempting to sooth tempers, wandered through the lines of sweaty, impatient fans, pouring champagne into tall, fluted plastic glasses. Over and over again, I heard the phrases, "I'm sorry, but there are *absolutely no rooms* available in the hotel. Would you like me to call the Fairview to reserve you a room there?" No, that's not what happened to me; I got Scott's and my room, though—unfortunately—it wasn't in the east (party) tower. The problem concerned all the people who'd booked rooms, that the hotel had assured us would be placed right next to our's, in connecting rooms, who had been bumped, some to other floors, and some—like Andy, Carrie and Steve—to another Hotel altogether. For several hours, I wondered if we were going to have to cancel the party because we had only one small, single room in the non-party tower. *That* was the glitch.

But only a little while later, **Lorelei Manney** and I bumped into one another (and only spilled a little champagne), and by some weird fluke, it turned out that she and **Lucy Rhonur** were in possession of a large double room right next to Scott's and my room. They had not been involved in the original party plans, but Lorelei was quite gracious and agreed readily to opening the connecting door between our rooms for Saturday's party. Things improved further, when I discovered that Scott's and my room contained a Murphy Bed, and that, with the sofas, etc., the room itself could be converted into something more resembling a living room than a sleeping room when the bed had been levered up into the wall. The party was on again.

As it turned out, this happy turn of events caused Scott and Ellen Franklin a great deal more relief than it caused me. I just figured that the worst scenario involved returning to Madison with a large carload of unconsumed sodas and munchies. Scott and Ellen's worst-case scenarios were a bit more worrisome.

The room was decorated Saturday afternoon by a

rowdy group of friends, obviously already deeply committed to partying. **Bill Bodden** complained every time we brought another case of soda into the bathroom, where he was filling the bathtub with cans. "There won't be enough room for ice!" But there was. Miles of crepe paper—none of it black—was wound around, over and behind things by **Pat Hario**, Ellen Franklin and **Tracy Shannon**. Balloons were blown up until **Kim Nash** and **Steve Swartz**'s cheeks looked a little "loose" from the exertion. Scott busily taped balloons to the walls. **Kathi Nash** cut vegies, Lucy Rhonur made signs, Jim Hudson stuffed Tiptree nomination forms into the cookbooks, **Hope Klefer** filled the chocolate bowls, and I covered the TV set with a cartoon of a newscaster making the world-shaking announcement of my birthday. I know other people were there too and joining in the work and fun: many of them from this apa, but I can't remember exactly who was where doing what anymore. I apologize for forgetting your name in this paragraph, and thank you for helping. And I'm sorry too that we were having all this fun while **Andy Hooper** was doing his fanzine panel. I wanted to attend that one, and felt bad about monopolizing some of his potential audience.

Later that night, Scott and I hurried back from the Chinese restaurant, where we had been enjoying the typical let's-see-how-many-fans-we-can-seat-at-one-table dinner (and it was a fun dinner, lots of laughing and my first taste of jellyfish, yum). We left some money with the rest of our party at the table and ran back to the hotel party. Up to this time, I'd only had a few clues that I wasn't involved in each and every element of the party. From the hints Scott had dropped, I guessed that I should expect something like a dancing gorilla or a male striptease act.

People gradually filtered into the room, and the conversations started, champagne was poured, and I began having a very nice time. I was sitting on the floor next to the couch talking to Bill Wagner, when I happened to look up to see a wall of people standing around me, looking down at me and grinning like crazy. I grinned back.

And then Ellen Franklin played the dramatic mistress-of-ceremonies, a role I think she was born to play, and announced with several flourishes that the "readings" would commence. Later, someone would refer to this program item as a "roast," but it wasn't that at all. I sat there absolutely transfixed and glowing while people read from the specially produced fanzine: I'd started grinning ear-to-ear when it began, and didn't—*couldn't have*—frowned all evening. It was wonderful. Ellen and Scott told me about how they'd decided to do the fanzine only a few weeks before the con and how they'd prevailed on some of my friends to write for it on extremely short notice, and I began to realize that while the weeks preceding worldcon had been hectic for me, they were even more stressful for Scott and Ellen.

My first reaction, however, when I realized what was under way was, "WHAT?! . . . Something was published in Madison without my knowledge?!" This was Ellen's first fanzine, and I think she did a beautiful job. She got Scott to dig through my archives for embarrassing childhood photos, including the irrefutable evidence of my religious background and the two of them managed to cajole a bunch of my friends into writing some remarkably kind and



loving stories. If any of you failed to pick up a copy at Chicon, or if you missed Chicon altogether, send me a note and we'll send you a copy. We've got a few left. I'm certainly prejudiced, but I think it's a great fanzine. Thank you again, all of you who contributed to the zine.

After the readings, Ellen stepped forward in the capacity of mistress of ceremonies again, and announced that things were not quite over. Part two was apparently masterminded by my friend, former acolyte, and one-time Madison fan, **Hope Kiefer**, for whom I once penned an introductory letter when she visited England. I wrote that she was an all-round lovely person, and a great friend, with only one character flaw, i.e., that she favored Diet Pepsi over Diet Coke. This has always been a joke between us. When she visits our house, she invariably adds "Diet Pepsi" to the grocery list which is attached magnetically to our refrigerator, and we both cast disparaging remarks about each others soft drink preferences. The Chicon chapter of this feud-in-jest involved 40 people who stepped forward, one after another, and presented me with 40 gift-wrapped cans of Diet Coke. Later, I found out that Hope had been "talked down" from her original plans which involved everyone presenting me with an entire case of Diet Coke. Station wagon or not, we'd never have been able to get it all back to Madison, and I thank the friends who'd argued for the alternate idea.) Hope also created a beautiful, giant pencil drawing of a can of Diet Coke (no doubt a traumatic experience for her delicate artistic sensibilities) which she attached to a large, red posterboard "card" that everyone signed. As I sat there agog, with those 40 cans of soda in my lap and on the coffee table in front of me, Ellen announced that it wasn't over yet. I was beginning to see her as a game show MC, ("And that's not all we have for you Ms. Gomoll!") because she had another surprise to reveal. This one could only be described by Ellen, because it was something waiting at home for us: a pyramid of 19 cases of Diet Coke arranged on our kitchen floor. And she wasn't joking. There really was a pyramid of Diet Coke on our kitchen floor. We have pictures. Those cases, added to the two that Scott and I had purchased at a sale of Diet Coke at the neighborhood grocery store, should last us for quite a while, hopefully not so long that Diet Coke loses its appeal to me. (I do wonder if this isn't a weird attempt at aversion therapy on Hope's part.) In any case, we've now got a lot more soda pop than we had before we left for Chicago, including party supplies.

As the situation of soft drink surplus began to settle in, and as it soon became apparent that we had purchased at least two times the amount of soda that we

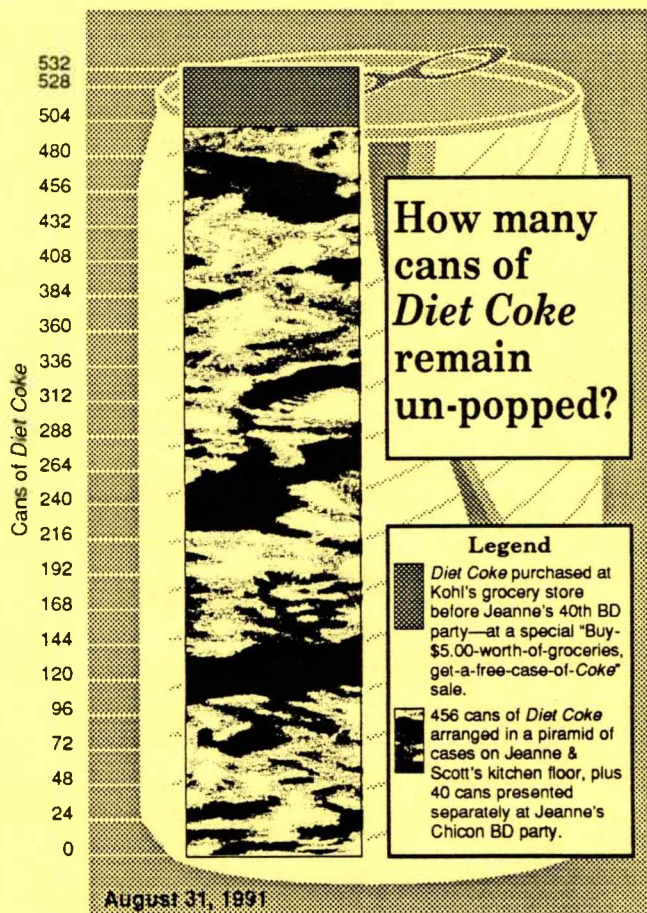
needed for our party, I began to urge partiers to have another soda, or to take a can with them as they left... Luckily, the next day, we were able to sell the excess non-Diet Coke (150 cans) to the Texas Sunday party.

The party continued, and continued being a blast. I thanked but rejected several friends' offers to take over host responsibilities so that I could visit other parties. I was having too much fun. Later in the evening, Joan Vinge stopped by during a lull, and confided to **Diane Martin** and I that she was disappointed that the con hadn't scheduled her reading of *The Summer Queen*. "Would you like to read here?" I asked. "Gosh, would you mind?" she asked. Mind!!?? Diane and I pantomimed, temporarily speechless. So, temporarily, one of the rooms became a reading room, and gradually filled up with twenty or so rapt listeners as Joan read a chapter from her new novel. About this time, I was feeling blissful. I'm sure it didn't have much to do with the champagne.

Bliss turned to silliness, as the evening wore on. Around 3 or 4 am a bunch of us began throwing balloons at one another. The balloons attached to the walls came down and for a while the room was a blizzard of balloons. Scott kept saying, I can't believe they're doing this on *soda*. Are you sure there isn't beer in the bathtub?" Then **Pat Hario** suggested a competition of some sort with the balloons, and I made a bizarre suggestion, purely as a joke, not meaning it seriously at all. I said, "Right. These are the rules. You have to kneel down on the floor with your hands behind your back and a balloon in front of you. The first person to pop their balloon wins." I expected

I will publish this thermometer of Diet Coke consumption, showing the current inventory of Diet Coke in the Custis-Gomoll household until the Coke is all gone. In the meantime, **PAT HARIO** asked me to announce a **"When-Will-Jeanne-&-Scott-Finish-the-Last-Can-of-Diet-Coke?-Raffle."**

Be sure to publish your best guess next month, and Pat promises that she will reveal the no doubt valuable and exciting **Prize** in her next zine.



laughter, boos and hisses, but instead, Pat said in her most perky of voices, "OK. Who else?" and promptly knelt down and grabbed a big yellow balloon. Tracy Shannon joined her on the floor. I watched on with my mouth open, but recovered soon enough, and said, "One...Two...Three—GO!" Pat lost not a second but bobbed her head down into the balloon, bit the plastic and popped it almost immediately. Tracy Shannon looked up from her still inflated balloon looking surprised. Soon, I was down on the floor challenging Pat, and was eliminated from the competition just as quickly. Person after person challenged Pat, but everyone failed.

—Until **Ross Pavlac** walked into the room. He entertained us with a half hour or so of convention gossip, but then quickly got down to the important stuff. We told him about the balloon competition, and he challenged Pat's record. "One...Two...Three—GO!" and it was over in an instant. In the time it took Pat to bend over and apply her sharp incisors to plastic, Ross simply fell on top of his balloon and ended Pat's string of victories.

Those three weeks in August began with a train wreck and ended with a 4-foot high, pyramid-shaped, pile of Diet Coke cartons in the middle of our kitchen floor. An amazing time. Thanks again, everyone.

MAILING COMMENTS
Comments mostly by Scott on #61

KATHRYN BETH WILLIG

(SC) Thank you for sending the Harlan Ellison article "Xenogenesis." I have read it over a couple of times. Jeanne and I have discussed it at some length. I guess this is the comment I've been promising you. On the whole I would say that I was not impressed by the article and have not fundamentally changed the opinion I expressed that inspired such a strong reaction from you. After reading the article, I was inclined to write off Ellison as a famous loon in a snit. But I know he is a very good writer of fiction (I have not always been very impressed with his windy columns in *F & SF* either) and Jeanne has reassured me that he can be a warm and generous person with strong progressive convictions as well. She knows this about him from first hand experience, talking with him and seeing him in action at conventions. So, I've come to the conclusion that he is basically a good person and gifted artist who tends to let his anger occasionally get the better of him.

Most of what I could say beyond that would be largely a repeat of comments already made. The abuse he described was awful (especially in light of the recent Stephen King affair where a nut broke into King's house and terrorized his wife with a bomb) but for the most part it goes along with the territory of being famous. Most fans deplore this stuff, and would do something about it if they could, but they can't. So why should they be made to feel guilty about it? Some of the stuff is silly such as his metaphor that pros are "parents" and fans are "children." If I were a fan (which, Jeanne and Steve S. take note, *I Am Not*) I would be offended at that. Some of the material is weird, such as the part where Ellison seems to be confessing to

a couple of felonies, namely, falsely representing himself as a police officer and making harassing phone calls. Some is just poorly reasoned. For instance, he doesn't convince me that the vandalism done to his front door had to have been done by a fan. Etc. Etc. It's too bad that ugly things happen to famous people. Ugly things happen to ordinary people too, but they can't whine about it in a 35 page article in a major magazine.

(JG) I took the article a bit more seriously than Scott did. As he mentioned, I have had some enjoyable and positive interactions with Harlan. Also, the fact that I have firmly identified myself as a fan for such a long time made the article a painful reading experience. I agree with Scott, though, that it was a rather heavy-handed and unkind thing to talk about at an occasion at which he was being publicly honored by fans. Furthermore, his identification of people as fans, as if that label comprises their life in totality, is more than a bit offensive. However, the sheer number of incidents that he collected for this piece really stunned me. And my thoughts connected with another thing I'd been mulling since worldcon.

For months, I'd been promising Scott that he would be sure to see lots and lots of SF writers at this, the first North American worldcon he'd ever attended. But there weren't really many authors attending Chicon at all. And I realized that I'd been remembering the first worldcons that I attended in the mid-70s, when it seemed that any author that failed to show up, felt they had to have an excuse to explain their absence. That's changed a lot, and I hadn't even realized it; the change was such a gradual one. And I think, now, that SF authors' changing perceptions of fans probably explains a great deal of that change. As the cons have gotten larger, and have attracted an audience that—because of their size—matches the make-up of the population at large, including the scum element, cons have become less and less enjoyable for pros. They must more or less expect a nasty episode during their attendance, and some have decided it's just not worth it anymore. I mourn the loss of the camaraderie I used to feel at conventions when pros showed up at all the parties, and greeted many of us fanzine publishers and writers/artists as colleagues. I felt rather awful to remember times when I've called authors to invite them to be a WisCon guest of honor, and imagine that perhaps their first reaction might have been dread and hesitation.

BILL HUMPHRIES

(SC) I enjoyed your Wedding in Texas piece. Your ability to capture people in brief sketches is quite engaging and I like your straightforward honesty when depicting your own actions and feelings. Thanks also for the EFF update. Vital stuff that should be of special concern to all of us who use electronic media, if only as a hobby. I applaud your comments to Ross and Vijay.

KAREN BABICH

(SC) I am interested in reading more about how your parent's divorce settlement was finally resolved. Divorce is kind of like a car accident. They are both so common that the degree of devastation and hardship they can cause is often overlooked unless it happens to you or someone close to you. My sister's messy divorce had a big impact on me. I was amazed



at how unfair and cruel the system can be. I hope everything works out for the best, especially for your mother and you.

PAT HARIO

(SC) YCT Arbuthnott & Wheatley. Idiots Out Walking Around? You couldn't resist? Well, to quote Bugs Bunny, "Of course you realize, this means war."

JULIE SHIVERS

(SC) Wow! What a page count. This must be close to a record. Congratulations. Hope to see more zines like this. I'll have more comments for you related to current events from issue #62. I'm looking forward to reading your response to Bill H.'s intriguing comment to Lynne Ann Morse in issue #61.

KATHI NASH

(SC) Great zine. What I like best about your style is that your personality comes through strongly. I can hear your voice very clearly when I read your stuff. I was particularly amused by the gambling story. It sort of mirrors my first and only trip to a dog track with my "savvy" older brother. He lost money and I came away up about \$50.00. I had never been to any type of gambling race track before. I rubbed it in by buying him dinner instead of making him go home hungry since he was broke. I'm pleased that you liked the Hotel Chequamegon. I believe it is one of Wisconsin's best kept secrets.

ROSS PAVLAC

(SC) I truly enjoyed seeing you at Worldcon. You were quite a hit at our party. There was, of course, your dramatic victory in the No Hands and Feet Allowed Balloon Bursting Competition over Saber-Toothed Pat Hario (I've got pictures Pat, remember what I said above about war?) If it hadn't been 4 am, I could have listened to hours of your convention-intrigue stories. In case no one has had a chance to say it to you yet, I want to also congratulate you on your performance at the Hugos. It was one of the few high points of the show for me.

I look forward to dealing with the Clarence Thomas issue in more detail at a later time.

COMMENTS FOR #62

(SC) I don't have enough space to dole out the respective praise and hellfire so many of you earned last month. Too many of you were interesting. I have to settle for passing out a few kind words (or an occasional glancing blow) this time and try to be more substantial next time. Enjoyed seeing so many of you at Worldcon and at Jeanne's Birthday/SF³ party.

PAT HARIO

(SC) I liked *Earth* better than you did. It's a good example of the kind of SF that works for me. A good plot, reasonably well-drawn characters (or so I thought) and an intriguing view of the future. I was most sympathetic to your complaint about short chapters that lead the reader to a climax and then jerked away to a completely different scene. I like it for a change, but it would get tiresome if it became a very common style of writing novels.

I find myself wanting to cheer you up about your decision to buy a house. There is much to be said for buying right now. I'm sure you've heard it all before. It appears to be a fine choice of a house plus the fact that you are in an excellent position to take advantage of expert professional inspection and opinion of the property. What's to worry about? What's the worst that could happen? It's a big purchase, but you can sell it if you decide you don't want to deal with it (unlike kids, for instance). Cheer up.

(JG) Your review of *Earth* was great. Classifying the character types he used, as you did, proved to be a very effective way to evaluate his style of characterization. I know that I was uncomfortable with his female characters, but your evaluation made the problem quite clear.

PETE WINZ

(SC) Good to hear from you again. Although I tend to want to "catch up" when I miss issues, I would have thought that trying to catch up on over 6 months of back issues of comments to be a pretty tall order (silly, even). But you did a fine job. Interesting reading. Hope to see your stuff more regularly.

(JG) I'll put a copy of the last issue of *Aurora* in the mail for you.

Speaking of typos and the fact that looking for typos is one of the prime features of your job, this seems like a good place to publish the embarrassing confession you signed at Chicon. (Everyone should know that this happened in the middle of the day, and that no blackmail or controlled substances—that I was aware of—were involved.)

Jeanne Gamoll corrected
my spelling. I am so
ashamed!
Pete Winz

I'm sorry I offended you by my enthusiasm for Kim's zine which appeared an apa issue that included your 20-page zine. (At least, I assume that explains my exclamation to Kim within a comment to you.) I must protest the idea that anyone should meter their enthusiasm based upon the length of an apazine's contribution. But that's not the point you're trying to make, I'm sure. You were frustrated by the fact that the response you got was not proportional to the huge amount of effort you put into it. I'm familiar with that feeling. It's one reason why I was in favor of Scott and I keeping the usual length of our zine down to a 4-6 page count. I've belonged to other apazines in the past in which the main problem for me was frequent frustration of this sort. One gets burnt out fast that way. I am sincerely sorry I contributed to your frustration.

Related to this is the fact that I have been truly impressed by Kim's work in this apa. Part of my enthusiasm comes from the rather surprising contrast between the Kim I know here in the apa and the Kim I didn't know

in Madison. Obviously, I failed to put enough effort into getting to know both of you while you lived in Madison, and I'm glad to have the apa to make up for that a little (and I really am enjoying the process), but the impression I had of Kim-in-Madison is so very different from the Kim-in-the-apa, that I wonder if I'd ever have made the effort without having first read her writing. You and she seem to have such different public personas, that she seemed perpetually in your shadow. So I guess that's why I am now so enthusiastic about getting to know her now. There's still such an element of surprise involved.

Sorry for letting my obsessive Macintosh proselytizing side show. I'll try to tone it down.

KATHY NASH

(SC) Very entertaining "Heart Attack" article. Can't imagine a need for concern. Kim leads such a stress-free lifestyle. Divorce, remarriage, two kids, managerial job, WisCon chair and Apa OE. What stress? That last item has been particularly low stress lately I've heard.

KATHRYN BETH WILLIG

(JG) I've never heard of a lease/mortgage regulations like the ones you describe in your coop. They sound totally illegal. I hope your senator helps you and your co-tenants out. I'd be looking for a lawyer if I were you.

I do believe that you must be the first person ever to point out to **Bill Hoffman** that he may have unknowingly made a lewd statement.

You made an excellent point to **Kathi Nash** about the binding machine she proposed the apa buy. Indeed, we have already been assessed for *another* binding machine, the heavy-duty stapler.

STEVE JOHNSON

(SC) I was a little concerned about your speculation that objective science could be looked at as a type of religion. I will acknowledge the points you made, but say here that it sounds to me too much like the Christian fundamentalist yahoos who are always harping on the "religion" of "secular humanism." It sort of strikes me as a last-gasp strategy in the face of firm scientific opposition to just define all science as a type of religion and denounce the whole thing. I may be brainwashed, but I prefer to see science as something other than a religion.

I was much more sympathetic to your proposal that government, the media and the public are predisposed against any investigation of UFO or related phenomena. I could easily see all of them rejecting discussion as ridiculous without looking at the evidence. It would be hard to overcome that prejudice.

Sorry to hear about your friend and co-worker, Susan Hetchler.

(JG) Your comment that the experience of some writers, who feel that their characters become independent, is similar to channeling experience, leads me to an entirely different theory than it leads you. You, Steve, want to consider whether or not creative people (writers, painters, musicians) might not be communicating with some other form of consciousness. I tend to speculate in a different direction. My use of the phrase "the art of

channeling" no doubt gives me away. I tend to wonder if channelers are not using their own personal creativity to imagine and breathe reality into a different way of seeing reality. I see channeling as a purely creative process which the "channeller" interprets as coming from an outside source—perhaps because the person needs to understand it as coming from someplace other than their own head.

I tend to feel that there's nothing intrinsically dangerous or difficult about what you have been saying through "Orion," but feel that if you feel more comfortable speaking with the distance afforded by third person perspective, that's OK. But the fact is that most of us are reading your messages from "Orion" as being messages from Steve, and mentally converting the third person case to first person.

MARK RICHARDS

(SC) Thanks for the comments. Great to hear from you again, especially since we seem to agree on so much. The one thing I must point out at this time is my congratulations on your unabashedly political writing. Several apa writers lately have complained about political writing, but I think it's great and I'm looking forward to reading (and writing) more in this vein.

BILL DYER

(SC) I may be a bit warped, or else I've been banging on this machine too long today, but I had to chuckle when I connected the news that you were being selected to be on the union negotiating team with YCT **Steve Swartz**, "*I'd have to admit that I would fight, kill and die for people and principles I truly believe in.*" I wonder if management knows what they might be getting into with you on the team!

JULIE SHIVERS

(SC) You had a very smooth move. I was glad to help and I'm willing to help again, especially if you don't acquire any more stuff than you had this time. I'm looking forward to more chapters of the Cohabitation Thing.

STEVE SWARTZ

(SC) Way too much to deal with here in the time and space I have this month. Instead of blowing this off with a few wisecracks, I'm going to ask you to be patient until I can do this conversation justice. Sorry to make you wait.

Having just returned from a Brat und Brau meeting, as noted below, it sounds as though you intend to press ahead with a first strike in a Apa Cover War. Just so you know, I've retained a Nuclear Graphics Specialist to spearhead Massive Retaliation.

(JG) A few days ago, Scott and I were kicking around a few ideas about what we could do in response to your cover, if you decided to make good on the threats you made at Chicon. We came up with a fun idea and started laughing hysterically, until I actually began to hope that you *would* do what you had threatened to do, just so we could respond. Well, from all the hints you dropped to **Hooper** and to **Humphries** (on a computer bulletin board?), I guess I'm going to get my wish. Scott's bribing me with a free dinner out if I help him, so how can I refuse?



It was really great to see you at Chicon. The conversations were wonderful, and make me really sad that we didn't manage to convince you and Elk to move to Madison. Ah well.

Well, you haven't convinced me to accept this "post-feminism" term. Not yet anyway. The context it's used in over and over again, is that the original feminism was wrong-headed, flimsy, non-existent, or boring to begin with, and that now, thank heavens, it's *over*. Buying into that term means a lot of fighting with a phrase that has a heavy load of meaning already.

Thanks for the great comments last month. But how embarrassing that the same month you tell us that our zines hit your ideal every time, we publish minac...

ROBERT HAIGHT

(SC) Hello, welcome. Disturbing, but riveting, story. Not sure where to go from here. I think I'll wait and see what's next.

JERRY KAUFMAN

(SC) I haven't yet seen the Clute article. If I do, I'll respond to your criticism.

(JG) I remember that nude beach in Vancouver. It wasn't advertised by the concom the year I attended Westercon, but some of us found it nonetheless. I remember enjoying the swim. (I felt that I couldn't visit the coast without having gone swimming in the ocean at least once, no matter how cold.) It reminded me of my old high school locker room experience, that by pretending to be unconcerned about being nude in front of others, they and then I believed it. And then I got to enjoy the uncommon sensations of wind and water on unclothed skin. Rather nice, I recall.

ANDY HOOPER

(SC) I'm the Frank Capra of Turbo? Well, thanks. You may not be getting the volume of feedback on your Madison history that you deserve, but I think it is being widely read. I have not only seen many supportive comments here in these pages, I have talked with many apa-hackers about it. Everyone I've talked to has been enthusiastic.

I find myself looking forward to your monthly installment much like an unusually good TV series. I can see that *Turbo* will lose something I've grown fond of once it's finished. Of all the installments so far, I liked Part Five the best because I've never seen anything quite like it. It is amusing going through the newspaper with you, because you don't have an academician's eye for discarding what is interesting just because it may be trivial. What would Isaac Hopkins need with 50,000 tons of rags? I wonder if anyone will ever bother to find out?

(JG) And I want to know more about the women's sprees into the country without gentlemen. Great stuff. I too like the effect of research based on dipping into the newspapers of the time.

But still back on our now long-standing argument on the advisability of judging people in the process of writing their history, I'd like to add one more comment. I'm beginning to think that this word "judgement" is another one of those loaded words (like "failure," which Diane

Martin has written about). It seems to me that you see the effect of any judgement to be solely upon the person or events judged. Using that definition, judgement of past events is indeed futile. But what I have been arguing is, I think, based upon a different definition of the word. I believe that when one makes a judgement about another person or about an event, the primary effect is upon one's own belief system and conduct, and potentially upon the beliefs and conduct of those who hear and respect one's judgement. Thus if I condemn Native American genocide of the 1800s, I don't do so in the hope that I might actually punish those responsible (or their reincarnated forms). I do so in order to clarify my own moral system, and to use history as an educational experience. Refusing to make judgements about a past event makes a judgement nevertheless, and I can't help but feel that it tends to do bad things for a moral system and has a definite educational effect.

KIM WINZ

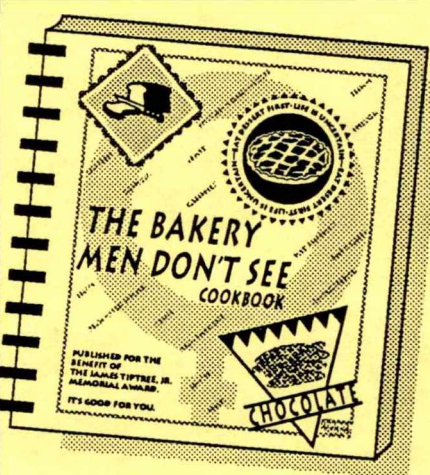
(SC) If you are not going to do anything until at least next year, why don't you take out a 6 month or 1 year subscription to the state employment bulletin and see for yourself what they are looking for, how much they pay, etc.? A year's worth of bulletins costs \$18.00 and it is currently coming out three times a month. If you seem interested next month, I will mail you the information.

BILL HOFFMAN

(JG) Hmm, I recently bought Tepper's *Beauty* through the SF Book Club, though I haven't read it yet. Your comment makes me nervous about it. I'll let you know what I think.

EVERYONE

(JG) I'm glad so many of you were able to squint through the Pollit article. We're sorry for having reproduced it at such a tiny point size, and promise not to print something at such a reduced size again.



FOR SALE

The Bakery Men Don't See is available from SF³ for \$10, plus \$1 postage (N. America); \$2 (other), per copy. The cookbooks sold very well at Chicon; in fact, we made back the entire cost of printing them before we picked up the rest of the books at the printer and paid the bill! SF³, BOX 1624, Madison, WI 53701-1624.