



Welcome to Union Street #45 (Obsessive Press [JG] #147 and Peerless Press [SC] #46), the zine with the transmogrifying masthead (this month revealing puns falling on the very streets). It comes to you from Jeanne Gomoll and Scott Custis, whose address is coincidentally 2825 Union Street, Madison, WI 53704-5136. Phone 608-246-8857. Union Street was created on a Macintosh Quadra 840AV, and hardcopy was printed on a Laserwriter IINTX printer. Text was created with Microsoft Word 5.0 and laid out with Aldus PageMaker 5.0. The Union Street Logo was designed with Adobe Illustrator 3.2 and Adobe Photoshop 2.0. All contents are copyrighted © by Scott Custis and Jeanne Gomoll, 1993. October 1993 for Turbo-Charged Party Animal APA #88. Members FWA; supporters of a single-payer health care system.

Official Business.

[JG] I vote against Tracy Shannon's motion to restrict limited reproductions of zines. Extensive reproduction of zines is already both a legal and ethical no-no. Any more than that assumes that we've got a secret apa, and I'd prefer not to legislate that issue here and now through the back door. If anyone wants *Turbo* to be a secret apa, they should propose it openly, define their terms, and we should vote on the motion. (For the record, I would vote against it.)

I am sort of amused that many of the people who objected to the copying of apazines still commented to the people (for example, to Julie Gomoll) who were illicitly reading those copied zines and franking their own comments into the apa.

[SC] I vote no on Tracy's motion. Obviously I don't feel it's a bad thing to copy the apa if it's done with discretion. I've explained much of this before. I would like to add here that such a prohibition would disallow some obviously harmless activity. For instance, I copied the apa for Jeanne when she was in Texas so we could do our usual joint-style zine. It might also be handy to just copy individual zines whenever a miscollation results in someone losing a page or a zine, without having to get the member's permission first. As OE, I also don't like the lack of an "or else" to this motion. So what do we do if/when we find out someone is breaking the rule? Exact a fine? Publish their crime in big letters on the cover? Boot them out? This motion is impractical and probably unenforceable.

Other Stuff.

[SC] Jeanne and I will be celebrating our 9th anniversary this month, so it was about time our parents got around to meeting each other. We've talked about trying to organize this for years. Jeanne's folks are pretty easy to work with since they're only an hour away in Milwaukee and are used to traveling. My Dad lives about 3½ hours away in Iowa. He doesn't like driving up here by himself and won't come up here in the winter time. I've been admittedly reluctant to organize this meeting because I've been nervous about how they would get along. Jeanne's Dad, Augie, has been mildly pressuring us to set this up however, so on Sunday, September 26 we finally got it together.

My Dad, my sister and my brother came up to Madison on Saturday and stayed overnight. The plan was to have brunch at our house around 10 Sunday morning with Jeanne's parents. Everyone would head home in the afternoon. Jeanne had lots of good food planned, we'd rented a table big enough to handle everyone and the house was cleaner than it'd been in months. Still, I was nervous. I barely slept Saturday night. I got up in the morning and made a pot of 95 octane coffee and drank half of it. I was buzzing around the house unable to sit down. When the big moment came, it all went relatively smoothly. My Dad and her Dad became locked in a conversation that was almost non-stop. Both of them are gregarious salesmen who can strike up a conversation practically anywhere. Facing each other across the table they dominated the discussion so completely that the rest of us were relegated to passing the food and acting as witnesses.

It struck me as odd that the conversation never turned to Jeanne's and my relationship, which was, after all, the whole reason this brunch was taking place. We pretty much functioned as attentive hosts for a meeting between our fathers. Jeanne's mom made a game attempt at staying in the conver-



sation, but it wasn't easy. My brother and sister were clearly enjoying the food and were quite happy to be ignored. My sister has been divorced twice and both of her daughters had children out of wedlock. Not a situation Jeanne's mother would have approved of, being a devout Catholic. My brother was along for the trip because he had the time. He was unemployed because he'd been fired from his job for drunk driving. He's back on the wagon and there is every likelihood he will get his job back, but it would have been an awkward topic of conversation that morning. I was briefly concerned that attention might turn their way, but I had nothing to fear.

Our Dads talked about everything and nothing. The weather, fishing, football, ham radio (my Dad's hobby) and traveling. Rush Limbaugh came up once. Both the Dads are big fans of his. Jeanne and I quickly passed more food around and the subject got buried in extra eggs and Brittany Buns (how appropriate.) My Dad railed against young women drivers, apparently forgetting that my sister had driven the three of them up here because Jon had lost his driver's license and hardly anyone will ride with my Dad around the block.

After brunch, we retired to the living room to watch the Packer game for awhile. The Dads continued to focus on each other and the game. Jeanne noticed her mother sitting alone and looking a little lonely in the dining room so she joined her. Pretty soon I wandered over there. Shortly my brother and sister joined us, too. The Dads were oblivious. It all broke up about 2:30. As they all drove away, I had to admit that all my worrying was wasted. Jeanne pointed out that we'd met our obligation and there was no hurry to get them together again. "Amen," I said as I drained my second beer in fifteen minutes and went upstairs for a nap.

SF³ STUFF

[JG] Masochistic members of SF³ sequestered themselves for three hours during a beautiful Fall afternoon in order to consider the business of the SF³ annual meeting, on Sunday, October 10. Attending members and proxies elected the following officers:

President Jeanne Gomoll
 Vice President Tracy Shannon
 Treasurer Sandy Taylor
 Vice Treasurer Matt Raw
 Recording Secretary Richard Russell
 Corresponding Secretary Pat Hario

Several Bylaw amendments were passed and as a result, officers will now enjoy/endure 3 year terms. Each year, elections will be held for two offices. Several technical amendments were passed to accommodate this new procedure within the bylaws. Also, the membership categories were simplified, and the renewal policy clarified. Copies of the revised bylaws are available to anyone interested, just as soon as Dick Russell finishes updating them.

JAE LESLIE ADAMS

[JG] I'm glad you had a good time at Reinconation, but very sorry that I contributed to an uncomfortable moment. Sunday morning, as Steve Swartz and I drove across the state on our way to Door county, Steve suggested that our exit from Debbie Notkin's party the previous night may have angered the Madison fans who walked in as we left. That possibility hadn't

occurred to me at the time. Ah well. First of all, we weren't leaving because you were joining the party. Not even because Julie was entering the party. Steve's and my "abrupt" exit was entirely due to things happening (or not happening) in the party before you arrived. I didn't even see you guys until I was half-way across the room, after I had said my good-byes and thanks to Debbie. But I'm sorry that I didn't perceive how uncomfortable you might have felt about entering a room party from which the only people you knew were leaving. I should have stayed around for at least a few moments to introduce you a bit. I'm sorry.

Here's a con report for you, from my perspective....

I get the feeling that I frequently offend Madison fans by seeming to snub them at cons while I hang out with longtime friends that I see only at infrequent cons. But the primary reason I go to cons in the first place is to see friends from far away or to meet people I've only known on paper. I've been active in fandom since 1973. I've made a lot of friends in that time. I see little reason in paying for plane tickets (or gasoline) and hotel accommodations in order to spend most of my time schmoozing with people I can see regularly in my own home town. And in fact, the only reason I planned such a silly, madly-scheduled trip to Reinconation (arriving late Friday night, leaving at dawn on Sunday), was to see Debbie Notkin. She's a good friend of mine, yet we see one another rarely, maybe once every couple of years. We keep in touch through mutual friends, and infrequent letters, but mostly advance our friendship through incredibly wonderful, intimate conversations when we see one another at cons. Debbie is one of the most perceptive, caring people I know and I'm willing to detour far out of my way for one of those conversations.

It felt marvelous to be home with Scott again after a month away in Austin, but—even though Scott couldn't go to Minneapolis—I was determined to attend Reinconation in order to see Debbie. It was really inconvenient to plan a convention trip on the same weekend we were supposed to start our vacation up in Door County, but it was worth it...to see Debbie. I really could have used the weekend at home to catch up on a few things, since two weeks later, Scott and I would be leaving town *again* for San Francisco...but I wanted to see Deb. At that time, I was in the midst of two jobs for Ellen Franklin, one of which would need to be printed before I left for worldcon. In fact, the only time available for Ellen and I to meet and discuss the jobs (when both of us were located in the same city) turned out to be Saturday morning at Reinconation. So, unfortunately, I missed Michael Shannon's mimosa brunch while Ellen and I madly sketched, proofread and scheduled over breakfast. Do you see what I'm getting at? There is no way that I would have gone up to Minneapolis for Reinconation *except* for the fact that Debbie Notkin was one of the GoHs. And so it would have been pretty silly for me to focus upon spending time with Madison fans during the one day I spent at the con.

Debbie and I managed to find the time for several private talks on Saturday, and several more public ones late Friday and Saturday nights. We went out to dinner Saturday night with a small group of folks. I'm very glad I went to Reinconation. It was a good con for me because I accomplished what I wanted to do there. Coincidentally, I ended up spending a lot of time with Steve Swartz too, because in the course of his travels to the west coast this past year, he has become very close to Deb, and so he was also trying to spend time with her.

You say you are now questioning the value of developing friendships through conventions. I've long since stopped questioning that. It has become the core virtue of cons for me. But lately, during the past few years, I've spent more time dealing with another, different problem connected to convention socializing. A few years ago, I realized that I sometimes spoiled my own enjoyment of a con because—rather than enjoying the moment with whomever I was speaking—I would scan the crowd behind them for other friends I feared I would miss. There always seems to be more people than time to spend with them, but rather than memories of a con filled with wonderful conversations, I would take home recollections of a con futility spent searching for them. So, I resolved to immerse myself in and to enjoy the people I encountered and not to worry about missing others. And I've tried to plan extended conversations over meals or walks with certain friends. I've been enjoying cons a lot more since I took action on those resolutions.

Saturday morning, after my breakfast with Ellen, I wandered down to the programming room in order to register and pick up my name badge. Joan Vinge and Jim Frenkle happened to be standing near-by and we began talking. Their program was about to begin, but only a few people had arrived in the room, and Joan expressed a bit of anxiety about the lack of an audience. "You'll come in, won't you Jeanne?" she asked me. "What's the panel?" I asked. Jim told me it was called "Fandom: The Next Generation."

Well it was still early, you know, and though I may not be as cranky as Pat in the morning, it sometimes takes a while before I rub the stupidity out of my brain. "Fandom: the Next Generation," I thought. Hmmm, a *Star Trek* panel? Poor Joan! And, deciding that this was the time to lend moral support, I said yes, of course I'd watch their panel and walked in with them. Then, lots of people started dragging chairs into a circle (an arrangement which is difficult to exit unobtrusively) and I started noticing quite a few babies in the arms of the fans sitting in the circle. You may have wondered why I was attending a panel about fans and their kids, or maybe you weren't.... But you and I sat next to one another, and having committed the hour to the panel, I sat back and listened and enjoyed myself. At times I felt a bit like a spy—especially when the conversation got around to those exasperating folks at WisCon who don't provide adequate child care programs. And I found myself wondering why you weren't speaking out on the topic. I think I finally broke down and asked you why you weren't joining in on the discussion. It was an interesting hour and while I was there I spent no time wondering if there were "better" conversations going on in the hallway outside the panel; I focused on the people I was with.

I spent a pleasant day engaged in various conversations—on panels and couches. Saturday night, after dinner, I drove Debbie to a grocery store to gather treats for her party, and then spent most of the evening at her party. As it got more crowded, and filled with people I didn't know at all, the conversation turned to silliness—very far from the intense stuff I most like to share with Deb. I remember at one point a long, long discussion among the partiers about the fact that an elephant doesn't actually eat through its nose but merely uses its nose as a vacuum tube to transport the food up to its mouth. My brain began to experience difficulty concentrating, probably because I'd gotten so little sleep during the week before.

My week at work had been exhausting; I had been greeted by a mountainous backlog upon returning from Austin,

and I had worked late every night. So I crumbled fast; my eyelids felt like iron weights, and I couldn't for the life of me think of a way to grab the conversation and steer it into a more interesting topic. (I even tried to remember an elephant joke and failed.) In fact, I may have dozed for a few moments while people exchanged elephant lore. So, finally, I shook myself, and apologized to Deb. I'm going to have to give up, I told her. We had, after all, had some wonderful discussions, and furthermore, Steve and I would have to get up a mere 5 hours later to drive across Wisconsin and meet Scott and Elk at the Washington Island Ferry. Steve jumped up too, taking the opportunity to escape. He wasn't quite ready to sleep, however, and apparently talked with one of the other Madison fans later, and figured out that we'd offended you. Oblivious to all that, I said good-bye and began to fantasize about sleep. It was a wonderful moment. And then I looked up and saw you **Jae**, along with **Michael, Pat, Bill, and Julie** coming into the room. I think I smiled and said hello to ... someone ... I don't remember. I could think of nothing but sleep.

And so, when Steve told me that a group of Madison fans had been offended when we supposedly "snubbed" them at Reinconation, I hoped that most of that interpretation could be discarded as a "Stevish exaggeration." I guess I was wrong. I don't choose to hang out with people based on whether or not they are "Big Name Fans." And I get really irritated when people suppose that's what motivates me. But I am sorry you felt left out. If at the next convention you notice me in a conversation you'd like to join, ask me to introduce you. And I will.

[SC] You write that you haven't seen or heard from David Adams in twenty years. It's sad to have lost someone so close, but wouldn't you say that if you were to meet up with him again somewhere someday, the "tie" of family and history would still exist as a connection? I lead you to believe that I meant that family members always have some type of obligation to one another. I agree with you that they don't anymore. But the past is permanent. No loss of contact or stretch of time can erase what came before. When I say family members have a permanent "tie" to one another, I mean that they always have something in common no matter how tenuous the connection or how little it matters in their present life. A tie of family between two people may have no more meaning for them than matching eye color might have between two strangers, but that doesn't mean it doesn't exist.

You can tell Matthew that he is becoming quite a popular character in the apa. Last month we found out he was sensitive and perceptive. This month we find he is funny and a feminist. He's setting a pretty tough standard for the rest of us.

I enjoyed your Reinconation report. Your frank observations were fun to read, especially since I wasn't there and didn't get skewered in them.

"But it takes me a long time to get familiar enough with people...so long that I don't know if there's much point in pursuing friendships through conventions." You have a good point here, but that is part of the fanwriting thing. You meet people and maintain contact through apas and zines and search those folks out at conventions. I suspect at Corflu you were able to get to know other apa members you hadn't actually met quicker than complete strangers. People who've been in fandom a long time, like Jeanne, use conventions to seek out people they know through fanzines because it's the only time to socialize with them face-to-face.



KAREN BABICH

[SC] I will try to keep in mind your suggestion to start up Tracy's table of page counts again. I never saw the point of keeping track of how many pages individuals pubbed in a year (which was done for a while and resulted in some rather odd competition for the highest year-end total page count), but seeing how much people are doing for the most recent couple issues might be reasonable. I'll see what I can do.

VIJAY BOWEN

[JG] Interesting comment about the phrase "Get a Life." I understand how it might irritate you, especially if you've been on the receiving end. Every time I hear it though, I see someone pushing a shopping cart down the aisles of a discount store, looking for the "life" section. Or I think of the holiday party at which Dick Russell cooked up a batch of party mix (with various kinds of Chex™ cereals). Dick mistakenly added a box of Life™, discovered that this cereal didn't taste very good with the rest of the mixture, and then spent a good hour or so picking the Life out of the party mix.

I agree with you about disliking the idea that in an ideal world (or community) everyone would help with child care. Good education and health care for kids will always rank high on my priorities and I am willing to pay taxes to support those things. But I do not wish to live with children, and do not imagine an ideal community—for myself—that involves sharing responsibility for raising children. And I get a little nervous when I hear people talking about such a world, because who are these people who don't have kids that are to be recruited to share child-caring duties, but (primarily) people who have chosen not to have children of their own? It's mostly a mistake, I think, to assume that the absence of children in anyone's home is perceived as an accident or a loss.

Also, privacy is a really important thing to me. I do not share at all, for instance, **Jaе Adams'** and **Ellen Franklin's** enthusiasm for group housing (even if it were all-adult housing).

[SC] If the changes I'm making in the apa look familiar to you, it's because I've taken your suggestions very seriously. We seem to see eye-to-eye on a wide range of apa management issues. Wait till you see what I've got up my sleeve for next month.

Thanks for the help with information about **Kathryn Beth**. I know you were having a difficult time with stuff just then and I hated to call you about this, but I felt I had to publish as much information as I could gather by the deadline. You are one of only a couple apa members to have met her and you certainly knew her better than anyone else here. I appreciate your comments about the wake and your acquaintanceship with Kathryn. She was a somewhat puzzling figure to some of us who never met her. It's a shame to have lost a contributor to death at an early age.

Congratulations again on the publication of your first story.

BILL DYER

[SC] Welcome back. Taking over as OE has nothing to do with fannishness. I'm simply indulging an occasional lust for power and control. Better this than running for WisCon chair, I figure.

At the risk of boring the hell out of the rest of the apa, I'd like to see you write a bit about your workout sometime. How long, how often, what exercises, how long you've been at it, etc. If anyone could make the subject interesting, you could and besides, we have a gym located just down the street and I'm sort of interested in checking it out. Any advice?

ELLEN FRANKLIN

[JG] I hope you will write more about Liz Karlin's situation. I haven't heard anything in the last couple weeks about more disturbances and hope that means that things have quieted down.

Your comment about "long, fuggheaded meetings" got me thinking about my own feelings about meetings. Mostly, I tend to avoid them, because it seems that they attract people who enjoy meetings for the sake of the sort of interactions that meetings promote. There always seem to be a few people who talk for the sake of talking to a captive audience. There always seem to be people who have all sorts of suggestions for what other people should do, but do no work outside the meetings themselves.

Meetings work for me when the participants prepare for them by doing as much work as they can outside the meeting, and use the gathering to make decisions that can only be made by the group as a whole. I like work meetings even better, when more than decision-making is accomplished. I still recall with great fondness the *Janus* meetings that Georgie Schnobrich and I used to have, in which we would lay out the fanzine, sometimes only exchanging one or two sentences throughout a whole evening. I guess I like to have something tangible to show for my work, and I frequently feel frustrated for tangible evidence of work done at the end of most meetings.

The Corflu meetings were fairly satisfying. None of the concom were meetings-for-the-sake-of-meetings people; for the most part, we all prepared well for meetings, and decision-making was a fairly streamlined process.

Well, I hope the Madison production of *Sunday in the Park with George* turns out to be one of the good productions. I'm really looking forward to seeing it.

[SC] I was most impressed with your Historical Introspection piece. You struggled against some pretty cruel treatment to reach for your goal. I don't understand the logic behind abusing students at BU because "it's a tough world out there." Should we routinely abuse all high school students so they get used to abuse in the workplace? It's great that you have found the strength to explore singing and performing again.

Congratulations again on *Rep Replays*. I had a wonderful time.

CATHY GILLIGAN

[JG] *Funny* zine, Cathy! You must have been in a great mood when you wrote your last issue. Congratulations and best wishes to both you and Greg. Sorry we couldn't make it to your wedding. We would have certainly attended if we hadn't already arranged that weekend for my parents to finally meet Scott's dad—for the first time in the ten years that Scott and I have known one another. That meeting went fairly well: our two fathers engaged in competitive conversation in the living room while the rest of us—my mom, Scott, together with his brother and sister talked in the dining room. Everyone seemed to have a pretty good time, and Scott and I heaved a big sigh of relief when they all left.

[SC] Congratulations on the wedding. Sorry we could not make it after all. We managed to get some wedding cake at Brat und Brau at least.

I thought your zine had a rather wild and crazy tone this month, particularly the Real Wedding Invitation. I liked it.

What did you decide to name the dogs?

PAT HARIO

[JG] *Much Ado about Nothing* was delightful, although I agree with you (and Bill Dyer) that Michael Keaton made a very disappointing Dogberry. Ironically, one might have expected that we Americans would have found more difficulty understanding the British actors than the American actors, but instead, the American actors—who played the local police—provided the least understandable enunciation, especially Keaton. Weirdly, Keaton—who usually seems to possess perfect comic pitch/timing—fell completely flat in *Much Ado*. I wonder if he let himself get intimidated by the idea of Shakespeare and felt the role required an entirely different kind of acting/humor...

The opening scene thrilled me. Ten minutes of wild singing, gorgeous landscapes, horse riding, undressing, bathing and dressing ... all interpreting (I suppose) Shakespeare's minimal stage instruction that "characters enter...." We left the theater smiling broadly and I thought, "what a wonderful antidote to *Taming of the Shrew*," which Scott and I had seen at American Players Theater earlier in the summer. Though Hero's father and lover treat her shabbily, the women in *Much Ado* at least remain true to themselves, in comparison to the brain-washed Kate who erases herself entirely in the last scene of *Shrew*.

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I keep thinking about the experience that you and Kim Winz recall, of hiding your intelligence. It's something that I didn't do at all when I was a high schooler, maybe because my brother was so brilliant, and my sibs and I were so competitive. Maybe because I'm older than you and Kim and the "fashion" of hiding ones smarts hadn't hit my high school yet. Or maybe because I was socially inept (and I very definitely was socially inept in those days) and didn't learn the proper behavior for young women.

A girl named Sherri and I hung out together a lot during my freshman year of high school and I destroyed our friendship because of a serious case of social ineptness and an overactive ego. Sherri frequently admired my artwork and would often compliment me by putting herself down. You know, like this: "You're such a good artist, Jeanne! I could never draw a person like that. My people look like trees, and my trees look like sticks." ...and on and on. She was really very creative and amusing in the ways she could deride her own abilities. I would laugh and laugh, and lap up the praise, and then would make suggestions for even more amusing put-downs ... of *her* skills. "Yeah," I would laugh, "you can't even draw a straight line with a ruler!" Well, it didn't take too much of that before my friend burst into tears one day and told me she hated me. I stood there as she ran down the hallway, shell-shocked and amazed, suddenly understanding that the proper response to her comments would have been to share doubts of my own shortcomings, or that, at the very least, I should have disagreed with her about her self-doubts. Instead, I had endorsed her opinions both about my skills and the lack of her own. Well, that taught

me a well-deserved lesson about the evils of bragging, but also prompted me to resolve never to praise others by putting myself down. And you know, that kind of behavior is fairly common, and not only among high school students. I hear a lot of women (mostly) doing it, and unfortunately, its probably reinforcing. Women learn that if they put themselves down, they will elicit praise from others who seek to talk them out of their bad opinions of themselves. Unfortunately, it also means that people who use this technique need to continually tell themselves and others how untalented, dumb, clumsy, desperate, ugly, or incompetent they are. That takes a terrible toll on one's self-esteem.

[SC] So you've decided to cave in on the puns? I see that Tracy has been a worse influence on you than I expected. You can count on me to stand tough against them should you ever decide to change your mind.

Re the Hero plot line in *Much Ado About Nothing*, did you see the interview in *Isthmus* with APT actor Stephen Hemming? He was talking at one point about their production of *Taming of the Shrew*. They did a very faithful version of it which, of course, is pretty anti-feminist. He said it was important to present Shakespeare as it was written. The audience should appreciate the play in the context of the period it was written in and resist the urge to change it to satisfy current values. In other words, he opposed revisionist versions of Shakespeare. I can see that argument, but I also think his work can stand up to some updating occasionally. That could have been done in the film *Much Ado*... without serious harm I think. They were doing fairly extensive editing to fit into 2 hours as it was, why not adjust the alter scene where she gets slapped so it's not so harsh, for example?

Interesting comment to Jae.

LYNNE ANN MORSE

[JG] This comment is a response to your discussion about how estimations of personal power so often get bound up with income in our society.... (You asked me if I recognized the "game" of feeling guilty that one isn't bringing in 50% of the household income.) Actually, I partially accept that definition of power. In the case of a two-person household, as Scott and I make (without children who depend upon parents taking on non-income making responsibilities), it's very important to me that I make a substantial contribution to our joint income. I don't particularly care whether the split is even, but I do care very much that I make enough money that I could, if necessary, support myself without a partner.

Interesting comments on how fandom sometimes approximate the ideal of spiritual communities better than religious communities. Maybe they read more SF than we do, wouldn't that be an appropriate exchange?

You pointed out that none of us had responded to Kathi's reflections about how society reacts to adult non-parents. Once or twice, I used to have nightmares about rabid anti-abortionists forcing me into a hospital to have my tubal ligation reversed because they were angry that healthy, white women were reducing the pool of available white babies for adoption.

What a strange essay by Edwina Gateley you reprinted! I kept wanting to ask her to define the phrase "good Catholic girl." She doesn't seem to know either what she means by it or what her church thinks it means. I kept wishing she'd say "This is what I mean, this is what I am."



[SC] I hope you didn't take offense last month at my musings on the drawbacks of foreign contributors. That wasn't directed at you. You're one of our most valued contributors and so well connected with the conversation that I often don't think of you as being so far away from us.

Re Edwina Gateley piece. It's not at all clear to me after reading this what she means when she writes that she is both a "good Catholic woman" and a feminist. They still strike me as mutually exclusive. Concern for the downtrodden, abused or outcast is still not the same as standing up for true equality for women across the spectrum of rights. The Catholic Church seeks to subordinate women in a lot more ways than just rejecting prostitutes.

KIM NASH

[SC] Kim, for as long as I've known you, you've been dissatisfied with your work. Do you suppose that the State simply can't offer you what you really want to do and you need to make a more fundamental type of job change? It's hard to face leaving the security blanket of state employment, but it's also hard to look down the road at 20 more years of the same frustrations. Seems like you and I and some others are all facing this same kind of decision. In my case, I've found a niche where I can do what I want to do at work and suffer very little stress (normally.) But I'd really like to work a normal schedule, make more money and do something at least a bit more rewarding. And I'd like a side of fries and a beer with that, please.

Thanks for the comments on becoming OE. I can honestly say that I'm still enjoying a "honeymoon" period with the membership. It's lasting longer than Bill Clinton's. So far I've had only one unpleasant confrontation, one death, and the turnover of about a sixth of the membership. Not bad for the first month. At this rate, we ought to be completely out of business by Spring.

JIM NICHOLS

[JG] Did you hear that a week before Confrancisco, the streets around the Moscone Center were "swept" of street people. Apparently, those of us who attended worldcon saw only the hardy, street-smart survivors of that action.

I enjoyed your con report. It seems to have worked out pretty well for you that you volunteered to work at the con. You got to meet some interesting people and picked up a few good stories to tell at parties. I've probably bored a few people with my repeated telling of my "Jerry Pournelle gets drunk in the SFWA Suite lounge and insults himself story," but such stories are useful, nonetheless.

You proposed to **Hope** and **Ellen** that the new women's make-up style be "no make-up at all." That would be great; my make-up regimen would at last be fashionable. But I had to laugh at your suggestion anyway. Since the goal of make-up manufacturers is to make money, not to be sensible, or to encourage women to enjoy their natural appearance, the only way make-up companies would advertise such a radical new style would be if they could figure out a way to make a profit from the change. Amazingly, on Sunday, October 3, Hillary Clinton's no nonsense, understated fashion and no make-up "look" was trumpeted in the lifestyle section of *The Milwaukee Journal*. The headline read: "First lady has look of a self-made woman," and went on to gush, "She didn't look done up or dressed up [in a recent photograph published on the cover of the magazine,

Mirabella], the way first ladies used to look ... No hat, no gloves, no first-ladylike little suit for her. Instead, it's a jacket, slacks and a crew neck sweater—clothes so simple they barely register...her makeup looks minimal." The writer, Patricia McLaughlin went on to assure us that, "women want that [effortless look] as well now: to look nice, and to look as if they don't work at it. So makeup is getting less noticeable." Notice that last sentence: "Make is getting *less noticeable*." Makeup is not being abandoned; it's simply looking less obvious. Back in the early 70s I remember the advertising campaign for "the natural look," which involved buying a lot of products to make one's skin "look" natural, because, of course, most women's skin wasn't natural enough, or perhaps was the wrong kind of natural. I expect, we're now about to see a lot of advertising which will seek to convince us that we need the kind of make-up that makes us look accidentally gorgeous.

[SC] Excellent convention report. The only party we attended at Worldcon was the fan lounge which was hosted by a different sponsor each night. I noticed how cluttered peoples' name badges were becoming with party stickers. In some cases you couldn't see their names through all the stuff. Some of them were very impressive. Mine, of course, went untouched because we hadn't been anywhere else so by Saturday night I was boasting that I had a "virgin" name badge. **Bill Bodden** promptly swiped it from me and returned it a few minutes later encased in a condom. I had it coming I suppose. I'm looking forward to the next installment of your con report.

YCT **Julie G.** about *Turbo*. Your enthusiasm (and the quality of your zines) is something I wish we could capture and bottle. I have a shortlist of people I would love to send a dose (maybe a double-dose) to.

MICHAEL SHANNON

[SC] I enjoyed your convention report. Reinconation-sized conventions are starting to make a lot more sense to me than Worldcons. It'll be fun to go to Winnipeg next year, I believe, and Glasgow after that (if I can afford it), but I think I'd rather make Reinconation a higher priority after that.

TRACY SHANNON

[JG] Good for you! You probably won't be too surprised to learn that I loved reading your rant on skirts, nylons and uncomfortable shoes. We should form a lobbying group advocating more comfy shoes for women.

Tom Cruise as Lestat? Well it's a bizarre idea, but then I was stunned when I heard that he starred in *Born on the Fourth of July*, but was forced to admit that he is a remarkably good actor. Sometimes I think of Cruise as a male Marilyn Monroe: an underrated actor whose looks prejudice others against him. Most of the actors you listed as better choices for Lestat might look the part better than Crusie, but most of them (with the exception of Day-Lewis and Rutger Hauer) would, I think, turn in pretty disappointing performances.

[SC] What am I going to do with you and **Brooks** if you persist in this wretched pun-off? Maybe I'll have to collate your zines together with a cover sheet marked, "Enter at your own risk." Or maybe I should put you two together at the back of the apa, way back, behind the back cover. So you can be alone to explore your bizarre urges.

About your article about the US Open. I always figured tennis was right next to golf in the category of action and suspense in sports. I've managed to watch it for whole minutes at a time. Pat, and now you, are the only people I know who seem to like it even though you don't play it regularly. It must be the hypnotic effect of that ball bouncing back and forth that lulls you into a trance state. Anyway I should correct you about Pat. She doesn't have any bad habits, just a lot of "character."

laura spiess

[SC] Did you have any reason to suspect that your sister might be more tolerant than she turned out to be? Did she used to be more open-minded? It can be quite a culture shock out in the hinterlands away from Madison. It's really too bad that it had to come as a surprise to you and affect the rest of your trip.

KIM WINZ

[JG] We'll be looking forward to seeing you and Pete during the holidays. Do you think you'll be around for our New Year's Eve party? **Everyone:** Scott and I will be sending out invitations in late November or early December, but mark your calendars now! We'll be throwing our annual Union Street New Year's Eve party again. We lucked out again, and Scott was able to get the night off!

Regarding the discussion about matriarchies... Have you ever heard about Evelyn Reed's *Women's Evolution: From Matriarchal Clan to Patriarchal Family*? Reed points out that evolutionary anthropology (her field) is basically a speculative field. (In fact, I reviewed her book in *Janus* in 1976 as SF.) She makes the point that speculation by most prominent evolutionary anthropologists is based upon certain assumptions about human culture. She shows how an anthropologist who disputes the usual assumptions can use the very same data and arrive at very different theories of pre-historical human cultures.

Reed tells the story of the anthropologist (late 1800s) who reported an important ceremony of a primitive, Southeast Asian tribe. His informants would explain various bits of the ceremony as it progressed. The anthropologist remarked with some irritation that 90% of the information he was given involved the role of women in the ceremony. In fact, he finally recorded only those parts of the ceremony—10%—that involved men, and whatever information he gathered that described the other 90% of the ceremony is forever lost to us because this so-called scientist was blinded by his basic assumption that females could have no important role in a ceremony central to its culture.

Reed reconsiders the assumption that the nuclear family has existed throughout human cultures and suggests that matrilineal and *matriarchal* cultures existed for several million years until the concept of ownership changed everything. The most fascinating part of her theory has to do with the idea that the eradication of human cannibalism provided the primary impulse to the creation of stable communities.

I highly recommend this book, not because I agree with all her theories, but because she opens up the subject for speculation and shows us that so much of what we have been taught as "proven" fact, is actually theory based upon cultural assumptions.

[SC] Good luck with the book project.

It would be fantastic to have you two back in Madison over the holidays. We'll be looking forward to seeing you, and totally devastated if you don't make it. So don't disappoint us.

I really don't expect many people will have difficulty with my grace policy. I did not set out to scare people, just remind them that *Turbo* is a commitment that should be easy to satisfy.

— Scott & Jeanne
15 October 1993