



Welcome to *Union Street* #49 (*Obsessive Press* [JG] #151 and *Peerless Press* [SC] #51), the zine with the transmogifying masthead (*US♥2 PUB RISH*). 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 5.1 and laid out with Aldus PageMaker 5.0. The *Union Street* Logo was designed with Adobe Illustrator 5.0 and Adobe Photoshop 2.5. All contents are copyrighted © by Scott Custis and Jeanne Gomoll, 1994. February 1994 for *Turbo-Charged Party Animal* APA #92. Members FWA. *Union Street* supports rBGH labeling of milk products.

## Lilian Edwards

[JG] I certainly don't mind that your zine contains some recycled comments from *TWP*. In fact, I was very glad to read the stuff about how you renewed your feminist energies in Vancouver, and wish you much luck in keeping hold of those ideas and energy back home in Edinburgh. In my experience, you never really lose the self-knowledge gained; but it is true that the energy drains away all too quickly.

(In your Copious Free Time) you should write up some of your ideas about the real-world effects of law for Hanna's and Nicholas's *Fuck the Tories* 15. It would provide an excellent counterpoint to Joseph's comments, in "A Triptych," on real-world values (as opposed to those defined by traditional economics).

Stand-up *hors d'oeuvres* are probably a North American thing. On some occasions, like Thanksgiving or special end-of-the-year holiday meals, *hors d'oeuvres* come out hours before we sit down for dinner. Also, dessert is sometimes served after dinner away from the table, while people lounge around in the living room. And then snacks appear for the rest of the night, unless dinner was served midday, in which case, a leftover version of the main meal is served as a buffet supper, which can be carried on paper plates anywhere in the house. So people are literally eating, or at least nibbling, all day, and quite a bit of it happens away from the table. But even at normal dinners, *hors d'oeuvres* are served away from the table, frequently with before-dinner drinks. I think it might be connected to the cocktail-hour tradition.

Odd thing about Canadians liking to pretend to any nationality other than Canadian. Suzy McKee Charnas once proudly told me that she'd been mistaken for a German or Canadian tourist while she was traveling in Italy with her husband. She seemed to feel it was a great compliment not to be identified as an American.

Strange guy, this Stewart. He'd probably have gotten along pretty well with Jerry Pournelle's son. Have you met him? I forget this guy's name, but he confided to me—and I have no reason to believe he knew anything about me at the time. (He was drunk. I happened to be standing nearby)—that he considered his father a dangerously left wing kind of guy.

[SC] Welcome to *Turbo*. I think you will find that submissions such as your first one will be well received here. *Turbo* tends to be a fairly conversation-oriented apa, so you may find a greater emphasis on mailing comments here than in other apas. Yet even under the best of circumstances it's hard for an overseas contributor to keep current with discussion in a monthly apa because it is so tough to contribute every month from so far away. But if your first zine is any indication, you will be lively and popular presence.

At the end of your essay on your experience in Vancouver, feminism and law I kept wanting to ask you what you thought of Canada's antipornography law that was based on Catherine MacKinnon's theories. That might be a rather loaded issue for you, but it's a hot topic in American feminist and leftist circles and I'm curious about how you see it.

## Ellen Franklin

[JG] Nice zine, Ellen. I really enjoyed your use of the Emigre font for the heads. Speaking of which, I noticed the other day that Emigre has an on-line presence on America-On-Line. I'm going to check that out one of these days.

Thanks for writing up the mystery weekend experience. It really sounds like a lot of fun.



[SC] It's OK with me that we disagree on NAFTA. It's a done deal at this point in time. Now it's just a matter of seeing who's right in the course of the next fifteen years or so. I was growing more disgusted with Bill Clinton almost daily anyway. NAFTA was the last straw for me. There is no way I can support him again.

That has to be the most lavish role-playing mystery game I've ever heard about. I'll be looking forward to the photos.

Your comments to **Julie** and **Lynne Ann** resounded with me. To Julie you talked about setting goals. Clearly that has been an important part of your success. To Lynne you talked about feeling intimidated by a group of Ph.D.'s and how you managed to overcome that. I'm aware that my current career impasse is rooted in an inability to decide what I want out of my life professionally. I seem to be paralyzed when it comes to setting clear goals. There are a vast number of things that I want, but I can't seem to decide what I want most. At the same time I often find myself intimidated by people who are successful. It's easy to feel something must be wrong with me if I'm 37 years old and I still don't know what I want to do with my life careerwise. It's refreshing to see people such as yourself who I consider successful having to confront these issues, solving some (the Ph.D.'s) and still dealing with others (goals.)

## Julie Gomoll

[JG] I thought about your comments for days about our brother Rick and his lover Danny, and their unique responses to receiving an HIV+ diagnosis. Suzette Haden Elgin's zine *Lonesome Node* entered into my mental process too, since her most recent issue focused on the topic of "Language and Medical Care," and she printed a whole lot of information on body/mind phenomenon. She's convinced that we have a lot more control over our bodies than traditional medical science admits, and maybe we do.

(A short digression:) She is uncomfortable with the manner in which women are urged to self-examine their breasts: careful inspection all the while concentrating on finding small lumps in the breast tissue. She believes that the mind is actually quite effective in creating the physical conditions upon which we concentrate. For instance, she tells this really remarkable, and well documented story about a woman who meditated upon an image of a healthy lung x-ray, after which all her lung tumors completely disappeared. In describing her experience, afterwards, this woman apparently said that she thought about being *healthy*, rather than about *not dying*.

I have no idea as to how important this self-imaging technique is to any one person's health, but I really do think the difference between Rick's attitude and Danny's is crucial. Ironically (as we talked about on the phone), I think Rick's accepting attitude toward life—which allowed him to easily accept mom and dad's attitudes, and live his life in spite of any disagreements with them—may have prevented him from struggling with the implications of his HIV+ diagnosis. Danny, on the other hand, has a very different attitude about the world, and in fact, makes a living—consulting in the area of personnel training—by convincing people that they can change themselves through the right mental attitudes.

I don't think this has anything to do with blame, however. Rick's accepting mental attitude freed him from many of the battles that have sapped both your and my energies for so many years in our confrontations with mom and dad. It freed

Rick to apply his mind and talents to making beautiful art and creating a wonderful network of caring friends.

We all have our demons. It's too simple to think we have only to get rid of them to find health, because frequently, they turn out to be the flip side of some of our most valuable strengths. Sigh.

[SC] Thanks for the response on apa vs. e-mail. Phones didn't replace letters, but they sure had an impact on correspondence. Letterwriting was severely diminished by the invention of telephones and e-mail will probably push personal letters even closer to oblivion. Perhaps for our generation who are used to producing zines, e-mail will never win us over. But I think it will get increasingly tough to convince young people to write and pub zines (fanzines or apas.) If they already have a computer, it likely will strike them as faster and cheaper to communicate via modem. As technology improves it will become easy to lay out a fancy looking e-mail message or write and send large files of material, saving the cost of paper, the delay for printing and the hassle of mail (it's a headache sending out a fanzine third class as we all know and apas aren't cheap at \$2.90 each.) I think that you're probably right that e-mail is not going to replace apas right away. But I think we should expect a significant impact on them.

## Karl Hailman

[JG] Welcome back to Madison! I hope you've used up your quota of disasters, and that the rest of the year shows you nothing but good luck and happiness. We're glad you're back.

[SC] It was a rather weird experience to carefully tour someone's new house and then spend the next several hours tracking dirt and water all through it, moving stuff in. We made a hell of a mess but you guys seemed to like what we were doing and even gave us pizza and beer. What a deal. Yeah, welcome back.

## Pat Hario

[JG] You said you expected few mailing comments until you "shape up and contribute [mc's] properly." But, on the contrary, I bet that you will get a lot of responses to your comments on the bad habit of swearing. Everyone's got a swearing story (almost as many as have drinking stories, I imagine).

When I was in college, my friends frequently teased me about my apparent inability to swear. Well, I didn't actually abstain from swearing altogether, but I used curse words so seldom that when I did swear, it sounded a little ... well ... silly. Sort of stilted, you know? Scott says my curses still don't sound very natural. I didn't avoid swearing for any moral—or even etiquette-related—reason. In fact, my reason stemmed from the same bias that affects my opinion about emoticons. I generally think that people who swear constantly rely on a limited vocabulary, and would be much more articulate if they used a greater variety of words, even if only a greater variety of swear words.

Well my resistance to certain swear words has eroded a bit since my college days. And the beginning of that change occurred one Spring afternoon at the Cochrane House—a rooming house where I lived during my Sophomore year at the UW Madison. I had planned a trip during Spring break and needed to get my big suitcase down from the top shelf in my

closet. The Cochrane house is an old structure, with such high ceilings that there is space for several shelves in every closet, and the top shelf is very high indeed. I dragged a chair over to the closet, but that wasn't high enough; I still couldn't reach the suitcase. So, I set a footstool on top of the chair's seat and—very carefully—climbed up on top of the stool. Balancing precariously, I slowly reached up (about two feet over my head) to the suitcase with my fingertips, and then gradually, slowly pulled it out over the edge of the shelf. As it slid towards me, the suitcase began to tip downward.

Now, let me pause here, and tell you something about that suitcase. Its clasps had not been secured before it had been stowed up on that shelf. If I hadn't been concentrating so hard upon my balance and the slow progress my fingertips were making toward the back of the suitcase, I might have noticed the slight gap between the lips of the suitcase, which made it look like a large clam starting to open. I thought instead about how I would catch the suitcase when it fell toward me. I decided that the best way would be to let it fall to my chest, clasp the top and bottom of the suitcase with my still-outstretched arms.

Events proceeded quickly after the suitcase finally passed its balance point and fell toward me. As it fell, the suitcase gaped wide open, but it was too late to push it away. If I had attempted that, I would have lost my balance and tumbled to the floor. The suitcase gaped open, like a malevolent clam, and chomped my t-shirt covered breasts. My arms, meanwhile, according to plan, clamped the suitcase closed, and in that excruciating moment, I screamed out the only appropriate word at the top of my lungs, while I swayed, still balanced, with the clam teeth of my luggage biting into my nipples.

Dozens of friends rushed into my room and as I wobbled precariously with that suitcase still clamped onto my chest ... they cheered and applauded my loud, spontaneous use of the expletive, "fuck!" After a few moments of laughter, one of them helped extricate me from the death grip.

Pun intended.

[SC] My swearing story is a classic. When I was in high school I was dating a girl whose parents were very strict fundamentalist Protestants (a source of my towering respect for religious fundamentalists.) They didn't dance, smoke, drink or, of course, swear. One evening I had dinner with the family. I had reason to be nervous because I was an outsider. They knew of my family, but we were not involved in their church and, therefore, suspect. I was trying hard to impress them and convince them that they could trust me with their daughter (they were completely right to be worried.) Anyway, we sat down to a card game after dinner. Anyone who knows me knows that I get enthusiastic about games. My girl and I were partners against the parents and it was a close and competitive game (I can't recall what the game was, but it was most likely euchre.) When I finally lost an important hand to her dad, I responded by slapping down my cards and clearly hissing, "Shit!" Which was followed by the longest moment of silence I've ever sweated through. Twenty years later, it's still the recordholder.

## Bill Hoffman

[JG] You may be right that Brin was not arguing against the purely biological viability of clone cultures but against female-only cultures. And yes, he may be right. I wasn't trying to say that Brin was necessarily wrong about this judgment, but

that he had missed the point of fiction that features female-only cultures. To me, the crucial part of his argument of non-viability had to do with what he was saying about literature, about feminist SF.

As I said last time, I think that Brin was clearly attempting to join in on the on-going conversation in feminist SF. He demonstrated that by naming groups and places in *Glory Season* after prominent authors in this sub-genre. (I jotted down a list of these references on one of the fly sheets at the end of the book. When Tracy returned my copy of *Glory Season* to me, she'd added a bunch more. Thanks, Tracy!) Brin set his story in a place that is a conglomeration of dozens of other stories, and then set himself up to comment upon all of them through his fictional summary of feminist SF. "The Law" of the Phylum which forbids separatism represents Brin's judgment on the viability and worthwhileness of all feminist fiction.

I also argue with him that a pastoral, non-technological culture constitutes the essence of feminist utopian fiction, but that's his opinion, and having set up his straw horse, he bashes it to the ground in the course of the novel. See, he seems to say, it doesn't work. So stop writing about such silliness.

He misses the point, to my mind, because most fiction that creates all-female communities is not *about* the viability or non-viability of such cultures. They have the same purpose as women-only rooms at conventions. The fiction and the rooms are about taking time out, about women examining feelings and ideas in the absence of men, so that when we return and attempt to work with the other gender, we have some sense of who we are *separately*, and know what we need as individuals, outside of a this culture.

...Judging from what LeGuin had to say about *Glory Season*, I don't think she'd appreciate your comparison of it to *The Left Hand of Darkness*.

Yes, I loved *Briar Rose*, especially reading it as I did, not long before we went to see *Schindler's List*. I was really impressed by Yolán's use of fairy tale and archetype to write a Holocaust story.

In your comment to **Jae**, you've written *The Atheist's Creed*. Very good!

Back to *Schindler's List*: I too wondered about Oskar Schindler's motivation. I hear that Spielberg added some scenes to at least hint at the reasons Schindler spent his fortune and risked his life to save the Jewish workers. (The final, tearful farewell scene at the factory, for instance, was apparently created for the film.) But, yes, it was still unclear why he finally decided to act. Based on the film's portrayal (however fictionalized it is), I think that Schindler was too honest with himself to avoid acknowledging what would happen if he did nothing. He was incapable of the standard rationalizations, "I was just obeying orders," or "If I hadn't, someone else would have." That same clarity of understanding allowed him to see the war for an enormous financial opportunity and helped him to understand the real connections between the war and immorality and extremes in greed and cruelty, finally made it impossible for him to escape his own sense of responsibility.

Schindler's anger when directly confronted by the young woman who asked him to rescue her parents, followed quickly by an action which saved them in spite of his avowal to do nothing of the sort — was, I think, an encapsulation of his story in one small episode. He didn't really want to be a hero, but once made aware that he could save lives, he could not avoid doing so.



I loved this movie. I loved the idea of a story about one person who made a difference, because it follows that all of us, if we were willing to risk all, could also make a difference.

The only criticism I've heard about *Schindler's List* that I think is justified is that the final statement of the film, that 6 million Jews died in the Holocaust, should have included some mention of the fact that gays and gypsies were also slaughtered by the Nazis.

On a slightly different subject...

Sending graphics through America-On-Line would probably work much better if you did not leave them embedded in your word processing file. (I'm just guessing that that's what you've been doing.) TIFF files travel just fine through e-mail. Just leave boxes, and send compressed TIFF files along with the word processing file. Then, have the graphics placed into the appropriate boxes on this end.

[SC] One quick point on *Schindler's List* I wanted to add to Jeanne's comment: I also loved the movie and we will surely go see it again while it is playing in the theater. But I also had one small criticism of the film. I thought it failed to connect well with today or events following the war. It's easy to watch this film and think about this horror as some awful thing that happened once a long time ago. Trouble is, genocide has occurred since then, albeit on a much smaller scale. What the Nazis did was not something done only by Nazis. This horrible practice did not stop with WWII (East Timor, Bosnia, Iraqi Kurds, etc.) Have we learned our lesson? I thought the film should have made some comment about how mankind continues to exterminate people on massive scales. I thought it was too easy to walk out of the movie saying to ourselves, "Gee, that could never happen these days."

## Andy Hooper

[JG] I sympathize with your sense of a rushed holiday season. I felt very much like you did last December, because I was trying to get Everything Done before I let myself enjoy the holidays. I'm determined not to let deadlines overwhelm all the fun stuff next year.

I finished my work—freelance jobs, Tiptree judging duties, getting ready for a massive influx of relatives on Christmas, and other things—a couple days before Christmas. I spent Christmas Eve Day making four batches of cookies, and didn't finish with that till 7 or 8 in the evening. The last thing I wanted to do at that point was to make supper, so Scott and I decided to go out for a bite to eat. Of course nothing is open. At first we thought that Country Kitchen was open; we saw lights and people inside. But when we tried to pull the door open, we noticed the sign that announced an early closing time, only a few moments before our arrival.

I couldn't believe how depressed I felt about not being able to get into Country Kitchen. It was so bizarre that it was almost funny. All I could do, though, was mutter, "never again." Next time we will take care to plan good times for ourselves alongside all the hurly-burly.

Your feelings about the secular nature of Christmas contrast rather vividly with **Bill Hoffman's** ideas on the subject, this issue. Though I quite enthusiastically support his creed of atheism, I also feel like you, that my memories make it almost impossible for me to ignore this holiday.

## Bill Humphries

[JG] For a while I thought that I missed the cold that 46% of the American Public caught, but I did. It was amazing, my streak of good luck. Scott came down with the flu, and stayed healthy. In the past 12-15 years, I seem to catch every single cold that comes along, mainly because of the stupidly efficient insulation system and slow air circulation in the building where I work. You have my sympathies. Maybe I bragged about my health too often, because this week I've come down with a horrible cold that seems to have made a home for itself in my throat.

I've been reading Hlavaty's *DR*-on line, too. His diary-format and short, punchy style makes it work fairly well. There are a lot of fanzines and fan writers—not to mention fan artists—who wouldn't be able to make the transition as gracefully.

[SC] Thanks also for responding to my apa/e-mail question. I agree with you that it will be hard to predict how apas might change. Your point about community was interesting. I have trouble imagining an on-line community in the sense that *Turbo* has become a community. But I often wonder how typical *Turbo* is of apazines in that way. Most of the members of *Turbo* live here in town and many of the others are former Madisonians familiar with the social group. We tend to reinforce the *Turbo* community by seeing one another socially fairly often. It's not like this was an apa made up of fans who only knew each other through fanzines and conventions. Is that unusual for apas, or typical? I doubt that a group on Internet or an on-line service could quite replace as close knit and personal a community as exists in *Turbo*.

## Hope Kiefer

[JG] Welcome back to Madison!

[SC] Aero Posta? Maybe they're Colombian. That could be exciting. Probably not much I can do with this information, but thanks anyway for checking it out. You guys have a lovely house in Madison's fannish neighborhood. It's good to have you back.

## Kathi Nash

[JG] I loved the image of Kelly stomping down the basement stairs calling the cats "liars!" Actually, it sounds vaguely like the beginning of a Steven Kingish story. ...By the end of the story, the cats would have succeeded in their ultimate plan, to frame Kelly for murder, and as he walks down the corridor to The Chair, he would kick the cat that nipped at his ankles. "Liar, liar!" he would sob.

## Tracy Shannon

[JG] Oh, I think you're underestimating your growing skills with technical pens, Tracy. You got Scott's mighty thews just fine, not to mention the way you captured Scott's great, big ...cob.

[SC] Ahem. As you see, Jeanne will take any opportunity to publicly embarrass me. And you gave her a whopper. Thanks so much. "I have a very hard time getting what's in my head down on paper." If this little cartoon was any indication of what you meant, I'm deeply concerned about you. This little

incident will go into my file marked "Respond with Lightning Bolt." Beware.

## Nevenah Smith

[SC] Welcome back. Terrific first zine. I find it amusing that you're so assertive about bringing up sex in the apa. It's an issue, like most very personal subjects, that apans seem to shy away from writing about. Your candor is refreshing.

Regarding being a man for a few days. I wonder if it is common for women to be interested in trying out maleness, but for men to lack interest in experiencing femaleness? I have never been interested in being a woman for a few days, for example. And it has nothing much to do with sex or trying out a different kind of body. I wouldn't want to deal with the loss of power and security. I would immediately have to take a more defensive view of life. Just the idea of having to restrict or take extra precautions to travel at night, for instance, would be hard to adjust to. Going on a date would involve assessing a significant personal physical risk. I have no desire to deal with that for even a day.

I think you're being far too hard on yourself when you describe yourself as "not particularly attractive." That simply isn't true. I also disagree with you when you mused that you get away with talking about outrageous stuff because you're "not sexually threatening." Quite the opposite from my view. You've struck me from the first as open and comfortable with your sexuality. You communicate this with your body language, clothes, "worldly" demeanor and your sense of humor. You're also not shy. I don't think you're threatening, but I think you get away with outrageous conversations because you seem comfortable with the subject of sex. Far more so than most people.

## Laura Spiess

[JG] If you haven't already bought a new pair of boots, I recommend the kind of boots I wear: "Ughs." They're amazingly warm: even in the sub-sub-zero temperatures we've had, my feet have never felt cold. Also, they are the most comfortable boots I've ever worn. They have wide toes, they're flat, no heels. They're made out of sheep skin, with the fur turned inwards and feel like slippers. I sprayed them with a non-silicone spray last year (as the clerk instructed me: it works so well that salt deposits don't even adhere). Moisture has never penetrated through to my feet. The sheep skin "breaths," so my feet never feel warm when I wear them (even all day) indoors. They're perfect, though expensive. Worth it, I say. I am planning to buy a second pair this summer. Elspeth Krisor's sister lives near the factory, and says they have big sales once a year for as much as 60% off.

## Jae Adams

[JG] Before I begin with several rather argumentative comments to you, I'd like to say that I really enjoy exploring differing opinions in areas like literature and politics. Nothing personal... In case there's any doubt in your mind, I very much respect your ideas and points of view.

On the subject of career-related definitions of mediocrity: You said you were "talking about how important the occupations of women are compared to those of men." I thought we were talking about the wrong-headed ways that society values the occupations of women over those of men, and about how

society unfairly dictates that certain occupations are properly the province of only one gender. If we were all free to choose the lives we want without checking a gender correctness chart, and if occupations were not valued or devalued on the basis of gender, mediocrity would not be perceived to stem from the specific occupation one chose, or have anything to do with whether or not a person devoted a chunk of their life to parenting. Of course, that represents an aspect of an ideal society, but even in this far-from-ideal world, I think few people achieve excellence by looking over their shoulder to see if society is applauding them. I don't equate fame with a deathbed conviction that one has led a meaningful life. Fame does not preclude mediocrity. And *my* feminism does not define mothers as mediocre because of their choice to care for children.

Re *Fire Upon the Deep*: Shockingly, I still "blithely propose the half-grown human children be raised entirely by the Tines," with one small addition: that they will be raised by Tines *and* by each other. I do not propose this radical arrangement because I think that it would necessarily improve upon the usual child-rearing customs of human communities. In fact I do not *propose* it at all. I am merely observing what would almost certainly happen in subsequent chapters, if *Fire Upon the Deep* chronicled the Tine-Human community for a few more generations. The humans may not survive. But if they do, it will be because they learn to live co-dependently with and among the Tine. The culture that results may not resemble a human culture at all. But, the rest of the human race is gone. The rest of the known federation with its myriad of cooperating races is gone. This small band of humans has no choice but to adapt to its situation, or die. Perhaps I'm more optimistic about their prospects than you are.

Given the parameters that Vinge sets up in *Fire Upon the Deep*, humans have learned to live with a huge variety of alien beings. Vernor Vinge's assumptions in this novel directly contradict the gloomy prognostications of real, current-day psychologists and linguists, who point out that we don't seem to be able to communicate with intelligent life on our own planet (dolphins, etc.), and predict that we won't even *recognize* alien intelligence much less be able to converse with them. Vinge's universe positively teems with an astonishing variety and levels of intelligent life. Not only is communication between individuals from radically different species possible in this universe; but so is friendship, love, hate and the whole gamut of emotions. (Remember Blueshell, who sacrifices his life to save a human child and prove his love and loyalty to a human man.) "Harry Harlow's poor little monkeys" teach a null-and-void lesson in Vinge's universe. Furthermore, the Tines are not animals; they are highly intelligent beings. This is no *Wild Child* scenario.

Also, I do not understand your assumption that the young women, Joanna and Ravna must necessarily be isolated in age from the other wakened human companions. Yes, Ravna will probably be older, but not by much. Certainly not the twenty years that you propose. Remember that the only reason Joanna and her brother were originally wakened from deep sleep was because their parents wanted their own family to be together. The rest of the kids in deep sleep range in age, I assume, from infant to older teenagers. Joanna was not the oldest, just "one of the oldest children in the school" [p. 24] from the High Lab community.

*They would live here a year or five, the little company from Straum, the archaeologist programmers, their families*



and schools. [p. 1]

The children wouldn't have been left behind because the adults expected everyone—adults and children—to be transformed onto a higher plane of intelligence as a result of their research. And so, when Ravna and Joanna help the Tine to open the sleep capsules, Ravna will be senior by 5 to 10 years to some of the older, wakened humans. That's not much.

I don't envision a situation with only one adult and a passel of infants, but 150 or so children and teenagers, plus one person in her mid-twenties. Most of the kids will wake up well acquainted with human language, and will pass it on to the babies as they mature. Ravna and the older children will tell the others stories about the destroyed civilization they came from, and those stories will be preserved as the humans' history and mythology.

But you're right, I don't automatically assume that the main characters will automatically attempt to re-create the cultural norms of their (or our) worlds. More important than Ravna attempting to act the role of mother to all the wakened kids, would be to work out a cooperative community with the Tine. That's the only way the humans are going to survive.

If Vinge writes a sequel to *Fire Upon the Deep*, I imagine that it will feature cross-species intelligences: packs containing Human and Tine individuals.



Re your comment to **Bill Humphries**, I don't know how often relatives have tried to reassure me that I'd feel differently about kids if I had my own. It's a cliché, in fact, but a dangerous one. It doesn't seem to me to be a good idea to encourage people to "try it ... you'll like it!" when the risk falls on the experimental *child*. Many of us know at one point in our lives that it would be a mistake to pursue a career in certain fields—in mathematics or politics, or whatever. High school counselors don't (or shouldn't) recommend to a kid that they pursue a career in a field they find deadly boring because "You'll like it once you start pulling a paycheck. Trust me!" Analogously, I think it's a bad idea to attempt to dissuade someone who is convinced that parenting is a bad idea for them personally, to try it anyway. There are really bad parents in this world. I bet a lot of them would have chosen another life if they hadn't believed that raising children was something everyone can (and should) do.

## Karen Babich

[JG] How did I manage to take off so much time last year—working in Texas for a month, and still manage time for Reinconation, worldcon and a week-long camping trip? Well, it's not something I'll be able to do again soon. Because of the tangled leave-request procedure in a workplace that requires 24-hours-a-day coverage, Scott can usually take only one extended vacation every year (e.g., more than a long week-end). So it's hard for us to plan time off together. Add to that the fact that I'm a bit of a workaholic, and, well, I usually end up with unused vacation hours at the end of the year. I carried over quite a few hours of annual leave from 1992 which greatly enhanced my usual 130+ hours of annual leave in 1993. But by mid-September, after my Austin sojourn, the cons and the camping trip, only a day and a half remained in my leave account, which felt really stifling to me, accustomed as I am to worrying more about *losing* vacation time than scrambling for it. I carried over not one minute of leave into 1994.

This year is my 15th anniversary at the Department of Natural Resources, and they tell me I can start saving up leave in a sabbatical account. Taking a few months off for leisurely travel and personal projects sounds like a rather wonderful idea, so I'm thinking about planning something like that.



I enjoyed your essays on the subject of labeling and fannishness, though I think you are contributing to the *ad hominem* nature of the discussion that you deplore. You elaborate upon the image of some fanzine fans who, according to you, "apparently despise anyone who goes to a con that's not 'fannish' enough." I can't believe that you really accept this insulting insinuation—that hatred motivates fans who choose to restrict their fannish activity to smallish fanzine conventions. Furthermore, I think your equation of the fannishness debate with racial bigotry is mistaken and offensive (both to fans and people who fight racism).

We've gotten rather far away from the hallway discussion that began all this in which Scott argued for his right *not* to be called a fan. You seem much more concerned that we maintain or enlarge the definition of fandom to all who wish to call themselves fans, and consider any attempt to restrict that label as tantamount to labeling non-fans as *nonpersons*. Who ever said, non-fan = nonperson?! I'm completely flabbergasted at your interpretation of people's comments on this topic. I'm absolutely horrified if that's really how you've construed my own statements.

As I've said before, I think we all use labels as shorthand, mental organizing tools. I won't go into my personal theories on the subject again at this time. Everyone here has heard all they probably ever want to hear from me on that subject. Knowing, however, that you possibly interpret my own use of the word "fan" to indicate hatred for those who don't share my particular interests, and in fact might believe that I consider all non-fans to be less than human, I think I'd better give you a more expanded version of what I actually think when I utilize the shorthand term, "fan."

I had never heard the term "fan" in its particular science fiction aficionado sense until after several months of activity that most people now would call fannish. We'd published the first issue of *Janus*, and were planning to attend our first convention, and I was excited about all the mail we'd gotten responding to *Janus* 1. Hank Luttrell, who had provided us with a mailing list from his fanzine, *Starling*, explained that they were "letters of comments," or "LoCs." Our mail brought other surprising items, too. I asked Hank about them and he told me they were "fanzines." "Fanzines?" I asked, puzzled. "Fanzines," he repeated, "...like *Janus*." I didn't know *Janus* was a fanzine. I'd been calling it a magazine. And, in fact, my mental image of the words "fans" and "fanzines," had to do with movie magazines and people who worshipped Marilyn Monroe or Cary Grant. This was years before *Star Wars* premiered; SF mediafandom didn't really exist then.

My primary interest in fandom was and continues to be communication through the written word. I tend to be most interested in fanzines and people who make fanzines. But fandom has gotten huge; it's hard to locate the community of people who are interested in what has become a rather small subset of fannish activity. And I *do* like talking with people who share my interests. We all do. That's the whole *raison d'être* for fandom, no matter how you define it. If there is no limiting

definition to the word, if *anyone* can be called a fan, then everyone in the world is a fan, and there is no reason to attend science fiction conventions, or to maintain a mailing list rather than simply sending one's zines out to a random collection of addresses picked from the telephone book.

Certainly we select a subgroup of people among whom we seek out friendships and conversations. Again, we all do. You might have a point about this process being a form of bigotry if that selection process resulted in an economically, socially, or politically deprived group of people who were not selected. But this is not the case at all. In fact, most of us maintain many friendships who belong to many different groups: fans, co-workers, neighbors, alumni, professional cohorts, those who share political or religious views, and many others. For example, my friend Ann is a non-fan. I don't often think of her in this way, of course. If I had to describe her, I'd probably refer to her profession—landscape architect—or her identity as a lesbian, her athleticism, or her sense of humor. If she asks me what I was doing on the first weekend of March, I would think about her frequently expressed disinterest in SF and all I have told her about fandom, and would not invite her to WisCon. She is a non-fan. She is also one of my best friends.

In the same way, there are people here in town who do not share my interest in written SF, fanzines, or the fandom I have learned to love. They are friends because I share *other* interests with them. But I will not stop seeking to define my specific interest in fanzine fandom because some people feel somehow excluded by that process. Fanzine fans have created small conventions which explicitly do not program for other subgroups (no huckster rooms, no film rooms, no masquerades), *for exactly the same reason that fans of any definition meet together at any convention*: to come together and share a common interest. One interest does not preclude other interests. My interest in fanzine fandom does not indicate a hatred for other kinds of fandom any more than any fan—fanzine or media—by definition hates someone who attends an AMA convention. How silly.

You suggest that "any group trying so desperately to define itself within a larger group may be dying." I sense a whole lot more anger coming from the larger group than from fanzine fans as they attempt to define themselves as a cohesive subgroup. In fact, I think the situation is analogous not to a religious schism you mentioned, but to the situation in which feminists attempt to maintain the dignity of their label. The label itself is interpreted by the larger group as an attack from within.

"Enjoy the similarities, but for godpods' sake don't be a twit about the differences," you say in conclusion. I conclude by saying the differences make for contrast. Sharp differences in taste make for good eating. Differences in opinion make for good conversation. Life happens at the edges; don't make everything bland by pretending we're all the same.

[SC] I think all of us are wondering what "handy form" in our apas you were talking about at the end of your opening essay. Sorry if I screwed up something.

The apa copying issue is mostly moot as you pointed out. The membership had a chance to vote in a rule on the issue and they chose to let it go. There is no way to enforce such a rule anyway. Two points I would like to make about your essay before I accept it as a suitable "last word" on the subject. First, you were particularly upset that Steve and I did not secure permission before proceeding. I had a reason for believing permission was not necessary. We weren't sending these

issues to Rush Limbaugh or the Church of Scientology. We sent them to waitlisters who were, in effect, already members. Once a person is accepted to the waitlist, they *will* become a full member eventually. There are no more hurdles to jump or tests to pass. A waitlister will be a member if they wait their turn. What is implied here is that we would send them copies of the apa if we had enough, or if we had a fluctuating copycount. They are not automatically members because we have room for only 30 people at a time. I see no difference in sending them apas as regular members. Hence, I didn't think we needed everyone's permission first.

Second, I think it is naive to believe that *Turbo* will not be seen by people outside the apa ("...but I do want to know who is seeing my zines."). This is a written forum. We have a lot of "former" members who have collections of apas. Surely some of them will throw their old issues away; others (like Ross) might not. I don't want to hammer on this point too much because I know some members are trying not to think about it, but to get upset when you encounter relative strangers reading your old apa stuff is unrealistic. That material is out there and there is no way in the world you can insure who sees them and who doesn't.

All I want to add to your Fan essay is that I think it is a good thing you brought it up. The discussion has apparently gone far afield from where it started. Your essay suggests that there are still some people nursing some hurt feelings over all this and it's time we cleared the air.

## Bill Bodden

[JG] I don't know why Halloween Town was portrayed as so "male" in *Halloween*, but I doubt it is because there aren't enough images of female monsters.

## Vijay Bowen

[JG] I enjoy watching Mandy Patinkin too. Have you seen any of his appearances on Letterman's *Late Show*? He's shown up at least twice with Tony Randall, supposedly rushing to some sort of rehearsal and held up by traffic. They rush in through the side door, hurriedly ask permission to rehearse on stage, and consult briefly with the band. Randall—wearing a raincoat—leans against the wall, eyes closed, seeming to listen critically to Patinkin's performance. Patinkin—wearing jeans, an old parka and dirty tennies—begins haltingly, working with the band, and then gradually unwinds, ending up on his knees, arms extended, singing passionately to the audience. He's awesome. Last time, the song was "Buddy can you spare a dime," I think. The time before, it may have been "Mammy." After the song, Patinkin and Randall run out, shout a brief word of thanks to Letterman as they rush out of the auditorium through the side doors onto the street.

What are "coffin scores"?

You say you have a GENie membership. Does that automatically give you an Internet address? With America-On-Line, we simply add the "@aol.com" prefix to our AOL address. I'd like to know, since I know several GENie members to whom I'd like to communicate via e-mail. Anybody have any information about this??

You've got a great attitude towards your music. "I keep trying the things that I don't do well...because I figure that if I don't try them, I will never learn how to do them, but if I do try, it gives me more practice." I like to think that's how I approach



graphic arts. I wish I approached more things in life with that attitude.

I think I remember seeing White Castles in Milwaukee, though I've never seen one in Madison.

Thanks for the self-portrait!

[SC] YCT me. "I prefer apas to on-line discussions, myself, because I like to hold the tangible gift of someone's time and energy in my hands" I never thought of it quite that way. In the course of this discussion I've tended to look at the apa as an intangible mode of communication. But a large element of Turbos power lies in its physical presence too. Mmmm, no way an on-line relationship can mimic that. Good point.

I should take this opportunity to thank you, Julie, Whump and others who responded to my apa/on-line question. I'm scheduled to do a panel at WisCon on apas and this subject will likely come up at some point. The feedback I've received this month has been very helpful.

### Heather Brooks

[JG] Welcome to the apa, Heather!

[SC] Welcome. Very good first zine.

I actually owned my first car before I had my drivers license, or knew how to drive. We lived on a small farm and my dad was supposed to teach me how to drive it, but he never got around to it. It was a stick shift and I was a little afraid of it, so I eventually sold it to a friend's dad for eighty dollars. It was

a 1950 Ford pickup that he promptly painted and drove around town for years! I kicked myself ever since.

So I also learned how to drive from a school instructor. My teacher was pretty good. He was the wrestling coach and he was very mellow. Unfortunately the other three kids I was driving with were all farm kids who had been driving tractors and pickups around their dad's farms for years. I was really slow compared with them and they were not shy about letting me know it.

Maybe you will get a chance to drag Nina down to the Brat and Brau some Wednesday and introduce her to your weird friends. I'd keep an eye on your dad when he's around her. If he starts telling her puns it might screw up her English hopelessly. She'll wind up going back to Germany completely confused about how the damn language works.

### Diane Martin

[JG] Beautiful cover, Diane. I enjoyed reading its story, too. A couple months ago, one of the local news stations covered a little town in Northern Wisconsin that was having a beaver problem of its own. Apparently, a huge beaver was taking down trees in the town to build a damn in a river that runs through it. They'd wake up in the morning and discover a tree missing on Main Street. The news story was particularly funny because they used the shark theme from Jaws, showing just the crown of a tree being dragged past the camera.

February 16, 1993  
Scott & Jeanne

The No-Kidding Department

# UFOS COME FROM WISCONSIN!

## Scientists, experts trace sightings to Ringling brothers, historian says

By JAY RATH  
Special to The Journal

UFOS do not come from other worlds, but from Wisconsin. At the turn

icantly — in Madison, not far from Baraboo, winter quarters of the Ringling Bros. Circus.

"In major cities like Sacramento, Omaha, Chicago and

ability for such apparitions, which came to be called unidentified flying objects, or UFOs.

A hundred years ago, hovering, cigar-shaped objects were believed to

feats rivaled the free street parade as a circus attraction," wrote Bob Parkinson in the circus magazine, "The Bandwagon," in 1961.

While the round, hydrogen-filled