



Welcome to *Union Street* #64 (Obsessive Press [JG] #166 and Peerless Press [SC] #66), the zine with the transmogrifying masthead. (This month Scott goofs off. Well not really, but this is the only time I will ever get to say it here.) 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, May 1995, for Turbo-Charged Party Animal APA #107. Members FWA.

[SC] WisCon, a final exam and various other demands have robbed me of time this month. I will rejoin you with comments on #106 and #107 next month. Jeanne, however, has managed to bang out a last minute submission. Everything that follows this paragraph should be credited to Jeanne. See you next month.

[JG] This is the latest I've ever written a Turbozine. As I write, it is almost 5:30 PM on the deadline day. But with WisCon only a week away, other priorities have taken precedence over writing for *Turbo*. I apologize ahead of time for not doing justice to a fine issue, full of lots of good zines. Scott and I hope to see a lot of you at WisCon next week.

### Official Business

I vote no on Karl's motion. The discussion in the last issue fortified my opinion on this matter. I do, however, endorse, support and generally cheer on Jim **Nichols'** appeal to common sense. I pledge to hold my horses, curb my passions, and restrain unseemly haste in the future when it comes to seconding nominations of new *Turbo* members. Amen and Hallelujah.

### Cathy Gilligan

An amazing list of books! I hunger for more discussion, though. Someday I'd like to see you devote a chunk of space to telling us in detail about a book you really liked.

I buy hard covers of books that I really love, or more often, of books by authors that I love. I figure this is one good way to support them. That's why I bought Maureen McHugh's *Half the Day is Night*. That was a mistake, though. I didn't like the characters, thought the plot meandered without purpose, and in general thought this was a poor follow-up to *China Mountain Zhang*. The only thing I can recommend about her second novel is the rather wonderful setting of an underwater metropolis.

### Hope Kiefer

Yes, you guessed it. Our cat torture cover of last month was made with a product called "Lasercolor" foil, which uses the heat from a laser printer to transfer its color onto the printed page. The film has a special adhesive that only adheres to laser toner. But it scratches off fairly easily and that's why we worked an acetate cover sheet into the production.

### Pat Hario

Ever since the Oklahoma City explosion, I've felt a weird sense of *déjà vu* about our meeting with the loony at the airport. If you remember, the guy was decked out in camouflage and on his way to Michigan....





*The Coming of the Quantum Cats* isn't one of Jerry Pournelle's books. I think that one is by Fred Pohl. You may have heard about some of Pournelle's collaborations with Larry Niven, like *The Mote in God's Eye* or *Lucifer's Hammer* (which is the one I read because I sometimes like a good disaster story). Pournelle is an arch-conservative who frequently works out his ideas on government in his writing. He's very right-wing, but the scary thing is that his son considers him a bleeding heart liberal. Whew.

At the Denver worldcon many years ago, I was talking to some folks in the combination SFWA suite/Hugo Nominee suite. That was one of the years Janus was nominated. John Berry and I were talking, when up staggered a very drunk Jerry Pournelle who was quite literally spitting with irritation because the SFWA suite was not closed to non-writers. He clapped an arm around John's shoulders and punched the air with his other fist. "You know John, a few times tonight, I looked around this room, and there wasn't one single writer in the whole goddamned room!"

Not missing a beat, John quirked up an eyebrow and said "Not even *one* writer, Jerry?"

"Not **ONE!** Not even one writer!" Pournelle fumed and wandered away a little confused as John and I started to laugh.

I *like* Mulgrew's voice. Quite a bit actually.

Your fantasy about a baseball team in which stats were not kept on individual players reminded me of a story I just read by Kelley Eskridge (Nicola Griffith's partner). Just as the pitcher—whoever it was—would be known as Willy Mays, etc., in Eskridge's story, the nation's premier violinist is known as the Stradivarius. Other top musicians are known by the name of the most famous instrument. Sorry, I've forgotten the story title. I lent it to **Steve Swartz**.

### **Tom Havighurst**

I really liked your story of the RAGBRAI. Thank you.

### **Bill Hoffman**

All these militia characters, as they call them now, remind me a lot of the survivalists that authors like Robert Heinlein used to like to write about. You know, Farnham of *Farnham's Freehold*, and that old geezer who had his brain transplanted into his nubile secretary's body in...what was it? *Time Enough for Love*? In the course of one novel, he built two survivalist retreats for himself, waited around a while

and then was real grumpy about having to come out again without Armageddon happening. These guys think it would be a good thing to wipe out the world leaving them holding all the bullets and technology.

I vote "yum" for a gourmet barbecue. You can count on us and our Weber Grill in your plans.

### **Bill Humphries**

I guess I understand what you mean about WisCon not being meant to be fun, but I still wouldn't use that phrase myself. If it's not meant to be fun, the implication is that it's meant to make you feel bad, you know?

### **K&K**

Gruesome stuff, you guys. My sympathies. I hope you're doing well these days, and that you recover, Kathi, faster than anyone expects.

### **Jim Nichols**

As I said in the "Official Business" section, I think your comments about the nominating process make a lot of sense.

I liked your zine, Jim. Quite a lot apparently, judging from the number of "Xs" in the margins. On pages 4-6, there are three big "Xs" with a note to myself to connect the three comments and make a point about the discussion we're having here about choosing one's reading materials based at least partly on the politics of the author. I think I envisioned an essay, but due to the general craziness of the last couple weeks, I've forgotten the complex web of discussion I'd planned. Sorry about that.

I do, however, remember my reaction when I read your comment that "prostitution in Holland is no different than anywhere else." What came immediately to my mind is the fact that in many parts of the world like Thailand and many parts of Africa, prostitution constitutes a virtual death sentence to women who are forced by their families or their circumstances into that role. A young Chinese girl sold by her family into Thai brothels, who has a better than 50% chance of contracting AIDS, would probably gladly trade places with a prostitute in Holland.

### **Georgie Schnobrich**

Beautiful, wonderful cover art, Georgie! I loved it. It made me curious, though to see the flora patterns on the rest of his body....

Elk Krisor and I want to talk to you about designing the signature ribbon on the back of the Tiptree quilt.

As to "fan," it is our way of calling ourselves "the people." Yes, exactly! Just as we call ourselves "the group" here in Madison, and the way so many mountains' and rivers' local names translate into "the mountain," and "the river."

Odd. This is the second time I have heard *Rob Roy* discussed in terms of its connections to the Republican philosophy. I think **Jae** had a theory that the movie in fact *supports* the right wing philosophy of self-reliance.

### Steve Swartz

I agree with you Steve, that if an author and I disagree on a fundamental enough level—about life, morality, politics—that I won't have to know about it, but it will come through in his/her writing and I will tend to reject it anyway.

It is really, really good to have you back Steve. I value your in-depth comments and will reciprocate next time when I've got more than an hour or two to do my apa.

### Sandra Taylor

Great zine, Sandy. I too remember the fantastic stories of parochial Catholic grade school. I credit them with making me an SF fan.

My folks gave me a box of mushroom spores for Christmas one year. Pour water in, and store it in the basement; soon you've got mushrooms. The crop continued for several months and were quite good. And best of all: no weeding. Did you ever read that short story about an alien invasion called "Hey Kids! Grow Mushrooms in Your Own Basement!"

### Kim Winz

I loved the picture of you and Projectile Poop Boy. It's too bad we just found out about his talents. A little earlier and maybe **Steve** and **Hope** could have scheduled Nicky as a special one-person program item. Well, there's still the possibility of signing him up for one of those spontaneous program slots.

I look forward to seeing you all at WisCon.

### Jae Adams

Imagine an essay inserted here about my reasons for rejecting marriage for myself, which have gotten all the more complex as I consider the pain felt by gay and lesbian friends who wish they could marry. But time speeds on. I've got to finish this before Scott goes to work.

"Don't Shoot Mom, It Bothers Her." I loved this story and also your essay on race. You're a fine writer. Thank you.

I believe you asked me (being one of those hard-headed atheists) to speak up about retroactive baptism. No way, I say. Over my dead body, I say.

We are in agreement also about **Clay's** non-standard formatting. Have you ever seen Robin William's book, *The Mac is Not a Typewriter...?* It's very short (only 72 pages), very elegant and very funny. I think you'd probably like this book.

### Tracy Benton

I'm sorry you had such an unhappy time (even though mixed with happier moments) at Corflu. As I read, I kept thinking you were on the verge of having a really great time. If you'd hooked up with the right person or group you would have felt more part of the scene and come back with an entirely different reaction to the same events. I hope WisCon is much much better for you.

### Heather-Aynne Brooks

What an exciting and utterly terrifying time this is. You have no idea how familiar some of the stuff is to me that you're talking about. I don't know whether to thank you for the memories or run away screaming.... Just joking, Heather. I really enjoy reading your stuff.

### Jim Brooks

I've got another analogy and I'm grinning all the way too: (Sorry about this, **Heather**. I hope you don't mind being used as a hypothetical example.) What if Heather one day marries the wrong guy who beats her, and she eventually kills him in self-defense. However, the state disagrees and she is sent to prison for first degree murder. Then Wisconsin brings back execution for capital offenses and subsequently approves of using executed felons' organs for transplants. One year there is a shortage of healthy hearts for transplant and wealthy folks on the transplant lists lobby their congresspeople to increase the number of offenses eligible for capital punishment. Under pressure for more new organs, fast, our legislators decide that the easiest, fastest thing to do is to retroactively apply the death penalty to lifetime felons.

Well admittedly this is a nigh impossible scenario, but I do think it's likely that if executed prisoners get to be a valuable commodity, that people will find a way to increase their numbers—or at least keep a steady supply.



**Lisa Freitag**

I ached with sympathy for your situation with your stupid photography teacher. Though I haven't taken many art classes, I can tell you this is a very common situation. No wonder people get confused about the definition of art with so many so-called experts confusing it with their own taste.

My favorite ceramics (high school)teacher, though I liked him a lot and he taught me well, should have been taken to task for sneering at any ceramic piece that had any functional aspects about it. He drilled into us over and over again that if it was useful, it wasn't art. He wanted us to make ceramics that were sculptures first and last. I finally grew confident enough about my ability and taste so that the last year of school I did nothing but make useful things—sets of dinnerware to be exact. Since I had earned his approval for my abilities as an artist and technician already, he grudgingly “let” me follow my interests that last year. And a good thing it was, too, since the money I made by selling sets of dinnerware paid for my first two years of college.

I'm looking forward to seeing your photos at WisCon!

As in my comment to **Jae**, you'll have to imagine an essay inserted here about why I decided (a long time ago, and I just get more sure every year) that I didn't want any children. But I just don't have time tonight.

This is a very interesting comparison we've got going here, between the violence of *The Crow* and the violence in *Pulp Fiction*. I was really amazed, when I finally went to see it, that no women were raped or even beat up in *Pulp Fiction*. After hearing about what a violent (and film noir) film it was, I just naturally expected to see that, and was very pleasantly surprised not to find it. But that's not the heart of the comparison....

The violence in *The Crow* is directed against straw soldiers, non-persons—like the Imperial Storm Police in *Star Wars* who die by the score so that we can be assured that it's a dangerous situation, in spite of the fact that we *know absolutely* that our heroes will come to no harm. Except for the first two deaths at the beginning of the *The Crow*, people die for effect, for atmosphere. In *Pulp Fiction* there are no non-persons. The violence is all direct, personal and what the film is about. I can deal with the violence of films like *Pulp Fiction*, but less often with the kind in *The Crow*.