

allargando

number
nine

the
real
thing

Welcome to Allargando #9 and Obsessive Press #84, written and typed a whole week before the monthly deadline by the usually just-in-time Jeanne Gomoll of Box 1443, Madison, WI 53701-1443 and phone number 608-255-9909. All contents by and copyright © by Jeanne Gomoll, July 1987, whether there will be anything actually worth copyrighting is another question since I am, as they say, composing on stensil, without the stensil. I won't make next month's deadline, I'm pretty sure and may have difficulty pulling myself out of a post Worldcon stupor, so this may be goodbye for a while, we'll see...



A word to those of you who have asked me about Julie (Gomoll)/Crash's health in light of her absence from the Turbo-charged mailing list: I called her about that and she explained that poverty had shut down her apa-production temporarily. And so I offered to take care of reproduction of her zine if she'd just send me a copy of her next issue. Whether that turned out or not, you'll be able to see by the membership list this time. Andy agreed to put her on the wait list.

In the meantime, she and her housemate Rachel Matthews have moved down the block in search of better housing and lower rent. Their new address is: 4907 Aberdeen Circle, Austin, TX 78745. Their phone number remains the same, 512-443-6618.



Just to get rid of this pesky "extra" zine that **DuCharme** sent along with one of the past Turbo-Aspas, I'll start my mailing comments with him. One thing I'd like to know Mike, in connection with all this conspiracy talk, is how you explain the fact that you asked me to produce the new logo for your apazine, FX But No Plot. When are you going to give me the fee you promised me? Why aren't you using the logo anymore? Do you need another original?



David Busch mentioned that he's in the process of purchasing a car at the ripe old age of 34. Well, I'm a couple years up on him, and I still don't have a car, nor plans to buy one. I drove my mom's car for a couple years when I was living at home still, and commuting back and forth between UW-Waukesha and home, but once I moved to Madison my transportation needs were met exclusively by Madison Metro and a 10-speed bicycle, with occasional rent-a-cars hired out for vacations out of town. Scott moves in with me next week and my life will probably change for me vis-a-vis transportation, whether I like it or not, because Scott owns a car (currently a Ford Escort) and is determined to add me to his insurance as a "second driver" and confidently predicts that I will become addicted to the car for everyday movement. I hope not. I expect that I'll use it for shopping more than I've been accustomed to, but I am equally determined to continue biking to work 9 months a year and bussing the other three. In the meantime, I'm learning to drive a stick shift and we're making plans for a "final test," in which I will have to come to a full stop on a hill and get going again without bashing in the bumper of the car unfortunate enough to be behind me.



Did you all get the French poem I included last time? Do you still want more?



Only now am I getting around to comments on Turboapa #11, as you may have noticed already. And so, only now, am I replying to your explanation, **Andy**, as to why you avoid calling yourself a feminist (because of several severe brow-beatings, and a strange image that Anglo-Saxon noun calls to my visually inclined mind. Sounds like a cartoon to me, yessir.). Anyway, I sniffed. I understood, but I did sniff. You're certainly not alone as a person who identifies themselves as a certain kind of person and is derided by others who have already identified themselves as that sort of person and cannot imagine common ground with you. Many years ago when I was a strident feminist (i.e., a feminist who doesn't make jokes about it), and I was working for Women's Transit, everyone was nice to me until they found out that contrary to their assumptions, I wasn't a lesbian. Then they got nasty. Everyone knows that a woman can't really, really be a feminist and sleep with men at the same time.

I still call myself a feminist.

For what it's worth, I agree with you and your disdain for lumping feminism in with humanism as its subset, but don't really mind if others want to do it. Whatever way people want to fit it into their daily philosophies is fine with me as long as it gets included.

You suggest poetry as a change of venue, conversation-wise, and suggest that the ultimate exhaustion of that subject will come when I finally write some. Actually I think I've personally exhausted my contributions to the subject already, but in fact, I have written poetry, and even published some of it. It was sleep poetry. I used to sleep walk, sleep talk, and once, for a few months, I sleep-wrote. Poetry. It was a particularly trying time of my life. I'd introduced my then best-friend to a man with whom I'd just started to get involved with, and they became lovers. I tried and finally successfully managed to stay good friends with both of them, and during that mental acrobaticism, wrote poetry in my sleep. Subsequently they broke up and I lost the good friend because I didn't want to take sides and lose either of them as friends. In fact I ended up moving in with the guy, and later regretting that I hadn't chosen sides against him with my good friend. *Growing up, growing up...* Anyway, one day I was trekking up Bascom Hill and I suddenly remembered this vivid dream I'd had the night before: I was sitting on the stairs in the Cochrane House, scribbling madly into my journal. That night I found those scribbles, in verse form, in my journal. Pretty bad stuff, actually.

As for your comment hook, I like mailing comments. Good essays, if they're really good, might be better placed in a fanzine where they'll get a larger audience, and almost certainly will attract more comment than they will in an apa.



Hope, I know you told us clearly at the beginning of your zine that Joy is your sister, but I've slipped a number of times as I read along, thinking that you were referring to Joy Hibbert, instead. Do you understand how bizarre that is? And why I sigh with relief when I realize my error?

Well, I wish that Ray had changed his mind rather than dropped out of the apa, but since the former was rather unlikely, I don't particularly care that he chose the latter.

I cast my vote in favor of your two motions to take some of the economic burden off of Andy's shoulders, i.e., to pay 25¢ per mailing and to pay for the costs of any spec copies for persons we nominate. As for making another rule to solve the problems of reprints and long issues with more reprinted material than original...well, barring some really horrendous, bureaucratic finageling, I don't think it's possible, so I have no interest in suggesting any rules to cover all that. I mean, if we can't convince each other that we should "converse" in an interesting manner (as defined by the group and as demonstrated by what we ourselves write) well, then this apa won't last very long and no bureaucratic constitution will prevent its demise.

Why is London a bad place for female bicyclists? I could understand it better if you said that it was a bad place for female pedestrians, but how do women get hassled when they're whooshing past on a bike?

delivered
Kim K., that tpestyle doesn't help, I still have a hard time reading your title. And in fact I will in the next issue too, not that I'm a pre-cog, but I've already seen it. Well, I guess an illegible heading is better than illegible text.

delivered
 Congratulations on the new job. I envy you the Okidata laser printer, for sure. A good printer (and graphics capability) is the thing that keeps holding up my plans for purchasing a computer myself. If I was only interested in writing, I'd have gotten one long ago. I could live with your set-up, I'm sure.

delivered
 Well your definition, or your non-definition of poetry didn't really clarify matters, **Peter Larsen**, but it was an entertaining grope in the dark, and interesting too. Maybe it doesn't really need a definition, anyway.

Yeah, people really do go out and buy apas. Isn't that weird? Not me, I give mine away, and if nobody wants them, they eventually get thrown out.

Hey, I didn't say your cover for TurboApa #8 was "just more damn clip art"!! I was using it as an example of something that could be called only clip art, but that was obviously (which I assumed went without saying) much, much more. I thought I was being ironic, and was pointing out the potential for silly categorizations that would be necessitated by the rule against non-original material. I think your cover was neat. I'm sorry to have offended you. Sigh.

Your comment to Nevenah re Smerfs makes me wonder if you've ever seen or even heard of Garth Danielson's and Karen Trego's murdered Smerf sculptures. I've got three of them at my apartment. Each one displays a smerf murdered in some horrible, often complex manner. One of mine for instance, has a Smerf with a wrench embedded in its bloody forehead. I believe that Spike owns one of the more complex sculptures with a Smerf being beheaded by the surfboard ridden by Snoopy. Tres Bizarre, for sure, but very satisfying. You're welcome to see mine sometime when you are in town. I'll be selling two of them to benefit TAFF sometime in the next year.

delivered
Lorelei Manney were you named after the character in Diamonds are a Girl's Best Friend? Or was that movie called, How to Marry a Millionaire?

I don't know why the dentist didn't send me to the hospital when I failed to revive promptly from the anaesthesia. I didn't even wonder about it until you asked here in the apa. It's a little late to ask or even to be outraged, but now you've got me wondering about it after all these years...

delivered
 I'm glad you're feeling better **Diane**.//And **Kim**--more good stuff, though I wish the Moroccan epic were more...epic. Oh well. You do have a bad attitude, but you don't really think it's bad do you? I thought not. You're sort of proud of yourself. As for your brief comment "On Writing," I agree pretty much that it's necessary to match speeds--of thinking and transcription--but I think the more important element is practice (as with almost everything): the more you do it, the easier it becomes and the better the results. The more one writes the less difficult becomes the transcription process.

oops
 (Sorry about that double person paragraph. Usually I switch to a new paragraph when I start a new comment, but I was interrupted, and...Oh well this is taking longer than it deserves. Never mind.) The preceding interruption is one very good example of the hazards of composing "on stensil."

delivered
 Interesting comments on the Hart brouhaha, **John Peacock**. I'm divided on the whole thing. I don't like, I definitely don't like the idea of the press sticking their noses into public people's private lives. But I wish that once it had all come out, I wish that Hart had had the guts to say, "Yes, I am having an affair and there are conditions in my marriage that are not ideal," or whatever, "and that is none of your business." I would hope that we Americans

could have coped with the hardly surprising news that public person experience marital difficulties and fall in love and in lust, etc., etc... The thing I do not like at all, is the subtext of Hart's denial and of Hart's defenders, that the manner in which Hart or any public figure conducts his personal life should have absolutely no bearing upon their actual or potential performance in a position of trust.

To digress and backtrack for a moment: We all of us make judgements about people every day based upon the parts of them we know about, the parts they reveal in public and to us personally. Normally, the only time we know much about another person's marital or sexual relationships is when we're friends with that person. And in that situation, that information is very important. Whether or not to entrust our own feelings with that person is a decision that must be guided by a sense that the other person understands us and is capable of being a sensitive friend or lover. One way to be assured that another person is deserving of trust is to observe how they interact with other friends.

But for the most part, we do not gain access to this information, and for the most part it is irrelevant to everyday interaction with others. I resist revealing a whole lot about my personal life to people at work. Whether or not I am married, or whether or not and to whom I am involved outside of work, has nothing to do with my performance as an artist working for the DNR. And I would create quite a fuss in personnel if anyone suggested that it did. All this suggests that I should agree completely with Hart's supporters that it is entirely outrageous that Hart's future performance as a president should in any way be judged by his private activities.

The only way that my strongly feminist tendencies influence my job is that for years--in the process of drafting park maps and brochures--I've been re-naming "fishermen's parking" to "anglers' parking," and "horsemen's camping" to "equestrian camping," and editing out male generics wherever I come across them in the texts I lay out.

However, if Hart is really as callous towards his wife as his performance in the last months suggests, and if he is really as arrogant toward women in general (as if political victory entitled him to the spoils of political power, including the attentions of beautiful, young groupies)—I think that potentially affects his performance as a president, rather more than it would as a graphic artist. He might sign a solid, anti-nuclear proliferation treaty and he might make wonderful speeches, but if he does not respect the women with whom he is personally involved, why shouldn't I wonder if he might not also lack some respect for the women he works with, and the women who he might (or might not) appoint to important responsibility? If--as it seems to me--Hart feels that it is acceptable to cheat on his marriage and maintain the marriage's fiction to support his political image, I don't think it's unreasonable to wonder how wholeheartedly he might support legislation and court rulings that accord women their rights as persons equal to men.

Regardless of how unethically the information about Hart's personal life was procured by the press, I think that Hart should have accepted the fact that questions like these were going to be raised in the minds of the voters who read their newspapers and watched the news broadcasts. The more political power possessed by a person, I think, the more their political decisions and actions (once in office) will have effects upon the personal lives of women and men, and will, at least in part, be designed by the personal morality of those in power. Many of Hart's supporters have complained that important leaders like Kennedy and Roosevelt, etc., led lives that would have been repugnant to many people, but they managed to do outstanding jobs nonetheless, and reporters cooperated in guarding their privacy in such matters. I would be willing to accept the fact that most if not all presidents treated their wives and lovers in ways that many of us now, would find much to criticize. Relationships with women have never been thought of as very important criterions of the "really

critical" motivations for public policy-making. He might have been an aggressive football player in school and from this it is understood that he will transfer that competitiveness to the political arena. Other predictions can be made too. Perhaps the fact that so many of our mostly male leaders hold women in contempt as anything other than mothers and sexual partners partially explains the rampant sexism in politics and government. From my point of view, the details of a person's personal life should remain private, but I'm anxious to acquire some basic understanding of the candidate's general code of conduct. If the person is arrogant and selfish in private life, it seems to me that this says important things about their conduct in public life.

Most of the time, we get this information indirectly, from knowledge of the candidate's interests, the sincerity with which she or he talks about certain issues, and from the endorsements of other people who we respect.

I don't really think that a political candidate should be obligated or forced to tell us who and how they are sexually involved with. But I do expect to know whether a given candidate, if male, respects women as more than a sexual partner or a mother. This is a basic issue for us as a society right now, and an important one for myself personally. From the many statements that Hart made during his campaigns about equal rights, I thought that he was a reasonably progressive candidate in such matters. But the scandal revealed information that seemed to contradict those assumptions. I didn't want him to acquiesce to the press with People magazine details, but I wanted him to talk a bit about his philosophy of personal relationships in general.

I wanted reassurance and am angry that Hart acted as if the matters about which I wanted to be reassured were irrelevant.

So I disagree with some of your conclusions, John. The brouhaha isn't only a matter of "looking good under pressure" of televised journalism. There were some important issues being slobbered over during those couple weeks, and none of them were discussed much. And I do not at all think that the cliched reference to Kennedy and Roosevelt and Jefferson as being great presidents despite their sexual indiscretions is a particularly good argument in Hart's favor. Of course, Jefferson's and Kennedy's sexual behavior had nothing to do with the Cuban missile crisis or the Louisiana Purchase (at least I can't think of any obvious connection), but there might be a crucial connection, say, between Jefferson's (and the rest of society's) attitude toward women and women's non-place in the US Constitution. And perhaps if Kennedy had respected women more than he obviously did, there would have been a broader civil rights movement in the 60's, one that had included women as well as blacks. Saying that the way these men conducted their personal lives has no connection to the way they conducted themselves in office is wrong. We live in the world we do today partially because of the morals of our leaders, past and present. Perhaps in the past, the way a man treated women was irrelevant in a broad political sense, but that was because women were considered irrelevant in themselves.

The world is changing and I'm glad of it.

Which really doesn't excuse the fact that I shamefully changed the subject from the one you were discussing which was excesses of the press corps, in connection with the Hart controversy. I'd been thinking about it a lot at the time (before my thoughts were distracted by the Iran-Contra hearings), and am glad to have found an excuse to ramble on about it.

You complained that I'd been ignoring you in MC's. Does this make you feel better?

Thomas Quale, you ask me which I'd rather have, the feminism-on-their-sleeve male, or the quiet, listening, learning, feminist male. Well, I don't think it's up to me to choose for you or any other man, but neither attitude seems bad to me; both seem eminently superior to the card-carrying MCP, and both have their plusses and minuses. I'm as likely as some other feminist women that you might have known, to object when a man tries to tell other women how to be good feminists, but at least the spectacle will impress other men



who happen to witness. ("This issue is important to another man. Hmmm, perhaps there's more to this feminism stuff than I thought.") The quiet feminist man is probably a great deal more pleasant to live with, but then he may not be changing the world anymore than a quiet sexist who has learned to be polite in public. Be what you like. All I would ask is that you understand that this is a tremendously important and complex issue and that it does and will affect all of us for a long period of change. Support--moral or verbal--will usually be appreciated.



So, you found a job, **Julie Shivers**. You don't want congratulations. Shall I offer sympathy? Many happy returns? I worked fast food once, too--at an A&W one summer during my college days, and I think the appropriate word is sympathy after all. I understand though, that it must be a relief to have some sort of paycheck coming in regularly.



Good idea to review fanzines here, **Spike**, and pretty good ones too. I liked the piece by Chuch, and Owen's prepuce story too. I hope you sent copies of your apazine to all the people who you reviewed.

PART TWO

It's page 6, I must be reading Turboapa 12. I must be.

Before I start in with the mailing comments, I interrupt for this special announcement. As many of you may know already, I published Whimsy 6 a few weeks ago. During a conversation with Spike (and a day after I'd missed the Turboapa deadline), it occured to me that I should have given Andy 30 copies of Whim, made minac, and at the same time acquainted some of you with my zine. I have more or less given up on the practice of distributing Whim to all Madison fans. In the early days, I used to do that with What Spare Time?!, a perzine of only two issues, but I got the feeling that people were accepting it with little interest. Indeed I have received only a couple Letters of Comment from Madison folks on my zines, and rarely any verbal comments either. I get 40 or 50 letters from fans outside of Madison, but there hasn't been a lot of interest close to home. I understand that that's pretty typical among fanzine publishers in other cities too: the local group takes the fan publisher's work pretty much for granted. Well, that's OK, my feelings weren't hurt or anything, but I evolved the personal rule that I'd only give my zines to people who showed some interest. I didn't like the feeling that I was putting a guilt trip on someone, or seeming to be asking for praise (like a small child: "Watch me!") So anyway, if you're interested tell me and I'll give you a copy. If you like it, tell me (or better yet, write me), and I'll keep giving it to you. That's all it takes.

Now, back to our regularly scheduled program. MC's on #12 will be sort of abbreviated, I suspect, due to the excesses of comments on #11. Sorry, folks.



No, **Bill Bodden**, I don't want to organize the baseball picnic. I thought I was being sort of humorously sarcastic, and trying to nudge you into really doing it because it sounded like a good idea. So when's the date, where's the place?

Scott and I are thinking about going to see Blue Velvet the Friday of the week he moves in, July 24. I hope I remember to call you before then and arrange our scandalous free passes. Thanks for the offer.



Why are you still using that old logo, **DuCharme**, instead of the nice, new one I made you? I like the new one much better.

Welcome to the apa, **Terry**, glad to see you here!



I still haven't gotten the videotape of the last Prairie Home Companion. When I do, I'll let you know and we'll do the last show party. I thought I'd make strawberry shortcake with powdermilk busquits... Unless you'd rather have grilled cheese sandwiches and Raw Bits. What will you bring **Andy**?



Try this, **Hope**: "Offering me your seat on the tube displays the same sort of denigrating assumptions about me as I would display if--everytime I saw a man holding a baby or caring for a child--I rushed in and 'rescued' the child from him. The woman might prefer sitting, yes. The man might welcome some help. But neither woman nor man feels totally comfortable with the assumption of strength or child-rearing skills that prompted the offers."

No word yet from Ray. Apparently he decided to let me have the last word. Or maybe he tossed my letter and the apa Andy sent to him in the trash without reading it.

I'm glad to hear you've made some friends in Britain. And I enjoyed the Taxi Hell story a lot. See you next month!



Kim Koenigsberg, we should talk about Gyn/Ecology together sometime. I read it some years ago--when it first was published--and was awfully impressed. I know I've internalized some of the words she re/vealed, and the tendency to divide words for interesting effects. But probably the information about African female circumcision has stayed with me more than anything else in that book. It was terrifying, awful information about the world, and the connections Daly made between the African female mutilations, Chinese footbinding, Indian self-immolation of widows, and the relatively mild institutions in this country floored me. I still remember and tremble at the idea of enlistment of mothers and other women in the enslavement/torture of daughters--in all cultures. A very scary, very important book.

Suzette's Native Tongue was good too, though I'm much less impressed. I think that Suzette is absolutely correct in believing that there are very good SF stories to be written based upon linguistics and the idea that language influences reality. Unfortunately, I don't think she's the writer to do it. I respect her newsletter (The Lonesome Node) more than I do her fiction, in fact. Especially in Native Tongue's sequel, The Judas Rose, there are too many loopholes in the plot. (I've noted this before in reviews. Her Communipath novels are full of inconsistencies. She has enough trouble keeping things straight for one novel; I really wish she'd stop trying to do multi-novel series set in the same universe.) But worse than that, her last two books have had bad problems with characterization. Characters are introduced and forgotten. Major characters wander around and never confront other major character whom the plot has made their adversary... There's a sense of too many loose ends, too many thinly disguised ideas masquerading unsuccessfully as characters... It's really disappointing, because I like her ideas so very much, and the potential for a good story is so obvious.



Peter Larsen, you might want to read Alice Sheldon's obituary (written by a very good friend of her's, Jeff Smith) for an answer to some of your questions/musings on her death. Much information, much food for thought. Like,

"...Once Tiptree was exposed...he vanished--leaving a number of projects for Alli to complete. And she struggled with them: her first novel, Up the Walls of the World; "Slow Music" (in which Tiptree, as a male character, dies and is revealed as a woman); a couple of others. Once, in despair, she took all her notes, all her unfinished drafts, and started feeding them into a fire. Ting (her husband) physically knocked her over to get at them, and managed to save one notebook which he gave me for safekeeping. Years later she asked for it back, when she again became productive...She was not only productive again, but uncharacteristically satisfied with what she wrote."

The whole thing was published in the July 1987 issue of Science Fiction Chronicle. I recommend it.



Well, did you go back when you were 18, **Nevenah**? Great story, by the way. Thanks much for publishing it in the apa.



Diane Martin (see my comments/book review to Kim K.): do you find Elgin's

non-fiction better than her fiction. I certainly do.
Sorry about misquoting you, by the way.

Kim Nash, I think the story I want to hear is about the Rat and the Fan. I'm in a mood for the grotesque, I guess.

What job should you try next? Well, I know you say you don't want to try management, but I think you'd probably be a fairly good supervisory type. Not so unimaginative and inflexible as so many of them are. And maybe what you need is a little more contact with people. They'd certainly throw a lot more anarchic quality into your job...

One of my first SF books was Nourse's The World Between too, **Lucy Nash**. It's funny, how when you're very young, the possibility of totally escaping this world into an entirely different one seems so irresistible. That's the thing I most remember feeling about that book. At the same time I was dreaming about a UFO landing near me. At the time I would have run on board with no questions, no investigations. I've grown a bit more attached to this world now, and I wouldn't be quite so eager to leave without some assurances that I could return later.

That was a fascinating explanation/apology **Richard Russell**. I hope you're making progress with dealing with procrastination. Everyone will benefit if you do, so believe that we're all pulling for you.

* * * * *

I'm running out of time and space now. I did read the rest of the apa and enjoyed all of it, honestly, but I am determined to keep this monster no longer than 8 pages. And I've got a list of things to do in the next few hours that I really should have been doing instead of this, sooo....

Scott is moving in sometime this week (will have moved in by the time you read this). We've been moving stuff from Prairie du Chien on weekends. And as usual I will have a moving moving story to tell about the experience. It was a memorable move for many reasons, but the highlight is probably the fact that I can now claim to have ended up in the emergency ward of the hospital because of moving complications. Oh it's an exciting tale all right. And as Scott said, knowingly, at one point, "at least you can write it up as a fanzine article."

And I will.

But, for now, adieu. See you next month maybe.

Jeanne

