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OBSESSIONS 29

Yes, this is a fast issue of OBSESSIONS, number 29 to be exact, and number 72 or thereabouts of the lethargic Obsessive Press. Address is correct as seen above in my letterhead and all material is mine and © 1983 by Jeanne Gomoll.

AnneLaurie extended my membership once already--because I sent WHIMSEY out to AWA members. Another issue of WHIMSEY has gone out (the week before Christmas), but I don't feel right about asking the favor again. Besides being behind in publishing my AWAzine, I am now far behind in reading them as well. There seems to be just so much time for writing fannish material and it seems to be all taken up by WHIMSEY now...

Another theory might be that I have a certain amount of desire to express myself through writing but only so much and no more. When I was in college, I kept a journal: it was a fat thing, a spiral, lined notebook, that grew fat from its occassional use as a scrapbook as well as the collection of my recorded thoughts. Four years produced six volumes of that journal, and during the time I wrote in it, it was probably the most important thing in my life. It's what I would have gone back into a burning apartment to save. Sometimes, walking back from school, (a time when most of my best ideas seemed to occur to me: there's something about moving: walking, swimming, biking, etc., that gets my mind working), I'd have this flash of an idea and dig my notebook out of my backpack and settle down on some convenient stairs or the nearby curb and scribble madly. I lived much of my life considering how I'd report it in my journal. It largely stopped, however one summer that was filled with a nearly daily correspondance with a lover, which is a bad way to spend a summer, let me tell you. I learned that one says things and one believes and becomes things based on the excesses of such writing that can in no way be recreated or lived up to by actual face-to-face life. But it was an outlet for that particular kind of expression for me. The writing that took the place of that outlet once the affair started to lose some of its more enjoyable aspects, was AWA, plus some writing in JANUS and a few articles for other fanzines. My outlet was becoming more and more public. My fears that writing to or for others was dangerous for its tendency to make me vulnerable, was replaced with a more rational notion that it wasn't who read the stuff I wrote, but how honest the stuff was that I wrote. Lies to myself were infinitely more harmful than telling truths to strangers. My writing and my honesty-to-myself were sharpened, and most recently I've started WHIMSEY, which seems to give me more of a feeling of satisfaction than any of the other outlets have done so far. I'm clear, now, on how much of my privacy I can give up and how much I can comfortably expose. And feedback from WHIMSEY has been wonderful and bountious.

It remains to be seen, however, whether WHIMSEY will simply replace the latter outlets or whether I'll be able to continue to contribute to AWA. I don't know what's going to happen. If this gets to AnneLaurie too late to matter and if she has dropped me from the roster, I'll take that as a sign and, at least temporarily drop out of AWA. I'll think about joining the wait list. But even that decision will have to be put off a while until I know whether it's going to be possible. You'll know the verdict by the condition of this issue's roster.

In the meantime, let me know if you like and want to continue receiving WHIMSEY.

These notes are being penned during the week after Christmas while I'm halfway between a visit to my housemate, Peter's, family in Connecticut and a New Year's visit to my friend, Anne Steel, in Pittsburgh. Geographically the site of this page's writing is Stu Shiffman's apartment in New York City. Sue Rae Rosenfeld offered to run off my mailing on her ditto machine, but the idea of spending several of the few hours I had in the city typing, rather than going to the Metropolitan Art Museum (which is where I strolled out and traveled to via subway only moments after outlining this stuff), did not seem a rational thing to do.

Visiting Connecticut was fun: I enjoyed meeting Peter's family and they seemed to like me. Only now they're mad at Peter for not marrying me, assuming, I guess, that he must be the one who like a typical male protective of his freedom, is responsible for our life of sin. Ho ho. But it was fun. We went to see/hear La Traviata, the movie, and were enthralled. We rode about in Peter's father's cadilac with all the extras (like you turn on the radio and the antenna raises out of the roof, or you turn on a turn blinker and a floodlight beams out of the appropriate side of the car, or you push a button and find out the inside or outside air temperature, or you look at a display and can find out the fuel efficiency with which you're driving, or ... well, it was fun.). New York was fun too: every corner looking like the central downtown of any other American city, only there were hundreds and hundreds of them... The art museums were wonderful; I could have stayed there for weeks and not seen enough. The subways were scarey and I even saw one woman mugged--her purse stolen--and I don't think I could take the tension of living there for very long, but it was great seeing it and being there for a while. Anne and I had a good time, talking almost non-stop the whole time I was there, catching up, site-seeing, going to movies, eating out, and talking some more. But it was good to get home again.

Back to my typewriter and a last-ditch attempt to save my AWA-mailing, and not sure that it's going to get to East Lansing soon enough to do so.

I do intend to read the back issues of AWA. It's going to be difficult though, because my first priority for the next couple months is going to be to do some drawings for Lizzy Lynn's children's book, THE SILVER HORSE. Bluejay Press is going to be publishing it and I'm going to illustrate it. 10 drawings in rough need to be done by the end of February (for WisCon, at which Lizzy will be a GoH), and then the finals done within the next month. Also, I've built up an ENORMOUS backlog of work at the DNR, being away this last week and a half. It was huge before I left, but it scares me now. Lots of overtime, no doubt, for this next month or two. And then there's WisCon, for which I'll be doing some things; I can't avoid it during the last weeks before the con with Peter being the ConChair and living in the same house. We've got some projects lined up for the house, among them to strip and refinish the kitchen woodwork. It's going to be a frantic Spring.

Anyway, this may be goodbye. If AnneLaurie publishes this with the next AWA zine and accepts it as the postmailing I owe, well, I may still hang in there with you all. If not, and she publishes this as a sort of epilogue to my membership in March, it is goodbye, at least for a while, until I decide whether or not to try again and add my name to the wait list...

Still, I'm going to really miss all of you. Best of luck and may AWA live for-ever!

Love, Jemve