

# Weber Woman's Wrevenge

Volume 1  
Number 1  
February 1981



# WEBERWOMAN'S WREVENGE

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EDITORIAL

Welcome to the first issue of Weberwoman's Wrevenge. I hope to follow a more-or-less quarterly publication schedule, in February, May, August and November. I intend to make this more of a genzine, assuming I get enough contributions, but this first issue, and the next, are devoted mostly to my 1980 trip report, plus a few letters. Contributions are solicited on any on-sexist topic; articles, poetry, fiction, artwork, book reviews, etc. are all welcome. From time to time I shall try to suggest a theme, but don't let that inhibit you.

I have at the moment some interesting correspondence on human relationships which I plan to publish in issue 3; I am particularly interested in material on this topic: the way we live now -- heterosexual, homosexual, monogamous, group, with or without children, and any combinations or permutations -- especially how one has come to live that way and way, how one feels about it, how one's feelings have changed over the years (or haven't changed), how the law/taxation/etc helps or hinders, and so on and so on and so on. Lest this zine get too serious, however, I'd also like some humorous views on the topics, too. I, of course, will contribute acid comments on anything and everything that strikes my fancy...

For those of you who haven't previously met me, in person or in print, here's the obligatory autobiography (condensed):

I am an expatriate American, having moved to Australia in 1974. (My application for Australian citizenship is presently being processed.) I lived in Townsville, Far North Queensland (see map page 17) for 2½ years and now live in Canberra where I am an Editorial & Information Officer with CSIRO (Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organization). (That may change soon, too -- stay tuned to next issue.)

I began getting involved in fandom in 1978, although I had attended AUSSIECON in 1975 and subscribed to a few fanzines in the interim. In 1979 I suddenly found myself on a panel discussion at Eastercon (Melbourne), about "Feminism and Science Fiction". This lead to lots of interesting contacts, joining an apa, and then last year publishing the AUSSIECON FIFTH ANNIVERSARY MEMORIAL FANZINE. I think I am well and truly hooked.

That's the short version. To expand a little: I was born in Washington, D.C.; my father was a career Army Officer and we travelled around a lot: Georgia, Japan, Kansas, Illinois, Italy, New Mexico (not in that order). By the time I was 21, I had lived at 25 different addresses. After earning a B.Sc. in Botany (1964) at the University of Maryland, I worked for NASA for 2 years, then got married and went to Germany to live with my GI husband. Later

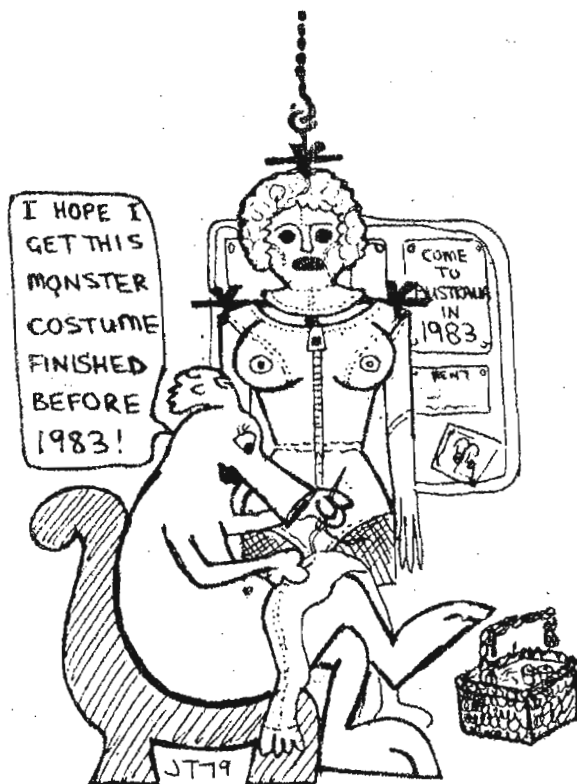
I received a M.Sc. (and a divorce) in 1970, spent 4 years in San Francisco working as a secretary, and moved to Australia. While in California I was very involved with Zero Population Growth and the Sierra Club. In 1976 I joined the Women's Electoral Lobby (Australian equivalent of NOW) and have been active with them ever since. Presently I publish the ACT branch newsletter, having otherwise gaffiated in favour of fandom. So I am definitely a feminist, as well as an atheist, a militant non-smoker and an occasional vegetarian. I play softball, swim, bicycle to work (sometimes), do yoga, meditate (TM), live with cats, like gardening, photography, travel, jazz and classical music. My taste in SF runs to what I call "sociological" SF and lately 80% of what I read is by women writers.

Oh, I almost forgot to mention that I also write science fiction; so far none published though I did win the short-story contest at SWANCON last year.

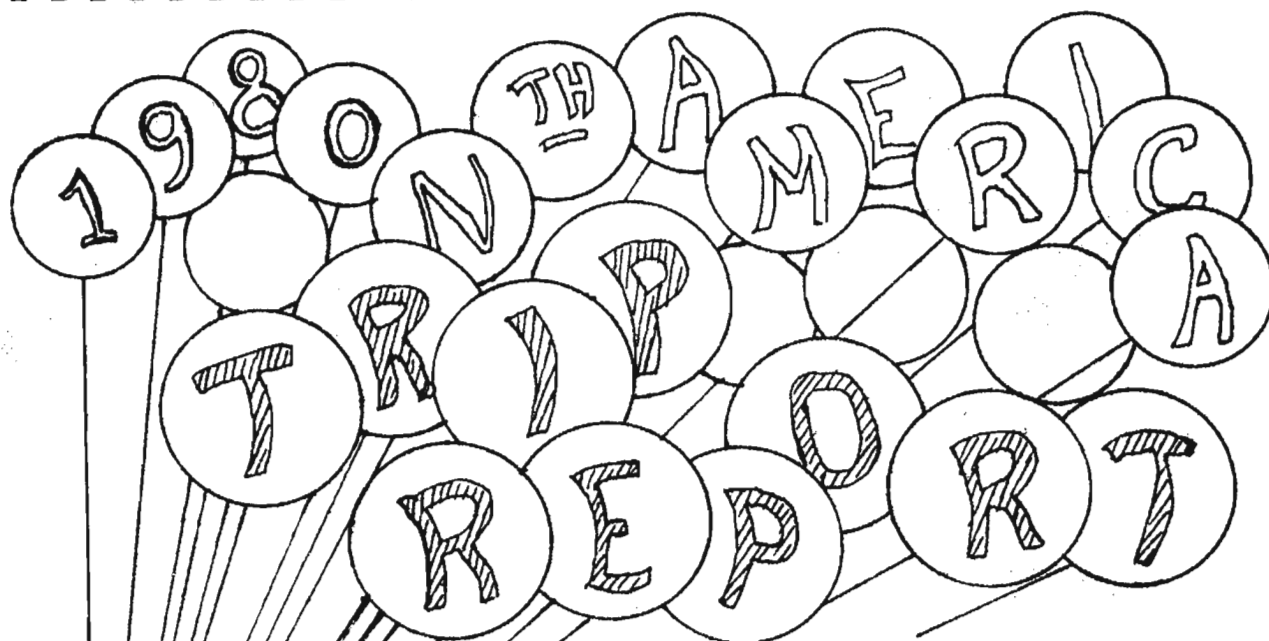
Recent reading: Amazons! (ed. Jessica Amanda Salmonson), 1979; The Barbie Murders (John Varley), 1980; Islands, 1975/80, Journey, 1978, Dangerous Games, 1980 (all Marta Randall), Day By Night (Tanith Lee), 1980, Malafrena, 1980, The Language of the Night, 1980 (both Ursula Le Guin), Consider Her Ways (John Wyndham), 1961, The Dying of the Light (George R.R. Martin), 1977, Imperial Earth (Arthur C. Clarke), 1976, Two To Conquer (Marion Zimmer Bradley), 1980, The Snow Queen (Joan D. Vinge), 1980, The Faded Sun trilogy (C.J. Cherryh), 1978, 1979, Tactics of Mistake, 1971, Soldier Ask Not, 1967, Dorsai!, 1960 (Gordon Dickson), Mind of My Mind, 1977 (Octavia E. Butler), Fountains of Paradise, 1978 (Arthur C. Clarke), Storm Queen, 1978 (Marion Zimmer Bradley), The Keeper's Price (MZB & Friends of Darkover), 1980, Watchstar (Pamela Sargent), 1980, and many issues of Analog, Fantasy & Science Fiction, and various other anthologies and magazines. Fanzines received are on page 18.

Almost forgot an apology to those artists whose work suffered by the repro in Aussiecon Vol. 2. I've just finished printing most of this and I think I've got it licked (a different brand of electro-stencil).

By the way, I did get the new job I applied for, so from 2 March (all going well) I will be employed by the CSIRO Division of Computing Research. The possibilities for word-processor editing of fanzines is mind-boggling. I will be editing reports, technical papers, newsletters, and assorted other user goodies, as my main job. Stay tuned for details.



6 February 1981



This jaunt began as a duty visit to parents and other relatives, and just grew. In the end I visited 7 cities and various points in between, and saw lots of old friends and new, both fannish and mundane. I had to do a bit more planning than I normally would prefer, in order to take advantage of 40% discount airfares, and then blew the savings - and more - on rental cars in several places (an extravagance which I thoroughly enjoyed and do not in the least regret). Very few things went as anticipated (the weather being unco-operative, and many people I'd hoped to meet being unavailable), but none of that distressed me and, in fact, the whole trip was more relaxed and far less frantic because of it. I was quite surprised at how calmly I goofed off, doing little other than reading fanzines, many days - five years ago I would have raced madly about sightseeing, or chaffed at the weather, but this trip it made no difference. Methinks Weberwoman has mellowed unbelievably. Australia has been good for me. The other general comment I must make is that, despite the fact that I thoroughly enjoyed the trip, and the people I met and visited, I was really delighted to get back to Australia. I had not got the negative reactions I had expected (from past experience) from travelling in North America, but yet I was so glad to be home. In fact, many places I visited, places where I've lived, I got all nostalgic about - last trip they distressed me (1976-7). My whole reaction syndrome was quite different from what I'd expected...



# Menu



**SYDNEY-HONOLULU**  
**9 HOURS 15 MINS.**

## *Dinner*

SALAD NICOISE  
ROAST LAMB WITH MINT FLAVOURED SAUCE  
OR  
BARRAMUNDI MEUNIERE  
CHOCOLATE MOUSSE  
CHEESE AND BISCUITS  
COFFEE • TEA

## *Breakfast*

FRUIT COMPOTE  
SAVOURY OMELETTE  
*SERVED WITH PAN FRIED BACON AND GRILLED TOMATO*

*FROM THE BAKEHOUSE*  
BREAD ROLL - DANISH PASTRY  
*SERVED WITH STRAWBERRY JAM*

COFFEE • TEA

## *Lunch*

PROVOLONE SALAD  
BEEF ORIENTAL  
*TENDER PIECES OF BEEF MARINATED IN A SPICY SAUCE  
AND SERVED WITH STEAMED RICE AND BROCCOLI FLORETTES*

FRESH CHUNKS OF PINEAPPLE AND BANANA  
*WITH RASPBERRY PUREE*

CHEESE AND BISCUITS

COFFEE • TEA

**QANTAS**

Tuesday, 7 Oct. Mom & Dad & I were on the road in their truck, pulling their caravan (trailer to you North Americans), by 9 am. Heading northeast toward Sacramento and Reno, on the Interstate (a system of freeways built in the '60's & '70's, once high speed but now limited to 55 mph (90 km/h) as are all highways in the USA, a victim of OPEC). The industrial area north of Walnut Creek (e.g., oil refinery at Martinez) is not scenic. Hot day but not too bad, cooler than the last few. Sierra foothills as enticing as ever, even if very dry and brown. Wish we'd had more time to sightsee. We did stop briefly near Donner Pass, where a party of pioneers perished back in the early 19th century sometime when (due to various delays crossing the plains and the desert) they didn't reach the Sierra Nevada mountains before the winter snows began. I'd hiked the Donner Trail some years ago, and I remember that it was steep & rocky - hard enough to walk, couldn't imagine trying to take a waggon up through the pass. It's places like this that make me realize how soft and complacent so many of us (including me!) are these days. (There are places I've been in Australia that affect me the same way.)

Once over Donner Pass, we eventually came to the Truckee Meadows, a well-watered oasis once used by Indians as a meeting place, and by pioneers recovering from the desert crossing. Reno, Nevada, is built in this area. We stayed in a crappy campground in Reno. I would have liked to visit a casino (research purposes only, you understand) but we were too far out of town to walk, Mom & Dad weren't interested, I can't drive the truck, I'm far too cheap to take a taxi, and hitchhiking is much too dangerous. Oh well, I've been in 'em before.

Wednesday, 8 Oct. Long driving day to Ely, Nevada. Turned off the Interstate not far east of Reno and drove southeast on old Route 50. Very little traffic on this 2-lane bitumen road. Passed several roadhouses much like those in Australia, with many large trucks outside. The plateau is about 1500 m (5000ft) elevation, with incredibly tall mountains all around. Saltpan soon gave way to sagebrush. I have travelled in Nevada before, but never in this part. It was much more interesting (topographically and botanically) than I'd expected. We'd go up over one summit - slooowly - then a looong (approx. 20 km) run over a flat valley (with the occasional stream) to the next range. Not too hot today, but dry and the sun will getcha if you're not careful. My Australian digger hat came in very handy.

Thursday, 9 Oct. Spent the morning at Lehman Caves, a very good limestone cavern near the Utah border. Our guide was a young woman - wearing the same pants & jacket outfit as the men, I'm pleased to say. Things have changed since I last wandered about National Parks 7 or 8 years ago. I've seen quite a few limestone caves, and these, though not vastly extensive, had formations of a variety and quality equally the best I've seen elsewhere. All but one of my slides, taken in the caves, came out very well, I'm surprised to say.

After lunch we drove to Cedar City, Utah. You can tell when you cross the border by the sudden lack of casinos. We also crossed a time zone so had a short day. Distances in miles are very deceiving: I have a mental image of how far 10 km, say, is, and when I see a sign that say 10 I visualise km but it's in miles and 8/5 as far away...takes forever at 55mph.

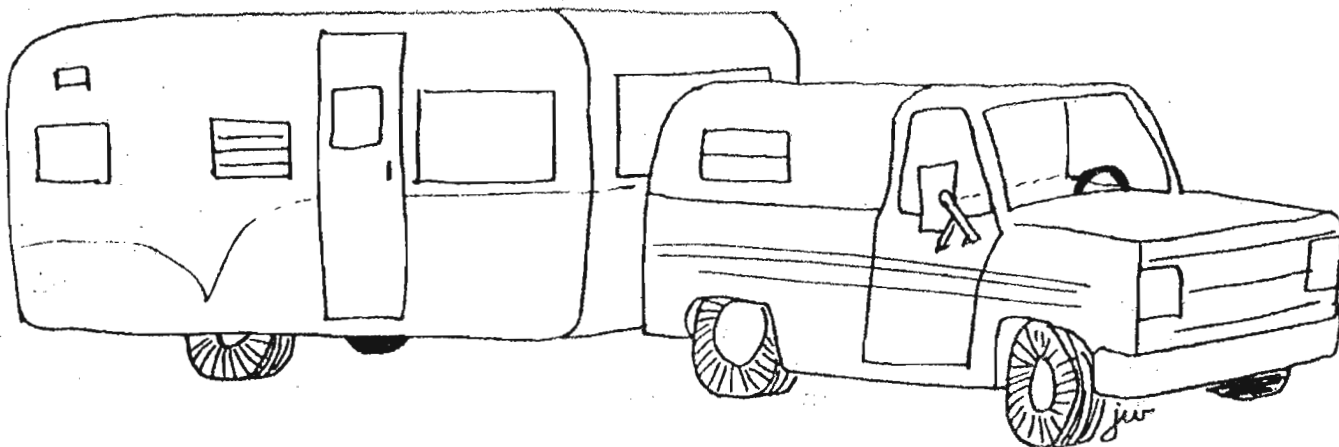
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Friday, 10 Oct. The truck really struggled to top a 9,900 ft (approx. 3,000 m) pass to reach Cedar Breaks, a beautiful chasm with a view of the valley from which we'd come. The red and-white eroded (sandstone?) walls were impressive, ranking easily with some of the more famous parks like Bryce Canyon. On the way up we'd had an excellent view of Zion Canyon but we didn't stop there because we'd seen it before. Passed many typical vermillion-cliffed mesas, finally arriving at the Glen Canyon Dam. This very tall but not very wide dam holds back an immense lake (Lake Powell) which is used extensively for boating and recreation (as well as, of course, hydroelectric power and water supply). All over the American Southwest in the middle of parched desert country, you'll see cars towing huge boats, headed for Lake Powell or one of the other artificial lakes. We didn't stop long because we wanted to reach Flagstaff, Arizona, where we spent the night. Again, we skipped the Grand Canyon because we'd been there before (several times in my case). Oh, but if I'd only had 3 weeks to spend in that country, not 5 days--! I really love the desert/canyon country. Australia, though having less spectacular scenery, reminds me very much of this area -- that's one reason I love Australia so much!

Driving through the Indian Reservation (which comprises most of this corner of Arizona and the adjacent part of New Mexico), one sees numerous roadside jewelry stalls -- most of them closed on a weekday in this season.

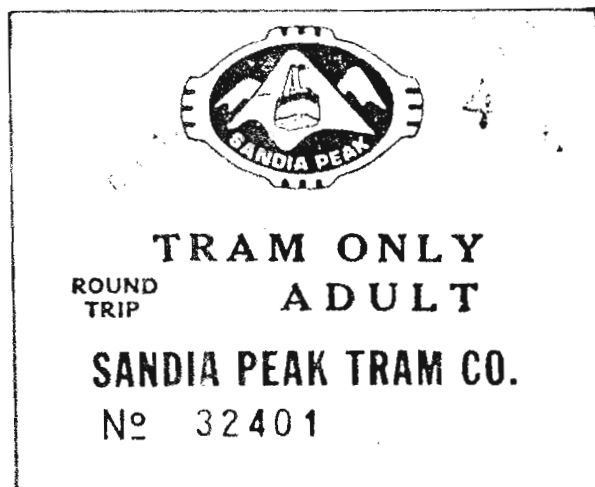
Saturday, 11 Oct. Long day's drive to Albuquerque on the Interstate; didn't stop to see anything much. I was interested to note that old Route 66 still exists -- both in the towns (which the Interstate bypasses) and as route markers on the Interstate. I can remember the outcry 15 or so years ago when it was suggested that Route 66 was being replaced by the Interstate. It is such an important part of the folklore of several generations of Americans, heading to California to seek their fortunes.

Sunday, 12 Oct. Nostalgia day driving around Albuquerque visiting places we'd lived or known back in the late 50's when we lived here for 4 years. To say the place has changed would be quite an understatement. However, at least one thing hadn't changed: the "temporary" demountable classrooms at my old high school are still there, 21 years later! Tried to phone Bob Vardeman and had an interesting conversation with his telephone answering device. Visited Old Town where a Columbus Day cele-





bration was in progress, complete with a country music band and fervent patriotic speeches of the variety that goes: "You notice how many people are trying to immigrate to the United States these days? Do you know anybody who wants to leave?" I giggled a bit at that. I also road the "tram" ski lift up to Sandia Peak, not quite the highest point on the mountains just east of Albuquerque. The ski resort wasn't there when I lived in the area. It must be quite a view on a clear day, but it was rather hazy (smoggy?) when I was there. Still, good fun. Several of the trams were carrying hang gliders going up to be flown off the peak. I wanted to stay and watch some of them launched, but my father was waiting at the bottom and I knew he wouldn't be too pleased at an extra hour or so delay, so I didn't.



Monday, 13 Oct. Overcast and slightly rainy in Albuquerque, but clearing when I flew out on my way to Seattle via Denver. Good view of Grand Tetons on the flight. Picked up a rental car at Seattle airport and managed to drive to Jerry Kaufman's and Suzle Tompkins' without terrifying myself (wrong side of the road, y'know, but a week of riding out with someone else driving helps). No one was home, so I drove over to the University of Washington and did a bit of sightseeing until 5.30 or so. Overcast, trying to rain. Lots of playful squirrels at Uni.Wash.--- funny critters that we don't have in Australia. Returned to J & S's; Jerry arrived home from work about the same time. Later met Rebecca Lesses who shares their house. To dinner with them & some other people (I think; everything gets a bit fuzzy at this point) at a local Mexican place, cheap and not bad. Nice big house. I am billeted in the fanac room in the basement; seems vaguely appropriate. There is a huge pile of fanzines on a stand by the front door which I browse through during my stay, reading a few and collecting lots of addresses for my mailing list.

Tuesday, 14 Oct. Went over to another house wherein reside Kay Putman, Alan Bostick, Teresa & Patrick Nielsen Hayden, and Kay's two daughters. It is known as the Jumping Jesus Bar & Grill. I wash my clothes and admire Kay's stained glass creations. Then off into Seattle to do some sightseeing. I get free parking at most city lots with my rental car, but once off the freeway I tend to panic, so don't drive much. Toured the Pioneer Square area, including the underground (a free ticket also came with the car). The original city was 10 to 30 feet (3 to 10 m) below the present street level. Following floods and a fire, the street levels were raised but not before many buildings had been rebuilt at the old street level. Consequently for some time the sidewalks were well below street level; to cross the street you climbed up a ladder to street level, walked across, climbed down again to the opposite sidewalk. Sound bizarre? It must have been. Eventually the sidewalks were raised too, but

the old ones remained under the street level. The ground floors of buildings became basements, and business carried on as usual. A few years ago someone opened up some of the old passageways and began giving tours, complete with lengthy and humorous commentary on Seattle history.

Having done that, I then visited three bookstores and bought about US\$75 worth of books, most of them new. Following a delicious dinner at the house, a few fans and Joanna Russ came by for a mini-party in my honour. I wanted to take lots of photos but could not find my flash attachment, and finally concluded that I must have left it somewhere on my travels during the day. I searched the car several times but it was dark and I did not have a torch (flashlight). My bottle of Bundaberg Rum made the rounds and was collectively pronounced "rough" - the worst alcohol they'd tasted.

Wednesday, 15 Oct. Up late, another dreary, overcast, uninspiring day. I guess one gets used to it; it rather reminds me of San Francisco, where I quite got to love the weather. Found the flash unit in plain sight on the floor of the front passenger seat of the car. Am now convinced that Teresa Nielsen Hayden put a hex on it, as she was not feeling well and most definitely did not want her photo taken. Well, it was most annoying but I'm glad I found it. Went into town to look around the deserted Seattle Centre (site of 1962 World's Fair). Had intended to go up in the Space Needle for a panoramic view of the area (I am a sucker for them), but decided it was too cloudy to be worth the expense. Rode the Monorail into Seattle proper (I am also a sucker for things like Monorails and modern subways). Visited more book stores, spent more money. Drove up to Capitol Hill and wandered about photographing big old houses (the sun came out now and then). The area reminds me a bit of Cambridge - the one in Massachusetts, that is. Cliff Wind came by in the evening for a visit; it was nice to see him again after SWANCON. The clouds cleared about 4 pm, just in time for sunset, most days I was in Seattle. Interesting and annoying phenomenon. Got a glimpse of Mt Rainier one day, when Suzle pointed it out. I would probably have just thought it another cloud, it was so faint that day, off in the distance.



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Book Company

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that I have read . . ."  
John Keats

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Thursday, 16 Oct. Up early. Heavy fog. Phoned my billet in Vancouver, David George. Can't stay with them, Pat's sick. Drove up anyway, not knowing where I'll stay that evening. Took a side trip to edge of the Northern Cascades. Patchy heavy fog all along coast, but clear inland. Reached Vancouver about 5 pm, realised I had no Canadian coins for the telephone. Before going in to a store to try to get some change, I checked a phone box to see what coin(s) were needed, and there was 10c in the return slot!

Called Fran Skene. She wasn't home, but her son gave me her phone number at work. Hung up, coin came back. Aha! Thinks I, maybe this is one of those phones. Called Fran at work and she gave me the number of some other people who might have room for me: Shelly Lewis and Tam Gordy. Hung up. No coin came back. Oh well, 2 out of 3 isn't bad. Wandered off to find a store and get some change. Phoned Shelly: okay for the night. Waited till after the traffic cleared (about half an hour), then drove out to their place. They have these fascinating cats with two extra toes on their front feet. David Wilson came by after dinner and visited, getting involved in a complex and (to me, as I didn't know the players) ultimately boring political discussion about why Western Canada (B.C., Alberta, & maybe Saskatchewan) should secede from Canada. Jack Herman probably would have loved it. The arguments are fairly similar to those used by W.A. & Qld: they produce most of the wealth, but all the taxes go to the more populous Eastern states with all the votes. In the middle of all this, Fran Skene dropped in as it was collating deadline for BCAPA. Tam had a copy of a delightful book called "Canajem, eh?", the Canadian equivalent of "Let Stalk Strime". He read passages to me. Hilarious! He has another book, "Ammurican, Huh?" but someone had borrowed it.

Friday, 17 Oct. The sixth anniversary of my arrival in Australia. Celebrated in Canada. Hmmm. Toured Vancouver despite gloomy weather (which apparently followed me here from Seattle, as the locals say it's been beautiful all week). Had a look at the Aquarium, mostly because I used to work at the Steinhart Aquarium in San Francisco and we had a lot of dealings with the Vancouver Aquarium. There are a lot of similarities. I thought the UBC campus was rather ugly, but many other people tell me it's beautiful, so perhaps the weather influenced my perspective. Fascinating house architecture of various types. Much greenery and parks in the city; that's a big plus. But could hardly see the nearby mountains (I assume there were some there?). Shelly likes the Bundaberg! Good taste that woman has.

Saturday, 18 Oct. Up late, toured Gastown, Chinatown, other parts of city. To Fran Skene's in late afternoon. After dinner she & I went to a party at "Shadowguard", a slanshack somewhere in the suburbs. Sold 3 Aussiecon zines and had some good conversation, lots of interest in A in '83. Local fen kept asking who else was bidding. Stayed at Fran's.



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Sunday, 19 Oct. Up late again. Managed to thoroughly embarrass myself by setting an electric teapot on the electric stove and turning on a burner to heat water for morning tea. Did not realise the teapot was electric, of course. Didn't look like an electric one. Fran rescued it before it was completely destroyed; in fact, it still worked. Eventually we had a good laugh about it (what else can you do?). After brunch (about 2) we drove hastily into town for V-Con mail, found the box closed for non-payment of fees, and rushed back to attend a V-Con meeting at Fran's. It's nice to know concerns all seem to have the same problems. Sold 3 more Aussiecon zines. To local McTaco's (that really is the name of the place, folks!) with Fran, her son Dana, and another fan, Michael Dann. Michael liked the Bundaberg too, though Fran didn't. This was one of those days when I did virtually nothing, but enjoyed it.

Monday, 20 Oct. Drove back to Seattle. Still overcast. Mt St Helens has been erupting again. If it were clear weather we could see it from Seattle, I was assured. Went with Jerry to John Berry's & Eileen Gunn's for a visit after dinner. Took my camera.



Tuesday, 21 Oct. Off to Uni bookstore for a few last items (Doonesbury books and cat calendars). Turned in car at airport and checked in to discover I almost missed the plane by mis-reading the departure time. Interesting terminal at Seattle International: we got on a little subway car which whisked us quite a distance to a "satellite" terminal where we caught the plane - quite an improvement over San Francisco where you walk for miles, it seems. Uneventful flight on Northwest Orient. Mediocre food. Met by Ken Fletcher at Minneapolis Airport and given a short tour on the drive to his and Linda Lounsbury's place. Over dinner, Linda filled me in on local history and places. They have just rearranged the flat and all is chaos. Their foldout bed was the dubious honour of being

the very most uncomfortable thing I slept on all trip. However, they are such nice people, one can put up with such trials. The other noticeable oddity of their flat (though not annoying) was the gerbils. Until one is warned of their presence, the nibble-nibble noises in the middle of the night can be a bit disconcerting - not to mention the rattle, squeak of the exercise wheel.

((This seems to be a good place to break this trip report; the next installment will appear nextish. I am planning to limit this zine to 22 pages (counting covers) to squeak it in under 50 gm, and there are other things I want to include, like letters, a list of Australian faneds, some book reviews, and maybe a cartoon. So, as we shiver in chilly Minneapolis (in '73)...))

AUSTRALIAN FANEDS

After repeated requests from North American fen for names and addresses of Australian faneds, I decided to include one in this zine. I am listing them by personal names rather than fanzine names, because some publish more than one zine, and/or change zine names unpredictably.

In addition to the following list are several specialised zines (Star Trek, Star Wars, etc) which I do not have on my list, and a whole flock of apahacks who either do not publish genzines or haven't done so in a couple of years, and no doubt a few others I've never heard of - anyone wishing to supplement my list is urged to do so!

NEVILLE ANGOVE  
P.O. Box 770  
Canberra City, ACT 2601

(The Cygnus Chronicler)

JOHN BANGSUND  
P.O. Box 171  
Fairfield, Vic. 3078  
(Parergon Papers, others)

ALLAN BRAY  
5 Green Avenue  
Seaton, S.A. 5023  
(The Sacred Cow)

DAMIAN BRENNAN  
"South Warren"  
21 Gold Street  
Fremantle, W.A. 6162  
(Bionic Rabbit)

ANDREW BROWN  
23 Miller Crescent  
Mt. Waverley, Vic. 3149  
(Grundoon)

RON & SUE CLARKE  
6 Bellevue Road  
Faulconbridge, NSW 2776  
(The Mentor)

STEPHEN DEDMAN  
P.O. Box 311  
Nedlands, W.A. 6009  
(The Ravin')

RICHARD FAULDER  
Yanco Agric. Research Centre  
Yanco, NSW 2703  
(Xenophilia)(RJF is also well-known as a prolific letterhack)

GILLIAN CURTIN  
32 Jetty Street  
Grange, S.A. 5022  
(Aust. Darkover Council News1.)

LEIGH EDMONDS & VALMA BROWN  
P.O. Box 433  
Civic Square, ACT 2608  
(Giant Wombo)

ROY FERGUSON  
P.O.Box 338  
Nedlands, W.A. 6009  
(WASFFAN)



JOHN FOX  
P.O. Box 129  
Lakemba, NSW 2195  
(Rhubarb)

BRUCE GILLESPIE  
GPO Box 5195AA  
Melbourne, Vic. 3001  
(SF Commentary)

IRWIN HIRSH  
279 Domain Road  
South Yarra, Vic. 3141  
(Sikander)

ERIC B. LINDSAY  
6 Hillcrest Ave.  
Faulconbridge NSW 2776  
(EBL & various titles)

Mssrs Loney & Warner:  
Mr. Loney  
St. Columba College  
Stirling Highway  
Nedlands, W.A. 6009  
(Space Wastrel)

MARC ORTLIEB  
70 Hamblyn Road  
Elizabeth Downs, S.A. 5113  
(Q36 & Echo Beach Quarterly)

JOHN FOYSTER  
21 Shakespeare Grove  
St. Kilda, Vic. 3182  
(Chunder!)

JACK HERMAN  
1/67 Fletcher St.  
Bondi, NSW 2026  
(Wahf-full)

VAN IKIN  
Dept. of English  
University of WA  
Nedlands, W.A. 6009  
(Science Fiction)

SETH LOCKWOOD  
19 Coleby Street  
alcatta, W.A. 6021  
(Ankh)

Mr. Warner  
Flat 9 Cara Maria  
Shenton Street  
Geraldton, W.A. 6530  
(Space Wastrel)

KEN OZANNE  
42 Meeks Cr.  
Faulconbridge, NSW 2776  
(Crabapple)

Most if not all of the above fanzines are available for the usual trade, contribution, or LoC, or for subscription. Publication frequencies vary from monthly to unpredictable, with quarterly being the most common.

#### AUSTRALIAN APAS

ANZAPA  
c/o J. Foyster  
21 Shakespeare Gr  
St Kilda, Vic. 3182

APPLESAUCE  
c/o A. Taubman  
PO Box 538  
Neutral Bay Jnct,  
NSW 2089

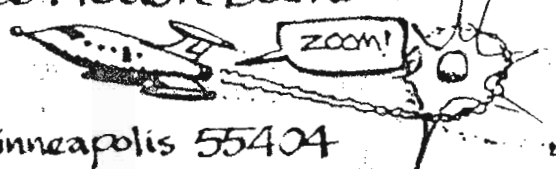
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LETTERS

HARRY ANDRUSCHAK  
P.O. Box 606  
La Canada-Flintridge  
CA 91011, USA

9 Oct 1980

I have received the AUSSIECON 5th Anniversary Memorial Fanzine in the mail... with USA stamps on it. ?

((By now you, and others, will have figured out how I managed that trick.))

Anyhow, glad to receive it, and even more glad to read it... Yes, I support the AUSTRALIA in 83 bid, even though there is no chance of my making it. The cost.....sigh. Still, it is a good idea to spread the joys of the Worldcon around... My own opinion for pushing the A in 83 bid is to drop everything else and put on a big, and I do mean big and expensive, campaign in the upcoming DENVENTION II progress report that will have the mail site ballots. I'm talking about 4 page center-spreads if possible, and spots thruout the PR elsewhere. That is the only way you can overcome the Baltimore bid.

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December 8, 1980

Thank you very much for the AussieCon... which I greatly enjoyed. Although I'm still a bit confused as to why the zine was postmarked some strange place in California when you are in Australia and your US agents are in Minneapolis, MN.

((Your copy was either postmarked in Walnut Creek or Concord, neither of which I would classify as "strange". I can think of assorted ~~unconventional~~ adjectives to apply to that part of California, but strange is not one of them. Perhaps Cheryl Cline, who lives in Concord, would care to comment.))

Anyhow, some of us did not make it to Aussiecon I, unfortunately. Though the weeks surrounding Aussiecon were fairly important in my life. I spent that time in 1975 moving 1/4 of the way across the United States to Pittsburgh, PA so that I could hopefully complete a degree from the university. All monies in my possession at that time were aimed towards getting me through the next few years. There was no question of going to Aussiecon; it was simply out of the question. Five years later, I have that degree I worked so hard to get and a job that I like at more than twice the salary I was able to command in 1975. ((Is that indexed for inflation? Maybe not so much in real terms, says Weberwoman the cynic.)) Sometimes that time seems like another life in another world.

((My smart-remark interjection earlier may make more sense when I write up a bit of an autobiography; in short, I had the misfortune to obtain a Master's Degree at a time when, in practical terms for me, it was worthless. I spent the following 4 years typing for a living, at considerably less salary than before I went to Grad School. Eventually, of course, it paid off - when I came to Australia - and I don't begrudge the time spent on the degree either, but... Anyhow, I'm glad it's worked out for you, Alyson.))

Reading the commentaries of people's first con and first worldcon made me remember my own first worldcon. It occurred the year before Aussiecon: Discon. I remember lots of fragmented incidents from that con. Jodie Offutt's fanzine 'panel' with what seemed like every fanzine

editor I had ever heard of before at it. Meeting Mae Strelkov over on a special fan fund that year. Being absolutely fascinated by Australian accents at the Aussiecon party (I don't remember whose accents fascinated me but I suspect I hadn't had much if any contact with Australian accents before). Don Ayres 'forcing' me to ask Jodie for an article for my very first fanzine, and Jodie boggling me by saying 'yes' and coming thru with a wonderful article. Talking to Leigh Edmonds (who, no doubt, has no memory of it) at the Aussiecon table. Sharing a supposed triple room with two others and finding the hotel (apparently having run out of 'normal' triple rooms) had given us a three room suite with the most incredible living room. Deciding somewhere during that weekend that the fanzine which I was going to produce would go out to a whole bunch of non-North American fans. Tuna fish sandwiches on pumpernickle bagen at the cheap deli place down the block (well, they hadn't known that this mass of hungry sf fans was about to descend upon them for the weekend and by Monday they were out of just about everything). My one and only Hugo banquet where we got table number 44 (my lucky number).

Worldcons, especially one's first one, are a special beast. I don't think I'd want more than one a year, but they're always unique.

Perhaps the one sad note in all this memory is "Friends, faces, directions", which was read just before I heard that Susan had died. I can't really think of anything appropriate to say here about it. Perhaps Aussiecon II will do something special in honor of 1/2 Aussiecon I's Fan GoH. I hope so.

P.S. A suggestion for the next time you try an Aussiecon Memorial Fanzine: include a map of Australia with the name of the cities and towns all of you are mentioning on it. The only geography I have any vague sense for in Australia is Sydney and Melbourne. Where is O'Connor, for example, and what does ACT stand for? See you in Australia in '83...

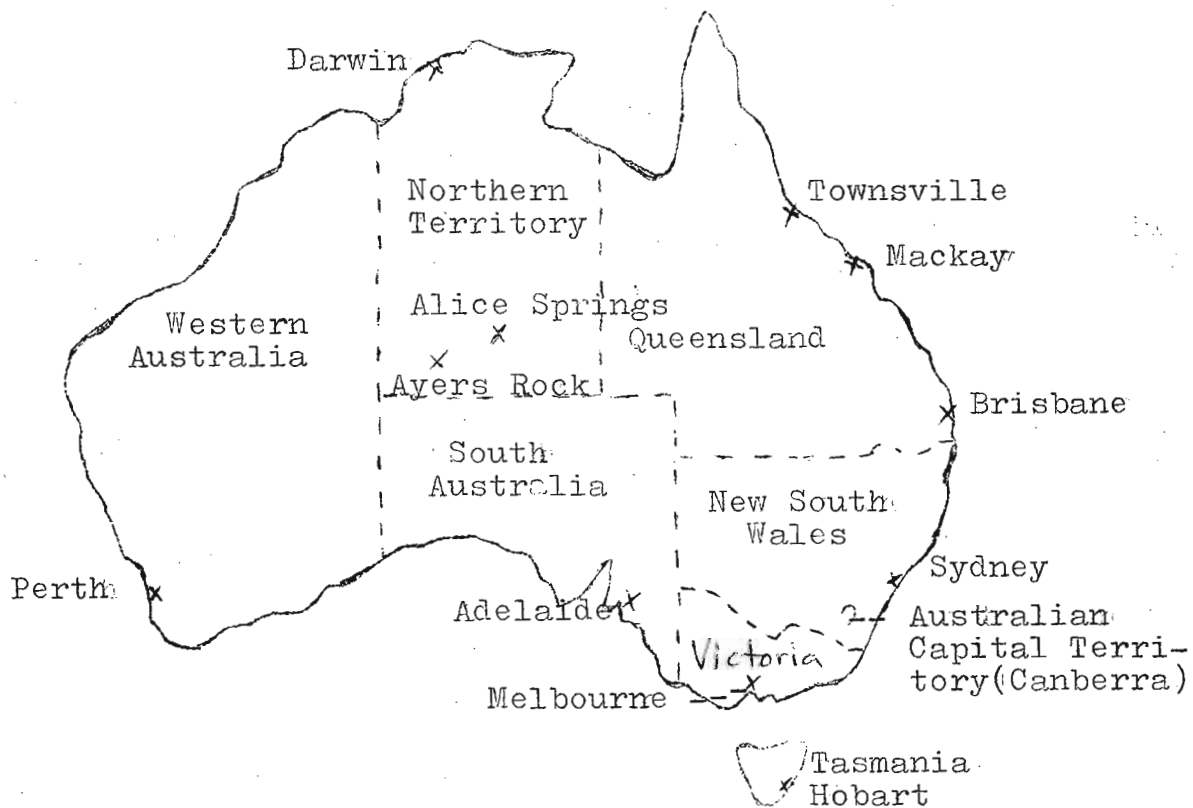
((Your suggestion arrived the day after I'd finished typing stencils for Vol. 2, so I've included a map with this. Actually it was a secret plot to send hundreds of fen rushing off to their local mapsellers'... ACT stands for Australian Capital Territory (the Aussie equivalent of DC); O'Connor is one of the 'suburbs' of Canberra, the capital. Most of the place names mentioned in the Aussiecon zines are suburbs of one or another state capital. In Australia, only a very small area in the centre of a city is known by the city name; even a km or so away each district has a suburb name. As opposed to US cities which cover wide areas and 'suburbs' are usually many km away. Very confusing to the uninitiated!))

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7 January 1981

I did enjoy reading the Aussiecon reminiscents. I'd discovered fandom the year before, at Discon II, and would have loved to attend the '75 Worldcon (for all the neo reasons, plus its being in Australia). Of course, I couldn't. But, stories I've heard and zines like this give a feel for the excitement of the time.

One strong thread running through this zine is the intensity of the whole experience. From the first-timers,





their exposure to fandom in its natural outlet -- a major convention. That experience alone is mind-boggling, but to have it so overall special a con as Aussiecon seems to have felt a bit like Heaven (at least to the reporters). From the old-timers, who stress the opportunity to meet face-to-face people they've "known" for years. From the North Americans, for whom this last point was but a part of the whole adventure. It must have been a heady time for everyone.

It saddened me to read Susan Wood's article. The optimism, confidence, and curiosity expressed gave me a good feeling. Then, I had to remember her recent suicide. I wonder what changed.

Robin Johnson and Leigh Edmonds provide perhaps the most touching accounts of those gathered here. Possibly because real terror and real love (respectively) can't be hidden very well.

And on that note, I think I've said enough for now. Some of us live in the Great Times; some of us live through them; and some of us can only hear about them. Enjoy them nonetheless, for that is why they are there.

DEBI KILLOP  
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Auckland  
NEW ZEALAND  
27 January 1981

You don't actually know me, but you evidently know of me, because I have received Aussiecon fifth anniversary memorial fanzine, vols 1 and 2. ((Tom Cardy published a list of NZ fan editors in Applesauce, the Sydney-based apa.))

My name was Debi Kean, and is now Debbie Killop, as I've given away my married name. The marriage has likewise been given away, but not with the same ease... I too, am a feminist, and a fan. I write, of course, and have the

occasional mainstream article or story published by things that pay money! (Not very much money, but).

I am interested in finding feminist fen in Australia, USA and NZ. I shall also support Aussie in '83, now finance may finally permit.

((Consider that a hint, people; any feminists out there, please write to Debi. And maybe Debi would care to write something on women in New Zealand fandom, for a future issue of WWW??))

WAHF: George Flynn.

FANZINES RECEIVED: Some of these were given to me on my US trip (not necessarily by the editor), others were received later. WOMEN AND MEN 7 (Denys Howard), LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO AWRY 1, 2, 3, 4 (Fran Skene), TELOS 2 (Teresa & Patrick Nielsen Hayden), MAINSTREAM 4, 5 (Jerry Kaufman & Suzle Tompkins), CRABAPPLE 16 & 17 (Ken Ozanne), RHUBARB 9 & 10 (John Fox), THE EPSILON ERIDANI EXPRESS 5 & THE CYGNUS CHRONICLER 7 (Neville Angove), XENOPHILLIA (Richard Faulder), JUST ME (Michael J. Wallis), INTERMEDIATE VECTOR BOSONS 2 (Harry Andruschak), NAPALM IN THE MORNING 1 & 2 (Joseph Nicholas), HAWAI'I 1 & 2 (Seth Goldberg), LINES OF OCCURRENCE 2 & 3 (Arthur Hlavaty), BEN'ZINE 3 (Ben Zuhl), FILE 770 Noreascom Two Report (Mike Glycer), RAFFLES 4 (Larry Carmody & Stu Shiffman), NICK BOXTOP 5, 6, 7 (Garth Edmond Danielson), FORBIDDEN WORLDS 1 & 2 (Anon), THE EYE 6 (William Good), KOLVIR (3 un-numbered issues) (Gil Fitzgerald, Amber Society), SIKANDER (Irwin Hirsh), ANKH10, 11 (Seth Lockwood), NEOLOGY (Edmonton SF Society), ERIC B. LINDSAY (numerous issues), THE MENTOR 29 (Rom Clarke), CHUNDER! (John Foyster), SF COMMENTARY 60/61 (Bruce Gillespie), SF ECHO 28 (Ed Connor), THE BIMONTHLY MONTHLY 14 (Robert Runte et al), DNQ 32 (Saara Mar, Taral Wayne & Victoria Vayne), ECHO BEACH QUARTERLY (various numbers) (Marc Ortlieb), SWEETMEATS (Sandra Miesel), IL VOMBATO (various numbers) (Jan Howard finder), EMBLEMS OF A SEASON OF FURY 21 (Rebecca Lesses), Q36E (Marc Ortlieb), SCIENCE FICTION 7 (Van Ikin), HOLIER THAN THOU 9 (Marty Cantor), THE USUAL 2 (Chris Lewis & Nic Howard), THE DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP 15 (Arthur Hlavaty), FORERUNNER 3(7, 8) (Sydney SF Society), SFD 19 (Skel & Cas), WAHF-FULL 5 (Jack Herman), SF REVIEW 37 (Richard E. Geis), and that's it folks from October 1980 through January 1981. I haven't finished reading all of them, mind you, but I'm working on it.

#### ART CREDITS:

me: front cover, with apologies to Sheryl Birkhead and Barbara Vincent

Sheryl Birkhead: p. 12.

Jane Taubman: p. 13

? I don't know who did the little beast on this page.

Other illos were bookmarks and things collected on my travels.

