

Weber Woman's Wrevenge

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WEBER WOMAN'S WREVENGE THREE

CONTENTS

Editorial 1

In Defence of the Bourgeoisie, by Judith Hanna . . . 3

Myths and Mutilation, by John Alderson. 6

Postulations, by Debbie Killop. 11

Sword Cults of Comor, by Julie Vaux 14

Fanzines Received. 16

Recent Reading 16

Letters (Pete Presford, Debbie Killop,
Al Fitzpatrick, Ben P Indick, Leslie
David, Richard Hryckiewicz, Neville
Angove, Jon Noble, Marc Ortlieb,
Eric B Lindsay, Joy Window, Jessica
Amanda Salmonson) 17

Book Reviews 29

Amazons! (ed. JASalmonson); Room of One's
Own (ed. S Wood); Hunter of Worlds and
Serpent's Reach (C J Cherrryh); Survivor
(O Butler); reviewed by Jean Weber

The First Sex (EGDavis); The Paradise
Papers(M Stone); The Descent of Woman
(E Morgan); The Obstacle Race (G Greer);
The White Goddess (R Graves); reviewed
by Judith Hanna.

Credits, Addresses, & Leftover Thoughts. 34

THE COVER

When I saw this drawing, by Julie Vaux, of a somewhat overweight, middle-aged, fighting woman, I said, "That's WeberWoman!" Actually she's a member of the Comorri group known as Jo'vod, or warrior women. You can read more about the Comorri in Julie's article on page 14.

EDITORIAL

This is the time when I sit down with a heap of printed pages, and a few unprinted stencils, and type the last few pages of the issue, which will appear to you as the first few pages.

The discerning among you will note that my ~~promised~~ promised article on rape does not appear. This is because I received so many contributions that I did not even have space for all of them, let alone any reprinted material. (So, for those of you who've had enough of my writings on rape, and want to encourage me not to reprint them, you might take that as a hint...)

Lots of things have happened since lastish... Weberwoman is now an Australian citizen. A mere formality, as I consider myself a citizen of Earth, and hate to be bothered with these administrative trivia, but....

That happened on 7 May. The next day I drove up to Sydney for NUCON, a 3-day convention with GoH Larry Niven. It wasn't one of my better weekends (I was in one of my moods), but I did enjoy seeing a lot of people and watching the Kings Cross sights. Don Griffiths and Barbara De La Hunty from Western Australia spent several days at my place following the con; Barbara was participating in a sporting event and did quite well. We and Steve Gunnell did various things together during the week, then Barbara went back to Sydney and Don, Steve and I went caving with a bunch of fen at a place called Bungonia. The event, naturally, was known as SpelunCon I. Although I'd done a bit of caving some years ago in West Virginia, I found I no longer enjoyed it very much, so I mostly guarded the camp, the cave book, ~~the/this/that/~~

Posting issue 2 of WWW was quite amusing. It was my first issue using the pre-sorted 'Category B' registration, and the first time my local postmaster had tried to handle overseas 'Cat B'. I insisted there was a special rate for overseas; he disagreed; I insisted; finally he phoned somebody and, by golly, Weberwoman was right. Saved myself about \$20, too. With that out of the way, I got stuck into apa contributions and a progress report for Circulation I (the Canberra Con scheduled for this October).

The trouble ~~with/~~ (well, who knows when it began?) became evident after a two-day drive to Adelaide for the NatCon, Adventicon II. My back went out. This has never happened to me before, and I was not amused. Neither was I very pleasant to be around, as Richard Faulder can tell you. But somehow we both survived the weekend, and the following several days spent in Adelaide (including a fannish charter bus trip to the Barossa Valley for wine-tasting, followed by a meal in a Mexican Restaurant, quite a treat for us Canberra types especially, as there is no Mexican place in town). Then I drove back to Canberra with Joyce Scrivner and Denny Lien in my car, dropping Richard off in Yanco on the way. The trip back did not do wonders for my back either. Various doctors, tablets, and a chiropractor later, I am much better, thank you, but not back to 'normal' and not looking forward to a drive to Sydney in a few weeks for TOLKON.

Joyce, of course, is the 1981 DUFF winner; while at my place we had a small fannish gathering (mostly people who'd already met her) and she and Denny borrowed my car for a couple days to sightsee around Canberra and drive down to Cooma, where Joyce lived as a child. Then they took the train to Sydney, during a phone strike when they couldn't call anyone to confirm arrangements, but I gather they had a good time anyway. Joseph Nicholas, the GUFF winner, was also in Adelaide but did not make it to Canberra. There were also some New Zealanders at Adelaide too; one at least,

(continued on
page 33)



IN DEFENCE OF THE BOURGEOISIE

by Judith Hanna

Now you know me, Jean. I'm one of these liberated intellectual types whose native habitat is a pigsty of papers filed haphazardly all over the floor. So it may surprise you to hear that as I was standing feeding the washing machine the other day, I was pondering over how basically bourgeois I am. Doing the washing, floors to vacuum, bed to make up with fresh sheets, lunch to cook (Lebanese Lentil & Burghul Soup), and then a spot of washing up. How boringly suburban. But comfortable. Producing the pleasant result of a flat temporarily (except for the mare's nest of papers) clean, neat, and aesthetically correct. Now if I were properly conditioned to a feminine role, it would always be like that. I could spend my days, hands sunk in suds, thinking vague deep thoughts in a tranquil reverie, or hum along with the vacuum cleaner, enjoy the constant patting into order of my domestic domain. I'd go bonkers.

According to THE BELL JAR, that's what drove Sylvia Plath bonkers. She couldn't stand the constant pointless repetitions of such everyday tasks as getting dressed and eating meals which provide the punctuation for life. Since it's the ability to cope with these tasks that constitutes 'normality', she was committed for psychiatric care. But if we take the BELL JAR as autobiographical, it was the existential nausea induced by contemplating a lifetime of dreary repetition of such mundane interruptions to what life should be that drove her to suicide. Or perhaps it was the realization that that was what real life was - endless repetition of all the habits developed to take care of our bodies and their comforts.



Politically, I call myself an anarchist. Which means that I don't trust any ideology which sets out to organize 'the masses' into what the governing elite thinks will be utopian perfection. There's been enough anti-utopian sf written to warn any thoughtful reader that no system is going to suit everybody, that any ideology is going to oppress somebody. Therefore, I distrust ideology.

When you get down to it, life is the interface between you and the objects (including other people) that surround you. 'Women's work' is

keeping those objects in that state where they are a contribution to your comfort, rather than a danger. That is civilization.

Ideology defines civilization differently: according to GNP or technological advancement of weapon systems, or according to the mass of population crowded into its cities. These abstract ends of civilization are 'man's work'. They're the superstructure of culture, the landmarks of history, which commemorates the names of battles, warriors and rulers.

Traditionally, literature has dealt with the same - with heroes, battles and other great deeds. These are the stuff of legend and medieval romance. Modern literature is disillusioned - it deals with the impossibility of being a hero. Therefore modern literature is depressing. Like Sylvia Plath, it finds life with no landmarks other than everyday routine futile.

Women's literature, as it has emerged since Jane Austen, deals contentedly with the trivialities of the dailiness of life and the unchanging human nature. Its keynote is acceptance of the fact that life is mostly routine, the round of everyday tasks achieving no higher purpose than comfort.

Realism is an aim of modern literature. So what is real life? It's fashionable to agonise about the uncertainty of sexual relationships, about the alienation of urban life, about discontentedness and neuroses. That's intellectual.

Contentment and acceptance of the fact that we (if we are not aboriginal) mostly live in a state of material security, with minimal danger to our lives or health, and few obstacles other than those self-imposed to our happiness, is not. That is dismissed as 'Women's Weekly mentality.'

I have a great respect for the housewife and mother. For the self-discipline required to keep on keeping objects in order, day after day. For the self-control involved in conditioning a child by example into the civilized state of exercising a habitual courtesy and consideration for others. That is real civilization, maintenance of the basic fabric of social understanding and daily habit which is the unconsidered background to all the catastrophes, crises and other great events that are recorded by history. It's the destroyers of social order, rather than its guardians, that get remembered.

The provision of crises and other interruptions to the boredom of contentment has always been man's work. Robert Ardrey and his ilk argue that battle is instinctive to men - that they are programmed to fight to achieve dominance and territory. Whereas women's instincts programme them to nurture their children, and those adult infants, men. Men's instincts are demonstrably anti-civilization. The bourgeoisie middle-class lifestyle is demonstrably designed to satisfy women's instincts. Only it doesn't.

Suburbia falls short of the feminine ideal because it is not a community but a geographic conglomeration. It's not a neighbourhood, because neighbours often remain strangers. In that respect, the system needs changing.

All this supposes that instinct built civilization. Which is demonstrably absurd. The very idea of a civilization is artificial. Any idea is not instinctive but learned. Any culture is an edifice of learned attitudes, ideas and behaviours. In so far as instinctive responses remain to Homo sapiens after millenia of acculturated learning, they are left to women to satisfy. Instinct dictates the need for nutrition, shelter, reproduction: all women's work. What is left over is

'superstructure' - elaboration of strategies and social games - which is what the men who play them have decided are the important aspects of civilization. Bull!

It's time for a reconsideration of priorities. And this is the essence of feminism - a refusal to accept any longer the masculine definition of social values and roles. A refusal to be dragged along in the wake of masculine power-games. Recognition that the conventional polarization of the sexes is an ideology which like any other ideology, oppresses individuals.

A large part of the feminist revolution is re-thinking and re-examination of existing attitudes. It's an attempt to discover a truly feminine way of thinking. Yet too many feminists have accepted the masculine dismissal of 'women's work' as trivial; of the 'women's magazine mentality' as male-conditioned and limited. The down-to-earth acceptance of the routine fabric of a contented life is a strength and a virtue, to be envied. It requires a strength of character and a dedication to the vocation of child-rearing. It deserves respect.

Likewise, dismissal of the fiction that embodies these virtues dismisses an important element in female identity. Much of what is written for women as 'romance' is shallow, shoddy and silly. As was 'pulp' sf. A genre that is not respected does not attract quality writers or publications. The readers accept what is available, often because there is nothing better. So Barbara Cartland gets published. Nonetheless, so does Georgette Heyer - a lighter, more sardonic romancer whose heroines show strength and sense - and Elizabeth Goudge - whose concern is with the importance of consideration for others and the maintenance of

comfort. Bourgeoise, yes, but aren't we all? I know I am. And I'm happy in that state.

((Thank you, Judith, for that thought-provoking article. I could elaborate on many of the points in it, but I won't -- pause for sighs of relief from readers --))



MYTHS AND MUTILATION

by John J. Alderson

I am prompted to write this article by reading the review in WW2 of Daly's "Gyn/Ecology". I have not read the book and I assume that the reviewer reported correctly, so the incredibly bad logic and the bullshit must be attributed to the author of the book. The warning at the end of the review about the author's radical "feminist" approach is most timely. To lay the blame for feminine stupidities on us males is a low type of politics, and to project into the past present political inanities is an insult to our intelligence. So, I'll try and set out the matter as an anthropologist, sticking to accepted facts, quoting opinions as much as possible to their correct sources, and plainly labelling those which are my theories. Further, I wish to try and present the subject without political bias.

Why did genital mutilation begin and why did it continue?

Spencer and Gillen in "The Native Tribes of Central Australia" list the stages of the initiation of boys (p. 213). I set them down together with those of the women in parallel columns...

<u>Women</u>	<u>Men</u>
1. The throwing up ceremony	
2. Menstruation	Circumcision
3. Deflowering	Subincision
4. Marriage	

The Throwing Up Ceremony is common to both sexes, and its meaning is obscure, but I understand that in its modern form it is still practiced in public schools, the army and the navy. However it has no apparent connection with the subject in question.

Menstruation is of course a natural business. After this the girl was deflowered, sometimes by a man,

sometimes by a woman. Her nearest male relations then had intercourse with her, beginning with those of nearest (and normally forbidden) kin and proceeding through those of more distant relationships. Finally, after painting and so forth she was ceremonially taken and presented to her husband in his own camp. Henceforth she was his wife and only he had access to her. Spencer and Gillen point out in a note (p. 93) that the deflowering ceremony is equivalent to the sub-incision ceremony of the men. Thus, in my opinion, circumcision is the equivalent of menstruation and is designed to promote a blood-flow from the genitals of the man to equate that of the woman. In the sub-incision operation the urethra is slit open from the scrotum for its entire length and the glans of the penis split open. When a sub-incised penis is erect it spreads out broadly instead of being round; the split glans then resembles the labia of a woman. Blood required for ceremonies is obtained by jabbing this scar tissue with a pointed stick. It is also significant that the deposits of red ochre used by the Aborigines for painting themselves are regarded as deposits of menstrual blood left by ancestral or Dreamtime beings. The efficiency of menstrual blood for magic is illustrated by another myth where the Dreamtime Being squatted down and destroyed her enemies by a stream of it.

In his "Virginity, Pre-Nuptial Rites and Rituals", Dr Ottokar Nemecek argues that early man stood in awe of women as they were creatures who bled every month and did not die, as did other creatures when they bled. Women were regarded as possessing great magic, indeed it is true to say that in the (mythological) beginning there were no women, only men and

gods (properly goddesses). Men, being afraid of this great magic (mana) of women, devised a number of ways of dealing with it. Amongst the Aborigines cited above, they let the woman's closest relations do the deed in the belief that the woman's magic would not be so dangerous to her closest relations, and in any case they spread it over as many as possible so that when the woman was presented to her husband, she was "safe". Such ceremonies were unnecessary for subsequent marriages and were not practiced. Another method was to let a white man deflower the girl (and hope it killed him! I suspect this was frequently hoped for. It is probably the origin of the right of the local lord to have the first night with the bride, he being a foreigner wasn't important). In the temples of Astarte, the women prostituted themselves to a stranger. But the reason for these sort of ceremonies (fearfully damaging to the male ego, in that he couldn't handle the matter himself), is to get rid of the inherent magic, and hence danger, of the wife to be.

Incidentally, the artificial deflowering of women and baby girls is still practiced, and we men don't usually know anything about it. I can remember the time when it was forthrightly proclaimed that every child ought to have their appendix and tonsils out as a matter of routine. Less well known is that it was equally advocated that every boy be circumcised (they were not usually asked, by the way). So widespread was circumcision in pre-war France that the Germans were unable to use this time-honoured method of determining if a man was a Jew or not. Even less well known was the practise of mothers' thrusting their forefinger through their baby daughter's hymen. There are current sex manuals who tell women to artificially deflower themselves before marriage. Far from having anything to do with them,

most men know nothing of these practices.

Spencer and Gillen relate that the Aranda people knew nothing of the origins of the practice, though they do cite a myth (?) that in the beginning the men circumcised the boys using a fire-stick, with a not surprisingly high mortality rate. A woman showed them how to do the job with a stone knife. I think that this is just a silly story invented by women to show how stupid the men are. The character of Zeus was systematically destroyed by such stories. Propaganda does occur in myths.

In the myths of the Djanggawul of Arnhem Land, there is related the story of how the men stole the magic bags from the women. Previously the women did the magic ceremonies and the men kept them in food whilst they did so. Now the roles were reversed; the men did the magic ceremonies and the women kept them in food. The women were justly angry about the men stealing the magic bags, saying that if they had asked they could have had them. Apparently the women were finding their duties rather exacting. Immediately after stealing the magic bags, the men are circumcised.

The Initiation Ground at Carisbrook contains several interesting items. Foremost is a huge banana-shaped space outlined in stones, two circles similarly outlined, and a pile of stones which (judging from other initiation grounds) would have had a penis-like piece of stone protruding. The totem name of this place is lost, but that of the kangaroo and the emu are known, though the grounds have vanished. The banana shape represents a vulva, the circles breasts, and some anthropologists say the stone represents a penis. Not in my opinion; it represents the clitoris. Here the Aboriginal boy was reborn, not a man as the uninitiated are led to believe, but as a ceremonial woman. The reason for circumcision and sub-incision is to change men into ceremonial women so that they can

do the magic ceremonies which originally required menstrual blood for their effectiveness.

Something similar happened with the Arabs and the Jews, Abraham being the father of both peoples. The names of both Abraham and Sarah were changed, the new names meaning Prince and Princess, though I think the better translation would be priest and priestess, the titles being virtually the same. Apparently Terah, father of Abraham, had married a priestess, and Abraham married his half-sister. Their son took a very close female relative, and their son returned in person to marry again into the family. Leah was palmed off onto him when he wanted Rachel. For seven years labour he got her too and she brought with her the apparent goal of all this marrying, the household gods of Laban, traditionally said to be the mummified head of Adam, reputedly now buried at the entrance to Jerusalem. All those men sacrificed and Abraham was circumcised, in my opinion, to become a ceremonial woman and thus able to carry out the rituals.

Incidentally, sub-incision, being a very painful operation, seems to be dropped at the first opportunity. But why does circumcision persist when there is no religious reason for it? And who wants it?

The glans of the penis is the most sensitive part of a man's body. With the removal of the foreskin, that glans is exposed all the time, and to a trousers wearer this means constant irritation. The organ thus has its sensitivity dulled with the result that a circumcised man takes considerably longer to reach climax than his natural counterpart. As women take longer to reach climax than do men, this is to the woman's advantage, and many women openly acknowledge that circumcision is preserved on this account. From what I've heard of women talking, many of them say that all boys

"ought to be done". Also from observing some women, it is obvious that it helps satisfy their castration complex, and I vividly remember one woman drooling over how her grandson's screams could be heard right down the corridor. Naturally no anaesthetics are used on the boys. I have known of no case where the father's permission has been asked, and certainly that of the boy is not. The circumcision of men in our society is a matter for our women alone. One man's opinion of the operation should sum up what men think... "If I could get the bloody doctor who circumcised me, I'd cut the barstard's throat!"

The removal of another of a man's secondary sexual ornaments, the beard, is usually forced on men by the women, as I know to my cost, wearing a beard myself. Virtually no girl would go out with me, and told me so in no uncertain terms that they wouldn't go out with a man with a beard. It's part of the castration complex.

Now what of the mutilation of a woman's sex?

Amongst the Aborigines, mutilation of the women takes place wherever the sub-incision rite is or was performed, and not elsewhere. There is an obvious connection. Roth, who studied the Queensland tribes extensively, was of the opinion that the sub-incision rituals were derived from the mutilation of the women, but as Spencer (p. 263) points out, "This still leaves unexplained the mutilation of the women, and it would seem to be almost simpler to imagine that this was a consequence of the mutilation of the men." This mutilation of course is not the artificial deflowering before mentioned. We have seen that men accepted circumcision and sub-incision to "become women" in order to do the magic or religious ceremonies they stole off the women. For this there is an explanation. The mutilation of the

women can only be explained as a copy of the male rituals, and stems from that age-long ambition of women to enter the "men's world". We thus have the sequence, men following the natural course of women (artificial deflowering is not that unnatural, merely artificial) to become ceremonial women to carry out the religious rituals once the property of the women, then the woman copying the men's operation to enter the world of men!

But of course they had to become more extensive. In Kenya, during the Mau Mau troubles of the '50s, these operations became so extensive that the scar-tissue became a hazard for child-bearing... this was thanks to the use of razor-blades by the operating women. The true counterpart of male circumcision is the removal of the hood covering the clitoris. The original excision of the clitoris itself is not subject to any myths of which I am aware, but once the effects of its removal was noted, its continual removal became as important as circumcision to the male... from the woman's point of view. As Burton says in a note to the Arabian Nights (V 5, p. 279) "evening the sensitiveness of the genitories by reducing it equally in both sexes." He further adds, "While it diminishes the heat of passion it increases licentiousness."

There is nothing in the Mosaic Law concerning female circumcision and Jewish Rabbis have hotly denied that the Jews ever practiced it. The Christian church promptly condemned circumcision, full stop. The Prophet allowed women to practise it, if they thought it was needed. However, it must be remembered that the religion of the Prophet has spread through many strange tribes with even stranger customs and in the absence of the practise being forbidden, it has probably flourished. The same tribes who practise the sewing up of the labia also perform

a ghastly operation on boys, removing the entire genitals and inserting a tube into the urethra to keep it open. They are fed on fattening foods and when their breasts develop are sold for depraved sex.

There is no reason to believe that female mutilation is done at the behest of men, with their permission or to bolster up their ego. The men accept it because they are conditioned to accept it and men can be conditioned to accept anything. Moslem boys are wholly in the care of women until puberty.

In conclusion, male mutilation of their sex rose from stealing the women's right to religious rituals; female sex mutilation rose from women aping the men. The study of anthropology is a long story of women trying to enter the men's world. I state categorically, women will never become anything whilst they are trying to be men and trying to enter the "world of men". What's wrong with being women and creating a world of women.

Footnote on witches

All witches were heretics, not all heretics were witches. A reading of any of the source material on witchcraft will make this clear. Witches stood condemned, not for their witchcraft per se, but for their heresy. Certainly most witches were women, it is predominantly a women's religion. Margaret Murray lists the names of 687 known witches of the British Isles and of these 127 were men, or 22.6%. Incidentally, the smallness of this list should explode that myth of the millions burnt as witches. Of those only a fraction are recorded as being executed. In fact the bulk of those who made an attempt on the life of James VI escaped punishment, 9 out of 64 were executed, the rest went unpunished. The idea that they were harmless old woman with a knowledge of herbal healing etc does

not stand examination. But it is a fact that some of the covens were part of the power structure of the times, the Earl of Bothwell being behind the attempt on James' life, for example. If there is any substance to the same author's "The Divine King in England" then witchcraft did have a lot to do with the power structure - it existed to prop it up.

* * * *

((Editor's comments: I read the following general statements from your paper, John.

1. Men practise genital mutilation in order to enter the women's world;
2. Women practise genital mutilation in order to enter the men's world.

I conclude from this that the division of human attributes, interests, responsibilities, etc. into "men's" and "women's" is unhealthy, because it contributes to bizarre and unhealthy practices for both sexes.

Wouldn't we all be a lot better off if we just did whatever what right for us as an individual human being, rather than what is prescribed for members of our sex?

And wouldn't it be better if we all quit trying to lay "blame" for our unhealthy practices on any specific group, but just set about to rid ourselves of these practices and get on with living mentally and physically healthy lives? It can be an aid to understanding why people do such bizarre things to each other (and to themselves!) but not if we then use this understanding just to cast blame. Certainly women, as well as men, perpetuate negative attitudes; we live in a complex society, psychologically speaking.

By the way, I do think the "castration complex" as a serious

explanation of women's psychology, was discredited some years ago. However, as a metaphor for the loss of certain parts of "human" psychology, I rather like the concept; it is exactly analogous to "womb envy" to a metaphor for men being denied the opportunity to develop part of their "human" psychology.

I am quite amused that you suggest women should "create a world of women" -- I had no idea you were a supporter of lesbian separatism!

And finally, on witches, I ask the following: were all those accused of witchcraft actually practitioners of the religion of witches? I seriously doubt it. As with the accusation of "communist" in America in the early '50s, I suspect many people were accused of being witches by other people who simply didn't like them for some reason or other. And the fact that few witches are "officially" recorded is irrelevant; I imagine a good many of those accused were victims of "vigilante justice" and not recorded.

Anyway, John, thank you for the article; I found the material on Aborigines most interesting, as it is a subject I have not studied. But I do think I draw different conclusions -- or at least different value-judgements from the material, than you do. And that is always a problem with anthropology, as with sociology and psychology -- interpretation of the data depends so much on the beliefs of the interpreter, no matter how "unbiased" he or she tries to be.

I should be most interested to hear readers' reactions to your article.

P. S. If the men stole the important things in life (symbolic religious rituals) is it any wonder women want to steal at least a share of them back? And is that wrong?))



POSTULATIONS

by Debbie Killop

In 1979, I began a series of sf stories, revolving around the Four Services of Terran space. I did not know that it would be a series, or that a whole future society would evolve from it, but that has been the case. In any way, I wish to tell you something about my future society and its rationale.

The first Service is, of course, Space Navy. An outgrowth of NASA, it is termed the 'United Earth Navy', but is actually subject to nationalist tensions, clear through to 2150, when outward threats forced inward unity. It was dominated by nationalist, conservative interests until the 2100's, a circumstance which brought about in part the defection of the Old Bolsheviks in 2025, to the planet Moskva (82 Eridani 3).

Bio-search, the idealistic Service, was established in 1996, as a part of the Navy. It was originally titled Bio-survey; its aim then, as now, to contact extra-terrestrial sentients.

The third Service is colony contact - based on the fact that the illegal Graham drive ships, carrying colonists, had a tendency to be swayed by the gravity of bodies they passed, and thrown off course. Colony Contact was founded to re-establish links with colonies lost in this way.

The final Service is the Psi-Police, detectives whose function is enhanced by psi - natural though weak, in humans, and boosted electronically and chemically. This fourth service is dominated by women, who are far more psi than men. It is the only woman-dominated service - reflecting their late twentieth-early twenty-first century origins;

all the other services are male-oriented. In an effort towards equality, in all services but for Navy, crew strengths must be exactly half male, half female - in the case of Bio-search, three women and three men to a ship. The Medical Officer is second in command, and always a woman. The Captain, however, is always male. In fixing things this way, I was being realistic, rather than idealistic.



When I began the series I was a wife, a battered one, with very little self-confidence or hope. I left that legal marriage, and with leaving, lost, temporarily, I hope, custody of my child. My feminist awareness, already then quite strong, has grown, with the legal battles for my son, and re-entry to the work force - so has the character of the series altered.

I am 27, and became involved at 26 with a man of then 20, now 21. He grew up in South Africa, of Dutch parents, and comes of a very authoritarian up-bringing. We ended up in a de facto relationship, that has only just ended - in a very bitter way, as he is unstable, easily led, and was callously and deliberately taken away by a woman of his own, or nearly, his own age. (She is older than she has admitted being.) This experience shook my faith in sisterhood, severely. I still love this man, and despite another relationship with a man who this time, is older, though similar in race and up-bringing, the first occupies my thoughts. This has influenced my series, and my 'society.'

As I became more cynical about the due process of law (regarding the custody battle), so my view of the services changed. Navy became a secular wing of an Inquisition - albeit a political one - and Moskva and the Old Bolsheviks were born - socialism and Communism totally overthrown, their surviving supporters fled Terra for Moskva.

Navy became plagued by deserters, who have several planets of refuge, cells, passwords and frequent betrayals and executions (reflecting my feelings about the break-up of my defacto, I guess).

As I did, so women in my series became more assertive. I brought in my naming system. Women retain their own names on marriage,

girl children take the mother's surname, boys the father's.

My two lost children were translated into the children conscripted as infants, for psi-pol and Naby;

In the most recent stories, a sentient extra-terrestrial race, the Rigelians, have turned against their Terran allies, and the war is on! I am a keen proponent of disarmament, and a member of a pacifist society, founded in NZ in the years of World War One, by my church, the Methodists. This is reflected in my war - more like Joe Haldeman's vision of future war, than Robert Heinlein's in *Starship Troopers*.

In the optimistic happy days of my de factogoing well, Fairhaven was born - supposedly an ideal, the planet nearest Earth in nature, and the nearest inhabitable planet in the Alpha Centauri system. Fairhaven is long-settled, peaceful, dominated by the sea - it is democratic-capitalist, and the capital, Fairhaven City, contains both sea port and space port. On Fairhaven, there are many different groups living in relative harmony - Arcturans (e-t's), Russians, Americans, Teutons (Dutch and German) and others. The Teutons dominate the sea - the Americans the sky and space.

There are perhaps thirty to forty stories in the series, written between November 1979 and the present (April 1981). They follow me from an unhappy marriage, through singlehood, to another 'marriage', its disintegration, to a wary 'sussing out', of another relationship. Through three jobs, four residences, a wavering but still existent religious faith, a strengthening political commitment. I do not know if other writers find, as I do, that their creations develop minds of their own, seemingly. It amazes me to read early *Four Services* stories, see where the thing was intended to go, and where it is now!

Certain things have remained the same - two out of four services are male-dominated space travel is still legally limited to service personnel, Bio-search and Psi-Pol retain their tarnished ideals. The whole thing is in my head so much, that it is hard to write anything set anywhere or any-when else, even mainstream fiction has had to give way.

So far, only two of the stories have seen publication - one a very early fore-runner, about Bio-Survey, written in late '78, and forgotten until the whole Bio-search thing had risen, seemingly unheralded. Then I re-read the 1978 one, and saw it all pre-figured!

There's a lot I do not like about this future society: its militarism, conservatism, conscription, capital punishment and the scrapping of any social welfare program - thought unnecessary, because of the lebensraum expected to be provided by space's opening up.

Yet, it tried, this society of mine. Fairhaven, Moskva, the deserter's groups, slow progress of women and occasional astounding nobility, are its strengths and hopes.

I predict very little good for this small planet of ours - and the Bible is similarly pessimistic. But like the old Blood Sweat and Tears song: 'When I'm dead, when I'm gone, there'll be one more child in this world to carry on.'

Maybe we'll leave a relatively untainted child among the stars to carry on.

((Thanks, Debi, for sharing these thoughts with us. I won't say anything here, but will wait for some feedback from readers.))

((The drawings on this page and on page 11 are by Julie Vaux, and go with the article starting on page 14. This one is a member of the Comorri royal court at a practise session. Page 11 shows a young girl Comorri; the 'spear' is actually a herder's stick - the ribbons are used for a signal flag.))



SWORD CULTS OF COMOR

by Julie Vaux

The Comorri world has several sentient species.

1) Felinoid. s) Forest People, mainly Western continent. Brown, olive skins, dark mane extending to furry tail. Partial albino subspecies; white and black or gold colourings. 5 to 6 ft.

b) Shadow Ealker - ears like lynx, short or no tail, pale or sandy colourings; found in Alpine plateau and Eastern desert; 5 ft.

c) Moss People - dark brown mane, pale skin with greenish overtones; live in Southern marshes and jungle.

d) Lithoi or Lissoi - tall massive all over fur and tail, often regarded as gods (due to psychic powers and long life). 7 ft.

2) Also a humanoid species with 5 subraces and 2 non-mammal species. One a kind of homothermic dinosaur/firedrake/dragon and the other well it/she lays eggs, is warm blooded, has scales and feathers, fins on feet, clawed fingers and only a painting could describe them.

* * *

Once a solar year at the summer solstice the warrior cults, guilds and castes sent representatives to the southern city of Diamond Heart in the lakelands south of Thunder Mountain.

The Feather Dancers sent their temple chorus to bless the rituals, and the Temple of Startowers sends members of the Guard of Elders, carrying Speaking Swords. From the Northern Forests come the Red-leaf tribe bringing their heritage of the Sword-Walkers, those wandering gypsies who seek adventure. From the Starbridge City (Comor's main spaceport) may come aliens and bearers of laser swords and from

the Southern Isles sea-folk with broadswords and sunlock'd hair. Finally from the land of the Emyrri riding star-beasts (imported Terran horses - which is another story) come the Keepers of Peace and their gray-robed guard the Jo'vod warriors, Amazons and LoneWalkers, Archers and Lancers - the only religious groups that includes both women and men. (Although the Jo'vod Amazons rarely meet their male counterparts, so wide is the Emyr land.)

Here and there amidst the crowds will be seen dark-robed Outlaws who follow no leader for long - swathed in dark cloaks they wear their black armour day and night. Only the Jo'vod befriend them for their witches hope to save them from the demons that drive them into berserker rages.

In the great Square they meet - to greet long friends, to display their skills, to witness the famous ritual ransoming (the Guild of Thieves test the warriors' alertness by stealing some piece of jewellery, armour or a weapon and then ransoming it in public - much to the embarrassment of one woman of the East, a Lord's daughter, who was asked to ransom her infamous rose-embroidered underkilt - another song.)

* * *

The Curious Customs of the Emyrri

In the cities nearest to the great inland sea, the policing of streets is done by women.

The Emyrri men forbid their women the hunt and the battle - any martial skills learnt are only for defence of home and hearth and honour. (Although the women are superb riders.) Hence a woman who

((other drawings that go with this article are on pages 11, 13 and the cover.))



Comorri
Woman
Warrior
(Homo
Felina)
(Somewhere
under all
that armour)
J.V. 81

wishes to work outside her clan by birth or marriage can only join the Weavers or Painters Guild or go Outlaw or join the Jo'vod sworn to Peace.

Hence women not of the Warrior caste who wish adventure and danger can join the police - fighting with staff and shield - breaking up fights, directing travellers and tracking thieves and criminals.

With this group - which all castes, clans and guilds grant special honours - a woman may stay close to her home if she cares not for Jo'vod magic and mysticism or for Outlaw recklessness.

When strength of arm is needed, they can call out the City Guard or their own special group of Catmen if they fear the City Guard has been bribed.

Also these women police, like the Jo'vod, are free to marry a man of any other group without the ritual of parent-blessing. (The Outlaw women can never be married unless they come within law again or join Jo'vod.)

Their uniform is high boots, long hose in summer, side split skirts and white-feathered hats, their hose and skirts and jackets being any shade of green they please. Also they wear a badge and chain with the emblem of their city attached.

((Thank you, Julie. I hope others will send me some of their drawings or descriptions of societies they've invented, as I find them very interesting and a break from some of the heavy analysis that is/will be found within these covers. I just hope my Gestetner will do justice to the illustrations.))

FANZINES RECEIVED (more or less in order of receipt)

IBID 32 (Ben P Indick); The Rogue Raven 30 (Frank Denton); Songs (Pete Presford); Positron 6 (Gary Rawlings); Neology 6/1, 2 (Edmonton SF&Comic Art Society); New Canadian Fandom 1 (Robert Runte & Michael Hall); The States of Australian Fandom (Marc Ortlieb); Daily Triffid 2 (South Australia SF Society); Gryffin 4 (Mike Schaper); Forbidden Worlds 4, 5, 6 (Robert Mapson); Forerunner 3/12, 4/1, 2 (Sydney SF Foundation); Napalm in the Morning 4 (Joseph Nicholas); The Mentor 32 (Ron Clarke); The Black Duck's Tale 2, 3 (Western Australia SF Assoc); Australia in 83 Bulletin; Australian SF News 3/3, 4 (Merv Binns); Phantom Zine (apa); Bionic Rabbit 7 (Damien Brennan); Sikander 5 (Irwin Hirsh); Blatherstone 4 (Seth Lockwood); Q36F (Marc Ortlieb); Aerial 3 (Graham Ferner); Thyme 1, 2 (Irwin Hirsh & Andrew Brown); Zosma 2/4 (Steve George); Intermediate Vector Bosons 3 (Harry Andruschak); A Foreign Fanzine (Roelof Goudriaan); Runway 37 (Margaret Middleton); Scottische (Ethel Lindsay); Science Fiction 8 (Van Ikin); Baryon 19 (Barry Hunter); Red Shift 7 (Taral Wayne); Gegenschein 40, 41 (Eric Lindsay); The Ravin' 2/3 (Stephen Dedman); Enigma 11/3 (Sydney Uni. SF Assoc.); Ansible 19 (Dave Langford); Holier Than Thou 10 (Marty Cantor); SF Commentary 62-66 (Bruce Gillespie); Themazine (ed. Frank Macskasy; fictionzine); The Cygnus Chronicler 9 (Neville Angove).

RECENT READING (in addition to books reviewed thish)

Journey & Dangerous Games, Marta Randall (1978, 1980); A World Out of Time, Larry Niven (1976); Venus Plus X, Theodore Sturgeon (1960); Wizard, John Varley (1980); Lord Foul's Bane & The Illearth War, Stephen Donaldson (1977); A Song For Lya, George R R Martin (1976); War Crimes & The Fat Man in History, Peter Carey (1979, 1974).

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LETTERS

((As other Australian faneds have frequently remarked, there is an inevitable time-lag in this lettercol; zines posted overseas (surface mail) have hardly reached their destinations when I start typing up the next issue. Thus many letters will inevitably be one issue out-of-phase. Oh well, it's good practice for holding a conversation with a space station, I suppose.))

Pete Presford
'Ty-Gwyn', Maxwell Close
Bwcle, Clwyd.
North Wales, U. K. 12 April 1981

Annwyl Jean;

'Aussiecon' seems rather a strange zine; and as it is dedicated to Susan Wood I can't comment on it over much.

((Evidently you only received Volume 2; having both volumes might make the whole project make more sense.))

Being honest (and a food to boot) I must tell you now that at Seacon in '79, I was all in favour of a World-convention in Scandinavia rather than Australia. I could afford to go there ... but there is no way I can get down-
under. And I would still prefer a Convention with our Viking Brothers (and Sisters of course)...

Why? When I tear a strip off Aussie zines does everyone down there have to send me nice zines.. it does make me feel such a twit.

Just finished a note to Jack Herman telling him that the socks on the other foot now. It seems to have been U.K. zines that have slipped of late ... ah well!

((Joseph Nicholas has been saying much the same thing lately.))

Debi Killop
3/2 Maungawhau Road
Newmarket
Auckland, New Zealand

10 April 1981

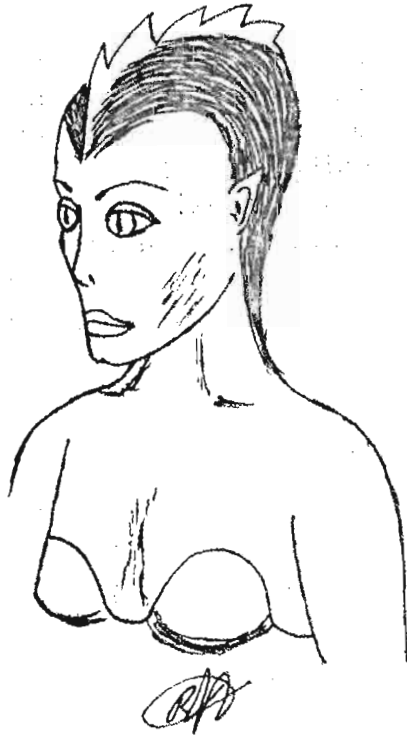
Thanks a lot for Weberwoman's Wrevenge... Re your biography - there are a few things we have in common - I am going for a divorce, have had two really, as a long-standing and intense de facto relationship broke up recently, leaving me more scarred than the end of my legal marriage. I have had two sons, neither of whom live with me - the first was adopted out, born when his poor mother was 18. The second is the subject of a custody battle that should be finally coming to court soon - after 17 months!

I am a feminist, though a Christian one, a smoker (the result of a drug-dependent personality, and a broken romance). My father was an English soldier, dead now 7 years, my mother, a New Zealander, they married late in life, my mother had always been an independent working woman, and after marriage, had 5 children virtually without pausing for breath. She died 7 months ago, at 62.

I have sought after a university education, but motherhood, marriage, and the necessity to support myself, plus, the low level of tertiary bursaries, have stopped me. I now work at a job well below the level I'm capable of - a situation that drove my father, in his case, to drink himself to death. The class system in England ensured that his intelligence was wasted. Therefore, I am a socialist.

By preference, I mix with Dutch and Germans; of both races, there are a lot in Auckland. (cont...)

I note that you have recently read Amazons!, and Journey. Also Day By Night, The Snow Queen, Faded Sun, Fountains of Paradise. These are all works I've read recently too. Have you come across these other I have recently read: Kill The Dead ((no)), Drinking Sapphire Wine, Companions on the Road (all Tanith Lee)((yes to last 2)), Frostflower and Thorn by Phyllis Ann Karr ((no)), Beasts (John Crowley)((no)), and More Women of Wonder (ed. Pamela Sergeant)? ((yes)) ((If you'd like to write some book reviews, they'd be welcome -- esp. of the books I haven't read.)) ((Debi also sent a contribution which appears somewhere thish.))



Al Fitzpatrick
38, Northfield
Barlby, Selby
Nth Yorkshire YO8 7JS
U. K. 5 May 1981

Greetings from miserable old England (formerly known as Merry Olde England but that was before this present Tory Government...)

I enjoyed reading both zines ((Aussiecon Vols. 1 & 2)) but I think most of the pleasure was derived not so much from what was actually printed but by the way each person's comments on the con stirred my own memories of Aussiecon. Ranging through almost not being able to get the time off work for the con, meeting the US fans as they arrived in Sydney, and sampling Beam's Choice in lieu of breakfast, to con itself chaotic and enjoyable and to the aftermath of being so ill yet having to go to work that I wished I was dead. I ended up the con with a dose of bronchitis (as I have ended several other cons since then).

As to 'how Aussiecon changed my life', I've no real idea as it's still changing it. Had I not attended Aussiecon, it's quite likely I would still have been living in Sydney, still selling off parts of my book collection to Keith Curtis, and still regularly attending Australian conventions. Instead, I'm stuck here in England, am considering moving yet again, I'm attending cons all over the place barring Down Under, and still supporting Australia in '83. ... Aussiecon... was the major factor contributing to my desire to visit overseas conventions and in 1976 of leaving Australia intent on attending the British Eastercon, ((something I can't translate from Al's handwriting)) and the Worldcon before heading back to Australia. The cons I attended but never did make it back. Since then I've seen a lot of good times as well as a lot of bad times, so it's been 50-50 to whether Aussiecon changed my life for good or ill. Still as I said change is still taking place and my future at this time still seems uncertain.

((Thanks for those memories, Al. I may have met you at Aussiecon, but I don't recall. You're often mentioned in Aussie fannish circles, and I have wondered why you left -- this letter helps explain!)) ((Al wrote again, in June; that letter should appear later in this column.))

Ben P. Indick
428 Sagamore Avenue
Teaneck, NJ 07666
USA

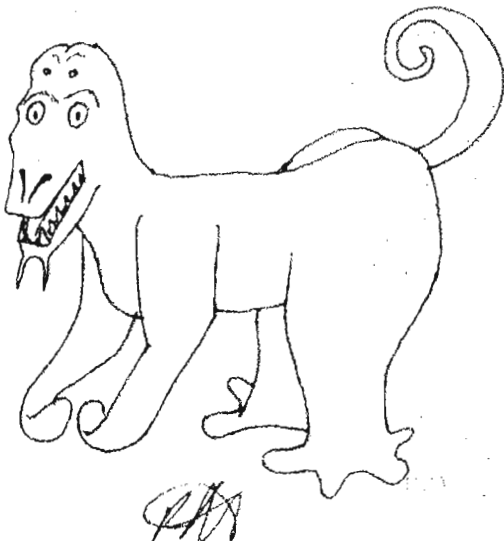
19 May 1981

Golly, that husband of your must've really ticked you off - divorced both him and the country! Well, having received mail and zines from Down Under for some years, I suspect it is a convivial place in which to reside. So good luck and enjoy!

Being American yourself, you know how insular and chauvanistic we are; in Marc Ortlieb's zine old grump Joseph Nicholas gave USA'ers the razz for disbelieving any other country can write sf or maybe even exist. And even you feel constrained to include a map in WWW -- Heck --atlases exist -- let 'em look up a map themselves! I myself repeat daily "other countries live!" twelve time before each meal -- or is that "mail"? (I'm a pharmacist, so all such duties are done before or after meals.)

Anyway, don't get too feminist -- there can be too much of a good thing, and one comes up with strange bedfellows. Figuratively, that is. Gosh...I'm getting in deeper. Gulp! Even wuss & wuss! Enough--

((Well, I haven't given up men, if that's what you mean; but then I don't reject women either...))



Leslie David
P O Box 5057
Ft Lee, VA 23801
USA

3 June 1981

...I'll admit I'm curious as to how you got my address, as I'm not a publisher, in only a few apas and the only Australian fan I've ever met was Eric Lindsay at Iguanacon. I'm not complaining, it's very nice to see an Australian fanzine ~~and Australia~~ ~~stamps~~.

((I'm not quite sure where I got your name & address -- probably off a loc in someone's zine; I send a zine on spec to anyone - especially women - who writes an interesting loc; there are also other criteria but that's the most likely one in your case.))((By the way, when you get WWW2 you'll note the lack of stamps; Category B has a postage paid stamp; sorry 'bout that.))

On learning that you are an expatriate American I hope you'll at some point let us know why you made your decision and what it's like living in Australia as far as differences and similarities are concerned. I'd like to find out more about Australia and Australian fen.

((Oh, dear, a lot of people have already heard this story; maybe I'll send you an old apazine and spare the others a repeat. Basically, I came out to Australia because I was fed up with America - I don't feel like going into the details at the moment - especially with the fact that anyplace I cared to live, I couldn't get a "suitable" job; where the jobs were --ie cities -- I didn't care to live. I was lucky to find a choice of jobs in "suitable" living conditions in Australia. After 4 years of underemployment in the US I had, within 3 weeks of landing in Oz, the choice of two jobs of relevance to my training and interests, and well paid. Wide open spaces and few people!! As a gross generality, I'd say Australia has most everything I like about

America, but few of the things I don't like seem to impinge much on my life -- the lack of feminist men is one I do notice, but I know enough of them it really doesn't matter much. I imagine if I lived in Sydney or Melbourne I'd find it more like the cities of America, which I don't like anymore, but in Canberra (population under 250,000) or Townsville, where I used to live (population under 100,000) there's no traffic jams, rarely smog, easy access to "the bush" and none of the feeling of the "rat race". They tell me the Public Service here in Canberra is the rat race but I don't work for the Public Service. Anyway the point is that the place suits me at this stage of my life, I have great friends, it's a laid-back lifestyle, I have a good job that pays well, etc etc -- not everything is perfect but it's a hell of an improvement on my life in America. I don't pretend to think it would suit everyone.))

I'm hoping there will be a Worldcon there to go to in '83. Like you I am a veteran traveller; my father works for GE and I am in the Army. My childhood was spent in upstate New York, Brazil, Indiana and back to New York. I attended Arizona State University in Tempe, where I earned a BA in English Lit. If I weren't in the Army I'd be teaching high school English somewhere. I enjoy travelling and visited Spain while I was in high school. While we lived in Brazil we also went through Panama and Mexico, making me an avid Hispanophile. While I haven't done any fanpubbing as of yet, I'm contemplating a perzine based on the continual weirdness of my job. I'm the Executive Officer of an AIT company and am responsible for the administrative running of a 300+ student company. AIT, or Advanced Individual Training, is where a soldier fresh out of Basic Training learns a Military Occupational Skill. With 300 people constantly coming and

going, you can imagine the stories.

I enjoyed your North America Trip Report very much. Qantas certainly feeds you better than any domestic airline I've been on. While I didn't much care for THE FINAL COUNTDOWN and would not have stayed awake to see it, if I were given the chance to see it again, now, I would. I took a tour of the ship while it was in port at Norfolk. I was very sad to hear of the crashing of one of its surveillance planes. To me the Nimitz is more than just a ship, it's a friend. I just hope none of my friends onboard were hurt or killed.

I found it amusing that you had to specify that Virginia is on the East Coast. Route 66 may be an important piece of American folklore, but it's an old road in lousy condition ((that's not the road's fault; if the government would give it proper upkeep...)). There's a limit to the number of times I want to go through Gallup, NM. No matter what time of day you go through, the traffic is always bumper-to-bumper pickup trucks. That's a piece of Americana I can do without. ((The Interstate is fine for getting somewhere, but it's bloody boring; just depends on what you want -- I'll agree Gallup is not one of the more attractive spots in New Mexico.))

Thank you for running the list of Australian faneds. I had no idea so many publications were coming out from "down under". Any idea as to the total number of Australian fen? ((Well, a "big" con may have about 200 members, over half of them from the local area. My guess would be about 500 fen, all up, but others like John Foyster should have a much better idea.))

I'm glad you included a map of Australia, since I didn't know how the country was divided up. What I found most interesting is that virtually all but 2 of the cities are right on the coast. ((There are other cities.))

Al Fitzpatrick
(address as above) 10 June 1981

Thanks for the copy of WWW#1... the address above will only be effective until the beginning of August. After that I'll be out of England for some time, starting with a few months in the USA.

I'll confess I like reading trip reports. I suppose it's because I'm incurably nosy and like to hear about what other people have been up to. Well no that's not strictly true. I'm very fond of travel and I find living where I do in the confines of a smallish village rather restrictive and irksome. Too many people wanting to poke their noses into your business. Hence if I can't travel I like to read of others' travels.

The one thing I did find interesting was your comments on the boring political talk about the reasons why Western Canada should secede from Canada. The arguments may be the same as those put forward in Australia by Queensland and W.A. but to me what is more curious, they are the same reasons put forward by Yorkshire in favour of seceding from England. This was about 8 or 9 years ago. Simply the reason was cash allocations by the Government were on a straight split between the counties so Yorkshire (the biggest county) got the same as Rutland, the smallest. It worked too because the county boundaries were resurveyed in places and Yorkshire got subdivided into about 4 regions and thus got a fairer share of the allocated cash. I always considered it a shame though that Yorkshire didn't secede from England; it would have led to some real fun and games.

((I'm glad to hear you're finally getting a chance to travel again; does this mean your next stopping place may be Canada or somewhere other than U.K. ?))

Richard Hryckiewicz
11 Shepway Place
Marangaroo, WA 6064
Australia

14 May 1981

...The only really critical comment I have on WWW2 is about its layout. You appear to have followed the rather standard American magazine (and probably Australian magazine) format of spreading continuations of articles throughout the mag. As you probably already know, this can be very frustrating when you're reading through the mag and have to jump forward a few pages to finish any particular article, then go back to continue reading the rest of the magazine.

((I quite agree that it's a nuisance, but when one types stencils over a period of 4 to 6 weeks, starting each new section on a new stencil, one generally ends up with little ends of pages to fill in... I suspect the problem will occur in this also, but as I don't like it either, I'll be trying to avoid it wherever possible/convenient.))

I liked the selection of buttons and badges you printed. If you have any more examples, I feel that a lot of people would be interested in seeing more of them. I know I would be.

...would it be possible to name who did the book review, as it would probably give me a better idea of that person's attitudes and/or my reaction to the review.

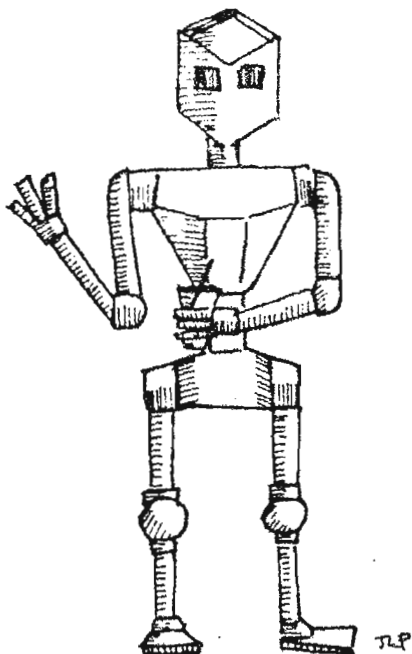
((Sorry, I thought it was understood that unattributed material was written by the editor; book reviews this, by various people, are attributed.))

I read your editorial with interest and, by coincidence, I managed to listen to a couple of radio programs on the ABC, relating to the women arrested after the Anzac Day march, and how the local member who was responsible for getting the special amendment ratified, tried to weasel his way out of the reasons for getting the amendment through.

((Actually he was not the local member, he was (is) the Minister for the Capital Territory, Mr Hodgman, who is elected from someplace in Tasmania.))

The interviewer kept asking such valid questions as why the amendment was passed? What prompted his action? and, Did he really consider it necessary? The answers the politician gave were vague to an extreme. Some remarks being that information he had received from 'someone' within the group, that the women were planning to 'disrupt' the march, and that this informant had considered that the police should be informed before anything drastic happened.

All in all... even the interviewer seemed to feel that he was either being lied to, or that the questionee was being deliberately evasive. As a matter of fact, the interviewer seemed to be totally dissatisfied with the way the interview had gone. ((Thanks Richard, your assessment agrees pretty well with other reports I've heard of that interview.))



Neville J Angove

P O Box 770

Canberra City, ACT 2601

Australia

27 May 1981

Your trip report convinced me that if I ever travelled overseas, it would be only as a tourist - seeing the sights, visiting Disneyland, and doing all those other touristy things; I doubt I could accept a trip that was mainly composed of meeting people, visiting with them, and being shown around by them in the friendly atmosphere you recreated in your report. Perhaps it is because I am a psychologist that I don't have any desire to either inflict myself on others personally, or be inflicted upon by them (I will happily do so through the medium of a fanzine, though).

... But what I found most interesting in WWW#2 was your discussion of the W.A.R. trespass of the Anzac Day march in Canberra. I have several questions that you, as a participant, might be able to answer. Why, for example, was Canberra chosen as the scene of confrontation - surely one of the other capitals would have been more appropriate, with more spectators and therefore a far better chance of getting the point across (and also, incidentally, a much better chance of not being forbidden the right to march at all); and why did the W.A.R. participants have to attend so many sessions/meetings in order to practice 'not being provoked' - are women more liable to be provoked than men?

((I thought I had made it clear in my editorial that, several years ago, wreath-laying on Anzac Day occurred in several capital cities; I believe last year was the first time in Canberra, and women were arrested then. I do not know why W.A.R. groups in other cities did not try to march this year; I am not a member of that group. Certainly the march in Canberra this year was partly to

test the law, which had been used against the marchers last year.
 ** Sorry, I just re-read my statements in WWW and find that I did not make the above point; they must have been in one of my apa contributions. ** As for the non-violent workshops, marchers were asked to attend one; quite a few were held, in order to keep workshops small and to increase the diversity of times at which they were held, to allow the greatest number of participants to find time to attend one.))

The real point is, I suppose, that W.A.R. chose the Canberra March in order to generate the most national publicity - because they had the best chance to actually have a newsworthy confrontation with officialdom. Not that I am saying that there was no sentiment involved about women being raped in wartime (although such sentiment is admirable, and has my moral support, it is a little misplaced in an Anzac Day march; the march honours those servicemen who died defending their country - and I doubt that many women were raped defending Australia in any of the wars involved; it seems paradoxical that W.A.R. attempted to disrupt a gathering held to honour those who died in order to give W.A.R. the right to disrupt that gathering.), just that the expression of such sentiment would have been more credible if displayed in a more appropriate manner - like outside the embassy of the USSR, whose soldiers not only raped any female too slow to run away (in the occupation of Germany at the end of WWII), or outside of Parliament House, where-in dwell the politicians who actually start the wars in which women are raped.

((I quite agree that other situations might be as appropriate, or more appropriate, for the demonstrations planned by W.A.R. That is not the

point. The point was whether the RSL has the privilege to decide who shall march. Secondly, it is totally incorrect to say that W.A.R. intended to 'disrupt' the Anzac Day march --except insofar as their presence was offensive to certain people associated with the march. The intention was to march peacefully, after the official march, and to quietly and peacefully lay a wreath. If no one had made a fuss about their presence, no disruption would have occurred, of that I am sure. In fact, that is exactly what we did, an hour or so after the official ceremonies were over. Incidentally, WAR also organises other demonstrations, e.g. in front of Parliament House, and presents submissions to various legal bodies in the 'approved' manner.))

But I am still confused as to how anyone can equate rape with being killed - while the former may be quite soul-destroying and a gross violation of a woman's person, the latter is both more final and the ultimate of personal violations. ((RSL President Sir William Keys says one purpose of Anzac Day is to 'act as a reminder of the horrors of war' -- rape is one of those horrors. Neither WAR nor I are trying to 'equate' rape with being killed, though it could perhaps be equated with serious injury.))

I am looking forward to the next issue with the sercon section on the politics of rape - haven't had a good laugh in ages; and it will be laughable if you do the usual and only cover the topic from the one viewpoint, that of the female (and ignoring the poor male who is constantly placed in a double-bind situation by society in general and females in particular). ((You probably read the papers in Applesauce; or weren't you a member then?)) Didn't really appreciate the pro-female/anti-male discrimination in the book review section! ((I read more books by women; what's wrong with that? Tough luck, Neville.))

Jon Noble
97 Burns Rd
Springwood, NSW 2777
Australia 27 May 1981

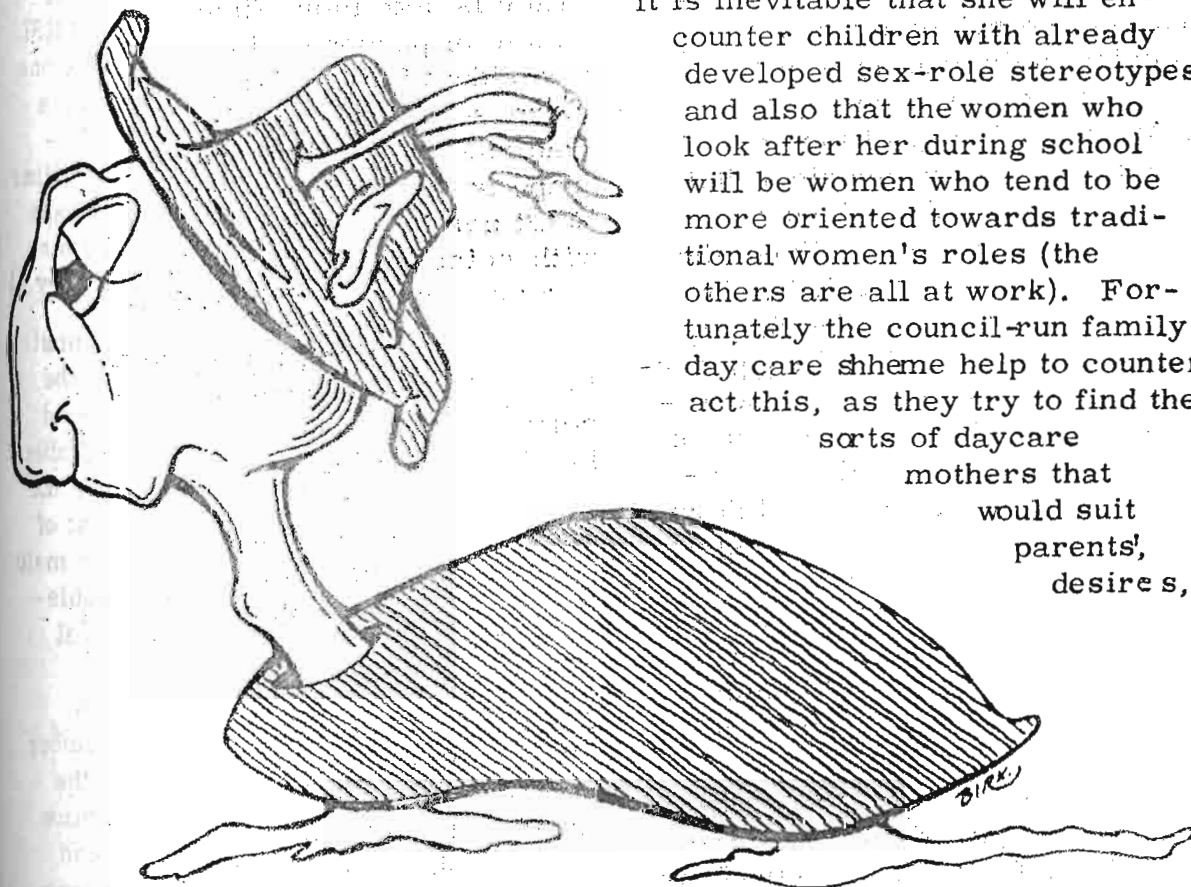
Thanks for sending me WWW, an excellent and thought-provoking zine, the best I've seen in some time (mind you I don't get many zines these days).
((Well, gosh...ta.))

Various comments set me thinking about how (and if) Kate ((his daughter--Ed.)) is developing a concept of sex roles. This is something I'd been planning to discuss in Applesauce (and still may).

As Kate is becoming more and more able to express herself understandably, we are becoming more and more able to see how she is developing. At the moment I don't think she can differentiate between the sexes, at least not greatly; all children, for instance, are 'boys'.

She knows my 'bum, bum' (her word for genitals) is different from Caroline's, but I doubt if she realises that hers is the same as Caroline's. She doesn't seem to have any concept of specific roles for us. Although the people who care for her in the daytime are women, and she calls them 'mummy', she is aware that they are only looking after her while mummy and daddy are at school, accepts this and feels no real need to become emotionally dependent on them. Perhaps because she is an emotionally secure and independent child. In her own home, where her emotional commitment is, she sees both parents performing 'mothering' and housekeeping roles. But she does seem to be developing the basics of sex role stereotyping. For instance, anyone riding a bike is a 'boy'. As I said she tends to regard all children as 'boys', but as she grows older the image of 'boys on bikes' as opposed to 'girls on horses' (she has a tremendous fascination for all fauna, especially horses) will surely remain.

It is inevitable that she will encounter children with already developed sex-role stereotypes and also that the women who look after her during school will be women who tend to be more oriented towards traditional women's roles (the others are all at work). Fortunately the council-run family day care scheme help to counteract this, as they try to find the sorts of daycare mothers that would suit parents', desires,

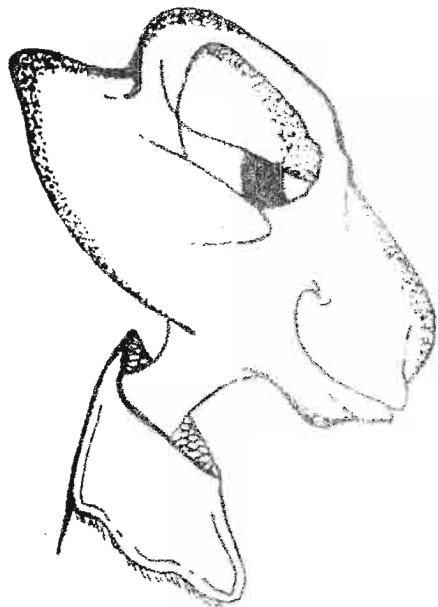


and the parents get a choice of several. We've been very pleased with the ones we've had.

On to other things - on the Anzac Day march, I'd heard that the regulation is likely to be repealed/declared illegal or something. On AM on several following days listeners rang in to say that they'd been raped/had raped women during WWII and Vietnam. They played these straight after the president of the RSL had said that Australian troops would never rape women.

((So far - early July - the march legislation still stands and its future is still uncertain.))

Parts of your trip report remind me of how I felt at times when I returned to New Zealand in 1974; however, I'd only been 5 when I left NZ in 1959, and so my memories of my former life there were few and my emotional ties were less - indeed I was surprised to find they were as strong as they were, and that I remembered as much as I did.



Marc Ortlieb
1/2 Water Street
Kensington Park, SA 5068
Australia 26 May 1981

Q: How does one write a LoC comment-
ing on someone else's trip report?

A: ~~Very carefully~~. One finds an irrelevant bit, and talks about it.

I agree with the comments on keeping bidding friendly. Taking the bidding too seriously could result in the traumas that have killed previous bidding committees....

Enjoyed Warren Nichols' LoC. I'm fast reaching the conclusion that the reason I throw myself so heavily into fandom is to make up for missing so much at Aussiecon. The feeling is very much that of losing one's virginity while being semi-conscious. I'm fully conscious now, but somehow nothing quite matches the magic of that first time.

((I'm not sure I appreciate your analogy with losing virginity. My first time was anything but 'magic', in fact it was (pun intended) bloody awful.))

I've had no luck whatsoever in my attempts to write comments on Linda Taft's letter. I guess our views on life, the universe and everything are so opposed that there's not really much to say. The idea of ripping down barriers as a Good Thing is not a new one, but is presented in a rather facile manner, as though it was just a matter of muttering the magic words BARRIERS DOWN, and all interpersonal problems would be solved. What it ignores is that interpersonal barriers are important. What is needed more is a way of lowering portions of the barrier to specific people, without damaging the integrity of the whole. Perhaps Linda and I define barriers in different ways. To me, I am behind my barriers, and I allow people to see those aspects of myself I think they should see. I am taking full responsibility for this decision. I'm afraid I find this whole "Be open to others" a right royal pain in the arse. It results in people engaging in competitions the aim of which is to be more open than others.

((Yes, I've certainly met the type of people you describe in your last

sentence, and I agree they are a pain. However, I think the point Linda was making is quite valid; why do you hide certain parts of yourself from people? I don't mean from people at work, or slight acquaintances, or the blokes at the pub -- if the relationship is superficial or not of one's choosing, fair enough. But in a close personal relationship, eg. 'love', it would seem to me that 'hiding' part of one's personality would ultimately be self-defeating. The 'hidden' part will either be evident to the other party, in which case she may think you're not trustworthy; or it will come out sometime under stress, and be quite a shock.))

Eric B Lindsay
6 Hillcrest Ave
Faulconbridge, NSW 2776
Australia 8 July 1981

... I have to protest the feminist bias apparent (in WW2). For example, the major part of the contents were by women, in a ratio far beyond their proportion in the general population, and in fandom in particular. This suggests a bias in the selection of the contents, that can only be corrected by equal rights for men! ((An article by Eric Lindsay would help redress the balance, would it not? ?))

Expectations as to whether one can go to university, mentioned in your comments on Elizabeth Darling's letter, tend, in my experience, to be more a matter of a consideration of potential costs than of the sex of the student. Most people find it hard to afford a university education for their family, once you get outside the cosy, single child, middle class families from which most fans have sprung (crawled, walked, etc.). And when they can, with great sacrifice, afford to send one family member to university, it is often in the expectations of that person assisting

the family. Naturally, they choose a son, since the son is more likely to be able to afterwards support the family, whereas a daughter usually becomes a more desirable marriage partner and is likely thereby to leave one family to its detriment. ((Your comments support the point I was making, Eric.))

Now personally, I'm getting a bit tired of all the feminist propaganda in fanzines. It is apparent, to anyone who looks at actual attitudes rather than platitudes, that the reason most women are in the lowly positions they occupy is that they deserve to be there. The majority do not train for future positions, they do not assert themselves by taking up additional tasks at work, they tend not to take work home, and usually leave the job to get married just when they are getting relatively good at it. Indeed, in view of the relatively small number of career women in the work force, the proportion of women in senior positions is remarkably high, probably out of proportion to what they deserve. ((What an interesting mixture of fact and bullshit. One question that feminists address is why so few women prepare for 'careers' -- obviously because they are conditioned not to expect to want or need to be in the paid workforce most of their lives. As more women learn that they will need their own income, they will make - or try to make - the necessary adjustments. Of course, whether the things that are necessary in a 'man's world' -- like taking work home, etc, that tend to lead to early male deaths -- are desirable, is another matter. One hopes the advent of women into higher positions will modify some of the more harmful traditions of the workforce.)) ((Eric has also been sending out, lately, computerised letters produced on one of his home computers. What next -- personalised fanzines? Something to speculate on...))

Joy Window
127 Livingston Rd.
Marrickville, NSW 2204
Australia 13 June 1981

I had a look at your Aussiecon Anniversary issue. To tell the truth, I don't remember too much about that particular convention. Too much water has flown under the bridge since then. I remember being extremely un-impressed with American fandom, or the representatives thereof, but this was before I received my self-imposed training in cultural relations (by travelling and living overseas and marrying a Chinese husband). No doubt my impressions would be different now, and in fact are - I've come across a few American fan, and they seem quite pleasant people. I was moving out of fandom at the time, too, having been in it since 1971, and feeling like moving on to different things. I did move on, and here I am, back again since early 1980. Those 'things' were feminism and learning about other cultures. So I'm glad to hear about Debi Killop through her letter in WWW#1.

I have a couple of people hovering over me now. One is Christine ((Smith)), who wants to know, why 'Wrevenge', and what have you got to be wrevengeful about? (('Wrevenge' because I thought it sounded nice, and because in my own zine I can write about anything I want, on topics that may bore other people silly, and thus get my 'revenge' on anyone who may not be interested in what I want to talk about.))

Troll wants to point out that the mysterious, leather-clad bikie who kept waving to you on the way back from Adelaide was him, and why didn't you wave back?

((We -- Richard Faulder, Joyce Scrivner, Denny Lien and I -- were so concerned that he was trying to

tell us something was wrong with the car, that it never occurred to us it might be somebody we knew. Well, it occurred to me, but I considered it so improbable as to be ridiculous.))

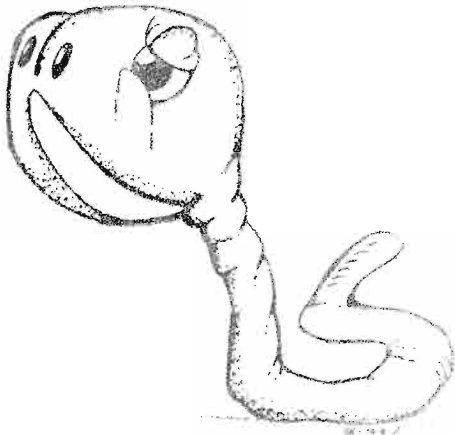
Interesting to read Elizabeth's letter. My own background could be labelled 'working-class', and I was encouraged to 'rise above' this. I don't remember any specific problems with being a female child, although being the only one would have influenced this. If there had been a son, he would have certainly been encouraged to be a plumber like my father, but I was allowed to go my own way. Marriage and children were certainly never pressed upon me. My mother says she assumed they would happen anyway, without any pressure from her. She was tied at home caring for her sick mother for many years, and determined that the same thing should not happen to me. I am very grateful for the freedom of choice she allowed me. When I did marry, briefly, it was to help a friend to get into the country, rather than any emotional bond. I seemed to have missed out on a whole lot of pressures that other women had to cope with at that young age.

Comment on Leanne's letter: I myself find SF hard to read these days, especially when there's so much other stuff which is better written, more relevant to me, and far more useful to my philosophical point of view. I used to devour the stuff, but find I have grown away from it now. Please do not take this to imply a put-down. I just have other tastes now. ((I found that very interesting, because for about ten years I felt that way, but now have found many sf books that interest me and are relevant in some way -- though as you say, there is a lot more stuff around that's better written!))

Comment on Warren's letter: as several of us were leaving a North Adelaide restaurant during the most

recent National con in Adelaide, the cashier asked us if we were the science fiction crowd, and when we replied in the affirmative, he, in all seriousness, asked us to call him next time we saw a flying saucer, as he hadn't ever seen one. I decided to leave my comment to the effect that we weren't really into that sort of thing as enough. He wouldn't have believed it anyway.

Interesting to read Linda's letter, but no comment.
 ((Aw, surely you could say something about Linda's letter??))



Jessica Amanda Salmonson
 2127 South 254th Place
 Kent, WA 98031
 USA 4 July 1981

((This letter arrived on 28 July, a victim of postal disruptions in Oz.))

Note Jessica's new address.

I am glad to see you read Amazons! I hope you liked it a bit. ((See my review later this.)) There will be an Amazons II, probably middle of next year; it goes to the publisher this month. If my recent novel, Tomoe Gozen, is sold in Australia, it might interest you a bit, that is, if you weren't sorry to have read Amazons! The novel is about a woman samurai, and is illustrated by me very own life-partner Wendy Adrian Shultz. I'm writing the sequel, The

Golden Naginata, which Ace has scheduled tentatively for March 1982. These things keep me pretty busy.

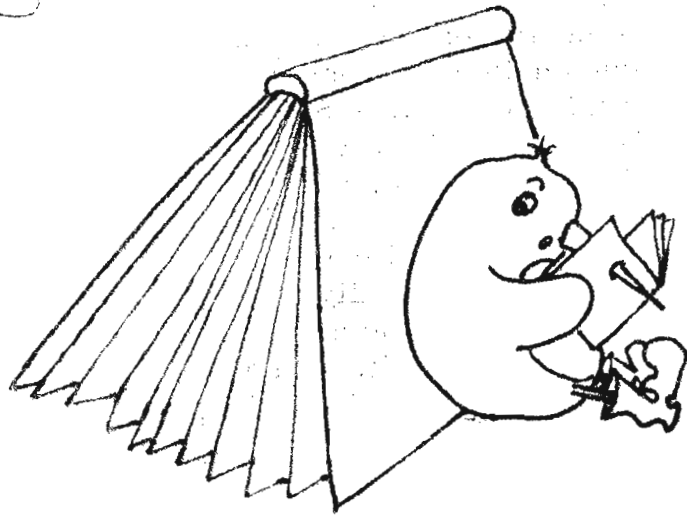
Whoever said you could see Mt. St Helens from Seattle on a clear day was a nit... (it) is below the horizon... However, while up on the water tower (the highest point in Seattle), I did get a lovely view of the towering mushroom! Perhaps that's what your informer meant. ((It was.)) The old mountain is still rumbling and spitting from time to time, and I have moved to Kent, which is a bit nearer to the mountain, but still it is below the horizon. Mt Rainer, however, is gigantic from where I live. And it is not only the biggest mountain on the coast, but a volcano and potentially active. The next to go, though, is supposed to be Mt Baker. There's been a volcano-watch up there for a decade -- everyone thought it'd blow before St Helens. The Hawaiians say the volcano goddess moved to St Helens; some Japanese friends of ours who used to call Mt Rainer 'Fuji-San' now give that holy title to St Helens. It's very exciting living near an active volcano actually, and between two others which geologists say could vlow. ((That kind of excitement I can do without, thank you.))

Our new house is very pleasant. Roof leaks and such, but it was the best we could afford, and it's ours. We have fruit trees (plums, apples, cherry, peach) and flowering trees and bushes and raspberries in the back yard (all glowy-red and tasty Right Now) and though the weather is currently 80°F (hot for the Northwest), it is consistantly cool and pleasant in our tree-filled yard. Lots of work though; never had to take care of a place before, and not convinced it's fun. ((Your place sounds a bit like mine, both the fruit trees and the work, and your attitudes towards both!))

((IAHF are on page 33, probably.))

Book Reviews

My intention in this book review column is to discuss books with strong female lead characters, and/or books which address social, environmental, or political issues of interest to women in general and myself in particular. I would welcome reviews from readers of WWW, on fiction and non-fiction works in these categories.



AMAZONS, edited by Jessica Amanda Salmonson, 1979.

(Reviewed by Jean Weber)

This collection of short stories is about women who have taken up the sword as warriors, in a variety of circumstances. Starting with a delightful cover (on the DAW edition) showing a woman in full armor (none of this brass-breastplates-and-little-else), an introduction gives a bit of history of 'Amazons', or women warriors, over the ages and in mythology, and states the philosophy behind this book. That philosophy is to counteract the prevalence in heroic fantasy of the males having all the adventures, and the females being merely decoration. In heroic fantasy, says Salmonson, 'the unrestrained magic and adventure provide a limitless potential that has yet to be plumbed. The influx of genuinely amazonian heroes into the genre can only benefit heroic fantasy... This may be the giant step which removes the genre from its stagnant, unimaginative mimicry and pulp era influences, returning it to its nobler heritage of ancient mythology, intelligent extrapolation, and good storytelling.'

That may be a bit ambitious for a single anthology, but the stories in it are well-written, delightful, and non-sexist.

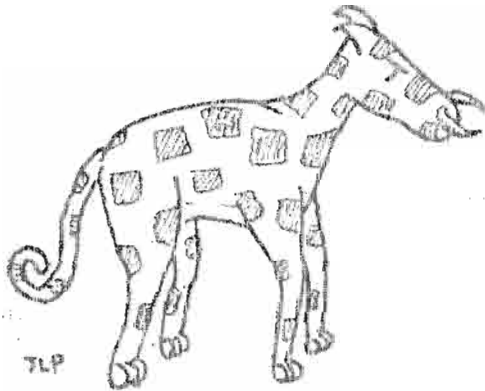
C. J. Cherryh leads off with 'The Dreamstone', a High Fantasy tale of Arafel, one of the Eld-born who dwells mainly in a different dimension; and a young harper, Fionn, who flees misfortune and comes to live in the Ealdwood. Arafel gives her moonstone in payment to Fionn's master, for the joy of Fionn's playing, but its absence eventually causes her to weaken. A resolution must be found.

Unfortunately I have neither the ambition nor the space to review each of the stories in this volume. Authors include Janrae Frank, T. J. Morgan, Janet Fox, Charles Saunders, Josephine Saxton, Margaret St Clair, Andre Norton, Michele Belling, Megan Lindholm, Tanith Lee, and Elizabeth A Lynn, most of whom I've never heard of before (which may reflect more on my reading habits than on the status of the authors). An additional reading list completes the volume. Highly recommended.

Room of One's Own, edited by Susan Wood, vol. 6, nos. 1/2, 1981. Available from the Growing Room Collective, P O Box 46160, Station G, Vancouver, BC V6R 4G5, Canada.

Reviewed by Jean Weber.

This is a special Feminist SF & F issue of this quarterly publication. The quality of the contributions varies quite a bit, and some I did not think were quite SF or F, but it's a worthwhile volume nonetheless. It includes fiction, poetry, art, essays, and a reading list. Most are quite short pieces, far too many to review individually or even list the authors. Some are a bit polemical; most aren't. A good sample of the sorts of things feminist SF & F readers and writers are interested in these days.



C J Cherryh, Hunter of Worlds, 1977.

Reviewed by Jean Weber.

Her second published novel, I think. Four species interact; each has its own psychological 'givens' and finds those of the others rather incomprehensible.

3 of the characters are joined by an 'artificial' telepathic link.

I find the tendency, in Cherryh's books, for subordinate species to accept the inevitability of their subordination, rather tedious. In this book the human Damien does not accept this, and the other characters are generally shocked at his presumptuousness. The detailed character studies, and psychoanalyses, I also found tedious after awhile, although I usually like that sort of thing. But this was too much! Not enough

action to carry it along, and I could not sympathise or identify really with any of the characters. The 'sympathetic' ones either had values that clashed with mine, or did the stupidest damn things.

One thing Cherryh's novels do have, which I appreciate, is strong female characters; nor are they 'strong' merely in contrast to stupid males -- in other words, it's not just 'role-reversal'.

C J Cherryh, Serpent's Reach, 1980.

Reviewed by Jean Weber.

I've never read a book of Cherryh's that I didn't like, and this is no exception. Her recent works have suited my taste better than the earlier ones, combining a bit more action with the psychological studies she seems to specialise in. Here, we have humans on a planet whose resident intelligent life-form is a sort of giant ant. The 'hive society' of the ants is an excellent extrapolation from what's known of ant societies on Earth (never mind the problems of surface-volume ration, etc; as aliens, I felt these worked). Cherryh has a talent for telling you what you need to know about her aliens, when you need to know it, and not a lot more, so you don't get the feeling you're being lectured to.

The dominant human group has made some sort of physical change to attune them to the antlike creatures; these humans have gene-manipulated a second group of humans (known as the Betas) who think they run things but who are virtually incapable of questioning the authority of the dominant Kontrin. The Betas, in turn, have bred the sterile, learning-tape-programmed azi. Lots of scope for discussions of racism here!

As usual, the main protagonist is female, the last of her line, and with a 'grand plan' to salvage something of value from her heritage. She

proceeds with cool nerve, is prepared to wait patiently for years to achieve her goals, but can move very quickly when occasion demands. A damn good read.

Octavia E Butler, Survivor, 1978.

Reviewed by Jean Weber

Alanna is a particularly strong female character. She grew up as a 'wild human' and knows how to fight; she also knows when not to, when to bide her time and wait for the right occasion. She is 'rescued' by a group of Missionaries and later taken to another planet where they are setting up a colony. She is captured by the natives and lives several years among them. She accepts their ways, but only up to a point; she does not allow her 'husband' to beat her up - she fights back.

Although I liked the character of Alanna very much, there was much in this book that I couldn't accept. Perhaps a sequel will tell us that the 'natives' are really just mutant humans after all, which just might make their ability to interbreed with humans acceptable to me. The author is aware of this anomaly, as her characters discuss it quite a lot, but it's still annoying.

There was also a certain simplicity of writing that jarred with me. That may just be my preferences in style, but I almost felt talked down to. This book also followed the style - which I do like - of *Mind of My Mind*, in which it jumps point-of-view from one character to another and from first-person to third-person. There is a certain unnecessary repetition of information every now and then which suggests that it was either written in a different order originally, or as a series of short stories that were later strung together.

Despite these negative comments, I do recommend the book, for its memorable main character, Alanna.



Elizabeth Gould Davis, The First Sex, Penguin 1971.

Reviewed by Judith Hanna

An examination of Mediterranean myth and tradition, from Catal Huyuk where women were buried in state and men's graves insignificant, through to the Greeks and Romans, in attempt to show the existence of a prehistoric civilization of matriarchal mariners, traditions of which are preserved in myth and legend, and of which scattered artifacts remain. Starts out well, but becomes tangled.

* * * * *

This space is left in memory of poor planning... more reviews follow

* * * * *

Merlin Stone, The Paradise Papers, or When God Was A Woman, Dial Press, N. Y., 1976.

Reviewed by Judith Hanna.

Shows how the myth of Adam and Eve is a patriarchal distortion of the originally Mother-Goddess creation tale, changed to keep women in their place and to deny them their originally pre-eminent place in religion. It goes to detail what is known of the worship of the Magna Mater. Very convincing and well-argued.

Elaine Morgan, The Descent of Woman, Bantam, N. Y., 1972.

Reviewed by Judith Hanna.

Presents an alternative to the Desmond Morris/Robert Ardrey theory that Homo sapiens ended up mostly hairless because 'Man the Hunter' needed to be able to sweat freely after a brisk sprint in chase of antelope. This is shown to be a load of codswallop - why would the sedentary, childminding female lose her hair in sympathy? Why couldn't man sweat through his hair as does the cheetah? Instead, the author suggests that, like other hairless mammals with subcutaneous fat layers and protuberant mammaryies in the female, Homo s. evolved in an aquatic or off-shore environment. Another well-argued and convincing work.



Germaine Greer, The Obstacle Race.

Reviewed by Judith Hanna.

Answers the old question of, 'Well, if women are equal, why haven't there been any great women artists?' The answer; there have been women artists recognised as front-rank by their contemporaries, but their names have not been featured in art histories. Also, their works have often been attributed to their fathers, brothers or husbands, for art has traditionally been a studio activity. Also women have seldom been permitted to devote themselves to art as a vocation, but have had to squeeze in their painting between housekeeping, child-bearing, and attending to the man with whom they lived. It is only in this century that it has been legal or respectable for a woman to live alone and own her own property. Nevertheless, there have been Artemisia Gentileschi, Elisabeth Vigés-le Brun, Angelica Kauffman, and others - at the forefront of art, but not built up into 'Names' by the dealers and historians, and therefore forgotten.

Robert Graves, The White Goddess.

Reviewed by Judith Hanna.

Another examination of myth in a Matriarchal light. As a poet, Graves takes the Triple Goddess, Maiden, Mother and Hag, as his Muse. An authority on Greek mythology, he examines Greek and Celtic legend (with sideswipes into Semitic) to retrieve the Original Matriarchal Myth of Mother and Divine Child (or Twins), who fall in love with the Maiden and kill each other, at summer and winter Solstice, to be laid out by the Hag. It makes a poetic truth, even if it works out too neatly to be historic truth. Some errors of fact - check out the original sources if they interest you - but fascinating speculation.

((More reviews will have to wait till nextish, this is too long already.))

Greg Hills, who is standing for 1982 DUFF.

In July there was a weekend conference in Canberra, organised by the University, called "Speculative Fiction: the Australian Context", which turned out to be quite good, much to my surprise and perhaps some others'. (It had sounded so bloody academic.) About 80 people attended: academics, writers, publishers, critics and fans; most of them knew each other, so the audience participation level was high. I held a party at my place on Saturday night, and about 50 people showed up. Rather than breaking up into small groups of friends and acquaintances, everybody was talking to everybody else. Marvellous! Seven people stayed on Friday night, and five on Saturday. The toilet kept functioning, but the oven quit. (Don't ask me why; it's the way of mechanical things, I tell ya.)

On the domestic front, I have finally decided to have some small modifications made to my house. It's been badly in need of painting for a couple of years, but one excuse for putting that off has been my plans to make these mods... well, I finally decided it was time to quit making excuses and Do Something. So... I'm having a window replaced by a sliding door, a landing put in outside the new door, and a roof over the patio. Then not only should the patio be livable in summer (it's on the west side of the house and gets very hot), but one can reach the patio from the house without going through the laundry room and tripping over the cat litter tray. The plans have been drawn up, and are undergoing 'approval' procedures by the City; and I'm getting quotes for the work. Should start construction in about a month. Then the painters... all should be complete before summer (that's December, in case you've forgotten, Yanks).

I haven't been doing much fiction writing lately... guess it isn't really in my blood. When I 'have something to say' it doesn't make much of a story, and the rest of the time I'm too easily distracted into doing something else... like this fanzine.

Speaking of which (sneaky, wasn't it?), I'm rather pleased with the way this issue turned out... a nice mix, I think, of articles and topics. What do you think? I should add the obvious, too, I suppose, since it came up once or twice in letters... I do welcome contributions from men, as long as they are more or less on the topics I'm interested in covering in this zine: the way we live (personal stories preferred, although I'll consider more general essays); how we feel about it, how we came to choose our lifestyles, what we feel about relationships (especially close personal ones), how society and its institutions/laws affects us... sex and sexuality... love... Approaches to the subject needn't be serious, either... silly will do, but I do appreciate a certain level of articulateness (and of grammar and spelling, though I can correct that, of course). You want to talk about your cat, your goldfish, your pet rock? Great! I'd love to hear from you. Till next time, then.

I KINDA LIKE THE IDEA
OF LA IN 84. I MEAN,
THEY'VE GOT THE OLYMPICS,
SO WHY NOT:



FUN AND GAMES!

ART CREDITS

Sheryl Birkhead, p. 3, 24, 25, 28

Richard Faulder, p. 18, 19

Mike McGann, p. 31

John Packer, p. 22, 30

Margaret Sanders, p. 29, 32

Julie Vaux, cover, 11, 13, 15

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John Packer, 12 Charles St, Northfield South, S.A. 5085, Australia

Margaret Sanders, 3/34a Belmont Rd, Mosman, NSW 2088, Australia

Julie Vaux, 14 Zara Road, Willoughby, NSW 2068, Australia

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Damien Brennan, 13 Hopetown Ave, Chatswood, NSW 2067, Australia

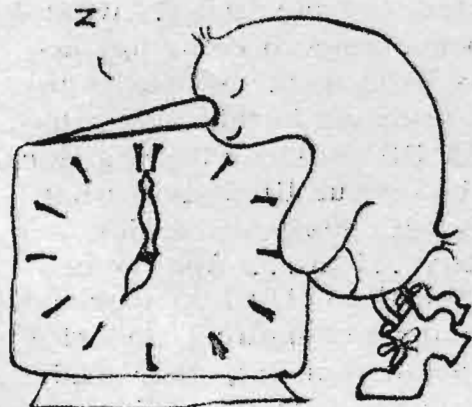
Andrew Brown, 5 York Street, Prahran, Vic. 3181, Australia

Rebecca Lesses, 18 Gray St, Cambridge, MA 02138, USA

Linda Lounsbury, 3125 - 3rd Ave S Apt 3, Minneapolis MN55405, USA

Jane Taubman and Gregor Whiley, 2/2a Milner Cres, Woolstonecraft, NSW
2065, AustraliaI ALSO HEARD FROM

Peter Graham, Rebeccas Lesses, Joyce Scrivner, Bruce Weston (who thinks the Aussiecon zine was 'fabulous' and the best zine he's ever seen, but then he's from Western Australia so I'm not sure what his standards of comparison are), Sheryl Birkhead, Gerald Smith ('Your editorial ... on Anzac Day was a timely reminder of the narrow mindedness of the R.S.L., coming as it did just before their announcement that they still supported the White Australia policy. Twice in one year the R.S.L. has seriously misjudged public opinion and are really starting to look like fools. The situation is more serious than that though. The earlier episode showed that they have inordinate political power in the way they were able to get a law passed to their benefit. It is not beyond the realms of possibility that they could swing government immigration policy just as easily...'), and Sally Ann Syrjala (who writes about films she's seen, especially praising Australian ones;



and talks about the economic necessity for two-income families and the infamous US 'marriage tax': 'This means that if two people who are married both happen to work they pay more on their combined income than do two people who live together and both work, but are not married...')

And that's about all for this issue.

The little cartoon fellow here shows my state of mind pretty well, not due to the material I'm typing, but to the lateness of the hours I've been keeping. Cheers.

1 August 1981