

Weber Woman's Wrevenge

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WEBERWOMAN'S WREVENGE FOUR

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THE COVER

It's not easy finding a Mike McGann drawing that's ideologically acceptable for a cover of WWW, but it's possible. Mike also wants a plug for his bags, T-shirts, sweatshirts, etc with sf & f motifs on them. If you'd like one of his advertising blurbs, I'm sure a note to the address on page 35 would work.

EDITORIAL

You've all outdone yourselves in overloading me with contributions... in fact for awhile it looked like the entire issue would be nothing but letters... many of those I didn't quote were just as interesting as those I did. There was no room for book reviews this time, so some which were sent to me for #3 are still waiting to be printed; my apologies to the writers. I also received a couple of contributions, including an excellent one from Debi Kean, which I could not fit in. After 20 pages of sercon lettercol, I decided the contributions had to be fairly lighthearted this time.

The contributions, in fact, read like a special Peter Toluzzi issue... it wasn't quite intended that way, but that's the way it worked out. They make a nice collection, though, I think. And since this is the only issue that will reach overseas before DUFF voting, I might as well put in a good plug for the candidate I'm supporting.

One hardly knows where to begin catching you up on what I've been doing... or that part of it which I'll put in print. I mentioned my bad back; it's still with me, but I'm not letting a little pain get in the way of doing what I want to do (makes a great excuse for not doing what I don't want to do, though). The modifications to my house are finished and, naturally, I think I'd rather have done them differently... never satisfied. I've still got to put the shade cloth up on the patio roof, though.

A group of us put on a very successful first-in-many-years Canberra convention in early October (called Circulation One), and 3 of the 4 officers of the Canberra Science Fiction Society, elected in August, were ConCom

members. Guess who's newsletter editor? August was ^{also} Tolkon, a fantasy-oriented convention in Sydney, which I thoroughly enjoyed. One of the most enjoyable aspects of that con, for me, was the chance to learn a lot of new things, as I haven't been much interested in fantasy, or role-playing games, or a lot of other things that were discussed. October was also (sorry about the garbled date order) another Speluncon at Bungonia (I also missed one in June because of my back). Caving expedition. My role was camp guardian. Nice weekend reading and lounging about. Saturday night heavy drizzle sent the group to tents hours earlier than usual. Kept wondering why I was enjoying myself so much, wet & cold. Must have been the company.

Richard Faulder and I are no longer in a close relationship... I'll reprint an apa page on the subject on page 34.

Had a chance to spend 5 days in Melbourne recently, 3 of them (and the plane fare) courtesy of CSIRO; I was attending a committee meeting. Stayed with Christine & Derrick Ashby and attended a party at Merv Binns' place, with donations to Melbourne in '85. John Newman kindly drove me around the Dandenong Ranges on Saturday, in beautiful sunny spring weather (I knew eventually I'd have to have fine weather on a trip to Melbourne).

My first sf short story sale was published in an Australian magazine called 'Futuristic Tales'. A group of aspiring writers are meeting in Sydney this coming weekend to try to set up some sort of a workshopping arrangement, but my enthusiasm for writing is still at something of an ebb. Maybe after I get the Annual Report at work finished... Oh yeh, it's called "Troubleshooter" and it's the September 1981 issue.

And yes, the cats are well, thank you.

Recent Reading

Dhalgren, Samuel R Delany, 1974; The Power That Preserves and The Wounded Land, Stephen Donaldson, 1977, 1980; Jem, Frederik Pohl, 1978; A Woman of the Future, David Ireland, 1979; Valkavaar, Tanith Lee, 1977; Ariosto, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, 1980; The Northern Girl, Elizabeth Lynn, 1980; Turtle Beach, Blanche d'Alpuget, 1981 (not SF); Women, Sex & Pronography, Beatrice Faust, 1980; Hestia, C J Cherryh, 1979; Lore of the Witch World, Andre Norton, 1980; Vaneglorry, George Turner, 1981; The Bleeding Heart, Marilyn French, 1980 (not SF).

STOP PRESS

This phrase took on an entirely new meaning last night when, in the midst of printing parts of this zine, one of the metal bands holding the silkscreen on the Gestetner, broke. **Sproing** whap*whap* whap*clunk**shreddddd* Very dramatic. Fortunately I was hovering near and turned the machine off before much damage was done. Then off to Gestetner in the morning for a part (\$6), to find they were having a paper and ink sale, at such low prices that it would be absurd not to take advantage of them... came home with \$81 worth... Putting the machine back together looked easy but wasn't; took awhile to figure out how to put sufficient tension on the band to keep it together to insert the pin... a job requiring a minimum of 3 hands, I decided. The cats were no help at all.

Notes on Julie Vaux's artwork

page 16: A Jo'vod warrior of Emyrri race; page 24, 'dedicated to a certain male fan who had the hide to say that one of my felinoid drawings should have been more ...'

continued on p. 34

THE CASE OF THE MIS-PLACED BALL

By Marc Ortlieb

(This item first appeared in The Echo Beach Quarterly Number 39, in the September mailing of APPLESAUCE 1981.)

As I strode purposefully into the perfect green cube that was TWAGA Central Headquarters, I knew that I was embarking on a mission of utmost importance to The League For Fannish Decency. The green memo that had started me on this road weighed heavy in my inside coat pocket. The words themselves had burned into my brain.

BIG BUNNY HAS HOPPED

Once inside the building, I climbed the healthy and wholesome stairs that led to the chief's office. (No TWAGA building is equipped with lifts. Not only do they encourage poor muscle tone, but the symbols embodied in a lift and its shaft are truly at odds with the noble principles of our august organisation.)

The chief was taking one of his thrice daily cold showers. As he emerged, resplendent in his grey business suit, I delivered my half of the password: 'Cleanliness is next to Goodliness'.

'Sydneydelenda esse', he countersigned. We both sat. The chief looked grave. Without speaking, he passed me a green folder headed TOP SECRET - DNQ. I opened it, only to be faced by The League's dread enemy Tolutz Le Trek. I blanched. The chief must have noted my sudden change, for he spoke.

'Yes Beiltro, I realise that this is a dangerous mission, but we feel you're the only person qualified to carry it out. Le Trek has for too long corrupted the moral structure of fandom. He must be stopped, and now!'

Blustering a little, I attempted to forestall the inevitable. 'But why now?' I asked. 'Le Trek has been a thorn in our side for years now. Why the new urgency?'

'You got my memo?'

I nodded. The chief continued. 'Big Bunny has moved to Sydney! It is believed that this is a move to tighten the bonds uniting Perth and Sydney. I needn't tell you what this could mean to the forces of decency beleaguered in Melbourne. Your mission, should you choose to accept it - AND YOU'D BETTER!!! is to remove Le Trek by any means you find practical, provided that it is in keeping with the high moral tone of our organisation.'

That had me stopped immediately. Naturally, like any LFD agent I'd given thought to the many possible ways of removing Le Trek. Most though hinged on exploiting his weaknesses - getting him stoned and pushing him out of a bedroom window, or inducing a heart attack by supplying him with all the nymphettes he could use. However, the chief's condition meant that I was going to have to resort to subtlty.

The first step was to contact intelligence, not any easy thing to do in Adelaide. They put me on the right track. It appeared that, even in the City of Churches, we had an agent of the forces of evil. In the guise of an innocent mouse breeder, the sinister Grandmother wove her twisted web of intrigue and computer printouts. Gaining access to her was not going to be easy, but Intelligence gave me an idea.

The next morning saw me surrounded by the squeakings, barkings and meowings of numerous animals. In the guise of a scruffy long-haired pet shop attendant I awaited the arrival of the Grandmother. I waited. And I waited, and I waited. Three hours after Intelligence has assured me she would arrive, a stooped figure wearing a yellow ski-jacket and a silver full-face helmet entered the shop. On her back was an old army rucksack from which came the sound of mice enjoying themselves far more than the executive of TWAGA consider is decent. I had intended to lull her into a false sense of security, but the disgusting things that were going on in her rucksack changed all of that. Leaping over the counter, I reached for my trusty silver cross.

'All right Granny, ' I yelled. 'Hold it right there.'

'I'll hold it where-ever you want, ' she leered.

That almost threw me, but we TWAGA agents are made of sterner stuff. I gestured and two operatives, who'd been disguised as echidnas, jumped from their cages and blocked the door, badly pricking themselves when they go closer to each other than TWAGA regulations allow. I, though, was in a bind. TWAGA regulations also specifically exclude securing prisoners' hands with rope, on the theory that the people we are forced to interrogate are prone to enjoy such things. However, I was not unprepared. I whipped out my copy of the marriage ceremony and began to read it, while an operative disguised as a wombat stood at her side.

'No! Anything but that!' she screamed. She gave me the information I needed.

I was soon en route to Sydney, my lucky sloth's foot dangling in my pocket. (We TWAGA agents refuse

to have anything to do with rabbits.) I hoped our Canberra agents had managed their side of the business.

Sydney was not going to be easy. It was one of only two Australian cities in which TWAGA activities had never gotten off the ground. Our one attempt to set up a station in Sydney had been thwarted when two Falconbridgians had defected to the other side. Indeed the damage that Eric the Half a Case had done to the U.S. side of our operations had yet to be evaluated by the Minneapolis branch. (These investigations had ground to a halt when Agent Blue had also defected.)

Finally I found refuge in the Hotel Eeemca, and contacted agent Schmidt from there. Schmidt was a dangerous contact. True, he had taken the oath, but prior to that he had belonged to the infamous Moira Cell, and had spent a lot of time in Perth. LFD Intelligence suspected that he had a lot more to do with the Perth/Sydney connection than was generally supposed, and there was even talk that he might be the agent referred to as Dormouse. However, he was a useful source of information. He gave me enough information that I was able to deduce the location of the Thursday night eating mob. I was not looking forward to this at all.

Come Thursday night not even my own mother would have recognised me. The TWAGA disguise squad had been working in top gear when they had designed the disguise kit that nestled in my shaving cream container. In the place of my immaculate suit, they had provided me with a grotty pair of jeans, with holes in all the wrong places; blue rubber thongs; and a faded CE4K t-shirt. Over this disgusting outfit, I threw an ancient khaki great-coat which was falling apart at the seams. In addition, I was wearing a false beard, and three feet of grotty unwashed hair. I was ready to face Le Trek.

I entered the dingy restaurant that had been chosen for the evening's rendezvous. I was horrified at the foul and perverted gathering there, and the abuse, both verbal and physical that they were heaping on the poor innocent waitresses. I had hoped to remain in the shadows for awhile, mustering up my courage, but the keen eyes of Le Trek picked me out of the rest of the grunge.

'Dan!' he yelled, and rushed up to embrace me. I coped. We TWAGA field agents are given extensive training in resisting the impulse to shudder when touched. It wasn't easy though, and, to cover my nervousness, I slapped him on the back, at the same time deftly exchanging the golf ball in his pocket for the golf ball in mine.

Tolutz was chattering away excitedly. 'Did you hear they've named me mascot for the Canberra Convention?' he burred. I certainly had. The news had caused great concern in the LFD. Canberra was one of our strongest centres, and the thought of it being infiltrated was almost beyond bearing. However, keeping in character, I managed to keep this concern out of my voice while I replied. 'Yeah man. That's really far out. Like you gonna do your golf ball thing on the steps of Parliament House there?'

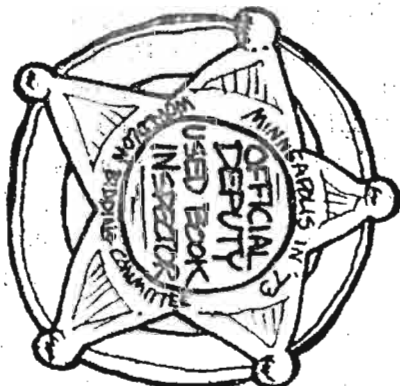
'Sure am!' answered Le Trek smugly.

'Great!' I said, and settled down to eat as well as I could with my sensibilities being continually assaulted by the gross behaviour of the other diners.

For months my spirits were high, but something in the chief's next memo made me shiver. Barely daring to wonder, I made my way back to the chief's office. He said nothing, but passed a copy of the latest THYME. In it I read the story of how Le Trek had been saved from almost certain death by that arch field Weber Woman. I realised that she was going to have to go if we were to retain Canberra as a centre of decency. Yet there was only one person who could be trusted with the mission. We were going to have to call in the Spider Man...

* * * * *

((I certainly do hope Marc doesn't make us wait too long for the next episode, although certain 'real-life' happenings between Weber Woman and Spider Man may have rather taken the edge off the joke. Still, I'm sure Marc can overcome this little problem... In the meantime, the Dormouse has generously allowed us to reprint her report on the Canberra Convention, Circulation, in which we can read of the latest adventures of Le Trek, Bieltro, and all your other favourites. -JHW))



Minneapolis in '73!

BIDDING FOR THE
1973 WORLD
SCIENCE FICTION
CONVENTION

P.O. Box 2128
Loop Station
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55402
United States of America





CIRCULATION - A RELAXACON

by Judith Hanna

(first appeared in THYME six, 18 October 1981, Andrew Brown & Irwin Hirsh.)

Sounds innocent enough, doesn't it? But when we heard that it was headed by the notorious Weberwoman, with the infamous Tolutz Le Trek (purveyor to fandom of sex, drugs, rock and rock, self-proclaimed guardian of fandoms immorality) as Mascot, we recognised it as an attack on fannish decency. We knew we'd have to be there.

Beiltro, the man from TWAGA, was there. We made contact. (That he's a MAOist plant HEFFALUMP knew: of course politics and morality have nothing to do with each other - but was it mere coincidence that CHOGM was in Canberra that weekend?) He seemed to have dropped from the sky impeccably clad in suit and tie: a guise that would never do. 'Get it off!' I told him. I had made the trip

stowed away in the vehicle of Tolutz himself: it was a hell of a journey. There was bad news. Schmidt, who'd been infiltrating the Smithfield mob, had been nobbled back in Syn City: he wouldn't be down. But the Hatter was taking over their computer installations.

The forces lined up against us were formidable. Weberwoman, with Big Momma Hyde, her enforcer. Tolutz himself. The Syn City mob, there in force. The big, bionic Porno Bunny, known to us as a pusher of the Vile Evil Gooey Effluent of Malific Insidious Toxic Effect. L'Edmonds offering for sale pornographic fanzines. 'I'll-just-blow-em-all-up' Lindsay, hung about with a dozen kinds of booze; I was forced to test them all. Censoring immorality calls for such sacrifices. The Smithfield Four flashing

subliminal images of smut across the screen. We knew what they were up to - nameless orgies followed them. Beiltro was in the thick of it. To avoid a demarcation dispute, I left the sex to him, and concerned myself with other varieties of immorality. Brown Valma was selling Sao biscuits for Melbourne in 85. It seemed innocent enough. I took one. Too late I realised they'd been doped to trigger my were-dormouse change.

When I awoke, it was all over. I'd been kidnapped back to Syn City by Marc the Fence.

But it had been worth it. We'd found out what it all meant: a plot to take over Ghod's Own Country, America - Operation DUFF was its codename. Its motto - have a 'P' for DUFF.

Don't be taken in by it.

* * * * *

OUR MASCOT -- PETER TOLUZZI

(Reprinted from the Program Book of Circulation One, a convention held in Canberra 3-4 October 1981.)

One of Australia's better-known convention fans is our mascot, Peter Toluzzi. Appropriately enough, Peter's first convention was the 1975 Worldcon - AUSSIE-CON - in Melbourne. He must have liked it, because he's averaged about 4 cons a year since then - both attending and (in the last few years) organising (including a lot of work for the Australia in '83 bid).

Peter's hobbies include frisbee (he won that division in the fannish Olympics at SWANCON 5 in Perth last year), music, massage, John Varley and funny-smelling cigarettes. Now and then he's even been known to contribute to the Sydney-based apa (Applesauce), and he has been promising another genzine Real Soon Now.

((If you feel you couldn't follow the players in the last two articles without a scorecard, you're not alone. However, if you read enough Aussie fanzines, you should be able to figure it all out. If not, perhaps you should have voted for Australia in 1983 and come out here and met us all!

As you may have guessed, you now have a second chance for a second WorldCon in Australia, and in Melbourne once again. Melbourne is bidding for the 1985 worldcon, and we are supporting them.

However, you don't have to wait quite that long to meet Tolutz Le Trek - he is standing for DUFF (running, the Yanks would say). Vote for Peter Bluzzi and meet this famous massage-man in 1982.

A brief preview follows. -JHW))

Cheerful talk and cuddles would sum up a brief encounter with Peter pretty well - he's a very nice person who'll go out of his way to make sure people have a Good Time at a convention.



POSSESSION OR TRAFFICKING IN ALIEN EGGS NOW CARRIES LIFE SENTENCE

REPORT ALIEN SMUGGLERS TO POLICE! REMEMBER - THE NEXT CHEST COULD BE YOUR OWN !!

STYLE, COMMUNICATION, FOCUS

Some Notes for the Beginning Masseur/Masseuse

by Peter Toluzzi (October 1981)

Preamble: I am not a trained masseur, merely an enthusiastic amateur, I have been practicing massage -- as often as possible! -- for over six years now, and seem to have developed a moderately effective style. I've never done any formal study (though such courses are widely available in Australia), mainly through lack of time/lack of money/apathy (choose at least one).

I should stress that by exercise of common sense, I know my limitations; slipped discs, out-of-place vertebrae, etc are strictly out of my league.

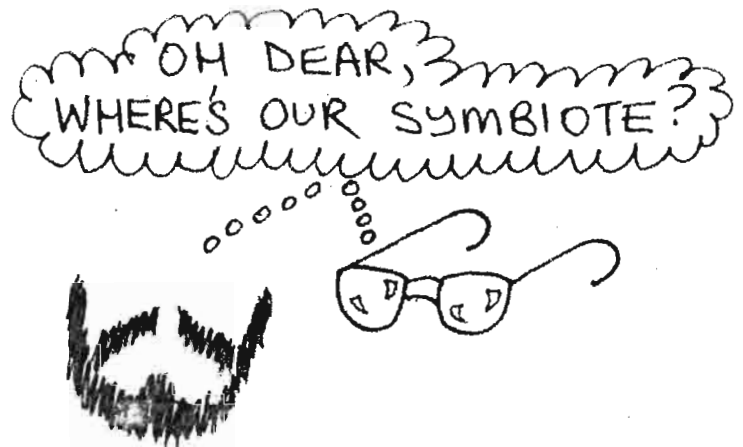
At Swancon 5 (Australian Nat-Con, Perth, 1980), I helped to organise and run a massage workshop; this was repeated, with more success, at the following Swancon. The prime intention of these was to get people started into massage; obviously, it's a skill which takes time and practice to develop, but a few wise words and tips can help people get past the first fumbling, ineffectual stages.

What follows is an elaboration of the notes I made in preparation for the workshops...

Communication: This is a very important part of any massage, especially if either participant is inexperienced. Strangely enough, someone who has been massaged frequently can teach a beginner a great deal, even while on the receiving end. It is particularly important to discuss the pressure being used; too little is frustrating; too much, obviously, is painful. Talking also helps you to locate spots of tension and pain, and to avoid ticklish areas. Avoid the temptation to attack these areas

with fingers, feathers, or any other weapons -- you're trying to relax someone, not create more tension!

Taking It Easy: There are two main points here. The first is to keep your movements slow and regular, for the most part -- moving your hands too quickly doesn't really do much good, and can be both tensing and frustrating to someone trying to



relax and slow down. Certain techniques do require speed -- for example, the well-known 'karate chops' with the sides of the hands ('and now, a massage from the Swedish Prime Minister'); but generally, slow and even movements are the most effective.

The second point is to emphasise the concept of non-sexual contact. There's no easy way around this; some people get uptight easily. The manner of the person giving the massage is very important... I made a point at each of the workshops of starting out by massaging another guy first, which for some strange reason helped other people to relax. I've also learned to massage through varying layers and types of clothing (I hate bra straps!) -- in fact, I started that way, and it was some time before I had a chance to

use oil on bare skin. Again, take it easy - and if the other person starts tensing up, stay well away from any of the more specifically sexual areas. Remember, anything you do which creates more tension is only making things worse.

Contact: As I said earlier, one can quite usefully massage through clothing, but certainly you can do a lot more using oil on bare skin. Try to remove necklaces, pendants, etc. Everyone has their own preference for oil; for cheapness and convenience, I generally use baby oil. (Once when desperate, I tried a combination of hand lotion and vegetable oil - polyunsaturated, of course! It was odd, but worked quite well...) I've never experimented with linaments.

Warm your hands first. Then, warm the oil in your hands before applying it. Dribbling it from a bottle held at a great height can result in a broken jaw for the sadist -- not to mention whiplash for the unfortunate victim! Keep a couple of towels handy; place one over the head to keep oil away from the hair. (Baby oil washes out of towels easily.) Use enough oil to avoid excessive friction, but not too much -- with practice, you'll soon learn how much you need. And make sure the room isn't cold!

Umm... I've forgotten to mention positions. Obviously, the best position is obtained using a massage table... someday, I'd like to try one! In the meantime, lying down on a flat surface (not a sagging bed!) works best, perhaps with a pillow or two under the chest; arms by your side. Of course, you can massage someone who is sitting, kneeling, or even standing, but this is rarely as satisfactory.

Techniques: There's not much I can say about this area; it's more a matter of demonstration. A few tips... use a number of different parts of

the hands: thumb tip, base of thumb, finger tips (usually the middle three fingers), side of hand, heel of hand (near the wrist), and the area at the base of the fingers. You can vary between symmetrical massage and working on one area, but don't concentrate your attention on the one place for too long. Again, feedback is important -- if it feels good, it's OK. Remember to ascertain just what pressure is right -- this will vary from person to person and time to time.

Don't apply too much pressure to the tendon running from the neck to the shoulder; in particular, don't squeeze it hard -- that hurts. Avoid the region around the kidneys; you can do lasting damage there. Don't massage directly on an area of considerable tension (you'll feel them); instead, follow the line of the knotted muscle till you find a more relaxed area, then slowly massage your way back... after awhile, you can usually work directly on the sore spot. And don't try to do much for strained or pulled muscles; these can usually only be helped by time (or perhaps a linament).

While avoiding the kidneys, there's no need to forget the rest of the lower back. This area often gets quite tense, particularly around the base of the spine. Another area of frequent tension is all around the shoulder, particularly between the shoulder blades and spine.

Scalp Massage: An easy and effective way of relieving headaches. First, wipe the oil off your hands; remove hairpins, etc. Start at the neck and the base of the skull, then work upwards. Slow, firm, steady circular strokes with finger and thumb tips are most effective, though you can use the base of the fingers as well. Be gentle around the temples, but don't neglect them either. Remember, the scalp includes the forehead and eye-

ridges...extending a scalp massage to a facial can be very pleasant, though this requires lighter pressure.

If the person on the receiving end of all this is still awake after the massage, they'll need a hairbrush...

Moving On: Other areas which respond well to massage include: arms, hands, fingers, feet, legs (not knees), buttocks... in fact, the whole body. A proper full-body massage can last an hour or much more, and is quite a powerful experience.

Afterwards: Wipe all the oil off; doing this firmly promotes the circulation and helps prevent itching. Lay a towel over the exposed areas, and leave your victim lying there for a few minutes to recover -- if they jump straight up, they may well be quite dizzy. Smile, wipe your forehead, and relax yourself -- you've probably earned it!

Wasn't that fun?

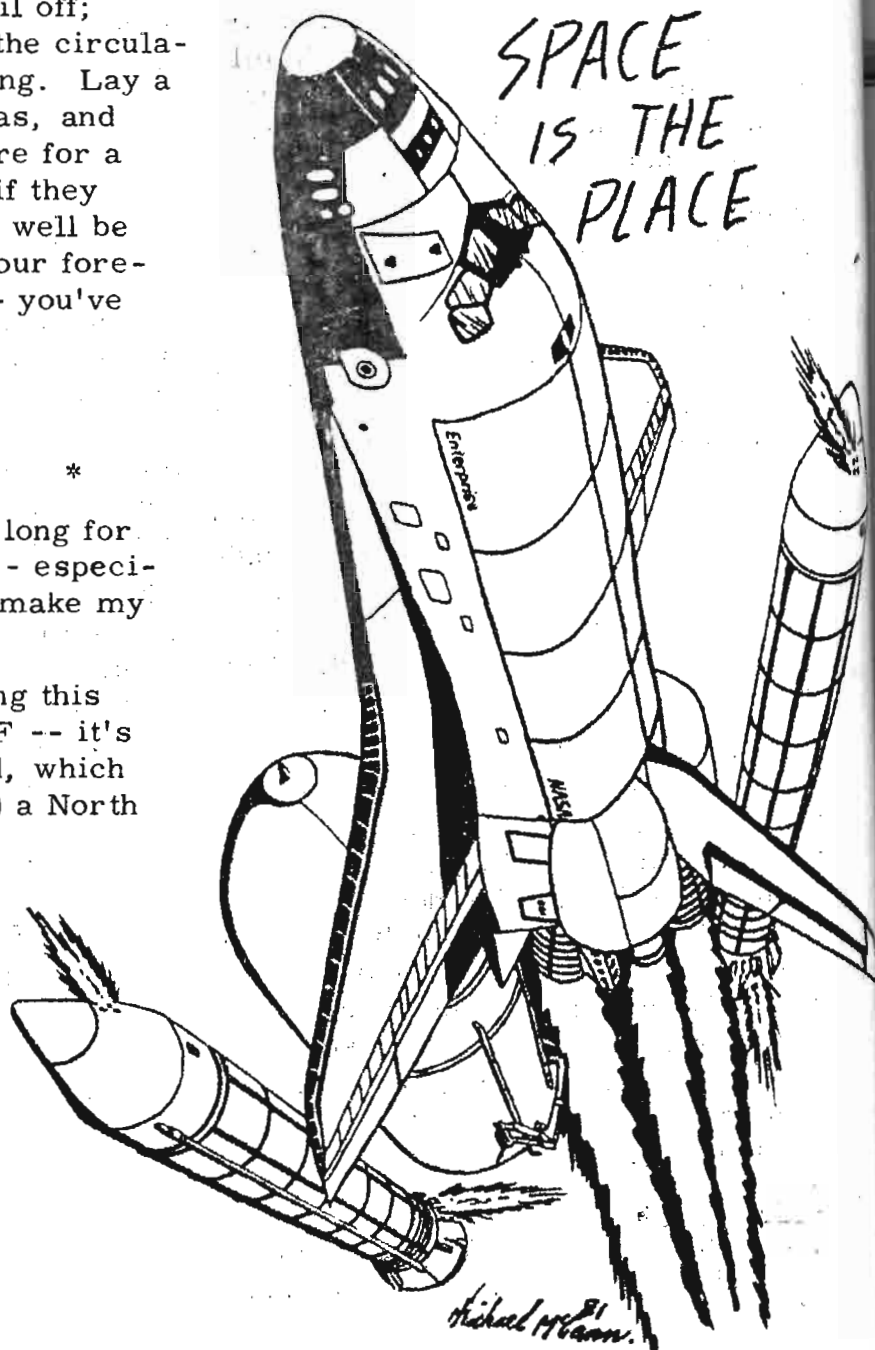
* * * * *

((Typing this up made me long for someone to massage me -- especially since typing tends to make my back ache...

Just in case anyone reading this does not know about DUFF -- it's the Down Under Fan Fund, which sends (in alternate years) a North American to Australia and an Australian to North America. Funds are raised through auctions, sales, donations, and any other way people can dream up (Peter will no doubt be selling massages). Any fan can vote so long as a minimum sum is donated by that fan. Winners receive a return air

fare and some spending money; they are expected to travel around the host country, visiting fans, attending conventions, and generally making themselves known and meeting as many people as possible. They are also encouraged to write (and publish) a report of their travels, but it's been quite a few years since anyone did that. Winners are also responsible to act as administrators of the fund for the two following years.

--JHW))



NATTER 8

ANTI-NATTER

I'm going to try something new in at least part of this letter column -- chopping up letters into subject matter. In a couple of cases, I think it will be more interesting to read several views on one article all at once, rather than scattered through letters commenting on several articles. Should be interesting to see how it works out!

The first article to be discussed is John Alderson's piece titled 'Myths & Mutilation' in 3W³.

Jonathan Scott
Box 292 Wentworth Bldg,
University of Sydney, NSW 2006

4 September 81

... What he (John Alderson) says re Aboriginal cults is, within my limited anthropological knowledge, correct, but on page 8, where he branches out into the society of the present, he is generalising, and most wrongly. He states 'Why does circumcision persist when there is no religious reason for it?' Firstly, the ambiguity in this sentence should be cleared up by substituting 'even when' for 'when' (I hope).

The answer is primarily tradition, and secondly misinformation. It was once thought that circumcision was an aid to hygiene. In fact the incidence of balanitis attributable to non-circumcision is very small; that of phimosis (a constriction due to the foreskin, causing urination problems) even more so. (The possibility of hematoma as a result of circumcision is now also extremely low, though one would expect it to have been higher once!)

However, the thought still persists in many a parent's mind, and many will insist that their boys be done, despite the fact that this is now done, in Sydney anyway, around age one, and under general anaesthetic. They are sometimes doing it so that the child will not differ markedly from his peers (doctors tend to go along with this for purely psychological reasons) and often because it is in their minds that it is 'cleaner'.

As for the remark that men do not like being circumcised, this is just rubbish, at least in my ken, and as far as any studies I have seen reported. Most are unconcerned either way. As for the removal of beard being forced upon men, I think this to (1) be much rarer than suggested and (2) purely on aesthetic grounds, even at the subconscious level, although this last clause is purely my educated opinion. I hate my beard from all points except the saving of about 100 seconds per day, yet I keep it, primarily on the weight of opinion from female friends. Even my current mate prefers it. It makes swimming feel silly.

Castration complex? What Freudian drive!

Josef Hurtubise
c/o 3/2 Maungawhau Rd
Newmarket, Auckland
New Zealand 7 September 81

Hi, you sure get a lot of fuckwit male opinions over there, don't you? But then again, you get them everywhere. Speaking as an anthropologist, I would like to cover, in response, a few points raised in your last is;

especially John Alderson's article.

John, in the introduction to your article you stress a distaste for politicised feminists, and you announce your intention to stick to 'accepted facts'; admirable, I'm sure. However, your statement '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' must surely have gripped any reader with a deep sense of foreboding of what was to come. It reflects a one-eyed, deep-rooted and irrational disrespect, even dislike, of women and contains a screamingly naive statement: how can we not discuss the present situation with respect to the past? We lie crushed beneath the dead weight of the bones of our ancestors; locked in chains not of our forging. To understand these chains, we must seek to understand the origins of their links.

Your article, John, is liberally sprinkled with the stock fears of the insecure male. And these fears shape the form of your arguments so strongly it invalidates them. It is you, not a mysterious cadre of women who seems to be obsessed with castration; so obsessed that one gains the impression your balls could be cut off with a blunt spoon. Your petty, vindictive comments about women and their manipulations declares your gender politics loud and clear...

OK, looking at the occurrence of female and male genital mutilation it may be noted that in females this mutilation usually takes the form of sexual inhibitors while amongst males its form is usually that of sexual enhancement (this is observed result not necessarily meant to imply intent). Your personal comments on circumcision are not valid in an article exploring cultural attitudes, and may be undercut quite simply by my saying that both my brother and brother-in-law are quite satisfied with their circumcised state...from all points of view.

Any anthropologist worthy of the name recognises that women are trans-culturally suppressed for no good reason, apparently, than a marginal difference in physical strength and an overstuffed sense of self-esteem on the part of the males. In many cultures women do have access to the source of the power, but the male hierarchy demands that this be a covert access... and then creates from this an image of behind-the-throne manipulation. As to why there seems to be such a universal dislike of women by men is a matter of open conjecture. But before entering into the discussion, get your facts right as to who's being put down. John, your closing two paragraphs stink: point, you claim that women themselves with to have clitoridectomies (for example) for their own perverted reasons. Haven't you heard, removal of the clitoris doesn't reduce genital stimulation necessary for orgasm, it obliterates it... unless you want to hang around waiting for a vaginal orgasm (don't hold your breath). Point, Moslem boys may be in the care of women till the age of puberty, but they are wholly under the authority of men. Point, the study of anthropology does not involve a long story of women trying to enter the man's world, though it does contain elements of a tragedy of long-term irrational oppression of half the world's population on the grounds that they are biologically capable of producing children with a minimum of assistance from males.

Diane Fox

Box 129, P.O.

Lakemba, NSW 2195

Australia

31 August 1981

...John Alderson's long article was most detailed and scholarly, and obviously meant to stir. It underlines just how stupid and dangerous this 'sex-war' or sex-roles business is. I think that the basic feeling behind this would not so much be hostility to the opposite sex as such, but hostility

to the young. The old castration complex, of course, which cannot be fully carried out as the tribe would die out -- but as one Army Sergeant is supposed to have said after showing recruits a film on VD, 'We can't stop you doing it, but we can stop you enjoying it!'. Of course, the discovery of cloning and test-tube babies etc would make sterilization of all males feasible; probably ovary removal for females, but not hysterectomy as a womb for implantation would be cheaper than raising a fetus to term in vitro (cf Brave New World).

I disagree with the 'witches existed to prop up the power structure' in quite the way it was expressed here. In a sense, witches did prop up the power structure, the same way communism propped up the McCarthy setup, or blacks the Ku Klux Klan. Marvin Harris' 'Cows Pigs Wars and Witches' has a tremendous amount of detail on how the witchcraft scare was used to distract, finally to crush, the Messianic Communist peasant uprisings of the later Middle Ages and Renaissance.

The women who were repelled by beards must have been narrow-minded, uneducated, brainwashed, undersexed, giggling morons. A beard on a man is a noble ornament, like the horns of a stag, the plumes of a peacock, or the mane of a lion. (It serves the same biological purpose, advising others of a male's fertility and territorial dominance.) John was lucky to be so easily rid of those wretched and taste-lacking women.

John J. Alderson
Havelock, Vic. 3465
Australia 12 September 1981

No, the conclusion you draw from the general statements you read from my paper, is incorrect. It's not the logical conclusion. Regardless of genital mutilation, men remain men and women remain

women, and it is pointless to try and be what one is not. Thus such mutilation is, or should be, a thing of the past, but regrettably boys are still circumcised at their mother's request. You are probably perfectly right in suggesting that might be better off if 'we just did whatever was right for us as an individual human being, rather than what is prescribed for members of our sex', whatever you mean by it.

((You appear to define the traits of 'men' and 'women' very narrowly, whilst I think both sexes contain, in varying degrees, those traits generally assigned to one or the other. By expressing those traits that are within each of us as an individual, we all strive to become human -- not the opposite sex. --JHW))

Of course this leads us to the 'world of women', and I don't seriously think you regard me as a supporter of 'lesbian separatism'. . . I don't regard women as perverted. ((What's perverted about loving members of one's own sex? -JHW)) We men had a hard fight to get ourselves originally recognised as members of the human family, we had to steal the knowledge of making fire from the gods (women). In the upset which followed this and several other episodes, peace was made between the sexes, and in return for being admitted to the human family the male had to take on the burden of 1) protecting the group; 2) making agreements with neighbours; 3) educating the boys; and 4) by virtue of having stolen the magic bags, the care of the religious life of the community. Everything else was and remained in the hands of the women. From the four duties imposed on men arose, 1) the military, police and civil arm of Government; 2) diplomacy and law; 3) our entire educational system, and 4) our religion and later our marriage ceremonies.

Everything else belonged to the women.

((I don't believe I'm reading this.

The four areas you've mentioned, John, pretty much cover the power structure that shapes all aspects of human society and individuals' lives. 'Everything else' is the daily shit-work that keeps society going -- absolutely vital but hardly in the same category of power. John goes on for a bit here, but I don't feel any obligation to waste my money on printing his anti-female ravings in my fanzine. Let someone else publish them. -JHW))

It is a fact that there were witches and those accused of being witches. The witches usually 'confessed' quite happily without torture, as do most religious fanatics. Others though were condemned and who were obvious not witches. Justice and law are not, and never have been, interchangeable terms. But it is quite incorrect to conjure up 'vigilante justice'... the Crown is quite jealous of its prerogative to murder and such cases are well documented. In any case I counted all those who 'died' in jail as executed. I cannot recollect a single instance in folklore of a witch becoming the victim of 'vigilante justice' except when counter magic was used, but seldom did the witch die as a result.



((And now, for a change of subject...))

Lewis P Morley
194 Corunna Rd
Petersham, NSW 2047
Australia 28 August 1981

... some ideas prompted by a brief perusal of the articles 'Postulations' by Debbie Killop & 'Sword Cults of Comor' by Julie Vaux... It may be my total ignorance of either world, not having read any other material on either of them, but there seem to be underlying attitudes in both that disturb me.

As both authors are women creating their own worlds, I presume it is to prove a point or to express a personal attitude (that's the main reason I do it for). As such, I'm troubled to see females in these societies being treated as inferior or bound up by more complex social rituals than their male counterparts, in fact, being treated in much the same way as they are in real societies.

Why are female Emyrri warriors forbidden to hunt or battle? Are they inferior? Are the males more capable of such things or are they merely keeping the fun to themselves?

Why are the captains of Biosearch ships always male? To quote Ms Killop, '... in fixing things this way I was being realistic rather than idealistic.' Why? This statement, together with several sentiments in both articles, seems to smack of a slave mentality. Is it that the woman's inferior position within human society is so ingrained that the authors have trouble questioning it or of perceiving societies where equality is accepted or not considered an issue?

What are the authors' attitudes towards these inequalities? They should know, for they invented the frameworks within which they exist. Why are they perpetuating, seemingly without question, the status quo that has impeded relations between the sexes since time

immemorial?

I too have several societies that generate whatever interest they have, from conflict, but by and large these conflicts are ideological; sexual and racial differences are of no concern. I decided long ago that attaining the stars was a gift humans would receive only when they proved themselves worthy by shedding their outmoded prejudices.

Ego still plays a major part in discrimination, but the major conflicts arise from the interaction of humans and their children -- sentient machines. The hates that once divided sex and race have been turned against a new race that is alien, yet also the creation of man's collective ego. I don't know, maybe this is simply shifting the race/sex conflict into a more esoteric area. I would like to think that even if we are still making the same mistakes in that not-so-distant time, then at least we making them for different reasons.

I apologise if I've missed the point, in which case this letter is meaningless, but this is the first time I have read something in a fanzine that has forced me to sit and write. Like the violent yet confused metallorgs that inhabit one of my future earths, I am driven by a force I cannot comprehend, yet I am bound to respond to.

((I sent Lewis' letter to Julie and Debi, asking for their comments, which appear below. --JHW))

Debi Kean
3/2 Maunga Rau Road
Newmarket, Auckland
New Zealand 21 September 1981

I believe Lewis is concerned that Julie and I have no new perspectives in our future worlds - that we are perhaps so conditioned, as to be unable to see any alternative to what this world already has in terms of gender relations.

I cannot answer for Julie, but for myself...

Lewis asks why I chose to be realistic rather than idealistic: when I began the Fourservice future history, I was learning feminism. Married to a very traditional man. Under the influence of 26 years of conditioning, not as bad as it could have been, due to older parents, and a marvellously non-sexist upbringing.

I did not know the thing would become a future history - and by now, I have 'seen' the evolution of the thing. My stories are mainly zeroed in on the personal; i.e. relationships within the situation. I chose realism, because the Fourservice future begins not long from now. The combination of these factors made me choose to show change as happening, not as already having done so.

As I said in 'Postulations', the thing developed, rather than being planned all along - reflecting changes in my life and my thinking. Along came Psi-Pol, woman-led and dominated. Not for the best of reasons, my boyfriend pointed out recently - but a step somewhere hopeful anyway.

Colony Contact was the last service to be created - and their work contains an untold amount of role playing. Powerful consciousness-raising stuff, that.

As I said, there is a war in the later stories, a major one - Terran against extra-terrestrial. It was brought in to explore an aspect of human that fascinates me - treason, loyalty, betrayal. However, wars have several side effects - boosts to the economy for the cynical, and vehicles for social change, if the right people grab opportunities as they come up.

Also: though on paper, men lead in each service, their second being a woman; in practice, and in reference to the situation, I can and do show strong women, and open-minded men bucking the system where necessary and possible. To refer to specific

stories is a little futile, as, except for the 1st two, they've all been read by none more than a small circle of friends.

If anyone reads Themezine (Frank Macskasy's fiction-zine), they should discover a story by me, in T2, called 'Book of Joan'. It is part of the Fourservice cycle. Frank asked for a feminist story, and got something feminist-Christian, containing two strong women, and at least one interesting man.

One story, Peacemakers, is still unfinished. It was begun last October, at a time when I felt secure enough, to write insecurity. It deals with the end of the Four-service domination - after the Ter-ran defeat in The War. In the context of one couple, I hope I have managed to portray egalitarian gender realtions, and this one couple is intended to represent the general tone of the disintegrated society.

It remains to be seen how the canon will develop - in a new relationship with family, and a feminist (male) lover, I will probably reflect new insights in stories.

For me, political and personal are one. My main preoccupation now is pacifism/socialism. Of this, feminism and Christianity are both a part.

Julie Vaux
14 Zara Road
Willoughby, NSW 2068
Australia 29 September 81

... Firstly, Lewis, I think you have confused the Emyrri women with the Jo'vod cult, who are a minority group or sub-culture within Emyrri society. Secondly, as an amateur student of anthropology I find that males and females alike are bound by 'complex social rituals.' Thirdly, to me Comor and its multitude of cultures (including Emyrr) is a 'real society'.

Your first question - why are female Emyrri forbidden to hunt or

battle? (a) there are no female Emyrri warriors; (b) there are female members of the ruling Warrior Caste who are supposed to use weapons only in self-defence or if enemies have crossed the threshold and threaten the Sacred Flame within the foreyard. (c) Lewis, as a non-Emyrri, you would probably be beaten up if you asked a member of the Warrior caste if she was inferior. There is a balance of power. The women have total control within the Castle/Fort.

Even when Emyrri society was still at a tribal level, hunting was a male task. Fishing, herding and farming being the women's tasks,



along with weaving and the textile arts. In Emyrri society, as a group of city-states, women of the Warrior/Ruling Caste are diplomats, 'Peace-Weavers', heralds and messengers, and can command and lead armies - the taboo is on drawing the blood of a fellow Emyrr outside specific situations. Blood-lust is regarded as a male vice.

There are also (1) a merchant guild/caste that holds power in the cities; (2) various guild/craftsfolk unions; (3) non-Emyrri groups - i.e. Darklings, Cat-men.

The position of women in the other caste/groups, I would rather discuss separately, in more detail. It may please you to know that there are women 'poachers' and that there are several ways around the taboo.

The Emyrri women being just as aggressive as their menfolk, it's a matter of preservation. Murders have been known to occur in the Women's Quarters.

The women and men of the Jo'vod have the legal status of out-castes - 'Separate from Emyrr to guard it'. Hence normal taboos do not apply. (I can see I'm talking myself into writing Jean an article on the history of the Jo'vod Peacekeepers)

Your second question, Lewis - are the males more capable?

The Emyrri women are just as strong as the men - it's a matter of social attitudes to violence. Are the men keeping the fun to themselves? Really, Lewis, to even suggest that 'War is Fun' is almost obscene coming from an artist.

For the Emyrri, war is Power and Property and Blood. The hunt is for food and fur. Acts of violence are serious business, that make an Emyrri male either a Man of Power and/or a Man of Honor. Their definition of Honor being to grant mercy when winning and to be morally and spiritually the winner even when you've lost.

Any woman or man who takes pleasure in blood-letting is a psycho as far as I'm concerned, and unfortunately there are a lot of crazy Emyrri. The really crazed ones usually become Outlaws. "Berserk" is defined as attacking your own clansmen without there being a formal notice of offense. (Yes, the Emyrri both male and female practise duelling by challenge.)

By way of contrast, most of my other Comorri societies are either matriarchial or democratic, or equality is regarded as maintaining the balance of power so that all groups have a fair say. Also there are theocratic societies and merchantile republics.

I am primarily interested in telling people about my Felinoid societies, and in the interaction on one planet between races and species.

I would rather discuss the nature of humanity. What is humane? How can we all become Peace-Weavers, rather than War-Mongers? Hence the all too human Emyrri, who fight anybody and the Forest Folk who rarely slay members of their own species, because they release their aggression more successfully.

I do not feel I am maintaining the status quo by not writing about magnificent amazons who cut a swathe of shattered and bloody limbs through barbarian hordes.

In my favorite society, the High Gold village of Redleaf Forest, 'equality' is an alien concept. Men are men and women are women and both sexes do as they please so long as their deeds cause no offense to others. Men and women (felinoid) hunt together - the female's slender agility complementing the male's strength and power, to stalk and seek the smallest and greatest of beasts. The males are excellent embroiders in that village, and the preferred female hobby is forming small musical groups.

((My reaction to all this is that it

is quite irrelevant which tasks or qualities are assigned to which sex; the very fact that the society has prescribed certain taboos for one sex or the other really seems like a reflection of today's world on Earth. The idea that the women see certain acts as inappropriate is commendable - but to forbid them to only one sex, is not. Of course it is your world, and your societies, so obviously you can do what you want, but I'd much rather everybody being able to do as they please, with perhaps the females voluntarily not doing certain things because they believe it's wrong. A touch of moral superiority is quite all right -- cultural enforcement is not!JHW))

I have great admiration for efficient housewives, but I'd go bonkers if I tried to be one (I'm not talking about the neurotically houseproud types, just the efficient ones). Mind you, it's amazing what you can get away with - I do almost no ironing, and we don't look particularly crumpled. I like cooking, and the management and planning aspects of housekeeping don't worry me (I'm always telling Derrick that I don't budget, but I would if I had to - I just spend what's required and my Scots genes keep the expenditure under control).

I agree totally with Judith that the point of civilized living is to be comfortable. I have never lived any other



((And now for a few letters on Judith Hanna's article, 'In Defense of the Bourgeoisie'--JHW))

Christine Ashby
P O Box 175
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Australia 19 August 1981

... I think that I am like a great many women in that I don't feel that my housekeeping is up to the standard which I set but then ignore.

way, but I have observed poor Derrick as a lean and hungry inhabitant of the Magic Puddin' Club. That sort of thing is okay for a little while, when you're about 20 and indestructible. As you get older, though, bourgeois comfort gets more and more appealing - just about all of Melbourne fandom have succumbed in recent years, and we seem to be wallowing in a warm, slightly treacly, sea of mortgages, house renovations, kitchen

gadgets and babies. Is that why we have some communication problems with some fans in other places?

Derrick and I got married, as I believe I have said elsewhere, slightly before all this bourgeoisie became socially acceptable. We have had a number of people suggest to us, at various times, that we ought to feel somehow guilty about our lifestyle (which I must add is neither ostentatiously extravagant nor excessively materialistic). Considering the alternative, I don't feel guilty, I feel quite pleased with myself. Poverty freely chosen (often in a counter-cultural context) is not true poverty, and certainly does not confer any sort of moral superiority on those who have chosen it.

((I get the same sort of reaction from a few of my feminist friends --I usually defuse the argument by pointing out that I'm 15 years older than they are and lived their life style once. JHW))

I suppose this leads me on to topics touched on by some of your other contributors. It is women who are mainly responsible for house-keeping and child-rearing and keeping the home functioning; it is also women who invariably get the short end of the stick when a marriage breaks up. No doubt the two observations are causally related. Time and again in the course of my work ((Christine is a solicitor - JHW)) I see situations where a woman is left struggling to care for her children while hubby has either cleared out altogether or, even worse, hangs about trying to avoid paying maintenance while using the kids as a way of getting at their mother. I know it takes two to have a bust-up, and the said woman may be far from blameless (insofar as the concept of 'blame' has meaning), but it's always the women who have to deal with the practical consequences. It seems that men, perhaps because

they leave the nurturing to women, feel freer to up and leave. Women get trapped. No doubt part of the solution is for women to be stronger, to retain more independence, but that's useless advice for somebody who has spent the last 20 years as a wife and mother, subordinating her desires to those of her husband and children. The final straw as far as I am concerned is the husband who clears out, pays his wife as little maintenance as he can get away with, and then has the nerve to claim custody because he can provide the kids with a better material environment! ((Whilest I agree with all you have said, Christine, I feel obliged to point out that your sweeping 'always' may not necessarily apply in the case of young, childless, employed females whose marriages break up. Also, there is a small but significant number of women who leave the children with their husbands and shoot through. JHW))

On a lighter note, have you ever seen John Alderson's beard? I am sure that the reason girls wouldn't go out with him had nothing to do with castration complexes. His article struck me as being the usual Alderson mix of rather selective research used to support his own pre-existing opinions. He does not mention the theory that circumcision was practiced by desert-dwellers because of the discomfort caused by sand getting under the foreskin. I think his remarks about defloration are fair enough. The Hindus have a fear of virgins. Indeed, the origins of the 'droite de seigneur' to which John refers may have something to do with directing the possible bad luck associated with defloration at somebody in a position to bear it. Certainly, watching crowds of pubescent girls screaming at a pop concert has given me the idea that there is something just a bit unnerving about them, something untamed and unpredictable. How thoroughly we suppress that something.

((The preceding paragraph should have been placed with the other comments on John Alderson-JHW))

'Four Corner' ((a current-events television show on ABC)) recently had rather an odd item about teenage sexuality; what I found most interesting about the interviews with several very ordinary girls who were (shock, horror!) sleeping with their boy-friends at the age of 14 was that their sole aim in life was to get married as soon as possible. Nothing changes!

The above remark should not be taken to mean that I am not in favour of marriage. I am after all, as the bank labelled me recently to my great annoyance, a 'married woman' myself (I crossed it out and substituted 'solicitor' and the poor old manager looked very sheepish). It's just that I feel that women ought not to devote themselves body and soul from the earliest possible age to that institution. Being a spouse is a condition rather than an occupation. ((Well, put! JHW))

John Playford
16 Ellerslie St
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5068

18 August 1981

I think Judith Hanna's definition of 'civilization' is really a definition of 'happiness'. Civilization relates more to the level of our understanding of and application of the universe (science/technology to a certain extent). Culture is another matter. And happiness too.

Sure we live in a materialistically satisfying time in the West, if not the Golden Age of

history (from the point of view of the vast majority of luckless sods over the last hundred thousand years, including those unlucky enough to get wiped off the face of the planet). But tale-tellers (and that is what writers are) are not here to bore the shit out of readers - which is why genre fiction continues to flourish. The amusing thing is how many of the 'romantic' women's writers are men. You can't put things into little boxes for 'men' and 'women'. These are really different types of human responses to the world. The sexual division of society was based on the fact that population growth was desirable and that a few men could impregnate many women, and therefore women stayed protected (and did most of the work) while men did the fighting. This is not 'instinct.'



All creatures have an instinct to propagate, and some (including humans) to nurture. As we have no need to increase population (socially) the social sex-division of society is no longer applicable. At times you seem to be saying that 'learning' has been bred into humans. This, if true at all, has been of minor importance.

To state that so many attributes are 'instinctive' and then to state 'an idea is not instinctive but learned' is silly. (And at least part of our civilization-building instinct must be due to the herd or troop-instinct.)

Being bourgeoisie may be nice but the final truth is the only thing more profound than the reality of death is the reality of life and (therefore) struggle (to enable the continuing survival of the genes).

I see my letter is rambling and so are my arguments. They contradict one another...

Warren Nicholls, P O Box 146,
Burwood, NSW 2134 27 August 81

On Judith Hanna's article... our next door neighbour would fit Judith's description of a woman 'properly conditioned to a feminine role'. She is divorced, has four kids from 16 (I think) to 10 years old, and is bored out of her mind. At least she's not hitting the bottle.

On her comments regarding 'Ardrey and his ilk', I must admit it has been some time since I have read any Ardrey. Though I think that his comments on dominance and territory applied to Man not men. I'd have to do a certain amount of re-reading to establish this, but I suspect Judith is reading her own views into Ardrey's comments. Regarding women's romance stories, I think Judith is over-looking the fact that a lot of women read these as fantasy, a point I seem to remember Margaret making to you during a panel at a Melbourne con (on women in SF, I think).

Eric Lindsay
6 Hillcrest Avenue
Faulconbridge, NSW 2776
19 August 1981

Judith Hanna mentions Sylvia Plath going bonkers due to the repetition of domestic chores interrupting her pursuit of what she considered worthwhile. I point out that jobs, if undesired... and on my observation, most are not desired... are just as repetitious and mundane. However, Judith's observation that civilisation is that which brings comfort rather than danger into life seems most valid and reasonable, and one that should be brought forcefully before those who worry about the GDP or the GNP... after all, these figures include such idiocies as the production of cars and roads needed to get to jobs that were once organised so you could cheerfully walk to them.

I read your comments on John's article on mutilation, and the article itself, to indicate that human beings are pretty weird, and believe the grass is greener on the other side of the fence.

I wonder why the two following articles, by the putatively peaceful women ((who said? --JHW)), should deal largely with warriors or law and order forces. Surely the only thing more obscene than the eternal violence of law and order is the unprovoked violence of those who are into violence as a habit (soldiers, muggers, violent thieves).

Debbie Killop, in her loc, comments on the low level of tertiary bur-saries, resulting in jobs below her potential, and by implication, that this could be corrected by socialism. I have to doubt it. There are limits to the number of competent (or even semi-competent) teachers, and the limits will be reached sooner at tertiary levels. True, you can arrange that almost everyone does a 'college' course, but the result may be to reduce most such training to the level of high school or less. I'll probably

upset some US fans, but I sat in on some classes at US universities, and the general level was more suited to high school. No doubt there were many very good institutions there also, but it certainly took the punch out of my previous opinion, that Australians were grossly undereducated by reason of the lower percentage attending college/universities.

John Newman
163 Hutton St
Thornbury, Vic. 3071

This Saturday afternoon, after a morning spent shopping, it is appropriate to re-read Judith Hanna's peculiarly contradictory article. It's a neat effort, and nearly fooled me, until I saw what trick had been played.

Here is identified for us the Yin/Yang dichotomy between the grower, the mover and shaker, and the preserver, the nurturer. The roles that the chauvanist society has reserved are clearly delineated for us. Then dear Judith just accepts them.

While giving the role of nurterer/detail handler its proper importance, she more firmly than ever associates it with women. The shocking thought clawing up my throat is this:

This function has become associated with women because it's all that's been left to them! Being important does not make it a better job.

CAVEMAN: Oh, look dear, seeing that you're home with the baby, would you mind doing the cooking, cleaning and other (pitiless, mind-numbing, brainrotting) drudgery?

CAVEWOMAN: That seems sensible, do you want to borrow my spear?

Hundreds of years later, when everyone has their roles down perfect, how obvious it is just what is 'women's work'. By virtue of biological limitations and perogatives that are no longer dominant over

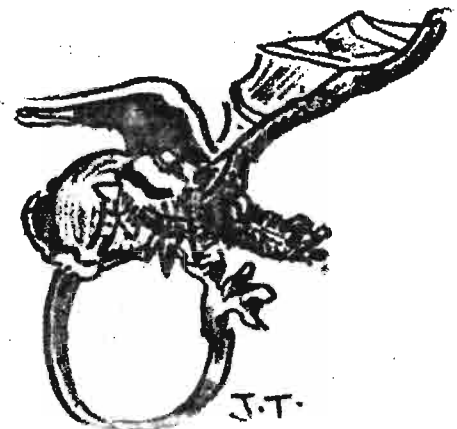
male or female.

Personally, the minutae of daily life are of value when I need a firm anchor in the common reality, when my mind needs to hide behind a mindless function or is just too damn lazy to come out and work.

When I'm being ME, when I'm being a human being, these bourgeois niceties are reduced to their proper place of a framework or environment in which SOME THING can then be done.

Judith's professed anarchistic outlook is exactly the same as mine. She says that, like me, she would be driven mad by a soap-sud, detergent advertisement-style life in the suburbs, but then applauds that role. No one, surely, should be conditioned or condemned to spend their life dedicated to the trivia that only exists to make something better possible.

(The essential contradiction I see in the article is this: Judith talks about 'women's work', in quotes presumably because it has only come to be considered to be for women, and is not necessarily so, but then goes on to things like Women's Literature, which is not in quotes and apparently something definitely associated with women, and then, by the structure of the article, totally associates these entities. When approval is given to the latter, the chauvanist implications of the former are supported.) I feel that the article entitled "In Defence of the Bougeoisie" was written by a male, middle-aged, division 4 CSIRO administrator.



((At this rate the lettercol is going to take up the whole zine. Ah well, we'll forge on... I found the feedback so fascinating that I can't bear to leave out much of it.))

Chris Callahan
6101 Seminole St
Berwyn Heights, MD 20740
USA 13 August 1981

... The letter from Linda Taft (a mutual friend) was very interesting. I've always been down on est because of its emphasis on the individual's total, absolute responsibility for whatever happens to the person, which strikes me as a great way to avoid thinking about discrimination (sexual & racial), and the sort of sex-role conditioning that women esp. are afflicted with -- it takes a strong ego to resist successfully! In Linda's case I admit the course did wonders, and I'm very glad to see her finally so 'together' as you put it. But that doesn't change my mind about est in general.

I do have one definite point of disagreement with Linda (and may actually bring it up with her if I think of it when we manage to get together for sitting around talking, sometimes in the next century!). She advocates self-acceptance in the form of, the basic you, just as you are is OK, is perfect. That sounds like a perfect (sorry) recipe for stagnation, since it leaves no room for growth or change. Personally, I've done a lot of changing and growing over the years (she's seen some of it), and I find that as I get older I'm a lot happier and like myself better because of the changes. I'm not a psychologist, but I think it's healthier for a person to decide for herself what she doesn't like about herself (any input from outside sources should be filed away for consideration, and acted on only as peripheral data) and decide whether it's worth changing that. Basic self-acceptance is vital for this, but it's not the whole, it's part of the process.

Living means change and growth -- stopping means the beginning of dying. Maybe all this is easy for me to say because my background is so different from Linda's -- as far back as I can remember, I've had an iron ego behind a large inferiority complex, and I used stubbornness (or pigheadedness, if you will), passive resistance, and temper when necessary to defend my psychological turf. The inferiority complex shrank, largely thanks to Dick and then to fandom; the ego that shows now was always there, it's just become more obvious.

((When I first discussed the notion of being 'perfect' with Linda, I agreed with your assessment, but now I think we are dealing with a semantic quibble. My understanding of the notion of one being 'perfect' is much as you have described your approach -- self-acceptance with growth, with the person deciding for herself what to change. The most important thing to me is why one decides to change certain things about oneself. Many people feel societal pressure to conform to some notion of how one should look/act/dress/etc, and people with low self-esteem tend to think 'if only I were different, people would like me better' when in fact they are often quite likeable as they are, but they don't believe it. It seems to me that in many cases, what a person needs is to get to like him/herself, to accept him/herself the way s/he is, then the changes what may be necessary can flow from that. But when one tries to change because one thinks one should, when in fact one really does not like oneself, it is likely to fail, or one will think it's failed and feel even worse. So I think we're all pretty much talking about the same thing, but using different terminology. I personally wouldn't use the word 'perfect' in the context that Linda does, but I suspect it is a valuable concept for many people. JHW))

Re your comments on GYN/ECOLOGY,

I agree, it's a fascinating and worthwhile book, and occasionally infuriating. Where Daly & I really part company is on her misanthropy, which she seems to share with 'radical feminists' generally. Maybe I'm exceptionally lucky in having had parents who treated son & daughters pretty much alike (as the oldest I was more or less an experiment anyway) & now having a husband who may balk at being called feminist, but who really is one. To my mind, the misanthropy of the radical feminists is as humanly destructive as the misogyny of all too many men (& women - Phyllis Schlafly & Marabel Morgan might as well be men, for all the feeling they have for their own sex!) & no more justifiable. Sexism is sexism, regardless of the chromosomal makeup of the person holding the attitude, just as racism is the same regardless of the

attitude-holder's skin color. The only real difference is that men & whites are better able to act on their prejudices, & do act on them. But it's the attitude itself I'm talking about here. To condemn half the human race simply for being male, regardless of the individual, is to sink to the level of the woman-haters, including the psychological damage this bigotry does to the holder. End of tirade.

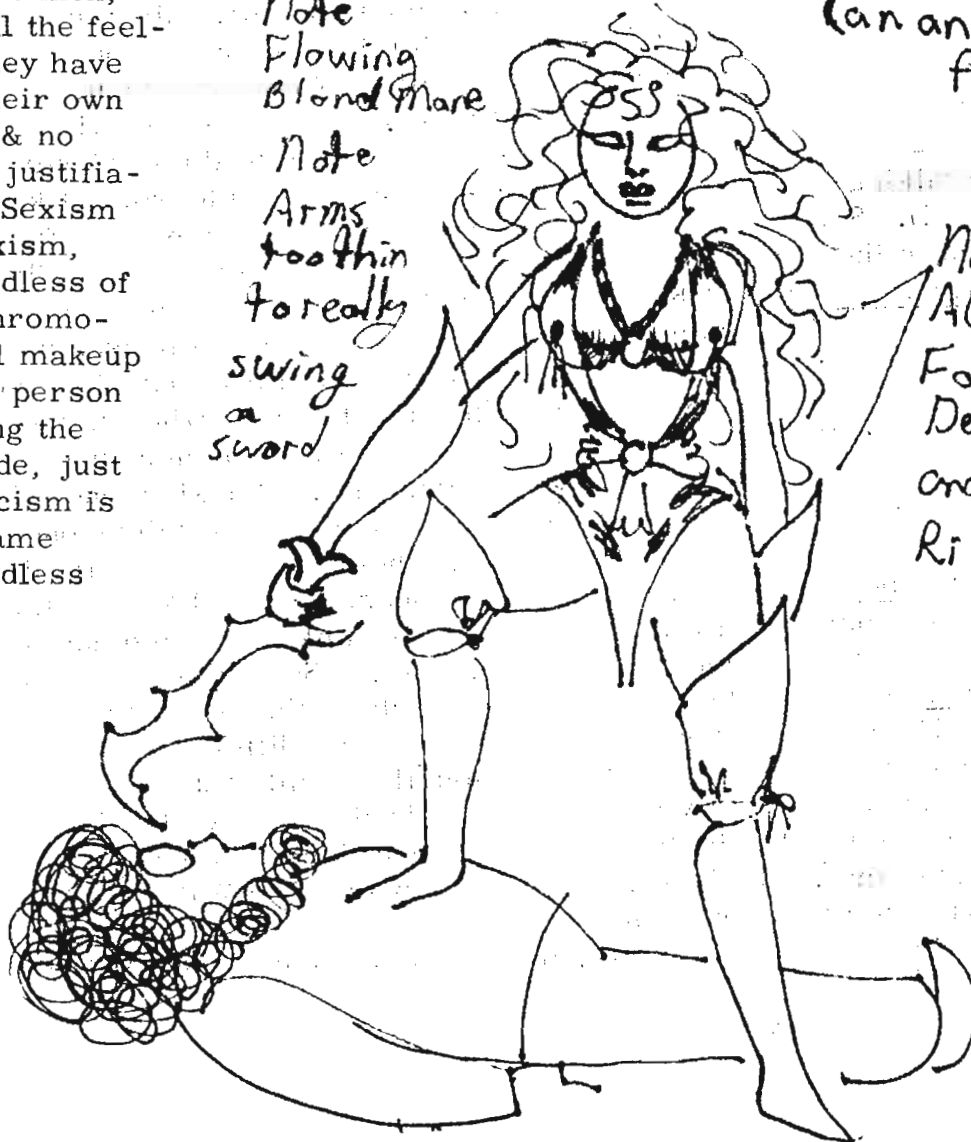
((Well put, Chris, and I agree with every word. -JHW))

Pin-up Parodies N.O.I. Sexy
Male Definition of Amazon
(an anatomical freak.)

Note
Flowing
Blond Hair

Note
Arms
too thin
to really
swing
a
sword

Note
Abnormal
Fat Cell
Deposits
and Deformed
Rib Cage



((And now, a few miscellaneous comments on other topics.))

Jonathan Scott
(address above)

Re Eric Lindsay's letter; his accusation of sexism is rapidly refuted: *W³* is a female-specific magazine, balancing the male-specific ones. I believe Eric's point about women in the workforce is that they are lowly, whatever the reason, good or bad, for good reason. Fight, if you like against the cause of their conditioning, but not against the system which puts them there because of their (lack of) drive or ability. Shit-kickers need education/reconditioning, not instant elevation. Where it is too late, too bad!

((The flaw in that argument, Jon, is that a great many competent and talented women have not been given the opportunity to rise from the lowly ranks, partly because of a system that rarely allows, say, a secretary, to move into clerical/administrative channels. Sure, I am not urging the promotion of incompetent people of either sex (or any race), just a fresh look at the real reasons for the lack of advancement of many-JHW))

Josef Hurtubise
(address above)

Neville: Are you really a cretin or are you just having us on? The poor males? Really! I thought it had already been established that of all the personal crimes, committers of rape get it easiest and their victims the hardest. Is a rich man, robbed while walking in a lower class district, discredited to the defendant's advantage because he gave the thief a come-hither look with his rich suit and bulging...er...wallet? The only thing laughable about rape is...

Eric: Don't men become desirable marriage partners? (no, I guess not) and is it inconceivable for a woman to not want to get married?

The fact that the number of women in senior positions is disproportionate to the number in the professional workforce would seem to indicate the incredible drive needed for a woman to stay in the work force at all; a drive which must eventually be recognised by employers. The question is, should women be expected to undergo such incredible pressures just to stay afloat? The answer must be no, so how about some liberal attitudes from the rest of the workforce.

Christine Ashby
(address above)

...I cannot help wondering if Nev Angove is in the wrong occupation. I mean, what sort of an entomologist would Richard (Faulder) be if he could not stand insects? Yet here we have somebody who professes to be a psychologist but who so dislikes the human race that he sees human relations (involving himself anyway) in terms of people 'inflicting' themselves on each other! ... Perhaps his views are the result of the nasty things he was made to do to rats as an undergraduate.

I am inclined to agree with Marc about being totally open with people. I agree with you also about the undesirability of hiding parts of yourself from someone with whom you are in a close personal relationship, but that's not going to happen very often. I suspect that you and Marc may be slightly at cross-purposes here. You are talking about 'personality' and about the futility of pretending to be someone you're not. Marc is talking about the dangers of being totally candid, of revealing to people things which could be hurtful to no good purpose. I mean, I love my mother, but there

are some things I've never told her because I see not point in upsetting her. I am careful to structure my life so that certain people are unaware of certain of my viewer activities. But I am still the same person to all of them.

((Thank you, Christine, for -- as usual -- putting things into proper perspective. You are quite right about Marc & I talking about different things--JHW))

Warren Nicholls
(address above)

I largely agree with Marc's comments on personal barriers; I find my own, to a large extent, necessary simply to preserve my own privacy. One drawback of this is that I tend to be a bit cautious about accepting people

as friends; acquaintances in plenty, yes, but of real friends probably less than a dozen, all of them of some years' standing. The top three are women, which may or may not prove something.

Why shouldn't Marc keep bits of himself to himself? No matter how close two people get, they are discrete individuals, not clones; it would be a very boring world if I knew everything there was to know about Margaret, for instance.

Eric Lindsay
(address above)

Nev Angove mentions being a psychologist, in conjunction with not desiring to inflict himself upon others. Curious word there, inflict. Other psychologists, in fandom, do not use the term.

PIN-UP PARODIES No. 2

So beautiful and so dangerous...

Tasi 'Horns' Thunder Tiger.

Galactic Criminal Guild Warning -

If found runaway do not attempt to kidnap this child for ransom; the Comorri will laugh in your faces and offer you a million credits to keep her for a couple weeks.

Wanted on Comor for: Dyeing the Emyrri King's Prize Stud purple; inserting terran disco muzak into the space port sound system, during a ceremonial honoring the arrival of the StarManta Elders; stealing computer time on the Prime Oracle Computers (to finish her homework); improper use of psionic talents; dangerous use of transwarp machine, causing the Raider Leader of Ushrak to have a nervous breakdown.

Last seen in the vicinity of Alpha Centauri.

Special Notice for Thieves -- do not attempt to steal from any place where this child is staying. She has claws.



Jon Noble, on sex roles in young children, is most interesting. I read recently that sex roles tend not to develop until children get to school. If true, that is an interesting comment on the roles schools play. Personally, I've long regarded schools as a training ground for getting otherwise healthy people inured to the boredom and monotony of life in the production line or the like, rather than educating to live.

It is not at all apparent that women are 'conditioned' not to expect to need to be paid. Are we to assume that women manage to see themselves as parasites upon others? ((Yes, but they don't consider it 'parasitism--JHW)) And is it really in the interest of the men who do your 'conditioning' that this be the case? ((I wouldn't think so, but evidently many men do think so -- and studies have shown that the best adjusted - happiest? - people are married men, followed by single women, single men, and married women, in that order-JHW)) I certainly can't see why men should want to condition women to be supported by said men. ((Neither can I, but 'tis true. JHW))

Diane Fox
(address above)

Pleased by Jon Noble's comment that the wicked regulation passed to harass the Women Against Rape may be repealed. ((Jon spoke too soon; so far it hasn't been; see news item somewhere else in this zine -JHW)) Fancy that anyone would have been fool enough to deny in public that Australian troops never raped. In any group that contains thousands of individuals, there would inevitably be a percentage of mongrels - I wouldn't be game to say that a group of ten people contained no evil characters. Not unless I had known each of the ten personally for years. And even then I wouldn't bet my

life on it. The RSL President should have had the sense to know that there would be many who would delight in proving him a liar - or at least a nincompoop.

Ben Indick
428 Sagamore Ave
Teaneck, NJ 07666
USA

6 October 81

I enjoyed the May issue, especially because your brand of feminism is not anti-anyone! You certainly get around, and your swing around the USA was pleasant reading. I must admit, were I to talk to you, I too would bother you less about fannish things than about your by-now fully adopted country. (Any country that can give us films like My Brilliant Career and Breaker Morant, as well as the TV in-progress 'A Town Like Alice', is doing lots right!)

Nic Howard
11 Downs Park
Downley, High Wycombe
Bucks, England

3 August 1981

Sometimes I wonder about all the 'fuss' there seems to be about women writers. But, I think: Women are usually stronger on characterisation and 'emotional' writing; getting into the character's mind. Marion Zimmer Bradley's Darkovers are good examples, as is Judith Merrill's Shadow on the Hearth. All bloody good stuff. Apart from the above, I'm hard-pressed to see any great differences. When a woman writes well, she writes as well as anyone; when badly, again as bad as anyone. ((Read that again, Nic; who is 'anyone'? men, of course; you are comparing women to a male standard. Do you see how patronising that sounds? True, people who write well do so regardless of sex, but you suffer from most unfortunate phraseology! -JHW))

... I think a common charge against a lot of writers is their use

of women as mere sex objects (as in most S&S). Usually true, I'd say. In sf at least, few women in novels seem to be there for their own sake; rather, just to add 'interest' to the story. BUT, wouldn't it be at least partly true (to take the Darkover series as an example again) that women writers often introduce women for the same reasons as above?? ((Certainly this was the case in the past, but is less so now - in writers of both sexes-JHW)) Of course in MZB's case the women are vital to the stories, and are well thought out, and characterised.

((In another letter, Nic says, ...)) I'm doing magazines and anthologies of fiction and verse. Anything, more or less, goes..! No amount of contributions are enough.

PS: Is the cover of WWVI a reasonable self-portrait?! ((Of me about 8 years ago, yes; now, no...hair cut and more weight! -JHW))

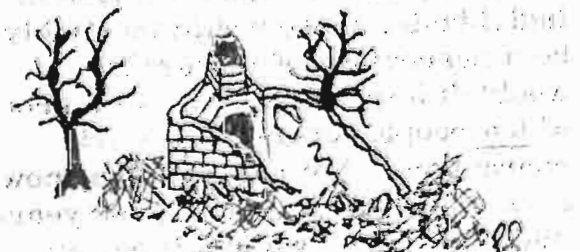
Chris Lewis
30 Roberts Road
High Wycombe, Bucks.
United Kingdom

30 July 81

Your WAR/civil rights dispute caught my eye. Although I could never describe myself as a 'feminist', I do tend to get worked up about civil rights issues. At the moment we are having a great deal of trouble with rioting, heavy-handed police tactics (perhaps), organised violence (perhaps) and racial tension (definitely). The Home Secretary keeps putting out blanket bans on marches whenever trouble seems imminent. I'd be interested in finding out what happens to the 60 people who were arrested. (The media coverage is also worth finding out about - they do often tend to make events seem more dramatic than they really were). ((See editorial for the latest on the arrested marchers - JHW))

I said earlier that I was not a 'feminist' - perhaps being male has something to do with it. My sisters are both 'militant feminists' however, and I often dip into some of their books when I visit. What strikes me most is an atmosphere of paranoia that seems to pervade the whole issue - 'He's a man, he supports the status quo; he's out to repress us, to use us, to rape us!' However, a couple of years ago I shared a house with two girls, one a teacher, one a research chemist. These two both had boyfriends of long standing and had evolved a system - they would cook a meal and the bloke would drive them around, mend the car, take them for drinks etc. I'm convinced that they considered this the natural state of affairs (if they ever stopped to think about it at all) which quite surprised me - it seems that like many other things, feminism appears active to those involved, but is largely ignored by 95% of the population. ((Yes, while they enjoy many of the benefits that feminism has brought women -- while not appreciating the source; sort of like anti-unionists who benefit from pay rises and improvements in working conditions brought about by union action. People are not rational. -JHW))

Trouble is, I sometimes see this sort of behaviour (and the sort that Linda describes in her 2nd letter) in myself - I try to fight it but sometimes I wonder if I'm just trying to fool myself. In this sort of situation can you believe 'the basic you is perfect' when all around there are people saying you aren't, for reasons you believe. Don't ask me - maybe one day I'll sort it out myself.



David & Su Bates
 P O Box 161
 Putnam, CT 06260
 USA 25 July 1981

I must admit I was unsure how I would feel about a feminist fanzine. Most I have read have been pretty stuffy, and in many cases actually bigoted. Yours is a refreshing fanzine, well done and I can tell you, I'll read any issue you send. ((At the time of writing, David had only received WWW1-JHW))

Years ago, I was fired from a job because I promoted a woman to a better job. She was the best, but I had been told not to do it. They sent her to a class I was running, and I found a foolproof way of promoting her, when she passed. It cost me my job, but in the same situation, I would have to do the same thing again. When you are dealing with bastards like that, you can't let down for a minute. They tell me that things are better there now, but I wouldn't lay any coin on it. ((An excellent story to back up what I was saying to Jon Scott earlier. JW))

Julie Vaux
 (address above) 17 August 1981

Errata on WWW3: There were a couple of minor points I left out of my articles. (a) Why is a herder wearing a cut velvet vest and wrap? She's a horseherder and those are her school clothes. (b) The Royal Court mentioned on p. 13 is 'Felinoid', that of the Realm of the Greenslopes. (c) Ealker is Walker (d) The Feather Dancers are the 'it/shes' with feathers instead of fur, iridescent scales, skins, etc. (e) Jo'vod means Oath/sworn or Way follower, or Free Folk. They are interracial, unisex, and accept members of non-human species. (f) Emyr - land to east of inland sea; Emyrri - humanoid race of region.

The whole question of witches is complex. The occult 'underground' in Britain in the 17th century consisted of several groups.

ed of several groups. Aside from the pagan Wicca and probably a few surviving druids, there were the alchemist/scientists - many of Charles' group of 'scientists' were also Kabbalists and astrologers. Again it is written by Jewish scholars in every European country that there are (and were) groups (both Christian and Jewish) who practise the true Quabalah and as a side-effect obtain great psychic powers.

Finally some of those 'witches' were undoubtedly practitioners of the black arts - power-hungry individuals both women and men, who called and conjured the power of the Outer Dark - the forces that only love, faith, hope, knowledge and the names of light, cast out (I mean necromancy, hexing, etc). No, I'm not into magic. I have enough sense to keep my studies theoretical.

I don't agree with the theory of the witch as a harmless pagan - being human, wicca-followers are as capable of good and evil as the rest of us.

29 September 1981

In my comments on witches, I was trying to point out that there were other occult groups apart from witches, and also to take a middle position. I don't feel an interest in discussing mass hysteria or witch-hunts, I was trying to refute some of the 'trendy' pseudo-theories I've read too often about witchcraft. The 17th century, like the 15th and the 12th, was one of changes and confusion, of civil wars etc. and religious dissent and heresy - perhaps hence the roots of hysteria - of mass movements, like the Cathars, the Crusades, the Bogomils, the Flagellants, etc.

((The following review, reprinted from Ms Magazine, July 1981, illustrates my contention that some women accused of witchcraft may have been merely rebels against the prevailing power structure:

DIVINE REBEL, THE LIFE OF ANNE MARBURY HUTCHINSON, by Selma Williams (Holt, Rinehart & Winston).
 Reviewed by Dulcie Leimbach.

Traveling from her native England with her husband and their growing family of 13, Anne Hutchinson became one of the most outspoken and independently-minded women of New England (America) in the 1600s. She preached individualism and soon attracted a following who regularly attended her parlor-room sermons and lectures on the church and motherhood (a subject she knew well). Fighting against the concept of Eve-induced original sin, the alignment of the church and state, and the idea of an afterlife, Anne Marbury Hutchinson was labeled a witch and unjustly attacked for heresy. She was tried, found guilty, banished from Massachusetts, and eventually settled in Long Island. Her murder by Indians only adds an ironic twist to this willful woman's fight for equality.))

((The following is reprinted from 'The Jonathan Apple', an apazine, with permission of Jonathan Scott))

In the last couple of years, events have caused me to think carefully about relationships, their reversibility, isomorphism and the degree of internal honesty they possess. Once upon a time I would not have considered anything but a one-to-one relationship suitable for me; and I also sought a permanent one. And I was always open and honest. I think that a permanent (till death do us part type) relationship would be nice, but these days I am willing to accept that what I may think permanent might in fact be terminal. (My current ladyfriend was married for ten years.) I would also contemplate a non-isomorphic situation, with me either as one amongst more than one (typically two) males (thus enjoying the extra freedom) or as one guy with more than one girl (obvious benefit). I nowadays also think carefully as to whether it is better to be honest or kind, where these differ. All in all I may be

wiser or more easy going, but I think I might have been better off when I 'blindly sought everlasting true love'. ... I can see both the 'strange double-barrelled thing' (dichotomy); and the possibility that one party in a relationship will be more resource demanding (time, sex and general attention) than another. So what do I see as the best solution? I concede that most openly non-isomorphic relationships will be very emotionally unhealthy for at least one link in the system. There exists, however, a type of system where more than two individuals can be in the relationship, and it will be a healthy and stable one. The only such entity of which I am aware is the one Jack Thompson has. I believe that it is difficult for three to form (such a relationship), very difficult for four, and nigh on impossible for more; also the people would have to know and like all the others before the system was officially formed - in the Jack Thompson case, it is one guy and two sisters, who I assume are more than willing to share, and who get on well by themselves. There is one further way that I can see people coping with the dichotomy/resource problem. This is the empirical, age-old solution - unfaithfulness. As far as I can see, there is the possibility of this working, provided everybody comes out of it at least unhurt, if not better off. The primary requirement is discretion. (Fandom especially lacks this.) I could relate several amazing tales of this system in operation. The thing goes wrong when somebody is careless. But, you may say, what about the case where X is playing around and then decides that the mainline relationship is inferior and has to go? I think that this indicates that it was weak in the first place, but in any case, the incidence of this is relatively low.

((End of amazingly long lettercol - IAHF is somewhere else. - JHW))

SHIFT/CLEAR

By Jean Weber

(Being a column in which Jean clears her desk of accumulated fascinating odd bits of news & views...)

In issue 2 I mentioned the arrests of women in an attempted march on ANZAC Day by the Women Against Rape, in memory of women raped in war. This topic was also mentioned by various letter writers in issue 3 and in this issue. So I saved some clippings about the outcome of two of the trials. In the first trial, the defendant was acquitted on all charges; the magistrate found that the prosecution had proved neither a failure to disobey a direction nor that the woman was at the time of her arrest engaging in conduct likely to give offence to persons taking part in the official parade.

The second trial, before a different magistrate, resulted in the defendant being placed on a six-month good-behaviour bond. This time it was found that, based on the defendant's answers, she had attempted to join the parade after being directed by the police not to.

I haven't read of any outcome of other trials. Despite rumours to the contrary, the legislation is still on the books. Various efforts to have it disallowed have not succeeded.

Foetal Tissue in Research

Lately in the Canberra Times there have been a lot of articles and letters on the subject of using tissue from aborted fetuses in medical research. The so-called Right to Life groups express horror shock and outrage, and claim that this will not only give some respectability to abortion, but it could lead to pressure to perform more abortions in order to have a

continuing source of material. The latter claim is, of course, within the realm of possibility but is not really relevant, in my opinion.

The researchers claim that they are working on a hopeful cure for diabetes, using pancreatic tissue. Other foetal research that I've heard about is aimed at prevention or cure of various birth defects. It has always seemed to me that people who insist that all foetuses be allowed to live, no matter how deformed or diseased they may be, are really off base in opposing study that could prevent or cure birth defects and other diseases. Once again, quantity wins out over quality!

It did amuse me to read the letters claiming that the public had had no chance to comment on the proposed research and its social implications, because this sort of thing has not only been around for some time (many years) but scientists frequently try to get 'the public' to consider the social implications of things, to be met with apathy until the hypothetical becomes imminent reality. Then we hear the cry, 'Why weren't we told?' Sorry, you were told; you just weren't listening. I wrote a somewhat tongue-in-cheek letter myself, suggesting that those who read science fiction have been exposed to these ideas, because sf writers have been exploring them for many years. It caused some stir at work!

Women Terrorists

Every now and then I get into a non-argument with somebody (usually male)

about women and violence. Although examples of strength, violence and participation in war by women can be found in contemporary as well as historical situations, the 'revelation' that women can be as deadly as men never fails to cause surprise (and, frequently, derision). The 'female image' is more one of peace than war, and the general population seems reluctant to abandon its image of the gentle wife and mother. The 'surprise' of men I talk to has more to do with their misconception that feminists in general - or myself in particular - claim that women are less violent than men. What I claim is that women are not cultured or trained to regard violence or war as ways of life, or ways of getting what you want. But certainly women as individuals can be just as violent as men, although it is often expressed differently.

However, all that was really by way of preamble to a resume of an interesting article I read in The Canberra Times of 23/8/81, by W. Clifford, the director of the Australian Institute of Criminology, about women terrorists. It is well known statistically that women's participation in crime, particularly violent crime, is only about 1/6 or 1/7 of the male crime rate across the world. Many explanations have been given: a biological difference, cultural conditioning, even more lenient law-enforcement practices. But in the area of terrorist political activities, women are heavily represented (over 60%). Again, biological, psychological, social and ideological theories abound.

Mr Clifford suggested the following possibility: "The key that releases such cruel indifference to the feelings of others is final alienation and detachment from the society in which a person was born or brought up. Fanatic dedication to the group justifies the treatment of all others

as enemies or non-persons, so that killing or injuring them is a matter of unimportance...

"While there is no research evidence yet, it is reasonable to suppose that a terrorist's feelings of disdain and animosity to his own society are proportionate to the depth of his earlier attachment to it.

"Via children and the family, women usually have a deeper commitment to the status quo and avoiding violence, even when they are deprived or disadvantaged. When, for any reason, they are finally uprooted from this clammy, clinging social soil, they may feel more free, more abandoned and more intensely committed to the alternative.

"Correspondingly, they might feel more hatred and disdain than those who were never quite so committed in the first place.

"This may be a personal rather than a sexual difference in terrorists, but because of the fervour women terrorists show we may need to study women terrorists more closely to understand the appeal of terrorism as a whole."

I am not advancing this theory as my answer to the question, but I thought it was sufficiently interesting to share with you. I'd like to hear what others may think on the subject.

Men, Women & Automobiles

A snippet from a newspaper report on a study by the Australian Institute of Criminology: "Australia has a 39% higher rate of motor-vehicle theft than the US... Australian males between 15 and 25 years (were) the age group which perpetrated the majority of rapes, assaults and motor-vehicle thefts. The young Australian male regarded sexual conquest as a guarantee of peer-group status, and ownership of an automobile as a means of attracting the attention and companionship of females. If women were

regarded as objects of sexual gratification and automobiles a more central concern of Australian youth than in other countries, then the level of rape and motor-vehicle theft in Australia should come as no surprise."

Meditation and Defence

Many of you know I took up Transcendental Meditation a few years ago. Although it did good things for me, I'm not a fanatic about the subject. I did enjoy the following item in the paper, however:

"The key to preventing a nuclear war is a group of 1,000 people meditating across the nation... and if the tm movement gets enough people thinking about the problem, there will be enough mental power pouring into the world's centres of government to stop the missiles coming, claims Dr Byron Egby. It is the consciousness of masses of people... The full article was a bit longer, but it really didn't do the tm theory justice. On the other hand, neither did it say how many meditators were needed in the US, USSR, etc - Australia hardly counts; does it? Mental power might prevent the missiles being launched, but I don't think even tm advocates seriously claim they can stop a missile once it's on its way. However, I have heard various theories on the calming effect of positive vibrations, in stopping riots, for example; and I am not about to dismiss out of hand an unknown quality, despite a silly newspaper article.

Medical 'Miracles'?

There have been several articles in the news in the last few months about surgery on foetuses or newborn children with defects. This ties in with my earlier remarks on foetal tissue research.

I was delighted to read that an

operation on one of a pair of twins (unborn) was apparently successful in unblocking a urinary tract. But I was horrified to learn that, in another case, a baby born with an extreme form of spina bifida was required by the courts to be operated on, despite the parents' wishes against the operation. According to the reports, without the operation, the child was likely to die within 2 months to 5 years, and perhaps be retarded; with the surgery, she would be partially paralysed and might still be retarded. This occurred in America, where far less is generally available in the way of government health services etc for handicapped children; the parents are likely to be given the full financial and moral responsibility for bringing up the child (or will have to suffer the anguish of giving her up to an institution), yet the courts can force an operation to save the child's life against the parents' wishes. A few years ago, it would have been no question. Medical science would have been unable to save the child. Now, it's life at any price...

Reverting to surgery on foetuses, another article mentioned the case of another set of twins, in which one was suffering from Down's Syndrome. The choices seemed to be: abort both foetuses or save both and raise a retarded child. Instead, doctors were able to 'abort' only the defective one. I was delighted that this occurred in New York, where abortion is the woman's choice in the first 3 months of pregnancy (or with medical approval in the 2nd 3 month, I think is how it is), so a sensible solution could be reached. Of course there are those who think the defective foetus should have been allowed to live, but clearly the parents did not want the burden (and I think it is terribly cruel to bring an unwanted child - especially a handicapped one - into the world).

Ugh, depressing column, wasn't it?

On Differing World Views

Richard and I are no longer in a close relationship, as many of you probably know. I am not going to go into any personal details in print (it would be quite unfair to Richard), but there are some general points that should be made, I think - because I consider them important.

Several people have remarked to me at various times, how surprised they were that R & I got along so well considering our differences of opinion on so many issues. It finally became apparent to me that I had not really realised just how different our world-views were.

When I first met Richard through the pages of this apa, we managed to establish that a lot of our disagreements were more semantic than real. Once we'd got past the words and talked about the real issues, we found we agreed more often than not -- we just expressed our views very differently.

Unfortunately, some issues did not arise until we'd been in close relationship for some time. As in most such situations, particularly since we didn't see each other all that often, no real 'problems' arose between us. It wasn't until Adventure, when my bad back made me quite nasty to be around, that we were treated to anything other than sweetness and light.

That incident cleared the air of a lot of misconceptions about what the two of us are really like and what we really believe on issues very close to our basic selves. It was a good example of the sort of thing I've been saying about facades, and not hiding parts of oneself from the other, because the truth will eventually surface and be quite a shock to everyone. Now, I'm not saying

that either of us was deliberately lying, though I do know that I had 'been on my good behaviour' for some time and had been a bit worried about it, as pretending that I don't have a bad side is lying. (I'd been telling R that he hadn't been my bad side, but I don't think he believed me.)

So, after Adelaide, we did a lot of talking and the more we talked, the more obvious it became to me that our very basic truths, the basic fabric of our individual universes, was very different. Things that I considered very important, and very positive, R considered negative, and vice versa. Naturally, since each of us considered our way of life to be better (and, for each of us, that's probably true), we tried to convince the other of our views.

Now, I'm not about to change my hard-won world view for one which I feel is bad for me (which I used to believe years ago when I was a mess, and have rejected for a more personally-satisfying life), and he, not unreasonably, probably felt the same about his world view.

So we parted. I think, under the circumstances, that is the only thing to do. The alternative is for one or both of us to change radically, add that I, at least, am not prepared to do. I would hope that we could remain friends (I have lots of friends with whom I disagree on fundamental things).

I've written this because I think this sort of situation is quite common, and so many people seem to feel that breaking up a relationship means the relationship has 'failed'. I don't. To me it means we've both learned things about ourselves and each other, and have thus grown through the experience. I think I am a better person for having known Richard, and hope the same for him.

 Fran Skene, 10202 - 149 St #344,

** CHANGES OF NAME AND/OR ADDRESS Surrey, B.C., Canada V3R 3Z8

Sally Beasley, formerly known as Sally Underwood (whose ex-husband remarried, so she's finally reverted to her single name), 13 Baillie St, East Victoria Park, W.A. 6101, Australia.

Debi Kean, who reverted to her single name of Killop but is now using her married name again because she's recently been granted access to her 5-year-old son and it's less confusing for him if they have the same name.

Sally Voland, formerly known as Sally Bungund, who is still married to, and living with, John Bangund, P O Box 171, Fairfield, Vic. 3078, Aust.

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(by the time you read this, Helen Swift should also be using this address)

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Mike McCann, cover, 10, 14

Lewis Morley, 18

Marilyn Pride, 7

Christine Smith, 8

Linda Smith, 28

Jane Taubman, 6, 20, 22

Julie Vaux, 16, 24, 26

** APOLOGIES

To Christine Smith for failing to acknowledge her artwork on pages 2 and 33 of WWW#3; and to Margaret Sanders for her drawing on page 34 of WWW#3.

** ERRATUM

On page 5 of this issue, near the bottom of column 1, Marc Ortlieb wanted me to make the following change in his article. Unfortunately I'd typed and duplicated that page before I re-discovered his letter in my junk heap.

Here's the correct version:

"Yaah man. That's really far out. Hey, you gonna bounce your golf ball off the stems of Parliament House like?" "Sure am!" answered Le Trek smugly.

"I've bounced that golf ball at every convention I've ever been to, and I've been to a lot."

"Great!" I said, and settled down to eat, as well as I could, with my sensibilities being continually assaulted by the gross behaviour of the other diners. The micro-explosive I'd planted in the substituted golf

ball was more than enough to blow the fiend to kingdom come, though I fancied that he would be headed down rather than up. For months my spirits...

FANZINES RECEIVED

Thyme 3, 4, 5, 6 (Hirsh & Brown), Positron 7 (Gary Rawlings), Fith-1/1, 2, 3 (WASFA), The Ravin 2/4 (Stephen Dedman), The Mentor 33, 34 (Ron Clarke), Geko 6 (Terry Collister), The Naked Early Morning One-Shot (various NZ fen), Shadow of a Fan (Joe D Siclari), Australian SF News 25, 26 (Merv Binns), Fourth Foreign Fanzine (Roelof Goudriaan), Sufan (Susan Crites), Guide to SF & Fandom (Edmonton SF & Comic Art Society), Paradox 2 (Rex Thompson), Scattergun 2 (David & Su Bates), Ibid 34 (Ben Indick), WAHF-FULL 6 (Jack Herman), Tappen (Malcolm Edwards), Zosma 17, 18, 19 (Steve George), On Spec 8 (Debi Kean), Whole Fanzine Catalogue 18-19 (Brian Earl Brown), SF Review 39, 40 (Richard Geis), This House 12 (John Purcell), Just Me 2 (Michael Wallis), Ornithopter 8 (Leigh Edmonds), Not to be Named 1 (Nic Howard), The Farthest Edges of Day (Nic Howard), Erg 75 (Terry Jeeves), Sikander 6 (Irwin Hirsh), Songs 3 (Pete Presford), New Canadian Fandom 2-3 (Michael Hall & Robert Runte), Fission Chips 2 (Tom Cardy), Hawai'a 4 (Seth Goldberg), Forerunner 4/6-7 (Sydney SF Foundation).

I ALSO HEARD FROM

Marilyn Pride, Buck Coulson, Kim Huett, Roelof Goudriaan, Neville Angove (who wrote a long, interested, somewhat garbled letter unfortunately marked DNQ), Sheryl Berkhead, Rick Kennett (several times), Gary Rawlings, Leanne Frahm, Al Fitzpatrick, Marc Ortlieb, R Laurraine Tutihasi (who wants to know "what made you move to Australia? And what do you like about the place that keeps you there? ... Please consider writing a letter or article on 'Why an American Woman Would Want to Move to Australia.' -- I just might to that, one of these days), jan howard finder, Harry Andruschak, Judith Hanna, George Flynn, and Gerald Smith (and probably a few others whose letters have been misplaced).

ACCOMMODATION WANTED IN EUROPE

Julie Vaux sends this plea: Any chance of a free ad? 24 year old Christian (Anglican), artist, Taoist, painter, poet and writer, interested in folklore and history, looking for cheap or free accommodation in Great Britain and Europe sometime in 1982. Gemini, Anglo, Celtic, doesn't drink or smoke. Likes dogs, Siamese cats, comics (X-men), trees, Tolkien etc and C.L. Lewis and Blake and Metaphysical poets and Oriental Culture. Reason - I want to see England before it sinks into the North Sea. You can contact Julie at 14 Zara Rd, Willoughby, NSW 2068, Australia.

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