

Weber Woman's Wrevenge

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THE COVER

The artist this month is Shayne McCormack. As usual I suspect that my duplicating did not do justice to her artwork; if so, my sincere apologies, Shayne. One of these times I shall indulge in offset printing. My request to Shayne was for an image of a "heroic female"; this cover came with no story behind it, so you can make up your own.

EDITORIAL

I'm not at all happy with this issue. The contents are a fairly nice mix, and generally quite good, but the reproduction is ghastly. I picked up a lot of cheap paper and ink a couple months ago, and now think I made a great mistake. I've been having nothing but trouble. I'm now convinced that, at the

very least, it's the wrong sort of paper. Now I know many people get beautiful results on bond or other slick, non-absorbent papers, but this lot has been a disaster. Also, due to a missing part on the Gestetner, the pages didn't flip off properly and tended to stick to the stencil; especially if a dark illo was present; hence slip-sheeting was not practicable, as I was busy flipping the pages off, and was not able to scrounge up an assistant. Hence, lots of set-off and all those other ills with technical names that I can't remember. Aaaargh.

A second problem had to do with the illustrations. I won't get into all the tedious technical details, but I'm using some new electrostencils, which have to be windowed differently to those I'm used to, and a lot tended to wrinkle a bit, hence printed poorly. My sincere apologies to the artists whose work suffered.

Oh, well. Fits in with a generally lousy couple of months. I've been in a really bad mood, not wanted to have much to do with people (at least not in groups of more than about two). I'd love to take a few weeks off work and just skulk (and sulk) around the house, but it's not practical. . . On the positive side, I've been doing exercises for my back, which seem to be helping, and I've been getting some fiction writing done and stories submitted.

On the domestic front, I've been slowly working on painting the house. Two walls are now done. It's a nice feeling of accomplishment but the novelty's rather worn off. Meanwhile the garden has been sadly neglected. I was out weeding on Saturday for the first time in many weeks and discovered several interesting edible items hidden amongst the weeds. And I bought a new lawn mower. After 4 years with the old schrapnel-thrower, I decided it was time. First though, I tried out an electric job owned by

Valma Brown and Leigh Edmonds. Their mover floats on air rather than wheels. I'd been thinking of maybe buying one, so this was a good excuse to see whether I liked it. I learnt several things: they don't like tall grass, and when mowing around the dozen fruit trees I have, one can get awfully tangled up in the cord. Valma assured me that one learns to follow a different pattern that does not tang oneself up, but that's not why I decided not to buy a Fl. mo. I just never get around to mowing until the cats disappear in the meadow, and I also want a mower that chops up piles of weeds into compost. So I bought a good old ordinary Victa, with a grass catcher.

In December I spent a fair amount of time driving up to the Sydney area, visiting friends and attending parties and such -- including a relaxacon in a town about 2 hours' drive north of Sydney. Wycon was an alternative to the Medvention which have been held in the last two years at the Medlow Bath hotel in the Blue Mountains west of Sydney. Unfortunately the Medlow Bath raised its prices a bit beyond our tolerance range, so we looked for a new venue. The Strathavon Country Club in Wyong seemed to fill the bill. It was an enjoyable place, providing a river to boat on or swim in (complete with tarzan rope and water slide), a pool, tennis, putt-putt golf, ping pong, billiards, and I'm not sure what all else. Unfortunately, we had no function room to ourselves, so tended to get a bit scattered around, but the food was reasonably good and the relaxing did not suffer. However, the 6-hour drive (for me) has made me determined to find a place halfway between Sydney and Canberra -- I think I have, and another relaxacon is scheduled for March. Report next time!

I also attended a Christmas Party at Peter Toluzzi's, a couple of sf

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WOMEN IN SPACE

by Harry J. N. Andruschak

To date the Space Programs of the USA and USSR have been very male-oriented and as a conspicuous space fan I am often hassled at cons about this.

I can see the feminists' point. If women are as good as men, why haven't they been allowed into space? There are actually some quite good reasons, and also some bad ones.

Probably the bad ones are best evident in the USSR's space program. To date, they have the honour of sending the only woman into space, Valentina Tereshkova, on 16 June 1963. Yes, over 18 years ago. It was strictly propaganda. She was wrapped in a diaper, told not to touch the controls, and sent off. After which she did only ceremonial work. Her husband said in 1976 that one day women would go back into space... as Stewardesses. Oink oink.

The USA started the same way... males only. There were many reasons for this. And remember... this was the early 1960's. The idea of putting a woman into danger is

still strong in 1980, and the honest feelings against sending women into combat is holding up the ERA. NASA decided early on that the time was not right for women. They chose military test pilots. Well-trained while males with high security clearances and used to seeing their friends die in gory manners.

Vladimar Komarov was crushed to death when his space capsule crashed. Three astronauts burned up in the Apollo One fire. Three more Cosmonauts suffocated to death from a capsule air leak. Now imagine what would have happened if the Apollo One fire had included a female death? As it was, the Apollo program damn near got axed.

I mentioned diapers a few paragraphs back. That was a problem, and still is. Men and women are not the same, and there is this problem of urination and no amount of waffling can change it. There was no way to accommodate female needs in the cramped spaces of the Apollo capsule. Zero G defecation is difficult, but possible. Men can use the flight tube, as test pilots always have, for urination.

The actual turning point on this problem came with Skylab, which among other things had a marvelous toilet. Many humorous articles were written about the mechanics of the mechanism, not overlooking that the shit was supposed to hit the fan. NASA engineers were encouraged by the results, and felt that when the Shuttle came along they should be able to handle the problem.

Now, some bad reasons. Many of the leading NASA planners were Germans from the V2 days, and this includes the famous von Braun. They had had some bad experiences with German female test pilots in World War Two, and there can be no doubt that their reluctance to have females was a strong factor. And social conditions in the 1970's still just were not right. Women's Liberation was only then really getting under way, culminated by the passing of the ERA (Equal Rights constitutional Amendment) in Congress.

But now we enter the 1980's. And we have the shuttle. It isn't all that good a shuttle, but baby it's all we are going to have for 10 years at least. With the shuttle, we no longer need perfect physical specimens. How many of you noticed that throughout most of the second shuttle flight, Truly wore glasses? Women can now go into space. We now have a zero-G toilet that can handle women's urination. So is there any reason for them not to?

Nope, and 1983 will probably see the first flight of a woman on the shuttle as Commander. Note that as Commander, she will be giving orders to the pilot, who will be male. If you think this is a big deal, forget it. One thing you had better learn fast if you want to go into space... teamwork and cooperation are essential. Don't be bossy. The giving of orders will be on a pre-arranged time scale.

This goes for the several science specialists, who may go up as the need arises.

There will, of course, be a big teapot tempest in the Press about the first US female in space... who in all likelihood will be the third woman in space. This is because the Russians will probably send up a woman astronomer or doctor on a ferry trip to a Salyut space station. They are very fond of these propaganda junkets. There will be less fuss about the 4th, and soon nobody will really care.

Which is as it should be, and I am sure will be.

* * * *

JHW here: It's long seemed to me that one of the many reasons it's taken so long to get an American woman into space, is that few articulate women supported the idea. The vocal feminists frequently don't support the space program in the first place, but they will push for female participation just as they push for females in the military although they don't support the military. Some women (particularly non-feminists) opposed women's participation, and most simply didn't care. Thus I was much encouraged by reading an article sent to me from John Newman, taken from Space Age Review, November 1981, about "A Space Age Group for Women" called Hypatia Cluster. More about them on the next page.



HYPATIA CLUSTER

A SPACE GROUP FOR WOMEN

(Excerpts from an article by Amy Marsh, in Space Age Review, November 1981)

We (human society) are ready to begin exploring the stars, yet we are very likely to blow ourselves up before it happens. We (Hypatia) wish to demonstrate that the survival of the human race depends directly upon each individual comprehension of the world. If we, as a species, are made up of individuals who are frightened, short-sighted, aggressive, and ignorant -- then there is very little hope for us. If we are collectively hopeful, exploratory, responsible, and aware of the intense fragility of life on our planet -- we will be more likely to preserve and enhance our potential for growth.

We have developed the Hypatia Cluster for women, because of our belief in women's emergence as an evolutionary catalyst. . . Space exploration is an evolutionary step into a new environment -- a great unknown challenge calling for new biological, emotional and social adjustments. . . This new message of adventure, challenge and species success remains confined to special interest groups and academic discussions. While concern for the evolution of our species will seem remote and esoteric for most people, the drama of a shuttle launch or a Voyager flyby is instantly accessible. The space program is visible evidence of humanity's progression, and proof of an imminent frontier. Thus space exploration is the focus of Hypatia Cluster, rather than ecology, women's rights or nuclear disarmament.

As an organization, we hope to. . . encourage women's increasing involvement in the frontier. . . we hope the entire pro-space community will



benefit, just as we are generally convinced of the benefits for the whole of humanity. . . The goal is easy access to and personal awareness of space exploration, development, and humanization.

Some notes on Hypatia, from the same article:

Hypatia was the head of the Neo-platonic school of philosophy, in fifth-century Alexandria, Egypt; she was also an astronomer, mathematician and inventor. She dedicated her life to the exploration and application of knowledge. Unfortunately, in 415 AD, a mob destroyed the library, after flaying Hypatia to death with seashells.

More information on the group, Hypatia Cluster, may be obtained from 231 - 27th Street, San Francisco, CA 94131, USA. Co-founders are Amy Marsh and Marita Dorenbecher.

UPBRINGINGS

by Debi Kean

(Thanx to Jon Noble for inspiration.)

The best hope for our world or any other, is its people. People start out as children. Children are molded into the people they become, by dozens of different influences: parents, school, society, media and their own handling of all this input.

I have borne two sons, though only one is even vaguely within reach of my influence now. My husband and I are from totally different backgrounds; we may as well be from different planets. I come from a family of basically intellectual snobs, and I say this with affection. Two of us, the brother I live with, and I, are reasonably academic. The two sisters, like my husband, have other priorities, though different from his.

My husband is a country person, I a city one. His interests are sporting, highly physical. I am 'left' politically, he 'right'. I am feminist, he and his family anti.

Some readers may know of my custody hassle. Well, I lost, but at last I am having access to my son, now 5. He has just started school (May '81). I had him for a weekend in July, and for the August school holidays. I was interested to see the attitudes and aptitudes he had developed during our 21 months of separation. I also wondered how much he remembered of what I had taught him before the split.

He has now my interest in God, an interest I had at 5, but which others in my circle find odd. Unfortunately, with the interest goes a lot of fear.

In the August holidays, I of course was working. But I was fortunate in my child minder, a feminist man, a student, who is doing education as part of his B.A. So, he had an interest in my son, other than that he is my son.

Jed (my son) found it hard to accept that Josef went to 'school'. We explained about university. And the range of job opportunities open to him. He had thought only of 'driving my Daddy's car', or being a racing driver. He loves to study, is doing very well, but hasn't related it to work. He might be a bit young to? I am a very inexperienced mother, due to circumstances!

Jed is accustomed to a man doing housework. His father has to, as a result of our split and the custody battle. So Jed accepted Josef in a housekeeping role quite readily.

At the moment, he is heavily into competitiveness, and superlatives. The winner, the best...he constantly asked me, 'who do you love the best of each?' (I live with my brother, and Jed is devoted to him). I was required to choose between Jed, my brother and Josef. Jed finds it important that I look like myself -- like the Mummy he knew. Difficult, as I have changed so much in 21 months. He is an insecure child -- hardly surprising!

I was discussing my first (adpted) child with Josef one day, and Jed said, angrily, "but I am your only boy". Of course, I quickly assured him of this.

He is a physically demonstrative child. When ever he saw me cuddling or kissing Josef, he would ask, 'where's my turn?'

What concerns me most about this little lost child, is that he appears full of fear. Fear of God, which really concerns me; fear of physical punishment (which we didn't use, but his father evidently does); fear of something happening to his father; fear of his own death. At five! Josef, my brother and I all spent time reassuring him on all these scores. I think he went home happier and more secure than when he arrived...

But monthly doses of reassurance and acceptance are not going to be enough.

The sex role thing interests me also, in relation to having sons.

Jed is, because of the marriage split, an only child. I discovered during the hearing in June, that he was not aware of the differences between male and female genitals! (He had evidently forgotten seeing me naked as a small boy). Girls are distinguishable by their long hair. Of course, in primary school, girls and boys segregate themselves... and my son has a fear of long hair -- it may make him be thought a girl!

But he doesn't seem to relate that to adult roles. He has seen both Mum and Dad work, that both do housework, and that other men (Josef and Uncle Garth) also cook, wash up, etc.

That may be a valuable consciousness raiser. Our fear is, that growing up in a small and conservative country town, he will be imbued with sexist attitudes. His grandmother said on the stand, that she didn't want me to win custody, as I was a feminist...

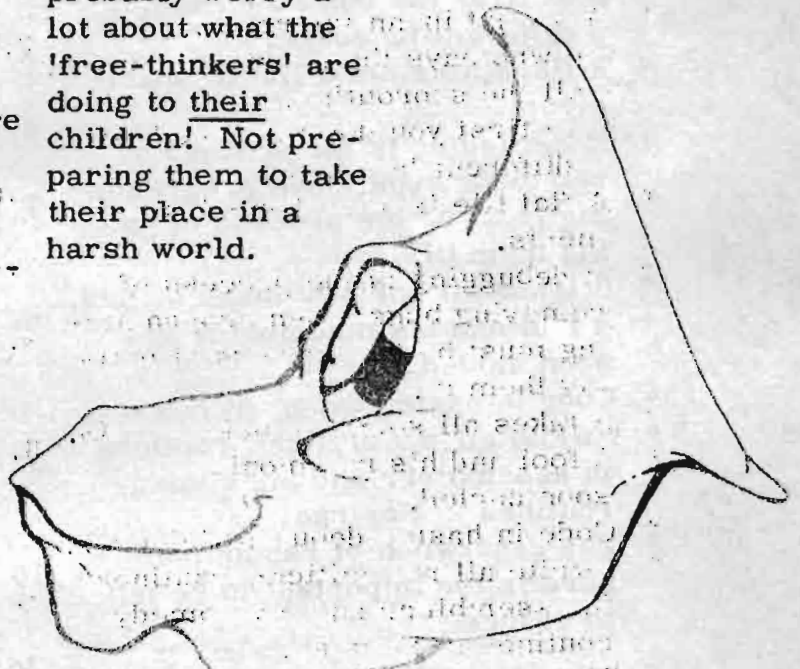
The Sunday school he goes to now is likely to reinforce these attitudes. Oh to take him out of it, and put him into my non-sexist church!

On once a month visits, I can't do much. But what we can do, we will. I have two good men on my side! And some pretty good women too. Thank God.

Jed will be a young man in the 21st century. Kate Noble will be a young woman. Their attitudes will help to make it a better world.

* * * * *

JHW: The first time I read Debi's article, I wept, and it depressed me for days. The things people do to their children -- like making a 5-year-old so full of fear! Then I reflected that parents who believe in physical discipline, rigid ideas of right and wrong, etc, probably worry a lot about what the 'free-thinkers' are doing to their children! Not preparing them to take their place in a harsh world.



So far I haven't burdened my readers with details of my interest in computers ~~mainly because I haven't found a feminist angle yet~~, but the following collection of quotes and thoughts, provided by micro freak Eric Lindsay, was too good to resist. Most of them were culled from magazines, but a few of the less comprehensive ones were written by Eric himself.



TRUTHS & CONSEQUENCES

A COLLECTION OF SOME QUOTES & LAWS OF
COMPUTING... compiled by Eric Lindsay

- * On a clear disk you can seek forever.
- * Bug? That's not a bug. That's a feature.
- * When in doubt, disassemble.
- * Any port in an interrupt.
- * He who pays the programmer may call the subroutine.
- * If at first you don't succeed, try a different language.
- * A flat file is not a list of apartments.
- * If debugging is the process of removing bugs, then programming must be the process of putting them in.
- * It takes all sorts to make a DMS.
- * A fool and his mnemonics are soon parted.
- * Code in haste, debug at leisure.
- * I write all my critical routines in assembler; and my comedy routines in Fortran.
- * The generation of random numbers is too important to be left to chance.

Famous Last Words:

- * This time it will surely run.
- * I just found the last bug.
- * A bad subroutine is better than none.

Laws of Computer Programming:

1. Any given program, when running, is obsolete.
2. Any given program costs more and takes longer.
3. If a program is useful, it will have to be changed.
4. If a program is useless, it will have to be documented.
5. Any given program will expand to fill all available memory.
6. The value of a program is proportional to the weight of its output.
7. Program complexity grows until it exceeds to capability of the programmers who must maintain it.
8. Make it possible for programmers to write programs in English, and you will find that programmers cannot write English.
9. Inside every large program is a small program struggling to get out.
10. Adding manpower to a late software project makes it later.

Just An Observation:

If builders built building the way programmers write programs, then the first woodpecker that came along would destroy civilization.





jan howard finder
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Latham, NY 12110
USA

23 August 1981

I would like to get 4 October declared as INTERNATIONAL SPACE DAY. 4 Oct 82 will mark the 25th anniversary of the first small step by the human race off the cradle of its infancy - Earth. If you agree, write to your representatives, spread the word, write the UN's Secretary-General, etc.

George Flynn
27 Sowamsett Ave
Warren, RI 02885
USA

9 October 1981

... One point struck me in your review of *Gyn/Ecology*: "But I know of no parallels (among men) to foot-binding or genital mutilation." But there is a parallel, of course: the making of eunuchs. And this is particularly pertinent, since in the most common application (harems) it was the mutilation of men for the specific purpose of more efficiently controlling women. Which I guess shows an interesting hierarchy of values...

Gerald Smith
8 Frawley Street
Frankston, Vic. 3199
Australia

18 October 1981

... It surprises me somewhat that you would repeat this old excuse for not challenging traditional sex roles, Judith. I hope I have misread your article, Judith, but it seems to me that you are resurrecting the old chestnut that a woman who wants to stay in the home, who really wants nothing better than to keep house and have kids, should be respected for such and her wants should not be questioned.

I would agree if the woman in question has had a genuine opportunity to question the traditional role. This would require her being brought up in an environment lacking the sort of conditioning in role playing that presently exists in society. She would need to have had the same opportunities as anyone else (man or woman) to take on the non-traditional roles. If then she chose to stay at home then her choice is a free one, made on the basis of the best information and is therefore one to be respected.

((What I got from Judith's article was the idea that what is termed 'women's work' is valuable and important to the functioning of our society -- not that the sex of the persons doing that work is the relevant thing. And that those people who manage to do these chores, often have a strength of character that the rest of us overlook or dismiss because we don't recognise it as a strength -- JHW))

Kim Huett
GPO Box 429
Sydney, NSW 2001
Australia

14 October 1981

... Judith Hanna's piece interested me because I've found that I often do my best thinking while doing domestic

chores. Despite which, cleaning etc can be utterly boring unless you have that ability to do repetitive tasks. Luckily I have that ability to a fair degree. To tell the truth I get a lot of enjoyment out of neatly organising things. As far as I'm concerned this doesn't automatically make me less intelligent than other people. Some people seem to think that those who enjoy cleaning and organising haven't the mental ability to do anything more complex.

Judith is correct about suburbia in that it wasn't designed for social life. To get that it seems one needs to go elsewhere for it which puts those people without cars at a disadvantage. However, she does seem to be going a bit far in saying that men do not contribute any of the basics. That is one of those sweeping statements that even the one who says it regrets later on as the exceptions to it become apparent.

Judith Hanna
42/6 Wyargine Street
Mosman, NSW 2088
Australia November 1981

I'd like to take issue with the two Johns who disagree with my "In Defence of the Bourgeoisie".

Playford first. I don't see anything wrong with my concept of "civilization" which, as John points out, equates it with happiness. What goal does John propose for his scientific/technological/intellectual "civilization" (which I dismissed as the "superstructure of culture", removed from the actual "reality of life" to which he refers in his resoundingly confused finale)? Progress, perhaps? And we all know where "progress" has landed us -- in a state of ecological crisis from which we may yet be rescued by nuclear near-extinction, if not of the human species, at least of anything approaching either John's or my definitions of civilization. As I argued, it's time for a

re-examination of just that definition of civilization which he espouses.

Now, did I say that "'learning' has been bred into humans"? Actually, I didn't, but I don't disagree with that statement. As Josef Hurtubise could confirm, the premise that human behaviours (including, of course, sex roles) are learned according to the patterns customary to one's cultural group is the basic premise of sociological theory. That this is now being challenged by ethological studies aimed at determining just what instinctual patterns may be shown to underlie any universal human behaviours does not, however, mean that Ardrey-like theorizing from observations of apes and speculations about prehistory have become any more valid. Far from being "of minor importance", the human dependence on learned behaviour is precisely what has enabled us to build up our elaborately artificial (in the Jacobean sense) cultures and civilizations.

Both Johns accuse me of "putting things into little boxes for 'men' and 'women'". No, no! I was too questioning "the roles that the chauvanist society has reserved for us", as the other John (Newman) phrased it. I recognise as fully as they that the concepts of "women's work" and even "women's literature" are the products of past history, no longer necessarily relevant, or indeed desirable, for a future society. But I do not try to deny that those concepts form part of our present society, for they are the roles accepted by most women and men. But by my recognition of "the women's role", and my acknowledgement of the value of that caring for and maintenance of the infrastructure which forms so much of the reality of life, I was not intending to imply (nor did what I actually said imply) either that only women should indulge in these "feminine" activities, or that women should be restricted to these activities and excluded from more traditionally "masculine" areas.

Both Johns, zealous to show themselves fashionably feminist, have read into what I wrote their own stock bobbing blocks and in attacking these have over-reacted in what I can only consider a typical "humourless feminist" fashion.

((I understood perfectly well what you were talking about in the article, Judith, and it's amused me how many men have misunderstood, but I think you're being a bit harsh on the Johns, especially Newman-JHW))

I've been intending for some time to write... disagreeing with yet another John - Alderson - and the farrago of pseudo-anthropological prejudice in WWW3. If only I could work out where to start. As an anthropologist, I agree with Josef Hurtubise's comments. The hotchpotch of sensationalist tit-bits from Aboriginal practices which John presents bears as much resemblance to serious cultural analysis as von Daniken's theories do to plausible cosmology.

"Propaganda does occur in myths" John admits, as though we might be in some doubt about it. Good Lady, myth ain't nothing but propaganda. Historical fact, however, is rare even unto vanishing in myth -- this John doesn't acknowledge. Rather he discusses myth as if it were the account of actual events instead of to be read as a reflection of and justification for the existing complex socio-cultural system. John's understanding of myth seems to be as distorted as his understanding of women.

John Newman
163 Hutton Street
Thornbury, Vic. 3071
Australia 7 December 1981

It appears that the manner I chose to express myself in my comments on Judith Hanna's article "In Defense of the Bourgeoisie" was not appro-

priate, and not appreciated by Judith herself. I apologise for the condescending turn of phrase. It was not meant to imply disrespect.



Avedon Carol
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USA 16 November 1981

John Alderson's anthropology is OK, but his psychology is all wrong... The beard, Mr Alderson, covers the face and thus obscures the expression. Since men are socialized to hide as much of their softer emotions as possible, this is naturally not something we prefer (it is no accident that so few deaf people wear beards -- expression is very important to sign languages). Frankly, I've stopped caring whether a man wears a beard -- rather, I worry whether he shaves consistently if he chooses not to keep a beard. Stubble is an odious thing.

Additionally, there are many documented cases of women being executed as witches although the records themselves show no evidence that these women were practitioners of any religion other than Christianity. In some cases it is quite clear that the charges stem from (a) use of herbal medicine, (b) disobedience to the husband, (c) having fallen into personal disfavor

with the local priest, and (d) inciting the lust of a male citizen (that is, he looked at her and got turned on -- clear evidence of the devil's work, you know. In one case, the man had had an erotic dream about the accused, which he interpreted as her having appeared to him by Satanic means while he was trying to sleep. And yes, she was found guilty and executed).

I believe that we used to dredge up information about how women have been oppressed in the past, not as a means to cast blame on men and make them feel guilty, but rather in response to statements made to prove the inferiority of women, such as that female apes of a certain species appear to be submissive to the males, or that there are no female Shakespeares, or whatever other bullshit reason was dredged up as an excuse for underpaying women and trying to make birth control illegal.

The existence of Mary Daly's books is a direct response to clerical and academic bullshit which has been dredged up to prove that God and Nature have decreed that men are incapable of washing their own dishes and paying attention to their children and understanding language. You think women like having to dig up all these counter-attacks? We thought you guys just liked us and when we said we didn't want to keep on being a male supremacist society, you'd just say, "OK, if that's what you want. Makes sense." Instead, we heard all this rubbish about the monkeys and gross motor co-ordination and strength and quotes from Dr

Johnson and all that. Maybe it would have been more effective to just say, "I don't care about the monkeys! I want a bigger paycheck. I don't care about there being no female Rembrandts; do the dishes. I don't care what you can lift; feed the baby. I don't care what Freud said; I'm not upset because I'm overemotional, I'm upset because you're acting like a jackass."



Neville J Angove

P.O. Box 770

Canberra City, ACT 2601

Australia

24 November 1981

Josef Hurtubise should be more careful with the "insults" he uses - he seems to be the leading contender for the "1981 Nev Angove Popularity Award". For example, "cretin" is not an insult per se, but rather a technical term with a well-defined meaning in law in both Australia and

New Zealand. To call someone a cretin is to call them insane, which is libellous. It would be safer to use the adjective, "cretinous", but would be even safer to stick to well-known and vague insults such as "fuckwitted" that was applied to John Alderson (amongst others).

My comment about the poor male in rape cases is not without foundation. My brother, several years ago, was set up by a female of our mutual acquaintance; she had planned to have sexual intercourse with him, and then claim rape if he did not agree to take responsibility for the child she was carrying (fathered by some unknown male). As a psychologist I have "studied" women who felt it was acceptable to tease a man almost to the bedroom door, and then back out of the affair with great delight at the male's discomfiture; I have met young women who have claimed they would cry "rape" if their parents discovered them in compromising situations, or if they otherwise wanted to revenge themselves on a male; I have counselled one man who was accused of rape even though he was totally incapable of penetration (and was actually terrified of women). On the other hand, I know of many men who believe that it is not rape unless they have to threaten the women with a knife - just bashing her a few times is, to them, gentle persuasion.

I know that a great many rapes are not reported, and I know that a great many reported rapists escape with little or no punishment. But that does not excuse the fact that many women have used the rape accusation as a means of revenge, not of justice. I do pity the poor male, raised in a society that glorifies sexually dominant men and applauds women who offer sexual intercourse as a bribe for services rendered.

((I really must publish that essay I did on rape, in which I discuss the problems of our society's attitudes

towards sex, violence, and male-female relations, which lead to the sorts of situations described by Nev. These are the reasons why I, amongst many feminists, believe "rape" should be treated as "assault", removing as much of the sexual element as possible. What is really needed, of course, is a change in attitudes amongst both sexes -- but that takes a long time, and is very difficult --JHW))

I find nothing strange in being a psychologist who dislikes people... the fact that I do not like rapists, murderers, child molesters or politicians does not mean that I cannot study them. Does Ashby like all her clients - or does she refuse those whom she dislikes? Does a doctor have to like disease, or an executioner like killing, or a soldier like war? I understand people, empathise with people, enjoy studying people, love people; but I do not have to associate with them directly as a recreation. I admit that once I did like people unreservedly, but then I became a fan, and discovered that fandom exemplifies all that is unlikeable in people.

((Do elaborate on that, Neville -- I do not see that fans are any more, or less, likeable, than other groupings of people, such as cricket fans, show dog raisers, or feminists. --JHW))

Ashby's continued vilification of anything or anyone who disagrees with her is an example of what I don't like about people. I suggest she study the process of thesis-antithesis-synthesis, to see why valid disagreement is healthy and promotes understanding, and why attacking their person instead of the argument causes conflict.

((I didn't notice any "vilification" in Christine's remarks in WWW4, to you or anyone else. I did notice some witty turns of phrase which some may interpret - why are you so defensive, Neville? Or maybe this letter is your version of witty repartee? -JHW))

Dammit, I just realised that Ashby is a solicitor, and therefore makes her living by discrediting both arguments and people, for a fee; I make my living by treating people as biological machines, to be guided towards producing the maximum long-term output. I wonder which of us really treats people with the least respect and regard.



Gerald Boyko
P O Box 826, Stn A
Vancouver, BC
Canada V6C 2N6 25 Novemb. 81

When I went to the 39th Worldcon, I was impressed with the A in '83 bid committee. I was even more impressed when, about 1/2 second after the vote for the '83 site was announced, the Australians distributed bulletins for Melbourne in '85. Talk about bouncing back from defeat, never say die, and all that.

I realize the Melbourne concom is a separate group from the '83 group - an Aussie explained it to me - but it was still impressive.

Denys Howard
1013 N 36th
Seattle, WA 98103
USA 3 December . 81

The article by Judith Hanna, "In Defence of the Bourgeoisie", was a major disappointment. It was frightfully sophomoric, lacked thematic coherence, and used words in strange and unusual ways without defining them

... Hanna uses the word "bourgeoisie" in its 18th and 19th Century connotations; it was coined to mean the "middle class" between the nobility and peasantry. Surely no one in all of Australia currently fits that definition. The class so described went on to become the ruling class in society, edging out the nobility, the former title-holders. We use the same word to refer to a group of vastly different circumstances now: that 1% of the white western societies who thoroughly dominate the economic and intellectual lives of all the rest of humanity. I somehow doubt Hanna is in that group.

... John Alderson's fatuous article "Myths and Mutilation" (is) drenched in misogyny.. Alderson fails to grasp ... the impetus behind books such as Gyn/Ecology: they are an effort to explain in human history the origins of the incontrovertible fact we face today (and which Alderson conveniently demonstrates sub rosa in his article), that virtually all men hate virtually all women with a contempt and passion which is nothing short of astonishing. This is especially amazing when we see that this hatred and loathing is couched in the most precious of ideologies, that of "love". The disdain which this article demonstrates for women qua women makes me wonder why you even bothered printing it.

((I found the information on Aboriginals interesting, and was curious to see what readers would say about the rest. It's certainly generated a lot of mail. --JHW))

... Why bother printing a lament from Eric Lindsay that you demonstrate a feminist bias/sic/? Why do you even want people in your reading audience who can say with a straight face that you should provide equal rights (of access to the zine) for men?

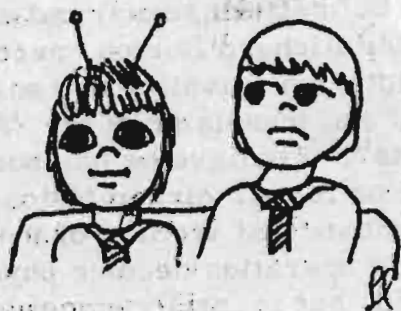
((Because I find Eric's stirring so obviously deliberate, and so amusing, and it enrages my readers. Also, I am not running a zine for women.

My sense of humour seems similar to Eric's at times, and different from other people's who don't know when we're joking.))

Jon Noble's letter was a pleasant contrast to all the other boy-drivel on your pages; likewise that of Marc Ortlieb. I did think you short-changed the latter on the question of "barriers", though. His point about the normalcy and necessity of choosing how much of yourself to "reveal" to people is well-taken; in my opinion you changed the subject by accusing him of keeping up "barriers" even in intimate relationships, a practice which I did not read his letter as condoning. . .

A question of style: why do so many Ozzines prefer a line of dashes half-a-space below a book title, over the American standard of underlining?

((I don't know why other do it, but I do because the brand of (cheap) stencils I use often tends to shred if weakened by too much underlining. - JHW))



Leslie David
P O Box 5057
Ft Lee, VA 23801
USA
4 December 1981

... With all this discussion on feminism, I'm finding it difficult to find out just what I do believe. I am not a whole hearted supporter of the ERA (Equal Rights Amendment) because I hate having the government stick their fingers in every piece of legislative pie, though I do believe in equal jobs for equal pay and the right of a

woman to work anywhere she wants and go anywhere she wants without the threat of sexual harassment or rape. I believe in being assertive rather than aggressive and don't like becoming fanatical on the subject. Right now there's a lot of controversy going on in the Army about a woman's role in the Army. Now women in the Army isn't exactly a new concept, we've been around since WWII, but with the abolishment of the Women's Army Corps in 1975, a whole new set of problems arose as women wanted to fill more than just clerical and administrative jobs. Recently women were integrated in training units and had a greater selection of specialties to choose from than before, but now, under Reagan a study is being done on the role of women in the Army.

What is happening is that they're trying to push us out of many specialties they say we can't handle physically. As a result of this, morale is low. Women have always come up last in the Army - none of the uniforms developed for women have had the durability or same degree of quality as the men's, and everything we get costs more. On top of this, General Julius Becton in Germany is trying to get the Army to implement a new "get tough" policy on pregnant women. What General Becton proposes is that any pregnant first term soldier be given the option to abort or be discharged. This is rather ironic considering Army hospitals will not do abortions and neither will the military fund them. Because of the attitude of the men I work with, I find myself becoming a much more vocal feminist than I had ever wanted to be. I always thought that when the crusty old men of the older generation retired, that our problems would be over. But that's not so. It seems that military academies are turning out crusty old men at the age of 22.

Jon Noble
97 Burns Rd
Springwood, NSW 2777
Australia 8 December 1981

It seems to me that Julie Vaux makes the problem of witchcraft and the occult in 17th Century Europe overly complex. The suggestion that Druids survived as an occult group into this period is amazing. Certainly modern druids have little in common with the ancient ones as is witnessed by their use of Stonehenge.

As for witches, this is a subject upon which I once did some research. Witchcraft beliefs are amazingly universal; Australian aborigines and Eskimos are among the few people not to believe in witches. Not only this, but also there is a lot of common ground in these beliefs. The story of the conquistadors' amazement at the Aztec witch beliefs, which included them flying on broomsticks, while facing backwards (the same as was believed in Europe, recent children's book illustrations notwithstanding) is well known, but a parallel can be made with the African belief that witches ride pigs facing backwards, and the Chinese belief that they walk backwards (etc etc). The overwhelming bulk of evidence suggests that 17th Century witches were in fact contemporary equivalents of McCarthy's communists of the 1950's. It is interesting to note that the Salem witch trials ceased when most of those doing the accusing were in turn condemned of witchcraft and hung. Under local laws anyone accused of witchcraft who repented was released (they were a Christian society), hence many of those hung were those who refused to repent for something they didn't do - the holier-than-thou types who started it all.

((I'm glad I'm not the only one who has read and accepts the theory of witches as victims. -JHW))

The idea that witchcraft was an ancient religion stems in part from Crowley, Waite, MacGregor and that crowd, and partly from the poor anthropology of Margaret Murray. There is no historical evidence for it. The universality of witchcraft beliefs would seem to make it an extremely ancient religion if this were the case.



Diane Southgate Fox
P O Box 129
Lakemba, NSW 2195
Australia 12 December 1981

Have been unable to find one of my books that contains a good deal of the writings on matters sexual and similar, by Sir Richard Burton, unconventional Victorian traveller and anthropologist, and translator of the "Arabian Nights". I believe he has some material on female circumcision, and comments that victims of the de-litorizing operation become physically frigid, but mentally somewhat morbid - 'Sex in the head' as D H Lawrence so disgustedly puts it. A displacement of the normal (and no longer fulfillable) pleasure response into psychological gratification manifesting itself as an interest in promiscuity and downright kinkiness...

...Re your comments on car thefts/rapists, I was reminded of some of J G Ballard's rather wild comments on the same theme. I should think that if anyone went in for a direct identification and decided to indulge in autosexuality, the exhaust pipe would

be a fairly logical place (autosodomy?) but only after the motor had been turned off for awhile and the thing had cooled down somewhat (autonecrophilia). The chrome ornament on the hood would be in many cases of suitable phallic shape and dimensions for physical amusement - often these feature some animal (autobestiality?). I'd better shut up or people might think me auto-peculiar.

((And I hope my drastic editing of your letter, juxtaposing these two subjects, does not give readers too wrong an impression of you-JHW))

Rick Kennett
46 Soudan St
Coburg, Vic. 3058
Australia 20 December 1981

Is it just my imagination, or do I detect a certain amount of sexism in Star Trek? I assume you've seen at least a few episodes, so do you agree or disagree on this? It's just that I recently saw the two-part episode "The Menagerie" which in reality is the very first ST episode with an entirely different cast as the Enterprise's crew, except for Spock. In this 1966 pilot the starship... has a woman second-in-command. Spock, it seems, is the third officer. With only one exception the women crew members seemed more practically dressed for deeds of interstellar daring-do than the short-dressed, black stockinged, high booted (pause while I have a cold shower) ladies under Kirks captaincy.

((Yes, I had noticed the discrepancy between the pilot and the series, and have always been irritated by the women's clothing. I note that many of the ^{female} ST fans I've seen wear practical slacks-and-tunic like the men. Also that recent American sf tv has not improved much on the "sexy" female outfits, though some may be slightly more practical. - JHW))

Roger Wedd II
12 Midvale Ave.
North Balwyn, Vic. 3104
Australia November 1981

I must comment on something Christine Ashby said, - "Just about all of Melbourne fandom..." Christine is not in a position to speak for Melbourne fandom. The group she is referring to is mainly the group that was involved in running Aussiecon... But since 1975 things have changed. The Melbourne University Science Fiction Association (MUSFA) has been a much more active force in the last 6 years, than the people Christine associates with. Other people, such as those who were based at Monash Uni but who have spread to being the "general Melbourne" sf populace, and others who simply met each other by coming to cons etc - all these people exist, and for the most part Christine et al are simply unaware of these others, by far in the majority. I doubt if most people actively involved in what one could call as 'sf' circle even know that Christine, or Derrick, or the Magic Puddin' Club, etc exist or ever existed. And I object to the fact that others may think she represents all of "Melbourne fandom"... (not that) there is any large group in Melbourne... most people don't know each other, or only vaguely.

((I think Christine is well aware of this situation, Roger, as am I -- but she, like I, indulges in a bit of hyperbole to make a point sometimes. -JHW))

I'm quite disgusted by what John Alderson has to say - it's insidious propaganda, in a way that perhaps you may not have considered - a former girlfriend and more than a few previous female acquaintances had never considered how his remarks act upon men. You see, in a way it's easier - much easier, for you - for women in general - to disagree with him generally, to discard what he mouths as rubbish. But think of it from my situation. Here we

are, in a regretfully male-oriented society (it's changing, but there's a loooong way to go), and me with a sensible (I think) idea of how things should be, and along comes this glib propagator of an insidious, paranoid sexist myth, telling me that I am wrong and I really am superior, better, destined to be more powerful, etc. Admittedly, there is ... little danger from John, who is as subtle as a sledgehammer... But seriously consider the effect - more casual, subtle brand of the same message imports. Here your average male is, being constraint assured - reminded - that, yes, he is better than all "those silly women".

((To be fair, John's article didn't say anything about superiority, just differences, but taken in conjunction with other propoganda, it does reinforce that message -JHW))

My whole point is, surely it is easier to disagree with someone who tells you you're inferior than it is to disagree with someone who tells you you're superior. ((Which is no doubt why the sexists have changed their tactics-JHW)) Everyone likes to be told that they're okay. Everyone likes being reassured, and told how good they are. Therefore it's so much more insidious, the propoganda that males have to endure about how men are better. Meanwhile, of course, there's also no denying the fact that it's the women who are worse off and suffering because of these sexist attitudes, but please don't ever entirely discount the fact that it's also difficult for men not to go along with the established sexist set of values... (and) it's not only men who are sexist - in favour of the male supremacy idea.

((Thanks, Roger, for stating very well a point I've been making for years, that sexism affects men adversely, too - and, by implication, that Men Are Not the Enemy. -JHW))



David Dismore
516 So. Alexandria Ave #103
Los Angeles, CA 90020
USA

((This letter actually appeared in the Los Angeles Herald Examiner in January 1981, but Dave sent me a copy of it. -JHW))

(Those who fantasize) that the feminist movement is about to self-destruct as women scurry back to the kitchen upon realizing they can't devote 100 per cent of their time to parenting and work outside the home as well, conveniently ignore half the responsible parenthood equation: fatherhood!

A basic feminist principle is that parenthood is an extremely important choice and responsibility -- important enough that both the joys and responsibilities should be shared by a couple according to their own individual abilities. Arbitrarily assigning the entire emotional/nurturing responsibility to the mother and the entire financial responsibility to the father often can short-change the child as much as the parents.

More than enough lip service has been paid to the idea that a child needs two parents. Let's raise boys to be loving, highly involved fathers, even if it means spending a little less time as "providers". And enough of the hypocrisy of men berating women for not cheerfully accepting the myth that

motherhood must be a 24-hour-a-day obsession and fatherhood an expensive hobby. If anti-feminist fathers want their children to have more attention and love, then give it! Don't demand it be done for you, like some well-past-draft-age hawk who waves the flag and shouts that no sacrifice is too great as long as someone else has to make it.

Nobody says it's easy to combine a challenging career outside the home and responsible parenthood -- but that goes for men as well, and thanks to the feminist movement, more and more men are realizing that. And, like the feminist movement itself, that's good for men, women and children.

((Dave will also, at the drop of a pen, write letters on the virtues of remaining childfree, or of remaining a virgin... interesting man. He's currently cycling across the USA on behalf of the Equal Rights Amendment. -JHW))

Julie Vaux
14 Zara Road
Willoughby, NSW 2068
Australia 25 November 1981

I'd like to extend my remarks on the Emyrri, having now re-read the article and your comments.

The Emyrri society, being 'real' to me, at least, is not perfect, like most societies, and, symbolically, is a mirror to the other, less aggressive societies. I am planning a series - "The Ballads of Emyrri" - that show the evolution of the Emyrri from a primitive society to its patriarchal phase to a modern democracy.

...I'm selecting incidents from 10 000 years of a planetary history... Emyrri is a caste-oriented society. It was their change from a grouping of clans to a caste society that led to their migration to the present lands from the Land of Winds (an ocean-ringed cape).

What I meant by "men are men and women are women" in the village of High Gold is that sexual differences are not used as a put-down there. It's not an issue, perhaps because the sexual dimorphism is more marked in that species. (For example, there's always at least 6" of height difference between the two sexes.) The Forest Folk feel that since men and women are obviously different, it's ridiculous to put down the other sex and play power games, "like those crazy Emyrri. They're sun-touch'd" - "they must be, cutting down whole trees" - a Forest Folk opinion of the Emyrri. (When the Forest Folk need timber, they only cut down branches or dead wood.)

((Julie went on at some length, and I must apologize for printing only a portion of her letter... she also sent a story about High Gold Village, which I shall publish next time, not having enough space this issue. --JHW))

...the Emyrri are the "bad guys" of Comor... At any rate, even in a societal cultural complex as patriarchal as Emyrri, I do believe it is possible using this society as a framework, to create adventures containing positive role models. I ask you and your readers not to judge my friends of Comor on the habits of one small portion of the planet. To present a contrast I am sending you an article, depicting a summer's day in the village of High Gold, a matriarchal clan society, modified by contact with a higher level technological one.

Roger Weddall
(address above) December 1981

I passionately hate the idea of WAHF columns. What are they for? If I write someone a letter, I know I sent it, and then so does the sendee, when they receive it. So what is the point?

((Editors don't always reply to locs received, and given the state of the postal service these days, especially

internationally, it is useful to list letters received, when they are not published. That way the writer at least knows the letter got to its destination. Most people who write to faneds do so, I think, to ensure that they continue to get the publication and also in the hope that the letter will be published. If one wishes merely to correspond, particularly if the editor is a personal friend or acquaintance, they are likely to mark the letter DNQ (Do Not Quote). I like to think I can usually tell the difference in the letters I receive (not always!). And yes, of course, some faneds list WAHF as an exercise in egoboo - see, I get mail from these well-known people. Why not? --JHW))

Judith Hanna

(address above) 1 January 1982

((Judith sent me a copy of a letter she had written to John Newmah, continuing their debate on her article; see her earlier letter --JHW))

"Instinct" and civilization, eh? Yes, I did skim over a complex and fascinating area, just in passing, there, an area where anthropological theory at the moment is undergoing an upheaval. Basically, the traditionally accepted position has been that culture (of which "civilization" is the self-defined highest form) is a matter of learned behaviours, and "learning" again by definition, stands as the opposite of "instinct", i.e. instinctive behaviours are innate patterns which do not need to be learned though their appearance may be dependent on exposure to "releaser" stimuli. From this definitional material, it follows that civilization, as a form of culture, is built upon learned, not instinctive, behaviour patterns; instinct, insofar as it affects human behaviour, dictates the fundamental necessities for survival.

Recently, following ethological studies by e.g. Lorenz and Tinbergen,

anthropological interest in what instinctive behaviour patterns may be found to underlie human (species-wide, not culturally derived) behaviour has revived; Ardrey's writings are the best known but, in my opinion at least, among the least reliable since they base their arguments upon paleontological evidence - which gives only skimpy circumstantial clues as to behaviour - and upon primate studies. The "instincts" upon which Ardrey focusses are primarily the "masculine drives" of aggression and territoriality, which drives produce wars, politics and all the other superstructure of history which I argued in my article are anti my definition of civilization as the fabric of life which as John Playford pointed out equates with "happiness"... But yes, you are right, I did not make all that at all clear previously.

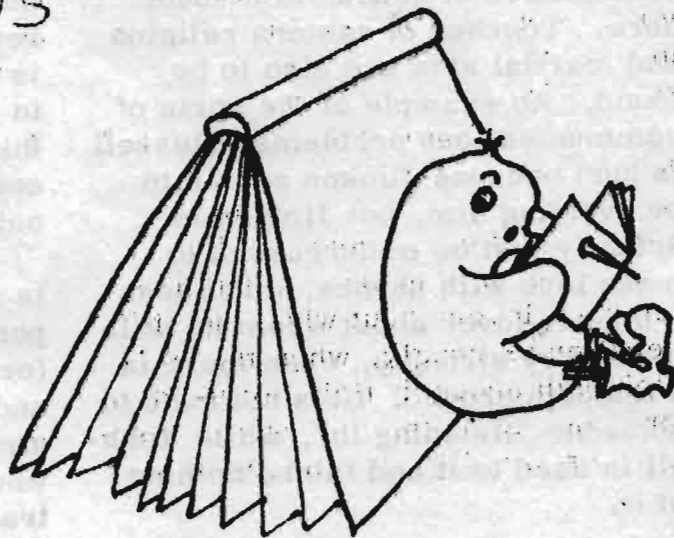
((Judith went on to talk about the housewife's role, but I think that part of the letter is worthy of an article in itself; if there's room at the end of this zine, I shall put it in; otherwise, next time... at this rate, I should go bimonthly; wish I had the resources of energy and cash. JHW))

WAHF (nyah nyah to you, Roger):
Roclof Goudriaan, Robert Clements,
Al Fitzpatrick, John Playford (who sent me a cover for the next WWW),
R Laurraine Etihasi, Peter Graham.



Book Reviews

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



Elizabeth A Lynn:

A Different Light (1978)

Watchtower (1979)

The Dancers of Arun (1979)

The Northern Girl (1980)

(the last 3 are "Chronicles of Tornor")

Elizabeth A Lynn creates worlds to delight the heart of any feminist. Generally speaking, issues such as homo/heterosexuality and racism are very minor or non-issues in her societies. Which is not to say that she's writing "utopian" fiction -- far from it. But she's removed some of the issues that make interpersonal relationships complex, in order to more closely look at other issues. For example, her main characters tend to be concerned about real or imagined inadequacies in themselves; during the course of a book they learn to value their strengths and worry less about the weaknesses. She doesn't portray "good" versus "bad" people; all her people have both good and bad points, just like "real" people. All the usual human traits are there: greed, for example, so there's plenty of scope for conflict. She explores the virtues of resolving conflict by other than violent means, especially in the sense of determining when the problem is really one

of lack of communication. I really enjoy visiting her worlds, and look forward to returning.

I can't say I like her writing style very much, though, but that's a more personal matter of taste. Her sentence structure tends to be too short and choppy for my preference.

In A Different Light, Jimson Alleca is a talented artist who is dying of a rare form of cancer. He is confined to the planet of New Terrain because the radiation of hyperspace is likely to worsen his condition and kill him within a year; with his medication he could live perhaps 20 years. But his longing to see other worlds is too strong; he goes with his current lover Leiko, a former lover, Russell, and a telepath, Yao, on a mission to steal some exotic masks from a planet that is not listed on the official charts. There they find telepathic people who use the masks as amplifiers, and are forced to kill some of them. Jimson's disease gets rapidly worse, but he learns there is a possibility of a sort of reprieve at Psi Center, the training planet for telepaths. The story is relatively uncomplicated, and centres mostly on the feelings and interactions of the characters, but there is enough action and intrigue to interest other readers. The underlying thematic

assumption of "lovers" being in any combination of sexes, is evident here. Touches of eastern religion and martial arts are also to be found. An example of the sorts of communications problems: Russell is hurt because Jimson seems to be avoiding him, but Jimson is actually just too embarrassed to make love with anyone, much less a former lover about whom he still feels very strongly, when there is a telepath around! He's not used to someone "listening in", while Russell is used to it and thinks nothing of it.

The first book of the Chronicles of Tornor trilogy, titled Watchtower, introduces us to Tornor Keep, in the north of the Land of Arun, and to Sorren, the daughter of the Lord of the Keep. Sorren has left the Keep to travel as a messenger with her lover, a woman named Norres. When Tornor Keep falls to a southern barbarian, Errel (the heir), Ryke (his manservant), and Sorren eventually join the chearis in their isolated valley. (More about chearis in a minute) They cannot stay in this idyllic setting, however, but must go back to try to liberate Tornor. In this book we are introduced to the main themes of the series. Lynn's people are of various skin colour, hair colour and texture, etc; although a mark of which part of the country one's from, these 'racial' characteristics have little significance to the characters. Thus a reader who believes a multi-racial society is desirable, will feel comfortable here; and as a model to counteract the usual stereotyping of races, it is delightful.

Likewise, the fact that men pair with men, or women with women, or in heterosexual or bisexual combinations, is a generally-accepted fact of life in Arun (even amongst those who think it's a little odd). In many cases one must read several pages to find out which sex a character is.

Lynn's most important creation is the society of chearis, a group of people of both sexes who have left (or been exiled from) their society, and who have set up their own society, almost a feminist utopia, where those who are interested and capable, are trained in the martial arts and dance (anyone with even a rudimentary knowledge of some Japanese martial



arts (I am in this category) knows that there is little difference between the two.) The chearis' creed emphasizes non-fighting unless all else fails; when they do fight, they are exceptionally good at it.

The second volume, Dancers of Arun, takes place several generations after Watchtower. A young man (Kerris), fostered at Tornor, is reunited with his brother and sets off to Elath, a city where he can receive training in the use of his psi powers. Kerris has only one arm (having lost the other as a baby in a raid which killed his mother). He feels very inferior because he could never train in the martial arts; and he's frightened by his dreams (awakening psi) which were misunderstood by the people at Tornor. This book largely depicts Kerris' awakening to the knowledge that each person has gifts which make them valuable; his 'handicap' is mostly in his own mind. Again, the themes of multi-racialism, variable sexual pairings (or groupings), communal living, and the superiority of negotiation over conflict, are background in this story. People and their personal problems abound, even while the Elath group defend themselves against wild people from the desert. Some readers may find the "incest" between the two brothers objectionable; I have always thought that sibling incest, particularly when both parties are adults, is quite a different thing from parent-child incest; that fact that it's two men may further complicate the topic for those who find such things not to their liking. I found it good to be jolted out of sexual stereotypes.

The third volume, Northern Girl, takes place many years later, long after the chearis have evolved into guards in the cities or into travelling bands of dancers, and edged weapons have been banned in Kendra-on-the-Delta. The book centres around a

second Sorren, many generations removed from her namesake in Tornor. She is a bondservant who is freed and pursues her visions back to the Keep. Along the way she learns the art of archery, and drums for a group of dancers. The debate over weapons (sort of a disarmament treaty question) wanders through the book.

I enjoyed this trilogy immensely; visiting the Land of Arun was a real joy. Lynn is well able to create vivid impressions of the people and places.

-- Reviewed by Jean Weber

C. J. Cherryh

Sunfall, 1981

Wave Without A Shore, 1981

Hestia, 1979

These books are not related except by having the same author. Sunfall is a collection of long short stories (not listed as having been published anywhere else before); taking place in various cities of Earth at a time in the far future when the sun is dying and the people who haven't gone to the stars have mostly fallen into long-established stagnant patterns of life. The cities are: Paris (where people were immortal; if their bodies died, their consciousnesses were reborn in newly-born children; thus a 'real' death was longed for by many); London (where a woman banished to The Tower meets the ghosts of millenia past; together they plot her escape); Moscow (where the inhabitants have regressed to a pastoral existence, surrounded by ice and snow; does The Wolf bewitch the Hunter); Rome (the dream machine is inadequate for the Tyant; only a dream of an alien world will do - but is it a dream?); New York City (many kilometres high, the Manhattan Tower requires crews of men and women to work on its outside, especially when new construction is needed; but the powerful try to beat the computers in deciding whose view is to be ruined, or whose fortune

will be made; the lives of the high-liners literally hang in the balance); Peking (the people of the Forbidden City lead lazy lives, not appreciating the danger of the nomads of the desert, who are led by a reincarnation of a man who has been many conquerors over the centuries; but will the pattern of conquest be broken this time?). A magnificent series of tightly-written stories, each conveying a strong image of the time and place, and the feelings of the inhabitants. Several stories have strong female leads; though they may on the surface appear to be concerned mainly with so-called trivial feminine pursuits (beauty, for example) they are strong people.

Wave Without a Shore is a complicated, in-depth study of philosophical clashes. Freedom is a planet where the intellectuals are so trained in the existentialist notions of "one's own reality", that they don't - literally - see people who clash with that reality, or aliens (which also clash with their reality). This occasionally leads to some bizarre contradictions. When someone does "see" an "invisible", he or she considers her/himself to be insane and promptly drops out of society and becomes an invisible her/himself. Outsiders (visitors from other planets) of course do not comprehend any of this. Herrin is an artist, capable of sculpting statues that can mould their viewers' thoughts. The descriptions of his work are dramatic. Waden Jenks is First Citizen of Freedom, who attended university with Herrin and understands the immense strengths in his art, and Herrin's weaknesses. Their strengths complement each other, yet they are wary of each other. Jenks' reality encompasses Outsiders; he realises that Freedom must deal with them, lest they come in with firepower and take over. Herrin's reality rejects Outsiders,



and he finds it difficult to accept Jenks' views. Herrin eventually is forced to become an invisible, and then to deal with the planet's alien inhabitants. Again, clashes of cultures. Cherryh's writing conveys great strength of vision in an economy of words. Though there's action in this book, there's also a lot of philosophy and devious maneuvering of thought, which may be a bit off-putting for some readers. I like that sort of thing. It's not a particularly "feminist" book, though there is one strong (though relatively minor) female character. It's a book in which the sex of the characters is largely irrelevant (unless you consider outlook to be sex-related, which I don't; culture-related or culturally-assigned sex-related outlooks, yes; but in this culture the attitudes that are relevant to the story are common to both sexes).

Hestia, by contrast, is an uncomplicated book, so much so that I wonder if it was written for young readers. It's a fairly typical (though well-written) tale of racist attitudes on the part of colonists on a planet, and of one man who doesn't share their attitudes. He spends time amongst the alien inhabitants and learns how things seem from their point of view (being invaded), then tries to change the attitudes of the colonists. Again, not a particularly "feminist" book -- just to show that I read, enjoy, review and recommend a variety of works.

-- Reviewed by Jean Weber

((Too low on the page to start a new review; poor planning...))

Joe Haldeman, Worlds, 1981.

I was very impressed with this book. It is a magnificent example of a female protagonist being portrayed very realistically, in all her strengths and weaknesses, and shows - if anyone still doubted - that a man can write convincingly of a female character.

Marianne O'Hara lives on one of several asteroids which have been shifted into earth-orbit. Several of these "worlds" have been colonised by cult groups of one sort or another, which gives the author the chance to make a few relevant political comments. Marianne lives on New New York, where sexual promiscuity is virtually obligatory, and males and females have equal rights and responsibilities. A political science student, she has the opportunity to spend a year on polluted, overcrowded Earth, doing graduate study. As she travels around, she sees the contrasts of people's lives: Haldeman has extrapolated each of several societies (e.g. Moslem) to a slight extreme - again good for some political points. If I sound like I'm being sarcastic, I'm not - it was very well handled, and though I could see the little lessons being laid out for me, I didn't feel like I was being lectured at. Haldeman does an excellent job of making his points within the context of the story line, as part of what happens to Marianne.

Some of these points have very much to do with the status of women under different political regimes.

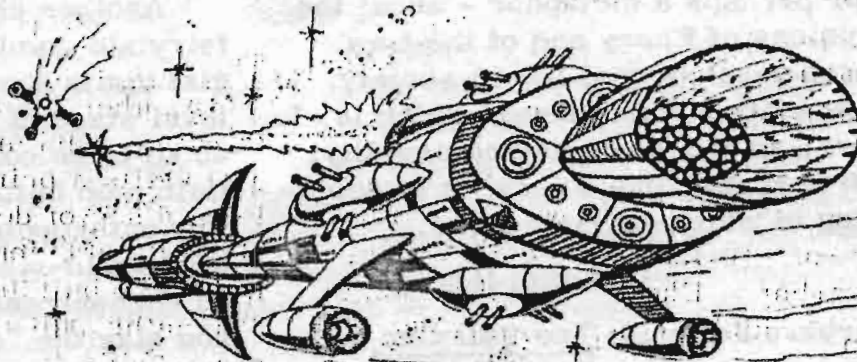
But the main focus of the novel was wider - power struggles at high levels. The Earth people are, not surprisingly, jealous of the Worlds, and feel that the latter are

holding them to ransom for power and materials. Earthers feel, in turn, that they can control the Worlds by denying them things they need, like water. It is a tense situation, and the presence of a strong revolutionary underground force does not help. Marianne becomes inadvertently involved in this power struggle, as a visible "representative" of the Worlds. Some surprising twists in the story take place, and the ending is rather downbeat...but I'm told it is the first of several books, so I'm most looking forward to the sequel.

I've admired Haldeman's writing ever since I discovered him (just before his visit to Australia a couple years ago), though the emphasis on martial things in most of his works hasn't interested me all that much. In fact, it was his ability to sustain my interest in his books despite my disinterest in the subject matter, that most impressed me. This book deals more with politics than war, and so is of more interest to me. The characterisation is good, too. Highly recommended.

-- Reviewed by Jean Weber

((Many of the books I select to review are those which I don't see reviewed all that often in other fanzines, especially works by women; the above will probably be an exception as it should have very wide appeal.))



Jean Markale, Women of the Celts.

Another man, nostalgic for the rule of strong women, seeking archetypes of matriarchy in archaic legend, Markale looks to Celtic legends of love for patterns of how the sexes should relate in a society where woman is respected as the fount of secrets, life and meaning. Another poetic excursion beyond the sober facts. Once again, some liberties with the original texts have been taken.

--Reviewed by Judith Hanna

Katherine Kurtz, the Deryni chronicles.

I have read these but found them unimpressive: very stereotyped, and treating my beloved Celtic setting with commonplace Romance medieval conventions, which is not at all the Celtic spirit. I tend to make unfavourable comparisons between the Deryni books and Patricia McKillop's Harpist in the Wind Trilogy; the latter not only manages to avoid the shallowness of stereotyping, but also the simplistic Good/Evil dichotomy. McKillop manages a subtle and fluid treatment of complex characters, in a plot that is similarly fluidly unpredictable.

-- Judith Hanna

Hope Mirrales, Lud in the Mist.

Another original fantasy, this is more in the fairytale tradition than in the legendary. It is, I think, an allegory - or perhaps a metaphor - about the illusions of Faery and of the Law which governs real life in society. It is written with charm, which is, I know, an old-fashioned commodity. But perhaps, like Faery, it is something of which we need more.

-- Judith Hanna

Barbara Jefferis, The Tall One, etc.

This Australian woman writes medieval adventure, e.g. the adventures of Mary Mary, blessed (doubly) with

the Holy name, who rises from being a serf's daughter, to serving the Lady of the Manor, then wanders England, first with an alchemist, then with a travelling circus, to end up a free-woman with a house of her own. Though the book ends there, it would seem to leave her a prime candidate for witchcraft accusations.

-- Judith Hanna

Susan Cooper, The Dark is Rising series, consisting of Over Sea Under Stone, The Dark is Rising, Greenwitch, The Grey King, Silver on the Tree.

Written for children. The first book starts out rather Enid Blyton "family on holiday by the sea", but if you keep on with them, things improve. The children - a family of three, and Will Stanton who is the youngest of the "Old Ones", get caught up in the epic struggle between light and dark. In the process they discover the Holy Grail, meet the Wild Hunt, meet the son of King Arthur, and, of course, save the world. Which is the obligatory epic ending. Copper keeps control of her material (which I find that Alan Garner in his Drisingamen duology does not), and keeps up the reader's interest. Excellent children's fantasy, not bad as adult reading.

-- Judith Hanna

Sylvia Engdahl, Enchantress from The Stars.

Another children's book - sf and fairytale combined. An anthropologist visits a primitive planet (in medieval stage of development), which is about to be colonized by an imperialistic mob building a galactic empire. The anthropologist, using the natives' own world-view and impersonating an enchantress, helps the woodcutter's son slay the "dragon" that is clearing the forest for the colony, and scare off the invaders. Very good as human character development and as science-

fictionalisation of fairytale conventions.

-- Judith Hanna

Dee Brown, Creek Mary's Blood.

This is a novel unlike his earlier book (Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee) but a very good one: a mixture of history and postulations. I suspect the characters are all based on relatives of some of his Amerindian friends. The novel starts with Creek Mary - Amayi - warrior and queen - miko, beloved woman of the democratic Creek tribe and in pre-revolution America. It follows her life and marriage into the Cherokee tribe up to the infamous Trail of Tears, and that of the narrator her grandson Dane who is adopted into the Cheyenne tribe. The book ends with his granddaughter in 1905, returning as the first Amerindian woman doctor and struggling to set up a clinic on the reservation. Although the narrator is male, there are plenty of strong characters, male and female, and many strongly drawn minor characters. All of these are caught up in the conflict between white and Indian culture, by their rejection of it, or their compromise with it.

-- Reviewed by Julie Vaux

Elfquest - An Introduction

Are you one of those people who guiltily sneak up to the comics stand at newsagencies? Do you find yourself bored with most Marvel and DC comics, find Warren sexist and Heavy Metal too "arty"? Try Elfquest -- it's a joy!

I still remember wandering into Steve's at Bondi Junction and spotting No. 3 on a small side rack - reading it on the train home - Wow-Glow-Wow! Elves, Swords, Magic, Adventure, Romance - a well-drawn black and white with full colour paintings for covers. Huh - instead of raving I'd better be explaining --



Elfquest is into its 10th issue soon ((this was written six months ago - JHW)) with a full colour book coming out at year's end. It is drawn by Wendy Pini and co-authored and inked by her and her husband Richard. The story is that of the Wolfriders, a tribe of elves who have empathic bonds with a wolf-pack.

These elves are descended from the High Ones, refugees from another planet/dimension who over the centuries have been split up into isolated groups surrounded by hostile humans who resent and fear the elves' psi powers.

The quest is that of the Wolf riders for other Elf tribes. Over the centuries their "magic powers" have diminished, along with their height - adaption to higher gravity? (Wendy leaves this unsaid as Elfquest is fantasy, although the Elf "magic" can also be seen as psi or esper powers.

The first five issues cover the Wolfriders' flight from their woodlands home (destroyed by a fire

started by hostile humans), through the troll caverns to a desert, beyond which they find an oasis where dwell the Sunfolk and Leetah the healer, who becomes the soul-mate of Cutter, leader of the Wolfriders.

Cutter is 4 ft of ash-blond mane cunning and imaginative, who regards his chieftainship as a responsibility not a privilege. Leetah, child of the desert, has flame hair and green leaf eyes and a free will matched only by Cutter himself. Skywise is Cutter's best friend and being a "wanton" elf regards coming from a dying tribe of 17 individuals to a whole village of elves as coming from "famine to feast."

The rest of the Wolf-riders are equally distinct individuals, ranging from Nightfall the huntress to Rain-song - mother of 3, from Strongbow the sullen who rarely talks, preferring to "send" (the Elves' term for telepathy), to 5-year-old Suntop, Cutter's son, a budding magician.

Anyway, read it for yourselves!

-- Julie Vaux

The Penguin Book of Women Poets

An uneven anthology. The editors, all women, unfortunately chose not to include "folk songs", being anonymous, plus excluding Australian Aborigines and most other literature from tribal cultures. There is only one piece of Amerindian and Polynesian poetry, no other Pacific Islanders and barely any Southeast Asian.

In the Ancient World section, there is no Sanskrit poetry and only one Chinese and no anon. poetry even when one can be 90% certain the singer was female.

The Middle Period is also sparse with only 2 Arabic poems, no Vietnamese or Italian or Slavic; no ballads, again.

The Renaissance section has an excellent European selection, but almost no colonial Spanish, no Border Ballads, no Arabic and despite the

fact that one of the major poets was a woman, no Gaelic poems, either Irish or Scots.

The editors also have the false impression that Chiyo was the only major haiku poetess and exclude the melancholic sweetness of the geisha, Ulae-e. The "founder" of Kabuki theatre was a woman.

The 19th century continues being European-centred, as is the 20th century section - ignoring most African culture and Commonwealth English. The USA is over-represented, sacrificing Celtic and French literature. Worst of all, at the end of the book is one lonely Australian poetess, Judith Wright - when we have 5 major poetesses. Oh well, they also ignore Canada and New Zealand.

Conclusion - an uneven anthology that is definitely biased towards European poetry, ignoring South-east Asia and the Pacific Islands, and the non-English speaking Americans. Still, there are many good things, including some interesting Scandinavian poetry and a fine selection of Chinese women. Worth borrowing, if not buying.

Julie Vaux

Hiero's Journey (author? ?)

A "classic" quest novel set in a post-holocaust future (7000 AD), but a most interesting one. Set in a landscape of marshes, jungles and inland seas, it is superb and delightful - its heroes are Hiero the warrior-priest and Luchare, a 17-year-old Negro Princess from the kingdom of Delawah (Delaware). Their quest for the legendary computers of the ancients is remarkably poetic.

-- Julie Vaux

Octavia E Butler, Patternmaster, 1976.

Telepaths are linked in the Pattern to Royal, the Patternmaster, who is dying. Two brothers are his most likely successors. Three derivatives of human stock inhabit the Earth:

mutes (non-telepathic, basic stock), Patterners (telepathic; able to control mutes through conditioning and direct mind touch), and Cl-yarks, (mutants with a communicable viral disease, who are constantly at war with Patterners). The latter two groups kill each other whenever they have the chance. Mutes are servants of Patterners. Patterners duel for status with each other, and killing is the most common way of dealing with a dangerous enemy. This aspect of Butler's series distresses me - not just the killing, but the blase attitude her characters have towards it. If that doesn't bother you, however, the politics of intrigue between the brothers and the other characters, principally the strong-willed, independent healer, Amber, are well written and sustain interest. Amber is a good strong female character, who resists being pushed around until the choice is clearly that or death, and even then she plots to escape, and to help her lover, Teray (one of the duelling brothers) escape.

-- Jean Weber

Andre Norton, Horn Crown, 1981.

This is the book that describes the coming of humans to the Witch World - though if the cover hadn't told me that, I wouldn't have known, nor is it necessary to know. Where the humans came from, and why they left their former time/place, is not explained. The people have themselves lost much of their memory when they came through the Gate.

The novel centres on two people: Gathea, an apprentice Wise Woman, and Elron, a young man of no standing, who is kin to a very minor clan leader. Lynne, the daughter of the clan leader, disappears, and Elron is banished for not telling her father he'd seen her skulking about a shrine left by some former inhabitants of the area. He sets out to find Lynne

and salvage some of his lost honour.

Gathea is also looking for Lynne, because she (Gathea) believes that Lynne has stumbled onto magic that was intended for Gathea. Elron, Gathea, and a huge cat named Gruu trek across the wastes, battling black magic and wierd beasts. They are separated and Elron stumbles onto some magic of his own; he's given a cup and a talisman from two of the "good" former inhabitants. When he finally meets Gathea again, she is suspicious (and jealous), believing that men's magic is evil. A few displays of Elron's power to call up help when they need it, convince her of his connections, but not of their correctness.

I wasn't too impressed with the contrast of Elron's bumbling ignorance (which succeeds in saving several situations) and Gathea's knowledgeable approach that gets them all into trouble. Okay, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and a story with that sort of moral is okay. But I really don't appreciate the idea that ignorance may be less dangerous!

Norton's long descriptive passages are well written but bored me. My interest in magic and spells, etc, is not sufficient to sustain me through too many pages of detail. But that's a matter of personal taste, and other readers may enjoy it thoroughly.

-- Jean Weber

((Sigh* I've still got some reviews left, but don't want to start another page. Thank you everyone who's sent in material - it's really great. I'm trying to maintain some sort of balance, and so may not use something immediately even if I have room, if I think it will fit better next issue. Last time the lettercol really overwhelmed things; trying to do better this time. Let me know what you think, okay? -JHW))

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FANZINE REVIEWS

I don't usually review fanzines because I'd rather use the space for other things, and because so many other people review them. But I'd like to talk about three recent zines that particularly impressed me. The first is

A Fourth Foreign Fanzine, by Roelof Goudriaan, Postbus 589, 8200 AN Lelystad, the Netherlands.

I've enjoyed all of Roelof's Foreign Fanzines, but this was of particular interest because in it he has articles (all in English) by fans from several European countries, discussed sf and fandom in their countries. For some one like me, and I suspect that includes most of my readers, who knows little about non-English speaking fandom and sf, this is a very educational issue. It's offset, folded A4 paper, 40 pages, and includes some delightful cartoons, other artwork and photos. If Roelof doesn't have any left, perhaps you can borrow one from a friend and have a read of it. Well worth the trouble.

By an interesting coincidence, last year also saw some educational material on Canadian fandom...

Guide to Science Fiction and Fandom, by the Edmonton Science Fiction & Comic Art Society, in association with New Canadian Fandom. ESFCAS' address is P O Box 4071, Edmonton, Alberta, T6E 4S8, Canada; NCF is P O Box 4655, P.S.S.E., Edmonton, Alberta T6E 5G5, Canada.

This special issue includes four "definitions" of science fiction; a genre chart showing how fiction, fantasy, sf, and various sub-genres are related; a very brief "history" of sf, with references to further reading; some reading lists; an explanation of fandom including a fanspeak glossary, a reprint of IASFM's manuscript format

sheet (for budding authors) and a run-down on Canadian science fiction. This last was the most interesting part of the zine for me, though the neo's guides will be very valuable for lending to people. Recommended, and a hearty thank you from me to ESFCAS and NCF for publishing this.

On a slightly different note is my third selection, AURORA SF (formerly Janus), from SF, Box 1624, Madison WI 53701, USA.

Aurora is subtitled "speculative feminism" and each issue addresses a particular theme. No. 19 (Summer 1981)'s theme is "More than words" --communication in all its forms. No. 20 (which is out but I haven't received yet) features "The future of human evolution" and No. 21 will be on "Technology in an Androgynous Future". This is the kind of low-key feminism I like best; more along the lines of "non-sexist" than "rah rah women". It's offset printed on American quarto, nice thick paper, well laid out with good artwork, and is edited by a committee that obviously knows what it's doing. How I could have failed to subscribe to its predecessor, I can't imagine. This fanzine is not to be missed by anyone interested in feminist and non-sexist issues.

An American correspondent, Chris Callahan, suggests a new zine called Storms, a feminist zine with media orientation (as opposed to print fantasy and sf). One issue out so far and another planned for May; write to Charlie Terry Textor, 521 Oakview, Dayton, Ohio 45429, USA. Chris says she expects it to be varied enough in subject matter and attitudes to appeal to a fairly wide range of readers who are basically at least sympathetic to feminism. Chris, by the way, has an article and a story in the upcoming issue. Sounds interesting!

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parties between Christmas and New Years (Christine Carmichael's Boxing Day - December 26th to you Nth Americans - luncheon and view of the start of the Sydney-Hobart yacht race; and Jack Herman & Cathy McDonnell's port - wine - party on the 27th), and spent 5 days at Eric Lindsay's place in Faulconbridge. A couple of people dropped in to Eric's on Christmas Day, bearing backpacks full of food and drink, so that turned out to be one of the more enjoyable Christmases I've spent in recent years. Generally speaking, I find the "Festive Season" to be a colossal pain in the arse, though I've managed to avoid it's being a pain in the pocket-book. It's not as bad in Australia as it is in Nth America, where the big sell seems to start about July, and the past few years I've managed to avoid all but a bit of the commercialism due to my habit of not watching commercial television or listening to commercial radio. And to me, the fact that it's the middle of summer, makes the whole thing unreal. So, as I say, I enjoyed this Christmas, tho I was in a generally bad mood and did not want to have much to do with people. Staying at Eric's was ideal; he played with the computer downstairs and I played with the computer upstairs. And aside from the visitors and the two forays into Sydney for parties, I hardly had to contend with people at all. Nice. However, my tentative plans to spend the other 5 days of the holidays visiting various people in the Sydney area, were abandoned; I went home on the 29th and spent a blissful 5 days all by myself, painting the house, sunbathing, and doing other domestic chores. I did not even get the cats out of the kennels for two days. However, this self-imposed hermitism meant that I missed the 3½-day New Years party at the fannish household in Smithfield.

Other things have included two meetings of the Sydney writers' work-

shop, which inspired me sufficiently to send off three stories to Asimov's. And I went to a meeting of the Canberra SF Society, at which we watched a videotape of LeGuin's *The Lathe of Heaven* and every one got so enthusiastic that a video marathon day/evening was scheduled for January. I did not go to that one because two friends decided to drop in that weekend; even if they hadn't, I probably wouldn't have gone, since I'm not terribly keen on films and video. Still, it's good to see the Club getting active, even if it chooses activities that don't impress me.

Last Saturday was one of those days... I was scheduled to give a printing workshop on the Gestetner at the Women's Centre, and when I had finished the theory and put a stencil on - the wretched thing would not work. I quickly determined what wasn't working, but not why... I suspect a proper and expensive overhaul is long overdue. Unfortunately, the cheapest thing for the Women's Centre to do is to "recall" their second machine, which happens to live at my house under the name of Isopress. However, the women said they'd just come and do their printing at my house rather than take it back, if that was preferable to me. I think it will be.

Then, yesterday (Wednesday), my back went twang** and I could hardly move, and then only with great pain. Just when things started to be getting better! I managed to get out to my GP's, who popped things back into place, took a lot of painkillers, and lay around in bed for a day, having got a certificate for 3 days off work. Today feeling much better -- but not about to tell them that at work -- so am continuing to work on this fanzine. Probably not a good idea, as typing seems to aggravate the back, but I never was a terribly sensible sort of person. *B' b' d' d' / it / g' h' e' s' / t' e' s' b' h' e' t' / t' h' i' n' g' / t' d' t' o' b' h' e' p' l' a' i' n' / t' o' p' o' s' s' i' b' l' e'.*



Thursday, December 10, I arrived at work to find a security guard demanding to see my identification badge; the lock on the back door was being changed so you can't get out unless you "break the glass", and can't get IN at all; the delivery bay was closed; the courtyard gates were closed; and guards with walkie-talkies were wandering around. Hey, what's going on? Turns out to be due to the public service unions' hassles with the government, primarily the Department of Social Security. Since SocSec can't get its pension and unemployment cheques printed on its own computer, due to the strike, they're printing them on a machine of ours (in case you've forgotten, or just came in, I work at the Division of Computing Research of CSIRO, the Australian Government's scientific research organization). So, just in case anyone wanted to cause trouble, the security was being drastically increased. Considering that it was uncredibly lax previously, I thought this was generally a good thing.

I was rather expecting the following day to be rather exciting, since the Division's Christmas Party was scheduled, and about 50 non-staff members were expected to be wandering around. As it turned out, nothing exciting happened. Some of the fire doors were locked so that only people with keys could get into the office block, and the guests were restricted to the seminars room, where the (catered) lunch was being served, and into the toilets. The lunch was quite good, although the food ran out before everyone was served (we'd underestimated numbers) and as I was on bar duty I almost lost out on the food. I wandered off about the time the outdoor activities started, as they were centred around the 30 or 40 children present, and that's not my idea of fun. I went up the hill to my previous place of employment, which was also having its Christmas Party (a barbecue), and joined them for a game of softball. Having played league softball for two years now, I knew more of the rules than anyone else, and so played the position of Rule Book. After an hour or so, I got bored with that and went home.

Soon thereafter, I chanced to buy a secondhand wardrobe which is doing very nicely as a storage container and a place to keep the stereo bits out of sight. I knocked some holes in the back of the wardrobe so the various wires could go through, and got it all set up nicely. Two days later, a former housemate, Patricia, popped in to announce that she'd moved again and had come to claim her junk that she'd left in my garden shed. I must have paled, because she quickly assured me that she didn't want her stereo -- the one I'd just fixed up. Whew!

My handy thermometer informs me that it is 34°C in the house; the evening weather report says the high today was 36°C. Conclusion: the roof insulation is not cutting the temperature down very much! Gee, you'd think I could arrange a sickie on a more comfortable day. Tomorrow's predicted to be even hotter. Yippee. One saving grace: it cools down quite a bit at night here, to about 16°. Oh, yeh, another good thing - low humidity. Could be a lot worse.

I read in the 30 November 1981 edition of Newsweek (the Australian version) an article on "Cavewoman's New Image" which contrasts a bit with John Newman's version in WWW #4. Women anthropologists are revising the generally-accepted view of human development, claiming that the first tools were not weapons, but digging implements... "the figure of destiny at the edge of the forest was not an early man stalking meat for his family -- it was a woman, woman the gatherer... No longer is woman depicted as waiting placidly by the campfire for her man to return with a bloody haunch of dinner. Shouldering infants, baskets, sticks for digging and rocks for crushing seeds, she steps boldly onto the Africa savannah in search of a secure source of protein for herself and her offspring... The crucial evolutionary leap toward humanity had already been made by the time women's sticks and stones turned into spears and missiles... This enormous shift in thinking about human evolution is partly the result of new discoveries in the field and partly a different way of looking at the same evidence..." The article suggests that the glorification of Man the Hunter reflected the values of the 1950s; anthropologists, like everyone, are influenced by their own culture. Thus it is not entirely coincidence that female anthropologists, schooled in the

feminist 60's and 70's, are finding new interpretations, but these interpretations cannot simply be shrugged off. It seems quite sensible to me that, as with most things, the truth is probably a combination of the two viewpoints. It also seems to me to be very sensible that both sexes needed to be able to feed and care for young, protect themselves from predators, and move around the environment in search of food... much as outback Aborigines do even today.

Reading articles like that usually sends me out to weed the garden or mow the lawn or something... today, despite the heat, I bottled some apricots (did some yesterday too). The plums are ripe too, so tomorrow I'll probable bottle some of them. I make a lovely hot-weather cool drink from the plums; cook up the pulp and bottle it thick, then dilute with water or orange juice or soda water or something, and pour it over ice for drinking. Lovely. Not bad with rum in it, either. ~~Rum / apricots / the / flavoured / of / into / anything.~~

I just finished putting three more shelves on the bookshelf in the living room. Putting up a shelf is what did my back the other day (I must have twisted around strangely), so it was with a bit of trepidation that I finished the job today. No problems this time. These shelves should last me for a year or two; they're too small for fanzines, and I don't collect books too fast. I will have to build some more fanzine-sized shelves soon though, and I know just the spot... Part of the 1982 Plan calls for replacement of the existing garage with a two-car job that I'll use for a workshop/printery/etc, thus allowing the fanac room to be reconverted into a guest room. It's too crowded now for the bed to be opened for use by two people; one can squeeze in, in a pinch... well, two in a real pinch.

21 January 1982

FANZINES RECEIVED

Nemesis 2 (Adelaide Uni SF Assoc); The Gynus Chronicler 10, 11 (Neville Angove); The Mentor 35 (Ron L Clarke); Harlot 2 (Avedon Carol & Anne Laurie Logan); Space Junk 5 (Rich Coad); Holier Than Thou 11 (Marty Cantor); The Ravin' 3/1 (Stephen Dedman); Ornithopter 9 (Leigh Edmonds); Tappen 2 (Malcolm Edwards); Il Vombato 14 (jan howard finder); Currently Recommended (Gary Farber); Xenophilia 3 (Richard Faulder); Zosma 20, 21 (Steve George); Beyond the Hyades (Peter Graham); Thyme 7, 8, 9 (Irwin Hirsh & Andrew Brown); Wahf-full 7 (Jack Herman); Erg 76 (Terry Jeeves); Mainstream 6 (Jerry Kaufman & Suzanne Thompkins); Furies (Rebecca Lesses); The Norseman Revue (Mark Loney); Q36G (Marc Ortlieb); Sing Me a Song 4 (Pete Presford); Love Makes the World Go Awry (Fran Skene); Forerunner 4/8 (Sydney SF Foundation); Neology 6/3, 4, 5 (Edmonton SF & Comic Art Society); Aurora 19 (SF³); Small Friendly Dog 20 (Skel & Cas); Freefan Journal 2 (Samuel Wagar).

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