

# Weber Woman's Wrevenge

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# WEBERWOMAN'S WREVENGE TWENTY-EIGHT

(Volume 5, Number 6, January 1988)

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You may have noticed the conspicuous lack of letters in the last issue. No, this is not a new editorial policy - it was simply that only a few letters had arrived when I typed up that issue, and they didn't seem enough for a 'real' letter column.

This issue I have plenty of letters, but I'm interspersing them with my diary notes and general natter, than than making a separate section. Just to be different from my usual style, that's why!

I'm starting off with a rather old letter, and I apologise for not having published it sooner.

Debby Hodgson  
P O Box 9131  
Courtenay Place  
Wellington  
New Zealand  
1 November 1986

*I have finally managed the courage to go back to... the name I was born with. (She was formerly known as Debi Kean.)*

*You may quote this, please DO -  
Although I am overjoyed about the baby (Her third child was born early in 1987) I am very embarrassed at being an unmarried mother all over again. Even Gerard (her second child) is shocked. Little boys of 10 are very moral, puritanical even. He asked how many times we had 'done it' - I thought of a number and told him. His answer: 'Wasn't once enough?' That's so true - I laughed. Hypocritical it may seem, but I think I will do the traditional thing and invent a husband in the Navy... it may save us from social workers.*

*I have found my first son! I have met and spoken to a 14-year-old boy, an uncanny experience as I knew who he was, and he didn't know who I am. His adoptive mother was there and she feels that he isn't ready to meet me openly. I bow to her judgement. She knows him, I don't.*

*I am glad I have met her and Chris. She is a marvellous woman, though I am not thrilled with what I hear of her husband. They are both much older than me, which I ought to have expected and didn't.*

## PUBLISHING ETHICS

As I was compiling the last issue, I received a letter from Judith Hanna. It was full of interesting information (some of which is quoted later), but she also said something which I needed to think about before replying.

Judith Hanna  
22 Denbigh Street  
Pimlico  
London SW1V 2ER  
U.K.  
4 September 1987

*I found your apology for the presentation of this issue rather strange. Why mention Joseph's name? First of all, as you know, he is no longer on your mailing list, so wouldn't read the zine. Secondly, what he has said about standards has been on the quality of contents rather than on finer points of appearance. You (and others) shouldn't be surprised that he gets indignant about having his name dragged in whenever you suspect you are falling below expectation and want a bogeyman to shout at. He's barely written to Australian fanzines since 1984 but his name seems to be all over them, perhaps because he is one of the very few British fans who've taken any notice. I think you owe him an apology.*

By now most readers will probably have forgotten what I said, and I'm not going to quote the entire paragraph. One sentence included '...if anyone (Joseph Nicholas et al) is offended by that, tough'. I mentioned Joseph's name as a joke. Perhaps I shouldn't have (it was a cheap shot, after all, and I'm capable of better), but I'm not quite sure what Judith wants me to apologise for. Joseph did, after all, develop (one could even say 'cultivate') a reputation as a kill-the-fuckers critic some years ago. I have heard that he's trying to change that reputation, but I think he does have to live with his past. People who set themselves up in that manner have got to expect other people to take cheap shots at them. Yes, Judith, I'm not surprised that he gets indignant, especially if he has changed. But that's his problem, not mine. Am I supposed to pander to his tender ego by not making harmless jokes?

Now if you, or he, thinks the joke was not harmless, that's a different matter. I certainly did not set out to say something harmful or even offensive, just smart-ass.

I see, Judith, that you are perpetuating the myth that 'very few British fans have taken any notice' of Australian fanzines. A fairly high proportion of my mail (far in excess of their numbers on my mailing list) is from British fans. Certainly few of those are 'Big Names' or review my zines in other fanzines, but just because you are not aware that British fans do 'take notice', doesn't mean they don't. Perhaps you should apologise to them for not noticing their existence, or are you suggesting that they don't count?

## WORKPLACE FOLLIES (Part 1)

Soon after writing the last issue of Wrevenge, I had a minor feud with my workplace, regarding a combination of unacceptable working conditions (hopeless air-conditioning, plus a sudden influx of smokers) and not enough to do. At one point I threatened to pick up my laser printer and go home. Fortunately, perhaps, for my continued employment, the printer is a trifle too heavy (20 kg) to tuck conveniently under one's arm and carry to the railway station.

But after calmer consideration, I decided it was an excellent time to study some of the subjects that my boss has been nagging me to learn, but which I've been too busy to make time for - such as the workings of the operating system on this computer. Since there was no reason why I had to do this study in the office, I didn't: I worked at home. At this stage I didn't need the printer, so there was no problem. I showed up at the office now and then to owed me information, but otherwise wasn't much in evidence. Those who noticed assumed I was on holidays.

During this time I re-iterated my suggestions for a 'Beginner's Book' on laser printer operation, designed specifically for people who use computers (mainly word processors) in their jobs, but who do not wish to have to learn all the technical details in order to use them effectively. People like secretaries, teachers, writers, editors, journalists, and numerous others. You will not be surprised, I suspect, at the level of prejudice I met against, for example, secretaries ('they don't want to learn anything, they just want someone to tell them what to do without having to think about it' was one of the milder comments). I pointed out that millions of people use televisions, microwave ovens, even automobiles, without understanding the technical details of how they work - and why should they? These are tools. I referred to my own disinterest in knowing any more than absolutely necessary about how my computer works, knowing that I am at least recognised as intelligent and skilled at what I do - I just have this peculiar prejudice of my own, not to burden my brain with stuff that I don't see as relevant to my work, until and unless I want to.

Eventually I got grudging acceptance for the proposal - to be worked on when I had nothing else to do. Fine, I thought. I would have carried on with the work even without approval, but it's nice to have it recognised, if not exactly approved. I determined to present an outline and some draft chapters as soon as possible.

Part of my inspiration was the book I'd bought to help me learn about the computer. It's superb: just the right level of explanation for me; plenty of examples; no assumptions of esoteric knowledge, but a definite assumption of intelligence. (Running MS-DOS, by Van Wolverton, Microsoft Press: Redmond, WA, 2nd edition, 1985, US\$21.95.)

After a few days, I realised that I couldn't effectively write on the Beginners Book at home and print the examples when I got to work. I needed to print them, see whether it worked the way I said it should (which was rare), then quickly try it again. So I asked my supervisor if there was any reason why I couldn't take my printer home, and he said he didn't know of any and lots of the engineers did so. I took this as approval and the following weekend Eric and I brought the car into the city, collected the printer, and installed it at the flat.

## SMOKING

Lots of people commented on my editorial back in issue #26. Everyone, including the smokers, said they agreed with me; from this I conclude that either any non-considerate smokers on my mailing list aren't about to admit it, or my readership doesn't include any of them.

Because of this uniformity of opinion, I am printing only the two most original comments I received on the subject. In addition, the cover of this issue is a cartoon-of-comment by Mike McGann, 194 Corunna Rd, Petersham NSW 2049, Australia.

The drawing below is by Judith Hanna.



Buck Coulson  
2677W-500N  
Hartford City, IN 47348  
USA  
27 August 1987

*Juanita and I have gradually become harder-nosed about smoke. When we were first married, we didn't object to visitors smoking, since we didn't have visitors that often. But when I left Overhead, I liberated a big yellow-and-black sign that says POSITIVELY NO SMOKING BEYOND THIS POINT and taped it up on the back door so it's the first thing a visitor sees upon reaching our residence (... in rural Indiana, the front door of a house is almost never used. Visitors, salesmen, deliverymen all come to the back door.)*

Pamela Boal  
4, Westfield Way  
Charlton Heights  
Wantage, Oxon. OX12 7EW  
England  
26 August 1987

*Although I smoke, your editorial comments have my sympathy and support 100%. My understanding of your problems with smoke is probably enhanced by the fact that I am made very ill indeed by alcohol tumes. For a very large proportion of Con goers, the drinking of just one glass of alcohol seems to promote the belief that conversation is enhanced by breathing affectionately into the conversational partner's face. Oddly enough, prior to that drink, the very same people will inconvenience me by standing above me so that I get a stiff neck trying not to hold a conversation with waistcoat buttons. With many fans, a request to come down to my level suffices, but hitherto I have felt too embarrassed to suggest that a person might direct alcohol-laden breath away from my face.*

Fans, can you take a hint?

## WORKPLACE FOLLIES (Part 2)

All went well for a couple of weeks. I worked on the book in bits, because every question led to a day or two of research into the answer. This was both frustrating and fulfilling, since I did eventually discover a lot of answers. It also gave me further evidence for my claim that such a book was needed.

One problem which quickly became evident was the interaction between the 'intelligence' of one's word processor and the 'intelligence' of the laser printer. The more 'intelligent' the word processor, the more opportunity for something to go wrong. So it became obvious that, for the book to be useful, I'd have to test several popular word processors to find out what problems arose with typical things one might like to do.

Anyway, there I was, happily writing away, comfortable at home, no one's too concerned about my absence, I'm learning a lot - and my

supervisor's printer starts working erratically. After some lack of success getting it fixed (says wonders for our service department, though I suppose their priority is the paying customers), he, not unreasonably, decided that I had to bring mine back (even though his was now working again). \*sigh\*

Soon after that, Reg decided to dump upon me several projects which he's been too busy to do himself. One was to set up a database for the Technical Writing section, to help us keep track of which manuals go with which machines, what sets of changed pages go with which manual, when they were reprinted and by which printer, and so on. He insisted the database be done in dBASE III, but I talked him into allowing me to use a clone (dBASE II) which Eric had discovered.

I was not surprised to discover that the problem was a non-trivial one, requiring several inter-related databases, but setting up the files themselves wasn't the big problem. Figuring out a way to get the data in and out easily, without needing to understand what you were doing, was a major chore. (We want a clerical assistant or typist to do this part of the job, so it's all got to be set up easy-to-use.) Eric chortled at the idea that I was finally getting involved in programming. I surprised myself by becoming extremely enthusiastic about the project, buying (and reading) several books on the subject and spending hours writing programs.

After a couple of months, Reg began dropping hints that a bit of output might be in order (how else was he to know I was actually accomplishing anything?), so today I presented him with a stack of printouts, all neatly arranged to answer typical questions. He seemed stunned and said he was most impressed. I declined to say that he needn't sound so surprised. But I still have a lot of work to do on the refinements and, of course, the \*ahem\* Users Manual.

Meanwhile, the company (Impact Systems Ltd, manufacturers of laser printers and printer interfaces, in case you've forgotten) has hired a clutch of new managing directors, several of whom are ex-IBM people. They appear to be trying to impose IBM procedures upon Impact as quickly as possible.

Some of us are not overly delighted with this turn of events. Reg came back from one meeting with several IBM 'how to write quality user documentation' books, and handed them to me with a funny expression on his face. I said, 'considering my opinion of IBM documentation, I'm not sure whether we've been insulted...' and he agreed. This could be interesting.

This fanzine supports  
**TERRY DOWLING**  
for DUFF 1988

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## SEX-LINKED MATH ABILITY

Several people commented on this topic, but few included any references to studies. For once, I was fishing for data, not just opinions!

Thanks to everyone who sent suggestions on where to get information. Here's a sample of the comments.

**Marc Ortlieb**  
P O Box 215  
Forest Hill, Vic 3131  
Australia  
10 August 1987

*In relation to the possibility of physiological sex differences in human brains, there is a good, though slightly dated, television programme called 'The Fight to be Male' which looks at both sides of the argument... The trouble is that, whenever you are looking at that sort of an issue, you are generalizing. I suspect that the answer may well turn out to be that, as with physical size and muscle strength, there is, on average, a greater potential for mathematical thought in males than in females. There is some evidence to suggest that testosterone does affect development in certain parts of the brain. However, this tendency is exaggerated a thousandfold by conscious and unconscious conditioning...*

**Alexis Gilliland**  
4030 8th Street  
South Arlington, VA 22204  
USA  
11 October 1987

*This topic has been kicked about a bit in SCIENCE and DISCOVERY, though I don't have the reference numbers. Apparently it was touched off by a study on the fear of math, something that far more women than men were willing to admit. As for the reality itself, it remains elusive, a possibility at the very edge of experimental error. There is a higher correlation between math ability and asthma. Given that women mature faster, are generally more verbal, and live longer, a little male math skill coming along with the asthma doesn't seem to be that big a deal.*

*One of the things that has emerged from trying to get computers to see and talk is how extremely difficult these things are. Speech and sight are far more difficult than adding a column of numbers or playing a game of chess, but because they are commonplace, the abilities are underrated. We brag about what we can do exceptionally well, even if it isn't very hard. So computers are now playing master level chess, and a computer won the backgammon world championship. Computers regularly check our spelling, and computers are doing all sorts of math better and faster than humans ever could. Even human men. Animal studies, on the other hand, show that most animals are capable of lying and deceit, many are aware of death and mourn the loss of their offspring, and that in general they display all the vices and virtues*

*which humans claim as uniquely their own. With the possible exception of patriotism.*

*So between animals and computers, the universe is permitting us to observe ourselves in perspective, perhaps in the hope of teaching us humility.*

**Joy Hibbert**  
11 Rutland Street  
Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent  
Staff. ST1 5JG  
England  
8 September 1987

*My attitude to whether abilities might be sexlinked is the same as my attitude to whether one race might be brighter than another: this may be the case, you can't prove it's natural rather than conditioned, and anyway, it should be treated as if it isn't... If women are actually worse than men at math (and not just trained to be frightened of numbers) then eventually, girls would not be taught maths. And the occasional brilliant girl would be damaged by this... The reverse of girls not being allowed to study maths, of course, is the definition of numerate females as not really women... In my accountancy class there were 5 girls and about 18 boys. Things would be even worse if people got the idea that girls couldn't do maths.*

I was interested in your statement 'things would be even worse if people got the idea that girls couldn't do maths'. I guess it depends on how you define 'maths'. I'm not sure what the technical terms are, but I think generally of two sorts: arithmetic (including algebra and geometry, and generally sufficient for everyday life, as well as accounting and finance) and what I call 'abstract mathematics' for lack of a better term (calculus, and whatever goes on in physics, engineering, astronomy, etc these days). It has been my impression that large numbers of people, including most girls, already think girls are no good at abstract mathematics - with the rare exception of course. Therefore finding out if there is some oddity in the brain that makes a difference in abstract reasoning ability would be very interesting.

I agree that such knowledge would be hard to 'prove' and easy to misuse by certain people, but I don't agree that people should necessarily be treated as if they had no differences if in fact they do. The problem is that exactly the opposite tends to be done from what I (and many others whose essays I've read) believe should be done: such knowledge (or suspicions) tend to be used as an excuse to DENY someone opportunities, when what should happen is that they be given special assistance to overcome their handicap - sort of like affirmative action for oppressed minorities or the physically handicapped.

Judith Hanna has some comments along these lines...

Judith Hanna  
(address earlier)

*I haven't seen any research that shows women inherently less good at mathematics than boys. Plenty on the sociocultural pressures which turn girls away from mathematics and science and discourage them from showing 'braininess' in competition with boys.*

*You probably know that women tend to score higher on tests of verbal reasoning, and that there is evidence that women have more difficulties with 'spatial reasoning' than men. This may have more to do with culture than any programmed genetic difference...*

*I've just failed to find among back issues of New Society an article on gender differences among primary school children. As I recall, it pointed out that girls' IQ scores were regularly some 10% higher than those of boys (see diagram), so educationalists were in the habit of adjusting girls' score down 10% in order to make this real difference disappear. Girls scored particularly higher on tests of verbal reasoning. The article went on to point out that remedial reading classes were regularly provided for the area in which predominantly boys were weak. But that remedial maths classes, for the subject where girls are more likely to need help, are almost unheard of. The article suggested that this showed an underlying assumption among curriculum planners that it was all right for girls to do badly at school, but it was important to help boys.*



## MEDICAL TALES

Comments keep coming in on this difficult topic. I won't bore you with the latest in my medical adventures, except to say that I was impressed with the way the various medical personnel handled the situation: every one made a conspicuous effort to explain what they were doing and why, before I asked. And yes, I'm fine: the symptoms turned out not to signify anything awful after all.

Michelle Hallett wrote about a slightly different aspect of the medical communication problem.

Michelle Hallett  
8/3 Oak Lane  
Potts Point, NSW 2011  
Australia  
12 June 1987

*The most annoying thing that ever happened to me in that regard was a surgeon's decision not to tell my grandmother she was dying of cancer. Fortunately my grandmother realised for herself what was happening and seemed quite pleased about the whole affair. She told me before the final diagnosis that she hoped this was it and that she wouldn't be leaving the hospital again, she was really fed up and very unhappy in life. But after the surgeon put his ban on the subject I couldn't talk with her about it and quite frankly I think she would have enjoyed talking about it. I really didn't see what right the surgeon had to make that pronouncement, especially after I learned that this was usual procedure with him and he simply hadn't taken the time to think out what was happening in this individual case. I think this is a major problem in medical practice, treating each person as the same lump of bones and metabolism, with disrespect for individuality.*

My question is, why did you obey the surgeon's directive? How old were you? How could he stop you? Were your parents involved? What did they think? Seems to me that a bit of civil disobedience could go a long way in cases like this!

And while still on the subject of medical personnel, I'll tell you about a talk I had with a friend of Eric's, who happens to be a gynaecologist. He belongs to several group practices, one of which is located in one of the poorer Sydney suburbs. He was lamenting the problems he has with many of his patients in that area, who refuse to take any responsibility for their own health, expecting him to work miracles without their cooperation.

I commented that I could understand his patients' attitude (though I didn't agree with it) because it had been my experience up until the last ten years or so that many doctors treated their patients as if the patients should not, in fact, take any responsibility for themselves. The doctors gave this impression by refusing to answer questions or give out information unless questioned closely, by acting as if a request for information was in fact a questioning of their knowledge and abilities, and by generally treating patients as if they were children, regardless of age or intelligence. Is it any wonder that many patients (particularly women, many of whom have been socialised not to question men, and to be dependent on men) accept this dependent role?

I did emphasise that I didn't think all doctors were like that, nor that those who gave that impression were necessarily that bad in reality, but that doctors who weren't like that shouldn't blame the patients for the entire problem.

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## ANTI-AUTHORITARIANISM

I haven't received much response to my anti-authoritarian rave last time (the overseas letters are just beginning to arrive), and those who did write mostly just said they enjoyed it. A conspicuous exception was:

Greg Hills  
GPO Box 972G  
Melbourne, Vic 3001  
Australia  
20 September 1987

Greg wrote me a long letter, in which he takes me to task for several things, including *'lumping of "parliamentary systems" into a single category juxtaposed against the "American" system'*, and a *'failure to describe in what way the workings of "parliamentary" and "American" democracy differ'*, saying that I went *'from a wild premise to a foregone conclusion'*.

Well, yes, Greg, I did. But I was describing my reactions to these things, not writing an analysis of them. Thank you for your analysis, which I do not have the space to reprint here. One point I didn't make in my article, and should have, is that I long ago realised that level of participation which an ordinary individual can have in any representative democracy is largely an illusion, and therefore the differences between the various systems don't matter all that much. But I prefer the illusion that I can have a direct effect, to the illusion that I can't. My point was that in California I had that illusion; in Australia, I don't.

## AT HOME

On the home front, Eric and I had another humongous bout of tidying up in early October, in anticipation of the arrival of Valma Brown and Leigh Edmonds to stay for four months. This time, after 8 months of delays (due to problems beyond their control), they actually made it.

They arrived on a Saturday afternoon and we spent that evening and Sunday visiting while they recovered from moving out of their house in Canberra. We went in to work on Monday and returned at the end of the week. During that time the 'few bits and pieces' they were bringing with them arrived. Who else but Valma and Leigh would move in with 14 space heaters (no central heating in most Australian homes, remember), 125 bookshelves (full), and a Roneo? (I exaggerate, but only slightly.) Not to mention their huge colour TV, which I love: it not only is big enough for me to see without sitting two feet from the screen, it has remote control and Teletext. During the great stock market crash, we checked on stock prices via Teletext during the commercials. What fun!

Speaking of the stock market crash, for once I had some personal interest since I actually have \*investments\*. Not in stocks, but in

property trusts and other investment trusts (similar to mutual funds in the USA). I suspect my net worth took a beating that week, but as all my investments were intended to be long term (10-15 year) ones, I'm not too concerned. It's not like I was depending on the income, or had borrowed a fortune to make the investments, like many people had. Still, it did give a whole new aspect to the financial news.

It also gave me the opportunity for a few jokes. For example, I've talked a bit the past few years about the 'Self Transformations' courses I took, wherein one important lesson was about 'creating your own reality'. Now, no way do I believe I can 'create reality' to the extent of 'causing' the stock market to crash, but I had wished rather loudly a few weeks ago that the price of the company's stock (where I work) would go down to the point where I would be willing to buy some. (This was because I narrowly missed buying some when it was first issued earlier this year, at 60c; it shot up to \$2.00 in less than six months.) I remarked to Eric that I'd got my wish, all right (it was down to 80c at that point), but I certainly do go to extremes when into wish-fulfillment. So you see, it's All My Fault.

And still on that subject, Eric's doing a bit better than I am at the moment. I finally bought some Impact shares after their price fall had appeared to stabilise at 45c. The price then promptly crashed to 26c and Eric bought some. That really was the bottom, apparently - it's back to 40c and climbing. Isn't high finance fun?

## WORKPLACE FOLLIES (Part 3)

In early December, the newly-appointed Chief of Technical Operations, Frank Barr-David, gathered the R&D troupes for a little chat about the company and where it was going. A flock of other high-ranking men also attended, and we had a chance to talk informally over coffee before and after the formal meeting.

I took the opportunity to suggest to Mr Barr-David that, as the company was expanding into new offices, and many of us would have to move anyway, perhaps some arrangements could be made to segregate the smokers from the non-smokers so that everyone would be happy. He expressed sympathy with my position, but deftly passed me over to someone in Personnel.

I explained myself again, and this man responded with a snarl. 'I am totally opposed to draconian measures' was one of his more memorable comments. I suggested (remarkably calmly, I thought) that I was not requesting, or even suggesting, that smoking be banned, but simply that arrangements be made to accommodate both groups, and asked whether he was aware that this was an industrial health and safety issue? He repeated his negative comments, and I concluded that he was a smoker who had the misfortune to be in the corporate headquarters - offices which have been declared a totally smoke-free area.

I refrained from making a smart remark at that point, and he then passed the buck to Jacques Grenot, the Director of Product Development, who is my supervisor's boss. Mr Grenot was rather more sympathetic and agreed to do what he could.

And the late-breaking news (January 4) is that Reg and I (among others) will be moving - Real Soon Now - to the corporate headquarters! I suspect that our opinions on this subject were not a factor in the decision to move us, however, since there are some smokers among the group that's going.

## CULTURAL CRINGE?

Garth Spencer wrote a long, interesting letter, which finished with the following comments and questions:

Garth Spencer  
1296 Richardson St  
Victoria, B.C.  
Canada V8V 3E1  
18 August 1987

*Your description of events at your former workplace and how you left rather interested me. Couple it with your remarks [on medicine] that Commonwealth readers sighed and understood, while Americans protested the high-handedness of doctors - and I think we're onto something. Something not trivial, that is.*

*Back in 1972 or so, Margaret Atwood wrote SURVIVAL as a sort of primer on Canadian writing, new and old; a guide, not to the best writing, but to what seem to be recurrent themes in the books and stories that come out of this country.*

*They used to talk about 'nationalism' in Canada the same way I gather they used to talk about 'cultural cringe' in Australia and New Zealand. The issue here has generally been one of self-assertion and initiative, or rather the lack of it - something that shows up in our politics, our economic behaviour, our writing and in whether we stand up to doctors. Is this a problem in Commonwealth countries generally? A persistent difference from Americans?*

*Americans I correspond with divide up into those who don't see, or won't accept this reality (e.g. Mike Glycer, Marty Cantor); and a very, very few who know what's going on.*

My own observations of Australian women support your thesis, Garth. Among women in management positions in Australia, for example, a disproportionate number are foreign-born and raised; particularly conspicuous is the proportion of American women. I have attributed this to exactly what you mention, a difference in the level of self-assertiveness. Indeed, it's more basic: it's a culturally-impressed set of assumptions and expectations about oneself, what one can do, what is appropriate for one to do, and so on. I think these assumptions are also a matter of economic class. Middle-class children are more likely to believe they can and will succeed, than are children of poor families (I'm not saying they are wrong.) Obviously these are generalities, and I personally know plenty of exceptions, but that's my theory. I'd be very interested to hear from other readers of this fanzine, about their own experiences and observations (also any studies that have been done - I've read about a few, but don't recall any details).

## The Rabbit's Progress

by  
Lyn McConchie  
15 Rauparaha St  
Waikanae Beach  
New Zealand

Good grief, Sidney,  
you look terrible!  
Where on earth have  
you been?



Down to see  
Miss Muffet!

Since when was scaring women  
THAT hard?



Since she joined Women's Lib!  
I got bashed over the head  
with that damn tuffet as soon as  
I showed up... Ghod, what a headache!