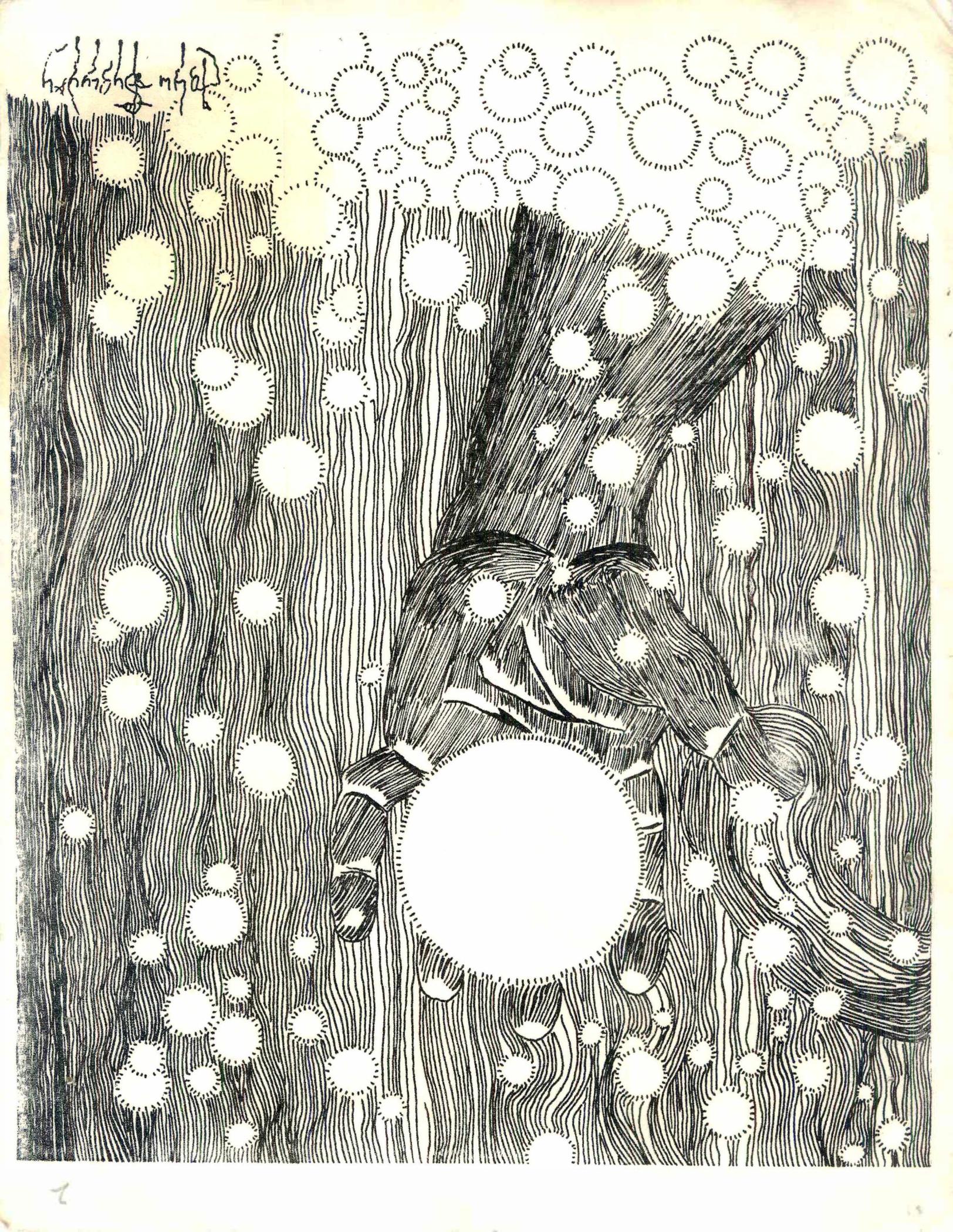


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Having My Say

THE EDITORIAL.

I think I mentioned last issue that the theme for this one would be that ever-popular topic: Women's Liberation. And so found myself having to put in my tuppence worth. I suppose the only thing I want to say is that I don't want to be a liberated female. Contrary to Max Taylor's opinion, I'm not a Germaine Greer of the Fannish World.

In fact, as Ronl might well testify, I enjoy doing little things to please my man. Whilst he still looks at me with love and appreciation when I bring him a cup of tea when he's working (and admittedly having to stop mine to do so) or when he finds his bed done, the kettle on and figuratively, his pipe and slippers waiting for him when he gets home, then I'll keep on doing those little things. Some things are expected of me though. When I'm married to him, it'll be part of wifely duties to cook for him and to keep him satisfied. The little things I do are because I love him ... a word Women's Lib seems to have forgotten. We're not getting married to play sex-objects to one another's fantasies, but because we find happiness in each other's company.

And as to the farce W.L. would make of marriage - marriage is a social institution and in any social institution, it's members must play roles so that the functions within that institution can continue. Someone's got to bring in the money, someone's got to look after the house, someone's got to look after the children. Who it is is up to the couples that marry, or shack-up together. He can help his working wife, if he wants to - and he will, if he loves her. I know in many cases where it works. He helps with the beds and dishes, and by cooking his own dinner if she can't make it.

Notice that I said the roles must be played. It's all part of the necessary social function. Roles can be shared though, when both work. It all boils down to a matter of respect.

It shouldn't be in a condescending way that a man offers his seat to a woman - it should be out of respect and recognition for the role she plays. If the role is becoming questionable, i.e. who is the breadwinner, or the housekeeper, or who looks after and teaches the children how to live, it is then, no wonder that men are losing respect. I'd like to point out that it is a sociological fact that respect comes with role recognition. For example, (hoping that I'm actually clarifying and not confusing the issue) take the person you most respect. He or she may be your parent, or friend, or mate, or teacher or even a movie star. But, there now, haven't you already categorised him into the role he plays in respect to you? Don't be misguided, everyone of us plays roles, each role different in respect to each person we meet, and with each age of development we pass through in our lives. As Shakespeare said describing the Seven Ages of Man in As You Like It: "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players:"

You cannot become a new person by dropping all the roles - you'd become someone playing the role of a non-role player. Consider it this way - would you act the same way in front of your children as you would in front of your friends, or your employer. If you think you would, you are obviously deceiving yourself. Would it not, therefore, be hypocritical to word a business letter in different language (i.e. in formal language/grammar without slang or loose grammatical usages.) than the letter you would write an old chum?

So, we all have our own roles, and I enjoy mine of a woman-soon-to-be-a-wife. I also enjoy the respect and recognition of this position.

One thing that I do feel sad about though, is the fact that education is not important for women. Now, this is only a fairly modern notion, for look back into history. Ever since earliest times, it has been realised that education must start from the cradle. For all those who could afford it, a nanny was employed who would begin moral and cultural instruction and when the child grew older, a tutor for academic learning was employed. Women did not escape education. Even the poorest were taught the crafts necessary for the management of a good home, & their children. The richer, or nobler women learnt academic things of cultural value, as well as managerial value. They all knew management of sums and money, what little or much there was of it. The noble women tried to provide a cultural background of knowledge for their children. In fact, their lords insisted on it. It is true that academic learning has never been stressed at all for women, but consider this: It is a well-known fact that intelligence is not hereditary and that an intelligent-thought conducive environment, a child will learn and achieve better. You don't have to own great libraries of books, nor sprout equations, but

2. you must have enough appreciation and comprehension of your world gained through your formal education and your reading (after you have left the halls of formal instruction - after all that is what education really is; the process of teaching people how to find the answers themselves.) to answer their questions, or at least to set them on the right track for finding out for themselves.

But enough of me. I'd like to say thanks ("Thanks!") to everyone for their encouraging letters and helpful criticism. I will watch my proof-reader more carefully in future. Contrary to popular belief, that is the only help that man gives me, except for collating, and duplication. And this is not another Clarkezine as the vile rumour goes. At least not until after August 25th.

In case you don't already know. This 'zine is available for the usual, or any donation you'd like to give in the way of helping with postage (stamps - Aust.- are more than welcome)



Enjoy!

What is it then that the Women's Liberators want, I wonder. Of course, I know really. It's just because I have no sympathy with those who have, that I deny it. Yet my lack of sympathy is bitter justice. Ignorance is a crime, but it is not those who experience it who commit it; it is those who allow it to continue. The Liberators, I admit, are trying to demolish this ignorance, but as I said before, are going about it the wrong way. They would like to see, they say with a touch of malignant humour, the husband wearing the apron, and slaving over a hot stove, while the wife lies back in an armchair, reading the paper, after a hard day at the office. The situation that gives rise to this aim is unknown to me.

Yet I can see how a difficult situation might arise if a woman, rather than choosing to give up her job when she gets married, felt kind of conventioned into it. A dead-end career to say the least, the only promotion being the number of kids you have... which seems to me to be rather a negative system of promotion. How then to solve this? Certainly not by carting signs around the streets and burning bras, but by education. Seven to twelve are the formative years of a child's life (ed: I'd like to add that 4 to 7 are the best years for language instruction)... and most primary school teachers are women. That's the answer... encourage... educate, and above all, build up the female ego to a point where it makes the male ego look like a fly-spot. Oh, it'll deflate in time to the decent size of unconceited self-respect, but it's the only way to start!

4. Then the Women's Liberators talk about sexual equality. Well, I can't say that I know much about this side of things, but it seems to me all a woman has to do if she's not getting... what she wants... out of her sex-life... is pull a Lysistrata until she gets it... and if he doesn't know how, buy him a book all about female anatomy for his birthday. Once more, education is the key.

Jobs are a slightly different matter. One can understand why a business man might not want to pay a female employee as much as a male one; she's a bad investment. At any moment, she's liable to get married and pregnant, or vice versa, and the poor male employer (or female for that matter) is left in the lurch. I don't think under these circumstances a woman can demand equal pay, and neither do I think the situation should change much. I myself would wish to be able to give up my job at a moment's notice if I'd decided to get pregnant. However, this state of affairs makes it difficult for career girls. Still, the situation could be easily remedied by the woman having to sign a contract not to leave on account of pregnancy for a specific duration, and if she breaks the contract, she has to pay her employer compensation. If he still refuses to pay her as much as his male employees... then is the time to demonstrate and strike, etc. Women's Liberators should form themselves into a massive union of female employees, if they found this happening... the men would soon realise what they are missing, and come to terms!

No, I don't hold with Women's Lib. I hold with encouraging young girls to recognise their worth in an entirely feminine way... making themselves beautiful, for their own sake, no-one else's... flirting in a comradely kind of way... letting guys open doors and pull out chairs for them if they're that way inclined, with the thought, not "he can do it better than I can" but, "Why, what else are men for?" She may not believe this... I certainly don't... but it does her no harm for her to pretend she does! Women must be liberated, not from male chauvinist pigism; anyone of any sex will be a chauvinist pig if allowed to be; men can hardly be blamed for being human... No! Women must be liberated from ignorance!

W O M E N ' S L I B E R A T I O N .

by

S a b i n a H e g g i e .

"Just what do you women really want?" an irate man asked Germaine Greer.

"Whatever it is," she replied bitinglly, "It isn't men like you!"

"Why don't you like men?" asked a man, a character in the film 'Stand Up and Be Counted'.

"Because they're mostly like you," answered a female character, "---full of shit."

Is it through remarks such as these that the women's liberation movement gains distrust from men and skepticism from women? Is it thus that the war between the sexes is perpetuated, or are such remarks meaningful and warranted?

To many people today, women's lib conjures up an image of unattractive plackard-waving and bra-burning women with a strong grievance against men. To others, it's that champion of the movement, the brilliant, witty Germaine Greer that springs first to mind.

Whatever the case, I'm sure all of us, male and female have at some time been called upon to take a stand on this contraversial subject. Mostly our ideas are pretty firm: We are either outraged by it, we think it doesn't concern us or we're all for it. Significantly both sexes boast similiar attitudes.

As a woman working in a career situation among men and, as a girl who really likes men, I think that women's liberation is vitally important in both my work and social situation.

Am I discriminated against because of my sex? I am paid much less than the man who did the same job before me. I have to put up with the usual snide, smart, annoying comments from business associates. I feel my decisions are not as respected and that my opportunities for promotion almost nil because of my company's attitude towards women. So why am I working there? Only because I am gaining invaluable experience that I can use elsewhere.

Even in this enlightened age, you will hear men say that a woman's place is in the home with the children. But I don't even like the idea of marriage, let alone overpopulating the world with my offspring.

Well, what do these women want? All I expect is equal rights as a person, equal pay for equal work and recognition of my ideas, opinions and talents as a person. More specifically, I don't want to be told that my place is in the home, that I am meant to serve men, that I'll never be happy unmarried. I don't want to be whistled at, to be told that I need products X,Y, and Z to be socially acceptable.

nor do I want the term "promiscuous" attached to my name if I chose more than one partner. Furthermore, I want control of my own fertility, I don't want to conform to a "sweet, feminine" image. I don't want to be expected to wear a mini-skirt or false eyelashes. I want to be accepted as I am, the faults with the virtues. If I turn out "unfeminine" and "unattractive" --- then so be it! I want to have children only when I choose and then I don't expect to be solely responsible for them. I want to be accepted as a rational, intelligent and emotional person. Am I being unreasonable?

These are a few of my grievances. But, if I decide to marry, I don't want to be called with a hint of disdain "Mrs So and So, housewife" Because motherhood is a noble thing. Mothers are by nature emotional, protective, sensitive people. Just as all men are not suited to be doctors, however, so too, not all women should be mothers. But a man

could never stand the pain of childbirth and the never-ending, back-breaking task of raising children full time.



A man should have a profound respect for a woman who involves herself so totally in the care of him and his children. Women should be taught to demand this respect...And this is where true liberation begins. 6.

Men's attitude towards women's liberation varies greatly from individual to individual but there is a large slice of male population who view this movement with distaste, even outspoken irrational fear.

Quite rightly so! The fact is, men have "had it good" for some time, and being ego-centric by nature, they view with distrust anything likely to upset their way of life or their image of themselves.

Some men are outspokenly hostile: "Why should women be liberated?--- What about us! We have to maintain a steady job, pay off mortgages, be responsible for the family --- these women sit at home bellowing about liberation whilst we work ourselves to an early grave in the office" they cry.

In the main, this is a very valid, real issue and a reasonable complaint. The fact is that liberation is not just a woman's prerogative. Perhaps these men don't also mention the "masculine" image a man is expected to live up to... an image that is perhaps even more difficult to keep up than a woman's. He must be masculine, rugged, independent, dominant, logical and a sexual athlete. He must never cry or show signs of sensitivity. In fact, he must be at an opposite pole to women --- no wonder the sexes have real problems living together!

How limiting this is to the true nature of men! How many men never cry? How many feel ashamed when they do? Like the liberated woman, the liberated man should strive to be not of the "Masculine-Feminine" polarity, but rather to be himself. Only thus can he be truly the master of himself, become like the new women, a rational intelligent and emotional being.

How far are these cries of liberation really cries of freedom from responsibility? Where does artificial role playing end and natural function and necessary responsibility begin? The only way we can discover this is by ourselves eliminating all the traditional roles and beginning anew, honestly analysing every opinion, attitude and feeling that we experience, thus beginning to discover our real selves. The new person that emerges can, I feel, call him or herself truly liberated.

7.

Meanwhile, how can the sexes live in harmony while they act out individual roles, alien to their true natures? Liberation starts and ends with the individual. It is a social thing, there is no real enemy apart from society itself, yet both sexes must strive to understand each other's nature before true liberation can be achieved. Banding together such as in Women's Lib groups helps us to define, rationalise and discuss our problems and to present a united front.

S a b i n a H e g g i e.

And just briefly:

T H E M A L E O B J E C T I O N T O A B O R T I O N .

The true reason for the mass male reaction against even the mere mention of abortion, abortion clinics (vasectomy and the like) is not that it destroys life, but that it negates their potency, or rather the great Myth of male virility, potency and it's supreme importance. Concern for life is reflected in legislation - just how much concern males have females, children and old folk in this area (reflected in the inadequate allowances for widows, deserted wives, unmarried mothers, old age pensioners, and of course, the pathetic treatment of state wards, who are often shifted from foster home to foster home, or dorm to dorm, never being allowed to form attachments, or real relating to the world, with no love, or little, and no security.) betrays their "But it's killing a human foetus" argument. Most legislators, judges and people in the position to control others are men. Their concern (for themselves)

is seen in their continuing resolve-all in war (being men, they enjoy a good fight above everything else, even the act of procreation has been perverted into a struggle), the conveyor-belt system (which is totally soul destroying), ad nauseum infinitum. Just look about you!

So what does the action of modern man show: lack of self control, lack of respect for other living beings, whether they be female, animal or plant, and very little love, if any, for fellow beings (especially, if they suffer the ignominy of being "aliens"). In total, a mess such as seen in this "modern world", this "Man's world."

A d r i e n n e L o s i n .

P O E T R Y :

Christine McGowan.

AT THE FOREST'S EDGE.

My master stood close to his silent steed;
The star-badge on his breast,
With the eyes of one who is weary indeed,
He turned his face to the west.

I paused in loading the old grey beast.
The Elf took his eyes from the sun
Saying, "My home lies far to the east
And our journey is only begun."

My master mounted - the sun on his mail
Clothed him in sudden light;
The silver-grey mane on his mount seemed pale.
I squinted away from the sight.

Wordless we entered the forests gloom,
Led by the wood-wise Elf:
A laudless king fleeing prophesied doom,
An Elven prince and myself.

A LOVE POEM.

My loving like a still lake lies,
That dark, eternal counsel keeps;
That slumbers under starry skies.
No man, my love, will plumb it's silent depths.

My loving like a river runs,
From mountains to the sea below;
That, sparkling, facets dancing suns.
No man, my love, may stem its wayward flow.

My loving like the great sea sings,
That ebbs and flows on time-washed sand;
That cradles golden ships and kings.
No man, my love, may hold it in his hand.

AND FROM MY MALE BOX:

S H O U L D A M A N B E A T H I S W I F E ?

by

J o h n A l d e r s o n .

Should a man beat his wife? I believe all men, everywhere, would answer a resounding "NO" to this question. Very little is more conducive to domestic upset and the growth of ulcers, than having to beat one's wife, particularly if they are so obdurate and lacking in respect and affection, as to resist. But then, frailty, thy name is woman!

Many people are conversant with the Homeric term "the cloud-compelling Jove", chief of gods. Another lesser known title was the less reverent "the wife beating Jove". It seems that at least once his spouse (for even gods were not spared such afflictions) offended, and he had occasion to chastise her, which, if memory serves me rightly, he did by hanging her up by her hands, and tying an anvil to her ankles. Whilst it has occurred to me that Hera had been growing stout and he was also trying a slimming cure, this is not how most commentators have seen it. If it be so with the gods, is it little wonder then, that men, suffering the follies of their wives, have taken them in hand, and with much soul-searching, have thrashed them.

Nor is it any wonder that in communities where women have become the power behind the throne (so to speak) they have taken care that they were placed beyond the reach of the law. A good example was the law of Rome, where, if a woman committed murder, her nearest male relative was hung in her stead. In medieval Germany, where the code of chivalry reached its height and absurdity, a man once restrained his wife from murdering his guests, and was hung for laying hands on his wife. One must give credit where credit is due; women don't do things by halves. When they get into power, they become immune from all law and restraint.

9.

Several years ago, whilst I was in New Zealand, there was a furore there when a Moari was convicted of beating his wife with an iron bar. The magistrate commented that whilst it is permissible to chastise one's wife in "the spirit of love and affection", using an iron bar exceeded these bounds. The storm took two forms. Some took it that Moaris are permitted to beat their wives, which was quite right and proper. The others, believing that Moaris were already a privileged part of the community and that extending them the right to beat their wives, whilst denying it the pakeha, was over the fence. One woman MP raised the question in Parliament (women are even infiltrating those hallowed precincts once the haunt of "a lot of old women") and the Prime Minister, Peter Frazer said that as far as he knew, the law did not permit a man to beat his wife. But Peter Frazer was hardly an expert on the law.



There is a pertinent story in the Book of Ester. King Ahasuerus gave a banquet, a really royal banquet, for it lasted for 180 days, and at the end of those days he showed off all his riches. By the end of the last week, he was more than usually merry,

and he summoned his queen, Vashti to his presence, to show off his greatest treasure to his nobles. The lady declined the invitation. The king summoned his councillors and asked their judgement, which was: "Not only to the king has Queen Vashti done wrong, but also to all the princes and all the peoples... for this deed of the queen will be made known to all women, causing them to look with contempt upon their husbands... there will be contempt and wrath in plenty." So Vashti was deposed from being queen. It is significant, of course, that the councillors were more concerned with the welfare of the kingdom, for the rebellion of the queen could have sparked off general domestic upset. It is also significant that the Queen had a very good excuse for not coming, but the damage had been done and had to be stopped. It is interesting to note that this insubordination was treated as present insubordination is treated among men; when a workman refuses to do what he is told... he is sacked or demoted. Not hung by the way... Obviously, King Ahasuerus pressed his commands to the point of rebellion. This should have never been done.

Met an English couple once. (they were only engaged, not married) He insisted that he had the right to beat her, and she insisted that he did not. He intended to prove his right by beating her, and she, her right, by resisting. Well, of course, he was very silly. Being able to beat a girl does not give the right to beat her, or being able to resist, the right not to be beaten. Besides, he was only engaged, not married. Of marked contrast was a story my dad told me of an experience he had in London. He came across a man who was sinking his boots into a woman laying in the gutter. He went to her assistance and before he knew where he was, the woman was up and attacking him from behind and shouting, "Don't you hit my man! Don't you hit my man!" He was rescued by the arrival of three of his digger mates.

10. It is, of course, foolishness to insist upon the right to beat the wife, and stupidity to beat her to prove that right. If a man has the desire to hurt people, he is a bully, a sadist or what have you, and should see a psychiatrist. There is a story of a man whose domestic life was the model of excellence. Never a cross word passed between the two of them. It appears that after the marriage ceremony, he took her on horse-back and rode out of the town towards his home. On the way, the horse stumbled. "That is once", he said severely. Later the horse stumbled again. "That is twice" he said fiercely. Finally, the horse stumbled the third time. "That is thrice", he said sadly, and taking his gun he shot it, and they continued on foot. His new wife began to upbraid him. He said grimly, "That is once".

Of marked contrast is a story I read in True Confessions, (I trust the breadth of my reading is apparent). The woman who wrote told how her husband repeatedly beat her, until she could stand it no more. One day, whilst he was sitting reading the racing guide, she came upon him from behind, and smashed a chair over his head. Of course, when he woke up, he thrashed her. Next day, she did it again and was thrashed. Then again. At the end of the week, he was a nervous wreck; in ten days, he was terrified of her. Well, serves him right. He had bullied her beyond endurance.

The most gentle and affectionate creature can be goaded into retaliation. A man shouldn't do it. Take it out on the wood-heap... the lack of which seems directly related to the divorce rate. What is of cardinal importance is that all domestic relations should be in the spirit of love.

I know you girls are going to ask belligerently, well, are you going to beat your wife? Most certainly not, unless she deserves it. But, I feel, in all modesty, that I shall be a very lax husband. The wife may have a little smile of relief when she has forgotten the salt in the porridge and is told, "Consider yourself thrashed." She may be a little put out when I suddenly put all the fishing gear in the car and whilst driving away for a week or two, yell out as an after-thought, "Consider yourself kissed." Alas, she may even feel frustrated when I pat her bottom affectionately, whisper in her ear a certain desire, and turn over, "Consider yourself..." , and snore.

Yes, I shall probably be a very lax husband. All those wonderful girls who have not married me, don't really know how blessed they are.

John J. Alderson.

*** *** ***

A NOTE FROM SUE:

Just a few things that I couldn't squeeze in under my editorial. Firstly, as you know, the theme from this issue was Women's Lib. Unfortunately, quite a few people didn't answer my pleas for articles. So, I'll try again. Next issue is about education. Take that however you want. Twist it, make it a joke, or have your say on it. I'll be glad of whatever you send. Next issue is also about FIAWOL. Again, it should lend itself readily.

I'll remind you that this 'zine is available for the usual - contribution, artwork, LoCs or trade - articles by femmes will be gratefully accepted and cherished. There will be no subs to Gough, but donations for postage, will be gratefully accepted Unless I receive some word from you, this will be your last issue, since I'm a poor student, and this fanzine can't work without support.

Also, I am Aussie agent for LURK, a great english fanzine, put out by Mike and Pat Meara. Anyone who would like a copy, please write and ask.

On my list of thankyous I would like to add John Snowden (for his beautiful artwork) and Kevin Dillon who gave me lots of helpful advice, and the idea of big bird. She's rather beautiful and I quite like her too.

Anyway, and contributions for the next issue should be sent to me.

Sue Smith
78 Redgrave Road
Normanhurst
N.S.W. 2076.

where I am at present boarding with my fiance and his folks.

Anyway, hope you enjoy!



And from last issue:-

W O U L D Y O U M A R R Y A F A N ?

by

H e l e n H y d e .

I do not like people who ask trick questions like the one above. If I say "no", I am damned, if I say "yes", everyone says, "well, what else could she say". You see, I think I am married to a fan. (Not I think I am married - this I know. I think he is a fan.) Before I answer this mind-searching question, I think I should explain my views on marriage.

Now I find ~~that~~ I have set myself an impossible task. How can you define or ever describe that intangible, indestructable bond that exists between two people in love? Anyway, what is love? The dictionary it as "strong or passionate affection for a person of the opposite sex; fond or tender feeling; affection; attachment; strong liking." None of these really describes love adequately. They are all manifestations of love. Love is so much more than all this. With love comes an outpouring of self that to a person without love, would be intolerable.

12. A marriage or union between two people suffering from this malady (provided their attachment is to each other) creates a unity of heart, mind and body which is unique. With love a bond between man and wife is formed. A bond which, because of its very nature, is both strong and extremely fragile at the same time. There is an old adage "you can only be hurt by the one you love". This is so true. If someone you have no affection for, calls you names, and it is usually ignored. But let your loved spouse call you those names, and it is worse than a physical blow. How many women have gone off in a huff because their husbands have made some slighting remark about them in their presence?

With any two people living together, it is necessary for some adjustment in personality to be made. And as the two parties grow, their characters change, so is it that more adjustments are necessary. Thus this period of adjustment lasts indefinitely. And who should change for whom? This question cannot be answered - it will vary with individuals. On the whole I think it is the woman who has the most adjustments to be made. A man swaps a mother for a wife. So the wife needs just a little more affection than he showed his mother. But a woman has to change from being looked after by her parents to looking after a man, and pleasing him. Of course, if the two are incompatible to start with, don't bother trying.

All this I know from personal experience. Love and marriage can be wonderful things in the world.

Now, what is a fan? There are fans; and fans; and fans. A "fan" is something that helps to cool you down when you are hot. Most "fans" do not remember this. Consequently, other "fan"s get hot under the collar.

Fans come in all shapes and in several degrees of notoriety. Thin, fat, short, tall. Some make excellent speakers, others border on the inarticulate. From those who hardly realise they qualify as fans, to B.N.F.'s. Somewhere between these extremes we all sit.

Just as the people in a group differ, so fans differ. Some of them love nothing better than sitting around, glass and smokes handy, talking to other fans. Others who (believe it or not) do not partake of alcohol and tobacco, just like to sit around and talk. One thing they have in common. They all like to communicate with each other.

And what is that something special that sets fans apart from the normal run of friendships? What is it that makes fandom so special?

The fandom I know is based on science fiction. Fans are people who started by reading and enjoying science fiction, and within its boundaries found a freedom that is unparalleled in any other form of literature. With this freedom comes the desire to communicate with others of the like mind. Thus came into existence fandom. As with any other human conception, fandom is limited by human frailties. We have both the good and the bad. From the closest of friendships to the most bitter feuds. Fandom is no different from any other circle of like minded persons.

As we are individuals, so our involvement in fandom varies. Some treat it as an interesting sideline, while to others, it is a complete way of all else. Is this sort of total involvement good or bad?

For marriage to succeed, each party must devote their primary involvement to the other. If one party is mildly involved with fandom, this is no worse than some hobbies (it can be a lot better than most) and is easily contended with. But if a partner is totally involved in fandom, how can he nurture and develop that bond which can grow between a married couple?

Would I marry a person totally involved in fandom? Intellectually, I scream "NEVER". A person partially involved? "MAYBE".

But love is blind. How can our minds dictate to our hearts who to love? The heart alone can indicate our choice for a lifetime partner, and then the mind must take over. Look at the heart's choice objectively. The most important question the mind must ask is "To whom/what will my choice devote his/her primary attention? Me or...?" If the answer is "or..." then the marriage is most probably doomed from the outset.

Basically, our choice of a lifetime partner will depend primarily upon the person. Their involvement to fandom (or anything else) will be of secondary importance only. If the initial choice by the heart need close examination, then items of secondary importance will be the turning point. I cannot answer for everybody, but if given the choice of marrying my husband again (knowing before we married that he is a fan), there would be no hesitation on my part. I am married to the most wonderful fan in the world.

Yes, I would marry a fan!

H e l e n H y d e .

THESE PAPERS ARE CONFIDENTIAL.

Report: Accidental dimensional travel.
Cause: Unknown.
Eyewitness Account: ASM 2150.
Memory banks have been checked.
This is no computer malfunction.
Android servo mechanism is in perfect order.

A stationary movement happened not so long ago. It happened to me. It took a number of seconds. In a hair's breath of time, my stationary movement movement began, reached it's climax and ended.

The place was in a long corridor. You laugh? There are so many corridors here, so that is no enlightenment. In space, it was corridor A27; level 10; building 1 BDN. In time, it was the hour after the sun's setting. In dimension - why - the fifth, of course. The others are inhabitable. They are mere holes.

At that hour, the corridor was deserted. I was about half way along, when the air around me began to change; Change from it's silvery colour to a transparent one, through which I could see. It became stale and rancid in odour, and my eyes stung. Around me, there were structures. One part of them was brown and well-built, jutting out and around them were green ones, that wavered and shook. They looked most unstable. No wonder that I saw no-one leaving or entering them. I forced myself to look more. There were two types of beings there. The first type was awkward, having long appendages jutting out from it's body; two at the bottom, which seemed to be used as movement propulsion units. There were two near the top, serving as carriers. One more was at the top; it seemed to turn in all directions and was properly used as a gathering information and general sensory unit.

14.

The second type of creature seemed to be of the ruling class. The fact that there were fewer of them furthered my assumption. Basically, it was the same as the other creature, but better adapted. They were smaller and used all four appendages for propulsion. They carried nothing and always went ahead of the other creatures. At the slightest sound that they made, they were obeyed. The sounds were loud and piercing, and their decisions described as authoritarian. If it happened that they were not obeyed, they jumped on the other species and made even more sounds. This act always brought immediate response. As I heard one of the other creature say: but they must be fed first.

This is an example of how well-trained and loyal these subservant creatures were. This has taken much longer to see, than it did to pick up on my sensors. Already the scene was beginning to fade.

I did not move for a long passing of time after all was normal again. When I did, I went straight to the authorities to report what had happened. They immediately checked my banks to see that all was functioning properly. It was, of course. They then listened to my report.

Comments: From this it must be concluded that life is possible in all dimensions - not only the fifth - as we have taught for countless ages.

Mithrandir.

LOC IT TO ME:
LOC IT TO ME:



Blair Ramage: 13 Attunga Ave., Earlwood, N.S.W.

So Women's Lib has penetrated into Australian fandom! Frankly, the femmefans I know don't need liberation, but still, if we can have our 'Chunders' and 'Mentors', I suppose you can have your 'Gough'.

To Sabina: Are fans any different to the thousands of other people who consider themselves inadequate socially? Perhaps you have never considered fandom as a stepping stone to social adequacy. To me it is this, amongst many other things. Concerning meaning and worth: they are where you want to place them. If you don't find them in fandom or science fiction; fine; but should you have been looking there to begin with? Fandom is not a substitute for love, but where does one find something as tremendous as that precious commodity, without social contact with persons of some common interest; and fandom is that, if nothing else.

Facing up to oneself is not as easy as you make it sound. First one has to know how to do the facing, which can be more difficult than the facing itself. Reading was long ago discovered as one of the best methods for propagating ideas, so if you want to stagnate mentally in a pool of social activity, by all means, go ahead. Also, I know from experience that you can't do anything, just by thinking you can. Self confidence is great, but it takes a little talent to do most things properly. Why read classic novels? They don't contain any more ideas than stf, and who is to say that the stf we read today won't be the classics of years to come. Classic novels are the literature of nostalgia; of the past science fiction, which is the literature of the possible future; to me, it is better to think about what will be rather than to sorrow about the glory and folly of what has gone before. Enough philosophizing: If S.F. can make us stop and think about where we may be headed just once, then it has for me, performed a worthwhile function.

15.

Leigh Edmonds: PO Box 74, Balaclava, Vic 3183.

I read the articles in order of how much I liked the writers. First came John Bangsund and into the third paragraph I read that I am supposed to have an "excellent taste in music" so, not being one to let the image slip, I raced over and switched on the stereo and listened to whatever happened to be left on the turntable from the last time I happened to be listening to music. As it turned out, it was the second act of Beethoven's 'Fidelio', a more apt thing to listen to whilst reading about marriage I can't think of, unless it's 'Tristan and Isolde' (you'll note that John Bangsund spells it differently, which just points out the difference between a man of letters like his esteemed self and a guy who listens to the records, like me).

Anyhow, I agree with John except that he seems that he seems to infer that I am not messy by nature which could not be further from the truth. I got GOF today and lost it in the pending piles all over the place, and had a hunt-for-it event though I had only put it down five minutes before.

After that I read Christine's little piece and, believe me Christine, I'd be sending you some sort of letter with some kind of proposal in it if only Valma would let me. Christine's writing always makes a great deal of sense (I still remember "Bob Hawke and the Brothels" with great admiration though I misread it the first time to be "Bob Hawke and the Brothers"... What, is my Freud slipping again?). While FINACG is very true I can see all kinds of benefits coming from a fannish upbringing. The major benefit would be, I hope, that electric typers and duplicators should play merry hell with the TV reception with obvious results. I would like to think that most fans have the sense not to think that children should always be sent outside when visitors come so maybe they would get to be not so worried by grownups (if fans should bear such a title).

My only comment on what Lyn Smith wrote is that herewith I extend to John Bangsund my thanks for breaking Valma into fandom so that now when I say "I can't do the dishes, I'm pushing an ANZAPA deadline," she knows exactly what I mean. She also appreciates what a mild mannered fan I am.

And onto the question itself which I feel inclined to answer, "Would I marry a fan?"

After very serious consideration I have come to the conclusion that I would not unless she fell into one of two categories: (a) she was so good in bed that I couldn't get up afterwards (even better than a Dick Geiss wet dream) or (b) she did all my fanac for me.

In the first case I have a good reason to suspect that the girl concerned might not be in fandom in the first place and if she was I would have to fight my way past Lee Harding or John Foyster so I guess that I shall have to rule that out and add that both Lee and John would have to fight their way past John Bangsund so I have no hope at all.

16. In the second case, I would be happy just so long as 'doing all my fanac' meant that I dictated letters and fanzines to her and she did all the rest, I would have no desire to have this mythical girl doing all her own fanac and just putting my name at the bottom of it. Anyhow, trying to fight off John Bangsund and Bruce Gillespie into the bargain makes that a pipe-dream too I suppose.

And why wouldn't I want to marry a fan? Quite simple. FIJAGH and getting married to a fan would change it into FIAWOL which would be just too much to bear. Besides, theatre, and the people that go with it, are a very nice change from MSFC.

As an after thought I turned to the last page of GOF and there was Sabina's letter, quite unexpected and something to think about. Now, you can agree with Sabina if you like (I don't) or you can disagree. Either way you have to try and see the whole scene objectively. A person who goes around in fandom with a self-chosen name like 'nomad' must, in my books, be suspect for using fandom to some sort of self-seeking end, not particularly involved in what fandom is all about. Okay, I've no objection to people doing whatever they like in fandom (that is what ASIO is for, it guarantees fans these rights against the encroaching COMORG) but when they come out of it and go Gafia I am not happy to see them blaming fandom for mistakes which were their own.

If every fan admits he or she has a fault this is not because anybody else out there in Mundania lacks faults but simply because most fans are cursed with this thing called introspection. Many people can go around most of their lives without waking up but fans seem to worry about it all and sometimes fan groups end up like T-groups because of it. Well, maybe Sabina just likes everybody to come out with it all which is okay for her but it is not for her to tell others how to carry on.

I would like to know if Sabina has followed her own advice and gone from stf to 'Classic novels' (?) to philosophers and magazines. If she has I would love to know what philosophers? It is true that some modernly popular philosophers praise the "here and now" but surely she must have read enough to know that there can be more to life than mere "Hedonism".

Ah-ha, it suddenly came to me to wonder if Sabina has 'Turned on' as they say. If her answer is yes then Bruce Guillepie might provide a few copies of Metrev. If not and even if (I guess) the mess age is "Keep on thinking Sabina" and have a good time doing what you're doing now (if you can) and remember that it is not necessary to destroy your past to keep moving into the future.

The whole essence of it boils down to FIJAGH and even if Fandom is a Way of Thinking it doesn't have to be a Way of Life.

Eric Lindsay:6 Hillcrest Avenue, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776.

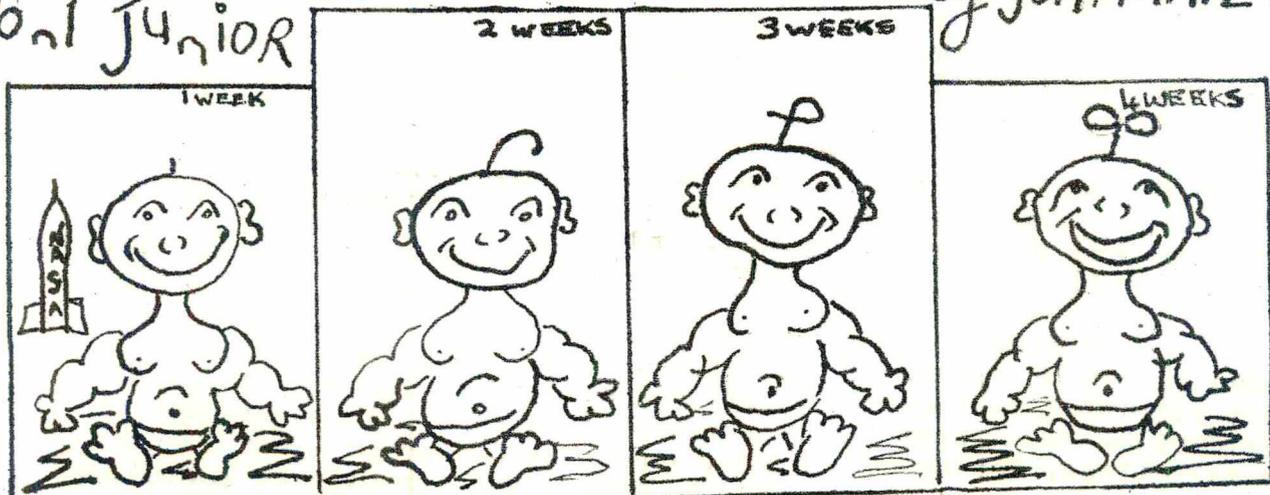
I feel sure that Christine is exaggerating the proverbial untidiness of fans in her various attacks against messy people. These underhanded stabs are obviously having some effect; even John Bangsund mentions the problem of compatible messes, and once I recovered from the idea that he meant mess in the sense of a place where food is served, I could see that Christine's attack was far more subtle.

Do you realise that soon fans will find it necessary to defend their messy habits? Some weaker and easily mislead soon, will even find themselves actually tidying up! Soon fandom will be divided between two armed camps, with messy fandom on one side, and tidy fandom on the other. This disparity is even more serious than that between fannish and sercon fandom, because it is more susceptible to abuse by non-fans. Before you know it there will be a TV show "The Odd Fannish Couple" starring Ron Clarke and Sue Smith, showing the problems that occur when messy and tidy people get together. Worse yet, other fans will begin viewing this, and thus be trapped into watching following programmes. Before long all the fans in Australia will be TV addicts and well on their way to mundania.

17.

I will tell you a secret. Christine is not untidy. These hints that she gives about having problems with her own mess are intended to lull the unsuspecting fan into thinking that she is actually a trufan.

Ron Junior



She could not be; the evil insidious influence of legal forms at Monash have reduced her to a puppet that the secret masters of Mundane are using to reduce the last bastion of individuality to nothing.

We must fight this evil influence under the banner of Trufandom, and make a jihad to defend ourselves.

Support the Messy Liberation Front, before it is too late!

John J. Alderson: Havelock, Vic. 3465.

What has prompted this urge for our femmes to advertise themselves? It shocked me a little to notice that the editress of a certain recent fanzine (who has even more kilos than yourself) has seen fit to put "miss" in brackets in front of her name. It occurs that you may start a classified advertising column under the headings "Chaste", "Chased" and "Not Telling".

However, you have at least solved one problem for me. That was how John Bangsund got his new car. After reading his article I know. Anyone who writes so laudingly of Leigh Edmonds, Paul Stevens and Robin Johnson obviously has sold his soul and is writing for money. Last time I met Robin (at Foyster's Cattle Station) he was bragging that he knew the whole transaction of Bangsund's car. Truth is that J.B. wrote that trash and they brought him the car. Sue, you have been taken as a bunny by the smoothest operators in fandom! I have also considered the characters Bangsund asked us to consider. Two of them came to a sticky end, one ended his days with a squeaky voice and Sonia pushed Billy under a Postal Delivery Van and it took ten minutes to run him over!

18. Of course Christine McGowan is talking through her hat. Fans range in age from 15 to 55 (Robin Johnson), from 40 to 250 kilos (Bill Wright), and with IQs from 13 to 55. Financially, they vary from heavily in debt to the nearly solvent. I suggest Christine ask advice from Lee Harding who is always willing to oblige with anything that doesn't cost.

Would you like a full page illo of myself for the next issue,

Love and kisses...

** So, girls, a treat for next issue, is a full frontal of John J Alderson, who will never hear the end of it if he doesn't appear...**

Christine McGowan: 40 Williams Rd., Blackburn, Vic.

...Some of your typing errors, while not as numerous as John Alderson's are almost as good (I have become very fond of his editorial style over the course of time - delightful pre-Civil War spelling /English Civil War, that is -7). I am very taken with the idea of perpetuating the race. The more I think of it, the more delicious it sounds!

Sabina's letter cut me to the quick. Such hasty judgement... there's no doubt about it, fandom supports a fair proportion of emotional and physical cripples (and what social group does not?). But that does not make fannish activities any less worthwhile than those of Rotary or Apex or the local bowling club, for Ghu's sake! Personally, I subscribe to Bruce Gillespie's theory that fen are the last truly civilised human people on earth. They enjoy each other, and take each other, wart and all. And they most certainly discuss themselves, their limitations and aspirations, once they feel secure in acceptance of their fellows. For some, I grant, fandom is an escape - and a much better one than acid or joining the army - but for others, including

myself, it is both stimulating recreation and a source of security comfortably in the background of one's daily battles with the big world. The \$64 question, which Sabina is begging like hell, is "What does Sabina mean by 'living' and 'reality'?" She is apparently a primitive existentialist; she is also anti-intellectual in a carefree sort of way: And down that primrose-strewn nihilistic path there be tygres. "Lasting fulfillment " yet! Oh, Sabina...

A. Bertram Chandler: Cell 7, Tara St., Woollahra, N.S.W. 2025.

Speaking from the vantage point of my extreme years I can assure you all that mixed marriages do work. After all, until such time as homosexual weddings are made legal, every marriage is a mixed marriage... Joking apart, it is quite possible for a non-bridge-playing, ship-hating science-fiction-addict to live in harmony with a bridge-playing, ship-hating, science-fiction-non-addict. An additional complication is that one of the family likes cats, talking to every feline he meets ("Wotcher, Ginge!" "Howya doin', Stripey?") whereas the other one is convinced that the charming animals are creatures of the Devil. (And we, in Tara Street, have cats the same as other people have mice...)

There are more important things in life than cats, and science fiction, and even ships. As long as you ladies acquire husbands who are able to say, philosophically, "She goes her way, and I go ~~my~~ mine," you'll be

right. With best wishes to all of you in your husband hunting and/or keeping. And I do hope, in spite of all I said, you marry inside the tribe and, in spite of ZPG, produce lots and lots of future Faithful Readers to swell the sales of a certain writer who had better remain nameless.

19.

SHADES OF BUCK ROGERS...



IT'S WILMA

Dianne Marchant: Margaret St., Mordialloc, Vic.

I feel sorry for Sabina, for she has a big thud coming when she finds the rest of life and its walks of life, as freakie and lost as she claims fandom to be. She seems so positive that I feel almost afraid of what her reaction will be if she faces up to her premise on a higher scale. Taking it as a minor premise, it is a fallacy, all life is a road to no-where, we just get our 'kicks' out of being travellers on that road together... otherwise we would give up. No, Life is for

living, as the saying goes; and living depends on your own interpretation of the same. I met a lot of SF fans at SYNCON 2 and most of them were a sweet cross-section of Australian life. Sabina is damn lucky if she has a secure feeling of adequacy, for that is rare, but if that feeling is permanent, it's a frightening sign. For 'Man' was born to struggle and when he becomes satisfied that he is good, he then starts to stagnate and slip backwards. One must strive to meet one's own ideas of adequacy, not mistaking the interludes and phases in our lives as having reached it... they pass and you can waken empty, if you're not prepared to go on in search for consistency.

Jack Wodhams: Box 48 PO., Caboolture, Qld 4510.

The item that caught my attention most in GOUGH was Sabina Heggie's tail-end derogation. It is always interesting to hear people renounce their faith, and to attend the reasons they albeit stoutly put forth. She is confused, poor girl. There are many subjects available, that may absorb a mind to the greater exclusion of all else. There are fans of bottle-collecting, fans of archery, fans of Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes, fans boringly and inordinately fond of pre-Cambrian beetles. It can be said of few hobbies, or of enjoyed particular pursuits, that they lead to anywhere specific. A major part of the joy of a preferred divertissement, in fact, dwells in its continuing irresolvability, its additions and developments, the novelty of its endless facets to be revealed, however slight that variation may be. Even golf has a new lie at every tee.

20. The tone of ex-Nomad's letter singles out stf to be a gross villain in its catering to the inadequate, names stf to have large appeal to unrealistically romantic dreamers, to be a misleading fancy suitable mostly to hopheads and dropouts, to the ineffectual. However, any human being gregarious enough to want to join any club, whether for swapping jam recipes, or for swapping batons mid-air in parachute jumping, necessarily reveals a personal inadequacy. In other words, quite normal humans quite normally like to meet and talk and share their interests in their favourite subject with others similarly keen. Only the positively withdrawn and certified hermit can be truly independent, and those so self sufficient need no reassurance, for their inner certainty sustains. Confident people do not pray. But we lesser mortals, we need other humans upon whom to test our specialised views, to understand, to support and define the degrees of appreciation,

Genuine human relationships are never fan-dependent, the depth of patina being always a matter of personal subscription, be the fraternity a surfing gang, or a gathered church community. Genuine human relationships start with the individual - and the individual is either genuine, or is not. I can wish the girl luck in her chase after lasting fulfilment - there is, be praised, no such animal.

Tell Ron to give you a kiss from me, but not to make a pig of himself.

** I could no longer abstain from making my comment. Sabina's my friend. She has always been a good friend, and although our friendship stemmed from our mutual association in Trekkie fandom, then stf fandom, it still stands. I'll defend her right to have her say, and won't pass judgement, though some here in this column have. That won't stop me, nevertheless, from giving her my opinions too. (I'm sure she'll understand.) Blair suggests that we first join fandom to fulfil some social inadequacy in our selves. I'll disagree, for you don't have to have a social (at least a conscious one) purpose for joining fandom. For me, it was a chance to meet people my own age (or thereabouts) who'd talk with me about the

things I liked... stf & fantasy, using one's imagination, or just plain logic... speculation generally. I suppose one of the reasons apart from the fact that I like mingling with people and talking at any time, was at that stage in my life I was lonely. Now, loneliness is not necessarily caused by personal inadequacy, but usually by circumstance, which it was in my case. Anyway, I think that indirectly, being a fan has helped me, where I didn't know I needed help. I talk better, and my ideas are better formed in my mind now, after many, many discussions with people with similar, and greatly dissimilar ideas. I've grown to respect people and their ideas more, because of our friendships, and so, in the whole, I'm becoming more tolerant. I too, used to staunchly defend myself and what I did at every opportunity, but now, I can listen first and decide whether what I had to say, before, need be said at all. I like philosophy (one of my best courses at dear ole Mac U), but you can get carried away, and find yourself swept up into a philosophy fandom. I feel that you have to be receptive to new ideas (at the Uni, you have to learn to be... each lecturer has his own ideas), but not so impressionable as to swallow what's been said, without a judgement made as objectively as possible based on your previous experience. Don't forget, if you accept something based on the experience of another, you are liable to find out to your grief, that you really aren't the same person. Everyone must learn and decide for himself. One of the first things we learnt, way back in 100-level education was that a child doesn't learn because you tell him something, he may store information this way, but to learn, really learn, he must find out for himself that Jane with her fat, squat glass has just as much lemonade as you with your tall thin glass. Anyway, that's what I feel might have happened, and I'd love to talk it over with her sometime, provided we both aren't uptight over our present activities.**

** As another afterword, If Jack Wodhams would like to come up and deliver aforementioned kiss, after what I've heard about the good-looking Jack the Wod, he can deliver it himself, next time we meet.**

21.

Lyn Smith: Box 106 P.O., Mortdale, N.S.W. 2223.

It was with much difficulty that I kept GOUGH away from Bob's clutches ...and then you went and sent him his very own copy! He paced back and forth in the lounge, along the passage and through to the front balcony (there's no room on the lounge balcony - two cats and a half grown jungle leave little space for anything else let alone a would-be suicide!) and finally poised himself to jump over the precipice to a glorious if not messy end on the lawn fully ten feet below. His last bewildered words were something like "...But I'm the fan in this house... why did you get a fanzine...(even greater bewilderment)... you aren't even a fan and it was addressed to you ... (various sobs and sniffles as sound effects)

Most of this was for effect, of course, because - as I said somewhere back up there - a copy arrived in the Box a week later addressed to the Big Name Fan of the Smith household ... It did take a visit to Mortdale and some conjoling didn't it?

How many other wives of fans had my problem, I wonder... I have read of no mysterious suicides so perhaps the male inhabitants of the fannish world have taken this blow to their collective ego on the chin. Are they even now summoning their scattered forces to battle for supremacy in an already female-dominated world? For no longer can they retreat into the sanctuary of their fannishness

knowing that we ladies won't follow for we will be there to meet them on their own terms.

... You have produced a fannish fanzinewith most of the contributors coming from femmes who are Names in their own right (so I like to think I'm known as Lyn Smith, not Mrs Bob Smith or Bob Smith's wife!), who had something to say and said what they said regardless of the consequences. Just like that John Bangsund though; you'll have to watch him carefully or you'll end up as proofreader/winewaitress **who said that would be so bad?** while he takes over the writing and printing - not to say censoring of your new baby! That man pops up in some most expected places... funny thing though... I would never have suspected that that beard hid a femme...!

I liked most of what was said - but, Miss McGowan, if you were referring to the Bob Smiths as a fannish marriage, you had better look again. For one thing I am not a fan of stf or allied genera although I read the stuff if I feel like it; neither am I a fan's fan. If you must slap labels on people, I am a Lyn-Smith-who-is-incidently-married-to-one-of-the-bigger-fannish-names type individual, if you don't mind. Neither does Bob like the inference that he has married a fan - he has a strange idea that I look after his material wants, pamper his ego, provide the funds to pay for records, books, and other little (expensive) luxuries/necessities (depending on your point of view, you understand) and generally fatten him up. He is also trying his hardest at the moment to get a rumour going that he lives with me only for my marvellous cooking.

At the same time, I feel sorry for Sabina Heggie if she really **feels** the way her letter reads. If it was written for effect, perhaps we have another Emily Bronte or George Eliot on our hands...

22. For isn't fandom a part of the life she has discovered with much vehemence? When the pendulum swings so violently to the madness of fannish pursuits to the sobriety of the classics, then depression must surely follow if the mood that caused the swing is not relieved, and quickly. It is, Sabina, very easy for me to look down from the height of my twentyeight years and two marriages and say that you've got to look at things in perspective but really... when you are young and impressionable things always look black and white and none of the subtle overtones of grey that make life worth living seem to appear.

Perhaps in a few years, maybe even in six monthes you'll look back at the Nomad(ic) days when Messrs Kirk, Spock and Co ruled your life and realise that the fun you had was really fun and not the tragic waste of time your letter made it out to be.

Bob Smith: Box 106 P.O., Mortdale, N.S.W. 2223.

I am not sure that I can keep up with or become used the the shocks that current Aussie fandom inflicts upon us older and rapidly becoming wearier ex-BNFs. There was I, stoutly denying that I wanted to receive fanzines in the quantities of ye Good Old Days and sorta sidling into a form of semi-g. afiation quietly and sullenly, when my wife, a mere female, actually received a fanzine in the mail, which not only was addressed to her but was apparently full of female contributors and actually published by a female for females. Somewhere down there in my fannish mental halls, long gathering the musty dusty of disinterest something rumbled and the creaky stirrings of a long dormant fannish cadaver were heard. No doubt my wife will describe the traumatic effect all this had upon me much more... ah, vividly and probably reasonably accurately. I was disturbed...

You know about twelve years ago, in a curious little pamphlet put out by John Foyster entitled Flug, I kinda did a tongue-in-cheek future 'history' of Australian Fandom. However, in typical science fictional fannish fashion I neglected to 'project' with much imagination or horrors - even the extrapolating of a Junieur Hari Seldon, and foolishly suggested that a mere male might become the not so secret Master of Aussie Fandom. Ah, if I'd known then what I know now I would have surely gafiated on the spot...

Now its easy to raise the eyebrows and wonder why ol' Smudger is getting so worked up over the emergence of the femmefan, and one could point out that U.S. and British Fandom have their fair share of femmes and nobody in the male ranks appear to squeal over loudly. I would immediately answer that U.S. and British Fandoms are much larger and the proportions of femmes is easily absorbed, no ~~great~~ problem, as it were. I would have also to remind all and sundry that Fandom is primarily a Fun Thing and a goodly but well mixed amalgam of sercon and twittishness is desired. Also I have a certain amount of fond fun being an amiable gadfly within Aussie Fandom.

It's absolute nonsense to think that a girl "can't have her say" or edit a fanzine, and I would venture to suggest that it isn't so much "BNFs" in this country don't seem to think so (and, after all, there would be no more than eight true-blue BNFs in Australian Fandom at the present time), but that the circumstances, the right spark, just hadn't gotten to the right time and place. (I always thought the Star Trek fanzine showed imaginitive promise and could have gone places, but it kind of peetered out, didn't it?)

Actually, in a fanzine more or less devoted to the female point of view of things (fannish or otherwise) I would prefer to see and read matters of amore varied nature than the obvious ones expected from the mundane female. There is this tendency to swing with the times and, for example, too much on "Women's Liberation" could become repetitious and tiresome. Unless, of course, it can be related to the common denominator of specutalive literature, future of the female in future societies, and so on. We are after all, talking of that special creature, the female fan, who I would hope has something to say.

Quite an interesting variety of attitudes from the individuals who did respond to your question of "Would you marry a fan?" and I had to look around to ensure that the Fandom I have a passing acquaintance with was indeed the same thing they were writing about.

Christines second paragraph has holes in it big enough to drive a moon buggy through. She seems to look upon "fans" as a form of social deviation and the rather clinical "there can be no doubt that fans do marry" sounds as if we all belong in laboratories of Masters and Johnson or under the antKopological eye of some field expedition. I suppose in a way it's all a matter of how you define a "fan" or the partnership of two individuals, and Christine's list of three only included one actual (to date) true blue fannish family, the Luttrells: I did not marry a "fan" and the Clarkes are not yet the Clarkes. In proportion to its size there have not been many "fannish marriages" at all in Aussie Fandom, but Carla Harding and Elizabeth Foyster could have been mentioned, since they have, at times, participated in "fannish" activities. In the U.S. over the years its been somewhat difficult to keep track of which fan is currently married to or divorced/separated from one another, but there are a few fairly obvious fan families that could be mentioned.

But since, as Christine says, the whole question is 99% hypothetical I will skip the second last paragraph where she seems to be saying that a "fannish" marriage would lack the security of a

mundane marriage (these are ridiculous words!) and that the husband would spend most of his time and their money on things fannish. Any individual who has it that bad id a fool, and is best left alone!

Similarly I am surprised at Jean Jordan's picture of marriage to a "non-fan" and the "no basis for conversation" idea. I am hoping fervently that this is written with tongue firmly in cheek, for if there is no "basis for conversation" why marry, for Ghu's sake? Perhaps Bangsund's final comment summed it up, with: "I would marry a person,"

24. However, the most disturbing aspect of your first ish and the one that does deserve most attention seriously is, I feel, Sabina's letter. Fandom can be "a farcical substitute for genuine human relationships" if this peculiar form of social microcosm is allowed to grab a good hold over the individual, quite dangerously so if that individual is unaware that he/she is hooked to that extent. I'm afraid it's much too easy to explain away fans as being individuals unable to cope with their inadequacies so they tend to huddle together within Fandom's false forms of security, comfort and apparent intellectual stimulus. It's reasonable that Sabina should say "Beware!" to all of Fandom, but it also reasonably fair to remind Sabina that - as she says - that "is what happened to me" and it is a highly individualistic view-point. There are indeed many, many important things to give one's attention to throughout the whole of life, and not everyone stays young and idealistic. I would also point out that the social structure and its change in this time in Man's history enables him/her to virtually do what he/she wants to, and that there are forms of escapism much more attractively dangerous than Fandom these days. All things considered Fandom is reasonably healthy, and if fans feel in the mood for "facing up" to their own problems and inadequacies within the structure I'm sure there will always be a few fans only too willing to do the couch-side manner bit; and indeed in this respect Sabina is as guilty as many within Fandom: and eagerness to give "advice" as part and parcel of the swan song.

For whatever reasons Sabina is leaving Fandom after "three years of involvement with fans and science fiction", she has only the faintest nodding knowledge with Fandom and a reasonable rapport with a mere handful of "fans" - hardly enough to start pronouncing judgements and life styles advice for others. But... it's good to "sound off" - ain't it?

ALSO HEARD FROM:

Shayne McCormack: who said 'it isn't the kind of 'zine I'd produce'
Max Taylor: who accused me of being 'a sort of Germaine Greer of the fanzine world'

Van Ikin: 'with your idea of a THEME - it gets everything under control right from the start, and the reader knows what he/she is getting. It also provides an in-depth look at the topic... The trouble is, you've got to have a theme with universal appeal"... yes, I know, but the first ish of GOUGH was meant to produce a good-natured fun image (even though with a sobering tone at the end). I'm sorry that the theme didn't appeal to everyone. Perhaps the next one of education and/or family life will. This ish's plea for articles on Women's Lib remains almost unanswered, so this is the reason for the large lettercol. Sorry.

Adrienne Losin: who agrees with me - 'ST was the best, most mature series to come out of America, or indeed the western world.'

Noel Kerr: after all I said to the contrary, addressed the letter to 'Dear Ron Clarke's fiancée'.

Frankee Seymour: "The Citadel", 19 Imperial Ave., Baronia Park,
Gladesville, NSW 2111.

I feel compelled to comment on one thing --- namely Sabina's article. I can't say I disagree with her view of fandom in the extreme. No sane fan would ever deny that to let one's life revolve around any one small facet of living, is an impossible road to fulfilment. However, I must strongly disagree with the implication that all SF fans are extreme fans. Incidentally, I am not, have never been, and will never be a fan, so let no-one mistake this part of my letter for self-defence.

Everyone on Earth has hang-ups and feels inadequate in some way; such is the nature of humanity, and I will not deny that fans of various descriptions are no exceptions, but that they fail to face up to their inadequacies any more than non-fans who find escapism in the barbarism of a football match, or the LSD imitation of a pop-concert, is a fallacy and a contradiction to logical thinking. If fans do, in fact "with no exceptions consider themselves inadequate socially" --- and I have severe doubts about the logic (not to mention the truth) of such a sweeping statement --- well, then, even so, isn't a banding together for mutual release from their inadequacies, psychologically the best thing for them to do?

But it is Sabina's second point to which I take real exception, as it is quite as insulting to non-fans like me as to fans. One looks to literature - all forms of literature - for a small portion of complete and lasting fulfilment. To exclude SF would be quite idiotic. Literature is a vital and very wonderful part of here and now, and the SF has an additional value as well as giving artistic pleasure. Would Hiroshima and Nagasaki have been sufficient a "raste of Armageddon" to keep us alive up to now, without such works as "The Omega Man" and "Level 7" ? And isn't it possible that 1984 might look a little more like the book of that title if it had never been written? Yes, read classics, but you do the deciding what are classics and what aren't, and never give up fiction, our finest mirror of life. I don't know much about magazines, but I do advise you against reading philosophers. If you haven't been as deep as the greatest philosophers who ever lived by the time you're sixteen, there's absolutely no point in bothering to start. If you don't take it seriously it will be valueless; if you do, most likely you'll end up committing suicide. Oh, incidentally, never give up simply reading; you really can't do enough of it, if you really want to "live".

25.

Kenneth Ozanne: 42 Meek's Crescent, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776.

I would not marry a fan, since I am already married to a non-fan, and there are laws against that sort of thing. Moreover, I don't know any fan except Eric Lindsay and I wouldn't consider marrying him for a moment. Besides, there are laws against that sort of thing as well. I suppose if I were really determined to answer your question, I could move to some place where polygamy is legal. But I still wouldn't know any fan except Eric Lindsay and there would still be laws against that sort (love that typo) but I mean, that sort of thing. I should really give up and say no comment, but this is supposed to be a LoC so I will attempt to disguise my lack of comment. Somehow.

John

Bangsund is a Gook (I like that typo as well). I meant to say that John Bangsund is a Good Thing and you can work out for yourself if he would be a Good King (provided you do not attempt to write on both sides of the paper at once.) His contribution is by far the best thing

in GOF (as is his contribution in anything he writes for usually). I wonder is Hansard worth reading since he took over?

Archie & Beryl Mercer: 21 Trenethick Parc , Helston, Cornwall, UK.

As to the general question of fans' marrying-habits - there has long been a folk-saying amongst fans to the effect that "fans should marry fans". This is, of course, easier in the performance for some than for others. Two great obstacles stand in the way of it's universal performance: (a) the considerable numerical disparity between the sexes to which John Bangsund so wittily draws attention, and (b) the fact that many fans find a spouse first and then fandom afterwards.

Certainly, the young maiden cutting as it were her intellectual teeth on fandom has a very good chance indeed of marrying a fan if she wants to. The young male fan in similar condition, however, has a comparatively slender chance of doing likewise, and all too frequently has to settle for second best.

Nevertheless, the picture is not entirely bleak, even for these. There are indeed wives whose effect is a pain in the fannish neck, or even more suitable portion of the fanatomy. Others are more tolerant - will take an interest in their men and their hobbies whether it be cricket, crime or craftsmanship, and even accompanying them to conventions and such affairs. Even better, some wives positively thrive in fannish company, and apart from their reading habits become virtual-ly indistinguishable in time from genuine female fans in their own right.

26.

If the young female fan is in a potentially better situation than is the equally young male, the advantages are reversed for the married and childbound. The married housewife with fannish interests often has to fight tooth and nail in order to pursue them - for just one thing, she's often financially dependent on her husband. This is part of the mundane double standard, of course.

Then again, these things are very susceptible to change. Beryl used to at one time, be married to a non-fan, with zero fannish potential. Nowadays, she's married to me instead, which she claims is preferable. (Silly woman!)

John Brosnan: Flat 1, 62 Elsham Rd., Kensington, London, W.14. UK.

Last week I received a fanzine called Girls' Own Fanzine, or something similar, which I'm sure came from you. I'm not positive because I lost it.

What's worse, I hadn't finished reading it. I was in the middle of reading why Jon Bangsund wasn't going to marry Robin Johnson or Leigh Edmonds, which was all rather interesting too. Another thing I managed to read before fate stepped in was Sabina Heggie's short piece. I agree with her to a point... most fans I know, in England as well as Australia, are emotionally and socially retarded, and I include myself in that. Most of them use science fiction and fantasy as an escape and fandom as a retreat from the world. Fans are usually inadequate people suffering from huge inferiority complexes, often for good reason. Fandom is their only means of social contact, a place where they can meet other people similar to themselves. But is this necessarily a bad thing? I don't think so. Anything that encourages communication the way fandom does is serving a useful purpose. And what's wrong with wanting to escape? It's the people who don't feel any need to escape from the world that worry me.

Ed Cagle:Route 1, Leon, KS 67074, USA.

As for commenting on the articles in Gough, there is a certain amount of truth in all of them, and at the same time a certain amount of mis-information. It depends on the individual which viewpoint is the better one, and the practicality of the outlook as it affects one's life. If there is any unifying theme to all the opinions expressed, it is that life is rather complicated and confusing, but that if it were not, it would be an endless bore and rather empty.

Bangsund probably came close to what I would tell you is you asked me if it was wise to marry a fan. The important thing is to marry a person, and a compatible one. Love has a way of growing such an environment, even though the weather is not always fair and wind light and balmy. Troubled times, if love survives, makes for strong ties. Hopefully, all this vague information can be put into use with a person one also finds appealing.

Sabina Heggie expresses a viewpoint that is as extreme as the fan who becomes totally immersed in fandom and fanaticism, and as such isn't any more well balanced than any other obsession. The other facet of her letter - the intense sense of alienation - will pass. That she could not make contact except on rare occasions with fans with whom she felt honesty was present is as much, if not more, her fault than the fans she criticizes as a mass. Given the proper approach and viewpoint, a life partially wrapped up in fandom is life as she seeks it. The Real World is available in any number of disguises. She may find it elusive away from fandom, as much so, in time, as she did in fandom.

27.

Mary Legg:20 Woodstock Close, Oxford OX2 8DB, UK.

Would I marry a fan? you ask. Too late, too late! Cried she in reply. 'Cos I did. In fact, it was amazing to note that there were no less than - let's see - say six fannish marriages in the last four years, in the majority of which both parents were fan. Of course, their activity varied both before and after marriage, but they were all true-blue fan. I must say, having been to three fannish weddings (that counts my own), your own should be fun! The one with most incident was again my own, or rather 'ours'! That ranged from near non-arrival of my half of the family (they literally arrived with minutes to spare), a most recalcitrant wedding-cake, someone getting trapped in the loo, and one or two other incidents; and then the week following we had such interesting things as signing on at the labour exchange less than 24 hours after marriage, and accidentally setting the kitchen on fire... Still, even so, of course it was worth it! Provided you keep a sense of proportion, of course. By which I mean, it may be more fun to write a LoC than wash the kitchen floor, but life isn't all roses and Hugos!

There was a young girl of Trallee
Who liked to go out on a spree
Now she writes to the papers
Condemning such capers
And signs herself

'Mother of three'.

ALSO HEARD FROM:

Graham Boak:who said, "Australia is much more interesting country than the UK. I can't imagine visiting Meg's family in Birmingham and ending up fighting a forest fire."

And here's a letter from that clever Harry Warner Jr who managed to combine a LoC with a contribution for next issue, and didn't even know it!

Harry Warner Jr: 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740, USA.

I wonder what Christine McGowan might have written if she'd seen one unused bedroom in my home a month ago. It would have caused her to revise drastically her concepts of mess and her philosophy on the whole general topic of messes. About four years ago, I slipped in the attic, didn't hurt myself in the fall, but got sort of neurotic about the dangers of busting something up there and being unable to get down the steep stairs. I could yell for help in case of an accident elsewhere in this house where I live alone, but the attic is so high and the windows are so small that I might not make myself heard from up there. So I decided to stop making so many trips to the attic with fanzines, books, correspondance, and such things, and started to put it in this empty bedroom where I intended to cart the accumulation to the attic monthly to minimize the fall peril. Then, I somehow failed to carry the stacks up on schedule and a year later when the room was starting to look bad, I encountered physical problems that left me under doctor's orders not to do much lifting, and a year after that I had an operation that prevented lifting for quite a while longer, and last year, I didn't even dare thinking about the augmenting chaos. Then, at the start of March, something snapped, almost like a religious conversion, and I decided it was time to Do Something. Faithfully, everyday, I've been

28. packing stuff into boxes and bags and plastic containers and lugging it to the attic, and after three weeks of this, it's just possible to notice a slight dent in the mess. I really think it all should have been preserved in it's natural state, as a testing ground where fans from all over the nation could have come, if considering matrimony to another fan, and see the worst and then study their reactions, knowing that their prospective marriages couldn't create anything quite as bad as this.

**** **** ****

Well, there it is, the last LoC for this issue. If you're wondering about the strange organisation of the LoC column, it's because there isn't any. I just typed them as they came in. And as to the varying degrees of editing... well, I was just so proud of my very first LoCs I couldn't bear to edit them severely, but after typing this many, I'm beginning to get the hang of editing them. My poor fingers! The next issue of Gough will be coming out, no matterwhat pessimism is expressed by Ronl. I don't know when though, since I am taking in peoples laundry and ironing to pay for this issue's mailing. And before another comes out THE MENTOR will be showing it's ugly head again. Next few pages are Ronl's.. he hasn't forgotten you....



(Courtesy of
The Herald)

FANZINES RECEIVED.

BEARDMUTTERINGS is from rich brown, of 410 - 61st St., Apt D4, Brooklyn, NY 11220, USA. 28 pp, fully offset; personal opinion zine. Available for the usual - not for \$\$\$. This is no 2.

MAYA's 4 & 5, from Ian Maule, 59 Windsor Tce., South Gosforth, Newcastle on Tyne, NE3 1YL, UK. Genzine; usual or 50¢ ea.

VIEWPOINTS 8 & 9, from Fred Hemmings, 20 Beech Rd., Slough SL3 7DQ UK. Sercon genzine. International zine paper; usual or 10p + postage.

LOCI 122 - 136. The sf newszine, from Aust agent Bruce Gillespie, subs are 26/\$8, though the devaluation will make a difference.

DZARMUNGZUND 8 is a thick (100 pp) genzine with silk screened cover; edited by joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct, Lake Jackson, Texas 77566, USA. Available for the usual.

NINI HLI? 2 - 7, A Canberra Science Fiction Society blubzine, from Helen Hyde, editoress, PO Box 544 Civic Square, ACT 2608, Aust. 29.
For the usual, I would say. Genzine, up to 15 pp.

RICHARD E GEIS/THE ALIEN CRITIC is one of the top fanzines, diary writings and opinions on everything, from Richard E Geis, PO Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211, USA. Usual/\$1 us copy.

MADCAP 1 (I'm sure I have 2 here too, somewhere...) is a typical first issue; from Pete Presford, 10 Dalkeith Rd., Sth Reddish, Stockport SK5 7EY, UK. Genzine, for the usual.

ENERGUMEN nos 13 & 14. Possible the best fanzine in the world. edited by Mike & Susan Glicksohn, of 31 Maynard Ave., apt 205, Toronto, Ontario M6K 2Z9, Canada. Usual or \$1 ea. Last issues.

OUTWORLDS 3.4 & 3.5 are from Bill & Joan Bowers, PO Box 354, Wadsworth, Ohio 44281, USA. Usual or 4/\$2. Genzine, and also one of the best.

TELLUS International SFCD-News. Newszine for the W German SF Club. Sub 10/US\$2 to Gerd Hallenberger, D-3550 Marburg, Alter Kirchhainer Weg 58, W Germany.

TOUCHSTONE 1 & 2, from David Grigg, PO Box 100, Carlton South, Vic 3053, Aust. Slim (24pp) faanzine. Usual, no \$\$.

CHUNDER! s 1-3 & 5, from John Foyster, 6 Clowes St., South Yarra Vic 3141, Aust. Chunderous newszine, for usual or \$\$.

MITHRIL 2 (Oct '72), very sercon sf fanzine, from Dennis Stocks, GPO Box 2268, Brisbane 4001, Qld. Usual or 50¢ ea. Worth getting. 62 pp, offset cover.

ENIGMAS V3n3 & v4n1 (I wish you blokes would number the blooming things consecutively). Genzine with fan-fiction, from the Sydney Uni SF Assn: SUSFA, Box 126, Old Union, Sydney Uni 2006, Aust. Usual or \$1 for joining club. Spirit, about 28pp, diff. colours.

*ERGS 40 & 41, from Terry Jeeves, 230 Bannerdale Rd., Sheffield S11 9FE, UK. genzine, with very funny articles (ie Nartaz, The return of). Usual or 5/\$1.

COLUMBIA FANDOM 1967 - 1972 The Last Shot. is put out by Doug Carroll, 1109 Paquin, Columbia, Missouri 65201, USA. Faanzine rambles about the history of Columbian fandom. Usual, if any left.

MOTA 6 was edited by Terry Hughes, Route 3, Windsor, MO 65360 USA. Genzine, for the usual or sample copy 25¢. Dominoes???

OQ : 2 Ontario Science Fiction Clubzine, edited by Gordon Van Toen & John Douglas, 7⁴/₂ Castlebury Cresc., Willowdale, Ontario Canada. Offset, 40 odd pp, genzine. Usual 50c each.

AWRY 3, from Dave Locke, 915 Mt Olive Dr., Duarte, CA 91010, USA genzine, 32pp, available for the Usual, or sample for six 8¢ stamps (US). No subs.

SOMETHING ELSE (Miss) Shayne McCormack's solitary splash, 49 Orchard Rd., Bass Hill, NSW 2197. Usual or request (one copy only) Sub \$1.50 for 4. 33pp, kind of off-set cover (shades of Syncon).

EGG 6 produced by Peter Roberts, 87 West Town Lane, Bristol, BS4 5DZ, Great Britain. Mimeo, coloured illos, 34 pp, available for the usual, 3/\$1. Aussie agent David Grigg; faanzine.

30 VECTOR 61 - 63. BSFA publication, edited by Malcolm Edwards, 75A Harrow View, Harrow, Middlesex, HA1 1RF, UK. $\frac{1}{2}$ foolscap size, fully off-set; 30p, genzine (sercon), usually 40 pp.

NORSTILLIAN NEWS Aussie newszine, pub. for A in 75, by Robin Johnson, GPO Box 4039, Melbourne, Vic 3001. Usual, 20¢ copy or sub. \$2/12, monthly.

THE TURNING WORM 3: John Piggott, Jesus College, Cambridge, CB5 8BL, UK. 44pp, faanzine, available for usual, or \$1 a copy.

STARLING 23 edited by Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 1108 Locust St., Columbia, Missouri 65201. Faanzine (& science fiction); mimeo with colour illos, 33 pp, available for usual or 3/\$1, 50¢ a copy. "the good taste FAMILY fanzine..."

KWALHIOQUA 1 - 5, produced feverishly by Ed Cagle, Route 1, Leon, KS 67074, USA. Faanzine that improves with each issue, v. funny, Usual, stamps, money "or offers that can't be refused", slim.

YANDRO 216 - 218: Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, IN 47348, USA. Probably the oldest running genzine; 30 - 40 pp, Usual or 40¢ percopy, \$1.50/4, \$4.00/12 (safe money).

HAVERINGS 53, 54. Ethyl Lindsay, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey KT6 6QL, UK. Fanzine listings. 40p or \$1/6.

THE DRUM: a few throbs from Blair Ramage via his Drum. 13 Attunga Earlwood, NSW 2206. spirit (coloured) dup.

Assorted things from Kevin Dillon.

I HAVE A DREAM OF ONE DAY HANGING FRANZ ROTTENSTEINER FROM A..." The title goes on and on. neat, slim, mainly comments about things received. put out by Alex Robb, of changing abode at the moment.

MAULE'S WELL. Iam Maule, 13 Weardale Ave, Forest Hall, Newcastle on Tyne, NE12 OHX, UK. new personalzine. 4 pp only, but very interesting.

GEGENSCHHEIN 8, 9. Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave., Faulconbridge, NSW 2776. Mimeo with coloured illos. Usually genzine, but 9 is accumulated lettercol.

JULIEN C RAASVELD'S FANMAGAZINE O. Julien C Raasveld, Goedentijl 11, B-2710 Hoboken, Belgium. Note the change of address.

WOMBAT 4 Fanzine by Ronl Clarke and Shayne McCormack, 78 Redgrave Normanhurst, NSW 2076. 50 pp, usual only, copies still available.

EGOBOO 16 put out by John D Berry, 35 Dusenberry Rd., Bronxville NY 10708, USA. Faaanish; usual or \$1.

LES SPINGE 25, 26. Darroll & Rosemary Pardoe, 24 Othello Close, Hartford PE18 7SU, UK. Fanzine with the emphasis on fans... ie they get to write in and tell, and tell, and tell. Good though, mimeo with colour illos, usual, money actively discouraged.

CYPHER 8 Large issue (82pp) put out by James Goddard & Mike Sandow, Woodlans Lodge, Woodlands, Southampton, Hants, UK. Aussie agent Eric Lindsay. page size A4, sercon genzine; Usual or 40¢ per issue, sub. 5/\$2.

PARALLAX 5 - 7: Julien C Raasveldt (see new address previous page) spirit dup, fanzine with sercon influences. Has reprint of Ronl's "The Australian Fanzine Explosion", available for the usual.

RATAPLAN 10 Leigh Edmonds, PO Box 74, Balaclava, Victoria 3183. Faanzine available for usual or 40¢ per issue, \$1.60 for 4.

CHAO XI put out by a loveable guy, John J Alderson, PO Box 72, Maryborough, Vic 3465. Mainly sercon, with glimpses of John's life and thoughts. Coloured mimeo (namely green for the print) includes a Syncon report. Usual or 40¢, 56pp.

SF COMMENTARY 30 & 31 Bruce Gillespie, GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne Vic 3001. 30 included a wrap-around off-set cover and pages of photos from Syncon, not to mention a report. Off set cover for 31 also with lead article by Philip Dick, Hugo nominee. Usual or \$3/9.

THE JOURNAL OF OMPHALISTIC EPISTEMOLOGY 6/ SF COMMENTARY 32 Wish John Foyster would do more of his thing more often. John Foyster, 6 Clowes St, South Yarra, Vic 3141. Sercon; free to interested persons, 40pp, offset cover.

SF COMMENTARY 33 I almost forgot this one (Sorry Bruce). Swamped by SFC's all at once at one stage. Trying to read them all in the lull.

MOEBUS TRIP 15 Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, Ill. 61604, USA 3rd Annish, 60pp, fanzine (with SF). Available for usual, 50¢ per copy or 5/\$2.

MAYBE 22 Irvin Koch, 835 Chatt. Bk. Bg., Chattanooga, TN 37402, USA. Genzine, 21pp, mimeo; Usual, 50¢ per copy or 6/\$2.50.

COWBOY ANGEL 2 put out by Doug Carroll, 1109 Paquin St, Columbia Mo. 65 301, USA. Ho,ho faaaanzine; slim, but interesting; Usual or 25¢, no subs.

SPECULATION 31: Peter Weston, 31 Pinewall Ave., Kings Norton, Birmingham 30, UK. Genzine, 54 pp, including photopages from Rurocon 1, off-set cover; Usual or 50¢ per copy, 4/\$2 (no cheques).

MERCATORIAL ANNUAL for 1973. Archie & Beryl Mercer, 21 Trenethick Parc, Helston, Cornwall, UK. Good fun.

TENT 4 : Douglas Leingang, PO Box 21328 LSU, Baton Rouge, LA 70803 USA. This issue is spirit dup 6pp, but with promise. Wants articles on fan communication &/ communication in general. DL hopes to move to Aust. soon, and wants to get to know Aussie fans, anyone like to write to him?

SYNDROME 1 Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa 18951, UAS. Beautiful first issue, 32 pp mimeo, for usual or 50¢.

LURK 1 - 4: put out by Mike & Pat Meara, 61 Borrowash rd., Spondon Derby, DE2 7QH, UK. I'm Aussie agent, so write for first free copy - Usual or 50p. Very good genzine, light into British fandom.

THE TASMANIAN DEVIL 1: Michael O'Brien, 158 Liverpool St., Hobart Tas. 7000. spirit dup. with personal notes and book reviews, 6pp, available for usual we presume.

MI Vol 3 No 3: Eric Bentcliffe, 17 Riverside Cresc., Holmes Chapel Cheshire, CW4 7NR UK. I sheet of madness attached to CHECKPOINT Number 28, from Peter Roberts, 87 West Town Lane, Bristol, BS4 5DZ UK, which is fanzine reviews, 4pp, Peter advertises it as a newsine Aussie agent is David Grigg.

This typewriter has at last been effected by the insanity of it's owner... it's gone mad!

ALGOL 19: semiprofessional off-set magazine by Andy Porter, PO Box 4175, New York, NY 10017, USA. (It always amazes me how many fans fit into PO boxes..) Excellent as usual, with coloured off-set wrap-around cover. Usual or 75¢.

GRANFALLOON 16: Note the new address: Linda and Ron Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, Pa 19076, USA. Genzine that even includes recipes, 44 pp, art portfolio by Jim McCleod, mimeo with colour. Offset covers. Usual or 75¢ per issue, 3/\$2.00.

32 MUIRGHEAL 1: Simon Joukes, Haantjeslei 14, B-2000 Antwerp, Belgium. Written in many languages, which I think are French, German & English (I can't be sure though, I did latin at school), 30pp, genzine, available for the usual or 25¢ per issue.

Eegads, it's the last one....

CARANDAITH 7 alpaguri, box 69 ocean park, washington 98640 usa. Aussie agent is Alex Robb. Multi coloured, with much show-through from the purple. Liked the issue very much, but what would you think of a fanzine that started "This is the end"? A really good zine available for the usual or \$1 cash.

* * *

Yes, people, the above is a mishmash of Sue and Ron - can you find where one began and the other ended. Ron speaking now. A couple of days ago I get in the post an advert for Eastercon '73, the Melbourne Con to be held over April 20-23rd. From the programme, it looks very sercon, with panels, all night movies, etc. One of the staples of later cons - room parties, aren't mentioned, and with those room rates (\$19 for a twin -eek, a little expensive compared with, say, SINCON) will make sure that some fans will not be able to afford it.

What does upset me, tho, is the prohibited cost of the thing. \$7 for membership!!!! And \$10 for membership & supper. And those are Aussie dollars! (Makes it US\$9.80 to join!) Sorry fellows, but us poor fen can't afford your high prices.

And the Ain'75 Committee is mostly from Victoria...