

Once again I've had many very kind and supportive letters (some still in response to my first lettersub) -- the very generosity of your correspondence forces me upon the expedient of yet one more of these less generous replies. If it weren't for the fact that many of you write FROM San Francisco, I'd be rather alarmed at the prospect of never again being able to keep up with my correspondents.

Among the smaller items I rec'd a card from Joyce in Newcastle, wondering if I might get over to Silicon -- but I got the card the day of the con, & in any case my finances, you know... But I hope you had fun, Joyce. YOU should have come over & sightseen some of our immoderately fine Danish brick churches. It's hard to picture unless you are here what beautiful things CAN be done with plain brick. I have seen (a) Jacob's great-grandfather's church, (he is buried in the incredibly lovely Japanese-gardenish churchyard) and I climbed up the tower on ancient wooden steps, up past the bells, (b) Jacob's grandfather's church and "præstegård" (vicarage) which he remembers from the age of one (he says), (c) his father's first church, a vast pale-tan modern one, very soaring, here in K'b'mhow(n) (as we cognoscenti pronounce it) called Grundtvig's Kirke after the famous Danish reformer, (d) his distant cousin's church and vicarage (not to mention her summerhouse) -- aside from churches (there ARE one or two) that have never been pastored by a member of his family, and one that turned out to be a university library on second thought. If I were an artist I'd sketch that one for you, but I'm forced to content myself with saying they're very nice indeed and you should ALL come see them. Immediately.

Cheryl stamped her letter with arcane symbols that must have amused the postal authorities, but it got here, as I see (gulp) about a month ago. The weather in answer to your question ("no, really, I'm curious") after a very hot sunny summer (grumble grumble) has turned typical, ie, grey-to-blue above in rapid succession, and wet to dry below ditto, and cool. Not even hourly weather reports could keep up, so no one tries. I expect it's sort of like Seattle. The zine, BLUE MOON, surprised me by containing such uninflamatory material. I guess this means our feminist conspiracy to take over the world is still a secret? It's marvelous of you to do it, and now about no.2...(I'm sorry, Cheryl, I was only kidding! Don't cry!) I showed it to someone here who'd never heard of fanzines, though he attended Big Mac, and he was tres amused and interested, especially liked your editorial. Not only that, he sang the song for me, since he's a musician and reads music. He's nice, named Brian Hall, left for Greece a while back and won't be back in the States till spring, but maybe we can snare him into fandom. Clearly shows BLUE MOON's potential as a tool for world domination.

Scarecrow Press is interested in Cheryl's bibliography of womens diaries and journals. Hurray! Hope it happens. "I've also been reading things to Improve my Mind, such as ON THE PROBLEM OF MEN, the anthology put out by the Women's Press in England. Unfortunately, a lot of it is written in dialect -- Marxist English." "I wish you were here so's I could hug you.

Paper hugs aren't good enough -- but here's one anyway. +++hug+++ "

Thanks. I needed that. Here's one back. +++hug+++

You must imagine those as asterisks. Another deficiency of the Danish keyboard. Kate gives me all the latest from Seattle. I think I will, when I need it, have enough money to get home on, thank goodness. There are only two little stretches, between Denmark and Brussels, and NY and Michigan, that are at all problematic. But I'm sure Jacob will give me the money. After all, if things get REALLY bad, it's the only way they can get rid of me! Thanks to you (& Ole & Jane & Vonda) for your warmth & concern. Kate tries telepathic hugs. All rec'd! "I like the ash character on your typewriter. I can see that it wouldn't be much help when typing letters in English, but it would be great for discussions of Beowulf, especially if the typewriter also had a thorn character, an eth character, and a wynne character." Sorry. This is what we've got that you don't: Ææ Øø Åå.

I envy your attendance at Continuity -- surely one of the great relaxacons. And thaanks (faannish thanks?) for the ear plugs!

More hugs from Janet. Gee.

Diane & George of Charing Cross Rd. are off on a long trip shaped like an infinity sign across America, leaving Laura to hold the roost (or should I say rule the fort?) Diane has "located every quilt show & gallery that handles fiber art on the route, not to mention a huge enormous Olga de Amaral that lives in a hotel in Atlanta. I've seen a picture of it being made, spread out for blocks on a street in Bogotá or wherever it was." (!!) Really a pity you never saw our American Pictures tapestries. They'll probably go to New York next. Bon voyage...

Ole writes about AIDS "They seem to have found that Interleukon-2 deficiency is the common factor in the blood of all the victims, and that the immune system fires back up when Interleukon-2 is re-introduced to the blood." My fingers are crossed. I'm only afriad it can't help people who already have KS as well as AIDS. Ole's letter sort of fell between the cracks of lettersubs 1 and 2. So its been here since the beginning of August. These are refinements of guilt not to be dreamt of by persons less steeped in vice.

Louis asks, "So how do I get a copy of AMERICAN PICTURES to share with David?" Well, as it looks now, we still hope it will be published in March, and then we'll see. If I get any free copies maybe I can send you one. Or maybe the library there can order it. We would like to show it (the show) in prisons, but I'm afraid it's almost impossible -- transportation and all, and of course it has to be done for free in prisons. Jacob showed it in one southern prison and got a very good response. It will be published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, New York, if you want to try asking the library to get it (notice I'm assuming there is a library) which isn't a bad idea whatever else happens. I also heard from David and I hope he does get to see AP soon -- try keeping an eye on the La Peña calendar of events in Berkeley, David.

Some of you might be interested in a film apparently made in Australia around 1976, called STORM BOY. There is a book of it with photos, same title, published by the BBC, 35 Marylebone High Street, London W1M 4AA, and the film was apparently done by the South Australian Film Corporation. Story nothing special -- beach boy rescues infant pelicans from hunters.

But it looks like it might be rather beautiful to watch. The author of the book is Colin Thiele -- it may have been printed first as a book and then made into a film, but the later book, as I say, has photos from the film. Mark might make a note for the newsletter.

Cheryl isn't the only one with a nifty new fanzine. Jeanne sent n.1 of her new WHIMSEY, fashioned after a picaresque novel, with chapter headings like "1: In which I introduce myself." She explains, "This is a letter-substitute; it comes to you instead of the letters I have owed you for 8 months. This means you owe me a letter now.." See? I'm not the sole culprit. Everyone who knows her no doubt rec'd WHIMSEY, so I won't quote more. I must, tho, take issue with her comment on Jon Singer's portrayal of Motel Kamzoil the techie in FILKER ON THE ROOF. Surely there wasn't an undilated pupil in the house during Motel's poignant "introduction to BASIC", with its thinly veiled metaphors for passion. Jeanne, the total omission of this scene from your review is almost enough to leave me wondering if we saw the same show.//Hope you'll be very happy in your new home.

I'd like to recommend to all of you interested in Third World issues a zine edited by a friend of mine here in Kb., IWGIA NEWSLETTER (for International Work Group for Indigenous Affairs). Ye can learn a LOT from browsing thru an issue. Checks payable to The International Secretariat of IWGIA, Fiolstræde 10, DK-1171 Copenhagen K, Denmark. A sub for individuals is \$16, for institutions \$30 (add \$10 or \$18 to include Spanish-language Boletines). Librarians take note. Did you know S. Africa's apartheid is modeled on Queensland (Australia) laws against aborigines? Of Mexico deporting Guatemalan refugees currently a Spanish nun reports (New Year 1982): "The Mexican government had leased five busses...and rounded up about 200 Guatemalans who had made it as far as Guadalajara. The first of the busses that reached the border line crossed into Guatemala, and about 100 meters from the border the Guatemalans were ordered down from the bus by Guatemalan soldiers. When they were all down and standing away from the bus the soldiers opened fire and shot them down with machine guns. I couldn't take any more and went away, so I don't know what happened to the Guatemalans in the other four busses. I am afraid the same happened to them." These refugees are Mayan Indians fleeing systematic extermination in Guatemala. No hope of improvement is expected from the "new" dictator, Gen. Efraín Ríos Montt. No, the Newsletter doesn't make very cheerful reading. But it is informative about people & places not much covered in American media. Special areas of interest are ecology, Latin & South America, racism, resource theft, and anything at all to do with indigenous peoples anywhere.

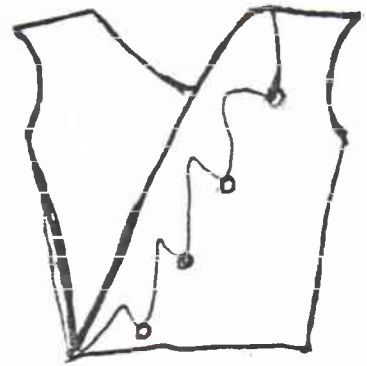
Insight corner: KØN, the Danish word for "sex" (in the sense of "gender" but I think in certain other senses too) is the same as the word for "pretty, handsome, nice". The word is almost certainly related to the title of another of Cheryl's zines, QUEYNT -- a good old Chaucerian noun. Danish adds "t" about half the time to adjectives...

Danes are always talking about drunken Swedes. In Sweden you have to line up like a junkie at a clinic to buy liquor, and I think the age of consent (as it were) for buying it is 21. Consequently Swedes come over to Denmark on boats, on which there is customs-free liquor, and drink, and continue drinking here, and wander the streets yelling and carrying on and bothering women etc. Historically there is a great rivalry between Sweden and Denmark, too, and it all adds up to derogatory remarks. It's so pointed that now whenever us foreigners see a drunk in the street we say "Must be a drunken Swede." It's true they are rowdier, but Danes also drink a lot, so we are rather sarcastic about the Danes' assumption of superiority.

Another phenomenon of nature here was the Attack of the Killer Ladybugs. Swarms of ladybugs landed on the beaches, thousands upon thousands, and BIT people! Perhaps they were starving -- at any rate I saw quite a few even in town. They're a bit larger than American ones. None bit me, tho.

Library fines in Denmark: you pay only once no matter how long overdue they are, and only one fine for all books checked out on the same date. The only catch is the basic fine is about \$1 right off the bat. Still, it ends up being cheaper since unlike SF libraries they have no way to return the books clandestinely at night through the slot six months overdue. Even their equivalent of the Library of Congress here allows people to check out books, which I think is strange.

I'm enjoying my Danish teacher. For the first two months he wore the same V-neck pink t-shirt and tight jeans every night to class. Now with the colder weather he has graduated to jeans plus a black very-full-sleeved blouse with a sort of indescribable maroon vest as shown at right -- the little round things are pearls. Some of the people in the class have been quite cutting about his personal jewelry, but I am beginning to suspect he is neither gay nor transvestite.



One night when I wasn't there the whole class broke up when in the course of his usual demonstration of the falling tone before the glottal stop he said of his wrist, "You see, it just can't get any limper." He "sterilizes" his tea cup with boiling water before using (I'm not going to tell him you have to boil things for 12 minutes...) but that may be because there was at one time some story about people getting some disease from KISS cups. But they do wash them in a dishwasher... Anyway, all you who are moaning out there, hands held to foreheads, I just think he's nice -- and you have to admit it would be hard for my affections to be more disastrously engaged than they have been in the past few months, if I were to be interested on that level. It's terribly odd, really, the way something about certain men fascinates & enthralls me. The type who can express their intelligence, when it is outstanding (I realize many cannot) and also fall within my fairly broad range of physical preferences -- well, it's moth-to-the-flame time. No, I make no pretense of lusting after anyone SOLELY for their IQ, a point I must always grudgingly admit to myself in the midst of the most violent "nobody loves me" paroxysms. But my tastes are catholic, & have included a skinny Older Man with a rosebud mouth and Brit accent, a stocky to the point of roly-poly Italian, a Dutch Younger Boy with the most astoundingly gap-toothed smile, a Brazilian who looked exactly like a koala bear...some of them were even tall, not my thing at all in general. Another thing I like about Jacob is that he has a knack of making himself short around short people; he says he feels very uncomfortable himself around people taller than he is. In the past few years I've even been attracted to one or two (gasp) American men, and that's really outside my typical pattern. Let's take a vote -- how many think women have a broader range of tastes in Crush Objects than men? (I am not mentioning here any but the male ones since those are the ones that logically viewed, at least, seem the most inexplicable, given my politics etc. I wonder if I too have a narrower range of female Crush Objects?) ALL ♂ CO's have been white, that I can remember. I suspect, knowing me as I do, that this is because most of the men I know are white, since I tend to follow the path of least resistance in making acquaintances and a basically hermetic shy person still has to go out of her way to meet (say) black men. No, I do remember one Filipino, come to think of it.

I'd sent Mark a clipping from the London Times about anti-porn laws there being currently used to bust drug paraphernalia shops by confiscating their literature -- ie, William Burroughs, Baudelaire, Huxley, et al. He cited it in a GCN review of Harold Norse's BEAT HOTEL. "The Advocate clip is to follow up your earlier comments about the Congressional pages scandal (describing Crane's tearful confession as "nauseating"). As you'll see, Crane has crusaded against more liberal sex laws, apparently even while still buttoning up his pants. "Nauseating" is too weak, Mog. We need to find a better vocabulary to deal with folks like him." Mark tentatively recommends the Lesbian & Feminist Mothers Political Action Group's CHILDREN AND FEMINISM -- "about 100 pages, consists mostly of an essay by collective member Lee Mackay, "A Feminist Perspective on Children's Liberation". "(he hasn't finished it yet but)" "she has correct positions --shit, this is getting didactic! -- on other issues that also bear on ours: helping fugitive children, eliminating parental possession, ending compulsory schooling, etc." Of some gay-related murders in Indianapolis he comments "The police, in their wisdom, started videotaping people going into gay bars & writing down their auto license numbers. They even brought in the FBI, which promptly opined as to how the suspected murderer "probably had some child pornography hidden away". Argh. Re the film festival, you might consider looking at the Argentinian film RAULITO -- it's about a young girl who dresses as a boy and lives on the streets of the city --not sure how relevant it is (not sure what the festival's theme is even to be!) but it's kinda interesting. Naturally I'd consider um um (boy am I getting out of touch! can't remember anything) ABUSE, yeah. It may not be the greatest but it's probably the only way anyone in SF will get to see it. I haven't seen the Swedish CHILDREN'S ISLAND but some think it's quite good. I suspect they can't get any of these as early as this winter, but who knows. Mark reports that Wallace Hamilton, author of many gay male books, died recently. As Mark says, a real loss. He encloses an article from the ECONOMIST which points out that in G. Britain, "the maximum penalty for intercourse with a teenage girl below the age of consent is only two years in prison; the same offence with a boy carries a maximum of life imprisonment. The legal age of consent to intercourse for females is 16, for males, 21." So it seems you could get a life sentence for having sex with a 20-year-old man! Watch it ladies, when you visit the UK. Of course, the Economist may be assuming "intercourse" means only with a man.

All too similar to the police story above is Chip's account of the singularly gruesome murders of street people in New York all summer. Real Jack the Ripper stuff, one body found with a sign saying Death To Street People. Not a word has appeared in the papers. The police response has been to round up and arrest the street people. What can you say?

On a lighter note (finally!): "I was so excited by your mailing list," writes Beryl. (My first thought of course was that I'd really dropped off the cutting edge of sexual liberation since I left San Francisco. Mailing lists? But she goes on,) "I saw the name of a man I've never met but who can surely tell me the whereabouts of a mutual friend whom I've lost. And then there were authors whom I drool over frequently, but I have the courtesy not to send a Hallmark drool card. I only gaze at the list and think to myself something like I'll never wash these hands again..." Oh why not send a drool card, Beryl? Everyone likes a little appreciation.

Of course it's true I still haven't written to Alice Miller. What on earth could I say to her? I mean I have a lot to say but sometimes you just know that if you sit down to write to a certain person everything will come out ...well, mundane. Unconvincing. I feel that what I've written about her book FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, for instance, is the same way, unconvincing and ordinaire. This will never do, as the book is truly worthy and ovular.

I guess I should mention somewhere here that we caught a thief. Skipping the heroic details, he'd been marauding for a month and his visits, almost daily, were lowering morale rapidly, since we could only assume that one of us was going around stealing cameras and wallets from the others. I was a prime suspect since I am nearly always here and not a gay socialite. I don't think Jacob suspected me; he is probably well aware that I am far too cowardly to sneak into someone's room at night and take money out of their jacket! It was complicated by the fact that previously an "in-house" thief had definitely been swiping small sums from the till. Anyway, he came back once too often, and of course he was an addict and, in brief, I don't think he'll be back for some time. Just in case he gets off, the locks have all been changed (his key fit the back door). He was bold and cunning, and it does seem the height of irony that American Pictures should have been his downfall. Jacob, friend to the thief and the addict, was excited as a little kid about the capture. But then, he gets excited about everything.

I think, though, that the period in which certain members of the household had decided the thief (oh hell, I have fixed the spelling of that word twice above, if I can't type, I can't type, leave it) was me has had its effect, unconsciously. Jacob is gone to Germany and I am now the outcast of the house. I live differently from them, eat differently, am far less into fresh air and vacuuming, and hence, in short, our relationship is not good. Largely this has to do with one American male who is a living illustration of why I don't fall all over myself about the type. He reminds me uncomfortably of both my mother and my father -- totally inflexible, totally unable to even grasp the concept that his own preferences and habits are not some kind of moral imperative. To do something he doesn't like is, quite simply, to sin.

At any rate, before he arrived we had our differences but it was livable. Now, there is more or less the atmosphere of a POW camp, with him as commandant. Sigh. Since he's been a collective member longer than I have, he has a feeling of me as not belonging in the house, or not having as much weight here as he does, etc. The idea was he would leave to go to school, but alas, he knows a good thing when he sees it, and the free rent here is pretty good -- so he still "works for American Pictures" and is going to stay indefinitely it looks like. Which will undoubtedly hasten my departure. But we are still not even done with the book, and supposedly there was a lot to do on the show as well. However, if David is going to participate in revising the show, then I doubt if I will. Even being in the same room with him is disgusting to me. (Good lord, they're vacuuming again. They just did it day before yesterday.) Anyway, I'm so happy I really live alone, I think the worst torture of true poverty for me would be to have to live with other people. I like to be left alone to wallow in undone dishes and other depravities, let alone a bit of housedust. Of course when I live with others I do try to keep up with reasonable expectations of cleanliness & hygiene, but there are people in the world for whom "reasonable" has another, loftier, meaning. sigh. I have nothing against them, and no, I wouldn't want my daughter to marry one.

There seems to be a chance that Janet will move into my apartment. Those of you who know her are probably more current on this than I am. She needs a place till January, apparently, and though I may arrive home before then, it may work out anyway, somehow. It's true I do desperately need someone there to pay rent and bills. It's going to be hard getting home to no income and no savings and the kind of work (if any) that only pays after quite a lot of delay. This weighs more on my mind the closer my return seems to come. I decided against working on a man's autobiography here, because he was a doddering sexist, to some extent, and it would have been too miserable, and also would have meant a prolonged stay. Passed the job on to a grateful friend. Maybe I'm being too fussy, but I know what will make me unhappy & at least occasionally try to avoid it!

I send my love to you all, & best wishes enough to hold you till next time

xxx -- Mog