

G. CAMPBELL

1934



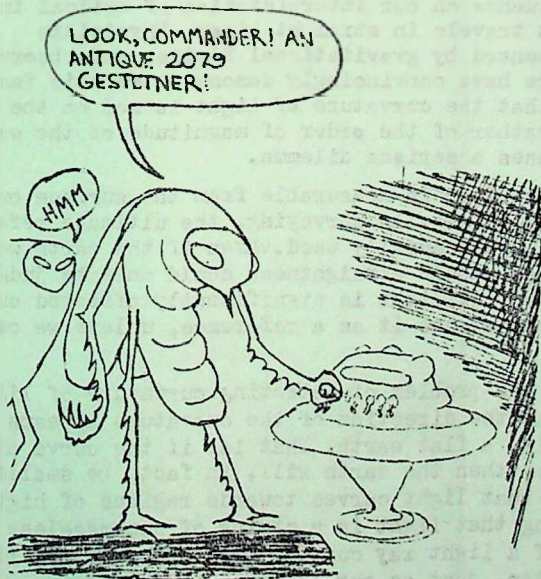
ARIEL 2

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ARTWORK

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John Packer pp 9 & 19
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ADDENDA

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A PEPPERMINT FROG PRESS
PRODUCTION



AUSTRALIA IN '83



HERMAN FOR DUFF 1980

ON A NEW THEORY OF THE FLAT EARTH

David T. Blackburn

To a generally ignorant society, the media publicised word of "experts" is doctrine; the cosmology of Mandrake the Magician is science fact, and the televised messages of religions whose gods speak with mid-western accents are the new theology. Anybody who, by the appropriate strutting and pontification, declares himself to be an expert can find acceptance for any crackpot theory placed before a gullible and receptive society. When such a theory is re-stated by generations of "experts" it acquires the status of fact. Examples of such "factual theories" are Darwinian evolution, Mendelian inheritance and the notion that the Earth is near spherical. However, there will always be doubters, and so recent investigators suggest that the concept of evolution proposed by Lamarck may actually be of importance. There has been doubt cast upon Mendel's findings, and even the suggestion that the friar hath fudged his peas. Finally there are those persecuted few who support the idea of a flat earth. It is hardly surprising that the "flat-earthers" are generally considered as mental defectives, for even the most gullible have to be presented with some reasonable evidence before they will accept a new theory over an old and well established theory. Such evidence for the flatness of the earth has never, before now, been forthcoming.

In the following discussion, I shall attempt to offer a number of suggestions which, it is hoped, will bring some doubt into the mind of the reader with regard to his perception of the world. I do not expect to achieve immediate acceptance for my theory that the earth is flat, however, I would hope that you the reader will ask yourself the question "How do I know otherwise?"

Our perception of the world is gained chiefly through the faculty of sight, and this is certainly true when talking about our perception of the shape of the earth. Sight being reliant on light, any modification of optical theory must have a profound influence on our interpretation of optical images. It is widely believed that light travels in straight lines. Physicists however know that light is influenced by gravitational fields, and observations of the solar occultation of stars have convincingly demonstrated this fact. It is no major step to propose that the curvature of light is not on the scale of the solar system, but rather of the order of magnitude of the earth's diameter. Acceptance of this causes a serious dilemma.

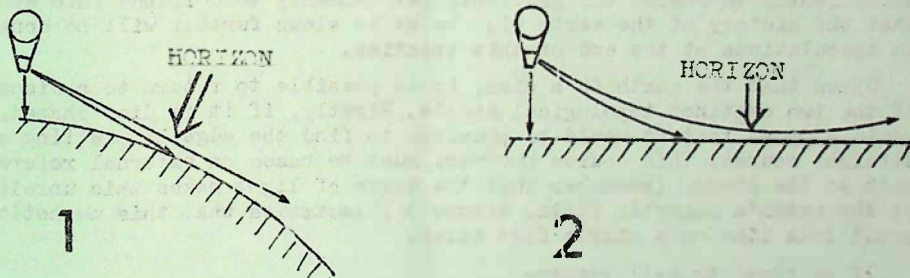
The curvature of the earth's surface is measurable from the surface only with the aid of reference straight lines. In surveying, the ultimate reference is a light path. Thus lasers are now generally used. Even if the earth were surveyed with giant straight edges, their straightness could only be judged on the basis of a light beam. Thus, if light is significantly affected on the local scale by gravity, we cannot use it as a reference, unless we can allow for the effect.

Before further considering the problem of detecting curvature of light, I shall first make the point that the direction of the curvature appears to be in the wrong direction to allow a flat earth. That is, if the curve of light is greater than we suppose, then the earth will, in fact, be smaller than we think. Physics proposes that light curves towards regions of high gravity. This relies on accepting that light is a string of non-massless particles. By this reasoning, if a light ray curved towards the earth, it would have to undergo acceleration, just as any body falling along a parabolic trajectory does. This cannot be so. Since we live in a relativistic universe, the velocity of light must remain constant. Therefore, to oppose

any acceleration, a light ray must follow a course which allows it to dissipate the gravitational energy it picks up on its approach to the body. The only such path is one that allows it to curve away from the gravitational field.

It is possible to observe the bending of light rays on the earth. Mirages are produced when a layer of warm, low density air is trapped beneath a cooler, high density air mass. Such a phenomenon is a fortuitous reversal of the light curve which allows us to see the Earth's surface as it really is. Mirage images are therefore straight line of sight images of distant objects. This effect can be explained if one considers the analogy of an increase in the velocity of sound travelling through a dense medium such as steel. In the case of the density change producing a mirage, the light rays speed up as they enter the cold air, and so are refracted back towards the ground. Under ideal conditions, this effect will allow the light rays which would normally curve away from the surface to follow straight paths and allow the observer to see distant objects.

We can see that the curvature of light in a vacuum is influenced not only by the intensity of a gravitational field, but also by the path length in the field. That is, light will curve more the closer it is to a mass, and the longer it is there. Light travelling at a low angle of incidence to the Earth's surface will experience a more significant curvature than light arriving at a high angle, a fact that can be easily demonstrated by watching a ship disappear below the horizon. As it disappears, it means that the low angle light is



able to curve above the position of the observer. Thus, by ascending to some height, the observer is again able to intercept the light from the ship. A further verification of the time/proximity dependence of the curvature can be obtained by ascending to a high altitude in an aircraft or a balloon. (See Figures 1 & 2.) If one looks vertically downwards, the earth beneath appears to be flat. If, however, one looks to the horizon, the earth appears to quite distinctly curve downwards, an effect observed by the astronauts. This effect is due, not to the roundness of the earth, but to the fact that the low angle light from the horizon curves more than that coming from below the observer thus giving the illusion of a curved earth. Figures 1 and 2 illustrate first the apparent situation of curved earth and straight light, and second the actual situation with a flat earth and curved light.

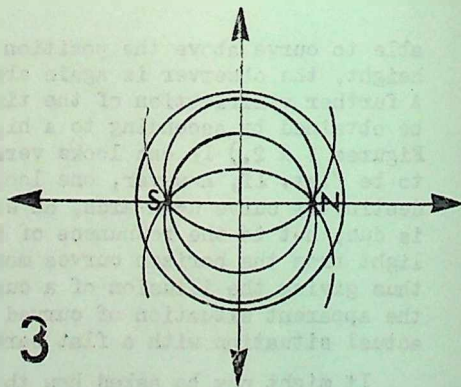
It might now be asked how then is it possible to take an apparently straight course across the earth's surface and eventually return, after a

long journey, to the starting point? In reality, the course followed lies, not on a great circle on a globular earth, but rather as a more complex but two dimensional curve in the plane of the flat earth. I consider that there are two topologically non-equivalent models of the earth which can be invoked to explain this. First, however, it is necessary to digress momentarily to consider something of the origins of the earth.

The sun, moon and other bodies of the solar system lie very nearly on a flat disc known as the plane of the ecliptic. It is generally accepted that astronomical bodies formed as the result of gravitationally induced condensation of the primordial gas clouds. The solar system almost certainly began as a single, spherical, fairly homogenous cloud. As this cloud contracted gravitationally, the requirements of the conservation of angular momentum meant that any small rotational component of the cloud's movement meant that its spin increased. This rotational motion forced the cloud into a disc. In certain areas, due to harmonic induction or due to local heterogeneities, the cloud condensed further to become the planets and the sun. This disc origin explains the low angular dispersion of the planets and moons about the ecliptic. Remember, however, that the ecliptic is only apparently planar. In fact, the planets can be considered to be arranged ~~up~~ the walls of a blunt cone at whose apex lies the sun. The disc mechanism for solar system, and indeed for galactic formation, can be extended to individual bodies. It is hard to imagine how the rapidly spinning mass of first gas, and later liquid which became the earth should have condensed into the globe that scientists tell us it is. It would appear far more reasonable to propose that the unconsolidated planets were disc shaped and that long before they had slowed under tidal influences to their present rotational speeds, they had solidified sufficiently to resist the gravitational tendency to collapse into spheres. What the history of the earth will be as it slows further will be considered in speculations at the end of this treatise.

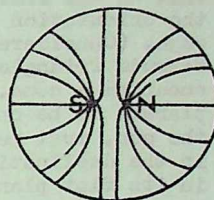
Given that the earth is a disc, it is possible to return to a discussion of the two distinct topological models. Firstly, if it is disc shaped, one would suppose that it would be possible to find the edge by plotting a straight course. This course however, must be based on external referents such as the stars, (remember that the curve of light makes this unreliable) or the earth's magnetic field. Figure 3 illustrates what this magnetic field would look like on a simple flat earth.

If we chose to sail perpendicular to the field lines, i.e. around a line of latitude, clearly we will return to where we started (except in one improbable case). Similarly, if we follow field lines, we will return via the poles i.e. by lines of longitude (except in one case). The two exceptions occur if the course lies in either of the two directions defined by the heavy arrowed lines in Figure 3. Even the slightest error in our compass means that we would eventually return. Note however that since the earth is not an infinite disc it is within the realms of possibility to locate the edge.



If we refer to the map of the earth given in figure 5 it is apparent that there are some major distortions of distance from those conventionally mapped. We know that by following the Greenwich meridian from the South to the North Pole we will travel more or less the same distance as if we had taken any other line of longitude. Therefore on the flat earth there is clearly some spatial distortion or discontinuity. A globe is a model of earth produced by geographers who cannot accept discontinuity, or who assume that a unit distance is constant over the earth's surface. Assuming that a meter is exactly one universal standard meter (USM) everywhere on the earth, then no amount of course convolution will fit the globe map onto a disc. Therefore it must only be our perception of relative sizes of objects that remains constant. It's all in the mind you see. The term spatial relativity will be used to cover the field that this problem defines.

On the flat earth, the USM becomes larger towards the edge of the disc. If the earth were an infinite disc, then, at a certain point on a radius, the rotational speed would be faster than light speed. However, since the USM varies, so must light speed. This makes for an interesting consideration which allows for absolute variation in the velocity of light, although its relative and observable velocity is constant. Thus if one were able to retain the same reference frame in a transit across the earth, perhaps maintaining your USM as a constant by some gravitational contrivance, then super-light speeds should be obtainable. Because the USM increases towards the edge, then absolute velocities also increase. Therefore the system near the edge will be more energetic and so hotter than near the middle. The edge of the world is therefore likely to be near the equator. A world in which the edge is the equator is now considered as model 1. Such an earth is illustrated in Figure 4.



On our earth, the distance between the poles is very great, and the same no matter which great circle route one uses to travel between them. The immense degree of distortion in the model 1 earth is shown on figure 4. The lines on the diagram represent lines of longitude, and the edge of the figure is the equator. Any journey from pole to pole must cross the equator. Therefore, on the model 1 earth, such a journey requires that we cross a discontinuity at the equator, and continue our journey from the opposite direction. Such a discontinuity is likely to be disturbing to organisms, and may explain insanity in the tropics, e.g. Idi Amin and tourists on cruise ships crossing the equator. Refer also to Manuel Velocipede's treatise on living at high velocity which relates such insanity and speed rather than discontinuity. This model does, however, lead to many embarrassing questions, and, rather than answering them, I shall continue instead with model 2.

The second possible model of the earth can be visualised if one takes a balloon and stretches its neck until the balloon forms a disc. This neck edged disc is topologically equivalent to a sphere with a hole in it. At the edge of the hole the distortion of the USM will be maximised. There is only a single place on the earth which is tropical and appears to have a region of discontinuity and maximal distortion. That area is the Bermuda Triangle. If one assumes that the centre of that region is the edge of the earth, it is possible to map the earth by the balloon modelling technique. Figure 5 is the result of such modelling. The map is crude because of limitations on how

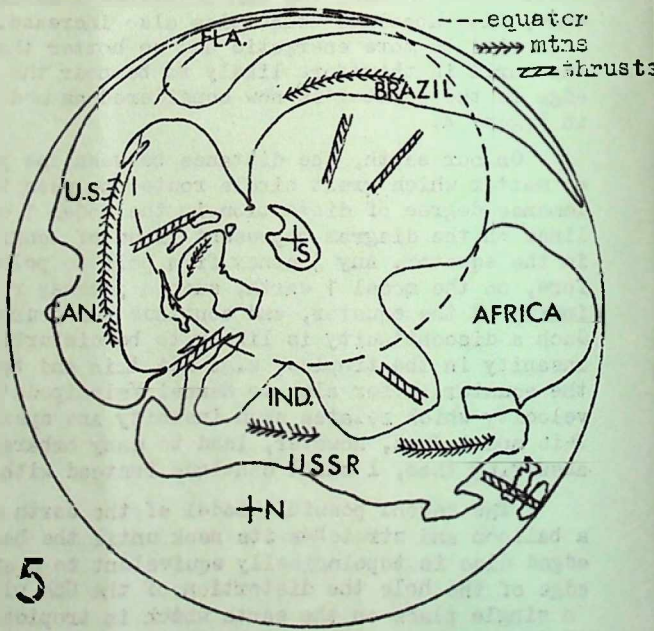
far you can stretch the neck of a balloon without getting stung, but it is essentially correct in its spatial organisation. Remembering that discontinuities affect people, this map explains why American tourists in the Caribbean act strangely; why South America has so much political strife and religious fanaticism; and the irrational behaviour of people in Africa. It may be noted that that supremely sane country Australia is distant from the edge. Note however that the closest part of Australia to the edge is Queensland.

SPECULATIONS

There appears to be little reason why, on a flat and therefore two sided earth, the underside should not be inhabited. The major problem for inhabitants of down-under is, however, not gravitational, but the fact that they would live in perpetual darkness. This can be explained if one considers that on our side of the earth the sun is always shining somewhere. Therefore the orientation of the earth must be such that the sun never goes below the edge. (Considered on model two, this would mean going inside, through the Bermuda Triangle.) It was suggested previously that the solar system probably occupies a cone. In all likelihood this is only an approximation. For the planets to be continually visible to our side of the earth then they, like the sun, must never go below the edge. To account for seasonal variations in the declination of the sun and planets, the earth must have a precession in its flat plane of rotation. If the solar system formed a perfect cone and the earth were tilted slightly towards the sun rather than being parallel to a side of the cone, then the planets would disappear as the earth precessed. Therefore the solar

system probably occupies a hyperboloid which is a shape that can be maintained because, of course, gravity is also curved. It would be interesting to propose that there is a second sun on the other side of the earth. However, this would require an impossible orbit. Quite possible however is that on the other side of our own sun is another solar system, always invisible to us because the massive gravitational field of the sun never lets us see behind it.

What then of the dark-side civilisation? Firstly, to survive with only starlight shining

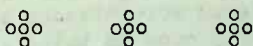


upon them, they would be extremely alien in form and body chemistry, or they would have to be a high technology, immigrant civilisation. Personally I favour the latter. That is, I believe that a darkside race, if it exists, may have come from our side, taking the fruits of modern technology with them. I feel that the disappearances of ships and planes in the Bermuda triangle suggest such an emmigration. If this is the case, then there is no doubt that the U.S. government is in on it. It is not for reasons of climate that the N.A.S.A. space launching facility is located at Cape Canaveral in Florida, virtually on the edge of the world. The British, with their abortive Black Knight series tested at Woomera clearly are not in the know.*

Finally, a brief discussion of the probable fate of the earth. Under the continual tidal influence of the moon, and of other solar system bodies, the earth's rotational rate is decreasing. What will happen when the centrifugal force is no longer able to balance the gravitational tendency to collapse can be seen if we look in two places. Firstly, it can be seen that galaxies which contain a large proportion of young stars are predominantly discoid. (Note that we are actually able to see the discs only because the average field density in a galaxy is quite low.) On the other hand, old galaxies are known which contain no trace of the disc. If we look to the earth we can find evidence of a collapse towards sphericity. If the earth were slumping towards the centre of the disc, we could expect to find that major mountain zones, i.e. crinkle zones, are arranged parallel to the edge. Likewise we would expect major thrusts to be perpendicular to it. Indeed this is the case. Figure 5 illustrates the locations of some major mountain chains and thrust zones. The pattern is not yet well developed, of course, since the earth is still strongly discoid. Assuming that the earth can stand the strain of collapse, then the ancient earth will be a slowly spinning sphere with all of the land concentrated at the poles and an ocean girdling the equator.

There are many more facets of the flat body cosmology here proposed which, it is hoped, the reader will deduce for himself. At the very least it is hoped that you will all begin to question the truth of accepted scientific tenets. As a postscript, I have recently read that some astrophysicists claim to have evidence that the sun may not, in fact, be driven by nuclear reactions, but that it is somehow gravitationally coupled. Perhaps the energy of collapse? Think about it.

* My thanks to John Packer for pointing out this fact.



DO IT YOURSELF CONVENTION GOSSIP

During the recent Con, _____ was seen in the _____ with _____. At the time they were _____ but later, in the _____ they were seen to _____ but before a photo could be taken they _____. Later _____ interrupted them whilst _____ and was _____. The three of them then _____ and _____ claims he/she saw them _____ in the _____. For a certain sum, a prominent Adelaide fan will no doubt embroider the story in a style suitable for framing.

(Elizabeth Darling told me I wasn't allowed to stir in fanzines anymore.)

EDMONDS' ARMoured COLUMN #
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In which Leigh corrects a few of my misconceptions and throws in a few more.

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The item (in ARIEL 1) which has inspired this letter of comment is on the last page, the one about the PzGst 430 Mk. III. From my memory of the operational use of this little known (or understood) machine, I agree that you have the facts of its use correct - unfortunately the designation you have given it is completely erroneous, and I can only assume you saw it in that book "Little known Secret Weapons of the German War Machine" compiled by I.B. Wong.

Taking the more pedantic stand first, I should point out that the system of German army designations ran in the following order: The "Sonderkraftfahrzeug" ("Special purpose motor vehicle") or SdKfz number was always in arabic numerals - next the purpose of the vehicle number (eg. PzKpfw - "Panzerkampfwagen") was in roman numerals, and finally the "Ausführung" (Mark) was given in letters of the alphabet so that, according to my records, the vehicle you have described could more correctly be called the SdKfz 430 PzGst I Ausf C.

How's that for being pedantic? I know that your average sci-fi reader wouldn't notice the incorrectness of the designation you gave, but us people who have spent large sums of money on books which explain this sort of thing in great detail like to make sure that not only is all knowledge contained in fanzines, but that it is also contained in fanzines correctly.

I hope that in your next issue you will give a history of the SdKfz 306 PzFmz 1 Ausf A - a machine even more obscure than the PzGst I. You will remember that it was used only once in battle, during the last fatal days of the war in Europe. The hull was, in fact, based on the SdKfz 302 (Goliath) (so called because it was so small) remotely controlled electrically driven demolition bomb. Whereas the objective of the SdKfz 302 was to drive along until it came to something it didn't like and then blow itself up, destroying that something as well, the proposed use of the SdKfz 306 was to distribute propaganda leaflets to the enemy troops at the very forefront of the attack on the Fatherland.

The German High Command believed that, by delivering demoralising propaganda to troops pinned down by automatic weapon's fire and the like, ammunition and time could be saved, and the invasion of their sacred soil could be slowed, stopped and reversed. Consequently production of the highly secret secret weapon was rushed as much as possible, and the already field tested Gestetner 130 (modified to run automatically on the power source



which also ran the tracks) was simply mounted on top of the hull and an armoured box was built around it with a slot cut in the front out of which were to slide the duplicated sheets, direct into the hands of the demoralised allied soldiers.

Operation of the machine was simplicity itself. Firstly, out of range of the enemy, a trained German operator would mount the prepared stencil on the machine, load the paper tray and run through a couple of test copies by hand. When all was in readiness, he would make sure that the armoured covering was firmly and securely in place.

Next, the remote control driver would direct the PzFmz out over open country to the vicinity of the pinned down allied troops. When the PzFmz was as close to the enemy soldiers as was thought safe, the electric motor of the Gestetner 130 was engaged, and the troops were swamped with a ream of propaganda telling them of the fearful fate which awaited them if they took one more step forward on the sacred Germanic soil (or some other similarly inspiring message).

When you are writing up this history for your next issue, I hope you won't forget to mention the first and final use of this fearful weapon. As it happened, the German squad first entrusted with the use of the PzFmz sent their lethal load against a squad of Australian diggers who were listening to the sports' results on the company radio. The Germans, thinking that the Australians were pinned down by the efforts of their glorious artillery, set up the machine and began their evil work. Because it was the first use of this machine, the Fuhrer himself had typed the stencil. (So far as we know it was his first fanzine, and you can be sure it was as well typed as any first issue, and not helped by the fact that all confu had been taken by the S.S. who used it in place of their more usual methods of execution. The title of the fanzine was, by the way, STORM, and it had been rushed to the front by a special guard force.

With the stencil ready to run, the PzFmz was dispatched to do its worst. Slowly but surely it crept up on the unsuspecting Australian soldiers in their ditch, and, when it reached the edge of the ditch, it stopped, and the automatic control on the duplicator was engaged. The rollers turned once with an unhealthy thurk and delivered the freshly printed page into the hand of a totally unaware private. It began to turn through a second copy, but the quality of the paper in Germany by 1945 was so poor that the rollers jammed, and the Gestetner refused to produce a second copy. The Germans, back at their safe spot, realised what was happening, and, in their panic, tried to keep the machine working, until finally the motor burned out. On the other hand, the Australians, being quick witted, as Aussies are by nature, rapidly worked out what had happened, and naturally fell about on the ground laughing at the situation.

The Germans, hearing the laughter, and realising that it was directed towards the genius of the Master Race, did the only thing possible, and committed suicide. However, before they did so, they used the explosive charge which had not been removed from the SdKfz 302 hull, to blow the Australians who had dared to laugh to kingdom come. The only Australian to survive was the one who was quietly reading the fanzine as the rest laughed. (There's a moral having to do with neofans and first issues in there somewhere.)

The only copy of that one issue is now kept in the War Museum in Canberra. It is said that the typing and layout are terrible, and that Hitler probably cut the stencil with the ribbon still in his typer. The contents are the usual stuff we've come to expect from Adolf, though,

interestingly enough, at one stage, he forecast that after the menace of Yankee Imperialism and the Russians, an even worse peril than the Jewish International Conspiracy would come to trouble the world. Early analysts first thought that he meant the United Nations, however, it was realised in the late fifties that he was, in fact, referring to the Sydney Futurian Society. Anyhow, I've taken up enough of your time prattling on like this, and I look forward to reading your comments on the Sckfz next issue.



((What is there to say? MAO.))

TRIFIDS

JOHN PACKER



§ VARIOUS ASSORTED PLUGS §

One of the problems of running a fanzine of this nature is that one continually finds awkward sized spaces like this at the bottom of the page. Thus with the generosity for which I am well known, I will offer these spaces to anyone who wants to use them. Deadline for ARIEL 3 is August 10th 1979.

SYNCON '79. August 10 - 13 1979. New Crest Hotel Sydney. Pro-GoH Gordon R. Dickson. Rates \$15 Attending \$4 Supporting. CO-CHAIRPERSONS Peter Toluzzi and Robin Johnson. Contact SYNCON '79, P.O. Box 146 Burwood N.S.W. 2134. This year's national, so be there.

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A BRIEF LOOK AT SOME OF SCIENCE
FICTION'S FEMALES

Those of you with guilty consciences might remember my request in ARIEL 1 for people's opinions on their favourite female characters. As it happens, the replies I got came from the people on the EASTERCON panel on females in science fiction. (The one exception is Andrew Brown, but since he dobbed me in for the panel, and participated in the planning, and providing of pizza for the panelists, we can grant him honorary panel status.) (Leanne Frahm also promised me a paragraph if I could identify the story she wanted to use. Sorry Leanne. I couldn't find it.) Anyway, here they are.

HELEN'S FAVOURITE FEMALE CHARACTER

Helen Swift

To give you the preface that you're probably getting from everyone in reference to the topic, I do not have a favourite-of-all-time, greatest-thing-since-sliced-bread character, male or female. My mind doesn't seem to work that way... I cannot even remember titles of books I've read, or their authors, much less details of characters. Since I couldn't think of a novel offhand which had a suitable character, I perused the 'Women of Wonder' anthologies as that seemed a good place to start, and I found someone I really liked, though I am hesitant to call her my favourite character. Even as I write this I can think of other female characters I've enjoyed such as Snake in McIntyre's "Dreamsnake"; Paula Mendoza in Holland's "Floating Worlds"; Mia Haverro in Panshin's "Rite of Passage" (who I feel is only nominally female rather than inherently female (a statement which I cannot even explain to myself)); some of the women in Henderson's 'People' stories; and various kids in children's literature by Garner, Cooper etc.



Odo in Ursula Le Guin's "The Day Before The Revolution".

Odo is the founder of the anarchist society of Le Guin's "The Dispossessed", alive several generations before the time of that novel, seventy two years old, and house-bound by the effects of a stroke six months before. More than that, she is confined by her age, her life's work, and who she is... Odo, the leader, the author of manuscripts written decades before that are now the thematic and theoretical basis of a revolution about to erupt.

Her given name is Laia. Odo is the name of all she embodies. Laia is old, weary, crippled and disgusted by the body which has begun to fail her, the lover of long-dead Taviri Aseio, full of remembrance of her childhood and youth, the years of imprisonment after Taviri's death during which she had done all her most significant writing in a fervently hasty, scribbled script...

"Taviri had taken not only her body's and her heart's desire to the quicklime with him, but even her good clear handwriting.

But he had left her the Revolution.

How brave of you to go on, to work, to write, in prison, after such a defeat for the Movement, after your partner's death, people used to say. Damn fools. What else had there been to do?"

Le Guin's short story embodies so much of this woman's life ... her age and loneliness, her desperate strength. Her reaction to the news of outbreaking revolution in a nearby city is telling:

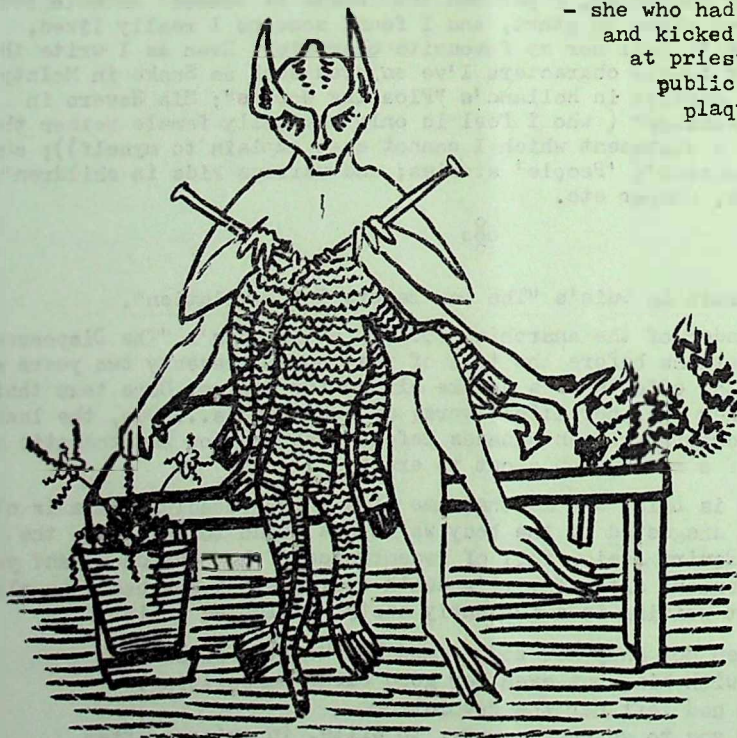
" She was inclined to discount it at first, being wary of enthusiasms, but after she had read the article in the paper, and read between the lines of it, she thought, with a strange kind of certainty, deep but cold, Why, this is it; it has come. And in Thu, not here ... the Revolution will first prevail there. As if it mattered! There will be no more nations. And yet it did matter somehow, it made her a little cold and sad - envious, in fact. Of all the infinite stupidities.... After a lifetime of living on hope because there is nothing but hope, one loses the taste for victory. A real sense of triumph must be preceded by real despair. She had unlearned despair a long time ago. There were no more triumphs. one went on."

Le Guin's writing carries magnificently the dichotomy between Lala and Odo, the public and the private self.

" She was tired of new faces, and tired of being on view. She learned from them, but they didn't learn from her; they had learnt all she had to teach long ago, from her books.... They just came to look...

She snarled at them ... They accepted their tongue-lashing meekly as children, gratefully, as if she were some kind of All-Mother, the idol of the Big Sheltering Womb. She! She who had mined the shipyards at Seisero, and had cursed Premier Incilte to his face ..

- she who had screeched, and sworn, and kicked policemen, and spat at priests, and pissed in public on the big brass plaque in Capitol Square.."



My fondness for this character is due so much to Le Guin's ability to write a person's life with such brief clarity, not with details, but with that character's reactions to her life as she approaches death, in such a way that the reader feels Odo's griefs and strengths and reacts with love, admiration but never pity. For me, Odo is all the things I admire in people all the things that move me to compassion, all the things I

would be if I could. That Odo is female makes her more special for me; it is rare for me to find a character with whom I can strongly empathise, and Odo is one such.

Le Guin's writing encapsulates many things I have seen in people... the fervour of working because of belief, the loneliness and hatred of the body that strikes the aged, the love of beauty in others that brings one close to tears. More than this, Le Guin gives us Odo's isolation. This woman, whose whole life has been work now sees the goal of that work in sight, and finds herself to have no more usefulness.

Perhaps the biggest clue into Odo's personality is given in "The Dispossessed" where we are told that Odo's husband once cried out to her in desperation

" For God's sake, girl, can't you serve Truth a little at a time?"

She cannot, and for that I treasure her.



© PAULA MENDOZA in Cecelia Holland's FLOATING WORLDS

Jean Weber

I can really relate to Paula because she doesn't let anybody dominate her -- or at least not for very long, or only as part of her overall plans. This is largely because she grew up in an anarchy (Earth of nearly 2,000 years in the future), where there are no laws, no police, and no "government" to fall back on, to solve one's problems. While I'm not at all sure I personally would like living in such a situation, and I wouldn't put it forward as my idea of the "best of all political systems", I still find it fascinating to read about people in anarchistic societies (speculation into human relationships).

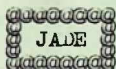
As an example of Paula's style, here is a summary of my favourite scene in the book. Paula finds that a junkie has stolen her flute and has sold it to a music store. When she tries to buy it back, the shopkeeper asks an outrageously high price. Negotiation fails. She stations herself outside the door and stops everybody going into the shop, telling them what happened, and asking them not to buy anything there. The management tries various intimidatory tricks, but Paula stays there for four days, with little success, then pays the junkie (a smelly filthy man) to sit there in her place. He is very successful at turning people away. Paula gets her flute back, for a reasonable price.

Now there is a woman who assesses the situation, won't be intimidated, and uses the realities of the society to gain her (legitimate) ends. Another thing I like about Paula is that she isn't always sure of what to do, and makes a lot of mistakes. In other words, she is believably human, but she always trusts her instincts, perseveres, refuses to admit defeat, and eventually manages to turn most situations to her advantage. (Sometimes she is just lucky.)

Paula takes a job negotiating a truce between the Middle Planets (Earth, Mars, Venus & Luna) and the Styth Empire. Styths are mutant humans who live in artificial cities in Uranus and Saturn. Their society is feudal, militaristic, and sexist in the extreme. Styths are also racist, and keep people of the Middle Planets as slaves. Because she's an anarchist, Paula is used to straight-forward deals, selling information, etc., so she fits well into the role of negotiator/spy. She had learned the Styth language when in a Martian jail (she

died or been put to death, in this future society an attempt is made to give them a life useful to that society. Helva became a brain ship.

Helva's courage, intelligence and unusual vocal ability attract attention; admiration, envy and men's greed. Her search for freedom and love is hampered by the former, and distracted by her strongly felt obligations to those responsible for giving her this life. But she wins. On their terms she repays the vast debts incurred in her conversion to brainship, and then, on her own terms, she leaves, seducing away one of their finest officers. Helva is not a rebel, but a sensitive individual of unique abilities seeking her own destiny.



ANDREW BROWN

~~WHAT I LIKE OF MY FAVORITE~~ My favourite female sf character is Jade, the protagonist of Doris Piserchia's Star Rider, a novel which is less well-known than it deserves. Jade is a member of a race who are the descendants of mankind, the jakalowar (they who ride among the stars). Through evolution, a lobe known as the "junk organ" has given the jakalowar a kind of omniscient telepathy/telekinesis which, in symbiosis with creatures called "mounts" (the distant descendants of dogs, though the cover artist represents Jade's mount Hinx as a horse) enables teleportation. The jakalowar are engaged in a search for the lost planet Doubleluck, fabled planet of legend. Meanwhile the varks are chasing her, and the dreens are after her, and it's a rather complex book. But this isn't saying much about Jade is it? I like Jade because she's resourceful, tough and independant. Or, in the words of Theodore Sturgeon (When in doubt, quote), she's "... tough as catpiss...". Star Rider is probably my favourite sf novel. Read it.



Blast! Space at the bottom of the page. That means I'll have to donate my ten cents' worth. One of the replies I received to my request for paragraphs was "but it depends on what day it is." I guess it is difficult to locate a favourite female of all time. There were several that crossed my mind when I thought of the topic in the first place. James H Schmitz has written some interesting females, Telzey Amberdon being one particularly interesting character, and Nile Etland from THE DEMON BREED being another. Schmitz seems to specialise in adventure sf in which the females get as much share in the adventure as do the males. (Whether they are males in female bodies is something else again, and something which I do not feel competent to comment on. Helen?) THE WITCHES OF KARRES also contains some very unpassive females.

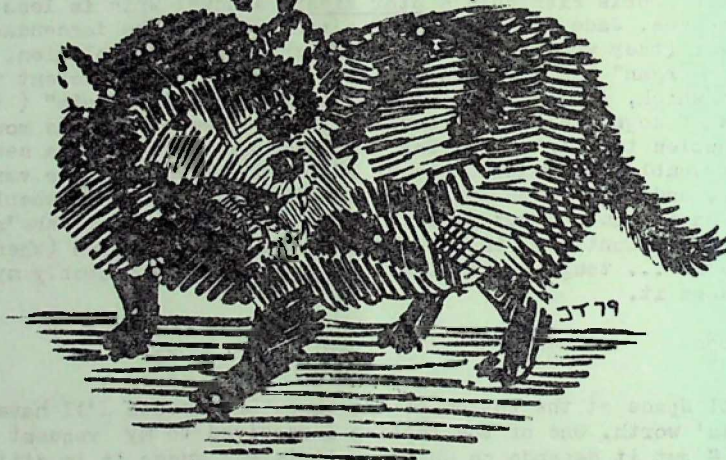
In addition to Schmitz, there is Mia Haverro from Panshin's RITE OF PASSAGE, and the angel from Edgar Pangborn's ANGEL'S EGG. Finally, for all of her faults, there is Cordwainer Smith's C'Mel. Though she finally ends up as a fat mother cat, concerned only with her children and her love for Lord Jestocost, she has the power to stimulate the imagination, and shescomes across as a real person.



THE OPINIONATED ORTLIEB

One of the nicest events of late, fannishly speaking, was the EasterCon held in Melbourne. It was a tightly run convention in which the committee ran around looking haggard whilst the attendees enjoyed themselves. (If I ever had to be on a Concom, I'd like it to be a Melburne Concom. They always seem to be in control, even if they're not. Anyway, out of that Con

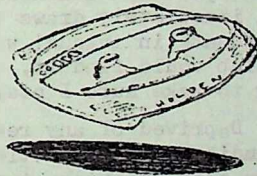
TASMANIAN DEVILS WANT
A IN 83!



came confirmation of the fact that the A in 83 bid is a real goer. Those of you who have been following the erratic progress of the bid may have had your doubts. Indeed, I have wondered about the thing myself, but the publication of the AUSTRALIA IN 83 BULLETIN ONE shows that the bid has a real sense of direction and purpose. Having Carey Handfield at the helm has a lot to do with it. In this respect most U.S. bids have an advantage over non-U.S. bids in that most U.S. bids have accumulated experience from people who have been involved in previous bids. The A in '83 bid didn't really have this until Carey and Robin Johnson moved to Sydney. Whilst there were Sydney people involved in AussieCon, I gather that there was the problem of the distance between Melbourne and Sydney to contend with, so much of the work once the site had been decided fell to the Melbourne fen. If you're interested in supporting the bid, and receiving the Bulletin, the address is P.O.Box J175 Brickfield Hill N.S.W. 2000. 75¢/issue or \$3.00/year.

DUFF

I have the feeling that by the time most of you read this, the 1979 DUFF race which will bring an American fan to SYNCON '79 will be over. The Deadline for votes is June 4th. 1979. However, if you do get this in time to vote, send \$1.00 to Paul Stevens 305 Swanson St., Melbourne Vict., 3000. Those standing are Ken Fletcher and Linda Lounsberry; Mike Glycer; and Cy Chauvin. I won't have time to send out nomination forms, but as long as you explain to Paul that you've been in fandom since March 1977, and put the name(s) of your choice on a piece of paper, I'm sure your vote will be considered. In any case, send money. According to John Foyster, the only Australian to be transported from Australia, Keith Curtis and Jack Herman are the candidates for Duff in 1980. One of those worthies will travel from Australia to the WorldCon in Boston. Mind you, they would make it difficult for us poor voters. I'd like to get Keith out of the country so that I don't spend too much money at convention auctions. Following the photos in ARIEL 1 he's had the title deed to his grandmother drawn up, and he holds me under moral obligation to bid for her. However, I also have reasons for getting Jack out of the country. The best is that, with any luck he won't be around for the 1980 national con. That means that, providing we can hijack Foyster, the business session might run without too much constitutional brouhaha. (Jack by the way has a special reason for getting to the states. He has to make a pilgrimage to Humphrey Bogart's tomb.)



Seriously though, Jack and Keith are both fine fellas, and deserving of furthering their acquaintance with U.S. fandom. I'll illustrate that further with articles from whichever of the worthies wishes to further his cause in this zine, and don't worry Keith, there is no way I'd cut your contribution up just because I'm one of Jack's nominators. (I think.)

One of the most enjoyable parts of Eastercon was the auction of the GUFF contenders with Paul Stevens standing in for Eric Lindsay, and with Keith Curtissas auctioneer. I mention this because, through some oversight I ended up buying an hour of John Alderson's time. (I was hoping that some kind lady would take advantage of John's rough rural charm, and out-bid me) Now, as I bought him, I thought of all sorts of tasks that I could have him perform, like piggy-backing Margaret Arnott to Space Age, or arguing on the nature of fanzines with Lee Harding, but I finally decided to be generous, and merely asked him to write a paragraph for this ARIEL. John has not yet responded. John, you can erase this blot on your escutcheon by sending me a paragraph by return post. Ta!



Marc Ortlieb

He walked as someone who expected to be hit at any moment, and the stoop to his posture would have hinted at a deep inner tiredness, were it not for the flickering of his eyes. He was cocooned in his shabby great coat though it was not particularly cold that night. Somehow I pegged him for a loser. Don't ask me why. Instant character analysis is just one of my little talents.

I was just walking over to throw him out when Dave came over to complain about the sound system. Now, you'd think that, in these days of enlightenment, even the most dense of high school students would be able to tell when a P.A. has blown a fuse, but such things are sent to try us. As a noted statesman once said; "Life wasn't meant to be easy."

With the new fuse tucked securely into place, the evening's meeting commenced. The first item was Eldon's speech on the lack of literary merit in pre-1930s science fiction which, on third listening, had begun to pall. Not that it was any more interesting on first listening, but at least on that occasion it had been a welcome change from his previous five talks on the lack of literary merit in post-1930s sf. I was considering slipping out for a quick smoke, but as I shifted my weight in the seat, I heard an ominous squeaking. I cursed Dave and his fuse. In my rush to get seated, I'd grabbed Old Faithful.

Now, Old Faithful is something of a Club legend. It is one of your standard hired hall canvas and tubular steel chairs, but, due to some marvel of mid-Victorian science, it contrives to squeak at its own resonant frequency, which immediately draws the disapproving attention of the entire club to the unfortunate individual who fidgets in it. I thought I'd hidden where none of the club could find it, but I wouldn't put it past Eldon to have given me the thing to make sure I stayed put during his talk.

Deprived of any real chance to escape, I allowed my eyes to drift across the audience. They settled on the new-comer. Dammit, I thought, hasn't anyone thrown that stinking minacer out yet? I shuffled to get out of my chair, but it emitted such a squeak that I was shushed from five different directions. It looked as though I was going to have to bide my time. Eldon was just getting his second wind, and had launched into a tirade decrying the pernicious influence of the Amazing Stories Quarterly format, and so it didn't look as though I'd have the chance to get at the lily-livered mundane for a while.

Typical, I thought, he's positioned himself right at the back, near the door. It was as if he'd known in advance how dull Eldon's talk was going to be and had stolen the prime seat.

Eldon was still going, this time about the over-use of the definite article in Murray Leinster's early stories, when there was a fizzing sound and a cloud of white smoke from the P.A.. Eldon's voice died to a whisper in which I thought I caught the word "Sabotage!" Since Dave was already attending to the blaze, and since the acrid smoke was making the hall marginally habitable, I headed for the door. Half of the club had had the same idea, so it took a while to get out, but finally we were congregated out on the verandah, sharing a couple of cans which someone had had the foresight to rescue. I was talking to Sticky Bates, and Sticky, having exhausted his knowledge of the ancestry of electronic equipment, muttered "I bet that filthy Pom had something to do with it."

The club generally takes Sticky's prejudices for granted, but, in this case, he had me confused.

"Which Pom?" I asked. "Charlie wasn't in tonight."

"You know the one," said Sticky. "That ragged geeser what was sitting up the back. Typical bloody Pommy smirk on his face as if Eldon's speech wasn't good enough for his nibs."

"Now, now," I said. "Just because he's a filthy fake fan doesn't mean he's English."

"English?" queried Dave, who'd just caught the last part of the conversation, having been otherwise occupied putting out the P.A. "That bloke was never English. Plain as the nose on your face, that bastard was an Arab."

Through my angered haze, a light broke. Dave's father had lost a leg when a Palestinian bomb, intended for the Israeli ambassador, had gone off prematurely. Sticky hates the British...I wasn't too keen on anyone who was not strictly fannish, and somehow each of us had mistaken the new-comer for our least favourite type of person. As I reached this conclusion, I felt a tickling in my brain as if someone was going over it with a feather duster. From the look on the others' faces I could tell that I wasn't the only one to feel this. Suddenly the tickling stopped and was replaced by a voice.

"You've worked it out" said the voice, and as it did so I was filled with the utmost loathing for the thing that had violated the privacy of my mind.

"Yes" continued the voice. "I know the feelings my ability raises in you, and I am deeply disappointed. I thought that you, as science fiction fans, might be broad minded enough to accept me."

I might have been mistaken, but I almost felt a note of ironic laughter, but my train of thought was not permitted to continue.

"I should have guessed that, under all your posturings, you were no better than the rest. Loyalty to one's species is a terribly strong force."

"What do you mean 'loyalty to one's species'?" asked Dave out loud.

"Quite simple," replied the voice. "I am the next stage in the evolution of man, or would be, were it not for your infernal self defence. Though you are incapable of speech, except with words, you can detect my capabilities, and my potential, and your mind reacts to mine with unreasoned violence, identifying me with everything you hate. Can you imagine the woman who would mate with her most despised enemy? Can you name the man who would not strive to kill the person who represented the ultimate evil?"

The voice wallowed in self pity. I couldn't help but feel contempt for this outsider who rejected all that was good and decent in fandom.

Sticky spoke. "Typical bloody Pom," he said. "Why don't you stop your whinging and go back where you came from?"

I sensed a deep frustration, and then a click, almost like someone putting down a telephone receiver.

"Well," I said. "Good riddance to bad rubbish."

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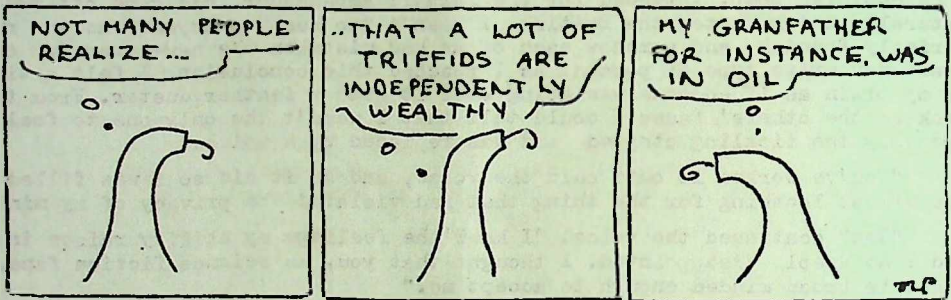
"...you can't get a good grip on a woman and expect to cut a decent pencil at the same time." John McPharlin

LETTERATURE

ANDREW TAUBMAN 4/ 46 Kurraba Rd Neutral Bay N.S.W. 2089

The first thing I notice about ARIEL 1 is its high standard of artwork, especially Leanne's cover: great! It's interesting to note that, amongst artistic fen, female artists tend to do fantasy subjects, and male artists straight sf.

Then we come to your article on Anne McCaffrey's stories. The article on dragons is quite impressive. The author obviously knows his stuff (especially



the bits on aerodynamics.) I'm afraid my sensa yuma tells me the great pun, First Impressions, is the best and most Pernicious thing in the zine.

((Poor Andrew. I'm afraid there is no hope for you. The fact that you've just ascended to the position of official editor of APPLESAUCE is adequate confirmation. MAO))

This is the third time I've seen those photos. Can't you restrain yourself? (Vision: The year is 2001. The con is in Adelaide. We open the program book. There, before our horrified eyes are... The Photos again! Blair falls down in shock at the hairy beast he used to be. Jack looks exactly the same and dies of shame. K.J. Dillon's curvature of the spine catches up with him. No-one bothered to take the dart out of Peter's hand, and he's still stuck there, too stoned to notice it's his bowling hand. Keith Curtis finally sells himself.....

((Some beautiful images there. However I've censored the last bit in which Andrew reveals that is all a sinister plot to destroy Sydney fandom. I don't want anyone to know about that yet. MAO))

ERIC LINDSAY 6 Hillcrest Ave Faulconbridge N.S.W. 2776

Thanks for Ariel One. I didn't know that you were a Shakespeare fan, but perhaps you were merely caught in a Tempest. Nor did I know that Leanne did drawings. Is there no end to that lady's talents?

((I've been a Shakespeare fan for a goodly while, and the Tempest is

one of my favourite plays. Indeed, one of these days I'm going to do a better sf adaptation of it than they did for FORBIDDEN PLANET. The title however also comes from my favourite poet Sylvia Plath. It is the title of the first of her posthumous poetry collections. The title, by the way, has been worrying me since I saw Lester's INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION YEARBOOK. There is, it appears, a professional mag going under the title of ARIEL, I should have paid more heed to my own panel on fanzines at EASTRCON. Never use the first zine title that comes to mind, because someone else is sure to have used it. The zine I intend to put out in September probably won't be called ARIEL. MAO))

There is little I can say about Anne McCaffrey's work, for, while I did enjoy her novels enormously many years ago, of late I've come to realise that I now disagree with so much of her attitude that my enjoyment is considerably reduced. Noting that I didn't have any except her first four novels, I recently sent off for all the ones that were out in paperback, and have been going through them in the last week or so. I'll grant that they are well enough written, and that she is still telling a story, however, it is the sort of story that you see in Women's Weekly, with a bunch of sf trappings. I like this view not.

((I'm not sure that I agree totally. I still enjoy the Dragon novels, but Dinosaur Planet ... Ouch! MAO))

ADRIENNE LOSIN 15 Lockhart Rd., North Ringwood Vict 3134

You seem to be saying that Ms. McCaffrey does not create "liberated" females (in the newspaper propaganda sense) who disregard men, and so, for this reason, her work is flawed. Perhaps Ms. McCaffrey, as do all authors, is indicating a personal view, whether conscious or unconscious is irrelevant to her works impact - namely that man without woman is incomplete, i.e. that the most viable biological unit is a team. Note that the males in the examples you cite are exceptional in one way or another. Has the author done this so that they balance the exceptional females? Isn't she really presenting the unobtainable ideal?

Criticising Ms. McCaffrey's stories on the basis of their not conforming to current socio-political trends is rather like praising Capek's WAR WITH NEWTS because it does!

By contrast, Vonda MacIntyre's DREAMSNAKE has strong heroines and weaker, less decisive heroes and villains. Here the empathy and sensitivity (Snake) and the fortitude and courage (Jesse) are feminine. Arevin trails like a faint shadow; a nice enough lover, despite his childhood setbacks, but destined to a supporting role only. In this novel also, the characters prefer family groups as they provide a better survival chance in a hostile world. But the heroines are not seeking heroes to join with them. They're getting on with their lives-their destinies, Snake, as a healer; Jesse who turned her back on her city's wealth and power as a saviour.

((SOUNDS good. I must read it. MAO.))



JOAN DICK 379 Wantigong St Albury N.S.W. 2640

I wonder what sort of woman you prefer, a "quivering heap" or a strong demanding type. That Lessa survived her early years within the walls of Ruath hold is a wonder in itself. Only someone of the strongest character would have survived seeing her whole family killed, and then her existence at near starvation level. She had no time for the nice things in life, and used any means she could to achieve her ends. And F'lar was armeans by which she obtained an end she could never have imagined.

Menolly. My copy of DRAGONSINGER is in Canberra with my daughter, and I have only just finished DRAGONSINGER. The clue to the development of Menolly is time. All of the facts about her life in the Harper Hall, covered in DRAGONSINGER, happen in just eight days. In that time she rises from the one and only girl apprentice to Journey-man, and stands up for herself most ably against Pona at the Gather.

You briefly mentioned "How big is Pern" I should imagine it is about the same size as Earth, unless it has a large iron core, in which case it could be smaller, yet retain the same gravitational pull. If its density is much the same as ours, it could not be smaller because then, like Mars, it would have lost all but the heavier molecules of its atmosphere. A large planet having a greater gravitational pull would have retained more of its primeval atmosphere and Pern would have an atmosphere more like that of Venus where they now believe much of the original atmosphere remains. Even though the dragons have psi ability, their wings must be of some use, and an atmosphere dense enough to provide lift would have to exist on Pern. This is shown by the fact that, other than the more frequent occurrence of telepathic ability, there appear to be no major differences between the pernese and ourselves. A markedly different atmosphere would require several physical mutations.



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Graham Stone and Christine & Derreck Ashby.

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Adrienne Losin, as above.

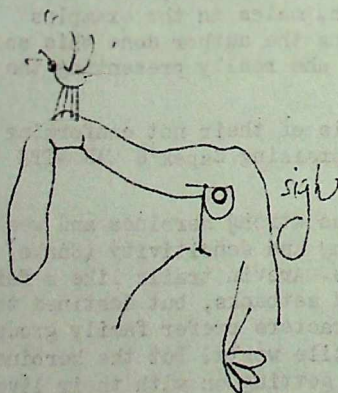
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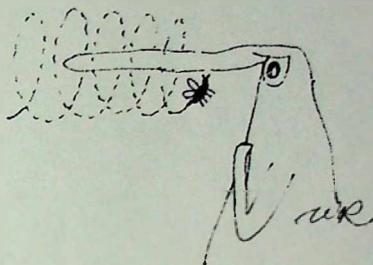
Jane Taubman 4/46 Kurraba Rd Neutral
Bay NSW 2089.

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% AFTERWORD %
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One of the many corollaries to the Murphy/Finagle laws states that, after the sixteen nuts securing an access cover have been fastened, extra parts will be found on the bench. That corollary applies particularly to fanzines. I discovered (a) A LoC from Warren and Margaret Nichols; and that (b) I hadn't credited Paul Stokes with providing me with the Campbell front cover. I've now corrected (b) so without further ado:-



WARREN NICHOLS P.O. Box 146 Burwood N.S.W. 2134.

((A footnote to the letter explains that the views expressed are not necessarily Margaret's. MAO))

As regards female characters, I don't think you could consider those worked up by McCaffrey as players of a secondary role. In all of her stories it is a female not a male who is the catalyst for the resulting action. All the McCaffrey novels tend to deal with exceptional women, people who can rise above the restrictions of their culture and, to a large extent, work out their own lives, regardless of the type of culture. I don't agree with your comments on Kylara. She is not treated unsympathetically - she comes across as she is :- A first class, selfish bitch who will use anyone and anything to get what she wants, regardless of the consequences.

I don't know why so many writers of sf and fantasy pick pseudo-medieval societies for their stories' backgrounds, but at least the position of women portrayed in these stories makes sense. One feature typical of most medieval and pseudo-medieval societies is that they tend to have a weak central government. The result is that any person who ran into someone he couldn't beat in battle had to form some kind of alliance with the aforesaid juggernaut or knuckle under. It was usually easier to form some kind of alliance, and the simplest way to do this was by marriage. So we have the ever increasing tendency, especially where any kind of property is involved, for women to be regarded as mutual defence treaties and/or baby producing machines. It's not nice, but it is unfortunately somewhat accurate.



*This heat is really
getting me down*

SUE, MILLIGAN SUE! ((No! It's SPIKE Milligan. MAO.))

That piece of artwork on page 22 looks as though Shayne has been watching too many Vincent Price movies.

ART on this Page:- Top- Bill Rotsler.
Bottom - Linda Smith

A PEPPERMINT FROG PRESS PRODUCTION.

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SECRET

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