

GIRLS' OWN FANZINE



H A V I N G M Y S A Y . . .

The Editorial.

Well, here I sit, pen in hand for the fiftieth time. I've got the distinct feeling that I'm never going to become a BNFE - 'cause I can't write editorials. This is my last chance, my last attempt at this rotten thing... sink or swim and all that... so, here goes---

Girls' Own Fanzine or, as it is lovingly known around here, Gough, is my splash at fan-editting. I'm just one of those many neofemmesfans that seem to have sprung up from the Trekkie Era (an era I would staunchly defend). I'm probably better known as Ronl Clarke's fiancée - but that's another story. I really don't mind being known as Ronl's fiancée, but I do have a name. At the moment, it's Sue Smith (I was christened Susan Pamela Margaret Smith). I've been known in Trekkazine as Gullywhumpers, or in higher-classed 'zines, as Suisaidh Peigi (Gaelic translation is Susan Margaret). My friends call me Sandy, Suzie, Sue, "Fawn", "The Nut", and many others. Someone special has a fondness for the pet name "Ginger".

1.

I've always been interested in SF, but it was Ronl who introduced me to Fandom. I don't know whether he regrets it, but ever since, I've wanted to be one of the fen.

SYNCON 2 was my very first con. The SSFF is my home trotting ground and most of my friends are fans &/or SF readers. I love fandom and so I decided to make my contribution. So, here it is - Gough. The name came to me suddenly whilst I was browsing through some of Ronl's backlog of fanzines, from that foreign country of Victoria.

The purpose of Gough?



Apart from the usual fannish aim of egoboc-fishing, Gough is a fanzine - no, let me correct that: a femmefanzine, where femmefans can have their say. I don't mean that fan(ie. male fen) contribution for Gough isn't welcome, but primarily, it'll be our soap-box area. Your arguments, suggestion for themes, articles, LoCs, etc, will be most welcome.

You see, it has come to the notice of a few of the Sydney femmes that nearly all fanzines are exactly "fan"zines here in Australia. Can't a girl edit, or have her say? Few BNFE here seem to think so. Female fans (femmefans) here, tend to be thought of as the very rare exception rather than the rule. They are the subject of much ridicule since some, like me, have Trekkie origins. It is hardly accepted that they could talk about SF or anything else relating to a fans world intelligently. When fans find a femme that they can talk to, and they can listen to, they treat her treat her as an exception - a female fan (ie. someone who was unlucky enough to be born a female, when she could have been born a perfectly normal fan).

But, I'll get off my soap-box for the moment, and say a little more about Gough.

Each issue will have a theme - the next issue lined up has an article by Sabina Heggie and one by Adrienne Losin; the theme generally is Womans Liberation, but I hope to have lots of comments on this issue, and generally reactions to it.

2.

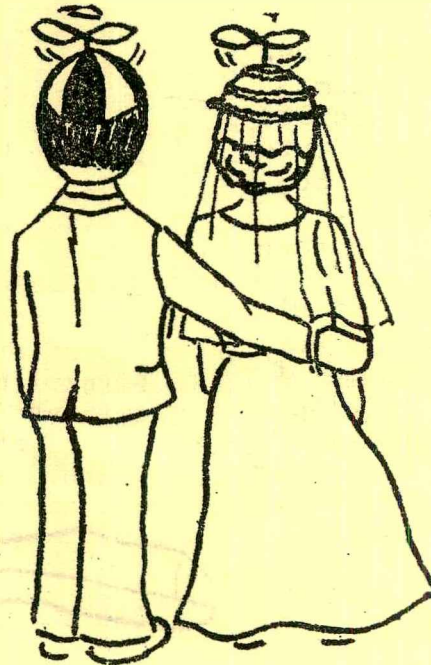
And as for this ish, we have lots lined up to titilate your reading; articles by Lynne Smith & Christine McGowan; poetry by Adrienne Losin; a special guest article by an inimitable old time fan, and a startling letter by an ex-fan.

I hope you enjoy Girls Own Fanzine No 1. I'd appreciate your support through comments, arguments, articles, anything you might like to offer as a reaction to this ish.

And as to the theme of this ish of Gough, well, it's something that involves me personally at the moment. Just sit back a moment whilst I pose the question...

WOULD YOU MARRY

A FAN?



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REFLECTIONS ON FANNISH MATRIMONY

by

Christine McGowan.

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"Dear Sue," I said to myself as I finished her charming letter, "is fishing for squeals of how we'd all love to marry a fan, especially if his name happens to be Ron. That may have been the case; on the other hand, it is likely that the theme of this publication is in fact Would You Marry A Fan (Other Than Ron Clarke, Who Has Been Claimed)? I have assumed that this is indeed the case, and I expect Sue to contribute an article on why She would marry Ron Clarke. I shall turn my attentions to the remainder of the field.

There can be no doubt that fans do marry, and when they do marry other fans (of the feminine gender) some remarkable partnerships can develop. The list of such pairs is long - we have Luttrells, Smiths and now, it seems, Clarkes. It's like cow-cocking; the whole family gets involved in activities which are far beyond the capacities of one person, like producing a Hugo-winning fanzine. Then again, if a fan should marry someone who is not fannishly inclined, something has to give. That something is either the fanac or the marriage. We have all heard of the big name fan whose wife specifically cites his fanzine in the divorce petition! Only another fan could live with a trufan - indeed, it is probable that only another fan could entice a trufan into marriage, or would want to.

3.

This brings me to the vital question; Assuming that I am a femmefan ('orrible word), would I marry a fan?

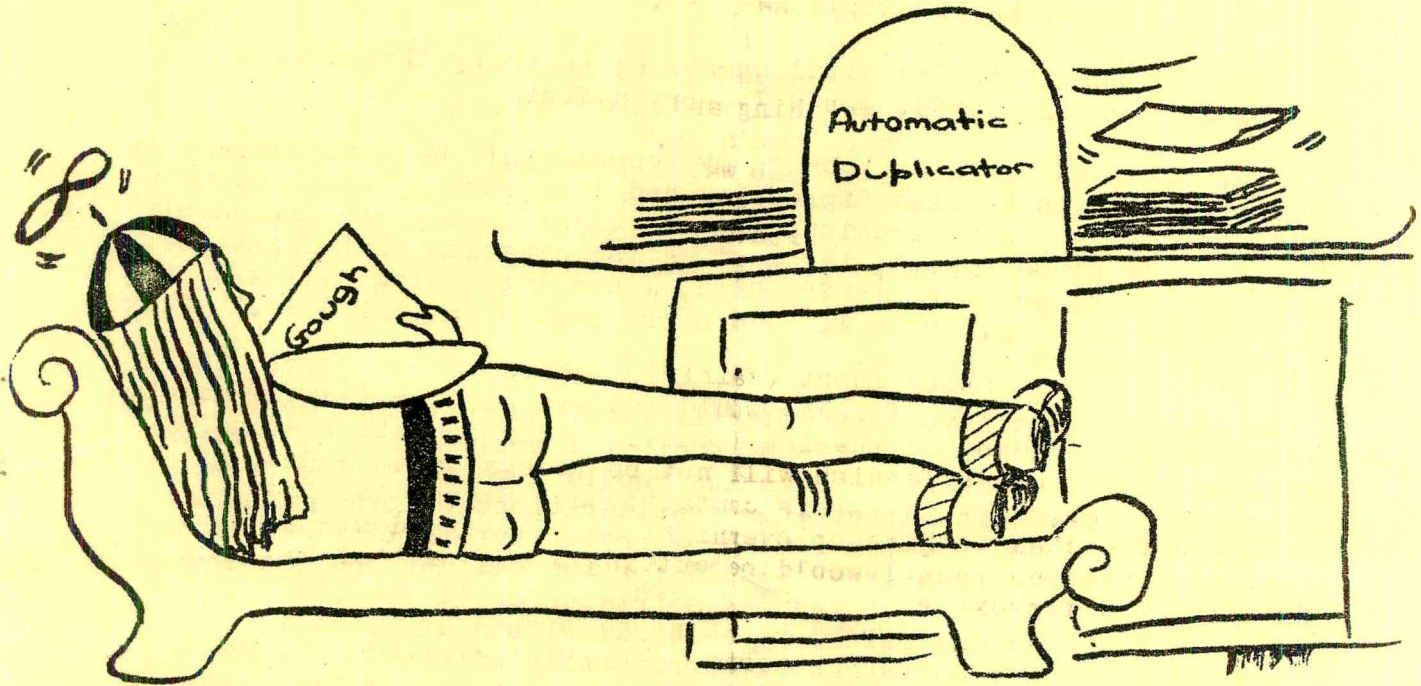
Ah, how this takes me back to my schooldays! We were discussing race prejudice in English Expression and I suppose I must have been holding forth in usual fashion, for the class bitch, who presumably was also the class racist, threw at me the question "But Christine, would you marry an Aborigine?" Ghod, I had lightening reflexes in those days: "Cathy," says I, "I'd marry anyone who asked me." Score one amid howls of laughter.

My answer might have been effective, but upon reflection it wasn't particularly truthful. To ask me whether I would marry X, Y or Z brand of male is to beg the question "Would I marry?" The answer is probably not. Quite apart from considerations of ~~whether~~ anyone would ask me, I don't think I'm the marrying type. Marriage is the best institution currently available for the getting and raising of children, and I doubt that fannish marriages could produce a raise of super-fen, bred and raised to be handy with a duplicator, loud-mouthed in arguments and extraordinarily susceptible to odd-ball ideas. However, I have no burning ambition to perpetrate the race; I love children (other peoples) but not to the extent of changing their nappies, as they say. As to the incidentals to married bliss, I am aware that not much housekeeping is expected in

in a fannish household. All the same, I have a theory that two can make twice as much mess as one, and the mess of one that I am surrounded by at the moment is well nigh intolerable as it is. Of course, I might just be persuaded to consider wedding a fan who is rich enough to be able to employ a fulltime cleaning-lady. I have these champagne tastes, see ... Casual affairs are one thing, but tying the knot with someone who cannot keep me in the style to which I would like to become accustomed is quite another.

The frequently itinerant nature of fannish employment and interests is another cause for concern. Women in general, have a liking for security, and I'm afraid I'm no exception. I wouldn't like being married to a man who only took a desultory interest in a series of more or less uninspiring jobs. Still less would I like a husband who spent every spare dollar on cruddy science fiction paperbacks and inky, clanking machinery. And think of the children (which I earlier said I wasn't going to have); what kind of an effect would it have on their infant minds to have such unrestricted access to pulp literature, comics, fanzines and fen from an early age! Though one could on occasion be forgiven for thinking otherwise, Fandom Is Not A Children's Game (FINNAG).

4. The above is all very well, of course, but it's hypothetical in the extreme - 99% of the fen I know are either too young and impecunious to marry, or else too old and wary. In the end, whether I would marry a fan depends on whether one would ask me. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope with your proposals men, and each of you will receive prompt and personal attention.....



"... in the style to which I would like to grow accustomed..."

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WOULD I MARRY A FAN ???

by

L y n n e S m i t h.

@@

... And what better person to ask than the wife-albeit, the second wife - of the legendary Bbob Smith...

When I met Bob in September 1967, I thought that his reserve (or aura of mysticism, if you must be romantic) set him apart from the usual Soldier that inhabited my circle of acquaintances.

We talked of many things in the early days; politics, religion, books, films, Bob's impressions of Japan and Food - non Army-type food - among others. The one subject that never seemed to get mentioned was SF, and fandom was unknown to me for Bob never spoke of things fannish apart from the odd allusion to "writing letters".

Then, one day, I was being my usual inquisitive self and nosing through some piles of advertising posters and Playboys when I discovered a binder crammed full of ancient (well, several years old) Etherlines and proceeded to leaf through them. Fannish History, I know now, but at the time they meant little to me and the names that recurred, even less.

5.

By the time Syncon I arrived and I realised that Bob would be attending all sessions, I thought I'd better examine the insanity called Fandom and see if I wanted any part of it. I'm told it is a Way of Life and, after watching and listening to the ebb and flow of the conversations at the Ryan's party on the last night, felt that I could do without it. Bob was little help in my examining it objectively and it seemed that there was little chance of his gafiating as I now know he threatened to do. So ... I had to decide whether or not I could not only live with a Big Name Fan but actually marry one ...

To cut a long story short (fairly), I came to the conclusion that life as the wife of a Fan would not necessarily lead to suicide or worse and I accepted the inevitable. I did come to realise, though, that things fannish will not be relegated to a part of Bob's life. Over the years his contacts have become far too firmly entrenched to give up overnight and I married him knowing that if I ignored that I would be cutting a big part of his interests out of our joint experience.

This - to me - is very important, for our relationship is based on togetherness and sharing. Two lonely people who decide to begin a life together have come to terms with such questions as to whether to share interests already established or to begin a whole new life together ...



... And so fandom became part of my life - accepted, tolerated, but not embraced. I have no wish to become a "name" in Australian fandom but appreciate the mental stimulation that some - and only some - of Bob's fannish friends/ acquaintances/ correspondants give me.

Would I marry a fan? That question is fairly obviously answered - yes ... but not just any fan : the man I married is a Fan from way back but his activity fluctuates directly as his mood of the moment. Bbob Smit the Fan is part of the Bob Smith I married but only a facet of a whole personality ...

L y n n e
S m i t h .

all those silly books! What a shame! So you have to hide them in closets, under beds, out in the garage or in the attic. It doesn't matter if he leaves his fishing rod and tackle in the living room though. That's different!

Speaking of all your books, they are also hard to move. When you buy a new house and want to pack up your books, be prepared to fight for your rights! For he'll say to you, "Do you have to haul all that garbage with us?" Then later on "My God, how much money have you spent on this junk?" Then he begins to count your books and you're in for it. He never considers the money is never a waste, but yours always is. (At least male fans will be spending money on things that you can enjoy too.) It's now impossible to live with a non-fan, but close.

On the other hand, you may be lucky and have an understanding husband (they are few and far between) who will let you enjoy your SF in peace, without hindrance or comment, and even read a book or two himself, and hopefully, become a fan too - there's always hope, isn't there?

- J e a n J o r d a n .

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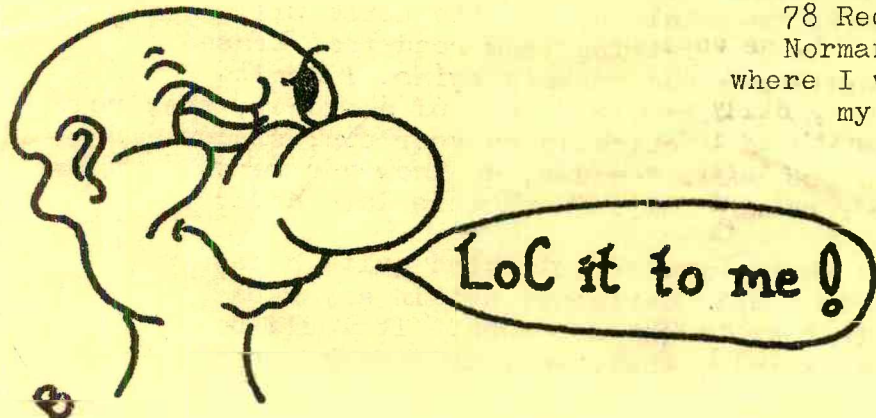
A NOTE FROM SUE:

These are just a few things you ought to know, that I can't fit in any other place. Firstly, the 'zine will be available for the usual - contribution, artwork, Locs or trade - articles by femmes will be actively supported. There will be no subs to Gough, but donations for postage will be gratefully accepted (I'm just a poor Uni student) and the donors remembered favourably. Unless I receive some sort from you, this will not be able to work for long. So write soon. Anyone who does not show in some way (by trade, LoC, contribution or donation) that they enjoyed or at least read this ish, will not be getting another ish. I just can't afford it.

Also, I'm Aussie agent for LURK, a very good english fanzine put out by Mike and Pat Meara. Anyone wishing a sample copy of this 'zine, please write to me.

My address until 1st March, 1973,
will be: 10 Peter Street,
Blacktown, NSW 2148.
After which, it will be:
78 Redgrave Rd,
Normanurst, NSW 2076.
where I will be boarding with
my fiance and his folks.

Good
reading!



From

my

Male-box

Miss Smith has asked me, "Would you marry a fan?"

The short answer is no, I would not. For a start, most fans are men; and although I have experienced being married to a woman, diehard conservative and reactionary that I am, I would probably marry a woman again, should fate be so kind.

This prejudice goes deep. Take Leigh Edmonds, Paul Stevens and Robin Johnson, for example. (Well, maybe you would have a job taking Leigh, cause he looks pretty well taken already.) Three finer fans you couldn't hope to meet; they are gentlemen, kind, wise, creative, immensely knowledgable and considerate to a fault. What more could you desire? you ask, and it is a good question. 9.

Now, as it happens, I have lived with these three fans, so perhaps I am a little biased. Added to the qualities listed above, Leigh plays a mean game of chess and has excellent taste in music; Paul appreciates a good red and is excellent company, in a zany kind of way; Robin is a passable cook and a brilliant raconteur. But there is still this prejudice I have, and you will have noticed that I did not marry a solitary one of them.

Part of the reason is that two of them are infuriatingly messy around the house, one of them infuriatingly not.

A small thing, you might say, but it is not. My first question to those contemplating committing matrimony is not, Is she comely? nor, Can he cook? It is: are you compatibly messy? What you see as a mess, demanding instant removal or tidying, your prospective partner may well regard as the raw material from which work of great beauty and surpassing excellence may be created.

Amor vincit omnia, said the ancients - love overcomes all - and they were not wrong. Consider Tristram and Iseult, Abelard and Heloïse, Romeo and Juliet, Billy and Sonia. As the first finger of morning light crept stealthily into the chamber, one woke and beheld the partner's pallid features, straggling hair, rancid breath and wheezing snore. A loathsome thing, Ghod wot, but to the true lover a thing endearing, because these sights, smells, sounds are those of the beloved.

Even so, true love overcomes even the mess made by one's partner - the soggy undergarments that ensnare you in the bath-room,

the toppling pile of miscellaneous papers on the dining-table, and more much more. Oh yes, love overcomes such things, but if you find the other's mess intolerable right from the start, your love will wither and decay, just like the milk he's forever leaving out of the fridge, the valuable papers she insists on walking on.

These little things, friends, I can speak of from experience. I am not bitter, nor do I know it all. Life is for learning, and next time round I will make the same mistakes in a different manner.

"All you need is love..." A great little song, that. Quite absurd of course, in what it has to say, but it has a great beat and I like it. Besides, it wouldn't be half as catchy if the words went: "All you need is compatibility, consideration, wheels, a little money and, above all, interest." But it's closer to the truth.

Look, I'm not going to sit here all day writing this trashy stuff. Go away and read a few standard works on love and marriage, if you really want to get some of the psychology and philosophy of it all. Better still, try living with someone; parents will do, if you can't find anyone else. (Parents are people, after all, and that's what you have to learn about.)

10. The short answer to Sue's question, as I said, is no, I would not marry a fan. I would marry a person; hopefully a lady with all the attributes I find desirable, a lady, moreover, sufficiently warped to find all she wants and needs in me or with me. This person might very well be a fan, since all fans are warped anyway. But what she does in the way of a hobby is rather irrelevant; it is only necessary that she enjoys doing it.

John Bangsund.

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P O E T R Y:

Adrienne Losin

THOUGHTS 1.

Black
Think of it.
Stamp on it.
Kick it, curse it,
And it will rise.

THOUGHTS 2.

Green: Life
It grows.
Soft, and sheltering worms.
We all die.
Like the leaves fallen in autumn,
Forgotten.
Then, spring, and new ones
take their place.

through. Finally, they realised that nothing could be done except to save the three cottages, and so, they put themselves in front of the fire. They were surrounded by it on three sides and there were only twelve men - with God's helping southerly and a lot of hard work, they saved the houses, but found themselves trapped until the fire had left there completely.

When they returned, Big Jim Stevens, who had been fighting with them returned to his home and wife and family, who had been out getting things for the fire truck when the fire had broke out. His eldest son remained then at home, whilst Big Jim returned to the brigade.

At home, my aunt Esme, who was following the fire with refreshments, mum and I set to work making drinks and eats for the brigade and other fighters. Unfortunately, we had no jugs big enough to satisfy the whole lot, so we made up the drinks in the only bucket we had left - the one we usually used for prawning... but the fighters didn't seem to notice and believe me, they appreciated the cool drinks.

They lolled about the truck whilst it was being filled with tank water from a holiday home that happened to be unoccupied at the time; Covered in soot, and sweat, those with burns smeared them with salve until the sister could look at them.

14. The fire captain, Kevin Roberts' three daughters came up with their mother with some sandwiches. The eldest, Kerrie, who was ten years old, asked the question that seemed to worry them all: "Daddy, will you be home for Christmas?"

Kevin just smiled.

Later on, our men came back to us. They were black, and tired; dad nursed a bad burn on his arm; Ron, red-faced from the heat of the fire and effort he had put into trying to put it out, just fell onto the ground, onto the stubby brown patches we call our lawn. He felt good that he had helped in some way. He hadn't got in the way anywhere and didn't get himself injured so that he'd have to be rescued, so he had, by the brigades standards, actually helped. I was proud of him too.

He didn't take much persuasion to stay the night, and went to sleep straight away. Forgotten was the promised drive (besides, Erowal Bay was blocked off by this time, by the fires), but I didn't mind. As I said, I was proud of him.

Christmas Day came with a promise of cool weather and a hard-earned rest to the men. Ron was expected back home, so with much ado he left. I was sad to see him go... he was even sadder, to have to go.

He rang up when he got home. He seemed to be laughing for some mad reason... you see ^{he} had managed to pick up a cold! And after his 4 hour journey home, he arrived to be greeted by an empty house and his sisters huge red setter, by name of Penny. The family, you see, had left to go through their Christmas visiting, and so, left alone, Ron sat down in the back yard and shared some Christmas cheer with Penny (he has an affinity to red-heads.).

to our cleared back yard, which runs adjacent to four other cleared, housed blocks. Blankets had been soaked for them - just in case. You see, on one side of us, there is an overgrown block, and then the bush, and all the fire had to do was jump the road (a distinct possibility since the road was narrow there - in fact, nothing more than a dirt track, leading to three solitary houses). Dad and Chris, my brother, were inside changing into more protective clothing.

Ron stood for a moment, and let the situation hit him fully. When he realised what had to be done, he raced towards the Stevens grabbing one of the soaking sugar-bags... my brother racing after him with a cotton shirt.

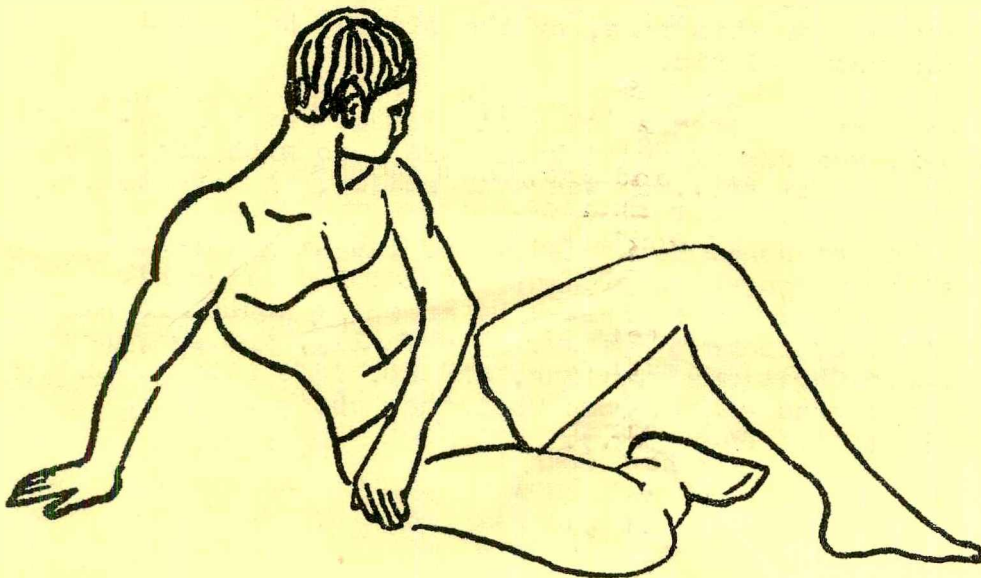
Here I must explain that Ron's a city lad, and has never had to face something like this before. It hadn't occurred to him that his nylon acetate shirt would have the tendency to fizzle up into nothing when placed near a flame.

But my Ron was undaunted by this small delay and was soon rushing forward into the frae, mother calling after him to stick with my father, in case anything happened... after all, it had taken me some time to find a prospective husband and she didn't want me to lose him.

Here I must point out that although I may make light of what happened on that day, the fire was no joke. No houses were lost in this one, but the volunteer fire brigade was out with it for 72 hours, only seeing their beds for a total of 8 hours in that time. They worked hard, facing many dangers, for the wind was constantly changing. We all prayed for a Southerly that day, so that back fires could be safely lit and about four that afternoon, the good Lord sent us our first Southerly breeze.

13.

By now, the fire about the Steven's was out, spreading towards the three cottages in the woods. Our men were helping to check the outside perimeters of the burnt sections, to see that it wasn't starting up again anywhere, and putting out flames on the telegraph poles and fence posts. That was job enough for them. The fire brigade had rushed past them (in their old 1949 fire truck) down the burning bush track at the end of the street towards the three cottages. The main road half a mile away from our street and parallel to it was the seat of another blaze. They worked with it all day, following it



but that's later on in the story). Actually, he thought that he'd get to spend some time with me alone. (Little did he suspect...) As I said, he's only human. Even the trip down was uninspiring for him. I slept all the way, curled up in the back seat.

Things started to improve for him when we got down there - we actually got to sit down alone and have a drink of coffee together - that is, until Ron found himself in charge of a swimming party consisting of myself, my three-year-old brother, Jason, my sister Karen (who adores Ron) and my eight year-old cousin Joann. He smiled and shrugged it off, saying that there would always be later on that night.

But then, he didn't reckon on my uncle (who is president of the Erowal Bay Progress Association, and Deputy Bush-fire Captain) and the Ambulance Housie night. Ah yes, I remember it well:

"You down at last, Sue?"

"Yes, Uncle Ken"

"Good. We'll be expecting you at housie tonight then, selling as usual."

"Okay"

Ron just turned to me with a no-look-in-particular kind of expression and asked, "What's a housie?"

12. If you've ever gone to a country housie night and spent the whole night on your feet, selling (after all that night shift) you'll understand why, at twelve that night, we just climbed into our respective beds ... and slept.

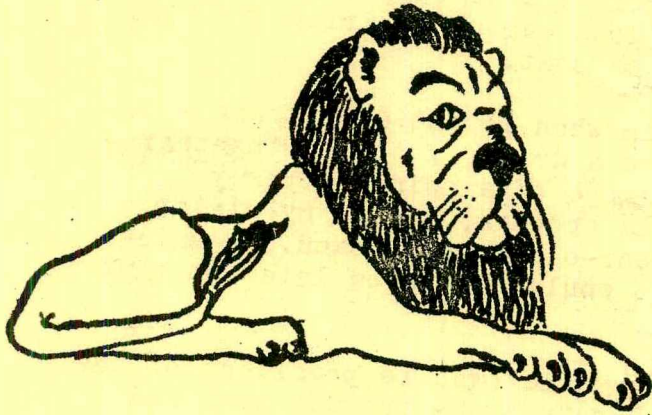
Ron was supposed to leave the next afternoon, and so we got up early and started planning as to what we could do together, alone, in the morning. We decided on a quiet drive, just the two of us, about the bushland roads outside of Point Piper at Vincentia. So I packed some oranges and a flask of cold fruit juice and we got into the car.

But before we could start off, my mother came racing out, dog following behind (my dog - a dachshund - or kind of - she's long anyway, and her name is Renna). You see the neighbourhood butch of a dog - a foxterrier by the name of Peter, who funnily enough, belonged to my Uncle Ken - had been coming around too persistantly and was "annoying" poor little eight month old Renna. Big-hearted fellow that he is, Ron sympathised, and just put her in on the back seat, and we drove off.

A chance to be alone at last, he thought, but unfortunately, I have a dog who cries when you put her outside the car, 'cause she thinks you're going to leave her, and who, when put back into the car, likes to put her head on your shoulder and lick your face (she's like me - very affectionate). I don't know why, but it was a short drive around Vincentia.

When we returned, Peter had left and with good reason too. The Steven place across the road was surrounded by tall orange flames.

Erowal Bay is surrounded by virgin bush, and not-so-virgin, but just as heavy bushland. Mum had filled all the buckets and tin dishes we own with water, and sugar bags were soaking in them. The children were inside the house, neat the rear door (which opened out



Living

with Ron

Actually, Ron and I intended this column to be part of our joint project, whenever it comes out (ie. whenever we can afford it) but since Christine McGowan calls upon me in her article, to write an article defending my reasons for marrying Ron.

They are, first and foremost, that Ron is what he is - a wonderful person. He's not super-human, so I won't sing his praises without his frailties as well. He's just a mortal man, but I believe that the dear God above gave us all our own mate - the one we are suited best to live with, to care for and to share our lives with...

11.

And for me, that's my Ronny...

Episode 1:

RON & THE BUSH * FIRE.

You probably won't believe this, but over Christmas, I was one of the insignificant cogs in the machinery that collected, processed, coded and sent your colourful Christmas cards to you. That's right - I worked for the P.M.G. (And please don't send your complaints about the service, as I will defend it staunchly.) In fact, I was on night staff - from 7:00 pm to 6:00 am - working all night to sort out all your mail (I don't think I'll ever send Christmas cards again!).

Anyway, this is all digression... so, back to my story...

Ron was born with a heart of gold, for there it was - the day before Christmas Eve, 5:30 am, crisp - in fact, downright cold after the air-conditioned Redfern Mail Exchange - and I was beat (Well, you try and work that shift for two weeks, including weekend, and consider that it took me 1½ hours to get home - I invariably slept in and woke up somewhere past St Marys, on my way towards Penrith) So, he got there about 4:30 am and waited for me. When I did get out, he drove me all the way down the South Coast, 120 miles from Sydney, to Erowal Bay (What, you've never heard of Erowal Bay?! Well, it's a small, peaceful, non-crowded sort of place, with two general stores, a liquor shop, a hall for housie, progress meetings and church, a park with swings and things, umpteen dogs, two horses and a fire truck -

Stars of hope... gems in a sky do show
 The golden seas
 Glistening stars... caught in the undertow
 Everpresent night caught in the everpresent day
 In the whirlpool of eternity.
 The molten silver waves thunder against the rocky shore
 Green-gold jewels in the interplay.
 They have sailed towards their goals, and shut the final door
 The stars are theirs! --- and so are the oceans deep
 Time they have conquered ---
 The bottomless voids where the things of the ages do sleep.
 Onwards these men go ... undeterred.

Serenity is not of their liking
 Nor is the dove. But bear the olive branch ...
 They find the red-gold unknown exciting
 But in their dreams they stand staunch
 And some to the stars shall trek...
 Or perhaps some shall turn to the sea...
 And shout to the voids... "what the heck!!"
 --- they believe in the great Divinity...

16

At their backs salty winds have blown
 And in the skies these thunders have flown.
 Some say... they will be gone
 Their names buried in the shadows of time...
 But from them, their heritage will live on.
 Men of clay, built of slime
 But their courage will go on beyond the dust
 Beyond the swirling skies
 And a flaming sun...
 They represent those who are just
 Of mortals who have made a thousand tries
 And after the ages have finally succeeded in getting done
 ... what must be done ...

Stars of hope... gems in a sky do show...
 The golden sea
 Glistening stars--- caught in the undertow
 Everpresent night caught in the everpresent day
 In the whirlpool of eternity.

WRITTEN IN THE MEMORIAL HALL CANBERRA

Elizabeth Green
 Sue Smith

Listen,
 The whispers of souls ascend to starry reaches,
 They echo in traslucent night to chapels of the earth,
 They descend to earthly reaches, and so are met -
 Called by the light.

Haunting grounds of unresting souls -
 Guard the memories and halls of other 'kingdoms come'
 The everburning flame of that blessedfew
 That go, and pass and so ascend with a free mind -

Not as those who left behind, still sufferring the stinging
 sounds of truth,
 And ever try the upward path to reach.

A L E T T E R:

Dear Sue,

I'm happy to see that you're still active in fandom. I cannot boast of being as enthusiastic about it as you however.

Maybe you can't understand my lack of interest. You might say that I have found a substitute for fandom ... it's called living.

After three years of involvement with fans and science fiction, I have reached two conclusions:

1) Fandom is a farcical substitute for genuine human relationships. With no exceptions, fans consider themselves inadequate socially. Fascinating though they may be, gentle, quiet people to talk to, they find that they don't measure up in one way or another, to their own expectations and to reality. By banding together in fandom, they hope to find release from this limitation. But unfortunately, mostly they don't discuss it and it is only hidden, later to emerge. This is what happened to me. The only thing to do is face up to oneself and thus, find liberation. Do not limit yourself to the narrow confines of fannish ethic, to the fantasy stimulus of science fiction. Which brings me to the second conclusion that I arrived at.

2) Science Fiction reading is a road to nowhere. You will never find lasting fulfilment there. There is only one place can find it, and that is here, and now. Read Classic novels until you've read enough, then, give up fiction altogether and read philosophers and magazines. Then, give up reading and live. Your only limitations are what you place upon yourself. You can do anything if you just think you can. I don't dismiss science fiction as worthless, but I do think there are more important things to give one's attention to.

These are things that I found out myself and the most meaningful conversation I ever had with fen was over a bottle of red, talking about our various inadequacies and the 'why's of fandom. If more fans were as honest with each other as we were that night, there would be much more meaning and worth in fandom.

Work hard,

Sabina Heggie.

(ex-Nomad)

GIRLS OWN FANZINE No 1

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All other illos by me, Sue Smith, who edited this issue. My thanks go to Eric Lindsay for his wonderful thermostencils, and Ronl Clarke for his Roneo Vickers machine, and his help in proof-reading. This 'zine will be available for the usual... ie. LoC, articles, illos, trade ... which should be sent to

Sue Smith
 10 Peter Street
 Blacktown NSW 2148

and if your contribution will be arriving later than the 1st March, '73 please send it to

78 Redgrave Rd
 Normanhurst NSW 2076

where I will be boarding with my fiance and his family. Donations towards postage will be gratefully accepted, since I am a poor student. This last stencil was typed 9/1/73, because I ran out of paper.

This issue is lovingly dedicated to my man - Ronl Clarke - who keeps me going day to day, just by being there.

Hope you enjoy it, and hope to hear from you soon! Good reading!



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