Critic did not perceive us

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IN HER review of Splinters' *Roading Home To Aunty*, Ann Nugent is perpetuating a picture of a company dealing only with masculinity, dominated by the men in it. She writes of me that I had the role of the Siren "fisher of men", put upon me. As it was I who wrote, conceptualised and performed this role, in what sense did I have it "put upon me"? Am I as a woman forbidden to probe the darker aspects of femininity? Are we, the seven women working regularly with Splinters, perceived as weak-willed just for being there?

As for fully facing female sexuality, what does this mean? How did Ms Nugent fail to register the feminine imagery and symbolism woven into the show? She recalls the long black tunnel but fails to perceive it as a birth canal even though she physically passed through an eight foot vulva to enter it. The other various female characters failed to even rate a mention; a mermaid, priestesses in a sacred rite, mourning women farewelling their seafaring lovers. Even the full moon outside seemed to cast no illumination on her perceptions.

When the reviewer was presented with a mass of imagery, feminine and masculine, the fact that she only recognised the masculine symbols seems to indicate that we are a phallocentric society. Don't accuse us of what you are afraid of in yourself.

Fully facing female sexuality might mean looking for it in a different way, in a different place. Jung and Freud have explained to us their notions of the phallus; learning the vocabulary of the feminine is taking more time, and certainly re-education.

What do we have to do for you to notice our (feminine) presence?

PAULINE CADY
Splinters Theatre Inc.