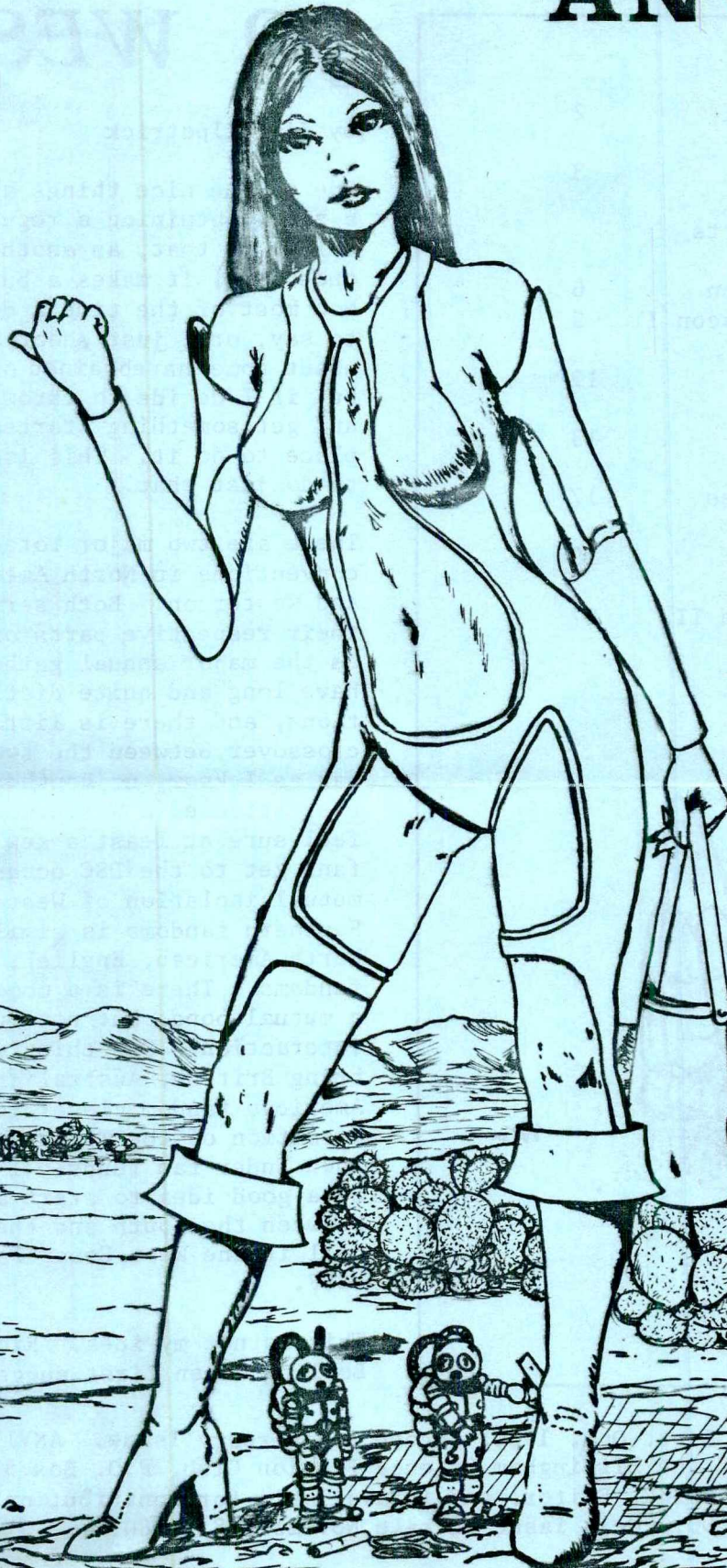


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ANVIL 12



ACME
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(SOL III)

"Don't Worry! It Never Fails."

Fowler '89

GO WEST

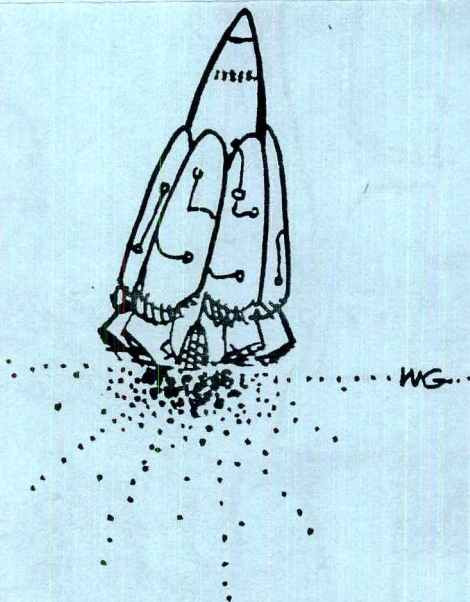
By Jim Gilpatrick

One of the nice things about editing a zine containing a regular editorial column is that, as another animal once said, it makes a bully pulpit. Now most of the time I don't have much to say, or I just shoot my mouth off about some harebrained opinion I hold, but if I decide to throw out an idea and get something started, this is the place to do it. This issue, I wish to do just that.

There are two major rotating regional conventions in North America, the DSC and Westercon. Both serve the fans of their respective parts of the country as the major annual gathering. Both have long and quite distinctive traditions, and there is little attendance crossover between the two cons. As far as I know, no southern fan has ever attended a Westercon, although I feel sure at least a few west coast fans get to the DSC occasionally. The mutual isolation of West Coast and Southern fandoms is similar to that of North American, English, and Australian fandoms. There is a common interest, a mutual bond, but not much personal interaction. One thing which helped bring British, Australian, and North American fandom closer together was the formation of the Trans Atlantic and Down Under fan funds. I think it would be a good idea to start a third fan fund between the South and the West. Let's call it the West Coast Fan Fund. The WCFF.

This is not my idea. Ricky Sheppard of Bowling Green first suggested it to me

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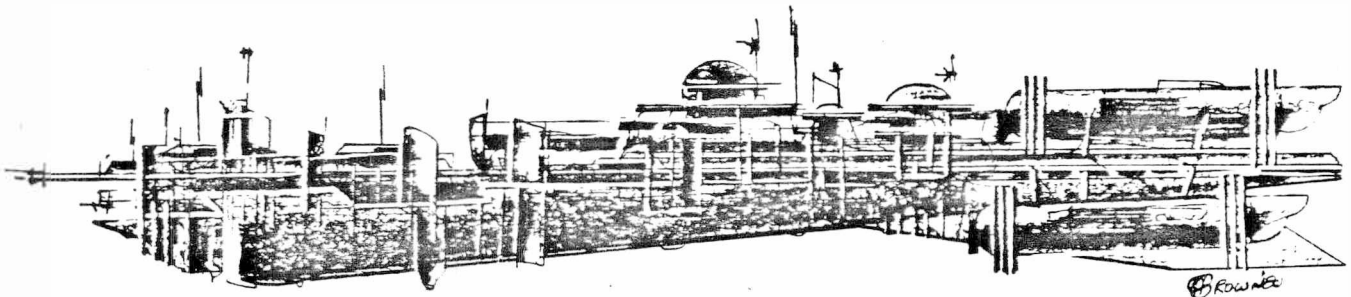


This is ANVIL 12, Sept.-Oct, 1980, Second Anniversary Issue. ANVIL is the bi-monthly clubzine of the Birmingham Science Fiction Club, P.O. Box 57031, Birmingham, AL 35259, Jim Gilpatrick, Editor, and is available for contribution, loc, trade, or 6 issues for \$2.00. Next issue on sale November 8, 1980.

at Midwestcon this year, and you'll find it mentioned in his ANVIL loc in this issue. We could send a Southern fan to Westercon next July 4th, and then bring a West Coast fan to B'hamacon in August. At current airfare, this means we would have to raise \$1,000.00 or so, but I think it's possible, especially since a Southern fan has (by definition) a chance of winning this one. When was the last time one of our own got nominated for TAFF or DUFF? If we want to be less ambitious, we could send one person west or bring one person east, instead of one each direction. This would cut the dollars in half.

The WCOFF could be run in the same way as the other two fan funds--open nominations, monies administered by past winners, fan fund auctions at conventions, etc. Or, we could make up our own rules. The first thing to do is contact the West Coast fan and see what they think of the whole idea. If we can get a positive response on both ends, and can find a Southern and West Coast administrator, we'll be off and running. I can see it now--Posters everywhere saying:

"Josephine Phan for WCOFF"



SOMETHING

a W Summer is ending and fall is just around the corner. And what
a a summer it has been! It's the hottest summer I can remember
c d with temperatures ranging from the mid-nineties to 100+ almost
o e everyday. Perhaps that is why I've done so little of a fannish
l nature th's summer.

u G Several requests for art lie unanswered. I am struggling to
m i write this column at the deadline. My Myriad apazine has, if
n l you will pardon the expression, wilted. Perhaps it's the heat.
b r Perhaps not. Perhaps, as Robert Runte says, it's just that I'm
y e an old and tired fan after only ten years.

a t Nyah.

h This fannish decline must be due to a Discovery I made at ABCon. A Discovery so mortifying in its unoriginality that it made Dick Lynch go rigid. A Discovery so serious in intent that it gave Deb Hammer Johnson a giggle. A Discovery so small in scope that Cliff Biggers sadly patted me on the back and walked away.

It is this discovery that has nearly destroyed my sense of fannish life style. Let me relate the circumstances of this Discovery and you will understand my dilemma. Maybe.

The ABCor gathering was held on a weekend in April at the Ranch House Motel in Birmingham. It is a strange motel located on the city's southside, near the Medical Center. It is the kind of motel that seems to rent rooms by the hour. (There is much coming and going at all hours of the day and night.) A Superior Motel sign gathers mold on the roof of the motel office, and I believe Meade Frierson was not far off when he referred to this establishment as The Raunch House. I hope I have given a hint of its special ambience.

The Saturday of the gathering crawled to light in a dreary rain. Place and weather combined to produce a feeling not unlike eating corn flakes that have soaked in soured milk for two hours.

Shortly after checking into my room, I headed for the con ~~suite~~ room along the outdoor, second floor walkway, when I heard a soft, moist hiss. Looking about I was startled to see a gnarled, old hand beckoning to the room I had just passed. The door was opened a few inches, and the hand floated like an apparition from the darkened room.

I don't know why, but I hesitated. The bobbing hand bobbed more presistently. Suddenly, I seemed propelled by some inexplicable compulsion. As I stumbled towards the room, the door squeaked open wide. I crossed the threshold.

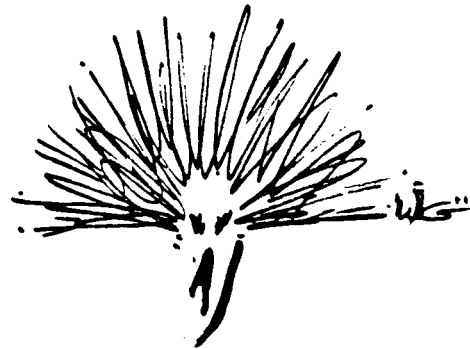
My eyes burned. The air in the room was thick with an aromatic smoke. It was not tobacco. My irritated eyes slowly became accustomed to the dim light provided by two candles, one black, one white, that sputtered on the vanity at the far end of the room. Incongruously, a hot plate sat between the two candles where it seemed some exotic, religious totem should sit.

My mysterious host tapped me on the elbow. I turned and looked...down. The wizened, old man before me was tiny. He stood there grinning a gap-toothed grin at me. His bald pate, wreathed by a few wisps of white hair, caught the glow of the candles. By quick, birdlike gestures, he indicated that I should sit on one of the twin beds. Somehow it all began to seem quite natural.

Taking a seat on the bed across from me, he offered me a long, thin, flexible hose that I suddenly realized was connected to a squat hookah that sat between the two beds. I declined. We sat there, and I slowly became filled with the disquieting feeling that something momentuous was about to happen.

Finally, taking a last puff, the gnomish man put aside the pipe and produced a blue velvet bag from beneath the bed. In contrast to his previous antics, he moved with a reverent, almost ritual slowness.

As I watched with some trepidation, he took out a man's shoe, a quite stylish specimen, about a size 12. It was a lefty.



With a weird light in his eyes, he began to speak:

Goochi.

Goochi.

Goochi.

His voice was a remarkable bass, and the strange chant filled the room. It was very hypnotic.

As he chanted, he reached into the shoe, and I suddenly thought of Sherlock Holmes. But, no, he did not pull out any controlled substance for his hookah. Instead, he pulled out a one serving bag of Jim Dandy Instant Grits.

I was stunned, as I am sure the reader must be.

Without a pause, the shaman, for that is how I began to think of him, rose to his feet, moved to the bath room, and returned with a small pan of water. The chanting stopped as he set the pan on the hot plate.

Six minutes later I consumed half of a portion of Jim Dandy Instant Grits from a small, plain ceramic bowl. My benefactor ate the other half.

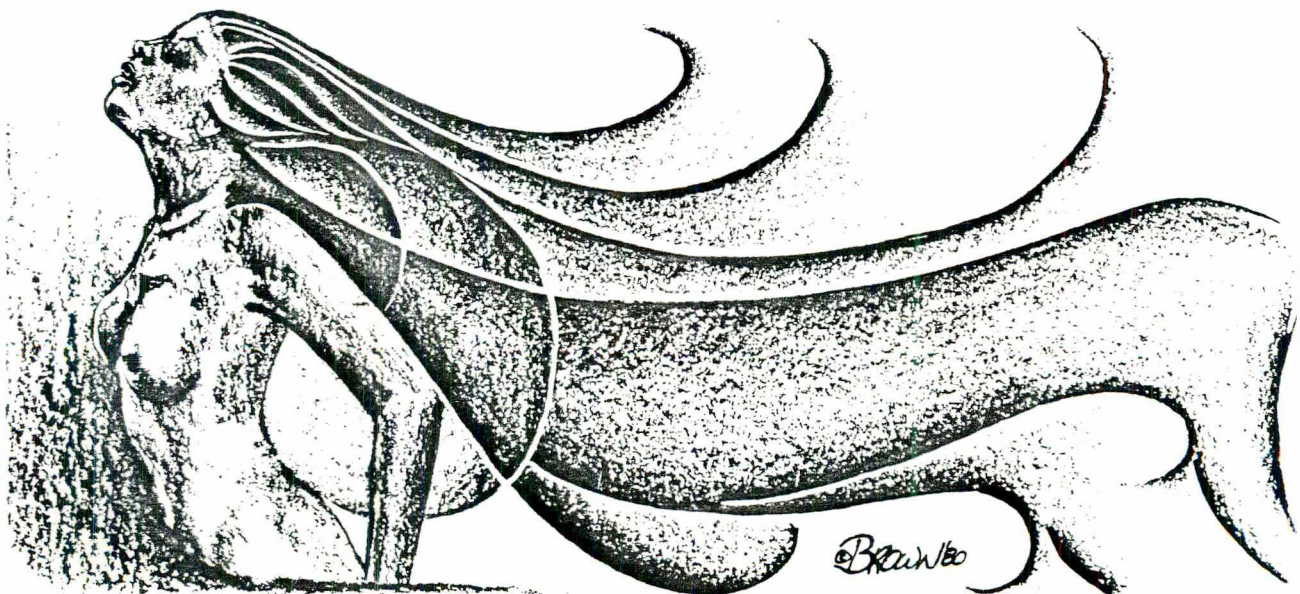
When we finished, the shaman smacked his lips loudly and motioned that I should do likewise. After I gave a few half-hearted smacks, he stood up, grinning broadly, and bowed formally from the waist.

He ushered me to the door and out. The door closed behind me with a squeal.

Something outre had happened in my life, and as I emerged from the twilight zone in shock. I was still standing there some minutes later, when Larry Mason greeted me. It broke the spell.

....to be continued.

Next issue: Wade Sees the Light, or They're Coming to Take Me Away, Ha, Ha.



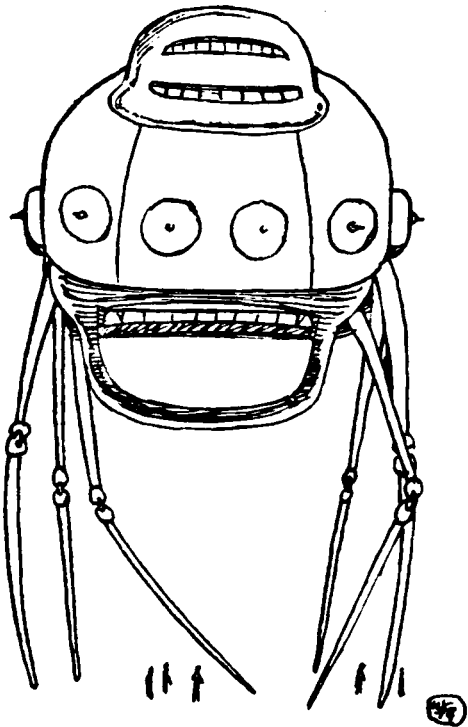
ASFiCON

A DeepSouthCon Report, August 22-24, 1980 -- Take Two

By Charlotte Proctor

My first attempt to write a con report resulted in a brief, rather restrained, ladylike article. Our Official Editor rejected it, as not being the chatty, fannish sort of con report he expected from me. All right, Jim...you asked for it, you got it:

Jim, Valerie and I arrived about 9 Friday night. Jim immediately went into his officious act with the hotel management when he found they did not give him connecting rooms as they had promised. He was perfectly right, of course, having specified these arrangements in order to have a suite of sorts for the DSC bid party. But I pretended I didn't know him.



I checked in, and got settled into our room while Valerie went to get our name tags, as registration was about to close. We had a steady stream of visitors for awhile. Gary Steele came by...bet you don't remember me, he said. Of course, I did, but a remark like that is guaranteed to make my mind go blank. So I read his name tag. Don Cook, one of my favorite Atlantans, came by, too. I saw Beth Lillian in passing, and she looked like she was having a good time. She hadn't really enjoyed NorthAmeriCon, and other than last year's DSC hasn't been to any cons that I know of. And here she was, looking right at home, bopping around and grinning.

I picked up my Myriad and went to the outside stairwell to egoscan it. Saavog and Inowen (don't ask me their real names, I don't know them) nursed me through hysterical reaction to certain passages. (It's expected of me.) We went back to my room with Nicki Lynch and Valerie and had a good gossip session. Nicki told of her hassles with the Bridgets in another apa. (An aside about the accomodations: once I got over the surprise of my room having only one double bed, I really liked it...in place of the

second bed, it had a couch, two chairs, etc...a real little parlor, which just suited my needs, as I continued to have people drop by all during the con.)

Saturday morning, up bright and early for coffee and danish. Checked out the Art Show and Dealers' room. Bought an ASFiCon shirt...the one Wade Gilbreath did. (I really like that shirt, Wade, it's going to be my favorite for a long time.) Saw Maureen Dorris from Nashville. We had been together some at Mid-SouthCon, when she was with Young Bob Tucker, and I was "with" Old Bob. Anyway, generous person that she is, she wanted to pay me for Tarot readings I had done for her then and now, but I wouldn't hear of it.

I sat at the registration desk for awhile...can't say I worked it, 'cause all I did was hand out program books to new members.

Don Cook and I went to G_____'s Mill (it wasn't Grant's Mill, was it Grigg's Mill? Grist's Mill?) for lunch. Now that is one fancy place...loaded with atmosphere. There was a big lake behind it, which out table overlooked, and a waterwheel inside the place, which was connected by wheels and cogs and pulleys to ceiling fans. The prices were moderate (about \$5 for lunch), and the service excellent. (When your mouth is full, the waiter magically appears and asks, "Is everything all right, sir?")

Back at the con, I helped carry and guard art for the afternoon auction, but since I had no intention of spending any money on art, didn't stay around to be tempted.

I'm getting a little out of sync here, but let me flash back to Friday night. I did attend the MYRIAD party. Sat in a corner and read some cards. Talked to Jeannie Corbin about the tee shirt with her artwork on it. I had bought it at MidSouthCon, (a Red Sonya-type warrior woman on it) and Jeannie had seen Val wearing it earlier in the evening.

Meanwhile, back at Saturday afternoon...every time I looked into the con suite, Meade Frierson III was holding forth on some subject, no doubt, both meaningful and relevant. I found an empty place on the couch between Justin Winston and Cliff Amos, and we immediately formed a discussion group. The subject was, if I remember correctly, Heroes and what they do after they have been heroic. For instance, after a Hero has disposed of a Tyrant, does he, the Hero, stay and govern the People? Of course not, he's a Hero, not a Bureaucrat. But, all too soon, a 'real' panel moved in...Hank Reinhardt on Heroic Fantasy...and as I can hear Hank expound anytime, I left. The smoffers moved to another room, too. This is not meant to imply that no one wanted to hear Hank...when I went back by for another bheer, the con suite was full of fans hanging on every word.

Saturday Night: The banquet was b-e-t-t-e-r than the average banquet, (to paraphrase Yogi Bear) with bean soup, ham slices, yams, veggies, topped off with pecan pie. Afterwards, our table expressed surprise that the Rebel was being given first thing, instead of building up the suspense. But when Jerry Page won, that explained that. The Book Burning (a Page Roasted at a time) was the main event, and was witty and entertaining. Michael Bishop did good as master of ceremonies.

It's Party Time! The DSC bid party, being well-supplied with booze was also well-attended. ~~by/bodders/~~ I talked with Linda Helm and Wade Gilbreath. Actually, they had to put up with another of my over-reactions, on an entirely different subject which we shall not go into at this time. Sorry about that, folks.

At different times through the afternoon and evening, I had visitors...Linda and her friends and relations (whom she reckons by the dozens...and her aunts); Beth Lillian (we had a good yak about their plans to try to relocate in Atlanta); Pat Morrell (I'm not sure she ever made it in the room, but she was just outside the door for a long time talking to Don); Norma (I didn't come here to watch Hank play Hearts) Brooks wanted a reading, and Linda read her palm, too.

-7-

souvenir book which I then got autographed. I think their system has become clear to me.

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Anyway, it's Thursday morning, and I'm in the press room with my fellow press staffers Bobbi Armbruster, Ron Bounds, Joan Langeveld, Dave Kile, and Elaine Mandell. First order of business; complete and pack 200 press kits



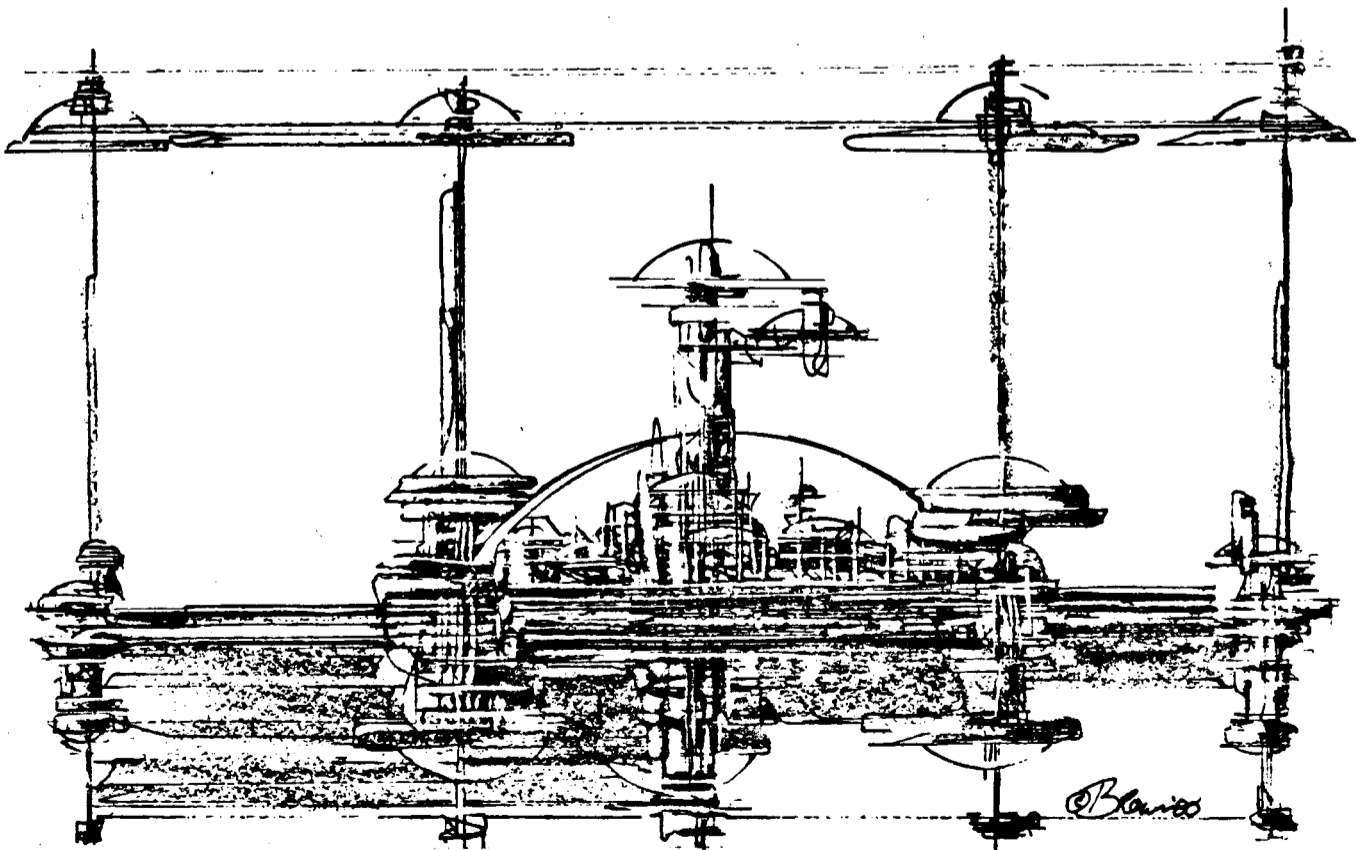
Hank's elfin princesses, Dana and Cathy were there...Linda read Dana's palm and Dana was so serious, and impressed...; Sweet Stven Carlberg came by, but what with other people around and other things on my mind, we didn't get to really talk till Sunday Night, when I took him to the airport. Oh, you didn't hear about that? Stven asked me to take him to the airport. I'm sure there were lotsa other people he could have asked, but he asked me. So I said "Of course, I'll take you to the airport, Stven...I don't have a car, and don't know how to get there, but I'll take you." And I did.

At one point in time, Don and I were talking in my room, killing time till the banquet, when Pat Gibbs came by. Now Pat is a wonderful dinner partner. You never feel neglected. He can hold up his end of the conversation and yours, too. He's a lawyer and has been on the Judge Advocate's staff in the army for 4 or 5 years, so has many courtroom stories to tell. He can, and does, also talk intelligently, interestingly, and constantly, on sports, politics, books, religion and sex. I love Pat to death, I just wish he had an off-on switch.

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George Inzer was there, too. I haven't seen him at a Southern Con since B'hama-Con I (DSC '77)...tho I know he was at a Roc*Con. Anyway, I was glad to see him back...knew he was staying in Atlanta looking for work, having finally had it up to here with Arkansas State University. (That's in my hometown of Jonesboro. and

I'd run into several familiar southern faces by now. Janice Gelb came by for a few minutes and helped collate Kate Wilhelm's speech. Joe Celko and Don Cook wandered by. I even managed to get away long enough to eat lunch with Eve Ackerman and Sue Phillips. Sue and I entered into delicate negotiations concerning crashspace for the rest of the convention. At least now I won't be moving night to night. After I got off work at 7:00 P.M. I ate dinner with Sue and Nicki Lynch, the newly arrived. Dick and Nicki were to run the fan room, which was almost across the hall of the Liberty Complex in the Sheraton Boston from the press room. We therefore saw each other more than we might have otherwise.



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Sunday Morning: SFC meeting...Meade Frierson Lives! A weird type of secret ballot...eyes closed, hands up. The usual amount of business was conducted (not much), and the meeting was adjourned. People started leaving, and had to be called back to order for the DSC bid. Jim Gilpatrick made his usual fine presentation for Birmingham in '81, and Cliff Amos make the usual strange counter-presentation. Next year in Birmingham!!!

Best Quote of the Con: "I never thought I would be in bed with a Living Legend!"
— Anon.

Next Best Quote: "But, Charlotte, she had lust in her eyes!"
also by Anon.



OKAY, JIM. WE'LL JUST LET
BISONS BE BISONS.....

FANFIC = Fiction revolving around fans, fannish pursuits, and/or fannish legends.

FAUNCH = To desire something with painful intensity.

Noreascon Two

by Jim Gilpatrick

The Worldcon—and it's in a class by itself. This year's Boston gathering was a first in many ways: the largest SF con ever held in North America, at around 5700 attendees; the most costly, with a total budget of almost \$250,000; and, to hear most experienced fen tell it, the best managed. It was also a first for me in several ways: Boston was the farthest I'd ever traveled to a con, the first time I'd arrived by airplane, and the first time I would be a worker and not just an attendee.

I arrived Wednesday night, August 27, about 9:00 P.M. and luck was with me. As I walked to the hotel/airport limo, I saw Jo Anne Stayton and Judy Low, two Greensboro fen of my acquaintance. Wednesday's crash place problem solved.

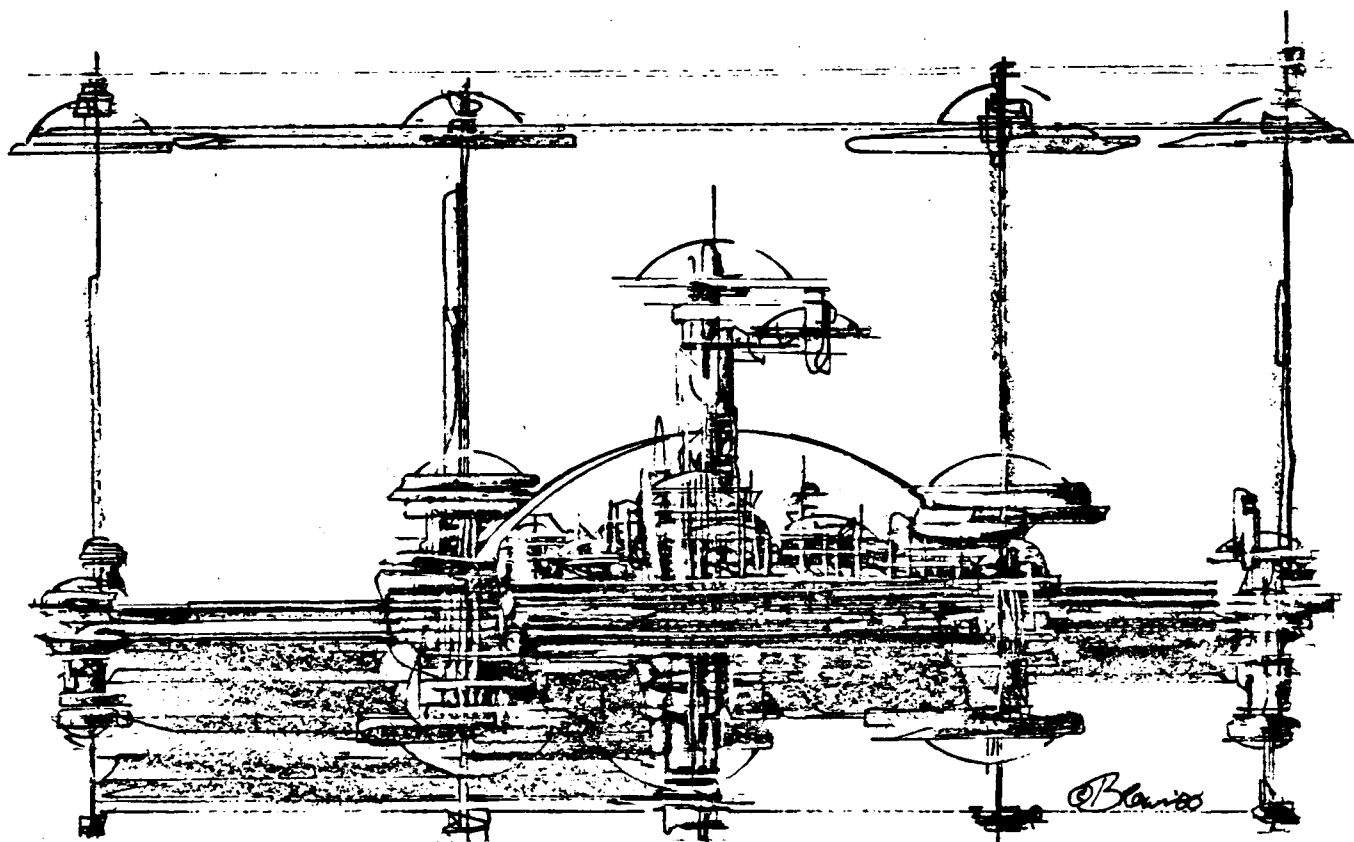
Tonight's Worldcon was about like a small regional. There are about 400-500 people here—mostly grizzled veterans trying to settle in before the onslaught of Thursday's mass arrivals. I located Peggy Rae Pavlat, the press relations area head and my boss for the next five days. First, she led me around getting registered, then we went to the secret, known-but-to-a-few concom party suite where I was allowed to meet Kate Wilhelm and Damon Knight, and where I was also allowed to purchase from the Huckster Room chief A \$3.00 souvenir book which I then got autographed. I think their system has become clear to me.

Thursday, I was up at 10:00 A.M. and away to the press room. Now, there is one thing you must understand as you read this report. It's not going to be full of how this movie was, or that panel was, or how good I thought the special art exhibits were, because I saw very little of these things. I saw very little of these things because mostly I was working my butt off for five days. As a result, I did see many interesting things, but not the sort of things I would usually do and see.

Anyway, it's Thursday morning, and I'm in the press room with my fellow press staffers Bobbi Armbruster, Ron Bounds, Joan Langeveld, Dave Kile, and Elaine Mandell. First order of business; complete and pack 200 press kits with about 25 separate background stories, bios, speeches, and 8x10 glossies. Do this by 4:00 P.M. Do this while 200 reporters and photographers are clamoring for credentials to cover our newsworthy event. You get the idea. But don't think for a moment I wasn't enjoying myself.



I'd run into several familiar southern faces by now. Janice Gelb came by for a few minutes and helped collate Kate Wilhelm's speech. Joe Celko and Don Cook wandered by. I even managed to get away long enough to eat lunch with Eve Ackerman and Sue Phillips. Sue and I entered into delicate negotiations concerning crashspace for the rest of the convention. At least now I won't be moving night to night. After I got off work at 7:00 P.M. I ate dinner with Sue and Nicki Lynch, the newly arrived. Dick and Nicki were to run the fan room, which was almost across the hall of the Liberty Complex in the Sheraton Boston from the press room. We therefore saw each other more than we might have otherwise.



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Saturday, the press staff meeting started at 11:00 A.M. Tonight's event is the masquerade, and Bobbi Armbruster is in charge. I was therefore able to get away for a couple of hours in the afternoon to see the huckster room and the art show. The huckster room was a marvel of organization. The committee even provided printed directories and maps of the room. I wish I could remember a little more about the wares offered for sale, but since I knew I couldn't afford to buy anything, I tried to close my mind to temptation and I must have done a better job than I thought. I ran into Steve Francis (sans family) looking very lonely. He had purchased lots of goodies.

The masquerade had over 150 costumes, and most were fabulous. It took 2½ hours just for the first runthrough. I think my favorite was "Disco Klingons". The intermission entertainment consisted of a performance by the Noreascon II One-Shot Chorale. They sang a variety of serious 17th through 19th century songs, along with some modern music and filksongs. They also, to my surprise and delight, sang "Dixie". Dori Isaacs was the only familiar southern face in the group, although I knew several of the others, including the Passovoyes and Phillis Eisenstein.

Sunday's big event was the Hugos. This time we had to run a press reception for the winners after the ceremony. Peggy Rae disappeared all afternoon while preparing the press releases on the winners, so the rest of us ran the store. I was happy to have Peggy Rae alone carry the responsibility for knowing the Hugo winners a day early. I don't even want to know stuff like that. I managed to find time to have lunch with Beth Pointer, Cliff Amos, Janice Gelb and Eve Ackerman. Attendance topped out today at about 5700, with nearly 8000 in total registrations.

Things wound down on Monday. We spent most all day packing up the press room, as we had to vacate the space by that evening. All programming ended at midnight. The atmosphere is subdued tonight, as a convention of EEG technicians begins to come into the hotel. In desperation, the dwindling numbers of fans look for parties. I wound up as part of a group of about 20 including three members of the IASFM mafia: Barry Longyear, Somtow Sucharitkul and Sharon Webb. We eventually settled down in a room and partied quietly. After a while, Tracy Webb and I started to roam and eventually we wound up in the Baltimore suite again. Night in and night out, Baltimore won the award for best party.

Tuesday the con was really over. We were down to the loyal 400 again. My plane didn't leave until around 7:00 P.M., so I had all day to search people out and say my goodbyes. Lunch today was a last reunion of the press staff, with Celko and Craig Miller thrown in for good measure. Celko and I then went hunting for the Earthlight gallery. We found it only 2 blocks away, and in the meantime, ran into Jill Zitlow. I only remember this because earlier Jill had distinguished herself by wearing a fur bikini Friday and Saturday.

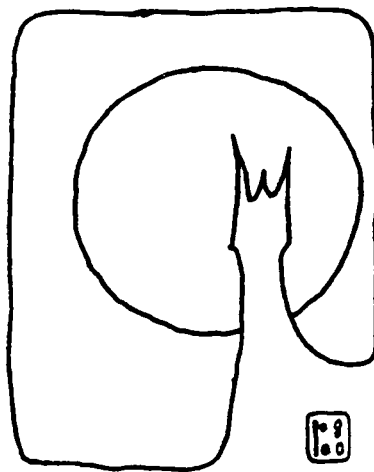
Earthlight gallery's current show was posters and paintings by Richard Powers. Prices from \$65 to \$3000. The gallery also displayed several other artists. It was sort of a con art show in miniature, but with better quality control. It was nice to be in a town which can support such enterprises.

After a couple more hours spent in the concom suite eating soup, cheese, and crackers, I left for the airport. I was totally exhausted and totally exhilarated. This was an almost flawlessly run convention. There were, as far as I could tell, no intracommittee battles, no major breakdowns, no unanticipated crises. What a joy to see a con managed so well. Me? I'm supporting Boston in '89.

SONNET I

Moonsilver gleaming darkly in the
shadows of your soul,
Sungold shining brightly in the
mirrors of my mind
touch...reflect...and return again
with a song of wave-running-deep
through the abyss of stars.
You read the runes of my soul,
the cryer in silence,
and returned the look in these helleyes
with an outreaching promise
not to turn away.
Wait for me and do not forget me,
Earth-friend.

James Odom



SOLAR PAEAN

a window to
the core of things
the great furnace bubbles
and burns
boiling bright
a beacon on the velvet
of infinite night

Golden One
send thy thermal beams
to warm us

Wade Gilbreath

AFTER/WORDS

By BETH POINTER

Frederik Pohl Beyond the blue event horizon, Ballantine/Del Rey, 1980, \$9.95
Larry Niven The Ringworld engineers, Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1980, \$9.95
John Varley Wizard, Berkley, 1980, \$12.95

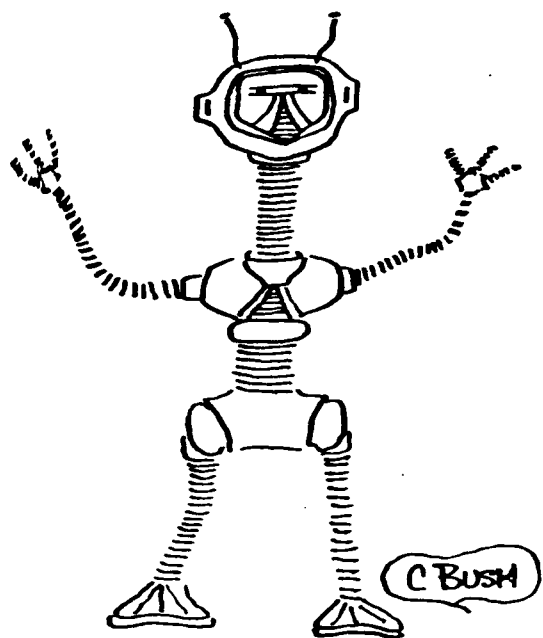
At this year's Worldcon awards ceremony, Robert Silverberg gave a short summary of the "SF in print and media" for 1979, the year for which the Hugos were about to be given. In that summary, he mentioned all the sequels which were published last year. Now, I'm not about to go as far as Silverberg did and go to the Riverworld and the Wounded Land, but I am going back to find the Heechee, the Ringworld and Gaea. I hope the following precis will be enough to let you know what I think of each book. At the end of the summaries, I'll have some general comments on the subject of sequels.

Beyond the blue event horizon. Fred Pohl sure knows how to drive a musician crackers with a title. I never did like the song, but Pohl's inimitable style made me forget it, at least for a few minutes at a time. Those of you whose teeth were set on edge by the episodic, back & forth manner in which Gateway was written will probably still have toothaches. Personally, I like to know what is going on in the main plot, the sub-plot, the secondary characters' lives and the past (the viewpoint which usually cleans up what's going on in the present). The dialogue is consistent with the way the characters talked in the first book. Robin's angst is just as real, and built up to the same kind of climax. The details of the plot fit just as beautifully with the progression of the story as in the former book, also.

The Ringworld engineers. To those people who know the specific details of Known Space, the answer to the mystery of who made the Ringworld will be piercingly clear when it is intimated mid-way through the sequel. To those like myself who are not intimately acquainted with Known Space, the timing for discovery of this and many other mysteries is effective. I like the people in the Ringworld books, and I'm glad to see that Niven has let them develop beyond their initial identities. I didn't get quite as strong a sense of place in Engineers as I did in Ringworld, but the surroundings were sufficiently awesome to keep my interest.

Wizard. Those of you who know me, know that I am prejudiced in favor of what John Varley writes. One thing to which I am particularly attracted to is that he has a sense of whimsy revolving around musical themes (pun intended - I wonder if anyone besides me and other people who played in bands noticed that the people to whom the book is dedicated wrote the marches which are the chapter headings.). The book itself is good and bad. It's good in that Varley took some of the ideas he had in Titan and expanded them. Titanides must be truly marvelous creatures - I'd like to meet some of them. The book is bad in that the story doesn't come to an adequate climax. Titan's ending went "Crash!". Wizard's goes "Thump".

Each of these books have similar characteristics. I don't know if this is typical of sequels as a group, or if there is a problem inherent in their similarity.



First, each book begins at a period of time long enough after the action in the initial book that the reader is faced with a recognizable but significantly different set of circumstances. Robin has re-married, but still has nagging pangs of guilt. Louis is a current addict. Rocky is an alcoholic. The rest of each book takes the protagonist through purifying fires which scar them, but do not destroy them. I suppose the radical change in circumstances is necessary between the original novel and its sequel in order that the reader doesn't have to slosh through a swamp of details. It is to the credit of Pohl, Niven and Varley that I accepted the changes they had made in their worlds with little or no disorientation.

Second, these are all "journey" novels. In each, the characters are not merely doing something, they are accomplishing what

they do by going somewhere. The aching doubt in my mind is whether it is necessary to go somewhere to be able to get something done.

Third is what I call the "more of the same syndrome". None of these books is having the impact that its predecessor had. When an author writes a sequel, he or she is taking quite a chance. The readers may want to go back to a favorite universe, but it is impossible to retain the freshness of the initial exposure. The best an author can do is to draw out the reader's curiosity for specific aspects of the world. The problem with this approach is that by concentrating on a particular facet of the universe in question, the rest of that universe becomes blurred to the reader's eye. An author can excite you by the vastness of a concept or by the nuances inherent in portions of that concept. With each of these books, the original novel was vast and the sequel is more precious.

The fourth point is the ultimate question concerning each of these books: "What will come after it?" Frederik Pohl, Larry Niven and John Varley each have created huge, incredibly diverse universes. None of their sequels end on a note of finality. I cannot possibly predict which, if any, of these authors will write a third book in the worlds they have created. All I can say with any authority is that those of you who were disappointed as I was with the conclusions of each of these books need not worry. If the authors do not satisfy our curiosities for more, we can each curl up with our own imaginations and go back to each place, all by ourselves.

FEMME FAN = A female fan, particularly a voluptuous one.

FEN = plural of fan.

FEMFEN = Two or more female fans, particularly voluptuous ones.

FEMFENFAUNCH = To desire something with painful intensity, particularly voluptuous ones.

BATTLE BEYOND THE STARS

Directed by Jimmy T. Murakami
Released by New World Productions
Rated PG

reviewed by Nancy Brown

The advertisement said Battle Beyond the Stars can be set beside Star Wars and Empire.

Instead, it should be set in a trash can and then set on fire.

Battle is a masterpiece of what not to do in a science fiction film.

The plot is a tapestry of loosely knit scenes which borrow heavily from Barbarella, CE3K, Battlestar Galactica, Alien, Star Trek, Flash and Flesh Gordon, numerous SF novels and, of course, Magnificent Seven, Star Wars, and Empire. Some of the "borrowing" is blatant, some subtle; all is recognizable for what it is.

The "story" concerns Shad's (Richard Thomas) attempts to hire a band of mercenaries to protect his planet, Akir, from the treacherous Sador (John Saxon). Sador is a galactic Dr. Frankenstein who leads a troop of rejects from the local morgue on a conquering spree. His invincible weapon is the stellar converter--something that turns planets into suns.

Shad's first contact is with a doctor and his beautiful daughter on a spaceship overrun with benign androids. The doctor wants to keep Shad there as a mate for his daughter (she's been around the androids too long) but Shad convinces her to wander off with him to the next coincidental encounter.

Half the movie is taken up with Shad's encounters with the weird denizens of the galaxy and these meetings occur without rhyme or reason. Finally, Shad winds up with a gang to rival the crowd at Mos Eisley. The all meet in "Lambda Sector" and proceed to Akir to prepare for Sador's attack.

The motley crew of stereotypes that Shad corrals include: Gelt (Robert Vaughn), a cold-blooded assassin whose lack of emotions would turn Mr. Spock paisley with envy; Camin, a reptilian creature who wants to be the one to slip a noose around Sador's neck; five clones with an "identical consciousness" who want



to add some spice to their collective lives; twin munchkins who communicate by radiating heat and who are later used as a campfire (pass the marshmallows please); a buxom Valkyrie whose only concerns are sex, fighting and dying in a "beautiful end" ("You've never seen a Valkyrie go down," she tells Shad--take it however you want to) and then there's Cowboy.

Cowboy (George Peppard) is the only character in this film who ever resembles a character. He's a romantic Earthman, more concerned with old Westerns than fighting. He smokes, fortifies himself with Scotch, plays the harmonica and has a Rebel flag draped over his ship.

Thankfully, there are no cute little robots to provide comic relief (the actors are comedic enough). But Shad's ship did come equipped with a wise-cracking computer named Nell. She talked with a slight Brooklyn accent and was a thinly veiled cross between Han Solo and Mother (Alien).

But so what? Everyone knows what makes an SF film a hit. It's the special effects. Right?

If Battle had had some good effects it could have spelled r-e-l-i-e-f for the film. No such luck. The effects couldn't even come close to TV's Buck Rogers or Galactica. The models were as poorly designed as the characters who flew them, the sets were worse and the effects were a throwback to the Dark Ages. (There was one impressive model. Gelt's ship was detailed, sleek and looked like it could have actually flown.)

As for the script, it was a disaster. The lines were already laughable but they were made more so by the attempt at seriousness.

At one point, two of Sador's goons are contemplating retreat and one says to the other: "Remember Lobo? He disobeyed orders and now Sador is wearing his right foot." (It seems that Sador is obsessed with immortality and the only way he can achieve it is by grafting his victims' organs onto his own body.)

Or this scene: Sador is waiting for a report from one of his emissaries. He is handed a tiny drawstring bag filled with dust. "What's this?" he demands angrily. "It's our emissary, sir," replies his nervous first mate.

Battle could have been viewed two ways: as a serious SF film or as a satire. But it fell short of both. It lacked all of the elements needed to classify any film as good. It had no plot, no characterization, lousy effects and a horrible script.

Battle Beyond the Stars doesn't offer much more than a few laughs. It could have easily been an excellent parody of SF filmdom if only the director had known what to do with it. But no one had enough sense to turn this semi-serious grab bag into a spoof of the films it imitates.

As it was, this film should have stayed in "Lambda Sector" and given up trying to do battle with the heavyweights.

DNQ = Do Not Quote

NFQ = Not for Quote = a trust tantamount to a blood-oath secrecy

FORGED MINUTES

The ideal way to do the minutes of a meeting is to sit down immediately afterwards, put pen to paper and report what had just happened. Don't hold your breath. I haven't started being that organized yet. So, here we go again, folks, launching into that vast half-known world of the BSFC club meeting.

On July 12, the meeting started late, as usual. A question arose if Jim Gilpatrick (our resident half-baked cartographer) had given maps to the people who were not there - it would explain why they hadn't come. One significant business item was the appointment of an ad hoc committee on posters. Gary Fowler, Robert Offut and Wade Gilbreath were appointed to this committee. There was an auction of books donated by Merlin Odom. Then, Stuart Herring and Valerie Proctor gave a program on the SCA. One of these days, your trusty treasurer will not have to count auction money so she can see the program (now that we have some programs to be seen).

For those of you who don't know the usual structure of our meetings, the one on August 9th is a good example: 1. People start arriving and someone opens the door. 2. People start finding places to sit and chat back and forth. 3. Jim tries to get some order and then talks about the handouts and/or zines he has received to either give out or for people to look at. 4. Some sort of business is transacted. 5. Jim does some free-form reporting on cons (attended or that we're getting roped into doing) or other activities. 6. People make announcements of various kinds. 7. There is some kind of program. The main item of business (c.f.#4) for the August meeting is of some consequence since it concerns the membership of the club.

Wade Gilbreath made the main motion and various other people added, subtracted and debated it. Then, it was passed by the members of the club present. This motion is to allow people outside the Birmingham metropolitan area who will be attending six or less meetings to pay \$1 for each club meeting (after their first free meeting) rather than join the club for the full price. This provision does not apply to the people from Tuscaloosa with whom we already have a reciprocal attendance arrangement. If one of these people from outside the Birmingham area attends a meeting at which ANVIL is being distributed, that person may receive that issue. Otherwise, to receive ANVIL a subscription of \$2 per year or the usual is requested.

The program for the August meeting was a step-by-step discussion and demonstration of SF sculpture. Our program director, Robert Offutt gave this particular program himself. Oh yes . . . the treasurer finally did get to see a program.

Respectfully submitted (whew!)



Beth Powder

treasurer's report \$ treasurer's report ¢ treasurer's report \$ treasurer's

FORGED FIGURES

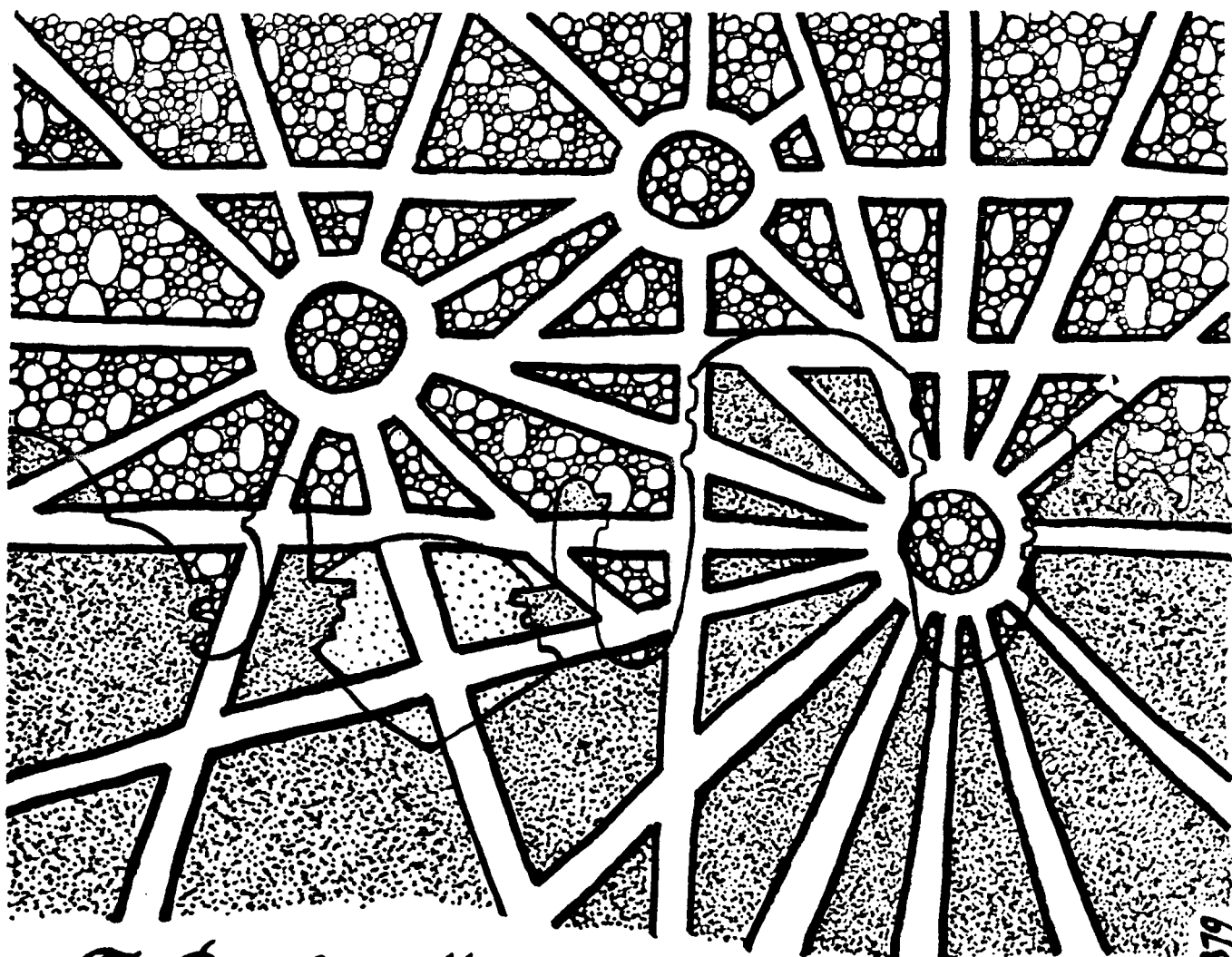
OUTGO
Service charge \$ 1.00
Postage \$21.00
Service charge \$ 1.00
DSC flyers \$12.72
Service charge \$ 1.00

INCOME
Auction and dues \$27.70
Dues and Misc. \$13.00

As of September 8, 1980, there was a balance of \$117.32 in the BSFC bank account. Thanks for your dues, Frank. I know you're waiting until next meeting, Robert, and I appreciate your diligence.

BF

Treasurer



The Barakians Mount An Emron Attack On Rohshe

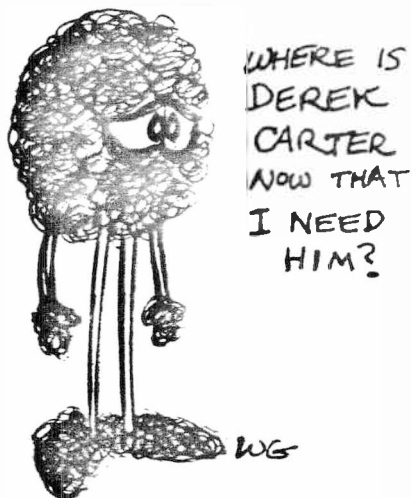
26979

Deb Hammer Johnson This is embarrassing. Not only is this another just-under-the-deadline letter, but when I sat down to whip up a loc, I discovered that I hadn't read the issue yet. But that has been taken care of.

It is the best one in a LONNNNG time, and contains all the elements that I've come to think as the best components of your clubzine—a Gilbreath cover, Beth's book reviews, and contrasting editorials from Wade and Jim. The loc section is quite solid, with comments from Charles Seelig and Lee Pelton providing some interesting feedback from the previous issue. But now for specifics...

The lead editorial "Go North" is instrumental in a decision of mine to definitely make a non-Southern con next year. I lived in the Midwest a while back, and have travelled extensively through the region, attending Pop Culture Conventions in Indianapolis, St. Louis, Detroit, and Chicago. But I've never been to an sf con there. Since I exchange correspondence with a number of Minneapolis area fans, it seems like the most viable prospect. I enjoyed last year's NORTHAMERICON in Louisville because it was my first taste of non-Southern fandom, even though, geographically, it was in the South.

Wade's "Something" is, imho, the finest piece of writing I've ever seen him do in ANVIL. No joke. It solidifies a lot of his attitudes toward fandom and the current "malaise" that I've only had brief glimpses of before. It also calls to mind a recent column by Mike Rogers in CHAT, that espouses the "new Southern fandom". I've been active in Southern fandom for four years; this hardly matches the decade



that fans of my age, such as Wade, Cliff and Susan Biggers, and others, can look upon to compare present experiences with. I came into a fandom that was getting the first upswing of the sf boom, and I was already a college grad, with 24 years of various non-fannish experience under my belt. I was hit with the same feeling of camaraderie and zaniness that first impressed Wade, years before the epochal 1977. But I came into it as an adult, more or less approaching my prime, and eager to apply myself to this newfound Way-of-Life. I wish I'd had it years before that. How different and how much better my life would have been!! What Wade took for granted, I was too far and too isolated from, and much of the mania with which I pursue my fannish interests is derived from the urge to catchup with all those "lost years." The greatest frustration in doing things is trying to match them and placate them with the Old Traditions and the Old Ways, of which I'm largely ignorant because, frankly,

I wasn't there. I'm more intent on the Here and Now, on exploring on strengthening, on enjoying what fandom has to offer. The Current State of Things seems normal to me because it's all I've ever known. Without new blood, fandom would truly be in atrophy. I prefer to think of it as being in a transition. I don't see any sort of dichotomy, other than types of experiences, between the Old Guard,

(dhj con't) and the New Guard, but all too often it seems that the sides line up on a particular issue, and it's not too hard to guess who will side with whom.

Another good side effect of being a Latent Fan is that I still have so much to read! My backlog of reading material is approximately 400 books. There are authors, like Brian Aldiss, Tanith Lee, and Michael Bishop that I haven't even started to read. Therefore, I don't feel the drop in quality that Larry and others have talked about. Also, like Wade, I'm an omnivorous reader, and only about one out of three or four books is sf. Therefore, I avoid being locked into any one genre and its accompanying four corner boredom. I'm still testing horizons in this field, and enjoy the fact that I have lots of room to move and New Discoveries to make.

This being the season BEFORE the apazines start pouring out of my fingers, I haven't read any other con reports of MSC. Charlotte's are always personalized, the sort I enjoy most, and I can use what I know of her personality to gauge other aspects of the con. I envy the fact that her offspring are grown up, and that she can enjoy the mayhem without a constant obsession for the welfare of her younguns. Beth's club notes remind me of the time Ben destroyed my ASFiC notes and I was forced to make them up two days before the ATARANTES deadline. Nobody noticed the difference. My notes made at the meeting are often mathematically cryptic, with arrows, brackets, ellipses to indicate the pulse and flow of conversation. It took me three or four months last year to be able to wade into the ASFiC havoc and convert it into a coherent organized form. But I've done it! Sometimes I think the members choreograph the chaos for my affect. One meeting they refused to close the meeting so I'd have to keep taking notes until the next one. GHADZ. Merlin's poem on "Stars and Dust" gets my tingles for the article on Southern Fan Poets going, and as soon as I get four or five things out of the way, I'm going to finish the article and get it out in my perzine. Virginia Martin's review of the new LeGuin book, "The Beginning Place" heightens my curiosity to read the book. The theme she alludes to is one that Dunsany, Jane Gaskell, and other stalwarts of the fantasy genre have all worked with. It's the basis of the Oz series, as a matter of fact. I'm already a Randall Garrett fan, and have decided to get the new Heinlein book as soon as it's affordable.

Now for the loc repartee. Lee Pelton's letter was thought provoking, and have read it several times. It reiterates a lot of the saner aspects of fandom and fannish politics. I like his definition of sf and f as "...a mythology of things not yet happened, or things that have happened somewhere else." Like me, Lee is of the New Breed. It boggles my mind to think that I've been in fandom longer than he has, even if by a few months. Charles Seelig's loc was also interesting. I enjoyed reading his CUSFUSSING long before encountering him here. Harry W., Jr., was also in good form. Once again, I admire his ability to be accurate, personable, and helpful all at the same time.

Can't close this out and not mention Wade's bee-yoo-tiful cover. One almost misses the tiny city in the lower part of the picture. Or is that an ink blot? Oh, well. The composition is very original. I'd love to see it in color. You continue with your store of Rusty's illos, my favorite being the helmeted figure on p. 17. I've also acquired quite a taste for Rusty's abstracted vistas, such as one sees on p.4.

Tony Adrian Cannon Your editorial in #11 was very interesting since I've
Morgantown, Ky. recently been talking with some Bowling Green people about
42261 the same problem. I agree that Southern Fandom should make
 itself more well known. I know some may fear that in doing
so we might lose that "unique co-operative spirit" you talked about. But if we
can't move out into the big, wide world without losing it, it wasn't much to begin
with.

Re: Wade Gilbreath's column. In response to his points; (1) I waited on very
large and very sharp pins and needles for Stephen King's new novel "Firestarter",
and am now impatiently awaiting his non-fiction book on horror movies ("Fire-
starter" is very, very good. Everyone should buy a copy. End of commercial.)
But I do agree that a lot of shit is being published. But hasn't it always been
thus? Some people like junk, we just have to keep them from marrying our sisters.

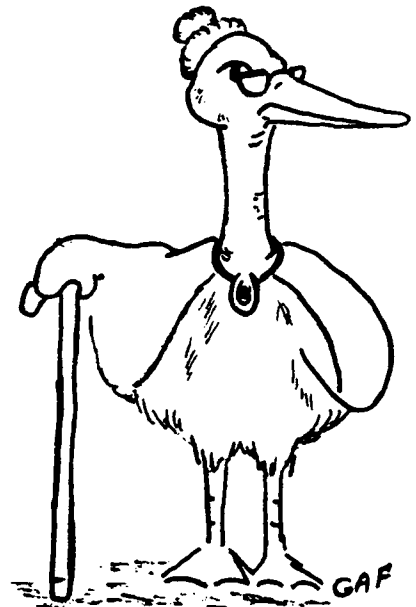
(2) So fandom is too big. I thought we wanted to expand. To bring Science
Fiction and its readers out of "The Ghetto". "Taking our sense of wonder and
running with it", eh? I hope so! Maybe some of them are running to write letters
to Congress demanding more money for the space program. Maybe some of them are
running to find other ways to make that "sense" a reality. Besides, is our ego
so weak that we must maintain a small group of "true believers" as constant re-
assurance of our superiority over the poor, dumb mundane masses?

(3) I haven't been in fandom long enough to comment on any long-term decline
in the collective funnybone, but most of the fen I
know are still Wild'n Crazy people.

Re: Review of the "The Beginning Place".
Another example of fandom's seeming lack of ego
strength. For years Ursula K. LeGuin has been an
SF writer. One of "ours". But no matter how much
an artist likes a given form, most will sooner or
later want to try something different. It's a
challenge, stretching of the artistic muscles.

Even though "The Beginning Place" seems to con-
tain SF elements, they don't seem to be enough.
We begin to get worried. Has Ursula..."outgrown"
us? And what if she continues on this course
toward the mundanes? Hell hath no fury like
fandom scorned. Or, in its paranoia, thinking
itself thusly misused.

Re: Review of "Number of the Beast." Jim, did
we read the same book? If yours was "excellent"
could you lend it to me for a while? Mine was
more like junk.



TREKKIE = Derogatory term: a 'mindless tennybopper' whose only fannish interest
is Star Trek.

TREKKER = A fan who also embraces an appreciation of Star Trek with all its
inherent faults.

Harry Warner, Jr. The new ANVIL is just the right size to be read immediately, and now there's a hunk of spare time just long enough to permit typing a loc and maybe even addressing the envelope if I hurry.

Maybe the emphasis on southern fandom as a concept has inspired most southern fans to attend cons in their own area rather than spending the extra dollars and hours that would be required for going to cons a bit outside the South, like MidwestCon. From all I hear, however, that event is a good one for getting to know other fans, because of its relaxed atmosphere and the lack of formal programming.

Wade brings up some matters that have been bothering me, too. But I've been inclined to suspect that part of the bother can be traced back to me rather than to fandom. I don't look forward to the next paperback by any particular science fiction author, but how much of that apathy comes from a decline in pro science fiction and how much of it results from the fact that I've been reading science fiction too long and mundane problems have been souring me on almost everything the past few years? The decline of fannish humor and mythmaking is something I've grumbled about, but it's conceivable that those qualities are still present in fandom in ample quantities and I don't perceive them because they appear mostly in face-to-face aspects of fandom like local club meetings and con-going, instead of in the fanzines which represent my main contact with fandom. (The obvious difficulty with this situation, if it exists, is the transitory nature of the new form of fannish self-expression: almost all of it will be lost before it has a chance to spread to fandom throughout the nation, in contrast to the wide distribution of such precious things when they emerged mainly in fanzines.) There's not much opportunity to argue about the idea that fandom has grown enormously in the number of participants. Still, I might be able to cope with the sensation of being lost amid all those tens of thousands of fans, if I were younger and thus better fitted to communicate with the bulk of all these recently emerged fans. I can't fake it by pretending an interest in rock music that I don't possess, experience with drugs I've never used, or willingness to engage in the promiscuity that is second nature to most of today's young fans but goes against all my instincts. Well, at least it's comforting to know that these circumstances which Wade writes about are evident to others and not invented by my imagination.

Charlotte Proctor disappointed me in just one way in her MidSouthCon report. I missed what I'd assumed would be the smashing climax of her gradual rise from sleeping on the floor to use of the bed. When she didn't close her conreport with a description of how she spent the last night clinging to the ceiling, like Diana Rigg in one of those Avengers episodes, I realized all over again that this world contains fewer logical endings than it should have. Outside of that minor difficulty, I enjoyed the narrative.

Let's see: four books reviewed in this issue, and two of those four are dependent on other people's science fiction for their themes or plots. The 50% ratio wouldn't be as great if all the new science fiction and fantasy books published this year were tabulated, but it seems as if an inordinate amount of current pro writing takes off in one way or another from existing science fiction and fantasy: the Star Trek novelizations, and the Conan imitations and goodness knows what else. It could be viewed as the influence of fandom on prodom, perhaps, since fanzines pioneered in writing fiction about fiction, or it could be rated as decadent literary incest by fiction authors who are inspired by fiction instead of by their imaginations, something like the bad habit which overtakes erudite critics of mainstream literature who usually end up criticizing one another's criticisms instead of literature.

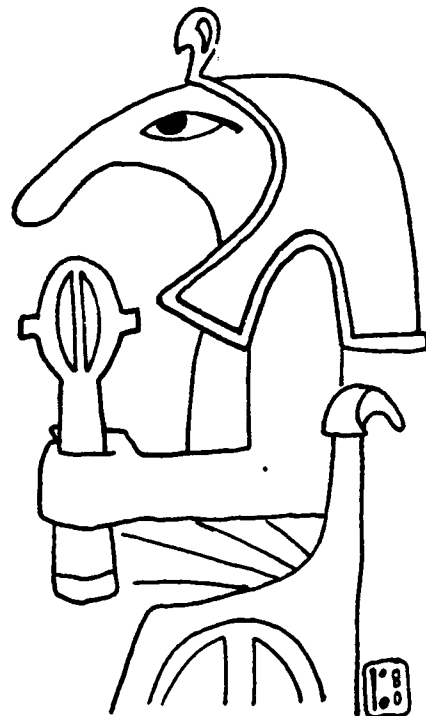
(HW Jr., con't) Wade's cover is quite good. The tiny figures at the bottom center impart a fine sense of scale, if my blurry eyes haven't misinterpreted the half-visible tiny section of the illustration.

Incidentally, I have just discovered that I'm hopelessly confused by your name and Wade's, and for some reason I'm unable to remember which given name goes with what family name. If I ever should get to a con at which one or both of you are present, don't be surprised if I call one of you Jim Gilbreath and the other Wade Gilpatrick or vice-versa.

Robert Runte
10957-88 Ave.
Edmonton, Alberta
CANADA T6G 0Y9

I would like to comment on Wade Gilbreath's column in ANVIL #11, in which he claims that fandom today is missing "something", a fact which he attributes to (1) an overall decline in the quality of SF, (2) the quantitative growth of fandom, and (3) the current lack of humour in fandom.

Wade starts by asking the rhetorical question, "When was the last time you died an impatient death waiting for your favorite author's next book?" and suggests that the recent SF boom has diluted the field. Rubbish, Sir! Sturgeon's Law has been in effect for a very long time, and the average quality of SF has not declined noticeably in the last decade; as is far superior to the average quality of the thirties, forties and fifties, when fandom was doing just fine. I still anxiously await my favorite author's next release, though I have changed who I consider to be my favorites. If Wade finds that the old grand masters are starting to become predictable, he should look to some of the new blood entering the field rather than throw up his hands and declaring SF moribund. Or is it simply that Wade has forgotten that the Golden Age of SF is 13? Wade may have lost his sense of wonder, but mine is doing fine, thank you very much.



He then repeats the oft heard complaint that fandom has grown too large. Well, there is some truth in that. It must have been wonderful when everybody in fandom knew everybody else, and when fans were a breed apart. Nowadays many cons are too big to be intimate, and three quarters of the people on even the local con circuit are strangers. But so what else is new? People have been moaning about the size of fandom for over ten years, and yet the majority of fans (myself included) have joined fandom since it has grown "too large", and have still managed to have a pretty good time. How many of us can actually remember the good old days Wade refers to? We all seem convinced that those good old days actually existed, but all we have to go by are the complaints of old and tired fans who reminisce about the days when they were BNFs. Sorry, but I don't buy it anymore than I buy my aging aunt's stories about the good old days before this was a "big city".

- 23 -

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- 25 -

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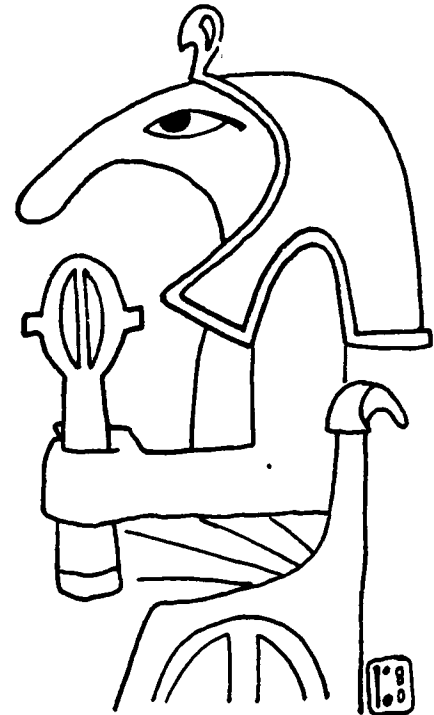
(HW Jr., con't) Wade's cover is quite good. The tiny figures at the bottom center impart a fine sense of scale, if my blurry eyes haven't misinterpreted the half-visible tiny section of the illustration.

Incidentally, I have just discovered that I'm hopelessly confused by your name and Wade's, and for some reason I'm unable to remember which given name goes with what family name. If I ever should get to a con at which one or both of you are present, don't be surprised if I call one of you Jim Gilbreath and the other Wade Gilpatrick or vice-versa.

Robert Runte
10957-88 Ave.
Edmonton, Alberta
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(RR con't) And I'll tell you something else. When I first joined fandom 6 years ago, there was only one other fan in Edmonton, and the nearest SF club was 800 miles away in Vancouver. When we first started the club here, there were 6 members. I didn't find it "intimate", I found it bloody lonely! It's true that once the club reached 300 members it was no longer just one happy family--it splintered and suffered all the problems of being "too big". But each of the splinter groups is larger than what we started out with here, and given my choice, I'll take 20 "best" friends over an "intimate fandom" of 1 any day!

As for Wade's last point, that fandom has lost its sense of humor, all I can say is that he must be reading the wrong fanzines and going to the wrong cons. Sure there are a lot of sacred cows in fandom, just as Wade claims. Witness the uproar over Vereschagin's "How To Drown A Cat" cartoon at last year's Westercon. But since when is this a recent phenomenon? You mean there weren't any fan feuds or sacred cows in the good old days? It is to laugh! Go read some fan history, and then try to make that claim with a straight face.

And it is even more ludicrous to claim that there isn't any silliness left in fandom. I don't know about where you live, but up here we've had lard fandom, the Committee to Stop 1979, DadaCon, the hoax issue of DNQ 14, 11 issues of LAID, Scotsman jokes, Dadapa (the apa dedicated to dada and silliness), Tillimock (sp?) in '78, and a mountain of even more esoteric local stuff. And that's just Western Canada. Fandom as a whole is inundated with silliness from all sides. Half the fanzines I get have me rolling on the floor, and I've yet to attend a con that didn't have its share of looniness. I don't think fandom has grown old and tired—I just think Wade has.

Fans have been writing doom and gloom articles about 'whither fandom' since AH, SWEET IDIOCY and they will probably be complaining about the decline of fandom for the next three hundred years. Fandom has certainly changed over the years, but it has not necessarily changed for the worst--it's just different. Maybe the Richard Bergeron's of the world aren't as pleased with the modern version of fandom as they were with its earlier manifestations, but then maybe modern fans such as myself wouldn't have been as comfortable in his fandom as we are in this one. In other words, Wade, speak for yourself.

M. Ruth Minyard ANVIL is looking very good. I appreciated your Editorial;
5587 Robinson Rd. though in my case I'll be doing good to get to nearby cons
Jackson, MS 39204 this coming year, much less spread the reputation of Southern
 Fandom to outside! I am, however, attending WorldCon in Boston,
with a group of Southern fen (plus two Californians we're dubbing honorary
Southern Fen), sharing a suite, and planning at least one party. Jim (Mad Dog)
Madden is heading the group. I think we'll be doing a bit to show people that
Southern Fandom exists!

Wade's column was, as he said, interesting if not original. Though he did have some comments which were worth stressing, particularly his point of the lack of humor. I love hearing about, and reading about, the hoaxes and silliness; I would love to be part of it. But...have you noticed?...many of the older fen, even some who were part of the silliness in their younger days, are most repulsive of antics by youngsters (and some of us in-between types) now.

(MRM con't) I'm tempted to draw a comparison with society in general. My parents talk nostalgically of pranks they pulled when children; kids today who try the same pranks are considered to be delinquents and thoroughly condemned. We, fandom and "mundania", seem to have grown less tolerant of even harmless fun. Or perhaps just more suspicious.

I agree with Harry Warner's wish for full names in con reports. I'm learning to follow "who is who" but sometimes it is difficult! Good Con Report otherwise, however.

I've got a mimeograph now, and if all goes well, hope to revive SMART-ASH as of November. The CFSFS just held elections. Rickey Shields is now president and Treasurer, Garry Starr is still V-P, and I return as Secretary. We're plotting a membership drive this fall. The club lives but needs some stimulants.

Rickey Sheppard	Thanks for giving me a copy of ANVIL 11 at Rivercon.
Morehead Mobile Home	I am sorry about responding so late, but I have been
Park Lot 2B	very busy with business problems. The same problems
Rockfield, KY 42274	kept me from DSC, and will keep me from Boston. Fortunately,
	the business problems are beginning to end,
	and I may make it to Memphis.

I want also to thank you for your kind comments about the WKU SFS in your editorial. Southern fandom is our home, and the Bowling Green fan hope to continue to grow closer to our fan "family".

Which brings me to an idea we discussed at RiverCon during the BG party. The idea was about a transfer fund between two areas of the world that are almost as distant as the USA is from the UK, and each have a regional con that moves within each region. What I propose is a fan transfer fund between WesterCon and DSC. Several people seem interested in the idea at RiverCon. I hope ANVIL will open its letter section for further comments on how to form such a fund. Jim, I believe you had a name for the fund which you may wish to reveal now. I would also welcome direct correspondence on the matter which I use in THE SPECULATOR (the WKU SFS very irregularly published fanzine edited by Tony Cannon).

On other matters from ANVIL--I have a medicine for Wade Gilbreath's malaise, UpperSouthClave XI on March 13-15, 1981, here in Bowling Green.

Charlie Williams	GO NORTH: Better representation from Southern Fandom
4314 Hayes Ave. NE	will be achieved by better regional communication. I'm
Knoxville, TN 37912	one of few people I know that regularly and avidly studies
	ANVIL and ATARANTES and CHAT, and an even broader audience
	awaits the publication of SUNCATCHER...this ultraclubzine will certainly allow
	the SFC to prepare for NON-southern adventures. Some of us correspond regularly
	with midwest fandom, for instance, and we eagerly await the next MIDWESTCON in
	Newport. A preplanned ABC*etc party at EVERY non-southern con will assure a
	bigger turnout. The South <u>is</u> rising, and we should noisily kickass until we're
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B'hamacon III

✱ THE 19th DEEP SOUTH CONVENTION ✱ AUGUST 28 - 30, 1981 ✱ BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA ✱

GUEST OF HONOR

Jack Vance

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Gerald Page

FAN GUEST OF HONOR

Hank Reinhardt

MEMBERSHIP:

\$8 to October 15, 1980

\$10 October 16, 1980 to August 1, 1981

\$12 at the Door

The Birmingham Science Fiction Club invites you to attend the 19th annual gathering of Southern Fandom at the Birmingham Hilton and Conference Center.

This hotel is newly renovated and has over 15,000 square feet of meeting space. All of this space has been reserved for B'hamacon's activities, which will include the traditional Hearts Tourney, Trivia Quiz, and Masquerade, as well as the reinauguration of the Hank Reinhardt awakening ceremony.

We will, of course, have all of the usual DSC events, such as a Huckster room, Art Show, and a 24 hour con suite.

For more information Contact:

B'hamacon 2

P. O. Box 57031, Birmingham, AL. 35259



ART CREDITS

Gary Fowler, Cover, 21
Wade Gilbreath 2,4,6,9,
17, 19, 28

Charlie Williams, 15
Sandra Paris, 8
Cliff Bush, 14
Rusty Burke, 12, 18, 23
Bill Brown, 3, 5, 10

Our thanks to P.L.
Caruthers for the
fannish sayings.

These people helped
produce ANVIL 12:

Paul Flores, Gary Fowler, Wade
Gilbreath, Beth Pointer, Charlotte
Proctor, Valerie Proctor.

Next BSFC meetings: Oct. 11, 1980
Nov. 8, 1980

Homewood Public Library, 7:30 P.M.

JUST A
PINCH
BETWEEN
MY CHEEK
& GUMS...



ANVIL
P. O. Box 57031
Birmingham, AL 35259



FIRST CLASS
FIRST CLASS
FIRST CLASS

TO: Rick Sneary
2962 Santa Ana St.
South Gate, CA 90280