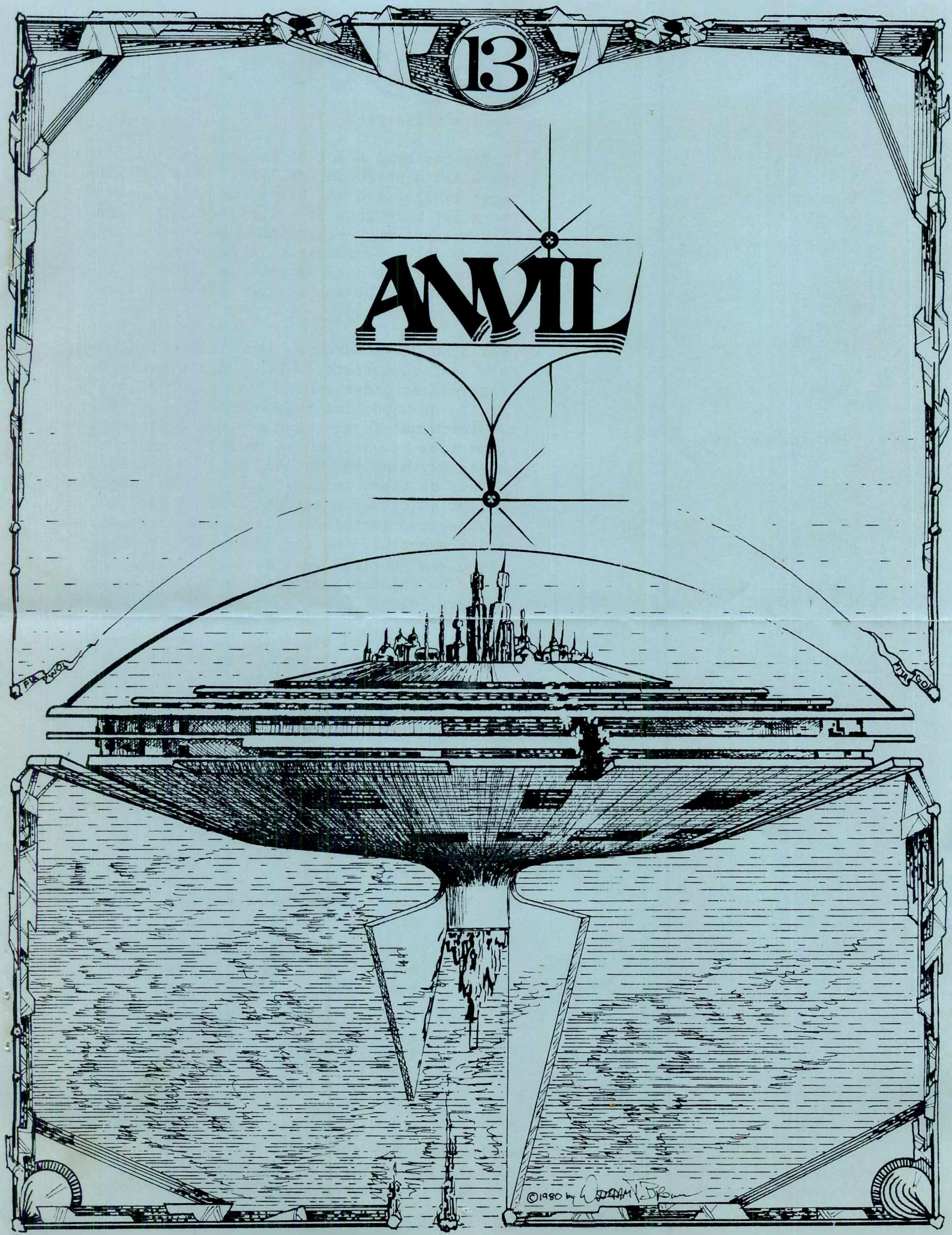


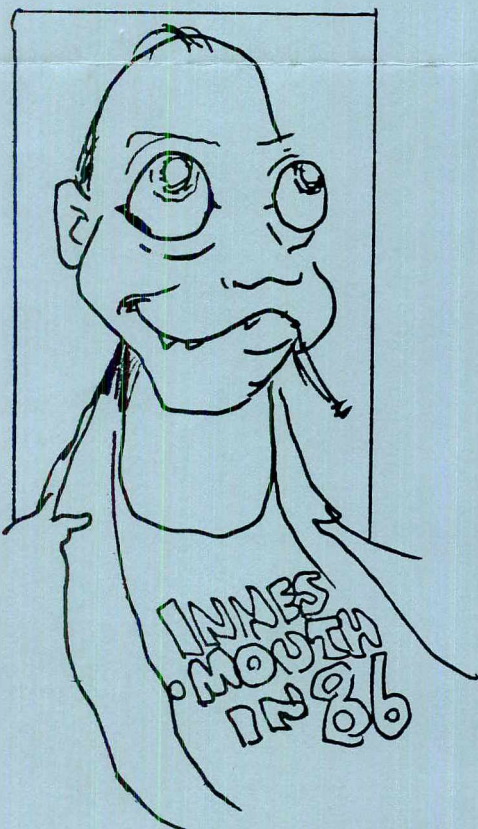
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ANIL



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A in '86

by Jim Gilpatrick

There has been a lot of loose talk lately about an Atlanta Worldcon for 1986. This talk has both exhilarated and scared me. It's scared me a lot more than it's thrilled me, though, because not much of the talk is the kind that can be taken seriously. It would be a shame if some of the more hare-brained ideas I've heard were to be publicized. We'd be dead before we started.

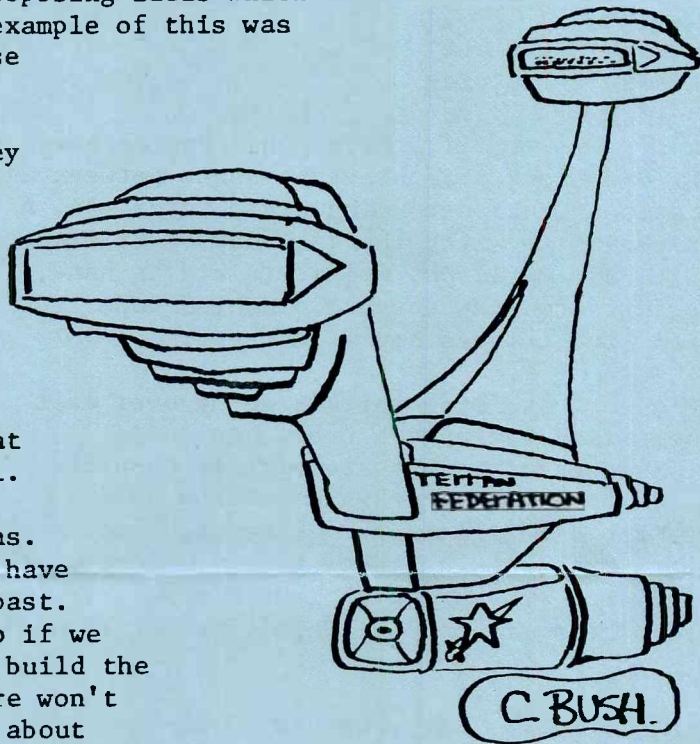
Worldcons (I'm sure you are tired of hearing) are serious matters. With budgets into six figures, attendance near five figures, and staffs of hundreds, they are not something to approach unless you have supreme dedication and some idea of what you're doing. I haven't heard anything yet to lead me to believe we have either of these things. I'd like to put forward a list of eleven questions which I feel must be answered satisfactorily before we could even think about bidding for 1986. As you answer them, ask yourself what sort of organization could be put together which would embody your answers.

- 1) Who will be on the executive and bid committees? What will be each member's duty?
- 2) What experience do these people have? How's their track record?
- 3) How much of their own money are the committee members willing to commit?
- 4) How stable are the committee members' jobs?
- 5) What kind of hotel arrangements can be made?
- 6) How will the bid committee finance itself?
- 7) How will the concom be organized? How will it conduct its regular business?
- 8) How many committee members would be able to take leaves of absence from their jobs?

- 9) How is the concon to be held accountable for its actions?
- 10) What bid strategy should the concon adopt?
- 11) What will be the degree of involvement between the committee and the ABC and the rest of Southern Fandom?

I haven't heard anyone put forward serious proposals designed to answer these questions. Until somebody does, other talk is not very useful or helpful. In fact, it could be harmful. Other potential Worldcon bids have destroyed their credibility by proposing ideas which were half-baked at best. An extreme example of this was the New Orleans in 1979 bid, whose advertisements featuring cartoon stories of Mr. Spock and Tarzan turned off most of the people they needed to impress.

Atlanta enjoys the goodwill of many fans all across the country. Our potential competition in Philadelphia and New York each have past reputations which are less than perfect. We have an enormous advantage in that we have no past reputation at all. Southern fandom is an unknown quantity to most non-Southern fans. We have not made enemies, and we have not failed spectacularly in the past. Our slate is completely clean, so if we start on the right foot, we will build the proper reputation as we go. There won't be anything bad that can be said about us.

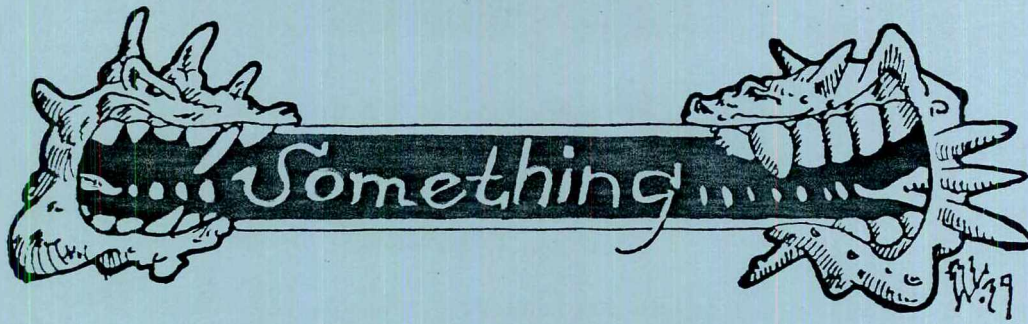


If we start out pulling a New Orleans in '79, there won't be anything good which could be said about us, either.

So let's not screw ourselves by doing something before we are ready to do something. Until we have consensus answers to the eleven questions and until we have people and responsibilities and a plan outlined.

I don't want to give my answers to the questions here. I'm not sure yet what my answers will be. One of the most interesting problems, as pointed out by Cliff Biggers in the October ATARANTES, is the geographic spread of Southern fandom. There just aren't as many fans per square mile down here as there are in Michigan, Illinois, or New York. Any Atlanta Worldcon would have to be a co-operative southern bid, so the answers to questions 7) and 11) are more critical for us than they would be for, say, the Chicon IV committee.

I'm often quoted as saying we "could do it". Indeed we could. But I only want to do a Worldcon if we do it correctly, I want no part of an unplanned, enthusiastic, but incompetent bid.



A column by Wade Gilbreath
Annotated by Jim Gilpatrick

The morning sky is overcast. Birmingham Police have cordoned off one block of 7th Avenue South between 21st and 22d Streets and are detouring irate motorists. A crowd is gathering to watch the last day of filming. Security Chief Jim Phillips, walkie-talkie in hand, is directing efforts to keep the crowd behind rope fences well away from the cameras and film crews.

This is generally accepted by most scholars as evidence of the dominance of the Irateian student culture during this historic period.

Charlotte Proctor, the Director, is going over last minute changes with the camera crew. An audio technician whose preparations are already complete relaxes beside the sound truck and tells a buffalo joke to Key Grip Jim Gilpatrick. Like the morning sky, Key Grip Gilpatrick does not seem amused. Some of the people on the crew are busy with last minute preparations, while others stand or sit, waiting for the action to begin.

This early after the cult's founding, it is easy to find casual references to his supreme hornyness, as irreverent as it may sound to our modern ears.

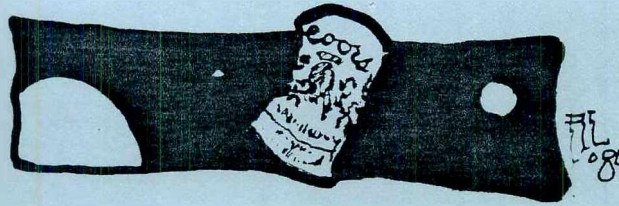
A small crisis occurs. Harry Warner, Jr., Executive Producer of Fan Films, Inc., has just called to tell Meade Frierson III, the film's Producer, that this must be the last day of shooting. The budget is very tight, and the crew must finish without making mistakes.

"Not to worry," says Director Procter, confidently.

Minutes pass and nothing happens. Then, as if by telepathy, people begin to take their places. The famous fannish impersonator, Ward Smith descends from his RV dressing room. Make-up artist James "Merlin" Odom stands in the small doorway to watch the filming.

Ward makes his way to a spot marked in chalk in front of the ramshackle facade of the Ranch House motel. He is dressed in a conservative, dark blue suit with a white shirt and thin blue tie.

The assistant to the director yells for quiet. Banks of high intensity lamps flood the scene with light. A



record board is held before the camera lens and Charlotte Proctor says, "Roll it" in a quiet, steady voice.

Ward begins. Teeth clenched, he bites off the words of his monologue and spits them out like watermelon seeds. He manages the impersonation of Rod P. Sterling with consummate ease. His voice echoes eerily out over the street and the quiet crowd:

Consider Wade Gilbreath, a mild mannered fan attending his twenty-fifth convention. Like sixty four other fans at the Raunch, er, Ranch House Motel, he expects nothing more than Old Stonebladder Bheer, scintillating conversation, and a chance, however small, to influence the political future of Southern Fandom. He does not suspect... He has no inkling that the foundations of his fannish beliefs will soon be ripped away as he takes a wrong term and stumbles into the Dusk Zone.

'P' here is an abbreviation for the less common 'lb'.

Obviously even a gift as awesome as Gilbreath's deserts him sometimes.

Bill Brown dollies the camera up and closes for a tight shot of a discarded Superior Motel sign that gathers scum on the motel office roof. Pulling back, the camera zooms in for a close-up of Wade Gilbreath standing on the open air balcony of the motel. He bears an unusually vacant stare, mouth parted, jaw hanging slack. His story continues:

The camera did not wear makeup, authorities agree.

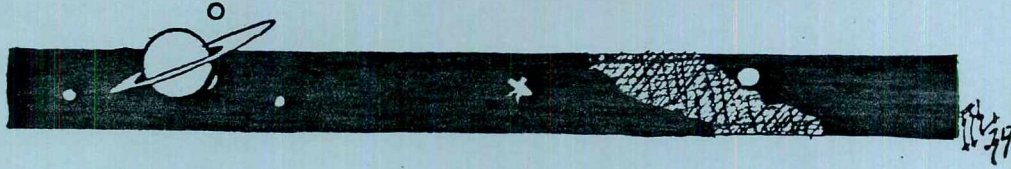
The choice of the votary word "scum" seems quite original here.

...As I stood on the balcony, I pondered the bizarre events of the last few minutes. Had it really happened? Had I really stumbled into the gnomish man's room; the gnomish man who I thought of as the Shaman. Had I really eaten the votive offering of Jim Dandy Instant Grits? As the unsettling chant of "Goochi, Goochi, Goochi" echoed through my mind and I experienced some post-grits gas, I had to admit it really did happen.

Jim Dandy (1935-1983 O.C.) patron saint of dogfood.

What did it mean? The questions were coming at me too thick and fast. I staggered towards the con room for a refresher of Old Stonebladder. The respite was short-lived. What did it mean? The question pounded the inside of my skull like a berserk Knoxville room party.

The question haunted me throughout the day. I was not my best at the ABC discussion of a world con bid for Atlanta in 1986. (I rarely am.) Later in the evening, all those interested gathered to discuss the unnamed ABC genzine. As usual, all the discussion centered on the title or, rather, the lack of one. The suggestions were numerous: Cry of the Chigger, ABCedarian, Kudzu, Cry from the Outhouse, and so forth. The discussion did not touch me.



What did it mean? I sat in the the corner of the room and pondered this metaphysical question.

Goochi.

Goochi.

Goochi.

What did it mean?

And suddenly I KNEW THE ANSWER! The whole experience was symbolic of a concept. A concept both sublime and down-to-earth. A concept of both haute couture and red-neck insouciance. A concept that destroyed my every fannish belief, and replaced them with the ultimate in fannish elan.

"Gucci!" I cried. "Gucci Grits!"

My inadvertent yell stopped the discussion like a fart in a crowded Jacuzzi cold.

I immediately saw the power of my Discovery. Dick Lynch, lying on one of the twin beds, experienced cataplexy. Only a dispirited moan escaped his rigid body. Deb Hammer Johnson began to giggle as a weird light filled her eyes. The rest of the fen joined Dick in filling the room with a loud collective moan.

But I was not affected. I was too filled with the mystical jeebies. (The reader may think I was filled with something else. If so, keep it to yourself.)

The discussion never recovered. As we broke up for the evening and headed to our rooms, Cliff Biggers sadly patted me on the back and walked away.

I went to sleep that night with my fannish mission defined. I would carry the Gucci Grits initiation to other cons. Slowly but surely Gucci Grits would sweep fandom.

Despite the scurrying sound of little creatures I slept deeply at peace.

The next morning, I awoke to the sound of a strange, muffled rumbling. I was immediately alert to further revelations, but Paul Flores, my roommate, assured me that it was just Mike Weber, snoring in the next room.

Although the latter version is most widely accepted today, the other translation is here included for completeness. The second ending has been generally considered the correct one ever since the pioneering work of T. H. Tubb.

This is the first reported effect of the great revelation. Read also the Book of Celko, 2, xiv., for a more hair raising version.

The second mention of his Hornyness.

Probably the origin of the famous "Go in bewilderment, my son" gesture.

Surely a reference to the Federationalists, a popular heresy of the day.

This passage is not important.

DÉJÀ VU

Barry B. Longyear

Manifest Destiny

Berkley Books

New York

1980

reviewed by

\$2.25

Beth Pointer

The art of the storyteller often lies in the skill with which the person relates the story, rather than the originality or sometimes even the quality of the story. In Manifest Destiny, Barry Longyear has told stories which, though they have been told before, have the power to move the reader by the adroit manner in which they are presented.



CAPTAIN ANVIL
SAYS, "CONTRIBUTE
FOR A STRONGER
AMERICA, ER
FANZINE."

Manifest Destiny consists of four related stories tied together by excerpts from the minutes of the legislative body of the United States of Earth. The stories span 88 years on Earth in which the collective opinion of Mankind changes from ethnocentric greed to understanding. To set the scene for the initial attitude of selfishness, I will quote from the "Resolve", a document presented in the first part of the book:

"That the Legislative Assembly ... will decide all such matters in accordance with the Manifest Destiny of Man, that He shall reign supreme in this and in any and all other galaxies of the Universe."

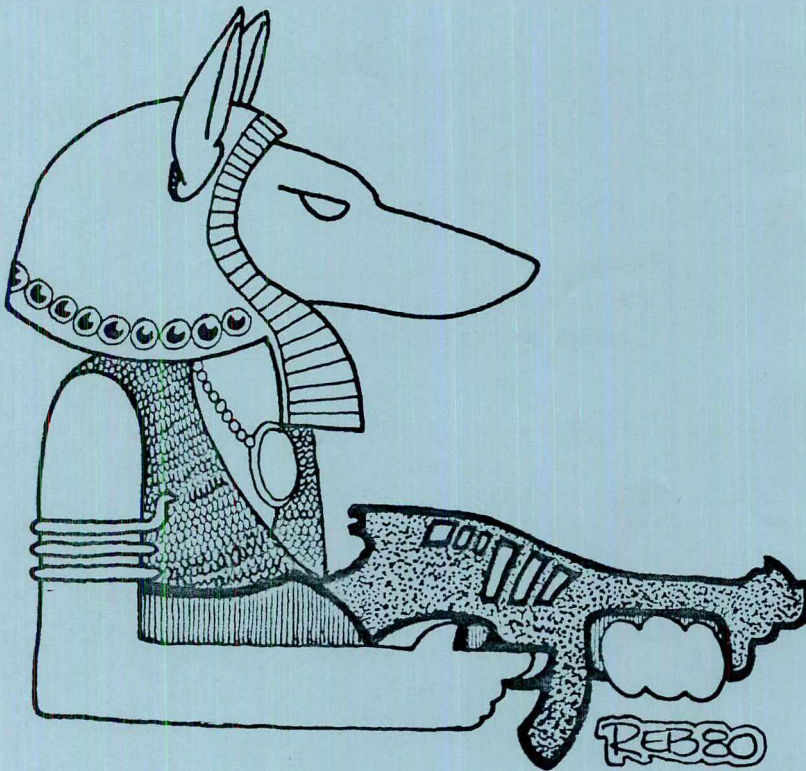
"The Jaren" In this first story, an alien warrior race called the Shikazu has been subjugated by the forces of Earth. One of these aliens, Eeola, tells the story of his life to a sympathetic human. This particular story is a very touching account of the interaction of the members of a Jaren, a five person grouping which forms the basis of the Shikazu society. This story can be best understood by remembering the history of relations between the dominant immigrant cultures and the native American population in what has become the United States. Indians were "savages" in need of uplifting or destroying in order to serve the purposes of the predominantly white pioneers. In this story, Longyear shows Humanity at its worst; conquering, despising, and refusing to understand another race of sentient beings.

"Enemy mine" In this story, a human and a Dracon are "lost on a desert island together". They learn to survive by cooperating with each other, and each go on to understand the value of the other's culture and of each other as individual thinking beings. One can think of each of the original thirteen American states joining together in spite of their differences in order to "form a more perfect union" as a precedent in history for the theme of this story. Longyear shows Humanity not able to tolerate difference, but not willing to destroy what it disagrees with.

"Savage Planet" Methods more subtle than sheer force are used to dominate a competing species in this story. Teachers are taken to Bendadn, a "savage planet", to demoralize the population and cause them to cease reproducing by teaching the "Manifest Destiny of Man" to them. A renegade teacher instructs his pupils to be self-reliant, non-anarchic revolutionaries. Non-violent demonstration advocated by Martin Luther King, Jr., and the concept of the American civil rights movement are parallels for this story. Longyear shows Humanity using devious means to gain power over another race.

"USE Force" First of all, notice how United States of Earth Force reads when the first three letters are considered an acronym - use force. That is what Mankind has done in the story, except it has turned against itself. This story is an excellent symbol of the American Civil War, complete with the ambiguity for its origin, the conflict among friends and families, and finally the end of hostility through the destruction of one of the opposing forces. Longyear seems to be showing that once Humanity has conquered its opponents, it is capable of turning in on itself, jeopardizing what little has been gained. He also seems to be showing that Humanity can survive even this, and learn that in order to receive, one must give. At the end of the book, the "resolve" is amended to

read "the Manifest Destiny of Intelligent Life" where it had once said the Manifest Destiny of Man.



This is a wonderfully complex book. One can read it as space opera and cautionary tale as well as stories from American history. Clothing what is known in another guise, bringing to life what we know but do not remember, and touching the strings of our Human history in order to make us think is the true art of the storyteller.

Reamy Reaview

Tom Reamy - Blind Voices
San Diego Lightfoot Sue

These books were recommended to me by a friend-- and I recommend them to you, friend. Reamy only wrote one novel, BLIND VOICES, and several short stories, including LIGHTFOOT SUE (that I know of), before he died. Those who have read his works regret his passing.

These are not children's stories, and I will not outline the plots here. (To say Fiddler On The Roof is about a Jewish Russian dairy farmer trying to marry off his daughters does not do justice to the real story.) LIGHTFOOT SUE, in my opinion, is the superior of the two--telling the hopes and dreams of a woman, and the shocking means to the end. His evocative prose makes the unreal, the impossible, become very real and immediate.

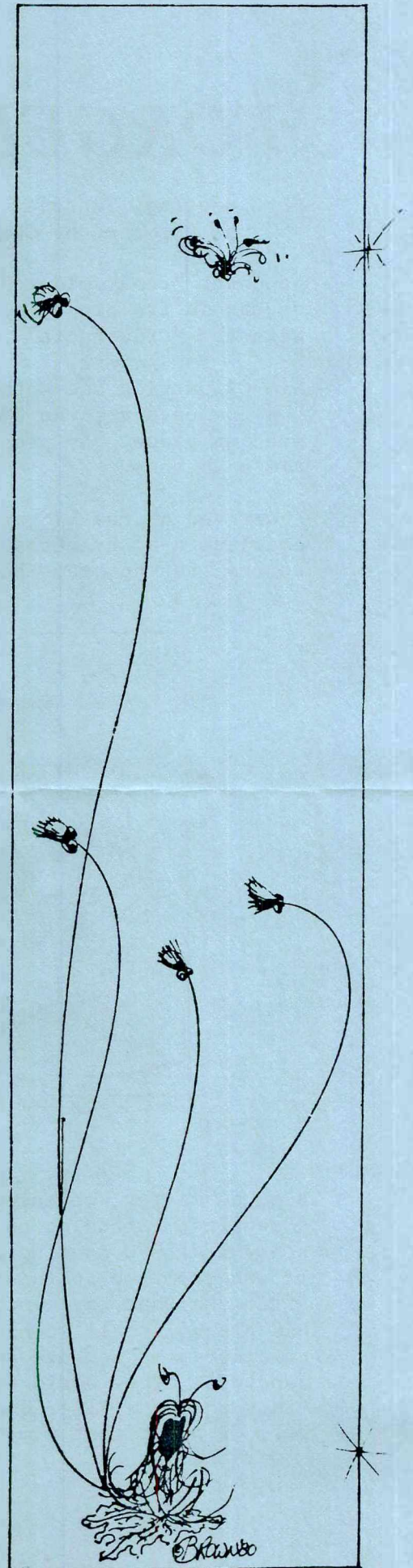
Reamy wrote fantasy; that is, his books are billed as fantasy; but have elements of witchcraft, undercurrents of horror...He wrote Romance...D&D, Science Fiction...Philosophy...He wrote poetry.

And, I think, therein lies the magic of Reamy's work. Pick a time to read it when you will be uninterrupted, one evening to savor the magic of the pictures, feelings, moods, conjured by Reamy.

It is sad but true that much of modern literature is shallow. Oh, you have adventure, and messages, but that's not what I mean. The style, the grace, the beauty of the language in LIGHTFOOT SUE and BLIND VOICES is meant to be, must be, slowly sipped, and savored like a good wine.

Read it, and float in the mellow high of Poetry.

--Charlotte Proctor



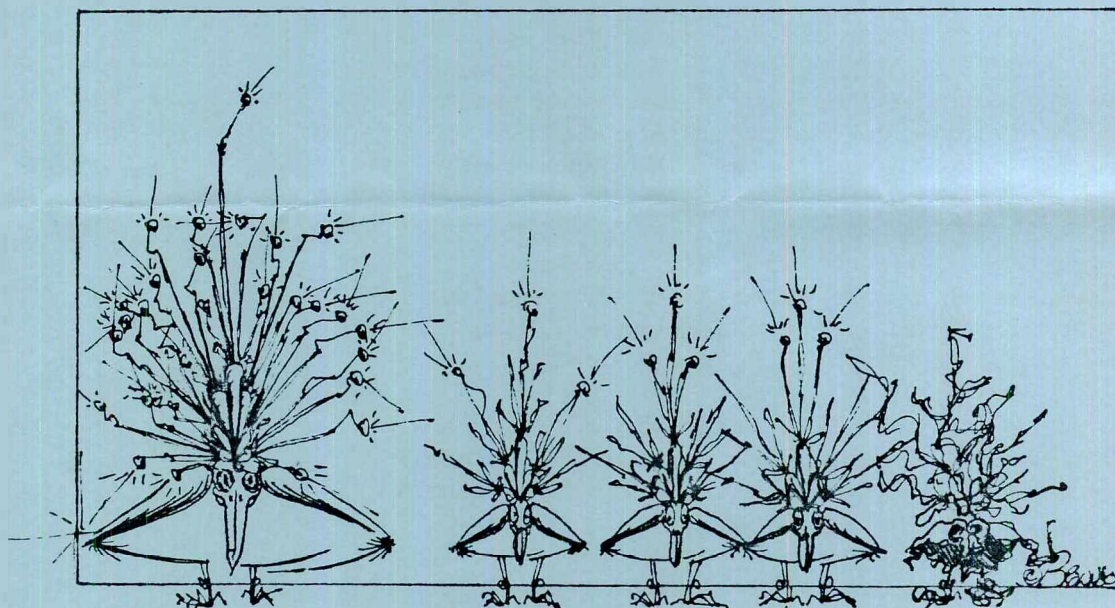
FORGED MINUTES

BSFC Meeting, Saturday 13, 1980 - Were YOU There?
as reported by Charlotte Proctor

No doubt "real" minutes of the infamous Saturday the 13th BSFC meeting will appear in its proper place - but I cannot resist the urge to tell the story, with the "true facts" ... and nothing glossed over.

Jim Gilpatrick and Beth Pointer (President and Sec't/Treas., respectively) had to leave for the O*P*E*R*A, so the rest of us went to the regular club meeting place. As president in charge of vice, I was to chair the meeting in Jim's absence.

I arrived at the library to be greeted by 25 angry fen and a president emeritus near hysteria. We were locked out of the meeting room - my fault of course, for not remembering to get the key from Jim.



But, no matter, we came here for a meeting, and by Ghu, we were going to have a meeting. Standing on a car under a streetlamp, I called the regularly scheduled BSFC meeting to order. New members were welcomed and introduced. It was reported to those who had not been at the DSC committee meeting that afternoon that the concom was well organized (hoots of laughter), and had the DSC planning well in hand (derisive snorts). I exhorted the faithful fen to remember this moment, as we had never met in a parking lot before (and hopefully never would again), and **THEY WERE THERE.** (Enthusiastic applause.) "This moment will go down in the annals of fannish history", I intoned, "and"about that time a Homewood Police car pulled up.

"Panic and run, do not," I charged the nervous fen, "I can handle it." Introducing ourselves to the officer and explaining our situation took only a minute. He, in turn, told us the neighbors were complaining that we were having a party and they weren't invited. Assuring him of our imminent departure, we made him an honorary member of the club, offered him first choice of auction items, and invited him to join us at Pasquales".

He thanked the club for its hospitality, bought five books, but couldn't join us for pizza as Pasquales' was not on his beat.

The officer was a reasonable man (and would you believe, his badge number was 714?), but he had his duty to do, so when he left, Wade followed him back to headquarters to bail us out, so to speak.

Since Jim (Cartographer to Lemmings) Gilpatrick wasn't there to give directions, all 25 fen made it to Pasquales' - where the manager greeted us with open arms, directed us to our private area, and declared "we could do anything we wanted to." Little did he know.

We all ordered, but were too nervous to eat until Wade showed up. We had called Meade (Frierson III) from the police station, and Meade had told him what to do. "The fine for disturbing the peace is \$25," Wade said, "and the club owes me. So start auctioning those books."

Bidding was brisk (nickle raises)...Andy Purcell was auctioneer, one of the other patrons of the establishment tried to buy Sandra Paris' "Garfield", but he wasn't interested in SF.

We polished off the pizza, and passed the bread basket for the waitress. It netted nearly \$20 for her tip...she'd earned it. Paul Flores pointed out that it was only 9:30, and why didn't we continue the party at Jim's place...he had a key. Mmmmmmm. Better go back to my place, I said. So we did. Wade spent the next hour trying to convince Paul, who is new to B'ham, and Bill Brown, who is new to fandom, that things are not always this chaotic. In fact, this was just about the most excitement we had had since Celko was in town. (That was when we all descended on his hotel room and had a room-party-without-a-con, and the Degenerate Scum Oneshot was born.)

About midnight, the BSFC meeting broke up, and I was left all alone gazing at the tube, watching Michael Rennie in "The Egyptian" - and thinking - whatever made me feel Birmingham fandom was dull?



Now that you've read Charlotte's version of the September meeting, I'm not going to try to write my version of it, but rather go right on to the next meeting.

On October 11th, things started slowly, but rapidly picked up speed and excitement. After Jim Gilpatrick and Charlotte Proctor "blew time" talking about Druidcon, the DSC, being locked out last time, and the closed eye voting at the 1980 DSC, we had howdy-doodie time. Not only did we have several new people from the Birmingham area, a whole mob of fans from the Chimneyville Fantasy and Science Fiction Society (in Jackson, MS) came in after having been at Druidcon. These out-of-town wayfarers actually complimented Jim's map (accidents do happen). The main event of the meeting was an auction for the benefit of Suncatcher. A nice sum of money was raised, but Charlotte obviously didn't think it was enough, so she re-auctioned some books that had been re-donated. (I know that doesn't make a whole lot of sense, but it was fun. In spite of the nickels Jim Phillips bought his books with. ...I guess you just had to be there.) Thanks to Jim (5¢) Phillips, who just outright gave some \$'s, the BSFC was able to collect \$25 for Suncatcher. The meeting ended in the usual haphazard manner, and we adjourned to Pasquales'.



FORGED FIGURES

Treasurer's report, September-October, 1980
submitted by Beth Pointer

OUTGO	
Service charge	\$ 1.00
Paper	\$23.75
Postage	\$41.00
Suncatcher	\$25.00
Service charge	\$ 1.00

INCOME	
Deposit from	\$65.12
auction and	
miscellaneous	

As of November 3, 1980, the club had \$90.69 in the bank. I think we're going to make it, folks.

DRUIDCON

10/11/80 Tuscaloosa, Alabama. A Con Report by Jim Gilpatrick, Editor

October and November are slow months for Southern conventions. Half-a-Con is December 5-7 this year, in Nashville, and no one from Birmingham attended Rock*Kon, although I'd planned to until the last minute. The only other convention around here was the one-day Druidcon given by our colleagues in SAM, the Tuscaloosa SF Club. My impressions:

I was very pleased that SAM had decided last year to put on a convention. They are a small club, and their choice of a one-day student-center con seemed to be good planning on their part. It's far better to plan small and succeed at what you attempt, than to plan too big and fail. In this, SAM did admirably.

Charlotte & Valerie Proctor, Paul Flores and I arrived at the U of A student center about 9:30 a.m. I paid my \$4.00 registration fee and became member #1. Number One? I expected a small con, but this was a little smaller than I thought it would be. On the other hand, about 10 members of SAM were already there, so I guess they didn't give themselves numbers. By mid-afternoon, registration topped 70, although several morning attendees had left by then. Several BSFC members were there in addition to our carful: Adrian Washburn, Robert Offutt, Merlin Odom and Jim Cobb, if my memory serves. The registration area was in a large room upstairs which doubled as the huckster room. Just off this room was a smaller one used for programming. The other two rooms, one for video tapes, one for games, were widely separated from each other and from the huckster room. This kept the con from developing that nice "together" feel. The real action centered on the huckster room, which was far from full and so had a lot of room for milling around. I don't know if the concom planned it this way, but it worked out well.

Ward Smith planned most of the programming, the highlights of which were the Councilman speech/interview/discussion, and the astronomical slide show by Dr. Byrd of the UA faculty (who is also a SAM member).

I didn't get to stay past about 4:00 p.m., since I had to get back for the BSFC meeting that same night. Druidcon was topped off with a banquet at the Moongate Inn, a Chinese restaurant of exceptional quality.

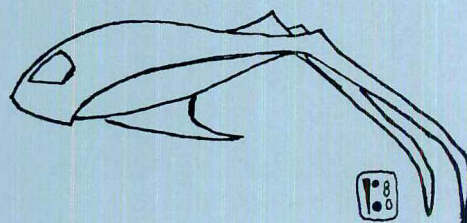


I understand it was quite successful. I wish I could have been there.

Overall, I enjoyed Druidcon quite a lot. It was planned and executed realistically, and everything the concomm attempted came to pass as they envisioned. There were no disasters, as far as I could see. I hope they try it again.

BRADBURY'S COMET

The comet fell through Void's dark space,
Flew as spark with fiery face--
Singing a rare and silent hymn
Along the fine celestial rim!
With white-heat core it sped hell-bent;
No mad Ahab pursued the scent.
It died, caught by a nova sun,
A star much like its birthing sun.



—Brad Linaweaver

From the Archives:

Reviewed by Paul A. Flores

BARYON 18 (May, 20 pp.). A review/newszine from Barry Hunter, 8 Wakefield Place, Rome, GA 30161. Available for \$1.25 or the usual (trade, contribution, loc, etc.) One of the few Georgia-based fanzines, Mostly news and reviews of books. ~~Another~~ Jerry Collins cover.

CONACS 6 (October, 10 pp.) M. David Johnson, P. O. Box 485, Glenview, IL 60025. Available for 50¢ (4 issue sub is \$1). A quarterly newszine devoted to con reports, con listings, and other con related material. Despite minor errors, like Chattanooga, TN's CHATTACON being listed as a Midwestern con, it still gives good overall coverage.

HONOR TO FINUKA #3 (Summer, 34 pp. reduced). Available for \$1 (\$4.00/4). Kurt Kockrum and Martha Koester, 309 Allston #16, Boston, MA 02146. Jack Vance fanzine. Lots of material about Vance and his books, plus part 1 of a radio station interview. Long letter column.

NIGHTWINDS Vol. 2 #1 (Spring, 58 pp.) \$1.50. Published by the Guelph Science/Fantasy Guild, P. O. Box 1442, Guelph, Ontario, Canada. Amateur fiction and strips, DAW checklist, book and movie reviews.

THE LOOKING GLASS 17 (May, 12 pp.). Ben Fulves, 25 Parkway, Montclair, NJ 07042. Available for 40¢. A graphically stunning fanzine published by the Stellar Fantasy Society (membership is \$5 per year, and includes a 4 issue sub to TLG and the Society's newsletter). Fantasy, Lovecraft, fiction, and general interest topics.

NO SEX 11 (65 pp. digest-size). David Heath, Jr., HHC 4-37 Amor, Ft. Knox, KY 40121. Available for \$1 or the usual. Excellent comic strip and fiction zine.

RAZED CONSCIOUSNESS 3 (May, 24 pp.). Nancy A. Collins, P. O. Box 735, State University, AR 72467. Available for 2 15¢ stamps or the usual. Personalzine with reviews and a story by Nancy. Report on Kubla Khanate.

THE SASPARILLA GAZZETTE (June, 8 pp.). A personalzine from Ernie Pullin, 2015 E. Lewis, Pasco, WA 99301. Ernie discusses politics and other mundane matters.

THIS HOUSE 9 (July, 32 pp.). John A. Purcell, 2713-2nd Ave. So. #307, Minneapolis, MN 55408. Available for \$1 or the usual. Another interesting zine from Minneapolis fandom. Opens with a long editorial on the hassles of moving. My sympathy.

THE WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG 10 (July, 22 pp. digest). Brian Earl Brown, 16711 Burt Rd. #207, Detroit, MI 48219. Available for 50¢ (\$2.00/4) or trade. The most extensive fanzine reviewzine presently in fandom.

CLUBZINES

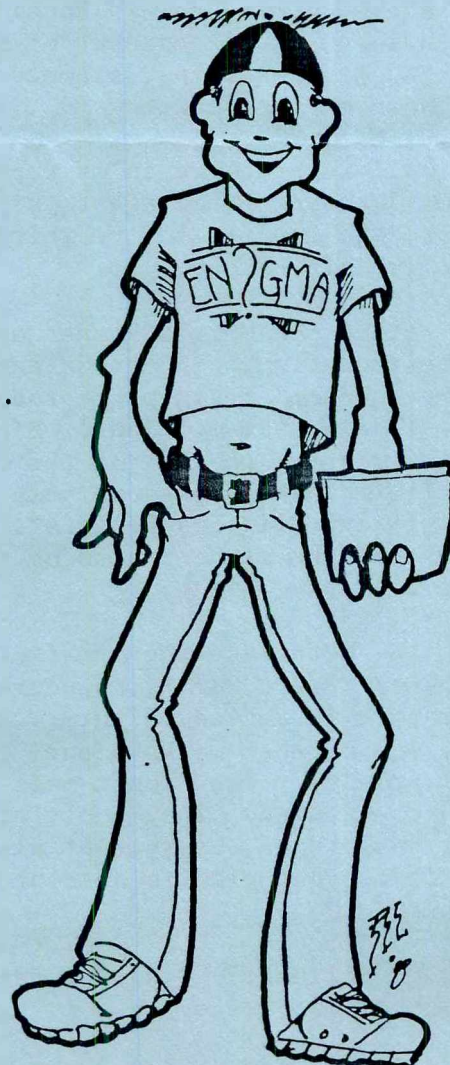
BATON ROUGE SCIENCE FICTION LEAGUE NEWSLETTER 8 (Aug-Oct, 12 pp.). BRSFLeague, P. O. Box 18610-A, University Station, Baton Rouge, LA 70892. Available for 4 for \$1 or trade. ASFIcon, Noreascon and Vulcon reports.

MEMPISH (Aug, 4 pp.). Mid-South Fantasy Association, c/o Greg Bridges, 140 Eastview Dr, Memphis, TN 38111. No price available. August issue had Imaginitzacon news.

BSFAN 11 (Aug, 22 pp.). Baltimore Science Fiction Society, Inc., Box 686 Baltimore, MD 21203. Available for 50¢ or the usual. Con reports, book and movie reviews.

INFINITY CUBED (March, 68 pp.). Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers' League, Box 8445, UT Post Office, University of Tennessee, Knoxville, TN 37916. Available for \$1.75. Lots of fiction and articles, mostly with satirical slants. Good representation of Knoxville's Finest.

RUNE 60 (Summer, 38 pp.). Lee Pelton, 2533 Lyndale Ave. South, Minneapolis, MN 55405. Available for 50¢ (\$2.00/4). Superb fanzine of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society. Fannish articles, fanzine and book reviews. Recommended.



SMART-ASH Vol 2 #2 (16 pp.). Published by the Chimneyville Fantasy and Science Fiction Society, P. O. Box 10895, Jackson, MS 39209. Available for 50¢ or the usual. Short story by M. Ruth Minyard based on Chimneyville's D & D adventures. Movie reviews.

FROM ACROSS THE OCEANS.

SMALL FRIENDLY DOG 19 (August, 50 pp., digest). Skel & Cas, 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire, SK2 5NW, England. Strange. . . .very British. Fannish and funny as hell. Unreviewable.

DRILKJIS 5 (March, 20 pp.). Dave Langford, 22 Northumberland Avenue, Reading, Berkshire, RG2 7PW, UK. Transcript of a debate on characterization in SF that was held at Novacon 9. Seacon report, book reviews, and fannish articles.

RHUBARB (June, 10pp.). John Fox, P. O. Box 129, Lakemba, NSW 2195, Australia. Book reviews and fiction. Note on world tension and the nuclear threat.

WORKING HARD
by Jim Cobb

"Johnson, I demand an explanation!"
Jack Hanson, Vice-President of Leason Galactic Manufacturing, slammed his fist down on the desk.

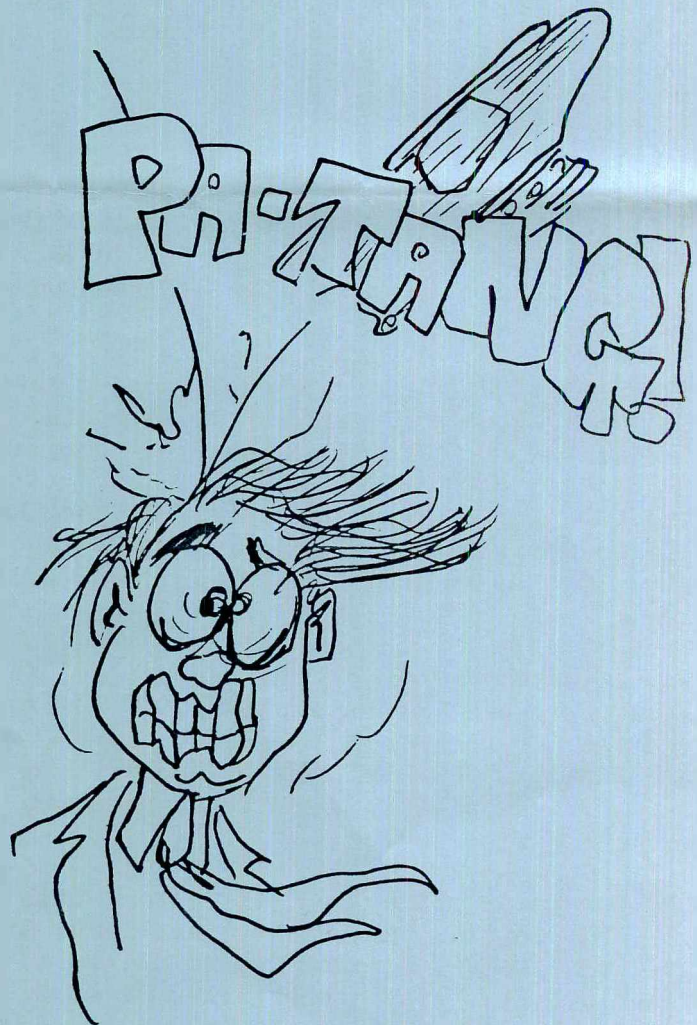
"It's all right there in my report, Sir."
Jeremy Johnson, field agent, sighed and prepared to explain to the third executive of the day.

"The natives of Mott's Planet are the greatest craftsmen in the Galaxy! If they were to begin mass-producing we could all make millions! Billions! And now you try to tell me the entire idea is impossible just because of a few silly religious beliefs?!"
Hanson had the stubbornness of a great executive.

"Sir, the Motts are the greatest craftsmen in the Galaxy, because their work is sacred to them. And every one of them works alone, in total privacy. They won't mass-produce anything. They won't allow their work to be observed at all. Therefore, your plan is absolutely impossible."

"I can't believe..." Hanson was speechless with rage.

"But it's true, Sir.
A watched Mott never toils."



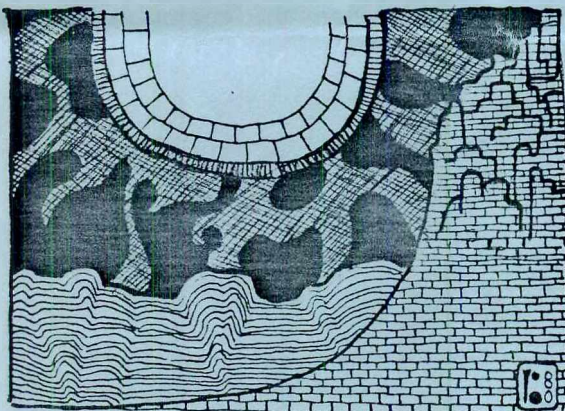
Jim Cobb

Harry Warner, Jr.
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The new ANVIL is to hand. The first thing I thought about the first article in it was how many locs you'll receive pointing out that a TAFF-type fund for United States regions is using an elephant gun on a flea. Then I remembered that the distance to be traveled for a winning Southern fan to the Westercon might not be much different from the number of miles involved when an East Coast fan made the eastward TAFF trip or a United Kingdom fan won the westbound trip in a year when the worldcon was in the East of the United States. The other possible objection, that of language difficulties, could probably be overcome by careful study by winners of movies like A Star is Born and Gone With The Wind. So I think the idea is a good one, if you plan for it carefully in details like earthquake insurance for those from the South going to Westercon and indoctrination of any Los Angeles fans who come to B'hamcon about the way people sometimes walk a block or so instead of driving short distances outside California.

You may have experienced the materialization of a movie last April in that ABCon event in Birmingham. The tiny old man with the pipe and unspeaking habits sounds very much like the old Chinese fellow whom Kim Darby and John Wayne visited in the early part of True Grit. The Jim Dandy Instant Grits that he offered you were, of course, True Grits. I'd wondered what happened to the Chinaman after the main plot of the movie had concluded, and now I'm convinced that we never found out because

the character had risen from the celluloid and occupied a place in the real world. If Kim Darby is there the next time you have an encounter with him, please place a collect telephone call to me right away and give me exact directions on how to reach the room as soon as possible.



Charlotte Proctor and you both held my interest totally with the conreports. Each time I read another conreport, I feel myself just a trifle more alienated from the milieu because gradually the traditions and people and environment change from what I knew when I was keeping up my giddy congoing pace of once every two or three years. But both of you

make events seem fairly comprehensible to a self-created con outcast. Except for this thing of having 200 press kits for as many media people. That's hard to accept after I've written those fan history volumes about years when 200 fans at a con made it a major and well-attended event. What can we do for an encore? Maybe by the time Boston next hosts a worldcon, there will be 200 fans on the force of press room staffers, to cope with the thousands of reporters and cameramen.

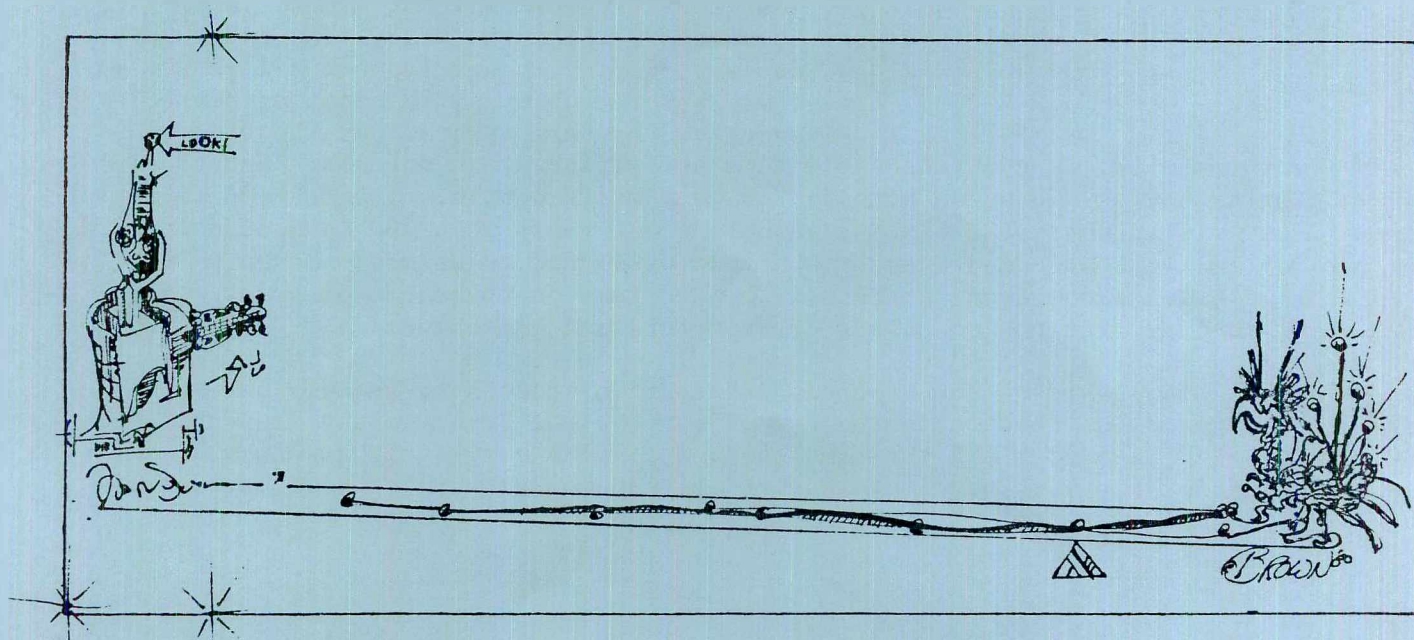
Beth Pointer's emphasis on the problems inherent in sequels to sequels seems justified in her review of these three books. I suppose the sequel craze is inevitable as authors find it harder all the time to come up with completely new themes and environments for the next novel and easier all the while to interest a publisher

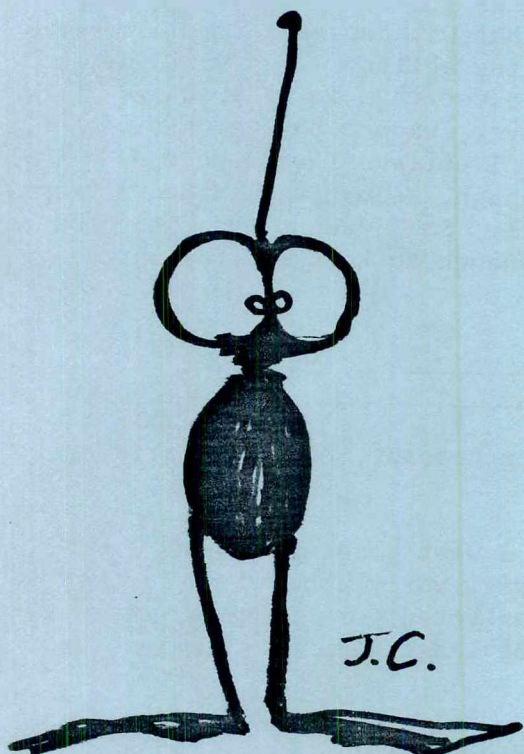
in another book in the same future or fantasy world that was used in a recent novel that sold pretty well. And I suppose in a sense it takes as much exercise of ingenuity and imagination to write a sequel on an old concept as to think up a completely new concept. But the incessant outpouring of sequels still seems somehow opposed to the concept of science fiction and fantasy as a way to stretch regularly the reader's imagination and ways of thinking.

I'll trust Nancy Brown's diagnosis of Battle Beyond the Stars. I'll probably never see it, not even on television, if the local cable company continues to displace commercial stations with special services like HBO, a sports network, and Turner's all-news station. Already I've lost my temper repeatedly over inability to get some movies I wanted to see on the vanished stations and I suppose eventually I'll have to rig up an antenna in an unused bedroom and hook it up to a second set in the hope of getting some sort of reception of the missing stations. (Squirrels kept chewing my lead-in wire, making it impossible to use any longer the fine antenna on my roof.)

The letter section comments on Wade's column seem to confirm my suspicion that light-heartedness continues to thrive in fandom without finding as much place in generally distributed fanzines as it once did. Maybe the present era in fandom will eventually be considered the lost years in this respect. Ten years or so in the future, every fan should be able to carry around with him a cassette-recorder-sized video tape recorder which will be able to preserve every local club meeting and room party and other event at which fan humor now thrives, so all the merriment of that future fandom will be preserved for posterity just as it was in the years when fanzines were the primary way to indulge in fanac. It will be only these in-between years that will become the topic of endless research and conjecture for the tantalizing occasional references to this or that in-group joke mentioned without further explanation in a fanzine or on an audio tape of a con panel.

The cover is fine. I was wondering what her grandmother looks like, until I looked more closely at the drawing and realized that she isn't real.





Harry J. N. Andruschak
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Received ANVIL #12 in the mail today, much thanks.

Of course, the main interest to me of this zine is the Proposed Whacoff Fund. I like the basic idea, and will do what I can to support it. Perhaps it might be best to confine it at first to just one trip a year.

I'd suggest just one trip a year until the thing is well established. 1981 can be devoted to getting a fan to the WESTERCON and 1982 to bring a fan from the West Coast to DSC. By that time, the idea should have been proven a success or a failure, and you can go into two-trips-per-year-each-way starting in 1983.

Rest of zine good and readable, but I've got to get back to the apa-index.

Robert S. Coulson
Route 3
Hartford City, IN 47348

A few comments on ANVIL #10.

It's mostly nonsense of course. Not entirely so, because there are fans who do desperately want to be members of a group, who think all fans are brothers (ever notice this brotherhood nonsense is standard response for a minority group - blacks, Cubans, Mexicans, fans, etc.?) who are avid for awards from their peers, and subscribe to a half-understood code of behavior. They're the fans I avoid.

And no, people don't all "need to belong to something". I'm more or less part of the people, and I've never needed to belong to anything in my life. Sometimes it's more fun to belong to something; most times it isn't, and I don't.

Technically, size may cause rigidity - but dispersion causes flexibility. Why must we all profess to like cats? I dunno - tell me. I don't like them, and I've never been ostracized for it. I don't spell beer with an h, either - or waste large amounts of paper telling about my drinking bouts. The lack hasn't seemed to hurt me much. Slow elevators are part of hotel construction as well as fan mythology. (Nobody but fans is ever in that much of a hurry to get from one hotel floor to another, so nobody else objects to slow elevators and the hotels don't bother replacing them.)

Tell Odom we don't all have "great dreams", either. Learn not to be so all-inclusive. Life is amusing, people are generally amusing, fans are almost always amusing in one way or another. Who cares what the foundations of fantasy are? (Well, Odom does; that's amusing, too.)

What I'd like to see on Battlestar Bonanza is a producer who will demand and get halfway decent scripts and directors. (The show has halfway decent actors already - I think "halfway" is an apt description for their acting ability - but you'd never know it from watching them perform there. You have to see them on other shows before you can tell what they can do.) I don't, however, expect to see this. (I don't expect to see the show at all, for that matter; I believe I watched the first couple of shows each season, which was quite enough. Juanita watched it more frequently; she'll put up with more bad TV than I will. So I caught excerpts from later shows as I wandered past the set - which were enough to keep me from wandering past it too often.)

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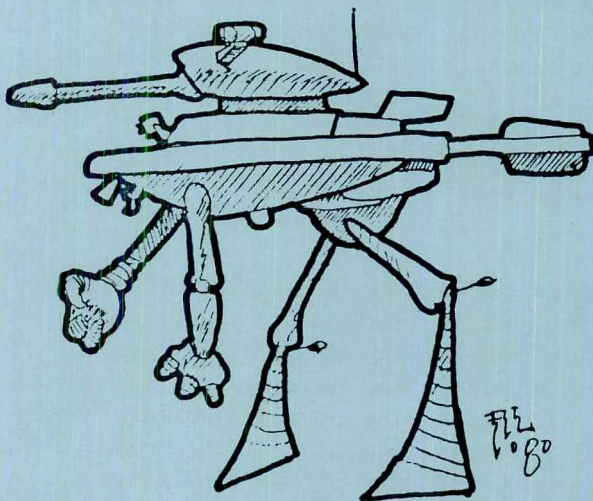
I applaud the cover. Amusing concept, excellent artwork.
One of your best.

GO WEST: on the subject of a West Coast Fan Fund, I vote "yea". Of course, many who administer TAFF or DUFF will worry about thus further dividing available money; but to be honest, I've never voted for either of the others, because I rarely know any of the nominees. At least with this I may have some idea of the choices!

Are you volunteering for Administrator? Or is Rickey Sheppard?

I eagerly await Part 2 of Wade's latest "Something". I want to know what he is talking about. Thus far I am mystified.

Enjoyed Charlotte's ASFICON Report - especially on re-reading, after meeting her and a few others she mentions. I wish I had managed to attend the DSC, all I hear about it sounds so good. Well, I intend to get to B'hamcon II, next year. (I think I'm settling into a trend: alternating DSC and Worldcon. Because I doubt I can afford Denvention.)



Your own Con Report was good - especially the point of view, the "behind the scenes" report. I've yet to see anyone do total justice to a Worldcon, they are just too big. But you give us a sampling of your experiences there. And although I was there, not much was repetitive! (I wish I had been as successful at resisting the hucksters - I'm still paying for my fun. But I don't regret much of it.)

Beth writes good book reviews. Not having read the particular books as yet, I can't comment on the details - but I do agree with her that a sequel, however good, tends to suffer somewhat when compared to the original.

Of course, Varley has stated in a recent interview that Titan was always planned to be part of a trilogy, and his own comments show that he is aware of how that affects

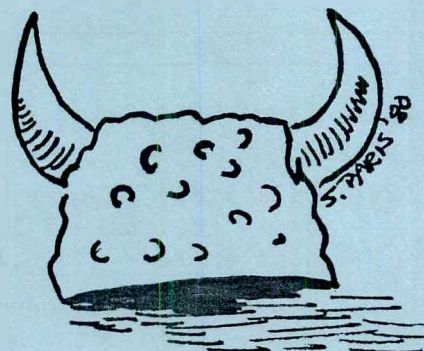
the individual books. Guess we'll have to wait for the third and see how it looks.

I disagree with Nancy Brown about "Battle Beyond the Stars" only because I attended with a group of fannish friends, none of whom expected a good film; we went to a cheap matinee, and we had a great time. Making fun of the silly film. I think it'll be a great con film.

I like Beth's style of doing minutes. I'm presently making plans to revive our Clubzine SMART-ASH, and one of my concerns is deciding what to do about six to eight months of Secretary's Reports - none of which got printed. Guess I'll have to do a "summary of the year."

I refuse to LOC the LOCs. Although there are many interesting points to discuss therein. But I need to wind this up. There are other zines I've neglected.

Thanks again, from CFSFS to BSFC for a pleasant evening. If ANVIL keeps improving like this, people will have to stop calling it "just a clubzine" - so hang in there and show them a thing or three!



"..DIDJA HEAR THE ONE
ABOUT 'STANDING BUFFALO'?"

David Palter
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Thanks for sending me issue 12. It is, in general, a solid, well done fanzine, but it has for me one special high point: the cartoon on page 15, which is hysterically funny, truly brilliant.

Birmingham, Alabama has a special meaning for me. I will think of it always as one of the major sites of the great civil rights upheavals of the early 60's. You who live there perhaps do not regard this as the most notable aspect of your city, but from my external viewpoint, that is what I see.

But that was long ago (actually about 18 years ago) and may have very little relevance left to the current city of Birmingham, much less the Birmingham Science Fiction Club. Of course, if I wished to pursue the topic further I could inquire as to the racial composition of your club. . . but I won't. After all, you haven't asked me to identify my own race. And unless you've seen the photograph of me published in Gil Gaier's fanzine Phosphene or have other even less likely sources of information about me, you really have no way of knowing. . . I could be of any race. And probably am. (Actually I will admit to being a member of the human race, although I often do not feel particularly proud of that fact. A nasty race, us humans.)

Robert Runte's letter in defense of fandom and SF is beautifully clear and persuasive - the sort of letter that I might have written myself, if I had received the issue of ANVIL to which Robert is replying. Well done, Robert!

I have never been a successful convention-goer. I have actually been to several conventions, but I remain apart, a spectator, not involved in the more essential convention processes. I may know plenty of people at the Con (through the mail) but all I see are a mass of strangers; I cannot identify the ones I know (name-tags theoretically make such identification possible, but I have not found them to be all that helpful - usually lettered illegibly.) Even though I am ideally situated to attend WesterCons, I have never attended one and may never do so. Hence I do not at this time feel great personal enthusiasm for your proposed West Coast Fan Fund. Nonetheless, it does seem like a good idea to me, in theory. And who knows, someday I may become more successful at conventioning. Perhaps.

We also heard from: Gil Gaier, Brad Linaweaver, David Pettus, P. L. Caruthers,
Steven Fox, Janice Murray

ART CREDITS: Bill Brown - Cover, 9,10,18; Rusty Burke - 8,14,17; Cliff Bush - 3,13
Jerry Collins - 2,11,16,19; Wade Gilbreath - 7,12; Sandy Paris - 21
Alan White - 4,5,6,15,20

The following people helped produce ANVIL 13: Nancy Brown, Paul Flores, Wade
Gilbreath, Noelle Nicholls, Beth Pointer

Next BSFC meetings: December 13, 1980
January 10, 1981
at the Homewood Public Library at 7:30 P.M.

ANVIL
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