

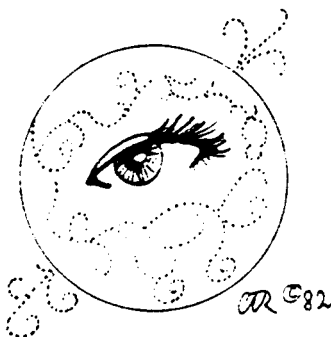


ANVIL
21

CHARLIE
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FORGING AHEAD

by dlburden

The only constant is change. Jim and I took the editorship just five issues ago and due to schedule problems he hasn't been able to work on the last three. I've learned a lot; I just hope I convey some of it to him before I leave. Another ANVIL editor moves on.

I'm putting this together in Nashville, Tennessee. If I don't do it now I don't know when it will get done--I'm to spend the next two weeks in B'ham closing up my apartment and getting ready to move wherever, currently it sounds like Tampa. When I left B'ham six weeks ago I was only going to be gone one week--I've learned to do things when I have a chance--I'm never sure where we'll be from one week to the next.

Last June I had no idea I'd marry in December, leave my job in April and move out of state May. I planned to start school in January but the past six weeks have convinced me that I'm not the full-time homemaker type. And now E for M/Honeywell plans to move us. In June. (We can't get out of our lease until August, so we have some respite.)

I want to thank all the people who've helped produce ANVIL: Charlotte Proctor and Julie Wall for help with repor; Cindy and Linda Riley for helping collate and address; and Richard Hyde for helping get this last one finished.

I've enjoyed it--and hope you have--I intend to offer my help to JC (by mail, if necessary), so I'll still be around, and plan to contribute from time to time.

Keep reading--and believing.

This is ANVIL 21, Vol. 4, no. 3. April-May 1982, and is edited by dlburden (Jim Cobb had better return next time, see above). It is the clubzine of the Birmingham Science Fiction Club and is available for LoC, trade, contrirbution, or 6 for \$3.00, sent to P. O. Box 57031, B'ham AL 35259-7031. This issue was typed on an IBM Selectric II and reproed on a Royalfax.

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CON REPORT

Cindy T. Riley

I'd been looking forward to Coastcon for a month or so, not with any great expectations, although it was supposed to be a large con with a good-sized art show. Also, I recently discovered Elfquest and Richard and Wendy Pini were scheduled as GsOH along with Robert Adams, Jo Clayton, Joe Haldeman and George Alec Effinger.

After an uneventful trip in the Count(Count Regal, our valient Buick), my sister Linda and I checked in and tried to find our room. Okay, room 250 should be easy to find. Wrong! After going to the second floor of the main building where the con was being set up, we discovered that 250 wasn't in the main building, so we went out, skirted the swimming pools, both devoid of water and being repaired, over to the wing next to the tennis courts, all being resurfaced and painted, through a shower from the air conditioning evaporation towers, and thence to our room, which had a balcony overlooking the empty pools on one side and fronting a scene of the workmen doing their thing to the tennis courts on the other. We were not pleased.

We headed back to the car to get our bags when I got the first inklings that there were some strange people around. There were a lot of people wearing polo shirts with alligators on them--an awful lot. And they all looked alike right down to their trouser-style shorts in various pastel shades. Preppies! My ghod, the place was crawling with preppies! It turned out there were a couple of fraternities and sororoties having some sort of get-together.

Back in the concourse, I stood in line to register. I thought it wouldn't take long since I was preregistered. A piece of paper was shoved under my hand when it was finally my turn. "What's this?", I asked. "Its for the records. Fill it out." Grumblegrumblegnashmuttermutter. I filled it out. I asked where I should take my art. "The back of the game room". The back of the game room? Sure enough, about one sixth or less of a very large room was the art show. This was the show which had so many entries and over \$2000 in sales last year? I was not pleased with the art show. I cruised through the huckster room, which had finally opened, and discovered a room bursting at the seams with barely space for two people to pass in the aisles. I don't think that room was so large as the one given over to the gamers. I personally believe there was entirely too much room given over to the gamers, since the gamers are seldom seen anywhere else and this is



only one facet of a convention. Also, there was no way to close the art show up with the results that it stayed open as long as the game room stayed open.

We ran into John Hedstrom from Tuscloosa, poked our heads into the movie room and decided to sit through Sinbad, since it was the only sure way of seeing The Court Jester which was scheduled next. Like everything else, the movie schedule was running two hours behind. Not only that, but when we ran up to the "Hospitality Suite", there was nothing there. After running back two or three times and finding nothing, we gave up, although I actually found soft drinks up there Saturday Afternoon. I must have hit it lucky because someone said, not long afterward, that there was nothing there. After the movie-Wonderful movie! Anyone who hasn't seen The Court Jester with Danny Kaye has not truly lived-I wandered through the art show to see if any of my stuff had bids on it and to check on what was getting bids. Not much was. I couldn't see that any original art had bids, only prints. It was early yet.

Saturday morning and another visit to the art show, where we ran into Doug Chaffee. I always enjoy talking to Doug. He's one of my favorite pros. We both agreed that this show was definitely not what we had expected, but Doug also had a dealer's table in the huckster's room where he hoped to sell prints. I visited it later in the con and discovered that he had had one of my favorite paintings turned into card notes. Alas, I could either eat or write notes, and rumblings from my stomach prompted me to choose the former.

I liked the atmosphere created by the costume party, but I missed a formal masquerade contest where one may see the extra fancy costumes that aren't meant for a lot of wear and tear and couldn't be worn to a party for any length of time. I was loitering by the elevators, watching the costumes, when a guy came out of the stairwell with the news that the preppies were all on the ninth floor. Somebody asked how many, to which he replied, "Oh, about a hundred and fifty or so." "Aha!" said the second guy, who was wearing your basic SCA costume, "There's about six hundred of us registered. Let's get all the barbarians and invade the ninth floor! We can turn off the lights, put a hundred and fifty people into each elevator (there were two), send a hundred and fifty up the stairs, and attack from the rear. We'll ask no quarter! We'll do like the old Christians did! Get 'em down on their knees and tell 'em to accept Science Fiction as a way of life or take the consequences!" Personally, it was the best idea I'd heard all night.



Around 10:30 things started winding down. I wandered upstairs, poked my head into the Who party, discovered a lot of different Whos glued to a TV screen, a large call box (telephone booth?), and a large mechanical dog. If you guessed that I had never seen Dr. Who, you would be right. I wandered back out, saw many elves and a few people in a room a couple of doors down, and wandered in there. There were Doug Chaffee, Richard and Wendy Pini and a bunch of other interesting people, so I decided to stay a while. I'm more a listener than a talker, so I didn't contribute a lot to any conversation going on, but oh! the tales I heard! It started thinning out about 1:30 or so, and my eyes were beginning to insist on sleep, so I bade my farewells, stumbled to my room and into my bed and oblivion.

Later that same morning, I checked the art show again, and since I had no bids, Linda and I decided to leave. We got sidetracked by an SCA exhibit of "head bashing" in the courtyard, but were in the car and headed for home by 11:30. That night I crawled into my bed where I died in relative peace.

FEGHOOT

IF THE FUR FITS...

by Merlin Odom

"Clyde, did I ever tell you about the time I went variable-gravity bow-hunting at Nimrod's Hunt Club and Discotheque?", asked Nik van Rhine, dedicated defender of the L-4/5 collective Colonial palate of his second-in-command.

"No, but since when has that ever stopped you?" Clyde groaned inwardly, anticipating what must surely follow.

"Yes I did indeed. Nice place. Maybe I'll open a branch out there, sometime. Goodness knows they could use a place with decent, reasonably-priced cuisine. But, anyway, I was invited to their annual Grand Hunt. Just imagine, if you can, all those different environments in one Colony! All completely controlled, yet all with random factors built in to keep everything from getting boring".

"I take it, then, that it was one of those random factors that botched everything up for you".

"Why, yes. How did you know that? Anyway, we were using different kinds of hunting beasts and I got Fred. Fred was-and is, somewhere- a genetically and behaviorally modified ferret. Weïrd little critter. But anyway, I was hunting Greatmoose when a Neosabertooth popped up from behind a rock outcropping just across this stream I was about to cross. It went to the stream and started lapping it up. I'd run out of quarrels and I didn't want to attract too much of its attention, so I stood still. Then, realizing that ol' snagglepuss was just a very big kittycat, I ordered Fred to leap into the water to frighten him off. Fred, bless him, eagerly did what I told him, and splashed some water at the beast. It ran off, but its whiskers hardly got damp. Freddie wasn't very big".

"You mean-" Clyde said cringingly.

"Yes. The ferret was willing, but the splash was weak".

Movie Review

by Richard Hyde

Cindy and Linda Riley, dlb, and I went to see Quest For Fire (suggestion: do not go in mixed company if you embarrass easily). We had read that it contained nudity and violence. The need for nudity was questionable--some tribes wore furs (only the heroines tribe did not) and the violence made what could have been a thirty minute film into a two hour film.

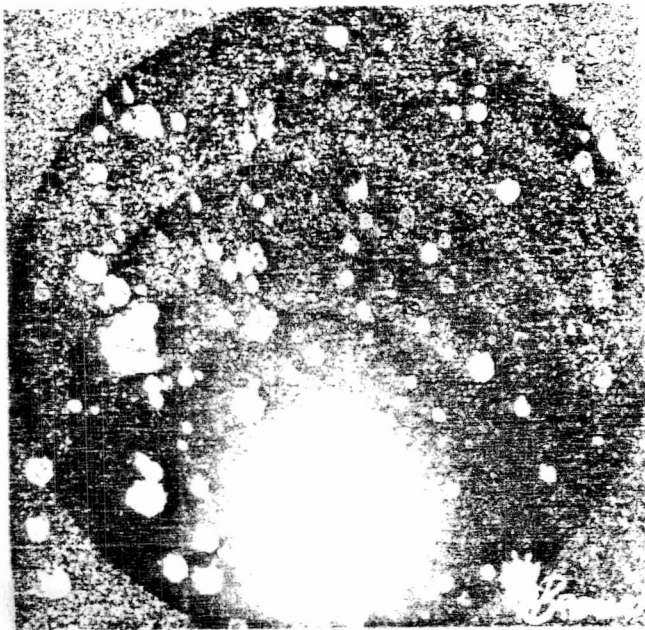
The Plot was simple: Possess fire or die. Those that had fire could hold off wild (and hungry) animals. Those that didn't, lived in trees, if at all. As always, man's greatest threat came from man. Other tribes or species were constantly trying to steal fire; this is the storyline for the movie.

Weak points were many: the music was blaring and discordant (at one point dlb stated they had borrowed from the journey through the monolith in 2001); a language was invented for the movie, we learn to recognize a few words (hothra = fire) but understand little by spoken word, but by actions; we never saw a child--with all the sex you'd think every female would have a baby on her hip, or be pregnant, or both; the hero and heroine discover missionary-style sex (her idea) and he not only accepted it, he later apparently realized that she was carrying their child; the hero's tribe was barely into sharpened sticks but the three tribemen sent to get fire grasped the concept of the atlatl (from her tribe) and seemingly overnight became proficient in its use.

Other quandries: how was it her tribe was so much more advanced? They possessed the secret of making fire; they also knew of healing with a poultice, of using gourds for containers, of building shelter, of fermenting grain for drink (of grain and its cultivation, for that matter). More questions: Why did Naoh's (the only name I can remember--the hero's) tribe stay in the bog after losing their fire. It was winter, so how did they survive until Naoh and his team returned? Were there no snakes? (Although if there were, they probably ate them.) And why return to their old cave after they again had fire? Why not find one easier to defend? Naoh and his woman brought the concept of building housing and of making fire.

It's an interesting and thought-provoking movie. I'd like to know where the ideas for the events came from.

Just don't take the kids; it's too violent and contains a lot of explicit sex.



Book Review

Genesis , by W. A. Harbinson, Dell Books, 1980, \$3.50

Genesis is not the ordinary run-of-the-mill book about UFOs. The author takes a little-known fact, totally documented, from various newspapers and scientific papers concerning the Nazi experiments during World War II with circular flying machines called Foo Fighters. Foo Fighters are round, jet-propelled machines which fly at super speeds, disrupt magnetic fields, become invisible at will, and are surrounded by flashing, colored lights. Sound familiar? They are flown by beings who wish to control Earth for Man's own good, set by their standards, of course. Aliens or humans? Humans, naturally. Nice storyline, if you can make your way through the first 300 pages of boring dialogue, little action, and massive government cover-ups.

The main character is Stanford, a young skirt-chaser who investigates UFO reports for a non-government agency. Massive sightings of UFOs are reported all over the world, so Stanford investigates. Scientists on the verge of fantastic breakthroughs are either murdered, disappear, or commit suicide, so Stanford investigates. Plain, ordinary citizens have a close encounter, so Stanford investigates. UFOs seem to be everywhere, but no one sees them, or rather, admits to seeing them. Scientists, researchers, and humanitarians are dropping like flies, but no one seems to notice or to care except Stanford. Stanford is the master detective who plods through the pages searching for the inevitable answer to all the mysterious happenings.

With all the action seemingly taking place, why doesn't the book read any better than it does? Harbinson is a well-worded author, but the book is boring.

time I finished all 600 pages, I was exhausted with trying to keep myself interested in the book. The only reason I finished it was because I hate to spend money on a book and not read it. I admit that after the first half of the book, the action does pick up a little. However, the characters are so stereotyped that nothing can save them.

Phyllis Light Griggs



OUTGO	
Anvil Supplies	\$35.64
Postage (overseas)	8.10
ABCcon donation	20.00
Service Charges	4.00
Total	<u>\$67.74</u>

Previous Balance-----	\$149.45
Dues received	50.00
Balance as of May 12, 1982----	\$131.71

Submitted by dlburden

forGED minutes

by Richard Hyde

The meeting was called to order at 7:20. The mood of the meeting was deepened by the announcement that Marcy Brackett would not be with us after this meeting. She was metriculating all the way back to Utah.

After this bombshell, a visibley shaken Charlotte Procter announced that BoShCon was progressing fine toward the November 13th date. Money was rolling (almost \$6) in to pay for his air fare and arrangements were being made to keep him entertained all week. More progress reports will be forthcoming in the next Anvil. ✓

It may have been the auction or just a coincidence, but we had the biggest turnout ever. Prez Jim Cobb's boss, Mr. Ric Weide, and his two sons were there to look the group over and to bid on a few of the articles for sale. The owner of Stop and Swap, the previously-owned book store on Green Springs Highway next to Zayres was there to add her voice to the bidding. Familiar out-of-towners included Iris Brown from the Atlanta club and Mike and Nelda Kennedy from Huntsville and at least a host of others.

The auction was led by Chief Heckler (I hope you're satisfied) Jim Phillips with Jim Cobb and Marcy Brackett acting as runners. Although mostly used paperbacks, the donated material included Girl Scout cookies, old space-related magazines, and also art works by Cindy Riley and Bill Brown. The auction was highlighted by brisk bidding, verbal abuse, and injured feelings. The bidding became frenzied after the clock hummed 9 o'clock. Jim Phillips was threatened with mayhem being committed upon his person, so the auction came to an end after having raked in \$247.40 out of a group otherwise normal.

A fine time was had by all. A finer time was had by those in the group who were drinking what for lack of a better term could be called "funny Pepsi". Nobody fell down, so what the heck?



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ZINE REVIEWS

By Cecilia Martinez (look folks,
they spelled my name right!)

I rate fanzines by the asterisk method. That is to say, all the way from a rating of * (ick!), on up to ***** (gosh! wow! The perfect 'zine!) One of these days....

oOo

CALLISTO RISING #1---E.B. Klassen, 1329 Balmoral Rd., Victoria,
B.C., V8R 1L6

What can I say? Up until this time I had not seen a bad 'zine come out of Canada. CALLISTO has the dubious distinction of being the first. What shall I do with it? Tear it apart piece by piece and throw the remaining bits into the trash? Try to find something good to say about it? I guess I shall simply note the points that bothered me the most. This 'zine is a first try and I kept trying to keep that in mind but I kept finding it most difficult. As far as content goes, there was an interminably long (to the tune of almost six pages of single spaced copy) on "Explaining God to Man" by the editor, E.B. Klassen. The article, (more of an essay, really) attempted to explore the relationship between theology and SF as is displayed by certain SF&F works, and howfar these works go toward answering the "really big, important questions: does God exist, what is the meaning of life, the universe, and everything..." This article could have been good if it had been a quarter the length, as it was I had to force myself to finish it. The book reviews by Edward Torr were passably well written, and I even enjoyed them, unusual for me. I usually do not even bother with book reviews. I guess it was my quest to find something, anything, good in this 'zine. The layout was, ah, not good. Page nine was blank, the columns are not even, there ar shadow lines down one page, the art (except for the cover) was execrable. All in all not an enjoyable read. I'll give it a *. Don't ask me why, I must be in a good mood.

CALLISTO RISING is available for the usual.

oOo



HARLOT #3---Anne Laurie Logan, PO Box 191, E. Lansing MI 48823
Avedon Carol, 4409 Woodfield Road, Kensington, MD 20895

And then there was HARLOT.... I've just added another 'zine to my very small list of 'zines for possible Hugo nominations. While not perfect, it comes very close, my gripes with it are few. Come to think of it they're very few. But first the good stuff. An intelligently written editorial by Anne Laurie Logan on the phenomena of "promising young writers", and the non-editing editors of same. An editorial by Avedon Carol on the somewhat hot topic of keeping everybody who isn't a "literary" fan out of conventions (or starting conventions for "literary" fans). One article I wasn't quite happy about, "Young and Pretty" by Gerri Balter. It's rather "iffy" on whether or not it should have been in a supposedly SF oriented 'zine. The electro-stenciled mimeo was crisp and clean with an offset cover Lawrence Juliano. My first encounter with this particular artist, but I hope to see more of his work. The layout was wonderful, nowhere did the copy come too close to the illos, and the art was of a consistently high quality, although a bit light on the "serious" art, consisting mostly of cartoons which includes several by Alexis Gilliland. All of this was followed by about eighteen pages of Locs. This fanzine I highly reccomend. Not five, not yet but ****3/4. I may rerate it at the end of the year.

Available for the usual, trade 'zines to each editor, please.

oOo

Other Fanzines we have recieved since the last issue;

ASFAWN #'s 8, 9, & 10

BCSFAZINE #'s 106 & 107

BRSFL NEWS #'s 17 & 18

DASFAX Vol. 14, #'s 2 & 3

DILLINGER RELIC 21 # 1

LINES OF OCCURRENCE # 5

NASFS SHUTTLE # ?

NEOLOGY Vol. 6, # 6

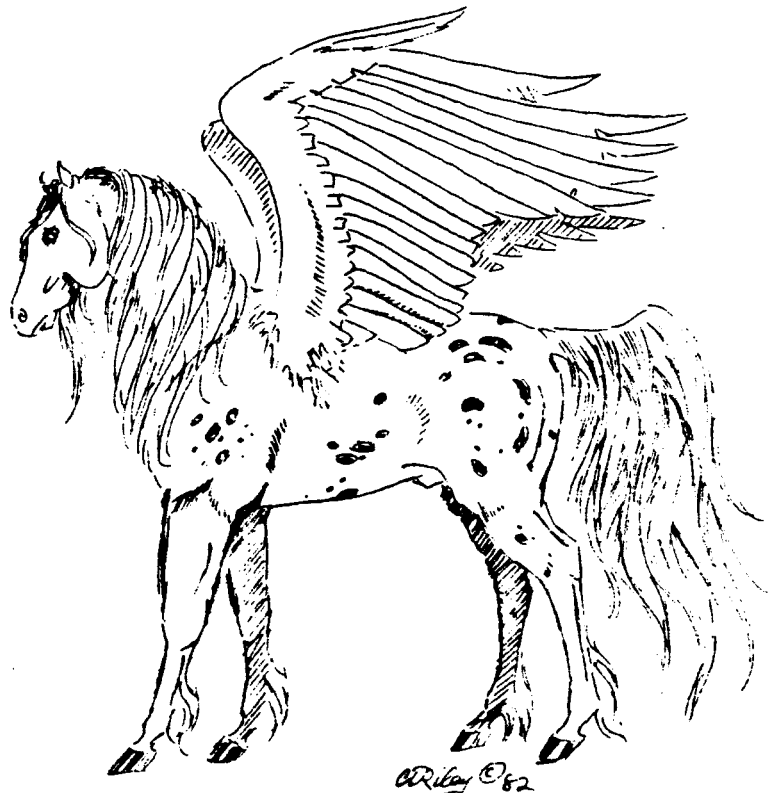
THE PHOENIX Vol. 1, # 3

SMART ASH # 18

SMART ASH WEST # 4

THIS HOUSE # 13

WESTWIND # 56, 57, & 58



Marc Ortlieb
P. O. Box 46
Marden
S. A. 5070
Australia

Thanks for the copy of Anvil 19. It fair warms the cockles of my heart to see editorial comments like Deb's. Sounds just like a certain bid for '83, whose name eludes me at this moment. Hopefully you'll get it all together though. The point about Worldcons is they can act as a real shot in the arm for a tight regionally oriented fandom. Australian fandom really got a boost from Aussiecon, and we hope to experience something similiar should we win the '85 bid.

Re Ward's Feghoot, okay, I get the Smith, and the four Maces, but what's a Wesson when it's at home?

Charlotte's con reports are fun to read, but not easy to comment on, other than by turning green with envy, and I don't have any notepaper in green. (Oh dear. I think I'm committing a faux pas. Is it all right to type a letter to a Southern zine while listening to Neil Young?)

((Wesson is a brand of cooking oil. dlb))

KRSTO A. MAŽURANIĆ
D. ŽOKALJA 1
41430 S A M O B O R
YUGOSLAVIA

Reading ANVIL I developed an impression that you people down South feel a sort of being cut off/far away?/from where-things-are-happening. Heads up, friends, courage unto you! Think of us Europeans who live thousands of miles and scores of unintelligible languages away! Like what Harry Warner, Jr says in ish 18: "...without the benefit of long immersion in fandom's development..." meaning, of course, N. A. fandom.

Buck Coulson marvels over the fact that Europeans find it isolations inside N. A. strange. We don't find them merely strange but rather unbelievable. For it isn't mere miles which makes contact difficult, it's languages!

I read ANVIL regularly, I loc from time to time. Thousands of miles between us don't make it impossible. But I have the English!

Suppose N.A. were like Europe, and suppose further that English is spoken in B'ham AL, but isn't anywhere else! Suppose you go to Atlanta, GA, and didn't know how to ask for a glass of water because nobody understands you! Suppose a person from Atlanta came to you and said "žedan sam, molim čašu vode"!

Yugoslavia is slightly smaller than Alabama and Georgia combined and has about twice as many inhabitants. There are 15 different, mutually unintelligible languages spoken in Yugoslavia! Just think of it: schools, TV, papers, theaters, books, radio in 15 languages inside a country as big as Alabama and Georgia combined!

I'm trying to imagine Buck Coulson going to a con in Dayton



OH and discovering everybody speaks only German; then to Chicon IV where everybody speaks only French; then to Louisville KY where everybody speaks only Italian; then to Detroit where everybody speaks only Spanish etc etc etc. I very carefully chose cities in states other than Indiana that are ridiculously close by N.A. standards, to Hartford City IN. I did it to demonstrate European problems. What's a few hundred, or even thousand, miles -- when compared to languages? Nobody in N.A. shall ever learn anything about YU fanzines-- except what they look like. Nobody in N.A. speaks languages they're written in!



Re Harry Warner's comments about reading in ish 18: Yes, that's correct for the 20th century. Also for the 19th, too. For reading to someone isn't reading but a sort of show business. One man show. Or one woman show, if it's the granny who's doing the reading. There's a performer and an audience involved in the business. A talk show, right? It's all the same: watching TV in company; listening to the radio; gathering around the hearth and listening to someone read or tell a story like it was done two thousand years ago.

I've just discovered the above is a loc on Buck Coulson's loc in ish 20. Australians all speak English...

I won't discuss nuclear power because I have better uses for my time. Just a question to the Anties: gimme a workable, pragmatic alternative!

((My apologies for the inconvenience caused by typing your address--my typer doesn't have "funny squiggles" to put over letters.

I think the major reason we in the South feel isolated (and those anywhere in N. A.) is lack of time and money. In order to have money to travel we have to work and if we work we don't have time to travel. I never did. dlb))

George Laskowski
47 Valley Way
Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013

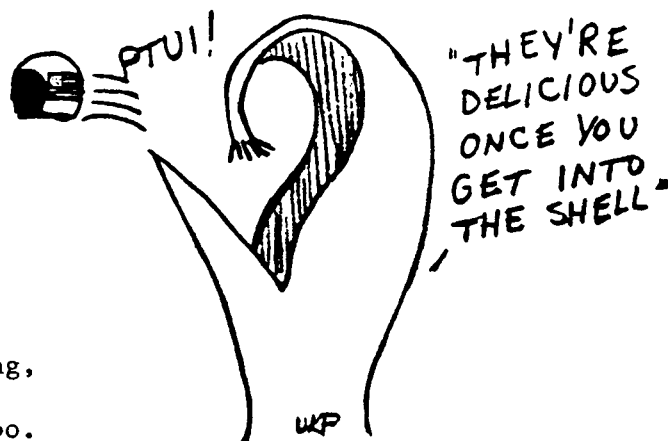
I must agree with Cindy Riley's article on "The Flood" of SF that has deluged bookracks. Many of the authors are new, and most of them have had published their first novels (sic). The main reasons are: 1. SF, though a limited market sells well enough for a company to publish it; 2. a lot of the newer readers(as a result of Star Wars--if they become readers) don't know good SF from bad SF and tend to pick up almost anything on the stands; 3. publishers don't have to pay new authors as much as established authors; 4. fantasy has become the latest rage, so many new authors try their hands at that--but of course you can't write just one book... it must be a trilogy (at least!). I agree with Cindy's final hope-- that the tidal wave will recede, and those left will be the ones who really want to write, and are good at writing. SF.

Charlotte Proctor, in her con report, stumbled on one of the basic truths for con-fans: a convention is only as good as you make it. Among the more than 70 cons I've been to in my 61 years in fandom, some are more memorable than others. And the ones that I do

remember best, the ones I consider the best, were those during which I met a lot of people, had some really good talks with them, and by being friendly caused others to be friendly.

Deb Hammer Johnson
Apt. Y-20
3700 Sutherland Ave.
Knoxville, TN 37919

Ceceilia's fanzine reviews caught my eye with their objective review of one the many STRANGE PUNCHes (#7) that hit my mailbox half a year ago. I, too, became "decidedly depressed" about the schism among Chattanooga fandom and the accompanying sturm and drang. I felt the Bridgets had potential as clubzine editors, but unfortunately, couldn't stay clear of internecine editorializing in every phase of the zine. If I ever get around to doing a history of Southern Fandom in the eighties (call it ALL OUR TOMORROWS--har*). I will spend an entire chapter on the many incarnations of STRANGE PUNCH. While there is a lot to be said for style and continuity over a long period of time such as one finds with ATARANTES, I also see a lot of benefit with changes in editoship such as one finds with ANVIL. Editing a regular fan publication is a grueling job; I wouldn't wish it on my worst enemy unless he or she really wanted to do it. Changes in a clubzine editorship help to keep club politics flexible, too. The clubzine is the part of the club visible to the rest of fandom, and jealousies arise from the feeling that people identify the club with the editor. ANVIL has kept a consistent format for 19 issues. The lettercol is healthy, and while you have an unbalanced issue every now and then (such as 19, too many con reports), it is still a good read. This isn't meant to criticize Charlotte's witty and distinctive style of con reporting, just that I like a good dose of reviewing and general interest pieces sprinkled in too.



Good to see a brief review and loc by Beth Pointer, my favorite fannish librarian. I can't resist nitpicking on her ASFiCon comments concerning the con suite since I was the assistant to committee member Larry Mason. We both wanted to attend the banquet, and had to close the con suite since no one would be there to guard against the (*shudder*) possibility of minors getting bheer. I left the banquet after approximately half-an-hour, just in time to miss Silverberg quoting me in his GoH speech (*sigh*), and returned to the con suite. Dan Caldwell and other volunteers worked the con suite during this period for no more than forty-five minutes to an hour. I rather liked the facilities used for the con suite at ASFiCon I, but I hear there was a problem with potential damage to the antique furniture there. The committee has decided to sensibly drop a banquet at future cons because of high costs and poor turn out at past Atlanta cons; this is a bit ironic since Atlanta fans are notorious for skipping banquets and heading out for cheaper fare.

My compliments to Cindy for her fine cover and interior illos. I also got my bi-monthly dose of Bill Brown and his dragons of reknown.

((Many thanks for the kind words. We've kept the format because, why change a good thing? Politics can too often enter into the editing business as editors are seen (by some folks) as having prestige (power?) that they covet. I got the job because

I had worked with Gilpatrick and he thought I had potential (and would be a "mature" influence on Cobb-ha!). I do enjoy it, and shall miss it. dlb))

Sheila Strickland
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Baker, LA 70714

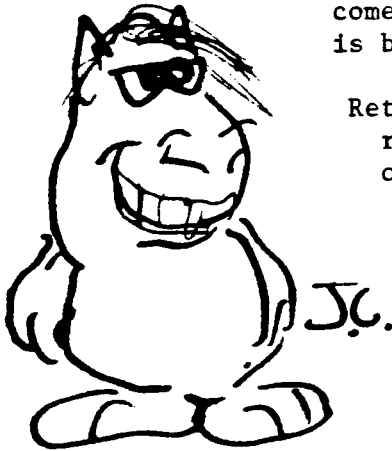
James Van Hise's letter was the low point of #19 for me. He may have had a legitimate complaint about his article being cut; but the sarcastic and nasty tone of his gripes lost my sympathy for him. It may be naive of me. but if we're all fans, can't we all be friends as well? Or at the very least, civil to each other?

I enjoyed Ceceilia's zine reviews. As a sometime contributor and helper on the Baton Rouge SF League News, it was nice to see it receive a favorable review. The putting-together process is something to see--all gather and type, type, type, make typos, misspell words, write incomprehensible group articles, let the Fourriers fill in with artwork, and generally have a good time. This has been going on for three issues now and fandom has survived.

((It would be nice if we could all be friends; apparently the members of BRSFL are and have discovered the basic reason for joining fandom: fun. dlb))

Roy Tackett
915 Green Valley Road NW
Albuquerque, NM 87107

I suppose the best thing we could do to promote the use of solar power is simply to use it when we can. And a lot of people, not just fans, are using it. One of the problems is the difference in concept between the government's proposals and individual use. What the government has in mind for solar power is vast solar generating complexes which can be used by utility companies. These, generally, are quite expensive and not all that efficient. There are a couple of pilot projects in this area which are not all that successful. Individual use of solar power is not encouraged by the government because it means that people become less dependent upon the utility companies and that sort of thing is bad for business.



Retrofitting an older structure for solar can be expensive and the results are not often esthetically pleasing. And there are a lot of charlatans in the business. Anyone who is seriously considering some sort of solar conversion should first of all attend some solar energy seminars, preferably those held by universities or environmental groups where they can get the facts about what can and cannot be done. Stay away from so-called "seminars" held by companies in the business of selling so-called energy equipment for those are nothing more than sales pitches subtly designed to panic the attendee into buying now.

Chrys and I have attended a number of classes and seminars over the past few years and have a pretty good library...and understanding... of solar energy. We are now dickering with some contractors for the addition of a solar room and have scared off a few since we know more about the subject than they do.

Solar heating is practical for many structures and while it won't cut one away from the utility companies completely, it helps reduce the bills. Solar electricity is something else again. Photovoltaic cells are still quite expensive and their use is practical only in remote areas. Under present technology the use of photovoltaics to supply elec-

tricity also calls for the use of 12 volt electrical systems for the cells are simply used to charge a bank of batteries from which power is drawn to run whatever is necessary. When you consider the amount of electricity used in the average home...we're a long way from being able to disconnect from the power company.

And if you know all about that you can ignore all the above.

As one who, presumably, has a longer memory than does Jerry Proctor, I find his speculation in his review of "Moon of Ice" (which I haven't read) to be ridiculous. The Nazis ran a barbaric police state and even Germans were not excluded from the death camps. Nazism was based on racial hatred, for the Jews in particular, but also for all "inferior" races and that particularly included we mongrel Americans. There is no mellowing of that sort of thing. If Proctor thinks there is he should investigate modern Nazism.

((While I didn't know all of the above I do know a few things about solar "power". My parents new home will include passive solar heating and, later, passive water heating. Their biggest "energy savings" will come from the house itself--it's underground (except the southern-most wall which has many windows to let the sun in and the rear atrium which will have windows over the roofline of the rest of the house to allow air flow when needed). Retrofitting is expensive and you can't always add all the items needed to cut energy consumption. dlb))



Nicki Lynch
4207 Davis Lane
Chattanooga, TN 37416

The art work by Cindy Riley is particularly striking and notable. I do hope you will continue to feature her work and that others will request the same from her. (I plan to..)

All the features made good reading. I'm pleased that the move from Jim doing the newszine to your manning the helm has been a good one. (Uh, Jim Gilpatrick, that is.)((I forget that Jim Cobb is also a "Jim".))

I also have some long awaited news about ABCcon-it's on! Yes, the weekend of August 7th (which is a Saturday- what with ABCcons running just on Saturday and winding down on Sunday), 1982, in the Downtown Motor Inn in the hamlet of Dalton, GA will see ABCcon. As usual, there will be NO PROGRAMMING WHATSOEVER except that which the attendees make for themselves. Any and all parties, discussion groups, card games and just plain sitting around the pool is encouraged.

((Cindy's address is Rt. 5, Box 483, Pell City, AL 35125, and she said she would welcome requests for art. (Hope you don't mind the ABCcon plug.) dlb))

David Gerrold
Box 1190
Hollywood, CA 90028

The mention of the Rubik's cube reminds me that I had one of the first ones in this country. (As those who attended a certain Louisiana STAR TREK Con will remember.)

That was a long time ago, though, and now, whenever and wherever I encounter cubes, I quietly dismantle them. (Turn the top level halfway, pry up one of the center cubies and the rest will fall apart.) Leaving a dismantled Rubik's cube sitting on a table is the highest expression of revenge.

((You can also peel off the stickers and replace them so that it appears you've solved the damn thing, but then someone's bound to mess it up again...remind me not to leave my cube lying around.... dlb))

Don D'Amassa
323 Dodge Street
E. Providence, RI 02914

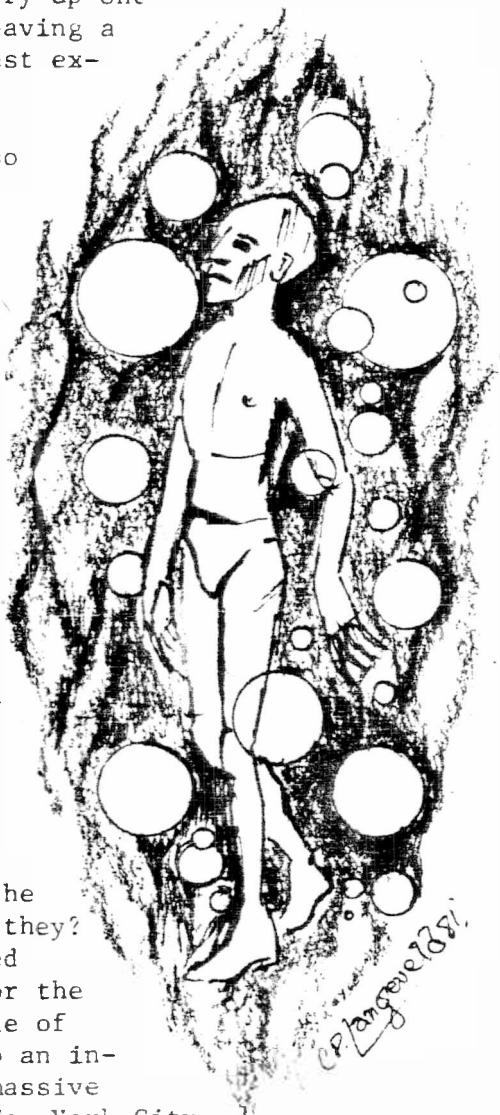
ANVIL was mildly controversial this issue, so I'll jump right into the fray.

Roy Tackett says that 90% of the books being published as SF are really no. In order to make that statement, he presumably reads 90% of it, right? I doubt it. I don't even read that high a percentage, and I'm both indiscriminating and omnivorous in my reading habits. I think I know what he is referring to, however, as this is a common cry of those readers who prefer a more limited, restrictive definition of the field. He's never going to convince me though, and I'm never going to convince him, but it certainly does stand out in a letter column to make claims like that, doesn't it, as well as bolster one's reputation as a curmudgeon.

Diane Fox says that nuclear power is not dangerous in the hands of the "sane and sensible". Who, pray tell, are they? After Three Mile Island and a number of other mismanaged problems, I certainly don't trust the power companies or the federal regulatory agencies/ Let me give you an example of something similar. A few years ago, I was listening to an interview with an industry spokesman who wanted to ship massive amounts of liquified natural gas up the river through New York City. One reporter asked what would happen if the tanks were to explode. The firestorm and explosion, we were told by the industry spokesman no less, would destroy 75% of the buildings on Manhattan and kill 90% of the people. But, he assured us, their computation was that this would happen only once every 70 years.

God save us all from well meaning (?) fools.

((Mildly controversial is what I try to keep ANVIL; comment hooks without a full-scale war. dlb))



%%%

WAHF: Harry J.N. Andruschak, Michael Bishop, Kathi Taylor, Jeannie Corbin, Craig Griffin, Colin Langeveld, Marc Ortlieb, and Rebecca Reeves.

%%%

BSFC meetings: second Saturdays, 7:30pm, Homewood Library. Next meetings: June 19, (the 12th coincides with DSC) and July 10. These dates are probably subject to change due to the fact that it's summer--someone might plan a party instead.

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Art Credits: Doug Chaffee-cover; Cindty T. Riley-2, 4, 5, 10, 11, 13, 16; Bill Brown-3, 7; Wade Gilbreath-9; Jeannie Corbin-12; Unknown Fan-14; Jerry Collins-15; Colin Langeveld-17. ****

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Thanks to Richard Hyde, Cindy Riley, and Linda Riley for help with this issue of ANVIL.

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