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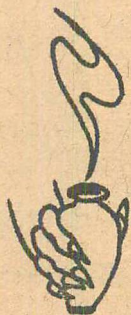
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J. C. C. C.

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EDITORIAL

Welcome to ANVIL 22...

This issue highlights an article by British author Bob Shaw. Bob was GoH at B'hamacon (DSC) last year, and during the spate of dead dog parties following, contributed art and a couple of paragraphs to The TriContinental Oneshot. That was when we learned he signs his fannish stuff with the punnish contraction of his name, "BoSh". Hence, as you may have figured out by now, "BoShcon" -- B'ham's little halfacon in November -- is named for Bob, who will just happen to be in town, and who will be our special guest.

Next month, we will feature an article by well-known Aussiefan Marc Ortlieb. I am sorry to say that Marc does not plan to be in the States anytime soon, or I am sure there would be a "MarCon".

Should you be wondering whatever became of ~~Bob~~ Jim Cobb -- well, he has been visited by that old Chinese curse, "May you live in interesting times", and asked me to produce ANVIL. I ~~graciously~~ graciously consented.

ANVIL, with this issue, is taking a giant step backward from modern Xerox copying, to true-fannish mimeo...not by choice, but of necessity. Bear with us as we relearn the old ways. --cp

H A S - T O - R I D E B E L T

or

A STREETCAR NAMED BIZARRE

--BoSh

I think I'm starting to mature.

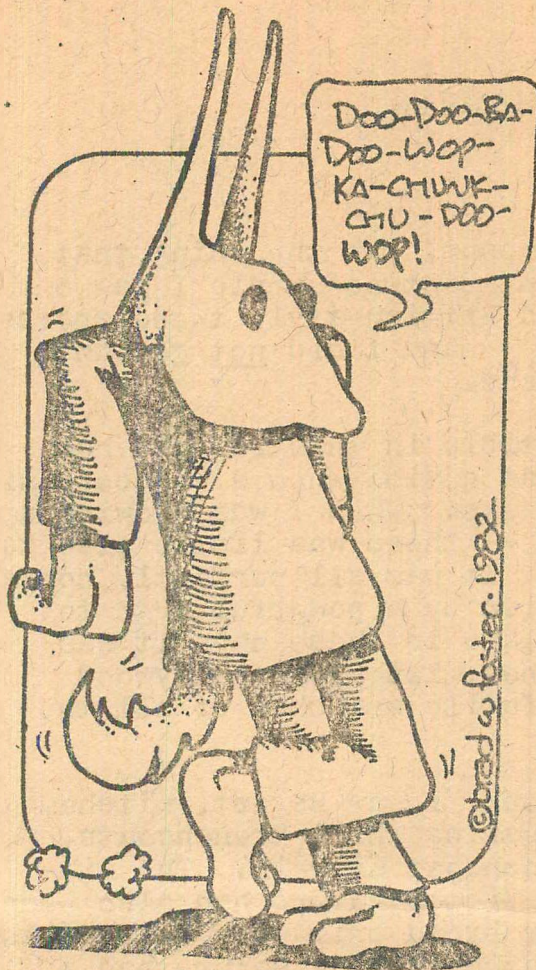
That's something I feared might never happen, but the thing that has made me more hopeful is the old Clint Eastwood movie I saw on TV the other night. Clint was wearing a British-style tweed sports jacket, and he looked really good in it -- and I did not get an urge to dash out and buy a similar garment.

The discovery that I'm no longer susceptible in this respect has come as a great relief, because there was a time when a chance visit to the cinema could upset my life for weeks. When I was growing up in Belfast I went to the pictures a lot -- there was little else to do -- and I used to get hero fixations. It was all perfectly normal, but my hero worship was always accompanied by a powerful urge to dress like the actor concerned. In Ireland in those days it was hard enough to get decent ordinary clothes, let alone Hollywood creations, and I used to waste days in futile searches of all the local outfitters.

My worst experience came when, in one week, I saw Bogart, Mitchum and Victor Mature, and all three were wearing white trenchcoats. That did it! I had to have a white trenchcoat as well. The situation was complicated by the fact that Victor Mature had also been wearing a beautiful hat which had a very broad brim with silk edging. That was another thing I had to have, especially as Mature had a little trick with his headgear which really fired my imagination.

He is the only screen star I know who did most of his acting with his forehead. He had a habit of suddenly raising his eyebrows and creating a splended array of corrugations on his forehead, and when he did this his hat moved visibly upwards. For some reason -- God only knows why -- I thought that was the epitome of glamorous, worldly, transatlantic sophistication, and it became my ambition to wear a broad-brimmed, silk-rimmed hat which would move up and down in close formation with my eyebrows.

Oddly enough, I was able to acquire an acceptable coat and hat almost at once. The material in the trenchcoat seemed rather thin and skimpy compared to Mitchum's -- which appeared to have been hewn from quarter-inch-thick gabardine -- but it was a trenchcoat and it was white and it had little flaps and straps, and a belt which I could choose to tie romantically instead of buckling, or allow to dangle from its loops with insouciant carelessness. The hat was the weakest point in the ensemble because its brim was much too narrow, making it more suitable for a low-ranking Prudential insurance collector, but on the whole I was quite pleased with the outfit. There seemed a reasonable chance that any attractive young woman glimpsing me in the dim smoky light slanting out from the chinashop window would form the impression that I was a private eye, a shady nightclub owner, or -- at the very least -- a gambler on the run from syndicate hit men.



Thus kitted out I felt ready for the big event of the week -- the Saturday night dance.

I went into town early on my own, scorning the company of my usual companions, and had three bottles of Guinness, which in those days was sufficient to render me pale of cheek and wild of eye for the greater part of the evening. Near the end of the dance I turned the full force of my conversational expertise on a girl -- asking her if she went there often and what she thought of the floor, and things like that. I rounded off by imparting the knowledge that the fat one of the three stooges was dead. (At that time I was convinced that a familiarity with the innermost secrets of the stars made me appear cosmopolitan.) Then I suggested escorting the girl home. She agreed, but with an evident lack of enthusiasm which I would have found dispiriting had it not been for the inner glee I felt over my wonderful hidden trump. The trenchcoat and hat were waiting in the cloakroom, and I knew she had only to look at me in them to become hopelessly enamoured.

In the cloakroom I jammed the hat on at the correct Victor Mature angle, practised making it go up and down a few times, then put on the trenchcoat. Due to having spent several hours crushed in among wet raincoats, it seemed even skimpier and was definitely less resplendent than I could have wished. After some deliberation I decided not to try the romantic knotting of the belt, partly because I had developed an uneasy suspicion that with its new network of wrinkles my beloved coat had begun to resemble a Harpo Marx cast-off. Settling for the careless dangling of the belt, I took up a position outside the door of the women's cloakroom and waited. The big moment was at hand.

When the girl eventually emerged I was gazing in her direction with lazy, heavy-lidded eyes. As soon as I was sure she was looking at me I raised my eyebrows to their full extent and was gratified to feel the hat go up with them. I reckoned it had moved a good half-inch, perhaps even three-quarters -- equal to my record. No woman could have failed to be impressed, so I ambled towards the girl with my best Robert Mitchum stroll.

"What's the matter with you?" she demanded severely. "Are you sick?"

"What do you mean?" I said, somewhat taken aback.

"Your eyes are rollin' in your head." She gave me a look of mingled suspicion and distaste. "Are you sure you're not goin' to throw up? I don't like fellas who boke Guinness over themselves."

Deeply offended, I assured her I was in the peak of condition and that the contents of my stomach would not see daylight again until the time and the place were appropriate. We set off to catch the tram to her home. The discovery that she lived on the Crumlin Road -- a thoroughfare which went deep into Republican territory and which I had never been along before -- did nothing to alleviate the gloom which had settled over me. Things were not working out as planned. The girl and I sat down in upstairs window seat facing each other, but the way she stared fixedly out into the rainy darkness made it fairly obvious that this was not the start of something big. I was so desperate that, had I been able to afford to smoke, I would even have tried the old Paul Henreid two-cigarettes-in-the-mouth ploy, despite the risk of pulling a bit of skin off my lip.

"Do you fancy going to see Broken Arrow?" I said. "Jeff Chandle is in it."

"Nah," she demured. "Already seen it in The Ranch."

The picture palace to which she referred derived its popular name from the management's habit of offering an unvarying diet of low-grade Westerns, and it exuded such an air of decaying menace that I wouldn't have ventured through its doors for a pension. The revelation that my newfound flower of Belfast maidenhood was a patron of The Ranch gave me fresh qualm. I -- a policeman's son -- was deep in unknown alien territory on a black, rain-swept night, and for all I knew my companion could be a drill sergeant in the IRA.

"Jeff Chandler is Frankie Laine's brother, you know", I said, offering a piece of folk lore which, although fallacious, remained dear to the hearts of Belfast cinema-goers for decades.

"This is my stop", she replied, standing up as the tram squealed to a halt. "Are you comin'?"

I nodded, slightly heartened by at least having been invited, and with a gentlemanly sweep of the hand allowed her to precede me along the aisle. I stood up to follow, moved one foot forward, and fell back into the seat as something gave my coat a fierce tug from behind.

Barely repressing a whimper of fright, I twisted around to see what had happened. My jaw sagged as I appraised the situation. The old Belfast trams had a slot along the bottom of each window, something to do with winding mechanisms, and somehow the buckle of my belt had dropped into the one beside my seat as I was sitting down. I tugged at the belt but, having got itself inside the window cavity, the cursed buckle had rotated through ninety degrees like a toggle bolt, and it refused to come out.

I called after the girl, but she was halfway down the stairs and didn't hear me. Mouthing horrible swear words, I pulled the belt back and forth along the slot, hoping to disengage it and only succeeding in coating the end of it with filthy black grease.

I tried to snap the belt by brute force, but the material -- in spite of its lack of body -- seemed to have the tensile strength of a ship's hawser. By this time the girl had descended from the tram, and I could see her down on the footpath, looking around for me in some bewilderment.

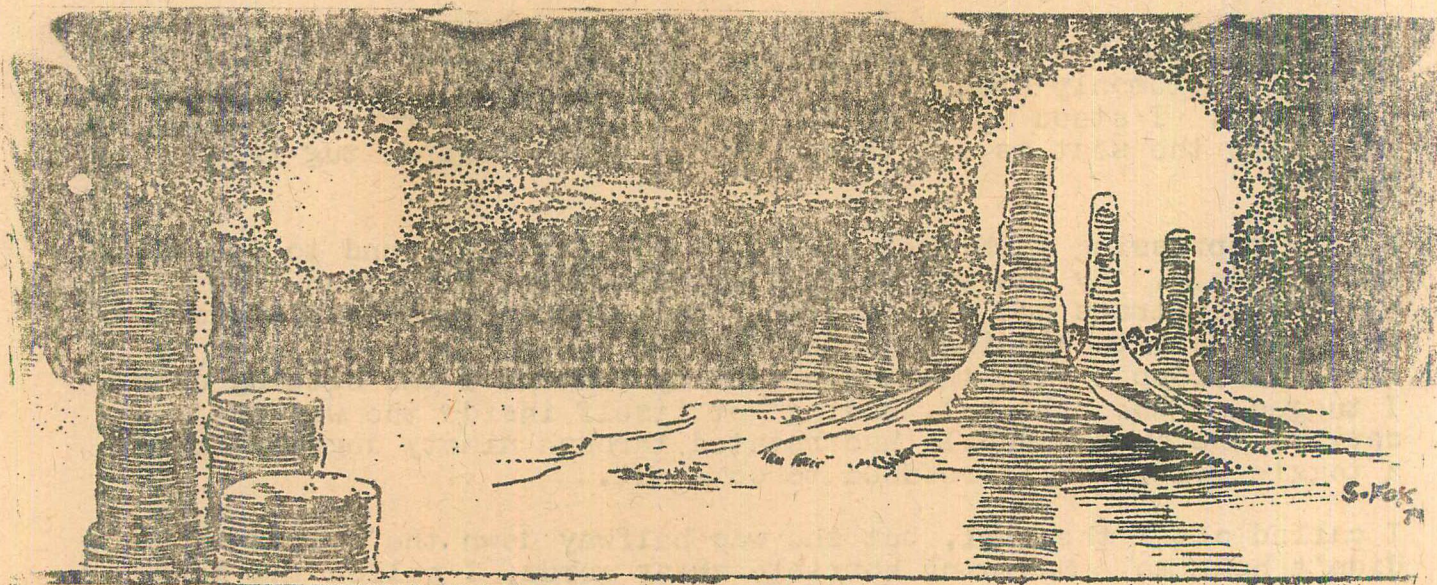
Still hauling frantically on the belt, I pounded the window and she glanced up. I pointed at the trapped buckle, but from her lowly vantage point she couldn't have had any idea what I meant.

And at that moment the conductor rang the bell and the tram moved off.

I'll never forget the look of utter bafflement on that girl's face as I was majestically borne away into the rainy night, tugging and gesticulating and swearing...

It took the tram a couple of minutes to reach the next stop, by which time a superhuman effort on my part had snapped, not the flimsy bloody belt, but the centre bar of the metal buckle. No longer a prisoner, I loped back down the road to the previous tram stop, sweating profusely, and wondering if even my intriguing story about Alan Ladd being only five-foot tall could rescue the occasion from total disaster.

The girl, as is only appropriate in stories like this, was nowhere to be seen, and I never saw her again. Now you can see why I was relieved about not wanting to buy a Clint Eastwood sports jacket, but something else has cropped up in the meantime. I've just seen Robert Taylor in a re-run of Quo Vadis, and I really do think I would make a dashing figure in a Roman helmet and breastplate...



B O O K R E V I E W

by Nancy Brown

"The Restaurant at the End of the Universe", by Douglas Adams
Published by Harmony Books, a division of Crown Pub. Inc. 250 pages.

Patrons of the "Restaurant at the End of the Universe" will definitely find an intriguing menu.

Cocktails are comprised of humor, a double shot of satire (shaken, not stirred) and served on the rocks. The list of appetizers is lengthy but well worth consideration. And the icing on the cake is a confectioner's delight - spicy and just a little bittersweet.

However, the "Restaurant" offers only one entree. It's not lean and the patron will find it somewhat tough and difficult to swallow.

The book, by Douglas Adams, is a sequel to "The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy". It chronicles the further adventures of Arthur Dent and Trillian (Terrans who've escaped Earth before it was destroyed to make room for a hyperspace by-pass), Ford Prefect (researcher for the "Hitchhiker's Guide") and Zaphod Beeblebrox (two-headed, three-handed, ex-president of the Universe). But "Restaurant" does stand on its own; you don't have to read the books in order. Enough references to "Hitchhiker" are made in "Restaurant" to clue the reader in on the past histories of its heroes.

"Restaurant's" greatest merit is its humor. From page one, the reader is propelled from one hilarious encounter to another. Adams breathes imaginative lunacy into the denizens of his universe - animal, vegetable or mineral.

There's a transtellar Cruise Line ship whose passengers have been delayed for 900 years awaiting a load of small lemon-soaked napkins. Then there's Gargravarr, the keeper of the Total Perspective Vortex (a torture machine too intricate to explain here). Gargravarr's body is seeking a divorce from Gargravarr's mind on grounds of incompatibility.

But the most unforgettable character in Adams' menagerie is Marvin, the paranoid robot. In one scene, Marvin outwits a "Frogstar Scout robot class D tank" by playing "20 questions" with it. "What a depressingly stupid machine", Marvin laments when his task is done.

The book is chock full of such memorable creatures and devices. It's too bad "Restaurant's" four major characters aren't imbued with the same qualities.

The quartet is slung around like four wet towels, unable and usually unwilling to pull themselves out of the difficulties they encounter. The reader doesn't get much opportunity to know or sympathize with Beeblebrox, Prefect, Dent or Trillian. It seems their only purpose in the book is to take the reader on a wild joy ride through a topsy-turvy universe and they do an excellent job of it.

As for plot, the inside of the jacket cover explains it best:

"Will they discover the origin of the bathtub?

Will they find the significance of gin and tonic?

Will they find out the question to the answer 42?"

The "questions to the answer" is the icing on "Restaurant" patrons' cakes.

But everyone knows you shouldn't eat your dessert before dinner; it spoils your appetite for a comical and irreverent look at science fiction.

Reservations for "Restaurant at the End of the Universe" may be made through your local bookstore. The cost of the entire meal (excluding tip) is \$7.95 in hardcover.

Bon appetite.

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BSFC SUMMER PARTY!!!!!!!!!!!!

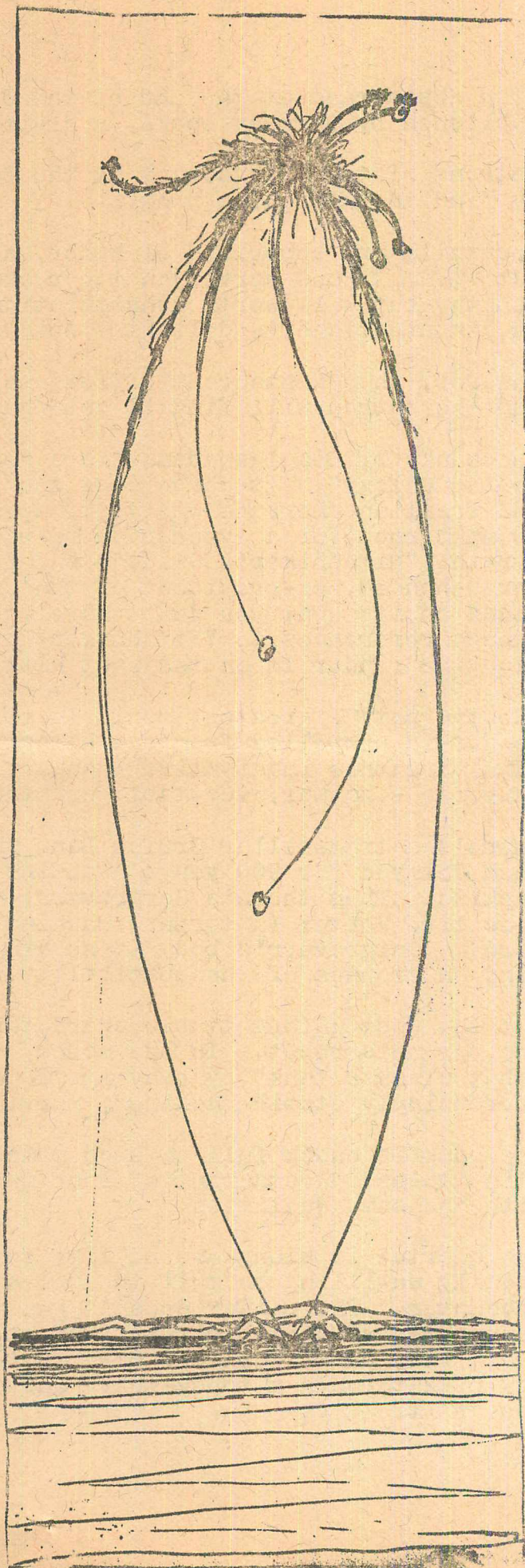
Saturday, August 21, 1982

Cindy & Linda Riley's house

For a ~~good~~ ~~time~~ directions

(and map), call Jim Cobb..

336-1665





# CON REPORT

by Charlotte Proctor

Con\*Stellation I, Huntsville, AL, July 16-18, 1982.

Birmingham was well-represented at Mike & Nelda Kennedy's first 3-day con. Meade and Penny Frierson (and Bill, Meade, Eric), Bill and Nancy Brown, me, Julie Wall, Eric Ackerman, Linda Riley, Adrian Washburn represented BSFC, along with Warren Overton from the L5 Society. And how could one forget Jim Cobb? No matter how hard one tries.

We made opening ceremonies, which GoH Phyllis Eisenstein said were all the same. Lou Moore said several times that she didn't play cards, and co-Fan GoH Ken tried out the local booze. MC andy offutt announced revisions and corrections to the program book: "The third round of the Hearts Tourney is not tentative, but the Spouse Panel is."

With that out of the way, Birmingham Went Swimming! Me and Julie and Eric and Jim and Linda and Warren spent a delightful two hours splashing, ducking, swimming, diving and in general acting silly. Linda judged the diving contest... "Well, I don't have my contacts in", she said, "and about all I can say is that you all hit the water."

The after-swim chow-down was held in the Waffle House, during which we all six crammed ourselves ~~with food~~ into one booth.



Saturday I visited the Art and Hucksters rooms... but having no money to spend, didn't hang around. Lotsa good stuff on display and for sale.

The Birmingham group attended the Artist's panel en masse, as local artist Bill Brown was on it, along with Charlie Williams, Kevin Ward and others. Actually, you know how neos go to programming because they don't know what else to do, and when you aren't a neo anymore you never go to programming (you've seen one artist's panel, you've seen them all)? Well, that is not necessarily the case. I thoroughly enjoyed this panel, and there seemed to be new questions and answers after all. There was good feedback from the audience. I also went to the science panel, as I love to hear that people are actually doing what we in SF talk about...making our dreams come true, so to speak.

Pool party time again! Ken had brought two very large inner tubes, Ray Jones was taking pictures, and Birmingham dived right in. How many people can you get in/on an innertube?

After the banquet which I didn't attend, but which Penny said had outstanding fried chicken, there was a worldcon bidcom meeting. You can read all about it in the SFC bulletin. It went on for hours, but we came out of it with one bid. Because of said bidcom meeting, I missed the art auction and masquerade. I have it on good authority that \$2,000 changed hands at the auction!



This was a real good Southern con...smallish...206 paid memberships plus assorted freebies. The con ran smoothly, there were no glitches that I knew of, everyone had a great time, including evidently the concom, as they plan to do it again next year...in March.

Brownie Points are awarded to the concom for having available in the consuite, instead of junk food munchies, health food munchies!

#####  
HIGHLIGHTS OF RIVERCON VII, July 23-25, 1982...

Penny Frierson saying "It seems I have been promoted from being in charge of parties to being Ken Moore's flunky"...

Cindy T. Riley selling a piece of art at auction for \$90.....

Larry Jewell taking Masquerade Best of Show as "The Illustrated Fan"...

Filksinging by Julie Eckland...a real Class Act...

#####  
Program Notes....

September, 1982 -- BSFC Charter Member David Mann returns with the inside story of the shuttle.

October, 1982 -- It worked last time. So we'll have another Halloween Masquerade.

November, 1982 -- A very Special Event with a very Special Guest. Stay tuned!

#####  
Treasurer's Report....



|                    |          |
|--------------------|----------|
| Beginning Balance  | \$171.45 |
| Income - dues      | 38.30    |
| Outgo - postage    | 26.80    |
| Outgo - Suncatcher | 54.60    |
| Ending Balance     | \$128.55 |

#####  
MELBOURNE

in '85....

ATLANTA

in '86....  
#####



## C L U B   N O T E S

Forged Minutes: The Motionless Meeting, by Wade Gilbreath in the absence of Secretary Julie Wall.

May 15, 1982, 7:52 p.m., Jim Phillips pointed at the clock on the wall, and President Jim Cobb realized it was time to start a meeting already 20 minutes to the good.

Jim's first order of business was to pass on a "Hello" from Marcy Brackett in Provo, Utah. Because an enthusiastic chorus of return "hellos" disrupted the usual, glassy BSFC calm, some moments passed before it was noticed that Jim had slipped to the floor crying... "Marcy, oh, Marcy".

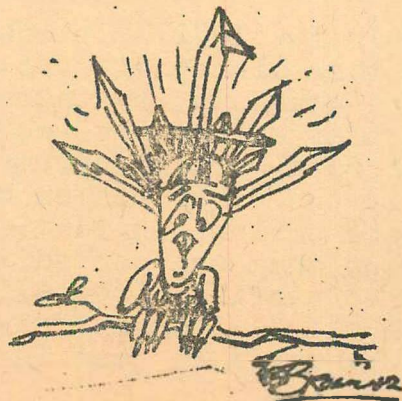
In an attempt to cover for the stricken President, VP Charlotte Proctor reminded people of the May 31 deadline for giving their addresses, phone numbers and personal info to Debbie Burden for the new club directory. Several people responded that they had lost the directory sheet they were supposed to fill out. Thinking fast, Charlotte directed that a sheet be passed so that the Directory would at least contain a few names and addresses.

At this point, Pres. Cobb recovered enough to protest this action on the basis of too much confusion. This left just about everyone in that state. Someone, less confused than Rent-a-Sec Gilbreath, pointed out that more than one address on a sheet of paper was not necessarily confusing. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

To cover his embarrassment, Pres. Cobb announced the imminent departure of dlbunden for the wilds of married life in Nashville; a departure so imminent, in fact, that it appeared she was already gone. Merlin Odom demanded to know where this left the club directory. V.P. Proctor shrugged, Cindy Riley said, "Nashville, of course", and Pres. Cobb side-stepped the issue by announcing that Jane Grey had ~~100115411~~ agreed to take dlb's place as treasurer.

Under the assumption that visual aids relieve boredom, Pres. Cobb next displayed the newly printed club flyer executed by Bill Brown. Jim Phillips inquired if his suggestion, "For a good time, call Jim Cobb, Male Prostitute", had been incorporated. The President laughed nonchalantly and then blanched as he realized his phone number really was on the flier.

Jim Bob Cobb announced that since the DeepSouthCon fell on June 12, our regular meeting date, we would again meet on the third Saturday in June. Jim Phillips gleefully pointed out that our brand new fliers were kaput for June.. Pres. Cobb said, "Yes, well..." and let it go at that.





On July 20, the L5 Society wants the club to have a display at UAB during National Space Week. Con reminders followed, and Penny Frierson huckstered Atlanta in '86 t-shirts.

Merlin introduced Tom Goad's well-received talk on the Tarot.

We ran for pizza at 8:49 p.m.

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June 19, 1982, 7:50 p.m. Jim Cobb began the meeting by observing that it might be to our benefit to distribute the club flyer about town, seeing as how the number at our meetings seem to be dwindling of late. Fliers for regional cons were distributed, directory info requested, and newcomers introduced themselves.

We had our annual club t-shirt report. VP Charlotte Proctor said she knew where we could get them done for \$5 apiece. "Now all we need is a design", she said, glaring at Cindy Riley, the only club artist present. Warren Overton said he knew where we could get them done even cheaper. It was resolved that as soon as we have a design we would check this place out.

After much ado, we decided to have our Summer Party on Saturday, August 21, at Linda and Cindy Riley's home in Cook Springs. It was announced that next month's meeting would be held when it was supposed to be, and that the Birmingham Club will be bidding for DSC in '84.

Treasurer Jane Grey announced that we would send the mysterious Suncatcher monies we had found (\$54.60 less \$10 to Cliff Biggers for original Suncatcher mailing expenses) to Jim Gilpatrick to help pay for the Atlanta suite at Chicon.

Finally, having done away with business, we all settled back to listen to Warren tell us about the model asteroid mining station he and some fellow engineering students at UAB had designed. Once again, Program Director Merlin Odom had found us a fascinating presentation that enables us to say that we really do do something besides give backrubs and eat pizza.

Then we went and ate pizza.

-- Julie Wall.

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July 10, 1982. It was weird, having two meetings so close together like that. We got started pretty much on time and began the usual way by introducing a whole slew of newcomers. Then, wonder of wonders, we had another discussion on club t-shirts wherein Merlin reported that he could get them even cheaper than all the other places mentioned before. The prices he quoted were so low, in fact, that VP Proctor said from the back of the room that she wanted to see these t-shirts. From this we went into a brief discussion of what color these tentative t-shirts should be. Penny Frierson, also in the back of the room observed "Why don't we just let the artist(s) who design it decide?"



WHAT'S SO EVIL  
ABOUT GETTING  
HIGH?



EVIL HIGH PRIEST

Adrian Washburn took the opportunity to announce that Con\*Stellation is being held in Huntsville next weekend. He was looking for a fourth to go in his car and share expenses.

Warren Overton, who apparently so enjoyed our last month meeting that he came back for this one, reminded us about JAB's Space Week, which falls directly after Con\*Stellation and about how he wanted us to set up a club table for it. There was much conversation on who would staff the table and what we would have on it. Much was decided, not the least of which was that Ward Smith would definitely have to bring his sculpture, "Atoma, Post-Holocaust Housewife...aring Young Mother of 2.5"

It was more or less announced that Penny Frierson would chair B'ham's DSC in '84, if we win the bid. Charlotte brought us up to date on B'Shcon, and Penny mentioned that not only did she have new colors in the Atlanta t-shirts, she was also selling presupporting memberships in that institution.

After all the business was over, we sat back and listened to Mrs. Florence Klaker, an art teacher from Ramsay High School. Mrs. Klaker teaches a course every year entitled "Science Fiction Art". She told us how she has her students design entire alien worlds, feasible ones, along with written backup work. She brought along quite a collection of examples of their work for us to see, so it was an all-round show. We stayed at the library for quite a while after her talk, just looking. When we finally did leave, it was for Pizza, of course.

Unfortunately, when we arrived at our usual place, Pasquale's, it was jam-packed. Pasquale's was having a "sixties" night with what were supposedly sixties prices and with radio station WSGN there playing sixties music. We all stood around outside wondering what to do when our fearless leader, Jim Cobb, finally arrived and sped us along to the final decision (over Penny's objections) to run across the street, Valley Avenue on Saturday night, no less, to the Mr. Gatti's there. Well, some of us ran. The less ~~xxx~~ brave members of the party retreated to their cars to drive across.

-- Julie Wall



# ZINES...

Reviewed by Cecilia Martinez

THIS HOUSE #13 -- John A. Purcell, 3381 Sumner Ave. So., St. Louis Park, MN 55426

I don't really feel very strongly about THIS HOUSE one way or the other. THIS HOUSE is a competently done 'zine, but I found little in it of real interest. Yet another editorial on the problem of the "fanzine" Hugo. If this issue is ever resolved, I don't know what faneds will have to talk about. I think it comes up like this: "Well, I've got another editorial to do, what'll it be this time? Aha! the fanzine Hugo!" As if an editorial had never been written on the subject before. A Rubik's Cube article by K. Adrian Bedford, "The Best \$10.00 I Ever Spent", on how his cube elicited comments, and actually got strangers to talk to each other everywhere he went. I found the article to be mildly interesting. What was most interesting to me was the article on the division of the fannish USofA -- how several persons (John Purcell, Steve Miller, Dennis Jarog, Mary T. Murphy, Leslie David, Laurraine Tutiase, and Maia) perceived the regions of fandom to be divided, a collective essay evidently generated by a fannish map published in the previous issue. In all the different views Alabama made it into the South or Southeast of Fannish America. But in one case Louisiana made it into the Southwest, and in another the Midwest dipped all the way down into Arkansas (which I might agree with) and parts of Tennessee and Mississippi (which I find it difficult to agree with). However, I believe that Florida should be separate from the rest of the South. Besides being separate in the fannish sense, finding the true native born Floridian is like trying to find the true native born Californian. You know they're there, but where? I was not quite happy with this 'zine's layout. It was good for the most part, but it was copy heavy with the illos used being too much of the same size. It could have benefitted greatly from some page-wide horizontal illos. Maps of the US took care of this in the latter half of the 'zine, but that's not what I'd call an illo. Altogether, THIS HOUSE comes somewhere near the middle of the scale with \*\*\*.

THIS HOUSE is available for the usual or \$1.00 per copy.

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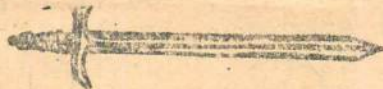
WESTWIND #59 -- Elizabeth Warren c/o NWSFS, PO Box 24207, Seattle, WA 98124

WESTWIND is the clubzine of the Northwest Science Fiction Society, which was more or less responsible for NORWESCON 5. Therefore this issue of WESTWIND consisted mostly of wrap reports from various departments on the con. If we can believe the reports (and we have no reason not to) the convention was well run with no major hassles. The reports gave the facts and also large passages of "Thanks to Phred Fan and company my department was run without a hitch..." In spite of this it made me wish that I had been there. I might be able to venture to the great northwest one of these days, but I'm sure that Washington is a mythical place (the state, not DC, After all, we need no reassurances that DC is a mythical place, we know...)



In previous issues of NW I had found it to be rather light on articles, being a clubzine with a vengeance (possibly due to lack of submissions..sound familiar to all you faneds out there?) A science fact article by John G. Cramer, "Faster than Light, Backwards in Time", dealt with FTL communication and why it is impossible, then proceeded to say why it just might be possible. Unfortunately this article attempted to explain in the most basic terms what is not a basic subject no matter how you look at it, and I wound up more confused than when I started out. I rather think that I would need more background on the subject before I could understand even this lay explanation. An article disguised as short fiction by Frank Catalano and Joel Anthony Davis is by any other name still a Feghoot in my book. A perfectly awful Feghoot, too, but is there any other kind? You may have read in fanzine reviews elsewhere that WESTWIND is a "graphically stunning" 'zine, and it is. NW always has high quality art, some of the best cover art I've seen on any zine, (in the past they've featured such notables as Victoria Poyser, Lela Dowling, Randy "Tarkas" Hoar). The layout, I might as well say it, is professional. A departure from the norm, however, is the fact that this 'zine does not print locs (this month was an exception) and they run advertising. In spite of all this, however, nothing really clicked for me with NW and I'll give it \*\*\* $\frac{1}{2}$ .

WESTWIND is available (I assume) for the usual.



For those of you who haven't come across it yet, I use the asterisk method of grading fanzines reviewed. That is to say, one of the little biggers (\*) or even fractions thereof for a perfectly awful 'zine, and five (\*\*\*\*\*) for a perfect zine. Five asterisk fanzines, like five star hotels, are few and far between. I'm thinking of giving one of the zines reviewed during the year an honorary five asterisk rating come the end of the year as the most perfect that it has been my honor to run across (vision: fanzine upon the floor and myself galloping back and forth upon it). Other fanzines received:

ASFO/AWN #11

BCSFAZINE #108

CHATSFIC NEWS #10

DASFAX Vol. 14, #4

DILLINGER RELIC #22

FILE 770 #31

HOLIER THAN THOU #11

LUNATION #3 & 4

Q36 #1

RHUBARB SUMMER 81/82

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #43

VECTOR #1

SMART ASH #18



## E.T. PHONE HOME

YOUR MS IS RETURNED  
HEREWITH. NO MOOSE E.T.  
ESCAPED FROM NO FLYING  
SAUCER, NO WAY!



For all of us who are sick and tired of aliens being depicted as the "Beastly Thing from the Great Unknown Come to Conquer Earth" the movie E.T. is a welcome relief and a must-see. Spielberg works his Close Encounters magic on a more intimate scale to show the personal relationship between a marooned estraterrestrial and an earthling family. According to Spielberg in other interviews, the treatment of E.T. came straight from his childhood dreams, and if, so, his concept is much more in line with my own than the "horrible monster" one. He made the exterior expressions match the more important interior feelings and basic intelligence of any creature capable of interstellar flight.

The movie begins with a really functional spaceship, a celestial tug built for the maintenance of botanical samples, and the crew of other-worldly gardeners gathering examples of earth flora. One of these gentle beings wanders away to view suburbia from a hill in the moonlight. His reverie is shattered by horns blaring and carlights/flashlights searching. He hurries away from the ruckus but misses an emergency lift-off. Seeking a haven in the confusion, he accepts shelter from a ten-year-old boy, Elliot, with whom he establishes empathic rapport. (The movie barely touches on the difficulties with empathy and dual-personality.) Elliot, his teenage brother and younger sister, after a few adventures, notably one with the federal government trying to intervene, eventually help E.T. get to a rendezvous with his spaceship where a really touching farewell scene takes place. E.T. is able to communicate reams with the very few words he has learned during his stay on earth.

The family scenes generated by these actors are so familiar that I felt a part of the action and the classic gags and vaudeville comedy performed by E.T. are really priceless. Spielberg makes every situation real and brings it on home. Steve Bullock, ANVIL 21 poet, mentioned to me that the movie brings out the uncynical child in each of us.

One of my favorite scenes was Elliot introducing E.T. to his brother's school friends. One of them said, "Why doesn't he just beam up?" Elliot, in exasperation, replied, "This is reality, Greg". This is unquestionably an excellent treatment of first contact. I plan to see it again if the crowds will just thin out some.

-- Warren Overton



An editorial aside.....

Wade Gilbreath here. It seems, I've been ~~replaced~~ placed in charge of ANVIL locs. It happened this way. Charlotte Proctor and Jim Cobb approached me after a club meeting not too long ago.

"Wade", said Jim, "It's time you got back into the swing of things."

"Yes", echoed Charlotte, "and we've got just the thing."

"Er...what's that?" I asked with the sudden dread of a person who has just received an unexpected letter from the IRS.

"We want you to handle the ANVIL locs", chorused the pair.

Perhaps if I play dumb, I thought without much hope..."Well, not having had any course work in hydraulics, perhaps someone else... Er, I've seen the lock at Wheeler Dam, of course, but I don't think that qualifies me..."

"Close enough", said Jim.

"Exactly", said Charlotte as she handed me a pile of Post Office abused letters.

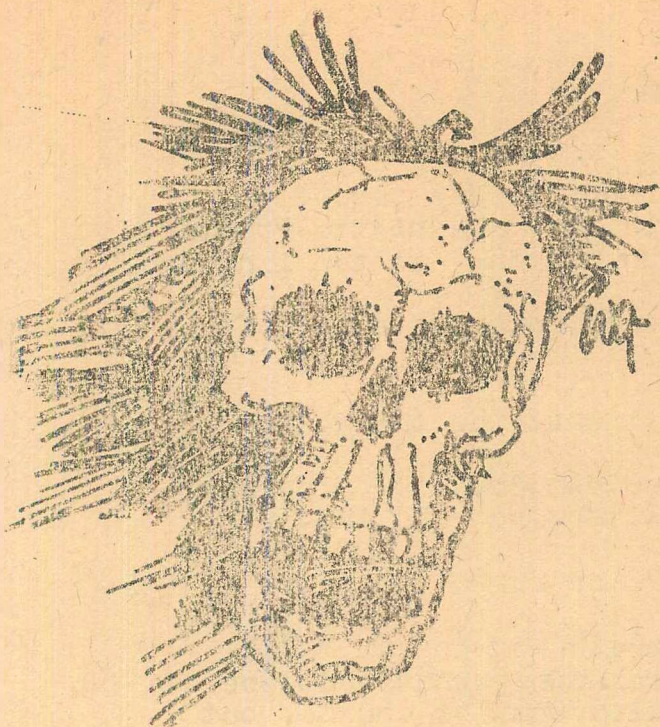
Well, here goes. Now, let's see. If I pull this lever, the letters flow in, and if I pull this lever, the letter column flows out...

LOCS/LOCS/LOCS/LOCS/LOCS/LOCS/LOCS/LOCS/LOCS/LOCS/LOCS/LOCS/LOCS/

Jerry Proctor      Who's this Roy Tackett who doesn't like my  
8325 7th Ave. So. review of "Moon of Ice"? Hell, fellow, I  
B'ham, AL 35206      was round when the Nazis were on the rampage.  
And as for "modern Nazism", there ain't no  
such thing today. We have a bunch of weirdos who like to play  
dress-up mit hackenkreutz und old Italian army helmets. It's  
Roy's memory that's folded up on him. Nothing, but nothing,  
ever stays the same. Nazism is gone forever and it isn't ever  
coming back. Even if it had survived World War II it would  
have been forced to change -- even as communists have been  
made to sing a different tune by the reality of nuclear war.

Mongols were the Nazis of the 13th century. They didn't hate  
just Jews and slavs; they took it out on everybody who wasn't  
a Mongol. In proportion to their world's population they prob-  
ably killed more people than Adolf and his gang. But once a  
conquest was complete they became relatively tolerant masters.  
Later they changed again, blended in with the native populations  
and the Mongol empire vanished.





Sorry, Roy, but the Hindus were right. You can't stick your toe in the same river twice. Even the super-racial SS changed radically between 1939 and 1945. Before the war chugged to a halt, manpower shortages compelled Himmler to recruit Danes, Frenchmen, Moslems and even a handful of Indians captured from the British.

I am forever amazed at the number of people who, like Roy, are hung up on WW II -- and who know so little about it. Count the number of movies you've seen lately about the bad, old Nazis. Christ, they've been gone for 37 years! You seen any flicks recently about the massacres in Cambodia? Afghanistan? Viet Nam? China? This

is genocide going on right under your noses at this very moment. Yet look at TV and what do you see? Vanessa Redgrave with a shaved head. Go to the movies and what confronts you? Bad old GIs running amok in Viet Nam, or 37-year-old replays of the concentration camps.

Granted the Nazis were a memorable bunch, but I think they've been overplayed. I'd like to see a movie about an Afghan guerilla fighter whose family has been wiped out by poison gas and helicopter gunship fire...as the first scene opens he is carving the entrails from a bad, old Russian with a long, sharp knife... But I'm not going to hold my breath until Hollywood makes this picture. It smacks too much of reality.

((Now that Jerry has struck back at his detractor, we'll let a reader strike back at ANVIL.))

Tony A. Cannon  
Box U-122  
College Heights  
Bowling Green, KY

Nice cover. I take it from your editorial you didn't have a lot of time to put into this issue. I'm sure this explains the rather, shall we say, meager insides under that nice cover.

Since I haven't seen "Quest for Fire", I can't comment on the substance of Richard Hyde's review. But since he thought it not fit fare for the kids, I wonder what he thinks about the film being assigned to many overseas children by their schools?







((I'm not exactly pro-nuclear. I'm more anti-anti-nuclear. It strikes me as a somewhat trendy enviromental issue that is loaded with misinformation. I've always felt that increased coal use is a far more damaging prospect. Another area that seems far more threatening than any nuclear accident is the unchecked accumulation of environmentally lethal chemical by-products. This is a ticking bomb that future society will have to pay for.))

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Harry Warner, Jr. The 21st ANVIL is at hand, looking as spot-  
423 Summit Ave. less and unruffled as if you'd enclosed it  
Hagerstown, MD in an Anvilope. Someone in the group must  
possess some secret power over the postal  
people to get the fanzine handled so  
carefully through the mails.

I hope Steve Bullock's poem is all poetry, but not the very highest variety of poetry which is supposed to contain more ultimate truth than any other use of language can convey. What worries me is the possibility that the climax of the poem might be based on reality. Several newspaper stories in recent months in respect to slight changes in the sun's characteristics have sounded exactly like the imaginary newspaper stories quoted at the start of several long-ago prozine stories about frantic efforts to move Earth's population to another planet because the sun was on the verge of exploding or shriveling up or doing something equally unsatisfactory.



Cindy Riley's con report conveys very well a special significance to me, the way cons have changed and how unlikely it is that I would feel comfortable at most cons these days. There wasn't such a thing as a game room the last time I attended a worldcon about halfway through the 1970s, for instance. There was no Dr. Who subfandom yet. Nor was there a costume party, although there was a masquerade contest. All things considered, I think I'd better continue to stay away from cons until the petroleum supply dries up, causing cons to become the small and unelaborate events they used to be, which would make them much more congenial to my way of congoing.

"Quest for Fire" sounds from this review like one of the few recent fantasy-type movies in which lots of nudity and violence seem natural results of the setting and plot, instead of elements spliced in for no particular reason except to appeal to people who want nudity and violence in movies.



But I wonder if Hollywood isn't missing a good opportunity for a movie depicting the invention of fire in the primitive world, as a parable on today's situation. The film could have the inventors of fire under attack by groups who point out that fire will inevitably cause people and possessions to be burned beyond repair in case of accident. There would be scenes in which other protestors would prove how much air pollution would result if fire were put to use in daily life.

Petitions would be circulated among a tribe in an effort to persuade its elders to ban fire, despite reports that other tribes have begun to use this dangerous new substance. One feeble-minded old man who had helped invent fire would be stoned to death before the audience's eyes for his blasphemous claims that the benefits of fire might be greater than the inevitable troubles created by its misuse and accidents.

Krsto Mazuranic's loc is an impressive summary of communication problems in Europe's fandoms. But I'm old enough to be suffering from a similar problem within the English language. Every year it seems as if there are new additions to the enormous accumulation of English words which I have been forced to try to remember not to use because they have fallen into disgrace after having been quite valid while I was young: mistress, drunk (as a noun), halfwit, feminine, Negro, convict, and dozens of others. Then there are the communication problems because the meaning of some words has changed without anyone having officially proclaimed that fact. It's just the past year or two since I woke up to the fact that boy friend and girl friend are more apt to mean today a partner in common law marriage than what they used to mean, and nowadays Hagerstown waitresses must ask the person who orders a soda if he wants what soda always meant here or a soft drink, the meaning the word has in many deeper parts of the South; until a couple of decades ago there weren't enough people migrating northward to Hagerstown for the other use to appear here.

But I might be able to puzzle out some of the meaning of fanzines published in continental Europe. I have a slow but fairly good reading knowledge of Russian and I've followed operas by Janacek, Smetana and Dvorak with librettos in Czech often enough





to have picked up an elementary acquaintance with that tongue. Other Slavic languages have enough similarities to those two to be a sort of solvable cryptogram for me. My finest achievement was the time I wrote a loc on a fanzine published in Swedish or Norwegian, I forget which. I don't know anything about either language, but someone sent me an issue because it contained a

translation of something I'd written. I created a loc by looking for names of individuals and English titles of books and movies in its pages, and rattling on and on about those people and creations without regard for the context in which they may have been mentioned in the fanzine. Its editor, who could read and write English, told me it was the longest loc he received on that issue and the loc which stuck closest to its contents instead of rambling about other matters.

((I certainly enjoyed your Hollywood scenario. With just a little elaboration it would make the kind of wildly satiric short story that John W. Campbell used to run in Analog.)



Buck Coulson

Route R 3

Hartford City, Ind.

Mazueanick's letter is obviously my cue to say that Southern is no more intelligible than Croat and probably less literate, but I do hate to exaggerate, even a teeny bit.

(A former coworker did say that when he was in the army and stationed in the South he didn't understand a word that was said to him the entire time he was there, but then Al didn't hate to exaggerate...)

I do object to his statement that Australians speak English, though, and I bet any Australian readers will also correct this. Australians talk Strine. (Except for Eric Lindsay, who manages an approximation of the English language.) Australians write English, but they don't talk it.

Ah, but the object of a large room for the wargammers is to keep them penned up and segregated from higher forms of life such as fans. If the room is too crowded, some of them might be tempted to go out for some fresh air. (Veteran wargammers wouldn't, of course, but the newer players haven't been indoctrinated as heavily.)





I've been wondering about seeing "Quest for Fire"; maybe I won't bother. I don't quite see the objection to living in a bog in winter -- didn't it freeze over? Our bogs up here do. And if it was cold, no, there weren't any snakes; they hibernate. And of course if there were snakes they were used for food. Also insects, larva, and anything else that would supply a little protein. You mean the movie had all this sex and violence and missed out on the chance to not only gross out the entire audience but do it authentically? No cannibalism? I know I won't bother seeing it. Anyway, if the tribe was "barely into sharpened sticks" they were presumably hunters and carrion eaters, and aside from the reptiles, insects, etc., there is as much game in a bog in winter as there is in summer. (Unless, of course, these humans were wandering around in a world of reptiles, but Hyde didn't mention that as an error, so presumably the wildlife was mostly mammalian and insectoid.)

Technical error on D'Ammassa's part. No, Tackett doesn't have to read 90% of the books being published. Since D'Ammassa is a sometime reviewer, one assumes that he feels that one can find out something about a book by reading a review of it. Even without reading reviews, you only have to read each non-science-fiction book long enough to determine that it's not stf. This may take a couple of chapters or a couple of sentences, but certainly doesn't require reading the entire thing. One does, of course, have to have access to well over 90% of current stf, or to reviews of it, but the actual reading required is certainly no more than the average fan does. (Of course, I doubt that Roy or anyone actually reads that way, which is why I said it was a technical error; it could be done that way.)

((Unintelligible, indeed. You, suh, are what give Yankees their damn name.))



Harry Andruschak      ANVIL seemed a bit slim as far as picking  
P. O. Box 606      up things to hang a LoC on. I did notice  
La Canada-Flintrdg.      the report of CoastCon. It confirms my  
California      belief that "game rooms" are a waste of  
valuable function space, and gamers should  
be encouraged to play in their rooms. This would have the side  
benefit of having more rooms booked for the con, making the  
hotel happy, and probably lowering rates for function space.  
Also, it would ease the crowding.

((Wargamers have always been a very innocuous breed at Southern  
conventions. They arrive on Friday, play games for 49 hours,  
and leave on Sunday. If that's what they want to do and are  
willing to pay their membership, I'm all for giving them a  
small room, if it's available.))

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Sheila Strickland      Sorry to read of dlburden leaving; she'll  
Rt. 1, Box 386B      be missed. The issues have been a nice  
Baker, LA 70714      blend of reports, reviews, features and  
locs with artwork used well.

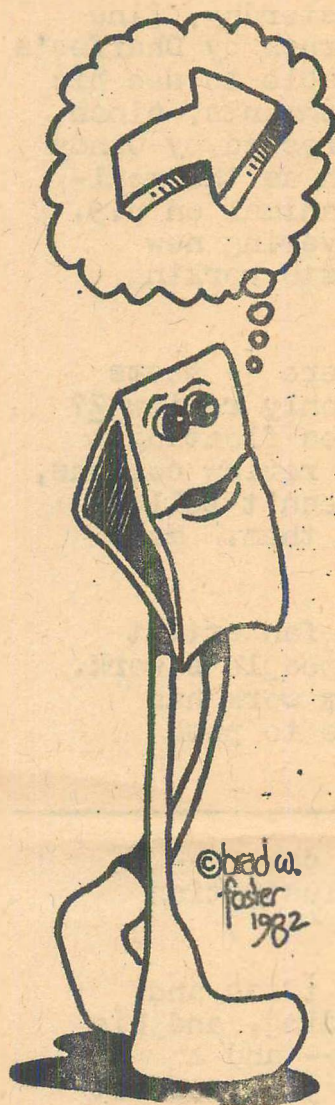
I was particularly interested in Cindy Riley's CoastCon report,  
since I attended all the CoastCons and usually manage to have  
a good time. They've never had a great deal of emphasis on  
art; the first year or so had a strong games orientation, the  
last year or so film and video has gotten more emphasis. The  
con did seem to have more problems this year -- not only the  
preppies, but with the young golfers, and the unblocked rooms.  
Saturday night the BRSFL attempted to hold a bid party for the  
DSC in 2001. (We figure by then we'll be ready to hold a con.)  
The crawfish daiquiris were popular, but the filksinging got  
us chased up to the hospitality suite, then back down to the  
function rooms. Supposedly the hotel wants us back next year,  
but not the preppies. Now if they can be convinced to block  
the rooms again as they did last year, it will be a great help.

An alternative to peeling off the stickers on a Rubik's cube  
to solve it, is to peel off the stickers, re-arrange them so  
it cannot be solved, then hand it to someone who can solve them  
and see how long it takes for them to realize what you've done.

((Crawfish daiquiries? The mind and stomach reel.))







David Palter  
1811 Tamarind Ave. #22  
Hollywood, CA 90028

In general the  
features this  
issue are reason-  
able and interest-

ing. One, however, is a bit puzzling. In Phyllis Light Griggs' book review, she describes the book Genesis by W. A. Harbison, as being based on a little known but totally documented fact, taken from newspapers and scientific papers. She does not explicitly say what this fact is, although she does indicate that it has something to do with an experimental Nazi plane, the Foo Fighter (can this name be for real?)

She then describes the Foo Fighter as being (among other things) able to fly at super speeds and become invisible at will. It is not clear whether she means that the Foo Fighter as described in this novel has those features, or whether it is a totally documented fact that the Nazis had developed a military plane with those features. In the latter case, it would be difficult to see why such planes were not used to greater advantage by the Nazis during the war, unless perhaps they were developed just at the end when it was too late to get them into use, in which case we could still have expected that some of this technology, like that of the V-2 rocket, would be appropriated and used by the conquering powers. While moving at "super speeds" (however fast that may be) is something we already can do, the invisibility feature does not seem to be in use. One would hardly expect such

technology to disappear, after being, as the review says, totally documented in newspapers and scientific papers. Ah well, who knows? Maybe the planes are made invisible by simply painting them sky blue, as camouflage.

Although I have a great deal of hope for the possible benefits of the Solar Power Satellite (which incidentally is the answer to Krsto Mazuranic's demand for a workable, pragmatic alternative to nuclear power) I nonetheless must agree with Roy Tackett that the best way to promote solar power is to use it when we can, as the SPS would require a major financial commitment on a national level, which is unlikely to be forthcoming. Every individual use of solar power does help.



Brad W. Foster      Got a copy of ANVIL 21 just yesterday, fine  
4109 Pleasant Run      little pub. Was especially struck by Chaffee's  
Irving, TX 75062      cover. Where else might I be able to see his  
work? Continuing on the art comments, since  
I feel best able to comment on that, was also impressed by Cindy  
Riley's work, with the variety of approaches, such as the real-  
istin figure on page 4 and the more cartoon-like animal on p.5.  
Best part of finding new zines like this is discovering new  
people. There are probably hundreds of fine artists working  
in the fanzines I have yet to see.

Can see one great problem with the zine reviews here -- seems  
you got in 22 issues of 15 different titles, but only review 2?  
Give me a break! With the large number of fanzines floating  
around, only way to keep track of them is through review columns,  
and just a listing of titles and issue numbers doesn't tell if  
it would be worthwhile or not to look into any of them. More  
reviews!

((I'm also impressed by Cindy Riley's work. As a fan artist  
for the past ten years I've scrutinized a lot of people's work.  
Some improve, some don't. In a short time Cindy's work has  
improved dramatically, and I think she'll continue to push  
herself. She's someone to watch.))

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Diane Fox      ANVIL 20 -- another Cindy Riley cover -- I  
Box 129 P.O.      half expected that it was an illustration  
Lakemba NSW 2195      for a story inside the zine.  
Australia

Merlin Odom's article about the ideas and  
inspirations behind his poetry was well worth reading, and his  
poem "Sword" was a good example of what he means -- and a  
beautifully imaged poem. Cindy Riley's beautiful piece of art-  
work was most notable.

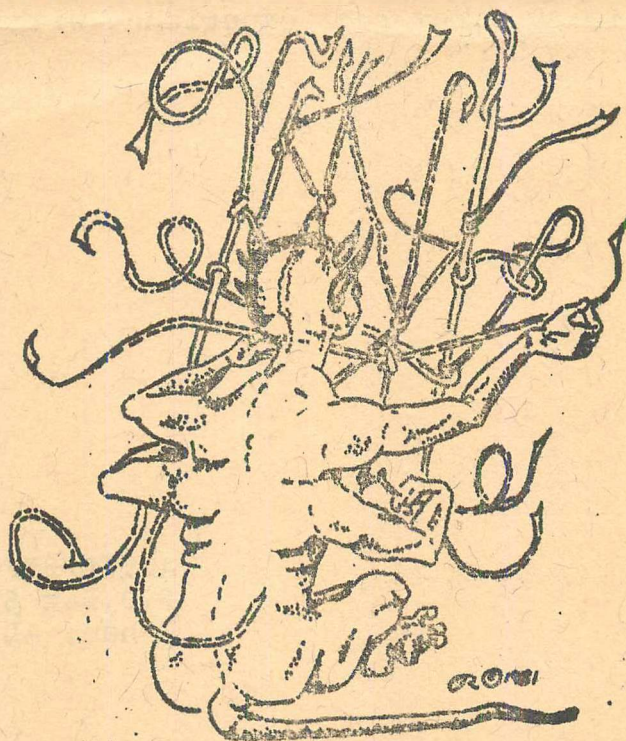
I wish I'd bought the issue of "Amazing" that contained Brad  
Linaweaver's story (though I'll probably locate a copy soon).  
The more offbeat and bizarre ideas of the Nazis were described  
in "Morning of the Magicians" and "Dawn of Magic" -- "Moon of  
Ice" sounds as if Linaweaver had made a fairly intensive study  
of the occult ideas of the Nazis. Wonder why this particular  
idea (i.e.: Nazis winning WW II) is so popular. I think it  
may be that conditions are so Godawful now, that it is a plea-  
sure and a relief to contemplate something even worse, and  
reassures the reader (and author) that things are at least not  
that bad. I think the same rationale would apply to end-of-  
the-world stories. It's a mild form of self-inflicted sado-  
masochism, and paradoxically comforting at the same time!

Buck Coulson's comments on the perils of coal-powered plants  
are both apt and just -- however, I think the thing about nu-  
clear pollution that frightens people is that the damage is so  
subtle, mysterious, and may surface generations later. Can  
you imagine anyone forbidding their daughters to marry someone



etc., or discriminating socially against them because one of their ancestors had been a coal-miner and had died of industrial-related causes (accident or coal dust disease)? Whereas stories of anti-mutant discrimination are common themes, and there is a certain amount of discrimination already against, say, survivors of Hiroshima, etc... Nuclear contamination may be treated in the 21st century as syphilis was regarded in the 19th. The attitudes are startlingly similar -- cover-ups, a feeling of almost religious horror.

((You make an interesting point about the continuing fascination with Nazis and World War II. However, I have to agree with Jerry Proctor that the atrocities of the Khmer Rouge in Southeast Asia, the Soviet Union in Afghanistan, and the mounting use of terrorism throughout the world are a qualitative, if not quantitative, equal to the barbarisms of Nazi Germany.))





We also heard from: George Flynn, Kim Huett, Brad W. Foster and  
Steve Stanley.....

Next BSFC meetings: September 11 and October 9, 1982, at 7:30 PM  
Homewood Public Library.....

ANVIL was typed on a Smith-Corona, copied on a Bohn Rex-Rotary..  
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P.L. Carruthers-Montgomery-2, 10, 16, 24; Cindy T. Riley-20, 27.  
Steven Fox-6, 23; Bill Brown-8, 9, 11; Wayne Brenner-14, 21.....  
Alexis Gilliland- 13; Wade Gilbreath-18.....

(Please forgive the wrinkle & crease lines, and the over- and under-linked illos. This is my first real experience with mimeo. cp)

ANVIL/BSFC  
P.O.Box 57031  
B'ham AL 35259-7031



Why you received  
this ANVIL:

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