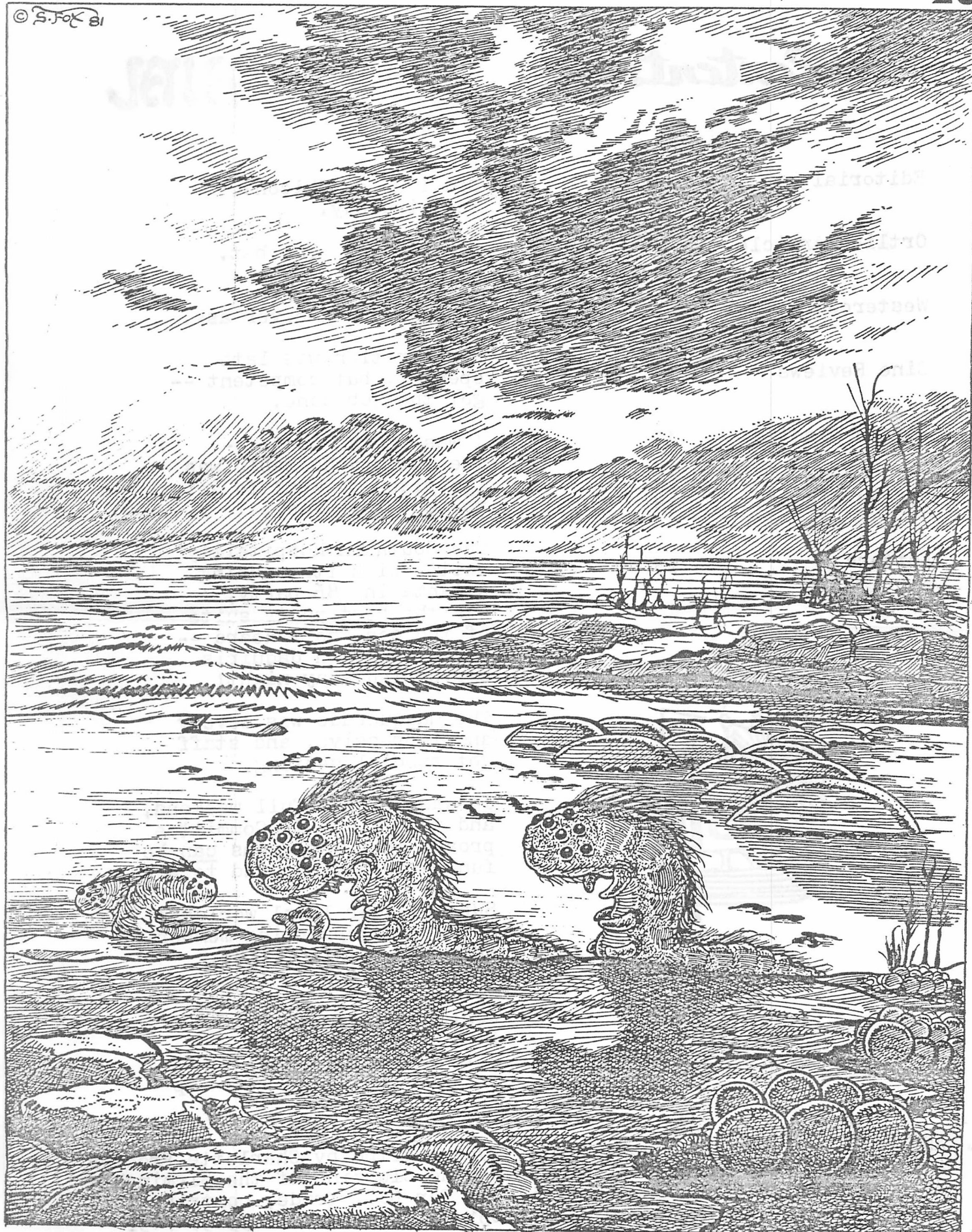


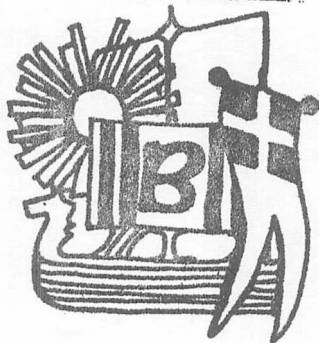
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Did I go to Chicon?  
Yes, indeedy.

Was it fun? You bet.

What did I do there?  
Thought you'd never ask.

Registration was late  
opening, but competent --  
got the job done.

I was on the staff --  
the Autographs table was  
the place to work to get  
to meet the pros.

The Southern Hospitality  
suite, with its ongoing  
Atlanta in '86 party,  
was the best party suite  
of the con, so I heard --  
over 400 peach daquiris  
served Thursday night!

The masquerade was lovely  
and impressive, and staff  
got special seating.

It was a long, full weekend,  
and the Chicon IV Committee  
proved that Worldcons can be  
fun -- to attend, and to work.

Support your local worldcon;  
buy a pre-supporting member-  
ship in Atlanta in '86.  
Send \$5.00 to:

Worldcon Atlanta, Inc.  
P.O. Box 10094  
Atlanta, GA 30319

-- cp

ANVIL 23, Vol. 4, #5. Aug.-Sept., 1982, edited by Charlotte Proctor  
LoC Editor, Wade Gilbreath. ANVIL is the clubzine of the Birmingham  
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# Terra Australis Incognita

by Marc Ortlieb

It had been a hot and humid day on the registration desk, and Charlotte was wondering whether or not the pleasure of a backrub would be worth the effort of gathering the fans necessary to start one. She looked over to the fanzine that Jim was reading, but it was British, and had no illos in it, "and what," said Charlotte to herself, "is the point of a fanzine if it doesn't have any illos in it?"

Suddenly her attention was drawn to a B'Hamster that scurried past. A scurrying B'Hamster was not, in itself, uncommon, but this particular B'Hamster was wearing a Melbourne in '85 t-shirt, and kept muttering "Strewth mate, I'm gonna be late!"

Charlotte thought this was worth following up, and since she couldn't see the security officer anywhere, decided to follow, through the twisty corridors of the hotel, and into a darkened elevator. Much to her surprise, she discovered that there was no actual elevator in the shaft, and that she was falling. She was astonished by her own lack of common sense. "Why Charlotte," she said, again to herself, "I do believe you've allowed yourself to trust a convention hotel elevator."

It seemed that she was taking a terribly long time to reach the bottom of the shaft. She had already gone way past the hotel sub-basement, and now felt that she must be far deeper than any mine shaft. "Why, if I sink much further, I'll sink right through the Earth, and come out at some carefully determined spot in the Indian Ocean, known only to Isaac Asimov," she said, again to herself, for lack of any other company. Still she kept sinking, and, as she did so, the nature of the shaft around her began to change, and took on weird forms. She began to pass pieces of discarded furniture - old mimco drums, eviscerated typewriters, and ancient back-issues of SFPA.

Her attention was drawn to a cupboard, and, as she passed it, she managed to grab from its shelves a jar labeled Vegemite. She opened it, in the hope that it might contain something alcoholic, for she was feeling a powerful thirst, but, to her disappointment, all it contained was a sticky black substance that tasted like axle grease.



(Marc's article  
illustrated by  
Cindy Riley)

E

"I must place this somewhere," she said, with an air of real concern in her voice. "If I dropped it, it would smash, and that stuff surely would poison any poor creature that it landed on."

She managed to slip the jar onto a passing bookshelf, right next to a Kurt Vonnegut novel, a juxtaposition which, for some reason, pleased her. Then her mind began to wander, because it was terribly boring, just falling through a shaft. "My goodness," she thought, "If any mice lived here, they would have to have wings, which, I suppose, would make them bats. Goodness, what would they eat? Perhaps they could feed on crickets. But would bats eat crickets, or would perhaps the crickets eat the bats. They might both go for a duck..." She tried several permutations of this, and her thoughts had progressed way beyond the silly point when she landed with a soft bump, and rustle of petticoats, which was rather strange, as she was wearing jeans.

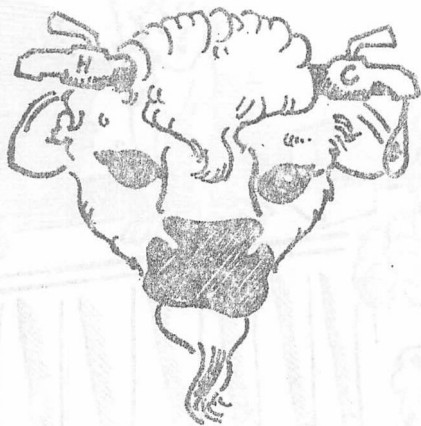
The B'Hamster was barely ten feet ahead of her, and, as she looked, he carefully examined the level in a blue and white beer can. "Oh my zines and apas," he said. "I'm late. Foyster will be stroppey."

---oOo---

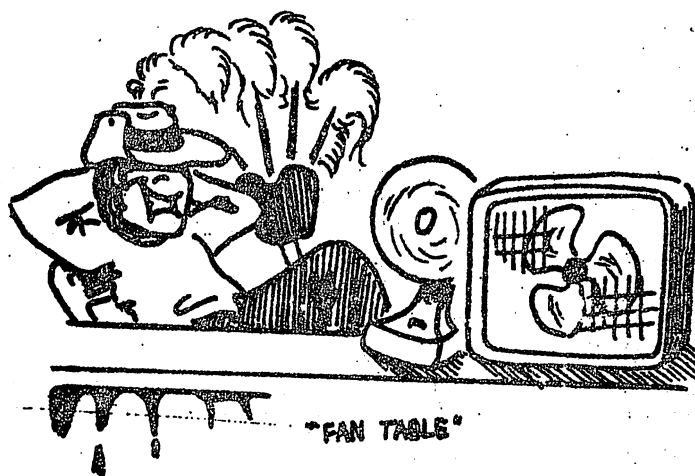
Well, what would Charlotte have found had she followed the Australian B'Hamster into the Wonderland of an Australian National Convention?

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For a start, she would have discovered that he was not referred to as a B'Hamster, but rather as a "committee member," of "helper." For some reason, Australian conventions have not developed a specific title for that horde of helpers without whom the running of a convention would be impossible. That may have something to do with the fact that gophers are not found in Australia, thus negating the value of a "gopher"/"go for" pun. For that matter, hamsters have never been introduced to Australia. We had more than enough trouble controlling the rabbits which were imported in the eighteen hundreds, and which have established themselves right across the continent.



Perhaps the most obvious change would be the accents. Though Australian fan slang is derived from the American variety, the pronunciation is very different. To American ears, for instance, the Australian pronunciation of the word "basin" sounds more like "bison," and many Americans have wondered why in hell an Australian has a wash buffalo in his bathroom. The Australian version of English also tends to stick fairly close to English word usage. Thus, what had been an elevator shaft when Charlotte started her descent, would now have become a



lift shaft and she'd have to get used to walking on footpaths rather than sidewalks.

Charlotte would have found the Hucksters' room rather empty by her standards. Since Australia has only six or seven conventions a year, and has, in previous years, been lucky to have two or three, there really isn't a reasonable profit to be made in huckstering here. We do though have one or two regulars, Mike McGann's t-shirt stall is one that has been found at most Australian conventions recently. Personally I find his t-shirts too derivative and media oriented for my liking, but that doesn't stop me wearing the Duck Dodgers in the 24th Century t-shirt which is my favourite as far as Mike's designs go. He also designed the AUSTRALIA IN '83 t-shirts.

Another feature of the Hucksters' room which I hope becomes permanent, is Cindy Smith's jewelry stall. Cindy makes very chunky silver jewelry, of the type that combines beauty with function. I own one of her rings which is designed to hold one of the dragon rocks that Marilyn Pride painted. Not only does it look good, but it doubles as a fearsome knuckle duster. Cindy also makes butterfly pendants, and some excellent dragon figurines. At Tachaicon, our recent national convention, Mandy Herriot, dragon fanatic, and excellent person, bought a beautiful dragon that Cindy had made to circle a walking stick which was just Mandy's height. Charlotte would be well-advised to avoid this stall if she had a taste for dragons or fine silverwork.

She might instead decide to check out the book sellers in the room, but wouldn't be particularly impressed. Depending on the city the convention was being held in, she might find Marv Binns and his stall from Space Age Books, or Paul Day with stock from The Black Hole Book Shop. Norstillia Press, or Cory and Collins, our two Australian science fiction publishers, might have a table displaying their wares. Otherwise, the tables would be very low key. Those people who do take book selling tables at Australian conventions seem to do so on the scale that Nod Brooks works, or at least that I saw at B'Hamacon II. The vast arrays of second hand books are not to be found at Australian conventions.

Sure, there are fan tables. A feature of all future Australian conventions, up until the site selection voting in Baltimore, will be a Melbourne in '85 table, where Christine and Derrick Ashby, David Grigg, John Foyster, and others will be hawking t-shirts, subscriptions to KANGA-RUSE, Melbourne tram badges, and anything else that will stand still long enough for them to put a price tag on it, for THE CAUSE. One will also find tables representing the next year's convention, and the occasional art stall. Still, by American standards, we have a very low Huckster density. At Tachaicon, with about 320 attendees, there were only eight hucksters' tables, one of which was more a display of artwork that was not for sale.

The real shock for Charlotte would be the complete absence of a convention suite. The free beer, soft drinks and munchies that I saw at B'Hamacon and Denvention are only to be found at room parties here. I guess it has a lot to do with the tighter budget that Aussie conventions tend to be run on.

The shortage of money stems from two problems. One is the lack of impressive local Guests of Honour. We are rather short of professional authors, and recycling them does get a little boring, so, for a while, conventions got stuck in the "expensive overseas GoH" trap. In the last four years, we have had Roger Zelazny, Brian Aldiss, Joe Haldeman, Gordon R. Dickson, Anne McCaffrey, Larry Niven, Frank Herbert, Robert Bloch, Terry Carr, and Jack Vance, with Harlan Ellison due for Syncon '83 next year. Once a committee has shelled out for airfares for the Guest, there's not much left over for beer and munchies, especially when the hotels here tend to charge for function rooms, no matter how much of the hotel the convention has booked out.

The situation may though improve over the next few years, as our local authors are starting to proliferate, giving us a wider selection of potential local GoHs. Indeed, EurekaCon, the 1984 national convention, to be held in Melbourne, has local author George Turner as GoH. His only transportation costs will be taxi fare to and from the hotel. Thus the money could well be a little freer. However, even taking this into consideration, I doubt that any Australian Convention could afford to provide enough beer to last more than a night, without winning a lottery. Australian beer drinkers tend to be heavy drinkers, and word of free beer quickly spreads.

The other major difference between an Australian convention, and a Deep South Con is the absence of a Hearts tournament. Card playing will be in evidence, but not in a really organized form. I played a few games of "Oh Hell" at Tachaicon, and did hear of a WSFA Rules poker game, but that was the night I was running a Minneapolis in '73 party, and so I missed out. This was, in a way, fortunate, as our Australian Professional Guest of Honour, Leanne Frahm, was playing.

Leanne has already made Australian fan history by being the first Queenslander to get to a Melbourne convention financed by her winnings at bingo. While I like Leanne, and enjoy seeing her at conventions, I had no real desire to see my spending money going into her "Sydney in '83" fund.

Other than this, the main things that Charlotte would see at an Australian National Convention would confirm the similarities between them, and the Deep South Cons. We have a fairly tight knit group, with the "in-group" jokes that characterise such groups. Rather than hearing Hank Reinhardt stories, or finding out why Jim Gilpatrick is called Standing Buffalo, Charlotte would hear Eric Lindsay stories, and find out why Judith Hanna is called Dormouse. She might even find out what Andrew Brown's Monaclave Masquerade costume was.



And, speaking of masquerades, she would find them of a similar size to that of the B'Hamacon masquerade, though, with certain exceptions, the contestants would be taking things far less seriously. The major exceptions would be Nick Stathopolis and Lewis Morely, our two most talented costume designers, who have, I think, won every masquerade that they have entered. (Nick and Lewis seem to dabble in just about every artistic field. They made a beautiful rip-off of 2001, which was shown at the A in '83 room parties at Denvention.)

Above all, once she got used to the strange characters, who all talk funny, and who keep telling meaningless stories about Keven Dillon's five by two by two sleeping space, or about the time Robin Johnson was chased by a Melbourne tram, Charlotte would find Australian fans some of the most friendly she could ever encounter, outside of the South, of course, but as I have pointed out on several occasions, it's not easy to go much further south than Australia.

---oOo---

*Charlotte found herself up on the dais, along with the Guests of Honour. "Well," said Foyster, "tell us about Southern Fandom."*

*But, if it please you, I really don't know what to say," said Charlotte. "It's all rather similar to this really."*

"Would you like some more wine?" said Womble, pouring from a flagon that seemed to grow from the top of her head.

"Thank you kindly," said Charlotte, and held out her glass, only to find the sticky red wine being poured directly into her face...

"Wake up. Wake up, Charlotte."

Charlotte opened her eyes to find Jim Gilpatrick standing there holding a peach daquiri. "My, but you had a long sleep. You shouldn't spend so much time at room parties."

"I do believe you're right," replied Charlotte, "but I had the most incredible dream. It seems that I fell all the way through to Australia, and saw the most marvelous things."

"Ah, yes," said Jim, who, for a moment managed to look almost like Peter Toluzy. "But dreams do sometimes have a habit of coming true and Melbourne are bidding for the 1985 World Convention."

"Why so they are," said Charlotte. "So they are."

---oOo---

Melbourne, Australia, is bidding for the 1985 World Science Fiction Convention.

Why should you support the bid? Because we feel sure that we can put on a Worldcon to beat all Worldcons. Because Australia is a fascinating place, with a great deal to offer in the way of the unusual, the exciting, the different. Because Melbourne in '85 will be a Worldcon you won't want to miss.

If you'd like further information on the bid, contact one of our American agents, Joyce Scrivner, 2732 14th Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55407, or Jan Howard Finder, P.O. Box 428, Latham, NY 12110. If you'd like a subscription to our newsletter, KANGA-RUSE, which includes THE ANTIPODEAN ANNOUNCER, send \$10.00 to Joyce Scrivner, or to Melbourne in '85 BIDDING COMMITTEE, G.P.E. Box 2253U, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, AUSTRALIA.



# Westercon Report

by Harry J.W. Andruschak

Once upon a time there was a fan named Don Markstein. He arrived at a town called Phoenix where a great calamity had befallen. They had won the Worldcon bid. And lo a blight fell across the brave souls of Phoenix Phandom as they tried to cope with the problems. They blew it.

Still, time heals lots of wounds, and the rules governing site selection were gerrymandered so as to prevent Los Angeles from bidding for the 1982 Westercon. Phoenix bid, won, and again tried to do the job of running a big con. This is not the place to write of that con...the report would be far longer than this fanzine's editor would allow. But perhaps we might talk of one strange part of it, APA-59.

The inspiration came from Don Markstein, who several times mentioned an APA'60, an apa that appeared every 60 minutes for 8 distributions at a Southern con. Bruce D. Arthurs, who was in charge of the Westercon fanzine room, decided to try an APA-59... distributed every 59 minutes. The fanzine room was used by Bruce and Don to publish the daily con newsletter, and an excellent job they did, too. Of the newsletter.

But the fanzine room was mostly ignored by the attendees. It was too far out of the way. The panel on apas drew less than 8 people. The average con goer is not interested in fanzines. Movies, comics, TV, games, costumes, weapons, etc., etc., etc., but not fanzines.

On Sunday 4 July, Bruce tried to get the apa going. The cover of distribution #1 was also the Table of Contents. It listed the publishing time as 2 PM. It was followed by a sheet that had a filksong on the first side, and my zine on the back. The second sheet had a one pager from Sourdough Jackson backed by a one-pager from Christopher Mills. The final sheet had a one pager from Bruce backed by a filk with an illegible signature.

At this point contributions seemed to cease. I did a quickie two-pager. Two other one pagers came to light. A flyer for a forthcoming convention devoted only to costumes was added. Then the concom needed a revised schedule of events typed up and printed NOW. The apa was pushed to one side.

When distribution #2 came out at 4:56 PM, the cover announced that this was the last issue. However, lots of attendees said the masquerade was very good. The press ran stories about the weird people running around in funny costumes. There were lots of drunken parties. Comic sellers made a fortune. The usual. R.I.P., fanzine fandom, your time has come and gone.



# 'Zine Reviews

by Cecilia Martinez

Q36H -- Marc Ortlieb, PO Box 46, Marden, S.A. 5070, Australia

Marc Ortlieb has the power of bringing "faan fiction" to a high pinnacle of excellence. As if that weren't enough, he's also a pretty good editor. While this particular issue of Q36 has perzine overtones due to the number of articles by the editor, it still has a good mix, including articles by Harry Andruschak, Terry Frost, Linda Lounsbury, etc. al. If a couple of these names are unfamiliar to you (especially et.al.), remember that this 'zine comes from down under. However I found the writing in most respects to be above reproach. (One teeny-tiny grammatical error caught my eye, actually it's a pet peeve of mine. Look up "alright"; I can guarantee that the dictionary will say that it's a commom misspelling of "all right".)

The letter column is where an editor is allowed to shine, or to bury himself in the muckheap, depending on his ability. You don't have to worry about getting downwind of Ortlieb. While of course I am unable to tell how much he took out of the letters, what was left was an interesting letter-col. Ortlieb tends to the light side on most of his comments, which is fine by me, I can always get depressed reading the newspaper. With all of this honey there must be some flies; visually speaking, although the mimeo is excellent, the layout isn't always, and though some of the art is good, some of it is not so good. Of course, if it's interesting reading, who needs pictures? Q36 gets \*\*\*\*\*<sub>1/2</sub>.

Q36 is available for the usual.

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Science Fiction Review #44 -- Richard E. Geis, PO Box 11408  
Portland, OR 97211

Should a Reviewer review a review? Ah, what the hell, why not? While I don't consider this a fanzine, it is nevertheless a valuable bit of literary work. For seven dollars, four issues a year, one can save a bundle by not buying books reviewed in SFR that lets one know that one would probably not like them and would not finish them no matter how enticing the blurb was. Besides book reviews, SFR also has movie reviews, and interviews, and god knows what other views. It is also chock full of cartoons for those of us who must have illos, most notably cartoons by Alexis Gilliland, and some of the best art I've seen anywhere. I'm not going to rate SFR since I consider it in a class by itself, besides, my typewriter won't print that many asterisks.

SFR available at four issues per year at \$7.00

ASFO/AWN #12 -- Joe Celko, Brad Linaweaver, Box 10558, Atlanta  
GA, 30310 (Note change of editors)

ATARANTES #'s 61 & 62 -- Cliff Biggers, 6045 Summit Wood Drive,  
Kennesaw, GA, 30144/Ward Batty, 944 Austin Ave.,  
Atlanta, GA, 30307

BCSFazine #'s 109 & 110 -- P. O. Box 35577, Station E, Vancouver,  
B.C., Canada, V6M 4G9

BRSFL News #20 -- Clay Fourrier, P.O. Box 14238, Baton Rouge,  
LA, 70898-4238

CHATSFIC News #'s 9, 11, 12, 13 -- Andre Barker-Bridget,  
44 Collegetown Est., Cleveland, TN 37311

DASFAX Vol 14, #8 -- Fred Cleaver, 811 19th St., Boulder, CO 80302

ENNUI #1 -- John A. Purcell, 3381 Sumter Ave. So., St. Louis Pk.,  
MN, 55426

FILE 770 #'s 34 & 35 -- Mike Glycer, 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van  
Nuys, CA, 91401

MACS Newsletter # 17 -- 411-C Westwood St., Mobile, AL 36606

SFA Digest #1 -- Jim Welch, Marg Galbraith-Hamilton, c/o  
#104, 335 5th St., New Westminster, B.C.  
Canada V3L 3X2

SPACE JUNK #6 -- Rich Coad, 251 Ashbury St., #4, San Francisco,  
CA, 94117

TELOS #5 -- Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden, 4714 36th Ave. NE,  
Seattle, WA, 98105

TRANSMISSIONS #'s 108, 111, 114, 115, 116 -- P.O. Box 1534,  
Panama City, FL, 32401

UNDULANT FEVER #7 -- Bruce D. Arthurs, 3421 W. Poinsetta,  
Phoenix, AZ, 85029

WESTWIND #'s 60, 61 & 62 -- P.O. Box 24207, Seattle, WA, 98124

Editor's Note: We aims to please. Above is a listing of all  
the zines we have received since publishing ANVIL 22, complete  
with addresses.

ANVIL features an in-depth review of two zines each issue,  
rather than a couple of lines on every one we receive. If you  
read ANVIL regularly, you will soon know how our reviewer feels  
about them all.

THIS HOUSE, HARLOT, CALLISTO RISING, THE LOOKING GLASS, NEOLOGY,  
BRSFL News, FILE 770 and WESTWIND have been reviewed in ANVILS  
19 through 22.

# Forged Minutes

BSFC minutes, August 14, 1982

by Nancy Brown

Due to the absence of club officers (Charlotte Proctor, along with Penny Frierson, were immersing themselves in Worldcon politics, and Jim Cobb was on an errand of mercy for the Henry McKenna Fan Club), the meeting was called to chaos by Jim Phillips at 7:31.

The first order of business was an announcement by Cindy Riley that she and Linda would be having a party next Saturday (August 21) at noon. Merlin suggested "passing the hat" for the barbecue which will be served there and he solicited club members for "various other barbecue paraphenalia."

Seeing that the new faces outnumbered the old, Jim Phillips suggested the old club members should introduce themselves. Later during the meeting, everyone stood up and gave name, rank and serial number.

Merlin discussed the programming for the night: a visit to the Birmingham Astronomical Society's Observatory south of Riverchase.

Jim Phillips then issued a call for old business. dlb said she desperately needed the forms for the club's directory. She vowed she'd get her new address to us ~~real soon now~~ as soon as possible.

It was also announced that ANVIL back issues would be on sale for 50¢ each to help defer the cost of mimeo.

Jim Phillips then made a motion to impeach Jim Cobb and stated for the second time that "I love this power". The motion was pigeon-holed.

Jim then introduced the club officers in absentia and described Charlotte as "our old club member". Despite his protests, the comment was duly recorded by the secretary (I like power, too).

In retribution, Jim asked the secretary to give a Worldcon Atlanta progress report, which, due to her lack of involvement in the process, lasted less than 30 seconds. This led to a discussion of conventions in general, for the benefit of our new members, and BoShcon in particular.

Cindy Riley gave a run-down on club dues; Merlin announced our program guests for the next three months; and it was learned that Ward Smith's "Atoma, Post-Holocaust Housewife" was a smashing success during Space Week at UAB. One young woman had examined Atoma and declared "She was at a party I went to last week!"

The meeting was adjourned at 8:10 or thereabouts.



We had a true mob at the meeting, folks, forty-two to be exact. Unfortunately, many of this number were "just visiting".

After President Cobb began the meeting at 7:40, he commented on the fact that all of the officers were present as opposed to the last meeting when none were. All the "just visitors" introduced themselves and then we received the astounding treasurer's report which you will no doubt find elsewhere in this zine. Dues were explained: first meeting free, and \$1.00 a month through the end of the year, preferably in advance.

Charlotte VProctor gave a BoShcon Progress Report (buy your membership now, while it's still only \$6.00), the most well-received item being that Dave Halterman, who will be running the video room, has an x-rated flick to show. Our virtuous VP told him, of course, that he couldn't show it.....until 2:00 in the morning.

We received a calendar of events from program director Merlin Odom. Next month will bring a mini-auction, anything fannish but books, and a semi-Halloween Masquerade. By semi, I mean you can dress up if you want. Ward Smith said that his college is having a rummage sale to get rid of some of the theater department's old costumes, and that he'll buy up a bunch of stuff and bring it to auction. If you don't wear your own, you can buy one.

A decision was made on the club T-shirt. Now that you've picked yourself up off the floor, you can know that our own Wade Gilbreath will be taking charge of this project. The design will be the same one Cindy Riley did for UAB's Space Week Poster. Wade was in the middle of explaining what he was going to do and how much it was going to cost when someone opened the library door. We were all hoping that it was Penny--it was 8:00 after all, her usual arrival time, but it was only another "just visitor". At this point, Charlotte suggested that the dues be explained again, and Wade suggested that an explanation of where all the money goes be given. It was. It's expensive to print and mail the old ANVIL, and there are club projects like supporting ABCon.

Charlotte was prompted to give a Worldcon Report, which Penny interrupted by showing up 10 minutes late (8:10). Penny took up the report and encouraged people to (a)attend Baltimore in '83 and (b)buy memberships in LA in '84 (so you can vote for Atlanta in '86).

Jim Cobb suggested that the club officially support Melbourne in '85, and when it was ascertained that it wouldn't cost us anything, and that no one was running against Melbourne and it was "politically safe", it was so moved and enthusiastically carried.

We were reminded that Birmingham is bidding for DSC in '84, with Penny Frierson to chair.

A friend from Coogee (that's Australia), Peter Toluzzi, this year's Down Under Fan Fund winner, will be visiting the Magic City somewhere around the 25th of September and staying a few days. An Open House will be held for him at Eric Ackermann's apartment, 408 Columbiana Road, #51, on the afternoon of Sunday, September 26.

Finally we settled back, or stood up, depending on where you could see best, to watch David Mann's video program on the Space Shuttle. It was, as always, fascinating. Especially the scenes of the astronauts living in space. We had a million questions for David, and Kathy Fundstrom, who also works high up in NASA, not the last of which was -- want to come to Pizza with us?

While we were at pizza, two announcements were made. First: Jerry McKnight and Ward Smith (the two sole surviving members of Tuscaloosa's SF club, SAM) donated SAM's mimeo to BSFC! There was much applause and cheering. Second: It was announced that the mimeo paper for ANVIL, enough for 3 issues, was donated by Penny Frierson. Once again Pasquale's staid quiet was disturbed by stomping and yelling. Then we went back to eating pizza.

~~~~~

H A L L O W E E N  
!!!!P A R T Y!!!!

The Third Annual BSFC/Post-Herald/Wallace International Halloween Party will be held at Bill & Nancy Brown's at: 1031 26th Street South, from 8 PM till ????. BYOB  
Costumes are mandatory!

~~~~~

## Forged Figures

	Beginning Balance...	\$128.55
Income:		
	Interest.....\$	.79
	Dues.....	15.00
	ANVIL sales...	17.00
		<u>\$32.79</u>
Outgo:		
	Overseas Postage ANVILs 21 & 22...	\$15.62
	Bulk Rate Stamps ANVILs 22 & 23...	54.50
	ABCon contribution.....	20.00
	Stencils for ANVILs 23 & 24.....	15.00
	To close 1st N'al account.....	9.00
		<u>\$114.12</u>
	Ending Balance.....	<u>\$ 47.22</u>

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

Hello! Wade Gilbreath here again. Looks as if I'll be your letter editor for awhile -- all my anonymous letters and muffled phone calls demanding a replacement have left Editor Proctor unmoved.

"Wade", she said to me on the phone one evening, "I'm unmoved and neither are you, so cut the crap and get to work".

Oh, well. Here goes. Reaching into the ANVIL chainmailbag, who should get first draw but one of my favorite loccers.....

Sheila Strickland: A marvelously funny article by Bob Shaw this Rt. 1, Box 386-B past issue. A perfect example of how to Baker, LA 70714 fall flat on your face while trying to impress someone. Reading it makes me wish even more that I could attend BoShcon. As it is, it's just a little too soon after ChiCon, and just a little too far away. (European fans aren't the only ones who feel isolated! Our group is the only healthy general SF organization I know of within a couple hundred miles.)

I liked the typo in my loc that changed the "young gofers" at CoastCon into "young golfers". The sight of young golfers at a con would be something to see. There'd have to be a weapons policy, of course, all clubs to be kept in their bag at all times (except possibly at masquerade). Biloxi would be an excellent place for the con -- nice big sand trap and just look at that water hazard! Anyone who questioned the suitability of those golfers attending could be asked, "You've never heard of science fiction clubs?"

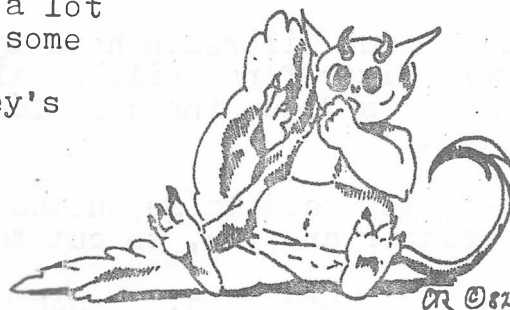
((Why haven't we hit on this before? We all drive to cons for several reasons: we're hooked on science fiction, we want to putter around the huckster room, we love to play through the night at parties. Yes, no matter how you slice it, SF cons and golf have a lot in common. Wonder why I haven't noticed this obvious connection before, and I've been going to cons since '72 -- par for me, I guess.))

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Steve Stanley                      I was glad to see ANVIL 22. You continue  
4324 Hollins Rd. NE              to do a find clubzine. The return to mimeo  
Apartment #3                      is not such a step backwards when well done.  
Roanoke, VA 24012                You, evidently, have done it well. My copy  
                                     contained no blotchy or illegible pages.  
However, some illos, such as the Steven Fox landscape with double  
suns, do suffer from fading in large black spaces.

Bob Shaw's "A Streetcar Named Bizarre" is a classic example of the mild separation from reality which seems to affect most of us as juveniles. I remember trying the light-two-cigarettes-and-give-one-to-your-date trick, which resulted in a lightly blistered nose. So much for sauve, debonaire, and continental.

I saw E.T. with Sam Moskowitz, who was our GoH at Mysticon II. The movie was a lot of fun, but it lost credibility at some points. The sequences with flying bicycles were straight out of Disney's "Witch Mountain" movies. If the alien could levitate, why didn't he do so to return to his ship, and why did the kids have to keep peddling while in flight? What caused E.T.'s apparent demise, and how did the cryogenic suspension revive him?



Buck Coulson's opinion of wargamers is much akin to my own. I have sat down to several sessions of D&D which proved to be quite enjoyable. Still, those who play regularly seem to become so absorbed in their games as to be insensate and unintelligible to other fen. They are welcome to attend cons as paying members, but should be encouraged to play in their own rooms for reasons Harry Andruschak outlined in his loc.

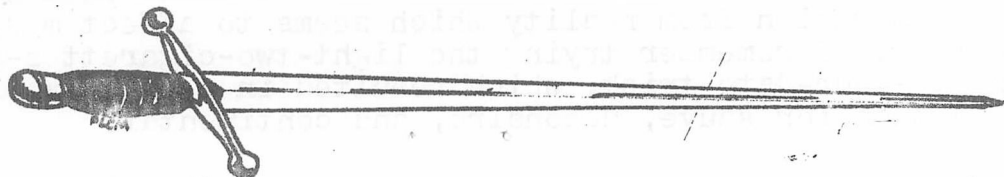
Please do your readers a service (or at least satisfy their curiosity) and get the recipe for those "crawfish daquiris" Sheila Strickland mentioned.

((I was amazed that Spielberg used the flying bicycles in E.T. I suppose that intellectually it was a fitting climax to the superb chase sequence, but it just didn't have the powerful emotional effect intended.//Sheila, will you help us out by sending the crawfish daiquiri recipe?))

Garth Spencer  
1296 Richardson St.  
Victoria, B.C.  
Canada V8V E31

I honestly do not think Callisto Rising deserved the dismissive treatment Cecelia Martinez gave it. But then, different people are receptive to different things. A member of ESFCAS (Edmonton) was surprised to find that most Victoria ~~sf~~ fans go to some church or other, whereas she had gathered (from her home environment) that of course everyone was an atheist or agnostic. So perhaps an article on religious themes and problems in SF makes more sense to some of us than to Sta. Martinez.

I read Genesis right after reading another UFO/conspiracy theory book, Alternative 3, which is based on very much the same ideas. What is bizarre is that a TV system in Britain broadcast this theory as fact; it was later induced to retract, saying it was a hoax. It's just as well I read these books after being exposed to the Illuminatus! trilogy. Now I can take hardly anything seriously.



I liked Mazuranic's letter on the European language situation. I also liked Buck Coulson's reply. You have to know at least three English dialects in Victoria: General British ("Oak Bay"), under-30, and American Television. At this stage Western Canadian is distinguished from the last two only by some vocalic speech habits and lexical selection rules.

((For the last three years, I've had trouble taking anything seriously, and I haven't read the Illuminatus trilogy. In many ways, life seems like a long series of practical jokes played on the unsuspecting. I'm no longer unsuspecting, but I still fall prey to life's mordant humor.))

---

Harry Warner, Jr.  
423 Summit Avenue  
Hagerstown, MD 21740

It seemed quite a while since ANVIL had arrived. Let me strike while the iron is hot, to forge a loc on this 22nd issue, and I wonder how many scores of loc writers have used that particular figure of speech to start a letter to your fanzine?

Bob Shaw's article is a real coup for you. It must be the fanzine equivalent of a silent speech by its author, whom I've grown accustomed to think of as reading all his fanzine articles to convention audiences before he sends them to fanzines. Or maybe I should think of this one as a brand new silent movie, because somehow I kept seeing the events described in it on a silver screen in my imagination. Probably that strange reading reaction resulted from Bob's frequent references to movie stars and their trench coats. But even now, a considerable time after reading it, I find it hard to believe I experienced this article as words on a fanzine page rather than in a movie theater or on the television screen. (And on a mimeographed fanzine, at that. What won't they think of next?)

In any event, it's very amusing and also a trifle emotionally moving, as an evocation of how the movies influenced young people with romantic inclinations long ago when there were still romantic things in movies.

Charlotte's con report also cheered me up, not because she is as experienced and famous a humorous writer as Bob Shaw, but because of her mention that there is now only one bid for the worldcon in your area. I hope this solution to your problems is a permanent one. It was terrible to think about several years of dissention over the worldcon bid lying ahead.

E.T. sounds like a movie that I would enjoy. If it received many other fanzine reviews similar to this one by Warren Overton, we will have a probable first for fandom: general approval of a science fiction movie which is a smash box office hit. But one thing bothers me. The enormous audiences which are turning out for this Spielberg movie will probably cause E.T. to become the English language term for the creatures which we've always known and loved as bems.

I'd hate to see bem, a word which a fan invented, become archaic just because someone chose a different set of initials for use in a movie which happened to have overwhelming public acceptance.

Bob Shaw's letter revived memories for me. Hagerstown used to be a busy railroad center where the Baltimore and Ohio, Norfolk and Western, Pennsylvania and Western Maryland railroads all met in the center of town. Before railroads went to deisel power, the fallout from coal-burning locomotives was awful here. If the wind and barometric pressure formed the right combination, a housewife's wash hung out on the line would be coated within an hour with a layer of tiny black specks of unburned coal, adhering to the moist garments. The majority of Hagerstown's homes and factories were probably heated by coal at that time, although I don't have statistics on when the current prevalence of natural gas and fuel oil heat began, so added to the visible residue from the choochoos was a lot of particles too small to be seen coming out of chimneys and hanging in the air.

I won't be attending BoShcon. But the flyer sort of gave me a thrill, showing Route 11. It makes me feel that the event is within reach, since that highway's course through Hagerstown is only a block away from Summit Avenue.

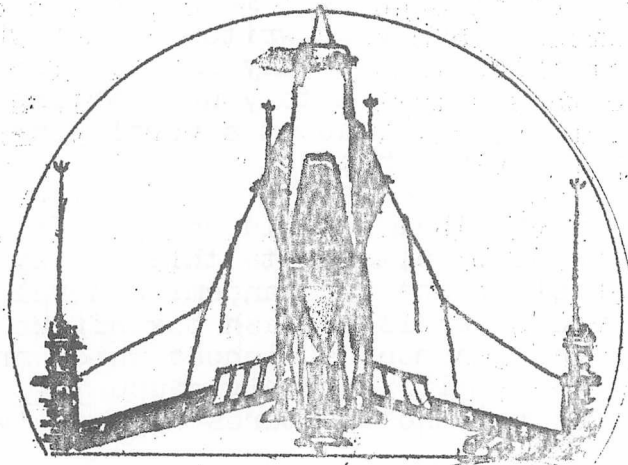
((For awhile I lived in a house about a mile from Route 11, and the thought of that unpretentious road running like a connecting thread over such a sizeable distance gives me an odd feeling.))

---

Robert Bloch  
2111 Sunset Crest Dr.  
Los Angeles, CA 90046

What's wrong with mimeo? It's the content that counts, and you have every reason to be pleased with ANVIL 22 and what it contains. When you can get an article of such quality out of a new like Bob Shaw, there's not to worry. Thanks for helping me keep appraised of Southern Fried Fandom and its changes.

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Buck Coulson  
Route 3  
Hartford City,  
IN 47348

E.T. is a lovely movie; I kept having the impression that Spielberg saw all the idiocies in "Close Encounters" and went back and corrected them this time. Only drawback is that it's definitely a kid's show, and occasionally gets overly cute; those floating bicycles were right out of Disney Studios at their worst. (The mundane audience loved them, of course.) There are the usual loose ends (you know of any place where somebody sees a funny light in the sky and immediately 20 or 30 people go charging off with guns and flashlights hunting for a spaceship?) but the pace is fast enough that they're not noticed - by me, anyway - until the movie is over. Plot is good for a juvenile, special effects nice, acting superb.

I don't think Jerry Proctor knows as much about Nazis as he thinks he does. "We have a bunch of weirdos who like to play dress-up mit hackenkrantz und old Italian army helmets." What the bloody hell does he think the Nazis were considered before they took power? A bunch of weirdos who like to...etc. They also liked to bash in heads - as do the current American branch. There is almost no likelihood that American Nazis will come to power, but people who think they're harmless poseurs aren't going to be the ones who stop them. (Aside from previous examples, what will stop them is that our current depression hasn't come close to reaching the depth of misery that Germany was in during the 1920s and 1930s, and isn't likely to.)

Since aside from Wkrlld War II, movies have never portrayed much in the way of current events, Jerry will get his Cambodian and Afghan movies if he waits long enough. Maybe...this is assuming that Hollywood decides that the American moviegoer is going to give a shit about one bunch of Asians slaughtering another bunch. I wouldn't invest any money in a movie about Russians in Afghanistan, certainly, and even less would I be interested in sinking my hard-earned cash into something about Viet Nam invading Cambodia.

The "totally documented fact" about Foo Fighters is that Allied airmen in WW II thought they were a secret German weapon (despite the fact they never shot down any allied planes) and reported them as such. Nobody actually does know what they were; Willy Ley's explanation was ball lightning, which seems as good as anything. Combined with ST. Elmo's Fire, possibly. The name was the sort of typically silly thing that combat airmen (or ground troops) consider comedy relief. They were certainly real enough to use in a story, with any convenient explanation one wants.

I'll agree with Diane Fox that "anti-mutant discrimination" is a common theme. The idea that nuclear plants will produce mutants, however, is strictly a product of what we used to call "yellow journalist", and if the media had printed as many rumors about black lung being hereditary as they have scare headlines about nuclear plants, then we certainly would see discrimination against miners. (Of course, black lung isn't hereditary, but then nuclear plants haven't produced any mutants, either.)

Are stories about Nazis winning WW II more prevalent than stories about the South winning the Civil War? Anyone want to count up? They're both alternate worlds which would mean vast changes in the U.S., and they're events in which it's easy to see the possibilities.

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Dalvan Coger BoSh's short bit on identifying with movie stars was delightful. Lord! How did Victor Mature ever get in the films in the first place? He was without doubt the worst actor in the whole industry.

Re: the Nazis. I like Jerry Proctor's loc on them. I was a machine gunner in Europe in that shindy. I also have taught several different types of courses on the war, and find it amazing the amount of interest in that period. The number of errors perpetuated by the movies, and by elements in our society who have an axe to grind, is substantial. First of all, and the most common error, German military men were not allowed to be members of the Nazi party, except the members of the SS, and with also the exception of a few high-ranking ass-kissers, such as Jodl and Keitel.

My favorite peeve is the picture of the submariner, usually a monocled Junker type, chortling with glee as the torpedo streaks toward the doomed freighter. Submarines, by their nature have to hide. And the nature of warfare is to destroy as much of the enemy's material as possible. Submariners are volunteers, and in WW II the Germans had about 40,000 men in the service. Twenty-eight thousand died at sea and 6,000 were taken prisoner i.e., rescued from the sea or taken from submarines that surrendered. Which means a fantastic casualty rate, especially since many of the remainder were youngsters who had yet to go to sea. I understand there is a movie out entitled "U Boat", or something like that, that is extremely realistic.



Generally, German soldiers, especially senior officers, despised Hitler, Goering and that group. There is one good story that illustrates that. Goering was the only Reichmarshall (Imperial Marshall) in the German military. Von Rundstedt, a soldier's soldier, was inspecting the front lines one night when a sergeant inadvertently addressed him as Oberst (Colonel). When they came to a place where the light was better he said, "I beg your pardon Reichmarshall!" Rundstedt, who was a Field-marshal, responded, "I would rather be an Oberst".

((You make a good point regarding the German military establishment and its relationship to the Nazi party. However, I don't believe the German military's defence for its actions -- "we followed orders" -- excuses them of the atrocities they committed at the command of the Nazi leaders.))

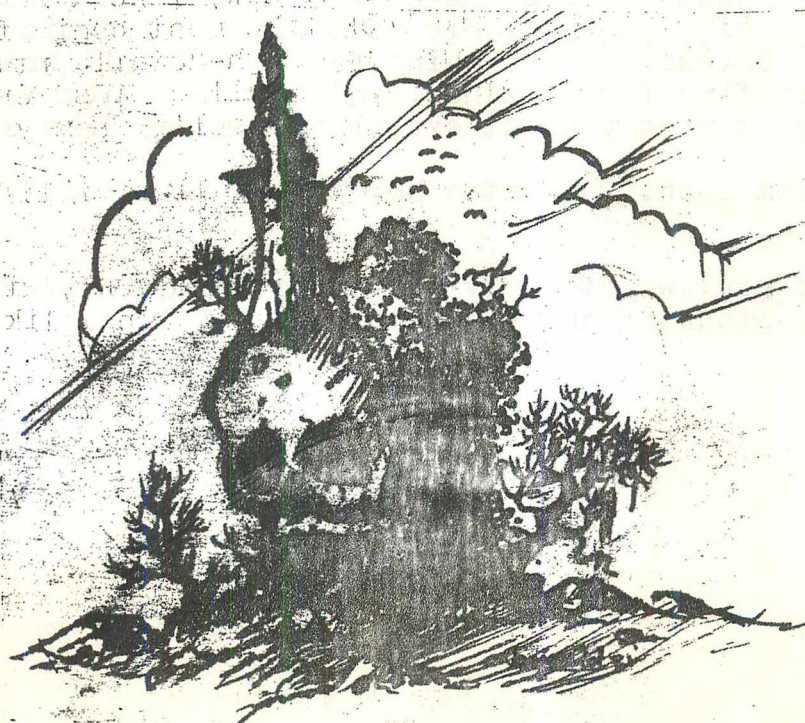
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David Palter  
1811 Tamarind Ave.  
Apartment #22  
Hollywood, CA 90028

Jerry Proctor is undoubtedly correct that Naziism, like everything else, is subject to change. Also, his observation that the SS by the end of the war included members of several different racial types, including Moslems, is fascinating. This is the perfect inspiration for my next article for the National Enquirer, in which I will reveal how the PLO is actually run by a small cadre of Moslem veterans of the SS, and how Yassir Arafat is just a figurehead (or in his case, figurenose). The whole Arab-Israeli conflict then is seen as a partially disguised effort to complete the implementation of Hitler's final solution. Actually, although such a tale is sensational and no doubt would titillate the readers of National Enquirer, I also suspect that even if it were true it would make no real difference to the ongoing middle east wars. They have a life of their own, now, even if the original inspiration did come from the Third Reich (as quite possibly it did).

((I think your theory would probably go over big with the National Enquirer readership, but the Christian/Moslem/Jew enmities date back centuries and need no 20th Century inspiration. I couldn't quite tell if you thought there really might be something to the Third Reich inspiration of the PLO.))

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George Flynn: Jerry Proctor wonders why so many movies are about the Nazis. Simple, because WW II is about the only historical event that they can be sure most of the audience understands (or thinks it does). One significant problem with making a movie about Afghanistan (or any other ongoing crisis) is the risk that events might make it obsolete before they finished it. Not that there aren't plenty of such conflicts with loose ends mostly tied up - but of course those have been mostly forgotten..

Reverting to the Nazis, specifically Diane Fox's wondering why "Nazis winning WW II is so popular" an alternate-history idea: It's because that was the most recent occasion when the fate of the whole world was clearly at stake, and when a different outcome would clearly have made a real difference.

((I don't believe it's audience understanding that inspired the plethora of WW II movies. It's the event in recent history that for a period of years changed Americans' lives in a significant way. A large portion of the population was caught up in the effort to beat the enemy. My dad was a Master Sergeant in the war in the Pacific, and as I was growing up we saw a lot of WW II movies together. There seem to be a lot fewer war movies now, probably because those who supported war movies with their attendance no longer go to movies period. Also, the Viet Nam war has had an effect on the demand for movies about war. Patton is the only film that comes to mind in the last decade or so to do well, and it is as much a tour-de-force biography as a war film.))

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Brad W. Foster: I knew when I got it there was something different about ANVIL 22, but it took the editorial to point it out - back to mimeo. Actually, not really a step backwards as you said. It just feels so damn right now, like a real fanzine, instead of a pseudo comic book like most comic fans try to put out. Unless you are going for high-detail artwork, mimeo is just fine for fanzines, and if all copies were of the same quality as mine you get excellent results from your machine.

Fine tale from BoSh. Almost a New Yorker slice of life bit. Fun.

Brown's book review got on my nerves rather quickly with all the "cute" restaurant and food comments. I do not like cute critics.

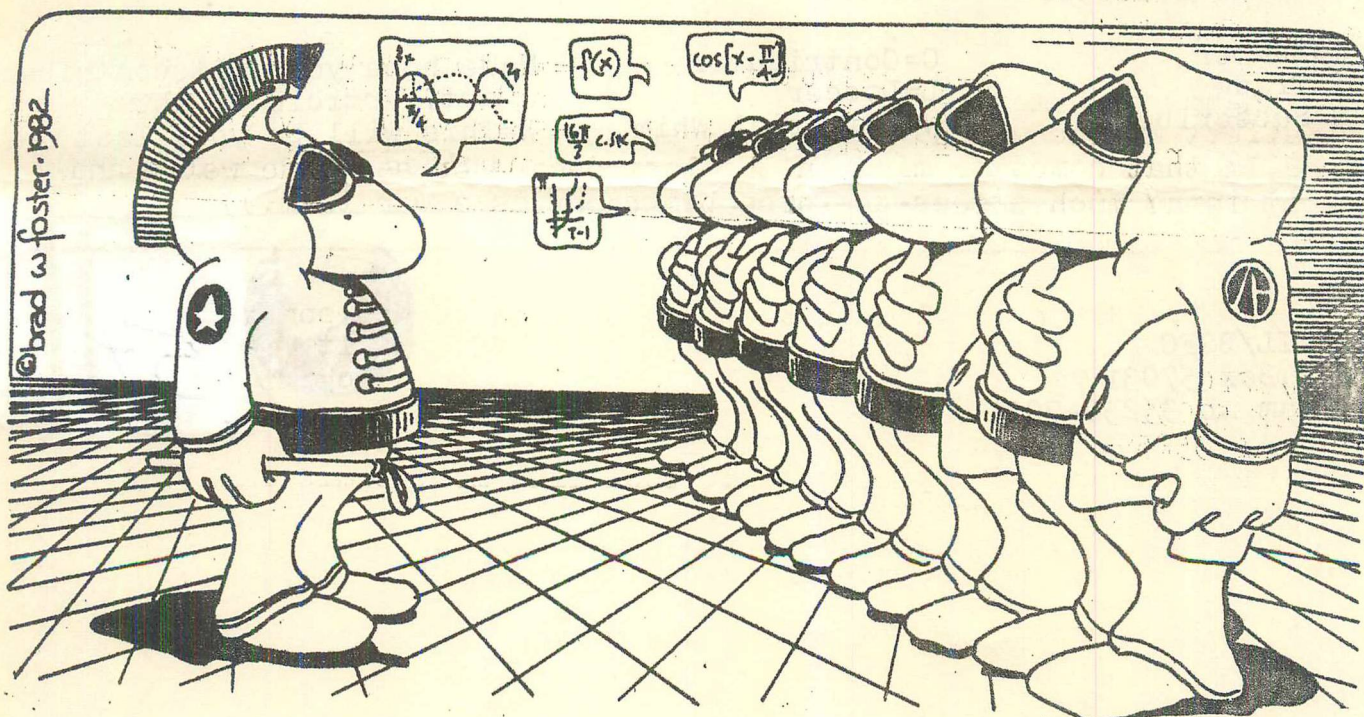


Con Report drove me up the wall as well in parts. Been reading too many reports lately that talk about the restaurants people go to and such. Here we are told a bit about the actual con for once, but not a whole lot -- what, for instance, were some of those good questions from the artists' panel?

Ah!! Did it again! Please, give even a one sentence line on the fanzines you don't review -- at least an address?

((How about it, Cecilia? There were several other requests for an expanded Fanzine Review Column. How about it, Charlotte?))

WAHF: Andre Barker-Bridget, Bob Barger



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ANVIL 22 collating party: Jim Cobb, Cindy & Linda Riley, Merlin Odom, Adrian Washburn, Jim Phillips, Frank Love, Stuart Herring.

ANVIL 23 collating party: Julie Wall, Merlin Odom, Jane Grey, Wade Gilbreath, and maybe some others I don't know about at this time, AND DUFF winner Peter Toluzzi, who just happened by on his way back to Australia!!!

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