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ANVIL 24, September-October, 1982, is the clubzine of the Birmingham Science Fiction Club.

Edited by Charlotte Proctor -- LoC Editor, Wade Gilbreath  
Typed on a Smith-Corona Super 12, Reproduced on a Bohn  
Rex Rotary Mimeo -- print run 225.

ANVIL is available for LoC, trade, contribution or 6 for \$5  
sent to: P. O. Box 57031, Birmingham, AL 35259-7031.

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#  
# EDITORIAL #  
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This issue marks the fourth anniversary of ANVIL.

ANVIL has come a long way since its inception, when Wade Gilbreath began it. Wade actually became editor voluntarily, thus beginning a tradition of slightly-confused-but-happy editors. From nothing, Wade built ANVIL into a well-established clubzine.

Jim Gilpatrick then took over, establishing a more formalized format and editorials designed to elicit comment. The editorials succeeded so well that the heated discussions he began continued long after he ~~defected~~ moved up North.

Jim Cobb and dlburden then became the co-editors, keeping ANVIL alive and fairly well, and each adding their own personal touch. The format loosened again, as did the publication dates, but the circulation lists kept growing, and ANVIL continued to improve.

Circumstances then dictated that I should become editor, and I have both the easiest and most difficult job of all.

Easy, because ANVIL is established; contributions come in (almost) unsolicited; loccers and club members alike look forward to each issue.

Difficult, because I must follow in the footsteps of the previous editors who made ANVIL what it is today, and try to maintain the high standards set by them.

And so we come to ANVIL 24.

The past couple of issues have featured articles, but this edition has turned into a review-zine. R\*A\*W S\*E\*X is mentioned for the first time in the pristine pages of ANVIL, in Jim Cobb & Nancy Brown's review of "Sorceress".

ANVIL is a clubzine, and extra special thanks are due to BSFCfans Ward Smith for the mimeo; Penny Frierson for the paper; Stuart Herring for mailing labels; Wade Gilbreath for editing locs, and giving me the benefit of his experience; Cindy Riley for art above and beyond the call of duty; Nancy Brown, Merlin Odom, Steve Bullock, Jane Gray, Jim Cobb, Bill Brown, Linda Riley, Valerie McKnight, Adrian Washburn, Julie Wall, Jim Phillips, Frank Love for contributions and labor.

I may be editor, but you are ANVIL.

#####  
# O A T H O F F E A L T Y #  
#####

by Larry Niven & Jerry Pournelle

Reviewed by Jim Cobb

Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle have written another very thick, very entertaining novel of the future. The idea behind Oath of Fealty, their new novel, isn't novel at all; conflict between two civilizations. But since one of the civilizations is the city of Los Angeles in the near future, and the other is contained within a huge four-mile-square building within Los Angeles' city limits, we do have some novel plot twists.

Anthony Rand, the designer of the "arcology", or huge world-within-a-building, is fighting to save his building from a group called "FROMATES" (Friends of Man And The Earth), and the politicians of Los Angeles. The "FROMATES" hate his building-civilization because it is "the good life" for only a select few, a new aristocracy. The politicians of Los Angeles hate it because it bleeds good people (and their money) from the city. As the main character, Rand is portrayed as a genius in his field, though confused about his personal life.

The good life really is available inside the building, with guards to watch over you who are really "on your side", quick transportation, fewer taxes, no pollution, a safe environment... almost everything you could want. Except peace from the people who don't like the building. When three intruders break into the lower level and mess up the electronic surveillance equipment of the guards, the guards have no choice but to strike back. Two of the intruders are killed, and it is discovered that they are just kids who meant no harm. One of the kids killed is the son of a City Councilman of Los Angeles, and the war really gets started.

More attempts on the building, jailbreak plans, and other sneaky maneuvers from each side keep the rest of the book jumping with excitement.

While this book is thick, it is not slow-moving. I found myself reading it while having breakfast, and staying up late to see what would happen. While there are no truly spectacular events in the book, the overall feeling of Something's Got To Be Done, and the clear, tight storytelling style makes the book well worth the \$2.95 cover price.

Oath of Fealty isn't as earth-shattering as Lucifer's Hammer, but then, it wasn't meant to be.



#####  
 # B O S H C O N #  
 #####

Charlotte Proctor

I realize it may not be cricket to review one's own con, but I do want to record this happening in the pages of ANVIL. There are, of course, readers who will hear of it only in the pages of ANVIL, so here goes....

Penny Frierson reflected that BoShcon was "a giant step backwards, in the right direction."

BoShcon was what a Southern con should be, and what they used to be, before we started trying to get "bigger and better". I guess I knew 100 of the 125 attendees (there were 127 registered, but Marc Ortlieb said it was too far to come--from Australia--and Meade Frierson III was tied up at the office all weekend).

Everyone there knew one another, they were all veteran congoers and knew what to do, and how to entertain themselves. Not that there wasn't plenty to do...fans brought their computers and we provided a room for them...a video room ran almost constantly...Mad Dog Madden showed his DSC (\*) slides...a well-stocked con suite was open as long as anyone wanted...And that was just Friday night!

(\*)DSC=DeepSouthConference, the 20-year old floating Southern con.

Saturday, the hucksters overflowed the huckster room and spilled out into the hall; the trivia quiz provided by Joe Moudry had a dozen entries and a good audience. The contest, which was strictly on literature, went into a second round, with the leaders being Mike Weber, Guy Lillian, Dave Halterman and Frank Love. Mike dropped out, as he wanted to ask the questions. It was a close race, with a tie-breaker being needed to determine the winner. Dave won, and immediately went into shock.

Bob Shaw also entered the trivia quiz. He said later that he was surprised at how many answers he did know. But as it was strict rotation, they were answered by someone else. When a question came to him, he always answered "Issac Asimov", sure that he would get it right some time.

At 5, fans gathered to hear non-GoH Bob Shaw speak. It was an informal hour, with Bob telling us about a convention he went to in Poland, and then opening the floor for questions.



"How is your new book coming along and what is it about?" Bob replied that it was a sequel to "Orbitsville" called "Orbitsville Departure", set 200 years after the original story, and that it is coming along slowly. You'd think, he said, that after 20 books he would have gotten the hang of it by now. "I've made it too complex", he continued, "and have outsmarted myself." As the fans began to get hungry, the questions centered upon food. "Do you have pizza in England?"

Ah, the pizza run...it being the easiest thing to do, we went to Pasquale's Pizza where our club always goes. That way, you don't need a map as there are lots of local fans who know the way and can lead. Of course, it was way across town, and I heard someone say later it was the farthest he had ever gone for a convention banquet.

We arrived in waves. Bob & I were among the first to arrive, and some of us began moving tables together, as we usually do. After a candle and two ashtrays had fallen to the floor and broken, Bob hid his face in the menu and said he didn't know us, and wasn't with us. Merlin had called ahead to let them know the club was coming, and they designated us our regular waiter. He's cool, and got the first 20 orders taken before the rest of the thundering herd came. Penny counted heads--there were 47 of us! We were so hungry that no matter whose pizza came first, we ate that one, and when the next one came, we ate it!

Back at the hotel, where was everybody? Well, let's see, besides the consuite, the computer room, the video room, a D&D room, there were 3 room parties (L&N, Huntsville, Knoxville) and a dance! And this was our little bitty unprogrammed relaxicon! Wish I could have attended, but I was chair, and just made the rounds to see that everything was going smoothly. It was. I went to bed early (2 AM).

Zeb Adams, Guy Lillian, Dick Lynch and Hank Reinhardt played the last round of the Hearts tourney Sunday. Who won? Well, who else but the King of Hearts himself, Hank Reinhardt! The prizes for Hearts and Trivia were copies of "Galactic Tours - Thomas Cook Out of this World Holidays" donated by the author. (Bob, of course, and illustrated by David Hardy). In fact, the reason Dave entered the trivia quiz at all was because he wanted that book!

We had planned to break even, financially, and after our second run out for more supplies, the hotel must have heard how much we had left, as the bill came to exactly (within \$1) the amount we had put aside for them.

Lots of people worked their tails off at this con...go back and read the last paragraph of the editorial to see who some of them were.

We had a great time...hope you did, too.

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# LIFE, THE UNIVERSE AND EVERYTHING #  
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by Douglas Adams      Reviewed by Marc Ortlieb

THE HITCH-HIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY is probably the Universe's best example of a spontaneously mutating work of art, much in the same way that the Hagemenons that it mentions are the Universe's best example of a spontaneously mutating life form. HITCH-HIKER'S started as an amusing and bizarre six episode radio serial, which probably would have won itself the 1979 Dramatic Presentation Hugo, had it not been pipped at the post by the Man Of Steel. From there, it metamorphosed into a stage play, and gave birth to a second six episode radio serial. This was followed by a two album set, composed of three long playing records; two novels - THE HITCH-HIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY and THE RESTAURANT AT THE END OF THE UNIVERSE; a six episode television serial; a hit single by Marvin the Paranoid Android; and, so rumour has it, a film.

The really mind boggling thing though is that none of these adaptations to the various media have much in common with each other at all, if one ignores the title, the major characters, and the by now justly famous words DON'T PANIC, written in large friendly letters on the covers. However, I tend to think of the radio serials as the basic stock, as it was these that I first encountered. The rest are interesting apocrypha.

The first radio serial dealt with the trials and tribulations of Arthur Dent, a native ape descendent of the planet Earth; explaining how he was rescued from the Earth when said planet was destroyed to make way for a hyperspace by-pass; how he and his rescuer - a Betelgeuse native by the name of Ford Prefect - were evicted from the Vogan space ship on which they had hitched a lift from the atomised Earth; how they were rescued from almost certain death by a stolen spacecraft, piloted by Ford's semi-cousin the infamous rebel Galactic President Zaphod Beeblebrox; how they discovered the reason why the Earth had been created in the first place - in the process also discovering the Answer to the Ultimate Question of Life, The Universe, and Everything; how they came to visit the Restaurant at the End of the Universe; and finally how they came to be stranded on the planet Earth, two million years before Christ, with a group of telephone sanitisers, window dressers, and middle-management personnel from the planet Golgafrincham. The second radio serial is really weird.

The first two books cover much of the material from the radio serials, but convolute the order, missing out quite large slabs, such as the bird people of Brontitall, and their five mile high statue of Arthur Dent; the shoe event horizon; and the 578,000,000,000 Lintilla clones. However, they are well worth reading, and certainly capture the spirit of the radio serials.

The book LIFE, THE UNIVERSE AND EVERYTHING is a departure from this approach. Here Adams has decided to explore a facet of his bizarrely improbable universe that has not been mentioned in previous incarnations of the opus. The book is set five years after the events described at the end of the novel version of THE RESTAURANT AT THE END OF THE UNIVERSE. Ford and Arthur have been stranded on the prehistoric Earth for all of that time, and, other than Ford's contributions to the evolution of the giraffe, have done nothing much of note.

However, discontinuities in the space-time continuum sweep them back into the thick of things, via a Chesterfield sofa that carries them into the middle of Lord's Cricket Ground, during a test match between England and Australia. The ensuing reunion with Slartibartfast, one of the Earth's original designers (he did the fjords in Norway) results in a galactic treasure hunt which reunites Ford and Arthur with Marvin the Paranoid Android, Zaphod, Trillian, and many of the major characters from the previous books.

If the book can be said to have a uniting theme, then it must be that great English passtime, cricket. This may initially confuse the American reader. If so, there is one minor consolation. The book isn't much more comprehensible to those readers in the cricketing nations. However, Adams does at least steer clear of anything too technical in the way of cricketing rules and jargon. Besides, as with the previous books, the plot itself isn't of major importance, but merely allows Adams to enter into more of the twisted speculations that gave the previous books so much of their appeal.

One of these areas of speculation is that of faster than light travel. In the original serial, Adams gave us the infinite improbability drive - a drive that worked by increasing the improbability of the spaceship to the point that it could, with equal probabilities, be anywhere in the universe, and then stopping it where the spaceship was actually supposed to be. In LIFE, THE UNIVERSE, ETC., Adams goes one better, and introduces us to a drive based on the fact that, in restaurants, numbers lose their meaning, to the point that it is impossible to calculate how much any given individual owes, or the time at which any given party will arrive. This is an ideal basis for a FTL drive.

Adams also speculates on the effects of immortality on a previously mortal creature-Wowbanger the Infinitely Prolonged-who has worked out a novel way of whiling away the millenia. One also, as a side benefit, discovers why the bowl of petunias in the first series, which was created by the improbability drive, thought "Oh, no. Not again." before falling three hundred miles onto the inhospitable surface of the planet Magerethea.

Don't though, expect a continuation of the series, or anything that connects, other than coincidentally, with any of the other books, records, or films. For some reason, Adams has decided on a very different approach-around the wicket as it were-and, though it may not be cricket, it is certainly a most entertaining novel.

#####  
# S O R C E R E S S #  
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Reviewed by Jim Cobb & Nancy Brown

"Sorceress" isn't your typical Sword and Sorcery, rape-pillage-burn movie. In fact, "Sorceress" isn't your typical anything. About five minutes into the film, the viewer will realize that it's the birth of an entirely new genre--Kung Fu D&D. Make that Kung Fu D&D Comedy. No, make that...well, never mind.

"Sorceress" is a movie unwilling to admit that it's a comedy. Unbelievably, this fact works for, rather than against, the film.

The acting is melodramatic, the script chock full of corny puns and the plot almost too loose for description. The music is second-hand; parts being borrowed bar-for-bar from "Battle Beyond the Stars." But since no one involved with this film seemed to take it seriously, the audience probably won't either. It all adds up to a lot of thigh-slapping fun.

The two main characters, Mira and Mara, are twins who are completely empathic. They've been hidden, disguised as boys (despite twin sets of 38 D's), to protect them from their evil father, Tragon. Tragon must sacrifice the first-born of his progeny to gain powers allowing him to take over the world. Unfortunately, the twins' disguise works too well, and they don't know the difference between men and women--although several men volunteer to show them.

Mira and Mara team up with a red-haired Viking, an over-sexed satyr and an urbane barbarian. The twins' first encounter with the satyr shows the extent of their sexual ignorance, while providing us with this jewel: "What's that hanging between his legs? A weapon? Let's not risk it." Then they punch his lights out.

With the Viking leading the group, they enter a typical medieval city (complete with harem girls) searching for the Viking's friend, the cultured barbarian. We soon learn what an educated barbarian we have when he shows he knows the difference between "Who" and "Whom". The barbarian and the Viking have a lot in common, both sporting California accents and tans.

The concept of multiple orgasm is given a whole new meaning when one of the twins goes to bed with the barbarian, and the other wakes up in the obvious throes of - ahem - ecstasy. This drives the satyr into a frenzy, prompting the Viking to chase him off, saying "Let me know if you find a cold river!"

Perhaps one of the most memorable of all the bad lines in the film occurs when a horde of zombies are released from their underground caverns to fight the twins and their cohorts. Instead of charging into battle, they charge into the midst of a

group of "sacrificial virgins" and begin carrying them off. The Viking looks sagely at his comrades and quips, "They've been buried a thousand years, you know?"

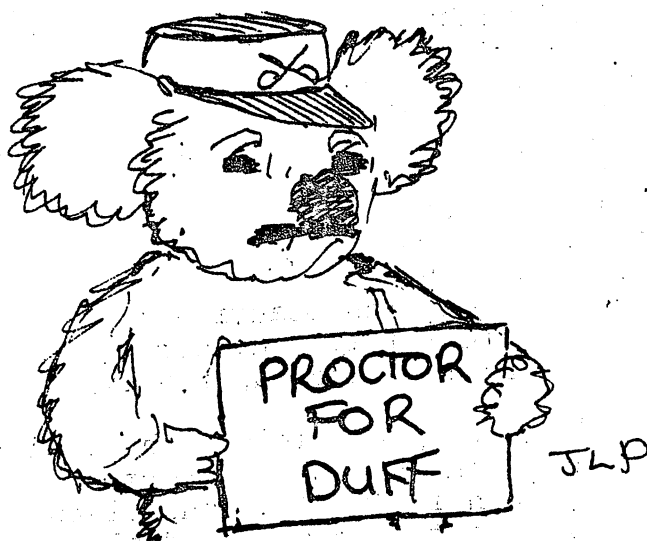
Tragon's problems with the hired help don't end with the horny zombies, however. The top banana in his troop of apes (they were previously armed with exploding laughing gas coconuts) defects to the other side, helping the satyr to organize an angry, pitchfork-wielding mob of villagers.

As you can see, this is the perfect flick for connoisseurs of movies-bad-enough-to-be-good. But you's better hurry, it'll probably be gone from the theaters in the blink of an eye. (Resurrected, we hope, by HBO, in time for one of Birmingham's ~~drunken festivities~~ parties.)

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### V O T E ! ! !

Yes, that's right! Charlotte Proctor is running for DUFF..... along with Jerry Kaufman, Alexis Gilliland and Jan Finder. The Down Under Fan Fund sends a deserving fan to Australia (or from Australia, depending) each year. I am running on the Send-A-Southern-Fan-Further-South platform, and would appreciate your vote. But whomever you support, I urge you to mark the enclosed ballot and send it with your \$2 to the address thereon. Support your local DUFF, TAFF, MAFF & COFF. (That last is the Concrete Overshoes Fan Fund, which is closely allied with the Mid-Atlantic Fan Fund.)



FRANKLY MIZ CHARLOTTE,  
I DON'T GIVE A DUFF

(This ad paid for by Friends of Charlotte For DUFF.)

# ##### # THE LAST UNICORN # #####

Reviewed by Valerie McKnight

I never thought I'd see a Rankin-Bass production that would make me forgive them for "The Hobbit", but here's one at last. Peter Beagle is one of the lucky few writers who've had their best work translated aptly to film. He wrote the screenplay himself, and the animation and most of the voices were in general quite satisfactory.

The story is known to many of us: how the last unicorn in the world travels with Schmendrick the magician and Molly Grue of the Greenwood to find out what became of the other unicorns. The book illuminated fantasy and folklore in a manner that was loving but entirely unsentimental. The movie has a great deal of the same feeling, though of course much of the deeper meaning had to be left out. The movie's plot makes sense by itself, something one doesn't always see in adaptations like this. The dialog, though sadly cut down, is straight from the book and as witty as ever.

Most of the voices were excellent, except for Schmendrick and Prince Lir, who sometimes had trouble enunciating complicated sentences as though they really meant them. (Due to the silly practice of listing the cast in alphabetical order, I have no idea who the actors were.) The animation, while not up to "Watership Down" was beautiful. The unicorn herself was drawn rather insipidly, but her voice, and the drawings of the other characters made up for it.

I strongly objected to only one thing--the mediocre pop songs stuck into every pause in the story. Fortunately, they're fairly quiet, so you can ignore them and discuss the plot. It does irk one to think of the priceless dialog that was cut out for that drivel, but I suppose there's no help for it.

My recommendation? See the movie ASAP, and for maximum enjoyment read the book, too.



#####  
# F E G H O O T #  
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## NOT JUST ANOTHER SHAGGY FISH STORY

Merlin Odom

Nik van Rhine was furious with Frederick Thermidorus, his master chef. While it wasn't unusual to see Nik mad at something at any given time, this was different.

"Fred, can't I leave y'all alone for just one week and still expect things to go okay without me? NO! The customers aren't happy and when they're not happy they don't eat and when they don't eat I go broke. When I'm broke I'm not happy and you're unemployed. What's going on?"

Fred saw his life pass before his eyes. He had known the job was dangerous when he took it. Nik didn't get to the top of the heap in the L-5 colony #7 restaurant business by being shy and unassuming. Oh well, best to get it over with, he thought to himself, while silently lining up his job prospects just in case he should live so long.

"I don't know, Nik. Maybe it was that last shipment of fresh fish from the NovAnglia colony. You know, that new mutant variety of flounder they've been talking about. More meat, better taste, etc. We got a good deal on it while you were gone. But I haven't had a chance to try it, though. Do you want to stuff some?"

"Please do so. The best of everything. If it's not the fish, very well, we'll look elsewhere for the culprit. If it is, and you bought it to save a buck, you'll be slaving over a hot microwave at Golden Archie's for the rest of your miserable life."

The receipt was an old reliable. The execution of the entire preparation was perfect. The finished product was a joy to the eyes. However, when it came time to eat the masterpiece of culinary art, it could not be done. The knife broke, the fork bent, and the spoon melted whenever it came within close proximity.

"Nik, I think we've found the problem. It IS the flounder!" cried Fred, relieved and depressed at the same time.

"No, it isn't", said a weary Nik.

"Huh? What do you MEAN it isn't the flounder?"

"I mean, I did manage to get a taste before I bruised my tongue. It definitely was not flounder, though it still was a variety of flat-fish", said Nik.

"Alright, I give up. What is it? What kind of fish are they?" sighed Fred.

Nik grinned. "These are the soles that try men's tines."

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#  
# FORGED MINUTES #  
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by Julie Wall

And now, much to everyone's delight -- the shortest minutes I have ever written:

BSFC Meeting, October 9, 1982, at the usual place.

We quickly disposed of business--easy to do since our president in charge of vice was at the head table. Jim Cobb, our almost ex-officio Prez was in the Bahamas at the time, from where it would've been so difficult to conduct the meeting that he didn't even try.

Mostly we discussed BoShcon, which is now history so I won't go into gory details. We also decided that if we made enough money off the auction we were about to have for ANVIL, we would use it for this year's Christmas party to be held at Penny Frierson's house.

So, we had our second auction of the year, which ought to indicate how desperate for production cost \$ we were. This was strictly "stuff", no books. Quite a lot of interesting junk was sold by our resident auctioneer, Jim Phillips, not the least of which were the costumes that Ward Smith had promised at the last meeting.

All in all, we netted right at \$100, which was quite enough to put out the last ANVIL of the year and have a Christmas Party, to which you are all invited, the second Saturday in December.

#####

BSFC Meeting, November 13, 1982 -- one week before BoShcon.

Everyone's getting excited now. Except Charlotte. She's getting nervous. BoSh isn't here yet, she hasn't heard a word from England. (It turns out he was deathly ill from influenza and didn't know when he'd be well enough to come-- but as everyone knows, he made it in plenty of time for the con.)

Some well-meaning but novice huckster asked City Hall for a sales tax permit and was appalled to find out he would need a \$5,000 bond to get one. City Hall was appalled to find out that none of the other hucksters were asking for one. In our chairman's words, "They'll come looking for sales tax offenders and you know what they'll find -- minors drinking beer and Dave showing his X-rated movie. Folks, they're going to throw my ass in jail!"

It was moved that, due to the rising cost of producing ANVIL (no more free Xerox) we would raise our dues from \$12 a year to \$15 -- \$20 for a family membership. (Single meetings, \$1.50) Motion passed.

[illegible]#####  
#  
# FORGED FIGURES #  
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Beginning Balance.....\$ 47.22

Income:

ANVIL subscription..... 5.00

Interest.....	.96
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Auction..... 101.90

Dues . . . . . 39.00

\$194.08

Outgo:

E-stenciled art.....	5.00
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Stencils (A24,25).....	15.00
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Postage (A24, 25, 26) . . . .	54.50
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\$119.58

-- Jane Gray

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# Z I N E R E V I E W S , #  
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by Cecilia Martinez

We've had several requests to expand the fanzine review col. I have decided, somewhat reluctantly, (No! No! You can't make me! I won't do more than two, I won't! I won't!) to expand the review column to four reviews, at least for this, our anish. It all just goes to show: "You can please some of the people some of the time..."

For those of you who haven't encountered it before, I use the asterisk method of rating, five being perfect. Since it is said that nothing is perfect, I haven't found one yet. This could be a lifetime occupation.

PRIVATE HEAT #2/3, Lee Pelton, 4513-34th AV S., Minn., MN 55406

Pelton says that this is "...not what (PRIVATE HEAT) can be, or will be..." I don't see how it can possibly get much better than it already is. On first glancing through the issue it is immediately apparent that PH is an artist's showcase among other things. The art is without exception of high quality, something that the locs commented on as well. Interior illos were by such "names" as Joan Hanke-Woods, Stu Shiffman, Alexis Gilliland, Charlie Williams and many others. Several of the pieces were full page spreads. The cover by Delmonte, is a very professional piece of work.

The literary content is hardly less so. One article is an absolutely fascinating piece by Diane Duane on a day in the life of a writer. Such vignettes can, of course, be very boring, but this one was not, partly through interesting content, partly through Duane's skill with words, and partly through identification. Most of us, especially those of us who do any writing at all, will find something to identify with somewhere in this article. However, the editor's continuing autobiographical series, "My Life Through Rock and Roll", did nothing for me since I have no interest in this particular genre. In other words I did not identify. The book reviews are very well done and readable. This is only the second issue, but already there are several good controversies going in the Loc column.

Visually and aesthetically speaking the layout is generally good although the margins need to be enlarged, in many places they were practically non-existent. Also, I have no idea why each page number is done in a different type-face. I don't know who or "what" collates the 'zine, but he, they, or "it" should be a bit more careful. I had several duplicate pages in this copy which means somebody may have come up short.

All in all PRIVATE HEAT is an excellent piece of work, and I hope that Lee continues pubbing. I'm game, I'll give it \*\*\*\* $\frac{1}{2}$ .

PRIVATE HEAT is available for the usual (loc, art, trade), solicited articles, \$1.50 per issue or 4/\$4.00.

HOLIER THAN THOU #14, Marty Cantor, 5263 Riverton AV, #1,  
North Hollywood, CA 91601

pu trid (pyoo'trid) adj. 1. In a decomposed, foul-smelling state; rotten. 2. Proceeding from, pertaining to, or displaying putrefaction. 3. Corrupt; morally rotten. 4. Extremely objectionable; vile. (Latin putridus, from putrere, to be rotten. See putrescent)

Marty Cantor says that he is "...fond of gross putridity and outrageous humor". After reading HOLIER THAN THOU, I would say yes, he certainly is. He, along with Darrell Schweitzer, another of the moving forces behind HTT, have come up with some "extremely objectionable; vile" humor in HTT. I believe that it is on the same mentality level as a "mad-slasher" movie, that is to say, pretty low. Which is a pity, because if you edited out the "putridness" of HTT then it would be the top fanzine in this country.

But if you did that, it wouldn't be HOLIER THAN THOU.

Wade through the low humor, the jokes in bad taste, the "putridity", and there is actually some very erudite writing in here. Cantor tried to hide it, but wasn't entirely successful. He can write, and he writes well. Fully prepared to be bored through a five page editorial, I instead found myself fascinated, nodding my head in agreement, or scowling at points where I thought he was dead wrong. He does seem to have a British fixation, as pointed out by Mike Glycer in his article "The Pied Typer", as I was continually running across "colour", "recognise", "behaviour", "whilst", (whilst for God's sake!), and others.



I found that if I just pretended Cantor was British it didn't interrupt my reading every time I ran across one of these little jewels. He does live in California, therefore he's forgiven his idiosyncracies. Most of the columns in this 'zine are by continuing contributors, "Aunt Adrienne's Advice to the Hungry Lovelorn", by Adrienne Fein among them. Warned ahead of time that the column was "some odds and ends", I was not as much put off by what seemed to be a disjointed venture into questionable humor as I might have been. Actually it came off very well. I was unable to stomach (pun intended) her column "Cooking with Aunt Adrienne", but that's a reflection on my personal constitution, not her writing. The "LoC Ness Monster" is a very lively LoC column that is fully in Cantor's control. His comments were interjected at the right points and not without thought, except in a place or two where I think he put down a gut reaction, one of which contributed to a second editorial on "American Cultural Imperialism" as defined by the Canadians. I didn't even know there was such a thing. The more fool I. How about "Southern Cultural Imperialism"? We can force the rest of the country at gunpoint to eat grits and like it.

HOLIER THAN THOU is not for everybody. In a holistic sense it's aimed at a very narrow audience. If putridity turns you off, then don't bother with this 'zine, I guarantee you'll be turned off and disgusted. If you like that sort of thing, you'll love it. If I were to rate this 'zine aside from the offensive humor, it would be nudging a five; if I were rating the sickening humor, it would be zero, and overall it would be 2½ to 3. But none of these are quite right. You be the judge.

HOLIER THAN THOU is available for the usual or \$1.50 per issue or 3/\$.00.

THE PETER PRINCIPLE #2, Peter Toluzzi, PO Box H143, Australia Square, Sydney, NSW 2000, Australia

I must admit that although I had heard the term "The Peter Principle" prior to reading this 'zine, I did not know exactly what it meant until I accidentally ran across a reference to it in this month's edition of Smithsonian magazine. The man behind "The Peter Principle", Laurence J. Peter (hence "Peter" principle, amazingly enough), said that "In a hierarchy, individuals tend to rise to their levels of incompetence."

What's that got to do with this PETER PRINCIPLE?

Wonderfully little. TPP is not an incompetent effort. Although, as in most things, there is room for improvement in some departments, others are most satisfactory.

The LoC column for instance. Instead of taking each letter and placing it in its edited entirety beneath the writer's name and address, Toluzzi has taken relevant comments from each and melded them together into a satisfying whole (with pertinent comments inserted at appropriate points) that reads like a very interesting interview.

Addresses are all listed at the end for those who need to know. Thus it's like a tennis match with the topic being batted back and forth between opponents. I wonder what would happen if all of these people actually got together in one room?

A bit of faan fiction (I hope) by Geoff Jagoe, was--strange. But good! There were several jokes in the piece that I did not understand because they referred to people and events that I do not know, but this did not detract from the overall story.

The layout of the 'zine is for the most part visually pleasing, but Toluzzi does need more art to break up several pages of unrelieved blocks of type. Also what art he did have was usually of a mediocre quality. There's nothing wrong with the repro on this, all crisp and clean (no caffeine remains to be seen.)

Peter Toluzzi's style is light without being superficial, serious without being burdensome, and overall enjoyable. I give it a score of \*\*\*\* $\frac{1}{2}$ .

THE PETER PRINCIPLE is available for the usual.

NEKROMONIKON (formerly DOPPLEGANGERS!) #7, Neil Ezra Kaden,  
1104 Longhorn Drive, Plano, TX 75023

This is a well written, generally well laid out 'zine from a place we generally hear very little from--Texas. It's got a clean style that unfortunately suffers from what is at times a fuzzy repro of the copy. That's an intermittent thing, though, since at other times it's very good.

The columns, the reviews, etc., are usually well written. And there was one piece of fiction, "The Discount Dungeon" by Bob McLain that I found amusing. Well, perhaps it was a bit more than amusing. I did have problems with the fact that there are no real title headings (i.e. letraset or pretype) so that at times it's difficult to tell where one article ends and another begins.

One surprise. An article on "Letterhacking" by the master of Letterhackers himself, Harry Warner, Jr. And you thought he just wrote LoCs!

The LoC column dwells on the influx of media-fans into SF fandom in general. But most of the letters do not get too vicious about it. Something I find refreshing since I'm beginning to get tired of this particular topic.

Other than the problems mentioned, it was an overall good read, and I hope that Neil can get it out a little oftener. I give it \*\*\*\*.

NEKROMONIKON is available for the usual.

WE ALSO RECEIVED:

ASFO/AWN #13  
Joe Celko &  
Brad Linaweaver  
Box 10558  
Atlanta, GA  
30310

BRSFL NEWS #21  
Clay Fourrier  
PO Box 14238  
Baton Rouge, LA  
70898-4238

ChatsFIC NEWS #14,15  
Nancy R. Segar  
Rt. 5, Box 315-A  
Cleveland, TN  
37311

DASFAX 14/9,10  
Fred Cleaver  
811 19th St.  
Boulder, CO  
80302

DILLINGER RELIC 23,24  
Arthur D. Hlavaty  
819 W. Markham AV  
Durham, NC 27701

DORMOUSE 12  
Marc Ortlieb  
PO Box 46  
Marden, SA 5070  
AUSTRALIA

ENNUI 2  
John A. Purcell  
3381 Sumter AV S.  
St.Louis Park, MN  
55426

FANZINE FANATIQUE 49  
6 Vine Street  
Lancaster, LA1 4UF  
United Kingdom

FILE 770 35  
Mike Glyer  
5828 Woodman AV #2  
Van Nuys, CA  
91401

THE IRON BARON  
Rebecca Posey  
1951-F East Bend Ci.  
B'ham, AL 35215

LUNATION  
Julie Scott  
108 Woodlawn Dr.  
Chattanooga, TN  
37411

MAYBE 62  
Irv Koch  
3835 Chattanooga  
Bank Building  
Chattanooga, TN  
37402

NEW CANADIAN FANDOM  
Robert Runte  
PO Box 4655 PSSE  
Edmonton, Alberta  
CANADA T6E 5G5

PHOENIX 3/4  
c/o SFAV  
PO Box 1772  
Victoria, BC  
CANADA V8W 2Y2

PHOTRON 17  
Allan Beatty  
PO Box 1906  
Ames, IA 50010

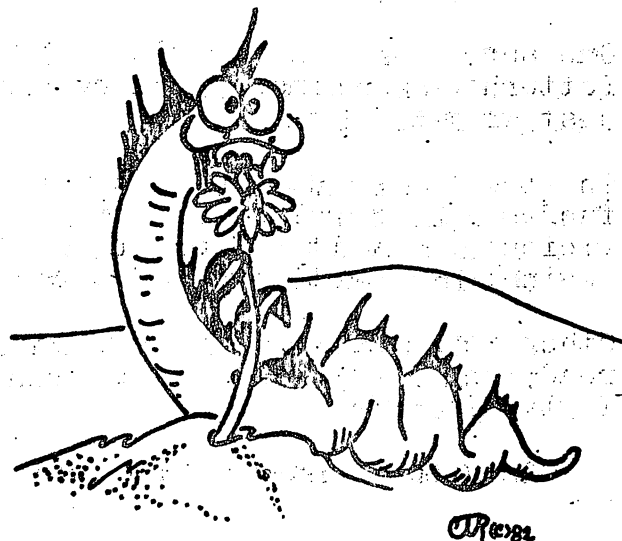
SCIENCE FICTION  
REVIEW 45  
Richard Geis  
PO Box 11408  
Portland, OR  
97211

SMOKE SIGNALS  
Rickey Shields  
5587 Robinson  
Road Ext.  
Jackson, MS  
39204

STICKY QUARTERS 2  
Brian Earl Brown  
20101 W Chicago  
#201  
Detroit, MI 48228

TRANSMISSIONS  
117 thru 120  
Robert Teague  
PO Box 1534  
Panama City, FL  
32401-0123

WESTWIND 63/64  
Elizabeth Warren  
PO Box 24207  
Seattle, WA  
98124



#####  
#  
# T O L U Z Z I T R I P #  
#  
#####

by Charlotte Proctor

As Stven Carlberg points out in his LoC this ish, Birmingham (of all places!) does have international fan connections. We're not quite sure how it happened, but we're glad it did. In October, this year's DUFF winner, Peter Toluzzi, paid us a visit....

Wade Gilbreath had to work Friday and Saturday, but he kept in touch by phone. Saturday morning Wade called me at home...

"Hi, Charlotte...Did Peter get in all right?" Wade inquired.

"Yes, he's here", I replied.

"Is he having a good time?"

"I can't tell, Wade. We're just doing our usual. It was time to collate ANVIL, so just as soon as I brought him home from the airport and fed him lasagna, Julie Wall, Jim Phillips, Merlin Odom, and Cindy and Linda Riley arrived, and we started to work. He pitched right in."

"Oh", said Wade. "Didn't Bill & Nancy Brown come?"

"Yes, they got here late. By then we had already finished the Henry (McKenna Sour Mash Bourbon) and started on the Rebel Yell." (We don't call it an ANVIL collating party for nothing.)

"Well, what is he like?"

"Uh, he's about 5'8", dark hair, neatly trimmed beard, ~~intell~~/~~lect~~/~~witty~~ charming, and a real nice guy."

"That's great. I wish I could be there. Oh, well, I'll get to meet him Sunday. See ya, Charlotte."

And again Saturday night Wade called...we were at Penny Frier-son's house...

"Hi, Charlotte, how's it going?"

"Gee, I don't know, Wade."

"What do you mean?" Wade asked anxiously.

"We had a pretty good time at your house this afternoon, Wade", I told him. "Thanks for letting us come over while you were at work. Besides the regular crew, Dick & Nicki Lynch came down from Chattanooga. Ward Smith was there, and he and Peter really hit it off, talking about music."

"That sounds great. What are you so worried about?" Wade wondered.

"Well, he's really into music. I should have thought to take him to hear the Mortals, or something", I explained.

"Oh. Yeah. Well, you didn't know", Wade said.

"But that's not the worst of it", I told him, and rushing to tell it all before I lost my nerve, I recounted this horror story:

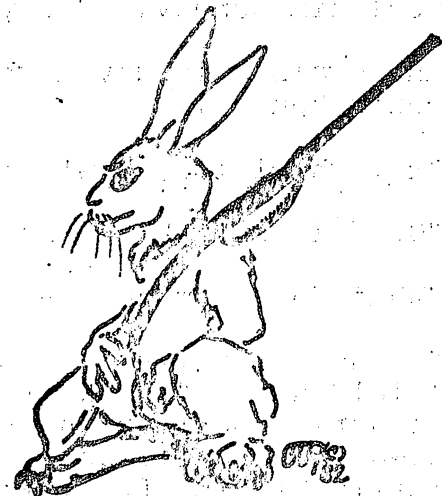
After leaving Wade's apartment, we all trooped over to Pasquale's for pizza, fortifying ourselves for the journey to Penny's house, located in the dreaded Woodvale Triangle. We had maps which read "Not to scale. Good Luck."

But I didn't wait till we got to the Woodvale Triangle to lose my way. Noooooo, I made an immediate wrng turn and ended up in the wilds of Jefferson County. It was dark, it was rainy. There were no gas stations, no city lights, no convenience stores, no nothing. I was embarrassed, scared and so close to hysteria it didn't make any difference. But I didn't make any bones about it. After a couple of false starts, turning around a few times, pausing at intersections, I got right out of the car and went back to Dick & Nicki who were following me, and told them we were lost. They were quite good about it.

We continued on for awhile (the wrong way, as it turned out) until finally we spotted, nestled in among the darkened warehouses, a small friendly light surrounded by a cluster of cars. We pulled up, and I dashed in. (Oddly enough, it was a shooting gallery the location of which had been the subject of lively discussion at my house for weeks.)

When I emerged, some time later, map in hand, confidence regained, ready to reassure my friends that all was well, there they were, the three of them, playing frisbee in the parking lot.

While I was gone, they told me, a car had pulled up and asked directions of Peter. Peter had told him, of course, that he couldn't help him, that he was lost. The man drove off, only to return a little later to ask directions of Dick and Nicki. They told the man they were with him, pointing to Peter, and they were lost, too.



Armed with a map which connected with Penny's map, we made our way across the Southern Marches and invaded the Woodvale Triangle, which held no fears for us, intrepid travellers.

The map said "third street on the right", and "after the church". In that area, driveways look like streets, and houses like churches. It didn't help that a fog had come up and visibility was three feet.

Peter said, "I'll look for the house with the neon cross."

"Not in his neighborhood", I replied. "A tasteful stained glass window, perhaps."

####

"But you made it OK, didn't you? I mean, you're there, Wade said.

"Well, yes, but I feel awful about getting lost in a town where I've lived for 20 years."

Wade reassured me..."Don't feel badly, Charlotte, everybody gets lost sometime, and it all turned out all right. Come on, tell me what's going on now."

"Well," I said, "Frank Love and Jim Phillips have their computers set up in the den, and the rest of us are in the living room. Peter showed his slides of Australian cons. Dick and Nicki really enjoyed seeing pictures of people they know from apas. And there was one picture of a guy in costume as a flasher that we had to call Jim Phillips in to see..."

"Wow, I would have loved to see those. Maybe he'll show them again tomorrow", Wade enthused. "What else is happening?"

"Then he played his tape of a "dramatic presentation" some Aussiefans (including Marc Ortlieb) did of "Doon". Meade & Penny are familiar with the "Goon Show", and the rest of us with "Dune", and it was real funny", I told him. "And you should see the booze Penny has brought out...Wild Turkey, Peppermint Schnapps, Uzi...."

"Charlotte, 'Uzi' is an Israeli machine gun", Wade pointed out.

"Oh...uh...Uzo, or something like that...it's a liqueur", I clarified.

"That's better", said Wade. "Sounds like you're having a great time. I'm really looking forward to meeting Peter at Eric's place tomorrow afternoon."

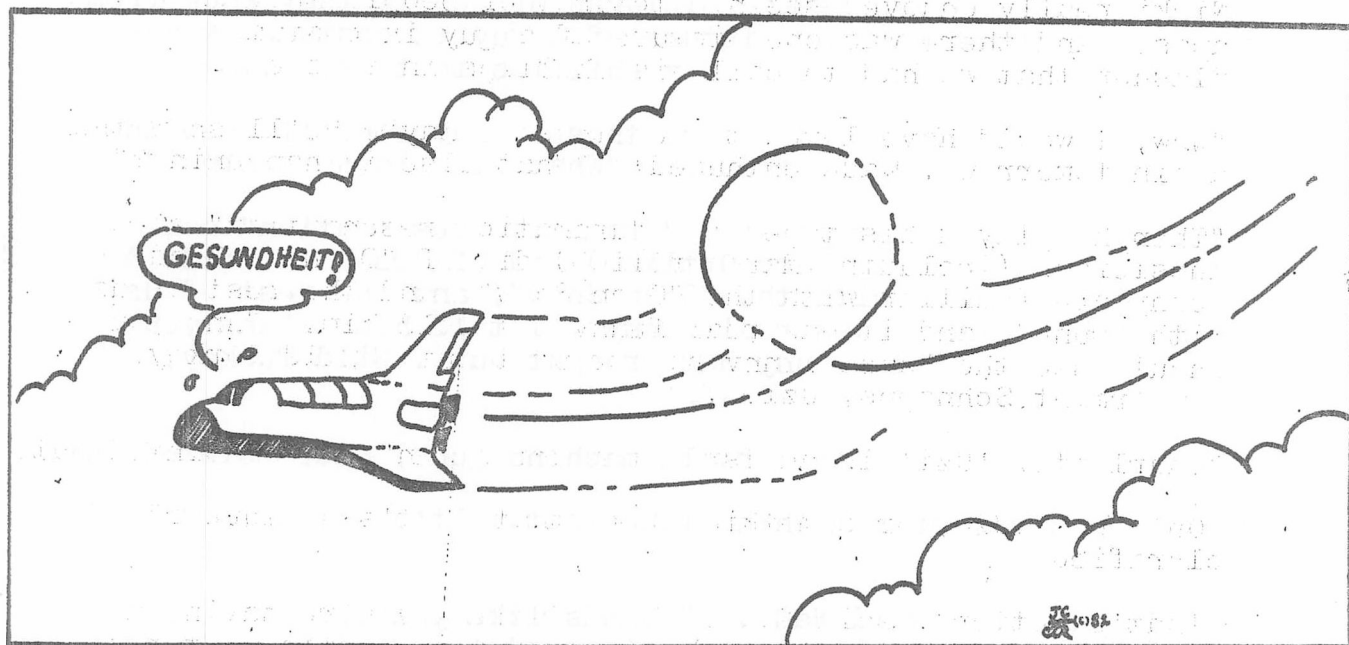
"And don't forget we're going to Bill and Nancy's tomorrow night. That ought to be fun", I replied, my spirits already rising in anticipation. And it was.....

"It ain't nothing but a party..." was the theme of the get-together at Bill & Nancy's place Sunday. We kinda like to dance when we party, but Peter wasn't too sure about joining in. He seems to think he has a unique and unorthodox dancing style. But when he witnessed Wade (Dancing Bear) Gilbreath, Jim (do-your-own-thing) Cobb and Nancy (Disco Mamma) Brown at play, unique and unorthodox seemed right at home.

As sometimes happens at these things, we gave birth to a one-shot. In said one-shot, Peter reflected that the party was progressing in a "familiar and favourite" fashion...along the lines of his parties in Sydney, or those in Minneapolis... We didn't know whether to be shocked or flattered.

As parties go, this one went--really well. Nobody wanted it to end, and everyone wanted to see another party just like it. Maybe in Minneapolis...or Sydney??

Yeah, it was a real trip.



#####  
 # THE ANVIL CHORUS #  
 #####

Even though this is the annish for ANVIL--Charlotte, I understand, has a fat issue planned--I've had to edit the letters rather heavily this time. Everyone has written long, interesting commentary on the last few issues, and it's been tough trying to pare the whole thing down to publishable size. But don't let me give the wrong impression, it's a task I welcome. It means ANVIL is functioning beyond the clubzine level.'

I've dropped my comments this time. Although my own editorial presence in the past two issues has been rather weak, I do think immediate feedback in the letter column is important. I'll have more to say next time around when the pressure for space lessens.

-Wade Gilbreath

#####

Stven Carlberg                      Thanks for sending ANVIL 23 my way!  
 329 St. Joseph                      Birmingham continues to have one of the  
 Lafayette LA 70506                   most active and attractive fan communities  
    around, and it's a pleasure to peek in  
 the window occasionally. You should all be ashamed of yourselves for having so much fun! Hasn't anyone told you that fandom is a serious business? Well, I hope they never do. Keep those oneshots and genzines and parties and faanish conventions rolling!

Marc Ortlieb's comparison of Birmingham and Melbourne fandoms with some inspirational help from ALICE IN WONDERLAND was a charmingly written piece. Although the chances of my being able to afford a trip to Australia for a WorldCon, even in 1985, even if I start saving for it right now, are pretty darn slim, the Melbourne bid has my best wishes so long as faanish wits such as Marc's support it. I also got to read one of their ANTIPODEAN ANNOUNCERS a few weeks ago, and can state with conviction that among the Aussies are numbered some genuinely entertaining writers; I support his recommendation of the zine to any who enjoy amusing, well-written faanish prose.

Bob Shaw's liaison d'espirit with the fans of Birmingham is one more delightful resource for American fandom. He is a titan of wit whose hilarious Guest of Honor speech at the last Birmingham DSC will certainly inspire more than the usual number of registrants for the Halfacon/BoShcon this November. I'll be there with a tape recorder this time, hoping to catch some of those whimsical words for posterity.

It puzzles me that Birmingham fandom, of all places, should suddenly develop these international fan connections. Either you've put in some terrifically clever behind-the-scense work to bring this about or you've been darn lucky. Maybe both. But do keep up the good work, however you explain it.

Sheila Strickland    The requested recipe for crawfish daiquiris  
Rt. 1, Box 386B       must remain a deep dark secret known only  
Baker, LA 70714       to the members of the Baton Rouge for Deep  
                         South Con in 2001 bid committee. I can  
say, however, that the recipe involves live crawfish, plenty  
of rum and a Bass-o-matic. For those who want to give their  
taste buds an experience, we hold bid parties at the Southern  
cons we attend. (We did have a party at ChiCon, but had to  
spend a lot of time explaining just what a crawfish was.)

That was a nice article by Marc Ortlieb. Or was it the long-  
est bid presentation I've ever read? Present-day Australian  
cons sound about like what I hear US cons used to be like. I  
can't see myself getting to Australia in the foreseeable future;  
but if I did I think I'd enjoy an Australian con. (But no  
con suite? Horrors! At a smallish con, that's my favorite spot.)

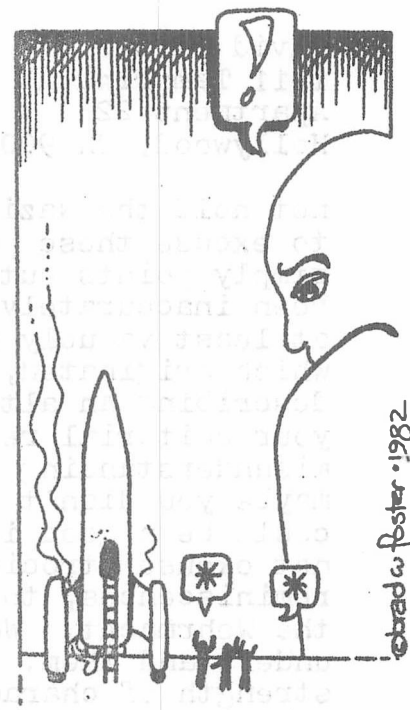
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Harry Warner, Jr.       Marc Ortlieb has been quietly attaining  
423 Summit Avenue       a momentum for fanac which few fans have  
Hagerstown, MD 21740    achieved since the giants walked the  
                         earlier fandoms, publishing in copious  
quantities and simultaneously writing for other people's fan-  
zines. Offhand, I can't remember anyone in the history of  
Australian fandom maintaining such a level of quality and quan-  
tity in the written forms of fanac, while simultaneously keeping  
busy going to cons and doing the other in-person forms of activity.

So, maybe in a few decades in the future someone will reprint  
"Terra Australias Incognito" and the fans of the early 21st  
century will marvel at the way fanzines could acquire such ma-  
terial back in the good old days. But even in 1982, I can  
appreciate it as both amusing and informative. Marc has put  
into words some of the things about Australian cons which most  
conreports omit because they seem too basic to need describing.  
In fact, I have an uneasy feeling that some facts about modern  
worldcons will be lost to future generations of fans unless  
someone does for the American big cons a similar service to the  
one Marc has rendered for those in Australia. When was the  
last time someone preserved in a conreport the facts about what  
was contained in the packet of stuff given to each fan at the  
registration table? (I haven't been to a large con for years  
but I assume there's still some items along with the program  
book which surprised me when I first started to go to cons be-  
cause nobody had ever bothered to mention them in a fanzine.)  
Exactly what were the remarks made at the official opening  
ceremony of the con? Which tables in the huckster's room were  
devoted to dealers in highly specialized types of merchandise?

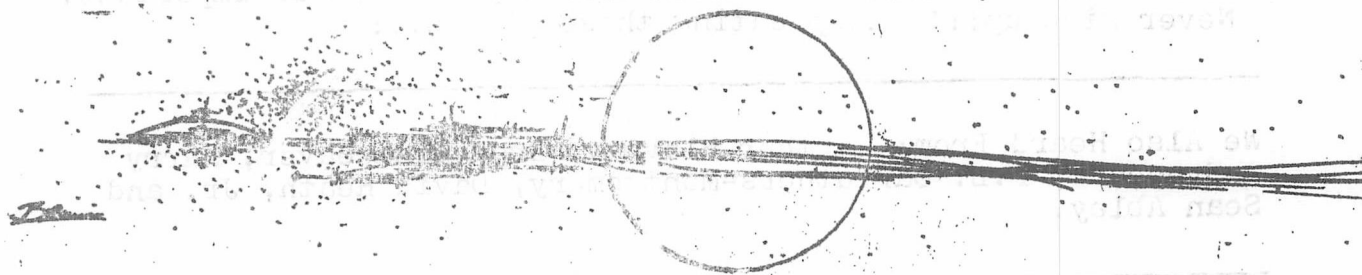
The accidental reference to golfers which Sheila Strickland  
caught seems incongruous when fans are the subject matter.  
But I've wondered for a long while why golf and fans so rarely  
go together. Offhand, I can think of only one fan who has  
publicly admitted to a fondness for golf, Walt Willis.

Golf is no longer a rich man's game and it isn't identified with the bourgeois conservative as exclusively as it once was. A few fans have written about their love for baseball, some have described in fanzines how they played on their high school football team, a group of Detroit fans go bowling regularly, but fans just don't seem to take to golf or tennis, another sport you almost never see mentioned in connection with fans. I must hastily disclaim any interest in golf on my own part. I had an aunt who used to win the city championship at the local contry club for years and years and I occasionally carried her clubs when I was a boy. She tried to interest me in the game, lending me some balls and a couple of clubs, but I just didn't take to it and I haven't played a round of golf since completing puberty.



Dalvan Coger's loc was particularly informative to me. I was so upset by World War Two as I lived through those years that I have read next to nothing about it since 1945 and I usually shy away from any movies or television programs set in those years. (One exception: The Americanization of Emily, one of my favorite movies, but that one could be considered almost an alternate universe film, since the military climax of it involves something which demonstrably did not occur in the historical conflict.) So I must be worse informed about the Second World War than many individuals who weren't born yet while it was occurring but have read lots about it since then.

I wonder why the front cover strikes me as being so cheerful and genial? There's nothing in it specifically humorous and those dead or leafless trees ominous clouds should create a sombre impression. But the creatures on the water's edge seem to be smiling despite their lack of normal faces and I somehow feel I'm looking at a sketch of a nice family having a good time on a weekend at the seashore. Of course, it could be that my whole outlook on life is becoming more sanguine now that retirement is less than three months in the future.



David Palter  
1811 Tamarind AV  
Apartment 22  
Hollywood, CA 90028

It is clear to me that Dalvan Coger, in commenting on the fact that most members of the German army, in WWII, were not members of the Nazi party, and that the senior officers for the most part did not hold the Nazi leadership in high esteem, was not trying to excuse these people for the crimes they committed. He simply points out that this circumstance has very frequently been inaccurately depicted in WWII movies - which in turn is at least vaguely relevant to the ongoing discussion in ANVIL which originated, many issues ago, in a review of a story describing an alternate world with Nazism victorious. Hence your editorial reply to his loc apparently embodies a strange misunderstanding of it. On the other hand - who knows - maybe you didn't think he meant to say that but felt that it could be a good idea to remind us that following orders does not excuse atrocity, in case anybody felt moved by Dalvan's reminiscences, to adopt an unduly sympathetic attitude toward the Wehrmacht. Well, I don't excuse them, myself. But I do understand them. Very few people in this world have the strength of character to effectively resist when caught up in insane social processes. The guilty are everywhere, not just in Germany. I often feel that the guilt already weighing on humanity is so heavy that perhaps a nuclear war would be a good idea after all - it may be that we have already gone so far in depravity as a species, that only by committing suicide as a species, may we redeem ourselves - it may at this time be the only fitting and just conclusion to our reprehensible history. (So, if Reagan appoints me to the Strategic Air Command, you can all start feeling very nervous.)

You mention that you couldn't quite tell if my theory of the SS-PLO connection was intended by me solely as a joke or with some seriousness. Actually there is a connection, but not the one I described. It's a little less direct. There are, even now, some old SS members who have escaped their just retribution, and some of these have on occasion taken steps to aid the PLO although they do not, as I facetiously suggested, secretly run the PLO (at least, not to my knowledge, nor do I really find it a plausible theory.) Their old anti-semitic fantasies live on, which serves the purposes of the PLO quite well - even though the PLO's fight is based on territorial dispute, rather than racism per se. And no, I don't forgive the PLO either. If they have failed to match the Nazi record of abomination, it is not for lack of trying. Our whole world is drowning in insanity - have you noticed? - and only science fiction can save us (or at least ease the pain slightly.) That's why fanzines and fanclubs like yours are so important. Never give up!!! Keep eating those pizzas!!!

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We Also Heard From: Arthur Hlavaty, Brad Linaweaver, Harry Andruschak, P.L. Carruthers-Montgomery, David Heath, Jr. and Sean Abley.

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David Stever      The notion that Bob Shaw mentions in his  
788 Dayton Ave.      letter, about the emanations of coal powered  
St. Paul, MN 55104      power stations being 400 times more radio-  
                         active that the emanations of a nuclear  
power station, deserves an asterisk next to it. 400 times  
as radioactive as the normal emanations of a nuclear power  
station, barring such things as the release of X gallons of  
radioactive steam into the air, X gallons of radioactive water  
into a near-by stream or river. Then when the two power plants  
are shutdown, I would have no fear of walking through the heart  
of the damned coal-powered station a week later, most hot items  
having cooled down, whereas the Nuke station would not be safe  
for a similar tour for how many generations? The area between  
Minnesota and Wisconsin is crawling with power stations like  
the romantically named Black Dog Power Station. Well, it's  
a nice area in the middle of a wildlife refuge, and it must  
depend on your notion of "romance". I don't argue Bob's point  
that the crap that coal puts in the air also kills people.  
Cars are still safer to have around than horses, because horse  
shit is more dangerous than carbon monoxide.

Being a gen-you-wine Yankee (growing up in what had been a  
New England factory town, a century earlier, I reject Buck  
"Thunder-lizard" Coulson as being a Yankee. Remember gang,  
Indiana was far enough South to have a shadow government in  
the CSA throughout that particular war. I think that we can  
simply say that he lives in a border state and fair game to  
Yankees and Sou-reiners both. My friends in Terre Haute  
(moved from New England), say that the accents heard on the  
street are pretty thick.

---

Colin P. Langeveld      I really enjoyed Marc Ortlieb's "Terra  
9, Lisleholme Rd.      Australia's Incognito"; most interesting.  
Liverpool L12 8RU      Yes, I can see how the Aussie lingo can  
                         seem strange to you Yankees--oops, sorry--  
Southerners, as I noted at Seacon in 1979. The Aussie and  
British humour run along the same lines, thus when I happened  
to be in the company of Aussies and Americans and a bit of  
"Down Under" humour was slung at us, it was difficult to de-  
cide which was funnier, the look of puzzlement on the Ameri-  
can's face or the look of bewildered embarrassment on the  
Aussies'.

But fear ye not--Fandom still unites. At the Aussie vs  
Brits cricket match on Brighton beach, two Americans plus me  
(South African) helped make up the Aussie numbers. If you  
can understand that game you can understand anything.

Compliments to Doug Chaffee on the superb cover of ANVIL 21.  
I used his dragon as a model on a painting I did for Novacon,  
hope he doesn't mind. It was one of the best covers I've  
seen on a fanzine.

Marc Ortlieb  
P.O. Box 46  
Marden, S.A. 5070  
AUSTRALIA

Buck Coulson is, of course, right. Australians don't talk English, they talk Strine, except for the pseudo-Aussies, like Sally Beasley, John McDouall and me, who speak Australianised Pommie, or Peter Toluzzi, who, being of American and Swiss parents, having been born in Hong Kong, and having spent much of his early life in Italy, speaks just about anyway... Strine is quite an incredible language, mixing as it does portions of Cockney, criminal argot, and pure kangaroo. Hmmn. Maybe an article on strine one of these days.

Phillis Griggs' piece certainly stirred up a bit didn't it? When I first read it, I thought she was being sarcastic in her use of the term "totally documented" but most of your readers haven't taken it that way at all. As far as I know Foo Fighters was the WWII equivalent of the term Flying Saucers, and was used to describe the same sort of phenomena that the term Flying Saucers does today. Though there were experimental circular winged craft, notably an American effort, they were not particularly successful, the American plane being a clumsy propellor driven job.

JR "Mad Dog" Madden  
P. O. Box 18610-A  
University Station  
Baton Rouge, LA 70893

Harry Andruschak has been crying the death knell of fanzine fandom for a couple of years now it seems, yet I keep seeing more and more fanzines showing up in the club postal box.

Of course, most of the zines are not the type of zines that were pubbed in the earlier days of fandom, but then, it is no longer the early days of fandom. Now Harry is correct in saying that fanzine fans are no longer a very visible presence at conventions (if they ever were at all!). At ChiCon IV, I went by the fanzine room and perused the table of awfully collectible zines which could not be had for love or money and drooled excessively. But, I did get lots of back issues of goodies like Spang Blah! To my way of thinking, fanzines are still around and doing well, but fandom as a whole has grown in numbers while fanzine fans have

pretty much stayed stagnant in numbers. Therefore, less emphasis on fanzines at cons! What to do? Well, if you want more fans reading fanzines, you have to take the mundane approach and SELL your product to the potential audience by convincing them that they absolutely cannot live without it!! Do you know very many fanzine fans willing to stoop to such tactics? Are there any with the financial resources to do so?!? FORGET IT! I'm sorry, but Harry and the rest of us fanzine fans will just have to be happy with the back-of-the-bus at cons and make the best of a changing world. Who said that fans were immune to culture shock?!? See, just let something THEY like change and listen to the moans and wails begin.



Brad W. Foster     Start off with another great Steve Fox piece  
4109 Pleasant Run   on the cover (speaking of ANVIL 23). Has  
Irving, TX 75062     anyone tried to figure out just how many  
different pieces Steve has had appear over  
the past couple of years? Seems like every fanzine I get re-  
cently has something from him in there, and always sharp-  
looking. I get the distinct impression of a man who never  
sleeps, never eats, never goes outside, and is permanently  
hunch-backed from leaning over a drawing board 24 hours a day,  
just to keep Fandom entertained! Fine stuff.

Enjoyed Marc's article on the Australian convention compared  
to U.S. Not only highly informative with all the little tid-  
bits of information one tries to recall when conversations  
lag, but also fun to read, and loved the framing story.

Andruschak appears to be tolling yet another death bell for  
fanzine fandom, but seems to be the worst place in the world to  
see how well fanzines are doing is at a convention. I mean,  
the point of most fanzines I know of seems to be long-distance  
communication. When you're in the same building with a cou-  
ple hundred other people, why sit down and write something to  
hand to them later when you can actually talk to the people.  
I dearly love fanzines, but when I'm at a con I got better  
things to do with my time.

Hmm, just thought of something after reading the word "mundane"  
for the seven millionth time in a fanzine this year. Why not  
forget all that them and us crap, it starts to wear thin after  
awhile.

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Kim Huett     Nice to see some lengthy zine reviews, as very  
GPO Box 429     few people do more than the single paragraph kind  
Sydney     in this country. At the very least with this  
NEW 2001     length I can judge to an extent Cecilia's tastes  
AUSTRALIA     which means not only can I tell if she liked/dis-  
liked it but have some idea of whether I will like  
it or not.

What can I say about the piece from Bob except that I enjoyed  
it a good deal even if I now worry about him. If he had trouble  
getting hold of the sort of clothes he saw in movies when a  
youth just imagine what it would be like if he got the urge  
after seeing a movie like Star Wars or Conan. I can just see  
Bob bursting into a clothing store and exclaiming "what do you  
have in plastic armour or loin cloths?" I hope you're not  
planning to have a film programme at DoShcon or you might start  
something you won't be able to stop.

This ish continues well with an intelligent book review, tho  
I cannot agree with Nancy Brown about the four main characters  
who to me took the very sensible attitude of dealing with pro-  
blems as they came up. It is true that they were frequently  
unsuccessful in solving their problems but isn't that like most  
of us?

They seem much more human to me while they are not in control of the situations they found themselves in. To tell you the truth, this is most apparent when you have read the third book, Life, The Universe And Everything, which I not long ago did. Near the end of this book certain of these four do influence what is going on around them instead of reacting to situations as they come up and it becomes immediately apparent that this runs against the grain of Adam's humour.

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Next Meetings: Sat., Dec. 11, Penny Frierson's house, whenever  
(Christmas Party)  
Sat., Jan. 8, Homewood Public Library, 7:30 PM

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Art Credits: Charlie Williams, cover; Cindy Riley, 6,12,20,22;  
John Packer, 11; Gary Fowler, 15; Colin Langeveld, 17; Jim Cobb  
& Cindy Riley, 24; Brad Foster, top 27; Bill Brown, bottom 27;  
Wayne Drenner, 30. Jerry Collins, 5.

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These people helped me over the rough spots while producing  
ANVIL: Bill & Nancy Brown, Cindy & Linda Riley, Valerie and  
Jerry McKnight, Jim Cobb.

---

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

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DUFF: The Down Under Fan Fund was created in 1972 to encourage closer ties between fans in Australia and North America. With host country alternating each year, there have been 10 exchanges of fan representatives since then, supported entirely by voluntary contributions from fans all over the world. DUFF representatives visit a major SF con in the host country and visit with fans they might otherwise never meet in person. DUFFers are treated as special guests and are always well looked after.

**DONATIONS:** DUFF exists solely on the contributions of fans and always welcomes material that is auctionable and donations of money. There will be auctions of DUFF material at future conventions. Contributions may be brought to a convention or sent to the local administrator. Anyone may contribute, even if ineligible to vote, and donations in excess of the voting donation are gratefully accepted. Checks should be made out to Down Under Fan Fund or Joyce Scrivner (in North America) or Peter Toluzzi (in Australia).

**VOTING:** Any fan active in fandom since January 1982 may vote. Ballots must be signed and be accompanied by a donation of at least 2. Each person is allowed only ONE VOTE. If you think your name may not be known to the administrator, please include the name of a fan or fan group who can vouch for you. We will not count unverifiable votes. ALL VOTES MUST REACH AN ADMINISTRATOR BY MARCH 31, 1983.

DUFF uses the Australian preferential system of balloting to guarantee an automatic runoff and a majority win. You rank the candidates in order of preference (1,2,3,4,...). If there is no absolute majority for one candidate after the first count of votes, first place votes for the lowest ranking candidate are dropped and the second place votes on those ballots are assigned to the candidates named. This goes on until one candidate has a majority. It is therefore important to vote for second and third and fourth places, especially if you choose to write in a candidate. (You are not required to fill in more than your name and first choice.)

**CANDIDATES:** Each candidate has posted a \$5 bond, provided signed nominations and has promised (barring acts of God) to travel to the 1983 Australian National Convention, SYMCON 83, in Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, held June 10th-13th, 1983. Platforms are reproduced on the reverse side of this form, and ballot is below.

**ADMINISTRATORS:** Joyce Scrivner, 2732 14th Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55407 USA  
Peter Toluzzi, P.O. Box 4143, Australia Square, NSW 2000

\*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*\* BALLOT, DUFF, 1983

I vote for (list 1,2,3,...):

JAN HOWARD FINDER \_\_\_\_\_  
ALEXIS GILLILAND \_\_\_\_\_  
JERRY KAUFMAN \_\_\_\_\_  
CHARLOTTE PROCTOR \_\_\_\_\_  
HOLD OVER FUNDS \_\_\_\_\_  
NO PREFERENCE \_\_\_\_\_

SIGNATURE: \_\_\_\_\_

Name (print): \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

If you think you may not be known to the administrator, please give the name of a fan or fan group to whom you are known: \_\_\_\_\_

WRITE IN:

Reproduction of this form is encouraged, provided that the text on both sides is copied VERBATIM. Please indicate who is producing the ballot.

This original ballot produced by: JOYCE SCRIVNER, 21/10/82.  
copied by Charlotte Proctor, Nov. 10, 1982

JAN HOWARD FINDER: What can be said about a marsupial groupie? Who became a British fan with a funny accent, while living in Europe, because of John Brunner. It was in '75, that Jan went to Australia and met his first wombat and other mighty and magnificent marsupials. While there he climbed Ayers Rock, sampled seafood in Brisbane, froze on the train to Ballarat and met what seemed to be old family, the Aussie fen. To celebrate the best Worldcon to date, Jan organizes the AUSSIECON Reunion Party each year at the Worldcon. He works hard at raising money for DUFF and published FINDER'S GUIDE TO AUSTRALTERRESTRIALS, selling it and sterling silver marsupials to the unwary. Going to more cons than his budget allows, Jan promotes the MELBOURNE IN '85 bid and has learned to fasten the chain on his hotel room door. (Tucker made me put that in!) He is also an easy mark for a backrub, just ask him for one. His hands are supposed to be two of the best in fandom.

NOMINATED BY: Mike Glicksohn, Mike Glyer, Carey Handfield, Paul Stevens, Wilson "Bob" Tucker.

ALEXIS GILLILAND: Alexis, founder of the International Cookie Conspiracy, is witty, charming, and sinister (or at least left-handed). He has furnished countless cartoons plus a few locs to innumerable fanzines. A glutton for punishment, he has chaired half a dozen Disclaves and hosted the hordes of WSEF in his home for the last fifteen years, not to mention wandering Brits and Aussies. He now proposes to take his act on the road...along with his wife, Dolly...and draw cartoons all over Australia.

His good attitude towards the important things in life is shown by the fact that he brews his own beer and ale in the basement and has his friends and itinerant fans over to help him drink it.

NOMINATED BY: Merv Barrett, Avedon Carol, Bertram Chandler, Bill Rotsler, Mike Walsh.

JERRY KAUFMAN: He has been active in U.S. fandom since 1966: publishing fanzines, founding apas, attending club meetings in Ohio, New York and Seattle. He has also appeared in several fan dramatic performances and on unnumbered panels (on fanzines or Delany) at conventions. He is known for his dramatic readings from Walt Kelly and R. L. Fanthorpe, and becomes slightly more amusing after two beers. He is best known in Australian fandom for stomping George Turner (in print) with his hob-nailed sneakers, and for acting as hostelier (with his housemates) to Australian Traveling Giants.

NOMINATED BY: Richard Bergeron, Andrew Brown, Irwin Hirsh, Linda Lounsbury, Sandra Meisel, Marc Ortlieb, Stu Shiffman.

CHARLOTTE PROCTOR: WHY I SHOULD WIN DUFF (in 100 words, more or less, by Charlotte Proctor.)

1) Having been graced by the presence of both Marc Ortlieb and Peter Toluzzi, Birmingham fandom would like to ~~initially~~ send a representative to Australia in turn.

2) Hands across the water; or Cultural Exchange: Birmingham feelie fandom has, by all accounts, a lot to learn from Australian backrub fandom.

3) With the distinct possibility of a worldcon being held in Atlanta (which is right next door to Birmingham) in '86, it is only fitting and proper that Southern (U.S.) fandom and the Southern-most fandom of all get to know one another even better.

NOMINATED BY: John Foyster, Meade and Penny Frierson, Jim Gilpatrick, Dick and Nicki Lynch, John Packer.

Once more: votes must be to the administrator by MARCH 31, 1983.