

C O N T E N T S

Guest Editorial	
Frank Brayman	4
Zine Reviews	
Valerie McKnight	6
Poem "Scorpio Rising"	
Merlin Odom	9
Article "My First Time"	
Steve Bulloch	10
Article "A Modest Proposal"	
Merlin Odom	12
Forged Minutes and	
Forged Figures	14
Poem "An Ode to Old Spring"	
Jim Phillips	15
Chattacon Report	
Cecilia Martinez	16
The ANVIL Chorus	
Letters	18
Afterword	
Charlotte Proctor	27

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ANVIL 25, December-January, 1983, is the clubzine of the
Birmingham Science Fiction Club.

Edited by Charlotte Proctor - LoC Editor, Wade Gilbreath

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

GUEST EDITORIAL #

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A Political Plug for the Space Program

by Frank Brayman

It's Federal Budget Time again, boys and girls. Our congresscritters are soon going to decide how to spend our tax money, Left to themselves, they'll throw it down rat holes like pork barrel projects and welfare for agribusiness and inefficient corporations, and spend damn little on the space program.

Let them know how you feel about the space program. Your letter need not be typed, but do include your name and address. It's better if you use your own words, but feel free to use the following example if you want.

It takes surprisingly few letters to influence a congresscritter's vote. Be sure to write, even if you're not registered to vote. They won't know that, and every letter helps. If you don't know who your congressmen are, call any newspaper or political party office in your area.

U.S. Representatives:
The Honorable _____
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, DC 20515

U.S. Senators:
The Honorable _____
U.S. Senate
Washington, DC 20510

Dear Congressman _____: Dear Senator _____:

Unlike too many government programs, the benefits of the space program far exceed the cost. Please resist all efforts to reduce the civilian and military space budgets, and work to increase NASA spending to at least the equivalent in current dollars of the Apollo Program.

At no time has the NASA budget equalled the amount spent annually on dog food or cosmetics. The direct benefits are so well known that I won't repeat them. Indirect benefits, such as a general improvement of the state-of-art in electronics and high-strength lightweight structures, easily exceed the direct benefits. National pride and prestige and even entertainment value are worth something, too.

Second generation shuttles, heavy lift vehicles, and permanently manned space stations are within our state-of-art capabilities.

Permanently manned lunar bases and constant-acceleration spacecraft capable of reaching the asteroid belt would require financial and R&D commitments similar to those of the Apollo program. All of these things are well worth doing -- more so than dairy price subsidies or Corp of Engineers ditch digging, to name just two examples.

Public information on military space programs is sketchy, but it appears that the Russians are ahead of us. This is of special concern since manned orbital-based defensive systems hold out hopes of defending (rather than avenging) ourselves, for the first time since the late 1950s. I would feel much safer if the United States deployed such systems -- and much less so if the Russians beat us to it.

Remember also that space spending has direct and immediate benefits for high technology companies, and therefore substantial future benefits for our foreign trade. Your active help will be greatly appreciated.

Yours very truly,

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F A N Z I N E R E V I E W S #

#####

by Valerie McKnight

YANDRO, published by Robert & Juanita Coulson - irregularly
Route 3, Hartford City, IN 47348 USA - \$1.00 per copy

It's amazing that after thirty years in fandom, Buck and Juanita still have so much to say. Their style is easy and unpretentious and seems to reflect long practice. The matter-columns are much more readable than such things usually are, and help establish the zine's friendly and literate air. As for appearance, it's done in a good clear mimeo. The only illos are neatly drawn but unremarkable cartoons.

I was struck first by a cute parody of a Kipling poem by Marian Turner. It's rare to meet another Kipling fan anymore, literary fads being what they are. Sad, as he was one of the best fantasy writers of the first part of the century. And then there's Dave Locke's hilarious rambling article on anything at all. The part about men's, ah, personal habits rather worried me, but all I can say is -- Is it true, Dave? In the sink, Dave? Where I wash my SCA costumes? Ugh.

Mary Long had a great article about how she launched a weather rocket at Cape Canaveral. She left out the part telling why she got to do it, and how we can, too. Please give!

Buck has pages of short book reviews, not just of SF but any book he happens to like. I especially enjoyed these as some of the "other" books are on history, a couple are picture books, and so on. I covet his bookshelf...

A particularly interesting feature is "Things That Go Bump in the Mailbox", which is nothing but a listing of all sorts of odd, funny or out-of-the-way news items and random filler material. I'm glad to have a place to send the stuff.

Ethel Lindsay's report on her travels in Northern Scholand was gratifying to all us Scotlandfans. (Scotlandfans = people who like Scotland; Scotsfans = fans who live in Scotland; Scotchfans = same as "fans").

One thing that did not appeal to me was "The Ballad of Brian Duffy", by Anne-Louise Miesel. It's a sketch of the plot of a fantasy novel, and songs like that never work, unless they're parodies. Novels and ballads are two different forms of storytelling, and they don't exchange easily. I do wish balledeers would stick to original subjects. (Incidentally, I rather have a hunch that Anne-Louise's parents were Kiplingfans, too).

YANDRO concludes with a great marvel - pages and pages of letters from everybody around - and they're all worth reading! It's a good end to what is altogether one of the best zines I've ever seen.

GOBSTOPPER published quarterly by Seth Lockwood, 19 Coleby St. Balcatta, W.A., 6021, Australia - for the usual.

This zine has the best possible repro - it's either offset or very good xerox, and the appearance is absolutely perfect. The layout is quite professional looking; I cannot recall seeing many better. Unfortunately, this abundance of beautiful paper is not blessed with any excess of good illos - though there are many cute cartoons, only one or two of the pictures are any sort of art. I hear that this is a common problem with Australian zines: there apparently aren't enough Australian artists to keep them all supplied. American artists should take note.

The editor's style is clear and entertaining enough, though he sometimes tries a bit too hard to be arch. This gives him an odd rather coy manner, which reminds me of nothing so much as Lord Elleroth in Shardik. He does do a pretty good job of giving what-for to some silly crank who wrote to him trying to criticize Trekkies. As Seth points out, it's not very nice to defame a well-known pediatrician just because one doesn't like Star Trek. (I myself have often wondered what anti-Trekkers have against the medical profession. Perhaps they really object to Dr. McCoy, but don't know it.)

I was most fascinated by Robin Johnson's account of a trip he took to Western Australia. I was a little shocked to hear that Tasmania's government had fallen - I hadn't realized Tasmania had a government, and furthermore, I'd thought it was an island. And what was all this Dutch? Checking back to the intro, I found out that the trip had taken place in an alternate universe. Ahhh. It was very convincing.

The articles on Australian contripping and the Percy Grainger concert were pretty well done, and should appeal to people who are interested in such things. The Australian wilderness just does not appeal to me. (I never heard that it appealed to the Australians either - they keep referring to it as "grey vegemite" which sounds disgusting.)

For humor, they've got a feghoot, which is as vile as such things usually are, and a useful article on how to keep dung beetles out of your bedroom. (On second thought, I'll take the wilderness over the bedrooms.)

So -- send your zines and letters to Seth, for a pretty neat zine.

We also received:

A'AKA #1
Seth Lockwood
19 Coleby St.
Balcatta, W.A.
6021 Australia

FANZINE FANATIQUE
Keith & Rosemary
Walker, 6 Vine St.
Greaves, Lancaster
Lancs. LA1 4UF UK

SMART ASH #19-20
5587 Robinson Rd. Ext.
Jackson, MS 39204

ASFO/AWN #14-15
Joe Celko
Box 10558
Atlanta, GA 30310

FANHISTORICA #4
Joe Siclari
4599 NW 5th Ave.
Boca Raton
FL 33431

HEARTS RATING
UPDATE #3
Dick Lynch
4207 Davis Lane
Chattanooga
Tn 37416

ATARANTES #65
Cliff Biggers
6045 Summit Wood Dr.
Kennesaw, GA 30144

FILE 770 #37
Mike Glycer
5828 Woodman Ave. #2
Van Nuys, CA 91401

Q36 #2
Marc Ortlieb
P.O. Box 46
Marden, S.A.
5070 Australia

BASFL NEWS #21-22
P. O. Box 14238
Baton Rouge, LA
70898-4238

FROM OUT OF THE
ASHES A VOICE #1
Angela Howell
959-A Waverly Ct.
Norcorss, GA 30071

TRANSMISSIONS
121-126
Robert Teague
P.O. Box 1534
Panama City FL
32401-0123

CALLISTO RISING
E. B. Klassen
c/o R.R. #4
Edmonton, Alberta
TSE 5S7 Canada

FTA/PHOENIX #5-6
P. O. Box 1772
Victoria, BC
V8W 2Y3 Canada

VIDEO FANTASTIQUE
(same as Fanzine
Fanatique)

ChatsFIC NEWS #16
Nancy R. Segar
Rt. 5, Box 315-A
Cleveland, TN 37311

GRUNGE
Sean Abley
932 Peosta
Helena, MT 56901

VOICES IN THE DARK
Keith A. Walker
2 Daisy Bank
Quernmore Road
Lancaster, Lancs.
U.K.

DASFAX Vol.14, 11&12
Vol.15, #1
Fred Clever
811 19th St.
Boulder, CO 80302

MAYBE #63
Irvin Koch
%835 Chat. Bank Bldg.
Chat., TN 37402

WESTWIND #65-66
NWSFS
P.O. Box 24207
Seattle, WA 98124

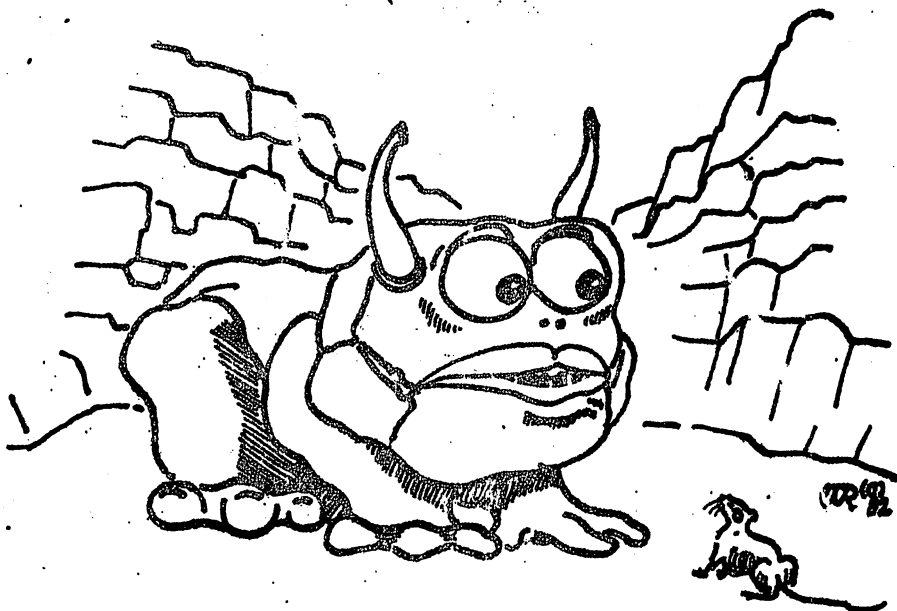
ENNUI
John A. Purcell
3381 Sumter Ave. S.
St. Louis Park,
MN 55426

MOUTHPEACE
Wayne Brenner
34 Sanford Ave.
Debary, FL 32713

SCORPIO RISING

Beautiful are the whispers of the Sun,
bright, like Sharra's blood,
evoking memories of alien skies and Rhiannon's mountain
and the Shadowlore's dark flood.
So too are the arms that hold me,
strong, powerful
like lost Eden's tree,
Earthly and primal.
As dragons burning in the night,
redeemed, dread angels ascending from hell,
we rise and take flight
of forbidden life and love to tell.
Beautiful are the whispers of the Moon,
as all Eve's children will know, soon.

Merlin Odom



MY FIRST TIME #
#####

by Steve Bulloch

Please indulge me.

Do you remember your "first time"? My therapist says that I should relive this traumatic occasion if I ever hope to get over my con-fusion. Therefore, settle back as I rant and rave about.....my first con.

Innocent and naive, I sheepishly entered the Con Suite where discussion among various groups ranged from riot control to putting nuclear power plants in orbit, from brownies to putting Nancy Reagan in orbit. Another group was espousing Elmoic theology and ritual, when I heard someone mention FTL flight to Neptune. At last, someone talking science fiction. Upon moving closer I found that the speaker was not referring to fiction, she was trying to raise money for the return trip. On that note I decided to take a little trip myself.

Downstairs, at the registration table, I was appalled that people were actually being encouraged to sign up for an orgy! A lonely Hearts tournament--disgusting. There was also a sign-up sheet for a trivia contest. Okay, I'm a trivial person (uh, that did not come out right), so later I attended that event. The first question was "name the third letter in the second word on page three of the fifth fanzine to be published after Edgar Marshall's second divorce". I did not stay long.

I stopped by the computer room...that should be safe enough; yet, after about fifteen minutes I realized that the people weren't controlling the computers--the computers were the ones in control. Quickly, I fled. That took me back into the Con Suite where a group was playing a weird, rather arcane card game where the Mafia controlled the government, General Motors controlled Middle America and the Moral Majority didn't control anything. Deja vue!

One hundred and sixty people in one room, I had to get away. I thought that I might hide in the closet; but, when I opened the door I found myself looking down the barrel of a pistol... Screaming loudly, I bolted from the room. Behind me I overheard someone remark, "We're having fun now!"

I next stumbled into the Shyster room where people were selling comic books and art work by artists who could sketch people and dragons well enough, but had difficulties drawing clothes; so they simply added weapons in a few strategic places. Another table contained an educational display on evolution. Evidently, this young man believed horses evolved from swordfish. The next display was an exhibit by a group called Hell-5. "Listen, fellows, I ain't going till you fix the plumbing!"

Hesitantly, I entered the room where a group was engaged in Dungeons and Dragons. One male was playing the part of a female elf, one female was playing a male hobbit, one fellow was playing with magic spells, and another guy was playing with himself. Looking around for men in white coats, I quietly slipped out.



I thought that the video room should be safe. Besides, I could hide in the dark. I got there just as some silly full length cartoon was starting. I could not believe these adults were going to sit and watch a two hour cartoon about rabbits. So I left as soon as it was over. The next feature was to be The Wrath of Con, and I had had enough of this one. The most talked about feature was 1001 Quixotic Nights, which must have been very esoteric, so I skipped it.

I knew better than to even visit the filthy singing, but I heard that there was a dance in progress. Good. I have had plenty of practice at being a wall flower so I slipped down to the ballroom. Expecting punk rock, I was assailed with the Beach Boys as I arrived. Sensory Overload! Sensory Overload! I ran, escaping to the stairwell where I hid for the next hour.

By now I realized that I was in trouble...and it was only six o'clock Friday afternoon. Mercifully, I do not remember anything else about the weekend; yet, strangely, I awoke Monday morning feeling as though I had enjoyed myself: is that possible?

A MODEST PROPOSAL #

#####

Merlin Odom

I have a dream. Or had, actually. You see, once I dreamed that fellow BSFC femfan Beth Phillips was in the Fannish Olympics, wearing a satiny blue garment something like a robe, and a gown, that being the Debating team's color and uniform. The image and the concept were both so striking that they stuck in my memory.

The more I think about it the more sense it makes to reorganize fandom along the lines of amateur sports. Consider the state of fandom as it is now. Face it. We're just not organized. As things stand, there is very little cooperation among all the different clubs and groups in fandom. But there is competition, internecine and otherwise, but it's undirected, unproductive, and sometimes gory. I propose, most humbly and modestly, that we abandon this nonsensical arrangement and reorganize the entirety of fandom from top to bottom, and thus give new vitality, purpose, and direction (not to mention a seriousness which fandom sorely lacks and needs) to a disorganized, anarchic, frivolity-oriented hodgepodge of social outcasts, misfits, and feckless dreamers.

Naturally, there would have to be gradations of activity. At the most basic level each club or group in fandom would have to find some members willing to (nay, eager to!) do or die for the greater glory of fandom. These ~~fool~~hardy souls would then proceed to district competition. Those who emerge more or less triumphant or otherwise qualified would then move up to state, province, or prefecture level. Then national competition leading to limited international competition and after that the biggest mother of them all, the glorious Fannish Olympics!

Please don't think that cons would be done away with in the rush to attain respectability from the masses. By no means. Cons could be easily adapted to the new scheme of things. It's just that in place of the usual trivial, frivolous fanac so rife at most cons these decadent days, there would be decent respectable participation in strictly supervised fannishly-oriented sports. At the district level would be a plethora of half-a-con sized or smaller cons each with its own universally accepted set of Fannish Olympic events. Annual cons would host the state-wide competition, regional run-offs and international championships.

Any doubts as to the wisdom of adapting fandom to a more modern attractive form would vanish in the face of the advantages to be gained. There's money in sports and television, network and cable. We may not start off so big but eventually we'd have them begging for the privilege of broadcasting our competitions. We'd finally win acceptance and approval by the masses by going legit like this. Fandom has always been too good a thing to keep just to ourselves and now would be our chance that we dare not let pass by!

We could weed some of the more unseemly characters out of fandom by imposing strict moral regulations and keeping the taint of professionalism out of the ranks of the pure and holy, if poor, international fandom. All the self-styled Secret Masters of Fandom would have their bluff called by having to put up or shut up by proving themselves on the field of ~~battle~~ competition. And at long last we could rid fandom of the pernicious influence of science fiction, a parasite that for too long has been holding fandom back from being a truly independent organization. The closet athletes among us could come out and combine their athletic expertise with fanac. Best of all, there would be a clear-cut answer for every question, a certainty for every ambiguity, and a definite rule for every situation. No more groping about in the dark for some haphazard solution by benevolent dictatorships or the tyranny of the majority. All it takes is a written constitution and we're in business.

I don't think we'd want to borrow all the Olympic events per se. We would of necessity have to adapt them and perhaps invent a few. To wit:

Swimming: Degenerate Scum Freestyle (must be drunk and naked)

Oratory: The Big Lie (Fannish legend-telling contest)
Debating (world's worst SF: P. T. Oleymy's THE CLONES, vs...)
Crime and Punishment (telling awful puns to armed anachronists and escaping with a whole skin)

Marathons: Elevator Wait (fans who take the stairs lose)
Smoffing (last fan conscious in a smoke-filled room, discussing worldcon politics, wins)
Drinking (Wilson Tucker, Bob Shaw, and other "Professionals" disqualified)

Track and Field:

Pizza Run (the fan who finds a ride, finds the pizza parlor, orders and then receives what he ordered, first, wins)
Collecting Relay (team that collates 200 forty-page zines correctly, wins)
Sardine Can (teams vie to see which can fit the most fan into a hotel room)
Obstacle Course (trying to get to the bathroom in a sardine can)
Pizza Throw (crisp, thin-crust, no anchovies)
Field-stripping a Gestettner (mimeo must work after reassembly)
Scavenger Hunt (checking nearby bars and closed room parties for the pro-Goh who is 15 minutes late for his speech)

Well, what do you think? Can we pull it off?

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# F O R G E D   M I N U T E S   #
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Club notes really are forged, this time...out of whole cloth, you might say. The December meeting was our Christmas Party, and of course no one takes notes at a party. All of us BSFC-fans were there, along with Mike Weber, Sue Phillips, and Mike Rogers from Atlanta. We played video games, watched videotapes, talked and pigged out on all the really great food~(no pizza) at Meade and Penny Frierson's house. I didn't get home till 5 A. M..

In January we had elections. Merlin Odom was challenged for the office of Program Director but standing on his fine record, won handily. Jane Gray ran unopposed for Treasurer. Wade Gilbreath and Jim Cobb were nominated for Secretary. They campaigned vigorously--each for the other. Wade won. Julie Wall Ackerman ran for President-in-charge-of-Vice while Jim Phillips ran for Vice-president-in-charge-of-heckling. Julie won by a slim margin.

Jim Cobb, soon-to-be-ex-prez, opened the floor for nominations for the office of president. A voice from the back said..."I nominate Linda Riley". A hush fell upon the room. Fans looked at each other, wide-eyed. Linda Riley??? Linda Riley? well, of course, look at her qualifications. She has red hair...and she's a bartender, for crying out loud!!! The club members turned to her and with one voice said..."LEAD us, Linda Riley!" So let it be written, so let it be done. We are committed. But to what? After ABCon at the Raunch House Motel, Halfacon at the Hilton, DSC '81 and BoShcon I...only God and Linda Riley know..

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Beginning Balance.....	\$119.58
Income: dues.....	157.50
Outgo: Overseas Postage.....	7.00
Christmas Party.....	75.00
P.O.Box rent.....	26.00
E.S.P.96
Ending Balance.....	168.12

AN ODE TO OLD SPRING

PRAYING TO THE GOD-FATHER
PRAISING THE MOTHER-FLAME
IN MY MACHINE
AS IT SINGS THE SONG
POWERED FLIGHT,
THROUGH CLOUDS OF UNBURNT HYDROCARBON
AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE---NOT FAR.
LIKE A MOWER OF LAWNS,
A PATH OF DESTRUCTION AND CHAOS
THROUGH THE ORDERLY LAWN OF LIVE.

VULCAN.
PROGRESS.
WINGING
OF MAN'S TRIUMPH.

BASHING.
BRUISING,
THROUGH CLOUDS OF UNBURNT HYDROCARBON
AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE---NOT FAR.

WEAVING,
LEAVING
A PATH OF DESTRUCTION AND CHAOS
THROUGH THE ORDERLY LAWN OF LIVE.

THE POWER PLANT VIBRATES
AS EACH DROP OF FUEL
IS CONSUMED, AND IN ITS AGONY
RELEASING LIFE POWER TO ITS TORMENTOR.
THE THRILLING AROMA

OF ITS DEATH GASSES:
CO AND SUPERHEATED VAPORS
REND THE SKY BEHIND
IN ORGASMATIC FURY.

AS IT SHOULD BE, MAN AND MACHINE
BATTLING THE BITCH, NATURE.

ACID RAINS, A CLIP TO THE CHIN;
NUCLEAR WASTE, A KICK TO THE GROIN;
AND MY MACHINE, FLYING THROUGH HER HEART.

MAN AND MACHINE IS ONE,
HAS WON,
IS ALONE.
AS IT SHOULD BE.

Jim Phillips



C H A T T A C O N #

#####

by Ceceila Martinez

Chattacon VIII took place the weekend of January 15th at the Read House Hotel in Chattanooga, Tennessee. The GoH was Jerry Pournelle. Some of the other pros seen out and around were Jerry Page, Sharon Webb, and Doug Chaffee.

The weather was cooperative this year, unlike last year when many of us, me included, waited for the ice-man to goeth, then finally, regretfully, cancelled plans to attend. This year winter temporarily took a leave of absense, even our usual winter rain not gracing us with its presence.

All the convention activities were scheduled on the mezzanine level. Convenient in a way, as everything was on one floor, more or less, but the Read House is a maze and it took a while to learn the layout.

The consuite, also on the mezzanine level, was rather a con "lounge". Complete with fountain drinks and draft beer, it was large, with a dance floor that was in full swing Friday night, and was built on several levels, each one guaranteed to trip you up after one too many.

The lounge was dimly lit, which one expects of a lounge. However, the Art Show and Huckster Rooms were also dimly lit, which one does not. I did notice that more light had been brought into the art show on Saturday, but it wasn't enough. Some of the artists' work was still in the shadows. The Huckster Room was dim and stayed dim. Not that every spot in the Huckster Room and Art Show could be expected to be a prime, well-lit spot, but a bit of forethought on the part of the committee would have forestalled these problems before they arose.

There were a great many juveniles at this convention, evidently local, evidently drawn by the gaming. I heard that at one point 22 of these "red badges" managed to stuff themselves into an elevator and then manged to get stuck between floors for a half -hour or so.



In spite of the presence of off-duty lawmen hired by the convention, these "red badges" ran wild and wreaked havoc on Friday night, drinking too much, regurgitating in the halls and on the registration table, fooling with fire extinguishers, etc.. Chaos lives.

Friday night Birmingham put on a "DSO in '84" party. There were at least a dozen people from Birmingham at this convention and they put on a good show with plenty of munchies and frozen screwdrivers. Although it was a regular sized double room, the party didn't seem to mind, just packing in a few more people when necessary.

Unfortunately, I was unable to attend the GoH speech as it was part of a "closed" banquet, and money is rather tight these days.

Saturday evening the traditional art auction with spirited bidding and much money changing hands. Rusty Hevelin was in rare form as the auctioneer, and it seemed to run without a hitch in spite of being forty or so minutes late on account of the banquet running over. One thing I did hear later, from one amateur artist: she had a piece in the art show with multiple bids (more than two, I believe) that did not go to the auction and should have, but was instead sold for immediate purchase price. I can only wonder what the other bidders on the sheet thought when the piece they were waiting for didn't come up for the auction.

The masquerade was half an hour late which really made it on time (Convention Standard Time). There were many fine costumes and I am unable to remember the names of most of the people who won; also the MC did not wait for the applause to die down after each contestant did his presentation with the result that I was unable to hear their names. There were two elf groups, both of which won prizes; Garfield, the audience choice; the "Creature from the Black Saloon"; and others. I heard later that Sue Thorne, who won Best Fantasy Costume for her Fire Lizard, through some oversight, wasn't announced with the rest of the winners.

Then it was Party Time! As far as I could see, a good time was had by all, especially at Ken Moore's party where there was fiddling, folksinging, and dancing (Ken Moore, Cliff Amos, Jim Cobb, and Julie Ackerman nee Wall doing a jig) on until the wee hours of the morning.

All in all it was a fair convention, though not a great one, and I had a good time.

On a scale of 1 to 10, I'll give it a 6½.

 #
 # THE ANVIL CHORUS #
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Back in the Saddle Again....ya-da-da-doo-da-da-doo.
 Youthful (well, at least at heart) ANVIL letter editor, Wade
 "Blue Pencil" Gilbreath croons a tune as he dives into the ANVIL
 mailbag. Post Office abused envelopes create a frenzied blizzard
 as he surveys the response to ANVIL 24. But what's this? A late
 loc on ANVIL 23 from a land down under. (hmmm, catchy title for
 a science fiction adventure or, better yet, a popular song.)
 And now for Loccers at Work.

Kim Huett The first thing that struck me about
 GPO Box 429, Sydney ANVIL 23 was the stunning front cover.
 NSW, 2001, Australia This is the best thing that I have ever
 seen Steven Fox do and is the best cover
 I have seen for quite some time. It came out beautifully with
 the mimeo reproduction and in fact looks just like a traditional
 woodcut. If this cover, Cindy Riley's and Brad Foster's illus-
 trations are anything to go by then I see no reason why you
 shouldn't continue to use it. The rest of the artwork failed
 to impress me due to both the artwork itself and the reproduc-
 tion which was considerably poorer where there was large black
 areas. It would be best if you were to avoid illustrations of
 that type altogether since mimeo won't do them justice.

Despite the fact that Marc's article was aimed at people who
 didn't know anything about Australian Fandom, I enjoyed it a good
 deal. Partly because Marc writes so well and partly because I
 was interested to see somebody else's view of Australian fandom.

As far as I can see, what Marc has to say is quite accurate
 though I would like to add one or two small points. First of
 all, it is very true that Australian fandom due to its size is
 very close knit. However, this doesn't mean that you are likely
 to see all or even most of Australian fandom at any particular
 con. Just about all conventions in this country are held in the
 various state capitals which are pretty far apart. This means
 that at any particular convention the bulk of the attendees will
 be local with contingents from the other states. While some
 groups like Sydney fandom are strongly represented at any parti-
 cular con, others like Perth or Adelaide are usually present in
 strength when the con is in their home town. Of course, this
 isn't necessarily bad since it allows for some variety in con
 attendees and the feel of a con. For example, I am going to
 Perth in January for their yearly regional con which is going
 to be like my first con all over again despite the fact that I
 have already met three or four of the Perth fans and a number
 of interstate that I know will be there.

Actually, the "in-jokes" would make Charlotte feel right at home since most of the new ones are Peter Toluzzi in America stories. In fact, if Charlotte was to make it out here she could probably be able to contribute a few of these herself. Even better she may know some Marc Ortlieb in America stories since there aren't any of these circulating at the moment (and I for one don't believe that there are no interesting stories about Marc while he was in the USA.)

The fanzine review column by Cecilia is very well done and is an excellent example of what I call middle length fanzine reviews. There are short reviews, ie: two or three lines; middle length reviews of two or three paragraphs and essay reviews in which each fanzine received three or more paragraphs of review and the writer also talks about fanzines in general. Mike Glycer's column in "Holier Than Thou" is an excellent example of the essay form. I would like Cecilia to have a go at writing one of these but I don't think it would fit into ANVIL. The shorter type of review fits much better into ANVIL's format. However, I think there are not enough reviews being done in each issue. From personal experience it seems that about four reviews an issue is the perfect number. Judging from the number of fanzines you list there would be no danger of running out of zines to review and would give the readers a better idea of what is being published and how good it is.

As usual, Forged Minutes was highly entertaining; either you people have great meetings or great writers to describe them. My favourite part was how the club decided to support Australia in '85. I hope Peter Toluzzi managed to whip up a little more fevour while he was across there...(politically safe, indeed!).

At last we turn to the lettercol and here I have to agree with Steve Stanley about the last part of E.T. being much weaker than the rest of it (OK, so he didn't say that but that's what his comments add up to). Spielberg has always had trouble finding satisfactory endings to his movies though some work better than others (the ending of Poltergeist has been his best attempt yet, while on the other hand Raiders of the Lost Ark when downhill rapidly after the scene with the German U-boat).

I think that Garth Spencer missed the point that Cecilia was making about the article on God in Callisto Rising. She wasn't saying that an article of that type was bad, but that it went on far longer than it should have.

We Also Heard From: Colin & Joan Langeveld, Diane Fox and Harry Andruschak

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

I am in strong agreement with Harry Warner, Jr. regarding con reports. Nothing is quite so boring as reading a purported account of a worldcon which consists solely of the writer's personal comings and goings -- carefully avoiding any mention of program events, speeches, banquet, awards, or anything to do with the "official" proceedings. Many times the writer goes out of his or her way to emphasize non-attendance at everything except films and perhaps the masquerade. There's an obnoxious reverse snobbery in such deliberate avoidance of what took place, and it cheats the readers of any true conception of the actual con.

((I agree with your observation about the reverse snobbery of entirely personal con reportage, but the entirely objective, non-personal type of con report which deals only in attendance, programming, and notables that were present, falls flat with me. My favorite con reports contain a run-down of the "facts" of the con interspersed with any good anecdotes that the reporter experienced or heard second-hand during the course of the convention. Con reports, like clubzines, are generally looked down on, but a well done con report, a la' Steven Carlberg or Cliff Biggers, can be a real joy.))

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, MD

The front cover on the new ANVTL gave me an initial assumption that it illustrated yet another article on Joseph Nicholas. Aside from that involuntary variation on the psychologists' word association test, I thought it was a fine piece of art. In theory one illustration with so many different elements should give a confused and too busy impression, but everything magically fits together in this particular instance.

I haven't read "Oath of Fealty". (In fact, I think I could sit here typing from now until the arrival of the 21st century, producing nothing but different sentences, each of which starts with "I haven't read..." and I still wouldn't have run out of possibilities in the professional science fiction and fantasy field.) But Jim Cobb's review makes me wonder if the authors were thinking of Ayn Rand when they chose Anthony Rand as the name of the principal character for their new novel. One of Rand's most celebrated novels has an architect as its hero, and the building-civilization described in this novel seems to have quite a few attributes of the Ayn Rand philosophy.

You make me wish I had chosen this recent BoShcon if I had been destined to break my abstinence from con-going during 1982: The size of the gathering, the events which occurred at it, and the guest of honor all sound ideal, except for one minor paradox.

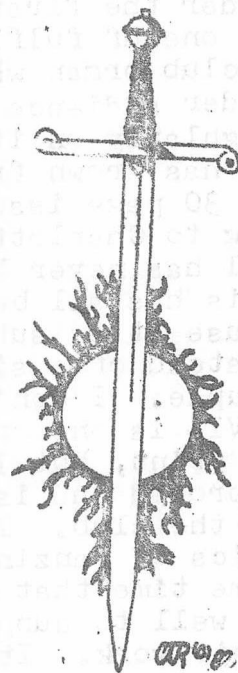
Bob Shaw is the most satisfactory person imaginable to be featured at a con where fanzine fans and mainstream fans predominate. Any yet it somehow seems a shame that only a hundred or so persons should have heard and seen him, almost as if Tolkien had kept his fiction in manuscript and permitted only family members and his closest friends to read it.

((It was a paradox. At the risk of sounding boastful, since the club put BoShcon together, I must say it was one of the best I ever attended. I felt the same as you--I wished more people could have experienced the magic of Bob Shaw's personality. But at the same time, a substantial increase in attendance would have meant a different con, one I might not have enjoyed as much.))

I've often wondered if the big money exchanged at a major con will eventually attract unwelcome attention of the federal tax authorities. A small-scale huckstering operation at something the size of BoShcon wouldn't scandalize local authorities, who also make little effort to enforce licensing, sales tax and other regulations on garage sales and similar events. But an Internal Revenue Service official who was a fringe fan, attended a worldcon, and decided to let his sense of duty guide his actions might make a lot of artists, hucksters, and various other people unhappy with audit of their recent tax returns.

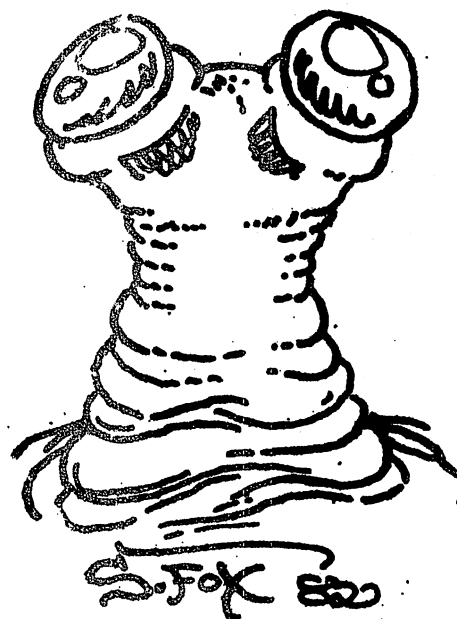
Getting lost in one's home town isn't unprecedented. It has been done before, right here in Hagerstown. In fact, I achieved a much more spectacular exhibition of this pastime. A visiting fan expressed interest in an old steam locomotive which is enshrined in Hagerstown's biggest park, as a symbol of the golden age of railroads which caused Hagerstown to grow from its former microscopic size to its present insignificant dimensions. I drove him to the park, whose eastern edge is only a block from my home, made a wrong turn, and had a terrible time extricating myself from the maze of crooked narrow roads which ran through the park. It was useless to tell myself that maybe the locomotive had been moved to another part of the park and that's what confused me. You don't move a steam locomotive of that size without building a railroad for it to move on.

The worries about the future of fanzine fandom that some of us have been possessing are based on something more than the diminishing percentage of fanzine fans compared to fandom as a whole.



Many of us feel pessimistic about the continued good health of fanzine fandom because it has suffered so severely from increased costs of producing fanzines. There are lots of fanzines abound today but the large-sized fanzine running to two dozen or more pages costs more to publish and distribute than most fans can afford to finance on a frequent publication schedule. And this is the type of fanzine that is most apt to inspire people to take an interest in fanzines, since the slender, frequently published fanzines are apt to be so informal and esoteric with appeal aimed at a small group. Meanwhile, other forms of fanac are cheaper than they used to be, in some ways. Even though hotel rates for congoers have escalated, the number of cons has increased so much in recent years that transportation is easier, and fans also seem more skilled in finding ways to attend a con without taking a room. Ten years ago, media fans couldn't see a new fantasy film when it was still new without paying money for separate admission to a theater. Now they can chip in on rental of a new release on videotape or watch it on cable for a fraction of the cost of theater tickets. It's also much easier to find recent science fiction books at yard sales and second-hand stores than it used to be, despite the increase in their cover price. But only the rare lucky fan who has unlimited access to a good office copier can put out a large fanzine nowadays without running up a much larger bill than even five years ago.

((An excellent observation. I think that's the real advantage of clubzines. The philosophy that has grown under the first five editors of ANVIL is one of fulfilling the function of a club organ while appealing to the wider audience of fandom. It appears regularly on its bi-monthly schedule. It has grown from 8 pages to the 24 to 30 page issues of today. According to Charlotte, contributed material has never been more plentiful. This has all been made possible because it is subsidized by a group instead of a single individual or couple. I don't mean to imply that ANVIL is one of the best fanzines in print, but I feel it has steadily improved and is certainly a credit to the club. In view of the economics of fanzines I have felt for some time that fanzine fans would do well to support clubzines with their work. It's true that many clubzines are poorly put together, limited in scope and input, just as ANVIL was when I edited the first issues, but if they were not dismissed so readily, perhaps fandom would have a few more RUNES and ATARANTES to enjoy.))



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

Thank you for issue 24, interesting as always. Review are highly prominent in this issue, and they strike me as being reasonable and informative. (My most interesting discovery as a result of these reviews is the fact that Marvin the Paranoid Android has released a hit single. That, I've got to hear. Does anyone out there have a copy of it? Can you send me a cassette recording of it?)

The cover is quite dramatic, although it seems to have little to do with the main business of the BSFC. I do hope that some issue you can feature an illustration of the gang eating pizza at Pasquale's. (I would do one myself, except for 2 small problems: I have never been to Pasquales, and I don't draw very well, at least not representationally. I do draw geometric figures pretty well, but that's another story -- although some of them were actually published, at one time, in a little known but very amusing and now defunct fanzine called "Systems" which was published by Wayne Brenner a few years ago. I hope you enjoy my nostalgic reminiscences.)

JR "Mad Dog" Madden makes a very good point about fanzine fans suffering from culture shock as they see the bulk of fandom today being more interested in other aspects of fandom than fanzines. It's amusing to think of fanzine fandom, originally a highly iconoclastic gang of social misfits and general wierdos, now forming what must be the most conservative branch of the vast and growing social phenomenon known as fandom. Of course we're still pretty strange, in some respects -- for one thing, our ravening appetite for pizza is a cause for wide-spread astonishment in gastronomical circles -- but there is also an amazing feeling of tradition, of history, and of established social patterns in the world of fanzine fandom -- as compared to the wild and anarchic gang of media fen. Anyway, while I personally have found fanzines to be the most useful focus of my fannish activities, I by no means believe that fanzines are the right choice for everybody. It requires a certain inexplicable passion for communicating in print, which not everybody has (or should have.)

((I think you've got a very good perspective on the issue, if it can be called that, of fanzines losing their pre-eminence in fandom. I used to be militantly pro-fanzine, but gradually I've come to realize that, as you say, it's just not for everyone.))

In case you've been wondering about that code letter after your name on the mailing label, here's the key:

M - Member

L - Loccer

C - Contributor

H - We hope to hear
from you.

T - Trade

S - Subscriber

W - Editorial Whim

X - This is your last issue
unless you do something.

Sheila Strickland Rt. 1, Box 386-B
Baker, LA 70714

The BoShcon report could almost be taken as a blueprint on how to have a nice, small relaxicon. Veteran congoers who know how to make their own entertainment, not too many people attending, concom members who actually get to see some of the con, it all adds up to fun. Small cons are particularly appealing to me now, after ChiCon IV which pretty well burnt me out on large cons for while, at least. Noreascon II was my first worldcon, and the crowds were fun. At ChiCon, they were just tiring.

In case Valerie McKnight is still wondering, I can identify some of the voices in "The Last Unicorn". Mia Farrow played the unicorn, Robert Klein was the butterfly, Tammy Grimes was Molly Grue and Christopher Lee, King Haggard. I think Alan Arkin played Schmendrick, and Angela Lansbury, Mommy Fortuna, though I'm not sure. Of course, the movie wasn't nearly as good as the book, just because it had to be less complex. Still, I was impressed that it was as good as it was.

I hope Wade Gilbreath gets back into LoC comments in #25. His presence was missed. The letter column was a little flat without those double parentheses adding comments and questions.

((Thanks, though I may have gone overboard with the commentary this time. Feast or famine, I guess.))

Tony Cannon
PO Box U-122
College Hgt. Station
Bowling Green, KY 42101

The review of "Holier Than Thou" was interesting, since I've so far received two issues of the zine and wanted to see someone else's opinion of it. Personally, I don't see what all the shouting's about. HTT itself makes a great deal of it's "Putridity", and evidently it bugs Cecilia, but I don't find anything that objectionable.

The probelm with HTT is that it is too selfconscious in its bad taste. It wants to be thought of as really vile without doing anything really vile. To me, the fact that it seems to bug so many people only proves how hung-up fandom can be. Then again, I like mad-slasher movies, so what do I know?

((I don't like "mad-slasher" movies, then then again I like Andy Griffith reruns, so what do I know?))

Coming Attractions: BSFC Programs of the Future

In February, Program Director Merlin Odom has scheduled guest speaker David Turner -- subject: Comics Fandom.

In March or April, we'll have our annual auction - stay tuned.

Garth Spencer You will notice from the issue of FTA/
1296 Richardson St. Phoenix that the Canadian SF & Fantasy
Victoria, B.C. Award has become an issue. I am pleased
Canada V8V 3E1 that Robert Runte (New Canadian Fandom)
and Spider Robinson are disagreeing in a
gentlemanly fashion about the criteria for bestowing this award.
I was not pleased, but not surprised either, when I saw Cecilia
Martinez admitting (in re Holier Than Thou #14) that she had
never heard of "American cultural imperialism" in Canada.

Dear God, I said to myself...well, I guess we're all terribly
ignorant, outside of our own realms and interests. "Canadian
national identity" is no longer a big issue, really; but for
awhile there Ms. Martinez brought to the surface a mass of grief
and bitterness I didn't know I had in me. In America, you can
start a business, a career, a school of artistic expression or
a form of writing -- even a New Wave in SF -- and there's liable
to be room for it, at least no oppressive, limiting pressure
from outside. In Canada, it isn't like that; in effect, if you
can't fit into the niches created by American industries, Amer-
ican media, American writing markets, there is no room. In
America, for that matter, you know who you are as a culture and
what you're doing; we don't.

However, I say sometimes that there are no problems that won't
be solved by the passage of one or two centuries. That goes
for Canadian identity, I guess, and the establishment of a
Canadian outlook in art and writing.

I haven't heard any Aussies talk up these issues the way Ca-
nadians do -- either the issues of national identity (including
a national literature) or the issue about recognizing and fos-
tering local SF talent. I guess they're inclined to just let
these things grow. As must we all.

((Your assumption that Americans know who they are as a culture
sits right up there with the assumption by many that America is
in control of its own destiny. Both are assumptions that one
would like to believe in, but both are fallacious.))

Brad Foster Thought this issue felt a bit heftier than
4109 Pleasant Run the last couple of issues, lots of goodies
Irving, TX 75062 in here, so how about a thick one every time
now! (That would mean the next special
issue would have to be even bigger -- hot damn!)

BoShcon report was nice. Short, sweet and to the point, sounded
like everyone had fun, which is, after all, the really basic
bottom-line reason for going to these things. And after a cou-
ple of issues of ANVIL I have come to see how you people are
really hung up on pizza!

Never been able to get behind that particular form of food, myself, but then I do go nuts over a huge sandwich native only to Texas called a Schlotzskys -- you've not lived until you've had a Schlotzskys!

I found the review on SORCERESS to be a surprise. I had ignored it when released here as it looked pretty much like a sleazy quickie. But after reading what Jim and Nancy had to say I'm sorry I missed it, as it sounds like it could have been a pretty funny film. I'm a real lover of those movies-bad-enough-to-be-good. Have to hope this one come back my way in the buck-a-shot theaters before it drops out of distribution. I think it was the bid with the zombies carrying off the sacrificial virgins, and the Viking remark, that clinched it for me -- a must-see!

LAST UNICORN, however, I will still let float by. Maybe tune it in when it shows up on cable, but rather save up for DARK CRYSTAL.

And Blessings to Cecilia for the expanded review section. As Kim said in his loc, I now have a better idea of how Cecilia's tastes run in these reviews, and can compare that to my own and now have a better idea on how to react to her likes or dislikes. Hope this expanded format wasn't just a one-time thing, keep it going!

Loved Harry's observations on issue 23's cover. I hand't thought it out that far, but his reasons are probably why, sub-consciously, I liked it so much as well -- that is a happy-looking picture behind the bizarrness!

((What makes up a Schlotzskys? Please give us a rundown.))

Steven Carlberg
32 9 St. Joseph
Lafayette, LA 70506

I'm glad to hear that BoShcon came so close to breaking even. Surely that can't include the cost of Bob Shaw's flight, though? I hope Bob had a good time. I hope you had a good time. I know I had a good time! As far as I'm concerned, the convention was an unq ualified success. The packed-hotel situation was less than ideal, but we made the best of it. My share of my room was so cheap that I got to buy myself two new videogame cartridges when I got home (Stampede and Chopper Command); and some lack-of-elbow-room situations arose that were pretty funny, viewed objectively.

Keep me up to date on the doings of the BSFC. Now that I've confirmed that the trip from Lafayette is only 8 hours, and in anticipation of owning a car soon that gets considerably better gas mileage than Old Blue, the notion of a weekend visit for the BSFC meeting and associated merriment begins to take on a certain appeal.

((Good to hear from you again. We are all certainly looking forward to seeing you at a BSFC meeting. We've already enjoyed the visits of Marc Ortlieb and Peter Toluzzi, and I believe I speak for everyone when I extend an invitation for all fans in the ANVIL broadcast range to visit our group in Birmingham.))

AFTERWORD.....

ANVIL 24 was the October-November '82 issue (no matter what it said on the title page), and this is ANVIL 25, the December-January '83 issue. We really are on schedule...

The just-when-you-thought-things-were-going-so-well department: All you fanzine fans out there have been after us to review more zines...in #24 Cecilia reviewed four, and everyone was happy. But what's this? Schoolwork taking precedence over fanac? Well, it happens, and Cecilia can't do the zine reviews for awhile. At the ultimate last minute, Valerie McKnight came to the rescue...and I hope these two reviews will hold you for now. (Back, back...I say, DOWN, Boy!!) Hopefully, next time we'll be back up to four reviews.

The throw-the-doggie-a-bond department: In case some of you faneds would like to solicit art from our fine stable of artists, here are addresses of the ones in this issue:

Cindy T. Riley
Rt.5, Box 483
Pell City, AL 35125

Steven Fox
5646 Pembarton St.
Philadelphia, PA 19143

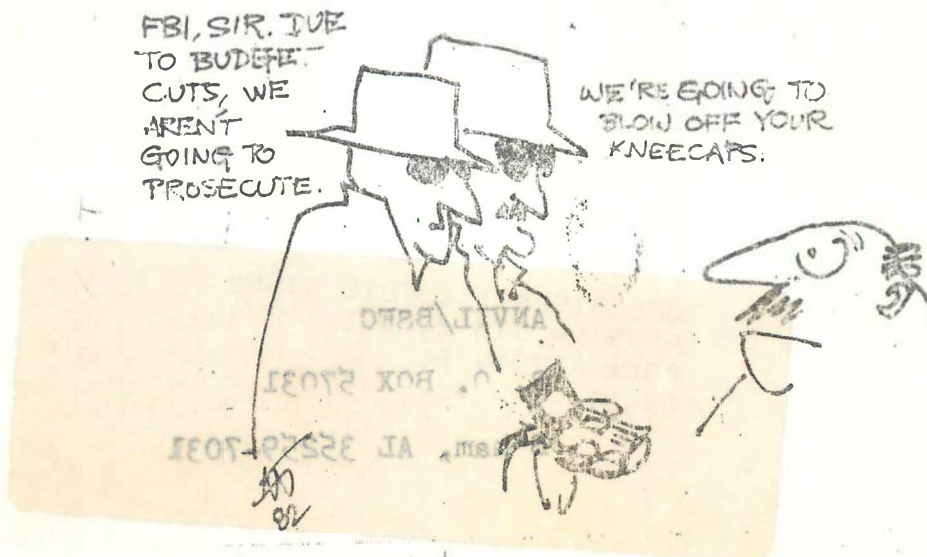
Brad Foster
4109 Pleasant Run
Irving, TX 75062

Wayne Brenner
34 Sanford Ave.
Debarry, FL 32713

Colin Langeveld
9 Lisleholm Road
Liverpool L12 8RU
U.K.

P.L. Carruthers-
Montgomery
1320 Potter #314
Colorado Springs
CO 80909

Other contributors, club members, ANVIL staff, can be contacted at: ANVIL/BSFC, P. O. Box 57031, B'ham, AL 35259-7031.



Art Credits:

Steven Fox: Cover, p.22
Cindy Riley: P.9,11,21
Brad Foster, p.5,28
Wayne Brenner, p.27
Colin Langeveld, p.16
P.L. Carruthers-
Montgomery, p.15

Next Meetings:

March 12 and April 9, 1983
Homewood Public Library
7:30 P.M.

Merlin Odom, Stuart
Herring & Jim Phillips
helped produce #24 --
Thanks...

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



Hansom Cab 1890s
USA 10.9c



JOE SICLARI & EDIE STERN
4599 NW 5TH AVENUE
BOCA RATON, FL
33431