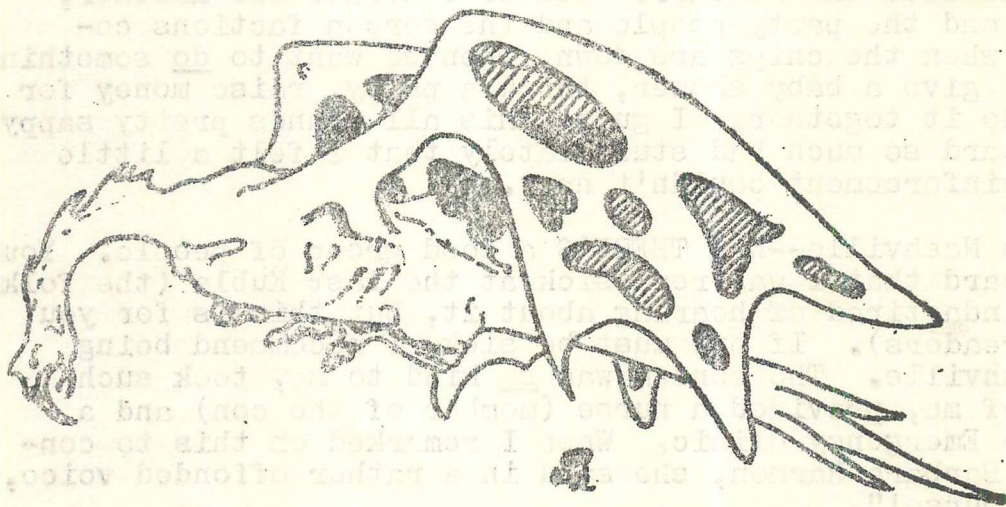


ANVIL 27



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--Charlotte Proctor

Herein ye editor shall exercise her editorial prerogative and
natter on about first one thing and then another.

First off, I'd like to put down that ugly rumor that's been
going around lately that fandom ain't what it used to be. You
know the kind of thing I'm talking about: "the politics.....
everyone takes things too seriously...I just can't take it
anymore". In fact, we received a form letter from David Palter
(I presume he sent one to all the zines he used to loc) citing
hassles and politics as some of the reasons for his gaffiation.

Fandom is a family of friends, right? Right. And I'm here to
tell you that my experience in fandom for the past 8+ years has
been 95% super-good, and you can't beat those odds anywhere in
the galaxy.

Right here in Birmingham we have an unlikely assortment of
people drawn together by whatever draws fans together, and no,
we don't all love one another. But we tolerate one another,
the gamers and the party-people and the sercon factions co-
exist, and when the chips are down, when we want to do something--
have a con, give a baby shower, throw a party, raise money for
ANVIL--we do it together. I guess this all sounds pretty sappy,
but I've heard so much bad stuff lately that I felt a little
positive reinforcement couldn't hurt.

Up there in Nashville--now THERE'S a good group of people. You
may have heard that I was real sick at the last Kubla (the folks
here are kinda tired of hearing about it, but this is for you
far flung readers). If one must be sick, I recommend being
sick in Nashville. The concom was so kind to me, took such
good care of me, provided a nurse (member of the con) and a
ride to the Emergency Clinic. When I remarked on this to con-
com member Barbara Harmon, she said in a rather offended voice,
"Well, of course!".

And I was suitably shamed. "Of course". I had almost let the
5% negate the 95% in my mind. Don't let it happen to you.

Enough of this soapbox ranting...on to another subject--poetry.

I have never been big on poetry. The only poetry I ever memo-
rized and thoroughly understood was children's verse..."The
Gingham Dog and the Calico Cat, side by side on the table sat..."
It's got to have a steady meter, and rhyming words, and tell a
story, before I can understand it.

I'm much too cynical to appreciate Stuart's romantic verse (a frog is just a frog...I've kissed many a frog and they never turn into princes); and I guess I'm just too pragmatic to be able to see what Merlin is alluding to in his poetry. (Both these poets are featured on the Poetry Pages elsewhere in this ANVIL).

Robert Newsom, one of our contributor/loccers, sent a poem that I rather liked. It was about Nature, and I'm not all that fond of nature in its natural state. This is the lady who thinks roughing it is going to a hotel and calling room service...and who knows the Great Outdoors is overrated--it's really just full of rocks, gnats and stickerbushes. Robert's poem is also on the Poetry Page.

Since there won't be a con report on DSC this time, I'll just mention it here. It was the biggest yet, held in the Hyatt Regency in Knoxville, which hotel is reminiscent of the Galt House in Louisville in terms of class, and in fact the con itself reminded me of Louisville Rivercons.

It seemed to be well run, had lots of things to do and see, and plenty of parties, too. Lots of BSFCans were there: me, Meade & Penny Frierson, et al., Cindy & Linda Riley, Adrian Washburn, Julie & Eric Ackermann, Marie Harrell, Bill & Nancy Brown, Ward Smith, Wade Gilbreath, "German" McClellen, Frank Love, Jim Cobb, and probably some others I can't think of just now. It's a long cry from when Meade & Penny, Frank, Wade and I were the only B'ham fen to attend cons (and that was the only time we saw each other!).

Between cons, and club meetings, and going back to work... yep, folks, I'm gainfully employed again...this ANVIL is a little late coming out. It seems a little bigger than usual, too, don't you think?

Next time, for all you followers of the Rites of Elmo, we'll have an article on the history of Elmoism by Elmo's chief disciple, Ward Smith.



 #
 # FORGED MINUTES #
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by Wade Gilbreath, Sec'y

April--Having been ousted for the month from their usual meeting place at the Homewood Public Library, BSFCans decided to party hardy at Castle Cragfont, Birmingham's official slan shack. By the time this reporter left for work, the Crag was just beginning to percolate, and if reports have not been exaggerated, it later exploded in an uproar of good times... not unlike the sinking of Port Royal. Let's see. Cindy Riley and Julie Ackermann chased Jim Cobb and Jeff Hardy up and down the stairs. I got to dance with Amy Phillips, and Merlin Odom did not fall off the bed.

May--Getting back to our usual meeting place seemed to have a calming effect on BSFCans. Very little heckling was heard from the audience and the only real stir of the evening was the announcement of the birth of Jim & Beth Phillips' baby boy, Christopher James, born May 14, real early in the morning. He measured in at 20 inches and weighed 7 lbs. A club auction followed and it took awhile to convince father Jim not to donate his new offspring to the proceedings. Jim's cry of "one less mouth to feed" did not hold pabulum with the crowd.

P.s. Merlin was never on the bed.

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Jane Gray, Treasurer

Beginning Balance. \$229.12

Income:

Interest	\$.99
Dues	25.00
Anvil	7.44
Auction	162.90
	<u>196.23</u>

Outgo:

Flowers	28.50
Anvil Exp.	60.37
adj.err.	<u>3.94</u>
	92.81



Ending Balance. \$332.54

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X B O O K R E V I E W X
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by Michael Brantley

The Blind Men and the Elephant, by Russell M. Griffin, \$2.95
(Timescape, 1982)

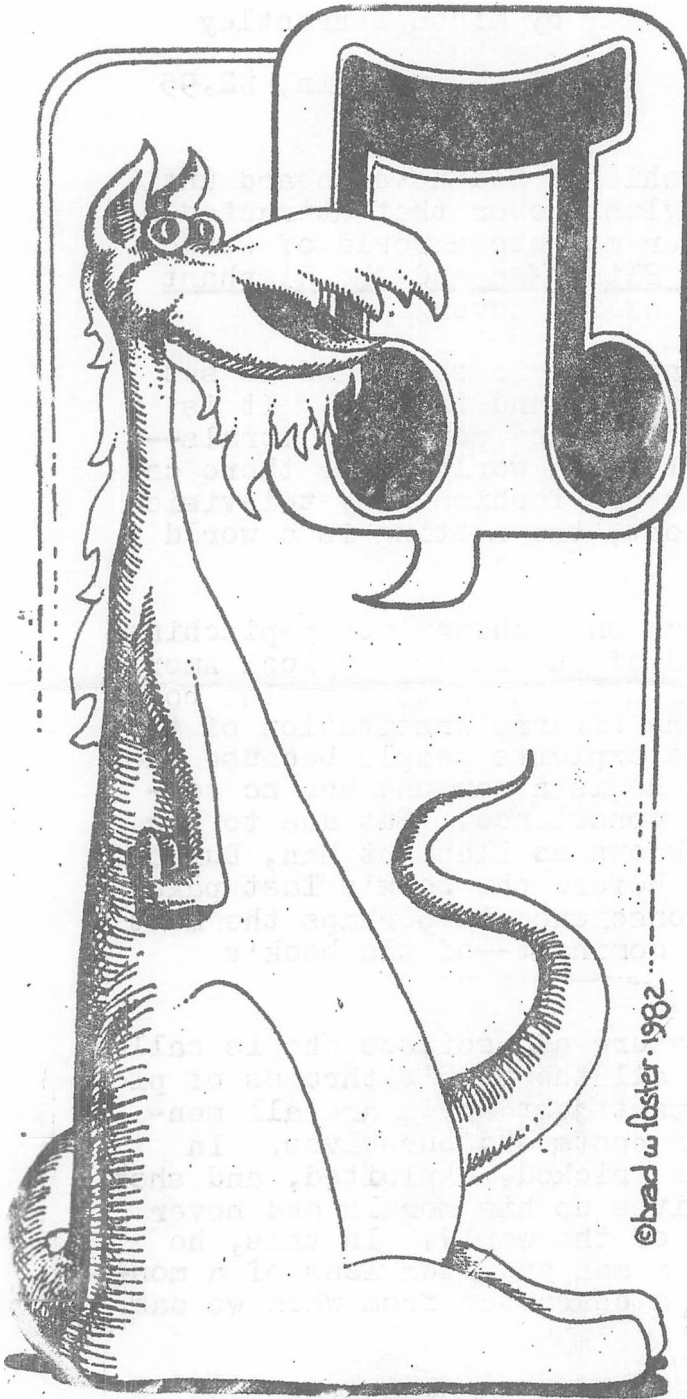
Russell M. Griffin was a name of which I had never heard until I bought his book. It was the stylish cover that attracted me to the book and promised to deliver me into a world of wonder and beauty--and of ugliness. The Blind Men and the Elephant lived up to the high expectations of its cover.

Blind Men is written in a whimsical, tragic style and is set in a world where whimsy and tragedy go hand in hand. It is set in a world with strange characters and perverted morals--in a world where anything goes. It is a world where there can exist sorrowful people whose minds are fashioned by television and by tabloid newspapers. In short, the setting is a world not unlike our own.

Durwood Leffingwell, the weatherman on a cheap, penny-pinching television station and the husband of an all too typical American wife, is the character who sits in the center of the book. He is a man who is caught up in the bizarre institution of the American society. He is a man who exploits people because the system has always exploited him. He is a man who has no conscience because the system has no conscience. But due to his association with the abomination known as Elephant Man, Durwood Leffingwell acquires a conscience before the book's last page is turned. This acquiring of a conscience is perhaps the most important--and certainly the most dominant--of the book's themes.

Macduff is the hideous freak of nature and science who is called Elephant Man and is the basis for all the book's threads of plot. He is a monster in search of his past just as we are all monsters and are all in search of our pasts and ourselves. In the course of the book, Macduff is tricked, exploited, and shot, but to his last minute he never gives up his morals and never gives in to the perverse morality of the world. In this, he proves himself to be much more of a man and much less of a monster than many of us. Macduff is a character from whom we can all learn a lesson in morality.

Not much has been mentioned here about the book's plot, nor does there exist a need to do so. The plot is of secondary importance to the well defined and interesting characters, the all-too-true themes, and the desolate, yet hilariously colorful, moods that the author has incorporated into this book.



SCENE PAINTING

Morning...skies
Smiling blue
Painted sunrise
Amber hue.

Rain...softly
Planting kisses
Steaming away
In dragon hisses.

Shadow paintings
Set on a stage
Spoken softly
Built by a sage.

Scenes...set
By artist's brush
Never removed
In nature's rush.

--Robert A. Newsom

PLANETFALL

I have felt the ocean's might
Breaking over me like shattered crystal
and as an adamant rose in the gardens of the night--
powerful, gentle--
is the strength I have known in your touch.
I have known all the ways of madness--
we of Earth have known many such--
but you are my light in the darkness
and I have always returned.
As you have been there for me, so let me be there for you.
For an alien touch you have yearned,
yet not alien, for are not all skies blue?
Earthfall is nigh.
Each weeps, and each for the other wonders why.

--Merlin Odom, with thanks
to Paul Cummings

THE END AND THE BEGINNING

I had no place that I could call my home;
Companions had I none to share the way.
For aye, it seemed, I was the world to roam;
I had no dreams to keep me through the day.
Misfortune seemed to be without an end;
I wondered if I lived beneath a curse,
That I might search forever for a friend
Whose love would help me all my wounds to nurse.
Then suddenly I saw her in a dream,
A lovely vision--could it truly be?
I hastened on, and by a wooded stream
I found my little nymph. She said to me,
"At last we meet! Now we can rise above
This weary, lonely world, for we have love."

--Stuart Herring

Bob Shaw Talks to BoShCon
November 20, 1982

(HalfaCon is the irregular travelling convention which splits the Southern con-going year between DSCs. This year in Birmingham it was nicknamed BoShCon for the presence of Bob Shaw, the Irish science fiction author and fan, who made such a hit as Birmingham's DSC Guest of Honor in 1981 that a way was found to bring him back again. On Saturday night, while awaiting the moment for the mad dash for pizza, a large segment of the BoSh-Con membership showed up to hear Bob Shaw talk about...Well, whatever happened to pop across his mind...)

As promised on the program, this is not going to be a talk. I'm not really going to say anything.

I attended my first convention ever way back in 1951. A lot of you will be amazed that somebody who looks as young as I am can remember back to 1951. Reading science fiction and clean living has kept me young looking.

I have attended a lot of science fiction conventions since then, and have attended a lot of talks at science fiction conventions, and I've been bored out of my skull so many times... I cannot remember a single word of any of the talks I listened to at those conventions--not ever. I mean, I've been through a lot. I've listened to Larry Niven telling me how to turn the galaxy into a spaceship. I've listened to Anne McCaffrey talking about dragons. I've listened to dragons talking about Anne McCaffrey. And still, I just can't remember a word of it. If not for the fact that I'm more or less in the guest of honor business--otherwise I couldn't afford to be here--I'd be tempted to say it's all a great waste of time.

A couple of years back I went to a convention in Poland. I was there partly to spend money. I had had a couple of books published in Poland, and the Poles are very correct about this kind of thing. They pay you when they publish your books, unlike certain other countries in that part of the world. A few years back I had a fan letter from a fan in Estonia, of all places, and he told me how much he liked my work, and said "The books of yours I didn't get in the Estonian editions, I managed to get them in the Russian editions." This is really nice, except that I didn't know there were any Russian editions of the books. But the Poles aren't like that -- they pay. But there's only one snag: they pay in their own currency, which of course is non-transferrable, the Zloty. The zloty is a very useless piece of currency; there's nothing we can do with it... except put it in a zloty machine or something.

So basically what it amounts to is they open a bank account for you in Warsaw, and put the money into it and hope that it never gets spent. But they don't know my attitude towards money.

When I learned the money was there, I went over and had a big holiday, a very big holiday. I tried to blow the proceeds of two books in a fortnight. It was difficult, too. I got sick of caciari and champagne. I really did. They still have traces of the old pre-revolution living there, and there are some restaurants which operate just the way they did then. I was eating meals with three waiters hovering attentively all the time, watching. It was the opposite of the normal situation. Normally when you go somewhere and you want to eat, you look at the menu outside the place, and decide if you can afford to eat there. I was doing oppositely. We would look at menus there: "Too cheap, too cheap. There must be an expensive one around here somewhere."

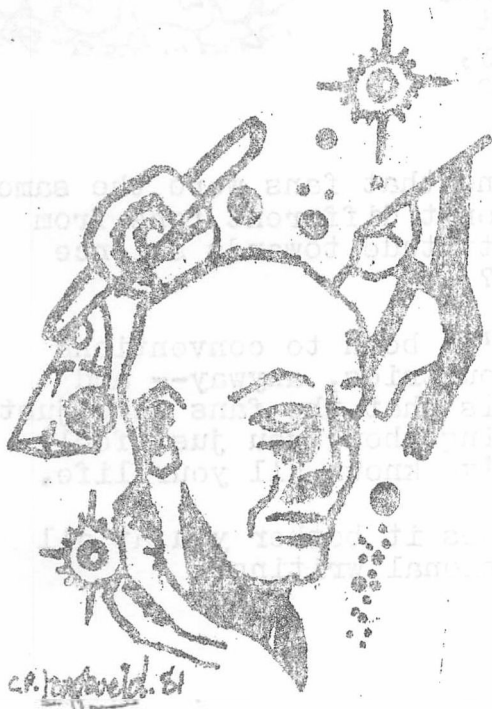
But this is turning into a speech. I said it wasn't going to be a speech. Usually after somebody gives a talk, there's five minutes where everybody gets to ask questions. So I think it would be better if we just had that instead.

Q. How many people attended the Polish convention you went to?

They were drawn from all over Europe, and there were about 400 people.

Q. Did they have the same kind of schedule and programming as we have here, or was it more academic?

Yes, it was very, very much on the academic side. A representative from each country had to get up and explain the situation as regards science fiction publishing in his country. There were people probably from 12 different countries, all of which published one and a half science fiction novels per year. So this went on and on. But they have simultaneous translation, if you wanted to listen to the stuff. But I'm afraid I didn't. I've attended lots of conventions with good programs, and I did not see one item on the program. I seem to get trapped in the bar by people who wouldn't let me out of it.



Q. (Concerted "AWWWWWW...")
Bob, how's your new book coming along?

It isn't. If I wasn't here this week, it would be finished.

Q. Which would you rather be doing?

Are you kidding? I don't like writing books!

I do it because that's the way I earn my living. But I'm like most authors I know, in that I enjoy having written.

When it's time for me to write a book, my wife is very aware of the fact, because all the jobs she's been nagging at me to do for months around the house-- putting up shelves, cutting the grass, all of that-- I suddenly do them all. It's only when the very last job is done, and I can't think of any other reason, then I go and do it. Lots of writers are the same. I don't know why it is. It's the only thing we can do. We've got to do it to earn a living, and sometimes we have families depending on it, and mortgages, and bank managers, and in my case, I've got a half a brewery to support. And yet, I put it off until the last possible minute, every time.

Q. How long does it take you to finish a novel?

A tremendous spread. My very best time ever for a novel was six weeks, written in my spare time, holding down a job and writing during the evenings. And my worst time has been six months working full time at it. That's the sort of spread-- a very big spread. The one I'm doing at the moment is a sequel to a book I did in 1975 called ORBITSVILLE. I've been threatening to write a sequel for years, but I couldn't get a good enough idea. I feel that most sequels are a step down-- I wanted to go the other way, and step up. I took a long time to get this idea. It's a very complicated one and I was slightly afraid of it, I think. Most books get more difficult for about one third of the way, then it gets easy, goes downhill. But this one has been a hard slog right to the top.



Q. A moment ago you said that you found that fans were the same all over. Is that really the case? Don't different fans from different countries have a different attitude towards science fiction? Do you not find a difference?

No, I don't. I've traveled around. I've been to conventions in a lot of countries-- well, 7 or 8 countries, anyway-- and the thing that's struck me every time is that the fans were just the same. Within five minutes of meeting them, you just feel that you're among old buddies that you've known all your life.

Q. You won a Hugo for fan writing. Does it bother you at all that you haven't won a Hugo for professional writing?

Awards that I don't get, I don't care about. But the awards that I did get, I thought were great. It's difficult for a British writer to get on the Hugo or Nebula nomination list-- partly because of the rules. You must be published in the same year. If the story or the book comes out in Britain first, and then is published in the States, it can't be nominated for a Nebula, because that wasn't its first publication. But it doesn't bother me. Awards are nice, as I say, but the thing is, to be a writer.

Q. Do you see any major changes in fandom since the early 50s?

Yeah. Oh, a lot. When I started out in fandom in the early 1950s in England-- well, in Northern Ireland-- the one thing was that nobody had any money. There just wasn't any money to do anything. I think my total expense for the first convention I went to came to about four pounds or something-- eight dollars. That's traveling from Ireland to England. We stayed with an old-time fan, Vince Clarke... and they were so hard up that at night, to keep warm, there was only one source of heat. They switched on a gas oven, and people had to take turns standing, waving a door back and forward to waft the heat out into the room. We only had one convention a year, and it lasted for a day and a half. Of course that's not just a difference in fandom; things that I saw in Britain outside fandom are totally changed as well. We were still in food rationing. 1951 England still hadn't got over World War II. I remember I tried to sell Vince Clarke my butter ration so that I could buy an extra pint at the convention, and he wouldn't buy it-- which I thought was highly unfannish of him.

Q. How did you get your idea for Slow Glass?

I don't think anybody quite believes this, but I got the idea by reading a textbook on science. This is cheating for a science fiction writer, to dabble in science. But it's in all the books that if you put a stick into water at an angle, that the stick appears to bend. The explanation they give is something to do with light travelling a little more slowly through water than it does through air. Well, frankly, I've never believed that. I think what happens is that the stick absorbs water, which makes it stretch, and because it's in at an angle, the bottom side absorbs more water than the top side, so the stick bends. When you take it out, it dries off, so the stick straightens out. But I saw this strange theory of light's passing through water, and it mentioned glass as well. I think it causes it to lose about 20% of its velocity. Really it's quite a short step from there to think, now, why not have a bit of glass that really slows it down?

I wish I'd get another idea like that one. The short story "Light of Other Days" has been anthologized something like 30 times. It was published in an American university textbook

as an example of good English. There I was in there with people like Dostoevsky-- I don't know why he wrote good English, being a Russian-- people of that stature, anyway. And somebody sent me a copy of the book, and there I was, "Bob Shaw". I must be a real writer, being there with all these people, I thought. I read the story and puffed up with pride. And I got to the end of it, and they'd put in six questions about the story. And I couldn't answer any of them.

Q. Of all the stories you've written, which are your favorites?

I haven't got any favorite stories. I tend to hate them all equally. I try not to go back over my own stuff and read it.

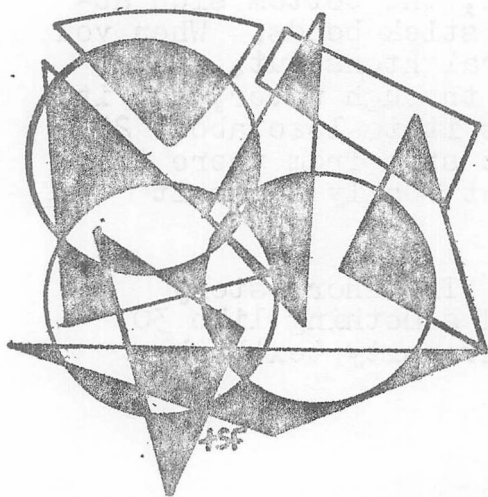
Q. It's not that bad.

Nice one.... I'll see you outside afterwards. Well, the original Slow Glass story has to be the one I dislike least, because it made me the most money. The thing is, when you're a writer, the whole process of writing, of being a writer, involves being read. But if you have written the very best novel in the world, you're still not a writer if nobody has read you. When people are reading your work, one evidence you get of this is money. The more money you're making, the more people are reading you, which is very, very important.

I've got this theory: I think any writer who really likes his own work is in trouble. When I wallpaper a room, all I can see in that room are the three or four little bits where it didn't work. In other words, where I had to fix something-- and that's all I see in that room. All the rest of it that's good, I don't see. I'm the same way with stories. When a publisher sends me a galley proof to correct, I keep it for a week and send it back. I just pretend I've read it. I just get so unhappy-- I'd love to do all the stuff over again, but I can't. I think my idea of real luxury would be to be in a position where I could write a book and put it away in a drawer for six months, and then take it out and read it as a stranger, and do a second draft. But most science fiction writers just cannot afford that time.

Q. Do you get much fan mail, and do you enjoy it?

I don't get a lot. I get quite a lot of mail originating from the fact that I'm active in fandom-- fannish mail. But I don't get much mail originating from the fact that I write books and somebody decided to drop me a line saying what he thought about a book. That happens very rarely to writers. With me it happens about twice a year.



Most of the mail is complimentary, but sometimes you get people who enjoy finding faults in a story, and that's the only thing that inspires them to write to you. I worked for years as a journalist on a newspaper. I wrote thousands and thousands of articles. The only articles that ever drew any kind of comment from the public were the ones where I'd made a mistake. And the same thing happens in science fiction. Somebody takes the trouble to write to your publisher saying that on page 124 of such and such a novel, you have sodium chlorate, and obviously it should have been sodium chloride, or something like that. What makes people do it?

I do enjoy getting mail. It's nice to know that somebody out there actually reads the stuff. I don't get around to science fiction conventions very much. I live in kind of a remote part of England. I don't even see fans very much. I sometimes get a feeling that, you know, it's all part of a big fantasy. That nobody reads the stories. Sometimes I wonder. Perhaps at my last medical checkup, they found out I was dying of cancer, and they said, oh he's always wanted to be a writer, so let's get together-- he can write his novels and send them off, and we'll pretend they're printed. Keep him happy until he snuffs it.

Q. Do you credit your fan writing with starting your professional writing career?

Yeah. Yes, I do. I learned to write by associating with Walt Willis, the well-known science fiction fan of the fifties and sixties. I had a column in his fanzine; I did this column for over ten years. That was where I learned to write. It changed the whole course of my life. I got a job as a professional journalist simply on the strength of having written for fanzines-- though I didn't describe them as fanzines, of course. I said I had had hundreds of articles published in, I think it was "science orientated journals." This impressed them rather a lot. For the first three months after I started, my boss kept asking, "When are you going to bring in these science orientated journals to let me see some of them?" "Aw, hell, I forgot them again." If I'd ever brought him a copy of HYPHEN I'd have been out of a job in a second.

Q. Is there a difference between a chip and a french fry?

Well, to me, a french fry isn't really the same thing as a British chip. I have big arguments over this with my wife. I know how to make chips, she doesn't. She's been brainwashed by reading all these women's magazines, cookbooks and things, and she firmly believes that a french fry or chip should be crisp, dry, hot and golden brown. That's the way she makes them. I know better. I know that a proper chip or french fry isn't any of those things. It's limp-- when you put a fork in it it hangs down on each side of the fork. It's a pale yellowish green in color. It's lukewarm, so you can cram a dozen of them into your mouth at once without burning your tongue.

It's got a lovely veil of grease all over so that your teeth are lubricated when you're chewing it. And I've explained this to her over and over again, and every time she makes her chips, they still come out all wrong: hot, dry, golden brown. And every time I make them, they come out just right. She mustn't be a proper cook.

Q. Is it difficult adjusting to cold beer?

No. If we want to have a talk about beer, you know, we could sit here all night. The British idea of beer does not coincide with the American idea of beer in any way. The American beers are lagers, and in England, if you want a lager, generally it's chilled, so there's no problem at all. If anybody has never had a pint in an English pub, it's a different drinking experience altogether. I was talking to a friend who is a fanatic about beer, and he told me he'd been away in Greece on holiday for three months, came back, dashed into the first British pub he could get to, and he ordered a pint. When it arrived, it was absolutely flat, no head on it whatsoever; it was lukewarm, a bit cloudy, and sour to the taste. He said, "Perfect."

Q. Can you tell us about when you were a sportswriter? I heard it was pretty funny.

This must be my famous hockey reporter story. I don't like telling stories twice. I suffer from this business. If I've got to send ten letters to people telling them the same thing, or something, something inside me will not let me write the ten identical letters-- I've got to make them all different. It gets to be difficult when I'm away on holiday and sending postcards back to friends. There's no reason why you shouldn't write exactly the same thing on every postcard, the same little joke, but I can't do it. I've got to make up a different joke for every postcard, and it drives me nuts.

One time I got so desperate... The last card I had to send was to Walt Willis and his wife Madeleine, and I'd written all my favorites down, and I couldn't think of another joke. The post time was coming up, so I got an idea-- that I thought was funny-- and I wrote on the postcard, "Dear Walt and Madeleine-- Everything's okay now. Please ignore my telegram." To me, you know, it was a joke. I got back a week later. They'd been to the police. They'd been to the post office giving them hell about a telegram not being delivered.



And I said, "No, I just made it up." A distant expression passed over their faces for a moment... and they walked away.

But this hockey story. I joined a big daily newspaper, circulation over a quarter of a million. The same company published two newspapers, a daily and a weekly. The weekly was called the Ulster News. I fancied myself as a feature writer, writing features for this weekly paper, so I got a job with them, resigned from my old job. And the Friday night before I was due to start, I picked up a newspaper and saw that my newspaper had just been cancelled-- it didn't exist anymore. So I went down to the office anyway. Instead of finding myself as a feature writer on a weekly, I was a general reporter on a daily, which was quite a shock to the system.

The first week, I was looking forward to being off on Saturday, and the sports editor came running up to me, and he handed me a little slip of paper, and said, "That's your match for tomorrow." I said, "What is it?" He said, "It's a hockey match." I said, "I'm sorry, Malcolm, I've never seen a hockey match, so I can't do it." And he said, "Oh, it doesn't matter-- the rules are just the same as football." And he dashed away. And he got away before I could explain to him that I'd never seen a football match, either.

I went out to this dismal field at three o'clock the following afternoon. And it was raining-- gentle, vertical rain that we get a lot of in Ireland-- and there was a hockey match just starting, and about ten people were gathered round the perimeter watching this match, under umbrellas. It was most depressing-- it was like a scene out of WAR AND PEACE or CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, or some awful, dreary Russian novel. I had no idea what was happening. The referee kept blowing his whistle-- I couldn't figure out what it meant. And I was standing there thinking, this is my chance of a Pulitzer prize gone. I was thinking about quitting the job, and I suddenly heard somebody under one of the umbrellas saying something like, "Garvy isn't using the left side of the field." And I thought, that sounds good. So I got out my book and I wrote that down, and I moved up to the umbrellas. I got about ten little comments like that during the next three quarters of an hour. I got the scores, and who scored the goals, and retired to the nearest pub, and had several large hot whiskeys, which is a drink you can get in pubs in Ireland, and I joined all these things together, and phoned them in.

Monday morning, I went to work, not sure if I had a job or not, but the sports editor was delighted. He came up and clapped me on the back and said, "Thought you said you knew nothing about hockey." And I became, over the next three years, that paper's champion hockey reporter. Even at the end of that three years, I still did not know the rules of the game. I'd got my method; I knew how to do it. I just stood near the people who seemed to know and copied down everything they said.

I think that's probably what helped to build up my reputation. All over the country, there must have been people reading my report that night, and saying, "Hey-- this man's good! That's just what I was saying at the match today!"

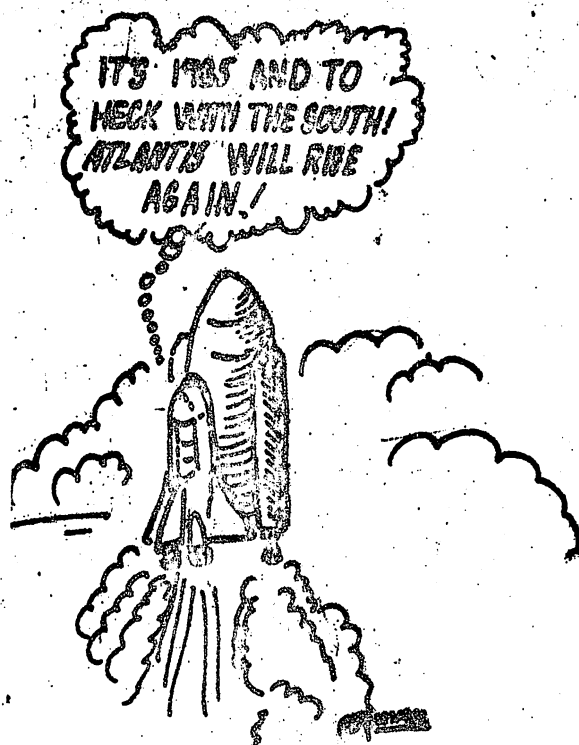
Q. Bob, when and how did you first meet up with Walk Willis?

I met up with Walt in 1950, I think it was. At that time, I had been reading science fiction for years and years and was quite convinced I was the only science fiction fan in the world. I'd just never met anybody even who admitted to reading the stuff. And then I began to realize that there were secondhand bookshops and magazine shops, and a lot of those magazines were coming and going in and out of them. It was a bit like the way astronomers can detect the presence of a planet by it affecting other planets. I worked out that there were other fans in Ireland, somewhere, by these secondhand bookshops.

I saw an ad from a fan organization in an early British magazine. I wrote away and was put in touch with Walt Willis and other Irish fans.

It changed my life, getting in touch with that fan group. Science fiction was what I needed out of life. Belfast has always been a... Let's put it this way: Belfast will never be the fun capital of the galaxy. And when I was growing up there I was miserable and lonely, and it was science fiction that kept me sane. Discovering that there were other people around who read the stuff, and being able to start publishing a fanzine was great.

I still remember the first night, walking back home from Walt's house, that great meeting. And you know this saying about walking on air? That's the way I felt. I could not feel my feet touching the ground. I seemed to float home. I knew that I'd found what I wanted out of life. It was a lot to ask of fandom, but it didn't let me down. As a direct result, I'm here this weekend, which is quite incredible. Most people in England never ever see the States, you know, it's still something that doesn't happen to you. I'm fast becoming almost a commuter.



Q. Is that water you're drinking?

Yes.

Q. You're going to pollute your system, Bob.

No, I find there's nothing wrong with water. I had a drink of it about four years ago, and it was pretty good.

Most people believe that there's a lot of drinking going on at British conventions. British fans tend to drink a lot, but they play it up quite a bit as well. It's become part of the fannish folklore of British fans.

There's a general belief in British science fiction fandom that American science fiction fans at conventions do not drink very much. I've been to conventions up north where I did get that general impression, but one of the things I like about coming to Alabama is, there's lots of people around here who drink nearly as much as I do.

Last year I was giving a talk to the SF group in South Wales, and an old friend who runs the club there met me at the train. We went straight to a pub and had a couple of drinks, and we went and had a meal, and we had a couple of drinks with our meal, and then we went to give my talk, which was held in a pub, and they always like to keep you lubricated while you're talking, so I had a couple more drinks while I was talking. After it was finished, we streaked into a public bar and had a few more drinks. By that time, we had worked up a thirst. I went back home with my friend, and he opened a bottle of Bell's whiskey, and we drank it between us before we went to bed.

It seemed like a great idea at the time, but the next day, I was sitting on the train, coming up through the counties between Wales and England, feeling like death-- wondering why I'd done it. The thing that upset me was... The carriages were open type, just little seats and tables, all dining size, with an aisle in the middle. The steward of the restaurant car opened the door at the top of the car, came walking along, whistling, looking around him and nodding at people, and didn't speak a word. And he got to me, and he stopped and said, "There's a bar in the next car if you feel like having a drink." I nearly went after him and demanded to know what he was implying.

Q. Have you ever tried Southern moonshine?

No, I haven't. Has anybody got any? . . . Ah, I had my hopes up...

Well, I've built up a great thirst, so if anybody wants to continue this conversation in the living room or the bar, I'll be quite happy to see them. Thanks for listening for so long.

(Bob Shaw's non-speech transcribed and abridged by Stven Carlberg)

--Valerie McKnight

This is surely the prettiest zine to come out of Canada. The printing is clear and sharp on lovely cream-colored paper, and the illos (including an excellent Steven Fox cover) are well-distributed and reproduced. The editor's system of dividing up the labor, with himself doing the editing and Michael Hall the publishing, seems to be a good idea. (The editor of ANVIL agrees: "I wish I had somebody to do my publishing!")

The controversial part of the zine is Robert's preoccupation with "American Cultural Imperialism". Now, this is a heavy-sounding term that recalls visions of England dissolving Scottish clans and forbidding tartans. But Robert isn't worried about U.S. hitmen breaking into his slanshack and smashing his mimeo. He seems to be suffering no limits at all, from anybody, on his freedom of speech or his cultural expression. He's entirely free to express himself in any artistic fashion he chosses, and his fellow citizens are free to read anything he prints. So what's the problem? Well, an American comic book with Canadian badguys is "cultural imperialism".

A high-contrast, black and white image of a stylized, abstract figure or structure. The central part features a tall, narrow, pointed shape, possibly a head or a spire, with a smaller, similar shape below it. To the right, there is a large, dark, irregular shape that resembles a stylized letter 'E' or a wing. The entire image is composed of thick, black, textured lines and shapes, with many small black dots scattered around, giving it a grainy, high-contrast appearance.

The center of all this discussion is Spider Robinson's argument that he ought to be considered culturally a Canadian, by virtue of his long residence in the country, his marriage to a citizen, his novel settings, etc., and therefore eligible for a certain Canadian SF award. Robert contends that he ought to make the "minimum basic commitment" of renouncing his U.S. citizenship. If one leaves aside the inappropriateness of basing a fannish eligibility on a mundane legality, one wonders about the status of Spider's wife. If he's still married to Jeanne, then she's his writing partner. Could a book they wrote together be nominated, or would only the parts that Jeanne wrote be eligible? If nobody can figure out who wrote which parts, and they won't confess, then what will Robert say? Perhaps he'll contend that Spider forced her to write the way she did. ACI again, see?

But I think I'll leave this fascinating question and turn my imperialistic attention to another Canadian zine.

FROM THE ASHES/PHOENIX #2, Vol. 4, SF Association of Victoria, Box 1772, Victoria, B.C. Canada V8W 2Y3. \$7.50/yr. or the usual.

F.T.A./PHOENIX looks quite a bit less tacky than it did last time. They've found some way to print on both sides of a page and the cover (again a Fox) is xeroxed. It has a good deal of local club news, as well as several general interest articles.

The zine and book reviews are average, with one innovative idea, a bookstore review. Paul Delaney has an article about the people who did all those fantasy shows with puppets a couple of decades ago. I can barely remember Stingray - I remember being confused as to what sort of creatures the actors were. There are a couple of humorous pieces, one of them being an SF dictionary that defines "alternate universe" as a place where "the author can ride his hobbyhorses to his heart's content". Telling.

The best parts are the articles by editor Garth Spencer. He has an investigative approach to science fiction that I quite approve of, though he can be a little over-factual. For instance, his review of two popular fictional planets, while detailed, reminded me of Schuyler Miller's non-judgemental "book-report" style reviews. I found myself asking "Yes, but would he visit these planets twice? Would he recommend them to his friends? Does he feel that the low gravity compensates for the chance of being eaten by the natives?"

No one can complain of a lack of energy in his lovely savage attack on TV SF. It reminds me of my innocent youth, when I used to think, "Oh, what wonderful SF shows we'll have in a few years, with all the virtues of shows like Star Trek and Twilight Zone, but with all their faults corrected".

Alas, the industry establishment discovered that somebody had sneaked a few good scripts past them, and they're determined not to let it happen again. (Sic 'em Garth. Go for the throat.)

His discussion of the political systems of two SF worlds are also interesting, though I don't always agree with him. For instance, I recall some early African nations described as bureaucratic rather than feudal, though I don't know how they compared to an Ythrian choth otherwise. I was really interested in his discussion of Austin Wright's Islandia, especially because it gives me a chance to reveal my big scoop--I know what country Islandia is based on! I'll give you a few hints. It's the country that in the tenth century gave the vote to land-holding freemen, who elected representatives from each district. It was composed mostly of farmers who had a strong love for their land, and a great interest in and knowledge of their family histories. It is one of the few nations that preserved pre-Christian sexual customs, in law as well as in custom. It is the only nation that is so proud and protective of its culture that its people speak the same language as a thousand years ago. Give up?

It's medieval Iceland, of course--properly spelled "Island" or in German, "Islandia". This explains the resemblance to turn-of-the-century America that Garth noticed. Iceland did indeed resemble America in its legal system and has been called the first Western democracy. (If I ever get a chance, I'll explain the strong Icelandic influence in Patricia McKillip's work.

Now I'm out of my allotted space and will have to cross the ocean to Australia.



WEBERWOMAN'S WREVENGE, Vol. 2, #4 & 5. Jean Weber, c/o CSIRO, Box 1800, Canberra City ACT 2601, Australia. 80¢ or the usual.

This zine reminds me of something my mother once said... "Feminism? Isn't that out of date?" That's typical-- first she gets the job, then she gets the gun, then she says feminism is outdated. Unfortunately, WW's style of feminism is outdated. The lettercol sounds like a perpetual 60's consciousness raising session. Now, CR is useful, but it's supposed to get somewhere--anywhere, I'm not picky.

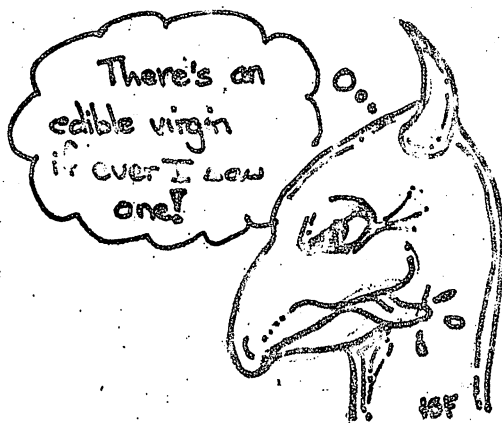
This is in line with Jean's avowed intentions--to bring out people's feelings rather than to discuss facts. Thus her correspondents do a lot of emoting and generalizing, and often don't seem to be sure exactly what they're talking about. The main topics under consideration include sterilization, handicaps and a general group labeled as "genital mutilation".

This last topic, in particular, shows the loccers to be long on feelings and short on information. Several of them confused castration and sterilization (I do hope they get it straightened out in case they should want to be sterilized). And though there are several letters about hysterectomy, nobody mentions the hot issue of "female circumcision". Additionally, I was surprised that the Aussies didn't seem to know about certain spectacular Australian customs pertinent to the issue.

Some of the exchanges get pretty funny. When Avedon Carol gets scholarly and patronizing about men's fears of castration (I take it she isn't married) Marc Ortlieb tells her exactly why he doesn't like the idea. Marc's blunt commonsense is always a delight.

The zine isn't all heavy talk, though. It has the usual book reviews, news items, and trip reports. The humor section is awfully cute in both issues I have, and thoroughly broke up that strange crowd of men who clean guns on my living room floor.

So I liked part and disliked part. I guess the people who relish formless feminist discussion of gruesome topics have read enough to realize that this is their zine.



Q36 J, Marc Ortlieb, P.O. Box 46, Marden S.A. 5070, Australia for the usual, or a naughty in the bushes.

Once again I go against my policy of only reviewing zines that we haven't reviewed before, but this issue of Q 36 is so good that it couldn't be passed up. Marc set himself the difficult technical problem of mimeoing several of the pages in two colors, and he carries it off beautifully. I understand that the process involves changing drums on the mimeo. No wonder he's tired.

The content is fully up to the appearance. It starts with a bang, a really good pastiche of Shaw's "The Enchanted Duplicator". "Lud Fouls Bain" satirizes all sorts of factions in modern fandom, with really neat puns referring to a good many books and movies. I'll have to go back through the files and look up the first installment.

The humor doesn't let up. Next is "The Albatross" by Joanne Wright and Ann Poore. Those of us who think Poe's verse one of the ornaments of literature will be floored by:

"Then upon the velvet flopping, I betook myself to popping
upper after downer thinking My God, what a bloody bore!
What in Christ's name does this grim ungainly ghastly bird
of yore

Mean by croaking 'Nevermore'?"

Then Heinlein gets it in Roberta Hardline's "The Numbed Beast", a cartoon strip drawn by John Packer. They dance through the book in four pages, leaving out the nonessentials and succinctly expressing the plot ("Let's get married." "I'd love to, but someone's blown up my car").

Before we recover from that, we're treated to a tour of Melbourne (and told how to distinguish a football from an emu egg) and then given an interview with our own ANVIL editor by two of our own BSFC fans (how did they get here?).

Lest we think that Aussiefandom is all silliness, there's an article by Harry Andrushack about his work at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory. The lettercol is very long and interesting. I do feel that I ought to explain to Marc that when an American says "We have much bigger penguins in Texas", he is not being chauvinistic, he is making a "Texas joke". I assure you he meant no disrespect to Australia's famous fairy penguins.

The only controversy in this zine is an article by Julie Vaux, who complains that there isn't enough craftsmanship in zine publishing. She labors under the impression that the only decent form of repro is offset, and that fans cling to mimeo because of some odd devotion to amateurism.

I might refute her, saying that a) fanzines are for reading, not framing, and b) you may have the money for an offset press, but we don't. But that isn't necessary. Marc's zine demonstrates how handsome and well crafted a mimeo'd zine can be (and the time it took him to finish demonstrates why few people are this thorough - it's a hobby, not a life's work!).

The only thing this zine leaves me wishing for is that somehow Marc and Garth Spencer could do a collaboration.



We also received:

ASFOAWN
Joe Celko
Box 10558
Atlanta, GA 30310

Atlanta Fantasy Fair
P. O. Box 566
Marietta, GA 30061

BRSFL NEWS
P.O. Box 14238
Baton Rouge, LA
70898-4238

ChatSFic News 20,21
Rt. 5, Box 315-A
Cleveland, TN 37311

Crab Cakes #3
Constellation
Box 1046
Baltimore, MD 21203

DASFAX #4, 5
2618 S. Everett St.
Apt. #12
Lakewood, CO 80227

DUFF Newsletter
P.O. Box 46
Marden, S.A. 5070
Australia

Enter the Lists
Garth Spencer
1296 Richardson St.
Victoria, BC V8V 3E1
Canada

FOSFAX
4111 S. 3rd St. #3
Louisville, KY 40214

Fanzine Fanatique
K & R Walker
6 Vine Street
Lancaster, Lancs.
LA1 4UF England

FOOTA, AV
959-A Waverly Ct.
Norcross, GA 30071

Gegenschein #43
Eric Lindsay
c/o 6 Hillcrest Ave.
Faulconbridge NSW
2776 Australia

File 770, #39, 40, 41
Mike Glycer
5828 Woodman Ave. #2
Van Nuys, CA 91401

Hearts Rating Update
Richard Lynch
4207 Davis Lane
Chatt., TN 37416

Lines of Occurrence #7
Arthur Hlavaty
819 W. Markham Ave.
Durham, NC 27701

Mainstream
Jerry Kaufman
4326 Winslow Pl. N.
Seattle, WA 98103

Memphen #58
266 Garland
Memphis, TN 38104

Raffles
Larry Carmody
629 E. 8th St.
Brooklyn, NY 11218

SFR #47
Richard Geis
P.O. Box 11408
Portland, OR 97211

Shadow of a Fan #14
Irvin Koch
835 Chat. Bank Bldg.
Chattanooga, TN 37402

Stick Quarters
Brian Earl Brown
20101 W. Chicago #201
Detroit, MI 48228

Texas SF Inquirer
P.O. Box 9612
Austin, TX 78766

Thyme #23, 24, 25
Roger Weddall
79 Bell St.
Fitzroy 3065
Victoria, Australia

Transmissions
#131-135
P.O. Box 1534
Panama City, FL
32401-0123

Westwind #69-70
P.O. Box 24207
Seattle, WA 98124



 #
 # ANVIL CHORUS #
 #
 #####

--Wade Gilbreath

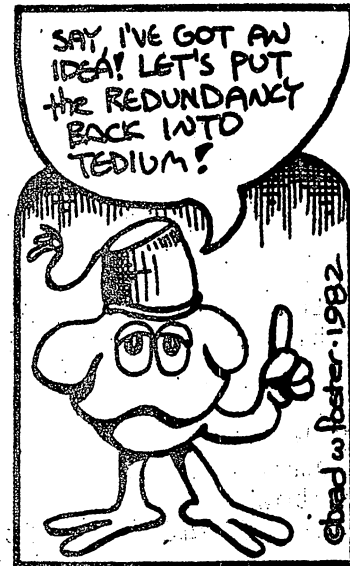
Tap tap tap.

I want resonant sercon to underpin this passage, and we need a strong effort from you humorists to make the next four locs sparkle. No flat notes of acrimonious criticism, please. Attention. Let's begin.

Harry Warner, Jr. That is quite a cover on the 26th ANVIL. I
 423 Summit Avenue don't know if it could qualify as fanart
 Hagerstown deco or needs a descriptive term of its own.
 Maryland 21740 It looks hopelessly cluttered at first glance
 but after some more inspection, the profu-
 sion of objects and the complicated shading seem to have a
 special fascination of their own, something like the endless
 sentences in Faulkner's novels.

Meade Frierson is just the latest of the many fans who have been converted to computers. Maybe computers will become an integral part of many areas of fanac in the future. But I keep thinking about the long ago time when audio tape recorders first were becoming available to the United States public at prices fans could afford, around the middle of this century. Fans were going wild over tape recorders in much the same way that many fans are learning how to use computers today. And there were predictions that the face of fandom would be permanently altered by tape recorders. just as we've been hearing for the past year or two about how computers will be omnipresent in fandom in the near future. But back in the early 1950s, after the first novelty of corresponding by audio tape, creating fannish dramas on tape for playing at cons, taking tape recorders to cons and sticking microphones in the faces of everyone you met, organizing the tape equivalent of round robin letters, and exchanging taped radio programs of fannish interest, after the first novelty had worn off, as I started to say, the tape recorder turned out to be destined to have only a subsidiary role in fandom after all. A few fans still correspond on tape, some fans volunteer to tape books and magazines for enjoyment by blind science fiction enthusiasts, and there are other occasional uses of tape recorders in fandom in the United States, but it isn't what some of us had been told would happen. I suspect that the limitations of computers for fannish purposes will become more bothersome after the novelty has worn off and we'll discover that it's simpler and quicker to do many things the old-fashioned, uncomputerized way in hobbying, no matter how indispensable computers will be for the working world.

I liked Kim Huett's combination of text and illustrations. The reproduction of the pictures is remarkably good, except for the awful accident that apparently affected the face of Gerald Smith, causing him to appear beardless, moustachless, and practically sideburnless. It beggers the imagination to suspect that there might be an Australian fan of the male variety who doesn't have lots of hair below the ears when viewed from the front. I do wish Kim would provide something similar for the female fans of Australia.



Pat Gibbs continues the fanzine trend to give favorable reviews of the new Asimov Foundation book. This is sort of surprising, since Asimov's fiction hasn't been getting very enthusiastic mention in fanzines in recent years. I was going to speculate on the question of whether Asimov has set a new record for writing a sequel after the longest passage of time in the science fiction field. But then I remembered reading somewhere that Jack Williamson is doing a sequel to his Legion series and I'm sure there has been a greater lapse of years since his last Legion story appeared than between Foundation novels. Meanwhile, I wonder if the time will come when some enterprising publisher will persuade Asimov to permit the reprinting of the original Foundation stories as they appeared in Astounding, rather than in their novelized versions. There must be enough Asimov enthusiasts out there to guarantee a big sale for such an enterprise. I imagine they'd happily devote many evenings to painstaking comparison of the magazine versions and the book versions.

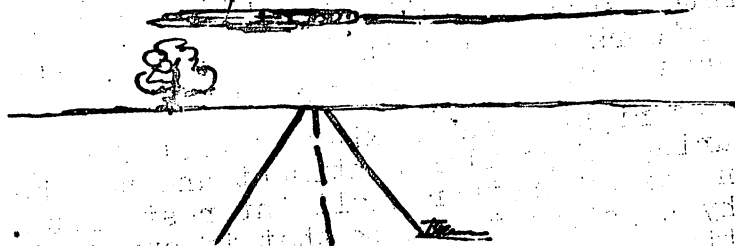
The fanzine reviews are quite good. As I think I told Ben Fulves in my loc on The Looking Glass, fanzines must pose a dreadful problem to any library. You could argue that the library which decides to establish a fanzine collection should be prepared to cope with them and shouldn't acquire them if it can't. But cataloguing, security and even identifying items in a fanzine collection must create problems librarians don't learn in library school. (How would you type out card catalog entries for a large apa mailing or con progress reports or the dozens of issues of Elmer Purdue's fanzine which are identified as volume 1, no. 1?)

If Australia's postal authorities keep track of fanzines, to make sure they're published as often as category B requires, maybe we could persuade them to publish their records as an index to Australian fanzines.

I liked Frank Brayman's remarks on the Canadian nationalism issue in fandom. I'd been tempted to write something of the sort in a loc and chickened out because of the accurate complaints it would produce about my never having lived in Canada.

Your notes on BSFC meetings and cons in your region continue to be entertaining, although hardly commentable for a foreigner like me. And it's exhilarating to read on the contents page that some of the issue was stenciled on an old manual typewriter. I have this theory that humans will find their fingers becoming as useless as their toes if the time comes when there are no non-electric typewriters and non-electric keyboard instruments to provide exercise for building finger muscles.

((Interesting idea about using Australian bureaucratic postal records to index Australian fanzines. Taking that idea a step further, we might find, under the Freedom of Information Act, that some obscure department of the U.S. government has compiled a massive history of fandom since the 1950s when the Cold War and McCarthy created a bureaucratic demand for keeping tabs on any unusual organizations or groups.))



Robert A. Newson The Baton Rouge zine that I feel Mr. Frierson
General Delivery was referring to being Baton Rouge Science
Tunica, LA 70782 Fiction League Newsletter, I have to dis-
agree with him. They at first experimented
with computer printing, and the visual state of such print was
highly criticized by the readers. Last issue it was used for
zine reviews and mailing labels, and this last issue which I
have before me at this moment the only thing I found using the
unsightly print was the mailing label. I love the zine, but
if a zine is going to ruin my eyes which already require glasses,
I am not about to read it. Their usual type, like yours is very
easy to read. Both zines have also a wide variety of informa-
tion which I find highly useful. Meade Frierson is however
probably correct in his thoughts that the computer terminal
zine is highly feasible for the future. They have been experi-
menting with shopping by computer for several years now. When
all the bugs are worked out the Sunday paper, your magazines,
and more than likely fanzines will be programmed directly to
your door steps. I for one hate to see the dawning of this new
day. People don't exercise enough today as it is.

One of the great losses in fandom is the abdication of Meade Frierson from Southern Fandom Confederation.

Your con reports were nice as it's been over ten years since I have been to one, and this summer will be the first time in that many years that I have been planning to attend one.

((I would be interested in hearing your thoughts on how the convention you attend this summer compares to those that you attended ten years ago.))

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

Since a home computer is high on my list of "things to get when I get rich" I read Meade's guest editorial with particular interest. Almost makes me want to run out and buy one of the little Timex's. (I wish they'd come out with an ad where the little thing is tied to an outboard motor or something and still works.)

I might point out that the WKUSFS clubzine, THE SPECULATOR, (it is not dead, only ~~comatose~~ sleeping) has been totally computer printed since about '77. We got some complaints about the lack of artwork and that the zine just didn't seem "fannish" enough. Guess we were ahead of our time.

Harry Warner is right about making support for space look like a true outpouring of popular sentiment and not just the particular grinding ax of another small interest group. But I don't understand why he seems to think that if our letters sound "non-altruistic" they won't be paid attention to. I think we have to show the Powers-That-Be that space usage is very much in our selfish best interest before they'll do anything about it.

((Jim Cobb wonders when the first computer-only apa will be formed. It surely must come soon. Very few years will pass before computer terminals in the home will be as plentiful as TV sets today.))

Garth Spencer
1296 Richardson St.
Victoria, B.C.
Canada V8V 3E1

I stirred up a hornet's nest? Dear, dear, dear. Not my intention, you may be sure. Let me say right now that my remarks should have conveyed the feelings of someone (me) who thinks that Canadian nationalism is a dead issue. They should have had the air of an epilogue. If they didn't convey that, I must assume that Messrs. Frank Brayman and Kim Huett were not reading what I actually wrote, in which case maybe they kept seeing something they expected to see, which under some circumstances might result from having their own beefs. Uh-oh--

Now I've read the end of Frank Brayman's letter. Oh, no!
He's discovered the Great Canadian Plot!! Pack the bags,
Pierre, it's off to Rio!!

But I guess it was only a matter of time before our nefarious
conspiracy was uncovered. Did you think it was only a coin-
cidence that John Kenneth Galbraith has worked for more also-
ran candidates in U.S. elections than the entire Rhinoceros
Party? Did you attach no significance to the fact that a
Canadian just married Marty Cantor?? Why do you think Canadian
banks all but own the Caribbean???

(Better not tell them about the Scottish Connection, Garth...)

Getting back to consensus reality; if I were to tell all that
I see in Canadian-U.S. relations, I would be getting into
economic and political history, with a view to the way the
industrial revolution worked out and what we may expect, on a
global scale, in the future. I could put it in two or three
pages. It would undermine your faith in a benevolent universe.
(and make Canada look like a lost cause, but that's neither here
nor there, now is it?)

I am glad to see an appeal in ANVIL to support the space pro-
gram. It wonders me greatly when I find someone who just doesn't
see any value in the enterprise. In the past year I have met
more people than I wanted to who just don't live in the same
value system as I do. Maybe even the same timeline!

P.L. Caruthers-Montgomery
1320 Potter Drive 314
Colorado Springs, CO. 80909

My rainy Monday was brightened by
receiving ANVIL in the mail. And
rumor has it that youse guys are
bidding for DSC 22/'84! Fantastic!
You have my full support. If I can

help you out at your bid party in Knoxville this DSC, please let
me know.

Wade's wit and humor as always tickled my fancy and overall
ANVIL presents a fit and healthy picture. I
really enjoy reading the LetterCol. ANVIL
gets some interesting mail! Have you ever
considered going to photo-reduction for just
those few pages? I would mind smaller print
if it meant more "meat" in the LetterCol.

((For those who haven't heard, Birmingham
lost its bid for the 1984 DeepSouthCon.
It was a clean contest and Chattanooga
won by a healthy though not embarrassing
margin.



Through a mixture of disappointment and relief, all BSFC members I've talked with have expressed their support for Chattanooga's first DSC.//Thanks for the favorable response to the lettercol. Even though it would allow more material each issue, I can't generate any enthusiasm for reduced print. As it is, we print about 75% of all comments received; the other 25% consists of unalloyed compliments. (which we like to get), bits of personal news, and enquiries about contributing. So there is very little "meat" discarded each month.))

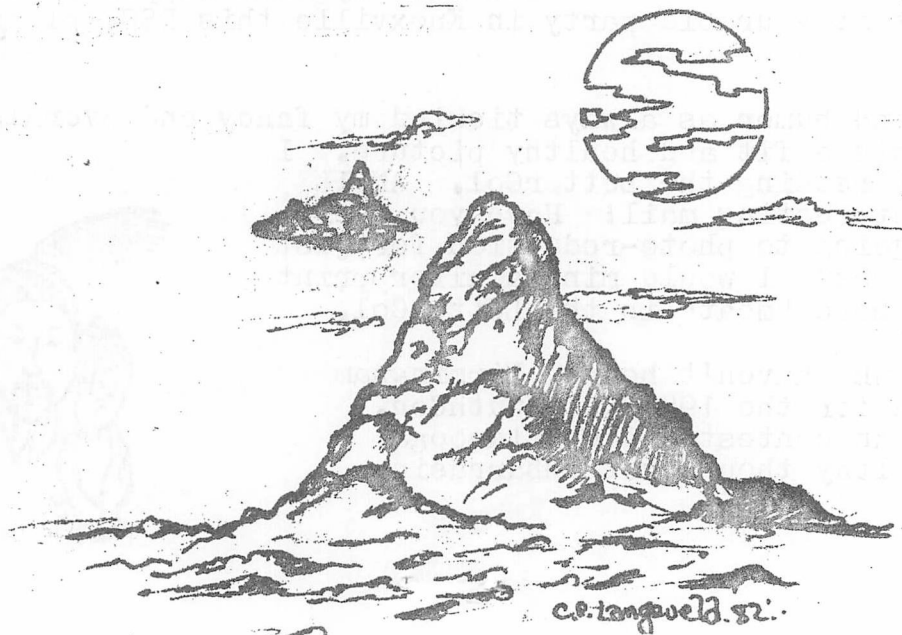
Brad W. Foster
4109 Pleasant Run
Irving, TX 75062

I've read a couple of reviews of FOUNDATION'S EDGE now, and getting more and more eager to get into it myself. Thought it might take a while before I could afford it, but just ordered as part of a new membership in a bookclub, so on the way. Not here yet though, and still have the last volume of the Gormenghast trilogy to finish up (fabulous series, by the way!). Glad to hear from Pat that it should be unnecessary to re-read the first three books. Would be a nice time again, but with all the unread books still lying here, would prefer not to spend a whole lot of time on rereads.

I'm hurt! Put my heart and soul into that cover for LOOKING GLASS #24 and don't even get a mention in the review. Ah, the life of the artist is really tough, we don't get no respect!

You get the feeling Brayman doesn't like his friends and relatives in Canada, since he refers to them being only an "easy pistol shot" sway... (A joke! It's a joke, for crying out loud!!!)

So, another sharp issue. Really looking forward more and more to seeing ANVIL show up in my mailbox, also some good reading over lunch.



Sheila Strickland I suppose I should apologize for not
Rt. 1, Box 386B loccing #25, but I've no real excuse,
Baker, LA 70714 just lassitude. I do have one event to
add to the fannish Olympics in the cate-
gory of Sardine Can. Elevator stuffing, in which the parti-
cipant is in the back corner of an elevator filled with fans
all of whom are at least six inches taller than the participant.
This is a timed contest, seeing who can hold out longest against
claustrophobia and/or suffocation longest. I've been an invol-
untary participant in this often enough; I refuse to compete.

Marc Ortlieb's letter reminded me how fandom has expanded my
horizons. One popular wisdom is that TV has turned the world
into a "global village"; that events on the other side of the
world are personalized for us because we can see them happening
instead of just reading about them. That may be true, but fandom
has been more effective in shrinking the world for me. When I
saw the reports of the fires in Australia, I thought of ANVIL's
Australian correspondents and wondered how they were being
affected. Without fandom, it's not likely I would know of any
one from Australia and any reaction would have been more impersonal.

Being on the edge of a natural disaster, whether fire or flood
seems to generate much the same feelings. During our April
flood, the local news was nothing but reports on the damage
and projections of the rivers crests. My house stayed dry, but
I spent several days wondering how friends and family in other
areas were getting along. And a great deal of time being grate-
ful I did not live on a river bank, on a bayou bank, or anywhere
low.

((Your letter set me thinking, Sheila. I agree with everything
you say about fandom personalizing the world. Looking ahead,
if the rate of change in the world continues its torrid pace,
and people become more and more future oriented, wouldn't it
be grand if SF fandom could supply some unifying spark. It's
ridiculously idealistic, but wouldn't it be grand?))

Guy H. Lillian III Your 26th issue (already? jeez) was
102 S Mendenhall #13 received and much appreciated, espe-
Greensboro NC 27403 cially by the distaff portion of this
keep: Valerie McKnight's review of

Beth's FAN TYPOLOGY had the aforementioned
lady bouncing off the ceiling in delight.
Thanks for the kind words and yes, sequels
are being planned.

I also found Linda Riley's overview of
ASFIcon IV, held last Easter in Atlanta,
interesting... but more so because of the
undercurrents I found wending their way
beneath the relaxacon surface.



Details would be inappropriate here; suffice it to say that the stresses of fannish success were never more evident. Atlanta fandom, it was clear, is seriously split over the Atlanta in '86 worldcon bid.

Now of course this is nothing new. The bid that arose from a joke has endured a number of internecine hassles, but hey, few are the worldcon bids that haven't. Southern fandom is new at the worldcon game; except for the attempts of various New Orleans factions, no Confederate city has had its hat in the ring since the first Nolacon, in the early fifties. It's only natural that a new and relatively inexperienced committee find itself occasionally embroiled in bickerings. The energy, enthusiasm, and demonstrable competence of this committee more than compensates, in my view.

So I, personally, support the bid, as avidly as I can. The personal feuds have no interest for me when compared to the goal of presenting Southern fandom in the strongest possible light.

((The idea of a Southern Worldcon is golden to almost all Southern fans. It is to me. But, what price glory?))

Harry Andruschak First off, concerning poetry in fanzines.
P. O. Box 606 I would really rather avoid it. So, I
La Canada-Flintridge think, would most fans. There have been
California 91011 a few poetry oriented fanzines created,
but they all have folded due to lack of
interest. In truth, few fans except those who write poetry
themselves are interested in the stuff. I recommend a new apa
that has been formed for such fans:

APALOOSA Actually, I was a bit puzzled at first
Cris Nilsson when I saw the name, since to me APALOOSA
535 N. Hayes was the Boston based apa I was in some years
Moscow, ID 83843 ago. It folded after 49 monthly mailings.
This new version is bi-monthly mailings of
short stories, poetry, and art. Plus mutual criticism.

I am quite fascinated that Meade has gone over to computers. Everyone in fandom seems to like them. The LASFS has one donated by the Nivens.

((It's interesting that APALOOSA is a return to the original concept of an amateur press alliance.))

WAHF: Paul Delaney & Lynne Fonseca; Ben Fulves; Robert Newsom; Steven Fox; Colin P. Langeveld; Terry Frost; and David Palter, who sends his notice of gaffiation. His presence will be missed in these parts.

Kim Huett
GPO Box 429, Sydney
NSW 2001 Australia

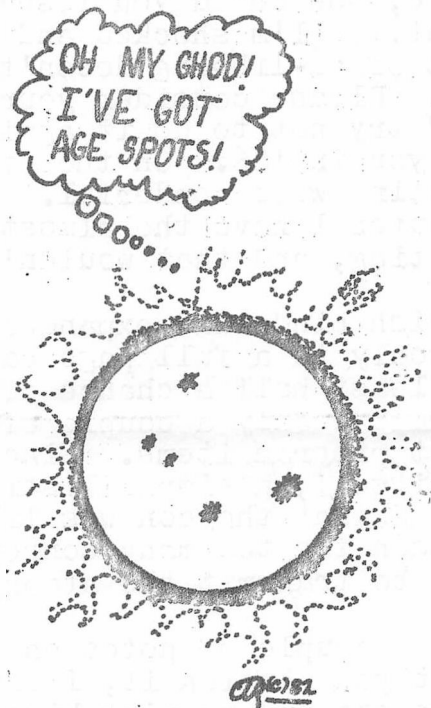
Well, well, well, would you believe it,
but ANVIL 26 arrived today to brighten
up what was otherwise a very long un-
exciting day at work. It's days like

this which make me think I only loc fanzines so I have some-
thing interesting to read at work. Then I get home and look
at my in tray which with the addition of ANVIL holds 47 fan-
zines. No, I decide, that can only be the result of trufan
insanity at work. Which gets me to thinking, wouldn't it be
fun to make a list of all the various
insanities involved with being a fan
and giving them appropriate names?
E.g.: I could be said to be suffer-
ing from a dose of Warnerism (I
think the idea needs work).

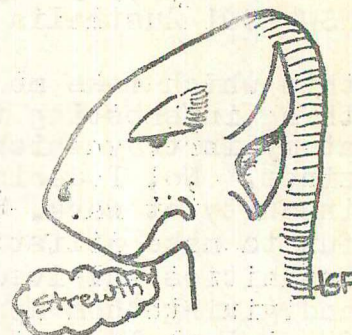
At this point you may be wondering
why I am writing a loc on ANVIL
rather than placing it at the bottom
of the pile and loccing whatever is
on top. This is something that I
was thinking about myself a bit
earlier on, and I even came up with
an answer, though I wouldn't like
to say that it's "the answer", not
yet, anyway. On one side, we have
fanzine editors who by their own
writing and the writings of others
express and/or discuss their ideas
and feelings. On the other hand are
the letterhacks who usually respond
in direct proportion to the amount the
ideas and feelings strike a similiar
chord in them, though that doesn't mean
they will always agree with what is being
said. So certain fanzines like Q36 and
ANVIL usually get prompt replies from me at
the expense of other fanzines whose contents may be of a higher
quality but who don't provide the same feeling of being part
of them.

Meade Frierson's guest editorial reminds me of my own plans to
buy a computer in the next couple of years. I haven't made any
decision about what model I want though I do have a rough idea
as to what I want to do with it. However, the brand will most
probably be Commodore since a friend of mine works for them, is
very high up in the organization, and can buy it for me at a
quarter of the normal retail price.

I am doing this despite being totally ignorant on the subject,
for two very good reasons. Firstly the computer is, and has
become, a way of life in our society so somebody who has no
knowledge of how to deal with them will be at a severe disadvan-
tage in the future.



Secondly, the combination of computers and cheap, quality photocopiers, in my opinion, is the way that fanzine fandom will go in the future. The apas will probably do without the printing part of it altogether, relying rather on a linkup of the sort Meade mentions. I suspect though, that in the main, genzines will remain printed since most faneds want their achievements to be palpable.



Wade, how could you lose the club notes like that!!! I'm shocked and even that interesting bit of ad-libbing doesn't quite make up for it. Please consider yourself reprimanded and try not to do it again, or I shall have something to say to you in '86. On the other hand, the notes for the March meeting were wonderful. The trouble is each time I read these minutes I have the almost irresistible urge to attend the next meeting, and that wouldn't be very practical, would it? A pity.

I wish Linda had expanded those two conreports a little, even if only to a full page each. Writing at that length there is at least half a chance of explaining why a con was good or bad. A report only a couple of paragraphs can do little more than list program items. Since a convention is as hard to define as SF itself, a simple listing will never make the reader understand what the con was like. This, now I think about it, is the reason for too many conreports being basically boring, the failure to transmit the atmosphere of the con.

Now a couple of notes on the Circulation report. Actually now that you mention it, I can't pinpoint exactly why I thought Marc was endangering his TWAGA membership. Since I consider TWAGA members to be against all forms of vice including drinking and crude signs, I suspect that was what I meant. If there was any other reason, it would have to be DNQ since Marc will soon be living too close to slander comfortably.

Must pass on to Gerald your comment about Merlin which should be enough to make another possible DUFF candidate bite the dust. That is, unless Gerald moves to Sydney where the sleazier fen hang out and becomes corrupted.

Being of a feline nature myself, I'm pleased to hear you have at least one foot devotee across there. Actually, I love being massaged almost anywhere, but didn't discover what an expert could do with feet till I met a certain femfan at Funcon last month. (Having my toes nibbled was the best part.)

I might try Foundation's Edge since Pat makes it sound like a book I could enjoy which is a relief after the number of sequels by big name authors which have appeared over the last few years and were not worth it.

Hey Valerie, I love you. Like Professor Higgins in My Fair Lady said "I think she's got it!" Well, I knew you had the ability to write good zine reviews and here you are proving me right. My only problem with the zine reviews this time around was that I'm not actually getting any of them. I intend to change that quickly, especially with South on Peachtree, since I feel a little guilty about not having a pre-supporting membership already, besides which it sounds like a damn good read. Thanks again, Valerie, for putting extra work into your column, it's that little bit extra which turns the merely average into the very good.

I don't know about anybody else, but a Schlotzsky's sounds like the perfect lunch to me. Mind you, I do have a reputation as someone who will quite willingly stuff themselves silly (you never know when you'll be getting it next). When going out with friends in the city, I'm notorious for dragging them off to certain pancake restaurants afterwards for a late night snace/breakfast. I think six or seven plain ones with whipped cream and maple syrup is my record.

Hey, I think Brad just hit the nail on the head as to why I like Steven Fox covers so much. Which reminds me that Steve has done it again and all over the front of ANVIL, too. It does remind me a good deal of my bedroom (yes, shock, horror... a tidy fan.. perverted, aren't I?) though it's far too tidy for most fan homes. What's more, it looked very good xeroxed. A pity that the rest of this issue couldn't have been done the same or on another mimeo since the quality of printing in my copy at least was much poorer than usual. ((Sorry, Kim. Will try to do better this time. Wish we had enough \$\$ for xerox or offset, but...cp)).

Now, Wade, you mustn't say things like that to me, or I'll have the same swelled head problem as Marc. Still, like him, I have a simple solution for the problem; I simply look at the pile of zines I haven't locced.

Personally, I have no objection to some poetry being published. It may not interest me, but there is always the chance that I will come upon something I do like. Really, it wouldn't hurt to try it again.

((Thanks, Kim, for the long, thoughtful letter. Your locs, along with those of Harry Warner, Jr. and Deb Hammer-Johnson, always strike me as being highly personal without seeming self-centered. I wish I had done a better job on the visuals on your Circulation report. I hope I didn't offend anyone with those likenesses (or perhaps I should say lacknesses). Please, plan to visit Birmingham on your 1986 trip to the Worldcon in Atlanta.))



Next Meetings: July 9, 1983, Homewood Public Library, 7:30 PM
Eric Ackermann on "Games Fen Play".

Sometime in August we'll have our Summer Party--
Somewhere in Walker County. Stay tuned.

Art Credits: Cindy Riley, 3,16,18,22,25,35; Bill Brown, 29,
37; C.P. Longeveld, 11, 32; Wade Gilbreath, 20,
26, 33; Steven Fox, 5; Terry Frost, 14, 23, 36;
Brad Foster, cover, 8,12,28; Anon. 31,6.

Why you received this ANVIL: (check the letter after your name)

M - Member
L - Loccer
W - Editorial Whim
T - Trade

C - Contributor
E - Egoscian this ish!
H - Hope to hear from you
X - This is your last
ANVIL unless you do
something!

These people helped produce ANVIL: Cindy Riley, Linda Riley,
Valerie McKnight, Stuart Herring, Wade Gilbreath, Gary Fowler
I think the illo on p.31 is a Jerry Collins...

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W
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