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 # H A M M E R & T O N G S #
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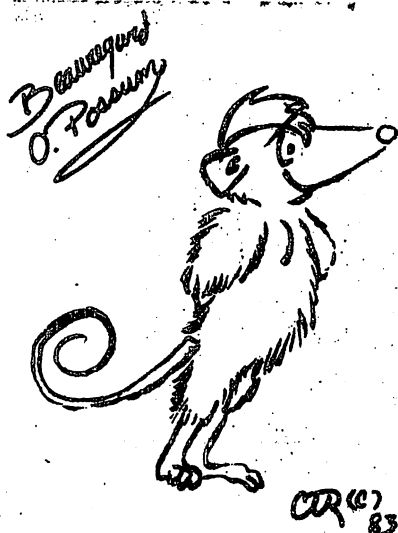
CHARLOTTE GOES TO WORLDCON (and picks up more Aussies.)

Before I get into worldcons and Aussies, I must explain why ANVIL is late. It's all Harry Warner's fault. You cannot imagine the worry and consternation we experienced as day after day, week after week went by without our Harry Warner loc. Is Ghod punishing us? What have we done? We kept telling ourself it was something simple like the Hagerstown postman liked ANVIL 28 so much Harry never got it; or the Birmingham postman liked his loc so much... I'm sure you faneds can relate to our attitude...dare we go to press? Then there was the possibility Harry wasn't feeling up to par. If that were the case, we certainly would not impose upon him by demanding a letter of comment, but on the other hand, we couldn't just let him lie there, thinking no one noticed his absence. Just as I was about to send off a get-well card, well, you guessed it, Harry's loc arrived. All's right with the world, and ANVIL can go to press. Whew.

Another reason ANVIL is a little late is that we wanted a really good issue for our Fifth Anniversary!!! Since that sort of thing takes time to do right, we decided to combine #29 and #30, issue #30 marking the beginning of our sixth year of publication. Among other things we are upgrading our mimeo, and I hope you can tell it. Enough of this. Let's go to the worldcon and meet Aussies.

(This is not a conreport, so don't expect me to critique the organization, programming or such. Everyone I know who was at Constellation had a good time, and that's what counts in the long run.)

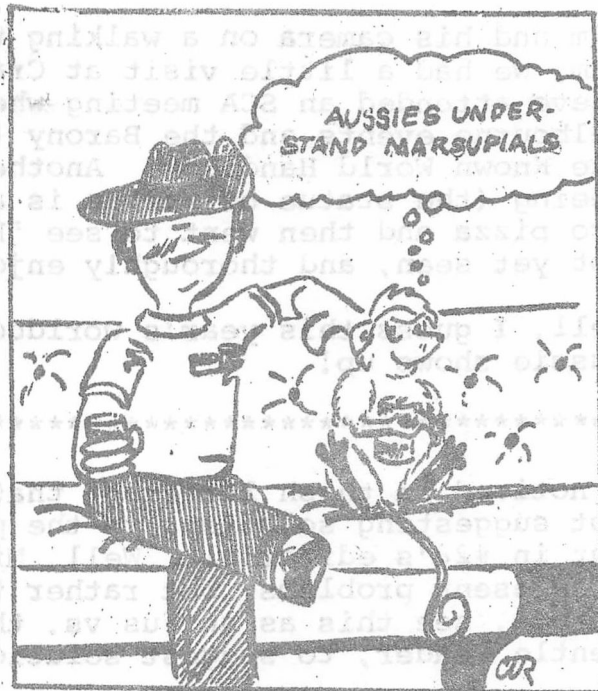
When I began reading about worldcons in Analog and F&SF back in the 50's, I, being of tender years and retiring nature, little dreamed that one day I, too, would attend worldcons. Today's worldcons bear little resemblance to those of by-gone days. They seemed to be small, composed of an elite, clannish group of mostly men. Nowadays anyone can (and does) attend worldcons.



Of the Birmingham club, Cindy & Linda Riley; Meade & Penny Frierson; Julie Ackermann and I went to Baltimore. Linda helped us get ready for the Atlanta in '86 party...Meade became a charter member of Lizard Fandom...Penny worked in Operations and Julie & I in House Management (a fancy name for Ushers) what time we weren't producing daquiris for the parties. Cindy came away with a series of cartoons featuring her new character, Beauregard O. Possom, to whom I would like to introduce you... "Fans, meet Beau....Beau, say hello to the fans". Beau's views of ConStellation are throughout thish.

Julie and I sneaked away from our duties one evening and went to the Melbourne party. We saw the celebrated bidfilm the Aussies had made for the '83 bid. Those who had a hand in making it were more critical than we viewers... I thought it was great!

We met Steve Roylance from Melbourne who was to visit Birmingham after worldcon. We also met Cathy Circosta, Marc Ortlieb's friend, and heartily approved of her! Peter Toluzzi and I sat together at the DUFF auction, and every time I paid an outrageous price for something he muttered "crazy fans..."



AT THE AUSTRALIA IN '85 PARTY...

Greg Turkich, the very large bagpipe playing policeman from Perth, was hanging around Linda when Julie and I arrived Thursday. We put him right to work fetching and carrying party supplies. When I found out he was a policeman, I resolved then and there to take him home with me to prove to my husband that not all fans are wimps (his opinion, not mine). Julie and I invited him to Birmingham, and he accepted. Right away we ran into logistic problems, as Greg and his luggage would not fit into a VW with no back seat. But where there's a will, there's a way. . . . Greg's plane took him as far as Nashville, and there Nashville fans Maurine Dorris and Beth Gwinn were johnny-on-the-spot to wine and dine Greg and send him on his way to Big Birmingham (by bus).

Greg was only in Birmingham 30 hours but we managed to squeeze in a grand tour of the police department, a bagpipe concert in my back yard (which I missed, but my daughter had the presence of mind to record), and a little get-together at Cragfont, our local slanshack. Oh, yes, on the way home from Cragfont, I was stopped by the police. After I got my ticket, Greg flashed his badge, introduced himself, chit-chatted with the cops, inspected their squad car, and just generally had a good ole time there by the side of the road at 1 o'clock in the morning, with the blue lights flashing!!!

I told Greg as we left the police that I hoped he appreciated the lengths to which I would go to entertain visitors. Last year I nearly killed Peter Toluzzi by turning left into drunken, after-the-football-game traffic. (That may not be exactly entertaining, but it certainly got his attention.) The year before, Bob Shaw was in my car when I backed into a ditch.

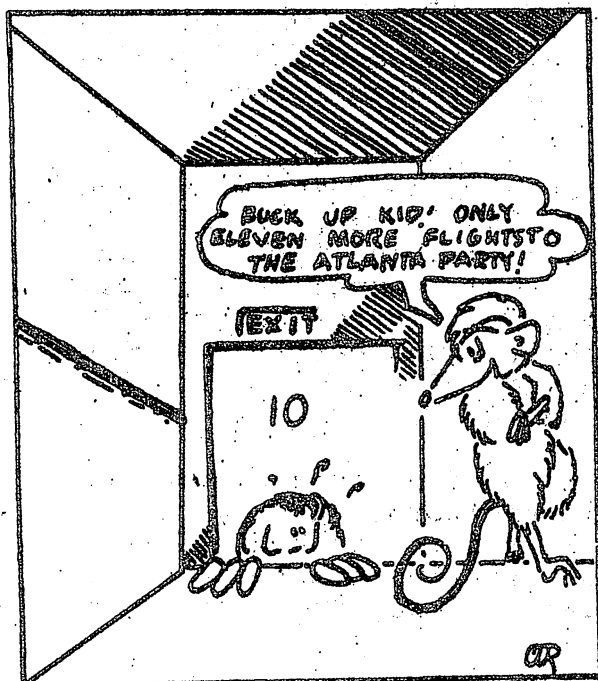
At any rate, no sooner had Greg gone, than Steve Roylance -- the camera that walked like a man -- arrived. Valerie McKnight took

him and his camera on a walking tour of Beautiful Downtown Birmingham; we had a little visit at Cragfont (sorry, no more lurid tales); Steve attended an SCA meeting where he showed his SCA slides from Melbourne events and the Barony (Iron Mountain) presented him with the Known World Handbook. Another day Merlin Odom took Steve sight-seeing (the statue of Vulcan is a must); several of us got together pro pizza and then went to see "Return of the Jedi", which Steve had not yet seen, and thoroughly enjoyed.

Well, I guess this year's worldcon is finally over... unless another Aussie shows up!

I noticed in this lettercol that Mike Glicksohn takes me to task for not suggesting solutions to the problem of Fragmented Fandom as set out in #28's editorial. Well, Mike, it was not my intent nor purpose to present problems, but rather to document a phenomenon. If you, or others, see this as an "us vs. them" situation, then it is up to you, Gentle Reader, to suggest solutions.

For our part, when we are desirous of an old-fashioned, fannish, clannish con, we just have a con and don't tell anyone. Well, maybe a hundred or so of our nearest and dearest, and tell those fringe-fans who inquire that they just wouldn't be interested. We were very upfront about BoShcon last year... just a relaxicon, we said, no programming... nothing to interest fringe-fans. Of course we lied... we had a great film (video) program, a DSC slide show, small huckster room, trivia contest, etc., etc. But we also just had 125 trufans, hardcore Southern fannish fans, in attendance, which is just what we wanted.



AT THE HILTON...

As I said before, where there's a will, there's a way. Of course, worldcons will never be what they used to be, you just can't have a worldcon and not tell anyone!

By the way, have you heard that Melbourne, Australia, is bidding for DSC in 1985? Now that would be a REAL Deep South Con!!

That piece of paper that fell out when you opened ANVIL is a DUFF ballot. Ye editor nominated and supports John Packer for DUFF... Vote for the candidate of your choice, but VOTE! Note: DUFF winners are expected to visit Birmingham.

THEY'RE SUCH GRACEFUL CREATURES, AREN'T THEY? #

#####

--by Bob Shaw

Jean Morris knocked loudly on the door of the old detached house where her widowed mother lived alone with her pets. There was no reply. An unusual silence reigned within. Suddenly feeling apprehensive over not having called for two weeks, Jean used her key and went into the house.

A moment later she came running out, screaming.

That night, even with the heavy sedation, she was still unable to stop going over every detail of the episode in her mind.

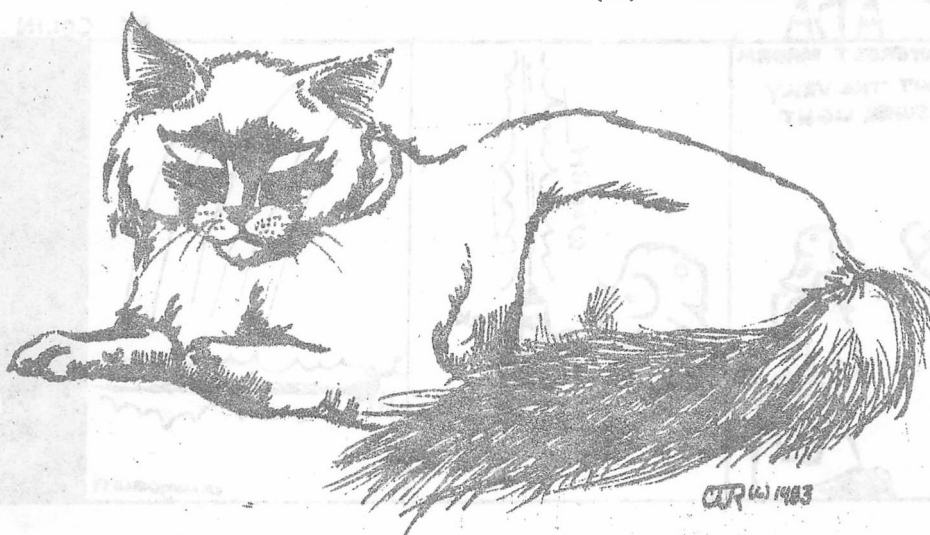
"Why are you so quiet, mother?" she had called as she tapped on the bedroom door.

Why could I not have left it at that? The reproaches yammered incessantly inside her head, with their message that she would never again be far away from nightmare. Why did I have to be flippant?

And when drugged sleep finally claimed her an hour later her lips were still silently framing the words she had uttered in those last few seconds before opening the bedroom door.

"Has the cat got your tongue?"

(c) Bob Shaw 1983



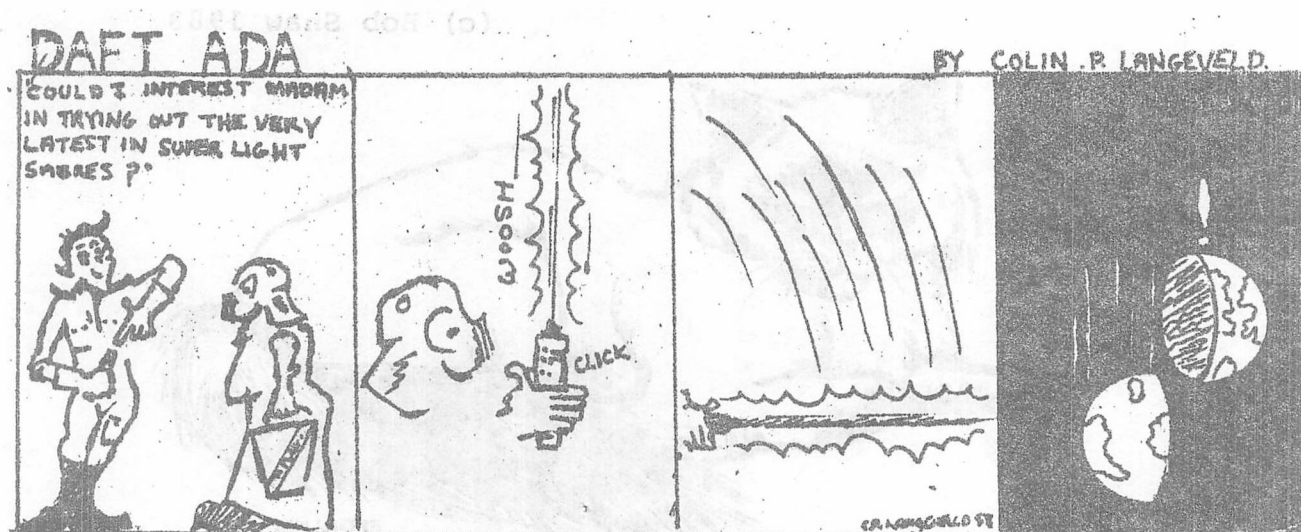
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 # A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ #
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--reviewed by Andrea Cost

By Walter M. Miller, Jr. \$2.95, Bantam Science Fiction, First published 1959 - 9th Bantam Printing 1982.

As an erstwhile English teacher, I'm an avid reader of book reviews, both to see if the piece in question is worth my time and to review the reviewer. For obvious reasons, these reviews always deal with new works, but I'm a great believer in occasionally dragging out the quasi-classics to thrust under the noses of those who, like me, have "heard of it, I think" but never snuggled up with the wonderful old. thing.

Book snobs at U.A. (you know the type) used to hang around in the Student Union and say, "A Canticle for Leibowitz", as a sort of species recognition device whenever an attractive B.S. of the opposite sex approached. Then said attractive B.S. would fall into an attitude of worship and begin speaking in tounques about Walter Miller, Jr. Canticle was obviously hot stuff, so I bought a copy and put it on a prominent shelf with the other de rigueur books I felt compelled to own. There it would have stayed, no doubt, for my heirs, unread and unloved (but on display to prove that I was in touch and a member of the intelligentsia) except for a bout of poverty which curtailed my book buying. Desperate for a read (any read) I beat the dust off and eyed the cover blurb. Sounded boring. I suspected it was merely ersatz SF, one of those horrid, didactic, mawkish narratives that masquerade as speculative fiction. Wrong again. After looking "canticle" up in the American Heritage, I nosed into it and didn't put it down until the startling conclusion (which I won't spoil" in the wee hours.



A pigeonholer could file A Canticle for Leibowitz under "if this goes on..." It bothers me to try to put labels on it because, as is true of much really good literature, it spans several categories and could justifiably be chunked in any of them. (One unarguable label is "Hugo Award Winner".)

The book is divided into three sections, each separated by a lapse of some years. The first part (a euhemeristic delight!) is my favorite. Our (first) Hero is Brother Francis, a devout, young monk of the Order of St. Leibowitz. Miller handles Brother Francis (representative of the Religious Mentality) lovingly, acceptingly, but with gentle (though sometimes morbid!) humor. In fact, the major charm of this work, I feel, is that Miller presents such an accurate, carefully detailed, intimate rendering of what it is to be human. The structure is interesting and the plot handled well enough but the people make the book. His characters' emotions are intensely personal, always appropriate for that individual, powerful and real. The reader must recognize him/herself in all of them. Yet while he immerses the reader in identification with the character, Miller also, somehow, (magic?) subtly induces an objective awareness of what is actually going on in the "real world" of the story. He is consistently accepting of his characters, presenting them in an understanding and nonjudgmental fashion even when they behave foolishly and destructively (read: "Humanly"). Miller does not need to say negative things about his characters. His talent is such that he forces the reader to make the grim conclusions. (How wonderful to find an author who has faith that his readers can be trusted to think and to recognize irony!)

The overall impact of the book is a tremendous sadness, a sense of futility because of what we are (i.e., promising but, at the last, pitifully inadequate). The ending left me with a frenetic, urgent desire to dash out and save the world from our own weirdness and stupidity and a simultaneous feeling of complete helplessness and despair. (Miller does leave a little spark of hope for those who choose to or need to view it that way.)

For the Taoistically minded, Miller presents some lovely dichotomies and delineates the utter necessity for movement between the extremes. He makes the reader experience that pain and confusion of trying to reconcile reason and passion, personal needs and the needs of the group, and the difficulty of coexistence of groups having radically different values and goals (all internally logical, reasonable, and eminently sensible from their own point of view). All this is old stuff, of course, but Miller brings it to mind with a powerful immediacy and inescapability.

A Canticle for Leibowitz won't appeal to the hardcore slash-and-burn mentality. (It's OK for fringe readers -- there is some slashing and burning.)



It's also thin in terms of romance and sex, but you can't have everything. One friend (whose opinion I usually respect) found it too wordy and abandoned it halfway through the second part. My subjective judgment: this is one of the best books I have read of its type, whatever that type is. (?!). It is pragmatic and idealistic, mundane and magical, laugh-out-loud-even-while-reading-it-in-public funny, and stomach-draw-up-in-a-know-and-make-you-sick bitter and hurtful. It's not just a Book Snob book. It's entertaining and wonderful and awful and you'll just love the wandering Jew.

A warning, though, to any highly sensitive souls out there: I read this book and W. Goldman's The Princess Bride in the same week and foundered in a dark misery of existentialistic pessimism and morbidity for days. It's a powerful, well-crafted book. Buy it while it's in print again and read it -- but not while you're feeling suicidal.



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 # TOUCHDOWN! WE HAVE TOUCHTOWN!
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--by Harry J. N. Andruschak

((Ed. note: This article was written to celebrate the birthdays of fans whose birthdates fall on July 20-- Lunar/Viking Landing Day. As Patrick Hayden said in XENOLITH 14: "Of course I know what July 20th signifies-- it's Viking Landing Day. Seriously, as one of the known fans who share Lunar/Viking Day as birthday, I Herely Declare that All Future Significant Steps in Space take place on said Date. Be It Noted. Actually, I do think it all rather a neat thing, and thank whoever had a hand in arranging both events."))

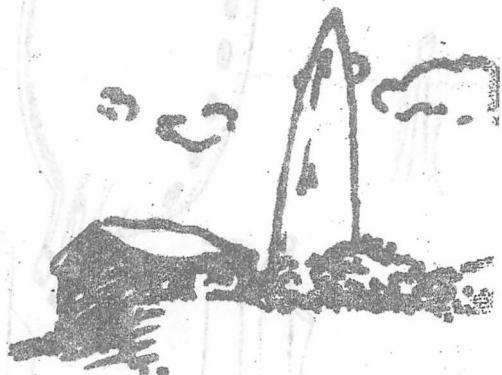
I cannot speak for the JFK Space Center, but I sure can sneak for JPL. Why 20 July? A combination of luck and circumstance, not planning. In fact, since I was working on the Viking Mission from 1973 to its final end in 1980, I probably have a better idea than the average fan.

Actually, the Viking One Lander was scheduled to touch down 4 July, 1976. This was the bicentennial year, and to help celebrate the Bi-Ci, as I prefer to think of it, the landing date of 4 July was chosen. That was the plan, although we had plenty of room if something had to be changed.

We had learned well from the USSR and their failures to land on Mars. They had no flexibility whatever in their plans, and could not make last minute changes. So one lander flew into a dust storm, another landed on mountainous terrain.

Now we skip to 19 June, 1976, and insertion into orbit of Orbiter One, with the lander in tow. It was 100% perfect, and this standard became the norm for the whole mission. The two orbiters lasted far longer than their six month design was planned for, and did far more complicated maneuvers later on in the mission. This time, tho, it was just a 24.6 hour orbit around Mars, and with this time period, the low point was over the same place on Mars every day. It was over Chryse Planitia at 1514 km, and it was the pre-chosen landing place for Lander One on 4 July.

There were several such pre-chosen sites, all based on the Mariner Nine pictures. All were reasonably flat, smooth and low enough to have liquid water present during the daytime. It was realized, however, that the Mariner pictures were taken after a dust storm had covered Mars, and some dust was still in the air.



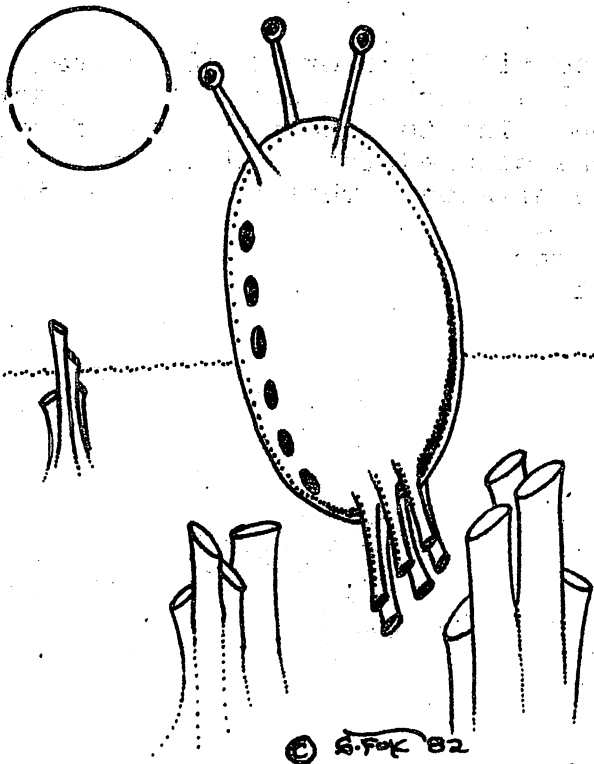
The Viking cameras were a better type as well, and so the first task of the Orbiter was Landing Site Verification.

Well, site A1 was rougher than expected. There was a wide variety of features that suggested bumpy ground. From 21 June to 27 June, the Orbiter team took pictures, the landing team assessed them. There was pressure from NASA in Washington, DC. The Press had come in force for a 4 July landing. I myself had told everyone not to expect me at Westercon, held over the 4 July weekend.

On Sunday, 27 June, James S. Martin, NASA's Viking Project Manager, held a press conference to announce the cancellation of the 4 July landing date. Now we had decided to look northwest of the site, a place where the ground seemed smoother. Also to be examined were site B1 and C1. We were not going to repeat the Russians and their failures

B1 was looked at and discarded...it was supposed to be the primary landing point of the second Lander, and that mission was going to have to be changed. The A1/NW site, as it was now named, looked better and better so the decision was made to perform an orbital trim, placing the spacecraft over the new site. This took time to plan, and we stepped down from full manning.

So I went to Westercon, being lucky enough to get one of the last hotel rooms. In fact, I had called on 27 June as soon as the announcement of the delay had been made. I was very happy to be able to attend the con. I was very pissed off at the way the TV news shows made no mention of the Mars expedition, being concerned with a hijacked airplane. Seems as if the PLO was doing their thing again. I ignored it.



I had to be back at work on 5 July, so I left the con early, slightly stunned. In the middle of all the drinking and wenching came the news of the Israeli Raid on Entebbe. I read the details with awe...the whole story line was straight out of Perry Rhodan. Super troops launch a surprise raid including semi-crash landings for speed, decoy cars, and all the trimming of Space Opera and the typical Analog war story.

JPL would have been upstaged if we landed on 4 July.

Cite C1 was discarded... too rocky. The Arecibo Radar was asked to scan site A1/NW, and on 8 July we began to move the orbiter so that the new periastron was over the site.

We arrived 10 July, but by that time the news had come from Arecibo that the scan had showed a rough area. Still, to the west seemed a smoother area. It was called Far West.

So... land 20 July at Far West or 22 July at Al/NW. Did the fact that 20 July was the same day of the Apollo 11 landing have any effect? NO!! It was that giant radar in Puerto Rico that tipped the scales. We checked the images. On 16 July the orbit was synched over the Far West landing site, and pictures were taken.

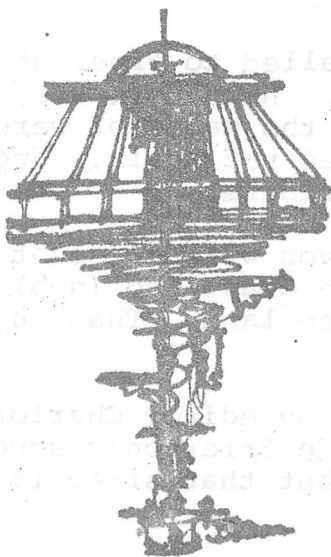
By this time another factor had entered the scene...Viking two. And at this point some mention must be made of manpower. We had essentially one Orbiter team and one Lander team. The Lander team could only handle one lander at a time, going full out. Same with Orbiter. We just had no money for two separate teams, however ideal this may have seemed for the maximum return of science data.

If we had not found a safe place to land by the end of July, it would have required us to put Viking One on the back burner to orbit, while all attention was devoted to putting Viking Two into orbit around Mars. Then we would have to find a landing site, since B1 was a washout. And further ahead was the November Solar Conjunction, when we would lose contact with the spacecraft. Maybe we would regain it in February.

But the pictures came back... and they looked good. Far West seemed to be a smooth and safe landing site. And so we decided on the 20 July landing date. Commands were sent out to the Lander that activated it. The Orbiter was given instructions to release the Lander.

The rest you know. On 20 July the Lander separated from the Orbiter. It made a de-orbit burn, and coasted into the atmosphere. The heat shield started glowing at 800,000 feet. The parachute came out at 19,000 feet, and the aeroshell was jettisoned. The descent engines started at 4,600 feet, and the parachute was released.

5:12 AM PDT. "Touchdown! We have Touchdown!"



 #
 # FORGED MINUTES #
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"Well, where are the minutes?" Charlotte inquired of the assembled BSFiCs. "We need three month's worth in this ANVIL."

"Uh, I know I'm Secretary and I'm supposed to do it, but I wasn't at but one of those meetings", Wade said. "I took notes, but I can't find them now."

"I was at the August meeting", Julie piped up. "That's when Eric gave the program."

Nobody could remember the September meeting. All eyes turned toward Linda Riley. "You're the president, Linda, why don't you write the minutes?"

"Not my job!" snapped Linda. "That's what vice presidents are for."

So, here they are... minutes forged by the president-in-charge-ov-vice, and if you can't remember who that is, so much the better.

Well, the business part of the August meeting couldn't have been all that terribly exciting, because I remember exactly none of it. Eric Ackermann's program was great, though. He told us all about all the games that have anything to do with SF. Charlotte said she like it, and she hates gaming (not gamers). John Westbrook, a new member, won the drawing for the game Eric gave away, courtesy of Homewood Toy and Hobby.

I wasn't at the September meeting, but heard that there was no official program. Everybody (except me) who went to worldcon sat around and told everybody else about it. Penny came in late as usual, and put in her two cent's worth.

The October meeting was called to order at a quarter till eight by our dictator, Linda Riley. Newcomers were introduced and oldcomers that we couldn't remember the names of were re-introduced. The omni-present dues were explained yet again. Upcoming conventions were announced. Adrian needs riders.

A treasury report, which you will no doubt find directly below these minutes, was given by Jane Gray, who (sob) will be leaving us soon to go live in almost-Yankee land. Thankfully, she will be leaving the money here.

An ANVIL report was given by editor Charlotte Proctor, who revealed that she had acquired Meade Frierson's super-duper ABDick mimeo for the production of ANVIL, but that since it hadn't been used in so

GETTING A GOOD SEAT AT THE
MASQUERADE . . .



long (not since B'hamacon I) it was a very sick machine and would take a lot of money to get well. Much to Charlotte's delight, the club voted unanimously to allot the funds necessary to fix the mimeo which made the ANVIL you have in your hand so beautiful.

Another unanimous vote came when it was suggested that we have the Christmas party at Penny's house. If Penny had been there, the vote may have been slightly different. It was also decided to have an impromptu Halloween weinie roast party at Merlin's house--the one in this county.

Finally, we wrapped up the meeting with a wonderful program on costuming by the sisters Riley, our assistant and regular dictators, and costumers extra-

dinair. The whole thing was great, but the crowning moment came when Cindy unveiled the head of the costume she's working on for the next really big convention. We can't wait to see the whole thing.

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\$ FORGED FIGURES \$
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-- Jane Gray

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|--------------------------|-----------------|
| Beginning Balance | \$280.88 |
| Interest | 1.87+ |
| Dues | 31.25+ |
| ANVIL sales | 2.00+ |
| ANVIL subscriptions | 10.00+ |
| ANVIL supplies & postage | <u>74.04-</u> |
| Ending Balance | <u>\$251.96</u> |

More Forged Minutes, of a sort.

The aforementioned Halloween wienie roast party is history now..... Fifteen of us gathered 'round a bonfire in Merlin Odom's backyard. Ceceila Martinez lost her wienie in the fire. Efforts to retrieve it failed and it became one with the glowing coals. Merlin disappeared for a long time, came back and said he had been on the phone. (Wasn't that uncomfortable, Merlin?) Tim Gatewood demonstrated that marshmallows are not 'done' until you have to blow them out. Adrian Washburn tested his hot dog for doneness of often that it took 25 minutes to cook. German McClellen had to remove his fangs before he could eat.

When asked if anyone could sing on key, Cindy produced a key, Linda stood on it, and... they ended the evening with the haunting strains of the "Merry Minuet":

They're rioting in Africa,
They're starving in Spain.
There're hurricanes in Florida,
And Texas needs rain.

The whole world is festering
With unhappy souls,
The French hate the Germans.
The Germans hate the Poles.

Italians hate Yugoslavs,
South Africans hate the Dutch,
And I don't like anybody
Very much.

But we can be thankful,
tranquil and proud,
For man's been endowed
With a mushroom shaped cloud.

But one thing's for certain
That some lovely day,
Someone will set the spark off
And we'll all be blown away.

They're rioting in Africa,
There's strife in Iran.
What Nature doesn't do to us,
Will be done by our fellow man. *

*Kingston Trio, circa 1950ish

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 # TRIAL BY FIRE #
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-- Valerie McKnight

PARIAH 4 - Gerald Smith, 3 Fraley Street, Frankston, Victoria 3199, AUSTRALIA
 Quarterly. For the Usual.

Pariah is another rambling Australian perzine. It looks pretty good - black on yellow, xeroxed cover, better illustrations than usual for an Aussie zine. The editor is articulate enough. His only problem is that he's one of those who has fits of depression and self-recrimination when his zine is criticized. He very nearly didn't do this issue because some of his friends said the last ones were awful, and he says it was "inexcusable" that he didn't have an editorial last issue. I can excuse not having an editorial easily, especially when it's like this one, telling me how bad the last issue was, and how sorry he is about it.

Seriously, how can I review zines if people take criticism to the heart? Gerald's reaction to his friends makes me wonder how many broken faneds are cowering, weeping, under their beds as a result of my reviews. After a bad review, I rarely see another issue of the zine in question. Have they quit publishing in humiliation, or are they just taking time out to construct a letter bomb?

In spite of his qualms, Gerald's zine seems healthy enough. The lettercol is lively. Some of it is familiar from other zines - for instance, John Alderson is defending English from bastardization, and telling us he is a wordsmith. People are mad at him, as usual. I can understand why: calling oneself a fancy name for 'writer' and telling one's friends that they aren't writing properly is not the best way to become popular. But John seems to have refined unpopularity to a high art, so I guess he enjoys it.

The articles are fairly good, too. The editor has one about the history of his town which is interesting to a foreigner, at least. Harry Andrushack tells us why he didn't think Foundation's Edge ought to get a Hugo. I agree, because I don't think that sequels ought to be written just to tie up loose ends, or just to exploit the popularity of an earlier book. Unfortunately, sequels and series are very much in demand, to the detriment of good writing.

Glen Crawford has a delightful article on the real origins of English. He demonstrates that by "minor vowel/consonant alterations" you can transform "Spaceship" to "Glopenik" which means "gleaming white ovoid descending from the sky" in Upper Urdustan. This, he concludes, proves that English originated in Upper Urdustan, and he tells us how to preserve it in its original purity. Honestly, he makes as much sense as many sober scientific speculators.

So, Gerald, don't listen to your friends. Come out from under that bed and publish some more.



Nothing Left to the Imagination - Alina Chu, 72 Orchard St. #13, NY, NY 10002 and Teresa Minambres, 218 W. 22nd St., NY, NY 10011. Three times yearly for the usual or \$1.50.

NLthI is a funny zine. Teresa's article is about living in New York -- the story of the King Kong balloon, all her favorite amusements, and a harrowing tale of bike-wrecking in the park.

Mary Mueller tells her story about her white water raft trip with her sisters and her cousins (whom she reckons by the - oops, sorry) and her aunts. She and her soggy crew of relatives float downstream with all sorts of adventures, like falling off the rafts. They get through with only minor injuries, except for a sort of mass brain damage that makes them call the narrator "Tik" instead of "Mary."

"Fans Dilettantes and Jive Cats" by Joe Wesson has the theme "I'm a fan and you're not" and teaches fannish snobs how to tell the difference. It would make an excellent snob-detector. Show the article to the suspect and if instead of laughing he nods sadly and says "how true. I just wish he had told us how to get rid of the non-fans" and you've got a live one. Lock him in a small room with Ted White.

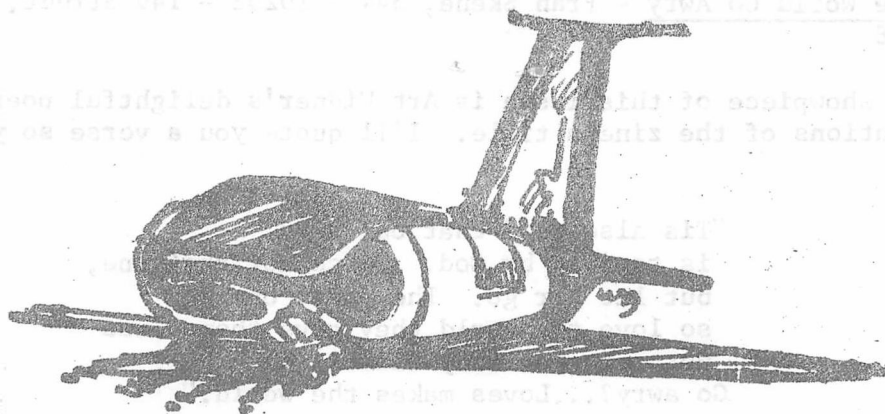
"Fly on the Wall" is three pages of one-liners collected at cons. Included are the ought-to-be-classics "Are we having fun yet?"; "if you're going to stick your foot in your mouth, your mouth had better be open"; and of course, "You brought him, you fuck him".

The lettercol is fairly staid. There are several chatty Harry Warner-type locs (including, of course, one from The Man himself). Two or three people take digs at Taral the Canadian, though I can't tell if they're serious. I've never heard anything bad about Taral, except that he's rumored to dress funny and argue with people. Must be a fan.

And we can't pass up the letters about that dreary, awful, boring feud between Ted White and Brian Earl Brown. If they want to have a feud they should at least work up a proper one, with accusations of perversion, threats of violence, and food fights at banquets. But no -- all they can do is write long letters about the cultural level of their fanac. I don't know either one of them, though I've read Brian's zine. (I thought at first that Ted White was the same person who wrote Secret of The Serpent, which I loved when I was twelve or so. But of course it can't be. No one who had written that would have the gall to lecture other people on the literary quality of their writing.)

The zine concludes with a bus transfer stuck to the bacover with a large foil seal. What it means I cannot say.





Rhetorical Device 2 - Clifford R. Wind, #206 308 Summit E., Seattle, WA 98102
For loc or editorial whim.

Rhetorical Device is a rather unusual zine. It's theme for the first two issues has been a discussion of religion. Other fanzines have done this, but the ones I've seen have just been long articles full of half-baked amateur theology. Cliff's loccers write not just about their religions, but also about the associated cultures and attitudes.

Lastish a couple of people raised as Mormons told why they left the church. In this one, two of the correspondents talk about life as an Orthodox Jew and as a Christian Scientist. These religions are unfamiliar to me, so I was very interested in first-hand accounts of them.

The other letters vary. A member of AA and a "Catholic agnostic" explain their philosophies; several people discuss logic; some smartass extrapolates four million possible belief systems out of the Apostles' Creed; and Jessica Salmonson is fashionably obnoxious, as usual.

The editor stays in the background most of the time, though he does comment on some of the letters. He seems to be trying to change the subject - his editorial this time is on the public display of negative emotion. He's against it, feeling that it doesn't do any good, in spite of "the culturally acquired expectation that an outburst should be cathartic". This is probably true for some emotions, though I understand that tears release stress toxins and therefore are really cathartic. His classing grief and anger together is definitely wrong, especially when he advocates "articulate communication" of the reasons for being upset. This is the only thing to do when you're angry, of course (except for ignoring the situation), but what is a bereaved person supposed to say? "I suppose you recall my sister died last week - gee, that makes me feel really down". Don't be silly, Clifford. If you're so uptight you can't accept that people break down a lot after tragedies, that's your problem, not theirs. (No, it is not feasible to lock them in the bathroom until they get over it.)

Well, it looks as though the next discussion will also be interesting. Definitely a zine worth getting.

The star, the showpiece of this issue is Art Widner's delightful poetic conceit based on variations of the zine's title. I'll quote you a verse so you, too, can marvel.

"Tis also said that one awry
is touched by God. Touch not that one,
but let her go. The crazy ones
so love the world they give themselves
not once but many times. Why not
Go awry?...Loves makes the world."

Neat, huh? I just noticed, typing it, that it doesn't rhyme. Boy, I love stuff like this - kind of profound and mystical with plays on words. Remember Cynewulf's poems, with his name hidden in runes in the last lines?

The other poems are pretty good too, especially Marc Ortlieb's, though it does prove the old proverb, "Marc will say anything".

Fran's natter is interesting, covering her work, her rather confused social life in the last two years, and some anecdotes. The best of these could be captioned "Feline Burial at Sea". This sort of wild story is another of my passions. Our own family favorites range from the indignant and touching "Funeral of Calico" to the madly surrealistic "Day of the Chipmunk". And then there's Mike Carson's "The Ninja in Orange Underwear", and of course Rhonda Johnson's "SCA Picnic, with Flasher".

There aren't any articles; the zine concludes with the lettercol. The letters are on varied topics, due to their having piled up since Fran's last issue, two years ago. Some talk about the death of Susan Wood, others are about love and relationships, a topic inspired by Fran's above-mentioned confused life. The only one that really moves me to comment is Andrushack. He's tired, you see, of all the "Weep and Wail" in the last issue, and wants her to shut up about her problems. Coming from someone like Andrushack, whose favorite topic is his own troubles, that's rather irritating. If he'd had half Fran's difficulties, we'd never have heard the last of it.

LMTWGA's just sort of a personal natterzine, you can see, but I like it. It isn't murky or pretentious as some perzines are, just comfortable.



WE ALSO RECEIVED:

APFELMUS 2, 3
Steve Roylance
1592 Malvern Road
Glen Iris, Victoria
3146 AUSTRALIA

BCSFazine 124, 125
Box 35577 Station F
Vancouver, B.C.
V6M 4G9 CANADA

BRSFL News 26
P.O. Box 14238
Baton Rouge, LA 70898

DASFax 8
2618 S. Everett St. #12
Lakewood, CO 80227

Dillinger Relic #30
Arthur D. Hlavaty
819 W. Markham Ave.
Durham, N.C. 27701

FOSFax #71
4111 So. Third St.
Louisville, KY 40214

FOOTA-AV 8, 9
959-A Waverly Ct.
Norcross, GA 30071

FTA/Phoenix #4
P. O. Box 1772
Victoria, B.C.
V8V 3E1 CANADA

FANZINE FANATIQUE
Rosemary & Keith Walker
6 Vine Street
Greaves, Lancaster
Lal 4UP ENGLAND

File 770 #43
Mike Glycer
5828 Woodman Ave. #2
Van Nuys, CA 91401

Give Dog Boiled Yak 1,2
Seth Lockwood
19 Colebt Street
Balcatta, W.A.
6021 AUSTRALIA

MEMPHEN 61, 63
266 Garland Place
Memphis, TN 38104

NASFA Shuttle
700 Clinton St. #3-H
Athens, AL 35611

Neology #1
P.O. Box 4071
Edmonton, Alberta
T6E 4S8 CANADA

Raffles 7.5
Stu Shiffman
19 Broadway Ter. #1D
New York, NY 10040

So.KY Satellite #2
P. O. Box 24
Franklin, KY 42134

South on Peachtree #2
P. O. Box 10094
Atlanta, GA 30319

Space and Time 65
Gordon Linzer
138 W. 70th St. #4-B
New York, NY 10023

Q36 K
Marc Ortlieb
P. O. Box 46
Marden, S.A.
5070 AUSTRALIA

SF Review #48
Richard Geis
P.O. Box 11408
Portland, OR 97211

Smart-Ash #22
5587 Robinson Rd. Est.
Jackson, MS 39204

Sticky Quarters 5,6
Brian Earl Brown
20101 W. Chicago #201
Detroit, MI 48228

Texas SF Inquirer #5
P. O. Box 9612
Austin, TX 78766

Thyme #28
Roger Weddall
79 Bell Street
Fitzroy 3065
AUSTRALIA

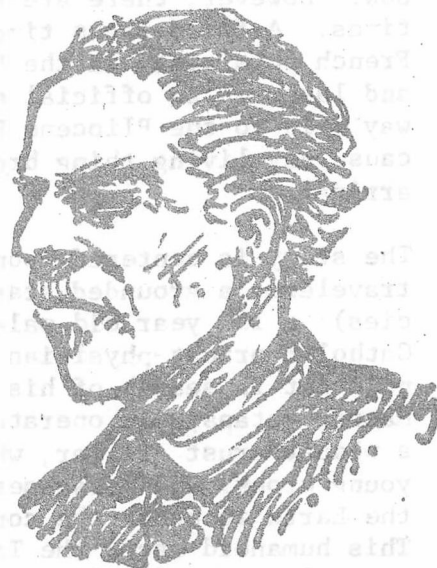
Timbre #1
Time Jones
20 Gillespie St.
Dunedin, NEW ZEALAND

To the Stars
John & Bjo Trimble
3963 Wilshire Blvd. #142
Los Angeles, CA 90010

Transmissions 141-144
P. O. Box 1534
Panama City, FL 32401

Undulant Fever #8
Bruce D. Arthurs
3421 W. Poinsetta
Phoenix, AR 85029

Westwind 73, 74
P. O. Box 24207
Seattle, WA 98124



T I M E A F T E R T I M E . . . A F T E R T I M E #

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Review by Patrick Gibbs, Critic in Exile

THE MANY-COLORED LAND by Julian May (Ballantine 1983) 429 pp. \$2.95

THE GOLDEN TORC by Julian May (Ballantine 1983) 376 pp. \$2.95

THE NON BORN KING by Julian May (Pan, U.K. 1983) 388 pp. \$5.88

Unlike a movie, there are some advantages to coming in late to a series of books like a trilogy or a tetralogy. Two years ago there was a very favorable critical reception to the hardcover edition of THE MANY-COLORED LAND. When I read the advertisements I did not recognize the author and saw that it was part of the Saga of the Pliocene Exile and I thought to myself "What an outlandish premise for an SF novel," and did not give a moment's thought to reading it. When the paperback edition came out in July with a beautiful cover by Michael Whelan, I remembered all of the praise for the book and I picked it up. I found a real "page turner".

At the Worldcon this year my first visit to the Huckster Room was devoted to finding the sequel, THE GOLDEN TORC, a September paperback. To my surprise I found there was a third book, THE NON BORN KING, available in paperback as an import from Great Britain (still in hardcover in the U.S.). When I met Julian May at the con, I learned that she had just finished the fourth book. The bad news is that the saga will not be over until THE ADVERSARY is published next year. The good news is that, if you read the first three books now, there is enough of a pause in the story-line that you will not die of impatience waiting till March, 1984, (publication date for THE ADVERSARY).

After all that preamble, I should tell you what the books are about. In 2110 the Earth is part of a Galactic Milieu, a commonwealth of six Coadunate Races. The Milieu is a golden age of high technology and metaphychic powers. The latter are mental functions such as telepathy and psychokinesis on a scale only dreamed of now. However, there are some social misfits who desire to escape such civilized times. A fixed-focus time warp is accidentally discovered by Theo Guderian, a French physicist, in the Rhone valley about 2040. At first on an informal basis, and later in an official program, the misfits are permitted to travel on a one-way trip to the Pliocene Epoch, six million years ago. It is unidirectional because any living thing brought back from the past disintegrates into dust upon arrival.

The story is centered upon the adventures of a band, Group Green, of eight time travelers: a grounded starship captain; a female athlete (with homicidal tendencies); a 133 year old paleontologist, who has recently been widowed; a woman Catholic priest-physician who is burnt out from her work in a hospice; an anthropologist in search of his lover who preceded him through the time-gate; a Grand Master metapsychic operator, deprived of her powers through a traumatic accident; a planet crust driller, who would lead the life of a Viking; and an engaging young crook, who possesses latent metapsychic powers. They arrive to find that the Earth is under the control of another group of exiles from another galaxy. This humanoid race, the Tanu, have metapsychic powers of their own which they use to enslave the 100,000 humans who have come through the time portal.



They were driven from their home planet because of their adherence to a barbarous battle-religion. In the first book the group is split in half and we follow the adventures of the quartet that escapes from the Tanu and joins the free humans, "low lives", who are conducting a guerilla war against the tanu led by the widow of Theo Guderian.

In THE GOLDEN TORC the war is carried to the Tanu stronghold in a bold attempt to destroy the Tanu by destroying the source of their mind-amplifying collars, "torcs", which they use to enhance their metapsychic powers and to control their human servants. We also learn of the adventures of the four who were taken to the capital because of their talents, metapsychic and otherwise. In a way no one expected, the Tanu stronghold is destroyed.

In THE NON BORN KING the story continues with a human metapsychic who has practically become one of the Tanu in order to take over the rule of The Many-Colored Land, as the Tanu call the Earth. His conflict with loyalist Tanu and a maverick human metapsychic of goddess-like powers provides most of the action. A third force comes to the fore in this book, a group of human metapsychics who fled future-Earth about 25 years earlier after a nearly successful coup-attempt against the other Coadunate races of the Galactic Milieu. They are based in North America and play a manipulative game against the human-Tanu society.

The setting in time for the books is useful because it is an empty stage for the large scale conflict of totally alien races (human and Tanu). The climate is temperate, and although there are plenty of predators, the dinosaurs and other such 'monsters have departed the scene. The Pliocene Epoch was the fifth epoch of the Cenozoic Era and lasted eleven million years. It preceded the Pleistocene Epoch, the great Ice Age that was prologue to the arrival of Homo Sapiens. It was marked by the ascendance

of mammals and the animal and plant life could be called "modern" in appearance. The basic continental geography of Europe and North America was what we have today with the exception of Southern Europe, which had greater land mass because the Mediterranean Sea, as we know it, did not yet exist. You might say that the Gates of Gibraltar were closed. Man's most distant ancestor, Ramapithecus, evolved during the Pliocene Epoch. Although its general appearance was apelike, it was the earliest representative of the hominid family of which Man is a member. The environment is familiar, but still with enough differences to be interesting. Most importantly, it does not steal the show or distract the reader.

In a way, these books have the best of both worlds of science fiction and fantasy. There is a mythic flavor to all the characters and to the plot. The Tanu are similar in many ways to the Fairie folk of Celtic myth. These are not the cute "wee folk", but the Elder Race upon the Earth. J.R.R. Tolkien tapped this same well-spring of Northern European myth. Combine this with the Tanu and 22nd Century use of metapsychic functions and there is an exciting chemistry that we have not seen since the early novels of Roger Zelazny, (e.g. LORD OF LIGHT, CREATURES OF NIGHT AND DARKNESS). But I would not say that Ms. May writes like Zelazny.

I was more reminded of the interest in telepathy shown in Marion Zimmer Bradley's DARKOVER novels and the sophisticated use of myth and Jungian psychology present in Ursula K. LeGuin's novels (e.g. The Earthsea Trilogy). There is a narrative craftsmanship here, which young writers could study with great profit. The story moves with such excitement and pace that you can spend many late nights staying up because you cannot put the book down. It was a pleasure to read a novel where the plot moved with its own internal and consistent logic because the characters "acted in character".

One final note as to book design: in contrast to THE MISTS OF AVALON, these books have excellent maps to guide you on the many travels of the characters and orient you as to particular geography involved. Also, I was not distracted by typographical errors that destroyed meaning. The quality of Del Rey books shows up again. I highly recommend this series because I think it is great entertainment and great science fiction. It is a sign of the maturity of the genre that books like these can be written. There is such a blend of the "hard" and "soft" sciences with the power of a good story, that it should enjoy widespread success when the series is completed next March. In Britain, I am told, it is on the best seller list and enthusiastically received by such literary establishments as the London Times Literary Supplement. If the American literary establishment were ever to get out of its East Coast ghetto, then they too might discover this treasure. In the meantime, we have it to ourselves.



THE ANVIL CHORUS #

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Put together by Wade Gilbreath

Bang, Clang. Bang, bang. Thud. Thud. Thunk. It's that time again. Time to put together another ANVIL Chorus. Bill brown is stoking the wordsmith fires down in the Cragfont dungeon and your obedient servant is wracking his brain for a suitable intro to this annish lettercol.

Did you know that brain wracking is a thirsty business? Well, it is...um... that's better. Let's see. I guess we should get in a few last minute locs on ANVIL 27 before getting down to business on ANVIL 28. Let me take another sip and then on to the first loc... How appropriate, a letter from Bob Shaw.

Bob Shaw Many thanks for the regular supply of ANVIL. The zine has established England its own personality now and I really enjoy reading it, even though ish 27 contained rather too much of this BoSh person, whoever he is. The covers are nice, too - I like artwork that has obviously taken time to do.

I'm not surprised that Meade's piece in 26 drew so much comment in 27. His article bothered me because he obviously thought he was explaining why his computer fascinated him. The nub of the article seemed to be in the phrase "getting it to do something YOU want it to do"-- as if we would all calp our hands to our foreheads and exclaim, "of course! Why didn't I see that for myself? The whole fascination lies in getting the computer to do something YOU want it to do."

I once read a book by an unsuccessful kami kaze pilot -- he had to have been unsuccessful, otherwise no book -- and in it he said that he realised his breed of patriotism was baffling to Westerners, but he was prepared to explain it. He then wrote several paragraphs which were supposed to explain why people did those things-- and those paragraphs left me totally baffled. There was a total communications failure.

I guess I'll go on being baffled by computer fandom in much the same way that other human activities baffle. I don't know how it is in the States, but over here one widespread hobby is train spotting. People spend their free time on railway platforms, writing down the numbers of all passing trains. When I see them doing it there is only one thought in my mind-- why? The only reason I can conjure up is that they are frustrated bureaucrats who have a longing to keep tabs on other people's movements.

There are quite a few similar activities that will always remain closed books to me. Listening to jazz. Gardening. Watching sports on TV. Disco and other forms of non-contact dancing. Sitting on top of horses. CB radio. Keeping pets. Cooking. I could go on and on...

((Well, I wish you had. I guess, tho, we'll have to reconsider the Timex Sinclair we were sending you for Xmas.



← this man knows something that we don't.

Kim Huett
GPO Box 429
Sydney, NSW 2001
AUSTRALIA

Well, those zines that other people have had so long they have reviewed them in their own zines have slowly been trickling in, ANVIL 27 amongst them. It can't be simply a case of postal inefficiency since it's too consistent for that. No, I much prefer the idea that somewhere along that long and torturous route my mail travels, somebody is having a great time reading it all. Wouldn't be so bad if he/she did some of my loocking for me, but no, they seem quite content to get their jollies without providing this sort of free entertainment. It's a good thing I enjoy that side of things or I would really be annoyed.

It does make one wonder if there just might be an unrecognised group of fen in the post office who get their kicks by reading any fanzines and locs that pass through their hands. Hell, we could have a voyouerist sub-fandom watching our every move and not know it! Of course, most governments may already be doing this, but "better the devil you know..."

Getting back to ANVIL, the first part of that editorial comes at a good time, Charlotte. In one way or another a couple of people I know in fandom have been less than kind to me in recent months. For some perverse reason the human mind prefers to dwell on bad experiences than good, so for a while I was developing a rather jaundiced view of fandom. I might have followed in David Palter's footsteps if some of my friends hadn't stepped in. When I looked at the situation clearly I realized that those people whose friendship I treasure most came to me through fandom. It does none of us any harm to have an objective look at what we have or haven't gained by being involved in fandom. For most of us, I suspect, the scales will tip in favour of fandom.

Just when I think I've read it all, my eyes fall on Forged Minutes and once again wonder and amusement reigns. Actually, the April party sounds a little like the Thursday night dinners we have been having in Sydney of late. You see, a little while back I discovered a winebar/restaurant whose staff don't mind us carrying on if we feel like it. The other customers are usually made a little nervous by this bunch of loonies in the corner singing (usually obscene), talking and arguing at the top of their voices, but since said group spends more than the rest of the patrons put together....

Mind you, there have been times when it is hard to believe we won't be asked to leave, like the time Womble tipped those crushed peanuts down the front of my trousers or when certain individuals found it preferable to grope under the table than eat their deserts. Not so, we have always been invited back. I suppose we do liven up a slow weekday night and we've yet to break or steal anything (and not likely to).

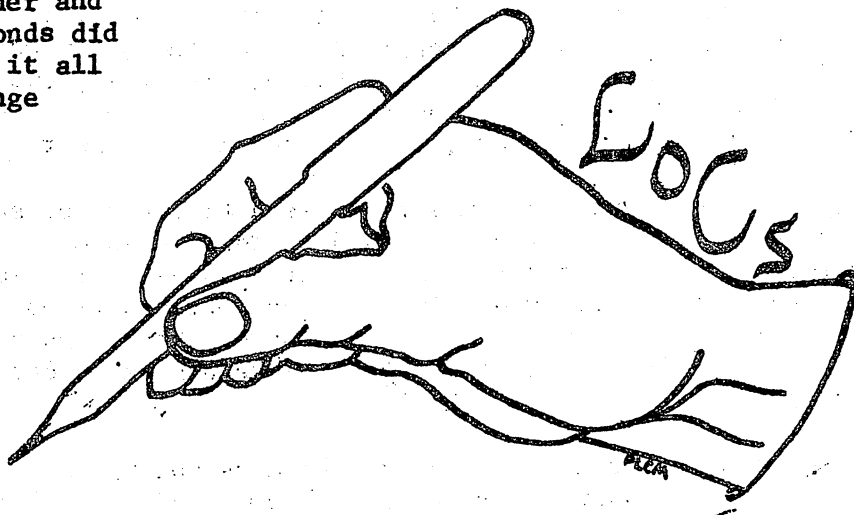
I wish it had been possible for me to have been there to listen to Bob's talk. It's not fair that Bob seems to have visited everywhere but here. Still we are doing something about that now with the Shaw Fund designed to bring him to Aussiecon II. Then I intend to live out a dream of sitting between Bob and Joe Haldeman at the bar. That's what I call something to look forward to!

Must admit that I am enjoying the way Valerie's fanzine review column is developing, especially when she doesn't stick strictly to the contents of the fanzines she reviews. Who are those guys who clean their guns on your living room floor anyway, Valerie?

Loc in Chorus! You must be joking, I'm not even sure what sort of instrument I would be. Well, I'd have to be a backing instrument, something you would agree on if you

heard my voice. Maybe a flute or oboe since they are long wind(ed) instruments. On second thought, definitely a flute with Harry Warner, Jr. being the oboe since if memory is correct this is a slightly deeper sounding instrument. This is in deference to his greater loccking experience. I.e. maturity, OK, Harry? Hmm, Garth Spencer would make a pair of cymbals (he,he). Take things a little further and make Brad Foster a violin and Buck Coulson a trumpet. What anybody else is I'm not really sure, so I suppose you could count them as the real chorus. Not what could be called a full orchestra I'm afraid, but for that a lettercol the size of Holier Than Thou's would be needed and tell me, would you be willing to edit that every second month?

For a change I find that I cannot agree with Harry Warner, Jr. At least in regards to his comments about computers. Many fen are computer freaks as well which leads them to buying one of their own. Now if you bought a computer I suspect you would want to get as much use out of it as possible to justify the expense. Now the one common characteristic of computer fen is thier love of writing programs.. Ignore all the brumbling they do about that, that's part of the fun. Put the two together and what we have is what Leigh Edmonds did with Rataplan-22. i.e., typed it all onto a disk where he could change the text at his leisure, then have it typed onto stencil in a couple of hours while he does something else. I like the idea of reducing the amount of shit-work that needs to be done while still retaining complete control of the project.



I pity any library that acquires a fanzine collection and they try to make sense out of it. This I discovered from personal experience is difficult for even such as I who understand what it is I'm handling. Over the past few months I struggled to impose sanity on Robin Johnson's fanzines and acquired a hate for people who don't make it clear who edited the zine or what apa it appeared in or even worse didn't staple it together. At the moment I am far from finished so no doubt there are still lost of pits for me to fall into.

((Even though I admit trying it myself, organizing a fanzine collection is a nev.r-ending struggle which you will lose in the end; unless the organization is something like U.S., England, Australia, and Other. But what good is that sort of thing?))

WAHF: Kevin McCaw (from Western Australia), Steve Roylance (from Melbourne), Jerry Kaufmann, Doug Chaffee, Marc Ortlieb (somewhere in Australia), Tony Renner, Joy Hibbert, Tim Jones.

Colin P. Langeveld Many thanks for one of the most entertaining ANVILs to date,
9, Lisleholm Road not to mention the amazing front cover. I see it but I don't
Liverpool L12 BRU believe it. Com on now, Mt. Foster, you didn't actually draw
United Kingdom that intricate design, did you? If you did, I give you full
marks for pure hard-headed patience and imagination.

I read the Bob Shaw BoShcon talk -- twice. I just cannot get enough of Bob's verbal manipulations. We are both regular attendees of Novacon and just listening to one of Bob's talks makes the whole con worthwhile.

Talking about Bob Shaw brings me to the subject of that great British institution -- the "Brit Chip" and the gradual demise thereof. Yes, folks, as Bob said, the British chip is now officially on the Endangered Species list. These last few years have seen the invasion of McDonald's and their ilk and consequently a whole new generation has grown up not knowing what a proper chip should look and taste like. Instead they gorge themselves on those thin, hard, gum-piercing things -- namely French Fries. (And we all know what Nelson said about the French.)

An important "add on" to the chip consumers manual Bob forgot to mention is the now sadly defunct 'newspaper wrapping'. You remember newspaper, that stuff you used to find in the smallest room in the house, all nicely cut into handy sized sheets and pierced by a length of string to be hung at a convenient distance from the household throne, -- but I digress, let me make myself clear.

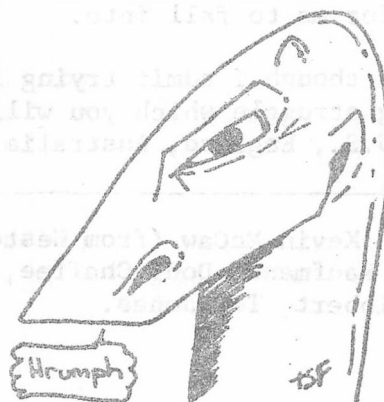
In this fair country of ours there is a tradition of spending a summer's day at the seaside, a tradition I cannot abide. Thus, when my wife persuaded me to spend a (rainy) day at Great Yarmouth earlier this year, I reluctantly agreed and decided to make the most of it, you know, the usual tribal rites like... sitting on a crowded beach with your trousers rolled up to your knees and a knotted handkerchief on your head, drink plenty, nay gallons, of lukewarm beer, eat enormous amounts of cockles, mussels, shrimp and yes, CHIPS.

If you have to go to the seaside there is nothing like peramulating down the "Prom" with a fragrant newspaper package in one hand and a limp Brit Chip in the other. I was prepared for French Fry invaders but not for the wrapping--polystyrene. YAGH!!

It seems that the British Health Authority have discovered that like Booze, Dairy Products, Salt, Sex and Sugar, printing ink is bad for you. I mean, the best part of groveling around in your chip paper was finding the ones which were subtly covered in a delicate shade of editorial. And of course you could catch up with last month's headlines at the same time.

I am now into the first half of my fourth decade and I don't see the quality of life improving much, like good music and employment, the Brit Chip looks like becoming a subject to be discussed around the camp fires when nostalgia rears its ugly head.

((Maybe they should steal an idea from H. Salt Fish & Chips (a defunct American fast food chair) and print the polystyrene with newsprint. While not the 'real' thing, it might make chip eating more palatable...))



Roy Tackett Only one book review in ANVIL 27. That's a shame.
915 Green Valley Rd.NW Need more book reviews. How else are we expected to
Albuquerque, N.M. 87107 keep up with all the stuff that is published these
 days? We can't be expected to read it all. Book re-
views give us a good idea of what the book is about and whether or not we want
to bother with it.

Although I had already glanced at Griffin's "The Blind Man and the Elephant" at the newsstand and decided I didn't want to spend my three bucks on it; unlike Michael Brantley I generally ignore covers because they are meant to attract the casual browser and usually have no connection at all with what is behind them. A better practice is to read the opening page and then page 40. By page 40, the writer has usually stopped messing around with all the introductory nonsense and settled down into his story.

I figured Griffin's novel was a rip-off of the "Elephant Man" movies and stage play and Brantley confirms that it was. See, I saved the three bucks for something else.

Was somewhat amused at Valerie McKnight's comments on NEW CANADIAN FANDOM. Poor Robert Runte and his concerns over American Cultural Imperialism. I received a couple of copies of his fmz a year or so ago, but didn't respond as I didn't want him to think that I was another who wanted to imperialize Canadian culture. If he is so worried about American over-influence one would think he would limit circulation of his fmz to Canada.

But I was amused at Valerie McKnight's comments that if the main opponents of Canadian culture were American comic books and fanzines then the Canadians should get down on its collective knees and give thanks.

Who to? And why on the knees? I hope Valerie can explain these weird comments. "Does he feel that the low gravity compensates for the chance of being eaten by the natives?" Sure. Particularly if one eats the native first. Ya gotta know how to work these things out, Valerie.

Wade, unless you consider the Federal Bureau of Investigation obscure, I'm sure you'll find that it is the larger department of the federal government which has been keeping track of fandom. Yes, indeed, they know all about us. Fortunately, we are apparently considered a bunch of harmless nuts for the most part, although a more paranoid administration might view us otherwise.

I suppose that someday I might end up with a small computer but right now it has a very low priority. There are too many other things competing for the contents of my wallet. I know all about this being the computer age and all that, but at the moment I can't see one as anything but an expensive toy that I don't need.

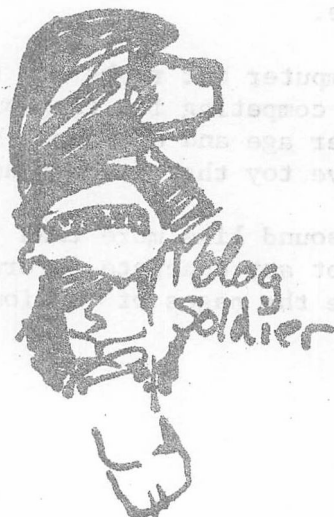
((Your remarks about the feds keeping tabs on fandom sound like more than just a conviction. What do you know about it? Have you got any concrete information about government survielance? Is fandom about to make the pages of "National Inquirer"? // Now on to ANVIL 28.))

Steven Carlberg I got ANVIL 28 in the mail not too long ago. I was pleased
329 St. Joseph to see that my transcription of Bob Shaw's remarks at
Lafayette LA 70506 BoShcon got good reactions from the ANVIL Chorus. It was my
first transcription project, using a nifty cigarette-pack-
sized tape recorder borrowed from my job, and of course it was enjoyable work,
listening and laughing one more time at Bob's canny comments.

"It Came From Channel 'U'" was the most enjoyable thing for me in the new ANVIL. Having participated myself in the mysterious rites of El-Mo, described here as "a spontaneous and profound ritual..., a communion using Appolonian, illusory order (rites) to achieve a Dionysian stupor where the veil of existence is removed", I can testify as to the immediate and palpable effects of El-Moism as a process of enlightenment, as well as to the aesthetically sapient aspect of the phenomenon, which turns out to be nearly as confusing to the mind as to the body. This is truly an accomplishment worthy of recording in the annals of fandom, and I am spiritually indebted to the Nameless One for taking it upon himself to chronicle the origin and rites of El-Mo for all within the sound of his printed voice.

I also enjoyed Charlotte's essay on the fragmentation of fandom. Unlike the "Unite or Die" illo which decorates her pages, I'm not sure there's any particular benefit to be derived from attempting to bring together the various subsets of fandom. It's not as though we're planning to organize as a special interest group and lobby Congress for more sci-fi movies, after all -- what good would it really do us to have all those people in one place at one time or belonging to one single organization and getting the same newsletter every month? I say let the natural fragmentation of fandom occur. As long as we all know where to find each other when we're interested in doing so, what's the problem?

Frankly, it's the other side of the coin that worries me more -- the diffusion of fandom, as we might call it. Where once you could pretty well expect a person encountered in fandom to be fairly well read and above the average in verbal skills such as grammar, spelling, and rudimentary sentence construction, you now may meet people who have never read a word of science fiction in their lives, who can't write worth beans and who don't even care about reading or writing. Of course, everybody's entitled to be whatever sort of person they like, but it seems to me that once there was a certain "comfortableness" in fandom which we've lost because we can no longer simply take it for granted that we are dealing with literate people.



I realize I'm leaving myself wide open for an argument, but who knows, it might be fun. Thanks again for ANVIL.

((Just this evening, Charlotte was commenting on the lettercol reaction to her editorial. She wishes she hadn't printed the original caption to the cartoon on the editorial page. It certainly seemed to be an obvious tie-in with the editorial and was one which she didn't intend.))

Garth Spencer
1296 Richardson St.
Victoria, BC V8V 3E1
CANADA

It's only 18 months to 2 years that I've been a really active fan, so I take for granted the diversity/fragmentation in fandom. I don't know if it's possible or desirable for all the different interest groups to unite. Maybe they are, right now, as united as they can or should be.

Correct me if necessary, Charlotte, but I have no reason to think that big cons are a major attraction to neos. I still approach fandom from the viewpoint that I need to be told what-all is going on, and from that viewpoint, I don't find a glitzy, hard-sell, polished, big con very attractive. Something unvarnished, smaller, quieter, more real might be fun; not otherwise. But then, I draw hard-and-fast lines around myself.

The El-Mo article would be more fun if it were shorter and related to something we all know about. It's the sort of thing I would have written, 2 to 5 years ago.

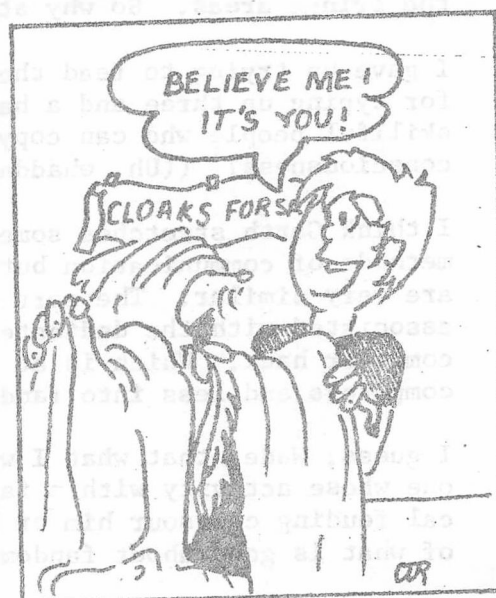
I would be super-happy if Valerie McKnight, or somebody, would explain Atlanta fanac to me. Who puts out which zines? Is ASFO/AWN an inter-club zine, like the Central Ganglion?

Um, I hate to rain on Wade Gilbreath's parade, but there's this one little typo in my letter (only one? -cp) that really ballsed up the meaning: "...perhaps people will appear (in SF or computer fandom) who have a strong sense of initiative and civic responsibility. And perhaps not." The word I wrote was "not".

Fans in Victoria tend to read fantasy as well as SF, some of us play FRP games or read comics as well, most of us have to wear glasses and choose to keep cats, and we get into things like Monty Python or the McKenzie Brothers. Check out this new Bob & Doug McKenzie movie that's coming out; I want to see what you make of it. I still don't know what to make of the original appearance of these guys on SCTV.

((Nothing personal, but I'm not sure you could have written the Elmo piece "2 to 5 years ago"). As Pat Gibbs points out in his letter, Ward Smith's El-Mo article works on several levels: an inside 'joke' if you will, and also as a perfect send-up of academic journal writing. The fact that El-Moism is essentially confined to the Birmingham area and is totally obscure to outsiders serves to enhance the effect. Besides El-Moism is an intriguing, if not downright intoxicating, world view for fans in the eighties.. (the, NOT their). Who knows, Garth, El-Moism may seep into Canada, like a miasmic swamp-- just another example of American Religious Imperialism. // Sorry about the typo. Charlotte apologizes for letting it slip through during production.))

IN THE HUCKSTER ROOM...



Harry Andruschak I am not quite sure what to say to Charlotte Proctor.
Post Office Box 606 I am one of those fans who wonders why cons cater to
La Canada-Flintridge media fans. At a time when costs are rising, I remember
California 91011 Noreascon II. Two separate film rooms, 24 hours a day,
The cost. How much of my inflated membership fee went to
movie rentals, none of which I saw? Has anybody done a breakdown on... (a) the
cost of convention program item, versus, (b) the number who attend?

Of course I know the answer... the media fans win hands down. As such, I have
given up going to worldcons. Didn't go to 1981, 1982 or 1983. Since 1984 is
in LA I'll probably show up in the daytime just to keep my hand in, so to speak.

((The worldcon is a different matter, but media budgets have dropped sharply at
most Southern cons. While budgets of \$400.-\$500 for films were common, now most
concons spend about \$100 for a video room. Whichever fan agrees to bring his
equipment and tapes gets a membership, his room for two nights and maybe a
banquet tickey.))

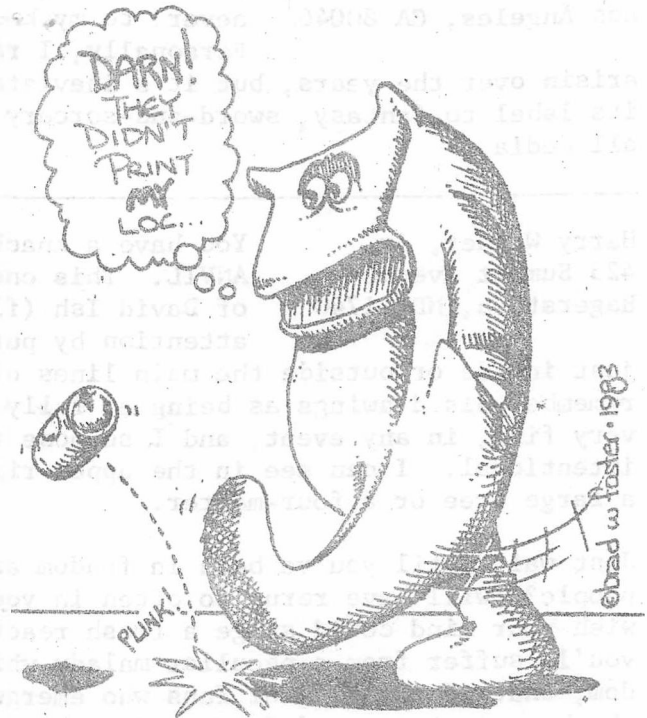
Mike Glicksohn I was a little disappointed in your editorial as I was
508 Windermere Ave. hoping you'd do more than just describe the various
Toronto, Ontario factions currently composing fandom. (You left out
M6S 3L6 CANADA quite a few, of course: comics fandom, costume fandom,
dope fandom, etc., etc.) I'd rate the massive increase
in size and the subsequent fragmentation of fandom over the last ten years as
one of the major 'problems' with fandom, yet you don't actually deal with that
at all. Should we do anything about it? Can we do anything about it? How do
our attitudes have to change to accomodate it? How much do we 'owe' these sub-
fandoms at 'our' conventions? Will it continue or go away? There's enough there
for a major analysis of fandom and one's individual reactions to it but you didn't
seem interested in pursuing the matter any further. And that's a shame because
you'd already made a good start by pointing out how none of these sub-fandoms is
independent of fandom as a whole and how many of us interconnect with several of
the fringe areas. So why stop just when you've finished outlining the situation?

I gave up trying to read the El-Mo article after three paragraphs. I admire you
for typing up three and a half pages of the stuff. Or are you one of those lucky
skillful people who can copy material without actually having it impinge on your
consciousness? ((Uh, whaddaja say?))

I think Garth stretches somewhat his analogy between computers and fanzines as
methods of communication but he's right on in suggesting that as hobbies they
are very similar. The sort of mentality/worldview/personality that is often
associated with the dedicated fanzine fan is amazingly similar to that of the
computer hack. Which is at least one reason so many fans are getting more into
computers and less into fandom.

I guess, Wade, that what I was trying to say in my previous letter was that any-
one whose activity within fandom is focussed so narrowly that local fan/politi-
cal feuding can sour him or her on fandom as a whole is (in my eyes) missing most
of what is good about fandom as an entirety.

There is so much that is good and enjoyable in 'my' fandom (here I commit the frequent but often unstated sin of using the word "fandom" in an extremely personal and individual way) that if any one area turns bad temporarily I can simply ignore it for a while and enjoy the other aspects of the fannish community instead. Several years ago Toronto fandom became a veritable hotbed of feuds and factions so I simply stopped attending local club meetings and concentrated on fanzines and conventions instead. Recently I've cut back somewhat on fanzine activity, been forced by economic reasons to reduce the number of conventions I attend, so I've been a bit more active in local fannish socialising and even attended a club meeting last week for the first time in a year or so. I simply cannot conceive of ever losing all my interest in fandom, simply because it's such a rich vein of interesting people and activities and can be mined in so many different and enjoyable ways.



I can't quibble with Harry's rather negative description of the general public and its ability to handle changes like computers but I know that at least here in Canada serious efforts are being made to produce a generation that is at least familiar with if not at home with computers. Starting just last year, as a matter of fact, all incoming highschool students at my school were treated to a two week unit in computers, elementary programming, algorithms, flowcharts, etc., and one of the main focusses (foci, if you prefer) of current changes in the educational system is in broadening and deepening exposure to computer science at the high school level. I can't imagine it's any different in the US but surely some of your readers are teachers and can describe what's happening within their own systems?

If I'd had Dal Coger's self-critical (and eminently sensible) attitude towards my own writing I doubt I'd have enjoyed 17 years of fanac as much as I have. My problem is that I like my own stuff, usually more than it deserves to be liked. (I'm talking of my infrequent articles and fanzines, not my formerly omnipresent locs; but I usually read my locs --- after several months and sometimes years -- with an inordinate degree of surprised satisfaction.

((Your response about feuding is well-taken, and I didn't get this at all on the first go-round. Your system for dealing with fannish unpleasantness strikes me as real and workable, unless one gets caught up in a vendetta that follows you around both in print and in person.))

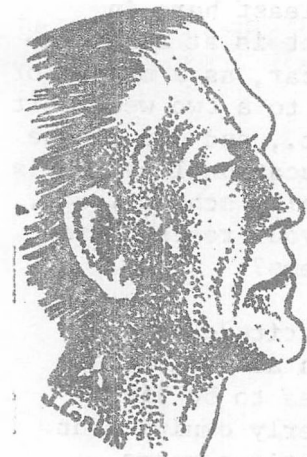
Robert Bloch
2111 Sunset Crest Dr.
Los Angeles, CA 80046

My thanks for ANVIL 28, and most particularly for your piece on Fragmented Fandom -- a phenomenon which has never, to my knowledge, been more lucidly explained. Personally, I rather deplore the schisms which have arisen over the years, but it's inevitable now that SF has decided to extend its label to fantasy, sword-and-sorcery and other fringe genres, and to encompass all media.

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

You have a knack of obtaining eye-catching covers for ANVIL. This one reminds me in style a little of the art of David Ish (floreat circa 1960). He also nabbed the attention by putting apparently superfluous light lines just inside or outside the main lines of a person or object, although I don't remember his drawings as being as fully detailed as this one by Steven Fox. It's very fine, in any event, and I suppose the ambiguity about what is portrayed is intentional. I can see in the upper right hand half of the drawing a tornado or a large tree or a four-master.

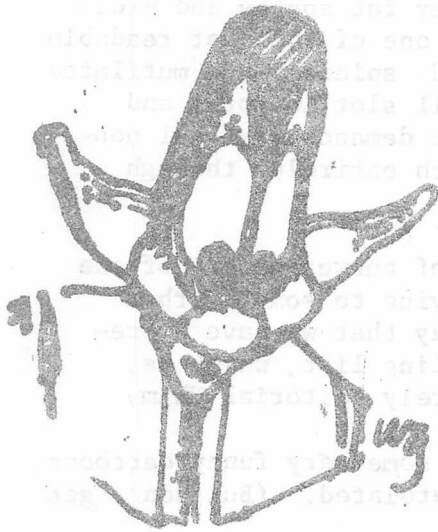
Just wait until you've been in fandom as long as I've been. "Who are all these people?" will have rerun so often in your thoughts as fans come and go that you'll wish your mind could stage a fresh reaction to the turnover in fandom. Moreover, you'll suffer from a peculiar malady which is most severe in members of First Fandom, that of thinking of fans who emerged in the 1950s and 1960s as individuals who have just emerged from neofan status, while those same persons are viewed by today's younger fans as immensely ancient inhabitants of a paleolithic age in fandom.



One thing you might have mentioned in the editorial is the way convention fandom and fanzine fandom seem to be merging, in the sense that more and more of the total pagination of all the English language fanzines in a given year are being devoted to material about cons. Conreports, calendars of upcoming cons, transcripts of con speeches, fearful controversies arising from con politics, propaganda by a city to host an upcoming con, and so on, must occupy a substantial porportion of all the space contained in fanzines nowadays.

"It Came From Channel 'U'" seems to be based on people, events, and metaphysics which are outside my experience. So I won't risk comments, for fear of uttering statements that would make even less sense than most of this article made to me.

Patrick Gibbs succeeded in making me want to read "The Mists of Avalon", something previous reviews of the book hadn't accomplished. But 376 pages seems like an imposing assignment. There are so many more books I want to read than I can reasonably hope to read, and I've been tending in recent years to choose the shorter ones so I can plow through as many titles as possible before my eyes or some other important physical component breaks down completely.



I'll make a note so I'll be sure to admit I'm wrong or gloat over being right about the impact of computers on fandom, fifteen years from now. Let's see, that'll be in 1993. I must remember not to let too many obligations pile up on me around that time, because I have previously learned that I must be in Times Square on the last day of 1999, to see the new century in. At the moment I can't remember if Bill Rotsler or Bob Tucker wrote the novel that has me in that place on that momentous occasion. Whichever it is, I wouldn't dare ruin the reputation of science fiction as prophetic literature by failing to show. Then I must remember to rest up for the next worldcon I plan to attend, South Gate Again in Twenty Ten.

But I don't doubt predictions of lower prices on for computers. In fact, the Christmas catalog of Montgomery Ward arrived several weeks ago and I was startled by what its back page is devoted to. Even a person as ill-informed on computers as I am can feel amazement at the \$588 computer system offered there: a keyboard with microprocessor, a memory console with 80K RAM and a digital data pack drive, a daisy wheel printer with a microprocessor, plus a couple of game controllers, a data pack and a game.

I don't react to my own writings quite as Dalvan Coger and many other people do. If I put something I've just written aside for a day or two and re-read it after that interval, I usually have an egotistical reaction, feeling surprise at my ability to have done as well as I did. But the longer I wait between creation and re-reading, the less respect I feel for my writings. After a year, I get angry at myself for not having phrased a sentence in a different way and for failing to organize the succession of subtopics more coherently. After ten years, I'm unable to finish what I wrote long ago and I have trouble accepting the fact that I created such a miserable mishmash of prose. The bad thing about this form of self-criticism is the unwillingness to revise promptly that it creates. My first draft is rarely bettered by a second draft unless I allow a great deal of time to elapse between the two operations.

The fanzine reviews this time lend some support to what I said a few paragraphs back about how con material is taking up more and more space in fanzines. Three of the ten fanzines reviewed exist solely for con purposes, and a couple of the others with which I'm familiar contain a fair amount of mention of cons.

((I think ANVIL is heading in the other direction. The conreport, once an ANVIL staple, is going the way of the \$5 con membership under Charlotte's editorship. I can only remember a worldcon report and a 'my first con' piece by Steve Bullock that was more than just a con report. I think this is a good trend.))

Bjo Trimble
696 S. Bronson Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90005

Thought it was time I got off my fat apathy and wrote to say that you're putting out one of the most readable fanzines we Trimbles get folded, spindled and mutilated (so it will fit through the mail slot in total and deliberate ignoring of our constant requests, please and demands that all non-letters get placed in a different area of the front porch entirely) through our loving P.O.

So, without succumbing to the temptation at this moment of answering any of the interesting comments in the last few issues, or of replying to some of the replies in your letter column, I am writing mainly to say that we have appreciated getting ANVIL and would like to stay on your mailing list, which is, according to the little letter on the mailing label, merely Editorial Whim.

You're using a consistently good collection of artwork, some very funny cartoons, and very nice coverwork -- your artists are to be congratulated. (But don't get cocky, artists!)

The writing is spotty, but always worth reading. Book reviewers are made, not born, so anyone who sticks with the job long enough to learn the craft will come out the other end as a book reviewer to treasure. It seems to me that your book reviews show all this promise, and should be encouraged. In a world where many fans feel that total negativism is the ONLY good review, it is refreshing to see reviews where some Good Things are said, as well.

Your Forged Minutes are almost equal to -- and indeed sometimes surpass -- the LASFS's Menace of the LASFS in their off-the-wall reports of what may or may not have gone on at your meetings. No matter; this is one case where the Minutes are probably more factual in the fiction than the actual meetings, anyway. I find them one of the highlights of ANVIL. This may or may not be a reflection on my taste... I prefer to think of it as liking to know what's going on in other parts of SF fandom! Thank you for some fun reading.

IN THE MASQUERADE . . .



((Thank you for the loc. // Perhaps I should mention that Editorial Whim is a much less stable element of the ANVIL mailing list than, say, those who have responded before. Those of you floating along on the E.W. may get the next ANVIL and the one after that, but beware the inconstancy of Editorial Whim. It will drop you in the end.))

((After E.W. comes the big "X" -- cp))

Patrick Gibbs Although I liked the book I was somewhat disappointed to
1935 Woodslea #11 see Foundation's Edge win the Hugo. I thought it was the
Flint, MI 48507 same kind of cop-out by the fans that has given us a stream
 of Hugos for Michael Whelan and LOCUS. Admittedly Whelan
is an excellent artist and LOCUS provides an outstanding service to the SF
community, but the awards to them seem to me to be based on reputation and not
performance in the previous year. I think that anyone who construed my review
as an opinion that the book was one of the best SF novels written, read too much
into it. All this is a long way of saying that I agree with most of Mike Glick-
sohn's comments in his loc. I would go further and say that the book is better
than the original stories, but SF has gotten so much better since the 40s that
it does not stand out as an achievement. I fear that the award for Asimov was
more of a reflection of his better sales than the superiority of his book over
Cherryh's or Kingsbury's.

I would like to add my vote to the computer as an important tool in fandom. I
think as fans become older and wealthier they will buy the hardware for word
processing and telecommunications. They will then be able to publish electroni-
cally with the use of computer "bulletin boards" or simply by phoning in their
contributions to the fanzine editor. With the advent of machines like Coleco's
Adam and cheaper dot matrix printers, everyone will be able to put out error-
free copy. No more typos! That's a pet peeve of mine since my type-free copy
from my Apple is retyped for ANVIL. I am about ready to see if I can run a
mimeo stencil through my dot matrix printer.

I enjoyed the Origins of El-Mo. It managed to stay on the correct side of being
an in-joke and still satirize the scholarly claptrap we see too much of these
days. I should also note that the cover is a continuation of the high quality
cover art of recent issues. I have seen a few other clubzines lately and ANVIL
holds up very well by comparison. It seems to rise above its origins and reach
out to the SF community at large.

Mary Elizabeth Counselman Locally, we are trying to organize a small club for
239 East Cherry Street all Alabamians interested in the study of poetry--
Gadsden, AL 35903 especially stf/horror/fantasy poetry -- like that in
 my upcoming Eidolon Press collection, selected by
Steve Eng and printed by Neal Blaikie. (Title: THE FACE OF FEAR. Address:
Steve Eng (popular poet among the fen) at P.O. Box 60072, Nashville, TN 37206.

Our club will be small, and by no means in competition with B'ham's SF club.
So wouldja please give us a plug, for those who live in this vicinity? And I'd
like to hear what you-all think 'of my August "Year at the Sprint" -- no longer
published on grant money but with my BLUD! From a tiny SS pension that tries
also to feed my abandoned pet shelter of 20 (count 'em, TWENTY) stray cats, and
one wolfdawg, part Alaskan Husky and part "Howard Huge"! Boy, can he EAT! I
keep him confined, so he won't eat Y-O-U! I do all the chores myself, aged 72
in November.

((I'm looking forward to seeing your zine.))

Brad Foster ANVIL 28 came in yesterday, and just in time, too! It's
4109 Pleasant Run been over a week since I last got a fanzine, and I was
Irving, TX 75062 starting to feel withdrawal symptoms. Never enough zines
 in the mailbox!

Interesting Fox cover, a bit disappointed at first glance that it wasn't one of his highly-detailed and finished pieces, but then on reflection I think he's chosen the perfect style to use for the subject of the picture. Quite powerful, and just another example of how fine an artist Steven is.

To Mike, yes, unfortunately I did read "Titus Alone", the third volume of the Gormenghast trilogy. Let me add my voice to those who have warned you not to-- it is awful! I simply couldn't believe it was the same author as I read it, doggedly staying with it, hoping it would take a turn back to the wonderful prose of the first two, but never did. It has been pointed out to me since that the third volume was actually written after Peake's death, using his notes and such. This seems to make the most sense, since it is full of wonderful ideas and the frameworks of places, but the filling in of detail and richness of style in the first two books is totally lacking. For now I'm trying to find out if/ where I can find anything else by Peake. The trilogy is all I've ever heard of-- anyone help me out with this?

((According to Tuck's Encyclopedia of Science Fiction and Fantasy, Peake was also an illustrator (thought you might be interested), having illustrated editions of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Rime of the Ancient Mariner", among others. Apparently since "Titus Alone" was published in England in 1959 and Peake dies in 1968, the book is his work. The entry does state that he suffered encephilitis for the last ten years of his life. Perhaps, this affected the last volume of his trilogy. In addition to the Gormenghast trilogy, he wrote a novel, "Mr. Pye" -- "A little man grows horns or wings depending upon whether he is being evil or good". It is listed only as a 1953 English edition.))

And from Western Australia, a thank-you note:

Greg Turkich This is the only way in which I can address "youall",
24 Pennine Way so to speak. I wish to thank all of you for such a
Hamersley, Perty great time down South. I was in a real bad mood
W.A. 6022, AUSTRALIA when I left the airport. I'm sorry about that, but
 whenever I really enjoy myself in a place I get really
pissed off when I have to leave it. I was really angry that I did not have more
time to spend with you all. I particularly miss Charlotte who made me feel so
at home, and I also miss very much Linda. When I come down next time, I plan to
have a lot more time to see you all and spend more time in the Upper Down Under.
P.S. I miss you, too, Floozy!

Afterthoughts...

Well, folks, it's time to wrap up another issue of ANVIL.....

I had quite an art file when I began this one, but big issues really eat up the fillofile, so... keep those illos and fillos coming in. P.L., Steven, Brad, Wade, Bill, Cindy... are you listening?

I'm also anxiously awaiting the promised article from Dalvan Coger on building a home for your collection (bookcases). Contributions (book reviews and articles) to ANVIL are encouraged, well thought of, and appreciated.

We are debating the desirability of going to 4 issues a year, about this size... or staying with the present bi-monthly schedule, smaller issues. The two factors involved are time, and money.

Oddly enough, it costs about the same to do 4 as it does to do 6, due to increased paper and postage costs for the bigger one. The big question here is to club members... would you feel cheated if for the same amount of dues you would get only 4 issues a year?

Time is another thing altogether. The longer period between issues would enable us to get and print more locs on each issue, especially overseas locs. With the time so short between bi-monthly issues, usually by the time we go to press we have 2 or 3 locs that don't make it, and can't be printed the next time because they are "old news". Then there is Ye Editor & Publisher. Can she keep up the pace?

The big thing is maintaining a regular schedule, and whatever we decide, we want to stick to that. So I'm asking you, readers and club members, how do you feel about it?

Lest we forget Department: Many, many thanks to Meade Frierson for donating the great mimeo to BSFC, not to mention the 2 year's supply of stencils.

Thanks, too, to Valerie McKnight and Stuart Herring for updating and printing the mailing list, respectively. Penny Frierson helped with production; that is, she cooked supper for my husband while I continued to print ANVIL. Collating Trolls this time were Marie Harrell and Jim Phillips.

Hope you enjoyed Bob Shaw's short-short story. He said in his letter accompanying it that "it is dedicated to cat lovers everywhere". Thanks a lot, Bob!

Till next time...

--cp

Why you got this ANVIL:

(look on your
mailing label)

V=Member
C=Contributor
S=Subscriber
L=Loccer

W=Editorial Whim
E=Egoscan thish
H=Hone to hear from you
Y=This will be your
Last, unless....

Art Credits: Cindy Riley, Cover, 4, 5, 6, 7, 15, 18, 31, 36; Bill Brown, 13;
C.P. Langeveld, 8; P.O. Carruthers, 9, 17, 27; Steven Fox, 10, 12;
Terry Frost, 28; Brad Foster, 33; Jeanie Corbin, 20, 34;
Wade Gilbreath, 11, 19, 21, 23, 25, 30, 35, 24.

Next meetings: November 12, 1983, 7:30 P.M., Homewood Library
December: sometime, somewhere, somehow...
a Christmas party!!

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tors.

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35259-7031 USA

Hansom Cab 1890s



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

JACK R. HERMAN - I have finished with heresy. I used to mix good honest fanac with soul-destroying things like running the Sydnes Science Fiction Foundation, organising major conventions, including two National Cons, one Unicon and various regionals, and heading a bid for a Worldcon. Now I've retired from all that to be a good fan: editing WAHF-FULL (now through 12 issues), maintaining membership in four apas, catching up on loccing incoming zines and answering correspondence. Now I want to go to the States - meet the people I've been writing to, find new names for the mailing list and see a real WORLDCON. To the City that gave Evil a Bad Name - the DUFF candidate they deserve.

NOMINATED BY: Justin P. Ackroyd, Shayne McCormack, Christine Ashby,
Van Ikin, Clifford R. Wind & Marty Cantor.

---oOo---

JOHN PACKER - I'm not the person to win DUFF. I can't speak or write (It took the threat of a broken arm to get this.) I can't remember names or faces. Entirely the wrong person. However, I am fannish. I have read the "Lensman" series. I gave up reading ANALOG when Campbell died. If you want to send someone to a con that uses a rat as a badge logo, then I'm your man. After all, the rat is a delightful intelligent animal, much maligned and misunderstood. The rat is heavily into Zen. The rat is loyal, brave, trustworthy, and good design. But I see my time is up. Thank you.

NOMINATED BY: Mark Denbow, Tom Cardy, Terry Frost, Joyce Scrivner,
Charlotte Proctor & Brad Foster.

---oOo---

No platforms were received from Hold Over Funds, No Preference, or Write In, so you will have to judge them on their merits.

---oOo---

REMEMBER The voting Deadline is February 29th 1984.

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

This American ballot produced by Charlotte Proctor, Oct. 18, 1983.

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

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

VOTING: Any fan active in fandom since January 1983 may vote. Ballots must be signed and be accompanied by a donation of at least \$2.00. Each person is allowed only one vote. If you think your name may not be known to the administrator, please include the name of a fan or fan group who can vouch for you. We will not count unverifiable votes.

ALL VOTES MUST REACH AN ADMINISTRATOR BY NO LATER THAN FEBRUARY 29, 1984.

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

CANDIDATES: Each candidate has posted a \$5.00 bond, provided signed nominations, and has promised (barring acts of God) to travel to the 1984 World Science Fiction Convention, LACON II, in Los Angeles U.S.A. to take place August 30th to September 3rd 1984. Platforms are reproduced on the reverse side of this form, and the ballot is below.

ADMINISTRATORS: Jerry Kaufman 4326 Winslow Place No., Seattle WA 98103 U.S.A.
Marc Ortlieb c/o G.P.O. Box 2708X Melbourne Vict 3000 AUSTRALIA

| | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| I vote for (list 1,2,3,4...) | SIGNATURE..... |
| JACK R. HERMAN | NAME AND ADDRESS.(please Print)..... |
| JOHN PACKER | |
| HOLD OVER FUNDS | |
| NO PREFERENCE | |
| write in | |

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

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