



JABRENNER

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HAMMER AND TONGS

by Charlotte Proctor

I really feel like I have been going at it "hammer and tongs" lately. ANVIL has had to wait its turn while I got family matters attended to, and then work on the ConFederation progress report.

I was amused by John Hedstrom's letter, with ironic comments on "the best ANVIL he has yet not to receive". I checked his address on the mailing list and discovered that if he had only gone next door, he could have been picking up his ANVILs all along. That's the thing about fans, they are always moving. Once they get a valid address, and it is on all our lists, correctly, they up and move again. Some take it to ridiculous lengths... Bob Shaw move 3 or 4 times in an 18 month period. And what thanks do I get for trying to keep up with these mobile fen? None. Just look in the lettercol to see what he is accusing me of.

Some of our loccers still seem to be upset with me that I would like to have a feud, just to liven things up. I really do think we are talking at cross purposes. To me, a feud (of the sort I like) is a rather indignant exchange of letters, quibbling over fine points that really don't make any difference in the long run. It's fun to watch if it is not on a subject that one takes personally. Rather like the little thing going on even now as we speak in the pages of ANVIL between Pat Gibbs and Joy Hibbert. Now, they may take exception to my attitude that their argument is about something trivial, and that could get even more interesting.

One of the advantages of long periods of time between issues is that Ka Mazuranic, all the way from Yugoslavia, is finally having a loc printed on the immediate previous issue. In fact, I have three letters from him in the file. We have a lot of letters this time and it's going to be tough editing them, not to mention composing editorial comments. I may do what I do best, and stick in comments as they occur to me as I am typing the stencils.

We have absolutely tons of fanzines received in trade. And I don't know what to do with them. My fanzine reviewers have all quit (it's a tough job), and I was asked why I listed them at all. I rather thought it was a public service feature. They may not appear this time. I would like to try my hand at zine reviewing, but that will have to come later, when I have more time.

I would like to quit my job. It interferes with my fanac. It also supports it. What a dilemma!

Keep those cards and letters coming.

I HAD A CAR, SEE...

-- Krsto A. Mazuranic

I dropped a hint in my loc (ANVIL 33) that I was plagued by a rash of bad luck. Thank you everyone who sent me a consoling letter. I just feel like telling you how it all started. I was very foolish!

You see, I had had a car. An European type of car, the one that's fit to be a lifeboat on one of your American road cruisers. The car was some years old and then some, and it badly needed a rejuvenation job done on it. I loved my car and I gave it to it. It cost me a fortune in money and nerves -- I had to wait several months, carless. At long last, the job was done. The car was good as new. My dear old car!

The car was ready for me in the morning of the very Thursday when the General Meeting of World SF was to start later in the day. I was the Host of the Meeting and therefore reduced to a whimpering blob of overworked jelly. I mean, Concom Chairmen usually aren't exactly human during the week immediately before their Con starts, right? And remember, I was carless.

Now, I live at Samobor which is some 20 miles far from Zagreb. My rejuvenated, good-as-new car was, naturally, at Samobor. The Meeting was about to start in Zagreb. So I thought, "Okay, I'll drive to Zagreb early in the morning, have the car (my dear beauty) examined for roadworthiness (I don't know how's that in the US, but here you have to have the car examined by the police [to see whether] it's fit for the road before you get your license plates), fetch my license plates, and presto! off I can go to Host the Meeting. Careful."

Well, presto! it was. And what a presto! The stop lights did me dirt, failed on me at the critical moment. Some rejuvenation! My rejuvenated, good-as-new car was proclaimed unfit for driving! My rejuvenated beauty!

Now, what? The sensible thing to do was to drive back to Samobor (I couldn't go to another mechanic for reasons I don't care to tell you a word about), take a kill and gun my mechanic (sic) and tell him to repair the stop lights and everything else that broke down. But the Meeting was about to start in an hour or so. I simply had to be at the hotel. So I parked my rejuvenated, good-as-new, unfit car in a dark corner behind the hotel, and off I went to Host the Meeting. Duty calls, and all that.

I won't tell you how great a con it was (I'm too modest for that, and anyway, I believe others are to say so; come on, others, say so!) but it sure was a nonstop kind of a con; hardly a wink of sleep until Monday morning.

The dead dog party ended somewhere at five a.m. on Monday. I said my good-byes and farewells to all the dear people and crawled to my rejuvenated, etc. car to drive home. I started driving home. (I had to hurry. I had to be home before my wife went to work: small children to look after, you know.)

I didn't drive home for long a roadblock (repairs on the road, or whatever). Detour! No, for Chrissake, no! My family's waiting, they'll think I had an accident, say, like I shot thru a road hedge and overturned into a corn field, or some other stupid notion people get when you're late. And I'm detouring toward the other road to Samobor. Terrible.

The other road to Samobor is unfit for driving on; straight as an arrow and dull as telling one's memories. Halfway to Samobor I realised I was about to fall asleep at the wheel. So I thought, "Oh no, man, I'm not that stupid. I'm sensible! I'll pull over, get out of the car, take a few deep breaths of the fresh, early morning air, rub my eyes, stretch my arms, and wake up, I mean chase the sleep away. Yes, that's what I'm going to do. I'm not stupid like some. There's a good spot to pull over at in about fifty yards."

It was the bouncing of wheels on the rough shoulder and the sound of the roadside hedge's branches scraping the paint off my rejuvenated car that woke me. It was as if I went on dreaming; I watched, rather interestedly, how the car crawls slowly thru the hedge, past a big tree a handspan away, and downslope towards the cornfield which suddenly but slowly rose, tipped to the left, replaced the sky and then went on tipping, very slowly, to become a cornfield again.

My car rolled 360° to the right, pitched some 10° to the front, and yawed at least 150° to the left. I thought, "Now you've done it! Now, you'll be late and your wife won't leave for work on time."

So I hurried out of the car, went to the right front door, lifted it off the ground, carried it back to the car, and put it back to where it should be. Then I took my briefcase from the back seat (now, when I think about it, it's puzzling why it was still there), carefully switched off the lights, locked the door, and climbed up to the road.

The memory of what I must have looked like tickles my fancy. I was all dressed up for the last night's banquet; I carried my briefcase (which is not a very fannish thing to do, I admit, but I had a lot of convention documents in it). Like a business shark who climbed out of the muddy cornfield, walked on the road in thick drizzle, and arrived to the bus stop all wet to the bone. There I tapped an impatient foot, looked at the watch, all unaware of curious glances I must have been getting. A scene out of silent burlesques.

The point is, the bus stop was round the bend (the first bend on the road after five miles of arrowness) so people waiting there couldn't have seen me have an accident. They only saw me going out of the corn.

I arrived home late; my wife had left for work, my children still slept. I quickly undressed and went to bed. It wasn't until early in the afternoon that I realised what I had done. The car was totally wrecked. Irreparably. And it wasn't insured for it officially didn't exist: no license plates, no existence.

Next week, my family and I went for our vacation to a seaside motorists' camp. By bus, of course. But that's another story.

A GRAVE REPORT

by Steve Bullock

INTERRELATIONSHIPS OF GRAVITY UPON HUMAN MENTAL PROCESSES

The weakest, yet most pervasive of the four forces of nature is gravity. Every object with mass exerts a force, though it may be immeasurably small, upon every other object in the universe. This does not sound like a weak force until looked at in another way: it takes the entire mass of this planet (Earth for most of you reading this) to make the mass of the average adult male weigh 160 lbs. To date, gravity is also distinguished as the most elusive force, since the suspected transfer particle of gravity - the graviton - has yet to be discovered.

The effects of gravity are equal, given mass and distance, between all bodies with mass. Gravity has also been shown to have an effect upon objects which do not have mass, e.g. the bending of light. However, here we wish to look at the effect of gravity upon another object which lacks mass: the human mind. This force can be proven experientially, and it appears to differ from its effect on objects of mass in that the effect varies from individual to individual.

The effect of gravitons can be shown using the following experiment. Two groups shall be contrasted. Any number of subjects may be chosen. Statistically the larger each group, the larger the level of confidence. The first group should consist of flat earthers... (not necessarily people who actually believe that the Earth is flat, but people who have that type mentality). This is the easier of the two groups to find, but the harder to enlist for an experiment since they will not be able to see any immediate use for the results. The second group shall consist of persons who regularly read science fiction.

Demonstrating the graviton effect upon the mind is a simple test. Carry each individual outdoors on a clear moonlit night, direct their attention toward the heavens, and elicit a reaction. With the science fiction group the experimenter may notice that often it is not even necessary to do anything more than lead them outdoors, the effect being sought will be so manifest that it will present itself immediately.

Results will invariably differ markedly between groups. The flat earthers will be bored, unaffected, and generally the most emotional response elicited will be a negative attitude toward the space program. Among the science fiction group, on the other hand, the graviton effect upon the mind is demonstrated remarkably. Point out the beauty of the moon to one of these people and notice how they seem drawn irresistably toward her. If it were not for the opposing pull

THE OLD ROOMMASTER

of the Earth upon their bodies, they report the feeling that they would surely depart this planet, their minds set upon so many other objects within our universe. In their minds they are pulled toward other planets, the stars, multitudes of planetoids, with all the force that Earth has on their bodies. The gravitational pull of the outer universe is so strong on some individuals that they dream constantly of escaping Earth's hold, read fictional accounts of the dreams of others similarly affected, and envy those astronauts and cosmonauts who have for a time escaped.

As discussed at the outset of this paper, the effects of gravity upon the mind varies among individuals; explaining, but not excusing, the backward mentality and attitudes of those persons who do not wish to escape to the stars. For those individuals who feel the gravitational pull of the Moon, or Mars, or even a distant star, the effect exerts its influence in their lives, and in their dreams, and in their visions.



THE OLD IRONMASTER FREEZES SOLID

By Buck Coulson

The ideal location for a writer is one where he can on occasion get off by himself or herself and commune with a typewriter (or word processor), right? Man, have I ever got it made! As of 11:00 AM, we are in an area of Snow Emergency. Nobody on the road unless absolutely necessary. In the last 10 hours, there have been two pickup trucks and a snowmobile go past this house; nothing else. I came home from work shortly before noon, with requests from coworkers to call back in, if and when I arrived, so they wouldn't worry about me. One of them (the brunette) only lives about 10 blocks from work and was a bit worried about whether or not she could get home at the regular quitting time.

Still, it's not like the Big Blizzard of '78, when I sat in a line of stalled cars for what seemed like hours (in actuality, it was perhaps 20 minutes to a half-hour) and watched a 6-foot high snowdrift creep toward my car. I'd been there awhile before I noticed that in the other lane were a few odd corners of automobiles that had already been buried, which was a very nasty shock. (But eventually the line I was in started moving and I eventually got home, though enough snow was forced under the hood of the car to crack the distributor cap.) This time I made it home with no problems, though I'm glad I started when I did. None of the vehicles that have been by so far have been snow plows...

This weekend isn't supposed to be as cold as last weekend, though with the predicted 40 mph winds, the wind chill factor may be similar. Of course, last weekend was the one where I'd scheduled vacation time so we could drive up and see the DeWeeses. In Milwaukee. North of here; about 300 miles north. Brilliant thinking; loads of foresight. Though actually it didn't make much difference; it was -25 in Milwaukee, and -22 in Hartford City, and at those temperatures a degree or three doesn't make a lot of difference. Besides, one of our neighbors said their thermometer registered -23 degrees here. "Neighbors", incidentally, is used in the rural sense, meaning anyone living in the same square mile with you.

The visit was a minor success. We enjoyed talking to the DeWeeses, and with Hank Luttrell and Diane Martin, who came over from Madison one night. We watched a lot of bad movie fantasy and enjoyed it; there is a point where bad writing or bad filming becomes entertaining for its very idiocy, and Gene DeWeese is an ardent collector of such nonsense. I even got some research done on a book I'm working on, and got some market tips from Gene. And we got to congratulate Gene for selling

to tv; the ABC Weekend Special for Feb. 23 is (according to the Jan. 12-18 TV GUIDE) to be "The Adventures of a Two-Minute Werewolf". From a juvenile novel by Gene DeWeese, though TV GUIDE didn't mention that part.



I suppose I should say something about the recent uproar over the last two TAFF elections; everyone else is. My major reaction is that it's about time TAFF got some publicity in fandom; it was in danger of succumbing to apathy. I may say that I haven't really cared much about TAFF one way or the other for years, myself; nobody was running that I either wanted to see or wanted to avoid. Some candidates I'd never heard of at all and I can't say that I felt diminished by the fact. I thought seriously about voting for D. West last time because I used to correspond with him, but I'm not sure that I actually did. (Don't bother to tell me my name wasn't on the official list of voters published after the election, because at least once I know of I voted and my name wasn't on the list. If I'd care enough, I might have written someone an irate letter...) Anyway, this time I voted for Martha Beck because ~~John/Sylvia/Robert/De/Ed~~ I've known and liked Martha for 25 years or so. I'm disappointed that she didn't win, but I'm not surprised; I'm a little surprised that she got as many votes as she did. She's too pleasant to be accepted by any of the ultra-fannish types. I'll probably ignore TAFF again next year, when any squabbles will again involve people I don't give a shit about.

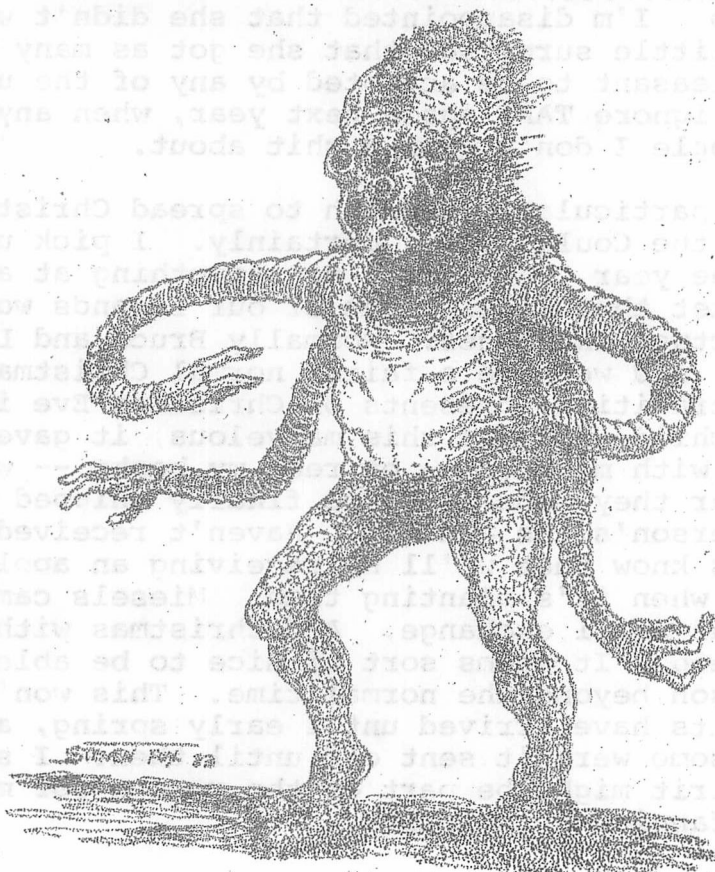
I wonder if it's particularly fannish to spread Christmas out over several months? It's the Coulson way, certainly. I pick up Christmas presents throughout the year, whenever I see something at a convention, art fair, or flea market that I think one of our friends would appreciate. Then come the actual exchanges. Normally Bruce and Lori come here for the holidays, and we have a fairly normal Christmas Eve exchange. (Old family tradition; presents on Christmas Eve instead of Christmas Day. As a child, I found this marvelous; it gave me all Christmas Day to play with my toys -- or read my books -- without interruption.) This year they didn't, so we finally shipped off their presents, and Kay Anderson's, on Jan. 15. Haven't received any back yet, though Kay let us know that we'll be receiving an apple tree sometime this spring, when it's planting time. Miesels came up Dec. 23 and we had our usual small exchange. And Christmas with the DeWeeses came last weekend. It seems sort of nice to be able to extend the spirit of the season beyond the normal time. This won't be the first year that presents have arrived until early spring, and there have been years when some weren't sent off until then. I suppose this extended Christmas spirit might be part of the reason for my kindly, tolerant, easy-going fannish personality...

I wonder if anyone in the readership has access to a good English-language hex manual? One of the poems I'm currently annotating for a songbook is a compendium of Pennsylvania Dutch potions and fold remedies

"What are the herbs the hexes need?
What are the deadliest things there are?
Pointy plantain and jimson weed,
Tar and tobacco and cinnabar."

And so on for four verses. I have the old medical books that show the folk remedies, but the folk hexes are harder come by. Of course, I know what the stuff does; it poisons people. But what exactly were the specific potions supposed to do? The only folk use of jimson weed that I know of is as an asthma remedy. It worked, too; it used to be put up commercially and I've used it. It was dried and smoked, and it's not made any more because some of the drug culture idiots found out that eating it would give one a long trip. (Occasionally a permanent trip, straight to the cemetery, and good riddance as far as I'm concerned, but authorities frowned on it. All those autopsies and paperwork...) Anyway, I intend to apply to Inter-Library Loan, but if fandom is really the source of all knowledge, maybe someone out there knows some good hexes and potions that are applicable. (Don't bother with folk cures, those I've got.)

And that should keep you busy until next issue.



A SHOCKING REPORT

by Moring Davis

SHOCKING REPORT REVEALS SECRET OF CODE-A-PHONES

The code-a-phones have been around a long time, and although a lot of people have them, they are little used. A typical day in life of a coda-a-phone is:

"Hello. I'm so and so' answering machine.
They are not here now.
Please leave your message at the sound of the beep."
"BEEP"
CLICK

and so on all day. This is very frustrating to the machine and its owner, who has to listen to this 20 or 30 times before they ever get to a real message.

To this reporter, they are a thing of joy forever. I Love They. At last I can tell the repair man what I thought of his job on my washer, without any back talk. I can tell Kevin and Janet what the club is doing, without interrupting Kevin's painting. And if Ken Moore had one I could even get in a word before the nightly telephone marathon started. Best of all, when I wake from a sound sleep at 3 o'clock in the morning with a really great idea, I can call someone and tell it to their code-a-phone. Heaven!!

This reporter has searched all of fandom to find out why fans, who will talk to robots and puppets with ease, and who use advanced computers, that you need a 400 IQ to run, and will talk back to the most vicious computer games, WILL NOT leave a message on a code-a-phone.

Well, at last the secret is out. In a drunken moment, at a convention party, a fan let it slip. And the secret is this:

If a code-a-phone gets your voice on its tape...

IT

WILL

STEAL

YOUR

SOUL!!!

A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH

EARTHCHILD by Sharon Webb (Atheneum, 1982) \$11.95, 192 pp.
EARTH SONG by Sharon Webb (Atheneum, 1983) \$12.95, 190 pp.
RAM SONG by Sharon Webb (Atheneum, 1984) \$13.95, 218 pp.

This started out to be a review of the latest book in the Earth Song Triad by Sharon Webb. However, when I finished reading the book I realized I needed the first two books to put it in perspective. So I went out and borrowed the hardcover editions from a friend and started reading again. The paperback edition of the first book was not in the stores at the time and I understand that EARTH SONG is coming out in paperback, Real Soon Now. If you have any problems finding RAM SONG in the stores, keep trying. The publisher managed to "lose" the books in a warehouse just when they were supposed to be shipped. Now that the third book is out I understand that EARTHCHILD should be available again in paperback.

The series starts out in the near future (the next century?) with one premise: what would happen if the world's youth were secretly given a drug treatment that rendered them biologically immortal? A World Coalition does so after it learns that one country, Argentina, has stolen the Mouat-Gari process and intends to use it on their youth. The most immediate result is a "lynching" movement against anyone under the age of 16 years. The process will no longer work on the human body after physical growth has been completed. A large number of the adults in the world resent the youths who will now outlive them all. As a result, the World Coalition has to collect all of the affected children into safe havens where they are educated until adulthood. However, one of the most serious long term problems involves the artistic process. In the first century of the Mouat-Gari era it is discovered that the gift of immortality has the side effect of drying up the creative juices of the world's artists. Solving that problem is the subject of the first book and in it we are introduced to the only continuing character of the triad, Kurt Kraus.

In the second novel, the antagonism between the mortals and immortals is exploited, but this time by some of the immortals. The discatorial aspects of the world government are explored in this story. The freedom of the individual has been sacrificed in the interest of the greater good. In many respects it appears as if a scientific and "rationalistic" approach has been taken in forming the world government. Conspicuous by its absence is any sign of religion, organized or otherwise. I think of the author's decision on this as similar to the approach taken in some scientific experiments. If you want to study a particular phenomenon, then you have to control the number of variables. Here we are concerned with effect that "immortality" has on the artistic process. The idea is proposed that a person loses the desire to create great works of art if he is immortal. One way of thinking of it is that, through great art, the artist achieves immortality. The suggestion is also made that great scientific breakthroughs involving creative synthesis are sufficiently similar to art that developments in that area come to an end upon the advent of immortality.

EARTH SONG deals with attempted solution of segregating artistically talented youngsters in a mountain preserve on Earth and nurturing their talents until they are faced with the decision at age 16 to undertake the Mouat-Gari treatment or remain mortal for the sake of their art. Eventually the tensions between the mortal artists and the immortals in society at large become so great that the artists with Kurt Kraus, as Minister of Culture, in charge must escape. The events in EARTH SONG take place almost two centuries after those in the first novel. No one could ever accuse Sharon Webb of taking a short term view of progress.

RAM SONG takes place about ten thousand years further down the time line of the universe created in the earlier books. The starship Ram, led by Kurt Kraus, who is now known as Kurt Prime, orbits the planet Aulos. Centuries previously it had been settled by a colony of musicians from the Ram. Due to a natural catastrophe the means for communicating with the Ram were destroyed long ago. The colonists have lost their heritage as the society develops independently of its Terran traditions. Even worse, the immortality process has been lost through causes that are now known mostly through myth.

The entire culture of Aulos is based upon its musical and artistic antecedents. The political structure appears to be based upon a humanist "religion" surrounding the study of the "Composition". The Composition is a sort of unified field theory of art and science. There are four quartals of Canon Law, Mathematics, Esthetics and Medicine with the connecting disciplines of Ethics, Science, Communications and Spirit. All of it somehow relates back to some ideas in the middle book, EARTH SONG, about using infrasonics in the creation of music that affects us on an unconscious level.

The main plot in RAM SONG does not seem as important as the exposition of the society of Aulos and the resolution of problems for Kurt Kraus that originated in the first book. I found the Aulos part of the novel somewhat confusing at times because there is very little explanation given about terms used by the characters to refer to common devices and features of the society. The principal threat is even more confusing. There is a rift in space-time that interferes with the Ram's stardrive and threatens the existence of Aulos. I think the reason for this is the point of view of the narrative. We usually know little more than what the character does at that moment in the story. There are many advantages to this in building suspense, but I am afraid that the uninitiated (i.e. a mundane reader) would be totally bewildered by it all to the point that he would give up. This is a book for those reasonably familiar with the lexicon of science fiction. It is my belief that many modern readers are reluctant to "work" hard in their fiction reading. It is so much easier when you are reading a realistic novel and it is not necessary to infer the basic features of the novel's universe.

I found it to be a fine example of universe creation. This time around we even have a religion. It is not one that we know, but a state religion apparently based upon certain esthetic and musical principles. Of the three books this is by far the best in universe creation. The other two were much more oriented in the plotting towards following several point of view characters through several crises. Here we are just as concerned with the world surrounding the characters, even though the narrative technique is still the same with the story switching back and forth between Aulos and the Ram until it converges at the climax. There is a satisfying resolution at the end. Kurt Krause, who is a very appealing character, is rewarded for his selfless dedication through the millenia. At last we catch a glimpse of the infinite values with which art is concerned; whereas before the focus was narrowed down to the artistic process and the artist's own internal struggle to create.

RAM SONG is the first of the three books to be structured as a seamless novel from end to end. The first two books are necessarily divided into sections because of the time span covered. The EARTHCHILD starts at year One of the Mouat-Gari ear and EARTH SONG ends at year M-G 191. Thus, we have novelettes that are connected together to form a novel. Someday I would like to see all three novels published in one volume. That way the reader could enjoy the continuity in themes throughout the triad. Individual freedom and respect by central authority for the rights of each individual citizen, regardless of the apparent usefulness, or lack thereof, of that individual to society are threads in the narrative of the entire triad. It is a very satisfying story in a sense because it holds to that traditional humanism of modern science fiction. It is unfortunate that it will not receive wider circulation outside of the science fiction community because the mundanes out there could not stand to have their worldview expanded and this story would do it.

Patrick J. Gibbs
Critic-in-Residence



FORGED MINUTES

Before the November meeting was called to order, Tim Gatewood moved to impeach the president, Linda Riley, who is in Nashville at Xanadu ~~representing~~ us. Jim Cobb seconded the motion. A vote was taken. Eleven voted for impeachment, 3 voted against, including Jim Cobb and our Atlanta visitor, Don Cook; and Julie Abstained. This is the first time in modern history she has been known to do this.

After the voting was over, the meeting was called to order, and the late Steve Bullock arrived. The business of overriding importance was our Christmas party. Since Linda was not there, we decided to have it at her new apartment.

The program was the biggest dud we have known in a long time. Two fellas who run a war-gaming supply business (mail-order, I think) came, laid out their wares (magazines and dice) on a couple of tables and proceeded to go through their inventory, first passing out order forms. They were not instructive or entertaining, nor did they learn by experience. Steve tried to change the subject, a couple of gamers in the audience asked leading questions, but they could not be swayed from their course to sell us something.

I left and went into the back hall. Several people followed and therein ensued a nice, talkative meeting. The more polite people who stayed out front sent a message for us to hold down the noise.

All I remember about the December meeting was that we had elections. Marie Harrel was elected "club something". Linda Riley was elected vice-president. There was some argument about the election of a program chairman, as neither candidate was there, but it was resolved when Julie walked in the door and someone said "All in favor of Julie, say Aye". Enough people did that it was official, though Julie didn't know until the next month when someone asked her what the program was going to be that she had been elected. She just thought people were in favor of her.

The Christmas Party -- we had our usual good, wholesome time, eating, drinking, talking, telling bad jokes and playing Trivia. Nettie outdid herself (she always brings culinary creations appropriate to the season and the group, if you can imagine that) by bringing a Darth Vader cake with "Bah, humbug!" written on it. Oh, yes, Nettie also demonstrated a new skill at the Christmas party. She had some fortune telling cards of a type I've never seen before and told everyone's fortune. It was spooky, the way some of them read!

In February, Julie, who finally figured out she was program chairman, said she couldn't think of anything but BachCon (as she is also Chairman of that), so the program was all of us making our last-minute plans and getting ready for BachCon. (And none too soon, as it was to be the following weekend.) It was rather like some of our early meetings, with the discussions going off at tangents, bad jokes and puns bouncing around, and everyone joining in.

Actually, BachCon was fun... we had about 100 people who seemed to enjoy themselves. There was a computer room, Hearts tourney, trivia, video, a con suite and a non-guest. Some of you may have read Robert (Rick) McCammon's books, which include MYSTERY WALK. Well, he is a native of Birmingham, and came to our convention, and talked to us a little and read a new story. Rick is an up-and-coming horror write that the Birmingham News likens unto Stephen King. Goodness knows, the little story he read to us was horrible enough, especially when I found the swimming pool he had in mind when he wrote the story is the one my children used to swim in!

We only went in the hole \$48, and Julie, who had held up over the weekend, broke out in a nervous rash as soon as the con was over.

FORGED FIGURES

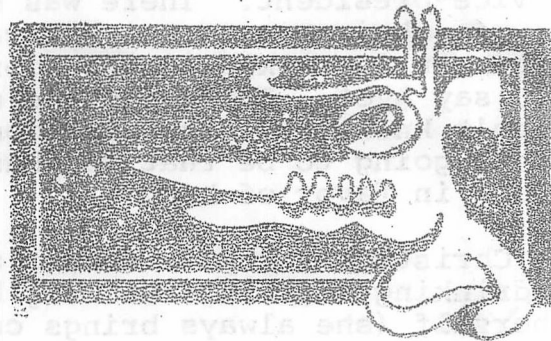
Beginning Balance \$194.42

Income:

Dues	230.00
Interest	<u>1.96</u>
	231.96

Expenses:

Postage	25.00
ANVIL sup.	64.06
Box rent	26.00
BachCon exp.	48.00
Xmas party	20.00
Flowers	16.00
Movie	<u>20.00</u>
	219.06



Ending Balance \$207.32

THE ANVIL CHORUS

Even as it is difficult for me to begin working on a 30-page ANVIL, and must do it a little at a time, so it is difficult to orchestrate a 20-voice ANVIL Chorus. So I took one of Ka Mazuranic's letters and typed it as an article. I put the announcements together, ... on a page to themselves, and pulled out letters and paragraphs on the same subject and typed them together. They will no doubt appear somewhere as an interlude. So now I'm ready to attack a Chorus of a more manageable size... are you? -- cp.

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Very interesting, the last issue of ANVIL (#34, I think). I found the artwork to be superb, especially the cover. I enjoyed Valerie's reviews (I always do) and the large number of locs were as diverse and thought-provoking as usual. The column by what's-his-name was particularly interesting, though I do disagree on some minor points. This is by far the best ANVIL I have not received.

I most certainly applaud the international direction that ANVIL has taken. Maybe one day it will go as far as Tuscaloosa. I now know that just being a member of BSFC is not justification enough to receive the club zine on a regular basis. That is why I have written this lucid loc to you. I have much hope that you, in your editorial whim, will not be able to find enough justification to send future ANVILs to my esteemed address.

Bob Shaw
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United Kingdom

Harry Warner's thoughts and comments on how thin everybody used to be in fandom strikes a responsive chord. This country was almost destroyed by the effort of fighting World War 2, and we still had food rationing right into the 1950s as a result. The annoying thing about it all, for me, is that when I was a teenager there was a reaction going on to all the wartime austerity, and the ideal shape for a man was big and bulky. I used to try wearing the drape suits of the day but the shoulder pads used to droop to somewhere around my elbows, and I must have looked pretty ridiculous. Now, in the 1980s, I have the sort of build which cries out for the drape shape, but modern clothing only comes in three sizes -- undernourished, starvation, and Belsen. I keep hoping that this trendy craze for emaciation will pass, but it seems to be taking a long time...

Back in my early days in fandom I published a series of lectures on Fansmanship -- the art of convincing other fans, without making any apparent effort, that you are a much greater fan than they could ever hope to be. I thought I had worked out all the best techniques, but I have to confess that the ANVIL editorial board has come up with one which I never even thought of. I refer to the way in which some communications come to my very-much-out-of-date address in Albert Road, while others come to my proper address in Knutsford Road, Warrington. Obviously it is all worked out to suggest that ANVIL is a vast and sprawling editorial empire, so huge that its various divisions have trouble in keeping in touch with each other. Congratulations! The Hugo is almost inevitable...

Gene Wolfe Harry Warner's "Yumphen" is the thing in #34, of course. I agree
P.O. Box 69 with just about all he says. I only want to add a couple of comments.
Barrington,
IL 60010 Intellectuals of all kinds, not just fans, tended to be lean in the
30s and tend to be fat in the 80s. The 30s were bad times for us
and the 80s are good times -- it's that simple.

The most pronounced (and surprising) change I've noticed is the replacement of engineers by computer programmers. When I entered fandom in 1969, it was commonplace to learn that the guy bringing the beer was an engineer. The programmers came in as programming became a common profession; but where have the engineers gone? I have been both, and I don't know.

Fans today are more diverse than they appear. There is, for example, a sort of informal underground of Catholic fans, and I have seen enough to suspect a similar network of practising Jews. No doubt there are many similar groups, Nixon fetishists and so on.

Harry Warner, Jr. Marc Ortlieb's thesis that teachers resemble their subjects
423 Summit Avenue is similar to an article in The Etude, the old music maga-
Hagerstown, MD 21740 zine, many years ago. I think it was Dr. James Francis
Cooke, the editor, who wrote the text which was accompanied
by illustrations to show how clarinet players are long and thin individuals with
faces something like the slanting reed at the end, male cellists suffer hair loss
in a pattern that causes the top of their heads to look something like the outline
of their instrument, and French hornists are angular, bulgy, and moon-faced like
the bell of their instruments. That was written before synthesizers and other
electronic music-makers came into existence; I don't know how he would have coped
with them. ((Oddly enough, my son the no-longer-perpetual college student, but
now graduate in music education; and whose instrument is the clarinet, fits the
above description exactly.))

I read with envy Buck's account of all those cabinets he has bought and built to hold stuff. Once in a while I get the impulse to Do Something About the jumble in the spare bedrooms but I have no carpentering talents, large bookshelves wouldn't pass through the smallish doors in this house, and I've never been able to find a source of metal shelving that can be depended on not to teeter and totter when it starts to carry a heavy load. So I use pasteboard cartons, which have an unfortunate tendency to collapse on themselves when too many heavy ones are piled atop one another, or stack stuff on the floor until it's topheavy enough to collapse over a wide area.



Recently I've been reading quite a bit of science fiction once again, and as a result I'm sure I won't be swayed by Patrick Gibbs' enthusiasm for Startide Rising. That's because I've had it up to here with dolphins as characters in SF stories. Every other book I read has its quota of dolphins, invariably wise and impeccable of character. By now I start to get nervous by the time I've reached the third or fourth chapter of a book without encountering any of those wonderful dolphins, because I sense they're offstage somewhere, prepared to swim into the plot somewhere in the next ten thousand words. Mad scientists were the plot cliché of SF in the old days. I suspect that future fans will find the population explosion of dolphins as science fiction characters in recent years just as amusing and hackneyed.

Toni Jerrman

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00640 Helsinki
FINLAND

...about number 33. There wasn't much in it. (Does that qualify as a LoC??) But what there was was quite nice. The art was good (especially liked Foster and Fox, cover was great). About my last comments of your art: I really didn't mean it that way (lousy), please don't misunderstand.

I'm not good enough in english so maybe "lousy" is a bit too strong word. In #31 the art just wasn't good (that okay with you??). In our fanzine Tahtivaeltaja (Star Rover) we also use only fan art, but we wouldn't have used any picture which was in ANVIL 31. Here is to you a copie of our newest number so you can see what I think is good art (although there is much less of it than usual - had so much text and no money to put more pages so something had to go).

I think Iron Dream is a very good book. I like it because it points out the faults and disortness (sic) of many fantasy books and of whole world. It is very important book - and in my opinion done in the best possible way. Everyone should read it and start to think.

The biggest finnish fanzine has a circulation of 2000 paid copies. Our Tahtivaeltaja has circulation of 500. But in Finland is published only four fanzine. If someone wants to know more about SF in Finland order Universal Mind from me (now only \$1.00 or local equivalent - it's about the overseas postage), it tells everything in English. Maybe in a bit dry matter of fact manner, but that's because we had so much to tell. And finnish fanzines are normally like that. We've done a couple of more amusing fanzines but found only about 5 finnish fan who have liked them. So it goes.

HEI HEI HAI HOI!!! I found ANVIL 32 and finally read it. I'm really stupid because I hand't done it before for it was really good. Wau! I liked a lot and of everything. That's the style! Want more. Art was also quite good. Jee.

((All right, Toni, let's define "fanzine". I'll go first. A "fanzine" is an amateur publication filled with amateur art and writing for the most part. It is supported by the editor, or more rarely, by a club. It is filled with a wide variety of totally unrelated personal comments and opinions in the form of letters, articles, reviews, etc. It is printed on the best medium the editor/club can afford. ANVIL, out of a circulation of 200, has about 5 subscriptions -- the rest are to those who loc, trade or belong to the club. It is printed on el cheapo mimeo. A "semi-prozine" on the other hand, is slick, printed by offset press, and filled with lots of important book reviews and serious, relevant articles. The readers and contributors of both types of zines have their love of science fiction in common. I think Finnish fanzines are semi-prozines. Please reply.))

((These letters seem to go together, so for the better enjoyment of those who like to follow ANVIL's poor excuse for a feud, I have put them all together...))

Patrick J. Gibbs Joy Hibbert does not want to give up when she's been caught 1202 Tree Ridge Pky. with her female chauvinism showing. Her most recent letter Alpharetta, GA 30201 reminds me of the sage comment about the American and the British being two peoples separated by a common language.

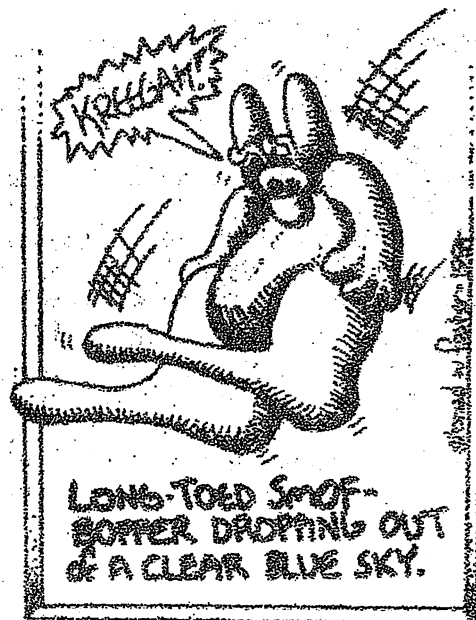
What is most irritating is that she now admits that she has not read the Pliocene Exile books. It takes real chutzpa to criticize someone's synopsis of a book and its characters when you have not read them. There is no excuse in this case when the British paperbacks of the series have been coming out contemporaneously with the American hardcovers. Anyone coming in late, will have to go back to ANVIL 31 for her first epistolary attack on me.

I would like to address some of the linguistic points raised in her most recent attack. The OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY would seem to be a good reference source in this situation. "Viking" is based on the Old English "wic" which meant "camp" referring to the temporary encampments used during viking raids. From history and literature most of us know that the Norse had a patriarchal society during this period (the 8th to 11th centuries). Thus, I would think it is Joy's burden of proof to show that there were any women along as raiders during those voyages.

"Widowed" is listed as applying to both widows and widowers by the OED. The word "widowered" is listed as rare by the OED. I think that is putting it mildly. Felice -- she hears that Felice is such and such. If she read the book she might know that the only relationship she had with a male was sado-masochistic and she was on the receiving end. Her only love interest was with another woman. Anyway, it is the author who pointed out the archetypal aspects of the characters (look at A Pliocene Companion).

I prefer to deal with the English language as it is with all of its rich historical and literary antecedents and not as a vehicle for political and social causes. The perversion of language for such goals was one of the things that Orwell was warning us about.

The height of arrogance is typified by her comment that "If [he] doesn't like being called a sexist, he shouldn't be one." How dare she presume to categorize a person based upon her slanted reading of a review of a series of books that she has not even read. Maybe that is what turns me off most about liberals these days: they are so busy passing judgment on everyone else that they never have the time to educate themselves and analyze some of their own presumptions and prejudices. Obvious factual mistakes? She sure hasn't pointed out any. All she has done is highlight her own willingness to ignore or rewrite history in the interest of her socio-political beliefs.



((Pretty strong words, Pat. // Hot on the heels of this inflammatory epistle came this next letter...))

Joy Hibbert
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Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent
Staffordshire ST1 5JG
United Kingdom

Well, there I was, reading quietly along, quite enjoying this review of "Startide Rising" when mental gears ground together and I decided to see who'd written it. I was right, it was Patrick Gibbs again. Our language has this belief that male and human are synonymous. It expresses this belief by having one word "man" to do duty for the concepts of male and human.

No one is really comfortable with this arrangement and various attempts are being made to change it. However, it is a mistake to assume that all other languages have this blind spot, which is why I screeched to a mental halt when I read the word "andromorphic". I assume, for the tone of the rest of the review that what Patrick means to say is that the dolphins are not human, rather the alien beings they should be. If this is the case, then the word is "anthropomorphis" which literally means, I think, "altered to be like humans". "Andromorphic" means "altered to be like males", "andro" being the part-word for "male", the opposite of "gynae". Do you still think your language is anti-sexist, Patrick?

Actually, he has a slight excuse in that the word used in SF to mean an artificial human is similarly inaccurate, the word being, of course, "android". The problem with that concept is that once a word is formulated it starts getting other side-meanings attached to it. Thus it would not be possible to use the correct word for that concept, since the word "anthropoid" has been adopted by the scientific community as a description of the higher apes. The alternative would be "homoid", but we seem to be stuck with "android" now, which is a pity when the major android film, "Blade Runner" was largely about gynaeoids.

((Then, Ka Mazuranic jumps into the fray, and English isn't even his native tongue.))

Krsto A. Mazuranic
D. Zokalja i
41430 Samobor, YU

Joy Hibbert amuses me. The word "viking" is indeed usually used of males, but it's by no means a neuter word. No, I made a mistake: "viking" isn't usually used of males, it's exclusively used of males. I cannot imagine a "vikingess".
(A fine plot for Hollywood film-makers: a bunch of yelling, sword-toting Vikingesses charging at a peaceful Celtic village, ha ha.)

"Viking" isn't a noun; it's a present participle. It comes from the phrase, "to go viking", meaning, "to go pillaging". In the eighth to tenth centuries Scandinavians used to "go viking", that is, organised raiding parties to sack distant, rich settlements. At home, Scandinavians were people like any other; they were married to each other, raised their families, manured the fields, watched the pigs, tended the goats, and dug for peat, to quote from a delightful book (Ramskou, Bo-jensen: Vikingernes Hverdag) everyone should read. From time to time a party of men would rig a longship, pack up their shields and swords, maces, and other things to hit other people on the head with, and "go viking". Europeans came to know those raiding parties the hard way; they also came to call the whole nation "Vikings". (The never saw Vikingesses; vikingesses stayed home to cook, wash the dishes, raise their children, and embroider.)

The trouble is, "most nouns" haven't become masculine with usage". First there was the usage, and then the noun was attached to it. Women tended the wounded; hence, "nurse". Men went to war; hence, "warrior". Only where the usage was ambiguous the word attached to it was truly neuter; hence, "parent", "sibling", "teacher."

Gender-touchiness is silly; consider: are femmefen who attend a con "memberesses" of the said con?

((And now Buck Coulson puts in his two-cent's worth...))

Buck Coulson Must say I never heard the term "widowed" before seeing Hibbert's
2677W-500N letter. I'm with you on that phraseology. (And the term "widow"
Hartford City is more common than "widower" because women live longer and there
IN 47348 are more widows.) I'll agree with her that there is no point in
 creating a female form of what is really a neuter noun.

And "man" is a neuter noun....."Any human being, regardless of sex or age; a member of the human race." AMERICAN HERITAGE DICTIONARY. So let's drop "woman", hun?

((On another subject, the Freedom to Travel (or lack thereof), here are excerpts from letters.))

Eric Lindsay I wonder if Krsto is correct in asserting that NATO countries
P.O. Box 42 wouldn't let their government employees go to Yugoslavia? Seems
Lyneham ACT 2602 unlikely to me, but stranger things have happened. For instance,
Australia there is a company in the US that builds a rather nice computer
 system for hobbyists. Unfortunately, they can't sell them outside
side the U.S., due to some silly Department of Defence regulation whose aim is to
prevent the USSR obtaining advanced technology. Now, presumably anyone who walked
into the company's office can buy one, even if they speak with a strong Slavic
accent and were carrying a diplomatic bag... Yet I can't legally buy one. As it
happens, a fannish friend bought one with my money, and it somehow got shipped
here. However, I've recently heard that there are fines of up to \$10,000 for doing
that sort of thing, so I obviously won't be asking for any further shipments. In
fact, a group of us here will probably reverse engineer the boards and build them
using Japanese components. Strange way to do business.

Joy Hibbert I, too, would like to have some specifics on NATO workers travelling to Eastern block countries. Waldemar Kumming was talking to me about it at BeneluxCon, and he seemed to be saying that it was his employers, rather than the Eastern Block governments who didn't want him crossing the curtain, but I have difficulty seeing that, particularly since the con we were talking about was technically in Western Europe: West Berlin. He seemed to imply that even travelling on the single autobahn or train line between West Germany and West Berlin would be enough to get him into deep shit at work. (Those weren't his words, of course, if they had been things would have been a lot clearer and there would be less suspicion of something getting lost in the translation.

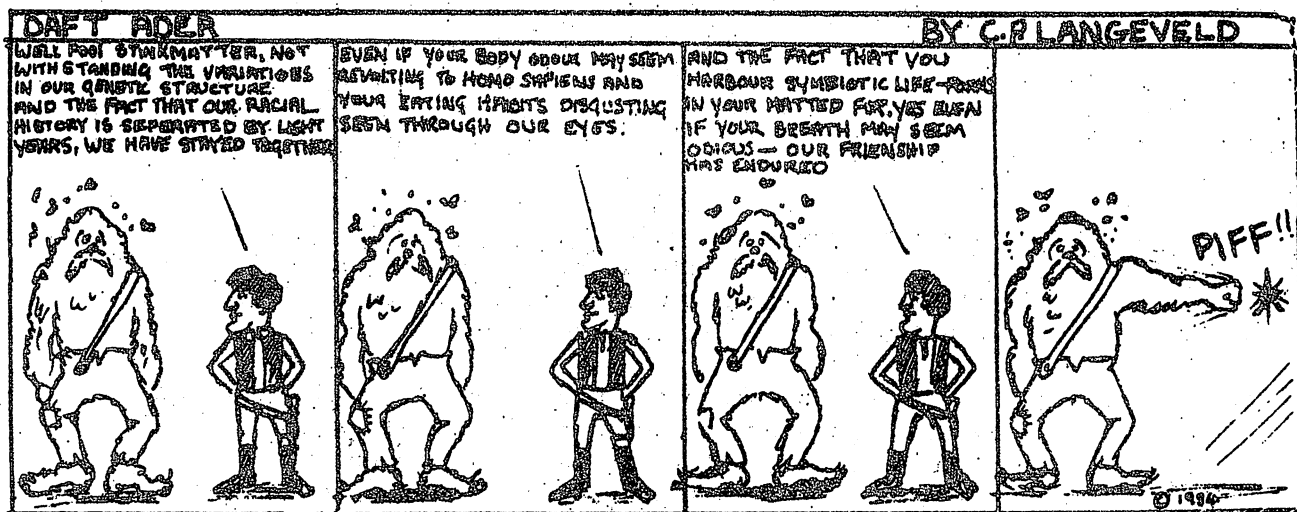
Ka Mazuranic Immediately after it was voted that Eurocon XI was to be held in Zagreb, YU in 1986, Waldemar Kunning told me "I voted for you, but I won't be able to attend; my superiors won't allow me to go to Yugoslavia." At Seacon '79 an Amerifan -- a civilian working for NATO forces in Germany; I forgot his name -- told me he'd never been able to go to YU; his authorities wouldn't let him go.

I can well understand Pascal Thomas's disbelief at my saying that NATO employees might be denied permission to go to YU. I'm sorry to have to say this, but it goes together with the general American misconceptions about "freedom" in U.S. and abroad, and with NATO establishment's political hypochondria.

In the matters international, we Yugoslavs are much freer than you Americans. It's much easier for me to obtain a passport and go abroad than it is for you. It's incomparably easier for you to enter YU than it is for me to enter U.S. It would consume too much paperspace and too much typing effort to go into details, but it is so.

((It was touch and go there for a while, but I finally got my Australia Visitor Visa. It is good "For stay of [no longer than] six months subject to grant of entry permit on arrival." That means I have to show my paid-for ticket to somewhere else, anywhere else, and sign in blood that I will not try to emigrate!!!))





Buck Coulson Note to Garth Spencer. At ConStellation, the last Worldcon Juanita and I attended, we spent one entire evening in our room, talking with friends from San Francisco area, plus one of their friends, from Iceland. We had two meals with friends who had recently moved to Wisconsin. We shared our room and went on a sightseeing trip to Fort McHenry with our son and daughter-in-law and one of their friends from Ohio. At the "meet the pros" party, I spent time with one British and two Kentucky fans, none of whom I'd met previously. On the meet-the-pros boat trip I ran into Adrienne Martine-Barnes, and we had a good conversation for the first time in 15 years (that was her estimate; I couldn't even guess). We met a New York friend for the first time, and I got to talk with an old buddy from Los Angeles. I spent one party talking to Jack Williamson, the de Camps, and a group of people I'd never met before. Now, you simply can't do that at a regional con. At regionals, you meet your friends from that region, and maybe one or two outsiders, but unless you attend regionals all over the country at prohibitive expense, you'll never see your more distant friends. I suppose if all your friends live in the same area, it doesn't matter, but that usually isn't true of fanzine fans. Sure, it's hard to locate the people you want in the mob, but at least they're there, somewhere.

Well, we only have one piano to Harry Warner's two, but he shouldn't bet on the orchestrations of popular music; Juanita inherited boxes of it from her mother. And I'll put 40 years of AMERICAN RIFLEMAN against his half-century of SPORTING NEWS. He probably has more fanzines, though. I always got rid of the ones I didn't care much about, generally selling them at conventions. (Which is very embarrassing when an editor discovers a run of his pride and joy in the sale stock.)

I'm not sure the fan-to-pro syndrome has declined as much as Harry implies. It's declined, of course; there are no more professional markets than there were, and several times as many fans, so the competition is greater. But fair numbers of pros still emerge from fan ranks. In recent years we have Sandra Miesel, John Ford, Susan Schwartz, Bob Vardeman, Connie Willis, Arlan Keith Andrews, Somtow Sucharitkul, Bob Asprin, Jacqueline Lichtenberg, Darrell Schweitzer, Jean Lorrah, Lynn Abbey, Diana Paxson, Jessica Salmonson, Jack Chalker and Piers Anthony, Alex Gililand, Lisa Tuttle, Phyllis Eisenstein, Frank Catalano. If you accept book reviewers, Bob Leman, Ed Bryant, George Alec Effinger, F.M. Busby, John Kessel...

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Buck Coulson's article... I bought a membership to OVFF myself but did not attend, partly due to the fact that Michael's brother was getting married that weekend. Although I voted, at Rivercon, for the filk awards, I am not at all sure that we ought to be doing this. Filking is fun, first and foremost, as is costuming. I link the two because they are my two main interests in fandom at the moment and the politicking in costuming can get pretty hot and heavy. Don't mistake me; I like it; but there is a slight element of regret that we can't just sit back and enjoy it. Filking, now, I do sit back and enjoy. I often entertain dreams of playing and singing myself but my self-esteem is low enough that I don't. I hope it doesn't get bogged down enough to become work, as opposed to fun.

Valerie says that "The Final Reflection" would, with a few changes pass as a "regular SF novel". Why does being basically a ST novel close it out from being a regular SF novel as well? Maybe this is why I usually avoid ST novels but am glad I did not avoid this one. It is probably the best ST novel written recently and, to my mind, that is because it does not deal directly with Kirk and company. The book is indeed elegant; I'm glad to see someone else basically agreeing with me on this.

Being as how I have just finished "So Long and Thanks For All The Fish" I was a bit taken aback by the title to Pat Gibbs' review. I'm glad to see "Startide Rising" reviewed, but the title of the review was a bit misleading. ((This gives you some sort of idea of the time distortion field in SF fanzines... in the time it took David Brin to publish "Startide Rising", Pat Gibbs to review (and title) it, and ANVIL to print the review, Douglas Adams had time to write another book, using, coincidentally enough, Pat Gibbs' title of his review of Brins' book!))

The actual new offering in the Hitchhikers series is very good and deserves somebody's attention; it's already got mine, so... I make a semi-review here and say read it; if anything, it's stranger than anything else Adams has ever done.

I enjoyed the letter column but I would have liked it a lot better if Harry Warner's letter hadn't ended in the middle of the sentence. So, I said, I'll just turn the page. But, lo, the next page was blank! What is this, creative collating? (I'm giving you an out here.) ((It got a letter out of you, didn't it?))

Garth Spencer The only thing I remember about my bio lecturers at the
1296 Richardson St. University of Victoria is one guy who dressed a lot like
Victoria, B.C. V8V 3E1 Donny Osmond. Make of this what you will.
Canada

For some reason, there appear to be no filksingers in
Victoria. Regional subspecies variation?

Good for Valeris. Feudzine editors should be shot by Sierra Club members for
wasting trees.

To Nicki Lynch: Lady, it isn't just Southern fandom that gets ~~lited/about~~ misrepresented. I still haven't gotten over the ignorant arrogance of a mediafan, a Star Wart, maintaining that "there are no Canadian fans", "...no Canadian fanzines" -- this, two years ago -- when I and my friends knew damn well there were a dozen regular cons and at least a score of Canadian fanzines going on here.

Brad Foster This (ConFederation) will be my first honest-to-gosh Worldcon,
4109 Pleasant Run so if you meet me, don't be put off by the fact that I'll prob-
Irving, TX 75038 ably be crouched in a corner staring about wildly like a caged
 animal, I'm not that good in big crowds!

On the question of big vs small cons, I like the big ones. Small ones remind me too much of just another party that happens to have some people selling books at tables. My favorite conventions have all been those that had all kinds of things going on -- they weren't just SF, or comics, or media, but had a little bit from every group in them. Dallas holds two fine large cons each year of this nature, and they are some of the best ones I've attended. But then, I seem to have different interests at cons than most fans. I read endless accounts of how fans didn't go to any programming, spending most of their time at room parties and such. Me, I love panels and speakers and whatnot, and get bored very quickly at parties. Yeah, I know, that makes me a mutant, but whatcha gonna do?

((I like big cons and small cons, they each have their good points. But I had surely rather halp put on a small one. [Then what am I doing working on a Worldcon??] Ka also writes in support of the biggies...))

Krsto Mazuranic Ah, let me respond to the "really big question". Mutterings against Worldcons, and big cons in general, go entirely beyond my understanding. I simply can't see what can be wrong with 6,000 people that wouldn't be wrong with 500. Or 200. Or 20. A dupeglava (a nice Croatian word pronounced "doo-peh-glar-vah" and meaning "asshead") is bound to appear anywhere. But if one happens to be pestered by a dupeglava at a 6,000-strong con it takes only to mingle among the remaining 5993 people to escape. At a 200-strong con it's often impossible to get lost in the crowd for there simply is no crowd to get lost in.

Also, what's so preferable in running with the small percent of people you knew beforehand? Well, of course, it's great to meet again people you know and like: but it's also great to meet new people and come to liking them! I'm happy and proud to have met Marty Cantor and Greg Costykian and Dan Goodman and all the other people I met for the first time at Chicon IV. And people I like very much whom I met at Seacon '79... thanks to the fact those were Worldcons.

Now, it may sound unbelievable, but I simply don't remember seeing any alleged throngs of dupeglave, gun nuts, kids, trekkies and whatnot at the two Worldcons I attended. I honestly don't! I could swear there wasn't a single kid playing "Logan's Run" there. Perhaps I subconsciously shut my eyes and ears to them, like ignoring interns-and-nurses books in a bookstore and going straight for what I'm interest in.



I wish to turn Mike Glicksohn's attention to some statistics. At Noreascon Two, Best Fanzine nominations were File 770, Janus, Locus, SFR and Thrust. 313 nominations (out of how many thousands of pre-registered members?). No need going on to consume space with data for other Worldcons. Statistics are pretty much the same. Now, how many fanzine fans are there (i.e. people who do know a fanzine from fandango)? Let's say, 500. Or, let me be pessimistic: let there be only 300. Now, why didn't they nominate? It is obvious they didn't! Why did they let (themselves) be swamped by the masses? (Some masses! 313 people!) If they did nominate, semi-prozines wouldn't even get on the ballot, for Chrissake! So uneducated masses wouldn't be able to vote for the semis in the first place.

What I want to say is this: either among the 313 people who nominated (there) weren't any "educated", or there were "educateds" but they nominated semi-prozines (spoke with forked tongues?). Yeah, that's it: let fanzine fans get off their lazy and/or impoverished butts and get out and nominate (yes, nominate: it's too late at the voting stage). Or, let them shut their mouths and stop complaining.

Eric Lindsay I'm sure Buck is getting mellower as time goes by. He's probably even gotten rid of the doormat (the one that says "Go Away") I've been intending to revisit the Coulsons on most of my recent trips, but somehow never got round to it. And now that it seems there won't be more trips, I really regret it. I'd have loved to have seen how his bookcases expanded over the past decade since I last saw them. His bookcase techniques are the same as mine, and I'm pleased to hear I'm not the only one to build a bookcase too large to be moved to where it should have been located. I wonder if Buck has considered lining all the walls with bookcases as insulation - kill two problems with one lot of insulation, as it were.

I suspect fans are slightly more tolerant now than in the past, however like Harry Warner, Jr., I have also wondered about the fannish dress code. I feel less happy at sitting in corridors when dressed up than when wearing jeans, however I like to dress up when travelling, because you generally get better service when you look like a businessman. And certainly the percentage of mercenary fans seems greater than ever, which is all the more reason to attend cons that are sufficiently small that such types don't bother to attend.

I think you should impeach your President. ((See Forged Minutes. We did, but it was her last meeting to serve, so it really didn't matter.))

The Albuquerque group of fans, who have their Bubonicon a week prior to Worldcon, are another group that have a strong Australian presence. It is now traditional for an Australian or two to attend Bubonicon, which has only recently exceeded a hundred memberships. Why shouldn't we also link with ANVIL? You, too, may have smaller cons, something I much prefer to large worldcons.



Joy Hibbert Mike's letter: I assume that "outboard" would be the men's, but I wouldn't like to have to risk my guess being wrong. A new tourist-ing rule: never leave it till you're desperate, in case you have to translate the title of the loo. Reminds me of a joke about the Scottish lad who couldn't understand why he should learn to spell correctly, until the occasion when he thought the sign on the toilet door read "Laddies".

I can't help thinking Harry's got the wrong attitude towards fake feuds. To me a joke of this kind, whether it be a fake feud or an established penname, is no fun if absolutely no one but the participant(s) is (are) aware of what's going on. If I was to have a fake feud, I would be sure to tell a few people, preferably mutual friends who would be likely to enjoy the joke most. I hadn't thought of it from the viewpoint of an older person, but the practice of telling mutual friends would ensure that the dreadful scenario suggested, where one participant dies, would be unlikely to occur.

I can't help disagreeing with Valerie's summing up of "Who Needs Life". Firstly, the way I read it, "Who Needs Life"'s editor was not complaining about the "pretentious drivell...pubbed by BNFs and would-be BNFs...who bemoan the shrinking of fanzine fandom". He was having a cheap laugh at fans. No mention was made, the way I read it, of any fanzine fans, or indeed, of fanzine fandom itself. Tony seems to see fandom as one group rather than several, with the implication that this one group is on the media rather than fannish side (for example, the destruction of fandom in "Fan Busters" happens during the fancydress). To some extent, Tony could be seen as being on the side of these "BNFs" who spend a lot of time complaining about the increasing numbers of fans, since part of his disgust seems to be for the sheer numbers at a convention.

Tony Cvetko
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MI 48024

Was I shocked? You betcha! Those of us in sunny Detroit who work on "Who Needs Life?" figure that maybe one out of a hundred people (outside of our immediate nationwide network of anti-fans) will actually like it, so we were quite surprised to encounter Valerie's awfully nice review in ANVIL 34. She is obviously a woman of superior intellect, taste and breeding. It made my day.

Thanks for ANVIL, too. I particularly enjoyed Harry's column (brought back the days of the Gang of '73 -- the group I entered fandom with) and Beauregard's Forged Minutes, even though it made no sense (or because of it?).

By the way, do any of you know Craig Newmark or Rick Lieder from up here? ((Yes, Rick comes to Kubla Khans down here in Nashville, and I may have met Craig at Chicon... the name seems to ring a bell.))



((This page is devoted to things people wanted me to announce, and that I thought you might find interesting...))

FANZINE DISPLAY AND SALE AT AUSSIECON II

At Aussiecon II there will be space to display and sell fansines in the Fan Room. Any money collected will go into a "kitty" to be divided among Fan Funds. Faneds can bring their zines with them, or send zines to Marc Ortlieb, GPO Box 2708X, Melbourne Vic 3001, Australia. You do not have to be a member of the con. Just be sure that your accompanying note states whether you want the zines sold, given away or displayed only. If you want any leftovers returned, enclose postage money. Otherwise they will be donated to the next Fan Funds' auction. We take no responsibility for the safety of zines, so don't send or bring rare ones.

NOLACON II, P.O. Box 8010, NOLA 70182

The NOLACON II bid is for 1988, and will be voted on in 1986, at the Atlanta worldcon, ConFederation. A pre-supporting membership is five dollars, which earns the joiner a discount of the same on eventually a worldcon membership, a continuing progress report zine something along the lines of South on Peachtree, and special status at the convention itself. We have two convention centers at our disposal, three superb hotels within a block of the same, hundreds of thousands of square feet exhibition space, and five thousand sleeping rooms within a block of the con centers, all across the street from the French Quarter, and a paper airplane's toss from the wharf where riverboats will dock, and set sail for bayou and river cruises throughout the con. Our first con prospectus, THE CON THEY CALL THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS, will be available later this month.

SOUTHERN FANDOM CONFEDERATION

A Message from the President: Guy H. Lillian III, 4217E Fontainebleau Drive, New Orleans, LA 70125.

On SFC, I have a question I wish y'all would discuss. Does it strike you as a conflict of interest for me, as SFC President, to... wait, let's go at this from the other perspective: is it a conflict for me, as dedply involved in a worldcon bid as I am, especially one to be voted upon in Atlanta, to serve as SFC President? I hope you will not think so, because I enjoy producing the SFC bulletin and plan on another comprehensive issue this spring (before the Huntsville DSC) but I have every intention of pushing Rebels for worldcon honors and New Orleans for '83 in its pages, and if you guys think that would be wrong, I'd very much like to hear it. How do y'all think I should conduct myself and the SFC in this matter?

We Also Heard From: Colin & Joan Langeveld; P.L. Caruthers-Montgomery
and Larry Montgomery; Wayne Brenner; Marc Ortlieb; Jeanne Mealy.

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Next Meetings: April 13, May 11, June 18, 1985.
Homewood Public Library, 7:30 p.m.

ANVIL/BSFC
P.O. Box 59531
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SOUTHERN FANTASY CONVENTION

Message from the President: Guy N. Millan III, 4111 Fontainebleau
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