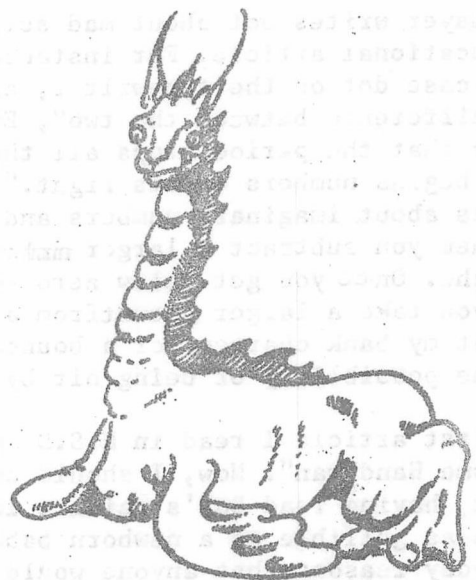


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CHARLOTTE'S WEB

--Charlotte Proctor

You didn't think that just because Linda et al. were putting out ANVIL in my absence that I wasn't going to be in it at all, did you? I'd have to go a lot farther than Australia, and for longer than a month, to miss contributing...And the wonder of it is that I have something I want to say...Usually, when I put out an ANVIL, and feel obligated to write something, my mind goes blank. Now, when someone else is publishing "my baby", I suddenly feel moved to speak.

All this was brought about by my trying to get my house in order, and separate the sheep from the goats (i.e., the ConFederation stuff from the ANVIL stuff), and I ran across Brian Earl Brown's MAD SCIENTIST'S DIGEST #9. True to fannish form, I immediately stopped doing anything constructive, and sat down to read... just one article...and then another...getting caught up in the whirl of mad scientists therein and finally coming to rest on "The Making of M.S.D. #9" (actually: The Heat-Death of the Fanzine).

This is without doubt the finest fanzine I have read in a long time. Obviously, a lot of planning went into M.S.D. It all relates to mad scientists, from the front and back covers, to the autobiographical pieces, to the hard science by Mary Walsh and the pseudoscience by Bob Shaw.

Well, I can't just go on saying "Gosh, wow, jeez, this is great, you really should read it", I'll have to start somewhere. The middle. I'll start in the middle and go both ways (that is the opposite of burning the candle at both ends, and serves the additional purpose of making people feel really clever if they are able to follow you).

Eric Mayer writes not about mad science, but why science makes him mad. It is an educational article. For instance, I never knew that the period was the lower-case dot on the typewriter, and the decimal point was the upper-case dot. "The difference between the two", Eric tells us, "and this has always mixed me up, is that the period stops all the words to its left whereas the decimal point begins numbers to its right." He leaves decimal points rather hurriedly, worries about imaginary numbers and negative numbers awhile ("...the result you get when you subtract a larger number from a smaller number. I usually get a headache. Once you get below zero -- who cares?...as far as I'm concerned, when you take a larger amount from a smaller amount you always get seven, which is what my bank charges for a bounced check.") and then goes on to meteorites, and the possibility of being hit by one.

The first article I read in M.S.D. was Bob Shaw's "A Simple Lie Detector for the Home Handyman". Now, I should have known, should really have known, what to expect, having read Bob's science lectures before, but I always go into these things as gullible as a newborn babe. He began reasonably enough, stating certain every-day reasons that anyone would have to need a simple lie detector, such as

" a man suspects his wife of buying him an inferior brand of yogurt and diverting the extra money into paying for her weekly hair-do". All right. I'll go along with that. Then he starts talking about paint, and how it comes off the walls, but spatters never come off the floor and furniture; and liquid soap in public rest-rooms; and automobiles that only stall at busy intersections. Just as I was feeling embarrassed for Bob -- that he had forgotten what he was talking about and lost the thread of his whole thesis -- he tied it all together, something like the last scene in a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, and it all came out right. Well, "right" in that incomparable British fan-writing sort of way.

The only drawbacks to this zine are (1) that Harry Warner will have trouble reading it, and (2) I can't remember whether I was at Asficon 4 or not. I certainly hope I was, because I'm sure I would have enjoyed and applauded Brian Earl Brown's speech, which is printed here in its entirety. Contrary to what I said earlier, there is one article in M.S.D. not about mad science, and this is it. This one is about fandom, and fanzine fandom in particular. There has been a lot of brouhaha lately about the changing character of fandom, and, when you really get down to it, the feeling of fury that fanzine fans are no longer the heart and soul of fandom. Brian explains the whys and wherefores of early fandom and its dependence on fanzines, and compares it to modern fandom, which is so much more diversified...each segment clamoring for attention. As for myself, when I found fandom 10 or 12 years ago after reading SF all my life, it was already diversified. I started out as a convention-goer, gradually got involved in the printed word, and only just lately realized that I have become A Fanzine Fan. I don't know if the media fans, the costume fans, etc. will go to the same fannish heaven as Fanzine Fans, and I don't really care.

There are three biographical articles, by Dave Langford, Neal Rest, and Alexis Gilliland. Alexis' article actually begins "I was born in Bangor, Maine..." The mad scientist in this case is Alexis' father, a chemist who liked "corrosive, explosive, and dangerous chemicals". He tells of his father encouraging him to become a chemist, too, by letting him make gunpowder. "Gunpowder, as is well known, consists of potassium nitrate, charcoal, and sulfur mixed in the ratio of 5:3:2." Well, not always, Alexis. The French army formula, for rifles, is 7.5:6:2. I didn't know that coconut husk charcoal was what was used...when my husband decided to make gunpowder from scratch, he researched and found that willow wood was said to be best. Thereafter, he scoured the neighborhood, several neighborhoods, in fact, until he found a little old lady having her willow tree cut down. She gladly gave it to him. The next step was to make charcoal without burning the whole business to ash. (E.M. Forester details the difficulties of making charcoal in "The African Queen". You not only need charcoal for gunpowder, but to make a hot enough fire to work metal.)



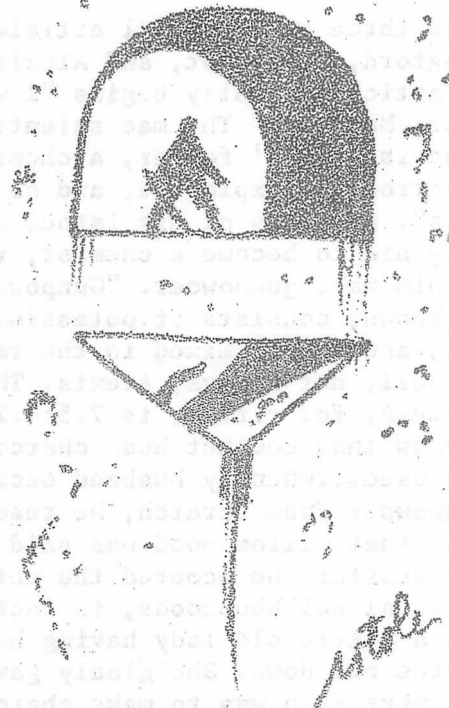
Alexis' father was more careful than my husband -- he gave Alexis potassium carbonate rather than potassium nitrate. Alexis came away unscathed, albeit disappointed, while we were always taking people to the doctor. A can of nitrate disappeared from the basement one time, and several days later a neighborhood boy showed up with his arm bandaged and in a sling.

Funny, serious, sublime, ridiculous and fannish - Mad Scientist's Digest #9 is available for trade, letter of comment, contributors of art or articles or for filthy lucre (i.e. money) to the tune of 75 cents, sent to: Brian Earl Brown, 20101 W. Chicago #201, Detroit, MI 48228.

FORGED FIGURES

Well, let's see... last time we had a balance of \$460.27. We spent some money for the Summer Party, and we took in some at the September auction... there was postage and paper for ANVIL... that's seven take away six is one, borrow one, eight from twelve... (where's my calculator when I need it?), and we have a new balance of \$194.41.

-- Warren Overton



THE OLD IRONMASTER RECOUPERATES



longhorn
viking

--Buck Coulson

((We received a loc from Buck explaining that he had recently suffered an acute myocardial infarct and was forbidden any strenuous activity like typing, riding in cars, climbing stairs...so we're using his letter in place of his regular column this time. Buck believes this is proof positive that he does indeed have a heart, after all. None of us ever doubted it.))

ANVIL 36 was very nice, with a couple of exceptions. Page 12 was blank - well, I can live without that. However, page 8 was also blank. Know what was on page 8, do you? ((Any bets that it was Buck's column?...ed.)) Yes indeed. Could I possibly have a copy with at least my article complete, even if other things aren't?

Shaw is good, as usual. I haven't encountered all the techniques, but I have had a flashlight stuffed in my mouth and turned on. The room did not light up, which the doctor chose to interpret as a bad sinus condition rather than a head of solid rock. He also stuck a flashlight in one ear and peered in the other - the hole didn't go all the way through. I was reminded of the way one checks a gun barrel for dirt, but he didn't prescribe a powder solvent.

Originally, "viking" was a verb - people went viking (adventuring, more or less, also looting). Eventually, the people who did so were called Vikings, making it a noun. It was probably never a noun in Scandinavia, but then most peoples got named by their enemies because they didn't need to name themselves - they knew who they were.

Blowjobs in the consuite bathroom? I never noticed that - of course, the only time I spend much time in the bathroom is at Chambanacn, where Marie Bartlett and I have an annual affair there.

Note to Hibbert - I don't even recall seeing a list of names that non-fannish fans could use as a reference in the TAFF write-ins, but I probably know more fringe-fans and convention fans than any other fanzine publisher, especially in the Midwest where most of Beck's support would come from. YANDRO has always been somewhat slanted toward fringe-fans because that's what a lot of our friends were, and definitely avoided most of the gung-ho fanzine fans because I found them mostly ridiculous. (Oh, sure, we like a lot of fanzine fans, but not a majority, by any means.) And we've been fan-guests of honor enough, and I've huckstered at enough cons, that a lot of con-fans know us. (Several have expressed surprise at seeing various of Juanita's books on my table - they thought she was strictly a filksinger.)

THE OLD FROMMSTADT RECOUPERS

1940-1941

It was a very interesting and very important thing to see the old Frommstadt Recouper. It was a very interesting and very important thing to see the old Frommstadt Recouper. It was a very interesting and very important thing to see the old Frommstadt Recouper.

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EMPRISE by Michael P. Kube-McDowell (Berkley 1985) \$2.95 304 pp. First the good news: this is a great first novel by a pro who has been writing short fiction for the last six years. Thus, for those of us not reading ANALOG and ASIMOV'S on a regular basis, he is a new face. Now for the semi-bad news: it is part of a series called the Trigon Disunity. This is cushioned by the fact that the story is relatively complete unto itself and the main plot line is resolved at the end. However, there is a very large question about mankind's origins, and for that matter the origins of intelligent life in the universe, that must be the subject of later books. This is one author who believes in writing on a large scale.

The story starts with the discovery of radio signals which are clearly from intelligent life outside of our solar system. Unfortunately, this near-future Earth has just gone through devastating Food and Fuel Wars, after the invention and use of a "fission blanket", a projection device that eliminates the fissionability of uranium and plutonium. This effectively ended the possibility of nuclear war. When the long-predicted fossil fuel shortage occurred, nuclear power plants could not take up the slack because anti-technology terrorists used the fission blanket on the plants and uranium sources. The wars thereafter reduced the world to a dark age of small isolated farming communities. Everywhere the scientists were distrusted, if not hated and persecuted, because they were blamed as the cause behind the wars.

Once a few scientists are convinced that the signals are genuine, the challenge is to get any government to acknowledge it and to fund further research. The political maneuvering involved in the preparation of an appropriate Terran response is credibly presented and exciting. This is a novel that should be equally satisfying to "hard" and the "soft" science fiction fans. I found it to be an exciting read with strong characterizations.

NULL-A THREE by A.E. Van Vogt (DAW 1985) \$3.50 254 pp. The Null-A books by Van Vogt are the Chinese food of science fiction -- you read them with great interest and excitement and, an hour after you are done, you can't remember how the plot worked from beginning to end. "Null-A" stands for non-Aristotelian logic and is a short-hand way of referring to the system of General Semantics which is the basis for the three novels. Simply put, General Semantics is a way of looking at the universe that attempts to avoid the substitution of labels for reality. Gilbert Gosseyn, or at least one of the several clones of Gosseyn, is the hero again in a series that started in 1945. This is the man with the "extra brain" who has the capability to mentally "photograph" a location and then use the extra brain to control energy flows to 20-decimal exactitude and transport himself to that location. It doesn't seem to make that much sense, but it is so much fun that it doesn't matter.

Van Vogt has the talent to draw the most convoluted plots and sweep the reader headlong into them. Maybe if I read his books more slowly, I would understand them better. But then the vicarious experience would be ruined by such a studied reading. There is a reasonably good synopsis by the author of the earlier stories. Enjoy, and then go get the first two novels.

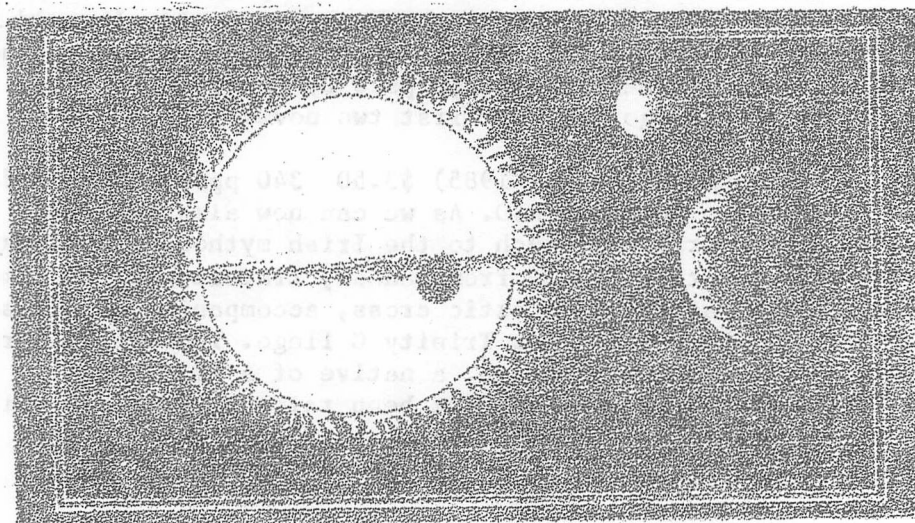
THE BOOK OF KELLS by R.A. MacAvoy (Bantam 1985) \$3.50 340 pp. This is a fantasy set in medieval Ireland of the year 985 A.D. As we can now almost expect, R. A. MacAvoy brings her own original touch to the Irish mythos. The protagonist, John Thornburn, an artist visiting Dublin from Canada, travels back in time through a magical portal contained in a Celtic cross, accompanied by his sometime lover, Derval O'Keane, a professor at Trinity College. The trip is prompted by the sudden appearance of Ailesh MacDuilta, a native of a small coastal village in 10th century Ireland, which has just been raided by Vikings. Ailesh

was thrown through the time portal by her father, the sculptor of the cross of Bridget, just before his death at the hands of the raiders.

The three of them return to Ailesh's village to find that the inhabitants have been slain with the exception of Ailesh and a poet-scholar named Labres MacCullen. Accompanied by the poet, they begin a journey (while pursued by the Vikings) in search of justice for the massacred villagers, who had sworn allegiance to the King of Dublin in return for his protection. This becomes more complicated when they reach Dublin and find that the king, who is of Norse descent himself, is planning to receive a Nordic prince with plans of alliance. Oath-breaking is a very serious matter in the Celtic culture and they discover that challenging a king on such matters is highly dangerous. The fantasy elements of this story make only occasional, but very strategic, appearances. The success of the novel involves the recreation of the ambience of medieval Ireland, which was a bastion of culture in a barbaric era. The Book of Kells, a beautiful illuminated manuscript, does make an appearance, hence the title. The author's ability to create sympathetic and believable characters shines through. I found this book to be almost as exciting as TEA WITH THE BLACK DRAGON and much more interesting than the first DAMIANO book, which I still haven't finished. You don't have to be Irish to enjoy this book, but of course it can't hurt.

AN EDGE IN MY VOICE by Harlan Ellison (Donning 1985) \$9.95 540 pp. I once saw Harlan Ellison do his stand-up routine at the Boston Worldcon. If NBC ever wanted to replace David Letterman, they could do well to call up Harlan. Of course, he would probably turn them down and it would be our loss. Aside from being a great short story writer, Ellison is a stimulating essayist. This book is a collection of his columns from Future Life, L.A. Weekly, and the Comics Journal during the period of August 1980 to January 1983, with a reprise in August 1984. The topics cover most of the controversial issues of the times and include his observations of the Hollywood scene, where Ellison is occasionally hired to write screenplays (when he isn't telling studio heads were to shove it). Ellison's opinions are very liberal, but almost always very informed. The man is the epitome of intellectual honesty and is as hard on himself as anyone else. The great thing about these columns is that he writes non-fiction the same way he talks. With your mind's ear you can hear him standing in front of you tearing away at your prejudices and preconceptions. If you liked the man or his stories, you will enjoy this book.

--Patrick J. Gibbs
Critic in Residence



FORGED MINUTES

-- Beauregard O. Possom

T'was the second Saturday in August, and confusion reigned. Nobody knew what was going on. As this is normal for BSFC, nobody noticed. Finally, Frank Love arrived and Marie Harrell said "Good, we can start now." It seems that Frank was our program.

In any event, we got the business out of the way. Linda Riley read all the convention flyers and told us which ones we had to attend. Warren Overton did not give an L-5 update. Come to think of it, he didn't give a treasurer's report, either. Hmmm. There were several new people present who were probably at a complete loss, as Robert's Rules of Order are a no-no at BSFC. The dues were explained one more time. Marie didn't want to, but we made her do it anyway.

Then Frank Love got up front for the program. He passed out maps. Rather than bringing the program to us, he took us to the program. We all piled in our cars and trekked out to the wilds of Shelby County, looking for "the little green sign that is hard to see". We were going to the Birmingham Astronomical Society's Observatory. Once there, we had to park at the foot of the access road as, due to insurance reasons, only members' cars are allowed on it. Frank was going to ferry us to the observatory, but we decided to walk. It was dark out there, folks. There were two flashlights, therefore, two groups walking. Frank had gone on up with the car, and the two groups split.

"Where's the road?" "Here it is." "Is this the right one?" "Have you been up here before?" "Let's try it." "Wait for me." "Who's that?" "I see a light!" The two groups of intrepid adventurers met at the dumpster. "This is not the right road." "We're not getting anywhere." "Let's try that road."

Half a treacherous mile later we arrived at the site, and surveyed the desolate landscape. Illuminated only by starlight and the baleful flare of Jupiter, the ground-fog shimmered and glowed with the pent-up energy of the day's sunshine. It looked like a scene from "American Werewolf" without the moon, and it was hot. We were in a giant steam bath.

We stood around and sweated awhile, looked at Jupiter through the telescope -- yes, it still has bands and moons -- and then we left. I don't know what the new people thought.

Later that same evening, sitting on a friend's patio, I saw guests leaving a nearby apartment. They left at 10 or 15 minute intervals, and each was carrying... a watermelon. I'm sure it was watermelons. But it looked like the body-snatchers had made it to Alabama. All in all, it was a weird evening.

THE ANVIL CHORUS

Well, here I am back at the typewriter, and I'm not even "putting out" this ANVIL. This is kind of neat ... while I'm in Australia, the Mafiaettes are going to be doing all the work of typing, printing, collating and all the other little nit-picky, time-consuming jobs to get ANVIL out. But before I go, I get to write up my comments on the letters as they come in -- after all, I'm just doing the fun part this time.

c.p.

((Charlotte left before all of the locs were in, so for better or worse, the Mafiaettes have added some of their OWN comments.))

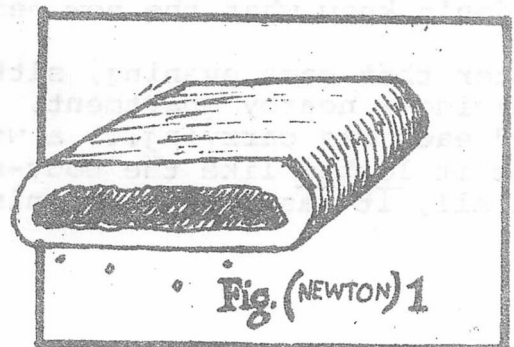
Let the Games begin....

Skel
25 Rowland Close, Offerton
Stockport, Cheshire
SK2 5NW, England

I sympathise with Bob Shaw. Whilst not being able to boast his child-like perfection of complexion (mine tends more to resemble the bottom of a rabbit hutch that hasn't been cleaned out since America last had a credible president),

at least the damn thing is usually fairly well under control. True, there tend to be more red blotches, scattered about more randomly, than a Victorian map of the world, but at least they know their place. However, invariably, on the morning that I'm to set out for a convention, some enormous blemish tries a coup d'etat and attempts to oust my nose from its customary pre-eminence amongst my facial features. After many years of embarrassment at overhearing children regale their parents with such questions as; "Mum. Mum. Who's that funny man with the two noses?", I reluctantly decided that conventions were not for me. Now, perversely, whenever convention time rolls around my countenance becomes youthful, like unto that of some dashing Greek god, whilst my photo albums simultaneously curl up and wrinkle visibly. Now all I need is more conventions, so that I will be handsome and irresistible more of the time. Unfortunately this only works whilst I steadfastly refrain from attending conventions and seeing other fen, so I'm afraid you'll just have to take my word for it.

Come to think of it, I think I have my very own Early Warning System - my own personal DEW-line (which stands of course for 'Dermatitis, Eczema, and Wrinkles') which will cause me to break out into a whole mess of zits the instant another fan gets within twenty miles of me. Of course, this isn't altogether surprising. Fans are well known for being particularly sensitive creatures, and I simply appear to be a tad more sensitive than most.



It's true - I only have to see Joy Hibbert's name in a letter-column and I throw up. If I get a fanzine from Keith Walker I suddenly discover that I no longer appear able to read. The very sight of a Falls Church or Puerto Rico postmark on an envelope causes my heart to race, and sweat to break out upon my brow.

As to ANVIL generally: I always enjoy it, though I know I don't respond as often as I should. You folks have fun and enjoy yourselves, but never take yourselves too seriously. You are always prepared to poke fun at yourselves. This gives a nice ambience to ANVIL which in turn means that even though you run material that treats seriously such brain-damaged aberrations as "Elfquest", the overall impression is one of class. Nice class, friendly class, not hit-you-over-the-head-with-my-own-class class. So, if you will keep on sending it to me, whilst I won't be so reckless as to promise that I will do better in responding, I will certainly promise that I will try to do better.

Mike Glicksohh
508 Windermere Ave.
Toronto, Ontario
M6S 3L6

It's yet another testament to Bob Shaw's reputation and skill as a fanwriter that I was able to read the remainder of his column after getting to the part about his nasal examination! There are few writers indeed who could describe such an incident and makeme want to read on! Considering some of the things I've read by Bob over the last few years when he was (unknown to me) ailing badly, his recovery bodes well for the future. One sits in awe contemplating the sort of timeless masterpieces a completely healthy BoSh will author.

Not too much to say about the rest of the contents of this issue. They were readable and they didn't take up too much space which is acceptable even if it is the bottom line. Ah well, maybe Buck isn't the only old fan and tired involved with this ANVIL....

I usually understand BEB and infrequently I agree with him (for example, Joy Hibbert is indeed tedious, tedious but I wouldn't quite raise her to the status of a modern-day Joe Nicholas) but I must admit his line about blow-jobs in the consuite bathroom somewhat confused me. Unless, of course, it's a reference to his belief that certain Midwestern conventions are too incestuous, which is one of the things we don't agree on. Hell, I've been a GoH several times and I've never had a blow job in the consuite bathroom, or even in the consuite itself! Then again, BEB may have been writing figuratively... On the other hand, he was recently a Goll at a Toronto convention so who knows what personal experience he's drawing on?

As Garth Spencer wonders in his letter, the nature of fan Hugos hasn't been clear to the majority of the Hugo voting public for many years. (Since about 1973, if you ask me.) Combine that with the fact that the small cotarie of hard core fanzine fans is notoriously lazy and un-motivated when it comes to both nominating for and voting on the Hugos and you get a fairly clear understanding of where the fan Hugos have been for the last decade or more. Unfortunately, despite the recent changes in the categories (for which I was one of a half dozen prime movers) it doesn't really look as if the situation is going to change for the better. Well informed fanzine fans are still not voting in sufficient numbers to produce a quality slate of candidates in all of the fan categories. I cling to my hopes, though, and I do my quiet proselytising whenever I can.

I do hope that when Jeanne Mealy is in Australia she doesn't devote herself exclusively to people because she'll be a poorer person for not having encountered the wombat, the world's most loveably stupid animal. One of the many highlights of my trip to AUSSIECON I was my meeting with my first wombat and I've been a booster of this amazingly thick-headed creature ever since. Of course the people I met there had an even greater impression (and to this day they tend to write more letters than do the wombats) but I wouldn't have missed the four-legged walking tree trunks (girth and IQ-wise!) for anything.

rich brown
1808 Lamont NW
Washington, DC 20010

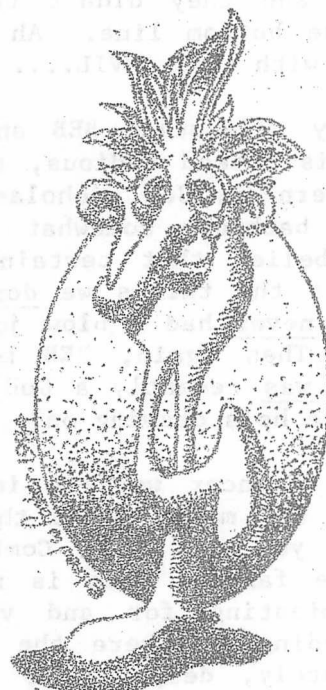
Thanks much for ANVIL 36, and particularly for Bob Shaw's lovely article, which tickled my risibilities. Something rather similar happened to me a number of years back and I probably would have written it up as a fan article too, had I been able to figure out just how to describe my ailment in a non-embarrassing manner.

I've had a recurrent cough over the years -- usually when my cigarette consumption gets up to three packs per day -- but it wasn't that. It was these, er, warts I had on my, uh ... but then, as I said, that's why I never was able to write that article. I understand the medical profession's doing sensawunda stuff these days knocking off warts with lasers but at the time the only treatment was the application of a kind of acid. This hurt like bloody hell. Also, my dermatologist was a lovely female; you might not think this was too much of a disadvantage but the thing is, she was so physically stunning that, although I was at the time a happily married man, I was never able to be treated by her without providing her with what I could not help but feel was an embarrassing demonstration of my attraction to her charms.

Although the warts posed no real danger to anyone (they were neither cancerous nor contagious), the acid applied to them did -- it was so strong that, for a couple days after the application, it could irritate someone else's "delicate membranes." Even if that had not been the case, I was so irritated myself that I probably would have pleaded the sick headache....

Anyway, I received this treatment once a month for close to a year. Each time I went through the physical discomfort and emotional angst, within a matter of days the treatment succeeded in turning my warts into a couple of small red bumps. Unfortunately they also, each time, would turn back into warts before my next appointment with the doctor.

Finally, I reached a decision akin to the one Bob Shaw reports reaching about his cough. I mean, here I was, getting



no real benefit from the treatments, and in fact effectively paying a good deal of money to have someone hurt me in such a way that I couldn't even enjoy making love; the warts themselves caused me neither pain nor discomfort, and while they weren't nice to look at, I had to admit that certain sexual sophisticates go out of their way to duplicate artificially something which I had naturally. So I cancelled my appointment and stopped going altogether. A month later, the warts disappeared completely and never came back.

I notice in the lettercolumn you were telling Brian Earl Brown you hoped his use of the term "blowjob" was a euphemism. I suppose that's possible. "Suppose"? No, I know that's possible.

I get custody of my teenage daughter every Saturday; we eat, go to the movies, stay home and watch tv, read to each other, etc., usually alternating each week between what she wants to do and what I want to do. On one of "her weeks" not long back, she wanted to have her hair styled. Fine enough; we went to a place she knew not far from her home and her favorite hairstylist was available after only a short wait.

While we were waiting, it occurred to me that (a) I hadn't had a haircut in several months and (b) this place was unisex. So, partly because I needed one and partly because it would occupy time I would have to spend there anyway, I put myself on their "catch-ascatch can" list and was in my chair before my daughter was in hers.

The hairstylist I ended up with was female, slender, in her early 20s and quite attractive. The barber/patron relationship is often somewhat closer than the doctor/patient or lawyer/client one -- you might not have realized this before, but I assure you it's the case. We were close enough a couple of times while she was working on me that I could smell her mild perfume. I can't say this displeased me; in fact, it was really rather pleasant. Of course, she was fully clothed and there was the usual barber's "sheet" thrown over me to catch my hair as she cut it -- but she stood right up close to the chair for the most part and I tried not to look too disconcerted when her breast brushed my shoulder or her midriff touched my arm, which they did upon occasion. Despite the fact that the place in which she worked was at least half a "beauty parlor," she didn't wear a lot of makeup. That was okay -- she really didn't need it. She smiled as she worked, albeit to herself.

Now I suppose I may have Revealed Something of Myself by what I've said here--namely, that I don't often have my hair cut by an attractive female. But I think of myself as a realist -- so, while all this was pleasant, and I was quite prepared to enjoy it for what it was, I certainly didn't anticipate anything more. I mean, I was certain it was all quite accidental; after all attractive young women who've never met me seldom (well, loath though I am to admit it, never) throw themselves at my feet or even try to pick me up. I was just coming to terms with everything when she leaned over and asked me, "Would you like a blowjob?"

As soon as she said it, I suddenly realized -- actually, I'd known it all along, but this made me realize it, if you know what I mean -- that the chair I was sitting in was the "last" one in the row and, immediately to my right, there was a doorway which obviously led into another room. The curtain over the doorway would assure privacy. Was she--? Did she--? Would we--? because these thoughts hurtled through my brain somewhat faster than the speed of light, they

invoked the Einsteinian law and punched a hole in my space-time continuum. Still, I don't think there was a truly noticeable pause before I said, "Sure. Why not?" She walked around in front of me, looked me in the eye, wet her lips in anticipation. Then she plugged in the hairdrier.

Sometimes you don't have to ask.

((Surely, rich, the hairdresser said "Do you want a blow-dry?", and your evil and lecherous mind heard the sexually-oriented expression. that is known as wishful thinking. Still, it makes a good story.))

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

I'm glad to hear that Bob Shaw has recovered from his cough. I'm sorry to hear that it had taken so long to go away. Medicine is like that, though. Half the time you don't know whether the doctor cured you, or you just got better on your own. This is usually for the vague illnesses like "a cough" which sort of come from nowhere and go just as quietly. Something major - like malaria, doctors are pretty good at because it's both a recognizable infection and has a recognized treatment. I heard once, and I don't think this just an urban myth like dogs in the microwave, but there was a Doctor's strike in Los Angeles, and researchers later discovered that during the strike the death reate went down! Which brings me to the point that sometimes doctors overmedicate people while trying to cure an ailment. Not always, not usually, but it always pays, I think, to become familiar with the drugs one is given; to know what they do and when they might be harmful. Medicine isn't secret wisdom but our bodies are so complex and individual that we should never assume that the doctor has thought of everything in our treatment.

If all the people Buck Coulson has married are still together, he's batting a better average than most "real" ministers. Didn't the IRS crack down on the Universal Life Church recently? Seems like I heard that they did but can't recall what they did - disallow religious discounts and tax exclusions to people with non-existent churches, forbade them from selling any more certificates of ordination, or what. Anybody remember?

"Blowjobs in the consuite bathroom" - this is not something I know about personally. But I have it on good authority that all the incidents described in "Fanbuster" in Cvetko's SCI-FI FANS FROM HELL were based on true incidents. I was even told who did it but suddenly can't remember if it was X, Y, or Z, all of whom are sleazy enough to do it. ((So far, NO ONE admits to knowing anything about this personally ...LR))

Car wrecks - I've had too many of them, though nothing as bad as Buck's, for which I am thankful. Getting rear-ended by a guy sliding on ice has made me gun-shy about anybody coming to an intersection too fast.

There is an explanation for why Harry Warner feels attracted to Julie Andrews but she doesn't feel attracted to him. It's the same effect that renders Pellucidar weightless, etc. The math proving this is very complicated but in effect on the inner surface of a sphere the attraction from the immediate surface

while strong because of its nearness to you, is perfectly counter-balanced by the combined attraction of the more distant lands. Julie Andrews reciprocal attraction to H.W. Jr. is perfectly counter-balanced by her attraction to all the other men who are attracted to her. Poor Harry. Maybe he'd have better luck with Kim Darby.

George Laskowski brings up a matter that sure gets my dander up, too. Worldcon membership rates. I basically agree with George that LAcon's \$30.00 non converting "subscribing" memberships were a rip-off. The progress reports and the Program Book are relatively cheap because they get printed up in 5-8,000 copy editions. With that much volume, you're mostly just paying for the paper. A "subscribing" member shouldn't cost a worldcon over \$15, anything higher than that is pure ----. I can see a \$20.00 subscribing/supporting membership but not ConFederation's \$25 or LAcon's \$30. I also think attending memberships are outrageously high. I'm having a hard time swallowing \$45 as Atlanta's current membership rate. I remember when \$50 at the door was proposed to eliminate walk-ins. Now usury walk-in fees are budgeted incomes! I'd much rather see worldcon membership held down to \$30-40 and if walk-ins are a problem -- refuse to sell at-door memberships!

Perhaps you're saying "Gee, this guy sounds awfully hostile to worldcons," and you'd probably be right. Denise and I will be down for Atlanta, but I don't know what, if any other worldcons we'll be going to. They're too big, too expensive and too oriented around stuff I couldn't care less about. Some people have talked about the desirability of eliminating the fan Hugo categories (how can 8,000 people responsibly vote on fanzines, fanzine writers and artists with circulations under 300? Maybe it's time to eliminate the worldcon, too.

Hope you have a good time in Australia (at a small worldcon!) and that your surrogates don't screw up? Good covers. I'm impressed that you can mimeo on white paper without spotting. Do you slipsheet: (I've had to slipsheet lately and god!, is it a pain!

((What do you mean, you hope the surrogates don't "screw up"? We HAVE to, or Charlotte will think she can go wandering off anytime and leave us with all of this hard work. And no, we don't slipsheet. We were very fortunate in that Meade Frierson donated his not-so-old A.B.Dick mimeo to ANVIL and we have not had to resort to the slipsheet. You have our sympathy... the Surrogates))

Roger Weddall It's been too long since my last letter, but then that's what
Fitzroy 3065 being in Egypt does to you; the mail service is erratic at
Australia best, and it was hardly worth writing. Not that I would have
 had anything much to say about fanzines or fans. Want to hear
about Hosni Mubarak and the militant Moslem Brotherhood? No? Well, maybe next
time.

In any event, I had an idea that there had been a long break between ANVILs of late - the last time I read one was well over a year ago - but No. 35 was quite interesting. Krsto can put the words together pretty well, can't he? (That's a compliment, Krsto)

One thing I can comment on is the horrible business of passport and travel restrictions and I can back-up what Krsto says completely. Yugoslavia went

through this phase a few years back of asking about as many governments as they could think of to mutually open their borders to travellers, i.e. no visa needed for entry, or rather nothing more than a stamp in the passport on entering the respective countries. Today a Yugoslavian passport would have to be about the best one in all of Europe for travel around the place, and they welcome visitors.

The Australian government, I reluctantly admit, is even more bloody-minded than the American government about who gets to get in. They like you to have an onward flight (out of the country again) air ticket and, upon last hearing, around Aus \$1,400 - approx. US \$900. Mind you, once you're in you're in. That "no longer than (three, or six) months" visa can be pretty well endlessly renewed, and you don't have to spend the money you've brought in, any of it, at any stage, even if you want to renew your visa for another six months or longer. This is no exaggeration. The mentally quick and the travel-wise will already have figured out what this means, when I add that in Australia there are no Identity Numbers, it's legal to set up a bank account under a false name, and no one has heard the words "work permit". Got it? Australia was the place in the world to come for a working holiday, no matter what your profession as long as you didn't want to work for a government department. I have, bitterly regretful, to announce that our crypto-fascist government has just now, however, decided to introduce ID cards. I won't bore you with my feelings on this subject, just point out that this "wonderful" system means that it will become much harder to "work and play" if you're not a resident. It won't be as bad as anywhere in America or Europe, but it will still be more difficult than before, and any restriction on this sort of thing is, I think, bad.

Oh, I should have mentioned that it doesn't matter what your accent is like, or even if you can speak English or not, if you want to be in the workforce; plenty of Australians can't speak a word of English, and as there are so few tourists you'd automatically be considered Australian by an employer.

But speaking of Yugoslavia, I have an amusing story to tell of our Dept. of Immigration people here.... With the facts in mind that there is a sizable Yugoslav Immigrant population in Australia (sorry, Krsto, I don't know more than that - largely Croatian, I think) and that the Aus (pronounced 'oz' - but not the American 'o' which sounds to us like 'aaa'. Short 'o'. Oz.) government hates letting people into the country, there was a Yugo girl a couple of years back come out to visit the country, where an aunt of hers lives. Upon reaching Sydney customs, an official, for no stateable reason, became suspicious of the girl, announced (there was no evidence) that he thought she was going to try to marry an Australian while here, and promptly sent her back to Yugoslavia. Just like that.

He had the power to do that, this much was clear, but a huge public outcry ensued. Imagine the girl's



reaction, after a twenty-five hour flight, to be turned around (no money refunded, of course) and sent back for no reason. Well, after about a week of outrage in the papers, the government, which had at first defended the custom officer's decision, gave in and paid for her to fly out here again - "Sorry, sorry, we didn't mean to do it." And so back she was brought for a fresh visit. Free ride and all.

The punchline, and believe me it's a good one, is that while here in Australia the girl met a nice young Yugoslav migrant man, and they married and she's now living as a permanent resident in Australia!

All of which is a great bloody joke, I reckon. "We wuz fooled but good." The only trouble is that the government is now making it really hard for Yugos to get visas. I was recently rung up by a lady working in Canberra (the national capital) asking about why Samos Kriselr wanted to come to Australia for as long as two months, when he stated that he was only coming to Australia to attend Aussiecon Two which only lasted a week! Now how are you supposed to have a decent look at a place greater than the size of Europe in even two months? Forget it. I spoke with the woman and tried to say the sort of things that would help Samos, who I met very briefly while there earlier this year (Yugoslavia, Egypt, they have things in common), and she seemed satisfied, but with diplomats you never know. I hope he gets to fly out here. Would that the world were smaller, more of it easily accessible.

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

The new issue of ANVIL is a splendid one. Are the covers symbolic of coming worldcons? The front cover might represent how the cruise ship would be masqueraded for the ball if the plan to stage a worldcon in the Bermuda Triangle works out. The back cover might show worldcon committee members taking shelter the next time a worldcon runs up a huge deficit.

I'm glad Bob Shaw is feeling better, but I'm afraid that pipe of his will become very sick soon, if it has taken over Bob's illness. His old custom of getting a pimple beside his nose struck a sympathetic note in this reader because in my own misspent youth, I played the oboe in the local symphony orchestra and a few days before each concert I always developed a fever blister on my lip. Fever blisters hurt like fury when you try to play the oboe in their presence and they ruin the embouchure the oboist is supposed to maintain. When I gave up oboing, the fever blisters stopped appearing. On the other hand, I couldn't sympathize so much for Bob's ordeal with the device that dilated his nose. My nose is so big that the inspection could be done without tongs. (As a small child I quickly got out of the habit of picking my nose. It tired me out and took too long.)

I don't know enough about L-5 activities to be sure I separated actuality from metaphor in Warren Overton's trip report. But I gather that the space development people aren't as grim as their image in the media seems to make them, and neither are they as loopy goosy as fans. If a few more fans like Warren infiltrate their ranks, that situation should change perceptibly.

It's hard to imagine anyone taking the trouble of drawing a novel; the things are hard enough to write. But it would be nice if Elfquest became so popular

in fandom that fans would begin to conduct their feuds in drawings. It wouldn't take nearly as long to go through the pages of fanzines devoted to the feud and there wouldn't be as many other fans getting involved in the fray because lots of fans can't draw at all.

I thought sure I had finished my career as a fan historian and now I have Finnish contradiction to my finish. It is terribly confusing to an already bewildered fan. Outside of that, I'm glad to find Toni Jerrman in a more genial mood in his loc this time.

Condolences on your problems with getting ANVIL to Australia. But you still had better luck than I did long ago when I was publishing a genzine, SPACEWAYS. Not a single copy of one issue got to Australia. A Japanese submarine put them at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. Once I was forced to rewrap every copy of one issue of SPACEWAYS because I'd slipped the protective paper covers into each copy to prevent the covers from slipping off the fanzines. Someone at the post office decided this was equivalent to sealing third class matter, which was illegal at that time, and demanded either first class postage (which would have run up an awful extra expense at the rate of nine cents per copy!) or a wrapper that could be pulled loose.

Harry Andruschak's church seems to have overlooked the most obvious sexism during its search for non-sexist things to sing. How can they think of publishing a new hymnbook? Didn't W.S. Gilbert publicize sufficiently the matter more than a century ago, in the first act of his text for Princess Ida? Gama says of the university director in Castle Adamant; "Why, bless my heart, she's so particular/ She'll scarcely suffer Dr. Watts's hymns," then goes on to explain that the ladies rise every morning on the signal of a cockcrow which is done by an accomplished hen.

Roy Tackett is right about fandom having a scarcity of rich members. I can think of only a few exceptions. There was one letterhack, now gafiated, whose husband was in the insurance business. Once when this couple attended a con, another fan decided to give the insurance man a big break and tell him about a job opening that would pay him big money. The insurance man just then was spending each year on his hobby almost exactly the same sum that this proffered job would have paid him. Thus was symbolized the fact that what seems like a big annual income to the average fan can be peanuts to someone else.

Your explanation of why a worldcon supporting membership isn't cheap is convincing. But this is just one of many ways in which I think worldcons have become too pretentious. Why do the PRs and program book need to be anything more than modest-sized, lithoed pamphlets that contain the information which will be useful and nothing else? Of course, the worldcons pick up lots of income from advertising in those publications. But that advertising revenue forces the publishing expense to become enormous and thus the supporting membership rates are driven up.

I haven't buried a cat but I've had neighbor complaints, too. Last winter the man who lives in a converted garage behind the house next door pounded at my door and furiously accused me of peeping tom activities. He had seen footprints running from my back porch to his bedroom window. It had been the electric meter reader who had done it; the converted garage has its meters beside the window in question.

((Yes, Harry, worldcons have become pretentious (but don't tell the committee I said so). It seems to be a feeling of regional pride ... "Let's put on a bigger and better... Let's publish an even better ..." sort of thing. As I'm sure you have figured out, they'll never be the same as they were years ago. You can't go home again! Actually the pocket program that is provided to convention-goers is probably comparable to the useful pamphlets you describe. The Program Book, on the other hand, is meant to be a memory book, a souvineer. The advertising you mention is not income per se, but rather only enough to cover the cost of producing the PB. At least, that is the theory as I understand it. As for the Progress Reports, well, what can I say? They are supposed to report progress to those interested enough to have joined the convention early. This one I'm working on now seems, however, to be kind of like a fanzine... there are some really neat articles in it, and classy artwork.... c.p.))

Tony Cvetko
20750 Colwell #1
Farmington Hills, MI 48024

Ooh, ooh, Mafiaettes! I want one. I'm male, good-looking and have a fast high-performance car. How much does one cost? ((Depends on the car. Mafiaettes are priceless... l.r./

Only black on black Corvette T-tops before '76 accepted. Driver optional... c.r.)) What do I have to do? ((Depends on the Mafiaette. l.r.))

Here's Linda's Pasta recipe:

A Simple Little Semi-Chinese Pasta Salad For People Who Hate To Cook:

- 1) Cook up some pasta (any shape/type you prefer), judging quantity to the number of people you're feeding. Drain well and set in the fridge until chilled.
- 2) Add an equal amount of chilled mixed Chinese vegetables (bean sprouts, water chestnuts, bamboo shoots, sweet red peppers, mushrooms, onions, etc.). The canned stuff is okay.
- 3) Add a sprinkling of crispies (soybeans, sunflower seeds, croutons) over the top to taste.
- 4) Prepare a salad dressing of 2/3 creamy cucumber, 1/3 Italian (I prefer Kraft reduced-calorie bottled dressings) and a dash or fifteen of soy sauce to taste. Sometimes, if I'm really feeling wild, I add a table-spoon or two of sweet and sour sauce for a little extra tang.
- 5) Spoon dressing lightly over chilled salad and toss/mix well.
- 6) Stuff your face.

Makes your mouth water, huh? Makes me sweat.

Great, does this mean you'll cut out the sci-fi stuff?

You know, you guys should run a photo section with ANVIL-ites and readers. Diane Drutowski, form OG of Apa Five-oh, did this to great effect in the afore-mentioned apa. It was extrememly popular. And it would take even more space away from the dreaded sci-fi stuff. Think about it.

So, another fine, fine issue from some people who seem to be pretty cool. True, the sci-fi stuff really has to go, but maybe you can work on it. It's a nice sunny Sunday in Detroit and I'm about to go downtown to Mexican Town in search of the perfect burrito, so it's time to say ta-ta.

Eric Lindsay
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Lyreham, ACT 2602
Australia

I suppose the sensible thing to do is to hold locs on "ANVIL" until I can hand them to you at Aussiecon II (I hear you will be visiting), but I'd lose the loc before then, and on a trip like that, you'd have a fair chance of losing it if I didn't.

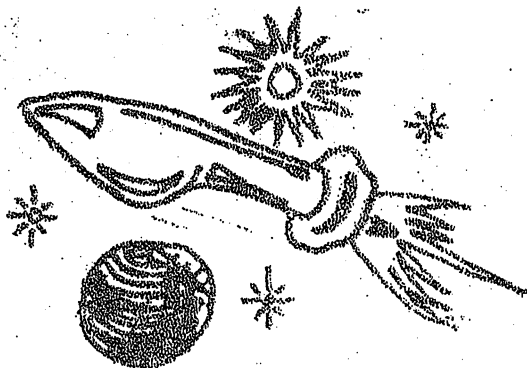
I also think that fan feuds, of the correct type, are a lot of fun. The problem is the actual topic. TAFF tends to make fans a mite emotional. I suggest something scatological, like which way to hang the toilet paper in the loo. I suggest hanging it in such a way that the sheets come off the roll at the top. This lets you scribble on it while you, ah, wait... whereas if you let it hang next to the wall, you need one of those Fisher Space Pens that will write while upside down to do any sort of scribbling on it... and if you use a marker pen, it runs through the paper and makes a mess of the wall.

As a non-car owner I find myself less touched by Krsto's terrible plight than I would perhaps otherwise be. However to lose a car within days of getting it working certainly sounds a horrible fate. I also got the distinct impression that the climate where he lives isn't real conducive to riding on bicycles or motor bikes. Luckily I'm mostly able to use public transport, so a few years ago when my car broke down, I just left the damn thing where it was.

Why is it that Steve Bullock's article reminds me forcefully of the first few pages of Edgar Rice Burrough's first "Mars" novel?

No wonder Buck Coulson discourages visitors; with a climate like that, it is a kindness to all. Personally, I think weather should be something you hear about in a weather report, when they tell you whether it was 65 degrees, or 72 degrees. However I do agree that buying Xmas presents all through the year is a fine idea. One year I managed to accumulate a fine little pile of them for Jean, but it always takes all year, for there is nothing either of us want available 'round Xmas, and what I do find is more than a little weird and spontaneous.

I find myself wondering about Bob Shaw's comments re food rationing after World War II. This carried into the '50's in Australia also, which was entirely unreasonable, as this country has traditionally produced several times its own food needs, and continued to do so all through the war. Just another reason to distrust politicians, I'd say.



Toni Jerrman
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00640 Helsinki
FINLAND

All our lives we sweat and save,
building for a shallow grave.

I think that it's at last time to decide whether Tahtivaeltaja is a fanzine or really something else. Tahtivaeltaja (Star Rover) is done mostly by new, young amateurs (almost all about 20 years old) and no one gets paid. Maybe most articles are serious but that's because finnish readers don't like to read funny articles without much information. I put there some personal things because I like to do it and we would also publish letters if just someone sent some. Tahtivaeltaja is published by a club and every member gets it. There's also about three places in Finland where you can buy single copies. It is printed in the best way the club and I can afford. Even though (sic) we get money from every copy I for example last year had to put over 1100 dollars of my own money in printing (we publish four numbers a year), because we try to keep it fat and good looking.

I hope that there's enough information for you so that you can now tell me what Tahtivaeltaja is. Why I use the word "fanzine" is because here in Finland is used only two words: "fanzine" and "magazine". And you can be sure that Tahtivaeltaja is not a magazine. I don't know what a semiprozine really is and I believe that the word won't come to use in Finland. It's difficult to translate and as it stands it doesn't fit finnish language. Fanzine is fanzine in Finland, too, magazine is "lehti" in finnish.

So you tell me (even though I don't think this is a very important thing to decide. Many times the important things drown when people start talking about matters of form).

When the still sea conspires an armor
and her sullen and aborted
currents breed tiny monsters,
true sailing is dead.

Doors: Horse Latitudes

((Will somebody help me out here? Somebody with a better command of the English language than I, perhaps Krsto... This discussion with Toni began in ANVIL 35 when he cited fanzine circulation in Finland of 2,000 paid subscriptions, as well as his own Star Rover with a circulation of 500. I tried to describe the difference between a real, honest-to-ghod fanzine, and a semi-prozine. As well as the language difficulties with the word "semi-prozine" in Finnish, I think we might have a generation gap -- that is, fandom is younger in Europe than in the States, and perhaps not unnaturally takes itself more seriously than, say for instance, ANVIL. // Next page...

Toni, I am not trying to say that one is good and the other bad. Far from it. They are just different things. And so far as talking about matters of form, well, what else have we to do in these pages? Certainly not feud!))

Eric Lindsay It is nice to know that every Worldcon committee seems to have its own term of approval (?) for the inner group of the committee, whether it is the Birmingham Mafia or the Gang of Five of Aussiecon.

Bob Shaw's comments on the proper form for sick people reminds me of a similar malady that befell me when I was visiting the US in 1978. I'd left Australia with a persistent cold, and it recurred every time I visited a large city in the US. It would recede (like my hairline) when I was in the open countryside. I finally got rid of it about eight months later, back in Australia, by staying away from cities for three months. I'm of the opinion that I somehow managed to pick up a bug that was fed by city pollution, and staying in the clean country air starved it to death.

It seems very strange to be seeing a Buck Coulson column written from a time when the Ozanne's were in the USA. I was visiting at the Ozanne's the other evening, and they had been back here for over a month, and had even had time to attend the worldcon. It seems even stranger to recall seeing a recent Science Fiction Chronicle in which was a report of Buck's heart problems, or to recall Mike Glycer, at a party in Sydney, telling that Buck claimed that at least this proved he did have a heart. Get well soon.

I was delighted to see mention of Eric Drexler's nanotechnology, which I heard about from the Xanadu people at Ann Arbor in 1982. Mind you, that is about the only mention I've ever seen of the idea of molecular switches.

Brian Earl Brown makes a slight error in his interpretation of my comments, in that he assumes that I was talking about not being able to buy a Heathkit computer due to US Defence Dept. regulations. Heathkit are merely one of the better known "kit" computer makers, by no means the only one (they are also very unlikely to be bought in this country, but only because they are very poor value for money at current prices here, and have an incredibly poor agent). I was talking about a 68000 attached processor made by Digital Acoustics, which can not be exported from the USA due to Defence Dept regulations. Considering that equivalent components can be obtained from the Japanese, this seems a mite silly, but only silly. A recent variation I encountered is however infuriating. An Australian company called Labtam is currently being investigated by the US Dept. of Trade for having the audacity to sell its scientific micro computers, and analogue digital data acquisition cards to Russia, and conveyor belt weighing equipment to China. The US appears to be claiming that standard electronic components as used in this equipment can't be

exported without their blessing. This is utterly stupid, considering the equipment was designed here, and uses components that are available anywhere in the world. I have to suspect the problem stems from an oversupply of lawyers in the USA. Indeed, this seems to be hinted at by moves to have the trial of Union Carbide for chemical spills in India moved to US courts.

I had a car once, and when it finally broke down, half way to Jean's place, I deserted it at a garage. It was still there for about a year and a half, or so I noticed when I infrequently passed that way.

((Not only did Eric mail a loc on #36 (earlier in the loc column), but he hand-delivered this one to me at Aussiecon Two, and I didn't lose it! // Yes, while news does get around eventually in fanzines, -- such as news of Buck's illness -- your more regularly published newszines will get it to you quicker. We all wish Buck a speedy recovery.))

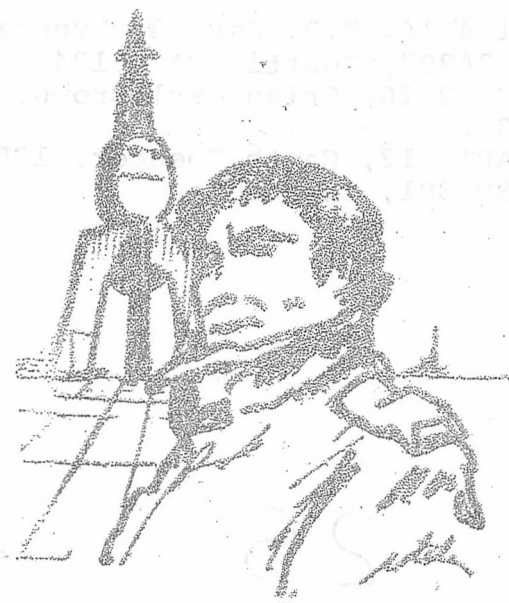
Samet Huhui Hi to everybody who publishes and reads ANVIL. Now
Leninova 8 here are some news.

91000 Skopje

YUGOSLAVIA

The 7th meeting of Yugo-fans names Yucon will be held in Skopje at the 4, 5 and 6 of October 1985. The organization work is given in charge to "Pulsar" one of 11 or 12 (who'd know) fandoms in Yugoslavia. Memb. free to non Yugoslavs. These are the news from Yugoslavia for the timebeings. Now, a question: Who got Worldcon '87? I hope it is someone from Europe, because USA and Australia are too far away. (It's my point of view, of course).

((By this time you would have heard, it's Britian in '87. See you there? // Thought you folks in ANVILand would like to know there are other Yugo-fans than Krsto. Thanks for writing, Samet.))



TRADEZINES//TRADEZINES//TRADEZINES//TRADEZINES//TRADEZINES//TRADEZINES

BCSFAZINE 145-147, Box 35577, Sta.E, Vancouver, B.C. V6M 4G9 Canada
BIRMINGHAM SCIENCE FICTION GROUP NEWSLETTER 165-168, Martin Tudor,
845 Alum Rock Road, Ward End, Birmingham B8 2AG, England
BRSFL NEWS 37, Box 14238, Baton Rouge, LA 70898-4238
CAREFULLY SEDATED 4, 117 Wanless Ave., Toronto, Ont. M4N 1W1, Canada
DE PROFUNDIS 161-162, 11513 Burbank Blvd., N. Hollywood, CA 91601
DESK SET GAZETTE 1, c/o New Decade Productions, Box 409, Falls
Church, VA 22046
THE DILLINGER RELIC 41, Arthur Hlavaty, 819 W. Markham Av, Durham,
NC 27701
ETERNITY ROAD 8, Larry Carmody, 612 Argyle Road #4G, Brooklyn,
NY 11230
ETTLE FOUR, Jackie Causgrove, 6828 Alpine Av., #4, Cincinnati OH 45236
FANZINE FANATIQUE 61, Walker, 6 Vine St., Greaves, Lancaster, Lancs.
LA1 4UF, U.K.
FILE 770, 53-54, Mike Glyer, 5828 Woodman Av #2, Van Nuys, CA 91401
FLIGHTS OF FANCY/SABLE WEYR NEWSLETTER, M. Schiermann, 5304 Dixie-
land Road, Birmingham, AL 35210
GEGENSCHWEIN 49, Eric Lindsay, 43 Chapman Parade, Faulconbridge,
NSW 2776, Australia
INSTANT GRATIFICATION 3, 4326 Winslow Place No., Seattle, WA 98103
LAN'S LANTERN 17, 55 Valley Way, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013
MAYBE 65, Irvin Koch, c/o 835 Chattanooga Bank Bldg, Chattanooga,
TN 37402
MYTHOLOGIES 18, Don D'Amassa, 323 Dodge St., East Providence RI 02914
THE NASFA SHUTTLE, Jul-Aug, P.O. Box 4857, Huntsville, AL 35815
PYROTECHNICS 36, P.O. Box 261687, San Diego CA 92126-0998
RON'S RAYGUN 3, Ron Gemmell, 79 Mansfield Close, Birchwood,
Warrington, Cheshire WA3 6RN, U.K.
RUNE 73, M.K. Digre, 4629 Columbus Av, Minneapolis MN 55407
SCAVENGER'S NEWSLETTER, Janet Fox, 519 Ellinwood, Osage City, KS 66523
SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW 56, P.O. Box 11408, Portland OR 97211
THE SFSFS SHUTTLE 2-5, 4599 NW 5th Av., Boca Raton FL 33009
THYME 44-46, Roger Weddall, P.O. Box 273, Fitzroy 3065, Australia
TRANSMISSIONS 184-189, Robert Teague, P.O. Box 1534, Panama City,
FL 32402-0123
WEBERWOMAN'S WREVENGE Vol 4 #4, P.O. Box 42, Lyneham ACT 2602 Aust.
WESTWIND 95-97, P.O. Box 24207, Seattle WA 98124
THE WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG 22-26, Brian Earl Brown, 20101 W. Chicago
#201, Detroit MI 48228
THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARTH 12, Garth Spencer, 1296 Richardson
St., Victoria, B.C. V8V 3E1, Canada



We also heard from: Sean Abley, Nick Craven, Bruce D. Arthurs, Slobodan-Bob Curcic, Richard Gilliam, Joy Hibbert, P.L. Caruthers-Montgomery, Robert A. Newsom, Rickey Roberts, Jeanne Mealey, Arthur Hlavaty.

Next Meetings:

October 19, 1985 - Masquerade tave
November 9, 1985 - The Creature Wasn't Nice
December 14, 1985 - Fannish Revival and Xmas Party
January, 11, 1986 - ~~Officer D'Ally~~ - Elections

Art Credits:

Greg A. West, Cover; Cindy T. Riley, 3; Wade Gilbreath, 5, 18, 26; William Rotsler, 6, 25; Steve Fox, 10, hacover; Tim A. Cooper, 12; Brad Foster, 14; Terry Frost, 22.

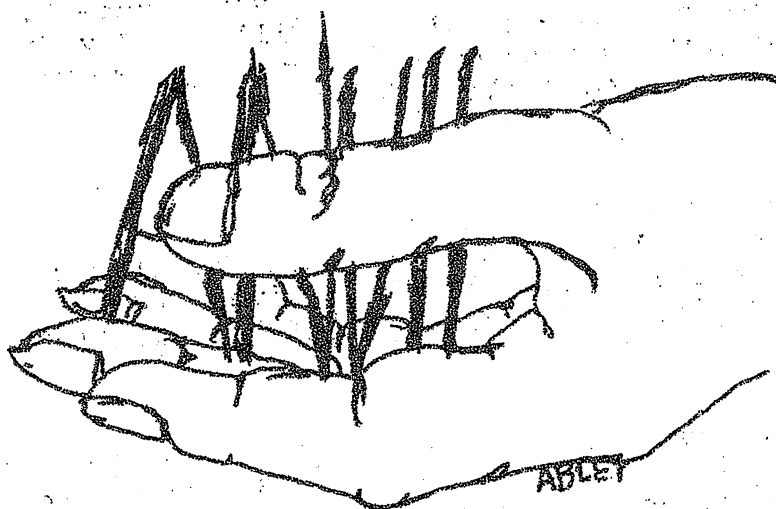
ANVIL Helpers;

As the sun sinks slowly in the West, and Charlotte finishes what the Mafiaettes began, another ANVIL is about ready for press. ANVIL 37 is mostly the stencils done by Cindy and Linda Riley. The only things I added were late locs and Forged Minutes. I'm grateful for all the work they did, as it left me free to concentrate on ANVIL 38, which is my Not-A-Trip-Report, and is included in this mailing.

What the little letter on your mailing label means:

X - This is your last issue unless you DO something.
E - egoscan this ish
W - Editorial Whim
L - Loccer
C - Contributor
S - Subscriber
M - Member
T - Trade
H - We don't know, Charlotte didnt tell us what this one means. (It means we Hope to hear from you...)

Note from Charlotte: This typewriter makes even more mistakes than I do. I think its little selectric mechanism is going bad. Sorry.



Post Script:

Well, rats!!! The E-stenciled bacover I was going to use here is no good. Rats. But there is no way I'm going to leave it blank. Okay. Now what? Oops! I just read ANVIL 37, and guess what I found? A typo in a title... hmmm. I'll put it down to sign-painter's disease and let it go at that.

Couldn't you just turn green from envy, looking at those justified-margin locs, and those neat little square places Cindy left for illos? Enjoy it while you can, next time we're back to ragged right. Cindy has a memory writer at work, but the only time she can use it for her personal stuff is on her lunch hour. She's not allowed to stay late. After doing the locs, Cindy complained to Linda that she hand't eaten lunch for a month!

By the way, Solbodan-Bob Curcic in the WAHFs is still yet another Yugoslav. He tells about SFeracon, held in February in Zagreb: "SFeracon, the biggest convention in Yugoslavia, has a few thematic art exhibits... The president of SFera club gives a SFera prize to the winners (Yugo-Hugo).

Earlier this week, I went to Robinson School to use their E-stencil machine. (I furnish my own stencils and use it free.) However, I was getting lousy stencils because the plastic cover for the original was so old and scratched up. I've known this for awhile, but just now got aggravated enough to buy a new one, to the tune of \$30.00. (And if you think I left it there for them to use, you're crazy...) Then I did five stencils - three of illos, the cover for #38, and the bacover for this, which was the last one I did. And it didn't do right. (See above.) I surely do hope that now that I have invested thirty bucks in somebody else's E-stencil machine that it isn't dying.

This page obviously didn't make it into the contents page, and neither did the art credit. The above illo is by Sean Abley.