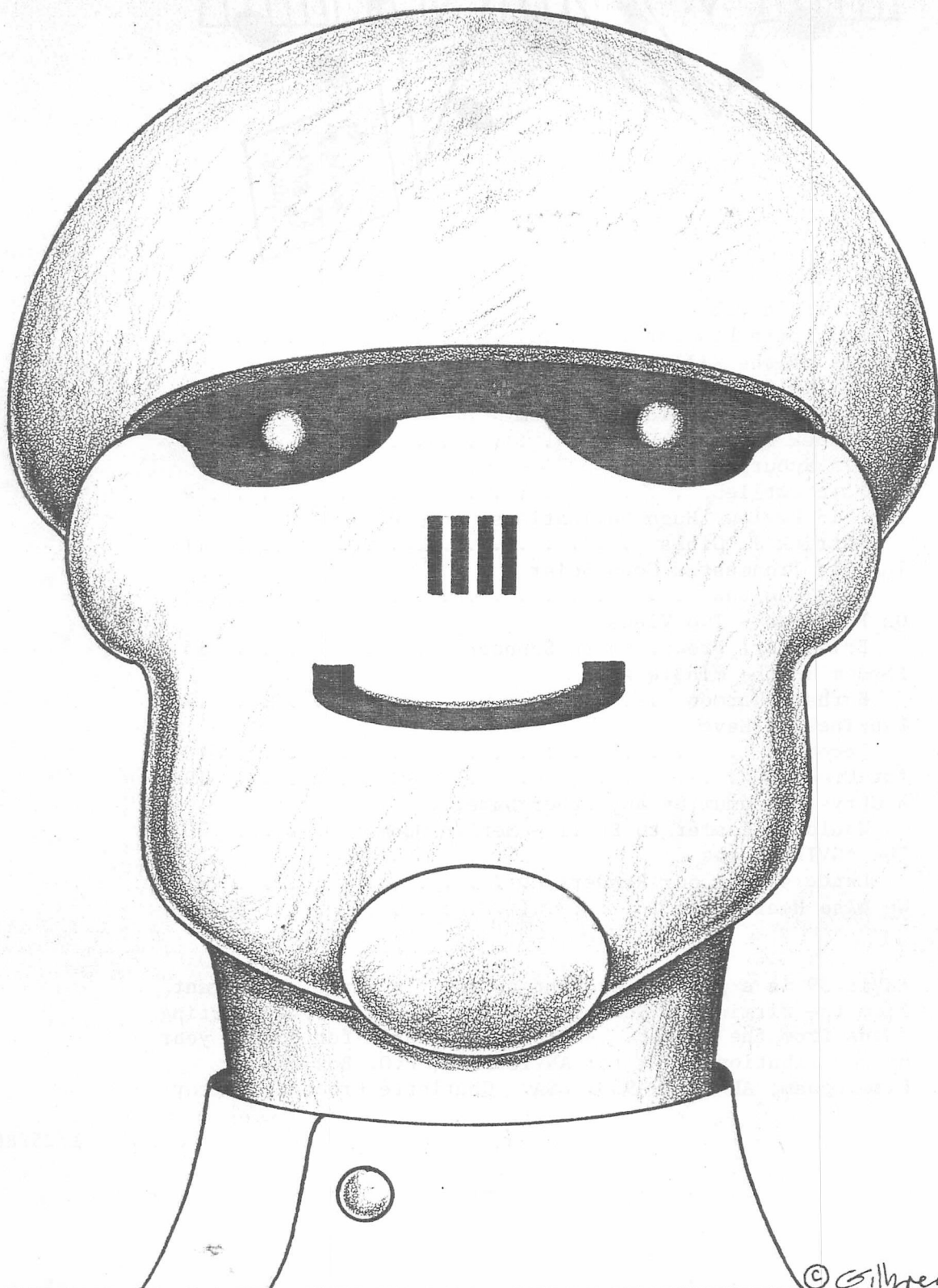
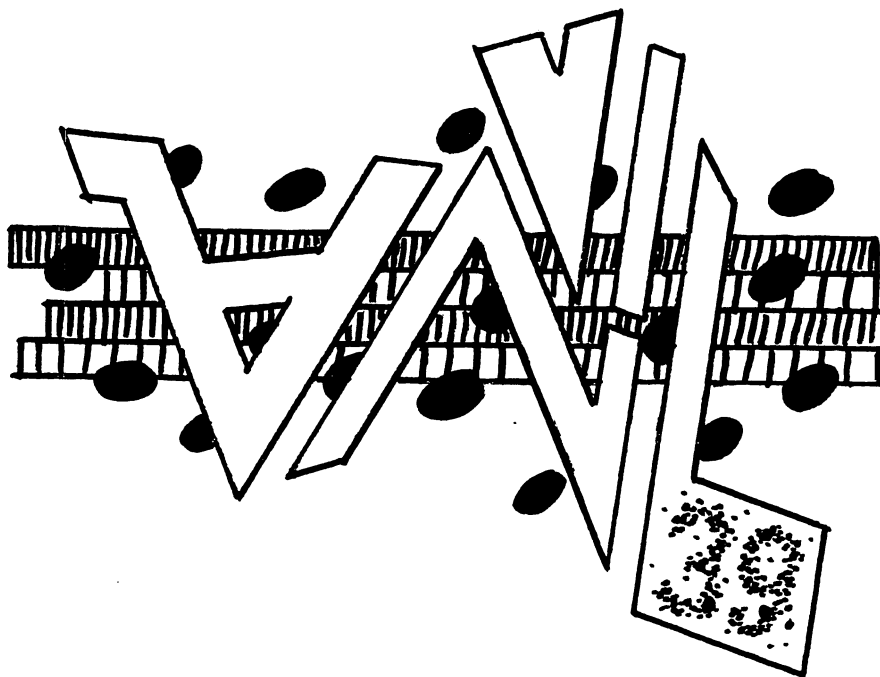


STYLE: ANVIL

MODEL: 39

TYPE: HAPPY BUSBOY





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ANVIL 39 is a genzine brought to you, in part, by a grant from the Birmingham Science Fiction Club and by supporting funds from the editor. ANVIL is available for \$5 per year or contributions sent to: ANVIL/BSFC, P.O. Box 59531, Birmingham, AL 35259-9531 USA. Charlotte Proctor, Editor

1/25/86

CHARLOTTE'S WEB

--Charlotte Proctor

Well, here we are again, boys and girls, with still yet another fun-filled issue of the South's premier fanzine, ANVIL. Actually, it was pretty much fun to put together, especially when I had to go through all the Christmas decorations packed away in the attic to find Roger Weddall's loc that came disguised as a Xmas card, and got packed away with same. And then I lost my stylus. Oh, well, such is life.

You may have heard the expression "the more things change, the more they stay the same"... well, ANVIL is going to change, but not much. It's sort of like getting a promotion at work, and a new title, but with no raise in pay: ANVIL is no longer a clubzine. There will be no Minutes and Money in ANVIL. We're going to try it as a straight Genzine. I realize this may affect our status in reviewer's eyes - we were pretty good for a clubzine, but how are we as a genzine? - but that's the chance we will have to take. Here is the Official Announcement:

ANVIL is a genzine made possible by a grant from the Birmingham Science Fiction Club with supporting funds from PBS (Proctor Backup System).

I might as well admit, ANVIL is also made possible by advice, suggestions and moral support from Wade Gilbreath. Wade was first editor of ANVIL, as well as being the only other fanzine fan in the vicinity, and a fan artist of great renown. Then there are the Sisters Riley, Cindy and Linda, who list fanzines, update mailing lists and other ~~ditty~~ dog-work, as well as all those who respond favorably to invitations to ANVIL collating parties: Adreas, Bill and Nancy, Marie, Warren, Steve, Conus, Catherine, Dan, and uh, others. Thanks.

I will remain the editor but this is not to say that ANVIL will be a charlotte-zine, any more than it has been in the past. Except for an editorial and comments in the loc-col, most of the input will continue to be from fans from around the world. #39 has, for instance, contributions from as far away as Jasper, Alabama, and Czechoslovakia. Speaking of 'around the world'

I am the U.S. (Southern) agent for the Holland in 1990 worldcon bid. This bid is opposite LA in 1990. I don't know why I am agent, it seemed like the thing to do at the time. In any event, the pertinent information is as follows:

Send \$5.00 pre-supporting to:

Charlotte Proctor
8325 7th Avenue South
Birmingham, AL 35206

For this fee you will receive:

- . Progress Report #0, recently published.
- . a button, with mouse mascot on it.
- . \$5 discount on attending membership if Holland wins, and reimbursement of your \$5 pre-supporting membership. Yes, that's right, a total of \$10 off!



This seems to be as good a place as any to announce BSFC's next convention. I do not have full particulars as yet, but you should know that Bob Shaw (and his wife) will be coming to Birmingham after ConFederation. As you know, Bob is Toastmaster at this year's worldcon. Special Guests always work hard, being on panels, making speeches and public appearances. Con committees work hard, too, arranging those speeches, panels, etc., and seeing after 5,000 or so guests. Right? Right.

Soooooo, after ConFederation is over and done with, Birmingham will host a Relaxicon -- BoShCon II. DO NOT expect programming. I told Bob the only thing expected of him that weekend was that he sit around and natter with us, much as he did in the Fan Lounge at Aussiecon Two.

I'll shop around and find us an inexpensive hotel with a largish consuite, and let you know where. But if you are going to be in this neck of the woods anyway, and want someplace to relax with fannish friends after the worldcon, come to BoShcon II. Membership will be nominal. Write for details to:

Charlotte Proctor, 8325 7th Avenue South, Birmingham, AL 35206 USA.

Please Note: This is a Relaxicon. Make your own fun. See the sights, go out to eat, rest up after Worldcon, talk with Bob Shaw, drink with Bob Shaw.....

B O S H C O N I I

September 12, 13 & 14, 1986

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

Hotel: TBA

Membership: Nominal

Special Guest: Bob Shaw

ATTACK OF THE KILLER BEAUJELAIS #

#####

"Nika, you this wasting of ocular water must stop", Bem admonished. Nika just hugged her Uncle Bem all the tighter.

"I know, I know", she said, "Tears don't bring back either the dead or an investment. At least the Hive escaped, thank Xyl."

"Insanity there is in some Alephak. Humans in that not alone are. Greed excessive insanity is, forget not, mercenary-hearted daughter mine", replied Bem.

"Thanks, I needed that. But Aleph is so perfect for growing things. Like Grapes." She giggled.

"What wrong is?"

"I was just thinking. Once I told a friend that all my family were oinophiles and he said he was sorry to hear that and couldn't they cure that these days?"

"Good to hear you cheer up it is. Xyl-festival this time best of all. Pity last time Alephin von Rhine rot-gut served. To my sake must go back, eh?"

"Oh, you know it's not rut-gut", Nika argued. "It's good stuff. Delicious and blood-red. But if I ever find who genengineered land-shark characteristics into the stock... probably the idiot thought the vines would be better able to fight off predators or diseases or something. But no, oh no. The grapes went berserk and destroyed everything. Everything! But in a way I can almost sympathize with the little green goddamns. In their vegetable intelligence, maybe they were getting revenge on their oppressors." Then, more quietly, "I wonder if they bought the stock from LSH, Ltd.?"

"Hmmm?"

"Just thinking out loud. A bad habit." She and Bem remained silent as they walked in the warm rain together. Neither of them really noticed. "Tactical nukes don't do much for the enviroment", Nika observed.

"No, but necessary was. That you know."

"Sort of like the twentieth century African Killer Bees. Drastic situations call for drastic solutions."

"Yes," clicked the great pseudo-insect. "Or like a bad skiffy movie."

She stopped suddenly. Bem almost tripped over her. "That's it! I'll write a book. Maybe a movie! Hah! I knew I could salvage something from all this drek!"

"Call it what will you?" Bem inquired.

She looked up slyly at the rainbow-faceted eyes. "Why, the Wrath of Grapes, of course."

 # #
 # GENESIS OF CZECHOSLOVAK FANDOM #
 # #
 #####

--Zdenek Rampas

The first attempt to found an organization similar to today's SF clubs falls into year 1969 when a group of Prague fans, all of them university students, joined to form the "Club of Jules Verne's friends". This organization, however, ceased to exist soon, since it didn't find either sufficient support or understanding. It then took another entire decade before another attempt to create an organizational structure of Czechoslovak fandom was repeated.

In spite of the fact that nobody took up (even indirectly) the matter of the above-mentioned club, today's fan movement can be traced to 1972, when a youth magazine bought an ad reading: "Join the 'girl from a Blue planet' in her stroll through the Universe and the world of phantasy!"

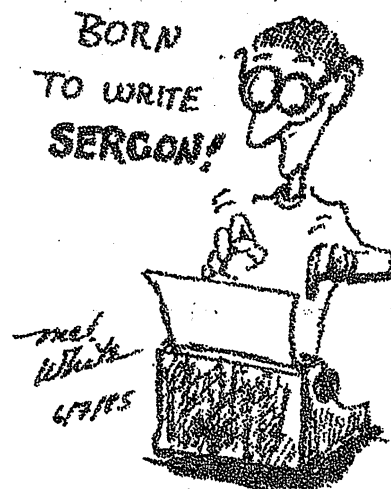
The girl's name was Lenka Sobotkova. She got 140 replies, all from students. Her ad had, under our conditions, an effect similar to that of the famous Letters to the Editor in Hugo Gernsback's "Amazing Stories". A large part of SF fans from all parts of Czechoslovakia thus got into contact for the first time. Most of them were very much surprised to learn that there existed such a large number of people with similar interest.

Karel Jedlicka, the most prominent fan who was netted by Lenka's ad, a friend of good SF and good beer, became the Nestor of Czechoslovak fandom of pre-club times. Then, in the beginning, Karel's main interest was the collecting of SF books. He established contacts with similar collectors and so helped to establish the nucleus of the future organization.

Collecting, as a target of fandom during the early 70s, was due to a lack of information about similar SF movements in other countries. Except for rare instances of published SF books, nobody in Czechoslovakia was interested in SF. Only a few people were informed about the existence of SF clubs in other parts of the world, and almost nobody had a clear idea about their activities and aims. Only Ludvik Soucek, a fan of mystery, author of SF and its restless propagandist, even then could imagine that the interest for SF was representing something much bigger than a mere collector's interest. Exactly what? That is what Czech fans are racking their brains about until this day.

But let's come back to Karel and Lenka. On or about the year 1976 they jointly published a mimeographed magazine called "Vega". It cannot be called fanzine notwithstanding the fact they did not certainly know that term yet. "Vega" could be called better an anthology of short stories.

By early 1977, Karel Jedlicka (again through an ad) became acquainted with Zdenek Rampas. After two years of contacts by mail, personal meetings and recruiting of further fans and fans-to-be, the idea of an SF club changed from hazy imaginations into a real plan.



Then the idea of forming an SF club came just in time. The situation was favourable. The readers' interest increased year by year which made it necessary to publish SF to a much larger extent than before (in 1979 e.g. twice as much SF books than in 1975 were published).

In summer 1978, after an article by Ludvik Soucek, appealing for the founding of SF clubs had been published it seemed to be only a question of time when the first SF club would be born. Unfortunately Ludvik Soucek passed away by the end of 1978 and did not live to see this idea realized. It was only after his death that the fans (especially Zdenek Rampas) found that they would have to create the SF club by themselves. And so it came about. The years of considering and hesitating were finished at last by the founding of the first club at the Faculty of Mathematics and Physics of Prague Charles' University, where Zdenek Rampas then studies for the fourth year. The first SF club was founded on April 30th and May 1st, 1979. Some sources date this important day as "April 31st", or the Walpurgisnight.

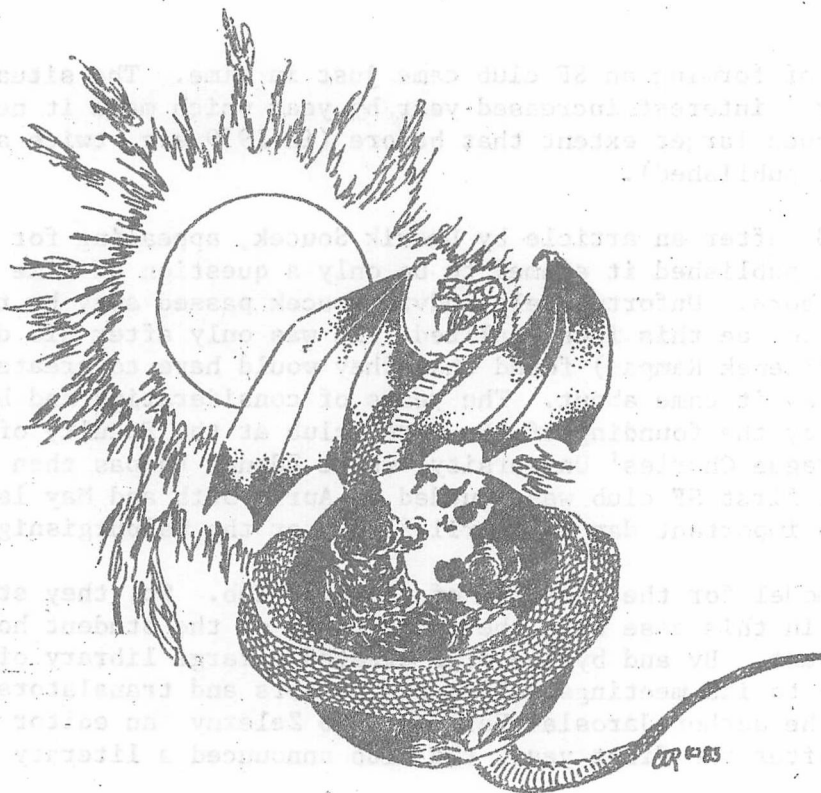
There was no model for the founding of similar club. So, they started to inform the public which in this case were the inhabitants of the student hostel where the SF club had its seat. By and by the club created a large library of SF books and started to invite to its meetings well known authors and translators of SF. The first ones were the author Jaroslav Veis and Ivo Zelezny, an editor and translator in this field. After the first year, the club announced a literary competition for the best SF story.

After some searching at the beginning, the club found its way. After three years it found its principles which were formulated by Zdenek Rampas as follows:

1. Publicity of SF literature.
2. To assist young SF authors developing and help them succeed.
3. To serve as a forum of social communication of SF fans.

The first group of SF founders called themselves "The shaggy ones"; to this day nobody knows why. Two of them, Zdenek Rampas and Petr Holan, were most active in the SF movement after they had finished their university studies. The club of students of the Faculty of Mathematics and Physics successfully overcame the arrival of a new generation. In Honour of its founders it choose the name Villoidus, which is Latin for "shaggy". In the third year of its existence the club started to publish its fanding "SF" which is the eldest and most popular one of its kind to this day. The birth of the first SF Club (SFC) inspired and stimulated fans all over Czechoslovakia, so that other clubs came into existence. The first of them was founded by the staff of the Public Astronomical Observatory of Teplice, Bohemia. Its members were all high school pupils. Many of them later moved to Prague to study. It is said that their reason was to be nearer to the center of the movement.

An important impulse for the further development of the SF movement was the announcement of the Karel Capek Prize competition together with the first meeting of Czechoslovak fandom in April 1982. The organizer of this competition was the SFC "Salamander" of Pardubice, Bohemia, with its chairman Pavel Polacek. It was his merit that this competition was held in later years, too, and the regular announcement of the prizes gave rise to our convention, Parcon.



The Jury of the year's competition received about 200 short stories by amateur fan-writers. (Only amateurs are allowed to compete.) Members of the Jury of that competition are this country's leading professional writers, in addition to the above mentioned Jan Veis and Ivo Zelezny, also Ondrej Neff, an author and theoretician of this genre Zdenek Volny, chief editor of the digest magazine "World Literature" and, in later years, also the poet Karel Sys and the translator Pavel Weigel. During Parcon '82, our ranks were also joined by the author Karel Blazek, the editor Vojtech Kantor and the author Josef Nesvadba.

In March, 1983, one month prior to the mentioned Parcon, the first meeting of the SF club representatives was held in Teplice, where attended members of more than 11 clubs. Many of those were developed under the influence of the Pardubice meeting. Present at this meeting also were as guests many professional writers headed by Josef Nesvadba. The main importance of this meeting rested in establishing of personal contacts even among SF clubs all over the country.

The intense increase of the club movement and the interest in SF is also witnessed by the fact that the Jury of the '83 Parcon had to choose from 430 short stories while not only the number of those, but also their quality, had improved. For the first time the Prize for the Merits in the Development of SF and its Movement was granted. This prize was represented by the "Newt" (from Karel Capek's "War With The Newts"), which is identical with the symbol of the Karel Capek Prize. The "Newt" for Merits was given to Vojtech Kantor, the editor of Ludvik Soucek and other authors' short stories.

After the '83 Parcon the number of clubs had almost doubled. In Prague alone there were three new clubs established of which the "Spectra" SFC is the most active. The need for coordination within the framework of Prague led to establishing of a coordination committee (CC for short), formed by active fans of the Prague SFC. Chairman of this CC became Zdenek Rampas.

During the second meeting in Teplice (which was again held one month prior to Parcon), it was agreed that the CC will coordinate the activities of SFCs in all of Czechoslovakia. The clubs limited the field of their activities and accepted their so-called 'specialization'. The SFC "Spectra" e.g. collects and in a theoretical way works with comical strips; SFC VUMS arranges complete bibliography of published SF books in Czech and Slovak language of SF and similar genres, etc. The SFCs also decided to hold autumn meeting in Sumperk, Moravia, in addition to that of the spring session in Teplice.

During Parcon '84, the "Ludvik" Prize (in memory of Ludvik Soucek) was granted for the first time. It was given to an anthology of SF short stories of local and foreign origin, edited by Ivo Zelezny and Vojtech Kantor. The "Newt" for Merits was received by Ivo Zelezny for his care of publishing SF in Publishing House of his editorial office.

The most important event of the following year was the realization of the autumn meeting at Sumperk and a small convention, "Minicon '84" at Prague.

The Parcon '85 had been expected with certain doubts since it was not obvious how the organizers would manage such a large event. It proved during the meeting, that the number of interested members exceeded the hostel capacity of the Pardubice meeting more than twice (i.e. by 300 participants).

Nevertheless, this year's Parcon went quite well. Theodor Rotrekl, a painter and SF illustrator, was awarded the "Newt" and the "Ludvik" went to the anthology "It Happened Tomorrow", editor Ivo Zelezny. Ivo had introduced more than 30 beginning and so far unknown authors. The Prize for foreign language literature was awarded to A.C. Clarke's "Rendezvous with Rama" and accepted by its translator Zdenek Volny. The latter was also awarded the "Ludvik" prize for the promotion of the SF genre by "Svetova Literatura".

During Parcon '85, the results of an inquiring pertaining the most popular SF book and the most popular author of the last forty years were made public. The first three places of both categories were shared by Ludvik Soucek, Josef Nesvadba and Jaroslav Veis.

-- Zdenek Rampas



JUST A SUBURBAN BOY

There is an eldritch horror lurking in the suburbs. Forget your Lovecraftian ancient houses and sinister villages. The suburbs are where the true evils dwell. Oh, they are subtle evils. You arrive in a suburban dwelling and you scarcely notice them. You note the clean brick houses; the absence of readily available public transport; the distances between milk bars; and the local lads revving their 1967 Holdens at 3 in the morning. What you don't notice are the gardens.

Certainly you know they are there. You look at the other gardens as you walk to the bus-stop. You think about all the grass and the pretty flowers and the interesting native trees. What you don't think about is that, as well as acquiring a mortgage, you have just acquired a garden of your own, with grass.

Grass: there is the stuff. Being an inner city dweller you think of grass as that pleasant stuff that the council mows to a lush green carpet near the Botanical Gardens. It's the stuff that stains cricket uniforms at the knees and seat - as opposed to the terrible stains that cricketers' balls leave on their crotches. You seldom think of it in any other way. It has lulled city dwellers into a false sense of security. Ah, but in the suburbs, where no tram (streetcar) goes, grass becomes far more sinister.

It is only in the suburbs that one can ponder the demise of the dinosaurs. Let those who will believe in iridium deposits and Velikovskian collisions: the suburban dweller knows better. Flowering plants first appeared in the Cretaceous. I cannot believe that the dinosaurs existed for 160 million years without evolving some sort of intelligence. My scenario goes as follows: Dinosaurs used their hindbrains for foresight. The moment that they saw the first simple magnolia flower they knew that their time had come. Envisaging another 160 million years of coping with lawn mowers, whipper-snippers and lawn fertilizers, the dinosaurs committed suicide, calling down a large asteroid in the hope that it would destroy the blight of the flowering plant forever. Unfortunately, as anyone who has had to cope with crab grass will be only too aware, it takes a lot more than a pseudo-nuclear winter to wipe out grass.

(I have another theory about dinosaurs. Dinosaurs died out at about the same time as flowering plants appeared. The thought of a dinosaur with hay fever leaves one in no doubt as to why this planet could not support dinosaurs and flowering plants.)

But back to the monocotyledonous menace. Eventually the new suburbanite notices that a strange transformation is affecting the garden. No longer does it look neat and tidy like other people's gardens. Green tendrils creep onto the flower beds, and wrap themselves around the pretty flowers, slowly choking them. The grass starts to sprout forward, engulfing anything in its path. The hose you use to wash out the kitty litter tray becomes entwined as though the grass is trying to milk it of its water. What were neat rows of tomato stakes become islands in a sea of all-devouring grass. You cannot take the laundry out to the Hills Hoist without running the gauntlet of the whipping green strands.

So late you realize that what you took for recreational and cultural activity on the part of your neighbours - the Sunday Morning John Cage Symphonies For Two and Four Stroke Motors - was actually the sound of the battle between Nature and the suburbanite. The force that through the green fuse drives the flower also attempts to overrun houses. Strands of grass push through concrete. Milkweed and dock move into the beach-heads, and the local K-Mart (K for Krupp?) does out the weaponry to stem the advancing tide.

The heavy brigade take to mulching mowers and rotary hoes. The infantry mop up with garden shears. With my whipper-snipper I feel like a Marine checking out a minefield. Occasionally I strike a mine, cunningly disguised as a piece of tree branch from the oak; the nylon line breaks, and I fieldstrip the machine while all around me the grass continues to grow. Nature fights back with chemical warfare. I come up with mosquito bites. I resist the temptation to call in a pre-emptive strike with the weed wand. Sometimes I'm splattered with snail guts as the whipper-snipper zaps through shell and snail. Gardening is Hell.

It's strangely seductive though. First you are conned by the glory of the kill. Strands of grass fall before your mighty machines. But then a thought sneaks into the mind. Why must I always destroy? Why can't I do something creative? Have I been watching too many episodes of M.A.S.H.? One's mind turns to spades and manure. That spot where I just did battle with the greenery would be a nice spot for strawberries, wouldn't it? Those tomatoes the previous owner put in went down very nicely, and the fresh capsicums were good. Perhaps a small vegetable garden - with some garlic to scare off the sap-sucking insects... (I imagine some wizened Transylvanian hearing tales of vampires and thinking "Well, garlic keeps the aphids off me cabbages. It should keep the vampires off of me, too.")

There, then, is the true horror of the suburbs. My brother Jonathan put it rather nicely when he said "You know that you're really hooked when you turn to the gardening section of the K-Mart Catalogue instead of the toy section."

I'm in grave danger. In the last few months Cath and I have bought a wheelbarrow, a lawnmower and a whipper-snipper. Where will it end? Will I fafiate, engaged in a Deathworld-like struggle against a hostile environment, hitting the local casinos for the money to buy armoured lawn mowers? Will I start writing LoCs to Home & Garden? And what of the long term effects of Weed Rid? Time alone will tell.

-- Marc Ortlieb



1985 IN REVIEW

The time is fast approaching when many of us will receive our Hugo nominations ballot. It is amazing the amount of power entrusted into the hands of a few people who care enough to sit down and think about the best science fiction of 1985. To prepare you to exercise your responsibilities, I am going to discuss what novels are possible candidates for nomination.

It has been a good year for novels. Before I get to the best books of 1985, I would like to dispose of some of the best sellers of 1985 which were newsworthy but not Hugo-worthy. Isaac Asimov continued his robot novels right into the Foundation & Empire universe with ROBOTS AND EMPIRE. He has gotten enough recognition for his work with this universe with the Hugo for ROBOTS OF DAWN. Leave it off your list. Robert A. Heinlein struck again with another novel which tantalizes you with its qualities and flaws: CAT WHO WALKS THROUGH WALLS. Any one who ends a book in accordance with the rules of quantum physics and thus leaves the reader hanging in mid-air should not be encouraged with a nomination.

FOOTFALL by Larry Niven & Jerry Pournelle is a fun novel, but does it really constitute an achievement in SF? It is as good a novel as we would expect from them but not one of the best of the year. A.E. Van Vogt returned us to the stories of yesteryear with NULL-A THREE. It is a marvelous piece of sleight of hand but not a Hugo winner. Roger Zelazny is taking us all back to Amber with TRUMPS OF DOOM. It is an interesting start to a multi-volume story and it will make Zelazny a lot of money, but it is not a top quality novel.

Then there is BLOOD MUSIC by Greg Bear. As a novelette the story won a Hugo in '84. A writer should not get a shot at two silver rockets for the same story told in two different lengths. If Greg Bear merits a Best Novel nomination this year he should rise or fall on the basis of EON, which is still in hardcover. I have not been able to read it yet. Get a library copy, as I have, read EON and decide for yourself. It looks like an intriguing alternate universe novel and I could easily end up with it on my ballot.

The typical fan is faced with the perennial problem that the really big SF novels are now published in hardcover first and then 12 months later in paperback. If you do not have a lot of money in the budget for books you have two choices: patronize your public library or borrow copies from rich friends. I am trying a third solution: become a book reviewer for the local paper. In 1986 I hope to get review copies of every major SF hardcover through the Atlanta Journal-Constitution. I've already done two reviews for them.

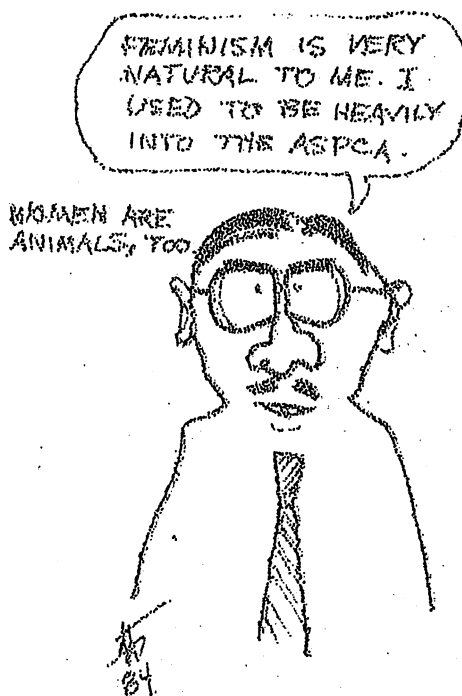
Given that situation I will first call your attention to four outstanding paperbacks that you should buy now while they are available: EMPRISE by Michael Kube-McDowell, which I reviewed here last Fall; ENDER'S GAME by Orson Scott Card; BETWEEN THE STROKES OF NIGHT by Charles Sheffield; and COBRA by Timothy Zahn. I have read all of these and I enjoyed myself tremendously. I list EMPRISE first because it's good enough to earn the author a John W. Campbell Award. Unfortunately, he is not eligible because of his years of short story writing for the monthly magazines which are now read by such a small percentage of fandom.

Three grand old men of science fiction have come through again. Brian Aldiss gave us HELLICONIA WINTER, completing his great trilogy about a world whose orbit around its sun is 2500 Earth years long. Fred Pohl did BLACK STAR RISING last year. It looks like a fun new approach to the alien contact story. Robert Silverberg also explored the first contact theme with TOM O'BEDLAM. I plan to read all three of these novels before filling out my ballot.

Classical music has the three B's: Bach, Beethoven & Brahms. SF in 1985 had three B's: Gregory Benford, Michael Bishop and David Brin. Each of them brought out books you should read before nominating. Benford gave us ARTIFACT which was marketed as a "cross-over" novel. I still want to read it because he is one of the best "hard" SF writers around. Michael Bishop's ANCIENT OF DAYS is a must-read. A walking fossil from human evolution, Homo Habilis, shows up in a Georgia pecan orchard. He turns out to be some sort of artist and things get interesting when he hits Atlanta with the modern woman who has fallen in love with him. David Brin won a 1983 Hugo for the novella "The Postman". One of the best novels of 1985 could easily have been THE POSTMAN. It is one of the best post-holocaust stories ever. When I started this column I was under the impression that ENDER'S GAME had won a Hugo before. While looking through back issues of LOCUS, I discovered that it had not even been nominated, but that POSTMAN had won Brin a rocket in its shorter version. Under my rule against "two bites at the apple", I guess we will throw POSTMAN out -- but be sure to read it.

That's it, pull out your library card and have at them. And don't forget the campaign for Judy Lynn Del Rey for Best Pro Editor. She has deserved a nomination for years and has been overlooked by us all.

Patrick J. Gibbs
Critic in Residence



THE OLD IRONMASTER GOES SOLAR

While Juanita and I have always liked the idea of solar power, we certainly never intended to have it installed in our home in 1985. It was a very quick decision: a salesman from an Indianapolis firm called on us early in December, and the installation was done on Dec. 31, just in time to allow us to receive the federal tax credits for the job; the credits expired at the end of 1985. With them, solar heat is, in this climate, a probable advantage; without them, it isn't.

I realize that in the Sunny South, you people get solar heating free, but up here it has to be paid for. What we have is a relatively simple unit; two solar collector panels, a heat sensor, two blowers, and several yards of "ductwork", which is actually a large hollow tube of insulation covered with a protective plastic. The company insisted that installation only took one day; if the installers arrive before noon that's probably correct, but in our case it took parts of two days. It seems to work pretty well on sunny days, fairly well even in a light overcast, and of course not at all on cloudy days or at night. Payments should be less than the savings of fuel oil, and the down payment is mostly covered by tax credits, or had better be. The collector panels are on top of the house, running from the ridgepole partway down the roof. To get the correct angle, they are raised about three feet at the top; since the ridgepole is three stories high, that puts the panels well up in the air. Maybe they work so well because they're closer to the sun.

On January 2, I was certified medically fit to go back to work. I went back to the Overhead Door Co. of Indiana on Jan. 6, and was given my termination notice on Jan. 10. Never got through a job so quick in my life. Actually, the notice doesn't take effect until Feb. 7, which gives me a total of 5 weeks to work. Which is 5 weeks more than I expected; back in August, it was announced that the facility would be closed by the end of the year, and part of my medical disability was because I didn't really want to go back. As Dr. Dudgeon said when he pronounced me fit, "They outwaited us". Well, the first week wasn't as stressful as I expected it to be; I had been getting reports from workers that tempers had risen and the place had become very unpleasant as people waited for the end, but by now most of the office workers are gone and the level of hostility has accordingly diminished.

Well, it's not as though I hadn't gone through this before: twenty years ago, I was working for the Honeywell factory in Wabash, Indiana, when it was closed. I just hope that prospective employers don't see me as a jinx. "Both of your previous places of employment were closed down? Don't call us, we'll call you." (Actually, I did work at a few other places. The bookbindery is still open, I assume the Farm Bureau still has an Indianapolis warehouse, and of course painting barns is done on one's own. But I don't think I want to go back to any of those jobs. I never minded painting barns; what I objected to was cleaning all the shit off them before the paint could be applied.)

I do get a fairly good deal on a severance bonus -- amazingly good, for Overhead Door, which is a pretty chintzy operation -- so I wouldn't need another job for awhile as far as living expenses go. But I need to latch on to another good group insurance policy; people with heart trouble, diabetes, and asthma really need insurance. I can convert the policy I have to an individual one, but the premiums are a bit over \$4000 per year, and I'm not likely to make that kind of money by writing -- not for a few years, anyway.

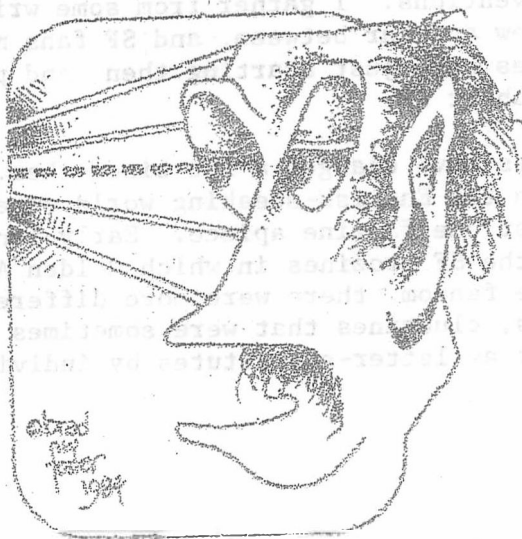
On to something more cheerful, now that I've told you my sad story. (Are there any coins in the hat yet? More violin music, please.) I've been trying to convince Baen Books to reprint the Geoff St. Reynard stories from the old IMAGINATION and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES magazines, an effort that was temporarily derailed when the New Jersey post office lost my first package of photocopies. A second set is ready to be mailed off as I write. Reynard was actually Robert W. Krepps, who under his real name wrote at least two very successful African adventure novels. He did quite a bit of writing for FA and Madge; I still recall "The Usurpers" as a very chilling tale of possession by aliens, and in commenting on it I found that most of the people who read it back in the 1950s still remember it. "Mistress of the Djinn" and "The Enchanted Crusade" are about the crusading exploits of King Godwin I of England. You never heard of him? Of course not; he got mixed up with the djinn, and they erased his name from human memories. Several other of his stories seem reprintable to me, and they never have been. Logical, I suppose; what anthologizer in his right mind looks at either FA or Madge for material? Question now is whether or not I can convince a publisher. Names unknown to the modern audience don't generally sell very well.

Our next convention will be Wiscon in February, and I've already been asked to do a reading. Which leads me to wonder if anyone in the ANVIL audience can explain why readings are so popular? As one who grew up on radio drama, I should be more open to audio intake of science fiction than most, but I avoid readings like the plague: I'd rather sit in the hotel lobby and listen to Muzak than listen to an author read from his/her own work. Most authors -- including myself, I'm sure -- aren't very good at reading aloud, and even when they are, I'd rather read the story myself; I get more out of it that way. (I'll do the reading; the con is paying expenses, so I'm there to be entertaining, but I frankly don't understand it.)

It's amazing what these mail-order houses know about their customers. One place offering some sort of spiritual cure wrote to Juanita to ask, "Why have you suffered so much? Why has happiness, true love, wealth, a happy home always been out of your reach? Why have the things you've yearned for most been snatched away?" Juanita hadn't even realized that she was missing all those things. I assume the recipient is supposed to think the firm has a direct line to God, or something. Which leads one to wonder if God and the universe really are contained in some enormous computer.. "Up there, in his dirty software?" (Sorry, only people who recall L. Ron Hubbard's TYPEWRITER IN THE SKY will get that one. I felt the need to refer to science fiction in here somewhere.)

Speaking of science fiction, Gene DeWeese and I wrote an "interactive" juvenile novel in June for TSR. Title is NIGHTMARE UNIVERSE, and you might want to look for it. Look very hard; so far the only place I've heard that it's on sale is one bookstore in New York. It's not even on sale in Milwaukee, which is less than 50 miles from the publisher. Well, we got our advance payment okay, but somehow I'm not expecting many royalties.

-- Buck Coulson



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# TWO VIEWS // ON FANZINES #
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To be fair to Toni Jerrman, a "fanzine" is still a "magazine produced by a fan". So Toni should feel free to call Tahtivaeltaja a fanzine. The early fanzines generally imitated the professional magazines of the day (the prozines) with amateur fiction by fans and occasionally unsaleable fiction by pros. They also charged money for each issue, rarely giving anything away free. It wasn't until the 50s that fanzines began dropping amateur fiction from their contents and began the generous 'freebees' policies common today.

Some fans continued to support amateur fiction by publishing magazines (fanzines, because they were published by fans) devoted strictly to amateur writing. Some of these magazines make no payment to the authors, some make only a token payment. All charge for their issues and generally publish offset instead of mimeo or ditto. I don't know of a one who makes money from their zine, and \$500 to \$1000 a year investment is typical (example: Gordon Linzner and his Space & Time.)

To my mind, these (and Toni's magazine) are "amateur fiction magazines" period. "Semiprozine" refers to a mixed group of magazines produced for profit (Locus, SF Chronical, SF Review) or are done in a particularly slick, professional-looking package (Kadath, Algol). They are called "semi" ("quasi" would be more appropriate) prozines because they ape the appearance or purpose of professional magazines. From Toni's description Tahtivaeltaja would probably be called a semiprozine over here, but as I've said above, it doesn't really matter, it's still a magazine produced by a fan.

-- Brian Earl Brown

Maybe it's true, maybe nothing ever changes. I see in ANVIL #37 that a Finnish Fan, connected with a fanzine with a circulation over 2000, isn't sure what "fanzine" means in current English usage. This is worth talking about on paper, seeing as oral usage seems to have a lot of dialectical variation, and nobody's noticed.

A friend introduced me to a pro at a recent V-Con as someone who had "recreated the 1930s fan" -- I was known : for a lot of fanpubbing, but was almost never seen at conventions. I gather from some written fanhistories that in the 1930s, cons were few and far between, and SF fans mostly knew each other by correspondence. Fanzines were just starting then, and provided a way of simplifying the correspondence about SF.

Fanzines have changed a lot since then. There was a time, in the 1950s, when most fans in the English-speaking world owned or had access to a mimeograph, and put out at least one fanzine apiece. Early fanzines were patterned as much as possible after the SF prozines in which Golden Age fiction appeared. In the heyday of fanzine fandom, there were more different kinds of fanzines: fictionzines, newsletters, clubzines that were sometimes a cross between the two, genzines, perzines put out as letter-substitutes by individuals, and so on, and so forth, and whatnot.

In Holier Than Thou #22, Harry Warner Jr. writes of recovering a batch of carbon mss. of early fanarticles, and of the host of associations they brought back. The earliest fanzines used little art, a lot of impersonal articles about SF currently being published, and a lot of low-grade material. The fans were fewer, younger, and took things much more seriously.

After the turn of the century, Harry tells us, one of the finest things spawned in the changing fanzine field was the genre of informal personal essays. I wish I could bring up a few examples, but nothing takes the place of reading a lot of fanzines yourself, especially genzines.

A few trends are apparent in the whole field of fanzines. They're a particular kind of small-press, amateur, independent publication: the reproduction method, quality, print run, frequency or continuing subject is completely up to the individual. One is tempted to think of samizdat. But the hallmark of fanzine fandom is the completely leisure orientation of the whole pursuit: the intimate, interactive nature of the communications between fans, in or out of print; and the tendency of the subject, the center of fanzine fandom's gravity, to drift away from SF to the personal -- sometimes very creatively, sometimes in a petty, picayune and vindictive fashion.

Recently I was accumulating material on Canadian fanhistory, and recovered a New Canadian Fandom that profiled Nils Helmer Frome, not only one of the earliest fans but one of Canada's earliest fanpublishers. Frome published two issues of Supramundane Stories, as well as other material for FAPA. Reading descriptions of the magazine, I began to see a trend: neofans, or some early fans, tend to look first for the highest-quality product they can imagine, on which to model their product. More often, the zines that stick around start out as mamateur products. Most fanzines stay that way; a few, like Locus and SF Chronicle, have become semi-professional market news magazines, because they filled a felt need.

Fanzines diversified again, once Star Trek came on the air, as a tremendous influx of new fans started forming Trek fandom. This happened all over again with Star Wars. The result was partly a fragmentation and diversification of fandom, and partly the eclipse of fanzine fandom. While there are Trekzines and mediafictionzines for the mediafans, it seems that fanediting and writing are now minority concerns.

Star Trek didn't create the first mediafans, but the series has that reputation.. The mediafans, for their part, have the reputation of being generally younger, more enthusiastic, less intelligent and less literate than the Old Guard. Star Trek cons have reached five-figure attendances, and gained a reputation for being big, expensive, commercial, and unsocial; some ST zines look like they try to imitate the quality of The Atlantic Monthly and end up looking like Starlog or The National Enquirer (in a bad year!)

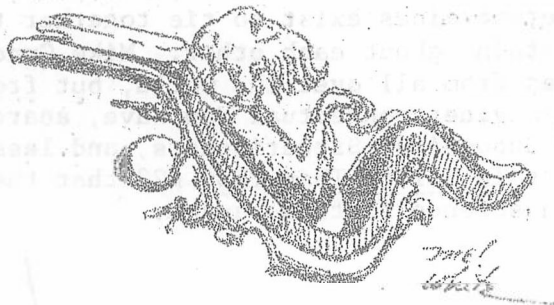
Some networkzines exist to tie together the interest groups which might otherwise know nothing about each other. Mike Gunderloy's Factsheet Five lists not only fanzines from all over the world, but from more special interest areas than you could imagine: conceptual New Wave, anarchism, conserver lifestyles, the Church of the SubGenius, Situationists, and less comprehensible things. Gunderloy comments in Holier Than Thou #22 that there are fanzine fans who have nothing to do with science fiction fandom.

FANDOM IN THE MIDDLE AGES

Fandom in the Middle Ages means that:

- ...you tell everyone you're going to the party down the hall, then you sneak off to your room and go to sleep.
- ...you must use both hands to heft Tucker's bottle of Beam's Choice because of the arthritis in your left shoulder.
- ...your response to a Jacuzzi invitation is "Not until they repeal the law of gravity!"
- ...your mother no longer says, "You're going to do what this weekend?!"
- ...your children say, "You're going to do what this weekend?!"
- ...at a convention your friends are saying, "My dear, you look exhausted!".... and it's only Friday afternoon.
- ...you sit in a chair instead of on the floor so your bones won't creak when you get up.
- ...you wait 15 minutes for an elevator instead of climbing two flights of stairs.
- ...you keep most of your teeth in a glass by the bed - except when you have a boyfriend.
- ...you and your young lady are ordering dinner, and the waiter asked you what your daughter will have.
- ...you refuse to have an affair because you'd have to take off your clothes.
- ...the Space Cadets think middle-aged women are sexy. Unfortunately, they consider 25 to be middle age.
- ...the fan most noted for dating girls half his age suddenly discovers that they're legal.
- ...your friends are knitting sweaters for their grandchildren while you knit chain mail for your persona.
- ...I'd rather be 40 than pregnant.
- ...middle age is 10 years older than I am - ever!

-- Barbara Harmon

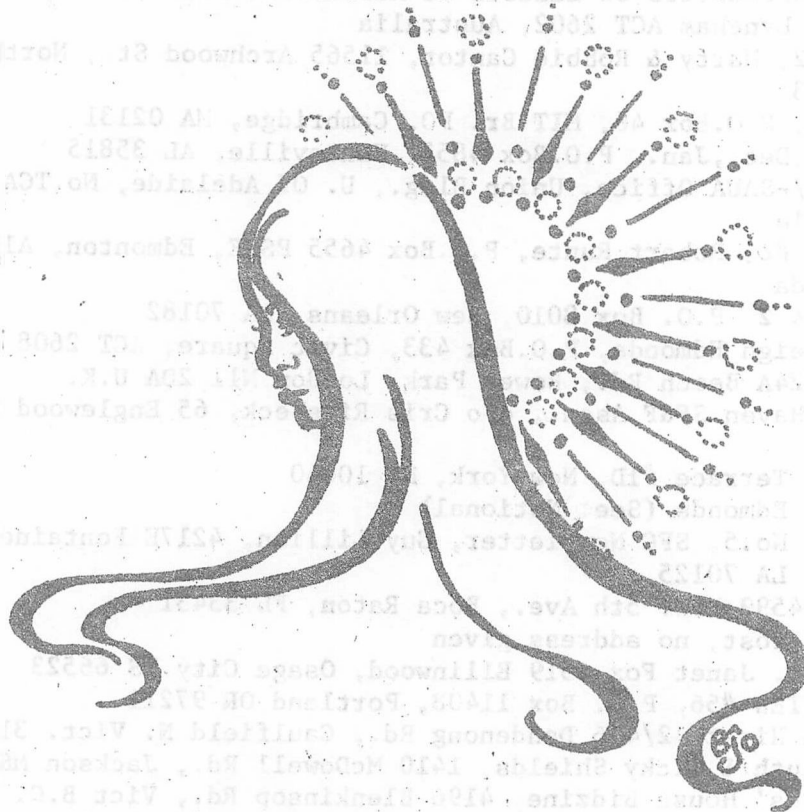


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ALPHA CENTURA COMMUNICATOR #98,99,100, c/o SF3 Sub Box 120, University of New Mexico
Albuquerque, NM 87131
BATON ROUGE SF LEAGUE NEWSLETTER Vol.1, No. 38-40, P.O. Box 14238, Baton Rouge, LA
70898-4238
BCSFAZINE #149-151, P.O. Box 35577 Station E, Vancouver, B.C. V6M 4G9
BEAGLE'S WORLD REVISITED #26-28, Cath Ortlieb, P.O.Box 215, Forest Hill, Victoria
3131 Australia
BIRMINGHAM SF GROUP #168-170, Martin Tudor, 845 Alum Rock Rd., Ward End, Birmingham,
B8 2AG U.K.
CRANK #3, 1410 N. Tuckahoe Street, Falls Church VA 22046
CUSFUSSING #46, Columbia University NYC, Barnard-Columbia SF Society, 317 Ferris
Booth Hall, New York, NY 10027
DE PROFUNDIS 165-7, c/1 LA Science Fantasy Society, 11513 Burbank Blvd., North
Hollywood CA 91306
DESK SET GAZETTE #2, Box 409, Falls Church VA 22046
DILLINGER RELIC #42-43, Art Hlavaty, 819 W. Markham Ave., Durham NC 27701
ETTLE FOUR & FIVE, Jackie Causgrove, 6828 Alpine Ave. #4, Cincinnati Ohio 45236
FILE 770, #55,56, Mike Glyer, 5828 Woodman Ave.#2, Van Nuys CA 91401
FOREIGN FANZINE, A, Roelof Goudriaan, Noordwal 2, 2513EA, Den Haag, the Netherlands
G'NEL #48,49, Marc & Cath Ortlieb (See: Beagle's World)
GALLIMAUFRY 2, (See: Ettle)
GEGENSCHWEIN, Close Encounters of Lizards at Aussiecon, Eric Lindsay & Jean Weber,
P.O. Box 42, Lynham ACT 2602, Australia
HOLIER THAN THOU #22, Marty & Robbie Cantor, 11565 Archwood St., North Hollywood,
CA 91606-1703
MAD 3 PARTY, #2 & 3, P.O.Box 46, MIT Br. PO, Cambridge, MA 02131
NASFA SHUTTLE, Nov.,Dec.,Jan., P.O.Box 4857, Huntsville, AL 35815
NEMESIS 8, AUSFA, c/-SAUA Office, Union Bldg., U. Of Adelaide, No.TCA Adelaide
5000 Australia
NEW CANADIAN FANDOM #8, Robert Runte, P.O.Box 4655 PSSE, Edmonton, Alberta
T6E 5G5 Canada
NOLACON Bidzine #1 & 2, P.O. Box 8010, New Orleans, LA 70182
NOTIONAL, THE #5, Leigh Edmonds, P.O.Box 433, Civic Square, ACT 2608 Australia
NUTZ 5, Pam Wells, 24A Beech Rd., Bowes Park, London N11 2DA U.K.
PACKED ICE #1, New Haven SF&F Assn., c/o Cris Riesbeck, 65 Englewood Dr., New Haven
CT 06515
QUAINT, 19 Broadway Terrace #1D, New York, NY 10040
RATAPLAN #31, Leigh Edmonds (See: Notional)
REBEL YELLS Vol. 2, No.5, SFC Newsletter, Guy Lillian, 4217E Fontainebleau Dr.,
New Orleans, LA 70125
SFSFS SHUTTLE 1-9, 4599 N.W. 5th Ave., Boca Raton, FL 33431
SF TRUTH #1, Terry Frost, no address given
SCAVANGER NEWSLETTER, Janet Fox, 519 Ellinwood, Osage City KS 66523
SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #56, P.O. Box 11408, Portland OR 97211
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SMART ASH #29-30, Ruth & Ricky Shields, 1410 McDowell Rd., Jackson MS 39204
SNEEOLOGY #1,2, Myles' House Bidzine, 4196 Blenkinsop Rd., Vict B.C. V8X 2C4, Canada
SPACE AND TIME #69, c/o Gordon Linzner, 138 W.70th St. 4-B, New York, NY 10023-4432
STICKY QUARTERS #12-13, Brian Earl Brown, 11675 Beaconsfield, Detroit, MI 48224
(Note: Change of Address)

TEXAS SF INQUIRER #12, 13, P.O. Box 9612, Austin, TX 78766
TIGER TEA #2, Linda Pickersgill, 7a Lawrence Rd., S. Ealing, London W5 4XJ U.K.
TIGGER, #16,17, Marc & Cath Ortlieb, (See: Beagle's World)
TRANSMISSIONS #190-200, Robert Teague, P.O.Box 1534, Panama City, FL 32402-0123
WAHF-FUL #15, Jack R. Herman, Box 272, Wentworth Bldg., U. of Sydney 2006, Australia
WALLBANGER #10,11, Eve Harvey, 43 Harrow Road, Carshalton, Surrey SM5 3QH U.K.
WEBERWOMANSWREVENGE #23, Jean Weber (See: Gegenschein)
WEST WIND #98-101, Northwest SF Society, P.O. Box 24207, Seattle, WA 98124
WORLDS OF WONDER #1, Magic City Fantasy Club, c/o Robert Cooke, 414 5th Street W.,
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A CHRYSANTHEMUM BY ANY OTHER NAME.... WOULD BE EASIER TO SPELL #

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"Mr. Karras, I know you gave some information to the techs when you brought Zelda in, but for our quality-control protocol we need some more. Just hand in there a little longer. They're doing all they can."

"Thank you, Mz. Thomas. Well, I bought Zelda right here at the LSH, Ltd. bio-computer shop. A friend recommended the Alicia-II. He felt a Droseraceae muscipula-based bio-comp would complement my personality. Besides, good help is hard to find. I used to love watching her catch flies, do the bookkeeping and discuss exotic wines with me, all at the same time. And now she's dying, damn it all to hell!" Brushing aside a tear, he went on.

"Lately she'd been looking peculiar around the edge of her leaves. I thought it was just a virus that was going around so I was taken completely by surprise when this morning she screamed, her display went all snowy, and her servos spasmed and went limp. I immediately brought her here and, almost as soon as they got their monitors attached, the readings fluctuated wildly and they rushed her back into CICU yelling something about a code blue. Can you tell me what that was all about?"

"They rushed Zelda into Computer Intensive Care Unit and as for a code blue... you're being very strong about this, Mr. Karras. I can see that you and Zelda were... are very close."

He considered saying something grossly inappropriate but just then the door swung open and the chief tech bundled himself through.

"Please, sir, will she live!?"

"Mr. Karras, we did all we could humanly do. Your Alicia II ...Zelda..." It was apparent the chief tech found it difficult to go on.

"It's all right. I understand."

"Mr. Karras, she'll live. But she'll be a vegetable."

-- Merlin Odom



THE ANVIL CHORUS

Mike Glicksohn Sincere thanks for ANVILs 37 & 38 (and congratulations to your
508 Windermere Av. minions for handling things so capably in your absence even
Toronto, Ontario though I'm sure it pains you to find out how dispensible you
M6S 3L6, Canada are!) As yours were the first lengthy comments I'd received
on Aussiecon Two you may imagine how eagerly I devoured them.

You may recall that I was at the first Australian worldcon and ran for DUFF as the only possible way to attend the second. Since I lost I'm naturally interested in finding out the reactions of those who were able to be there.)

Basically, I enjoyed your report on the worldcon+Australia trip although in all honesty it won't take its place among the great fannish trip reports (or non-reports) as the writing is somewhat on the pedestrian side. But for its immediacy and for the personal reactions to another land and culture you describe, it was well worth my attention. Many of the things you noted were matters that affected me ten years ago while a few were things I'd never even noticed (what, for example, is this "iced tea" you felt deprived of?) It does sound as if you had a pretty good trip (albeit apiced with the occasional less-than-pleasantly-memorable experience) and you've given us a fine idea of what it was like. For that I'm most grateful and I hope that in ten years time you look back on Aussiecon Two with as many fond memories as I have of Aussiecon itself. (Oddly enough I met Ursula Le Guin for the first time since 1975 a couple of weeks ago here in Toronto at a Science Fiction Writers' thingee and we reminisced over shared experiences at Aussiecon. So the memories live long after the bills have all been paid!)

((Well, I'm glad you liked it, Mike. What less-than-pleasant experiences? If you mean my 'stories' about getting lost and stuff, well, the rationale behind them is that a trip where everything goes well makes pretty dull reading, so I took things that really happened and tried to make them entertaining. But, as you say, my writing is pedestrian. Maybe I should stick to telling stories. I'm good at that. As James Thurber said, "...it makes a better story told than read... unless, as some of my friends have said, you have heard it four or five times already.))

Seems to me Buck was on that list of names that non-fanzine (not "fannish", Buck) fans could use as references so I'm surprised he didn't see it. I was on it and Jackie sent me a copy of it. I always thought that the people who objected to the Beck campaign and the way it was run were furthest off base when they said that list was some sort of serious distortion of what TAFE was supposed to be. To my mind it merely went along with one of the few written requirements of TAFE voting. Happily, though, the TAFE wars seem to have simmered down and rationality is once again replacing rampant emotionalism. Credit the Nielsen Haydens with their calm and serious attempt to get TAFE on a sound basis once again, along with Dave and Jackie for getting things moving in that direction to start with.

"Clicksohh?? Glicksohh!! After twenty years of maniacal letter-hacking of a quantity second only to Harry Warner and a quality second only to the rest of fandom I get "Glicksohh"? It's enough to walk a man to drink (I'm in the house, after all.) Thanks! ((I didn't do it... it's all Cindy's fault! I was in Australia...))

I can vouch for the veracity of some of Skel's comments, in particular the health problems he suffers when other fans are in the immediate vicinity. It happens that I visited Skel this past summer and I was able to observe that very shortly after I arrived (no more than four or five pub's worth) Paul was staggering badly, slurring his words, had turned bright red, kept stumbling into things and falling down and seemed to have lost all hand-eye coordination (how else explain his tendency to pour Guinness in his ear?) And now that I think about it, he exhibited many of these symptoms for the entire four days I was there! Gee, I guess he really is a sensitive fellow!

I've always enjoyed rich brown's lengthy locs and I almost enjoyed this one, too. I was amused by his tale of Things That Go Bump in the night (what the hell, Dave Locke built an entire reputation with an article about boils on his scrotum so rich shouldn't have been shy) but then I got to the shaggy rich story that ended the letter and he lost me completely. It was probably pretty funny, but tell me, what do these arcane terms "hairstylist", "barber" and "hair-cut" mean?

In a recent loc I suggested that maybe it's time to instigate a separate fee just for Hugo nominating/voting. There was a time when becoming a supporting member of a worldcon in order to involve oneself in the awards was financially worthwhile but I agree with Brian that \$30 is ridiculous as a charge for someone whose real interest is in having some say in how the Hugos are distributed. LACON proved that there's plenty of money available to a well-run, well-organized convention committee so what's the argument against allowing people to participate in the worldcon only by being involved in the Hugos? Let those who are going to attend or who really want a complete run of worldcon PRs & PB subsidize the printing and mailing costs and let the people who are science fiction fans but not necessarily convention fans have the chance to nominate and vote for a nominal charge of say, ten bucks. That would discourage frivolous voting, provide revenue for the con and help make the Hugos more representative. I know it's too late for a change now but what would the CONSTELLATION committee think about such a move?



Buck Coulson Actually, it turns out that I only have 2/3 of a heart. Cardio-
2677W - 500 N logist said that one of the three blood vessels to the heart was
Hartford City, 90% blocked, but that part of the heart is dead anyway, so I
IN 47348 don't need a bypass and he said to not worry about it, which was
 easy for him... If I worry, it would create stress, and that could
kill me. Now I worry about how to stop worrying... Did I tell you they're closing
down the place where I work? I'll be looking for a job whenever I get off sick
leave (because I'm going to jolly well stay on sick leave until the bloody place
is closed), but since I can't afford to worry about it, I'm not doing so. Oh well,
"You're all right as long as you have your health" -- what bloody idiot coined
that phrase?

On to ANVIL. I recall Dean Grennell telling once about trying to buy some chemical
at a drugstore. I don't recall which one, but could have been potassium nitrate.
He said the druggist looked at him in horror and said "I can't sell you that! You
could use it to make gunpowder!" At the time, Dean was reloading ammunition for
the local police force, and had a basement full of gunpowder...

Since I don't use the Universal Life Church for either religious discounts or tax
breaks -- any real fan should be able to be more inventive in both categories --
the IRS crackdown doesn't bother me. And I just found out that Indiana doesn't
license ministers, so I can perform in this state as well as Ohio. Maybe when my
job disappears, I can become one of those evangelists who keep raking in all that
money...

Ah, these city types and their problems. I recently buried 8 or 9 cats- we had a
plague in our outside cat population which cut it from 20 to 7. (A few were cour-
teous enough to die out in the cornfields, so I didn't have to bury them) Nobody
cared a bit when I went out behind the barn and started a cat cemetery. And I'd
have to be using a telescope to be accused of being a peeping tom... Come to think
of it, I could probably inter a few unwanted visitors back of the barn without any-
one objecting, though I suppose my doctor might complain about all that digging.
Hard on the heart, you know.

On to #38. I think that milk gravy is a particularly Southern American dish.
Dunno about roast gravy, but then I never liked it, so never paid much attention.
Chicken gravy is for biscuits -- though to be honest, I always preferred sorghum
on my biscuits...

The Aussie toilet paper you included seems a lot like the British variety, except
much softer. Some British toilet-paper manufacturer must have got hooked on Sears
catalogs.. the paper is thinner, but the finish is the same.

Enjoyed your article in WWW. I've encountered craziness, in and out of fandom, on
occasion, and it really makes you squirm, doesn't it? Of course, there was the
woman coworker who kept getting -- as I thought -- more and more fannish, until they
took her away to an asylum. So I suppose you can't maybe sometimes always tell.
(Not my own phrase - I swiped it from a Phoebe Atwood Taylor book.) But with the
weirdos, you keep trying to think of something that will make them lose interest
in you, and generally not finding it.

((If you missed WeberWomansWrevenge, see Roger Weddall's letter and my comments
for more details.))

Robert Bloch Thanks to y'all for ANVILs #37 and #38, and my very special
2111 Sunset Crest Dr. thanks to Charlotte Proctor for such a detailed, interesting
Los Angeles, CA 90046 and analytical Aussiecon report. It's by far the best I've
seen thus far, and brings back fond memories of my own visit
there a few years ago. The West cover illo for #37 is great work, and both issues
were exceptionally enjoyable!

Gene Wolfe Just a quick note I really shouldn't be writing -- we leave for the
P.O. Box 69 World Fantasy Con tomorrow morning, and I still haven't packed. I
Barrington skimmed "Not-a-Trip-Report." I'll give it the close reading it de-
IL 60010 serves when we get back. (And no doubt get the itch to sound off
about something else.)

You said the runway at the masquerade was short. There was no runway. ((When I
say 'short', I mean short!)) In addition, the people running the lighting did a
miserable job, shining their lights on Marc Ortlieb so that the notes he was sup-
posed to read were in heavy shadow--as were the costumes. I was one of the judges.

The next time a Brit pulls that you've never been invaded line, please remind him
or her that Washington D.C. was burned by the British Army on August 25, 1914. (We
have the original copy of our Constitution only because Dolly Madison snatched it
up as the President's family fled the city.)

Brian Earl Brown Eve Harvey won Guff - The Get Up-and-over Fan Fund (Englad-Oz).
11675 Beaconsfield Patrick and Teresa Neilsen-Hayden won TAFF - the Trans Atlantic
Detroit, MI 48224 Fan Fund (England-NA). Robbie and Marty Cantor won DUFF - the
Down Under Fan Fund (Oz-NA). I don't know if SEFF - the Swedish
Fan Fund ran anyone this year. MAFF, the Mid-Atlantic Fan Fund had many worthy
candidates but I don't know that anyone was given airfare for half a flight across
the Atlantic. The same is true about COFF - the Cement Overcoat Fan Fund - many
worthy of the honor but none given the award. LAFF - the Lunar Fan Fund is, of
course, just a joke.

I bow to your expertise on Australian restrooms. The sample of toilet paper you
brought back (and how did you explain that?) resembles some of the government issue
stuff here at the wastewater treatment plant.

While I can see setting out glasses of water for panelists at a worldcon (or any
convention), I don't see why a worldcon should provide cocktail waitresses for them.
Surely they can fetch their own booze. Mostly, though, I liked the idea of pro-
gramming being allowed to run itself. We're all adults, after all, we should be
responsible to showing where we agreed to, when we agreed to. No coddling of Fans,
sez I!

Sounds like you had a really good time and I admire and applaud the speed with which
you wrote up your trip report, would that actual fan fund writers be so prompt.

((Well, year, but speed isn't everything. I made several gross erros, not the
least of which was which fan fund Eve Harvey won. // They didn't search my luggage
at customs, so I didn't have to explain the toilet paper or the rock -- I brought
back a piece of Australia!))

Roger Weddall
POB 273, Fitzroy
Victoria 3065
Australia

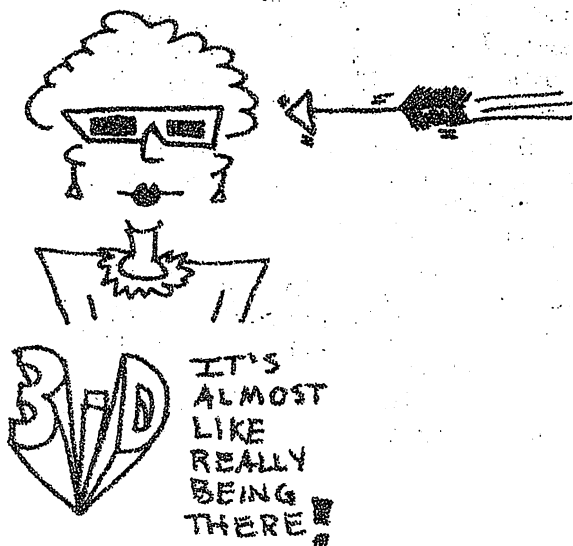
It was good to hear that you arrived back safe and sound in the U.S. Ah, (how should I say this)... congratulations on having given me a photo of the two of us, with me bearing the silliest expression on my face that I've seen for a good while. I had to laugh at the same time as memories of that night, and Aussiecon, generally, came flooding back. It was a pleasure to meet you, and I hope that, one day, I'll be able to repay the visit. ((The guest room will be ready in February... the couch is ready now..))

On a slightly different note, let me say how appalled I was to read (in WWW) of your 'adventures' with the business of that crank who was a member of the local group there. You told the essence of the story to a group of us back at the Ortlieb's after the day out at the wildlife sanctuary, but the way you related the story, in an offhand, almost humorous manner, didn't really put across the horror of it, the way the article did. I don't know, I guess that talking about something like that in front of more than one or two people at a time tends to depersonalize the experience and turn the story into a sort of performance - that's what I find, at any rate - but reading the story I was/am concerned and I hope that you really have put it all behind you now.

((For those of you who wonder what Buck and Roger are talking about, I had to throw a certifiable nut out of the club several months ago. It was a sordid tale and not fit for the pages of a familyzine like ANVIL, so I wrote it up for Weber-Womans Wrevenge. Some people get obscene phone calls... I get obscene letters!! Actually, it could be told two ways - the horrified, indignant way I wrote it for WWW, or the flippant way I told it to entertain people in Australia. And, yes, thanks, it all seems to be behind us now.))

Bob Shaw
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Cheshire WA4 2PB
United Kingdom

I don't know about you, but when I got back to England after Down Under I was worn out. My feet were swollen and I was quite unable to work constructively for a couple of weeks. ((Strange you should mention it... I had the exact same symptoms, but my swollen feet were the result of sunburned ankles acquired in Tahiti.))



Soon after coming home I had to go over to the east coast to visit a little old seaport called Whitby. The place had previously only appeared in my thoughts as the port where Dracula chose to come ashore when he was moving to England, but it turns out that Captain Cook was born close to it. I got the strangest feeling when I stood on the very docks he had departed from so often. His three journeys to the east of Australia took three years each -- and I had felt exhausted after 4 weeks. Of course, Cook didn't have to attend two conventions while he was away.

Brad W. Foster I'd fully come to expect that there would be no ANVIL at all
4109 Pleasnat Run until after the convention next summer, so it came as a
Irving, TX 75038 pleasant surprise to find not one but two new issues in the
mail. // Oh, fantastic cover on #37! Congrats to you, on the
idea of tying up the title of the zine with the design on the cover. Designers
get very little recognition, ya gotta put your name down in the credits next time
you do something like that! ((Consider it done.))

P.L. Caruthers-Montgomery I really, really like this cover on ANVIL 37 done by
2629 Norwood Avenue Greg A. West! Who is this individual and when did he
Anniston, AL 36201 start doing such gorgeous work? (And how did you get
it for ANVIL? Is he a club member?) ((Nope, he
sent some stuff for ConFederation, and I stole it. See Greg's letter following
for his origins.))

Buck Coulson's letter is an interesting as many folk's columns. I'm not a conven-
tion fan, not a fanzine fan, so I must be an omnifan. // Getting your hair cut
(at all, as indicated in rich brown's letter) is a cross between being a hedonistic
luxury and traumatic experience. Having one's head 'massaged' is inevitable with
a good cutter merges with the fear involved in the possibility of a slip of the
scissors -- or worse than that, the 'oriental table' dilemma. (Or 'evening up' as
I've heard the ~~totitate~~ process called.)

Where can I get a copy of The Enchanted Duplicator? I've heard of it, but never
seen it. ((Try Eve Harvey, 43 Harrow Road, Carshalton, Surry SM5 3QH, U.K.))

Greg A. West So ANVIL is a genzine. Whats 'at? ((General interest zine,
P. O. Box 9245 as opposed to clubzine, perzine = personal zine, mediazine,
Charlotte, NC 28299 etc.)) The marrionette piece illustrated a story by Jerry
Meredith called "Allways '69" in Space Grits #4 published
semi-irregularly by a group of very talented people here in Charlotte. Space
Grits is a fanzine. If you can't send money, then I'd appreciate a copy of two
of ANVIL in return for the use of the illo.

((No, no, Greg. YOU send money (or art), and I send ANVIL, and YOU get egoboo.
That's fanspeak for Ego Boost. All kidding aside, I'm not alone in thinking you
have considerable talent. Send your art to several fanzines, and soon faneds
will be begging for your work. You can't eat egoboo, but it makes starving more
palatable.))

Harry Warner, Jr. ANVIL's arrival was a particular treat this time, not only
423 Summit Avenue because of its double-header aspect but because this provided
Hagerstown, MD 21740 my first extended reading matter about the recent worldcon.
The briefer accounts of Aussiecon Two that I've seen have
given the event and the continent's fans high marks for excellence. I'm glad to
find your longer treatment of the same topics is generally along the same lines.
You also reinforce my illusion that the mundane portion of Australia is quite sim-
ilar to the United States in which I was growing up a half-century ago. I know
Australia has in 1985 a lot of technical stuff that didn't exist in the 1930s. But
there are many other reasons why I've acquired this erroneous notion - all those

trains in Australia, the smaller population, vast amounts of underpopulated land, people who are mostly considerate and friendly, and even small worldcons.

I have a bookcase with glass doors, and humidity or something has caused the frames of the doors to swell so bad it's almost impossible to get them open or closed. The piece of toilet tissue you enclosed with the 38th ANVIL came in very handy. Now the doors open and close just the way they used to do.

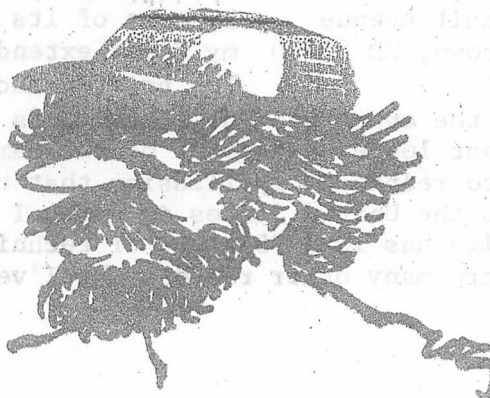
So far I haven't had any trouble reading the issue of Mad Scientist's Digest you reviewed in the 37th ANVIL, but that's probably because I haven't received it. Brian Earl Brown distributes most of his fanzines via FAPA so maybe it will be in the November mailing. There is now a store in Hagerstown with a copier which reduces or enlarges at no extra cost. I don't know how long I'm going to be able to resist the temptation to take my locs to fanzines with small type to that machine and push the reduction button, then send the fanzine editor the copy.

I told Buck Coulson that he had lost a fine opportunity to use Toscanini's line. The conductor late in life had been feeling poorly, went to a doctor, and was told that his heart wasn't functioning quite right. "That can't be so," Toscanini is supposed to have told the doctor. "I've never used it." On the other hand, I suffered a badly wrenched back early in the summer which kept me from doing much fanac for a couple of months. It occurred to me just recently that this might have been supposed to be trouble with my heart which got transferred to my back because nature couldn't find such a thing in me.

Patrick J. Gibbs made me wonder, when he reviewed Null-A Three, if Van Vogt stands in second place for the longest-running series of science fiction stories written by the original author. Jack Williamson probably stands in first place because his Legion of Space series began several years before the first Null-A novel by Van Vogt and he added to it just a year or two ago. But I can't think of any other author who is still continuing a series started forty or more years ago by himself or herself. Of course, there are several series that have been taken up by other authors following the death of the original one, like the recent stories set in E. E. Smith's Galactic Patrol Universe.

Isn't it possible that the Australian custome official described by Roger Weddal as having unjustly refused admission of a Yugoslavian girl to Australia was justified? It seems like a strange coincidence that the Yugoslavian resident did the very thing the customs official claimed she intended to do, after she was finally permitted to enter Australia. The customs man might have taken the flak over the episode in silence because he didn't want to betray a confidence involving someone who had tipped him off about her intention.

Greg West's cover is not only beautifully done and very well reproduced, it's also informative. Until I saw it, I hadn't understood the ingenious method by which fans were prevented from falling off while Down Under for the worldcon.



Julie Ackermann
280-A Merrimac Trail
Williamsburg, VA 23185

This is really weird, loccking ANVIL. When I lived in Birmingham (sob), I was always hearing about the process of putting out another ANVIL and I almost always got to read most of it before it was even mimeoed. Now, it just comes in the mail, a finished product, an entirely new experience.

I love the cover on #37. I think it is one of the best covers ever and the lettering of the 'zine title is positively inspired. I read ANVIL from cover to cover (without ever having seen any of it before...so strange) and I enjoyed all of it. The only thing I could have asked for would've been more minutes. I may be alone among your readers in this wish, but I've always loved the minutes and now that I'm up Nawth and can't attend the meetings too regularly, I'm really starved for club news. ((Sorry, Julie, no more Minutes... you'll just have to call me and we'll gossip!))

I also enjoyed #38 - Charlotte goes to Australia. I liked the stories about after the con better than the ones about the con itself, probably because - even though it was in Australia and it was a Worldcon and you, Charlotte, obviously had a good time - well, it's more fun to be there than to read about another convention since they are all basically the same from the outside.

Your adventures after the con were a delight to read. The only complaint here would be the typoing. Most of the mistakes were discernable, but I do think that Marc Ortlieb is going to take exception to the idea that he prepared "suffer" for a mob one night. After all, you said yourself that it was delicious. ((Well, Marc did 'suffer the little fans to come unto him' ...))

Sheila Strickland Rt. 5, Box 386-B
Baker, LA 70714

Two ANVILs at once plus a souvenir of Australia! Charlotte, was that real, honest-to-goodness-brought-back-from-Australia toilet paper? ((Yes. I think it was the day our trio split into special interest groups. Jim went on a tour of the Sydney Opera House and Bob and I went on a tour of pubs. About the second or third pub, I got this wild hair, that I was going to do something no faned had done before, and put a sheet of this awful toilet paper in the next ANVIL. It never occurred to me to go to a drug store and buy some, oh, no... I just politely excused myself, went to the Ladies', found a stall with a new box and wrestled it out of its dispenser, stuck it inside my sweatshirt and returned to the table. The box said it had 200 sheets in it, but it lied, so the Aus-bound zines didn't get a sample... they know what it is like!)) And did you declare it at customs? I can see it now - the blase customs agent at LA International who thought he had seen it all, meets the lady with a suitcase full of toilet paper.

Great story of "How I met Kim Huett". I want to know what happened with all those other good-looking young men you made eye contact with. Don't tell me not a single one made contact back? And you wearing a badge with your name on it? (I'll never tell...))

On a more serious note, it must have been disturbing to have been held personally responsible, as it were, for US government actions. I'm sure they weren't attacking you, Charlotte Proctor, but you, American representative. Still doesn't make it feel better. How do you handle something like that? So US fans need a briefing along those lines before we go to Britain in '87? Some of us will be touring around before or after the con and there's the distinct possibility of anti-American feelings being directed at us. ((Fore-warned is fore-armed.))

Garth Spencer
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Victoria, B.C.
V8V 3E1 Canada

Dear, dear, dear, my very dear Charlotte - Being a budding WKF who holds opinions about Worldcons, perhaps I might interest some members of the Mafiaette brigade. I would certainly return the interest with interest.

Actually, I'm moved to write by a couple of things that appeared in ANVIL 37. Seems that local fans, here in Victoria, are bidding for Worldcon '89... to hold it at Myles Bos' house. Who is Myles Bos, you ask? Who is he, that all our swains commend him? A local fan whose house is within a few minutes' drive of Victoria International Airport, and within an hour of Victoria. Actually, the progress reports (hilarious they are, too!) obviously lampoon and satirize the hypertrophy of Worldcons. To hear some tell it, the last fannish Worldcon was in 1973 -- Torcon II, in Toronto. Would you like another Canadian Worldcon? Say, a one-day affair with one-track programming, involving 200 attendees, tops? Our bid got a good write-up in SF Chronicle.

Another thing that moved me to write was Toni Jerzman's letter, and your reply. I'll be posting you an article on fanzines, which I am also preparing for a local clubzine. ((See "On Fanzines")) See, these fairly new people (to local fandom, anyway) seem not to have heard of some basics. Even if I haven't been initiated into Trufandom, ~~not living in Toronto or Boston or Birmingham!~~ it seems to be up to me to talk about basics. Briefly, Toni, a fanzine is an amateur publication - a magazine is perhaps any publication - and a semiprozine is what happens when a fanzine gets a mailing list of over one or two thousand addresses, goes for off-set reproduction and glossy paper, takes ads and starts paying contributors.

I've just read through your account of your Australian trip. A number of thoughts occur to me. For one thing, you made comments extremely useful to someone who wants tips on conrunning. (Keeping an eye to the future, eh?) I'll make notes and pass on my copy of ANVIL #38 to Donna McMahon, who is putting together a con-running guidebook for V-Cons. A lot of your observations are generally useful.

For another thing - I'm glad somebody is making notes on the Australian language and culture. I would have assumed a lot that isn't so, had I not read this trip report.

You reveal some very interesting assumptions when you comment on the mild "Anti-Americanism" among the Aussies. I'll confine most of my thoughts to a personal letter, or to the forthcoming one-shot on nukes. (Materials for this have engulfed one of the armchairs in this room...) I'll thank you for opening up some questions that hadn't occurred to me. In the meantime, 1) Is the US govt. really all alone in making efforts to protect the NATO alliance? 2) is there no difference, in Aussie (or Canadian) attitudes, between how we view the U.S.



government's behavior, and how we view the whole United States? 3) Are nuclear bombs really weapons, or capable of defending anything? ((Damifino.))

Jeanne Mealy
2633 Dupont Ave. So.
Minneapolis, MN 55408

Thanks for ANVILs 37 & 38. I'm sorry I didn't make a stronger effort to ~~What down~~ look up Charlotte at Aussiecon. It was good to read her Not-A-Trip-Report. I'm working on compiling a Minneapolis fans' booklet with as many trip reports as we can scare out of those who attended Aussiecon. Due RSN.

To Mike Glicksohn - No, I didn't neglect the Aussie animals for the people. I didn't see much of wombats, though, sorry, Mike. I did see pelicans, mynah birds, wallabies, brightly-colored birds that could've been budgies, millions of fish and a huge clam (shell?)-- and then there the animals I saw at the Melbourne and Taronga Park Zoos, such as koalas, kangaroos, wombats (sleeping), a platypus or two, echinidas, and many, many others! Indeed, the zoos were a major goal of mine when visiting Australia. I especially enjoyed the personal guide we acquired free at the Melbourne Zoo. This gentleman in his 50s or so was willing to walk around with us, wherever we wanted to go, and tell us interesting things about the animals. I'll never forget how, as we stopped to admire the emus and similar wildlife, that he told us of their prehistoric ancestors - imagine a 20-foot high ostrich!

((All this reminds me of my Bird Stories. Why, oh why, didn't I remember to put them in my not-a-tripreport? I suppose, so I could talk about it forever..... "Oh, no", they say, "Here comes Charlotte! Don't mention Australia!"....Howsoever- As we were traveling inland, we saw flights of cockatoos - pink and white. My first thought was that they had escaped from the zoo, and then I remembered that they lived there. The sad thing was that the roadside was littered with pink and white feathered bodies, low-flying victims of fast-moving automobiles. // On the lighter side, I have a picture of a huge pelican advancing on me, wings akimbo, beak gaping and eyes agleam. This was in the Healesville Wildlife Sanctuary, and so far as I could determine, I was being attacked. I had the presence of mind to snap a picture before I "cut and run", only to discover a kid hiding behind me with a peanut butter sandwich in his hand!))

rich brown's stories about warts and blow-dryers (hmmm, think there's a movie in there?) were incredible. I'm glad his initial condition cleared up - I wouldn't wish that trouble on anyone. (The frustration level and succession of treatments that didn't work remind me too well of bouts with yeast infections I had a few years ago. Not life-threatening, no - sanity-threatening, yes. In some cases the medication caused an intensification of the burning and itching -- where I could and should not scratch. Yiiii!) Ha, a victim of creative hearing? rich, you're hardly alone in having to deal with this kind of situation ("Did they say what I think they said -- and what do I say??") I liked the set-up for this one.

Re: ANVIL 38 - I roared with laughter at the 'Aussie Toilets' article with its accompanying visual aid. The Navigation article was good, too. Nice to know other people have these encounters, too.

I saw no mention that you caught the dreaded Convention Crap, or Melbourne Malaise, or anything else you call it - the mild cold that quickly developed into a BAD chest cold featuring an awful cough. Nearly everyone caught it and spread it elsewhere later.

((Funny you should mention that -- no, I never did get the Convention Crap, though every Brit, American, New Zealander and Aussie I saw either had it, was coming down with it, or just getting over it. The animals didn't have it. Were you afford every opportunity, as I was, to hear about the disease-free animals? The first animal I saw there was a camel, for-crying-out-loud!, loping along the roadside. Remarking on this, I was told that Oz exports camels to Arabia, as the Aussie strains of same are disease-free. Thereafter, it seemed every animal I saw was large, clean and healthy-looking, because they, too, were disease-free. All of us foreign visitors were lectured about the disease-free Aussie animals (native and imported) every time we visited a zoo or wildlife sanctuary. Finally, one day when there were no Aussies in the room, I remarked to the world at large that while everyone else was sick, I was not. "I must be....." I said... "Duh-ZESE Free!!" everyone chorused.))

On to things closer at hand - Picked up, recently, a copy of a local newspaper, and discovered a poor xerox of an article titled "Is Your Neighbor A Space Alien?" Someone had apparently wanted to spread the word, and slipped it into the paper! H Here are the characteristics to watch for...

1. Speep or work patterns of abnormal length.
2. A mood change, fear or physical reaction when near certain high-tech hardware that radiates electromagnetic waves (like a microwave oven).
3. Anxiety, stress or discomfort when using Earth transportation.
4. Constant information gathering (buying newspapers, magazines, etc.)
5. Ownership of unusually large amounts of expensive high-tech equipment such as computers.
6. The misuse of common everyday items.
7. A home with paint schemes or decorations that don't quite fit in.
8. An unusual object in the home which is highly regarded and protected (this could be a communication device from the home planet).

The advice, if you're sure you've spotted an alien? Give them support through friendship, kindness and neighborly goodwill, because the article's author believes they're on a goodwill mission that will usher in a golden age for humanity.

How many fans fit this description?

Michael L. Rogers I can tell from your trip report that I'd starve to death in P. O. Box 19933 Australia. That's not a slam on Strine food, merely a recognition that I have some of the most ungodly eating habits I've ever seen. I'm a nutritionist's nightmare. I remember when Jack (Herman) visited here last year that he would usually head straight for the salad bar and ignore the rest of the menu. If he'd come about five years earlier, none of the fast food places would have had salad bars. As to gravy, I have no idea whatsoever how wide its distribution may be, but I do know that my idea of breakfast Nirvana is sausage or bacon gravy over biscuits with the meat. I'd eat it more often if it didn't take forever to cook properly (it's also ridiculously fattening.)

I get the strange feeling we spend \$300 billion a year to defend some of the biggest ingrates in the history of humanity. We defend Japan so they can do their damndest to wreck our economy - at least they do it to other nations as well. I find it totally appalling and unsurprising that European fans would consider us unversed

in the art of being occupied by an invader. Even today, over 100 years after the end of the Civil War, it would be in slightly bad taste to try to name a governmental installation in this city for William T. Sherman (the Union general who burned down Atlanta in 1864). I have yet to hear an anti-nuke supporter spell out in convincing terms exactly how they plan to go about getting the Russians to agree to a verifiable arms control agreement, and I have no intention of laying down our arms until I can be quite sure the other side will do the same.

I can understand how Englishmen might feel uncomfortable about begin caught in the middle. On the other hand, the Belgians and Poles have had it much worse for centuries. I fail to see why we should be held to blame for a situation which we did not create, but which was an accident of geography. One sentiment that has been expressed is that we would let the Russians blast the Europeans back to the Stone Age and not respond. This is sheer lunacy from the American point of view. There is simply no way the English would get nuked while the U.S. and the Soviet Union would sit unharmed. It just isn't going to happen. If the British get nuked, so will we and so will the Russians and God help us all 'cause we won't be in any shape to help ourselves.

Harry Andruschak
Post Office Box 606
La Canada-Flintridge
California 91011

I want to make a reply to Harry Warner Jr. about our hymn books. One of the two books we used at our church was SONGS OF FAITH IN MAN. It was published in 1960 by the First Unitarian Church of LA, a church with a strong socialistic humanist orientation. Social action was the key to the 150 songs in the book.... and note the use of the word "song" rather "hymn". But what was acceptable and stirring in 1960 is no longer acceptable in 1985. All those references to the "Brotherhood of Man" and the rest of the gender terms just cannot be used in our church. The books were gathering dust. So a few weeks ago they were all put into storage, probably to be trashed. Which is a shame, because there are a lot of good songs in the books IF you over-look the constant reference to "Man".

This leaves as our only hymn book the old stand-by HYMNS FOR THE CELEBRATION OF LIFE, which also has problems for our church. Of the 327 hymns, only about 100 are suitable for our church, since the rest have references to "god" or "jesus", which is not acceptable to our congregation. Of those 100, many have references also to "mankind", the "Brotherhood of Man" and so on. We are getting a very limited repertory of songs at the service. To do something about this, a new small pamphlet of de-genderized hymns has been bought, but it is only a stop-gap.

We Also Heard From... a lot of people. Ka Mazuranic sent a cover letter with the enclosed Ballcon flyers, Angelique & Kees van Toorn and Lynne Ann Roelif sent a Christmas card from The Netherlands, Zdenek Rampas somehow got hold of a copy of ANVIL, and sent me his history of Czeck fandom, Linda Pickersgill remembered that I told her at DSC I was going to drop the dreaded "X" on her and sent a letter and zine, Dave D'Amassa (Don's son) wrote and said he liked my trip report, Colin and Joan Langeveld sent a Christmas card from England, Alexis Gilliland remembered from Aussiecon that I wanted some art, and sent it, Marc Ortlieb has three letter in the file but they are mostly personal so I didn't print them, Eve Harvey sent zines and a letter, and Tim A Cooper sent some really neat design-type illos and logos. Oh, yes, and a post-card from Sarah S. Prince saying "Let us make mirth and fanzines."

LIVIN'



Ye gods,
I could rilly
go for that
fanne...

