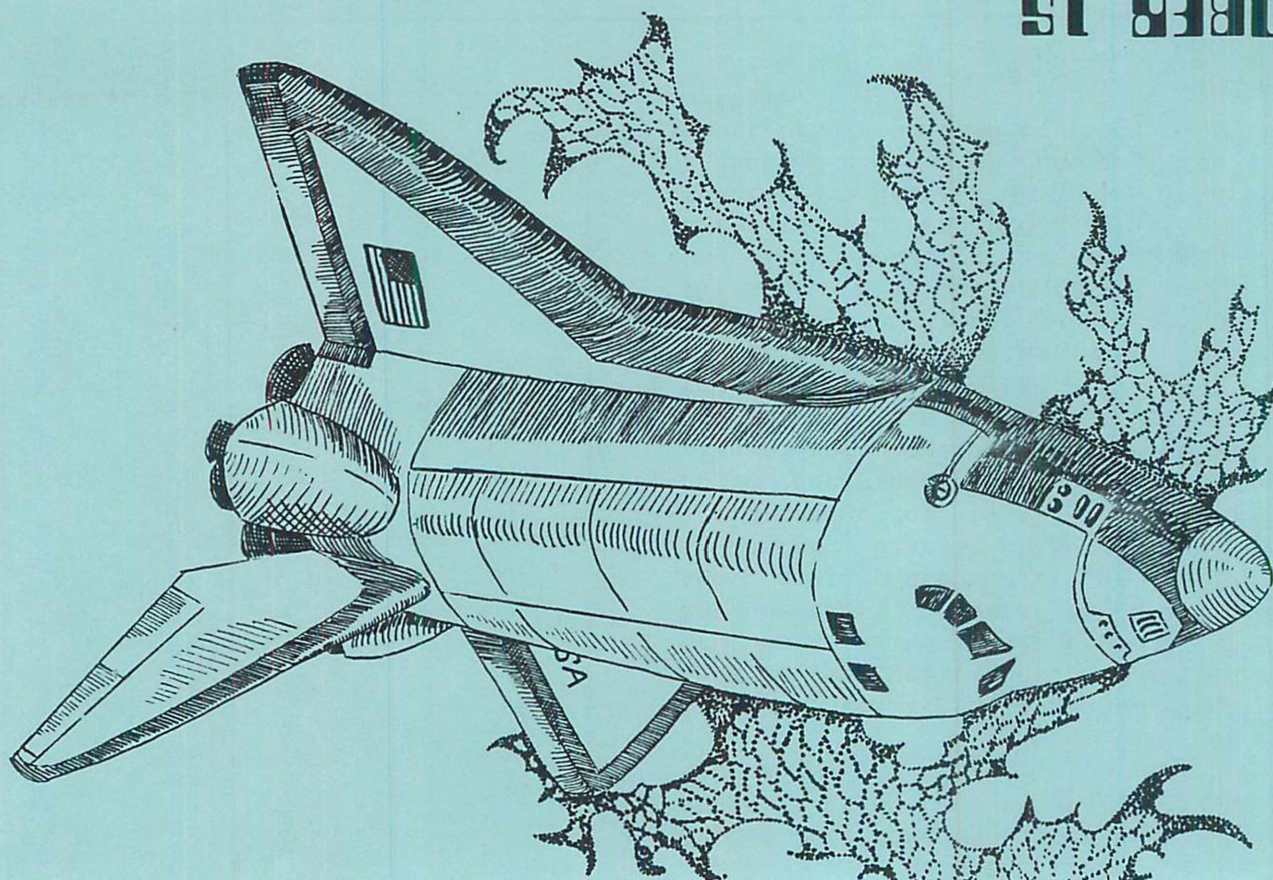
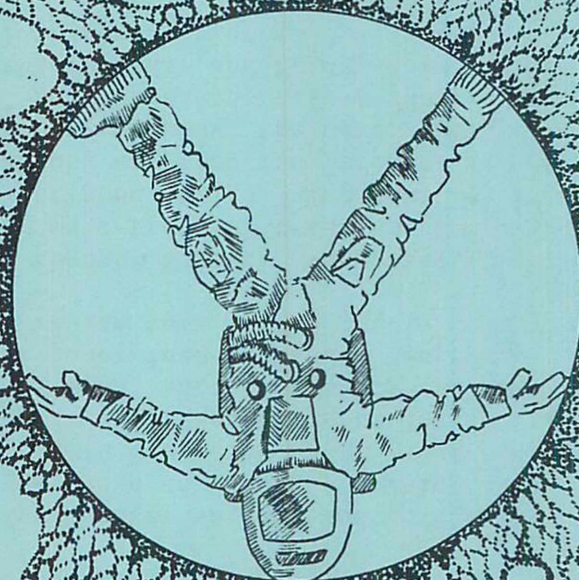


NUMBER 15

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WULF



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TAKE ME TO
YOU-ALLS
LEADER!



My Trip Nawth

by Jim Gilpatrick

Eva Chalker Whitley was at Chattacon this year, and on Saturday morning I saw her down in the lobby passing out some sort of flyer. "Here. You're invited to Datclone," she said, thrusting a strange looking piece of paper into my hand. "Jack and I are throwing this little con in Gettysburg."

I thought this all very nice, but the chances of my getting that far north for a con was just about zilch. The heart of Dixie is a long way from its farthest reach. But you never know; the next week I discovered I had a business trip to Whippany, N. J. the Thursday and Friday before the con. I instantly planned a stopover.

Just like General Lee, I approached from the North, having flown into Harrisburg and driven the rest of the way. I found the hotel without difficulty - an almost totally deserted Sheraton Inn, obviously built with the summer tourist hordes in mind. I walk into the lobby. I see Avedon Carol and D Potter at the front desk. I greet them joyously. I am ignored.

It wasn't really their fault. They don't know me very well, and I had come straight from work and was still dressed in my work costume: 3 piece gray pinstripe suit, small-patterned tie, and briefcase. No wonder. Despite this warm reception, I did manage to find the con suite. Once there, everything became all right. Eva's pleased and surprised expression when she saw me more than made up for the cold looks at the front desk. Eva was so astonished I'd come that she lost her head and proclaimed me Fan Guest-of-Honor on the spot. A 75 person relaxicon isn't exactly Boskone, but it was still a first. Eva's greeting and proclamation legitimized my presence despite my dress, but even so, I changed clothes as fast as I could after Scott Dennis offered to split his room with me.

For all the southern fen reading this, I'd say Datclone was a Balt/Wash Half-a-con. Total relaxicon, no programming, a little video, and a lot of partying in the con suite. Friday night's highlights included a party in the women's sauna attended by about half a dozen people including Eva, me, and Ron Bounds, who also happened to be in the area in business. 20 minutes sweating, a quick shower, then right back in again. We prowled the halls in our towels looking for new revelers, but no one else was interested. (Somtow Sucharitkul said he would have participated except he didn't want to reveal his "shortcomings".)

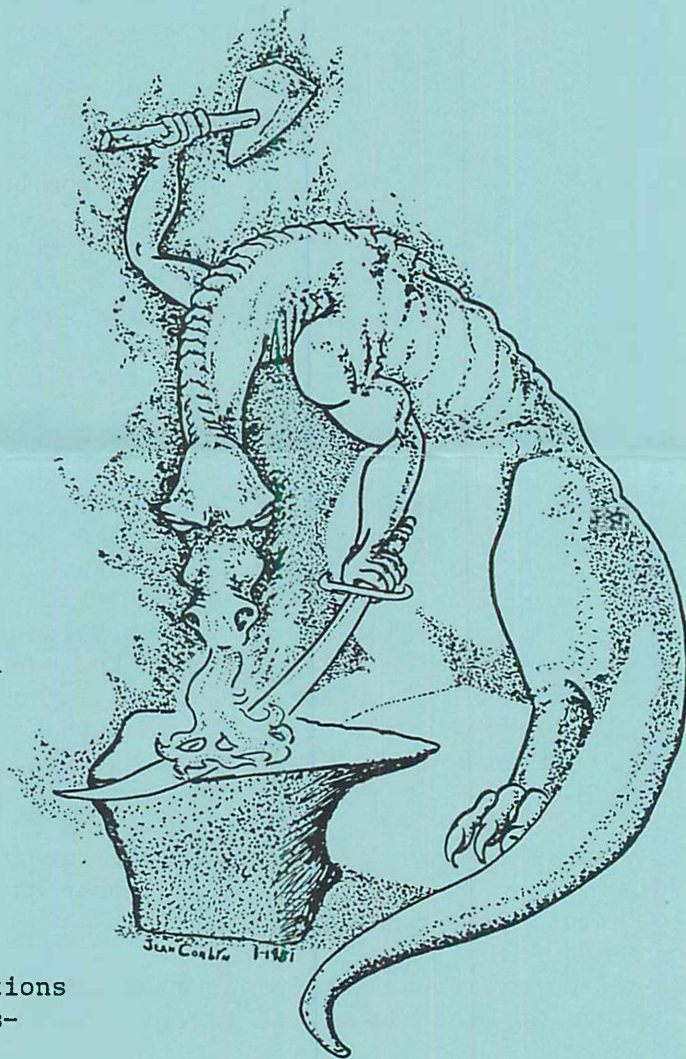
Saturday morning Eva and I made a deal: I'd help her restock on munchies and drinks in town if she'd take me around the battlefield. So, after lunch at McDonalds, we went to the visitors' center, then took the auto tour which winds its way from the national cemetery to the Round Tops, then across to the Confederate lines and North, finally ending at Culp's hill. A rainy February afternoon is a lot different from those important days in July 1863, but the rain reflected my mood as I drove by the forest of monuments commemorating the location of the 87th New York Volunteers or the Florida Brigade. I've been to some other Civil War battlefields, but Gettysburg is the big one, and I was suitably moved. Thanks for the memorable afternoon, Eva.

That night I watched some video tapes of an addictive British SF series called "Blake's 7". I'd never heard of it before. It was low budget by American standards, but quite well written with many interesting characters. I wasted 3 hours going from one cliff-hanger ending to another.

The Baltimore in '83 committee had an open meeting Saturday night in what could be called Datclone's only programming event. Mike Walsh talked about upcoming bid parties in Australia and the UK, then passed the hat. He also solicited suggestions as to who they should invite as the Guests-of-Honor.

I even got in a little Hearts playing in this land of Bridge and Poker. I even managed a dramatic come-from-behind victory to uphold southern honor.

Sunday about noon I drove my rent-a-car to Baltimore and flew home. I had had a good time. Balt/Wash fandom has a good sense of "family" and I felt accepted. Who Knows? Next year I may get another February business trip Nawth.



Southern Humor in Fandom

Or, What's so funny?

by Charlotte Proctor



Let's fact it. Fandom is fun. Fandom, whether we are serconnish or partyconnish oriented is funny. Sometimes it's not funny until later--in the retelling. And whether we admit it or not, fandom is a very "in", cliquish thing, and what is excruciatingly funny to us, goes right by our mundane friends. It's very much a "you had to have been there" thing, and it usually helps to know the people involved.

Humor in fandom is a very personal thing. And it is no more sophisticated, nor any more childish than humor in other places or groups. Fans don't (as a rule) take themselves seriously, and woe betide the fan who does.

At this point, I must interject that my view is not an overview of humor in fandom. I can only write about what I know, and that is confined to Southern fandom. We are very much a family of fan-friends, and I don't know if that feeling exists in other regions.

What constitutes humor in (Southern) fandom? Just about anything. For instance: The 40 fans present at the Ranch House ABC con business meeting a year and a half ago will never forget (no matter how hard they try) Wade Gilbreath's title suggestion for the ABC zine... "Gucci Grits". How esoteric can you get? (It was later named SUNCATCHER.)

The Reinhardt Roast at the '75 Halfacon in New Orleans was a prime example of the heights (or depths, depending on how you look at it) that can be reached in fannish funniness. I have heard the recording of it, and have the typed transcription. I know nearly all of the people involved, and to me, it's funny. But to take a passage out of context is to lose the whole flavor of the thing. You just had to have been there.

There is almost nothing fans would rather do than poke fun at themselves, and roasts have become traditional. (Do it once and set a precedent; do it twice and it's a tradition, in fandom.)

Our special vocabulary might come under the heading of fannish humor--neos get a kick out of it, but older fans take it for granted:

"A bheer-drinking fan on the concom faunched a neo filksinging femfan. But she didn't grok him, and gave him no egoboo. He was so groggled, that he took up Hearts, and became known as a fish, then he pled mundac to excuse his lack of locs and apazine minac, and finally gafiated completely."

A whole section of any article on fannish humor can, and should, be devoted to Joe Celko. After all, he's one of the biggest ~~jokes~~ names in Southern fandom. There is the infamous Janie Lamb DSC Blue Pool Caper, as detailed by Joe in the first issue of SUNCATCHER.

I regret to say that I didn't know Joe when he was in his "Shadow" phase, but any member of the Atlanta group who did will be glad to tell you all about it. These things, as well as the "Joe Celko Memorial Closet" at Kubla, the bathtub story, the inflatable lifesize doll birthday present, the stainless steel fetish, the rubber vagina filled with ice water, and the lecherous "Brother Joe" of the SCA, are proof positive that Celko will live forever in our collective memories as the perpetrator of some of the more outlandish fannish humor.

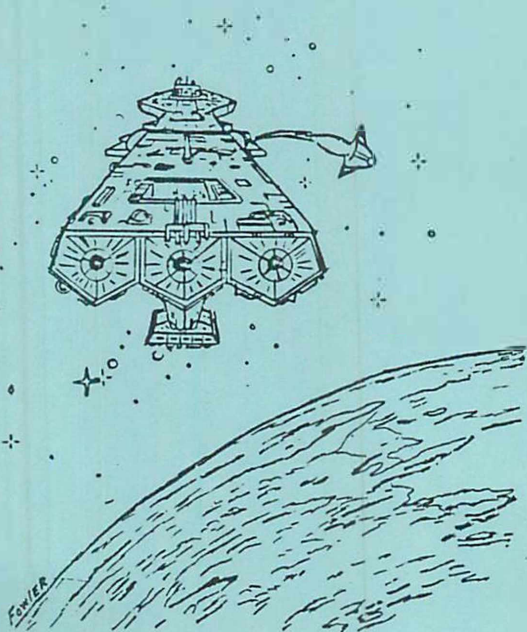
Everyone tries to have a clever, catchy title. Take "Sex and Fandom" by Irvin Koch; "Zen and the Art of Egoboo Maintenance" by Stven Carlberg...for that matter, just about any zine title 'means' something, or is a play on words, or something.

Hoaxes: Once upon a time, there was in SFPA, an obnoxious person named Charles Korbus. He rattled everybody's cage, and caused more trouble and bad feelings than you can imagine. It was to everyone's relief that he finally quit. It has been said that Charles Korbus was a hoax. I have it on good authority that George Inzer took credit for writing the vile zines, and sending them to Hawaii for mailing to the OE. But then, this could be a hoax. Will the real Charles Korbus please stand up? On second thought, never mind...

Serious filk-singers may take exception to being included in an article on fannish humor...serious filkers, the ones who sing on key, compose original tunes, and write clean lyrics...all three of them.

Funny filksongs abound, however, as we see in the HOPSFA HYMNAL. Randall Garrett wrote one song with a hundred verses, sung to "She'll be comin' round the mountain". It outlines the plot of CAVES OF STEEL, and the adventures of Elijah Bailey and R. (Robot) Daneel Olivar. The whole effort was solely for the sake of the last verse:

"Then says Bailey to the robot with a grin...
It was nice of you to overlook his sin...
As a friend, I wouldn't trade you,
By the Asimov who made you...
You're a better man than I am, Hunka Tin."



Someone else (unknown) changed just a few words of Lerner and Lowe's classic from MY FAIR LADY, "On the Street Where You Live", and made it into a very different kind of love song:

"Oh! That cowering feeling
Just to know somehow, you are near;
That overpowering feeling
That any second you may suddenly appear.

People stop and stare
I don't really mind.
It is very nice down here
And I am quite resigned.
Let the eons fly...I don't care if I
Can be here, in the bog, where you lurk.

Everybody who has been in fandom for any length of time at all has a story to tell, either on himself or on someone else. Here is my story:

A Fan Who considered himself a Wit;
Escorted a Femfan for a bit.
She scarce heard him say,
"Let me show you a bidet",
'Til he douched himself in the armpit.

This really happened, but since the statute of limitations on embarrassing stories hasn't run out yet, the names have been omitted to protect the guilty.

It's YOUR fandom...enjoy it.

Wolfsong

Mask the face of chaos
with half-forgotten
chords of Earth
strummed softly by the edge of foreverness
-I love the way you sing-
and read the futures
by a sybilline casting of dragons' teeth.

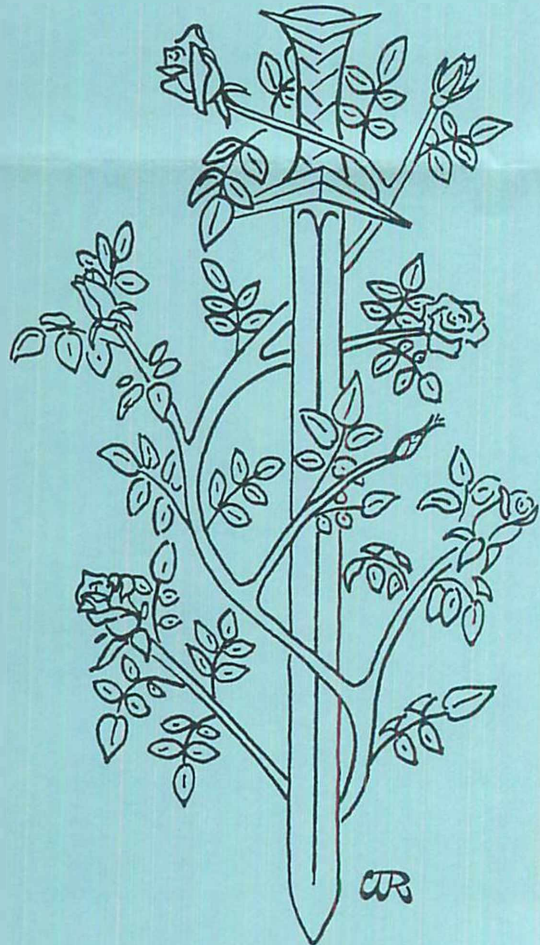
Or look into my eyes
-eyes Annwn gray-
and see Samhain fires burning within.

In the mirror of Minin
behold yourself
the wolf within
hearken to the whispers of the Moon
and remember -
we two are alike,
you and I

tigers stalking the Abyss
and so has it ever been.

The cairn of skulls
the nightshade kiss of Death
are old companions
and no fear do they hold.

And I have regretted nothing,
my friend,
except this...
never saying that I love you.



--Merlin

The Proto-fan's Lament

A fantasy in three scenes and two interruptions

by Beth Pointer

Scene I - Home

The family is having a quiet evening at home. Mom is in her kerchief reading the latest Farmer novel. Dad is in his cap reading the copy of Asimov's he picked up on the way home. Suzy and Johnny (ages 9 and 6, respectively) are reading books they got at school. This cozy domestic scene is disrupted by Johnny who goes over to his mother and asks, "What are you reading?" Mom patiently puts down her book and tells him that she is reading a science fiction novel. "Can I have one like that to read?" asks our young inquisitive proto-fan. Mom looks at Dad and mumbles something about the book being too hard to read and to wait until he can read better.

After Johnny goes back to his own book, things settle down again. Then, Suzy goes over to her father and asks, "What are you reading?" Dad patiently puts down his magazine and tells her that he is reading a science fiction magazine. "Can I have one like that to read?" asks our young inquisitive proto-fan. Dad looks at Mom and mumbles something about the magazine being too hard to read and to wait until she can read better. So, Suzy goes back to her book and on the way, she looks at her brother. They give each other the "aren't adults a pain" look and go back to their reading.

Now, put yourselves in Mom and Dad's position. What would you do? Is there anything in the science fiction literature for young children to read - assuming they are average readers and cannot yet attack the easier adult novels and prozines?

Scene II - The Local Library

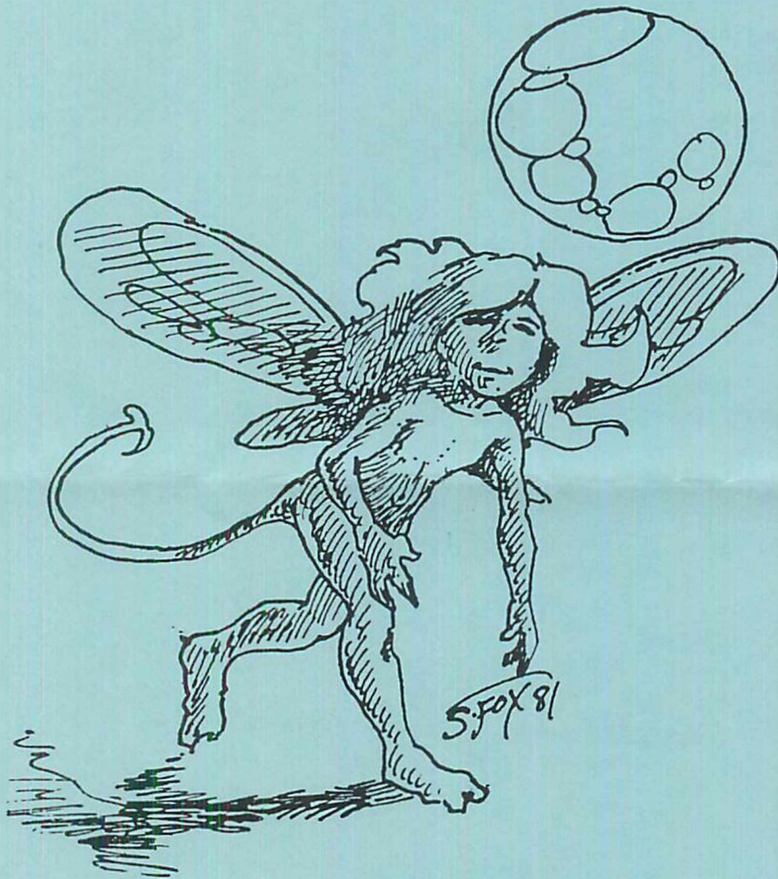
Suzy will not have too much trouble with LeGuin's Earthsea trilogy, L'Engle's Time trilogy, Baum's Oz books, or Lewis' Narnia chronicles if she can handle symbolism and a pretty high number of works. She can easily handle the following "standards" in children's SF: Louis Slobodkin's Space Ship Under the Apple Tree, Jay Williams and Raymond Abrashkin's Danny Dunn books, Eleanor Cameron's Mushroom Planet books, Ellen MacGregor's Miss Pickerell books, Ruthven Todd's Space Cat books, and Jerome Beatty's Matthew Looney books. She can also read St. Exupery's Little Prince as well as Roald Dahl's fantasies.

"Well," Mom and Dad say to each other, "she'll have a great time getting through all that."

Suzy probably will enjoy those books if she doesn't mind anthropomorphism and fractured science. This is not to say that the books listed above are "bad", but they lack some of the sophistication which has become more prevalent in children's literature as well as in SF in the last 20 years.

Johnny is going to have some trouble finding something good to read. At his age, what he is reading are known as "easy books". In easy books, there are both picture books (in which the story is very brief and dependent on the

illustrations to be clear) as well as illustrated books (in which a story is told and illustrations add to the interest of the plot). This type of literature has traditionally had a large amount of fantasy. There are books in which animals are surrogates for humans (Lillian Hoban's *Frances the Badger* books), in which magic is an important component (Patricia Coombs' *Dorrie the Witch* books), and in which monsters are real (Mercer Mayer's *Little Monster* books). Finding true science fiction in easy books is well-nigh impossible. In writing a book for a child who is just beginning to read, an author may find it too difficult to explain enough science to make the plot "work"

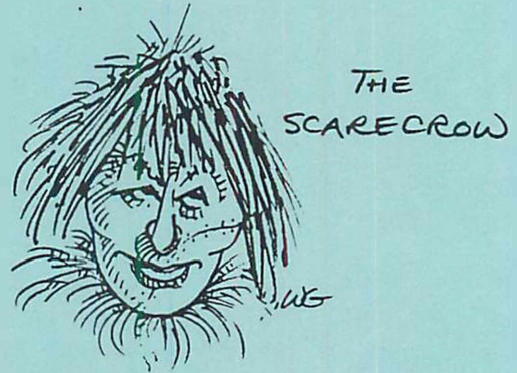


"Oh no," Mom and Dad say to each other, "Suzy has some new books to read, but Johnny doesn't".

At this point, Mom and Dad go to the children's librarian and ask for help. This is a good move, because the librarian knows about a couple of books they had overlooked.

The first is heroic fantasy - a book written by Doris Vallejo and illustrated by Boris called The Boy Who Saved the Stars. The story is the usual will-the-universe-be-saved type, but the difference is that the protagonist is a child and the book has lovely illustrations. The second is a gem which gently pokes fun at Star Trek and Star Wars - a book by Jane Yolen called Commander Toad in Space. The illustrations by Bruce Degen show Commander Toad (who is

brave and bright) along with the crew of his ship "Star Warts". Johnny, who has been quietly getting more excited at the prospect of having his own books, completely disrupts the decorum of the children's room when he sees the pictures of crew members Mr. Hop, Lt. Lily, Jake Skyjumper, and the villain, Deep Wader.



At this point, the librarian asks if Suzy had any luck finding something. Suzy says that she found a lot, but wanted to know if there was anything newer to read. Again, the family goes to the stacks where the librarian shows Suzy a couple of things that had been overlooked before.

The first is a book by Daniel Manus Pinkwater called Fat men from space. It is a story about an invasion of fat men wearing plaid sports jackets who come to raid Earth of its supplies of potato pancakes. After Suzy stops chuckling at the prospect of reading such a crazy book, the librarian shows her Cricket magazine. This magazine sometimes has SF stories for Suzy to read, as Electric Company magazine sometimes has SF stories for Johnny to read.

Scene III - Home (again)

Suzy and Johnny are reading their new books. They wonder if there will be anything else good to read after they finish what they have now. This cozy domestic scene is disrupted by Mom and Dad who are sitting on the couch looking at a book and laughing very loud. The children run over to their parents and blurt out, "What's so funny?" Mom and Dad look at each other, laugh some more and hand the children a book called Robot-bot-bot, by Fernando Krahn. The children's librarian had overlooked it because it tells the story by pictures alone - with no words at all. By the time the children have looked at it, the whole family is laughing. "I didn't know you could tell a science fiction story without words," says Dad. "I didn't know you could show how machines affect our lives without words," says Mom. "I'm just glad you found this book," says Suzy. "Me too!" says Johnny.

The curtain can close now. Mom and Dad will discover that there really isn't that much children's SF to give to Suzy and Johnny until they learn to read better. Perhaps Mom and Dad will write some of the publishers of children's books to agitate for more good, easy SF. Perhaps the publishers will respond. At any rate, we can hope that there will be something to give our grandchildren when they ask us, "What are you reading?"

THINK BEFORE YOU LEAP

By Jim Cobb

The old man looked up from his tattered book as they brought the younger man back to his cell on Obrakron IV. He chuckled hoarsely and said, "I could have told you it wouldn't work." He chuckled again.

"How could you know?" asked the younger man, as he sat brushing sand out of his wet clothes.

"Why, young fella, everybody that gets thrown into jail on this backwater planet tries that stunt. I tried it myself. I think they actually put this prison on a cliff so people would try to escape. They enjoy watching people jump off the cliff into the ocean, and everybody always gets caught again, anyway. Then they get to keep you here longer to work on their durn farm."

"You mean they actually let people try to escape just so they can keep us working in the hydroponics lab?" The younger man was surprised.

"Why, of course. There aren't enough criminals these days to keep it running otherwise. They even made up a charge and imposed a long sentence on it when they opened up this place. That's what you'll be charged with, and you're sure gonna be here a long time." He chuckled again.

"What charge is that?" The younger man sounded worried.

"Why, 'Diving While Incarcerated', of course."

***** FANZINES WE HAVE LATELY RECEIVED *****

YANDRO #252
OASFax, Vol. 13, No. 2
Alabama SF Assoc., Vol. III, No. 1
CONACS #7
SFR #38
ATARANTES #s 43, 44
Baton Rouge SF League #s 10, 11
CHAT #s 39, 40
CusfUsSING #s 29, 30
De PROFUNDIS #124
DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP #16
DYNATRON #74
Fanzine Directory #3
FILE 770 #24

FROM THE ASHES, Jan. 1981
LOCUS #240
THE LOOKING GLASS #19
Mobile Area Comics Society #5
NEOLOGY, Jan. 1981
NIGHTWINDS #3
PHOENIX #4
RUNE #61
SMART ASH #16
SOUTH OF THE MOON #18
THE SPECULATOR #6
THIS HOUSE #10
TELOS #3

forGED minutes

BSFC MEETING, January 10, 1981
as reported by Ward Smith

The January meeting started with a resolution: A resolution to oust the rascals and bring in the bums. In other words, election time!

Jim Gilpatrick, our fearless leader, started off innocently enough, announcing that he would still head the DSC committee, at which there was much rejoicing; he would still edit ANVIL, at which there was much rejoicing; and finally, that he would not be running for president, at which there was much rejoicing.

Then, the actual electoral process ensued. By a near unanimous vote, the non-euclidean Wade Gilbreath was elected President, the unspeakable Charlotte Proctor obtained the Vice Presidential office, the hideous Merlin Odom won Program Director, the eldritch Beth Pointer once more was tied to the office of Treasurer, and the dreaded Ward Smith was elected Secretary. Usually, the only dissenting vote among the group was the person running for that office, which says a lot for enthusiasm in the BSFC. After I was elected, I was informed to make these annals of a humorous nature, when they would probably fit in the genre of horror-fantasy better. As, well, the things officers put up with...

Someone complained to our new leader that we didn't have club tee shirts, which reminded someone else about the need for membership cards--other suggestions included: stationary, patches, posters for the local bookstores, etc.... Official BSFC edible underwear, anyone?

Programming was also mapped out for the coming year: closed eye voting seemed to be all the rage for this meeting, but other activities such as a BSFC radio show, a movie project, Frank Love showing his con slides, a filksing, and various and sundry and other faanish pursuits were suggested. 1981 looks good. All fen present then departed for one of our favorite pastimes, Pig-out Pizza Wrestling at Pasquales'.

All members present at the meeting signed a get-well card for Robert Offut, who is recuperating from serious surgery. Monies were delegated to Jim Cobb, who was instructed (since he works in a bookstore) to purchase some of Robert's favorites, and (since he lives on that end of town) to deliver them to him in behalf of the club.



BSFC MEETING, February 14, 1981
as reported by Tim Gatewood

President Wade Gilbreath called the meeting to order and the following announcements were made:

Tim Gatewood announced that Millie's cheap bookstore will stay open late on the club meeting nights for our convenience, and their profit.

Jim Cobb announced that Watkins' bookstore would not.

Jim Gilpatrick announced the deadline for ANVIL is March 7. He also offered SUNCATCHER #1 for sale at a buck apiece.

The DSC Concom met that afternoon and drew up a preliminary budget. (Sixty memberships so far.)

Wade explained dues: \$12 per fiscal year (Jan. to Dec.), partial years prorated, first meeting free, pizza run optional.

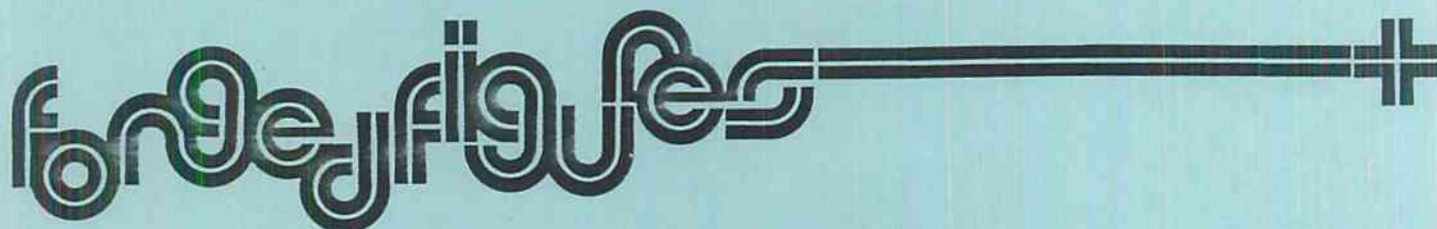
Charlotte Proctor announced (again) that her daughter Valerie and Grand Tyrant of SAM Jerry McKnight are getting married. [They had a shower in Tuscaloosa and received enough towel sets to dry the Loch Ness monster.]

Mike Goodman announced that Gene Spitler et al from Atlanta are definitely bidding for Worldcon '86.

The question of bidding for World Fantasy Con '83 was beaten into submission.

After the business meeting, the membership was treated to an astronomical slide show by Conrad Kussner. Conrad is president of the Birmingham Astronomy Club, and newspaper columnist.

Then we went out to pizza.



OUTGO

Paper	\$74.09
SUNCATCHER covers	14.93
SUNCATCHER file copies.	2.00
Gilpatrick expenses	10.00
Postage.	33.60
P.O. Box.	40.00
New Checks	3.00

INCOME

Dues.	\$ 79.00
More Dues	135.00
C*U*R*R*E*N*T B*A*L*A*N*C*E	
(3/10/81)	
	\$191.82

Small World

EXPANDED UNIVERSE: THE NEW WORLDS OF ROBERT A. HEINLEIN by Robert A. Heinlein.
Ace Books, New York, 1980, 582p, \$8.95.

Robert Heinlein...the mere mention of the name makes me tremble with feelings of unease and mixed emotions. I have never met him, but I feel sure, somehow, that I wouldn't at all like him if we did meet. I have enjoyed only one or two or three of his books (I liked The Puppet Masters and The Moon is a Harsh Mistress) and a handful of his short stories. And I'll be damned if I know how he got the title of dean of science fiction writers! It is certainly an understatement to say that I am not impressed with Heinlein, and I begin this way so that you will know how I feel before I start saying nasty things about Expanded Universe.

Expanded Universe has been getting quite a lot of publicity--and Ace Books has been trying to give readers the impression that Expanded Universe is Heinlein's autobiography. This is understandable in light of the popularity of books like Damon Knight's The Futurians, Fred Pohl's The Way The Future Was, and Issac Asimov's two-volume autobiography, and Arthur C. Clarke's semi-autobiographical work. But Expanded Universe is not what Ace Books would have us believe it is. Indeed, you have already read one-third of the book if you've read The Worlds of Robert A. Heinlein (1966) and any autobiographical content is limited to numerous forewords and afterwords which appear throughout the text. All totaled, the forewords and afterwords amount to fifty-seven pages, and less than half of that could really be considered autobiographical in any way--for this you pay \$8.95 (in paperback!!). Via the forewords and afterwords we learn that Heinlein is a military man--a really gung ho military man, which any fool can ascertain by reading the books and stories that Heinlein has written over the years.

The only reason that Heinlein began writing at all was so that he could make mortgage payments, and he did, indeed, pay off that mortgage eight years early by writing and selling stories to the pulps. He is a vain man who brags about the fact that for many years his editor hated him but nevertheless bought his work because it sells--Heinlein seems to think that his work sells because he is a man with much above the average intelligence and that readers should, above all, listen to what he has to say.

Heinlein should have been a preacher, but he makes fun of the Bible-Belt so he wouldn't have been happy doing that either. Heinlein isn't happy doing anything!



Nothing seems tolerable enough for him to accept as is; he has taken it upon himself to enlighten the rest of us regarding how unpleasant the world is...how unfair it is. And certainly, in so doing, he has been a constant reminder to me of how stupid he is.

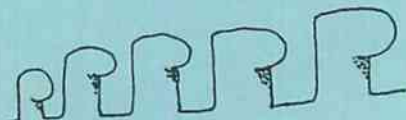
He spends seven pages defending Starship Troopers (a bad book) and keeps confusing science fiction with patriotism. He does that quite a lot, you know. There are seven never before collected stories and fourteen never before collected articles in Expanded Universe. None of them are worth reading. There is a short little thing titled "Ray Guns and Rocket Ships" reprinted here that is interesting reading; Heinlein wrote it back in '52 for a library bulletin. It was a freebie, which is to say that he wasn't paid for the article, and Heinlein now says that he doesn't have to stoop to that kind of humiliation today. Yes sir, today he can afford to say no! Isn't that cute? Anyhow, here Heinlein makes a case for SF being referred to as "speculative fiction" and describes some of the many types and kinds of SF that librarians can expect to encounter. He says that librarians are all the time getting themselves upset because of all those really difficult to pronounce names that SF writers give to aliens in their stories, and Heinlein makes fun of them by suggesting the notion of a story about a Martian named Smith. Of course, many years later Heinlein did write a story like that titled Stranger in a Strange Land (actually, I thought Stranger was the worst thing that Heinlein had ever done until The Number of the Beast came along--it's even worse! But for a "typically" bad book, read I Will Fear No Evil).

Heinlein says that when it comes to the predictions that he has made in his stories he is right 66% of the time. Over a forty year period that sounds about right--if you take into consideration Fred Pohl's "broken clock" principle, which says that even a broken clock is right two times per day. However, Heinlein did conceptualize the water bed--gotta give him credit for that.

At the end of Expanded Universe you'll find a seventy page article titled "The Happy Days Ahead", in which Heinlein explains that there are no happy days ahead. He keeps confusing social problems with patriotism. He does that quite a lot, you know.

Heinlein can write: that is, he can put words on paper, and he is easy to read (one reason, perhaps, so many people do read him). But he will not stop preaching long enough for readers to appreciate it. I firmly believe that the only people who like Heinlein are people who agree with Heinlein. Of course, if that is so then there must be quite a large number of readers who do agree with Heinlein because he is very popular, and Expanded Universe will sell very well simply due to the fact that Heinlein's name is plastered all over the cover. He is a big name writer, the dean of SF. And if I had nine dollars to spend on fiction, I'd buy something worth reading instead of Expanded Universe.

--David Pettus



REB80

LETTERS

Arthur D. Hlavaty Why am I a fan? Well, it was a kind of 2-stage process.
250 Coligni Ave. I read science fiction for pretty much the same reasons
New Rochelle, N.Y. you do--I like the vision of space migration, increased
10801 intelligence, life extension, and stuff like that, and
 want to read about it and see it encouraged. (I loathe
post-holocaust books.) But I moved from reader to fan because I like the
people, the sense of community, the sixtyish ambience, and the fact that one
can become noted and popular by putting words on a page with some skill, and
thus has less need for social skills.

I think you've fallen into a bit of guilt by association in your comment on
antinukes. To be sure the movement is full of (and largely led by) people
who are antitechnology and antimind. But some people have honest and intelli-
gent questions about the safety of nuclear power plants, especially when the
Price-Anderson bill protects power companies from the financial consequences
of their mistakes. These people may be mistaken, but they are by no means all
Luddites. What I'll never understand is people who are fans and yet are opposed
to the idea of humanity going out into space.

David Stever-Schnoes Thanks for sending a copy of ANVIL #14. Coming hard on
788 Dayton Avenue the heels of the latest copy of CHAT (which I meant to
Saint Paul MN 55104 loc before passing on to the other RUNE editors), I'm
 finally feeling like I am learning something about
Southern fandom. And it's only taken me ten years. My God.

I joined fandom because it had something to do with Science Fiction. It is
Science Fiction Fandom, and while I have enjoyed the company of many people
that I've met through fandom and conventions and fanzines, I am here neverthe-
less, because I read a lot of SF, and I really like it. While I would like to
think of myself as well read, I would still consider myself anti-nuke, because
I don't think that we are capable of handling the associated problems of nuclear
energy at this time. This is not meant to spur reams of controversy, but just
that I disagree with your fifth paragraph, that anti-nuke is Luddite.

If you can't imagine how you would live a totally fannish lifestyle, you haven't
lived in a communal situation with other fans, have you? I have, in Boston,
and it sucks the energy right out of you, being able to discuss the latest Jack
Vance novel or Boston fan politics at damn near any time of the day or night.
Your fannishness is dissipated by the other people of the house, so that you
very rarely have anything left for outside activity. Look at Minneapolis' own
Bozo Bus Building. Seventeen apartments, fifteen fannish households. It's
like the black hole sometimes, but as you say, our fannishness is just a thin
veneer over another normal human being.

The veneer is thinner on some fans than on others. Me, I can take it for a while, but for what ever reason, I need to escape once in a while from even "crazy Minneapolis Fandom", and I can do it.

It is an interesting observation that the fans who last the longest are those who do care about SF. I know that I have had conversations with Mike Glicksohn (him?) about SF, so I know that even someone who is an 'fannish' as he loves the field that brought us all here.

Davis Pettus' article on the micro-processor revolution is very well written. Looks like he and I must read the same sources, but I'm glad that he's put all the facts down here; the future will continue to be really interesting.

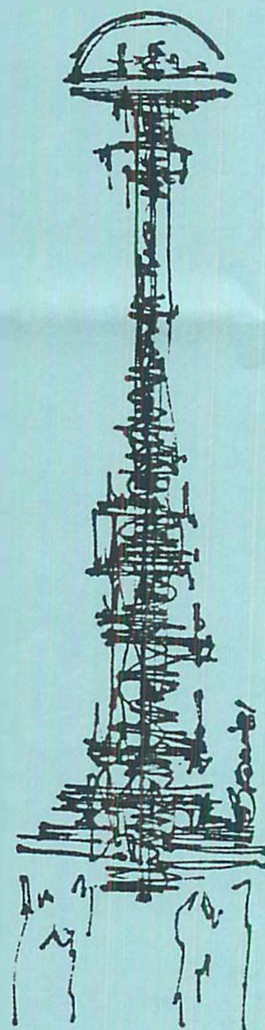
Leave it to Don D'Amassa to hit the nail on the head. Yeah, the field seems to look like it did about 1964 or so, when the new writers like Zelazny and Delany were coming up, and the novel field didn't seem to be very strong.

Barney - do you get thirty titles a year, or thirty fanzines (copies) a year? I am willing to bet the latter, and not the former. Yeah, for this you are more than likely a BNF. It's a cross that you'll have to bear.

As worldcon bids go, have you people heard about the serious Twin City bid for 1985? Being one of the co-chairs, I'd just thought to ask. As an attempt to cut back on the amount of so-called special programming, Joe Wesson and I pledge to hold the Generic Worldcon; just what the constitution says that we have to have, the business meeting, and the hugo awards, and nothing else. Informational requests and pre-supporting memberships can be had from either myself or Wesson (2460 Fillmore NE, Mpls MN), until we get our PO box.

David Palter	Your introductory essay
1811 Tamarind Ave.	"Why are we here?" introduces
Apt. 22	the thesis that the basis
Hollywood, CA 90028	of SF is technophilia,
	which is highly debatable.

Brian Aldiss argues persuasively that the earliest SF novel is Frankenstein by Mary Shelley, which is clearly a technophobic book. I think you make a mistake to assume that the purpose of SF is to further the purposes of science (although Hugo Gernsback would undoubtedly have agreed with you completely.) Many people believe that on the contrary, the purpose of SF (or at least, one of its purposes) is to warn against the dangers of science.



In fact, the genre is broad enough to encompass both of these purposes and many others as well. And sf fans don't have to be technophiles to be genuine SF fans. SF is, after all, quite a separate thing from science. If it were only science that concerned you, the appropriate reading matter is non-fiction. Since SF is fiction, its primary requisite is esthetic, not technological. And it is the esthetics of SF which is in my viewpoint the most basic reason why people like SF and become fans of it. In other words, SF is (when done skillfully) beautiful, moving, enlightening, ingenious, entertaining, fun, thought-provoking, and if we may borrow the favorite descriptions of yesteryear, thrilling, amazing, astounding, and fantastic. It is art first, and technology second.

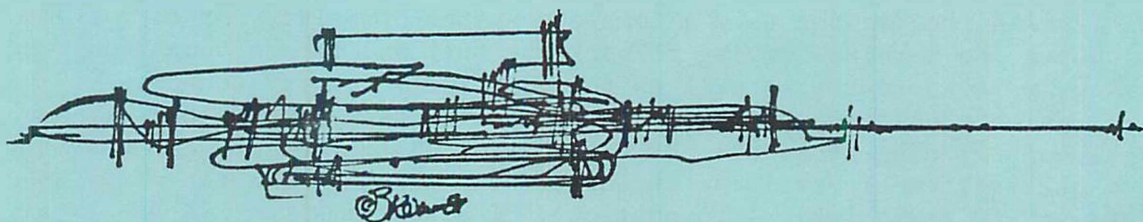
I think Eva Chalker Whitley misunderstood my earlier letter. Birmingham was the site of great and significant civil rights struggles a number of years before there were any race riots. Indeed the original civil right movement was completely non-violent, and the riots which followed were not a continuation of this movement but rather a rejection of the early efforts as being insufficiently effective. One might well say that the civil right movement began in such places as Birmingham and Selma, and dies in the riots of Newark and Watts.

Dave Szurek
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Detroit, MI 48201

ANVIL makes for interesting reading, except for what is ordinarily my favorite feature in fanzines, the letter column. It strikes me that there is nothing more flat-ass boring than fan politics, but I'm afraid that I'm about to come off as a grump.

Most of the comment hooks were in areas in which we evidently disagree. For starters, I don't consider myself unalterable anti-technology--YOU might, but I don't--but I'm not a rigid technocrat, either. In my opinion, it is pretty stupid to judge things on a uniform basis. The only rational means of drawing a conclusion comes through evaluation by individual case, don't you think? There are two factions who "claim" to be on the opposite side of the fence, but impress me as merely reverse sides of the same coin. One is the unalterable ANTI technology faction, the other the unalterable PRO technology faction. What they each share in common is the maddeningly predictable tendency to jerk their collective knees at the sound of the very word "technology", reluctance to think matters through, and as much blind faith as any religionist when it comes to the mythologies and archetypes that have sprung up around their pet buzzword. In fact, I'll go so far as to compare each to a religion--in one technology is the god figure incapable of doing wrong; whereas in the other, technology is the equivalent of Satan to be avoided at all costs. Each faction has its zealots and 'true believers' and it's been my experience that one must conform 100% to their doctrine or be branded an infidel.

I feel moved to throw in a compliment on the "Merlin" poem. I hope that people read it, Jim, because it's truly exceptional.



Buck Coulson I dunno about D'Amassa; I think he needs to read a better
Route 3 quality paperback. Or perhaps refresh his memory by reading a
Hartford City, IN. pulp AMAZING STORIES, preferably one from the "golden age" of
47348 ASTOUNDING (whichever golden age he subscribes to). Or even
 read one of the Clayton issues of ASTOUNDING STORIES OF SUPER
SCIENCE. Tripe has always been with us. As for authors...Bester is back, Hal
Clementis turning out excellent books once more, Robert L. Forward just brought
back hard science (and there never was much of that), Bob Asprin is doing UNKNOWN-
type fantasy; we're not so bad off.

Well, WSFS, Inc. didn't work due to fannish bickering, and I've seen no indication
that fans are any less argumentative today than they were then. You'll get a
professional Worldcon setup that works about the time that the movie/tv fans, who
are used to sitting back and being entertained, overwhelm the fanzine and stf-
reading fans.

Andruschak's idea would be easily workable in the West, where one doesn't have
competing conventions every weekend from April through August. Actually, if you
want to get away from the Worldcon date, sometime during winter would be best.
Less competition, and you might lure more northern fans with the promise of bearable
temperatures. If fans will go to cons in Michigan in January, they'll go anywhere
in January.

I've heard several fans say that Carl Sagan is trying to become a 'scientific guru'.
Maybe he is--if so, he'll be a lot healthier than all of the Maharishi Whoevers who
are in trade presently. If people want to believe rather than think--and they do--
let them believe in science for a change.

Ron Zukowski Congrats upon the 14th ish of ANVIL, which I recognized immedi-
233 Colorado Ave. ately despite your superb effort at disguise (since I live just
Hapeville, Ga. down the road from Jerry Collins, I'll have to ask him which
30354 magazine he thought had asked him to do that cover.)

I first wandered into the University of Georgia Science Fiction Literary Appreciation
Society in an effort to find people with whom to talk about SF as a written art form--
things like plot, characters (or lack thereof) style of various authors, etc. I was
relatively certain that technology was a two-edged sword, and that the infant human
species did not know where to hold onto it, let alone which edge to use. That
didn't stop me from enjoying sf, although my favorite authors, Simak and LeGuin, are
not as techno-oriented as Heinlein or Doc Smith or VanVogt.

It follows, therefore, that I was not quite so surprised at discovering, when I
reached the '75 DSC in Louisville, a vast disparity in belief-systems (including
a lot of folks who did not have a complete system of belief worked out yet, and one
or two dozen who were not trying to work one out) and in attitudes towards the
technology we do possess, as well as towards likely future technologies. I also
discovered loads of fans who don't really know or seem to care exactly how their
favorite Hugo-winning story was put together or whether or not the characters in
this or that series of novels do characteristic things. I agree that fandom doesn't
have any 'grand philosophical foundation'. I also think that it has no single
organizing factor or purpose.

Now for a few words about COSMOS. To understand how dreadful SAGAN SPEAKS really was, cast yourself back in time about a year. PBS had a program called CONNECTIONS being broadcast on Prime Time. The chief-commentator-and-amateur-magician-in-residence, one James Burke, was going on in his mile-a-minute style about how a sudden increase in dirty linen underwear helped to make paper cheap enough to aid in the development of widespread printing. By the time Burke got through with that segment, one was mildly interested in rags and in paper, and in the way some humble materials were combined to do something revolutionary.

Now contrast this with COSMOS. At the end of the second episode, not only was I-- and at least 35 or 40 others I have talked to--bored with the universe, but I wanted to strangle Carl Sagan--billions of times, because he said 'billions of' billions of times. Sagan succeeded in making the study of astronomy and those portions of the study of physics that he touched upon absolutely trivial. His gestures and expressions caused Dan Taylor to remark, "Did you see MisterRodgers' Universe last night?" Fred Rodgers would indeed have done a better job, particularly if the segment of the population one was aiming at was sufficiently young. Hell, scratch that last remark. I can enjoy Fred at 30, as can the parents of his 'ordinary audience'. He would have done a better job.



Roy Tackett
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Albuquerque, N.M.
87107

What is so shocking
about finding some
anti-nuclear senti-
ments among fans?

We are, after all,
a diverse group. I know...you imagined that
fandom was filled with people who took science
fiction as gospel and made their vows to tech-
nology. Not everyone does. You overlooked
the roots. Fantasy. Two of the oldest groups
in fandom are the Fantasy Amateur Press Associa-
tion and the National Fantasy Fan Federation.
Point is that it was fantasy long before we
sciencefictioneers showed up. As for fandom
as a lifestyle...that's just another way of
saying Fandom is a Way of Life. For some maybe
it is. But, no, there isn't any grand philo-

sophical foundation, no cohesive political outlook, nothing at all to hold fandom
together...except a mutual interest in fantasy or science fiction.

Most of your reviewers tend towards incompleteness. Says Nancy Brown: "Dr. Pieri
is a sponsored investigator at JPL." A meaningless statement. Who sponsors him and
what does he investigate? The main fault I found with COSMOS, as television, was
Sagan himself. Tends towards being a ham. He needed a strong director to tone him
down. As for the book, I'll wait until it is remaindered. Can't see paying \$20 for
it.

And Beth Pointer's pointless remark in her review of Forward's Dragon's Egg:
"All of which brings us to the word ethnocentrism." Yes? So?

She simply leaves us hanging there. If she wasn't going to say anything about the concept why did she mention it?

I have two different editions of Frehoda's Your Next Fifty Years on the shelf. Don't think much of either of them. Trouble with Frehoda is he tends to overlook the ever increasing rate at which we are destroying our life support system. I don't worry about it much. I know damn well I won't be around 50 years from now. I'm not sure anyone else will be either.

The letter section seems mostly concerned with the mechanics of conventions. One of the major problems with cons, it seems to me, is that con committees seem to fall prey to boosterism. If 700 people constitute a good con then 7000 ought to constitute a great one. It ain't necessarily so. I'd like to see a worldcon put on as a science fiction conference instead of a media event.

Barney Neufeld
2713 2nd Ave. So. #307
Minneapolis, MN 55408

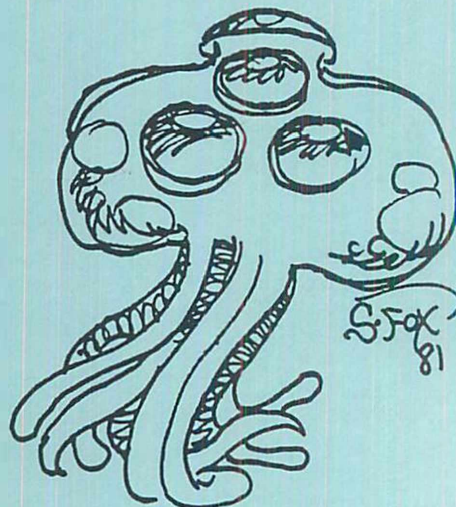
Liked this issue. Your editorial raises some interesting and pertinent questions. I hope they can be answered positively, if not for '86, then for a future year. It would be nice to see the South again, even for a little.

I'll have to reserve judgement on MANIFEST DESTINY. Not having read it, I have no way of knowing if the allegorical associations Beth discusses are significant. Not that they have to be, but one problem with allegory is that it can overpower the story if the writer is not careful enough, hence ruining a perfectly good entertainment.

Mike Glicksohn
141 High Park Ave.
Toronto, Ont., M6P 2S3

I didn't enter fandom to reinforce or share my faith in technology. I'm essentially pro-technology and am in favour of nuclear energy but these are extremely low on my general scale of interests and involvements. I certainly won't get into discussions or arguments about them. I got into fandom because SF was my favorite form of reading entertainment, strong emphasis on the "entertainment". What I discovered in fandom, what you so aptly describe as "the people, the activities, the fraternal atmosphere, the easy way they fit in and were accepted", is what has kept me in fandom and quite active for nearly fifteen years.

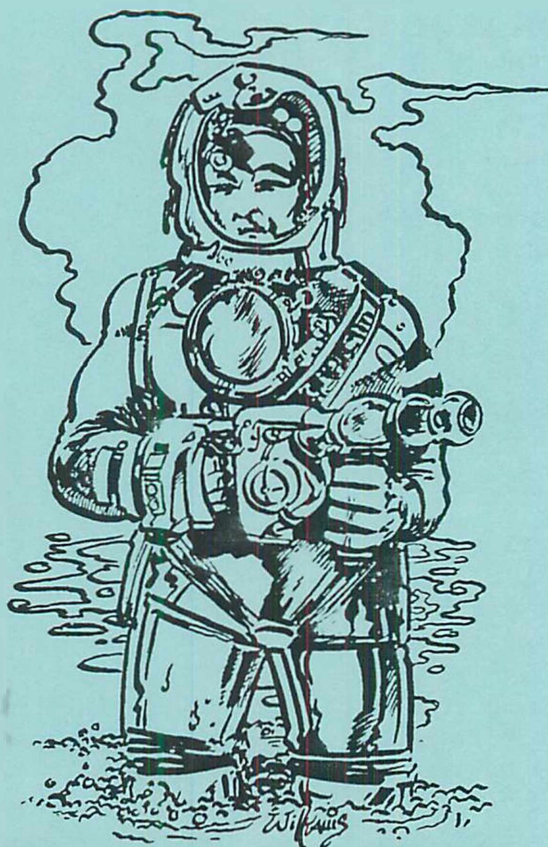
You might notice something in that last paragraph: four times I referred to 'fandom' but not once did I call it 'SF fandom'. To me, fandom itself--primarily the non-SF aspects of it--occupies a far greater and more enjoyable role in my life than the actual literature which originally drew me into it. And I'm sure a great many other fans feel that way and in so feeling have come to think of 'fandom' as very different from the old concept of 'SF fandom'. Let's face it, fandom has become so diverse in the last ten years that it is now primarily a social organization and the actual connection with science fiction is tenuous in most cases. (A Worldcon, of course, has strong and obvious ties with SF as do many larger cons but it is still true that a great many attendees at such gatherings are there for reasons having nothing whatsoever to do with SF itself.



You may find that unfortunate or even appalling but I find it quite natural and acceptable. And there's absolutely no reason why the two viewpoints can't co-exist.

As evidence of what I am saying about my degree of interest in things scientific, I point out that I somehow managed to miss COSMOS entirely on its first screening. (I do regret this and plan to catch it on the inevitable rerun.) From what I've heard from SF writer friends, though, it was an enjoyable show which suffered somewhat from Sagan's personality. Something along the lines of "Carl Sagan and God Present The Universe" with God definitely getting second billing. Obviously I'll find out when I tape the reruns for possible addition to my video library.

It's pretty easy to predict that the topic of worldcon management is going to be one of the main fanzine items for months and maybe years to come. A great many people are already aguing for professional management of worldcons and if the horror stories about Denver turn out to be true a great many more may be clamouring for just that come Labour Day. I can see both sides of the question, but I suspect that eventually the tide will swing to the pro management forces and worldcons will become big business. Well, they already are that but at least they're big business for the fans who devote their time to them. And I'll be sorry when we lose that part of fandom.



Daniel S. Taylor
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Atlanta, Ga. 30312

As usual for me, I find the most of interest in the letter column. I agree with Don D'Amassa's comments re: disappointing books from old favorite authors, but I don't worry overmuch about it--I think we're replacing the older hands with new blood at a fast enough rate. Spider Robinson, for instance.

But, "silly Baraboo stories" vs "serious, more successful 'novelette'"? First, the Baraboo stories (collected in Circus World) seem to be no less successful than Longyear's other work. Second, what makes these stories "silly" simply because they contain humor?

There seems to be a bit of discussion lately, not just about the ~~joke~~ possibility of an Atlanta Worldcon bid, but about drastic reorganization of the Worldcon itself. Although I cannot disagree with Mr. Bloch's recommendation of professional convention management, it still comes as a shock to consider that Worldcons have grown to the point where such a step is necessary.

We also heard from: David Pettus, Andy Andruschak, P.L. Caruthers, Steven Fox.

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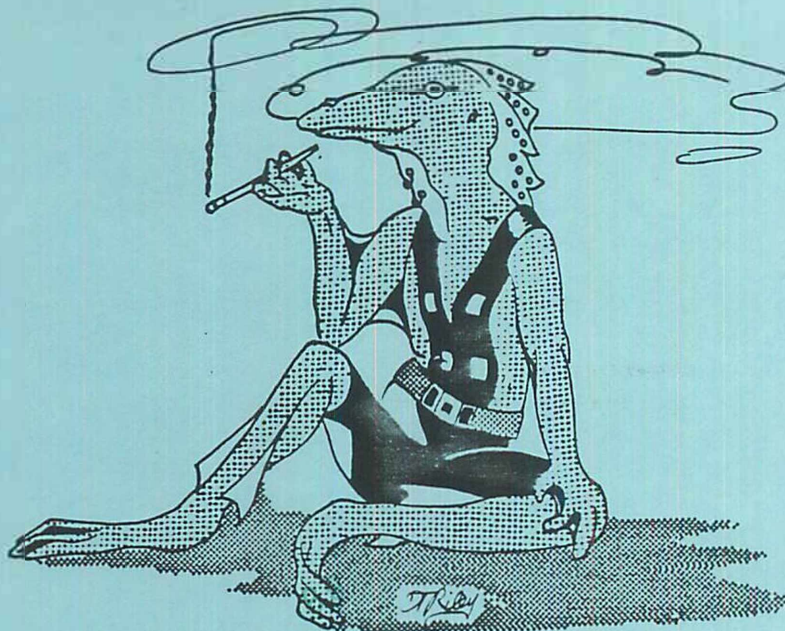
Cindy Riley - cover, 6, 22
Gary Fowler - 5
Alexis Gilliland - 2
Steven Fox - 8, 20
Wade Gilbreath - 9, 11
Alan White - 13
Rusty Burke - 14
Bill Brown - 16, 17
Jerry Collins - 19
Charlie Williams - 21
Jean Corbin - 3

Next BSFC meetings:

April 11, 1981
May 9, 1981
at the Homewood Public
Library, 7:30 P.M.

THESE PEOPLE HELPED PRODUCE ANVIL 15:

Beth Pointer, Charlotte Proctor, and Cindy Riley.
We could sure use some more help! Zines aren't easy.



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