

# ANKILL 28



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# anvil

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ANVIL 28, June-July, 1983, is the clubzine of the B'ham SF Club.  
ANVIL is edited by Charlotte Proctor--LoC Editor Wade Gilbreath.

ANVIL is available for the usual, or \$5.00 per year sent to:  
ANVIL, Post Office Box 57031, Birmingham, Alabama 35259-7031

ANVIL was typed on an IBM Selectric II. The cover was xeroxed.  
ANVIL was mimeoed, collated, stapled and stamped by slave labor.

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# H A M M E R   A N D   T O N G S #  
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FRAGMENTED FANDOM or "Who are all these people?"

by Charlotte Proctor

There comes a time in each fan's life, I think, to look around and say, "Gee, I've been here a long time, really...and it's not like it was at first." Notice the fan hasn't yet decided whether it's better or worse, just that it's different. Whadda ya mean, different? Well, for one thing, there are more girls than there used to be, even 8 or 10 years ago. Now that may be a good thing for you guys, but I am a female type fan, and . . .

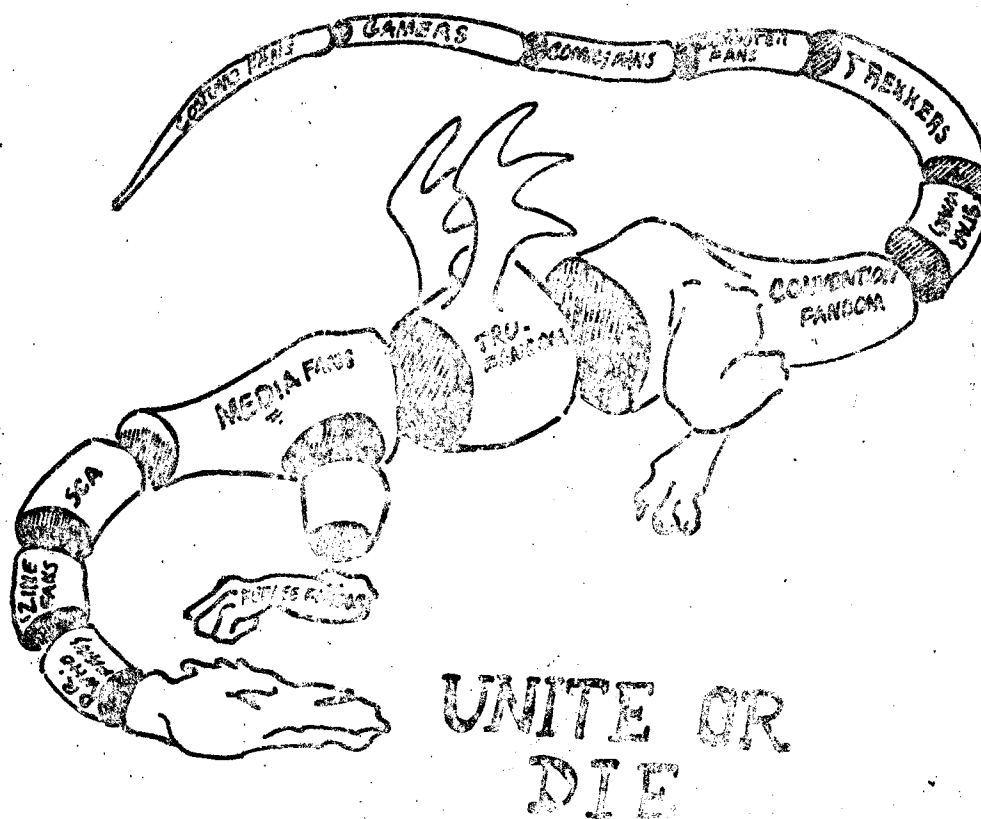
But other than that obvious change, where did all these other people come from? Take gamers, for instance (please). No, I jest..some of my best friends are wargamers. There is a big difference, however, between my ~~naïve~~//~~serious~~ wargaming friends and those juvenile D&Ders who are prone (when they pass out) to litter the halls at some Southern cons lately. D&D in and of itself isn't so bad...why, I remember when D&D was new, we played every weekend at my house...even I played. But D&D today bears little resemblance to the games of old. It seems so structured, rules for everything, each monster and encounter clearly delineated in "the books". Good grief, in the beginning (and still in certain worlds I know of today) the DM was a really well-read fellow, and had done his homework and set up his world peopled with gods, monsters and other characters from his vast reading experience. You could only hope that one of the player characters recognized the description of said god or monster when it appeared so that he could get the others to make the proper response--scream and run; offer gifts; act belligerently, or whatever. (Sigh.)

And what about media fans? What ABOUT media fans? They are just more evident than they were, that's all. There were always those who only came to cons to sit in a dark room and watch movies. And it's a dirty lie to say they can't even read. Some of them can sew, too, as witness the spillover of media fans into the Costume Fan category, dressing up as their current favorite media hero/ine. Media fans come in assorted flavors: Dr. Who, Star Trek, Star Wars, Indiana Jones, Battlestar Galactica, Rocky Horror, etc., etc., etc. (My own SF video disc collection is growing.)

Then there is Feelie Fandom (or backrub fandom or sleaze fandom, depending on your locale) and the less said about that, the better (heh, heh).

Other sub-sets of fandom today include the SCA, which if you know your fannish history you also know that the Sword and Sorcery faction, led by Poul Anderson, created the Society some 15 years ago. But it has kinda drifted away, here in the South anyway, and there is very little cross-over. (I used to be very active in the SCA, but had to give it up because of fanac. Who am I kidding? For me, fandom has always been where it's at...I'm not a medievalist.)

Computer fandom--that's just fans who have bought a computer. They used to be fanzine fans, con-goers, but now--well, one supposes they still are, but for the purposes of this article, they are another sub-set. (There's a computer in our home, too.)

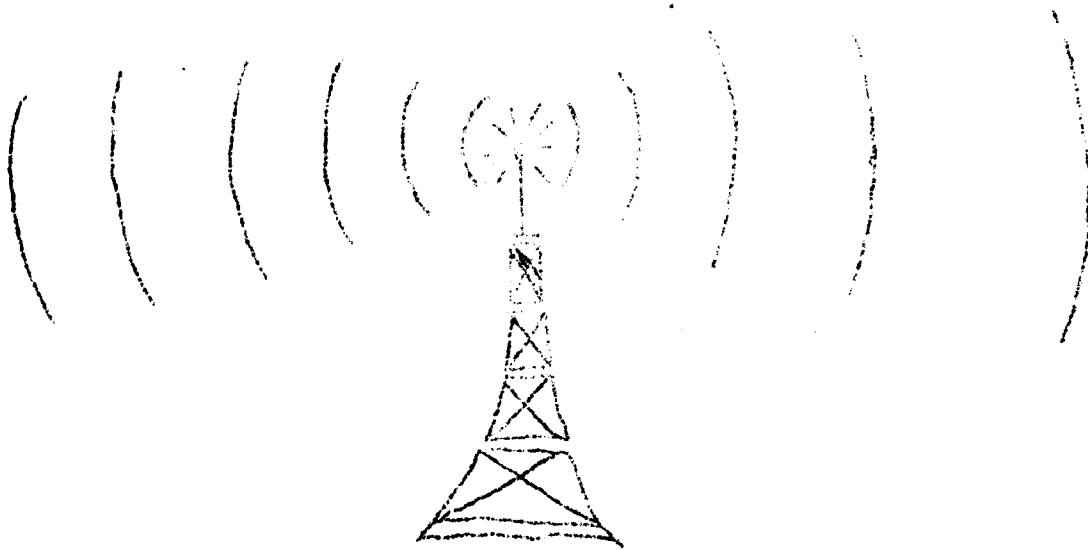


Convention fandom--this is the most difficult to talk about, because this is where "all those people" are so evident. Conventions are my main fanac, or were last year, when I attended no less than 10 of the little boogers. Cons come in two separate and distinct categories: (a) the small, fannish convention, and (b) the large, big-budgeted, heavily-programmed con. Conventions have proliferated so, there's hardly a weekend open anywhere, anytime. Dedicated congoers have to pick and choose.

Although I personally favor the smaller cons, there is something to be said for big conventions that draw lots of new people (we were all new at one time). I mean really, if you don't encourage growth, the whole sub-culture could die out. Granted, there are second generation fans, but not that many.

Fanzine fandom is, of course, from whence all these current fandoms sprang. Although you read every so often of faneds complaining that they don't get no respect at cons, and fandom ain't what it used to be, still yet, here I am talking to you, and you're reading ANVIL, and we trade with you, and you loc us, and some-of-my-best-friends-are-apa-hacks. So it seems to me that fanzine fandom is alive and well. But even fanzine fandom is fragmented. There are perzines, genzines, clubzines, apazines and special interest zines and crudzines!!

The bottom line, of course, is reading SF--well, SF, horror, comics, fantasy, sword & sorcery, or whatever--though I've read many an editorial and article, and loc saying "I just don't have the time to read anymore". But we used to read, and still do to a certain extent, tho nobody can read everything, and we still find like-minded persons to be our special friends in this sub-culture we call Fandom.



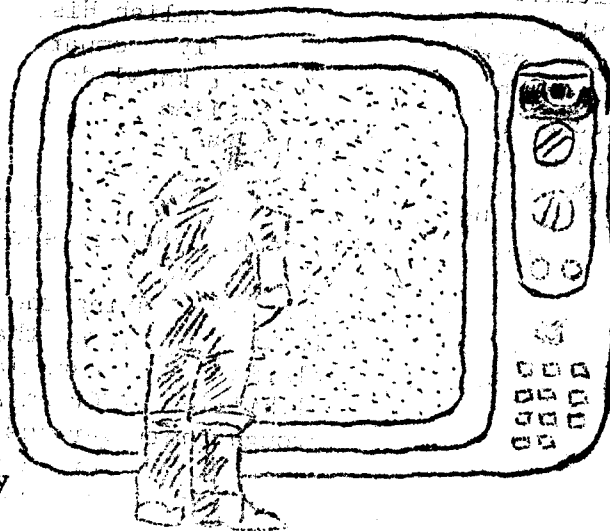
# IT CAME FROM CHANNEL "U"

A SHORT HISTORY OF HALLOWED EL-MOISM  
AS TOLD TO BROTHER HORNIOUS, GUARDIAN  
OF THE SACRED BLADDER, BY THE NAMELESS  
ONE

Preface: Submitted for your approval, ladies and gentlemen, the World's best metaphor. I speak, of course, of that mysterious and powerful brotherhood known to the outside world as the Apatheistic Neo-Pagan 3-D Cult of El-Mo, Siriusly. Much mystery and darkness surrounds the actions or the metaphysical conceits which compel El-Moic TVologians to their admittedly dark and mysterious (to turn a phrase) acts.

From a metanoid perspective, Hallowed El-Moism (or Hollowed El-Moism, depending on how devout you are) is structurally a process (in the Whiteheadian sense) between the dualism of El-Mo Jr. and Bertha Venus, Sky Father and Earth Mother of the Universe, mom and opo of the neighborhood grocery store, and Ma and Pa Kettle of the old cinema. This many-within-two-within-one-in-process perspective allows different viewpoints to exist simultaneously, and yet avoids the traps of such neo-pagan cults of confusion and such as Discordianism, by enabling a being to focus on one reality-construct at a time and realise and use others at will by simply changing the channel.

Of course, Hallowed El-Moism owes a great debt to Cable Television, and in return it is devoted to the justification of constant and devout watching of this glaring icon. Although El-Moism is a faith of aesthetic balance between artificial dualities, it avoids the secular mess of its cousin the Couch Potatoe movement by actually presenting an end to be reached rather than using the old "TV viewing as art" dodge claiming it to be an end to itself. The religious viewpoints emphasized in El-Moic thought also serve as an effective weapon against individuals or groups who might cathect to the cult simply because they have an IQ above 100 and wish to rebel against their Southern Baptist upbringing.



"ELMO LIKES TV"

El-Moism is an experimental religion; rather, a religion of experiment. In this, it is constantly shifting, changing, and growing. It is a living faith. If the experiment is a failure, our souls are damned to the blackest Hell. If it is a success, however, we must become rigid, stultified and authoritative. This is why the mutual and pleasurable interaction of the starry Knight and the seething chaos below must be kept at a peak and never allowed to cease. Only by avoiding the Scylla of Success and the Charibdis of Failure may we exist truly as beings-in-time and space. And so, without further adieu or to-to for that matter, I present you with a short history of the experiment thus far, beginning with our testament and battle cry....."elmolikestv!"

ORIGINALLY...the pagan tribe of Lanchias were without gods. They varied within numerous traditions, relying mainly on a strong Judeo-Christian Ritual system. A small group of pseudo-intellectuals within the tribe became tired of the Homeric, secular flavor of the tribe and soon began research in esoteric subjects and junk stores for a newer, more relevant faith. What followed from these endeavors is truly one of the most unique synthesised concepts in Neo-Pagan polytheology. Tremendous debates often ensue over whether or not Gods in various myth cycles actually exist "in rae" or in the mind (the Jungian world of Archetypes). Some, as in the Magickal tradition, hold that the "mortal gods" exist in both realms, so that an inward or outward journey will reveal at least one aspect of their being. Thus when we speak of the "mortal gods", we refer not to gods that die but rather entities existing on a different, perhaps "higher" or "subtler" plane half in a realm of their own, half an organic outgrowth of the collective unconscious, reliant on mortal beings or mortal society for formed existence. What made this system of thought unique was that it claimed speculation irrelevant. It was through the act of ritual and poetic creation that a higher plane of consciousness could be reached. Thus Theism and Atheism were both transcended and Apatheistic thought was born. Certain pragmatic and Liberaterian ramifications cannot and will not be avoided.

Having then an ideological foundation for the cult, it was now the task of the Apatheistic Neo-pagans to discover an empirical object of devotion, for poetical inspiration and to serve as a catalyst and produce the desired state of mind. Soon, an object of their devotion was found, a three foot plastic knight named El-Mo.

Initially, El-Mo was a totemic god, ruling over the events concerning English History, specifically the English History Test, an arduous and painstaking ritual performed periodically (comparable to the civil service exam of Confucian China) to test their knowledge of the myths in that pantheon. El-Mo's success in enabling his followers to pass these tests naturally strengthened their devotion. Being hardcore Pseudo-intellectuals (pronounced Peeswado), El-Mo's followers often participated in the mysteries of intoxication (see: rites of Dionysos) and partook in copious theological conferences, discussing the nature of El-Mo and his then-consort, Peanut Butter.

On the night of a full moon, during the late hour of a secular ritual known as Wha-ching TVee, it was discovered that El-Mo had extremely favorable tendencies toward the glaring Icon, especially when such pantheons as "Leave it to Beaver", "Beverly Hillbillies", "Green Acres", "I Dream of Jeannie", "SCTV" and "Batman" went through their various myth cycles. Eventually, it was discerned that God of English History was only one aspect of El-Mo, and to limit him to that was a severe disservice, if not outright blasphemy. The number of his favorite cycles within the Wha-ching ritual and oracle were so numerous that it was decided he identified with the vehicle of the oracle primarily and the various cycles as a consequence. Therefore, the holy aphroism "elmolikestv" took on a new meaning, expressing his tie with the empirical world. Through the Wha-ching, which El-Mo presided over now, his will could be known to his adherents. (see: channelmancy).

During a ritual bout of Wha-ching, simultaneously performed with another Apatheistic conference and performance of channelmancy, it was further discovered that El-Mo was not only god of English History and the TVee rites, but a veritable all-father, male archetype, yang of the universe.

This revelation further determined the priests of El-Mo to bring down (or out) the essence of the archetype through ritual and poetic creation in the plastic knight which it signified.

The observance of Spring rites had a definite Bacchean flavor, but was disappointing in that when the austere season of El-Mo became subservient to the female principle, there was no idol to represent the principle--only the signant of the female, the passive Peanut Butter. Another quest was in order: to find an Earth-Mother idol.

This was accomplished fairly soon thereafter. Brother Skip and Brother Hornius (of the sacred bladder), low and high priests respectively, set out to a native bazaar in search of the aforementioned token.

This was accomplished fairly soon thereafter. Brother Skip and Brother Hornius (of the sacred bladder), low and high priests respectively, set out to a native bazaar in search of the aforementioned token.



ERTHA VENUS



As the luck of El-Mo would have it, and of course it would, an idol was found. It was a rather large plastic reproduction of Venus in Botticelli's famous Birth of Venus. Appropriately, she was named Bertha Venus. Bertha being her ethereal aspect and Venus, signified by peanut butter, her empirical, sense-dependent side. In addition, a small laughing Buddha statuette was procured, promptly deemed Jr., harbinger of joy. Jr. is analagous to peanut butter except it is a spiritual element active in the world rather than the world as we perceive it sensually. Jr. is the imp-spawn of Bertha and El-Mo.

He brings knowledge of El-Mo and his mysteries to the world, and his various natures are expressed in the minor spirits of Grandpa and the Nameless One, as well as the trickster archetype, to name a few.

Events ran smoothly during the season of Bertha, but when the season of El-Mo began again, due to a number of reasons, proper rites were not observed and El-Mo was not duly placed in the dominant role. Some in the sect still hold that this calamity was revenged by later events (see: Godnapped!: The Treatise of Brother Nihilo).



During a venture to a neighboring Inter-tribal co-op system known as fandom, a spontaneous and profound ritual was developed, a communion using Appolonian, illusory order (rites) to achieve a Dionysian stupor where the veil of existence is removed. The communion sacrament was called "Down in Flames", combining a bogus cough medicine (symbolising the illusory, healing qualities of the Appolonian principle) mixed half and half with Rebel Yell whiskey, symbolising Dionysian gusto and resulting, of course, in tragedy. In this communion, the participants used cigarettes and ashes (symbolising the spirit-in-the-world, Jr.) to draw the stigmata of El-Mo upon their chests and eventually at the conclusion of the rites achieved a union with the god and his sign/oracle, the TVee of the now-famous Wha-ching rites.

Though this was a ritual, it still did not fully atone for the negligence of the priests--there were still prices to be paid. In the middle of the season of El-Mo, tragedy struck. A small group of secular, female heatherns, unable to comprehend the El-Moic or Berthean mysteries became jealous and formed the dreaded Leech Conspiracy, absconded with El-Mo, and left various ransom notes informing his followers of the procedure for his recovery. Unfortunately for both parties, the requirements were absurd and the execution of their schemes inept, forcing the priesthood to engage in a counter-conspiracy which was enormously successful.

The success of El-Mo's recovery from the Leech Conspiracy signified to the priesthood that they were redeemed. Thus the myth of El-Mo's descent to the world (in Bertha Venus) was born. Sexual ramifications cannot and will not be avoided. To further his blessing, the only proslytising attempt in the neighboring land of Fandom (see: Rites of BoShCon) resulted in having its nearest tribe, the Bisficks, elect El-Mo and his pantheon as their official myth cycle.

In this brief outline, we have discussed the esoteric and major themes and trends in El-Moic thought since its inception. Further addenda and errata will be published here as they become necessary.



## ¶ LOGRES REVISITED ¶

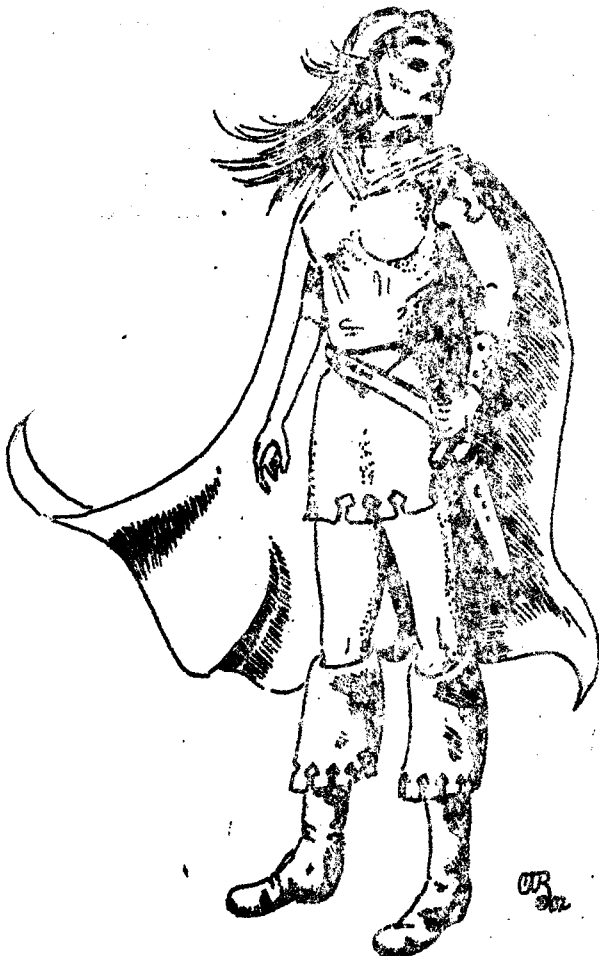
Move over T.H. White and Sir Thomas Malory, Marion Zimmer Bradley has arrived with a tale of the Authurian cycle that is a masterpiece. We thought that the Darkover novels were good. This book will be the work that people will point to fifty years from now as Bradley's first major work to show all of her talent. Just as important, this is an addition to the literature of the Arthurian romance that gives us a new appreciation for the mythic power of the story. To quote from the book jacket, "the legend of King Arthur is for the first time told through the lives, visions, (and) the perceptions of the women central to it." These women are Igraine, Arthur's mother; Morgaine, his sister; Vivian, the Lady of the Lake and High Priestess of Avalon; and Gwenhwyfar, Arthur's selfish Queen. The story though is not about women, but about the last struggle between the old Earth Goddess religion and the Roman conqueror's Christianity and how that struggle underlies the magical power of the reign of Arthur, High King of Britain.

I do not want to go into many plot details here. The reader should not be deprived of the drama and suspense in the story which kept me awake until the wee hours of the morning. Even though I had studied the Arthurian romance in a college course, I was not anticipating any of the plot turns because of Bradley's fresh approach to the story. There is an authenticity to her account which does not have the medieval romantic overlay of Malory or the modern romantic overlay of T.H. White. She refers to the research which preceded this book in the acknowledgements and it was time well spent. The story is set in late fourth and early fifth century Britain. The crisis which faces the Britons is the retreat of the Roman empire due to its collapse and the consequential invasion by the barbaric Saxons. Uther Pendragon, Arthur's father, is the warlord for the last High King of Britain who was a vassal of Rome, at the beginning of the story. His marriage to Igraine, Vivian's sister, unites the royal line of Avalon with that of Britain. This is one novel where a family tree or two would be a useful illustration and I am at a loss as to why the publisher did not include a map of Britain as of the time of the story.

You will not find many of the places referred to in the story on a map of modern Great Britain. The same lack of care in book design shows up in an atrocious lack of proofreading. Those are my only complaints and they might be cured in a trade paperback edition of the book, one would hope.

I think part of the appeal of this version of the Arthurian story is the strong point of view character, Morgaine. The narrative opens when Morgaine is a small child and closes with her departure from the scene after all the other principle characters are dead and buried. She grows in age and wisdom throughout the book, but not without some tragic mistakes on the way. Her experiences and those of her son, Mordred, who was raised by her evil aunt Morgause, emphasize some themes that struck me as I was reading the book. These are the questions surrounding the power of the free will of the individual versus the forces of history (destiny), and the power of environment to shape a person vs. the influence of heredity. Whether there are answers to these questions, I will leave to the reader.

While I was reading MISTS OF AVALON, I was thinking that it was a pity that this book was not used as the basis for the movie "Excaliber". The timing was probably wrong and Hollywood has shown an incapacity to search out and use (as opposed to abuse) good stories, but the movie had some of the same flavor of individuals whose fates were controlled by the powerful forces that shape this world. This book would make a great movie if the producers would resist the temptation to turn it into a spectacle, with great, gory battle scenes.



The one thing I do not want overlooked in all this praise for this book is that it is a great "read". Once you get into the story and start relating to the characters you just do not want to put it down and go to bed. And when you finally reach the end, it is so depressing to be burying these characters that you have lived with for 850 pages. There is a reaffirmation at the end that they did not live and die in vain. Morgaine tells Arthur:

"You did not fail, my brother, my love, my child. You held this land in peace for many years, so that the Saxons did not destroy it. You held back the darkness for a whole generation, until they were civilized men, with learning and music and faith in God, who will fight to save something of beauty of the times that are past."

There is a Camelot in this book, and MZB's feat is making us forget all the other stories of Camelot while we are reading hers and when we are done there is a feeling of authenticity to the vicarious experience that one rarely finds in any book.

--Patrick J. Gibbs  
Critic in Exile



[illegible]

JUNE: Try as he might, Wade Gilbreath just couldn't recall the June meeting. After someone informed him that the reason he couldn't remember it was because he wasn't here, he seemed relieved. So, the minutes are being done by Jim Cobb instead, who was there.

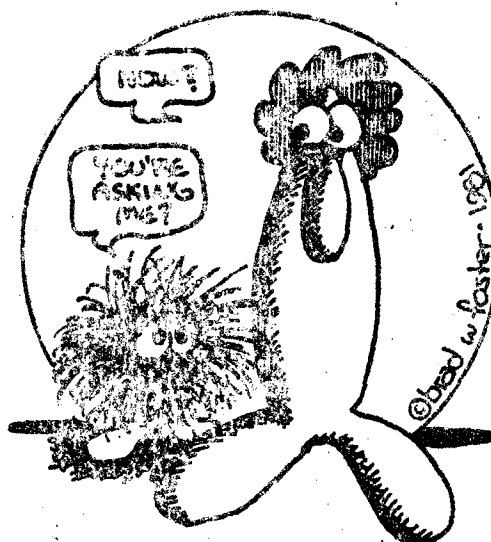
The beginning of the summertime found the BSFC crowd laid back and calm. Most seemed to have just left the shade of their oak tree for an evening out. Penny Frierson arrived 20 minutes early, which is to say 10 minutes after the meeting was supposed to start, but on this night it wouldn't have mattered; there was no rush tonight.

The announcements for the night were disposed of quickly. Prez Linda Riley announced that Chattanooga won the DSC bid at this year's DSC in Knoxville, and received a rousing round of applause for the news. Work of any type seemed the farthestest thing from this crowd's mind tonight. Charlotte announced that ANVIL 27 would be out "Rheal Soon Now". Someone mentioned that Rivercon was coming up on July 15-17. Slowly but surely we segued into the program for the night, Warren Overton on an L-5 design for solar sails.

Soon after the question-and-answer session that followed, the meeting broke up to reconvene at Pasquale's Pizza. Newcomer to the club Bertram Wooster disrupted the pizza run by throwing rolls at passers-by, but the crowd was otherwise well-mannered and dispersed in good time with no help from the police.

JULY: Once again, Wade seemed to find himself elsewhere on the night of the meeting. This time, Assistant Dictator Cindy Riley conducted the meeting, following explicit notes made by President Linda Riley, who sat quietly by taking minutes. Linda was in pain from a recent wisdom tooth extraction, and couldn't talk.

Legendary Hank Reinhardt was one of the first to show up, and since Charlotte Proctor was late, Hank was the first to suggest we dub her The Late Charlotte Proctor. This suggestion was immediately embraced by all, and Hank quickly followed by asking to be appointed Executioner. This idea was also cheerfully agreed upon.







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# TRIAL BY FIRE #  
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--Valerie McKnight

Greater Phandelphia, P.O. Box 5814, Philadelphia, PA 19128  
Bidzine for Philadelphia in '86.

This is a nice-looking little bidzine. It has several articles about Philadelphia history, both fannish and mundane. The best tells the story of the construction of the very first Hugos, which barely escaped becoming a notable letdown. Nick Smith has a short piece about humor, which includes some jokes worth repeating. The zine's major faults are that it has no interior art, and it is printed on only one side of the paper. In addition, I can't find anything about how often it comes out, or how much pre-supporting membership in the bid is. I would also have liked to have seen more about the committee and the present fan organizations of Philadelphia. Altogether, I think the Atlanta bidzine is better than this one, though I can't judge the best until I've seen New York's.

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Texas SF Inquirer #3. [at ,ie;;er. P.O. Box 9612, Austin, TX 78766  
Monthly, for a \$2 pre-supporting membership in August in '85 NASFIC

Ah...this, now, is a bidzine. Crisp, professional and thorough, it leaves one thinking good thoughts about Texas fandom. The zine is obviously intended not only to advertise Texas, but to improve communications between different Texas fan groups. They announce meetings for, and include articles on, all sorts of clubs--gaming, apas, L-5, media, cons--making it clear that the bidcom doesn't slight any interest. They also keep us up to date on local fannish activities, give biographies of their committee members, and tell us a lot about the general atmosphere of Austin. I can't recall who's bidding against them (if anyone is), but I think it will take an impressive bid to beat them. And I predict it won't be too many years before they bid for a Worldcon.

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Coastcon Chairman's Report, Jerry Patton, PO Box 1423, Biloxi MS 39533

Coastcon, one of the more popular Southern conventions, is now gearing up for its tenth year. It's best known for its games and films, but it also boasts a variety of fannish programming. One of the video rooms is being sponsored by some people with the intriguing name of "Dr. Who Tardises". I understand that this is British, which means it is probably as strange as it sounds. The rest of the convention plans, though not so mysterious, seem very promising.

In addition, this report contains a very interesting news item.

It seems the convention committee is prosecuting their ex-treasurer for embezzlement. This was a difficult decision for the committee, but I think the right one. Too many clubs, committees, etc., when their treasurer and treasury resign simultaneously, are inclined to feel that their reputation will be destroyed, their members will leave, and nobody will believe what they say anyway, if they "make a fuss about it". This lets dishonest members do what they like without fear of punishment; a few such people even travel from group to group, unhindered, because the clubs are hesitant even to pass the word about them.

Though it seems "unfannish" to bring a lawsuit against a club member, it's also unfannish to steal from your friends; and even worse to let a thief go unexposed. If more clubs 1) better supervised their treasuries and 2) brought suit when they have evidence of theft, I think the current disgraceful wave of financial scandals would be checked.

---

ASFOAWN May, June, July, Joe Celko, Box 10558, Atlanta, GA 30310  
\$3.00/year, monthly.

This is the newsletter of Atlanta Science Fiction organizations and whatever. It covers every sort of fannish activity in Atlanta: SF, gaming, comics, media, SCA, as well as any sort of cultural event that strikes the editor's fancy. It also has articles, ads, interviews, etc. An excellent intro to Atlanta fandom; it reminds us that there is more than one club in the city.

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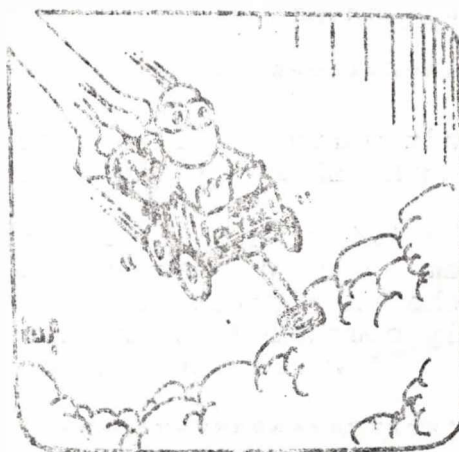
BRSFL News #25, P.O. Box 14238, Baton Rouge, LA 70898-4238  
\$3.00/year, bi-monthly.

Here is a tinyprint zine from the Baton Rouge Science Fiction League, the people who do Swampcon. This has several repros of newspaper articles about the club, as well as the usual reviews, reports, and so on. J.R. Madden has a series of "Little Fan" fables with Enduring Messages For Our Time. There's also a lot about Bolivar Kaggass, the club in-joke, which really should have stayed an in-joke.

---

ChatSFic News #23, Kirk Thompson,  
2550 Tobacco Road, Apartment #206,  
Smyrna, GA 30080, for the usual,  
monthly.

A nice-looking newsletter from the Chattanooga SF club. Very good art for such a small zine. It has all the usual club stuff plus a support-the-space-program article and profiles of the club members. Meetings sound like fun.





DASFAX #6, Maria A. Ladd, 2618 S. Everett St. Apt. 12, Lakewood, CO 80227, \$5/year monthly.

The Denver Area Science Fiction Association Newsletter is small size with good-looking layout. (Why isn't the cover credited?) Solicits very short stories. There's a cute poem by Cheryl Green. The meetings sound like extreme fun; the last one featured a talent show in which about twenty members participated. There must be a lot of talented people in DASFA--fans who can form a human moebius strip, sing dead cat songs, juggle shot puts, and play the Star Wars bar scene song on their cheeks are not to be underestimated. Why can't all clubs have such classy cultural programs?



---

MEMPHEN 60, Frank Jordan, 266 Garland, Memphis, TN 38104 \$5/year.

This is a small newsletter from the Memphis SF Association. It has the usual stuff plus an update on Stephen King's activities. They list some good movies that they show at their meetings.

---

The SO.KY Satellite #1, Gary Robe, 1132 Fairview Ave., Village Green Apt. E-4, Bowling Green, KY 42101, \$5/year, monthly.

Here is a good new zine from the Bowling Green-Warren County SF Club. It has a very interesting article on a new process for making tires and how it will affect the economy. There's a story by Ed Jackson, who is obviously a Ward Smith clone. The movie reviews are especially good, being long and thoughtful. They need some interior art, but otherwise it looks good.

---

Transmissions #136-139, Robert Teague, Box 1543, Panama City, FL 32401

This is an amazingly frequent newsletter of "Nova Odysseus" or United Gulf Coast Fandom. It's one page long, has all the local news and briefly reviews trades.

\*\*\*\*\*

Don't worry, we'll be back to long reviews next issue. We were running short of big zines, and besides, little zines need love, too.

Mike Glicksohn, in this issue's lettercol, is disturbed that I seem to think that American Cultural Imperialism only involves comic books and fanzines. Since I was reviewing Robert Runte's zine I only commented on the examples he gave. If he had given any serious ones, I would have commented on them seriously.

\*\*\*\*\*

We also heard from:

Dillinger Relic #3,4  
Arthur Hlavaty  
819 Markham Ave.  
Durham, NC 27701

File 770 #42  
Mike Glycer  
5828 Woodman Ave. #2  
Van Nuys, CA 91401

Friendly Alien #1  
P. O. Box 272  
Hibbing, MN 55746

Footaav  
959-A Waverly Ct.  
Norcross, GA 30071

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

Holier Than Thou #16  
Marty Cantor  
5263 Riverton Ave. #1  
North Hollywood,  
CA 91601

On the Mark --  
Mark Hammil fanzine  
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-- Wade Gilbreath

What!!? Time to edit the ANVIL Chorus again! ANVIL is coming out with alarming regularity. Doesn't she know this is a fannish operation ~~and not a bodily function~~. Deadlines must be broken..... Oh, hi! I didn't realize these thoughts were going into print. Er, I, ah, [sound of throat being cleared]...Yes, well, our first loc this time is not really a loc, but is a reprint of a short article printed April 23, 1983, in the Central Ganglion. It's in the Chorus as Garth Spencer's response to Meade Frierson III's editorial.

\*\*\*\*\*

Garth Spencer  
1296 Richardson St.  
Victoria, B.C.  
Canada V8V 3E1

#### FANAC MEETS COMPUTER HACK

Question: Why are fanzines like home computers?

Answer: Whatever you do with them, you can do it your way; if you will have enough moxie to get deep into the mechanics of the operation. In the case of fanzines, the operation is fanpubbing. In the case of home computers, I am thinking of mild to severe cases of computer obsession. When you think about it, fanzines are the most democratic form of communication allowed by modern postal and copying services. They allow interested parties to natter about obscure and fannish subjects, whereas they couldn't do so in the mass media. Granted, the average circulation of a fanzine is invisible next to that of an average paper; but since fanzines generally get to their real audience, I'd say more actual communication is effected.

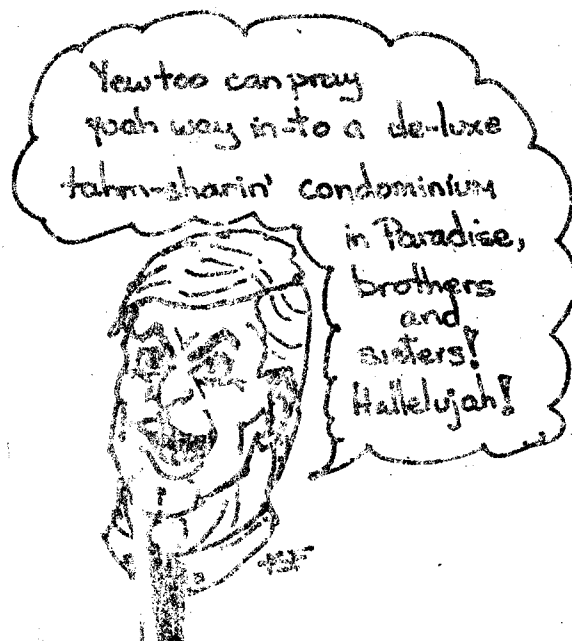
When you think about it, home computers are similarly a very democratic means of handling information. They allow pretty general access to information, within I know not what parameters. They allow us a very broad ability to select, collate and process personal and public data; they may be the final necessary step to create an informed electorate. Home computers can also create new forms of communication.

Perhaps it isn't surprising that the fanzine and home-computing populations intersect and interact. One fellow I know writes and prints his perzine with his personal system; I hear another person has created the first electronic fanzine, accessible via phone. The wonder is that these things aren't commonplace, since fanpubbing and home-computing both attract people inclined toward independent means of communication.

Why should you care?



Frank Herbert maintains that home computers will become a necessity of life, if we wish to defend our civil rights, and know what our elected highway robbers are up to. Karl Hess (Community Technology) maintains that the great institutions of the day may just about have outlived their usefulness, and that we now have the know-how for smaller enterprises to serve in their stead. Personal computers, fanzines, anything individually influenced now may be the building blocks, or the sorts of experiences, important to our lives in the next several decades.



But what do I see? Let's reintroduce that word "moxie". You don't hear or see it, or its synonyms (chutzpah, initiative, a sense of personal responsibility) very frequently in North American English. In my generation, this sense of things seems to be at a low ebb. You hear less of someone starting a public or private enterprise these days than you do of pressure groups yammering for the Government to Do Something about Something.

I don't know what will come of all this. Perhaps people will appear, who have a strong sense of initiative and civic responsibility. And perhaps now.

Take your pick. I think that, in North America generally, but especially in Canada, we're in danger of getting locked into dependence on big systems that don't serve us very well. We might easily break that dependence.

Will we?

---

Mike Glicksohn  
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I'm in complete agreement with your editorial comments about the essentially positive side of fandom. I've always thought that fandom was whatever an individual fan wanted to put into it and take out of it; to be sure there

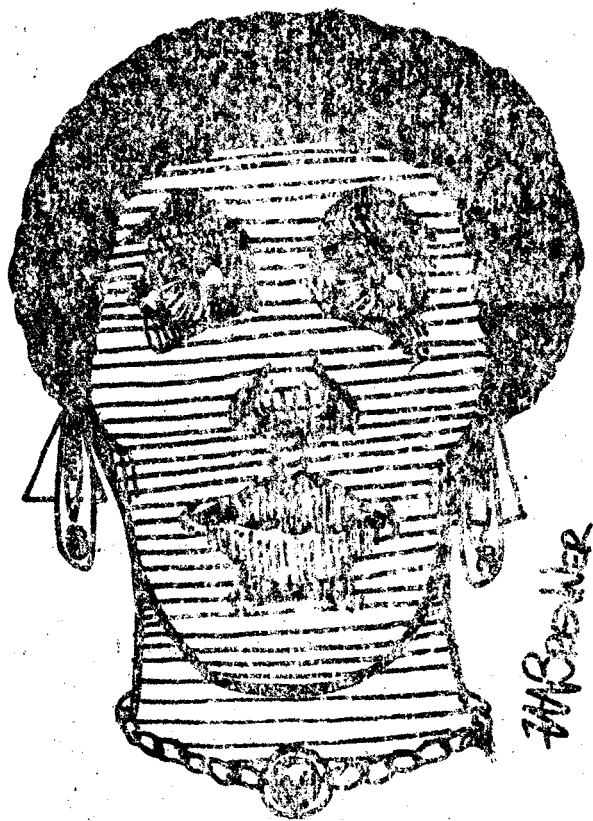
are aspects of fandom and of certain fans that I don't care for but while these negative areas of the microcosm can't be denied they can certainly be ignored. I've always thought that anyone who quits fandom and cites politics, feuds, hassles, etc. as the reason for leaving is merely rationalizing his or her decreased interest in the hobby. After seventeen years fandom is still an important and extremely positive aspect of my life and I simply stay out of those discussions/fights I'm not interested in. Fandom is far from perfect but you don't destroy a body just because of a few warts, do you?

One indication of the niceness of fandom is the way you can be away from letterwriting to fanzines for several months and still keep getting fanzines. For the better part of a year I've been cutting back drastically on fanzine fanac and yet I keep getting ANVIL from you. I appreciate this faith you have in me, and I usually enjoy the zine even if I don't reply to it. However, since I'm on holiday I'm getting a few catch-up locs written and you certainly deserve one of them. (A trufan is one who keeps to a vow of writing at least one loc each day he's on holiday!)

Poetry I can usually do without (this issue of ANVIL proved no exception, I'm afraid) and the Great Outdoors is wonderful as long as it isn't too far from ice, scotch and a decent seafood restaurant. (The worst thing about Nature is that it's so bloody natural; full of dirt, grubs, slugs, insects, spiders, crawly things, pismires and little hairy things that bite and sting. Not unlike some parts of fandom, come to think of it...)

Best part of the issue, of course, was the transcription of Bob Shaw's talk. Happily for me, I could almost hear Bob's lilting voice as I read his remarks and answers and that added a whole extra dimension to my enjoyment of the piece. In many ways, Bob represents many of the finer aspects of fans/fandom and you're lucky indeed to have enjoyed his company twice in such a short time.

If Valerie is going to worldcon this year tell her to drop by Marty Cantor's fanzine lounge and peek at a copy of ENERGUMEN 16, the last extant copies of which will be for sale there, proceeds to the Susan Wood Scholarship Fund (plug, plug.) It may be two years old but I still think it's the "prettiest zine to come out of Canada."



And while I happen to think this whole brouhaha on American Cultural Imperialism is a crock of moose droppings it's a more important issue than just comic books and fanzines and Valerie does her readers a disservice by dismissing it so lightly. If she's going to puncture an over-inflated issue she should at least present the core of it accurately rather than sluffing it off with a gratuitous aside.

This is one time I think Harry Warner will be proven wrong: I think he underestimates the importance of computers to fandom by an order of magnitude or more. Already there are fannish communication networks between fans with personal computers

and already there are fanzines produced using word-processors. I don't see this as merely a burst of novelty-inspired fanac but rather as the forerunner of a wave of computer-assisted fanac (caf?) which will grow and grow as the price of home-computers drops. I just hope Harry sticks around for another 15 years so he can admit to me he was wrong!

Personally I thought FOUNDATION's EDGE was a readable book and at least on a par with Asimov's earlier work but that's not really saying all that much. It's mindboggling to me that it should ever actually be up for an award though. Just goes to show that fans have just as mediocre discriminatory powers as any other cross-section of the population. And I wonder what Brad Foster thought of the third of the Gormenghast books? I've never read it, although I loved the first two volumes: enough people whose opinions I respect warned me not to read it if I wanted to preserve my good feelings towards the first two that I've stayed away from it for 15 years. Maybe Brad will let us know if I made a wise decision?



I'm not sure if Kim is correct in predicting that computers and photo-copiers will be the way fanzines will go in the future but Rich Brown is already using that method right now. The latest Beardmutterings was produced on his word-processor (hence its justification) and either photocopies or cheaply offset. I see this method becoming more and more popular but not replacing the traditional mimeo. We shall see.

((I think becoming embroiled in politics, feuds, hassles, etc., is not a rationalization but a very good, and perfectly human reason for decreased interest in fandom. If fannish politics is viewed as weather, who in their right mind would want to stick around for a developing hurricane? That may be an extreme analogy, but in the past fan politics has very nearly destroyed my interest in fandom.

Brad Foster  
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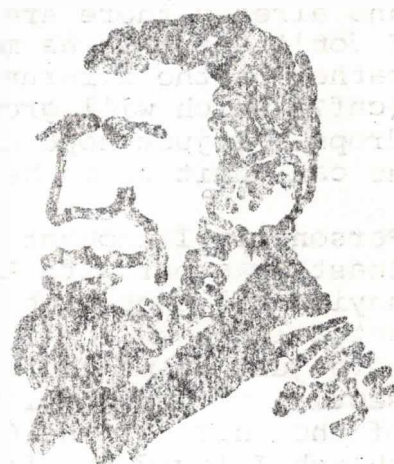
Sort of a small personal  
milestone for me getting  
this 27th issue of ANVIL,  
as I've now been getting

it for one complete year (22-27). Really nice pulling them all out again and looking over the whole year's worth of material--you've got a lot to be proud of. Also nice that I was able to get a cover printed in that first personal year as well.

Your editorial brought up an idea that I hadn't thought of before. People say fandom isn't what it used to be because of all the politics, and everyone taking things too seriously? Sounds to me as if that means that fandom is exactly what it used to be!



All the stories and articles and such I read in zines talking about the "old" days, by people who were involved, also bring up all the fights and whatnot. Seems to be standard operating procedure in fandom--as it is with any kind of organization. Just let the people who thrive on that kind of thing have their fun, and the rest of us will go on reading SF and putting out fanzines and generally have a fine ol' time. Your "5%-95%" comment seems to sum it up quite well. (Although seems you might get some confusion on that one, since it is normally the other way around, with the 95% being the lousy part--but in fandom I think it's the other way.



Nice accident that you had my singing dragon to sit next to "Scene Painting". Wonder if anyone thinks that was planned in advance? I noticed Marc Ortleib did a great job of that sort of thing in a recent issued of Q 36, matching up fillos to the surrounding text even though both were submitted independently. It's tough to do without a large enough file to draw from, but a nice little extra when done.

Harry's comparison of the use of computers in fandom to the expectations of tape recorders in the past brought up a point I like to make when people tell me how computers will revolutionize communication and make books and magazines obsolete: you gotta have the hardware and a place to plug it in to use a computer. With a book or magazine, all you need is that book or magazine. The simpler form will prevail. Period.

Finally got "Foundation's Edge", enjoyed it very much, and Pat was right, no need to reread the trilogy to enjoy it. Also finished up "Mists of Avalon". Fine book, and nice to see Lancelot come across as a real human rather than the insufferable bore he is usually portrayed as--although Guinevere was an incredibly disgusting individual all around!

And for Kim: If you order the big Schlotzsky's, it's not only a perfect lunch but will probably be enough to skip dinner later as well! Love them things!


((I have to agree with Mike Glicksohn on the effect computers will have on fandom. I've been thinking about it quite a bit. SF fandom is based on a bedrock of science fiction and fantasy and its lifeblood flows through fanzines. The common denominator here is print. Historically anything that enhances the processing of print--from creation through distribution--has been incorporated by fanzines. The golfball typewriter is an example of this. Though initially high-priced, it was immediately siezed by the more affluent faneds to graphically enhance the print in their zines. As computers became more affordable and more wide-spread, I cannot help but feel, they will have a solid impact on fan-pubbing and communication. What form this effect will have is not at all clear to me.))

Roger Weddall      Reading Meade's guest editorial in ANVIL 26 re-  
79 Bell Street      minded me of a friend who, years back now, put his  
Fitzroy 3065      own computer together from scratch. In those days-  
Australia      only 5 or 6 years ago, in fact - home computers  
were not yet a big thing (in Australia, at least),  
and the newspapers were still printing stupid articles about the  
forthcoming Computer Age and how we mere mortals would be redundant-  
shock, horror. Then, as now, I find computers relatively uninterest-  
ing. They are useful--I use them, I've worked with them--and they  
can provide entertainment, all those "space destroyer" games that  
Meade would like to find a way of having 16K provide--but the idea  
of an instant videolink does no more for me than the idea of an  
ordinary apa. Face to face contact, person to person contact, that's  
the sort of thing I'm most interested in and, as far as I can see,  
what has been described as "hacking" is and will remain in the realm  
of doing jigsaw puzzles or playing cards--something entertaining to  
do on a wet afternoon, but not much more exciting than that.

S'funny 'bout convention reports. At the recent Syncon '83, the  
1983 Australian National SF Con, someone remarked about the sameness  
of the panels and GoH speeches and so on at most of these things.  
It is possible for people to continually keep on coming up with new  
items for programs, or they are bound to repeat after a while. A  
recent trend in British conventions seems to have been the abun-  
dance of "silly" program items, and this has been echoed in Aussie-  
cons too, of late. It would seem inevitable that, sooner or later,  
no matter how serious one's intentions, everybody must end up going  
to cons solely for the people. So is there really any point to  
convention reports? All the names melt into each other, the pro-  
gram items begin to sound the same, because they by and largely are...

Still it was a great surprise to see a Circulation II conreport,  
and an even bigger one to see the pseudo-photographs of all those  
Australian fans. Howcum no pictures of the likes of Jean Weber,  
Carole Cranwell, Cathy Circosta or the dreaded "Womble"?

((I plead guilty. There were no mini-drawings of Australian fen  
because I was not satisfied with the way the drawings were coming  
out and I didn't want to do an injustice to them. Artistically, I  
could plead that women's features are often subtler than men's and  
therefore harder to draw, especially on such a small scale, but I  
don't think that's the real reason. There is an old-fashioned male-  
chavinistic holdover in me that crops up like this.



*Rocket Cat my*

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

Again the front cover provided a delay in my intention to read a new issue of ANVIL. I kept looking at it, wondering if my decomposing eyeballs are capable of seeing all the fine detail in the complicated backdrop, and wondering how many hours Brad Foster lavished on the drawing.

I used to be quite fond of poetry, even the kind of poetry that appears in fanzines as distinct from the poetry which the literary experts rate as immortal. But some years ago something happened to my poetry appreciation faculties. I've been waiting patiently for the old pleasure to return, reasoning that I might be temporarily turned off by disgust with the job or change of life or something. (The only explanation that seems half-logical is the fact that I listened to quite a bit of recorded poetry around the time this change occurred in my psyche. Maybe silent reading of poems printed on pages was spoiled by the realization of how splendid poetry can become when read by an expert and made available for repeating as often as the listener wishes.) So I'm afraid I didn't react strongly either way to the poems in this issue of ANVIL. This is how most fanzine poetry has affected me, or rather failed to affect me, in recent years. Occasionally I run across a phrase that seems fresh, a novel combination of old words, and once in a long while I find in a fanzine a poem which I like because of its ingenuity. I wish I could change back to my old appreciation of poems.

In a way, I think I like this Bob Shaw talk transcript as much as some of the more famous prepared talks which he gave at cons and made available for fanzine publication. It isn't as hilarious throughout but it seems less formal, more from the heart. And I imagine that it would be much funnier if ANVIL consisted of video tape which I could play through my television set and see and hear Bob talking to the BoShCon pilgrims in this way. ((Funny you should mention that-- J.R. Madden has a videotape of Bob's talk to BoShCon.--cp))

I think this is the most complete account I've seen of the celebrated hockey journalism adventure. It sounds in this complete form quite close to the contents of one episode of the Odd Couple's television series, when Oscar was asked to fill in as dramatic critic and decided to base his reviews of plays on Felix's offhand reactions. Fanzines also helped me to get my job with a newspaper, although the circumstances were a trifle different in my case. I took 3 or 4 fanzines containing articles by me to the editor with whom I had a job interview, and left them with him so he could read them at his leisure. When I returned a few days later to find out if I was hired he returned to me the fanzines, and I noticed that they were still sealed in the same envelope in which I'd taken them to his office, unopened. Maybe I would have spent forty years digging ditches or slinging hash or doing something else useful, if that editor had opened the package and read what was inside. Instead he hired me.

I react something like Sheila Strickland to the news, as a result of participating in fandom. It's shameful to admit, when you consider the large amounts of misery and financial loss caused by the



flooding in some parts of the nation during recent months, but my involuntary first reaction to those reports of high water was to wonder if any fanzines in the South would be delayed or any con plans disrupted. Worse yet is how I usually feel when an excited news announcer described a particularly gruesome mass murder or an assassination attempt aimed at a political leader or an extended hostage situation: until I hear the name of the person who is accused of doing such things, I fret over the possibility it will be someone in or on the fringes of fandom. It isn't that I imagine every fan to have the potential to be a famous criminal, but rather my knowledge that there are some crackpots floating around fandom, most of them obscure but quite capable of bringing fandom a lot of bad national publicity if they should go off the deep end, just as the Manson bloodletting got hooked up in the media with Heinlein's novels.



Guy Lillian should know much more about the history of Southern fandom than I do. But I have this submerged, hazy memory of Atlanta being talked up for a worldcon many years ago, perhaps in the late 50s or early 60s. Maybe it never reached the status of a formal bid and maybe I'm thinking about something that happened in a parallel universe.

The only trouble with Kim Huett's suggestion that fans could be described as suffering from a case of Warnerism is the ambiguity. Would a case of Warnerism consist of senility or status as a hermit or inability to keep up with fan obligations (the definition which I gather Kim is thinking about) or inability to find anything in one's collection of fanzines and prozines? I have so many talents like those, and it might confuse people if they honored me by settling on just one of my characteristics.

And I am pretty sure Kim is right when he wrote that anyone who can't cope with computers in the future "will be at a severe disadvantage". That's what worries me so much about prospects for the U.S. and its people. At a guess, I'd say that 3/4 of all the people growing up nowadays won't be able to cope with computers unless there is a gigantic improvement in the nation's education and in the attitude of the bulk of the population. Right now an enormous number of people can't accomplish simple tasks like making out their own income tax reports correctly or filling out a job application or understanding highway signs. How will such people learn to live with computers?

There could be a much more serious stratification of the working force and society than we have already.

((The U.S. general public is even now becoming acclimatized to the computer age. Possibly the shift will not be so traumatic, because it has always prided itself on having a can-do character. I think Americans will make the change, perhaps dramatically. I wonder if thrid world countries will reap the change for decades yet.))

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Allan Beatty            I don't have any particular comments on recent  
P.O. Box 1908           issues, but thought Southern fans might be interest-  
Ames, IA 50010        ed to hear that Barq's root beer has just become  
                         available in this neck of the woods--with its own  
name on the cash register tape, even, and twice the required bottle  
deposit. If it hadn't been for Southern fanwriters, I wouldn't have  
known to grab a six-pack of Barq's when it appeared on the grocery  
store shelves. Is it supposed to taste different in cans than in  
bottles?

((Barq's is good, but the best root beer I ever had was imported  
from the St. Louis area. Although I can't remember exactly what the  
name was, it had three initials, like HPC Root Beer. Is anyone fa-  
miliar with the one I'm talking about?))

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Dalvan Coger            ANVIL 27 in hand and the cover by Brad Foster  
1433 W. Crestwood Dr.   is very impressive. And the non-speech by  
Memphis, TN 38119      Bob Shaw was an absolute delight. Oh, yes,  
                         the Perseus cartoon also was clever and amusing.

It is interesting that Shaw says once he has written anything he can't stand to look at it. My own reaction to my writing, admittedly as a nonprofessional, is about the same. Outside of scholarly writing, which effects me about the same, I have turned out about 300 book reviews. By the time I finish any single piece I have come to thoroughly dislike it, but worse, can't tell if it is satisfactory. The solution, time allowing, is to tuck it away for at least a couple of days, bring it out and re-read it quickly, then start with the red pencil. Alternatively, I could run the piece past my wife who is an English college teacher, and a very good one. But she has a bad habit of pointing out my errors and when she does I shout and she gets piqued and...well, you can see why that doesn't work!!

Getting started on writing is for me the hardest task. When I first started in the academic world, and had to write an M.A. thesis, I solved the problem by drinking a couple of quarts of beer, heading for the study and writing madly for an hour or so. The next day the stuff looked terrible, but provided a starting place once the red pencil had worked its way through. Once started I could add about two pages a day, with footnotes.



Heinlein says, someplace, that once you have satisfied yourself that a piece is satisfactory, leave it alone, send it to an editor, and keep sending it without re-writing, until you have exhausted the market. The key word there is satisfied; it seems to me that being satisfied that you cannot substantially improve the material is a mark of your maturity, or lack of it. The neophyte will be convinced that his prose is deathless and curse the editors who reject it while the writer who has thought seriously about his craft will recognize that "just one more re-write" will add something to the piece.

((Good observations about the trials of writing.

And last, but never least, a little personal news from Marc Ortlieb.))

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Marc Ortlieb  
P.O. Box 46  
Marden, S.A.  
5070 Australia

Sorry I've been less than my usual communicative self of late. As you may have gathered, life has been more than a little hectic around here of late. For all of my comments about boring old Adelaide, there are times when I feel that there's life in the

old girl yet.

My immediate aim at present is to get Q36 K done. I've just finished duplicating and collating Q36 #4, which took up most of the weekend, along with getting the electrostencils done for Q36 K. I've also been crossing letters with Bob Shaw, about the Fund we're establishing to get him over for the '85 WorldCon.

Settled in indeed. This place is great. I'm sharing with Marry, an old teaching friend, and Tahnia, a friend of here, and now of mine. We're a rather silly household, but the food & natter is good. I figure that, after living on my own for three years, it's time for me to get involved with people again, especially seeing as how I'm going to have to share a place when I move to Melbourne in January. I've done a little of the cooking, and a reasonable amount of the washing up, and some extra work around the place. Marry is, in fact, the landlady, though she hates the term, and she's renovating the house at present. Even poor Art Widner, who stayed for a while, ended up pushing barrows of rubble around.

My room is fun. It contains music equipment, study, and bedroom, with lots of assorted other rubbish. (My book collection is still at my parents' place, and will be until I get permanently settled in Melbourne.) The cat, Mac, is getting spoiled rotten. Both have threatened to kittennap him before I move out.

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WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Kevin McCaw; Steve Roylance; Kim Huett, Garth Spencer (a second time), Sharon Webb (look for the first volume of her Earthsong Triad in October), and nother nice letter from Diane Fox on issues 25 and 26.



Answer to IQ test on page 14: How many of you figured out that the editor of the Texas SF Inquirer is that paragon of fannish virtue, Pat Mueller?

Page 25 tore up in the mimeo and was retyped on my trusty old Royal manual, as was this wrap-up page. Ah, the trials and tribulations of a fanned...

Slave laborers this time include Cindy Riley, Linda Riley, Adrian Washburn, Valerie McKnight and Nancy Brown.

Next meetings: Summer party August 20--get your map from Merlin. September 10 and October 8, 1983, Homewood Library, 7:30 P.M.

Two people (Pat Gibbs and Sharon Webb) have asked if I was the model for Brad Foster's ANVIL 27 cover. Brad and I have never met, but the empathic vibrations underlying fannish interaction must not be discounted.

Art Credits: Cover, p.25, Steven Fox; P.5, 11, Cindy Riley; p.12, 17, 21, Brad Foster; p.3, 6, 7, 8, 9, 22, 23, Wade Gilbreath; p. 20, Wayne Brenner; p.15, 16, 19, Terry Frost. On-stencil drawing by Penny Frierson.

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