

ANVIL

42

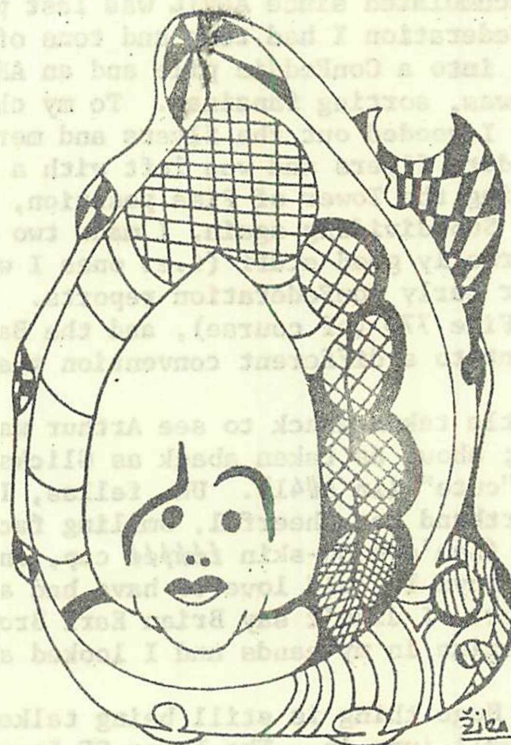


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CHARLOTTE'S WEB

— Charlotte Proctor



It will be a tangled web this time-- there are so many little bits and pieces. To begin with, all the words in double parentheses ((like this)) that you will find in the LoCs are comments from me. If any other people work on the LoCs and make comments there will be initials ((like this -- cp)) identifying the writer. It was just me this time, but maybe we can talk Meade & Penny into doing the locs next time.

Next--I noticed a couple of other zines when listing ANVIL noted that it was \$6 per year, but didn't find how many copies (issues) that was. That's because I have very cleverly not said. I was trying to keep from being pinned down, and of having to apologise if I didn't make my yearly quota. But if anyone is interested, my personal goal is 4 ANVILs a year. It used to be 6, but they were smaller then. The past two years the third and fourth issues have been mailed together, the third one being my trip/con report of the worldcon, and the fourth being the regular issue. If I go to Conspiracy the same thing will probably happen.

Actually, I feel a spell of gafiation coming on. It may be my annual fall and winter gafiation when I tend to family matters, Thanksgiving and Christmas and that sort of thing, and come next January will be ready to jump right back into it. Or it may be that I'm just flat becoming a hermit and will never go anywhere again, except to the post office to mail ANVIL.

Dave Locke had this little organizational chart of fandom in his zine--he had printed it before, as a joke, and was shocked when people took it seriously. Well, I looked at it, and joke or not, it was horrifying to see that I participated in every aspect of fandom, at every level of his chart, except apazines and closed conventions. This is too much, I said to myself. I must be more discriminating.

ANVIL took an odd turn this time (I never know what it's going to be like until its too late!). Colin Lagenveld tells us in the lettercol about the radioactive cloud that caught up with him; Dave Langford tells of his personal experiences with plutonium; and Bruno Ugorelec tells his reaction to the Challenger disaster. Pretty heavy stuff, huh? Buck Coulson lightens the atmosphere with his light reading - romances. "Dangerous" Dan Calvert complains about the mis-treatment of costumers lately at Southern cons. Finally, I received a Summons and Complaint, and must go back to Australia!

And the fanzines... well, there I was, sorting through stacks and stacks of fanzines that had accumulated since ANVIL was last printed. All through the last 3 or 4 months before ConFederation I had tons and tons of mail come in every day. All I could do was sort it into a ConFeddle pile and an ANVIL pile, and put the ANVIL pile aside. So there I was, sorting fanzines. To my chagrin some of them were still in their envelopes. I weeded out the flyers and merchandising material, trashed the envelopes and out-of-date flyers and was left with a two-foot-high stack of fanzines which, after assuming the Tower of Pisa position, toppled over on to the table, the chairs, the floor. Sub-dividing again, I made two stacks—one of run-of-the-mill zines, and one of the really good stuff (i.e. ones I wanted to read). I flipped through, ego-scanning for early ConFederation reports. I found referenced in Hlavaty's Lines of Occurance, File 770 (of course), and the Baton Rouge SF League Newsletter. It seems everyone went to a different convention than I.

I was a little taken aback to see Arthur was "pleasantly surprised" with me (what did he expect?); about as taken aback as Glicksohn and Lan will be to see that I referred to them as "cute" (in A#41). Uh, fellas, I meant "cute" in the most positive way — sort of shorthand for cheerful, smiling faces, friendly dispositions, distinctive hair styles (Lan's coon-skin ~~leopard~~ cap, and Mike's home-grown variety)—in short, the sort of guys I would love to have had a tall cool one with if I hadn't been in such a dither. I didn't say Brian Earl Brown was cute because I can't remember. He thrust a fanzine in my hands and I looked at it. It's sort of tan, with black type.

The old Fan Hugo thing is still being talked about, so inasmuch as I am part of it, I might as well jump in. The Texas SF Inquirer inquires: Why didn't we get on the ballot? (other than not having enough votes, they mean aren't they good enough?) The answer is Yes, but... The "Yes" is because it is a very well produced zine, with lots and lots of work put into it, regularly published, great graphics, titles, layout. The content is varied, interesting, entertaining and lots. So why the "But..."? Because it is a clubzine, you dummies. Clubzines are not in the same class with "real fanzines", whatever they are. This year, because the two publications which were not "fanzines" got on the ballot, the question arose with a vengeance: What are we going to do about the Fan (zine) Hugo?

One solution is to drop the fanzine Hugo altogether (I vote for keeping the fanwriter Hugo), and the other, more controversial, solution is to accept that times change, people change, fans change, attitudes change, methods of reproduction change (uh... methods of fanzine reproduction), and you Can't Go Home Again.

I don't know where the people who signed that ad (reminding us of 'No Award') are coming from if they think that Lan's Lantern is not Hugo material. It is. Have you seen it? And as much as Marty Cantor seems to grate on people's nerves in person, he (if you ignore the putridity) has a zine filled with great articles. Then there are others that didn't make the ballot, such as Shards of Babel, Xenium, Mythologies, just to name a few. IMHO, they are all Hugo-worthy. Look, folks, we just cannot be haunted to the end of our days by the ghosts of Fanzines Past. We can't all be giant killers, but we by golly have some pretty good zines around these days.

THE OLD IRONMASTER

READS ROMANCES

-- Buck Coulson



We've been sorting and filing books quite a bit lately, which brings to mind the varied nature of our library. Several of my "non-stf" collections are now all in the same bookcase and readily accessible, including the works of Arthur W. Upfield, Phoebe Atwood Taylor, Hans Hellmut Kirst, Robert Nathan (whose works are partly fantasy, and will probably be reshuffled at some point), Kenneth Roberts, Frank Spearman, Luke Short, and Georgette Hayer. The non-stf writings of various science fiction authors are also in there; Poul Anderson's mysteries and historicals, L.P. Davies' mysteries, Gene DeWeeses's romances, Andre Norton's romances and adventure juveniles, Fred Brown's mysteries, Lee Hoffman's westerns and romances, Silverberg's archaeology, John Brunner's mysteries and his historical novel, etc. The other authors I collect are in more general sections of the library; Barbara Tuchman, Steward Holbrook, George R. Stewart, Fletcher Pratt, Richard Hough, Bruce Catton and others in history, Willy Ley, Leonard Cottrell, Louis Brennan and others in science, and so on. Farley Mowat and John McPhee are off in another bookcase on their own, and L. Sprague de Camp's works are scattered in various different library sections.

Some of these authors I learned to like by osmosis from my parents. My mother was a mystery fan, and while I never picked up mysteries as a habit myself, I did develop devotions to Taylor and Upfield, primarily because of the backgrounds in their novels. To an Indiana boy in the 1930s and 1940s, Australia was a tremendously exotic place, and while Upfield's books didn't really contain much mystery, they did provide absolutely fascinating descriptions of Australia, and began my interest in the country. For any Australians reading this, I'm still looking for copies of The Beach of Atone-ment, Gripped by Drought, and his biography, Follow My Dust, by Jessica Hawke. I own his other 31 novels; I collected most of them myself, as my parents relied heavily on the Warsaw, Indiana, library, bringing home a market basket of books every week. (Our library card officially entitled us to 2 books a week, but once the librarians found out that we didn't damage the books, they gave us unlimited access. Since the library was 12 miles away, we only went once a week, doing the shopping and getting our book fix.)

The Cape Cod of Phoebe Atwood Taylor was almost as exotic as Australia to someone who had never seen the Atlantic Ocean, and in addition, her books were funny. She went in for titles with puns in them; Spring Harrowing, The Annulet of Gilt, The Perennial Boarder, Diplomatic Corpse. Her detective was Asey Mayo, the ultimate Cape Codder, and the only detective I know of who got younger as the series went on. (I assume she never expected to expand the first book into a series, as Mayo was described as in his seventies; later on, he was in his fifties.)

Under the pseudonym of Alice Tilton, she wrote another series about Leonidas Witherall, an instructor in a boys' academy in Massachusetts; a less interesting background to me, but with even funnier stories. These were popular enough to have spawned a radio series; thanks to Maggie Thompson's brother Paul Curtis, I have a few tapes of it. These continued the title puns; Cold Steal, Dead Ernest, The Cut Direct, and might be more popular with modern readers, as the Mayo backgrounds are long gone in time, while the schools and suburbs of the Witherall books are still around. I'm still looking for Taylor's The Criminal C.O.D.; I have the other 24 Taylor and 8 Tilton books. Unfortunately, the humor in them is mostly in the situation, and not suitable for pithy quotes, or I'd provide some.

When I was first discovered to have "15% vision" at age 7 (I have no idea how this translates into modern terms) I was forbidden to read for what seemed to be ages but was probably a couple of years. Schoolbooks I could read; entertainment was verboten. This led to my parents reading to me, complicated by the fact that my father would read aloud, but only those things that he liked himself. So at age 8 or 9, I was listening to assorted western novels, plus historical novels such as James Fenimore Cooper's The Pathfinder and The Deerslayer, which didn't impress me. Some of the westerns did, including Laramie Holds the Range, by Frank Spearman. It still does; the characters are much more realistic than anyone else's, and the descriptions are well done. Even the love affair isn't as sticky as most. Partly this is because it's very loosely based on the actual Johnson County War (an affair which inspired the equally loosely written movie "Heaven's Gate"; I think that Spearman was much more true to the original than the movie writers, even though he wasn't trying to be.) The book inspired me to get the rest of Spearman's books, which I haven't done yet, though I do have eight, including Whispering Smith, his most famous one which has been made into a couple of movies. I don't think any of the others is as good as Laramie, which could be due to lingering childhood impressions. Spearman does impress other people, however; at one con I spent an enjoyable hour or so discussing his work with Dick Lupoff's wife Pat, bemusing various other fans who stopped to see what we were talking about.

Laramie was also probably the reason I bought Helena Huntington Smith's The War on Powder River: The History of an Insurrection, which is a factual account of the Johnson County War and also an excellent book. Truth is indeed stranger than fiction; what western novelist would dare have a group of cowboys riding up to an army post for the purpose of borrowing a cannon to blow their opponents out of a fortified log house? But it happened. (They didn't get the cannon, though.)

I can trace my interest in history back to the serial in the Saturday Evening Post, Rogers Rangers, by Kenneth Roberts, which later became the first half of the book Northwest Passage (and the entirety of the movie of that name, with Spencer Tracy). Dad read it to me as it appeared, and I can still remember my impatience as I waited until supper had been completed, Dad had fiddled around with what I considered totally useless chores, and finally sat down in his chair, got his pipe going the way he wanted it, and prepared to open the copy of the Post which had arrived that day (it came on Thursdays then, in 1936. I was 8 years old.) Not only was this wilder adventure than anything I'd encountered before, it was all true. (At age 8, I hadn't discriminated between historical novelists, who take a few liberties with the facts, and historical writers, who aren't supposed to even though some of them do. I will say that Kenneth Roberts stuck to the facts better than most. They were obviously what interested him; his love interest was always a bit sappy, though it had to be there to satisfy the audience. Incidentally, for those younger readers, I might mention that historical novels in the 1930s and 1940s were primarily written for men, and contained much more action and less romance than the modern version.)



Juanita can't read Roberts because his female characters are miserably done, but in 1936, I wasn't interested in female characters anyway, and since then I've learned to overlook the ones Roberts has for the sake of the plot. I own 8 of his novels, but I'm still looking for some of his straight non-fiction; the Hartford City library has a copy of The Battle of Cowpens, which I mildly lust after. I suspect Roberts' main claim to fame may be his authorship of Oliver Wiswell, a favorable account of the Tory side of the Revolution, 1940; he was probably the only author who could have got away with it in those super-patriotic days. But by then, Northwest Passage was in the 31st hardcover printing in 3 years, and had been reprinted in England, Australia, Sweden, Germany, Denmark, Norway, Finland, Holland, Japan, Italy, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Rumania, France, and England again, and if he wanted to write about Revolutionary "traitors", nobody was going to argue. Even including the quote, "What'll

happen to this country, Oliver, if it falls into the hands of men willing to fire rusty nails into those who don't agree with 'em?" (If more people today read the book, they wouldn't be so shocked at bombings of abortion clinics.) Of course, Roberts had already made Benedict Arnold the hero of two of his books, Arundel and Rabble in Arms, so the public expected the unusual from him. He left me with a sneaking favoritism toward Arnold, our country's most famous traitor, as well as a liking for history.

I can't recall either of my parents reading a romance, though my grandmother read the popular works of the period, so my own use of it as what Juanita calls "popcorn reading" must be blamed on Ace Books. For a time in the late 1950s, Ace was sending for review everything that they published, which included Georgette Heyer reprints. Mostly I read the science fiction and ignored the rest, but Juanita read some of the Heyers after having them recommended (possibly by Devra Langsam, though I don't recall just who), and shoved The Toll Gate at me, with the suggestion that I might like it. I did, and eventually got copies of everything of Heyer's in paperback, and started looking for something else in the romance line which was as well done, and included some humor. I didn't find much, until Andre Norton recommended Florence Stevenson's The Curse of the Concullens, which is a gothic parody, and led me to collect Florence's books and correspond infrequently with her. (Curse is the book with the Irish patriot vampire, who only bites British soldiers.) While Florence is able to communicate a delightful sense of humor, editors of the time didn't want that, and she had a terrible time selling her humorous books and eventually ended up writing fairly ordinary Regencies. She managed three excellent ones; Curse, Ophelia, in which the heroine begins life as a cat and is drowned at the end of the first chapter, and A Feast of Eggshells, in which the body of a sweet little child is taken over by the spirit of a murdered chorus girl, to the horror of her stodgy relatives. Most of her gothics have genuine supernatural elements, but those three are the funny ones, and my favorites. Then Norton recommended Elsie Lee, who also became a favorite and a sometime correspondent, and I discovered on my own Joan Smith, a nice Canadian lady, and Elizabeth Peters and Barbara Michaels, who are both pseudonyms of the archaeologist Barbara Mertz, and who is perhaps technically the best writer of the lot.

I own two of her non-fiction titles under her real name, Red Land, Black Land, and Temples, Tombs and Hieroglyphs, the only Egyptian books I've found interesting, as I really prefer American prehistory. As "Peters", she writes romances connected with archaeology, and as "Michaels" she does some based on U.S. history and some fairly standard gothics. One of her funniest series, as "Peters", is about archaeologists Amelia and Radcliffe Emerson. The first book, where they meet, is Crocodile on a Sandbank, second is The Curse of the Pharaohs, and the third, The Mummy Case, arrived in my last shipment from Tor books and I intend to read it more or less immediately. Juanita prefers the books about museum assistant Vicky Bliss; The Borrower of the Night, The Street of the Five Moons, and The Copenhagen Connection, the latter probably still in print from Tor. It's such a nice change to find essentially feminist-oriented books by an author with a sense of humor. (One of her best, Die for Love, takes place at a romance-writers convention, and is hilarious. You'll know people just like some of her characters; they show up at romance cons, media cons, comics cons, and science fiction cons. They're the ones you try your best to avoid, but can't always succeed in doing so.)

If I don't get too many bad reactions to this column, I may take up history and science favorites next time.

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Besides our tradezines, and all those people in the letter column, we also had letters from: Harry Andruschak who is job-hunting; Hank Heath who sent me my first ToC (tape of comment); Catherine Mintz who is glad Beau is back; Tim A. Cooper who sent congrats and a soup can label; George Wells who renewed his subscription; Marc Ortlieb who is busy with schoolwork; Joy Hibbert who wants her name taken off the mailing list; Donald Franson who sent money (thanks); Samet Nuhlu who promises to be at Conspiracy barring acts of God, Martians and the British Customs; Zdenek Rampas who tells us his name is pronounced "Zden'-jek Rumpus" (I think)...; and from Greg Turkish who says: "It was great to meet Bob Shaw -- what a bloke! His love for SF and fans is only exceeded by that of his love for scotch. I'm sure there must be some Aussie in him somewhere." Greg was also unhappy that I didn't keep my promise to come to Perth (see paperwork elsewhere in this zine). Garth Spencer sent a long letter "which you can pull apart and edit as necessary". Sorry, but I just don't have the gumption right now. He agrees that Hugo nominations are priced out of range, for one thing. I heard a different approach to this matter--what if nominations were open to everyone in the sf community, but voting for the awards was the privilege of members of the worldcon? // Garth goes on to say "If DeepSouthCon had an annual award for Southern SF writers, perhaps it would have some of the same connotations as the Casper is acquiring." DSC gives two awards each year--the Rebel to the fan who has contributed most to Southern Fandom and the Phoenix to the Southern pro of the year. By the way Garth, congrats on your Casper.

ART CREDITS: Wayne Brenner, Cover, 10
Catherine Mintz, IFC
Zika, 1
Wm. Rotsler, 3,5,6,23

C.P.Langeveld, 8
Unknown YU fan, 16
Cindy T. Riley, 22
Brad Foster, 27
Alexis Gilliland, 34



HOW I LOST MY FUTURE

A subjective view of the Challenger Disaster

-- Bruno Ogorelec

* Truly, the future ain't what it used to be, to
 * quote a tired quip. Nuclear powerplants melt
 * down, oceans are full of plastic, cheese is full
 * of PCBs, religious bigotry is on the rise, com-
 * puters get into the masses only to get used for
 * mental escapes, rockets burst into smithereens
 * instead of proudly claiming the space frontier.

* Somebody took rather poor care of my future and
 * now the whole thing has turned sour. I'll have
 * to flush it down the drain and try to make another
 * one.

* NASA have dealt me the sharpest blow. I never
 * truly liked them, to be sure, but the sheer extent
 * to which idiocy had taken root there still took me
 * by surprise. In the years of blind bureaucratic
 * bumbling their people somehow lost the sight of
 * space. They gradually shifted the resources over
 * to the production of paper spacecraft instead of
 * real ones. Flight schedule has obviously become more important than flight itself.

Only thus could it happen. A beautiful proud machine, an embodiment of my boyhood dreams, a technological phallus (yes, why deny the undeniable image?) thrusting upwards on a pillar of fire to pierce the sky and inseminate it with human presence -- only thus could it burst apart in a huge cloud of smoke and fire, spewing burning debris like a demented Ferris wheel, taking away real lives, not paper ones. And taking away my vision of the future.

Of course, everybody knew the exploration of space would be costly in terms of human lives. The actual number of fatalities to date is in fact surprisingly low. In contrast, the first ten years of aviation (1903-1913) took a far heavier, horrible toll of some 400 fatal accidents, but such comparisons are misleading.

Losing life on the leading edge, as it were, in an effort to push the limit of the known and possible, that is one thing. Losing it because the concern for human life has drowned in the sea of paper is something entirely different. It is criminal. Comparisons of bare numbers will not alter this fact.

In NASALand problems were apparently "solved" by putting them on paper. Pieces of paper then travelled around the system, multiplying, eventually to wind up on a list of critical problems. After a problem had sat there long enough it would naturally become somewhat familiar to its custodians, for such is human nature. People adapt.

The flaws that seemed fatal yesterday soon start looking much less menacing, somehow normal. After all, who could really care about 748 problems at once? Yes, that was the number of shuttle parts on the so-called "Criticality 1" list — the questionable parts which had no backup, no redundancy, and whose failure could mean the "loss of mission and loss of crew".

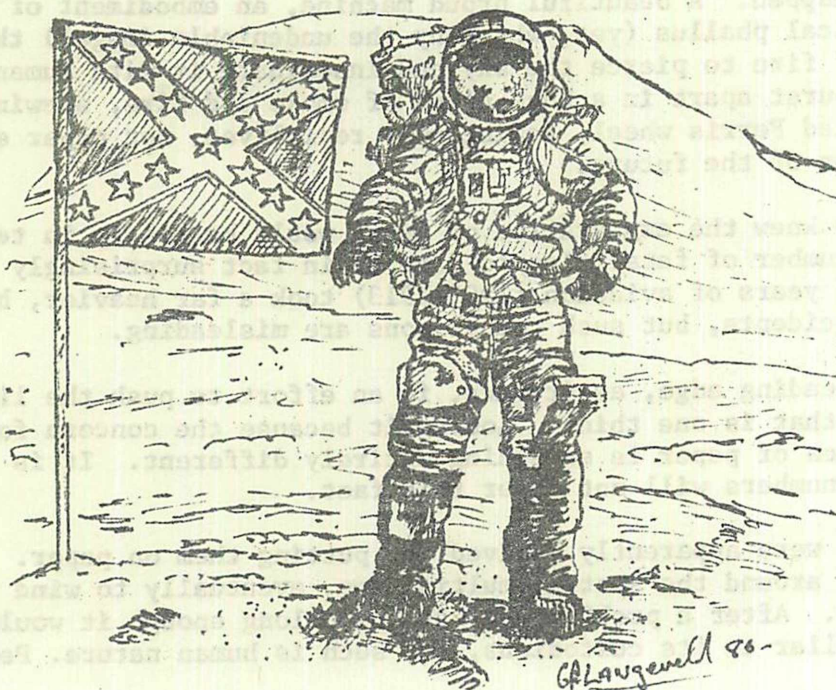
It is hardly worth speculating on the length of a hypothetical "Criticality 2" list of, say, the flaws on parts with some minimal redundancy and a slightly lower chance of killing everyone aboard. Must be the size of a Sears catalog.

And yet they cheerfully launched the faulty ship twenty four time in a row, aiming for a breakneck schedule of 18 launches a year, until it all blew up in their faces.

A thought intrudes, however, that it is not just their fault. Don't think I mean the cutbacks in their budget, either, for the amount of money is irrelevant here. If you're an idiot with a million you'll be even worse with a hundred million. No, I mean us.

Before World War I aviation pioneers' exploits were an almost private thing. They toiled and struggled in obscurity, the press recording only the most splendid successes and biggest disasters. Even those reached the public at a remove, after the fact and through a subjective eye of a reporter. To the general public their triumphs and tragedies were a distant and impersonal concern. These days, however, we care more about such things, and care more publicly. TV has put them into our homes. The death of seven astronauts today has a greater impact than the death of seventy aviators would have had a generation ago, due to our participation. Today we are more or less direct witnesses to the tragedy.

In a way this makes us accomplices to the process, somehow responsible for it. We are not innocent bystanders any more — the SF community least of all. Let's face it, most of us knew better. We knew better from the start.



I can plainly recall the sinking feeling a couple of decades ago when it dawned on me that neither at NASA nor at its Soviet counterpart anybody ever thought of spaceships. You know, honest spaceships that SF fandom had been expecting since the Forties. No sir, they were quite content to put passive astronauts into small capsules atop glorified petards and fire away. They sent people into orbits "like Spam in the can" in the memorable words of a prominent protagonist.

To me it felt wrong. Why throw away the glory road to space blazed clear at such high cost in the Fifties? The handful of brave men flew higher and higher, faster and faster, and with X-15 they had put one foot on the very threshold of space, only to have it yanked away by a presidential whim.

Sputnik had appeared in the skies and the priorities suddenly switched from pushing the limits to pushing the Soviets. Overnight the space was handed over to the German rocketry experts. They didn't know anything about airplanes. They thought (rightly, it turned out) they could overtake Soviets faster by brute force, firing rockets into space, never mind the wishes of their "pilots". It did produce quick results in the short run. In the long run the true vision was lost.

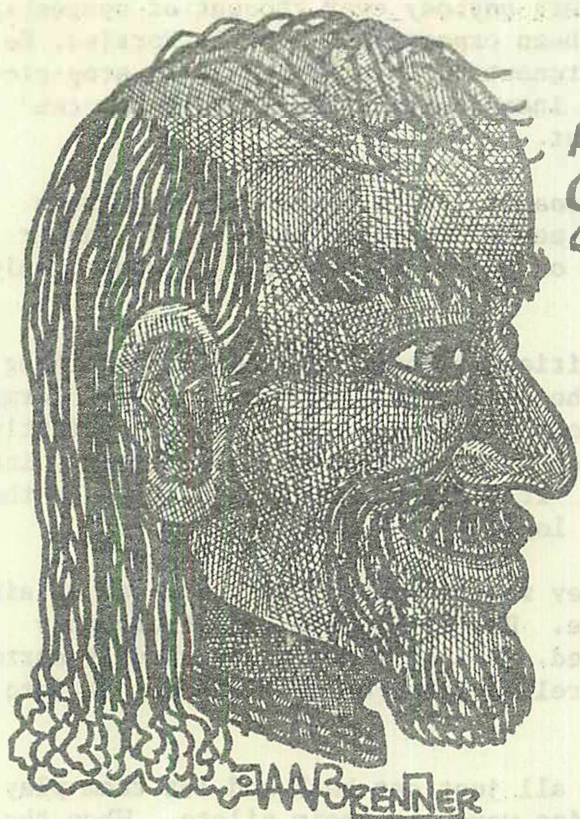
By the time NASA finally found out that what they really needed after all was an aircraft capable of reaching space, it was too late. Priorities had been thoroughly mixed up, the means pared down, the sight blurred. Reason (even the curiously narrow-sighted reason of rocket boffins) had already relinquished control and put it into the In tray of the bureaucrats.

And none of us said a word in the meantime. We all just sat back and let them play with fireworks. Nobody asked where the spaceships were, or their pilots. When the shuttle finally appeared we all breathed a sigh of relief for there was a spaceship at last, but no one asked if the fireworks people were actually capable of handling the spaceships. Did we learn anything from this? Do we know better now? I hope to God we do, but it is a slight hope.

Take a good look at the shuttle. With all its myriad faults it is still a splendid machine, a pride of its makers. The only thing it needs is some oldfashioned development, nothing more than touching up, and it will again be capable of doing wonders. Most of all the wonders for the soul. A flying machine like this one can inspire people, evoke the sense of wonder. Remember the sudden resurgence of interest in space that followed the introduction of shuttle flights? The world was yanked from apathy, aroused I dare say by the obvious rightness of it all. The shuttle evoked different feelings than the featureless rocket canisters did. The soulless cylinders were capable of nothing but a mindless sprint upwards, only to fall back down, spent, like dead logs. The shuttle offers a new dimension of freedom, it yields to the pilot's will, it suits human character. It is to the common rocket that Vikings' drakkar was to a log raft.

And yet, what is the future of the shuttle? Again the voices are raised about the cost and danger. Robots, detractors say, are cheaper, more reliable, and require no risk of human life. They don't need complicated shuttles to lift them into space.

I say, dreck! In the long run, robots must be more expensive, for they are fair weather sailors at best. What happens when things go awry? Will the robots have the presence of mind to plug leaks with chewing gum and fasten things with masking tape? Will they pray that everything holds together. God, where has our curiosity gone, whither courage? Shall we really allow the paper shufflers to chain us to this ball of dirt? Shall we really let the robots explore our frontiers and get to know our unknown? Shall we let them claim our future? -- Where are you, Chuck Yeager, now that I need you?



AH YES...
OBVIOUSLY THE WORDS
OF ONE WHO KNOWS...

THE FINAL RIPS

In which Dave talks about
his book, The Leaky
Establishment.

-- Dave Langford

((The following article by Hugo-winning (Best Fan Writer, 1985) David Langford is from a transcript of a talk he gave at Novacon 14 (1984). It has previously been published in the UK and Australia, but this is its first American printing.))

Perhaps I should start by explaining how I ended up chasing neutrons for 5 years at the Stomic Weapons Research Establishment - a job which has failed to impress anybody in the whole world except Greg Benford. "Why did you quit Big Science Biz?" he asked me in tones of concern. I told him how much a grateful British government pays its weapons physicists, and he fainted. // So it is time to tell the true story at last. A story of shame and degradation, of pitiful struggling against implacable necessity, and, above all, of hangovers. Long ago in the mists of 1974 I woke up with a hangover - some things never change - and discovered that all my mates at Oxford had been applying for jobs. I personally had been too busy celebrating my physics finals, such a major event in the Langford career that I celebrated more or less continuously for 6 months before it happened.

Since I was more sensible then than I am now, I decided not to become a freelance writer. The lure of a free pint of fizzy beer at Novacon 14 was balanced by the fact that in '74 I'd only sold one short story, to Ken Bulmer, for L13.30, payable in several instalments; while my masterpiece "Sex Pirates of the Blood Asteriod" had merely collected rejection slips, from both the Christian Science Monitor and the Times Literary Supplement. Accordingly, I nipped around to the Oxford careers office and enquired about vacancies for top-salaried executives with a Jag provided by the company. At a pinch I was prepared to settle for an Aston-Martin, but I kept that up my sleeve for the time being.

Of course, it turned out that all the really cushy jobs had been snapped up, right down the line from Chairman of ICI to saggard maker's bottom knocker. Sneering at my pitiful grovelling, they explained that there were only five things for late, hung-over physicists to apply for, and one of them was a UR40. I went away with the other four application forms and started inventing lies about my star-studded career to date.

Oh dear, it all comes back, like the curry I had at Mancon. I applied to IBM and they lost my application in the infallible data-processing system. I applied to the Post Office, and I needn't tell you how THAT application got lost. I applied to ICL, famous lame duck, with the promise that my as yet untapped talents could make them even lamer. They actually invited me to spend a luxurious weekend at one of their places, and it was there that I made a huge tactical error - one which I am not repeating this Novacon. I tried to demonstrate what a reliable, responsible programmer I'd make, by not drinking much. I should have known this was a mistake when I reflected that ICL had already taken on Martin Hoare.

What was left was the Ministry of Defence. I approached their interview room with an ominous sense of doom and foreboding - which was in fact another hangover - convinced they were going to expose my pitiful ignorance with sudden trick questions like "Newton's Laws of Motion: how many are there?" or "E equals MC what?" Inside, this evil-looking fellow stared at me with the sort of expression seen on Joe Nicholas' face as he weighs the literary merits of the latest Perry Rhodan novel. He said, "Mr. Langford, just one simple question. Can you explain to me the nature and significance of the Mossbauer effect?" ... Thus it was that I became a scientific officer at Aldermaston; and only years after, when I'd shaken the radioactive dust of the place from off my shoes forever, did I tell anyone that the day before the interview, I'd been doing an Oxford physics practical on the Mossbauer effect.

There were a few other formalities, such as being Positively Vetted - which only sounds like Civil Service jargon for a vasectomy. Large thugs covered in hideous scars kept breaking down doors to interrogate people about my sexual preferences - I got the impression that they received some slightly inventive answers; at least, I've never worked out why at one interview I was shown pictures of melons and asked about my reactions.

Around then came the first of the amazing incidents which I couldn't resist putting into the novel but which nobody can believe really happened. It was my last week in Oxford, the morning after the college ball, and I was rudely awakened at an unnatural hour - about 12 noon, as I remember. I staggered out in my dressing-gown to find another security investigator in the hallway, who explained that while interrogating me for three hours on the previous day while shining lights in my eyes, he's forgotten the most important question of all. "Mr. Langford," he said, "are you... a homosexual?" Suddenly I had the feeling that my perfectly ordinary dressing-gown was covered with exotic brocade in the Oscar Wilde fashion. Summoning up all my courage, I said, "No." He went away. Meanwhile, inside my room, a certain lady whose name I will not drag through the mire, but whom I later married, was giggling uncontrollably into my pillow.

My dressing-gown may have caused the Ministry of Defence to doubt, but the balance was tipped in my favour when a month or so later I and several others got arrested for detonating parts of Oxford with fireworks. This, apparently, showed the right spirit. The Crown Court judge actually said more or less this, and I felt a slight twinge of unease when (after slamming one of my mates with a two-year prison sentence) he expressed pious hopes that Mr. Langford's little prank would have no effect on his chosen career in the business of destroying human civilisation as we know it.

So I started five surreal years at AWRE Aldermaston, and after the first six months I knew that no matter what it said in the Official Secrets Act, I could get away with putting almost every detail into a novel. Not only would everyone think it sheer fantasy, the MoD itself would surely not dare admit some things were true. One example that didn't get into The Leaky Establishment was the time when I was sitting casually in the reactor control room drinking tea, a reputable nuclear scientist came sprinting through, clutching an object of classified size wrapped in a lab coat. This was, in fact, the core of Britain's Independent Nuclear Deterrent, which my superior officer wished to put away so he could get to the bank before it closed. It occurred to me that had I so much as moved my foot two inches and tripped him, there would have been a lot of interesting bits of plutonium on the floor, and later on some exciting newspaper publicity about the funerals.

As a matter of fact, the way they flung the radioactives around, I'm surprised there wasn't a cardboard box by the main exit with a sign saying "Please Place Plutonium Here - Keep Berkshire Tidy." One of my colleagues managed to lose an uranium sample in the 50 yards between his office and the reactor: the area was mostly grass and we waited for ages in hope of seeing the results predicted by the best SF, such as a mutant patch of purple carnivorous grass entangling stray technicians in its deadly tendrils. All that actually happened was that one patch went a bit brownish, and the scientists stopped picking the mushrooms which every autumn grew around the reactor building in fairy rings. I thought it very sporting of them to let the security police have first pick just for once.

Some extremely nasty radioactive material was also involved in an experiment I designed, and experiment so classified that I can tell you nothing about it except that it happened in Nevada.... in one such test, a beam of radiation was supposed to go through a little hole to do things to a poor defenceless bit of test material - and the beam missed the hole by a quarter of an inch. You may have had misgivings about the American strike capability, but I bet you hadn't realised they could fail to hit something at two hundred yards' range with an atomic bomb.

Where was I? There was this experimental capsule, whose destination I cannot reveal to you, incredibly fragile yet containing extraordinarily dangerous substances. It stood on a laboratory bench; all that remained was to put the lid on. A trained British craftsman set to work; the lid stuck and wouldn't go on straight; and he started hitting it with a big hammer. I don't quite remember how I and five other scientists managed to teleport outside the suddenly closed door.

After all this it was no surprise when Aldermaston had its big flap about plutonium contamination. Some people contained so much of the stuff, they could hardly walk for the weight. The famous signs appeared in the AWRE library, saying "To avoid assembling a critical mass, staff are requested not to gather in groups of more than five and to remain at least .6 metres apart (1.2 metres if wet)." Everybody who'd so much as looked at the plutonium entry in the periodic table was ordered to report for checking under the Whole Body Monitor, an elaborate device using sophisticated electronics to tell whether or not you still had a whole body. Aldermaston's enthusiasm for investing in this essential safety equipment was so great that the nearest monitor was twenty miles away at Harwell. I duly went there and had my inmost secrets probed: they warned me that there might be a certain amount of experimental error in the reading, and those of you with an intensive scientific training may judge that this was correct. Here's the letter I eventually received from the Superintendent of Personnel Safety:

Dear Mr. Langford: The estimate of plutonium in the lungs resulting from the whole body monitor tests at AERE Harwell on 19 October 1978 is minus thirty-nine nanocuries. This result has been passed on to the Dose Evaluation Panel for consideration...

You may mock, but I found it strangely reassuring to know I could playfully nibble a full 39 nanocuries of Pu before reaching the zero level of contamination. One good reason for my state of extreme purity and cleanliness - at least back in 1978 - was that I spent most of my time playing with computers instead of entering the regular Independent Deterrent Egg'n'Spoon Races. With the Aldermaston computer system, what got contaminated was my brain.

As I remember it, the outfit at AWRE bore about the same relation to real computers as (in the organisational field) the BSFA Ltd does to IBM. The advanced programming facilities available to Britain's crack nuclear scientists consisted of a wide range of FORTRAN. The computer itself lived in a sort of blockhouse guarded by swarms of security men almost as merciless and brutal as those at Seacon 84. Nothing could penetrate that computer's impregnable defences! Nothing, that is, except the information flowing along handy, tappable cables to terminals around and even off the site. By terminals I mean, of course, teletypes. The whole thing must have been under a preservation order as a magnificent example of 1950s industrial archaeology.

Again I hit the problem of things which people refuse to believe. I had a bit in Leaky about an exciting arcade-action Space Invaders game which ran on a teletype. I've given up trying to persuade anyone that this was mere cold historical fact. You had to be there. There was real sense-of-wonder in reading the computer manual which went on about the elaborate defences of the AWRE computer operating system, and then finding you could crash the whole system by compiling a perfectly legal program in FORTRAN. My favourite memory is of a useful little feature which the computer staff themselves proudly offered to users: it was supposed to make it easy to scan through the information you had stored in the machine. It did. It also made it easy to scan through all the secret password files. They took the feature away again quite quickly when I pointed this out: I suggested an OBE for contributions to national security would be in order, but the mean buggers wouldn't give me one.

Computers are boring and I can hear the crash of catatonic bodies in the aisles, but I can't resist telling about the amazing Aldermaston micro. One day somebody had the bright idea of filling a van with radiation detectors so they could cruise the streets just like the TV-license people, spotting illegal nuclear stockpiles. Like the one accidentally acquired by the hero of my book. (All the van ever did detect, I gather, was a radioactive patch on the road near Mortimer in Berkshire. Fell off the back of a lorry, I suppose.) I drew the short straw and had to suss out a micro-computer to analyse all the rubbish picked up by the detectors--I suppose it would have been embarrassing if hordes of security guards had burst from the van and riddled someone with bullets, only to discover he was merely carrying an outsize luminous watch.

The trouble was, this was the MoD and there was budget problems. I could sign for as many things as I liked which cost L50 or less, but the full weight of bureaucracy would land on the back of my neck if I dared write out a single chitty for a forbidden amount like L50.10p. We ended up buying some cheap chips, and persuading a technician to build a micro from scratch, while I spent eight weeks of my life writing machine code for the wretched thing. At last the great unveiling came, and to my ill-concealed surprise the whole shambles worked, and the AWRE bigwigs looked on it and saw that it was good. So of course it was junked. After all, the project could now

be given a big budget, and with a big budget there was no point or prestige value in Langford's nasty little shoestring computer. They spent a few thousand on a pretty minicomputer instead, and I was secretly pleased when it failed to work as well.

This was of course quite logical in bureaucratic terms, in the same way that it was logical for the scientists who actually did AWRE's work to inhabit horrible disintegrating wooden huts on the far side of the marshy bit of the site, while mere parasites like typists and security men got luxury purpose-built offices by the main gate. Again, the logic of seniority meant that I had to be secretary of two nuclear policy committees and take all the minutes, my chief qualification being that I was the only person on either committee who was deaf. The solution was to sit next to the committee chairman in an attitude of sycophancy and ignore all distractions, such as other people's voices. Those minutes were impressionist works of art, whole vistas of unspoken meaning conveyed in a few deft words like 'The Chairman agreed. The chairman disagreed. The chairman could not endorse the first proposal but was in sympathy with the second...' Scarred by my appalling experiences on such committees, I find I'm now wickedly prejudiced against exciting events like BSFA meetings, even when the speaker is someone charismatic like Alan Dorey. In fact, especially when.. no, I mustn't be cruel.

I'm also prejudiced against engineers. My main contact with engineers at Aldermaston was when one rang up, explained that his section had spent two years working on some new and ever so classified substance, and could I now do all the theoretical background work for them in, say, one week? Ever willing to oblige (which means, ever willing to find an excuse for putting off my own urgent work), I asked for some vital information like the density of the stuff. 'Density?' he said, as though I'd made a suggestion so obscene he didn't want to admit he'd understood it. 'I'll ring you back', he said. After a week of what I suppose must have been massed research efforts by his entire engineering team, he rang me back. This time he sounded actively hostile: 'I've got the information you asked for. We've measured a piece of the material. It's 5mm by 10mm by 2mm, and it weighs umptitum grams. Can you work out the density from that?' Faintly I assured him that with the aid of a computer I probably could.

My collection of anecdotes about the horrible grottness of Aldermaston used to be endless. Those MoD policemen fondling helpless young scientific officers' thighs. The amazing gate security system whereby all attempts to smuggle out plutonium were presumed to happen in the evening so there was no need to spot-check people or cars at lunchtime (this, no doubt, based on slose study of office hours at the Kremlin). The 5MW reactor from the days before the energy crisis was invented, which blithely threw away its entire heat output into the surrounding air (yes, it was a swimming-pool reactor; yes, somebody did fall in). The even more conservation-conscious site heating, with live steam being carried around a five-mile perimeter fence by above-ground pipes which not only leaked at the joints but to boost heat-loss by radiation were painted black. The Royal Visit with the Queen being treated to a display of amazingly incontinent MoD guard dogs. The local newspaper which really believe and printed the story that AWRE scientists had to drink twelve pints of beer each day to flush neutron contamination from their bodies.

Well, I could go on forever, and by the time I'd finished writing the bloody book--including all this and more--I felt I had gone on forever. (The same drained feeling is experienced by many people who've read it.) So for further sordid details I refer you to the novel itself: Just go to any major bookshop and they will explain they've never heard of it. Except for Rog Peyton, who with a huge and enthusiastic smile will say, 'Sold out'. That's the hardback; I'm glad to say Sphere Books decided to publish a paperback conveniently in time for Novacon, but unfortunately the picked Novacon 15.

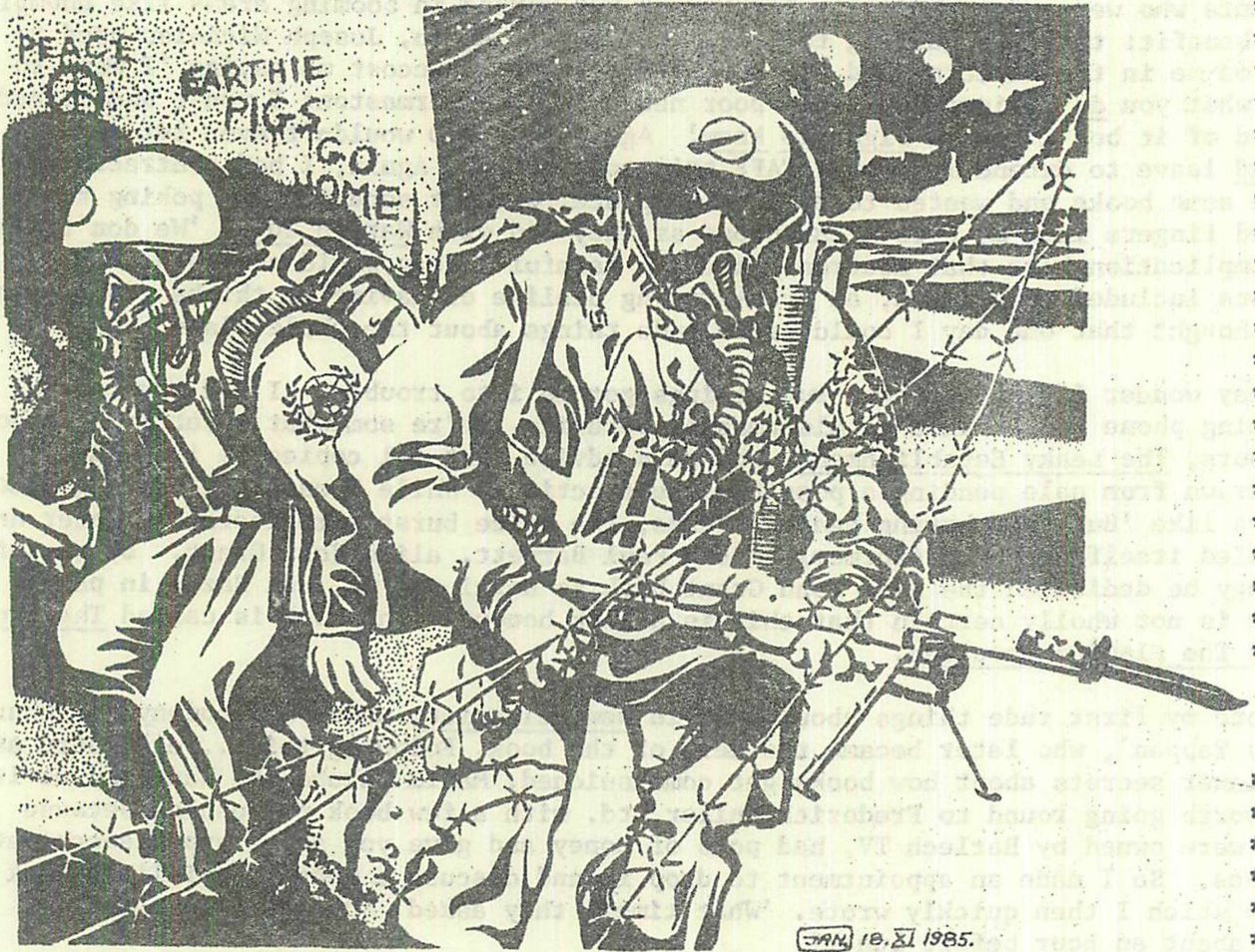
I got out of Aldermaston in 1980 for half a dozen reasons. One was that, as I've said until even I am bored with hearing me say it, I found I was earning less than civil servants who were of technically lower rank but worked in booming areas like unemployment benefit: this was galling to my elitist soul. Again, Joseph Nicholas used to spit on me in the streets, and big Rob Holdstock would accost me saying 'I want to know what you do vivisecting those poor neutrons at Aldermaston; I won't understand a word of it but I have a right to know!' Again, the MoD wouldn't even let me take unpaid leave to extend my coming TAFF trip to America. Again, I had contracts to write some books and wanted to do them in peace, without security men poking their soiled fingers into my nice clean prose as they did with War in 2020: 'We don't like the implication here that neutron bombs are harmful', they would complain. Other reasons included conscience, an ever-growing dislike of having my thighs groped, and the thought that one day I could write rude things about the whole place.

You may wonder if any of these rude things got me into trouble. I did have one alarming phone call: 'This is Aldermaston Security. We're somewhat upset by this book of yours, The Leaky Establishment, and we'd advise that all copies be immediately withdrawn from sale pending a possible court action.' While I was still saying fluent things like 'But' and having heart attacks, the voice burst into coarse laughter and revealed itself to be my (former) friend Paul Barnett, alias John Grant. By way of apology he dedicated the next John Grant book to Hazel and me, but Hazel in particular is not wholly certain that this is a high honour. The book is called The Truth About The Flaming Ghoulies.

I wrote my first rude things about AWRE in New Scientist, under a pseudonym of course - 'Roy Tappen', who later became the hero of the book. Following this...well, here are the inner secrets about how books get commissioned. Maxim Jakubowski had told me it was worth going round to Frederick Muller Ltd. with a few book proposals, because they were owned by Harlech TV, had pots of money and gave you super expense-account lunches. So I made an appointment to drop in and discuss a heap of brilliant book ideas which I then quickly wrote. 'What time?' they asked. 'Oh', I said casually, 'How about an hour before lunch?'

Katie Cohen, the Muller editor, smiled sweetly as she tore each of my ideas to tiny little shreds until there was a hollow reverberating emptiness in both my briefcase and my brain. 'You haven't any more ideas?' she said. In panic I searched my pockets and found a crumpled xerox of the New Scientist article, and said 'Maybe I could base something on this, sort of semi-autobiographical...' For the next half-hour Katie did the most brilliant selling job I've seen, convincing herself what a wonderful novel this could be, while I sat there, silent except for strange inner rumbles and hoping for lunch. At last she looked at her watch. 'Send us a synopsis and we'll send you a contract', she said. 'And now I'll have to say goodbye because I'm lunching with someone'.

After that, there seemed nothing to do but write the book--otherwise the day would have been wasted altogether. The trouble is that, having disposed of that particular section of my autobiography, the next novel should logically be about the joys of freelance writing and how proud one feels to create the vital raw materials of the remainder trade. This, alas, is the sort of thing that's so depressing, it's fit for nothing but the Booker Prize shortlist. Maybe I'll write a relatively cheerful SF novel about nuclear holocaust instead.



ARMED AND DANGEROUS?

-- Dan Calvert

Well, here's the article I promised for ANVIL (and only a few months late). Excuse me if I wander a bit in my discourse, but I'm a ramblin' guy (ramblin', ramblin'). Normally I'm not much of a correspondent, but I decided to write a letter of protest. I strongly object to the glaring outbreak of paranoid caution currently sweeping Southern fandom.

Upon my return from Constellation IV, I sat down to read the flyers I had collected at the convention. I was appalled to notice how many cons are adopting highly restrictive weapons policies... no, "weapons ban" would be a more accurate phrase. It is my opinion firstly, that weapons are an important part of many costumes worn by fan; secondly, that weapons are integral to the majority of science fiction and fantasy literature.

Now, before shouts of "warmonger", "fascist", and "barbarian" begin to make the welkin ring (odd phrase, that), let me make a couple of disclaimers. I am not advocating sword fights in the corridors, or that fan should carry real, functioning, loaded projective weapons around during a convention. I am merely suggesting that the practice of peace-bonding weapons is sufficient to meet the needs of safety, while not interfering with those of us who like weapons with our costumes. To quote the flyer from Phoenixcon of Atlanta 1.0, "Weapons Policy: All weapons must be sheathed, locked or otherwise peace-bonded at all times except during the presentation of your costume on stage at the Masquerade. Violate this rule and you're out!" This seems to me to be a good commonsense rule which should satisfy everyone. If another fan wants to see or handle your weapon, it is usually simple enough to withdraw to an area without any bystanders, after giving a caution about safe handling of the weapon. A nervous or paranoid con committee might wish to forbid this last practice also, which remains within the bounds of reason.

By contrast, I present the following gems of reactionary wimpdom. Kubla Silicon: "No weapons of any kind, or anything resembling a weapon, may be worn or carried in any public part of the hotel. Persons wishing to carry a weapon in the Maskerade will be issued a weapon pass. Weapons may be sold in the huxter room, but must be securely wrapped and left in buyer's room till (sic) he or she leaves.. No brandishing of weapons in the huxter room will be permitted." Rats—it's been weeks since I've had a good brandishing!

Xanadu 2.0: "...policy of no weapons to be worn, carried, or displayed in any public or residential area of the hotel. Exception: all persons participating in the Masquerade will be issued a weapons pass for the designated periods of time... Hucksters who sell weapons must encase weapon and wrap sold weapons securely—buyer must keep weapon in room until leaving the con." Well, at least they don't have to take it and immediately lock it in their car...

L&N DSC 24: "1. No weapons of any kind may be worn, carried, or displayed in any public part of the hotel including residential room floors. A weapon is defined as anything that looks like, or can be used as a weapon in the opinion of the L&N DSC committee. 2. Open sales of weapons in the huxter room are not allowed, although mail orders may be taken from pictures and catalogs. No displays of live or model weapons are allowed in the huxter room. 3. The only exception... is for contestants in the masquerade. Weapons may be worn by contestants within the masquerade staging area, during the masquerade, and for a period of one hour before and after the masquerade. After this period, all weapons must be removed and returned to your room. Weapons used in the masquerade are subject to safety inspection by the Staff." I suppose we rabidly violent types should thank our fiendish stars for mail order, eh?

"No weapons of any kind, or anything resembling a weapon..." All you wizards out there are going to have to leave your staves at home. No fair trying that old Gandalf trick and pretending you need them for support, since walking canes will also be disallowed. After all, a cane both resembles a weapon and can actually be used as one. What about umbrellas? What about magic wands? Guess we better leave those at home, too; somebody might get poked in the eye or something.

At least the L&N DSC committee has done us the favor of redefining "weapon" for us--which I am sure will be a great burden off the minds of the dictionary compilers worldwide. (For the purists out there, however, you are correct: it is an incorrect definition.) "...anything that looks like, or can be used as a weapon..." seems to me a statement that covers a lot of ground. Even without descending to absurdity, it should be readily apparent to any fan of science fiction that almost anything

can be used as a weapon. What about a fan who has studied some form of martial arts? Should he or she have to attend cons wrapped in foam rubber? (Oh, my, what sarcasm.) There in an old adage: "There are no dangerous weapons, only dangerous men." I know that sounds like a Hank Reinhardt statement, but it's even older than he.

The simple fact is that science fiction and fantasy literature abound with characters, good and evil and in-between, who carry and sometimes use weapons of all descriptions. Who can imagine the menacing figure of Lord Vader without his lightsabre, or picture Conan (and countless other barbarian heroes) without a gore-drenched broadsword gripped in his mighty fist? Retief and the Stainless Steel Rat, two of my personal favorites, often carry weapons. Think of King Arthur with Excalibur, Roland without Durendal, Aragorn without Anduril. I could give many more examples, but I believe the point is made. A weapon does not a hero make, but many heroes (and other characters) carry weapons as a matter of course.

As a rule we of fandom do not live in situations as exciting or perilous as those of our favorite characters, and a valid point might be made that we do not need to carry weapons. This point, however, overlooks the idea behind convention costuming, especially the growing practice of wearing hall costumes. It's all part of the old game "Let's Pretend" which most fans, being fun-loving individualists, never outgrew (we rationalize it and call it roleplaying). After all, isn't the main purpose of our conventions to have fun, doing things we enjoy and meeting friends with common interests?

In my opinion (and I've got plenty of 'em) some costumes just don't look or feel right without weapons. My own usual convention costume (winner of the Constellation Chlorophyll Award for Most Green Costume) seems incomplete without at least one dagger at my belt. For many costumers, a sword or dagger adds a touch of flair or dash to their costumes.

Drawing from my own experience, I can recall one accident and one problem stemming from weapons. At one of my first conventions (a DSC in Atlanta, I think), a fellow dressed as a monk somehow managed to carry a short-hafted, doublebitted war axe on his back, concealed beneath his robe. Someone told him to be careful with it, and he promptly cut his finger on the extremely dull edge. The problem (a very little one, Ensign) was the only time I have ever been bothered by security at a con. This incident occurred at the 1983 Atlanta Fantasy Fair, long since a convert to the weapons ban. A friend attending with me had painted two toy plastic swords so that they almost looked semi-real. One of the hotel security guards stopped us and asked to see them. No big deal, right?

Having vented my feelings, I'd like to end with a request for a little tolerance and understanding. Many of us who wear costumes to conventions consider some sort of weapon as a part of our costumes. Hall costumes bring a touch of exotic color to the cons. The vast majority of us who carry any weapons are responsible and careful, and the few exceptions can be dealt with without banning weapons; just use the peace bond. To paraphrase an old Scout camp expression: I don't spit on your sleeping bag, so don't urinate on my tent.

FANZINES WE HAVE RECEIVED...

All right, all you faneds out there. I know this is the first place you will turn to in this ANVIL to see if your zine is listed, and maybe even commented on. So, now that I've got your attention, one more time, here is our new address: ANVIL, c/o Charlotte Proctor, 8325 7th Ave. So., Birmingham, AL 35206 USA. Some of you have been sending a zine to ANVIL, one to BSFC, and maybe even one to me. In order to save postage and send that other one to somebody else, please send only one of your zines to either me, BSFC or ANVIL (pick one, any one) at the above address. // Most zines are available for "the usual" so I'm only going to put in the money part, if any.

ALPHA CENTUAR COMMUNICATOR #102-104, SUB Box 120, UNM, Albuquerque, NM 87131, 6/yr, \$3 for 6 / clubzine of ST, fantasy, horror. News, reviews.

BIRMINGHAM SF GROUP NEWSLETTER 176-180, 45 Grosvenor Way, Quarry Bank, Brierley Hill, West Midlands, DY5 2LJ U.K. Clubzine, meetings, book reviews.

BSCFAZINE 156-161, P.O.Box 35577, Station E, Vancouver, BC V6M 4G9, Canada. Clubzine. News, minutes, articles, book reviews.

BATON ROUGE SF LEAGUE NEWSLETTER 42-44. Box 14238, Baton Rouge, LA 70898-4238. 6/\$3. Tiny type allows more info than usual in these 8-10p. issues. J.R. (Mad Dog) Madden gives comprehensive con reports on the ABA, Swampcon, Coastcon & ConFederation. Book reviews, letters, con listing. Recommended regional zine.

BANGWELU #2, John & Lorie Purcell, 5830 Reseda Blvd. #151, Tarzana, CA 91356. Per/ Genzine. Editorial natter, letters.

CAREFULLY SEDATED 4.5, Alan Rosenthal & Catherine Crockett, 349 Montrose Ave, Toronto, Ont. Canada. Subjects: Dead worms, Voice of God, Marty Cantor.

COSFUSSING #48, Barnard-Columbia SFS, 317 Ferris Both Hall, Columbia University, NY, NY 10027. Clubzine: letters, reviews.

COCKALORUM 1.1, Kim Huett, P.O.Box 649, Woden, ACT 2606 AUS. Perzine, catching up after a three year's gafiatiion.

THE DILLENGER RELIC #46-48, Arthur Hlavaty, 819 W. Markham Ave., Durham NC 27701. This is like a diary, a biography with no plot. Interesting. \$1.

DE PROFUNDIS 172-175. Newszine of LA Science Fantasy Society, \$5/yr. 11513 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood, CA 91601.

FANZINE FANATIQUE 1985 Annual Bibliography. Fanzine listing by Rosemary & Keith Walker, 6 Vine Street, Greaves, Lancaster, Lancs. LA1 4UF, UK

FACTSHEET FIVE 19, Mike Gunderloy, 6 Arizona Ave., Rensselaer, NY 12144. Reviewzine. Millions of zine, book, music, comics reviews, as well as a list of hatezines and Libertarian zines. Couple of article, too.

FOSFAX #103-108. Falls of the Ohio SF&F Assn. zine, P.O.Box 37281, Louisville, KY 40233-7281. \$9/yr. Con reports, book reviews, funny "Very Short Film Guide", book reviews, letters, book reviews.

FILE 770:59-61, Mike Glyer, 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401. Fandom's premier newszine. \$4/5.

GEGENSCHN 51, Eric Lindsay, Box 42, Lyneham ACT 2602 AUS. Diary, letters, book rev.

GALACTIC DISPATCH #77, SF Assn. of Colorado, Joe Sokola, 5333 Cracker Barrel Circle, Colorado Springs, CO 80917-1803. Articles, book/movie reviews, loccol.

HOLIER THAN THOU #24, Marty Cantor, 11565 Archwood St., N. Hollywood CA 91606-1703. 70 p. of editorial matter, feedback from readers, articles. Anything Linda Blanchard writes, I will read; Harry Warner's "All My Yesterdays" column; Mike Glycer's "Pied Typer"; Skel's "Ballad of Gained S'Mell". \$5 for sample--then Do Something.

HARBIN(ER, SCAzine, Steve Roylance, 1592 Malvern Road, Glen Iris 3146 AUS.

INFLUX, Renaissance SF League, POB 550366, B'ham AL 35255-0366. New club's first newsletter. Includes report on Harlan's visit to UAB, Kubla report, minutes, etc.

LAN'S LANTERN #20, George (Lan) Laskowski, 55 Valley Way, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013 106 p. of news, articles, reviews, guest editorial by Glicksohn, lettercol, CoH speeches, all sorts of stuff. 1986 Hugo for Best Fanzine. What can I say?

LITTLE FREE PRESS #54. Rt.2, Box 136A, Cushing, MN 56443. What the hell is this?

LINE OF OCCURANCE 12, Arthur Hlavaty, 819 W. Markham Ave., Durham, NC 27701. SFzine. report on worldcon.

LARRIKIN 1-6, Perry Middlemiss, Irwin Hirst: GPO 2708X, Melbourne, Vict 3001 AUS. Articles on sports injuries, restaurant wars, civilized Sunday, blood-letting, A Day at the Footy (football game). If you want to broaden your horizons and get to know Aussie fandom, this is a good place to start.

MAYBE #66, Irv Koch, c/o 835 Chattanooga Bank Bldg, Chat. TN 37402. \$1.50/ish. Zine reviews by categories, article on comix, book reviews, and "long lost locs".

MYTHOLOGIES 19, Don D'Amassa, 323 Dodge St., East Providence, RI 02914. Genzine. 66 p. of myths, columns, articles and lettercol. \$3/ish. Recommended.

MAD 3 PARTY (The) #12-13, Boston '89 bidzine, Box 46, MIT Branch PO, Cambridge MA 02139. \$6/6 ish.

NOVOID #2, 3. c/o Colin Hinz, 1116 College Dr., Saskatoon, Saskatchewan S7N 0W2 CAN. 6/\$5 Genzine. Includes "The Deserved Place of Fido Dogstoevski in Modern Literature"

NASFA SHUTTLE (The) June-Oct.86 North Alabama SF Assn. (Huntsville) newsletter. ed. P.L.Caruthers-Montgomery, 2629 Norwood Ave., Anniston AL 36201. Club news, articles, locs. Good regional.

PYROTECHNICS #38 General Technics newsletter, edited by Gail & Jamie Hanrahan, P.O. Box 261687, San Diego, CA 92126-0998. Purports to be genzine focusing on hard SF and real-world science and technology. \$3/4ish.

SMART-ASH #33, Chimneyville Fantasy & SF Society, 1410 McDowell Rd., Jackson MS 39204. Clubzine.

SPACE AND TIME #33, 138 W. 70th St., (4B) NY, NY 10023-4432. Semi-annual, \$4.00 each. or 2/\$7.50. Poetry, fiction, art.

SCAVENGER'S NEWSLETTER #28, Janet Fox, 519 Ellinwood, Osage City KS 66523 \$7/yr.
Small press listing, articles, locs.

STICKY QUARTERS 14,15. Brian Earl Brown, 11675 Beaconsfield, Detroit, MI 48224.
Genzine. Interview with Gene Wolfe (by Taral).

SIKANDER #12, Irwin Hirst, 2/416 Dandenong Rd, Caulfield North, Victoria 3161 AUS.
Delightful recounting of Irwin and Wendy's courtship and subsequent marriage. Johy
Foyster's Chapter 4 of 1979 GUFF report. Jack Herman looks at recent Aussie zines.

SHARDS OF BABEL 21, European SF newsletter, Roelof Goudriaan & Lynne Ann Morse,
Noordwal 2, 2513 EA Den Haag, the Netherlands. This is an important little zine.
Now that I've told you (above) how to get in touch with Aussie fandom, and in case you
thought that was all there was, have I got a surprise for you! Fandom lives in France
Yugoslavia, Sweden, and I don't know where all. Roelof tells of his GoHship at the
1986 Eurocon in Zagreb (YU), the European SF Achievement Awards (I'll bet you thought
the Hugos were it, didn't you?) \$5/6ish. (Send cash, there is a check charge.) #21
includes a critique of American criticism, Video Mania in Prague, General Products
feud in Japan, Survey of Italian Magazines.

SPACE WASTRET (The) #2,3. Still yet another Aussiezine edited by Loney, Michelle
and Warner, P.O.Box 545, South Perth, WA 6151 AUS. \$1.50/ish. This zine comes from
the other side of Australia than the others mentioned here, and may have a different
slant on fandom. Jim Gilpatrick told me Perth fandom is isolated, and reminded him
of Southern Fandom. These 24 to 32 pages include articles, editorials, and a spirited
defense of his fictional females by Bob Shaw in #3, in reply to Mark Loney's article
on same in #2.

SQUINCH, one-shot, Jerry Kaufman, 4326 Winslow Pl. N., Seattle, WA 98103. Perzine/
bidzine (Seattle for '88 Corflu).

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #60, P.O.Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211. \$2.50. Richard Geis.
Reviewzine, interviews. Everyone should know about SFR, but if you don't and are
interested in written sf, send money to Geis for current and back issues.

TIME AND AGAIN #2, Dave Locke, 6828 Alpine Ave. #4, Cincinnati, Ohio 45236 \$3/sample.
Article by Skel on the Post Awful (has he ever tried mailing ANVILs?); article by Lon
Atkins complaining that red cars get more speeding tickets; article by Ed Cagle on
hate mail he has received. Lettercol by subject. Beautiful zine, fannish, funny.

TRANSMISSIONS 209-218. Newsletter of Nova Odysseus, Robert Teague, POBox 1534, Panama
City, FL 32402-0123. Club news, meeting notice, trades.

THE TEXAS SF INQUIRER, Fandom Assn. of Central Texas, P.O.Box 9612, Austin, TX 78766.
6 to 46 p. last 3 issues. Editorials, zine reviews, club minutes, con reports, etc.
Recommended regional.

TIGGER #18,19. Marc Ortlieb, POBox 215, Forest Hill, Vict 3131 AUS. He only takes
money to forward to the fan fund of your choice. The views expressed in Tigger do
not necessarily reflect the views of the editor even if he wrote it himself. Articles
on how doctors evolved, and "The Dunnakin Tree", an Oz-ecological reply to Art
Widner's story about the bathroom tree. Recommended reading for the light-hearted.

THYME 52-54, Roger Weddall & Peter Burns, P.O. Box 273, Fitzroy 3065, AUS. Australia's
version of File 770.

UNDULANT FEVER #10, Bruce D. Arthurs, 5316 W. Port au Prince, Glendale, AZ 85306. All-purpose zine. On moving to a new house and tailoring it to one's needs; on being on panels at cons.

WAHF-FUL #16, Jack R. Herman, Box 272, Wentworth Bldg. U. OF Sydney, Australia 2006 Jack's view of Aussiecon II, worldcon rotation, other Aussie cons, and Rocky IV. A bit of silliness from Marc Ortlieb (The Has Beans), a How-to article for Hotel Liaison people, and the first half of Dave Langford's "The Final Drips" (which appears in its entirety in A42), and a lettercol complete this ish.

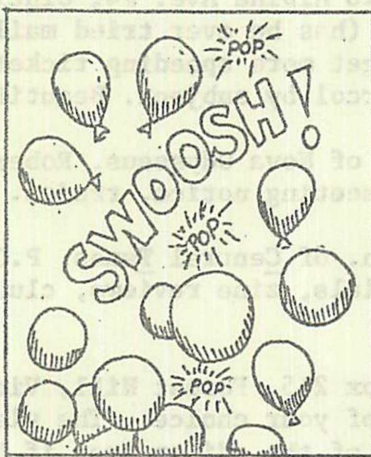
WEBERWOMAN'S WREVENGE #24, Jean Weber, PO Box 42, Lyneham ACT 2601, AUS. This zine is pretty much oriented to feminism, social issues, etc. Juanita Coulson is bemused by discussion of (possibility of) long-term relationships... so am I.

WORLDS OF WONDER #2, 3. Magic City Fantasy Club, c/o Robert Cooke, 414 Fifth St. W., Birmingham, AL 35204. \$8/yr (4 issues). Articles on gaming, Ellison, Pern fandom. Some fiction; club business.

WESTWIND #106-109, Northwest SF Society, POBox 24207, Seattle, WA 98214. Clubzine.

YHOS (Your Humble Obedient Servant) #35, Art Widner, 231 Courtney Lane, Orinda, CA 94563 - FAPazine. (FAPA - where old fen go to live it up.) Art sent me a bunch of back issues which include trip reports, articles, natter, reprints from really old fanzines, and an article on 'shortype'. Good, old-fashioned fanzine. Too bad its not for general circulation.

Whew! This is the first time I have gone through the whole list of zines, trying to say something about each. It may be the last time, too, unless the readership can convince me I have done them a service. -- cp.



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 * THE ANVIL CHORUS *
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 * Letters from our readers... *
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I sometimes neglect to add a name to the mailing list when I intend to, and end up sending them a year's worth of ANVILs at once. That happened to our first correspondent, and is why he is loccking ANVILs 37 through 40.

Walt Willis Receiving 4 ANVILs simultaneously
 32 Warren Road reminds me of the (Somerset
 Donaghadee Maugham?) story about the remotely
 N. Ireland exiled Englishman whose only con-
 tact with the outside world was a



year's backnumbers of The Times delivered every January. What he did was read the earliest one each day, so that he had NEWS every morning. This seemed to be very sensible, but more than that, what he had was really when you think of it a time travel ability, it always being open to him to take a peek into the future. I wonder if he felt the Power he had. // A37 was much appreciated, especially Charlotte's idea of a separate fannish Heaven for each type of fan but the uneasy idea occurs to me that each fan Heaven would be other fans' Hell. It leaves one with the uneasy idea that the fannish Hereafter might be both, in the form of a huge Worldcon. It would take a fannish Dante to do justice to this concept. Next, A38.

Charlotte, you can have no idea of how strangely awed I--and I think Bob Shaw--feel to see you talking like that about the Enchanted Duplicator, which we wrote some 32 years ago. Gosh. // I thought your trip-non-report was great. You tell me all sorts of interesting things that no one else has, for instance all that about fast food. That was really interesting too about the classlessness. I wonder will it survive the influx of New Australians. // Ho--I saw that about The Wilberforce; all I can offer in return is Wombattleship Galactica. // I liked your story about Larry Niven. For some reason it reminds me of a story by Eric Linklater about how he gets into conversation with an old sailor and listens with half an ear to rambling reminiscences about past voyages--until suddenly he realises he is listening to a word-of-mouth account of the voyage of Jason... Next, A39.

For me, the article by Zdenek Rampas was the high spot of A39. It was a rare glimpse into another world, though in a sense it poses more questions than it answers; all of them I suppose relating to the attitude of the authorities. Many of us tend to identify more with the clandestine samizdat phenomenon rather than official organizations, and the situation seems rather as if our fandom were divided by a sort of Berlin Wall between FAPA and the N3F. // I liked the letter section too, especially Glicksohn and Coulson. (But I wonder what on earth milk gravy is.) I note you brought an Australian rock home. I hope it wasn't Ayers--it might be missed. This may be the most significant Earth Movement in fandom since Rick Sneary sent me a bag of soil from South Gate. Next, A40.

I hate to see good people like Julie Ackerman worrying about anti-Americanism among Europeans. Apart from sincere political differences some of it arises in my opinion from a sense of indebtedness; cf the famous question, "Why does he hate me so much? I never did him a good turn." I always think of it as the Ackerman Syndrome, after Julie's namesake Forry, who is so kind and generous that ordinary people sometimes feel put under an unwelcome obligation. Take it from me that many over here think the US is a marvelous country, with people to match. // ANVIL 40 was great. Meade was interesting. I have seen a micronet fanzine--the editor sent me a copy asking for permission to put The Enchanted Duplicator on it. // One's attitude to being read to may depend on one's own reading speed. To me it's like walking with shoelaces tied together. Next, A41?

Joe Moudry	Have made eyetracks through the fortieth issue of one of the few
P.O. Box 1205	verities of recent years, and have actually rolled a new window in
Tuscaloosa	the word processor to LoC it (if one only knew how long it's been
AL 35403	since a LoC came from these fingers...).

It was a gentle flash from the past to see an article from Meade Frierson, even one as brief as "The Newest Faneds." Being a SysOp myself (the BBS is called AACE:Fuji, its number is (205)348-1502, and its hours are: 17:00--08:30 (Central) Mondays--Fridays & 24 hrs/daily on weekends (which begin at 17:00 hrs. Fridays)) I can all too easily agree with him (and Andy Andruschak in the lettercol) that Bulletin Board Systems (BBSs) may well be the fan-/apa-zines of the future. Since Meade seems to have pledged to IBM I find it interesting, if understandable, that he gives so large an investment in the hardware necessary to run a BBS. Mine is running with only a 128K micro, a dual disc drive (single sided, double density, for a total mass storage of 360K), and a modem that retails for \$49.95. It's true that I don't have lots of freeware available for downloading, but very few of the BBS transactions, either on my Board or any of the other six+ currently active Tuscaloosa BBSs, are used to any extent with file down/up loads. The Tuscaloosa boards are more like a weekly apa bundle where everyone makes a daily contribution and logs on later (often the same day) to see what that contrib. has evoked from others.

Meade's BBS universe is spelled IBM and, it would seem, comes equipped with color graphics and interactive videos, both of which are great fun, but most of those boards that I find myself calling are those which allow anyone to log on, transmit ASCII-only text/characters, and put as small a fence between the BBS and its potential user-interactive audience as possible. The Tuscaloosa boards are free and wide open to anyone with a modem and a phone line, and have a bit of the True Believer spirit that fandom of decades gone by had. There also exist, although not in Tuscaloosa at present, special interest BBSs, boards in which one enters a universe created by the SysOp and in which the caller must live, learn and interact while connected. A few of the ones of this type that I've been on are close to addictive: a fantasy kingdom with very vivid descriptions of the "route" one takes (as opposed to the normally encountered straight-forward menus) and a general ambiance that can assume the feel of a first rate interactive adventure program; a puzzle where the user must figure out the next correct response or be logged off by the system; etc. And all of this without even mentioning the national "services" like CompuServe, Delphi or The Source, all of which have added simultaneous multi-person interactive dimensions...

The thing that makes all of this feel like the fanzine fandom of decades past is the excitement evoked by the possibilities that these admittedly crude BBSs point toward.

The earliest fanzines of the late Thirties aren't immortal contributions to the language or culture of American letters but they did point toward the possibilities of the new medium and the communications networks that could be forged by using it. I doubt that Bulletin Boards will ever be as literate, funny and simply as much fun to read as are fanmags, but they do offer new possibilities for the development of communities of like-minded fen (be they fanmish in stfnal terms or based on other areas of interest).

ANVIL has been a continuing source of pleasure from the first issue, when Wade thrust its shiny, photocopied surface in our snouts. Although I haven't developed the Loccing habit, all of these forty issues have been read, digested, argued with, enjoyed and filed for future rereading. The most recent addition to my ANVIL habit is to take them to my office, where they will become part of a collection of amateur journalism (that the Library has yet to announce). Enough of this; I always enjoy ANVIL and look forward to seeing the new issue slither into my ancient mailbox.

Harry Warner, Jr. It's undoubtedly my bigotry against computers that is ruining
423 Summit Avenue my better judgment. But I still have doubts about the poten-
Hagerstown, MD 21740 tial for the computer equivalent of fanzines which Meade
 Frierson's article and a letter column contributor both mention.
The samples I've seen of computer bulletin boards remind me much more of citizens'
band radio chatter than of fanzines. I can imagine a computer linkup behaving some-
thing like one of the municipal apas on a small scale. But there are so many
problems: expense if you want to save everything via printouts, limitations on art,
difficulty in controlling mailing lists, the probability that the cost of hardware
will limit participation by students and low-income fans, and so on.

All I know about eating places in Yugoslavia is what I saw and heard on several
feature items during the winter olympics coverage on ABC television a couple of
years ago. Krsto Mazuranic's article sort of fits in with the chaotic impression
given by the television glimpses into taverns and inns.

I liked Patrick Gibbs' reviews, particularly his custom of expressing displeasure
frankly without growing hysterical about that reaction the way the killer reviewers
do. // I enjoyed the comments on fanzines... It's encouraging that both Gary Farber
and you haven't thought that maybe I've already invented the loc computer program
to save me so much fanzine reading and loc typing in my old age.

Someone who has been in fanzine fandom a long while and has a good memory ought to
write an article on the topic of Mike Glicksohn's loc, things that have been pasted
into fanzines down through the years. (I qualify on only 50% of those qualifica-
tions.) SAPS used to be a particularly favored place for three-dimensional features
in fanzines, culminating in the distribution of portions of a hotel, the one that
had hosted the worldcon in New Orleans, after the building was razed.

Skel is a braver fan than me. Writing locs in bed seems to me much worse than eat-
ing crackers in bed. I'd sooner sleep among crumbs from crackers than amid staples
that have come loose from fanzines any old night.

I've never had the patience to sit through sessions in which authors read their own
stories. Most prose, particularly fiction, written nowadays benefits from being read
silently and rapidly. It rarely has the qualities that made reading Dickens or
Thackery alous such a favorite 19th century pastime.

Jeanne Mealy Meade Frierson's article was a timely one. I've debated with
2633 Dupont Ave. So. a hacker friend whether he should join an apa or not, and he
Minneapolis, MN 55408 indicated that's what a bulletin board system is. And, you
 can made hard copies of whatever you'd like to save and reread.
Of course, you can't go back if you later want to follow up on something you had mild
interest in at the time...

Barbara Harmon came up with some good entried for "Fandom in the Middle Age." I
understand the last one, though I'm not worrying about it yet. ?? I'm trying to
figure out what sort of work Bob Shaw does that swollen feet would prevent him from
dling it for a couple of weeks... // I liked "The Mafiaettes Ride Again!" It took
awhile for my jaw to close after that last, excitement-filled paragraph, though.

Martin Morse Wooster The most interesting piece in A40 was Meade Frierson's short
P. O. Box 8093 note, if only because there is so much in it to disagree with.
Silver Spring From what I know of computer bulletin boards, they lack one
MD 20907 major thing fanzines have--permanence. You can't pile up back
 issues of a bulletin board in your closet and watch them
crumble and age. You can't have people stare at you as you walk down the street,
wondering what exactly you are reading. I also believe that the bulletin boards
have not progressed to the point that they can carry artwork.

The most interesting advance of the bulletin board is the possibility of instantane-
ous comments. With apas you have to wait until the next collation to hear what
people have to say about you; with a bulletin board, you can get the information
overnight. I would suspect that this would mean that the bulletin board would never
evolve into a genzine or anything close to it, if only because people will not be
willing to spend several months on an article that would disappear after two day's
existence. I'm not as pessimistic as Harry Andrushak; I think fanzines will continue
to exist in one form or another. But I suspect they will be as anachronistic as
books themselves in twenty years or so. (I hope I'll have something to talk about
in 2010 besides interactive novels.)

I won't see any part of Flashpoint besides the part you quoted, but I couldn't agree
more with Avedon about downplaying the idea that conventions are Party Central.
Washington conventions have been overrun in the past few years with what John Betan-
court calls "drebs"--people who don't have any connection with fandom. The drebs are
usually teenagers who spend their time playing bad punk music loudly, passing out,
and shouting incoherently. Their presence has resulted in Unicon being suspended and
Disclave surviving only due to very restrictive liquor policies and about a dozen
police milling about frequently. Fortunately, people with sensitive fannish minds
can weed the drebs out and concentrate on being with their friends.

Roger Weddall's letter makes a great deal of sense, particularly his point about the
way American fen sometimes behave. One of the things I learned at Aussiecon is that
the Worldcon needs to be out of the US as often as possible, if only so that we will
not act as sillily as that American fan did. // To Charlotte: I don't think any of
the fen (you refer to) were anti-American; I think they were against American foreign
policy, which is a different question entirely. Foreign policy is sort of a 300 lb.
gorilla that hangs around every American whenever we travel abroad; we may love this
gorilla or hate it, but it is always there.

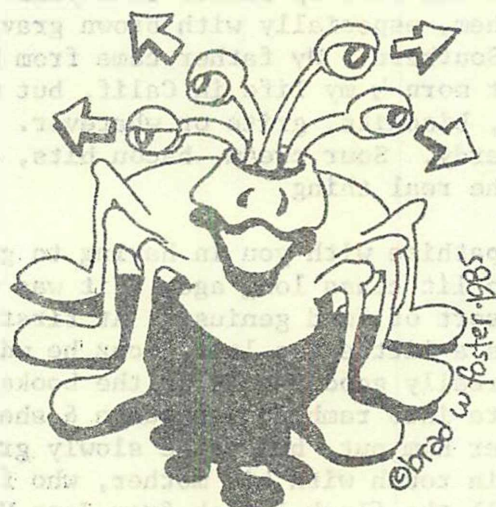
Brian Earl Brown You should have called "The Mafiaettes Ride Again" "Repo Women".
 11675 Beaconsfield A repo woman's life is always intense! Denise and I watched a
 Detroit, MI 48224 VCR of Repo Man recently and it was a pretty strange movie.
 But we like strange movies, like Eating Raoul, Lust in the Dust,
 Buckeroo Bonzae, etc. We fell in love when we discovered a shared love for Frank
 Zappa and Firesign Theatre. Altho we live a dull middle-class existence, we sense
 that life is just too bizarre.

I guess that's why I rather liked James Tiptree's Brightness Falls From The Air, it was a very strange story. It starts out like a story in a fairy tale--pastoral planet, innocent (sinless) natives, colorful tourists waiting to see one big spectacular. Then Tiptree slowly removes the bright wraps to reveal the coils inside -- indentured sex stars, a necrophilic princess, an alien assassin, pirates. But she doesn't stop there, and I think Patrick Gibbs misses this point. The crisis during that long night brings out a lot of good in characters. Heroism, love, a desire to improve one's life. And I think this is Tiptree's point, that nothing is absolute. Franatics "murdered" a star, destroying an entire race but also freeing it from a hideous parasite; good coming out of bad. It is, I think, a very life-affirming book, but one that takes an unflinching look at life, that accepts that life isn't easy. Only two other books that I've read recently stand out on the same level as Tiptree's -- Benford's Across The Sea Of Stars and Sterling's Schismatrix, which was an 1985 hardcover and deserved to be on the Hugo ballot.

Strumpet was an uneven zine, I thought. Pam Wells is somewhat stodgy as a writer and for a remake of "Rude Bitches" you've got to be a pretty breezy writer. But Linda Pickersgill's articles on how to be a Southern Belle more than made up for that. It is a brilliant essay. I'm glad you liked Taral's New Toy. That first issue was a commanding performance. I worry at times that Taral gets unfairly slighted by people who are put off by some of his rougher edges. But few other fans can both write or draw, and so very few can do both as well.

I read your comments on "Rats" to Keir over the phone the night ANVIL arrived. Predictably Keir laughed in all the wrong places. And before you ask, I have first dibs on all of Keir's so-called letters - both for Rats and SQ. I've been thinking of doing a 'Best of Rats' but haven't found the time to work on it.

Weirdbook is one amateur fiction magazine that I don't mind calling a small press publication. W. Paul Ganley has published a lot of fiction by established pros in Weirdbook; Stephen King is only one in a list that includes Brian Lumley, Robert E. Howard and R. Campbell among others. Most appeared there because there is no real market for horror stories of Eldritch Terror. In that respect, the only thing amateur about Weirdbook is Ganley's payment schedule--peanuts compared to the 5-10 ¢ per word paid by the prozines. King (of course) can afford to slum in a favorite fanzine. Ellison was paid good money to write that screenplay of the King story. For that kind of money Ellison will script just about anybody's story.



Art Widner
231 Courtney Lane
Orinda, CA 94563

Your mentioning that you were going to turn ANVIL into a genzine is interesting, bcoz that's the path I followed in my first incarnation with FANFARE, which started out as a clubzine for the Paleolithic Boston outfit that preceded NESFA by many years, featuring such luminaries as Harry Stubbs & LR Chauvenet. Harry is now better known as Hal Clement. It's doubly interesting bcoz I've been thinking of turning YHOS from a perzine-apazine to a genzine for the 50th anniversary of FAPA, coming up next year.

Tw'd make more sense to revive FANFARE, but I'm afraid Harry Warner might take my one record away from me. You see, when I revived YHOS in 1979 with issue #14, that established a record of 34 years between consecutive numbers of a fanzine. I thot that was pretty safe, but Dick Lupoff recently tied it by resurrecting one of his old zines. Harry and I both quit our genzines at about the same time, so if I tried to set a new record of 44 years, he cd easily top it by just waiting a year or two.

Anyway, I think you have a pretty Jamn good genzine going already. With Coulson's and your column, Gibbs' revus, and a good locol, you have a really strong skeleton to flesh out with occasional articles by the likes of BoSh et al. Just keep on keepin' on! Of course, it wd help if you cd get over your "suffering" complex. Not only did u suffer for supper in Oz, but you had poor Mike Glicksohh (another typo that may become as famous as "Frqnk" Robinson) visiting Skel last "suffer." Now I know it do get hot in Alabama, but that's no reason to assume its the same in Old Blighty. I think you shd check with yr shrink & see whats going on, bcoz- the P & M keys are nowhere near the F key! Brian Earl Brown has more typoses than you do, and even some rather creative ones from time to time, but yours have a certain charm that's hard to beat. Like "Baton Rogue," which I believe is located up in southern Oregon along the Rogue River somewhere.

You wdnt think the Ozzie toilet paper was all that bad if youd ever tangled with the stuff they give you in Russie & China. I mean, Im talking real splinters here, folks. I guess their pulp mills dont pulp as fine as ours do, or the inspectors are tanked up on vodka half the time. In China, maybe it was bao tai, but I learned in both places to do my own inspection for little teeny pieces of wood that showed up from time to time. If youre afflicted withe Grapes of Wrath, be sure to take yr own kleenex along if you go there.

I got news for you, Char: a sweet potatoe is NOT a "yam". SPs have yellow insides, less sugar and cook up firmer than yams. I like both, but will choose SPs anytime I can get them, especially with brown gravy. Maybe gravy is "particularly American", and even Southern. My father came from Maryland, altho I grew up in New England & have spent morn 1/2 my life in Calif, but we always had gravy with potatoes, & often with rice, biscuits, grits or whatever. To me, potatoes w/o gravy is like Laurel without Hardy. Sour cream, bacon bits, chives & all that are OK, but only substitutes 4 the real thing.

I can sympathize with you in having to get rid of a "certifiable" nut. I had one in an evening lit class long ago, & it was quite painful. All the more so in that he was some sort of "mad genius." At first I thot he was an acid freak who had fried his brains a little too long, bcoz he wd come up with some of the most startling insights & really good points on the books we were reading, but then his discourse wd deteriorate into rambling nonsense & sheer drivel. I never really had to confront him & order him out, but as he slowly grew worse I reported it to administration & they got in touch with his mother, who finally committed him. Pity. ((You wouldn't believe all the flack I took from Jean Weber's readers after a version appeared in WWW. I was accused of being prudish, Christian (?!) and I don't know what all.))

Buck Coulson
2677 W - 500 N
Hartford City
IN 47348

I must say Krsto's conclusion about avoiding "exotic" food in Yugoslavia makes that country entirely different from England, where the exoctic restaurants are the ones to patronize. Or, at least, patronize the "non-native" restaurants; French food isn't exactly "exotic", I suppose. The one thing Juanita and I still remember are the fossilized peas served in every genuine English restaurant... Of course, England is probably an anomaly, though most "native" US food (hamburgers, hot dogs, grits, etc.) isn't exactly brilliant cuisine. But we do have corn on the cob and black-eyed peas in our favor. ((A friend of mine who is a gourmet cook used to say that American cooking at its worst was better than English cooking at its best.))

Correction to Brian Earl Brown; communism preaches an end to political change, once the communistic millenium has occurred. Technological change is, as far as I know, supposed to be accellerated. While all the communist-bloc stf that I've read assumes a collectivist society, nearly all the western stf assumes a capitalistic one, so??? (Yes, we do seem to have more political variety, but then capitalism, which is economic only, allows for more.)

Trouble with "small press sf" as a term is that it is (a) long-winded, and (b) does not differentiate between semi-pro magazines and book publishers such as Nesfa Press and Don Grant, and thus requires more wordage to make the distinction. Actually, there are only two kinds of magazines in the stf field; fanzines don't pay money for material and prozines do. The amount paid is immaterial. A professional writer works for money and an amateur works for egoboo, and whether he writes for a fanzine or an academic "little literary mag" is also immaterial. I wrote newspaper columns when I was a teenager, but since I didn't get paid for them, it was amateur writing. The only problem is deciding which magazines do pay (I haven't any idea if LOCUS pays its contributors, but I doubt it.)

Note to Skel; a list to port would only be correct if he'd been drinking. Considering the rest of his letter, I can't be sure about that, but I'll accept "starboard". While I'm thinking about that one, I wonder if that's why the people who hand out general's commissions are always conservative -- right wing, you might say. They do, after all, comprise a starboard.

To Keith Asay; I haven't the vaguest idea of how much it would cost to paint an average sized barn these days; my barn-painting days were in the 1940s. Considering prices nowadays, I'd guess \$1000 to \$1500, and I might be on the low end. Of course, farmers don't hire professional painters for their barns now; it costs too much. They do it themselves or don't do it. And, of course, Mail Pouch never did paint the entire barn; they painted the side--generally one end--which held their advertising. The farmer got a free paint job for one side of the barn, and was generally happy to get it. In this area, there's one painter up near Fort Wayne who still paints Mail Pouch signs; he gets written up in newspapers now and then.

Baen hasn't responded to my push for Geoff St. Reynard stories.

Don D'Amassa George Inzer might be interested to know that Geoff St. Reynard is
323 Dodge Street Robert Krepps, who has had quite a number of adventure novels pub-
East Providence lished, although no science fiction. He does seem to be one of the
R.I. 02914 overlooked writers from that period, as Krepps is quite good. I
 remember "Diamond Fever" and "Courts of the Lion" as excellent
adventure novels.

I do think, however, that he overestimates the importance of Japan as a military power. If anything, it might be to our advantage to have a strong military presence in Asia right now, as a counter to Vietnam, at least until such time as that country settles down and stops sending troops into neighboring countries. But the idea that any new military power is going to have a significant effect on overall world trends (or that a military Japan would pose any threat to the US) is just not credible.

Roger Waddington Many thanks for ANVIL 40; thought must admit, here and now,
4 Commercial Street that I've probably got it under false pretences. Don't know
Norton, Malton exactly what Buck Coulson might have said by way of reference,
North Yorkshire but I'm way behind in the beauty stakes, and lacking any fast
YO17 93S Eng. transport; in fact, not even owning a bicycle. Of course,
 getting from A to B over here isn't so important, when we've
still got a reasonable public service (and American style journeys, unless from North to South, would end up in the sea, anyway.) Though there must be room in the literature for a study on The Fast Car in American Mythology; not even having a driving licence, I'll leave it for someone else to write. ((Some Mafiaettes have thier own fast cars with which to pick up good-looking men... uh, I mean... you don't really have to own a fast car if you're good-looking... no, no, I mean... let's talk about something else, O.K.??))

Mind you, I'm double surprised that it came at all, when there are such comments as 'sitting back and watching the English getting nuked'; seems I missed an interesting discussion. (Is it a Law of Fandom that the issue you missed is just as interesting as the one you've got?) Trying to piece it together from hints dropped and comments given, much like an archaeologist putting together old bones, I suspect that you've (the plural 'you', that is) been making the same mistake as the rest of us, that of listening to the people who shout the loudest, and taking what they say as gospel. Suppose it's inevitable in fandom where communication is the greatest asset, where the well-known fen are those who have the highest profile; but what about the silent majority? This one at least is getting tired of the people who come clamouring across the TV screen every night, who fill pages of print with venom and vituperation against the established authorities. Of course, having a right-wing, pro-American government in power, the howls are loudest against it and so against America, which is a theory I've never really understood; and there's the subtle irony that nowhere else would they have the freedom to protest, though I doubt that thought has ever entered their pointed little heads. As the saying goes 'the views expressed are not necessarily those of the management'; and in this case, that's for definite.

Too, whether by reason of the above or some different cause, it seems to be the height of fashion to be anti-American. I suspect that it might have started way back with Vietnam; I'd certainly like to meet the man who did such a superb PR job for the North Vietnamese, our little brown brothers, freedom fighters all, taking on the repressive might of the American war machine with bows and arrows; it must have been one of the most successful advertising campaigns in history. And the

effect's lasted ever since. Still, I think it's the height of cruelty to shatter people's illusions, to contrast their romantic fantasies of a world without the influence, without the protection of America, with the grim reality of life in that part of the world where this is the case. Though it's maybe heartening that the people most avid for the American way of life, for jeans, records, film stars and Coca-Cola are Russian teenagers. (Here, is this soapbox safe? Aaaaah! THUD.)

The Newest Faneds; ah, but what happens, as has been so often predicted, when civilisation collapses, when brownouts turn to blackouts, when the power lines across the country are useful for no more than acting as directions to primitive settlements, when we're back to the horse and buggy days? The future surely lies with us, who haven't yet advanced further than a manual typewriter, never mind electric, whose skill with a hectograph is still unrivalled, where such state-of-the-art fen will be weeping tears of frustration over unyielding keys and an empty screen... There's everything to be said for being out of date! (This has been an advertisement for the Computerless Society; join your local branch now!)

Looking for the silver lining in my particular black cloud, seems I really am better off being unemployed in Britain rather than America, judging by Buck's experiences. If you've worked for three months in any one year, you're entitled to unemployment benefit for a year after, with very few questions asked, and all it takes is just one visit to an office. (After that, it's supplementary benefit, with just one more question; what savings have you got?) And even then, they only suggest that you pop in to their Job Centre, in the nicest possible way; it isn't even compulsory. Of course, the result of this benign neglect is that they've suddenly discovered people on their books who've been three years or more without a job, and so are descending on unemployment offices everywhere, in an attempt to search them out and find them work... Ordinarily, being one of those three-year men myself, I might not have escaped; but having had some bouts of temporary work this year, and so signing on and off like some demented yo-yo, I might have slipped through their clutches.

Dave Langford I'd noticed in myself a certain tendency to wrench open and devour
94 London Road ANVIL within seconds of its arrival.. it must be good. This is
Reading, Bersk. deeply significant in British fandom, for it means you've overcome
RG1 5AU U.K. what we call the Birmingham Barrier. The long-established fan
group of Birmingham, England, has put decades of non-effort into
making Birmingham synonymous with "no worthwhile fanzines". This numbing weight of
prejudice stands between you and UK acceptance. If you changed your name to "Keith
Walker" or "Michael Ashley", and switched the fanzine title to something like SIC
MATRIX FANATIQUE, things would be even worse--so don't despair. ((This letter ac-
companied Dave's article which appears elsewhere in this zine. I filed them both
away until after ConFederation. About a week ago I was sitting on the floor fool-
ing around with the VCR, trying to learn to program it (the directions are long
since gone), when my eye fell on the two shelves of books beneath it. There are
people, I said to myself, who come into your house and read your bookshelves to see
what kind of people live there. I wonder what they would think of this conglome-
ration... Bradbury, McAvoy, Churchill, Readers' Digest... and there are some of
Jerry's books... anything to do with war, weapons, battles, the past or future his-
tory of same... wait a minute, there's one by "David Langford." I wonder if...
nah, it couldn't be. I opened "War in 2080" to the dust jacket blurb on the author.
"Jerry... did you know that I have a letter and article in the ANVIL files from the
man who wrote one of your books?" Small world.))

Bruno Ogorelec Much to my chagrin the "blowjobs in con'suite" debate was over before
Kopernikova 10 I could join the fray. A blow to my prurient nature, as it were. I
41020 Zagreb was surprised at the disbelief professed by your correspondents --
YUGOSLAVIA I've attended few big conventions and only one worldcon (Chicon IV)
but have seen enough sex-play in (and out of) consuites to make the
idea quite credible. Hm. This reminds me of Wade Gilbreath's complaint, way back
in ANVIL 33, about missing all the "goings on" at the conventions. Perhaps therein
lies the answer--my experience is quite the opposite. It could be that as a for-
eigner I look like an interesting addition to whatever is going on, but at any rate
somebody seemed to be pulling at my sleeve all the time and proposing I join one
outrageous thing after another. True, so far nobody has openly proposed a blowjob,
least of all in the consuite, but still it does not sound so far out to me.

An unexpected insight here: all those outrageous things later turned out to be either
less outrageous than I'd hoped for, or else I didn't fit into them for one reason or
another. I know it sounds improbable but for me the programming staples often beat
the extracurricular activities hands down. I happen to like science fiction and an
occasional good item on the con program, if related to SF, is likely to give my plea-
sure centers a nice strong jolt. I realise, of course, that this is a rather paro-
chial attitude; most of the other con-goers in my memory kept their interest in SF--
if any--well hidden.

Readings, however, are definitely not on my list of favorite con attractions. Buck
Coulson's comments and the hilarious account of how the Ortliebs were put off Silver-
berg's fiction by the author's reading bring to mind Heinlein's warning: "A poet who
reads his verse in public may have other nasty habits".

The "awful" Aussie toilet paper... well, I was tempted to do a field test (could not
do it in clear conscience, however, as it was Krsto's copy of ANVIL). It did not
look that bad at all. In mundane life I am a travel agent and, believe me, I've
seen much worse on the travels. Bear in mind that for the majority of people on
Earth even torn newspapers are unattainable on a regular basis.

By the way, modern newspapers are quite unsuitable as a wiping medium. Of all kinds
of non-toilet paper used in lieu of the real thing, old pulps used to be the best,
tough but not abrasive. If ever so slightly damp--i.e. stored in a cellar rather
than the attic--pulp paper of yore would approach the pliant but impenetrable ideal.
Also, being porous it absorbed the printing ink very well and did not leave gray
streaks on your posterior as modern slick pages are apt to do.

Roy Tackett (and most of your other correspondents for that matter) should think
twice before mouthing off about the "communist" countries. They generally know far
too little (and that little mostly wrong) to be able to form an informed opinion.
Also, throwing a dozen countries indiscriminately into the same "communist" bag is
like throwing together France, Denmark, Great Britain, Ireland, Greece and Spain
and calling them "capitalist" countries. While the label is undoubtedly true, it
does not tell anybody anything. It only perpetuates misunderstanding.

Roger Weddall is someone else! No, not a Welsh coalminer, not a used-car salesman,
and most emphatically not Tony Cvetko. Rather, he is a Harrison Ford-like character
who periodically disappears to roam the far-off corners of the world (Egypt, Yugo-
slavia, Netherlands...) having outrageous adventures incognito while in the meantime
a staff of dozens of home-base operatives maintains a facade of his presence. They
forward his letters to whatever mysterious locations their boss has chosen, they
publish THYME, etc. The only certain clue to his disappearances is a sudden,

noticeable jump in the quality of his fanzine when he is away, and a corresponding fall when he returns. Most travellers of his caliber sooner or later find their way to Zagreb and enjoy a modicum of my hospitality there. My usual test of their mettle is a dinner of local blood sausage. So far only Roger Weddall and Bob Shaw have passed with aplomb. It is true, though, that Bob has not been the same since so I must consider Roger to be the only one. He never batted an eyelid, leisurely chewing the thing, helping himself to another serving, all the while chatting merrily. That's what I call poise.

In contrast, Harry Andruschak lacks it. I mean, what's wrong with an erection in a Jacuzzi in the company of nice looking women? I would think it a compliment to the ladies, rather than faux pas. Besides, he needn't worry. Unless the ladies behave provocatively (and then an erection is surely the proper response) the impulse will simply not be there. In my fifteen years of nude beach experience I haven't seen an erection rear its head once, regardless of the beauty of the ladies. It is as if you subconsciously knew that in such cases the nudity is not on display as a mating call. It is, in effect, just a different kind of clothing.

Mike Glicksohn Despite what Brian says I think we can all aspire to the flair
508 Windermere Ave. of our better writers. We may not get there but if we give up
Toronto, Ontario trying to improve then what's the point in churning stuff out?
M6S 3L6 CANADA Writing is part inspiration and part perspiration and those of
 us who lack the former have to put in a larger amount of the
latter. A man's reach should exceed his grasp and all that sort of thing. (As for
Brian's thought that worry about writing a dull trip report may have kept the number
of TAFF and DUFF reports down I cannot give it the slightest credence. Some fanfund
winners were outright ripoff artists -- Mario Bosnyak comes to mind -- while others
were simply too damn lazy to take the time to do a report and most non-writers simply
gave up on fandom after winning and felt no obligation to uphold their end of
the fan fund bargain. Of late, though, things seem to have improved and if all the
promised reports appear we should be in quite good shape.)

I realized that this age of high-tech fanac was getting a little carried away when I discovered that after I'd reduced material I was sending Dave Locke to 65% so as to save postage costs Dave was taking it to his copier at work and enlarging it back to full size to read it!

My reference... was to British fan Arthur Cruttenden who traditionally signs his first name as $\frac{1}{2}r$. I suppose it makes more sense if you throw in a thick London accent and say "arf-ar." I guess I'd better refrain from mentioning 4sJ Ackerman or VinC Clarke. ((No, no, that's all right. I've quite caught on now. Art Widner's letter this time was an education to me in "shortspell"; although I read it readily enough, my fingers kept wanting to spell out the whole word as I transcribed his letter.))

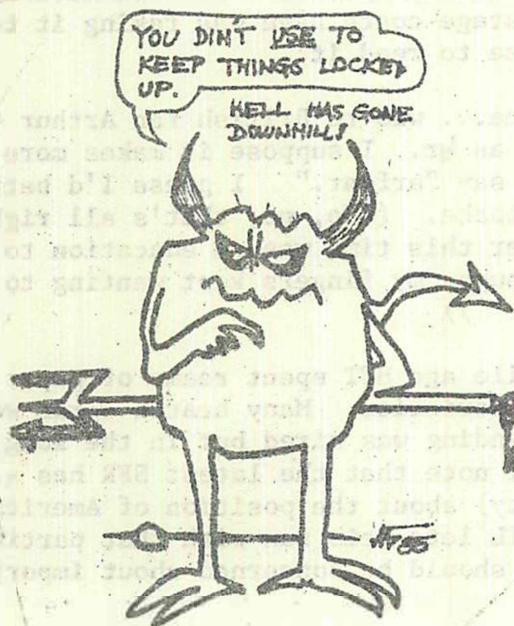
A short while ago HTT spent reams of paper thrashing out an issue called American Cultural Imperialism. Many heated words were exchanged and much misinformation and misunderstanding was aired but in the long run nothing that I could see was accomplished. I note that the latest SFR has a fair amount of rhetoric (much of very high quality) about the position of America on today's world stage and in all honesty I hope ANVIL lets Geis run with that particular football. It isn't that I don't believe fans should be concerned about important issues but rather that I prefer to

see fanzines acting as forums for matters for which there aren't other outlets. I'm suspicious of politicians everywhere, including the US, but that doesn't keep me from visiting Stateside a dozen times a year and rating fifteen Americans among my twenty best friends. So I won't call on you to defend the crimes of your government and you needn't ask me to explain the ineffectiveness of mine but we can argue about just how good a fanzine ANVIL is. Deal? ((Funny you should mention it, Mike, but I have never lusted after an in-depth discussion of American foreign policy (I think MMW's symbolic '300 pound gorilla' very apt). It was just that after I had mentioned it, I had to let everyone else have their say. Everyone seems to feel pretty strongly about it, but I agree with you that arguing about it in ANVIL will not change anyone's position. I think I'll just let the subject die a natural death. So far as 'arguing about how good a fanzine ANVIL is...' is concerned, well, there is always a certain amount of that sort of thing in fanzines. We like to talk about ourselves, our fandom, our zines. Some zines are devoted entirely to the whys and wherefores of fandom. That's a bit much for me, and I want to continue to take advantage of ANVIL's "specialness" in order to have things in it that most other zines don't. In case you are wondering what I consider special about ANVIL, it is this: We have correspondents and contributors from eleven countries other than the U.S. This gives us the opportunity to, as Robert Burns said, "... see ourselves as others see us." And to find out how the (some of the) rest of the world lives and thinks -- to get to know their fanhistory, their reactions to our triumphs and disasters.... Well, rats! Here I am, editorialising in the middle of somebody's letter. And now back to our feature presentation.))

The current TAFF administrators did call me this year to see if I knew any of a half-dozen ballots they couldn't identify. (I knew one.) So sometimes verification is done. When I was teller for the FAAN Awards there were usually two or three names I didn't recognize but there was never an instance when those votes might have had an effect on the results so I chose to accept them rather than deplete the limited treasury with long-distance calls. I imagine many fan fund administrators do the same.

I must thank Buck for "snood" which I had to look up in the OED. Never say ANVIL isn't educational. (By the way, the OED suggests that "snood" is particularly "the distinctive hairband used by young unmarried women" so when the movie of ANVIL 40 comes out perhaps you'd use "barrette" instead?)

Harry wonders how long it would be before someone suggested a separate organization to administer the Hugos and, of course, the answer involves negative time since George mentions that idea two pages earlier. Personally I see no problem with that: if ANVIL does happen to win a Hugo there are always going to be those who'll snidely suggest that the "fix" was in since Atlanta was running the worldcon. If the body in charge of Hugo awards is separate from but linked to each subsequent worldcon committee then there is far less problem when a worldcon committee member happens to get nominated. ((I can live with snide remarks... next year for sure! Naw, that's in Britain. How 'bout '88? I have lots of friends in NOLA.))



Colin P. Langeveld
9 Lisleholme Road
West Derby, Liverpool
L12 8RU Merseyside U.K.

Well, here I am, writing to you from a radioactive Britain. You know, when I first heard of the Chernobyl Disaster my first thoughts were of those poor folk living so close to that infernal factory of which we know so little about.

Then a few days later we received the news that the 'cloud' would be reaching these fair shores and I screamed, "For Christ sake, send it from whence it came. I am unsullied. My thyroid is pure."

"Shame!" I hear you cry, "shame on your self-centred outlook." Maybe so, but if you have been reading the same stuff that I have for the last thirty years then me-thinks that I would not be alone in noticing a somewhat narrow yellow line running down the back of my best sweat shirt.

FRIDAY MAY 2nd.. BBC REPORT. The cloud has reached the east coast of England, much diluted and with no hazard to health. (For Christ sake. Keep it in the east.)
SATURDAY MAY 3rd. BBC REPORT. The cloud has now reached the north west (that's yours truly) and due to heavy rainfall, ground radiation is reported to be much higher than that in the south. (I am desecrated. I am CONTAMINATED.)
TUESDAY MAY 6th. BBC REPORT. The radioactive cloud which covered Britain during the weekend is expected to return today. This time with little or no effect to the environment. (What did it do the first time round?)

I was standing at the bar of the Central Hotel, Glasgow, during Albacon III when a bloke in a blue jean jacket caught my eye. We got to talking. I bought him a drink and after a while we reached the stage when introductions were in order. The name sounded vaguely familiar. Five drinks later I had it. "You write to ANVIL." Says I. "So do you." Says he.

The name of this sterling, hirsuite chap? Krsto Mazuranic, a man whose company I would recommend to anyone. A word of caution though, NEVER let him tell you a joke.

I will be running the art-show at the Worldcon in Brighton next year, so to any of you folk out there who might be coming over, I would be grateful for any assistance offered during the con.

Krsto Mazuranic Thank you for enclosing the Ballcon flyer with ANVIL! People are
D. Zokalja 1 using it to register! Joe Celko and Roy Williams were the first.
41430 Samobor I'm expecting others... all thanks to you! ((Joe Celko? Surely
Yugoslavia he didn't attend. And if he did, I hope you didn't believe a
word he said about me... // Ka goes on to answer my impertinent
questions about himself.))

I was trained for a teacher of English. And I am crazy--other people read comics and newspapers in the john... I read dictionaries. I have 47 various dictionaries and use them all constantly. I rave over a new and rare English expression as a collector would over a newly discovered Mama Moses.

You see, I'm a dirty pro. ((I think that's 'filthy pro', Ka.)) I translate SF (did close to a million words of English SF into my language), I'm agent to a few YU authors, trying to sell their fiction abroad, I'm up to my neck in starting a pro-zine, I design stationery and badges and ad gimmicks, I tutor five children with their English, I write reviews and essays on SF, and I organize cons (other than SF) for money. I even manage to catch a few hours of sleep every other night.

I work free-lance. Most weekdays I cook for my kids (my wife works in a hospital as a graduated nurse. A "graduated nurse" is something between a nurse and an intern.). I collect empty cigarette packs, have close to 3000 various labels from all corners of the world. Flashy ones make excellent Christmas-tree decoration. I smoke two packs a day and drink gallons of coffee. (Not your American kind that we here in YU call "cowboy coffee", but the deadly strong "Turkish" kind.) I prefer malt whiskey to blended, Irish to Scotch, I pour a drop of tonic water into my whiskey. Any amount of alcohol makes me woodenly drunk if I drink before late in the day.

There are very few fanzine in Continental Europe. I wonder if there are any true ones in the Anglo-American sense of the words. (Remember the misunderstanding with the Finnish guy.) European countries are so different from one another that there can be no answer to your question on how Europeans print their zines. They do it every possible way--and quite a few impossibles.

((Krsto also tells me he is 44; has two children, 13 and 6; and that people shirk from him when they see him at a con. He sent me a snapshot to illustrate why. He's formidable-looking. I can hardly wait to meet him. He sounds like ~~WAAK~~ my kind of guy!))

P.L. Caruthers-Montgomery On your remarks regarding membership in the Birmingham SF club--surely the enclosed indicates I am a member-in-absentia even though I don't appear for collation parties? (& I might iffen I were informed of their occurrence.)

((The 'enclosed' was a copy of a letter dated Dec. 10, 1979 from Jim Gilpatrick, then President-elect of BSFC in which he says: "This letter shall convey to you the BSFC's official invitation into membership. This membership shall entitle you to receive ANVIL... , to attend any and all club meetings..., and to attend any special functions..." Good grief, P.L.!! Do you keep all your old letters? But of course I don't have any problem with your membership in the now-nebulous BSFC--sorry to have inadvertently omitted your name. By the way, how about some more ANVIL logos?))

Wilson Tucker ANVIL 40 his here, and thank you again and again for continuing to send it to me despite my long silences. 2516/H E. Washington St. ((Long silences??? To the best of my knowledge, this is the first letter we have ever had from you. But I'm not complaining -- keep it up!)) Bloomington, IL 61701-4444 The subject is really old hat by now, but there was still one other small invasion of the USA in addition to the English-Canadian incursion of 1812 and the Pancho Villa raid of 1914. The Japanese invaded and occupied for a short time one of the Aluetian islands off Alaska, sometime during the period of 1941-43.

Tony Cvetok Well, it's fanzine time again. I got #39 and #40, but since October I haven't written letters to anybody. 27505 Cordoba Drive Fandom is sickening enough without having to put up with Apartment 3313 it 12 months a year... But I saved ANVIL (and 3 or 4 Farmington Hills, MI 48018 others) because it's, as we say in corporate management, bitchin'. It's hard to get back in the swing of things. Anti-Americanism is natural of course, as is American Imperialism, as will be Chinese Imperialism 100 years from now. The economics of it demand aggressive world policy and we let it happen so we can have our fast cars. I love it when certain well-known British fannish Anti-Americans spout off like they're actually going to change something. You know, I have no idea what I'm talking about. ((Neither do I, Tony, and inasmuch as we are out of space, let's just wrap it up... That's all, folks!))

FACE SHEET

C.I.B. Perth File No. / .

1. DEFENDANT Charlotte, PROCTOR

Age Young years M/S Occupation S.F. Fan Writer ..
Address Birmingham, Alabama

2. DEFENDANT

Age years M/S Occupation
Address

3. DEFENDANT

Age years M/S Occupation
Address

OFFENCE (Briefly) Fail to Visit One of Her Best Friends

CHARGED BY P/C TURKICH 6490

COMPLAINANT Police

SUMMARY OF OFFENCE

At about 1800 Hrs on Saturday the Deft was at a Room Party at the Hilton Hotel in Baltimore where she was heard to State that when in Australia in 1985 for the Aussie Con that she would visit the address of Constable G.J.TURKICH of 8 Protea St, Greenwood.

Deft admitted that she would spend at least one week in Perth with the above mentioned Constable.

This statement was made in the presence of Miss Linda Riley.

It has since come to pass that the deft did not even attempt to stay at the Constables address.

Some attempt was made to ease the non attendance by sending Mr Gillpatrick to the address but this was not the same although a good time was had.

As a result the present charge was preferred.

BAIL: \$1,000.00 PB INTENDED PLEA: GUILTY/NOT GUILTY

REMAND REQUIRED? YES/NO. If required, state reason and if any objections
If Plea changed to Not Guilty

Station: Traffic Branch Perth (SGD)

Date: 12 / 2 / 86


G. J. TURKICH P/C 6490

POLICE PROSECUTOR

Forwarded

Date: / /

INSPECTOR

RESULT OF CHARGE DATE: / /

DATE: / /

(SGD)

3.—COMPLAINT

DEPT. Police
MDL No. USA MDL
BRIEF No. 1/86
DATE OF BIRTH Not Known

COURT OF PETTY SESSIONS

Perth W.A.

ORIGINAL

THE COMPLAINT OF: Gregory John christian names TURKICH surname

OF: Perth IN THE SAID STATE OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA

OCCUPATION: Police Constable SWORN (OR MADE) AT Perth

THIS 12th DAY OF February 19 86, before the undersigned, one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace

for the said State (~~or the Clerk of Petty Sessions.~~ in the said State-) who says

THAT ON THE 2nd DAY OF September 19 83, AT: Baltimore, USA

NAME OF DEFENDANT: Charlotte christian names Proctor surname

(a):

After promising that when she attended Melbourne for the AussieCon would then attend at the address of the above mentioned Police Constable G.J. TURKICH's home in Perth, Western Australia, Failed to do so causing much grief to the Constable who was at the time acting in the execution of his duty.

Contrary to Section 132 (1)(a) of the Best Friends Code.

Section 132 Subsection/Clause *01(a) Act/Reg/Bylaw Code

Signature of Complainant [Signature] Signature of J.P. or C.P.S. [Signature] SP.

NAME OF DEFENDANT: Charlotte christian names PROCTOR surname

OF: P.O.Box 59531 no. and street Birmingham, AL 35259-9531 USA town/locality postcode

to appear in the COURT OF PETTY SESSIONS, COURT HOUSE, Perth in the said State

on THE 20th DAY OF September 19 94, AT 10 O'CLOCK IN THE Fore NOON. (or sooner if Possible)

Summons signed at Perth in the said State, on the day and year first mentioned above.

RECORD OF COURT PROCEEDINGS

Adjournments etc: Any World Con that we can both attend.

DEFENDANT PRESENT:	Yes No	REPRESENTED BY:	PLEA: <u>Guilty</u> Not Guilty	FINDING: <u>Proven</u> Not Proven
PENALTY:	FINE	\$2 x Hugs and or XX IMPRISON XX 15 DAYS in Perth		
COSTS	\$2 x Hugs	DEFAULT: <u>EXECUTION</u>	CLERK'S RECORD	
OTHER ORDER: <u>If Perth to win 94 Bid Charlotte is to attend perth at least 1 week prior to con to help.</u>				