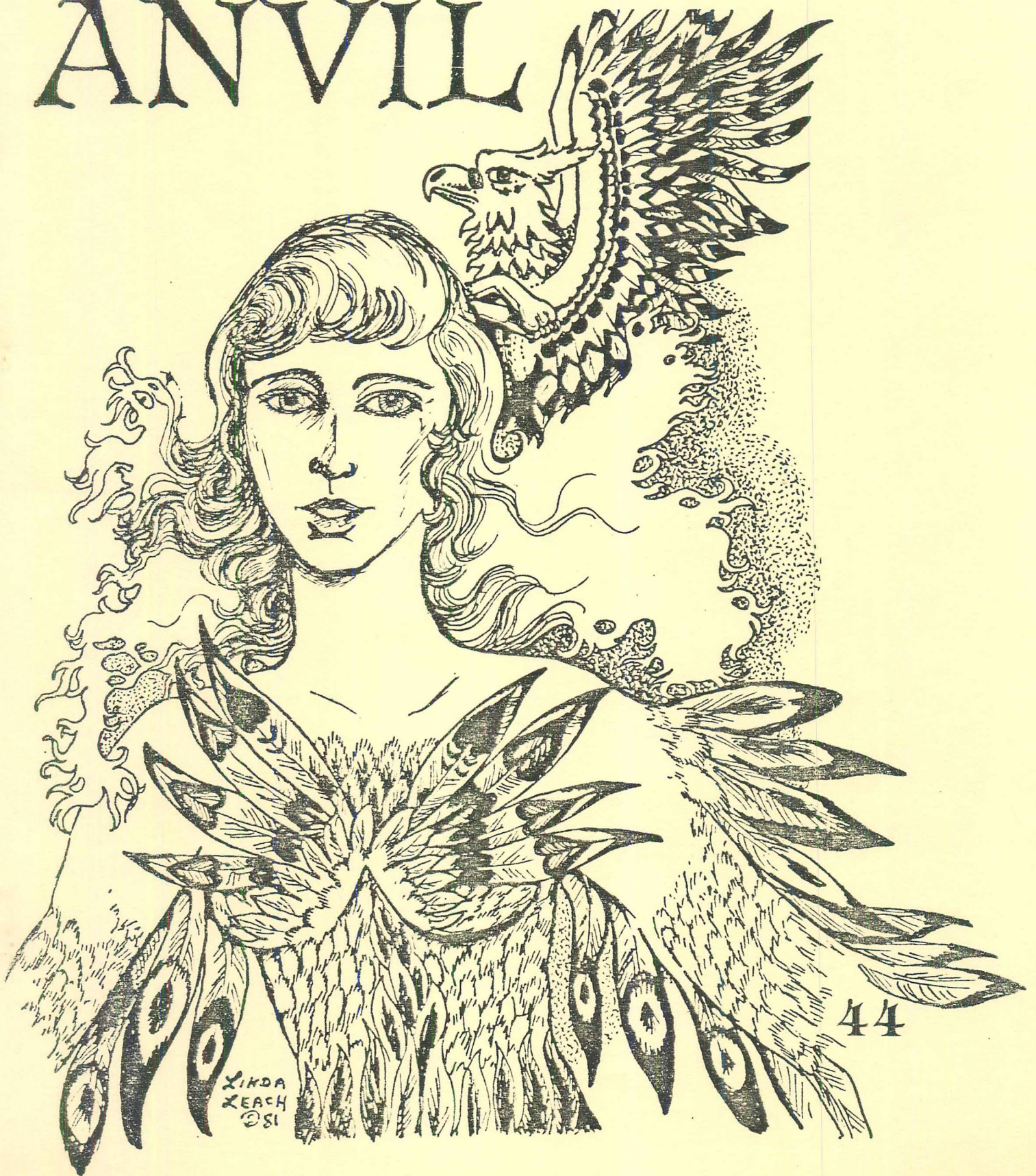


ANVIL



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 * CHARLOTTE ' S WEB
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-- Charlotte Proctor

After a letter-heavy zine last time, we are more into stories, news and gossip this time. For those of you who came in late, the "Mafiaettes" referred to in the title of "The Mafiaettes Break In" are the distaff side of the original Birmingham fan group. How we came by the name is lost in the mists of time, but whenever we get together, we get in trouble.

A couple of issues back we devoted space to costume fans. This ish Buck Coulson chronicles the history of filk-fandom -- I mean, like, How It All Began! Richard Hyde explains how fat-transference can work in your favor, Andrea Gilbreath tries to spend her book-budget carefully, and from our Special Correspondent Beauregard O. Possom, we have the following report...

In a rare telephone interview the other day, Beauregard O. Possom broached some delicate subjects with British author, longtime fan and sometime Hugo MC Bob Shaw. When asked about his plans for the summer, Bob replied that he would be writing. "I'm writing a new book, and am really far behind in the work," he said. "You see, I have had this drug problem and it really slowed me down. I don't mean recreational drugs," he hastened to clarify, "but rather therapeutic drugs I was taking for a medical problem. I had a terrible reaction to the drugs and my mind was a blank for six months." (Beau thought privately that this was a new and unique way to explain writer's block.)

Speaking of health, Beau volunteered that he had embarked upon a self-improvement program and was now walking a couple of miles each day. "I cycled 40 miles today", Bob replied.

Quickly changing the subject, Beau mentioned that Baen Books had sent him (and presumably other US fans) an advance copy of Bob's new Book, "The Ragged Astronauts", and that he had read rave reviews of the book in more than one place. "Well, um, yes," Bob admitted, "It has just been named the best sf book of the year over here."

Beau, having since read the book, agrees with the reviews. Shaw's science fiction work is SCIENCE fiction, in the traditional style, with the seed of an idea planted in the reader's mind which germinates and grows into a fascinating and gripping tale, with the book's characters having to cope with and resolve their dilemma. Ideas are, as Bradbury reminded us in his GoH speech at ConFederation, what science fiction is all about. And ideas are Bob Shaw's main stock in trade. Each book he writes (except "Orbitsville Departure" which was a sequel to "Orbitsville") has a new and different, distinctive and never-before-done, IDEA. From "Fire Pattern" which outlines the connections between SHC (Spontaneous Human Combustion) and interplanetary body-snatching, to "The Ragged Astronauts" which deals with hot air balloon travel between twin planets sharing a common atmosphere, and all his other books, Shaw's ideas are based on scientific data--facts, statistics, observations--from which he fabricates a theory and weaves a tale thereon. Beau loved it. So will you. Don't miss "The Ragged Astronauts."

WHO'S SCRUFFY-LOOKING???

We have been adopted. Jerry called me at work the other day to say that a black kitten had come to the back door demanding to be fed, so he fed it. I hung up, shaking my head. We have a cat, Kira, who is 16 years old. She doesn't like other cats in the house. Once she lived in the kitchen cabinet for three years when an obnoxious female--Omen--was in residence. Kira only came out to eat and use the litter box, and Omen would sneak up on her and scare the sh..., well, you know. I just wasn't so sure how Kira was going to take this.

That night the as-yet-unnamed kitten ate Kira's leftovers. It was scruffy-looking, to say the least, and when it was through I picked it up to toss it outside. It spun in my hands and grabbed my shirt and yowled..."I Loveeeeee Yo!ou!!!" I looked down my nose at it and said "You stink," and threw it out.

I told Valerie when she visited the next day that I thought the kitten didn't know how to wash. "You'll just have to teach it", she said. "I'm not licking that cat!" I told her in no uncertain terms. "No, no," she explained, "get a damp sponge and wipe it as its mother would and it will get the idea." Unbeknownst to each other, Jerry, Forrest and I all sponged down the kitten before morning. And what did we have? A wet cat, that's what.

In desperation I took some margarine and smeared it on the cat. He tried to lick my finger. I rubbed his nose in it. He looked at me with those big orange eyes as if to say "I don't know what you are doing to me, but I love you anyway."

Slowly... a dreamy expression came over his face, and shortly thereafter his little pink tongue peeked out, tentatively. He explored his face in ever-widening circles, and forgot all about me. "There's food on my face!" Next he learned about paws. After flapping them around disjointedly for awhile, he finally got the hang of washing his face. He cocked his head, and I could almost hear him thinking "I wonder if this will work on my left ear? It's been itching..." Hooking his paw behind his ear, his tongue came out and wagged like a semaphore. Putting his foot back on the floor, he thought about it, and tried again. Same thing. Soon, however, paw-tongue coordination was established and the war was won. Captain Midnight (for so we named him) is no longer scruffy looking.

And Kira? Well, she adapted better than we had hoped. She goes out of her way a couple of times a day to slap Midnight around, just so he won't forget who's boss.

ANVIL wishes to thank the following people for their support--moral, financial, collating or otherwise. You know what you've done... Cindy Riley, Linda Riley, Richard Hyde, D.L. Burden, Frank Love, Conus Fleming, Wade and Andrea Gilbreath, Adrian Washburn, Dan Calvert, John Hedstrom, Warren Overton, Penny Frierson, Thad Lindsay, Stuart Herring, Bill and Nancy Brown, Gary Rowan, Don Reynolds, and especially Merlin Odom whom we see too seldom.



LAST NIGHT, BRENDA
SUGGESTED WE TRY
ORAL SEX.

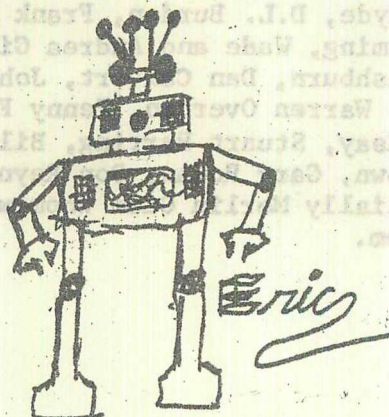
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* E E N E Y, M E E N Y, M I N E Y, M O E . . . *
*
* -- Andrea Gilbreath *

Before I became a fan I was a voracious reader, but fandom (personified by Wade Gilbreath) swept into my life like a tsunami followed hard upon by marriage and be-
getting of small, demanding child. I still read, but the fifty-dollar-a-whack days
at Watkin's Book Shop are gone forever. In order to sleep, I've had to learn to be
selective about my investments of reading time. I don't have time to read every-
thing with a dragon on the cover anymore. Now I only have time for the good stuff.
The problem, of course, is finding it. In the days of my spinsterhood, the incre-
dible array of new fantasy appearing every month delighted me. Now I cringe from
it, whining, and stand, a huddled lump, arms twined about myself for comfort, listing
weakly now toward the Zelazny, now toward the Aspirin - the archetypal image of a
working mother who wants to find one really good book.

Everyone has their own system of choosing the books to spend their money on. For
many years I've surreptitiously watched fellow sciencefictionandfantasysection
browsers make their selections and have always wondered how they made The Decision.
It seems to be quite a private thing. No one talks about it much. I've never even
discussed it with Wade. We go into the bookstore together, drift apart, occasion-
ally show each other a cover, grunt noncommittally at the other's belief that we
would read such a thing, assemble a heap, and reunite at the cash register. Well,
enough of this! We're all friends, aren't we? I'll show you mine if Y'all will
show me yours!

I make the all-important purchasing decisions by a three-point plan: author, cover,
first paragraph and middle page. I start at the A's looking for catchy cover or
already-loved author. The presence of either one of those prompts me to pick the
book up and consider it. One of my good finds in the last few months was Yarrow by
Charles de Lint whom I had never read before. But the cover! I couldn't resist
the illustration so I moved to the blurb. It sounded good - but I've been misled
in the past so I tried the final test. I read the first little bit to see if it
grabbed, and opened to a page half-way through. If I enjoy the writing style or
the story in either place, I buy the book. Yarrow passed easily and is now a favo-
rite of mine, one of those I read when I want entertainment I can count on and dare
not try something new lest I be disappointed. Disarmingly simple, isn't it? I've
been misled by reviews, betrayed by friends, let-down by favorite authors, but only
a couple of duds have passed the three point test. The awful thing is, I know there
must be some wonderful writers out there, unknown to me, whose books are cursed with
dreadful covers. And those slip through
my scrabbling, water-shriveled, comet-
roughened, clorox-smelling fingers.

If any of y'all have the answer to finding
the goodies I'm missing, please open up
and share the secret with all us kindred
spirits hunting for a pleasant read.



 *
 * THE OLD IRONMASTER SINGS AGAIN *
 *
 * -- Robert Coulson *
 *

But not in public. I'm told that it's not just that I'm off-key, but that my voice falls in the monotone category. However, I've been interested in music for most of my life. My father insisted on listening to the radio Saturday nights for the National Barn Dance, and on Sunday afternoon for the Metropolitan Opera. Mom went more for orchestras and vocalists; one of my first "favorite" singers was Kenny Baker, who did mock-Irish songs on the Jack Benny show. Also, my parents owned a console model spring-wound Brunswick phonograph, which was particularly nice when the electricity went off, as it frequently did in the 1930s and 1940s, w/ 78rpm records and steel needles which cost a penny apiece and were changed after ea. play. By the time I was running the machine myself, there were also bronze needles, at three for a dime, that were supposed to last for five plays, and I think I may have eventually bought a diamond needle after I started working, at age 13.

I still have most of those old records, both those my parents bought in the 1920s and those I bought in the 1940s. A lot of opera and concert performers, and dance music, from my parents. Richard Bonelli, Rudy Weidof (the man Rudy Vallee named himself after), Nick Lucas (autographed; I wonder if it's worth anything?), Florence Easton, Ben Bernie, Mario Chamlee and a lot of names even less familiar to the modern generation.

Eventually I figured out that the songs I really liked were classed as either "folk music" or "light classical" or "concert". Opera and hillbilly I could do without, and I never really liked the pop music of any era later than the turn of the century. There were exceptions; I've bought "Six Pieces for Orchestra, Op.6" by Webern, a couple of records by the Firehouse Five, and several by the Sons of the Pioneers. But not much in those categories. For a time, Red Foley and Doc Hopkins had back-to-back radio programs that I listened to before I'd leave for school. Foley sang folk and hillbilly, Hopkins did pretty strictly folk music, and introduced me to a lot of songs. My parents got me a Decca album, "Cowboy Songs By The Ranch Boys" when I was 15, back when 'blue label' Deccas sold for 35 cents apiece. A couple of years later I found a Burl Ives album on Asch Records; Moses Asch later went on to found Folkways. I found a few other 78rpm albums, by Ives, and Paul Robeson doing spirituals, and John Jacob Niles. (For years, Gene DeWeese and I thought we were the only people in the country who liked Niles; everyone else would leave the room when we put on one of his records. The real problem was that Niles was born in 1892 -- he not only looked like my father, he was the same age -- and by the time good recording equipment was invented, most of his voice wasn't there anymore.) Eventually there were lp's and the folk boom of the 1950s, and I was all set. Today I know I have over 500 folk music lp's, and another hundred or two 78s, 45s, cassettes and reel-to-reel tapes, several of the last-named having been recorded by stf artist Morris Scott Dollens.

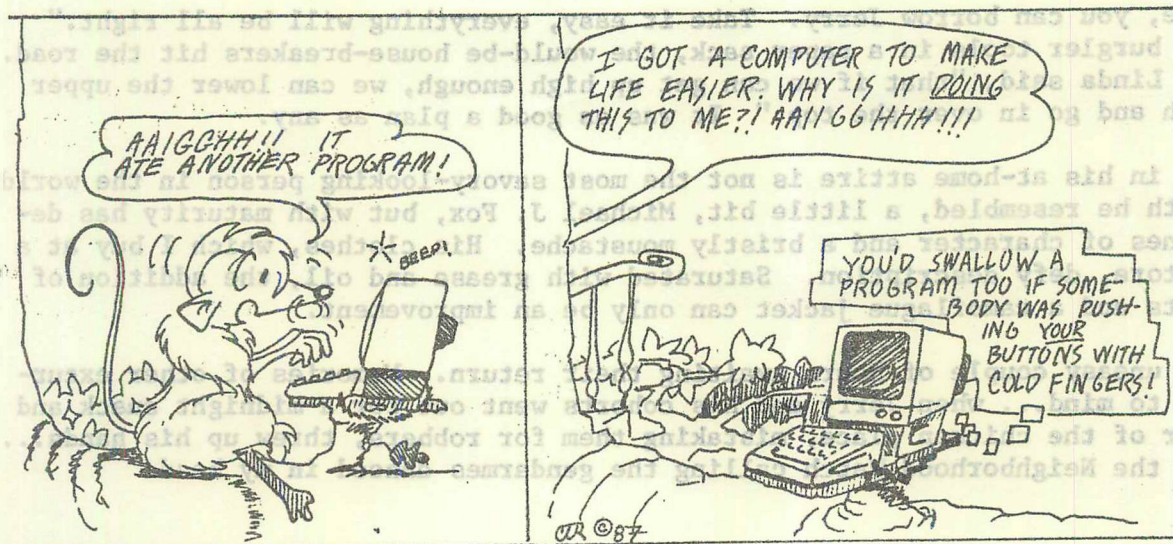
Then came filk. Initially it sort of sneaked up. Juanita and Lee Lavell both played piano, and after the formal part of Indianapolis club meetings, they would sometimes play and sing folksongs, their own compositions, and Heinlein poems they had set to music. Heinlein was popular. Everyone had his or her own version of "The Green Hills of Earth", but Chuck Rein was the one who got his on a 45rpm record.

was a song, "Brown Mountain Light", but until the filk tape I hadn't actually encountered it. Hal Frank and Leslie Fish can and sometimes do embark on early union protest songs. At Chambanaccon a few years back the whole group got into an informal contest to see who could render the most sea shanties. Folksinger Tom Paley showed up at one Worldcon filk, and Marty Burke not only comes to some of the Detroit-area cons but uses a few filksongs in his regular gigs at Irish pubs if fans are present. Presumably the mundanes are bewildered, but who cares about mundanes? Bill Maraschiello was a folksinger until he finally decided that he couldn't make a living at it, and got a regular job and spent his singing time in fandom.

And still they come. At Wiscon this year, I listened to Suzette Haden Elgin singing a folksong to accompaniment of guitar, violin, and cello. Maraschiello was noted for his variety of instruments, and Randy Farran can handle a pretty good assortment. There are so many singers that I'd be hard put to name my ten favorites. Lessee, Juanita of course has to be #1. Then, not necessarily in order, there are Cindy McQuillan, Kathy Mar, Leslie Fish, Julia Ecklar, Suzette Haden Elgin, Ann Passovoy, Moonwolf, Mitchell Clapp, Barry Childs-Helton, Hal Frank, Bill Sutton, Duane Elms, Bill Maraschiello, and Bill Roper. That's ten, I guess... and I've left out Frank Hayes, Jordin Kare, Earnest Clark and Randy Farran, who don't have outstanding voices but who do marvelous songs. I'd buy solo tapes of them any day. C.J. Cherryh does very well now that she's not drowning herself out with her own guitar. God knows when she has time to practice, considering her literary output. Peter Beagle showed up on the Bayfilk III tapes, and will soon have one of his own out. (I suggested to Off Centaur that they try to drag Alan Arkin to a Bayfilk, since he used to write science fiction and sing folksongs before he started getting Academy Awards.)

In fact, the filk boom of the 1980s is beginning to rival the folk boom of the 1950s. Off Centaur has signed its performers up with BMI, to protect copyrights if material is performed on radio or tv. Can you imagine filkmusic displacing rock in the 1990s? (I can't, but can you?)

P.S. I don't sing, but I have a pretty good stock of tapes to sell.....



* THE MAFIA ETES BREAK IN *
* *
* *
* *

-- Charlotte

Julie was in town. You remember Julie, don't you? Julie, who at age 15 in 1981, promised her mother she would not drink beer if allowed to go to a convention -- B'hamacon II) -- and who kept her promise. To this day, so far as I know, beer has never passed Julie's lips. The same cannot be said for rum, and... no, that's another story.

Julie was in town. A bash was planned for the evening, but the daytime hours would be devpted to spending plastic. "I've been paying on these Birmingham credit cards the whole time we've lived in Virginia," Julie explained, "and I need some new clothes. Here's a Pizitz card, an Aland's card, Parisienne's... and they are all nearly paid off!"

Linda went shopping, too. You remember Linda -- red-headed party person... likes jacuzzis, makes wierd daiqueris. We three headed for my car. Julie wore a button reading "When the going gets tough, the tough go shopping."

"Where are you going?" Jerry asked, emerging from the nether regions of his VW. (Jerry must hold a world record for the number of times he's dismantled and re-assembled his VW engine.)

"A woman's place is in the mall!" we called out as we drove away.

Later, credit exhausted and tongues dragging, we went our separate ways, promising to meet at Bill and Nancy's that night. It was quite unexpected when Linda returned and asked "Can I borrow your husband?"

"You see," she explained, "... I'm locked out of my apartment. One lock works but the other doesn't. The key just won't turn. The windows are all locked and the back door has a deadbolt on it. I can't get in!" There was the hint of an hysterical quaver in her voice.

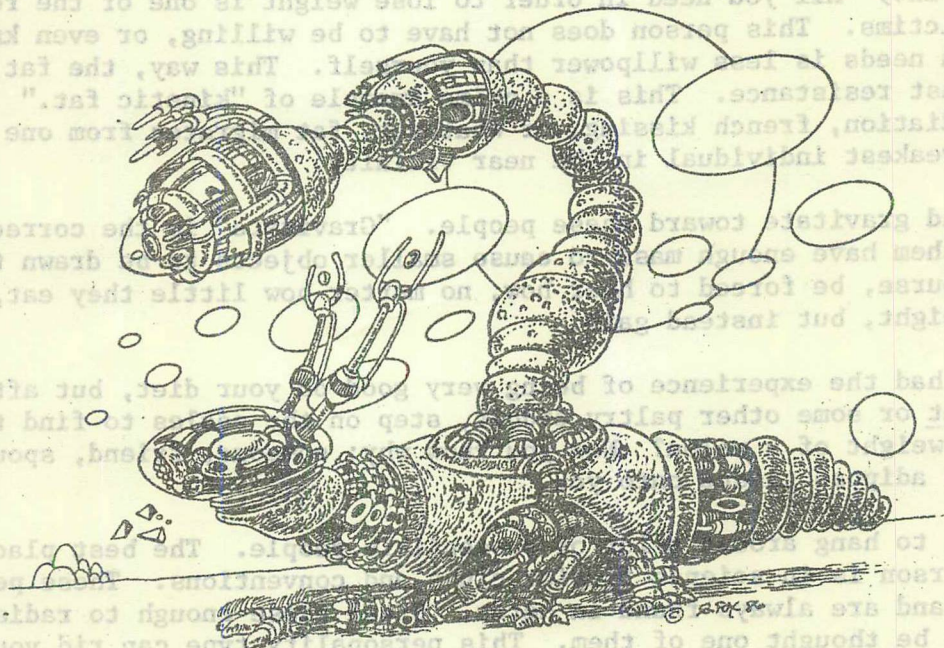
"Well, sure, you can borrow Jerry. Take it easy, everything will be all right." Armed with burgler tools in a paper sack, the would-be house-breakers hit the road. "I think," Linda said, "that if we can get up high enough, we can lower the upper window sash and go in over the top." It was as good a plan as any.

Now, Jerry in his at-home attire is not the most savory-looking person in the world. In his youth he resembled, a little bit, Michael J. Fox, but with maturity has developed lines of character and a bristly moustache. His clothes, which I buy at a Goodwill Store, defy description. Saturated with grease and oil, the addition of combat boots and a camoflague jacket can only be an improvement.

I spent an uneasy couple of hours awaiting their return. Memories of other excursions came to mind... when Jerry and his cohorts went out for a midnight snack and the manager of the chicken place, mistaking them for robbers, threw up his hands... Visions of the Neighborhood Watch calling the gendarmes danced in my head.

That wasn't the only thing Linda forgot that evening. She also forgot about the aquarium under the window.

☆☆☆☆☆



Coming in August -- Mike Glycer prepares us for "The Next Generation".

*
* F I N I T E F A T, or: ONE MAN'S MEAT IS ANOTHER MAN'S DUNLOP *
*
*
*

-- Richard Hyde

The theory has been proffered from time to time, usually by skinny people with too much nervous energy for their own good, that Fat is only a figment of one's imagination, and that for one to be thin, one has but to "think thin." I do not espouse this theory and offer one of my own. The "Hyde and Seek Weight-Loss Plan" requires only that one have a spouse, sibling, good friend, or many friends in passing who like to party.

This process of being/staying thin (or under-fat) is accomplished because of a little-known, but long-suspected property of matter that pertains to fat (also coathangers, but that has been explained before): As you cannot destroy matter but only alter it, the same goes for Fat. Or, to put it another way, Fat is permanent, but not stationary.

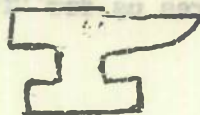
The world-wide total amount of fat is steady, constant and, according to theory, finite. When one or more persons lose fat, some other poor soul(s) have a corresponding gain. This fat flux can be followed on a proportionate basis to explain feast and famine. When enough people lose fat at a rate too high for it to be assimilated, like just before swimsuit season, it stays in limbo, causing such events as bumper crops of sugar cane, molasses, and double-stuffed Oreos. This "static" fat will lie in wait in many forms until the receptors hidden deep within one's innermost recesses can withstand it no longer and give in to the siren calls of M&Ms and Krispy Kremes; at least, that's my excuse.

But there is hope for us pig-outers. (This is where the spouse, sibling(s) and good friend(s) come in.) All you need in order to lose weight is one of the foregoing unsuspecting victims. This person does not have to be willing, or even know about it, all this person needs is less willpower than yourself. This way, the fat tends to take the path of least resistance. This is a prime example of "kinetic fat." This is when, by osmosis, radiation, french kissing, or whatever, fat migrates from one or more people to the weakest individual in the near vicinity.

Go on a diet and gravitate toward these people. "Gravitate" is the correct terms, because most of them have enough mass to cause smaller objects to be drawn toward them. You will, of course, be forced to hear how, no matter how little they eat, they can't seem to lose weight, but instead gain.

Have you never had the experience of being very good on your diet, but after eating one lousy peanut or some other paltry tidbit, step on the scales to find that it has swelled to the weight of a melon? Now you know why: someone, friend, spouse or enemy, has foisted his adipose tissue onto you.

The solution is to hang around a lot of susceptible people. The best place to find this type of person is in science fiction clubs and conventions. These people are called "Smofs" and are always found in herds. Stand close enough to radiate, but not close enough to be thought one of them. This personality type can rid you of several pounds a month, if you have the stomach for it. Also, anyone seen with them will seem slim by comparison, thus proving the theory. If you see these others, and think them fat, ergo, you will think yourself thin.



 * THE ANVIL CHORUS *

Greetings and welcome to The ANVIL Chorus. Refreshments will be served. Eve and John Harvey wrote asking for a fannish recipe to include in Conspiracy's ConSuite Cookbook and I thought I would share our contribution with you.

NINJA COOKIES

1 recipe Sugar Cookie dough 1 party, Yule or otherwise
 1 star-shaped cookie cutter 1 batch icing, decorations optional

Mix dough, roll and cut into star shapes. Bake as directed. Ice to reinforce the molecular alignment and compensate for structural weaknesses in the dough. Decorate with colored sugar sprinkles and nonparils, if desired. Take to party; add fans, mix well. It is a good idea to have other food available to eat, once the most obnoxious aggressive fan has discovered the potential of the "throwing star cookies" and the other fen have taken up cookies to defend themselves. After party, bring in dog. Vacuum up crumbs if no dog available.

Harry Warner, Jr. Ah, there I am. I've discovered how to get all the publicity 423 Summit Avenue and egoboo I want: just do nothing at all. When I failed to Hagerstown, MD 21740 appear in that FAPA mailing, it created more wordage in the mailing comments in the next mailing than my 24-page FAPazine normally gets. Now you mention my absence of a loc in ANVIL. It all makes me feel like the dog in the night in that famous Sherlock Holmes story. You probably assumed that my failure to loc the 41st and 42nd ANVILs was caused by youthful flightiness or by wasting so much time attending cons. But in fact, my main problem has been a winter of almost daily headaches, nasty ones that have left me unfit to do much except think about Brigitte Fassbaender and watch Julie Andrews videotapes. Such locs as I wrote were almost all inspired by the smallest fanzines, the ones I could dispose of with little typing and less thought. I just couldn't force myself to tackle large fanzines. Tentatively I've blamed the headaches on the extraordinarily wet winter we've had in Hagerstown and what it apparently did to my sinuses. Other local residents with the same problem have confirmed that hypothesis by telling me it's been a hard winter on them, too. It's been warmer that past two weeks and the headaches have been fewer and less severe, so maybe it isn't a symptom of oncoming fallen armpits or something equally serious.

By now, I hope you've gotten over the letdown you felt about your time with Ray Bradbury. Did it occur to you that you must have been so much superior to most of the contact people he must deal with when he attends something? Nobody turns into the most brilliant of conversationalists just because a celebrity is a few feet away, and the celebrities learn it early in their careers so I'm sure Ray wasn't disappointed in you. Maybe he remembers the time when he appeared on You Bet Your Life and didn't do very well in his exchanges with Groucho. None of us is perfect, as I realized when I happened across that old episode on television one night (alas, just before I got a VCR). In the course of my journalistic years, I found myself with a famous person once in a while. Sometimes I thought I handled myself pretty well, like the time Carl Sandburg came to town to lecture, something went wrong with the

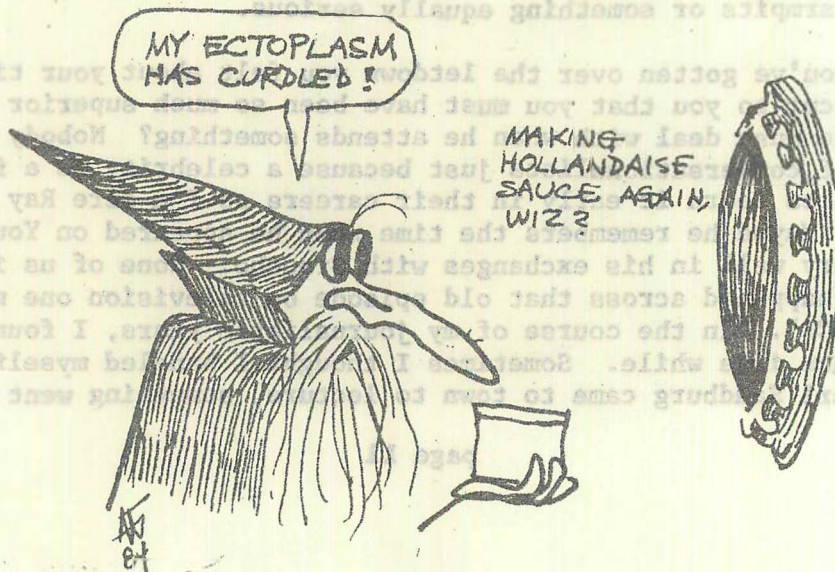
welcoming committee, and I had to get him at the bus station, contact the committee, find him a guitar, and try to keep him in a good temper. On the other hand, I felt bad about how I behaved around Clifton Fadiman, although I still think it was partly his fault.

((The next paragraph of Harry's letter deals with the fanzine Hugo discussion. Lest you wonder why Harry is the only one who gets to say anything about it in this issue, I'll just come right out and tell you that I, for one, am tired of talking about it, and think I'll just let Harry wrap it up for us. You may think this is unfair, letting one person have a say after reading what everyone else said, and you may be right. But Harry, being Harry, addresses both sides of the subject, and makes a sensible suggestion; and Charlotte, being Editor, is going to let him.))

So, on to the most recent ANVIL and the great fanzine Hugo argument. If I could take one side or the other wholeheartedly, I could count on failing to anger at least some fans. Unfortunately, I feel about the matter in a manner guaranteed to alienate everyone.

I didn't sign the ad or even know about it until the furore arose, I wouldn't have signed the ad if asked to do so, and I don't feel that the nominees justified the no award putsch. If we're to vote on current fanzines on the basis of the best fanzines of the past, we should do so for a hall of fame program for fansines. ((Emphasis added -- cp.)) I don't think the three non-specialized fanzines nominated this time were all that inferior to the best ones of the past. One point that has been overlooked by everyone who thinks the no award should have been voted because of that comparison with great fanzines of the past: I'm sure a great many of those who participate in Hugo voting have no knowledge of fanzines published before the 1980s, because the turnover in fandom is so great and because it's so hard for a young fan to get a good look at many famous fanzines of the past. (They cost too much when auctioned off, there can't be more than eight or ten local fan clubs and libraries in the nation with good collections that are open for public use, and Vinç Clarke is the only older fan in history who has been willing to let just about anybody borrow those fragile old fanzines.) How can those newer fans decide if no award is justified when they have no basis of comparison?

On the other hand, I don't agree that those who failed to nominate shouldn't have signed the ad. By that reasoning, wouldn't it be wrong for any fan to complain about the way a worldcon is being run unless he or she can prove having voted in the site selection balloting two or three years previously? Should those who receive review copies of books confine themselves to writing synopses of them while reviews judging the books' merits should be confined to those who purchase copies?



I hope Wade Gilbreath isn't entirely serious in this description of why he finds it hard to write locs. Chances are it's a case of his having better things to do than to write locs. If he did get inhibited by that criticism, however, it's a useful example of something I've been trying to point out down through the years: too harsh an adverse criticism can have effects far greater than the importance of the criticism. This holds good in fnadom and in mundania. Remember how Rossini never wrote another opera after William Tell provoked some violently bad reviews? How Bruckner wasted amny years rewriting and revising existing symphonies instead of writing new ones, just because someone he respected had gone a bit too far in criticizing one of his symphonies? I'm sure we've lost good fans whose skin wasn't thick enough to withstand a critical barb when they were neofans. There was Jack Miske, one of the best writers and most prominent fans of the late 1930s and early 1940s, who quit fandom instantly and completely when someone embarrassed him in public at a worldcon.

I've never worn a costume at a con (nor in any mundane circumstance since I used to dress up for Hallowe'en in boyhood). And I know the growth of the costumers is one reason why fandom is growing fragmented at cons. But I can't help feeling fond of the costume fans for one special reason. As far as I know, those who like to dress up in costumes and enter the masquerade competition are simonpure amateurs. I haven't heard of winners getting cash awards and I don't think there are many fans making money by designing and manufacturing costumes for others. So this activity is a rare throwback to the longago era when large cons were by and for fans with no commercial implications. So many aspects of today's large cons have nothing to do with fans in the sense of amateurs. The hucksters are there to make money, the art show is entirely commercial in nature, the pro Hugo awards have become valuable as advertising tools, many of those in lines to have books autographed by pro authors have the resale value of the volume in mind rather than pure love of the collecting hobby, the pros attend to make contacts and talk contracts with editors, but the costumers are genuine amateurs.

I'm afraid I share Martin Morse Wooster's pessimism over the future of fanzines as we've known fanzines. I'm pretty sure the production of fanzines is at its lowest point in at least 15 or 20 years. Even though I'm not on all mailing lists, I can judge by fanzines received columns how many there are I don't receive and I'm not missing a greater percentage of the whole output than formerly. Worse, more and more current fanzines are being published by older fans, fewer are the output of kids still in school, once the main source of fanzines. Maybe you'll still be publishing fanzines 20 years from now but I won't and neither will a lot of older faneds. The trend toward computer creation of fanzines is worsening the situation. How many teenagers, who used to be the age group from which the liveliest fanzines came, can afford the expense of the kind of computer hardware needed for firststrate reproduction? Not as many as the number who could find a used mimeo for ten bucks or so in the old days and publish their fanzines on that.

Ted White

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Andrea Gilbreath's article was a Real Article, having something to say and some insight (I finally realized why I find Suzette Haden Elgin unreadable: "Her men are despicable."

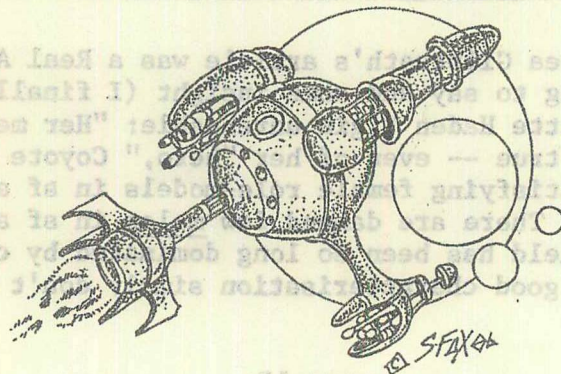
Too true -- even of her "hero," Coyote Jones). I suspect her complaint -- the lack of satisfying female role-models in sf and fantasy -- is broader than she realizes. There are damned few males in sf and fantasy who are worth much, either. The field has been so long dominated by cardboard characterisations that standards for good characterisation simply don't exist anymore.

Martin Morse Wooster After Toni Weisskopf's letter, I scanned my head looking for
P. O. Box 8092 grey hairs. (I've never been referred to as part of an
Silver Spring MD 20907 "older crowd" before...) I was lucky; when I was 17, I ran
into a fan named Don Miller who explained fanzines to me.
I'll always be grateful to him for setting me on the right course. My problem is
that I don't have very much in common with high school students who think setting
off fire alarms is fun. There aren't very many adult fans in the area who know
about fanzines and fanzine fandom; I'd like to convert them before I work on teen-
agers. But I can appreciate Toni's loneliness; when I was in college in the late
seventies, I was the only member of my sf club who knew anything about fanzines.
When I returned to school for my five-year reunion, I found that the club had ex-
panded to 150 people (in a school of 900!) and none of them read anything. Aargh...

Andrea Gilbreath makes a good point about Male Chauvinist Jerk novels. I've been
reading a lot of sf written by women lately, and everything Gilbreath says about
Suzette Haden Elgin could be doubled in brass for Marion Zimmer Bradley. I don't
know if Thendara House is typical or not, but all the men were slime in the book and
all the heterosexual women were slime. Only the lesbians in Bradley's novels are
noble. Gilbreath is right: bigotry is bigotry, whether it be by John Norman or MZB.

Mike Glicksohn ((Oops, all of a sudden my typewriter won't make a number six.
508 Windermere Ave. This may lead to the rest of the zip codes looking odd.--cp))
Toronto, Ont. M5S 3J9 I have read and enjoyed ANVIL 43 although I'm appalled at the
CANADA evidence of your poverty it contains. Enclosed please find
an extra pair of staples you can use to hold my next issue
together properly. It is a sad thing indeed when a fan is forced to publicly admit
that she earns so little she can't even afford life's staples. ((Actually, Mike,
what I'm going to do is drop your four pages of reaction to the lettercolumn, as
you yourself said you've said it all before. With the money saved on paper, I'm
going right out and buy enough staples for everyone's zine! --cp))

I can't speak for BEB but my guess would be that he might be referring to the fact
that (at least as far as I've read the rules) there is no formal commitment for the
DUFF winner to write a trip report whereas that obligation is clearly stated in the
TAFF rules. The fact that more DUFF winners have produced reports than TAFF winners
(have) is therefore embarrassing. On the other hand, Brian may merely be referring
to the fact that SUFF is the "junior" Fan Fund and, in theory, should not be "per-
forming" as well as its much-longer-established older sibling. I'm sure he'll set
the record straight in your next issue. ((Well, he didn't, so you get to answer my
question. -- cp))



Buck Coulson 2677 W - 500 N Hartford City IN 47348 I notice still another definition of morals and ethics in your editorial. As far as I'm concerned, morals are imposed by religion, ethics by society. I see the American Heritage Dictionary doesn't entire agree with me, but does mention such things as "good and evil", and "conscience" in regard to morals. I do think that a majority of people in this country -- and definitely a majority in Alabama -- regard morals as pertaining strictly to religion. ((Would anyone care to define scruples, as other than a small, sharp stone in the sandle? -- cp))

Note to Andrea Gilbreath; try Lois McMaster Bujold's trilogy of novels, particularly SHARDS OF HONOR, for a good science fiction heroine. I don't really know anyone who thinks Heinlein has any decent female characters; two of Juanita's pet peeves about Heinlein are Podkayne and the heroine of "The Menace From Earth". I must protest that Suzette Haden Elgin isn't bigoted personally, even if her novels may be one-sided. I don't think that she and I could have fallen into a firm friendship at first meeting if she had been. (I'm not exactly a male chauvinist, but I'm certainly a me chauvinist.) For that matter, NATIVE TONGUE wasn't all that totally unjust; all she did was turn the clock back a few centuries while ostensibly setting the book in the future.

Oh, but you miss out on so much fun when you don't write locs, Wade. Getting called a fugghead is very minor; almost common. It's the threat of a libel suit that provides the real thrill. (I've had two such, so far. One threatener I told to go ahead if he wanted to see it proved in court; in the other, the fan I was supporting backed down, so I had to, as well. I still think it was a mistake...)

Actually, LIGHTHOUSE is a reminder to me that a fan's memory of the Good Old Days is tricky. Some years back I reviewed some fanzine and said it was the best fannish zine since LIGHTHOUSE, or some such phrase, and Terry wrote in to remind me that I'd never given LIGHTHOUSE a good review while it was being published. It just goes to show... though I'm not sure what it's showing. Mainly, that if I remember the fanzines of the time as better than I thought (they were) when they were published, then I'm damned sure a lot of other people do, as well.

A lot of people say they get more feedback in apas, so it must depend on the fanzine. For several years Juanita and I published VANDY in FAPA and YANDRO for general circulation, and YANDRO always got not only more feedback, but far more interesting feedback. Plus, we "met" a lot of new fans with YANDRO, while FAPA was full of people we already knew, and a fair share of whom we disliked. (Not a majority, but a good-sized minority.) I don't like artificial restrictions on the people I contact.

Exactly, Toni; the rules assume that fans are irresponsible, and that's because some of them are. I wouldn't guess how many, but for the sake of argument say 1%, which is comfortably below the level of irresponsibility in mundane life. In the old days, with con attendance running maybe 500 people at a Worldcon, that meant 5 irresponsible fans, and they were mostly squelched when they got out of line. With over 4000 people at Boskone, that means around 40 irresponsibles, and that many can not only do a lot of damage, but they're hard to locate. In the Good Old Days, the chances were that most of the convention attendees knew each other, and thus knew some of the possible trouble spots. Now? Who knows who caused the problem? Initially, stf cons were looked down on by hotels, because the members didn't spend money in the hotel bar, patronize the hotel restaurant, or patronize the hotel call girls. Stf cons were cheap and disliked. Eventually, hotels discovered that fans also didn't damage the hotel anywhere near as much as other conventions did, and the restaurants and bars got more business, and our reputation went way up. Right now, it's going back down again.

Three major languages in Yugoslavia? Serb and Croat I know, but what's the third? Montenegrin, perhaps? I can't think what else it might be. Or what the minor languages would be... Slovak? Albanian? Italian? Austrian? What?

One correction on my column; you screwed up the underlining in one spot. It should be Sergeant Lamb's America (the author is Robert Graves, not Sergeant Lamb) and A Field Guide to America's History. Two books. ((Sorry -- cp.))

P.L. Caruthers-Montgomery ANVIL 43 must have made some sort of good impression to shake me from my frozen fugue of the past week or so. It's 2629 Norwood Avenue a wonder I even got the March Shuttle out at all under the Anniston, AL 36201 circumstances. The all-too-recent death of my sister -- blood-of-my-blood -- has shaken my world-view off its balance and enough time has not passed to allow me to resume my day-to-day concerns. It was the first time I was actually present when someone died. My hand was on her chest as she took her last breath and I felt the last feeble beat of her heart before it stopped for good. And that shell was EMPTY, then. She no longer inhabited that body, but I sense that she did not cease to exist. I am no more religious than I was before, but I am even more firmly convinced there is life after death.

Re: Andrea's article: I must admit that I have known females who at times acted like Podkayne of Heinlein's famous novel; I fear at times I have acted and thought like Podkayne as well! Maybe that is what endears me to said novel. I've re-read it numerous times. I've always thought of Poddy as a prototypical female-in-trans- ition -- not necessarily a 'male trapped in a female's body', but an individual not content to be restricted to the constraints imposed by society and the male of the species on those who happen to have feminine sex organs, hormones, and secondary sexual characteristics. There is scientific evidence indicating that indeed male and female are different in terms of mental organization as well as physical characteristics. My question to Andrea -- and your readers -- is: how about F.M. Busby's women characters? Particularly in his Rissa Kergulen novels, and the related novel about and titled: Zelde M'Tana? That is the first example of strong female character in SF today which leaps to mind.

Re: Pat Gibb's Best of the Year Summary: I certainly agree on his impression of Scott Card's SPEAKER FOR THE DEAD. In many ways it is better than ENDER'S GAME and it can indeed be read without having read the prior tale. // I have not yet read CHANUR'S HOMECOMING, though I will get around to it sometime. I am still enraged at the manner in which the series was written. When I read the first book in the series, I was wholly unaware of its cliffhanger-style ending. My ensuing and last- ing rage made me less than eager to read on -- much as I enjoyed Cherryh's Han and the ratlike Kitt. She's always been good with aliens.

I've never made any attempt to stay current on fantasy. One can concentrate effec- tively on only so many genres in today's jam-packed book market before reaching the point of overload. I must admit that SF and Horror (or 'Dark Fantasy', if you will) have captured the majority of my own attention when it comes to reading books -- with a leavening of 'mainstreet', non-fiction, and detective/suspense books to add balance. // I enjoyed Donald Kingsbury's previous book, COURTSHIP RITE, and was pleased to find THE MOON GODDESS & THE SON to be an equally enjoyable though totally differ- ent novel. There are many authors whose books have a certain similarity -- it is refreshing to find one whose books vary; I'm curious to see what Mr. Kingsbury will come out with next.

Harry Andrushak It always lifts my spirits to receive a good fanzine, and ANVIL
P. O. Box 1422 certainly qualifies for that term. Nice mimeo work, too. I say
Arcadia, CA 91006 this as one of the last ditto printers in fandom. (I am the
only ditto printer in LASFAPA and APA-L, for example.) I sup-
pose I'll have to abandon ditto when I can no longer get supplies, or the machine
breaks down and nobody alive knows how to fix it or the parts are not available.
I may use the LASFS Electro-stencil and mimeo for my next genzine. ((The more
esoteric mimeo supplies are no longer available, at least not in Birmingham - the
shadow and other neat lettering guides, for example. -- cp))

The articles by Andrea Gilbreath, Buck Coulson and Patrick Gibbs are a sad reminder
to me of how little science fiction and fantasy I have been reading lately. Much
of the reason has been boredom -- it takes something really different to make me buy
a book. And as a rule I never buy anything that is a part of a trilogy or other
series. OK, I broke down once, twice, three times and bought the first three books
of Piers Anthony's INCARNATIONS series. But hey, he is a good writer and I liked
the stories. But this was an exception. More and more of my reading has been in the
field of science fact, including "debunking" books about various pseudo-sciences.
The latest delightful book is THE CHOKING DOBERMAN by Jan Harold Brunvand.

Not that I have been totally fufiated from fandom. I am now going back to LASFS
every Thursday night, although I tend to bury myself in the fanzine room and help
bring out APA-L. And last weekend I attended SHERLOCKON II, a small gathering of
400 fans of Sherlock Holmes. It was lots of fun, and I got a free membership since
I gave a talk about Professor Moriarty's thesis THE DYNAMICS OF AN ASTEROID. I
have to whip that talk into shape and get it published in the BAKER STREET JOURNAL.

Marc Ortlieb The copies of ANVIL jogged my conscience. It's been too long since I
P.O. Box 215 last wrote. The reasons will be found in the TIGGERS that are on
Forest Hill their slow seammil way to you. Basically I've been concentrating on
Vict. 3131 school more than I have on fandom, with the exception of my commit-
Australia ments to ANZAPA, STIPPLEAPA and the Eastercon that Carey Handfield &
Irwin Hirsh conned me into working on. I'm still keeping a pile of
fanzines labeled "To be LoCced" but, every now and then, I put them into the pile
labeled "To be filed" and start a new pile labeled "To be LoCced". If intentions
counted for anything, I'd be up to my armpits in postage bills. As it is, I'm up
to my armpits in "to be filed" fanzines and, rather than allow ANVIL to lie fallow
for that length of time, I thought I'd better write.

I know what you mean about being involved in lots of aspects of fandom. I'm not
really involved in closed conventions or clubs - with the exception of visiting the
Nova Mob every now and then - but otherwise I can think of few fannish activities
in which I have not indulged, other than group massage.

You'll always run into the problem that items that one group think aren't worth
burning get on the ballot in the case of a popular award like the Hugo and there is,
naturally a home ground advantage, block voting, and just plain apathy. I guess
that's what makes the Hugos "fun". Was it Jubal Harshaw who said "Some cooks
aren't happy with a stew until they've pissed into it to give it their own flavor"?
Hugo discussions seem rather similar. Like any other nominator and voter, I think
that there were fanzines on the ballot that wouldn't have been there were I running
the world, but so what?

Since Art raises the matter of toilet paper, I might as well close with a joke provided by my brother Chris. It appears that an Indian Chief walked into the general store and asked for a roll of toilet paper. He was given the choice of three prices and, being broke at the time, opted for the cheapest.

The next day, he walked back into the store and said "I bet I know what brand that toilet paper you sold me was."

"What?" asked the storekeeper.

"It was John Wayne Brand."

"How did you know that?"

"Well, it's rough, it's tough, and it don't take no shit from no Indian."



Rickey Sheppard Buck Couleoun's letter reminded me of my father who was an avid
P. O. Box 125 hunter and gun collector (a trait that both my brothers gain from
Rockfield, KY him, but I did not). What Buck's father said, my father said also.
42274-0125 I did not own even a water pistol until I was in high school because
 of my father's disapproval. I also remember my father's low
opinion of many other gun owners because of their lack of respect for wildlife and
for the danger of their weapons.

Robert Bloch My thanks for A43 -- which is already locked away in a
2111 Sunset Crest Dr. safety-deposit box for safekeeping. It will probably fetch
Los Angeles, CA 90046 an astronomical price at some future auction as an alltime
 sf rarity. Not only is it the first ANVIL issue without a
Harry Warner Jr. letter -- it is, as far as I can determine, the only fanzine ever
published anywhere without a letter from you-know-who-Jr. As such it has already
become a fannish legend in its own right, just as Harry himself.

Walt Willis Many thanks for A43 and the Confederation Booklet, Book,
32 Warren Road rather. I thought it was marvelous, I've passed it on to
Donaghadee, N.Ireland Chuck Harris for him to admire. Besides, he's mentioned in
BT21 OPD it, and I remember, when we were neofans speculating that
 the ultimate in egoboo would be to be mentioned in the report
of a convention one did not attend. I think that mention in a Convention Booklet
like this is even better. Everyone concerned deserves some sort of award.

Talking of which, and while we're dishing out the approbation, I wanted to say that this is the first time I've seen you involved in any kind of altercation, and you come across as sensible and good-humored, but firm. You are beginning to impress me. Yes, maybe you are fantastic.

Coulson was fascinating and your letter writers, from Andruschak to Ogorelec, burned with gemlike flames.

Brian Earl Brown Still no computer, as you can see. And less likelihood of 11675 Beaconsfield owning one as recent, unexpected expenses have put us even Detroit, MI 48224 further into debt. ((You and me too, Brian. First Uncle Sam wanted the biggest part of my month's salary, the next month I had to rescue one of my kids and just today I dropped off Jerry's car to see why the oil light was burning and came home having contracted to have the engine rebuilt, and maybe a new clutch. Aargh. The computer has fallen to the bottom of my list again. -- cp)) Guess I'm going to have to practice my penmanship so people won't misread what I'm writing. In my last letter I must have scribbled "angst" so badly that it looked like "argot" which is what you typed out. The words do look a lot alike but I think you'll agree that "why this angst over ANVIL's origins?" makes more sense than "why this argot..." It's not your fault, it's all my own bad handwriting. ((You don't know what a relief that is, Brian. I have been losing sleep nights worrying about all that argot -- all that fanspeak.... --cp))

I don't want to simply pass over Andrea Gilbreath's article without comment but my tastes in fiction lead in completely different directions. I don't care for most fantasy being published today, and stay away from any sf that sounds like an extra-terrestrial bodiceripper. That eliminates 90% of each month's output. I don't know why it is, but I like women mystery writers--Martha Grimes, Dorothy Sayers, Ellis Peters, Elizabeth Peters, etc.--but do not like most of the women sf writers--Ursula K. LeGuin and "James Tiptree, Jr." are the most obvious exceptions (also Phyllis Gotlieb). This is all terribly strange. Also, in general, I've not been impressed by any male who tried to write from a female point of view.

I really liked Buck Coulson's column this time. This is one of the most enjoyable columns he's written. I don't have much more to say beyond that--I don't read much history--but Buck made the books he's enjoyed sound pretty darn interesting.

It's always fun reading people's lists of the best SF of the year, and comparing their favorites with yours. Heart of the Comet is a good story, hard SF that's well worth reading. But I prefer the similar, solo-effort, Across The Sea of Stars by Benford to the collaboration. Comet tends to too many deus ex machina solutions to the story's problems. Once or twice I could accept but we're looking at 3 or 4 "miracles". It definitely undercuts the story. Stars is a much more unflinching effort, also a long term scientific mission with a disintegrating social structure and the real menace of racial extinction. It's an extremely memorable book.

Brightness Falls From the Sky by "James Tiptree" is another of my favorite novels of '86. What starts as a tea party to watch a star nova becomes a night of terror when nobody is quite who they pretended to be. The characters are vivid and memorable, there are all sorts of moral dilemmas and an understated questioning of everything at surface impressions. It's a puzzling book, it makes you think....

I didn't have the trouble reading Neuromancer that Patrick Gibbs did. In fact it was one of the most engaging stories I'd read in a while. It got me interested in SF again. I don't know about any cyberpunk movement but I know I look forward to Count Zero.

I liked Saturnalia by Grant Callin--I liked it a lot, but it was, nonetheless, a juvenile space opera, lively told and fairly knowledgeable about the Saturn ring system but filled with stereotypes and fabulous characters right out of fairy tales.

Gene Wolfe's Soldier of the Mist is definitely fantasy. The various gods, demons and monsters the hero meets on his journey are not explained away and in fact seem quite specifically to be gods and demons. And it is well written.

A couple of your letter writers suggest that it is time to take control of the space program out of the hands of NASA and give it to private industry. This put me in mind of a phrase that appeared in some recent SF novel -- "Space is too important to leave in the hands of government." -- was that Lee Corry's Space Doctor or Sheffield's Between the Stroke of Night, or something else? Doesn't matter--I find it to be a pretty naive position. Private industry has not exactly distinguished itself in the area of product safety or long-term research and development. The truth is, contrary to L-5ers, space exploration is so far from turning a profit that only a government could afford the endless investment of resources without thought of return on that investment. And only a government could envision 5-10-20 year plans to explore space and develop rocketry. Industry is much too concerned with short-term profits, return of investment. For too many industries 5 years is a long-term project.

Nor has private industry a good record for product safety. Look at Audi. They have thousands of complaints of sudden acceleration in their 5000 series cars equipped with automatic transmissions. Rather than admit there might be a problem Audi claims every one of these cases of uncontrollable acceleration was due to the driver mistakenly depressing the accelerator pedal instead of the brake while shifting out of Park. Considering that the average Audi driver is an older banker, lawyer, doctor, etc., people of somewhat better than average intelligence and education, this is pretty unlikely. Maybe one or two people would make a mistake like that, but not thousands.

Union Carbide has to live with Bophal, Dow Chemical has toxic contamination problems both at Midland, MI and Sarnia, Ont. And then there is the nuclear energy industry. This is the closest parallel we can go to a privately operated space program. Nuclear energy and space travel both require zero defect manufacturing and heavily redundant engineering. Both cost billions and take years to complete. A brief look at nuclear energy is enough to show us that private industry could not do a better job than NASA. Every nuclear plant constructed has been riddled with shoddy materials, shoddy construction, shoddy design and shoddy training of plant operators. It's a wonder we've only had Three Mile Island.

Actually the problem at NASA was that it was trying to run itself as a business. As Harry Andrushak points out in the same lettercol, it is the mentality that asked engineers to "take off their engineering hats" to make a launch decision--that wants to launch on a cold, cold January day after a heavy ice storm. The shuttle had design flaws but they probably would never have showed up if launches were restricted to 50 degree days. And from an engineering point of view, using multiple segment solid fuel was asking for trouble. Every decision that was made leading up to the shuttle disaster can be traced to business thinking. Launch schedules were set up and had to be met no matter the risks involved. Once NASA puts the engineers back into the drivers seat with a zero defect mandate a lot of the current problems will go away.

I'm no longer convinced that the decline in print fandom is solely the result of cliques and high standards. It looks more and more as if print is irrelevant to fandom. Fans socialize at cons where they once socialized in fanzines. They talk movies more than books -- and costumes, at least hall costumes, are mostly media inspired. The fanzine is an irrelevancy to most modern fans. So there are few new faneds, new zines or new fan writers or artists. Most fans are into other things that are more rewarding to them.

Art Widner
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American Language.

If the OED or Glicksohn thinks a snood is equivalent to a "barrette," they've been out to lunch since WW2. One is a net, the other a metal clasp. OED is great for etymology, but for mod stuff I recommend Websters New World Dictionary of the

Ben Schilling
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I really liked Andrea Gilbreath's article and have to agree with her that Barbara Hambley is one of those good authors who are too often overlooked for whatever reason. As for the book reviews, personally, I found Fionvar trilogy to be a little bit too derivative. Not a bad book, but not a great one either.

I also thought that the Chanur trilogy was a better alien society than the Ender's Game ones were.

Roger Weddall
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Australia

It was so good to hear from you again (and from the rest of the ANVIL Chorus). When I say this, I should explain that -- for me-- the best thing about ANVIL is that it somehow seems like a personal communication. Whether or not there's a letter attached to the issue to hand. I suppose the real-life analogy would be

dropping in on a party filled full of interesting people--some of them friends. And as a ghostly visitor I am led from room to room, listening in on conversations and anecdotes... if it were up to me I might stick around longer in some of the rooms, but although I don't have that choice, ANVIL doesn't leave me feeling frustrated because of that, instead I'm only happy I caught as much of the party as I did. Some fanzines are like constantly pitched battles, some fanzines are a boring, swampy maze that goes on and on... ANVIL is a place I have a little fun, consistently.

WE ALSO HEARD FROM... Tim Gatewood who has moved to Memphis, Joanne Bloom who is a new subscriber, Holly Hina who sent a new address, E.K. Cohen who read of ANVIL in Locus ((Quick, somebody -- what did Locus say? I haven't a copy!)), Gene Grynewicz who offers pen and ink illos ((inasmuch as the ones he said he included were invisible, or in another dimension, I have asked him to send more)), and Marc Ortlieb (again) enclosing a picture of Greg Turkish enjoying himself at a con. Greg (The Very Large Policeman From Perth) is my favorite Aussie -- outside of Marc himself and Roger (see above). Greg bought me flowers once, plays a mean bagpipe and just generally livens up the surroundings. Marc was my First Contact with Australia, and long-suffering but cheerful host of my first visit there. His sense of humor is singular (I'm trying to get an article for the next ANVIL from him) and he can cook, too. Roger Weddall is the Aussie I would most like to be stranded on a desert island with, but I'll settle for the undivided attention he gives when I tell stories and the delightful letters he writes.

I started out typing this ish at work, and the typewriter started doing strange things with the numbers. I finished it on my typewriter at home, which has no semi-colon key. Well, actually, it does have one but it doesn't work. That is why there are so many commas. Just mentally put a dot at the top of the ones that should be semi-colons, or in the place of some of those dashes, and be thankful we have no sideways apostrophes.

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

BCSFZINE 165-168, British Columbia SF Assn., P.O.Box 35577, Sta.E, Vancouver,
B.C. V6M 4G9 CANADA

B'ham SF Group Newsletter 185-188, Tony Morton, 45, Grosvenor Way, Quarry Bank,
Brierley Hill, West Midlands DY5 2LJ UNITED KINGDOM

Baton Rouge SF League Newsletter #47,48, P.O. Box 14238, Baton Rouge, LA 70898-4238

Come Hold The Moon 3/4, David Gordon-MacDonald, Imaginative Fiction Society,
Box 5609, Sta. B, Victoria, B.C. V8R 5S4 CANADA

De Profundis #182, Therri Moore, LASFS, 11513 Burbank Blvd., N.Hollywood, CA 91601

Dillenger Relic, The, #51, Arthur D. Hlavaty, 819 W. Markham Ave., Durham NC 27701

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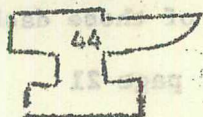
NASFA Shuttle, Feb.-May. North Alabama SF Assn., P.L.Caruthers-Montgomery, 2629
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Twilight Zine #38, MIT SF Society, Room W20-473, 84 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge
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Undulant Fever #11, Bruce D. Arthurs, 5316 W. Port au Prince, Glendale AZ 85306

World According to Garth, The. #14, 15. Garth Spencer, 1296 Richardson St.,
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