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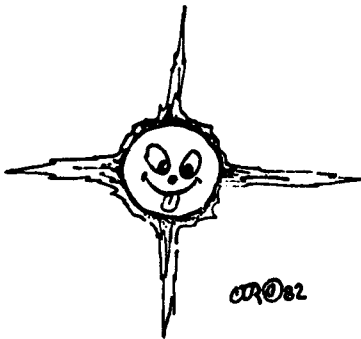
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C.T. Kelly © 82

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Worldcon, Anyone?

A Worldcon in Atlanta in '86.

A WORLDcon.

The images this evokes are overwhelming: many, many fans (not just 2 or 3 hundred), several pros (not just 1 or 2), the huxter room, uh, rooms(?), the number and variety of needed programs, the work, co-operation, and sheer organization a Worldcon will demand.

I don't really know what's going on in Atlanta. I have heard rumblings of discord among committee members, and of possible personality conflicts. I have heard a complaint of a lack of support from Southern fen.

Is the South ready to host a Worldcon?

I can't answer that, but I'd like to think we are. I'd love to see the reknowned Southern Hospitality extended to the world. Think of the cliché: Southern belle melting the cold reserve of a Northern gent.

Cons are people, those running and attending. There seemed to be a lack of enthusiasm at ASFiCon, whether of fen or committee I'm not sure. I am sure of one thing--if we want a Worldcon in '86, WE have to work together.

Is the South ready to host a Worldcon?

I don't know. Do you?

d1b

This is ANVIL 19, Vol. 4, no. 1, November-December 1981 and January 1982 (well, we tried), and is edited by dlburden and Jim Cobb. It is the club-zine of the Birmingham Science Fiction Club, and is available for LoC, trade, contribution, or 6 for \$3, sent to P. O. Box 57031, Birmingham, AL 35259-7031.

TIME.....

Consider time. You've all heard and used the old saying "I was going to... but I just didn't have time." I always thought this was a rather weak excuse, since after all, doesn't everybody have the same amount of time? Twenty-four hours per day, for everybody. Yet some people get everything done and even have time to loaf, and other people never seem to get anything done. Why is this?

I was always in the former group, and thought that the latter group couldn't get anything accomplished because they were just too lazy and/or unorganized. I could always get everything done (well, just about) and squeeze in an occasional nap or long novel to boot.

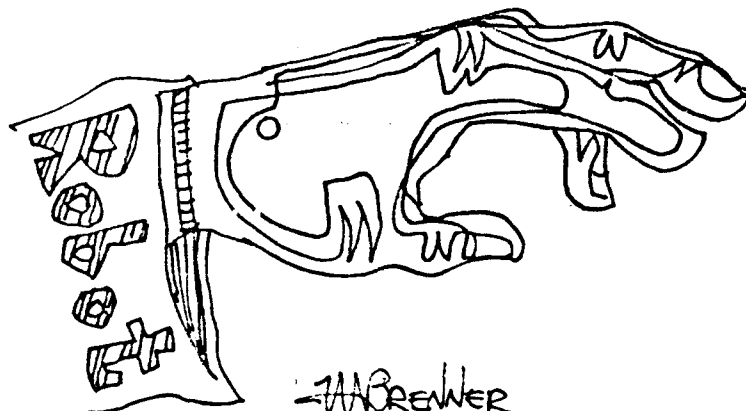
But all that changed recently when I got a new job as a computer operator. Suddenly I'm working between 50 and 80 hours per week, while going to college too--or trying to. I find myself scrambling to get things done--not just simple errands like running to the store for bread and milk, but things like getting my programs written and running for school. Sleep is hard to come by, and everything is measured in the amount of time it consumes that could be used for sleeping. Washing my car, for example, is worth a half-hour of sleep--so my car has been dirty for quite a while.

Producing ANVIL takes quite a lot of time--Deb and I each put in about 25 hours, plus the time of those people who are nice enough to help us. Twenty-five hours is a lot of sleep! This could be used as an excellent reason for why this issue of ANVIL is late, but really it's only one of a large group of reasons. Debbie just got married, I've been working like crazy, Christmas and the holidays came up, as well as year-end work, etc., etc., ad nauseum.

There are plenty of excuses for ANVIL being late--but no apologies. If we made our living producing ANVIL, no excuse would be valid, and apologies would be delivered forthwith. But we have to make our livings by other means, unfortunately. Perhaps we'll be able to find more time next issue, without the holidays and marriage. Or perhaps not...

But one thing's for certain...next time someone comes up to me and says "I would have done...but I just didn't have time", I'll nod my head sympathetically, look them stright in the eye and say "I understand"...and fall slowly over, snoring gently all the way to the floor.

Jim Cobb



Unforgivable Autobiographical Anecdotes Dept.

REGRETS

I've done many things in my life. both good and bad. None of them I regret, because no matter what happens you learn something from that experience, and know better how to deal with situations that may occur.

Well, there's a first time for everything, and I suppose that deep down I knew this would happen one day. I regret it very very much.

When I first met Robert Offut, it was at one of my first BSFC meetings. Of course, I didn't recognise the face, but the name was all too familiar. As an avid Jack Vance fan, I had heard his name mentioned in several SFC newsletters as the editor of the only Vancezine I knew of, The Many Worlds of Jack Vance.

We immediately struck up a friendship. Despite his Good Ol' Boy appearance and mannerisms, I found that Robert was a staggering self-made intellectual. He could write, really write--he was a decent artist, and had an imagination and sense of devotion that wouldn't quit. Like many fans he was sometimes misunderstood by his family, but was loved despite his "strangeness".

Ironically enough, when I moved to Birmingham, I saw less of him than when I lived in Tuscaloosa. Going to school, settling down and meeting new people took up most of my time.

Everyone was shocked to learn of Robert's cancer. The operation seemed a success, though" so all went on as before. We still had plans to write a book together, and in the course of the year he talked with his idol, Jack Vance, several times. Unfortunately (rather, a mixed blessing), I got a summer job which involved working in the middle of nowhere, so communication between us and work on our project was impossible. In July, I learned from Merlin Odom that Robert's condition was terminal, and on August 8, he died of self-starvation--two days before I had planned to visit.

That is something I regret deeply--and will for the rest of my life. I will never talk to him, share my thoughts or become closer. Robert's death was truly tragic. He had great potential. I learned something from that experience--if you don't have time to visit friends, make it--but what a terrible price to pay.



Ward Smith

Book Review

TIMESCAPE, by Gregory Benford, Pocket Books, 1980, \$2.95

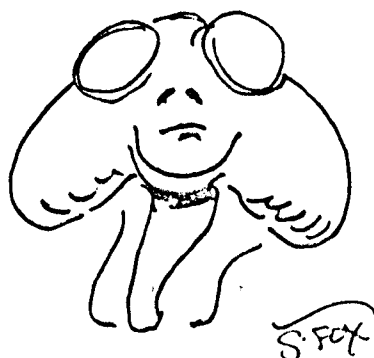
TIMESCAPE has attracted a great deal of favorable attention in fanish and also in mundane review circles. The author, Gregory Benford, won this year's John W. Campbell award for best new writer. The book won the Nebula Award for best novel in 1980. Also, "Timescape Books" is being used as a logo for Pocket Books' science fiction line, with Dave Hartwell as Director of Science Fiction. So, what is it about this book that sets it apart from others? The book is good.

Now, before I can tell you why this book is good, I need to tell a bit of the plot. Scientists in 1998 in Cambridge, England, are trying to send a warning to the past to head off an ecological disaster by using tachyons for transmission of the message. A group of scientists in La Jolla, California, start receiving these signals through Nuclear Molecular Resonance experiments in 1962. Now, if you don't understand the physics of this, look it up. While you're at it, a bit of brushing up on time paradoxes would be helpful. Keep in mind, though, that Benford does a good job of explaining the physical and the metaphysical dilemmas in the text of the book itself (which is yet another achievement in his favor).

Why is the book good, you ask again? It is good because of the way Benford handles his people and his events. First, his people are believable. I can't tell you why, but I finished reading the book with a feeling that I would recognize the characters if I met them on the street. There is a bit of stereotyping (the workaholic scientist, the angst-filled Jewish scientist, the lonely stay-at-home wife, the liberated California girl girlfriend) but Benford has made these people real examples of personality types with which I am familiar. Second, the events flow in such a way that the paradox of playing with time seems understandable. I'm not saying that every event in the book can stand up to a rigorous test of logic, but I could keep the threads of the story straightened out.

Granted, the book is not easy to read. A person reading this book needs to have a healthy sense of cause and effect. But again, Benford helps the reader sort out the complications of the plot by showing the effects of what has or will happen as opposed to merely telling what has or will happen.

I sincerely hope this book will be taken seriously by fandom as well as by the literary establishment at large. It is far too meaty to try to analyze in a short review, but I believe it can be one of those books which will be torn apart by critics, studied, commented on, and put back together with the end result being a greater depth of understanding of time and of people. The book is good.



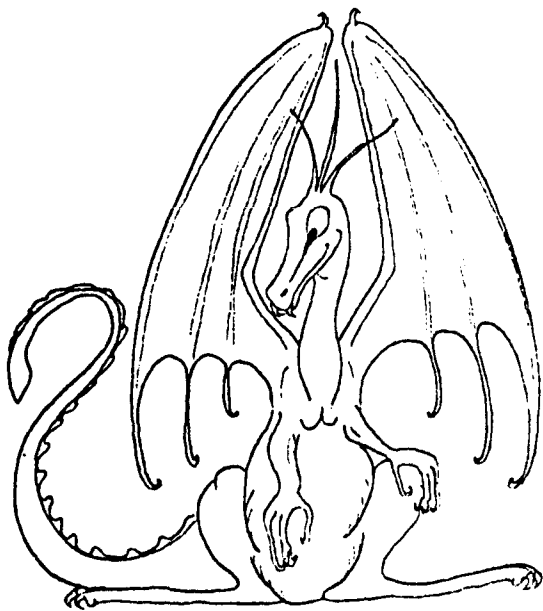
Beth Pointer
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Louisville, KY 40208

The FLOOD

By Cindy T. Riley

A deluge! My god, it's a deluge, a veritable tidal wave! Perhaps some of you have noticed the hard time you've been having lately picking out a couple of good books at your favorite bookstore. I know I have. I believe that I've found the reason.

There was a time, many years BSW (before Star Wars) when I would go into the bookstore and skulk (girls didn't read such stuff) around one, or at most two, racks of science fiction. And these one or two racks would hold books by Poul Anderson, Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury, Gordon R. Dickson--and a few new authors, a very few.



dinner?

K. S. K. K.

But things have changed. Today I have two new bookstores that I visit, B. Dalton and Bookland. In one, the science fiction section takes up at least a third of the wall, and in the other, a half a dozen or more stacks. Asimov and his cronies are in the sad minority, being buried under sheer quantity of new authors of whom I've never heard. And of course by this time I've read most of the books by the old "classic" writers and if I want a new read, I must take a chance on a new author.

This means that along with the four or five books by people that I have at least heard of, I will have two or three books, or five or six dollars worth, by people I don't know--in the hope that I will find something that will be at least passable. And if I actually find a good book, oh joy of joys!, I usually find that this author has produced only one or two at the most. It's understandable, as it takes anywhere from several months to several years for my favorite writers to produce a good book, and it only takes me several hours or days to read it. They can't keep up.

Is this deluge good for the genre? It is, and it isn't. It's "acceptable" to read science fiction now, but it's also big bucks for the publisher, and it seems a lot of substandard stuff is being printed in the hopes we will buy it--and buy it we do, in the hopes of finding a good book, well written, entertaining, perhaps memorable....for instance Patricia McKillip, and Nancy Springer for the readers of fantasy, or Jack L. Chalker or Spider Robinson for the sf readers.

In a few years the tidal wave will perhaps recede, and there won't be quite so much being printed, and it won't take quite so long to choose a good book. In the meantime, there are lots of fish in the sea.

A Feghoot ...

The game was called, appropriately enough, Households and Horrors, where a character travelled through the various rooms of a post-holocaust middleclass suburban home and battled its mutant inhabitants. For this game, Trinidad selected his favorite character Wayland the Smith for his adventure. Fenris, his erstwhile companion, served as the Housemaster for this game.

"From what you can tell, this is an ordinary kitchen," he began, matter-of-factly. "There is a pan on the stove which is full of boiling cooking oil." Fenris took a hearty sip of vintage Scope and waited for Trinidad's instructions.

"I'm going towards the stove. Do I see or hear anything?"

Fenris rolled two dice. "No."

"Okay, I'm at the stove now. I'm looking in the pan. Is there anything besides oil in it?"

"No, Trinidad," He rolled some dice, examined them and smiled. "Wandering Monster time!" he cried gleefully as he picked up a manual and began to search in it. Trinidad groaned. Finally, Fenris found his monster. "Aha! Four Were-wives with anti-rape aerosols have just burst through the door and are after you!"

Trinidad thought fast, then grinned a sly smile. "I'm throwing the pan of oil at them."

Fenris rolled dice. "Sorry. They're still not dead," he said cheerfully.

"I daresay they are," said Trinidad.

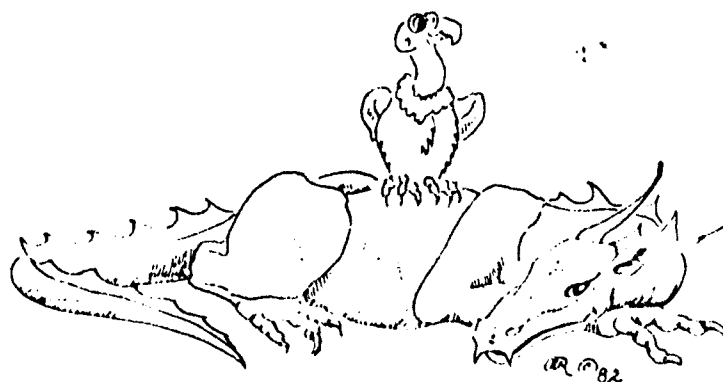
Fenris' face dropped. "How? Where is a rule that says that?"

"Surely it's obvious, Fenris."

"Oh, great Gygax--you don't mean....." Fenris said dutifully.

"Yes!" waved Trinidad frenzidly. "A Smith and Wesson beats four Aces!"

Ward Smith



CON REPORT: I

ASFiCon II, October 23-25, 1981

... by Charlotte Proctor

Julie Wall and I drove to Atlanta. It was raining.

We arrived about 2 pm. Registration wasn't open. We went to our room and unpacked. The rest of our roomies (Marcy Brackett, Jim Cobb and Frank Brayman) weren't due to arrive until later...in Jim's case, much later.

Don Cook came by, and we three made a tour of the con suite, huckster room, and art show. We stood around and talked with Doug Chaffee while he put up his art. I admired, for the umpteenth time, his locomotive painting.

What to do? I've never been to a con so early except B'hamacons. We went out to eat. We went back to the room. Don just couldn't stay awake (he works nights). He crashed with my promise to wake him in time to go to work.

More fen were arriving. I delivered a video tape to Mike Weber--Meade and Penney weren't coming. Celco attacked me in the con suite. Janet Lyons admonished us to cease and desist...."This is a family con."

Janet asked me if I was interested in filksinging. Well, my daughter (Valerie..... remember her?) is. That seemed enough to qualify me. She asked me to judge the filksing contest, if there were any entries. O.K.

Marcy arrived, and I let her in the room and gave her a key. "Who's that?" she asked, looking at the body on the bed. "A friend of mine", I replied. Not long thereafter, Frank showed. Same bit.

Jim Gilpatrick finally made it. I found him in the Judicial Room, on a panel, and bopped right up front and gave (and got) a big hug. Grumbling from the audience. "Don't I get a hug, too"? Hank Reinhardt asked. He did.

Pat Gibbs was there, all the way from Flint, MI. He had his slides of DSC, he said, both this year's and last year's. Oh, goodie, can I see them? What with late panels and hearts games and stuff, we made a tentative date to look at them about 1 am.

Filk-sing contest time neared. There were two entries...an SCA type girl named Mary (I'm sorry, I don't remember really, I'll just call her Mary and apologise when I see her again), and Guy Lillian & Dennis Bolbear. A handful of die-hard filksong enthusiasts were there, and we heard Mary sing, first a serious, and then a humorous one. From the sublime to the ridiculous...the comedy (?) team of Guy and Dennis regaled us with bits and pieces of satirical song remembered from the hey-day of the Sons of the Sand.

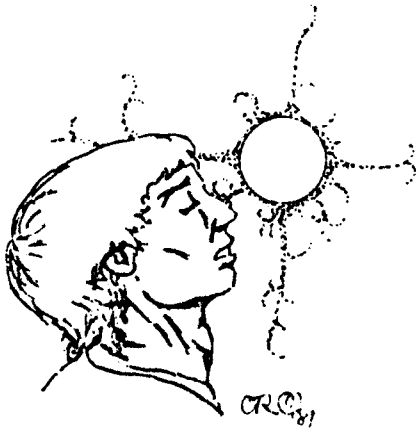
John Campbell was there, with a friend who had a Hopsfa Hymnal. I grabbed it, and began picking out my favorite songs. John and I, joined up front by John M. Ford, then entertained the populous. After awhile, ~~EVERYBODY WANTED TO JOIN~~ we asked everyone to join us around the table, and, looking something like the Mormon Tabernacle Choir with one Hymnal, we all belted out filksong after filksong.

The contest? Who won? Well, I guess everyone did. Mary won for best solo, Guy and Dennis won for best duet, and the audience won for best audience participation. It was fun.

My duty to the Asticon concem fulfilled, I began to float around, trying to find Birmingham people to invite to my room to see DSC slides. I had the nagging thought in the back of my mind that Pat had not brought a slide projector to DSC, and I'll bet he didn't have one here either. I had a roomful of fen when Pat dropped by to see if I still wanted the slides. Yes. Do you have a projector? No. Aaarrrgh... Pat said, "Oh, you don't need a projector, I shoot a tight frame (holding up thumb and forefinger), you can see them all right." Can you believe that?

Someone suggested Frank Love might have his projector, so I told Pat to go get his slides while I found Frank. That's the easy part ... Frank is always in the movie room. "Frank, did you bring your projector?" He did. "Would you bring it to my room so we can see the DSC slides?" "Can't I finish watching the movie?" he wanted to know. "Well, how much longer is it on?"....."About 15 minutes." Well, then, OK...see you in 521 in a few minutes.

I hopped back up there, to find that Wade (oh, ye of little faith) Gilbreath had left because he thought I wouldn't be able to find a projector. But Standing Buffalo was there, and Stven Carlberg, Tom Campbell, Cindy and Linda Riley, and Julie. Pat was antsy, wanting to get back to the hearts tables, so I promised to take good care of his slides, and run along and play, Pat. Frank showed first Pat's and then his, slides. Frank's slides are almost ancient history, and have a nostalgic flavor to them.



It had been a long day, so about 3 a.m. I went to bed...perchance to sleep. No Such Luck. Just as I dozed off, here came the last member of our little party...Jim Cobb. I had run out of keys by this time, and told him to share Marcy's key. He went out. Julie came in. I think she got up to let Frank (Brayman) in. Now, Frank was low man on the totem pole, that is, the last to get in on the room, and had brought his sleeping bag. But in his ~~fatigued~~ fatigued state, his mind said "bed=sleep", and he fell on the other one, and did.

Still later there were entrances and exits, and some excited whispering. I got up to see Jim and Marcy in a state of consternation, wondering who was going to sleep where.

It seemed to be up to me to straighten things out, so I kicked Frank. "Wake up. Get in your sleeping bag." "O.K." He said "O.K.", but he was talking in his sleep, 'cause not a muscle moved, he was dead to the world. Not being able to cope with all this, I fell in the bed beside Frank and told the rest..."You three sleep over there". Now I'll get some sleep, I thought. No Such Luck.

Now you may or may not have heard of Birmingham Feelee Fandom, which is just a fancy name for backrubs, but it has a bastardized version called "let's-all-tickle-Jim-Cobb-till-he-screams-for-mercy-and-then-don't-give-him-any." So they did.

Best line of the night: Just when things had quieted down, Jim said "Leave me alone!" After a minute, he said "I can't believe I said that." With dawn breaking, we all caught a few, a very few hours sleep.

Noon Saturday: Time to get up. Why? Well, we could go eat. O.K. Jim, Julie, Marcy and I went to the Waffle House. It was full. We walked over to the IHOP. It was full. We walked back towards the car and I suggested we check the Waffle House again, and if it was still full, we could walk back and check IHOP. Everybody thought that was a stupid idea so we checked the Waffle House. There was an empty table.

We went back to the hotel. We looked around. We went back to the room. We went to sleep. Just as we had dozed off, who should show up but Don Cook, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. Go away. He did...and came back several hours later when we were waking up, ready (almost) to face Saturday night at a con. (It's hard work being a fan.)

Banquet time. Frank Brayman, Don Cook and I sat with Hank and Norma. This was one of the few times I have been favorably impressed with an SF/hotel banquet. The tables and the food looked good, the food tasted good, the service was good. The service was so good, in fact, that Norma asked if there were any chance of getting some cheese or ice cream on her apple pie. No. "You never get anything, if you don't ask", Norma said. "It doesn't hurt to try." Hank wondered if she had brass ovaries.

The Speeches: Well, Fan Goll Joe Siclari said all the things I have heard said about a worldcon bid, and its committee. He talked about the dangers of being insular. That was the only time I saw him all weekend.

Goll Robert Silverberg said, in effect, that since he didn't know us, he didn't have anything to say. He then went on to tease Cliff Biggers. Cliff didn't look anything like he had expected. On the phone, Silverberg said, Cliff has such a quiet voice, such a clean-shaven voice.

His message, when he got around to it, seemed to be that, in his opinion, Science Fiction should be "threatening", rather than just "entertaining".

The masquerade was neat. Several (imho) world-con caliber costumes. I sat next to Cliff Amos and Beth Pointer. The best of show was a red dragon about 7 feet tall. The body inside really knew how to manipulate the head and hands to lend expression and communicate ideas. It was a first class job, as was the second place winner... a white furry person who said he was a wolf, but I think he was really feline.

I popped into the con suite to see what was going on, and what should I find but Nancy Brown, Wade, Julie, Jim C. and Marcy, sitting on the side of the bed acting silly. Frank Love, camera in hand, was recording for posterity. I lay across their laps for a photo. Someone tickled me---"Stop that, Jim", I said. "That wasn't me, that was....Marcy", he replied. "I'd know those fingers anywhere" I retorted--- much to Jim's embarrassment.

Returning to my room, I "received" for a couple of hours, and we played Tarot. Sue Phillips came by, and Nicki Lynch.

Later, looking for the action, I found it in the lobby. Steven was playing the piano-- Tom Campbell, too, on the high notes. They sang and entertained us for hours. After one song, the desk clerks burst into applause.

We all trooped up to the con suite--nothing. So we all went to 521. Your Basic Room Party.

((You, know, I've talked to several people about this con, and they have rated it all the way from "Dull" (meaning nothing going on late at night), to "Right up there with B'hamacon"; which leads me to believe that whether or not it's a "good" con for you, depends on you--what kind of mood you're in that weekend, whom you find to "go around with", what you find to do. Though I will have to admit, if I hadn't engineered a slide show and a couple of other room parties for myself, I wouldn't have had much to do.))

Sleepy time again. People left and people went to bed. Now I'll get some sleep. No Such Luck.

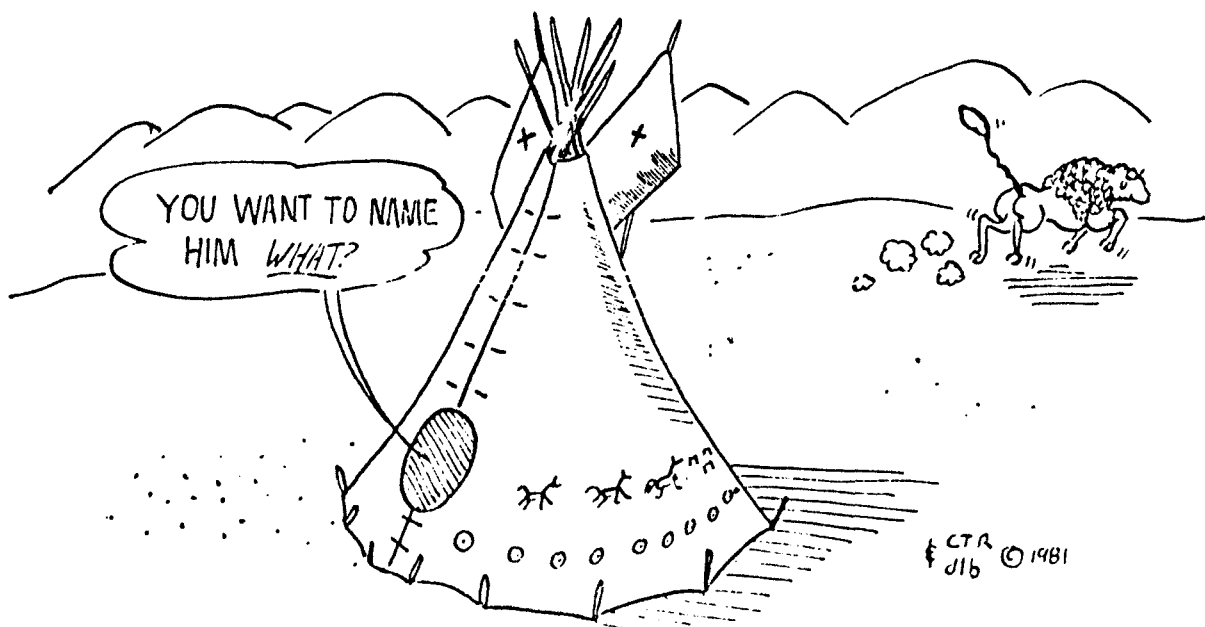
Julie stepped on Frank; Jim Cobb was still ticklish; Jokes kept bouncing around... (Leroy! Bring me a sauerkraut and jelly sandwich.....Leroy!!....Wait a minute...) Dawn was breaking before we slept.

Sunday Morning. We awoke at 11 and tried to get an extension on checkout time. No way. It was a mad scramble to get packed and out by 12. But we did.

I breakfasted with Dave Halterman.....finally bought the Chaffee locomotive.

I was in pretty good shape by then, and went to the con suite. Learned Steven had won the Hearts tournament. Watched some more hearts being played....could have stayed all day; but Julie was worn out, sick and tired...."Can we go now?"

Julie and I drove to Birmingham. It was raining.



Forged minutes

Birmingham Science Fiction Club Minutes - October, 1981

Ward Smith

The October meeting of the BSFC was a landmark in Birmingham history; if all truth be told. Instead of the traditional outlandish costumes such as blue jeans, tee shirts, and (*shudder*) button-up shirts usually displayed in an effort to conceal their true nature, B'hamsters on this hallowed eve were normal, yea verily, e'en respectable in their attire.

Charlotte Proctor was clad in traditional Supreme Serene Despot apparel, which set the standard for fashion that evening; Merlia Oden wore a simple black three-piece suit (tunic, tights, cape). Julie "What this all thing" Wall managed to throw something together. Her costume was reported to have been concocted from three different sources (Menage A trois, anyone?). Frank "Crack-that-whip" Braymen snaked in disguised as Indiana Jones. Others among the "Blundering Herd" included Wade Gilbreath as a Method Fan, DL Burden as a Martian gondolier, two transylvanians, two Preppies, one Redneck, one Zombie, and someone even had the audacity to dress normally!

On the list of upcoming events, several were mentioned: but ANVII is so late that they hardly seem relevant now.

Then, like a rat crawling through a crack in an old, broken wall, it came: The terrifying, horrible, unspeakable--Program Event! All seriousness aside, it was quite interesting. David Mann and Cathy Fundstrom (who live in Huntsville, are charter members of BSFC, and who work in/on the Space Program) gave a presentation on the space shuttle launch. They showed great video footage of the shuttle liftoff, gave some inside info, and answered many, many questions. We were all very pleased to have them with us, and they promised to come again in the Spring.

After the mundane affairs were over, all members and prospects repaired to Pasquales' where we indulged ourselves in the wild fad of pizza wrestling.

BSFC minutes - November

cp

The business was so eminently forgettable, no one can remember it. Jim Phillips auctioned memorabilia of the shuttle launch which David Mann had left for that purpose, for Christmas party funds. Gene Crutcher talked to us; we went to Pizza.

BSFC Minutes - December

cp

Christmas Party at Frank Brayman's house; lotsa food, Frank Love brought his computer, and the idea for B'hamcon III (BSFC in '83) was born.

We decided to have programming first before doing the usual January thing. Frank Love had brought his slides from some of the '81 conventions so we all got to point and laugh. Among these was the picture from ASFiCon that will immortalize Charlotte's famous saying "I'd recognize those fingers anywhere". This same photo documents for Nancy Brown...."WHAT pictures?"

Then came the elections. dlb, as her last act in the office of Treasurer for the year of 1981, let it be known that all those who did not pay their dues could not vote. That was okay, because even though Deb got her money, they who ran, ran unopposed. In the BSFC power structure now are two oldies (but goodies), dlb herself as treasurer again, and Charlotte "Den Mother extraordinaire" Proctor as President-in-charge-of-Vice. New to the bureaucracy are Jim "No more Mr. Nice Guy" Cobb as President and yours truly, Julie the Smed Wall as Secretary.

Once we had decided who to blame for BSFC, it was time to discuss our nearest and dearest business, the DSC bid. Yes, folks, this is the official "word". Birmingham is bidding for the DSC in '83. We cussed and discussed this for a long time and wrapped it up with Penney Frierson encouraging the populous to buy up those last few B'hamacon T-shirts left from the last one so that we can throw some parties. (Order now and save 1/2 off the original cover price. Send \$3.00 check or money order to T-shirt, P. O. Box 57031, B'ham, AL 35259)

Then we went to pizza and as Charlotte says, "After we go on the pizza run, the minutes are over."



Previous Balance----- \$203.58

OUTGO		INCOME	
DSC (To make up loss)	\$20.00	Dues	\$65.00
Paper for ANVIL	51.29	ANVIL sales	1.00
Envelopes & Labels	27.98	Subscriptions	13.00
Stamps	42.00	Auction	<u>53.50</u>
Postage (overseas)	19.04	Total	\$131.50
Service Charges	3.00		
ANVIL Supplies	10.16		
Christmas Party	<u>36.75</u>		
Total	\$210.22	January 7, 1982	
		Current Balance	\$124.86 dlb

ZINE REVIEWS

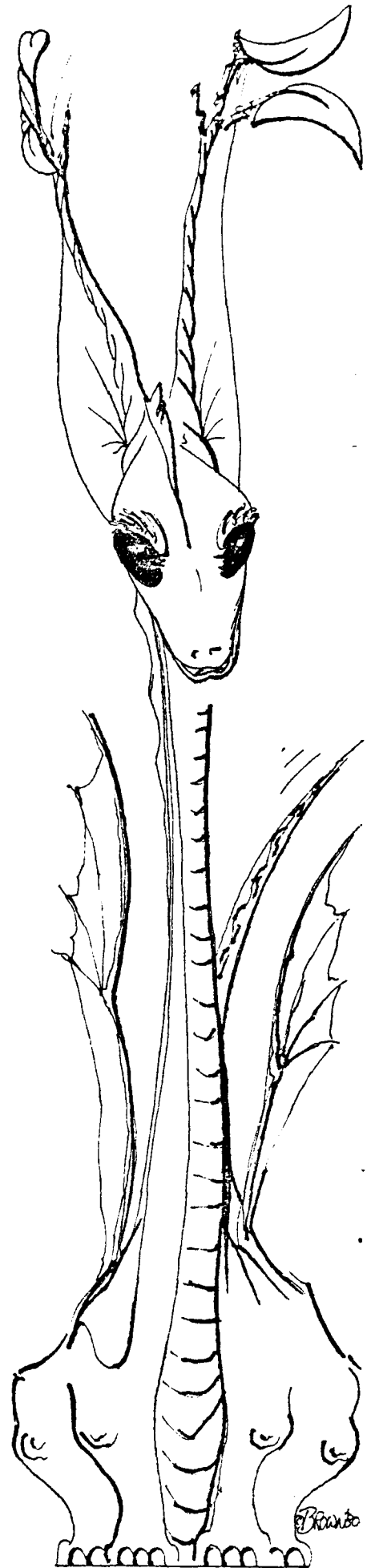
by Ceceilia

Like a fool I said; "Deb, (dlb, one of our esteemed editors) I think I'd like to try my hand at the fanzine review column."

"You would? Here!" Cruump! (sound of my body hitting the floor as about a ton of fanzines are thrust into my waiting hands.) As was said to Custer at the Little Big Horn, "You don't know what you're getting into."

I'm fairly new to fandom---been in a little more than a year, and have known about the existence of 'zines for about the same amount of time. This is my first experience of any zine other than our own clubzine ANVIL, or the Atlanta clubzine, ATARANTIES. So I'm attempting this with a virgin mind so to speak. There is one thing, in deciding to do this column I knew I could do one of two things, either "review" as has been done in the past, and what seems to be the norm with most "review" columns, that is, a listing of zines with a brief synopsis of each, or a review, a critique of two or three (or more, as space permits) with my own thoughts and comments on those being reviewed. The former method is "safe" in that it's hard to make enemies that way, the latter is almost guaranteed to make an enemy or two if it's a bad review. Being a very much puppy wagging its tail sort of person who loves to please and hates to make enemies, it was a tough decision, but I decided to go ahead with the reviews as the word is defined by the dictionary (yes, I did look it up, anyone care to split hairs with me?) I will try to be fair and call the shots as I see them, but please remember that these are more or less the opinions of one person and you are entitled to your own. Another thing, I can tell if the copy of a zine is cleanly reproduced and legible, but I cannot always tell what manner of repro was used. Where I am absolutely sure I will state it, but where not I will only say if it was readable or not.

That's how it started. So now I've got to review these things, so, "Full speed ahead and damn the torpedoes!"

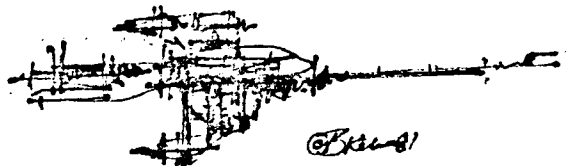


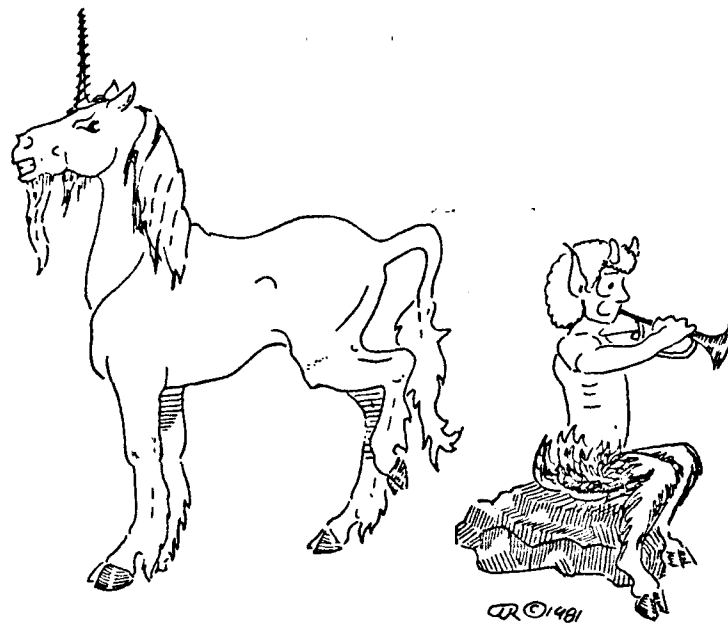
ChatSFIC NEWS #1/STRANGE PUNCH #7, 44 Collegetown Estates,
Cleveland, TN 37311, Andre Barker-Bridget, editor.

I received these two 'zines stapled together and did not even realized that there were two until, reading straight through, I came to the end of ChatSFIC, and the beginning of SP. I also now realize why. From what I have been able to deduce, it seems that STRANGE PUNCH has gone the way of its predecessor CHAT, and is now defunct. For that reason I was not sure if it should be reviewed, but after reading it, I felt that some comment was definitely in order. You may, or may not have heard of the schism in the Chattanooga club, any and all information I have on the subject has come from these 'zines. In any case, there is now the original CSFA and the splinter group CSFC. After reading STRANGE PUNCH I am not surprised, it was inevitable. I do not know any of the people in the Chattanooga area, and have only briefly met one or two, but still reading this issue of SP left me decidedly depressed. It seems that the club was riddled with internal politics, an "us" against "them" problem that finally resulted in the split. All of this definitely showed up in the 'zine so much that it overshadowed everything else. Perhaps with the split they will at last have some peace.

ChatSFIC NEWS is the CSFC newszine and it seems to be a good start. I can't say that I agree with their policy of club members first, then everybody else as pertains to submissions, but I can see that that is their way of attempting to consolidate feeling in the fledgeling club, a sense of this is our accomplishment. This can be good in some ways, but unless they have a fairly large pool of talent from which to draw, the quality of the 'zine can suffer. We shall simply have to see. There was a "Who's That?" column, a short bio of two of the club members (with two very poorly reproduced photos---photos are not mimeo's forte) which were quite interesting and gave a nice touch. More clubzines should try such a column. It would help us "outsiders" to get to know some of the people in the clubs which are sending us the zines. The rest of this issue was filled out with local news. This being the first issue, there were no locs. Repro was mimeo, and I have been struck with how different machines (or different operators?) can produce such a wide range of quality. This is not one of the better ones, tending to be somewhat fuzzy and hard on the eyes, but I'm told that mimeo is "traditional" besides being cheap. Who can argue with cheap? No rating because its the first issue.

Trade info for ChatSFIC; 50¢ each or "the usual" (locs, art, articles, etc.,) CSFC members receive first consideration and ChatSFIC NEWS reserves the right to return submissions by non-members unopened. The colophon included a rather lengthy list of guidelins for submissions which I'm not going to try to reproduce here.





BATON ROUGE SF LEAGUE NEWS, PO Box 18610-A, University Station,
Baton Rouge, LA 70893, JRMadden, editor.

After SP I found this zine greatly refreshing. In fact it made me want to light out to Red Stick and join in the fun. I'm not sure of the type of repro on this one, although it looks like xerox with the result that the quality of the art reproduction suffers (excellent art), but the copy is readily readable. I did have a slight problem in that one column was marked "cont'd" but didn't say where, with the result that I had to hunt for it. The writing was humorous in many places which was refreshing, and of a uniform quality. Although JR seemed to have a slight case of exclamationitis on the front page, elsewhere the writing was good. A fun read and thoroughly enjoyable, I'd give it a rating of ****.

Trad info; 40¢ each, three for \$1.00, or trade for the usual.

NEOLOGY, #3&4, PO Box 4071, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T6E 4S8,
Lorna Toolis, editor.

This was the high point of the stack of 'zines I was handed. It was funny ("...the ESFCAS MOVING GROUP wishes it to be known that the goods of the next person to move into or from a third floor apartment will be flung from the window of that apartment while they play 'catch' under the window...), "Granny Filk: Folk Wisdom for the Bewildered", an article on travel tips for the neo con-goer that left me chuckling under my breath (try chuckling and drinking a pepsi at the same time and you'll see why it was under my breath). The interior art was a bit uneven, good and not so good, and the cover (which appeared to be offset on card stock, but I could be wrong) by Stephen Fox was very good. I recognized the cover by the craters, I can always say "Aha! Craters! It must be one of Fox's!" But that's ok, most artists have their favorite vehicle, (Aha! Suns with tendrils! It must be one of CTRiley's!). The 'zine was filled out with an article on "Superheroic

Alternatives", restaurant reviews of Calgary eateries (and one at the end of the universe), 'zine reviews and etc. The writing was of a uniformly high quality and the layout was good. I reccomend it. Rating: **** $\frac{1}{2}$

Trade info; NG (Not Given), but I assume it was the usual.

Other fanzines received;

FILM AT ELEVEN # 1, 4207 Davis Ln., Chattanooga TN 37416, Nicki Lynch, editor. 4pp. CSFA's newsletter, no illos, strictly news.

THE SPECULATOR, # 7, PO Box U-122, College Heights Station, Bowling Green, KY 42101, editor NG.

FROM THE ASHES, #11, SFAV, 3601 Crestview Rd., Victoria, BC Canada, V8P 5C5, Rebecca Reeves, editor, ditto-zine, available for trade.

MEMPHEN, # 46, 140 Eastview Dr., Memphis, TN 38111, Greg Bridges/
Frank Jordan, eds., 4pp, Charlie Williams cover, trade info NG.

THE PHOENIX, 1824 Christian St., B'ham, AL 35135, Tim Gatewood, editor. Libertatian Party 'zine. No comment.

WESTWIND # 53, PO Box 24207, Seattle, WA 98124, Elizabeth Warren, editor, contributions welcome (presumably for trade), ads accepted. VPoyser cover.

FILE 770, # 28, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, CA 91342, Mike Glycer, editor, Trade info; 60¢ copy 5/\$3.00, trade for newszines and clubzines as arranged, for news (its a newszine, folks), and art. (Arrived with Postage Due of 17¢. One of the stamps fell off maybe?)

BCSFAZINE, #101, BCSFA, PO Box 35577, Station 'E' Vancouver, BC Canada, V6M 4G9, Con Hiebner, editor. Available for the usual.

ASFOAWN, #'s 3/4, 2125 Defoors Ferry Rd., Apt. A4, Atlanta, GA 30318. Subs, 50¢ copy. Infofanzine, goings on in the Atalanta area. Irvin Koch, Editor.

RSN/DNQ, #32, 1812-415 Willowdale Ave., Willowdale, Ontario, M2N 5B4 Canada (Taral Wayne), PO Box 156, Stn D Toronto, Ont. M6P 3J8, (Victoria Vayne). Available for the usual or subs by "units", each issue counting 2 or 3 units depending on length, 5 units/\$3.00.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, # 41, 1525 NE Ainsworth, Portland, OR 97211, Richard E. Geis, editor., pro-zine, subs \$7.00 year (four issues)

SF CONVENTION REGISTER, Oct. 1981, 9850 Fairfax Square #232, Fairfax, VA 22031, Erwin S. "Filthy Pierre" Strauss, editor. subs, 1 year \$3.00 (6 issues), 2 years \$6.00. Two page complete convention calendar, a must for con-goers, and absolutely necessary for planning the years trips.

CON REPORT: II

Chattacon, 1982

by Charlotte Proctor

Nearly 550 fans braved the snowy, icy roads to come to Chattacon. Julie Wall and I made it fine, but Jim Cobb was in such a hurry that he passed on the un-snow-plowed lane, spun around twice (screaming as he circled, "This is It!") and went into the median ditch. Those cars he had passed so unorthodoxically stopped, and after pointing and laughing, helped push his VW back up on the road. He was still shaking when he got to the hotel. "The first five years of my life flashed in front of my eyes", he said, "It all happened so fast, that's all there was time for."

It was a good thing we came up early Friday, 'cause I needed all the time I could get to "learn" the hotel. The function rooms, art show and huckster rooms and "Watch your step" con suite were all located on the mezzanine and third floor. They were close together, once you found the service stairs. Actually, since I have no sense of direction, it took me till Sunday afternoon to go anywhere without getting lost.

Friday evening: Julie, Frank Brayman and I sat on a leather couch on the mezzanine near the elevators. Sure enough, here came Tuck and entourage on their way to Opening Ceremonies. We joined up. The room was empty. No audience. Well, sez Bob, let's all sit up front. So we did. I met Robert Adams and he gave me a drink of his 20 year old Irish Whiskey. We soon had to make room for other pros, Sharon Webb, John Ford, and for BNFs such as Jan Howard Finder.

The Atlanta in '86 panel was next, with Silent Randy Satterfield, Big Ward Batty up front, and Little Cliff Biggers at the projector. Jan asked most of the questions and Ward did most of the answering.

Saturday: Jim, Julie and I had brunch with Don Cook. Jerry Page joined us and we swapped lies about Hank.

Julie and I watched some of the Great Fannish Lies panel, and wandered around, looking for something to do. I checked out the hucksters, and Walter Davis gave me a birthday present of Volume 6 of "Cartoon History of the Universe". The art show was smaller than expected, a couple of my favorite artists were conspicuous by their absence. Lotsa prints.

We dropped back into the Silver Ballroom for the tail end of Tucker's interview of Larry Niven (by this time, "we" were: me, Julie, Tom Osburn and John Ford). John said they were going to do something special at 4. Sure enough, the concom came in with a Chattacon tee shirt for Tucker and a "Happy Fiftith Anniversary in Fandom" cake, big enough to feed the whole audience. Jim Cobb ate 3 pieces. David Mann and Cathy Fundstrom were there and I got the nicest hug from David. Wade Gilbreath said later he's sorry he missed Chattacon 'cause Cathy is such a good hugger. I don't know about her, but David.....well....

Some people, including Sandy Paris-Barger, Jan Finder, Don Cook, came up to 504 with Julie and me for a lets-kill-time-till-time-for-the-banquet party. Sue Phillips had her semi-annual Tarot reading.

Julie and I dressed to the teeth and joined Don and his Chablis at the banquet. Having no extra glasses, we drank out of our coffee cups. It was just as well, as the concom announced that the hotel frowned upon, in fact, prohibited, the drinking of any alcoholic beverages in the Silver Ballroom not bought from the hotel. So, bottle under the table, napkin over coffee cup so waitress wouldn't pour coffee in it. Reminded me of the old days, on the roof of the Peabody Hotel in Memphis, one had to put one's liquor under the table.

The food was good, but the announcements were long and b-o-r-i-n-g. Don did the only sensible thing. He went to sleep. Niven's GoH speech was interesting, but would have been more so were it earlier, or shorter. Then came time for Jerry Page's bit. Don and I added a little excitement by making our glasses "sing". Sounds like a p.a. system feedback. Jerry asked us to stop.

Art auction: Maureen Dorris had asked me to be a runner for the art show. Having helped put on a con, I know and understand how important it is for people to help out, so I did. Besides, I kinda like being up front! Jan Finder and Bryan Webb were auctioneers. We runners were given our instructions. There's more to running than I thought. I thoroughly enjoyed it, except for the moment when my zipper decided to die and I felt a cold draft down my back. Sidling down the wall toward the exit, I ran smack into one of those huge mirrors that were all over the place. I was trapped! I spotted Adrian Washburn and begged the loan of his jacket, found Jane Grey who fixed the zipper, but I wasn't about to trust it, so back to the room to change from fancy dress to con jeans. Once back at the auction, I lost all control and bought a watercolor. Oh, well, so much for the budget....

After the auction, we dropped in on the masquerade for awhile. John Ford was doing an admirable job of emceeing. Then around to the parties...the L&N party was just down the hall from our room, and there were Cliff Amos and our used-to-be-own Beth Pointer. We miss Beth so much.....Cliff said we could have her back. But Jim Cobb said we had rather have all of her.

The Nashville party in 501 was a good place to go. They had a suite, which made it roomier....Nashville is such a friendly group....they always throw a good party.

The Atlanta in '86 party used, I was given to understand, almost, nearly a whole half-pint of rum in their punch. This is the same group that fed Worldcon on a gallon.

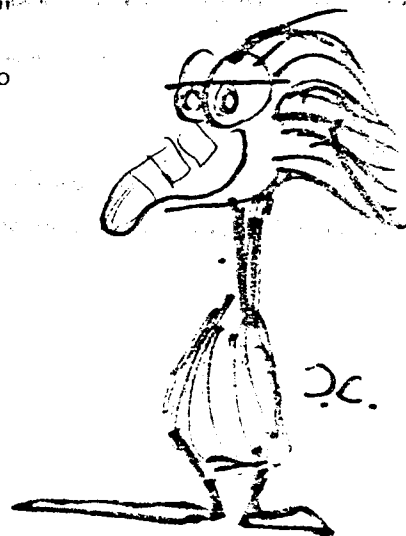
Talking with Randy Satterfield...."You were mighty quiet on the panel, Randy."

"Yes", he replied, "I know when to keep my mouth shut."

"Better to remain silent and be thought a fool, than to speak and prove it", I quoted.

"WHO'S been calling me a fool?!?!? Randy demanded!

endit



LOCS

James Van Hise
10885 Angola Road
San Diego, CA 92126

I'd address you by name but not only did the latest ANVIL fail to include a publishing address (I had to dig through the trash for the mailing envelope) but it was edited anonymously as no editorial credit was given except to your helpers. Are you ashamed of what you do? You didn't even bother to sign your editorial. Too many fanzines suffer from that sort of ineptitude, as well as other kinds, which I will get to now.

A couple issues back you printed my letter dealing with Nuclear Power. In your infinite wisdom you cut half of it out so that you'd have more room for letters from people commenting on a review of a Heinlein collection. That sort of thing is precisely what is wrong with most fanzines. If you have a choice of dealing with fantasy or reality you'll opt for fantasy every time and in the process my arguments were weakened severely. I threw that issue away when I saw that bit of editorial travesty and thus wasn't surprised when people took me to task in the following issue since they'd only read half of what I'd had to say. That's sloppiness on your part, not mine. I was pleased to see that some clearer thinking prevailed in the latest issue and I've enclosed two very recent articles from the Los Angeles Times on California's other Nuclear Power plant which is even in worse shape than the one 45 miles from me. The column by Tom Goff even makes specific reference to the 40 year life span of the reactors and that in some cases this has already been scaled sharply downward.

It would be really swell if the rabid pro-Nuclear people--such as the young lady who hung me out to dry in your previous issue--would realize that I'm not opposed to Nuclear Power because I want to in defiance of all logic, but because the industry keeps screwing up so badly that it scares me. Diablo Canyon is just the latest example, and when the NRC publicly referred to "screw-ups" in the designs, Pacific Gas and Electric objected to the use of the word "screw-up", as if that was the extent of their concern on the matter.

It would behoove you and your readers that if you opt to cover this that you don't cut the heart out of articles merely for space considerations. Of the many reasons used for cutting an article or a letter, space considerations are the worst. I've been a fan-ed for 11 years and I have never cut anything for that reason. I run it in its entirety or postpone it an issue. That makes far more sense than trying to make room for someone's LOC on a book review which will be forgotten a half hour later.

ANVIL underwent an editorial change with no. 17. That "ineptitude" comes from 2 neo editors learning the hard way, as Gilpatrick is now in New Jersey.

We do not cut letters merely for space considerations. I try to edit and answer them as they come in, not when we're trying to get the zine out. I cut letters that ramble because I know I don't like to wade through a long letter column with letters that go on and on and never make a point. As for your letter on nuclear power, I wasn't editor then, and didn't cut it.

George Flynn
27 Sowamsett Ave.
Warren RI, 02885

I really liked Jim Gilpatrick's Denvention report, especially its concentration on operations. (Come to think of it, it was in Ops HQ that Jim handed me an Atlanta in '86 flyer.) Jim's kind words on the Noreascon helpers' party are especially appreciated; by good luck I'm just about to type up the minutes of our annual meeting, and I'm going to include this quote so as to properly distribute the egoboo. Denvention seems to have wound down faster than Noreascon did: we didn't finish moving out of the hotel till Thursday afternoon (I wandered by and got to help load the last truck).

This question of whether a fanzine editor's responsibility is to the readers or him/herself may be a non-issue. After all, presumably one does a fanzine because one wants to communicate with people, right? (Otherwise why make more than one copy?) And if the readers have no interest in what the editor is trying to communicate, then in those terms the zine is a failure, no matter how well it conforms to the editor's tastes. With regard to David Palter's remarks on solar power satellites, the problem is that a "calamitous buildup in the planet's temperature" can be produced by a significant increase in energy use from almost any source: fossil fuels (even without counting the greenhouse effect), nuclear, SPS all wind up releasing energy to the environment that other wise wouldn't be there, and this inevitably leads to a temperature increase. This doesn't apply to groundbased solar or other renewable sources, which merely recycle energy that reaches the Earth's surface anyway; but the amount available from such sources is of course limited (though well above what we're using now). Thus there is an absolute limit to the amount of energy that can be utilized on the Earth without upsetting the climate, and in terms of long-term trends that limit isn't so far away: already urban areas are usually noticeably warmer than the countryside, and such effects tend to increase geometrically. If you collect the energy in space and use it there, of course, that's another matter....



Great DSC report! (although it takes a little work to determine who wrote what.)

Harry Andruschak
P. O. Box 606
La Canada-Flintridge
California 91011

I have received #18 of your clubzine, and as usual, wish the LASFS could do as well and as often. What is there about Southern Fandom that enables it to have so many good clubzines that keep to schedule? (sort of)

Thanks for printing what I thought was a book review. On re-reading my piece I realize I was being actually sarcastic at the ignorance of fans. Still, something ought to be done.

I had a party at the last con I went to, in October, and labeled it a WINDSCALE/SPUTNIK ONE MEMORIAL PARTY. Lots of young fans attended, but very few knew what Windscale or Sputnik was. The frightening thing about all this is that many fans just haven't realized that ignorance is no longer bliss...it will kill you.

It is nice to start getting all these reports of DENVENTION II, a con I deliberately missed. Nothing I have read to date makes me regret my not going...I was better off home. Probably won't be going to CHICON IV either.

Have to cut this LOC short and get back to typing my resume. As you may have heard, it is the end of JPL. Both the Solar Polar and the Halley Comet missions have been scrubbed, and massive layoffs are happening all over the lab. I'll soon be joining them. Say, how is the market for computer technicians in your area?

David Palter
1811 Tamarind Ave.
Apt. 22
Hollywood, CA 90028

I was delighted by Harry Andruschak's article, pointing out that in spite of all the apparent anti-nuclear hysteria, the public is really not well informed about the dangers of nuclear power, and the nuclear power industry continues to get away with irresponsible management of the power plants. My own letter in that issue (#18) which defended the solar power satellite concept from some aspersions previously cast by Harry Warner, certainly gains force from Harry's reminder that all is not well with nuclear power. I don't quite follow your own editorial remark that "I much prefer solar energy but know that nuclear power must be given a chance." I think that after several decades of extensive use, hundreds of billions of dollars of investment, and the great many accidents and assorted misfortunes which have resulted, nuclear power has had its chance and has demonstrated itself to be inadequate. That is, while I would rather have nuclear power than no power at all, I don't see why we should settle for nuclear power when it could be replaced by the SPS. I am not sure what sort of "chance" it is that you know nuclear power must be given.

I must admit that all the reporting on DSC 19 both in ANVIL and in the ConCom Report, was quite fascinating. I definitely get the feeling that it would be interesting for me to meet some of you southern fēn in person. But will I do it? Probably not, but we shall see; it's not impossible.

Nuclear power could be all that we're told it is. If we could find a way to avoid accidents. But people are people and make mistakes. Human error is the real problem with nuclear plants and in their case it is indeed a bomb waiting to explode. When I say nuclear power should get a chance I mean that that dream of "all that power" should not have to die because human error won't let it reach its potential. I'm a dreamer--I'll still believe nuclear power could be safe and efficient--someday--but the realist in me says I won't live to see it and that solar power is the only way to go--for now.

Dave Szurek
4417 Second
Apt. B-15
Detroit, MI 48201

A few uncommonly good points are made in ANVIL 18-- not that they are new in the long run, but they could stand to be expressed a bit more frequently in fanzines. The 'good points' I'm talking about are Tony Cannon's attack on Reagan's assault on the poor....and the unusually rational anti-nuke comments of Andruschak, Brown and Palter. Their comments might not be perceived as anti-nuke, but depictions of reality are more incriminating than theory. And whatever he says, Harry doesn't claim that Nukes are the greatest thing since white bread because they are cerebral and educated rather than rhetorical.

Many anti nuke people are educated on the matter, and many of their opponents are uneducated-uninformed, although the charge that their opposites "don't know who" they're talking about is the standard rebuttal. Some anti nuclear activists, in fact, have adopted their stand because they've grown informed as to nuclear drawbacks.

Anybody who can't see that sentiments are the same no matter what "words" are used needs glasses. Needing glasses is no crime, but it is something that should be corrected. Before Cobb and Burden took over, Gilpatrick put down being afraid of Nukes and I had trouble figuring out where his head was. Like the song says, 'When Einstein's scared, I'm scared'. Frankly, I think it makes more sense to be afraid of death than afraid of 'words'. When we're all lying dead or glowing, those 'words' aren't going to mean much to us--we won't give a damn about whether or not we're appearing 'fashionable'--and odds are that we won't even be able to hear somebody call us 'twentieth-century luddites'.

I commend Andruschak for revealing to the naive and the ignorant in words they can understand, that Nukes can and have posed a very real threat. No, the bulk of anti-nuclear activists aren't more interested in punishing evildoers, pointing fingers and getting their faces on tv than in survival. Some of their opponents do good ostrich imitations as has been characteristic of opposition to most prohuman movements. A lot of people have forgotten too soon, but now that their memories have been refreshed, let's hope that they don't come down with amnesia again.

Wade Gilbreath does a good job of conveying his inner personality to someone like me who can easily identify with it. If such were alien to my personality, I imagine that I'd get a totally different impression.

Condolences on the death of Robert Offutt. I'm not intentionally minimalizing it, but I just don't know what to say, and chances are that that's not what you're looking for, anyway.

Liked both poems, and being the owner of a rather hyperactive cat, I can identify with Cindy's article.



T. A. Cannon
PO Box U-122
College Heights
Bowling Green, KY

Even though I'm doing well to draw my morning bath, I can sympathize with Cindy Riley's article "The Artist, The Ink, and the Blot." Many is the time I've been typing a term paper the night before it was due, typing the body perfectly then screwing up the footnotes so badly I have to start over.

Spilling ink over a completed drawing must be a similar, if not greater, frustration.

Since my interest in fiction has always been more inclined toward horror ('Dark Fantasy' seems to be the current 'in' word) I'm kind of left out of the who-still-reads-SF discussion. I've never been up on the latest Niven or Clarke novel and the big books of the year pass me by with hardly a ripple of interest. I just don't like to be limited by a type of book, be it horror or SF or whatever. Why should I waste my time reasing a badly done SF book when I could be reading "The World According to Garp" or Victor Navasky's "Naming Names"? A person who reads nothing but SF is limiting himself and his knowledge of the world the same way as a person who reads nothing but romance novels. Anyway, a few days ago, I picked up a copy of the "Arbor House Treasury of Horror and the Supernatural" and am in horror heaven. Or should that be hell...?

As far as science fiction and fandom go, SF seems to be the necessary key to enter fandom, but after entering, the key is no longer needed. Reading SF is a way of proving you have the "Right Stuff" to be a fannish fan.

The DSC oneshot was very well done. I'm kinda sorry I missed the lobster shuffle. Oh well...maybe next year.

((I do not stick to SF--my choice of books is based on whether or not I can 'sink' my mental teeth into it. If I can't get involved and/or just enjoy a book, I put it down and never finish it, SF or not. dlb))

Sheila Strickland
Rt. 1, box 386B
Baker, LA 70714

Bob Shaw and his casual talk. I consider it strange if all events at a con start exactly on time. ConCom reports always seem to mention how much work putting on a con is; how little sleep committee members get; how friendships can be broken forever. Then the next year or so the same people are working on another con.

Many thanks for ANVIL 18 and the DSC 19 ConCom report. "An Evening with Bob Shaw" may have been late, but if I hadn't read about it, I wouldn't have even remembered that detail. The only thing I do remember is that I enjoyed ConComs may not admit it; but I think they have a lot of fun even with all the suffering.



After the site selection vote Sunday morning, I overheard a Chattanooga supporter say something to the effect that Atlanta won because people automatically voted for Atlanta. That may have been so in some cases; but in mine, I didn't decide until Sunday morning and only after thinking about it. I think what swung me to Atlanta was their bid parties. I was very impressed that they went to the trouble of making fresh peach ice cream Saturday night, and they seemed marginally more friendly to stranger fans. Not a whole lot to swing a vote, true, but there was so little difference between the two groups otherwise, that I had to choose on little things like that.

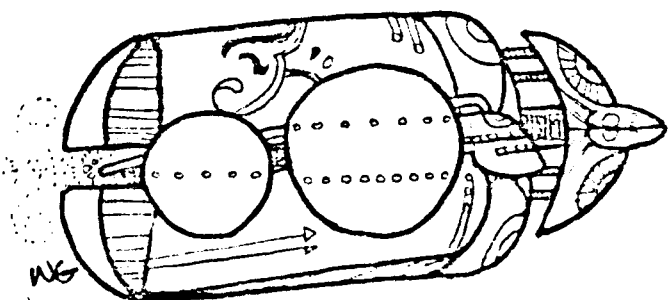
Harry Warner, Jr. The sad news about Robert Offutt was conveyed in ANVIL
423 Summit Avenue in a very nice way. The two poems, which I assume to be
Hagerstown, MD 21740 tributes, are touching and effective. Perhaps the most
 awful thing about a young person's death from cancer in
1981 is the good possibility that medical science will have found a cure for
the disease within the normal life span of those who are now in their twenties,
just as so many Civil War soldiers died needlessly in a sense, because of ad-
vances in surgery and hospital care that occurred in the next few decades.

Obviously I didn't make myself clear in what I wrote in the loc about solar power, since David Palter misunderstood me. I wasn't arguing against it. On the contrary, I think it's the only sane method of solving the energy problem on a permanent basis. But I was trying in that loc, as I recall, to point out that any source of energy large enough to meet a substantial proportion of the world's needs has its inherent dangers and it's wrong to set up solar power as a 100% safe straw person in arguments that nuclear power is 100% dangerous. For that matter, Hagerstown had an outside consultant inspect its municipal power plant last year, and he found what he termed an "explosive" situation and recommended expensive immediate maintenance and repair work to prevent potential troubles, even though coal is the source of the energy which goes through that facility.

Cindy Riley's article was most amusing. The almost vanished fannish craft of putting artwork directly onto a stencil by hand was one that avoided most of the dangers she describes. I suppose there was an occasional need for a band-aid when a fine-point stylus slipped and penetrated the fleshy part of a fingertip. But there was no ink to spill, and if the artist's hand slipped it was usually possible to repair the damage to the stencil with corflu. Come to think of it, maybe the time will come when conventions will feature a room in which obsolete fannish crafts are being displayed by senile survivors of the year when they were alive as fanac. Not only putting illustrations on stencil by hand, but producing copies of a fanzine from a hektograph, running a mimeograph manufactured before the machines had automatic feed and power plugs, and (if the display is at least ten years or so in the future) reading science fiction stories from printed pages would be among the displays. Mundane craft shows are a big success nowadays, so fandom will undoubtedly follow suit soon.

The B'hamacon II report was much fun to read. I kept getting confused over who wrote which page, but that was a minor problem which didn't bother me in particular. The excitement over Bob Shaw and the responsibility of taking care of his needs seemed somehow familiar. Finally I realized why: the reactions described here and in some pages of ANVIL are similar to those I experienced one day when a complicated series of circumstances caused me to be in charge of Carl Sandburg who was giving every indication of being bewildered and helpless.

((The DSC report was written by
Charlotte Proctor, Wade Gilbreath
and Julie Wall. I believe they
got so involved in telling what
when on that they forgot to tell
who was typing. dlb))



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Elizabeth Downs
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Wow! Talk about a strong breath of nostalgia! I don't know if I ever mentioned how much I enjoyed my stay in Birmingham, but ANVIL brings it all back. I loved the Shaw cartoons.

I enjoyed Jim's bit on Denvention. He fails to mention the fact that he lost most of the first night's sleep due to the person in the next bed hacking his lungs out due to a cough caught from the Birmingham Hilton, but I guess a con report should largely consist of the good things that happened.

Wade's food hunting expedition, once more shows that fans are the same the whole world over. (Fannish Cliche #365) Having already heard the story in person didn't detract from it in the least. (mumble. This entire loc seems to be boiling down to yet another excuse to be able to say I WAS THERE!!!)

Charlotte's account of getting Hank places was in itself fascinating. Did I ever mention an album by Australian band, the X.L. Capris, called WHERE IS HANK? I must send a copy over, if only for the title. Mind you, when I got to the bit in her account where Charlotte mentioned passing Hank a glass of tea, I realized that I was indeed reading a Southern fanzine.

I liked Buck's letter. Mind you, he said, trying his Australian one-up-manship again, you may think it's a long way across America, but wait till you try a continent where the closest fan enclaves are four hundred miles apart. (Actually, I exaggerate. Canberra is only 250 kilometers from Sydney, but it's only recently that Canberra and Sydney have had flourishing fandoms simultaneously.) Say, I don't suppose I could talk you into running a brief piece on Australian fandom, could I???

Ouch!! Brian Earl Brown's comment about buildings certainly struck me as American. Certainly in American, Australia, and similar Johnnie-come-lately countries fifty years is seen as average building lifetime, however (1) A nuclear reactor should not be seen as an average building, and (2) There are buildings that have lasted quite nicely for six or seven hundred years. Considering the life expectancy of nuclear wastes, shouldn't we be building reactors that have a life expectancy of the same magnitude?

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Many thanks for ANVIL and the Con report! How good it is to hear about Bob Shaw's visit--and how you must have enjoyed it--he's one of the nicest of the lot, as well as being a fine writer to boot. Not that I recommend booting writers: at least not any as talented as Bob Shaw. Kick Tucker, instead.

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On a flyer for ASFiCon 2 there appeared the statement, "This is the science fiction convention in the South this year" (interesting, I always thought the Deep South Con was "the science fiction convention in the South" in any particular year). That's what gave me my first ominous feeling about the convention. But, I tried to be optimistic, figuring that since a lot of the same people who had worked on the first ASFiCon would be working with the same hotel, things would be smoother the second time around.

When I looked at the program book and saw a variety of programs (except for ones on fanzines, in spite of the amount of mimeo ink used in the Greater Atlanta Metropolitan Area) I started to feel better. I thought there were a few too many author readings, but perhaps that's what people want. I saw Robert Silverberg and Joe Siclari and thought that they were really good people to have as Guests of Honor, and I started to feel even better. Then, I saw that the hucksters were overflowing the same inadequate room assigned to them last year, and that the con suite was merely two connecting bedrooms, and I started to feel bad all over again.

OK, maybe I was having a rough day. So, on Saturday, I had a good time talking to friends and then got ready to enjoy the banquet - little did I know. The banquet, which was set up in a smaller room than was needed (also, another table had to be squeezed in to accomodate some people who had bought tickets but did not have places set for them) consisted of food that was mercifully meager considering its poor quality. For that matter, the con suite would have been closed during the banquet except for some volunteering by non-committee people who offered to keep it open (maybe I should have stayed upstairs, but I did enjoy Silverberg's speech).

Now, I usually enjoy the masquerade in spite of any of the hassles with the con which preceeded it. Also, I can understand that organizing a masquerade is devilishly difficult. However, I did not expect to see the contestants enter from a ramp in the center of the room - upstaging themselves in the process, hand their entry forms to the MC - Brad Linaweaver who pretty well saved the day by ghastly puns, and then make their presentations. Well, Equity would have stomped and stormed about the staging, but fortunately the Northlake Hilton isn't a Union House -- at least for masquerades.

Was I disappointed? Yes, I was. I expected better from these people in this hotel the second time around. Now, I'm wondering what the third time around will be like for the 1982 DSC. I'm not holding my breath.

((I, too, was disappointed. I admit that you can't plan programming for everyone, but I believe Charlotte's report relects what a lot of fen did--their own programming.

Masquerades are a lot of hard work. Nancy Brown and I worked and worried and have received many congrats on B'hamacon's masquerade, and she had never seen one and I saw my first at Rivercon. I expected ASFiCon to be better run than B'hamacon's. The costumes were great, the planning wasn't.

If this is typical of "the SF con in the South this year", what will a worldcon in Atlanta be like? dlb))

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I must congratulate whoever on the B'hamacon committee thought of inviting Bob Shaw to be your Guest of Honor. Bob is one of the most charming and witty people in fandom and too few North Americans have had the pleasure of hearing his soft lilting accents issuing forth over the top of a pint mug of beer. From his letter, he was royally treated and that's as it should be for one of our truly Good People. I wish I could have been at the con just for the pleasure of his company. (Meeting some more of Southern Fandom would have been icing on the cake, of course!)

I have to admit I hadn't heard of the Windscale Incident but that doesn't surprise me greatly. Despite being an SF fan I'm often lamentable ignorant of current affairs (is your President Ford still stumbling over things, by the way?) and even when I do keep abreast of things I've got an abysmal memory which means I probably won't recall too much in a few months time. (I wish Harry had mentioned when the incident occurred.) I'd venture to guess, though, that whenever it was it didn't get the coverage that TMI did. (Being overseas would ensure that, regardless of how near a catastrophe it might have been.) And that alone would account for so few people remembering it..

Brian Earl Brown is being a little simplistic in his description of fannish fandom even though his basic point is sound. Several British fanzines of late have at least mentioned SF even if they don't go overboard with critical articles about it. FAnnish fans may switch their focus from SF to their fellow fans but most of them/us never completely lose sight of the material which got us started in the hobby in the first place. And many of the best fannish fans are SF pros themselves, fannish writers such as Ted White, Chris Priest, Malcolm Edwards and your own Bob Shaw, for example.

Julie Wall and C. Proctor helped produce ANVIL

BSFC MEETINGS	Art Credits: Cindy Riley, Cover, 2,4,7,9,11,16,20,22
2nd Saturday	Wayne Brenner, 3; Steven Fox,5; Kathleen Kaufman, 6
7:30 P.M.	Bill Brown, 14,15; Jim Cobb, 19; Gary Fowler, 23
Homewood Library	Wade Gilbreath, 24 * * * * *

We also heard from David Schlosser, Craig Griffin

ANVIL
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