

MURGATROYD #13 is a fanzine which has vague hopes of appearing in ANZAPA 72 (the Feb. 1980 mailing) but probably won't make it. It is co-produced by Denny Lien, who has vague hopes of someday becoming a big-name nonentity, but probably won't make it, and by Joyce Scrivner, who shall have to describe her vague hopes in her own space below. They live at 2528 15th Ave. S. / Minneapolis MN 55404 / USA, in an old house whose ceiling occasionally shows vague threats of collapsing upon them from the weight of the bookshelves thereon, but probably won't have chutzpah. (Did you know that in the most recent chutzpah survey of household segments, ceilings finished remarkably low, barely ahead of floors and well below drains, steps, and furnaces?) They answer at home to (612) 722-5217, a number which once had vague hopes of supplying a usable mnemonic, but didn't make it, and at work respectively to (612) 376-2550 and (612) 553-4411, about which the less said the better. This is a joint Lien and Hungry Look/Romany Press publication, begun by Denny under the influence of Old Milwaukee beer and the usual classical music on the radio, on the evening of 19 January 1980. The 1980s as a decade have presumably vague hopes of their own . . . and I won't be holding my breath. Mpls in '73; Australia '83; Ogden for DUFF; Douglas Adams for the Campbell Award; and Roger Elwood for ambassador to Iran.

VAGUE MAILING COMMENTS UPON ANZAPA 71, BACK TO FRONT:

Catherine Circosta, BEAGLE'S WORLD 16: "Thanks to Derrick I can now number this issue of Beagle's World number 16." Ah yes, that's right, Derrick did get the number "16" copyrighted a few years back didn't he. I shall have to get around soon to asking him for permission to use it on an upcoming Murgatroyd; what is he charging these days?

My opinion of Nostradamus is that I'm not much interested in the opinion of anyone who hasn't tried reading him in the original. From all accounts he is so vague and elusive therein that his "prophecies" can be translated in any number of ways to make him look good after the fact.

I loved the novel of WATERSHIP DOWN and also much liked the film; I agree it wasn't as good (mostly because of omissions) but on the whole I was quite satisfied.

Allan Bray, THE SACRED COW: Some amusement, some bad taste. (Some overlap.)

"My ex-wife had an aquarium with a tortoise in it once, the tortoise died, so did the marriage. Anybody like an aquarium with one busted side?" I suppose that's better (for all concerned) than asking if anyone would like an ex-wife with one busted side. You relieve me, slightly. (And I'll go relieve Lady-smith.)

Andrew Brown, UHHH--INVOICES: "If there weren't any holidays, I could finish my degree in two years, not three." And if you didn't take time off to eat, sleep, and excrete, you could cut the time down still more. Also, as you have two eyes and two ears, you should be able to listen to two lectures at a time and study two texts as well. Simply apply yourself. . . (if you have trouble later getting yourself removed, try kerosene).

"Old MacDonald had a farm, 2.718, $\sqrt{-1}$, 2.718, $\sqrt{-1}$, 0."

Paul J. Stevens, HOUR OF THE GREEN AND CREAKING RETRIBUTION: Actually, that's "Lien," not "Lein." Which I wouldn't mind except you spelled it correctly a few lines up when you were talking about what should be slapped on the bookstore. Watch it or I'll start typing you as Pual J. Stveens.

"I almost put in my resignation with an announcement that I was chucking ANZAPA and fandom in general." Well, that's one way to get out of writing a DUFF trip report but it won't work; I'll hunt you down and loom over you if you try it.

I was a HOWARD THE DUCK fan through the color comic series. I hung on through the first two issues of the black and white magazine. The third issue of same though instantly converted me back to indifference. The black and white DRACULA was not quite as bad, but still not good enough to continue. As I dropped FANTASTIC FOUR and SPIDERMAN when they reached their respective 200th issues (had to keep up the set, y'know), that leaves only X-MEN, AVENGERS, DEFENDERS, DR. STRANGE, and the new (and so far not very good) MAN*THING as regular Marvel purchases from me. Of which only X-MEN (and once in a while AVENGERS) gives me any real pleasure. (Ch, I forgot. I do still buy CONAN too. The fact that I forgot may be significant.) Plus WHAT IF? which only sort of counts.

Betty Brant's another sometime-Spiderman girlfriend; you're thinking of Hulk's Betty Ross. I found BR's most impressive achievement not falling five miles and living (between the end of HULK 169 and the start of 170) but somehow managing to put on some clothes in mid-air while doing so, even though unconscious at the time.

I gather that sex lives of the superheroes has been a hot topic in comics fandom for years. I presume you know Larry Niven's "Man of Steel, Woman of Kleenex." And someone in Minneapa just noted an upcoming fanzine article on the special superpowers of Superman's bowel movements. I can hardly wait.

"I wonder what you will think of ALIEN?" Probably depends on which Lien; I'm more interesting than my uncles I suspect. By the way, I prefer to be referred to as THE LIEN.

Derrick A.J. Ashby, AJAY 1: I know what you mean about starting one project before finishing the previous one (or the one before that, or the one before that. . .). I have several projects 10--90% done at present, and keep finding myself dreaming of new ones instead of, say, finishing the Simak bibliography or updating my wantlists. Since apazines have deadlines, they usually get precedence over everything else except drinking, with which they can most of the time coexist.

PAGES DOES NOT A PRESIDENT MAKE: I'm flattered by Pts/Page egoboo poll ratio table, as I would be by any table which lists me as second only to Infinity. I'll try to do better next year.

"If a group of school children in England could predict the time of ((Skylab)) crash to within 15 minutes, surely NASA knew where it would land, and when." The school children story is a new one on me, but I presume that even if true so many groups were throwing in predictions that one by sheer odds had to be close to correct. If you really believe such predictions were that easy, why didn't you do it yourself (surely you do not consider yourself inferior in capability to a group of school children) and clean up by placing bets on the exact time?

Somewhere in the middle of Paul Stevens it became Sunday 20 Jan (you can notice the light shining and church bells churcing through the gaping hole around his navel). Otherwise, not much of anything has changed on the beer and music front.

Marc Ortlieb, G'NEL 18: Hmm, having typed your name here I have to say something. What about enjoyed but no comments?

Keith Taylor, DRAGONS AND MORNING OPALS 6: And then there's the other in the series, THE TALL BLACK MAN WITH ONE BLOND SHOE. Actually, what first comes to my mind with a zine titled "Black Shoe" is a novel (?) published in the States a few years ago about growing up sexually frustrated in a Catholic boys' school; titled DO BLACK PATENT LEATHER SHOES REALLY REFLECT UP?

I'd never thought of working as a medical guinea pig, but it sounds interesting to read about. Let me know if any of your limbs fall off. (I was once tempted to look into a job rumored to be about to open; moving an old graveyard to let a highway come through. Story had it that the pay was great but that you had to go into quarantine for a couple of months afterwards because they weren't sure What You'd Catch).

Paul Anderson, THE MEMORAZINE 25: Thoughts of Goon Show or Round the Horne broadcasts being frequently pre-empted by broadcasts of Parliamentary debates is probably the most disquieting and depressing thought of the mailing.

John Bangsund, PHILOSOPHICAL GAS 50: So the last twelve issues of PARERAGON PAPERS were really simple misspellings for PG 38-49? I am sorry to reply that I cannot accept that, as I realize that the last fifty issues of PHILOSOPHICAL GAS were themselves simple errors in typing for which MURGATROYD of various numbers was intended (this being thus the 63rd issue instead of the 13th, another slip of the finger). Through sheer inadvertance I also misspelled my name as "John Bangsund." I believe this problem now to be corrected, but I shall have to insist that the imposter using my title and my name desist.

Frightened to learn that you lack file copies of so many of your own fanzines. How do you sleep nights brooding upon this gap? What opinion do you expect your eventual biographer to hold upon your carelessness, which will so greatly complicate the work of said biographer?

Besides, they're worth money. I've seen a dealer ask \$25 or more for a copy of your JWC: AN AUSTRALIAN TRIBUTE, and presumably once you break that sort of barrier for one JB fanzine, like prices for such others as the ANNUAL SAVE-BANGSUND-FROM-BANKRUPTCY SALE issue cannot be far behind. (I also recently saw a dealer asking \$3 or so for a six-page handout Sturgeon checklist that I did for the free table at the last Minicon . . . since I still have 300 or so left, perhaps I can undercut him and still finance a con or two by selling it off . . . next, my old report cards and notes to the water inspector.)

Michael O'Brien, COMMAND MODULE 36: The one issue of OFFICIAL UFO magazine I had thrust at me was the one reporting on the escaped Elvis Presley clone, thought to have been captured by saucer people. It included an official form which readers were to fill out and send in when they thought they had sighted said clone; one question on the form was whether or not the reader had had sex with it.

I think the Hawaiian fan you mention was Seth Goldberg, since moved to California.

Minn-STF has one fanatic STAR TREK fan, but she does have some other interests and good qualities. The only over-the-edge DR. WHO fan I've encountered is one slightly frightening soul who comes into Uncle Hugo's SF Bookstore every day and chatters incessantly and obsessively upon it; I've taken to leaving the store when she arrives to escape having to listen. Pity the clerks.

Robin Johnson, BUTTERFLY MIND STRIKES BACK: Welcome back. I enjoyed this, though I'm not sure I have any comments.

Presumably if you^{are} getting involved in a gay news abstracting service, including overseas news, you or someone therein will want to join the National Gay Task Force. (The "National" is of course US but there should be enough news of interest there anyway.) Address is 80 Fifth Avenue / New York NY 10011 and as I recall the basic membership is now \$20 US a year, though for \$5000 you can be a Patron Member. (We're having this recruiting drive in which everyone is supposed to turn up three new members; care to be a statistic?)

Don't know that it is the Worldcon committee's responsibility to have "fall-back arrangements made to cover" situations like the lack of people willing to accept Geis's Hugo--surely that should be the nominees' responsibility?

Irwin Hirsh, PLENTY OF PANACHE 3: Well, if "all people in fandom are ((your)) brothers and sisters" I'd hate to meet your parents, they must be haggard beyond belief. (Come to think of it, they'd be my parents too, and for that matter Joyce's and . . . and . . . hmmm--wonder what the social taboos on incest are these days?)

Actually, I usually find having visiting fans staying here to be rather fun (so long as they don't smoke, and even then sometimes) and less stress on me on the average than being a visitor at someone else's place (and hence not within security-blanket range of my library, my beer, my music, ~~my teddy bear~~).

Swimming isn't that great an attraction at American cons either, though swimming pools sometimes are. (There's something delightfully secure or decadent about knowing it's there and sitting on the edge of it sipping a rum drink with a towel slung over your shoulder.

John Rowley, SOWERS OF THE STRAND 1: Well, since you ask, I rather thought you were making an ass of yourself. Fun to watch, though.

Gary Mason, SECRET FILES OF ANZAPA: Appointing Irwin as teller for an election to conclude this Friday when he's in Michigan at the moment seems not a very good idea. We can get our vote in just a few days late, but at that we're likely to be the only voter(s)--save Irwin himself.

I like the membership list arranged as it is now, by seniority--but if you tire of that you might consider by height, by IQ, by length of hair, shoe size, or whatever.

The lean dog had finished his mailing comments and turned this over to me (as you of course saw at the top of the page when your line of sight reached the above line of stars and read this single sentence.) He advises me that he can write a couple of pages of natter if I force him into it (ie. write more than the rest of this page), which is a possibility, if only a slightly sadistic thought of a possibility. I like his natter and tend to collect it in my collect of fannish natter (otherwise known as a fanzine collection that Leigh and John Foyster would sneer at, sigh), but I'm not sure how the rest of you feel about his natter, other than Marc Ortlieb who managed to include Denny's name twice in a review zine (which reviewed my zine, Gypsy, available for the asking and as soon as the next issue is printed) which didn't review any of Denny's (non-existent) nonapazines. Such is the price of a quick wit and a wise mind and a bit of beer. The trouble with beer and I is that it merely puts it to sleep (my head that is, along with the rest of I). Which is why this non witty, rambling monologue is going on for this paragraph.

Now to continue with a different idea. (Last week),...

(This is the slightly silly continuation of the previous page and a cause for Denny to return at some unspecified point after this area (see next row of stars.))

In fact last week is what I'm going to talk about in my own tradition of letting you know about the latest in tragic comic happenings that occur to me/us. Last week deserves some type of chapter all to itself in my life history (herstory?), if I or anyone else ever tries such an inherently absurd feat. It beats out the two months around Suncon two years ago when I managed to: 1. Break up with both of my current men friends at the same party during the same quarrel, 2. get up the next morning to drive to the airport to pick up two visiting Britfens and during the next week drive them and myself and another fan down to Suncon, 3. attend Suncon and work on it (I was a committee member of sorts), 4. drive about Florida for two days after Suncon with someone I developed a passionate crush on (needless to say, unrequited), 5. drive back to New York to attend at farewell party for one of the Britfens that I had set up months before which was held in one of my ex love's apartment and which generated masses of dislike towards me by his current female roommate (I had two different Britfens with me on the way back), 6. get a new kitten, 7. two weeks later arrive home to find said kitten drowned in the toilet, 8. have my Pinto (not paid off) totaled in a rear end collision with me inside it. This last thing drove me up to New York to spend a nite sleeping in bed with a very good girl friend on a Thursday (knowing I'd have to drive back to Pennsylvania at 6 the next morning to work), I'd lost my freedom. Then there was seeing my crush object off at the airport and buying another car. It was a truly delightful point in life and eventually led me to get involved in raising money for Taff and Duff (I recently figured I've helped raise about 3-5 thousand dollars, definitely a good thing.)

All of this ancient stuff has led me away from last week. Let's see. Saturday Denny calmly fed me a poison apple. Sunday I threw up. (This is metaphorically, okay, you don't want vomit stains on this paper.) Monday, I went to the eye doctor who merrily put drops in my eyes and caused me to drive home at five miles an hour instead of heading off to work and a completed program, when I could see more than the sun on the snow it was three and so I typed a couple more letters or something useless here. Tuesday, I was informed that the roommate of a very dear friend of ours can't abide my presence and thus I couldn't stay with them for one night, nor Denny for a week (that was cut to two days, but was bearable, but not the first). So we won't make a planned trip (it may be cheaper, as well, we've invited our friend here). Wednesday I bought a new coat (it was minus 10 and the coat I ordered in September/October hadn't arrived yet), and my car had such problems running I took it in to get tuned up Thursday. Thursday, when I picked up my car it ran worse (after \$60 on miscellaneous repairs) and in fact stalled in the middle of the gate to the airport parking lot where I was to pick up an old friend who had come to visit us. After futzing about with the car I located my friend only half an hour late.

(Ah, I've forgotten the pay raise I got Tuesday which was exactly an average merit raise and thus less than cost of living increases last year and which has merrily put me below mid point in my wage bracket even though last year I was about mid point. My boss more or less told me that working 41 hours a week for 40 hours pay isn't good enough; I should work 45 hours a week to show my dedication to the job.)

After picking up my friend my car proceeded to stall at every stoplight all the way home, use up $\frac{1}{4}$ tank of gas on a 10 mile trip, and persist only in starting at least 5 minutes after it had ceased. Friday I took the blam thing in to the dealer (even though I didn't have an appointment until

(Don't worry, Denny is somewhere down there.)

Tuesday next. I was afraid the car might even blow up on me (I could smell gas and it persisted in feeding gas into the engine even when turned off.) I went off and got a rental car (the dealer didn't have any loaners available) and the dealer couldn't swear that he would have my car ready before Tuesday anyway. Denny and I had an explosive reaction again and I spent most of the day crying on shoulders. None of which helped my poor friend who had come to visit me for the weekend. Sigh. Denny was busy all Friday night and I couldn't sleep much anyway. I couldn't eat Saturday, either. Which was a grand help for me because I got the Grand prize of the week, I had to take the Graduate Record Examinations. (I have been out of school four years and am considering going back to a degree in CS (Masters) and this exam (all day) is required to get admitted and I had signed up months before and sent them money and so forth and I didn't have much choice in the matter, really. The time was rotten.

It's a good week later and the prices of various things are coming in (like \$60 plus \$80 plus \$40 for car repair at a minimum), though my GRE scores won't be in for weeks anyway. What with merrily running through any patience I have had and adding a prescription for eye glasses to an order for a hearing aid and a very expensive time with my car I have decided that last week needs to be inscribed on some block and workhoped as a perfect sample of multiple frustrations running away with mind and body by happenstance and cause and result. Pray Ghu, the Great Spider and Roscoe that another doesn't strike soon or even again.

The current week is half decent, but then it hasn't really begun yet. I'm picking up a new program at work and I'm helping organize a writer's workshop in Minn Stf. Any every so often I'm giggling and sliding around on the ice. I've got enough books to keep me happy for a while and Denny is every so often spilling beer as a blessing and everything is back to a much more pleasant medium.

Some ^{thing} is sure to come up (maybe Denny?)...

Well, if you insist. But only because I hate to pay airmail rates for blank 1/2 pages.

Joyce forgot to mention up there that on Wednesday she bought her new coat in the morning and the one she had been giving up on arrived in the mail that afternoon.

I received today Gary's change of location for teller of the constitutional/special rule ballots. I will send same out tomorrow morning, but am still not sure it will make it to South Australia by (it's the 21st as I type this; 22nd across the date-line where most of you are) the 25th. I'm not trying to be a slacker in these votes but with the minimal turn-around time available it can be tight over here.

Having nothing thrilling to relate or to add to the previous, I shall commit Quotery:

"If I were designing the Universe . . . I'd make health catching instead of disease."
-- Arthur Porges, "The Moths," AMAZING December 1964

"If there's no God, who pulls up the next Kleenex?" -- quoted in YANDRO #69

"The world's on fire . . . but my feet are made of asbestos." -- Rick Mikkelson, 1969.

Denny Lien // Joyce Scrivner