

MURGATROYD 24 expects to make it to Australia in 1985 (by 10 April in fact), while Denny Lien of 2528 15th Avenue South / Minneapolis MN 55404 USA does not. This is because MURGATROYD 24 is relatively light and can be mailed cheaply (though less cheaply than last year), while Denny Lien is relatively heavy (though less heavy than last year) and would be expensive to mail. Also, there are thirty copies of MURGATROYD 24 and more can easily be produced at need, while there is only one copy of Denny Lien and it's needed here to feed the cats, rake the lawn, keep the local thrift shops stripped clean of sf, and so on. Besides, MURGATROYD 24 is a rather outgoing sort of thing and if let into your house will not drink up all your beer, while Denny Lien is a rather shy sort who (nonetheless) just might. All in all, you are better off with MURGATROYD 24 there and Denny Lien here, I think, and my cats agree.

A Lien and Hungry Look Publication for ANZAPA 103, begun 21 March 1985.

10:40 a.m. Please insert the usual apologies for the lateness of this zine. Since it will have to be in the mail tomorrow to be likely to make it to Jean by her photocopy deadline, I've taken a vacation day from work, acquired a large bottle of Flönke Ordinaire, and arranged for it to be the 300th birthday of Bach today so that the radio will play the proper sort of background music. (My bills from the local time travel utility company for the month will be high; the per-paradox service charges alone would bankrupt me if I didn't plan to retroactively go back after I finish this zine and undo everything, which is why you will realize when you read this that it is no longer Bach's birthday. Sorry for the inconvenience, but the cake would have been stale by this time anyway.)

For a change, I do feel a bit like nattering before getting into mailing comments, but as usual I don't feel quite enough like doing so to actually do it. Suffice it to say that Terry and I are both healthy and happy; that spring is all but here; that my job continues to be secure but depressing; and that semi-gafiation seems to have settled in for a long stay in my life.

Mailing comments on ANZAPA 102, back to front, commence below:

Leigh Edmonds, SPOUNGY NINETY-NINED-3: I shouldn't want either to attempt typing with a "BLOODY GREAT SNAKE dangling just above my typing fingers" but if I were assured that it were friendly I could perhaps get used to it. I think I would be more concerned typing with, say, a BLOODY GREAT ELEPHANT dangling there (no matter how friendly) but the real horror is of course typing with a BLOODY GREAT DEADLINE hanging in front of one.

Interesting comments on rock vs. classical music for expression of "concepts like explicit sexuality/violence/self-gratification/cynicism, and the like." I agree that I don't know any classical music that expresses those concepts to me (with the probable exception of violence) but then I don't know of any rock music that would do so (to me) either if the lyrics were removed. Suggestions? (An instrumental version of, say, "Dedicated Follower of Fashion" would come across to me now as cynical/sarcastic, but I don't think if I were to hear it that way for the first time without knowing the lyrics that it would do so. Perhaps I'm just musically dyslexic-- or emotionally dyslexic.)

Alternately, maybe what classical music needs to be more popular with the masses is more vernacular lyrics. Take Holst's THE PLANETS, for instance--you can claim that Mars is "The Bringer of War."

Leigh Edmonds, concluded: but think how much more effective it would be if you had Barry Sadler reciting from the works of Jerry Pournelle in the background. Or Jupiter, "the Bringer of Jollity"--Abbot and Costello doing their "Who's on First?" routine. For Mercury, the "Winged Messenger," a speedfreak doing a double-time pitch for Qantas. And so on.

I can't imagine not keeping a file copy of all of my spazines and other "publications", my librarian/archivist mentality is even more compulsive than your "file-clerk" one. (Besides, when I become famous and promptly thereafter die, I want to make things easy for my eventual biographer(s).)

I like the idea of a "futures" market in sf writing, but it would probably face the same problem that rival baseball-card companies have in the USA versus the industry leader, Topps: Topps signs all minor-league players to exclusive contracts for a \$100 or so. Since only a few minor-leaguers will ever make the big time, any individual one has no reason to try to hold out for me; since virtually all big-leaguers do come up from the minors, Topps over the years has built up a monopoly. Similarly an organization with lots of free capital--L. Ron Hubbard's Scientology conglomerate, for instance--could sign up all promising fanzine, semi-pro, etc. magazine writers for a few dollars (or, if approached at the right time at a con party, for a few beers) and subsequently control all professional producers. There is also the problem of individual authors dying, etc., unlike (usually) individual industries, though this could perhaps be solved by franchising all of the popular authors à la the Robert E. Howard industry (idea stolen from a recent IASFM article). For reclusive authors like Tiptree, the Tiptree Corporation might only require apprentices to learn to write like same, but for figures in the public (or at least fannish) eye like Asimov or Ellison, part of the deal might include agreement to plastic surgery etc. so that the legend might be carried on. (In some cases, two or more apprentices working together might be necessary; one to do the writing and one to do the bragging.)

There is a cliché out there somewhere to the effect that if you work with those who share your views such can be accomplished but little learned, while with those who do not, much can be learned but little accomplished. Being too bloody-minded to learn anything and too lazy to accomplish anything, I couldn't say, myself.

(There is the additional problem that most of those who I perceive as sharing my political and social philosophies strike me in person as being humourless fanatics whose presence I prefer to avoid, while most of the people who I find fun and/or soothing to be around are clearly wrong in several of their attitudes toward life. Ah well, so much for life.)

"In fandom at least, thinking is a reasonably prized and looked-up-to activity and so nobody will come out and admit that there are times when they don't want to think." Well, there are certainly times when I want to have to think less and therefore slightly deaden my brain with alcohol so as to do so. (Apa writing, for instance, involves going through scores or hundreds of pages, mostly full of interestingly-phrased comment hooks, and trying to make therefrom a selection which can be responded to by the writer in such a way as to satisfy the resposdee, the respondent, and all of the uninvolved people who read the results, without (on the part of the writer) Revealing Too Much, or running dry before minac is made, or running over the amount of pages which can be afforded. If attempted sober, choices must be made at every line; if attempted when the censor in the brain is turned off, it becomes possible--though still difficult.)

12:15 pm--news hour break on radio; JANIS IAN, "Aftertones" is substituting.

Leigh Edmonds, concluded some more; "There is no point in setting up such a business in crowded and smelly Sydney when you can do it in more pleasant surroundings." But there are those who prefer to do it in crowded and smelly surroundings--see the last few Samuel Delany books, for instance.

"You'll probably try to tell me that Richard III really loved dogs." Only "Lovell our dog." (Obscure reference.) Why do I tend to think of Richard III as Jimmy Carter?

Jean Weber, JEANZINE 26: The concept of getting "a few responses" in "APA-69, the sex apa" provides a few interesting mental pictures.

Stuart Tennant, THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THEOLOGY 1: Welcome to the apa. If Christianity makes you happy, That's Nice. I suspect that apas as a recruiting field will prove fairly barren, however.

The Ravernous Bug Blatter Beast of Traal seemt to have gotten a bad press, thanks to some careless remarks by the editors of the HHGTTG. Actually only a few of them are Vogon-eaters. Most prefer a green salad, with a side of tofu.

Dave Luckett, THE CESPOOL: I like the Schpitzenfuierer story. Do you know the work of Derek Carter, who does comparable work on Alternate Canadian history?

I don't doubt that Joseph Nicholas believes words to be important; I do suspect that he regards them as tools to be used or misused as higher values dictate.

Sally Beasley, THE TRANSCIENCE GENERAL BOOTH: Winemaking and wargaming have traditionally shared space: "He hath trampled out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored/He hath loosed the fearful lightning from his terrible swift sword."

Steve Roylance, SHAGGY DOG STORIES 4: Shearers who sheared a sheep "in full armour" are rather ambiguous, you know.

Catherine Ortlieb, BEAGLE'S WORLD REVISITED 23: "I haven't felt the need to bite anyone and rarely foam at the mouth, so I think I'm all right." Perhaps; but you will never go far in fandon. I

too do not favor excluding people from social events in crowded small rooms just because they smoke (unless, of course, they exhale).