

MURGATROYD 26 // ANZAPA 106 // September 12, Year 1985 // so much for the scores

Denny Lien and Terry Garey inhabit 2528 15th Avenue South / Minneapolis MN 55404 / USA, where they share a phone number of 612-722-5217 and an ANZAPA membership. The latter is in jeopardy if one or both doesn't get four pages in by 8 October and \$18A in by two weeks ago. The former will be difficult enough; I don't think we can manage the latter. Possibly the \$18A will, however, be enough to restate the recently dropped and recently aforementioned Lien and Garey. So much for that streak. Sing hey ho lackaday dilly day. Sing hey ho gafia minac ho...

Comments on ANZAPA 105, back to front, time and a half for overtime;

Gordon Lingard, ONE SIZE FITS ALL: Since I have a copy of the National Lampoon parody of "Go placidly among the cliches etc." poem on the blotter of my desk at work, I was happy to see the presumptive Australian equivalent quoted by you here. Or is it original?

CTJHerman; "I'm getting a rather confused idea on what you believe about defense, nuclear weapons, power, etc. Most of what you have said has been specific comments aimed at particular zines. . ." I can't speak for Jack, but if you had addressed this comment to me I would have responded with the Heinlein quote from Time Enough for Love: "I don't 'believe' in anything. I know certain things . . . from experience. But I have no beliefs. Belief gets in the way of learning."

"I also never guessed that Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher would engage in a war that would cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for every man, woman and child living under the British flag in the Falklands" (quoted by you from Omni). This seems to me a rather irrelevant argument. If the war was unjust, surely the complaint ought to be based on its injustice and not on its per capita cost. If the war, on the other hand, was just, what exactly is the top per capita amount that the commentator would have felt allowable before justice becomes too expensive to pursue?

"There are little bits and pieces of you scattered all over the place ((in a collaborative contribution)) so it is difficult to get a feel of the zine." Can't see why; the zine is there and can be felt and responded to. (Kinky subtext unintended.) It may, of course, be difficult to "get a feel" of the people collaborating on said zine, but are you primarily responding to your knowledge of the people or to the words they have arranged on the paper this time?

"There are increasingly less parties." Yes, that's a shrinkingly growing concern of mine too, with which I have fewer and fewer patience.

I know of at least 3 fans with herpes; none at present with AIDS. Fans seem more susceptible to antisocial diseases than to social ones (at least the old and tired fan). Certainly the threat of these should promote caution in sexual dealings and modifications of specific practices, but to rule out open relationships because of these threats or (as I have seen some Bible-thumpers claim) to argue divine sanction of monogamy using these as evidence strikes me about as reasonable as prohibiting jogging because a certain number of joggers will die of heart attacks, serve as a menace for motorists who will swerve to miss them, etc. (Mind you, I don't jog.)

As for Rudy 'Bucker's paradoxes: "Q) It is sometimes said that if infinitely many planets existed, then every possible planet would have to exist, including, for instance, a planet exactly like Earth, except with unicorns. Is this necessarily true?" A) Unfortunately, I live on a planet exactly like Earth except that the Denny Lien does not feel like answering logic puzzles, so there is no way to find out ~~whether~~ ~~there~~ ~~are~~ ~~any~~ ~~of~~ ~~a~~ ~~planet~~ ~~like~~ ~~that~~. "Q) 'I have five fingers on my left

Gordon Lingard, concluded; hand' means the same thing as 'When I count up all the fingers on my left hand, the last number I say is five.'

What might 'I have infinity fingers on my left hand' mean?" It might mean that you are lying, drunk, mistaken, or crazy, or that you speak a dialect in which the sounds "in-fin-i-tee" really means something else, possibly "five" or "grubby." If it doesn't mean any of the above, I would suggest shopping at Kaplan Brothers' store, six blocks straight north of my house, which claims to be the world's largest retailer of work gloves—although if they do have any of your size in stock, and happen to have them lying on a north-south axis, I think I would have noticed by now.

Small world; your Norwegian roommate is one of the thirty or so people on my apazine mailing list, though I've not heard from him for a year or two.

"One thing I found out about hotel rooms in the States is that they don't come standard with fridges, as in Australia." True and unfortunate; on the other hand, I was surprised to learn in 1975 that Australian hotels did not come standard with ice machines (to enable one to fill up one's bathtub with buckets of ice and put huge amounts of party supplies therein to cool). Given the larger average size in the US of af conventions, and thus of room parties, we probably each have the ideal perk.

Enjoyed.

Catherine Ortlieb, BEAGLE'S WORLD REVISITED 26: I've felt for years that people who put on Worldcons are crazy; in recent years this has been modified to note that people who attend them are scarcely less so. Hope you survived and are now sane enough to not do it again. (Some elements of Minn-STF are making their semi-annual noises about bidding for a real worldcon, as if the '73 one wasn't enough. How depressing.)

As a hockey umpire, you might in a weird way be interested in an old US paperback called So You Think You Know Baseball--a series of "you be the umpire" problems. Mind you, there is no reason that you need to think you know baseball, but I want the excuse to look for something to send you to match the stuff I know I should send Marc on Lewis Carroll, etc. So. . . .

"I was impressed by 'quiet' Christians who lived their beliefs and let them 'speak volumes,' thus giving me the choice to reject or accept them." So am I, but my personal preference is to be even more impressed by humanist/agnostics who live their beliefs, as I try to do. "People are often ready to criticize religious groups for trying to change things to suit their beliefs, but accept the practice from non-religious groups." I think the "trying to change things" part of that may be a bit vague. Most of the criticism I see (and agree with) of religious groups is not for "trying to change things" per se, but for trying to make non-fellow-believers behave in a way which they would presumably choose if they were believers. Most of the activity I see from the so-called secular civil liberties groups does not seek to affect the actions of believers, but rather to protect freedom of choice for all, believers or non (or so it seems to me). (Unless one wishes to argue that one is affecting the actions of believers by attempting to prevent them from forcing others to act as they do, regardless of the beliefs of those others.)

Eric Lindsay/Jean Weber, KINGDOM OF THE BLAND: "Why the Pythonesque references, when you could have Goon Show references?" Because the local public TV station reruns Python endlessly, while no one here runs Goon Show tapes unless I put them in my own tape player. It's easier to just turn on the telly every Sunday.

"What do you think of the idea that most of Shakespeare's plays were written by Bacon?" I think Bacon doesn't leave a clear enough greasemark to write with. Ketchup is more practical. On the very slim chance that you are even 1% serious, try reading anything by Bacon and then come back and talk. I think it much more likely that Steven King wrote Shakespeare.

Jean/Eric: You are correct that there are still "a number of slanshacks both ((in Australia)) and in the USA," but you must realize that this is irrelevant to Joseph because (a) it is an inconvenient fact and (b) it involves knowledge of life beyond urban Britain, so that if you allow for this implicit modification, his statement is close enough for most purposes, or at least as close as most. . . .

On the chance that you don't know--TARZAN AND THE VALLEY OF GOLD has a novelization, authorized by the ERB Estate, by (why?) Frits Leiber. Ballantine Book U6125, published 1966 and not (I think) since reprinted.

Gerald Smith/Womble; THE DILETTANTE'S JOURNAL 4: "Therefore, unfortunately, most of this issue will be taken up with mailing comments." This strikes me as silly. If mailing comments are not what an ape is all about, what are/is? (This is not to suggest that mailing comments need be only mailing comments. One can always work something in: "Strange you should mention eating green apples. I just read a book with a green cover. It was. . .")

Whoops, I see that you agree with me on mailing comments. Ignore paragraph above. p2: (which may be difficult to do.)

"You sod, how can you give us a small look at your trip and then hold us in mid air till next time?" He's, um, strong and dead butch. ("Do you have any tatooes, Brad?")

While it's not an "obscure" Python sketch, I've not seen the "luxury! luxury! I wish I'd been living in a paper sack!" sketch for years, which suggests that for whatever reason the show containing that one has not been shown locally for years. I wonder what other sketches we are thus missing? Anyone?

I've not gotten over Leonard Rossiter's death, as I feel he would have been an ideal Dr. Who. In his absence, I'll settle for Eric Idle, Connie Booth, or the woman who played the dwarf in YEAR OF LIVING DANGEROUSLY. Or perhaps Ringo Starr? Daffy Duck? Lassie? Sonny Bono? Ultimately, of course, the owners of the respective properties will realize there's more money for both if they combine, and we will get Sylvester Stallone in DR. WHOMBO: FIRST BLOOD. No more Mister Nice Timelord. . . .

And one of the problems with the "anti nuke lobby" is that they "overlook or ignore many of the arguments put up" in favour of nuclear power, and so what else is new? (One side is trendy; one is not. Are we supposed to decide on that basis?)

What? You don't favour smashing the bloody antilabour inhuman weaving looms right off and thus protecting the Way Things Are? Bloody heretic. . . .

I don't see that Terry Frost is telling others how to run their lives in claiming that monogamy is "abhorrent;" I can easily see myself writing a comment to the effect that jogging is abhorrent (which it is) without meaning to suggest that I would therefore want to abridge the rights of others to pursue same. In any case, political realities suggest that the freefuckers are in far more danger from Robert Burns called the "unco guid" than from vice versa. Your indignation strikes me as wasted.

Several lines of TAPP comments whitened-over and suppressed here, in the interest of burying the dead.

dead. . . better hit it with that shovel.) (Ha. "Not quite

someone must make work for the preachers, florists, dressmakers, and the like. Congratulations to all of you. (Even the bride and groom, what the hell. . .)

Terry Frost, COSMIC STRING: Among my hundreds of other reasons for detesting the ground Reagan walks on is the fact that he considers "Looney Tunes" some sort of ultimate insult. Looney Tunes (and Merry Melodies) represent 39 years of the most consistently good (and often excellent) works of animated cartoon art, an oeuvre besides which RR's string of bad "B" pictures pales into putridity. If he had to use a cartoon series as an insult to foreign politicians and their policies, there's always the Flintstones--or the Saurfs. . . .

Yes, all of the people who used to complain about/seek to censor sex-and-violence-but-especially-sex these days are into complaining about/seeking to censor sex-and-violence-but-especially-violence. Seems obvious to me that violence is potentially the less limited of the two, artistically speaking, if only because there are more possible positions for it.

Jack R. Herman, NECESSITY: Other Famous Drunks In Literature include Noah (unless you don't consider the Bible literature) and most of the characters of Habelais. There must be a tavern scene in Myra's SILVERLOCK (or its all-but-unreadable semi-sequel, THE MOON'S FIRE-EATING DAUGHTER) that unites many such.

Gordon Carb is also editor of the latest revival of WEIRD TALES, whose second issue should have been out many weeks ago but isn't yet. If it ever shows, Terry's first published story will be in it, along with the first sale of another Minneapolis fan, Nate Bucklin. Neither have been paid yet. . . (Delays, I should point out, are the fault of the publisher and/or Ghod, and in no way so far as I know Gordon's.)

I use my touch typing on this (manual) typewriter, but tend to regress to modified two-finger on an electric typer or (especially) on a computer terminal, meaning that I average slower on devices intended to allow me to type faster. . . .

You might prefer Steve Brust's other two books to his TO REIGN IN HELL; they strike me as less ambitious and more successful (and enjoyable). Yours is, incidentally, the first review of any of the three that I've seen outside a couple Minneapolis-based fanzines.

Leanne Frahm, SLADOMANIA 24: "Is your hair coming out rather more frequently than it did?" No, only once per follicle.

Marc Ortlieb, G'NEL 47: I'm interested in obtaining a copy of "FAR OUT! -- Australia's Own SF/Fantasy Magazine" to file away unread on my shelves. Want to swap for a WEIRD TALES #2, if it appears?

"After Aussiecon Two we'll really have to have a membership drive?" Why not at Two? Unless you feel that a few hundred new members, most of them Americans, would be bit much to digest all at once. . . .

Yes, James I of England was supposedly descended from Banquo, not from Malcolm. Presumably if Agatha Christie had been writing in Jacobean times, he would have been descended from Roger Ackroyd..

Give a pygmy possum a tunnel, and it will scamper for a while. Teach a pygmy possum how to build its own tunnel, and it will scamper forever. Rather than hiring workers to build possum tunnels, why not train possums on earth-moving machinery?

And on that note, goodbye until next time -
Denny