

Fraker

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This is SYA-DASTI-SYA-NASTI-SYA-DAVAK-TAV-YASKI number the first. Produced on May 17 and perhaps thereafter for the June 1977 (#56) mailing of ANZAPA by Denny Lien of 2408 S. Dupont Ave., Apt. 1 / Minneapolis, Minnesota 55405 / USA. For the idle rich or the working poor who happen to work for the telephone company, my home number is Area Code 612 / 374-9021 and my work number is 612 / 373-3083. This is a Lien and Hungry Look Production.

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It's mostly Carey Handfield's fault.

That seems to be a fairly safe sentiment to start off an ANZAPA production with though in this case it happens to be only about half true. Carey did a spot of arm-twisting and generalized sinister looming about in the cause of intimidating me into the apa when he was staying with me last summer, but I had some hope of outlasting him until I picked up my mail one day in his presence (Carey's Presence is a 1975 model and has been kept in top condition; it is thus very good for picking up mail in, sort of like a jeep with a skyhook and a stasis box attached) and found a letter from Leigh Edmonds or someone who claimed to be so and had done a wizard job of imitating Leigh's handwriting. Said letter noted that I had expressed mild interest to LE earlier and that he had therefore decided to put me on the Wait List unless I wrote back at once and told him otherwise. (Leigh's obviously been influenced by the merchandising methods of some of the sleazier book clubs and chain letters.) Getting this and reading it aloud in the shadow of the Handfield sapped what little moral strength I had left and here I am.

I'd just sent in some money to CH for back mailings a bit back with the thought that I was low enough on the waitlist to be in no hurry. Then the Kingdom beckoned a week or so back and I realized I had no source for 9 by 19 Roneo stencils and no other arrangements in sight for reproduction (other than the usual, non-fannish sort, which I'm sure you're not interested in). So I decided to do up one sheet locally and airmail it down to save my membership and perhaps by next time I'll have thought up a better scheme, or at least a cheaper one. One result of this is that I am confined at present to two pages. In my other apa, MINNEAPA, I tend to do about 12 to 15 per mailing when I get up the steam to do any at all, and if I started doing mailing comments on ANZAPA 55 (which also arrived last week) I'd never be able to hold myself to two pages. So for this one time only I've decided to avoid the temptation in the most cowardly but effective way possible; I haven't read 55 yet. What you get instead is the nattering on this page, and on the next page--

Call me Ishmael. . .

No, that's no good, there must be a less pretentious way of explaining who I am and what I'm doing here. (There may not be any way of explaining the subsequent question "Who cares?" but that's another problem for another day.)

Vital Data: born 26 September 1945 in Detroit Lakes, Minn. (north-central US). Grew up in a farm outside of Lake Park, Minn., a town consisting of 700 souls and the odd doppelganger like me. College at Moorhead State, near the North Dakota border, 1963-67; degree in English. Graduate school at University of Arizona (southwest US) 1967-71; got my master's and did the coursework for the doctorate but decided I'd had enough, that I didn't like teaching (I'd been doing a bit on the side), and that there were no teaching English jobs at U level anyway that I'd be likely to get without murdering 200 rivals first (bit of a recession going on. . .). Transferred to the University of Minnesota and got another master's, this one in Library Science. I've been working at the U Libraries since early 1972, first as a pre-professional and since June 1974 as a professional. Currently I am a Reference Librarian at the main (humanities and social sciences) library, doing various things, some interesting and satisfying and some (such as computer searches) not so.

Along in there, I married my infant-childhood-then-much-of-adulthood sweetheart, one Doris Hess, in 1969. She is a professional actress (mostly comedy, especially improvisational comedy) and for several years she was working at the local comic revue theatre, Brave New Workshop, where Leigh and Valma saw her in 1974 (consult EMU TRACKS OVER AMERICA). In the summer of 1975, she and her fellow actors/actress decided they'd done everything they could in town and moved out to \*\*H\*O\*L\*L\*Y\*W\*O\*O\*D\*\* where they set up another theatre and got into TV and film work in varying degrees. I don't know how much of the current US crop of dreck is received in Australia but she's been on such high-rated turkeys as LAVERNE AND SHIRLEY and HAPPY DAYS. We see each other two or three times a year, depending on vacation time and money.

Fannishly, I started reading sf in the dark ages of grade school, discovered fandom in late high school (around age 16) and then conducted fanac solely by mail for several years before attending my first con in 1970. Moving to Minneapolis, which has an active fan group, boosted the in-person aspect so much that I am now president of the local club and chairhuman of the Mpls in &73 con bid (of which more some other time). It also led me to Aussiecon, which sticks out as one of the most enjoyable portions of my mostly rather drab life, and that in turn led me within the last two years to playing host to such wandering Antipodeans as Robin Johnson, Carey Handfield, Eric Lindsay, and Al Fitzpatrick, with briefer stints at Chris MacGowan and (pre-last-two-years) Leigh Edmonds and Valma Brown. And all of that somehow led me here to ANZAPA, and all of that blithering above somehow led me to the end of the page.

More and more meaningful next time, I hope. Thanks for the invite to the Kingdom. I'm glad to be here and shall try to be a good Citizen.