

MURGATROYD #10 is an apazine intended for the the August 1979 (#69) issue of ANZAPA. It is produced by Denny Lien and Joyce Scrivner, who are intended for great things, and who reside at 2528 15th Ave. S. / Minneapolis MN 55404 / USA, which is intended to be burglar-proof but proved not to be. Phone is Area Code 612 and numbers 722-5217 (home); 376-2550 (Lien work); and 553-4411 (Scrivner work--note change); and you may call them if your intentions are honorable, or, failing that, fun. A Lien and Hungry Look/Romany Press co-production; 23 July 1979.

ON THE MORNING of 30 June, around 2 a.m. or whenever we staggered in from a party, we realized a light was on that we hadn't left on--that some of Joyce's jewelry was scattered over the bed, where we certainly hadn't left it--that the drawers of my desk upstairs in the fanac room had been pulled out--and, finally, that the back doors of the house had been smashed/crowbarred in. We are slow to suspect our fellow humans, but we began to consider the possibility that we may have been burglarized.

To economize on words: we were. It could have been worse: nothing except the jewelry was taken (they ignored tape players, stereos, thousands of dollars worth of books and comics--which one hopes they didn't know enough to want--and even a credit card left in one of the desk drawers. The picked up, but wound up leaving behind, a cassette tape (Peter Frampton, which they would have been welcome to, damned if I know why we had it) and in return apparently forgot one of their own cigarette lighters, which the police took away. We suspect we interrupted them in the act, and that they took off through the back as we fumbled with the keys in front. Twenty-four days later the landlord still hasn't gotten the back doors fixed (tomorrow is now the promised date), though Joyce jury-rigged one of them well enough to provide minimal security. And I keep hearing strange noises in the night and lying there awake. Also, I've bought a baseball bat.

ONWARD TO MAILING COMMENTS ON #68, which arrived here two days ago (Lien typing):

Paul Anderson, THE MEMCRAZINE 25: a "100% levy placed on blank cassettes in order to stop home recording of records"? Incredible and frightening. TV networks in the states are trying to get a ban on Betamax etc. sets (which can record television programs off the set) for the same reason--though another of the complaints is that since editing is easy on the sets, people are not only pirating TV shows but are editing out the commercials while doing so instead of watching them as they are supposed to do. Virtually all of my cassettes are of radio comedy shows (mostly Goons and ISIRTA), and I rarely watch television shows for the first time (though if I did have easy access to a Betamax, I might be tempted to build up a library of PRISCNER episodes). Eric Lindsay will now scold.

Allan Bray, PNYTIP (OR ANYBODY): No, I don't want to be a dentist even at your hypothetical \$600000 a year--I have strong empathy reactions to being in the presence of people in pain, with exponential feedback if I'm causing the pain. I don't enjoy being a dentist's patient, but I'd a damn sight rather be the patient than the dentist. (I'd make a lousy Royal Torturer.)

John Brosnan, SON OF WHY BOTHER? 3: "Suddenly I realize that a large percentage of ANZAPA contributors are women . . . so I'm worriedly scanning my stencils to see if I've made any sexist remarks. . . ." Strikes me that the most sexist remark you made was this one, what with its implication that only women would be likely to find sexist remarks objectionable.

"Don't give up the glub!" --- Chester Anderson (in THE BUTTERFLY KID, I think)

Leigh Edmonds, A WEE ONE EIGHTY-SEVEN: I keep daily records of mail received, books (& comics and records) bought, books begun/finished, and movies and plays seen, plus card files of fanzines received & when, if LOCCed and if so when, if not when my sub will run out, and of course addresses of senders; plus another fanzine cardfile of fanzines owned alphabetically by title with cross-references when titles change; plus all sorts of want lists of books for myself and for other people; plus lists of books bought for other people, price paid, when mailed, price of postage, etc.; plus several file folders full of bibliographies and checklists, some maintained and some not; plus ICW/UCI running totals; plus etc. etc. There have also been times when I have kept records of where every penny I spend goes (mostly on books and beer--and on paper and index cards, of course), though not lately on that. Yes, a micro computer would be a handy thing to have though I suspect if I had one I'd just think of more lists to keep. Anyway you now know why I don't get much fanac (or even reading) done--that and being drunk a lot---

Derrick Ashby, HUGEOUS 8: I've never been able to try psyching myself to doing two drafts of mailing comments (other than in my head) on the theory that once I start revising I'll never stop. (Which is nonsense, of course, but who am I to argue with myself?)

JOHN Foyster, HOW APAS ARE A PAIN IN THE ARSE: I can't get too worked up about apas being responsible for burying good pieces in a format seen only by thirty or so people instead of 200--and if you can, I should think you would be even more indignant at the existence of such things as private letters, which may bury good writing in a format seen only by two or so people. Not to mention diaries. . . .

 And on that note I'm going to fold up my share of this and leave the rest of the page for Joyce. We still have plans to do up a big zine, catch up on a lot of skipped over comments, and boat mail it down (Ken and Linda have enough luggage to haul down already), but on that we shall see. . . Mpls in '73--

 Denny has taken himself out of this hot room (it would be cooler if the windows or door (to the upper porch) were open, but then again, I'd likely get attacked by scads of mosquitos and other such insects. **Sigh** It is enough to be a fan, to be a lumpy, red fan is worse. My surroundings are books and books, I'm currently in the secondary library which is being set up for my series and miscellaneous other books we've acquired. We are picking up a single bed to fit in here, too, hopefully sometime this week if our times off (I'm taking sailing lessons) and the times off of Nate Bucklin (who is most likely at the Matthew Tepper party tonight) or Page Ringstrum (who is a nurse and maintains non standard hours) match up. Nate is moving to LA for a while and Page has just finished moving in with a couple of other fans - Dick Tatge and Sharon Kahn - before deciding what/where she wants to spend this winter. This past weekend was one for busy people - four people moved on Saturday (they all used the same truck), Sunday was a milk carton boat race and a Secret Masters of Minicon Meeting. Plus of course the associated parties - Friday night we hosted a poker do where I lost about three dollars and Denny (by circumventing logic) broke even, Saturday there was a party/dinner for all of the people who helped move the four lucky fans. It was a regular party all day - there were only about thirty people in and out of the trucks and cars and vans and such all the time. Tiring. I didn't do anything else the rest of the weekend.

One mailing comment to Helen Swift on the fact that I want to do pages to her alone! If only I had cheap reproductive methods. I'll see you soon in AWAPA, anyway, yes? And a note to Eric that I owe him a long comment too.

Anyway, more will be coming your way from here, soon. (Or else it'll be just another sad case of RSN disease.)

Peace,