

MURGATROYD 11 appears because ANZAPA 70 is expected to appear and it (the former) wants to be in it (the latter). This perverse desire, far from being discouraged by its parents, Denny Lien and Joyce Scrivner, is encouraged and abetted by them to the extent of their paying the photocopy and mailing costs. Letters of protest telling them that by these actions they prove themselves unfit to control the destinies of a young and innocent fanzine may be sent to: 2528 15th Avenue S. / Minneapolis MN 55404. Phone calls of protest should be made at home to 1-612-722-5217; work calls to 1-612-376-2550 or 1-612-553-4411, according to which--Lien or Scrivner respectively--more arouses your ire. This is Monday, 17 September 79; the radio behind me is playing unidentified classical music; and this is a joint Lien and Hungry Look/Romany Press production. MURGATROYD supports Minneapolis in '73, Australia in '83, Ogden for DUFF, and free fnords for the needy.

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ANZAPA 69 arrived on 14 Sept. and for the last few days I've been puzzling out if we are or are not kicked out for nonpayment of the dues I thought I had arranged for the payment of (Lien types). If the worst has happened, hello from your latest waitlisters. The mailing arrived just in time to come with us to Anokon, a small local affair at which among other things I saw Ken and Linda's Australian slides and traded drinks and conversation with Gordy Dickson. Clearly a very Australian sort of weekend, even if the beer wasn't as good.

SOME OTHER THINGS weren't so good too. The Hotel had new management since last year and in the nature of new management everywhere had gone downhill from a fannish point of view. Last year the chief attraction was a lockable pool area to ourselves after 10 pm for nude bathing and saunas; the new manager, a moralist, decided this was Right Out. The maids snarled at us, and on Sunday somebody poured sand in a number of fans' vehicles. Aside from the hotel problems, this seemed to be Weekend of the Jackpot for a variety of personal problems held by a variety of people and those who weren't having some variety of breakdown at any given moment found themselves pressed into service as comforters of those who were. I had mine Friday night, which at least got it out of the way early and freed up my shoulders for others down the long stretch. Somehow enough energy remained by Sunday to run an auction, including such goodies for TAFF/DUFF as a cup of water from the pool where skinnydipping had briefly taken place; a sales receipt from purchase of a can of Spam (guaranteed to have been eaten); and a picture of Arthur Leo Zagat.

MAILING COMMENTS ON ANZAPA 69, back to front ~~and belly to belly~~ as usual:

Francis Payne, APOLOGIA PRO IGNAVIA SUA: I learned to drive latish and never really took to it, though I have managed to do so for sixteen years with only one accident and one ticket. Part of the secret is to drive as little as possible and until Joyce's car came into my life (along with Joyce) I had driven only once or twice a year to and from cons for about six years. I find now that I've had to do so more often that I tend to be a dangerously defense driver; I spend so much time worrying about something darting out at me from left or right that I tend to forget to watch ahead. . . .

I had my head injury when four or so. The instrument in question was a hammer to the temple, and I still have a slight indentation in my skull. This probably explains my fannish tendencies as previous to age four I had no history of joining apas.

Catherine Circosta, BEAGLE'S WORLD: Sympathies. Yes, appendicitis is contagious, at least in Minneapolis; running into semi-gafiate Jim Young for the first time in weeks once caused it for both Ken Fletcher and myself within a few days of each other. Reading Jim's first novel (THE FACE OF THE DEEP, due out from Pocket in December) will probably cause a worldwide epidemic.

Marc Ortlieb, G'NEL 16: Tempting me with a ROUND THE HORNE book in exchange for a fanzine article on a topic of my choice is risky; what if my choice turns out to be a how-to-do-an-Adelaide-telephone-book imitation? I am, however, tempted, and may succumb.

Peter Toluzzi, FINGALE'S FOLLY!: Shouldn't that be Finagle's?

Message fandom is alive and well in Minn-STF, too. For a while I was the most frequent Hired Hand but of recent months I have tended to bow out. Ah, but they still come back to me for the Big Jobs, when they've been on their feet for three days and secretly desire to have their spines pounded into spine jam. . . smirk.

Your comments to Helen Swift ran a close second to Keith Taylor on ICRA as most memorable bit of the apa this time.

No, I didn't room with Ken Konkol at Aussiecon. My roomie was Don Bailey; we held the Mpls in '73 party and the post-Ballararat Extremely Dead Dingo party. Ken held, I think, the Sunday evening slide show and auction party. I don't recall which of us had room 807; whichever of us it was presumably later gave it back. Anyway, Ken K. (who lives next state east of me in Wisconsin) is still around and, presumably, about. He was at the weekend's con but I didn't notice this comment in time to fill him in on his fate or lack thereof.

My musical tastes probably do not intersect yours at all: I'm mostly an unreconstructed '60s folkie (Peter, Paul, and the Chad Kingston Brothers Trio?) with some interest in '60s acid rock (but none in acid itself, '60s or otherwise) and a few miscellaneous favorites (notably STEELEYE SPAN and FAIRPORT CONVENTION) of slightly more recent ilk. None of which makes any difference as to me going through used record shop racks for you (or buying new ones), as I still tend to go through all such on the odd chance of running into something I didn't realize I wanted. The used specialists tend to run \$2 to 3 per disc for good-to-mint condition items.

David Grigg, WAITING: Statistical averages are also, of course, that branch of wisdom which tells us that the average human being has one testicle and .5 wombs.

Leanne Frahm, SLAYDOMANIA 4: Probably the most humane way to kill a spider is to supply it with a spider of the appropriately opposite sex to wine, dine, and seduce it, after which, satiated, it goes to sleep with a smile on its face and is given an injection of some painless and fast acting drug. There are some practical problems with mass-marketing this solution for all those who dislike the sound of squooshing, however. As a second choice, an humane method is to convince it that it has been chosen to sacrifice itself nobly so as to save its mates who will remember it with tears forever. Issuing it with a rifle and telling it that it is its responsibility to hold off the marauding band of outlaws while its friends escape is one good way. People choosing this method may however wish to be careful about the stopping power of the rifle so issued.

GATEWAY by Fred Pohl, actually. E for Effort.

Joyce Scrivner, MURGATROYD 10: "If only I had cheap reproductive methods. . ." I refuse to respond to that straight line. . . Denny Lien (me), same zine: Did you notice that you spelled your own name wrong at the top of p.2? Yes. Do you feel foolish enough never again to snicker at others? No.

Michael O'Brien, TASMANIAN...: Your comments got me to musing on the relative importance (it seems to this reader) of sf films to newstarting Australian fan groups (great) and to newstarting US fan groups (slight), but the musing didn't wind up taking the shape of a full-fledged mini-essay.

Mark Fraser, WIRED TALES: Strong sympathy with legal problems. Awaiting word of outcome.

Everyone Else: Out of space and time by Clark Ashton Smith. Unless Joyce wants to start her own sheet, that will be it until #70. Stol vombs, more sugar, fnord.