

After such MURGATROYD, what forgiveness? In this case, such of the same is number 12, and the forgiveness hoped for is the comments that will follow in ANZAPA 72, as this issue is itself intended for ANZAPA 71. Produced, if not the veritable day before judgement, still at least the week before the deadline, and if not just before a black Easter, then at least just before a white Thanksgiving (if--Mirabilis! I don't have to doctor the weather reports to justify the expected snow), by Denny Lien, who has six bottles of beer on his conscience from the current case, and by Joyce Scrivner, for whom perhaps ignorance is Blish, and yet even she must realize that we have two pages due in Adelaide by 1 December, and this is 20 November in Minneapolis and the mailing arrived only hours ago--a theling blow, junior, as William James might say in this situation. Then again, he might just note that the home address is 2528 15th Avenue S. / Minneapolis MN 55404; and that the home phone is (612) 722-5217, and that Denny's work phone is (612) 376-2550, and that Joyce's is (612) 553-4411, despite what Gary Mason has been claiming on the roster for the past few months. A Lien and Hungry Look/Romany Press zine, which supports Minneapolis in '73, Australia in '83, and Ogden for DUFF. Huzzah.

An apology/explanation for the above colophon:

"Then there was another American named Denny, who . . . sported a huge mustache and sideburns that had gotten completely out of hand but weren't really a beard. Denny, it seemed, never spoke unless it was to make puns--bad puns at that. Not that there are any really good ones, but his were particularly atrocious. Even jet lag and lack of sleep couldn't really account for them."

--Gene DeWeese and Robert Coulson, CHARLES FORT NEVER MENTIONED WOMBATS

And now for something completely different; the larch. . .

WHAT I'VE BEEN DOING LATELY: Feeling harried and depressed about my job, but fairly good about most other aspects of my life, alcoholism partly excepted.

And now for something completely the same, the lurch. . .

WHAT I'M DOING RIGHT NOW: Drinking. And starting mailing comments on Anzapa 70:

Marc Ortlieb, G'NEL 17: I'm now in three apas, and occasionally toy with the idea of joining more. I toy with much more zest, however, the idea of dropping out of all of them and becoming a beachcomber. Not an easy aspiration to cling to in a Minneapolis quasi-realsoonnow-winter.

Curses,

our Ken Fletcher hoax has been uncovered! Of course, you have but scratched the surface. (For which our itchier secret masters thank you, by the way.) Not only were Ken and Linda both Australia residents all along, but DUFF has always been a hoax--because--there is no North America.

Think about it. Have you ever seen it? (If you have, please have the decency to keep your mouth shut while I idea-trip.) Occasionally strange fanzines arrive with strange stamps, or obviously phoney news of this improbable land is reported on obviously controlled Australian media--but who do you know, whom you can trust, who claims to have seen this country? The other DUFF winners? All bought off, clearly. Andrew Brown? Too tall to be trusted in anything. Robin Johnson? A sometime travel agent; it is in his own interest to keep up the Big Lie. Eric Lindsay? Besides being one of the Internat'l Bankers Conspiracy, he is too obviously fond of Stirring, and thus likely to keep up the lie for the sheer joy of it. Ursula LeGuin, Terry Carr, Gordy Dickson, etc? Writers whose tools of trade are plausible lies. Keith Curtiss? We offered him books not to betray the plot. Bruce Gillespie? We offered him ~~women~~ a Hugo nomination for the same. Al Fitzpatrick? We offered him ~~women~~ women for the same.

Marc Ortlieb, continued: (come to think of it, for Al that ought to read ~~women~~ ~~books~~ women and books). Irwin Hirsch? He's due at our place shortly, and who knows what we'll offer him, heh heh. ("Our place" is, by the way, in Alice Springs, where all allegedly non-Australian fans really live.) And by the way--that "moon" landing in 1969--that was really New Guinea. And the earth is flat (but you already knew that. . .).

HITCHHIKER'S has indeed not been widely circulated in the U.S.: I finally heard part of it only last week. There is talk of nominating the writer for a John Campbell Award now, however, care to pass the idea on? SUPERMAN was indeed a "pretty mediocre film," but that still makes it one of the five or so best sf films of all times (you might guess that I don't care much for sf films, and you might be right).

I've heard my (Norwegian) relatives telling Scandinavian accent jokes, but it seems they always tell them with Swedes as the butt for some reason. . . (probably because Swedes tend to look like the . . ., no, I can't say it. . .) I enjoy ethnic/profession jokes, told either for or against my own, so long as I don't get the feelings that the tellers are taking them seriously. . .

Peter Toluzzi, A FABLE OF FAFIA; Boston only "just beat Baltimore" for 1980 worldcon? News to me; my memory was that it was decisive. However, I agree that Baltimore is running serious this time and should be firmly dealt with. (Though their strategy of collecting all anti-dirty-foreigners votes while the U.S. oneworlder simps split their ballots seems rather silly given the use of preferential voting. . . .)

Derrick Ashby, various titles: Not only is it easier to regulate race horses by having them all born on August 1st; it's easier to regulate all sorts of things. Social Security payments, school grades, and newspaper horoscopes (cut the required space down by 11/12ths) to name but three.

I don't play lotteries, or gamble in any way. However, I won \$46 at poker three weeks ago. (Poker, of course, is not gambling--played properly.)

Do you consider "rabid right wing" and "private enterprise" as phrases that inherently go together? If so, why?

"I have just finished reading THE LORD OF THE RINGS for the 14th time." Er, I hope you are joking--you seem too normal and likeable a bloke for that to be literal truth. (I recently read it for the second time, and in five or ten more years might be up for the third, but fourteenth? I don't even read my own zines that much. (well--not all of them.) I don't think there's a reasonable-length book I've read in the world more than five times tops, by which time I generally know them almost by heart. What are you, kinky or something?

As for weaknesses of Tolkien's creation, female characterization and sense of humor spring to my mind. (Possibly I have an over-springy mind.)

I'm not quite sure Ken & Linda were "unwilling" to "drain DUFF for two lots of airfares;" I am sure that DUFF was unwilling so to be drained.

I had an experience much like yours re Fred Siemon's SCIENCE FICTION SHORT STORY INDEX (the third worst sf reference book that comes to mind in recent years--worse: Elrick's whatchamacallit and Brian Ash's WHO'S WHO IN SF)--and like you tossed away boxes of file cards later. I presume you've seen Contento's index, which is excellent (and he's a nice guy, too). We still need an anthology index for horror story books, and an index to sf magazine letter columns, though. . . (well, we don't necessarily need them, but I'm dreaming of doing same. . .)

Derrick Ashby: Sorry, I'm not willing to accept from you as an authority a book that you "have only catalogued . . . not read." I realize that all librarians are slans by nature, but to imply that you can suck out the essence of a book by cataloging it seems a bit extreme even granting that. May I quote a book that I have only reshelved, not read?

"What we have to look at is a maximum of energy sources." No argument, except that I believe that nuclear is one of them, and you seem to reject the proposal out of hand.

"There is no greater sin than putting foreign mcs through an apa." Hmm--a challenge. Burning koalas at the stake, after flaying them slowly, from a pyre made of 1923 WEIRD TALES issues in mint conditions, referring to the latter as sci-fi, and blaming it all on the Labour Party?

I have an article half-promised (well--one-tenth promised) to Marc Urtlieb already, and I tend to average only one article a year, so thank you but no, as the duchess said to the bishop. At least not until you give me comments.

Christine McGowan, THE BETTER HALF: You'd "rather pity the randy young woman who can't buy sex and has to wait to be asked" than the man who has "so many massage parlors about"? Quite aside from the presumptively less-than-ideal nature of such establishments, are you suggesting that in Australia sex-for-hire is available only to males? I find that hard to believe.

What I do find depressing--and possibly libellous--is not your suggestion to Jeff Harris that he may not have been "entirely sober" at time of doing his apazine (how else to do them) but rather the implication that you believe an otherwise normal fan of either traditional major sex would spend on a massage parlor or the equivalent the money that could otherwise be put to good use buying pulps or alcohol. What do you take us for?

Leigh Edmonds, various titles: "In about seven weeks Valma will be completed (an unfortunate choice of phrase) make that finished": that's an improvement in terms of choice of phrase? Hi Valma, sorry to hear that you've been finished.

Not really impressed with your entrance exam, but I suppose I would pass you, if only because you sound intellegent enough to write a telling letter of complaint to my supervisor if I did ~~not~~.

"Don't you think that on the whole fandom is one of the least fascinating facets of life?" Certainly not; and if you do, why have you produced five hundred fanzines? If you feel that, say, having gall stone operations is more interesting, can you point to your having had five hundred gall stone operations?

Theoretically, I am now to confront John Bangsund and my 13th beer of the evening at one and the same time.
I admit defeat.

This fanzine will recommence tomorrow--which means it will not be copied and in the mail before Friday the 23rd--which should still put it in Gary's mailbox in time for #71; oh joy unbounded; --if the force is with me. (And the P.O.)

"An aristocrat finding himself in a low dive must, if he is to explain his presence there, take more than a single drink--for one swallow does not make a slummer." -- name of author suppressed out of decency; date 1972.

This is an interruption. Do not adjust your paper, do not try to read it upside down. This will take only a moment and we shall return to our regularly scheduled writer.

Hi, this is Joyce, I am recovering from a long day yesterday and being lazy and late on my way to work this morning. I am only an hour late, yet. However, yesterday took it out of me and I'll be there soon enough. We're having about half a dozen people over for Thanksgiving dinner tomorrow and I get to cook, besides cleaning up the house first. (Even I admit that a good deal of the mess is mine, like all the unlabeled books on the diningroom table, and the short stack in the living room, and the unmailed letters on the coffeetable. I feel really unorganized. So I'm celebrating by writing you instead. It's time for a change of pace.

Thank you all for voting for us. I am personally rather astoned. A series of two page zines does that for us? Just think what we can do if we have four pages in some disties? Thank you all. And now,

Thank you for your patience and courtesy in waiting for the regularly scheduled writer to return. We do not expect anymore interruptions during the course of this zine. We now return you to -

The Larch.

Since Joyce brought up the ANZAPOLL results, I might as well natter about that for a bit. Congratulations to Swift and Middlemiss and the other winners. Congratulations also to Andrew Brown, who, by finishing 15th overall in a 30-person apa, presumably wins the coveted "most mediocre" loving cup. (Though what cups have to do with loving I've never been quite sure.) Tsk tsks to Sally and John for Covering Up The Facts; if the various other figures given for us are correct, to score a total of 90 points we must have made 14 as Best Writer and hence tied Foyster and Stevens for 11th place in that category, but you don't list us at all there. Shame also to the post office, which doesn't seem to have gotten my ballot in to you in time to be counted. It would have changed the winner in one category but not in total points or the others.

Joyce typed the stuff at the top of this page and then ran off to work, asking me to retype it if needed. I'm not about to, though I do confess interest in how one is "astoned." Presumably by analogy with "amoral" etc., it means someone who is totally indifferent to whether or not s/he is stoned. I'm also charmed by the way the thought of Thanksgiving dinner is so depressing that even the word on the paper depresses itself. (By the way, lest Joyce's mumbling about having to cook the meal gives some the wrong impression, I would like to point out that I do 80-90% of the cooking for us; I simply have more sense than to try to inflict my mediocre skills on large numbers of guests expecting a good meal. I also specialize in washing dishes, day-to-day tidying, etc., while among Joyce's specialities are anything to do with mechanics or carpentry. So much for traditional sex roles (("Hey, look at me! I'm a nonconformist, just like everybody else!"))).

And I'm obviously not about to get back to mailing comments on this page, or to start another one this late. (I'm staying in from work this morning partly to finish this so that I can mail it out today, and partly to work up my courage to go in--work is getting depressing again. Hoping you all are not the same. . .)

"Life today is no joke--Therefore, let us try to make it one."