

MURGATROYD #14 comes to you (and you, and that bloke reading over your shoulder) courtesy of a new ribbon in the typewriter, the pressure of an upcoming deadline, a case of Special Export Beer, a radio blaring classical music, a warmish night, entirely too many mosquitoes, and--as a final ingredient--Joyce Scrivner and Denny Lien, the latter of whom is typing this, and the both of whom live at 2528 15th Avenue S. / Minneapolis MN 55404 / USA and answer (612) 722-5217 when it rings. At work, we specialize; Joyce talks to computers and answers (612) 553-4776 and Denny does librarian impersonations and prefers (612) 376-2550. This is intended to save our ANZAPA membership by appearing in mailing 75 (August 1980), and may even do so. This apazine supports Detroit in 1982, Australia in 1983, and Minneapolis in 1973. It also has a favorite DUFF candidate, but more of that below. A joint Remany Press/Lien and Hungry Look Production, begun 8 July 1980; 9 p.m. or nearly.

RETRACTION: I should have said that the co-producer of this apazine, Lien by name, supports Detroit in 1982; Scrivner is a pre-supporting member of both candidates and Ian't Telling.

APOLOGY: There has not been a MURGATROYD in 73 or 74, in spite of our attempts to hit every mailing. We can't even complain that you moved the target, as John Foyster takes over as OBE only with the latter of those. We failed.

PATHETIC PLEA FOR SYMPATHY: Things have been intermittently miscellaneous in the broader sense, and we all know what that means. . . .
(No, for a change it doesn't mean I'm too drunk to type legibly--or even to spell "legibly"--just that I don't feel inspired enough to be Silly without something to respond to, so I'm going directly into mailing comments on mailing 74 and may get back to higher forms of fannish life later.)

Allan F. J. Bray, WHERE?: You could, of course, have gotten the Ultimate dubious review; Buck Coulson's four-word comment "A must for completists."
Come to think of it, a check I sent Eric Lindsay a year or so ago hasn't cleared yet either. Has the Bermuda Triangle opened branches in Australian banks?

I've never had an orthodox/devout anybody tell me I had to follow their deitary restrictions (that was meant to be "dietary," but I like the implicit pun so let it stand). In fact, in several years of asking houseguests if they kept kosher, it wasn't until a couple of months ago that I finally found one who did (and even she didn't expect two sets of cooking utensils, which was fortunate as I didn't have same). I don't have any problem cooking kosher and/or vegetarian, but if any religion ever decides onions and green peppers are Forbidden, I'm going to be a lot more careful whom I invite to dinner.

Yes, CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY became the WILLIE WONKA movie. There was a sequel, CHARLIES AND THE GREAT GLASS ELEVATOR (Knopf, 1972) within two feet of me as I type this. I've never read either, and, life being short and other authors whom I prefer being prolifc, probably never shall.

William Contento, INDEX TO SCIENCE FICTION ANTHOLOGIES AND COLLECTIONS (Boston: GK Hall, 1978). Indexes "1900 books containing 12,000 different stories by 2,500 authors." Covers single-author collections as well as anthologies, but usually does not include fantasy anthologies or collections. Cost, as I recall, is \$28 US and worth it to serious

Bray, continued; collector and scholar types. If it can't be got or ordered in Australia, I'm willing to supply at cost plus postage.

Elrick's book is called something like SCIENCE FICTION HANDBOOK. It is, from my vague memory of examining a copy plus my somewhat stronger memory of reviews, big on Buck Rogers Stuff but inaccurate even on that.

Actually Arnold Schwartzegger strikes me as an almost-ideal Conan. And just think of the bigger draws they could have insisted on in his place: Robert Redford...Al Pacino...Dustin Hoffman...Woody Allen...Miss Piggy.

Why do author indexes of your (sf, I presume?) magazines? Cheaper to buy the NESFA indexes. But I'll send you a gratis copy of my Sturgeon checklist. Annotated, even.

I don't see why historical precedent as to lack of restrictions on what qualifies as minac in an apa--even if your view of fannish history is accepted--need be considered by this apa. This is not a court of law, or a number, it is a free apa and besides Catch-22 says it can do anything you can't stop it from doing.

One-Shooters, INTERSTELLAR PAJAMA PYTHON; An absolutely classically typical one-shot. I'm willing to pretend it does not exist if you are (and if you all leave quietly after dropping all your valuables in this hat).

"Book one of a trilogy consisting of at least 4 books?" Inflation strikes again.

Ugh.

It is now 13 July and the deadline looms closer... Spent much of yesterday at the annual Minn-STF PicnicCon on a lake in Wisconsin. Last year the con attracted some 75 people, about a third of whom were spaced on drugs all weekend and wandered aimlessly in the woods while the rest of us ate, drank, and made merry. This year ~~many couldn't make it~~ only about 30 people showed up, only two of whom smoked even tobacco, which I considered an improvement...except that the smaller number seemed to be below critical mass, and the con never took off for me as such, in spite of lots of beer, occasional skinny-dipping (and, on my part, occasional near-drowning while doing so; I'm fond of nudism but unfortunately can't swim), and rather nice weather if you don't mind mosquitoes which I do. Joyce and I packed it late last night and drove home (40 miles or so) instead of staying over; as I write this (4 p.m-ish) it's probably starting to break up. As I get older and tired, I put away the simple pleasures of my youth such as, for instance, pleasure. . . .

Irwin Hirsh, PLENTY OF PANACHE 4; I tend to forget how much work animation must be until I read something like this. I suspect it may have been quicker for you to use live critters and simply train the duck to explode, the cat to use a parachute, etc.

Robin Johnson, RETURN OF THE BUTTERFLY MIND 2; The owner of your flat is "a deceased estate"? Hasn't anyone noticed yet... (I presume dead things, like dead people, have no use for such trivialities as rent money.)

I'll probably vote Copenhagen over Baltimore for 2d place, even though I'll not go to Copenhagen if it did win, out of some vague knee-jerk internationalism and despite the reputed obnoxiousness of Danish fans. (Hmmm-en second thought, to promote

Robin Johnson, cont: international fandom perhaps I ought not to vote for Denmark on the theory that if it gets the con no "foreign" bid will ever get another one. . . .)

David Grigg, LOGODAEDALY: "Yes, the patter of little feet is being heard around the Grigg-Pagram residence, not to mention the plaintive miaows of little mouths. Yes, we've got cats." My sympathies. Do you plan to trap or poison for them? (The disadvantage of either, of course, is that you might accidentally kill some relatively harmless mice in attempting to rid your house of these vermin.)

(Don't mind me; I'm mostly joking. It's just that the last cat I shared a flat with decided my old ASTOUNDINGS were just the thing to sharpen his claws on.)

Keith Taylor, DRAGONS AND MORNING OPALS 9: I might be willing to see THE ROSE (no relation to the Charles Harness story, alas) if I could control the volume of the soundtrack. From all reviews it a painfully loud one, which to me means an intolerably painful one. (I tend to suggest to the cockroaches that they wear slippers when tromping around the house.)

Christine Ashby, THE BETTER HALF: "The older I get the less I can see why anyone should want to drink to the point of inebriation, let alone beyond it." Well, for some of us it is the only way we can get around to doing apazines. (Or at least the first halves of apazines, before we start hitting too many wrong typer keys or thyngd loke tjat/*

"Mind you, I'm not too sure which genre this is meant to be an example of: it's published as SF, but in reality it's more of a 'feminist' book." Er...why do you imply these are somehow at odds by their nature? ("This book purports to sf, but I suspect it is really a novel, possibly written from a Marxist viewpoint, and in English at that, and obviously as it cannot be all four someone is trying to put one over on me, or at best is hopelessly confused.") Are you quite sure it could not be meant to be in both genres?

After doing the above, I went off and played with the PLATO computer terminal for a spell, winning at a game of hearts, losing a dice game, and doing fairly well at a couple quick forays into a dungeon-like (actually more a shooting-gallery-like) game called "The King's Mission" ("Your mission, Neddy Seagoon, is to kill all of the goblins in the first magic kingdom. If you succeed, your reward shall be 19 bags of gold.") The terminal has been acting ^{up} enough in the hot weather of late for me not to want to risk my good dungeon character, and in case ANZAPA needs my attention more.

Catherine Circosta, BEAGLE'S WORLD: "For example they took the doors off the ladies' toilets to be painted and it took them two weeks!" Well, if the ladies hadn't been holding on to the doors so firmly and yelling at them perhaps the work would have moved along faster.

"pathic in many ways"; sounds versatile; most pathics I know stick to one or two ways.

Gary Mason, SECRET FILES OF ANZAPA: Re treasury, I gave Irwin Hirsch a contribution of (I think) \$10 US for Anzapa when he was through here, which I haven't yet seen appear herein. Perhaps he spent it on riotous living?

Richard J. Faulder, ANT ZAPPER; Nice title. I tend to lean toward the radical center too (as witness supporting John Anderson ((no relation to John Alderson)) for the US presidential fun'n'games) and to think of myself as a sort of half-hearted crypto-libertarian. Nothing wrong with being trendy in matters of politics; surely at worst it is better than taking them seriously. . . .

 Resumed today, Monday, the umpteenth day of a heat wave which, while not quite to the stage of killing off Minnesotans (unlike some folk in the southern states) does leave me with the idea that keeling over and dying right now might be rather nice, at least if the Norse frigid hell of Niflheim turns out to be the right one). To further cheer me on my way to six pages, I arrived home tonight to find the fridge on the blink for the third time in two days (throwing out heat instead of cold under the guise of defrosting, with which it tends to get taken away) and to find a bill from the revenue service informing me I have underpaid my federal taxes for some incomprehensible reasons. The sweat is rolling off me as I type this in the second hottest room of the house--the PLATO terminal is in the very hottest, and is thus out of commission so I can't even go kill Klingons to forget the heat--and I am out of beer and reduced to sipping on (oh the shame of it) wine. Whine.

The above line of asterisks was meant to be an admission of defeat, until I thought of hauling the fan upstairs and pointing it directly at me. This improves things from unbearable to simply nasty, and the latter is notoriously a good mood to do mailing comments in, and so...

Paul Stokes, CAT OUT OF ORDER; It may be simply my librarian soul, but I tend to think of musical groups who are almost purely live-performance oriented and either do not record or do so poorly to be . . . disturbing. For a musician who comes across on record, I have a chance to encounter and enjoy even if I never get to the Mumblemumble Bar and Grill in the far-away land of Mumble where the group plays; more, I have such a chance even if they broke up and died individually if not collectively decades ago. To be reputed on the sake of doing good live concerts is even worse than to be reputed solely on the grounds of being a witty conversationalist, as in the latter case there is always the chance a Boswell will be hanging about and record you roughly as you should be, but in the former case we are dependent upon a Boswell with a great concealed sound system who can also write brilliant liner notes.

It's a bit like being arguably the greatest darts player who ever lived, and never being heard from except from patrons of one local bar and the people they talk to, by which time you're dead and who is to know, or how? Maybe the darts player doesn't care in the least, but I find that even more disturbing....

Paul J Stevens, HOUR OF THE GREEN AND CREAKING RETRIBUTION; Well, you might if you insist on publishing your first story under a pseudonym use the obviously phoney name "George Turner" as same. That should be amusing, especially when the Vice Squad pulls its raid on the publishing offices.

As
 for FANTASTICA EROTICA..are you aware of the two US apas both named APA-69? (Only one of which lasted beyond one issue ... I was about to say one made it and the other didn't, but thought better of it. . . .)

Eric B. Lindsay, THINGS ARE LOOKING BAD; I agree with your reasonable (by definition as I agree with them) comments re Harry Andruschack and SOUTH OF THE MOON. I don't think there is a moral requirement to send him information, but I favor doing so, and have done so. SOUTH OF THE MOON is not an apa "index" but a checklist, and a fairly good one within its limits. (Since this tsunami arose, some of ANZAPA members may have seen it as a rider with FILE 770.) And I agree that mentioning Lester Boutillier as a previous editor is not "dropping names" in any fan group that I know of, including Lester's hometown (other previous SOTM editors, by the way, are Tim Marion and the late Richard Small). From anyone else I might have expected the grump response to someone volunteering his own time to help achieve bibliographic control over an esoteric area . . . but from Gary, a fellow librarian? The Mind Boggles. The Ox is Gored. The Bird is Cruel.

Paul Anderson, MEMORAZINE 26: On the Holocaust; "For my part I have little doubt that the event occurred but I would also share the credit amongst all of the participating nations in the war and not just the Axis powers. As I recall it is documented that they did refuse to take the Jews in the early stages." I was about to write a blistering comment on this when it occurred to me that by "share the credit" you might not really mean "share the blame equally." It still leaves a bad taste in my mouth, though.

If you have not read a single issue of GALAXY in a long time, your opinion of it is almost surely higher than it deserves.

A review on the basis of a few quotes: SCIENCE FICTION OF THE 50s ed. by Martin H. Greenberg and Joseph Olander, though Fred Pohl, who writes a three-page introduction, cops the large letters on the cover;

"We only regret that space limitations prevent us from including the work of numerous other writers, like James Blish and Theodore Sturgeon. . .": (p.xxiii)--but stories by both Blish and Sturgeon appear.

"Future was among the shortest-lived of the thirty or forty science-fiction magazines that were born to perish within the decade" (says Barry ptul Malzberg on p. 432); ignoring its seventeen issues 1930-1943, FUTURE was born in 1950 and perished in 1960, 49 issues later; one of the shortest lived?)

"Of those in this volume, only three, Fred Pohl, Algis J. Budrys, and Katherine MacLean can be said to have significant careers within science fiction today" (i.e., mid-1978--Malzberg again, p. 434). Among the other writers represented in the volume are Mack Reynolds, Fritz Leiber, Jack Vance, Theodore Sturgeon, Alfred Bester, Robert Sheckley, Damon Knight, A. Bertram Chandler, and . . . Poul Anderson. I agree that some of these can be argued with, but then so can Katherine MacLean.

The cover is dreadful. The stories are recommended, if you can skip the intros.

16 July, pm 9:00: a severe storm last night cooled the air down. So far as I've heard, no one died and only a few mobile homes and crops got destroyed; cheap at the price, perhaps, from my viewpoint (I suspect said viewpoint would differ were I owner of some of the latter). I was working the night shift and got to worry about possibly having to take responsibility for shutting down the library. I take responsibility about as well as I take neutron stars for keychains.

Don't know if Joyce is going to do something this time or not, but as you mostly will have heard by the time this is printed, the 1981 DUFF winner will have the initials JS as the candidates are Jon Singer and Joyce Scrivner. (John Smith couldn't make it.) This apazine, for some strange reason, supports Joyce Scrivner. Vote early and often. Joyce's Australian nominators are John Foyster and Irwin Hirsch and if I have the most up-to-date information and everyone got their stuff in on time her North American nominators are Mike Glicksohn, Rusty Hevelin, and Bill Rotsler.

If she wins, I'll try to scrape up the money to tag along. No promises/threats, though.

John Bangsund, misc; I enjoyed these a lot, which probably explains why I can't find any comments to make on them.

Well...maybe one. "Australian Explorers, ed. K. Fitzpatrick (Oxford, World's Classics, 1958), for which your Newsletter editor will make you a handsome offer." What sort of offer will you make for the 1965 reprint thereof in the same series, fine in dust jacket? (This was a gift from Al Fitzpatrick, so I'm not interested in selling for profit, but if your need is greater than mine perhaps we can make a deal in exchange for a handsome DUFF donation.)

Eric Lindsay, KINGDOM: "To write six pages takes about two hours. . ." ah, but to read the apa slowly and carefully to pick out comments needing or crying out to be made and then to write them up as they deserve takes more like ten to fifteen hours (more if one is not drinking enough, or too much, while so doing). This is not to disagree with your basic point that someone who fails to contribute six pages every six months ought almost always to be booted out . . . even though I've come close before and will do so again this month.

I find it hard to believe that since childhood you've had "no contact with Christians." Are they not allowed to bank at the bank where you work, ride on trains you may take, or what? I presume you mean no intimate contact or somesuch.

There exist typewriter keyboards with the (damn--started to tell you about Dvorak keyboards and I turn your page and you're telling us about them).

John Rowley, AND OTHER FRIGHTS OF FANCY: You just discovered Goulart and "look forward to more of his work"? Lucky you--you have at least 73 books to go, probably more that I've lost count of. (Including three LAVERNE AND SHIRLEY novelizations. . .)

Terry Hughes, RUPERT MURDOCH APPRECIATION SOCIETY NEWSLETTER: Why should I send you a copy of my contribution to your missing mailing 72 seamail from Minnesota to Virginia? (Especially as I had no contribution therein.)

Marc Ortlieb, G'NEL 21: You say SPINOFF has folded? Does that mean I won't have to start my contribution for that (due this Friday) as soon as I finish this page? Sigh--we OEs are always the last to know.

You will be thrilled to learn that I started my article for you two months ago and got almost a page done.

Thought for the day:

"My first reaction was that Tak, who had always seemed a pretty big man, became smaller. Later I realized that the big man simply contained many componants, among them a small one." DHALGREN, page 831 ((yes friends and neighbors--I finished it, actually and literally. Even found one other good quote on p.513, for later.)) And, indeed, later--