

MURGATROYD-27, the new wonder trace element which makes up a small but silly proportion of the new wonder drug ANZAPA-107, is produced by only two firms: Denny Lien and Terry A. Garey (actually, both tend to be more squishy than firm), who by a strange coincidence share the same mailing address: 2528 Fifteenth Avenue South / Minneapolis MN 55404 / USA, not to mention the same home phone: 612-722-5217. There is probably a restraint of trade action in there somewhere. This dose is produced by Denny Lien and is marketed under the brand name Lien And Hungry Look Production. 29 November 1985, 3 pm.

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Snow is outside, the cat is inside, Denny is sitting upstairs typing this in the library, and Terry is lying downstairs in the living room, recovering from a six-week stint of back problems which the orthopedist says only time and rest will cure, though not falling down and reaggrevating it while slipping on the ice trying to feed birds in the future would help. Terry's fanac has dropped to near-nil because of this and mine is not much more robust, but having paid up ANZAPA dues and copying money in advance, it would seem a shame to get dropped for lack of two pages, one-third of one of which you see above you and two-thirds of one you should see below you and all of the other one you should see on the other side of this page. Music: ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW. Beer: Special Export. Mailing comments: on ANZAPA 106, back to front. Ambiance: Pretentious.

Roman Orszanski, WITHOUT BEETROOT, IT AIN'T WORTH THE SALT 1: Glad to see that The Black Hole bookstore, where I spent a happy hour and quite a few dollars in 1982, will continue. (The concept of owning part of a black hole is a singular one.) Good luck on sucking all of the spare customer dollars in Adelaide below the Schwartzchild Radius.

Nigel W. Rowe, MUSINGS FROM A WANDERING PROPHET 4: "A meet the pro's evening is planned. . .": Which pro, and does s/he own the entire evening or if not, just what is of said pro that you are all planning to meet, and can I take pictures? (It is generally felt that meeting the amateur's instead involves less chance of disease.)

Jack R Herman, NECESSITY: I tend to buy or not-buy from a given store (other things being equal, which they rarely are) by how illiterate their signs are, with misuse of apostrophes being the most popular offender. Perhaps I ought to have little cards of complaint printed out and distributed to others of my (our?) smarmy and unpleasent views; if stores found enough of such thumb-tacked to the offending signs, they might be a trifle more likely to have a sixth-grader proofread said signs before investing the money to have them printed up to turn the stomachs of the few literates remaining out there in consumerland. Or perhaps not.

"Who sawed Courtney's boat?" My reading between the lines of the 1880 newspaper stories (on microfilm) leads me to believe that Courtney did. See also the articles in the August 1951 issue of HOLIDAY and the 1974 file of ONTARIO HISTORY magazine, among others. (I planned a one-shot to mark the 100th anniversary of the scandal a few years ago, but somehow never quite got around to it, and am now shooting for the 200th anniversary in 2080.)

"The level of communication in apae is vastly different from that in zines and far more intimate: it should not be seen outside those who understand the context of the remarks." You speak nonsense about as rarely as any fan that I know, but you speak it here, in my arrogant opinion.

I doubt that Terry Frost has ever really rioted with Ned Buntline or voted for Millard Fillimore; if he's a Know-Nothing, it's the first he's known about it. . . .

Jack Herman, continued; "The trouble with realistically depicted violence is that it deadens the audience response to it." Certainly, but the same can be said about realistically-depicted anything. CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND attempts to be "realistic" about UFOs, for instance, and thus deadens the audience's natural skepticism to the propositions that (a) UFOs exist; (b) UFOs are benevolent and will settle all of our problems for us (without us having to do anything much except Believe) if we just wait; and (c) the Government will seek to keep this truth from us. Realistically-depicted violence tends to make audiences believe that violence might be an appropriate method of dealing with some problems; realistically-depicted Holy/Gandhian pacifism tends to make audiences believe that pacifism might be an appropriate method of dealing with some problems; etc. Myself, I think that both are correct and the problem lies in that proportion of the audience which fails to see both movies and thus believes that one method is always correct, but short of mandating that all people who attend RAMBO also attend GANDHI and vice-versa, I'm not convinced that any solution would not be worse than the problem. Let one hundred flowers bloom. . . No method of problem-solving is always acceptable (though the Scientific Method comes close, as does the practice of the ancient Persians (?) in making no decision until they had discussed and debated it both drunk and sober.)

Comments on your TAFF Comments suppressed, except to note that you are Wrong.

"I cannot even imagine how to kill mice theologically..."; impregnate with poison the correspondence that mice are wont to nibble on--it is sound theology that The Letter Killeth.

Sympathies on your breakin. I've been burglarized three times (always, by a mercy, happening to come back in time to minimize the loss), and found myself white with rage each time (see above comments sympathetic to violence, passim). These still remain less bothersome to my psyche than the time I was held up on the street, however.

Don't see why the fact that "at Advention there were 11 ballots cast" proves that the National Awards are inadequately represented. In the USA, there are only 538 ballots cast for the US President (I speak, of course, of Electoral College ballots, which are the only ones that count), and given the relative population sizes of the US and Australia, and the relative glory and power of Rambo Raygun vs. yer average Ditmar winner, this seems a not-unreasonable ratio. If anything, eleven may be too many.

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music; JANIS IAN, "Aftertones" and "Between the Lines." 5:45 pm.  
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I probably should use the bottom of this page to make comments upon the Broader Scheme of Things, or at least of fandom, but damdifino what that might be. Perhaps it is time to reprint my Best Approximations of the Universe:

Aphorism Level: from James Branch Cabell's BEYOND LIFE; "The secret of Gallantry is to accept the pleasures of life leisurely, and its inconveniences with a shrug. . . . the gallant person will always consider the world with a smile of toleration, and his own doing with a smile of honest amusement, and Heaven with a smile which is not distrustful--being thoroughly persuaded that God is kinder than the genteel world would regard as rational. In fine, the gallant person is a well-balanced skeptic, who comprehends that he knows very little, and probably amounts to somewhat less, but has the grace to keep his temper."  
10-20 Words Level: "Life today is no joke--therefore, let us make it one."

Ten words or less level: from Shakespeare's KING LEAR V.ii;  
"And that's true too. . . ." (or--tis--from

a NEW YORK magazine competition;)  
"He who hesitates is, uh, lost."