

SYA-DASTI-SYA-NASTI-SYA-DAVAK-TAV-YASKI 8 is for ANZAPA 67 (April 1979)

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not that I/we would mean to imply that any of the rest of you are against that particular mailing though I suppose some of you may be neutral. The I/we mentioned above is/are Denny Lien and Joyce Scrivner, now residing at the well-known New Address (paper and pencil ready?) of: 2528 15th Avenue S. / Minneapolis MN 55404 / USA. Home phone is (612) 722-5217; Lien's work phone is (612) 376-2550 and Scrivner's is (612) 553-4153. The number of the beast is 666; if it isn't home, dial 1973 and ask for Minneapolis. This issue will be two pages unless it turns out to be something else. A Lien and Hungry Look Production / Romany Press Publication done on 19 March 1979, begun at 7 p.m.

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ANZAPA 66 arrived today and I haven't had time to do more than egoscan it and the deadline for this to be in Australia is some ten days from now. So while I could just let this mailing slide for a while I'd like to turn over a new leaf along with the new house (no, I didn't mean to imply I was turning over a new house or even rocking it from side to side much) so let's do a couple of pages to take in a few announcements and perhaps do comments to people who comment to me (bloody stuck-up elitist egomaniac, grumblegrumble).

First of all, I'd like to reprint a paragraph I did for my VANAPA zine, HOCK AND SODA WATER! #2 about six weeks back: ". . . So, when we got this form letter from Paul Stevens with an appended note from a Well-Known Australian Fan Whose Name You Would Recognize Instantly If We Were To Mention His Name, suggesting that we ~~bully blackmail strongarm~~ use sweet reason to convince a Mpls fan to run for this year's DUFF race (the W-KAFWNYWRIIWTMHN added 'here is your chance to get rid of Mark Riley,' but having no desire to rupture forever Australian-American friendship we decided to treat same as a shuuder-some joke) . . . so, as I said, when we got said heart-felt, deeply-emotional, personalized (well, yes, it was a form letter as I said before, but we could read between the lines) cri du coeur (not to be confused with Cri du Nameless, which Seattle fandom isn't publishing anymore), what could we do except turn all of our ~~rhetoric~~ skills and logical prowess toward convincing someone to run? (Besides, twisting arms and bashing heads is fun). And so we can now offer for your consideration the names of:

KEN FLETCHER AND LINDA LOUNSBURY

who, as a doubly-married couple (both Great Spiderist and the much duller US Legal) can offer to DUFF fannishness increasing with the square of the distance between 1979 and 1973 and/or Australia and Minneapolis and/or Great Spiderism and the Usual. Both write, converse intelligently, walk and chew gum. Additionally, Ken draws Funny Animals and Linda is good at Administering Things, and both have been known to publish fanzines, join apas, attend parties, and otherwise display typical Minneapolis boziness. If you liked Arthur Leo Zagat, you'll love Ken and Linda!"

US nominators are Fred Haskell, Rusty Hevelin, and Susan Wood; Australian nominators are Valma Brown and Leigh Edmonds and Eric Lindsay; and semi-official campaign manager is me. (I accept bribes in both currencies; small unmarked bills preferred.) They've set up the Better Half Transfer Fund locally to handle the extra fare if they win; mostly fund-raising ethnic dinners--the first of which to sell out was the Australian Dinner. (\$10 for meat pies. . .)

Joyce and/or I briefly considered running ourselves, but Joyce as an all-purpose TAFF/DUFF fundraiser this year should be above that and I suffered under the handicap of having been to Australia on my own money (the last of it. . .) just four years ago. Not that there weren't other things against it too, like laziness and such. Linda divides her time between writing her dissertation on museum curating, secretarying for Gordy Dickson, and sewing cloaks with dragon designs on them. Ken has variously worked for Gordy and for Uncle Hugo's SF Bookstore and is the founder of VCOITIE, the funny animal cartoonists' apa (he also looks in person more like a koala than any other human I know). I/we support them enthusiastically and recommend them to your scrutiny. Scrut, scrut.

OTHER MATTERS, OTHER NATTERS: Last time I mused about finding "a house to rent, in the fannish area of town, . . . near the buslines, the freeway . . . with space enough for the collections of two distinct completist collector fans plus two mimeos and a ditto and a lot of furniture and a spare refrigerator just for beer."

Strangely enough, that's just what we found.

Weell, it's not that near all of the above, though it isn't bad. And while it has space for the above-mentioned, it's not gigantic, just largish. And it's a bit rundown, and the neighborhood isn't all that great, and it was at the upper level of what we planned to pay. But all that's all right, because---

By damn, it does have a spare refrigerator just for beer!!!!!!!

We've named it "Huddling Place." (At least I think we have; Joyce hasn't come up with a better suggestion so I recycled my name for my previous apt.) I presume that just as some locals took to renaming the local fannish commune "The Hobbitat" to "The Boggietat," so some wit will soon discover that the above can be parodied easily as Cuddling Place. (Well, it was a chilly winter--)

Shall leave and turn the typer over to Joyce after my thought for the mailing:

"He always sobered <sup>up</sup> quickly, which was why he drank almost constantly."  
---Robert Barnard, DEATH OF AN OLD GOAT

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As Denny said above he has let me have part of a page at the last to natter about nothings into the mail (I don't see anyone's ears from this distance and sweet stuff is hard to come by). So have a bit of nothings:

(And a different method of paragraphing, too.)

I'm debating with myself about bidding on the 10th anniversary ANZAPA that Terry Hughes has to auction off for Guff, don't you all agree that it would be a bit pretentious to have the only two American copies extant in the same household (couple group)? I'll likely bid something.

I learnt from Terry Garey that I had joined Anapa along with the fact that I had moved to Minneapolis and gotten married when my latest copy of Spinoff arrived (the Frivolous Woman's Apa, very entertaining). I admit to enjoying egoboo, but I'm not sure whose been spreading these stories about me.

Let me say hello to the American's that I know on the list this time: Terry and Terry. Nice to see you together and I've run out of room.

TA: *Joyce Scribner*

\*Some "facts" are less factual than others (ancient Minneapolis proverb)