

ARGLEBARGLE is a "ten." It is produced for SPINOFF, which is (this time) a "19," by Denny Lien, who is a "473-52-5012." Of perhaps more importance is the fact that his 15th Avenue S. address is a "2528," as are various other addresses in Minneapolis, MN, which are "55404"s, and that his phone numbers are a "612-376-2550" and a "612-722-5217." On a scale of one to ten, this colophon theme scores an "ehh." A Lien And Hungry Look Production, produced in July 1981 on a day that scores an "8", and starting in early evening with music that scores a "33" and beer that scores a "6%" assisting. 42. 23.

"HOW WAS AUSTRALIA?" "ROUGHLY RECTANGULAR." We do plan to do a trip report--which is to say that Joyce will be doing a DUFF report and I'll be doing something or other in the way of footnotes or supplementary quibbles and puns or whatever. We both have lots of notes; of course, so did Charles Fort. (Come to think of it, I wonder if anyone has ever done a con report in the style of Charles Fort? Strange reports of rains of frisbees... indications of strange life-forms on elevators... "In 1963 a special Hugo was awarded to reviewer P. Schuyler Miller. In 1961 the winner of the Best Novel Hugo was a certain Walter M. Miller. Within a few years, one of these was dead and the other had dropped utterly out of sight. Coincidence? The blinkered guardians of scientific orthodoxy will say so, but I prefer to believe that Some Hugo Was Collecting Millers. (And in 1980, the Hugo Losers party served Miller High Life, according to a clipping I find from an unnamed fanzine. Something has a sense of humor. . .)".) Anyway. . .

MAILING COMMENTS ON SPINOFF 18, back to front:

Gerri Balter, WHAT'S IN A 'ZINE TITLE? Words, mere words. Sometimes puns. I find it hard to believe that you have been so busy as to be unable to find time even to read SPINOFF zines as they come in. There's always the bus to work, or (at least for my zine) the bathroom, you know.

I believe that adopted children are very, very hard to acquire (if that's an acceptable word--"get together with"?) these days. ~~little~~ ~~little~~. I assume (I wouldn't know, being a mutant were-wombat not subject to human emotions) that feelings toward adopting a child may not be the same for most people as compared with feelings toward producing a child from personal raw ingredients. You are not, of course, necessarily or even probably "most" people.

"I did try to interview a few ((males)) that I thought were young and pretty, but the answers I got made little or no sense so I gave it up." This is known in sociological circles as "creative data-fudging." (And anyway, shouldn't the presumptive male equivalent be "talldark'n'handsome" rather than "young and pretty"?)

I didn't know that you "live children." I live a life of quiet desperation, myself. Wanna swap? (I don't.)

"I'd rather face a human with a gun than a dog." It is not clear from this context if you are preferring to face a human with a dog, or a dog with a gun.

"I don't want to change your mind..." Not to worry. You haven't.

"I read 'Passages' and found a great deal of it had to do with me." (1) Do you plan to ask for royalties? (2) So, of course, does the U.S. Constitution; Plato's Republic; the Minneapolis telephone book; Farmer's Riverworld books; and etc. Does what Passages have to do with you differ in some important-to-the-rest-of-us way from these?

July 11th. Everything's hot except my inspiration. Still, this sounds like less work than most of the other projects filling the house with their clamor. ("Put my screens on," say the upstairs windows; "It's only July already." Nobody loves a pushy window.)

Michael J. Wallis, MERE WORDS 4: Strange that the one zine to be profusely illustrated is the one marked "mere words."

Interesting, but neither my head nor my fingers can quite figure out how to comment on this. Maybe next time.

Sherry Fesselmeyer, THE SPIRIT OF DES MOINES 2: I'd gladly accept a bit of your city's wind; it's currently 90ish and muggy. Which is why I am sitting at the typer wearing nothing but a buttonable towel and a headband.

(I don't think the stein of beer that lives in my hand in between typer comments quite counts as being "worn.") (And the thought that it doesn't, added to my attire, reminds me about the old joke about the Scotsman who is asked "Is anything worn under the kilt?" Answer later or next time.)

"My knits are done to perfection." Does this mean that I can't pick them?

To go ahead and pick a few anyway. . . .

I have a few comments on your essay: "What's the Matter with Minicon?" Standard disclaimer: views expressed herein are my own; they are based on my association with Minn-STF and attendance at Minicons for the past ten-years-minus-a-few-weeks, including ConCommittee jobs on all but one of the last eight or so. They do not necessarily reflect the etc. of other etc., etc., etc., O.K.?

(1) I can add little to the Iowa Fans story re guilt vs. guilt-by-association; all of my knowledge of the problem in its initial stages is second-hand. (2) Statement that the party hosts had "earlier been involved in a little hotel vandalism and attempted phone fraud" (emphasis mine) might be taken in context with the information that our damage bill from the con hotel for vandalism was around \$1,000 this year; there is some reason to believe that the majority of this can be traced to the same small number of people. (3) Iowa Fans badge was, according to my understanding, revoked for the duration of the night, with the request that he talk to people on the bridge in the morning (emphasis mine) to discuss the matter. It is my understanding that he attempted at once to acquire a replacement badge by what might be construed as a fraudulent story; it is possible that, even if this was so, that said story was falsely construed as such by our staff. (4) It is entirely possible that "one committee member did later admit to Bill that they did not 'think' that I-Fan had really done anything," but it is my impression that if so this person was in error--i.e., that the individual may not have thought so, but that the individual's view of the gestalt belief of the con committee as a whole, most especially those members thereof who had been involved in the incident, does not square with my impression of that gestalt belief.

On other matters: the statement that "The Minneapolis fans seem to have gotten irrevocably into the notion of having a SuperCon every year, so I doubt that they will decide to reverse the trend and limit attendance" is both true and false. It is true that there is no serious move to limit attendance at a Minicon--fortunately, in my view, since I would refuse to work at or attend any con that did so, as I find the idea elitist and even more unfannish than any alternative. It is not true that Minneapolis is by-and-large enthused about the idea of "having a SuperCon each year." We have been trying for some 4-5 years to keep the attendance done as much as fannishly possible by limiting publicity (how long has it been since you saw a Minicon listed in the Locus con list?) and by eliminating one-day memberships.

Sherry Fesselmeyer, continued: I went back on the last page and substituted "IowaFan" for the name you had used, as this apazine is sent to some nonmembers and I saw no point to name names. I will give a list of such recipients to you if you want to send your zine to them or otherwise arrange for equal time.

I'm not sure that any of the above (or of your initial essay) is either frivolous or feminist, by the way, but so it goes. . . .

My gut feeling is that if you are not fairly certain you want children, you would be well advised not to have them. Me, I'd much rather have a tapeworm.

"Next time I will tell you the astounding but true story of the Muscatine, Iowa, observation pit." Just how far below sea level is Muscatine, Iowa?

Tanya Huff, FOR THE LACK OF A NAIL: Welcome! You seem to fit right in; welcome to the jigsaw puzzle.

"An intro zine is called for. . ." "Staple, this is IntroZine; IntroZine, this is Staple; please come with me, ~~it's not in that way~~, your collation is waiting. . ."

No Libras believe in astrology, as we both know.

"TV is a vastly under-exploited medium." And, as Ernie Kovacs once said, "TV is called a medium because it is neither rare nor well done."

Bisexuality "doubles your chances of a date on a Saturday night?" Ah, but combining it with flexitime at work doubles your chances seven nights a week. Which just goes to prove that there are lots of things much more important than one's sexual preferences, pace the Lost-Marbles "Majority."

"One of the problems I've found in relationships where it looks like one of you should be jealous is that even though you may not be so many people expect you to be you wonder if they may have a point." Nahh, "many people" rarely have any sort of point. (Good comment, anyway.)

"A man's biological peak is from 18 to 20." Probably true. The fact that I now edging up on "36 to 40" explains much. Perhaps I can hope for a roller coaster effect, in which case 54 to 60 should be Interesting.

I keep wanting to do some sort of pun re "sex with a fan" and "blow job," but better taste keeps more or less prevailing.

"Every time a man buys a woman flowers and/or takes her out to dinner with getting laid in mind, he is paying for sex." Getting "laid in mind" sounds very crowded. . . I think. (More seriously, well, yes and no. Men are conditioned to believe that Picking Up The Tab for flowers, dinner expeditions, etc., is The Way Things Are, and if sex results therefrom, this also is The Way Things Are, and there is no direct connection between the two activities close enough to be construed as quid pro quo. Which is, of course, silly.)

Anyway, if this analysis is true, then I spent many, many years paying for sex without ever getting any (and later, getting occasional sex without ever paying for any). Somebody, and quite possibly several of us somebodies, ought thus to have the makings of a good suit to the Federal Trade Commission or Better Business Bureau or somesuch. Anyone for a class action suit? (Which sounds like a tuxedo that is used as a mattress at a high school reunion.)

I think I remember hearing that THE COMPUTER WORE TENNIS SHOES. But why?

"I've got the blah down, now I'm working on the pretty." Hope you don't mind me stealing this a fanzine title in one of my other apas.

Nope, they call it PRISONER in Australia, I think.

14 July 81. Same towel and equivalent beer and music; headband replaced with rubber band.

me, ARGLEBARGLE 9: Enjoyed, but no comments.

Valeria Beasley, A VIRAGINIAN FRIBBLER 2: ReYour tale of incompetence among the officers of the U Texas Council of Graduate Students sounds pretty incompetent, for graduate students. (Undergraduate politicians who are better at getting elected than at doing a blessed thing are well-known, but few of them seem to make it into graduate school--having instead been given a cushy job in business or real politics immediately upon graduation.)

Next time you wander the summer away, you might stop by Minneapolis; Huddling Place is always supplied with a spare bed and several spare beers.

Uh, I think Joyce's comment about "lines to get hugs" at Minn-STF meetings was either a deliberate overstatement or an accidental one--I don't recall instances of "lines" as such--one or two people with sad-looking eyes looking desperate around the edges and pushing in, yes--still tacky, but the image of lines to me means lots of people queuing up and taking numbers.

"Anyone who can do at 40 what they could at 25, probably wasn't doing much at 25." I can do lots of things equally well at 25 and 40; turn on the windshield wipers, listen to the car radio, etc.

"It's not cool to end with a blank page." Not to worry, this is Liberty Hall, you may spit on the floor and call the OE a Republican. . . .

Marc Ortlieb, THE ECHO BEACH QUARTERLY 31: You "may be contacted at Flat 1 / 2 Water St. . . . if you're willing to fork out the necessary money to send things airmail." True enough; we forked out the money to send ourselves airmail and were able to contact you there. It works, dearly beloved, it works!--halluleiauh! All knowledge is found in fanzines.

"What types of booze am I supposed to lay in for your visit?" Thank you for the straight line, but I'm trying to cut down and so will forego this one.

Oh, it is possible to get coffee with real cream (or at least real milk) in the U.S.; you just have to be very firm but polite in about three places out of four.

I've never taken a two-mile detour to dodge a truculent dog, but a block or so is common. As a Glarconist, I can't help believing the dogs are planted to keep me away from city blocks that have not been properly built up to fool me with yet.

"The fact that THE LAST WAVE ended at 3 a.m. may have something to do with my disenchantment." ~~Goodbye sailor~~. Think how much unhappier you would have been if it had not ended by then. (And an ideatrip on commuting by surfboard.)

I work best with eight hours sleep a night. And another eight hours sleep a day.

Blatant Propaganda was much appreciated; I wish I'd thought to bring a copy of this with us to Australia. (I did bring Vera's blackmail roster/address sheet from Anzapa, which came in handy, but this could have told me useful information, like the location of Yanco, more or less.)

D.C. is District of Columbia; Canberra is indeed very circular; the Bangsunds still live in Melbourne, not Canberra; otherwise this seems O.K. and May Be Printed.

Out of space, if not time; and out of comments. Sic transit August; see you in Oct.--

Denny