

Once is happenstance and three times is Enemy Action or possibly monkey's-paw-wishes, but twice, ah, twice is ARGLEBARGLE #2, which like its somewhat-older sib has its coming out party in SPINOFF 10. You're all invited by Denny Lien of 2528 15th Ave. S. / Minneapolis MN 55404 / USA; (612) 722-5217; work (612) 376-2550. A Lien and Hungry Look Production, begun 18 September 1979.

...which should be in time for SPINOFF 10, thus ending an era before it even starts.

You might think it simpler for me to continue with p.3 of #1 instead of calling this #2. However, in my filing system nothing is simple and digging the extra copies of #1 out of their respective file folders to staple to each its new-found Siamese twin is more work than I want to face right now. It is even more work than constructing a new colophon and explanatory paragraph, which has the advantage of filling space and limbering up my fingers in one operation, preparing them for . . . mailing comments?

Stu Shiffman, front cover: Lovely. Didn't I meet this goonybird earlier in a G-8 pulp novel, SUICIDE FLIGHT OF THE BLOOD-MADDENED BLUE GOONYBIRDS FROM HELL? (Or possibly it was another of the same name.)

Terry Garey, Official Stuff: SPINOFFs got no commercial value? Next you'll be telling us clams got no legs, and then we'll have to let you live. . . .

You have "given out five spec copies"? By analogy with Sherlock Holmes' "three-pipe problems," I presume these are copies so lengthy (or so faintly printed) as to wear out five sets of glasses in the reading thereof?

George Fergus, CROSS-POLLINATION: To be shamed by your comment about a "Denny Lien musical accompaniment zine," it should be noted that I am indeed listening to music as I type this, and that as usual I don't have the slightest idea what it is, except that it is (a) classical (b) vocal (c) in German and (d) on the radio. (Earlier there was some instrumental music on, but as that was also in German I can't tell you much about that either.)

"I've been trying to feel my way into whatever special character SPINOFF has"--I hope he or she, whoever it is, slugs you. (Actually, it's an umlaut which is (a) invisible and (b) goes over the "N"--which is what makes it so special, at least as umlauts go.)

"A rather odd emphasis on underwear and cats. Only Jockey underwear fits me." That accounts for the faint aroma of horses I've noticed around you, but tells me nothing about what brand of underwear fits your favorite cats.

All right, I have noticed (since it so states on each of your pages) that "this material may be protected by Copyright Law." Since it also may be protected by a powerful spell which turns misusers into frogs, I will forego my instinctive plans to steal it and turn it into a hit punk rock record.

Jezibel Church, NIFTY 1: Ook ook. Or, if you prefer, "ahem."

Marc Ortlieb, IDLE COILS OF JARGON: Assuming that Terry gets into ANZAPA by next mailing (and that Joyce and I are not thrown out), ANZAPA and SPINOFF are about to have five members in common. I believe there was talk at one time of exploring a merger of SPINOFF and MIXED COMPANY; at this rate, if ever necessary, it may soon be simpler to promote a merger with ANZAPA. All part of the giant scheme to merge all apas in the world into one which will contain 5000 pages per mailing and come out daily. Said scheme is of course being prompted by the Military-Industrial-Silly SMOF-Staple-Manufacturing-and-Postal-Office Complex.

Avedon Carol, ECHOPLEX: I'm not allergic to tobacco smoke, but then I'm not allergic to being punched in the stomach either. I don't doubt that there are people of my acquaintance so wonderful that I am willing to put up with their smoke on my own turf, without feeling ick, without grouching; why, I just thought of two, possibly three, and it only took me five minutes.

"There's no such thing as an ex-musician"?: old musicians never die, they just transpose?

I thought Coil Spring was a kind of mattress; I didn't realize they made diaphragms too. Seems a reasonable sort of diversification strategy, I guess.

Jon Singer, GESUNDHEIT: I've never understood the theory of assuring a minimum balance in one's account by deliberately failing to enter some deposits in your records (nor the related theory of always being on time for things by setting your clock ahead). Seems you would get to the point where after enough of the strategems you would start failing to trust yourself, and a person who's lost his very own respect must be a confused and lonely sort indeed.

Janet Wilson, BIRDS GOTTA SWIM, FISH GOTTA FLY 9: In VanApa, Debra Simms claims that since her pregnancy began she has been losing (combined) weight. I suspect the near-future advent of the world's first all-tachyon baby. (Except that if so, it ought to be born nine months before conception. I think we may have just found another recruit for the Minneapolis in '73 con committee.)

AnneLaurie Logan, ERINYS: If your housemate really carries a typewriter around in a backpack "which he takes off only in bed," it's probably ruined by now from all that shower water. Also, I'll bet his arms get badly twisted and his spelling is wretched whenever he tries to reach back behind him and type something.

"And why would an aardvark be playing football?" It got a full athletic scholarship and can't afford its violin lessons if it drops out?

David Bratman, CONTORTIONIST 4: You've "never been out of the continent" and you live in Berkeley? Have you ever waded off the shore into the Pacific? (I presume that continents, unlike countries, don't have three-mile limits.)

Jerry Kaufman, REAL GOOD TIME 6: I presume you don't want to hear the usual wheezes about punk rock fanzines saving on staples by using safety pins instead, so I'll spare you. I must say, though, that when I first saw the expression "punk fanzine," I thought you were expressing your opinion of the quality and wondered why, in that case, you wanted to join it. . . .

Terry A. Garey, BALLS AGAINST RHETORIC 5: "I became a little weary of unicorns"--most fans I know tend instead to be wary of unicorns, and vice versa.

It hadn't occurred to me until I read this that babies have "favorite words" and adults usually don't. I wonder at what point we lose them, and visualize an x-year-old suddenly learning a new word and saying "Ho hum, that's a nice word but not as good as--hmm--on second thought, they're all sort of boring."

After years of being almost-perpetually behind (and neurotic about it) in MINNEAPA mailing comments, it had been my hope to be able to start out a brand new apa by apologizing for being behind before anyone even learned I'd joined. Unfortunately I seem to be minimumly caught up so far. This Will Change. Trust The Entropy, Luke. . .