

ARGLEBARGLE 7 for SPINOFF 15, begun 30 November 1980 and due 1 December 1980.  
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Last time I indicated I felt more depressed than frivolous. Things got worse.

Of which the worst of the things was Susan Wood's death. I did a zine of my memories  
of her for another apa. I may frank it through here as well, but I don't know...  
Is there anything else anybody can do now? Thoughts and suggestions welcome. . .

I'll skip over the other, minor, irritations before and after that, except to remark  
that we got burglarized again last week. Like last year's, almost nothing was  
taken but several windows were broken in gaining entrance and the whole thing has  
not done our psychological state any good. It's possible that in cheerier days we  
would have our zines done early, but in the meantime here we are. (Ortlieb, Wallis,  
and Bratman, in that order, got theirs in before the theoretical deadline. Is it  
Too Much, Dear Friends? Are we flogging a dead apa here? Where is everybody? Why  
is there air? What does it all mean? What do we mean by mean?)

I dunno...

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Mailing Comments on SPINOFF 14, back to front:

Michael J. Wallis, BIO-LOGICAL: "I haven't been able to get a copy of SPINOFF  
from Joyce to do mailing comments on." You might, I suppose,  
try kidnapping something from her. We've turned the PLATO  
terminal back in, so that's out, but I'm willing to volunteer for a short vacation  
in Canada if you feed me right and don't force me to collate.

"Life is a pond, each  
person a molecule of water." Maybe. Some would argue that life is a cesspool...

me, ARGLEBARGLE 6: You seem to be assuming the Great Spider is male: why?

December  
holidays of note include the 20th (my 12th anniversary of meeting Minn-STF);  
the 14th (on which Nostradamus will be 477 and Tycho Brahe 334). And of course we  
all know whose birthday the 25th is; Isaac Newton and Humphrey Bogart.

Pat Lebedevich, LADY LAGERS: Welcome. (Welcome above to MW too; sorry about that.)  
Most fans seem to move a lot; I'm never quite sure to what extent  
this is because their libraries grow to outstrip any place in  
which they start, as opposed to the obvious possibilities of getting evicted for  
throwing bizarre parties, gafiating with a vengeance, or simply getting so immersed  
in fandom that they tend to forget where they live and have to start over.

Ah, but  
the phrase is "frivolous femin~~ist~~," not "frivolous feminism." The latter is not  
frivolous, but presumably some of the former can be at times without being oxy-  
moronic. (Which reminds me--if someone were to breed intelligent oxen, the word  
oxymoronic would become oxymoronic. A challenge there for some frivolous bio-  
linguist.) Sometimes one laughs so that one is not obliged to weep...

Enjoyed

the logger contest report, but no comments.

Valli Hoski, FANDANITY; Re Illinois and the pro-ERA forces having "not offered the right kind of bribes." I recall a squib in an article somewhere about a state legislator out west somewhere promising to vote for ERA in exchange for oral sex from a (female) lobbyist. (No deal.) I assume a certain amount of offered bribes go on on both sides on any issue.

I am also somehow reminded of a local flap a few months ago, in which one Rebecca Rand wanted to support the election chances of a liberal, feminist, female state representative whom she favored by holding a fundraiser. Unfortunately, RR is Minneapolis's premier female massage parlor owner, and her fund raiser involved discount coupons for contributors. Her candidate of choice indicated that She Was Not Amused, and would prefer to do without RR's support. My sympathies were mostly with Rand, as I enjoyed the idea of money from all those stuffy white male Republican Born-Again family-oriented businessmen that make up the majority of such businesses' patrons going to a candidate most of them presumably would be voting against.

"I doubt seriously whether an excellent programming item will be very important to most fans I know." Of course it will! Any neo can figure out enough to skip poor programming, so a TrueFan can prove his status as such only by being TruFannish enough to skip excellent programming!

Missing programming by working at a worldcon programming room, though, is Very Silly. I did my missing by working badge-checking at parties, sales, auditorium guard, art show guard, art show setup, mobile money bodyguard (for sixty seconds--we walked fast), plus two long C&C stints--and topped off with my last and greatest assignment; Axolotl Guard.

I did make it to one and a half programming items; all of the "gays in sf" panel (whose exact name I've forgotten) and about half an hour of business meeting as a ringer recruited by a couple of secret masters to help stuff the meeting just in case it tried to do something silly, like anything. And I even saw the entire art show, for the first time at a worldcon in I-don't-know-how-long (helping on set-up gave me a head start, and running into somebody I wanted to hang around with who hadn't seen it yet either finished it off). I also sat the Australia in '83 table for a few hours and sold a few odds and ends for them, largely to me. I think there's at least a twenty-page con report buried within me, but by carefully not taking notes and doing nothing I've already reduced it to six or seven pages and within a few more months it will be down to nothing, like almost all of my previous con reports. Save the trees; stifle the memories.

Joyce Scrivner, TOUCHSTONE 7: Mike "sent a zine off to Buffalo with his company postman." Maybe the postman doesn't know how to Buffalo? (Even though Brad Majors does know how to Madison.)

"These women who stroked each other's legs in the cafe; were they wearing trousers or were they being some kind of perverted logger?" Nope, they were having buttered scones for tea, so they were O.K. (You prefer people should stroke their own legs in cafes? Why?)

"I've tentatively got a zine all about me..." We'll try to cut it off before it interferes with your breathing.

Schmoos, far from being traditionally depressed, are notorious for their disgustingly helpful cheerfulness.

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"...existence isn't sensible any more than it's hot or red or high or sour, only parts of existence have those qualities..." -- ILLUMINATUS! vol. 3 p. 81

Gordon Miller, TANGENTS: Welcome etc. to the etc.

And just which is the official organ of the Muppet Show Fan Club? I didn't even know Muppets had organs, though I suppose Dr. Teeth's band might have one somewhere.

"I don't think you have either the moral or legal right to kill your attacker, for example." I believe you are right about the legal aspect; I don't agree re "moral" but this is not the best place to argue it. (Given my distaste for argument, probably nowhere is.)

"Zine titles longer than 77 characters are subject to truncation." I thought truncation referred to the traditional birth of show biz folk--character actors in this case, obviously.

Gerri Balter, THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ETC.: "If you call 870-1620 (out of towners will have to dial 612 first) . . ."; unless the town you are not out of is St. Paul or the like. (Incidentally, I think I like MBT will adapt Anna Vargo's "ooties" as a useful abbreviation for "out of towners." Sounds enough like "cooties" to feed my Mpls-chauvinist-urbocentrism.)

Later I see you catch the St. Paul exception, but still skip such sterling "612" communities as Brooklyn Park, Fridley, Coon Rapids, Lake Elmo, Lino Lakes, Landfall, or Hugo. I realize you may not want to take any calls from people living in a place called "Lake Elmo," but you ought not to be so obvious about it.

"I'll elaborate on any part of my life if asked." What is the combination of your safe deposit box?

How could "all men ((be)) animals" if these were sabras? Cacti are vegetables. (Of course, "Beware--some men are vegetables!" doesn't have the same ring to it.) And for that matter, some women are vegetables too; witness Linda Ann Moss or Linda Bushyager. (Some Lindas are vegetables?) I could try to go on to prove that some men are minerals, but I'm feeling too jaded.

"We hot involved in this apa because of Denny." It's O.K. with me if you cool it a bit...

"Believe me, resting alone is boring." But perhaps more restful.

Serious comment; as I realized when I first read your autobiography in Minneapa, you are one of the saner/stronger people I know.

David Bratman, JES' FINE; You ought to trade with Andrew Brown's zine, GRUNDOON. (I assume your title is from POGO?)

It's hard to "procrastinate ((your))self right out of" SPINOFF, as there are several people working harder at working less harder at it than you.

What do you have against Bob Shaw and ALIEN?

Mike  
Doonesbury "hasn't got that essential true dimension that comes when authors really identify with their characters." Do I assume from this that you feel that a "true" character must be loaned its "trueness" by its author? Don't you think that Tarzan and Sherlock Holmes are arguably "realer" than ERB or ACD, for instance?

In a sense, computers handle "only numbers" ("Don't sweat it, it's only ones and zeros."-- Nancy Leibovitz).

Marc Crtlieb, ILLIODOR 5: It's not hard to drown out the noise of neighbours's lawnmowers; unless, of course, you have misplaced your album of bagpipe music. (I used to use mine to combat the Night People Disco Twits in the apartment above mine at my last place.)

"In a non-sexist society, the idea of a male as women's advisor would not be too bad, however, under present conditions..." Perhaps the South Australian civil service board could be convinced to make a sex change a requirement for the lucky male-with-seniority? After all, some local civil service-type boards in U.S. cities require city employees to live within their boundaries, and all that--

"something about a hockey ball remaining below waste level--" as a non-fan of most sports, and especially of the more violent sports, I think of hockey as lower than shit, too.

"The referee plays the advantage, though how he can tell is beyond me." If the referee plays on one side, I would assume that one does indeed by definition have the advantage.

"Couldn't you call your official organ TIQUE, then you could have a Tique ToC." Watch it....

Since I send mailings first class unless told otherwise, a CoA in theory should not mean someone is not getting hers.\*

Your elaboration upon Joyce's theory of fanzine reproduction (re counting mimeo holes) is less elegant than Avram Davidson's "Or All The Seas With Oysters" which relates the life-cycle of lost bicycles to that of clothes hangers and paper clips. In other words, your theory does not account for the existence of such related-to-but-inferior-to fanzine relatives as one-shots, N3F story contest entries, CULT-zines, and Star Trek "seduce Spock" stories.

"Care to hum along Denny?" I'd prefer that you did not, as I am ticklish.

"I'm collecting people who admit to having read THOSE ABOUT TO DIE." Now that you've collected me, you'll have to ~~point~~ take care of me, at least until you can acquire a better copy of me and discard this one.

\*straight line unintentional

Adrienne Fein, SPINNING CHAOS etc.: "How would you feel about printing Terry's philosophy on the nature of SPINOFF, as well as the philosophy of the co-founders?" I'm all in favor of doing so, but don't have them. Would someone care to supply same? Terry? Adrienne?

HWarner seems to have fott in moult (so spelled by analogy with the "fukk" and "scroo" suggestion to avoid making activity seem attractive to pedophiloralists). It is possible that he thinks he's being frivolous...

Like the "missionary" cartoon best. "Is sex a suitable subject for humor?" Why not; what else is it good for?

GOLDEN-FLOWER:  
In the last few years I seem to have lost the great majority of my hangups and the great majority of my interest in sex. It seems like a fair trade to me, and I prefer me as I now am (others may disagree), but I'm disinterestedly glad to hear that the two haven't gone hand-in-hand (or whatever-in-whatever) in your case. (I also tend to think of myself, at least in theory, as "bi-with-a-strong-hetero preference, but then I tend to think of everyone as theoretically bi, admit it or not--for one thing, anyone who has ever masturbated has presumably expressed a sexual interest in at least one person of hir own sex.) Further comments would require a twenty-page essay, which they won't get, I'm afraid. Maybe next time--

*Denny*