

ARGLEBARGLE 9 springs into being, bounds about with a lilt in its step, and falls on its face. Choreography by Denny Lien / 2528 15th Ave. S. / Minneapolis MN 55404 / USA; (612) 722-5217 or 376-2550, homeishly and workishly respectivelishly. A Lien and Hungry Look Production, begun 28 April 1981 for SPINOFF 18 and due 1 June therefore. *****

THE LEAST SUCCESSFUL EQUAL PAY ADVERTISEMENT:

In 1976 the European Economic Community pointed out to the Irish Government that it had not yet implemented the agreed sex equality legislation. The Dublin Government immediately advertised for an equal pay enforcement officer. The advertisement offered different salary scales for men and women.

--from THE INCOMPLETE BOOK OF FAILURES, by Stephen Pile (1979)

Minicon (has it been ten days or so already?) surprised me by being thoroughly enjoyed by me; the fact that for the first time in five years I was not running the Muckster Room and hence could actually see a bit of the con (but was in a responsible enough job so that I could not spend the weekend in a state of alternating hangover and impending-hangover) having something to do with that and the presence of various too-seldom-seen people at and after the con something more. Which is relevant here mostly because for once I am not typing this in a more-or-less depressed mood, and without that to temper and modify the outpourings of my underbrain, I greatly fear I may get Silly. Forgive...

Comments on Spinoff 17, back to front:

Sherry Fesselmeyer, THE SPIRIT OF DES MOINES 1; Welcome to the apa. *You have the right to remain silent. You may call your attorney....*

I don't think I've ever been surprised by Des Moines; perhaps if it wore rubber-soled shoes it could sneak up on me better.

"She sent a sample copy and the rest is history." Actually, the sample copy is history by now too.

I have a vague feeling that a sense of community is more easily found in states that are roughly square or rectangular than in those that are funny shaped. (It's harder to remember where you are in relation to the rest of the state, so you tend to think on the state level.)

"I'm looking forward to mailing comments." Well, as the Kingston Trio song "Desert Pete" (not to be confused with the French Chef Trio version, "Dessert Pâté") says, "you have to prime the pump." Namely, you had a sample copy of SPINOFF to hand and lots of time to lay down The Definitive Word to all of us therein . . . but you blew it . . . *You may call your attorney . . .*

David Bratman, NOT IN A BOX: "i stayed at home and commuted to the con"; aren't those mutually contradictory? (unless the con was held in your basement or some such).

Is a "giant homophobia panel" one dealing with homophobic giants or one dealing with people fearing gay giants?

Hmm--I'm a fan of Delany's fiction but not of his criticism (though reading most of it for the first time in the abominably prooofedded Dragon Press books may have biased me against it). Something there is in me which is a sucker for androgynous interracial space opera comics full of literary references and inarticulate artist genius protagonists.

"I don't even call people 'Mike' unless they tell me it's ok." It's ok with me if you want to call me Mike. . . .

David Bratman, continued: "not even half the class, who are like flies dropping."
Half of my library school class reminded me of insect shit also.

"You aren't coming down with AnneLaurie's disease, are you?" ~~That's a rather personal question~~ From context, I assume this is a desire to OE B*I*G apas. I am not; as my comments last time should indicate, my concern was with rapid turnover, not with total size as such (NASL).

I'm not sure how much my decreasing sex drive has to do with advancing middle age, how much with the disappearance of long-ingrown inhibitions ("Do you think sex is filthy and obscene?" "Woody Allen: "Yes, if you do it right."), how much with increasing alcohol dependency, and how much with other unrecognized causes. I suspect a bit of both of the first two, not much of the third, and a lot of "unrecognized." It is also possible I'm kidding myself, and/or youse guys.

Your attitude toward librarianship sounds a lot like mine; it's fun getting paid for playing trivia expert. (Unfortunately the typical questions I get tend to be more fuzzy and less fun than the idealized "small bit of occasionally useful information" about which we both fantasize can usually answer.)

"my problem is that i've done just about everything I ever want to do The question is, what do I do now?" Write your autobiography? ~~Ghostwrite~~ Ghostwrite my autobiography?

Your hypothetical answers to Gerri's survey sound a lot like mine (except that my "ideal of feminine beauty" owes more to Katharine Hepburn in her fifties than to "Elizabeth Taylor in her late 20s"). On the other hand, my ideal of masculine beauty is Sean Connerey in his fifties, so this may owe less to any abstract than it does to my feelings of age. . .

"I'm so insecure I feel honored when the stoplite changes after i've pushed the 'walk' button" is a nice image.

Gordon Miller, TANGENTS 4: "How many lire to the zloty these days?" Sorry, I only deal with Krugerrands in Swiss bank accounts. ~~Ask some less successful ppl.~~ Or, if you must know, roughly 27.5.

And three and a half echoes presumably mean that you yell at the beach and it responds three times to you and four times to a neutral observer.

" 'In Dawson Creek it's possible to buy canned Fish Balls.' That's nothing, we can even buy moth balls." And in England it is easy to buy cricket balls. (Did you know that in India each social group is allowed to make a certain number of puns like this each month? They're called caste ration jokes.)

"Lucky me, I can but Point Beer any time I want it." I can but drink beer; how does one learn to point it? (Free straight line.)

Afterthoughts to Arglebargle; an occasional letter column--

DAVE WIXON / Box 8600 / Minneapolis MN 55408 / 14 December 1979

ARG 1: Is this 'Ma Bell' you refer to a member of AWAPA? ((Nope; it's a Beatles reference--"Michelle, Ma Bell..."))

ARG 2: Enjoyed the typer-behind-the-back-of-Anne-Laurie-Logan, but if the aardvark plays football because it's his ball and they don't let him, he'll take it and go home...((Cerebus the Free Agent?)) (I suppose a typer behind the back is used to write libels, eh?)

Marc Ortlieb, ECHO BEACH QUARTERLY 22: It has never occurred to me before, but why do you publish a quarterly in a bimonthly apa? I mean, we're all open-minded types here and all, but still. . . .

Nobody ever has enough bookshelves. Our masterplan for Huddling Place involves another \$100 worth of metal shelves this summer (after Australia) just to take care of stuff that's overflowed off the shelves or been bought in the last year.

"I tend to feel awkward amid conversations on babies, mortgages, and lawn habits." Even if you have no babies or mortgages, surely you must have some lawn habits of your own to wow them with? (Please inform us as to what these are before you arrive to stay with us--our squirrels hold grudges.)

Hugging fandom seems to have died out in Minneapolis (except for the traditional outcroppings) since Joyce wrote her original comments some months ago. Theory here is they failed in the clutch. . . .

"I don't think confessional writing is really my forte." Gee--does that mean that I, as your agent, should not have sold your previous zine to NATIONAL ENQUIRER? If so, my apologies.

I suspect you underestimate the extent to which women learn while growing up to fight (physically) quote unfairly unquote.

The problem with putting "sex up on a pedestal" is that it encourages the Moral Majority/wowser types to presume that it is too important to be left up to individual decisions and hence is in need of strict social Regulation. (Not that they need much encouragement.) I tend to think of "paying for sex" in terms of comparison with, say, paying for seven-course dinners with vintage wine to drink; it's not immoral, but it is to my tastes stupid while the world still holds pulp magazines that I don't own and beer that I haven't drunk yet at relatively cheap prices. (There are other factors involved in my case, but they are individual-specific and not relevant to the theoretical construct.)

D Potter, DEATH AND DISASTER FUNNIES 9: Enjoyed, but I can't think of a thing to say.

The line of stars above means that it is now 9 p.m., 5 May 1981. (If it had been a line of bit players or quasars, it would have meant something else.) Current musical background is Bruckner's Te Deum (sorry if I'm boring you. . .); beer=Old Milwaukee.

Lynne Dollis, CREEPING REALISM: On the chance that you don't know who John Bunyan was, he is the author of PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. However, he hasn't committed any other crimes against humanity in recent centuries (having been dead for several of them), so I'm willing to forgive and forget.

Your comments on the Blue Ox reminded me of one of Laramie Sasseville's art show pieces at this years Minicon: a unicorn receiving fellatio. Runner-up for Most Humorous Award, though I'm not sure if the unicorn thought it funny.

"We still don't have a spare tire." Wish I could say that. (Of course, I don't own a car, either.)

Yes, Dawson Creek's attitudes sound like those of Lake Park, Minnesota, which is only one reason why I have no nostalgia for Lake Park, Minnesota.

Lynne Dollis, concluded; I haven't read PASSAGES, and, if it depresses you in that way, probably should not do so. I went through some of the mid-30s-blahs in my early 30's when I started to feel that "life is passing me by." These days, I still ~~feel~~ feel that way but no longer worry about it; it seems to me that I am passing life by too, and on balance, it is life's loss, not mine. (Of course, I also reinterpret the nature-vs.-nurture controversy to be a question of if the universe is the way it is because I created it in the first place or because it has had to adapt itself to me. . . .) I guess that means that I am (belatedly? again?) in the "smug stage."

If you "can't build a good law practice while spending three or four years travelling around the world," you might try convincing yourself that what you really want is otherwise. Like building a good case of ~~Montezuma's Revenge~~ jetlag while travelling around the world, or like building a good law practice while spending three or four years of part-time evenings becoming parcheesi champion of Dawson Creek.

"I think Rain is just about the right size for me--just over 100 hundred people." It sounds a bit big for me, especially for a regional relaxacon. A 12 dozen would be more to my taste.

me, ARGLEBARGLE 8: If you're going to have second thoughts about the couthness of an interlineo, write it out more thoroughly, damnit. For the benefit of anyone whose eyes were not good enough to piece it out, it read "Mindfucking--it's the next best thing to being there."

Michael J. Wallis, MERE WORDS 3: "I'm still building drive at 24." That's nothing; the Minnesota Highway Department is still building drive at 35-W.

(More seriously, I don't think Joyce meant to suggest that there was one set pattern of sexual drive which could be graphed into a bell curve as neatly as she seems to assume, or whatever. I don't think so. . . . though admittedly that's what it sounds like. Maybe she's more of a SMOF than she lets on to being (expand acronyms as desired; I just work here.).

Janet Wilson's memory has been jogged two or four times; her typing ~~fingers~~ seem to jog less well.

"The trouble with a lot of martial art schools is that they only teach the force, not the thoughts." Perhaps. Of course, the trouble with the attacker schools (variously called "hard knocks," "existing in the streets," etc.) is that all of them "teach" only force and never thoughts. Given that there are more would-be attackers than trained martial-arts types in any given area at any given time, my sympathies are wholly with the martial ~~arts~~ types.

Valli Hoski, FANDANITY: To each hir own. I don't understand the desire for children, but then I don't understand people who prefer creamy peanut butter to chunky either. I'm glad you know of something to look forward to which is important to you and that you've decided you don't have to feel pressured to settle things at once.

I grew up expecting that I would someday get married and have children if I didn't first freak out, retreat into terminal shyness, and/or suicide. I did get to the married stage and somewhere along the way suddenly realized (or more likely slowly realized) that I was at best indifferent to propagation and always had been. In terms of net peace of mind, the money I invested in my vasectomy is one of my better lifetime buys. (Maybe not quite as good as the \$2 copy of GALACTIC STORM, by Gill Hunt, but one of the better buys none the less.)

(It's now 7 May 81, by the way; 8 pm; classical music and Budweiser as accompaniment.)

Valli continued; I first saw Rocky Horror on its initial release, when it bombed locally for everyone except Jim Young, Susan Ryan and me (so far as I know). But even then, we danced the timewarp outside the theatre when it was over. Mmm--do you suppose somebody saw us doing so, and we started--nyahh. "Bring back some picture postcards of koala bears, please??" "Candid? Candid photography? Know what I mean, wink, wink? Eucalyptus leaves--could be, could be!"

Talk of sex drives varying wildly in various situations brings up an idea trip of highway-sign-type regulations to formalize this. Speed zones, warnings of Dear Crossings or Falling Inhibitions Zones, Last Chance Before the Desert, ~~Beate of Children~~, etc.

Terry A. Garey, GOONYBIRD: Welcome back.

"He is doing weird things to crabs and worms at the U of T((exas)). . .": majoring in Animal Husbandry, or getting revenge for the times crabs did weird things to him?

Denny doesn't usually especially like to wash dishes, but he does like to have washed dishes. Feeling of accomplishment, bringing order out of chaos, and all that.

Your discussion of Tampax stock brings up a weird idea trip on soup stocks, which will be left as an exercise to the reader.

Jealousy is (as Envy) my least favorite of the seven deadly sins. (My order of preference is Sloth, Pride, Gluttony, Lust, Covetousness, Wrath, and Envy.) (And my order of preference in the seven deadly disney dwarves is thus Sleepy, Snooty, Chubby, Horny, Greedy, Angry, and Gimmy.) (And my order of preference in the seven deadly wonders of the world is...)

Gerri Balter, LIFE AND TIMES: "I am going to do mailing comments first." To make sure of that, you should start them as soon as you receive the issue; otherwise someone may beat you to them.

If enough people who read your material do not "recognize ((your)) style of opening up," are you? (Only if a tree falls in a forest on the sound of a one-handed's cat's Buddha nature clapping. 23.) I'm afraid I find your apa style stiff and formal also. . . . (Not that there's anything wrong with that, etc. etc.)

"It's strange to me that I meet more interesting men at Wiscon which is supposed to be a feminist sercon than at almost any other con." Why is that strange to you?

Valeria Beasley, cover: A lovely job. I have this slightly guilty vision of you putting aside a term paper for a couple of nights of handcoloring covers for SPINOFF instead. . . We appreciate it.

There exists in Albuquerque a notorious ripoff publisher which under a variety of names publishes 30-page hardbound rightwing (mostly) ramblings under various significant-sounding titles, charges \$40 or \$50 apiece for them, and has a no refunds/no returns policy. One of their sillier titles, as The Institute for Economic and Financial Research, is this 1980 title by one James Homer Robillard; ABORTION, DIVORCE, VASECTOMY, EXTRA-MARITAL AFFAIRS, CONCUBINAGE, PROMISCUITY, SEXUALITY, AND THEIR IMPACT UPON THE MANAGEMENT OF THE FIRM.

I have this page to fill up, and this old issue #15 un-commented on, and, gee, well--

Marc Ortlieb, ECHO BEACH QUARTERLY 7: By stretching definitions a bit, I could say that I had three times been involved in "threesomes," though really two of them were at best about two-and-a-third-somes. The third instance was very pleasant, though I have the feeling that the logistics of the situation increase as the square of the number of people involved, which is why 43-person Squamish Teams are generally not sexually involved and giant ants are impossible.

The idea of sex as sublimated fanaticism had occurred to me, too. Obviously all those fans who put out 80-page slick offset heavily illustrated semipro zines are simply showing off their sexual insecurity, while those who produce small but very regular unpretentious zines are probably demonstrating some sort of mature stability. (A true fanatic is, of course, one who accepts an invite to see someone's etchings in the hopes of getting repro rights.)

Seriously, this was all extremely interesting; ~~it was all I could do to keep from commenting~~. . . Maybe later--

Joyce Scrivner, TOUCHSTONE 8: "Come stay with us. . . . A couple of days warning so we can change the sheets is appreciated." It takes two days? I take it that the sheets, unlike the California lightbulb, does not really want to be changed, or what?

Gordon Miller, TANGENTS: And taking a mental walk down the corridors of a fancied mathematics school, I see a class hard at work examining all real integers to see if odd and even numbers continue to alternate; the class tough muttering dirty logarithms sotto voice; a lunchroom serving pi with surds and whey (but no ice cream because someone sectioned the cones); and an instructor complaining about little Petey Fermat writing in his textbook.

Lynne Dollis, OBSOLENCE OF ADJENCIEW: The "guy" bit on MARY TYLER MOORE was on the last show, when the cast was told by the new owners that "all you guys are fired" and Mary tried to convince herself that, as she was female and hence not a "guy," they didn't mean her too. She was, of course, proved wrong. Somebody in MINNEAPPA at the time tried to use this show to prove to me that "guy" could not be a non-sex-specific word because MTM didn't think it was. I was boggled.

Ken Fletcher, cover: And also a lovely cover; thanks.

Another thirty or forty checkmarks in the margins of #15 will be gently, but firmly, ignored, in favor of finishing this page, going down to make some popcorn and get another beer, and shortly going to sleep to get up and go into work tomorrow, so that I can come home and open a beer and start comments on STIPPLEAPA or ANZAPA ~~or do an 80-page slick offset heavily illustrated semipro zine~~. Three weeks from tonight I'll be in L.A. and three and a half weeks from tonight in Australia; I suppose I really ought to finish washing the dishes first.

I just noticed my typo above (in comment to Gordon) of "corridors" turning out as "corrdiros." I suspect the latter would be found instead at a famous bullfight school.

Maybe once I no longer have to save for Australia I can afford a better bottle of whiteout/liquid paper/an operation on my fingers to cut down the level of typogaprichla ecorrsors-

Danny