

ARGLEBARGLE #1 is a toe in the water from Denny Lien. Denny's toe lives at 2528 15th Ave. S. / Minneapolis MN 55404 / USA (612) 722-5217 and sometimes types apazines with a little help from his fingers. The water oozes out of San Francisco under the obviously assumed name of SPINOFF #9. A Lien and Hungry Lock Production, begun 6 June 1979.

...which is one day after the deadline for SPINOFF 8, which is why #9 seems a more reasonable target.

Most of you already know me, and most of me already knows me, so an autobiography is not a high priority. Instead I'll do a few card tricks. . . .

Oh, all right. Briefly: tall, heavy, furry. Occasionally silly. Occasionally sober. Slightly over 33 1/3. Well under 45. Discovered sf around 1957. Discovered fandom around 1962. Discovered beer around 1965. Discovered fire, the wheel, and language around 1971. Discovered they had all already been discovered shortly thereafter, since which nothing has surprised me. ('Orrible 'airy spiders excepted.) Collect a salary for doing librarian imitations at the University of Minnesota. Spend most of it on building up a quasi-complete collection of sf that I will never read and a quasi-complete collection of the output of local breweries, which I also will never read. In my infrequent sober moments, I enjoy looking at the stack of fanzines needing LOCs and moaning a bit. Occasionally I suddenly wake up to find myself at cons or in apas with no memories of how I got there. When the occasion arises in this apa, please break it to me gently. . . .

Somehow I didn't get around to this again for two months (I was in the tub), and I see I have now missed by four days the deadline for SPINOFF #9, today being the 9th of August. So let's shoot for #10. Gee, this is easy so far. . . .

Terry Garey, GCONYBIRD 3: I could try having this photocopied on various colored stock, if that would help your apa color scheme. I do draw the line at black, however, and think plaid might be too much trouble to arrange.

I don't insist on decent staples; indecency is one of the staples of life too, I always say sometimes.

Jerry Kaufman, REAL GOOD TIME 5: I doubt if your phone number is really "new;" There Is Nothing New Under Ma Bell. Besides, I recognize several of the digits from previous phone numbers, including a couple from mine. Ma Bell recycles.

"Humanity and Nature (or name your own dualism)". Beer and black coffee?

Joyce Scrivner, TOUCHSTONE 3: If you must spill something on my books while typing, beer has at least the virtue of being traditional. I don't know if my poor innocent books even knew what coke was before the deluge.

Saying that "women in the twentieth century are so uptight ((because)) . . . Victorian women are our ancestors" seems a bit ethnocentric; for one thing, one out of every three women in the twentieth century is Chinese.

"The people you live with" conspire against you having cats, but "not Denny"? Who else are you living with at present? I hadn't noticed. Maybe that's why we're always low on socks and peanut butter and stuff. . . .

Hank Davis, HALF A SQUEAK 5: A deadline on the 15th would conflict with one of my other apas, but would have the advantage of proflicting with one of my paydays.

The Phantom was "several men dressed in purple tights"? No wonder they were called "tights." And you forget to note that each was the descendant of his/her predecessor: keep the small business in the family. (Some people inherit candy stores in Brooklyn, others inherit pygmy tribes in Africa.)

Wendigo also appears as a villain in Hulk comics; not a very good or traditional Wendigo, though. I second the recommendation of the Blackwood story.

Wolfe Berkley novel is OPERATION ARES (1970).

Isn't Heinlein also mentioned in ROCKET TO THE MORGUE under his Monroe and McDonald pen names, deep in conversation with himself?

Janet Wilson, BIRDS GOTTA SWIM, FISH GOTTA FLY 8: I didn't know Durrell was trying to be Joyce either. Maybe he's the mysterious other roommate apparently living in this house, and the reason I hadn't noticed him is that he's doing a good job and looks and sounds enough like Joyce to fool me?

I suspect good old-fashioned tents are probably available at Army surplus stores. (Good old-fashioned bazookas to go for the mosquitoes with, too.) And even if they don't sell canvas tents anymore, I suspect canvas would be available by the yard somewhere: build your own. Good practice for post-WWIII.

David Bratman, CONTORTIONIST 3: "I've been going to school for 13 years straight now, and am a bit tired of it." No comment.

I've heard other complaints on size of printing on the Minicon name badges. Maybe we'll do better next year. One person in Minneapa said that it least it allowed for a new twist on an old line: wanna come up to my room and read my name badge?

No, I could not even "almost" understand the Dan White jury not finding for first degree murder. The evidence seemed quite strong. Sadness, anger, disgust.

Terry A. Garey, BALLS AGAINST RHETORIC 4: I'm also in VANAPA, where everyone is getting all misty over what a great time they had at V-Con. All in the point of view, I guess.

My problems are not solely with smokers in the back of city buses--I've had at least two occassions when the driver was smoking. (Reported the bastards, you bet.) Then there's the driver on my regular route who likes his schlock music turned up loud, and the Jesus freaks (them I trade pamphlets with: they get Great Spider propaganda).

Other fen in Cleveland include Barney Neufeld and Linda Ann Moss. However, they are both moving to Minneapolis in the next few weeks. So much for that helpful tip.

Wendy Rose: Enjoyed both covers. Especially the smiles. . . .

And I just realized that I managed to misspell my name up at the top of the page. Either I'm too fast a typer or too slow a thinker tonight. Either way, it's probably time to pack this in, which is why it's just as well that I've run out of comments, out of zines to comment on, and out of space all at once. Tidy.

Denny Lien