

ARGLEBARGLE #3 is a zine of no commercial value; it will not make your breath sweeter than corflu, your mimeo roller into the cleanest place in your house, or your Twilltone whiter than white. All it does is lie here in your hands and proclaim that it is produced by Denny Lien of 2528 15th Avenue S. / Minneapolis MN 55404 / (612) 722-5217 for the 11th whatever of SPINOFF, the Frivolous Feminist Apa, which also has no commercial value whatsoever and thus should fit right in. The date is 26 November 1979, a Monday, which (what with Monday night football and all that) probably has an incredible amount of commercial value and hence will not be attached to each copy of my zine as a free gift. What you see is what you get.

Commercially valueless comments on SPINOFF #10:

Terry Garey, cover: If that's "the woman who ate the darkness," all is explained as to why this mailing is mostly in tones of grey and white--all the darker darkneses got eaten by the cover. No wonder she's smiling.

Terry Garey, OE Page: I have a note from you scribbled hereon saying "will explain repro next ish." Some OEs will do anything to get people to read the OE page. . . .

How does one "fudge" a balance of "half women and half men" in an apa? Create hoaxes nominally of the underrepresented sex? (Hi, Jezibel.)

Janet Wilson, BIRDS GOTTA SWIM, FISH GOTTA FLY #10: I almost always create on stencil (or the equivalent master or copy-ready page), though I do a lot of pausing to think/phrase things in my head before putting them down. I figure my brain cells can take more wear and tear than my fingers.

We have mice inhabiting the false ceiling of the bedroom. Somehow the sound of mice-feet scraping along styrofoam is not conducive to restful sleep, being more mindful-making of chalk on a blackboard, only with Black Plague and half-eaten pulps thrown into my dreams for good measure.

What sort of music does your fetus prefer?
I would imagine that fetuses in general really get into The Mothers. . . .

Adrienne Fein, SPINNING CHAOS: "I also run to 30 page essays." I tend to run away from them, myself.

"If you hate authority, you might like PREFANZINE, which is the libertarian apa." Somehow this got my head to idea-tripping about an apa for people who love authority (~~besides PAPA~~, I mean), in which no one is ever allowed to drop out, all staples must be lined up mathematically correctly, everyone must make mailing comments on every zine every time, and the OE's picture is on every cover.

"I have never understood why a headache should interfere with sex, at least, if one could use a lying down position...." I don't know that it would interfere in the sense of making it impossible--on the other hand, it would seem that sex is something that ideally the participants should be concentrating on, and a headache doesn't do much for concentration. (I wouldn't try balancing my checkbook during a headache; why should I try something arguably more important?) I also suspect that headaches, like other physical not-well-beings, may make it more difficult or impossible for some men to achieve erection--which, while not ruling out sex (or even sex with men) probably plays some part in promoting the old cliché. (Though I once knew someone who claimed that making love cured her headaches--at least sometimes. I worried about practising medicine without license...)

namtarB divaD, DREAMSNAKE: I just counted, and think I've been to 32 cons--whoops, 33, if comics count. (~~Only to ten, Madhead.~~) Someday I'll have to try going to the programming at one of them. Joyce made it to Seacon, but I decided I had better things to do with money, like buy a vasectomy and pay off some debts. (One was to N.O.W.--I had broken down and gone to Iggy after intending to honor the ERA boycott, and hence had pledged to N.O.W. an amount equal to that I spent in the state. In spite of living on spam in the room where I was illegally crashing, it took me a year to decide I had the money to spare. Apas understand about RealSoonNow, but just try to explain it to political organizations. As long as I was sending in a check for a lump sum, I took the chance to enclosing a letter suggesting that they not refer to sf as "sci-fi" again, as they did in their newsletter note on Ellison at Iggy.) (Hmmm--just noticed that I'm using words like "they" when as I am a member it should be "we." But I don't use words like "sci-fi". . .) Joyce came back from Seacon burbling with lots of happy memories, but memories fade and vanish, while a vasectomy goes on forever--build for the future. And all that.

"They were built by Edward I, 'the hammer of the Scots.' Why he was hammering the Scots in Wales is something I never quite understood." Perhaps the light was better there?

Fred and I were both doing genuine imitation musical accompaniment zines in Minneapa at about the same. Only his tended to be widely divergent and mine to be Leonard Cohen or Steeleye Span, depending on mood, most of the time. I think his were more genuine, but mine were the more genuine imitation. (But George is probably recalling my inability to distinguish one classical piece from another--though I like almost all--and hence to monotonously report that I was listening to "unidentified classical music on the radio"--as I am now.)

"It is still before Westercon. Oh, you mean last Westercon." In the land of Mpls in '73 from whence I write, it's still before last Westercon too.

Joyce Scrivner, TOUCHSTONE 4: Fannish plaster casters sound rather silly. Who needs a collection of plaster impressions of propeller beanies?

"I certainly don't expect another Woman's Apa." Given that you made this comment to Jerry Kaufman, I visualized a Monty Python routine in which as you said this three women in mimeo-ink-stained smocks burst into the room and cry "Nobody expects another Women's Apa!" Take it from there...

Jezebel Church, NIFTY 2: You might at least justify your margins. Some of these lines were five or six characters longer than others. Tsk tsk.

Hank Davis, HALF A SQUEAK #6: Enjoyed the cartoons, even if I am the only person in fandom who has not yet seen the movie. (I hate going to movies, unless there are samurai or Marx Brothers in them.)

Another King Henry folksong (?) is "Queen Elinor's Confession," on CHAD MITCHELL TRIO's "Reflecting" album.

Is it the purpose of sports to be "fast-moving"? If so, why?

Humph. I've had a Bible for twenty years without reading it. (Not all the way through in order, anyway. Does anyone know if God is eligible for a John W. Campbell Award, by the way? Or ~~at least~~ a Gandalf?)

Terry Garey, BALLS AGAINST RHETORIC: Comments next time; out of space; sigh/whimper.

Danny Lien