

ARGLEBARGLE #4 sees what you do and knows who you are, but is willing to keep quiet about it for a price. Please leave five thousand mailing comments in unmarked large bits of egoboo in a plain mimeoed fanzine between the two staples marked "SPINOFF 12" by the deadline of 5 April 1980 and no one need ever know that you were seen reading Perry Rhodan at the last S.F.R.A. meeting. . . nor will Harlan be told what you said about him. If you do not, all the evidence will be sent to the local president of the League For Occasional Fannish Decency, who in this case is Denny Lien of 2528 15th Avenue S. / Minneapolis MN 55404; home phone (612) 722-5217 and work phone (612) 376-2550. This is a Lien and Hungry Look Production begun 17 March 1980 with quiet dignity, occasional decency, eight beers, Glen Yarborough, and six underage aardvarks. With a Nelson? Mpls in 73!

The aardvarks, of course, are only good friends.

I've spent the day home, quasi-sick, and spent much of the afternoon unpacking old fanzines from the boxes on the porch, recording them on index cards, penciling my name on those otherwise unmarked, and stacking them up for Joyce to decide which ones she wants to photocopy for her own collection preparatory to filing them away on our shelves. Inevitably, I started rereading some here and there. . . .

I discovered fandom somewhere around 1961 or 1962, and for a while in the early 60s seemed to get two issues of every generally-available fanzine going--two because I would send off for one, get the second on spec, never respond, and get dropped. My bursts of fannishness always seem to come in cycles, with deep troughs of reading, collecting, and vegetating in between. If I could only have collected the last nineteen years of activity into two or three years, I'd be a vunderkid today, instead of the presumptive fringe-fan with the vaguely familiar name who's been hanging around the edges of your mailing list for the last two decades. I coulda been a contender.

Instead of just a collector.

What am I bid for two late issues of HYPHEN? (Dropped for lack of response.) Or the first two issues of ENERGUMEN? (Dropped for lack of response--in fact, I'm not sure I even read them at the time. . .) What am I bid for SPINOFF #11? (Whoops--cancel that last offer--that's still recent enough so that I can redeem myself. By doing, for instance,

MAILING COMMENTS (back to front) on SPINOFF 11:

David Bratman, BLANK STOCK: "Anybody who has an idea what i will be ten years from now, please send revelations to the address above." 33?

Ten years ago, I was--let's see. As of 1 Jan 1970, I had been married for just over four months and was a third-year graduate student at the University of Arizona, six months away from attending my first sf con (Westercon 1970 at the Francisco Torres in Santa Barbara) and nine months away from my doctoral orals (I passed, after only one genuine and one borderline nervous breakdown, then never wrote the dissertation). My closest friends were five or six people I haven't seen now for several years. I owned a car and had a dog and had not yet discovered Earth Shoes or in-person fanning or Steeleye Span or that Jack Vance was Ghod. I had a vague feeling that apas were Evil. I was underweight and I had a beard but no muttonchops and thought of myself smugly as extremely left-wing in politics. I drank a lot, but not constantly. I was a rather nice guy, all in all, and sometimes wonder whatever happened to me. ("It's Midnight at the Well of Souls--do you know where your soul is?")

David Bratman, continued: I've kept records of books and records I bought during each year for some time, but haven't added them up most years. But last year I read around 125 books and bought around around 1250-- not all sf, but most of them. I think the publishers are gaining on me. I probably bought around 10,000 books during the decade (counting sf pulps and digest magazines).

Denny's toe, alas, does not remember being introduced to any part of you; memory-jog appreciated. (Denny's eyes do recall seeing you on the spec list for the only issue of APA 070.4, the world's most abortive apa, some years back).

Jerry Kaufman, FROZEN FINGERS: "Slightly damaged office supplies"--hmm. Many barely used stamps--only licked and cancelled once apiece. One gross of number two pencils, for those who are grossed out by number two. One bulletin board, exceptionally tacky.

"Terry, why not fold this (apa) and start another?" And what good would that do? If an apa which is already (sort of) a going concern fails, why should anyone want to join it or do more for it if it transmogrifies into itself-under-a-different-name-and-with-no-history? I'd almost certainly drop it as a bad idea, for one. . . .

Marc Ortlieb, ILLIODOR 2: I assumed it was spelled Zaphrod Beeblebrox, not Zafod Beeblebrocks. (I just checked the book and I was close to right; Zaphod Beeblebrox--one letter off. Non-HITCHIKER'S GUIDE fans can skip over the preceding paragraph.)

Actually my favorite character in the show has no name--it's the falling whale in episode three. (Non-etc. fans can skip this paragraph too.)

I've seen a couple of short subject quote porn unquote films which were seemingly "aimed at a female audience" (at Erotic Film Festivals and the like). The number of women in my circle of acquaintance who are at least in theory interested in women-oriented erotic film suggests that there should be a viable market out there, but I'm not aware of any commercial/professional filmmakers--to say nothing of theatre-owners--catering to it.

The women's prison TV show from Australia yclept THE PRISONER has shown up locally, but I have yet to watch it. I do fantasize about making a cheapo movie called CITIZEN KANE and releasing it briefly for just long enough to draw in the suckers and make my money back.

Norman Gunston, on the other hand, has not shown up over here. But I'll alert the proper authorities just in case.

Sue Rae Rosenfeld, PLASTIC MAREBLES 2: "Today's moral. . ." Yesterday, on the other hand, is a cad.

Er, I don't know how to break this to you, but I haven't been in MINNEAPA for almost 2½ years now. (Though I think I'm still on the all-time top three pagecount list.) It got to be too big, and I got myself into too many arguments. Join it if you wish, but don't expect to see me there.

You found a gnome living in our house last year? Does it have a pointy noise, a long tail, and loves cheese? That kind of gnome we've encountered.

that should have been "nose," but the typo is too bozo to correct. . . .

Sue Rae continued: Webster's-the-dictionary-tribe neglected to (or were not allowed to) copyright "Webster's" as a dictionary trademark, so there's a lot of turkeys out there using the name--which is probably explanation for the one you speak of. (Visualize every sf book including a note saying "this book is not published by Hugo Gernsback or his successor".)

On declining buying power of the dollar, see the chapter in CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT in which the Yankee buys a feast which has his peers believing him mad with the lust of spending and ruined for life--total bill, five dollars or so. When I was 17, I worked a lot harder (on farms, throwing hay bales) for \$1 an hour than I do now at 34 for \$7 an hour, so the declining value of the dollar hasn't declined far enough to impress me yet. Plus which the books I now have to pay several dollars for from dealers were findable at five or ten cents each with patience. . . . and since I was too young to drink (much), I had nothing else to spend money on.

Adrienne Fein, SPINNING CHAOS: "WHERE/HOW do I join the scheme to merge all apas in the world into one giant apa?" Patience, my child. . . just--trust--in the CE and all will be revealed in due time. Now, about those preparations for the Second Coming of Degler. . . .

Your note on Things Which Can Be Deseccrated reminded me of the time I helped a local fan move and was asked to "help unscrew the water bed"--which, I noted, was not unlike deconsecrating a church.

I don't know ~~as~~ how I have favorite words--I do tend to have favorite phrases, usually as responses to straight lines; of late I have been tending to overuse "That's easy for you to say" and "Be still, my beating heart." I also have a favorite name; Zachary. Of which I know nobody named so.

"I cannot imagine masturbating with a popsicle." Tsk, skiffy fen are supposed to be able to imagine anything. Sensa wonda, ya know. (But don't tell Sam Moskowitz.)

"This book is liable to fuck up your mind, loosen your grip on reality, cause you to doubt the truths that all normal believe, and perhaps even turn you into something like me." (Quote from Arthur Hlavaty.) But, more importantly, does it have a bosomy blonde we can put on the cover, can we sell the movie rights as a Steve Martin vehicle, and does it have a good beat and can we dance to it?

D Potter, DEATH AND DISASTER FUNNIES: On postcards and haiku, the latest quote to be added to my commonplace book, from BAREFOOTZ COMIX #3: "I used to write haiku, but then I discovered ultimate truth and it had too many syllables."

So why is not into an open manhole falling and breaking a neck funny, you reminded us to ask you? (Not funny in all circumstances, or not funny by itself? I can think of stories in which the destruction of the universe as a punchline is funny--to me anyway...) Depends on whose ox is being gored. Or whether or not the heare~~z~~ happens to be an ox. GORED OXES OF GOR . . . awks. . .

You explained something to Lin Carter? He got ears? (Now we'll have to kill her--or at least make her read Lin Carter.)

Well, Lyle Monroe is mentioned in the same sentence as Anson MacDonald in ROCKET TO THE MORGUE; see part seven of "The Second Day"-- page 52 in the Pyramid "Green Door" version. But LM never comes on stage. And Boucher used "H. H. Holmes" for first printing of both of the Sister Ursula books.

Joyce Scrivner, TOUCHSTONE 5: I seem to have read through this without finding any comment hooks (except for one that I thought better of using). I suspect that you've learned from my presence to instinctively avoid straight lines. . . .

Terry Garey, GOONYBIRD 6/FANS FOR THE ERA ANNOUNCEMENT: I support Detroit for the same reason, but yours is the first indication I've seen that anyone else agrees. One would think if the Harlan and Iggy flap did nothing else, at least it would have raised consciousness on the ERA Boycott enough so that fans would at least occasionally bring up the topic in re Detroit vs. Chicago, even if only to disagree. . . .

Thanks for running SPINOFF for a year; as you say, we'll see what we'll see.

Leftover comments from SPINOFF #10:

Terry Garey, BALLS AGAINST RHETORIC: I don't associate ponytails with poodle skirts, fuzzy pink sweaters, etc. The fact that I sometimes wear a ponytail but rarely the other items may have some bearing on that. In any case, do you really think that, say, poodle skirts were in fact "fostered" by the "saccharin-sweet music" of the 1950s, rather than both the fashions and the music being fostered by other things? (I don't recall any 50's songs that said "Go out and buy a poodle skirt" and so I never did; I suppose it may have been subliminal advertising that I happened not to hear. It could have been worse; if I'd heard only part of it I might have felt a strange compulsion to go buy and wear a poodle.)

Agreements with comments to Avedon Carol.

Somewhere near the top of the above page it became Tuesday, 25 March 1980, which it still is (at least locally) and my musical background changed to LIZA MINNELLI, "The Act." (My other sort of background changed to a pair of blue cotton slacks.) Minicon approaches and will pounce next week; as usual I think that I have the Huckster Room well in hand in advance and as usual I'm sure it will have some nasty surprise waiting for me at the last moment. Last year it was the amount of time I had to spend in it (I was running it and providing security for it, including sleeping there; I estimate I spent about 4 to 6 hours outside of the room total the entire weekend). This year I have vague hopes of attending a bit of the con, but I'll believe it when I see it.

In the meanwhile, changes of note since my last SPINOFF zine include a (friendly) divorce (my^{ex}wife has been living in L.A. and working as an actress since 1975) and the presence at Huddling Place of a PLATO terminal, which Joyce and I rented in the vague idea of taking all sorts of computer-aided instruction courses and picking up useful skills. What in practice we are doing is playing games; the most useful skills I've learned so far are how to aim photon torpedoes at Klingons and how to pick up treasure chests while dodging werewolves. I'm not quite sure how to list these on my resume. . . .

And so another SPINOFF zine sails off into the San Francisco sunset. See you next time as co-O.E., if there is a next time. If not, hail and farewell.

"Life today is no joke: therefore, let us make it one." -- Eric Partridge *Denny*