

ARGLEBARGLE #5 doesn't feel any different from your common or garden variety of ARGLEBARGLE. (For that matter your garden probably doesn't feel any different from your common or arglebargle variety of number fives . . . which are presumably what the very nastiest of your neighbor's dogs do in said garden . . . which I suppose on second thought would make it feel different at that. . . hmmm. This analogy is getting out of hand. Sound the alert. Call analogy control. A feral rogue fan-eating mutated figure of speech is loose upon the land, or at least upon the colophon, and if not tracked down promptly it will likely prevent the author of said colophon from informing all that he is Denny Lien of 2528 S. 15th Avenue / Minneapolis MN 55404 / USA and even if it does not molest that bit of information what chance would a long string of numbers like home phone (612) 722-5217; work phone (612) 376-2550 have . . . well, only sheer luck could have got that lot through safely; shall we press the luck and try to send out the message that this is 17 July 1980 and A Lien And Hungry Look Production. Garcia? Did you get that message? Garcia...? Ohmigosh he went to look for the ship's cat and now look what happened to him he's beyond help get back quickly or he'll try to make you take a kitten too . . . argh help I'm being cutesied to death . . . somebody say something vicious and depressing and sobering . . . "Reagon vs. Carter" . . . thanks, I needed that . . . out of the colophon and into the lifeboat, thusly:

****OH NO! WE FORGOT TO CLOSE THE PARENTHESES! THE COLOPHON ISN'T AIRTIGHT!****

Whoosh. Gurgle.

Or in other words: "It's--

biMonthly Pyrotechnics' Flying Spinoff !!

(Terry Gilliam, doodle in this space.)

Thud.

"Good evening. Tonight on IT'S THE MIND we examine the strange phenomenum of minac-du."

But first, a bit of fun.... mailing comments on a ~~hangar~~ ~~phrasbook~~ Spinoff 12:

Terry A. Garey, BALLS AGAINST RHETORIC: They offered you a job even though you told them you wanted "enourmouse amounts of time off"? That's the advantage of dealing directly with the big cheese.

I once had this theory about working full time for a while until I could go back to part time too. It's been something over a year now. . .

"So what do I do? I match stock." Good training if you ever decide to become a tobacconist. And stock matches. ~~I will not buy this tobaccoist, it is stretched.~~

"At Christmas I gave Ctein a parakeet . . . but he really wanted a parrot." No problem, mate, we just stick the air 'ose down 'in, nail on a new beak, and spray aerosol cracker scent about. . .

You save old rubber bands? So do I. Want to swap some bluesies for some redsies?

"Have you ever seen Budgies in the wild? Supposedly, they grow there, in grassy areas and scrub-land." And when they turn ripe, they snap off the stalks and fly away, right?

David Bratman, **INGREDIENT; GUNK**: I've seen several characters in fiction who more or less resemble my self-image, though I suppose there are no perfect fits. Offhand, Chullander Ghose the babu in several of Talbot Mundy's novels, Mike Doonesbury in the strip of the same name, Jurgen (but without the sex drive), and the minor character named "Denny" in DeWeese and Coulson's **CHARLES FORT NEVER MENTIONED WOMBATS**. (This last, however, has the unfair advantage of being me.) Oh, and Dino Valcarengi in George Martin's "A Song for Lya."

Some are born Davids, some achieve Davidishness, and some have Davidishness thrust upon them.

"I don't want to know what a Mr. Bill is." So, we won't tell you it's what arrives in the mail the month after you buy a mr.

Denny Lien, **ARGLEBARGLE 4**: Someone with a shortage of good taste should be able to do something with that line about "the world's most abortive apa." Even though you're leaving it alone because you can't think of anything funny to do with it, you can take credit for good taste.

Or for not needing to consider it because you're practicing mirth control.

Adrienne Fein, **SPINNING CHAOS**: I'm not sure I agree that **SPINOFF** "needs some goals." (I'm not sure I disagree, either.) I'm open to suggestions, as I'm sure is Joyce.

The analogy that sprang to mind this morning while half asleep and musing about the subject and also about Daniel Mannix's **THOSE ABOUT TO DIE** (a book on the Roman Games, which I'm currently rereading) is that we are all assumed to be gladiators who spend some time out in the arena battling the ravaging hordes of sexism and occasionally getting bloodied and that **SPINOFF** is our green room where we go to hang out in between bouts in the real world, have a cup of wine, take the armor off without worrying about getting a shortsword in the ribs. The assumption is that as we are all gladiators (some much more active and/or skilled than others) talking shop is fine but that doing so in a heavy manner ("Cartaphilus and Demeara won't be coming back; got their arms and legs ate off by a horde of wild pigs in the show last week; I hear they're thinking about suing but you know how the Emperor has the courts stacked against success at that...") is considered something for other places and other times--when the wine and the company isn't as good.

This teaches one not to eat vast quantities of spicy Italian food before going to bed. "Clams got moths"? Now we'll have to have her exterminated. . . .

A sense of porpoise is very useful at one local establishment for getting a job--the place is called "Dolphin Temporaries." ("Hey, Adrienne, the Bronx Zoo just called and has an opening for the next three weeks. How are you at balancing a beachball on your nose?")

Your God of the Month Club flier does not mention the Glaroon, but I realize that's all part of the plot and will pretend I didn't know why you did that. You also skipped Hairy Thunderer and Cosmic Muffin, plus (for **PERISHERS** fans) "Eyeballs-in-the-Sky."

Marc Ortlieb, **ILLIODOR 3**: I watch only one hour per week of television regularly--**M*A*S*H** and Monty Python. But I will confess to occasionally sneaking a look at the local professional wrestling exhibitions, so I can't feel too superior . . . besides, our **PLATO** terminal takes up even more time for no return.

Marc Ortlieb, continued: "Anyone got any good apas in need of a token Australian?"
If "APES, the Adelaide apa, seldom breaks 21 pages," it sound like it could use 10 or 12 token Australians.

Terry Garey, GOOYEIRD (sic) 7: Run into a low-flying oil slick?

"I have full confidence that Joyce and Denny will do a good job, and pass the baton on to them with faith." The baton got here (we hocked it) but Faith called to say she'd gotten a better offer from some other apa.

"If SPINOFF continues, I might be willing to be OE again sometime."
OK, shall we pencil you in for #13?

FEAR AND LOATHING IN CHICAGO May 9-10, 1980

Or, since Norman Lear was present, if we'd taken a dip in Lake Michigan I could have titled this LEAR AND FLOATING IN CHICAGO.

The Twin Cities supplied three buses to the Chicago ERA rally, but though all three buses (one smoking, two nonsmoking) were filled, only two and a half seats worth of one were filled fannishly--with Joyce and myself, Paula Rice and Eric Biever, and Tess (who has a last name but rarely uses it). The last three probably are not known to you unless you get THE STONE AND THE STARS. For that matter, the first two may not be known to you, and as it possible to lead a full and worthy life without knowing them, this should not bother you (unless of course you happen to be them, in which case why don't you have your SPINOFF zine done yet? some example you're setting--). Joyce was feeling quasi-ill, and decided definitely to go only an hour or so before we left, thereby saving me from having to eat all of the sandwiches myself, not to mention the store-bought breakfast rolls (not Twinkies; I don't use drugs).

The send-off ceremonies, in front of the student union at the U, were reasonably short. The Twin Cities at present has a reasonable number of local politicians willing to speak at a pro-ERA rally but apparently not enthusiastic enough to make sure they got there in time to be able to do so. The St. Paul mayor and the MN Secretary of State were announced but did not show up. I'm willing to give them the benefit of the doubt; as both have committed themselves to The Right Side before, but I felt somewhat warmer at the moment to Anthony Bouza, the new Minneapolis police chief, who surprised various people by showing up and giving an enthusiastic and supportive speech. After years of party hacks and appointees of Charley The Vegetable Stenvig filling the CoP position, this was refreshing. (For Joyce, coming recently from the land of Frank Rizzo, it must have been even more so.)

The buses were somewhere between the "Greyhound" and the "school" varieties; seats large enough to sit in without accordian-pleating one's legs, but not large enough to be really comfortable in, even if one were normal-sized. Joyce and I, both having passed beyond normal size somewhere around the Spanish-American War, found it easier to stay awake more than we really should have. Like all true sf fans, faced with a long and dull journey, I had brought along a couple of detective novels. I read Upfield's THE BACHELORS OF BROKEN HILL on the way down; Bony tracks down a psychotic woman who specializes in killing middle-aged men. I had vague fears of the bus being raided by Phyllis Schafely's commandoes and the book hauled off as evidence of something or other unsavory. To calm my vague fears, I ate sandwiches. This had no real medicinal effect, but tasted good. (They might have tasted even better if I hadn't made them; I consider bread going stale or lettuce wilted a personal affront and tend to punish it by eating it anyway. It's a good thing I don't much like lettuce, or this technique would make me start disliking lettuce.)

It seems to be Tuesday, 22 July, four days after our deadline. In our defense, it might be noted that we have received two contributions since the deadline (and were told before it to expect both) and have promises of one, possibly two, more within the next 24 or so hours. In your offense, be it noted that the fact that Joyce and I didn't have our own contributions done in time may have contributed to the delay an eentsie teentsie weentsie bit too. *Blame it on society.*

Suddenly, Chicago. It was 8 or so in the morning and what we both probably needed most was a good breakfast. It is difficult to get breakfast in Chicago without spending money in a non-ratified state; fortunately the bus had deposited us in the middle of a park so that we were not too seriously tempted. More sandwiches.

Joyce got on the only pay phone within sight to a friend and spent the next hour or so talking. I finished my last book (Juanita Coulson's DOOR INTO TERROR) and got in line at the porta-chemical-toilets. (Non-Sex-Specific. Shudder.) I also observed local (I think) hucksters selling ERA badges and bands to the newcomers as each bus arrived. From overheard conversation among them, I gather that they were out to make a buck and not interested in where it came from. If they'd been selling ERA souvenir pancakes and bacon I might have been tempted, but as it was refrained.

Somewhere along in there I lost Minnesota, and when Joyce finally returned from the phone booth we set out to find them. After no luck for several--miles? well, yards, anyway--I started looking for other banners that I could legitimately march under if need be. I spotted the banners of the American Library Association (ex-member) and the National Gay Task Force (current but inactive member) but not the one for Alcoholic Overweight Crypto-Libertarian Pulp Completist Skiffy Fen for the ERA; an oversight.

At some point thereafter we found first a small group of people with Norwegian accents, then a larger group which proved to be the Minnesota contingent. We reunited with the other three fans and awaited our marching orders. . . .

Which turned out to be to march to the other end of the park and sit down. A couple of hours and several brief forays to nearby segments of park later, we began to suspect that things weren't moving on time. Actually, things allegedly were, but we were near the end of said things, and the trickle-down was slowish.

As we sat there, our one counter-protest of the day (to our sight, at least) came by: a group of clerghish-looking gentlefolk (I had the impression of orthodox Jewish, but might have been off by a parsec or more of doctrine) carrying signs to the effect that ERA=Abortion=Murder and bearing staffs topped with cutout representations of fetuses. I was irresistibly reminded of the troops of Vlad the Impaler ravaging Turkish villages and tossing babies on pikes, probably not the impression intended.

After several hours of preparation, the march itself was anticlimatic: 20 to 30 minutes down side streets to another park. The celebrities (Anderson, Smeal, Lear, etc.) were far ahead of us, and any more colorful protesters apparently had given up by the time our rear guard passed by. Joyce and I opted out of the rally proper in favor of what was supposed to be a farnish party two subway rides away at the new home of Ross "Chicago-and-thus-the Enemy" Pavlac. We had our wires or timezones crossed and thus wound up at Ross's apartment watching him get ready for a party. Joyce accompanied him to the laundromat while I drank beer and slept, sequentially.

We seem to be nearing the end of the page, so; they came back and woke up and we went back to the hotel and caught the bus and later were deposited in Mpls at 4 in the morning and got a taxi and came home. I doubt that we did any good, but at least we got a page and 1/2 of SPINOFF out of it. Illinois doesn't win any ball games, but at least it makes for (if not interesting) at least minac-filling discussions. What to say? *THUD*

"It's....."