

SLOW DJINN #53, which is Second Coming Pub #167, is generally aimed at FLAP #53 of August 1988. This stunning production in free-form thought is produced and orchestrated by Dave Locke, who rests his bones and typing fingers at 6828 Alpine Avenue #4, Cincinnati, Ohio 45236, and his touch-tone and speed-dial finger at 513/984-1447. Dave has been known to imbibe things like scotch and irish and vodka and beer while establishing production standards for his apazine, and wants everyone to know that the opinions expressed herein are not necessarily the opinions of the editor when he wakes up in the morning. This is because the editor has no opinions when he wakes up in the morning.

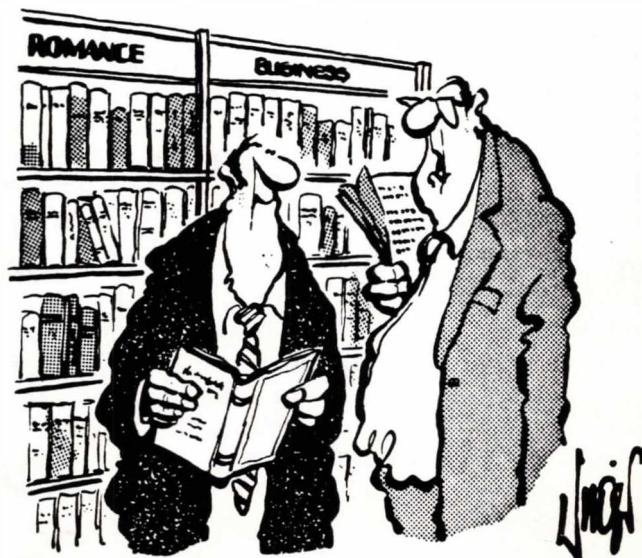
SLOW DJINN Aug. 88 FLAP 53

You know, the other day I gave actual thought as to why I might find it interesting to set words on paper -- let alone endure the mechanics of running copies of those words -- in a scenario where it wasn't a prerequisite for drawing a paycheck.

I mean, there are other things I could do to fill the time. I could concentrate on ways to earn more money. I could use more money, and strangely enough I don't spend much time thinking about how to do that. I could save money, like for example by not producing fanzines, but rarely has this crossed my mind. When I think about cutting back, strangely enough only mundane budget items come to mind. Sounds like the Reagan administration.

Because I wrote the last SLOW DJINN before it happened, I'll report it here: In mid-May Lon Atkins, travelling executive giant, flew through Cinsanity on a whirlwind tour of his company's scattered sales offices. One of them is about ten minutes from here, but they booked him in a hotel at the airport which is about 45 minutes from here and in the opposite direction, and they neglected to book him a flight into Cincinnati. All this was disclosed when Lon called us up hoping to make some kind of connection while he was in town. We booked him at a hotel two minutes from here and ten minutes from the place he had to visit, he managed to get a flight into Cincinnati which was missing from his book of tickets, Al & Lyn donated their spacious apartment for a late gettogether on Wednesday night with them, us, him, Bill Bowers, and Steve Leigh, I almost blew a blood vessel when the automatic teller system crapped out while I tried to get cash to buy party supplies, we lucked out in finding someone to do Lon's laundry while he & Jackie & I enjoyed wine& appetizers at a local quality Italian restaurant on a postage-stamp table which required creativity on the part of our logistics as well as on Lon's expense account, a good time was had by all, and it was damned good to see Lon again even if his current features seem mostly a blur seen through a rear-view mirror. Also, that may be the longest sentence I've written since I used to smoke grass.

Unfortunately, we did not get to meet Julie. Julie and Lon rendezvoused in Chicago after Lon left beautiful uptown Cincinnati; two travelling giants meeting in the windy city during the course of some sort of serious business. It all sounds too hectic to me, but a brief few hours here and there is better than no hours at all. In a 7-month period we got to visit with David & Marcia and with Lon, not having seen any of them since 1980. It was great. I loved it.



"If you insist on laughing, sir, I must ask you to browse in the humor section."

Back on the 12th of June the CFG had its annual picnic. This has been my favorite event on the CFG calendar. Didn't go this year. It was held three months early, just two weeks before Midwestcon, and was very poorly attended. For some reason this so enthused the CFG Dictator that he may hold it even earlier next year. I am becoming even more disenchanted than usual with the CFG...

Speaking of that, Midwestcon this year will be at the same pisspoor hotel, and I asked Jackie to pull my membership in the con. I'll drop in on Saturday, and not use convention facilities. My gripe is that the main gathering area is an outdoor pool, and in Cinsanity at that time of year this whole proposition could best be described as a crapshoot. Last time we got lucky and had an unusually mild weekend for the end of June in this locale. This year we may get lucky again, though the obvious bet is killer heat and humidity, but I protest what I regard as a no-brainer decision to return to this hotel. So I plan to drop in to see some of you and a few other friends and acquaintances who may show up, and that's it. This is called foreshadowing; the event will take place before I finish this zine...

Al and I plan to bring in an ice bucket, a pitcher of grapefruit juice, a bottle of vodka, and hold Brothercon... [Esoteric Ltd.: at least twice a week someone asks us if we're brothers. Al tells them that I'm his father, and I point out that all beards look alike.]

Bowers and Curry have requested, or demanded, that their names be dropped from the CFG roster. I'll probably be next. Trouble in river city. Strange, but I like the Dictator (I just don't respect his decisions...).

We've seen a crapload of movies via tv or rental, and have some recommendations. Well, I have some recommendations, some of which Jackie would endorse:

CUJO (1983) Ignore the minor intrusion about Things In The Closet and you've got a dynamite story about a woman and her young son being terrorized by a sympathetic rabid dog. I've seen it twice. Masterfully paced. Maltin rates it *** out of a possible **** rating, and I agree [note: the LEONARD MALTIN'S TV MOVIES AND VIDEO GUIDE is, for me (and for Jackie) the most reliable of the available movie guidebooks. He's more often on than off, for our tastes]. From the Stephen King novel, of course.

RAWHEAD REX (British, 1987) Amusing adaptation from the Clive Barker story about a satanic creature wreaking havoc in an Irish village. Definitely a "B" movie, but deserving of a **½ rating (Maltin gives it a *; his strong suit isn't good grade B horror movies).

KING OF HEARTS (French/British, 1966) Bombed when first shown, has become a staple in revival theaters since then. Maltin gives it a ***, I'd give it a **½. Truly offbeat. The Germans abandon a small French town after WWI, set explosives to blow it up at midnight when the winning forces walk in, and everyone catches on to what they've done. The townspeople leave, leaving behind them those in the insane asylum who break out and take over the town, and the Brit/French troops send in a Scotsman to a supposedly empty town to defuse the blowup. Gets truly crazy, and the ending is perfect.

WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM (1980) Maltin says "Intended celebration of famed "Gonzo" journalist Hunter S. Thompson will baffle those unfamiliar with his work and insult those who are. Even Neil Young's music can't save dreadful comedy." Presumably Maltin is familiar with Thompson's work, or he wouldn't be comfortable in saying that. I'm not; I've never read a word by him and know only that he was considered a "Gonzo journalist", though in my ignorance I have no idea what that means. So, at least from my perspective, I think Maltin is wrong in saying the movie will baffle those unfamiliar with Thompson's work. In my case it may mislead me, but I thought the movie was a real hoot. Right or wrong it was entertaining. Anyone unfamiliar with Thompson might enjoy it as the story of an alcoholic flake with a flare for totally inventive writing who careens through life and associates with people almost as weird as he is. If that isn't Thompson, the movie fails to the knowledgeable. Otherwise, it's very enjoyable.

CRIMEWAVE (1985) Maltin gave WHAT'S NEW, PUSSYCAT? a ** rating, and this one a ** $\frac{1}{2}$. I think both deserve a ** $\frac{1}{2}$, and resemble each other in pacing and craziness. I watched it alone on a Saturday morning, then again on the same Saturday afternoon after recommending it to Jackie. If you can last through the first 45 minutes, you're hooked and will be rewarded. Insane comedy. I enjoyed it both times I saw it.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO VIC (British, 1985) Gentle but amusing comedy carried to a recommended height by Tom Conti in the title role. Maltin gives it a **. It deserves an additional $\frac{1}{2}$ * for Conti's performance and for the inventiveness of the storyline (a Catholic schoolteacher who doesn't believe in miracles seems to be creating them). Gourmet popcorn.

LETHAL WEAPON (1987) Mel Gibson and Danny Glover and Gary Busey in what may be one of the highest-quality shitkickers ever made. I've seen it three times. I was enthralled by the initial sensation of leaving the movie and realizing every weakness in it, but not particularly caring. The ending is still quite stupid, but it carries quite well. LETHAL WEAPON has personality and syntality and unrelenting pace. Alcoholic potential suicide cop Gibson teams with middle-age moderate Glover, forms friendship relation that crosses more gaps than you'll find in a Ted White argument, and together they find undeniable motivation to go out and get super badman Busey. Well-handled almost all the way.

WORK IS A 4-LETTER WORD Agree with Maltin that this is a ** $\frac{1}{2}$ movie. David Warner, as the crazy who raises giant mushrooms (British, 1967; better late than never), gives it the extra $\frac{1}{2}$ * rating. Warner gets a job, starts raising electric mushrooms at his place of work, gets married, moves himself and his wife into his place of work, and ... it's a bizarre and lovely comedy. All manner of nice touches throughout, and Warner bridges the gap from one to another.

Even though I don't like football, I also recommend NORTH DALLAS FORTY. It worked; partly because of the storyline and mostly because of the acting.

RAISING ARIZONA (1987) Agree with Maltin that this is a *** $\frac{1}{2}$ (out of ****) movie. This movie is a real hoot. Convenience-store robber marries female cop who quits job, they kidnap one of five quints because they can't have a baby of their own, and then life becomes complicated. Written by the same insane people who did CRIMEWAVE and BLOOD SIMPLE (haven't seen the latter yet, but I'll look for it). Maltin correctly describes it as a "formidably flaky comedy" with an "aggressively wacked-out sense of humor"; "may not be for all tastes, but if you're attuned to it, it's a scream -- a heady mix of irony and slapstick." Nicholas Cage and Holly Hunter turn in an odd mix of warm and wacky performances (Randall "Tex" Cobb as the Motorcyclist of the Apolcalypse or, as referred to by Holly Hunter, as the Warthog From Hell, is a real scream especially if you know his history in the world of professional prizefighting...). Everything clicks from start to finish. Cage is great in his role, but Holly Hunter as "Ed" is even greater. Get a big bag of popcorn and turn on the answering machine when you watch this one.

MALCOLM (Australian, 1986) Australian Film Institute winner for Best Picture of the year. Probably one of the best pictures of the decade. Slow-wit with talent for creating Rube-Goldberg devices loses his job after his mother dies, takes in borders who are slow-wits at petty crime, and decides to help them with his talents. Music by the Penguin Cafe Orchestra is infectious. Disarmingly warm and offbeat comedy has everything going for it: the acting is all totally credible, the direction is crisp, and the script is a gem. The Rube Goldberg gadgets are not to be viewed while holding a mouthful of anything liquid. If I had to pick ten movies to get stranded with on a desert island with a vcr, this would probably be one of them. If not, it would be close, really close.

Enough of movies. Midwestcon has come and gone. I attended for 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours on Saturday night. 102° F., a record high for Cinti. Even the hallways were too hot for Hallcons. Sunday evening Bill Bowers and Linda were over, and I asked him if Cavin had realized The Error Of His Ways in having an outdoor gathering area for Midwestcon at the end of

[The above is what happens when the paper catches against the bail while you're doing a header. It isn't pretty.]

June. Bill said that he has spoken to Cavin about that and Cavin said that Bill was the only one who had complained. I believe it, though I was there 3½ hours and heard 6 fans complain about it. (I didn't see Cavin, or he would have said that 2 complained about it...; and, rest assured, he'll hear it from at least two people...) I'm sorry, but if the main gathering area at an end-June Cincinnati convention is outdoors, then I'll pass. Fuck it, I'm not a sun worshipper. Hold it indoors in a reasonably well air-conditioned environment and I'll be there most all of the time. If the general consensus is to have the main area outside and love it or leave it, I'm gone. Not having any idea what Bill Cavin has in mind for either future Midwestcons or Octocons, I'll see you or not see you based on whether the main party is inside or outside. It pisses me off, but if most folk want the sun and the heat and the humidity, then so be it and I'll stay home and do my own thing, even if it's only to drink and watch movies. Or even if it's only to drink. Or even if it's only to sit in relative coolth...

Did miss having dinner with the Offutts, even if it meant meeting them at a restaurant and not following them back to the crematorium. Next year, if I read my dialog with Jodie correctly, we won't make that mistake. We'll get together, no matter where the con is held. In fact, my suggestion is an orgy at Red Lobster. I'll drive. I know where all of them are...

Did enjoy meeting and talking at Midwestcon with Midge and Martha and Joni and Jon (especially Jon, with whom I had the longest and most enjoyable conversation), and Bob (who despite confirmation from Al probably doesn't believe me that the medical treatment for impotence is an Ace bandage...), and Brad, and Jodie (never enough time to yak, though we tried to make it up in hugs), and Andy (a couple of wise-ass remarks before he fled the smoke-filled room; "who is that white-haired boy?"). I keep thinking that I should take over the CFG and provide the proper environment, somewhat like I did the Petards in L.A., but I'm not quite that crazy anymore...

Gee, here it is the day before the 4th of July (obviously it's now the 1st of July, or maybe the 3rd), and rudeness is the order of the day. I turn on the television only to discover that the Wimbledon men's final has been rained out and put off for a day. Then I trundle into this room to type some labels for videotapes we've filled up (with such goodies as THE FOUR MUSKATEERS, HIGH NOON, and THE CONVERSATION), and discover that I've got a FLAP page languishing in the typewriter. How rude. I either rip it out and handle registration at a later time, or complete the page.

I mentioned Wimbledon. The women's final is over. Boris Becker was right: there was no way that Stefi Graf was going to lose. Possibly because of the place and the opponent she choked on the first set and lost it, but then she got herself together and blew her opponent away. I was pleased. Why was I pleased? As a conversational gambit, and to lay my prejudices on the table, I'll tell you. I'm pleased because I'm tired of a women's tennis champion who seems so full of herself and gloats while on the court, and who cries when she loses a match. I'm pleased because, also, I'm tired of a bull dyke women's tennis champion and I'm tired of her fawning coterie of transsexuals and lesbians.

So now what have we got as a women's tennis champion? Probably a virgin...

Ah, they didn't put off the men's championship after all. They decided to play a couple of games late in the day and play the rest of it on the 4th of July. Can't figure Wimbledon. Worstcourt surfaces in the world, most uptight martinet officiating anywhere, and dumbest decision-making on what to do when nature fucks up a match start time. Still, the world's premiere tennis tournament, probably because it's the oldest and they have assholes with noble titles to bow to before and after each match. I am amused.

Actually, for 20 years now, I've thought that the WCT Finals is really the premiere tournament of the year (it's the one where all the top players, based on winnings that year, are brought together in a round robin to fight it out to the finish). So it goes.

Ah, the 4th of July. Too dry for fireworks, but people are doing it anyway. Some on our street blew up a lot of their money throughout the day yesterday, which is the way I look at spending money on fireworks. Look, here's a dollar: bang. Here's fifty cents: phooooshhhhh..... Here's three bucks ... oops, set my neighbor's yard on fire.

Just reread the last page, which was written after I was well into my cups yesterday. Actually I was drinking out of a glass; no, that's a lie, it was a plastic. A plastic glass? That can't be right. It wasn't a cup, it was a glass. But it wasn't a glass glass, it was a plastic glass. Well, never mind. It held the vodka and the pineapple/grapefruit juice. Held too much of it from all appearances. Got controversial and outrageous. Me, imagine that. Well, somebody might get a comment hook out of it.

Taped the Wimbledon final this morning. Then Jackie got up at noon and turned on the news. Carefully, we turned off the sound while the sportscaster did his bit, averting our eyes so we wouldn't find out who won before watching the match. Then out of the corner of an eye we saw the sportscaster give the nod to the anchor. Ah, safe. Jackie turned the sound on again. The anchor smiled and said: "Steffan Edberg wins over Boris Becker in a four-set final at Wimbledon today". AIIIIIIHHHHHHH! "Nice timing, hon..." "But, but, but, but..." Well, c'est la damn vie.

I think it's time to mosey along to some mailing comments. Why not? I haven't read the mailing yet, so it might behoove me to do that as we go along. Let's explore this mailing together, and see what turns up.

MAILING DATA (OO)

Nineteen members. Hmmm. Anybody know someone who might fit in? We had some ideas, but they didn't pan out. Your turn. You've done real good in the past at finding new blood. Let's see if you can do it again.

MORE MINAC MEMORIES (MIKE SHOEMAKER)

An official postmailing. My gosh. But, what I don't understand is why the two OEs each received a separate copy in the mail. I mean, two copies in the same envelope would have done the job. If you're going to be that precise, then how come you forgot to send one extra for the 20th copy (the spare)? (No, just kidding, don't send one... If we have to mail it out, I'll xerox your postmailing.)

I've probably asked you this before, but then again maybe not. Considering that you do such extensive hiking, isn't there a hazard in doing it alone as opposed to a buddy system? What precautions do you take?

FANTASY MAGAZINE ad (BRUCE ARTHURS)

Not familiar with many names on that list. You, Poul Anderson, Payes, Schwartz, and Zambreno. Maybe because I haven't been reading much science fiction since about 1964...

GOING TO SCHOOL (ARTHUR HLAVATY)

Congratulations. Don't forget to take a bag of apples.

I COULDN'T 'SQUARE TUIT (BOB TUCKER)

I didn't know that you were the one who got Jerry Sohl into writing mysteries and skiffy. I think I've read most all of his books. They were all enjoyable, and some were really quite good. Hadn't heard of him in years, and then just a year or three ago I saw mention of an upcoming Sohl book called THE SPUN SUGAR HOLE. It's still on my want list and I've yet to run across it.

I've been in the copilot's seat in a small plane, but never steered it. My job was to keep the pilot awake because he'd had a few too many.

Very interesting to read Eshbach on Hubbard. All knowledge is in fandom.

IF IT WASN'T FOR LONG JOHN SILVER..... (ROY TACKETT)

To tell you the truth I don't know what goes on at an Elks Lodge, or what two-legged Elks do. It strikes me that they're associated with charity work, but I don't think that's much of a picture. Appreciate it if you could at least sketch it in for me.

Fresh sea food, at the beach. I don't think you can get fresh sea food anymore unless you catch it in the middle of the ocean. We've polluted the oceans for miles from the shoreline. The way we're going, there won't be sea food, fresh or otherwise.

I think your friend Joyce should contact a higher level at IBM and raise a big stink. To sell her a system with one-hour retrieval time and then offer instantaneous retrieval for a mere \$2,000 more sounds like fraud to me.

XENOLITH (BILL BOWERS)

Hi, guy.

Corflu. Then Ditto. When are we going to get into the '80s and hold a fanzine fans' convention called Plain Bond, with a spinoff called Xerox?

Jackie bought a copy of Strunk and White's THE ELEMENTS OF STYLE. I don't know why. Neither of us have done more than browse it for a minute or two. I looked at a dozen or so entries, disagreed with about half of them, and haven't gone back to it yet. Here it is right above the typewriter. Open at random. "ENTHUSE. An annoying verb growing out of the noun 'enthusiasm'. Not recommended." Well, fuck Strunk and White. The entry just above Enthuse is "ENORMITY. Use only in the sense 'monstrous wickedness.' Misleading, if not wrong, when used to express bigness." That's strange; the dictionary at hand says that enormity means "1: great wickedness 2: an outrageous act 3. huge size". Who the hell are Strunk and White? They seem to be promulgating an enormous amount of questionable dogma. I am not enthused. Listen to the sound of this slim volume as it hits the wastebasket.

Former Flappan Mike Horvat was big on NAPA (the original, and mundane, apa). He could probably bring you up-to-date and satisfy your curiosity as to the impact of desktop pubbing on this primarily letterpress group.

You say that most who oppose abortion favor capital punishment, and vice versa. I'm in favor of both. I don't believe that a person is a person until they're born, and that any argument otherwise devolves into the religious (and you know what I think of the religious...). I also believe that we're wasting money and much-needed prison room by housing convicted murderers for the rest of their lives. But I think you're right that most people favor one and oppose the other, and I don't understand the dichotomy either. By the way, what are your opinions? (Not that it matters a damn to anyone in authority what either of our opinions are, but now you've got me curious...)

I also think you're right in your challenge to Marty to back up his comment that "Most people who oppose graphic sex in movies also oppose graphic violence in movies." I don't tend to believe it, either. I also don't agree personally. Personally I don't oppose either if it somehow fits in with the movie instead of being shoehorned in. I balk at axe murders and slasher films and dead teenager drudgeries, but graphic violence in films can be really entertaining at certain levels (Carpenter's THE THING, Garfield's DEATH WISH). Graphic sex is more often boring when intrusive, but it can be grittily effective (ANGEL HEART) or even delightfully appropriate (NAME OF THE ROSE). Everything has its place, and everything can be out of place. And we don't all look at it the same. Which is probably why there are so many different types of movies... (including one of your all time favorites, GREASER'S PALACE, where the antagonist's motivations were based on his inability to take a shit...) HHOK.... (But you did loan it to me...)

I have much sympathy with your comments on subscribers to the basic beliefs of Christianity. Jesus had a lot to say and a philosophy that made a lot of sense. If he came back I'm sure the scenario would be much like Robin William's skit on "Jerry Falwell being confronted by the Second Coming"....

We knew that Mike and Doris were on the rocks before their visit to Cinsanity. Their visit was originally cancelled on account of that, but Al &/or Lyn talked them into taking a break and coming down anyway. No reason to fuck up a good trip so long as they planned on living together until separate residences were arrangeable anyway. So, and

having reread what I wrote after their visit (and the visit was enjoyable), I don't understand your comment that "I'll bet you grimaced slightly, if you went back and read your comment about Mike & Doris... after their visit. But who's to know...? If there has been any change in my fannish writing over the past several years, it has been that I've become a lot more circumspect in committing speculation about fannish relationships (mine included) to print." Huh?

Well, I realize that I irked you when I referred to a local femmefan as "a former girlfriend of Bill's". That became obvious by your reaction. I shit you about it a little and then we laughed it off. In my own defense (because, like everyone, I am a Stupid Person about many things; and wondered if this was one of them) I made a few inquiries. Turned out that there are several local fans, or at least all those I made inquiry to, who are Stupid People. That, or we're ignorant in the way we form some opinions. Obviously I was wrong. That's not in question. Obviously I'm sorry that you were irked; that's not in question either. Well, hell, I fucked up. Somehow... And, though it took a while, I don't think it's in question that we became friends. Shitting each other is a way of life, but if one of us irks the other it's alright ("Properly written as two words—all right." -- Strunk and White, THE ELEMENTS OF STYLE. Back in the wastebasket; plunk) for the injured party to thwap the other one on top of the head with a rolled-up fanzine.

As I suggested, seeing as you hate answering machines so much, what you should do when you encounter one is wait for the beep and then holler "BOWERS!" at the top of your voice. This will prompt everyone to understand your peevishness and to return your call at the earliest possible moment. Much more satisfying than hanging up and being lumped together with all the other salesmen and polltakers and missionaries and pitchmen for the underprivileged.

THE HOLLOW-POINT H-BOMB (DEAN GRENNELL)

What? You don't read BLOOM COUNTY, one of the three best comic strips of the last two decades? Bend over.

FOR BETTER OR WORSE is a strip that I either like or dislike, with seldom an inbetween opinion. I like it when it reflects the realities of day-to-day living between adults and between adults and children. I dislike it when it reflects the realities of day-to-day living between adults and children where the adults let the children get away with murder. Makes my teeth grind.

If you want a VHS copy of CAT BALLOU, drop me a postcard or a mailing comment. I'll get you that and a few other snippets of things that might tickle your fancy, including bits of a few people you know either in-person or in-print or both.

WHIMQUIRK (AL CURRY)

You mention the Wide Open Four Way between you & I & Mike Glicksohn & Paul Skelton. Like you I would be "somewhat loathe to be the one who breaks the circuit of this particular chain letter". It worked out well for people who were writing to each other anyway, which was and is about the only way most of us would keep in touch. If you or I were to leave ChoiceCare, or CC were to leave us..., doubtless we'd have more to communicate via the W04W.

Will second the recommendation on BARFLY. It was excellent. Was talking with the local video rental store owner about it. He loved it, but it seems that few rent it and those who do don't appear to like it. Doesn't surprise me that there's no mass appeal here.

~~Most people have no taste.~~

NO FAULT EARTHQUAKE INSURANCE (MARTY HELGESEN)

Don't let it surprise you that Darth Vader was done in the first issue of CAPTAIN FUTURE. STAR WARS was done in John Wayne's THE SEARCHERS. Doubtless there are even earlier versions of the same plot and the characters.

Roy said "The reason Rome wouldn't tolerate Christians is because the Christians refused to tolerate any other religion", and you responded, in part: "No, it was because

Christians wouldn't accept other religions as also true and 'equally valid'." I don't see that you're saying anything different. I think it's just that his wording isn't quite what you would require. The problem with so many, not quite all, Christian sects today -- as always -- is that theirs is the only true way and everyone else will go to hell in a handbasket. I consider the whole subject to be a very sad one.

Neither you nor Gary have "mentioned direct evidence from laboratory experiments showing that tobacco smoke causes cancer." There is no such direct evidence. There is only statistical inference. Please stop making this up. "Certainly it would be very useful to know why some people who smoke get cancer, heart disease, emphysema, etc. and others do not". Certainly it would be very useful to know why people who don't smoke get cancer and heart disease and emphysema and etc., and many smokers do not. It would be useful if a smoker who dies of emphysema isn't presumed to have died from smoking, while a non-smoker who dies of emphysema is presumed to have contracted it from some unknown source.

WHISTLE POST (JODIE OFFUTT)

Top favorite authors besides Jack Finney? Kurt Vonnegut, Joseph Wambaugh, Fredric Brown, Eric Frank Russell, Robert Sheckley, Wyman Guin, Chad Oliver, Wilson Tucker, T.L. Sherred, Arthur C. Clarke, Stephen King, Edward Whittemore, William Goldman, Gregory McDonald, Donald E. Westlake, John D. MacDonald, Jack Vance, Ross MacDonald, Harry Kemelman, Robert B. Parker, Richard Matheson, Carl Sagan, Dave Barry, Brian Garfield, Daniel Keyes, just to throw out a few from my Books Read Since 200 B.C. list. Six of those are deceased, some of the others aren't writing any more or aren't writing much any more, and only Wambaugh has never written a clunker. Others are good for what they do best or for specific types of things (Bob Shaw is a very excellent short-story writer; Lloyd Biggle did one excellent novel -- MONUMENT -- and many excellent short stories and novelets; and so on).

I think I've written a fair amount about having "lived pretty much in the hospital" as a kid, but then again maybe not. Maybe it just seems that way. I attended very little school until the fifth grade. Before that I was mostly tutored, in the hospital, by my mother. Rheumatic heart, plus the unerring ability to catch every disease that came down the pike and, probably in oneupsmanship, to catch it worse than anyone else (for example, I had measles on the inside, was misdiagnosed, and damn near died). A move from the city to the country was either reason for or coincidental to a rapid change from sickly little shit to strongest sumbitch in the class, which only created other problems in a different direction. Overall, though, I didn't enjoy childhood until I was free to be with others my own age. I had troubles adjusting to that, because before then I had mostly been around adults, but I adjusted quickly enough after a whirlwind trial-and-error period.

Don't agree. "When you consider that touch typing was developed for secretaries who always typed from something, it's no wonder that touch typists are slower when typing from scratch." I type 86 wpm when typing from something. When typing from scratch I type slower because I can't think copy as quickly as a can type copy. When an entire line or three comes to mind I can often exceed the 'memory' capacity of this electronic typer, which is somewhere in excess of following someone who can type 100 wpm.

Good to see you at Midwestcon. Sorry about dinner. Yes, we should have been in contact and met somewhere. I won't sit around all weekend in 100+° temperature, but I will drive from airconditioning in a/c to a/c and happily spend much time with such enjoyable people as you and whatshisface. Remember this: next year, Red Lobster. You and Jackie can order from the dinner menu. Andy and I will order from the hors d'oeuvre menu. We will all order from the bar. We will spend much time there.

NO THEORY! FACTS!! (D. GARY GRADY)

What I want to know is what your brother Mark said to the station announcer, whether he still holds his job as air-traffic reporter in Raleigh, and whether the station announcer still has his front teeth.

Blind dates are obviously more interesting these days than they were in the 50s and 60s. Back then you actually said something. Now you hand over your AIDS test results...

Oops, the deadline is looming right up in front of me, and this is my last sit-down session at the typewriter. Crunch time.

You lived a year in Iceland. Is it true what I've heard that, in terms of how other people see Icelanders, they're rude as hell?

Movies: "purist that I am, I watch with the color turned off". Makes perfect sense. What I don't understand is the foofaraw about colorization. I've heard all the arguments. I still say it's real easy to turn the color off.

At ChoiceCare you need a referral from your primary doctor to see a specialist. Office visits are \$5, hospitalization is free, and we cover physicals and eye exams and hearing tests and infertility services. Some particular services require a higher copayment (like allergy testing & treatment is 50% but going down to 20% at the beginning of 1988), and some transplants are \$5,000, but the things most people encounter are \$5 or free.

I see your point about the value of a fan directory. When I came back in '68 from a one-year nine-month gafiation I just wrote Buck Coulson and David Hulan. Buck responded right away. David responded when my letter made it through umpteen address changes. From there it was easy to reconnect. What I don't understand (could probably fill the Library of Congress, and so far there are two things right on this very page) is how you obtained a fan directory after coming back from your gafiation.

No sweat on the smoking issue. I don't take it personally, but I don't enjoy talking about it all that much, either. I'm pretty well-read on the topic, enough so that I'm reasonably knowledgeable of the fine line between what it is that we don't know and what it is that we would like the public to presume we know. I've learned over and over that discussing the topic with a non-smoker is like talking to a wall. What I toss out as thought-provoking (authoritative quotes, larger studies that contradict more oftenly quoted smaller studies, etc.) doesn't provoke anything except a rehash of A.M.A. or Koop dogmatism. Most people aren't well-read on the subject, everything or virtually everything they've heard on the subject is Official-Proclamation type stuff, and so it's not too surprising that their opinions are formed on the weight of all that, and that they argue from the thrust of it. But, no, on a one-on-one level of smoker and non-smoker, I have no disagreement with you. Provided, however, that you don't sit in the smoking section and then bitch when I'm at the next table and "fire up"... (My response to people who do that, and there are people who do that, is "move, asswipe; you're in the smoking section". But then, I'm subtle.)

Thanx. Got SQUAD HELPS DOG BITE VICTIM. Have both volumes now. Wonderful stuff.

Good extrapolation on the ZIP + 4 concept of a unique modifier. Nine digits is what we have in a Social Security number, which is sufficient to identify anyone in the U.S. (except for the short period in which the Gummint folks fucked up and were issuing duplicate numbers, which now requires Special Handling by the S.S. folk and by anyone who uses S.S. numbers for identification purposes (like the company where I work). Phone call:

"000000003 is not my Social Security number. I want a new card immediately, with my correct number!" "I understand, sir, but that's not possible. John Doe, right here in Cincinnati just a couple of miles from you, has the same Social Security number and he was a ChoiceCare member first. Unfortunately our computer system requires a unique number for each Subscriber, and---" "What do you mean he has the same number---" And so on.

Ah, the RICO Act... ChoiceCare, where I work, lost a lawsuit on that. Treble damages...

Feeling lustful. Aha!, you've committed sinful acts with Jane Seymour and Diana Rigg, too. And all the time you looked like nothing more than a sedate couch potatoe. How do we get away with this, or will it catch up with us in Hell? More to the point, will Jane Seymour and Diana Rigg catch up with us in Hell, and will we all look like we did ten or fifteen years ago? Hold on, I'm feeling sinful again.

For my last sit-down session at the typer, I'm not crunching all that well so far. So, in a heroic effort, consider this shortened by four pages by not commenting further on

anything you've said to Marty.

Rubber dams. You're slowing me down. Took five minutes to regain my composure, after which I took my tee-shirt which reads "Wild Beard Rides -- 50¢" and threw it in the laundry basket.

We have a checking account that pays us instead of us paying them. I've talked to Al about it. He has other reasons for not getting in on something like that. I'm not sure, but I think he may have A Past. He maintains a low profile. When I go out to lunch with him and someone I don't know comes up to tell him "howdy", I duck under the table until I hear pleasantries.

You asshole... "I really don't see anything wrong with your taping off the air or lending a tape of a program to someone. What I thought you were offering was to give me a tape of the program to keep. I realize I'm making a fine distinction, here, but that's how we fanatics operate." If anyone were to make an offer to provide a vhs copy for more than the cost of the blank tape provided, haul their ass into court. Otherwise, you're talking no-profit interaction between friends and good acquaintances (and still a loss, because the cost of the tape excludes the cost of the time and electricity and wear-&-tear on machinery that's involved). "And don't get me wrong, I do appreciate the offer. Sorry if I sounded even more obnoxious than usual." Obnoxious, never. Misguided and fucked up, almost certainly...

Seriously, if one or the other of us offers you a copy of something that you've been looking for but haven't been able to obtain through other channels, neither of us feel that we're ripping anybody off by providing you a gratis copy as a gift. (If there is indeed something wrong with that, please do me a personal favor and refrain from quoting Koop on the subject...)

Scratch two pages in responding to your comments to Jackie about the smoking issue (damn, so many hooks, so little time...).

The scientific establishment, per se, isn't dogmatic. That portion of the scientific establishment which chooses to interface with the media (newspapers, school textbooks, etc.) is dogmatic to an extreme, and then is represented as being even more dogmatic than it really is. Don't blame the public for mistrust of what they "learn" when every new theory is presented in the most dogmatic way possible. Well, go ahead, blame them: they don't read source material.

Measure impairment. Agree totally. Any other method is subject to too much error and has relatively little meaning. This whole drug testing issue is fucked.

Loved "Lines From The Slushpile". And, of course, "The Lower Case" (even better than usual).

FENRIS (DAVID HULAN)

"If you think you should never have joined the business world in the first place, what would you have done, if you had it to do over again?" As you tell me I have to avoid a choice of being born to vast inherited wealth, I would retroactively choose a career which begins with math. I was great at it (aced the NY state Regents exam in algebra), I was great at it early (I can remember my father and I spending two or three hours in an evening working out an algebra or geometry problem when I was 8 or 9 years old and the rest of my classmates were still stumbling on long division). From there I should have gotten in on the ground floor in computers, because I (IMHO) think more logically and in more detail than any programmer I've ever known (presently, at work, I debug ^{new} programs because I have more "user" knowledge than people who use these programs on a daily basis). And I would be happier working on a math or computer or (new wrinkle) astronomy project than diddling around with office politics. I have a pragmatic attitude which is innate, and which would be very valuable if combined with a technical expertise in math or computer science.

You're behind the times. There is a tennis-like game where the point is over when the ball hits the ground twice on the same side of the net... (Damned if I can think of the name.)

Actually, the name is Tennis. But, no, I mean an enclosed, wall-rebounding name like you describe, Platform tennis? I dunno. But it exists. (Probably Racquetball qualifies.)

I ferget how Carlin suggested enlivening tennis, but I believe he did have a suggestion. The problem is that, if I look it up on videotape, at 10:26 pm prior to the deadline, I'm sunk...

Yes, my Duarte, Califunny neighbor who was anti-Semitic was the one who shot himself. The bullet deflected downward from his gut, bounced off a bone, and lodged in his ~~bone~~ penis between his inner and outer layer of skin. Didn't get much sympathy from hospital personnel, who would look in his room, cover their mouths, go "whoop...", and move on down the hall. He died several years ago from alcohol and drug abuse combined. His wife and children are now enjoying a better life, I hear. My son, Brian, is still in touch with them.

Oh, yeah, I remember the party with Tina's "secretarial" typer without labels on the keys. You were there. It was obvious that you could master the situation, but that you didn't like it...

Ah, yes, I remember Etola. Great line to Kathy. The Bea Arthur of her family...

Yes, yes, we know you're baiting us on tennis. But we can't help it if you have no taste in appreciating (generally) non-violent sports where one-on-one skill is highlighted. It's your loss. Dimwit.

The lowest circle of Dante's Hell is a place of ice, not fire? Really? I'm familiar with it in a context where I haven't read it, which means I don't know shit about it, and this surprises me. I wonder if Niven and Pournelle know this...?

You guys gave up alcohol as part of your diet? Fanatics!

But ... think about it ... if we give up pennies then sales tax will always be at least a nickle.

Your position on not doing mailing comments to Marty is understandable, forthright, and honest. I understand completely where you're 'coming from' and I can't fault you a bit. I will say that he strikes me just a tad differently. I like and enjoy Marty for what he says when he isn't on a soapbox, and when he is it's my own fault if I aggravate matters by saying something back to him. Which I often do, in a manner which varies with my reaction to what it is he's saying. I'm a lot at fault for this whole business. What is it that I understand is that Marty will always react, and I can't hold him at fault for that. But, then, I can't hold myself at fault for responding on occasion, and that only feeds the issue. But I am at fault for feeding the issue. But I'll probably do it anyway. If I didn't, and no one else did, Marty would always be an enjoyable fannish commodity. On the other hand, it might be a part of his nature that he'd be bored to tears if no one discussed/argued/challenged/potshot him on the subject of religion, but I don't read that as a part of his nature. I just think that he has to respond. Given nothing to respond to, in the regard we're talking about, I think you'd find him as captivating as I presently do. Just a rumble. Not meant to insult either you or Marty.

Esoteric. THE BOOK OF QUESTIONS. #1: I already did that. #2: There isn't anything; I would just repeat. #3: I have assisted in cleaning and curing the meat from a deer, and yes I eat meat. Would I be willing to go to a slaughterhouse and kill a cow? If that were the only way I could get meat, damn straight. And certainly it would be easier than dealing with the cleaning and curing...

Loved "The World's Simplest Quiz". Great stuff.

fan ordinaire (Lon Atkins)

It was great having you out here, seeing you again after eight years, and reading your anticipated and libelous trip report. I regret that we couldn't have spent at least the weekend in an attempt to remove you from the dictionary as "Jetlag: syn. Lon Atkins".

If you ever have occasion to visit the local office again, oh Guru of Marketing, hopefully you will have enough tenure that extra time to Square Them Away will be easy to arrange. Beyond that, you will be able to schedule enough extra padded time that we can have at least a proper weekend to do the town up brown. And, this time, bring Julie.

KENNING (JACKIE CAUSGROVE)

I just realized I fucked up my margins on two previous pages. Got them wrong-way-to. Well, hell.

I dunno that THE PRINCESS BRIDE "flopped". As I heard it, it made money, and was even successful. I still look forward to getting a good copy of it. (...) (Esoteric reference #2...)

Definitely we have a disagreement on the Goetz case. I would have done what he did, but I wouldn't have fantasized about it in his hyperactive and taped confession. There was a recent PBS presentation of the whole affair based on recorded/transcribed dialog. Fascinating. Moved me further on Goetz's side than I had already been based on newspaper/magazine/television accounts. What Goetz did was to stop, suddenly and violently, slimeballs who were on his case and about to bop him on the head. Their career before and after shows that, and eyewitness testimony shows it. I don't have a sympathy in the world for those he shot. All my sympathy is with Goetz, because I understand the position he was in and because he wasn't one iota wrong in assessing the situation. If it had been me, they'd all be dead; I'm a better shot...

Okay, when I say that doing a cover by hand instead of by computer, I should say that you could have created 3 or 4 or 5 or 10 better covers, instead of just one better one. But it was an interesting experiment.

Ah, dear, I show you proof of what cons we attended and when, and then you go and doubt the records and forget the nature of the proof. The nature of the proof was to show you copies of my fanzines and copies of my letters, just shortly before and after each of the conventions in question, which noted that we were going/we had been to the convention in question. Cast doubt on my "record-keeping" if you will, but believe it if I can back up the record-keeping with dated correspondence and fanzines which document the encounter in question. ~~And don't you ever question me again!~~

Just read your comment to Lon about his visit and it's the same thing I just said here. Different words, but the same thing. Well, it must be right then. No two ways about it.

Yes, David was in FLAP when Langford was here. David is a charter member. Langford was here for mailings #9 through #25... (Hi, dear...)

COUNTRY ROADS (JONI STOPA)

Hi, Sweetie. Good to see you again at Midwestcon. We spent about as much time together as I was there, but we didn't spend enough time together. My fault. I was pissed at the con being held where it was. A strange philosophy, I know, but I don't believe a fan should have to sweat off ten pounds an hour just for the privilege of attending a convention. But, never mind, I've already beat on this subject too much this mailing. Among my regrets are not spending enough time with you and with Jon. Among my pleasures are having spent most of the time I had with you and/or with Jon. Christ knows where Midwestcon will be next year (St. Louis, maybe, if left up to Bill Cavin), but how about you and Jon and Andy and Jodie and Jackie and I plan on one away-from-the-hotel dinner function next time no matter where Midwestcon is scheduled. Over the next year we can argue preference as to what type of restaurant we go to. Four of us already like Red Lobster. Either of you can't live with that? We've got time to talk about it...

Enjoyed what you and Jon wrote, but it's mostly outside my experience and I have no comment. Isn't that a bitch? Life is a bite. Write something interesting and unique, and no one comments. What the hell would they have to say? ("Cancel my subscription; they don't relate?") I enjoyed it. RAEBNC, as they say in Kansas, Tojo.