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SLOW DJINN #73 FLAP #73
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Simple, tasteful, without colophon, and amusing in its presumption. Slow Djinn. Have some.

It was good to see a few of you at Octocon a few weeks ago. Quite decent weather we lined up for that weekend, don't you think? Calling this party a convention was stretching things a bit. A LASFS meeting is bigger, and a Petard Meeting was often enough almost as large. And only LASFS had a program. Octocon in the Harley Hotel, though, made it seem like there were only a half-dozen fans around at any one time. At least, within line of sight. Made the affair seem smaller than it actually was. I seem to remember having a good time. I even remember a heavyweight bet of one whole dollar on a Hollyfield/Tyson fight that may or may not take place. I also think I agreed to help Bowers on some damn convention he'll likely be telling you about. If I've forgotten anything of critical importance I can probably read about it in the subpoena.

A lot of memorable things, actually, but I'll remember this as the con where Glicksohn introduced Al Curry and I to the writing of Carl Hiaasen. SKIN TIGHT was the volume he had purchased for us. I went apeshit over this book and promptly bought his other two novels. Black humor crime novels set in the Travis McGee back yard. Characters and situations that you'll not be able to forget, wicked laugh-out-loud observations and scenarios, a good tight story that you'll never second-guess. Gourmet popcorn; the best I've found so far in the mystery field (and I like Willeford, Westlake, Gores, Grafton, Paretski, Brown, Parker, anybody named Mac-or-McDonald, and Boyer, to name a few off the top). Unreservedly recommended. I'd bet money, for example, that Arthur and D. Gary would be rolling around the floor pissing themselves at SKIN TIGHT. Maybe as much as a quarter.

Life continues without abatement but so, unfortunately, do mailing comments. Well, let's roll up our sleeves and try to do something about that. Let's throw some mailing comments at them.

BILL BOWERS

Before I reluctantly agree to any more of your silly-assed projects, like column installments and booking hotels, I need to know if L___ left you with any more of those fanzines I published in the early '60s. If you had any left, I would hope that for whatever perverse or ignorant purpose she managed to abscond with them. Perhaps one day she would donate them to the research section of the Cincinnati Public Library, where they would be safe from prying eyes altogether.

Buck Coulson: "one nice thing about fandom is that the fanzine editor is in complete charge of his own publications, and in the long run, outside opinions mean nothing at all." Except in the lettercol, where they serve to amuse other readers or at least the editor.

It doesn't matter to me whether you do OUTWORLDS or that silly-titled fanzine about fanzines. I'll probably be able to read it and to find something to write for it, as will most everyone else. Stop agonizing. The Big Secret to Having Fun With Your Fanzine is to do whatever you want with it, issue by issue. You just carry that one step further, by

predicting one thing and delivering another. Whatever your next zine is going to be, it isn't as advertised, and in itself that isn't either good or bad. Just different. Are there shadow issues, fractional issues, inbetween those that we see? Was I in any of them?

All right, what is this crap about your insulting D. Gary by telling him his appearance was similar to mine? You know, I don't even know him and I'm as insulted as he is. Bill, for a fanzine editor, you've got to be more circumspect...

I guess that when you're bedevilled by the piquant choices before you, it's a good sign that life is interesting and consternating. Good luck with it, my friend, and stay away from crazy women. Or, at the very least, don't get infected.

ROY TACKETT

Political: I'm a radical middle of the roader. Ethnic background: I'm a mutt. Heinz 57. An alley cat. English, Irish, Scotch, Dutch, and American Indian. Yes, "American" is the best answer to the ethnic background question. Glad to hear the pollster was getting that answer a lot. It's a step up. I'd like to hear Earthling or Terran for a while,

as an answer to that question, until a new encounter allows us to reach even beyond that.

"silly surveys". This is the Silly Season right now, I can sense it. All over, things are getting a bit more out of control than usual. It's a seasonal thing, Cyril told us.

Cyril Kornbluth did a lot of good things, but I'll probably remember him best for what he once said to his friend Fred Pohl -- and I quasi-quote from memory -- "Fred, everyone does it, but you have to marry them." Fred is the Mickey Rooney or Zsa Zsa of skiffy.

"I am happy to know the OEs is Democrat." Well, despite that, we're actually Independent. Or, at least, I am. I would rather jump through a burning ring of fire than be ideologically identified with either party, though if forced to choose I would claim to be Democrat. Actually, whatever I am, is me. Depending on where I live, others judge me conservative or liberal. Here, in Cinsanity, I'm judged a Flaming Liberal.

I formally apologize for confusing your green and Suzi's pink apazine insofar as the appearance of issue number either 69 or 96. This is called a Mento. Perhaps a Freudian Mento. And, now that Suzi is married, I wonder if all this typewritten fun will continue without abatement. [Hey, Suz, does he write?]

FLAP. FLAPpans. Flep. You might have something there. I like Flep better than FLAPpans. All right (or, to Jodie, alright), I like Flep better. You have added to our lexicon. Actually, you have just replaced the only word we had in there. Way to go. Now, come up with a word to define or encapture that feeling at deadline time when you realize the postman will next be at your home some two hours after the next bimonthly deadline.

Eastern standard time vs. daylight savings time. For the life of me I don't understand this construction or buy any of the ridiculous rationales for it. One of the big jokes on the American populace. Spring forward and Fall backward. Hahahahahaha. Does someone in here have a reasonable apologia for this errant behavior?

Silverton, Ohio has its (mostly) own post office, and takes one percent of your income for the privilege of living here (and has no reciprocal tax agreement with Cincinnati). It's an incorporated city. As the 452-- ZIPs are Cinsanity, whether applied to incorporated cities or not, some say they live in Cincy, some say they live in one of its burbs, and some figure they're at least paying for the privilege of not living in Cincinnati... I don't care. Except for the fact that Silverton is the most successfully integrated community in the Cinti area, it doesn't have a great number of other things going for it. But, unless I were moving out of southwestern Ohio altogether, Silverton is a pretty decent place to live.

DEAN GRENNELL

Yeah, yeah, I like the Beefamato. Sort of, if you think in terms of juices, in the V8 family. I also really like the Clamato -- clam and tomato, almost obviously -- which is a sister product. They got body. The Clamato makes a great Bloody Caesar.

Tip: Instead of beef broth or beef boullion, use Minors Beef Base. Comes refrigerated, looking like hard, wet earth. Many uses for this, including the imparting of its true roast beef flavor to cheaper cuts of meat like hamburger or anything on up, or to flavor noodles or rice, or as a wonderful au jus when you've stopped at the deli to pick up roast beef and french or italian bread. For the true Salt Freak who occasionally likes a cup of hot beef boullion just to get the salivary glands whipped into a frenzy, this is as far as you can go in being gourmet about it.

Minors also carries bases in chicken, mushroom, onion, ham, pork, veal, lamb, turkey, clam, lobster, shrimp, fish, crab, scallop, garlic [lovely!].

You can't smoke in the house? I'm sure there must be a real health reason for that; such things occasionally exist, actually with even slightly more frequency than allergic reactions to goldfish, and I am extremely sorry that, from each end, the both of you have encountered it. No, I'm not being sarcastic. It is rare, but it exists, just as allergic reactions to most anything exist. Primarily though, it is social these days. But then, I know you simply wouldn't put up with it if it were only that. So I really do extend my regrets to the both of you.

And it's nice to have an aggressively affectionate cat to attack you when you hit the porch for a nicotine fix. Cats can be a soothing balm and are to be cherished for it (what other earthly purpose do they serve?). Certainly they beat clock towers and deer rifles.

DAVID & MARCIA HULAN

Nice trip report guys. Very enjoyable. Now, we can get back to the humongus trip reports of old thru the simple means of a palmtop or notebook or even laptop computer. Well, maybe not worth it if all you're going to use one for is setting up trip reports. I mean, what with you folks being rich, it's probably a better writeoff to hire that stenographer to take down throwaway comments and fetch coffee. I want to apply for your next vacation. I don't take shorthand or do stenography, but I can type 86 wpm and I just bought a laptop...

I have never cared for Peter O'Toole as an actor, though he certainly appears to be a fine fellow to have a drink with. As an actor, I always see him as himself and never as the character he's supposed to portray. Diana Rigg, on the other hand ... well ... Even today she's still one of my guilty pleasures to look at. And she's even an excellent actress...

Damn, I really miss having you two in reasonable proximity. Two years since last time? Bad news.

Moving right along to page 3, we'll test out the new word processing unit. What I've got here is a Smith Corona PWP85DLT personal word processor which consists of a laptop and a daisywheel printer, plus two battery packs which I haven't gotten around to playing with yet. I've gone through the tutorial and read the manual, but this will be the first document created. I don't feel ambitious enough to stick with the two-column micron format, though that can be done here, so I'll go with something much simpler.

Wasn't going to get this unit at first. Well, actually I was, and then I wasn't, and then I was. You see. Perhaps you don't. Onward now with the mailing comments.

BOB TUCKER

NORTHERN EXPOSURE was excellent last season, though I didn't catch them all and missed the episode you mention. This season I've enjoyed one out of the first three shows and found the other two more than merely weak. Well, can but cross the fingers.

Do you mean to say that the editors at BIBLICAL ARCHEOLOGY REVIEW would deliberately jape us about discovering Hell beneath Siberia? Hard to believe, you know? I mean, it's so damn cold on top of it.

The shotgun as fertility symbol or religious offering might be workable if we play with the language a little. It all depends on whether you're giving instructions to someone or sending them somewhere.

DAVE ROWE

There are a few vegetables I'm not too wild about having in surplus, but I don't think it would be possible to have too many tomatoes (though, certainly, you almost convinced me by the time your list devolved to "honey toasted tomato puffs"). Give me a salt shaker and a bushel basket of tomatoes and I can be a happy man.

I'm not going to joke here. DANCES WITH WOLVES contained a lot of styrofoam buffalo standing around with the real ones on those plains. No, I didn't spot it. Heard about it from several different sources. Certainly did reinforce my opinion that Costner should have passed out postcards in the theater lobbies, and trimmed by an hour all those wonderful shots of buffalo standing around. Styrofoam buffalo standing around. I presume the real ones were the ones that moved.

The reason Carolyn liked my Dave Barry reprint about London and you didn't is because he wrote it for Americans and not for Brits. Plus she has a better sense of humor than you do. Damn, this word processor doesn't have crossouts... You'd probably like the riff he did on New York City a whole bunch better (and it appears to have been the one which landed him the Pulitzer).

LON ATKINS

"We ought to get these dudes into the apa, Locke." We welcome suggestions from anyone in the apa as to potential new members. Except, as of now, from you...

Certainly, you do listen to some weird radio programs.

MARTY HELGESEN

Giant poodle, indeed...

Yes, and have you ever heard anyone say: "Just remember: no matter where you go, there you are"?

DAVE WIXON

Roy does other unusual things besides wearing a lime-green felt cowboy hat. Was he smoking colored cigarettes, too, when you saw him?

"It's turtles all the way down!" Down implies direction, which would tend to indicate that somewhere there's a turtle standing on the bottom. Perhaps on the bottom of another turtle...

DANNY MACCALLUM

Wow, PRISONER esotericism...

Congratulations on your own little population explosion out there.

JODIE OFFUTT

Freshman comp 101 and yoga. Congrats on the Master's. Presume that was in English and not Yoga, right? Hey, just kidding. Tell me more about the yoga; I know you've known that for years, as you gave me some advice on it back about a decade ago.

BRUCE ARTHURS

Sounds like a busy life for you out there, BeeDee, but definitely more pleasant than before. Congrats on all the good stuff, and python the bad.

Maybe you don't wanna talk on the subject, but I'm curious as to what the postal employee scuttlebutt is on the recent spate of distressed workers. It certainly sounds as though something has broken loose all of a sudden and begun an avalanche.

SUZI STEFL

Enjoyed the pictures, and it sounds like you did the wedding day up brown.

Now, does this guy write? Does he plan to do conventions? Can he swim the backstroke or ride a unicycle? Well, just curious.

Look forward to seeing you guys down this way, perhaps at Midwestcon or Ditto.

ERIC LINDSAY

You have a burgundy velvet suit? You should get together with HORT the next time he plans to wear his lime green felt cowboy hat. The two of you could be cast in a sequel to KILLER KLOWNS FROM OUTER SPACE.

Actually, I have a burgundy velvet suit, too... And a salt & pepper alpine hat. And a teeshirt that reads "Wild Beard Rides: 50¢". We could all be in the movie.

Interesting comment to Roy about computer networks, that a certain amount of what would have been fannish activity now goes into the nets. A lot of fans have moved all or some of their activities into networks. You might think, simply because most all of us are skiffy fans, that we would choose the latest tools and the latest usages. We're now old enough, however, to have groups nostalgic for things like mimeo and ditto. The "forward thinking" factor doesn't apply. (Don't ask me if it ever did.)

Well, that seems like enough. More later. In about two months, actually. It's November 24th. Happy holidays all around, and may the rest of 1991 be good to everyone. Or, if not good, reasonable.