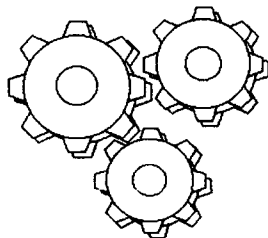


Slow Djinn



Dave Locke
6828 Alpine Avenue #4
Silverton, Ohio 45236
513/984-1447

This is SLOW DJINN, version 79.5, coming right at you from out of time (the end of November) and space (what little there is in this apartment; most of it, at the moment, between me and Jackie's computer screen). This is Second Coming Pub #194.

It's the 28th & 29th of November (all at once; Saturdays & Sundays seem to rush at you as though they were one entity). There is snow outside these walls. A few weeks ago there was a tremendous windstorm which took the Autumn color from the trees and foofed it in the general direction of Florida. The next day it snowed. Around here, Winter didn't knock. It kicked the door down. I am convinced, based on all those places I've lived which have actually had a Winter, that whoever was charged with establishing a start date for the season overslept.

Healthwise I'm reasonably fine, though I'm now taking twice as much betablocker to keep my pulse rate below the exploding level. This does serve, sometimes, to make me feel like the turtle in the B.C. comic strip.

On the employment scene I still ain't got none, but that may have something to do with not looking yet. I tend to do this sort of thing when I'm between jobs; it serves as my real vacation. I look at it as taking my retirement as I go along; otherwise I might miss out altogether.

Had a spot of trouble with the word processor, and while the shop diddled around with it I decided to learn a little bit about Jackie's computer. Mostly I learned the games, but I can now do a mediocre job of fumphering my way around in Microsoft Publisher and Microsoft Works. The word processor is back, and I'm using it again, but I thought I'd play with the computer for an issue of SLOW DJINN. This is it.

Octocon/Ditto came and went, and I had a helluva good time. Got to see a lot of you again, though not nearly long enough. Very much enjoyed meeting Gary for the first time, and clearing out more space in our apartment by unloading a paper bag of Donald E. Westlake novels on him. He correctly guessed what was in

the bag; after recommending this author to me in the last mailing he was browsing older mailings when he discovered that I seemed to be mentioning Westlake in almost every issue of SLOW DJINN. In his chagrin I may not hear from him again for a while, but after the con I immediately sent away for adoption papers. I am convinced that Gary must be a long-lost son who I lost track of shortly after conception. Now I want him to start aiming for Midwestcon next year.

David and Marcia Hulan were at the con, and we managed to spend a lot of time together, mostly at local eateries or bookstores or standing on top of wooded hills looking down at scenery. We even spent some time at the convention... They don't need me to say that I certainly enjoyed seeing them again, but I just said it anyway. Now I've got to try and make good on that promise to get back to L.A. for another visit in the next year or two. Seems hard to believe it was '89 when I was there; feels like it was only a couple of months ago, and when I look back on it the residual parting blues are almost as strong as when I was on the plane for the return flight.

As part of a Ditto program item I spent an hour interviewing Mr. Tucker and taking a lot of abuse. Sam Long taped this and then gave me the microcassette. When I got home I discovered it wouldn't fit in my recorder, being just a scosh different in size. Two types of microcassettes. Isn't competing technology wonderful? Well, I'll hang onto the tape. One of these days I'll be able to play it (probably when we upgrade to a newer answering machine...).

Mr. Grennell. Hello there, pay attention now. After doing SLOW DJINN 79.0 I started dipping back into the remainder of my 16 tapes full of AVENGERS episodes, and discovered something your book must have missed. On at least two episodes, thus far, the introductory credits credit scene shows Macnee and then "Julie Stevens as Venus Smith", with Venus as Steed's partner. You want that tape? Speak quickly before I finish it and forget I offered...

For the record, because no one else will be interested, I've discovered a series of suspense

novels set in the tennis world. Jack Bickham is the author, and the titles are TIEBREAKER, DROPSHOT, OVERHEAD, and BREAKFAST AT WIMBLEDON. The lead character is Brad Smith, tennis player and sometimes reluctant CIA operative. The author is doing for pro tennis what Dick Francis and Stephen Dobyns have done for horse racing. The series has gotten a lot of good reviews, and I've just started BREAKFAST AT WIMBLEDON which is quite good so far. The story is of an IRA plot to use nerve gas to poison a stadium of people at Wimbledon...

My son and I share some of the same reading tastes, but by no means all. One of the series he has been trying to complete for a long, long time is the "Jake Logan" westerns. He found most of them, I found some (I haunt the used book stores anyway, so I always look), and at one point he was in correspondence with Bob Vardeman who has written one or more in the series under the Logan house-name. But there are a few gaps, and in the even that anyone here could possibly provide a lead, I'll list them.

ROUGH RIDER
SLOCUM AND THE MAD MAJOR
SLOCUM'S FLAG
SLOCUM'S GRAVE
SLOCUM'S REVENGE

Also series numbers 30, 42, 43, and 47, though some or all of these numbers may be for the titles listed here.

A book that I'm looking for is a Charles Willeford, which was published at least by Belmont, called THE MACHINE IN WARD ELEVEN.

If you find any of these, grab them for me and send them first class. I'll reimburse all expenses, or credit your FLAP account.

I mentioned computer games. Anyone else waste time on those? I have some definite addictive favorites. In descending order according to the degree they've hooked me: Hearts v1.2 (I'm registering this Shareware program and will get the update real soon now), Reversi (Othello), Checkers v1.1, Mastermind v1.1, Alien Force v1.0, and any Lemmings program. I finally broke away from TriPeaks after 1,001 games...

Now I'm sorry I didn't make a bet with Lynn Hickman when he said in his June '92 FLAPzine that "George will be our President again." I'll still bet with him if I ever get that time machine idea worked out.

Jackie is sitting here watching a tv program which currently shows a large turtle being poked in the snout with a stick. It was some bit on CNN. I wonder what that was all about?

Now CNN is telling about something that

looks like one of those round 'dot' band-aids, except here they call it a patch. People are sticking it on the foreheads of other people. If the little pad area in the center turns green, it means they've had too much to drink. What an idea. I wonder if we could develop it for other things? If it turns red it means the person is doing a slow burn. Blue means they're depressed. Purple means they're perplexed. Black means they're thinking evil thoughts. And so on. Paisley means they're an idiot.

Now CNN is informing us that the Elvis stamp is available only by mail order. I wonder, if you bought just one stamp would they put it on the outside of an empty envelope?

Just got a pulp-for-sale catalog from Ray Bowman in today's mail. It carries a column entitled The Pulp Forest, by "E.M. Cox". Say, Lynn, is EdCo trying to go anonymous on us?

Sat down a few weeks back and, owing articles to three people (well, four, actually, but two of them are a couple), I bashed out three articles. Haven't done that in a long time. Haven't had ideas enough for three articles in a long time. Usually I have trouble getting ideas for one article. Having enough for three, I didn't want to let them get away from me...

Well, now I'm going to get away from this. See you all in a couple of months. Well, those of you who show up.

