

Slow Djinn

#83



for FLAP '83
August 1993

This is Second Coming Pub #200. Obviously, another milestone... To hang around my neck. No, wait, that would be a millstone. This is a milestone.

Actually, I've done a lot more than 200 fanpubs. Second Coming Pub numbering began in 1968 when I got back in fandom after a 1 year 9 month gafiation. It doesn't include what I did from 1961-1966. What I did I mostly don't have, and with few exceptions I want to keep it that way.

Second Coming Pub #3, back in December of 1968 when I was two years younger than my son is now, was *Slow Djinn* #1. 25 years to do 83 of these. Prolific. *Slow Djinn* has been in Gestalt, FAPA, Stobcler, Apanage, and FLAP. My wandering apazine. It's been published in ditto, mimeo, xerox, and computer printer, and accounts for 41.5% of all Second Coming Pubs. My next longest-running title, *Pelf* [coedited with David Hulan], saw issue #14 in January of 1980. Third: *Awry*, a genzine from the early to mid 70s, which saw ten issues.

So, 200 pubs. Consisting of 20 genzines, 11 perzines, 26 oneshots, 4 Westercon progress reports and 1 program book, 1 collection of the fanwriting of Bob Tucker, and 137 apazines. Nowhere near the equal of some here in FLAP, but it looks like a bunch to me.

Second Coming Pub #1 was a oneshot entitled *A Short Title*, was cowritten with David Hulan in August of 1968 [it was already his Jotun Pub #243, and we'd both fallen into fandom in April of 1961!]. I was 24, and with a wife and a baby who had just turned 1 year old we had moved from Ballston Spa, NYok to Duarte, Californace early that month and were staying with David. The zine begins, right after the colophon, with David writing: "*It seems that Dave Locke has just gotten a job and rented an apartment of his own, and I Owe Pages in SFPA, so the combination of these two Glorious Occasions produced the typical faanish reaction - 'Let's Put Out A One-Shot!'*".

I guess if Lynn Hickman can reprint two 1957 con reports written by others then I can reprint a 1968 oneshot where a bit less than half of it is my own material, and the rest is by David. It was, after all, Second Coming Pub #1.

In rereading *A Short Title* for the first time in the 25 years since we wrote it, there were a few things I found interesting other than for the nostalgic value, the reminiscence, and the details and events that I'd forgotten. The first thing that struck me was that while these events go back a year longer than my age at the

time, those first 24 years took a lot longer than the subsequent 25. Subjectively, in comparison to the 24, the 25 feels more like, say, 10 or 12. The establishment of routines makes time pass more quickly, perhaps, but then again I remember last year's trip to Vermont and the '89 trip to Los Angeles, which were both without routines and which flew by on feet of mercury. I think the explanation for this bout of timebinding must include several periods where I laid in stasis.

The second thing that struck me was the difference in writing styles between then and now. David, who I believe was 31 at the time, and who I hope will forgive me for including him in this reminiscence, seems to have evolved far more in this regard than I. Perhaps the fact that he's now on Jotun Pub #750, which is 500 more than he had back then and 300 numbers more than I've done in the same period, might have something to do with it.

The third thing which struck me [as it has a number of times] was that, although David and I were friends before he put up with us up when we first moved to LA, we had never met. We had encountered each other almost since we both got into fandom in April of '61, and had corresponded, exchanged tapes, coedited a fanzine, and talked on the phone. It says something that neither of us thought too much about extending and accepting the offer to stay with him while we got our sea legs. I won't say "where else but in fandom?". This is best described, however, as rare. And, like many things that are rare, precious. I'm glad that Second Coming Pub #1 and Jotun Pub #243 were the same zine, because few other zines in the run of 200 would have brought back this level of fond memories upon opening the time capsule.

You'll find it after the mailing comments. And, following that, you'll find a xerox of *The 1992 Sickie Awards* from the January-February issue of *Health*.

All right, enough reminiscing about the milestone. Onwards, and upwards.

A few Saturday mornings ago [the other Saturday, in metric] I went out to the automatic teller for \$\$ and up to the supermarket for diet cola and plain sour creme cake donuts and a few other things. In the beverage aisle they had a few cartons stacked up, and on top of them was an opened bottle of vodka. Told them at the checkout that I'd always enjoyed their food demos ["here,

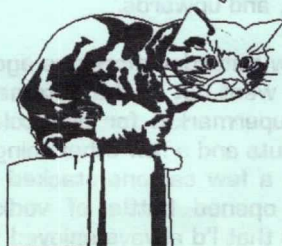
try this new pizza-sausage-fruit juice-whatever, if you like it, it's on sale today"], but that vodka at 7:00 a.m., even the watered-down 42 proof which is all they can sell outside a "State Store" here in Ohio, seemed a bit much even for an old ex-diehard like me. What amazed me more than the vodka was that they had known this for about two hours. A soda delivery man had told them about it an hour before their 6:00 a.m. opening, they said. One clerk said to the other: "I'll bet that will still be there when the manager gets in" and the other responded "maybe I should go take a look". It's hard to get good help nowadays.

As my birthday is the 5th of May and Jackie's is the 27th, sometimes we go out for dinner on both and sometimes we go out somewhere inbetween. This year, the latter. We hooked up with a non-fan skiffy friend of mine (not the same one Bill Bowers and I hooked up with when Bill got the free tickets for the sneak preview of King's *The Dark Half* which I wrote about last issue), and went to the local Imax theater for the last showing of *Antarctica*. Following that the three of us went to an excellent restaurant in Clifton which we hadn't even heard of before, called In The Woods (I'd have named it Inn The Woods, but maybe that's too cute), and I fully anticipate going back there the next time a good excuse presents itself. It was a very good evening for all three of us; in particular for the terminal idle chitchat in the restaurant.

The 27th was Jackie's birthday. She awoke to find, at her spot on the table, a cup of coffee, a lit candle, a card, a bag of her favorite dessert croissants [3 blueberry & cream cheese and 2 raspberry] from the French restaurant down the street, and a computer screen reading "Happy Birthday Jackie!" in a large Starburst typeface. Being a sensible person, she went for the coffee first. Had to steam her eyes open and get a kick-start before she could inspect the other stuff.

Heard a half Jewish/half Catholic comedian [has mixed emotions on Good Friday, he says] the other day who claims that Jewish cooking is the worst in the world. Told how one day he held up a piece of the cardboard his family substituted for bread and asked his mother "Ma, why do we eat this crap?!" She responded that it was what they ate when they were fleeing their enemies. He responded "Ma, it's been 5,000 years! Let the bread rise! We live in New Jersey; we're not going to have to part the Hudson River or anything to escape!".

All right, where's that Grady character? "Obnoxious cat ass", indeed. We are the Illuminati, and I'm gonna scratch him.



Mailing Comments on mailing #82

Me *Slow Djinn* #82

I'm still grumbling at the xeroxing job Staples did on the solid black areas in the logo. Well, close enough for fanpubbing.

A mental typo crept into my mailing comment to Roger. The tennis match between myself and my son, Brian, took place in August of 1992 and not in "89".

Arthur Hlavaty *California Crep* #13

Well, according to our unabridged monster, which lurks in the other room and has a shelf pretty much to itself so that we can open it without lifting it out, a couple means two. Except in informal approximations such as "I'll be there in a couple of days", where it might mean a little more or a little less. So, referring to "a three-person couple" may be adequately descriptive but also about as "careful and precise" as referring to, say, a five-person Hearts game or a 14-count dozen. Actually, I've always thought of one as one, two as a couple, and three or more as a few.

Any relationship is fine so long as everyone is happy with it. A happy 3-person relationship beats the usually unhappy 2-person relationship. If you lived with two Martians and a Dero, that's fine if everyone's happy.

Dick Lynch *alt.duelless*

Welcome, welcome. Glad to have you at the FLAP party. I see that Nicki will be coming along a little later in the mailing. The bar is over in the corner, and we always stock everything that you can find in your own home. Help yourself. Wander around and chat. Go ahead and introduce yourself to any typefaces you don't recognize.

"The Mach-Two Underwood." I like that. Right now I'm using Jackie's Mach-Two Woodstock, a 486-33 about which I've forgotten all other specifications because, basically, I don't care. [My old bromide: that's what we need around here is more apathy but, then, who cares?] And, yes, these things are indeed overkill for composing a fanzine, but she didn't get hers with that in mind, though obviously it gets used for apazines.

The computer networks. No thanks. On the one hand it sounds too much like ham radio where the buffs spend most of their time talking about the equipment, and on the other hand it sounds like something which I might find addictive. All I need is another hobby for carrying my attentions off to Xanadu. If I do adopt a new hobby it will have to be something along the lines of home auto repair...

"rec.collecting". Is this a user group for Alzheimer's patients?

Yes, *FLAPdoodle* is a title that has been considered and discarded by a number of members. All of them, so far, regained their senses before actually using it. Perhaps we should mention something about that in any future invitations...

"... this looks to be a good place to first-draft some things that may eventually be (revised and) reused." Yup, quite a number of us use it that way. Except for Bill Bowers, who uses it as a raw materials source for *Outworlds*...

Everyone watches MST 3K for the esoteric lampooning these bad movies receive. Without that, I wouldn't be watching 95% of that drivel. Otherwise, I'm

always on the lookout for 'good bad movies'. Like *Greaser's Palace*, *Creature From The Haunted Sea*, *The Little Shop Of Horrors*, *The Borrower*, *Killer Klowns From Outer Space*, *Godzilla vs. Megalon* [from Leonard Maltin's review: "... lots of unintended laughs. A hoho from Toho"], and a few dozen more.

D. Gary Grady *No Theory! Facts!! #30*

If you have Qbasic in DOS, then you have two games you didn't know you had. One is Gorilla and the other is Nibbles [a snake named Sammy that gets longer as you run it around gobbling things and avoiding obstacles]. And, there are two other programs in Qbasic.

I didn't do this as a wake-up trick, because it wouldn't wake me up, but for many years I would read Walter M. Miller's *A Canticle For Leibowitz* in bed. It was a substitute for sleeping pills. Instead of one or two pills I'd take one or two pages. Worked every time. I would read while lying on my side, with the book extending out over the edge of the bed. Finally the book disintegrated from hitting the deck so many times.

Kentuckyisms. Ayuh.

Further recollection discloses that I did indeed start to read *Lord Of The Rings* but gave it up because it was boring me. Nah, I don't want to try it again. Like I said, I'd make a lousy fantasy fan.

They say it takes only one example to disprove something, but I see you couched your words well: "... dogs are just about the only pets that *do* have any use". I was going to suggest that, if you developed a rodent problem, you get a dog and see how well the animal deals with it. Nice story about the dog and the building fire, but I'd rather have a cat and a smoke alarm...

We had an Eliza program with the Amstrad, and I've still got the printouts here from a couple of sessions of putting it through the wringer. Doesn't take long to get Eliza to start writing in pidgin English.

"There's always the possibility that Oswald wasn't accurate with his shots, just lucky." Well, considering that sharpshooters [even Marine sharpshooters, Roy...] couldn't duplicate the shooting with that type of rifle, and that the rifle he used was also defective, and that you can't shoot that fast with that type of rifle to begin with, yeah, if you buy the story at all I guess you'd have to say that Oswald was lucky. Provided you redefined the word. Sounds fishy, to me... I would find it easier to believe any conspiracy theory that came down the pike, even one that Lynn Hickman made up while drinking beer, before believing that Oswald could shoot more rapidly and more accurately with a defective rifle than our country's best marksmen could with a mechanically sound version of the same weapon.

"There are various ways to generate images that move faster than light. For instance, you can swing a laser beam very rapidly across a distant wall." Say, you're quite a swinger, Gary.

Not to beat this subject to death, because we'll have to agree to disagree, but even if you agree that Russia was an "evil empire" at the time Reagan wagged his tonsils I'm amazed that you would ask "how was it not 'proactive'?" Like the character said in the movie *Silkwood*: "You just don't stand toe-to-toe with someone, call them mother fucker, and expect to get anywhere."

Or, to quote Wynn Catlin: "Diplomacy is the act of saying "nice doggie" until you can find a rock."

"... shit-faced silly laughing over something insanely

dumb." Ah, one of the things that make life worth living.

Your cat analogy was amusing. This may go far toward explaining why most every dog looks at me like I'm a Gainesburger, and most every cat immediately rubs up against my leg. I'd love to get another cat, but every time I try to bring the subject up Jackie hisses and tries to scratch me.

As usual, I loved *The Lower Case*. My favorite was the headline: **GAO sees waste in space toilet.**

Roy Tackett *If It Wasn't For Long John Silver... #42*

I'd have sworn there was a #41 on your previous issue somewhere. Oh yes, there it is, in the OO...

The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms. That makes as much sense as having, say, a Bureau of Apples, Oranges, and Lava Lamps. Does the N3F have a bureau like that? No, probably not even them. Remember the N3F? Suggest something to them and they'd start a bureau and put you in charge of it. They had a lot of one-person bureaus, as I recall.

Yeah, I was kind of surprised to hear that Leland Sapiro is still publishing *Riverside Quarterly*, too. I think I've seen one or two issues of it somewhere in the last three decades, but mostly I just heard about it or heard Leland Sapiro stories. You ever run across the one about Leland reading something that insulted him, flying out to see the fan who had written the offending wordage, punching him, and then flying back home?

Your Chihuahuas have been useless? Haven't they been big enough to pull you out of the house if it catches fire? No, I guess not. I'll bet Buck's dog, Severian, could pull both Buck and Juanita out of a burning house, at the same time. The problem is that he might not stop until he got them to Missouri.

Shame on you for creebing about a 14 year old getting only two years in jail for burglary and murder. They should just give the lad a good whupping and send him to bed without supper, and maybe take away his allowance for a couple of weeks. Possibly no taevee for a month. I mean, so he killed somebody. He was sorry afterwards.

A drug raid that yielded basil and oregano. I wonder what their reasonable cause was which prompted this "honest mistake"? Did they see the woman smoking this stuff?

I can think of jobs which must be at least as stressful as working for the Post Office, but you don't see headlines like "Air Traffic Controllers in three states go on shooting sprees."

I think you'll like Sheckley's short stories. Dip in and read a few.

I'm glad that neither me nor my son got our education at a time when kids were taking guns to school. Hasn't anybody understood the old expression about not giving a kid a loaded gun?

"... things needed to save this planet." As George Carlin notes, the planet is going to be just fine. *We're* the ones in trouble.

Damon Knight wrote *Off Center*, and Neal Barrett, Jr. writes *Slightly Off Center*. What comes next? Barely Off Center? Almost Off Center? Centered? Dead Nuts On?

When I waited in the Cincinnati airport for a flight to Vermont last Autumn, they had a nice little smoking section. It was filled. The rest of the waiting area was almost empty. Now that Cavin has smoking and no-

smoking consuites at Cincinnati conventions, with the larger one always being the no-smoking, it's not unusual to see smokers and non-smokers alike all crowded into the smoking consuite. We even had non-smokers in the smoking consuite who would bitch about the smoke. Unfortunately none of them ever did it when they were close to me. "I've been breathing your second-hand smoke for an hour!" "You're the one, you stupid fuck. You owe me for half a pack of cigarettes."

Most belly dancers are overweight. Even in old pictures and paintings I've seen, they're overweight. I think they're supposed to be. I don't know why. Maybe the word "belly" has something to do with it.

Bruce D. Arthurs *Last Stage For Silverworld #49*

Here you are talking about leaving on May 23rd for Florida, to wind up at the ABA and perhaps pick up 23 copies of a book for inclusion in the next FLAP, and here I am reading this comment and responding to it on May 23rd. This must fit the meaning of: "It's deja vu all over again."

It occurs to me that if you did pick up 23 books, with the copycount now at 24 there's no problem with sending them through. The first spare FLAP mailing is so the COEs can each have a copy, but is given up if one is lost in the mail and it's the only spare available, and we wouldn't need two copies of the book. The second spare is often a "spec copy" and goes out to a potential new member; no real need to include a book with that.

Glad to hear the shoulder replacement surgery went well for Hilde. Sounds to me like FLAP is becoming a group which they would refer to in the insurance trade as "an adverse selection". I'm doing my bit to help out; haven't been carted off to the hospital in all of, say, nine months now.

Good luck with your continued script work.

Nicki Lynch *Pinwheel #1*

And welcome to you, too! Mill about. We're in our 14th year with this party, and so far not many have been inclined to go home. Say howdy to any strange typefaces. Your husband is over there by the bar.

Whereabouts did you live in "northern New York state"? I come from Indian Lake, just about dead center in the heart of the Adirondack Park. Lovely country.

Volkswriter. Never heard of that word processing program. Seems like these days I run into one new to me about once a month. Volkswriter sounds like a subcompact program that works only in German.

Eric Lindsay *Missed Mailings*

For a long time I thought that maybe there was a correlation between liking snow and liking to 'dress up'. Then I met Al Curry, and others who didn't fit my theory worth a damn, and...

"cursing loadly". Is that heavy cursing?

You dislike suburbia. Let's see, if I had to rate my druthers on the type of setting I prefer, they would get ranked like this: 1. Rural [woods, mountains, lakes], 2. Suburban, 3. Urban, 4. Rural [farm country]. Only #1 turns me on. #2 is tolerable. #3 is barely tolerable.

I can live with booting the computer and typing C:\win\3\MSWORKS\DAVE\SLOWDJIN\SLOWDJ83 or even longer command strings, but I'd rather just boot the computer and then click on the icon that reads "Slow Djinn". Besides, I don't have to memorize or write down

command strings or search through file after file. I've done it the old way. I like the new way better. Hit that icon and roll 'em. Anything which is easy can't be all bad...

Dave Wixon *The Astrochelonian Diaries #21*

I have misanthropic views on the subject of sports? Misanthropy is a hatred or mistrust of all people. I don't much care for baseball or football or basketball and a whole silo load of other sports, but you know I like boxing and tennis and swimming and pong and badminton and a small handbasket of others. Misanthropic. Did you grab the wrong word there, Sparky?

Well, as I understand it, an agent of the devil doesn't take ten percent of a soul. It's a monthly commission, and an agent gets ten percent of the souls taken in. Payroll applies an 'accounting round' to this. .1 thru .4 are rounded down, .6 thru .9 rounded up, and .5 is rounded to the nearest even number [7.5 would round up to 8, 8.5 would round down to 8, for example]. There is no minimum; wage to fall back on for a slow month. And, of course, without souls you can't buy napalm, except here on Earth.

All right then, we could banish all mimes to Minneapolis. With them all bundled up and wearing ski masks, you'd probably just think they were more of the mental patients that got booted from the sanitariums during the Reagan years.

I'm with Eric in liking "clean, clear, minimalist" open space. It's pleasing to the eye. You'd never be able to guess this preference if you walked into our apartment, but...

"I may be a sluggard but at least I'm not a nancy!" Nancy and Sluggo. What were you drinking up there, Dave?

One of Arthur's zines had two blank pages, but it was a printing error and no pages were missing. I shuffled it into the mailing and had no idea who would get it. Now I know. Congratulations, your copy of the mailing is unique.

You tape old westerns? I've enjoyed a lot of westerns. The ones I have on VHS, and therefore have a handy computer index to [the Betas are in a card file], are: *Blood On The Moon* ['48], *El Diablo* ['90], *The Frisco Kid* ['79. Well, it's sort of a western...], *Ghost Town* ['88. Also a horror story, and quite good], *Great Scout & Cathouse Thursday* ['76], *The Hired Gun* ['57], *Lonesome Dove* ['89. Jackie kept it. I watched the first hour or so and gave up on it], *The Magnificent Seven* ['60], *The Ox-Bow Incident* ['43], *Quigley Down Under* ['90. Western set in Australia, starring Tom Selleck. I don't know many people who have seen this, but Jackie & I and Al & Lyn Curry all loved it], *Red Sundown* ['56], *The Shooting* ['67], *Rio Bravo* ['59], and *Gunsmoke: The Last Ride* ['93]. Looking for any of these?

Making a good stew is pretty easy. I made up a New England Stew the other night. Peeled and sliced up some carrots and potatoes, chopped up some celery and onion and cabbage and cooked ham, threw it individually in a big pot with two inches of boiling water, added two level teaspoons of ham base to give an enriched ham taste, seasoned it with salt-free Mrs. Dash and salt-free Spice Islands Original seasonings [never add salt when you're dealing with ham and/or ham base], and a tablespoon and a half of butter to provide fullness of taste [it was canned ham; with fresh ham you wouldn't need the butter]. Boil the hell out of it for a while. Sprinkle lightly with Wondra quick-rising flour, and stir to thicken the

broth. Eat. Almost takes longer to explain it than to fix it.

Marty Halgesen *Where Are The Comment Hooks Of Yesteryear? [82 FZ]*

I read an article entitled *The Vision Thing: Mainly In The Brain* in the 6/93 issue of *Discover*. Before that, the editorial showed a 3-1/2" square negative image of a face I couldn't recognize, and under it I then read "What does our inability to recognize a negative image of Michelle Pfeiffer reveal about our vision?" The article is about how "the eye and brain work in a partnership to interpret conflicting signals from the outside world. Ultimately, we see whatever our brains think we should" and along the way notes that "vision researchers ... along with photographers ... have known for decades that faces are nearly impossible to identify when light and dark are reversed." They get into color variations and line perspectives and just about everything else, but it explains something on the subject of [shut up, Suzi] busts. I can recognize Washington and Franklin in paintings and drawings. I can recognize their image in busts once I know that's the image the busts are representing, but with many busts I don't see the representation right away. Busts are made in bronze, copper, brass, pewter, marble, plaster, or whatever, and are entirely the color of the material they're made from. That throws off my recognition sense, and often I have to get past that. Doesn't surprise me at all that "Gore pointed to busts of George Washington" and "Benjamin Franklin" and "failed to recognize them".

Leno on the *Tonight Show* is as much on Clinton & Gore's case as he ever was on Dan Quayle's. You should watch it. You'd probably like it better these days.

The story of the guy who won a suit against the manufacturer after his ladder fell over, because he'd been resting one foot of the ladder on a cow pie and then the spring thaw came along, would be a lot funnier if he hadn't been paid for his stupidity. I was going to say he was twice stupid, once for resting a ladder on a cow pie and again for having the cajones to sue, but on the other hand he *did* get money out of it, so maybe he wasn't twice stupid. Sure would like to know what failure he was charging the manufacturer with. No warning label about cow pies? Not building a ladder that would stand up to cow pies? No accompanying science brochure explaining that cow pies get soft when winter is over? What? Do you remember or can you access that detail on usenet? Curious minds want to know [probably just me and our resident manure expert, Lynn Hickman].

Bob Tucker *i couldnt square tuit*

Saw *Greaser's Palace* about a decade ago, just the once, but I do remember wondering whoinhell was shooting all those arrows and bullets into the long-suffering pioneer woman as she and her family made the long trip west. I think she was playing the role of Job.

Thought you might like to see the two reviews I've got of *Greaser's Palace*. The first one comes from *Leonard Maltin's Movie and Video Guide*, and the second from *Steven Schauer's Movies On TV*.

Greaser's Palace (1972) C-91m. *** D: Robert Downey. Allan Arbus, Albert Henderson, Luana Anders, George Morgan, Larry Moyer, Michael Sullivan, James Antonio, Ron Nealy. Super-offbeat Jesus Christ parody with Western setting. Drifter (Arbus) discovers "true identity" and heals "sick" cowboys in crazy, tiny town.

Greaser's Palace (1972) ** Albert Henderson, Michael Sullivan. Robert Downey, gifted director of "Putney Swope," has become self-indulgent. Allegorical story of Jesus. Full of parody and bright ideas which never conquer or compete with the dreariness of the symbolism. The few bright moments are rooted in irreverence: a zoot-suited Jesus, the Holy Ghost running around in a white sheet, and a constipated God who hates his son for being a "homo." The production is glossier than any of Downey's previous productions. (Dir.: Robert Downey, 91 mins.)

Thanks for quoting from *A Wealth Of Fable* to show why David would be in a fan history of the 1950s ["By the 1960s ..."].

Was sorry to recently hear the news of your son. This must be one of the nightmare possibilities that life can offer to a parent. My heart goes out to you, Old Shoe.

Jodie Offutt *Whistle Post #49*

I was trying to think of the last time I was in Kentucky and I'm fairly certain it was last August [not *this* August...] when I went to "Cincinnati's airport" on the return trip from visiting my son. Coming back across the Ohio River I learned again just how tough those damn Ohio border guards are. They verified that I was an Ohio resident, that I'd had my shots before leaving Ohio, and that I was wearing shoes. Only then did they let me back in.

Sounds like you're happily busy with your new career. I hope it continues to be fresh and invigorating for as long as you want to keep working at it. You know, there have been a number of times I've wondered whether I shouldn't have gone in for teaching. I've too often been picked as one suited to explaining something by verbal or written means, and except for when I didn't understand or agree with what I was explaining I usually enjoyed doing it.

Wild Palms was a political takeover novel with a lot of high tech thrown in, as RoyTac observed in a recent letter. It had its moments, but for me it was just barely watchable. I almost gave up on it, but wound up wanting to see where it was going. Nowhere, as it turned out.

I don't care if I never see snow again, either. On a far mountain top maybe, but not otherwise.

You like packing, traveling whether by car or plane, and staying in hotels? Sometimes I wonder about you, Jodie...

I'm uncertain why someone at ConFusion would ask Bill, if he were there, to stand on his head, but I'm certain there must be good reason. Or, if not, at least a story.

Carolyn Doyle *Personal Slant #18*

Ah, yes, a swim-up bar. I've been in two hotels that had them, and was quite taken by the concept. However, each time I was too busy drinking and talking to go for my swimsuit. Of course, in both instances I would have had to spend an hour on the road driving home and back to fetch it, because TBMK I've never taken a swimsuit to a convention...

Your trip to Cozumel: "At the hotel, don't go down to where the cabs are - let the doorman call one, because he wants a tip, too!" How did you discover this? Via sour looks?

What prompted you to vacation in Mexico?

Richard Brandt *Deadwood Dick #4*

The more I use WordPerfect at various companies the less I like it. Encountered Microsoft Word at one outfit and was quite enchanted with the program. Microsoft Works is a stripped-down version of it, and

that's what I use for letters and for drafting apazines. I use Microsoft Publisher for importing the text from Works and flowing it into a double-column format. I'd use Works for the whole thing if I could do two columns with it, or Publisher if it had Word Wrap [so I could see everything I was typing without scrolling right and left all the time]. Word has all of that and more. One feature I liked was hitting a key to print an envelope for the letter that was just typed.

However, the Works wordprocessing program could easily handle the format of *Deadwood Dick*. Probably with a lot fewer kilobytes than WordPerfect. Meworks.exe is just over 1 mb.

Becky Cartwright was with us for the first 49 mailings, and when we lived in Louisville she flew out to join us for a trip up to Windycon. Before FLAP we knew her when we & she lived in the LArea. Before the acquaintance, out of the blue I received a letter from her commenting on an almost entire run of a fanzine I hadn't published in several years (*Awry*). She had gotten those on a loan from Dean Grennell, who she and her [now, I hear, ex] husband Kent had encountered through a mutual interest in CB. Kent came out to Cincinnati for a Cincinnati Milacron conference on robotics, was over here for two evenings of dinner and drinks and chat, and late the first evening passed out face-down in the cat's litter box. Becky said he told her: "And they invited me back!"

I remain curious as to whether either of them are ever in touch with Dean.

Lon Atkins *fan ordinaire* #61

Howdy, Ole Pard. Glad the A.M. Pyle mystery recommendation panned out for you, especially since you found two copies of the middle novel and (as you phrased it), not being one to ignore omens, sent me one. It was worth the wait. Now the bad news: Barnes & Noble's research indicates that Pyle wrote only the three novels. He has a column in *Cincinnati Magazine*, but just the three books. I'm disappointed, but I guess that's better than having a high colonic with the Erie Canal.

I see from the wordwhipping in your trip report that your fiction-writing skills have indeed been honed in the past couple of years.

Every time I used to go up to Solvang to wander around that little Dutch tourist trap, a friend of mine [Terry "Shoot The Moon" Ridgeway; you remember him] would bug me to stop in at Buellton for the fresh Andersen's Pea Soup. I'd always tell him "I'm not too wild about pea soup" and he'd always respond "But this is great! You should stop in!". Come to think of it I've sooner or later had similar dialog, on some topic or other, with most everyone I know.

Good analysis of Clinton's first 100+ days. I would have hoped for more from him, but will console myself with the thought that either of the other two final presidential candidates would have been worse.

Vanilla cream soda. Sounds good. Don't think I ever encountered it. More vanilla taste than regular cream soda?

I tried sushi but didn't like it. As you know, I do like raw oysters, but now I can't eat them anymore. At least I can still eat them steamed.

I heard about that "hum" out west that's driving people nuts. You'd think they'd be able to trace it, and would have done so almost immediately. Am very curious to hear a resolution on this. I've got my own tentative

little theory. Have read that we're capable of building an accelerator which could shoot a "bullet" into space; the purpose being to provide supplies and materials more cheaply for future space efforts and retrofit materials for past ones. One of our desert states would obviously be best suited for such a project. Like I said, it's just a tentative little theory. Probably it will turn out to be nothing more than the wind blowing across the tunnel openings made by the Deros.

Chuckled all the way through your answers to Danny's Irish Quiz, particularly the first one ["What modern celebration derives from the Druid Festival of Samhain? *Worldcon*"]. It's not true, however, that I drank 978 cases of the Irish Whiskey consumed in the USA in 1982. It was scotch.

In-Laws And Outlaws. Hey! Somebody stole my title...

Lynn Hickman *Flip-Flap* #27 and *Packrat* #7

Hey, there, Manureman. If you can't shit your friends and those too dim to recognize it, then it's no fun anymore. All others don't much like it. Say, did I ever tell you about the time I got humped while riding a unicycle?

Did your insurance do you any good for that \$1,401 car radio theft and breakin damage?

Next time you go to Concave, stop in on your way down or back. We'll grab some takeout and release you after an hour or two.

You mean beer nuts is the official disease of Bloomington, Illinois, too? Amazing. I'm stunned.

What is this about my bullshitting Gary regarding your house? Is it even older than I thought? I mean, I heard the rumors, but I didn't pay them much nevermind. It was said that if you gradually stripped away each of the additions and modifications to your house that, sooner or later, you would work your way back to the original mound. I think Mike Shoemaker was searching for it at one time.

If I had to go back to earlier technologies like mimeo or ditto to print a zine, I'd stop doing zines. Didn't like them when I was using them, and was so relieved when plain paper copying became cheap enough to use that I can't imagine going back to them. If cheap xeroxing had been available my first 25 years in fandom I'd likely have tripled my publishing output. Now I'm just not much interested in publishing, though recently I did double my output [I'm contributing to *Apanage* from the waitlist].

The two conreports on the 12/57 Oklacon #5 were ... interesting. Conreps today don't read the same as they did back then, do they? The cons don't seem to have changed all that much, but the reporting has.

See you folks in October.

DAVE

