



Slow Djinn 89

August 1994

For the 89th mailing of FLAP, this comes to you from Dave Locke, 6828 Alpine Avenue #4, Silverton, Ohio 45236. 513/984-1447. It is Diabolic Pub #12.

Now and Then



It's the end of the first third of June, the mailing comments were all finished a couple of days ago, and for some reason I seem to have left myself a blank first page to be filled with general natter. What an inconsiderate s.o.b. I was a couple of days ago.

We do things like that to ourselves. We divide ourselves into three creatures, Then Me and Now Me and Future Me. Now Dave is sitting here contemplating the task of filling this page and considering the option of passing along the job to Future Dave. Future Dave, however, would be doubly pissed for having twice been screwed. His only option, upon himself being transformed into Now Dave, would be to continue the pattern and again forfeit the job to Future Dave. Sooner or later, Future Dave will get fed up and actually do it.

Future Dave is always getting dumped on. Perhaps that's why, when he becomes Now Dave, he seeks his turn at bat.

Now Dave muses: "Well, I should prepare a lunch and lay my clothes out for tomorrow. Nah, I'll do it in the morning." In the morning, of course, food is an evil substance to deal with and a bleary-eyed Future Dave is trying to figure out what the word clothes means and whether or not he has any. Only semi-aware that he has become Now Dave, he again dumps on Future Dave by relegating him to scrounging for lunch while wearing clothes which suggest he is color blind.

Now Dave promises "Sure, I'll do that for you," knowing he can do it but that it's Future Dave who will be stuck with the promise.

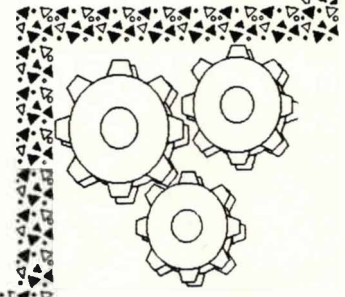
Both Daves, of course, turn into Then Dave. Future Dave becomes Now Dave, and Now Dave becomes Then Dave. Then Dave is safe. Nothing can be done to punish Then Dave. His existence has been written into the fabric of the universe and nothing less than the invention of a time machine will allow vengeance. The game is always between the Now Dave and the Future Dave.

Then Dave began playing with an updated Microsoft Publisher program [2.0], and learned that with one keystroke he could shift all text at the right of the cursor into the next and subsequent linked frames. When executed at the beginning of page 1, this created a blank first page by shifting everything [the mailing comments] over to begin on page 2. It occurred to Then Dave [at that time, Now Dave] that this would leave a dandy blank first page to later be filled in with general natter without making an adjustment to subsequent pages. The issue was finalized with the exception of the natter. That, naturally, was to be the job of Future Dave [presently, of course, Now Dave].

Here he is, and he's pissed.

The actual printing of this issue, of course, will be left in the capable hands of Future Dave.

Sooner or later I've got to finish inventing that time machine.



Arthur Hlavaty

You had the first and the eighth zine in the mailing. The first was of selected comments you had made elsewhere, including some which were lifted from the zine in the eighth position. Damn, that's mighty fast reprinting, Arthur! I experienced both timebinding and *deja vu* at the same time...

I think there are altogether too many colors. Periwinkle, ecru, fuchsia, muckleshit. It's enough to make rainbows puzzled.

Have to disagree with you about old Kurt Vonnegut. "...the dumb ideas that one now associates with his name." Eh? From the examples you give, I think you've misread him. "...he was a brilliant and perceptive thinker". Hell, he still is. His last book, *Fates Worse Than Death*, was a real mind-bender on quite a number of topics, and as important a work to me as I've encountered in the last decade. It even changed my mindset on several things which, as you may have suspected, usually takes dynamite. I will grant that his novels were better during his middle age years, but his more recent fiction has been quite readable if not quite as exceptional.

A group called Victims of Ellison? What, everybody belongs to it except Harlan? We had a pissing match one time, and a couple years later I had a hard time explaining to Mike Glicksohn (who was a guest at our townhouse in Torrance, California) why I didn't want to accompany him and Jackie as his "friend" when he accepted Harlan's dinner invitation... Even Jackie didn't understand my "discretion" at passing up this invitation to accompany Mike but, then, she wasn't around two years earlier when Harlan and I wound up standing in front of each other and he went into one of his in-your-face acts. Actually, I remember it with fondness, because I can be a Mean Mutha In The Valley too, if provoked enough to get up for it. And, I was. He might not know my name, but he sure as hell remembers my face. On the other hand, we're both 20 years older at this point and I hear he may have mellowed some. I haven't, but...

You speak of the Catholic Church. To segue right along here, I got a letter from Mike Glicksohn the other day and in it he notes something he "happened to hear while channel-switching one day: 'It'd be a lot easier to take the Catholic Church seriously about sex and sin if they'd excommunicate their pedophiles.' I thought that pretty well said it all."

You will no doubt either be pleased or horrified to know that I agree with you that John Lennon was "grossly overrated as an artist". I have no idea whether or not he was indeed "vile as a person", but then I paid very little attention to the Beatles. The only thing any of them did that I found interesting was the album *Goodnight Vienna*, which Ringo did solo...

"I hear that the physicists have finally discovered the 'top' quark." Yes, and they really had to reach for that one.

Eric Lindsay

I liked the mini-history about your knack with gadgets. Fleshed out a bit, that would make a good article.

I read Budrys' *Hard Landing* when it appeared in *F&SF*. It was okay, but far below the Budrys standard. It may well have been a condensed version. Certainly, it read like one.

Another person who would like to get rid of the phone entirely. There's certainly a bunch of us in this apa. I'd also like to get rid of any phone that's used by the driver of a moving vehicle, before the phone gets rid of the driver and maybe me as well.

I swear I've read some portions of this *Gegenschein* before, probably in a prior *Missed Mailings*. You and Arthur are giving me a severe case of the echoes this mailing...

Jean Weber

Visiting relatives instead of going to Midwestcon. Fakefan!

You know, I've seen a system where an incoming fax goes to an application file in your computer system instead of directly to paper. Certainly it saves a lot of wear & tear on your printer and a much lower paper expense. I don't mind pitching junk mail, but it would gall me to have to print it for them.

You're very correct: "...knowing that I 'should' isn't enough to overcome inertia, and it's entirely too easy to be too busy to have the time to exercise." Good luck with the walking. I'm at the point where I either diet and start exercising or I go to Omar the Tentmaker for a new wardrobe.

I need new glasses, too. The bifocal portion isn't at all useful anymore, and I no

longer need glasses to read. Don't like bifocals anyway, and never did really get used to them. I think half-glasses (no top half) might work for me. Jackie, when she's reading, wears glasses on her glasses... ["These contact lenses are great - now I can see my glasses!"]



Roy Tackett

"Old cactus indeed!" Oooh, a prickly old cactus...

I see we both did pretty much the same riff on that "colliding" galaxy, but then we both encountered nitwit teleprompter readers when the story first broke (and if it wasn't broken when they got it, they sure took care of that fast enough).

The latest thing over the tube is an announcement that there is now proof that black holes really exist. *Science News* reports there's at least one alternative, though less likely, explanation (might be a cluster of white dwarfs or neutron stars generating the gravitational pull being seen in M87).

As I write this, the penultimate issue of *Science News* deals with the Hubble photographs of supernova 1987A. Turns out it has two giant rings which we didn't know about, in addition to the one inner ring that we did, one in front of the supernova and one in back. "...an unprecedented and bizarre object" one of the codiscoverers said. Theories are starting to fly.

I'd have to agree that *Soap* is the funniest sitcom ever. Leaving out the current crop, a few of which have potential but don't have their place in history yet, other nominees for a Sitcom Top Ten list would include *The Dick Van Dyke Show*, *Barney Miller*, *Cheers*, *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, either of Bob Newhart's first two sitcoms, *Maude*, *Night Court*, *All In The Family* though it dribbled off after a while, and in a category all by itself the six-episode *Police Squad*.

Others come close, but not quite, like *I Love Lucy*, *M*A*S*H*, *Taxi*, *Family Ties*, *The Bill Cosby Show*, *Get Smart*, *He And She*, *Happy Days*, *WKRP In Cincinnati*, *The Honeymooners*, and *The Odd Couple*, plus too many others.

Wait a minute. Here on page 3 you're telling me "I've grown to like 'The X Files', for the most part, although it calls for a lot of suspension of disbelief." Then, over there on page 5, you're telling Larry "...we watch ... and check out The X Files. Elean will watch it but I'm not fond of it." You're getting altogether too fickle in your retirement, HORT. That, or a couple of words fell out the back of your word processor.

Hey, I too have "solved the problem of books which are increasingly expensive". We have a nice, new regional branch of the library just a couple of miles away in a pleasant little community and I drove over there and got a library card. I came home with the latest novels by Wambaugh, Knight, Koontz, Crichton, McDonald, Dobyns, and Matheson. Not having room to store them in this apartment anyway, after I scarfed them down I drove back to the library and told them "here, you store and dust them". Then I checked out a bunch more and drove back home. Works for me.

Aha, so the Albuquerque SF Society was all the fault of you and Vardebob and this mysterious Casey fellow, 30 years ago. Was the first meeting just the three of you? How did you go about recruiting? If you haven't already done it, sounds like good article material here. At the very least, we should incorporate this in the *Dialog With Two Fans* piece.

And, to segue madly on that topic (or is that badly?), I'm beginning to amuse myself with the idea of putting out a ghost-edited edition of *Outworlds*. Bowers laughs, but he should talk with David Hulan sometime...

Well, yes, *Northern Exposure* is indeed "an interesting fantasy". It's not always good, but it's almost always interesting. Overall, it's one of the best shows going.

You've spoken several times before of the period when the government was checking out your mail and your telephone. Someone else here had the same experience. Dean, wasn't it?

Speaking of whom ...

Dean A. Grennell

Always good to have a college man in the apa...

That was you, wasn't it, who at one time had the government taking an interest in your mail and your phone? Or did RoyTac tell the story so many times that I think it happened to more than one fan...? I know that ex-FLAPPan Al Curry has an FBI file, but that's because he got a little too involved in Irish politics and their political underground in this country in the late '60s and early '70s. He got followed around and photographed a bit, but that was about all.

"That yucky stuff at the base of the cliff? It's lemming juice!" Oh, Christ, Dean...

I've got that same March 1957 Pyramid paperback of Stur-



geon's *The Synthetic Man*. At least, I think I still do. Bought it and read it when it first came out. Enjoyed it, even. Definitely one of the most memorable first lines in science fiction history.

Do not, however, remember its description of Gas House Eggs, though it sounds interesting enough to try. Well, I'm hungry anyway, so hold on a minute. Hmmm, a different taste, isn't it. Fried egg, fried bread. Quite nice. I'll be doing this again, definitely.

Yup, I remember Sturgeon's 1962 Worldcon speech, too. I found it powerful. He was a good speaker, charismatic in an understated manner, and of course his command of the language was extraordinary. I think that was still the best single speech I've ever heard.

Lynn Hickman

There you are! Was beginning to think the hogs ate you.

Seems like you've got quite a new playtoy there with all that computer equipment and software. Back in your multith days I thought you were one of the best graphics guys around. Sounds like you're getting ready to knock our socks off.

The day the moon was eating the sun we grumbled outside with a pair of Buehnell binoculars and a white notepad. I put the notepad on the ground and held the binoculars so it could get a look at the eclipse. For this the notepad rewarded us with an image of what it was seeing, which was not nearly so hard on the eyes as if we had looked for ourselves.

Marty Helgesen

I've heard about the new philosophy of schooling that's popping up here and there. No competition or everybody gets an award, "best guess spelling", etc. From what I've heard of it, it dunna sound good, Cap'n. I've yet to hear the pros and cons of it, but I sure am skeptical.

"I tend not to write about my reaction to things, partly because I couldn't do a good job of saying much more than, 'I liked it.' Come on now. That's part of the fun of writing. Stretch yourself a little. So maybe you bomb a few times. It's close enough for fanwriting, and if you can't play with it then you're missing one of the fun things about it. You're a good communicator, and I think that merely in the act of describing what you saw and did at Yosemite that your reactions will come across. Take a shot at it next time.

Not being into small talk. Sometimes that's general, sometimes it's situational. I found you to not be into small talk, and the same with BeeDee. Roy and I didn't have a problem chatting each other up. Mr. Bill and I tend to take turns monologuing each other. DavidH and I really get into it if there's a third-party catalyst, and if we're alone together we have a lot of what I refer to as "comfortable silences" (as opposed to fidgeting and wondering what to do next, I suppose). Roger and I can't stop talking if you put us in the same room together. Dean does more talking and I do more listening. Lynn and I have what might appear to be fairly balanced, normal conversations, unless you listen closely enough to note that we're mercilessly shitting each other much of the time. Lon and I probably have the most normal give-and-take conversations, and probably get into things a bit deeper. And so on, and on. Conversation, like tennis and boxing, is an interaction of style.

By the way, have you heard of that new 12-step program for people who talk too much? It's called Onanonanon.

Ah yes, Jim Doody and Peter Schmuck. And then there are times when parents are downright cruel, like that former Governor of Texas, last name Hogg, who named his two daughters Ima and Ura. No, I didn't make that up.

Richard Brandt

Ah, Big Deadwood Dick. What, you don't wanna be called Dick but it's okay if you call your fanzine that? Cruelty to fanzines!

Manos: Hands Of Fate. Finally found a listing for it in John Stanley's *Revenge Of The Creature Features Movie Guide*: "(1966). Wretched supernatural non-chiller about a cult of demon-worship idiots called 'The Night People' who terrorize a family crossing the desert. The main torture is the burning off of hands as a sacrifice to the ungodly ones. 'Tuning out' with your hands is the answer to any telecasts beamed your way. Hal P. Warren, described as a real-life fertilizer salesman (move over, Bandini), made this in El Paso, Texas. Hands off!" Guess he didn't like it.

Sales and coupons. Yes, indeed. I love seeing all those 25 /50 /75 /\$1.00, and sometimes even higher, minus numbers at the end of the cash register receipt.

Yeah, right, like that *Newsweek* critic said, "How can you have a science fiction movie without so much as a single space battle?" I remember all those great space battles, with loud

explosions in the vacuum of space, in *Bladerunner*, 2001, *Soylent Green*, *Alien*, *CE3K*, *ET*, *Starman*, and so many well known skiffy movies. Come to think of it, how many space battles did we have in movies before *Star Wars* came along and single-handedly tried to set science fiction back to where Ed Hamilton was at in 1939?

"...if capital punishment were a deterrent, why would we still be executing people?" I've never heard of a single executed murderer who ever killed anyone again. Have you? Sounds like a deterrent to me. Come on, Ted Bundy, let's see how easy it is for you to chalk up another one.

Lon Atkins

Hell, "the protagonist is a drunk" in *The Last Good Kiss*, too, but that Crumley novel I liked. And, if rumors are true, the author is also a drunk. Except for when he wrote *The Last Good Kiss*, apparently he either drank too much or too little. His mixed drinks were out of proportion...

"I don't do winters." I like that. I sure didn't like doing this last one. After so many years of mild Cincinnati winters I'd gotten somewhat spoiled. I still remember the freezing rain followed by the snowstorm, and going out to find the "high wagon" [station wagon built high like a van, or maybe a van built low like a station wagon] encased in an iccube which was encased in a snowball. Broke a scraper trying to clear off the windows and front door openings, and wound up crawling in through the tailgate door and forcing open the two front side-doors. It was almost time for lunch when I got done.

Back in the early '60s I had a complete run of F&SF and sold it off to Bob Jennings. I'm still trying to fill in a few gaps in my collection of *Galaxy* for the '74-'80 period.

Jodie Offutt

Age 4 was the first year for which I have sustained memories [I have one from age 2, my birthday actually, but then there's a two year gap], so Sam may well remember your visit. I was never invisible at that age, but a bit earlier I heard that I had a friend who was. I called him Unguy, apparently. Appropriate name for an invisible pal.

Moonbow. I like that. And the only one now existing is at Cumberland Falls in Somerset, Kentucky. Very interesting, indeed, that there aren't more lunar rainbows. I wonder if there's anything written about that?

Right, when your kid hastens to assure you that he would not vote for Ollie North, then you know you've done good as a mom...



Dave Wixon

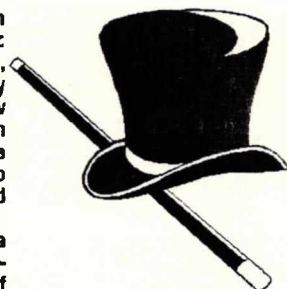
It occurs to me that if I were a long-time professional writer, had spent months or years preparing a novel, had waited months to have the publishing arrangements cast in bronze, and then received the copyedit proofs with the instruction that they had to be back in the publisher's hands in ten days, my tendency would be to drop some kind of verbal nuclear bomb on them. You know, tell them to go apritz themselves, the horses they rode in on, all their relatives in West Virginia, and anyone who looked like them. That sort of thing.

"One of the panels 'took place while the Super-Davids picture was to be taken'. The what?

I'm sure everyone here will leap to tell you, and you probably already know, but they have these little computers called laptops and palmtops and poptops or whatever, and they're much lighter on your lap than a Selectric II or a Wheelwriter 1000. I mean, I wouldn't want to hear that your legs fell off for lack of circulation or anything like that. There are even laptop word processors with stand-alone printers, and they don't weigh squat.

"I was just checking on you, because We Have Heard Things..." All right, listen, I didn't know she was under 18 and I was just giving her a ride home from school. I couldn't help it if that's where the car broke down, and she said she was cold so I was preparing to give her some of my clothes, and ... wait a minute ... exactly what did you hear? I have a perfectly reasonable explanation for anything, except for how Reagan got elected twice.

All right, let's talk about this Average ZIP code business. Yea, the number does seem to be moving. With more members from the west of you it could well fall into Iowa, and with even more it could go to Wisconsin. Now, with more members from the east of you it could move to Indiana or even Ohio. Aussies



get the honorary "10" prefix in front of their 4-digit location code, so another couple of Ausseis could put you in real trouble if you don't want to travel to Iowa to interview the Average FLAP Member. On the other hand, a couple of new members from New England might actually make you the Average FLAPPan, and then you could talk to yourself without even bothering to lift that typewriter off your lap and go somewhere.

For your information, if you wish to assist in recommending potential new FLAP members, here's the way the ZIP codes work.

008-009 PR &	247-288 WV	550-567 MN	832-838 ID
Virg. Islands	270-289 NC	570-577 SD	840-847 UT
010-027 MA	280-299 SC	580-588 ND	850-865 AZ
028-029 RI	300-319 GA	590-599 MT	870-884 NM
030-038 NH	320-342 FL	600-629 IL	889-898 NV
039-049 ME	350-369 AL	630-658 MO	900-966 CA
050-059 VT	370-385 TN	660-678 KS	967-968 HI
060-069 CT	389-397 MS	680-693 NE	969
070-089 NJ	400-427 KY	700-714 LA	Guam
080-149 NY	430-158 OH	716-728 AR	970-979 OR
150-196 PA	460-479 IN	730-749 OK	980-994 WA
197-199 DE	480-499 MI	750-799 TX	995-999 AK
200-205 DC	500-528 IA	800-816 CO	
206-219 MD	530-549 WI	820-831 WY	

"Pringles are the roadkill of potatoes". I always wondered how they were flattened.

Ah, yes, summer weight ferret oil. You know how the blood thins out in warmer weather, right? Well, compressing ferrets in the summertime produces a thinner oil than if you try juicing them in winter. This is for diet conscious people who want a much lighter weight ferret oil for their okra fondue.



D. Gary Grady

Eduoukashall bits, funny bits; this is your complete one-stop-shopping apazine. Enjoyed it so much I even felt somewhat guilty having a contract put out on you. No, no, not to kill you. The contract is with the Cat Mafia in Durham. From now on a significant number of the cats you see will be giving you the Evil Eye. Some will hiss and spit. Others will make scratching motions. All this, of course, is just the First Stage.

No, I give up on explaining my objections to Reagan's "evil empire" remark. I thought briefly of trying again one more time, just as a challenge in communication, and then remembered I'd already done that. Besides, if this were seven card stud, I already turned up my hole cards when I gave you those two quotes ["You just don't stand toe-to-toe with someone, call them mother fucker, and expect to get anywhere" and "Diplomacy is the act of saying 'nice doggie' until you can find a rock"]. With everything face up on the table as best as I could display it, all I could do now would be to pull cards from my sleeves, and if I recall correctly they shoot people for that.

As for my "bluntness toward jerks" and being about the last person you "can imagine worrying excessively about offending scoundrels", I wasn't President of the U.S. and [supposedly] trying to peacefully get along with a country that had the capacity to wipe life off the face of the earth. Reagan loved the cold war and wanted to keep it chilled for high-tech horseshit like Star Wars. Peace would mean a whole different ballgame and he didn't want to play. However, with Gorbachev changing the game anyway, Reagan wasn't above taking lots of credit for the inevitable. With no thanks to him, things worked out. An individual being antagonistic or blunt toward other individuals is one thing, the leader of a nation being blunt or antagonistic toward other nations is quite another. The fallout can be a lot more serious, and might literally rather than figuratively be fallout.

But, no, I've given up on explaining my objections to Reagan's remark... At least, I've given up on having it understood...

I know the story about Lugosi dying during Plan 9 From Outer Space, and how they went about finishing the movie anyway, but it's a good story. When Brandon Lee died during filming of ... The Raven, or whatever it's called ... they finished it using FX. Apparently FX is getting to the point where we can go back to Plan 9 From Outer Space and have Lugosi finish the movie.

Our CFG Dictator, Bill Cavin, normally has flyers sent to people who have attended the local cons. In the case of Octocon/Ditto, he assumed the new names were there for Ditto and wouldn't be interested in a straightforward Octocon. On the other hand, he bitches about the lack of new faces, so it would have made sense to think this through one level deeper and conclude that Octocon/Ditto attendees would be as good a set of prime candidates as it's possible to find to receive flyers for the next year's Octocon. Roger says he'll run the flyers through the

mailings. They aren't, however, produced much in advance, but that's another story...

Speaking of Roger, he loaned me the Bloch autobiography. I wouldn't call it exceptional or important, but it was interesting and fun to read. He got a bit carried away with puns and one-liners sometimes, but the book pulled me right along and I'm happy that I got a chance to read it.

"...is included in ze cost of your rheum." Yeah, I miss Peter Sellers, too...

Hoss Cartwright, in Bonanza, on "the evils of laughing at midgets in silly costumes". Somehow I got to thinking that perhaps I should poll everyone as to their age, height, and weight and factor this data into the equation for calculating the Average FLAPPan ("The Average FLAPPan is 45, 5'9", 185#, 72% male, and lives in southern Michigan from which he contributes 2 pages every other mailing and sometimes forgets to send his dues", or something like that). What do you think? Should I ask the members if they ever watch Bonanza reruns?

Larry Tucker

Pardon my ignorance on this, but I'm curious about the Leslie Smith business regarding a 1994 Ditto, for which she has "her heart set on the Briarwood area, with its proximity to a few classier restaurants". You indicate she's willing to match your registration intake dollar for dollar thus allowing you to "book" more upscale accommodations. So now there are two hotels under consideration. The new one means a cost to the convention of \$625 versus \$238 for the hotel you had previously scouted out, so her matching registration funds on a \$20 pre-reg fee makes that sound fine for the con. However ... the cost to the attendee jumps from a \$44 flat rate nightly for single through quad to a \$59 nightly rate for single and double with \$10 per extra person, and if that, too, is to be underwritten by Leslie matching the registration fees then I assume you're hoping for low attendance. Am I missing something or is this Leslie Smith character some prima donna who's willing to stiff the attendees because she's too lazy to get in her car and drive a little further for dinner? Not that I give a Scarlet O'Hara about the '94 Ditto or any other convention I'm not going to, but it sounds like there's a pinging in the warp generator, Cap'n. If I heard all this correctly, and if for some unfathomable reason she's got enough clout to make this happen, you'd be better off getting them to choose the cheaper location and rent her a chauffeured limo. On the other hand, if she's intending to subsidize the difference in the attendees' hotel costs as well as the difference in the convention's expenses, give her a kiss and a medal.

Enjoyed your zine, but that was the only comment hook that leapt out at me.

Roger Sims

"All of these problems were caused by the same problem, that is waiting until the last moment to compose, type, print, paste in drawings, repro and deliver all in the space of one and one half days." Well, yes, you are beginning to see the light. When you picked up your copy of the 88th mailing on deadline day, did you actually do as you said and go home to promptly begin work on your next zine? I'll bet you didn't. Don't lie to me, now; I'll ask Pat.

You were right that the draft of that zine I showed you needed wider gutters between columns. You were wrong about leaving text unjustified, but you did get me to thinking about it and I realized there was one feature of this software I hadn't been utilizing: text hyphenation. I use that now. So, thanks for both suggestions. One I used, and the other lead to a different solution.

All doctors tell you to give up smoking. I actually heard one telling that to a patient who came in with a broken arm. It is, shall we say, often a non-specific recommendation... My doctor gave up talking to me about it a long time ago. Back in the days when I could smoke where I worked, and where he occasionally worked as a consultant, he came into my area, saw me, and asked if I'd given up smoking yet. I said "Yes." That was an unexpected response, so he asked when. I told him I'd quit when I heard his footsteps coming down the hallway.

As you include the Midwestcon flyer, and speak a bit of Bob Tucker's recent health problem, how come you didn't mention that he'd had to cancel out as Midwestcon's MC and that Mike Reenick would be filling in? Right, right, it was the last minute and it didn't cross your mind...

Damn I wish we'd get away from the Quality Hotel for Midwestcon. If it's nice weather, fine. If not, we're forced inside. I sure do miss the Hampshire House with its air-conditioned pool/recreation/socializing area. Of course, there is the Dockside Six restaurant right there in the Quality Hotel, and you can't beat that with a stick, but still...