

NIFLHEIM #3

In case anyone is wondering what happened to NIFLHEIM, this is NIFLHEIM - a once-proud SAPS_zine reduced to one-page status for lack of time. In fact, if I don't get on the stick I'll be Immoral, because it's April 2 already and I have also to run off LOKI and THE SOUTHERNER and mail the SPPA mailings as soon as possible, since they're two weeks and more late now.

However, although I'm afraid that there won't be any mailing comments this time, I did decide not to be completely chintzy and send nothing but one page. So somewhere in this mailing you should find UTGARD #1, which was prepared for OMPA before recent events decided me that three apas was enough for now and I dropped from the OMPA W/L. I have precedent; George Locke sent a zine prepared for SPAS thru the 32d OMPA mailing, so I'll reverse the compliment.

Circumstances have been what you might call trying for the past month or two around here. Beginning about the first of February we started looking for a house and I began job-hunting, since I was due to get out of service 7 March. This took up a bit of time, but we finally found a rather nice house and I got a good rating from Civil Service which meant a job was coming up Real Soon Now. Then Katya got sick for a week, and as soon as she was back on her feet I came down with the same thing which put me out of action for about four days. By this time it was time to start packing up to move, which we did on March 2. The desk I'd been using was the property of the Army, as was our dining room table, and when we got over to the new house I discovered that we didn't have a thing solid enough to set the typer on and high enough for comfort. This put a serious crimp in the fanac, as you can imagine.

Well, we had just gotten good and started at finding places for everything when the 8th came along and I cleared the Army, signing out for the last time at 1530. (I felt most strange - so many of the most significant things that have happened to me happened during my Army tour that it still doesn't seem natural to be a civilian.) We had an appointment for Roy that afternoon with a local pediatrician - he has a heart defect, and the Army pediatrician advised us to waste no time getting him under the care of a doctor when I got out. So we went for our appointment, and the pediatrician examined him and told us that he was well along into heart failure and that we would have to get him to Nashville or Birmingham immediately. Oi!

So we headed for Nashville (chosen because both Katya and I have numerous relatives there, while the only people we know in B'ham are Al Andrews' family) quam primum and turned him over to the staff of Vanderbilt Hospital. And there he has stayed ever since, with Katya there with him, and me there every weekend. He was supposed to have major heart surgery last week but it was postponed because he took a turn for the better and they decided that waiting might improve his chances (quoted at 60-40 previously) - now we don't know when it's going to be. So far it's cost me \$1500, and will cost that much more before it's through. Which is one reason why 3 apas are enough...

Meanwhile, back in Huntsville, I got a job - I'm now working as a physicist in the Electro-Optical Branch, R & D Directorate, Army Missile Command. The work concerns the Nike-Zeus infra-red television tracker, and is interesting if you're interested in that sort of thing. It's also pretty highly classified, unfortunately; otherwise I might be tempted to try my hand at writing an article about it and submitting it to JWGhuJr. just for kix.

And that's how I've been - How've you been?

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