

SLOW DJINN #79 December 1992
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[REDACTED]

Well, let's see, what's new? Well, I'm unemployed. That's new. And the end of September I spent four days in the hospital after losing another two quarts of blood from internal bleeding. That's new. Jackie called 911 and I was whisked off to the local hospital in an ambulance. They stabilized me there and, because my health plan is through an HMO [the one I had just quit], an hour and a half later they whisked me across town in another ambulance to another hospital [because the local hospital isn't part of the HMO's panel of hospitals; I really appreciated the extra ride].

When I got home I had to clean up the remaining blood that was still all over the place, and then replace the bathroom wall shelves that I'd wiped out when I lost consciousness. Always a good time.

I think the thing I'll remember most about it all will be the two days spent in ICU, alternating between semi-consciousness and unconsciousness. All I could see was the big day-at-a-time calendar on the wall. I went into ICU on the 22nd and was transferred to a regular room on the 24th. During those two days the calendar read "22nd". I remember thinking, Jeez this is a long goddam day.

Anyway, it's early October, I'm home, rebuilding strength, and trying to get a few things done before I take a fresh run at the job market.

What? No, they still don't know exactly what the problem is. Something kicked my pulse rate beyond 100 [normally it's in the mid-90s, and for a year and a half I've been taking beta blockers to keep it around the high-60s], and something blew out. I exploded all over the back end of the apartment. Helluva mess. The apartment doesn't look good in red, either.

Time for some mailing comments.

[REDACTED]

"We must respect the other fellow's religion, but only in the sense and to the extent that we respect his theory that his wife is beautiful and his children smart."
-- H. L. Mencken

[REDACTED]

Dave Rowe

What were you going to put at the top of the last page, where the big blank spot is?

I'll bet this presentation about Maurice Sendak would be a really big hit in Apanage. It's certainly very well done, the "cover" is a labor of love and a work of art, and I suspect that for the most part 'Nagers are of the same mindset as you regarding Sendak. Really nice job, Dave.

Enjoyed having you over for the usual Chinese takeout and terminal idle chitchat the day after I broke free of the hospital, even if I couldn't get you to go out in the rain and pick up the food...

Danny MacCallum

Sorry your zine didn't make it in time for the mailing before last. You'd think first class mail would make it through in less than a week. Roy's letters usually take 2 days, occasionally 3, once in a while 5 or 6 [back in the mid-80s I got in the habit of recording postmark and receipt dates on incoming mail].

Westercon. Haven't hit one of those since the 29th in 1976. Don't remember a

helluva lot about it. Or any of them, actually, except for the 25th in 1972. David Hulan was the Chairman. I was one of the four on the convention committee. I think I remember most everything about that one...

Roger Sims

My name is mentioned in the Octocon/Ditto flyer. How did I get involved in preparing this list of eateries? That was Jackie's project. Well, okay, I drove around and prepared the map and a penSink listing of 36 immediately nearby places to eat. Then I handed both to Jackie. Just because four people worked on this flyer and screwed it up by inserting my name.

Glad you enjoyed Magicon. My last worldcon was in 1978. My last worldcon will always be in 1978. I wouldn't go to another one if it were held within walking distance.

Dean Grennell

I filled several tapes with AVENGERS reruns and have watched about half of them now. Briefly considered getting a complete run, as I did with the SPENSER FOR HIRE series [well, alright, one episode eluded me], but decided I didn't want to be that much of a completist. I did save a good copy of the alternative version of the Chimes Of Big Ben episode, dubbed via a loan from Frank Johnson.

Roy Tackett

I missed my 25th high school reunion. I sent in money for it and at least expected they would mail the questionnaire summary, but never heard anything further. No notice of a 30th reunion, but probably there wasn't one [the 25th was the first]. There were 18 in my graduating class, too. The whole idea for the 25th was hatched when two classmates serendipitously encountered each other in another state.

For a third time, best of luck to you and Eleen. And for a third time, congratulations. Surprised the kids, did you?

"A Night At The Space Opera". Good Lord, Roy... Guess you adda be dare, eh, Spocko?

Carolyn Doyle

"Suppose I could type with my eyes closed?" If you touch-type, sure, why not? I often type while watching some item on television, or while looking at Jackie as she says something to me. With word wrap, I can get through whole paragraphs that way. The limiting factors are that I don't touch-type numbers and I don't touch-type coded word processing commands, and I don't have the capacity to touch-type one thing and converse about something else...

Say, that was a helluva trip for Fritz. And for everyone else involved. Funny story.

Oh hell, bring the electric brownies too if you want. Just label them [maybe: Vegetarian Oregano Brownies. Or maybe not].

David Hulan

A liver transplant would indeed be a "ghastly experience." And at only 26 years of age. Sorry to hear that your friend had to go through such a thing.

I still remember the LA quake in '71. Rolled me out of bed. The aftershock knocked the corn flakes out of my spoon. I recently read that the next major earthquake in this country is suspected to be a redo of the New Madrid, which means I'd be safer living in LA...

Sounds like you spent much of your vacation inside the car, like I did back in '73. Well, that can be okay. Not sure I'd want to do it again, though. I never did believe that 'getting there is half the fun'.

Arthur Hlavaty

Just thinking about how much stuff you had to move serves to make me tired in the head. When I moved from Ballston Spa, New York to Duarte, California I didn't take any more than I could carry. When I moved from Duarte to Lomita, California my stuff filled a station wagon. When we moved from California to Louisville, Kentucky we had a U-Haul full. From Louisville to Cincinnati, a moving van. If I even thought about moving again, Jackie would have to hide the matches until I got used to the idea.

Method of organizing books. Ours is to shoehorn them in wherever they'll fit. Now that we've got a van I could probably fold down the back seat, load it to the hilt with books to sell at the local second-hand bookstore, and clear out maybe 5% of them...

Music. I figured you had to be a reactionary about something, Arthur...

Couldn't agree with you more about MOLLY IVINS CAN'T SAY THAT, CAN SHE? Funny, sensible, and very well crafted. Delightful, actually. She covers a little more ground than just Texas politics, but that's the bulk of it and I had absolutely no interest in the subject before or after reading Molly write about it.

On the other hand, not even Molly Ivins could write a book about "K/S" or "slash" fiction and make it the slightest bit interesting. I don't think either of the books you mention will reach "the insecurities of many within the sf community". As Milt Stevens once pointed out, most Star Trek amateur fiction is an effort to extend the mythos. K/S is fiction about actors having sex. I wonder how Shatner and Nimoy feel about it?

Yes, MORE THAN HUMAN is one of the top classics in the science fiction field, and should always be in print. It's almost a litmus test for the true science fiction fan. And, I really should go reread it one of these days...

I don't agree with Disch about outgrowing science fiction. I outgrew the enthusiasm to read everything on the stands, and I read relatively little of it these days, and I wouldn't be a booster for any genre "as a whole", but the field contains too many good works to be looked at as a steppingstone to something better. Sturgeon's Law works everywhere. The challenge of maturity is to narrow down your focus to the worthwhile. And you can find that in most any genre, except maybe nurse novels and gothic romances...

Where does one find Connie Willis' EVEN THE QUEEN?

I'll have to pick up THE COLLECTED STORIES OF ROBERT SHECKLEY. Assume it has many which weren't previously collected. Oddly enough, I was just finishing a binge of rereading the various Sheckley collections when I read your endorsement. Sheckley has always been one of my favorite writers. One of the few whose works impress me as much today as they did when I was a teenager.

D. Gary Grady

I always thought I'd do fairly well at learning other languages if only they weren't taught by first studying the grammar. I wasn't even able to pass English grammar.

You say of your two roommates that "most nights they would inhale a few cases of beer". A few cases of beer? Cases? You must mean six-packs. If not, were they catheterized?

I think we share a very similar political outlook. This is good. It saves me from having to write much on the subject.

Out here the private outpatient clinics are usually called urgent care centers, but many of them provide primary care as well. And after ten years of working in the local medical community I never heard anything particularly bad about any of them. Emergency rooms, on the other hand, generally have bad reputations and are to

be avoided whenever possible. On the third hand, the hospitals they're a part of have reputations which remind me of the movie THE HOSPITAL which starred George C. Scott and Diana Rigg.

Bowers, household repairs and enhancements? One of the nice things about having Bill over here as often as we do is that we don't feel guilty about not cleaning the place up beforehand.

Thanks for the Westlake recommendation. I've been reading him for a long, long time, he's one of my favorites, and though redundant your recommendation was dead-nuts on. Seeing as you've read only one of his books, if you're indeed at Octocon/Ditto I've a bag of used paperback Westlake books to give you. His best humorous book, of the zillion I've read thus far, is DROWNED HOPES, but I'm not giving away the hardcover of that one. It's currently out in paperback. He also writes serious mysteries and caper novels, and also science fiction and fantasy. Under the penname Richard Stark he wrote two series of novels, interconnected, about characters named Parker and Grofield, and these are my favorite series in any genre [and, thanks to Lon Atkins, my collection of them is complete]. Right now I'm reading his latest, a fantasy called HUMANS which I couldn't resist buying in hardcover.

Marty Helgesen

Presume you've read and/or seen mention of current brainstorming over a means of identifying a radioactive waste sight to people who will undoubtedly tumble across it thousands of years from now. The presumption is that languages as we currently know them might not serve, that far in the future. I don't particularly feel good about any of the ideas so far. If it were me, in addition to using a great variety of languages I'd add symbols representing the uranium and transuranium elements involved, and bet that the good old skull & crossbones symbol will never be obsolete.

At a restaurant, if I'm alone, I like asking for the check as soon as I know whether or not I'm going to order dessert or have something more to drink. Like you, I don't like sitting around trying to hunt up the waiter when I'm ready to split.

Bill Bowers

Jeez, you just got your ass out the door from delivering your zine the night of the deadline, and here I am commenting on it the same night. Well, I haven't had the first zine in the mailing since the 70th of 6/91, so...

I see from the copy of your lawyer's missive that he's not too good on detail. For one thing he dated it "October 26, 1992" instead of 9/26/92, and for another he refers to meeting and exchanging "the last of the items of personal property." The last? The only. He should have omitted "the last of the items of" and left it that you would "meet and exchange personal property." Well, what can you expect of a lawyer who works on East Central Parkway? I hope whatever items you manage to pick up are still in one piece.

Nice intro for the Glick at Con*Stellation. However, I thought it would be shorter...

Well, that takes care of it. Today is October 5th, deadline day for the 78th mailing, and now I don't have to think about SLOW DJINN for four months... Somehow I believe I'll find other things to think about in the gaping interim. See you next mailing, with something written much closer to the deadline...

Later.