recer in august

FROST IN AUGUST comes to you courtesy of the soon-to-be-on-strike Canadian Post Office, from the recently-on-strike Eli Cohen. This one-shot, if I can so describe a publication done in absolute sobriety in the fannish wasteland of Regina, Saskatchewan, is being done not to assure all of you lucky people on this very limited mailing list that I am still alive, but to try my luck at hand stenciling and various typewriter adjustments, without thereby crudding up KRATOPHANY. There's also a little bit of news, or will be if I get around to it. If I don't watch it, the whole thing will wind up in this colophon, which is being typed August 31, 1975.

(Walt Liebscher is a very clever man. But I digress.)

The title of this is very unfair -- we've only had one day of frost the whole month. On the other hand, the temperature two weeks before this event broke 100°F. (38°C.), and the bus I was taking to Saskatoon broke down halfway there from heat prostration, but that's another story. Besides, you people expect cold jokes from here, right? "The reason I'm late, sir, is that my lead husky had a flat paw ..."

I'm still digressing. Which is my right -- I mean nobody is forcing you to read this; I already know, by this time, if that title came out, and also how this paragraphed worked (typed with copy set at $6\frac{1}{2}$, as has been the preceding, or is that preceeding? Anyway, excuse me while I crank it up to $7\frac{1}{2}$.).

Well, all right: The Canadian Dept. of Immigration (actually, that's the Dept. of Manpower and Immigration, but who's being formal?), after studiously contemplating its navel for four months, has given me special permission to apply for landed immigrant status from Regina, and remain in Canada during the processing. My application will be decided upon by the local officials, who, since they've been fighting for me for these last four months, would look pretty stupid if they kicked me out now. The local Immigration officer who wheedled this dispensation out of Ottawa told our Personnel Officer that she owed him a drink. (He told me I couldn't owe him a drink since this might be construed as bribing an Immigration official.) I have an appointment this week to go over to his office and fill out a few thousand forms ("Sign here. And here. And here and here. And here ...), but from here on it seems to be such a formality that the Dept. of Social Services has gone ahead and changed my temporary appointment to permanent. Nothing can go wrong now, and I'm sure they haven't really lost my required chest X-ray....

I was so ecstatic at the news, I barely noticed when we went on strike two days later.

(Those faces can get habit-forming. Let's crank this up to 8.)

Where was I? Oh, the strike. Well, it seems that Labour Services, which is the blue collar branch of the civil service union to which I belong (to which I <u>must</u> belong, as a condition of employment), was negotiating their new contract, and opened with a perfectly reasonable demand for an across-the-board minimum wage of \$7 an hour, plus a 35 hour week and double-time for overtime. While the government was a little put out at this, their response was for some reason to make no counter-offer until the last possible day, and then to offer \$2.83. The positions, obviously, were a little far apart, and the union went on strike. Four days later it was something like \$5.80 to \$3.08, and Labour Services started expanding picket lines, which we white collar workers in the same union couldn't cross. Little by little, the lines were extended to sjut down more and more vital services --highway repairs, welfare services, the jails (the RCMP were called in as replacements) -- but the positions held firm, and the gov't refused mediation, a union proposal. (I don't see any difference between the typing pressures -- they all look just as bad, particularly the "n" and "g". I'm going to try this with just plioflim (that's pliofilm, of course; plioflim is what you use when you're typing the Slimarilion) and carbon at $7\frac{1}{2}$)

OK -- coffee break's over, back on your heads, oops, I mean back to the strike. The government was weakening, but still resisting, despite this enormous pressure. Then the union went all the way, and hit 'em where it hurts-the picket lines were extended to include the Saskatchewan Liquor Board Employees, an affiliated union, who run the government-monopoly liquor stores, the only place to get <u>beer</u>, let alone wine and booze. The government quickly crumbled and agreed to mediation, presently underway. I lost 4 days pay, but that's OK -- I'm entitled to \$8 strike pay. Incidentally, my part of the union is in the middle of negotiations, and <u>our</u> contract expires Sept. 30th.

I'm running out of room (back up at 8 now), so I can't tell you about the US gov't refusing me a passport, or Pub Crawling in Saskatchewan, or how much time and effort it takes to arrange for coffee to be provided for a meeting with two out-of-province officials. You'll just have to wait till next time, when I'll be able to describe the forthcoming federal/provincial conference I'll be attending in Ottawa at the end of this month.

If you've noticed some of the capitals slipping a bit in this, that's a little left-over from Susan's thesis demon, which destroyed the shift key completely before it was through. I typed the entire issue of KRAT 7 with the bottom plate removed, the typewriter perched on two volumes of Feynman's <u>Lectures on Physics</u> with a space between them so I could reach under and manually engage the shift for every damn capital in the **fanzine**!! I have never appreciated doug barbour so much in my life.

OK. Time to quit. This is available if you got it; otherwise you'll have to Xerox someone's. Assuming you can unwrap it from the dead fish, of course.

This has been Gobrin Press Publication #10.

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