

UNDULANT FEVER

UNDULANT FEVER #1 is the new personalzine from the new civilian Bruce D. Arthurs at his really-new address, 920 N. 82nd St., H-201, Scottsdale, AZ 85257. UF is published irregularly and is available for 25¢ in cash or two 10¢ stamps (unless, as seems likely, postage has gone up by the time this is finally run off, in which case send two stamps of whatever denomination is required to send a one ounce package or letter first class), or upon arranged trades or other whims of the editor. Stencils begun 12 April 1975. This is Malacoda Press Publication # 7

HEY, WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BRUCE D. ARTHURS? Well, after a relatively long hiatus of four months, he's finally getting around to working on a fanzine for general circulation again.

Actually, I have managed to produce a couple of small apa-zines (largest four pages) and a 2-page letter substitute, but I don't really think I can count those. This first issue of UF is more or less a continuation of POWERMAD, my Armyzine, and a few of the locs replying to PM #9 will show up later in this zine.

I'm living on my own now. (Note new address above, please.) I've gotten myself a one-bedroom, 2nd floor walk-up in a large apartment complex. Costs \$115 a month plus gas & electricity, which isn't bad despite what Buck Coulson says. You can get cheaper ones in the area, of course, provided you don't mind wrestling the cockroaches for your dinner. (And in the really cheap ones, the cockroach is your dinner.) (And in the really really cheap ones, you're the cockroach's dinner.)

I've gotten most of my books and fanzines unpacked and on the shelves now. The Malacoda Press, my mimeo, has a coabinet all its own in the living room. A while back, my mother came into possession of an old tv cabinet of the type that had doors that would close over the picture tube when not in use. The tv had been removed, and I found that the mimeo fits perfectly into the empty space, plus there's an additional space at the bottom that will be perfect for storing ink, paper and other supplies. I'm really proud of that piece of furniture.

The Malacoda Press itself has a few problems. To get the stencil inked properly, you have to crank thru four or five sheets of paper to engage the pressure rollers. A somewhat more serious problem is that the receiving tray doesn't receive very well, and the paper doesn't always come all the way out of the machine. I think the problems lies in a chromed piece the paper is supposed to slide over on its way out; the chrome has worn off and the underlying steel has rusted (it's an old machine, after all) and I think the paper might be dragging on that. I'll see if removing the rust with some extra-fine sandpaper and emery cloth helps improve it.

At present, I'm working for the main Phoenix Post Office in the Mark-Up section. I look up forwarding addresses, return undeliverable mail to senders, ~~utilize/fan/~~ ~~zip/~~ and charge postage due. It gets monotonous at times, but not too much so (especially sine I make about \$700 a month, after taxes and before overtime). The Mark-Up job, though, is only a 90-day temporary position that ends in mid-May. The only permanent jobs the PO is hiring for right now are ZMT operators. The ZMT is this huge machine where the operator sits at a console with letters zipping past him at about one per second; the operator has to read the zip code on the letter, remember the proper scheme for that zip, and punch certain keys; the letter then, if all

goes well, goes into the large part of the machine (about half a block long) where a passing sloop grabs it up and relays it to the proper slot on the other side, so that a handler can just pick up a batch of mail from a slot and know where they're supposed to go.

My name came up on the permanent list yesterday. If I want to get a permanent job, I'll have to take a batch of lessons on the ZMT to see if I can acquire the required efficiency and speed. (The failure rate is about 90%.)

But I'm not sure that I want a permanent job with the Post Office. For one thing, while the Mark-Up job is boring at times, the ZMT is always boring, since you have to sit staring at letters going by for hours, plus the mental effort required is constant and unyielding: once per second, you have to recognize the zip and respond with the proper key-punching. I'm fairly sure that I could qualify on the machine, but I'm almost positive that I wouldn't enjoy the job.

And I suspect that sooner or later I'd have a run-in with the postal workers union. I firmly believe that one of the main reasons for the deterioration in postal service lies in the grossly inflated power of the unions. There are far too many... I guess "lifers" is the term that fits best...working for the PO, people who don't give a shit about anything but their paycheck every two weeks and will "slide" every chance they get. There were plenty of that type in the Army too, but the Army system had one major advantage over the Postal Service; anyone caught slacking off in the Army could be court-martialed and end up with a federal felony record for it. Do you know what happens to postal union members who goof off all the time, who will even admit it to management's face?

Nothing.

I am not joking. There's one of that type in the Mark-Up section, named Castro, who does only a fraction of the work that even the slowest worker in the room does. He sits at his desk staring into space, or wanders around the room, or goes downstairs and talks to some friends for half an hour or so, or (and this really infuriates me) he starts rubber band fights! In fact, most of the overtime I've been getting lately has been because I've had to stay late and finish up the work he was supposed to have done that day. And he'll admit it; complain to him about how he's not pulling his weight like everyone else and he'll reply "My paycheck's just as big as yours." And because this asshole, this bastard, this no-good incompetent son-of-a-bitch has got four years working for the PO and is a member of the union, management is afraid to lift a finger against him! (Do I sound like I'm pissed off? I am, buddy, I am.)

Another thing about the union that makes it repellent to me is this: back in the last near-postal strike, when a new contract was negotiated, one of the provisions provided that only the one union could be the authorized representative of the workers and negotiate for them. So any rival union that perhaps didn't insist on such a drastic wage increase would be out in the cold, powerless. To me, that provision is obviously and blatantly unconstitutional. In fact, in the rest of Arizona that sort of deal is illegal, but since the PO is a federal monopoly....

And that fact too doesn't inspire much respect for the PO. I think the situation has reached a point where we either have to eliminate the monopoly law or else service will continue to deteriorate at the same time costs increase. Some of the larger private delivery firms such as UPS have said they could deliver first class mail faster and cheaper (as little as 4¢ an ounce, one claims); goddamnit, I say we should give those companies a chance!

One of the things standing in the way of that, however, is the federal policy that a person's mailbox is more-or-less the "private" property of the Postal Service. Now, in most cases, a person's mailbox is something that he's bought himself. (In my case, no. The lockboxes down at the end of this group of apartments actually were provided and installed by the PO.) Now suppose you bought, say, a garbage can, and that the sanitation service in your fine city gets part of its money from the federal government. How would you feel if the government told you that you could only put house trash in that can, no grass clippings or such matter?

Actually, the monopoly law was first put into effect because private firms were

outdoing the federal system. The Postal Service says that if private firms were able to deliver 1st class mail, they might take so much business away from the federal system that all the multimillion dollar machinery like the ZMTs wouldn't be needed and all that money would have gone to waste.

Good, I say. I think a main reason for the deterioration of postal service lies in the magnitude of the job. It would seem to be some sort of natural law that the more things someone produces or handles, the less efficiently it will be done. The PO handles billions of pieces of mail each year. In some areas, especially dealing with magazines, mail gets stacked up horrendously while waiting for someone to handle it. The Mark-Up room has an area called the 79 Section, which is supposed to send CoA's back to publishers when a magazine is undeliverable or unforwardable; it has baskets of mail stretching halfway down the hall that it hasn't caught up with.

I think yet another reason lies in the number of different categories that mail falls into. Someone in the Mark-Up section once said, "There are twenty-seven different ways to handle mail...all of them wrong." I'm not sure if the number is correct, but there's a flyer the PO puts out listing all the different ways; if I get ahold of a loose one, I might reproduce it here.

Basically, the PO has to handle too much mail. There's a constant pressure on the workers, because they know that as soon as they get one batch of mail done, another will be right behind. You think packages marked FRAGILE get any special treatment? Bullshit. A mail handler sorts stuff by picking it up from a conveyer belt and pitching it into a basket across the room. If he comes across a FRAGILE package, the most he might do is pause a second or two to look at it, then he'll toss it across the room just as if it were a steel-plated brick.

I seem to have gotten away from my original point, which was that I probably won't work permanently in the Post Office. In the meantime, though, I will start those lessons on the ZMT (more to see if I can be among the 10% who pass than anything else), at least for a while. After all, the money is good, and I'll even go so far as to admit I'm being overpaid at \$5.25 per hour. For the job I'm doing, where I don't have to memorize a route scheme or suchlike, I'd say a fair wage would be in the neighborhood of \$3.00 an hour. (For mail handling or some other job that does require memorization, I'd raise it to \$4.50 or so. That memorization is supposed to be a real bitch.)

But I don't think I'd stay more than thru this summer. After that, I think I'd like to go back to college at nearby ASU, majoring in Graphic Technology (or How To Make A Better Fanzine). GI Bill for full-time students is \$270 a month, plus I should also be able to get unemployment (\$78 a week) for at least six months, maybe a year if the economy doesn't improve fast enough. (Of course, to qualify for unemployment, I'll have to look for a job...but not too hard.) Between that and my savings and bonds, I should be able to get by for quite a while.

Let's take a break and listen to a few letter-writers....

KICKBACKS

((The following letters are commenting on POWERMAD #9))

Rich Bartucci, Box 369, KCCOM, 2105 Independence Blvd., Kansas City, MO 64124

I received POWERMAD 9 with a whoop of joy just outside the office of Dean Wilbur V. Cole, D.O., the Chief Honcho of this vast Loose Bolt Bin. I heard from within a masculine voice saying, "What the hell was that?" and a feminine reply, "Just Bartucci, sir." At that, the gentleman (presumably Dean Cole himself) said "Oh."

My fanzining seems to be more widely known on campus than I'd suspected. I took POWERMAD 9 and such mail as accompanied it over to the cafeteria in the hospital and settled myself down at one end of a table to commence ignoring the food as well as I could and still continue to eat. I laughed at something in the zine, and one of the ladies at the other end of the table, a secretary of the office force, asked me what I was reading. I go into dialog:

"It's a science fiction fanzine. An amateur magazine," I said.

"Oh, yes; I know about that. There's a fellow, one of the boys in Peach Hall that publishes one of them. I read it; it's kinda cute."

My ears perk up - and not just from egoboo reaction. Treponema Pallidum, my friend, is not just a hobby with me - it's a mild risk I've taken to continue my fanatic in medical school. Under the regs of this glorious institution, any student caught publishing anywhere or anything without the express permission of the school can be plunked on his arse in the middle of Independence Avenue and told to find a Chiropractic College. That a lady of the office force has seen TP - *shudder*! She apparently hadn't recognized me as a student, inasmuch as I wear W.T. Grant work shirts and shorts to class and look like the Maytag Repairman taking night school courses.

After a few "Oh, isn't that curious?" remarks, I gulp down my lunch and head for the door. Tell me, friend, - is this the kind of feeling a spy's supposed to get when he's been "compromised"?

As for my "better way to have someone pay my way thru medical school", I'm afraid it didn't pan out. I'm going in debt up to my hocks to fund the process, and I may have to resort to the military anyway. But only in desperation!!! Is it any wonder, though, that the motto of the A.M.A. is the same as that of the Polesotechnic League? "All The Traffic Will Bear!" ((I'd rather not see you go into the service to fund your medical training, Rich. Besides, remember what I wrote you about? The services are planning to start a medical university of their own sometime this year or next. By training the doctors themselves, they won't have to supply the costs of a student going thru a regular medical school. Of course, the quality of the medical training given in the service college will probably be about as comprehensive and high-qualified as other more regular service training...in which case the cover on the latest NATIONAL LAMPOON (with the fanged madmen in gowns and gloves around an operating table) gets a bit near the truth for comfort. Also, under this new system, you'd have to sign up for seven years of active duty instead of the four (if I remeber correctly) under the old system.))

SP4 Joe Woodard, 333-48-8690, 593rd S&S Co, APO NY 09227 ((This is a new address for Joe, who is presently stationed in Kaiserslautern, Germany, the poor guy.))

If you have not changed your mind about re-enlistment, you'll probably be a PFC by the time you read this. (Proud Friendly Civilian, that is.) Judging by what I have heard and read, a lot of people have been frightened into remaining in the Army by the economic situation. How much does it worry you? ((Not much. If things should happen to get really bad, I can always knock over the U-Totem on the corner. Provided it doesn't go out of business, that is.... Actually, if it came to that, I'd rather go around knocking over the Colonel Sanders outlets around here. It's about time the public started ripping them off. I can just see the headlines: CHICKEN THIEF STRIKES AGAIN.))

For mine own part: I will not make the proud boast that three years is all I shall put in the Great Green Machine, or even that once I get out I shall never come back to the military. I do say that I shall surely try the outside. A soldier is an indentured servant and I'll value my freedom highly. If ever I get out it will take not just hard times, but utter destitution to force me back in again. I shall have to be hungry, cold, and ragged.

The Army took me from Fort Carson where I was wanted and needed and working in my MOS and sent me to Germany. At the company I am presently assigned to they have no call for Textile Repairmen because their mission has been changed and hired German civilians are now doing those jobs. But even though they did not need me I was retained and I am now the unit postal clerk. A typical Army blunder. ((It could be worse, Joe. Postal Clerk, at least in the 57th Trans Co, was always a pretty easy job. Even when we were out on field exercises, our mail clerk would always drive back in to base each morning to pick up the mail; sometimes he didn't get back until twelve or fourteen hours later, and considering the drive was only about two and a half hours round trip...I wonder what he was up to the rest of his time? He sure had

a big smile on his face when he got back to the exercises, though. In the meantime, Joe, try to make the best of it. Visit the countryside and all the historical places whenever you can. For god's sake, don't hang around the base; there's no place more likely to cause trouble. And don't forget to get a German camera before you come home. Good luck.))

Dave Szurek, 4417 Second, Apt. B-2, Detroit, MI 48201

Why not keep POWERMAD and forget about changing the title to UNDULANT FEVER? Shit, even if there aren't any more army stories, it's still your mag, isn't it? You could let it grow with you, without having to close shop just to start from scratch. As you've probably guessed, my main concern is that you'd have an issue without loc's. But then again, I guess you could print the loc's from the final POWERMAD in the first UNDULANT FEVER, couldn't you? ((Hmm. Come to think of it, I could, couldn't I?))

I'll probably have words for "The Ripoff Report" in the future. Skinflint that I am, I consider almost everything to be a rip-off! Everything costs too damn high, anyway. I really can't understand how anybody - except maybe the Rockefellers - could afford to buy a large variety of magazines regularly, collect records, attend movies often, actually pay for books (thank god for the Public Library) ((Or "Thank God I have a coat with extra-large pockets" as a local fan said when paperbacks went up to \$1.25 a few years back.)) and still find the money for such things as car payments, booze, dope, or fan pubbing. I'm not even going to mention rent, food, clothes and cigarettes. It seems that one would necessarily have to have very limited interests, or else indulge several interests on an extremely limited individual basis. I'm a grump and a miser - but only because I feel almost everything including absolute necessities is monstrously over-priced. Well, okay, my financial situation is pretty low by itself, but I think that were I well off, I'd feel the same way. ((I'd say that I'm pretty well off right now, Dave, and my feelings are quite similar. I try to follow the old dictum "Use it up, fix it up, do without" as much as possible. I'd say about 75% of the books I buy are second-hand. I've been fixing my own meals for nearly a month now, and I've yet to toss out any leftovers, even from my culinary experiments that fail (and some of them would give Baron Frankenstein the shudders). In fact, I used the leftovers from one failure to accomplish a rather neat success. Can you guess what I'm leading up to? Right. A recipe. It is my zine, after all:

The Undulant Fever Oyster-Cheese Casserole

Melt $\frac{1}{4}$ CUP BUTTER OR MARGARINE in a skillet, and add $\frac{1}{2}$ CUP CHOPPED ONIONS. Saute until cooked thru but not brown.

Cook an 8 OUNCE PACKAGE OF EGG NOODLES. Rinse with hot water and drain.

Mix noodles and onions in a 3-quart casserole, along with: TWO CUPS COTTAGE CHEESE, 8 OUNCE CAN OF OYSTERS (I use Bumble Bee brand, which is about 20¢ per can cheaper than any other and just as good), and 1 CAN OF CHEDDAR CHEESE SOUP (or you could probably mix in some grated cheddar instead if you wanted). Cook in a 350° oven for approximately 45 minutes or until bubbling and brown around the edges.

Oh yes. Don't forget to grease the casserole before putting everything into it. Serves a bunch.

Wasn't that enjyabe, folks? It's not really the epitome of trivial fanzine writing; it's a serious-constructive recipe, after all.))

Brett Cox, Box 542, Tabor City, NC 28463

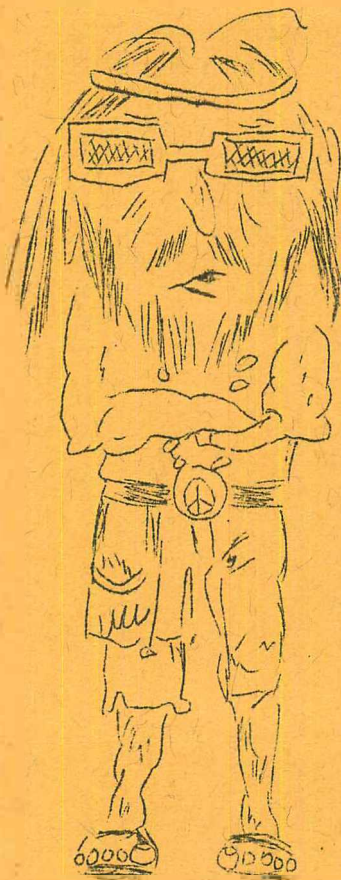
Aha! We finally know your weak point! On all matters fannish, you write with skill and authority. You discourse on the literature of sf most knowledgeably. Personal tales you tell fascinatingly, and Army-horror stories you relate so as to keep us all on the edge of our seat. But let the subject of women arise, and you clam up like a seventh-freaking-grader! Hoo-hah!! Welcome back to inarticulation, pal. ((Wise ass.)) All kidding aside, I'm sorry things didn't work out along that front.

Maybe Arizona will yield better prospects. ((Not yet, though I'm keeping my eyes open. I'll have to remember to ask Pat Hayden to send you a copy of his GRAYSWANDIR; I have a column in there where I tell about a rather shattering failure of an approach to a lady of my acquaintance.)) ((Also, thanks for the return of the jacket I left at your place, and incidentally, DEEP NOSE will be published one of these days; I went to the other side of town and got about a year's supply of paper yesterday, and I'm waiting for a shipment of ink to arrive at another business place. Once that's settled, I should be able to start pubbing strong.))

What lies below is..."sort" of a loc from Brad Parks (562 Kennedy Rd., Windsor, CT 06095). I know Brad does a lot of Strange Things (in fact, he's the only fan who makes Bruce Townley look normal), but this even surprised me. Since I'm planning to increase the print run of this about 50% over PONEFMAD's print run, I hate to think of what all the new readers who didn't read PM #9 are going to think. But let us proceed....

I WAS A typ-
ical, clean-cut,
All-AMERICAN —
then they let
me out of the
ARMY

((ilho by Mike
Bracken, traced
by the editor))



WELCOME TO: AN ALTERNATE WORLD

by Brad Parks

Bruce Arthurs, madman of Fort Lee, fingered his ~~left friend~~ 54 foot machete when suddenly a knocking came upon the door. He thought nohting of it, and just kept ignoring it as he slit his finger and licked the slow red trickling stream of blood, and savored the taste.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Arthurs ignored the sound again, as he practiced his swordwork by killing his electrostencils of Bruce Townley's artwork. He had thrills go up and down his spine as he thought of raping the WAC's at the other side of the base. After all,

they had found the bloody and dying WAC and had simply put guilt over the most likely subject, the black mailman for the compound. He had been put to death long ago, with Arthurs in charge of the hanging.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Damn that door! he thought, as he took the hidden grenades in his locker out, putting them inside his mouth for safe keeping. He walked to the door, almost tripping over the dead body of his bunkmate. (Imagine him, insisting not to perform a homosexual act when Arthurs pleaded. He simply shot the man to death and then listed him AWOL.) He opened the door.

It was Captain Frog, the most fierce SP5 killer in all of Fort Lee, and he

smiled at Arthurs. Arthurs carefully put aside the 54 foot machete, gleaming with his and stencil blood.

Without a word, Captain Frog ran thru the room with his 804 Gestapo personnel, who took out every nut and bolt, every sliver of wood, and investigated it carefully, checking and doublechecking. After overlooking a couple of H-Bombs, Tactical Missiles, grenades, Poison Flowers, Porno Movies and Ken Gammage's autograph, they tore the building down. Then one decided to look in his desk. And they found a 2 inch cutting blade.

AHA! Cried the Gestapo man.

AHA! Cried the Captain.

AHA! Cried Arthurs, and he was satisfied he could win his case.

* * *

He had been put to work for the first time in his life, and Arthurs took it in his stride, waiting for the trial. Soon the Supreme Court was flown in from a convention in Albany and the President, whoever it was at the time, said he couldn't come.

The trial was short and sweet, and the final witness was Captain Frog. He declared that this knife was dangerous, and that it could be used for death. He, of course, ignored the machete and grenades and poison gas.

But then Arthurs jumped up in the court, grabbing exhibit A, and said, "Yes, yes, this is dangerous. It is, it is, it is!" and threw himself at Captain Frog, slitting his throat and watching the globs of blood slowly fall onto the floor, and he laughed with sardonic glee, and before the court could get him, he had committed 10 acts of necrophilia.

When he finally was captured, he was sent home, categorized as fit to be an American.

((Brad, there's a guy out in Hollywood, name of Sam Peckinpah, who I think would love to meet you.))

SOME SHORT NOTES

1. I've been thinking of placing an ad for GODLESS in the next Mid-ameriCon Progress Report. A couple of reasons: a) I'm curious as to whether I'd get a great enough response to cover the cost of the ad itself. At least twelve responses would be needed to cover the \$6 cost of an ad. (Future issues of GODLESS will be 24 pages and 50¢ maximum; no more big issues like #'s 8 and 9.) b) If the response is better than that, the money will help absorb some of the costs of the trade and loc copies, which make up the vast majority of copies sent out. I'd still put the zine out, even if I got no response to the ad; I enjoy it too much. But I'd still like to get at least a little bit nearer to breaking even. And c) I've already made up a dunny ad, for the purpose of trying out a sheet of Prestype, for one reason. That Prestype (also known as Letraset or rub-on lettering) is Neat Stuff, to say the least. I've never used it before, but I certainly will again. The ad I worked up looks mighty fine, if I say so myself. (Incidentally, I'd like to apologize for the lack of any electrostencils in this issue, especially on Mike Dracken's illo. My job has been keeping me from going over to ASU where local fans can get electros done for 75¢ a sheet. I'll have to remember during my next day off.)

2. There's a new local apa being formed in the area. Called AZAPA, the first

of hopefully-monthly mailings will be out May 4th (which will probably have passed some time ago by the time you read this) with Pat Hayden as OE. The apa will also be open to fans outside the Phoenix area, and some people would like to see it turn into a Western States apa, not unlike SFPA is an apa for Southern Fandom. I'm not going to give Hayden's address, though; he's only going to be able to act as OE for the first disty, since his family will be moving to Toronto at the end of May. (Better watch out, Glicksohn, the lad's got Pubbing Fever and may take Toronto Fandom by storm.) The OE for the second disty and so forth will be Tim Kyger, whose address is...hmm...no, that's his old address. Well, I know I've got the new address written down somewhere around here. If I remeber, I'll stick in in somewhere later in the issue.

3. I saw a really incredible, absolutely unbelievable stamp at work this afternoon. It was a foreign stamp, a 1.50 baht (whatever that is) stamp from Thailand commemorating "International Letterwriting Week." I couldn't believe the picture on that stamp: it showed a woman and her lover in bed together, with the woman's galter in disarray and one breast exposed. Standing next to both of them was the angry (and who can blame him) husband, with a long sword in his hand, preparing to reduce the two to stew meat. Even wilder was what was being mailed with that stamp: it was a Thai-language version of the religious magazine WATCHTOWER!

I think I'm beginning to understand why some people are so caught up in stamp collecting.

4. Saw THE FOUR MUSKETEERS at a local theater tonight. It's not quite as good as THE THREE MUSKETEERS, but still superior to most flicks around. I especially enjoyed the scenes of swordfighting on the ice and the scene where the musketeers have breakfast on a besieged bastion. Overall, though, the story and action doesn't flow as evenly as in the first movie. I suspect that in the original four-hour version planned there were some "bridge" scenes that have been edited out of the two two-hour versions, especially in the beginning of TFM, where they go directly from the end of the last movie to the siege of La Rochelle. In the book (which the movies are fairly faithful to, more than most films are), there's a long section where the musketeers try to raise money to buy their equipment, which is missing in TFM. I'd certainly like to have seen the version as originally planned, in one continuous showing, but I suppose one has to make do with crusts when there're no loaves to be had.

Enough "Short Notes" for a while.

INTRODUCING...THE LIME JELLO! And before you get any idea that I've been taking perversion lessons from Joe Haldeman, be informed that The Lime Jello is my new car, a lime-colored 1973 Mustang with a great many of the custom options offered. Factory air, power steering and brakes, etc. I suppose a person could do perverted things in it, but it's be mighty uncomfortable with bucket seats.

I really love it. It's got a big V-8 engine, which provides quick acceleration, making my old '64 station wagon look like a snail. The bucket seats are extraordinarily comfortable, with no strain even on long drives. (With the station wagon, I'd get a knotted muscle on my back after a few hours of continuous driving.) The power steering and brakes are something I've never had before, and they're marvelous. In fact, after I'd driven the Lime Jello for a few weeks, I took the '64 wagon around the block (it's now in my parent's custody) and I felt like I had to almost stand on the brake to stop it.

Of course, there are some minor drawbacks to the new car. Just off the top of my head: 1) The insurance has risen from the old figure of about \$18 a month to nearly...forty...dollars...a month. *gulp* 2) When you make a panic stop, the rear end fishtails like a son of a bitch. 3) It's easy to get into, but when you try to get out of the car, odds are you'll trip over your own feet; I have to more or less get one arm up on the roof and hoist myself out of the car to do it at all

gracefully. 4) You have to lean forward in the seat to get at the lower controls on the dash, like the lights, windshield wipers, etc. 5) The sun visor is hard to swing over to the side without ducking your head (though this is something common to most cars). 5) The trunk is too small for my tastes, and the gas pipe sticking up thru the middle of it doesn't help any. When I went downtown and bought three cases of paper a week or two ago, between the spare tire, water bottle and tool kit, I was only able to fit one case in the trunk, and had to put the others in the back seat. However, I think it would be fairly easy to put one of those chromed-steel-rod racks on the trunk lid, if I ever need it. (The roof is vinyl, which leaves out placing a rack up there.) And I'm sure there are some other minor nitpicks I could pick nits at, but enough for now.

One problem I've encountered a few times is that driving a "sporty" car seems to turn some other drivers on the road into maniacs. Since I got the car, on two occasions I've found myself "challenged" by other cars for "road supremacy." I was taking the 16th St. exit off the freeway a few weeks back, when a late-model Ford LTD zoomed up behind me. (I should mention that the 16th Street exit is a relative weirdy on the freeway; two exits from opposite directions curve around to meet one another and narrow into one lane for the exit proper.) This guy in the LTD zooms up on my tail, then tried to pass me in the emergency lane! He couldn't make it thru there, so veers over to the left and tries to pass me there...right at the point where the two lanes of the exit narrow to one! I had to slam on my brakes to keep him from sideswiping me. No, I didn't go after him and try to run him off the road (I'm not stupid, after all), but boy, you should have heard the curses and seen the gestures I sent that bastard's way. In fact, he saw the gestures, since he stopped at a stoplight where I pulled up behind him, gesticulating violently. If he'd had his window down, he might have heard me too.

I also took his license number while at the stoplight and called it into the police. Unfortunately, the police couldn't do anything about such a driver unless one of their own units had observed it or if an accident had occurred. (There was also some confusion about who had responsibility for enforcing traffic laws on the freeway exits: the city police claimed it was the Highway Patrol's responsibility, and the Highway Patrol claimed it was the city's responsibility.) Drat. I wish it was possible for civilians to give traffic tickets. I would love to have some kind of hidden pop-up red lights in the roof of my car. Some sumabitch runs a red light in front of me, or makes a left turn from the right-hand lane, or other such bullshit, all I do is flip a switch, the red lights pop up out of the roof, and I pull him over with a BIGGGG grin on my face.

Since the police can't do anything, it seems, here's a little not-much-but-something that I can do: If you're ever in the Phoenix area, keep an eye out for a light green Ford LTD, Arizona license plate RHB-689. The driver will be middle-aged, overweight, with gray balding hair (yep, a description too). This man should be considered as armed with a dangerous weapon weighing several tons. Avoid him at all costs. When he eventually crashes into something, let it be an inanimate object like a wall or a telephone pole, not you.

Oddly enough, the driver of the second car I had trouble with (who kept swerving back and forth in front of me) was also middle-aged, overweight, and balding. One might surmise something about people trying to prove they still had their manhood despite their advancing years from those experiences. Yep, one might. (If I have any middle-aged, overweight, balding men among the readers...uhh, well, err....)

MY LIFE AND COMING HARD TIMES

Well, yesterday I more or less screwed myself out of a steady job at the Post Office. I went to the orientation for the ZMT job and heard all the rigamarole about what the job consisted of, etc. Then the lady in charge of ZMT training took the people applying for the job down to the training room where the practice consoles are. While everyone else watched the lady as she pointed out the various parts of the machine, I

watched a guy who'd started his training a week or two before. Or to be more specific, I watched the machine he was using as it sent cards thru at the rate of one per second. A card went by, another card, a card, card, card, card...after about two minutes I started to feel dizzy, as if I were going to black out in a few seconds. I came back to myself with a jerk, and said to myself, "NO WAY am I going to work on those machines." Hell, if I couldn't last two minutes, there's no way I'd be able to last the 45-minute periods the machines are worked regularly.

I hated that ZMT machine as soon as I saw it in operation. I would not be able to stand such a monotonous job. As I said to one of the other workers in the Mark-Up section, "I can think of better ways to spend the next couple of years than watching cards and letters go past my face every second."

So...my present temporary job has about two weeks to go before the maximum 89 days are up. (After 90 days, a worker comes under union jurisdiction, and management likes to have as few union members around as possible.) After that, it's back on unemployment until June 2nd.

At that date, the summer sessions at ASU start, and I'm presently planning to go back full time then. Full time students (unless they attend night courses, which is pretty hard to arrange, especially during the summer) aren't eligible for unemployment payments, which means that instead of the \$312 a month I'd be getting from unemployment, I'll only be getting \$270 a month from GI Bill. I've done some figuring of my monthly living costs, and with luck and pluck, it'll come to just about \$270 a month, give or take twenty or so. Plus I hope to pick up either a part-time job or do odd jobs. Very odd, if need be; I'll collect semen samples from kangaroos if I have to. I know I'll have to really make an effort at finding any type of employment in the present economic climate, as my parents reminded me quite vigorously. (They were, to put it lightly, disappointed that I didn't try to stay in the security of the Post Office. But if I'd stayed, I would have hated the job, and myself for staying. There are times when "Security" isn't worth it. My dad has been a machinist for over twenty years, and hating it, but he had a wife and family to support during those years. Right now, I'm a Free Agent; no one else depends on me for their livelihood, and any risks I take will effect only myself. I've still got about \$2,500 - 3,000 in savings and bonds, which is enough of a nest egg to see me thru most emergencies. I've almost never gone against my parents' wishes, but if I don't take these risks now, I might never work up the guts to do it later. I have to start finding my own way thru life, not letting other people make my decisions for me.)

So it's onto a tight budget for me. One thing in my favor, my gasoline bill should drop by at least a third, since I won't have to go all the way downtown to the main Post Office each day anymore. And ASU is only about 4 or five miles away, and a person could walk or hitchhike that distance if necessary; a knapsack for carrying books and lunch would be a good investment for that instance. And lord knows I could use the exercise; this ring around my gut is starting to get embarrassing.

And just maybe I could make a stab at writing some more stories for the pro markets. I know I keep saying that, but one of these days I'm actually going to do it...Real Soon Now.

Offhand, I come up with four essentials for living: Food, Clothing, Shelter and Transportation. I've already mentioned the last, what about the other three?

Shelter will be pretty regular. Rent is \$115 a month. The gas bill should run about \$10 a month, since the only things it's used for are the water heater and the furnace on the rooftop (and the latter I'll probably turn off in the next week or two, with the weather warming up). There are a number of tricks I can use to cut down on the amount of work the refrigeration will have to do this summer also: aluminum foil on the windows where the sun shines, staggering its use for the off-hours, etc. I haven't gotten my first full month's electric bill yet, but I'm hoping it won't be more than 25-30 dollars.

Clothing can be done without. I may not be the most fashionable or well-dressed person around, but people aren't going to call the cops at the sight of me either.

Except for some new socks and underwear whenever the old ones wear out (come to think of it, I need a couple pair of socks right now), most of my clothing should be sufficient to last me for a couple of years, if not longer. Or I could do like I once did and make new clothing; I put together a jumpsuit for myself a few years ago (well, my mother did help quite a bit).

And finally, Food. Not too much more I can do here than I've already been doing. Watching the specials, clipping coupons, buying in bulk where possible. Cutting down on sweets and desserts. Buying the cheap cuts of meat. (One very good device for softening cheap, tough cuts is a Crock Pot, one of those slow-cooking containers that were so popular for Christmas gifts last year. Cook a roast or whatever in one of those for a full day, or even two, and it'll come out fork-tender. Also uses a low amount of electricity.) Buy house brands instead of name brands. But most of these suggestions are probably already familiar to most of you readers. You almost have to use every trick in the book to get along nowadays.

Overall, though, I'm not too worried about surviving, and I hope to have enough excess cash floating around to keep on putting out my fanzines fairly regularly. Or irregularly, at the least. They might not be as large or fancy as I'd like (I'll be trying to do more hand-stenciling of art where feasible, and I don't think I'll be buying any more Prestype after using up the sheet I have after all, but stick to my lettering guides), but they will be published in one form or another. A person has to have some enjoyment out of life. And I'm still hoping to make a con or two this summer, especially if I can get someone to share gas and other expenses. (And if the airlines keep on waging their rate war, it might end up cheaper to fly to a con than drive.)

WHY IS IT ALWAYS THE BEST CHINA? Yesterday evening I was supposed to treat my parents to a spaghetti dinner at their home.

As soon as I got back to my apartment from work, I picked up the pot of sauce I'd been cooking, put the pot in the car, and took off, driving carefully and taking corners nice and slow so the pot wouldn't tip over...

...and on the very first corner I came to...you know what's coming, don't you?...the pot tipped over, unleashing a flood of spaghetti sauce onto the carpeting of my new car.

My anguished scream was probably heard for at least a block. My first thought wasn't about the damage that might be done to the carpeting, though, it was for the loss of the sauce. I had been simmering that sauce in a Crock Pot for two days. It had something of everything in it: hamburger, tomato sauce, whole tomatoes, onion, bell pepper, spices, everything! There must have been at least two bucks worth of ingredients in that sauce, not even counting the attention and hours I'd lavished on it. I tell you, I was just about ready to cry. Instead I just moaned, "Oh dammit, dammit, dammit, dammit," a few hundred times and hit myself in the head for not having the brains to put the sauce in a jar or an empty coffee can or something that wouldn't have spilled.

Of course, if it hadn't been something special that I'd slaved over, I wouldn't have been so upset. If it had just been a bottle of Ragu (blecch), I would have been able to shrug it off with an "Awww, shit!" Why couldn't it have been a jar of Ragu? Why is it always the best china that gets broken?

I still had dinner with my folks. My mom cooked up some bacon and eggs. Somehow it wasn't the same. I also wiped up and scrubbed the Lime Jello's carpeting, and the sauce left hardly a trace of stain, tho the car still smells rather strongly of tomatoes.

A FEW LAST NOTES

1. The first distribution of AZAPA is now out. (Tim Kyger's address, for anyone interested, is 1700 S. College, #1, Tempe,

AZ 85261. I must admit to a bit of worry. The first mailing, for the most part, is much above average for an apa's first mailing, but there are a couple of zines in it that seem almost guaranteed to start or revive a number of feuds between local fen. I hope it doesn't escalate in future mailings.

2. I finally got some ink today! I've been going to the nearest busniess sup-
ply place, Top Office Products, for stuff and they've been promising a shipment of
ink for a month now. I checked again today and the damned ink still hadn't come in!
I was disgusted enough to finally drive over to ABC Business Machines and get a
case of ink there. Turned out their price on a tube was 4¢ cheaper, plus since I
got a whole case (10 tubes), I also got a 10% discount, and the cost per tube was
about \$3.60. That gives me a big supply of paper and of ink; all I need now is
ten or twenty qui res of stencils and I'll be all set for quite a while. I'll prob-
ably order stencils from Sears; if I remeber right, their cost per quire is about
\$3.49 and they give pretty good repro (Meade Frierson III uses them and I believe
Roy Tackett also).

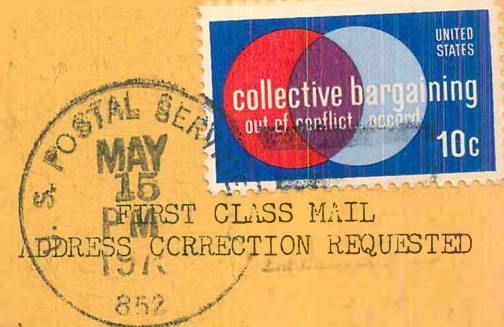
3. That PO info sheet I mentioned earlier isn't in this issue, but I'm also
planning to talk about the job quite a bit in the next GODLESS, and I also have to
tell about my adventures trying to get permission to mail GODLESS #9 as fourth
class matter. (What a bummer that was.) I'm going to try and get copies of the
sheet to enclose with the rest of the zine. Wonder what the PO will say when I
ask them for 200 copies of the sheet? I'll tell them it'll be good public relations,
har, har, har.

4. This issue will be going thru AZAPA and APA-45, plus I'm upping the general
circulation to about 125 at least this once, so thish print run will be about 200.
Next issue's printrun will depend on response to this one. (I should also add to the
colophon on page 1 that UF is also available for loc's.) Depending on what sort of
response I get in the apas, I might stop running them thru there, which would save
about 75 copies right away.

5. Mike Glicksohn, watch out! I'm getting a funny hat of my own. In fact, I'm
making it myself, from a pattern and instructions put out by the Tandy Leathercraft
Company. I'll say one thing: the price of leather is croggling. The side of leather
I got cost me \$8.10 and I was just barely able to fit all the pattern pieces in.
The other supplies, like stitching awl, cement, dye, leather finish, etc., cost
about another \$8. Whatever happened to that tight budget I mentioned? Well...one
has to splurge occasionally, and besides, I've been wanting one of those funky
looking hats for a long time.

6. And to even out this page, a typical TAPS mailing comment swiped from Mark
Blackman's TAPSzine: "I clean out restrooms. It's fairly low-paying but if I stay
there for five years I get to use a brush."

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