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It all started last April. I was heading home from my then job at the Post Of

I shifted my gaze to the front of the car. The driver, a man in a dark uniform, was looking at me. The car was moving slowly, and the driver was looking at me. The car was moving slowly, and the driver was looking at me.

its right side smashed in.

... and went over to the scene of the accident.

I was "contacted" about three weeks later, when a cop knocked at my door at 7 in the morning and handed me a subpoena. "A subpoena? What's it for?" I asked, not fully awake. I remembered after a moment or two.





Later that same day, I got a letter from the Scottsdale City Court changing the date I was supposed to show up there to a week later. Fine with me, the later date would be after my PO job was finished and I wouldn't have to take off work. (Did I get the letter the same day as the subpoena because of fast mail service? No, apparently they'd been trying to serve the subpoena for several days, but hadn't found me in.) Just fine, except that a few days later the same cop showed up at the same time in the morning and gave me a new subpoena with the new date and time on it.

I wonder what my neighbors are starting to think.

Anyhoo, the 29th of May, the court date, came around. I dressed in my suit, my tie, and my funny hat, and trucked on down to the courtroom, set in the new and attractive Scottsdale Civic Center. (The reason I was so dressed up was not because of the great respect I hold for the American legal system, but because I hadn't done my laundry in several weeks and the suit was the only set of clean clothes I had left.)

The guy who'd been driving the Imperial, a Mr. Elmer, pleaded not guilty. The various witnesses, including myself and a pair of tourists from France, were then called to the stand and gave their stories, all basically the same as I told above. The police officer who'd arrived at the scene gave the essential measurements, such as that the Imperial had gone into the intersection for 19 feet before striking the Datsun, and that it had also left skid marks for 51 feet before stopping.

Then Mr. Elmer gave his defense. Ghod, it was pitiful. He was quite an old person, hard-of-hearing, and I suspect somewhat senile. He got up on the stand and told how the light had been green when he entered the intersection and how the girl had turned right in front of him. The prosecutor asked him how fast he had been traveling. "Not more than 25 miles an hour." (In a 45 mph zone?) The prosecutor asked him how, if the light had been green, he had managed to leave skid marks for 30 feet before entering the intersection? Mr. Elmer stuttered and said that the girl had turned right in front of him as he entered the intersection.

The judge instructed him to step down. He sat there with his mouth open. "STEP DOWN, Mr. Elmer," the judge instructed. He stepped down and the judge instructed him to stand before the bench. "This court finds you guilty of the charge against you. Your testimony is in direct conflict with the physical evidence of this case. There is no way you could have been going thru the intersection before starting to brake and have left skid marks for fifty feet. This court fines you \$27.50."

"I want to appeal," said Mr. Elmer. The judge told the bailiff to give him the proper forms, and I was free to go.

The appeal will undoubtedly be denied, of course. Mr. Elmer was just one of those people who manage to convince themselves that it's the other person's fault, even in the face of undeniable evidence and multiple testimony.

I had an appointment at the unemployment office the same morning, so I got the Lime Jello started up and headed towards Mesa. I was on Hayden Road again, heading south, and had just passed University Drive when over on the left, I saw a white pickup dart out of a side street, trying to make a left turn across traffic, and slam broadside into a red Pontiac. "I don't believe this," I muttered as I pulled the Lime Jello over to the side and parked.

What are my neighbors going to think when I get a third subpoena?

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CATCHING UP, 27 June 75      It's been three or four weeks since I typed anything for UF, and a lot's been happening.

I did get a third subpoena, but not for the second accident. Mr. Elmer's appeal was granted, and I had to go down to the Superior Court in downtown Phoenix at 9:00 last Friday morning.

When the cop (the same one) knocked on my door Tuesday morning before the court date he really shouldn't have found me there. I was supposed to be in school that time of the morning, but was bedridden with a galloping case of the 72-hour flu. I rose from my sweat-soaked bed of pain to answer the door, took the subpoena, and closed the door again after barely glancing at it, before weaving back to bed. See, for a couple of days, until I regained my senses, I thought it was subpoena for the second accident, and that it was going to be held in Scottsdale court again.



Well, I was well enough by Thursday to go back to school, and I had to, since a test was scheduled for that morning. Got there, and surprise, the test had been rescheduled for...Friday morning.

FRIDAY MORNING?!?!?

The professor was understanding about it, though. The test was scheduled to start at 7:40, and he let me come into his office a half-hour earlier and take it. One problem, though; the test was tougher, a lot tougher, than I'd expected it to be, and I had to spend more time on each problem than I'd hoped for. Nine o'clock got closer...and closer...and I still had problems I hadn't even started on.

Then it was 9:00, and I was on the edge of panic. The professor came over to the desk, where I was tearing my fingernails out by the roots, and asked what about my court appointment? I rolled my eyes, made vague gestures toward the unfinished test paper, and said something along the order of "Bibble, bibble, bibble." At which the professor, sensing my predicament, said I could head to court and he'd let me have fifteen extra minutes when I got back to finish the test. He also asked me not to look at any books while I was out.

I was out the door and running to the parking lot. I hate to think how many traffic laws I broke getting downtown. No curbside parking was available, so I had to park in a parking garage (50¢ each half hour, the chiselers). Then it took me about another ten minutes to find the courtroom. The directory in the courthouse said the proper courtroom was on the second floor, but when I went up there, it was only some offices and no courtrooms. I asked around, and was told, "Ohhh, you want the second floor, all right - the second floor in the old courthouse." Which was across the street.

Finally got into the court at 9:30. I looked around the audience and saw Mr. Elmer sitting on another bench. Safe, I thought, they haven't called his case yet. I sat down...and waited.

And waited. For over an hour, as other cases were called. (Some of them quite interesting.) No call for Elmer, though. I looked around some more. Where were the other witnesses? Where was the Scottsdale prosecutor? After slightly more than an hour, one of the prosecutors said that the next case would take about half an hour to hear and requested a recess. The judge gave a ten-minute recess. At this time, Mr. Elmer and the man with him (lawyer or relative, I think) went and asked the bailiff when their case was going to be called. "Elmer? Elmer? I think that one was dismissed," the bailiff said.

Sure enough.... It turned out that Mr. Elmer had also been late arriving at court, and had come in just a moment or two before I had. Before either of us had come in, Elmer's case had been called and the Scottsdale prosecutor for some reason or other requested that the case be dismissed.

Can you possibly imagine how I felt? The "airtight" case I'd been expecting had just been thrown away. I'd had to drive like a maniac, at risk of life and limb. I had to pay \$1.50 for parking. And I flunked the physics test. Add to that my bout with the flu earlier, and you know that that entire week must have belonged to somebody else, because it sure wasn't my week.

Of course, I may have flunked the test anyway. It was a bastard, no matter how you looked at it, and just about everybody got 20 to 30 fewer points on it than the 1st test we'd had. Fortunately I did quite well on that first test, so I'm still passing...but not very well. If I hadn't missed three days of lectures, I might have been able to pass regardless.

The flu I had started Sunday afternoon while I was visiting my grandmother in the hospital, with a violent headache. By the time I got home, I was suffering violent chills and went straight to bed. By Monday afternoon, though, my temperature was back to normal and headache gone, and I decided it must have been a 24 hour bug. I even felt good enough to write a loc.

By the time I was finishing the loc, though, my temperature had started to climb again and my headache was back worse than ever. I went back to bed, waking up about once an hour with one of the most disgusting cases of diarrhea I've ever had. I took my temperature whenever I was in the bathroom, and by midnight it had gone up



to 104.7 degrees. Somewhere in the back of my fevered brain, one of those miscellaneous bits of information clicked into place, namely that a temperature of 105 or 106 is the area where you start to get...brain damage. With that for inspiration, I managed to get to the refrigerator and put ice packs around my head. If I hadn't taken such a step, I might now be just a drooling, stammering, babbling idiot. (First person that makes a smart remark gets it!)

The hallucinations were even more fun, though. Somehow or other, I ended up in the middle of a field in England, with one of those bone pyramids from George R. R. Martin's "And Seven Times Never Kill Man" over me, while all around me, English fans were holding a convention. At the same time, I was still in my own room with all the other sickies (there were a whole bunch of people as sick as me in the room, laying on the floor, furniture, in the closet, etc). Everyone had a different idea of what should be done to get rid of the sickness, and I spent a lot of time arguing with them about it. I finally came to the conclusion that some of them were conspiring to starve me to death. (Actually, I was getting dehydrated from the fever and diarrhea, but I felt like I was starving, not dying of thirst.) I got around them, though, and managed to sneak a pitcher of lemonade out of the refrigerator. "Ha, ha, you fuckers," I told the conspirators, "This stuff will keep me alive until I'm well."

It was a long night.

By Tuesday morning I was feeling somewhat better, fever down to 103 and hallucinations gone. The cop with the subpoena came by about 8:30, and a local fan picked up some stuff I'd run off about 10:30. (There's a story about the fan's visit that's fairly funny, if you like obscure sick jokes, but I don't feel like telling it now.) By Wednesday, my temperature was slightly over 100, and normal by that afternoon.

It's rather scary to be sick when you're living alone. I was very relieved when my parents stopped by on a whim Tuesday night. If I'd had any brains, I'd have asked the cop to call them earlier that day.

Enough of sickness and disease. Now to talk about death. About a week before I came down with the flu, the Lime Jello performed emergency service as an ambulance. I was over at my parent's home, when the old lady across the street had a heart attack (not a bad one, but it was complicated by the fact that she'd been in bed with a chest cold that had turned into pneumonia). My mother and I got her into the Mustang and sped her to the emergency room at nearby Desert Samaritan Hospital. I was familiar with the route and the usual traffic pattern in that area, and managed to hit only one red light on the way. Sometimes I lead an exciting life. She died nine days later, when she had a second coronary.

What else? Somehow or other, the rumor has been going around local fandom that I've sold a second story to Ted White. Gee, I wish I had (I could use the money), but I haven't even written a second story since "The Return of Captain Nucleus", much less submitted or had one accepted.

I went down and took myself off of unemployment, since I'm going to school full-time. It was depressing to see how the people down there automatically assumed that I was going to lie about it, and tried to trick me into signing a statement that I was a full-time student, when that was the reason I went down there in the first place.

Anything else? Oh yehhh...the Orange Jello! With the cost of gas going up, and the only-average mileage I manage to get out of the Lime Jello, I decided to get myself a bicycle to ride back and forth to school (about 8 miles round trip). It's an orange-color, 5-speed, 26-inch Murray bike. Not the best bike in the world, maybe (the rear reflector already fell off and I'll have to reattach it more securely), but it was on sale and it gets me where I want to go. I figure that it should pay for itself in about four months of riding it to school and other nearby locations.

No more for right now. I want to try and do a chapter in a round robin story that's been going thru local fandom, and the last person with it ended his chapter with the entire galactic cluster exploding. Aaaarrggghhh....

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This fanzine will never use interlineos to fill up a page. Never.

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Al Sirois, 533 Chapel St., New Haven, CT 06511

It's not easy to share such a small state with Brad Parks. One never knows, you see.... I've never met him, but I have a vivid mental picture of him, up there in his room, chained to his bedpost. The way I see it, his folks have to keep supplying him with ball-point pens and lined paper for art, and they also have to keep throwing fanzines into the room so that he doesn't completely lose touch with the real world.

Everybody knows that any car made since 1968 is a PIG. To get a really good piece of trustworthy machinery, one has to pick up a pre-1968 vintage car. The last car I had was a lovely little 68 VW squareback. It figures that VW would discontinue its two best models, the Squareback and the Karman Ghia. This proliferation of tacky half-assed VWs that we have nowadays is an influence on the VW marketing department by Madison Avenue packaging techniques. Bleah, says I, the sour old quality-minded longhair.

The nice thing about having an old car, tho, is that you can get those middle-aged balding overweight bastards who try to run you off the road. I have a friend who was attacked mercilessly by a Caddy not too long ago. My friend drives a Renault. He was nearly run off the road by this jerk, so he caught up, drove alongside, and, by threatening to scratch the Caddy's paintjob, ran it off the road. Of course, my friend is a rather vengeance-minded dude, but I'm certain you have a few grains of sympathy lodged in your gullet for him, somewhere down there. Eh?

My new job is a kick-ass gas. I am now a freelance artist, living off what my hands can do (heh heh heh), and loving it mightily. I am working as assistant to Wally Wood, whose name may be familiar to you. We've been doing comics for DC, and just got done with a bomb called KUNG FU FIGHTER. It sucked shit (story-wise...the art was great!) but I managed to amuse myself by sticking in fannish terms thru-out the book. There's a panel in which two trucks are labeled "GIL GAIER: PHOSPHENES" and "MIN-STF". Somewhere there is a bottle of corflu, labeled such. There's yet another truck with "STERNBACH CO. INC." printed on it, and in the final scene (which takes place in a junkyard) I drew in a bass drum with part of the name of my old band BRUNO AND THE FLIPPERS on it, as well as a license plate which reads "NHSFFA - FRED". This keeps me off the streets, and working from three in the afternoon to about two in the morning. The hours are hideous, but Woody's a hell of a nice guy, and I am in effect going to art school and getting paid ten dollars a page for it! ((That's what I call a neat job, Al. Tell Wood I've always thought his work among the best. Tell him I enjoy whatever he does. Tell him to send me some art for my fanzines....))

Larry Carmody, 118 Lincoln Ave., Mineola, NY 11501

There is a way to take care of that guy who cut you off on the freeway exit. Arizona, like most states, must have some sort of anti-pollution organization. All you have to do is send them this guy's license number and tell them his car is emitting smoke from the exhaust pipe. If it's like some of the organizations in New York, he'll be bugged by letters and telephone calls until it drives him crazy and even then they'll keep coming at him. Even if he's innocent, heh, heh.

Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, MD 21740

I think you were wise to decide against a permanent post office job which you were convinced you would hate. It was thirty years before I regretted giving up a high-paying job which I detested to enter the Hagerstown newspaper career. Even tho the job has gone sour in the past few years, I'm quite sure I would be in even worse shape if I'd listened to the advice of well-meaning relatives and friends and hung onto the job I quit for the sake of journalism. The one I abandoned was with an organization which everyone assured me would give me security and a good income forever and would still be there providing good work long after all of us were dead and gone. It was the Pennsylvania Railroad.



You brought up the restrictions that the government puts on competition for the postal service. This I don't understand, because I don't see how they can draw a line at a given spot and consider legal everything on one side of it and forbid everything on the other side. For instance, the last I heard, several of Hagerstown's commercial and business enterprises which must maintain regular contact with their Baltimore branches were using a courier who makes a round trip daily, carrying a pack of "mail" from the Hagerstown people to Baltimore and bringing back anything that needs to come to Hagerstown. I'm sure there is no way the feds can prevent this from being done. I also understand that there would be a crackdown if someone tried to set up a private mail delivery service which used the mail receptacles on front porches and the boxes at the roadside in rural areas. But what if someone rented a room in some central location, fitted it up with a batch of sturdy cardboard boxes, rented the use of a box to anyone interested, and made connections with men doing the same thing in other major cities within a few hours drive, then arranged with milk tankers or bread trucks or some other dependable every-day transportation means to carry stuff from city to city for delivery and pickup at these non-postal establishments? There wouldn't be any great expense involved in such an operation and it might be possible for businesses to send a message in the morning and get a reply by the late afternoon. from any important city within a radius of a couple hundred miles. ((The courier system you describe, Harry, is basically feasible only for large organizations with a large volume of internal mail. I believe IBM is in the process of organizing such a system and will be using USPS only for external mail in the future. ## An idea I had for revising postal rates might be of interest. My idea is that postage rates should be based on the amount of advertising a piece of mail contains. Thus, personal and business mail would have the lowest rates. For each 10% of a piece devoted to advertising, the rates would climb a penny. Thus the sf prozines, with very little advertising, would have low rates, while ad-glutted magazines like PLAYBOY would pay a good deal more, and pure junk mail - advertising circulars and such - would have the highest rates of all. Of course, a few bugs remain to be worked out. Merchandise and large parcels would probably need a different rate schedule. And the junk mailers and the catalog stores like Spiegel would scream bloody murder. But I think the idea has possibilities.))

D. Gary Grady, 3309 Spruill Ave., #5, Charleston, SC 29405

I am no great fan of the USPS, but let's get the facts straight. TRUE there is a lot of waste and incompetence, but there is a similar amount in UPS. Their people make nearly as much as USPS employees, you know. Anyway, the fact is that while the USPS and other carriers do outdo the postal service for about the same price, they ONLY do so in certain areas. UPS simply will not deliver to a number of areas. UPS uses USPS coding systems without paying a royalty. UPS does not pick up packages from streetcorners. The Postal Service uses profits made from short haul first class to finance long haul and lower class mail. While I'd like to see some of the junk mail traffic halted (this can be delivered more efficiently by private firms because it is usually geographically intensive), the fact is that many magazines could not survive if the Postal Service did not provide a subsidy. As for whether or not the corresponding public should pay for the existence of a free press, I am not entirely decided. But the Post Office does have a side to this, too. ((Sorry, Gary, but this is one time when some of your facts are wrong. UPS does not have a similar amount of waste and incompetence in comparison to the Postal Service. The Postal Service's percentage of lost and damaged parcels is five times as high as that of UPS. And that's not a claim of UPS; that's what the Postal Service admits to. ## I suspect that if it ever went to court, the Zip Code would be ruled to be common property and not copyrightable by the government, any more than the names of the states could be copyrighted. Zip Code is widely enough used that it's not just an area code any more, it's almost a substitution for written names. ## When I have a package to mail, I can't just slip it into the corner mailbox, because I can't afford the exorbitant first class rates. I have to take it down to the Post Office and put it over the counter. Your argument doesn't apply to packages. ## Since the Postal Service con-



sistently runs at a loss and has to request government money every year, we already are paying a subsidy for the unprofitable runs to rural and out-fo-the-way communities. You say (in a section of your letter that I just realized I forgot to quote) that if private firms took over first class deliveries, the rural places would be out in the cold, and the government would have to support deliveries to those places. But like I said, they already are, and I don't think the difference would be too much from the millions we now pour into supporting USPS every year.))

Brian Earl Brown, 55521 Elder Rd., Mishawaka, IN 46544

While the proposed postage increase sounds terrible, I wonder if anyone has ever looked into the postal bargain they continue to get. First class mail in the 30's was 3¢ an ounce, I believe, today it's 10¢. A comic book back then was 64 pages of art for 10¢. Today 25¢ buys 18 pages, meaning that today's dime buys 1/9th of what it did. A pulp magazine of the 30's (which would be comparable to the pb's of today) cost 10-25¢. Paperbacks today range from 95¢ to \$1.50 ((and up)), a six to nine fold increase over the 30's cost. One can look at how car prices have gone up, or anything else. Offhand it seems like the money of today is worth only about a ninth of what it did back forty years ago, but the cost of postage has only tripled, which really means that it has dropped to a third of what it once was. If that isn't a bargain, I don't know what is...and it probably explains why the post office can't pay its way any more.

Why do trumpets sound when Brett Cox appears? ((I don't know, why do trumpets sound when Brett Cox appears?)) ((This could turn out to be the greatest thing since Courtney's boat was sawed.))

Ned Brooks, 713 Paul Street, Newport News, VA 23605

I think the merge of first class and air mail that they are talking about is a good idea. But I think they should also go to a standard envelope for this class, designed so that it could be sorted by Zip with completely automatic machinery. This would require some slight effort on the part of the mailer, but it would get the important mail from the competent people (like fan correspondence) moving. The remaining illiterate scrawls would have to be handsorted, but I would guess that this is a far smaller proportion of the total. ((A while back, some comments were going thru TAPS about an idea for a "multiple-choice zip code envelope". I gathered that this was an area on the envelope where there were five lines with the numbers 0 thru 9 in each line. By circling the appropriate number in each line, the zip code could be read by computer scan - untouched by human hands, except possibly to see that the envelopes were fed thru the machine properly, and to unjam the machine if letters got stuck...which is a frequent problem with the ZMTs currently being used by USPS.))

Mike Kring, PSC #1, Box 3147, Kirtland AFB, NM 87115

There are just as many people in the military who skate as they do in the CS, but I don't think they even approach, remotely, the stranglehold the Post Office union has when it comes to putting the fear of reprisal into the higher mucky-mucks. Just what the hell they could do besides strike is beyond me. ((They can claim that the supervisory personnel involved are prejudiced, or that he's been preferential in his treatment of employees, or that he's violated the union contract about coffee breaks and fringe benefits, or generally make life hell for a supervisor.)) And if they did strike, I'm sure they wouldn't get any sympathy from any other union in the entire United States. Everyone knows how shitty the PO is. And what gets me even more is the fact that those machines ((the ZMTs)) were given up by the Germans because they found that handsorting was quicker in the long run and saved money, for it didn't involve re-sorting and re-sorting. Now, that's a fact! So why don't they do it? Because it would make them look like fools, which they do anyway. Ahh, but I shouldn't get mad. Hysterically insane with frustration, maybe. But mad? Nawww....

Mike Glicksohn, 141 High Park Ave., Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3, CANADA

Unions have certainly gained much for their members, and often protected them



against abuse and unfair standards of work and pay, while simultaneously encouraging incompetence, laziness, lack of initiative, and retardation of progress. Examples of the type you cite are commonplace, and must enrage any thinking individual, but essentially they are merely indicative of the basic nature of a large percentage of humanity, the desire to get as much as possible for as little as you can. It would be nice to think that only a small number of people abuse the protection offered by organized labour, but I'm a bit too cynical to accept that. It may not yet be a majority, but I doubt it's far from it. (You might also consider the refusal of the postal unions to allow improvement of the service through mechanisation and streamlining of route, etc, because of the decrease in the required number of employees. The unions protect their members, but who protects the public from the unions? Ask me about it next fall, when I'm on the picket line for higher wages to bring teacher's salaries back into line with other professionally trained people in the working community. Maybe I'll have a different viewpoint then....)

Funny you should mention it! I may be getting one of the Tandy patterns for a leather hat myself. I've always wanted such a hat, and seeing your reference to it prompted me to ask Sheryl (who owns stock in Tandy) to get me the pattern. ((I swear, Glicksohn. I go to all that trouble just to upstage you, and then you upstage me right back! Damn! Well, all's not lost. I've been practicing to improve my beer-drinking capacity....))

Sam Long, Box 4946, Patrick AFB, FL 32925 ((should be a CoA in the near future))

For funny hats, I wear either a balmoral or a glengarry or some other Scots bonnet. And occasionally a propellor beanie. But I'm identifiable without a hat, so I see no need to become known for one. Mike Glicksohn, however, shrinks into anonymity without his hat, or so it seems to me. ((Oh, come now! Glicksohn's not that short!))

So it's you been delaying my mail at the Post Office...I may be becoming a civil servant myself if I join the weather bureau. This reminds me of Newcastle-on-Tyne fandom's forming of Civil Service fandom because three quarters of them were government employees. ((Or there's Fort Lee Fandom, that I started for all the people who'd been stationed at Fort Lee at one time or another. You can imagine my surprise when I found that the first person eligible to be a member of Fort Lee Fandom was...Isaac Asimov.))

Hmm, you and the spaghetti...I can imagine you being stopped by the fuzz and he comes over to the car and sniffs and tickets you for going pasta than the speed limit. ((GROANNNNNNN!))

Eric Mayer, RD 1, Box 147, Falls, PA 18615

One thing some people don't seem to take into consideration when they talk about jobs is anything other than what the job pays. I have failed to be enthused over any number of "well paying" jobs. I applied to be a manager trainee in a quick food fish place for instance. I was pretty desperate. I applied but I wasn't enthusiastic and no one could understand why. The job had tremendous potential, super benefits, great advancement possibilities. Maybe. It was a great opportunity alright - to slice up fish for the rest of my life. Maybe it's just as well they didn't like my looks.

Ben P. Indick, 428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck, NJ 07666

I am happy to say I have solved your problems and, indeed, furnished you with a life style. You have, as is well-known, been frequently dismayed at the gross inefficiency in the military. Now, in the postal service, you are once again rising in Arthursian wrath at the civilian equivalent. Your trouble, sir, is not merely that you are an honest man, which is obvious, but that you are an observant one. This produces within you the agony of watching helplessly all the indignities of life, the stupidities and injustices. There is an answer: BE A POLITICIAN! This will provide you with a choice of modi operandi in reference to answering these indignities:

1. Be indomitably honest, battling, fighting, never quitting. This may, however, result in your getting nowhere, and, as a failed politician you may be laughed at and be in even a worse position. Nevertheless, on rare occasions, an honest politic-



ian makes it, so it must be considered, however briefly.

2. First learn to smile. Practice, even, though it has not been your wont. Use rubber bands on the corners of your mouth. Smile, somehow. Then shake hands, everywhere, all the time. Even with the rubber-band throwing non-working postoffice bums. Listen sagely to their drivel. Accept. That is the word: accept. Soon you will be able to laugh at indignity and to wink at waste. This is vital to politicking. Before long, doing all this well at home, in the office, at the political club, you will be nominated for an office, and, finally, you will win. You will now be a genuine politician, capable of action. Of course, to be fair to your constituents, you would not THINK of changing their occupational lifestyles or altering the daily postoffice fun one whit. The advantage of all this to you is not that you will have changed anything, your initial goal, but that you will have been able to freely accept it as normal, and thereby gain emotional equanimity. It's either that, Bruce, or ulcers.

((Pardon me while I get a glass of milk. Actually, I have become somewhat involved in politics recently...fan politics. I'm running for Official Editor of the new local apa, AZAPA. Since no one else is running right now, it looks like I'll have a landslide. But then, they haven't seen my platform yet, which basically boils down to "Pay your own way...in advance." Some local fans have been getting copies of the mailings without contributing to them, and that'll be out, unless they pay for the mailing. But I'll be keeping a ledger of income and outgo, which is more than anyone has done previously. A few people might be miffed at my stand, but let them run for the office, then.)) ((Just think, I could be the new Bruce Pelz!))

Gil Gaier, 1016 Beech Ave., Torrance, CA 90501

You listed four essentials for living but there are five. How about supporting your mistress, Mademoiselle Fandom. She is my major essential (aka luxury). ((Oh, come on, Gil! Both you and Bartucci asked that question. OK, fandom is a large and important part of my life, but it's not a necessity! I wouldn't, and don't, want to discontinue my publishing or my convention-going, but the fact remains that if I had to, if I was absolutely strapped for cash, I could drop them both. That still leaves local club activity, letterhacking, and writing for other zines, of course. I doubt that I'll ever completely gaffiate from fandom; too many of my friends are here.))

Rich Bartucci, PO Box 75, Cedar Brook, NJ 08018 (til Aug 14, then back to KCCOM)

As for the United Service Medical School or whatever they're going to call it, fear ye not. They haven't got the place set up yet, a process that could take from two to five years. They won't be graduating anybody until four years thereafter and, if the place is an M.D. (allopathic) institution (as it probably will be), the graduates will be enrolling for two, three, and four year residencies following graduation. I figure it'll be at least ten years before the government gets any joy out of the place - and, even then, I doubt if the output will be sufficient to supply the Armed Forces with all the physicians it'll need.

Walter Cronkite blandly mentioned last evening that the government is looking into a number of measures to ensure a higher level of competency in the medical profession. One of them is government control of medical school entrance policies.

Whee! As the situation stands now, the largest single bloc of students in any medical school intake consists of the sons of doctors. If the government takes over and admits students on its usual "fair and impartial" basis, we'll be seeing that change tremendously. Instead, the classes will be composed largely of the sons of bureaucrats and politicians.

Elst Weinstein, APDO 6-869, Guadalajara 6, Jalisco, MEXICO

Tell Bartucci that the "American Medical Community" is responsible for 2500 Americans that are here at the Quad. It seems that over 10,000 foreigners are allowed to be doctors in the USA, most of which don't speak English (or even Spanish), while



28,000 qualified Americans are turned away from US Schools simply because there is no room. There are Senate and House committees currently operating to study the problem created by the influx of so many foreign-born doctors, many of whom are completely unfamiliar with American illnesses. ((What's the difference between an American illness and a Polish illness? Don't tell me, I've heard it before anyway.)) I'm sure that Rich will agree that more doctors are needed, and here is a school where there are 2500 of them, all bi-lingual. The AMA notes that students from the UAG (Autonomous University of Guadalajara) receive an equivalent training to American students, with the exception of clinical work. A program called "5th Pathway" is mainly to give students from foreign schools clinical training. It is hoped that you and your readers support anything helping 5th Pathway, so that the US can get good doctors that speak English (and Spanish).

ALSO HEARD FROM: Pat Hayden (temp CoA: General Delivery, Toronto, Ont., CANADA), Sheryl Birkhead who's newly unemployed, Jodie Offutt who thinks I look sexy, Brad Parks who even out-grosses himself, Bruce Townley who spilled spaghetti in his closet or something, Tim Marion who's taken over SOUTH OF THE MOON, Mike Bracken with CoA (3918 N. 30th, Tacoma, WA 98407); Gary Mattingly who has a CoA (PO Box 04097, Detroit, MI 48204) and should be married by now, Brian Tannahill who's joining the Air Force first week in July, Roy Tackett who say (or implies at least) that Benedict Arnold would still have his old job if he'd had seniority, Linda Bushyager who's being run ragged by her new job, Ken Josenhams who wants to quote me in his zine (WYKNOT, which is surprisingly good for a new zine; write 7602 Vicar Place, New Carrollton, MD 20784 for a copy), Ed Connor who says fans want to hear about the PO, Dick Geis who doesn't blame me, Hank Jewell who doesn't know what happened to CHAPS either, Steve Beatty who wants me to rejoin APA-H, George Beahm with a CoA (2LT George W. Beahm, 226-80-1921, FAOBC 15-75, Btry C, Off Stu Bn, Fort Sill, OK 73503) and a request for fanzines, and Dave Reagan who wants to know if I can write off my fanzine as a tax deduction. No, unfortunately. Fanzines (except for people like Geis) are hobbies, not businesses.  
And if I forgot anyone...sorry.

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MEANWHILE, DOWN AT THE DUMPS Another physics test this morning, and I think I blew it almost as bad as the last one, if not worse. I appear to be in imminent danger of flunking the course, which is something I haven't managed to do since third grade.

I don't know. I studied, all right. Spent about six or seven hours yesterday going over the book and notes, marking the key equations and all, then another hour this morning reviewing everything before the test. Then the professor handed out the question sheets and my mind went blank. A good third of the test, just a complete nothing in my mind. I'm damn near in shock.

An idea of mine that a lot of people seem to agree with is that most people have some kind of inbuilt maximum level of learning they can do. In math, for instance, I have no trouble at all until they get up into trigonometry, when my mind shifts from smooth-running gears to rusty nuts and bolts. I have to really sweat to understand trig, not just once, but every time I encounter it. Perhaps that's my problem with physics. (As I think I mentioned a few pages back, hard science and I have never gotten along.)

If I do fail the course, it means I won't be getting any money from VA, since you have to keep at least a C average, if I remember correctly, and this physics course is the only thing I'm taking this session. (I may still pass, but if I do, it'll be because I've been getting good grades on my lab reports, which counts for a third of the grade.)

A few possibilities present themselves, tho: I'll be talking to the professor tomorrow about my grade, and if it looks like it's pretty hopeless, it may be possible to withdraw from the course or get an incomplete, which would still leave me el-



igible to get the GI Bill money, tho no credit. We shall see.

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A MODEST PROPOSAL      Take a few things that have been in the papers recently:

1) In Uganda, General Idi Amin has threatened to have British lecturer Denis Hills executed for describing Amin as a "village tyrant" in an unpublished book, unless high British officials "crawl on their knees" and beg for Hills' life. Amin is also well known for the execution and murder of thousands of his own subjects, applying an absolute and extremely personalized dictatorship to his country, the exiling of Ugandan citizens of Oriental race, and his fondness and respect for the teachings of Hitler. In short, he is a madman.

2) Back in the USA, the CIA has come under considerable criticism for assassination plots against various foreign rulers. A few of the more conservative political columnists have touched upon the idea that some of these plots may have been justified.

3) In North Carolina, controversy has arisen over the "outlaw" law. Under this, a fugitive from justice may be declared an outlaw, if judged to be a clear and present danger wherever he is. An outlaw in North Carolina may be shot and killed by anyone, with no fear of legal reprisals...even if the outlaw's shot in the back with a telescopic rifle.

NOW THEN, it's all very simple: Idi Amin should be declared an outlaw by the countries of the world. His assassination would be legal and justified - very much so, I would think. This would not be a secret CIA plot, but a public declaration. An international foundation would be established to collect donations for a reward, given to whoever manages to off Amin. I suspect that millions of dollars could be gathered.

Do you think I'm joking? Look, one of the heroes of WWII was the general on Hitler's staff who plotted to assassinate him in early 1944. (Unsuccessfully, it turned out.) If he'd succeeded, no one would have called him a murderer. He'd have been the biggest damned hero of the war. Amin is just a small-scale Hitler. Instead of killing millions, he's only killed thousands so far. He is a madman, a maniac, a murderer. I can't think of a single person in the world today more deserving of being declared an outlaw, and being shot on sight.

Boy, I bet I'm going to get some outraged comments about that!

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I knew I forgot to mention someone in the AHF:

THE RIPOFF REPORT

by Dave Szurek

"Ripoff Report" for this loc: Those "state police ID cards" which people without driver's licenses or other picture ID need to cash checks or whatever. Well, they're outrageous rips in the Detroit area, at least! I've already forgotten the price, but recall it's a ridiculous one. However, I can tell you about all the bullshit surrounding them. A few short month's back, my girlfriend's purse was stolen. Left entirely without identification of any sort, she had to try for this crap. We were surprised by the high price. Then they specified that the cards could be obtained only thru the State Police Station. That's understandable of course, but I've also understood that precinct stations used to work as middlemen. Just when or why they discontinued I don't know. Said office is one hell of a long way from the inner city, where they are most often needed, and the stupid cops don't even know how to give directions. Over the phone, they gave us a cross street several miles before their true location. There is a known cross street there, but they're chronic liars or something. What is it? Do they have a deal with the bus company? (The distance between is not walking distance, so you've got to pay bus fare all over again.) Maybe one with the phone company besides? (You have to cough up another dime to get info straight.) Apparently, nobody there can use a camera either. You must supply your own picture - and not just any picture at that! Dimestore machine "photos" are the only thing they'll accept! (How many deals can they have?) They demand scores of other ID. One requirement is a voter's registration card. If you aren't registered, you're ineligible for one of their precious things. If you've ever been married, license, or at the very least divorce papers are compulsory. (I'm not mentioning the expected items



((To my knowledge, the only similar thing around here are "19 cards", to allow 19-year olds to purchase liquor. Whadda laugh they are! ## Why do I have this sneaky suspicion that the reason they want you registered to vote is so that the incumbent administration will have a bunch of non-voting people on the rolls that they can, err, umm, vote for in the next election?))

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Circulation this time will be reduced, since I'm not planning on sending any copies thru apas this time. About 100 print run.

This is Malacoda Press Publication #11.

Do you get the impression I'm trying to fill up space?

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A circular postmark from Phoenix, AZ. The text "PHOENIX, AZ" is curved along the top inner edge. In the center, it reads "-PM", "JUL 14", and "1975". At the bottom, the number "852" is printed.

