

A Little Behind, I'm Afraid...



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is a last-minute SFPazine by

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There are something like twenty-six pages of zine intended for this mailing on disc, but there's no way i can print 'em; i may not even have enough ink to do this little four-pager. We'll see.

I would like to apologise for the combination of title and cover illo; it was not (exactly) planned. I had originally chosen the sardonically-intended "Some of My Favourite Things" (referring to moving and being broke), and had even set the type before i went looking for a cover pic. I chose the one you see, pasted it in and sized it, and then looked at the combination of the title and the illo and decided that no-one was going to believe it wasn't original, so i changed it, and then i looked at the new title in conjunction with the illo, and... And i gave up on not sounding like i was making a double entendre, and left it as it was.

Moving

Back about the middle of April, we gave notice to our landlord that we would be moved out by 15 May. The day after we did that and were definitely locked in to moving, i lost my job at Wolf.

As Der Tag grew closer, we grew more and more frantic. I attempted to recruit some help, and thought i had a useful helper lined up -- and then he had to beg off for his first grandchild's birth.

We rented a storage spacenear the house, and i borrowed my brother's van to move the stuff from the older storage down in town that i've been maintaining for a Long Time to the new storage.

We rented a trouck, i arranged for Kim Morgan to come help us pack stuff, Helen recruited some of her friends from school, and, with a mighty scramble, we managed to be out by the day after the deadline.

We had to keep the truck two days overtime and to rent a second storage tempo-

rarily, but we managed it.

However, in the process we managed to run our checking account into the red, which is Not Good.

So here we are, living in a rather decrepit two-bedroom single-wide trailer in Gainesville, with boxes still stacked everywhere.

Interesting Things That Happened

Well, the computer blew up -- the file system on the startup disc crashed completely; luckily there was another, slightly older installation of Windows on another disc that i was able to salvage and get running, preserving a lot of our installed programs... But it took me over a week to finally get the sound card working.

We have gone from DSL at the house to a dialup line -- maximum seems to be about 44K -- and the connection is unreliable in the extreme -- i had to make three tries today at downloading a 6Meg file because the connection kept crashing. And this is on our newly-installed dedicated computer line, on which the installer says he hand-picked the cleanest connection he could get for us. (And i believe him -- the line we're using for voice, the one that was here when we arrived [though we did have to get the phone company to send out a tech to discover why we weren't getting dialtone; it turned out that the cable had been cut], was only good for about 26K on the same dialup.)

And, having misplaced some wiring, i'm just getting the printer going on 27 May.

The Hunt

I've been job-hunting; i've applied several places (including one place that i applied to a couple years ago; i thought the directions for getting there sounded familiar, and i recognised the building when i got there. They didn't remember me, apparently, but then, neither did they hire me -- which was just like last time.

I've also talked to the company that runs the portrait studios in WalMarts (not hired) and to the photo departments in a couple of WalMarts and at least one Target store; today i discovered the Radio Shack is hiring.

Some resumes have gone out, with no nibbles yet, and i'm registering with various online jobsites, and using the computer at the State Dept. Of Labor to job-hunt as well.



WAS A
LIBRARIAN

Nothing much seems to be going our way. But am i downhearted?
Yes.

Interesting Discoveries

Among the things that i retrieved from the storage on Clairmont Road are lots and lots of video cassettes -- some of them twenty-five years old.

I spotchecked several of them, and they all seem to be in decent enough shape, though the images are a bit degraded on some of them.

But among the things i found on just a quick scan of a few of them were: "Why Man Creates" (featured in the new X-Men movie, BTW), a bunch of other Oscar winning or nominated shorts, "O What A Lovely War", several "Young Ones" and Goodies episodes, and a copy of "My Name is Nobody".

Now all i need to do is to find all of the piece-parts and get our teevee and DVD and VCR and stereo set back up.

The zine that was supposed to be in this mailing will be in next mailing, barring Utter Catastrophe.

And now it's time to print this and then go to bed.

