

Encumbrance

by
Karl Kreder

Any suggestions or comments can be sent to:
571 Marion Las Vegas Nevada 89110

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Here I sit all weak and weary as I ponder my own midnight dreary. Oh sorry I've always wanted to write that. Well it is another edition of Encumbrance the zine that confuses, baffles, and astounds. I have had so much happen to me the past two months (yes I actually missed last month) I don't know were to begin.

Well first off as you all know I worked as a scab for GES this past May (gasp). And in doing so I have lost a great deal of respect for unions and union workers. I apologize if I offend any of you by saying that, but I can't help but express my opinion on the matter. The union workers (if that's who they were) that picketed in front of the Las Vegas Convention Center are I'm afraid one of the worst examples of the human species I have had the misfortune to meet. I thought school bullies were always the lowest form of life, but these guys are actually worse. Imagine a school bully who has grown up (physically anyway) and still has the same mentality. On top of that they never seem to quite finish the education so their insults are of the crudest, unimaginable dribble that I have ever heard (trust me when I say I've heard a lot). This on top of the fact they tried to distract workers (drivers in particular) while they were working, which almost caused some serious accidents. No one asked them to strike, for what ever the reason. They make a far better wage

than almost any other laborer in Las Vegas and yet their loyalty is not to the company who gave them this job or gives them their pay check. No their loyalty lies with a union who tells them to strike (none of the workers voted to strike just the leaders) and make sure no one else crosses the picket lines. From what I understand the company (GES) would have been in serious financial trouble had the convention I worked on not happened. They would rather destroy GES then not get what they wanted. So the way I see it is we were holding their jobs for them so they would be their when they got back. And it seems they were not that grateful.

Some interesting incidents did happen when I was working there. One striker who had been running up and down the stairs that lead to the overpass over Dessert Inn Rd. tripped while preoccupied with yelling at one of the workers, she fell down the first flight of steps and somehow managed to tumble around the landing and roll down the second flight. Fortunately she wasn't hurt, in fact the minute she landed at the bottom of the stairs she started yelling at us and the police men that happened to being standing there saying that it was our fault that she fell. Because we quote distracted her while she was walking. I guess you loose dexterity working for unions or something. Another interesting little

landed at the bottom of the stairs she started yelling at us and the police men that happened to be standing there saying that it was our fault that she fell. Because we quote distracted her while she was walking. I guess you loose dexterity working for unions or something. Another interesting little incident involved another lady. She would come in around five thirty every afternoon and make her presence know.

One day she was yelling as usual (by this time she was the only one who had a voice left). Well about the second or third day she yelled something that was rather odd. She said "You stupid f@#% scabs you don't know your asshole from your butt." Pardon my use of strong language (the editors and lawyers of Encumbrance are in conference right now), but I'm afraid that's what she said exactly. So much for anatomy class. The rest of my time their went pretty much along the same lines, some days the strikers would be more obnoxious than others. I would like to go on record as saying I don't regret the experience (or the pay) at all, and given the choice I would do it again. I'm afraid that unions have out lived their usefulness (there are exceptions) and don't really have a place in our society. I don't want to argue the particulars here, that's just my view.

While I have your ear (sorry eyes) I wanted to relate my recent trip to HexACon. We left around eleven in the morning on Friday and made the six and half hour journey to Mesa Arizona which is a suburb of Phoenix. The drive was pleasant with play playing his songs of the eighties preservation tapes. Though I have to say some of the songs on his tapes should have said in the eighties. We pulled into the hotel parking lot around five and were immediately greeted by the heat. I figure it was a good hundred and ten with about thirty to forty percent humidity. Later I found out it had rained earlier that day. We grabbed all your stuff, which in a way is kind of strange since we had way too much to carry in one load. You know a

lazy person when you see them carrying way more than they can carry. Anyway we stumble into the lobby after several rest stops on the way and checked in. Just as I stepped up to the counter two of my friends from the Daemon Horde strode up and gave me a hearty welcome (I like the word hearty). I check us in and with my Phoenix friends was whisked away and deposited right smack dab in the middle of HexACon 4. And there I stayed until Sunday evening, I got involved in a rousing game of Paranoia, a incredible live action Vampire game, a perky Dark Conspiracy game, and a cut throat Diplomacy game. You know it kind of sounds like a weekend at a rest home. "There's a Dark Conspiracy about vampires but I'm not Paranoid." Anyway I had the time of my life and would highly recommend the con to anyone even remotely interested in gaming. As a side note I would like to add that even the hard core gamers that were attending the con were pleasant to be around, and never really bothered any of us "We're just here to have fun" types.

Well that's all for this edition, I hope you have as much fun reading it as I did writing it. Until next time tah tah.