

# VOICE ON THE WIRE

the operator/telephone culture digest

#3



IN THIS EPISODE:  
YOU GO BOY! REX MORGAN  
SEX AND THE SINGLE FIREMAN  
911 = EMERGENCY  
TEEN TELEPHONE ROCKERS  
SUPER HORRIFIC EYE PROBLEMS

Another two years and...presto...another issue of \*voice on the wire\* surely the slowest yet steadiest little zine about the magic world of telephone communications. The magical part is that I'm still extremely content with my good old fashioned job and on July 20<sup>th</sup> 2000 I celebrated my 13<sup>th</sup> year with the phone company. So, yes, expect the next issue in a few years and I promise \*votw\* will have a big party to celebrate my 15<sup>th</sup> anniversary (which will also be the year I turn Jack Benny's age.)

BC TEL no longer pays my wages. We've joined up with the phone company next door, TELUS, in the province of Alberta. This has been quite exciting. We're twice as big, have more contacts/money and so on. I'm waiting for the day I can go work in an Alberta office during holidays---that will be extremely fun.




The big, bad news for me this year was I suffered some amazingly awful eye problems: gory details in these pages. I'm glad to say Telus treated me very well during my time off work and recovery (of course they \*had to\* pay my wages--Go Union--but my managers were really quite kind). It was a very scary time.

More bad news is that too many people were taking advantage of the photocopier at work and \*everyone\* was cut-off from personal use. Although I always used my own paper and had my Manager's permission \*votw\* was also given the boot. Sigh. The good news for you, dear reader, is this issue is being put together by pro's who will have \*votw\* lookin' real snazzy.

My other magazine/record label \*back of a car\* (boac) is still going strong. Full details on how to get this are on the back cover. I recommend the 70's issue!

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I am a somebody! Check it out: the Judith Beeman Bundle of services was offered to me by the phone company (this is about a year old, likely the rates have changed). I was pretty awed when I opened the mail to find each brochure was individualized with the phone owners name (and on somewhat fancy cardboard packaging I should add). Colour me impressed. Now if only Telus would lower the rates to call the States.

The Judith Beeman Bundle	
	Local residential line
	100 minutes of direct-dialed long distance calling anywhere in Canada, any time of day
	3 Personal Call Management Services
<b>\$47<sup>81</sup></b> or less monthly	

My morning ritual is coffee/toast and the newspaper, in particular, the comics section. The paper I read is the Vancouver Sun and it contains such essentials as Mutts/Adam/Overboard and Betty (constant readers will recall the first issue of \*votw\* has a profile and cover art featuring Betty—an original of Betty drawn specifically for that issue!)

During the past few years I have become just as addicted to REX MORGAN MD as I am to my morning coffee. The glacial slow pace of the story line contains a certain frustrating charm. And the stories are downright bizarre at times—I kid you not. Not enough people read Rex.

This issue's cover art shows our Rex in prime "clobbering time" action. He doesn't get forceful that often but when he does, watch out troublemaker. The strip recently underwent a dramatic change:

After 16 years of doing the artwork, Tony DiPreta has retired this past June and 38 year old Graham Nolan has taken over. Nolan, who worked for Marvel and DC comics has, ahem, updated the cast of Rex to an astonishing degree. It was a big shock to see this change—with no prior warning—smack in the middle of the most recent storyline. The plot being: Rex and June finally got married, had a little girl and moved to their dream house where they hired a British nanny named Heather (who previously worked for Fergie, no less). The nanny is being stalked by a psychotic young man who broke out of an Asylum to find the lass.



Old Spice or Armani? It's the new Rex

## BEAUTY TIPS OF THE GODS

# Lily Tomlin

Actor, comedian

Wet a jelly bean and make lipstick out of it. And you can eat it and it doesn't cost a dollar. Red or pink is preferred, of course, for a more natural, youthful blush. But if you're into Goth, you'd want a black jelly bean. Another good beauty tip is, if you're going to polish your toenails, be sure the polish is dry before you put your socks on.



The new artist has drastically updated Rex and June's look. Pete McMartin, a columnist for the Sun noted in an article on the new look strip that June is now a "yummy mommy" and none of the characters seem to suffer from lockjaw anymore. And Rex's wardrobe has perked up dramatically too. It was a bit shocking to see the characters so modernized. This Nolan fellow spent years drawing Wolverine and Batman—his characters, especially the "bad guys" all seem a tad larger than life.



# Emergency operators stressed out

By Lisa Smedman  
Staff writer

EMPLOYEES OF E-COMM, emergency dispatch center for the Lower Mainland, say a chronic staffing shortage for 911 operators and dispatchers is jeopardizing lives.

Meena Cheema, an emergency dispatcher at E-Comm, says people calling 911 could receive an "all operators are busy" recording because of the staff crunch. "That's wrong. In our profession, seconds mean lives. It's scary to think that the last seconds of a person's life may be spent on hold when they dial 911."

Staffing levels are so low that a shift that's supposed to be 20 or more people could be staffed by just four, said Cheema, who represents E-Comm 911 operators and dispatchers in the Canadian Union of Public Employees (CUPE) Local 873. "You don't even get up to go to the bathroom—it's that busy."

But David Mitchell, operations manager for E-Comm, said 95 per cent of 911 calls are answered within the first ring—the average response time is 3.5 seconds.

"We're well within the guidelines set by the GVRD," said Mitchell. "We don't ever put people on hold—that simply doesn't happen."

During a sudden influx of calls—for example, when several people call 911 to report a motor vehicle accident—the first eight or nine calls are answered immediately, while the remainder might have to wait eight to 10 seconds. "That only happens when you get a very quick burst of calls from cell phones reporting a single incident," said Mitchell.

Cheema said that operators and dispatchers are regularly asked to work

overtime after their 11-hour shifts end, and many are being called in on their days off. "It's at the point of burnout."

John Strohmaier, president of CUPE Local 873, called E-Comm "a disaster that's waiting to happen." He said 600 shifts for the summer months can't be filled except by compulsory overtime. Cheema fears that means staff may have to cancel their holidays.

"E-Comm management has known about staffing problems since last December, when staff submitted vacation requests," said Strohmaier. "Emergency dispatch is stressful work under any conditions, but with the current work overloads and not enough time off, the stress load has become unbearable—and the potential for accidents increases."

Mitchell said the GVRD mandates that the average number of 911 operators on duty at any given time in a 24-hour day is six. The actual average is between 7.1 and 7.3 operators, he said, although three to four operators is sometimes sufficient. In the early hours of the morning, for example, E-Comm might receive just 10 emergency calls within a 30-minute period. During peak levels, when E-Comm logs as many as 120 to 140 calls during a 30-minute period, staffing levels are higher—eight to 11 operators might be on duty. (These figures do not include dispatchers, who liaise with police.)

"We're the busiest 911 centre in Canada," said Mitchell. "We just passed our first anniversary on June 8, and during the past year we handled [1.1 million] calls. Everybody in the place has worked so hard and we're very proud of them."

Cheema said that a lack of operators and dispatchers has been a problem since E-Comm began doing dispatch last June for the Vancouver Police De-

partment, which handles 911 calls for the Lower Mainland. Because E-Comm is eventually intended to provide emergency dispatch for several Lower Mainland emergency response agencies, a surplus of staff was expected when these agencies' dispatch operations were consolidated under one roof. As a result, the City of Vancouver put a hiring freeze on full-time dispatch staff, said Cheema.

When dispatch for RCMP headquarters moved to E-Comm in November, civilian 911 operators and dispatchers were offered a buyout package. Cheema said about half took the deal, further depleting the pool of trained staff.

"We've been understaffed since day one. We've been screaming since the beginning for more people. We've worked overtime every single shift. People are tired of it, and they're not coming in for overtime any more," Cheema said.

She said prior to moving to E-Comm, overtime shifts were a rarity.

Mitchell admitted that E-Comm was short-staffed when it opened, since it inherited vacancies. But he said new personnel have since been added and training has been ongoing. E-Comm started with a staff of 90, and now employs about 150, plus auxiliary staff.

"We've doubled our staff in a year," said Mitchell. "Training takes a while. It has to be done with quality."

Mitchell said E-Comm's other achievements over the past year included increasing the number of communications channels used by the Vancouver Police Department from four to six.

The Vancouver Fire Department—and the seven other fire departments it dispatches for—is slated to come on board with E-Comm in April or May of 2001. The Richmond and Port Moody fire departments will join E-Comm one month later.

## GLITCH HAS SOFT DRINK MACHINES CALLING FOR HELP

SYDNEY — A bizarre computer glitch has left soft drink machines calling for help — literally.

The faulty machines may have placed hundreds of phone calls to police, ambulance and fire service emergency phone lines, blocking true emergency calls, *The Daily Telegraph* reported.

The machines are programmed to automatically call a number at a distribution company when they are near empty. However, some of the machines dialled a default number, the emergency number, instead of the distribution company number.

Any maroon can learn to "manage" a group of people yet to run an office smoothly and efficiently while keeping the employees happy takes a special person. BOB DARGE was just such an Operator Service Manager with BC Tel and \*everyone\* was sad when he chose early retirement in 1999. Simply put, Bob RULED! If you really needed time off and the schedule looked tight, Bob could usually swing things so you were free to go. He was relaxed, kind and a friend.

I made this drawing during Bob's retirement party at work. Someone had the splendid idea to make colour photocopies of Bob's smiling face on blank sheets of paper and have people fill in a scene for a going away gift. (constant readers will once again note the vast amount of colouring we do at the phone company). If the image of Bob's mug doesn't turn out too well let me assure he is quite easy on the eyes in real life.



You ARE "SUPER" BOB.

Thanks to LISA SMEDMAN and the VANCOUVER COURIER for letting \*votw\* reproduce this May 2000 article on the 911 crunch. These Opr's are to be commended for doing such a fine job under stressful situations. I hope they are getting paid buckets of money—they deserve it. I really don't know if I could handle the stress of the job.







The BIG news since the last issue of \*votw\* is that BC TEL has joined up with TELUS the phone company from Alberta.

After studies as to what new name would be suitable for the company, test subjects soundly agreed that sticking with TELUS would be the way to go. The name really does grow on ya. TELUS is going to be a faster, stronger, harder, louder telecommunications company (the tried and true "heavy metal" method). Well, okay, the company quite hasn't promised the above will be our motto...but please, Telus, be my guest. Thus far the new companies advertising has been extremely progressive: pointing out that people want to be treated as individuals and that we are all different. Some a little more different than others. Hence this print ad featuring Vancouver's DANCING DAN DIEHL flashy bike courier extraordinaire.

#### Your average guy.

That's Dan.  
Going to work.  
Making a name.  
Wearing a kilt.  
And a pager.  
And not much else.

Everyone in Van knows Dan.  
Dan with the plan to scoot across  
the British Isles for charity.

You can't miss him.  
He's the courier in the kilt  
on the scooter.  
Oh, yeah, him.  
That's Dan.  
Go Dan go.

No one else is Dan.  
No one else is you.

To serve you better, we will remember that.

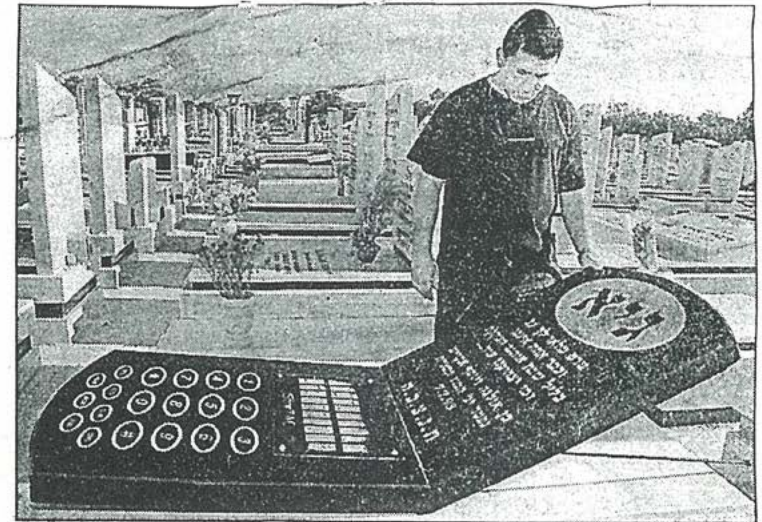
We are the people of TELUS.

We've changed our name from BC TEL,  
but we haven't changed the way we connect —  
one remarkable individual at a time.

I was poking around the internet when I came across a website called **FRUSTRATED TELEPHONE OPERATOR**. Surely I'd found a soul brother or sister who worked in the industry (and had perhaps taken one too many cranky calls). It turns out the site belongs to a young band (how young? Teensters) from Montreal. I enquired why the band decided to call themselves FTO. Emilie, lead vox and guitar, took the time to tell \*votw\* how the band chose their name:

*Alison, our group's bassist, was watching tv in her living room and on the screen Janet Jackson was performing. Now Janet always stages these big elaborate dance scenes and uses a headset to sing into. So there she was prancing around the stage with her headset on, looking rather constipated (she really gets into her singing) when Alison's dad came into the room. He stared at the screen for a moment and uttered "Who's the frustrated telephone operator?"*

Check out FTO's website before they kick Celine Dion off the charts:  
<http://jump.to/fto>



## LONG, LONG DISTANCE

When Shlomi Akrish's brother, Guy, was killed in a road accident last month, the family ordered a headstone shaped like a mobile phone for the 17-year-old from Ashkelon, Israel, who loved to use the phone. The inscription on the marble digital display reads: "Hello, this is Guy, how are you doing?"

TSAFIR ABAYOV/Reuters



the SUPER HORRIFIC EYE PROBLEMS of  
JUDITH BEEMAN \* TELEPHONE OPERATOR

THE FACTS

Late December last year I got a new pair of glasses. They were an interesting change for me: black frames with a rather "nerdy" look stylin' yet subtle. I usually prefer to wear tortoise shell frames.

By the end of January I was on sick leave from work. I tried to sleep during the day to avoid the ache of my eyes and was back in bed with the lights out by early evening. Then came a two month bout of Insomnia which was misery incarnate. My MD had been trying to convince me to take Paxil, the anti-depressant, which I did not want to take. I relented when I realized Paxil would help me sleep and I was getting a bit too wound up with anxiety. It hasn't hurt, yet I somehow expected "more." I plan to discontinue use by the end of the year and revert back to St John's Wort which I usually take each Fall.

Going back to the old pair of glasses really threw my eyes for a loop and my vision seemed to diminish. By the time I saw my Specialist I couldn't even read the newspaper. The problem was the new glasses were extremely poorly centered, causing severe strain. The prescription was slightly changed and I found a new pair of glasses. There was no way on earth I was going to continue with the black frames—bad mojo.

I got the new lenses and my vision seemed to improve, yet I continued to suffer eye pain. My husband accompanied me back to the Specialist who told us, quote: "There's nothing wrong with you, this is all in your head." At this point, need I say, I dropped the Specialist. I later learned at least part of the trauma my left eye had been through is Scleritis, an inflammation of the white of the eye, in my left eye.

Very shortly after getting these glasses I began to suffer headaches. The prescription had gone up somewhat so I just figured I needed to adjust to the new strength. Yet the headaches continued and became much worse. They lasted for five months. I made an appointment with my eye Specialist to have him check the glasses and prescription. The soonest I could get in was a month away. I continued to wear the glasses until I had enough discomfort and went back to my "old" pair. This confused my eyes even more.

By February the headaches I was suffering during the day were \*nothing\* like the pain I would have at night. I learned later that the excruciating pain that was waking me up in the middle of the night, at least three times a week, feeling as if someone was jabbing an ice-pick into my eye socket, is known as a Cluster headache. Not only are Cluster's among the most painful ever—I'd be rocking back and forth thinking such unpleasantries as "kill me now" over and over—it is insidious enough to usually hit in the middle of the night, waking the victim up.

My MD made me an appointment with a Neuro-Opthamologist. I knew there had to be a reason for the pain and perhaps it stemmed from the brain. While waiting the month-and-a-half to see the Neuro guy, I continued researching my problem and came to the conclusion I had Scleritis. When I finally saw Dr. Wade he agreed I had Scleritis and didn't think a brain scan was necessary. I took steroid drops for two months and am feeling much better. Frazzled but better.

*Personality wise I'm a very outgoing shy person. Anyone who has read \*votw\* or my other publications will know I'm not (seemingly) shy about talking about myself. In this case, however, I do feel somewhat abashed in communicating the weirdness I went through this year with my eyes. There's a certain amount of shame that comes with the pain and frustration of illness and this year was no picnic for myself and Phil, my husband. Finally, my problems appear to be over. I can see. I haven't lost any vision. Strong lights still bother me. I'm not reading too much. I'm as nervous as a kitten over the thought of a relapse but I'm feeling strong. These two pages are a glimpse into what transpired and friends and remedies that made it all bearable.*

There's a point in every illness when you realize just how unwell you are. That day came near the end of January when I realized I hadn't listened to a single bit of music at work or at home during the entire month. Simply unheard of behaviour on my part. The clincher was when I lost my appetite.

Telus has an Employee Assistance Program where you can speak with a Psychologist who works for the company. The person I got was a great listener but she didn't exactly coddle me. She put me in touch with a terrific Psychologist whom I saw for five sessions. I think you realize, reader, this whole experience had me extremely jangly nerve-wise and this guy was great; he resembled Santa crossed with Jerry Garcia.

Going on Paxil was something I did with great trepidation, however, I'm glad I tried it. I was in desperate need of a good night's sleep; had become a nervous wreck; and was becoming a tad obsessive about my eye pain. The pretty pink pill smoothed things out a fair bit yet I expected more dramatic change. A "happy pill" it is not.

Exercise rules. I may have been mopey and my eyes stung like hell, but twice a week I forced myself to go to a local yoga/stretch class. I knew keeping my health up was important and this counterbalanced all those hours of lying in bed in a dark room.

Books on tape rule. So, okay, I spent a few months lying in a dark room, because the slightest amount of light hurt my eyes and trust me, I was getting bored out of my skull. So bored that I decided to take a few book tapes out from the local library. What a lifesaver! I was instantly hooked. I must have listened to close to 50 books this year. Anne Rice, Annie Proulx, Sherlock Holmes, noir mysteries, Elmore Leonard, good old Stephen King, Bill Bryson, travel adventures...I listened to anything and everything.

I had a great lesson in perspective, halfway through taking my eyedrops. Realizing the drops were working I was elated. A friend from the States was coming up to Vancouver and we set a time to meet. I wrote him the following:

- > > I'm getting over some truly horrendous eye
- > > problems and am just working two hours a day at the phone company (!).
- > > [will tell gory details in person].

He replied, not unkindly:

- > Sorry to hear that! I have my own gory details too - cancer. I've been doing
  - > chemotherapy for two months now, but it hasn't been anywhere near as
  - > horrible as I anticipated. Still, I'm not exactly bursting with energy
  - > either, so I kinda need to pace myself throughout the day.
- Do I have to say I was humbled.

Thank you friends: I found great comfort in ranting my frustrations over my peepers with pals, both in person and via email. Everyone was a good sport, and my local friends Gina, J. L., and Juliet were especially terrific. (When I called Juliet up and hit her with the classic words, "Can we go for a walk?" she was convinced Phil and I had broken up.) John, the guard at Telus was an amazing listener. Via email Pudge, Mark and Jeremy remained the wonders they've always been. Colin, my Union rep at work rocks. I should add there are some close email pals whom I never alerted about my eye problem while it was going on. I never dreamed the situation would last so long. For you...this condensed version.



*Yikes! Those Firemen who use their private phone lines as a dating device are guilty, I feel, of fairly sleazy behaviour but I \*love\* the idea that they were all listed in the book under the last name KITTY.*

Kitty A 4396 W 12th ----- 224-572  
 Kitty A A 900 Heatley ----- 255-001  
 Kitty & Betty 1218-2929 Barnet Hwy  
 Coq ----- 468-74  
 Kitty C 351 E 11th ----- 876-61  
 Kitty E 895 Hamilton ----- 683-1  
 Kitty F 165 E 13th St N Van ----- 988-9  
 Kitty F T 2804 Venables ----- 255-1  
 Kitty H 1391 W 38th ----- 261-  
 Kitty H J 3002 W 38th ----- 266  
 Kitty N 1805 Victoria Dr ----- 255  
 Kitty S 1090 Haro ----- 686

*And then you have such mystery people as "A" who is the first listing in the Vancouver phone book. I once called "A" to ask, in the nicest way possible, what was up with his listing. Well, let me assure you "A" is a real grouch and was quite dismissive of my journalist inquiry. By all means \*do not\* under any circumstances ... ever ... ever phone "A"... I repeat don't call "A" who is listed right there on the first page of the phone book. It will just lead to trouble.*

## Fire department looks at allegations of dating service hotline at halls

Vancouver fire chief Fred Bird said claims in a magazine article will be investigated.

MIKE HOWELL  
VANCOUVER SUN

The Vancouver Fire Department is investigating allegations in *Chatelaine* magazine that some of its firefighters used personal phone lines at fire halls to run an informal dating service.

The so-called "kitty" lines, as they are known because firefighters use money from a kitty to pay for the lines for their personal use (the City of Vancouver does not provide personal lines at fire halls), were disconnected at six fire halls.

Acting Vancouver fire chief Fred Bird said Thursday: "We are investigating it and we're not sure that it took place. The allegations are very serious and we're pursuing an internal investigation on it to determine the accuracy of the article."

"This person apparently phoned one of the firehalls and one of the guys chatted her up, I guess. I don't know," Bird said.

In the *Chatelaine* article by Laura Robinson, she writes that a Vancouver colleague referred her to page 978 of the 1999/2000 Metro Vancouver White Pages, where six "Kitty" listings match addresses for six Vancouver fire halls (The listings are on page 977 of the 2000/2001 White Pages).

Robinson writes that her col-

league told her to "call and tell them you need your kitty rescued and see what they say."

She writes that men answering at several of the fire halls she called asked her what she looked like.

"Why do you want to know what I look like?" Robinson replied to one man she says answered the phone at one fire hall.

"Well, we've got around 300 single men here, and we like to — you know — match people up properly," the article quotes the man as saying.

When she informs the man she is a former triathlete, he responds: "Great. Well, there're four guys here. We're kind of busy tonight, but if you come by we'll find you a date," the article says.

Firefighter Nicholson (he did not want his first name used) said that he has worked at every hall in the city and has no knowledge that any of the fire halls private phone lines were being used as a dating service.

He is currently posted at an east Vancouver firehall.

"Those lines are there so that firemen can talk to their wives and kids while they are on their shift," said Nicholson. "I don't know what transpired — but the kitty is just the kitty."

No firefighter would use the kitty line as an anonymous date line, because of the potential risk to his career, he said.

Robinson writes in the article that two of her ex-boyfriends were firefighters.



I recently picked up the Spring edition of BC Tel's *TELEPHONE TALK* magazine from 1958. What was likely a freebie for employees—and a very nicely laid out job at that—cost me eight bucks. While there was lots of enjoyable reading I'm reprinting here how the company accounted each dollar for the previous year of 1957. Great graphics!



### Disposition of the Income Dollar

Where It Went

11¢



TAXES — On income and property.



4¢ PAYROLL — Salaries and wages paid to employees.



9¢ DIVIDENDS — Paid to shareholders on their investment.



17¢ SUPPLIES — Materials and other items of operating expense.



6¢ INTEREST — On borrowed money.



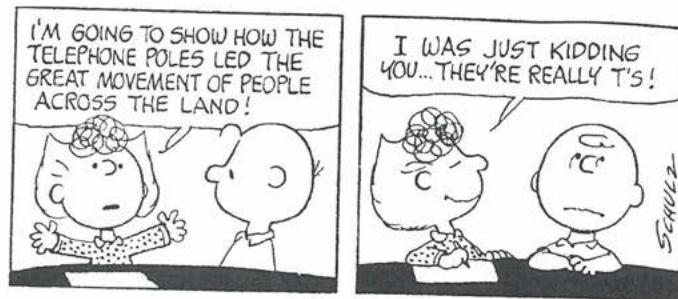
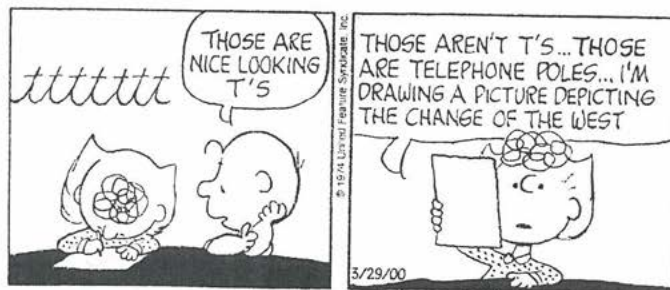
1¢ DEPRECIATION — Money to provide for retirement of plant and equipment.



2¢ SURPLUS — Money retained for re-investment in the business.







I loved you...  
well never mind,  
I've been crying  
all the time

Poor CHARLES SCHULZ may he Rest In Peace ( 12 February 2000 age 77). He was the world's most popular cartoonist and most people continually mispronounced his name: Good grief, as Chuck Brown would say, it's not "Schultz" but "Schulz." Even on the internet, doing a quick search on Yahoo, I found 39,000 website mentions with the incorrect spelling compared to 24,000 with the correct. I mean, c'mon it was on the comic everyday. Mr. Schulz wouldn't have been too surprised by this; when his classmates planned a 25 year high school reunion, Schulz was on the "whatever happened to" list. Augh.

PEANUTS continues these days with reprints from its strongest era the 1970's. The above telephone related comic is a gem from 74. To the right is "Sparky" an early Charlie Brown with words from "September Girls" by Big Star.

KAREN FINLEY made the news some years ago when the NEA (National Endowment for the Arts in the US) chose not to fund her art. Seems a certain Senator got things rolling with his objection to her performance art monologue "Yams up my Granny's Ass" which Karen executes with great elan. As these things work out all the press was a boost for Karen's career.

Karen has published three books the most straightforward being *LIVING IT UP: Humorous Adventures in Hyperdomesticity* (Doubleday). This is basically a Martha Stewart take-off with Karen's somewhat creepy household tips. Below is a vignette which deals with the TELEPHONE, more or less.

## Resolutions

I like to start the year off with a New Year's Day Resolution Party. I invite one person to the house and I psychologically rip her to shreds to point out what needs to be resolved in her life. She is never going to resolve her own problems, so I do the resolving for her. I tell her, "I'm sick and tired of hearing you bitch about your job, your family, your relationship." Then I take over her life and make telephone calls for her. I tell her father-in-law to go to hell. I announce a divorce to a spouse. I quit her job for her. Yes, it's tense. But it is so much fun.

Sometimes when the personal life is awful, the living quarters are as well, so it means I go to her house and rearrange the furniture, tear down the curtains, throw out that dog-pee-stained rug. She is devastated, but she'll never be the same once I get through her closet. The look on her face when I throw out some shirt she still boasts about wearing since high school. OUT!



I extend this resolution service to all my friends. I send New Year's Resolution cards to friends, family, and acquaintances. I make them from recycled Christmas cards and wrapping paper. I write personal resolutions for each person on the inside of the card. I send out cards that say "This year try not to chill the red wine" or "This year bring a hostess gift when I invite you to dinner" or "Once you take a bite out of a cracker or piece of celery, please don't return it to the onion dip even if it's only family." "This year get call waiting" is one of my favorites. I sign the cards—Resolution Now.

If you have received this magazine you are likely either:

1. A telephone operator.
2. A reader of BOAC magazine.
3. Involved in a music trade with Judith.
4. Someone who may like to learn about BOAC magazine.

**\*VOTW\*** is my little zine about my career as a Telephone Operator. It is FREE. Enjoy.

My other magazine is a little fancier. **BACK OF A CAR** (BOAC) is regular magazine size and began to pay homage to **MEMPHIS** music and in particular, **BIG STAR**, the best British band Tennessee ever produced.

- The first three issues of BOAC spread the gospel of Big Star
- The recent fourth issue is "memories of being a teen in the late 70's" (comes with a **\*free\*** full length cd)
- There are two BOAC cd's available: **LONELY PLANET BOY** (six degree's of separation concerning Memphis/Big Star) and **TEENSTER** (a "double albums" worth of bubblegum-glam from today's hot artists!)
- The upcoming BOAC project is a tribute compilation disc to Hoboken's finest **YO LA TENGO**

Back issues of BOAC are \$5.00 US ppd.

The cd's are \$9.00 US ppd.

Buy any three issues and get your choice of cd for FREE.

Yeah, punk, free.

snailmail: beeman@istar.ca

website: <http://home.istar.ca/~beeman>

write BOAC: #4636 MPO Vancouver BC V6B 4A1