

A DECIDEDLY BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE DUMONT GENERAL MEETING
OF JANUARY 12, 1976

Written two weeks after the event for filing in the collective memory cabinet.

The meeting was endured by all 15 members of the group.

In keeping with standard practice at Dumont, the meeting was conducted in an ass-backwards fashion--thus:

(9) Overtime--many people worked overtime during the week ending Jan. 9. Since, on the other hand, not everyone did so, it was decided that those who had were entitled to claim the hours.

(8) The subversion of the chevron by devotees of the little yellow man with the big red star--willing candidates for the editorship of the chevron being in short supply, it seems ~~impossible~~ Dumont will have to deal with latter-day acolytes of the Stalinoid church. We might thus lose our bread + butter contract. At very least we would be in for a lot more alienating work. Some Ducks being occasional chevrics were encouraged to fill the quota of 6 articles that would enable them to vote in the election of editor and production manager.

(7) Letterhead--(continued) We gwine t'print Brer Michael's, but that ain't sayin' we ain't printin no others neither.

(6) Of Paradise and Parking Lots--the proprietors of all parking lots in the immediate vicinity being jealous guardians of their asphalt, we jus gwine t'hafter park at de station hotel.

(5) Books-- Only 100 Primary Sources and 262 Highrises left in stock the question arouse^d as to whether we should consider reprinting either of these. Demand having fallen off and both books being in need of substantial revision, the idea was discarded.

* dis weren't the word i wanted

(4) Rapid Processor**--Steve discussed the ~~possibilities~~ possibilities of this wonderous while the rest of us struggled to keep from falling....zzzzzzzzzz ^{de}

(2) Listen, if it don't require nough typesettin t' make't worth while, then we don't wanna do it.

(3&1) Hirin', Quittin' Takin it wit ya--all dat kinna stuff Now dis here was de scene ob some real hot talkin, though it weren't nothin by what come de next week, as i ~~hears~~ hears it. Words was flyin by so hot Jane was lightin her cigarettes offem. Ole Sis Calhoun, she was so riled she up and left and she ain't Never comin back. Carol and Bob allowed as they'd be glad to get outa the place if we was willin to pay em t'take long vacations at the end ob de month. Weren't nobody gonna turn down an offer like dat, so we sez yes, how much. Now Therewas a lotta bickerin and such besides, but i ain't up t'tellin ya bout it, and you ain't up t'hearin bout it neither.