



No Time, No Energy & Not Much To Say #11

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January 2004
909-624-8168
hosted by : eFanzines
(Parts Reprinted from LASFapa)
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I'm finally managing to catch up...it's been a busy, and fairly awful five months. We're safely moved, getting settled in, and All Is Well With the World (or as "well" as it's likely to be in the 21st century.) I have lots more material ready for the next issue so expect it soon. (Hah)

Walking in August: Keeping Me Honest!

It's the middle of another Southern California summer and way too hot to be out pounding the pavement during the morning hours. The smog is beginning to give me some breathing problems (it was bad enough before I came down with CHF, nowadays I sometimes, all too often "sometimes", feel like a fish out of water). So, not willing to give up my only form of exercise, I walk in the evenings. Early evenings if everything goes well, late evening if things need to be done before I have

a little time to myself. Which mainly means I get going around 9:00 p.m. Well at least the pavement and streets aren't crowded with joggers, walkers and bike riders, as they tend to be early in the morning or around twilight.

So I listen to my tapes and pound the pavement, mainly walking up to the Claremont Wilderness Area (1.5 miles plus a few odd feet) and back down again. It's quiet and peaceful headed up the hill and despite my dislike of having to walk on the side of the road due to no sidewalk for two blocks of it a fairly nice route. There's even a "restroom" at the opening to the Wilderness walk area (well, a outside bathroom, better than an outhouse I suppose but smelling just not a completely ripe one). It's evil smelling enough I take advantage of being a male and just piss off the side of the pathway a few feet outside the parking lot (where's the harm?)

Then I sit on the bench, listen to the crickets, look at the moon (nice half moon last night), and relax for a few minutes.

Then cranking up the Walkman I head back down the hill. Usually this entire trip takes around an hour and a half or so, sometimes less, sometimes more, depending upon stops and starts, learns and deep breathing exercises (some on purpose some not). A nice way to spend the evening hours and it beats the hell out of watching TV reruns.

If there's anything on the tube JoAnn is always kind enough to record it for me to catch later. I enjoy the little TV I watch, I just refuse to allow it to set my schedule. And, thank Ghu, the VCR solves that problem nicely.

(Now if I could just get around to re-watching some of the thousand or so tapes we've recorded over the last twenty years.) Now that would probably change if there were anything scheduled that I truly enjoyed...I do schedule my walking around MONK, my only current TV biggie.

I'm not sure what it is about MONK that I like so much. Maybe it's due to having worked with someone who suffered from Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder; I certainly can understand his problems. Not that any mental illness is funny, but his handling of his problem, his attempts to just continue with life and his work as best he can makes it a very personal story.

Maybe it's just Tony Shalhoub, an actor I've enjoyed watching for years now...he handles the role of detective Adrian Monk with such a sure touch. At least it gives me one TV show to look forward to each week. (I also like the CSI's & West Wing, but not as endless reruns.)

What am I currently listening to while walking? Well I just finished *Black Cross* by Greg Iles (read by Jay O. Sanders). Personally I prefer abridged versions of books while walking (the trick is, not TOO abridged, six hours is just about perfect as far as I'm concerned.) It's hard to judge, not having read the book, but I really "enjoyed" the novel.

From the Web:

This stunning, horrifying, mesmerizing novel will keep readers transfixed from beginning to end. Iles' latest book tells the story of a physician from Georgia

and a German Jew who manage to forestall Hitler's use of poison nerve gas during World War II by destroying a secret laboratory hidden in a Nazi death camp. The rash plan for infiltrating the camp and destroying the laboratory has been developed by the Allies and led by Winston Churchill and will require nerves of steel, physical and emotional stamina, unparalleled bravery, and incredible luck. If it works, millions of lives will be saved. But there is a horrible price to pay for the larger victory--hundreds of Jewish prisoners interred in the camp may also die. From the very first page, Iles takes his readers on an emotional roller-coaster ride, juxtaposing tension-filled action scenes, horrifying depictions of savage cruelty, and heart-stopping descriptions of sacrifice and bravery. A remarkable story from a remarkable writer, this one deserves the acclaim it's certain to receive. Emily Melton

Pack Mule....

It's been twelve years. Twelve years! That's the longest JoAnn and I have ever stayed in a place (by a factor of six!)...one of the longest period of time (if the longest), for our having lived anywhere, including the dark ages of living with our parents (both our set of parents, now long gone I'm afraid, moved...and then moved again...)

Have I already mentioned how much I hate moving? Oh well, I'm sure I have.

I design little mind games for myself...the latest is a "quota"

system...so many boxes have to be packed and ready to go each day. My goal is six, and I'm anal enough where I usually manage seven. I carefully mark them off on a daily sheet to keep track. Yeah, completely anal and off the track...but it seems to work with me so I just go along with the flow. If I look at the problem as a "forest" rather than tree by tree I'll freeze up...if there is anything I know is that any project can be completed if you can manage to break it down into small enough parts and take care to do "it" (whatever "it" is) each and every day...schedule it, write it down, keep track...all fuc*ing mind games, but as I've said before, it generally works with me.

So in between packing boxes I'm working on this zine...I'll put in a few minutes here, a few there, until Friday, then off it goes. Marty will be amazed but with packing, trying to find somewhere to move to, and the L.A. County Democratic Party Fair booth which JoAnn and I are responsible for (again) this year I can't spend too long on fanac. But I can manage enough to make yet another "quota".

Of course no matter how dedicated you (or "I") are when packing it's damn hard to resist "looking" at this book, or putting on "this" album...or damn, maybe I should watch this tape before it disappears for ghu knows how long? Sigh Oh well, it goes along with the "collecting" urge I suppose, one thing that almost all fans "suffer" from. (There are exceptions, very rare however...the rest of us are, at best, what would generally be referred as "messies"...neo-packrats in training.)

Personally I'd rather have all my fingernails slowly pulled off than have to pack and move again, but it's our fate. All I can figure is that we did something truly "awful" somewhere back along the timeline and we're now making up for it.

Then I do whine on a bit I suppose, as I've often said, it could always be worse (where was that used? Young Frankenstein?)

**Warning:
Highly Political
It Would Be Funnier
If It Wasn't So
Damn True**

GEORGE W. BUSH RESUME The White House, USA

ACCOMPLISHMENTS AS PRESIDENT:

I sent 300,000 troops halfway around the world on a wild goose chase for weapons of mass destruction.

I insulted our allies, then went back to beg for their help when they turned out to have been right.

I spent the U.S. surplus and bankrupted the Treasury.

I shattered the record for biggest annual deficit in history.

I set an economic record for most private bankruptcies filed in any 12-month period.

I set all-time record for biggest drop in the history of the stock market.

I am the first president in decades to execute a federal prisoner.

I am the first president in US history to enter office with a criminal record.

In my first year in office I set the all-time record for most days on vacation by any president in US history.

After taking the entire month of August off for vacation, I presided over the worst security failure in US history.

I set the record for most campaign fund raising trips by any president in US history.

In my first two years in office over 2 million Americans lost their job.

I cut unemployment benefits for more out-of-work Americans than any other president in US history.

I set the all-time record for most foreclosures in a 12-month period.

I appointed more convicted criminals to administration positions than any president in US history.

I set the record for the fewest press conferences of any president since the advent of TV.

I signed more laws and executive orders amending the Constitution than any other president in US history.

I presided over the biggest energy crises in US history and refused to intervene when corruption was revealed.

I presided over the highest gasoline prices in US history and refused to

use the national reserves as past presidents have.

I cut health care benefits for war veterans.

I set the all-time record for most people worldwide to simultaneously take to the streets to protest me (15 million people), shattering the record for protest against any person in the history of mankind.

I dissolved more international treaties than any president in US history.

I've made my presidency the most secretive and unaccountable of any in US history.

Members of my cabinet are the richest of any administration in US history. (The 'poorest' multi-millionaire, Condoleezza Rice, has a Chevron oil tanker named after her).

I am the first president in US history to have all 50 states of the Union simultaneously go bankrupt.

I presided over the biggest corporate stock market fraud in any market in any country in the history of the world.

I am the first president in US history to order a US attack and military occupation of a sovereign nation, and I did so against the will of the United Nations and the world community.

I have created the largest government department bureaucracy in the history of the United States.

I set the all-time record for biggest annual budget spending increases, more than any other president in US history.

I am the first president in US history to have the United Nations remove the US from the Human Rights Commission.

I am the first president in US history to have the United Nations remove the US from the Elections Monitoring Board.

I removed more checks and balances, and have the least amount of congressional oversight than any presidential administration in US history.

I declared the entire United Nations irrelevant, then went back to ask for their help.

I withdrew from the World Court of Law.

I refused to allow inspectors access to US prisoners of war and by default no longer abide by the Geneva Conventions.

I am the first president in US history to refuse United Nations election inspectors access during the 2002 US elections.

I am the all-time US (and world) record holder for most corporate campaign donations.

The biggest lifetime contributor to my campaign, who is also one of my best friends, presided over one of the largest corporate bankruptcy frauds in world history (Kenneth Lay, former CEO of Enron Corporation).

I spent more money on polls and focus groups than any president in US history.

I am the first president to run and hide when the US came under attack (and then lied, saying the enemy had the code to Air Force 1).

I am the first US president to establish a secret shadow government.

I took the world's sympathy for the US after 911, and in less than a year made the US the most resented country in the world (possibly the biggest diplomatic failure in US and world history).

I am the first US president in history to have a majority of the people of Europe (71%) view my presidency as the biggest threat to world peace and stability.

I am the first US president in history to have the people of South Korea more threatened by the US than by their immediate neighbor, North Korea.

I changed US policy to allow convicted criminals to be awarded government contracts.

I set the all-time record for number of administration appointees who violated US law by not selling their huge investments in corporations bidding for government contracts.

I have removed more freedoms and civil liberties for Americans than any other president in US history. In a little over two years I have created the most divided country in decades, possibly the most divided that the US has been since the civil war.

I entered office with the strongest economy in US history and in less than two years turned every single economic category heading straight down.

RECORDS AND REFERENCES:

I have at least one conviction for drunk driving in Maine (Texas driving record has been erased and is not available).

I was AWOL from the National Guard and deserted the military during a time of war.

I refuse to take a drug test or even answer any questions about drug use.

All records of my tenure as governor of Texas have been spirited away to my father's library, sealed in secrecy and unavailable for public view.

All records of any SEC investigations into my insider trading or bankrupt companies are sealed in secrecy and unavailable for public view.

All minutes of meetings of any public corporation for which I served on the board are sealed in secrecy and unavailable for public view.

Any records or minutes from meetings I (or my VP) attended regarding public energy policy are sealed in secrecy and unavailable for public review.

PERSONAL REFERENCES:

For personal references, please speak to my dad or Uncle James Baker (They can be reached in their

offices at the Carlyle Group where they are helping to divide up the spoils of the US-Iraq war and plan for the next one.)

Packing & Moving & Lifting that Load Or When Did I Die & Go to Hell?

We're in the "end game" of moving. The legal challenges will be fought out in court on the 28th of this month (Oct), and as we're only trying to stall for time I expect that within a week or so after that date we'll be required to move (with the marshals locking us out of here). Of course I'm hoping by that date (roughly two weeks away), everything of significance will have been packed, stored, and moved out of this house. I'm hoping.

Funny, JoAnn and I have moved a number of times before...after we had gotten married it was like there was a curse upon us, for eight years we moved every two years (almost exactly)...none of the moves due to us, in one case the person who we were sharing a house with (my dear and close fan friend Chris Marble, an example of what a true friend should be like) decided to get married so we needed to move. The next two locations got torn down (as in the case of our small place on Indian Hill, now the location of a Senior complex), or rebuilt (as our house, a nice huge place, also on Baseline, now a storage area/complex). But, our fault or not, we had to move. And I remember those moves being

much easier than this one, much, much easier.

Twelve years in one place allowed us to pack too much stuff into this joint, to settle in too much. Then we're twelve years older (and deeper in debt, St Peter, you can't take me....sorry, that song just popped into my mind) and tired, much more than ever before. Then with my health problems I can't push like I used to, I pack, rest, play on the computer, pack, rest... you catch my drift. It's no longer a speedy process.

Oh well but the time you read this we will have moved (or will be moving in just a few days)...where to I have no idea. **(Written: Beginning of Oct.)**

I guess the two good things about this entire experience are: We know more about eviction law, unlawful detainers and the workings of our court system than ever before (hopefully never to come in handy again, but if anyone out there needs advice just ask)...two: it forced me to get this zine done early. The last thing in the world I need would be a moving deadline and a LASFapa deadline at the same time.

(End of Oct.) Things have livened up a little around here...here some postings I did in the last few days. I knew things were just going too smoothly:

**Additional "Exciting"
Adventures in "Real" Life**

**Special Thanks to:
Valhalla
Fmzfen
Trufen
&**

**Dear Friends:
Lee Gold
Jim Schumacher
Dian Crayne
Marty Cantor
Earl Kemp**

I'm beginning to feel like we're cursed...first good luck then quickly following rotten luck.

JoAnn & I finally found a place to move to in Rancho Cucamonga, about six miles east of here and only a few feet north of Baseline (we live on Baseline in Claremont). It's not ideal. We're renting a large room and a small garage from another couple with four kids, all four seven and under), but it's reasonable, and it's **There.**

That's good luck as we only have another week or so here before the Marshals lock us out.

The bad luck is it's fire season (again, still, whatever)...and the Fontana fire which started the day after I started moving stuff from here (three days ago) into the new place has grown to over 1,200 acres as of tonight. It burned over the mountain heading east, until last night when the Santa Ana's started pushing it back into Rancho Cucamonga. This morning it was like a snow storm had hit due to the ash in the air (covering everything, very unhealthy). So now there's a fire, three or four miles above our new house, being pushed by the winds (at least it's too far up the foothills to reach us, thank Ghu), and I'm moving boxes of books wearing a filter mask so I can breathe.

All the local schools were closed down today because of the smoke danger.

sigh

Great weather to empty out a dusty, dirty garage...

Life can be weird at times.

We sure have a great view of the fire from the new house, it looks like a large volcano slightly to the east of the street we're on. And tonight's sunset was terrific (like a huge orange ball)...they expect the fire to burn for at least another couple of days, as it's only 17% contained.

And tomorrow will be another moving day (bookcases and bulky stuff)...

I remember going through this same crap last year (just a few weeks later this year).

I need a vacation.

Oh well it could always be worse.

dK

I was unloading boxes today under a gray smoky dome...the sun was out, a small red glowing ball...it was like an alien planetscape. Our local mountains have totally disappeared behind smoke and ash clouds.

The fire had been bordered by two freeways but with winds up to fifty miles per hour that barrier failed. And until the winds calm down they'll never be able to get the fire under control. It's getting real close to friends houses now.

In the meanwhile I'm still moving "stuff", face mask in place.

--- Lee Gold <lee.gold@comcast.net> wrote:

> Dwain Kaiser wrote:

> >

> > You want to hear something funny, I'm moving boxes tonight to my new place (did I mention we finally found a place to move to in Rancho Cucamonga?) and I'm very relieved to hear you found a new place.

So are we. It's not perfect (what is?), but it'll do...and it was starting to get way too close to our "lock" out deadline (which still hasn't been set but I figure, unless our court hearing goes extremely well, a week to ten days at the most.)

(dK: We had a hearing Oct. 28th and agreed to moving within two weeks...currently we have six days to go...a crazy time to be doing a fanzine but I have to take a break from packing once in awhile and this is as good a way to "kick back" as any.)

> >

started having breathing problems...our new place is about five miles from that large Fontana fire 2000 acres and still growing)...

>

> If it gets too bad, remember you're free to come stay here

> with us till the fire's over.

>

I don't know why these "things" have to happen during the rare periods of time when I'm truly busy and under tight deadlines...but once again thank you for your kind offer and if it gets really bad I will take you up on it... So far it depends on which way the wind is blowing, there was little flying ash today but the sky

is dark smoky brown and the sun and the mountains were gone before noon. (Well the sun was semi-visible, a small bright red orb, looking very nasty.)

Comments to Jim Schumacher on Valhalla (his post follows):

What can I say, I'm anal...I'm sorting and packing carefully rather than just moving stuff.

Of course today I had the unique distinction of being the only person moving into Rancho Cucamonga while the top end of the city was being forced to evacuate! Not a distinction I wanted...and tomorrow I'm moving the heavy stuff...the problem is I have to be out of here, and damn fast...it should be fairly safe, I doubt if the fire will get closer than half a mile no matter how bad it gets (if I'm wrong it'll be the worse fire in CA history). We'll see.

I have my son-in-laws truck so the bookcases should mainly go tomorrow, and I'll have help with that...if I'm not finished soonish I'll hire some help to just pack up. But mainly what I wanted to avoid is another "garage" (like my current one was), where everything is stuffed into it for twelve years...I have to sort, even with a place to move to, several friends who will allow me some useful space, and three storage areas I wouldn't have enough room to move everything and just dump it there... this is a three bedroom house, with an office type space, kitchen, two bathrooms, a garage, and a trailer, all filled with "stuff". And two rooms, the garage and annex wasn't what one would call, "sorted" by any means.

At least the books were mainly on shelves and those were sorted...

dK

--- jrsjrsjrs@peoplepc.com wrote:

> Not to make light of Dwain's unfortunate choice of residence, but it always amuses me what happens when I mention to someone that I live on the Gulf Coast in Florida. The first thing, inevitably, that they say is "Oh, but what about the hurricanes?" But when you mention you live in Southern California, no one ever says "Oh, but what about the annual slew of gigantic wildfires?" or "What about all those earthquakes?" or "what about the chronic water shortages?" From what I've observed, the average person stands a

much better chance of being close to or involved in a big-time natural disaster in Southern California (or any place in California, for that matter), than I do in my palm-fringed spot on the Gulf.

>

> And rent is a lot cheaper 'round here.

>

> Anyway, Dwain, I do wish you'd consider looking in the classifieds or the local ad paper or bulletin board - where you can find ads for "handyman -- no job too small" or "will do light hauling" -- there are always people with strong arms and backs who need a few bucks for a day hire who will be glad to help you move all your stuff into the truck and then out of the truck into your new place (or into the storage unit) -- for a few bucks, tax-free, under the table. Why the fuck are you putting all this strain on your health just to save a few dollars? And spending all this time making all these trips? If

the free truck doesn't pan out, just pop for 20 or 30 bucks for a U-Haul truck, hire a few guys and do the whole damn thing in one or two days and get it over with.

> -- Sparrow

Sunday, 26th of Oct 2003
Posted on Fmzfen, Valhalla & Trufen

Okay, it's now 3:28 a.m. (formerly an hour earlier before the time change)...and I'm sitting at the computer soaking wet....

I was woken up about an hour and a half ago by a pounding on my door and was told to soak my roof and

turn on my sprinkler system...houses have caught on fire just one street over from my place in Claremont due to flying embers...and I was worried about what was going on in Rancho Cucamonga (where we're moving to), in the last three hours the fire has spread to a seventeen miles stretch along the foothills, from San Bernardino to west of Claremont (Glendora? Covina?)...pushed by fifty/sixty mile Santa Ana winds.

There are no water drops at night, none of the fire fighting planes can fly...and every fireman for three

states around is working double shifts either here or at one of the other two Southern CA fires.

From my backyard the sky is red in back of Claremont, if I look up the alley I can see rivers of fire running

up the mountains and along the ridgeline, and even scarier the sky shows the same signs of fire just

to the West of here...how low it has gotten I haven't been able to find out (we're listening to the radio at the moment)...several hundred houses have burned, there has been two or three deaths, and all caused,

they now figure, by some asshole arsonist. Of course the smoke is thick enough to cut, and ash is following (and also embers which is why I had to hose down the roof and yard).

I live on Baseline (which is 16th St.),

everything above 22nd is closed down and mainly evacuated

now ... that's true where I'm currently living and where we're in the process of moving too...talk about a rock and a hard place!

At least one of the power transmission lines into the

area has been damaged, which won't cause any problems,

if another (of the three) burns (and they're all located in the middle of the fire zone), about a

million people will lose power.

This has been a hell of a weekend...we're semi-packed and ready to go if necessary. I still don't think the fire will reach Baseline, but the smoke alone may drive us out of

here...and at the moment with the winds who knows what's going to happen in the next day or two. Less than a fifth of the fire is under control, and that's as of late evening yesterday, I would suspect that percentage has been greatly reduced during the last few hours.

This may be one for the record books. Personally I was planning on a nice quiet move, this shit I could do without.

So. Cal Snow
(from Valhalla)

dk: Wild fires are all too common here I'm afraid...one of the reasons why I won't live any "higher" than Baseline Road.

I remember watching the field across from Fred Whitlege's house burn one year...Fred pulled out a lawn chair, lit his pipe and sat and watched the fire get closer and closer to his house...of course now there's another half mile of homes+ above where he lived on Highland Road. **dk**

Sunday, 26th: "Would it help, dwain, if I were to e-mail you some marshmallows? **Marty Cantor**
(fmzfen)

Sunday, 26th:
"dwain Kaiser has all the fun, regardless of how much he complains about it.

Not content with moving to the fire, he had to wait for the fire to come to him.

I'm being flip about this (as I was about "firestarting") but it's deadly serious. I wouldn't want to wish dwain or anyone else any hardship because of any of these raging fires.

The only time a Southern CA fire got close to where I lived, I wasn't there, and that was almost as scary as being right in the middle of it.

I had gone to Frankfurt for the annual book fair and when I left home, everything was okay. Immediately one of those Santa Ana's wind driven fires started in the East County and headed directly towards my house in El Cajon.

The incident was so big it made the international news and I was watching it on tv in Frankfurt rushing ever closer to where I lived.

I was on the telephone back and forth frequently, trying to get accurate descriptions of what was going on as the flames, very visible, got within five miles of my house.

Fortunately, it stopped there and didn't move any closer. By the time I got back from Germany, the only thing left for me to clean up were lots of ashes and wind-blown debris.

I wouldn't want to be in dwain's shoes right now.

Good luck, pal...."

Earl Kemp

--- Larry Parr
<larry8633@yahoo.com> wrote: I remember several fires in the Valley that covered my car and my patio with ash when I still lived in my townhouse.

-- Larry

>
> --- Dwain Kaiser
<dwaingkaiser@yahoo.com> wrote:

Larry Parr <larry8633@yahoo.com>
wrote:

> > > If you want cold and snow
come on up to Northern Minnesota!

> > >

> > > A couple of weeks ago we had a
cold spell that killed my garden -- a
few flakes of snow even fell.

> > We had "snow" here too....well, to
be honest, while it was white and
while it did fall from the heavens it
was ash rather than snow
flakes...but it did remind me of Minn.
however (without the cold).

> >

> > dK

November 5, 2003

All the fires are under control,
mainly thanks to a drop in temp and
our first rain of the season.

More than half a million acres
burned, 20 plus people died, nearly
1,000 homes are no more. The worst
natural disaster in California's
history.

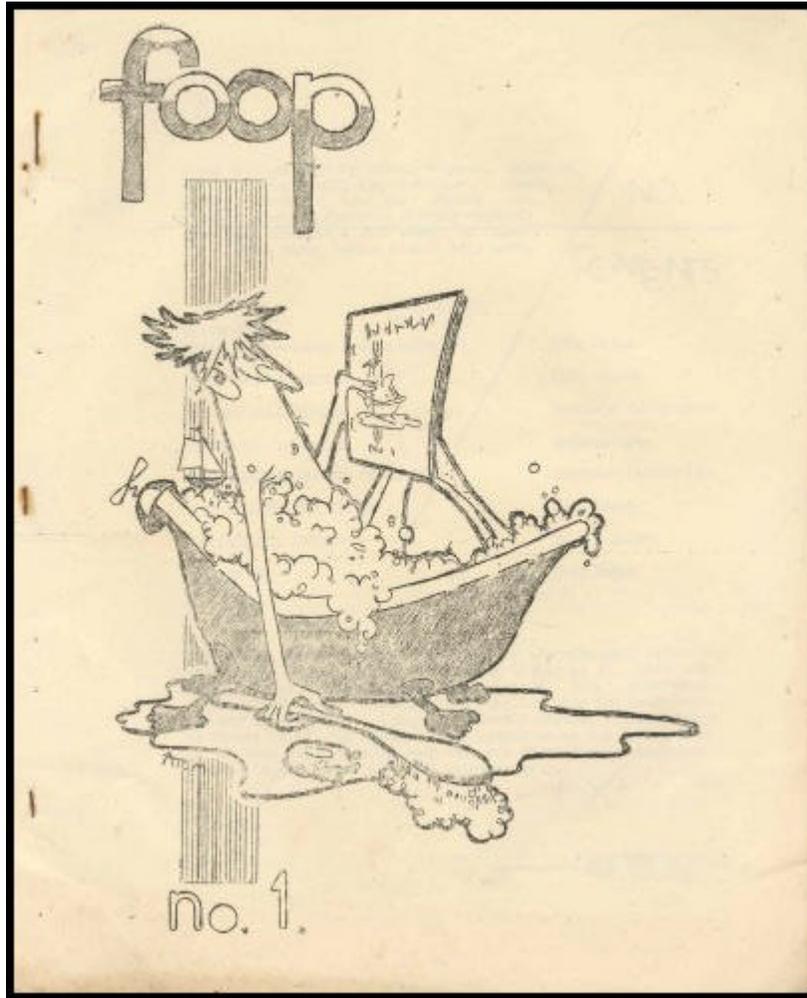
The closest the fire got to my rental
in Claremont was a couple of blocks
so over all we were quite "lucky".
Other fans had to be evacuated, we
escaped that fate. The Niven's came
closer than anyone to losing their
house, as Larry phased it, the
firemen were dancing with the devil.
It reached right to their back door
before it was stopped. Way too close!

So as of today the fire is past history,
the "move" continues with the clock
ticking down, we're currently at six
days and counting!

And I think this'll be a wrap, it's time to
get back to packing/sorting and moving.



Photo: Dian Crayne



Foop #1

**Cover Artwork by Art Thompson
Reprinted because I love Atom's artwork
From an eBay auction**



Jane Gallion

Fare Well, Lady Jayn

By
Jim Schumacher

I'm having trouble writing this, because Lady Jayn was so many different things to so many different people -- she lived a life so varied and full that I doubt there is any one person who could even begin to cover every aspect of the impact she had during her time on Planet Earth. Jayn was one of those "big personalities" like you read about in books but don't actually meet in real life all that often.

I first met her in the 1960s in Los Angeles fandom. I now realize that initial encounter was quintessential Lady Jayn. She was a very good looking young woman who naturally had a circle of young men about her much of the time. They were jokingly referred to as her "acolytes" by others, but I had never met her and

didn't know that when I happened to write a particularly scathing response to something published by a guy I'd never met in a local fanzine.

A few days later Dwain Kaiser mentioned to me about how that had been a pretty gutsy thing to do, coming down so hard on one of Lady Jayn's acolytes like that. I didn't really didn't Get what he was on about.

"Huh?" I thinks to myself. "Lady Jayn? Acolyte? Whatever..."

Aloud I told Dwain, "Hey, I don't care who's acolyte he is, it was a stupid thing to say and I don't regret calling him out about it."

And yet, another few days go by and I'm at a fan party in LA. I turn the corner into a back room and see this good-looking woman standing there in a striking black outfit (with a couple of guys on either side) who turns to me... with her eyes flashing lighting bolts -- I swear to Ghod, literal psychic lightning bolts -- and gestured imperiously and pronounced:

"You... you attacked one of my acolytes!"

If you'd known me at the time (or know me now), you'd realize that I'm not one to be intimidated, or hesitate to meet a challenge. But there was something so primal about this tableau that, believe it our not, yours truly actually did the following without hesitation:

I lowered my gaze, gave a short, courtly bow and said quite sincerely:

"Lady Jayn. My apologies. Had I known he was YOUR acolyte I would never have said such things."

And I meant it. Then I backed out of the room and stayed well on the other side of the party for the rest of the evening. Lady Jayn was iconic then, and she remained iconic throughout her life. We in Valhalla (the ValSFA private e-list) know this to be true, having had her posting and jousting with us these last few years. We were lucky to be here with her for that time, near the end. What an honor -- and even now, what a continuing education.

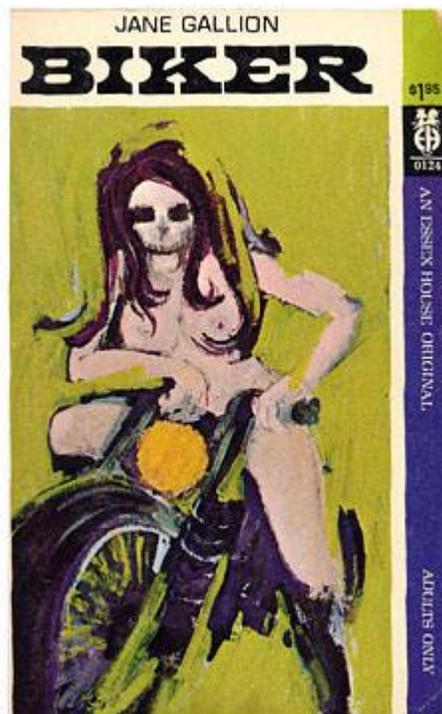
But the avatar I encountered on our first meeting was really only a girlish side line for Jayn. She had dynamic energy and love in abundance and it suffused everything she did. Much of the time I think it drove her, particularly when she was young, and that often she had no more control over it than anyone did of her.

She became a powerful writer. She threw great parties. She was a mentor to a lot of people, young and old. She was never ambivalent about anything.

You might disagree with her, but you had to respect her, not only for her passion but for her ability to see and articulate aspects of things you might very well have missed.

She was a Voice and a Creator right up to the last few days she spent here. She leaves behind many children, many lovers, many friends. She has passed all too soon. Now, as I instinctively did at our first meeting, I can only wish for her to fare well.

Sparrow, July 19, 2003



Cover: Biker
By Jane Gallion
Published by Essex House

Stoned by Jane Gallion



Ranked
#548

Stoned by **Jane Gallion** —
The Stuarts live in interesting times. The anti-war movement is being taken to the streets, the civil rights movement has just gained a martyr in Martin Luther King, and as for the home front – women everywhere are getting downright uppity. What do women want? They want out of the kitchen. They want more than just a new washer. More than a nicer house in a better neighborhood. More than putting the kids to bed and settling down with a good book. They want liberation, some excitement in their lives, and they want sex – good sex and plenty of it.

And they're tired of being ladylike about it. Times are changing. Happy Days are long over. Times are beginning to change in the Stuart house, too. Folding laundry and going to bed unsatisfied are just not making it any more. Sex, drugs, and rock and roll are about to change Elaine Stuart's life forever. And about time, too! (*a 'Sealed' eBook*)

 Microsoft Reader
eBook: \$4.00 / \$4.00
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[Buy it Now!](#)

The Story of Peter Coppintale

By Jane Gallion

In a small town in the Rocky Mountains there lived a commune. The inhabitants of the commune had many trials, for the town was full of rednecks and Mormons, and if one group wasn't threatening to burn them out, the other was doing its daily, smiling best to convert them. The spiritual leader of the commune was a man called Peter Coppintail, a highly evolved being on his last incarnation in the earth plane, and he was a channeler, from whose lips came the voice of the mighty spirit Dhu-Be-Dhu. When their leader was channeling, all the disciples fell respectfully silent and paid strict attention to Dhu-Be-Dhu's instructions for the way they ought to be living their lives.

Some of these messages concerned meditation. Every evening after dinner the group assembled in the meditation hall, an Iroquois longhouse constructed from plans

provided by Dhu-Be-Dhu, and sat zazen around the firepit, chanting the sacred name of their holy guardian spirit until bedtime. Sometimes they danced deosil-except for a few who couldn't tell their left hands from their right and danced widdershins-to the rhythm of sacred drums.

Occasionally the group was given a special blessing, and the ascended spirit would deliver a lecture on the Sacred Serpent Fire. These usually coincided with one or more of Peter Coppintail's four wives being mountainously pregnant, and Dhu-Be-Dhu would issue a directive as to which female disciple was to share the leader's sleeping bag. This gave the commune something to argue about with the Mormon missionaries, but it frequently caused the rednecks to get redder when they'd had a few beers.

"Wuuull, shitfuck, Joe Bob," one envious redneck was heard to say to a disconsolate companion one night in the Grizzly Bar, "that ole hippie must have more moves than Ex-Lax!" And he pounded on the bar and hollered over to the bartender for two more pitchers of Colorado Kool-Aid.

"Ex-Lax, hell!" said a voice from the other end of the bar. "That son of a bitch has more moves than a game of Sprouts." The speaker stared moodily into a fruit jar of Purple Jesus (fifty cents per glass). A chain connected his lower left earring to his nose ring, marking him as several kinds of a dropout. An underage cheerleader from the local high school was sipping J. W. Dant's with two cherries in it at a back table, and she thought he was way cool even if he did eat sprouts and granola and yucky stuff like that.

Joe Bob raised his head. "You talkin ta me?" he growled, for he had been mourning his scorelessness since sundown and was sure he had been insulted, and some unpleasantness broke out which had to be dealt with by the bouncer, who also 86ed the cheerleader. The cheerleader decided to just go on up and find out if the commune was also way cool or just plain weird.

The inhabitants of the commune did not drink beer. They made their own sacramental wine from a recipe provided by Dhu-Be-Dhu, out of bananas, tangeloes, and overripe kiwis scrounged from the dumpster behind the Save-A-Buck market. Nor did they eat meat except on ceremonial occasions, when Peter Coppintail, following instructions from an ancient Navajo medicine man he'd met on hajj to Los Angeles, slipped naked into the deeps of the forest to request the gift of a deer from Changing Woman. Dhu-Be-Dhu spoke sorrowfully of those who ate meat from the Save-A-Buck, and cautioned the commune that they were polluting their higher vibrations if they let themselves be seduced by the scent of a quarter-pounder. Peter Coppintail himself brought home the ceremonial deer, but its flesh never passed his lips. His task was to summon the deer, slay it with a consecrated arrow, and offer the group's collective gratitude to the deer's spirit for the gift of its meat.

But Peter Coppintail, ever mindful of his higher vibrations and his channeler's vocation, abstained. And during the meal he reminded the disciples of the damage they were doing to their karmas by eating even consecrated meat.

One fall morning, as the commune was meditating on a bountiful harvest and farting like a herd of tired horses after their breakfast of pinto beans and cabbage juice, their leader lost his patience and gave them the rough side of his channel for their spiritual laziness, their unwillingness to strive harder to control themselves, and the way it smelled in here this morning. The disciples had been bitching for weeks about the menu provided by Peter Coppintail's wives, which consisted mainly of brown rice and soy tofu, flavored with zucchini the size of mortar shells and what Shakti-Go-Go, the senior wife, said was tempeh, but a disciple from Flower Mound, Texas, claimed he'd spotted her cleaning out of the goat barn with a shovel. Peter Coppintail offered himself and one or two of his more evolved wives as examples of culinary transcendence. They wouldn't have eaten the flesh of Our Fellow Beings if it had trotted merrily into the yard and jumped into their mouths. But seeing as how all the disciples seemed to be at the mercy of their lower natures lately, Peter Coppintail would ungird himself and go skyclad-per instructions-into the forest to summon a deer.

Naked he strode into the forest, holding a Hopi paho and singing his sacred deer-calling song. The wives and disciples clustered in the front yard, the wives looking virtuous and the disciples glum and guilty. And hungry. The disciple from Flower Mound, Texas, was just about drooling in anticipation of some good old deer meat to cut the taste of that shitty tempeh, and one young disciple, a 15-year-old runaway from Tater Knob, West Virginia, was wondering if she still recalled how to make venison mincemeat by

mammaw's recipe. Tempeh made her snap her lunch.

Peter Coppintail, his pale body dappled with sunlight through the autumn leaves, followed the trail to his meditation rock in a grove of quaking aspens. Breathing ki, he mounted the rock and stood tall in the crisp air, composing himself. Compassion almost overwhelmed him as he thought about the deer who was going to die to feed his chilidogivorous disciples. He thanked his guardian spirit, Dhu-Be-Dhu, that he and his wives had overcome their baser appetites and nourished themselves, as the I Ching directed, entirely on the purest of food. He felt himself entering oneness with Great Deer. Then he raised his arms to heaven and bowed from the waist to the spirit of the deer in humility and supplication. With a swelling heart, Peter Coppintail offered himself wholly to the ritual.

He heard the sharp crack of a twig behind him, but before he could even straighten up, a load of double-ought buckshot caught him square in the behind. Shrieking to the sky and bounding like a jackrabbit, Peter Coppintail streaked for home, quickly outdistancing the Good Ole Boy from Lubbock, Texas, who'd flown up here to the Rockies for the first day of deer season. The Good Ole Boy stood scratching his head. Gawd damn, what a racket!

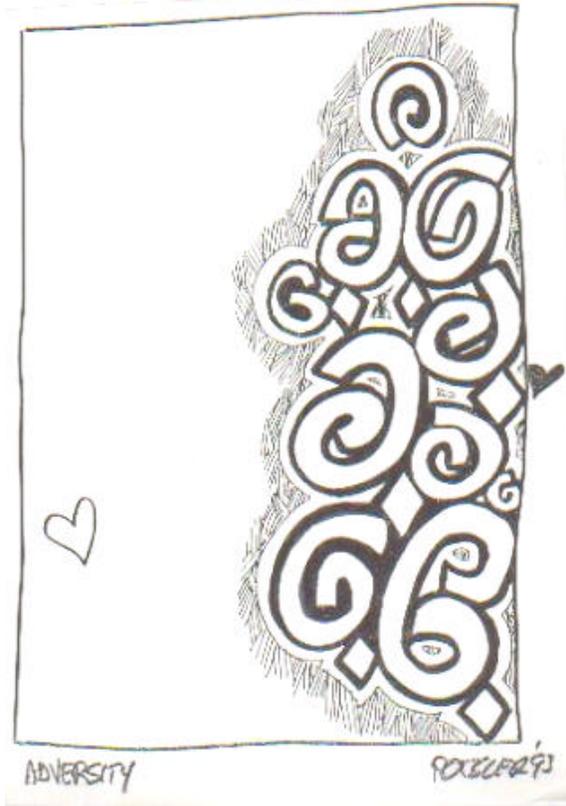
The Good Ole Boy wondered if he mightn't oughta go after that whitetail he hadn't quite managed to kill, but then he took a hefty swig of cool Lone Star from the longneck in his back pocket and decided not to bother. That sucker's rack hadn't been worth dawgshit.

MORAL: When you're standing on your principles, it's always best to cover your ass.

- Jane Gallion [4004 BC]



**The Colonel & Lady Jayn
(L to R)
Owen Hannifen, Bill Ellern, Jane Ellern
(lurking the background: Jack Harness)
Early '60s**



**More Tasteless Political
Humor
Or
Damn Funny**
(Lifted from the Web)

A lobbyist, on his way home from work in Washington, D.C., came to a dead halt in traffic and thought to himself, "Wow, this seems worse than usual."

He noticed a police officer walking between the lines of stopped cars, so he rolled down his window and asked, "Officer, what's the hold-up?"

The officer replied, "The President is depressed, so he stopped his motorcade and is threatening to douse himself in gasoline and set himself on fire. He says no one believes his stories about why we

went to war in Iraq, or the connection between Saddam and al-Qa'ida, or that his tax cuts will help anyone except his wealthy friends; the press called him on the lie about Iraq trying to buy uranium from Niger, and now Campbell Brown is threatening to sue him for a sexual innuendo he made at a recent press conference. So we're taking up a collection for him."

The lobbyist asks, "How much have you got so far?"

The officer replies, "About 14 gallons, but a lot of folks are still siphoning."

**Subject:
Weapons of Math
Instruction**
(from the Web)

At New York's Kennedy airport today, an individual later discovered to be a public school teacher was arrested trying to board a flight while in possession of a ruler, protractor, setsquare, slide rule, and calculator.

At a morning press conference, Attorney general John Ashcroft said he believes the man is a member of the notorious al-gebra movement. He is being charged by the FBI with carrying weapons of math instruction.

"Al-gebra is a fearsome cult," Ashcroft said. "They desire average solutions by means and extremes, and sometimes go off on tangents in a search of absolute value. They use secret code names like "x" and "y" and refer to themselves as "unknowns", but we have determined

they belong to a common denominator of the axis of medieval with coordinates in every country.

"As the Greek philanderer Isosceles used to say, there are 3 sides to every triangle," Ashcroft declared.

When asked to comment on the arrest, President Bush said, "If God had wanted us to have better weapons of math instruction, He would have given us more fingers and toes."

"I am gratified that our government has given us a sine that it is intent on protracting us from these math-dogs who are willing to disintegrate us with calculus disregard. Murky statisticians love to inflict plane on every sphere of influence," the President said, adding: "Under the circumferences, we must differentiate their root, make our point, and draw the line."

President Bush warned, "These weapons of math instruction have the potential to decimal everything in their math on a scalene never before seen unless we become exponents of a Higher Power and begin to factor-in random facts of vertex."

Attorney General Ashcroft said, "As our Great Leader would say, read my ellipse. Here is one principle he is uncertainty of: though they continue to multiply, their days are numbered as the hypotenuse tightens around their necks."

The Extended Edition by Jim Schumacher

I just finished watching the DVD "special extended edition" of THE TWO TOWERS with the 43 minutes of additional footage. Wow. This is something you have to see. This is not just 43 minutes... this is 43 minutes of rich detail that fleshes out the theatrical version in a way I wouldn't have believed possible. It adds enormous dimension and depth which had to be left out of the theater release because the distributors simply refuse to handle a movie over 3 hours long.

Most significantly, it adds so much more of Tolkien's soul back into the film. Many people complained that director Peter Jackson had turned THE TWO TOWERS into an "action flick" which was at once true and false. Yes, it was an action flick, but then THE TWO TOWERS is also the "action book" of the trilogy. But there's no denying that he had to leave out a lot of the little touches that make Tolkien's books what they are in order to deliver the main action plot line in the time he was allowed.

But at least Jackson was artist enough, and dedicated enough, to spend a lot of time and money shooting "those other scenes" which he knew probably wouldn't make it into the theater version -- so that he could put them in the DVD version and really do things right. And he has.

For my money, the added footage in TWO TOWERS is much more critical

than most of the added footage in FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING, even though that was enjoyable as well. Those who had problems with the way Faramir was depicted in the theater version will be pleasantly surprised to see the whole story. Same for the end of the battle of Isengard, the trek through the Eryn Muir, and the hobbit's encounter with the Ents. There's just so much more detail, exposition, background and character-development in the film now. You really should check it out.

-Sparrow

**Writer and raconteur John Baxter
collects books as a form of self-
expression and as a way to savor -- and
live -- the good life**

Saturday, December
13, 2003
San Francisco Chronicle

[James Sullivan, Chronicle Pop Culture
Critic](#)



John Baxter is still bewildered by his second wife's behavior when she accompanied him on his endless, fanatical book-buying trips.

"She'd take down a book from the shelf and sit and read," recalls this world-class raconteur, his voice rising in good-natured bewilderment. Such a colossal waste of time in a shop that might be hiding a reasonably priced first edition not yet in your collection still strikes him as positively unfathomable.

Baxter, perhaps needless to say, is now remarried.

For this film biographer, longtime BBC commentator and incurable book hound, books are much more than mere vessels of information. They are treasureable objects utterly essential to the good life, worthy of scouting trips to the four corners of the globe and the joyful surrender of vast sums of money.

Since stumbling across some rare Graham Greenes 25 years ago in a north London flea market, Baxter has amassed a multimillion-dollar library focusing on modern masters and some quirky pulp obsessions, from Samuel Beckett and Henry Miller to Mickey Spillane and the beloved science fiction of his youth in the Australian bush. The first of Baxter's proposed four volumes of memoir on his lifelong mania, "A Pound of Paper: Confessions of a Book Addict" (St. Martin's Press, \$24.95), has just been published in America following widespread acclaim in England and Europe.

Now living in Paris, Baxter has made his way in recent days down t

he West Coast from Vancouver. In theory, he's promoting his book. In practice, he's looking, the way he always is, to add to his library.

His traveling partner is not his third wife but his longtime enabler, the book scout Martin Stone. Stone, a shadowy and celebrated figure in the corridors of serious, big-money book collecting, met Baxter rather fortuitously, on the same day Baxter bought those Graham Greenes.

Stone, an elfin man in old Carnaby Street threads, a felt hat pulled down over his unruly eyebrows, was briefly famous to English rock 'n' roll audiences in the 1960s,

when he played guitar in stints with the Mod band the Action and blues-rockers Savoy Brown. There are those who believe he was more gifted than Eric Clapton, but to anyone who might be in the market for a \$35, 000 first edition of "The Great Gatsby," Martin Stone is much better known as one of the world's premier book scouts.

He once sold Led Zeppelin's Jimmy Page a copy of the "I-Ching" previously owned by the occultist Aleister Crowley. Stone's legend is such that Peter Howard, proprietor of Berkeley's rare-book haven Serendipity and himself a renowned dealer, has published a limited-edition portfolio tribute to him priced at \$5,000.

If Howard is a Christlike figure, as Baxter puts it, in the book world, then Stone is John the Baptist.

"He's out there in the wilderness," Baxter says. "He taught me most of what I know. Also took most of my money, actually."

In "A Pound of Paper," Baxter gleefully describes Stone's notorious eccentricity. Aside from his rock-guitar background, he has been "at various times cokehead, pothead, alcoholic, resident of a Muslim enclave" and "international fugitive from justice" who "has never owned a house or learned to drive, hates bank accounts, won't write letters, and scorns computers."

But Stone, Baxter claims, has an uncanny clairvoyance when it comes to finding rare books. Embellishing the details of their countless scouting expeditions together, he tells of Stone, fast asleep in the backseat of a car, waking with a start to ask their whereabouts.

After directing his driver down a seemingly random off-ramp into a singularly unpromising backwater, they'll come across a decrepit junk store run by "an old bloke, maybe brewing a pot of stew." Somewhere in the back, behind the old bike parts and the rusty tools, they'll invariably hit a mother lode -- a box of Virginia Woolfe first editions, perhaps, all inscribed by the author, worth tens of thousands.

"And you think, 'How'd he know that?' " says Baxter. "On some other level, he knows."

In the quiet aisles of San Francisco's Acorn Books, where Baxter has been holding court, Stone suddenly materializes to present Baxter with a first edition of Joe Gores' 1975 novel "Hammett," signed by the author.

"That's definitely me," says Baxter. "You're quite right."

Turning to address an interviewer, Stone jokes that he can't bring himself to charge his friend a finder's fee. "I'm with him, so I can't profit by it," he says, flashing a devilish smile. "That would be deeply unfair."

Stone wants to know whether Baxter has had a chance to peruse the shop's glass

case of rare books.

"Haven't dared yet," Baxter replies, then saunters over.

Of particular interest to both men is a self-published chapbook by William Carlos Williams. "I've seen three in my life," says Stone. Asking price: \$450.

Baxter peers into the glass and begins ticking off the titles he already has: first editions of Miller's "Tropic of Capricorn," L. Ron Hubbard's fantasy novel "Slaves of Sleep," Ian Fleming's "Casino Royale."

They probably want \$5,000 for the latter, Stone surmises. (Actually: 20 grand.)

Earlier in the day, Baxter says, he picked up a Beckett first edition on Haight Street for \$5.50.

Collecting, Baxter writes in "A Pound of Paper," began for him as an adolescent in Australia, when he kept renewing his local library's copy of Greene's "Brighton Rock," well after he'd finished reading it. He just needed the satisfaction of seeing the book every evening on his nightstand.

Having memorized as a schoolboy many of the poems of the Englishman Rupert Brooke, he bought a volume from a local news agent. He'd owned other books as a child, but this was the first one he'd collected.

"In acquiring it, I exercised a personal taste," Baxter writes. "Like the appearance of the first pubic hair, at once alarming and exciting, it marked one's passage into a new state of existence."

Later on Monday, at a coffeehouse near the bookstore, Baxter discusses his theories of collecting. (Stone has trundled off to see another dealer.) More to the point, he discusses his theories about why collecting is so clearly a domain of men.

First and foremost, he says, it's the ingrained hunter-gatherer instinct. There's also a sexual element: "Men want to dominate, to control things, whether it's paintings, cars, bottle tops, whatever."

For all the vanities of collecting -- and Baxter, a loquacious, unfailingly cheerful fellow in a big sweater and dark blue scarf, is quick to make light of his own obsessions -- he'd like to think there is at least one noble aspect to it. Collectors, he notes, "set the agenda for the literary appreciation of our times. We consensually agree that Fleming was important, or P.D. James, or William Burroughs or William Carlos Williams."

A collection is a supreme form of self-expression, he suggests. Even friends who are hopelessly casual about their interests will ask him to keep an eye out in his travels for books about the Boy Scouts, or steam engines. (Inevitably, it's a nostalgic subject,

a throwback to childhood.)

"I don't mind," he says. "I love it."

Later that evening, Baxter is the center of attention at a dinner and book signing organized by Terrance Gelenter, curator of the CinemaLit film series and the entrepreneur behind the activity group Paris Through Expatriate Eyes.

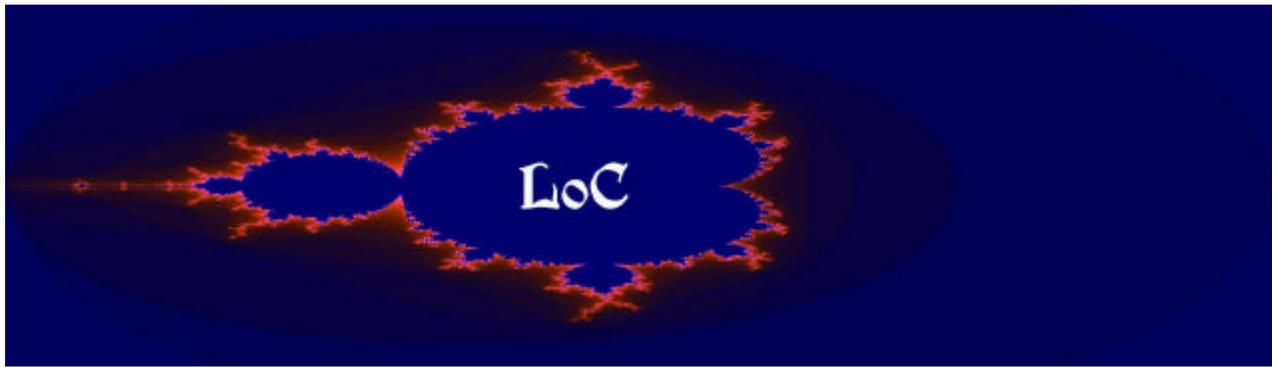
The author could regale these fans and admirers with tales of his biographical research into the lives of some of Hollywood's biggest names -- Woody Allen, Steven Spielberg, Stanley Kubrick. But before a three-course dinner at the Baker Street Bistro, he stands and tells the party just one story, characteristically rambling and witty.

It involves a friend who works for Sotheby's, making a whirlwind visit to Paris. She'd expected to nab 45 minutes or so with Baxter, maybe to race through a photo exhibition. Instead, he insisted she slow down. He took her to breakfast, and then lunch.

By the end of the weekend, after an excess of fine food and wine, his high-powered friend had reached that state of blissful torpor that can be achieved only with impulsive portions and great conversation. Standing to leave, she leaned her tipsy head on her dining partner's shoulder and declared, "John, you saved my life."

"I think that's my function," he concludes. Life, as he showed his friend, is to be savored. And you can't just read about it in a book -- but you can certainly have a good time looking for it.





Artwork: Dian Crayne

Lloyd Penney:

I've given myself a short vacation from letter writing in order to recharge the creative batteries, and now, I'd ready to dive back in and do the butterfly. Here's some comments on No Time 8...I'm not sure we'll really know what Harry Warner's passing will do to fanzine fandom...too many are quite busy tearing him down online. As always, we tear down the successful amongst us.

The Dune sequels...I read the whole series of Dune novels by Frank Herbert, and quite enjoyed them. For some reason, though, I really have no burning desire to read the prequel novels. Who knows, if the prequels come in an inexpensive box set...the words "book" and "inexpensive" rarely arrive together. Many of my books were found in used book stores and library sales...maybe I'll get the sequels the same way, eventually...

Jan Stinson may be coming up to Torcon III this year, and I will be looking for her there. How about you, dwain? **(dK: The spirit was willing but the wallet was lacking. Sigh Maybe next year, certainly the 2003 CorFlu in Vegas).** The Canadian dollar rose to a three-year high of 69.07 cents American today,

but it's still a bargain compared to the US dollar.

I read SF, but probably not as much as I used to. I think fanzines have supplanted some of that. I may not read many SF books, but I certainly read about them. I also used to read the books of an upcoming convention GoH, but usually, I've read at least one of their books, and I get by with that.

Great ValSFA conversation, but not much to comment on. I am finishing up the Kim Stanley Robinson Mars series, and plan to tackle the Harry Potter books as soon as I'm done. I still have a packed shelf of books to tackle, and I may see if I still want to read them, or cash them in at a local used book store, and get something different. I am considering liquidating a good portion of my SF collection, so I may get familiar with how to sell this stuff on eBay.

That's all...I am on the job hunt again, and right now, I'm just tired. **(dK: Nothing does me in faster than job hunting....)** Take care, and see you next issue.

Robin A Phillips

On diets...The most successful attempt I have ever made was The Zone diet. I ate any time I was hungry. That's the good thing about this one. You can go ahead and eat

something, it just has to be balanced.

I was also heading for the gym early in the morning 3-5 times a week. Sometimes I only walked the treadmill, and others I worked out with weights as well. I lost 30 lbs. in 6 months. Also dropped 2 dress sizes. Kept it off for about 2 years.

The gym thing last about 6 months. Joined a gym for a couple of years for the discounted rate, then had to force myself to go the next 6 months. Then having to force myself, and going sporadically for the last year. That was the second time I have done that. Wasted money, for the most part.

Today, I enjoy walking, and do it primarily for pleasure. I put a cd in my Walkman, (usually heavy metal, or old rock and roll) and walk at the park when weather permits; or at the mall when it doesn't. It has become one of the activities I enjoy most. The time to myself is wonderful, and I do see a recognizable increase in energy too. A nice side effect.

Hoyt Axton If you do happen upon some CD's by him in the future, I would appreciate hearing about it. Although I don't have any of his music, I would be interested in acquiring some. I love hearing him speak or sing.

Enjoyed the Oval Office piece.

In closing...I enjoyed reading this fanzine. As a neofan, I found it entertaining and easy to understand.

Thank you! **(dK: No. Thank You for responding! One of the annoying things about e-zines is that, as an editor, you never are quite sure who is reading it. Egoboo is what makes it all worthwhile).**

Lloyd Penney

I've printed out issue 10 of No Time..., and as I see on television, the California wildfires are finally contained. I hope you and your family have been spared any of this horror. It's hard to believe that 3600 homes and 750,000 acres have been destroyed.

Often, when I have the time and I'm elsewhere, I'll tuck a few zines in my satchel, and make some notes on them to pass time. I do it in the subway, and on Monday nights, when I'm at VoicePrint getting ready to do my weekly read for the blind, I'll concoct a few notes in the readers' room. It's peaceful, and it actually helps me to prepare for my read.

I am having a tough time finding work, too. If there's the slightest interest in my resume, I'm passed over because I'm too experienced or too old, or there's the assumption that because of my experience, I'll probably want more money than they're willing to pay. However, my luck may be turning, knock on wood...on Monday, I have a job interview with a directories company downtown. I've only got a couple of months of employment insurance left, so I really hope that this

company likes me. After that interview, I start job hunting classes with a company near the lakeshore. Something has got to give.

We've had a change in government here, too. After 8 years of Conservative government, the Liberals have been elected. The Conservatives said they balanced the books, but as happens when new governments are elected, what the preceding government says isn't necessarily the truth. The Liberals found that the Conservative's "balanced books" actually contained a \$5.6 billion deficit. No wonder people are disillusioned with politics.

I must lose some weight as well...losing 50 lbs. wouldn't hurt me at all. There are woodland paths in my neighbourhood, and I've been on long walks, but it's just not enough. Besides, the job hunt has kept me at home.

My fanzine collection is in 17 Banker's Boxes in a dry, dark locker just across the hallway from my apartment. I don't think there's any water pipes in the vicinity, so I believe they are safe. As it expands, I don't know what to do with them...I know Murray Moore recently bought Taral's fanzine collection, but he's got a house to keep them in, and a family that knows enough to indulge him in his hobbies.

Time to fold up and get ready...tonight is the monthly local fannish pubnight downtown, and there's still a lot to do before I catch the bus. Take care, and just consider that when fire ravages a forest, that usually means lots of new green growth the next year. California should look less ashen and more green soon. See you next issue.

"Jukkahoo"

Thu, 10 Apr 2003

Greetings from Finland, My name is Jukka Halme and I'm a thirtysomething SF-fan from Helsinki, Finland and EU. I've been a fan of SF/F from an early age and more or less active in the Finndom from the late 80's. I've been a writer and an illustrator, reviewer, cover-artist and done lay-out, chaired clubs, panels and meetings, all the usual stuff. Lately I've been writing reviews and articles for Helsinki SF Society's semiprozine Tähtivaeltaja (Star Rover) and Finnish Tolkien Society's Legolas-fanzine. I have also been an avid fanzinefan for quite some time, but having only recently (well, from 2001 while I was living in Princeton, NJ with my wife for a year) discovered US-fanzines REALLY (I had seen and read some odd copies earlier) I have tried to correct my mistake.

I realised some time ago that I haven't been a very good LoCcer, but I've decided to try to keep trying. I have been fortunate enough to have received some fanzines via mail, but mostly I've been reading zines from the efanzines.com website. Bill Burns is doing magnificent job and I'm more than grateful to him for providing such a fantastic way of reaching many of those almost elusive (to Finland anyway) fanzines that people produce.

I've been following NoX3 from the beginning of it. I have to admit that the early issues held little interest for me, though I enjoyed reading some of the pieces from them. I have especially been fond of your own musings about collecting books and

selling them. And of course I have to mention Rotslers.

The latest ish had some good stuff in it: your grumblings were entertaining **(dK: I practice a lot.)**

but the real meat of the package was the Discussion/Commentary on SF. I'm not an old and established fan, but saw a bit of me in many comments, but luckily also the exact opposite. Interesting small talk as well as poignant opinions. Now if someone would ask my opinion of good, new SF/F-writers, I might be forced to name for ex. Iain M. Banks, William Barton, James P. Blaylock, Lois McMaster Bujold, David Gemmell, Jack McDevitt, Susar R. Matthews, China Miéville, Richard Morgan, Garth Nix, Tim Powers, Alastair Reynolds, Melissa Scott, Sean Stewart and Jeff VanderMeer - and that would just be the beginning. Some of the aforementioned are more or less "important", but they're all very entertaining.

I'll be looking forward to reading NoX3 in the future. - Jukka Halme
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Goodbye, Ol' Friend

The mayor thing I regret about having been a fan for forty years has to be the graying of fandom. This has been a topic in this zine before, fandom is graying with fewer and fewer newcomers (Ghu only knows that the few we do have are top drawer additions to this hobby/wayoflife of ours). And we're dying off.

I found out a while ago that my long time fan friend Dik Daniels died. And words are failing me.

We had some good times together, quite a few laughs. I would guess that a sizable percentage of the photos I have from cons of yore were taken by him. He photographed everything going on in local fandom and one could always count on him to provide memory excitors. In the past I've used many of his photos in **Nonstop Fun Is Hard on the Heart** and here in **No Time**.

We spent a fair amount of time together during last year's (2002) L.A. WesterCon...a month after the con I received a large package of photos to use in my zines. Dik had carefully dug out all the photos I had asked for and quite a few additional ones. To use how & when I felt like. The type of kindness I could always count on from Dik.

We first met at LASFS in the mid-60s and partied together at Jane's poker game weekends.

Jane is gone, Dik has relocated to that great photo lab in the sky (where the developing fluid is drinkable and leaves no hangover).

I'm sorry....I'm speechless here which is why this has been delayed so long...

How do you write about friendship? What can you say that will "explain" what a friend meant to you? There are those who can, I'm just not one of them.

The best I can do is laugh at a bad joke I might run across in a magazine, remembering Dik's fondness of passing such humor

along. When I have a Question (you know, "A Question" concerning Life, the Universe and the Fannish Way of Life), I can still hear Lady Jayn's "voice" carefully advising me on how to handle the problem and listening to her wise suggestions.

I'm beginning to depress myself.

**From Gail Knuth Whiskin
(who was previously Gail
Daniels and Gail Thompson
sent to Lee Gold:**

Dear Lee,

You may have already heard about this, but in case you didn't, I'll tell you.

I was sorry to learn that Dik Daniels died last week. His sister, Joan Christiansen, called today to tell me. She said he'd had a heart attack in December (2002). Dik was 76, eleven years older than I.

He had Diabetes, for which he took pills, and probably didn't eat well. He had gotten into the habit of staying up all night--he was a TV addict--and sleeping during the day, which is not good for one's health. Even though we had some disagreements and sometimes got pretty mad at each other when we were married, Dik and I did continue having a friendly feeling for each other after things got settled down after the divorce. We had interests in common, and liked to talk.

So after I moved to Florida, we called each other a few times, and sent a couple of boxes of things we knew the other would like.

Dik always liked jokes, and included in the box a bunch of copies of cartoons. He sent photos of fans, some of which must have been taken at conventions. In December he sent me a box that included some LED lighted jewelry, (I've been collecting LED things for years) and among the photos was one of Elayne. I wouldn't have recognized her if he hadn't said who it was--it's been over 25 years since I saw her, as she didn't go to Magicon, where I saw Bruce. I called Dik to thank him for the box, and he sounded pretty much o.k. I think it was New Year's Eve. He didn't say anything about having had a heart attack.

Dik had three or four cats, and he loved them very much and took good care of them. I mentioned that to Joan, and she said she found a lady who would take the cats. I was very relieved to hear that. I asked Joan if she had called anyone from the science fiction club, and she said no, she wouldn't know who to call. She gave me her phone number, 805-467-3819, which is north of L. A. [In San Miguel.--LG]

Dik hadn't been going to many fan activities, because of the distance and not wanting to drive at night. He did go to the nearby cons, and still liked to see fan friends and acquaintances.

Maybe someone from LASFS would want to call Joanne.

dK: Due to The Move I have none of Dik's photos to run in this issue...hopefully in #12.