

Hannes Bok

**No Energy
No Time
&
Not Much To Say
#12**

**Editor: dwain Kaiser
P.O. Box 1074
Claremont, CA 91711
e-mail: dgkaiser@hotmail.com
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909-624-8168
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**Artwork:
Hannes Bok (the Power Series)
Diane Crayne, James Shull &
Charles Beaumont
+misc eBay scans**

Back In November, '03

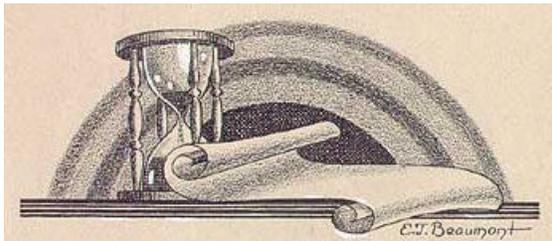
Somehow I seem to have forgotten to mention this years LosCon.

LosCon (Thanksgiving weekend) was very pleasant this year. Thanks (again) to Don Fitch I managed to be able to make the con (being insolvent once again I had to keep costs down as much as possible). On the spur of the moment JoAnn was able to attend too. It has been too many years since the both of us had managed to make it (at least three or four)...her work timetable just did not allow for a weekend convention (and what other kind is there?)... But due to crass offensiveness on the part of her employer (well, maybe just "stupid" rather than crass...whatever, it's a rather long story) and an unwillingness to continue to be mistreated by him ("I quit" is the cleaned up version) she ended up back home Friday morning with Thanksgiving weekend free.

I had just finished my own packing and starting to pile two suitcases on the front veranda...naturally I suggested, "how about making the con?" An idea she jumped at. Of course she only had about an hour to pack and get ready...then Don knew nothing about it either so we hoped he was comfortable about the ride. JoAnn rushed and Don was more than kind enough, not only to provide a ride, but also to offer to share "our" room with JoAnn (we had thought it might be necessary to hunt down another place to stay)...making the entire event possible (and well within budget).

Personally, I was impressed with the choices of guests of honor, Fred

Saberhagen as pro, Teddy Harvia as artist and Jack L. Chalker as fan. I knew Jack would be a lot of fun as he puts a lot of effort and energy into being visible and accessible. A few years ago, when he was pro guest at BayCon, he single handedly livened up the con for me. And with the rumors floating around fandom about his health it was good news that he felt "up" for a convention.



Artwork by: **Charles Beaumont**

I was really looking forward to meeting Teddy Harvia, a fan artist I have admired for years but had never met, and Saberhagen has been one of my favorite authors for more years than I care to recall.

Harvia turned out to be as delightful in person as his cartoons, I managed to attend a couple of his panels and talked to him for a few minutes. Of course I also humbled myself enough to give him the last issue of *Nonstop Fun* and whimper out a fanboy request for a contrib...we'll see if it works! The cover he did for the program booklet was turned into the con's t-shirt which was one of my few purchases.

I wandered though the artshow while JoAnn was making her usual blood donation...it was the same old, same old, mixture of quality and drek. Sue Dawe's work really stood out as did Sandra Kay Olive's work (which I don't believe I had ever seen

before). If I had had any extra money I did see a few small pieces I would have been tempted to have bid on. I went back the next day to appreciate the Harvia panels again. I hope the *Nonstop* I gave him won't end up buried at the bottom of a pile of con "misc" (as so often happens to zines given out at cons). If I wasn't so short of copies I'd just mail him another one (or would that be **too** much?)

We were lucky that Chalker was feeling better because he complained several times during panels that the convention didn't do several things he had been promised. He had requested no morning programming, and a one panel break between each of his scheduled panels. Neither happened. Being Diabetic is not a serious problem if taken care of but the scheduling the committee put him under was unreasonably demanding. Even with those problems Chalker was in fine form.

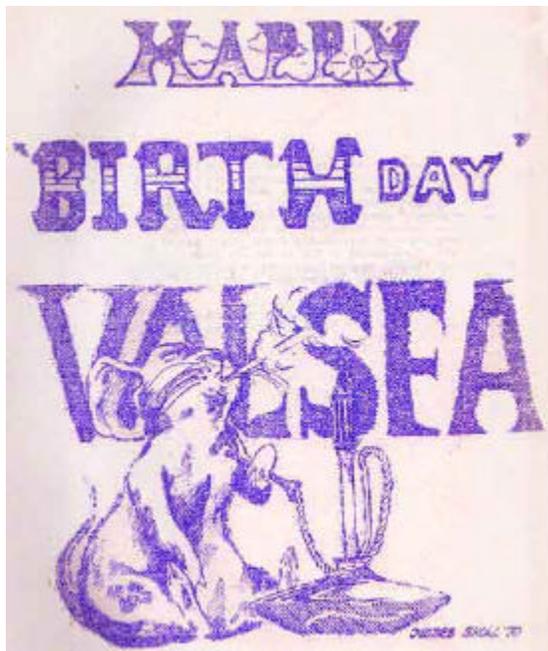
Armin Schimmerman turned out to be unexpectedly fannish and enjoyable company. An actor and a SF author both! JoAnn talked to him several times about attending LASFS as he lives fairly close. Of course I've enjoyed his Quark on DS9 but knew nothing about the role he played on Buffy. The alternate history novel of his I picked up to get autographed looked interesting, we'll see.

The only filking I caught was a couple of songs by Barry Gold. One which really impressed me, the title and the content of which has totally escaped my mind! *sigh* I need to take better notes (or find a better brain). We did find a few spare minutes to socialize with Lee before

going in to listen to Barry, that was pleasant. We all too rarely make it into L.A. for any of the Gold events/happenings that we get invited to, always to our regret. For some reason L.A. has seemed to move farther and farther away as I've gotten older.

Other than catching more panels than usual it was very much of a relaxacon for us...and that was exactly what we had been hoping for. Active, but not too busy.

The food in the hospitality suite was excellent, real food for a change rather than just junk snacking (an added bonus to two fans on a tight budget). When they did "junk food" they went overboard. The chocolate night was truly amazing, they even had sugar free chocolate for Type II Diabetics like myself.



**Artwork: James Shull
ValAPA backcover
4th Annish - 1970**

The parties were enjoyable (if mainly low key)...I did get the reaction of, "not The dwain Kaiser" from Woody Bernardi at the Vegacon 1 convention party. Somehow I managed to make it to "fanancester" for Vegas fandom. If I make another forty years maybe I'll gain a shrine and zine offerings. As usual it was fun to talk about the "ol' daze" of Vegas fandom.

I should have mentioned that I am always available for fan guest of honor status! Or would that be brash? One can always hope. (I've always wanted to be a "Fan Guest of Honor" at some con...it's one of those nasty ego things I suppose, but at least I'm honest...no, "gosh, who me?") I'm really looking forward to this years Corflu in Vegas. It doesn't seem that long but it must be more than twenty years since I've had a chance to visit my old fannish stomping grounds, far too long.

Wine and cheese at the Herbangelist party lightened the evening further.

I did have the unexpected pleasure of running into Bonnie Goodknight, she recognized me doing my usual late night "wandering" the hallways routine!

This was amazing as it had been at least twenty years since we last had a chance to talk. Another artist for *Nonstop!* We spent an hour or so catching up on old times...it's just about an impossible task but we made an effort to get current!

At the last panel, on the final day, leaving the room I ran across Eric Schultheis, fellow LASFapan. I really enjoyed talking to him and it was a shame that we were already packed

and ready to leave. We'll have to try for earlier next time!

All in all a good convention...good company from ol' friends and new, the unexpected companionship of my wife for the weekend, Don Fitch's kindness, what more could one ask for? (Well, a winning Lotto ticket would be nice!)

February, 2004

Finally we're moved! And we survived, that in itself seems like a minor miracle. Lost due to the move, two autos including my fathers T-Bird. Now I had really intended to get that car running again, but somehow just never got around to working on it, so it just sat for ten years or so. We also gave away ("free, haul away" read the sign) a travel trailer, our beloved Eugene V. Debs storage area as we knew it as (just couldn't find a place to store it, and without current tags storage places wouldn't handle it).

Left behind, also, was a number of misc bookcases (mainly in the garage, only two of which I'm unhappy over losing, those were low paperback cases, but at twelve foot long finding a storage spot for them proved impossible) and lots and lots and lots of odd items. You know the sort of stuff, everything ranging from our (but currently not needed) waterbed (boy do we miss that), to dressers, chairs, etc. etc. etc....

Now what's really annoying is the fact that we had to leave the place "unfinished". That's a "state" we have never left any house we have moved from. Usually everything ends up being spotless, even to the degree of a last vacuuming (this is to

my wife's credit, not mine, to be completely honest). Since we were only a few hours before the Marshal service we just didn't have a choice. Then the new owners refusal to provide us with another trash bin to use didn't help either. I would have felt guilty about the pile of trash if it hadn't been for that refusal. His view was he'd have to clean up anyway so just dump it in one place and he'd take care of it.

To catch everyone up with the end of the story I'll backtrack a bit: What ended up finally happening is that before our court eviction hearing we worked out a date to leave (the 10th of November)...three days before that date we ended up being served with a five day notice from the Marshal's Office stating we had to be out by November 13th at Midnight.

It's a long story, and not even one I want to go into at the moment, but with the help of some loyal friends (a mixture from the science fiction & political communities), the local U-Haul agency (which rented us a truck to move and store stuff in for a few days, but then it was a truck without a reverse, but then that's yet another story), and with a serious lack of sleep we almost managed to be finished by the final/final/final deadline.

We then spent our first night at the new house. We were too bone tired to even be able to get a good nights sleep.

Of course the next day we showed up back at the "old" house and since the place hadn't been legally sealed off continued to sort and pack, during which time the Marshal service did show up, gave us

another five hours to get our asses out....we talked them (and the new owner), into seven hours and completed in six. It wasn't as complete a job as we had hoped for but it was as completed as we could manage.

We did manage to move our friendly, housebroken, bottle fed baby Charlie Cat (who is now twelve years old), but our other two cats escaped/ran away from all the fuss and we're still working (a month and a half later), at capturing them. Currently we're providing an ex-neighbor with food to feed them, and while we have sighted them and talked to them they haven't allowed us close enough to grab and move. Both are semi-wild and that will be a problem. ***sigh*** All we can do is all we can do.

Of course several tons of "misc" stayed in the U-Haul truck for a few additional days...allowing it time to collect some local graffiti and also long enough to upset the local u-haul office manager enough to phone and then screech at JoAnn that we had "stolen" the truck and that a stolen vehicle report would be filed with the police if not returned **That Day**. It didn't happen of course.

What pissed me off is that we were well within the time period I told them we'd have the truck, we just weren't within the period of time they list as being necessary to finish a local move. Then that time period would have been easier to have met if the truck hadn't required repair work once at the beginning of the move and had a reverse gear that worked more than "once in awhile".

When I finally did return the truck I was so upset over their threats to JoAnn that I did a little yelling of my own (extremely unusual for me, I'm generally extremely mild tempered). After words concerning lawyers and lawsuits were exchanged they reduced my rental fee to one day (rather than five) and ignored the additional panel artwork I returned to them.

So as of the middle of January we're settled in. We have a couple of rooms, one inside bedroom (fairly large), which is now nicely set up (tho the two floor to ceiling bookcases are still only half filled, and only half the artwork hung) the other room is a small finished garage which currently is stacked with unopened boxes and piles (just "piles"...who knows of what). We're finally getting our energy back and so the unpacking and sorting is getting a little more serious.

Good news is that the couple we share this house with, Jen & John, are extremely compatible with us and have really bent over backwards to make us welcome and to help us settle in. We are very lucky.

The four kids (three boys, seven, five and two, and one baby girl less than a year), are fun to be with. Oh they tend to be loud and hyper at times, but then boys tend to be that way (I certainly was).

It's a lot of fun to have kids to read to again. It's a bit of a adjustment, JoAnn and I were used to living by ourselves and you have to make all sorts of small accommodations to make a living arrangement like this work...but everyone is working at it and it's working out even better than we had hoped for.

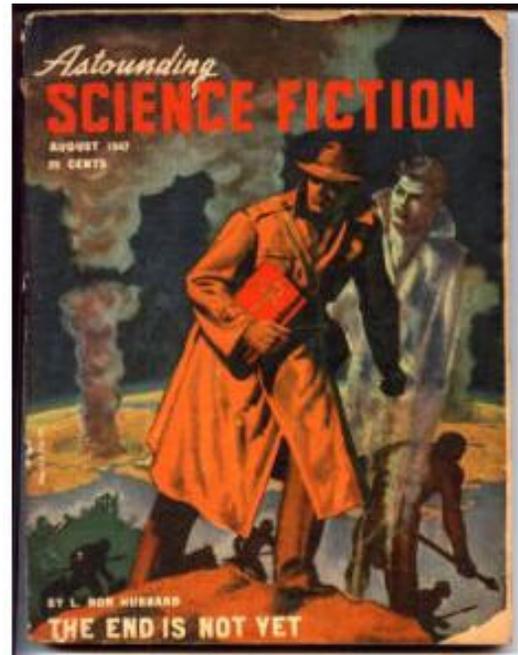
Of course another bathroom would be nice, one just ain't enough...but it is possible to add an additional bathroom. With John being a plumber (and my being an ex-plumber) it's just a lot of work rather than a lot of money to get done.

But the computer is set up here, and I now have DSL for the web...so there has been some "improvement" ...and it was about time for a change anyway. But then I've never been that much of a fan of "change" (which is hard to admit as a die-hard SF fan). If it's workable why change? I suppose it's good that the universe won't let me settle in that much. Maybe the next time around I'll come back as a mushroom!

Now if we could just find the time to "finish" up all our sorting. We're back to the one box at a time routine and that's working, even if slowly. After what we've moved has been sorted it'll be time to work on our storage areas. Lots to do still.



(l to r) Jerry Smith with head on shoulder of Wallis Miller, Neal Clark Reynolds, Don Fitch, Len Bailes (Feb. 1967)



Aug. 1947
My Birthdate Issue

Keeping Me Honest

After a long interruption I'm back walking again... of course I'm not back up to my three miles a day average of five months ago, currently I'm at around a mile or so a day, but I will work my way back up to it. I had better work myself back up to it, I can really feel a lack of energy due to my failure to exercise enough.

I have yet to find a time-consuming route that I like (nothing like my house up to the wilderness area and back I had set up before), but I'm beginning to explore and I'm sure something will turn up.

We now live in what was, many years ago, downtown Alta Loma. Now the downtown area has completely disappeared (not that much was there to begin with, a bank, a bar and a few odd

businesses, now all gone), and most of what is left is local housing that was built in the 20's or 30's. There are some truly strange dwellings around here, lots of stone structures. That sort of thing makes walking interesting.

Of course having a 7-11 only two buildings over (just around the corner) is useful...I've become awfully fond of sugar free slurpees. Nowadays I can't do those quarter pounders I loved during my plumber years (such is life).

I'll go back to reviewing audio tapes next month. While I wasn't walking I built up quite a backlog to listen to and review..

And while I'm on the subject of walking, I drove up to the wilderness area in Claremont where I used to hike. Even four months after the fires much of the area is still blackened. The only thing good is that most of the trees seem to have survived, only the foliage seem to have been destroyed, give it a few years and it'll be back to normal, maybe even less time if we continue to have wet winters. That's good. If I have a chance I'd like to hike up a mile or so later this winter (before it heats up), and see what the trail looks like higher up.



We Must Protect Marriage

As certain politicians work diligently to prevent marriage between two people of the same sex, others have been busy drafting a Constitutional Amendment codifying all marriages entirely on biblical principles (After all, God wouldn't want us to "pick and choose" which of the Scriptures we elevate to civil law and which we choose to ignore.):

Draft of a Constitutional Amendment to Defend Biblical Marriage:

- * Marriage in the United States of America shall consist of a union between one man and one or more women. (Gen 29:17-28; II Sam 3:2-5.)
- * Marriage shall not impede a man's right to take concubines in addition to his wife or wives. (II Sam 5:13; I Kings 11:3; II Chron 11:21)
- * A marriage shall be considered valid only if the wife is a virgin. If the wife is not a virgin, she shall be executed. (Deut 22:13-21)
- * Marriage of a believer and a non-believer shall be forbidden. (Gen 24:3; Num 25:1-9; Ezra 9:12; Neh 10:30, 2Cor 6:14)
- * Since marriage is for life, neither the US Constitution nor any state law shall permit divorce. (Deut 22:19; Mark 10:9-12)
- * If a married man dies without children, his brother must marry

the widow. If the brother refuses to marry the widow, or deliberately does not give her children, he shall pay a fine of one shoe and be otherwise punished in a manner to be determined by law. (Gen. 38:6-10; Deut 25:5-10)

* In lieu of marriage (if there are no acceptable men to be found), a woman shall get her father drunk and have sex with him. (Gen 19:31-36)

I hope this helps to clarify the finer details of the Government's righteous struggle against the infidels and heathens among us.



[31] And the firstborn said unto the younger, Our father is old, and there is not a man in the earth to come in unto us after the manner of all the earth:

[32] Come, let us make our father drink wine, and we will lie with him, that we may preserve seed of our father.

[33] And they made their father drink wine that night: and the firstborn went in, and lay with her father; and he perceived not when she lay down,

nor when she arose.

[34] And it came to pass on the morrow, that the firstborn said unto the younger, Behold, I lay yesternight with my father: let us make him drink wine this night also; and go thou in, and lie with him, that we may preserve seed of our Father.

[35] And they made their father drink wine that night also: and the younger arose, and lay with him; and he perceived not when she lay down, nor when she arose.

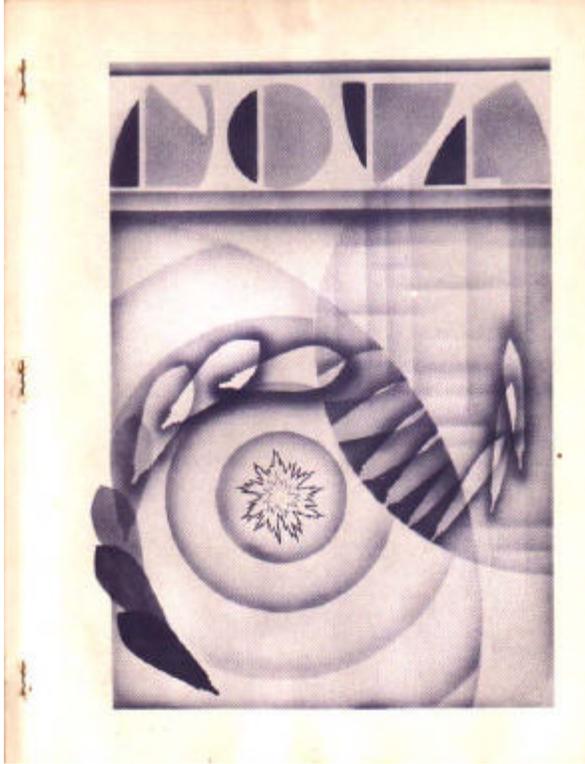
[36] Thus were both the daughters of Lot with child by their father.

[37] And the firstborn bare a son, and called his name Moab: the same is the father of the Moabites unto this day.

[38] And the younger, she also bare a son, and called his name Benammi: the same is the father of the children of Ammon unto this day.



**This Issue
Is
Dedicated To
Lady Jayn
I Miss You!**



Slave Trade in Cleveland

By
Mark Weber

I hadn't worked in months – not that it bothered me so much – it was not having any money that slowly undermined my respite. No pocket change for drinks or even a cheap used book. No bus fare. No afternoon movies. No nothing but free sun and snow and clouds. Luckily the library is free too and my girl lets me stay at her place. She makes pretty good stew and even she's scraping living off grants and students loans while finishing her doctoral thesis on: Deformities Associated With Metatarsus Adductus. That's one of the bones in the foot.

Half the time around the apartment I feel like that Bill Cosby joke where he was in college and shacking up with his then wife to-be, majoring in Physical Education while she's in Physics, would muse about the house pondering, "Why is there air?" and Bill would pipe in, "I know why there's air! Air is for filling up basketballs!" So I'd take a week to reread *Tom Sawyer* and another to read *Huckleberry Finn* and maybe a few old Zap Comix and a Conan story or two. She read medical texts and I stayed home strumming Okie songs on my guitar and stared out the windows.

One of the good things that came out of the situation was that I quit smoking cigarettes. Having gotten tired of the sour reaction one receives when bumming them. I already felt out of sorts enough without putting up with the dull selfishness of cows and their feeble superior posturings of disdain. And anyway tobacco doesn't seem to agree with me. It's just that sometimes a nice cigarette feels appropriate. Like when you're sitting in the ante-room to the office of the personal manager who is about to interview you for hopefully your next job. Or when some duck is bending your ear at the bar and you don't know what to do with your hands whilst trying to act enthralled. Never-the-less, still I gave them up.

Up to this point 98% of my participation in the workforce had been done west of the High Sierras and south of the 35th Parallel – that is to say: in and around Los Angeles. So bumping around Cleveland getting the cold shoulder and the "don't call us we'll call you" routine my morale began to flat. It

was as if once they found out I hailed from California they thought me a veteran of mystic drug cults and likely to fly the coup at any time: a bad gamble – nobody ever called me back. Like-wise: sending off resumes in response to Help Wanted ads never elicited any returns; no even a Hi Bye See You Later. Nothing, and I sent out about 20 before figuring what a dead end that was, not to mention a waste of good stamps. It started to become apparent that common courtesies got the high sign around these parts. I was going to starve in Ohio. And I probably wasn't going to be the first.

Toward that eventuality I spent one hung over day at the Welfare Dept downtown only to find out I was going to receive 40 bucks worth of food stamps pending 2 more interviews at various future dates. With the bus fare, time involved and the company one must keep in the waiting rooms all day with cops patrolling, against no assurance of allotment, the gamble looked bad. Especially when most of them looked hungrier than me.

There were the usual winos spruced up looking half respectable and the black ladies with 6 kids tipping over ashtrays. And worst of all were the actual employees of the state, who were the most despicable, loathsome, slimy, snake-eyed people you'd ever expect to consider themselves human. They barked and commanded their answers, demeaning even old women with dead batteries in their hearing aids. They filled out the pages with a hated flourish while giving off airs that you should maintain a servile attitude while being doled out the goods maybe you'd get. Hat in hand

we sat, a whole room full of us being yelled at by these pestilent vermin. Row upon row of desks. Pale green walls with smoke stains along the ceiling. Papers to fill out tied to a string on a post. Car horns and police sirens going off outside.

Drastic measures were in order. I read more seriously and with trepidation the Help Wanted signs posted outside laundries and restaurants. I found out 50 hours of dishwashing paid \$90. Food establishments had very different minimum wage laws. It was no time to get picky but I did have certain qualms, and working for strictly dirt wages seemed to be one of them, even though I was back against the wall.

I decided to throw my lot in with those hiring agencies that place people in "temporary jobs" – fill-in positions in offices and factories that might last one day or 5 months. It appeared a good portion of the blue collar workers had resorted to this. Another middleman to rake off some of the dough. Another scheme mankind has devised to prey on their fellows. A slave market the way I saw it. And with no disparity in hungry workers the employers could and do call the shots. With pride and dignity already out the window these guys took it in the butt. We were filled full of coffee, patted on the back and kicked in the ass. We rode the buses while the bosses and slave traders drove big cars. We ate hot dogs while they ate steak and lobster in quiet cafes as we peered in from noisy sidewalks. It rained on us. The streets stank.

Even the slave traders made choices. They exercised that right

by looking the prospects over and testing. So I put on my best clothes and went the rounds. I was tested and quizzed and queried and stared at. I smiled back as best I could. I was at their mercy. But even they didn't call. I had typically started at the top with the most prestigious agencies and was working my way down. The very bottom was Minoot Temps where the winos and junkies lined up outside the door every morning in two lines: one for women and the other for men. I wasn't that far down yet, however I never failed to look as I went by, alarmed by certain fates. Skid Row is known by the ironic misnomer of: Prospect Avenue, spinning straight south out of downtown.

Somewhere near the bottom of the list is Killy Girls Temporary Agency. They wanted bright young housewives who could answer phones and type. The pitch was: "Earn extra money for that summer vacation you've always dreamed of," and something about saving up for Christmas. Well, I'd been in and out of offices over the last eight years and figured I could type just as fast as any woman so I gave them a call and got an appointment. After all, technically it's against the law to discriminate, not that that's stopped anybody. I think their ploy was to test me to death until I failed something - you know, keep it legal - have evidence of my ineptitude.

When I got to the Killy office I found the ranks to be a bunch of cutesy rejects from fashion shows. All wearing about \$200 worth of clothing. They appeared to be women but there might have been one or two transvestites also. I didn't care about their tits, I wanted a job, or rather I needed some

money and jobs seemed to be the accepted and prescribed way of getting same. Though I have considered armed robbery. That was on the list right after Minoot kicked me out. Luckily I hadn't done that yet, or at least any I'll fess up too. My record was clean along those lines.

First thing they made me do after giving me the once over was to send me to the police station to get a "clearance report". Cost 5 bucks and they had to front that to me. I put the visit down to headquarters off for a day searching my memory for any possible reasons why they might detain me. I'd be the laughing stock of the jail when they found out I had actually turned myself in. So I gave it my utmost consideration.

The cops grudgingly let me off, like a pack of vultures four of them stood behind the desk eyeing me as I strolled out trembling. Of all places, I was in the Federal Bldg skyscraper where the CIA, the FBI, the local cops and politicians and other scum are holed up -- no wonder I was shaking. My one recompense was: when I got into an elevator full of them one uniform took a stab at the buttons and missed. I had seen it from right over his shoulder and it took a survey of the other grim carrion with me to quell my laugh. I took my little clearance slip back to Killy.

I don't think they expected to see me again. Somehow I was free, so they started me on the battery of tests. First with a page of dictation I was to turn into a letter, complete with paragraphs, periods and the usual dreck. I popped it off in the first draft. I was cheerily informed that I

scored high on that one, “So, let’s see how your typing is!” steering me by the elbow into another glass room. “Go ahead and warm up and get used to the machine,” pointing out the salient functional parts and how the clock works. I was still trying to keep this escapade from taking up my whole afternoon so said, “that’s alright I’m ready. Let’s do it.” She turned around in the doorway acting astounded, “You don’t want to warm up?”

“I’m ready,” as I took off my coat. I realize that some screening and testing must be done, I was just anxious to get the bullshit over with. I only scored 45 wpm, which didn’t bother me, but she said, “Mr. Weber you said over the phone that you typed 55, what happened?” I shrugged looking at the clock. That of course was passable, so I was led into the rest of the rooms. I spent there 3 ½ hours of my life, and if I wouldn’t have been so abrupt and called the whole thing off who knows how long it would’ve gone on. In one of the last rooms I spied even that little kindergarten wood block toy with the pegs, holes and squares. “Jesus they are not going to put me on that thing!” I moaned to myself as this computer in front of me whizzed and beeped prodding me to go on. I failed that test. She went over the results, “Mr. Weber you didn’t get very far on this.” I looked at her pretty head all full of air. They were pushing my breaking point, trying to see how much crap I could put up with. That way they’d know if I was the absolutely servile being they required. I wasn’t, but I was keeping up appearances. There was a tirade building in my empty belly. As she made ready to hand me over to the next supervisor I announced, “Wow! It’s getting late!

I got to pick up my wife,” lying through my teeth.

“When? This will only take a few more minutes”, Christ! And “When?” Now you dumb bitch! Holding on to every decency I had.

She made me fill out the tax withholding forms and still buzzed me when she noticed I had put down 4 deductions, “Mr. Weber you put 4. Do you have children?” I told her no. “then how can you put 4?” nosing around none of her business.

“One plus three is four.” I stated very succinctly and annoyedly. It was calculated so that she would not ask further. She didn’t. Only flustered her shoulders and looked worried as she put it into the file. I saw my chance so made my goodbyes and got the hell out of there. It seemed I had wasted my time as I didn’t leave there on the best of terms. I resigned myself to Minoot and tried not to think about it for a few days.

Oddly enough the phone did ring, and it was for me, and it was Killy. One of the Killy Girls on the other end was talking to me in polite contrite tones addressing me as one of their own. I played along. She told me about a job that needed filling, and wondered if I was interested, which had allusions that maybe she’d struck out among other choices before me. I read between the lines. Listening to her sprite way of delivery and coquettishness put me off. As she built up the clincher, “...It’s a 3rd shift. And they need someone who knows machines...” Third Shift is graveyard in my book, so I held back... “and you seem to have the

qualifications, it's a really good company..." among the other banter that would've been laughable if'n my stomach wasn't so twisted. She went on about, "...and you have the long weekend, because you get off on Friday morning and..." scuttling around I knew I must be her next to last choice. She was working the pitch on me worse than a used car salesman. "...and you have your days off to take care of errands and shopping..." Oh, and when was I to sleep during this idyllic gig? I gathered she had much to gain from this venture. Probably a percentage of my hourly wages, which was nothing to speak of. The wobblies would balk. "Yeah I could watch 'Leave It to Beaver'" I demurred. And maybe the Soaps between doing the dishes and the laundry? Whew, I told her, "Can I have a bit of time to think it over?" having only worked graveyard ten years before and been fired for catching my boss with hands down his pants jerking off making an obscene phone call. She said, "Ok, but please let me know in the next half hour."

I called her back and said ok I'll take it. She was happy and gave me the rest of the details. I was to report at midnight on a Sunday in the tallest building in Ohio. At the desk ask for a name and go on...

And made it down there on my appointed night. Lunch sack in hand. Smile on my face.

I'm officially known as a "mailroom inserter". Not a stud service mind you. But the jerk who runs this machine that fills up all these envelopes with little advertisements along with the credit card bill and return envelope, stamps it, and spits it out. Spits out around 17,000

a night, so I'm on the move, as I have to fill all the hoppers with all the paper (I also do a lot of paperwork and I wonder how this has anything to do with any of the tests the agency put on me).. I'm chained to this machine, and I think about Walt Whitman and his paeans to the modern industrial age, of man and machine in conjunction hammering away into our glorious future (I'd like to get my hands around his neck). And Jack London and his love of the "proletariat" and what a joke they are, and how he'd turn over in his grave if'n he heard about this new type of involuntary servitude the agencies got going. And I watch the clock.

1-6-87

At Tommy's Hamburger Stand

Beverly Blvd and Rampart
Just north of downtown Los Angeles
Open around the clock
In the daytime Hell raisers
Scream at you while you
Munch your Mex style cheeseburger
Being careful to stay on the sidewalk
They wave the Bible and point fingers
We feel like cows complacent
Unworried about the devil
As long as we have our hamburgers
To protect us

One night there about 3 in the morn
After getting out of Donte's jazz club
An old Chevy came flying west of Beverly
Slammed on the brakes missing the red
light
Went into a skidding spin
3 turns out in the intersection
very good entertainment while we
awaited our burgers
he cleared everything and came to a stop

but in his drunkenness, threw it in reverse
punched the gas pedal and rammed
into a light post
we roared with laughter
so he drove over to the stand
and gave us the finger
we ate and watched

another time my friend Steele
drunk and surly bought 3 cheeseburgers
ate 2 and threw the other at some cholos
who did nothing as Steele is as big as a
house
this humors me and is somehow ironic

and then there was the time
Eileen on a health food kick
ordered hers without meat
and while we ate a pigeon shit on her
head

so many stories
over the years I've probably
ate 2,000 cheeseburgers there
and enjoyed every one of them

Mark Weber



Vaughn Bode
THE BODE' BULLETIN #3
November 1971 by
The Bode' Collectors.

(I'm Rich, I'm Rich)

MR NASA
REQUEST FOR URGENT
BUSINESS
RELATIONSHIP

FIRST, I MUST SOLICIT YOUR STRICTEST CONFIDENCE IN THIS TRANSACTION. THIS IS BY VIRTUE OF ITS NATURE AS BEING UTTERLY CONFIDENTIAL AND 'TOP SECRET'. I AM SURE AND HAVE CONFIDENCE OF YOUR ABILITY AND RELIABILITY TO PROSECUTE A TRANSACTION OF THIS GREAT MAGNITUDE INVOLVING A PENDING TRANSACTION REQUIRING MAXIMUM CONFIDENCE.

WE ARE TOP OFFICIAL OF THE MARTIAN RULING COUNCIL CONTRACT REVIEW PANEL WHO ARE INTERESTED IN IMPORATION OF GOODS INTO OUR COUNTRY WITH FUNDS WHICH ARE PRESENTLY TRAPPED IN THE ARGYRE BASIN. IN ORDER TO COMMENCE THIS BUSINESS WE SOLICIT YOUR ASSISTANCE TO ENABLE US TRANSFER INTO YOUR ACCOUNT THE SAID TRAPPED FUNDS.

THE SOURCE OF THIS FUND IS AS FOLLOWS; DURING THE LAST MILITARY REGIME HERE IN MARS, WHERE WE SENT INVADERS TO EARTH DEFEATED BY SOME

VIRUS, THE MILITARY OFFICIALS SET UP COMPANIES AND AWARDED THEMSELVES CONTRACTS WHICH WERE GROSSLY OVER-INVOICED IN VARIOUS MINISTRIES. THE PRESENT CIVILIAN GOVERNMENT SET UP A CONTRACT REVIEW PANEL AND WE HAVE IDENTIFIED A LOT OF INFLATED CONTRACT FUNDS WHICH ARE PRESENTLY FLOATING IN THE MARS FIRST NATIONAL BANK READY FOR PAYMENT.

HOWEVER, BY VIRTUE OF OUR POSITION AS CIVIL MARTIANS AND MEMBERS OF THIS PANEL, WE CANNOT ACQUIRE THIS MONEY IN OUR NAMES. I HAVE THEREFORE, BEEN DELEGATED AS A MATTER OF TRUST BY MY COLLEAGUES OF THE PANEL TO LOOK FOR AN OVERSEAS PARTNER INTO WHOSE ACCOUNT WE WOULD TRANSFER THE SUM OF US\$21,320,000.00(TWENTY ONE MILLION, THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND U.S DOLLARS). HENCE WE ARE WRITING YOU THIS LETTER. WE HAVE AGREED TO SHARE THE MONEY THUS; 1. 20% FOR THE ACCOUNT OWNER 2. 70% FOR US (THE OFFICIALS) 3. 10% TO BE USED IN SETTLING TAXATION AND ALL LOCAL AND EXTRA PLANATERY EXPENSES. IT IS FROM THE 70% THAT WE WISH TO COMMENCE THE IMPORTATION BUSINESS.

PLEASE,NOTE THAT THIS TRANSACTION IS 100% SAFE AND WE HOPE TO COMMENCE THE TRANSFER LATEST SEVEN (7) BANKING DAYS FROM THE DATE OF THE RECEIPT OF

THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION BY MARS-TEL; 1-800-IDIOT, YOUR COMPANY'S SIGNED, AND STAMPED LETTERHEAD PAPER THE ABOVE INFORMATION WILL ENABLE US WRITE LETTERS OF CLAIM AND JOB DESCRIPTION RESPECTIVELY. THIS WAY WE WILL USE YOUR COMPANY'S NAME TO APPLY FOR PAYMENT AND RE-AWARD THE CONTRACT IN YOUR COMPANY'S NAME.

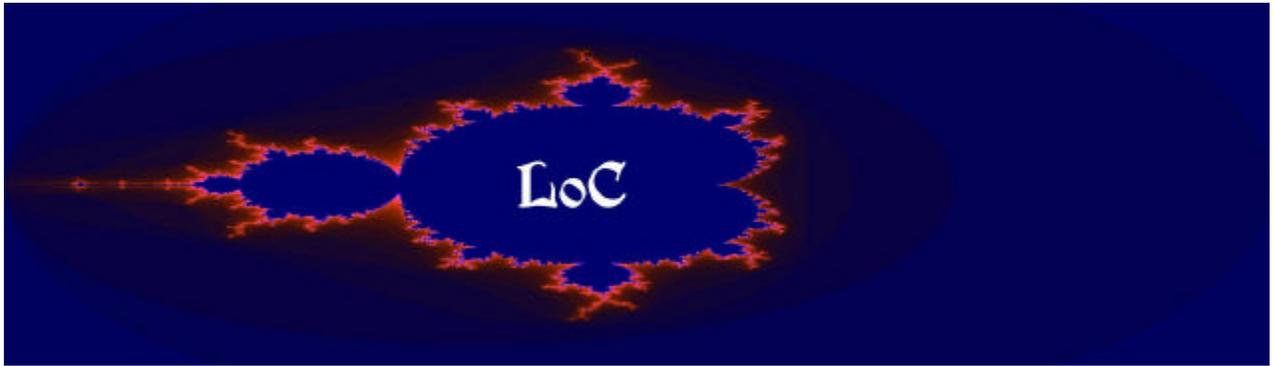
WE ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO DOING THIS BUSINESS WITH YOU AND SOLICIT YOUR CONFIDENTIALITY IN THIS TRANSATION. PLEASE ACKNOWLEDGE THE RECEIPT OF THIS LETTER USING THE ABOVE MARS COM NUMBER. I WILL SEND YOU DETAILED INFORMATION OF THIS PENDING PROJECT WHEN I HAVE HEARD FROM YOU.

YOURS FAITHFULLY,

\$%ab%^!2

**(Source Unknown.
Distributed by Michael Walsh of
Johns Hopkins University, who
does not state whether he
composed it)**

Posted by Dan Goodman



John Purcell (on #10):

I just read over your latest zine on the efanazines website, and thought I'd tell you that the crazy re-districting rigmarole here in Texas is over - for now.

The Republicans went ahead and redrew the lines in a few districts, gaining a couple seats here and there. In one of the new areas, a whole slew of Mexican-Americans literally became its own district, which means the Democrats will carry that new district.

For the most part, however, nothing much really happened. But my wife and I - being Northerners by birth and by heart and soul - found the whole deal hilarious, especially when the Democrats first high-tailed it to Oklahoma, and then - two months later - New Mexico.

Governor Perry (a Republican) ordered out the Texas Rangers (not the baseball team, but they probably would have been more effective than the REAL Rangers) to arrest the turncoats and haul them back to the statehouse in Austin. But they couldn't do anything since their authority was only good to the Oklahoma border, so there they

waited en masse until the Dems caravanned back home. Very, very funny stuff. As the old saying goes, truth is always stranger than fiction.

One other thing of note: I have that Oval Office conversation in my e-mail file. Very funny stuff. And you know darned well that that's EXACTLY what happened.

Lyn Pederson:

As always, a fine issue. It's good to see you're back to writing.

Barry Gold:

I keep rereading *Moon*, *Stranger*, *Tunnel*, *Star Beast*, *Space Cadet*, *Starman Jones*, *Rolling Stones*, *Double Star*, and (gasp) *Friday*. Even two potentially fatal flaws in *Friday* don't keep me from rereading it: 1. It has a plot loop - she from Winnipeg to Vancouver to San Francisco to Vicksburg to Chicago to Winnipeg to Vancouver to San Francisco, ending up pretty much where she started, and the whole thing could have been aborted with a phone call the first time she was in SF -- or even as soon as she'd crossed into Bellingham.

2. Extremely politically incorrect -- Friday ends up marrying the man who raped her in the first couple chapters. Give me a break!

I also reread *Citizen of the Galaxy*, *Time for the Stars*, and *Have Spacesuit* from time to time, but I'm not as fond of them as the others. *Sometimes I stop reading* Citizen at the point where Thorby arrives back on Earth, as it seems to fall apart at that point.

I don't bother with the real duds: *Rocket Ship Galileo*, *I Will Fear No Evil*, *The Cat Who Walks Through Walls*, *To Sail Beyond the Sunset*. I have never even read *Job* or *Number of the Beast*.

I didn't like *Farmer in the Sky* and I could never figure out why until Dan Goodman pointed out that the main character is a whiner. Instead of buckling down and working to get the new merit badges he needs, he just whines about the change in the rules. I suppose he has a point, but it's not what I expect of a Heinlein hero. **(dK: Yet it is the most commonly picked Heinlein book to be used as a "program" item at conventions...over the last few years I've seen it used as a panel topic at least three times. I wonder why?)**

Glory Road has the same problem. Even notice how much Oscar complains? Nonetheless, I occasionally go back and reread it. It's got enough great zingers and action to make up for the whining. But still... it would (IMHO) have been a better book if Heinlein could have made the hero stronger.

February 3, 2004

Lloyd Penny:

Many thanks for *No Time 11*. Good to hear the move went well...I despise moving, and may have to do it within the next couple of years, of the crummy building I live in doesn't fall down first.

Walking is among the best and easiest exercises you can do, and you live in a climate where you can do it all the time. I don't...we've had a number of days where the temperature hit -30 Celsius, which is -22 Fahrenheit, and bloody cold on any scale. That's when we figure the bears have it right, and hibernation sound appealing.

I saw the Bush resume in two other e-mails I received over the past week or so. With qualifications like that, I would vote for him for dogcatcher. Now that both US and British governments plan to launch investigations into the faulty intelligence that launched this stupid war in the first place, Blair may well resign in disgrace, and Bush will sneer and say who cares?, we got rid of Saddam, and the world is safer. What's the problem?

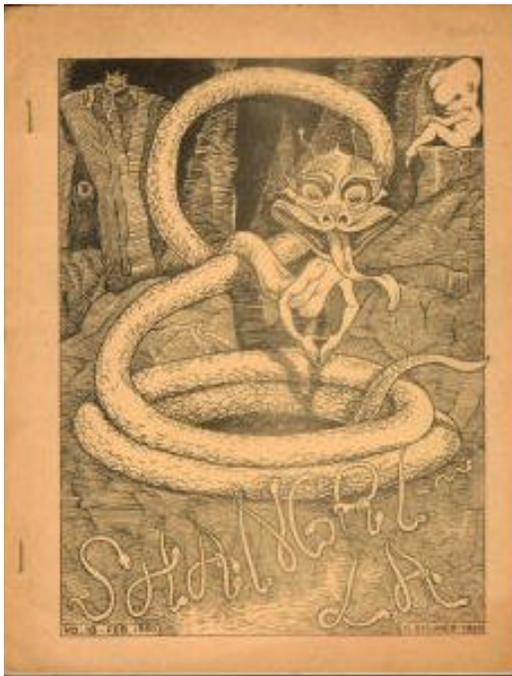
A couple of days ago, I saw a message on Usenet that directed me to a site that compared the actions of LotR the books and LotR the movies. The person who put the site together declared he didn't like the movies because they weren't as faithful to the books as he might have liked. His problem...the movies were great, and we have decided to be as patient as possible, and buy a full set of three extended editions.

My loc on No Time 8...neither you nor Jan Stinson made it up to Toronto, and it

was just as well. Torcon 3 was nothing to brag about, and nothing to build memories on. Your money was well saved. On No Time 10...as I write this, I will be leaving my temp position (at least I found some work!), and going to VoicePrint tonight. Never did get that directories position, or any of the jobs connected with the last three interviews I've had. Those job hunting classes really helped me out, and now that same group is helping Yvonne with her own job hunt.

Time to go and get this out into the ether. I'm now home, and ready to sleep. Take care, and see you whenever issue 12 emerges.

LoC Logo by Dian Crayne



**Shangri-La - Feb 1950, # 18
Artist Unknown
(Thanks to EBay)**

The Truth Can Be Found On The Web??

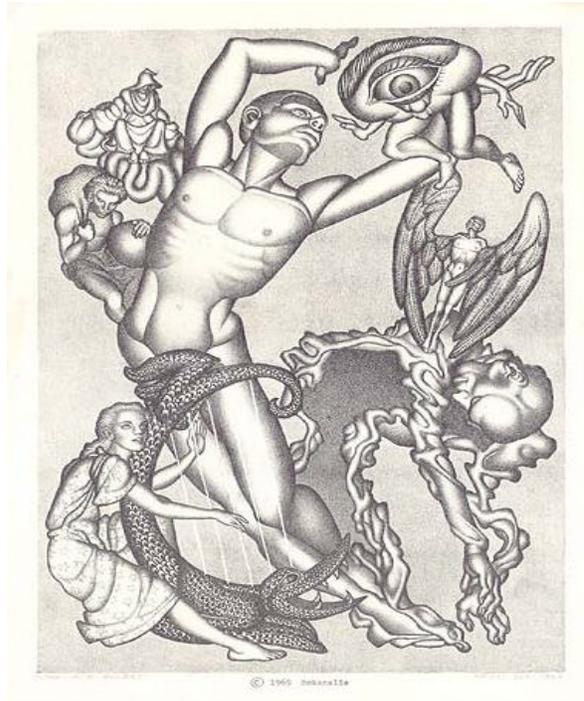
Subject: Newspaper Analysis

1. WALL STREET JOURNAL is read by the people who run the country.
2. WASHINGTON POST is read by people who think they run the country.
3. NEW YORK TIMES is read by people who think they should run the country, and who are very good at crosswords.
4. USA TODAY is read by people who think they ought to run the country but don't really understand the Washington Post. They do, however, like their statistics shown in pie charts.
5. LOS ANGELES TIMES is read by people who wouldn't mind running the country, if they could spare the time, and if they didn't have to leave LA to do it.
6. BOSTON GLOBE is read by people whose parents used to run the country and did a far superior job of it, thank you very much.
7. NEW YORK DAILY NEWS is read by people who aren't too sure who's running the country, and don't really care as long as they can get a seat on the train.
8. NEW YORK POST is read by people who don't care who's running the country, as long as they do something really scandalous, preferably while intoxicated.

9. SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE is read by people who aren't sure there is a country . or that anyone is running it; but whoever it is, they oppose all that they stand for. There are occasional exceptions if the leaders are handicapped minority feminist atheist dwarfs, who also happen to be illegal aliens from ANY country or galaxy as long as they are Democrats.

10. MIAMI HERALD is read by people who are running another country but need the baseball scores.

11. NATIONAL ENQUIRER is read by people trapped in line at the grocery store.



**Hannes Bok
The Power Series**

I Came across this on the web and thought it worth printing:

ORDERING PIZZA IN 2010

Operator: "Thank you for calling Pizza Hut. May I have your national ID number?"

Customer: "Hi, I'd like to place an order."

Operator: "I must have your NIDN first, sir?"

Customer: "My National ID Number, yeah, hold on, eh, it's 10HXC-20YTL-499ZP-98-454NR614."

Operator: "Thank you, Mr. Sheehan. Let me confirm your identity. I see you live at 1742 Meadowland Drive and the phone number's 494-2366. Your office number is 745-2302 and your cell number's 266-2566. Email address is sheehan@ home.net.

Customer: "Huh? I'm at home. Where did you get all this info?"

Operator: "We're wired into the HSS, sir."

Customer: "The HSS, what is that?"

Operator: "We're wired into the Homeland Security System, sir. This will add only 15 seconds to your ordering time"

Customer: (Sighs) "Oh, well, I'd like

to order a couple of your All-Meat Special pizzas."

Operator: "I don't think that's a good idea, sir."

Customer: "Huh?"

Operator: "Sir, your medical records and commode sensors indicate that you've got high blood pressure and extremely high cholesterol. Your National Health Care provider won't allow such an unhealthy choice."

Customer: "What? Well, what do you recommend, then?"

Operator: "You might try our low-fat Tofu Pizza with a spinach and asparagus sauce. I'm sure you'll like it."

Customer: "What makes you think I'd like something like that?"

Operator: "Well, you checked out 'Gourmet Tofu Recipes' from your local library last week, sir. That's why I made the suggestion."

Customer: "All right, all right. Give me two family-sized ones, then."

Operator: "That should be plenty for you, your wife and your four kids. Your 2 dogs can finish the crusts, sir. Your total is \$84.19."

Customer: "Let me give you my credit card number."

Operator: "I already have it sir. But I'm afraid you'll have to pay in cash. Your credit card balance is over its limit."

Customer: "I'll run over to the ATM and get some cash before your driver gets here."

Operator: "That won't work either, sir. Your checking account's overdrawn also."

Customer: "Never mind! Just send the pizzas. I'll have the cash ready. How long will it take?"

Operator: "We're running a little behind, sir. It'll be about 14 minutes. If you're in a hurry you might want to pick 'em up while you're out getting the cash, but then, carrying pizzas on a motorcycle can be a little awkward."

Customer: "Wait! How do you know I ride a scooter?"

Operator: "It says here you're in arrears on your car payments, so your car got repo'ed. But your Vespa is paid for and you just filled the tank yesterday"

Customer: Well I'll be a "@#%/\$@&?#!"

Operator: "I'd advise watching your language, sir. You've already got a July 4, 2006 conviction for cussing out a cop and another one I see here in September for contempt at your hearing for cussing at a judge. Oh yes, I see here that you just got out from a 90 day stay in the State Correctional Facility. Is this your first pizza since your return to society?"

Customer: Uh... (Speechless)

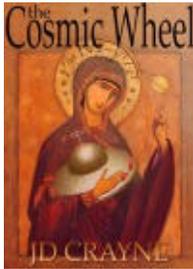
Operator: "Will there be anything else, sir?"

Customer: "Yes, I have a coupon for a free 2 liter of Coke".

Operator: "I'm sorry sir, but our ad's exclusionary clause prevents us from offering free soda to diabetics. The New Constitution prohibits this.

Thank you for calling Pizza Hut!"

Free Plug



The Cosmic Wheel: A Novel of Future War and Intrigue

By: Crayne, J. D.

Published By: Renaissance E Books

Adobe Reader Price: \$4.00

Microsoft Reader Price: \$4.00

Buy eBook

Palm Reader Price: \$4.00

Mars, the church, media and world crisis come together in a heady mix that will remind some readers of James Morrow and others of Frederik Pohl. Not since Dr. Strangelove has there been such a wildly cynical science fictional look at the world we live in! From an April Fool joke gone wrong, to an imitation alien bilking the rich, *The Cosmic Wheel* turns through a near future filled with sex, blasphemy, and a satiric look at life in the mid-21st Century.

Until the Next Issue. Please LoC or Contribute!

dK