

No Time
No Energy
&
Not Much to
Say
#13



Credit: The Propaganda Remix Project



**Illustration
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Artist & Editor: Bruce Duncan
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No Energy No Time & Not Much To Say #13

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Be Sure to Put "No Time" In the Header
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Bruce Duncan, Terry Romine,
Dian Crayne, Atom**

A Few Thots

This issue is a bit rushed, I wanted it available before this year's Corflu, now only a short seven days away. I would rather have published my deadtree genzine, *Nonstop Fun Is Hard on the Heart* to hand out but that is more dear than attending the convention, which in itself is an extravagance we can't really afford. But how could I resist? Las Vegas is my old stomping ground, home of the Las Vegas Science Fiction Society, mainly made up of young high school SF fans. Short lasting ('63-'64) but a hell of a lot of fun while around. A club I started while going to Western High School; the practice run for ValSFA. Good memories there. Youth? Fondly looked back upon, generally hated while it was happening. Life certainly can be bizarre.

Vegas is also home to one of my closest long time friends, Lyn Pederson (often seen within these pages), who I rarely have a chance to *Party With* these days...and add to that mixture a Corflu! The fanzine fan convention, some old time fan friends rarely available to socialize with. The once a year (or two) smorgasbord schedule that we have with Earl Kemp is frequent compared to the visiting schedule we have with other fannish friends.

The con will be at the (Union) Plaza, right downtown. Working out of L.A. I spent an extremely stressful six months living at the Four Queens only a few blocks down Fremont in the early '70s. That "adventure" (organizing hospitals for S.E.I.U. Local 399) originally slated to last for three weeks returned me to Vegas for more than eight months

before I “escaped” back to Southern Cal. The work was stressful but as Lyn had returned to Vegas from the Air Force, I put in twelve-hour days organizing and twelve-hour nights partying with him.

I’m also a “pressure” eater, I gained forty pounds during those eight months. It took me years to work that weight back off.

Lyn and I have already discussed our “partying” activity for Corflu...we are going to live precariously and skip our naps! (Well maybe a couple of them.)

I expect to have lots to say about Corflu in the next issue. Of course I might just sit in front of a poker slot machine for three days and make everything else up. It will depend on my mood. It might be an interesting to see if anyone can tell the difference.

JoAnn will have to miss the con due to work, she’s back to working weekends. Oh well, at least she managed to catch LosCon.

There is probably more on gay marriages in this issue than is warranted in a SF fanzine (rather than a “zine”...but we will save that topic for another issue)...to that I’ll plead guilty and try to avoid pounding the issue to death in the future. I will go back to pounding on Bush instead. Of course if any of our readers would wish to budge this zine more in the direction of light faanishness feel free to deluge me with your material. I would love to publish more often but I have no intention to fill the issues with my own inane mutterings. I can talk to myself anytime I wish to (and do), so it’s more fun to publish others...this

isn’t a blog or a perzine but as close to an e-genzine as I can struggle to produce. Help me out here.

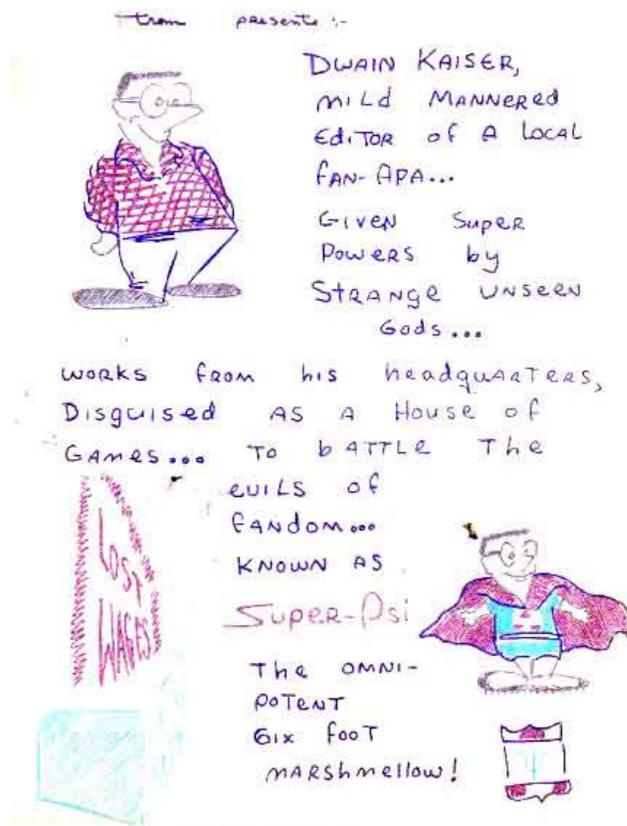
I do have on hand a rather strange selection of “back stock” material to publish...much of it left over from my ‘60’s genzine *Nimrod* (co-edited with Al Snider). The last issue appeared around 1968 or 1970 (if memory serves, my files are buried away in storage at the moment) but I did manage to get most of an issue on stencil before I had to GAFIATE out of genzine publishing (due to the pressure of work forcing me to retreat into a couple of apas and a convention or two each year).

In our general cleanup (leading up to our relocation, see the last few issues) I exposed, buried here and there in the odd box, ancient stencils and artwork intended for *Nimrod*. Much of it too out-of-date to publish (though I will be including in the next *Nonestop Fun* an article from Harry Warner, Jr.)...but I’d like to put some of what I found into print (finally). So the Thom Digby column in this issue needs to be viewed through rose-colored time travel glasses. His wit has not dulled over the years and your time would not be wasted checking out his e-list.

When I get my scanner back up and running I will have some interesting “aged” artwork to run.

And with that classic genzine editorial request (“contrib., LoC”) we’ll continue on to other matters.

dK



Terry Romine
- ValAPA Backcover

“Sort of Like Reviews Maybe”

by
Thom Digby

At first glance this may look like a review column, what with a sort of review-like format, layout, etc. However, it's not concerned with sf stories or fanzines as "Literature", and will instead concentrate on some of the IDEAS involved. And if I haven't actually read a given novel but have seen reviews and discussions of it, then for this purpose I consider it OK to "cheat" by "reviewing" it anyway. Also, I reserve the right to do things other than novels and fanzines, things

which may not often get reviewed in normal review columns.

I WILL FEAR NO EVIL (Heinlein's prozine serial some time back): In this story a brain transplant gives the result of the recipient ending up with BOTH personalities due to some sort of personality survival in the brain (I think the thing turns out not to be successful, but that's irrelevant here). Now what would this do if you had a lot of people walking around with two personalities in them, one from the brain and one from the rest of the body? What would reasonable legal authorities (if such exist) say about who the result really is? What about the couple who bribe a doctor to swap their brains, thus putting both personalities into both bodies? Does that make a total of four personalities where only two had existed before? To what extent would they be telepathically or otherwise linked? **RULE 1:** "That's not the way Heinlein wrote it" is NOT a valid reason for eliminating possibilities from consideration.

ASSORTED FIRE HYDRANTS (Authors unknown) Reviews of fire hydrants should be done by either (1) Firemen, (2) People who've gotten parking tickets, or (3) dogs. I don't qualify. Sorry.

LEVON (From the Elton John LP "Madman Across the Water")

This song includes the line, "Levon sells cartoon balloons in town..." Now the question is, what is a "cartoon balloon"? The obvious answer might be that it's a balloon with some sort of cartoon printed on it. However, it might be more interesting if it's the thing that appears over your head with words

in it if you're a comic character. I'd always thought that those just sort of appeared whenever anybody said something, but maybe they don't and the characters have to buy them and carry them around rolled up in their pockets until they have something to say. But then you'd have comic characters sometimes running out of balloons and not being able to say anything, or maybe having their words float all over the panel, and neither of those happens very often. However, these particular "cartoon balloons" may be for people who are NOT comic characters and hence do not have balloons appear automatically. For a non-comic character speech balloons may usually be a nuisance, but they might be useful at times. For instance, in noisy surroundings the people you're talking to can just read what you're saying instead of straining their ears through the noise. In comics that doesn't work because the noise is written too and covers up the other letterings but outside of comic strips noise usually doesn't appear as letter in the air. And in places like club meetings, if everybody used balloons the secretary could just gather them up instead of writing minutes from memory. Also, it would be a quick way of making notes of things. A supply of balloons by the telephone (in telephone-type jagged lightning style) might be handy for taking messages, for instance. Then of course you get into other questions like how to recycle used workage, but these are left as an exercise for the reader.

NEW WRITINGS IN SF8 edited by John Carnell (Bantam) One of the stories in this anthology is titled "The Imagination Trap" and is about a test of what amounts to an

experimental interstellar drive that has claimed the lives of all previous test pilots. It is mentioned that communications fail at a certain point in each mission because received signal strength increases to the point of melting down the receiver at the ground station. This is explained later on as being due to the ship in effect growing to near-infinite size as it leaves the influence of our usual physical laws, and much of the story concerns getting the ship shrunk back down without coming back as a small scale model due to overshoot (this had happened to one previous ship). What the story does NOT get into is that if this growth to near-infinite size can be controlled and larger receivers built the effect could possibly be used as a power source which is not limited by energy conservation—something which leads to all sorts of possibilities. Maybe the world the story is set in is well enough off to not need a new primary power source, or maybe it just so happened that nobody thought of it. Or maybe it gets developed after the ship returns safely, which means it happens after the story ends and we never hear about it. But it does offer interesting possibilities.



(Life of Brian)

Bright Side of Life

Always look on the bright side of life.
[whistling]
Always look on the light side of life.
[whistling]
If life seems jolly rotten,
There's something you've forgotten,
And that's to laugh and smile and dance and sing.
When you're feeling in the dumps,
Don't be silly chumps.
Just purse your lips and whistle. That's the thing.
And...
Always look on the bright side of life.
[whistling]
Always look on the right side of life,
[whistling]
For life is quite absurd
And death's the final word.
You must always face the curtain with a bow.
Forget about your sin.
Give the audience a grin.
Enjoy it. It's your last chance, anyhow.
So,...
Always look on the bright side of death,
[whistling]
Just before you draw your terminal breath.
[whistling]
Life's a piece of shit,
When you look at it.
Life's a laugh and death's a joke. It's true.
You'll see it's all a show.
Keep 'em laughing as you go.
Just remember that the last laugh is on you.
And...
Always look on the bright side of life.
[whistling]
Always look on the right side of life.
[whistling]
Always look on the bright side of life!
[whistling]
Always look on the bright side of life!
[whistling]
Always look on the bright side of life!
[whistling]
Always look on the bright side of life!
[whistling]
Always look on the bright side of life!
[whistling]
Always look on the bright side of life!
[whistling]
Always look on the bright side of life!
[whistling]
Always look on the bright side of life!
[whistling]
Always look on the bright side of life!
[whistling]

Always look on the bright side of life!
[whistling]

The Way Pianos Sound in L.A.

By
Mark Weber

A wino's brown sack crumpled tumbles
Across the sidewalk slowly in the breeze
Stops against a crusty spray-painted wall
Announcing the neighborhood Crips territorial rights
A large sound colored in all the hues of blue
Floats out and quiets down
Horace steps out thru a passageway
Into the Aztec summer sun burning
In his suit and tie
Taking a break from the old piano
Us all quiet passing the joint
On a silent Watts Sunday afternoon

Tapscott makes those old pianos
Play for him – his music
Their dried-out strings
And over-cooked hammers
Sing pristine arid blues
Dry bones, tones from deep
Inside the earth
And from a heritage of
Africa and America

From where we stand
This day clouds come slowly
From the west
To the north are the Hollywood Hills
To the east the desert stretches
All the way to Texas

Back inside
The Pan Afrikan Peoples Arkestra assembles
Daishikis, turbans, dreadlocks
Incense wafting, children wondrous
At all the saxophones
Soon the music will grow again
Large and strong
And thru it we will hear
The way pianos sound in L.A.

30 June 84



A Passion of the Christ
Review
by
Neal Clark Reynolds

Well, now that I've seen it, I feel that for one who allows himself to become involved in a movie, this one is an experience, a quite unpleasant and painful one at the time, but one which will leave one thinking and possibly gaining a new perspective afterwards. Not religiously, but in one's thinking about human nature and basic instincts and how one's behavior is affected.

Cinematically, it had much to notice. The picture as a whole had, to me, an overwhelming quality. Jim Caveziel's acting was great as far as it went, but the role didn't have a large range...primarily the portrayal of suffering and yet compassion for one's tormenters. The costumes and makeup were outstanding as was the cinematography. I'm not qualified to judge such things as sound mixing,

but I was very aware of sound being an integral part of the experience.

I didn't feel any sense of anti-semitism. Since the movie took place in and around Jerusalem, the characters were Jews, but the setting could be anyplace and the people of that culture would have undoubtedly acted the same. The movie didn't move me to feel any more emotion against the Jewish race than *THE CRUCIBLE* made me feel against Massachusetts natives.

There's already Oscar buzz about this which is a bit ridiculous this early in the year. However, it's possible that a block can keep support for the movie going throughout the year. If the box office holds up, the movie will still be in all the theaters it's currently at plus more of the big city theaters through Easter anyway and will probably be the #1 money maker of the year until it's challenged by *TROY* and *ALEXANDER* (Okay, knowing the vagaries of summer audiences, Halle Berry's *CATWOMAN* might knock it off, but I doubt it.)

Neal Clark Reynolds



NCR - '66

If you want to know what it's like to watch "The Passion of the Christ," save yourself nine bucks, fill your bathtub with water, add some red dye and totally immerse yourself. If you can stay underwater for more than two minutes, that's longer than the average person can watch Gibson's bloody spectacle without wanting to throw up.

**Robert Paul Reyes
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(from the Irish Times)

**Marriage of Likeness:
Same Sex Unions in Pre-
Modern Europe
by John Boswell
is published by
Harper Collins.**

<http://www.drizzle.com/~slmndr/salamandir/pubs/irishtimes/opt3.htm>

When marriage between gays was by rite

RITE AND REASON: A Kiev art museum contains a curious icon from St Catherine's monastery on Mount Sinai. It shows two robed Christian saints. Between them is a traditional Roman pronubus (best man) overseeing what in a standard Roman icon would be the wedding of a husband and wife. In the icon, Christ is the pronubus. Only one thing is unusual. The "husband and wife" are in fact two men.

Is the icon suggesting that a homosexual "marriage" is one sanctified by Christ? The very idea initially seems shocking. The full answer comes from other sources about the two men featured, St Serge and St Bacchus, two Roman soldiers who became Christian martyrs.

While the pairing of saints, particularly in the early Church, was not unusual, the association of these two men was regarded as particularly close. Severus of



Antioch in the sixth century explained that "we should not separate in speech [Serge and Bacchus] who were joined in life". More bluntly, in the definitive 10th century Greek account of their lives, St Serge is openly described as the "sweet companion and lover" of St Bacchus.



In other words, it confirms what the earlier icon implies, that they were a homosexual couple. Unusually their orientation and relationship was openly accepted by early Christian writers. Furthermore, in an image that to some modern Christian eyes might border on blasphemy, the icon has Christ himself as their pronubus, their best man overseeing their "marriage".

The very idea of a Christian homosexual marriage seems incredible. Yet after a 12-year search of Catholic and Orthodox church archives Yale history professor John Boswell has discovered that a type of Christian homosexual "marriage" did exist as late as the 18th century.

Contrary to myth, Christianity's concept of marriage has not been set in stone since the days of Christ, but has evolved both as a concept and as a ritual. Prof Boswell discovered that in addition to heterosexual marriage ceremonies in ancient church liturgical documents (and clearly separate from other types of non-

marital blessings such as blessings of adopted children or land) were ceremonies called, among other titles, the "Office of Same Sex Union" (10th and 11th century Greek) or the "Order for Uniting Two Men" (11th and 12th century).

These ceremonies had all the contemporary symbols of a marriage: a community gathered in church, a blessing of the couple before the altar, their right hands joined as at heterosexual marriages, the participation of a priest, the taking of the Eucharist, a wedding banquet afterwards. All of which are shown in contemporary drawings of the same sex union of Byzantine Emperor Basil I (867-886) and his companion John. Such homosexual unions also took place in Ireland in the late 12th/early 13th century, as the chronicler Gerald of Wales (Geraldus Cambrensis) has recorded.

Boswell's book, *The Marriage of Likeness: Same Sex Unions in Pre-Modern Europe*, lists in detail some same sex union ceremonies found in ancient church liturgical documents. One Greek 13th century "Order for Solemnisation of Same Sex Union" having invoked St Serge and St Bacchus, called on God to "vouchsafe unto these thy servants [N and N] grace to love one another and to abide unhated and not a cause of scandal all the days of their lives, with the help of the Holy Mother of God and all thy saints." The ceremony concludes: "And they shall kiss the Holy Gospel and each other, and it shall be concluded."

Another 14th century Serbian Slavonic "Office of Same Sex Union", uniting two men or two women, had the couple having their right hands

laid on the Gospel while having a cross placed in their left hands. Having kissed the Gospel, the



couple were then required to kiss each other, after which the priest, having raised up the Eucharist, would give them both communion.

Boswell found records of same-sex unions in such diverse archives as those in the Vatican, in St Petersburg, in Paris, Istanbul, and in Sinai, covering a period from the 8th to the 18th centuries. Nor is he the first to make such a discovery. The Dominican Jacques Goar (1601-1653) includes such ceremonies in a printed collection of Greek prayer books.

While homosexuality was technically illegal from late Roman times, it was only from about the 14th century that anti-homosexual feelings swept western Europe. Yet same sex union ceremonies continued to take place.

At St John Lateran in Rome (traditionally the Pope's parish Church) in 1578 as many as 13 couples were "married" at Mass with the apparent co-operation of the local clergy, "taking Communion

together, using the same nuptial Scripture, after which they slept and ate together", according to a contemporary report.

Another woman-to-woman union is recorded in Dalmatia in the 18th century. Many questionable historical claims about the church have been made by some recent writers in this newspaper.

Boswell's academic study however is so well researched and sourced as to pose fundamental questions for both modern church leaders and heterosexual Christians about their attitude towards homosexuality.

For the Church to ignore the evidence in its own archives would be a cowardly cop-out. That evidence shows convincingly that what the modern church claims has been its constant unchanging attitude towards homosexuality is in fact nothing of the sort.

It proves that for much of the last two millennia, in parish churches and cathedrals throughout Christendom from Ireland to Istanbul and in the heart of Rome itself, homosexual relationships were accepted as valid expressions of a God-given ability to love and commit to another person, a love that could be celebrated, honoured and blessed both in the name of, and through the Eucharist in the presence of Jesus Christ.

Jim Duffy is a writer and historian.



RQ Cover -Charles Schneeman

A Few Questions

Dr. Laura Schlessinger a US radio personality, who dispenses advice to people, has said that according to the Bible (Leviticus 18:22), homosexuality is an abomination and cannot be condoned under any circumstance.

The following is an open letter to Dr. Laura penned by a US resident, which was posted on the Internet. It raises some interesting points, is informative, and definitely is worth reading:

Dear Dr. Laura:

Thank you for doing so much to educate people regarding God's Law. I have learned a great deal from your show, and try to share that knowledge with as many people as I can. When someone tries to defend the homosexual lifestyle, for example, I simply remind them that Leviticus 18:22 clearly states it to be an abomination. End of debate.

I do need some advice from you, however, regarding other specific laws contained in the Bible and how to follow them.

1. When I burn a bull on the altar as a sacrifice, I know it creates a pleasing odor for the Lord (Leviticus 1:9). The problem is my neighbors. They claim the odor is not pleasing to them. Should I smite them?

2. My 14 year old daughter has become rebellious and difficult to control. I would like to sell her into slavery, as sanctioned in Exodus 21:7. In this day and age, what do be you think would a fair price for her?

3. I know that I am allowed no contact with a woman while she is in her period of menstrual cleanliness (Leviticus 15:19-24). The problem is, how do I tell? I have tried asking, but most women take offense.

4. Leviticus 25:44 states that I may indeed possess slaves, both male and female, provided they are purchased from neighboring nations. A friend of mine claims that this applies to Mexicans, but not Canadians. Can you clarify? Why can't I own Canadians?

5. I have a neighbor who insists on working on the Sabbath. Exodus 35:2 clearly states he should be put to death. Am I morally obligated to kill him myself?

6. A friend of mine feels that even though eating shellfish is an abomination - Leviticus 11:10, it is a lesser abomination than homosexuality. I don't agree. Can you settle this?

7. Leviticus 21:20 states that I may not approach the altar of God if I have a defect in my sight. I have to admit that I wear reading glasses. Does my vision have to be 20/20, or is there some wiggle room here?

8. Most of my male friends get their hair trimmed, including the hair around their temples, even though this is expressly forbidden by Leviticus 19:27. How should they die?

9. I know from Leviticus 11:6-8 that touching the skin of a dead pig makes me unclean, but may I still play football if I wear gloves?

10. My uncle has a farm. He violates Leviticus 19:19 by planting two different crops in the same field, as does his wife by wearing garments made of two different kinds of thread (cotton/polyester blend). He also tends to curse and blaspheme a lot. Is it really necessary that we go to all the trouble of getting the whole town together to stone them? (Leviticus 24:10-16)

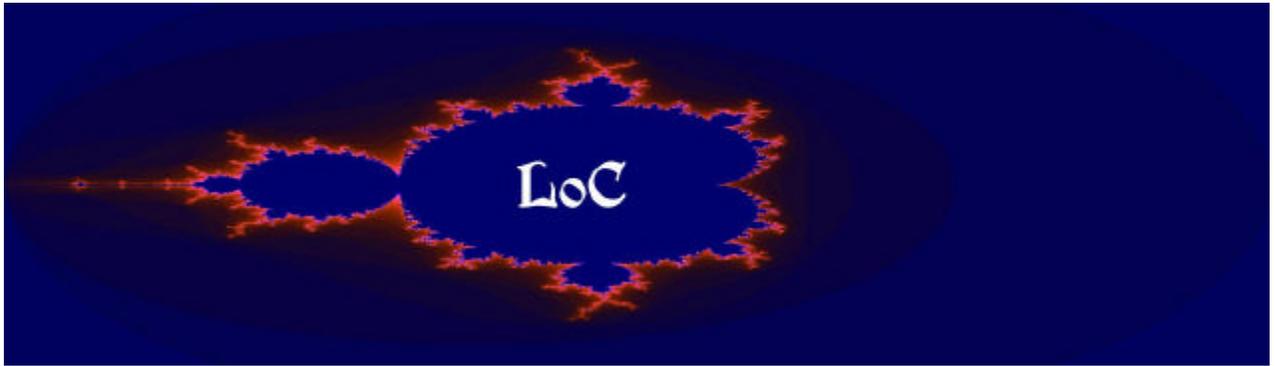
Couldn't we just burn them to death at a private family affair like we do with people who sleep with their in-laws? (Leviticus 20:14)

I know you have studied these things extensively, so I am confident you can help. Thank you again for reminding us that God's word is eternal and unchanging. Your devoted disciple and adoring fan.

Jim



Art Thomson (Atom)
Back Cover June '58 #31
Nebula



Jason K. Burnett

I just read *No Time* #12 at eFanzines.com and really enjoyed it. The Loscon report was really well done - it sounds like it was a great con. You didn't mention getting to meet Robert Silverberg, so I'm assuming you didn't. I wish you could have - I got to talk to him briefly at NOSFFF (New Orleans Science Fiction and Fantasy Festival) about ten years ago and he's one of the nicest guys you'd ever want to meet.

I'm glad to hear the move went as well as it did. I really envy those people who are able to just pack up and move without a second thought. For me, moving is always a traumatic experience, even I'm getting out of someplace I'm glad to be out of, such as one house which under the flight path of New Orleans International Airport (now Louis Armstrong Airport), which featured an obnoxious landlady, crack dealers on the corner, and some poor guy getting shot across the street. I suppose part of it is just because I'm not a terribly organized person, so the packing always goes badly, and consequently I know the unpacking is going to go bad.

I agree with Barry Gold about the problems with some of Heinlein's books. I was completely disgusted with the ending of *The Cat Who Walked Through Walls*. I do have to defend *Friday* though, as it is my favorite Heinlein. While I'll concede to the political incorrectness (I really think saying "politically incorrect Heinlein" is redundant), but the plot loop was necessary. She did try calling from Bellingham but was unable to get through. Consequently, given the extremely sensitive nature of Boss's business, she decided she needed to report in person. The reader's sense of anxiety then builds as she tries to report in, but finds that everything familiar to her is gone and she has no way of getting in touch with anyone she knows, either with Systems Enterprises or with Janet, Ian, and George. The whole thing is necessary in order to maneuver Friday into a situation where she is completely on her own, having to deal with her artificial humanity without the crutch of familiar people around, which serves to make the near-miss with Trevor that much more poignant.

Also enjoyed the comedy bits, especially "Ordering Pizza in 2010." Keep up the great work.



- **Lloyd Penny**

Lloyd Penney:

Thanks for No Energy, No Time & Not Much To Say 12. The .pdf is on the desktop, and I'm as ready for a loc as I'll ever be. TGIF, and all that.

Yvonne can sympathize with JoAnn when it comes to her boss. If it isn't the arrogant department head or the bitch in charge of HR giving her a hard time, it's all the same men who can't put together a simple expensive claim to save their lives. As soon as I get something regular, she will find something else and leave. The worst thing is, she's in an industry she really likes, the aerospace industry, and it would be great to move within the industry. I suspect she'll leave it to find peace of mind with another company.

Does David Thayer have another gig on the go these days? I rarely see his great cartoons in fanzines any more.

I've never met Armin Shimerman, but he was in Toronto some years

ago to guest at the local Trek convention. I guess actors have never really impressed me. They are by and large good people, but they simply have high-visibility occupations.

I'm glad your move is done, as I'm sure you are too. Yvonne and I are having a discussion right now about our own place. We'd both like to move, but finding a reputable building and property manager is a real challenge. We may be obtaining a small windfall of cash shortly, so that may make the idea of moving feasible and affordable. Then again, as you said, a lottery win would make everything so much easier.

The fuss over same-sex marriages shows such narrow-mindedness. It also shows that the idea of marriage, once thought to be tired and nearly-dead, is quite alive, with same-sex couples wanting to preserve it, bless 'em. When marriage was really tired and nearly-dead, it was because different-sex couples abused the institution of marriage nearly to death. Let us hope that same-sex couples can nurture this fine and honourable institution back to health. Happiness is rare enough to find these days; why should the state dictate who you can find it with? Find someone you love and build a life with them, that's all that should matter. Former Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Elliot Trudeau once declared that the state has no business in the bedrooms of the nation, an idea the Bush regime should learn, and I hope his saner successors should follow.

Mark Weber's story of trying to make a minimum living in Cleveland hit far too many raw nerves with me...I've been in at least a few of those situations. They've haven't

been as embarrassing, demeaning or humiliating as those Mark described, but still, those are experiences I'd rather not repeat. I have alternative plans for employment should my attempts to find suitable employment fail; I've been a telemarketer before, and if I have to, I'll do it again.

I sit in my book-infested living room and watch the news, and smile to myself as the Bush regime drops further down into the quagmire of lies and BS they fell into with the conflict in Iraq. More and more, Bush is being blamed for 9/11, and John Kerry is trying (and for the most part, succeeding) to look like JFKII. The shady business deals of the Bush regime shall bite them in the ass, and as long as the electorate remembers that the USA is but one of 200+ countries on the face of the earth, and life would be better if they dealt with the rest of the world as fellow human beings instead of damned furriners, they will vote for John Kerry and return the Democratic Party to the White House. (Gotta plug the lesser of two evils, I guess.)

My loc...I did have a 4.5-week assignment with a music publishing company, but it ended a few days ago. They wanted to keep me, but there was simply no more work for me to do. I am now waiting for a call today from an agency that might secure me a plum permanent job with an advertising agency, so I am hoping for the best, and keeping the phone within easy reach all day today. **(dK: One of the best jobs I ever had was with a PR firm as a lecturer on Energy Deregulation.)**

So, here I am, watching the rain come down outside and hoping for that telephone call. Story of my life these days. I need a break, or an armoured car to mistakenly deposit its cargo at my front door. At this point, I don't care which happens first. Take care, and see you next issue.

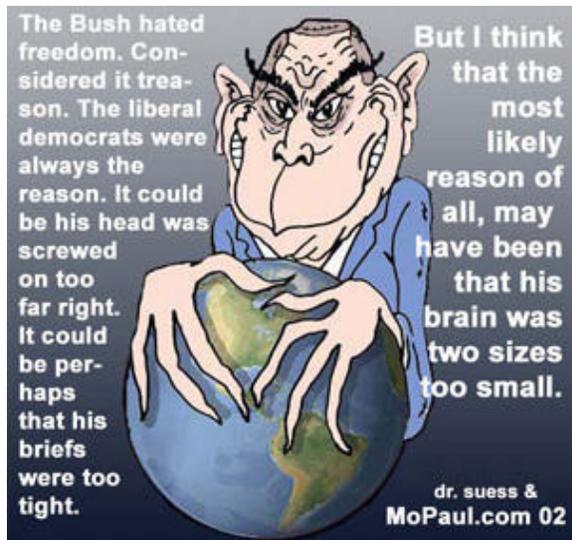
Dian Crayne:

Yes, I did see the latest issue of No Time, and I wanted to thank you for plugging "The Cosmic Wheel," but your mail box was full!

I think that's a really good issue. I agree about e-zines, and you'll probably get more and more hits on the site as fans get the idea about it being out there.

If you need any more artwork, just let me know and I'll try to come up with something for you. **dK: There's nothing I'd like more...)**

Jean-Marie Stine got the idea of putting my old science fiction short stories into an anthology so together Stine and I located all of the eight published ones, and scanned them. I had three unpublished ones as well. It's supposed to be e-published sometime this month or next. I'm sort of flabbergasted. After all these years I'll have five books published. Not in print, but at least *published*. **(dK: I remember some of the fantasy you wrote in your zines back in the 60s very fondly, with your illos of course, it should all be back in print.)**



The Grinch In the White House

The Whos down in Whoville liked people a lot,
 But the Grinch in the White House most certainly did not.
 He didn't arrive there by the will of the Whos,
 But stole the election that he really did lose.
 Vowed to "rule from the middle," then installed his regime.
 (Did this really happen, or is it just a bad dream?)

He didn't listen to voters, just his friends he was pleasin'
 Now, please don't ask why, who knows what's the reason.
 It could be his heart wasn't working just right.
 It could be, perhaps, that he wasn't too bright.
 But I think that the most likely reason of all,
 Is that both brain and heart were two sizes too

small.
 In times of great turmoil, this was bad news,
 To have a government that ignores its Whos.

But the Whos shrugged their shoulders, went on with their work,
 Their duties as citizens so casually did shirk.
 They shopped at the mall and watched their T.V.
 They drove a gas guzzling big S.U.V.,
 Oblivious to what was going on in D.C.,
 Ignoring the threats to democracy.

They read the same papers that ran the same leads,
 Reporting what only served corporate needs.
 (For the policies affecting the lives of all nations
 Were made by the giant U.S. Corporations.)
 Big business grew fatter, fed by its own greed,
 And by people who shopped for the things they didn't need.

But amidst all the apathy came signs of unrest,
 The Whos came to see we were fouling our nest.
 And the people who cared for the ideals of this nation
 Began to discuss and exchange information:
 The things they couldn't read, in the corporate-owned news,
 Of FTAA meetings and CIA coups,
 Of drilling for oil and restricting rights.

They published some books, created Websites,
 Began to write letters, and use their e-mail
 (Though Homeland Security might send

them to jail!)
What began as a whisper soon grew to
a roar,
These things going on they could no
longer ignore.
They started to rise up and reach out to
all
Let their voices be heard, they rose to
the call,
To vote, to petition, to gather, dissent,
To question the policies of the
"President."

As greed gained in power and power
knew no shame
The Whos came together, sang "Not in
our name!"
One by one from their sleep and their
slumber they woke
The old and the young, all kinds of folk,
The black, brown and white, the gay,
bi- and straight,
All united to sing, "Feed our hope, not
our hate!
Stop stockpiling weapons and aiming
for war!
Stop feeding the rich, start feeding the
poor!
Stop storming the deserts to fuel SUV's!
Stop telling us lies on the mainstream
T.V.'s!
Stop treating our children as a market
to sack!
Stop feeding them Barney, Barbie and
Big Mac!
Stop trying to addict them to lifelong
consuming,
In a time when severe global warming
is looming!
Stop sanctions that are killing the kids
in Iraq!
Start dealing with ours that are strung
out on crack!"

A mighty sound started to rise and to
grow,
"The old way of thinking simply must
go!
Enough of God versus Allah, Muslim

vs. Jew
With what lies ahead, it simply won't
do.
No American dream that cares only for
wealth
Ignoring the need for community
health.

The rivers and forests are demanding
their pay,
If we're to survive, we must walk a new
way.
No more excessive and mindless
consumption
Let's sharpen our minds and garner
our gumption.
For the ideas are simple, but the
practice is hard,
And not to be won by a poem on a card.

It needs the ideas and the acts of each
Who,
So let's get together and plan what to
do!"
And so they all gathered from all 'round
the Earth
And from it all came a miraculous
birth.
The hearts and the minds of the Whos
they did grow,
Three sizes to fit what they felt and
they know.

While the Grinches they shrank from
their hate and
their greed,
Bearing the weight of their every foul
deed.
From that day onward the standard of
wealth,
Was whatever fed the Whos spiritual
health.
They gathered together to revel and
feast,
And thanked all who worked to conquer
their beast.

For although our story pits Grinches
'gainst Whos,

The true battle lies in what we daily
choose.
For inside each Grinch is a tiny small
Who,
And inside each Who is a tiny Grinch
too.
One thrives on love and one thrives on
greed.
Who will win out? It depends who you
feed!

Author: Unknown

