

# No Time, No Energy & Not Much To Say #2

Editor: dwain Kaiser  
P.O. Box 1074  
Claremont, CA 91711  
For eFanzines  
dgkaiser@hotmail.com

Welcome to my second ezine.

I still have little to say and even less energy than when I did the first one. I, however, do have a reprint piece from my deadtree zine *Nothing Like Working Off A Little Anger #2* I want to put on line, a quite funny “answer” to the question of West Nile terrorism brought up in the last issue, a more fiendish plot, and to top it off yet another chapter of John Welsh’s never ending faan serial (or maybe it just seems that way) *The ValSFA Chronicles*. This “chronicle”, while I’ll admit is based on fact, is so vile, so warped, so evil that I couldn’t see putting it into print in my genzine *Nonstop Fun Is Hard on the Heart* (available for the “fannish usual”...if you don’t know what that means just send me a note and ask for a copy...). However it is also so funny I couldn’t see not publishing it somewhere... And since “somewhere” is very late currently it’s going to end up here instead. Enjoy. Don’t worry if you “don’t get it”...think *Fear and Loathing* and you’ll come as close as you can. 42 probably also will work. Hell so will a couple of six packs. And with that.....

dK



(l to r) Neal Clark Reynolds, Bob Davenport, Dwain Kaiser  
(ValSFA meeting, possibly Dwain's house, prob. 1967)

## My Adventures Over The Last Year by dwain Kaiser

I had hoped to make the last LASFAPA mailing but at deadline time I was “enjoying” an extended period of forced “rest” at the Kaiser Hospital in Fontana. While it’s nice that they’ve named the system for me, I could use a little less of their “loving care”. Once they get hold of me it’s always hard for me to fight my way to freedom. This stay was for six, six long and extremely boring, days. All this due to an irregular heart beat plus two minor strokes, what they call TIA’s (Trans Ischemic Attacks).

Some of the problems which caused me to visit the ER have disappeared, once again I can use my right arm to do whatever it needs to do (let’s not go into gory details in this “family” rated zine), and my lower peripheral vision and my

right side peripheral vision have returned to normal. I did end up losing about a 1/3 of the peripheral vision in my left eye. For the first time in my life I can be successfully blindsided from the left. I may, or may not, gain that vision back. Only time will tell, or so the doctors tell me.

I delayed entering the tender care of the Kaiser system for about three days because....hmmm, because of what? I have no idea. I'm hardheaded? I'm an idiot? Probably one or both of those things. But friends on-line, mainly in Valhalla, informed me of what an idiot I was being by not committing myself that evening. Lyn Pederson's girlfriend, Suzy, a nurse in Vegas, even phoned to "politely" inform me to get my butt over to an ER RIGHT AWAY! It was very kind of her to phone. It only requires being informed of stupidity by wife & friends over a couple of days to sink in the concept that maybe I am being stupid...maybe I should go to the ER. Then a discussion with a nurse at Kaiser's Claremont clinic finally got me off my duff and into a car being driven to Fontana (by my wonderful wife, needless to say. She had been urging me to go to the ER from the beginning. I really should listen to her, sometimes my common sense seems to go out the window).

Ah, the Kaiser ER system. Swamped. Flooded. Overfilled. An hour in line waiting to see the admissions nurse. Three hours in two different waiting areas to see a P.A., another couple of hours to get a bed in the ER. I'm sure glad I brought a handful of fanzines to read. From eleven a.m. to almost midnight to discover that, no, I wasn't

about to be released. It was another hospital stay for me. Well I was almost prepared for it by that time. And my loving wife stayed with me the entire time (keeping an eye on me, it's an easy hitchhike from Fontana back home).

I had prepared enough to bring a pair of sweats (no barebutt walking around for me, I'm a hippie and haven't worn underwear since the 60s, I know what open backed hospital gowns show), several fanzines and a couple of light reading books. I would have brought my drug of choice but for some reason Kaiser seems to be fussy about that (they frown upon smoking joints in the ER ward, no fun at all, those people).

It ended up being a six day stay in Adult Holding. Now Adult Holding is a 24 hour stay over while they decide where to ship you off to, it's not designed for longer stays. Unfortunately there was no other available bed for me so there I remained. In six days I had four different "roomies". After a couple of days I had figured out I needed to remind housekeeping to change the bed or it wouldn't be done, change my hospital gown or it wouldn't be done, etc etc etc. They just weren't used to having patients stay as long as I did. The holding rooms have two beds in them, that was no bother, hell it at least gave me some company to talk to. Boredom was more of a factor this "visit" as I wasn't nearly as sick as I was the last time I ended up staying out there.

I'm surprised anyone survives a long hospital stay. No one could get used to being awakened at midnight, the new shift change nurse just checking to see that everything is all right, 2:00 a.m. for

a blood pressure test, 4:00 a.m. for drawing blood, 6:00 a.m. for additional tests and breakfast at 6:30. The longest they seem to leave you alone is mid-afternoon (paperwork time probably), when no nurse appears for three/four hours. I discovered that MASH is on TV at 4:00 a.m., and there's an early morning showing of Deep Space Nine to entertain the bedridden or the hopeless insomniac. Thank Ghu for cable at home, the seven "standard" stations could drive the sane over the cliff (into insanity, or just giving up TV completely). Next time I spend six days in a hospital I want one with a VCR/TV in the room or at least a hospital that gets PBS.

When I moved in I was placed in the 1st bed in the room, next to the door (which was right across from the nurses station). After the first nights attempted sleep I talked my nurse into moving me to the back bed, which was quieter and had a window facing the front lawn and parking lot. Hell the traffic in and out of the parking lot was a lot more interesting to watch most afternoons than what was on TV. After about four days I began to daydream about exposing myself at the window in order to get hauled away. Maybe it would have worked but I just lacked faith that the Fontana police lock up would be any better than the one I was already in.

I did discover that a trip to the restroom (hauling, carefully, my I.V.'s on a portable pole), resulted in my heartbeat jumping up so high (150+) that upon exiting I would discovered half of the nursing staff in my room searching for my twitching body. It seemed to upset

them that I never even noticed when my heartbeat took such an active role for itself. Or that I was still standing and walking around. There was some little amusement value in that. At least some of the nurses were cute.

I won't go into great detail about blood thinning (to stop my irregular heartbeat from throwing off blood clots), or other such dK medical news. Over all I'm fine. I've had so many blood samples taken from my left arm that I've started wearing long sleeve shirts...with the bruising and the poorly healed needle marks my arm look like that of a junkie.

I could have used a laptop at the Hospital. Three days of my stay was due to adjusting my Warfarin Sodium dose (that was what was used to thin my blood). During that time I was feeling fine, even with all sorts of I.V.s in different veins. Hospitals are bad enough when one is really sick, they're much worse when one you are feeling "fine".

My wife JoAnn visited each evening, thank Ghu. Her visits were always the high point of each of the days. And without fail she'd show up each evening for a couple of hours. *Nonstop* contributor and ol' faanish friend John Welsh entertained me during the afternoon (including the "rough" of his next ValSFA faan "history" piece for the next *Nonstop*, very, very funny indeed.) Between the two they provided me enough books to read. Phone calls from ValSFAns cheered me up just as my old friend Earl Wilson could always lighten my mood with war stories about failures of the medical system (just kidding Earl, just kidding).

Because of my CHF I keep very careful track of my sodium intake...the hospital food had more sodium than I would put up with at home. I won't mention the quality or quantity of the "food" provided. Still, all in all, the meals provided a much needed break in the hospital routine.

**Hospital reading**, that's an almost unique genre, like that of bus reading/plane reading, one handed reading, zoned out reading, etc. What you need are books interesting enough to keep ones attention (i.e. to continue to read it), but not so involved as to strain the mind (maybe it's different with others, but laying in a hospital bed doesn't tempt me to try deep philosophical reading material....)

Good old fashioned, lightweight, trash science fiction, that's what I was looking for. A quick, mindless, read. One wouldn't think that there'd be any problem in finding that type of material...but it isn't as easy as it seems.

Probably because forty years of reading SF has reduced the amount of trash SF left to still read. All the classic material is gone (fill in your favorite second rate writer here, mine were authors like Mack Reynolds, E.C. Tubb, etc. ).

It's harder to figure out which new authors fit into that narrow genre, first of all they have to turn out half a dozen enjoyable yet lightweight works.

I did discover a few "new" authors to lighten my mood. *Doc Sidhe* by Aaron Allston proved entertaining, light, but

reasonably well written. The end impression was that of a Doc Savage/alternate universe/fantasy. I'm probably not doing it justice as it was enjoyable enough I'll look up his next novel.

I finished Timothy Zahn's *Cobra*, but the entire novel seems to have completely faded from my mind. Perhaps a little bit too light, rather than standing out, it's confused and mixed in with half a hundred other military SF novels. I won't even attempt a short review here. I have read other books by Zahn I've liked much more than this one.

It almost shocked me but Laurell K. Hamilton managed to space away half a day. I didn't expect it but I got sucked into the world of Anita Blake, Vampire Hunter in her *The Lunatic Cafe*. I can understand why she's (the author and the character) so popular. Hell if I run across them I'll probably read other novels of hers. Usually I dislike most fantasy and vampire novels leave me completely cold...I was rather surprised at how much I enjoyed reading about this preternatural expert, lycanthropes, werewolves, vampires and all.

My last hospital read took a few days to finish, James Michener's *Centennial*. An interesting book, not as well written as *The Source* (my favorite book of his), but much more interesting than I thought it would be. I'm glad that John Welsh suggested it to me (and loaned me a copy of the book). Now I can discuss western history with him and pretend I know something about it. I probably won't fool him however.

Oh well, all things, good and bad, interesting and boring, must end...and so did my hospital stay. For the next couple of months I'll just have to get twice weekly Protime testing to monitor how successfully my blood has been thinned.

### **Free At Last**

I **finally** caught up on sleep (it took about a week), and got back to my more "normal" activities. Before I had ended up in the hospital I had been offered a piece of consulting work, a local congressional candidate needed a guideline on campaign structure/staffing. It took me half a day to turn out a four page paper for her, easy enough work at fifty bucks an hour (the first consulting work I've taken on in awhile.)

That Saturday (March 16th) I lectured a room filled with her volunteers on the same topic, structure/staffing of a campaign. The talk went well. Afterward we had a nice dinner at the candidates house and a video to watch (concerning big oil/drugs/the stock market and 9/11...very scary stuff, my friend Jerry Smith would have loved it). It was a longer day than I wanted but it was fun to get back to work, even if just for a few days.

That Monday I had another lecture, "California Redistricting: The How's - The Why's - Its Impact on Us in the 59th A.D., 29th S.D., & 26th C.D." (I didn't pick the title, that was what I was asked to talk on.) That program was for the Jerry Voorhis Claremont Democratic Club. Personally I much prefer to speak to groups I'm not a member of, it's a lot

easier going in to an organization from the outside, as an "outside" expert, than speaking to any organization you're already involved with... (at least in my view). The Voorhis Club is, at least "slightly", what I consider an Ivy Tower type group, their usual programs are college Ph.D.'s and candidates. I'm a lot more, hmmm, down to earth on my politics than that. However it worked out well, as the local paper had provided some advance publicity we drew 6 to 8 newcomers, besides around 30 club members. I was slightly surprised at how interested everyone was in the topic. I had lots of handouts, district maps, demographics, etc. to give out, and had prepared carefully for the lecture because I thought it might, otherwise, prove to be fairly dull. (Boy, there's a safe bet for you.)

There were lots of good questions afterwards, which helped spark interest (some of the questions were more concerning campaign strategy than I had expected...it's going to be a hot political season, I can tell.)

After those two "outings" I've been taking it fairly easy. The Warfarin dosage has been working, hmmm, all too well, so Kaiser's outpatient anticoagulation service has cut back on the dosage I'm taking twice in the last week...but they've also switched to one blood test per week, which I'm happy about. And as my wife reminds me I have to take it a bit easier. (Wasn't that the "punchline" to the talking blues songs, "Take It, but take it easy." Hmm, maybe not.)

Of course that means I'll have time to do bigger and better (hah) zines in the

future. You can at least count on bigger ones.

**Does all this mean that I get to be even more of a bleeding heart liberal than in the past?**

#### **A Few Additional Comments**

Currently (Dec. '02), healthwise, I'm fine...I ended up losing some of my vision in my left eye (about 1/3 of my left side peripheral vision). It may come back, it may not (as of Dec. '02). Some of my doctors now feel it was a series of regular strokes rather than a couple of TIA's.

See Marty Cantor's *No Award* here at eFanzines for information concerning joining LASFapa....it's a good idea, it's healthy, it's wise, do it now *without thinking...*

#### **(R to L) Neal Clark Reynolds & Dwain Kaiser Probably 1966 at a ValsFA Meeting**



(l to r) Neal Clark Reynolds, Dwain Kaiser (date, place unknown)

#### **Even More Serious Than West Nile by Neal Clark Reynolds**

I figure it's time for me to inject a serious note into the proceedings here. I know that many of you are rank disbelievers in conspiracies, but bear with me. Last night, I discovered inarguable evidence that there is some kind of conspiracy that's been hidden for 68 years! And yet the clues have been right in front of our eyes and ears all this time in the words of what we all thought was just an innocent Christmas song.

Being a bitter cold night last night, I was sipping my Lipton tea fortified with just a wee bit of Captain Morgan, listening to some Christmas records I'm planning to write reviews of, reading some of the song lyrics while they were playing, when I suddenly awoke with a jolt to realize the dire implications of what I was reading and listening to!

You people who are so blind to the conspiracies all around us have heard these words thousands of times and never woke up to what they were saying! "Later on, we'll conspire" Lord, there it is right there, right in the song, in front of Ghod and everyone! "We'll conspire" What more do you need to realize that the song writer was onto something! But that's not all, folks! "Later on, we'll conspire, While we sit down by the fire," Now that should really tell you that there's something dark being talked about here! Fire? What fire? Well, bear in mind that this song was written in 1934? Doesn't that mean something to you? 1934! That was only three years before the Hindenberg caught fire and crashed!

Isn't it obvious that that must be the fire referred to here, and that the song writer was in truth sending out a coded message in what appeared to be only the lyrics to an innocent Christmas song? Hey, if the above doesn't convince you, then look at the rest of the lyrics! Oh, it's so obvious. Just who is this "Parson Brown", aka "The Snowman"? And just what was the real job he was assigned to do as mentioned in the lyrics, "But you can do the job when you're in town."

Jerry Smith, I hope you get right on this. You might have an all time best seller in the works here! However, I would appreciate your giving me the credit due me for uncovering this mammoth conspiracy! Well, to be modest, some of the credit should also go to Captain Morgan.

Neal Clark Reynolds

The following is all in good humor...all those ghod fans insulted, spat upon, gored in the following piece are fine noble human beings with whom jib is just having some good natured fun. *(Note to my lawyers: Will that cover my ass? Are u happy now?)*

**The ValsFA Chronicles:  
Strange and Disturbing Fantasmagoria  
From the Dark Youthful Days  
Of the Original Gonzo Japesters**

by  
**Howlin' Mad Madhi O'Malley, O.G.J.  
(John Welsh)**

How can I purge from my mind the first terrible sight of Dwain's Foul Balls? To this very day, that image fills me with the same Fear and Loathing as it did on first encounter. An encounter, dear reader, with the base nature of , well, you get the idea.

It began, as most awful things in American Life begin, after a trip to the Fun and Sin Capital of the world, Las Vegas-----Dwain's ill-fated attempt to bring organization to the medical malpractitioners of that dessert hellhole and the subsequent Chicken Ranch Massacre.

After his return home to Chaparral City, Dwain returned to what his friends called his, "old ways". No amount of reasoning, diagrams, or old army health films could dissuade him. He was, after all, in search of "lewd women".

One morning after a full night of provocative passion, he noticed swelling and tenderness in his scrotal area. A visit to kindly old Dr. Whipple uncovered a blockage in the epididymis, causing cerebral spinal fluid to be retained in Dwain' testes, resulting in pain, swelling, urinary incontinence.

Using a anesthetic of cocaine, LSD and sun block, the good doctor installed a stunt to drain the pesky fluid from Dwain's nuts directly to his sigmoid colon, where it would mix with the detritus of his unhealthful diet. "The swelling will persist for several weeks," Dr. Whipple told him. "You have to adjust your lifestyle. You might try the kilt of your Highland ancestors."

Dwain quickly abandoned the idea of a kilt. He'd worn them in the past at LASFS meetings and such, and always managed to soggy `em while pissing behind a bookcase or out a window. (Poindexter experienced much the same problem with his lab coat, but wore the pee-stained garment as a symbol of acidhead honor)

No, he opted for a semi nudist look: dirty torn tee shirt and sans a belt slacks, sans the slacks. He was not about to sacrifice his comfort in the name of conventional morality, or modesty. This was the early 70s and the anomia of 60s lingered on...In some noses it lingers to this very day...

He decided to spend his recovery sprawled on a ancient barkolounger on the more than ample front porch of his house, placed strategically so as our hero could observe the passing parade on Euclid Blvd.

A large cooler filled with orange aid spiked with Everclear, mescaline, and Whipple prescribed industrial strength codeine, all designed to keep Dwain lubricated, pain free, and in an altered state of consciousness (which for Dwain, was his usual state) was close at hand.

The sight of what appeared to be a naked, Big-Balled escaped mental patient created a bit of a stir, but not the sort you out there in Squareville might expect. This after all, was Chaparral City; capitol of the Inland Empire of Crime, the Land of the Pointedly Weird, where the Big-Balled man was King.

After a hard day of extortion and graft

collection, officers of CCPD would stop by for a chat, a glass or two of orange aid, and a snap shot of themselves next to the Man. Passers by posed for photos. Dwain received several marriage proposals from members of both sexes. Agent Darling set-up 24/7 surveillance. In a small but meaningful ceremony, mayor Bunge declared it Big-Balls month in CC.

I arrived shortly after the ceremony ended. There sat Dwain, the Big-Balled Buddha of Chaparral City. His scrotum was swollen the size of a volley ball. It throbbed in harmony with his heart beat. His penis, blued and flattened between his belly and scrot, looked like a angry and armed cobra, thawing and ready for trouble. Occasional spurts of urine suggested venomous attack.

We talked of the ceremony (Dwain was touched), and other matters of interest to both of us. I managed to cloak my Fear and Loathing with comments on the previous week's Rams/Giants game. He allowed that this event caused him to reflect on the direction of his life, and he hinted there might be some changes. I'm still waiting. dK takes his time.

After a few weeks the normal circulation of CSF was restored to his brain, his gonads bypassed entirely and he began, unfaanishly, thinking with his head.

The only record we have from the period is a delightful watercolor executed by Lyn Pedersen. Dwain is seen on the porch, and the Foul Balls, looking like an alien entity paying a visit to his crotch, reduce his head and belly to the perspective of parasites, living off the



Master Balls.

Dr. Whipple wrote up the whole ugly episode for JAMA, and was rewarded with a healthy grant to study the "ValSFA Syndrome", over the decades.

The ValSFA Syndrome occurs when the body rejects the brain as the seat of thought, and directs the CSF to the gonads, allowing the balls to do the thinking.

Dr. Whipple is preparing a new article for JAMA; new cases have presented in Poindexter, Sparrow, Finley, and, having never had a brain to speak of, LT3. Only Hatter has permanent immunity from the syndrome.

Your Obedient Narrator and Servant, jb,  
Esquire

**Cover ValAPA #125 (1972)**

**Artist: Lyn Pederson**

If you enjoyed this issue please send me an email or write a LoC.

Until #3....

**dwain Kaiser**

