

**No Time,
No Energy
&
Not Much To Say
#3**

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**My Summer Adventures
Memories of '02
or
No Wonder I Was Looking
Forward to '03**

Death & Taxes (May 9th: This section is mainly from my LASFapazine): One can always cheat on paying income tax, I'm afraid however there is no way to cheat on death. It's possible to slow the process down somewhat (if you're lucky enough to know it's coming), but sooner or later Death will show its' ugly head and haul us all away. It's one of the few things true of Saints and Sinners, of the Rich and the Unwashed Poor, of Trufans and Fakefans. Sooner or later the day will come. Sometimes it seems that the best one can wish for is a quick visit, having it over before you even know the process has begun.

Bruce Pelz's death, May 9th, was a shock to everyone at LASFS. Somehow it seemed that the club and Bruce would continue to exist forever... LASFS, as is true of most organizations, depends upon the "movers and shakers" to get things

done. And Bruce was that and more. Dian and Bruce started 'L, after a short period of rejection Bruce wholeheartedly took over the building fund and there's no doubt that he was the "force of nature" that pushed/pulled/shoved the club membership until enough money was raised to buy our club house (and then even a larger one when the first location proved too small for a growing club). Then there's the conventions he worked on, from the setting up of LosCon to running WorldCons. Certainly a mover and shaker, a SMOF of the first degree.

Fandom tends to have more "talkers" than "doers". Bruce could do both, work out a problem, work out a solution, and then do it! Quite unusual in fandom (or real life for that matter).

Nonstop #6 has a nice article about Bruce by Jim Schumacher and what a completely straight shooter he was with money.

While I would never claim we were friends, or even close, over the last half a dozen years we had reached the level of civilized discourse, able to discuss fanzines & fandom, fans and "real life" without rancor. Now that was a nice change from what had gone on before between the two of us.

We had a number of political discussions, mainly centered on the "why". "Why" was I involved in politics? The concept of a good fan and a good political activist having much in common...and that they do things in much the same manner was completely alien to him.

I'll miss him...fanzine fandom has forfeited entirely too many valuable members over the last few years. We're a graying hobby. I'll miss having someone to discuss fan history with, listening to his razor like...hmmm, views of a number of fans. And I'll never have another chance to nag him about writing up a LASFS history. I sure wanted to publish that, unedited of course. I think he might have been weakening, but now I'll never know for sure.

I'll miss buying old fanzines from him, something I've been doing for nearly forty years. And I'll miss the chance that had he been granted another half a dozen years we might have gone from "guarded" to "near friendly"...it was possible.

Now it will never happen. And that's a real shame.

Sept. 25, 2002

No time. Somehow the story of my life. Sometimes I wonder why, but this isn't one of those periods. I know why I have no "spare" time. What with the Democratic Booth at the L.A. County Fair to run (which is finally winding down, only four days left of the seventeen day run), work (taking care of an estate of a friend of mine who died, with family members flying out from Chicago and Maryland to help out with the cleaning and sorting out on Saturday), and running the Democratic HQs of the Pomona Valley, plus trying to finish up my genzine (*Nonstop Fun Is Hard On The Heart #6*)...I have little time for other fanac of any sort.

I'm afraid that includes my e-list fanac (next to genzine publishing my favorite

part of today's fandom). Outside of *Nightline* (most nights), and last night's *Westwing* (my favorite tv show), the tv hasn't even been on for the last couple of weeks, no loss there however. I will listen to the tv while my wife watches some program at the same time I'm finishing answering some e-mail. Can't get too behind on that, otherwise I'll never manage to catch up. Those two thousand junkmail pieces take a long time to delete.

Then there are the fires. *Sigh*. Certainly nothing new to California or this neighborhood (right below the mountains) They started around four days ago in Glendora (about ten miles to the west), and have been moving east since then along the ridgeline and into the canyons above me.

Driving back home after closing down the Fair Booth at the County Fair I have a perfect view of the foothills and mountains up Garey Ave. I usually turn on Baseline heading east, therefore running alongside the Mountain ridge for about four miles before reaching my house. All routes granting a perfect fire view.

As of two nights ago it was burning the mountains about Claremont. I had watched it slowly snaking its way east, easily defeating all attempts to put it out...hell even all attempts to put it under some control. It's like a scene out of Dante's vision of hell, the ridges are lit up, and in the places where the ridges have been burned, the entire mountain range is backlit by fires moving out to the Palmdale area.

About two miles above my house is the L.A. Wilderness Area, the largest such (as I understand) area in the U.S. I know from hiking that there are trails

up there that go all the way to Canada without leaving the wild. Miles and miles of trees, and due to our last three years of drought, miles and square miles of dry bush. All of which is burning.

More than thirty years ago the local Science Fiction Club (the Valley S-F Association) had "special" meetings back in the canyon areas. We staged our own tourneys, banging away at each other with wooden swords and great gusto and youthful vigor. Those areas have mainly turned into ashes and dead matchstick trees.

The first day a few thousand acres burned, the second ten thousand more, and doubling each day. It's now above forty thousand acres.

About eighty or so "cabins" have burned so far. They call them cabins because of the location, inside the wilderness area, but many of them were built by homesteaders, some as much as hundred years ago or more, and many are bigger and fancier than my house. In some areas they're only "summer" places, but people still live there full time when they can get away with it.

I've hiked past them on different mountain trails wondering how someone could be so lucky as to have a "summer" house in such a lovely location. ("Summer" because while some were emptied out most of the time others were plainly in year round use, or at least during the non-snow times where sanity would force anyone back to the warm winter plains of the San Gabriel Valley.)

Two days ago I started having problems breathing due to the smoke (yes, it was that bad). Hack, hack, and yet more hacking. I started barking like a three pack a day man with a forty year habit. That began to freak out my wife, also a few online friends I mentioned it to. The fires were burning above Claremont on their slow "march" eastward. Fingers of smoke easily reached Baseline, my lungs, and much further down the hill.

From the alleyway next to my house you had a straight shot up towards the mountains...fireworks without the sound. Very lovely, very smoky, very scary. There was no way JoAnn and I could resist staying outside and watching it.

Last night was slightly better, and now that the fires have reached Upland and Rancho (and still heading east), I expect tonight to be fairly smoke free. I'm looking forward to a good nights sleep without waking up and coughing my lungs out.

I don't know what the national news has picked up so far but this is the biggest fire in California for years and is nowhere near under control.

We're in no personal danger... My house is safe, we live on Baseline which is no longer the edge of the city (and hasn't been since I was born), so there are at least a mile of solidly built housing above me (very, very expensive houses as you get closer to the foothills), and there is no way they will let those burn. So I'll be safe as far as the house is concerned.

All the canyon areas have been evacuated as have such areas as Mt. Baldy Village, and all the mountain

roads (in Claremont the most of the north/south roads starting at Baseline), have been closed off. About three blocks above my house the roads have been closed off heading towards the hills. But even with everything going on, which would make leaving hell on my poor wife and friends, I'm packed just in case the smoke gets worse.

With congestive heart failure I can only take so much before I can no longer breath. If it gets worse I'm out of here. (Good fan friends Lee & Barry Gold have invited me to their house to "hide" out if needed, a very kind hearted offer, and far enough away from here in West L.A., where the smoke won't be a problem).

It takes an "act of nature" to make one truly realize how little control we really have over our lives.

If you can't handle fires or earthquakes you just have no business living in California. The weather is great, the smog problem is much less than it was when I was a kid, but earthquakes can still wake you up, or surprise you at any time. And the hills burn.

I wish no one harm you realize but I've grown fond of Earthquakes. It adds such a "real" sense of unreality to existence. You can no longer even trust the foundation, the very Earth under your feet. With that strange feeling how could one trust anything his senses told him. Very 60s. Not that I remember the 60s.

Personally I'll suffer both problems with a smile. That's not always true however; snow... now there's something I have a strong urge to avoid. I got

enough of that the years I lived in Hibbing, Minn. (where I was born). Different strokes for different folks I guess.

dK - *Reporting from the Fire Zone*

**Overheard on Vallhalla...
from Lee Gold**

Raping CHICKENS????.

>I heard about it from a policeman, who reported a string of cops coming into the office, investigating a certain folder, giggling hysterically and then walking out.

The cops had been summoned to the home by a hysterical woman screaming, "My husband's fucking chickens again. He swore he'd stop, but he's doing it again."

It was filed as Domestic Disturbance. One cop stayed with the screaming woman in the living room; the other entered the bedroom to find the room covered with feathers, a naked man (also covered with feathers) sitting on the bed, and a chicken waddling awkwardly around the room -- squawking loudly and missing half of its feathers.

This cop described the chicken as having a double hernia.

The man was given his rights and asked if he wanted to make a statement. He waived his rights and replied, "I don't know why I keep wanting to fuck chickens, when I love my wife so much." They arrested him, I think on grounds of cruelty to animals, and had him get dressed and took him

away -- after calling an Animal Control team to come and take away the chicken.

Lee,

I would never imply that you don't know how to end a story, but: The story should end this way.

As the cops took the chicken fucker out of the house into the early dawn; he took one look at the rising sun, flapped his arms and crowed, once, twice, three times, to greet the new day.

jb (John Welsh)

Flying 2002 **by Larry Parr**

A couple of months ago I grew a beard for Winter, something a lot of men do here in Minnesota; it keeps your face a bit warmer when you're shoveling snow. Anyway, I think I look a lot scruffier than I used it.

I've flown to various places probably 6 times since I grew the beard, and not once have I been singled out as Random Male, even though I now look very different from my driver's license picture. However, for some reason, Chris keeps getting pulled aside as Random Female, on almost every flight we take.

The last time, as we were coming back from Denver, they had her in a clear plastic booth, about the size and shape of a telephone booth, waiting for one of the Marshals. As she was in there, another Marshal brings her purse over to me and says, pointing at Chris, "Is she with you?"

If I'd had my wits about me I'd have answered "No. I've never seen that woman before in my life. Really. I swear to God I've never seen her!" Instead I said something clever like: "Uh, yeah." He then proceeded to look through her purse in front of me. He frowned while he muttered "There's *something* in here setting off the alarm...hmmm, must be these hair clips." So he removes the hair clips and takes the purse back to the X-ray machine. I watch as three people stare intently at the monitor while Chris' purse is run through the machine again. Two of the people point at the monitor excitedly -- but the guy brings her purse over to me and says: "Yeah, it must have been the hair clips. It seems O.K. now."

So after they finished checking Chris over for explosives she grabbed her purse and we boarded the plane. Once we got back home, Chris opened her purse to look for something and pulled out a small pocketknife which had been in there during our whole flight.

The next time anyone at the airport asks me if I know "that woman", I *AM* going to scream "No! I swear by everything holy I've never seen her before in my life. I'm not the terrorist, it's HER!"

Fireworks & Artwork **by Lyn Pederson**

New Year's Eve: We ventured onto the strip to catch the fireworks display...each of 9 hotels produce a 10 minute show from their roofs with coordinated music on the street level, you can stand in the middle of Las Vegas Blvd. and there's fireworks as far as you can see in both directions.

It's spectacular, but with a crowd of that size, the important consideration was planning a good exit, two years ago we caught the show from a hotel room but it took us two and a half hours to get out of the area, this time I took cab routes through the back of the hotels until we found a feed to the beltway. The police were quoting 300,000 on the street, but I bet the hotels contained at least as many.

You should visit next New Years, we'll catch some clubs and have dinner at a good vantage point on the strip.

I sent some of the background photos of our trip to New York in another mail.

The photo in Hirshfield's studio was just after I'd asked him about a yellowing photo thumbtacked to the wall. It was a beach setting of Al and a thin, bearded man dating back to the thirties or early forties, considering the look of the clothes.

Hirshfield is 100 and couldn't remember the other man in the photo but when we mentioned that it looked a lot like Hemingway, he brightened and told us that they were friends and it must be one of the photos from the islands.

It was a great afternoon and you realized this great artist has been in the center of the New York theatre and entertainment world since the early twenties. The place was filled with his memorabilia, from Hirshfield wallpaper to tile in the kitchen and fireplace. The four stories of the townhouse contain hundreds of photos and art from the great Broadway shows and films of the past 80 years.

One of the best moments was encountering a stack of oversized portrait print boards casually strewn on the coffee table. I started to sift through them while waiting for Al to get ready and came across signed prints of the artist from virtually every well known photographer of the century, from Wee Gee to Avedon to Ritts. It was a humbling moment in the face of the upcoming shoot.

I could have spent months sifting through the history in the studio and talking about the life of art he's lived. He caught a ship to the south seas when he was 17 (before they had electricity, he said) and spent his youth traveling through most of Europe.

What a life! Hirshfield's been sitting in that barber chair at his drawing board, looking down on 57th street for the better part of the century and he says his perspective has taught him that life is just chance and circumstance and a little bit of luck.

He advised never to work for anyone, and to invest in oneself and one's abilities, a view of the artist as an entity unto himself, separate from the audience and constantly at odds with commercial tastes. I figured when a hundred year old man talks, one should listen.

The studio occupies the top floor of the townhouse and is accessed by a series of narrow stairs and a network of chairs on rails, which allow Hirshfield to escape what must be a punishing climb for a man of his years. I was glad to be able to use the system to haul photography lights and equipment to and from the session. It's a rough climb

with added weight for a person even of my years and it gave me a chance to view the gallery of his work exhibited on those private walls.

The studio space contains hundreds of his originals, all neatly assembled in portfolios along the walls, but the playbills and ephidemia are stuffed into every nook and cranny of that old building, even to the small bathroom that is accessed through the work area has a disarray of dusty yellowing bits of paper slightly crinkled from the humidity. He hasn't added anything new to the studio since the fifties, it's all rubber composition tile, green oxidized paint and musty cabinets and glazed glass. The single bit of technology he's allowed to intrude sits behind the couch, a fax machine for sending rough sketches to clients.

His art hangs throughout the house and you can see the evolution of his style through the decades. My favorites were the very unHirshfieldlike watercolors that line the hallway to the studio, capturing the musicians and players of Harlem in the twenties.

Did I mention the fact that all the time we were visiting, he was working on a large, 20 x 30 drawing of a group of characters with a crowquill and a hand as steady as a rock?

The book is doing well as it enters the final phase. Mike Richardson (Dark Horse) and the gentlemen from Twomorrows have asked to publish and they both would do a great job in the comic store market.

On the next trip to NY we're allotting a certain amount of time to schedule appointments with photography book

publishers and reps from the European and Japanese markets in hopes of catching a wave outside of the collectors field. Attracting the attention of the broader art/ photography market. For the larger publishers an agent will be necessary but a lot of what we're doing at the moment is simply for comparison.

MUSINGS FROM MOOSE LAKE by Larry Parr

One of the really big differences between living in a tiny town like Moose Lake, Minnesota, with its population of just over 2,000, and a Big City like Northridge, California, in the San Fernando Valley, with a population of two BILLION, is the diversity of wildlife you get to see on an almost daily basis.

The townhouse complex where I lived in Northridge DID have squirrels. And there were times when I made friends with a few of them and got them to actually eat out of my hands. At one time I had one that actually scratched on my door every morning and would then boldly walk right into my house when I opened the door and demand to be fed. That was fun. But other than the squirrels and an occasional opossum there wasn't really much of a diversity of wildlife.

Things are a lot different around Moose Lake. I see deer all the time. I haven't yet convinced one of them to eat out of my hand, but there are plenty of them around. Although there are always a few less just after hunting season. During the Summer I see plenty of Canadian Snow Geese, beaver, turtles, wolves, even the occasional porcupine.

But one of the things I see that still takes my breath away are the bald eagles. Our nation's symbol.

Before moving to the boondocks of Minnesota I'm not sure I had ever seen a bald eagle up close before. But up here I've been almost close enough to touch one! North of Moose Lake, between Moose Lake and the town of Cloquet, there's about 25 miles of pretty much open land. Just forest and (of course) lakes. A pair of bald eagles have claimed that territory. On the drive to Cloquet we often see them, sitting majestically in the top of a tree, surveying their kingdom.

They are such huge birds, so regal and majestic. It's no wonder our Founding Fathers choose the bald eagle as our nation's proud symbol. Just as an aside, do you know why the bald eagle is called the bald eagle? Back in the 1700s the word "bald" didn't mean someone without hair, like it does today. Back then the word "bald" meant "white haired". Since the eagle has a white head, it was called the bald eagle, meaning white headed eagle.

There was one time when I got VERY close to a bald eagle. To the East of us there is an eagle preserve. Almost two years ago I was driving in that area, on a deserted road, when I came upon a HUGE bird sitting in the middle of the road, bent over road kill. It wasn't until I got quite close that the gigantic creature raised its regal white head to look me in the eye. It was a bald eagle.

Slowly, showing no fear of me, the eagle spread its wings and took to the air as I passed by in open-mouthed amazement! The eagle circled slowing, just barely out of arm's reach, so close

I could feel the wind from its wings. It never took its eyes off mine. Its wing span was twice as wide as my Jeep. It circled slowly and majestically until I had passed its feast lying in the middle of the road, and then it swooped back down.

Half a dozen crows landed in the road, too, wanting their share of the prize, but none dared try to eat until the eagle had its fill.

It was only with great reluctance that I finally broke eye contact and continued on my way, knowing I would never forget that brief but majestic encounter with one of nature's truly noble creatures. Try doing that in Northridge.

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For 22 years Larry Parr wrote cartoons for television, everything from THE SMURFS to THE X-MEN and SPIDER-MAN. Today he writes one of the Internet's leading family newsletters, THE KID & FAMILY SITE REVIEW. Read more Musings From Moose Lake at <http://www.kidsitereview.com>

We Even Get LoCs

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January 4, 2003

Dear dwain:

Happy New Year! I have here printouts of *No Time, No Energy & Not Much To Say 1 and 2*. I have some time. I have a lot of catching up to do! I can't believe how many fanzines I've received over the Christmas and New Year's holidays. Close to 20! So, I'd better haul my hiney, and get with it.

1...Some people will now believe that Osama bin Laden/Saddam Hussein/the Greys/the Republican/the

Democrats/those damn furriners is behind any perceived misfortune, which shows how paranoid some people have become. West Nile virus is another of the diseases threatening humanity, it has crossed the border into Canada around the Michigan-Ontario border, and has been found in dead crows.

Too many people see conspiracies where there are none, and the flood of misinformation often washes away any sources of real facts. Besides, decades ago, we blamed all of this on Communism, and those nasty Soviets. The idea of the US government itself releasing the virus upon their own population is a horrific one, much like that of Saddam Hussein testing nerve gas on his own Kurdish population...

Not much else to say in this issue (good title), other than to say that someone has been reading too many issues of the National Enquirer.

2...When Yvonne and I had our car accident the Ditto weekend in October, we spent about 8 hours in Etobicoke General Hospital. Most of it was spent waiting...for admission, for a doctor to see us, for x-rays, for someone to set Yvonne's cast. For such a large building, there weren't many people working there. But then, the government has eviscerated the health system over the past seven years, and only now has listened to the electorate who is threatening to elect the opposition next election, and is restoring a little of that funding. As I read your report on the tender mercies of Kaiser Hospital, looks like we got off light.

I admit, as I was waiting for my x-rays to be taken, I enjoyed a 90-minute nap. The gurney was comfortable, and it was 3 am or so...

Sorry, dwain, it must be late, or possibly the two zines lived up to their title. If there's not much for you to say, there can't be much for me to comment on. I'm sure there'll be much more in the next *Nonstop Fun...* **(dK: It's shaping up to be the best issue yet...the artwork I have on hand already is fantastic! I'll be publishing some of the best fan history pieces I've been luck enough to receive! I'm one damn lucky faned!)** Thanks, and I'll see you then.

Lloyd Penney



Larry Parr (date & time unknown)

At a ValSFA meeting: '68 to '70