



**No Time,  
No Energy  
&  
Not Much To Say  
#4**

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I love thrift stores, the funkier the better as long as there are piles of books hidden around somewhere...I always stop for a yard sale (it's a well known fact that it's extremely bad luck to drive by a yard sale without stopping, tearing into piled boxes of books...and I can haunt a used bookstore like nobody else. Groaning, I'm afraid, because of lack of enough money to buy everything I run across that I want (or would pick up for resale, or to just give away to a friend.) There's been a few stores that I knew the stock of better than the owner.

As a teenager (from around 13 to 16) I discovered two of the major loves in my life while living in Long Beach. One of them was **Used Bookstores**. Magic shops to me, stocked with treasure upon treasure. Then I picked up a fondness for the book chase. Anyone can buy a "treasure" from a dealer if

they're willing to pay enough, but to find it, to root it out, to discover and chase it from its hidden lair. To buy it cheap...now there was some fun.

These days E-Bay isn't quite the same, you can't handle the book or magazine, can't smell the musty odor of old pulps, can't admire each from all angles and sides, holding it carefully. I'll admit that it still is a bit of a "chase" to find treasures on E-Bay, and the prayer of finding it cheap is still in effect.

Of course some used bookstores featured both carefully filed items and the odd shelf of almost anything (at extremely reasonable prices). Back then, very early 60s, you needed a flashlight to find anything in the back barn structure of Acres in downtown Long Beach. And rather limber to get to anything on the top shelves. Now that was a treasure hunt.

I found my copy of *Through the Magic Door* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Directions to treasure hunting, Doyle's extremely wistful stories of building his library. A pre-copyright edition, and all of a buck or so. And it certainly hooked me on book collecting, one of my "main" vices to this day. My first three used bookstores (spread out over twenty years or so), were named after Doyle's volume.

I fondly remember Bernard Smith from when I haunted Acres of Books as a teenager. A wonderful bookman, I went through the pulps with him, and many other treasures, carefully hidden away in the back. Special treasures he stashed away because the market was too low or the item yet "undiscovered", or just because Smith felt like it.

Pulps from the twenties and thirties, from *Spicy* to *Thrilling* (and back again).

That's where I got some of my bookstore bug, the urge to own a store of my own.

Just out of high school the first thing I did to "earn" a living was opening a used bookstore, the first Magic Door Used Books. It was more of a mini-used bookstore looking back at it from many years later, but it was damn fun, and I loved every moment of it. Never made much more than the rent but I earned quite a bit of "pay" by the books I handled, the ones I kept, the volumes I managed to dive into and soak knowledge from.

Boy that sounds bookwormish doesn't it? Serious. What a crock. To be frank I mainly read science fiction in those days, two or three paperbacks a day, 7/24 if I could manage it. If I wasn't reading I was out looking for something to read or I was in school.

That was the period of the discovery of SF and the discovery of forty years worth of classic material.

School was easy enough to ignore. Science Fiction was important and had to be worked at.

The other "treasure" of Long Beach was my discovery of SF fandom. The first fanzine I ever held in my hand was *Cursed #1* by Arnie Katz and Len Bailes.

I had read about fandom and fanzines in the genzines but holding my first fanzine was a completely different event.

I was lucky...*Cursed* was a truly awful genzine and I knew I could do better. I was wrong about that, the *Galaxy Reporter* (okay gang, I was 14 or 15 at the time) that followed hit an

unbelievable low. But damn it was fun, and slowly (very slowly) the zines got better. And fandom hooked me so well that to this day I haven't been able to break free. Not that I've tried.

I was very glad that the religious section of my last used bookstore (Packing House Books, '83/'84, in Claremont only a few blocks from where my first store had been), was sold to Smith's granddaughter for Acres. I was really proud of that section. Rarely anything of interest to my tastes it was still a rather varied and interesting collection in that field. It was a truly colossal selection of religious titles (eight solidly packed four foot by eight foot bookcases), and I would have hated to see them trashed. Which I'm afraid was what happened to most of the store after my half interest in that store was stolen from me (don't ask folks, it's a long and sad story...and one which I have yet to close out on, one day I'll get my revenge hopefully).

Of course JoAnn and I are now working on another store...the stock has been gathered (16,000 or so volumes in storage)...now the rest has to be done. (A workload I dread to take on.) It took about six years to cull the "starter" stock (like yeast hopefully). Only the best of the best stashed away.

Over the last few years (half a dozen) I've discovered more than a few treasures that will be for sale in my next store (or on the web). All packed away in storage at the moment I'm afraid (well almost all, I did grab a few odds and ends for myself, but that stuff and most of my collection will be sold off sooner or later..).

A lot of the fun is just in the collecting...

**An Immodest Proposal**  
**by**  
**Neal Clark Reynolds**

A great idea came to me last night, as so many great ideas come to me, while I was drinking a cup of Swiss Maid hot chocolate, fortified with a generous measure of Captain Morgan. (When do I get paid for these product mentions?)

I'd just watched the news and with all the talk of our going to war, was thinking that there should be a better solution. And lo & behold, a better solution indeed came to mind. Instead of going to war, why don't we simply find a suitable arena like a professional football stadium maybe, put Saddam Hussein & President Bush in it, give each choice of weapons, and let them go at each other.

Don't laugh, there are lots of advantages to such a plan! First, it would be much less expensive than a war and would save thousands of lives. Not only would it be less expensive, it could be so promoted to raise money for the government. I'm sure that one could charge a good price for tickets to the event and still fill the stadium. Besides, there's the revenue that could be raised by Pay-Per-View telecasts of the event. Remember, this would have world wide interest. Arrange pari-mutuel betting on the event, and there'd be even more revenue. Then there would be merchandise tie-ins. Think of all the Saddam Hussein & George W. Bush tee-shirts that could be sold prior to the event!

Of course, there's the possibility that Hussein would win and we'd be without a president, but that needn't be a big problem. It would be simple to arrange a second event to be held, in say six months, pitting Dick Cheney against

Hussein. And if our side lost again, then in six months, Cheney's successor.

One difficulty though would be the possible necessity to hold elections more frequently so that we'd have a constant flow of Presidents and Vice-Presidents to face our foes. However, I don't think this would be a great difficulty. Having our politicians physically battling our foes would transform the whole political picture and instead of Presidential campaigns being waged through long talks and debates on issues which most of the electorate don't understand anyway, we would have husky candidates exhibiting their capabilities to kill off leaders of other countries. This would excite the public so that there'd be a whole lot more people voting than at present.

In fact, voting for the best man would probably become so popular that we could have people pay for the privilege of voting, and so raise so much revenue that the income tax can be abolished.

Not to be overlooked is the entertainment value. For instance, say that the President and also the other nation's ruler both chose battle axes. Hey, we might actually get to see one behead the other!

I do see one very big problem though. What if the two leaders decided that, instead of facing each other and fighting each other to the death, they would prefer working out a peaceful solution? That would be a major letdown. Here we are looking forward to watching a bloody battle to the death and the two ninnyes decide to negotiate instead. What a bummer that would be! Maybe we could work up a law that

would forbid peaceful solutions to international problems?

Anyway, I'm sure you see that this plan would be a great alternative to war, so call or email your representatives today and demand that they put this plan in action! By the way, I seek no great personal reward for having come up with this brainstorm. The Nobel Peace Prize and a lifetime supply of Captain Morgan would be reward enough. Neal

**Adventures In India**  
**by**  
**Evelyn Gabai**  
(Part One of Three)

(Note from Larry Parr): Evelyn is an animation writer. Like me, she has been having a hell of a time trying to find work in the U.S. and, like me, has been seeking work off-shore. Somehow she got involved with a couple from Singapore who are opening an animation studio in India. The only problem is, the Indians haven't a clue how to write shows that stand a chance of being bought in the U.S. or most of the rest of the world. So they asked Evelyn to come to India and teach them how to structure and write stories with American sensibilities (which tend to sell better around the world than shows with a strictly Indian set of sensibilities.

**Ev's E-Mail:**

I'll love it here. It is very different and remarkably unexploited, that is, they don't have a McDonalds on every corner and American crap in every store. In fact... there's no Big Mac anywhere, what with the sacred cows and all...

The trip down went by pretty fast. They sent me first class which made a big difference. I went to Detroit (which is just as exotic for a west coast person as another country, I am a shrimp compared to the natives). Then on to Amsterdam in a Boeing 747. Those things are huge! I got to ride in the nosecone which looked like a cross between a rocket capsule and my living room. Watched films and got blitzed on champagne to make the films more watchable. They have individual screens now so you can choose what you like. Not like the shadow puppet show in coach at all... I arrived in Bombay and spent the night at a very nice hotel near the airport, so I didn't get to see much of the city.

Down here they explained to me that Bombay is the happening place in India-- their New York. It looks like 1/2 skyscrapers and 1/2 shanty town. Literally, dilapidated steel huts, the size of my shed in the backyard stretch around the city and this is their suburbs. But, I'm told that the people would rather live in these shacks, with temps in the hundreds, and no modern conveniences, than anywhere else in India because they're in the "big city".

Oddly, Bombay is one of the most expensive places in the world to live. Apartment rent is \$9000 a month -- American! and must be paid two years in advance.

It was too late to do anything so I stayed in the room and checked out their television. It's a mix of BBC, some American cable stations and about five or six national nets whose programming seems to consist of talk shows, and Indian versions of music videos. They have an MTV station but its all adjusted to the Asian market.

However, I found it quite hilarious. People in saris dance around in a cross style of traditional belly dancing and Janet Jackson style hip hop.

They dress in a cross too, wearing trendy modern shirts with saris and pantaloons. Many men and women sing romantically in numbers that involved birds. The bigger the bird, the happier the woman appears to be... hmmm, I wonder what that means? Maybe every girl in town is hunting for a guy packing an ostrich.

One thing about these vids, is everyone seems to be happy, dancing etc. but not in a fake kinda way -- none of the dark angry crap we feed kids. They also feature older and middle aged people. One guy with a paunch wearing a tight leather motorcycle gear with mirrors on it was parading around and the women liked him I guess because he appeared with no less than five parrots. In our country he'd get his ass kicked for daring to appear in public, looking so stupid.

The next day I went onto Travandrum. This place is so beautiful and exotic. Their main industry is rice paddys and coconut groves, so the whole place is still a jungle.

The trees tower over the houses which are these gorgeous little bungalows decorated with lots of wrought iron, bright colors, flowers painted and sculpted all over them -- much better designed than the tract homes in my neighborhood.

The people still dress in brightly colored saris, so everybody looks like flowers walking through the jungle. The roads are crushed brick so they're bright too, and little more than goat paths. The men either dress in modern

clothes or in this goofy traditional diaper pantaloon type thing.

Sometimes the men wear this dopey thing with a modern shirt and tie which looks even more hilarious. They are the sweetest, shyest people you've ever met. They don't speak up and I'm slightly deaf so we make an interesting combination. I am also taller than most and get stared at (also because of my hair color). They are very bright, too.

India is still very tradition bound, however, which causes some interesting challenges at work, but more on that in a minute...The hotel where I'm staying is situated on something called a backwater. This is wide rivers and channels. I have my own two story bungalow and it looks like something out of an Indiana Jones movie with carved wood and big fans. It, too, is most amazing (took lots of pictures). And for those of you whom I told about the bathroom -- the mystery is solved (took a picture of it too). It is attached to the house, but it has part of its roof missing in the center. The rest of the roof slants down over the missing part. A huge banana tree grows in a pit of sand there.

It is monsoon season so bucket loads of rain come down for brief amounts of time, followed by hot muggy tropical sun. I can take a shower and watch the plant get watered by rain as well. Crows come and land in the plant and caw at me. I throw food at them., now I have regulars that come by. So far, no huge hairy spiders dropping on my head or monkeys, but I will be going into the deep jungle soon so we'll see.

The hotel has pretty arched bridges, and something that looks the minnow power boat from Gilligans Island which

is at my service (so I want to go on a 3 hour tour of the rivers). People pole past my balcony in these long wooden canoe type boats.

There's also a big rabbit house (it's frankly bigger and more luxurious than your typical human apartment!) for some bunnies. I took pictures of the rabbits who are living the high life at this hotel.

Speaking of high life, Travandrum is still ruled by a Maharaja but he is a figurehead. They are going to show me his palace.

The studio has given me a driver and he picks me up every morning (yes.. I said morning) I am actually getting up at 8:00 every day. Fortunately, there is a 13 hr time difference between us and here so it is 8:00 at night for me or I wouldn't be able to do it!

There is a dividing line in the road but nobody pays any attention to it. You're supposed to drive on the left but nobody does that either. There are no road rules/laws here and no traffic violations: you do what you want and it's survival of the fittest.

My driver swings around all over the road, passing as many vehicles, people, bikes, elephants, and cows as he can before a bigger vehicle or a truck overloaded with coconuts, logs, hay, people etc. gets in his way. Then he honks non stop. People dogs and chickens scatter but nobody fights each other or gets road rage.

Elephants walk along here because they're used to push down and shake coconut trees (no hi tech machines here). The driver, like everyone else is overeager to please. They get incredibly anxious and unhappy if you try to open

your own car door, pour your own coffee, and so on. I'm not used to being catered to this way and I find it embarrassing and uncomfortable. If I happen to mention that I need a paper clip or something -- just some off hand remark, a dozen people literally run to find it. I run after them going: Hey...no.. stop its not that important but that only makes them even more guilt ridden and eager to please.

I was eating dinner one night and dropped a knife. You know how whenever that happens, how you try to pretend it didn't? Maybe you furtively reach over for another knife at another table setting... whatever. I kid you not, when that happened 5 people ran over to me shoving knives in my face, including some from the kitchen!

Then the question becomes, which knife do you take? Will the others cry if you don't take theirs?

The studio is a real kick and the people have been very good to me. So far I've been dealing with Subra and his wife Vina, ex-patriot producers from Singapore, Jakamoore the studio bean counter, and Maya a human resources person.

It's really weird to see a studio that is as busy as the ones we all started work at years ago. In a way its like old home week. Animators, in-betweeners etc. they're all HERE! Doing our jobs! But remember how fun those places could be (unless you got into one that was your own particular version of hell) but I'm talking about the ones that really clicked, like you were a family? It's like that here. Animation is new to them and they are just discovering that you can be crazy and do the silly rude drawing stuff to hang on the walls, and

the caricatures of your friends... all the stuff we loved.

The people who work here are really getting into the freedom of working in a creative environment because they are used to a confining corporate scene. It so reminds me of when we started out with everybody still under one roof.

I see jobs being done like ink and painting that were phased out years ago in the U.S. On the one hand, I'm horrified because we've lost this in our country, on the other hand, I'm really glad for the opportunity to be part of it again.

One of the things I'm helping to develop is a film idea about Ramayana (an Indian folk hero) from a Disney composer. Well... guess who's coming down to help produce it? Don Bluth! Guess after the Fox debacle its the overseas route for him again...

The studio faces interesting problems in terms of teaching people the concept of working under the gun, staying late etc. In India, if you're not married, you still live with your parents. The girls especially must be home at 5:00 because it is unseemly for a woman to go around unescorted. They are this interesting mix of enlightened people and outrageous chauvinists.

Because I am a foreigner (and maybe because I'm bigger than most of the guys) they treat me like a man. But if another woman asks a guy to do something... forget it. This slows down production in hilarious ways.

One girl (who is one of my students) is defying convention and has entered the business world. I really have to admire the way she keeps struggling under great odds, because it must be so

difficult to rebel against such a strict society that you still have to live in every day. And she happens to be one of the best students in my class.

The concept of being an animator is new here so they also have trouble recruiting artists as they have to convince the people that it is a worth while goal to pursue. In spite of this, Toonz is growing fast and becoming a model for other studios.

My class is going really well and the students, though they have never been exposed to animation writing are really picking it up fast. The cultural differences during this process are amusing too.

We have been writing for Johnny Bravo and I showed them a JB cartoon. In it, Johnny is arrested for littering and hauled off to prison because he drives a female judge crazy with his flirting. One of the jokes, of course is that the punishment doesn't fit the crime.

Well, Try explaining this to a person from Singapore who is used to seeing people caned and imprisoned for just such a thing.

Another example: Johnny still lives with his Mom, which makes him in our society a slacker loser. In India, they don't get it...

Every morning when I come into the studio there are these two tiny girls in saris who wait for me by the elevator. They are giggling and cute and don't speak a word of English. They jump all over me till I bend down so they can fix my hair Indian style and they stick bindus on my forehead (those third eye bead things).

I don't know why... It doesn't matter if I'm running late or anything, they run along for the ride.

I'm trying to hunt up something Western that I can dress them up in (like baseball caps) to see their reaction...

When you take a job in India, you pay the company to train you but then you are set for life. I am trying to impart the concept of agents, and thinking of yourself as a professional writer and not just some company drone, to them. Wonder what effect that will have, say five years down the pike when they get up to speed and become really competitive on the world market.

I also gave my big lecture today to the producers and studio. In it, I had to just basically describe what being a writer is. I was a bit nervous speaking before all those people but Bill was pleased and they said I did okay. I thought I'd start off with an anecdote. (Debbie Beiter): remember when I was at your house and we were working together on our own projects? (Debbie isn't in animation so she didn't know what I was doing, either.) I got lost in thought and Debbie said: Hey, get working. I said: I AM working. Okay, no big wup but mildly amusing I thought, so I told them this story to illustrate a point: That much of the work to begin with is an internal process.

You could have tossed a grenade in the room and gotten a better reaction: The proverbial cricket started chirping. I just started sweating bullets.

Thankfully they ended up laughing at other things and asking questions after so I guess it all wound up all right.

Once more, all the questions were very intelligent and insightful because remember they have no concept of what it is many of us do, and this was the first time they heard about my job. Today the writers in my class pitched their premises for Johnny Bravo. This was tough for them as they are shy about speaking out loud but in this day and age, writers have to do this and be entertaining, sales people too. Learning how is a necessary evil. They came through in flying colors with great stories. I was very impressed.

I loved the way they described things too, because their ultra politeness shows up in the way they write and it is almost poetic.

Example: Johnny Bravo is a horndog and a running gag in the series is his comic ill fated attempts to nail babes. Translated by one student: 'Johnny is in awe of the beautiful maiden and so he approaches her to see if he might chat'. Showing them South Park is going to be real interesting.

Evelyn

**(Part Two: No Time, No Energy, Not Much To Say #5)..**



## Toooooooooo Funny

An airplane was about to crash; there were 5 passengers on board but only 4 parachutes.

The first passenger said, "I'm Kobe Bryant, the best NBA basketball player, the Lakers need me, I can't afford to die" ...So he took the first pack and left the plane.

The second passenger, Hillary Clinton, said, "I am the wife of the former president of the United States, I am also the most ambitious woman in the world and I am a New York Senator." She then took the second parachute and jumped out of the plane.

The third passenger, George W. Bush, said: "I'm President of the United States of America, I have a great responsibility being the leader of a superpower nation. And above all I'm the smartest President in American history, so America's people won't let me die." So he took the pack next to him and jumped out of the plane.

The fourth passenger, the Pope, says to the fifth passenger, a 10 year-old school boy, "I am old and frail and I don't have many years left, as a Catholic I will sacrifice my life and let you have the last parachute.

The boy said, "It's OK, there's a parachute left for you. America's smartest President has taken my school bag."



## Yes, We Get LoCs

Earl Kemp:

Hello Dwain:

Just to let you know that I'm following NO TIME ETC on efanazines, just finished 3.

I'm so glad you moved into epubing...see how much easier it is than thinking about paper and ink and gathering and stapling and stuffing and mailing. Too bad the concept wasn't invented 100 years ago.

And, NEWS, I just received an invitation from Flamingo Laughlin to come check out their newly reopened two-million-dollar upgrade grand buffet. I have to go this month because the freebie isn't valid any longer than that. My plan is to go next week with my son Terry. Wish you were here.  
**(dK: So do I...I could use some good**

**fannish company and a fine smorgie at the moment. Hopefully I'll manage a Laughlin trip before my usual August visit.)**

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Dear dwain:

I've got my paper copy of No Time, No Energy & Not Much To Say 3. The hour is late, so I can do a quick loc. Not much time or energy, but here goes anyway.

Yes, death gets us all eventually, you're not getting out of this alive. It just seems that we're dying off at an alarming rate. Just heard that Virginia Heinlein has passed away. Locus changed their front cover to photographs instead of news because they got tired of having a black banner on the cover nearly every issue.

Is it the sedentary lifestyle that does it to us? We sit to read, eat and work, and getting out for a walk is more exercise than most of us get.

I can't say I was friends with Bruce Pelz either, we lived too far apart, but I knew that when we did meet, a hug from Yvonne usually melted the gruff exterior away, and we'd have a chat. So many of these people we never got to see enough; geography gets in our way every time.

The fires in California are matched by the fires in Australia. I saw footage of residents fighting raging fires in the suburbs of Sidney and Canberra. The scene is dark with sparks blowing in the wind, and it's the middle of the day. The weather is definitely changing;

much of our central prairies haven't seen rain in years, and a lot of prime grain growing areas may revert back to dustbowl conditions.

I am waiting for some paranoid idiot with a badge to demand that you remove ALL metal on your person before you can board a plane. "I'm sorry, sir, you have fillings in your teeth..." We plan to drive to the Boston Worldcon next year. It's safer...for us. The border is crazy to cross, and some of the boys in green need Remedial Manners 101, but the border is better than airport security any day.

Al Hirschfeld appeared on 60 Minutes just last week, aged 99 according to Morley Safer. He's already had a long life; I wish him much more. I enjoyed books of his cartoons when I was at university, and I'd swear I found at least one cartoon with more than the number of Ninjas advertised.

I'm looking forward to the next *Nonstop* more than ever. Bring it on! Many thanks, and I'll see you when it arrives. **(dK: I'm working away on it. Of course, as usual, as to be expected, as is always true, I believe it'll be the very best issue yet.)**

-Lloyd Penney

**Neal Clark Reynolds:**

Heck, I might as well join the discussion on conspiracies. **(dK: No Time #1)**

I believe that anyone who accepts the stories reported in our media as necessarily being the total truth is incredibly naive. Note my use of the word "necessarily". I'm not saying you can't believe anything you read in the paper or see on TV. However, I am saying that the reporters may not

always be given information that's 100% accurate. And there are government figures who are going to only tell us what they want us to know.

Now as to specific conspiracy theories: It is a known fact from various sources that LBJ and the Kennedy's hated each other. One of the Kennedy books, "Johnny, We Hardly Knew You", appears to be accurate in the statement that JFK chose LBJ to be his running mate because he didn't want him as Senate Majority Leader.

A quote from Clare Booth Luce indicates that LBJ told her that the reason he accepted the offer to be running mate was that the only way he'll ever be president is if he's vice president and the president dies while in office. (This comes from a biography of either Clare Booth or Henry Luce...don't remember which) Both statements sound accurate. And of course there were the rumors that JFK was planning to dump LBJ for his second term...there was plenty of precedent for that. FDR dumped each of his vice presidents.

This sure doesn't mean that LBJ planned JFK's assassination, but I do think that it is a very interesting theory, and that it makes sense. I do remember that one of Ruby's cellmates claimed (this was before Ruby died of cancer) that Ruby made statements to that effect. So I don't go gung ho for conspiracy theories, but I do think it naive to believe that such things could not have happened.

- Neal