

No Time No Energy & Not Much To Say #5

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(Please Put "No Time" in the
header so I don't delete.)
February, 2003
Artwork by William Rotsler

A Few Comments From The Editor:

"May you live in interesting times", is supposed to be an old Chinese curse. Of course, upon checking, it turns out to be a newly (a little over fifty years now) created Chinese curse by that famous Chinese SF author Eric Frank Russell.

No matter, it's still "true". Interesting times are dangerous times... "today's" times I'm afraid.

We may not have much to laugh about within a few weeks so while there's still an open window for humor I'm including in this issue four jokes. Maybe a little more true than funny in the case of the first one (currently "floating" around the web), but still something to lighten our mood and our day.

Part two of Ev's piece continues in this issue. One nice thing about this e-publishing is that so far nobody has had to wait a long period of time between issues. This was first run on the private e-list of the SF Club ValSFA (open, however, to all former members of that club) in Sept. of 2000. I had intended to publish it in my genzine, *Nonstop Fun Is Hard On the Heart* but never quite got

around to doing so. It doesn't really fit the format/style of that deadtree zine I'm afraid (Southern Calif. fan history of the '60s is its main slant), but is perfect for this e-zine. So on with the issue!

-dK

Nostalgia By Robert Gluckson

I was looking at a shoebox that has some figurines and Pez figures in it, that were among my favorites sitting on my computer desk a couple years ago and finally got dragged back from Montana to be set up in my playroom.

Hulk Pez. Cute, green, toy-like. I never Nostalgia had one before. But I did have the early Hulk comics, and before that I remember reading in the pre-superhero marvels "The Hulk is coming" and then read the comics; I loved them, some of the best comics ever made, as I recall.

Nostalgia to read them today? Okay, I'll read a reprint, fine, probably enjoy and feel nostalgic. Hold one? With the particular Marvel glaze, the chipping on the edge, even the wear and tear that showed loving readers -- all the physical aspects of the old book that I know existed then would have a whole nother level of nostalgia.

But how about this: the feeling of looking at an old pulp, one I've never seen before, that was published before my time; what's the nostalgia for? I never owned it. But I can go back to the mindset of appreciating it. I can visualize what it may have been like to see it when it came out.

Here's another; I was looking at some old news stands pictures from the websites I sent you. 1930s news stands with the

old pulp titles showing. Very nostalgic. Where's that at? Now, I can get off on looking at reprint covers. Beautiful. The feel of the pulp, and the crappy printing and crappy paper, but the weird ads and misc. also give a special feeling. Even as a collector I liked beat up old comics better, in a different way, than mint (though I did upgrade my collections, discarding the lower condition books, even if they were the ones I read).

I'm watching classic MTV now. Saw Ringo singing a new song, photographs (which was nostalgic about a lost love). Got a book on hippie history; photos, light shows, people I knew about then, know more about now; still go into a zone reading about it. Go into a zone reading comics history, even though I never knew that stuff before.

Heck, studying distribution history is a mental state, I get real excited. Don't know why. Not exactly nostalgic, more like putting a puzzle together I've been working on a long time. I remember when I first figured out how distribution affected comics and undergrounds and it all came together after a comic con in 1989. I was thrilled, telling the world like a Jesus freak.

Okay, now about what you wrote. Collecting isn't necessarily nostalgia. Very different. For some. Wanting to complete your run; that's a collecting mania.

Sure, I'd like a Action 1; I like my copy, too (got it for two bits at a con, maybe 50 cents) there are so many of them. And you know the various versions reprinting Spiderman 1 are now worth bucks, too; which reprint you talkin' about?

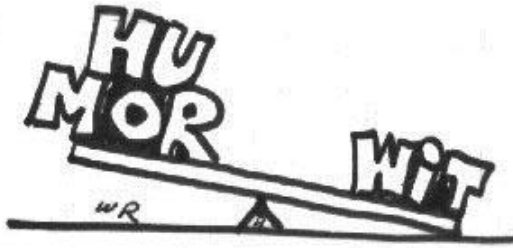
Movie stars collecting comics? I did take a look at Miguel Ferrer's copy of Detective 1; my friend Billy Mumy (Lost

in Space kid) had it in his room at the same 89 comicon; (I bought most of Bill's marvel comics in 1969 -- he has bought his collection back, and still buys stuff...I'm sure it's worth a mill by now..).

I dunno, what are you gonna do with your money, buy a second house? A bigger house? A bigger car? More \$ in the bank? They keep goin up...but I dunno. I've sold everything I owned that was worth more than \$25. (It's up to \$50 now, \$25 isn't worth hassling over, listing on ebay or whatever).

Speaking of collectibles, how about this ad? Ha, make you sick? Is Thomas Kinkade the new equivalent of Richard Nixon? I despise him... By collectibles they mean "give us money to collect them." They certainly won't go up in value. But if they did, because idiots want them when they go out of print, it just shows their bad taste...why I stopped dealing. Kinkad reminds me of why I hate collectors, some of em. If they're buying cool stuff, it's one thing. But these artificial limited edition "graphics" -- they're just signed posters, not even prints. Limited to the most copies they can possibly sell. But some do go out of print and have a premium. I've been told. Like Bev Doolittle, the Norman Rockwell of the 90s. Hey, they're great graphics, if derivative. I'm going back to my history of the sixties.

- Robert Gluckson



**It Would be Even
Funnier If It Wasn't
So True...**

President Bush launched a PR campaign to improve his image and popularity. He decided to visit a primary school so he could explain to the children his policy.

After explaining his policy to them, the president asked the children if they had any questions.

Little Stevie raises his hand and says, "Mr. President, I have three questions:

1. How did you have less votes but were still elected president?
2. Why do you want to attack Iraq with no motive?
3. Don't you think Hiroshima was the biggest terrorist attack in history?"

At that moment, the bell rang and the children ran outside to play. At the end of the break the children returned and Bush asked the children if they had any questions.

Little Eddie raises his hand and says, "Mr. President, I have five questions:

1. How did you have less votes but were still elected president?
2. Why do you want to attack Iraq with no motive?

3. Don't you think Hiroshima was the biggest terrorist attack in history?

4. Why did the bell ring 20 minutes too early?

5. Where is Stevie?

**STATE OF FLORIDA
DROUGHT ALERT**

Due to the extreme drought in Florida, the following caution was issued: The Florida Department of Fish and Wildlife is advising hikers, hunters, fishers, and golfers to take extra precautions and keep alert for alligators while in Dixie, Union, Suwannee, Leon, Gadsden, Liberty, and Wakulla Counties. They advise people to wear noise-producing devices such as little bells on their clothing to alert but not startle the alligators unexpectedly. They also advise the carrying of pepper spray in case of an encounter with an alligator.

It is also a good idea to watch for fresh signs of alligator activity. People should recognize the difference between small young alligator and mature adult alligator droppings. Young alligator droppings are smaller and contain fish bones and possibly bird feathers. Mature alligators droppings have little bells in them and smell like pepper spray.

(provided by): Jerry E. Smith

Light Bulbs...

How many choir members does it take to change a light bulb?

Charismatics: Only one. Hands already in the air.

Roman Catholics: None. They use candles.

Pentecostals: Ten. One to change the bulb, and nine to pray against the spirit of darkness.

Presbyterians: None. God has predestined when the lights will be on and off.

Episcopalians: Eight. One to call the electrician, and seven to say how much they liked the old one better.

Mormons: Five. One man to change the bulb, and four wives to tell him how to do it.

Unitarians: "We choose not to make a statement either in favor of or against the need for a light bulb. However, if in your own journey you have found that light bulbs work for you, that is fine. You are invited to write a poem or compose a modern dance about your personal relationship with your light bulb, and present it next month at our annual light bulb Sunday service, in which we will explore a number of light bulb traditions, including incandescent, fluorescent, three-way, long-life and tinted, all of which are equally valid paths to luminescence."

Baptists: At least 15. One to change the light bulb, and two or three committees to approve the change. Oh, and also one to provide a casserole.

Methodists: (see Baptists)

Lutherans: None. Lutherans don't believe in change.



Very true about the U.U.'s. That joke comes as close to explaining our structure as anything else I've read.

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Washington, DC (Reuters)

A tragic and sad fire has destroyed the personal library of President George W. Bush.

Both of his books have been lost.

The president is reportedly devastated - apparently, he hadn't finished coloring the second one.

Adventures In India

(Part Two of Three)
by Evelyn Gabai

I have been so busy the time has flown by and I can't believe it's my second week. I also can't believe I worried about coming here. This is just what I needed, to get away from bills, money crap, possum overload, lousy job situation... I feel like I've gone back in time to way the business used to be... well sort, of... there are some very peculiar twists to it all down here which I'll get to in a minute.

Much has happened since I last wrote. I am now living in the city of Trivandrum because my beautiful Balanese Bungalow is under water! The monsoon continued with such force, that the backwater river flooded.

I took pictures of how it was when I arrived (a paradise) and after (a new lake). The water literally covered the grounds. The bunnies were transported to a safe tower. Then the sidewalks and finally the bridges over the canals were submerged. Boats came by to pick up guests.

Since I was living on the top story, I decided to stay the night and see how it all turned out. Everything was hot,

sticky and wet when it finally stopped raining the next day. The ground floor was gone -- up to the front door. I had to wade to reception, moving on a series of submerged walls to check out. Since I am sports challenged it is a miracle I didn't fall in once doing this balance beam act.

Ducks moved in and were swimming around where the restaurant used to be. The swimming pool, which had unusually high walls, was only 1/2 full when I arrived and I thought that was odd... now I know why! Gone!

Fortunately, my driver stopped by on a hill so getting out was easy. Incidentally, it's so weird having someone chauffeur you around. Here they are called Winkles.

Whenever the guy arrives, the hotel people call my room and say formally "Madame... your WINKLE is here." I go down expecting some species of woodsprite or some kind of phallus. Instead, it's always some stern vaguely menacing bearded guy dressed in white.

Sometimes they get confused with how to address me as they consider Madame and Sir to be colonial. So I am just as often addressed as "Sir."

Anyway, the new hotel is great, but as usual they are obsessed with serving. The torment usually begins around 800 in the morning. I don't need to get up until nine but this fact seems to be eternally lost on the maid, who always shows up begging to clean my room. "No... come back later!" I grouse, half awake. Ten minutes later... then another ten... and another.

I have discovered a Do Not Disturb Sign buried in a dusty drawer. I'm gonna

stick it outside tonight and see what effect it has.

Everywhere in India, the power goes out. You can be watching TV dining, in the shower, it doesn't matter, blackouts are the rule. The computer have surge protectors but it is interesting when everything else konks out.

I have also managed to get some really cool sight seeing in and have been taking loads of pictures.

I went to the 2000 year old summer palace of the Maharaja that is set between mountains and the sea with jungle all around.

I paid the guide some extra rupees and he took me up to the Maharaja's ancient private prayer room for an unauthorized look around. It was amazing. Every inch of the walls were covered in minutely detailed paintings. Although they are tempera and made of vegetable dyes, and they are centuries old, they have never faded. It was like being inside of some elaborate storybook illustration.

The guide lit up these ancient coconut oil braziers which were our only lighting. They had a clever system of air conditioning back then, which involved small portals open to the wind. Flowers and incense were placed in these openings so the room could be perfumed.

There was also this cool 200 year old sword. I took pictures of it and the guide "looked the other way" while I held it! More swords (400 years old and more) and armor, one with the most interesting 3D Quillion were on hand in display cases, I also took pictures of those. Also, this creepy cage torture device designed to fit the human body, so victims starved

to death. "We don't torture anyone, anymore." my guide assured me.

"You haven't met my hotel maids." I said back.

The next day: A three thousand year old Hindi temple that Vina (Creative Director Subra's wife) took me to.

Another amazing sight - full of paintings gold, carved stone. Unfortunately, I wasn't allowed to take pictures.

I almost wasn't allowed in, being a Westerner and non-Hindi, but they took me to this Ashram and for a donation I received a certificate that conveniently claimed I was 'Hindi for One Day'.

One of the priests, a man in a bright orange skirt thing led us around. I also had to wear one of these skirt things for respect and they wrapped it around my pants, so I could only take tiny steps. Then they told me I had to remove my shoes.

I figured, no problem, the temples probably clean. It was... but to get to the temple we had to walk barefoot through the streets. EEEE-Yuck! I just tried to concentrate on the sterilization acid bath I would give myself later. So... hobbled along through nine acres of this thing and I must say it was worth the exposure to Bubonic Plague or whatever else.

There is an 18 foot massive Krishna statue carved in stone that very few outsiders get to see so that was really cool. (I think I got in because Vina is a practicing Hindu). Their religion is very tolerant and old. Whenever zealous Christian missionaries try to convert them (because they look at the pictures of the Gods and see only demons) the Hindus compliantly listen Ghandi style

until the missionaries are exhausted from talking so much.

They believe the truth will quietly win out in the face of this arrogant conversion practice -- and they're right. Frustrated missionaries continue to move in and out of the province.

After Trivandrum I went to Kavalum Beach which looks like Hawaii and loaded up on souvenirs. In between this I hang out with various company employees.

Subra and Vina, the husband and wife team from Singapore have been great to me. They live in a house on 4 acres of coconut grove that would be worth about a million bucks in Beverly Hills. The asking price? \$30,000 American.

Every 48 days the coconuts must be harvested because falling coconuts that land on folks' heads are a leading cause of death around here. Subra's landlord missed his harvest period and yesterday the maid got bonked. She's been hospitalized but okay.

Singapore is surprisingly like America economically, and Westernized in taste, so we have a lot in common as they feel like fish out of water down here too.

Subra owned a small commercial animation studio in Singapore that was going thru the same tough times: Clients underbidding him, cut throat competition, months of no work followed by delayed paychecks. Sound familiar?

They were going to give up on animation, immigrate to Australia and open a bed and breakfast until Toonz called.

They have the cutest 7 year old boy, Mahesh, who speaks really fast with a

mixed Hindi-English accent. I nod stupidly, pretending I understand him.

On my way back from the palace I stopped to take a picture and this pitiful, starving dog came up to me. My mom gave me these Boost bars to take around in case I got caught with nothing to eat (you can't eat outside the hotels or you do get sick).

No offense, Mom, but these things taste like strawberry flavored bricks. HOWEVER... they were great for the dog... enough to lure him into my annoyed Winkle's car.

The guy got even more distressed when I made him stop at a stand and get a meat something or other (I don't know what it was) for the dog.

The dog wolfed it down. I tried to get the poor thing inside the studio, but it whimpered and cried and rolled up in a ball. Some asshole had beaten it to stay out of the house.

Anyway...happy ending: Subra and Vina had a dog house at their home, so Mahesh named the dog Thomas and he now has great new owners. I got dog food, etc. to fatten him up and he's doing great.

The Winkle, however, I have not seen again.

Heard later from Mr. Jakamore that he is superstitious and viewed Thomas as bad luck, death personified. He also may not have liked that Thomas urinated on his back seat...

My classes at the studio are still going well and the students are hilarious.

More amusing cultural differences continue to crop up. Shaking your head from side to side "No", in India means

"yes". For the longest time I was giving them information and saying... so, do you understand this? They'd smile and shake their heads no.

I'd repeat it. No again. Ahhh! What was I not getting across?? Finally some Moroccan guy clued me in.

My students have given a distinctly Indian spin to many of their Johnny Bravo stories. Johnny is arrested for being a beggar; must join the army; woos a lovely maiden who is ensconced on a balcony in hope of arranged marriage...

One guy, so formal and sincere, told me Johnny joke he'd come up with in a very Apu Indian accent:

"Yonny is at the circus and he meets a clown. The clown asks Yonny... why does a cow have a skin? But Yonny has no answer. The clown then says: To hold up her meat." It is, of course, a variation on the why does a fireman wear suspenders to hold up his pants joke. I dunno why, but I started laughing hysterically and LOUD and couldn't stop. It was so jaw-lockingly painful that I terrified this poor guy, who's name is Bahj Lal.

I later went to sit next to him in the cafeteria as he was eating alone to see how he was doing. He looked equally horrified.

"Surely class has not started yet again?!"

No, I just wanted to see how you're doing. Do you like the class... blah blah blah...you know, trying to make conversation.

He was too weirded out by a woman talking to him one on one.

All the men stand up like Jack In the Boxes when I walk into the room. They wont believe I am not some kind of boss. Once I repeatedly stuck my head in to make them do it three times, joking: Are you tired now?

They had a good laugh... but still do it!

You also can't have lunch whenever you want to.

This girl Elisabeth comes by with a menu and interrupts my class. I have to order and go to the restaurant or else she has a nervous breakdown.

"Evelyn, the car is waiting. You must order."

Today, I didn't feel like lunch so I canceled. I went down to the cafe to get a drink. She spotted me later and was upset.

"You said you didn't want to order... and then you were down in the cafeteria with the workers. Did you change your mind? Was there something wrong?!!

I expected her to say that does not compute and then explode like an Austin Powers fembot.

As a joke, I stuck my head inside a management meeting she was having one day and said: "Elisabeth, I need you to order lunch now."

I have since learned that Karola is the last hold out for arranged marriages.

Women and men don't date. They may see each other after they are engaged, and in the more wealthy liberal families call it off if they don't work out, but fraternizing is forbidden.

They are fascinated by the fact that I'm as OLD as I am and never married but

have lived with guys and have male FRIENDS.

Some struggle to live outside this system but it takes a lot of guts and outside the studio they are frowned upon.

I spoke with Mr. Jakamore about it as he has an arranged marriage too, and he was happy to tell me how it worked.

Our two divergent ways of doing things shocked each other. I told him, I guess in your culture I'm a streetwalker and he laughed heartily. But he did add wistfully that if his sons wanted to choose for themselves, he would let them. I wondered if he was happy but I didn't have the nerve to ask.

It's weird because in both systems, horrible mistakes are still made.

I spoke with another girl, Shoba about it. She asked her parents to find a husband for her because she's too busy.

She is a beautiful 23 year old girl in grad school, working at the studio at the same time...very bright, independent, educated.

In India, literacy is prized and the country is almost 98% literate -- the highest in the world. How they can be so progressive and backward at the same time is a mystery to me.

Shoba and others will be allowed to work if they want to but it is preferred that they stay at home. Why learn anything?

Speaking of girls... the elevator girl mystery is solved. They came to the studio reception area one day looking for me, holding hands and chattering as usual.

They gave me this crumpled napkin, after telling Shoba they found someone who could write an English message for me. It was, of course, incomprehensible. It began with "Modom... " and degenerated from there. Fortunately, Shoba could translate.

They wanted me to come to their house for lunch. Since these poor things make virtually nothing (and I can't eat outside a hotel) I said: "I'm so busy working, would you be my guests instead? It's uh... more convenient that way."

They said sure and we went yesterday with Shoba as translator. One brought her 2 year old, and the other her sister. I learned that they worked as the dishwashers for technopark.

These poor things are in the kitchen literally from 8 in the morning to 11 at night washing dishes by hand.

They make 27 rupees a day which is less than a dollar, about 700 a month, roughly 12 dollars.

They have no car and along with most of India no phone or indoor plumbing (its 300 American to install a phone). Then I learned their asshole boss fired them for coming out to lunch with me.

I was horrified and asked if I should speak to the boss. They said no, this was compounded by something else that had been going on along time between them and the boss and that they were going to quit anyway.

They go thru a government service to get jobs so they'll probably get another drudge one. This was the first time they'd ever been in a restaurant. So... I gave 'em each a months salary and told them to stick it to the man (translated by

Shoba) and take a month off and try to find something better.

They were very happy and we'll be getting together next week.

Wages here are such a joke. Wanna know how much a typical animator earns? Jakamore told me: 200 American... A MONTH! And that's a top paying job.

Trust me... it's Sayonara to our jobs when they get up to speed. How can we compete? Plus, personal labor is so cheap you can pick and choose.

This is presenting interesting problems for Bill Dennis, my boss. He wanted to get computers for the writers and was told, why don't you just get more writers (as if they were brick layers).

That's about it for now. Tomorrow I'm going with one of the Philipino PMs to Pardo, which is supposed to be an incredible sea coast town. Can't wait.

Everybody is still being great to me. I'm going back to the hotel to catch Rika, another studio employee host a game show (her husbands a producer). She spoke to her husband about having me host a kiddie show (discovered for acting AGAIN) as they are looking and she thought I'd be perfect.

Too bad I can't speak the language. I said: Why don't we have a first, a kids show where no one understands each other? I swear I wouldn't mind staying on to do it, I'm having such a good time.

- Ev

Part Three will be in
issue no. six
March, 2003

Paunchy Combat-Itis

by

Jim Schumacher

The complaint about it being old men who start the wars and young men who fight and die in them has, of course, been around for time immemorial.

No way out of it. Old men are usually in charge of the governmental apparatus (whatever form it may take) which gets into the war with another, opposing apparatus and young men are the ones best suited to do the fighting, for lots of reasons:

1) They believe they're invulnerable, and so it is much easier to get them to do stupid things like charge machine gun nests.

2) They are often naive, inexperienced and thoughtlessly loyal to poor leaders, thinking that is the same thing as being loyal to their country. This also makes it much easier to get them to charge machine gun nests.

3) They have the stamina of youth -- which you need to endure the physical rigors of training and combat and still have enough energy left over to whack the other guy (not to mention charging machine gun nests).

4) They often do not have families and businesses of their own yet, thus they are, in the most brutal sense, more "expendable" to a country than their older fellows who are more tightly interwoven into the fabric of the society they are trying to protect or enrich by going to war in the first place. So if they charge a machine gun nest and get wiped out, society can still continue to function.

5) Because of all of the above, and other reasons, they have little or no political clout and can be disenfranchised and ordered to fight much easier (and charge... but, you get the idea).

None of this makes the situation right, merely inevitable, when your governmental apparatus finally fails at all other options and has to resort to combat.

I mean, let's try to imagine a scene from Pork Chop Mosque in two different ways:

1) The troops are all guys in their teens and early twenties, with a grizzled Sergeant or Lieutenant who tops, maybe, all of 25 years old or so. Sarge: "OK, you guys, they've got us pinned down. We can either sit here and get cut to ribbons by that machine gun, or we can charge the nest on my command! Ready? One..."

Trooper1: "Eat hot lead, you Slam bastards! Ready, Sarge!"

Sarge: "Two..."

Trooper2: "I'm gonna toss this grenade when we're halfway there -- you guys cover me!"

Sarge: "Three..."

Trooper3: "Geronimo!" Sarge: "Go!" The troopies all rush out, firing and yelling madly.

Then, there's the version where the older men do the fighting:

Sarge: "OK, you guys, they've got us pinned down. We can either sit here and get cut to ribbons by that machine gun, or we can charge the nest on my command! Ready? One..."

Trooper1: "Say what? Shit, Sarge, you on drugs? We'll be blasted before we get ten feet!"

Sarge: "Shut, up, Schumacher! You're always so damn negative. We got no choice! OK, now. One..."

Trooper2: "Charge the nest, my ruby-red ass! I didn't sign up for suicide. What you know about tactics and combat history wouldn't fill a gnat's testicles, you ignorant non-com jerk-off! Until someone comes up with a better idea, I'm not moving an inch!"

Sarge: "Damnit, JB, you'll follow orders or I'll shoot you where you stand!"

OK, now. One..."

Trooper2 (lowers rifle in Sarge's direction): "I hope you're fast on the draw, numb nuts..."

Trooper3 (interrupting): "Sarge, look, maybe we could sneak around their flank and come up from behind... or call in an air strike? Let's not be hasty. I think we need to discuss our options and take a vote on it..."

Sarge: "Shut your yap, Kaiser!"

JB, point that rifle towards the enemy! Schumacher, take the fuckin' safety off!

OK, now. One..."

Trooper1: "I think Kaiser's got something there, Sarge... about the alternative plans, I mean. We should discuss this further..."

Sarge: "TwoThreeGO!"

Trooper2: "Get your momma to charge the nest!"

Trooper3: "I'm sure there's a better way, Sarge..."

Sarge jumps up, and is shot dead.

The other troopies slip back to better cover and try to remember the phone number for the air command tactical strike center..

We Also Get LoCs

Ned Brooks:

I liked Dwain's pages on book collecting - I can't go by a pile of old books without looking in them either. In Virginia I accumulated on the average one a day, but there doesn't seem to be as much here, most of the time. Somehow I seem to have acquired a couple of dozen in the last week at thrift and antique stores.

I never felt much urge to be a dealer, but the duplicates have to go somewhere. I sell a few from my website and have the fun of talking about them by e-mail with random strangers.

Funny Dubya joke!

(dK: I spent seven months working in Las Vegas once, organizing hospitals for Service Employees International Union Local 399. My house was in Upland so I knew it was a temp gig but even so I managed to "gather" a truckload of additional "stuff" (valuable, priceless stuff at that), in that short period of time. Most of the load ended up being books I picked up, one here, a couple here. When you're a collector you're a collector!)

Lyn Pederson:

I really enjoyed No Time #4.

Ah yes! I remember the awesome focus you maintained while we searched through the great used bookstores of the 60's. There was many the time I had to lurch aside in the aisle, attempting to avoid a Kaiser "bullrush" toward a distant stack of moldy pulps. Luckily, I was a bit thinner at the time.

NCR's very funny piece on his brainstorm was just as good the second time around (**dk: The first time on the members only Valhalla e-list**) and the unexpected 'An American Animation Writer in India', was a wonderful surprise.

I'm very glad the time between issues is so short.

I'm sorry to report that Enrich Sokol, long time cartoonist for Playboy has passed at 69.

I saw Daredevil yesterday and was pleasantly surprised. They lifted poses and composition from the Frank Miller drawings , (just as they should) and crowded a few too many storylines from those issues into the screenplay.

That aside, Bullseye, Electra, Kingpin, Foggy Nelson were all presented with great care... and for me, great fun.

Robert Gluckson:

I been reading Jerry Weist's 2000 copyright Original Art Price Guide with fanzines, Undergrounds, and monster magazines. Pretty interesting. Mostly focuses on very early SF zines but the commentary is cool. Check out a copy. Also the insight into original art prices is an eye-opener.

What do you have in the way of original pb or magazine covers? I used to have a few. Most went cheap. They're worth \$100 and up, even for unknowns. I know you like the stuff more than money but it's fun to see.

One of the guys advertising for art had a World's Finest Cover that I traded someone in 1971 for a handful of Tijuana Bibles...and my R Crumb page (no longer) is estimated at \$5,000 (I think it's worth 10).