

# No Time, No Energy & Not Much To Say issue six

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(Put "No Time" in the heading  
so your e-mail won't be  
mistaken for spam)  
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Artwork by William Rotsler,  
Lyn Pederson (page one)  
& Dian Crayne.



**Artwork by Lyn Pederson**

## Maintaining Sanity In The Ol' Daze

One aspect of the sixties & seventies that always gets mentioned is the music. We woke up to music, ate to music, smoked dope to music, made love with music being played in the background (or even more often extremely loudly.) Much of the sixties has disappeared into the Mists of Time

but the music has hung on. Some of it was classic, other times bubblegum, but always fun. Looking back I had my Stone's moments, my Joy of Cooking periods of time, my Winchester bouts of depression, my Prine challenges... My mental image of my life is painted in loud musical notes.

Whenever I traveled (which was rarely in my case), the music went along with me. It was often my toehold on the thin edge of sanity (mangled metaphors there)... I listened to music traveling there, I listened to music while there, and as I headed for home the music played.

I ended up spending seven (long) months in Las Vegas ('73) organizing hospitals... Now that was a lot of fun but it was also a tense, hazardous, situation...my first time running an office, by far my most serious attempt to truly organize something (requiring among other talents that I organize myself first of all). But there were only three things that sustained my sanity, stopped me from developing an ulcer and wrenching out my hair back then.

First was the music, second was Lyn Pederson (my closest and dearest friend), and the other was quality dope (smoke and acid, mainly with Lyn or back at my house in Upland). At that time the three solid cornerstones of my existence. Of course, to be honest, loving the work I was doing also helped, but still for sanity sake I had to escape the tension somehow and the above three were the main methods (sex could be included too, but there wasn't ever enough of that, and besides the entire Male/Female thing is borderline insanity also...)

When stressed, overworked, overwhelmed by the pressure, I would kick

back in either my hotel room or apt., in Vegas, and crank the music up. That, a bottle of good red wine, a joint and a good book was all I ever needed to “normalize” myself.

Oh yes, the good ol’ daze...

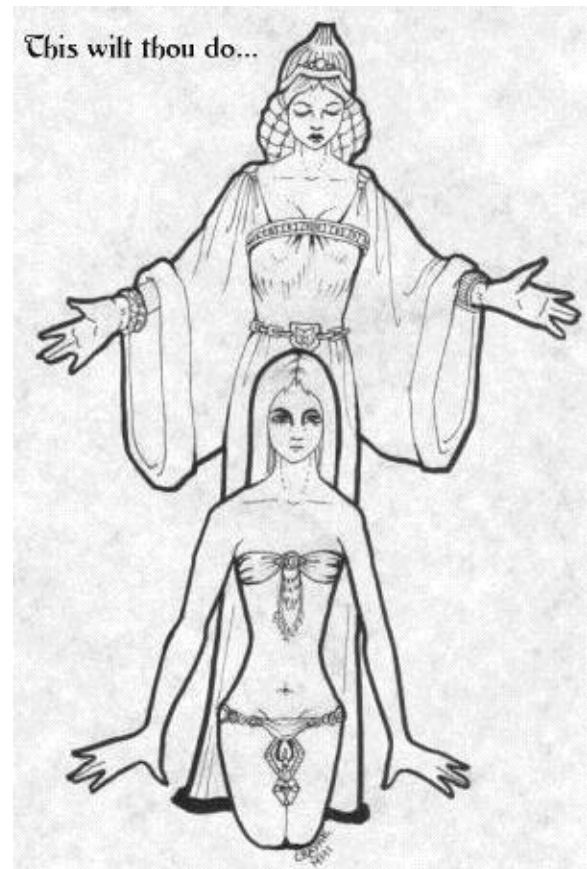
In the last issue I mentioned what a hopeless bibliomaniac I am. I could no more pass a box of books in the trash without looking them over than I could learn to fly in ten easy lessons.

No one could explain the delights of the book-hunter’s chase than Field. His last book, *Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac*, was completed only hours before his death, tying his life and his obsession together, in one neat package.

### **The Bibliomaniac’s Prayer by Eugene Field**

**“But if, O Lord, it pleaseth Thee  
To Keep me in temptation’s way  
I humbly ask that I may be  
Most notably beset to-day;  
Let my temptation be a book,  
Which I shall purchase, hold and  
keep,  
Whereon, when other men shall  
look,  
They’ll wail to know I got it  
cheap.”**

I published the following Dian Crayne illo in the last issue of my deadtree genzine *Nonstop Fun Is Hard on the Heart*. A lovely drawing and one which mimeographing did not do justice to. Just so everyone can see what the illo truly looked like I’ve decided to “reprint” it here.



Artwork: Dian Crane

### **MORE MUSINGS FROM MOOSE LAKE**

by  
Larry Parr

Small town life can be so charming at times. I spent my entire life, with the exception of the last two and a half years, living in the crowding and congestion of Southern California. If you can call that “living”.

Now I have done what so many millions of others just dream of – I’ve moved to a tiny town that puts Mayberry to shame. Moose Lake, Minnesota. Moose and Squirrel, Minnesota as we sometimes call it.

If you remember, Jay Ward set ROCKY & BULLWINKLE in the fictional town of Frostbite Falls, Minnesota. I guess he

thought Frostbite Falls was as far from civilization as he could possibly get his characters. He should have checked out Moose Lake!

The only claim to fame that Moose Lake has is that it is mentioned by name in the movie FARGO. The end of the movie (the "chipper" scene) is supposed to take place in Moose Lake.

When I was growing up I lived in the town of Fullerton, California. Back then Fullerton had a one-screen movie theater called the Fox Fullerton. The walls and the ceiling had beautiful frescoes painted during the depression.

It was a wonderful old theater. The Fox Fullerton is gone now. Replaced by efficient but sterile multi-screens at malls all around the area. I miss the old Fox Fullerton - but here in Frostbite - I mean, here in Moose Lake we STILL have an old-fashioned one-screen theater, The Lake.

They just raised the price of a ticket to \$5.00. A soda is 50 cents and they give it to you in a can or a bottle. Don'tcha just love it!

Our post office closes its stamp window every day from noon till one o'clock so the postmaster, Gary, can eat his lunch.

If you forget to bring your checkbook with you, you can still go into the local bank and they'll give you money; the tellers all know who you are.

Our health food store sells cigarettes and cigars. I'm not kidding. I guess they couldn't make a living selling vitamins and whatnot, so they divided the store in half, with a connecting door between, and started selling cigars and cigarettes in the other half of the

store. Recently they quit pretending that the two stores weren't the same shop and they took out the dividing wall. Now they blatantly advertise themselves as Moose Lake's only Health Food Store and Tobacco Shop.

And how many places in the country can you say that you know all two cops in town by name, and the Chief of Police - who is also the local Roto-Rooter Man - has come to your home to snake out your clogged drain? Moose Lake, Minnesota is the only place I know of where all that - and more! - is absolutely true. Honest!

=====  
**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 [www.kidsitereview.com](http://www.kidsitereview.com)**



## Adventures In India

(Part three of three)

by  
Evelyn Gabai

Hi again from India. I'm actually here on a holiday weekend, just to catch up on the e mailing because that much has been going on! The holiday is called Onum and it's only celebrated here in the state of Kerola. It's a big deal, sort of a cross between Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Legend has it that a generous King once ruled this land. He was so kind and wonderful that everyone forgot about the gods in order to pay homage to him. One of the gods became especially pissed off and he disguised himself as a little boy who approached the king for a spot of land only as wide as he was, upon which to meditate. Naturally the kind ruler granted this humble request, whereupon the boy turned back into a god and grew to be as large as Kerola itself.

"Hah hah! This land is now mine!" he thundered, (basically in my English abridged version). The god gleefully next told the king where to get off.

The king, kind as ever, agreed to be stepped on by the god who pushed him into the earth. Before he went under, however, he made one request: That he be allowed to come back once a year. Guess when?

Now, at Onum, people make it a practice to remember the king by being generous to themselves and their neighbors. Castes are forgotten, houses are open to strangers. Everyone was giving this holiday the big buildup to me, saying: "How lucky you are to be in Trivandrum during Onum!" Their eyes were gleaming and they couldn't wait.

I was sort of reminded of that classic Star Trek episode... the one where the people are ruled by the maniacal computer who tells them what to do, called Landru. On that planet, the aliens are a conservative lot until the hour of Festival. Then, in the episode, everyone runs around going crazy and shouting: "Festival! Festival!" in a big orgy.

Well, I didn't see Kirk or Spock backed up against the wall anywhere but the town did cut loose. Christmas type lights were hung from every tree and building. Flowers are arranged in beautiful medallions, called Rangoli - large circles on the floor like Tibetan sand paintings in complex patterns.

People went out each evening to walk around, catch some traditional shows (more on that) and eat bowl fulls of goo called Pyacim. This is a god-awful mixture of warm milk, noodles, chopped fruit and raw sugar that comes in several different varieties,

each more horrible than the last. They only get it once a year so they are absolute fiends for it. Everybody kept offering me some and out of politeness I kept choking it down. Of course, they thought I liked it and I lied through my teeth so I kept getting seconds.

Anyway... At Onum there are these really cool dances and martial arts exhibitions. The dancers >take 7 hours to get into costume and have detailed make up applied to their faces. They are Kathikali and they tell stories through hand gestures and eye blinking and some arcane herky-jerky dancing accompanied by really intense, hypnotic drumming.

Their stages are under thatched palm roofs and lit only by coconut oil lamps. This stuff looked ancient and very mysterious to me, except for one geeky little guy who had on huge owl glasses. He would start singing so intently, but then his glasses would flash, enlarging his eyes, and he looked like he was about to flap off, hooting. I periodically had to look away or start giggling.

The martial arts stuff, called Kalaripayatti, involves a slapping action rather than a punch or karate chop, and fighting with deadly thin metal strips that are like fruit roll up swords. You whip them out and they unroll so that the fighter can hack and slash with them. It is a combination of swordplay and bull whip moves that I haven't seen before.

We also had dinner (stuff only cooked during Onum time) on large banana leaves.

Subra taught me banana leaf etiquette - that is to fold my leaf toward me when I was finished to signify that I

would be coming back. But I'm getting ahead of myself with this Onum thing.... So... let us go back in time to the beginning of the week....

I went with Cathy, our Filipino head of production and Norelle, an Australian animation checker who is visiting Paul (her boyfriend, a Filipino background supervisor) to this place called Poovar for the weekend.

This was a five star tropical resort they had just finished building in the heart of the backwater and we had practically the whole place to ourselves. As pretty as Aqua Serene had been (my first Balinese type residence that was flooded) this one was even more spectacular. I kept saying as I lounged around with Cathy and Norelle in the artfully designed swimming pool: "This can't be some third world country."

It is amazing to me the wide range of the places and people in India. On one level there is abject poverty... on another THIS! We traveled through these ancient remote fishing villages to get to it.

There is no running water in the villages or indoor plumbing. People bathe, wash their clothes etc. in the little rivers that run through the jungle. We could see them balancing big water jugs on their heads to take water back to their huts.

Oddly, many of the stores, which are little shacks with one side open to the street, sell western toilets. But why? There's no place to hook them up. My theory is that after the colonialists were ousted, they cooked up some sort of plan to win India back to the West, one bathroom at a time.

Anyway, Norelle was a die hard vegetarian and health nut. (Though pleasant if a bit militant about both subjects). This of course drove Cathy and I to the famous Poovar bar-b-que meat fest regularly. Cathy smoked and I became even more of a carnivore.

Fortunately, Norelle has one vice: She drinks! We three had fun trading Animation war stories from the Philippines, America, and Australia and we were delighted when we discovered we'd often worked on the same shows, and were able to trace how they became more and more screwed up as they went around the world.

Norelle was on the famous Popeye crew who always slipped X-Rated stuff into the toons. Things for Cathy seemed to be pretty tough because she is a liberated woman, also struggling against chauvinism in the Philippines. So where does she end up? In even more conservative India.

She says she enjoys it here and she may be coming to LA in the winter (she has a brother in El Monte), so hopefully we can get together.

The general manager of the hotel was this really nice young kid from Portugal named Ricardo, who looked like Baby Huey. He hung out with us, and introduced us to Chef, an Indian man who seems to have no other name.

We couldn't figure out if Ricardo was gay or straight (he acts straight) because he and Chef went everywhere together and we caught him pinching Chef's bottom.

Chef is an excellent cook. The food here on the whole is pretty strange (more on that in a minute) but Chef

can make anything. We joked that Ricardo should marry him...only realizing later that maybe he already had.

The next day there, Ricardo and Norelle decided to swim across one of the rivers to get to the Arabian sea and they talked me into going with them. We took a power boat along side us just in case the current got to be too much.

Now I am not exactly in the best of shape (a fact I remembered about half way across the river) but I was damned if I was going to give up and have the power boat haul me across like a big dead tuna. So... I did it!!!

I even took pictures that show how wide the river is, forever capturing this rare sports moment for non believers.

The river was separated from the sea by a thin sand bar, so I saved a freshwater clam shell from one side and a salt water clamshell from the other.

Storks and heron could be seen throughout the jungle, along with water buffalo and fishermen fishing off primitive long wood canoes.

I took pictures of the people who waved. One guy even flashed me. But... HAH! The joke's on him as I took his picture.

That night, they served us dinner under the stars and Ricardo and Chef came to keep us company. Ricardo couldn't hear enough stories about American gang violence and I made them sound as lurid as possible.

He was especially drop-jawed by drive-by shootings. Chef did not seem

amused, but then I didn't hear him speak all weekend and still don't know if he is capable of talking.

We drank coconut milk directly from the coconut with a straw and made pina coladas out of them. Fresh pineapple, bananas (all colors) and mangos are falling off the trees here too.

That night, some retired air force brass were coming to Poovar for a party. I got all excited because I thought they were American. But they were from the Indian airforce. It was explained to me that India has a space program but that they can't get their rockets (unmanned) to leave the atmosphere! Something always goes wrong.

Their last launch was a big deal because it flew a whole three feet higher than one before.

After Poovar, we took the boat back to Kovolum. On the way back, Rikka (who came to meet us) Cathy and I got into a discussion about women's rights with a comparison of the line "You know someone's talking about you..." In the states, it's if your ears turn red. India: you sneeze. Philippines: You choke.

We needed to lighten up after our discussion. Rikka told us that in Trivandrum, they still practice bride burning. Girls will be set on fire if their parents can't come up with enough money to pay off their dowry. Often families are ruined trying to pay the price (having to sell their homes etc. in order to keep the groom's relatives from seeking revenge).

A married woman can't have platonic friendships with other men. If you're

not married by the time you are 24 you are ostracized.

Rikka's family, who is more upperclass, didn't make her go the arranged marriage route. But she said that it's so prevalent that if she were to die accidentally, her husband and mother in law would immediately be investigated for bride culling foul play. Rikka invited Cathy, Norelle, and I over for dinner to meet her parents. They were both wonderful (I'm going back tonight).

Norelle and I went into a liquor store with Reba (another girl at work) to buy some rum for the family and you could have heard a pin drop. Women NEVER go into liquor stores and bars. Of course, Norelle and I were goofing on their horror (men came out of a bar at the back to gawk), but at 24, this was Reba's first trip inside such a store.

She drinks socially but in secret and she is having a secret romance with another animator in my class named Paul.

They wrapped the booze up for us in a brown paper bag (isn't that a dead giveaway?) which Reba was even too afraid to carry lest someone see her and gossip, ruining her reputation forever.

Rikka's husband is the TV producer who wanted me for the kiddy show. Rikka has her own show and I caught it on Asia Net. I couldn't tell what she was saying but she looked really great and relaxed in front of the camera. It was a quiz show, sort of an Indian version of Dialing for Dollars. When some idiots got on the phone and couldn't answer the questions right, yet tied up the line, Rikka did a good job of appearing sympathetic.

I said: Talk about acting... I could tell you wanted to bump those yahoos off the line!

She laughed and admitted it was true. Rikka's mom is only 55, a skilled botanist forced into retirement by the government.

Rikka's dad is also still in his prime and he, too, had a lot to say about the government. It turns out India is a democracy in name only (I keep hearing this from everyone). It is openly corrupt. Police and government officials must be bribed and votes are also paid for and illegally obtained. If you don't vote in the morning, chances are someone will have already done it for you. Most of the people are so disgusted and fed up they don't even bother and the government limps along with some strange life force of its own.

Comparing Indian and American life is a constant source of fascination for both sides. They can't get over the comparative freedom American women have (and I think most yearn for it). And I must say our political problems pale in comparison with theirs.

They keep asking me if shows like Friends and other movies which depict people getting divorce, living together out of wedlock, sleeping around, etc are really accurate. When I say yes (I do explain that there are all degrees in the population from swingers to conservatives but they want to hear all the juicy stuff) their eyes go wide.

They are amazed that I have a younger sister who was "allowed" to marry before me and that I've been with different men and still have men friends.

I am amazed by what they go through and endure and don't get a chance to experience (men too, who must also live at home until marriage).

This is particularly true of the elevator girls. We met again for lunch for, sadly, the last time (I've been taking them out every week). They live in a tiny village with communal kitchens, bathrooms no modern conveniences. They are forced into marriage by 21.

Most of their men can't get employment so they get drunk and beat their wives (one elevator girl, the quietest one suffers from this). But they won't leave because they have kids and will be ostracized and there are no programs to help them.

They even feel that being single is worse, and dangerous (they are open to rape). Girls here are dependant on their parents who won't take them back if they disgrace the family.

They asked me about American marriage (I can't tell them about living with someone, it's too shocking) so I told them that when people in America marry its to love and honor but never obey. They just lit up at this! Fortunately, they were able to get another job at a club house and they are much happier, at least in work.

They asked if they could come home with me. It was heartbreaking. but we are all glad we get to see each other. I told them that I wrote everybody about them and that they are famous in America. They really got a kick out of this.

They said that they were the talk of their village because they got to know me, too. I am famous in their village they said and they insisted on getting



a big picture of me that they can put (I kid you not) flowers around in a sort of shrine thing.

Here people get lionized very easily. Another example: Some kid came in with a tape recorder to record my thoughts on script writing for posterity. He was trembling when he spoke to me. Several more, whom I pass in the streets take my picture and ask me to take theirs even though we will never meet again.

The sight of a Westerner -- I thought -- wasn't that odd, but for some in the more remote areas it is. Oh... but of course, this does absolutely NOTHING for MY ego. (By the way, I will expect a small shrine dedicated to myself to be completed upon my return. The sacrifice of a mere goat on the airport runway as my plane touches down will do me fine...for now.)

Seriously though, I keep thinking: you guys have no idea what a loser unemployed nobody I really am....this is pitiful. I asked Rikka about this and she says that people in the South have a long history of deifying people in the film business. Its true! We passed through this town, dedicated to memory of an actor named MGR. He is always depicted wearing cheesy sunglasses. With no experience other than his name and hammy acting track record he later went into politics and won by a landslide (sound familiar?).

A consummate womanizer and mediocre politician, MGR was nevertheless loved by the people to the point that when he died, many committed suicide by dousing themselves in kerosene and setting themselves on fire. Horrible as this may sound, I can still hear a few American

actors wondering: "Now why can't I have fans like that?"

Today, an idol and shrine of MGR watching benevolently over the town still stands. I took a picture of the statue, which sports a cheesy pair of STONE sunglasses.

Another spoiled actress has recently been deified in Tamalar. If she tries to lose weight, people threaten to kill themselves. She has her own shrine and millions pay homage to her because of her films and songs.

Perhaps she has appeared on the Hindu hit parade that I spoke of in my first letter, which I still watch in fascination, and which still features such hard rock hits as "Who Put The Milk In The Money Jar".

Again, however, I must point out, that most of the people here are infinitely more sophisticated and too educated to swallow this crap. But it's that strange mix....

Thomas continues to do well and I feed him these awful cookies the hotel puts in my room every night that are fit only for... well, need I say more. The food here on the whole is an experience. Local Indian food is pretty good but so spicy I can't take much of it. So I alternate with their version of western> cooking which ranges from mediocre to What-the-fuck-is-this? EVERYTHING, no matter how western (for instance a hamburger) still has touches of masalla and curry in it. And, no matter what it is, it takes forever to prepare and you cannot serve yourself.

Once, I didn't eat all day so I ordered spaghetti, figuring well... at least that will be fast to make. Uh uh. One hour

later it arrives. I'm salivating. The over kind servile waiter, of course, won't let me put it on my plate myself. Smiling he dabbles it onto the plate SLOWLY, one tiny spoonful at a time.

I started saying to him: "Come on... dump it on the plate. Flip the bowl over. You know you want to. Do it! Be free! Satan your master shall be pleased!!!!" He just smiled back and nodded uncomprehending through this whole schpiel.

A Belgian woman next to me idealistically requested tabasco sauce. Guess what she got?

Back to Thomas. My Winkle returned and I made him take me to see Thomas before work. Then he got us lost and I thought he was taking me some place to do me in for still making him deal with the dog. He did, however, pointedly slow down and glare at me through the rear view mirror as we passed a sign that read: KILLER CLINTON GO BACK HOME!

I made him turn around, "pretending" I forgot to buy dog food and cheerfully piled some pungent meat in the back of the cab. Our little chess game continues...

During Onum I finally got to see more elephants. They attach red reflector lights to their tails so they can mingle with traffic.

Reba, Paul, and another animator, Nithin took me down south to the tip of India where the Bay of Bengal meets the Arabian sea. It was really cool.

We took this old ferry to a seafaring memorial and bought exotic shells. We also stopped at the temple of Hanoman (the monkey god). Again, no pictures

allowed but an amazing structure. Hanoman stood 18 feet tall, but unlike many of the other statues, which can be stiff and stern, he was smiling fondly.

I was again taken through a series of rituals that were interesting to participate in even though I had no idea what was going on. They put flowers around my neck and third eye dots on my forehead. Then they gave us a lemon and a banana leaf with flowers.

Horoscopes are big here, people don't get married without forecasting them, but the style is different than western. We lit coconut oil lamps at some horoscope altar to drive out bad luck. Then I was paraded before Hanoman and behind Hanoman where rose flavored water was poured down his backside and I had to drink it. I tried not to think: "I'm drinking water from a stone monkey's ass!!!", because they are very devout and I didn't want to be disrespectful. But ya know... Hanoman ass water tastes pretty good.

After we went outside and were besieged by beggars which was a little frightening because they are really aggressive. Reba told me not to give them anything because they all belong to some mob like syndicate which beats them and takes the money, but they all looked horrible: diseased and starving. It was like being in the middle of a scene from The Living Dead. They surrounded the car making it difficult to leave.

It was very upsetting on many levels. When we began this trip the driver stopped to pick up Paul who was standing on a corner, looking rather confused, near a large dead bird. It was a young brown eagle that had its neck

broken, we think mere hours before, because it was still warm and flexible.

What to do with it? I couldn't bear leaving it on the street, and thought: Hey... these birds are sacred to Native American Indians and their feathers are almost impossible to get! I explained this to Paul Reba and Nithin and we decided to smuggle it back into my hotel room to salvage the feathers for a friend.

The driver... I dunno what he was thinking by this point ... scowled, but there wasn't time for another pass by the Clinton sign. Anyway, at least we didn't leave it in the car with him to ripen in the heat. No... that happened in my refrigerator which wasn't turned on. We wrapped it up carefully and put the words: "Wedding cake, don't touch" on it so the staff wouldn't dispose of it. That night I bought a tin bucket.

I had never plucked a chicken let alone an eagle but Reba told me if I soaked the bird in hot bath water it should be okay. So here I am, at the end of the day, dunking this poor thing in a bucket and trying to apologise as I swish it around and pluck pluck pluck. But I had to do it that night since the icing on the "wedding cake" shall we say, was melting fast. After that, disposed of the bucket in some side room of the hotel and put the bird back in the refrig.

The next day I took it to Nithin's house and we buried it, as it did not deserve being tossed in the garbage or the bathroom version of a goldfish burial at sea.

I was feeling rather ill by this point and Nithin's roommate decided to offer me a big steaming bowl of Onum Pymacin.

Of course, after helping me, what could I do but choke it down.

Was this the eagle's payback from the grave? Later I got sicker and caught laryngitis.

Reba gave me some special tree bark to chew and it worked! I can now talk again.

My students still continue to be my trapped audience and we're still having a great time.

I bought this old fashioned klunky, wicked looking Rat trap (it resembles a cross bow with jagged black teeth). It is positively medieval and it comes in handy for threatening them at the end of each class if they don't perform. I take it out and smash some fruit or wood in its jaws, after declaring: Behold... the bear trap of shame. If they fail me by not doing their homework, all I have to do is start singing: The bear trap... the BEAR trap of SHAAAAAAME! And they laugh when I want them to CRINGE.

Well... only a few more days to go until this trip is over. I'm looking forward to seeing you guys but not to seeing the fun times (and, lets face it, the adulation) end. Perhaps I shall write once more after we have our final class blowout. I am trying to arrange for them to be taken in the company limo to lunch on the company dime. That way they can know what REAL writing's all about... THE PERKS!

Until then, take care from your one and Onum (hehh hehhah heh... okay, jokes like this are the reason I'm working in the third world)

Evelyn.



**LoC or Else!**  
**Artwork by William Rotsler**

## LoCs to Feed Us...

### **Jim Schumacher:**

Enjoyed Ev's second story as well. I must say I find the glaring contradictions disturbing -- I would have thought India would have got its socio-cultural act a bit more together by now... shows that universal literacy don't mean shit if you're hobbled with an absurd religion and a stack of traditions and taboos that no one has bothered to take apart and examine in the light of common sense.

I'm generally all in favor of observing the better traditions and keeping faith

with the wisdom of the past -- but this is ridiculous! Of course, we may be getting a limited view here -- Ev does admit that where the studio is happens to be the "last hold out of arranged marriages." -- perhaps it is the last hold out for a lot of these other absurdities as well. Could explain why they choose to locate the studio there -- a docile, obedient workforce ready to work for a few dollars a day.

Ev makes light of it, but she is probably contributing to the death of professional animation in this country and training these yokels into a life of servitude. Of course, it would happen without her anyway...

-- Sparrow

### **Larry Parr:**

Traditional cell animators are quickly giving way to CGI; those who can make the transition will undoubtedly prosper, and those who can't, won't.

I suppose this is something Darwin might have commented on. Designers, people who can create characters, who can create vehicles and weapons and who can create backgrounds are still needed -- but I think even most of those, unless they switch their talents from the paintbrush to the PC are probably still in a declining market.

I have a friend, a very talented animation artist who has been in such demand that he moved to a small farm in Minnesota more than 15 years ago and never lost a beat as studios shipped a ton of work to him all the time, keeping him constantly busy, primarily storyboarding, but doing design work as well.

I thought Joel was golden and would never hurt for work. I learned last week that he's been out of work for a year now and is desperate. Two weeks ago a friend of mine, a very talented animation artist in Canada, came down here thinking that he could easily get a job at DIC. He arrived at the studio just in time to see two Security guards physically escorting four animators from the building; the animators told horrendous tales of massive weekly layoffs for the past several months.

People are still working in animation. People are still writing scripts and people are still designing and storyboarding-- but it's not like it was in the 80s, when Marvel had more than 300 employees and we turned out 240 half hours of animation in a single year.

In a single year I -- personally -- handed out \$280,000 in freelance writing work. Those days are long gone and a \*huge\* number of jobs that were fun and exciting and challenging are gone as well.

It's hard to let go of such a wonderful (and once-lucrative!) past. But things change. Technology progresses. I'm sure the buggy whip makers who lost their jobs to that new-fangled automobile felt the same way.

Animation writing is a very narrow-market skill that doesn't easily spill over into advertising writing or journalism. The one computer game I wrote (which a couple of the local kids told me they actually used in classrooms for about a year) is now laughably out of date and long forgotten. I'm having a hell of a time figuring out something else to do. Anybody need a buggy whip?

**Dian Crane:**

Speaking of books -- I just finished reading a delightful book about the used and rare book trade -- "Slightly Chipped" by a couple named Goldstone. I got mine from Hamilton (my favorite discount book dealer) "fer cheap." I'm definitely not into spending \$200 a pop for books; the most I've ever spent was \$75 for a Merritt, but this couple's meandering in search of treasures is a great bit of light reading. Now I'll have to see if I can get their first book -- "Used and Rare."

-- Willits, California

**Lloyd Penney**  
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March 2, 2003

Dear dwain:

I've got hard copies of issues 4 and 5 of No Time, No Energy & Not Much To Say. You sure move fast. So, I've got to move fast, too, and get a loc out before 6 arrives...

4...I have always loved poking around in used book stores. You never know what you'll find, and the musty smells of these old books, suggest time and adventure to me. I rarely go to them these days, as I must watch my money, and I have plenty to read yet. Buying anything online has no real adventure to it, and I have yet to experiment with anything like eBay. I'd like nothing better than to own and operate a book store, but I know that in the time of low literacy and high book prices, it would be a losing proposition.

In Toronto, the guy who's owned the local SF book store for the last 20 years or so has sold it to someone new,

happy to walk away from it, and fed up with continually losing money.

Today, I spotted a paperback in the local supermarket I thought of buying, until I saw the price...US\$7.99, Can\$11.99. Under rare circumstances do I buy any books today. And it's a shame; a part of my earlier fannish days has been taken away.

If Bush and Saddam were thrown into a pit to fight it out themselves, not only would there be thousands of lives saved, and billions of dollars not wasted, but think of the ratings should one of the big US networks get their hands on it! Bush would have to win...Cheney would have a heart attack somewhere along the way.

I hope no one thinks my loc killed Al Hirschfeld...not long after I reported seeing Hirschfeld healthy and 99 on 60 Minutes, he was reported as having died.

5...I had always thought that interesting curse was Chinese...well, wisdom comes from many sources, and SF writers must be one of them. Who'd've think it? I never thought it would be Bush pounding the war drums, and Saddam advocating a discussion. It should be the other way around. Even if Iraq totally disarms, and they might yet, Bush now demands a regime change, and is willing to kill thousands of innocent Iraqis to make that change.

More and more, Bush does look like he's quite happy to be a potential butcher. There must be dozens of websites advocating Bush's impeachment. This may sound extreme, but if there is now the use of the term "Homeland", how close is that to the use of the term "Fatherland"?

The Bush joke about little Stevie would have been funnier if it wasn't so close to the mark. How far will this administration go in curtailing the rights of the individual in the guise of protecting that individual's freedom?

I'll fire this off now and wait for issue six.

**Editors Note: #7 will be out within a few weeks, I'm currently short on material for that issue...readers? Anyone has something to say?**

**Writers block struck in the middle of this issues editorial, which is the reason it feels rather "unfinished". More on my love of music, artists, and sanity in general next issue.**