



**No Time,
No Energy
&
Not Much to Say
#10**

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I've been meaning to get off my duff and finish up this issue...it's just that the "real" world has a habit of demanding my time when I would much rather be taking care of my fanac.

A lot of the editorial in this issue has been "stolen" from my LASFApazine. I doubt if this issue has much overlap with that apa (which is limited to twenty members).

I'm still working away on the next issue of my genzine, but it's slow. This hot weather doesn't help any either, as I have no A/C at the house. Of late I've been "hiding" out at the Hughes center in Claremont, they have computers to play with, great A/C, a reading and a video room and the price is within my range (free). Currently this is where I'm working on this issue.

Work is still scarce...lately I've been considering throwing my hat back into the political ring. There'll be lots of work within the next few months if the recall qualifies...and at the moment it looks like it will. The entire thing is completely crazy, of course, but then that's the type of hardball politics we're starting to see. After nearly forty years "in" politics I've learned one thing...and that's no matter how nasty, how downright dirty, a campaign can get that the next one around will probably "top" it.

I don't even dare talk about Texas and redistricting there. That's insane, that's like using Nukes to kill gophers because they're digging holes in your

yard. If they're successful in Texas we'll see that can of worms open up in every state whenever the statehouse switches parties. Nothing, but nothing, can get nastier than reappointment and it's rough enough having to put up with it once every ten years, more often than that is crazy. I put six years work into Pomona One the last time so we could get fair districts for that city, having projects like that more than once every ten years is just more than I can stand to think about, and if Texas does what it's trying to do, there's talk about California following. That would be a bloodbath. Even if it favors the Democrats (which it would), it's damaging to our system of gov't and should be done. ***Sigh***

Oh well, as I said the recall would create job openings, I just don't know if I can handle any of them. The energy level just isn't there, my CHF stops me from taking on those 12/7 type jobs and that's what political field work (or even office work) tends to be. Still it's something I can do and it sure pays better than any of the other jobs I've been looking at.

Oh well, on to some diet topics (the #1 discussion around this household at times), and my further walking adventures...plus, hopefully, a few mailing comments.

Once Again the Atkins Diet Is Shown Successful

I started this discussion last issue when I brought up the subject of diets. I couldn't count the number of different

diets I've been on during my life...the most successful for me has been Stillman and for my wife it's been Atkins.

There's no other way to say it, Atkins had been viciously attacked most of his life. It's sad that Atkins died before the recent wave of medical studies that showed his diet working. Getting the last laugh doesn't mean much when one isn't around to enjoy it.

My wife likes the Atkins diet...I've avoided it, the closest I've ever come was Stillman, which I used before I started working for Service Employees (we're talking thirty years ago here). I managed to lose fifty pounds on that.

But then I do agree with my friend Doug Finley on one thing, diets, while they can help you lose weight, do not correct bad eating habits. My problem (among many) is that I'm a stress eater....I kept that weight off (several years) until I spent eight months working as an organizer in Vegas...too many expense account meals (all of them), and too much stress and work (which meant I always ate out).

Those organizing drives in Vegas were probably the most stressful work I've done. Some of the best times I've had, mainly due to my longtime Vegas friend Lyn Pederson but the work was pure stress. Day in and day out. I mainly handled it by eating way too much.

I was on Stillman one other times, which was just as successful...it again took me years to gain the weight back, but I did.

I've always found the diet a high energy affair, I have no problem following it for months outside of the practical problems involved with only eating certain types of meats cooked only in certain ways (boiled, broiled or baked).

Stillman is extremely low fat and pure protein, none of the fats allowed by Atkins are allowed. It's an easy diet to follow as far as I'm concerned if I can manage to mainly eat at home but very hard when eating out (all meat must be broiled, boiled or baked, no fats added, lean beef, chicken and turkey with no skin, and fish...) On the diet I ended up eating lots of hamburger patties, throwing away everything but the meat.

Nowadays if I follow anything, I eat low salt, no sugar, low fat foods more than anything else. More chicken and turkey than red meat (tho I like red meat, and very much like pork)...lots of vegies with balsamic...

Now for some I eat way too much fat, I'm not following one of the new diet gurus Dean Ornish in his ultra low fat way of life. I can't help but thinking that a certain amount of "balance" is important. Not always easy to do of course. If you're careful about what you're eating there's always reasons to avoid eating out, it's much easier to do better on balancing when you do your own cooking.

What I need to avoid, more than anything else, when eating out is excessive sodium, and it's piled on at most eating places.

The problem with dieting, thinking about dieting, or even just limiting your choices to "what you should eat",

rather than what you want to eat is it results in cravings for what you can't have. Generally what I try to do is to limit it to something of quality...I rarely have sweets of any kind but if I have to break down I'll have one small slice of very, very good chocolate cake. Not a huge amount but something very good. That becomes a treat and it seems to take care of some of the cravings involved.

Sigh. Losing weight isn't easy. But I need to get this "typical" fan body down to a reasonable size.

As I mentioned in the last issue one of the things I've started doing is walking. Not so much to help with weight loss (not that it'll hurt), but just to push my energy level up... So using LASFAPA to keep me going, if I suddenly drop mentioning walking/weight loss and such then everyone here will know I've gone back to my old evil ways:

Catching up: Saturday, May 31st:

I got started walking late today...I made the mistake of turning on the boobtube while putting on my shoes...flipping through the dial I caught the A&E collecting show (*The Incurable Collector* with John Laroquette)...of course the section on comics just about made me sick, all those Marvels that I had copies of (four or five FF#1's, etc etc)...sigh...oh well, generally I made a profit on them when I sold them, but five bucks profit doesn't look like much compared to the current 100 grand type prices. Oh well...

I suppose if everyone had kept their comics they would be worth cover prices these days...but my collections

weren't trashed by my parents (like happened so often), but traded and sold off to keep body and soul together (okay, maybe that's a bit strong, but more than once I middle manded enough money from dealing in comics to feed me at a WesterCon). I knew they were valuable and would continue to go up in price, but money in hand is worth more than money in the future.

Then running comic stores (I've owned two at different times) you turn books at whatever profit you can make at the time, it's called paying the rent. *sigh* I did stash a few away for a rainy day (like ten thousand comics or so), but lost those in a storage area robbery. Now that hurt, what I had put away were my personal favorites, odd titles that I really enjoyed.

I'm just lucky in that I hadn't put in storage my undergrounds, Disney's or Little Lulu comics. At least I still have those. Still it would be nice to have those Marvel runs I traded off (the first fifty issues, mint, of almost all their titles), those independent title runs I had stashed away, the odd but interesting golden or silver age title. Ebay here I come! (I wonder how comics sell on ebay?)

Back to walking: I set a personal best today, four plus miles....up to the Wilderness Area, and down (with some side jogs)... the walk to the Claremont Wilderness Park is about 1.5 miles (mainly straight uphill), but the area is lovely. I haven't walked the trail out of it yet (up an down Mills just getting there has been enough), but one day I'll do the additional 2.5 miles. I'm looking forward to having enough energy for that. (Okay, I know, I could just drive

up there then hike the trail, but somehow that feels like “cheating” to me.)

Hell, as I was catching an odd street (to make sure I broke four) walking back, I discovered a yard sale and bought a couple of sacks of books and four albums.

Interesting enough the yard sale was on the corner street from our house (Claremont Heights)...catching it at the end of a four mile hike was a trip....if I hadn't been out walking I would have completely missed it.

I've mentioned before my fondness for yard sales and such...anywhere there's a pile of books to look at, or a few old records or prints.

Having to hike even a block carrying two large bags of books and four albums should be worth a few extra feet to my credit... I was reminded of the ol' daze of returning home from a convention with suitcases so over packed that I could barely lug them around. I've broken more than one set of suitcase handles that way.

Great albums, a Chris De Burgh, *Into the Light, Songs of Old Russia* (with Penya Bobilya doing one of my Russian folk favorites, *Song of the Poor Man*:

*A poor man hasn't got a stick
To call his own
Nor a patch of land
But he lives without a care
Free as a bird.
The rich fool cannot sleep nights
Worrying about money
But the poor man walks with a song*

*Through fields and forests
And the corn fields and the trees bow to him*

*What is the use of crying?
Nobody sees your tears
No, never show despair or fear
For if you appear weak
Even a chicken will attack you.
No matter how hungry you are
Tell a joke, smile and
Don't give up.*

Great song...

I also picked up *Songs of Our People* by Ben Bonus, a the play from the mid-forties by the Jewish Folk Players (very famous in L.A.), and an album of Yiddish Theatre favorites including many folk songs which are very hard to find these days. Are there Yiddish CD's on the market? Neat stuff...

A couple of years ago, when I first was thinking of getting a CD player (finally, according to all my friends) I bought a book listing all the folk music CD's available. I was shocked to find that many of my favorite performers were completely unavailable on CD.

Not my Yiddish folk collection, or German drinking songs, I never expected those to be available, but I was shocked to discover such folk standards as Hoyt Axton wasn't available. Not a single one of his dozen plus albums...and so many others were completely forgotten.

I did get a CD player, awhile later, but I still listen to albums more than CD's.

Enough chitter-chatter, I think I'll drink a gallon of water and sit in front of a

fan and listen to some of my "new" albums. My feet are killing me!

I'll do another mile tonight and break five for the day....but I think I'll wait for the temp to drop down, this 90-degree plus weather is a killer.

June 1st:

I'm doing these postings in-between garage cleaning (a never-ending task it seems). It's almost enough to make a grown man cry...I just pulled two boxes of fanzines. Ignoring the fact that the boxes I packed many of my zines in are so high in acid that all the zines suffered some damage, these boxes got wet in addition...

I just had to throw away a stack of Don-A-Saurs that got too damaged to keep. That was upsetting, for a long while it was one of my favorite zines. Don used to amaze me with how personal he could get in his zine. Nothing seemed to be off limits. Nothing. I always found that amazing as a fairly private person. Not everything is suitable for publishing, at least not in my view.

I've already had to trash a dozen (or more) E. Phillip Oppenheim novels because they had been rained upon (the roof, it turned out, leaked). What had been a vast collection of that authors books has now been reduced down...and I'll probably never get around to replacing them. Maybe when I get settled down at a new location...maybe if I win the lotto. We'll see.

It turns out that long term garage storage was probably not a good

idea...or at least not putting them (misc whatever) in the garage and then ignoring them for a dozen years or so.

Oh well, live and learn.

I just have to take a break from the over whelming dust and dirt in the garage for awhile then back to dumping and sorting. Okay, maybe that should be sorting and then dumping...tho the first would be easier as far as clearing stuff out is concerned.

Later: I did find a batch of ERBdom's ...good issues and in fairly good shape overall. I had almost forgotten what a good looking zine that really was...too bad all that energy was expended on ERB. I always had a hard time understand that. I read a few of the Tarzan novels, most of his SF and enjoyed it well enough but certainly they were minor works by a minor (even if very rich) author.

Reading (rather re-reading the above to proofread): Ghu I can get whiney at times.... Sorry, my bad. I am a diehard accumulator ...I take having to trash something (or just lose it), too personally. Everyone has stories like mine I'm sure (or even much worse). Otherwise we'd be buried above our heads in billions of pulps/comics/fanzines.

Thinking of how much we all here had and lost/traded off over the years does give one pause however. Boy, hindsight is certainly highly profitable.

I kept more c/r/a/p/ valuable (hah) items than I'll ever have a use for, even with damage and wet. I wish I had

more selective on "what" I had maintained/kept safe however...but, such is life.

And the mess in the garage does remind me of why I'm starting cleaning/sorting out before any official moving is involved...the more done the less I'll have to do later (and the better it will get done).

I think ebay buyers one of these days will "profit" the most from some of these long forgotten treasures I'm rediscovering in the garage. If I've managed to live without it for twelve years I could probably manage to get rid of it. The less clutter the better. Of course that's a lot easier to say than to do.

Our cover this month was from an auction run by xcollector1. I thought it summed up this hobby of ours quite well.

June 7th

Today I completely forgot that walking was to be in aid of my health not an opportunity to do myself in.

I decided to do the wilderness trail hike today (It starts around a mile and a half above my house on Mills...a spot I've often walked up to, as I've already mentioned.)

I've walked up there a number of times, but never felt like hiking the trail (the mile and half up there is enough for me).

Okay, today I drove up, I was sure I had enough energy I felt to walk the 2.5 miles of the trail if I took it easy...

Now that in itself is fairly harmless (even if a little foolish)...but if you couple that with the fact that I didn't know there were three trails up there, not just one, nor did I know which one was reasonable to walk and which one(s) I should avoid like the plague... then I completed my choices with, of course, picking the worse trail to walk.

The trail I took did divide in half...there was a shorter route (not a loop however, not straight up, or so it seemed, a mountain either, like the trail I ended up trying to do, but downward and fairly short.)

I should have thought this out more carefully.

The end result was that I found a mile and a half (or two), up an extremely hot and steep trail that it wasn't 2.5 miles long (looping back on itself back to the road/trailhead), but rather at least that distance (or a bit more), to a high level turnaround the only way back from is another 2.5+ walk (mainly) downhill all the way.

And this is a wilderness area... (Nothing around, but the "trail" is wide enough to drive along if it was open to anyone but rangers).

I'm doing fairly good on my walking (in my modest view), and I'm in fairly "good" shape for someone with as many misc. and different health problems as I have, but I am not, nor anywhere near, in good enough shape to do a five mile plus mountain hike. Before that happened I would have had to have myself carried on out (which I suppose if I was lucky in timing and chance

maybe m/i/g/h/t be able to take place).

The first half mile, 3/4th of a mile was fine...uphill but canyon area. Very pretty, not that hot at least in the fairly common shady areas. Then the trail starting circling upwards along a hill (damn well felt like a fucking mountain to me by that time.)

By around a mile and a half I was doing the 100 foot shuffle, walk a hundred foot uphill, pant and gasp for breath for a minute or two, do another 100 foot again, repeat... I was going to finish this damn trail...somehow.

How did I find out I should have long ago given up? Well ... Around that time a rather cute young lady started to pass me up (she was the only walker I had seen for half an hour, tho there were bike riders going by every ten/fifteen minutes), and said "hello".

With or without breath I can always manage a greeting to a cute looking girl (looked less than twenty), wearing a skin tight Hooker's t-shirt. Almost dead and dead aren't the same after all.

"All right", (gasping for breath), "just waiting for the trail to start going downhill".

Smiling she commented that it did just that in half a mile so, then rising sharply another half mile to the end, at which time one had to walk it back. "I've been walking it every day for the last couple of weeks, my parents make me do it," she stated.

I would have asked about that statement but at the moment I was too

stunned in realizing that there was no loop, I wasn't heading back towards the beginning, and that I had better keep breathing or I was going to fall over. I was in great shape as you can tell.

She kept hiking uphill (I admired the scenery) while I gasped, gasped, gasped for air, turned my butt around and started to hike out.

All downhill, after about 3/4ths of a mile back into rather pretty canyon area...but that damn hillside trail was mighty hot. I did have enough brains to bring some (a limited amount), of drinking water.

I thought about rolling myself downhill, like a Carl Bark's character, but whatthehell this was the real world and I continued to hike out. I sure thought about that rolling however.

Now if that young lady hadn't stopped to chat who knows how far I would have managed to walk before I stopped. Probably the end of the trail without enough energy to hike out. I would probably thought the downhill part was working towards an end, and then been surprised at a further uphill... Even more surprised at a trail dead end.

Maybe I could have managed it, but I was pushing myself way too much as it was. And I'm hardheaded, I was ready to brave out, no manner how hard, a hiking trip of two and a half miles...I knew I could somehow manage that, steep trails, breathless or not. I was going to "tough" it out (hah).

At times I'm too hardheaded for my own good. All too often I'm afraid.

I probably was in no danger but any problems I have breathing worries me. Blame that on my CHF and all too many hospital visits.

Oh well, that's the "excitement for today".

"The LASFS contains a larger percentage of people whose actions I can predict, but whose motivations I do not in the least understand, than any other group with which I am acquainted." ...Sidney Coleman

Into July:

Walking and more walking. I've now (as of July 10th), managed 70 days of walking. I am taking one day a week off, usually Sunday but I do allow myself to "shift" that day if necessary. My wife convinced me that to do other than that is completely anal, and rather counter productive. I could live with the "anal" part but she's right about taking a day off...

I still use audiotapes to motivate myself; it seems to work with me. I know I caught myself walking a bit extra (3 to 3.5 miles), in order to hear a bit more of *The Bear and the Dragon* by Chancy. I've read the book so nothing happening is any great surprise but it's still interesting enough to keep pounding the sidewalk to catch a bit more. I figure a six-hour tape is worth at least 18 miles of walking (maybe a bit more since I'll replay favorite parts and sometimes I do like to walk in silence). Just before that I listened to the Simon & Schuster audio version of Tom Clancy's *Clear and Present Danger*.

That is just a two-cassette abridgement, and while interesting I think cutting the book down to only three hours damaged the storyline. Still there went another 180 minutes plus of walking.

I've been listening to lots of Clancy of late. His latest, *Red Rabbit* time traveled back into the good old days of the cold war. Thriller authors, I'm sure, must miss having the Soviets as the guys in the black hats. It's the only audio tape of his works that I haven't also read the book, I'll have to hunt down a copy now.

Other tapes listened to: Michael Connelly's *Chasing the Dime* was a lot of fun. I'll have to look for the book to read. I've now started reading some of Connelly's mysteries, interesting writing, ghod characterization.

Currently I'm listening to the BBC production of *The Hobbit*. They did an interesting job with it. That's just fun to hear again, a very familiar story (which I read to both my grandkids, besides another couple of readings for the sheer pleasure of it).

Because of the heat I've mainly been walking at night. Once in awhile to take a break from an audio book I'll listen to classical music, mainly Bach, Mozart or Handel. I had forgotten how much I loved Bizet's *Carmen*. It's been way too many years since I've listened to classical music in any "serious" way so it's about time to discover that joy and pleasure again.

All in all the walking has been rather entertaining, enlightening and, dare I say it, healthy. The only cost has been

some sore feet and the loss of a few hours of tv watching in the evening (sanity gaining there).

Most evenings I walk three miles. I'm trying to push myself into doing that day...it's only a half mile further but that much better for me.

I listened to *The Chancellor Manuscript* by Robert Ludlum a few weeks ago and really liked it. I'm not reading his *The Bourne Identity* which I'm finding out is much better than the movie made out of it (I know, what a surprise). It was an excellent film but the book is a real thrill a minute page grabber. I think I've discovered another "must read" author. With twenty some novels to his credit that should keep me busy for awhile. I've already picked up the sequel, *The Bourne Supremacy*. I got that in hardcover so I can take it a little easier on these ol' eyes of mine. There's a third in the series but I haven't been able to find it yet.

Good News, Bad News - July 11th

My landlord woke me up at 7:30 this morning, after pounding on my door for fifteen minutes to wake me up, to tell me that my rental will be up for sale and that he expects it to be in shape to be shown to possible buyers.

Another nightmare. I'll have to use the concept of moving to push me into opening up a store. Of course that doesn't solve the money problem which is the main "why" that hadn't been done yet.

Oh well, I work better under "pressure" anyway and I've been working on getting another used bookstore open for

way too many years already. Maybe this'll be the push that'll get that Project done!

We Take You Now To The Oval Office

George: Condi! Nice to see you. What's happening?

Condi: Sir, I have the report here about the new leader of China.

George: Great. Lay it on me.

Condi: Hu is the new leader of China.

George: That's what I want to know.

Condi: That's what I'm telling you.

George: That's what I'm asking you. Who is the new leader of China?

Condi: Yes.

George: I mean the fellow's name.

Condi: Hu.

George: The guy in China.

Condi: Hu.

George: The new leader of China.

Condi: Hu.

George: The Chinaman!

Condi: Hu is leading China.

George: Now whaddya' asking me for?

Condi: I'm telling you Hu is leading China.

George: Well, I'm asking you. Who is leading China?

Condi: That's the man's name.

George: That's who's name?

Condi: Yes.

George: Will you or will you not tell me the name of the new leader of China?

Condi: Yes, sir.

George: Yassir? Yassir Arafat is in China? I thought he was in the Middle East.

Condi: That's correct.

George: Then who is in China?

Condi: Yes, sir.

George: Yassir is in China?

Condi: No, sir.

George: Then who is?

Condi: Yes, sir.

George: Yassir?

Condi: No, sir.

George: Look, Condi. I need the name of the new leader of China. Get me the Secretary General of the U.N. on the

phone.

Condi: Kofi?

George: No, thanks.

Condi: You want Kofi?

George: No.

Condi: You don't want Kofi.

George: No. But now that you mention it, I could use a glass of milk. And then get me the U.N.

Condi: Yes, sir.

George: Not Yassir! The guy at the U.N.

Condi: Kofi?

George: Milk! Will you please make the call?

Condi: And call who?

George: Who is the guy at the U.N.?

Condi: Hu is the guy in China.

George: China?!

Condi: Yes, sir.

George: Just get me the guy at the U.N.

Condi: Kofi.

George: All right! With cream and two sugars. Now get on the phone.

**(Provided by
Neal Clark Reynolds)**

In December, Robert John Cusack, 45, was sentenced to 57 days in jail for a June smuggling caper on a flight to Los Angeles. He had four endangered songbirds and 50 illegal orchids in his luggage, and when one bird flew off down an airport corridor during an inspection, the agent asked if Cusack had anything else. "Yes," he said. "I've got monkeys in my pants" (actually, two endangered pygmy monkeys from Thailand, which

Cusack dug down for and handed over).
[*Los Angeles Times*, 12-19-02]

-- News of the Weird, 3/9/03
(A special Thanks to Dave Locke for passing this along on Memoryhole....)