

(Insert Dignified title Here; the ones with the toilet training of tenrecs were just not working out and the bears and vampires to the tune of Sound of Music was less than insipid) #1 by G

Wells.....

March 25th, 2003. George Wells here doing a zine for S. F. P.

A. I already have some material typed from computers at a library and kinko's (the latter is expensive!), but it was like email to myself - don't know how much will make it into this zine. Some of it covered the death of our cat after an illness of 2 weeks. I don't know how much of that I can have published. But you don't know what I mean....

Let's try some mailing comments:

to: RICHARD DENGROVE: well, because yours is the longest zine maybe. I have trouble making decisions lately so I'll go with that.// Ah, yes, my zine title about the Danube...not bad. I tried using a title for this here zine that involved bears and vampires but on third look it seems so based on desperation that I did not know whether it had anything interesting, charmy, or surprizing to offer. I have not yet decided on a title for this zine. // Richard, if I call you "Yakov Gederovski" what would that mean? Genderovski implies (well, I misspelled it above , but spelled correctly it implies that you have observed our world has confused its genders, its ethnicities, its flans, etc. Your own gender that is no doubt....er.....of. Women don't wear peffeller beanies, but if they did, Playboy magazine would have had a special issue on the few that did.

You were eating at a bar with all these people in leather jackets and the loudspeaker blasted "rubber Duckie, you're so fine..."? Interesting. You don't say you were drinking at the bar. Nor do I know what you mean by WITH. The bar just happened in have a lot of people in leather jackets? (Did any look like Bridget Fonda?) Or you with people you knew who wore the leather jackets?

Oh, I mean I, ^{were} George Wells (that's what they decided to tell me my name was 59 years ago) myself was blathering and chattering ((I checked with someone recently and asked if I had been blathering and chattering as a third party had said (who thought it was because of the medication I was on) and I was told that it was true--blathering and chattering)), while you Richard Dengrove was conversing in your charming, educated, secret-identity-of-a-super-hero way. ((I have noticed that Tom Welling, who plays clark Kent on SMALLVILLE, often talks just like Christopher Reeve. Other times he talks like you. Other times he talks like Allison Mack (but the latter is behind her back and not broadcast as part of the show.))

I could try to become a therapist. Indeed, a "mediatherapist" as you call it---curing patients by having them watch Buffy. Particularly the musical episode which has real wisdom weaved all through it (in the words--really--its words attempt to describe the meaning of life.) // "Given the nature of my zine, does it matter?" (My should be in brackets...sigh.) Whatever does that mean? // I don't think you should cry for Latvia. I like Latvia. Or do you mean "cry out for" Latvia or Argentina?" Argentina might respond by bombing a small island colony of yours or sending you loads of wonderful cds by King Clave. Skip the crying and order King Clave cds through Amazon.com. They are quite good. Particularly "Para Usted," when his voice is older and conveys the experience of the joys and pains and wistfulness of life.

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More on KING CLAVE, the singer I met at the hotel in Hollywood, ca when I was out there for a Starman convention. His earlier recordings, of which I hve a lot, feature a young strong voice that delivers the sound of a perfect strong new musical instrument. But "Para Usted," from a more recent year, perhaps decades after his young recordings, really touch the heart and soul of the audience. I guess the earlier ones do too, but not in the same way. "This is life; I've been there; I know what you all have been through" is the added message.

Richard, the recounting of the story of your relatives is terrific. It merits professional publication. Oh, you'd have to change the names? I suppose. GARY BROWN ought to take the writings of a lot of S F P A members and publish them as columns in his newspaper. Or at least add them to its letter column. General comment: You can't steal an election unless it's a fairly close elction. I don't know who deserved to win by the rules, but the lack of a landslide or a more distinctive difference in electoral votes allows the Consitutional Stuff (as James Madison used to call it) to kick in and get work on and around. Of course I would not bother saying this but I am desperate to someday appear in one of Jeff Copeland's quotation collections. Hey Jeff: stinky to bed and stinky to rise, makes a man a pollutant! to: GUY LILLIAN III: Your relationship with your brother, screwed up by your mother's Alzheimer's. Sounds like one of you lives geographically closer to her or one of those other strains. // ERIN GRAY is wonderful at the Starman tv show fan/family gatherings. Of course she practices tai chi and studies Chinese medicine now and was once a battered wife. It was her in Buck Rogers which is back on the SciFi Channel. // "spraypainted white leather jumpsuit" fits the clothing Ms. Gray wore on Buck Rogers as far as i know.

King Clave being "king of the claves" I now think is probably a reference to his range, or the perfection in his early recordings for belting out the notes true and strong. // Your father caught athlete's feet (I assume it was the disease and not the actual feet of Muhammed Ali and/or Joe Frazier, who were athletes after all). You've never been to Manilla or the Phillipines? I hear that if we were on that night boat to Manilla, us and the great white gorilla, we could tour around the Phillipines, wearing pairs of Jesus jeans; it wouldn't matter what we saw, as everything's under martial law. (Don't quote me on that, Jeff, it's all a quasi-quote from Queen Kong. Darn it...I keep forgetting to check for that FILM on Ebay. Bet the owners of the King Kong franchise got Queen Kong taken off the market.)

Neither Michael Caine, nor any Zulus, or movies mentioning Zulus, athlete's feet, jungle rot, or snogging won any Oscars that I know of. Jill and I spent Oscar weekend from early saturday evening through late Sunday evening, and more on Monday evening, watching episodes of Smallville. Jill is really into the show and the Lex and Clark characters. We got a box in the mail Saturday with the first season and more of the show---we had missed it due to 24 and NYPD Blue being on at the same time last year; and not knowing soon enough that Mark Verheiden was writing for it and working on it. Jack Nicholson did not win Best Actors unless he lost a lot of weight. I saw somebody in some taped footage which seemed to show a thin man getting that Oscar. Edward Norton? Eminem?

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to: DON MARKSTEIN : I know I was planning to comment on the larger zines of the last mailing first; but I must break to tell you your account of recent story-telling developments on THE RAWHIDE KID. I used to buy that comic when I was buying every single Marvel comic in the late 1960's, etc. Your line "[when] they revive him as a vampire" is classic! //Toonopedia™ helped me when I was a working librarian and an old fellow wanted information on L'il Abner or Joe Palooka - unfortunately he had the 2 confused with each other. Digression: was it Al Capp who had his life ruined, at least for awhile, because some woman who presumably disagreed with his right-wing positions seduced him and then had him brought up on charges for the various sex acts they had done, which were on the books as crimes in Massachusetts? // Reading to your grandson: this brings up an old question/idea of mine, when you were reading to your children. Did you ever do/consider Max Brand? You mentioned reading Jack London and Zorro. I always thought, when I started reading a Max Brand book, which were usually the more recent (1970's 1980's) first time book publications of novels or serials from magazines with a (formerly) non-Max-Brand byline, that I was starting to read a potential CLASSIC. But then things would go along and he'd finish up the plot okay and then he would go on and write another equally good novel, starting it immediately after. If all of them did have "classic" potential, well then practically all of them did and they continued to avoid discovery as such. But I came to find that they were kind of "too assembly line" in the long run.

to: NED BROOKS: Well, deep South Con is coming up in a few months. Hope you and i will be there. There was an email from Guy Lillian a few months(?) ago to warn people to book their rooms real soon. My life has been so complicated, yeah, that's a good word for it, that I still haven't booked the room. It's also complicated 'cause my mother-in-law has a brother in Huntsville, AL who wants her to visit. So Jill and I and mother-in-law Martha will fly together. But to Nashville or Chatt I don't know. There's a Starman fan convention in rural California near the Nevada line that comes up the next month so (like real soon after DSC) so our extra-days concerning Huntsville will probably be before DSC. I don't know. //

// Hitler DID only have one arm. The one ~~had~~ ^{he} did not use when saluting was drafted onto him from a dying German Shepherd (knowing you I guess I should point out that, yes, I mean the dog breed German shepherd.) The Nazis were very careful that no one saw or photographed Hitler scratching his left ear. // King Clave did NOT say Argentina was in Central America! You don't read my zines very carefully do you - but then I'm lucky you read them at all. The Spanish speaking hotel-maintenance-man was from Central America (why did he not say which country?) and I told the latter that the other man to my left was a singer from Argentina. I have several albums by King Clave now on cd, and I find them all quite good. (see elsewhere in this zine.) I still can't think of the exactly most correct American singer to compare him to. Maybe Jerry Vale if the latter were 1000 times better than he is. Rather than a 'con man,' King Clave was a real gentleman and it turned out, a great singer, and the world could use more of his kind. // If his English had been better I could have asked him to join S F P A.

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to: GUY LILLIAN: Re "Thirty." I recently had a brain Cat-Skan. I then was able to say to people: "They didn't find anything" to see if they'd get the joke. They found that there was nothing wrong with my brain. On another occasion I had a sonogram of my heart. The cardiologist said it was in good shape. I asked: "Do you mean its above average for a man my age?" He replied: "Actually it's above average for a 40 year old. I am 59. Of course I see I misspelled or misspelt "Cat-Scan" above. The reason for the brain test was that I have had for months a pain about an inch over my left ear - it runs from my outer left eyebrow to my temple and is often three inches long. By process of elimination (I'm glad Tesser and davis are not here to say: "Eliminaton?") Let's do a sequel to our one shot "Specimen X"

I ahve spent part of yesterday and part of today trying to get an appointment with a specialist. My general practitioner suspects me of having Peripheral Vascular Disease. I have no blot clots (another test I had) but I have what looks like spots where I have banged my leg against furniture.

Why exactly do you want Not to look like Lon Chaney? Are you better looking than him?

to: SHEILA STRICKLAND: "At least George W. says we are." Alas, not a comment about me but something about informing on suspicious people. My wife and I went to Pennsylvania for a mundane vacation a long time ago, during Fall or winter and I had a long old coat on. A doctor had told me to do more walking. As my wife went into the outlet stores I would walk back and forth, using the men's room at the far end, and then back to the other end, glancing into the stores with their cashiers and uninteresting (to me) merchandise. I went to the car and came back to find which store Jill was in and I was greeted by two security fellows or cops. "May we help you?" They asked. Apparently the cashiers thought they were pretty enough that a criminal was stalking around looking for victims. I said i was at the outlet mall with my wife and while she shopped I was walking under doctor's orders and none of the stores had the kind of thing I would buy. I was gracious and they were satisfied. Same trip a man comes up to me in the parking lot where I am smoking. I had gone into the hotel lobby a bit earlier and there was a night club. I had sat down in my old coat in the lobby for a minute or so. Man in parking lot says something like: May I ask where you are going next? I reply; probably to my room, I don't smoke in the room, my wife doesn't like it. This was over 10 years ago. So Pres. GWB merely wants everybody to catch up to pennsylvania, I guess.

Thanks for asking about my mother-in-law. Her money hasn't been all transferred to her daughter's name; she wants to move to a nice mobile trailer park; she has beginning Alzheimer's and we don't know when she is lying and covering up not taking her medication, etc etc. She's happy. She likes to say "I can do that tomorrow." Her neurologist (same fellow who had my brain scanned---he is now my neurologist too) wants mom-in-law to wear a hearing aide. She has great eyesight and many books. I am pleased she is pleasantly happy with her life, driving to Friendly's for lunch everyday. In a supermarket she was recognized by a waitress. I think if she failed to show up they would tell the police! // Argentinean music has horns in the band. Of course King Clave is great. I like him as a person, it started out.

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Cats that want attention or want to be in locations that are inconvenient - is something we have just lost in our lives. I recommend that, at times, with cats, dogs, or people, etc., when you are imposed on, to do what the cat, etc. wants. While you are spending your time brushing or scratching when you could be doing what you had planned, say to yourself: If I outlive this cat, dog, person, etc, I am going to remember this moment and others like it, when I can no longer give the gift of my presense and attention.

Some people might say, don't be a doormat, but I am grateful for the few times I remember having done the above. A really great meaningful conversation with the late sf fan David Shank. And finding his wallet (he had very poor eyesight). Letting my cat Misty be on my chest at bedtime and stroking him at least one hundred times till he had enough.

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what I did not finish -- the neurologist said that my head pain, by process of elimination after the clear cat scan of brain, was caused by stress.

First paragraph on this page..."something we have just lost in our lives" means Jill and I have just lost our cat's being here, since she has died.

I left out to Don Markstein that I meant to say HOW GREAT your coverage of The rawhide Kid was.

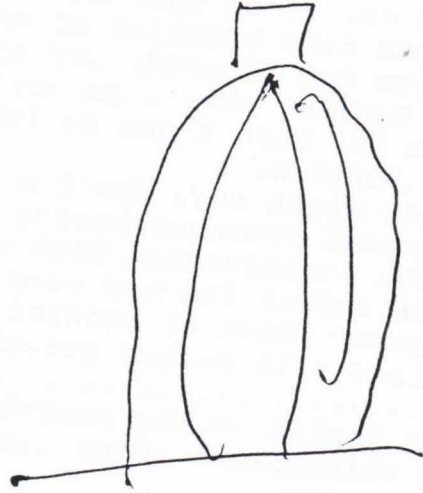
to Jeff Copeland: Early to a water bed filled with gasoline, and early to rise, make a man wealthy, wise, and a fire hazard.

---- Give a man a fish and you feed him for one day, teach a man to fish and you feed him for a lifetime, give a man an elephant and a machine gun and he might found a dynasty.

There is now, according to some tv interview show, a site on the web called something like www.howtobuyamerican.com and it tells the reader which products are owned by American companies and which by countries that went against our Iraq policy in the UN. Budweiser and Coke have been banned in some German restaurants because of our being warlike (and if the Germans think someone is warlike, that's saying something!). Many American name brands are owned by french companies while their rivals are not.

But I realized later: an anti-war protester in the States could use the SAME SITE to find substiute products to buy and support the French. (The site is meant to support REAL American companies who pay "3 x as much taxes" as the foreign owned (?).

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Werewolf Contemplating
Firehydrant while
Trying to Think of
a good zine title