

# The Werewolf is Napping #1

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January 28th, 2002

Well, this page is certainly being typed late. Dinner was late tonight and we watched the tail-end of a rerun of Miracle Pets on the Pax network (a mother cat loses her litter and steals puppies whose mother didn't want them--new born puppies). At the end of that, we were still eating (yes, late for us) so I turned on WB to see at least part of an ANGEL rerun. Actually, I wasn't sure if I could type tonight as I was irrationally(?) depressed by some criticism I had just gotten over the internet today. If one could read people's minds, no one would get any email they didn't want, except from evil mutants, ignorant aliens, and, yes, maybe an occasional stewardess.

But ANGEL wasn't being shown. A surprize showing of an episode of SMALLVILLE, a show we don't allow ourselves to watch. It's usually on Tuesdays at the same time as NYPD Blue and "24" which we don't miss---and we collect the episodes of "24" that have Richard Burgi of The Sentinel on them, (He was originally in contention for the lead role that Kiefer Sutherland got.) So Smallville comes on and the first interesting thing is that Cameron Dye, a strong guest star on one great Sentinel episode, is on it. Then the big news: Associate <sup>super-</sup> Producer: MARK VERHEIDEN ((ex-Sfpan)). Then a little later the episode is "Written by Mark Verheiden." So we watched the whole thing. <sup>vising</sup>

If any of you have mentioned in your zine(s) that Mark was connected to the show, I missed the fact. NO SURPRIZE as I have been in very bad shape. In the fall I went to a sleep clinic, etc. I have sleep apnea. But maybe not enough for treatment. We will see. Jill wears, finally, ear plugs; I sleep on the recliner chair in the living room. My snoring has not been lessened much by the plastic sticky things (that's a medical term) that goes on my nose to spread my nostrils every night. I also spray with an herba~~k~~ anti-snore concoction and tape my mouth shut with strapping tape.

There have been times when I'd drive to work on a highway with two lanes going north, and I would see three. Slapping my face would straighten my vision if I had to figure out what lane to pass a car that was ahead of me.

I have a lot of floating short and long term memory confusion. Well, some of you would rightly say, no change there. It's a fact of life right now so here I am with it.

comment to: DON MARKSTEIN: your latest zine was stimulating as usual. The writing you did on what's going on in the world bounced around in my unconscious and conscious and I came up with a salient, I think, thought. The current enemy, of all we've ever had I think (possibly including the WW2 Nazis), is the only one who, if they won, would wipe out all the works of Carl Barks. Sounds trivial in a way.

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REAL trivial. Or, like, how did THAT come to mind. People have died. Children have died. But STILL all traces of Carl Barks, everything he did, everything he created, WIPED OUT. It is not as if that doesn't MEAN SOMETHING.

to: ALLIE COPELAND: Thanks for the zine <sup>to</sup> me about Buffy the Vampire Slayer. You are the only person who has used the words "about to vomit" <sup>and</sup> over the plotting or characterization or acting, or even stewardesses. Anyhow, thanks. There have been two big thumbs in the eye for me in the last year. Buffy, the show, always did things better than right. But I did not buy (SPOILER ALERT) at all the concept that Buffy, sister of Dawn ("Rising Son of a Gun" to her friends), could take Dawn's place as THE KEY. THE KEY became organic when it was hidden by the saintly monks. And it was well hidden BECAUSE, I assume, it wasn't supposed to be hidden as a living creature (and the latter have blood). The bad guys couldn't figure out that Dawn was the key, for beans, for a LONGUNGIOUS time. Okay, okay, after a while...big thrill, Dawn is the key. She is Buffy's sister and everybody remembers the version of reality in which Dawn has been Buffy's <sup>and</sup> sister since Joyce and Dad brought her home from the hospital. I believe, by ~~that~~ the way, ~~that~~ the OTHER version of reality, where Buffy was an only child, is <sup>now</sup> a false version of reality. But who's to argue, even with quantic scientists and even a few flight attendants. IT TURNS OUT THAT at the end of the whole plot line, Glorificus's attempt of triumph involves the Key BLEEDING. What if the key had been hidden by the saintly monks are a turnip???? Or a sports trophy??? All of a sudden the Key is something that was always, I guess, something that was supposed to Bleed. And since Dawn was "made out of Buffy" (say whaaaaaaaat?) Buffy can bleed instead, and thereby save Dawn's life. Hellooooo? Search for Spock, much.

The other thing, which I have heard no one complain about, but man, I bet you could, 'cos YOU are <sup>a</sup> kind of a champion of such if there ever was one, and more power to you (though Dawn MAY be well acted so there): Giles has recently ~~is~~ told Buffy that, even though he came back when she came back from the dead, that he has to leave (((and have his own series for the BBC--everybody knows and it kind of sticks out at times when he's explaining))) BECAUSE BUFFY DOESN'T need him anymore and he'd ONLY HOLD HER BACK (I guess, in her growth). ((Well, she IS a little short.) BUT previous episodes that toyed with Giles feeling unneeded had dealt with the fact that Buffy grew to realize that she NEEDED to learn FROM GILES....she did not know what the watchers and their diaries had to teach her. I don't know if Giles left her the diaries and old books (maybe they are on a webpage of Willow's now) or even the Cliff notes.... But it does not ring true that Giles would feel that he has to go. It sounds like the best they could come up with so he could have his own show in England. I expected them to come up with something better, like the Giles BBC show (which is only supposed to be a short run series (?)) would take place before he knew Buffy had returned to life.

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Background music--- a new cd by THIS ISLAND EARTH, an unknown group we saw at the Patchogue theater as an opening act for the 10,000 Maniacs many months or a couple years ago. Hmmm, these songs sound familiar--maybe they sang them at that concert, er concert. I had another album with just 5 songs on it which soon became favorites and I was sure Those songs were at the concert. Anyhow: CD is: WELCOME TO THE MERRY-GO-ROUND by THIS ISLAND EARTH, currently available from Amazon.com or alledgedly from www.thisislandearth.com though no order I sent through the latter has ever been filled; nor were the checks sent cashed at all. CD has number 0 18785 00092 on it. ~~cx es~~...whoops, I just leaned forward.

I have had a lot of thoughts I thought I'd put in my next zine, but I can't remember them now.....  
to: GARY BROWN : Just looked thru OBLIO #137. Interesting stuff as usual. The Superman stuff is weird to read. How long have you known MARK VERHEIDEN was connected To SMALLVILLE? Is he still in that comics apa with you? // I think Bush won the election as things go. That's why there are new elections every 4 years, etc. Is it true Gore was the first Democrat to lose West Virginia in recent years??? I knid of think that when any candidate can't win clearly, ~~with~~ a big enough plurality that things are clear, that they cannot moan too much....not that Gore did. He said the right thing, rather well, as things ended.

to: RICHARD DENGROVE : Thanks for the feedback on WEREWOLF WITH FLEAS. I don't know what title this here zine will have. Yes, I'm spaced out by sleep deprivation. Weeks ago I did not know, on rare days off, whether to catch up on sleep, or clutter managemnet, or video and film viewing. Not much awareness-energy-in my decision making abilities or whatever you call...them. Gee, This Island Earth is a great group. I really like them; which means they will never make it big, I guess. I daydream sometimes of winning the lottery and buying my own radio station and playing all my favorite songs and album cuts. I'm a lot into British Invasion nostalgic liu/stening right now. Certain groups never made it over here, like THE IVY LEAGUE, who were BIG in England, or Ian and the Zodiacs who flopped totally I think.

So I was up to a new height in "no coherence" in WEREWOLF WITH FLEAS.... I wonder if "my fans" of which there are fewer and fewer, ~~per~~ prefer the incoherence mixed in. I guess I'll ask Gary Tesser, Toni Weisskopf, and maybe a few stewardesses. // I have some email I have done + could send through, reprinted, in my Sfpazines, but my life is quite unorganized and i can't do it. Gary Tesser, Robert Sirignano, and you have had some exchanges in the mail...I wonder if it would be necessary to print the chains of comments in ORDER. A lot has been lost. Gary and I have a ~~ix~~ friend who may be a ~~manicured~~ and she has shut down two listservs that were started up, to prevent her ~~manicured~~ from discovering them by mistake. The archives of those two listservs are deleted now, alas. Some great caramel jokes that evolved, downhill, over several weeks. Yes, Gary And I were, at that time science fiction FLANS.

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If you, Richard Dengrove, LIKED my drawing of the werewolf ...well I will accept your praise, but part of me may doubt your taste. // I don't know if Penny would be too (whatever) about the term "white trash." The Rriersons were upper middle class most of the time I knew the family.

Meade told me the story of his schooling once while we stood outside a hotel (DSC), probably Jackson, MS's. I forget if he ever wrote it down. One bunch of email I hope to publish is the last three message tween him and me. He and Penny last summer dined for their anniversary at an Outback Steakhouse the same day Jill and I were doing so for our anniversary a thousand miles away. // And he liked, I think it was: MIDNIGHT by Dean Koontz. A pretty good choice. Some sf fans will not read the better koontz novels, and NED BROOKS always quotes the same badly written line from an early Koontz novel whenever Koontz's name comes up. Try it, everybody--- mention Dean Koontz at random to Ned Brooks and he'll say something about cannons spewing corrosive froth. It never fails. Call him up once a day and he'll still do it. The man (Ned) is a Pavlovian dog in this regard. But don't mention Ned's uncle and mangos to him.

This group THIS ISLAND EARTH sometimes sounds like a cross between Queen and Paul McCartney. //You mention in regards "Love in the Ruin" that "Love in the Construction Site" would not work/. The title opens up a door of fantasy into alternate literature....did not Hearst build a house for Marion Davies? My maternal grandfather was the foreman of the masonry workers at Viscaya, now a Florida tourist sight. And then there was the stewardness that was "built like a brick Denny's restaurant."

I thought PELLUCIDAR was called that cause the word Pellucid meant deep. You seem to imply it means "dark" or "light." I may never find time to look this word up. If words wore clothing we could look up its dress.

Agree on the great acting on NERO WOLFE -- the guy who plays "Inspector Cramer" has been in Chris Carter projects-- Millenium particularly, I think.// // Re: lost civilizations ---"could be under the sea or invisible. But I know they are deep in our imagination. Where they exist. And no one can deny they exist." Yes, but remember the scene in Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls, when Jim Carrey's character stumbles in to Opar, is greeted by "La" the princess and says "Lost civilization? You call this civilization?" I think it was cut out of the video release -- Ace Ventura was complaining the Oparites were uncivilized because they had no pay toilets or something.

This Island Earth's album has a 'hidden track' at the end of it---It's Not Unusual, the Tom Jones song. But towards the end it gets weird and the lead singer start singing like the Cookie Monster a bit.

As far as 9/11 reminded anyone of Tom Clancy----I feel something that I haven't seen in print, nor heard: the WW2 parallels and all the other prototypes of war don't fit. (At least I don't think so.) What FITS is the disrepected, laughed-into-obscurity prototype of Sax Rohmer's DOCTOR FU MANCHU and that ilk. A very 'dismissed' form of story telling. DON WINSLOW vs. The Scorpion, etc. would qualify.



Maybe "African" would have to be listed first. After all. // I saw Fred Gwynne (of the Munsters) on stage doing a great dramatic and singing performance in a musical version of Look Homeward Angel. It was in regional theater before going to Broadway. Joel Higgins was in it too. When it got to Broadway, under the title Change ; "ANGEL" the critics destroyed it -- it was based on a literary classic novel by Thomas Wolfe and the critics could not tolerate anything that wasn't as great as the novel itself, which is darn silly. The movie SIMON BIRCH is not bad if you have NOT read Prayer for Owen Meaney.

In my last zine I did, I am ashamed to admit, sink low and made a joke unworthy...the premise of the material in the first paragraphs were based on the incorrect idea that the 9/11 terrorists were incompetent losers. It was written by me in a state of shock, denial, and loonacy. I have my standards in humor (or whatever you call jokes, etc.) John Guidry said once that if he falls down, it's a tragedy; if a stranger in a movie falls down, it's comedy. I have tried myself to maintain victimless jokes/humor. Or jokes with victims so extremely fictional that no one would be hurt. // Anyhow, there is a long tradition going back to Mae West, and then Jayne Mansfield, having to do with large bras and what's in them. There was something the navy used to call Mae West jackets (floatation vests?) .... anyhow, the premise of the too-stupid-for-me-why-did-I-put-it-on-paper joke was that a 9/11 terrorist was so stupid that when he was told to destroy the Twin Towers by flying and crashing into them, he would assume he had to crash into Pamela Anderson. I don't care for such easy-shot jokes myself, but I was in a freaky mood and allowed myself the luxury in bad taste. As atrocities went last year, that joke was chicken feed indeed.

The DucksinSpace list has been cancelled. // Brad Dourif has just left the PREQUEL series Ponderosa in which he played a fellow with a strong French accent. // It would have been interesting to find and write non-fiction books about-- or imagine and write fiction books about-- a civilization of tiny people who lived inside a hollow sphere inside Edgar Rice Burroughs's head. ((Other parts of his body may have been hollow also.)) Abney Perry or whatever his name was could have himself shrunk and lowered into Burroughs's ear canal, after which he would travel in his semi-microscopic vehicle to the hollow sphere and meet dinosaurs, pteradactyls, jungle boys, mad scientists, Russian spies, Martians who got shrunk and lost, swordsmen, elephants, efficiency experts, children left on the doorstep, space pilots, and ~~xx~~ even a few stewardesses. All minature of couse. They could plan to take over our world by digging to Burroughs's synases and hanging out of his nostrils, or propelled by a sneeze. Then they could all be attacked and killed by a stupid terrorist ~~of~~ an extra fast bicycle, suspended with helium baloons.

to: JEFF COPELAND: Bartland's Unfamiliar Quotations is better than a LOT of books people pay money for (not that most member's zines aren't either---but this COULD be sold as a book).

TO: JANET LARSON: I think I may be ~~xx~~ depressed according to your list but I'm too depressed and impatient to read it thoroughly.