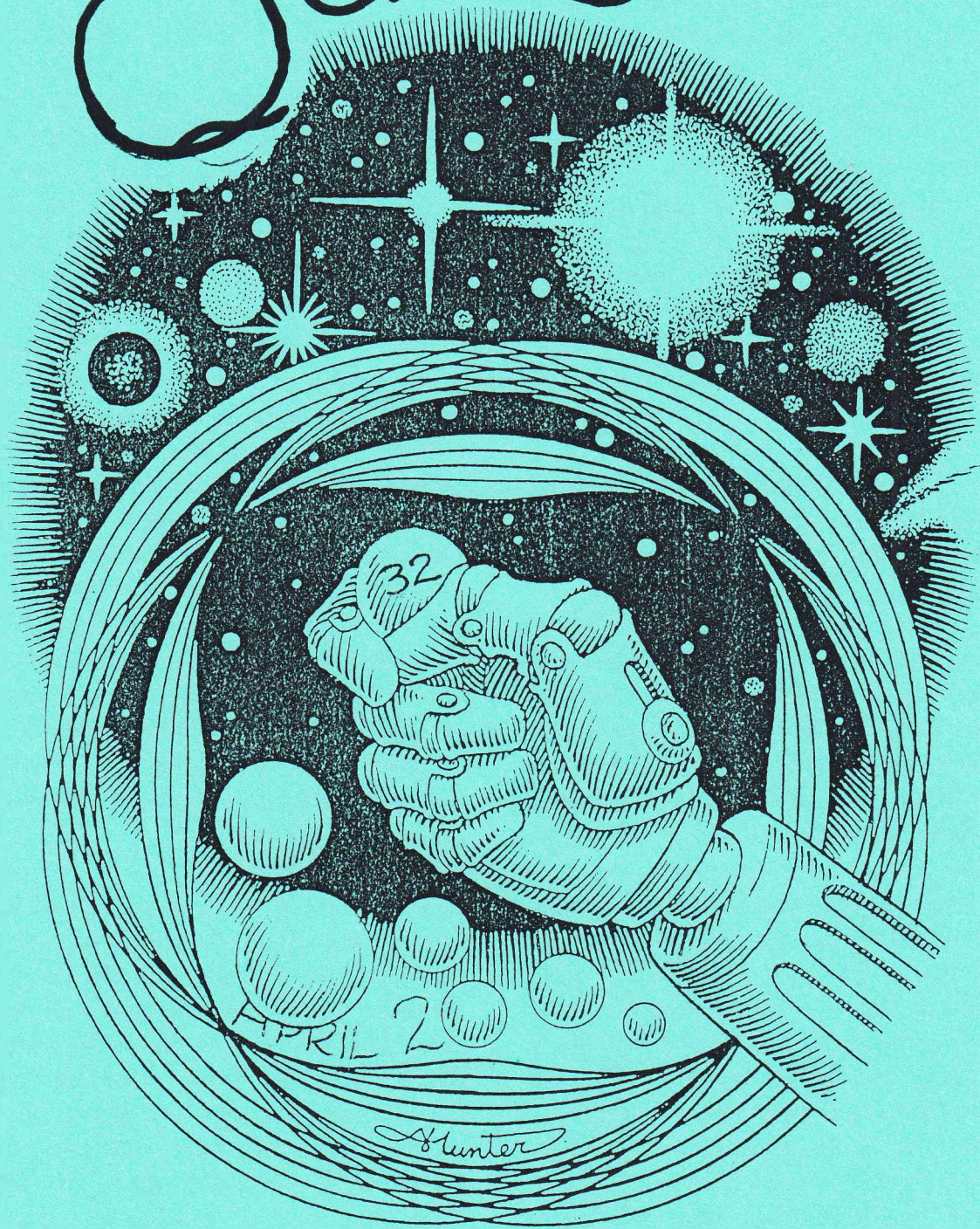


# QUARO



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YEA, SPRING!

(with apologies to Wordsworth)

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A field of mustard grass;  
Brilliant gold and emerald green—  
Is that pretty?  
You betcher ass!

Twass good seeing most of you at the Corflu SAPS party & some at Corflu itself. Rocky is a canny poker player.

I was happy getting to be a great grandad & visit ggson Ian between Potlatch & Corflu on Mercer Island, but shortly after I arove I found my status will be triple! Missy, mother of Ian, is preggers again, & her sister Nikki, not to be outdone, her bioclok also ticking, is that way also.

Some not so pleasant changes are also coming up: Shirley, my SO, has finally given up on this climate—too cold & damp, so she is moving back to Ventura, CA, where she will also be near most of her family. We expect to have big fone bills come May. On 3 April ive decided to have minor surgery. It has become evident that my increasingly frequent abominable abdominal pains are due to gallstones & possibly a hernia that every so often may pinch a fold of intestine. Hopefully a couple of small incisions will take care of the whole biz & I can go home the next day—maybe even the same day. Stay tuned; film at 11.

### *Mailing Comments*

JUPITER JUMP 39: I think the "McClaren" u refer to is Norman McLaren who did a lot of stuff for the Canadian Film Board, including one of my alltime favorites, *Begone Dull Care*, wch was drawn directly on the film itself, with sound track by Oscar Peterson. Wowie! Did the CFB ever do anything bad? *What on Earth?* Is a dandy animated sf short that makes Hollywood look sick. Another favorite of mine, altho I cant remember where it came from, is *The Cloud Maker*, also animation.

I agree with yr attitude abt Getz, altho I hope uve truly "sidestept" the anger & not just repest it. Ive always joked that I cant hold a gruj very long—it takes too much energy. But while that's easily come by intellectually, its not so easy when the emotions are involvd. I thank Roscoe for gestalt therapy. Writing poetry also helps.

PLAIN TALES: I have long faunchd for a recumbent bike, but alas, my faithful old 18speed lies under the house, gently rusting away in the salt sea air. After my horrendous spill on Bora Bora, I never got around to getting back on a bike, using the excuse that it was too hilly around here & in Orinda. I cdv put the bike into my hatchback & gone to a level place, but CA Hiway One is a dangerous place even for the young & well balanced. Many spots do not have any space left over if two logging trux happen to be passing.

PHOTO ALBUM: Great stuff! How much wd it take to upgrade my HP 672C to where it wd do hifi pix like yours?

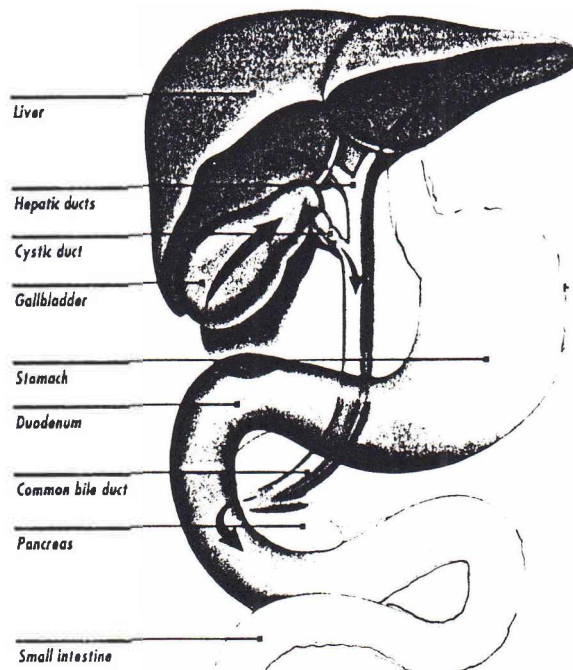
DOOR KNOB: ct Rocky: *I don't do rebate offers.* Me either. Not only for the reasons u mention, but bcoz theyr just a plain ripoff, a way of avoiding the obvious move of reducing the price. They bank on a hi % of buyers forgetting to send in the rebate coupon, wch converts directly to profit. ACCIDENT UPDATE: *Undergoing the MRI itself was an interesting experience.* Yes, definitely noisy. I had to have my whole skeleton done to make sure the prostate cancer hadnt migrated. I was in there abt a half hour. Good thing I'm not klostrofobik. To lessen anxiety, I drifted off into a "dream"-fantasy where the Big One had struck & I was trapt under the Transamerica pyramid in SF. The noisy pulses became the sound of a jackhammer as rescuers were pounding their way thru debris to get to me. Knowing I was going to be "rescued" made the time pass quickly.

ELEEN'S ZINE: *Doesn't this sound like an exciting life?* My sympathies. I hope I go all at once. I almost did about a week ago. I was coming home with my arms full of groceries & tript over some firewood I had left near the back door. I almost went head first thru the glass door, but somehow leaned one sholder into the door frame & saved myself. Didn't even spill any groceries. Plate glass falling on people can act like a

very efficient giloteen. A frend of mine got trapt in a vestibule, & being a bit klostrofobik, tried to kick out a glass partition to the house. She almost got depeditated. She just managed to crawl thru, get to a fone & dial 911 bfor passing out. The ER squad was good, getting there & saving her from bleeding to death.

You mention Art Rapp not being able to publish, but here he is in this mailing. He mustv done something like u did. I recall the first cupl of things u did <sup>after the stroke</sup> as being full of typos, but uve overcome that. I'm gessing that u tape what u have to say, & somebody types it up 4 u. If not, do u have some kind of Stephen Hawkings gajet? Anyway, I appreciate yr efforts to put out a readable zine in spite of drawbax. I hope I can do as well if I get hit.

GROSS OUT ALERT! -p.2 & 6 →



*if squamous squeamish, skip p.6+7*

## GHU SAPPLEMENT 899

Welcome, & thanx for the lengthy Intro. Its unlikely that you knew me fifty years ago, since in 1949 I was on my way out, having moved to LA & given up all fanac xept hanging out now & then withe Insurgents (Laney, Burbee, Perdue, Rotsler et al). I did go to the first Westercon in 48, but that was pretty much my swan song.

If u stated when u ceased pubbing GS, I didn't see it. Im wondering if youre eligible for a shot at the Fannish Book of Records (imaginary) for the longest time btwn ishes of a fanzine. I had the record at one time, 34 yrs tween YHOS 13 & 14, but Roger Sims, the dirty rat, eclipsed it with something he had done in the early 50s, but I forget the #.

*...the only person to be promoted from Asst Prof to Assoc Prof...I would much rather have received a raise.)* Reminds me of when I was at Mich State on sabbat-awockle. To make ends meet, I tot a class in frosh comp. They were delited with results & oferd to put me on full time as "instructor." That they were doing me a big favor & said I cd probly make Ass Prof in "no time," (like maybe 5 yrs) The salary was ridic—abt 2/3 of what I was making in a CA ComCol, & even less than I wd b when I got back with enuf units to move me over a cupl ladders on CC sal sked.

THE Hi-Los? Wow! Im imprest. Or did u mean a quartet that sang Hi-Los style? Still impresv.

Backing up a minute to mailing #209, & yr Q on *Quaro*. Alan Hunter is a British artist whose work ive been lucky enuf to feature for some time

*June 20, 1998, the day after great grandson Ian was born.*



My gdotr Magenta mytvbn named for somebody in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, since her daddy was definitely a hippie. I like to think she was named after the color. Ive seen TRHPS, but don't remember the character, or recall her or anybody in the family mentioning it.

On geezer & codgerhood, some days I feel like an oxygenarian.

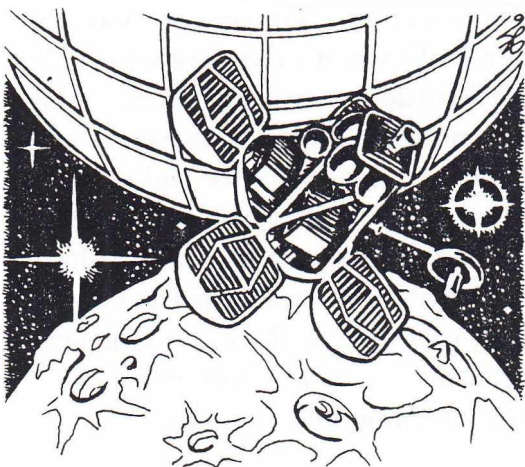
Never did ham radio, but I'd be interestd in hearing more abt their lingo & abrs. I suspect its something like Armynian or—no, I was going to say cop talk, but thats too stilted. E.g, Cops never just get out of the car, they "exit the vehicle." Or they never just go up to a guy, they "approach the subject."

## RIP FAN WINKLE

...I'm such a chronic worry-wart. I inherited some of this from my mother, but shucked off most of it thru an old Danny Kaye movie you may have seen, *Jacobowsky (sp?) and the Colonel*. Danny, as the typical carefree clown-trickster character, played the title role, & the colonel, a stereotyped, rule-book, by-the-numbers military brass, was played by somebody like Louis Calhern, altho I'm not sure of the name.

Whenever the colonel, the inge-nue, or some other character would object to one of Jacobowsky's hare-brained schemes, he would treat them to his homespun philosophy, to wit: "Why worry? Half the things you worry about never happen; the other half happen anyway!" So it oversimplifies things a bit. I still think theres a lot to be said for it.

I used to live in an Italian naborhood when I was a boy in Quincy, MA, & among many really filthy Italian swear words & phrases, I learnd one that was quite innocuous, but to a listener who knew no Italian, sounded horrendous. A ruf fonetik transcription wd sound like "Deja set! Deja "ot! Deja nova, Viendi!"



Spoken very fast with a wrathful countenance, the listener wd think a most vile imprecation was being cald down on himer. However, the literal translation is simple counting: 17,18, 19-20!

*The ubiquity of the auto.* As much as I have had a lifelong love affair with automobile, (you may recall my 3-ish article in YHOS 24-28) I have to agree with your case for the negative impact it has had. I arrived in LA just in time to witness the last act in the ruthless destruction of public transit by Standard Oil in cahoots with General Motors. I was privileged to take one of the last rides on "The Old Red Barn," a railroad size trolley that made the run from downtown LA to Santa Monica in about thirty minutes. Now after spending billions on freeways and befouling the air to an incredible extent, it takes a little longer to cover the same distance--& that's IF!--there are no accidents, construction or bottlenex to hold up traffic for another half hour or more. Your analysis is dead on.

I have one minor quibble with your picture of American bike riders. While its true that the American & Chinese publix r 2 difrent animals when it comes to cars, I don't think it applies to bicycles. The powerful nature of the internal combustion engine itself tends to promote Road Rage. With leg power, one tends to work off all that adrenaline. I once took a 38 mile tour around central Contra Costa County (East Bay) with a group of 40 or so of all ages & degrees of skill. We went up hill & down dale, & as agreed, pulled into a parking lot in the upscale suburban town of Lafayette (about 3/4ths of

6 the way on our journey) to allow laggards to catch up & make sure everybody was ok. Four or five of the more energetic young men had a friendly race along the flat leading into town. The speed limit was about 35 & the well-conditioned riders easily kept up with most of the cars, & in fact, passed some of them.

One of these was a "muscle car," a wannabe dragster, carrying a cupl of young rednex, who felt their manhood threatened by being past, & by a bicycle at that. Their attitude, like many motorists', seemd to be that only autos had a ryt 2b on the road. So after our young athletes pulled into the parking lot to wait for the rest of us, these two yobs roared up in their car & proceeded to verbally harass the pedallers. What they didn't realize, was that as they tried to escalate their verbal abuse to something more, the rest of us were silently wheeling in, pulling up in back of them, watching the whole confrontation with interest.

At last, when their prospective "victims" showed not the slitest fear of their threats, they figured something was amiss & looked behind them at a large crowd of men & women smiling at their asinine display. They gulped & got back in their car, & while its difficult to imagine a muscle car slinking away, that's what they did.

Recent demonstrations by cyclists In San Francisco, demanding more bike lanes & recognition that bikes have just as much ryt to part of the hiway as cars, were not marked by violence, & most of the hostility was on the part of drivers toward bikers. In thousands of miles of bike riding I

cant recall any instance of trouble between one cyclist & another.

## MOOSE REDUCKS #12

...*Sue's gall bladder problem...*

(p3). My sympathies, & in a few days, empathies. On Apr 3, next Mon, I'm sked for a laparoscopy to remove mine & repair a cupl of small hernias at the same time. Sort of killing two birds with one gallstone. Heheh ;-).

Ive already modified my picture of reality somewhat in connexion withis. I used to think of surgery, especially minor surgery such as this, as a neat, precise, (ahem) cut & dried process. U make the incision, go slice, slice, snip, snip, stitch, sew, close things up, fasten them together & viola! Have some jello & go home in a day or two.

Fraid not, kids. When a nabor heard of my plans he oferd to lend me a videotape of his operation in 93. Whoa, Nellie! Hold 'er Newt, shes headed for the barn!

Ive half a mind to push my surgeon to look at it, & see if a rookie was doing the job or not, bcoz it certainly lookd that way to me. They had already gone in & clampd off the ducts when the tape started, but then, oh my! I guesst the brown thing over in the corner was the liver, but I wasn't too sure where the gall bladder was until three tubes were poked thru thru the cavity wall & various instruments poked thru the tubes. One was sort of like pliers wch opend its jaws & grabd what(I gradually figurd out)was the GB like a dog tearing into the mailmans leg. Once they got a good grip on it, another thing, wch apeard to be

rather dull snips, started ripping & tearing, scraping & shredding, & just generally mutilating everything in sight. This upset my naïve mental picture wch I had formed from the "comic" book the GE doc had given me the week bfor, showing the GB as a discrete, green, pear-shaped gizmo, dangling there ready for the plucking. It wasn't green, & wasn't at all ready to go.

This mauling went on for about a half hour. There was no sound on the tape, but I cd imagine a voice over: "Nurse, don't u have *any* snips sharper than these?" Shortly thereafter, the ripper-shredder was pulled out & sharper snips apeard. These indeed seemd to be doing a better job, actually cutting thru tissue instead of laboriously chewing its way. The dog's mouth now started worrying the poor organ this way & that while the snips kept on snipping an endless supply of gristly, sinewy attachments to the liver & other unidentified surroundings & a cautery produced wisps of smoke from time to time.

Tord the end of the hour, they finally tore it free, as another tube showed up & a second pair of jaws came out of it. Jaws<sup>#</sup>I gave it thoro shaking, & the cautery stabd it a few times, wch seemd to shrink it. As a vacuum tube sucked up sundry liquids, Jaws II grabd what was left of the GB & started pulling it up thru the tube. It got abt halfway & jamd. Much hauling & tugging ensued as bit by bit the tube disappeared, then the organ itself, squeezd like a blivet.

—————End G.O. alert —————

This is just loaded w comment hooks, so I'm going to have to skip a

few; otherwise I'll never get to anybody else. (Proibly have to raebnc half the mailing as it is).

Thanx for the xmas card, but I gave up sending them a long time ago. Glad to hear youre not trolling, & if yr happy to send, I'm happy to receive. It is more blessed, as the Bible & I say as I haul in another poker pot.

All those names from the time when real wrestling was still making the transition to pure showbiz jogd some memories. A cupl u didn't mention was<sup>ere</sup> Gus Sonnenberg of flying tackle fame, & Haystack Calhoon.

More names: Anita O'Day & Slim Gaillard are also faves of mine. Theres one number I'd like to find wch I think is by Slim & Co: "Yiproc Harisi" is what the chorus sounds like. I think it was a folo-up on "Want Some Seafood Mama." & other food tunes about that time. I think SG bragd that he cd make music out of a restraunt menu, & he was chalenjd with a some sort of mid-eastern or Armenian menu, & "Yiproc" was the result.

Uve just been outgeezerd. I have a son who will be 60 in two years.

No dout Buz & others will xplain to u what the Boondoggle, or Breen-doggle as I prefer to call it, was all about.

On long freeway trips I like to keep between what u call "pods," if at all possible. If the pod behind is going faster than the pod bfor, then I'll work my way up ahead.

If u like Artie Shaw, youll probly love a cassette Smithsonian put out about 10 yrs ago, entirely composed of The Gramercy Five.

More namedropping: Ruth, DiMaggio & Musial were great, but Ted Williams was the greatest, at least in the hitting dept. However, for all around ability, people forget that Ruth was also a great pitcher, who still holds the record for consecutive scoreless innings in World Series pitching: 29.

I lived for a while in a great old house like the one u were brot up in, 121 Norton St, N. Weymouth, MA. It too, had 9' ceilings, & I wish I had a video of me putting up new wall-paper when we moved in. It was very historical as well. I was told that some of the timbers came from the barn of the Dorothy Quincy house, about a mile down the road.

What was the original Tate's shaggy compass story? The way I herd it was a survivalist experiment. It may have been the same group that found moose pie very tasty.

My story about a Road Rager will have to wait for another time. So will coupons, pennies, accidents etc. I'll be happy to trade quarters with u as they come out. I'm not really a serious collector, but I have so far DE, PA, NJ, GA, & CT. I thot I had MA, but it evidently crawld out & got into the laundry canister. How many states have been ishd so far?

COLLECTOR: I am so sorry for your travail. I have been thru it, but I don't think it was as bad as yours, nor did I handle it as well. My admiration for u knows no bounds.

STOPGAP #11: The same goes for you, GM. *Please forgive this tearful trickle...* No need to apologize. I only wrote one poem when the love

of my life went suddenly away. We only had one year together, so my poem was bitter & full of anger. Yours are gentler & probly better.

KEY HOLE #39: ct Elinor: *I can hardly wait to read Ch.22 (of Philosophy for Dummies) where the meaning of life is explained..* Faggedaboudid. Go directly to Kurt Vonnegut, do not pass GO, do not collect \$200, but check out "Happy Birthday, Wanda June," where Stony Stevenson defeats Hitler in a game of imagination vs. reality. Xostd from his labors, he lies down on a giant road map with a cat. The basso profundo voice of God speaks to him. "Nice going," says God. "Any questions?"

"What is the meaning of life?" asks Stony.

"Does it have to have a meaning?" says God.

"Oh yes," replies the man.

"Well, I leave it to you to think of one." There is a long silence, then the cat gets up & slowly walks away.

Ω  
 AJ: Cover & p5-Hunter  
 p8-Rotsler

