

SOMEWHERE, UNDER THE DANUBE,  
BLUEBIRDS SNORKLE  
AND SOME DAY WE WILL GET THERE  
RIDING OUR OLDSMOBORKLE #1

George H Wells  
8 S Dorado Cir Apt 2B  
Hauppauge NY 11788-4638

NOV 2002

George Wells here. Hard time. Had sad weekend. Mr. and Mrs. Hank Reinhardt were visiting Manhattan, New York and the plan was that the Wellses would meet with them for a show or such on Sunday. As I told Mr. And Mrs. Reinhardt ("Sir" and "Ma'am" to their friends) on the phone, we could not make it. A lot of "caretaking" recently. Did I tell y'all SFPAns ("Dynasty of Dynamite" to thier friends) about how Jill and i were out in Riverhead one Monday to visit Jill's mother (whom I affectionately called "my mother-in-law") and the Modern Snack Bar in Aquebogue was closed, since it was Monday, so we went to the local branch of "Friendly's." After the lunch, Martha, my mother-in-law, went to pay with her VISA card. This is all DO NOT QUOTE, by the way. We don't want the Muggles, I meant the Mundanes to know after all. The Visa card did not work so we figured the magnetic strip had lost its magnetism. The manager of Friendly's (known throughout Riverhead, by the sneior citizens, as "that place that is open on Mondays when the Modern Snack Bar is always closed." "Sneior" above should be SENIOR!. Well, the manager said that the magnetic strip was fine, but the card was over the limit. Being Methodists (all three of us though I did not marry a cousin or anyone else in my own family like my ancestors in Vermont), but...

I am so TIRED of no blank space, I tell ya, it's kee-illing me.

When we got to Martha's house (the local equivalent to "to Grandmother's house we go, we carry our sleighs, and hear our horse bray, as over the potholes we go...." Sorry, got carried away there.)

We checked all her bills. They were fine, but not all of them had been SENT IN. She ALSO SEEMED, MAYBE, TO FEEL THAT THE "minimum due" meant she should practice moderation and aim somewhere above it. ("Where troubles melt like lemon drops, away above the chimney tops, that wheeeeeere you'll fiiiiiiiiind her....Visa balance.) Anyhow she signed a bunch of blank checks and Jill and I took the bills to our place and also I phoned each company (A T & T, etc.) and found out her real balance.....

Well most of last weekend I had to do "caretaking." And not visit SIR and MA'AM at ALL.

A sadness has descended over me. I am too depressed to look up if I spelled "descended" correctly, for instance. But I've been rereading your zines [after looking for them through the clutter for 2 days]. Right now I have been thinking how cool it was to hear that Guy's former neighbor went to see the Country Bear's movie while Rosie and Guy saw "literature." "Country Bears" sounds too infantile for me, but I have a library customer (patron) named Doug who astonishes me with his choice of cds, videos, etc. He's one of those people who never found anything that could top the Sesame street song: "Put Down the Duckie." I have the feeling that the latter song and the others on the album it's on are probably REALLY better than what musicians have given us elsewhere. I always wondered what the title meant. Doug's mother told me it refers to the fact that you cannot play the saxophone if you have you Duckie in your hand. Thank God, John Coltrane knew that all along.

PAGE TWO

Which brings me to the subject of King Clave. In Hollywood in October (?) we went to the biannual STARMAN FAMILY CON. Robert Hays did not make it this year. Guess what? He was caretaking an older friend!!!! Back to caretaking later, I will try to remember.

Most of the activity this year was on the top (12th) floor of the Hollywood Metropolitan Hotel) which used to be its breakfast restaurant. ERIN GRAY, who played the Karen Allen role when Starman was a tv series) came and talked about the interesting things she and fans talk about. I asked her if she would be interested in taking over the lead role Kathleen Turner had had on Broadway in THE GRADUATE, and she was pleased with the idea and what she might do with the role...~~but alas, the play folded up.~~ DR NOT.

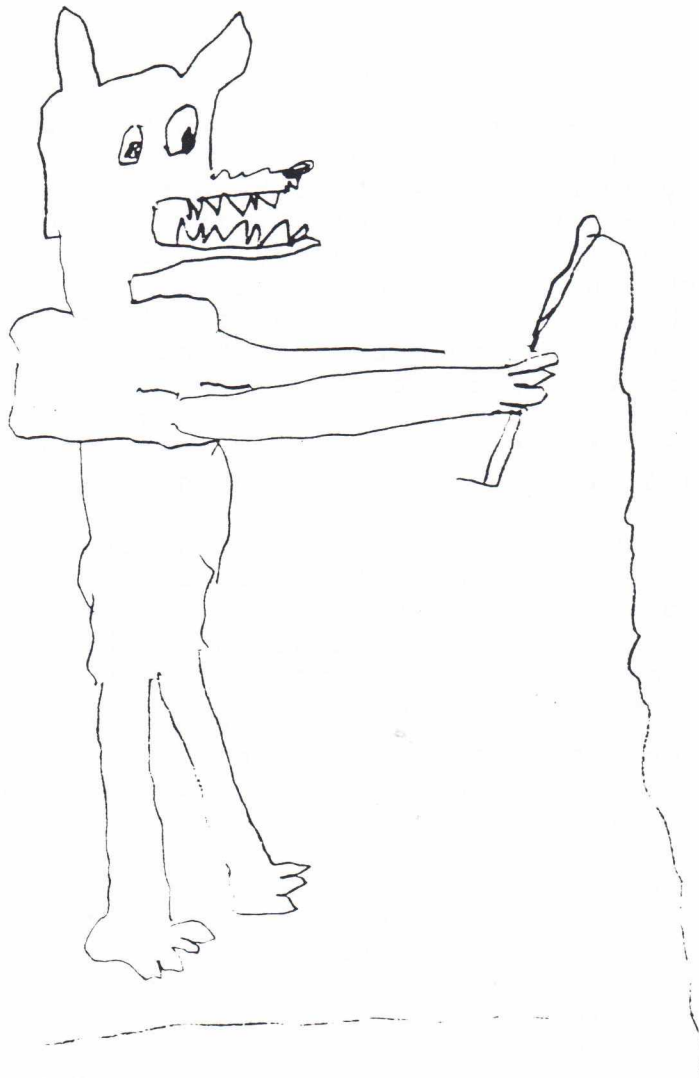
At a certain point I needed (non p. c. term) a cigarette so I elevatored to the eleventh floor and went through the little door to the little balcony next to the elevator banks. After a while a gentleman started coming through the door so I held it for him. He mentioned how beautiful the view of Hollywood was at night. He asked if I was American. He said he was Argentinan. His English failed him in saying exactly what he wanted to convey next, and for the date when he was to appear at the Palladium he held up his fingers to indicated Oct 17th or some such. We continued to try to communicate and then two maintenance workers came through to door to the stairway. He asked if either spoke Spanish. One said yes. I told him that the gentleman was from Argentina and we were trying to communicate about what music he was going to perform at the Palladium. The maintenance man said he was from Central America (why he did not spell out what country I still cannot fathom) and introduced himself. When the man from Argentina said he was "King Clave" (Clave was pronounce Klav-vey) the Central American shook hands as his eyes bulged out and a look of amazement overcame him. "You're KING CLAVE?" After the affirmative reply I asked what kind of music King Clave made. The reply: his name means the King of the Claves (pronounced as one word). It was "county" music. Perhaps that meant it was counrty music. Maybe gaucho music.

When I got bak=ck home I looked up King Clave in the county library catalog and he was only listed as being in a movie at the Brentwood Library (they have a lot of Spanish language movies there ~~was~~ with no subtitles or dubbing into English--its a very Spanish language library compared to the rest). In the movie, which was rather old, King Clave and another man were both in love with the same female beauty.

Several, several days or weeks ago, in one of my depressions, I ordered the 2 best-looking cd choices by King Clave, as well as a bunch of Long John Baldry cds. Don't get me started on Long John Baldry....."got dimples on her jaw" I kept singing as I thought of Long John Baldry at work.

.....  
Last cd played, on a different day, is the new release by THE SEARCHERS titled "the R n B Sound"....Am now playing second disc from Joe Meek, Alchemist of Pop. Current track is by the Tornados, next one is by Screaming Lord Sutch & the Savages. The Tornados, best known for Telstar, where a great instrumental group. Sutch's track has started...sounds like a Coasters song or "ALLEY OOP" but it's about (and titled:) Jack the Ripper.

[The album: JOE MEEK: ALCHEMIST OF POP  
turns out to have too many sub-mediocre tracks for me to recommend.]



Were wolf fishing for  
Bluebirds - they taste  
good & their snarkles make  
nifty whistles.

MAILING comments:

By the way, most of my cds are as likely, or more, to have been ordered thru Amazon.co.uk as from Amazon.com.

to:Sheila Strickland: Sorry about your lost work. Glad it was recovered but I don't understand the terminology, like MicroSoft Works, and hard drive, enough to follow the story. I can use a computer at work, FOR work, and used to rent, at 30¢ or 45¢ a minute, at Kinko's. Now there's a Hauppauge Public Library where I can use a free computer. One advantage is that a clerk at the new library (it's a different district, I don't work in the district I live in) used to work with me and is one of those people that think I was great. A lot of co-workers, past and present, have had stress involving me as that's the nature of working and trying to accomplish things.

Good to see you at Deep South Con. I recall I was blathering, chattering, etc. with Dengrove or someone of his caliber, and I would have better had stopped and ask you to talk instead. I get into a talking state at cons, and sometimes at work, due to overcoming my natural shyness and sliding around in fake-nonshyness mode. // Fellowship of the Ring on tape so

ounds like good vocal companionship for a fan. I hear my recent favorite series, the Harry Dresden series by Jim Butcher, has started to come out on audio cassettes and read by James Marsters, who plays Spike on Buffy the Vampire Slayer.

Interesting what you say about Connie Willis's putting aside her alien abduction novel due to 9/11 and our postponement of government agencies as villainous, or however you say it. A novel could be written where the FBI, in full co-operation with the X-Files and various mutant enemies of the FBI, join together to fight the 9/11 terrorists. I mentioned to someone that on X-Files there have been plenty of "stand alone" episodes where dangerous "wild-talented" creatures have ended up in captivity at episode's end. Why not have an X-Files theatrical movie where earth or the U S A is threatened and the X-Files and our government makes a truce with the-thing-that-crawls-through-narrow-pipes, and the boy who cuases lightning, and the Evil Eve clones, etc etc etc?

"Topic Drift" as a panel topic!!! Former SFPAn GARY TESSER and I often will talk on the phone for an hour or two and then have tried, sometimes successfully, to track back on how we got to talking about Canadian squirrels when the first subjects were the health of people we know and the best way to travel from Hauppauge to Pennsylvania (no, Ground Hog's Day had nothing to do with it).

Naomi Fisher certainly distributed her Duff ballots with firmness, talent, grace, diplomacy, and a wild look in her eyes. I took one and folded it up to put in my pocket, to mail in after the con, and she said it was too close to the deadline, so I filled it out (who won? whom did I vote for? I dunno.) and gave her some money. Since the smallest money I had with me was a thousand dollar bill she got rather frantic. Just kidding, it was a five, ten, or twenty....





Hillary Clinton at age 82,  
(computer progression  
imagery)

Well, change of typing machines. I am now out of the house. Sad. Using a computer in a public library, or at Kinko's, can be lonely.

But as the song says;  
Don't cry for me, Richard Dengrove,  
The truth is I've never been here.  
I'm not the wild one  
With stupid typos  
I made a promise  
But minac stinkos.  
I made my promise.

.....

I knew BRUCE PELZ in the late 1950's and got his zine proFANity (i think there was a logo or cover where one person is holding a sign "FAN" and the holder has a propeller beanie, and a sign saying "PRO" is held by a professional writier looking chap. I later had contact with Bruce when I was trying to find a place to send old fanzines I didn't want anymore. He told me something about having zines in "bank boxes" in a storage shed(?) and he would have to think about them and doing something about them some time. Let me do a search and see if there's a message in this yahoo membership inbox, etc. from him somewhere...

NO MESSAGES FROM OR TO BRUCE PELZ WERE FOUND. I FOUND SOME TWEEN ME AND MEADE FRIERSON III THAT I WILL TRY TO PRINT UP SOON.

.....

For a great reading experience: try:  
<http://us.amazon.com/notes?0118276>  
Music: <http://www.maniacs.com> <http://www.sunnandmary.net>  
<http://www.the-seafarers.co.uk> ; the Public Library--  
<http://members.core.com/A7/04/article.cgi>