

**Derek McCulloch**

11 July at 11:44 · 🧑🏻



Gerald Saul! Derek says "Hey." ಶುಭೋದಯ!

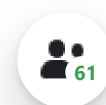
I've been through this a few times in other LongHelloes, so I should have it straight by now. I met Gerald (and Brian Stockton, and "Roach," whoever he was) when they and paul came to Edmonton for a NonCon in 1984. The lads had a room in whatever hotel was hosting the con and we all hung out there that night, making noise and bothering the neighbours. Dorks Gone Rowdy.

Somebody...I'm not positive, but I think it was Gerald...had brought a typewriter and I believe we wrote a one-shot right for GALACTUS there in the room. paul will have to confirm or correct on that. And on whether Gerald and Brian were already members of GALACTUS when they came to the convention or if I signed them up there, and the one-shot (if there was one) was their first contribution.

I'm not positive Gerald was the one who brought the typewriter, but I am positive he was the one who brought the Kahlua. I remember him grabbing the bottle from his suitcase and thinking, well, that's halfway to sophisticated. I mean, I didn't drink but I'd bartended enough to know that Kahlua was candy liquor. But still. Pulling a bottle out of a suitcase, that was dramatic at least.

Gerald was definitely the dramatic one of the bunch, as unusual as Pepi Longsocks, with his nonstandard hairstyle and unorthodox attire. I think I remember a poncho. Is that right? Or am I inventing that in memory? (I've always wondered, by the way, whether it was SCTV's Pepi Longstocks sketch—"He is so unusual!" that inspired Cyndi Lauper to name her album "She's So Unusual.") His apa presence was certainly unusual, rowdy like the room party, all in your face in prose and pictures. The following year, when I was CM of WAPA, I recruited Gerald for that apa and boy oh boy was that a combustible mix. WAPA self-identified as "the silly apa," but it was never "the rowdy apa," and Gerald reveled in being the resident bad boy, a-instigatin' and a-provocatin' like nobody's business. We were all getting into spats in print in those days, trying to get under people's skin, but Gerald seemed to do it without really trying. Which was odd, given how polite and deferential he was in real life.

That weekend, that party in the room with the Kahlua and the one-shot and the door-hanging and the breakfast at the table with the insufficient confitures, was the birthplace of Strawberry Jam Comics. Everybody who was there at the table was named an executive at Strawberry Jam, whether they went on to have anything to do with the company or not. On the Strawberry Jam masthead, Gerald was named "Vice President, Theology." I don't remember why. I assume he requested it, unlike Ron, who got saddled with "Vice President, Arty Distentionness."



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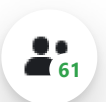
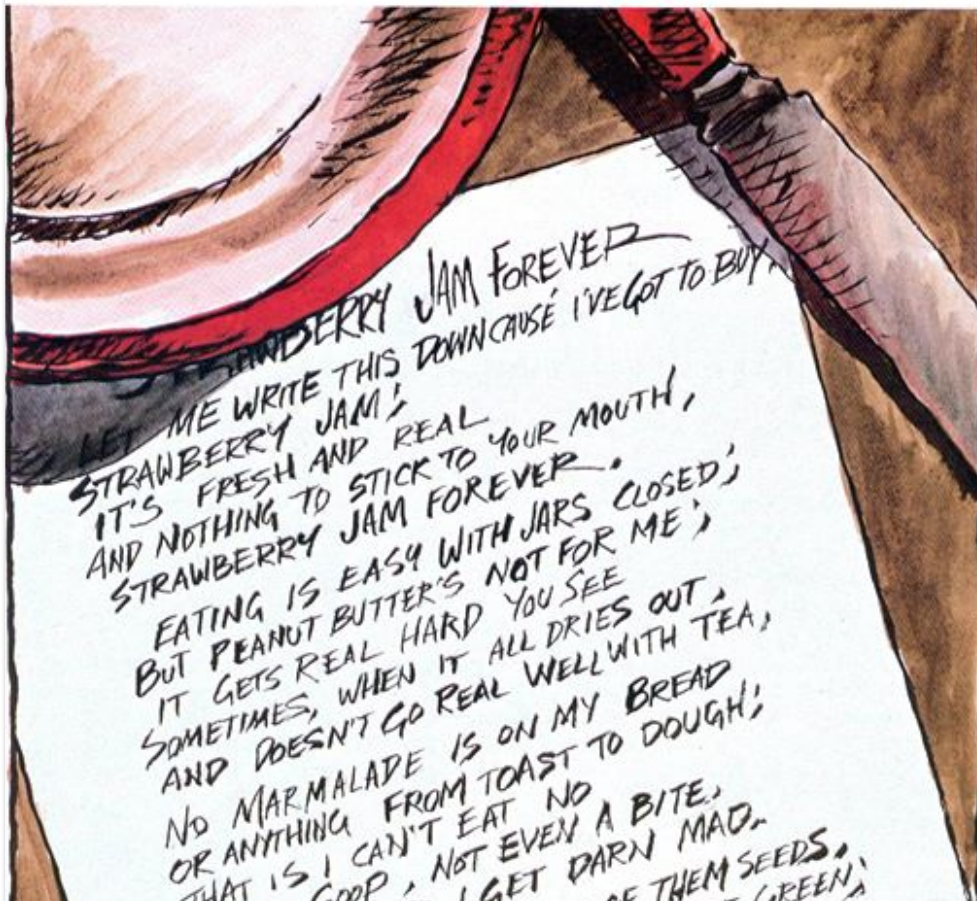
theme song, and Ron painted it. It's on the back cover of IO BE ANNOUNCED #1. You could get a copy on Ebay, I suppose, or instead you could just look at the photo on this post. Strawberry Jam Forever! For then.

I was talking with Tara last night about how the friendships of youth are from those of middle and later middle age...how, when you're young, friendships are sudden and intense and how large they loom in memory...until you're old and look back and realize how small a sliver of your life they really represent. I met Gerald a handful of times in 1984 and 1985, and haven't seen him since, but I bet if we were to meet tomorrow...masked and socially distanced, of course...we'd be able to fall pretty quickly into a conversation rather like the ones we had 35 years ago, if somewhat less rowdy. There's something to that, something about having known one another, however briefly, at that pivotal launching-pad moment of life...and I can't speak for anyone else, but for me it wasn't just the age, the time of life, it was that particular weekend, that breakfast alone, which proved in so many weird ways to be one of the crucial branches in my life's path.

Well. Enough? Enough.

As they say in Latin, classic jam in sempiternum.

And so vale, vale, bonus fortuna to the three hundred and thirty-second entry of #TheLongHello.





You, June M. Madeley, Shane Kurenoff and 3 others 16 comments

Like

Comment



Derek McCulloch
Gerald Saul

Like · Reply · 4 d



Write a reply...



Derek McCulloch
Namechecks: Brian Stockton, Roach, paul "Paul"
Stockton, Ron Turner

By the way, paul, it's really inconvenient that your name is spelled wrong in Facebook. You should fix that.... See more

Like · Reply · 4 d



Paul Stockton
Brian and Gerald would have been members of GALACTUS already. I do seem to recall Gerald having brought a portable typewriter, so it makes sense that he would have brought it. It might take me a while to check my records. Talk Zuckerberg about my name.

Like · Reply · 4 d



Derek McCulloch
DO SOMETHING, pAUL!!!

Like · Reply · 4 d



Shane Kurenoff
Paul - do you mean "Gerald having BOUGHT a portable typewriter, so it makes sense that he would have brought it." - not 'brought AND brought'?

Like · Reply · 4 d

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Paul Stockton

Okay, so I checked my records. Gerald had been a member of GALACTUS for eight months at that point, but surprisingly, you recruited Brian that weekend. We wrote a one-shot called, "WHY ARE WE IN paul's ROOM??" Gerald typed the title. It was the first i... [See more](#)

Like · Reply · 21 h



Derek McCulloch

No kidding? I was sure the door hanging was in Edmonton.

There should be a plaque in that hotel room to commemorate the first correct spelling of your name.

Like · Reply · 21 h



Gerald Saul

Who are you again?

Like · Reply · 20 h



Gerald Saul

from a roll of damaged film...



Like · Reply · 20 h



Derek McCulloch

Oh my god, I completely forgot that I saw Phil Collins Genesis.

Like · Reply · 20 h

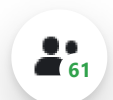


Write a reply...



Gerald Saul

Typing.





Like · Reply · 20 h



Gerald Saul
Door hanging in 1985.



Like · Reply · 20 h



Derek McCulloch
It's everybody's problem.

Like · Reply · 20 h



Write a reply...



Write a comment...

