



Catchpenny Gazette 15



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Number 15

"Winter deserves to be defied"

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Artwork

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Marc Schirmeister: 15, Back cover **William Rotsler:** 6

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AMDG

Eric Mayer

Notes From Byzantium

Now Batting, Punxsutawney Phil

Yesterday the kids next door were out in the snow hitting a whiffle ball. As a long time baseball fan, I like that. The week before the Super Bowl no less. Obviously they have their sports priorities straight.

When I was a kid, my friends and I always managed to get out once in January or February to hit some baseballs. We'd wait for the slightest thaw, just enough warmth in the air for us to dare hold a bat without mittens, then we'd grab our baseball gloves, which were never really properly put away, and head for the backyard.

We'd bang out a few hits into slushy snowdrifts. Soon we'd lose the ball. It's even harder to spot a baseball in the snow than it is in tall weeds. Or else the ball would get wet and heavy so when you made contact it would send an electric shock through the bat into your reddened, half-numb hands.

Then we'd go inside, and revel in our defiance of winter.

Winter deserves to be defied. There is something unnatural about a season (in the northeast anyway) which won't let kids play baseball. Maybe that's why people move to Florida and Arizona.

I don't hit baseballs in the snow anymore, but I root for Punxsutawney Phil. What is Groundhog Day but an act of defiance? You've got to admire a marmot with the audacity to believe that if it doesn't see its shadow on February second, winter won't last for another six weeks.

Can Cats Tell Time?

Our cat Sabrina came mewling around to chivvy us out of bed this morning. She usually does, if we're not up by 9:30. Keeping weird hours is an advantage of self-employment. The disadvantages would make for a Victorian 3-decker hand-wringer. The cat doesn't appreciate the situation.

I seem to remember reading that cats have no sense of time, but Sabrina always knows when it's 9:30. A long time ago, when we lived in another house, she and her buddy Rachel used to keep earlier hours. As soon as the sun was up they'd be doing calisthenics on the bed. We took to shutting the bedroom door. They hammered with their paws. Finally we had to banish them to the base-

ment at night. We provided some old blankets, on a shelf, next to the chimney. They curled up together and didn't seem to mind. If they did, we couldn't hear the complaints from the second floor.

Rachel's been gone for years. If cats truly have no sense of time, Sabrina must get up every morning, thinking her friend has just stepped out for a bit and will be back any moment. It would be nice to have no sense of time.



When He Was Old

I think it's the weather making me feel old. By February I've had it with winter. I used to feel 75 in February when I was still reading Dick and Jane. This year I guess February got sick of being only 28 days long and decided to take over March.

Things might still get better rather than worse. In his autobiography, *When I Was Old*, the French mystery writer Georges Simenon claimed that he felt old when he was fifty, but by the time he'd passed 65 he'd got over it.

Mind you, I am only relating what I remember. I read the book a long time ago and I'm over 50 and my memory might be going. But Simenon gives me hope.

Maybe age is like wading into cold water – unpleasant as it begins to creep up your legs but once you get in over your...uh...waist the worst is over.

Also, no wonder Simenon felt old when he insisted on locking himself in hotel rooms to write entire novels nonstop in four days and then entertain three prostitutes at once. (I don't think he meant they were copyediting his manuscript either.) Is it not the same for every man, he pointed out.

Who am I to contradict Georges Simenon?

Upside Down

The news that a rare postal misprint sold at auction reminded me of my brief fling with philately. According to the news report:

A group of four flawed, early U.S. airmail stamps, originally priced at 24 cents each, sold at auction for \$2.97 million on Wednesday.

An unidentified private collector bought the so-called "Inverted Jenny" stamps at the Siegel Auction Galleries in New York, the auction house said.

The 1918 stamp depicting a Curtiss JN-4H airplane was the first U.S. airmail stamp. Only a single flawed sheet of 100 stamps showing the airplane flying upside down was ever sold.



Only nine varieties of "inverts" have reached the public. One did so in 1962, when I was knee deep in stamp hinges. In fact, I actually had an invert.

But then so did millions of other collectors.

When a few hundred Dag Hammarskjold commemoratives were released with the yellow background inverted, much to the delight of two collectors who had each purchased half a sheet, Postmaster General J. Edward Day declared "The Post Office Department is not running a jackpot operation," and ordered the printing of 40,000,000 duplicates.



This decision turned out to be even less popular than Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick's placing an asterisk next to Roger Maris' home run record the previous year, due to Maris having had the benefit of a longer season.

I guess they were at least thinking about fairness way back then.

The times were different. When UN Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold was killed in a plane crash while on a peacekeeping mission to the Congo, this country mourned. Can anyone imagine the United States putting the Secretary General of the United Nations on a stamp today?

Hard to believe that a half century ago we knew the future from the past. Now we've got everything upside down.

Me and the Jesus Tree

Some people claim to have spotted an image of Jesus Christ on a tree trunk in Rochester, New York, according to an article in the upstate city's Democrat and Chronicle:

The "Jesus tree," as some are calling it, is a silver maple growing on the front lawn of the Hickey-Freeman Co. factory at 1155 N. Clinton Ave. It's a few feet from the sidewalk and behind a black metal fence.

The factory, which makes Hickey-Freeman, Bobby Jones and Burberry tailored clothing, has been at the site for 92 years. It sits in the heart of Rochester's infamous "crescent," known for high crime rates.

When I lived in Rochester I rode the bus past that tree on my way to work every morning. Not that I noticed the tree, but I noticed the factory. Our neighbor, a middle aged Italian lady was employed at Hickey-Freeman.

So far as I could decipher her decidedly broken English, she was worked like a slave. The job seemed to keep her in a permanent state of distress. Endless, unreasonable demands were enforced by the threat of instant termination. Or so I gathered. She may have been exaggerating. There was no way she could've fabricated the livid scars from the ironing presses that covered her arms.

If I was a boss at Hickey-Freeman I might be a little worried if Jesus showed up on my doorstep. Unfortunately, he's probably just an illusion. •



Eric's column is extracted from his blog at <http://www.journalscape.com/ericmayer>

Jim Lavell

View From The Attic

Jim Lavell was one of the funniest people I've ever known. Not that Jim was always cracking jokes. Just the opposite, in fact; he was a quiet man who didn't say much. And when he did, it was either very serious, or very funny. I don't believe Jim did much fanwriting on the whole – at least when I knew him, he mainly contributed to the locally produced Indianapolis zines. Which is a shame, because I think if he'd wanted to he could have been known as one of the Greats. His wife Lee loaned me quite a few old fanzines recently, and I knew when I read these pieces that I had to reprint them, along with a few others in future issues of CPG.

From Jim's editorial in Embelyon #4 (1970/71), the fanzine he and Lee published.

"Man wants little here below," the poet Goldsmith tells us. But try, just try to get it. Try to pay a bill from a department store without going through a jumble of advertisements and other nonsensical irrelevancies. The other day I opened an envelope from an Indianapolis department store with which Lee Anne is currently conducting a fervent romance. After 12 minutes pass in investigating the contents of the envelope, I succeeded in unearthing a bill for \$21.76.

You may well ask why it took 12 minutes to find the bill. I may tell you. Along with the bill were eleven enclosures of varying sizes. They were all beautifully written and expensively illustrated, these advertisements were; and if I were only in prison or quarantine, I could have spent an exciting hour reading them.

One pleaded with me to buy the latest moth killer. Another directed my attention to bras in heavenly tissue-skin nylon. Yet another made it quite clear that my life was dust and ashes without a Kool Foam airy cellular latex pillow.

A man who gets a bill wants to be able to remove it at once from its envelope and either pay it or invent some excuse for not doing so. He does not want to receive at the same time a complete inventory of the store's merchandise.

Three times out of four it is impossible to isolate the bill without the help of Lee Anne and our pet cat Gummich.

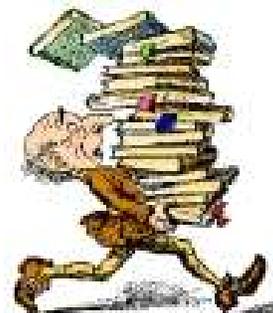
At one time a man could ask for razor blades and get them. This is becoming increasingly difficult. My favorite

blades, splendid keen chaps, no longer come in easy to remove packets. Now they lie nestled in a slotted receptacle in such a manner that if you exert just the right amount of pressure on the top blade you can slide it out of the slot. The occasions when I have done this are noted in my diary.

Books used to come wrapped in a piece of paper tied up with a length of twine. In no time at all you could be reading the book. Now they arrive in cardboard iron maidens, suitable for the transportation of safes or pianos, without any visible weak point. Or they come swaddled in thick bags stapled at one end. The ingenious company that manufactures these bags cites their virtues: they are protective, time and labor saving, simple and clean. Possibly.

But they are not openable. Sometimes you can force open the staples without much loss of blood, but should you make the slightest wrong move, you tear the bag. Out flies a bushel of ancient furry shredded paper, the perfect stand-in for mouse dirt. This distributes itself impartially over the floor, walls, and your throat and nasal passages.

Admitting without argument that I belong to that oppressed minority of males who are all thumbs, I would suggest that the real trouble lies with the fact that we can not let well enough alone. Our native ingenuity is so restless that the potentialities of change lying within the gadget begin to dominate our imaginations, drowning out any sense of that perfectly proper *resistance* to change lying within every human being. The man who falls in love with the gadget has fallen out of love with his own humanity.



From Jim's "View From The Attic" column in Chants of Madness #9 (1970)

In the firm belief that the recent turmoil on our college campuses is due entirely to the fact that there is a distressing lack of communication between students and faculties, particularly in the areas of examinations and quizzes, *Chants of Madness* would like to present as a public service feature definitions of various terms used in examinations and then a representative sampling of actual questions.

We offer the following in the hope of promoting understanding and harmony.

Definitions

Discuss: Tell everything you know or the Great Bird will defecate on you.

Evaluate: Repeat verbatim the professor's views on the subject.

Explain Briefly: Do this and you will flunk.

Discuss the evolution: Write a *complete* history.

Be specific: Quote the text or the professor.

Define your terms: You must carefully explain the meaning of any word with more than one syllable.

Sample Examinations

Political Science (one hour)

- I. Compare and contrast Machiavelli's theories of publishing with those of Charlie Brown (55 minutes)
- II. Discuss the impact of Hrokbangen's *Donaudamschifartzegesellschaftdudelsachfifermachchargeselle der Ubergangzeit* on political theory. Is the title appropriate? Why? Be concrete. (5 minutes)

English (one hour)

Eh yah di hoo dit, fresh salt fish
And shrunken cabbages in the platter,
Yellow paper knife and fork
And napkins made of purple cat fur.
The dinner host begins to shout
And life and death begin to pout.

- I. In terms as concise as possible, explain the use of symbolism in lines three, four, and five. Exactly what are the *shrunken* cabbages? Why are the napkins made of purple cat fur? Why would no other color suit the author's purpose? What is the dinner part and what relationship does it bear to the period, setting, and atmosphere? (Hint: the poem was written in the middle of the Nixon administration.) Why do life and death begin to *pout*? Why are life and death not capitalized? Be specific. (20 minutes)
- II. Discuss sound. Is sound possibly the most significant factor in the entire poem? What is the significance of "Eh yah di hoo dit" in the first line. To precisely what does this refer? (20 minutes)
- III. A recent observer has said that Shakespeare is full of clichés. Do you agree? Why? (10 minutes)

- IV. In the story we read, what was the author's purpose in making Hernando's mother a woman? Why wasn't his father also a woman? Explain fully. Illustrate your answer. (10 minutes)

Philosophy

- I. Why? (5 minutes)

- II. A. Discuss ways of justifying beliefs (5 minutes)

B. Prove:

1. That there is not a leprechaun in my typewriter who makes it work. (5 minutes)
2. That you turned off the kitchen stove this morning (5 minutes)
3. That you are not dreaming (5 minutes)

- III. Define the following terms. Be concrete. Give examples.

A. Eternality

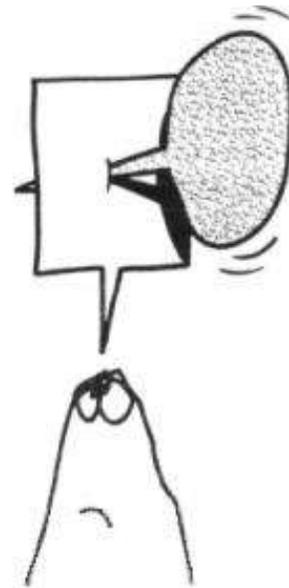
B. Infinity

C. Absolute perfection

(15 minutes)

- IV. Identify the philosophers in the following paragraph:

A plate o' bacon will make a new man of you if you've been through the mill trying to get to Berkeley in de cart. Spin owes a buck to me and I can't humor him unless he'd lock up the radio and not listen to the "Shopping Hours." (15 minutes)



THE RETORT

Jack Blandifet Palimpsest



So here we are in 1967. Over there's Al Kooper, sitting in his office as a newly-appointed producer at Columbia Records. Recently "fired" after the first LP from Blood, Sweat & Tears, the innovative blues/rock&roll band with its own built-in horn section that he'd founded (they'd go on to considerable commercial success but were never as interesting musically as on that first *The Child Is Father To The Man* album), he wondered just what the hell he was going to do.

"I know," he thought. "I'll invent the idea of the Super Group. The concept will sweep the rock&roll world during the 70s and 80s!"

Well, not quite, but in reality that's what happened.

Searching around for a first record to produce, Kooper came up with the idea of getting together with guitarist Michael Bloomfield, who coincidentally had just left the innovative blues/rock&roll band with its own built-in horn section that he'd founded, Electric Flag. (What a coincidence!) Kooper convinced Bloomfield that he'd never been recorded at his best – not during his early solo career, not during his stint with the legendary Paul Butterfield Blues Band, and not with the Electric Flag. So why don't I book some studio time, Kooper said, and we'll get some sidemen and just jam? The idea sounded good to Bloomfield, so he flew out to California to join Kooper in a rented house.

Kooper enlisted well-known studio musician Harvey Brooks (also of the Electric Flag) to play bass, and Bloomfield suggested Eddie Hoh of the Mamas & Pappas band as drummer. They provided a dead-on, rock-solid rhythm section that did just what was needed – providing the base for Bloomfield and Kooper to improvise around. (Hoh is particularly impressive – the guy's like a metronome. He adds the fewest "fills" of any drummer I've ever heard.)

The first night they recorded half a dozen songs, most of them making up the first side of the *Super Session* LP. Mostly instrumental, with one vocal (Curtis Mayfield's "Man's Temptation") done by Kooper. Most of them are blues-based, but one, "His Holy Modal Majesty" brings in a lot of jazz influences, and features the Kooper on the ondioline, a precursor to the modern synthesizer and

surely one of the most grating instruments ever devised by man. That first side has some of the best instrumental rock tunes ever. Bloomfield was at his peak. Clean and lyrical, Bloomfield could construct a guitar solo like no one else. And he provided a good counterbalance to the other blues-inspired guitarists of the day, most of whom were influenced by country or delta blues – Bloomfield was strictly a city boy.

Kooper left thinking everything was great; they'd come back the next night and get the whole album "in the can" in short order. The only problem was Bloomfield was a little flaky – a combination of hypochondria, insomnia, and a small problem with heroin (which would kill him in a dozen years). He split early the next morning, leaving Kooper a note that said he couldn't sleep and had flown home. This of course left Kooper in the lurch. Studio time booked, half an album done, his first project as a producer, and Bloomfield *goes home!* A bit panicked, Kooper started making phone calls to the guitarists he knew. Steve Miller, Jerry Garcia, Randy California. And Stephen Stills. Buffalo Springfield had just broken up (for good this time), and Stills was at loose ends. Stills was the first to say he'd do it and Kooper being in a bind, he got the nod.

Side Two of *Super Session* is almost completely different from Side One – there's not much pretense that it's a jam session, and it's more heavily "produced." There are no original songs; on Side One Bloomfield and Kooper collaborated on a couple. The music is more structured, and has less of the live feel that the first side has. It's still got some good music. "It Takes A Lot To Laugh (It Takes A Train To Cry) by Dylan starts it out. Kooper, who with Bloomfield had been a session musician on *Highway 61 Revisited*, selected an alternate arrangement Dylan had tried and rejected, and it's an awfully bouncy little tune. Stills works out his guitar and wah-wah pedal on Donovan's "Season Of The Witch," turning it into a really spooky eleven minute opus. "You Don't Love Me," an updated blues standard rounds out Stills contributions – Kooper became a little too instrumental by Brooks ends the record.

(continued on page 17)

Lee Lavell

Much Nothings About Ado

My name is Lee Anne Tremper Lavell. For those who don't remember me, and I am sure the number is legion, I am one of those ancient fans who first became active in the early fifties, married a fan (who passed away in the early eighties), and have been in a protracted state of gafiation ever since. Unlike David Burton, who was voted best new fan of 1970 by five whole people, the closest I probably ever came to fame was to be mentioned in *Fancylopedia II* as one of the many Lees in fandom. Recently I bought my very first computer and at the suggestion of former fan David Lewton, with whom I have retained a long friendship, I Googled my own name to see what might show up. About my first hit was *Catchpenny Gazette 1* and I went into a state of shock. I had first met David Burton at an ISFA (Indiana Science Fiction Association – third incarnation) meeting, where he, David Lewton and David Gorman all showed up at the same time. This was back around 1970, and soon they all became very active and identified with Indy fandom, although many thought they were a hoax and only one David existed. Recently a friend of mine, Marcus, ran into someone who vaguely remember me from those days. "Didn't she have a husband named Jim," she asked, "and three sons named David?" Marcus explained that while I might be strange, I'm not *that* strange!

Geezer Quiz # 1: Identify "Boop boop diddam daddum waddum choo" (spelling phonetic)

I should now like to comment on the subject of horror films. I disagree with the categorization of most of the above. Many are what I would call "jump" or "scare" stories. There are episodes that suddenly appear, frightening the viewer. This is especially prevalent in most of the low budget movies and often is quite effective in the short run. The "monster" or killer strikes suddenly, seemingly from nowhere. Everyone goes "Eek!" and then settles down, waiting for the next "eek." This kind of film is often abetted by a single continuing character as in the *Halloween*, *Friday The Thirteenth*, or *Aliens* franchises.

The "jump" film movie is frequently combined what the "nausea" film. Throw in as much blood and gore as possible, eviscerate or poison a person or animal several times, and throw in as many disgusting insects reptiles, worms or such, and maybe even have someone eat a few.

These films look for yucks as well as eeks.

Many films employ atmosphere to frighten – the good old "dark and stormy night" syndrome. The effective ones usually combine atmosphere with other techniques but not always. See the 1940s movie *The Uninvited* for a good movie with very little pure scare involved.

Then there's the thriller movie, the driving force of which seems to be constant action of some kind. In that context you can throw in all of the above techniques, but things must occur constantly.

So, I've touched on several of the categories which are sometimes labeled "horror," but none of which are really that.

Now I want to discuss a film that is truly that – a horror film, although, so far as I know it has never been categorized as such. But first let me explain what I think of as horror. Horror goes deep. It does not depend upon the adrenalin rush of the jump, gore or thriller film. Horror cuts deeper, into the soul. One can leave other films laughing, a nice film ride. One leaves the theater after a horror film somberly, carrying a burden that they have not been able to leave behind in the building. It remains in the mind for a long time. That is the horror.

And now to the film. It is called *Elephant*. I caught it by accident on one of the premium film channels. The blurb for it said it was based on Columbine so I expected one of the semi-documentaries about the incident. Not so. What I got was a group of teens entering the school, walking the corridors to their destination in long long tracking shot. First one group. Then another group, and another and another and on and on to classrooms, cafeterias, stadiums, libraries, doing prosaic teen things, holding prosaic teen conversations on and on and on in stultifying repetition until it has become almost hypnotic and one almost forgets what is to come. Only toward the very end do we get to the boys who are going to commit the massacre so when it does begin it is all the more horrifying. It just happens. You don't know why. And by extension then it could happen anywhere, anytime. There is no real denouement. The film ends with the suicide of the final shooter. You are left with that. No release. No explanation. Just that deep-cut feeling that something terrible has happened, and could and probably would happen again and you don't know why.

And that, my friends, is horror. •

Dave Locke

Shambles

From *Shambles #1*, June 1975, "Dialog With Two Hams"

Cagle: Do you ever make an ass of yourself, Dave?

Locke: Yes, usually.

I did it just the other day, in fact, but it was far removed from being an amusing incident. I was at work [Consolidated Effrontery, Inc.] at my usual stall in Pasadena calling someone at the home office in Rochester, New York. His wife had died a couple of weeks previously, and I had been informed of the incident as the result of trying to place an earlier call to him. This time he was back at work and the call went through, but the knowledge of his wife's death totally slipped my mind.

So I said to him, when he answered the phone: "Hi, Norm. How was your Christmas?" His wife had died maybe two days before Christmas.

As soon as the words left my mouth I somehow saw them fall irretrievably into the mouthpiece of the telephone. If I'd had a pair of scissors in my other hand I would have attempted to snip off the cord on the handset in futile hope that my words would be stopped before they could go jumping about from pole to pole in their headlong flight to Rochester.

He didn't say anything for a second, and I sat there with my grip clenching up on the handset, and soundlessly cursing myself. I hoped that my left nut would somehow break loose, fall out of my pants-leg, roll out of the office, down the corridor, and bounce down two flights of stairs where it might then be stepped on by a secretary in high heels.

Moving on to yet another incident, this one goes back to my short stay at Syracuse University. I was delighted as all hell that table tennis abounded all over the place. It's the only sport I am, or ever was, worth a damn at.

I thought I was pretty hot stuff. I had some reason to be proud of my accomplishments in amateur competition, but my head got blown out of all proportion. I told one of my college buddies how good I was, and then we ambled down to the rec room because he wanted to see me perform in a game.

The first guy I played beat me 21-2. I got one point on a deflection off the net, and the other from an edge ball.

I felt like a bottle of Ripple at a wine-tasting party.

My great disappointment was somewhat lessened when we then watched this same fellow, who had never played in a tournament, beat two rated players in quick, unconscious succession.

After the hot players had abandoned the rec room I decided maybe I should try my luck with the (hopefully) somewhat lesser competition. The two rated players had left with their tails between their legs, and the hot shot finally retired undefeated. So the table was open for two players. I was one of them. It turned out that a fellow in a wheelchair was next in line.

He beat me 30-28.

As I left the table I noticed that my buddy was walking around bumping into things. He had trouble navigating while doubled up in laughter. He laughed all the way down the hall, all the way up the elevator, and all the way back to our wing of the dorm. He was still laughing the next morning at breakfast. I got thrown out of the cafeteria for throwing a pancake at him.

From *Shambles #2*, February 1976, "Dialog With Two Hams"

When I first became a fan one of my desires was to meet others of my "kind," but Indian Lake, New York was not at that time - and never will be - a hotbed of fannish activity. And at the age of sixteen, tied to working the tourist season at my parents' business, it wasn't too practical to wander off in search of a tender fannish face. However, I soon discovered that another fan lived about two hundred miles from me and we promptly began corresponding. Then, within a short period of time, I made arrangements to visit him.

The fan whom I first encountered lived on a farm, and like to fuck cows. He told me all about it. In the meantime his mother, who was deaf as a bat, sat knitting in her rocking chair and smiled and nodded as he carried on this incredible monologue. He even pointed out which one was his favorite. Needless to say, I couldn't get out of there fast enough.

Having fulfilled my desire to meet a fan, it was a long time before I worked up the inclination to meet another one.

Of course, that was a long time ago. In the fifteen years since I entered fandom I've met a great number of fans. I realize now that the cow-fucker was probably one of the more interesting of the lot. •



Christopher Garcia

Found In Collection

I hurt my toe. I do that a lot at the museum. With all the climbing and tunneling and running from place to place that I do, I often miss something and end up with a sore toe or heel or ankle or whathaveyou. Still, sometimes that pain pays off as it did a few days ago when I was trying to get things ready for a loan to Apple.

Apple Computers wanted an IBM 360 Model 91 for their boardroom. It's a five foot long two hundred pound beast, with several hundred lights and knobs and switches. It was also missing about fifty lights, so I had to replace them, clean it up and make it look presentable. Of course, a couple of days after I did that, Apple called and said that it was too big and they needed something smaller. So, after having put several days into getting the 360/91 ready, I had to find another front panel to replace it.

These searches often take me into parts of the collection where only the angels and I ever set foot. They are dusty places; cold and unforgiving, these hollows where man holds no sway. This is MachineLand and humans were not meant to venture there. I do, though, and as I was searching for the other front panel that I knew I'd come across in other searches, I found two small boxes. These had all the things I expect to find in random boxes: old manuals, paper tape, a bunch of Polaroid pictures, you know, stuff you'd only expect to find tucked away in a museum. Strangely, there was also a pair of small magazines at the bottom of one of the boxes. They were called *Luna Monthly*.

I know nothing of *Luna Monthly*. There's not much about it that I can find online, which means it doesn't exist! OK, maybe that's not the case. There are a few references and I'm under the assumption that it was what we'd call a semi-pro zine nowadays. It's an 5½ by 8 ½ zine, one of my favorite sizes for reading. The two issues I got, issue 47 and 48, are both from 1973, a full year before my birth, and they both made for interesting reading over lunch that afternoon.

Issue 47 opens with a discussion of reprinting old *Amazing Stories* Annuals and the possibilities that then-modern photo-offset printing allowed. I've been saying that folks should start doing that right now. The rest of issue 47 is pretty interesting, and it appears that *Luna* was an international magazine. There was an article on Birago Diop of Senegal and his French SF, written by Mark Purcell. In the section called "International Scene" we were told of scientific goings-on in the UK and Norway, and there's an excellent look at the Fleet Space

Theater in San Diego, which I remember fondly. There are lots of reviews, listings for releases of books, movies and cons. It's an all-purpose magazine for the 1970s fan.

I liked issue 48 far better, partly because it opened with a look at the Trieste Film Festival. I had no idea that John Landis took home the top award in 1973 for the film *Schlock*. It's not one of his better films, in my eyes, but it's interesting to see what the juries of the day were looking for. It also mentioned one of the greatest short films of all time, *Isabelle et la Locomotive a Vapeur*, a story of a girl who falls in love with a train. It's a gorgeous film that needs a DVD release but fast. Mark Purcell looks at the first French science fiction films, which talks a lot about my man Georges Melies. There's another by Mark about SF & the cinema. It's a solid read.

I guess *Luna* could almost be seen as an early version of *Locus*. It had a lot in common with *The Alien Critic* that Richard Geis was putting out around the same time, though *TAC* was a much more fannish zine. The writing is good, the layout clean and the issues themselves are really wonderful. I hope I find more of these somewhere, because I really think I could get to know a lot about the 1970s SF world if I read a longer run.

As I finished off getting the other front panel ready for Apple, I remembered that those two magazines were older than Apple Computers, even older than the Blue Boxes those Steve guys made to sell around Berkeley to make illegal long-distance phone calls. I don't know why, but whenever I'm set to a task that I know is going to be called off (and Apple did not want the other front panel either) I always think of the little strangenesses in my strange little life. •



Lettercolumn

Epistles

Robert Lichtman

Issues of *CPG* have continued to show up on efanzines, been printed out (as you surmise in your response to Brad Foster in the letter column) and read by me, and somehow I've failed to follow through with letters of comment for the past few. But № 14 turned up overnight and I've already read it, and am jumping in while the iron is still hot (or whatever metaphor works for you).

Part of this was made easy by the fact that I well remembered Dave Locke's mail interview with Willis from when it first appeared in *Outworlds* back in 1984. You've done a great service making it available once again to contemporary fandom. In it I especially love Walt's recounting of Sid Coleman's "classic Jewish joke." And I wholly agree that *Warhoon No. 28*, the 600-plus page collection of Walt's writing, is – as Dave puts it – "the best single document fanzine fandom could offer up if suddenly pressed to show that it had ever produced anything worthwhile." I would offer as runners-up Robert Bloch's *The Eighth Stage Of Fandom*, both volumes of *The Incomplete Burbee*, Harry Warner Jr.'s two fan history volumes, and a number of TAFF reports (the ones by Ron Ellik, Dave Langford and Arthur Thomson spring first to mind). That's just off the top of my head; there's more.

I found the interview informative and entertaining, but at first I was a little reluctant to reprint it because it had been in a pretty large circulation zine (Outworlds) and because it had been published fairly "recently" -- I sometimes find it hard to believe that 1984 was 22 years ago! And that's quite a few fan generations. Probably in the next issue I'm going to reprint Dave's interview/dialog with Buck Coulson.

Eric Mayer brought up the topic of someone republishing Warhoon #28 in e-APA recently. It's a task that I'd be more than willing to take on and make available digitally; the problem being (besides trying to locate Bergeron if that would be required) getting my hands on a copy that I could scan.

Eric Mayer is quite right in his column when he notes, "just because writers might give the impression (purposefully or not) that they are deriving their sustenance from their fiction doesn't make it so." I don't want to get into which writers do or don't – I think in the field of SF we all more or less know who – but observe that famous

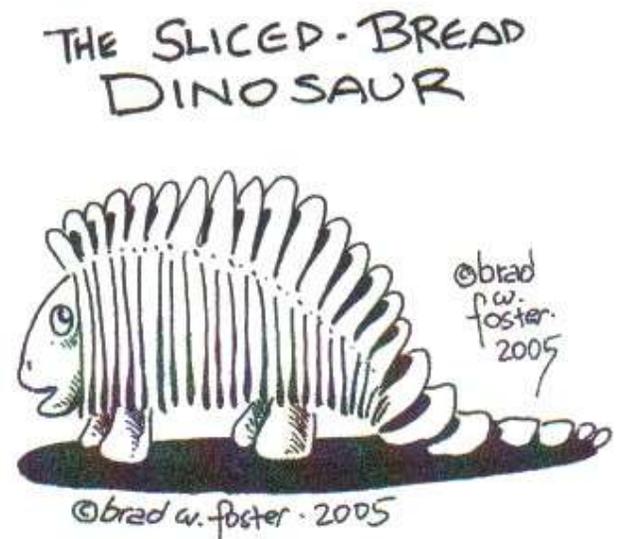
American poet Wallace Stevens never gave up his employment with insurance companies and that for most of his life another poet, William Carlos Williams, was a full-time doctor.

I enjoyed Chris Garcia's goshwowness over the 1976 *Worldcon* booklet – one that I don't seem to have – and Peter Sullivan's paean to Ringo Starr. I was surprised to note that the latter was a reprint from a 1989 publication. Was it a "fanzeen," as he likes to spell it, or something else?

I think it's a Diplomacy fanzine...

Mark Plummer's reference to how microfilming degrades the image quality of newspapers and the like that libraries like to "shoot" and then dispose of the hard copies reminds me that Carol recently got the 8-DVD set of *The Complete New Yorker*. It's a wonderment, with full-page scans of every issue from the first back in 1925 through one from February 2005, complete with advertisements and all. We've spent some time looking at it together and ran off a few test pages on her black and white printer. They looked pretty good. If I wanted to install the software for it on my computer, too, I could print out *New Yorker* covers in full color on my H-P 2600N (on which I print your fanzine and many others).

I liked Lloyd Penney's reference to finding a "Montreal en/in '77" button at a *Worldcon*, especially how he says, "I have to have something historical at home." I'm



awash with such stuff myself: everything from Charles Burbee's LASFS membership card (signed by F. Towner Laney) to Ron Ellik's large collection of convention and other fannish pins/buttons. Even more obscure is the late Redd Boggs's baby book. •

Ned Brooks

Thanks David! I did print it out – nice that Adobe allows printing only the odd or even pages in one pass – though the color is lost as I have only a LaserJet. But like Walt Willis, I find that my memory doesn't always retrieve anything connected with a name – I can't place John Purcell. I think he is wrong about Harry Warner's "favorite typewriter" – my recollection is that this was an Underwood 5, a large sturdy office machine made from 1900 through the early 1930s. Over 4 million were made, so it is not rare even today. I have three of them, and offered Harry one when his failed. I can't remember if he told me just what was wrong with it. It would not have been easy or cheap however for him to ship me his or me to ship him one – they are heavy, and the cast iron frame is relatively brittle – and he declined to try it.

As to the large building in my back yard in Newport News, it was 2-story and 16 x 32. But it was not at all devoted to the typewriter collection – I ran the mimeos there, and a lot of the books were there as well. This building was designed for solar heating, and it worked well enough – neither books nor typewriters are harmed by a chill. I don't think it ever got below 50 there, and I could use an electric heater if needed. But I still ran out of space, so I bought the house next door and put books and typewriters there. When I retired in 1998, I moved all 25 tons of Good Stuff to this house in Georgia, and most of the typewriters are on industrial shelving in the basement. I sometimes wonder what use the new owners made of the house in Newport News – the upstairs of the 2-story part in the back could be reached only by the sort of folding stair normally used for attic access.

I have had tentative contact with academic libraries about the fanzine collection, but I don't know anyone who would want the typewriters. I do now have some idea how many fanzines there are – they are indexed and there seem to be just under 12,000. This doesn't include however the 30+ years each of Slanapa and SFPA mailings. •

Eric Mayer

Spectacular issue.

...um...

...er...

Wow, I'm tired out already. I reckon this is my first LoC of 2006 and I'm obviously out of shape. Less LoCs this year, that's for sure.

Jeez, Eric, I think you've got that bass-ackwards. It's like exercise – write more LoCs and you'll get in better shape.

Let's try again. Wonderful photo on the cover. Has the look of a painting. Also all the nice white space. Nothing makes for more attractive design than just plain old space.

Although the Beatles went a little far with that White Album cover.

Speaking of which, I enjoyed Peter Sullivan's Ringo appreciation. (But "Don't Pass Me By" is a classic!) I always kind of laugh when I hear criticism of the "Ringo's a lousy drummer" variety because people working at that level know what they're doing and they do what they choose to do. There will always be those who don't like the choices. I always liked the kind of bright, busy sound on the early recordings. And how can we forget the drum as lead instrument on "Back Off Boogaloo"? Or the *Sentimental Journey* album. OK, after I raced out and bought it and plunked it on the turntable (yes, I did say turntable) my reaction was WTF. And "WTF" hadn't even been invented yet. Then I read an interview where he said, in effect, "I did it for me mum." And I thought, Yeah. Right! Ha ha! Good joke, Ringo. Now I'm older I figure he probably did record all those oldies for his mum.

I always like reading about Chris Garcia's discoveries by the way but finding a beautifully produced book, and then finding a Harlan Ellison story in it would be a mixed experience!

The dialog between Dave Locke and Walt Willis is probably one of the most interesting things I've read in a fanzine. I think I missed it when it first appeared. (But now somebody will produce an old LoC in which I commented on it.) There's not much I can say about the piece. Mostly, like Dave, I was struck in reading Walt's stuff with how admirably he conducted himself and how badly I've done in comparison. Over the years I've improved, but I still stick my foot in it from time to time. One thing, although Dave asked Walt whether his experiences in fandom helped him in his work, I'd have thought, rather, that his experience working in government maybe contributed to him being able to handle himself so diplomatically in fandom. I'm not surprised by his saying he didn't feel driven to write constantly. I suspect people who have more balance in their lives write in a more balanced manner. If I had anything else I was good at I'd spend more time doing that and less writing. Great piece anyway. I hope it gets the wide reading it deserves.

Re Lloyd Penney's letter...I fear in the abyss of infinity we are all disposable ephemera. Ask Ozymandius. Or perhaps we are all saved on that big back up in the sky. May our files be uncorrupted and capable of being retrieved without errors. •

Chris Garcia

There was a bit of disorientation when I first opened *CPG* and there was nothing on the window but white. I scrolled down and found the flower, realizing that sometimes design confuses me in the same way a doorknob would confound the Piltdown Man.

First off, Two Years! Congrats! *The Drink Tank* is heading for its First Anniversary at the end of the month, which is amazing to me. All of us eFanzines-types are putting out so much wonderful stuff, I'm up to my ears in LoCs to write! I love it!

Of late, reading about Walt Willis has become something of a hobby of mine. There are a great many people whose writing I'd love to be able to really dig into, with Willis, Warner and Carr leading that pack. I've found that I should have gotten active earlier since that would have meant that I could at least have had LoCs from Warner and Willis if I had just put myself out and about around the time I got the first computer of my own in my room (1995) with enough power and software to have actually produced a zine. It was a wonderful interview with him too.

Eric Mayer is a wonderful writer and I never tire of his stuff, whether it's in e-APA, LoCs to *The Drink Tank* or *VFW*, or here. I'm glad we have him with us, and I hope he doesn't orbit-out of our zines anytime soon. I read a lot of blogs of various writers, like Jay Lake, Nick Mamas and their friends, and it looks like such a difficult life. I really don't think I could handle it. I've always written a lot, even when I was writing fiction I'd write a couple of thousand words a day, but now I know I made the right choice by turning fannish forever since I might get 1000 words a week read by a few dozen people who may or may not appreciate it instead of getting nothing read by anyone other than certainly unappreciative editors. It happens. I do have some of those check-box rejections. Usually they'd have to add things like 'strange' or 'poorly structured'.

I spent the weekend going through my collection of fanzines and other fannish materials and the Programme Book from MidAmeriCon is just wonderful. I really hope that some con-comm will try for something on this level in the future, but with costs what they are, I figure it'll never happen.

Let me say this: the *Catchpenny Gazette* crew of L-O-Cers is exceptional. There's always been a lot of talk about eZines not getting response, and I think we're starting to see that turn around a bit, but the folks who are responding, good people like Mark Plummer, John Purcell, Earl Kemp, and ShelVy, are great names and are putting out wonderful material all over the place. I'm beginning to think that we may really be some sort of serious movement...or maybe we're all just potential drinking buddies who can't seem to all meet in the same place and have decided that on-line is good enough.

For a while I was worried that the lettercolumn was getting a little ... well, inbred almost, since the people writing LoCs were the same people contributing to the zine. Not that they weren't good LoCs, but I'm glad to see some other folks moved to write in as well. And I'm very happy to see that the number of readers of CPG is increasing as well.

And I don't create decorative typos, I merely allow

them to express themselves! Also, you noted that Peter was going to write up Con reports for *CPG* from every SF con in the World. I cry foul and that no man should horde Peter's words so. I demand at least 10 percent of those reports be allowed to roam free in green pastures and that a similar percent be allowed to rest naturally in *The Drink Tank*. Yes, that'll do nicely. •

Jan Stinson

Dave Locke's chat with Willis was mostly interesting (I didn't finish reading it, just lost the thread somewhere and went onto something else; reading about fanzines and fandom from *Ye Golden Tymes* puts me too much in mind of reading history, which I tend to stay away from unless it's a topic in which I have a current interest). His recounting of getting an intell vetting brought to mind a story a then-friend (have since lost track of him) told me. To become a soldier in Uncle Sam's Army back in the 1980s (and probably today, for all I know), and particularly a soldier destined to toil in the Military Intelligence field (no mention of that tired, worn-out, I'll-beat-you-senseless-with-a-wet-noodle-that-joke-is-too-old-to-repeat phrase so beloved by ignorant civilians, please), one had to complete (and I do mean COMPLETE) a background check form that was 10 pages long, said form written in 9 pt. type. One of the areas in the form requires the naming of references, preferably of local persons known to the background check subject (um, that would be me). So I referred ol' Steve, and when a man in a black trench coat and shiny black (FBI?) shoes called on him to ask questions about me, he found the fellow so dour and serious that he decided to try and get a rise out of him to break the tension. I don't remember whether the question concerned my possible drug use or revolutionary activities, but Steve's response was, "Oh, sure, all the time!" He reported to me later that the investigator just looked at him for a second, then started writing something down in a notebook. "No, no, wait, I was just kidding!" Steve said quickly to him, and made himself be very serious for the rest of the interview. I would love to have been a fly on the wall during that conversation.

Also enjoyed Eric Mayer's "Notes from Byzantium." The part on writers who choose not to reveal whether



they have non-writing jobs which pay their bills put me in mind of one SF writer, who has chosen not to start writing a novel unless a contract for it has already been signed. This person is coming up on the 30th anniversary of the first published piece of fiction, so is no newcomer. In a financial sense, this practice is quite logical, but in a creative sense it's limiting. If one writes only what one has contracted for, one can easily get locked into a popular series or genre for longer than one may care to be in said series/genre. This writer has said repeatedly that if readers want to read novels outside of the currently contracted-for series, they should write to the relevant publisher and say so. This also makes sense. Somehow, though, this write-to-contract practice feels soulless to me. But perhaps it's just a reflection of the reality of publishing these days, with its emphasis on the bottom line.

I assume most professional writers are just like everyone else: some do what they do for the love of it and would continue to write even if there were no money involved, and some do it strictly for the money and wouldn't write another word if they weren't paid. (And now that I've written that, I realize that in some small way I fall into the latter category. I could still be reviewing software and getting "published," but it would be without pay. I haven't written a software review in 4 years...

Chris Garcia's "Found in Collection" reminded me that I have some books to take to my local used-book store. Perhaps this summer I can hunt down used-book stores in Traverse City, which is an hour north of Eastlake and more of a metropolitan place than my little village, to see what gems I can find. However, finding them on the Web is a lot easier, most times, and my health precludes day-long searches through stacks anyway. But, we'll see.

"Don't Pass Him By" reminded me that I still need to find and buy a Beatles collection that won't put me in the poor house. I'd like to get CDs of their first three albums, and I already have the vinyl version of Sgt. Pepper, but there are a few others I'd like as well. I suppose there's a boxed set floating around somewhere, but it will probably cost more than I can afford. Oh well. I did think Ringo was a good drummer, back in my teen years, and Peter Sullivan is right on the money when he notes that Ringo knew when to make big sounds and when to be quiet. I think my favorite Beatle was John Lennon, for a while, and then George Harrison. How odd to realize that half the Beatles are beyond reunion dreams now.

"Epistles": Like Brad Foster, I also prefer paper copies of fanzines, but will read them onscreen if I have no other choice (or not enough Inkjet ink to print them myself). I keep at least one paper copy of all the issues of *Peregrine Nations* I've pubbed so far, as file copies. I plan to burn PDFs of each ish onto CD RSN.

I found your Contributors descriptions most amusing. Do please continue them in future issues, at least once in a while. I got big laffs outta them! •

Thanks. Probably not every issue, but once in a while, as space allows. I certainly had fun writing them. At least one of the "subjects" told me they got a kick out of theirs.

Lloyd Penney

I met Walt Willis only once, as did many people, but I met him at Magicon in Orlando in 1992, where he was the Fan GoH. I was introduced to him in the fanzine lounge, and he said he'd ready my letters of comment, and enjoyed them very much. I had a good time in Orlando, but that little bit of validation from WAW made my week. Walt's explanation of fandom and Ghodhood to his employer reminded me of a job interview I had some years ago. The guy interviewing me was familiar, in both face and name, and when we sat down for the interview, he said the very same to me. Turns out he was a local fan from a couple of decades earlier, and recognized my name from fanzines and the local SF convention. We spent 15 minutes talking about the job, and the next 90 minutes or so talking about local fandom, who's still around, who's left, etc. Didn't get the job, but that was one of the best interviews I'd ever had.

Dave Locke is right, at least in my case, that it doesn't take long to realize that you are no longer writing for yourself. Given my training in journalism, I always thought that I'd be writing for an audience, so my writing had to be concise, informative, and perhaps even entertaining. I try to go for all three; I have no idea how often I hit the mark, if ever. At least, I'm having some fun. (I write for an audience; that's probably the biggest reason why I'll never have my own blog. Who's going to read that?)

Eric Mayer has it made, he's got a cat sitting on his lap as he types. I'd like the same; the particular cat I've thinking of is about 200 miles down the highway, owned by close friends. If they can clone cats, why can't they clone that cat for me?

Peter Sullivan! Yvonne was the president of the Beatles fan club at her high school; she spent most of high school wearing colourful clothes and a black top hat.

Rule 6 is so broken, it should be powdered by now. I broke it a few times at a meeting earlier today. And, I'm happier and healthier for it, too.

In the contributor's list...it looks like Chris Garcia was somehow given the keys to Warner's Dungeon, and that may be the only way he gets so many zines done. The inhabitants of the dungeon were, from all accounts, surprised to see a new warden show up, and pleased to get a variety of work. Long may it reign. •

John Purcell

Another fine issue. Thank you so much for reprinting that Dave Locke Dialog with Walt Willis. I remember reading this when it first came out in 1984. The entire series of correspondence-based dialogs with assorted fans over the years was wonderful; this particular one was

my favorite of the bunch. It's thus been many a year since I've read it, but it was still enjoyable. The things I still chuckle over throughout this were Walt's stories; my favorite one is his snappy one-liner about Chicago being one gigantic ashtray. Dave's comment that "it doesn't take long in fandom to realize that you are no longer just writing for yourself" is well taken. The shared history we in Core Fandom possess makes it that much more enjoyable to write and read about those whom we know and the places we've all been to (or would like to go to). A writer who is well-acquainted with his reading audience is likely to enjoy the process of writing just as much as his readers will enjoy his finished product. Ah, what a wonderful selection to reprint. Thank you, David.

Eric Mayer's "Notes" remind me so well why I gave up trying to write fiction and make a living at it: I really am not very good at it! Fact of the matter is that I really do enjoy writing, but fiction writing is a rarity for me nowadays. On the other hand, I have been producing more poetry and music lately. Hark! I hear the creative muse raising her harp to twang out another z-sharp augmented on her lyre... No, strike that. It was just Marmalade, our 12-year old, twenty-pound cat hacking up some grass she chewed up in the backyard. Gotta grab a couple paper towels. Be right back...

Hey, Eric, I remember getting a few of those form letter rejection slips from *Fantastic Stories* back in the mid-70s. Nothing finer. Another reason why I gave up fiction writing.

Chris Garcia's find of that 1976 MidAmeriCon program book sure brought back memories. I was there! If you look at the attendee listing, Chris, you'll find my name listed. Unfortunately, my copy of the MAC program book is long-gone, but I still have my memories of that Worldcon, complete with the first closed-circuit events broadcast (courtesy of Scott Imes) and Patia von Sternberg's Masquerade intermission striptease act. You can thank Tom Reamy for making such an outstanding program book possible. Tom's zine *Nickelodeon* was superlative, too, complete with photo-spreads of nekkid male and female fans. I remember Steven Utley being one of the subjects in the first issue. There was also a young black femmefan whose name I forget in that issue as well. Tom's objective was to always include a male and female photo feature in each issue of his zine. Come to think of it, I remember Tom asking me at MidAmeriCon if I would be willing to pose nude for an upcoming *Nickelodeon* issue. I respectfully declined, although I have to admit, I guess that request could be seen as a compliment. Oh, well. Our eyes have been spared the onslaught.

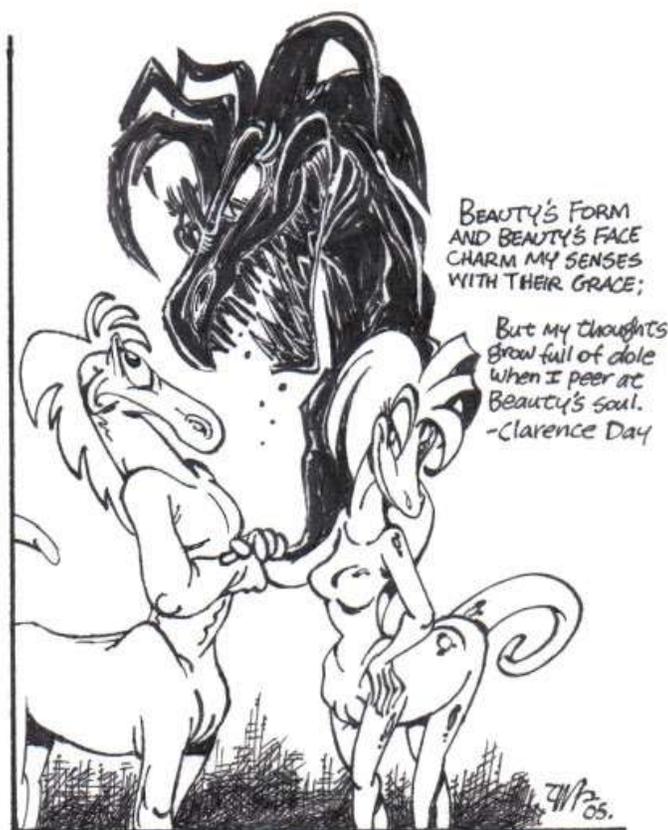
On to the LoCcol. David, I have a confession to make: I, too, print out hard copies of *CPG* and other e-zines; I like to have them to make comments on when I rattle off these e-locs. As for my e-zine, *In A Prior Lifetime*, I keep a hard copy besides backed up copies on my jump drive.

Chris Garcia, I would love to tour your museum someday. Whenever I swing out towards the Bay Area some day for a professional conference, I will let you know when I'm in town. You Have Been Warned.

Eric Mayer's LoC reminded me of Excelsior Amusement Park on the shores of Lake Minnetonka, about a half-hour's drive due west of Minneapolis. It is long gone now, but it had one of the best wooden roller coasters in the Upper Midwest, plus I remember zinging down this monster wooden slide on a burlap sack so many times one day that I had a sore rump for the rest of the weekend. It was a great place with a great view of the lake. Great times. Valleyfair in Shakopee is okay, but it's just not the same as good old Excelsior Amusement Park. **sigh**

Lloyd Penney's LoC makes me wonder if he's volunteering to write and pub a Web Guide to Science Fiction. And I agree with Lloyd: let's all break Rule 6! Nothing finer.

Loved the contributor bios on the last page. Very amusing. •



David Burton

Finis

January was apparently the month for me to renew old acquaintances; fitting I suppose for the first month of the new year. And they both happened because I was publishing a zine again, *and* because it was on the Internet.

(I'm not the easiest person to get in touch with by phone. First, my number is unlisted, and second there are a half-dozen "David Burtons" in this area, a couple even sharing the same middle initial with me.)

The first week of the year I got an e-mail from Jack Blandifet, a good friend of mine from my high-school days and a few years beyond that. Jack and I ran around with the same people, and eventually we hooked up and played in a couple of garage bands together, Jack playing bass and me on guitar. He was more interested (and certainly more talented) than I was in playing music, because he's made his living since then playing in one local band or another. I ran into Jack occasionally in the 1980s when I was still drinking and going out to clubs where one of his bands might be playing, but it had been quite a while since I'd seen him.

Jack had a passing interest in science fiction and fandom back in those Olden Days. He read the fanzines I published and would read any others I happened to pass on to him, but he never had enough interest to participate much. I think he may have contributed to my old zine *Microcosm*, or he may have written a LoC; I don't really remember for certain. I tried to get him to ISFA club meetings several times, but he didn't have much interest in that.

He'd been playing around on the Internet and somehow found eFanzines.com. He said he was surprised to see that I was publishing a zine again, and read all the back issues, along with a few other zines that looked interesting.

He mentioned that lately he'd been thinking about the records that were important to him back in the late 60s and early 70s, and wondered if I'd have any interest in seeing if he could write up something on a more or less regular basis. I was and he did and so his "Palimpsest" column starts in this issue.

And then, not long after I got back in touch with Jack, in fact the day I published the previous issue of *CPG*, I got in touch with one of my old fannish mentors, Lee Lavell. As she mentions in her "Much Nothings About Ado" column, she'd just gotten on the Internet, and a friend was helping her get acquainted with Google. When she googled her own name, the first thing that popped up

was the first issue of *CPG*, where I'd written a bit about her. We had a nice chat on the phone, and the next Saturday I paid her a visit to do the obligatory kissing of the past's ass. On a subsequent visit she loaned me a number of fanzines, including a folder of the old club newsletter, *ISFANews*. I've said a couple of times (here and elsewhere) that I didn't remember the club even having a name, but that's obviously an example of my increasingly faulty memory. What amazed me (and slightly embarrassed me) when I re-read those old club fanzines was the incredibly intense little boondoggle a few months after the club formed (or more accurately, *re-formed*) we had over whether or not the club should have officers and programs and all that political foofraw. The invective flew, I'll tell you, and we apparently weren't shy about inflicting it on fandom as a whole. In fact, there was even a letterzine published with the wisdom of fans across the country weighing in on the fracas. The whole thing raged among the younger fans. Dave Lewton (then about 14 I think and displaying wisdom far beyond his years) was "anti-program," and Dave Gorman (18) and I (16) were staunch "program" supporters. The adults just wanted to get together once a month and have a party. They displayed a remarkable amount of patience – were I their boat today I probably would smack the little jerks on the head and tell them to go play quietly in the corner. Somehow everything worked out, though (apparently Gorman and I lost, because the club never did have any "programs") and everything was smoothed over.

At any rate, since I haven't had much luck attracting contributors (at least of new material) to *CPG*, it looks like renewing old friendships is proving to be the best way to do it. Let's see, where'd I put that phone book... •



Our Contributors

Eric Mayer is a Nobel-prize winning author (*Life, How's That Go Again?* Vague & Sons Publishing) living in the wilds of Pennsylvania with his wife Mary and 12 feet of snow (and that's just in the summer!). In addition to writing novels, Eric also creates computer text adventure games, but we won't hold that against him. Too much.

Jim Lavell was the grandson of Ezekiel P. Farquarhson, inventor of the antimacassar. Heir to a considerable fortune, at an early age Jim took the silver spoon out of his mouth and promptly stuck it up his nose, establishing a life-long habit of doing Silly Things. He did not let his exalted social status affect his relationship with the "common man," as he liked to refer to the rest of us, requiring only a simple tug of the forelock as an act of obeisance when entering his presence.

Jack Blandifet lives in a time-warp; for him it's always 1968. He and his wife, Carol, own a small ramshackle farm outside Eden, Indiana, where they raise organically-grown rutabagas that they sell from the back of their VW Microbus. When he isn't playing music Jack enjoys teasing his two goats, Mozart and Soliari (and occasionally Carol), with a cattle prod.

Christopher Garcia, who seems blissfully unaware that his name is an anagram for "a cigar crop hits her," is really Cheryl Morgan in a clever fannish disguise. Chris makes a

comfortable living breeding thoroughbred racing snails, and in his spare time publishes 23 different fanzines which are proofread and spell-checked on a rotating schedule.

Lee Lavell is a long-time fan, retired elementary school teacher (she managed to retire with nearly all her digits, and the better part of her mind, intact), and former exotic dancer. She is currently a squatter in a national park, living in a cabin constructed of discarded mimeograph parts, where, armed with several gallons of vintage corflu, she dares the Feds to "try and evict me."

Dave Locke, love-child of Gloria Steinam and Richard M. Nixon, is currently on tour with the rock band Kiss, working as a roadie. Dave plans to write a screenplay based on his experiences with the group, tentatively titled *Kiss, My Ass*. Dave meets with your humble editor every couple of months for lunch, somewhere in the wilds between Indianapolis and Cincinnati.

David Burton is a well-known fake-fan who hasn't read much science fiction, SF, sci-fi, or even skiffy written after 1972 since about that same time. David's hobbies include crocheting tea cozies and manning a telephone hot-line for unwed fathers.

Brad Foster is, by all accounts, the tallest fan-artist around. (Well, I've heard it said he towers over the others...) Although he lives in Texas and has never left the US, Brad inexplicably speaks with a Latvian accent.

Palimpsest

(continued from page 7)

Kooper does all the vocals on both sides of the record. Seems that he was illegally "bootlegging" Stills on the album. Stills was signed to Atlantic, and Kooper never got the required permission for Stills to play on a Columbia record. He figured that if Stills didn't sing, Atlantic wouldn't mind (too much). After *Super Session* was released, a deal was worked out - Columbia let Graham Nash (signed to Columbia during his Hollies days) record with Stills and David Crosby on the (Atlantic) *Crosby, Stills & Nash* LP.

As a jam *Super Session* doesn't really live up to the billing. While it's what today they call "live on tape," there were multiple takes of each song, and Kooper edited some takes down to get a finished track on Side Two. After the recording was done, Kooper also added some restrained, tastefully arranged horns to fill in the sound. But forget all that - it's still a great album. It's always amazed me that it sold well over a half-million copies during its original release, and went to #11 on the *Billboard* album chart, but I never ran across many

people then (or now!) who've ever heard it.

An anniversary CD released a couple of years ago gave Kooper the chance to mix the album to 24-bit format, and include a few bonus tracks. I'd always wondered what the record would sound like *without* the horns, and apparently others have too because Kooper included two tracks (one from both sides) as originally recorded *sans* horns. The horns *do* add to the music, but both songs are pretty darned good either way. Also included are a studio track with Bloomfield that didn't make the original LP, and a live recording that was recorded during the follow-up live double LP *The Live Adventures of Michael Bloomfield and Al Kooper*, which Bloomfield reportedly did because he felt so guilty about bailing out on the first album.

This is one of those records that I've owned in every possible format. First on vinyl, then 8-track, then cassette, and now on CD. I hadn't heard it for a couple of years before getting the CD recently; the only format I had was cassette, and since my cassette player had given up the ghost I hadn't had a chance to listen to it. It's like an old friend came back into my life, and I love it. •

Side One (Bloomfield/Kooper)

- 1) Albert's Shuffle
- 2) Stop
- 3) Man's Temptation
- 4) His Holy Modal Majesty
- 5) Really

Side Two (Stills/Kooper)

- 1) It Takes A Lot To Laugh
- 2) Season Of The Witch
- 3) You Don't Love Me
- 4) Harvey's Tune

Bonus Tracks

- 1) Albert's Shuffle (w/o horns)
- 2) Season Of The With (w/o horns)
- 3) Blues For Nothing
- 4) Fat Grey Cloud (live)

The music can be previewed at: <http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B00008QSA5/103-9563490-6381457?v=glance&n=5174>

TO PACIFISTS THE PROPER COURSE
OF CONDUCT IS TO SIT ON FORCE.
FOR, IN THEIR DREAMS, FORCE CAN'T RESIST
THE WELL-INTENTIONED PACIFIST.
-Clarence Day

