



SUNDAY BOY WILLIAMSON II

BY JAY KINNEY

KING BISCUIT TIME

Responsible party is Bob Lichtman, P.O. Box 1226, Berkeley,
California 94701, who intends this for circulation in the
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(84) -

Today, July 28, 1969, looking back for the first time
in months on PURPLE HAZE, my last FAPA publication, I'm
simply amazed at what a different Bob Lichtman is reflected
there. "Change is now," as the Byrds say, but you never
think of it in terms of yourself because it happens so
gradually. But by the time PURPLE HAZE was about 5 weeks
old, most of the attitudes contained in it -- particularly
concerning music -- were out of date, so far as where my
head was at.

A few micrograms of acid were certainly partly to
blame, but it really started picking up momentum from June
1968, when after nearly three years of steady and respectable
employment at Dun & Bradstreet, I found myself summarily
fired by a little man called My Boss who found my lack of
black suits and paisley ties more menacing than the fact
(admitted) that I was one of their most capable employees.
So, out on the street, I let my hair down and began collect-
ing unemployment and checking out what was happening.

Almost the first thing I did was sign up for and take
the civil service test for employment with the Post Office.
An ace in the hole, just in case, I thought. I spent some
time job hunting with a newly bought gray sports coat, but
as anyone under 40 with no particular skills except his own
wits knows, nobody wants you when you're down and out.
I went around to my share of insurance companies, etc., only
to find that, because I really didn't want to be doing that
kind of stuff, I didn't get to do it.

One day in August, killing time in a record store
while waiting for a job interview to come up, I noticed a
man fingering his way through the stock, stopping occas-
ionally and making notes on a ledger pad. When I asked him
what on earth he was doing, he said he worked for Columbia
Records and he was inventorying this store, because there
wasn't anyone else to do it. Ahah, I said, that implies
there might be an opening for someone to do this sort of
stuff. That's probably right, the man said, and gave me
the address of Columbia Records in San Francisco and the name
of an individual to whom, he said, I should write a letter.

So I wrote a letter and a few days later got another letter back saying to come in sometime. I called and made an appointment and several days later found myself talking to the branch sales manager of Columbia Records, who decided after a few minutes that if it were at all possible, I should become their "inventory clerk," and said that he would let me know. A few weeks later it developed that no budget existed at that time for the position; however, there was a possibility that after the first of the year...etc. I promised to check back with him in December and went about my business.

At about this pass in time came the World Science Fiction Convention at the Hotel Claremont in Berkeley, which was certainly in every way the finest convention I've ever attended. I don't have any intention of doing a con report number here, but one thing has been omitted carefully from practically every con report I've seen on the Bay Con and that is that it was the stonedest convention of all time, with generous and healthy amounts of grass and other pleasant substances being circulated with very little hassle. I don't know why no one else has seen fit to mention this. Just shy, I guess.

The other thing to say about the convention is that in the altered state of consciousness many of us found ourselves in, we were able to really open up to one another and I found myself digging, really, for the first time many of the prominent fans of our time. An added dividend was the fact that Paul Williams popped up at the convention. Some of you may remember Paul as a fan back around 1963-64 when he was about 14. Since then he's put in a couple years as founder and editor (until recently) of Crawdaddy, a magazine of rock and roll criticism and general writing. He's also recently had his first book published. He calls it Cutlaw Blues, it's about rock music, it's from Dutton and costs \$1.75, and is certainly an invaluable book on the subject for all those who are interested. So much for this. I simply want to say that I'm really happy to know Paul Williams.

A little after the convention, I got my call from Uncle Sam. So I became a postal clerk for about three weeks and then transferred to mail carrier and was a mail man delivering mail of all descriptions throughout the Mission District of San Francisco. Except for having to get up at 4:45 AM to get to work by 5:30 AM, and the days it rained, I really enjoyed doing this. I got used to going to bed early and/or napping in the afternoon, became really healthy and outdoorsy, and gained the exercise I'm too prone to let slide otherwise.

December rolled around and a little anxiety trip commenced. I called up Columbia Records only to find out that the man I'd originally talked to had been transferred to New York and someone else was in charge. I made an appointment

and went to explain to him what the previous arrangements had been. I was told that, at that point, the budget for the office for 1969 had still not been approved but that they needed an inventory clerk desperately and I should check back in January. Early in January I called...still no word. Finally in the middle of the month the budget came through and I quit the Post Office to work for Columbia Records.

That's where I'm at now, in a job (at last) that comes pretty close to suiting my head's notions of what a job ought to be like. Things are business-like, but informal; everything gets done in its good time, usually, but so long as it gets done eventually everyone's happy. As those who've been stuck in dull meaningless desk jobs can tell you, it matters a lot in every way to you whether or not your job is something you can relate to. I certainly "fell ill" lots more before because I basically wasn't interested in what I was doing. Since working with Columbia, I've actually not been sick at all. This is pretty far out, considering that before I had something along the lines of a continuous cold.

Naturally, jobs aren't everything so read on...

--oOo--

This is, pretty obviously, one of those last-minute on-stencil affairs and this is one of those last-minute paragraphs you find in such things that say so. Also, I still have the same crabby old ditto machine, so I can't promise that this will be as legible as I'd like.

There. Onward!

--oOo--

This is one of those things about last year's FAPA-zine that I noticed. The Beach Boys. Attention Ted White! This is for you, but it's also for everyone.

I've come around. About six weeks after the August 1968 FAPA mailing appeared with my cranky comments about the Beach Boys, I met their music head on during a time when my head was opened up through that wonderful stuff, LSD. There just happened to be a whole lot of Beach Boys records around, I was on a thing of opening up new horizons, so I looked through these Beach Boys records and put one on (I don't remember which one for sure, but either Pet Sounds or Wild Honey) and -- ZAP!

Well, what it was all about, I discovered, was that having been raised in Southern California where the Beach Boys come from and having experienced the cultural thing out of which they (& I) came, I was simply rejecting them because of enormous things I had in my own head about what that was all about. Whew! that's pretty abstract but I hope you get
(continued a few pages forward)

THE LOST IKE HAYMAN LETTERS

Columbia University
in the City of New York
(NEW YORK 27, N. Y.)
DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY
Doral Malone



BRONX CENTER
STATIC

Mr. Ike Hayman
25 Madison Avenue
Rutherford, N. J.

Columbia University
in the City of New York
(NEW YORK 27, N. Y.)

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY

May 11, 1948

Mr. Ike Hayman
25 Madison Avenue
Rutherford, N. J.

Dear Mr. Hayman:

Thank you so much for your very kind letter of May 5 about my Jefferson book. I am particularly pleased to learn that I have managed to show Jefferson in a new light and have increased your interest in him.

I should very much like to see the letter of John Nicholas to James McHenry (May 3, 1799) but would feel safer if I saw it in photostat form rather than the original. If you could send me a photostat to 303 Bayweather Hall, I would very greatly appreciate it. I am also interested in the original edition of Tucker's Life of Jefferson, but for my particular purposes such copies as are available around here will do. In other words don't bother about that.

I greatly appreciate your help and good wishes in this undertaking.

Very sincerely yours,

Doral Malone

THE LOST IKE HAYMAN LETTERS

Columbia University
in the City of New York
[NEW YORK 27, N. Y.]
DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY



BRONX
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Mr. Ike F

38 Park

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Columbia University
in the City of New York
[NEW YORK 27, N. Y.]
DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY
May 25, 1943

Dear Mr. Hayman:

On arriving at my office this morning I found the photograph of the letter from John Nicholas to James McHenry, along with a note from you. Thank you very much indeed. I am filing the letter in its proper chronological place and will refer to it later on. I am very glad to have it.

With best wishes,

Yours very sincerely,

Mr. Ike Hayman
38 Park Avenue
Rutherford, N.J.

YALE UNIVERSITY
LAW SCHOOL
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

February 27, 1950

Mr. Eric Hayman
25 Addison Avenue
Rutherford, New Jersey

Dear Mr. Hayman:

Thank you very much for your letter of somewhat indefinite date concerning your find on Justice Daniel. I am grateful to you for telling me about it and I am interested both in the letter and in the manner of your acquiring it. Let me take you up on your offer: I would very much like a typed copy of the letter. There is no need for a postcard. Would you type across the bottom of the letter the fact that it comes from your collection so that there will not in the future be any doubt as to where I got it.

More important, is there any possibility what I might find any other Daniel correspondence or any other Supreme Court correspondence by pursuing whatever source you used to get this one?

Your letter was forwarded to me here at New Haven where I have located since last we corresponded.

Thank you very much.

Sincerely,

John G. Frank
John G. Frank

JEF/so

the gist of it. I think it's the reason that the Beach Boys are still quite popular in the rest of the country (their current, wonderful new single, "Break Away," is in the top 40 in the trade charts I see at work, but I have never heard it on the radio here) but decidedly not the thing in California at all. This is California's loss, but California has it in its head, still, as I did, that the Beach Boys are about the surfing craze we all lived through, either as participant or observer, in the early 60's and therefore not worthy of attention.

So, if anyone reading this really wants to get into the Beach Boys, I suggest that he or she get one of these albums -- Pet Sounds, Smiley Smile, Wild Honey, Friends, or their latest, 20/20 -- and (if you wish) some mind-opening substance (choose your own) and give it a try. You may not be entirely taken by it all, but I think there's some breathtakingly beautiful musical experiences contained on these records that are entirely available to you as listener.

Thanks, Ted, we're not alone!

-oOo-

Advertisements: One Beach Boys record is, alas, out of print and I have been unable to locate a copy around here. The record is the Beach Boys Christmas Album. If anyone in the audience can obtain a copy of this for me, mono or stereo, new or used (though in good condition if the latter), please write. Thank you.

-oOo-

In My Library: Origin & Caterpillar

Neil Young. Randy Newman. Van Dyke Parks. Donovan. John Lennon and Paul McCartney. Peter Townsends. Poets out at the edge where creativity is a small glowing light. Making that light shine on brightly, for us, for themselves. Music is poetry is how we give a name to the universe.

More names. Cid Corman. Lorine Niedecker. Louis Zukofsky. Gary Snyder. Philip Whalen. Charles Olson. Robert Creeley. These are others, also out at that edge exploring where language is created anew, bringing it home.

Accessibility is the key. There is no more or less pull to the words of, say, Ron Elliot or Clayton Eshleman. They're both speaking of stuff that happens to them, to you, to me. The difference is simply that you can easily buy a record of Ron Elliot ("Triangle" or "Bradley's Barn" by the Beau Brummels; please do), but it's not so easy to track down the poetry of a Clayton Eshleman.

Two magazines appearing currently are some help. More than any others, they publish messages from the field, the

latest from the poets named above and many others. If one is as serious about poetry in written form as one is about it on records, these are the magazines to receive.

Origin, the older, started in Spring 1951 and has been under the continuous editorship of Cid Corman, a poet of no small stature himself and one of the central figures of poetry these past 20 years, not only through his poetry, but by dint of maintaining Origin as a center of poetic effort for so long.

The magazine has appeared in three separate series, of which the third is still ongoing. The first series started, as stated, in Spring 1951, and continued through 20 issues until Winter 1957, when it was terminated with these words:

"I have given five years or more to editing and struggling to publish Origin. The work was undertaken with no intent at self-glorification, nor have I arrived at any, but entirely out of a sense of responsibility."

The last is the key word and mirrors Corman's efforts in this first and the following series of the magazine. While the first series was available, it was circulated to those newsstands and bookstores where it was welcome and sold at 75¢ a copy.

The second series was distributed on another basis. As stated on the inside rear cover of all issues in that series:

"Origin is not for sale; it can be had for love, as it happens, not for money. Not that anyone wanting to offer money to help, coming with love also, will be repulsed. But anyone who wishes to receive the magazine may have it by writing me and letting me know. But any one must write me, concernedly, for him or herself only. What sharing occurs upon receipt is one's private affair. Requests will be honored for a year and then must be renewed."

The only limit to this offer was that only 500 copies of each issue were printed. Nevertheless, when I wrote off for the magazine close to the end of the second series (cut off short at 14 of a projected 20 issues in July 1964) the magazine was not oversubscribed and I began receiving it by return mail. Such is the size of the concerned audience for work of this clarity and intensity.

Origin's third and current series, now up to 15 of 20 planned issues, began April 1966. This series, no less auspicious than those before, has included much work by Corman himself, as well as healthy offerings by such as Lorine Nie-decker, André du Bouchet, Kazano Shimpei, Douglas Wolf, Josef Albers, Rene Daumal, and numerous others.

"Origin in this, its third series, intends to clarify the editor's sense of art as the central relation of all human being, the realization of man's relation, affectionately, to each other and himself and through himself to all that is met in circumstance. As before, emphasis will be given the finest work available that would not otherwise receive such clear attention elsewhere at this time."

The present series of Origin is also limited to 300 copies and is available only through annual subscription of \$10.00 a year for four 64-page quarterly issues. This is steep but I feel that the quality of the magazine altogether warrants it. While I can't say for certain, I'm fairly sure that all back issues could probably be obtained. Corman has stated in correspondence that he prefers to keep complete sets together, and it is all worth the having, much as one has all the records of Bob Dylan, the Beach Boys, or Love.

Caterpillar is edited by Clayton Eshleman, who like Cid Corman, is an active and fine poet. The magazine is considerably larger than Origin, and being published in the United States has more of a contemporary feel about it. Beyond that, however, the material is much the same.

The magazine is published quarterly and has seen seven issues, two of them a double issue in 1968. Caterpillar is also quite concerned with publishing "the finest work available that would not otherwise receive such clear attention elsewhere at this time," and while this manifests differently than Origin, it is the only other poetry magazine being published currently that comes close to this fineness of quality.

Caterpillar is available on many newsstands in the Bay Area and probably elsewhere as well at \$1.50 an issue, and can be had by mail for \$6.00 a year. I don't have any idea of how many copies of the magazine are printed, but I'm sure there's one for you in each reach.

I have purposefully omitted, in this article, going into the trip of extracting poems from these magazines to give you a taste. This is because I'm not concerned here in relating to individual poets or poems, but to the field as a whole. I can only say that if you are inclined to favor the musical poetry of artists such as those who are named at the beginning, you are likely to find much of interest in these magazines. I can say no more.

Except to indicate that subscriptions to Origin (\$10, preferably by personal check, according to Corman) can be remitted to Cid Corman, Kukuoji-cho 82, Utano Ukyo-ku, Kyoto 616, Japan. Clayton Eshleman states that Caterpillar is distributed by the Small Publishers' Company, 276 Park Avenue South, New York NY 10010, and that all subscriptions (\$6/year) should be sent there.

These are worthy voices in our world, and they should not be ignored or silenced by neglect.

-oOo-

In case it isn't altogether clear on your copy (& it isn't on most of them), the cat on the cover of this issue is Sonny Boy Williamson II, an old time blues performer, doing his thing. Jay Kinney, late of the Chicago area, is the artist; he's active in underground comix fandom.

-oOo-

That seems to be all for this time. Stay well.

-- Bob Lichtman

FROM: Bob Lichtman
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