

SPECIAL 50th ISSUE OF THE BLUESLETTER!

MAIN GAFFORD

KEETER

HAFIZAH

CORRIGAN



SKEATES

FREEMAN

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PHILLIPS



THE BLUES LETTER 50

The Official Newsletter Blue Plaque Publications

GOZA

POWELL

OWEN

BWP
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THE BPP ROSTER

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NOTES FROM THE CO-CHAIR...

From "Grim" Jim Main, 13 Valley View Rd., Brookfield, CT 06804.

Well, gang, here it is...Bluesletter #50...a milestone for the group. Who ever thought we'd reach this many issues of our co-op's newsletter? Sad to say, though, that this is the last issue of the BL, as this is the end of the Blue Plaque Publications group, wave 2.

Many things have just been going downwards here, it seems. Some members of the group have failed to meet their annual publishing requirements, some members haven't sent in a column to the BL and missed two consecutive issues,...and no one has asked for extensions as well...when these things happen, it tells me that it's a case of apathy. There's plenty of time to send out an email and ask for an extension.

Did anybody here know that the deadline for this issue was May 8th? It was posted on the yahoo group and it was also mentioned in the previous issue of this publication. But only Steve Skeates, Steve Keeter and Brien Wayne Powell sent in columns.

As of this issue we have lost Jeff Phillips, Noor Hafizah, Rome Maynard and Doug Freeman due to reasons mentioned above. Nate Corrigan chose to leave the group as well and told me of his plans during SPACE this April.

So, the governing board of this group has been in touch with each other and the majority has voted in favor of disbanding the B.P.P. as of this issue. Sorry if this is a shock to anyone, but if more effort was put into it, perhaps it wouldn't be this way. I'm not going to go and point fingers at anyone either. Former Chairmen of this group, as well as myself, have tried on many occasions to get the support of this co-op involved in various projects to help raise awareness of who we are and what we are capable of doing as a group, but hardly anyone here showed any interest. Even the group board has been lax as of late. And, I also wonder if going to an all pdf BL worked against us too? Who knows? I know that there are members here that really preferred to have an actual copy to hold and read from. But without dues \$\$\$ to use, that's kind of hard to do, isn't it?

Before I end this, I will have to point out that if anyone here is still interested in being a member of a small press publishing co-op, you might want to check out The United Fanzine Organization or The Small Press Syndicate. The annual dues for membership in these groups run \$20 and \$17 respectively, but you get a great looking, regularly published group newsletter and, best of all, those feelings of belonging and accomplishment.

Thanks to all those members reading this. Wherever your journey takes you, I hope our paths cross again in the spirit of our mutual goals and the fun and friendships we have obtained here.

All the best-
"Grim" Jim Main

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(((Brought to you by Steve Keeter/ PO Box 536368/ Orlando, FL 32853-6368. Check out my yahoo site at: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/skeetsmonstersandheroes/> and the ClassicComicsMan channel on youtube at: <http://www.youtube.com/user/ClassicComicsMan> . This here was typed on May 5, 2009)

Hello everyone!

Y'know, I've always been slow to adapt to changes in the way things are done... I held off on buying a computer until well after friends like Sam and Jimbo were using the internet. I held off on high speed, just mired happily in dialup-land for a ridiculous long time. I've held off on POD, and now Dan Burke is talking me through it for the next SUNWING (yes, I lied, SUNWING #4 will NOT be the last issue), I continue to resist doing webcomics, and I never have done a minicomic. So, anyway, it seems kind of weird to me to be downloading and printing the BLUESLETTER off the 'net! But I did it with #49, and enjoyed the issue greatly. Thanks to Chairman Jimbo for a super job (and kudos to Brien Powell... great comic in the issue, as well as those wonderful photos of your family and yourself). I also very much enjoyed Noor's column with all the fascinating info on humor mags and comics and animation in Malaysia! That was a great read, very well written and now I know how to say, or at least write, "selamat berjumpa lagi!" :)

If anyone hasn't received SUNWING #4 yet, you will soon. This is an extremely tight month, and I'm still trying to come up with postage to finish mailing the book... though over half of the copies are in the mail already.

A couple of terrific zines that I've received recently are Jim Main's WTF!?! and CHASE! #7. CHASE was outstanding not only for the Grim One's gripping and compelling script, and John Lambert's as always beautiful, stylish artwork... but especially for that long fight sequence, when Mr. Main turned the issue over to Mr. Lambert and allowed him to go wild! Beautifully done!—thrillingly staged and executed, probably the finest fight sequence I've ever seen in a small press comic. So this was a fabulous issue, and apologies to Jim for not reviewing it on my youtube channel; if I'd read it before I did that video, I wouldn't have been able to resist!

WTF!?! was a whole lotta wacky fun, from Dan Taylor's "well that figures" frontcover to that awesome DOC Boucher "Tor Reads Tor" (hahaha!) backcover. In between was a wealth of zany humor, for instance: Al Limacher's disgustingly wacky "POP-art" strip, Richard Limacher exploring a similarly nutty sort of "popping" in "Squack" (lol —that was a good one), and on and on. I liked Dan Nauenburg's hilarious "anti-discrimination" fitness story, with that hugely obese fellow giving exercise lessons haha!! And got a big laugh out of the one that Sam the Gaffman did, when the guy pulls off the cover to AVENGERS #4 and finds a CARE BEARS comic inside!! All in all, a fun and excellent book, funnier than MAD MAGAZINE has been in years!

Okay guys, all for now, hope things are going well for everyone. See y'all in the funny papers!

All the best,
Steve

CHAIR SHOTS! (BRIEN WAYNE POWELL'S BPP COLUMN)

PAGE I

MAY 09

Hey BPP Family! Hope you are all having a great Spring. I just want to say that I am very excited to be back as co-chair of this fine organization! Many fun things going on these days include going to the circus & a trip just the other day to the zoo. Gala, Douglas & I loved watching all of the amazing acts that the circus has to offer. My personal favorite was the Human Cannon Ball. I've always wanted to do a comic starring a Human Cannon Ball guy who was also a super hero & he would fight bad guys by shooting himself out of a cannon at them. I actually drew up a good guy & bad guy character & even did one strip for an APA that I once belonged to. If I could find that old strip I would share it w/you here, but it seems to have vanished. I do have the original two drawings I did for the comic which I have included below. Maybe someday I'll do something else w/them, who knows? The zoo trip was nice also. It was the first time I've ever seen a polar bear in person. Douglas' fave part of the trip was riding the lion on the carousel, but he enjoyed seeing the animals too. Last weekend, I had the honor of setting up a table at the big annual Shawsville Middle School fundraiser wrestling show. It was a great night of wrestling action & it was extra fun being able to hang out & talk to the wrestlers. I even sold some comics & Mistaken Liberty DVDs. Since it was also Free Comic Book Day, I of course handed out plenty of free copies of my FCBD MM special. Jimmy Valiant announced that he is coming out of retirement for one more match next year, so that made the night extra exciting. Well that is all for me this time. I'll close by saying I have enjoyed all of the great BPP books you guys keep amazing me w/! Keep it up & keep small pressing! Take care. Love, Brien



MM set up at the big wrestling show in Shawsville, VA on May 2nd, 2009



Douglas & Daddy at the circus



Douglas at the zoo riding a pretend lion

Capt. The Human Cannonball Man



Mister Greysmoke

CHAIR SHOTS! (BRIEN WAYNE POWELL'S BPP COLUMN)

PAGE 2

MAY 09

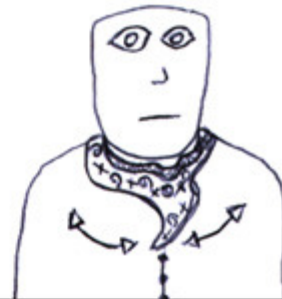
I was walking through the woods one day when I suddenly came face to face w/a giant grizzly bear.



He told me that he was a magic grizzly bear & if I made a wish & rubbed his belly every day for one week, my wish would come true.



So I made a wish & then I came back faithfully every day for a week & rubbed his belly for all I was worth.



After the last day he told me to go home & my wish would be granted.



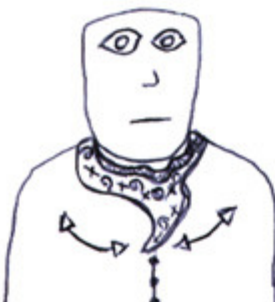
So I went home all excited to see all the cool stuff I would get when my wish came true.



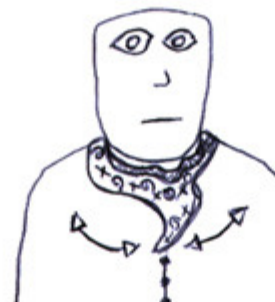
When I got home there was no monster truck balloons or pool full of honey mustard or any of the other cool stuff from my wish.



I knew immediately that I had been fooled.



I was the victim of a disceitful, manipulative grizzly bear who likes to have his belly rubbed.



I hate when that happens.



THE ELDER STEVE
IS UP TO HIS “OLD” OBSESSION
LIKE A LUMBERING LUDDITE
LOCKED IN AMBER!!

...Amber, Wisconsin, that is! Locked down down down like a dog, having been unceremoniously (whenever it is that this story is supposed to have taken place) with a massive overdose of malice of forethought oozing out of the opposition, those supposedly upholding the law (their *job*, for crying out loud!!) as they tossed me aside (or, inside, actually) like an afterthought, face first into the clink, while, conversely, as anyone imbued with but the merest modicum of what we like to call “a story sense” (definitely an ethereal entity and one way too often, if you ask me, laced with the cloying discomfort of what I can only describe as misdiagnosed irony, yet — at least this time around — misdiagnosis was hardly part of the picture) would easily conclude, this incarceration was (I’d bet) for nothing more than making a statement, demonstrating against one or another evil machine, be its evil a geo-political machination or merely an industrial pollutant (with drunk and disorderly — on of course my own part rather than that of the machine — standing firmly in place as most folks’ ever-popular second guess)! But then again, totally confusing the issue and unfortunately all but vitiating the positronic titular image I’ve taken pains to set into play here, there’s something called the Amber Alert, is there not? From what I understand, that particular piercing blast upon the bullhorn of scaring everyone and his aunt out of his or her skin has something to do with missing children, and, unlike (say) an Orange Alert which is all about its own distinctive color whilst simultaneously having nothing whatsoever to do with the fruit, nor even in any way, shape, or deed that O.J. dude — in this case, what we’re talking about instead is the utterly (though sometimes deceptively) simplistic insanity of terrorism — the amber one (on the other hand) is pretty much black and white and (in any event) has otherwise steadfastly mainly succeeded (for whatever it’s worth) in discouraging an overwhelmingly large portion of the general public from ever naming their offspring Amber!

You’d think (would you not?) that a “fair” and unbalanced pulsating

organ like Fox News (for example) would be primarily interested in cluing all of us in on the various rapidly expanding Orange Alerts that from time to time rear their ugly backsides (as well as the Crimson ones, the Ecrú, and the Puce or whatever, all those other terrorist warnings decked out in whatever vast array of spiffy hues our government now employs); however, actually, it's the Amber Alert that those shrill, pompous and overbearing so-called newscasters are so passionately in love with, gleefully taking the disconcerting situation said alert informs us of, the various crimes that might be indicated, and the at-first merely imagined perpetrator, and lumping all of that in with fathers who impregnate their eight year old daughters and teachers who seduce their students and mothers who murder all five or six or seven of their kids while praying to Satan, using those four (plus various other anomalies that these "unbiased" newshounds try with uniform fervor to suggest are somehow actually the norm, at least among liberals) as proof positive that this country has long since gone to hell in a hand-basket, and all due to the fact that their god, Ronnie Reagan, is no longer running the show! That's quite a reach, isn't it? Conservative pundits, dissatisfied with junior's performance (and who hasn't been?) and seeing his daddy as not much better, having to stretch all the way back to that actor in order to find an icon, and actually settling upon Ronnie despite the fact that he may well have already been suffering from Alzheimer's (and thinking he was merely in some movie wherein his actions would have no real consequence) when he performed all his "clever" acts of supply-side daring-do!

But, before I demonstrate my own senility by abruptly breaking into the words and music of a commercial for Twenty Mule Team Borax (or maybe even doing a scene from King's Row), let's wend our way back (shall we?) for but a moment to what I originally came here to talk about – not amber as a color, nor even Amber as a name, but amber (in perfect keeping with the manner in which this particular author pretty damn near always approaches the construction of his more dramatic passages) as a sappy substance! Icky viscous tree snot, the stuff conifers are full of and have been since seemingly the beginning of time! Consider then prehistoric pine trees like so many runny noses drip-drip-dripping and even trapping various small crawly things in their outpourings — brachiopods, protozoa, even the ancient ancestors of

spiders – leading us then into the reality of time and the pressure of life itself there within those by-gone days conspiring to transform that snot into the stuff modern-day jewelry is made of, and all so someone somewhere along the line can concoct a popular myth about the curative properties these particularly snotty gems possess!

Ahhh, now (as we blithely enter Part Two of this relatively off-the-wall dissertation) we're getting somewhere, focusing in (as we finally have) upon the possible monetary value (not to mention the potential mystical properties which shall surely, I assure you, be dealt with subsequently within a paragraph devoted entirely to such as that) of the jewelry we've been blathering about, thus providing ourselves with an additional viable explanation (a storyteller's cliché though it may be) for our central character (so far identified as merely me) languishing his head off there within that jail cell we've already made such a fuss about, and need I point out that the crime I'm currently speculating up and down and around and about is nothing less than an attempted heist? Moreover, despite what someone like Hillary Clinton might say, the fact is: Amber, Wisconsin doesn't *have* to be a village! Check it out, ladies and germs – notice how, simply by whisking away that comma sitting there betwixt the Amber and the Wisconsin, we can so easily transform what once was a town into the name of a character, quite probably even an important character, Amber Wisconsin, surely a made-up name (you know, along the lines of the monikers employed by the likes of Janet Planet and Wanda Nevada, playful women denying their heritage, thumbing their pretty noses at their ancestry, reinventing themselves as they glom onto the even somehow sexy thrill of abruptly possessing such obviously artificial new names), the chosen alias (yes, let's call it that!) of our cute and sassy female lead, our femme fatale, the brains behind this entire operation, providing our aforementioned central character (that so-called me) with the further potential of being but a dupe, an utterly innocent pawn. Or maybe not that. Maybe something else. I dunno.

In any event, those could indeed be the thoughts that bounce unbidden back and forth within the brain of someone (of anyone!) locked away in some cheesy cell somewhere! And, really now, they're hardly all that dissimilar

from what might occur to an author stuffed (by his own self) into a cubicle that he calls his office while everyone else refers to it as simply the bathroom, trying therewithin to construct the gist of whatever story he should already be writing, that latest hot and heavy adventure of either an intrepid private eye or some angst-ridden superhero. However, none of that (unfortunately) speaks to the strangeness, the silly impossibility of the initial image I've saddled myself with here, the one found way up there within the very title of what is now becoming more and more obviously merely the plot-outline for some future novel that I should write but probably never will, that dad-blasted lumbering Luddite locked in amber.

'Tis true that we've established quite succinctly that animals were long ago encased within the sticky sap that ultimately got transmogrified into the gemstones we've been discussing here, yet those were mainly insects (mites and motes, a misbegotten menagerie of mostly merely microscopic entities), and, to make this a flat-out axiom, insects don't lumber, some suddenly impetuous pun-jab concerning termites at (say) the local tavern ("Hey, where's the bar tender?") notwithstanding! Lumbering (to get more solidly into all this) is the manner in which beasts weighed down by their own bulk move – massive creatures: dinosaurs and mothers-in-law! And, good galumphing Zeus akimbo, my friends, lemme tell yuh, it would undoubtedly take every ounce of an entire evergreen forest's yearly production of tree snot (and then some!) to entrap one of those babies! And, lumbering or not, I sincerely doubt a single member of either of those particular species would have stood still for that! Furthermore, as I continue to delve into my own irresponsibility here, what's with my making that being that couldn't possibly be trapped within the amber I say it's trapped within a Luddite? What's that got to do with anything? Beats the sap outta me!

But, no! Wait! Suddenly (and surprisingly, seeing as I'm not just *saying* this!!) it's all coming back, worming its wearisome way out of the bleak unconscious and up into the actual functioning portions of my brain – how that term (and the distinct possibility that I of all people could in fact be just such a person) was (believe it or not!) in all actuality the original impetus for these entire proceedings! And, yes, I am indeed (at last!) addressing my own

self by saying “You lazy Luddite bastard, you!” Words that were reverberating within my mind even as I devised my title for this piece. Words that should have made their initial appearance in big fat unbelievably huge letters right up there alongside that introductory Luddite locked in amber, rather than being relegated to finally showing up on page five! Words that should (in fact) appear atop every single article I write from now on! Laziness, however, though I’ve always hated to let anyone off the hook, even my own self, isn’t exactly an apt description of what’s going on here; rather, it’s more like it’s an age thing, what those in the know used to refer to as “being set in one’s ways!” To both elaborate and make this a tad more personal, I prefer the comic books of the sixties and the seventies to what’s being published today not because I think we were better writers than those plying the trade these days (although I do think that’s true), but because I simply can’t figure out what these punks nowadays are trying to get at, what they’re trying to say – is there actually some point they’re trying to make, or...or what?? Hell, if I *could* figure any of that out and therefore be able to give editors what they now want, I’d probably *still* be working for the mainstream!! Still, that isn’t exactly a situation that’s particularly steeped in Luddism, now is it? More to the point, then, would be my reaction to the actual physical appearance of comic books, the way I love how comics used to be – the cheap paper they were printed on, the extremely limited number of colors that could be used and every one of them coming off as washed out as decades-old jeans, not to mention the words you’d sometimes have trouble reading due to that aforementioned cheap paper often acting like a blotter! Yet, has there actually been (as my younger friends would aver) an improvement here? I mean, beyond the fact that now (though the words are easier to read) there are no words in there that are *worth* reading, consider how the slick paper and the nearly limitless color palette tend to make everything in today’s comics look (to me anyway) like it’s made out of plastic! Hey, that isn’t a woman the hero of this story’s in love with! That’s one of those creepy plastic dolls with working whatever, something he must have purchased down at the Fully Functional Sex Emporium (or whatever other emotional outlet he tends to frequent)!

Meanwhile, lumbering (and not as the manner in which your mother-in-

law moves but now, as though I were building yet another pun here, denoting that ever-popular ethically questionable tree-slaughtering profession we all know and have all sorts of mixed feelings about) – yes, *that* lumbering abruptly, mere moments ago, even as I was puzzling over that air-filled pseudo-woman and wondering how much of it was hot air, came (simultaneous with my mind somehow abruptly applying the slow leak I was contemplating in connection with that rubber woman to my own self, adroitly placing that leak within the one organ she doesn't happen to possess, i.e.: the brain) bubbling (you see, just like a leak would do!) up from even deeper within my mind's innards than where had originally resided that stuff I referred to in the previous paragraph, bringing with it certain considerations I haven't (truth be told) considered in several decades, the plans I had back in the seventies for a novel featuring as its main character someone named (are you ready for this?) Jack Lumber! A character based upon Jack Kerouac, whose untimely death back in 1969 had hit me hard, seeing as Kerouac was indeed one bigfat hero of mine! Although *The Subterraneans* was (and still is) my favorite Kerouac novel, I was far more impressed by the fact that he had somehow gotten published such terrible (and I do mean utterly egregious) not-exactly-even-novels (more like fumbling faltering self-obsessed travelogues) as *Dr. Sax*, *Big Sur*, and *Satori in Paris* – book-length whatevers that no publisher would have even considered publishing had they not been written by one of the founders of the Beat Movement and the author (quite a number of years earlier than those tomes I just mentioned, back prior to his hitting the booze with such total out-of-control abandon) of the highly acclaimed *On The Road*. And, it was along these very lines that I wanted to follow in Kerouac's footsteps!

The process here (the one I employed) may (in fact) prove to be instructional – how Jack Lumber (his name originally derived from the fact that Kerouac would often appear, at readings and upon those early television talk shows, clad in what was called a lumberjack shirt) quickly rose above being but a carbon-copy Kerouac, becoming a separate entity, his own person, still a writer to be sure but hardly one as successful as had been Kerouac himself, our aforementioned protagonist even having to take a second job in order to support himself, thus becoming an actual lumberjack, one that had

somehow convinced himself that a significant majority of the trees he chopped down would be made into paper which (in turn) would be made into books and thus even with his second job he was doing his bit for literature! Set in the seventies, the conflict within this proposed novel of mine came via a torrid affair with a tree-hugger, someone who sought to protect the very trees Jack was eager to see made into books! A plot outline, a story idea, which admittedly nowadays is becoming more and more of a quaint (and perhaps, one would hope, even charming) artifact, yet nothing more, its central conflict rendered all but irrelevant to a world wherein websites and such make the waste of trees for literary purposes increasingly utterly unnecessary!

Or, to make this seem even more timely and even more immediate, take (as but a further example) the very “publication” you are now perusing — this ever-popular always compelling Bluesletter, issues of which I once held gently in one or another of my hands while settling back into my most comfortable chair with something soft on the Victrola as well as a brewski and some cheese and crackers making themselves so comfortably handy there upon that impossibly tall tower of political journals and entertainment magazines I use as an end-table, whereas now I have to go down to the office, go on-line, let this damn thing load, and then read it off a screen! And, if I’m making it sound as though I don’t particularly care for (packaging-wise) this most recent incarnation of our newsletter — beyond that being an utter actuality, I do (begrudgingly) have to admit that the manner in which this magazine is now served up has apparently quite nicely increased our readership (always an important point vis-à-vis egomaniacal authors such as myself), at least judging from the number of letters and e-mails of comment concerning my column I have (within these past six months) received from folks outside our forever-shrinking circle of actual BPP members!

Still and all, not all that unlike the soon-to-commence (story-wise) no-holds-barred battle betwixt our erstwhile lovers, the tree-hugger and the lumberjack/author, two totally committed impassioned idealists frantically competing with one another for the hearts and the minds of that portion of the general public immediately surrounding them (the age-old scenario of that popular tag-team known as Employment Possibilities and Job Security

smashing relentlessly up against a tender concern for the environment, all played out within the arena of a local referendum – a microcosm, to be sure, a succinct symbolic representation of what this world is all about, yet somehow a rough-and-tumble trail as well, a path I would have had no choice but to plunk myself down upon had I ever actually written that novel, even as the very sentence you've been struggling through here at last approaches what it is I actually wanted to talk about:) how the adversarial positions of comfort on the one hand, increased readership on the other (and especially considering that in this case the war that is raging is taking place within but a single individual) can't help but bring to the fore certain inquiries of a downright personal nature, such as: Where is the rest of me? And, exactly what sort of an Alert is evoked when what is missing is the inner-child?

It is not, however, no matter what anyone with a grudge to hone may seek to say, due to any concerted effort upon my part, any actual desperate search within myself for the whereabouts of that aforementioned inner-child, or anything even remotely as obnoxiously self-indulgent as all that! Instead, it's more like a mere coincidence! Or, to ease ourselves down onto the brass tacks, do allow me to point out that in rearranging all that woefully disorganized stuff taking up space within my so-called mind, doing so in order to access those nearly lost memories of A TREE GROWS IN MY HEAD (or whatever I might have ultimately entitled that novel of mine), I obviously accidentally dislodged a certain equally all-but-forgotten memory from even further back than those creatively super-charged daze of the seventies, a remembrance that (at first, at least) hardly seems at all to pertain to what we've been blathering about here. Nevertheless, come – let us travel back some eighty-seven years as we now finally enter Part Five of this enriching tale, doing so by descending upon one of those miniature baseball diamonds upon which Little League ball is played, zooming in (furthermore) upon a team of tykes known as the Buggy Whips, a rather spiffy name (would not you agree?) derived from the fact that this particular conclave of gum-chomping youngsters (one or the other of each one's cheeks so chuck full of impossibly sugary bubblegum that it seems about to burst, an attempt to emulate the constant tobacco-chawing of all their many Major League heroes) is being sponsored by a company that still produces that particular product – and I

don't mean the gum nor the chew; I'm talking about the Buggy Whip.

And, there I am – the right fielder for the Buggy Whips, now up to bat! A pitch, a swing, and a miss! Another pitch, another swing, another miss! And, once that particular performance has been enacted for yet a third time, the umpire (an adult, as I recall) informs me in no uncertain terms “You're outta there, kid!” Not the first time I've struck out! Not by a long shot! But then again, come to think of it, this could just as easily as not be a depiction of that first time – my first time at bat, that is. Or my second time at bat. Or my third. And every other time as well, seeing as it was ever thus, the same each time I got up there! No matter how good or how bad the pitch was, I'd swing at it, yet I'd never connect! No called strikes! No balls (unless you wanna count my gutsy youthful pluck)! Certainly no walks! Just three wild swings that (from all reports) never even came close to touching the ball, and therefore what it all added up to was a batting average that was one big fat goose egg! But, hold on now – don't be scratching your head so vigorously as you try to figure out what any of this has to do with the main thrust of this highly informative essay you've been so diligently slogging your way through! Don't you get it? Don't you see? Back there, in those innocent days of yore, back when various terms had a far more innocent spin placed upon them, I *was* The Missing Child!



AND IN THE END...

The Final BPP Column from Sam Gafford

I won't deny it. I'm not happy. I'm not happy that this co-op came to an end because there was really no reason for that to happen. But, sadly, this is exactly what has happened. Sure, we could have struggled along a little longer but Jim and

I both felt that there was no point in it.

No point because neither one of us felt that there would be any difference if we pulled the plug today or in 6 months. The level of apathy and inactivity in the group wouldn't have changed.

I'm not going to spend any time here pointing fingers and saying that "this one" or "that one" caused the end of the BPP. The fact is that this, BPP WAVE 2, is now officially over. But I'm still angry because of everything that I think that the BPP *could've* been and that's the loss I feel the most.

Some may think that we're being cruel by doing this but, as it stands, the BPP is not a functioning group and certainly isn't providing anything that the UFO or SPS doesn't. Jim was the one who brought the BPP back all those years ago and it was the original group's creator, my brother Carl, who gave me his blessing for the revival. As such, if anyone has the right to shut it down, it's us.

So, this is the end. There's always the chance that we'll bring the BPP back again. Maybe when the stars are right and we feel that the group is needed again. In the meantime, however, the group is gone and not to be revived by anyone else.

Carl gave us the keys to the kingdom, so to speak, and we're locking the old girl up tight.

I'm the last one out of the building and I'm shutting off all the lights now.

Godspeed to all and blessings on you and your future projects. Perhaps we'll meet again someday on that long and winding road of small press.

Until then, the BPP has left the building.

Sam Gafford
May 15, 2009

THE SPRING/SUMMER 2009 B.P.P. CHECKLIST

SUNWING #4-\$3.00

A fantastic issue, featuring Sunwing and Titan in "BEWARE OF DARKNESS" written and illustrated by Larry Blake. A great starting point for new readers! Available from Steve Keeter, P.O. Box 536368, Orlando, FL 32856-6368

The Following are all available from Jim Main, 13 Valley View Rd.,
Brookfield, CT. 06804:

DARK CORRIDOR #3-\$5.50

Issue three of this popular horror/fantasy fiction and illustration magazine features covers by Scott McClung, John Lambert and The Iguana. Fiction by Sam Gafford, Michael Vance and Mark Orr. Art by Terry Pavlet, Dan Taylor, Jack Bertram, John Lambert. Reviews by Glenn Walker and Dennis Kininger. Mature Audiences.

COMIC FAN! #4-\$7.75

A mega issue of this magazine by comic fans for comic fans contains cover featured articles on the T.H.U.N.D.E.R. AGENTS by Glenn Walker and Steve Skeates, plus Lance "Doc" Boucher on Grass Green, Dennis Kininger on Herbie, the Fat Fury, Sam Gafford on Jack Kirby and the Watchmen film, plus the always exciting review section, THE SPINNER RACK. Art by Dave Farley, John Lambert, Dan Taylor, Marc Haines, Grass Green, Larry Tisch, Don Newton, Dan Adkins, Rick Limacher, Hal Jones, Carl Taylor.

WTF!?!-\$2.75

This bad and bawdy minicomic is roughly 32 pages of way out and wacky humor strips and art with no theme to contain it! Material by Sam Gafford, John Lambert, Noor Hafizah, Dan Nauenburg, Rick and Al Limacher, Barry Southworth, Dan Taylor, Bill Shut, Tim Tobolski, Richard Krauss, Wade Busby, Lance Boucher.

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Chief Stan Winslow finally makes contact with former SCDF Capt. Nate Solomon, but is this the same man who led the team seven years ago? Find out in issue seven of this award winning minicomic series by Jim Main, John Lambert and Dan Taylor.

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