

# Implosion

**Implosion #21** is the local monthly fanzine of Arnie Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107). It is produced for the 21st Distribution of Apa V, the Las Vegas apa, which has as this month's theme "Corfluvium" Today is July 2, 1995.

**Implosion:** The Fanzine that proves anyone can publish a fanzine.  
Member, fwa.

In the Summertime...

Rock n Roll history is full of paeans to warm weather, tiny swimsuits and sweaty sex in parked convertibles. Sam Cooke sang about "Working on the Chain Gang" and the Rolling Stones traveled "2000 Light Years from Home," but the radio -- this was in prehistoric, non-MTV days -- mostly took us "Under the Boardwalk" or to the "Summer in the City.."

From Eddie Cochran's epic "Summertime Blues" to "Summertime, Summertime, Sum-Sum- Summertime" by the uncompromisingly insipid Janneys, a string of songs stretches from the earliest days of Chuck Berry to the latest alternative rock ("Summer of Drugs.")

The summer song that means the most to me is a little skiffle-esque ditty called "In the Summertime" by the otherwise-forgotten Mungo Jerry. Joyce and I have Our Song, "Wild Horses," but even it pales beside "In the Summertime" in my memory.

This tune is so important to me, not to mention this article, that I went the limit. Departing from my usual practice, I actually did some research. I combed through my record collection, untouched since 1990. Even the fact that I had to look through approximately 7500 albums before I finally tracked down "In the Summertime" on an album called "Top Hits" produced by now-defunct New York rock station WWDJ.

I'm listening to it now, repeatedly, as I write. and it still has me in its thrall. Several times, I found myself truckin' along the parquet floor, singing those familiar lyrics, effortlessly transported to the summer of 1970. Finally, I had to turn off the damn thing, or I'd never finish this by

the, as always, imminent deadline.

Let me make it clear that "In the Summertime" is not my nominee for "greatest Rock Song of All Time" or anything like that. It isn't the 100th best, and it's not one of my personal "top 25" favorites, either. Considering "In the Summer Time" with as much detachment as possible under the circumstances, it's a B/B+ title -- irresistibly roguish and comfortably bizarre, but never destined to sell enough copies to become #1 or the artistic credentials to cop a Grammy.

It's not the catchy tune, quirky instrumentation and unusual lead vocal that earn it that special place in my heart. No, it's the association that surround it.

Ah, memories! Technicolor visions of golden days! *Aulde Lang Syne!*

When I hear "In the Summertime," my dick gets hard.

This is not the only stimulus capable of producing this effect. A musician shaped my views on this matter. Knowing my listening tastes, you might think it would be Dylan or Jagger, but wisdom came from a less expected source.

I always admired Tom Lehrer, a more talented Mark Russell of the 1950s and 1960s. When he sang, in "Smut," "Properly viewed, *everything* is lewd!" I took it to heart. I don't want to go on and on about this, but the power of positive prurience shouldn't be under-estimated. (Even deviance has its limits; it couldn't save the Edsel.

The first 20 times I heard "In the Summertime" I was rolling around the foldout couch in rich brown's Brooklyn living room, doing my best to welcome Joyce Worley to New York. Twenty-five years have passed since she stepped off the St. Louis plane into the sweltering mid-July heat of New York City, but hearing "In the Summertime" instantly conjures those fiery times.

The philosophical foundation of "In the Summertime" is best summed up by the first

stanza's punchline: "When the weather's fine, you got wimmin, you got wimmin on your mind." That's where *my* mind was, with a little time out to coedit **Focal Point** and co-chair The Bob Shaw Fund with rich brown.

Ever since Joyce had announced she was moving to New York to start anew after her marital breakup, I knew that the rapid-fire correspondence and multi-hour phonecalls had not been in vain. I was about to get my heart's desire. Though she couldn't draw cartoons, an attribute much desired in a female companion, she did publish fanzines, had co-chaired a worldcon and had evidenced a budding faanishness that complemented my own.

She also had a killer bod.

"In the Summertime," despite its surface jollity, offered a lot of enlightening advice. Unfortunately, some of it might raise establishment hackles, like the admonition to "Have a drink, have a drive... go out and see what you can find."

Purists might also quibble with Mungo Jerry's succinct advice on dating. "If her daddy's rich, take her out for a meal./If her daddy's poor, you can do what you feel." (I wasn't entirely sure about Joyce's heritage at that time, so to play it safe, I did both.)

Don't think that the lyrics of "In the Summertime" are all cut from the same tacky cloth. One line would make a fine slogan for Las Vegrants, because it perfectly expresses our group's lighthearted, friendly but irreverent attitude: "We're not downbeat, we're not dirty we're not mean,/we love everybody, but we do what we please

And who could forget, "Da da da da da de de de de/ da da da da da... now we're hap-hap-py"?"

"In the Summertime" came to Joyce and me, as we rolled and tumbled on the sometimes creaky bedsprings, on the now-forgotten but seminar "The Now Explosion." This briefly syndicated TV show presented the stoneage equivalent of rock videos more than a decade before the first MTV vj simpered through a record intro.

They weren't rock videos, because they weren't shot on video tape. "The Now Explosion" consisted of wall-to-wall film clips, each associated with a particular

popular song.

Broadcast in two, two-hour blocks every evening on New York's WOR, the show had a very short playlist. Record companies didn't make clips, so "The Now Explosion" had to create a visual for every song they aired.

The visuals ran the gamut from performances to several minutes of go-go dancers enthusiastically grinding to the beat. Often, the clip told a story that had no relation to the song, though videos and music were always paired. One particularly enigmatic selection showed an appealing young woman cleaning her apartment, while another treated the audience to a first-person drive in the country.

"The Now Explosion" offered viewers little explanation. Joyce and I frequently passed rest intervals speculating on its origins. We'd watch the show intently, when we weren't otherwise occupied, and hunted for clues to the story behind this unprecedented program.

Over that summer, we painstakingly pieced together meager evidence about "The Now Explosion." I can't speak for the veracity of our conclusion, but we ultimately decided that "The Now Explosion" was a university film class assignment turned to profitable purpose. We based this hypothesis on an relatively unobtrusive credit given to a Florida filmmaking class that ran at the end of every installment. Our solution may've been erroneous, but it satisfied at least one love-besotted couple with other things to divert their attention.

"The Now Explosion" was ideal for a partying pair camped in someone else's apartment. It had the challenge of its unknown *raison-d-etre*, a helpfully repetitive beat and enough noise to cover most of the screams and groans.

So I guess i will always have a... warm... spot of :In the Summertime" and will never forget the sage guidance Mungo Jerry offered when they burbled: "When the sun goes down, you can make it real good and really fine!"