

The Interface

"Taking 8-Bits Into The 21st Century"

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Happy Halloween To All!

Commodore and FCUG celebrate this haunting time of the year!

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Warhol's Lost Amiga Art Found (A great person using a great computer.)

Newsletter of the Fresno Commodore User Group – Fresno, California
www.dickestel.com/fcug.htm



THE EDITOR'S GODZILLA

-by Lenard R. Roach

THE SACRIFICE OF A COMMODORE COMPUER (Part Two)

"Mr. Roach?" came a voice that sounded like a far off echo in the blackness. I tried to focus on the voice which seemed to come closer and closer. I opened my eyes and saw a man in a white coat looking over me as I was lying there. I tried to sit up but the pain was so bad that I rolled onto my back. The man in the coat helped me back down.

"Don't try to move," he said. "I'm Doctor Johnson. Do you know where you are?"

I shook my head.

"You're at St. Mark's Hospital. You've been in a fight and broke your jaw, a few teeth, and bit your tongue almost off. You also lost a good deal of blood. How do you feel?"

It hurt to talk but I wrestled out the words, "Like ... poodoo."

Doctor Johnson smiled. "You're going to be all right, sir. We're going to admit you to the hospital for observation in case you suffered a concussion

or any other damage. Before we send you upstairs to a room there are some police officers here that would like to ask you a few questions. Are you up to seeing them?"

I nodded. The doctor stepped away to open the door and two plain clothes officers entered the room. Before they approached me the doctor stopped them.

"Please keep his answers short," he said. "Yes or no questions would be the best. He suffered an injury to his jaw and it would be painful for him to say complete sentences."

"Okay, doctor," said the first officer. He had brunette hair and wore a blue short sleeve shirt out of which arms protruded showing a man who was familiar with the inside of a gym. Both men walked up to the bed and looked down on me. The brunette's partner was a well built African American gentlemen with muscles coming out of everywhere. The brunette officer spoke first.

"Mr. Roach, I'm Sergeant Delmar of the Angel Valley Police Department. This is my partner Sergeant White. We understand that you had quite a scuffle in front of Bridgette's Ice Cream store with a large man in his late forties to early fifties."

I nodded.

"Care to tell us about it?" asked Sergeant White.

"Kids ... okay?" I asked slowly, fighting the pain.

"Yessir, the kids are fine. Their parents are down at the station now filing a report with one of our officers," said Sergeant Delmar. "We would like your slant on what happened."

"We understand you're in great pain, sir, but anything you can say that could help us would be

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greatly appreciated” added Sergeant White.

“Other ... guy?”

“He's here at the hospital in another room,” said Sergeant White. “He's suffering from a fractured skull and a concussion. He's still unconscious. You must have had a reason to attack the man, didn't you?”

I nodded.

“Care to tell us your end of the ordeal?” asked Officer Delmar. “Like, what you hit him with to cause such an injury?”

“We found pieces of what looked like some sort of computing device busted on the asphalt in front of the ice cream store,” added Sergeant White. “Can you tell us what that thing was?”

“SX ... 64,” I whispered.

They both gave me a puzzled look. “What exactly is an Essex 64?” asked Sergeant White.

“Google ... it. Commodore ... Letter S ... letter X ... 64.”

Cellphones came whipping out of pockets as each officer Googled the information I gave them. Sergeant Delmar read what he found out loud to both Sergeant White and myself. After reading a while, Sergeant Delmar paused and looked at me. “You could have killed that man with something that heavy. That would have constituted as murder. Do you understand that, Mr. Roach?”

I nodded.

“Necessary,” I whispered again.

“Well,” said Sergeant White, “we're listening. Let's hear what you have to say.”

For what seemed like hours, I slowly recounted what I could remember about the altercation with the stocky man and why we were locked in combat. The officers would have kept on with their questioning if it wasn't for Doctor Johnson coming in demanding them to leave me alone so I could be ushered up to my room. They promised to be back when I felt better.

I was a week in the hospital as the doctors from what seemed like every department poked, prodded, x-rayed, CAT scanned, and MRI'd me to death to make sure I was alive and in a right frame of mind. The neurosurgeon wired my jaw shut so it could heal properly. I had to talk through my teeth like I was doing a bad Charles Bronson impersonation. A dentist was called in and patched up what teeth he could and pulled a couple that were beyond repair. Yeah, I knew I had been in a fight and I had the injuries to prove it. On a Friday afternoon, however, I had some very interesting visitors.

As I laid in bed watching TV I heard a knock on the door, then it slowly swung open. Inside marched two little boys that looked like they were around kindergarden age. Behind them was a tall, thin man in wire rimmed glasses with a newspaper under his arm. Behind him was a dark haired woman about 5'7” and well curved.

“Can we come in?” the gentleman asked me.

“I suppose so,” I said with a curious look on my face.

The boys lined up beside the left side of my bed while the adults lined up on my right. They all had smiles on their faces. I sat up in my bed to properly address them.

“How can I help you?” I asked.

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The woman looked deeply at me. "You don't remember me, do you?"

I studied the woman for a moment, looking her up and down and enjoying the view. However, I couldn't place her.

"Can't say that I do. Do we know each other?"

"In a way. Remember the ice cream store last week?" she asked.

I pointed at my jaw. "How could I forget?"

"Remember my boys?"

I looked the boys over. They did seem familiar but I still couldn't place any of the people who walked into my room.

She continued. "Maybe I should introduce myself. I'm Margaret Williams. This is my husband Troy and these are my two sons, Christopher and Barry."

"Hello, everyone," I said. I focused back onto the woman. "Is there something that I can do for you?"

"Mr. Roach," Margaret began, "you, a total stranger, stepped up and saved my boys from experiencing a horror that no child should face. I was the woman at the ice cream store who's children were abducted by that monster of a man in the blue car. We wanted to come by and thank you in person for what you did. My husband here has something he wants to show you in the paper that came out the day after the incident."

Troy handed me the folded up newspaper. I opened it up and on page one was the following headline:

"PIZZA MAN SUBDUES CHILD MOLESTER"

I looked at the family with a more puzzled image on my face. "I don't get it."

Troy spoke up. "Mr. Roach, when you attacked that man last week to save my boys, you actually were up against a child molester who has been capturing and hurting children in the area by taking them across state line. The police in both Kansas and Missouri have been trying to catch this guy for months. Thanks to you, the police have their man and our boys have been saved. There were enough witnesses at the ice cream shop who identified the man as the assailant and witnessed the abduction of my boys. After he is released from the hospital from his injuries he'll face trial and jail time."

I laid there dumbfounded. I sank into my pillow and continued to read the article. The paper made me out to be some kind of hero. With my broken teeth and my jaw wired shut I didn't feel like one. I looked up at the family after reading a few paragraphs.

"The time I talked to the police while I was in the emergency room they were making me out to be the bad guy."

"That's been taken care of. Enough people testified to the police that the other man was the assailant and you stepped up to stop the abduction," Margaret stated. "You have nothing to worry about."

"However, I'm sure that the prosecution would like you as a key witness once you get better," added Troy.

"Sure," I said.

"The boys have something they would like to give you," Troy said.

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I turned to face the children on the left side of my bed who waited patiently until the adults finished talking. Christopher handed me a manilla piece of paper.

“Barry and I drew this picture of you in the fight.” Christopher pointed. “See? This is me, and this is Barry, and this is the bad man, and this is you swinging that big gray box at his head.”

Barry spoke up. “Yeah, that was neat how that big gray box went BOOM when it hit the guy's head. POW! It went everywhere! We didn't think was cool then but now that it's over we really think that was neat!”

“What was in the box anyway?” asked Christopher. “It must have weighed a ton!”

I smiled. “That was a very old computer. I was going to take it to the pizza place where we all were going to play video games.”

“You like video games?” Barry said. “Cool!”

“The police found the keyboard that was part of the computer,” Troy said. “The keyboard was fractured pretty bad and had some keys missing but we could read on the front what kind of computer it was. A Commodore SX64. We looked it up on the Internet. That was a very expensive piece of classic hardware you had there. Sorry you had to sacrifice it to save my sons.”

“Your boys are more important than my SX64. I'll buy another one some day. Besides, I have a Commodore 64 desktop model at home in my computer room. It's the same thing as the SX64, only bigger. I also have a Commodore 64 in my living room to play games or do my work on a big thirty two inch screen.”

“You must have computers everywhere!”

exclaimed Christopher. “Your house must be the coolest place in the world!”

EPILOGUE

Charles Delray was tried and convicted on assault, attempted child abduction, seven counts of taking indecent liberties with a child, and taking a minor across state line. He received the maximum sentence as prescribed by law. He is currently serving his sentence in the state penitentiary, Lansing, Kansas. After serving his term in Kansas he will be extradited to the state of Missouri where he will answer to charges pending in that state.

Lenard Roach was tried and convicted for assault with intent to do bodily harm. After the court heard testimony from several eyewitnesses and character witnesses, Mr. Roach was sentenced to one hundred forty hours of community service and one year probation. Sentences to be served simultaneously.



MONTHLY MEETING REPORTS

-by Robert Bernardo & Dick Estel

September 2024

The September meeting of the Fresno Commodore User Group saw two special guests, two gentlemen who had been in the club for a

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number of years in the late 1990's, Doug Cunningham and Randy Clays.

Randy was club librarian and equipment manager for a number of years, while Doug provided his technical expertise troubleshooting and repairing equipment. Both moved on to the Amiga and left the group but were well-known to Robert Bernardo and Dick Estel. At this meeting, they met Roger Van Pelt and Bruce Nieman for the first time.

Naturally, the pre-meeting conversation involved a lot of reminiscing about the club, about Commodore, and about the world as it has changed over the years.

Both guests were interested in hearing what new developments have been taking place in the Commodore and Amiga worlds and in seeing the new equipment that had become available in the last few years.

With the official meeting underway, the members agreed that our annual Club Lunch in October should be at Andiamo Italian Ristorante in Clovis, the first time we have returned to the same place two years in a row. It will be the first Sunday, October 6, at 11 a.m..

Robert mentioned he had received a SX-64 from Al Jackson in Las Vegas. There was no keyboard cable, and Robert's search for someone who could make one had been fruitless so far. At this point Doug said that he had such a cable, a longer than normal one he used when doing repairs. He had no further use for it and offered it to Robert, "If I can find it."

Robert will be visiting Ray Carlsen in Washington to pick up some cables and/or power supplies (but NOT a SX cable). Ray no longer does repairs, but he still makes and sells these items. Robert will also be visiting the Carlsen-recommended

Commodore repair tech, Michael Myers, in order to drop off some broken 1541 disk drives which came from Duncan MacDougall of The Other Group of Amigoids.

In October Robert will also be busy with a couple of Maker Faires and the Amiwest Show in northern California. For the second year, the SoCal Vintage Computer Festival will return in mid-February to Orange, CA, but Robert doesn't expect to attend that one, though others of the Southern California Commodore & Amiga Network may.

Before the software presentations, Robert showed off the General Electric 7-7708A boombox that he had acquired from eBay recently. This large 1992 boombox was in good condition, with the weight almost like that of a SX-64. Like a SX-64, it was not battery-powered, i.e., it always needed AC power. It came with a 9-inch CRT t.v./monitor, detachable, stereo, 2-way speakers, an AM-FM radio, and a cassette player. It had video and stereo audio inputs via RCA jacks, and so it was easy to connect the club C128 to it via a standard Commodore 40-column A/V cable.

With the C128 connected to it, Robert powered up computer and boombox together for the first time. (As a t.v., the GE did have a VHF/UHF tuner, but it just displayed snow, because all over-the-air signals have gone digital.) The 40-column picture of the C128 popped up on the screen, and it was a beautiful picture – very sharp and colorful, though a bit high vertically. Roger ran a game, and the sound coming out of the boombox was clear and crisp, though needing some bass. Much better sound than any SX-64 or even the smallish computer speakers on Dell U2410 monitor that Robert regularly had brought to meetings. In fact, computer sound came out of both GE speakers; the C128 did not have stereo sound, so the GE was broadcasting dual monophonic sound.

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In software, Robert showed off the newest Amiga games running on the AmigaOne A1222+, games like Metro Siege, Quasaurus, and Dr Dangerous. These games were OS 1.3/3.1 games which worked under the A1222+ classic Amiga emulation.

For Bruce, he presented the A1222+ attributes that had been shown in previous meetings – how it played MP4/H265 videos, how it easily played MP3 music, how it could connect to the Internet via its Odyssey browser, and more.

Unlike last month's meeting, Robert didn't forget a joystick/gamepad for the Ultimate 64. Thus, he was able to show off the new C64 games much better this time. Some of the games were Spelunky64, Nixy2, and River Barrage.

At the end of the meeting, Robert and Roger tried out 2/3 of the C64 programs on a floppy disk labeled, "Bible Games." FCUG newsletter editor Lenard Roach had mailed this disk to Robert many, many months ago, and finally Robert was getting to review it at a FCUG meeting. Compared to the Bible games that Lenard previously had worked on, these ones were underwhelming. For example, the first disk program created a simple cross graphic (vertical line intersecting a horizontal line) and was created with just a few BASIC print statements. The others were question-and-answer or trivia bits. Not exactly exciting material. All programs were written with a few blocks of BASIC code. No music, no colors. Nothing that would keep a person's attention (a kid's attention) for more than a few seconds. Robert and Roger decided that they would finish looking at the last 1/3 of the Bible programs at a later meeting.

October 2024

A few decades ago, for members of the Fresno Commodore User Group and their families, the

late Sandy and Ingrid Dippolett hosted a yearly picnic at their home on the outskirts of the Fresno-Clovis metro area. After they passed, we tried a picnic at another member's home, but it paled in comparison to the Dippolett property, and we eventually came up with a virtual picnic.

Just like every month, we eat at a restaurant. Unlike every other month, it's not our regular meeting place, we don't bring equipment, there are no demonstrations, and computer talk is limited.

People were so happy with last year's location, Andiamo Ristorante Italiano, that we returned again this year. A quick Internet search revealed the following:

Andiamo means "we go" or "let's go" and is the first person plural of the verb, andare. When used as an imperative, andiamo! translates to "let's go!" Andiamo can express joy or encouragement, similar to "come on!" in English. (Very similar to the Spanish word, andale)

So, a pretty good choice – we all took joy in the large servings of the tasty Italian specialties we ordered; and we took joy in each other's company, despite the small turnout. It was Dave Smith, his daughter Megan, Robert Bernardo, and Dick Estel.

Everyone looked longingly at the extensive dessert menu, but everyone was too full to indulge. Maybe next year.

Robert did distribute the latest Interface newsletter, the July-August edition, and as everybody was leaving, he showed off his latest acquisition, a Sony Mavica MVC-FD92 digital camera which saved 1.3 megapixel pictures to a 3.5 inch floppy disk or to a Sony Memory Stick – the height of early 2000's technology! With a CMD FD-2000 or FD-4000 disk drive, the

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Commodore 64 could even read that camera floppy disk with the use of Big Blue Reader. Then the resulting JPEG image could be viewed by the C64 program, Juddpeg, or converted to a Commodore graphics format with the C64 program, Godot64.



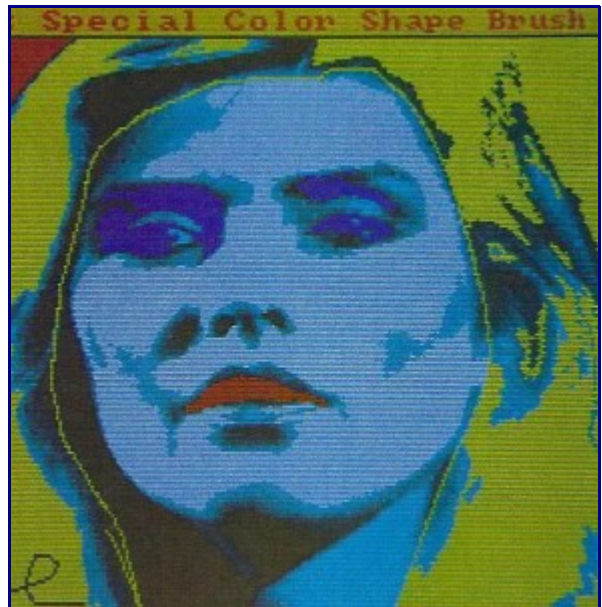
WARHOL'S LOST AMIGA ART FOUND

-by Guest Contributor Dave Farquhar

After 39 years, Andy Warhol's lost Amiga art has been found. And it's for sale. Details of the reemergence help to shed light on an earlier discovery from about a decade ago. And those details come from the very person who taught Andy Warhol how to use a computer. In this blog post, I'll put these discoveries in context and offer some thoughts from both an art teacher and a sales engineer.



LOST WARHOL PIC OF DEBBIE HARRY



The original digital copy of this famous Andy Warhol-created image of Debbie Harry resurfaced in July 2024.

Commodore famously commissioned Andy Warhol to demonstrate the artistic capabilities of its new Amiga 1000 computer in 1985. As part of his demonstration, Warhol created some digital art images, including a self-portrait of himself sitting in front of the computer, which in turn was displaying the self-portrait. Another image he created was a famous portrait of Debbie Harry, the photogenic lead singer of the New Wave band Blondie.

In recounting the event, Debbie Harry said in her autobiography that she had a copy of the images from the event, and as far as she knew, only one other person had a copy. She did not identify the other person.

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THE UNNAMED OTHER PERSON

In July 2024, former Commodore engineer Jeff Bruette came forward and said he owns a print of the image Andy Warhol created at the event and a signed floppy disk containing eight images that Andy Warhol created that day. He said he's had them on display in his home for about 39 years.

Some of the accounts of the Warhol art resurfacing describe Bruette as a technician, and although that was essentially the role he was serving at the event, he was much more than a technician. He was a long-time Commodore employee, and he programmed two popular early Commodore 64 games that Commodore distributed commercially, Gorf and Wizard of Wor. Bruette also acted as the product manager of the graphics software Warhol used.

He was more than a technician to Andy Warhol as well. He was the one who taught Andy Warhol how to use an Amiga. For that matter, he probably taught Andy Warhol almost everything he knew about computers in general, not just Amigas.

WARHOL'S DEMONSTRATION AMIGA ART

The digital images Andy Warhol created are rudimentary by today's standards, and in some ways, perhaps less ambitious than some of the thumbnails I create for my blog posts. But this was 39 years ago, and I have much better tools than he did. The maximum resolution he had to work with was 640 pixels in one direction and 400 pixels the other direction. And while he had 4,096 colors to choose from, he could only use 32 of them at a time. He had a digital camera available to him, but it wasn't a digital camera in any modern sense. It was really best suited to taking monochromatic images.

To a casual viewer, they look like low resolution images with a very limited number of colors, and it's not completely unfair to say they bear some resemblance to something my kids would have created in Microsoft Paint when they were little.

AN ART TEACHER'S IMPRESSION

But when I showed the images to my wife, a former high school art teacher, the first thing she noticed was his choice of colors. He deliberately chose colors that contrasted with each other, and the other colors he used were colors you would get from mixing two or more of the other colors he used. Rule number one of painting, she said, is to never use black or brown, but make your own from the other colors you're using. Warhol's images contain odd shades that result from mixing other colors in the image together. When you look at Andy Warhol paintings, his style suited these specific tools. He often worked from photographs, creating stark images containing bold flood fills with only a few colors. Sometimes he would cut up photographs, or have someone else cut up the photographs [and] then he would arrange the pieces and then paint what he saw.

With the Amiga, he could do all of this digitally. So the choice of Andy Warhol to demonstrate how to use the machine was a brilliant idea. This computer with advanced graphics capabilities for its time, and the ability to multitask and switch between different tools so he could cut up and resize images and then paste the result into the image he was working on couldn't have suited him any better if he'd designed it himself.

Problem was, he didn't know how to use a computer.

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ANDY WARHOL'S BODY LANGUAGE



Note how Warhol is holding the mouse in this self portrait, keeping his fingers clear of the mouse buttons.

In all of the photographs I have seen of Andy Warhol with an Amiga, I noticed something. He is never, ever holding the mouse the way I would hold it. He has a death grip on the sides with his thumb on one side and his index and pinky finger on the other. And then he has his pointer and middle fingers curled up, as far away from the two mouse buttons and he can possibly get them while still being able to maintain the death grip on the mouse body. It betrays a fear of accidentally clicking either of the mouse buttons and another fear of accidentally dropping the mouse, or perhaps even accidentally moving the mouse.

WARHOL'S LAMENT

I read somewhere that Andy Warhol didn't think he was very good at demonstrating how to use the computer, and he wished he could get good at it, because it seemed like a really good way to make money. I asked Jeff Bruette about that, and he said

that was consistent with his experience with Warhol. "He saw the things that [AmigaWorld magazine's art director] was able to create and how I could fluidly click the tools, colors, and menus to create things. He was completely inexperienced with computers and struggled with the process," Bruette said.

"In fact, we would go through things together in the morning. After breaking for lunch, he'd need a refresher on the difference between the right and left mouse buttons. True story," he added.

For those unfamiliar with the Amiga, the left mouse button works like the left mouse button in Windows and other operating systems. The right mouse button activated the pull-down menus at the top of the screen. Conceptually, it was similar to context menus in today's operating systems.

MODERN SALES ENGINEER'S CRITIQUE

Warhol's results in creating his computer art were inconsistent. The famous image of Debbie Harry was not the result of the live demonstration. It came from a rehearsal earlier in the day. When he tried to recreate the image live with an audience, the result didn't look like an Andy Warhol painting. Bruette shared the image in a private group, so I don't feel like I am at liberty to share it, but I'll share the story.

The lighting conditions were different during the event than they had been at rehearsal, so the photo he started with had different contrast. The flood fill to the right of Debbie Harry went fine. When he filled her hair, it was fine on the right side of the image, but not so good on the left. And exactly zero of his other flood fills did what he intended. Without the level of undo that modern paint programs have, he didn't have an easy way to correct even that first mistake. His efforts to

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correct it just ended up blowing out her face. Instead of looking like an Andy Warhol painting of Debbie Harry, it looked like what you'd get if you told an impressionist to paint a woman with long hair.

In my day job, one of my responsibilities happens to be giving product demos. I've experienced demos where one mistake compounds the next. You learn to roll with it, but it takes practice.

When Commodore released the video of the event, they spliced in the image from the rehearsal session.

WHAT ABOUT FLOOD FILLS?

I've heard several stories from other Commodore engineers about how the flood fill function in the software they were using would crash the machine. I'm pretty sure those stories have even ended up in books about Commodore. Bruette said the flood fills were working in the versions of the software Warhol had, and that's pretty clear even from the images in Warhol's estate.

To create Warhol-style digital art, you need to be able to capture an image from a camera, resize it, copy and paste it, select your colors, and do flood fills on it. In a pinch you can get by without resizing and copying and pasting, but not having flood fills would be a showstopper.



HOW THE EARLY DISCOVERY RELATES



In this portion of an image recovered from Warhol's estate in 2014, you can see how he was messing around with copying and pasting images and flood fills, two techniques he widely used in his other art.

In 2014, a series of images was recovered from disks found in Andy Warhol's estate. His personal effects included two pre-production Amiga computers and a collection of disks containing not just the files he created, but also the software he used to create those images, including a previously undiscovered early version of the operating system. In a blog post I wrote at the time, I speculated that the images were the result of him trying to learn how to use the computer.

Looking at the images again, I think they were more than that. He was experimenting with techniques. One of the images appears to be a photograph of himself where he clicked around with the fill function. But when you look at the image more closely, you can see where he had three different images of himself of differing sizes, and he superimposed the three, then he started messing around with fills.

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INSIGHTS INTO HOW/WHAT HE LEARNED

I can almost see and hear Jeff Bruette explaining the capabilities of the computer to Andy Warhol, and then him walking through what Bruette had just described, trying to create in his own style using what he had just learned.

That's because I had to do something similar. The discomfort level in the photographs of Andy Warhol with the computer remind me of something. I was in the odd position of teaching my own teachers about computers from the time I was a teenager into my mid-20s. Many of them had the same level of discomfort with the mouse. I would fire up Solitaire and have them play that to get used to clicking and dragging. Bruette didn't have that luxury when tutoring Warhol.

THE LOST OPPORTUNITY

I always wished Commodore had pursued the Andy Warhol connection further. Now I understand why it didn't happen. I don't think Commodore marketing recognized the opportunity, but I also don't think Andy Warhol was comfortable with it. It wasn't the same as sitting William Shatner down in front of a VIC-20 with a simulated screen on the TV and showing him how to position his hands so it looked like he was typing and showing him where the cameras were so he could make sure he was looking at the camera while he was smiling. [Warhol] was trying to do it right, he struggled to do it live, and he gave up.

He was trying to be a modern-day sales engineer, but without the benefit of the professional training that I received. I also had at least five years of professional experience with the product I was demonstrating before gaining the title of sales

engineer. I also sometimes had to give product demos at another company, a company whose software was not as far along, and where I had about the same level of experience and as Andy Warhol did, and let's just say that didn't go as well.

A POSSIBLE WORKAROUND

But they had options. They could have done a Shatner-like maneuver in print advertising, having Warhol mime in front of the computer, with a copy of the image on screen but the mouse unplugged, just to make it look like he was producing it live. And then they could have added some text about how this new computer is the first one ever that works the way Andy Warhol does.

At any rate, I think it's fantastic that the images Andy Warhol created on that day survive, [that] we now know where the copy is, and [that] the person who preserved them for 39 years will have a chance to get them into the hands of someone who will enjoy them and use the proceeds to fund his retirement. That sounds like a win all around to me, and it closes the loop on some details of Andy Warhol's involvement with the Amiga computer.

ON THE COVER

On this issue's cover we see The Shadow, alias Lamont Cranston (played by Lenard), about to be gunned down by a gang of thugs. What is The Shadow going to do? Of course! He will "cloud men's minds so they cannot see him." In this photo The Shadow is about to do his disappearing act.

(Photo of The Shadow by Barbara Baker. Effects provided by Tim Montee of MGP Productions.)

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- Disclaimer -

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Secretary/Treasurer Dick Estel
The Interface Editor Lenard Roach
Librarian Roger Van Pelt
Club equipment Roger Van Pelt
Meeting place reservation Dick Estel

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Our disk library contains over 3,000 public domain programs for the C64 and C128. Members are entitled to copies of these disks at no cost if a blank disk is provided. We do not deal with pirated, copyrighted, violent, or obscene programs. Please call our attention to any programs found in our library which may violate these standards.

-The Small Print-

The Fresno Commodore User Group is a club whose members share an interest in Commodore 8-bit and Amiga computers. Our mailing address is 185 W. Pilgrim Lane, Clovis, CA 93612. We meet monthly in the meeting room of Panera Bread, 3590 West Shaw, Fresno, CA. The meetings generally include demonstrations, discussion, and individual help.

Dues are \$12 for 12 months. New members receive a "New Member Disk" containing a number of useful Commodore 8-bit utilities. Members receive a subscription to The Interface newsletter, access to the public domain disk library, technical assistance, and reduced prices on selected software/hardware.

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