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THIS IS THE SEVENTEENTH ISSUE, INTENDED FOR THE SPRING 1957 MAILING OF FAPA. PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF ROBERT BLOCH. EDITED BY VERNON L. MCCAIN. DUPLICATED BY QUERTYUIOPRESS (ARE YOU SURE THERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A 'Y' IN THAT, TED?)\* KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WIDTH AND BREADTH OF BELL BAR, HERTS. AS FANDOM'S ANSWER TO LYDIA PINKHAM.

.....  
THE TWO UNAVOIDABLE CALAMITIES ARE DEATH AND TEXAS.  
.....

1929 WAS A LONG TIME AGO

SANDWAGON--"FEW IF ANY WARS IN HISTORY HAVE BEEN FOUGHT ON MORAL ISSUES, AND NONE SINCE THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY"? WELL, PERHAPS IF YOU INSIST THAT NOTHING BUT MORAL ISSUES WAS INVOLVED IN WHICH CASE THERE'VE PROBABLY NEVER BEEN ANY....ECONOMICS WORKS ITS WAY INTO EVERYTHING. BUT DO YOU ACTUALLY FEEL NO MORAL ISSUE WAS AT STAKE IN WORLD WAR II? I KNOW IT IS CURRENTLY POPULAR AMONG THE WOULD-BE SOPHISTICATES, SINCE IT IS SELF-OBVIOUS THAT ALL RIGHT AND ALL WRONG ARE NEVER CONFINED TO ONE SIDE IN ANY WAR, TO ASSUME THAT THEREFORE NEITHER SIDE IS ANY BETTER THAN THE OTHER AND ANY CLAIMS IN THAT DIRECTION ARE MERELY PROPAGANDA OR REWRITING OF HISTORY. THIS IS ALMOST AS INGENUOUS AS THE POPULAR VIEW OF THE 30'S THAT ALL WARS WERE CAUSED SOLELY BY MONEY-MAD MUNITIONS-MAKERS, WITH EVERYONE ELSE THEIR HELPLESS PAWNS. MOST WARS HAVE AN AREA OF MORAL IMPORTANCE, THOUGH IT IS NOT ALWAYS DOMINANT....CAUSATIVE FACTORS AND RESULTS WHICH WOULD NOT EXIST IF MEN DID NOT HAVE CONSCIENCES, AND ACT UPON THEM. PROBABLY THIS IS A MINORITY FACTOR IN MOST WARS BUT THERE ARE EXCEPTIONS AND IT SEEMS TO ME THE CLASSIC EXAMPLE IS THE CIVIL WAR. ECONOMICS CANNOT BE ADVANCED AS AN EXPLANATION FOR THE NORTH'S AGGRESSIVE ATTITUDE SINCE THEY HAD PULLED AHEAD IN THE PEACEFUL ECONOMIC COMPETITION WITH THE SOUTH AND WERE LENGTHENING THE GAP STEADILY (THIS COMBINED WITH THEIR LARGER POPULATION CONSTITUTED THE TWO CHIEF MEANS TO VICTORY). ECONOMICALLY, THEY HAD NOTHING TO FEAR FROM A SOUTH WEDDED TO SLAVERY. IF THE CAUSES WERE SOLELY ECONOMIC THE NORTH WOULD HAVE LET THE SOUTH KEEP ITS SLAVES AND THERE'D HAVE BEEN NO WAR. BUT ANY REASONABLY ACCURATE HISTORY OF THE PRE-WAR PERIOD WILL RECOUNT THE LONG AND VIOLENTLY MILITANT EFFORTS OF THE ABOLITIONISTS (MOST NOTABLY IN NEW ENGLAND, INCLUDING ALMOST EVERY IMPORTANT AMERICAN LITERARY NAME OF THE PERIOD) AS A CRITICAL ABRADING FACTOR IN SEPARATING THE UNION. AND THESE INDIVIDUALS WERE MOTIVATED ALMOST SOLELY BY MORAL INDIGNATION. THERE WAS NO PARTICULAR MATERIAL ADVANTAGE TO HIDING RUNAWAY SLAVES ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY AND THERE COULD BE LEGAL PENALTIES. THE ONLY POSSIBLE EXPLANATION IS THAT THE ABOLITIONISTS CONSIDERED THEIR ACTIONS GOOD FOR THE SOUL. WITH THE POSSIBLE EXCEPTION OF THE CRUSADES I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING IN HISTORY TIED MORE DIRECTLY TO MORAL ISSUES (IN THE WAY OF WARS, THAT IS.)

(\* Yupp. Leastwise there's one on every typer I've ever used. Where is it on the teletype?)



THIS IS PAGE TWO

THE END OF A FINE OLD TRADITION--I USED TO BUY LP'S BY MAIL FROM SAM GOODY BUT DON'T NO MORE. I'VE SHOPPED AROUND SOME ON THIS AND WHILE I CAN'T TAKE VIOLENT EXCEPTION TO ANY SINGLE GOODY PRACTICE I FELT THAT OVERALL HE TENDED TO SKIMP TOO MANY EXTRAS THAT HIS COMPETITORS OFFER. OVERLOOKING THE THREE OR FOUR COMPANIES I BOUGHT RECORDS BY MAIL FROM BACK IN THE ALL-78 DAYS, MY REGULAR BUYING BY MAIL STARTED IN 1952. I LISTENED TO THE JIMMY LYONS JAZZ SHOW FROM SAN FRANCISCO, HARKED TO HIS HUCKSTERING FOR HIS SPONSORS, COLUMBIA MUSIC, AND THE CLAIM THEY COULD SUPPLY ANY RECORD BY MAIL. SO I SENT THEM A FEW ORDERS. QUITE SATISFACTORY, BUT THEY WERE RATHER SLOW AND THEY CHARGED FULL LIST PRICE; THUS IT WAS TO YOUR ADVANTAGE TO BUY LOCALLY AND ORDER ONLY SCARCE RECORDS FROM THEM. HUNTED DOWN GOODY'S ADDRESS IN EARLY '53; BUT JUST A FEW DAYS BEFORE MY FIRST ORDER HE SHAVED HIS LONG-STANDING DISCOUNTS (I BELIEVE IT HAD BEEN A FLAT ONE-THIRD OFF), GIVING ONLY ABOUT 30% OFF ON EXPENSIVE RECORDS, NONE ON THOSE COSTING \$3.00 OR LESS. SINCE HE ALSO CHARGED SIZEABLE AMOUNTS OF POSTAGE XX (AS COMPARED TO 25 CENTS PER ORDER, THEN, FOR COLUMBIA) I FOUND IT MOST PRACTICAL TO ORDER EXPENSIVE RECORDS FROM HIM AND THE CHEAP ONES FROM COLUMBIA. THIS CONTINUED FOR A WHILE AND THEN I EXPERIMENTED WITH A NUMBER OF OTHER COMPANIES, MOST OF WHOM WERE NO GOOD. I WAS LOOKING FOR A CUT-RATER LIKE GOODY WHO'D GIVE ME SERVICE COMPARABLE TO COLUMBIA. GOODY HAD STARTED OUT GREAT. BOTH HIS FIRST TWO ORDERS HAD INCLUDED FREE COPIES OF "THE LONG PLAYER" (MUCH MORE COMPLETE THAN THE MORE EASILY OBTAINABLE SCHWANN), THERE WERE ORDER BLANKS, DETAILED INSTRUCTIONS AS TO HIS RATES, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPES....ALL SORTS OF THINGS. BUT THEN HE STARTED OMITTING THE CATALOGS, ABOUT 1954 HE DROPPED THE ENVELOPES, AND IN MID-FIFTY FIVE HE EVEN QUIT SUPPLYING ORDER BLANKS....IN FACT, HE DIDN'T ACT VERY ENTHUSIASTIC FOR MORE BUSINESS. TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE ABOUT THIS TIME HE QUIT SUPPLYING INFORMATION AS TO HIS RATES....AND WITH THE PRICES ALL HAVING CHANGED RECENTLY! ADD TO THIS THE FACT THAT HE WAS USUALLY RATHER SLOW AND HAD A FAIRLY HIGH PERCENTAGE OF UNAVAILABLE DISCS FROM THOS YOU ORDERED AND YOU CAN SEE WHY, WHEN I FINALLY MANAGED TO REACH A POINT WHERE I HAD NO CREDIT WITH HIM ON UNSUPPLIED DISCS, I JUST QUIT ORDERING RECORDS FROM HIM. MEANWHILE, IN EARLY 1955, TO MEET THE MUSHROOMING CUTRATERS SPRINGING UP ALL OVER, COLUMBIA INAUGURATED A FLAT 20% DISCOUNT ON ALL MERCHANDISE EXCEPT FOR CUT-RATE LINES LIKE REMINTON, CAMDEN, AND ENTRE. SINCE THEY STILL CHARGED ONLY 35 OR 45 CENTS POSTAGE AND PACKING PER ORDER, THIS PUT THEM ROUGHLY AT A PAR WITH OTHER COMPANIES OFFERING MORE LAVISH DISCOUNTS BUT MAKING UP FOR IT WITH ADDED CHARGES. I FIND ALL MAIL ORDER HOUSES CHARGE APPROXIMATELY THE SAME, NOW. I USUALLY TRY TO WORK WITH THREE AT A TIME; THIS WAY IF TWO OF THE HOUSES ARE LACKING A RARE DISC, USUALLY THE THIRD ONE HAS IT. MY THREE CURRENT SUPPLIERS ARE COLUMBIA MUSIC, MAIL ORDER JAZZ, AND CHESTERFIELD MUSIC SHOPS (THE LAST UPON WARNER'S RECOMMENDATION...THEY'RE JUST AS PROMPT AS HE SAID). ADDRESSES UPON REQUEST.

XXXXXX FAPESMO--JUST WHAT DID I SAY IN THE ISSUE-BEFORE-LAST WHICH RUBBED YOU THE WRONG WAY? AND WHAT IS THE ESOTERIC SIGNIFICANCE IN THE WORD 'SQUIRREL' WHICH YOU APPARENTLY FEEL HAS VAST XXXXXX IMPLICATIONS FOR ME? I'M CURIOUS.



THIS IS PAGE THREE

GEMZINE--BUT IF ~~XXX~~ ELVIS AND LIBERACE SHARE ONLY SUCCESS AND THE RESULTANT MALE ANTAGONISM IS DUE ONLY TO JEALOUSY, PLEASE EXPLAIN WHY THE BIGGEST SUCCESS COMING BETWEEN THESE TWO, GEORGE Gobel, ATTRACTED NO SNEERS. I'VE YET TO HEAR ANYONE KNOCK HIM, ALTHOUGH THERE ARE THOSE WHO AREN'T ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT HIM. X PRESLEY AND LIBERACE DO SHARE OTHER QUALITIES BESIDES SUCCESS, AND PERHAPS THE MOST IMPORTANT ONE IS THEY PANDER TO DEBAUCHED SUBSTANDARD TASTES. ALSO, I SUSPECT THE MALE ANTAGONISM TOWARD THESE TWO STEMS FROM THE FACT THAT MEN RECOGNIZE, IF WOMEN DON'T, THAT THEY ARE DISTORTED PARODIES OF NORMAL MASCULINITY....MUCH AS MAE WEST USED TO BE OF NORMAL FEMININITY. I ASSUME WOMEN NEVER CARED FOR HER, EITHER, THOUGH THEY MAY HAVE HAD THE WISDOM NOT TO BROADCAST THEIR DISLIKE. ///AGAIN YOU'VE PERFORMED A PUBLIC SERVICE, SIMILAR TO YOUR PUBLISHING OF ~~XXX~~ CERTAIN OTHER LETTERS, A YEAR AGO. I'M REFERRING TO THE PHILIP CASTORA LETTER IN THIS ISSUE. IF ANYTHING WERE NEEDED TO DISCREDIT SCIENTOLOGY THIS LETTER FROM A SELF-STYLED BENEFICIARY OF THE PROCESS CERTAINLY IS IT. HE IS CERTAINLY THE MOST INSUFFERABLE PIPSQUEAK TO COME FANDOM'S WAY SINCE CLAUDE HALL. THE JUVENILE BAD TASTE OF HIS OPENING 'DEAR OLDSMOBILE' PERMEATES THE WHOLE LETTER. LET'S HOPE HE ABANDONS ANY IDEA OF SHOEHORNING HIMSELF INTO FAPA. I THINK OUR QUOTA OF UNDEREQUIPPED SCREWBALLS IS FULL, AT THE MOMENT.///YOU ALWAYS LEAVE SO MANY OPENINGS FOR CRITICISM THAT I THINK WE ALL TEND TO OVERLOOK SOME OF GEMZINES GOOD POINTS AND I, FOR ONE, WOULD LIKE TO EXPRESS MY LONG-FELT APPRECIATION OF YOUR FINE, LENGTHY, AND DETAILED REPRODUCTION OF THE MORE INTERESTING LETTERS YOU RECEIVE. I THINK I'VE NEVER MENTIONED IT BEFORE BUT IT'S ONE OF FAPA'S MORE VALUABLE FACETS. OK, NOW.... BACK TO THE MORE NORMAL BARED-TEETH POSITION.///I SUSPECT YOUR MEMORY OF 'EARLY JAZZ BANDS' ACTUALLY ENCOMPASSES ONLY THE SYRUPY SWEET OUTFITS OF THE TWENTIES LIKE PAUL WHITEMAN, HENRY BUSSE, AND SO ON. RIGHT? CERTAINLY YOUR STATEMENTS ABOUT THE INTENT OF THE EARLY JAZZ MUSICIANS ('THE MUSICIANS TRIED TO CREATE AS GOOD AND AS NEARLY A CLASSICAL TONE AS THEIR MUSICAL EDUCATION PERMITTED') COULDN'T BE MORE INACCURATE, IF YOU ARE REFERRING TO THE EARLY BONA FIDE JAZZ MUSICIANS. AND ~~XXXXXX~~ TECHNICAL MASTERY OF THEIR INSTRUMENTS HAS NOT DECREASED, AMONG JAZZMEN, BUT HAS STEADILY CLIMBED. I THINK IT IS SAFE TO SAY THAT A LARGE MAJORITY OF JAZZMEN OF THE TWENTIES COULD NOT READ MUSIC, WHEREAS, AMONG YOUNGER MUSICIANS, THE FABULOUS PIANIST, ERROLL GARNER, IS REGARDED AS A FREAK BECAUSE HE READS NOT AT ALL. TODAY IT IS NEXT TO IMPOSSIBLE TO ESTABLISH A REPUTATION WITHOUT FIRST HAVING A TECHNICAL MASTERY BEYOND THAT POSSESSED BY ALL BUT A HANDFUL OF TOP TECHNICIANS (SUCH AS GOODMAN AND TATUM) TWENTY YEARS AGO. THE DUKE ELLINGTON ORCHESTRA ESTABLISHED A REPUTATION FOR GATHERING TOGETHER DIFFERENT MUSICAL PERSONALITIES AND WELDING THEM INTO A SYNTHESIZED MUSICAL WHOLE (SOMETHING LIKE A GROUP OF ALIENS OR MUTANTS IN A STURGEON STORY). IN THE PAST DECADE THE BAND (THE ONLY ONE IN THE COUNTRY WHICH HAS AN UNBROKEN 30-YEAR HISTORY, BY THE WAY) HAS DECAYED SOMEWHAT. IN A RECENT INTERVIEW ELLINGTON ATTRIBUTED THE LOSS OF PERSONALITY AND AUTHORITY TO THE FACT THAT TODAY ALL HIS MUSICIANS CAN PLAY ANYTHING....THEY NO LONGER ARE LIMITED TO CERTAIN HIGHLY STYLIZED INDIVIDUAL SPECIALTIES (AROUND WHICH HE BUILT HIS MANY FAMOUS COMPOSITIONS). WHEN ANY MANX CAN DO ANYTHING, NO LONGER IS A MUSICIAN INSTANTLY RECOGNIZABLE FOR PLAYING AS ONLY HE CAN PLAY. I DON'T COMPLETELY BUY THIS THEORY



THIS IS PAGE FOUR

AS TO THE REASON FOR HIS DECLINE, BUT IF TRUE IT SEEMS TO ME THE SOLUTION IS OBVIOUS. HIRE POORER MUSICIANS. ///THE ORIGINAL MASTERS ARE STILL AVAILABLE ON MANY OF THE JAZZ CLASSICS OF THE TWENTIES AND MOST LP'S ARE REISSUED FROM THESE, (OR RATHER FROM DUBS MADE FROM THEM) SO YOU CAN'T BLAME SURFACE NOISE FOR THE INDIVIDUALISTIC TONES. ON THE CONTRARY, WITH VINYL SURFACES AND PRESENT DAY TECHNIQUES FOR RECLAIMING SOUND IT IS OFTEN POSSIBLE TO HEAR A MORE AUTHENTIC REPRODUCTION, TODAY, OF THE RECORDS THAN WAS EVER POSSIBLE IN THE PAST. AND WHEN I SPOKE OF VARIOUS PERSONAL TONES, I WAS ENCOMPASSING A FAR VASTER AREA THAN MERELY HONKING. AS A MATTER OF FACT, MOST HONKERS ARE IN THE RHYTHM AND BLUES (OR ROCK AND ROLL) SCHOOL OF MUSIC, NOT JAZZ, THOUGH THERE ARE A FEW EXCEPTIONS. JAZZ DOES NOT NORMALLY ENCOMPASS HONKING, EVEN IF LEE JACOBS DOES INCLUDE EARL BOSTIC IN HIS RECORD COLLECTION.///BUT I NO MORE DO BILL MORSE'S FAPA WORK FOR HIM THAN TED WHITE DOES FOR ME. BILL WRITES ALL HIS OWN MATERIAL.....I CAN ASSURE YOU I DON'T WRITE WITH THAT BRITISH ACCENT....AND ALL I DO IS STENCIL IT FOR HIM. I ALSO STENCIL MY OWN MATERIAL AND THEN TED WHITE RUNS IT OFF FOR ME. DOES THAT MEAN MY MEMBERSHIP IS PHONEY AND WHITE IS MAINTAINING IT FOR ME? I PAY WHITE A LOW SUM TO DO THE WORK AND MY ARRANGEMENT WITH MORSE IS THAT I EXCHANGE MY MAILINGS FOR HIS COLUMNS. THIS MERELY ENABLES HIM TO BE A FELLOW-FAPA-TRAVELLER BEFORE HE ACTUALLY BECOMES A MEMBER. AND I NEVER SAID THAT MORSE WASN'T INTERESTED IN FAPA; MERELY THAT, IF LEFT TO HIS OWN DEVICES, WITH NO NUDGES FROM ME, HE'D PROBABLY HAVE KEPT PROCRASTINATING JOINING. THE SAME IS PROBABLY TRUE OF WRAL BALLARD. AND IF I WERE TO DROP FROM FAPA TOMORROW I DON'T THINK IT WOULD CAUSE MORSE TO DROP FROM THE WAITING LIST, THOUGH HE PROBABLY WOULD HAVE TO GO TO SOME TROUBLE TO ARRANGE FOR SOME ALTERNATE METHOD OF PUBLICATION.

GAVAGE--DID YOU KNOW THAT THE BIG REVIVED HIT OF LAST YEAR, "MOON-GLOW", ALSO WAS BUILT AROUND HALF-A-CHORUS OF AN ELLINGTON INSTRUMENTAL OF THE EARLY THIRTIES? I DON'T NOW RECALL WHETHER IT WAS A SOLO OR PART OF THE ARRANGEMENT BUT IF MY MEMORY IS CORRECT IT WAS AN ENSEMBLE SECTION FOR THE REEDS...IF NOT IT WAS PROBABLY A BIGARD SOLO. I CAN CHECK FOR YOU IF YOU ARE INTERESTED.

HORIZONS--BUT 'TWO-CHANNEL' WOULD NOT BE AN ADEQUATE DESCRIPTION FOR ALL THE NEW RECORDING TECHNIQUES. ALREADY WE HAVE MOVIE STEREO-PHONIC SOUND WHICH USES FOUR CHANNELS AND CONSIDERABLE EXPERIMENTAL WORK HAS BEEN DONE ON THREE-CHANNEL SOUND FOR HOMES. THE RECORD REVIEWER FOR RADIO AND TV NEWS IS PUSHING THIS PROCESS VERY HARD, DOING EVERYTHING HE CAN TO STIMULATE BOTH MANUFACTURERS OF RECORDS AND OF TAPE RECORDERS TO GET TOGETHER SO THE PROCESS CAN BE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC, AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, AT A REASONABLE PRICE. AS A RESULT, HE'S KEPT INFORMED OF ANY ADVANCES ALONG THAT LINE AND GIVES THEM PUBLICITY. SO FAR THE ONLY RECORDER WHICH WILL PLAY THEM COSTS THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS BUT HE HAS LEARNED THAT MERCURY IS NOW PRODUCING THREE-CHANNEL VERSIONS OF THEIR REGULAR RECORDINGS ON A REASONABLY STEADY BASIS, STOCKPILING THEM WITH AN EYE TO THE FUTURE. I BELIEVE HE SAID VICTOR IS DOING SOME EXPERIMENTAL WORK ALONG THIS LINE, ALSO, AND ONE OF THE RECORD CLUBS PRODUCES ALL THEIR SESSIONS IN THREE-CHANNEL SOUND; NOT WITH ANY IDEA OF RELEASING THEM, BUT FOR MIXING PURPOSES. HOWEVER, THESE THREE-CHANNEL TAPES DO EXIST. I



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MUST ADMIT HIS GLOWING WORD-PICTURES, (COMBINED WITH THE DISAPPOINTMENT I EXPERIENCED IN HEARING NORMAL TWO-CHANNEL SOUND) HAVE COME VERY CLOSE TO MAKING A CONVERT OF ME AND I'D HAD SOME TENTATIVE IDEAS ABOUT JUST FORGETTING STEREOPHONIC SOUND UNTIL THE THREE-CHANNEL STUFF WAS AVAILABLE. HOWEVER, IF I FOLLOW MY PRESENT PLANS AND ACTUALLY BUY, FOR MY SECOND RECORDER, THE MACHINE I'VE TENTATIVELY SETTLED ON I WILL HAVE STEREO AVAILABLE IN THE PLAYBACK, NOT THROUGH ANY INTENT BUT SIMPLY BECAUSE THE MACHINE I WANT, FOR OTHER REASONS, HAPPENS TO HAVE THIS FEATURE AS ITS (SUPPOSEDLY) BIG SELLING POINT. IF I DO HAVE THE TWO-CHANNEL SOUND AVAILABLE, I SUPPOSE I'LL PROBABLY BUY SOME OF THE CURRENTLY AVAILABLE TAPES, AS IT WOULD SEEM A SHAME NOT TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT. STILL I'M NOT VERY ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT TWO-CHANNEL SOUND.///EVERY SO OFTEN YOU RUN INTO THE PERSON WHO, WHEN IN A TIGHT SPOT IN AN ARGUMENT AND OUT OF DEFENSES, RESORTS TO THE UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT....."WHEN YOU ARE FIFTEEN YEARS OLDER YOU'LL AGREE WITH ME", "WHEN YOU'RE ON YOUR DEATHBED YOU WON'T BE AN AGNOSTIC", "IF YOU'D FACED ENEMY BULLETS THE WAY I HAVE, YOU WOULDN'T SAY THAT", OR "WHEN YOU GET MARRIED, YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND". (+ PARTICULARLY TREASURE THAT LAST ONE, SINCE THE WOMAN WHO SAID IT GOT A DIVORCE LESS THAN THREE MONTHS LATER.) OBVIOUSLY THERE IS NO REAL ARGUMENT AGAINST SUCH STATEMENTS; IF YOU ATTEMPT TO REFUTE THEM YOU NOT ONLY MAKE YOURSELF LOOK MONUMENTALLY CONCEITED, BUT A FOOL AS WELL. FOR THERE IS NO WAY FOR SURE THAT YOU CAN KNOW THAT YOU WOULDN'T FEEL DIFFERENTLY UNDER THOSE CIRCUMSTANCES SINCE ALL THOSE THINGS ARE STILL OUTSIDE YOUR EXPERIENCE. YOU MAY KNOW YOURSELF SO WELL AS TO BE QUITE CERTAIN THAT SUCH TRIVIAL MATTERS WILL NOT CHANGE YOUR VIEWS BUT YOU CAN'T KNOW. THEREFOR IT MAKES ME UNHAPPY TO SEE SOMEONE I ADMIRE AS MUCH AS HARRY WARNER RESORTING TO THIS SORT OF ARGUMENT ("YOUR FAILURE TO REALIZE THAT THIS SUBTLETY EXISTS IN THE PERFORMANCE OF CLASSICAL MUSIC"). THE IMPLICATION HERE IS "YOU HAVEN'T LISTENED TO ENOUGH CLASSICAL MUSIC WITH SUFFICIENT ATTENTION TO BE AWARE OF ITS ACTUAL COMPONENTS AND VALUES". EVEN IF IT WEREN'T THE 'INTO-A-CORNER' MANEUVER, I WOULDN'T ATTEMPT TO DENY THAT HARRY WARNER KNOWS MORE ABOUT CLASSICAL MUSIC THAN I. A CONSIDERABLE NUMBER OF JAPANS DO. AND I ALSO WILL FREELY ADMIT THAT I KNOW BETWEEN FIFTEEN AND A HUNDRED TIMES AS MUCH ABOUT JAZZ AS I DO ABOUT CLASSICAL MUSIC AND THE LISTENING RATIO WOULD ALSO FALL SOMEWHERE IN THERE. I HAVE MY BLIND SPOTS IN BOTH FIELDS....BEETHOVEN AND BASIE, BARTOK AND THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET... INDIVIDUALS ALMOST UNIVERSALLY ADMIRIED BY THOSE WHO SHARE MY OTHER LIKES. STILL, I CANNOT PROVE THAT 90% OF THE SIGNIFICANCE OF EITHER FIELD IS WASHING OVER MY HEAD, IF THE ACCUSATION IS LEVELED BY SOMEONE WHO HAS DONE SUBSTANTIAL MORE LISTENING OR STUDY IN EITHER FIELD THAN I. BUT IF YOU RESORT TO THE ARGUMENT BY EXPERIENCE AND SENIORITY, YOU ARE MERELY REVERTING TO THE OLD 'AUTHORITY' GAME, SLIGHTLY CAMOFLAGED, AND I HAVE EXPRESSED MY OPINIONS OF ALL AUTHORITIES IN THESE PAGES BEFORE. UNDER SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES I FEEL THAT IF AN INDIVIDUAL DIFFERS WITH YOU IT IS UP TO HIM TO CITE CHAPTER AND VERSE TO SHOW WHERE YOU ARE WRONG, NOT TO WRAP HIMSELF IN HIS GREATER PRESTIGE AND MURMUR WITH OLYMPIAN GRANDEUR "IT'S SO BECAUSE I SAY SO AND I KNOW MORE THAN YOU DO". I FEEL THAT HARRY FAILED TO DO SO IN THIS CASE AND I FURTHER FEEL THAT IT IS BASICALLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO DO SO. I SAID BEFORE THAT I DISLIKED ACCUSING HARRY OF SUCH A TACTIC. WELL, I DOUBLY DISLIKE THE NECESSITY THAT NOW FACES ME, NAMELY USING THIS SAME UNFAIR TACTIC ON HIM. BUT I SEE NO WAY AROUND



\*\*\* it. When Harry says "jazz style is an obvious way of doing what the serious musician does subtly" the inescapable conclusion is that Harry has either listened to insufficient jazz to be aware of what jazz is, or that if he has listened to it he has failed to do so with comprehension of what it actually contains. I'd originally planned a full-scale article in reply, listing the many jazz musicians who perform with great subtlety and delicacy and also cite one or two classical composers I feel are guilty of repeated crudities. But since then I have come across a quotation which I believe I will reprint here....in fact I will reprint two of them, which appeared together. The first is by Winthrop Sargeant: "The jazz musician has a remarkable sense of subdivided and subordinate accents in what he is playing, even though it be the slowest sort of jazz. This awareness of minute component metrical units shows itself in all sorts of syncopative subtleties that are quite foreign to European music. It is, I think, the lack of this awareness in most European "classical" musicians that explains their well-known inability to play jazz in a convincing manner." The second quotation is from Aaron Copland: "Take, for example, the stylistic device of 'swingin' a tune. This simply means that over a steady ground rhythm the singer or instrumentalists toy with the beat, never being exactly on it, but either anticipating it or lagging behind it in gradations of metrical units, so subtle that our notational system has no way of indicating it. Of course you cannot stay off the beat unless you know where the beat is. Here again freedom is interesting only in relation to regularity. On the other hand, when our better jazz bands wish to be rhythmically exact they come down on the beat with a trip-hammer precision that puts our symphonic musicians to shame. Thus an ambience of playing fast and loose with the rhythm is encouraged which has tended to separate more and more the American and European conception of musical pulse." These both deal with the approach to rhythm and tempo but similar points could be made regarding the other elements of music, as differently interpreted by jazz musicians and those pursuing the traditional serious music. I did not quote the above men as 'authorities'. It would be possible to do so, especially in Copland's case, if one believed in authorities at all but I firmly believe that Harry Warner's arguments mean more than Sargeant's and Copland's combined, providing they make more sense and he has facts to back them up. My purpose in quoting the above was merely to demonstrate that Warner's expressed views are far from ~~xxx~~ universally held, by individuals quite well versed in classical music, as well ~~x~~ as jazz, and far from being the absolute unquestionable truth that some of the more unquestioning FAPAns might have taken it, in view of Warner's immense prestige in this organization and the dogmatic manner in which his views were stated. Actually, I suspect Harry's views are the result of listening to Louis Armstrong a few times. This might seem justified as Armstrong is not only the best-known jazz musician but also perhaps the greatest creative figure it has produced to date. However, for the past two decades, Armstrong has been primarily an entertainer, the jazz content of his music heavily overlarded with showmanship. There is jazz there, but it is not perceptible to the casual listener, the general public which pays to watch Louis mug and makes him a very high-priced personal-



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ity. And Armstrong plays loudly and with a certain fervent animalistic crudity. To many this is jazz. They fail to realize that probably less than one-fourth the total of jazz falls into this category. Ironically, the crudeness is on the surface. Within Armstrong has, on many occasions, created art of considerable depth and multiple meaning. But you have to know the field before you can perceive it. Crudity itself can be used as a malleable material and be molded into an infinite variety of forms. But this is not going to be apparent to the person encountering it for the first, second, third, fourth, or fifth time. Many strong Armstrong admirers never have seen it. They lack the necessary musical ear, analytical bent, or merely inclination. They are content to be stirred by the power on the surface. Don't misunderstand the preceeding. Armstrong is far from my favorite musician. Not everything he does is art. On the contrary, he has recorded such a large amount of trash at various times that I quit collecting his records over a year ago. Also I find it tiring to listen to anything so consistently noisy for lengthy periods, no matter how skillfully done. When I first became interested in jazz I didn't care for his playing at all. It took an extremely melodic number ("Do You Know What it Means to Miss New Orleans") which I saw him play in a movie, to bridge the initial gap, from the sort of music I liked and the rest came a bit at a time. When you start listening to modernist bands like (they were then, anyway) Kenton, Raeburn, and McKinley, you have to work back to jazz's roots gradually. But one of the greatest records of all time (in the jazz field) is Louis's "West End Blues", recorded in mid-1928. It will withstand almost endless repetition....but I recommend you don't even attempt to listen to it, until you've spent at least five years of fairly steady listening to more contemporary and easily-assimilated jazz. ///I have no quarrel with people who dislike jazz, or even those who refuse to listen to it. I do very definitely, though, quarrel with those who are ignorant of the media but refuse to recognize their ignorance and go around making false and misleading statements about it. I will concede this much, however. I feel that, in the currently performed repertoire, you will find greater subtlety in classical music than in jazz. There are several reasons for this. First, improvisation is a vital element in jazz; it is not always present but frequently is. It is very very seldom present in currently performed serious music. It stands to reason that any musician will have off-moments or off-nights....periods when he is not operating at maximum inspirational efficiency. The classical composer can look back at the notes on paper he wrote at such times, see that they are below par, and destroy them before they are ever performed publicly. The jazz composer (who is actually the performing musician, doing his composing in front of an audience, as part of his job) has no way of erasing his sub-par compositions. This lowers the over-all average of the music. Secondly, classical music can trace its roots back into antiquity. Though Bach is usually considered the first great composer there were many fine ones who preceeded him. Bach died over two hundred years ago. Jazz was born less than sixty years ago and while it has matured much faster it was not until a bit over thirty years ago that a dominating early figure brought it its first early maturity (in this case Armstrong, though, again, there were some very fine musicians who preceeded him).



this is page eight.

There are inferior classical composers, and inferior jazz musicians. Some of these are unsuccessful to start with. Others have a temporary spurious success, influenced perhaps by their own personality or current fads into which their music fits; but later it is possible to weigh their contribution with more objectivity and they may be nearly forgotten, if their music fails to withstand time. The superior music endures and what you hear most frequently is the cream of the crop. But, in two hundred years music there is far more to select from than in thirty years.///None of the preceeding should be taken to indicate any intent, this fall, to alter my long-standing habit of voting Harry first in almost every poll category for which he is eligible.

I PROTEST! -- This is inaccurate throughout. As a prime example, at least one officer has never even seen the fanzine in question, much less obtained a copy (and, if you're reading someone's EIPA mailing, Clyde, no I don't want one.) This is an excellent example of what I was campaigning about last year, before I decided to run for election. Clyde has skated perilously close to the pornographic in almost every item he has submitted since he became a messenger. And, unless you are the type who thinks sexy jokes are just too ginger-peachy for words, and retelling them the sign of a vast intellect, then Clyde's material has been of minimal interest. I agree that there are other members we could afford to dispense with even more, but I think trading Clyde for a waiting-lister was good business....his bleats about illegality are completely unfounded. Had Evans made it clear that he desired me to assume responsibility for this particular decision I wouldn't even have allowed him the extra mailing grace that Bill did.

LARK -- How did I happen to use a phrase like "anyone who is thinking of letting themselves"? Well, I could take refuge behind my explanation in the last issue, when I explained how I get mixed up on my tenses, sometimes, when cutting stencils. But that wouldn't be true. Actually, it is a bit complicated. I pay very little attention to sentence construction and never paid much attention to English in school. Why should I? I always got straight A's.... even the year, in high school, when I was flunking, or almost flunking, every subject, I got A's in English....despite the fact I never liked the subject. I always thought studying English a bit silly since speaking properly just came naturally. As a child, I somewhat smugly assumed this was because I was raised in a family where proper English was spoken and, having heard it from infancy, it was natural for me to speak that way and I never got started on bad habits. Now, I am less sure. My father's grammar often slips, somewhat, and I even noticed a few occasions, in the last few years before her death, when my mother would make some glaring grammatical error, which would send shivers up my spine. I have no reason to believe her grammar grew worse, with the years, as she was extremely alert mentally up to less than half an hour before her death. So I assume I did hear bad grammar, on occasion, at home....though all my brothers and sisters speak properly. Incidentally, that was my method for knowing when something was incorrect....if it was bad English it set my nerves on end to hear it. That was my reason for



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considering the study of English pointless. Anyone should be able to tell what was correct, simply by listening! I might use an occasional 'ain't' in my childhood, but always deliberately...and even that was a bit painful. But I never once used the almost equally common childish 'I seen'. I even recall a High School English teacher theorizing sympathetically with her class that most people used 'I seen' because it did sound right. Since I learned to construct sentences however sounded proper to me, it turned out that there were occasional errors I consistently made, simply because... to me....they sounded right, and I almost never examine a sentence to see if it is properly constructed. You will find me frequently ending sentences with prepositions.....like the split infinitive and the mixed metaphor, I can see nothing wrong in them. However, it is fairly rare for me to use either of the two latter...I rather enjoy them when used by others, however. There are other examples, but they do not occur to me now. The confusion of numbers in the example you cite is one which occurs not too rarely in my writing. When you mention it I can stop and analyze the sentence and recognize why it is incorrect. But my first reaction upon reading your criticism was, "What's wrong with that?". You see, it sounds right to me. I automatically apply the verb 'is' to the subject 'anyone'.....but the meaning I had for 'anyone' was plural.....so I ended the ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ phrase with the word 'themselves' instead of 'himself' which would not really have conveyed my meaning, since it limited the statement to a single sex. And since my little built-in alarm bell failed to jangle when I worded the sentence that way, I blighly went ahead, completely unconscious of the jarring effect it would have on others.///Don't share your taste for Ernie Kovaks. I've only seen him a couple of times but he impressed me as being a performer so desperate to be clever and original that he made you (or rather me) uncomfortable simply by trying so hard. I think perhaps my favorite comic on television is Garry Moore. I may do a whole article on the Garry Moore show, sometime, though I don't think it will be in this issue. Bob and Ray would be competing, were they on television. ///Yes, when I wrote that piece I was quite aware that most theatres have dim lights on the sides of the theatre and that it isn't completely dark. And I considered this as an explanation. But it did not suffice. In the first place, this is not true of all theatres. I doubt if many of you have sampled movie theatres as widely as I. I've lived in 45 different towns and attended at least one... usually more, in all these towns save two, plus attending a good number in towns I was only passing through, for an evening, or went to because they were nearby. I have no idea of the exact number but it must be somewhere between 200 and 500 theatres. And at least ten or fifteen of these must have been of a particular design..... very long and very narrow (always a second-run theatre, but usually quite clean, attractive, and well-kept-up....usually in the downtown area of a medium-sized town....big enough that space was scarce, but small enough for the theatre to be practical, at that size). And they were completely unlighted save for the reflection from the screen...light seeping in from the lobby when the curtains were drawn, and those little tiny lights on every fifth row, at foot level, so you can find your way. The light from these is negligible as far as seated patrons are concerned. Yet there was no more eye-



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strain than in normal theatres. In fact, I always had a preference for that type of theatre, over the normal broad type. Seemed cozier and more private. These theatres never had a balcony, either, by the way. They are probably being closed fairly rapidly now as all available screen space was in use, making them quite impractical for Cinemascope. In addition to this, I have watched 16 and 8 mm. movies many times.....most commonly in school rooms where the equipment was set up temporarily, all blinds drawn, and the room left in complete darkness while we watched. And we similarly darkened things for home movies when relatives brought them over to show. No lights left on at all. And there was never eyestrain. But there is eyes strain if you try to watch television in the dark. Or perhaps I should have been saying 'eye-pain' each time, instead of 'eye-strain' since it is possible these incidents I mentioned were hard on my eyes even though I never felt anything painful. But I sure do with tv! ///Been meaning to speak my piece on bulls for years and never got around to it. Won't do it at the length I'd planned, but would like to say that, as usual, I'm opposed to setting up authorities which has been done repeatedly in this case, with everyone seeming to think Ballard the only person in fandom who'd recognize a bull if he saw one. Sure, they're dangerous and should be handled with extreme care. But, at the same time, they can be extremely affectionate and intelligent pets, at least when they're young. About the time they turn three years old, they begin to turn sullen and unfriendly... or at least that is my recollection of experiences gleaned in a childhood spent on a dairy farm, during which we raised, from calfhood, four different bulls. Certainly the fact that they are dangerous in no way justifies the deliberate baiting of them to their deaths as practiced in bullfights. And I doubt that any bull, if intelligent enough to choose, would deliberately prefer that prolonged undignified end when he knew he was being persecuted merely for the delectation of a log of thrill-hungry human morons. If I were a bull, and knew all that, I think I'd make them kill me by knocking me in the head, just for spite in order to spoil their fun. Another point....much has been made about the dangerousness of domestic bulls, and it's been stated the range ones must be much more vicious, being in the wild state. I know nothing about the bulls used in bull-fights but I have been told that the viciousness is a trait of dairy bulls and that bulls of the ~~xxxx~~ beef breeds (no, I don't mean steers....someone has to sire them, you know) are relatively docile. I cannot personally vouch for this, but if true it casts serious doubt on ~~xxx~~ another of the arguments of the pro-bullfight fans. In any case, apart from the bulls itself, it is a degrading practice for humans to indulge in, and cannot help but be harmful in dulling their sensitivities. After all, it is only a step from sitting by and enjoying yourself watching a dumb animal be tortured to sitting by idly, unconcerned, while a human is tortured.///In case some, who are not familiar with bovines, think a three year bovine is still an unlicked pup....I should explain that cows reach full maturity at the age of two and have reached puberty (is that the right term?) quite a while before that. So when bulls turn unfriendly it is not a direct result of maturity.



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LE MOINDRE--I don't know enough to question your claims for Toronto as goes tv and theatre, but I am extremely curious about this statement that Toronto is the third largest jazz center. Just what measuring stick is used? Number of jazz musicians enrolled in the Toronto local? Number of night spots which regularly feature jazz? Total sale of jazz records. Amount of time devoted to jazz on local broadcasting media? Or what? I don't know how much jazz is played in Toronto but I do know it is given fairly scant coverage by the jazz magazines....Montreal gets more lineage in DOWN BEAT for instance. That could be because they have a stringer in Montreal but not in Toronto. But if it is such a hot jazz town I would think they'd remedy the omission. Actually, one of the most vital measurements in calculating which is the 'largest' jazz centre would, to me, seem to be the influence the region wields over jazz as a whole. Obviously New York is the largest jazz center, with L.A. second. The Los Angeles area couldn't begin to contest for first place and no other area comes close to L.A. for second. But third? I'd just assumed it would be Chicago, prior to your comment. However, I must admit, on second thought, that while Chicago's place in jazz history is very important, like New Orleans and Kansas City, it has produced fairly little of importance in the past couple of decades. But what about Toronto? Oscar Peterson may be from there....I'm not sure of his exact origin...and some new musician, whose name I forget, has been getting some attention recently. But, otherwise, I can't think of a single recognized jazz name from that area. And very little jazz seems to be recorded there...at least if it is it is seldom released in the states. Actually, I think San Francisco has a surprisingly ~~xxxx~~ good claim to the title of #3 jazz center. Certainly it's influence has been widely felt in the past fifteen years. A decade and a half ago the Yerba Buena Jazz Band started the revivalist movement there and most of the big names in that field, today, were members of that original group...each now a leader of his own band. I believe, like me, you have little regard for the movement but it has been an important force in jazz. More recently, three forces came together in San Francisco with such success that the effect has been fissioning off in every direction since. The three were (1), Jimmy Lyons, one of the nations most influential jazz disc jockies in recent years, (2) the infant Fantasy record firm, and (3) an unknown musician named Dave Brubeck. The result is history. A few years later a Southern California musician, Gerry Mulligan, had his first big success in Frisco, received his first big push from Lyons, and recorded one of the first two quartet albums for FANTASY. "My Funny Valentine" on that label is still his biggest success. While not quite so fabulously successful, Mulligan has influenced jazz even more than Brubeck. ~~xxxx~~ His group fathered (in the same way that Yerba Buena fathered the revivalist groups, that the Goodman band fathered the James, Hampton, Krupa, and Wilson orchestras, and that the Ellington orchestra fathered the Hodges combo) the very successful Chet Baker ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ quartet and the fabulously imaginative Chico Hamilton quintet. Baker's group is of dubious musical value but you can't just ignore a man who wins a whole raft of trumpet polls. And from the Brubeck quartet came the Cal Tjader group and, probably, eventually a Paul Desmond combo. Meanwhile, such a gargantuan historic figure as Earl Hines has made San Francisco his permanent headquarters, while the equally important Jack Teagarden spends more



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time there than anyplace else. And the biggest selling Erroll Garner album of all time was taped, not in San Francisco, but a bit south of there in his home town of Camarillo at a concert given by Jimmy Lyons. (Beg pardon....didn't mean to confuse. Lyons lives in Camarillo, not Garner.) Can Toronto actually match San Francisco for activity, Boyd? In case anyone thinks this is regional pride, I've been in San Francisco only once...passing through on a train while fast asleep. And for those who still think all West Coast fans are huddled together in one small area, let me add it would take me approximately 24 hours to get there by train. I do frequently listen to Lyons broadcasts, though.

NULL-F--This seems to be the jazz issue of BIRDSMITH. Every mailing review seems to call for comments along that line. The jazz reviewers you mention? As I think I mentioned, I place Mike Levin an easy first and Leonard Feather an uneasy second (every once in a while he goes way off-base as in a recent column in which he indulged in some ludicrous misrepresentation of the modern-traditional wars. But usually his judgment is sound, his viewpoint broad, his copy chucklesome. (Jean Shepard no longer reviews jazz, by the way). Below these two there are a number of good solid reviewers whose work I appreciate and find little to either criticize or rave madly over. Wilson would come in this category. I don't read him in the N.Y. Times, but he is the jazz reviewer in HIGH FIDELITY, which I sub to. Hentoff made an initially good impression but my opinion has gradually worsened over the years. The man simply lacks sufficient background for a top-notch reviewer. He is always blundering in some statement of fact. I catch him in it every once in a while and, more frequently, other critics or musicians call him on it. He's pretty good at absorbing such criticism without being hurt badly by it but the fact remains that he relies on opinion more strongly than knowledge. I give him high points as a crusader, though. His attempts to expose the nastier forces at work in jazz are very worthwhile and should have been done long ago. However, he certainly does not deserve the pre-eminent position among critics which now is awarded him by most people...chiefly because he is chief editor of jazz's most widely circulated magazine. Coss rates fairly near the bottom in my opinion. He obviously has patterned himself upon Barry Ulanov but he's acquired all of Ulanov's very sizable faults with practically none of the Ulanov virtues. Like Ulanov he is aggressively narrow-minded, thinks that newness is a virtue in itself and that the fact that anything may have been around longer than five years sharply reduces its listenability. His language is considerably more untempered than Ulanov's. Ulanov can be insulting but he does it like a gentleman. Ulanov writes well; Coss doesn't. Ulanov knows his jazz history even if he doesn't value it. Coss has weak spots there. Yet Coss is the best writer METRONOME has left. That is why I'm thinking of letting my subscription expire to it this summer. When I first started reading the two magazines in late 1945, all METRONOME record reviews were handled by the "Three Deuces", who actually were the three co-editors of the magazine, George Simon, Barry Ulanov, and Leonard Feather. Leonard went in for more commercial pursuits and cut down on his critical activities, while continuing to run his "Blindfold Test" for that magazine. Eventual DOWN



BEAT lured him away and they've had the feature the past four or five years. Not too long after, Feather returned to criticism with a regular column for them. Then a couple of years ago Ulanov resigned his editorial position on METRONOME. They announced it was because of other activities but he'd still write for them on an occasional basis. Instead, Ulanov popped up as a regular DOWN BEAT columnist the very next issue. It was only a couple of issues later that Simon, dean of the jazz critics, resigned his editorship...with the same sort of announcement. He continued to do a column for the magazine for about six months, but hasn't been seen there for a long time and now he shows up as an occasional contributor to DOWN BEAT, also. His primary activity now, though, is running the Jazztone record club, and a good job he's doing. He's had it ever since Crowell-Collier took over and it is far superior to either of the other jazz mail-order clubs. So you can see why my decrease in interest in METRONOME. (I rate Simon on the same level as Wilson, by the way. He's a very sound man, but a trifle over-emotional at times. He's been so intoxicated, all these years, with having been a close friend of Glenn Miller's, and occasional drummer for him, that he has yet to recognize that the Miller group did not play jazz). I suspect METRONOME pays far less than DOWN BEAT, which would explain why Coss is forced to staff his magazine with unknowns and beginners...most of whom are deadly dull. Most experienced writer, besides Coss, on the current staff is Fran Kelly, a woman who is to jazz what Forrest Ackerman is to stf. She's been hovering on the fringes of jazz prodom for years and years...briefly had her own record company (the hideously named 'Frantone') and picks up any borderline professional employment she can find. Like Ackerman, she can't write. Like Ackerman, she gushes over any demigod who earns his living in the profession whe's attached to. Like Ackerman, she has an overabundance of unearned enthusiasm. Like Ackerman, she is intoxicated by the argot occasionally spoken by the adherents and not only uses it at every opportunity but expands it by inventing new examples never used by anyone else, with which she lards everything she writes till it is almost incomprehensible. I'd like to quote a couple of examples from a recent article by her. Let me stress that these are absolutely verbatim. Nothing omitted, added, or changed. The following is just one sentence from one of her paragraphs. "That a man so dedicate his being to the exactitude of things to a T, is so aware (which you can not always attribute totally to the overdevelopment of certain senses), of ethics that the creases in his trousers of system, almost c5ack when he sits down; so punctual, any normal (goofing) person like myself looks like a Mortal Enemy of Time; so conscious of the questionings ~~of~~ on the meaning of certain Afro-Cuban rhythms that commanded that he didn't want anything written until he completely okeyed it nox matter where he was; so triggered on rhythm itself that he really considers it wrong to ever blend or have serious music and jazz shake hands together in one selection: all this, to me, is indicative of a definite, sensitive, formative side to his nature that should be considered along with his music." End of sentence. I even left the spelling along. Here is the final sentence in the same article. "Great men become greater, which, of course, all fits glovelly with the rest of the scanning." In case you are wondering, there was nothing in the article about scanning...which might



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have made limited sense of that sentence. Since Shepards departure, Miss Kelly has my vote for jazzdom's worst critic.

OPERATION CRIFANAC--Geis is dark, but neither short nor in his teens. As a matter of fact he'll be in his thirties about the time the next mailing rolls round. I dunno what Ballard looks like except that he's built like a gorilla and his knuckles brush the ground when he walks.

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~~XXXXXX~~ QUABAL inherited the 'u', White lost out of Qwertyiop.  
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RUMBLING FAP--But I don't feel exclamatory when I write OOFSLA. !

Maybe someday I should write mailing reviews in reverse alphabetical order. I always seem to run down about half-way through and start skipping two mags out of three while writing one-line reviews on the rest which is a trifle unfair to those at the end of the alphabet.

WRATH--All is forgiven. I miss you, Wrai. Come home.....  
Well, if you can remind me in FAPA mailing when I owe you a letter I can do the same.

Hell, I'm even reluctantly willing to exchange tapes if you've forgotten how to write.

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#### MORSE MORSELS

#Every once in a while, just about the time I begin to despair at the way my fellow Britons are submitting to the awful blanket of bureaucracy, some village Hampden rises up and strikes a blow for freedom and the common man, in a manner that does my heart good.

Let me cite an example. The Central Electricity Authority wished to put up some pylons in a nice straight line, from here to there. Being what it is, it sent a letter to this man and to that, stating its intention to erect pylons upon his land here, here, and here, trusting to the law abiding acquiescence of all the addressees.

Obvious, it-or they-had never met M'Jones, upon whose farm, they told him, they proposed to erect three pylons. Just like that. No friendly discussion, no enquiry as to M'Jones' feelings on the matter; merely a statement of intentions, which (quite reasonably enough) annoyed the man. M'Jones is a Welshman -how else would his son gain the name of Bryn?- and Welshmen are well known to be sturdily independent. He said (roughly) the hell with the Central Electricity Authority and ~~xxxxxx~~ every last little bureaucrat in it. Further, he had a shotgun for any man they might send to erect a "i pylon on his farm. He was not kidding.

Unfortunately, this country deploras armed resistance to any but an officially recognised enemy, and M'Jones opposition was squashed by the police before it had even begun, and the pylons went up, and the bureaucrats smiled at each other and had an extra cup of tea each in celebration. In fact, it rather went to their heads and they became high-handed about it. When M'Jones put in a claim for compensation for loss of farming land, they offered him an insultingly small fraction of what he claimed and then refused to answer any further letters. They even hung up on his phone calls.



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This was rather foolish of them, for M'Jones is a quite determined man, and a Welshman, who has thus been gratuitously insulted by English Civil Servants. He rang them once more and told them that unless he got some satisfaction, he would start knocking down their pylons where they stood. This threat they chose to ignore, so out went Bryn Jones with a spanner and a sledge-hammer, to do just that and finally the Central Electricity Authority realised that one of their lovely new pylons was now leaning at a quite ridiculous angle, with every possibility of two more joining it. It was, quite clearly, their move, and they must have been just a little uncertain of their ground because they obtained a court order restraining M'Jones and his son from causing any further damage. Presumably they will now check to find how they stand and what M'Jones can do. At present it now stands fairly even between them: one pylon with a heavy list to starboard, one order to leave the rest alone. The order is rather a pity, because Bryn had, in a newspaper interview, said (roughly) "Yes, I done it and I'm glad, and tomorrow I'll do another and be even gladder."

Any further results will be added later.

The second blow for freedom comes from another independent, this time an Englishman. You will have read of our petrol rationing, which has been coupled with a price increase of 21½ (14; tax, the other shared between producer and retailer). We were originally limited to "enough for 200 miles per month", with the opportunity to apply for supplementary rations. This thing has been opposed by all but the Treasury, who have reaped somewhere near \$75 million in the first three months--which gives you some idea of how much has been permitted in the way of supplementaries. So, one fine Sunday morning, a London operator began selling his petrol to all comers, ~~xxxxx~~ coupon free and as much as they liked.

He was investigated, within a couple of hours, by a Police Inspector to whom he avowed, "I know what I'm doing." He has since given interviews to newspapers pointing out that his tanks are full, that (in his opinion) there is no damned necessity for any sort of rationing and that all over the country other operators have been doing much the same but to a smaller degree and more secretly.

Last among the blows for freedom comes the editor of the Sunday Express. This is not a paper I particularly care for, for it is biased and bigoted in the extreme, and has only the Giles cartoon in its favor. Nevertheless, its editor made some sulphurous remarks concerning the ration allowed for the people (200 miles per month, as I was explaining) and that permitted to M.P.'s, party prospective candidates, and political agents--this was from 800 to 1000 miles per month. His remarks were, indeed, no more than most of us had voiced already and, to some points of view, remarkably mild. Nevertheless, the House of Commons rose in its dignity and demanded an apology.

Give the editor his due, he printed a perfectly gentlemanly apology, in his Sunday Express. This, however, was not enough for those in Westminster. Resentful of what they considered to be a deliberate affront to their dignity, they demanded a further apology, to be made in person, at the Bar of the House.

No- not in the bar. The Bar of the House is a specific place, in the Commons, to which offenders may be called.



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They must have regretted this, in a way. The B.B.C., which has been accused of Socialist bias by the Conservatives, of anti-Socialist bias by the Socialists, did its best to make sure (every hour on the hour) in newscasts that Every Englishman knew that the editor of the Sunday Express was to print an apology; had printed an apology; was to appear before the Bar of the House; had appeared before the Bar of the House. And every time (every hour on the hour) the BBC explained exactly what the editor had said, to be thus treated. I doubt if any Englishman is unaware of all the facts, any where within the read of B.B.C. broadcasts, which cover a great deal of the world.

Perhaps I should add this as a fourth blow against bureaucracy. I deeply enjoyed every word of it. The BBC is not, after all, the old Grandma which too many writers suggest. Within the cash limits prescribed by the Treasury, which takes its cut from receiving licenses, the BBC does a good job of work. The Third Programme, which so many people have decried without ever giving it a hearing, is not entirely the home of long-haired exquisites, nor of short-sighted scientists. We have had a series on Louis Armstrong, and a programme on Bessie Smith, the blues singer. There have been several short series on the great comedians and some occasional complete humour shows. Now, it may well be true that here and there among the listening audience there has been one (or even two) who have taken the whole thing with intense seriousness and marginal notes. But, speaking strictly for myself, I enjoyed them immensely.

Similarly with TV. Both the Commercial and the BBC can produce figures to show that they have the greatest number of viewers at any specified time, and the most popular shows. Maria and I have no TV receiver, so we cannot comment on either side, but what we have seen in other peoples' houses has not specially impressed us with the Commercial offerings. ((Not even Eartha Kitt, Bill? v.l.m.)) It is, perhaps, a fitting time to point out that the Independent Television Authority received a thumping subsidy from the Treasury and shares the BBC's Transmitting masts. That point usually gets glossed over by the Parliamentary advocates of ITV, who gloss over so many things in their official utterances.

Since MacMillan inherited the job from Eden, there have been one or two changes in the government worth mentioning. For instance, we have got rid of Antony Head, a rather unfortunate Secretary for War. Had he been on top of his job, the Suez trouble would have been over in a matter of hours; as it was, "troops are on their way" was being announced a couple of days after the thing began. There were no existing arrangements for the rapid transport of soldiers in emergency: presumably no-one ever considered the likelihood of such a thing. So Head has gone and our defences are the better for his departure.

You can count a mark in the opposite direction for the transfer of Dr Charles Hill to Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and general Voice of the Government. Dr Hill is bulbous, flatulent and smugly pleased with Dr. Hill. As a propaganda merchant he will, no doubt, be most successful. He has a way with platitudes that will convince all the Party adherents that black -if not exactly white- is at least a very pale shade of blue. It is only fair to admit that I hate his guts, but it is also true that in Churchill's great successful campaign, Hill made heavy points with his observances on the Socialist-obseisance to Peron's demands for higher prices for beef, then, as time went by and Hill was a power in the Ministry of Food, the price rose



even more steeply. Small wonder that Eden's first action on Churchill's retirement was to shift him to PostMaster General. Nothing much happened there apart from a rise in cost of 'phone calls, telegrams, and the internal cost of sending Christmas Cards. It actually costs more for me to send my wife such a card than to send one to Australia.

So far, Dr Hill has kept remarkably quiet. No doubt the noise will begin to increase a couple of years from now, in preparation for the next General Election. MacMillan intends to sit tight on Eden's majority, steamrolling all legislature through the Commons by sheer numbers and the Party Whip. Eden at least had the guts to fight his own election. At present, we have the highly entertaining spectacle of Conservative MPs denouncing a Bill so iniquitous, then meekly voting for it when the Chief Whip points his finger.

The only really interesting men in MacMillan's team are in the House of Lords. Lord Mills, the Minister of Power-- a business man, with an industrial background, brought in to make Power pay. A most unusual treatment. The other is Lord Salisbury, a man of principle, who will not deal with scoundrels and is, in fact, no longer in the MacMillan team, since he will not associate with men willing to be friendly with the Archbishop Makarios. As who shall blame him? The holy honor is not exactly the type to fill one with confidence in his honesty. So Lord Salisbury retires from active participation in the present Government, but I doubt if we have heard the last of him. Men of principle are rare enough in politics to be noticeable, and the Premier who can have one on his side is a fortunate man indeed. MacMillan has forsaken principle for expediency, and it remains to be seen whether he was right or wrong, politically. I'll grant he is a tough politician.

Spring, as usual, brought a crop of strikes in this country. The shipyard workers began it-- boilermakers, engineers, and casuals. "My boys come before the country", said the leader of the Boilermakers' Union, whose outlook on life is heavily coloured with his memories of repression in the years of the depression, and who looks upon employers as men who keep a special pair of hob-nailed boots for trampling upon the up-turned faces of the poor. There are faults on both sides-- no-one can honestly dispute that-- but that quote from Ted Hill really gets me. The man is a troglodyte.

After the ship-men came the other engineers, in selected areas. There was no great need for it, because they are not badly paid. For that matter, a vast number of them had no stomach for it, but the pickets were composed of the thick-heads, and the average man had no choice but to stay out. Some of them managed to get in, the first morning, before picketting began, but that was only for one day. I got the impression that if the weather had been wet and stormy even the pickets might have been discouraged and the strike fizzled out. Certainly I had no special trouble getting in each day. My firm made it hard for their men to be really resentful by paying them half-pay for the duration of their walk-out. Solidarity of the workers is one thing, but this strike was ridiculous. If the Ministry of Labour-- MacMillan's one really bright boy, inherited from Eden-- can succeed with his Commissions of Enquiry, we may be a long step forward in industrial relations in this country. Remember the name-- Iain McLeod. He seems to treat both sides alike-- rather like naughty schoolboys. It is quite effective.



Of course, not all the working men are idle slackers. If they were, we'd not be able even to contemplate competing with Western Germany, yet we do. At the moment we are losing place, but I'm hopeful for the future, if McLeod can move toward ending the great excesses of both employers and employed, and invest the manufacturers with the spirit of competition rather than mutual agreements. If only they would compete in the style in which some of the older craftsmen still do, we might get somewhere after all our troubles.

The nationalised industries are setting quite a fair example, strange as it may seem. The smallest coal-mining force in twenty years is putting out record quantities of coal. Not enough for our needs, true, but more tons per month than at any time in our history. Why? Private enterprise refused flatly to modernise the coal mines, preferring a man with a pick and shovel. Nationalisation has installed machines to an extent which would gladden the heart of Henry Hazlitt.

Similarly, the railways have come out in a whirl of diesel and electric transformations. Steam is given perhaps twenty years to die out, which will be a pity, and a great programme of modernising and streamlining procedures has begun to pay off. There are still dirty stations and cold waiting-rooms, but efficiency is raising its curly head at last.

In fact, almost the only bad effects of Nationalisation of the railways have been the closing of many lesser branchlines and the change to a Civil Service attitude of promotion by seniority rather than ability. This year, two of the finest drivers in the country are retiring, and to take their places are nonentities who would not dream of keeping time, let alone making up lost minutes. On the other hand, Ted Hailstone (one of the two) has some fine performances to his credit. For instance, he left Grantham (105 miles from London) 24½ minutes late on one occasion with a full load, and put his A4 to such good work that he arrived in London 4 minutes early. I've the timing sheet to prove that performance. He'd have been earlier still but for a dead-stop for signals five miles out of London. Sam Gingell, his fellow master of the craft, has been known to deliberately drop time on the first half of a journey for the sheer pleasure of making it up on the second half. The two, each from a different line, have been close friends for about seven years, having one strong subject of conversation -- steam locomotives.

Maria and I are now almost independent of commercial transport, and hope to complete the freedom when we can fit a sidecar to my motorcycle. Judging from Brando's "Wild One", the American attitude to the sport is quite unlike that over here, where the motor-cyclist is respectable, law-abiding, and a great source of income for the Chancellor of the Exchequer. We - Maria and I - would like to trade in the Matchless for a Vincent Black Shadow or something similar, but the price is prohibitive. So I take my wife behind me until the sidecar can be fitted.

This sort of mobility is valuable in English traffic. The single track enables me to move to the front of any line-up of traffic lights or other stoppage. Other motorists do not exactly approve, but the police are favourable on the grounds that it keeps the traffic floating better if our superior acceleration can be at the front when the all-clear shows.



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So now, when we got to a show, we go on two wheels (the power comes from 30 cubic inches in one cylinder) for greater accessibility --front door to the street behind the theatre.

The best news on the entertainment front (my point of view) is the return of Fantasia for a limited season ending in May. I took Maria for her first visit (my fifth, I think) and she was suitably impressed, but slightly discouraged by the available seats (six rows from the front) and the fact that this is in Superscope, which distorts the close view. But the music was, as ever, enthralling. I prefer the Bad to be played on the organ, for which it was written, but the Stokowski transcription for orchestra is excellent. Renewing acquaintance with this and all the others was most refreshing, and the Stereophonic Sound innovation is, on the whole, a slight improvement.

A couple of weeks earlier we saw the filmed "Three Men in a Boat", (with some slight alterations from the book). Our combined opinion is that, if you have not read the book, then you will surely enjoy most of it. The ending is a trifle weak, but the Three Men are well chosen and most of the really funny episodes have been included. If you have read the book but are not absolutely fanatic about it, you'll enjoy it just as much-- but the ending is still weakly contrived. We had some lovely laughs there, though. Maria was holding her sides through some scenes. And there are three odd boys, three true veterans, combined ages approaching 240 years, who put in a quite hilarious appearance as fuddled old gentlemen of Oxford University. I think they are the high spot of the film and considered their inclusion to be an inspiration. In fact, the completeness of their episode, its all too possible absurdity, tends to emphasise the way in which the Three Men have been made dissimilar, because these old boys put their scenes across with a smooth perfection of timing and expression that might well be studied by the Method addicts.

Life being what it is today, most of our entertainment is light escapist stuff. All the same, inspired by the name of Jean Anouilh, we visited the Criterion to see his "Waltz of the Toreadors", in the hope of a Message. We came away highly amused and wondering what it is that makes a French play about morals seem just a little out of place on the English stage. All the message we got out of it was that the successful he-goat is a flop as a husband. Not exactly news. But the thing is worth seeing for the sardonic humour of it. The randy old General is a pitiful thing, looked at dispassionately, but he has life enough in him to be able to sneer at any offer of sympathy. With his repulsive wife admitting her love for his oldest friend, with the love of his life (untouched) giving herself to one of his own bastards, he can still put them all out of his mind at the sight of a new (and pneumatic) servant girl. Which is the message? I don't know. It must depend upon the individual, whether he envies or pities General St. Pé, whose flabby belly is denied by the youth of his desires. I'd rather be me.

There is a much broader farce on married life--English version--further east of Piccadilly. "Sailor Beware". A simple bachelor, on the eve of his marriage to a little piece of fluff, meets her mother and recalls the old adage of the daughter's certainty to be the image of her mother by the time she is fifty. The mother here is a lulu of a character, and I'll swear she exists in every detail. They have



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cooked the ending a bit to show her promising that she is a changed woman from now on, but I'll lay any odds that this newfound humility lasts no longer than the wedding breakfast. She'll be organising and bullying from the time the bride and groom are changed and ready for the train. And welcome.

One more play. Teahouse of the August Moon has come off as a result of its transformation into a film. In its place is another piece of American humor, still taking the Mickey out of the Armed Forces. I took the scattered components of my family to see it and we had more than our moneys worth. Good, comfortable comedy, with plenty of well-loved jokes and one or two new ones to take up the strain. For me, the title was most appropriate, "No Time for Sergeants".

Maria and I wish to go on record as being of the opinion that no-one has really lived until he has heard a Mozart Minute played by the Bala Junior School Percussion Band. There have been no other musical events of great note, though between the writing of this and its arrival before you the Prom Concerts will once more have come and gone.

So much happens between mailings. Our new Prime Minister sworn in. Your old President likewise. Here and there it is possible to see a way through the wood. And I am an expectant father. What is good enough for the Youngs and the Willises (among others) is good enough for us. Any time the world is not in a fit state to bring children into, it is not in a fit state for grown-ups, either.

P.S.--M'Jones was fined a not-very-large amount.

A summons has been served upon the gas salesman. All the same, though they both lose, at least blows have been struck and others may be encouraged. Already the Electricity Authority is now, by law, required to give 28 days notice (instead of 24 hours) before surveying land where it proposes to erect pylons.

Long live the spirit of the anti-bureaucrat. See you at the barricades?

----- Bill Morse.

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Damn you Danner! Can't you keep your dreams to yourself? Since you related dreaming of getting color reception on your black-and-white set, I have had the same dream four times myself...and I'm getting bored with it. Usually the color is rather pale and lacklustre...heavy on greens and oranges like the old two-color early Cinecolor and Tru-color movies. And it seems rather super-imposed on the gray of the normal picture, fading in and out so that you have to look close for the colors. Not always, though. One time I was not only watching the picture on my set but also in the picture being photographed. I recall comparing the real color with the reproduction. It was a beautiful golden beach and my set vividly reproduce the bright blue-and-white polka-dotted two-piece bikini of the girl lying next to me. However, as I said, I'm tiring of your dream. Most recently I even recalled I'd had the same dream several times earlier and wondered if I was dreaming again. So I decided to test. I turned the set off and back again. Still was in color, so that proved to my satisfaction that it was no dream and that Danner was wrong. It is possible to receive color on a black-and-white set.

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