



*mance*. I don't think I wrung the concept dry whenever we ran it last—though damme if I can find where we did—Apa V 17, the March 4, '95 run, was on *Fabulous La\$ Vega\$* and promised *Trash and Sleaze (Our Specialty)* for the next; February's was on *Fandom*—and I discover I have no distys between #2 and #13 in my file, so can't check their topics. I'd'a swom... (wasn't Ida Sworn the key witness in that court case a while back?)

Now, *Rites of Spring*—as in Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Prentemps*—I could scratch out a paragraph on that, I think. We had an album of that when I was a kid in the 40s, and I have no idea who the orchestra and conductor were for it. Those were the days when an album meant an *album*, by cracky—a collection of several 78 RPM disks in sleeves bound inside hard covers. I was only beginning to learn to appreciate “serious” music in those days, and was easily bored by Beethoven and Mozart, but dug things like Grieg's *In The Hall of the Mountain King*. We didn't play *Le Sacre* that often—my grandfather, who lived with us, and who did appreciate Mozart and Liszt but whose music (which he played and recorded) was traditional fiddler's tunes—thought Stravinsky should be taken out and shot. But I delighted in its savage arrhythmic yet driving patterns and unexpected turns of phrase, the horn blasts and flute flights.

Many years later, when I began to acquire a record collection, this was not the first LP I bought, but it was among the first. Again I'm not sure whose version it was, and for that matter time has even wiped details of whose version I actively sought over the years and whether I actually finally acquired it on LP or reel-to-reel tape. This I hope comes back to me, because at the time I considered it definitive.

In the early 60s my brother Hale and I shared an apartment on Staten Island for a while. This was the time I began to put together a stereo system—I

HE WRITES OF SPRING— The Writes of Spring? This topic does seem as though it should spark something in my creative soul, but even though I've tossed it this way and tossed it that, it just kinda flops there with hardly a splat; it doesn't wriggle, it lies there flat, and what can you do with a topic like that? Go “Drat”?

I didn't make it into Apa V with the previous topic, either, *Sex, Lies and Vid*—um, *Sex, Love and Ro-*

had two little eight-inch speakers in wall-mounts (not even enclosed), a fairly decent component-type LP deck and my first reel-to-reel deck which I believe may have been a Lafayette product. The amp/preamp was, I think, a Scott. Whatever. It worked for a while. Hale and I had a lot of fun playing with taping stuff, though I don't believe I kept much of that. It's possible some of it's in my stuff in storage.

I never achieved real stereophile quality in any system I ever put together, relying on Lafayette and Radio Shack far more than I ever did any of the high end products. With one exception: I got a Tandberg tape deck (reel-to-reel) with the advance money the NyCon 3 committee paid me to transcribe the tapes from the con—a commitment that, I'm sorry to say, I procrastinated on so long that the tapes themselves went bad. But that's another story for another time.

I only brought all this up to lead to one little moment—Hale, too, had liked the old, multi-disk version of the *Rites of Spring* and when we'd moved from Texas and he to North Carolina, he had acquired most of our record collection, including that of course. A lot of that collection got burned in a fire later; I don't know if it was among them. In any case, it was the version with which he was familiar.

I put on either an LP or tape of *Le Sacre du Prentemps* for him to enjoy with me, and he did. But he told me that throughout the work as it reached certain points he kept having this impulse to get up and flip the record...

And that's the sensation I seem to have right at this moment...

Bye for now.

Ross