

A BAS - Volume Two - Number Two

A BAS, a study in occupational therapy, is written, compiled, edited, dummied, stenciled, printed and distributed by The Derelicts of Toronto.

MANAGING EDITOR - Boyd Raeburn, 14 Lynd Ave., Toronto, Ont., CANADA.

PRODUCTION MANAGER - Norman G. Browne.

PRINTING AND DISTRIBUTION - Gerald A. Steward.

EDITORIAL ADVISER - P. Howard Lyons.

POETRY EDITOR - Ron Kidder.

ART EDITOR - Ken Hall.

MASCOT - Albert Lastovica.

"Why not an E. E. Evens appreciation issue?"

THE ONE WHO MISSED IT

by

RON KIDDER

NIGHT: May 21.

Lonesome. Very lonesome. Outcast. Spurned. That's me. Nobody near me, to see me or hear me. They're all gone. Every one of them. Howard, Boyd, Ken, Bill, Gerry, Albert; all gone. Even Norm. Gone.

NIGHT: May 22.

Still Lonesome. More lonesome. I was supposed to see them to-night and they're all gone. No one around. No long sessions. No friendly chit-chat. No happy care-free chatter. No Howard, swapping light-hearted retorts with Norm. No Boyd, decrying the lack of gay, light banter. No Norm, swapping light-hearted retorts with Howard. No Bill, advising and gently guiding our efforts in the production of the magazine. No Albert, asking, "What can I join next, fellows?" No Ken, sitting quietly reading my book, or Gerry's book, or Howard's book, or Bill's book, or Norm's book, or Bill's book, or Boyd's book, or Albert's book. No Gerry, digging Brubeck. No Wally, (Thank Heaven and Howard). Oh, well, maybe I can get some sleep.

AFTERNOON: May 23.

Lonesomer. Very much lonesomer. It gets worse as the days drag by.

MONDAY: May 24.

A long week-end. A very long week-end. No one left.

'Cause they've all gone
To the Midwestcon.....

- Ron Kidder

Harry Harrison
C/o Future Publications
80 Fifth Ave.,
New York 11, N.Y.,
U. S. A.

14 Lynd Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.,
CANADA

Dear Harry;

I received with interest your recent letter inviting me to write a FANMAG column for your magazine SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES, but under the circumstances I feel I must decline the offer.

I make this decision for both my own good and the good of your magazine. Previous writers of this column have all been Big Name Fans and Big Name Fan editors and as I am not in this class, I feel it would hurt my reputation to do the article in question. Also, all the previous authors of your column have been editors of well-known and well-liked "quality" fanzines. I don't, somehow, feel that A BAS falls into the same category as SPACESHIP, PENDULUM and PEON.

I really appreciate your offer, however, and if you will keep it open, I will try to uplift the editorial standards and quality of A BAS so that it will be in the same class as those previously mentioned fanzines. I will also try to raise my own standing in fandom so that I can be in the same class as Venable, Riddle and Silverberg who have all previously done columns for you.

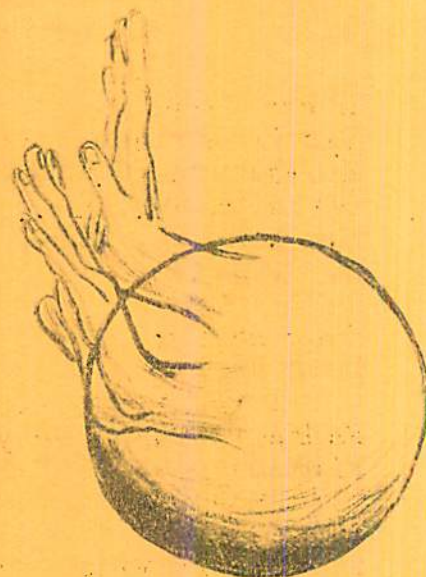
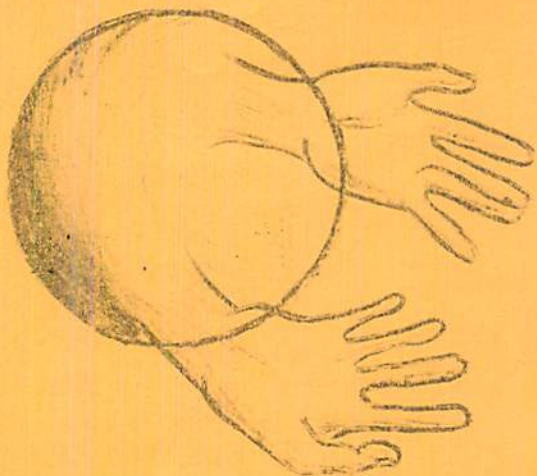
Thanking you again for your fine offer,

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

Boyd Raeburn, A DERELICT.

BR:ngb.



"Boyd, do you know what the duties of a fan editor are?" - ngb



FANDOM SCREAMS

ROBERT BLOCH: A BAS was received and enjoyed. Derelicti Derogation gave me a real chuckle; some sly stuff here.
((Thanks, Bob. We hope you find something chuckle-worthy in this issue.))

HARRY CALNEK: As a whole, the zine is magnificent. Oh would that all these other "things" I have been getting were half as good in material and readability. I don't know who in hell La Salle is, but he does great things with a ruler. DERELECTI DEROGATION was superb and many ruptured intestines were strewn over the floor and walls while reading it. A MULIPUS DERELICTI CANADIANA was a classic. But now to the thing in the zine that naturally appealed to me more than anything. From the few letters I got concerning Slapak's maniacal ravings I thought that Norm Clarke played Larry about as adequately as possible. However, after reading your review of the thing I have had to change my opinion a good deal. You are to be commended on the extremely beautiful sarcasm in thisthere is little left that can be said, except that it was excellent. ((From what I gather, Boyd flipped about as much when he read your letter as you did when you read the last issue. His first taste of egoboo, you know.... I hope he doesn't bang his head on the ceiling when he gets your letter commenting on this issue! By-the-way, this issue you will notice is a little different from the last one. Possible it was because the meeting we wrote it at lasted from 7:30 PM to 6:30 AM. Or maybe it was that case of beer.....ngb))

BILL STAVDAL Just received A BAS and I have to admit to a touch of wistful envy at the energy and spirit of your group. In A BAS you have that perfect counterpart to CANFAN; raucous, spontaneous and irresponsible where CANFAN is sober (a wee bit too sober in my opinion) planned, and dripping integrity.



"YOU SAY THE NEW MAD IS IN?"

((Thanks, Bill. Don't worry, A BAS will never resemble CANFAN - mainly because three months planning goes into CANFAN, whereas about 10 minutes planning goes into an issue of A BAS. Thanks for the illo - if you run across anymore like that, send them along. -ngb))

"Why yes. The editor writes the editorials."

GEORGINA ELLIS: A BAS? Nuff to say that it was hilarious. Perhaps not quite so as the first one, but still very funny. Should I suppose, comment on THOT ON CANADIAN CAPERS, but I didn't read Joe's article very thoroughly. Larry's article is rather different. Raeburn does a good job...a ripping good job...at tearing it apart. Page 1152 is real crazy. ((I thought the first issue was quite good, also. For one thing, it brought me out of the state of inactivity I was in and I am now as active as I ever was - guess who's typing these stencils....ngb))

"Is that all?"

SALLY DUNN (reprinted from Driftwood #3) In the words that could have been used by Harness, four lemons and an overripe cockroach to Norman G. Browne for the abomination known as A BAS. This trite tripe was delivered to me via the US and Canadian mails tho I can't imagine what possessed them to bother to deliver it. Norman used to put out an excellent magazine in VANATIONS, a zine that was interesting and intelligent. This new thing is neither. It was issued by a combination of forces from the Toronto SF group. They seem to feel that humor is attained by laying on the sarcasm with a heavy hand and making fun of some of the more worthwhile efforts of serious constructive fans. Orville Mosher and Project Fanclub takes a terrific clubbing (pardon the pun) in an 'article' in the latest A BAS.

((PLEASE! A BAS is not the successor to VANATIONS! A BAS is a club fanzine and as a member of The Derelicts, I contribute no more than does anyone else - ngb))

((At the Midwestcon, we asked Sally what "serious constructive fans" we had been making fun of in regard to their "more worthwhile efforts". The only answer we could get, in spite of repeated questioning, was that we shouldn't make fun of people who were trying to do something worthwhile. So if you can't name any "serious constructive fan" (whatever that is) that we were making fun of, why all the screaming? In view of your silence when we questioned you, it would seem that your remarks in Driftwood are merely idiotic babbling. In spite of your tirade, we shall continue to slap down to the best of our ability any cretin who persists in lousing up fandom - Boyd Raeburn.))

HALPH ALPHA

by

P. Howard Lyons

Not Phi Alpha.

I thought you might like to know what you've missed by not living in Winnipeg. The Great Milan appeared there recently -- "Safety pins thru his tongue, needles thru his mouth, pins thru his neck, pins thru his chest, needles thru his muscles, needles driven with a hammer thru his legs, the Human Volcano, a man who starts to eat fire where all other fire eaters leave off.

The Great Milan will lay on a bed of sharp nails weighing 600 lbs., which you the public may examine and allow any two men in the audience to stand on his chest forcing his back into the nails. He will also lay on his chest and stomach on a bed of glass and on top of his back he will have a small bed of nails sticking out. Another death defying act which the Great Milan will present is lying on one side of his face on a bed of spikes and on the other side of his face he will have any man in the audience stand.

Another thrilling act he will present to you is that he will lay on his back on a bed of spikes and have a large stone on his chest. He then dares any man in the audience to hit the stone with a sledge hammer. To complete our variety show we will also present Acrobats, Dancers and Comedians. FAMILY SHOW - DON'T MISS IT!!!

How about booking it into the next convention?

"Why no. The fan editor also collects the money sent in."

I received a mimeographed sheet from Harlan Ellison on May 20th. It was an invitation to become one of the 200 carefully chosen people who will receive DIMENSIONS, beginning with the first sparkling issue, early next month. He says this will be the New Yorker of the fan world, "with material too striking or off-trail to be accepted by the usual professional or fan magazines". He then lists the first issue line up including items by Harness, Pratt, Dave English, Dave Ish, Joe Gibson, Marion Bradley, Budrys, Andre Norton and Bill Dignin. He goes on to list the people who will be in later issues and they sound all right.

The final paragraph is the clincher; "The first issue will hit your mail box within a month and a half, before the Midwestcon, and it is a bet safe enough to take odds on that it will be in that mailbox every three months thereafter for a good long while." Well, that month and a half line makes the date of the invitation about April 9, I received my copy on May 20th. As far as the copy of DIMENSIONS hitting my mailbox before the Midwestcon, that con started on May 21st. I was there, and so also was Ellison. And so was Dimmy (DIMENSIONS), in what might

be called galley form. He had about two-thirds of the stencils for the first issue and showed them wildly in all directions.

This is my opinion: DIMENSIONS when it comes out (and I expect it will) will be as good as Harlan says. From internal evidence, however, I am inclined to believe that it will not meet dead-lines, even though he had the good sense to propose a quarterly schedule this time. But I'll bet you get your money's worth if you write to Harlan Ellison to get on the list. His address on the form is 41 East 17th, Columbus 1, Ohio.

"What money?"

I note that e. e. cummings and eben ahbez have stolen the small initial gimmick from damon knight -- what about this, fandom???

Ellison had the bad taste at the con to call me Fitzlyons and I know what he meant.

A fan from Busbee Scotland claiming he was Gordon Nimmons breezed thru town recently. He is hitch-hiking his way around the continent -- I always wondered what happened to Claude Degler....

In keeping with a present trend, begun I believe by the Russians when they shocked Albert by confiscating Georgia from the U.S. and continued by the same USA in their maneuver to steal the capital of Canada (Ottawa) and relocate it in the state of Illinois, the Canadian Government has now taken steps to regain some of its lost prestige by moving London to an Ontario location. A recent inspection would seem to indicate that the present population is only about 87,000 and does not include several fans we had expected. However, I believe that the gesture has been noticed and will serve to show that Canada is not to be tampered with. My only fear is that England will not let well enough alone and will continue the landnapping.

- Howard Lyons.

"I think WHACK is better than MAD comics." - br.

NOT THE
E.E.EVANS??

BROWNE KNOWS



(BY - BR. R.G.K. GAS.)

NORM. G. BROWNE.

("Mescaline," says Mr. Huxley, "will not do anybody the slightest harm, and provides the readiest temporary escape from modern life" - News Item)

IN THE CACTUS

Well, frankly, Mr. Huxley,
I take a rather dim view
That you
Are turning the taking of drugs
Into a tame
Game
For mugs.
Who want a drug,
That unlike snow,
You know
Isn't going to do you any harm?
It's half the fun
When you've just begun
To know that sooner or later,
If you stay alive,
It'll slowly drive
You completely nuts and balmy.
To me, this mescaline
Sounds as sissy as sin;
Fit for kids to have with their milk,
Or messed up with their rose hip
And other stuff
Of that ilk.
Me, I'm tough!
Before I was three
I used to go on toots
With my dad's cheroots.
And by the time I was six
I could fix
The hard lick
Far quicker than I could say "Brandy and Lime."
And then when I was ten
I tried;
Phenobarb and nembutal
Morphia and luminal,
Heroin and coke.
I had a go at laudanum
And opium I could smoke
I had a bash on Hashish
And drank paraldehyde,
(Of which I nearly died!)

We addicts know
When it has whacked us
But even so,
We don't want to end up in the cactus!

- Mary Jane

(ngb here - Originally, this whole issue was to have been devoted to convention reports. It was to have been an all-convention issue. But things didn't work out that way. Lyons had written his report and sent it into FIE where it will be published - so he was out. Raeburn got bitten by the poetry bug, so as far as a straight factual report on the convention was concerned, he was out. Kidder didn't attend - as page one will testify. Albert put a page in the typer, looked at it for two hours, then in a state of mad inspiration, wrote a couple of quips that he had heard on the radio the day before. Nothing on the con from him. Ken Hall was at the con, but during the A BAS meeting he devoted his time to drawing the cover and reading somebody's book. He was out.

Steward was the only one who lived up to the original idea and the following is his contribution. I hadn't brought a typer to the meeting, so all I could do was sit and drink beer and swap quips with Howard. However, the beer inspired me and everytime I saw a vacant typer, I would dash off pages of pure inspiration. A lot of it concerned the convention.

Before I got to the stage of stencilling these reports, I got a card from Lynn Hickman asking me for a report on the con for his magazine JACKPOT. So I pulled out my report scheduled for this issue and sent it down to Lynn. I guess if it wasn't for Gerry, there wouldn't be any report in A BAS on.....)



THE MIDWESTCON 1954

by GERALD A. STEWARD

It is said that the Midwest Conference starts when the first fan arrives at the site where the con is being held. That being the case, the 1954 version of the Midwestcon started at about 7:00 PM on Wednesday, May 19th, for that is the time the avant garde of the Toronto entourage arrived; and to our knowledge, we were the first.

John Millard, Bill Grant, Bill's mother - Mrs. Grant, Ken Hall and myself had no sooner signed the register and paid for our rooms at the Fountain Lodge motel, when Roy and DeeDee Lavender drove up. They had just arrived from their home in Delaware, about sixty miles away. We stood outside the offices chatting for a few moments and decided to meet at our motel after supper. The Lavenders left and we moved our luggage into our cells.

Tell me - was there really bars on the windows?

Later that evening Roy and DeeDee returned and shortly after, Doc Barrett roared up in his flashy new automobile.

Having brought several cases of assorted Canadian beer with us, we were well prepared for early guests. Doc had to leave one beer later but it was only for a short jaunt down to his office and he returned shortly. Festivities broke up early in the evening (1:00) as Roy had to work the next day and so had to drive back to Delaware that night.

Thursday morning we went down town (two blocks south of the motel) and after breaking our fast, cased the business section and finally located the state liquor store. It was decided that we get our stock in early before the rest of the fen arrived and the joint was sold out.

NOW LETS BE FAIR ABOUT THIS!

Having thusly procured our liquor, we drove out to Indian Lake to see Mrs. Beatley. While Ken and I wandered around examining everything, (this was our first visit to the Beatleys-on-the-Lake establishment), Bill Grant shot a few feet of movie film of our actions.

You should have brought back the birdbath we gave her last year.

It is really a beautiful edifice and previous gatherings there must have been real cool. The characters who put the fritz on things out there should be exterminated.

We returned to our motel and spent the rest of the afternoon resting up for the events which were to follow that evening.

Having sufficiently rested we then drove out to the C&B roadside cafe where we had a dinner date with Doc Barrett. The doctor was late and didn't arrive until we were nearly half thru our steaks. His excuse was that he had to meet Bob Bloch, whom he had brought with him as ample proof. After the introductions were dispensed with, Bob remarked, in typical Bloch style humor; "Gerry, how did you get mixed up with such undesirable company?"

Gerald's reply; "Not BOB BLOCH!!! Gosh - I mean - Wow! - Boy oh boy!"

When everyone had eaten more than they could sensibly contain, we moved our bloated selves out to Barrett's lakeside cottage, where we spent the evening looking at a few hundred 3-D stereoscope slides which Mrs. Barrett had taken while on a trip to the Grand Canyon. Later that evening we went upstairs to Barrett's fan-recreation room wherein resides part of his tremendous collection. Grant previewed some film which he had brought along to show on Saturday nite. When this was done we went back to town to see if Phylis Economou had arrived.

She had. We found her in the lobby of the Ingalls talking to a travelling salesman. Wait, it is not as bad as it sounds. Phyl was waiting for Barrett and she just happened to strike up a conversation with the salesman who was a long time friend of the Docs.

From the Ingalls we went over to the Doc's Bellefontaine house. This place doubles as his office and store room for a part of his collection. Upon arriving we seated ourselves around a kitchen table, opened a bottle of Bourbon, a few cans of beer, and Doc proceeded to shatter the unsuspecting salesman with his straight-from-the-shoulder conversation.

Friday morning I awoke to find that Grant and Millard had already left for breakfast and that Hall had his head under the shower attempting to wash away the cobwebs obviously brought on by the previous night's consumption of Bourbon. Feeling in dire need for a cup of coffee, I decided not to wait for Ken and took out after the other two.

I caught up with them just as they were leaving the restruant and told them I'd look them up in the downtown area sometime later.

I had eaten and was on my way back to the motel when I met Ken. The shower obviously had a good effect on him as he was wide awake, which is more than could be said for myself.

Funny. I always thought that was the way you normally looked.

Went back to the restruant for another cup of coffee while Ken ate, then we wandered around Bellefontaine looking for Bill and John. We looked everywhere and failed to find them, so we decided to try Doc Barrett's place.

Bill and john weren't there but Bob Bloch was, and so we spent the next couple of hours talking to him. We then assisted Doc and Bob in taking a large movie screen over to the Ingalls and it was there that we met Evelyn Gold, Issac Asimov, Marty Greenberg, and another personage whose name I can't recall.

Hmmmnn. Was it Ray Beam? Or maybe Orv Mosher? Might be Claude Degler?

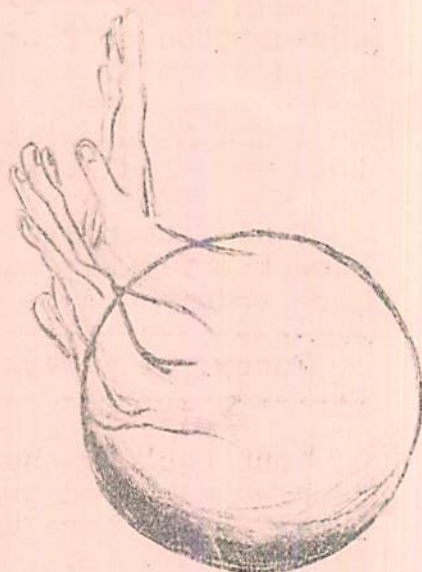
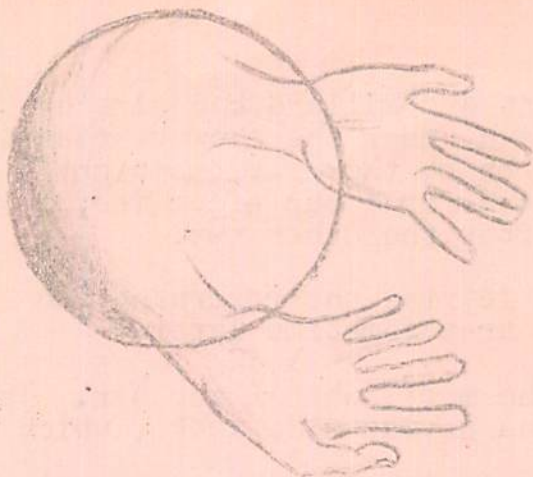
We went back to Barrett's where introductions were extended and then off to the Hotel Logan dinning room for a light lunch. It was there that we met Phyl Economou, which brought our numbers to nine, (Barrett, Asimov, Bloch, Goldilocks, Greenberg, Economou, Hall, the nameless New Yorkers and myself.)

When the eating was done, Doc left and the remainder journeyed back to the Fountain Lodge Motel. The group stayed only a few minutes and then left. Shortly afterwards, Albert appeared on the scene and we went down to the Ingalls Hotel where we met Norm Browne. He donned the cloak of official introducer for Ken and I and proceeded to introduce us to more people than it is fannishly possible to relate.

Later that evening, Grant showed a couple of old time films featuring Laurel and Hardy. After this, everyone went over to Doc Barrett's for a get-to-gether party.

Really! It wasn't that kind of a party at all! Such a filthy mind!

A few things I remember about said party; Goldilocks telling her repertoire of shaggy-dog stories, liquor flowing like wine, my cornering Magnus in a discussion on Jazz and Brubeck in particular, then in turn my being cornered by Don Ford in a conversation on jazz, (I know next to nothing on the subject). Finally, after nearly everyone else had left, I helped clean up the place and then navigated Bill Grant home.



I could continue to write about the following three days, but anything I might say would only be repetitious. I'll end here, having related the events which happened up to Friday nite, events which a lot of people missed.

- Gerald A Steward.

Cont. from top page 6 - "Maybe I am being over optimistic?"

STOP PRESS: - An added note by P. Howard Lyons.

As was feared, England has stolen several cities from France and the chain of reprisals and counter-reprisals is now too complicated to be followed. We now see that Hamilton, Ontario has been sub-divided and the remnants are now located in Alabama, Missouri, Montana, New York, Ohio, and Texas - not to mention Bermuda, New Zealand and Scotland.

Enough of this, I say!!

"A bit, yes."

CHARACTERIZATION THROUGH DIALOGUE, DEPT:

Steward; "What burns me....."

Lyons; "What rots me is....."

Browne; "What gets me is....."

Ellison; "What tears me is the fact....."

Don Susan; "What creams my jeans....."

"But after all; I am the editor...."

WANT AD DEPT: Material is wanted for FILLER - the fanzine that contains nothing but. FILLER #2 is being prepared and our present need is for short items of poetry, little Willie rimes, etc. Send all material to Norman Browne, 33 Lyonsgate Dr., Wilson Heights, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

ESOTERIC UTTERINGS - BY -

Boyd Raeburn

Keen Young Fan: Gone is the winter of my discontent
When many crudzines came and went
Now the bird is on the wing
I'll read Mad Comics in the spring
For Seventh Fandom claims today
Beloved Pogo is passé.

Reporter: Evelyn Gold of raven tresses
Clad in brightly colored dresses;
States that out of all the host
Of prozines Galaxy's the most.

Sycofans: Unknown was a crummy rag
Beyond is a much better mag
Boosting is our prime intention
So Goldie's zines get another mention.

Harlan Ellison: Dimensions now is on the stencils
So all you critics lose your pencils
I need some dough to fill my coffer
Somebody make me an interesting offer.

Sally Dunn: A serious constructive fan am I
Down with A BAS I yell and cry
Poor Orville Mosher works very hard
Now let us hear from Roger Dard...

Roger Dard: (slayering) Sex and sadism are my meat
(plaintive) They bring my blood to a white heat.
Although I'm such a gentle child
The Aussie Customs drive me wild!

Ned McKeown: I'm Tucker's agent I'll have you know
But my commission I'll forgo
On haggling I'm not very keen
Buy him a bottle of Jim Beam.

Don Susan, Honey Wood
and Marion Mallinger: The N3F is quite a frost
But don't lose hope, all is not lost.
Gerald Steward has left our ranks
For this BENEFIT let's all give thanks.

Jim Harmon: The door is locked, so let's go in
And visit Harlan Ellisin....

OH HELL!!

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall; who's the fairest one of all?"
asked Snow White's step-mother.

It is too bad that she couldn't have inquired of her lover,
or brother,
Or another.

For, even though one looks and looks, one can never be certain
that that nasty mirror is telling the truth.

Or, at least, that it says what it Knows-for-sure.

"You're old," It says, "wrinkled, decrepit and bald." Or makes
some vague reference to Ruth.

But who can say that you've not kept your youth;
That what you did not endure.

"You're young." the traitorous glass replies to your silent
question, "young, handsome, debonair."

Though that's something rare.

So who can believe it?

Some people I know would sure like to leave it,
But "No!"
It says, "never, never, can you go."

Some people do, though, escape from its bondage, almost, but
not quite:

For they break it. "Oops! seven years of bad luck, it's not
right,"

They cry. But if one should hear Beelzebub's call,

He'll cross, with Charon, the Styx,

Then Hell will get in it's licks;

And he'll scream, "It's not right. It's not right,
at all!"

- Ron Kidder.

Yes. Figure-headedly speaking, you are the editor.

REWARD!! \$2.00 reward will be paid for information and evidence leading to the correct identity of any of these three people; William Atheling Jr. columnist for SKYHOOK, Harold Van Dall columnist for DIMENSIONS, David Grinnell science fiction author. If you have any information, please contact the editor of this magazine. This is a serious offer!



THE SOUNDS!



by BOYD RAEBURN

A short time ago Toronto was having a large ration of cool sounds, and the Derelicts were turning up at the Colonial Tavern in full force. Norman Browne has become so cool that even his cigarettes are.

First of the modern brigade on the scene was the Dave Brubeck quartet. Brubeck and Desmond are as great as ever, working together in perfect rapport. Brubeck's developments of his themes are a joy to hear, and his interpolations are not as labored as in the Oberlin concert record. We suspect that on that occasion he was playing to a rather uncool audience, and maybe felt he had to beat them over the head before they would catch on. His new drummer, Joe Dodge, is competent, but is inclined to be a little chuggy at times, and is often too heavy on the cymbals.

The Gerry Mulligan quartet came along with trumpet man Chet Baker replaced by Bob Brookmeyer on valve trombone. Brookmeyer's tone on valve trombone is rather similiar to that of Baker on trumpet, so the group still sounds somewhat similiar to that of the records. This group is very cool in demeanor as well as sound. Very quiet, rather motionless, plain black suits, long inaudible conferences between numbers, playing under a single dim light. The music is the most. Mulligan giving forth with his wonderful distinctive sound.

Next on the scene was the Chet Baker quartet, with Russ Freeman on piano, Carson Smith base, and Bob Neal drums. Baker's reported gum and teeth trouble does not seem to have impaired his distinctive tone. He is still better on ballads than uptempo numbers. The rhythm section is an inspired team, backing Baker and each other perfectly. Deserving special mention is Bob Neal. Never dull, never obtrusive, he is the best drummer to have appeared in Toronto for some time.

To the accompaniment of frenetic yippings from the lunatic fringe, the Lee Konitz quartet came to town. Konitz brought Ronnie Ball on piano, Peter Ind on base and Jeff Morton on drums. While Konitz showed that he is still capable of his former greatness, the group was unnecessarily commercial at times. On one number one night, they descended to pure JATP honking which brought a well deserved yell of "go go go" from one of the audience. Perhaps Konitz was trying to keep happy both the purists and those of more commercial taste. He failed with all except the fanatics (such as the president of the Toronto New Jazz Society) in whose eyes the great Konitz can do no wrong, and who consider a reed squeak or a sour note as a new approach, a display of creativity, and probably of great social significance.

When Konitz was good though, he was very good. Of special interest was his beautiful unison work with Ronnie Ball. As a result, when playing numbers familiar from record, such as Wow, Marionette, and Cross-Current, the absence of Warne Marshe was not as noticable as one would expect. Peter Ind's bass work was very fine. Jeff Morton tended at times to too great a volume on cymbals.

While the group was in town there appeared on the local scene a copy of an LP cut at Storyville in Boston by the group the previous January, with Percy Heath on bass and Al Levitt on drums. While the disc as a whole is quite enjoyable, Konitz showed on occasions on his stay here that he is capable of much better work. The numbers played are Sound-Lee, Hi-Beck, These Foolish Things, and Subconscious-Lee. On These Foolish Things Konitz makes some disgusting sounds, which are hailed by the fanatics as a new approach, but sound to me like reed trouble.

The new Brubeck concert record, Jazz at the College of Pacific, recently released, is on the whole not up to the standard of the earlier Oberlin concert disc. However, it is well worth getting for the superb job the group does on a long version of All The Things You Are. Brubeck's solo is magnificent and builds to a great climax.

Several new LPs of interest have recently appeared. Bud Shank and Bob Cooper appear on a Contemporary LP accompanied by Claude Williamson, Max Roach and Howard Rumsey. Shank plays flute and alto flute, and Cooper oboe and English Horn. The result is extremely pleasant, even though some purists may claim it not to be jazz.

Nocturne has produced an LP of the Bud Shank quintet, with Shorty Rogers on trumpet. Some extremely fine material on this disc. Surpassing both these LPs though, in my opinion, is the Gil Melle quintet Vol. II on Blue Note. This disc is rather a sleeper and most jazz fans seem to be rather silent about it. Gil Melle on tenor, Urbie Green on trombone and Tal Farlow on guitar produce some really beautiful sounds. The whole group is fresh, vital, and original. Particularly notable is the ensemble work on Gingersnap, and Farlow's sensitive solo on Spellbound. With no theremin wailing psychotically in the background, this number appears in a new light.

For all record wants, try the Promenade Music Centre, 83 Bloor St. W. Toronto. This store has an excellent stock of records, both jazz and classical, and the sales staff really know their jobs.

- Boyd Raeburn

BOYD RAE BURN
14 Lynd Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.,
Canada.



PRINTED MATTER ONLY
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

Charles Wells
405 E. 62nd St.
Savannah, Ga.
U.S.A.