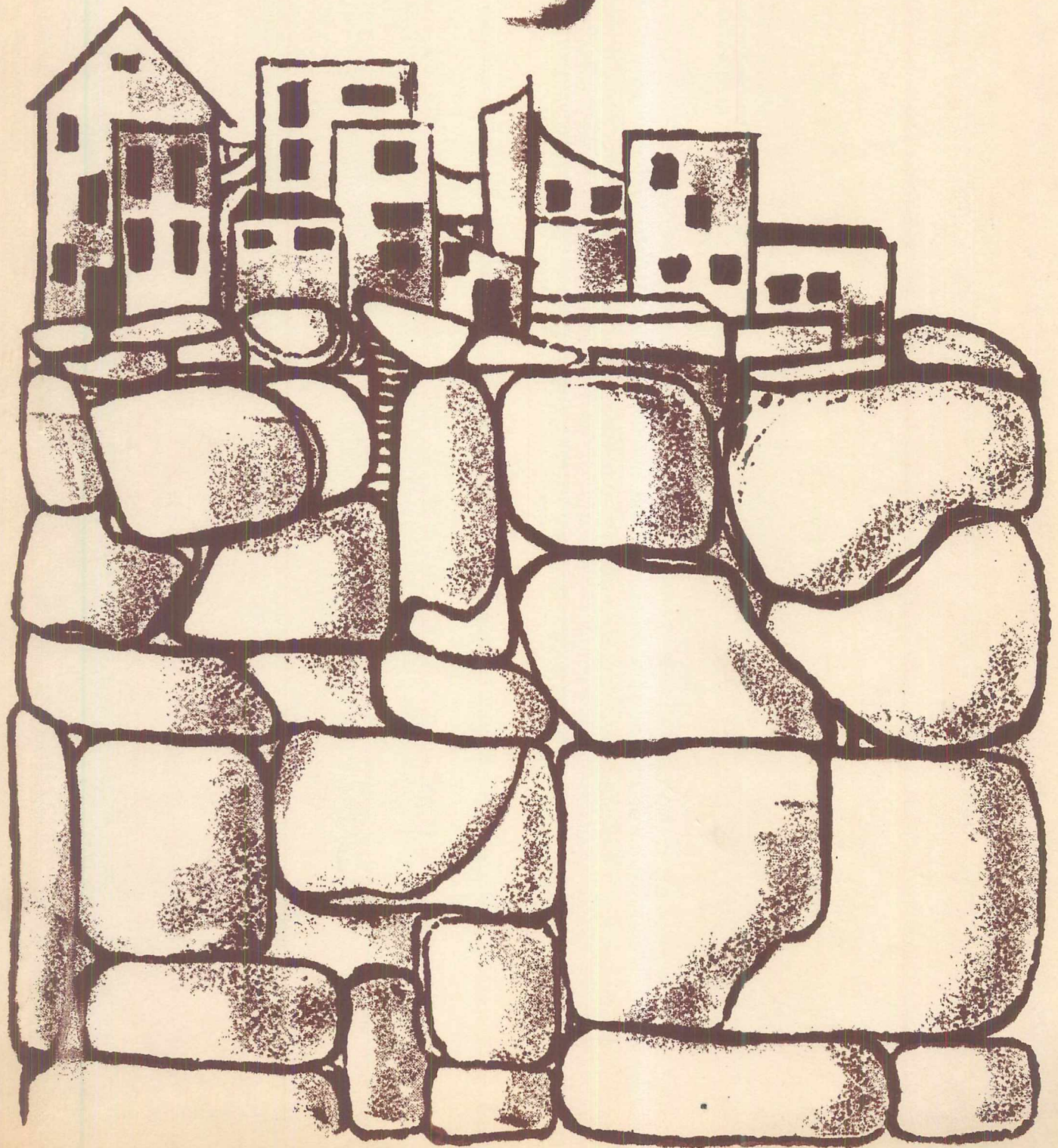


Brillig



Brillig

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QUARTER

1958

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19-22-25-28
Gina Ellis-16
Lynette Mills-7-21-27
Ralph Rayburn Phillips-26

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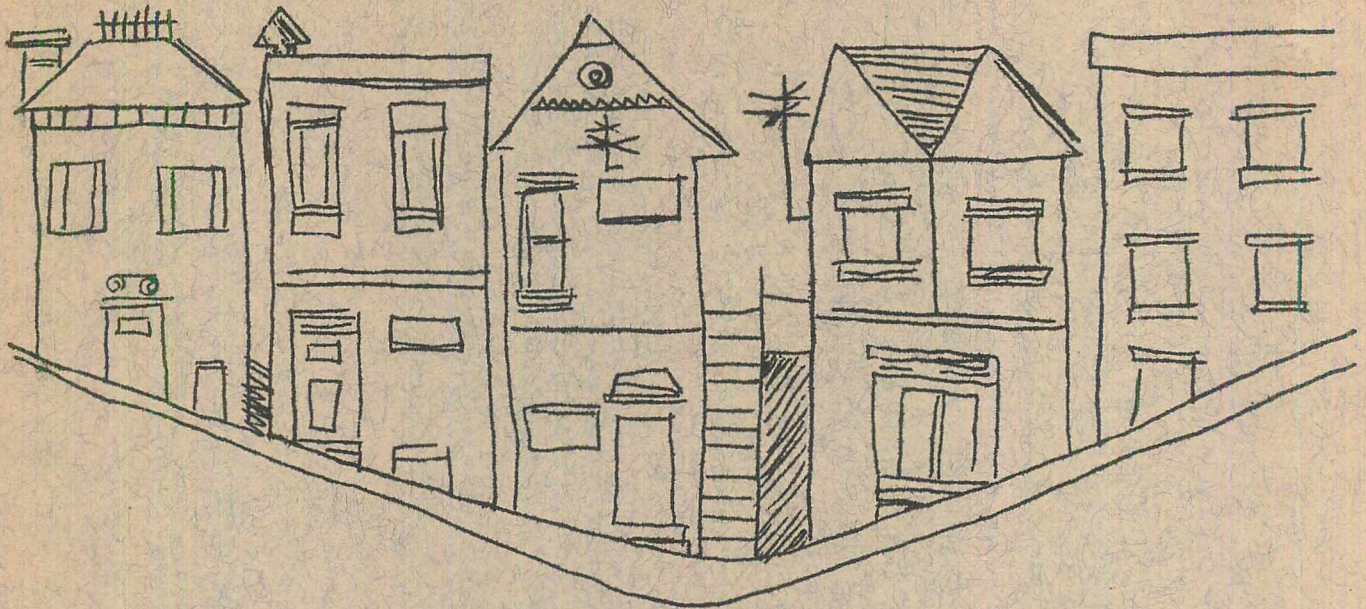
There are no restrictions on type of
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most likely be accepted according to
the whims of the editor. Poetry, art-
work, articles, book reviews and fic-
tion are asked for and gleefully
scrutinized.

Schedule:

Quarterly,
more or
less.

Echo —

:2:



Don Stuefloten paid me a visit one day. While I was reading my mail he came up the driveway in a red Ford truck grinding the gravel in the driveway while I looked out the window in wonderment, wondering the reason for the arrival of this vehicle that looked so suspiciously like a small lumber truck. A tall thin blonding fellow jumped down out of the cab of this truck and walked over towards me as I opened the door to get a better look at him, my impulse at the moment being to tell him that no one here wanted any lumber. I had no chance however because this person announced himself to be Don Stuefloten, surprising, Don Stuefloten, impeccable writing person all the way from California whos mss I had hinted madly for, here visiting me. I replied something to the effect that I was damned, which in effect I was, and on the weekend we took a trip to Portland Oregon where my statement was confirmed. The following narration is bits and pieces of what happened to us while there. Bits and pieces, chaos and madness, joy and emotion, it was nice, very funny, exciting.

Like K, in Kafka's THE CASTLE, we made a search for the castle. High up on the slopes of Portland sat a white castle witting there looking down outshining the greydrab houses on each side of it. This we observe from the bottom looking up at its whiteness wondering how we could get to it. The way seemed simple, to just take the road to the left and follow it, the road that went up the hill, going up past the rich houses and the eighty degree lawns. Up we went, twisting and turning in the truck, looking at the almost mansions, taking one road after another. We went continually up, getting farther and farther from our destination, almost completely around the hill, finally taking a road that led us to the top...and still we hadn't found it. The view was, what one could say, magnificent, the city spread below us stretching around

and on the hills that dotted the valley, the small winding-straight streets punctuated by tall buildings gleaming whitely in the winter sun. But we hadn't found the castle. We followed another road, and then another until we came to a junction where we saw a policeman standing beside his car talking to a large gentleman dressed in business clothes. We, not liking policemen, took the other road going downwards. We followed it to its ending, scraping the tires of the truck on the narrowness of it, until we were down at the bottom again. I had thought that we were miles away from our goal, our search taking us farther south, but looking up to try and notice familiar landmarks we saw it again. The castle standing white and friendly towards the top, almost directly above us. "Let's try it again." we cried, and off we went along the same road we started from. Up the hill we went, going around the narrow turns, past the rich houses until we came to the crossroads again. There we took the other road and drove slowly past the policeman, still talking to the large man, and a few hundred feet onward we discovered, we found, the castle, sitting at the very edge of the narrow road. We could have reached out and touched it, only it seemed somehow untouchable. We stopped for a time and looked at it, its curved glass windows, the tallness and narrowness, it was no bigger than a large house, the bricks in patterns and the fake battlements at the top. A few moments and a small boy came out of it followed by two wirehair terriers, which barked at us, at the truck. The small boy asked us what we were doing and we told him. "Looking at your castle," we said. We asked him about his castle, who owned it, who lived in it, how many rooms it had. It was an old castle, dating from the eighteen hundreds, but the small boy didn't tell us that. I knew beforehand. He told us very little but that was all right. We only came to look at the castle. After shooing the small boy's dogs back to him we left.

We left the house of Dick Geis late at night after listening to the recorded version of Waiting For Godot. A place to sleep was our immediate objective, a simple solution because of relatives, mother and step father, who owned a beautyshop-living space house. We would sleep there. Shortly we arrived, climbed from the truck and over to the front door of the house and rang the door ringer. Twice, three times, four times, we rung the bell at the door and no one answered. Nothing happened, the house remaining silent with no one there. It was one o' clock, no reason for anyone not to be home. We tried the side door, the back door, all were locked. We tried the windows, wanting to break in so that we could get some sleep. No use, as the place was locked tightly, repelling burglars and sleepy travelers. We had to leave, move on to another place, wondering what had happened to my parents. We went looking for another place to sleep, trying to find an old house, a newly constructed building of some sort, we went looking for something to eat. Down to the center of town, hunting for something to eat, some place to sleep. We passed a hamburger stand. "Let's stop here," I said. We went around the block and turned into the driveway and stopped. We got out, went up to the dispensing windows with the frycooks and counter men working behind it in the dim light and asked them for hamburgers. "Sorry, we're closed," one man said. "Come back in the morning." We left, we left to go towards a place I had thought of for sleep, where a friend lived, a place in a bad section of the city, a run down house. On the way we passed a bakery still running at night the bread travelling on conveyer belts the smell of fresh bread plainly experienced beyond the windows. We parked the truck, walked around to the entrance and went in looking for someone to sell us

some bread. In the center of a large number of racks, the bread lying it, were some men, we went up to ask for a loaf. "I'm sorry, we can't do that," one man said, a familiar looking person somehow. "We just can't give bread away like that." "Uh, man, no," I protested. "We aren't beggars. We'll be glad to pay for it." He said he understood and went over to the assembly line where bread was moving in a long line and handed us a fresh, even still hot loaf. We paid him a quarter and left. He was an old sergeant I knew what I was in a Portland National Guard company. We left thanking him.

Our journey for a sleeping place then took us to the schwartz district where I had sometime remembered an all night grocery. Up and down the empty streets with occasional schwartzas seen walking in the wet gloom. At times a group silent or noisy would come up and pass by as we went in search for something more to eat. In a minute two minutes or so the restaurant came into view, closed, dark empty to us so we went in search of another place that might be open. After more streets and more schwartzas a small greasy spoon place showed its lights on the glistening streets in front of us. The drizzle had been falling since dusk shining in the streets. We parked the truck a short distance away and went into the restaurant, greasy, with schwartzas standing around, leaning on the counter looking two of them, standing back to an old pot stove a six foot fellow with dilated eyes as if he had been on heroin or something. A tall vacant looking fellow. I felt a fear but none of the men seemed to want to bother us. I was relieved and the sight of a dirty white kitten standing on the floor and meowing at us cheered me. We waited, looking around for the proprietor of the restaurant sending queries with our eyes to the men sitting, standing around. The big one with the hint of dope in his eyes told us to wait a while and someone would be sure to come and there was nothing we really could do so we waited. The door opened after that and a man about my height bounded in and came up to us. He whispered something to Don and myself, something I couldn't hear being slightly hard of hearing, and he turned his attention to Don repeating the question. Don said no so the man, a schwartza dressed in grey hat and plaid sport coat, mustached, asked another question, made a proposition and Don again said no. After a few more nos Don gave the man a quarter for some gasoline and to send him away. After he had gone I asked what the man had said. "He asked me if we wanted any girls." Don told me. We didn't want any girls, not that night, he said no. The man asked if we would deliver some packages and Don said no. The other questions Don said no to which, I suppose was wise. The neighborhood there was not a place to say yes in. The proprietress, that was the way it turned out, came out shortly afterward and I bought some milk from her and we left.

We went up the main street, passing the yellow lights looking for hotels. Hotels with rooms, with accommodations, rooms with accommodations. Before this we made a tour of the skid rows and the waterfront. The skid rows were fascinating. The old hotels where one could see through the windows into the musty old men rooms, where one could sleep for a dollar a night, and the flop houses, usually an old warehouse where the partitions could be seen from the street and it was 40¢ a night to sleep there and 15¢ for the cots. We saw the bums lined up, the first look for only a few feet, for the second, for blocks on end. One section for the schwartzas and one for the whites, the fellows with the

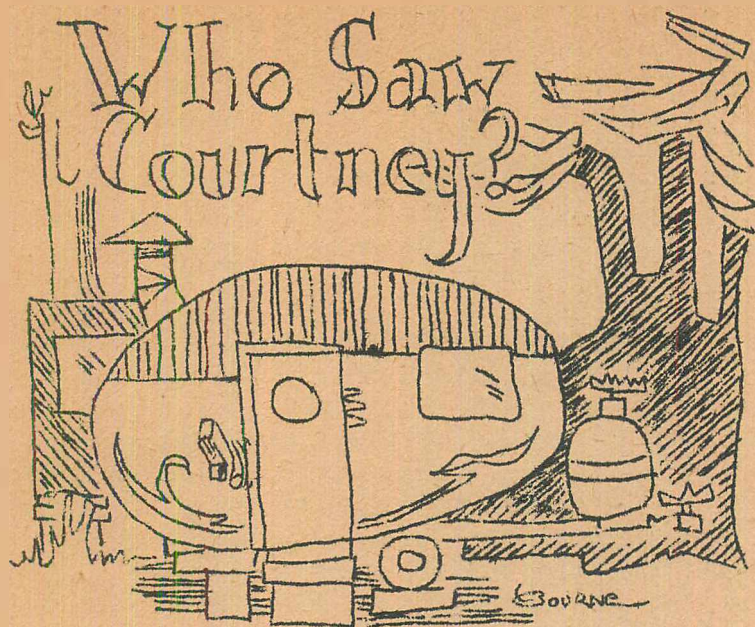
beards and the bottles, ragged clothes lined up for their free meal, and in the mission down the block they would have to sing and pray for it. Down, across the main thoroughfare and into the gipsy district, looking at the Romanys as they sat on the steps of old painted over stores, their doors open in violation of the law, where the fine rugs and tapestries could be seen. The vivacious young women that one could not touch who gave you the eye as you walked by and their brothers, husbands, fathers looking at you and brushing you as you walked by, all on the verge of sticking a knife in someone.

After that it was the flophouse, where we bought two tickets and went up, tried out rooms and noticed the filth inside. The beds that had never been made, the inch of dirt on the floor, and the sad names scrawled on the inside. The smell as we went into the building was sour, as of a million unwashed bodies living in there for years, Sour and dry smelling of urine and wine. We heard the cries of the old men who had it bad, the dope habit or perhaps the d.t.s or just a nightmare. Somewhere, some fellows were talking about insuring shoes, and another fellow was saying, "Shut up, goddamnit." We left shortly after.

Then it was to find the hotels with accomodations. The places where the fallen women, the business women, the working women lived. Very easy, all lying down work. In the uptown hotels the 25¢ and 50¢ a night girls, in others the three to ten dollars a shot ones. Some even less, depending on the girls and on their managers. Up the stairs of a recommended hotel we walked, up to the clerk and asked him, "You got any rooms with accomodations?" "Accomodations?" he replied. "Yeah we got a room with a shower or bath etc." "Uh, we mean a room with accomodations. You know, accomodations man, accomodations." He either didn't know what we were talking about, didn't have any, or we didn't know the right code-actions. We left, went to another, same routine, "Got any rooms with accomodations?" It was futule, and we were merely curious. No rooms with accomodations there. Our happy friend, the one who was directing us to all the "Honest to God real Whooooore houses." riding in the back of the truck among the wet mattresses enjoying himself immensely. He directed us to another place, a house, in the schwartza residential district. This, he assured us was, "An honest to God place, man, this girl is an old pro." We went up and knocked on the door. A big, deep, schwartza voice answered sleepily so we left... in a hurry. This was the end. No more search for accomodations. We left. We left and we left. The next day we were gone.

----- Fragments:

There they stood, not in their uniforms, sloppy, trying to look tough and authoritative, big proud, building of themselves a platform for the rank they didn't have on. They walked over to the ones who were not as fortunate, the ones who were subversient who had to wear their uniforms along with large black gloves in the hot early, not yet spring sun. The not rulers barked orders, frowning and squinting at the faces of those they commanded, demanding the respect and obedience their uniforms commanded, the respect they would never earn. "Hop to." they shouted, barking out their commands quasi-authoritatively, giving the order for marching and calling the cadence haltingly and amateurishly, unsure of themselves, knowing unconsciously they were hated.



by GRIDBAN MINOR

Part One.

INTRODUCTION by Archie Mercer:

"Take a seat" I offered.

The two youngsters looked at me rather dubiously - come to that, who doesn't these days? "Where, Mr. Mercer, sir?" asked Gridban.

"Oh they're in the cupboard," I told him. "No - the one behind the table-top - just lift it out of the way, that's right. Now just pull everything out - they're right at the bottom. Er - better put the table-top somewhere first - say outside on the grass.

That bedding can go in the sink for now - in the SINK, clot, not on the stove." I jumped to the rescue, and hastily beat out the flames.

"Where shall I put this feather-duster, Mr. Mercer, sir?" asked Crockett, the other boy. I nearly told him too. However, despite the exigencies of caravan life, we got sorted out somehow, and the conference commenced.

"I understand," I understood, "that the pair of you have decided to quit school. Is that correct?"

"More or less, Mr. Mercer, sir," said Gridban. "Only we've not only decided to leave - we HAVE left. The head decided it was easier to pension us off so that the staff can spend some time trying to teach the others something. Not to mention each other - but that's another matter altogether. Anyway, we're through, and at your service." He sprang to his feet and essayed a reasonable facsimile of a snappy military-type salute, then fell to rubbing his right hand with a pained expression, while I glanced anxiously at the skylight which had just recieved a nasty buffett.

"Carried unanimously," said Crockett from a sitting position. He beamed with pride. "A word Mr. Bennett taught me. He doesn't know many that long, either."

"Fair enough," I returned. "Well, the thing is, during your recent holidays the two of you gained quite a bit of field experience helping Mr. Bennett to explore the Great Irish Rift Valley and other adjacent areas, looking for Eney's Fault. Well, that matter was very neatly tied up, but I could still use a couple of good men to undertake a somewhat similar quest. Frankly, I'd have preferred to have the GDA on it, but they won't touch it - high fannish politics are involved." I lowered my voice dramatically. "You've naturally heard of the old saying, Who Sawed Courtney's Boat?"

The boys gasped in unison. "You mean, Mr. Mercer, sir," put in Gridban - "you mean that you want US to go and find who sawed it for you?"

"No," I told him. "That is precisely what I DON'T want you to do. That's simply a red herring that has for years successfully obscured the REAL question. The one single basic item that lies at the root not only of the notorious wrecking incident, but probably of ninety percent of the problems that continually beset fandom. I want you to ignore that angle altogether, and concentrate on this one all-important question:

"WHO WAS COURTNEY?"

- - - - -

Gridban Minor's narrative begins here:

"And where," asked my friend Sid Crockett sarcastically, "are we supposed to find this Garcia?"

"Courtney," I corrected him absentmindedly. "Garcia was another bloke - some Cube. "Well, first of all, I s'pose we'd better try New York."

"Why?"

"Because I seem to remember vaguely hearing something once about it having started in Esquire - or maybe it was the New Yorker."

"Or maybe the New Orleans Times-Picayune," Sid suggested.

"No - I'm sure it was one of the New York papers. Might even have been Astounding. Thing is, how can we best get there?"

"Well," said Sid, "we could ask Captain Slater (advt)."

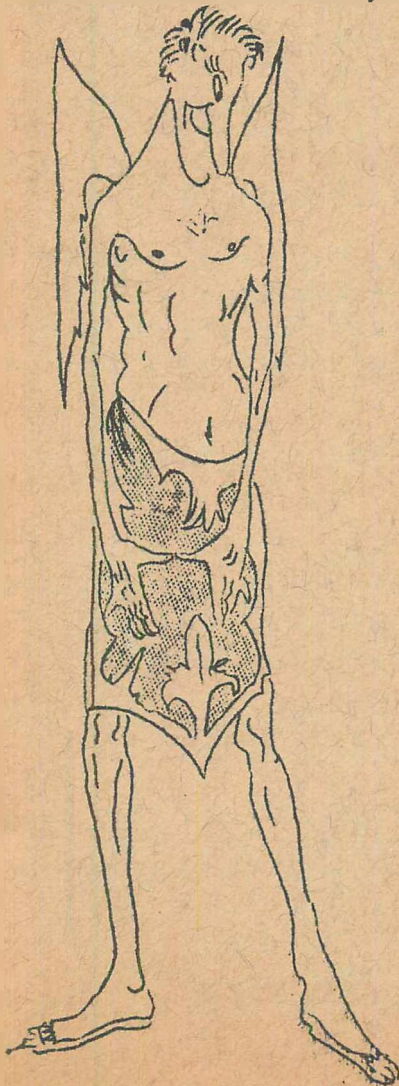
"Don't be silly, I returned. "Captain Slater (advt) isn't that sort of a Captain - he was in the army, Pioneer Corps."

"That's what I mean," said Sid. "Surely he'll help a fellow-Pioneer in distress?"

"H'm," I conceded - "you've quite a point there. When's the next train fer Wisbech?"

Later that day we staggered up the rutted lane that claimed to be Lynn Road until we came to an imposing gateway with a big signboard across the top saying "FANTAST (MEDWAY) LTD". "I wonder where Leach's Farm is?" I panted.

"Could be anywhere," Sid returned. "Let's ask here - we don't want to go any further until we're sure



we haven't passed it already."

"Good idea," I agreed, so depositing our half-crowns in the turnstile we passed beneath the ornamental archway and knocked at the first door we saw. It was opened by a lady.

"Excuse us, ma'am," apologised Sid, "but can you tell us the way to Leach's Farm?"

"Leach's Farm, Lynn Road, Walsoken, Wisbech, Cambridgeshire, England," I amplified - after all, for all we know there might have been two farmers named Leach in those parts at one time.

"Whoa," said the lady - "You're there."

"Oh," I said, agreeably surprised. "Is Captain Slater in please, ma'am?"

The lady directed us round the corner of the building. "He's out at the back mucking out the cowshed," she informed us. "You can't miss it - simply follow your noses." We thanked her, and attempted to follow her directions, which led us past a couple of thatched stacks of prewar Amazings and Astoundings and a chicken-run full of peacocks labelled "Weird Tails" to what was most indubitably the cowshed. Peeping inside, we saw that the whole floor was littered with copies of Fate and Vargo Statton, which a man was busily shovelling up into a wheelbarrow while the cows stood sorrowfully by. We went in.

"Excuse me, sir," I asked him, "but are you Captain Slater?"

"That's me," said the man, resting on his shovel. "Aha - a couple of innocent neofen - what would you like to buy?" He gestured at the floor. "Not this lot - I want it for spreading over the fields - better than nitrates any day. But I've got some excellent stuff over in the barn - come and have a browse through it."

We turned to follow him as he led the way out. "Ooh look," said Sid - "here's his duplicator."

"That's the milk purifier," Captain Slater told him. "The duplicator's out in the lambing-pens." We passed outside again, walked circumspectly round a dog-kennel labelled "Beware of the Auditors" and into the barn. "There," said Captain Slater. "Make yourselves at home."

"Excuse me, Captain Slater, sir," I asked, "but we didn't really come here to buy anything - we came to see if you could help us."

"There's no need to address me as 'Captain Slater, sir'" said Captain Slater kindly. "I'm not the formal type. Just call me 'Mr. Slater, sir' and it'll be quite all right. What are you trying to do, then - start a new fan-club? Get some contributors for a new fanzine? Put your unborn children's names on the waiting list for FAPA? I don't really make a line of doing that sort of thing nowadays, I prefer the commercial angle, but I'm occasionally willing to lend a hand in fandom for old time's sake. What's your trouble."

"Please, Cap - er - Mr. Slater, sir, we want to go to America."

"Well, that's all right - what d' you want me to do, nominate you for TAFF?"

"Well, not exactly, Mr. Slater, sir," I explained. "Mr. Bennett tells us there are some excellent candidates this year, and we'd hate to see them all left behind while we went. We just sort of want to get over to New York, and thought that maybe you could sort of help a couple of - what was the word, Sid?"

"Pioneers," said Sid. "A couple of fellow-Pioneers, Mr. Slater sir."

Mr. Slater pondered. "I don't know," he demurred. "Why d'you particularly want to go, anyway?"

"To see if we can find out - -" began Sid, but I cut him off sharply - circumspection was clearly the watchword of our quest - and a watchword that Mr. Bennett DIDN'T teach me, either. I drew myself up to my full height proudly.

"Because we're Fans, of course, Mr. Slater, sir," I answered.

"Of course," echoed Mr. Slater. "Shows how out-of-touch I must be getting when I say stupid things like that. Well, the best thing I can suggest would be to see the Liverpool group - they might be able to stow you away on a banana boat or something. And the best of luck to you. And now, while you're here, are you sure there's nothing you'd like to buy? I'm not in business for fun, you know - I'm in business because I like it."

While we were there, we did take the opportunity to pick up a few bargains, and he promised to put us on his mailing list if we could give him our addresses. This of course we couldn't very well do, not knowing whereabouts we'd be at any given time, so we compromised by giving them as care of his firm, Fantast (Medway) Ltd. That way he'd send them to himself, so they wouldn't get lost following us about the world. Save on postage, too.

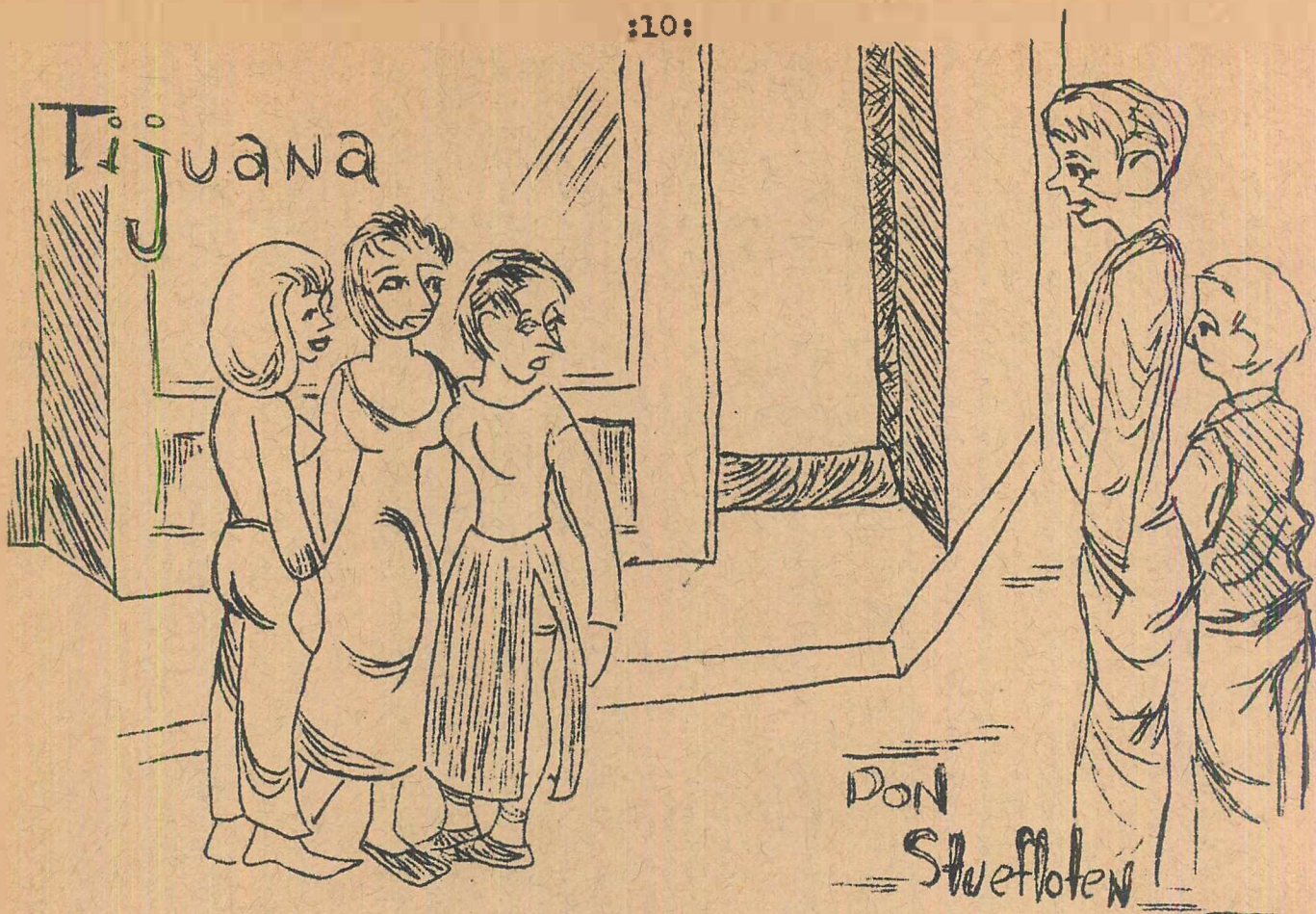
And so we pushed on into the Setting Sun, which happens to be the name of a pub, and drank deeply to the success of our mission.

Courtney, here we come!

TO BE CONTINUED

Reflections Of The Hero -- II

Within the cold, bad dreams haunt the mind of the subaltern. A crackling hush with people murmuring in the distance, the cannons standing stiff, still, and deadly in the field. The officers, all in sleeping bags, under tents, warm, with bourbon and similar stimulants, content. The others, under tarpaulins and blankets, wrapped in shelter halves, cold, bad dreams, over rocks, anthills, sticks, toes without feeling. Daylight appears, bringing a mist, whiteness, and more cold. The men slowly arise, limp around, restore circulation, beginning chores, readying the cannons, their sidearms, cleaning up the officer's tents, the battery entrepreneur selling donuts at three times the price, and firecrackers for those who dare to disobey the orders of the officers. Normalcy returns. -oOo-



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The roads are dirt, broken up with ruts and stones...and the modern cars traveling these roads move slowly, swaying, bouncing up and down in long ocean like swells...tourists, when you see them on these off-trail roads, can be identified by their craning necks, their uneasy looks,, their new American clothes, the wife on one shoulder, kids in the back seat, the man, used to the traffic on the smooth freeways and quiet suburbs, jerking the car, as if he were learning to drive, curs-ing the dark strangers who stubbornly move only slowly out of his path, swerving aside to miss the dogs...or the kids there for some ass, touring the place before nightfall, watching for girls, their legs, commenting on their breasts, their butts, like a butcher inspecting some meat off the black market, without the stamped letters of US INSP[^]-ECTED BEEF...a trifle guilty* This is New Country. New Land. New People. New Ass. A safe place to punch a girl. Girls and liquer, the big draw-ing cards. Dark men on street corners invite the men into their dens of nefarious and evil practices...Want some ass? Hey, boys, want some ass?...saying it quickly in a lew mumble...not that anybody would care if they yelled it...taxi drivers: Hey, boys, I got some girls...My sister is a virgin...come on, we got whites, n----s, Chinese, we got every thing*...shall I carry a printed rejection on my coat lapel? Well, stand aside small fellow, let me shoulder my way through, I am a big man... you got ass, you say? well...leading a man or boy through the doorway, hand on back, not lotting him back out now...Jesus, Sammy, you got any money?...Hell, I came here for fuck, goddamnit, not beer (Chances are he won't get any this trip....he talks too much, too nervops, next time,

:11:

Though, screwing up courage, saying with a long drawn breath...yess... let's screw up a storm, you and me, punch you, gal, tonight, I'm in rare breathin form)...well, here we are, standing around, colored shirts and slick pants goin walking by, young men walking together, gesticulating, laughing, looking sly, looking old, looking familiar (There are no girls on the streets--except the whore in tow to a car... pulling her, she laughing, men stopping and laughing and staring at her, wishing, wishing, swallowing and moving on...finally, protesting enough, she enters, the car screeches away from the curb, away they go, goodbye...)

Let's go in here.

Uh...you want to?

Sure. Why not? Got to stop someplace don't we?

Ah...let's move on. There's other places.

Naw, Naw, let's go in here.

They enter a dark bar and strip joint.

Holy Christ, I'm sick.

The American inspector who stops you just before you reach the Mexican customs, after eight o'clock at night:

How old are you?

Eighteen.

And you?

Eighteen.

Where were you born?

Los Angeles.

(Or New York...Chicago...Desert Rock...a small place hidden under a stone...a pond, a river, next to the ocean, born in my mother, held in a hand, slapped by a doctor, fed by a breast and a rough nipple... I was born on the dark side of the moon and was raised by a beast and chopped wheat before I was old enough to hit a dog...Where the hell was I born?)

Ever been across before?

No.

Yes...a couple years ago.

With my parents.

With a friend.

How long do you plan to stay?

Oh...till midnight, maybe.

I don't know. Till I come back.

A flashlight shined into the car: the front seat, gliding over faces, sparkled into eyes, sweeping into the backseat.

Driver's licenses, please.

(Hand them through the window: he looks at them, inspects them, asks: What's your name? Joe...Joe Alfred Smith...what's your height? ...Five ten. All right. Hands them back through the window.)

Go ahead.

Zoom, roar of muffled throb of thrumming motor.

A dark night. Bright stars. People muttering and scurrying and laughing and making faces...whole throngs...whites and darks ... black and white...day and night...two kinds of people, each making fun of the other, impatient, jostling, ugly, smiling, fine people, up and down the streets, pacing the sidewalks, entering the strip joints. Dark eyes glitter, light eyes look pale and colorless and somewhat vacant and starey, as if they were painted, as if they were puppets, pulled by an unfamiliar puppet-master, not sure just how to work this, gawking around, feeling hot, restless, soldiers on leave, hungry for a breast and a thigh and a tight little hole. Hot, strange, short

:12:

breaths, guilty as all hell, hungry as all hell, feeling tight and aching in their loins. Horny, tight, jerky, nobody.

Oh, hell, hell, hell! gimme a breast to grab hold of!

Empty silent cries, very curious.

There is no night so empty and silent and cold as this night above this town. There is nothing, no where, quite so black. No other street looks emptier when full. It is like some civilization, some huge restless body of people, were moving, marching, going right through that town, not really stopping, not living there, not really there at all. The town is a hoax. It doesn't exist. You're walking in a dream, fellow, you're skating on air man, Gross houses of the States and the movies, gargoyles, rubber mouths, an empty nose...not really there...that part of the big wide and flat-looking world is very empty and dark. The town is like the night. You can't stop there...you can only move through it.

Tacos, tortillas, enchiladas!

Chinese, whites, n----s!

Everything for sale.

Nothing that can really be bought.

----"Tijuana"--an episode from PAIN, a novel by Don Stuefloten

-oOo-

He noted the stillness of the room. By the rules of the complicated pretense which all those people played for one another's benefit, they should have considered his stand as incomprehensible folly; there should have been rustles of astonishment and derision; there were none; they sat still; they understood.

"Do you mean that you are refusing to obey the law?" asked the judge.

"No, I am complying with the law--to the letter. Your law holds that my life, my work and my property may be disposed of without my consent. Very well, you may now dispose of me without my participation in the matter. I will not play the part of defending myself, where no defense is possible, and I will not simulate the illusion of dealing with a tribunal of justice."

"But, Mr. Reardon, the law provides specifically that you are to be given an opportunity to present your side of the case and to defend yourself."

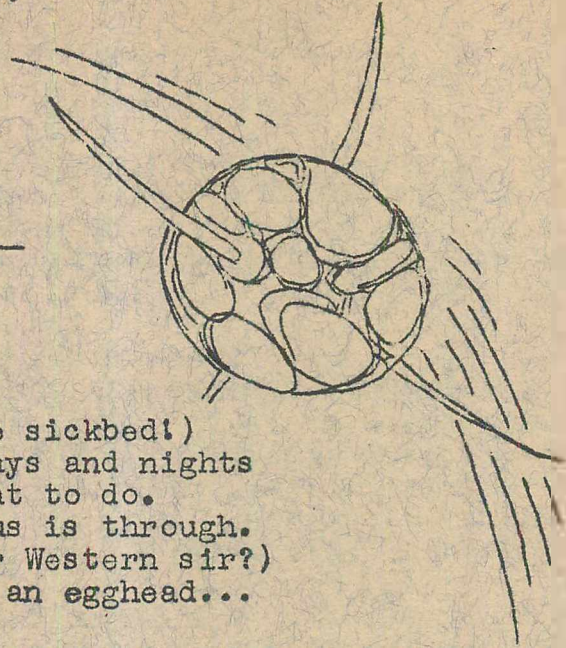
"A prisoner brought to trial can defend himself only if there is an objective principle of justice recognized by his judges, a principle upholding his rights, which they may not violate and which he can invoke. The law, by which you are trying me, holds that there are no principles, that I have no rights and that you may do with me whatever you please. Very well. Do it."

"Mr. Rearden, the law which you are denouncing is based on the highest principle--the principle of the public good."

"Who is the public? what does it hold as its good?...If it is now believed that my fellow men may sacrifice me in any manner they please for the sake of whatever they deem to be their own good, if they believe that they may seize my property simply because they need it--well, so does any burglar. There is only this difference: the burglar does not ask me to sanction his act."

---Atlas Shrugged by Ayn Rand.

BUT HE MEANS WELL



Hail the Chief!
(Not too close to the sickbed!)
For forty years of days and nights
Somebody told him what to do.
Now the echelon circus is through.
(Care to read another Western sir?)
And never accused as an egghead...
What a relief!

Beep...beep...beep...beep...beep...beep...beep...

Hail the Leader!
(No, you'll have to see Adams first.)
First in the hearts of golf caddies.
Now he appoints commissions of honest men
To study committees that jointly recommend.
(It was a head pain diagnosed as thinking.)
An affliction he heartily cursed...
As a reader!

Beep...beep...beep...beep...beep...beep...beep...

Hail the Expert!
(Er..the Sputnik disturbs me not one iota.)
A wrong answer?: censored censored censored.
After tiring digests of memos of news
His exhausted brain requires a snooze.
(If I can't do this job I'll quit.)
Too loud the vow, too large the quota...
Of guilt overt.

Beep...beep...beep...beep...beep...beep...beep...

-----Richard E. Geis

BALLOON TALK

I can always tell when I'm all in when I become anxious in a train station. When I was^a kid, I'd sneak into movie lines or wait until the last moment to get into the batter's box. Surprisingly, I never get restless in a train station unless I'm really beat.

I even got tired watching the characters in the station. I had already figured all the possible stories for all the cardboard suitcases. It seemed that everyone was out-of-season for my kind of hunting. But I still kept looking around to keep from falling asleep. I guess it was the rain that was getting me depressed. You know how it is when you leave a big city while it's raining.

Nobody was even tempted by the photo machine. You have to feel pretty good to guffaw through wet hair when no one will be at the platform for you to give the picture to. Two bums came in to get dry. Just when the novelty of their complete casualness became amusing, a bored cop shooed them outside and sat in their places. He took off a wet shoe and began rubbing his foot.

The train call abruptly barked over the loudspeaker. I wasn't sure that I had heard right but I started filing through the gate. "Destination?" the gateman asked authoritively. You can guess what I was tempted to say, but I realized that it would have died right there. Berry would have made a great article out of it, with budgies and missed trains and all; I just walked through and picked a seat next to a window in the middle of the coach. A face full of rouge ambled by my seat. I had conscientiously placed my topcoat over the aisle seat so I'd have a chance to stretch out my legs. She sat down behind me. A stoopy old man began stacking his mound of luggage on the rack across the aisle. The forward motion of the starting train jolted him into his seat.

"Cheep, cheep."

"Quiet now, Billy. You be a good little parakeet, or else I will have to take you across my knee," rouge face rasped behind my seat. I wondered if the old man read Max Brand.

"I see you have a parakeet," he exclaimed across the aisle.

"Why yes!"

"May I see him?"

"There! Now, Billy, look purdy for the nice gentleman."

"My that's an unusual colored bird!"

"Most people say Billy's the purdiest parakeet they've ever seen."

"Well, I wouldn't go that far, but I like his oatmeal color.. Goodness--he looks good enough to eat!"

"Cheep, cheep!"

I opened up my newspaper.

"Don't be afraid now, Billy--I won't let that mean old man eat you!"

"Can he talk?"

"No. I've tried teaching him for hours."

"I hate stupid birds. I wonder if he tastes like oat meal? Why I haven't had oat meal in a long time," the old man continued.

"Just mind your own business and leave us along!"

"Cheep, cheep."

The old man turned around and began to stare out the window. He turned toward me and I returned to my paper.

"Everyone lives in the funny papers," he said.

"What's that?" I said.

"You know," he rattled on, "I used to be in Dick Tracy, but then I turned bad and had to quit."

"That's very interesting. What character were you?"

"Diet Smith," the old man chuckled. "Just couldn't swallow enough pills."

"I must have barely missed you," I said. "I was Flattop Junior for awhile."

"Well, I'll be. I see you got a haircut--did you sell your car?"

"Yes, I traded it even for a Corvette. Hated to lose my television set though. Are you in any of the strips now?"

"Yes, I switched to Mary Worth a few weeks ago."

"Of course!" I exclaimed. "How could I have been so stupid!"

"How about you?" the old man chuckled.

"I have my own strip now but they didn't name it after me," I boastingly confessed.

"Of course you do! You're much younger though. I really

enjoy your antics."

:18:

The corridor lights dimmed.

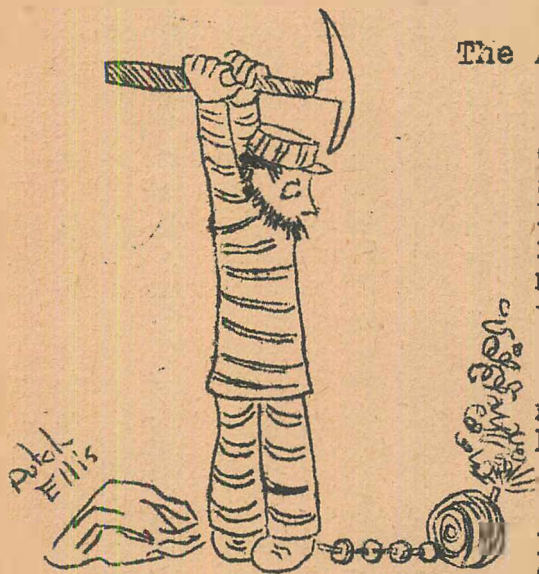
"Guess we had better get some sleep now--tomorrow will be a long day."

"Yes, you're right, Charlie Brown. Good night."

"Good night, Major Drummond."

A bag nudged my seat. I opened my eyes and watched a woman waddle down the aisle. The cover came off Billy's cage but she didn't notice. The old man began to snore loudly and the sound blended with the monotonous clickety clack of the wheels.

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The Artist's LIFE

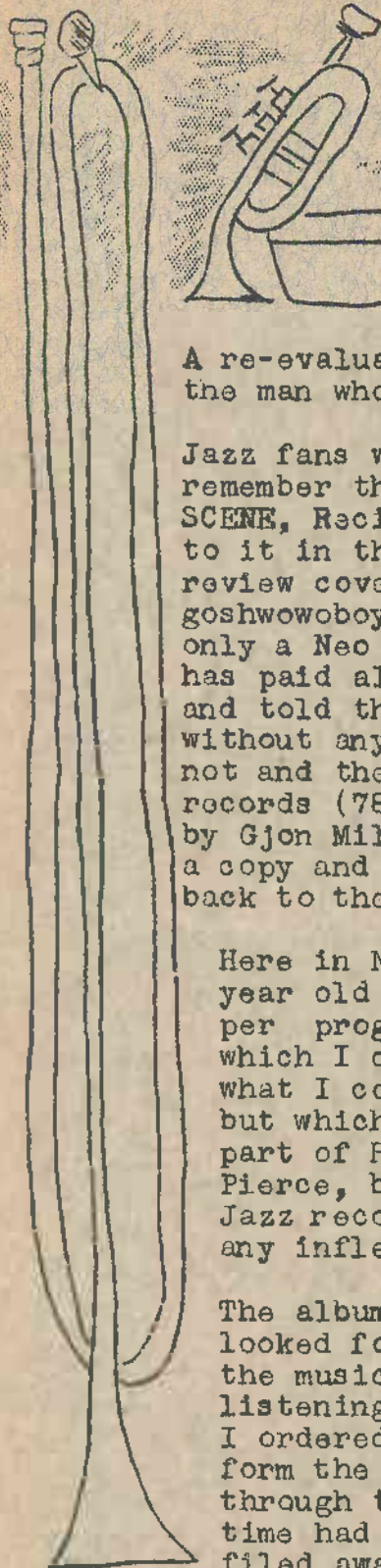
"My nudes are artistic," she exclaimed, "not immoral. I never paint something where a girl might be deliberately taking her clothes off, as in burlesque. You, the viewer, are merely a little mouse peeking in on the nude when she doesn't know it."

The story deals with a man who misses perfection only because somebody knows he murdered his wife.

"Young People," weekly Baptist paper for young people 15 to 25, uses one or two stories and one installment of a serial each week. The theme does not necessarily need to be in a religious vein, but the material should have a definite Christian tone and purpose and should be of a high literary quality, such as "Papa Knows Best," a story of apples, oil wells, and suitcases full of money."

In "The Year and Our Children," Mrs. Newland sketches out a calendar of children's activities that not only personalize the Christian feast days and seasons but bring home their historical import and spiritual significance. Mrs. Newland prepares children for baptism through relevant Scripture stories, including the adventures of Jonah, a symbol of the Resurrection. Do-it-yourself instructions are furnished for making paper figures of the prophet, the ship, and the whale. As Holy Week progresses, the children use the figures to act out the story meaningfully. Prayer, reading, informal pedagogy (and plenty of fun, too) are integrated into the projects. There is a reading list and a table of liturgical symbols, but no index.

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Mervyn
Barrett

A re-evaluation of a nine year old album with references to the man who produced it...

Jazz fans who were active in the year 1949 will probably remember the attention which Norman Granz' album, **THE JAZZ SCENE**, received when it was released. Much space was devoted to it in the trade papers and, as I remember it, **DOWN BEAT'S** review covered two pages. There was a general attitude of goshwowoboy about the whole affair and this writer, then only a Neo Jazzwise, shared this attitude. Imagine, Granz has paid all these people all kinds of fabulous dough and and told them to play exactly the sort of stuff they want without any need to bother about whether it's commercial or not and the results are in this big album of six 12 inch records (78s still, at that time) with a big book of photos by Gjon Mili and it's a limited edition at twenty five bucks a copy and you'll probably have to trace your family tree back to the Mayflower to qualify for one.

Here in New Zealand the album was played over for our 20 year old Jazz program, **RYTHM ON RECORD**, one or two numbers per program without any mention of their source; a thing which I objected to most strongly at that time in view of what I considered to be the importance of the occasion, but which policy I now see as a very wise move on the part of **RYTHM ON RECORD** compiler and compere, Arthur Pierce, because in this way the album became just more Jazz records to be judged entirely on their merit free from any influencing ballyhoo.

The album was re issued about two years ago on L.P. and I looked forward to being able to buy it and re-hear some of the music that I had fond recollections from my early Jazz listening days. Eventually it was released in England and I ordered a copy of each of the two ten inch L.P.s - the form the album took on for it's re-appearance. Playing through the records though forced me to the conclusion that time had not improved **THE JAZZ SCENE** and so the discs were filed away and, with the exception of a couple of tracks, hardly ever played. A couple of weeks ago, however, I got the incentive to write an article about Jazz and in my search for a topic on which to write I turned to **JAZZ SCENE** with the idea that a closer look at the album might prove interesting. What follows are some impressions that were formed from my study of the two L.P.s...

Perhaps the first thing one notices on playing the discs is that none of the musicians presented here play at their best. All blew well but all had recorded better Jazz for other labels. (An exception could be made here of the Bud Powell track which the album notes claim was his first solo record appearance.) Another factor that emerges is that in opposition to the sort of stuff that Granz was marketing almost exclusively at that time - jam sessions record dates featuring one or two performers with rythm section and only the sketchiest of head arrangements, J.A.T.P. - those leaders whom he chose to present on the album leaned in the main towards complex arrangements when writing for their bands. Five of the twelve selections feature string selections, another uses a set up that includes flute and french horn; two of the numbers were written to contain no improvised solos at all although one of these had Charlie Parker improvising over the top of it as an added afterthought. Here a look at each of the selections in turn might prove helpful. Indeed when one starts to examine the album track by track certain anomalies start to show themselves and one begins to wonder whether or not at least part of the set was not the result of a sort of grab bag method of assembly and whether indeed it was true that the artists had the freedom which Granz said was theirs in the choice of material and personell. The first track is REPETITION by Neal Hefti. A 27 piece outfit that included ten strings swings pleasantly through a Hefti composition that isn't very strong thematically but is well arranged. Although written to be played without solos there is a Charlie Parker solo superimposed on it towards the end that is good, but, in view of the earlier Parker sessions for Dial and Savoy it hardly upholds the claim that Granz makes for it in his album notes that it is, "some of the best Parker on record."

On I WANT TO BE HAPPY we have what I am quite sure Norman Granz of that period regarded as the ultimate in Jazz. It is typical of nearly all the studio sessions that he supervised during those years - three good musicians thrown into a recording studio and told to, "Just blow." The musicians in this case, Lester Young, Buddy Rich and Nat Cole, (masquerading under the alias of Aye Guy) do blow, and blow very well, but with a curiously old fashioned sound for all that. Nat Cole has a couple of good choruses while Lester Young improvises well in four four over Cole and rich who for most of the number play to beats to the bar.

It is hard to imagine Machito choosing to use Flip Phillips on the track allotted to him or for that matter Flip, who always sounds uneasy away from a straight Jazz beat, electing to play with Machito but this is son on TANGA (Mercury 5601 Pts. 1&2) which develops into a rhythmic jam session and sounds at though it was faded out because the recording engineer ran out of wax. The rythm section in THE JAZZ SCENE performance sounds almost stodgy. I get the impression from this one of an enthusiastic and forceful Norman Granz saying to Machito, "This side's all yours to do what ever you like with but wouldn't it be a great idea if we brought in Flip Phillips to solo against your band..." And an unhappy Machito, not wanting to cool off the guy who is paying the money saying, "Yeah that sounds great, Boss. Just great..."

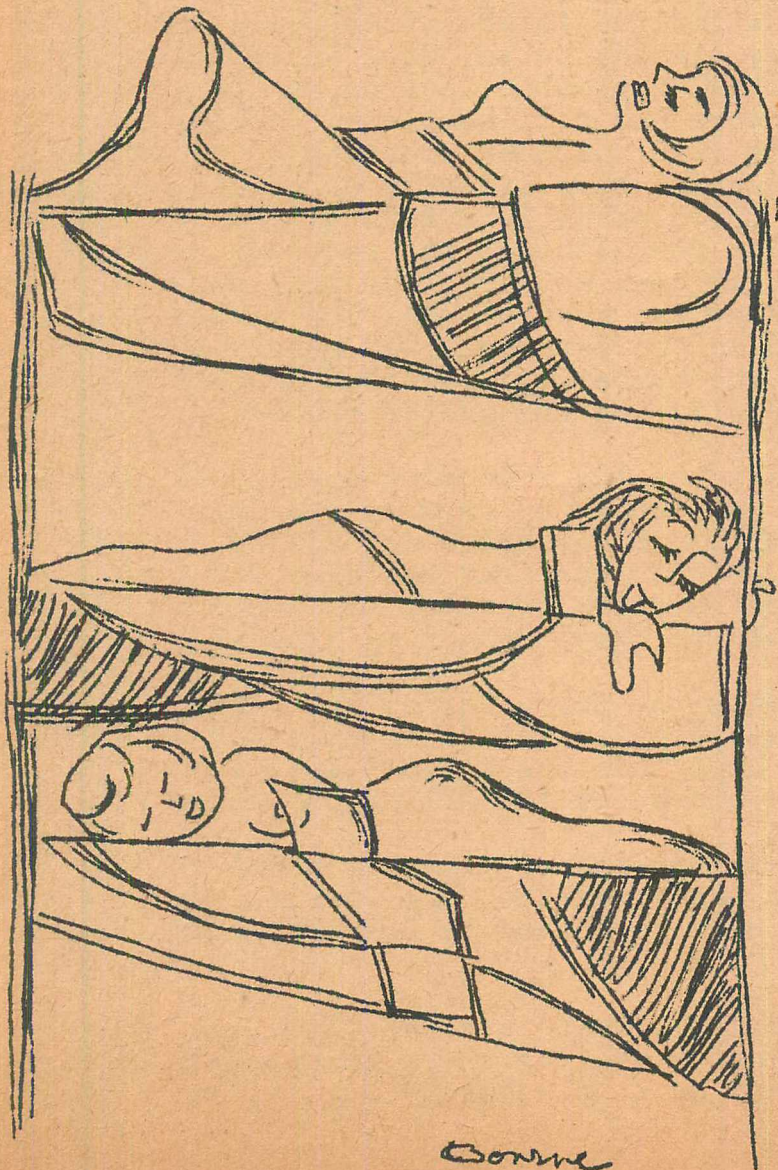
On INTROSPECTION, the Ralph Burns led track, we find a conventional instrumentation plus flute and french horn. Bill Harris states the opening theme in 3/4 time and then the band moves into common time, Herbie Steward and Sonny Berman solo well over varying rythms and then

it is back to 3/4 for the final chorus. When it was made (the presence of several men from Woody's first Herd and Sonny Berman, also from that great organization, who died in February 1947, put it as being recorded in 1946) Granz was only just starting to hit his stride with Jazz At The Philharmonic and at that time did not have the distribution set up that came two years later, with Mercury Records. I cannot therefore imagine him expending a great deal of money commissioning such a session to be used at an indefinite date in the future. My guess is that he acquired the master as a much later date from one of the small companies - probably Dial.

SOPHISTICATED LADY features Willie Smith most of the way with a guitar passage from Barney Kessel the only other solo. Smith phrases his second solo on the date in a very Hodgeslike manner. Good Jazz but there has been better Willie Smith on record.

The final track of record 1 is a Duke Ellington led session featuring Harry Carney, a rythm section and a five piece string section composed of three violins, one viola and one cello. To my ears this comes out

sounding like three distinct sections and not one unit. Carney blows excellently but the whole thing never seems to jell somehow. It sounded Much better when, later, the Duke re-orchestrated it for his regular band and performed it at the New York Metropolitan Opera House in 1950.



The first track of record No. 2 has been described by various critics who used adjectives such as ostentatious, deplorable and so on but to me this is about the most rewarding track in the set and certainly the only one that gets played anything like frequently, by me. This is George Handy's THE BLOOS. Writing for a line up that used orthodox dance band instrumentation plus basson, contra-basson, french horns, flute, oboe, five strings and two extra percussion Handy used the twelve bar blues form in a manner which made it serve to satirise itself. The piece moves from a theme that could be taken as representing a sophisticated blues, via a long bridge passage which brings in another blues theme and serves admirably to show of the beautiful

:20:

section work of the brass, into a part that we will call a preaching blues - sad, but not without humor -which serves to feature Bill Harris's very personal trombone to great advantage. This is followed by a repeat of the blues theme of the bridge then moves into a section featuring Herbie Steward with the three drummers laying down a strong beat behind him as a background for what can only be called swinging blues. The composition finishes with a return to the opening theme. To me Handy's was one of the major talents produced in a period that I have always regarded as the golden age of the big band and I believe that with the exception of Duke Ellington his handling of orchestral colours was unmatched by any of his contemporaries. It is therefore a great dissapointment to me that his return to the music scene has not produced anything to match the work he did in the latter half of the forties. When we try to ascertain a recording date for the material in THE JAZZ SCENE we generally strike trouble and this track was no exception. Norman Granz has long been the bane of discographically minded collectors. No recording dates are given for any of the numbers on the album and the discographers are not much more helpful. The Dave Carey, Albert J. McCarthy JAZZ DIRECTORY lists the recording date for THE BLOOS as merely 1949 yet the personell listing both in JAZZ DIRECTORY and on the record jacket include in the trumpet section the name of Sonny Berman who, as we have already noted, died in February 1947. Granz himself, in his album notes, intimates that he was present at the session that produced the work and as I mentioned earlier I do not think that Norman Granz, who in 1946 was just starting to consolidate his position in the Jazz world could have afforded to commision costly record dates such as this one for a possible future album. The number could have been recorded in 1946 for although the recorded sound is good and the balance excellent it does not have the brilliance of, say, REPITITION. From this we can draw two conclusions. The first: The inclusion of Sonny Berman's name in the personell was merely a slip that was never caught. The second: The number was recorded in 1946 for some other company (Perhaps even Jewel?) and the master purchased by Granz.

Cherokee is very good Bud Powell but the recording quality is shocking. The thing sounds as though it was dubbed up from an ordinary and much worn commercial pressing and although Ray Brown was listed in the personell I'm quite sure that on the take that was used for this album he had vacated the studio to get a drink of water or something because I'm dashed if I can get any bass to come through my speaker.

Duke Ellington appears again with the Harry Carney and strings formula in a number called SONO. Melodically not as interesting as FRUSTRATION I think that Duke has left this one to fall into disuse because I have never heard of it being played by the Ellington Orchestra.

The pror recorded quality and the presence of Shelly Manne who was never a Granz alumnus makes me wonder whether the Charlie Parker track, THE BIRD, might not also have been purchased by Granz from some minor company.

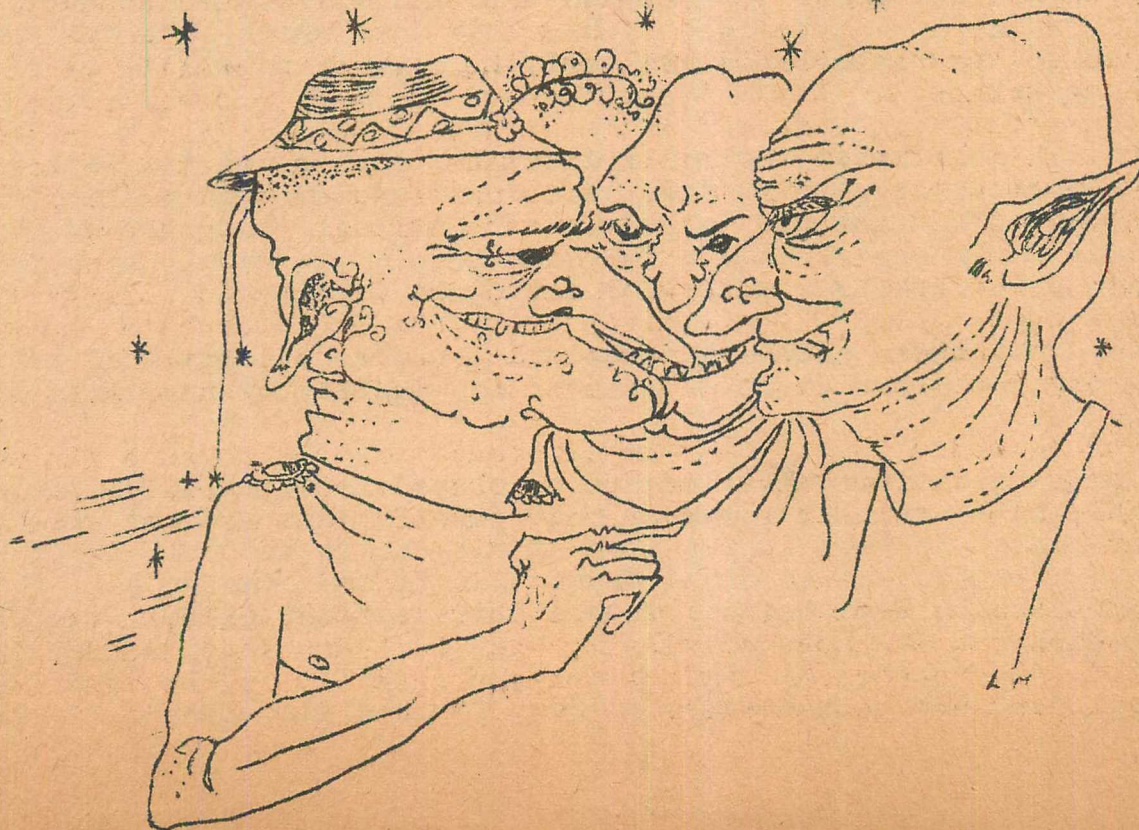
Another track by Neal Hefti follows. This is RHUMBACITO, a two part thing which rather lacks continuity and to these ears sounds kind of movieish. The second part swings quite pleasantly but no Jazz message of any importance gets across.

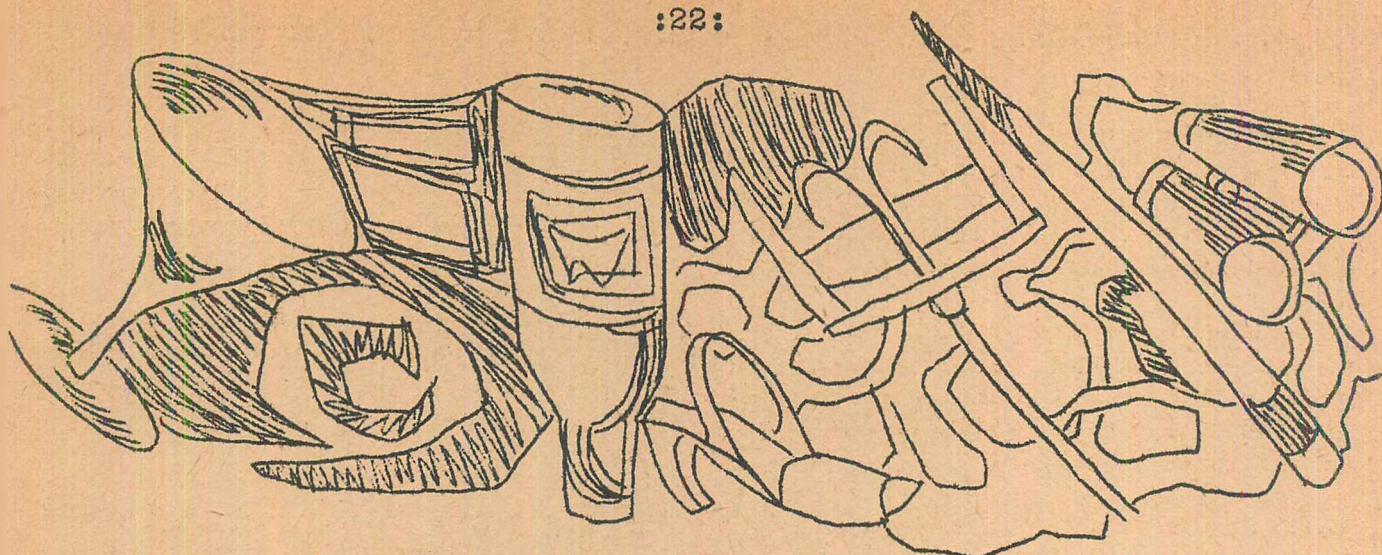
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The final track of the set is Coleman Hawkins, PICASSO. This is a saxophone solo in the most literal sense since it features the Hawk swinging by himself unaccompanied by even so much as a bass. Interesting stuff this, although it kind of sounds like variations without a theme. Granz wrote in his liner to this number, "...We thought it singularly appropriate that Hawkins titles his composition after the greatest living painter," a statement which some might dispute...

This then is THE JAZZ SCENE as we see it nine years after it's original issue. Looked at this way a few questions marks crop up. There are these typical pieces of carelessness concerning personells and lack of recording data which are so much the Hallmark of Norman Granz but which should have been avoided in an album as important as this was supposed to be. It also is interesting to note than on the English issued discs (and I presume the same holds true for the American L.P.s) the album notes were left in their original form without the updating they should have had. Recorded sound is poor on three of the tracks, a fact which is more likely to draw criticism today then when the album originally appeared. It is though when one examines the allocation of space to each participating leader that one finds the biggest question mark of all. While not denying any man his place in the album and at the same time realizing that there were only twelve 12" sides available one asks, why on earth were Neal Hefi and Duke Ellington given two sides each when so many Jazz greats were not used at all? It is realized that exclusive contracts for other companies would have made several top men unavaliabile to Granz but the exclusion of someone of the stature of, say, Dizzy Gillespie, or of any of the earlier Jazz forms or of any of the more orthodox big band Jazz that was being purveyed by Charlie Barnett or Woody at that time is certainly rather peculiar in an album titled, THE JAZZ SCENE. What we have here is definitely not the Jazz scene as it was in 1949 but rather, I think, the Jazz scene as a newly successful and enthusiastic young man with a desire to shout would have liked it to be

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CONCERT ^{OR} NIGHTCLUB JAZZ? — JERRY DEMUTH —

Ever since jazz' formative years, people have protested against music because of the places it has been performed at. Jazz started off in the brothels and dives of Storeyville and still is primarily a night club music. But people who object to this are becoming happy as they watch jazz move into the concert hall.

Now, seems to be their feeling, jazz is becoming a serious music— just because the same music is being played on a stage in a concert hall rather than on a stand in a night club. As far as I am concerned, most of the people who feel that jazz cannot become a "serious music"—as if jazz is not a "serious music," whatever the hell that means — until it is played in concert halls are guilty of a bias which is perhaps unconscious. Classical music is a respectable and serious music and is played in concert halls — not night clubs; thus jazz which is played in night clubs cannot be respectable and serious music — unless it is played in concert halls.

I can't see this reasoning and frankly I'd rather not see jazz gain too much respectability. If it did, jazz would probably gain many "fans" who weren't true fans but "appreciated" the music only for snobbish purposes. There are already a few such people and we all know there are many who like classical music for only such a reason.

I wonder what these people's reactions would be if classical music moved into the night clubs — even if the quality of the music did not change.

There is no reason why jazz cannot be played in night clubs and still be good jazz — we must remember that jazz is jazz and not any other form of music. In fact it's a form of folk music and folk music has found greater success in night clubs than in the concert hall for to me it seems to gain much success from a close rapport between musician and audience.

This same rapport is necessary in jazz for the listener to appreciate

and understand what the soloist — and those backing him as well — is doing.

One reason for this close rapport is the relaxed atmosphere in a night club which is not possible in a concert hall. People can talk to one another pointing out various aspects of what is being played. Another reason is that people are close enough to see everything a musician is doing — they can watch all his actions and movements.

The latter is not possible in a concert hall unless one sits real close — that is, in the best seats, and then there goes one of the much discussed advantages of going to a jazz concert. It's cheaper, many proclaim. But these best seats in a concert hall are always around five bucks each.

Jazz clubs here in Chicago do not have any cover charges, many don't even have a minimum, and there are at least a dozen and a half jazz clubs in the city. The most expensive minimum is \$3— and that's only on Friday and Saturday nights, otherwise it's \$2.50 as it is at the few other clubs with a minimum. Drinks cost anywhere from about 85¢ to \$1.25 and can be made to last for a set. So here you can spend a whole evening while when a concert lets out you still have some time to spend. When you average out the playing time for the evening taking into account breaks and intermissions, it comes out about the same in both places. But when a night club has a double bill — as a couple places in Chicago do — there is almost continuous playing.

Also at a night club you can hear a group you want to hear and only that group all night long. At a concert you often have to put up with commercial groups or groups whose style you just don't like. This is the main reason I stay away from concerts.

Another big complaint against jazz night clubs is the noise. And this I must admit is a common fault. But I usually don't frequent the noisier clubs for — in Chicago at least — these are usually the poorer clubs when it comes to jazz — they have a big name, also big prices, and feature commercial groups.

Most of the jazz clubs which are not in the Loop — Chicago's main center for shopping and entertainment — are relatively quiet and only a few clubs are in the Loop and these are quite commercial. But then of course you can't expect absolute quietness.

And concerts are often noisy. The audience makes it a habit to always clap after every solo — and sometimes even the ending of the solo for which people are clapping. A solo's beginning and ending are extremely important to me for they show how a musician has picked up another's ideas and where he is going to take them and then the end-brings his ideas to a close yet leaves something for the following soloist to build upon.

Sometimes, as with Norman Granz' Rock N' Roll at the Philharmonic, the audience annoyingly tries or at least tries to clap with the beat.

Many critics claim that better jazz can be presented at a concert. By this they mean so-called serious compositions. They apparently contend that night club audiences are not attentive enough and therefore

new compositions of any great length cannot be presented in a night club. From this many further conclude that jazz cannot move ahead unless jazz can be played mainly in the concert hall.

If the composition involves a large group of musicians I can see this point as few night clubs neither have the room nor can afford to pay a large group of musicians. But then there is no reason why, in order for jazz to move ahead, compositions will have to involve large groups of musicians. To me this represents another bias toward classical music which — with a few exceptions — is played by large orchestras.

These so-called serious compositions are usually quite long — ten to fifteen minutes. Night club audiences, these critics contend, can't sit through and listen to such a long composition. But if a jazz fan can listen to a long composition at a concert why can't a jazz fan listen to the same composition just as well in a night club — where he can relax and have a drink while listening.

Many numbers, including ballads, last for around ten minutes with everyone soloing and trading fours and night club audiences sit attentively through these. I've even seen night club audiences quietly — except for applauding the solos — sit through a number lasting twenty to twenty five minutes.

I can also remember a night club audience listening attentively to a twelve minute piano solo on a ballad — done by Bud Powell incidently.

And groups like Charlie Mingus' are continually presenting new, avant-garde material in night clubs — and with success too.

The aforementioned relaxed atmosphere in a night club can also help to keep jazz progressing. At a concert, the audience often expects — and wants — formality which can restrict the musicians. At a night club, musicians are free to experiment more, no matter if they do occasionally goof, and musicians can jam together.

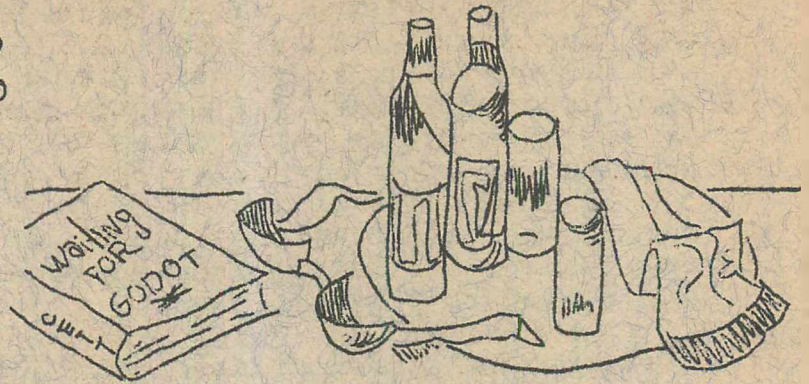
Jamming, against union regulations here in Chicago but still going on, is a definite help in the formation of artists. Playing with other musicians helps each musician to develop and by jamming in night clubs musicians can play together when they just happen to be passing through town and could get together no other way.

In this manner you can have top, creative stars playing together such as Miles and Monk, or Rollins and Mingus, or a battle between top stars on the same instrument like between Diz and Miles or Mingus and Pettiford. And also up-and-coming local musicians can get to play with and learn from the best.

The only advantage concert jazz has for the jazz fan that I can find is that thanks to package tours and the work of jazz clubs at universities in small towns, jazz is being brought to people who do not live near cities which have jazz night clubs.

But then in some cities, night club owners are discovering the advantage of presenting jazz just on weekend nights, catching top names as they happen to be passing through the area, or presenting local talent.

Geisterings:



Dear Larry:

It was too bad you had to go back to Eugene Saturday. You missed a very interesting performance of "Waiting For Godot." If one of the University drama groups ever puts it on, by all means take it in. It is even more striking when actually seen. The lp version is good, but the totality of sight and sound, even considering amateur performances, is far superior.

I was told about the performance by Jim Rise, a thirtyish poser who is kidding himself along on the G.I. Bill. He knew I liked the play, had heard parts of my lp version, and suggested we go. I leaped at the chance and he reserved seats for us. I met him at the entrance of Portland State (an old high school building) and we entered. He brought his wife along. Probably to impress her with his intellectuality although mostly I think to get her exposed to "things of the mind." He moans a lot about how she is not up to him in the brain field. Hah. She's quiet and smart as a whip. She manages and manipulates him like he was a child...which, come to think of it, he is.

We arrived about a half an hour early, so we walked around the halls and down into the remodelled basement where there is a line of automatic dispensers of drinks, candy, apples, etc. I bought an apple for her. Her name is Shirley.

Originally I thought I'd have to pay the full adult non-student price for a seat, but we just sauntered up to the ticket table, Jim asked for the three reservations in his name, and because I still happily look young enough to be a college student, and his wife was assumed to be a student I guesss, we all got in for fifty cents.

The room was small. It was a converted classroom. The stage was a two foot high room wide platform at one end. The chairs were a sad disappointment; they were a combination of hard upright wooden table chairs of the kind used in school libraries, and those ugly hard wooden warped folding monstrosities cheap school boards buy for convertible auditorium-gymnasiums. They were set up as close as possible so that an incredible number of uncomfortable people could rub arms and shoulders. There was not slant to the floor, of course, so those in the rear could hardly see the stage because of a solid phalanx of heads and hats and massive backs. I will say this for the set up, though, the curtain was purple and there was a professional lighting system.

The usher girl took our tickets and walked us down to the front, where we made small pleased sounds at the idea of being in the front row, across to the far side of the room, where our small pleased sounds quieted, and back...back...back...to the very last row! The stupid bastard had put off getting the tickets till the very last minute and had taken what was left. At that the performance we saw was the last. Seeing the last one is an advantage in that the actors have their lines down better and generally do a better job.

We sat and waited and watched the people come in and sit. We talked and joked and read the program-type thing that was distributed. I quote a paragraph from the page:

...tonight's production of WAITING FOR GODOT (for which we are expressly indebted to Dramatists Play Service of New York who made possible the low admission charge) is a particularly apt choice for a premiere in STAGE 109. It is now...it is certainly "off-beat"...it is controversial...it has a small cast with a single setting...it is said to possess literary values...it is certainly NOT a "mass-appeal" play. Mr. Beckett, erstwhile secretary to James Joyce, calls GODOT a tragi-comedy. Please notice that tragi comes before comedy. The structure of the two act play is akin to the fugue. The theme is stated in Act One, the variations, many of which clear up some matters, appear in Act Two. If we may offer a word of advice: don't try to sweat out each little thing that is said and/or happens. If possible,

just sit there and listen and watch. What you are about to see is a contemporary serio-comic allegory about four 20th century humors. We are presenting it without cuts, without editing without censorship. Mr. Beckett did not write plays for your maiden Aunt in Dubuque!

LOVE AMONG
THE SNIFKACKS



PHILLIPS

The play isn't really shocking. Of course it is made quite clear in the first few moments that Didi has a disease which results in his having to go off stage to defecate. This is watched with vast amusement by Gogo who invited Pozzo to watch. Also it hurts Didi in his privates when he laughs. That explains that puzzling line of dialogue in the record where he stifles his mirth and says: "One darent even laugh any more."

And of course the lp version is guilty of using euphemisms in several places. You remember them from the text as you followed the dialogue of the record with the printed play you had.

:27:

There is a lot of movement in the play...at least as played by the Portland State group. I suppose they have to incorporate a lot of action because it would be boring for the audience to just listen to dialogue. I was eagerly awaiting the time when Lucky was to do his awe-inspiring monologue. But it was a let-down, and more than anything impresses upon a person the difference between a pro and an amateur. The fellow who did the job in this performance I saw slowed down the pace from that of the recorded version. He probably wasn't equipped to do the job as well as the Broadway actor but I had the persistent feeling that I could have done better. In fact, I think I could have done better than any of them. The monologue of Lucky didn't have the compulsively insane flow I expected; it was simply too normal. The actor's voice didn't climb the scale and then plunge down to impossible lows, the speed of his delivery was too even, there was none of the slow-normal-fast-faster-faster flooding of words tumbling over themselves out of his mouth and finally ending for an instant in impossible speed and high pitch, only to start again slowly and in a low voice. You remember.

You remember the Boy who comes on at the end of each act? Well, the "Boy" in this performance was a baritone. Hummph.

Oh, yes, a curious thing. In this performance the actors pronounced Godot God-oh instead of Go-dough as it was by Bert Lahr and E.G. Marshall in the Broadway version which I thought was more or less definitive. And you know how expressively Lahr moans and screams whenever he is told they are waiting for Godot? The Portland State Gogo merely shrieked a horrible shriek every time; no variation, just loud.

If I seem to be too highly critical of the actors at Portland State considering their amateur standing and the fact that only four performances were given, remember that I had the pleasure of listening to the Broadway cast do it at least six times previous. And besides, I'm naturally critical.

Got a kick out of some of the intermission small talk. I eavesdropped a few seconds of a conversation going on between a group of well-dressed men and women. They were dropping names all over the floor: Joyce, Bach. Sartre, Camus, Bloch...

-oOo-

Informational Type Thing:

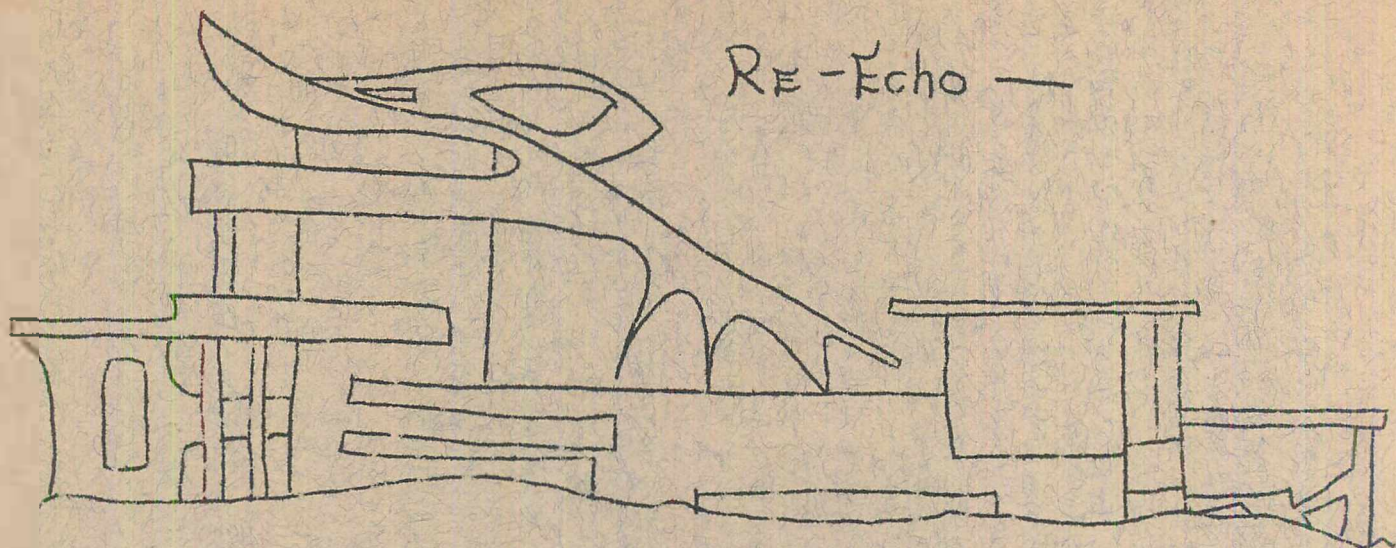
WAITING FOR GODOT -- Sameul Beckett -- a tragicomedy in two acts.

Cast of characters: Estragon (Gogo), Vladimir (Didi), Lucky, Pozzo, (pron. Pot-zo), a Boy.

Can be obtained from Grove Press 795 Broadway, N.Y. 3, N.Y. for \$1.00
-----L.S.B.



Re-Echo —



My apologies to those of you who have sent me letters. No, I have not written it's true, and this is a poor excuse for an answer, but this is the only way I have to let you know that I am not neglecting you out of any personal vindictiveness, but because of many circumstances that have prohibited me. Although letter writing was very important to me not so very long ago, I have found a great number of other things that I consider much more important. Due to the necessity of and desire to obtain an education, due to the books, many of them and none science fiction by the way, due to my new found interest in folk music and due to my interest in travel and writing I find I haven't enough time to answer my correspondence which took up quite a segment of my time. One or the other had to go and you see the result of my decision. I will answer your letters, but it will take time, maybe months, maybe longer. All I can say is that I'm sorry...but not sorry enough to give up my new found interests.

Brillig is changing. My outlook is different and Brillig will feature all sorts of stuff, none of it, or very little of it related to science fiction fandom. If you don't like what I print, you have my humble permission to drop off the mailing list so that I may get some others on, who appreciate what I print. If you're still interested, all well and good. I'm sure you know the terms; a contribution, a trade, a letter or money.

The time has come again to remind you of your obligations in receiving Brillig. You will find some boxes at the end of this paragraph which will tell you what your status is. If there is a check in the warning box you'd better do something or you will find no more Brilligs in your mail. Sorries, but I can't cater to absolute freeloaders. If you find a ? in the warning box, that means I'm unsure of your status and need you to tell me in what capacity you receive Brillig.

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My thanks go to John Quagliano for letting me print his bit, BALLOON TALK. I originally got it from Geis and forgot to acknowledge it and John wrote and told me he didn't consider it too swinging to run it without his permish. He relented tho, and I ran it. Thanx, John.

