
WAIT ONE #54
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in which Dave Van Arnam has realized that next issue will be the anniversary issue, which he cd have known last week from the Vol.-&-No. #s...

EASTER IN NEW YORK!

TRICON!!

FIRST DRAFT IN '67!!!

Well, so this week isn't the annish after all. Owell, I knew nobody wd contribute anything anyway...

I HAVE A FRIEND...my age (29) who is a James Joyce scholar of the highest repute in the field, who is a professional organist, choirmaster of a large church, and who has a fearsome knowledge of classical music and of the nature of musical theory, from whom I have learned much on these subjects. He also abhors science fiction, but that's another matter. His musical interests are such composers as Stravinsky, Sibelius, and Williams among the moderns, and in older music he is something of an expert on 16th and 17th century music. He is sufficiently knowledgeable to recognize not only the orchestra, but the conductor, of many pieces of music (I listen to the radio constantly, and I have sometimes had him completely identify a piece I'd never heard before -- name, date, composer, key, conductor, orchestra, and the number of the album in case I wanted to buy it...and it almost always checked out the way he said).

He also abhors jazz, and that is germane. I myself dug little jazz until Swell Ol' Ted White turned me on to Mr. Charles Mingus and his redoubtable creations, and for six months or so I've been trying to figure out a way to expose my friend to Mingus without tipping him off that it's jazz -- there being a number of pieces which don't have a specifically "jazz" quality to them, in the popular sense. Then, of course, after he'd dug Mingus and become perplexed completely as to who it was, and who was conducting, I'd tell him who it was...

Anyway, this guy was in town last night and I put him up for the evening at my place. We went for a drive in his VW, over the Verrazzano Bridge, and discoursed long on many topics.

"By the way," he said after one lull in the conversation, "have you heard the latest Beatles record? Eight Days A Week? It's really got some interesting stuff in it..."

This has been a Nothing story, for Ted White.

□□ The uncanny thing about it was that he went into the details, music-expertise-wise, of why a lot of rock-and-roll he'd been, unavoidably, forced to hear in the last few months, was really intricate, technically complex, and effective as music -- and tho he was doing it from the standpoint of the classical expert, it sounded remarkably like Ted's analysis from the jazz expert's standpoint...needless to say, I was gassed out of my F mind. Note: right in the middle of writing this little incident, Andy Porter came in the office, and a minute later Ted White himself called. This did not make for the clearest exposition, at points. Sorry. And that's enough Timebinding for this year of FIRST DRAFT...

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□□ As a professional typist and mimeographer, I come up against all sorts of people and all sorts of material. Like the man who invented the singing commercial (see maLaise/22), and, once, there was the time I met the brother of a god.

And a job came in two days ago -- 100 poems by a woman whose very last ability in this life is to write poetry; however, she is convinced that she is one of the greatest living poets.

For those of you out there who take delight in kitsch, that particular type of popular but inept artifact that, for instance, might lead one to admire the poetry of the immortal Amanda McKittrick Ros (see the latest HYPHEN for an example). But this collection I just finished today is one to rival the sainted Amanda.

She tries to write very sophisticated Free Verse, very modern and all; but she also tries to rhyme-and-meter. Her usual habit is to vary these techniques within each poem, and since she is totally inept at both ryme and meter, the interesting variety of effects she gains thereby is startling.

He is old, and he is wealthy,
and he tells me he was always healthy.
In his youth, he said that he was fed
from the A.M. till at night he went to bed.

is the way she starts off one poem I rather like. Another poem, concerning Love and Nature, contains this stimulating passage:

...to walk this simple lovely path
with you for exercise,
and silently to hear with you
this nature's paradise!
To watch the swaying of the tree,
the little dog passing by,
the humming of a bird or bee,
or merely a large fly! ...

This is kitsch at its best.

I ate my breakfast heartily, I did,
and about noon I had my midday feed.
I spoke to friends upon the telephone did I,
giggling and laughing, and feeling rather spry.

Note the clever way the "I did/did I" reversal prepares one for the final ecstatic rhyme. This last selection for today is one that KATYA HULAN SHOULD NOT READ. It is the poetess's Bitter phase; Poetry in conflict with Unpleasant Brutal Reality and Man (whom she several times describes as 'Dastards' -- complete with capital 'D').

I know that every thought of romance, beauty, grace,
was but my own deception --
past bedtime you arrive with empty heart --
but with a big erection!

Well, that ought to hold you people for another week. Remember the next FISTFA meeting's at my place. Complete directions next week, unless my hoping you are the sane does some good...