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Well its cooled off enough so my fingers dont slip off the keys.

Yesterday must have been my marked day; after stepping on two broken bottles, in the water, without injury, each of which I carefully carried out to the trash cans, I proceeded out to the surf again, and a stone comes sailing thru the air and hits me on the back of the head. Quite a gash. I put on quite a dramatic show tho, with blood running down the body and stuff.

I've never even heard of the futurist manifesto. I must be lagging behind the times.

You have a point about it being better to be misunderstood than ignored; almost anything is better than being ignored.

Chalmers stopped by last Sunday. With his hopelessly inadequate 8-string monechord. He says Partch told him to throw it away and get something better. He is certainly enthusiastic, and very possibly quite competent. I believe that he is one of the 'intelligent laymen', and anything but 12-tone brainwashed.

I mailed him a copy of the Kitab Al-Abdwar tetrachords (in French) which he ever-graciously translated, in its entirety; now, if I can only decipher his handwriting! He's asked so many questions now, I don't know how I can begin to answer them. I was everly cautious at first lest I overwhelm him with too much new material, but, apparently, he soaks up information like a sponge.

A young friend of mine has decided he wants to play the guitar. So I took him down to Candelas' where he got an excellent little 50-year-old tenor guitar for about \$80. Now I've had a chance to compare, immediately, some of the simpler folk strums on 12 and 22. My reaction to 12 was one of mild annoyance; to 22, sometimes unexpected, but pleasing nonetheless.

I turned on the key to my car last Monday morning, and in 5 seconds flat the car was a total wreck. At thin wall of the casting in the left head broke, water flooded both sides of the block, the pistons being unable to compress the water bent all to hell, and of course everything rusting, and the starter burnt up. Repairs would have cost more than the car was worth. So once again I'm being held prisoner of the Metropolitan Transit Authority. It's discouraging, and just when I thought I was getting a few pennies ahead for a tape machine.

Maybe I should give the idea of a grant more serious consideration. One usually needs several reference letters, among other things, for this sort of thing. And I haven't had a lot of luck impressing the people who write impressive reference letters.

And now to top my troubles off, I went to the Dr today to get the gash on my head dressed; I had to wait about 2 hours and his waiting room was so well air-conditioned that I've caught a head cold.

Wow,

Er

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The weather is at least more bearable. But in your case, it may take some time to get over the effects of the rock hitting, if my experiences with getting beaten up, falling on the sidewalk and banging my nose, and other happenings in the past are any parallel. About a year and a half ago the neighborhood kids threw some rocks over the backyard fence, and one of them landed on top of my head, but fortunately the shrubbery broke the fall, and the damage was limited to a small bump.

I hope it isn't making too much trouble with all the calculations and brainwork you have to do. By the way, I haven't forgotten about the additional tables--I keep a reminder sheet around this room so I won't forget. I want to be in the proper mood when I do the corrected 31T table, because I want to avoid the botched places in the varityping of the first version. In a matter of this kind it is a case of "More haste, less speed".

I think I have discovered a psychological trick to shake people's minds loose from their 12-system orientation, or at least to avoid some of the argument: If I invite them to compare 19 with 31, or 19 with 24, or similar comparisons where 12 is not being compared against non-12, I find the new ideas go down much easier. I hope you can make some use of this technique; it seems to work for me.

Theatre News: After assorted delays since mid-July, the Angles Theatre people sent one of their members, Robert Spring, to return my tape. (The tape running one hour, recorded for their play that ran six weeks or so, Don Juan In Hell, by Shaw.) He had been keeping the tape for over a month to play for various friends of his who dropped in from time to time. Then he got overtime work to do on his special effects job for one of the film processing labs, and so no evening time to come over here. Finally he came, and brought a couple of other people with him, so we had quite a musical evening. We discussed the avant-garde cinema and Partch (one of them had been to a Partch recital) and Futurism (they got very enthusiastic about the two books I had out from the library) and the sociological aspect of my flexible-tuned organ (that is, I was translating its behavior into sociologese and saying that when eight notes were sounded together, they held an election to decide upon what ration they would bear one to another).

Anyway, I have my tape back and can demonstrate this to interested parties. Evidently a number of the theater audience and other people who heard the tape were quite favorably disposed, and Spring hoped I could find some way to have records (disks, I suppose he meant) made of it. In the meantime, because so many have already heard it, I have to get busy and transcribe it into musical notation and copyright it after making 40 or more pages of Ozalid copies. Among other things, it contains: atonal sections played on the organ; ultra-fast, recorded at half playing speed; the organ retuned in certain places so that two or three small intervals were available; ~~in~~ the clavichord; the theremin, played in a scale that my not be in your collection of scales, or it may be transcribable in terms of 31; the keyboard drum; the plucking of the clavichord strings,