

Therzdi 23 Septembur 1993

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Got real tired yesterday--went to Hillcrest almost to the tape place and got 2 pkgs each of the 12- and 32-minute tapes respectively and a few empty boxes .

Also a big Ralphs market nearby and I never get there.

Halfway downtown so difficult to stop off there on the way home when loaded down with xeroxes. So I never even try that although it is permitted by the transfer rules, which are more lenient than those in Los Angeles.

Since you showed interest in the EFNIR of 1980--the festival expanded instrumental resources or some such title that was held in co-operation with the Experimental center at the UCSD, I decided I better copy the three cassettes for you. I recorded the whole proceedings with rechargeable batteries and one of the early cassette portables.

There was plenty of co-operation with Jonathan then and so the programs went somewhat as planned and I made the long journey Glendale to San Diego and back.

Also there were performances and rehearsals by Jonathan's group then, nothing like the nasty non-musicians preventing me being heard since there were NO BOARD MEETINGS then.

I have tapes of the rehearsals and performances 1978 onward. Since I moved here in 1985, none on all of that. I am supposed to be a silent recluse and carefully hidden.

While the Everywhere Else list of people interested in xenharmonics grows and grows, I am hidden from San Diego itself.

I was wondering yesterday about an article some prof could write for a sociology journal: THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA COCKROACH AS EXEMPLAR OF FAMILY VALUES.

There were other MUSIC FESTIVALS and university events besides EFNIR. There was a whole week of devotion by UCSD to honor John Cage. I have to tell you about that: he sat in the Experimental Music Center Quonset building (known then as Q-037), and took out a copy of Thoreau's Walden and read several pages OMITTING ALL THE VOWELS FROM ALL THE WORDS. Something like tk pffst mthnrr ctk hnmfl pst npgqhtlxmmp and so on for half an hour or at least it seemed that long. certain people remarked how acutely distressed he sounded. I whispered to Jonathan--"Shouldn't we call in the Paramedics to give him an enema?"

Among the other events I was brought down to San Diego for since 1979--a Ben Johnston conference with some other composers at the Mandeville center. A Fartch Orgy one year.

Cris Forster demonstrating his homemade instruments and reciting dramatic poetry.

The orchestra at Grossmont College doing a big long program. A large open air concert including bluegrass and country. Two other Music Festivals. A Dance Group. The Movement Choir in connection with one of them.

What happened to stop all this activity and leave me so alone here?

It just was not like that early on, at all. Plenty of events.

So in effect, you have been given a very wrong impression. It wasn't all that futile useless empty planning with imaginary money, back in the eighties..

===Postcard from Brink: he got a job over in Glendale for a while, and had a chance to meet Chuck Jonkey who now has my 34-tone guitar courtesy of Larry Hanson.

Thur 23 SEP 93

Cops! missed the 10 a m collection again. Will have to cross the bridge this afternoon. Might as well wait to about 3:30 PM and put this letter in the huge padded envelope with some copy cassettes. Finally got a couple of tapes off to Gary Morrison in Austin TX. His mother in Houston is trying to build some sort of tubulog, so I will have to send her some measurements.

One of the other EFNIR or what they called this other thing a year or two later, left a bad impression with me: there was a MICROTONE PANEL at UCSD and I was included but they DID NOT WANT ME TO SOUND 19- AND 22-TONE INTERVALS and heckled me to pieces when I pressed on and did. They put useless exasperating questions like "What is a tone?" as if that would settle anything. Of course it didn't! Just ended the thing in unanimous anger.

Chance to dust off the word "rancor" that I never use and use it now. Those dreadful General Semantic people back in the 1950s and 1960s had a phrase which I believe was "the About-ness Level" and it fits here. All these blokes who want to spend their entire lives talking ABOUT new scales, but NEVER NEVER WANT TO HEAR ANY!

I have been the butt of so much anger for so many many years on this particular affair.

They are actually angry because I DID something instead of keeping it strictly and forever for a future in the 22nd century.

While the science-fiction writers that I met were congenial enough, the science fiction FANS were very very mad at me. I had stolen their future and reduced it to practice in the present! That was totally inexcusable.

So: the Scalatron failed commercially, but the sounds of the Scalatron are making megabucks for the inventors and makers of CAR ALARMS.

The EFNIR copying machine is doing the finale at the moment--big demo by George Secor on the 31-capable Scalatron.

It really sounds funky/funny at DOUBLE SPEED.

At the very same time I am copying another tape at normal speed with the outfit in the front room. Trying to get some use out of this morning.

But if the phone rings the caller is going to have a weird opinion of me.

I might close by alluding to the similar situation which has gone on for 35 years now, ever since 1958: everybody except Glen Prior wants to talk about the Numaudo Code but they all refuse to learn any. Prior, however, taught it to his children and thus tested it out and believes it will work.

Time marches on; most of my life is gone; will this ever be used? The Lojban affair was the worst. The original Loglan fellow back in the 60's, however, understood me very well and that my CODE was not competing against his LANGUAGE.

Nobody else since seems to get it.

The difference between a language and a code.

Almost time now to go to the liquor store and pick up the READER since it is 11:30 A M Thursday.

I am now copying a December 1978 performance of the Glasier ensemble and they are stuck on a Harmonic series.

What a big difference between Prent Rodgers then and Prent Rodgers now, far far far away from music up in San Jose as part of the IBM Programming Laboratory Priesthood.

Back in 78 or 80 or 82 he was doing Harmonic Series on instruments some of which he made. A defunct motor reel recorder became his main amplifier.

While he ran a copying place downtown, it did very well. When he left that business to go to San Jose with IBM, it became a very bad copy place. Glad you didn't have to put up with them.