

Mundy 17 Awgust 1981

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Greetings =====+++

Waiting to see if the duplicate prints I ordered will be back from the photo place this afternoon. Some black and white and some color--thought I would send you certain things, but they delay and delays so long on this sort of stuff.

Also--Chris Banta brought back two enlargements of what I took of your Godzilla and Wing at the studio that time--and forgot to return the negatives. I suppose it wouldn't matter too much, though: if these pictures are satisfactory----and my visitors think so! --they should reproduce well enough for the magazine from the enlargements.

Maybe he'll find the negative envelope one of these days.

Clyde Corson was here Saturday morning----this time exactly as promised. He brought some xeroxes from various magazines--current issues. Mostly science-popularizations.

One item is about voice-recognition devices and speech-synthesizers. They are finally making progrdss in the field, which means I have to get somebody to act as go-between or promoter or agent to deal with all the soulless corporations and hardboiled members of those firms.

And there is more: I got the Program of WESCON, which is the annual electronic business show, held in even-numbered years in Anaheim or other location in Los Angeles Area, and in odd-numbered years like 81, up in San Francisco. An overside doublespread inside the folder is given over to the Technical Sessions and it lists Speech synthesis, Speech processing which in this case means voice-recognition, and even the handling of SPOKEN messages or "electronic mail" in the offices of the near future---i.e. not having to type or write but just speak and get it handled as if it were digital data.

So I went to the main library here and checked Thomas' Register (the manufacturers' encyclopedic directory) and the phone books for addresses of the branches of the firms who have the lecturers on these panels. Not sure what to do about all this info. Obviously enough this is a possible way of calling attention to Numaudo/Numalittera and getting it out into the Real World. But if I try to do this myself it might be rejected as another noisome stupid crank letter.

The WESCON takes place the week of 15-18 September, so I might tell some of these bigwigs about Numaudo before they lecture, or wait till after and they go home, say around first of October. But if I say the wrong thing and have no financial backing and no moral support and no agent or promoter for the Numaudo System and then there's this 23-year wait--first thing they will say is "Why hasn't anybody supported DNumaudo in all that long long time?" ---it might just get ignored. I rather suspect, from the job titles of these speakers, that it is not really they who are doing the actual researcha but their underlingsx or somebody else in the R & D department of the companies in question. And again--this may be the wrong approach, because their devices are for ordinary-language words, not for Numaudo Syllables. It might be better to go to the software people or the users of computers rather than battlking with the manufacturers of hardware.

Actually, as I have said too many times already, Numaudo System could succeed if there were no computers or peripherals in the world at all. The hard part is making people realize that, if I were to try to contact the researchers and the companies making those recognition devices and if I failed or was rejected by all of them, it would not mean that Numaudo was no good for PEOPLE uses. It just would mean that no manufacturer could understand it was any good. But the average person would then believe that Numaudo was worthless. We are too materialistic, too machine-worshipping, too hypnotized by hardware to see that some things are hardware-independent.'

(That ties into that wooden machine, the piano, and its Ghost. People worship the machine and its manufacturers and consider composers as useless drones or bums or dirt or the only good composer is a dead one.) Read any Steinway or Baldwin ad. Their insufferable arrogance.

I might write the perfect letters and then get them read by just the wrong people who would not want me to profit from Numaudo. Clyde Corson, alas! is too timid to write anything, even the wrong letter to the wrong person. He spent the better part of an hour Saturday telling me about how he would get hold of a computer and some equipment next year and rent time on a network and then demonstrate Numaudo or Numalittera over a phone line to somebody in a distant city. That is, he *does not want to go and see any other people about the Numaudo System; he wants to deal only through and by MACHINES.* But he's the only speaker of Numaudo I have at this time, so I have been much too patient for the past 23 years. I'll let him keep on dreaming, but can't take him seriously.

The way that Fred Edwards acted, scolding me about Numaudo at the concert were were giving in the church--you had to come over and shut him up so the congregation/audience wouldn't hear all the argument! That of course, is the confusion about so many thinking Numaudo is a language. That was sure an expensive deal--\$2.40 or such a matter to get the book xeroxed and then he scolded me because I didn't do it --not even his way, but the way a friend of his thought it should have been done! I suppose the book ended up as one of his doorstops and got left behind when he went East?

It is a matter of dealing with difficult people, not of the code itself. The gadgeteers simply refuse to admit that people are more important than computers, and that I did not invent Numaudo so that the robots could rule us, or so that IBM could make more money, but so that there wouldn't be so many high-school dropouts and so that people would remember their algebra-learning experience gladly instead of trying to forget all the math that was ever forced upon them.

I suppose it's my Wounded Pride that's hurting. 23 years since 1958 and here I am considered a Discarded Person thrown on the scrap-heap. Outside the economic system. Let us suppose that I wrote the right letters to the right persons in that name-list I just had sent to me, and that they answered--now they would start asking nasty probing questions?: Where did you get your math degree? How long have you been in computer programming? What school did you attend for linguistics and phonetics study? Under whom for all these? How many years ago? What firm are you with? Or were you before you retired? If they asked me to go to them, I couldn't afford to. This is an entirely different world than the one where I succeeded in getting the articles into those magazines and in getting refretting and piano tuning and made all those fruitful connections the last few years.

More news soon on those other subjects. Yours