

As I write this, it is gray dawn and promise of a cooler day, so I may get a few things done. Imitation quarter to Seven.

I had a dream about another house I haven't ever visualized, so maybe that it has something to do with my future. Perhaps it's where one of the sponsors lives or has lived in the past. Rather foggy day and it was not new at all--1930's sort of place.

Glendale Library has lots of books on telepathy etc.--one is by Kenneth Walker (who wrote about Ouspensky and Gurdjieff some years ago) and it even mentions Neutral Monism. Another is by Mrs. Rhine and discusses spontaneous phenomena, not the card-calling statistics. But there just is no book on all those shelves nor in any bookstore I have been to so far, that tells How To Broadcast Telepathic Commercials. But maybe I don't need the competition just now: Maybe I can be first.

Yesterday morning fairly early, two young fellows in lineman's garb, borrowing one of my files to sharpen an auger-bit--they were on the poles in back of here stringing the TV cable for the new cable TV company moving into Glendale. Later on around noon I could hear them talking on top of other poles all along the property-line going East-West through this block. And now and then the furious barking of two sets of nasty mean cruel dogs waiting to gobble them up if they climbed down the wrong side of the pole! In a quieter moment I heard them discussing the "Thing" they had heard me playing in the yard earlier. So the Megalyra is listened to--don't know how much good that will do me, but it speaks for itself.

Corrosion and rust on the instruments being readied for you so just before you take them I have to sand all the strings again and clean up the jacks. It might be a good idea for you right now to check all your connecting-cords and see to it that the plug-ends are kept bright and clean and not allowed to have a corrosion-film.

I might remind you that the signal from an electric guitar or a contact mike on some other instrument or from the Megalyra pickups is a very small fraction of a volt--on the order of thousandths--millivolts. In terms of power, nanowatts or microwatts at most. It doesn't take much electrical resistance from poor connections, then, to distort or completely block so small a signal. This is one of the arguments some people now make for on-board preamplifiers, but I'm not too sure that's wise.

Preamplifiers inside the instrument mean batteries that have to be minded constantly. Unless phantom-power is used--a scheme for getting the current from the main amplifier or the recording-studio mixing equipment. But that has more problems and great expense. However, I have provided space on some of the instruments for fitting a preamp. I don't want to leave instruments behind me which will fail and end up dead-silent. In 1940 I had a chilling experience being shown through the workshop in back of Melvin Severy's home (he was about 80) and there were the silent hulks of incomplete Choralcelos--a kind of organ and also a piano made into an organ by driving the strings with electromagnets--and of course I never heard these sounds at all--the experiments ceased about 1924 or maybe it was 1926. The big experimentation and R & D was in 1916, before I was born.

Severy ended up with some money--but it was "blood money" in the sense that he had a years-long legal battle with lawyers writing nasty letters to each other and the Hammond Organ Co. having to pay him to settle a Patent Interference. Million-Dollar-Grief!!

Severy was ascetic and uptight and narrowminded so he didn't enjoy one cent of his \$5 000 000 -- he was durable, being twice a widower. But I don't think either spouse ever had any fun. All he could remember about his trip to Europe in the early twenties was how much the lunches cost. His home was 1910 style throughout and nothing was allowed to be changed from his second wife's death in 1918 or whenever it was--the same threadbare curtains and furniture and an old upright with birdseye maple front board. No vacuum, no electric iron, no radio in the house. For someone who invented almost a spitting image Chinese-Copy of the Hammond Electric Organ this was real weird, man.

He lived to be about 90 I think it was--maybe older--and his granddaughter and some other relatives put him away by getting the court to declare him crazy and so all that self-discipline and single minded purpose and ascetic Holding On Tight availed him nothing! What a terrible way to end! It sure taught me a lesson about the Patent System and how it Ruins Inventors' Lives. Saved me from that particular mistake, whatever whatever other foolishness and missteps and goofoffs I may have made in the last 40 years. Ordinary apartment buildings stand on that site as of now--no doubt they have been converted to condos.

He wanted to leave many things behind him for Posterity, including a novel, The Awakening -- I think I have the book here somewhere --and a musical-comedy-light-opera--Cadman went over there with me and leafed through the absolutely-impossible manuscript, which was ruined as much by an incompetent arranger as by Severy's megalomania. He held nearly 200 patents, not quite as much as that other inventor in the field of electrical instrument, B. F. Messner. And so far as I know, nothing--but nothing! -- survives him--the relatives and his disowned son saw to that!

This of naturally shows me what Conviser of West Los Angeles may be like--another casualty of the Patent System and self-discipline and steadfastness gone wrong. The same desperation in his 70's trying to leave some important invention(s) behind him and a big bundle of prejudices. I guess when or if Chalmers gets to be 70 it will be the same sad story.

Isn't the lesson Perfectly Clear, as Nixon would say? I cannot trust Posterity. Either I get it now or it will be destroyed, just like those homes across the street that have been completely erased. The new TV cables will outlast the houses on this side of the street and be piped into the condo's. Or hotel-rooms. Of course I have no Posterity anyhow--I have always been so poor I couldn't dream of getting married, let alone bring starving children into the world to beg at some doorstep or be abandoned at the orphanage. The reward for my self-denial in that department is to be alone and unloved and have nobody to turn to.

These 5 people that barged in here Sunday evening from Venice Beach were thinking in terms of putting the instruments on a TV show, but that's only a 3-minute exposure at best--I need something more permanent than that even if it is very small-scale. I could be famous all over the place in a kind of 9-day's-wonder, but that would be an even bigger letdown the morning after when I would be all alone in this or a similar place with nobody to talk to and nowhere to go for a quiet afternoon or evening with friends. Severy was destroyed when his relatives invaded his home; B.F. Messner destroyed himself with drink. The radio just blared forth with a wacky ad for this October Omni. Supposed to be on sale from today on.

Since you probably won't hear it much, I better describe some of the ad to you: it used what the recording studios call Double-Tracking --actually the phasing or flanging applied to a voice--in this case to make a rather breathy speaking voice of medium pitch sound like the newest computer is talking. Not reverb but rather the idea of identical twins saying the very say same thing together.

(Maybe I should take this as a hint: ad for Numaudo? but how in hell would I write a letter to OMNI that would make them do an article on Numaudo/Numalittera for me? It's exactly the right place now that they put me on the map for a few weeks, but how could I ever ever persuade them? I wonder what company recorded the commercial? Just released; I haven't heard it before.)

Or should I even bother trying to persuade someone else to listen to that commercial, analyze it, and come up with a promotional campaign for Numaudo? It is a lost cause? -- I see after Chalmers sent me a list of slogans for Numaudo that he dreamt up, that it will be very difficult to generate enthusiasm for it equal to the enthusiasm the Megalyra generates for itself. Chalmers suggested:

Numaudo does it Orally.

Somehow I don't think that would get me sponsored by Bank of America or Glendale Federal or Home Savings.

Very well--one of my telepathic commercials of the other night was most literally realized, even thought it kind of mocks me: I was shouted from the housetops: Two people 35 ft up on those poles and other fellows in the trucks on the street hearing them loudly proclaiming the impact of my THING. Immediate results--thoughts sent out 4:15 a m and results about 11 A M that morning. But it doesn't get me business partners and sponsors and promoters from Los Angeles. On the other hand, I visualize enthusiastic young people and I get them very close to my memory-image-of-the-future.

How much more "energy" or "intensity" does it take to put the message into the minds of a millionaire recording-studio owner in Burbank or Van Nuys? or a sponsor in West Hollywood or Beverly Hills? or a business partner with an office on Wilshire? or a synthesizer maker in Santa Monica or North Hollywood? Now that I know it works? Can we help each other in this? We seem to have done so already.

The psychic books never mention the irony and the wry humor of some of the telepathy-backfiring or misunderstood-telepathic-message experiences I have had so many of in the last 35 years.

Yours