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John H. Chalmers, Dept. Genetics U C Berkeley 1 94720

Greetings from uphill-----

I managed to park my grocery-cart at a one-third-way-up house on the next street yesterday and get a ride home from there later on last evening. I may get to go to the Art Museum today with a couple of people to see the Art vs. Technology affair.

I was lent the new book, ACADEMIC GAMESMANSHIP by Pierre van den Bergh, Abelard-Schuman pub. N.Y. 1970. It is being mailed on to a fellow now in France who has gotten himself some good academic standing and outside positions there and who may attempt climbing the ladder some more in this country, who knows? So I had to skim through hurriedly but it is a short book, and apparently written for people in ~~xxxx~~ your category--those who have just succeeded in obtaining Ph.D. and a university position. Probably you have already read this book.

Of course the relevance to me is that my father was a professor of history at the University of Oregon--he studied at the Sorbonne in Paris in 1905-06 and was at Eugene, Oregon somewhere around 1913-1918 and at the Extension in Portland various times in the 20's and 30's when he wasn't editing a weekly paper or superintending the Catholic Bookstore.

I narrowly missed a college education to be a professor of Slavic languages, as I told you. But I was so ill and nothing was done about it. I suppose with tact and a suitable amount of bluffing, I can let desirable rumors about me be circulated and thus people will read my publications and assume the best, without any actual need on my part to deceive. After all, I have studied various subjects for thousands of hours and have read many hundreds of books, so I should not be punished and ostracized for illness and physical disabilities.

Fortunately, I can collaborate with various persons and be a consultant, so lack of diplomas and other formal status will not be a complete frustration. Building instruments and tuning them, as well as composing, are not so closed to people like me as certain other fields would be, and apparently I am already getting some mention and publicity.

It took Sunday through Wednesday to get those tapes off to Lou Harrison. Today I am sending him my composition-list.

My aesthetic sense is sorely pained today because I got the latest issue of Newell Tane's spelling-reform quarterly, in which he publishes excerpts from a letter I wrote him a year ago in a very polite attempt to get rid of him--but he cut out those parts and makes it look as though I were offering to work for him for nothing flat. I am not flattered by the company he puts me in--half-a-dozen quacky reformers fooling around with the f alphabet and using digraphs like ii and uu and eking our English letters out with @ and ugh--the colon. Fortunately, circulation of his magazine only 350* or less.

I just got to see the latest Scientific American (red cover about magnetic bubbles) and note the article about partons and quarks. They are beginning to dissect protons and electrons. That threatens the postulated time-quanta and space-quanta--they too will have to be cut up into smaller pieces.

So the march toward idealism (or maybe neutral monism) continues. That is, there may be new ways to embrace all observed phenomena under "physical" laws by simply redefining "physical" to suit the current fashions.

Also, the vague fuzzy unsettled stand this article takes on partons vs. quarks and several other current doubts, is almost welcome--it shows openmindedness in contrast to the 19th-century smugness and tightly-clamped-shut mind.

Progress in uncluttering--I got rid of a toe-smasher--an old wrought-iron hat-rack in my bedroom. Presto! clean clear floor space.

Now that you are no# longer in a Seattle apartment where musical instruments are forbidden, get yourself a secondhand combo organ and midget low-power amplifier for it, just enough for practicing without annoying the next-door people--transistor 1- or 2-watt amplifiers are available. Picturebooks and cassette taped lessons are now on the market, so there is absolutely no excuse.

What I am driving at is: current music-teaching, especially the respectable academic status kind, stresses premeditated visual, on-paper, composition entirely too much for mental health. With a midget organ one can improvise and learn certain acceptable melodic and harmonic patterns without being hamstrung by the conventional or the oddball notations.

Since you are going to do computer music eventually, you can do without any attempts at technical virtuosity, but that does not obviate the need for an instrument which gives you IMMEDIATE feedback from what you do with finger- and hand-movements.

Yours