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Greetings from uphill-----

The latest concerns two crows perched in the branches of a tree in somebody's back yard. The people in the house decided to come out to the back yard and have a pot-smoking party. As a result the crows flew away, stark raven mad.

The heat wave here has been very trying. I have two small fans and only by running them all night was I able to cool off the apartment. Then I had to cook and of course the stove made the kitchen simply impossible.

No consensus of opinion has emerged yet on that possible opportunity to promote Numaudo, but other things have happened. Last Monday night I was invited to attend the Mensa subgroup again--this time the subject was to be Intuition.

Can you imagine a meeting on Intuition, announced well in advance, and 12 men come and no women? So the subject veered off in the direction of mathematicians' intuitions. Heuristics and all that. And of all things, computer-generated pseudo-random numbers.

One fellow was very critical of computer-music attempts, so I dared not bring up any future plans I might have in that direction. The subject then went off in the direction of whether intuition was a sort of reassurance for employing induction.

It was getting arid and abstract by then, and the leader of the group suddenly said that since there were two computer programmers and three other mathematically-inclined people present, would I say something about Numaudo? I had not expected this and wasn't prepared, but accidentally everything went right.

Now I know how to run a Numaudo meeting. That is what it turned into, without any effort on my part and without my foreknowledge or intention.

I was worried because Mensa members are inclined to be critical, uptight, and argumentative, so I might get stymied in a mass of objections. I had reason to fear this because of what happened over a year ago at that other meeting of this group (but none of the same people attending, however) where most of them were at the string-snapping point.

Theoretically, I should have presented these intellectuals with a cold, dry, impersonal outline of the problem and my attempt to solve same. On impulse I threw caution to the winds and tried an emotional appeal.

I started by pointing out that blind children of high-school age could use Numaudo to great advantage and if it failed everywhere else it still would be worth promoting for this one purpose alone. Then the fact that the Braille Institute was just half a block

One of them, soon after the disaster, signed up for the advanced Scientology course and so easy-come-easy-go. I can't say I'm sorry; they got what they deserved, and if they were trying to grab a fast buck at my expense I have no moral obligation to feel sorry for them when Hubbard's organization grabs fast bucks from them.

But this also means there could have been a worse disaster: Had those promoters run off with Numaudo, it would have smelled of quackery and high-pressure ballyhoo forever after. You can imagine what scientists and engineers would have thought of me if numerologists and astrologers were included in the promotion team.

Anyway, here and now it appears that the solution to the problem of how to promote Numaudo and Numalittera is an emotional appeal to human instincts, not a coldblooded "objective" cataloguing of facts and marshalling of arguments based on "space-age" gadgetry and Analog magazine.

In my presentation I alluded to the 930-year success of re mi fa sol la, but hurried over this and didn't dwell on nitpicking details. My main argument there was that the Pilot Project To See If Numaudo Would Work has already been carried out in many countries for nine centuries, and if that's not enough proof, nothing would be. The solfeggio syllables express logical relations among tones. So we have the paradox that people spoke mathematical logic for several hundred years before they got around to trying to write down logic symbols.

The real paradox is that the unplanned-for meeting has been the most successful ever. And all the planned ones fizzled.

The other day I ran off ozalids and sent Lou Harrison a part of Excursion Into the Enharmonic. Enclosed is the latest page from that suite. No page number or measure numbers because I don't know them yet.

Yours