

Thursday 8 December 1988

John Chalmers Berkeley CA 94705

Greetings ****

Clyde Corson kindly sent me three boxes each with an Okidata Printer R ribbon which fits this machine perfectly--just re-winding it onto the Royal spools here. The other spools will idle on the spindles here so it is easy enough to re-wind without the tears or hassle or smudging my paws.

They last and last and last--six months in one happy case.

Why do they last three times what a stationery-store or office equipment place's ribbons do? And still cost less than one short-lived ribbon? Queer. Odd.

And look neater as you see.

Well I'm miffed. At the Non-Meeting of the Board and Granville Murphy going crazy-maniac. And--more bad news--he harasses Jonathan STILL and keeps on trying a Hostile Takeover! He will not give up at all. He wants the fellow on the Board who quarrelled with him for two hours to get off the board and take over Interval Foundation himself! Believe it or not!

This is too much. I give up. My recommendation to Jonathan is that the Foundation go Dormant for a couple of years. The meetings are doing nothing, zilch, zero, goose-egg. Jonathan almost agrees: he said that neither he nor I can do ANYTHING creative within Interval Foundation, I and he must do our thing OUTSIDE of it.

Tom Smith in Michigan phoned him again and proposes that INTERVAL MAGAZINE be a real book coming out once a YEAR, and be accompanied with a cassette. So that very well may go through.

Why not this: have Interval Book Annual be the successive yearly volumes of an ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF NEW MUSIC? Well no need to propose that explicitly--just let it happen in effect.

Jonathan probably will close the Gallery on the 27th of January or such a matter, and find some kind of a barn or basement or other space to put his things where they could be seen by appointment, say in some suburb or between two small towns in East County on the road. He is losing far more money in the Gallery than I thought, so has to quit unless he can get a full partner to take half the expenses continuously and spend time at the Gallery so it can stay open regular hours.

Frankly: MY PATIENCE IS EXHAUSTED. GONE DEAD. KAPOUT FINISHED ALL-ROVLED. I will not sit through another board meeting where I get disrespect and have been thwarted for three years and Interval is never allowed to do anything musical. Why not give the board to Granville Murphy and let him wreck it by converting it into an antimusical enterprise which will soon fail and then Jonathan can reactivate it as a musical organization in 1990?

Or give it to Wilbur George or Joe Doakes or Richard Roe or John Doe and have them destroy it, and reclaim it later? I do not have to take humiliating insults and the never-before indignity of being unable to finish tuning Elizabeth's piano because they made so much noise. This is the final act of disrespect and here I am the oldest member. My reputation or my trade if you will, was on the line. They do not, any of them, seem to realize the gravity of this final insult.

Your comparison of this with the 1967 affair of the meeting held by Talbot Winchell and other members of the General Semantic Cult of Hollywood is all too accurate. I was insulted there also--I was practically ordered to quit all music activities and go work for an aircraft plant--they even did this to me--I never told you--they called up a friend of Talbot Winchell's at Northrop or whatever the big airplane plant was in Southwest L A County near Redondo or whatever, -- oh now I remember--the one that was in El Segundo I think -- and demanded that he hire me as an electrical instructor--teaching new workers how to wire airframes! -- and I was to replace such an instructor who had been killed on the Harbor Freeway because he was riding a motor-scooter that had been demolished by a speeding truck! Believe it or not. This is fantastic but all thoroughly and exactly true. The deceased instructor was EXPENSABLE and cold-bloodedly I was ORDERED to take his place when I know NOTHING about airplane construction or aircraft electrical systems or military electronics installed aboard such planes. Well of course when the Director of Training for the plant called me up from El Segundo he apologized for their ignorance and boorishness. But the damage was done.

The members of the General Semantic Group refused to recognize that I was ill--and ill enough to be certified as physically disabled by the State of California. They were Freudians and thought I was crazy and needed psychoanalysis by some Freudian with a couch in Beverly Hills. No empathy or sympathy or -- this is even worse, consideration that if I did not take care of my mother she would have been dying in one of those nursing homes and there was no money to pay them and I could not possibly ride busses for two hours to get from Exposition and Normandie to that aircraft plant--transferring twice and four hours a day commuting -- how could I have time even to buy groceries even if I had been well? The situation was many times worse than what you know about in 1967 and indeed had been going on since about 1959--they were trying to run my life.

How did I ever stand it? How come my health finally improved the last two years? That's even more incredible.

In a way a good thing you reminded me. So that I can be more firm in resisting Hostile Takeover. Actually: THREE HOSTILE TAKEOVER ATTEMPTS--Granville Murphy, Rob Bell, and Wilbur George (the Futureworld fiasco in 1982-83 -- he lives in Monrovia) who is

Treasurer of Interval Foundation and knows next to nothing about music.

ILVA DARRAGH
will

After the Board meeting--the other day--I got a letter from Wilbur George--he was prodding me to hurry up and will things to Interval Foundation. As treasurer of Interval Foundation, * * * need I go on? Horsefeathers!

What I already did was to give certain things to Jonathan and Elizabeth and have them declare they that they are renting this house to me FURNISHED. So whether a will would be honored or not, which is moot, and whether or not I can get the California Form called Affidavit of Right (special kind of will for people who have no funds), at least some of the stuff here will survive. I wrote Wilbur George that I already had duplicated all important tapes and many publications and sent them to many locations clear across the country. I call this burglar and fire and earthquake insurance.

So I don't NEED Interval Foundation. I don't NEED the Board. If they want to become what they were chartered to be, a corporation promoting new music and new instruments--well and good. But if they refuse to do so and continue with everything except music and everything Jonathan did not ask for or want or expect, then I shall ignore them.

This is important also: I made out filing folders for 1989 and put them in the cabinet and moved 1987 into another storage cabinet and went through some older files and weeded them out and threw out mountains of old papers and took 13 dirty crummy old boxes and replaced with nice new clean boxes and labelled them and stowed them away neatly.

Got your big envelope of clippings yesterday. Hope you got the gene tic thing that Jonathan had me mail.

Grinding out the greeting cards. My niece did hers on a computer this year. My nephew moved from Albuquerque to some place in Colorado to be in Robotics.

Quite an argument on the radio yesterday about 4 PM--while I was repairing cords in the Garage--I am fixing all the broken-wire guitar cords and making up a few new patch-cords also. A Fundamentalist preacher having a fight with a member of Fundamentalists Anonymous--the new support group for those gonked by too much Religion-Basket.

Hot and heavy.

Look: the Konharmonic Music Alliance is alive and well and you are and have been a Charter member although that name is only about 5 years old, decided and voted on by Glen Prior's ad hoc music group at one of our Glendale or Eagle Rock meetings. Eagle Rock I think. So I asked Glen if this was still valid--he said it was and moreover he took notes at every meeting so the only reason we did not continue was he had to leave L.A. for Michigan. So now we not only have a 27-year-old informal group growing; we now have a name to call it by. 236 cassettes in my collection as of today.

Tom Reed just wrote me offering to help with a videotape. I.e. I should be videotaped with the instruments and the tape should tell the story and feature the sounds.

I have only 12 of the last box of 100 cassettes left! That's how fast I grind out copies on the doubledeck deal and copy also the earlier 4-track things. AND: what I am about to do soon: Grind out 10 or 15 copy-cassettes of a new Munando Lecture and Introduction.

I did not interfere with the Interval Board -- I never demanded that they expand their scope or field of activity to include Munando/Munadittera. But they spent quite a bit of time ridiculing me for have invented Munando. I did not demand that Interval sponsor any Creativity Meetings--I got them from two other San Diego people. But certain members of Interval ridiculed me something awful for having proposed reviving my creativity meetings by holding them in my home here, as I held 30 meetings at my home in I.A. on Exposition Blvd.

As the oldest person in Interval I should have some respect but I did not get it. On the contrary, Helen Fowler and her sister, very dignified seniors my age, gave me every respect at this house and did not criticize how this place is furnished or how my equipment clutters the front room.

If people from places like North Carolina and wherever can respect me, that's the reason for Wilbur George having put me down since about 1982?

Rob Bell is 24 years younger than I but looks about 5 years younger than I do. So maybe his lack of respect could be a generation gap.

You wondered why my piano pieces were not respected 30 or 40 years ago. Well the groups of people I could contact at that time all wanted me to quit music entirely, just as my father and sister and my uncle the Bishop of Kansas City and a score of others from 1928 to 1970 have done. I was supposed to sell newspapers on the street or be a riveter in an aircraft plant or shuffle papers in an IBM office or fill in more blanks. Anything except music or piano tuning or building amplifiers or installing PA systems.

The worst part of all this stuff is how my enemies such as the above, wanted me to torture myself by wearing false teeth after I was beaten up and injured. Had I done this they would have demanded more and ever more--this is like BLACKMAIL. I have won because I outlived them.

Interval Magazine can become an annual and that will save it. We can have recitals in different places and in this house I can have up to five people at a time for demos of new scales and instruments.

The reason I can bear it now is MOMENTUM, which I never had till last year.

Yours