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Year's End

Once again, we have arrived at the end of a year — the year that lasted a year and a half. My several trips to Europe, writing the lyrics for an album for Sarah Vaughan based on poems of Pope John Paul II, working with a collection of gifted and wonderful friends (Lalo Schifrin, Ed Thigpen, Bobby Scott, Jimmy Woode, Tony Coe, Francy Boland, Sahib Shihab, Sal Nistico, and Art Farmer among them), really threw the *Jazzletter* out of phase with real time. The answer, of course, would have been to change the dates on the cover, thereby avoiding the teasing of friends. But that would have been an act of cowardice. So here, at last, is the July issue, finished in January. Spring will be a little late this year . . .

If there is one person who tilted the decision to continue the *Jazzletter* into a fourth year, it is Lynn Darroch of Portland, Oregon, from whom you are going to hear more in a moment.

When I thought, at the age of 19, that I might want to be a writer instead of a painter, which is what I had been trained up to that point to be, I asked myself two questions. One of them was, Who would want to read anything that I wrote? The other was, What do I have to say about anything?

And I realized almost as quickly as the questions had come to me that I must never ask them again, just as you should never look down when you are climbing a cliff. You start by trying, and hope that some day you will in fact have something to say. And when it seems at last (to your amazement) that you do, you have the chops to get the job done.

And yet the question, Why would anyone want to read anything that I wrote? has never quite left me. It always lurks somewhere back there somewhere, that gray dog of doubt that seems to be the unwanted mascot of most artists.

And I am always a little surprised to find that anyone is out there. The shock of that discovery came to me first when I was young reporter at the Montreal *Star*. I was assigned to write one of those silly stories about a boy and his lost dog that journalists hate. I hated it so much that I did it up with hearts and flowers, the most sappy syrupy lost-dog story ever written. I found to my horror, when the noon edition came out, that the city editor had liked this piece of trash well enough to put my byline on it. And to my further disillusionment I got several glowing letters from dog lovers who just *loved* my story and my obvious sensitivity toward dogs, not to mention kids. (The kid got his dog back, by the way.)

Up until that time, I suppose, I felt vaguely that you wrote something and threw it at the city desk and it disappeared down some chute into nowhere. Now I knew that people actually — sometimes at least — read what you wrote. And yet I have never quite been able to keep that in mind. I once wrote in *Down Beat* that when you think the art exists to glorify you, you are an amateur. The day you realize that you exist to glorify the art, you've become a pro. Ten years later, when I'd forgotten writing it, a bass player friend told me that that statement had changed his life. Amazing. Just amazing.

One of the people who rather early made me feel that what I was saying, or trying to say, both in my lyrics and prose, might have some value was Phil Woods. This was in the early 1960s, the Jim and Andy's days, when Phil was living out in Bucks County with his wife, Chan, who had been the widow of Charlie Parker. That marriage put a burden in a way on Phil, because it was said that he not only had Bird's horn, he now had his wife. Nothing could have been more incorrect. After Bird's death, Phil was there to comfort her, and that led to further feeling, and finally marriage. Nothing strange about it at all. Phil used to take me out to Bucks for weekends, and I remember little in detail about it, only the warm feeling of being in that house full of love and music. Phil was raising Baird, Bird's son, and Kim, who had been Bird's stepdaughter, and indeed thought of Bird as her father. (She thinks of both Phil and Bird as her fathers now.) I remember that Phil had just set some of the songs from *Winnie the Pooh* to music. And I remember a low damn over which the water flowed in a silken curtain in the autumn chill. But above all I remember the utter purity of Phil's flame. Phil Woods was, and is, the most uncompromising artist I ever met, and I can only guess how much he influenced me during those lovely days in Bucks. Phil and Chan are divorced now, and Chan lives in France. But that makes no difference in my feelings for them, which will always be very special. The years have passed, and Phil and I have both been through a lot of changes.

Rock and roll almost put us out of business. During the rise of musical illiteracy in the 1960s (through a process set in motion years before), there came to be less and less demand for music at Phil's level or lyrics at the level at which I liked to write them, which grew out of a tradition of Dietz, Hart, Porter, Harburg, and Mercer, as surely as Phil grew out of Hodges, Carter, and Parker. Bobby Scott likes to quote an Indian expression: I grow tired of watching my enemies eat. And that is how I felt as bad lyrics trashed the English language, contributing beyond estimate to the present low level of its usage. An issue of *Time* is sufficient evidence. The rock fans now write for magazines.

During the Woodstock era, if you want to call it thus, that time of upheaval and protest against the war, much of it expressed through rock music, I used to say of that younger generation that was being exhorted not to trust anyone over 30, "I agree with their politics and despise their esthetics." And I put a curse on them. I said, "May you all grow old." Alas, many of them didn't make it. They fell victim to the drugs their music taught them to use, sacrificed to make the likes of John Lennon wealthy, not to mention the record executives.

When that cohort, as demographers call an age group, that great bubble of postwar babies, dominated the market place, I was bothered more than ever by that silent nagging question of whether anyone would want to hear or read anything that I might have to say. I am sure Phil had similar feelings.

And that brings us to a member of that Woodstock generation, one of the young people who were "out there" somewhere, namely Lynn Darroch. (It is pronounced Darrock, emphasis on the first syllable. It's Scottish.) Lynn was born in Vancouver, Washington, took a B.A. in English literature at Lewis and Clark College in Portland, Oregon, and a master's at State University of New York at Stony Brook. He taught at the University of Wyoming and Lewis and Clark College, and now teaches at Mount Hood Community College. He is the editor of a book called *Between Fire and Ice*, which is a collection of contemporary Peruvian poetry, fiction, and photography. He edits and produces the *Jazzscene* for the Jazz Society of Oregon, which is the best regional jazz publication I have seen, and he writes about music for Ira Sabin's *Jazz Times* as well as on non-musical topics for other publications.

I have been aware for some time — and wish the record companies were — that many of the Woodstock generation have discovered jazz, in that diversification of tastes and interests that comes when one leaves the conformist years of adolescence. I met a young doctor, also living in Oregon, named Jim Coleman, who played his way through college as a rock guitarist, became a cardiologist, and somewhere along the line discovered Charlie Christian, Herb Ellis, Wes Montgomery, Billy Bean, George Van Eps, and every other jazz guitarist you ever heard of. His knowledge of the instrument and its history astounded me, in view of the fact that our overblown communications system does not make these discoveries easy. Jim, who is 34 and lives in Newberg, Oregon, cautioned me not to think of him as typical of his generation. He said that many of his friends look on his passion for jazz as distinctly strange. Lynn encounters the same thing. But that is not new. When Kenny Wheeler and I were in high school, we were looked on as a little weird for our preoccupation with music, for staying home listening to the early Bird records when everybody else was doing normal things, like yelling at football games.

Like Jim Coleman, Lynn Darroch is one of the friends I have made through the *Jazzletter*. I had given him some advice on surviving as a writer, for whatever it was worth to him. And in our conversations, by letter and occasionally by telephone, he began to tell me something of what this communication had meant to him — and about what Phil Woods meant to him. And I told him that I, like Phil, get tired and full of doubt, and wonder if it's worth it. He tried to convince me it was. Finally, I said, "Don't tell me — write it." The result was an essay that I found fascinating. And I think Phil will too.

If there is going to be a fourth year of the Jazzletter, and there is, (which means that with the completion of this twelfth issue, your subscription is due), Lynn's essay is one of the main reasons.

I last saw Phil two years ago at the Ojai jazz festival. Afterwards there was a party, in which I had the odd pleasure of introducing him to one of *his* early heroes, Artie Shaw. Then I overheard Artie and Eddie Miller discussing Phil, saying that he was maybe the greatest saxophonist of them all.

But my most vivid memory of that weekend, aside from the brilliance of Phil's playing, that hold-back-nothing stream of invention, is of a few minutes before I introduced him to the audience. In a dressing room, we got talking about endings. Phil began to giggle. "Hey, that would be hip," he said, "we should put together a tune that is made up of *nothing but* endings." And he sang a stream of worn-out jazz finales. It was hilarious. And Phil didn't seem tired at all. He has a mustache and it has gray in it, and there are a few lines on the face, but as he laughed that bad-little-kid laugh of his, he was the young man I knew in Bucks County.

The stage manager told me it was time for me to present him. Phil and I stood in the wings. Just before I went out, he said, "Tell them it's not true that I've got Bird's horn. Just all his licks!"

The Bond: Jazz and the Tradition of Dissent

by Lynn Darroch

PORTLAND, OREGON

Halloween, 1958. Eleven years old and raised in a small middle-class town near a provincial center in the American west, I wanted to dress as as a beatnik that night. My mother lobbied for the 1920s college boy, raccoon-coated and selling magazine subscriptions; I yearned to be an Art Pepper I hadn't heard of yet. Reluctantly she blacked in the goatee and rounded up the beret and sunglasses and other accoutrements to flesh out my little vision. And in beatnik garb with candy sack in hand, I learned a painful and enduring lesson. When the citizens opened their doors to my "Trick or treat!" they saw not a beatnik but a clown.

"How did you ever get interested in jazz?" people who don't share the passion will ask. And of course the usual reasons are there. But a fuller explanation must go beyond the personal. Why does anyone get involved in the iconoclastic arts? Or seek the margins rather than the mainstream of society? Why am I not on the path my parents expected me to follow? Why did I choose the province of dissent? To answer these questions, I look to the experience of my generation and of those who first alerted us to the possibility of an alternative way of life in America.

During my formative years — roughly from the end of World War II through the mid-1960s — the tradition of dissent in America found much of its inspiration in modern jazz. The consciousness that emerged among my contemporaries in the latter part of that decade grew from seeds planted by bebop, nourished by beat writers, and harvested by the professors who found us ripe for the messages. The appeal of those post-war rebels who had come of age 15 years before us explains a great deal about my interest in jazz. And it is the basis for the connection I f[illegible]o the great underground culture that stretches backward into history now lost and forward beyond our individual futures. For me and a number of my peers, that previous generation of dissenters defined the values that captured our youthful imaginations and that some of us still pursue.

"The air carries ideas like germs, infecting some, not others," Joyce Johnson writes in *Minor Characters*, a memoir seeking to account for her late-1950s association with the beat generation. That someone like her, a middle-class girl anticipating all the rewards of conformity, should "catch" the unconventional visions that incited a pariah group of painters, writers, and musicians is puzzling to Johnson. When I came of age in the mid-1960s — short years after Johnson's bohemian fling — the choice seemed not at all curious. I still admired Benny Goodman but I heard in modern musicians the kind of wisdom that cannot be gained by winning in America. And my heart went unerringly to them.

Those musicians, along with the writers and painters who were drawn to and inspired by them, became the unacknowledged heroes who fed my generation's revolt against the system. In their distant lives appeared the possibilities for drama and grandeur that have always drawn young people towards adventures o[illegible]e spirit. "Somewhere along the line," we believed on the word of Sal Paradise, Jack Kerouac's alter ego in *On the Road*, "the pearl would be handed to me."

Heroes define the highest values and set the models of behavior toward which we may aspire and test ourselves. For young people, they serve as a bridge to an identification with a broader community that is the ultimate goal of the independence they seek from their parents. In 1965, when I was 18 years old, I read about what a group of young people had been doing 15 years before me, and saw what appeared to be an ideal kind of experience: they had laid the groundwork for the sense of community-in-opposition that came to unite many of my peers in the 1960s. And although some of my contemporaries didn't realize it ("Never trust anyone over 30"), that older generation had provided the symbols for our revolt against a system whose evils they had already catalogued for us.

Those mentors, whether C. Wright Mills, Paul Goodman, Norman Mailer, Allen Ginsberg, or others, offered us models of how to look beyond and resist the status quo, promising the opportunities for personal and social transformation that had been missing from our crew-cut shadowless youth. Intuitions were confirmed as we read their works; they gave us a handle on what we had sensed. What did they offer? A concept of "real experience"

based on their vision of the modern jazz musician, an idea that the meaning of life is to be found in an ecstastic empiricism. Kerouac's Dean Moriarity puts it this way in "the dawn of Jazz America":

". . . that alto man last night had IT . . . Here's a guy and everybody's there, right? Up to him to put down what's on everybody's mind . . . All of a sudden somewhere in the middle of a chorus he *gets it* — everybody looks up and knows; they listen; he picks up and carries. Time stops. He's filling empty spaces with the substance of their lives . . ."

Whatever their individual variations — Marxist, visionary romanticist, or simple socialist — their visions shared an opposition to the system we had been raised to inherit. Like previous generations seeking alternatives to the doomsday march of Western history, like Henry Thoreau in the wilderness, for instance, our mentors found their models outside the mainstream experience: in Kerouac's American Negro night, in Mailer's psychic outlaws, or in the values of jazz musicians whose lives seemed to contain the mythic possibilities necessary to fuel a cultural movement.

Take just one example.

In the 1950s, after his early success was followed by rejection from the literary establishment, Norman Mailer turned to the world of jazz musicians to find a symbol for a potent new mode of resistance. In the essay he drew from that experience, *The White Negro*, Mailer touched a theme that would help shape the ideals of my generation, combining as it did the bleak existentialism of Europe with what he saw as the heartfelt spontaneity of black American music. He not only issued a call to arms calculated to appeal to disaffected youth, but provided a social and political ethic for the urges many of us had personally experienced.

By turning for his inspiration to the musical subculture developed around the music originated by black Americans, Mailer was following a path that was established near the turn of the century and which became more visible during the 1930s in what observers have called "the symbiotic relationship . . . between black jazz musicians and Jewish songwriters." In Mailer's definition of *hip*, we see a kind of literary blackface that allowed him to reject the establishment that he had previously courted. My generation of white middle-class rebels was eager to emulate and support the black liberation struggle not only because it appealed to our sense of justice but in part because writers like Mailer had made a hero of the jazz musician; we therefore sought a similar association to assist in our own liberation.

Of course not many were at the time aware of these connections, as Jane Kramer illustrates in a passage from her biography of Allen Ginsberg. Her subject, poet Gary Snyder, and several others, are gathered in an apartment following the Human Be-In at San Francisco's Golden Gate Park in 1967.

A young man . . . had been staring sullenly at Ginsberg from across the room," she writes. *"Here you are," the boy said, "the great Gingsberg, sitting there talking like this was your scene."*

"We had some of this scene going ten years ago," Ginsberg told him . . . "It's recorded literary history; anybody who wants to can look it up."

The boy shrugged. "I take it that you — the older generation —are responsible for this, *for the way we live . . ."*

"Sure, why not?" Ginsberg said.

Snyder started laughing. "Don't take it out on Allen," he said. "This has been going on since the Stone Age. Why, there's a chain of us going back to the late Paleolithic. Like Walt Whitman and Jeffers. They *had good scenes going."*

In an essay titled *Why Tribe?*, Snyder describes a "great subculture which runs underground all through history," a tradition analagous to "that ancient and successful tribe, the European Gypsies — a group without nation or territory which maintains its own values, its language and religion, no matter what country it may be in." When I read those words in 1967, it was already clear to me that I wanted to belong.

It was certainly the basis for a heady dream — *The Gathering of the Tribes* — and as rock music became a commercially convenient anthem for our protest, it was easy to forget that we had not invented this community of dissent. But a revolt founded on privilege, and unaware of its past, quickly lost heart when the guns of the state were turned against it. And as the bloom faded from the counterculture, its misdirections and excesses played into the hands of those we had learned to call the running dogs of capitalism. By 1971, the unusually high tide of the great subculture had receded, the Movement was pronounced dead, Jack Kerouac passed, and Allen Ginsberg became a Buddhist. The advance of my generation petered out in a concern for individual salvation and personal relationships. When I looked to the Third World for new directions and sustenance, I found them looking back at me from helpless entanglement in the tons of armaments my own government had sent.

I felt alone in the belly of the beast. Then I remembered that we still had jazz.

Looking for inspiration, I turned to the 1950s again and rediscovered what had animated Kerouac: "Dean . . . stood bowed and jumping before the big phonograph, listening to a wild bop record . . . called *The Hunt*, with Dexter Gordon and Wardell Gray blowing their tops before a screaming audience . . ." Yes, it was jazz.

Then Dexter himself returned to the U.S. from Europe. In concert, he was still presenting his horn to the audience, waving arms and cocking wrists, stooped like a great blue heron to pluck notes like the juiciest fish from the music flowing around him. I looked at the cheering crowd and felt myself a part of something again. When the concert was over, Gordon's pianist, Kirk Lightsey, a young comer in Beatle boots and tight blue slacks, stood and bowed deeply to the master. The gesture seemed appropriate, and it rekindled a vision of an alternative tradition that would link me to a community I could in truth respect. "There'll always be a tradition," Phil Woods said. "The American tradition of jazz music. It's not going to go away."

My renewed interest in jazz was fueled not only by fresh listening but by the first real reading I had done about the music and its practitioners. I discovered in an explicit way what I had before only sensed: the best jazz musicians not only share a concern for moral principle and craftsmanship, they are also able to achieve a degree of popular acclaim in the market place without sacrificing their artistic intent.

It is not unusual for jazz players, especially those who came into music when bebop was at its heroic peak, to take great pride in the fact that they have been able to make a living *playing nothing but jazz*. "Either you believe or you don't believe," Phil Woods said. "Once you compromise your values, you haven't got a chance. I can't imagine the giants I grew up with comprising anything."

Why is this so important?

As sociologist Charles Nanry notes in *The Jazz Text*, "The tendency of a capitalist economy is to transform everything into commodities that can be bought and sold in the market place, and jazz music is no exception." In America especially, where the arts are not subsidized in the manner one finds in Europe, and where,

Notice

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therefore, the only link between the artist and his potential audience is the market mechanism, the real heroes of the dissenting tradition are those who manage to place a principled vision before an unconverted audience — not an easy task.

"Phil and I and others of our generation beat our brains out trying to sell good art through the media of the record and publishing industries," Gene Lees wrote in a letter to me when I broached the subject to him. "All our art, that of our whole generation, has been filtered."

Woods was voted "New Star of the Year" in a 1956 *Down Beat* magazine poll. But 12 years later, after recording contracts and movie sound-tracks, he left the U.S. to live in Paris because, as he says, "I just wasn't surviving as an artist here. I got tired of selling cars and beer. I had to go out and just play jazz." When he returned to the U.S. in 1972 ("I always felt a stranger there; this is my home and I want to play music for Americans"), he settled in Los Angeles for what he terms "a disastrous year". The vagaries of fate produced an album date with Michel Legrand (*Live at Jimmy's*), which gave him enough exposure to work again. When he started his own group in 1974, he was lucky to get even your basic weekend gig.

Woods and his group have been "slugging it out in the trenches" for the past ten years, playing for 100 to 200 people at a time. "Gradually, gradually," he said, "just going out and working on it . . . after nine years, to see where we can almost fill a room in towns that maybe never heard too much jazz, that's a nice feeling. It's not going to buy you a swimming pool and a private plane, but I really don't care. My values are old-fashioned, you know."

Old-fashioned. Woods believes passionately that "bebop is the Bach of our times, a classic style . . . that should be kept alive. . . . It's not to say that Bach or bebop is the only music. But Bach is *forever* music, and I believe the same about Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, and Thelonious Monk. To me, that'll never go out of style." But Woods finds little to encourage this belief in the contemporary music scene. "I don't know what happens after Zoot and Al and guys of my generation have hung it up," he says glumly. "Because there's nobody carrying on this tradition."

The problem stems from that eternal tension in our art — the artist's relationship to the market place. Music is in a bind, he feels, "because it can't figure out if it's an art form or a business . . . If you buy the American shit, it's hard to be a jazz player. You've got to be sort of contrary. You don't worry about *gigs*, you don't worry about preparing yourself for a studio or am-I-going-to-teach? It might take forever, but that's what you need initially going in.

"That's what I had," he concluded with pride.

But it's easy to slump, after a scathing analysis like his, into the despair that is the natural concomitant of the alienation that dogs those who set themselves against the grain in America. "We could all be wrong," he said with a shrug. "Maybe we're becoming extinct because we're supposed to become extinct. It's conceivable that Bob James and Hubert Laws are really the music of the future."

Woods, I think, feels old-fashioned because he came into music when jazz was the model that galvanized the most adventurous members of his generation. He remembers watching a movie about Bill Evans with Randy Weston in Paris several years ago and lamenting, "There used to be giants walking the earth; how come there aren't any new giants?"

And the music is only one element now missing from a culture that Woods experienced in 1947. "Say what you want, man, those guys were *colorful*, really storybook kind of heroes, real folk heroes. It's hard to be a folk hero now, because you've got to get on Merv's show." He laughed a dark but cleansing chuckle. "There's no folk any more, man. Everybody's got Merv on, everybody knows what's happening. And look at the result."

The result? "It's all Oklahoma City out there, man." Woods has always seen the jazz community as a "real close tribe," and for him the teepee was the band bus, where at the age of 20 he sat behind Bud Powell and Lester Young. There are few band buses now, and for him the tribe is diminishing. "They're O.K., it's a good act. But ah, man, give me Bucky Pizzarelli and Zoot in a nice quiet little club somewhere, playing Gershwin. I mean that, you know," he said, swinging around to face me. "I'm an old man." And then he chuckled darkly again.

After this conversation, I brooded on what he had said, and I felt somehow responsible for the bleak state of contemporary music, for the decimation of his jazz tribe. "I'm one of Bird's children, absolutely," he remarked on another occasion to an interviewer asking about his influences.

In a more direct sense, my peers and I are *Phil's* children: our yearnings were influenced by the dreams he pursued and by the alternative visions of experience that grew up around them. Perhaps Ron Steen, a contemporary of mine and an excellent drummer, puts it best: "As I was coming up, I was reading books like A.B. Spellman's *Four Lives in the Bebop Business*. I feel extremely privileged to have the ability to play jazz. There's no greater honor than being able to carry on the music of Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Dizzy Gillespie, and Thelonious Monk. *That's payment enough.*" "That problem is," Gene Lees wrote in that letter to me, "that I cannot get beyond thinking of Phil and me and certain others of my friends, like Ed Thigpen and Gerry Mulligan, as Young Turks, still trying to change the system, and we have not succeeded. It astounds me that we have become, as it were, a parental generation."

Perhaps it did seem to Lees and Woods and many others who came up in the late 1940s and early 1950s that the culture they were creating was enough to set the world on its head, and their sense of despair is natural when the results are less than they should have been. The interesting part of it is that — in ways they do not imagine — it did. It really did. For a boy who was 11 years old in 1958, they placed the opening wedge.

Complicating our perception of the influence their position had is the fact that as the youth revolt of my generation reached its peak in the late 1960s, jazz concurrently suffered one of its lowest ebbs, and Woods was not alone in leaving the country for greener pastures elsewhere. But the truth is that we were in revolt against just those conditions that had driven jazz from its prominence, we were opposed to the very market-factor mentality that was responsible for the war in Vietnam as well as the myopic greed of recording and publishing conglomerates. Although the connections were not clear at the time, the values that inform Woods' jazz tradition were very much a part of my generation's rock and roll revolution. And although popular fashions in music do change to serve the dominant economic interests, there are indeed giants still walking the earth.

You guys are the giants now, Phil.

You haven't overthrown the system, for the dissenting tradition never has. None of your giants did. How could they have succeded, when that kind of success is not what this tradition is about? Dear Gene and Phil: when you decided at age 20 that "art was the worthwhile and ennobling thing you wanted to do," you were paving the way for me to make that same decision. And what is more, you are still doing it.

Phil's step-daughter, singer Kim Parker, says of him, "He gets so tired of being the hero." Alas, that's your challenge, Phil. Remember when I complained that the artist is not treated well in America? You said, "Well, the burden is on the artist then. He just has to *do better*." Lees, in his portrait of Paul Desmond, said that the gifted saxophonist used his drinking to "escape the burden of virtue," and compared him to a literary symbol of our great subculture, Mitya Karamazov, whose creator is another of the heroic suffering giants of the underground that runs, as Snyder

said, all the way back to the Stone Age. Today, my generation is rapidly approaching 40. Parents ourselves, we are nearing a shot at exercising influence. There is no question of changing the world, we realize now. There is no doubt how the majority of my contemporaries will vote in Oklahoma City — certainly not after this last election. And Merv is still on the air. But for those of us who have heard the clarion spirit in jazz and identify with the great tradition that animates it, there is still much to be learned from the mentors we followed in 1966, for they can tell us how to carry our opposition into middle age. When I asked Phil what his goals were, he didn't hesitate. "Just to get better, I guess," he said. "You've always got to stay on your craft. I like to fill my days with *work*. I love the idea of working in music."

How to continue productive work in the face of opposition is a lesson my peers still need to learn. We need to discover how to get work before the public even as potential outlets to an audience are being closed to us. There is a lesson in "just going out and playing for 100 to 200 people at a time," for although it is much harder to develop an audience than to milk a pre-established market, when one does, as Woods recognizes, "you get a real *solid* audience."

Yes, today's giants still have much to teach us, for like them we haven't wanted to grow up where maturity means acquiescence. When I finished high school, still clinging to that childhood Halloween ambition, I took off for California to join the beatniks. I discovered that in the process of seeking our heroes, we become much like them.

The past and future strength of the dissenting tradition lies in this marvelous bond.

— LD

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