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## Letters

I must congratulate you on your fine book, *Oscar Peterson: The Will to Swing*. A splendid work. You give a most thorough study of Oscar, his beginning and family, and illuminating items about his talent and ideas.

You research deserves commendation. A splendid, colorful story in all, about this tremendous musical genius who has made such a great contribution to American (and Canadian) jazz, and, with his original works, to "serious" music as well. I have looked up to him all these years, and I was pleased when he recorded a couple of my songs, *Angel Eyes* and *The Night We Called It a Day*, and very proud of the arrangements.

This book should be must reading for any worthwhile musician, composer, or arranger, or for that matter anyone interested in the best kind of artist of our time. Regards.

Matt Dennis, Riverside, California

I have just enthralledly read your biography of Oscar Peterson. It is excellent and should be as widely read as possible. I'd like to thank you for the more than several mentions of my own little study of 1984, including your criticisms! I think Herb Ellis's remarks on pages 251-2 are amongst the very best and most authoritative critical judgments ever made about Oscar's work. For twenty-five years I too have been infuriated and frustrated by those who, in Herbie's words, "are not up to hearing it", and at last I've learnt too not to "discuss it with anybody, because there's nothing to discuss." That got to the heart of things as trenchantly as anything I've read or heard.

Richard Palmer, Bedford England

*These comments are particularly precious to me, because Matt is such a fine pianist and a superb composer whom I have admired all my life; and I consider Richard Palmer the leading authority on the recordings of Oscar Peterson. His "little study" is an eighty-page monograph written for the Jazz Masters series in Britain, to which he also has contributed a study of Stan Getz. I relied heavily on his book for dates and personnel, and on a three-part essay on Oscar that he wrote for Jazz Journal International. I quoted him as often as I did because of the acuity of his judgments. He always struck me as being right on the mark. My "criticisms" consisted mostly of pulling his leg a little for enthusiasm. We have never met.*

I just finished the chapter on Woody Herman in *Meet Me at Jim and Andy's* and was deeply moved. I adored each of the Herds and keep a cassette of the first one in my glove compartment as an antidote for the dreck that contaminates the airwaves these days.

I recall a marvelous evening back in 1946, when I was singing with the Crew Chiefs in the post-war Glenn Miller band led by

Tex Beneke. We were to follow Woody at Eastwood Gardens, an outdoor venue near Detroit. We arrived in town Sunday afternoon. That evening was to be the closing night for Woody. We all went, our whole band, to hear this Herd. To our chagrin it was pouring rain at the Gardens and there was absolutely no audience. No one could dance on that outdoors floor, obviously, and the Herman band didn't even set up. It was a washout.

We in the Miller band were very disappointed. There was an enclosed area with a bar that was sheltered from the rain. Woody had the band set up and proceeded to play an entire concert just for us! I'll never forget it. Our admiration was obvious, and they played their collective asses off.

I finished the Peterson biography in one fell swoop and loved it. I've always thought him to be without peer. I've never met him, and I felt I knew him well after reading the book, and also felt certain I'd like the man very much.

Artie Malvin, Beverly Hills, California

I have finished *Meet Me at Jim and Andy's* and found myself more deeply touched than by anything I've read in years -- and also, sitting in my living room, laughing alone, which isn't regular for me. I never knew Bill Evans, but now understand him much better through the writing of a friend. Thanks.

In the Oscar Peterson biography, you several times mentioned his memory. Probably in the 1960s, I brought Midge from Wenatchee to hear Oscar at Charlie Puzzo's Penthouse Club. Oscar came over to the table to meet Midge and asked if there was anything he could play for her. She said his recording of *The Maids of Cadiz* was one of her favorites. After an introduction and dedication to Midge, he gave us a treatment of the tune to be treasured.

About two years later, the trio was back at the Penthouse. Midge and I decided to once more drive the 150 miles over the mountains to hear them. Starting time was nine. About 9:20 they came running in after a late flight and shot upstairs to the dressing room. Midge and I had been placed in the last remaining seats at the rear of the club and behind a post. We couldn't see much, but were near the speakers and the sound was good. Around 9:30 they went on the stand. Oscar said, "How nice to be back in Seattle. I'd like to play a lovely tune for a lovely lady. This is for Midge." And he played *The Maids of Cadiz*.

How he spotted us in the corner on his dash through was almost beyond comprehension. But then to couple that with a memory of both her name and the tune after, I'm sure, hundreds of names and requests -- it has remained an important moment in our listening over the years.

Don Lanphere, Kirkland, Washington

Okay, the record business isn't a whore. But it sure is a fuck without a kiss.

I was with RCA when Elvis died, and there certainly was a celebration atmosphere in accounting that day, which didn't

bother me half as much as the company' deleting my album *Images*, a collaboration with Michel Legrand, from the catalogue after it won a Grammy in 1976.

I am convinced that the record industry's lack of support has done more to set back American music (good music in general, not just jazz) than any other accountable factor. Of course, I am speaking only of the big guys. God bless the small, independent labels who care about the music and are satisfied with modest profits. The Quintet and I are happy with Carl Jefferson at Concord Jazz. He and they love the music and give a fair shake to the artist. We ask no more.

Keep kickin' ass, Gene. As Bu says, "Jazz is the truth and eventually it will grind the bullshit into powder." Love,

Phil Woods, Delaware Water Gap, Pennsylvania

The good thing is that you are out there on our behalf.

The bad news is that King George III has taken offense at the Tom Paine whose *Common Sense* publication really does contain the power to frighten his highness and the vast evil empire he commands.

As far as responsibility is concerned, the major conglomerates who poison the airwaves and strangle the American culture for the purpose of lining their pockets cannot evade matters by criticizing the caring and thinking minority.

Do you think Mr. Smith and his cronies really feel the *Jazzletter* and the intelligent music community it speaks for is insignificant? Hardly. They're scared stiff.

Bernard Brightman  
President  
Stash Records  
New York City.

Just a note to congratulate you on the *Jazzletter*. You may or may not remember me, but I knew you in Chicago in the mid-60s when I worked at Mercury Records before moving to crazy NYC, where I've been since 1967. After reading my old friend Bobby Scott's eloquent reply to *The Music Biz Is Not a Whore*, I must now surely find a copy of that particular newsletter because many of the points raised by Bobby are things that used to gall me about the business. I left CBS in 1972 and have never looked back. Things definitely ain't what they used to be in the biz.

The fact that Joe Smith never heard of you just shows his lack of knowledge. Keep kickin' ass!

Mari Jo Johnson  
Arts Management Consultant  
New York City

Was that letter from Joe Smith for real? That anyone in that position had not heard of you is almost inconceivable. I say "almost" because I am well aware of the abysmal ignorance which exists everywhere today, mainly in those of the 1960s generation to whom anything that happened before the day

before yesterday was "irrelevant." God help them, and yes, God help all of us, who suffer because of this ignorance.

Wallace L. Mason, Cumberland, Rhode Island

Joe Smith  
President and CEO  
Capitol Records  
1750 N. Vine Street  
Hollywood, California

If you offered any lessons in English grammar, rhetoric, or composition, "I wouldn't be looking to enroll in your class" as you quaintly put it.

Capitol would profit if you had a secretary or friend who could edit your letters.

Carroll J. Bellis MD, PhD  
Clinical Professor of Surgery  
University of California, Irvine

To Joe Smith:

Another fallen idol. "Say it isn't so, Joe."

Jules Chaikin, Studio City, California

Dear Mr. Smith:

Your letter certainly points up a lack of knowledge of your own business areas and re-emphasizes the statements made in (the) article. To me it seems the height of stupidity to mount a vitriolic attack on someone without at least determining the validity of the statements made.

By now you have probably discovered that Mr. Lees, rather than being an irresponsible know-nothing, is a respected author, musician, etc., and his publication, rather than being insignificant, is read and valued by many of the more knowledgeable jazz buffs.

Your letter reveals much about your personal character and, I'm sorry to say, has produced quite a negative image of Capitol Records. Sincerely,

Robert T. Pritchard  
President, Mid-Coast Jazz Society  
Brunswick, Maine

## An Editorial

The mail about Joe Smith has been voluminous -- not to mention the phone calls. Some mail went directly to Capitol Records.

The most frequently asked questions asked were:

Who is Joe Smith?

Is that letter a joke?

There really is a Joe Smith, and he is chief executive officer

of Capitol Records, and he really did write that letter, and it's not a joke. It is fascinating for its naive self-admiration, its pure and unquestioning pomposity.

One of the reasons I checked out of the National Academy of Jazz, formed three years ago as a response to the shabby way jazz was treated by NARAS -- I resigned from NARAS itself years ago, and will have nothing to do with it -- was its whiny preoccupation with jazz to the exclusion of other forms of good music. I didn't even like the name of the organization. All good music is in trouble because of the avarice of the huge companies that now dominate the industry. Instead of indulging in the usual weeping about what can be done "for jazz", the academy should have been concerned with what needed to be done about the condition of the American culture as a whole. Yes, MCA is reissuing on CD all those great Bob Thiele Impulse albums by Coltrane, Blakey, et al. Yes, the Bill Evans Verve and all the other material Creed Taylor produced for MGM is being issued by Polygram. Yes, RCA is reissuing valuable material from the 1930s and '40s. But those albums were already in the vaults and cost nothing but the packaging to put out. The majors are doing very little indeed for the perpetuation of real music. It is as if they were issuing reprints of Robert Louis Stevenson and Sir Walter Scott and taking deep bows for what they are doing for literature. But the high-quality pop music of past years, albums by Marilyn Maye and Steve Lawrence, the early Jack Jones material, is probably lost to us forever. Jazz is in fact getting a better shake than Jerome Kern. As for classical music, the majors have virtually withdrawn from the field, and the little innovative recording that is being done in the field is on independents. Listen to one of the classical-music stations: you'll notice how much of the new CD production is dedicated to reissues of stuff recorded twenty or thirty years ago.

The reason is simple: the major record labels are no longer in the music business. They are in the money business. And if you want to dance cheek-to-cheek with the philosophy of Joe Smith and by extension the heads of all the majors, you need only read the advertising for a seminar he delivered at the Learning Annex in New York recently. It bore the headline: "How to Make it in the Music business with Joe Smith, President-CEO, Capitol-EMI Music Inc."

The ad read:

"Spend a great evening with the president of the industries (sic) hottest recording label, as he tells you: What it takes to break into and succeed in the record business.

"Throughout his career, Joe Smith has been known as one of the most innovative and successful executives of the rock music industry. In his 28 year career he's worked in every side of the business from disc jockey, to marketing and sales, to distribution and promotion, working his way up through the ranks to become the chief executive officer of no less than three major recording labels.

**"The man behind the scenes**

"Over the years he has signed many major acts and has overseen the marketing strategies and promotions for artists and groups such as Rod Stewart, The Grateful Dead, The

Doobie Brothers, Seals and Crofts, James Taylor, Black Sabbath, Deep Purple, the Allman Brothers, Leo Sayer, Van Morrison, Manfred Mann, The Cars, Eddie Rabbit, Grover Washington, Jr., Hank Williams Jr., Patricia (sic) Rushen, Motley Crue, The Eagles, Linda Ronstadt, Jackson Browne, Queen . . . the list goes on.

"Now in a rare one night event, the man behind the scenes will step center stage. Joe Smith will tell you what it takes to break in and get ahead in the music business today. You'll learn how he made it to the top and how you can too . . . you owe it to yourself not to miss this seminar. After all, you're going to be competing with the people who do show up. So pick up the phone and register today."

Pianist, writer, and teacher John Worsley, who contributes a regular column on jazz to the Pawtucket, Rhode Island, *Times*, was as fascinated by the Joe Smith letter as everyone else. Worsley wrote, "Smith's letter is a classic example of values and attitudes that have not only hurt music and the arts in this country, but our economy, our political structure, and much of the quality of our life."

Some years ago, I was talking to the noted movie director Ted Post about the Clint Eastwood film *Magnum Force*, which Ted directed. He had just returned from a publicity tour to promote the picture. Ted, who struck me as being a gentle man, said that the questions of reporters about the film's violence had bothered him. "Why?" I asked.

"Because it is violent," he said. I had not seen the picture at that point. Ted said it contained a scene in which a pimp makes a prostitute drink a can of Drano. He said he lived in the fear that one day he would pick up a newspaper and read that somewhere, some nut had done exactly that.

"But Ted," I said, "it's already happened. It happened last week." And I told him about the robbery (I forget now in what city) of a store during which the robbers made employees drink Drano and then watched them die.

Ted got tears in his eyes.

Later I asked Ted for his permission to tell this story publicly, if an appropriate occasion to do so arose. He gave it, and this is the occasion. He said he was very concerned for the influence of movies, television, and other forms of entertainment on public behavior.

(The scene has been cut from the print that turns up on television.)

After Stanley Kubrick's film *A Clockwork Orange* was released, police in various cities recorded incidents of gangs of young thugs breaking into private homes and mercilessly beating their residents for the pleasure of it, exactly as in the film.

When Marlene Dietrich appeared in a film wearing a pair of "slacks", women all over America began wearing them, which change in fashion led eventually to blue jeans. One appearance by Dietrich in a film changed women's styles forever. When Clark Gable took off his shirt in a movie to reveal not an undershirt but a bare chest, the underwear industry was seriously damaged. When the Beatles grew their hair long,

boys all over the world did the same.

Since the early days of radio broadcasting, jingles have been used to sell products. The figures are there. The advertising industry can prove it to you: messages set to music alter public behavior. For the entertainment industry to claim that it has no social influence -- and thus no social responsibility -- is ludicrous. The hypocrisy is monstrous. Its corporate heads deny that the "media" can shape public behavior even as their time salesmen hustle customers precisely on the grounds that it does. The military exposes young recruits to gruesome training films to the specific purpose of desensitizing them, rendering them indifferent to horrors and cruelties, while the movie industry argues that movies such as *Friday the Thirteenth* and its ilk and imitations have no such effect. The heads of the entertainment industry know perfectly well the effect of their wares, as surely as a Colombian cocaine baron ordering the execution of a judge attempting to maintain some vestige of morality knows the effect of his. They don't care. If there's profit in it, they'll sell it. To them, life is about "making it." Any way you can.

And one of the things the rock record industry has done for humanity is the current and by now irreversible drug pandemic. Rock propagandized drug use. Rock led to it. Tell that to rock fans in their thirties and they go bananas. But it's the truth. They try to say the Viet Nam war caused the pandemic. Why didn't the Korean war only a few years earlier cause it? Because there were no albums on the Capitol label by the Beatles showing marijuana on the cover, there were no albums on RCA by the Jefferson Airplane celebrating drug use. The songs promulgating drug use came into the marketplace in the mid-1960s, at first alarming music directors and disc jockeys at radio stations. A few briefcases of coke, a few hookers at disc jockey conventions, silenced the objections.

As I write this, there is a case before the courts in which several adolescent boys who had embraced Satanism on the inspiration of heavy metal records clubbed to death one of their friends because it was "fun." More recently, near Brownsville, Texas, law enforcement people busted a drug-smuggling sect that has been practicing human sacrifice in apparent imitation of the 1986 John Schlesinger movie *The Believers*, which starred Martin Sheen. Authorities dug up thirteen bodies, all mutilated. Brains, hearts, and other organs had been removed and boiled in blood. It is unknown whether John Schlesinger has enough sensitivity to weep, as Ted Post did. Or how Martin Sheen, champion of human rights and other good things, has reacted.

It's all just entertainment, isn't it?

When the first drug records were being made, the official line of the record companies' public relations departments was that popular music merely reflected society, it did not affect it. The sheer cynicism of that boggles the imagination. When the first rock-and-roll garbage began dominating the marketplace, the line was that the industry was turning millions of kids on to music and they would go on to appreciate better music as they matured. The reality? Huge crowds of balding yuppies and their wives turn up at rock-group reunions and

similar events. They haven't learned a thing: they were conditioned to terrible taste in their youth, they have terrible taste now, and they will have terrible taste in their old age. When they lie in sunken-cheeked gray-skinned rheumy-eyed dotage on life-support systems in their diminishing days, they will be wearing headphones, mainlining the offal of their youth, getting off on Mick Jagger and Gracie Slick. We their elders will already have shuffled off this mortal coil on wings of Sibelius and Delius and Charlie Parker. I didn't particularly dig sharing a century with admirers of Madonna and Adolph Hitler.

The idea that bad taste leads to good taste is of course no longer heard in the record industry, because people like Joe Smith and his minions and sycophants themselves have ~~bad~~ taste. They don't know, they simply don't know, that what they like is crap. Give them credit for that. Joe Smith is quite sincere in producing, promoting, and perpetuating it. Can you imagine trying to discuss, say, Poulenc or Bud Powell or the late Beethoven sonatas with this man? To him, according to his own advertising, the record business is not about making music, it is about making "it".

Increasingly it is obvious, as Phil Woods intimates, that real music depends on the independents. We must reorganize the music business. I don't know how. But it's time to hold a conference of artists and the heads of the independent record companies to see what can be done to preserve and perpetrate real music. We must make common cause. And a National Academy of Jazz is not the answer. We need a National Academy of Music, in which you must be *elected* to membership, to prevent its following the pattern of NARAS. I said in a meeting at the time that if the organization insisted on using the word "jazz" in its name, it would die. And it did both.

We're not in the same business Joe Smith is in. He's not in the music business. He's in the plastic business, and if the sound of belching dugongs would sell, he'd sell it. He does. Want to come to my ethics class? Good. We don't want him in our organization.

And I think it's high time we went about setting it up.

## The Readers

In the past, we have each year published the readership list. I discontinued the practice on the grounds that it wasted space, only to receive requests to resume it. One reader said it was "comforting" -- comforting, I suppose, in that it makes one aware that there are a few other people with similar tastes and interests. It has also, incidentally, led to the restoration of several old and lapsed friendships.

It is, as before, an extraordinarily distinguished list. Here it is:

Michael Abene, Ulf Abjornsson, Jerry Abraham, Abe Abukoff, Mariano F. Accardi, Robert G. Ackerman, Harlan Adamcik, Johnny Adams / KRML, Larry Adamson, Doug Adrianson, Giacomo Agostini, Tony Agostinelli, John Aiken, Steve Alcala,

Howard Alden, Eleanore Aldrich, Harold Alexander, Jeff Alexander, Lenore Alexander, Vivian Alge, Jack H. Alkins, Steve Allen, James W. Allen, Alternate and Independent Study Program, Henry Amistadi, Bill Angel, Michael Anthony, Ted Arenson, Philip Argyr, Allan Arkush, Bruce R. Armstrong, Jim Armstrong, Hubert Arnold, John M. Arnold, Kenny Ascher, Gerry Atkinson, George Avakian,

Jean Bach, Bob Bailey, James R. Bailey, Robert Bain, Donald Bain, Robert Baker, Whitney Balliett / *The New Yorker*, Julius Banas, Ron Bannen, R.F. Banks, Steve Banks, Jim Barker, Robert H. Barnes, Mr. & Mrs. Donald E. Barnes, Charlie Barnett, Jeff Barr, Henry Barracano, E.M. Barto Jr, Bob Bauer, Lee N. Baumel MD, John Baxter / KSOR, Randolph Bean, Shirley J. Beaty, Jack Beckerman, Wallace Behnke, Loren Belker, Carroll J. Bellis MD FACS, William M. Bellows, Al Bendick / Fantasy Records, Benedek & Cheimets, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Benedict, Don Bennett, Dick Bentley, Alan Bergman, James L. Berkowitz, Sheldon L. Berman, Leonard Bernstein, Bill Berry, Charles Berry, Gene Bertoncini, Beverly Hills Library, Dan Bied, John Bigelow, Mr & Mrs Burott Biggs, Michael Binyon, Don Black, Keith Black, James Blackman, Prof. R.L. Blackmore / Colgate University, Les Block, Bill Blomquist Sr, Geb Blum, Kenneth Blum, Muriel Blumenthal, Paul Bobkowski, Mr. & Mrs. Ed Bonoff, Clarence Borns, John Bosworth, Charles E. Bloomquist, Harald Bohne / University of Toronto Press, Francy Boland, R.A. Boldt, David Bondevitch, Harry Boon, Tracy Borst, Peter Bould, Steve Bowerman, Jane Bowerman, Bob Bowers, Jack Bradley, Michael Bradley, Brad Brakke, Larry Bram, Milton Bram & Associates, Tom Brannan, John Bransfield, Leon Breeden, Mark C. Brennan, Teresa Brewer, Brenda J. Bridges, Robert Bridges, Bernard Brightman / Stash Records, Richard Brill MD, British Library Dept Pr Books, British Institute of Jazz Studies, Alan Broadbent, Steve Brockway, Mark Brookfield, Mel Brooks, Peter M. Brooks, C. Robert Brown, Don Brown, Jim and Mary Brown, John C. Brown, Les Brown, Michael Brown, Jack Y. Brownlow, Darius Brubeck, Dave Brubeck, Rosemary Bryan, H.M. Bryant, Dick Buckley / WBEZ, John & Chips Bunch, Larry Bunker, Kenn Burchell, Brian Burke MD, Patti and Tom Burns, Gary Burton / Berklee College of Music, James Butler, Meredith Butler, Robert Butler, William C. Butler, Mary Butterill / CAPAC, Dan H. Byars, Fritz Byers, Richard P. Byrnes, Norman D. Byron,

Herb Caen / San Francisco Chronicle, A. Cafagna, Miriam Call, John P. Callanan, Jay Cameron, Royce Campbell, Lois Cantor & Bob Hecht, Edgar Cantwell, Frank Capp, Armand Caputi, Joseph Kuhn Carey, Mark S. Carroll, Irwin K. Carson MD, Benny Carter, Mike Carubia, Louis Carter, Kenneth J. Caruso, Howard Casper, Dick Cash, Thomas J. Cassidy, Oscar Castro-Neves, Jules Chaikin, Leland H. Chambers, John K. Chance, Theodore Chandler, Mrs. Schuyler Chapin, Saul Chapman, Thomas A. Chapman, Emile Charlap, John Charles, Ray Charles, Russell B. Chase, Enrique Vecino Chavert, Michael Chertok, Peter Chilver, Robert J. Chinello, John J. Christensen, Bob Church, Cincinnati Public Library, David Clark, Homer D. Clark, James A. Clark, Natalie Clark, Donald

Clarke, Paul Clatworthy, John Clayton, Peter Clayton / BBC, Michael Clinco, Steve Clover, Al Cobine, Charles Cochran, Frederic S. Cohen, Paul Cohen, Robert Cohlmeier, Alan Cohn, Dr. John Coleman, Jim Coleman, James Lincoln Collier, Joyce Collins, Chris Colombi / Cleveland Plain Dealer, Howard Colson, Columbia College Library, Richard Conger, Arthur L. Connell, Bob Connolly, D. Hugh Connolly, Jean Connors, John R. Conover, Willis Conover / Voice of America, Jay Conte, Mrs. Lin Cook, Robert A. Cook, William L. Cook, David Cooper, Lou Cooper, Marie Corbin, Owen Cordle / JazzTimes etc., Avery Corman, Dale I. Corning, Dick Corrigan, Jack Cortner, Milt Corwin, Diane Cosgrove, John Coulson, Frank L. Countryman, Fred Crafts, Norm Craig, Edgar D. Crilly, Bill Crow, Carol Crow, William Crowe, H.L. Crowder, Gabriel Cubos, John Cuddy, J. Cullen, J. Bryan Cumming, Joseph Cumming, Nancy Curtis / KAOS, Jackie Cytrynbaum,

Stephen S. Dacks, R.H. Dallas, William R. Damm, Stanley Dance / *Jazz Times* etc., John Danch, Roger Dancz, George Edison Danforth, Dennis D'Angelo, Charles Bud Dant, Lynn Darroch, Dartmouth College, Sonja C. David, Bill Davis, June Davis, William Davison, Daybreak Express Records, Lorraine Dedo, Rusty Dedrick, Buddy DeFranco, Blair Deiermann, Ron Della Chiesa / WBUR, Rene DeKnight, Arthur J.R. Denis, Joe Derise, Dick Dennis, Vince DeRosa, Detroit Public Library, David Deuble, John Dever, Eddie Dimond, Samuel H. Dibert, Richard DiCarlo, Dick Dickinson, Bob Dietsche, Barbara Dill, Eddie Dimond, Gene DiNovi, Victor DiNovi, Robert Diskint, Peter Diskint, Ed Dix, Michael Dixey, William Dixon, Len Dobbin / Montreal Gazette, Joseph G. Dodge, Steve Dokken, Chuck Domanico, Arthur Domaschenz, Jane Donahue, Steve Donoso, Roger L. Dooner, George Dorner, Bob Dorough, Andrew Dougherty, Ed Dougherty, Hermie Dressel, Kenny Drew, Ray Drummond, Henry Duckham, R.H. Duffield, William Dulin, Larry Dunlap, Marilyn Dunlap, James J. Dunn, Brian Duran, Steve Durnin, Isabelle Durivaux,

Charles Eakin / University of Colorado, George & Kay Eddy, Mrs. Robert T. Eddy, Irvin Edelstein, Harry Edison, Jack Elliott, John MacKay Elliott, Herb Ellis, Jim Ellison, Jack Ellsworth / WLIM, Wayne Elvins, Gene Elzy / WJR, Eric S. Emory, Ralph Enriquez, Lew Erenberg, Dewey Erney, Barbara Essex, Ray Eubanks, John H. Evans, Prof Tom Everett / Harvard University, Lila & Russell Ewbank, Diane R. Ezell,

John K. Fahey, William Falconer, Baldhard Falk, John G. Falk, Edward J. Fallon, L.H. Farinholt, Art Farmer, Paul Farmer, Renee Farmer, Robert Farnon, Brian Farrell, David Farrell / Leonard Feather / Los Angeles Times etc., Mort Fega / WXEL, Roger Fega, James K. Feely, Bob Feld, Audrey Feldman, Sidney Feldstein, John Fell, Bill Ferdinand, Brian M. Fielding, Dennis Fine, Michael J. Fingerit, Clare Fischer, Joey Fischman, Ruby Fisher, Truman Fisher, Five Towns College Library, Tommy Flanagan, Richard Flohil / Canadian Composer, John Foellmer, Bill Fogarty, Chuck Folds, Betty Forrest, Earl Forte, Lloyd Fouviller, John Richard Foy, Kevin Frank, Robert Frank, Ben Franklin, Stuart Frederick, Alan Freelon, Bryce Freeman, Don Freeman / San Diego Union, Susan F. Freyberg, Lawrence J. Fried, Jack Frieden, James N. Fried-



man, Peter Friedman, Dave Frishberg, Mort Frishberg, Eddie & Ellie Fuerst, Mr. & Mrs. John Funk, Ernie Furtado,

Rev Thomas J. Gallagher, Albert J. Gallardo, Ernie Garside, Daniel K. Gassner, Dan Geeting, Dick Gehr, Richard Gehr, Anthony J. Gelardi, Larry Gelbart, Russell George, Emanuel Gerard, Terry Gibbs, Garnet Gibbon, Anne E. Gibson, P.J. Giffen, Randy Gigliotti, Anthony C. Gilbert, Gary C. Gilfillan, Jack Gilfoy, Alan Gill, Joan Gillen, Dizzy Gillespie, David A. Gilmore, John Gilmore, David D. Ginsburg, Ted Gioia, Ken Glancy, Peter Goddard / Toronto Star, Bob Godfrey's Record Shop, Robert Goerner, Bob Gold, Gerald Gold, Ralph Gold MD, Gloria Goldberg, Leonard Goldstein, Mort Goode, Jerry Gorby, Bob Gordon, Robert Lee Gordon, Gary Gormley, Lou Gottlieb, William Gottlieb, Harry E. Gould Jr, James E. Gould, William A. Gracie MD, Joanne Grauer, Lawrence Grauman Jr, George Green, Robert A. Green, Alan Greenblatt, Cyra Greene, Keith Green, Thomas Greer & Carl Cafagna, Sid Gribetz, Elizabeth Griego, E.J. Grierson, Ralph Grierson, Robert K. Griffin Jr, Alphonse Griffith, Gordon Grist, Paul Grosney, Ellen Gross, Dave Guiney, Peter Guralnick / Rolling Stone,

Robert Haber, Sande Hackel, B. Pedro Haering CSC, John Haines, Claudia Halbert, Daniel W. Hale, Charles M. Hall, Fred Hall, Dr. Gene Hall, Maurice A. Hall, Norman Hall, Ed Halsey, Greg Hambleton, Jeff Hamilton, Melissa Hamilton, H.J. Hammer, Bob Hammond, H. Robert Hampson, George Hanepen, Martha Hanlon, Jack Harcourt, David Harmon, Richard C. Harpham, Gene Harris, Kenny Harris, Leonard Harris, Peter & Beverly Harris, Ray Harris, Roger W. Harris, Thomas L. Harris, James L. Harrison MD, Max Harrison, Al Hart, Stanley Hart, Thomas A. Hart, Alan Harvey, Tuck Harvey, Bob Haun, Jean Hauser, Lester G. Hawkins, Eddie Hazell, John Heard, Louis & Nancy Hector, Oscar Heckman, Richard H. Heilbron, James Hemphill, Allan J. Hendry, Mike Hennessey / Billboard, Dick Herdegen, Ruth Henry, Bonnie Herman, Jules Herman, Mathias C. Hermann, Irwin Hersey, Tad Hershorn, Rene Hess, Bob Hester, Jim Heymann, Dale Hibler, Delores Hicks, James T. Hicks, Thomas Hicks, Eddie Higgins, Marion Higman, Arthur Hilgart, Don Hill, Jack Hill, John W. Hillyer, Jim Hill, Tim Hillyer, Winson Hinkle, Terri Hinte / Fantasy Records, Phil Hodes, Robin Hodes, Paul Hoeffler, Ray Hoffman, Carl R. Hogstrom, Morris S. Holbrook, Nick Hollindrake, Stanton Hollingsworth, Harry Horning, Dr. Thos Horning, Bill Hood, Ern Hood, Lawrence Hootkin MD, Jose Hosiasson, Dougal W. House, Edward Howe, Marceil E. Howells, Ted Howes, John Howker, Art Hoyle, Lee W. Huff, Al & Robbie Hunt, Bill Hunter DDS, Frank Hunter, Jack Hunter, Jocelyn Hunter, Roger Hunter, Leonard Hural DDS, Ron Hurston MD, David & Sandra Hyslop, Institute of Jazz Studies / Rutgers, Audrey Iooss, James Isaacs / WBUR, Stuart Isacoff, Martin Isherwood, Chuck Israels,

Mark Jaben, Donald R. Jackson, Eric Jackson, Phoebe Jacobs, Peter Jacobson, Ron Jessop, Carl Jefferson / Concord REcords, Willard Jenkins, Michael C. Jewell, Gary Johnson, W. Cone Johnson MD, Jim Johnson, J.H. Johnson, Alan E.

Jones, Buddy Jones, Elizabeth Jones, Ernest Jones, Ferdinand Jones, Max Jones, Don Jordan, Karen Jordan, LeRoy Jorgensen, Bert Joss, Ralph Jungheim,

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croft, Richard Ray, Harry Redl, Joyce & Dick Reed, John Reeves, Thomas J. Regan, David R. Rehmyer, Dean E. Reilly, Jack Reilly, Paul Rennie, John L. Renshaw, Michael Renzi, John Rezabeck, Alvino Rey, John B. Reynolds Jr, John M. Reynolds, Brian E. Rice, Frank Rice, Stephen Ricci, Charlie Rich, Lee Richards, Dave Richardson, Sheldon P. Riley, Joseph Rinaldi, C. Rindos, Charles M. Robb, Rick Robinson, Spike Robinson & Betty Weems, Larry Robison, Flora Roberts, Darlene C. Robertson, John Robillard, Betty Mae Rodwin, Terry R. Rogers MD, Martin Rogoff, Claude-Noel Rollet, Peter J. Rompon, David Ronin, Ronald Roselli, Gizmo Rosen, Sam Rosen, Dr. E.M. Rosenberg, Mark Rosenberg, Dr. Harvey Rosenwasser, G. Perry Ross, James Ross, Phil Rose, W. Alan Ross, Donald M. Roun, Jimmy Rowles, Maureen Rowling, Bennett S. Rubin, Allyn K. Rucker, Ann Johns Ruckert, Richard Rudd, Chris Rudolf, Norbert Ruecker, Pete Rugolo, K.C. Rumfitt, Howard Rumsey, Harry Ruskin, Alan Russell, Andy Russell, Tony Russell / Jazz Express, Larry Ruzich KCUR,

Ira Sabin / Jazz Times, Grover Sales, Sally's Place, Jay Samuelsson, Annette Sanders, Buck Sanders, Mike Sandston, San Francisco Public Library, Herb Sargent, Sarasota Jazz Club, Don Saunders, Theodore Saunders, Mary Osborne Scaffidi, Homer Schaaf, Philip B. Schaeffer, Steven Scheuer, Richard Schiavi, John Schreiber, Tom Schmidt, Myron Schiffer, Roger Schore, P.R. Schreil, Donald Schult, Alan P. Schultz, Louis Anthony Schultz, David Schwartz, Mary Schwartz, Bobby Scott, Jo Scott, Wayne Scott / University of Colorado, David Scrivens, Paul Seay, Marilyn & Kevin Seits, Richard Seidel / Polygram Records, Martin Seroy, Bob Seymour, Ed Shanaphy / Keyboard Jazz, Bud Shank, Hal Shaper, Paul Shapiro, John Sharpe, Malcolm Sharpe, Arnold Shaw, Artie Shaw, Beverly Shaw, Kathleen T. Shaw, Peter Shaw / CBC, Harvey M. Scheirr, Don Shelton, L.R. Shelton, Seth Shenfield, Jack Shenfield, Sharon Shepard, Skip Sherman, Ray Sherman / WBNC-WMWV, Richard Shiefel, Sahib Shihab, Ray Shiner, Shannon Shor, Ben Sidran / NPR, Michael Sigrin, Kirk Silsbee, Abe Silverman, Larry Silverman, Nathan M. Silverstein, Robert Silverstein, Matt Simek, Andy & Kay Simpkins, Richard Simpson, Dan Singer / BMI, Sir Arthur Music, Lynn Skinner, Frank Slocum, Jack Smalley, Bob Smith, Bruce R. Smith, C.R. Smith, Hale Smith, Ann Sneed, Rosalie Soladur, Alan Solomon, Robert Solone, Andrew J. Sordoni III, David P. Spadazzi, Sam Spear, Lew Spence, F.J. Spencer, John A. Spoff, Phil A. Sprague, Paul & Sandy Spurgeon, Paul K. Stahnke, Merle Stalder, Gus Statiras, John J. Stauffer, Ron Steeds, Tom Steers, Alan Stein, Burton K. Stein, Julie Steinhauer, George Stell, Michael Stephens, Michael Stept, Bruce Stephenson, Dale Stevens, Ron Stevens, Lynford Stewart, Mort Stine, Corky & Mike Stoller, Richard Stiefel, William E. Stolze, Alden R. Stone, Bob Stone, Douglas R. Stone, Walter N. Stone MD, Gordon A. Stoney, Lewis B. Straus, James Stuart Jr, Bill Stumpf, Albert Streit, Chuck Suber / Columbia College, John and Tillie Sullivan, Larry Sullivan, Bob Summo, Tahir H. Sur, Charles Sutton, Jeff Sweeney, Sylvia Syms, James Szabo, S. Tabur, Frank M. Tack, Kay Tacouni, Toshiya Taenaka,

Douglas Talbert, Richard W. Talleur, Wiley Tarr, Bruce Tater, Billy Taylor, Del Taylor, Michael Taylor, Terry Teachout / New York Daily News, High Fidelity etc., H.H. Teachout, Karl V. Teeter, Dr. Philip Terman, Diane Terry, Pete Terry, Brad Terry, Robert Thiele / Flying Dutchman Records, Bernard B. Thiman, Edmund Thigpen, Chuck Thomas, George B. Thomas, Kurt Thometz, Bruce A. Thompson, G.B. Thompson, Curt Thomson, Will Thornbury, Julia K. Tibbitts, James L. Titchener, Dr. Frank Tirro / Yale University, Ross Tompkins, Loren Toolajian / WQXR, Jo Ann Torporski, Ebbe Traberg, John E. Travalena, Connie Tregenza, C. Treger, Oscar Treadwell / WGUC, Ken Tricebock, Joseph Trimble, Trinity College Library, Nicki Tripodes, Vince Trombetta, George Tudor, William Tully, Jeff Turton / WFNX, Penny Tyler,

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John J. Yanas, Shelley Yoelin, Michael Yonchenko, Anthony Young,

Thomas S. Ziegler, Andrew Zimmermann, George Ziskind, Marshall J. Zucker, Michael Zwerin / International Herald Tribune.

## Grover's Corner

by Grover Sales

Half a century before the birth of Christ, the great Roman orator Cicero warned his countrymen: "To know no History is to remain a child all one's life." Contemporary America is

proof of it.

Stunted by television, our national attention span hardly survives from one day to the next. If Richard Nixon were to run for the presidency in 1992 and get elected, no one should turn a hair. History in our declining school system is replaced by Women's Consciousness, Group Awareness, Creative Divorce, Pebble Collecting, and Macrame. University graduates assume the women's movement started with Betty Friedan, the anti-war movement with Bob Dylan, and the black movement with Martin Luther King.

As a frightening consequence of being divorced from its past, America remains frozen in perpetual adolescence. Like Peter Pan, we have divined the secret of eternal childhood. amplexes instantly suggest themselves in our movies, our music, our news media, in what passes for our national literature, and in our politics.

By his own admission, George Lucas made his *Star Wars* trilogy for a twelve-year-old audience. Rock, punk, and disco are media-manipulated corruptions of jazz and the best of rhythm 'n' blues aimed at armies of rootless children languishing in invincible ignorance of America's classical music from Scott Joplin to Charlie Parker. Cut off from the golden age of cabaret satire from Mort Sahl to Lenny Bruce, a vast audience of culturally deprived thumbsuckers finds hilarity in Dan Ackroyd, David Letterman and, God help us, Pee Wee Herman.

Children well into their thirties consume *Garfield* paperbacks, *E.T.* video cassettes, and tickets to Grateful Dead reunions. *The Boy George Fashion & Coloring Book*, the memoirs of Elvis Presley's widow, and the mystic twaddle of Edgar Cayce are reviewed in the book pages of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Andy Warhol's legacy of garage-sale gimcracks is auctioned off at Picasso prices as a media event. Our best-selling board game is *Trivial Pursuit*. That embodiment of infantile regression, Brooke Shields, is a child molester's fantasy exalted as the sex goddess of the 1980s.

John Wayne could have been elected president with no sweat, being precisely what a nation of twelve-year-olds seeks in a leader -- here come Big John on a white stallion, a gun on his hip, cleaning out the dirty Commie rats. But Big John succumbed to Big C, and the power elite of the Republican Party hired to impersonate the president an actor and idiot-savant who performed so stunningly that after eight years of an "administration" that rendered stand-up political satire obsolete in America, Gallup pollsters found that the overwhelming majority of the electorate would have voted a *third* time for the Great Staggering Booby.

A lot of heavy sugar has been invested in children's movies, children's music, and children's politics, which television has mangled into a form of entertainment. The power elite has played upon the cynical apathy of the Intelligent Minority to disengage them from the political process and thereby insure the squalid triumph of the Bushes and the Quayles in a nation of children whose History lies buried in yesterday's headlines.

-- GS