Gene Lees Ad Libitum

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Vanished Friend

Unthinking respect for authority is the greatest enemy of truth. — *Albert Einstein*

I first heard the name Condoleezza Rice when she was provost of Stanford University. She had studied classical piano and apparently plays, and her family named her vaguely for an Italian musical term meaning in a simple, delicate manner, with softness and sweetness. Anyone who saw her testimony before the 9/11 commission will perceive it is inappropriate for this hard-bitten, arrogant, dismissive harpy lost in illusions of her own superiority when she is in fact a classic example of educated stupidity. Don Imus called her "a horror story." My encounter with her in 1997 cost Stanford the Woody Herman memorabilia and archives.

Grover Sales lectured on jazz history at Stanford, which he did also at various times at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, San Francisco State University, and other schools. Grover's lectures made effective use of his enormous collection of records and an equally wide-ranging archive of photographs, which he projected as illustrations. His lecture on Duke Ellington was outstanding, but then all his lectures were formidably informative.

The institution of jazz training programs at universities has produced generations of skilled musicians, though many of them have a cookie-cutter similarity to each other. Where are they all going to work when the audience has long been shrinking? The universities should be educating the audience as well. But, I have been told by academics, such "survey courses" are not popular. Really? When I did a lecture at the Santa Fe chamber music festival it was the best-attended they had ever had. Grover was there and participated in the discussion.

Grover used to lecture on jazz at the library in Tiburon, California — always to standing-room audiences that were backed up out the door. And he would go anywhere to preach his gospel of American music. He lectured to the very young and the aging as well: he taught at Elderhostel.

He drew on personal experience, having known just about everybody in jazz history. He once did an extended radio interview with Earl Hines as a pilot broadcast for Chevron. Hines sat at the piano and explained what he was doing to Grover, and talked about his past.

I met Grover in the fall of 1959, not long after I became editor of *Down Beat*. I came out to California to cover the Monterey Jazz Festival, which, the critic Ralph J. Gleason assured me, was doing it *right*. Grover was the festival's publicist, a position he held from 1958 to 1964. Gleason, who then wrote for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, said that this new festival was avoiding the quicksand of commercialism in which, he said, the slightly older Newport Jazz Festival was sinking. He was right then; but in time, the Monterey Festival, no longer guided by its founder, the late Jimmy Lyons, would become one of the most flagrantly "commercial" jazz festivals in America. But it was superb in those early years, and Grover represented it with justified pride.

Somebody hung the nickname "Groove" on him, and it gave him an almost childlike pleasure. He was a handsome man whose comportment somehow made him seem taller than his six feet. He had a full head of wavy gray hair. He lived in Belvedere with his wife, architect and art collector Georgia Sales. It's a lovely community, across the Golden Gate Bridge from San Francisco. He was more than a fixture in that area, he was a presence in its culture, a perpetual gadfly.

When Groove died on February 14, 2004, at the age of 84, the *San Francisco Chronicle* carried an obituary by Jesse Hamlin, that said: "Grover Sales, a veteran Bay Area critic, author and teacher who wrote about jazz, movies and cultural politics with passion, knowledge and biting wit, has died of kidney failure at Marin Convalescent Hospital in Tiburon.

"Mr. Sales was a lucid, literate, and opinionated man whose gift for language and pleasure in expressing his often contrarian views delighted and sometimes infuriated readers of his essays and reviews. His work appeared in a wide range of publication over the last 50 years, including *The Chronicle*, *San Francisco* magazine, the *Los Angeles Times*, the *Tiburon Ark*, and *Gene Lees Jazzletter*."

He wrote a book called *Jazz: America's Classical Musc*, published by Da Capo Press, in print since 1984. It is a good brief introduction to jazz. He also wrote, in collaboration with

his wife Georgia, *The Clay-Pot Cookbook*, a Book of the Month Club alternate which has thus far sold nearly 900,000 copies. It has been in print since 1974.

Grover wrote a number of pieces for the *Jazzletter* over the years, including in 1984 a carefully researched essay called *Why Is Jazz Not Gay Music?* Grover consulted (and so did I) the Gay and Lesbian archives of Los Angeles, whose people said they were well aware of the comparative rarity of homosexuality in jazz, particularly in contrast with the classical music world. A high proportion of "classical" composers in the United States, including Leonard Bernstein, Aaron Copland, David Diamond, Virgil Thompson, Giancarlo Menotti, and Samuel Barber, have been homosexual, but you would have trouble counting ten homosexual jazz musicians, a phenomenon on which Ralph Burns, who was homosexual, commented.

There was nothing biased in Grover's piece, he just examined a phenomenon. He was attacked for it by one of the few overtly homosexual jazz musicians, but the piece stands up, even now.

He was born Grover Sales Jr., on October 26, 1919, in Louisville, Kentucky, where his father was a prominent judge. Since it is not Jewish custom to name children after living relatives, and certainly not after yourself, it would seem the father was no more religious or conventional than Grover.

When he was sixteen, Grover heard a radio broadcast by the Benny Goodman band when Gene Krupa was in the drum chair. He told an interviewer years later, "It was a religious experience. I'd never heard anything like it. I went to bed and had a high fever. My mother had to rub my chest with Musterol, and I've never been the same since."

Grover lived in New York City from 1938 through 1940. It was there that he first heard Duke Ellington, specifically *Black and Tan Fantasy*. He said it was "an eerie and hypnotic minor blues that went far beyond Goodman. Immediately I ran to the local record store screaming, 'What have you got by Ellington? Give me all of it.' I have never lost the fever."

He attended the University of California at Berkeley from 1948 to 1951, graduating Phi Betta Kappa. He won a Highest Honors in history award in 1949. As well as being publicist for the Monterey Jazz Festival during its best years, Grover was a publicist for the hungry i, and, at various times, Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk, Charles Mingus, the Royal Ballet, the Bolshoi Ballet, the Budapest String Quarter, Elizabeth Schwarzkopf, Woody Allen, Johnny Cash, Judy Garland, André Previn, Dick Gregory, and Lenny Bruce, surely a disparate lot. But Grover was interested in all these people, and he wrote a movie script called *The Trial of Lenny Bruce* that has yet to be produced. It's based on the transcripts of Lenny's San Francisco trial.

For one of his jazz history classes, Grover designed a retrospective on the life and work of Dizzy Gillespie, whom he lavishly admired and loved. It used photo slides and records of course, but what made this class exceptional was that Dizzy was present. At the end of it, he was almost in tears; I *think* Grover said that he actually was in tears.

He later wrote: "When a clumsy journalist asked Dizzy Gillespie if he ever played any 'serious' music, Dizzy grew serious indeed: 'People have died for this music. You can't get no more serious than that.' Dizzy could have had in mind the plight of jazz fans in the Third Reich, where, if you were caught with records or magazines devoted to what Dr. Goebbels called 'American nigger kike jungle music,' you could be imprisoned — or even shot. This became the subject of the unique 1993 film *Swing Kids*, written by Jonathan Marc Feldman with obvious love and rare authenticity. Following disastrous reviews that revealed more about the critics than the film, it folded after a week in the theaters, but survives on video cassette and on Cable TV.

"Those of us who came of age in the 1930's to embrace big-band swing with religious intensity have no trouble accepting the premise of *Swing Kids*. But reviewers unfamiliar with Mike Zwerin's *La Tristesse de Saint Louis: Swing Under the Nazis* — or the careers of Alfred Lion and Francis Wolff who fled Hitler to found Blue Note Records — found it 'silly' and 'weird.'

"But the film's premise is rooted in fact. At the dawn of Nazi hegemony in the early 1930's, a close-knit band of dissident teenagers, as portrayed in *Swing Kids,* loomed in open rebellion against the regime, united by their adoration of Basie, Ellington, Ella, Django and frenzied jitterbugging in the soon-to-become verboten dance halls of Berlin."

In the first year of the *Jazzletter*, I was introduced to the Czech novelist Joseph Skvorecky, who showed me a short story called *Eine Kleine Jazzmusik*. It is a narrative about a group of young Czech jazz musicians at the time of the German occupation. Contemptuous of the Germans, they stage a jazz concert under their noses, mocking the conquerors. They are taken to a concentration camp and executed, all but their girl singer, who becomes the mistress of a German officer — and stabs him to death in his sleep. The story, Skvorecky told me, was true. That's what Dizzy meant, and those kids weren't the only ones who died for "this music."

Grover was incensed when various movie critics excoriated *Swing Kids*. He wrote: "The reactions of film reviewers who helped to ruin *Swing Kids'* chances for wide distribution seem akin to the notorious attacks on Ellington's 1943 Carnegie Hall premiere of *Black, Brown & Beige* by established music critics languishing in ignorance of the jazz experience. And Benny Goodman's epochal 1938 Carnegie Hall concert goaded the *New York Times'* first-string music critic Olin Downes to write: 'hard, shrill, noisy, monotonous . . . swing of this kind will quickly be a thing of the past.'

"Of the film, Janet Maslin in the *New York Times* wrote: 'Swing Heil is the battle cry of the swing kids, long-haired big-band-loving teenage rebels in Nazi Germany. You may want to read that sentence slowly, just to make sure it does not describe some missing chapters of *Wayne's World* or simply seem too nutty for words.' It escaped Maslin that *Swing Kids* wore long hair, wide English-style trousers, and gaudy ties to signify a dramatic break with the military.

"*New York* magazine's David Denby, from whom we might expect better, said: 'What the naïve filmmakers don't seem to understand is that totalitarianism made rebellion meaningless. No one even noticed.' This amazing argument flies in the face of history: the Nazis did much more than merely 'notice' this musical threat to their ideology.

"In the *Los Angeles Times*, Kenneth Turan found the film 'unsatisfactory from just about every point of view. Awkward, hollow and emotionally heavy-handed, it transforms a sea of movie cliches onto those unfamiliar German shores.'

"Similar was the consensus in the standard video guides. *Video Hound* said: 'There is something disturbingly silly about the entire production.'"

I agree with what Grover wrote about that picture. And the film is corroborated by everything I have ever heard from jazz lovers (including Claus Ogerman) who lived under the Nazis.

Grover didn't suffer fools gladly, and particularly when they were critics. He could be scathing on that subject. He particularly detested the *San Francisco Chronicle*'s music critic John Wasserman, who got drunk and killed himself in a car crash. Grover once called Wasserman "a ganglion of solipsism, the Rex Reed of San Francisco," saying:

"Rex Reed is somebody with no background, absolutely no judgment, and no taste. Rex Reed is a joke and is never taken for anything else. He has a counterpart on every major newspaper who is comparatively young and relates to the young reader — a brash, uninformed, arrogant writer who occasionally has a clever gift for smart-ass journalism and the bitchy aside . . . .

"It's very easy for somebody to write a vicious attack on a bad pornographic movie or a spaghetti western. That doesn't take any special talent. What does is for somebody like Judy Stone to review Bertolucci's *1900* and have a complete and thorough background about Bertolucci and the history of Fascism in Italy. She does her homework . . . .

"There's a great deal of difference between writing a serious piece of criticism about a serious work and making a career out of attacking Marilyn Chambers, Jerry Lewis, and Annette Funicello."

Whatever cause he took up, Grover did so with ardor. In common with some of his neighbors, Grover became incensed by the use of these ghastly noisy leaf-blowing machines by gardeners at ungodly early hours, and they raised the issue with the Belvedere city council. The council gave them a pat on the head and promised to make a study of the matter. Grover asked how come the British could throw out a government and replace it within days and Belvedere couldn't decide a simple issue without a "study." That got him nowhere.

So Grover rented a leaf blower, and on a day of a council meeting he went to the building and started the leaf blower and walked up and down by a window, blowing leaves out of the flower beds. The council of course couldn't hear its own hot air. But that wasn't enough. He went right into the council meeting, with the noisy monster going full blast.

Belvedere passed an ordinance restricting the use of these devices. It became a model for the country, adopted by one community after another. So if those infernal machines have fallen silent in the early hours in your town, you may owe it to Grover Sales.

If he sounds cranky on the subject of other writers, he was uncommonly generous to those he respected. If my attempts over these past years to record aspects of jazz history that seem in danger of being lost, then the jazz world owes Grover a debt. None of this would have happened without him.

He was an early subscriber to the *Jazzletter* and praised it to anyone who would listen. He sent copies of it to a friend named John Fell, who in turn sent them on to James Lincoln Collier in New York. That was about 1986. I couldn't in those days get a book published to save my life, and I was about to fold the *Jazzletter*. Collier, whom I did not know except by reputation as author of one of best jazz histories, took those *Jazzletters* to Sheldon Meyer at Oxford University Press, telling him, "You ought to be publishing this guy." Collier (who would become a very close friend) wrote me a

letter saying that if I would submit an idea to Sheldon Meyer, he thought he might be receptive. I did, and Sheldon published *Singers and the Song*, which got rave reviews. There have been something like sixteen books since then, including my biography of Woody Herman. I owe it all to Grover Sales and Jim Collier, and I told Jim so when I called him recently about Grover's death. He said, "Oh, I think you'd have found some other publisher." I said, "I don't. And had I not found Sheldon, the *Jazzletter* itself would have died."

So you can imagine how I feel about Grover's passing from the scene. Which brings us back to that "horror show" Condi Rice.

Grover's lectures were always leavened by his sense of humor. One of the jokes he told is (purportedly) of East Indian origin.

A lion asks denizens of his jungle who is the king of the beasts. All of them reply that he is. When he poses the question to the elephant, the latter slams him against a tree. As the lion picks himself up, he says, "Just because you don't know the answer, you don't have to get sore."

To Seeta Gangadharan, a senior in international relations, who had done poorly on the midterm, he said, "You should know about that, Seeta." Her mother is Filipino, her father is Indian. She wrote Grover a letter on May 23, 1996, saying she considered the joke "very racist." He wrote back, advising her to spend more time improving her grades and less time nursing imagined grievances. Gangadharan attended classes sporadically. She asked Grover to give her a letter grade. He said that if he did, it would be a D-minus. She lodged a complaint, accusing Grover of racism (and if there was ever a man who was *anti*-racist it was he) and he was dismissed.

The whole matter went up through the system to land on Condoleezza's desk, causing a dust-up in the process. I wrote to her to complain about the dismissal. I got back one of those thank-you-for-your-interest form letters.

At that juncture, Jack Siefert, one of Woody Herman's lifelong friends, was anxious to contribute his collection of Woody Herman material — air checks, manuscripts, pictures, awards — to some appropriate institution. Woody never kept anything; Jack kept everything. I suggested to Jack that, given the value of Grover's lectures, he give it all to Stanford. He contacted them. And after Grover got canned, I urged Jack to take it elsewhere. It is all in the Smithsonian Institution. And I heard about two wealthy Stanford alumni who had given great sums of money to the university. With the dismissal of Grover, they vowed never to contribute another dime.

That's how good Condi's judgment is. For all that is emerging about the present administration — and Grover was so horrified by it that he was thinking of moving with his wife to Amsterdam if George Bush should be re-elected — one of the most terrifying aspects of it is that this ditsy woman is of all incredible things *national security adviser*!

Grover remained an unreconstructed liberal, even after Ronald Reagan pulled the near trick of turning Liberal into a dirty word and destroying a decent political diversity in America. This compared to the record industry's esthetic gerrymandering in redefining rock music and its successor forms as "art." The essential weakness of the liberal mind is that it questions itself; the lethal strength of the conservative mind is that it doesn't. Grover knew this.

Among the many pieces Grover wrote for the *Jazzletter* were two I found especially memorable, one of them on the infantalization of America. In World War II, Grover served as a radio operator with the Army Air Corps in the China-Burma-India theater. He wrote about that in May 1987, and since most of the readers haven't read or don't remember either piece. I would like to reprint them in this issue.

Georgia sent out an exquisite card when he was gone consisting of three lovely photos of Grover and two quotations, one of them from an unpublished autobiography, titled — typically Grover — *Ragtime Cowboy Jew*. "Looking back, I've been lucky to survive the approach of my eighties, lucky in my marriage, my travels, my teachers, my friends and my colleagues, and luckiest and most rare of all, to be able to combine my passion with my career." The other quotation: "And now, that little while, is all my life, and all reality, how long or brief it seems to be."

Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.

Hail and farewell, brother.

The jazz world has lost its most passionate evangelist. I have lost a very dear friend.

Fountain of Youth

By Grover Sales

An overriding phenomenon of the United States after World War II is the discovery of the Fountain of Youth. Or, to put it less charitably, Americans for half a century now have shown a disturbing general tendency to remain frozen in perpetual adolescence.

The emergence and then triumph of pubescent culture was launched by interrelated developments without precedent in history: a population explosion coupled with the sudden breakdown of the "tradition-givers" that once shaped our

national psyche: the family, the church, the school. The wartime emergence of latchkey children and the new mobility of their parents ended The Family as a conveyor of the past. The dizzying decline of our educational system is too apparent to need elaboration here. History has been replaced by courses in Group Awareness, Women's Consciousness, and Forming Resistant Identities. Our so-called school system has graduated a generation that cannot locate Vietnam on the map and doesn't know who was president during the Civil War, but does know who Madonna was playing hide-the-weenie with in any given week.

Commercial television, with an assist from Top Forty radio, has replaced the home, the school, the church as the giver of tradition. In his excellent collection of essays, *Conscious Objections*, Neil Postman noted that television emphasizes patterns of behavior that psychologists have associated with childishness: compulsive consumerism and the obsessive need for the instant gratification of every whim and desire, regardless of the consequences to oneself or anyone else. "Television," continues Postman, "seems to favor a population that consists of three age groups: on the one end, infancy; on the other, senility; and in between a group of indeterminate age where everyone is somewhere between twenty and thirty and remains that way until dotage descends."

A new generation living under the threat of The Bomb's terminal oblivion fell prey to nameless fears and terrors of childhood exquisitely caught by Interlandi, the forgotten cartoonist of the early Cold War; in a strip unpublishable in those grim twilight years by anyone but Paul Krasner's *The Realist*, Interlandi's button-down Everyman encounters the Nuclear Defense poster with its awesome mushroom cloud and the warning: "When the Bomb falls, what will you do?" Like many soldiers facing combat for the first time, he reverts to infancy: "I'd shit."

Jazz people, particularly those who came of age during the Swing Era "when a lot of popular music was good and a lot of good music was popular," as Gene Lees has put it, have long been aware of the proliferation of lucrative musical garbage media-crafted for vast armies of culturally rootless and aliterate children. (Neal Postman defines the "aliterate" as someone who can read but doesn't. Philip Roth estimated that there are 120,000 serious readers of literature in the United States, prompting one book publisher to comment: "He's an optimist.") The rise of rock, rap, and hip-hop and new age, with their concurrent alienation from the culture of the past, are not confined to music but infect the root and branch of American life.

Examples suggest themselves endlessly. George Lucas, by his own admission, made the *Star Wars Trilogy* with a twelve-year-old audience in mind. The top-grossing rental films of the 1980s were *E.T.*, *The Return of the Jedi*, and *Batman*; and thus far in the 1990s, *Jurassic Park* and *Home Alone*, whose $250 million grosses will be topped by *Wayne's World* and *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*. The largest selling board game is *Trivial Pursuit*. A generation that came of age languishing in invincible ignorance of the rich mainstream of cabaret satire from Mort Sahl to Lenny Bruce finds hilarity in Chevy Chase and Bevis and Butthead. The urbane wit of Steve Allen once made his night-time television show the most popular in America with teen-agers, according to a survey done by a magazine for high-schoolers at the time. We have come down to David Letterman.

As for the glories of network radio, in days when national audiences hung on every word of the erudition of Clifton Fadiman, Oscar Levant, and Franklin P. Adams, fielding truly difficult questions, consider the level of today's TV quiz shows. When he was asked if it was he who said, "Radio was theater of the mind, television is theater of the mindless," Steve Allen replied, "I don't know whether I said it, but I certainly agree with it." The late radio, television, and film director Fletcher Markle called television "the haunted fish tank."

The comic pages have dwindled from *Pogo*, with its sharp political satire and delightfully literate whimsy, to *Garfield*.

But it is music that offers the most ominous examples, with lyrics to match: *I Wanna Hold Your Hand, I Can't Get No Satisfaction, You Can't Always Get What You Want, C'mon God and Buy Me a Mercedes Benz,* and *We Don't Need No Education*.

And the sex goddess of the late 1970s was a child molester's fantasy named Brooke Shields.

This phenomenon of infantile regression permeates the political sphere. Television has converted political discourse in the United States into a form of entertainment. The dominant radical right of the Republican Party hired to impersonate the president a movie actor of notoriously limited intellectual resources who performed so stunningly that after eight years of an "administration" that rendered political satire obsolete in America, Gallup pollsters found that the overwhelming majority of a distracted electorate, had the Constitution permitted, would have voted a third time for the Great Staggering Booby.

After World War II, a phenomenon unique in history arose

in the guise of a vast army of semi-literate children divorced from a sense of history, with vast amounts of money to spend, engaged in a total assault on the culture of the elders. A new multi-national entertainment conglomerate that concentrated capital in increasingly fewer hands obeyed the inflexible laws of entrepreneurial capitalism by not merely maintaining the market but increasing the market, to furnish the new media-manipulated youthcult with children's music, children's movies, children's television, children's politics, and the orchestrated media distractions of the sins of Tonya Harding and the familial travails of Di and Fergie.

An unimaginable amount of heavy capital has been dedicated to the profitable business of keeping Americans forever lost in childhood.

Madame Chiang's Piano

By Grover Sales

If you haven't seen the charming South African film *The Gods Must Be Crazy*, do yourself a favor. This beguiling fable tells of the profound culture shock that occurs among the gentle little people of the Kalahari Desert when a Coke bottle tossed from an aircraft plops in their midst.

Something similar may have happened in the Himalayas in World War II.

During what Lenny Bruce and Studs Terkel called "the Good War," I was stationed in the foothills of the Himalayas, known as The Hump to those who had to fly "military materiel" over the awesome heights en route to Chinese troops under Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Chek in his war against the Japanese. Or so we were told by *Time* magazine.

Given the state of propeller aircraft in the early 1940s, the huge loads they carried, and the nearly 30,000-foot Hump they had to clear, the crashes were frequent. My job in an outfit called Search-Rescue was to maintain radio contact with amphibious vehicles — "ducks," as they were called — looking for air crews who had survived these crashes. It was a bleak and lonely job, for no one ever did. One man almost made it. He bailed out in time, but his chute snagged in a tree that left him dangling a few feet from the ground. He panicked and opened his chest strap first, then his left leg strap, only to be hoisted upside down by his right leg strap, which he tried to shoot away with his pistol. By the time our people found him, the ants had left nothing but his bones.

What *Time* didn't report was that the "military materiel" we were flying to Chiang consisted of ice cream, broom handles, Kotex, and potted shrubbery to beautify the palatial palace of Madame Chiang, deified by *Time* as "The Missimo".

Reliable historians, including Barbara Tuchman in *Stillwell and the American Experience in China*, have now made it common knowledge that the corrupt Chiang gang spent more time suppressing social reform than in fighting the Japanese. Chiang and his fantasist supporters in the American government — the "China lobby" — pushed China into the embrace of the Communists. Joe McCarthy blamed our "loss" of China on a sinister coterie of pinkos, homosexuals, and Eastern aristocrats from the State Department, successfully purging from government valuable career foreign service officers who had dared suggest that Chiang was anything less than a dedicated freedom fighter.

The resentment of air crews ordered to fly nearly suicidal missions to bring the Missimo her Kotex reached a height when she arranged for a cargo of a Steinway piano — a full concert grand. But our pilots were not without recourse. They were authorized, when losing altitude over The Hump, to jettison any or all cargo. This was not hard to do, since the aircraft they were flying were adapted B-24 bombers and had bomb bay doors.

Somewhere in the vicinity of Mount Kanchenchunga — height 28,146 feet — the sport flying that mission called out to his crew, "Bombs away!" And down tumbled Madame Chiang's piano.

If a Steinway falls in a forest, does anyone hear?

Suppose it landed outside the cave of an Abominable Snowman. Keeping in mind the rise of the Cargo Cult in New Guinea during that war, did Steinway become worshiped as the first Jewish god of the Orient? Did the Yeti anticipate a Second Coming? If so, they hadn't long to wait. Within a month, another full Steinway concert grand was lifted into a B-24 for Madame Chiang.

And once again the pilot unloaded over The Hump.

The pilot's name, as I recall, was Ogden; I wish I could remember his first name. But he was a stone jazz fan, and we used to talk about music. I couldn't wait to corner him.

"Ogden — could you hear it?"

"Oh Christ yes!" he said.

"What did it sound like?"

"Man," he said reverently, "it was like the first time I heard Art Tatum. I couldn't believe such sounds could come out of a piano."

— GS