

Letters to the Editor

Various Authors

1967

Open Letter to Frank Kofsky:

Your article called "The Jazz Scene in America" [[http://\[FE #18, November 15-30, 1966\]\[FE #18, November 15-30, 1966\]\]](http://[FE #18, November 15-30, 1966][FE #18, November 15-30, 1966]])] was three columns of misinformation.

For your information, of which you need much, there has not been a succession of saxophone players in my band since Joe Maini died. There has only been one other than Frank Strozier, who is in the band now, and that was Charlie Kennedy, a starving jazz musician and the father of six children. I didn't look to see what color he was. I listened, something I gather that you never do. Many musicians felt Charlie had enough OBVIOUS talent to be a great alto player if given a chance.

Teddy Edwards was asked to join my band when Joe died, but he said he was too busy with his own work.

What qualifications do you have to tell me who has and who has not "obvious" talent? I don't need a non-musician who obviously doesn't know anything about jazz, except what he overhears musicians say, to tell me or the public what is good and what is "bullshit."

In the course of a year more Negro than white musicians are employed at the "Manne Hole." it's hard enough to keep a jazz club open without your vile, false insinuations creating a problem which does not exist in this specific place. You seem to be quoting somebody else all the time. Anyone who writes as you do, on so serious a subject, to just get whatever he writes printed is King "Bullshit."

You do not have the slightest notion about what's required in the studios. Reading what you say is like watching a Hollywood version of a jazz musician's life; all "bullshit." Ask Ray Brown, Plaz Johnson, Bill Green, Bob Bryant, Red Callendar, Al Mckibbon, Buddy Collettee, Quincy Jones, Benny Carter.

You are an evil LITTLE man, bigoted, prejudiced, who is as much as anyone I could name, using the plight of the Negro to further his own ends.

Words are cheap to you. You use jazz, not help it. You sell hatred, not music.

Shelley Manne
Hollywood, Calif.

To the Editor:

I just had my physical today and think I've hit upon a cool way to possibly get rejected or at least a way to get the draft board kats worried.

One of the forms that they give you to fill out has a list of about 500 clubs and organizations that they ask you if you'd ever joined, donated money to or helped. They also ask whether you subscribe to any periodical published by any of these groups. If the answer to any of the questions is "yes" you're supposed to write down details.

I remembered at one time I'd had a subscription to THE MILITANT which is published by the Socialist Worker's Party, so I wrote down yes.

When I finished my form the MC of the place read it very carefully and said that I'd have to come downstairs and talk about it.

Some old bag down there asked me to write down why I'd had a subscription to it, so I wrote down that I'd needed it for information for a paper on Vietnam I was writing.

She said that in that case it was OK with "school and all," that that wasn't what they had in mind when they wrote the question and that I could cross out my "yes" and put down a "no" (that I'd never subscribed). I refused on the grounds that it didn't matter what they had had in mind, the fact was that I had subscribed, and to write "no" would be a lie (and I would be subject to 5 years in jail and/or a \$10,000 fine).

She argued that it'd be easier for me (and her) if I wrote down "no" because otherwise I'd have to be detained overnight (U.S. Govt. pays room, board and transportation) because they'd have to have the FBI in to question me. Finally she gave up and told me to go see the major.

After a lengthy silent period of study and thought the major finally said that because I'd done it for school "and all" that he guessed I wouldn't be a security risk and wouldn't be rejected.

Interesting, huh? Now what do you think would happen if instead, I'd

1. Had subscriptions to more than one publication—as many as I could?
2. Given my reason for subscribing to the publications as that I'm tired of "canned" and "censored" releases about the war and would like to read the "truth"?
3. Contributed a buck or so to one of the organizations listed?
4. Was or had been a member of one or more of the organizations?

If they got that excited over just having a subscription, think of what they have done if I'd done the above! Get the picture? Name Withheld (Sorry about not enclosing my name, but if you publish this and my draft board found out, I'd be up shit creek!)

To the Editor:

Since moving from Detroit to San Francisco, all I have to do all day (I work at the famous, swinging S.F.P.O. at night) is sit around, draw Dr. N 20 strips for the *Berkeley Barb*, and wonder where IT'S HAPPENING (since I don't live in Berkeley).

Well, then, just last week I wandered into the psychedelic shop (actually I was trying to hide to escape the mean stares of all the policemen outside who noticed that I had forgotten to shave that morning) and I came across a copy of the Fifth Estate!

Now I know where IT'S AT: right back where I started from, in Detroit! So here's my check for a year's subscription, please.

Yours Yearning For More News from Home,
Ken Eatherly
San Francisco

To the Editor:

John Sinclair's article on the "Great Narco Bust" was sick [FE #20, December 15–31, 1966. The author is listed as LEMAR—Online Archive note]. I used to blow grass myself, so I can see where I am qualified to talk about it. There is a great surprise in store for those who smoke pot on the expectation of entering a world of great enlightenment. IT WON'T HAPPEN.

Pot is unquestionably a great high, and you can get some really great thoughts from it. Nine times out of ten, however, the would-be grass-guru just gets silly. Grass is just no substitute for a cool mind. If you don't have it, grass can't give it to you.

For example, I read a review of a jazz record that Mr. Sinclair wrote while stoned out of his head. It was great. Stoned or straight, John Sinclair is a good writer.

On the other hand, a kid with whom I used to smoke acted like a three year old whenever he was high. He would giggle endlessly and make a nuisance of himself. When he was straight, he was only mildly childish. The point is you get out of it what you put into it, greatly amplified. Grass just isn't for everybody.

Yours with fearless courage of conviction,
Name Withheld

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