

438 West 116th
New York 27 N Y
October 2

Dear Stanley

Just a couple of lines to say hello. Don't be puzzled by the arrival of a package of trifling souvenirs of Cairo. The long shoe horn is yours, so you won't have to stoop over. It's some kind of stag bone, carved. The big leather purse is ~~Mary~~ Marian's, the ~~two~~ two little ones are for the bairnies -- I think the green one for Amaryllis, the red for April, although they can take their choice. Just trifles, not worth even a thankyou.

Nothing new. My trip to Bloomington in August was plenty revealing. Maybe I wrote you about it. Bain wouldn't discuss the matter -- "I do what I do, the way I do it, and that's my way, and I don't want to discuss it". The Great Dictator. Very complimentary about my abilities, stood ready to recommend me in the highest possible terms, bla bla bla, all that tommyrot. He admitted that he could have made a mistake -- "I don't claim that everything I do is right, but that's the way I do things, and I have to stick by them". Certainly the university faculty as a whole was very disturbed. Also many of the administrators, who tried to protest, but to no good. Wells, who appointed Bain, stands behind him in his decisions, right or wrong, whether they make a stink or not. The local AAUP, too, is taking up the matter. Also two guys high up in the law department, A request for a hearing by the Board of Review has been made, to Wells. I just heard from him that he has no objection to a hearing. Birscoe, dean of faculties, finally admitted that the whole thing may have been unjust and that I should ask for a board of trustees investigation. He started by trying to defend the position of the univ. but couldn't keep it up under the barrage I let him have. Admitted Bain had no business keeping me around for five years unless he did intend to give me tenure. Apparently Bain told them I was a composition teacher and that he no longer had need for one, and wanted a piano man, instead, hence Foster. They fell for it!

There was an opening at Barnard, due to Frank Sheridan's illness. Poor guy got an attack of coronary this summer. I went after it, but Goldsand was ahead of me. Anyway,

he already had a foothold.

I think I might just as well forget the academic world, and try to make a go of it again teaching privately. Or chuck the whole music game and go into some business. I thought of setting up a studio in Indianapolis and selling paintings on the side. I can get a good stock from Micky. Why not?

However, the Lebanon thing may still come through. It went sour for a while, and there was a change of government -- a sort of bloodless revolution -- but it may revive again. In the meantime, I sit in New York, bored to extinction and nervous as all hell.

The national AAUP will take at least a year to act.

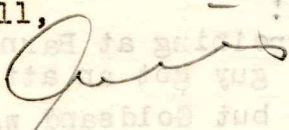
I'm just unlucky, Stanley, and I might just as well resign myself to it. After getting a good job, it had to be tied up with a bastard director. I got a Guggenheim and suffered for years afterwards. I got a Fulbright and landed in a police state of a country -- and then lost my job. I got another job in Beirut, and then the mails went sour and no contract arrived, although it was supposed to have been sent. During this last year, between here and Egypt and Beirut, at least a dozen letters, some of them very important, were lost. But the one from Bain didn't.

I got a distinct feeling, at I U, that they wouldn't have been glad if that letter had never been sent but having stuck their neck out they didn't want to pull it back for fear of losing face. Up to May Bain kept up a pretense with the faculty that I was coming back.

Enough of it.

Have a fine year! Lots of success in your work, and lots of fun, too. I just heard from Mary Helen. Apparently the routine of married life is about to bear fruit. It may put a crimp in her married life, but it will make her very happy. She loves kids. *(Piano)* Something is happening to my typewriter -- the keys are sticking. Hence the horrible mess.

My best to you all,



438 West 116th St

N Y 27
N Y

Saturday

Dear Stanley

Just got your letter. I was in Indiana for nearly two weeks. Went there about Aug 20 intending to stay only a few days, but I had lots of conferences, etc. which kept me there considerably longer. I also scouted around in Indianapolis (Butler-Jordan) but there don't seem to be any possibilities for this year. Walter Whitworth said he would help me get pupils if I decided to set up in Indianapolis this year. But I've been waiting for the Lebanon thing to come through. I got a cable nearly two weeks ago saying the preliminary contract had been airmailed -- and so far there's no sign of it. I sent off another cable yesterday. I think I must have spent some two hundred of my small reserve of bucks in cables, long distance calls, etc.-- all without result so far.

While in Indiana I was persuaded to see Bain by the acting Dean of faculties, who is a friend of mine, B greeted me more or less normally and attempted a normal conversation, but when I got on the subject he refused to talk. He said he did things that way and maybe he was wrong, but that was the way he did things and he just didn't want to talk. Refused pointblank. So I walked out. He is without doubt the biggest double crosses and blackguard in the business. I then found out why Sevitzky sent me such a pleading letter not to take any action against Indiana -- no action at all, no claims for a year's salary, no thing. I believe there is a cooked up deal between him, and Bain, involving Sidney Foster. Here's the lowdown: The Indiana outfit appeared at the Murat last year and are to re-appear next year. Sevitzky got an honorary doctor's degree from I U this year! Next year, he is taking Sidney Foster on tour. I wouldn't be surprised if Sevitzky, who is friendly to Sidney, worked the deal for him with Bain, not realizing that it would stab me at the same time. You figure out the rest of it!

I found the faculty and most of the administration at I U entirely on my side. The two deans of the graduate school, the acting dean of faculties, etc. I put the matter in the hands of the local AAUP chapter, as well as the AAUP in Washington. The two law department heads are strong and active in the faculty council, and they are taking up my case. They are all persuaded that Bain pulled a stinker and shouldn't be allowed to get away with it. Unfortunately Wells was away so I couldn't see him. Finally, before I left, Briscoe, the Dean of faculties, returned and I had a long talk with him. He started out by defending the university's position but he couldn't keep up that line for long. He finally broke down and admitted that perhaps they were wrong but that he himself had been caught in the middle and didn't know what to do. He suggested that I demand to have matter thrashed out by the board of trustees, or the faculty council! I have reasonable expectations that I might get compensated, if I stay here on the job and fight the case. Whitworth said he would boycott the music school in his paper from now on, unless they did the decent thing.

I got the impression that the matter would have been corrected in my favour if it had not gone so far. But Bain can't back down, he thinks, without losing face!! The university, generally, was hasty in making cuts. They now find that enrollment may be up next year instead of down! Bain is thinking, apparently, of hiring still another piano teacher -- a certain Frigoni who got fired from Baylor, Texas, for pederasty. Apparently, Bain has a technique in taking on people who got the axe elsewhere, thereby surrounding himself with people who are grateful to him! Quite a technic.