popular music was the first art form (although I didn't think of it as such then) to influence me, and the first I personally manifested, singing all the words to Three Little Fishes when I was a small boy in the nineteen-thirties. there was a late Sunday afternoon/early evening radio show where divas like Jeanette Macdonald and Gladys Swarthout would sing Smoke Gets In Your Eyes, All The Things You Are, We'll Be As Close As Pages In A Book, etc, my response, being, these were songs written by adults, sung by adults, for adults only, and if I'd probed my nascent critical consciousness, done a little bit too melodramatically for my tastes.. but the songs, nevertheless, due to their melodies, and more unconsciously, their meanings, sunk in.

fast forward to the war years – radio, movies, Frank Sinatra and the Hit Parade – everything from the great standards like Laura, Long Ago And Far Away, to mediocrities; maudlin ballads and novelty songs that failed to transcend their time. and I knew the lyrics to all of them. of course it wasn't that simple. artifacts that fail to transcend their times evoke their times and therefore have meaning for just that reason.

popular music to me was, without thinking about it, an integral part of modern life. as a boy the music of George Gershwin, Irving Berlin, and others, who I knew were Jewish, gave me the sense that being Jewish was an authentic part of being American, and that the detractors who'd denigrated Gershwin's music were motivated by a need to deny that.

in my puberty years, late 40s, early 50s, the relationship between mainstream popular music and jazz had waned into watered down versions of swing, and hit records that reflected stasis more than movement, as mainstream popular culture entered the early phase of the rock era. it was also a time when Jimmy Van Heusen, Victor Young, and other important contributors to the Great American Songbook, much of it from movies, were writing some of their best songs. it would be difficult to find a jazz album of the 50s, playing primarily standards, that did not have a Van Heusen song in it – Darn That Dream, Imagination, Here's That Rainy Day, Polka Dots And Moonbeams, Deep In A Dream, Like Someone In Love, But Beautiful.

what is the Standard American popular song about? it is about being modern. *"my people are American. my time is today,"* Gershwin has been quoted as saying. even the same words have different symbolic meanings in modern popular music and country – a railroad for instance in the former represents the speed and rhythm of modern urban life, while in the latter it represents nostalgia. in the past purists had denigrated urban industrial music Tin Pan Alley and it's later manifestations as merely a product of commerce. is there really a difference between urban and rural music in terms of authenticity?

connoisseurs all have their own lists, and certainly on mine, if I had one, would be one of the more obvious choices, Cole Porter's Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye. there are a number of reasons, of course, a song may comprise one list or another – melody, lyrics, the particular time and association related to

the song. I recall the first time I listened to it, June Christy singing, and Stan Kenton playing the piano, how affected I was by the opening phrase of the chorus, *ev'ry time we say goodbye I die a little,* having a singularly startling and sobering effect due to the use of the verb in the context of a danceable melody. unlike many of the other great standards, I can't think of a definitive reading of Porter's tune, however. Coltrane's version comes close in feeling, but he played it on soprano sax giving it a high pitched somewhat tinny sound, and McCoy Tyner's dainty tiptoeing solo did little to unearth the song's deeper intent. strange and surprising as it may seem I don't believe Bill Evans ever recorded a solo, or trio, version. it's also interesting that it was Porter who wrote this, perhaps, most emotionally straight song in the entire history of the canon, to begin with, as his bent was to elicit poignancy obliquely, through sophistication of the exotic, erotic, sensual. the dramatization, however, is very much Porter. *there's no love song finer/but how strange the change/from major to minor/ ev'ry time we say goodbye).*

when I was in high school ('49-'52) the Frankie Laine version of Lucky Old Sun, to my surprise a song Sinatra later recorded, and very recently was done by Bob Dylan, was a big hit. I played it on the guitar with the 4 chords I knew. but could one call it an American standard? one could call anything, anything. but to me it was a sentimental quasi-folk or country, song, churned out by the record industry primarily to exploit a then current quasi-folk and country trend, The Tennessee Waltz, sung by Patti Page (and much later by Leonard Cohen), being the most successful , no more authentic than the Eddie Fisher, Dinah Shore, Jo Stafford,

Four Aces, etc., commercial hits at that time. although a few of the more culturally diverse students at my high school were starting to listen to so-called race music. and a few who played in retro bands were into Benny Goodman, Lionel Hampton, Gene Krupa or Buddy Rich, although that era of music had already basically passed, I doubt anyone there had heard of Miles Davis or Charlie Parker.

but the change was already taking place following the example of be bop, as small jazz groups replaced the big dance bands. in the intimacy of the small clubs the works of Kern, Gershwin, Porter, and Rodgers & Hart (particularly), were being rediscovered by a generation not even born when many of the songs were written..

in the fifties I discovered Rodgers & Hart long after I first knew Rodgers and Hammerstein who I listened to as a boy – we had the album to the musical Oklahoma, and It Might AS Well Be Spring from the film, State Fair, was one of my favorite songs at the time, and later so was Bewitched and Blue Moon which I listened to as a teenager. the lyrical, but melancholy, sensibility of Richard Rodgers and Larry Hart songs were particularly identifiable to me in my late teens and young adult years. there was an urbane sophistication and poignancy to them, that though written in the twenties and thirties, seemed contemporaneous to the life I was living – Bewitched, Glad To Be Unhappy, It Never Entered My Mind, Little Girl Blue, My Funny Valentine. this was the flip side to the lyrical flow of Gershwin, but just as modern. because of the male dominant treatment of the latter song, people may not realize when it debuted in the 1937 musical, Babes In

Arms, a woman sang it to a man!

some jazz musicians, then, liked to say the song didn't matter in itself and just provided the chord changes to improvise on. yet, I believe it was Ben Webster who once just stopped playing in the middle of a ballad, and when asked why, said, "I forgot the words."

how much does the lyricist set the tone of the song? there's a marked difference in the tone and meaning of the songs Richard Rodgers wrote with Lorenz Hart and the songs he did with Oscar Hammerstein II, whereas the songs Jimmy van Heusen wrote with Eddie de Lange and, later, Johnny Burke, were similar in tone. the creative tension between Rodgers and Larry Hart was palpable, and phrases like *you have what I lack myself, and now I even have to scratch my back myself*, may very well, in addition to everything else, have reflected their actual relationship with each other. the songs with Hammerstein tended to be more cheerful operetta like slices of Americana, than the songs of love, frequently melancholy and unrequited, he did with Hart. of course they were written in different eras.

growing up with the American Standard, I generally took the lyrics of a song for granted. although I did recognize the importance of the lyric's interdependency with the melody, in conveying the song's meaning, I viewed the words as cliché's until one day when I was in my late teens, and had listened to Chet Baker sing his version of the Gershwin song, But Not For Me, and had subsequently looked at the lyrics on the sheet music, I had a mild epiphany while reading the last phrase of

the chorus, *although I can't dismiss/the memory of her kiss/I guess she's not for me*. the juxtaposition of the formal, *I can't dismiss* with the more colloquial, *memory of her kiss*, I found very enervating, and from then on saw song writing as something to explore. in the soundtrack album for the movie, Manhattan, while listening to the New York Philharmonic playing the one chorus (1:10) But Not For Me (last cut), hearing it played by a symphony orchestra, made clear the romantic antecedents – the musical phrase in But Not For Me which corresponds to the lyrics, *with love to lead the way/I've found more skies of grey/than any Russian play could guarantee*, rising urgently, repeating itself, then resolving, links the Gershwin song to Mahler – tragic, lyrical, romantic.

notable, also, though not exclusive to that format, is its capacity for a wide range of interpretation and meaning. Cole Porter's How Could We Be Wrong, from the 1933 musical, Nymph Errant, for instance, went from a trivial foxtrot sung by crooners of the period to a moving ballad by Maude Maggart from her album, With Sweet Despair.

no, it's not always the best songs that evoke the strongest memories. the first songs I remember dancing to, for instance, were, Again, in my mind, a mediocre ballad, which reached near the top of the charts with versions by Doris Day, and Mel Torme, and Rodgers & Hammerstein's classic, Some Enchanted Evening, poignantly sung by opera singer, Ezio Pinza, both circa, 1948-9. the former was at an after school ritual called Co-ed Dancing, the one time I got up the nerve to go – faux sex walk with a girl with big tits named Vera. its

recollection brings back images and auras of Louis Pasteur JHS and the area around it – the scent of night blooming jasmine, La Cienega Park and Pool, etc. the latter was a party at a friend's house – a stiff shuffle with a girl who called herself `Joy', but whose given name was Helen (the same name as my mother's). it was the party itself, in his parent's Tiki decor den which was the signifier. no chaperones. rum and cocoa ooh la. and while I then thought the worst of the song, which in my adolescent mind, seemed both pretentious and arcane, I've since been moved, both by the beautiful melody, and the portent of the truly prophetic lyrics, more than a half century later.

the Standard American Song had been a catalyst in my early years. through all the junk on the charts there was Sinatra singing Laura, Mel Torme singing Bewitched and Blue Moon, and Nat Cole singing Embraceable You. I had the King Cole Trio 78 of Embraceable You when I was in high school, a song of course I knew, having grown up with the schlock Holly-wood musicals. but it was the way he sang it, so smooth and mellow I felt the same way about his version of For All We Know, which was on a 10 inch LP re-issue of Trio 78s a few years later. Cole, Sinatra, Mel Torme and Chet Baker, were kind of emotional guides, who both cut into, and defined, the banality of everyday life in the early 50s. it corresponded to my first adolescent vision-fixation, that `Juliet is the sun', which aside from moment to moment hedonism, was my first, at least conscious, raison d'etre. in fact, I have a specific recollection of when the idea first presented itself to me. it was my first semester in Junior high school. one afternoon I had just left my house, and was walking down the street, looking at the sky, when I had this epiphany, that the female

image (mated to the cosmic universe) was the motivating factor in my life. from that day on for many years, my conscious aspiration was to be a lover.

from David Raksin's description of how a Dear John letter from his wife precipitated the creation of Laura: "all I could make of it was that it said something I didn't want to hear. so I put it in my pocket and hoped it would go away. by Sunday night I knew my big chance was fading fast (Preminger had given him the weekend to come up with an alternative to Sophisticated Lady – or else!). I really didn't believe in any of the themes I had written.. from the time I was a boy, when music wouldn't flow I would prop up a book or a poem on the piano and improvise… I took the letter out of my pocket, put it up on the piano and began to play. suddenly the meaning of the words on the page became clear to me: she was saying hail, farewell, better luck next life and - get lost! knowing that, I felt the last of my strength go, and then – without my willing it – I was playing the first phrase of what you know as Laura."

All The Things You Are is one of the first genuine classic American love songs I remember hearing. the romantic 19th century lyricism with its arcane lyrics has to this day served as the archetype for songs of this genre. yet, at the same time, the flow of its line with its chord modulations, lent itself to being swung in a way other great standards such as Rodgers and Hart's, Wait Till You See Her, or Jimmy van Heusen's, But Beautiful, for instance, could not, made it particularly adaptable to jazz. a great song played by tenor or alto saxophone – not sung. every prominent jazz innovator who's ever played a standard, has recorded it, so it's odd that Kern is on record as having said he didn't like jazz interpretations of his music,

and, in fact, was against all non-theatrical presentations of his work.

one evening while still in my teens, before dinner when I was laying on my bed, staring at the ceiling, room dark except for a red night light on for atmosphere, listening to Gerry Mulligan's version of Moonlight In Vermont, my father looked in and said, "it sounds like an opium den in here." it did.

The Nearness Of You – every aura belongs to the age when you first come into something. when your belief and ability to respond are strongest. art would be nothing without aura to transport you. with jazz, that would be the pre-drug (for me) days of the 50s. the richness, the brilliance, the darkness of jazz. the darkness of the clubs. I was drawn to it. the way a ballad was played. a cool tenor sax. there was an aura of junk. I was getting the drug experience without knowing it. it all came back to me one morning when I listened to Warne Marsh's tenor sax on the radio. jazz was the first art form I consciously cultivated from the beginning. the first Modern Jazz musician I ever heard was Jimmy Guiffre (at the second and last meeting of the UCLA Jazz Club, hosted by art curator to be, Walter Hopps) in 1953. he sounded very abstract. I didn't know what to make of it. but it was the fluidity with which the music was played that first drew me to it. this is what made it different from the more static, operatic, popular song that was dead ending into the Rock era. in the beginning, it was also the `cool' image. the first improvised solo I really listened to was Art Pepper's Over The Rainbow, on the Shorty Rogers 10 inch LP, Modern Sounds. jazz rescued the standard (love) from banality. it not only energized

it, it made it rich, regal, and sublime.

(ironically when I did get into drugs those songs and the culture they embodied, for the most part, ceased to have meaning for me as I evolved, progressively, into experimental music and film, and perhaps, regressively, into pop music and culture.)

the history of jazz is inextricably intertwined with the history of the standard American popular song, dating back to the beginning of the last century. although first issued as sheet music, recorded on rolls and `78 discs, played on the radio, performed in movies, Broadway musicals, in the dance halls, and most important, in the clubs, for me my most profound and meaningful moments with the standard American songbook was the hours listening to it alone (as with all music) on vinyl jazz LP records."

in 1943, the film The Sky's The Limit, starring Joan Leslie and Fred Astaire was released. I, as a boy, expecting, because of the cast, a traditional musical, was looking forward to seeing it when it opened at the long gone Fox Beverly which was on the corner of Beverly Drive and Wilshire in Beverly Hills, then disappointed when it turned out to be a black and white non-musical with a few songs thrown in. one of the songs, however, Harold Arlen/Johnny Mercer's, Shining Hour, made a deep impression on me. my recollection of hearing it, due to a genetically deficient but creative link of memory, was of Joan Leslie standing in her darkened boudoir, wearing a negligee, singing it as a homage to her lover, a pilot, who had just been killed in action, evidently a total fantasy on my part (I never was very good with plots) when, in fact, the movie

was a romantic comedy, Astaire (whose facial structure I associated with the comic book superhero, Submariner) playing an insouciant world war II pilot intent on stirring up some (romantic) action with a female reporter while on leave. as in her other films, I might add, Leslie's singing voice was dubbed (as I later found out) by Sally Sweetland. many years later while doing time in the Navy, stationed on a carrier (same ship and same division the Doors' Jim Morrison's admiral father commanded not too many years later), during a night of rough seas, I climbed down to the ship's `hobby shop' and after searching amongst the meager record collection, found two Chris Connor albums, the only jazz albums they had, on which was some of her best stuff – Trouble Is A Man, All About Ronnie, Blame It On My Youth, and….Shining Hour, a hip, low swinging version, and the effect of hearing this song for the first time since I saw the movie when I was nine, totally transformed by Connor, midst living in a universe where shipmates would relax after duty, plugging their twangy guitars into the many electrical outlets on the hangar deck, calling forth this fantasy image buried in my psyche, while transformed into the present when I conceived of myself as a wholly different person, far removed from the one I perceived myself to be, either as a boy, or in the cool jazz world I inhabited beginning with late adolescence, was a sensation existing on complex, not entirely accessible levels… indescribable. I'd mildly had this experience (triggered by music) one other time a few years earlier, the sensation brought forth while listening to Chet Baker play an up tempo version of the Kern/Gershwin, Long Ago And Far Away, from the 1944 musical, Cover Girl. again it was that gap between who I was as a ten year old boy, and who I was in my late

teens in 1953, creating this indescribable sensation of having activated something dormant with nothing intervening in between, something totally unrelated to what I'd become. I might add, Rita Hayworth didn't sing, either. it was the voice of Martha Mears dubbed onto that song. I must emphasize these were not instances, primarily, of nostalgia. when Bill Evans/Scott La Faro, for example, played the Victor Young /Ned Washington song, My Foolish Heart, it was nostalgic because his contemplative, rather than expressive, introspection, was a shared feeling with the listener bringing back that moment in time which, for me, was , I recall vaguely, dancing to the song at a backyard party of a girl I was dating around 1951, the introspective tempo speaking of melancholy and loss, the slow dance, reawakening the fragile, long forgotten, and heretofore unreachable, auras of that night.

once when I dropped by George Herms' house late at night, as I periodically did in the sixties when we were both living in Topanga Canyon, I brought along a Benny Goodman Sextet album, as much for this great cover photo of Charlie Christian, as for the music. and after playing some of it, before I left, George asked me if he could borrow it. although I had pretty much stopped listening to jazz for a while at this time, I ended up borrowing his Stan Getz/J.J. Johnson, Jazz At The Opera House. a couple of visits later, George still wasn't done listening to it, so we automatically agreed to call it a trade. one track, of Getz, solo, blowing the Rodgers & Hart song, It Never Entered My Mind, a breathless and intimate moment of unsurpassed balladeering, weaving the delicate thread of feeling and memory *(wish that you were there again, to get into my hair again)* from a very different time in my life into the present, was more than compensation.

The Girl I Love Is On A Magazine Cover – when I was ten, my mother (after a fight with my father), told my brothers and I to put on our dress clothes after dinner , and took us on the bus up to the Pantages, to see the movie, Cover Girl. partly because of the unusual circumstance, and partly because of the movie, itself, which included a typically corny plot, a gorgeous simulation of Modern(e)ity in the form of a dreamy fashion magazine sequence, and a great love song, Long Ago And Far Away, the movie became a mythic milestone in my movie going past. I guess, seeing it in a more lavish theater than the neighborhood movie house, midst the neon dazzle of Hollywood Blvd., added to the glamour, and further enhanced the aura. I didn't think of it at the time, but I suppose I felt my mother's brief independence was mine, also.

whether For All We Know, sung by June Christy at sundown, is a cliché or a deeply moving experience, depends on your receptivity at the moment you hear it. furthermore, it's not the passion in these transformed moments to which we respond, but a puritanical form of love. a song is <u>not</u> a poem. the tritest lyric and the most pedestrian melody, combined, can evoke a moving and meaningful response. when perceived together, the craft and resourcefulness of each element, interrelated, takes on a meaning that could not exist separately most of the great love songs are redeemed clichés. this is as true of Bob Dylan, Paul McCartney, and Jim Morrison, as it is of Ira Gershwin Larry Hart, and Irving Berlin. this doesn't mean to say that any given line or phrase wouldn't be great in a poem, or as influence or inspiration for one.

I know an angel on the east side of heaven who lives in a third

story room. she sits on the rooftop and dreams in the dark while the lights of New York are in bloom. all through the day-time it's the same old Manhattan when evening again sets me free. then I turn off Broadway to the eastside of heaven where an angel waits for me. I first heard it as a boy. my father said it was his favorite song. although arcane, the imagery made an impression once, in the sixties, when I did a few girlie collages, while rummaging around in a used bookstore on Alvarado St., looking for material, I came across an edition of Black Lace, the high end of the girlie mag trade. as in all the other features, otherwise naked women posed in (and out of) black lace underwear. but there was a text to this one – the lyrics to my father's song. the presentation was sentimental. it was not parody. it was meant to be arty, poetic. of course I experienced the pot head twist in this bizarre coincidence. but after cutting out all the pictures I threw them away. it just wasn't something I could either absorb or display.

but I feel so gay in a melancholy way it was a rainy day after school. 1945. the voice of Margaret Whiting singing It Might As Well Be Spring on the radio. I was in the breakfast room, looking out the window at the grey sky, the rain pelting the puddles in the street and vacant lots and the flowers, which seemed oddly cheerful, inundated in the heavy showers. hot Ovaltine and angel food cake. a partially finished jigsaw puzzle on a card table in the living room. the landscape outside, boundaries obliterated, totally transformed into a Charles Burchfield painting.

partly because of his early death there was an aura about

George Gershwin that was special. in his clean image, forever young and handsome, he embodied the fast track life that was the portrayal of the romantic, somewhat androgynous, yet essential, modern American man – of course, automatically assumed white. that he was Jewish, as I mentioned earlier, played no small role in my identification with him and his music. the first time I was genuinely moved while listening to a classical music composition as a boy, was 10:35 minutes into his Rhapsody In Blue, when the full orchestra briefly launched into the one truly romantic theme in the piece, then abruptly stopped, returning to the percussive orchestral and piano Latin, jazz, themes. it was very moving and very effective. a thrill was also evoked upon hearing the solo clarinet's opening trill and ascending notes. it's hard not to believe Gershwin wasn't intuiting his death when he wrote what turned out to be, evidently, his last song, Our Love Is Here To Stay (Ira Gershwin wrote the lyrics to it after his brother's death), which asserts the transcendent power of love over materiality, even death. the basic subtext in the songs of all the 20th century American songwriters were stories about being modern, i.e., romance mated to the material, but with a lightness and grace of motion that illuminated the ethereal, embracing the poignancy and impermanence of life, and by implication, the inevitability of death.

there is an illusiveness of feeling and meaning for me to the Frank Loesser song, *I've Never Been In Love Before* that I've never until this moment quite put the whole together. the song was a duet sung by Sky Masterson and Sister Sarah Brown in the 1950 musical, Guys And Dolls. my first exposure to it, however, was the George Shearing Quintet instrumental

version in 1954. it was the auras of that version which evoked in me, for some reason, the narcotic attitudes of the West Coast Jazz scene. Chet Baker recorded it in 1956. his version of the song is the most seductive rendering of a classic American Standard ever done, the aura it conveyed almost spiritual porn. strange I would read into its intimacy in such a manner – seductively subtle smut behind the tender façade. but it is that, the disembodiment, that gives it its strong aura and is what made Chet's singing unique. and it was my sense of that era that affected me, moving me into a newer, less naively idealistic pre-hipster stage, which was the point.

a recorded listening moment worth remembering is Paul Desmond's solo on The Way You Look Tonight from the Dave Brubeck album, Jazz At Oberlin (part of a series of concerts the group did at colleges in the 50s), which peaked with an extended quotation from Stravinsky's Petroushka, stating the theme and then doing frenzied variations on it, as the audience started shouting. a thrilling moment in the rendition of a standard repertoire. (not to mention Brubeck's equally tour de force in this album on These Foolish Things)

the 60s – late at night listening to (communing with) Bob Dylan (early stuff), early Stones as well, living in Topanga Canyon, but also to an old Lee Konitz and Lennie Tristano record. I wasn't done with jazz yet.

I love the way Bud Powell played It Could Happen To You (alt. take 2), another Van Heusen tune – compact , percussive, and acutely lyrical. minimalist in detail. the emphatic accents.

oscillating between Tatum and the rhythmic drive of Un Poco Loco. how the notes cascade downward at the end of the phrase, *don't count stars or you might stumble/someone drops a sigh and down you tumble*. this piece is a lesson in the deconstruction of modern straight ahead jazz while enhancing the lyricism by interspersing the half dozen or so bars of stride piano.

George Herms once said to me (re ballads), "you've got to kick the shit out of them." Coltrane's treatment of Irving Berlin's Soft Lights And Sweet Music and Eric Dolphy's of God Bless The Child do just that. Albert Ayler's Summertime, though, as a truly unique extreme personal statement, goes way beyond that.

Albert Ayler's still unbelievable Summertime (My Name Is Albert Ayler live album 1963). it is in this standard American song he first used the cries, whimpers, moans, etc. he used in the melodramatic churchy marching hymns that were later to become his forte, and to my mind more original, poignant and used to much greater affect. at the other end Albert Ayler In Greenwhich Village 1967 on Impulse, is some of the best free jazz ever done.

likewise Interstellar Space – John Coltrane duet with free jazz drummer, Rashied Ali, 1967.

it surprised me when I read that Coltrane who was my favorite musician at the time was the one in Miles' group who most objected to its inclusion of a white player (Bill Evans), because of the earnestness in which he played, and in

interviews his focus on the spiritual. I attended more of Coltrane's gigs at more different venues than I did any other group and always assumed when he took to the stand last, never rela-ting to the audience, this was the `artist' in him.

Bill Evans went through a particularly hard heroin withdrawal after the death of bassist Scott La Faro. but when he record-ed The Solo Sessions, Vol. 1 in 1963, the cuts All The Things You Are, and Santa Clause Is Coming To Town are two of the best things he ever did; fighting through the former standard to where it was never taken before, followed by the hard to believe, in his state, joyful, ironic swinging latter.

it's been agreed Stan Getz despite his not so easy to get along with personality could exceptionally play a ballad. this was certainly true in his renditions of the Rodgers and Hart songs, IT Never Entered My Mind (Jazz At The Opera House 1957), and Little Girl Blue (Nobody Else But Me 1964).

the great jazz ballad players didn't have to improvise. just phrase with a few sublimely added notes e. g. Charlie Parker's impassioned Out Of Nowhere.

my generation was the last to come up with jazz, that is, to graduate high school before rock and roll hit the mainstream. music was my first passion. although I do just about every other art form, music, with me, has never manifested itself in any public or professional way. as a teen and young adult while singing in the shower, I fantasized myself high up in the Capital Building recording, like Sinatra. I didn't suppose I could be heard, but one time my mother came to the foot of the stairs and shouted, "Bravo." I don't doubt I had

company in that respect. now Bob Dylan has done it, although I can't say to particularly good effect.