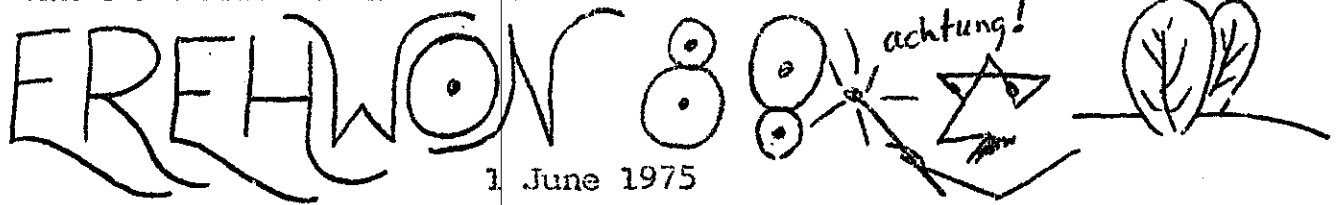


"GEE," OBSERVED THE GOOD FAIRY OF POSTAL DIPLOMACY, "THIS OLD QUEEN'S NEARLY NINETY! ON ACCOUNT THIS IS...





1 June 1975



Len, ever since Ron Kelly started it, more and more people are calling you Len the Lizard. It's scandalous, I tell you. Some people are starting to refer to you only as "Liz". What are you going to do about it? We can't have people think "lizard" when they think "Len", so... Len, will you listen to me and stop worrying about when your tail is going to grow back?

THE DIPLOMACY ASSOCIATION presents
Mother Goose Rides Again

Little Bo Peep.	John Beshara
Her sheep	John Boardman, Dick Miller, Eric Verheiden, & Bob Lipton
Simple Simon.	Gordon Anderson
Jack (Spratt)	Conrad von Metzke
Jack (& Jill)	Doug Beyerlein
Jack (Be Nimble).	Edi Birsan
Jack (the Giant-Killer)	Lew Pulsipher
Jack (and the Bean-Stalk)	Larry Peery
Jack (who built the house)	Scott Rosenberg
Jack (of all trades).	Nick Ulanov
Jack (one-eyed)	Long John Silver
Jack.	LaLanne
Jack.	Kennedy
Jacques	Cousteau
Giacomo	Puccini
Check	Mate
Chick	Pea
Last.	Line

 Besh wants to win another game. Anybody got a 17-unit position they want to give him?


STONY CONTENTS OF THIS VITREOUS ISSUE

Stick pins into people's medicine!
Stick em into dolls!
That's witchcraft!

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"Welcome to TDA. Here is your pair of Gestapo boots. Heil Besh!"

TDA'S GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING WILL BE HELD IN A BROOM CLOSET AT THE CHICAGO SHERATON THIS YEAR. . . . HOW ELSE CAN THEY GET AN "OVERFLOW CROWD" OUT OF 13 PEOPLE?

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Original articles and other material are solicited. The right to edit, in the interests of space, grammar, maximum effect, and some putative standard of taste, is reserved to the Editor.

This is Alcala Publication #611, published by Alcala Press, 1273 Crest Dr., Encinitas CA 92024. Editor: Rod Walker.

DIPLOMACY is a registered trademark for a game invented by Allan B. Calhauer and copyright and sold by Games Research, Inc., 500 Harrison St., Boston MA 02118. The price, I understand, is now \$10.50, postpaid. The Rulebook sells for less...\$1?

GREETINGS!

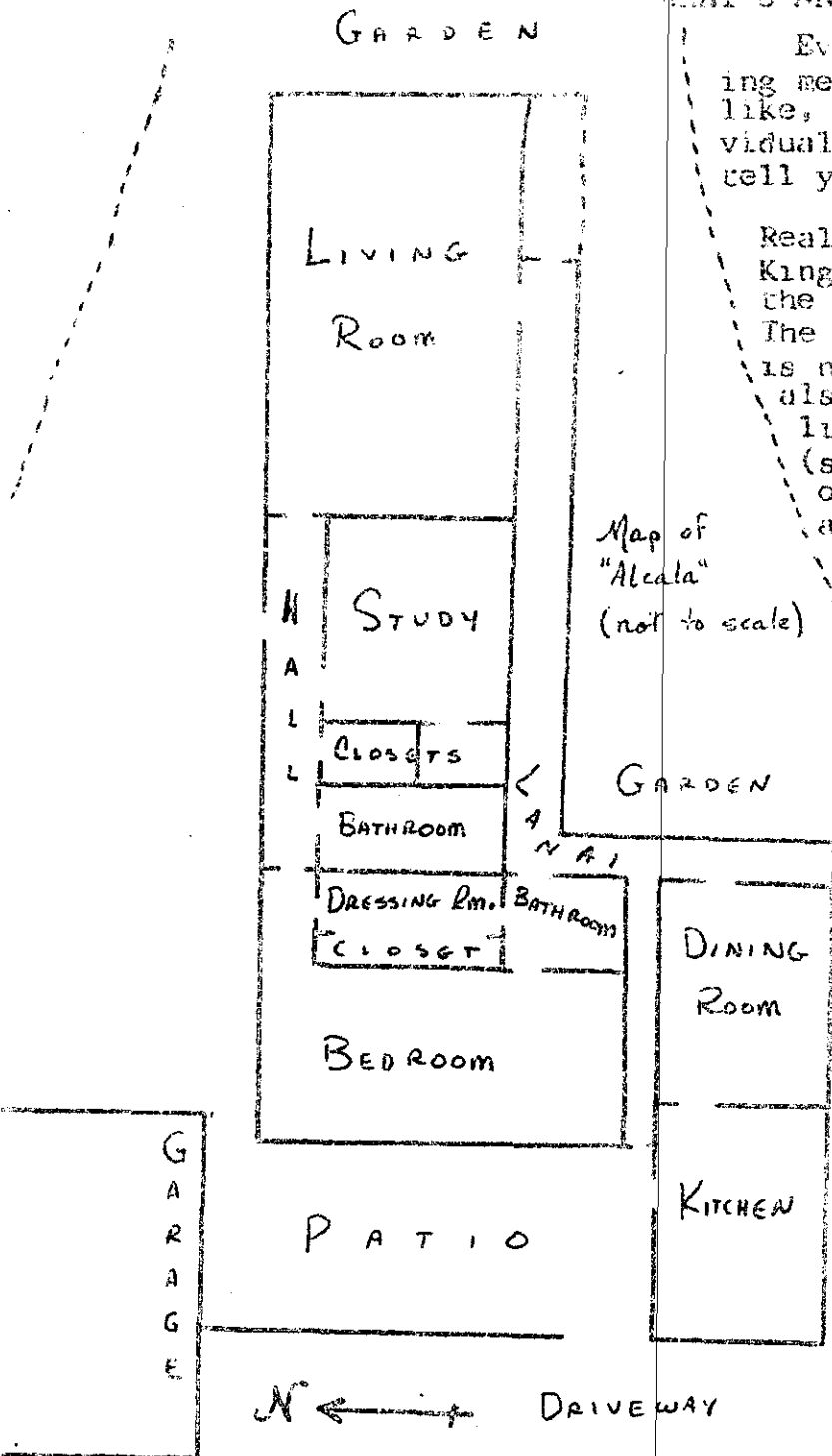
This issue of EREHWON is in the nature of a personal letter to my readers, a sort of "special issue" if you will. I have taken special pleasure in assembling, at least in thought, material to go in it. So much so that some of it will have to wait until another issue to get fitted in.

I have promised to do some plugs, so they will have to be here, and I have a couple of reviews (one music the other literature), plus a longish answer to a question I've gotten from several people lately. If there is room I may from time to time reprint some of my "Goodgulf" press from the Downfall/Return game I'm in in QUO VADIS.

Since I've dumped all the administrative crap I was wasting my time with (I don't mean the jobs weren't worth while; I mean that for me, personally, they were a bum trip), I've had time to write. I have finally settled on a short-story cycle I like ("Habaristyan") and have roughed out two stories in that cycle ("The Garden of Murab" and "Nutcracker"), while a third is in progress ("The Seven Pillars of Wisdom")(yeah, I know about the title...it's deliberate). Two other stories unrelated to that group, "Last Song" and "The Rusty Idolon", have also been completed in rough. The last is a spoof of macabre Lovecraftian fiction which I may print here, although I am going to be sending it off to a major pulp shortly. Hopefully some of my work will find its way into these pages...probably after being duly qualified by accumulated rejection slips. Oh, well...onward....

In the meantime, we are getting ready to celebrate our first anniversary, the 29th of June. For relationships of this type, that's well above par. We approached it with a good deal of confidence in each other, and it has worked out. That is due, I believe, primarily to Jim, who has been incredibly tolerant of such things as... (yeah) Diplomacy. If you like the slightly different direction EREHWON is taking, he's responsible.

WHAT'S AN "ALCALA" ?



Map of "Alcala" (not to scale)

Ever since we moved, people have been asking me where we live and what the new house is like, and so on. Rather than write many individual letters, I'm taking this opportunity to tell you a little about "Alcala".

"Alcala" is named after the city of Alcalá de Real in Spain, frequent residence of the Kings of Spain, whose patron saint was James the son of Zebadiah (St. James de Compostela). The mission of San Diego, San Diego de Alcalá is named after him in that sense. Alcala is also the birthplace of Cervantes and de Solis. Anyway, Alcala is a small estate (something under 2 acres) in the hills overlooking the Pacific Ocean on the west and out toward the coast ranges on the east. It sits on an extended cliff, a point of land overlooking one of the main north-south highways in northern San Diego County, El Camino Real. The dotted line on the map to the left represents the cliff face. The garden east of the house runs all the way to the point. To the west of the house is our orchard. The garage, kennel, and dog runs lie to the north of the house. Between the house and the orchard is a circular drive; the central island it makes is set off by a white brick wall, partly overgrown with ivy, enclosing a huge California pepper, a coral tree, a star pine, a rose garden and various patches of iris, gladiolus, martha washingtons, and other flowers. The drive then runs westward, just south of the orchard, to connect with Crest Drive.

As you can see, the house is a rambling affair, rather typical of the end of the country. It is over 100' long and some 35' or so wide, covering a total area of around 3000 sq.ft. The map will give you some idea (not to scale) of all the running around we

have to do in this place. Our phones are in the living room and the kitchen, so now you know why they have to ring a while before we get to them.

The lanai is a long series of windows on the south and east, and the study and living room have windows opening onto the lanai. The bedroom has two huge windows opening onto the patio, which is set off by a wall of decorative brick and dominated by another variety of California pepper (not so droopy but just as messy).

We bought this place, as some of you know, to build a commercial boarding kennel. Some of the runs are in the re-landscaping is under way (such work, nobody has tended to it much for 4 years). Projected

S-XK -- Subscription: last issue indicated by number.
 S?? -- Wanna subscribe?
 T -- We trade.
 T?? -- Wanna trade?
 KXK -- Last issue on sub or undo.
 P -- You are a player in 1975CY (the new game).
 P/SB -- You are a stand-by in 1975CY.
 QM -- HI, Jean!
 DB -- HI, Walter!
 NB -- HI, Carol!
 CS -- HI, Debbie!
 LT -- HI, Cynthia!
 ABC -- Happy Midyear's Day, Allan!
 GR -- You too, John!
 MN -- /Note below:

ADDRESS CODE KEY



"ALCALA"
 1273 Crest Dr.
 Encinitas CA 92024

FIRST CLASS MAIL

TO:

ADDRESS CODE:

See
See over for key.

INSIDE:
 The final word on VM
 Fritz Leiber
 Tsao Tomita
 and the ...

FIRST CLASS MAIL

The first of Tomita's two albums, "Snowflakes Are Dancing", is almost uniformly successful. The evocative, impressionistic, visual tone poems of Debussy are almost perfectly suited to the highly-charged, flexible, kaleidoscopic effects of the synthesizer. The show-stopper of this set is the rendition of "The Engulfed Cathedral", one of the most beautiful of the Préludes, in which ghostly choirs and bubbling organ boom through the waters. Another goody is the "Golliwog's Cakewalk" from the Children's Corner; here the bouncy rhythms are accentuated by a wild use of effect, particularly a rapid passing of tone between the two stereo tracks. Never has the zany good humor of the piece come through so clearly. Two quieter pieces are also tremendous: "Girl With the Flaxen Hair" is gentle and wiseful, while "Footprints in the Snow" is deep and mysterious.

A marvelous aspect of this album is that the title piece, "Snowflakes Are Dancing" (also from the Children's Corner) has been recorded by another synthesizer artist, Ruth White (whose "Short Circuits" was covered in an earlier issue). White's snow is crisp and dry, blown on the capricious wind, stinging our hands and faces, dancing wildly. Tomita's snow is wet and clinging, swirling in great streamers. The enormous difference between these two electronic realizations of the same piece has to be heard to be believed!

Mussorgsky was no impressionist; yet his gigantic set of tone poems, "Pictures at an Exhibition", is a masterpiece of visual music. Originally conceived for the piano, it is still realized in that form...hear the super-charged Horowitz version if you want to know instantly what virtuoso piano playing is all about. The "Pictures" were later orchestrated by many people, but the version we normally hear is by an impressionist...naturally... Debussy's friend Maurice Ravel. Leopold Stokowsky has recorded his own orchestration, which is in some ways superior to Ravel's in the same way and in the same sense that Horowitz's edition of the piano score is superior to Ravel's original.

Any-wayyyy...Tomita does not score the mark as cleanly here as he did with Debussy. The album is fascinating, but the listener is short-changed (the whole thing is 37 minutes long)(both sides). The show-stopper is just what you'd expect, "The Hut on Fowl's Legs", a portrait of Baba Yaga. It is breathtaking; the incredible swirling of the Russian witch's mortar and pestle, her maniacal laughter, the stalking of prey in the middle section. Another good section is the "Ballet of Chicks in Their Shells" which has appropriate clucking and peeping, and preserves and extends the good humor of the original.

Much of the rest, however, suggests that the electronic medium has difficulty in coping with Mussorgsky's material. "The Great Gate at Kiev" tends to be ponderous rather than grandiose; "The Gnome" just doesn't make it at all; the ghostly humming in "The Old Castle" looks like straining for effect. Even so, I enjoy this album over-all; just not as much as I do the Debussy album. Those who enjoy electronic music, and realization of familiar music into the electronic medium, should get this one, as well as the other.

HURRY IT UP THERE, DARKNESS!

Gather, Darkness! is a novel by Fritz Leiber originally serialized in the pulps more than 30 years ago and published in paperback by Ballantine just last month. In many respects, I really dig the book. In some others, I'm not too thrilled with it.

The first half, three-quarters, maybe, of the book are great! The future world conjured up by Leiber is fascinating. The basic theme is a distant cousin to that of Asimov's Linn novels: science and religion combined to rule the masses and create a new caste system. Leiber's religion

is a bastard descendent of mediaeval Catholics... with monks and deacons and priests and cathedrals and witches and the whole bit. It's the Witch end of things that goes wrong: a real witchcraft suddenly appears, apparently endowed with supernatural powers even greater than those of the Great God and his minions below.

The plot proceeds apace and the reader will learn a great deal about this culture of the 24th Century (which I will not spoil the book for you by revealing here). Outside the inner realm of the church and its seven circles of priests, there is a world not much different from that of the Dark Ages...deliberately fostered by the scientist-priests as an unassailable power base. But challenging the church at the very apex of its power (the "Apex Council", yet) is the arch-demon Sathanas, his right-hand man Asmodeus, &c., &c., &c., the new witchcraft.

Suddenly the plot picks up steam and speed, as if Leiber were tired of the whole thing, and finishes in a slam-bang orgy of activity and unresolved loose ends which was also a serious flaw in the Runestone novels. A lot more fun could have been wrong from this situation before it was ended, it seems to me. Leiber's darkness, instead of gathering like any decent witchy darkness, suddenly rolls in and overwhelms the whole works. Pity.

I'm not too happy with the names, either. They're all good mediaeval names, but Charles becomes Jarles, while Julian becomes Chulian, and Judy becomes Juzy, and Thomas becomes Dthomas, and Boniface becomes Goniface, and so on, without much reason for it.

The jacked notes are the worst. They bear little relation to what the book is about. And they end with this provocative tidbit, for which I waited through the whole damn novel: "Then the great warships began to land from Heaven...". Would you believe that doesn't happen until page 211 (the book ends on page 216)? Big deal....

AC/DC

Plugs and Unplugs

LIAlSONS DANGEREUSES has announced a rate reduction to 5/\$1 or 10/\$2. This is always a highly interesting publication, containing 'zine reviews, press, a demo game with the most fascinating analysis I've ever seen...and reams and reams and reams of statistics on game ratings. Subscribe and you may find the answer to this thought-provoking question: Who's Cynthia??? Get it from Len Lakofka, 644 W. Briar Pl., Chicago IL 60657.

THE POUCH is 6/\$2. The 'zine is interesting, always full of features and stuff of general interest. It is generally 15-18 pages and a good mimeo job. The mood is generally light and humorous. However, the price (33 1/3¢ a copy) seems a big much. I could understand better if it were mailed 1st class, but my trade copy (maybe subs are different) comes 3rd. Anyway, this is well worth getting if you don't mind the high rate. It's from Gil Neiger, 300 W. 108th St., #11B, New York NY 10025.

TURNABOUT is ~~8/\$2~~^{see below}. It is a half-size 'zine, which is handy. It has a wide variety of features, but tends to be on the serious side. Issue 10 has an article on the Soviet secret police...the KGB...which is interesting and informative, but decidedly chauvinistic. The author assumes that this is a feature of a "communist" state, rather than a Russian one, whereas the Soviet Union is far more Russian than it ever was, is, or will be "communist". Turnabout is produced by a young man who has good ideas about publishing and is a first-rate job. Subscribe with Peter Berggren, Davis-town Schoolhouse Rd., Orford NH 03777. *Rate now up to 12/\$4 - a tad high...*

GIGO. Quite frankly, there is nothing so stimulating as several publishers who live close to each other. Each reinforces and helps improve

the others. This seems to be the case with several of the NY 'zines, and each one I see is better than the last. GIGO is now in its second issue and is 1/50¢ or 6/\$2.50. The price is steep, but consider that #2 was 32 pages long! This is a marvelous compendium of fannish stuff along with Diplomacy, letters, and God knows what-all. The style is light, and I highly recommend it if you want something you can really look forward to in your mail box. GIGO can be had from Greg Costikyan, 1675 York Ave., New York NY 10028.

CLAW & FANG is 12/\$3. That's expensive for a 'zine which rarely runs above 8 pages, even if it is mimeo. It does have redeeming features, such as some of the best Diplomacy columns in the hobby, and it is always worth reading. It is printed twice a month and is extremely consistent and regular. At 25¢ an issue it's no bargain, God knows, but it is worth getting if your budget will allow. From Don Horton, 16 Jordan Ct., Sacramento CA 95826.

PAROXYSM is 10/\$2. This is a multi-editor 'zine which is full of good, interesting reading, and it is a fine example of the quality 'zines being put out in Canada. I highly recommend it. There are always articles and other material, some of it non-Diplomacy. There seems to be an internal music dispute brewing among the editors, which should be something to watch. Anyway, subs to Harry Drews, P.O. Box 282, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada N2G 3X9.

POICTESME is 10/\$2. This is another of the fine 'zines from California, and represents the light personal touch which is the hallmark of so many of the best 'zines on both coasts. Letters are featured, as is the Editor's excellent writing, which is often side-splittingly funny. This is a bright contribution to the hobby! Get it from Bruce Schlickbernd, 6194 E. 6th St., Long Beach CA 90803.

COSTAGUANA fulfills the title of this piece, inasmuch as it is the principal unplug in this section. Owing to personal circumstances befalling the erstwhile editor, this greatest of all Diplomacy mags ever to hit the ~~fan~~ streets, so long published by the finest editor and gamesmaster this hobby (or any other) has ever seen (and who, incidentally, is the original developer of postal Diplomacy, having beaten Brooklyn by a year), has departed forever from this vale of tears and shreds. Having learned absolutely nothing from his first marriage except how best to get out of it, Conrad is going to try it again - with somebody else. Unlike other people of his acquaintance, Conrad's -love is a lady-, named Jean Karlan (long may she wave), and the wedding is August 2. That plus law school, and Diplomacy has had to (as it were) suck hind teat for a while, like eternity. Therefore, tatty-bye, y'all. (This paragraph typed by Conrad hisself.) [Walker here-- Yes, folks, that was indeed Connie-poo himself, who is indeed again getting married and has again absquatulated from the hobby. Conrad was over this evening and wanted to type his own obit. And there it is.]

ATLANTIS is 10/\$2 (in 10¢ stamps). I began this as a variant 'zine and turned it over to Chris Schleicher years ago. It is now a regular game-zine. Apparently having nothing better (which means nothing else), ATLANTIS will publish anything the so-called "Diplomacy Association" puts out and is a chief apologist for any of the DA's current whines. Printing and editing first-rate. (Games too, although there are several "TDA" games which Besh won't let Chris put the appropriate Boardman Numbers on.) Available from Chris Schleicher, P.O. Box 907F, Wheeling IL 60090.

[Allan Salmame's long article, "Multiple Worlds...," drew a broad-side from Len Lakofka in LIAISON DIPLOMATIQUE #56 in which Len reprinted virtually the entirety of EREWON 86. I mean, Cynthis, really. Of course, Len, you know this means war. I will probably refer you to TDA and request that you receive the ultimate punishment from Besh. You will be whined to death.

[In order to show Len what I think of him, I am going to reprint the bulk of Len's reply, cutting out the synopsis of the original and making certain necessary amendments to grammar, usage, syntax, spelling, &c.]

Allan alludes to certain "real world" situations in WWI in which battles could not be exchanged for later victories (well, you myen't met Ron Kelly, have you?), but it should also be noted that one didn't see England attack France, ally with France, France then attack England, etc. In the real world the participants were [fighting] to a draw excluding some other participants selected because of their nasty habit of killing the former.

What we really have is an ideology of competence and agreements. What "states" does the real world of Diplomacy produce?

1. Cartelists. These people do form game-long 2- and 3-player (or more) bonds based on trust (and past games) and go to a final result which is usually a draw. A boring exercise for everyone involved.

2. Limited alliance players. These people form alliances of precise duration (3 years, 5 years, until one gets 14 centers, etc.) and do all they can to strengthen and adhere to the agreement if the other's) in the agreement do(es) also.

3. Short term alliance players. Agreements and alliances are very short-term or even on a season-to-season basis. Their word is usually good if it is given in precise unambiguous terms.

4. Stabbers. They will say anything and they expect others to be dumb enough to go along even if they've stabbed them before in this game or in other games. A cartel of Stabbers is then a gaggle of jackals or a school of sharks waiting for blood--their enemy's or their ally's.

How does the real world of Diplomacy players differ from Allan in Wonderland? Players tend to ally with persons they feel that they can trust. Is that unusual? If, in past games, a player has demonstrated a penchant for untrustworthiness, missed moves, tactical stupidity, or strategic incompetence, he will be an unlikely candidate for a good ally. A person who goes for short-term gains with no overview of the board, no concept of vendetta, no understanding of a promise, will do very poorly in the long run.

Players who ally for a time beneficial to all in the alliance (but most beneficial to themselves), who will stab when an ally plays poorly, or who will be able to discern a good puppet when he does come along will do very well.

I have played with almost every player with a CPC rating of 3 or higher, either face-to-face or by mail. Most of these players do well because of the amount of trust that can be placed in their written or spoken word. If a player can't be trusted as far as he can be thrown, then the chances of seeing him in a multiple win category are small. Many multiple winners have a superb overview of good play and good alliances. They will seldom take 2nd or puppet but they will favor long-term agreements that will get them safely into the late middle or end game. In opposition are those who take a quick gain and then get beaten upon by both enemy and ally alike. The latter group never understands why people dump on them and some even write 1600-word themes to vent their frustrations. I would rather be reasonably trustworthy most of the time and seek others who are of a similar persuasion. If a player sticks his neck out, plays poorly, does not cooperate, or is false to his agreements, I will stab and so will most good players. Which world are you in?"

A LITTLE QUIZZIE

Some years ago, a friend of mine told his class that on occasion, on Friday, he would give them "a little quizzie". Sure enough, about two weeks later, he announced that it was time for "one of my little quizzies", and proceeded to give rather a lengthy exam.

When it was over, one of the girls in the class raised her hand and said, "Dr. B_____, if that was one of your little quizzies, I'd sure like to see one of your testies." (Say it out loud if you don't get it at this point.)

It is hard to say which of the two of them got redder, and the class (in semantics, yet) simply dissolved in hysteria. I swear to God, that is a true story.

Anyway, we had a quiz, a contest, in this 'zine quite some time ago, and although I printed the answers, I never announced the winners. That is because, after two moves, the entries seem hopelessly lost. I do remember entries from John Beshara, John Boardman, Bob Lipton, Adam Stephanides, and probably others, but I don't know who scored what. So, until and unless I find those entries....

However, we will now have another contest. The prize on this one is a subscription to THE POCKET ARMENIAN, \$3 worth. As you will see, there are 3 questions, each worth \$1. The first person to answer all 3 correctly gets the \$3 sub. If nobody answers all 3, the first person to answer 2 of them gets a \$2 sub, and the first person who answered the third question gets the other \$1. If nobody answers 2 correctly, then the first correct answer to each of the three takes \$1 of the loot.

If you already have a sub to IPA, you may have me extend your sub or you may give it to anyone else of your choosing, or you may design your own short quiz to find a new winner for the good(y)(ies). OK?

The three questions are all related to the following list of names:

Hughes Aubriot	Perillos of Athens	Richard Nixon
Thomas Montacute	Henry Winstanley	Dr. Guillotin
Enguerrand de Marigni	Ludovico Sforza	Clisthenes
Cowper Coles	Matthew Hopkins	Eutropius

The questions are:

1. What do these 12 men have in common?
2. What common phrase is used to describe this common factor?
3. Which of the 12 is a "ringer" (i.e., does not belong), and why?

In other words, only 11 of those names fit the pattern. The 12th is commonly believed to fit it but does not. In answering the 3rd question it is necessary to identify the "ringer" and tell why he does not fit.

(Note: Of the 12, only Nixon is alive. "Dead" is not the right answer.)

Deadline for entries: Monday, 14 July 1975.

FILLER

Good grief! I always thought Conrad von Metzke made up the word ab-squatulate. It would appear to be over 100 years old. The word first appears in a play by W. B. Bernard, The Kentuckian, in 1833. Sigh...

"Take tea and rhubarb, for example; the foreign countries cannot get along for a single day without them. If China cuts off these benefits with no sympathy for those who are to suffer, then what can the barbarians rely upon to keep themselves alive?" ...Lin Tse-hsi to Queen Victoria, 1839.

improvements are numerous. We will add a second storey on the garage, with an overhang on two sides, a mansard roof, and a staircase leading from the second storey into the patio. This addition will house additional space for the kennel (such as our whelping room) and will also house our solar heating equipment and...in the more distant future...our solar energy system. The eastern wall of the lanai will be pushed outward about 10 feet or so to create a large sunroom. A second storey will be added to the kitchen-dining room area; this will probably house our library in a second-storey gallery, so that there will be one ceiling high up over the kitchen, which will itself probably be extended out to the west. We have already purchased an ultra-modern range for this complex...it has no burners (it has four outlets, each with its own timer, and specially-designed pots, pans, and whatnot are plugged into the beast). Tappan originally brought this out for around \$800, but we got a good deal so we bought 2, one of them for the kennel itself.

The view here is very nice. We can't see the ocean (but we will be able to from the upper additions, we believe). To the east, however, are the foothills and the mountains of the coast range. Below us is the valley of El Camino Real, part of it wild and part of it in rather expensive tract housing. At night there is a sea of lights at our feet. To the south, there is San Elijo lagoon, now a state park and bird sanctuary.

I never thought I would take to rural living. But there is a quiet here that tends to provoke meditation or somnolence (depending on how tired you are). There is a certain satisfaction to working all day Saturday clearing out dead wood and old shrubbery, and then sitting down with a couple of tangerines, tree ripened and just picked. There is a great satisfaction in watching something neglected and gone half-wild come back into shape again. There is nothing quite like the smell of citrus blossoms in the orchard in the early morning, nor the tang of wood smoke in the cold evenings (which last into April and May here). And beyond, just on the edge of your nostrils, is the piquancy of sea salt. It's actually urban enough here, but Alcala is so situated that we cannot see our neighbors, and have the illusion of total seclusion. There is here the advantage of being able to be alone when we want to be. This is not something I would undertake alone, certainly...but with the 400 dogs Jimmy plans to cram into this place someday, who's going to be alone!?

THE ART OF ISAO TOMITA

A long time ago (ERHWONS 67 and 68), I discussed Moog music. A number of very good synthesizer records have come out since then, of which two are really worthy of note. Both are by a Japanese artist, Isao Tomita: "Snowflakes Are Dancing" (a collection of Debussy pieces) and a complete rendition of Modeste Mussorgsky's Pictures at an Exhibition.

Synthesizer music reminds some people of the title music for a Grade C horror flick. In truth, the electronic organ, a collateral relative of the synthesizer, is used for such affairs frequently, so when you listen to something like the middle movement of Bach's third Brandenburg, it is hard not to expect to see "Fire Maidens of the Moon" flash up on the screen...except that there is no screen.

Tomita does in fact write music for Japanese pop films, and the gushy quality of this medium (which in Jap flicks is pure Shirley Temple, if not worse) tends to creep through now and then. Notwithstanding, Tomita is a talented and understanding musician. He has the capacity to see the music and what it is saying or telling. This is an important aspect of his music-making, because the pieces involved are highly visual.