

TIN PUN ALLEY

For some time now a myth has been developing about yours truly to the effect that musical puns flow from my lips the way melodies flowed from Mozart's pen. Well, I hate to **Hindemith making**, but it's just not true (you might call it a myth-understanding). Funny though it may seem, being funny is hard work. Ives searched far and wide for my material. Recently, for example, I read with rapt attention a small note in the June 1982 issue of College & Research Library News (p.219) about a music librarian at Ohio State University who had what he called a "Johann Suggestion Box" (see the May 1978 issue of the Newsletter, v.7 no.2, p.18). Some of Thomas F. Heck's replies to the questions, suggestions, and complaints submitted to this box contain "verses or dialogue and all contain a fair amount of musical puns." Have you ever heard of such goings-on?

To find out if the report was true, I called Mr. Heck (whose staff members are called "the Hecklers"). When I was convinced that it was, I made him an offer he couldn't refuse: immortality in the pages of the CAML Newsletter! He sent me the following "compendium of atrocities" (as he calls it). I thought to myself, "Fine and D'Indy, but Kodaly publish it or would I be in Zoltan my faithful readers?" Some of the atrocities are good, but some are atrocious. I wondered at length if I should publish all of them. Finally I decided I should publish them Mahler nothing. So for your special Christmas treatise I'd like to give you all Heck!

THE ADVENTURES OF  
SHY LOCKE  
A MUSICAL JEW DE MEAUX

by

Thomas Heck

One fine autumn day in Columbus, Ohio, home of the famous Ohio Staid University, our hero, Mr. Shy Locke, was approached by some jovial members of the OSU Marching Band, who engaged him in conversation. A horn player presently suggested: "Let's play Haydn seek!" to which the drummer added, "OK, we'll play out Bach!"

Shy replied, "Sorry, I can't come. I'm Bizet."

"Oh well," replied a trombone player, "we can Waite." And that's just what they did for five -- ten -- fifteen minutes. When Shy finally did emerge, he looked very apologetic. "Sorry, guys,"

he said, "You may as well know the truth. I couldn't possibly Handel a game of Haydn seek at a time like this, because I'd be late for the Debutante's Ball. My daughter's a Debussy." (Deb, you see.) Uhhhhh...

Undaunted, the bandsmen inquire where the ball will take place. "At a Fauré (AAAA) restaurant," replied Shy.

"But we thought that triple-A was the highest rating that Michelin gave, and that no restaurants outside of France could get even that."

"What you're saying was true until recently," countered Shy. "But now there's a Ravel publication rating restaurants here in Columbus and around the midwest. If you serve gourmet Francks and dill Pichls, you're already worth two stars."

"Food isn't everything," replied a horn player. "There's also the ambience a place has. Take that cozy little Taco Bell on Lane Avenue, for example. It has a Civil War artillery piece out front tuned to D. (It scares hell out of the Byrds.) Every 100th customer gets a salute called the 'Taco Bell Cannon in D'. Of course, it spills the Suppé all over the floor, but it's worth it for the atmosphere."

Suddenly a smart, thrifty young woman chimes in, "Why do you men go on arguing like this about the relative Mertz of one restaurant over another? Eating out is too Costeley...it's Morley indefensible, especially when there are poor people in Columbus walking around with Holsts in their Sachs. Boyce will be Boyce!"

"Alright, Mother Superior," retorts a young euphonium player, "why don't you tell us how to eat well and be thrifty at the same time?"

"It's really quite simple," she remarks. "I shop wisely at the Discant Supermarket, and I always clip Couperins and use them. It makes Chopin a pleasure instead of a Payne."

"Like, wow, Malm, I Josquin not figure out why we didn't think of that earlier."

"Aw, c'mon guys," she chides, "You're Poulenc my leg!"

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