

GOLFNOTES

May 2018



Why won't he get off the stage?

Dropping his shameless shtick, Allan Grim again acts, does comedy, and sings three testing songs

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:
Golf is dangerous to your health.
It can also be addictive. The only
known cures are death or the
rolling pin.



Notes from the Bench on No. 6 Tee

In the 1930's the US economy got so bad that even a picture was worth only two hundred words.

When the talking heads on TV speak they can't help using their hands. They act as if they're conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra. Their distracting hand movements betray their desperate inability to speak clearly. At least Italians use only one hand. These are supposed to be smart, informed, and articulate minds with journalism behind them.

They talk as if someone is closing the door in their face. Okay, they can have some slack. The door would be the pending commercials that end every discussion.

They speak so fast they seem able to grab only slang clichés off the lower shelves of their already scanty wordcases.

Many phrases are stolen from their colleagues. There's no there there. At the

end of the day. Thrown under the bus. Pass go and collect 200 dollars.

They always think it's their turn to speak. When they're interrupted, they say don't interrupt me or let me finish my point. Or I let you speak—now let me. But they didn't.

I have a loathe-hate relationship with my cat Lily.



Before some of the biggest events in our lives we are least prepared in one way: we don't get a good night's sleep. Stress bats us around and prevents us from doing our best. **No telling how much better we would have been.**

Tense days. First day on a job. First day in school. Job interview. Wedding.

Funeral. A talk to a group. Anything where we knew we had to deal with an important person or many people or be in front of a group or confront a serious situation.

Over 90% of us get married. How many times have you seen a woman rave about her

fiancé— that he is down to earth, easy to get along with, has a sense of humor, is fun to be with. Many of them say it.

Think of all the married people you know. Do they match those traits? How many of couples who saw these virtues in their partner are now divorced? And ex-soul mates too.



Please note that by Order of the US District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, GolfNotes has been directed to publish the Notice of Class Action Law Suit appearing on page 31 of this issue.

God's Creation

Rule No. 78 (Ladies)—
If I give you thin hips,
don't expect thick lips.

How to take a picture. Now our handheld devices that can take photos and videos in a few taps and take as many as you want and not need developing and not costing anything no matter how many and then deleting those you don't want, and the quality being superb, and a few more advances that would lengthen this sentence



even more unmercifully, we've all become Mathew Brady without the hassle of time, cost, and set up, and without a Civil War raging around us, if

you don't count Democrats vs. Republicans. **But we've forgotten, ignore, or never bothered to learn the basic elements of taking a good picture.** What technology hath given us, we haveth taken away ourselves. Comprehend?

This especially arises in the typical outside vacation photo. We don't heed the conditions at the moment. Maybe we're indifferent to them because it's so easy to take a photo. If you consider the common situation where the weather is hot and the sun is blazing, your family or friends will have hats and sunglasses on and the women will have their hair up in a neck-cooling bunch. Often you can't tell who it is in the photo, except by the people they're with.

Frequently the shot is taken too far away. Of course, they are posed, which gives you only the smiling person. How about casual and at an angle? But don't act goofy. You'll be surprised how engaging a photo is where it looks like people don't know they're

being shot. You actually see more of the person as a separate individual.

And don't get me started about that unlucky old sun. Okay, I'm started. When it's hot you want to be in the shade. That's another locale that should be avoided, if possible. Go out in the sun, then return

to your cool shade. It takes only a few seconds. How many pictures are taken with the sun behind the people? Their faces with sunglasses over eyes and hats over heads are now darkened with shadow. I know, sometimes the backdrop demands you shoot into the sun. At least try to minimize it by taking at another location or at an angle or without people.

When you review the photo, you get an image of a person you can hardly identify.

We are also short-sighted live in the present. We often will date something without the year after it. Too often we lack a sense of drama and history in taking our photos. We take photos for that great nostalgic god Posterity. For him it's even worse. When you take out your photos



twenty years from now, what will be on your mind? You will want to know who it was and what they looked like then. Unless you heeded these suggestions just outlined, it will be hard to determine both desires and you will be disappointed.



I remember my first day in law school. The professors were intimidating, like Professor Kingsfield. A few students there never came back for the next class. It couldn't be the professors alone. The textbooks were called casebooks. They were thick and featured actual cases with full court opinions by appellate courts. After the cases were questions raised by the case and the topic at hand. By making the paper thin, they fooled you into thinking your reading would be modest. The books had no pictures or diagrams. We would have settled for a drawing of a scales or gavel.

Now I wonder why more of us didn't quit. It was one of those moments in life that you dreaded then. With hindsight you enjoy reflecting on it now. We like to show our scars and tell how we got them.

Something must be done with the **kneel-down in the NFL.**

Not the one before the kickoff over the flag and the National Anthem. No, the one at the end of the game. Is there anyone who enjoys it? It occurs because the offense is trying to run out the clock. It rankles the fans of the defense as their team is probably losing. Yes, it can happen when

the teams are tied and the offense is deep in its own side of the field near the end of the half or of regulation, conceding to overtime. The fans know their team can't do anything to counter the offense, as they are usually out of timeouts. It is unsporting, unentertaining, a time waster and ends a half or game with a whimper, not a bang.

The NFL often forgets that football is a sport and is entertainment. To put some life into this play and moment, and to give each team on defense some life and thus hope, I propose that the NFL adopt a rule change. During the last two minutes of a half and the end of the game, if the team with the ball is winning, or tied, each play they run must gain at least two yards or the clock stops when the play is over. I would consider an exception where a pass is thrown across the line of scrimmage near a receiver. Teams trying to run out the clock don't like to pass. It risks a few things, like a sack, or interception, and an incomplete pass. All of these stop the clock.

Why two yards? To deter the quarterback sneak as the first option. It is a low risk play for errors and it usually gains less than two yards. Make them try for more yardage.

I really would like this rule for all these plays. I recognize that this would make measurements more prominent. The two



yards would need special markers perhaps. If doubt arises whether the two yards were made, the official in the booth, or one on the field, could stop the next play and call for a measurement. This would stop the clock. If it turns out that the two yards were made, the offense would have earned

the right to keep the clock moving. But I wouldn't reward them for the stoppage that shouldn't have occurred. And besides, the defense had held them to around two yards. We should err on the clock stopping as the result for the good of the sport and entertainment of NFL football. ●

At Capon Springs,
Brenda Lee
said she was sorry,



John Cullum
declared that
on a clear day
you can see forever,

and the Royal
Philharmonic
backed a singer
with a large
quantity of love.



by Martin Povser

Allan Grim admitted it would be hard and his “greatest challenge” yet at Capon Springs. I told Grim he was foolish even to consider it. “Well, it does seem rash, doesn’t it?” was his frail reply.

I couldn’t let that go. “You understate it, Allan. A 76-year-old man does not try to copy the voice of a 15-year-old female pop singer.”

When he got specific, his doubts seemed more focused on the start of the song. “I’m concerned the crowd might snicker, especially the kids.”

He said he might have to announce what I would call a please-don’t-laugh request. “That would be perilous and unseemly,” I had to declare. “You don’t tell an audience how to respond. And it might change their response to your performance.

He just looked at me.

On June something in 2017, after Allan Grim had rebuffed me for months, I met with him to talk about his plans for the Capon Springs Talent Show in August 2017. Why wouldn’t he meet with me? It was about a few things. I will explain. When we did meet and he began talking, he sparked another clash. He declared that he planned to do a serious impression of Brenda Lee doing her 1960 hit song “I’m Sorry.”

After the show, Grim snubbed me again for several weeks. Eventually we convened again to discuss his latest performance at Capon Springs. I had several inquiries for this friend and colleague. He knew I wanted to write an article about his 2017 performance at Capon. That is the only place he performs his routine of comedy, singing, and acting. It’s become an annual rite and a tradition at Capon. The show’s MC, Jonathan Bellingham, has called Grim “a legend” there. I hadn’t attended the show myself.

I’ve never been to Capon Springs. Aside from prodding Grim and others, my only option is to review the video of his stage performance each year. In 2017 Grim was set to do standup comedy, inject a bit of acting, then sing three songs, all risky. Did he decide to do that song “I’m Sorry?” Had Grim given the snicker warning? Did the kids or the adults snicker anyway? How did the audience receive it? Did Grim think he did okay? Or was Grim sorry for trying “I’m Sorry”?

June 2017 Grim incommunicado

I am more curious than a cat, but I haven't died yet. Besides, wouldn't I still have eight lives left? It's June 2017 and I am again aroused to learn Allan Grim's plans for performing this summer at Capon Springs. He has tried singing, acting, and comedy there since 2010. This is all after a lifetime of not performing, not even karaoke, smashed or sober.

He had good reason to stay away from any stage. He admitted he had no talents for any kind of performing. He won't take music or acting lessons and says he practices little. He performs despite two huge hitches. Like most of us, he had confessed a stage fright. It's planted next to a chronic but wilting self-consciousness. Aren't these two weeds toxic for anyone seeking to step on stage to perform? You don't even try. And if you have no talents, you don't even think about it. Grim has not only thought about it but also has been trying for seven years. With this as backdrop, I want to approach Grim with a dusty corral of questions that I know will stampede from my mind.

Grim and I have a ritual. For years we have chomped and chatted our way through

lunch. We meet every few weeks. If he doesn't contact me, we don't meet. I get to pick the spot. I haven't heard from him since January or so. Very unusual. I try reaching him myself, yes, for lunch. I don't need to eat with him. I'll settle for info on his performing. I am not merely curious for an update on his performing at Capon Springs this year. As I did twice before, I want to write about his latest chapter with another article for *GolfNotes*. (I wrote about his performances from 2010 to 2015 in the first article and his 2016 one in the second. Both issues are on his website, GrimHandwritingAnalyst.com) I try to reach him by landline, cell phone, text, and email. I don't try Uncle Sam. That man is old and slow. Is he still working that stuff with stamps?

No reply from Grim from any of them. I think he knows why I seek him. Grim and I have gotten along well over the years. The last time we had any serious battles was in the early 2000's, when he drafted me to author his book *Strokes*. As we explained in the Introduction, he wanted me to write it because a good portion of it is about his travels and travails in handwriting analysis. With nagging self-consciousness, he couldn't write about them himself. Strange, but he says the self-conscious do not like to talk about themselves. "We don't want to make a fuss about ourselves, especially to the public," as he puts it. Why? "It puts

eyeballs on us. It's like a searchlight that blinds. We raise our hands to hide our turned faces from the glare."

When he read my drafts of the book, he couldn't bear my writing style. It was not traditional enough; it was too off-beat for him. He wanted a serious, informative tome. We scuffled and it was tense. I wouldn't change my style. I couldn't change my style. It was embedded in my writer's soul. Eventually I won the battle because I refused to alter how I write. I also had leverage. I was a fellow handwriting analyst and he knew he could trust me otherwise to create a decent book. Although my style can be quirky, I do have some principles.

Let me think. I will try to reach Grim in person. I know he belongs to a literary writer's group that meets every Tuesday morning at the Towne Book Center at the sprawling Providence Town Center in Collegeville, Pa. I will go there without telling him, hoping he is there. If he knows I'm coming, he might cancel. They begin at 10:30 am, according to their website *Just Write in Collegeville*.

I go there and I arrive about 10:45 am in great hope he is attending. Fifteen people or so, mostly women, are arrayed around two joined rectangular tables. Staring at notebooks, sheets of paper, tablets and laptops,

they write apace. I find later that their founder and leader, Patricia Capaldo, has given them a writing prompt. I don't intrude. I grab a chair and sit away from them, but close enough to hear.

Grim is there. Although he looks up and must see me, he ignores me. They are in the middle of writing their prompt. After a few minutes a bell rings, pens go limp, and hands retreat from keyboards. Grim, the handwriting analyst, uses a pen for his literary writing. He doesn't prefer it. "I've never gotten used to the feel of my fingers on the laptop, mostly from not trying much," he has said. He does have a desktop with the larger keyboard at home, where he writes a lot. There he enjoys the ease and flexibility of the keyboard.

I learned the prompt was to write about this topic: "*Summer is great, but once it wasn't.*" They had fifteen minutes to create something. Although anyone may read their piece to the group, no one must. If you want either frank feedback or back pats, you read it. Capaldo prefers the group be positive. Sniping about verbiage and trivia about grammar are shunned.

The writings I heard seemed good for a quick first draft. The comments were insightful, and cheerful without slimy praise. Although reading was voluntary, a few who hadn't were nudged to read. One said, "Okay, but this is bad."

a few words from the author



This article is written as creative non-fiction. Everything that occurred at Capon Springs is true, according to the recollections of Allan Grim. What happened when he performed is also confirmed by a video of it. The events before and after Capon Springs involving Allan Grim and me may not have occurred. Still, everything presented then captures the struggles Allan Grim had within himself over his performing.

Martin Povser

A few members jabbed at her self-slap. Chastened, she read and her content was praised. As the name says, just write. And just read too.

They carry on with two more prompts, each with fifteen-minute bells. Close to noon Capaldo announces that it's time for "works in progress." Members break out whatever they've been working on at home. Silence is supposed to be golden. But a few members can't help themselves with a yak. Capaldo shushes them with her genial tact.

The group is called "Just Write in Collegeville" and is a part of the Meetup online groups.

Much writing and little talk is the goal. I found much talk even before the final segment. Writers want to convene for help and show what they know. They savor their time with other writers. A few minutes before the 12:30 end, Capaldo invades their work and informs them of coming events. Asking if there is anything else, a few members mention some other events or query about details.

She also allows for any more gumdrops about writing. Grim raises his hand and vents about a few "verbal memes" passed around by TV pundits. He grumbles about how the bright media copies the

phrases du jour of their colleagues. “It’s uncreative and makes them petty thieves,” he rails. I learn that Grim spews a new one each week. This time Grim cites the phrase from pundits who “have trouble wrapping their head around” a subject. “I can’t visualize that occurring,” he asserts. “But one says it, then they all start repeating it.” Although experts babbling on TV is not writing on paper, this writer’s group knows that their interest is **words**, no matter how expressed.

Other members jump in to agree and offer their own views on that and other memes, like “at the end of the day,” “pushback,” and “There is no there there.”

Capaldo adjourns the meeting. I now stand at my chair, glancing to see what Grim will do. After briefly saying goodbye to another writer, he strides toward me. I remain silent and stare. He arrives and lobs, “I think I know why you’ve been after me. I regret that you have to drive all the way over here to reach me”

“Well,” I say, “it has been several months and no email or call from you to meet for lunch.”



Towne Book Center, Collegeville, Pa.

“Yes, I know. I think you’re after me now because you want to talk about Capon Springs.”

The magic words. I nod and open my patient mouth to speak. Grim intrudes: “I really don’t want to talk about it.” With that he pauses, looking at me, for my reaction. I am not surprised by his remark, but before I can address it, he continues. “I do plan on trying again. I’d prefer to just prepare for it and do it. I know that’s not what you want to hear.”

“Yes, you’re right,” I proclaim. I now know I must seize this moment. “I want to write another article and get your input on several aspects of your performing. Now that you have a few years in, I have some other questions that arise. I also wonder what you will choose to perform. You have such a variety of acts that you try. It seems limitless.”

“I thought so. That’s why I’ve been avoiding you,” he replies. “I couldn’t even bring myself to contact you for some golf. Not a big deal there,” he adds quickly. “I’ve spent a lot of hours on the practice tee rather than playing on a course. I’m still struggling with my game.”

“Join the crowd,” I blurt. I stare at him, saying nothing further.

After a short pause, he sneers, “What do you want to know? No, make that, What do you **need** to know?”

“Give me a chance...”

He interrupts me. “You came all the way over here to see me after trying so many times before. I’m really loathe to talk about my performing. But I’m concerned that you’ll write an article even if I don’t cooperate.”

I must not take a no. “Well, will you oblige me?”

“No, I won’t do that, whatever it’s supposed to mean.”

With that he stalks out of the huge transparent double doors of the Towne Book Center.

After being caught, Grim flees

AT first my eyes expand and my mouth opens. I pull myself together and think, I waited this long and came this far. I race out to follow him. I’m too late to catch him before he gets into his Chevy Malibu in the parking lot. I reach his driver’s window, before he starts his engine, and exclaim, “Allan, can you roll down the window?”

“No, it’s stuck,” he jests, I’m sure. “Besides, you don’t roll car windows anymore. They removed the handles years ago.”

I don’t play along. “Can you open up, please?”

After several seconds, he opens it half way and stares out his front window.

“Can you blame me for getting after you?” I volley. I came prepared. “You began this unique phenomenon a few years ago. It has evolved from nothing. It came out of nowhere. You were, forgive me, old and a person that believed he had no talents. You had no performing experience. You were held back like most other people with stage fright but worsened by a chronic self-consciousness. Then all of a sudden you act, then sing, do comedy in various forms.

You don’t merely sing; you imitate famous artists and their famous songs. Where you perform is a talent show on vacation. Do you follow it up performing somewhere else close to home or wherever? No. You wait another year and do it again only at Capon Springs. And you refuse to practice much or take any kind of lessons.

“Well, I’m not proud of that last part, but I won’t apologize for it either.”

“Interesting approach. Not good, I must say.”

“I live with myself,” he spurts quickly.

I’m not done. “I think you represent the average person who spends their whole life sitting there entertained by singing, movies, TV, comedy in its various forms and whatever else there is. Most of us watch from afar in the audience or on a couch. Although we rarely declare it to family or friends, we covet

to know what it’s like to be up there on stage, what the performer goes through in preparing for it and actually doing it, and how he handles the response of the audience. We doubt we could ever summon the nerve to do any of it ourselves. Mostly it’s because we don’t think we have the talent even to try. But the fiendish monster lurking when we step in front of the curtain is stage fright. When we even consider appearing, he cackles and snorts. You saw

“Performing is enough for me to involve the public...Now, I’ve grown weary of talking any more about it.”

him and tried anyway.”

“I don’t recall that beast, Marty. I agree that a lot of people may have those thoughts. But that was never me. Oh, I wondered as you describe it. But my view was more to wonder what it’s like to be up there with everyone staring at you. How are you able to keep calm, know your lines, or your music, or act the part? I marveled how composed they seem. I could see me collapsing into a pathetic heap.”

That last is hard to believe, jumps to mind, but I hold back responding to it.

Now for my next inquiries I don’t go down on my knee, but I’m close.

Maybe it’ll be too much for him, but I present it all at once. “Those who know you

and people in general are interested in why you do it and how you handle it all. We want to know if you will try it again, what you will do next time, how you decide what to do, and how well you do it. But we really want to know what we ourselves would do in your place.”

Grim rolls some eyes. “Maybe **you** do. I don’t know about others. And all that too? But even if people who know me are curious, that isn’t enough for me to talk about it, Marty. I just want to do it all and let it be what it is. I don’t want to a fuss.”

“Well, what do you think stage acts are? That sounds like your self-consciousness speaking. You let me delve into all of this twice before,” I remind him. “You opened up before and after your Capon work.”

“Yes, and I think I gave you too much of myself. Maybe I shouldn’t have opened up at all. Performing is enough for me to involve the public. I’m grateful you gave me some insight on myself and what I’m going through. Now, I’ve grown weary of talking any more about it. I wasn’t thrilled discussing it before. I shouldn’t have opened up as much as I did.”

Now I’m feeling guilty. I ponder his view. I knew he wasn’t comfy with it all. But I decide I did it for good. I also can’t avoid thinking I may deceive myself too.

He stops talking. So do I.
(Continued on page 12)

Martin Povser and Allan Grim

Joined by handwriting, then golf, and now, by a few articles about Grim's performing career

WE go back to our formal start in handwriting analysis. We met in Reading, Pa., at a 1992 meeting of the Pennsylvania Chapter of the International Graphoanalysis Society (IGAS). We both pursued certifications from that august body then, graduating in 1994. After he got his sheepskin at its International Congress in Chicago, Grim was awarded one of only two Graduate Program scholarships given that year.

In 2008, after years of work and service, including teaching and speaking on the subject, he was awarded the International Graphoanalyst of the Year. When he won, did he get up and deliver a lengthy and stirring speech to the IGAS Congress? No. It was so brief as to spark vocal calls to say something, anything, more. He confesses that since he was surprised to win, he was unprepared. His chronic self-consciousness flared up, curbing his desire to give the crowd what they expected. As Grim has said, for the self-conscious, nothing is worse than appearing in front of an audience, except having to do it without a script. "Being on stage undresses you to your underwear. Not having notes is nudity," is how he has put it. Why can I easily recall that?

Grim and I remained only casual colleagues in handwriting analysis. In 2003 he approached me about writing the book he couldn't write called *Strokes: Inside the Fascinating and Mysterious World of Handwriting Analysis*. We explained this in the Introduction to the book. On his website GrimHandwritingAnalyst.com he enlarged on it. (See menu items Who is Martin Povser? What is Povser's writing style?). He had me write the book because he couldn't bring himself to write about his handwriting analysis career. After all, as he told me, the self-conscious don't like talking or writing about themselves. Still, most of the book is about the subject of handwriting analysis. Although I wrote the book, he supplied virtually all the critical data.



Grim and I were closer outside of handwriting. Both of us are fervent but faulty golfers. We live close by and have suffered through many rounds of public course golf. No, we aren't masochists. We don't enjoy our pain. We enjoy our golf, mostly. We are golf addicts. But don't ask us to attend GA. We resist rehab and cure. At the end we want to die in the rough, sand or trees—still searching for our lost balls. Who would do that? We junkies, that's who. We shoot up—in the 90's. Will we ever stop shooting up in our dirty warehouse of green with lost balls never found? Does the Easter Bunny rootch down your chimney on Christmas Eve?

Until the last few years I didn't know that he had published a magazine called *GolfNotes* from 1981 to 1985. (He said I should ask him how he chose its name. So I did. "If I'd called it *GolfNuts*, it wouldn't have been taken seriously," he said. I think his tongue was stuck in his cheek when he said it.) When the magazine became too much for him, he suspended it.

For twenty-five years. He resumed the magazine in 2010. He had retired in 2000 from a thirty-year career as a lawyer. That helped. He admits he wouldn't have revived the magazine without a lingering passion for golf. He wasn't only playing golf. In 2007 he published a volume called *Grim Guide to the Public Golf Courses of Southeastern Pennsylvania*. "We are lucky as golfers," says Grim. "We live among a treasure trove of golf courses, and that's only the public ones. There are over 120 public courses to choose from in this broad area."

Yes, his zeal for golf has slipped, primarily because his game did. He refuses to say that came from aging. He hasn't given up, or given in to relaxed, oldie golf either. He spends hours at driving ranges, playing less on the links. He's striving to regain his prior modest talents. He thinks it's not too late. He may be deluded, but he's trying. Like on the stage. Isn't that what's important? ●

After a bit, I continue. “Well, I would still like to try. It does intrigue me.”

“You can try. I don’t know what I’ll give you. That could be something else.”

I’m here and must pursue this while I’ve got him talking. “May I at least talk to you sitting down in private? This is awkward standing here in the hot sun.”

“I don’t know, Marty,” he says. “Is it that hot?” After a long pause, he resumes. “Okay, get into my car on the passenger side. I don’t know what I’ll give you, but ask and you’ll find out.”

WE should do this elsewhere but I bend to his rough setting for the talk. I scamper around to his passenger door and get in. I whack him with, “I want to know what spurs you to try again this year?”

“That one I’ll take. I still look at it all as a challenge. There are plenty of things I haven’t tried. What I will choose and why I will choose them provoke some of my own interest. I guess I also like performing. I think you have to. Otherwise, it’s a chore and you’re not getting paid. That’s not something you do on vacation unless you enjoy it. And those demons you like to inflict on me—they don’t plague me as much as they did.”

“I admire your ability to keep open your options. It’s alluring to me. I mean, is there anything you wouldn’t try? I don’t know where that

comes from or how you maintain it.”

“Well, I’ve always sought variety in anything I do. I get bored doing the same things where I don’t need to. It’s ironic because otherwise in routine parts of my life I’m a creature of habit.”

“I know, but I can’t fathom your belief that you can do **anything** on stage.”

“I don’t know if I think I can do **anything**. But I am willing to **try** most things. That doesn’t mean I’m good at any attempt.”

“Well, that itself is amazing. And then you doing on stage a serious impression of a woman actor, I don’t know who would do that, especially with your background of nothing in the theater and of course no singing, TV or movies. And being a man besides. Where does that come from?”

“I don’t have deep insight on that. All I can tell you is I noticed my voice got deeper and better over the last several years. It wasn’t from singing; just talking and then realizing it while singing.”

“I thought your voice declines with age?”

“Yeah, in fact, I read that recently and I’m sure in prior places too. I can understand that. It’s like other parts of our bodies. We wear out like a car.

“What makes you different?”

“I don’t know, but it is something I’ve reflected on. I have tried to stay physically fit. I haven’t added any weight for a long time. I used to be heavier in the late 60’s. Every day I try to get outside for something active, even in the darkness of winter.”

“But what would account for your voice?” I must ask.

“I’m only guessing here. I eat okay, I think. I do love my junk, though. I sleep well and try to get eight hours. In recent years I started lifting with weights, only 25 pounds each. I also do some running but only in the cold weather. I do wonder if these have enhanced my chest and lungs.”

“I don’t know if I think I can do *anything* [on stage]. But I am willing to *try* most things.”

“Yes, but still, Allan.”

“I know, we’re like white wine, not red wine. Right? We don’t get better.”

“Yes. For sure.”

“Here’s something. You know how when you listen to pop songs, you sing along sometimes? I found I could come close to the actual voice and style of some singers. Maybe I was fooled. I don’t know. But I continued with it as my voice improved slowly but steadily.”

“Okay, I’m not sure why that would be.”

“Well, if you work at it.”

“Maybe. But a female voice too?”

“You know, I’ve always liked Johnny Mathis. He rose to fame just as I was going through high school. He was our make-out music. Is there anyone now for that? Anyway, I could simulate him fairly well. Why, I don’t know. But it’s an easy step from him to a female voice.”

“You’ve also gone low for a man. You did Robert Goulet singing ‘If Ever I Would Leave You.’ I was shocked when I learned that. Then even lower when you did that guy from South

Pacific singing
“Some Enchanted Evening...”

“Ezio Pinza—who was actually an opera singer from the Met in New York, I think.”

“That’s him. Was that hard for you?”

“Believe it or not, I recall not having trouble with it. I enjoyed doing him.”

“Yes, I thought you copied him well and even his Italian accent. I was surprised you tried him.”

“As you recall, I was going to do Gordon MacRae last year. Elvis, I came to realize, sings a deep baritone mostly and that was what I did for my first song ever with ‘Loving You.’”

“I never thought of him like that.”

“Didn’t you want to do karaoke or display your transformation to other people?”

“Not really. My desire to sing in public began at Capon Springs. Their talent show got better and better between the talent entering it and the setting of the theater and its sound system and other aspects, like the lighting. There’s a special quality to a theater where it’s dark in the audience and bright lights on stage.”

“So, you’re going to perform this year again?”

“You are persistent, Marty.”

“Well?”

“Okay, yes, but I’m not as

obsessed with doing it as you are with asking me about it.”

“Wow.

You’re bugged about this, aren’t you?”

“Well, I’m perturbed

talking about it all anymore. I’d prefer to just let it happen.”

I’ve got him going until here. I must be careful now. I persist. “I really can’t drop it, Allan.”

“Do it anyway, Marty.”

“I will be gentle.”

“Don’t bother. This is not my first...I was going to say rodeo, but that would be a cliché...my first ride on the see-saw. How’s that? We’ve been through this before.” That’s my point. Nothing more to say.”

“I of course take issue with that. I think in view of the unique background here, what you hope to do this year and how it pans out are worthy of tracking. Where

are you now? I want to know. I’d like to stop wrestling about it. May I proceed?”

“No.”

“What?”

“All right,” he sneers.

“Let’s see what you want to know. Fire away and I will...deflect away.”

“Great, I think.”

How are you with your presentations this far.”

“Whadya mean?”

“Have you advanced to a skill level that you are satisfied about?”

“Do you mean do I think I’m good enough to keep performing? I really don’t want to get into that.”

“Why?”

“That’s not what’s important. Let the audiences assess that, and if you want to weigh in, go ahead.”

“People want to know. Besides, isn’t it enough if only I want to know.”

“I suppose, if that’s what’s important to you.”

“I think people would like to know what you think of your actions on stage.”

“Believe it or not, I’ll get serious here and try to answer that. After a few years on stage, I believe I’ve shown **some** ability and my efforts have realized modest success. That wasn’t the big part of it, though.”

“Really? What’s bigger or more important?”

“For me it was overcoming the major hurdle.”

“What was that?”

“I think people would like to know what you think of your actions on stage.”

“Just getting up there and doing it and not bombing. Now I can die with a comforting smile from this. I’ve already achieved what I consider as enough. Then below that on the list of hurdles, performing the different kinds of acting, singing, and comedy. I don’t stand here [He’s actually sitting. And it’s getting hot inside here.] and declare that I did any of them well. I won’t say I’m really good and my performing has been a great success. That’s for others to determine. It’s not that key to me.”

I want to challenge that. It doesn’t seem normal. “I guess that’s a possible response for you. But it’s hard to believe.”

“What fulfills me is the challenge of the impressions and seeing if I can carry them off.”

“Okay, no one wants to be accused of boasting. I do wonder what someone such as you would say about your abilities and results on stage.”

“Interesting you would ask someone like me. Self-conscious people disparage their stage abilities. We detest performing in the first place. We shudder to think that people will be staring at us. When we do get asked to evaluate ourselves, we recoil.”

“But aren’t you past most of that?”

“What?”

“The self-conscious part of your stage work.”

“As I’ve said before. I think so. But I’m not sure if I

under appraise its power and presence, especially its effect on the normal amount of stage fright everyone gets even after performing for years. You can’t mail it in, or do it in your sleep.”

“Or standing on your head.”

“Well, speak for yourself, Marty. Ha. Okay, that’s enough from me.”

Grim makes plans

ALL right, then. Let’s talk about your plans for Capon this summer. You were set to do “If I Loved You” last summer. Are you going to try it this year?”

“Wow, right to the specifics, Marty. No, I’ve decided to try all new songs. No “Blue Suede Shoes” with Elvis, or Backstreet Boys doing “I Want It That Way” either.”

“Well, why?”

“They’re so hard to do right and give the artists their due. There are so many other songs and artists I could try.”

“Interesting. You were set to do them all last summer too. Then the time problem arose and you cut them. Yeah, and a good move going forward too.”

“You know, I like to be tested, but each had knotty issues I didn’t need to bother with anymore.”

“But you will do at least a serious slow song?”

“Yes. I think it’s important to do that. With the *Carousel* song, [“If I Loved You”] nowhere to hide. You have to commit yourself to an honest melody, one where the accompaniment doesn’t bury the vocal, and where the notes gyrate. It exposes your flaws.”

“What are you thinking of doing instead?”

“I’ve considered a Johnny Mathis tune that’s not well known. I just really like it. I don’t recall it from my teen and college years, when he was huge. I found it while wading through his inventory. It’s called “There Goes My Heart.” The problem is I can’t locate any background music for it. The actual background for Mathis is his typical soaring strings. I guess it was not famous enough.”



“You’ve already done Mathis.”

“Yeah, I did ‘Misty.’ I know, I should pursue other artists. I want to delve into other artists, but one I return to is Mathis.”

“I like the challenge of going up into the high, lilting range in his distinctive voice, and then contrasting this

with a song that drops into a deeper range by another artist.”

“Like “If I Loved You last year?””

“Yes. Exactly.”

“What other serious slow songs are you thinking about?”

“I’m looking at Sinatra and also Andrea Bocelli.”

“Really, Allan. I’m disappointed. Two more artists you’ve done before. And both tough stretches too.”

“Yeah, I know I’ve done them before. [“All the Way” for Sinatra and “Blue Christmas” for Bocelli.] And they are not easy.”



“Well, with Bocelli you need an Italian accent too.”

“I still want to try both of them again. Sinatra I’m thinking of “Young at Heart.” It was part of his Capitol Records revival in the 1950’s.”

What would you do with Bocelli this time. [Grim had sung “Blue Christmas” by Bocelli.] I’m focusing on opera, believe it or not. That’s something I haven’t done.”

“Well, sure, after all.”

“I’ve gotten more brazen.”

“To say the least. But now I’m not surprised anymore.”

“I like a piece he does called “Non Di Scordar Da Me.”

[Italian for “Don’t Forget Me.” I checked.] Until this

year I had never heard of it, let alone him singing it. He does it as a duet with a female Italian opera-type singer I had never heard of, Angela somebody. [I checked her too. Her name is Angela Gheorghiu] I would like to do it in Italian, as they do.”

“Right. Well, you did do “Volare” in Italian.”

“I didn’t know that song [“Scordar”] or Angela whatever-her-name-is either.”

“But it’s a duet. Please tell me how you would do that? I guess I shouldn’t grill you on something that simple. You played three characters in that *Gone with the Wind* scene.”

“Yes, it’s a problem. I am still considering it. No, I wouldn’t try to sing both parts. Ha. It would be solo. But, you know, I could record one voice in advance...”

He waits for my reaction. I offer, “Some duets the artists don’t sing together. They alternate.”

“Some of that occurs here. But they do join up at some point.”

“That would also require switching from male to female voice in an instant.”



“Yeah, that would be taxing wouldn’t it?”

“Why don’t you find a female singer?”

“Well, sure, that would do the trick. But she would have to be someone who goes to Capon when I do. No one in my family would be foolish enough to join me. I’d love it. We have many who play instruments. But singing is not so prominent. I’m sure there are some who sing but won’t come forward.”

“Your sister Virginia?”

“I’d love it. She sings but as part of groups. I’ve asked her to join me. She begs off, saying that she prefers singing only inside a group.”

“How about some new singer you haven’t done.”

“I’ve always been a fan of Dean Martin. I thought about doing his opening theme song, ‘Everybody Loves Somebody’ When I was in law school I took a break during the week to watch his variety show at 8 pm. With a cigarette in hand, he would coil down a fireman’s pole to the stage, a comfy living room. He was smooth and cool.”

“That would be a stretch for anybody. But I’m

guessing you don't think it's for you."

"That's right. How did you know that?"

"You don't seem to rule anything out at this point. That's one reason I wanted to discuss your current views and prospects."

"Well, I have my limits. As you know, I have my problems with anything after the 1980's. Anything after that time isn't music."

"You've made that clear before. But you were going to do The Backstreet Boys last year."

"You're right. That's one but the only one. And I'm not apologizing for that either."



"I know how you feel. But even for the periods you are willing to try, you don't seem to shy from trying anything in them. Even so, you do some repeat singers. That's disappointing."

"Granted. I would be willing to try others if they hit me right. Believe me I've looked into others. If I'm not feeling it, I pass. I am doing two new ones this year. Give me some slack."

"The universe is huge for music. I just think you can explore more options. Go for it."

"Marty, the ones I do select are tough enough. I will keep looking for other choices."

Will Grim be sorry he chose Brenda Lee?

Grim now startles me. He says he wants to try singing Brenda Lee's 1960 hit song "I'm Sorry." That would be a major stretch. Why this one over her others? He likes its distinctive aspects. He wants to do a slow and serious song of hers. He also found an excellent background very close to the original. That's crucial for Grim.

I have played the song. Brenda Lee begins with mild remorse, then she thrashes herself. You feel this tiny teen-ager's mighty voice. As an adult she reached only to four feet ten inches.

She follows with that "Oh, oh, oh, oh" riff, a shocking shift. I wonder where that came from. Unprompted like Ray Charles from deep within? Or did the producer tell her to sing that? I ask Grim.

"I don't know. She does it more than once. So, I guess it's in the lyrics. Anyway, when you hear all of that, you know it's Brenda Lee."

"Why this song?"

"I've listened to some of her other songs. She has many stellar songs. This one conveys her singular voice and style."

"Of course, your challenge will be to capture the voice of a 15-year-old girl. That won't be easy. Have you actually tried it?"

"Gee, Marty. Yeah, a few times. I wasn't reaching it. It will be daunting. The toughest part was the "Oh, Oh ...Yeah." If you falter on it, the crowd will guffaw, I know. I'm especially concerned about how the youngsters will react. And that's even if I do it okay. They won't know her and they will laugh when they hear an old man singing like a teenage girl."

"How are you going to overcome that?"

"I'm thinking of a word of warning to the crowd."

"I don't think so. Having to tell people in an audience how to respond to any part of your performance is asking for trouble. You think you're a bad performer pleading for acceptance. It means you're afraid you



won't capture the famous artist. You have to make it clear you're not doing parody, especially where you have some comedy right before it. Not only that. You don't know how they will react to your performance after you make that announcement. You should never tell an audience how to react to your song."

"I warned them with *Gone with the Wind*, in a scene with no music. I felt compelled. I decided I had to because I was copying the voice of a Southern belle. Although she wasn't singing, she was displaying a range of emotions—love, pleading, hostility, flirting, tact. Her first words in the scene are a passionate plea for the heart of Ashley Wilkes. It's natural to laugh when a man is doing a woman. How often does anyone even do that seriously?"

"Yeah, as a parody, if anything. You know, I forgot about your Scarlett O'Hara. Maybe because you weren't singing."

"With *Wind*, I did ask for their respectful reaction to a serious scene. I was impressed; they kept quiet. Even the kids were good. I don't know what to call it. A warning? Request? Direction?"

"I don't know. A plea? Begging? I think it's risky."

"I don't know. I'm leaning toward giving the notice."

"Aside from that, what if you can't do Brenda Lee to the level you want?"



Brenda Lee

Born in 1944, Brenda Lee (actual last name Tarpley) grew up poor in Georgia. At two, she could whistle the tunes she heard on her family's battery-powered radio. Her first big break came in February 1955 when an Augusta disc jockey approached Red Foley, producer of the famed Ozark Jubilee on ABC-TV. He convinced Foley to hear this ten-year-old singer just before Foley's Jubilee touring show was about to air. She went on that evening, singing "Jambalaya."

Foley recalls it well. "I still get cold chills thinking about the first time I heard that voice. One foot started patting rhythm as though she was stomping out a prairie fire but not another muscle in that little body even as much as twitched. And when she did that trick of breaking her voice, it jarred me out of my trance enough to realize I'd forgotten to get off the stage. There I stood, after 26 years of supposedly learning how to conduct myself in front of an audience, with my mouth open two miles wide and a glassy stare in my eyes." The audience demanded three more songs.

Brenda Lee had 47 charted hits in the 1960's. She is surpassed in that dynamic decade only by Elvis, The Beatles, and Ray Charles. Lee's total of nine straight top ten Billboard Hot 100 hits from "That's All You Gotta Do" in 1960 through "All Alone Am I" in 1962 set a record for a female solo artist.

In 1960, Lee recorded "I'm Sorry," the soulful tune Grim intends for Capon. It's considered her signature song. It was her first gold single and shot to Number One on the Billboard chart. It was also nominated for a Grammy Award. Though not released as a country song, it was among the first big hits with the emerging Nashville sound — a string orchestra and legato-*(that means smooth and connected tones)* harmonized background vocals. ●

"I will drop it. I won't embarrass myself. For now, I want to work on it and make it not just decent but striking."

"Ha, you working on it? You're the one who detests practicing or rehearsing."

"I know. I would rather just go and do it."

"That's absurd. Sometimes I don't understand your thinking."

"What can I tell you. That's my view on things, at least for performing at Capon. Otherwise, I don't know because I don't perform anywhere else."

"Yes, and I wonder why you refuse to rehearse as you should."

"Well, I wonder myself. I've thought about it, and especially rehearsing for a performance. I'm not sure. I think I'm afraid to hear myself sounding bad. I always feel I can do better. When I know I sang something poorly, I would shrug and be deterred from trying again, rather than working to improve on it. When I do it well, I still think it could be better."

"Neither is good."

"I know. That's the problem with trying to copy someone else rather than just doing your own voice. There's a standard the audience imposes on you when they know the artist you're doing."

"Which raises the question, then, why do you insist on doing impressions for everything? Why not try your own voice once, if not for everything?"

"I've also thought about that. I enjoy the trial of trying. And, believe it or not, when I hear my own voice, I get bored. I also don't think people want to hear my voice. I'm not that distinctive. I'm not even sure what music style I would prefer or is natural for me."

"Maybe your practice of copying others is your way to find it."

"I never thought of that. If so, I'm still searching."

Singing lessons, Allan?"
"What? Have I tried them? No. I'm not interested in pursuing upward to whatever should come next. I'm 76 and I don't seek more turmoil in my life. Besides, who would want to come see and hear me unless out of curiosity?"

"Okay, I'd like to go to your next artist and song but I'm going to YouTube 'I'm Sorry' again. I know the song but I would like to focus on the specific issues you will face. [I listen to it and Grim sits nearby without reaction.]

"Allan, I don't know how you'll be able to get through 'I'm Sorry.' She's got that unique Southern country voice, which goes from meek to powerful, then she throws in those "Oh, Oh's." You're an old man trying to do this. This will be tough. Good luck with keeping the kids at bay and the rest of the crowd trying not to laugh. I guess you can always drop it from your program."

"I'm not sold on it myself. I know there's work

left and I don't like to work so much to refine my impression. Either I can do it early on or I can't."

"Well, that's a curious view on deciding to perform a song."

"I will live with it and we'll see what happens."

"I know, but it's one thing to confront a major challenge; it's another to risk damage to your reputation."

"Whatever that is. That doesn't bother me. I might not do it if I was that concerned."

"Okay, what do you want to do after Brenda Lee?"

A Clear Day at Capon

Believe it or not, I'm close to singing one of the songs from the musical *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*."

"Wow, that's a little obscure. Why that one?"

"I don't even know how I got interested in it. I never knew much about it. The plot is complex and weird. It's not one of the major musicals. But I heard one of the songs and started checking the others. I recalled the music was terrific. I checked into it and **four** songs from the musical are terrific."

"I'm a bit familiar with this musical. Barbra Streisand was in the film. That's all I remember. Wait, I remember Jack Nicholson being in it. But not singing."

“That’s right. Yves Montand played the male lead.”

“What four songs?”

The title song itself “Clear Day,” “What Did I Have I Don’t Have Now?” which is the most famous of the four, I believe. And “Melinda,” a haunting piece, and “Hurry, It’s Lovely Up Here,” which is actually sung by a woman—Streisand in the 1970 film.”

“But do you have any decent backgrounds for any of these?”

“Believe it or not, I found a superb, lush background for each in one place. There is a Boston Pops medley of several songs from *Clear Day*. I could use it for any of these four. I’m leaning toward the familiar title song.”

“You want people to evaluate how good you are?”

“Well, first I think they will enjoy my program more if they have heard the song before. And, yeah, I would like the audience to be able to judge my skills. But not as much as you think.”

“You don’t always sing crowd favorites.”

“That’s true. Some are **my** favorites. Or they have a special appeal for me. It’s great if some people know them. It’s not crucial that they are broadly known.”

“Do you want the audience to applaud your performance?”

“I hope the audience likes what I do. But if they don’t, I won’t be crushed.”

“Somehow I now believe that.”

“I’ve always felt that way.”

“Really? On the song you want to sing, I know that the *Clear Day* musical was made into a film. Which version are you working on?”

“The Broadway version opened in 1965, I think. The movie was in 1970. The actors in the Broadway I didn’t know. The movie of course has Yves Montand and Barbra Streisand. I didn’t know his counterpart, John Cullum, in the Broadway cast. But I’ve now heard his baritone voice and would try to copy him. It’s more the song I like than wanting to copy his style.”

“I never heard of John Cullum.”

“I hadn’t either. But I was drawn to the song in the musical and found out he did it on Broadway. It’s new and different for me. I like the song and I like his way of doing it. That’s all I can tell you.”

“Well, it will be a marked contrast between a baritone adult male with Cullum and a teenage

female voice and song with Brenda Lee. That’s important too.”

“That’s a major reason for my doing it. I like to try a variety of music.”

“Okay, What’s your third?”

Grim plays with an Orchestra

This will be different. I’ve thought about what area of music I hadn’t tried yet. Besides opera, I haven’t presented classical music. That of course can cover a large area with different instruments and an inventory of music and composers. I don’t play any instrument. As you noted in your last article, I did play the piano briefly around my 11th birthday. I have an idea that will incorporate some form of classical music where I will deploy an instrument for a piece of music.”

“What does that mean? What instrument?”

“I’m not disclosing this one until I actually do it. I plan to tell the audience I will begin by picking up a conductor’s baton and lead an orchestra piece and will then deploy an instrument in due course. Once they hear the piece they can try to guess what the instrument will be. They’ll soon know.”



“That’s different, for sure. I can’t wait since you’ve said you don’t play any instrument. Maybe it’s a kazoo, although I read the other day that a kazoo is not an instrument. Why the mystery?”

“Stop. You must wait and see. Soon they will see and hear it and know what it is.”

“So, you’re going to play an instrument with an orchestra, even though you admit you can’t play any?”

“All I can say is you will have to wait and be surprised along with the audience. I think they will at least be amused, if not entertained. These people are on vacation and they just wanna have fun. It will be at the end of an evening of other people displaying their talents.”

“What about your evening’s first part? Are you leading with some humorous remarks? And will you include that running shtick where you declare that you have no talents but you’re going ahead anyway because you’re shameless?”

“Yes, well, on that shtick, as you call it, I will announce something about that. You’ll have to wait on that one too. And, yes, I will try some more humor, the most ever.”

“Are you doing any movie scenes or acting?”

“I may do some, but only in bits. Actually, that’s most of what I do—brief segments. As you know, I’ve done mean old law Professor Kingsfield. I hope to reprise him. The

Capon crowd enjoys him. I enjoy doing him.”

“I’ve also done Indiana Jones and his father in *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*. I

may briefly re-do their distinctive voices from that castle rescue scene I did. Harrison Ford is odd; he sounds like a monotone to me. Also, I hope to re-do some of those celebrated characters from *Gone with the Wind*, Scarlett O’Hara and Rhett Butler.”

“That will be stuffing a lot in that stocking. I hope you can get past the MC and his push to keep things short and moving.”

“I know. I always feel rushed there. But MC Bellingham has been gracious and flexible with my time over the years.”

“Well, if you didn’t try to do a three-ring circus...I still can’t believe you did that scene from *Gone with the Wind*.” [*The one in the library at Wilkes’ estate where Scarlett professed love for Ashley Wilkes while a napping Rhett Butler overhears their scuffle. After*



she slaps Ashley and he walks out on her, he has his own with Scarlett, wherein she stalks out on him.]

“When I reflect on it, I can’t either. Ha.”

“But will there be anything new in the comedy realm?”

“Oh, yes. I will have a few fresh lines. One portion will involve a few famous singers who I think can’t sing. I wonder how they impressed anybody to start careers. I mean, who said they were any good, so sign right here?”

“Who are these artists?”

Marty. (*Shakes his head and puts up his pointer finger.*) I’ve given you too much already. You must wait and see on this one.

“Boy, you’re stiff-arming me here.”

“Too bad, so sad. I prefer to keep most of it to myself and just go and do it. Like everything else, my friend.”

“Too late for that.”

“Unfortunately. I’ve bared too much. Are we about done this time?”

“Can I at least ask how you intend to present these famous bad singers?”

“No. You are persistent and prying.”



“Allan.” I pause and don’t say “Give me a break.” But I do say, “I’m not asking for the lines you will use.”

“Okay, my curious friend. I will have them going through an audition. I will play the singer and then step to the side and play the talent agent or producer who hires them.

“I see. Let me get this straight. Allan Grim is going to mimic the singing voices of famous singers he thinks can’t sing.”

“Well, when you put it that way...”

“They will be easy.”

“Actually, these may be hard because you have to copy their special way of singing offkey.”

“Oh, wow. You have to sing bad in the way they sing bad. Right? Okay. It should be funny whatever comes out of your mouth.

Showtime **Capon Springs** **August 2017**

T'S Thursday in the week that straddles August 1 each year when the Grim family escapes from all over and dashes into Capon Springs, West Virginia. It’s hard to find, as it’s a remote spot next to the Great North Mountain of the George Washington National Forest in Eastern West Virginia. About twenty or so of Grims are there this week, well short of 2016, when the record horde of fifty or so

was there. Allan Grim will perform again in the talent show, held Friday evening of the typical Sunday-to-Sunday vacation week. “Again Jill Sardella has been deft at getting me solid virtual backgrounds for each song,” says Grim.

Getting to the end of the week here is an eternity for the Grims and others. So much happens here every day that no one looks ahead too far. Friday arrives and twelve acts have signed up for the Capon Talent Show this evening. Since Grim had signed up last, he goes last. The site is Capon’s modest theater that Grim reveres for its stylish improvements. He especially liked how the audience section grew to dark and the stage to bright lights. It was one good reason he says he decided to begin performing in 2010.

Grim’s acts will be close to what he described to me in June. Again, he says he has prepared only here and there. He also keeps his perfect streak of not attending show rehearsals at Friday noon. He has been elsewhere playing in the Best Ball golf tournament on Capon’s golf course.

The theater is in a long, white, one-story building with a covered front porch of concrete floor and Greek Revival wooden colonnade. The building was erected in

the late 1950’s on the site of the Mountain House, the original structure to house and feed the guests. Built in 1850, it could handle 600 visitors. When a mysterious 1911 fire destroyed it and it was not rebuilt, the resort slipped into a long descent



until Lou Austin revived it out of a tax sale in 1932. (See *GolfNotes* issue of July 2016 for Capon’s background and a separate article about Austin. It can be found at GrimHandwritingAnalyst.com Grim’s website.)

Called the Meeting House, it has several rooms for guests to watch TV, play cards and other games and activities, and for outside groups to gather for outings or conferences. From there to the golf course it’s a brief pleasant stroll past the badminton and tennis courts, the game room attached to the Main House, the separate Kiddie Corner playhouse. Then it’s a grueling hike up a steep hill at the rear of the Main House itself, where most guests stay and all eat, except for three special meals at open, roomy Sunset Lodge next to the golf course’s first fairway.

For Grim the Meeting House theater is a full wedge from his room in the Pavilion across a lawn of fountains, hammocks, benches, and, a huge gazebo. His ball would never reach the Meeting House. It would crack one of many stately trees holding rope swings and speakers that waft a variety of music before each meal. A bell pavlov's the now-hungry guests to the dining hall in the Main House.

MC Jonathan Bellingham, a great-grandson of 1932 revival-founder Lou Austin, will host the Talent Show again. When participants sign up for it, they are supposed to insert what they will perform. Grim leaves that portion blank. Grim won't disclose it to the MC or anyone else either, except for his sound and video assistants. To introduce Grim in prior years, the MC told Capon guests he doesn't know Grim's routine. Again, Grim plans to appear from a door next to the bottom right steps to the stage.

Grim's sound engineer since his start in 2010, niece Kelsy, asks to switch to doing the video. He checks with his video man, grandnephew Tyler, and he is okay with it. Grim has had poor sound over the years, not because of Kelsy. He didn't get it right for the theater and his stage work. One big reason was his meager CD player. It's now gone; he has brought a larger one to Capon. He tells Tyler

to blast it. Tyler is now a computer techie in the U.S. Navy on board an aircraft carrier in the state of Washington. Kelsy has just graduated from Temple University and is unsure about her future. She will work and live at home in Allentown, Pa., for the time being.

Unlike last year, there are no glitches to shorten or change the 8 pm start time for the show. Only one other Grim is signed up, grand-niece Iris, daughter of Grim's brother George's son Ryan and wife Elizan, who live in Washington, D.C. Iris, now age 7, will sing a song she wrote about fire. It and she will be hot this year.

Shameless no more

AS the MC announced Grim, again he says no one knows what he will do. Grim took the hand mike from the MC, mounted the stage with a smile, shouting, "Is everyone ready for some fun?" Quiet but alive from the eleven prior acts, the crowd answered with a compliant "Yeaah!" Grim shoved them back into their seats. "Not **me**, because that mean, old Law Professor Kingsfield is

baaack!" Grim stiffened as his face morphed from glee to gloom, his mouth drooping, his scowl ascending. He declared to



his faux law students, the Capon audience, "You come in here with a mind full of **mush**, and, if you survive, you come out thinking..." Abruptly he stops, holding out his mike to the crowd. A few shout out the finish, "...like a lawyer!" Grim pulls the mike back, replying, "Quite right." The Capon crowd yucked. [*Grim was going to say "skull" but instead said "mind."* The word John Houseman actually uttered was "skull," which has more impact, especially the way Houseman growled it. The famous scenes have different words between the movie and the TV series. "Skull" rightly appears in that sentence in both.]

In 2016 at Capon Grim had done the famous scene from *The Paper Chase*, where this line appeared. It was uttered in the film's initial scene of the first day of classes at Harvard Law School. It is arguably Houseman's most famous line as Kingsfield.

Grim lurched from Kingsfield to proclaiming a change in his initial words

each year. The last few years he had announced that he was on stage without any talents but was going ahead with performing because “I am shameless.” From now on, Grim said, “I’m going to just get up on stage and prove it.” Capon chuckled. He was glad to scrap that from his inventory. It was getting old and, more important, obsolete for Grim’s evolving skills.

He followed that with a few slams at himself. The first was a yarn about a lady that he had run into during that Capon week. “The other day, a lady at Capon asked me, ‘Allan, are you going to sing again this year?’ I could only respond, ‘If you insist.’ I guess her scream and leaving in a hurry meant she was excited about hearing me once again and wanted to rush to tell others. So here I am.” He raised his hands in open posture, and open-mouthed, mock-singing AAAHHHHHH! The crowd barely snickered.

He followed with a request. “Before I sing, I want to address the teen-age girls in the audience. Could you please hold your swoons and shrieks until I’m finished with my songs? Thank you. I knew that you would.”

Not a peep, as if no one understood what he was saying or any humor in it.

I thought Grim was done with self-scorn. No. “I noticed some guests this week were talking to each other about my singing,” he

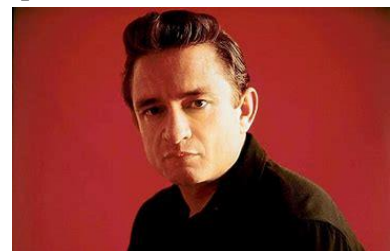


started. “To conceal their feelings from me they resorted to Pig Latin. They didn’t realize how familiar I am with both ancient, obsolete languages and barnyard languages. Here is one of their Pig Latin comments I overheard: ‘Grim singing and acting horribilis et malodorous stenchium. Weee! Weeee!’ “ Finally some decent chuckles. He kept going. “Come on! You know, I may act dumb, but I don’t look dumb.” A snicker or two. “Wait a minute, let me repeat that. I may act dumb, but I don’t look dumb.” Nothing.

Grim has expressed more than once his wonder how some famous singing artists got their starts. It was time to try it at Capon. “Some of these celebrated singers just can’t sing,” he thundered. “If you think I’m a bad singer, consider some of the famous ones. How did they even make it from the start? Did Rod Stewart ever audition for anyone?” Then

he sang in Stewart’s bad-cold style: “*Ah’m in the mooohhd for lohhhve, sihhhmply becauhhse your neahhhr me.*” He stepped to the side as the agent or audition producer: “Mr. Stewart, if you have a cold, you should consider coming back some other time. And maybe comb your hair too.” Capon silence.

Grim yanked out another. “Johnny Cash? Who hired **him**?” and droned: “*A ring of fire, a ring of fire.*” Stepping to the side again, his mouth close to the mike, Grim the auditioner and executioner, smirked, “Mr. Cash. Is that your real last name? When you sing a melody, you should try to sing more than one note. You are not a monk trying out for the chant choir. Next.” More quiet in the hall.



Enough of the bad-famous-singers comedy. Grim announced that he wouldn’t be doing any film characters from other years. A few wistful groans. Then he named some of them and repeated a line or so of their voices, doing Scarlett and Rhett from *Gone with the Wind*, and Indiana Jones and his father Professor Jones (Sean Connery) from *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*. Some knowing

chuckles pranced to the stage.

No more comedy. Now the serious music impressions. As he had done in prior years, Grim announced them in the good news-bad news format. The “bad” news was he would be singing **three** songs of famous singers and try to capture their voice styles. The “good” news was he would sing **only a few verses** from each song. He didn’t say he was dropping that masochistic shtick. But he told me he would if he sang again.

Was Grim Sorry?

HIS first song was Brenda Lee’s 1960 pop hit “I’m Sorry.” (See the sidebar on page 17 about her and the song’s background.) Grim was ready to try it, even though he deemed it his toughest test in his six-year stagework at Capon. I had told him again not to dare go ahead with it. He would falter and it would plunge his climbing repute. He scoffed at that, wondering what it is now. Also, Grim fretted that some would consider it parody, and laugh. Or that it would be so bad they would snicker naturally. He wanted to quash all of this before the audience heard it. He was especially concerned that



youngsters would giggle, not knowing his serious intent. I reminded him it would be unseemly to tell an audience not to laugh. You don’t tell an audience how to respond to your performance. You may trigger a reaction different from their likely one.

Several weeks after Grim’s performance, I still hadn’t reviewed it with him. I especially wanted to see and hear his Brenda Lee impression. I awaited his word to get together to review it all. Hearing nothing, I email him. I wait a few days and pester him again twice more. I make no appeals but, with no reply, I begin them. I mention that he went this far with me. He should finish it up and learn from it. He does respond but rejects a confab, saying that it was an experience but he doubts that many want to read about it. I plead



friendship and breach of contact, not contract.

Surprise. He writes back and says he’s thought about it. But he is struggling with opening up about it anymore with the public. Now he thinks some readers can learn

from his trials and that is good enough for him and he didn’t want to be any more of “a troublemaker” for me. “Actually,” he said, “what cinched my change of heart was you claim of breach of contact.” “Why?” I asked. He said, “I don’t want to be the first person to be found liable for it. Professor Kingsfield would add it to his Contracts syllabus.” With all of this, he said he was okay to meet.

WE finally get together at his home in his upstairs space room (where he gets his “space”). I’ve never attended a Grim Capon event. The video of Grim’s performance is vital for me.

I finally view it. Grim did go ahead with “I’m Sorry.” He also did give the snicker warning before the start of Brenda Lee. Just how did he give it? It began: “This impression of Brenda Lee is not easy. I hope you will not be inclined to laugh—unless I’m awful.” That was it. **That** triggered some snickers.

Although the entire song is two minutes or so, his portion was only a few lines, as he had announced in his “good” news. After giving some background

about Brenda Lee and the song, he started up singing the initial apology to herself, “*I’m sorry, so sorry...*” A few people tittered, mostly kids.

“I remember thinking my start wasn’t that good,” he says. “But why are they laughing? It isn’t that bad. Didn’t they just hear what I said? I thought about stopping and wagging my finger or asking them why they’re laughing. Or starting over. This is all in a split second. I had to keep up the pace, or begin again. And Tyler has my background music running. Thankfully it’s a slow starter. I had some small, precious time to think. It was enough. I decided to keep going.”

He stayed with the rest of the verse too, seizing the next words where Brenda Lee vaults from placid regret to surging ire, “...*that I was such a fool*.” I didn’t know love could be so cruel.” These words are much louder and emphatic than the first “I’m sorry, so sorry.” Brenda Lee’s voice booms away. When you first hear them the force of her woe startles you. She’s venting to whoever will listen.

After the initial giggles, incredibly, no more.

I thought Grim didn’t seize the power of her voice. The next words are all Brenda Lee from somewhere inside: “*Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh yes.*” Where she got them Grim doesn’t know. Grim knew that anyone would stumble trying to match them. They are a teen-age

girl’s and uniquely a Southern Brenda Lee. To achieve them Grim had to reach into another realm, unfamiliar and elusive.

I wanted to know what he thought overall.

“I was okay. Not great. A few spots were a bit off. I was worried about flubbing the entire two verses. I started weak with the ‘I’m sorries.’ When you sing the next words, ‘...*that I was such a fool...*’ Brenda Lee swells, fuming with regret. It’s shocking but you grasp her plight. I got louder too, but when you’re a listener you don’t really expect it and it’s jarring. Unless you moderate your intensity, the audience thinks you’re overdoing it from nerves or just flaws.”

“But no one giggled after the ‘I’m sorries.’ I think they were giving you some slack and seeing how it would play out.”

“I think so. And that felt good. After the initial stumble, I think the kids and the adults respected my serious intent and okayed my effort.”

The second verse begins

with, “*They say that mistakes are part of being young./ But that don’t right the wrong that’s been done.*” Grim thought he improved here, catching Lee’s Southern drawl, deploying

the pauses after “that” and “mistakes,” accenting the first syllable of “mistakes” and stretching “being” into two clear syllables of “bee-ying.”

After this second verse, Brenda Lee doesn’t include another set of “Oh, ohs.” Grim thought there should have been one. He held his mike out for the audience to sing one. The audience cheerfully joined in, confirming his impulse.

“Are you now glad that you tried Brenda Lee?”

“I am. I knew it would be hard and it was. It was a kind of watershed moment for me.”

“It was a bold, really a brash, musical leap. You risked mockery not easily forgotten.”

“Well, I wanted to grow and stretch myself doing a radically different voice. Here it was a teen-age girl’s voice. I can live with the scorn.”

“It was good to see the crowd finally accept your crack at it.”

“Yeah. I think they did. I mean I hope they did. But if they didn’t, that’s okay too.”

“[Singing like Brenda Lee] was a bold, really a brash, musical leap. You risked mockery not easily forgotten.”

I don’t want Grim to evade a frank evaluation. After all, it could have been better. I press him. “Wouldn’t you have been better with more practicing?”

"I guess so," he says tentatively. But then he adds, "I could have spent much time trying to perfect it. I think the sport of it is to do it with little rehearsal."

"Well, that's a novel concept. We could spend a lot of time wrangling over that view. It's extreme, I must say."

"Must you? Yeah, some other time."

I am more curious about something else. "Trying to simulate a young woman's voice in public will test your nerves," I assert. "If you're tense, you'll be more readily exposed than if you're just doing your own or another male voice."

"Yeah, I knew that. I didn't have full confidence I could do it right. Who would though? But I had enough that I was willing to try."

"I do admire your spirit in doing these songs of great singers and especially the variety"

"You know, I was moved by the statement uttered by Florence Foster Jenkins. She was the Manhattan lady in the Thirties and Forties who was strictly an amateur singer. Just before she die, she made a significant remark. I would put mine somewhat differently—Some people may say I can't sing. But no one can say I don't sing."

(See the sidebar about Jenkins and her famous remark on page 30.)

On a Clear Day at Capon, you can't sing forever

Grim's second song was from a musical that opened on Broadway in 1965. *(See the sidebar about it on page 27.)* The movie of *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever* came out in 1970 and is better known. It starred Barbra Streisand and Yves Montand. The male lead in the Broadway version was John Cullum.

"I never heard of him until I found his rendition of the title song in trying to decide what other songs to sing," says Grim. He really liked at least four songs from *Clear Day*. "I wanted to do each one," he said. But he had to pick one. He went with the title song and Cullum's version of it. Grim explained, "I didn't care for Yves Montand and his French accent. He wasn't known as a singer, which is understandable. He was a great actor but that's it. As I recall, he didn't sing the title song "Clear Day" anyway.

Streisand did it. The other three songs Grim liked were "Melinda," "Hurry, It's Lovely Up Here," and, the most familiar, "What Did I Have."

He couldn't find a good background for "Clear Day." Several singers have covered it with their own accompaniments. The only one Grim liked was by the Boston Pops. It included the other three songs Grim pondered. He decided to use

the Pops version. "It's beautiful and rich with the whole orchestra," said Grim. He wanted to contrast the female pop song of Brenda Lee by singing a serious, slow, deep, male-voice song. He knew he could find plenty of those.

"Why this musical *Clear Day*?"

"Well, I was impelled toward a few songs and their artists, but they were artists



I'd done before. Mathis, Sinatra, Bocelli. I like them all. But I needed a fresh challenge. I thought about Gordon MacRae. As you know, I was going to do him in 2016 but the talent show was shortened. I did no songs and only the scene from *Gone with the Wind*."

"That of course was a big 'only.'"

"Yes, it was. I still had that background music problem with this *Carousel* piece I spoke about before. In your usual detail on me you had explained it in your last article about me."

He chose "Clear Day" with John Cullum and his powerful male voice. He knew that few people would know Cullum or his style. That didn't matter to Grim. Although Cullum didn't have a distinctive voice, he had a potent voice. That was good enough because he liked the song. He also liked it slightly more than the other three from *Clear Day*.

"It required a lot of range too," he adds. "That gave me a greater challenge."

If he couldn't pull off the Brenda Lee impression, he wanted to redeem himself with *A Clear Day*. He felt confident he could sing that one well. Again, he hardly practiced it before Capon week and ignored it during Capon week.

"Somehow, I thought I could just belt it out and not embarrass myself," he explains.

Grim sang two verses of "A Clear Day." He thought it went well. The audience

John Cullum and *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*



On Broadway, John Cullum had the lead as Doctor Mark Bruckner, replacing Louis Jordan, who had been in the tryouts. Joan Harris played Daisy Gamble, a current young lady, and Melinda Wells, as a woman from the late 1700's. The film version, directed by Vincent Minelli, debuted in 1970 with Yves Montand as Doctor Bruckner and Barbra Streisand as Daisy/Melinda.

The plot is knotty but involves the unique personality of Daisy, an otherwise common young lady. She has ESP and other strange powers, such as the ability to make plants grow fast. With a bad smoking habit too, she seeks help from Doctor Mark Bruckner, who hypnotizes her. While under, she acts if she is a woman from the late 18th century named Melinda Wells. He falls for Daisy as Melinda, even believing she is Melinda reincarnated. Daisy accidentally finds out about her alter person. When she also learns her doctor prefers Melinda to Daisy, she he is hurt and confronts him. As any good musical ends, the quarrel between Daisy and Dr. Bruckner is resolved and they go forth together.

John Cullum has had a distinguished career, mostly on stage, and recently on TV, where he has appeared as Senator Beau Carpenter on "Madame Secretary" and as Joe on "Waitress." Although he didn't win a Tony as Lead Actor in a Musical for *Clear Day*, he won two later for *Shenandoah* (1975) and *On the Twentieth Century* (1978). He was inducted into the Theater Hall of Fame in 2007.



seemed to agree; they applauded and cheered. "I don't think I missed a note or word. I sounded like Cullum enough to be convincing, not that anyone knew who he was. The song

was the important thing. It's joyous and uplifting. I like songs that rollercoaster up and down. It displays your technique and your skill," Grim remarks. "When you feel that, it buoys you up like

‘Hello, Dolly,’ and you just waterslide your way to the end,” he delights.

“Your self-confidence is really strong now, isn’t it?”

“You know, I’m not sure how to put this, but when I sing a typical melodic slow tune on stage, I don’t feel stress now. I guess I feel assured that I can do it. I suppose I should be feeling it. But I don’t.”

“Sounds like this kind of music is in your wheelhouse, if anything.”

“I guess that’s one way of viewing it.”

“How about your self-consciousness? Is that still an issue for you?”

“Not like before. I do wonder if we ever truly lose it though.”

“Well, you tell me. I don’t perform.”

“I know. I think it has largely dissolved. Is that the right word? I’ve mused about this a few times. I wonder, are we just deflecting it, evading it, or trying to ignore it? Is it hiding in that closet under the stairs, waiting to jump out at us? Will that moment embarrass us?”

Finale: The Surprise Symphony

For his finale, Grim wanted to do what he calls “a creative

surprise.” I told him I hope he tried some music genre that he’s never done at Capon. “Yeah, I was intent on doing that. I did it with this last song,” he insists.

I know that Grim hasn’t done folk singing, which he admits he only tolerates. No



jazz, no opera, and no classical either, although I don’t know how he would cover that last one. He plays no instrument. How else would he do it?

Grim mentioned in June that he was considering classical music. “I hadn’t thought about it much, but when I did, I wasn’t sure how I would present it,” he says. He said he would probably do something where he begins as a conductor of an orchestra, then deploy an instrument. He would not disclose it ahead of time. He refused to tell me also. Although I did not attend the talent show, I have now seen the video.

He announced to the Capon gathered: “For my last piece, I realized that I had never presented any classical music at Capon. I

will therefore play an orchestra piece that initially I will conduct. I will then switch to an instrument that accompanies the orchestra. To find out the name of the music and my instrument, you will have to listen.”

He picked up a rough,

round, thin stick, his primitive baton. He said he had found it that afternoon, looking in the woods on the hill above the Capon swimming pool, next to The

Pavilion, where Grim’s room is. Tyler played a lively orchestra piece that I had never heard before. After a few chopping nervous violins, a honkytonk piano joins in, and then a fast, pulsating rhythm of violins. Grim dropped his baton and began singing in the voice of Elvis Presley his 1959 hit “Big Hunk O’ Love.” The song races and your words run together trying to keep up with the melody, which is backed by the orchestra. Here it is the Royal Philharmonic, meaning it’s from across the pond.

As is typical, Grim hadn’t learned the words. The rapid background forced him to glance at a sheet of lyrics on a lectern to his left. His words were garbled, and his King’s voice was mediocre.

He couldn't keep up. Grim sang at least four verses, no doubt because it goes so fast they breeze by. He handed the mike to the MC. His evening was over.

Grim never bows. Good move this time too. Nothing from the audience. Time to go for everyone. Weary from eleven acts and Grim's three-ringer.

Grim's take after seeing the video: "They seemed to take it as a parody, and a feeble one too. I don't blame them." The 1959 Elvis tune had no orchestra. Grim did not explain to the crowd his reason for doing this version backed by an orchestra. It would have helped. Since it was a surprise, he could have told them once it was over. Few people knew the background. (*Read about it in the sidebar.*) Grim didn't know about it until 2017 when he was searching Elvis on the internet for possible songs to sing at Capon.

Grim was never fond of the original song. More than once I have heard him say he doesn't care much for any of Elvis's songs once he entered the Army around 1958. With the orchestra

Elvis, A Big Hunk O' Love, and that Orchestra



Elvis died in 1977. A few years ago, music producer Don Reedman approached Elvis's widow Priscilla Presley about utilizing an orchestra to remake some of Elvis's hits. Luckily his records had been assembled on two tracks. Thus, a separate background could be inserted to provide a new sound to accompany the King. Priscilla knew that Elvis liked orchestras and a sturdy background. "He loved a full sound," said Priscilla. He had collected some classic composers, like Beethoven, Mozart, and Brahms. He also revered the immortals of opera, Enrico Caruso and Mario Lanza. She was convinced to take some of his hits between 1956 and 1973 and remake them with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra as background. With co-producer Nick Patrick, Reedman re-did fourteen of them, including "Love Me Tender" and "If I Can Dream," a new duet with Celine Dion. As Executive Producer, Priscilla had them crafted into an album issued in 2015. It was called "The Wonder of You." One of them was his 1959 hit "A Big Hunk O' Love." "We've enhanced the original backing tracks and embellished the recordings with fresh symphonic arrangements," she said at the time. "When he played music, it was always loud," she added. "We're giving him the freedom to do what he would've done." ●

plugged into it now, he loved this mixed version. Performing it at Capon, he would abide the results.

Grim had told me he was going to deploy an instrument that he kept secret. I now demanded to know which one he had deployed.

"My voice is an instrument," he declared as I stifled a groan.

I listened to the revised Elvis version of "Big Hunk O' Love" from 2015. It's an improvement on the original. It rocks and rolls all the way through. Grim's attempt at copying the King's voice and style? Not good. Elvis sings it at blazing speed and Grim couldn't keep up with the words while aping Elvis's Memphis drawl. His explanation: "If I had memorized the words, it would've gone better." Maybe.

Grim must also be confronted about his quest for variety in the artists he wants to emulate. He had done two prior Elvises with "Loving You" and "Stuck on You." Why another one?

Grim offers, "You will recall that last year I was all set to do "Blue Suede Shoes." That is a fast rock song of Elvis. He is the King and I enjoy trying to copy him."

"Have a beer and join the karaoke crowd," I counter, meaning it.

He wants to mount more of a defense. "The

other two songs I had done were very slow ["Loving You"] and the other ["Stuck on You"] slightly upbeat. When I ditched "Blue Suede Shoes," I wanted to replace it with another fast Elvis song. "Hunk" wouldn't have done it for me. When I discovered in passing that Priscilla had redone it with the orchestra, I youtubed it. From that I was convinced I had to do this one. Sorry."

Now I speak to his face. "I thought your words were slow and sloppy; you didn't keep up with that orchestra backing."

"Yeah, I know. These fast songs take focus, especially

when you're doing someone else's voice."

"Another lesson learned?"

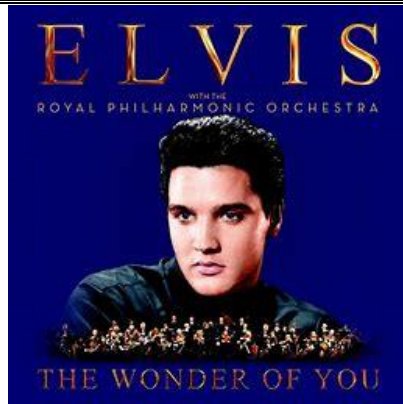
"I guess.

Ha. I still don't like to practice or rehearse these before I actually sing them."

"Just how much did you practice this time?"

"I wish I could tell you I practiced a lot, but I really didn't. Just now and then, focusing on tough areas."

"Not a good way of becoming an accomplished



entertainer as a singer or actor, or comedian. I hope that is not your excuse for a bad performance."

"I don't do it consciously.

I don't **think** I make excuses for poor efforts. On the other hand, if I practiced a lot and my performance was bad, I would be upset. I admit I try to get by on minimum rehearsals. Forgive my

IS GRIM THE MALE FLORENCE FOSTER JENKINS?



Florence Foster Jenkins

Jenkins was a New York City socialite and heiress who pursued an amateur singing career. She belonged to several social groups, where she arranged to appear as a featured performer at their private events. She lived this rare life from the 1920's to the 1940's, which ended only when she died in 1944 at age 78. As a singer, she preferred opera and as a soprano. Although earnest, she was considered a poor and sometimes laughable singer. When she donned ornate costumes in elegant settings, she risked more ridicule. After persistent demand, she performed at Carnegie Hall. Several thousand were turned away.

Debate arose whether she was aware how bad she sang. Serious media critics attended the Carnegie Hall concert and their reviews were scathing. Five days later she suffered a heart attack. Sadly, she died a month later. Over the years a few stage productions about her life followed. A biography was published in 2007 and a movie starring Meryl Streep debuted in 2016. Near her end she reflected: "People may say I can't sing. But they can't say I didn't sing."

Meryl Streep playing Jenkins in 2016 film.



reference, but I'm not preparing for Carnegie Hall."

"I know. But you should have a better work ethic or pride in performance."

"I don't seek great public acclaim, Marty. I just want to do this stage work as an annual pastime with some prep work. I enjoy sifting through the universe of music to see what's there and what interests me. And then tackling the choices as serious challenges and see how they go."

"What about pride?"

"I'm an amateur with some pride, but not seeking to go pro. I seek onward and upward but not too far and too high."

"Well, even a good amateur does a decent amount of practicing."

"I guess I'm not even a good amateur then. I have my own standards about this. I've been living with them for seven years now. I doubt I will change."

"Sorry to hear that, Allan. Not even for Brenda Lee?"

"Well, you got me there. She is a special case. I didn't give her the prep work she deserved..."

"Or that you needed."

"All right, Marty. But I'm not sorry I tried doing her." ●

Notice of Class Action Lawsuit

In the US District Court for the Eastern District of Pa.

No. 18-Civil-3421 **Smith, et al *Plaintiffs* vs. GolfNotes, Allan Grim, individually, and posing as Martin Povser, *Defendants***

Who is this notice intended for?

If you were an email subscriber of GolfNotes magazine between 2016 and 2018, you may have a claim in this lawsuit as a member of a class of several people.

What is this lawsuit about?

Subscribers of GolfNotes as Class Action Plaintiffs have alleged in their Complaint that the magazine has always represented itself as being about the subject of golf and mostly about golf. Hello!! The word "Golf" is in the name of the magazine, my friend! The Complaint claims that the Defendants published the magazine in the relevant time period with little about golf and mostly about the performing career of Allan Grim and his friendship with a person, believed to be fraudulent and not real, named Martin Povser. But that is another story. Stay tuned.

I paid nothing for the subscription. Am I entitled to damages?

Plaintiffs as a class have alleged that they have been fraudulently induced to read the magazine based on the representation that it was mostly about golf. When finished reading the issue, they realized that it was not. Further they were induced to read a lot about Allan Grim, Martin Povser, and Capon Springs (enjoyable) instead and that they wouldn't have if they had known GolfNotes's true nature. Although Plaintiffs suffered no monetary costs, they allege that having read so much about Allan Grim and Martin Povser, they endured mucho pain and suffering.

How do I present a claim?

If you are a member of this class, to claim damages, go to the Website of Plaintiffs' law firm, Dewey, Cheatam. and Howe, (hereinafter called "a bunch of shysters") at ambulancechasers.com and fill out the claim form and send it to the address noted there.

Do I need a lawyer for this lawsuit?

No, a bunch of shysters will take care of you and your fellow Plaintiff victims all the way to the cleaners.

What if I do nothing?

We will still represent you and the other Plaintiffs but we may pocket your part of the settlement or court verdict.

Will this lawsuit ever end?

How old are you? ●