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The Los Angeles 7 Weakly Newsance

A NOOSE-PAPER APPEARING AT RATHER IRREGULAR INTERVALS

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ANNIVERSARY!

By the time most of you receive this issue, we shall have completed the 14th year of publication of *The Weakly Newsance*. Since several of you will be reading the W.N. for the first time, it might be well to supply a few particulars:

The present writer was brought up in a literary atmosphere with slight printer's ink overtones. While still in the early grades, he was taught how to proofread in the offices of his father's weekly paper, the *Sentinel* as it was called, in Portland, Oregon. Until he was about 13, he was often sent from the newspaper office to the printshop (first across the street, later on, in the basement of the same building) with the copy, and would stay to watch it set into type, or be sent back with proofs to be corrected.

This experience was a more or less unconscious factor in choosing a name for this bulletin. As for why we started to publish in 1945, we had just moved back to Hollywood and had acquired quite a burden of correspondence; we had to write much the same story to a couple dozen people; and, a Ditto machine being handy, a news bulletin was the logical answer. Three years later, we graduated to a mimeograph, and a much larger mailing list. Seven years elapsed before anybody deigned to tell us about the amateur press associations, who exchange papers like this one among their members, usually on a monthly basis.

However, neither the A.A.P.A. members nor our own list of friends and acquaintances have seen a copy of this paper since the beginning of 1957, and here's why: Whatever time we have had for doing our own mimeographing has been taken up by our more serious articles and booklets—oh, well, we'll admit that a couple of them are not so serious! One affair ran to 34 pages, another to 17; we have been advertising and selling some 21 different titles, besides a few leaflets that we send to those who furnish the 3¢ postage and are interested in the particular

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Objectivity Can Be An Objectionable Objective!

The other day we ran across a story that illustrates, better than any other we have encountered so far, what can happen when people strive for "scientific detachment":

Two photographers met in the camera club's darkroom. The first one said,

"I saw the most pathetic sight yesterday. You know where that tree-stump is near the northern entrance to Johnston Park? Well, there was a tattered old man leaning back against it--both his shoes had split open at the sides; his clothes were all in rags; all the buttons were off his shirt; he hadn't had a shave for at least a week; he said he hadn't eaten for two days."

"What did you give him?"

"Oh, 1/100 sec. at *f*/6.3."

Growing Interest Shown In Creative Endeavors

In the last two months, three creativity meetings, as well as a few additional impromptu discussions, were held at the home of Ivor Darreg, bringing to 27 the number of creativity gatherings programmed by Darreg since 1954.

Tape recordings were taken of these recent meetings, and are being transcribed. A booklet with excerpts from these conversations may be available later. The most recent meeting, on 14 June, was remarkably animated and enthusiastic: they stayed half the night!

General theme of the meetings has been, How can the individual person become more original, more creative? Science, research, industrial design, engineering, etc. are included, as well as poetry, art, music and literature, under the heading of "creative endeavors".

• thereminvox

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that a theremin contains a pair of oscillator circuits, built to be very closely similar in most respects. One of these oscillators produces a radio-frequency alternating current of around 400,000 cycles per second (400 kilocycles, which is somewhat below the lowest frequency on your standard-broadcast radio set), and the second oscillator also produces 400 kilocycles—but the second oscillator circuit is connected to the pitch-control rod that sticks up outside the cabinet (in effect, it is a tiny broadcasting station, and the rod is its antenna)—and when you bring your hand near this rod, down goes the frequency of 400,000 vibrations per second, to 399,500—or even 397,000, if you get close enough to the rod.

Now, if one oscillator is doing 400,000 and the other 399,500, and there are other circuits in the instrument where these signals can beat together, and still other circuits to convert the result into sound, you will hear a tone of 500 vibrations per second, the difference between 400,000 and 399,500. (𝄞 nearly)

The two frequencies, so high as to be inaudible, "beat together", "heterodyne", "interfere" or "modulate one another", as you may wish to express it, and an audible frequency is the result. Remember the old-fashion regenerative radio sets of the 1920's? Remember the squeals and caterwaulings they used to emit? In the theremin, this phenomenon has been brought under control. (Actually, the radio frequency used does not *have* to be 400 kilocycles; it would work just as well at 1000 kilocycles or more, but in that case the theremin would likely pick up local radio programs, with disturbing results.)

So really there is no "picking up of vibrations out of the air (or ether either!)"; the theremin has nothing to do with spooks or anything psychic; and its modus operandi is just as explainable as that of the saxophone, piano, or violin. Still, the technique of playing it without touching it makes it a dramatic showpiece!

Since it is difficult to play *in tune* on an instrument with no keyboard and no fingerboard, other inventors have made instruments that do have keyboards. Best-known of these is the Ondes Martenot now enjoying some use in France, and taught in European conservatories. Both Theremin's and Martenot's instruments have been heard in movies, e.g., *Spellbound*, *Pygmalion*, and *Forbidden Planet*.

Those living in our area can come and try our theremin, and we will demonstrate it at gatherings, musicales, etc.

Remarkable Remarks

We attended a meeting in a hotel clubroom last month, and the room happened to be right near the air-duct from the kitchen, and this was quite noisy. So we asked the group:

"You know, these young fellows that keep trying out new trick mufflers on their hot-rods—could you say that they were *Exhaust Fans ?*"

Mailboxes on street-corners could be considered irreligious: they never take up any Sunday morning collection!

Do you know what happens to people who drink too much chocolate?

—It drives them cocoa !

What color is a ghost? B'oo.

What color is a ghost's offspring? Baby b'oo.

What color is a telephone? Yel-LOW !

What color is a belch? Burple.

What color is a "No Admittance" sign? G'way.

What color is a smile? Grin.

What color is a married couple? Wed.

What color were some of the people we told this to? Violent !

Which do you think would be the better way to produce *footnotes:* the pedalboard of an organ, or a shoe-horn ?

One time, in a French courtroom, the judge is said to have put on his best imitation of the doctor's bedside manner, and he remarked to the prisoner: "Don't worry about that headache! Your head will be better—off."

...Then there was the Roman Coliseum guard, who told the soldiers approaching:

"You can't put any more Christians into here for a while yet—all the lions are busy!

A little girl in the second grade at school was standing closer to the teacher than usual, and so the teacher heard her say "I pledge allergic to the Flag..." one morning. So they sent for the school nurse right away—they couldn't have anybody sneezing at America!

We have just one tomcat now. He is gone sometimes for three or four days—apparently roaming the neighborhood to ensure the survival of his

Fanning the Spark of Originality

By Florence Worrell

While attending a basic psychology class, the theory was advanced that each human being is but a combination of what is inherited through the genes plus his environmental experience (or all that has happened to him).

A question occurred to me, and I asked, "Is there no room in this theory for some little spot that is 'just me' ? "

The instructor pointed out that the explanation of our individuality lies in the great variety in the genes (except in the case of identical twins) plus the fact that no two people have exactly the same experiences.

Being of a creative turn of mind, this theory did not wholly satisfy me, and I started to wonder why it was possible for people to accept this kind of thinking. I began to review my own attempts to carry out a project that had developed for the simple reason that, "This is something I wish to do; something that seems to be *just mine* to do; something that I create out of the part of me that is *just me.*"

It was discovered that whenever this attempt was made, the forces around me seemed to be conspiring to keep me from this activity. The pull toward "putting my time in" on something more conventional, more usual, or more accepted as a part of a normal human being's life, was tremendous.

Part of the pressure to conform came from the life and circumstances around me. But much of it came *from within myself.* Inertia—that force that tends to keep things moving in the same direction in which they are already going—is apparently at work here.

"Duty" wells up and feelings of guilt arise because I am "wasting my time with my own satisfactions" instead of getting down to "business as usual". I am at a loss to know how to carry on two time-consuming activities, and I start to plot just how much I can "let go" of what is *expected of me* in order to carry out the designs of my own creativity. It is as though I must come up with some "logical" **excuse** for expressing this "bit that is just me".

Now, this is a deplorable situation. Yet, many of you, who are of a creative nature, must have experienced some of this. What has our society done to us? And what have we done to ourselves? What are we continually doing to reinforce this dilemma? It is no wonder that a psychological point of view can be accepted by many people, which says in effect that there is no spark of "originality" in us.

Well, I still debate this point! It is there, I feel sure. It is indeed in a weakened condition in mankind of today. Is there something we can do about it?

Certainly, creative people need to get together and bolster each other up, to combat the relentless tide that would drown what little spark there is remaining. Individually, we can struggle against the feelings we may "turn on" within ourselves that tend to defeat us before we've hardly begun. As a group, we can start to build conservation dams, so to speak, so that the pressure of the river does not build up into flood proportions.

Part of this, for those of us who have children, or who work with children, is to let *them* know that it is all right to "be yourself". For it is certain that what has taken thousands of years to come to the point where it is today, is not going to do all its changing for the best in one generation. So part of our creative activity must be directed toward increasing the "value to society" of creative forms of endeavor if we are to find increasingly fertile fields in which to work. Some cultivating, fertilizing, and planting of good seed must be a continuing effort. This will *not* be done by those who care nothing about being creative. It must be done by us.

(Florence Worrell (Mrs. Raymond Worrell) is editor of the bi-monthly magazine CHANGE, put out by the Synergetic Group. For information, write her at 13010 Pierce Road, Saratoga, Calif.)

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Unless otherwise indicated, the items appearing herein are by the editor. Short articles, letters of commentary, etc., from our readers are welcome.

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