The Los Angeles 7 Weekly Nuisance

A Noose-Paper Appearing At Irregular Intervals

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IVOR DARREN, EDITOR 1260 EXPOSITION BLVD.; LOS ANGELES 7, CALIF.

A MATTER OF LEGIBILITY

Here's a hint borrowed from the photocopy experts: When you have difficulty in reading material mimeographed or printed on both sides of the sheet, simply procure a sheet of black paper or a piece of black cloth and lay the sheet over it. This usually kills the "show-through".

AND NOW THE AMERICAN

For over five years a privately-circulated paper, just among friends, relatives, and acquaintances, the Weekly Nuisance has at last discovered and joined the ranks of organized amateur journalism (a.j. for short). Last Summer we joined the United Amateur Press Association, of some 350 members, and then we were recommended for the American Amateur Press Association, which we recently joined also. Scattered about the country, though mainly in the East, the American A.P.A. is quite an active group, of about 155 souls at last counting. Our circulation thus takes a jump to the dizzy figure of 750 copies..

TRUE OR FALSE ?

The other day a friend of ours asked us: "Wasn't it General Semantics who captured Fort Korzybski on Nullay Hill during the last war?" ...To find out whether he was right, turn to page 3 of this issue.

EXTRA!! EVOLUTION SPEEDS UP!

In E. T. Carter's Kobba Kobba Kwistle, an A.A.P.A. publication from Washington State, there was a delightful account a couple of issues ago about a fish who was happy to be eaten, as much so as the pelican who was eating him, for he was saving millions of years and making a tremendous evolutionary progress in just one gulp! The fish's only regret was, how much greater a jump he could have made up the scale, had he been eaten by a man. The article was cleverly illustrated.

IT'S EITHER NOT ENOUGH RAIN OR TOO MUCH

The Southern California dry spell of some years' standing was broken recently by a series of torrential downpours, and although this part of Los Angeles rode out the storm fairly well, several other districts, particularly the San Fernando Valley, were severely flooded. The beach cottage belonging to our friends the E. Lindams, located at the entrance to Topanga Canyon, a few miles north of Santa Monica, was swept into the sea by the flood waters.

among the bundles

The U.A.P.A. had just about the largest number of papers ever in its two December mailings. Notable were the many multicolored greeting cards, with individual messages and often appropriate verses. In keeping with the New Year's approach was "Star Lanes No. 4", a little magazine containing this issue the winning entries in a verse contest, the assigned subject being life in 3000 A.D. Ajay Graphic, a handsomely-printed paper by Marvin Sanfrod of San Francisco, contained a provocative article on the 'decline' of amateur journalism, but other papers would seem to indicate that the spirit is by no means as dead as all that.

The Not Common Bum

THIS MORNING while walking in the park I decided to rest a few moments.

It just happened that I sat next to a rather queer-looking old codger. The old boy was very friendly and after a few words of greeting, spun for me this very unusual tale: He started off something like this: "Not long ago, I was just a common bum, and fate somehow steered me into and among the intelligentsia of park-bench philosophers. I learned that I was not I, but just a bit of worthless clay, 'from dust it came, to dust it must return' . The real me was a division of my inner self and an Aura around me. The problem was for the bum to control his other two sections.

"These being real 'high-toned' and never hungry, they needed nothing, so had plenty always. To get control, which all these philosophers had over their respective auras etc., required deep meditation. So I meditate and meditate some more. ...

"At last, after gaining control of my aura, I devised a plan, whereby this worthless body should never again go hungry. And so, into space I sent--or rather, stretched--this aura of mine. I stopped it when it had reached a distance from this clay such as to be exactly twenty-four hours into the future. 'Ah, what a steak I shall have tomorrow,' I think; so I say to my extended aura, 'Give me all the winners at Santa Anita, who are running today by your watch, as they will be winners for me tomorrow!' '

" 'Sorry', says my aura, 'that news is censored.' To test my line of communication, I ask: 'By your time, what did I have for breakfast this morning?' 'Our watches correspond exactly in relation to "coffee and".' 'And what? -- Give me the news of the world.' 'Well, here it is, but don't gamble on it: New York--A million dollars' worth of illegal drugs diverted into legal channels. -- Korea--Peace talks still in session--great air and land battles rage. -- Dying receive God's blessing; living receive hell. -- Washington: Senator MacArthy speaks; The Hon. Barkley barks; Congress votes on antivivisection bill. Some of the newsboys say, "The Nation is going to the dogs." '

" 'Wait, wait!' I yell, 'how about me? how about this common piece of clay and my tomorrow?' 'Nee Tsoa Tsung qua kwa ОБ ЭТОМ НИЧЕГО НОВОГО НЕ МОГУ СООБШИТЬ, δὲν καταλαβαῖνω, δὲν ξέρω §¿+=°/&% ' ...seems to be a lot of interference on the Aura's line...

"God bless you, can you spare—? Oh, thanks, Mister--thanks a lot!"

"Time for lunch now."

"So long!"

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Waiters is a member of the Southern California Amateur Press Club and of the U.A.P.A.. He is active in restaurant work but not in the capacity that his name might indicate. Contributions by him have appeared in Los Angeles newspapers and elsewhere.

Jesse W. Waiters,
1341 Albany street,
Los Angeles 15, California.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Cecile Bonham, grapho-analyst, will read your handwriting and tell you things you have never suspected about yourself. Send a large page of your handwriting and a self-addressed, stamped envelope, with $1.00 for analysis, to Cecile Bonham, 1219 Orange Grove avenue, Glendale 5, California.

Semantics and General Semantics

One of the few encouraging trends in this troubled world of ours, is the growing interest in straight thinking evident among at least a small section of the population. This interest and striving takes many directions and is expressed in many ways--it comes alike from the 'materialists' and the 'idealists'; it is evidenced by philosophers, mathematicians, psychologists, physicists, engineers, philologists, linguists, translators, and critics, and by writers of fiction as well as non-fiction. That the movement is gathering force is shown by the manner in which it is being opposed by those who would seek to regiment the thought of others: opposition can be flattery, too.

Semantics is usually defined as the study of the meaning of words. Often the emphasis has been historical--the better dictionaries will trace for you the changes in the meaning of a word down through the centuries. Philosophers and logicians have often occupied themselves with the problem, "what is *signifying?*" There exists a study which some call *semiotic*, the theory of signs. *Symbolic logic*, a sort of bridge between logic and mathematics, has come into prominence lately through the extensive work being done on electronic calculators and the numerous practical everyday uses to which symbolic logic has lately been put. Then in about every library one may find a book called *The Meaning of Meaning*, which came out some years ago.

In 1933, the late count Alfred Korzybski published a book entitled *Science and Sanity*, and this book has gone through several editions. Quite a weighty tome, it contains much repetition and is generally declared very difficult to understand. Fortunately there have been popularizations of the ideas it contains, as for example, S. I. Hayakawa's *Language in Thought and Action* and Wendell Johnson's *People in Quandaries*. For his particular approach to the subject, Korzybski used the term *General Semantics*, and a halfway-satisfactory definition of this would be 'the study of the effect of the meanings of words upon the human nervous system'. Or we might say, What are the results of using words in different ways upon people? Much is said by devotees of general semantics about *semantic reactions*, which persons exhibit upon being exposed to certain words. (Before we go on, we ought to say that we agree with a number of writers in holding the term 'general semantics' to be a sort of proper name, having a meaning quite different from that which might have been expected, were 'general' and 'semantics' to be taken in their usual senses.) A particularly bad type of semantic reaction can be seen in people who become emotional about politics, and who can be sent into a violent temper tantrum by simply saying to them "Democrat" or "Republican" as the case may be.

Korzybski (the Polish *rz* in this name has a *zh* sound like the *s* in *measure*) carried on an enthusiastic crusade against the 'is of identity'. He called his system 'non-Aristotelian'—for which the abbreviation is Ā (read 'null-A') because, though he acknowledged a deep debt to Aristotle, and he did not wish to be considered an anti-Aristotelian, his system was designed to do away with certain habits of identification and semantic orientations which, through the centuries, have become associated with the teaching of Aristotelian logic. One of Korzybski's favorite phrases is, "Whatever you say a thing *is*, it *is not*." The object 'outside our skins' is not the 'object' seen, heard, felt, etc. by our senses. The 'object' seen, heard, felt, etc. by our senses is not the word or words ('labels') we use to describe it. *Words are not the things they signify.* The actual object, the sensed object, and the words belong to different orders of abstraction, and these orders of abstraction must not be confused. The real object is 'un-speakable'. These points are emphasized over and over again. The process of abstraction, by which we derive words for things or labels for them, consists in *leaving characteristics out.* This can be exemplified by such a word as 'orange', which is a relatively vague and indefinite term as compared with the millions of actual oranges, as they differ one from another in size, shape, sourness, sweetness, age, smell, blemishes, color, thickness of skin, amount of juice, *and many other individual characteristics not apparent to our senses nor to scientific instruments.* $Orange_1$ is *not* $orange_2$. $Orange_{3(December\ 1951)}$ is NOT $orange_{3(February\ 1952)}$. No two oranges are alike, hence we add the indexing subscript figures, and an orange is continually changing with time, so a particular orange is *not* the same after time has elapsed, and we indicate this by the subscript date. Then, by the use of *etc.* we help to indicate that characteristics have been left out. A complete enumeration of all the characteristics of an object is *impossible.* We can never know 'all' about anything. Get out your pencil and paper and try to write out an absolutely complete description of the chair you sit in. You will soon find it can't be done.

Note that the 'is' or any other form of the verb 'to be', in whatever language we are using, has several distinct uses, and the 'is of identity' is the one Korzybski proscribes. The sentence *John Smith is a lazy pig* will serve as an example of the *is* of identity; the person uttering this sentence (presumably in an angry tone!) is asking us to believe that John Smith and the lazy pig are one and the same creature, when anyone can see that they are *not.* The sentence *Man is an animal* is different; it means that human beings are included in the more general class of animals.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

**** *SEMANTICS AND GENERAL SEMANTICS, continued*

The sentence *The book is red* is little more than a grammatical device for making an adjective-noun group look like a sentence; it conveys no information beyond what would be conveyed by the mere phrase, *red book*. This use of *is* is called the '*is* of predication'; in some languages this sentence-form does not occur--for example the Russian version of *the book is red* would be КНИГА КРАСНА *kniga krasna*, literally 'book red', and this sentence contains no verb at all. The sentence *God is* will serve as an example of the use of *is* to denote existence--this is the primary meaning of the verb 'to be'. (The atheists in this audience will please keep quiet!) And now we come to the use of *is* as an *auxiliary verb* helping to conjugate other verbs, as in *Mark is loved by Mary*. The forming of the passive voice with the aid of 'to be' occurs in many languages, but hardly in all. The sentence just mentioned would be *Marcus Mariā amatur* in Latin, as Latin possesses a nearly complete synthetic passive conjugation, as also is the case with the Scandinavian languages, Greek, Old Irish, and a number of other tongues, that need no 'is' to form the passive. English has the peculiarity of using a *progressive form* of the verb to denote continuing action, as *he is going down the street*, but almost every other language renders this as *he goes down the street*. None of these latter uses of *is* imply identity.

Another *bête noire* of Korzybski's is what he calls the 'elementalistic' term--a word the use of which splits a concept into parts that do not really exist separately. For example, 'consciousness' does not exist of itself apart from something or somebody to be conscious. Heat is not a thing--heat does not exist separately from hot objects. Motion does not exist apart from things that move. When we use these false-to-fact terms, we deliberately invite confusion, misunderstanding, and general befuddledness.

Naturally, general semantics has purposes. It is intended to some extent as a *therapy*--one trained in it should have a better grasp of his or her problems than before, and should become healthier, more contented, and a more useful member of society. It is intended to make one less susceptible to *propaganda* and *misleading advertising*. Its enthusiasts often hope to bring about something like Utopia with its help. There exist a society for general semantics and a magazine called *Etc*. Certainly this type of training will do much to free persons from many kinds of prejudices.

General semanticists (they are not all agreed on this name and some say *semanticians*) are developing a system of gestures, signs, etc., for the purpose of reminding themselves and their hearers of the new attitudes to be taken. For example, they point upwards on both sides of the head with two fingers of each hand to represent that what is being said at that moment is to be understood as being enclosed within quotation marks. They hold a finger to the lips while pointing toward an object to denote that the real object lies on the 'un-speak-able' level. There is a weird object invented by Korzybski that looks like a surrealist bunch of slices of Swiss cheese tied together with pieces of twine, called the "structural differential" for reasons we cannot understand. It is used for demonstrating the different levels of abstraction, and undoubtedly has value for this purpose.

The Korzybskian system is not perfect, and some forceful arguments have been levelled against it by more or less important authors. Definitely some of its adherents have gone overboard on it, and in their excessive enthusiasm have made wild claims--and no doubt many who have only a half understanding of it have expounded their views as though they knew it all--a particularly grievous vice in those who say they belong to a system one of whose chief premises is that we cannot know 'all'. However it must be remembered that general semantics does not claim to be either a philosophy or a psychology, and that therefore arguments concerning it must not assume it to be a new philosophical or psychological system. Embracing such a wide field as it does, general semantics could hardly be perfectly formulated at the first attempt. But already it is proving highly stimulating, and the literature on it will continue to grow and grow. There is even some fiction based on general semantics, as for instance Van Vogt's *The World of A*. There must be something in general semantics when those trained in it win almost every argument they enter. We are confident that this article is going to *start* some argumentative discussion, for two persons studying semantics seldom agree!

The End.

✓ ✓ *HAVE WE DISCOVERED A NEW KIND OF PERIODICAL?*

The other day we were riding on a Western avenue bus--our last chance to do so before the new 2½¢ fare increase went into effect--and, in the window of a careless-looking store about a mile from here, we saw the sign:

STATIONARY MAGAZINES

with the word "stationery" misspelled and the Z backwards. Now, what we would like to know is, Are <u>stationary</u> magazines the opposite of <u>movie</u> magazines?

Los Angeles, August 31, 1951.

Essay and Poem by
Wesley Newbern,
Poet-Essayist,
320 Crane boulevard,
Los Angeles, Californi

PEACE

There could be ever-present, serene, and tranquil PEACE. Life permeates all things in subtle rhythm in its creative process. Without order in this process form, life as we know it would be utterly impossible. If man then is a prototype of this macrocosm, why is it that in man's limited mind there is so much frustration, confusion, and war? Is not man free to think as he chooses? From whence comes all man's prejudice, hate, fear, and war—does not man brew it himself? If we would be happy, free, and peaceful, we must begin by being peaceful toward those immediately around us. If we can be peaceful in our immediate contacts, we can be peaceful to the whole of man.

Peace is from within and cannot be imposed from the outside by armaments and the threat of violence. Peace is very simple: just be peaceful. It's cheap, too—saves money. Frightened warmongers all over the world could save billions in wasted energy and effort today by reshuffling their minds and just learning how to be peaceful. Peace is—or should be—the paramount issue of all humans. Of what value are all our worship and prayers if we do not know how to be peaceful?

First let us learn how to be peaceful and then bring our offering to the alter. When we cast out of our mind-heart the delicate balance of love and reason, we become frightened and visualize our own viciousness in another and want to make war with others instead of conquering our own greed and violence within. The attributes of peace, Honesty, Justice, Tolerance, Appreciation, Kindliness and Unity are perfect within themselves and need no violence in their defence. Peace brings understanding, harmony, order, and sets mind-heart free. Peace is really wonderful. Let us never allow ourselves to be deceived or conditioned by the war-mongers. Why would one sally forth in exhibitions of rapine, plunder, and war?—it's wiser to question ourselves. Hide not behind the alibis of gods or devils; we and we alone are responsible for our conduct, our environment, and our wars. If man wants plague, famine, and premature death, let him take it and like it. But if we want peace, happiness, success, and all wonderful and beautiful things in PEACE let us learn how to be Peaceful. In Peace we live in deep UNITY with ALL LIFE and it is really thrilling.

UNITY

Long I wandered to and fro
Up and down in search to know;
I questioned life for the reason why
Complete unity seemed to pass me by.

Could it be that in life's outer norm
No two things exactly conform
To likeness of pattern or design,
Though in one common source entwine?

I sat in the garden one day
To catch a glimpse of life's display,
And here I discovered the mystery
Of life's oneness in creative unity.

Why then, oh man, delay to plan,
With resources at your command,
To turn the tide of warring strife
To Peace, the true design of life?

Editor's Note: Mr. Newbern maintains a little garden spot and house, called "Peace Haven", at the address given above, on a picturesque hillside back of the Southwest Museum, which is in the northeastern part of Los Angeles—otherwise called Highland Park. Lectures and discussion groups are occasionally held there.

Your editor's plans to send Christmas cards went askew. He had prepared for blueprint and ozalid cards this time, both of which are made by sunlight. Fog and rain and clouds were the order of things in December, so few cards got made. We don't think it too late to wish everyone of our readers a Happy New Year.

The last three weeks—from the middle of January—have been rather trying. The present writer's right foot, which is not used for writing this paper, but is needed for walking, got into an argument with a table-leg and emerged the ignominious loser, and has been complaining about it ever since. This has given us time to reflect on one of the irritating defects in the English language: a leg with which one limps is not limp—it is held rather stiffly.

Department of Useless Information: The name of this month, FEBRUARY, is derived from *februa*, a Roman feast of purification and expiation held in the middle of the month. The ancient Romans reckoned February the last month of the year. The Christian Lent continues the *februa* idea.

TAUTOLOGY

Tautology (from Greek ταυτολογία, --ταυτὸ, *the same*, & λόγος, *word, something said*) is the term for needless repetition. This word may not be familiar, but the practice of tautology certainly is! It is one of the commonest vices of writers and speakers--this writer *not* excepted--and the only fault worse is the awkward effort to avoid it or the awkward apology for having done it. If you can remember the irritating effect produced on you the last time you heard an old joke rehashed for the 'steenth time, or how angry you can be at the fellow who *always* relates the same anecdote every time you meet him, you will have some idea of how bad tautology is. Now for some examples:

Where did you get it *at*?
I want a key *to unlock the door*.
He was *exasperatingly irritated* by a *bothersome annoyance*.
She *erroneously* made a *wrong mistake*.
The *moist dampness* of the *wet rain poured* down, and after falling, *soaked* into the *soggy* soil, from which there ascended a *mist* of *humid vapor*. (This, we suppose, was intended to be "liquid" prose.)
An *army* of *soldiers marched in step* down the street.
Gimme some *paper to write on*.
The *electricity* we get here is *a.c. current*. (Spelled out, this would be "alternating current current"--yet the best of electricians say this all the time.)
The goods in this window *must* and *has to* be sold.
I *didn't never* say *nothin'* about it to *nobody*. (The double negative is just another case of tautology.)
She is *a widow woman*.

(The first two words at the very top of this page are tautological. We hereby apologize for this to those of our readers who know Spanish.)

TELEVISION AND THE MOVIES

Remember when the talkies first arrived? The dislocations that ensued--no more theater organists and orchestras--how the intellegentsia bewailed the passing of the *silent drama* as something that might have developed into a great art-form if only, etc.etc. And now we have the converse of this--to the radio, so long confined to sound only, are being added eyes. Television antennas (we suppose it would be old-fashioned to call them antennæ) are sprouting up like weird vegetation from Mars or somewhere all over the city, even on the humblest tumbledown shacks that wouldn't be worth the television set in them. People are staying home and don't go to the movies so much, and as a result neighborhood theaters are closing down. A few of them have become auxiliary television studios; some have blossomed out as sporting arenas or bowling alleys; the literary set are elated that a few of them have become legitimate theaters; but a truly surprising number have become churches. Yes, it looks as though the church with the theater marquee is going to become an established American institution!

THE LOS ANGELES 7 WEAKLY NEWSANCE

1280 Exposition boulevard,
Los Angeles 7, California.

POSTMASTER:
If undeliverable for any reason, please notify
sender on Form 3547, postage for which is guaranteed.

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

Note: Those on our private mailing list will find this sheet (pp. 7-8) coming *before* the sheet with pages 6-7, and they may wonder why. The reason is that we had written up the six pages thinking that that was all we were going to have--we wanted to get it done in time for the February mailings of the press clubs we joined. We didn't make it, and find we have more to write about, but as our return address is on the back of page six, it seemed more logical to keep that on the outside of the paper than to do it all over again on page 8.

...*Vacuum Cleaners and such*

For the last few years there has been considerable advertising in the newspapers and also over the radio and television, running something like this: *Special offer for a limited time only! Tank-type vacuum cleaner with all attachments for only $10.95! Phone ELegant 0022 for a free home demonstration.* Now, while we have had a vacuum cleaner of the upright sort, it does not have any attachments, so it could not be used on bare floors, nor for getting dust out of the upholstery, nor for cleaning drawers, nor for blowing the dust out of such things as this Varityper and our radio and electronic equipment. Thus it seemed that a cylinder type cleaner ought to be just the thing for us. But alas! we did not reckon with the wiles of the vacuum-cleaner salesmen. About a year ago we answered one of these ads, and a man came to our house, who "knocked" the vacuum all the time he was demonstrating it, and then, after half an hour of this sort of nonsense, brought in a $50 machine which he described in glowing terms. He wanted to take our upright cleaner as a trade-in, completely ignoring our protestations that we needed two kinds of cleaners. Eight months ago substantially the same scene was repeated with another salesman, only this time we had two hours of our day wasted. The third time was four months ago, and this time the $10 machine brought in to show us first was (accidentally on purpose!) not oiled, so that it emitted a terrifying shrill screech, such as only dry bearings can make. Despite this, it picked up the dirt a little too well to satisfy the salesman, who could be heard cursing under his breath because the darned thing wouldn't up and quit. This man was a little different; he brought in two other machines, the while he haughtily spurned the $10 cash laid on the table for the first machine. He brought in a ponderous affair so heavy that the writer's mother could not push it even an inch. "Seventy-one dollars with your tradein" he announced imperiously, as though we were supposed to dig the money right out of our pockets (needless to say we didn't have anywhere near that much) and hand it right over to him. By now we were wise to what was going to happen next, so we asked, "Do you mean to tell us that the $71 machine is 7.1 times as good as the $10 one?!" Flabbergasted at this unexpected sally, the salesman lost some of his synthetic aplomb, and departed both swiftly and sheepishly. *** You can imagine our utter frustration and exasperation. The third attempt. The fourth time we phoned in answer to such an advertisement, they knew who it was and didn't even bother to send a man out. So yours truly bowed his head in resignation, and supposed that a long time to come would have to be spent in a house dusty in all save the carpets. It had been quite a *blow* to us, if such an expression may be used in reference to a *suction* device. .... But the tale was to have a happy ending after all. On hearing of our plight, our friend Thor Mauritzen produced a tank vacuum, which he sold us for $10, and it works very well.

WHERE DOES THE E-GO?

At a certain philosophical discussion group--this was during a meeting held on a Sunday evening about two years ago--the subject proposed was *Integrating the Self* or some similar topic. Your editor chose only to listen. Somewhere in the middle of the two-hour discussion, a man (we forget just who) got up and propounded the following remarkable statement: "When a self, having selflessly devoted itself to the manifestation of its proper selfness, finally attains true selfhood, it then becomes capable of unselfish selfishness." This little gem has been going around in our mind ever since, and doubtless also in those of the other listeners, and has been causing us acute semantic distress. What *does* it mean? Can any of our readers help us out?

MODERN GHOSTS

In one of the old English castles, now open to visitors, the curator had a suit of armor wired for sound. Whenever a sightseer passes by that particular corridor, a weird, sepulchral voice is heard from out of the knight.

IN RELATION TO RELATIVES

This writer's father came through Los Angeles early this month, to attend a convention of church goods dealers, and continued on to Alamogordo, New Mexico, where your editor's sister, brother-in-law, nephew, and niece live. By the time these lines become duplicated, he will have returned to Portland, Oregon. The writer's father was for many years editor of a weekly newspaper published in Portland, the *Sentinel*, and also is a historian, having been professor of history at the University of Oregon. ... This takes us back to our early boyhood, when on many occasions we ran errands from the *Sentinel* office to the printshop of the Columbian press, located in an office-building basement nearby. It was in this way, at ages from 6 to 11, that your editor learned about proofreading, galleys, makeup, dummies, cuts, the use of a blue pencil, and the suave thumping of an L.C. Smith typewriter as compared with the gay, atonal, xylophone-like tune of the ponderous old-style Remington. In the printshop we used to watch the Linotype machine and listen to its rhythmical chinking chatter which was accompanied by the smell of molten type metal. ...so, if our readers wondered how we got inoculated with printer's ink, that was it. Sometimes we were allowed to use the proof press, with its big roller like a fat, squat rolling pin. And then there was the tearing sound of the tacky ink on the ink rollers.

PREVIEWS OF COMING ATTRACTIONS

Among the material we have scheduled for our next issues are: An article on electric shock; a discussion of the problems facing contemporary serious music and its composers; a description of Los Angeles and vicinity (we will try to get this in the next paper so that those planning to attend the U.A.P.A. convention this summer in Los Angeles will come well-informed); something about the piano and other keyboard instruments; at least one paper with pages printed by the offset process, so that pictures can be included; and a list of wants and unwants to serve as a basis for some swapping deals.

OUR FACE WAS RED, BUT NOT POLITICALLY

A couple of months ago we ran across some recipes for homemade mimeograph ink. Being of an experimental turn of mind, and having had some experience in cookery, we decided to make some to see if the recipes were any good. We were not able to get a good enough grade of lamp-black to make a satisfactory black ink, though we did find a good extender to make commercial inks go farther. However, the red ink we made turned out better than any red mimeo ink we have used before, so the red printing in this issue was done with it. But the complications! Red pigment got all over the workbench and the workshop floor; it got on our hands, face, and arms; it got onto our tools and instruments; even the cats came out and got it all over themselves several times. Now all we need to have happen is for somebody to step carelessly and overturn one of the cans with it in.

"THE TIMELESS WEST"

The other Sunday, we were taken on an automobile ride by our friends, Ann Graham and Al Kiddon. The destination was Knott's Berry Farm, where they had never been; but they had heard so very much said about it. (We had been there once before.) Located some 25 miles southeast of Los Angeles, this berry farm is a "must" for tourists, as it includes, not only a store for berry jams and pies, as one would naturally expect, but also restaurants, souvenir shops, and what is more unusual, a complete "Ghost Town". At the present time, the Ghost town comprises two streets, and one can see that a third will be added--indeed, it will continue to grow year after year. The buildings were moved to the present site from many of the old towns and mining camps all over the West, and most of the structures have had exciting histories. There are general stores, saloons (only soft drinks served now!), stables, cabins, a hotel, and even a building whose walls are made from bottles, so that one obtains a stained-glass-window effect looking through them. There is also a jail. As you enter the Ghost Town, there is a reproduction of a gold mine, complete with a length of tortuous tunnel. One of the buildings has a room devoted to a very large collection of music boxes: for example, there is a box that uses disks three feet in diameter, and its curved glass case stands about six feet high. Some of the music boxes include little drums and/or bells. About the latest addition to the town is a railroad station, to go with which a narrow-gauge railway was constructed, skirting the grounds, and a train was brought from the Denver & Rio Grande to run on this track. In one of the buildings a notice is posted to the effect that the Knotts have embarked on a more ambitious enterprise, this being the restoration of the town of Calico, located way up in the mountains, out in the *real* West.

...It is almost appalling to think of how many stories, novels, plays, etc. have been written about the "Wild West"—surely the fictional population of the land of cowboys and Indians must long ago have exceeded the actual number of people who lived there in those celebrated times. It also ought to be pointed out that the Pacific Coast—San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, Portland, Seattle, and so on—is west of the West of the "Westerns" and has a story of its own to tell, somewhat different from that represented (and misrepresented!) in the many "horse operas".