* * * * * * CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR GREETINGS! * * * * * * * *

The Exposition Boulevard Exposé

* * * A NOOSE-PAPER APPEARING AT RATHER IRREGULAR INTERVALS * * *

ISSUE № 31 FOR DECEMBER, 1963 * Member: A.A.P.A

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New Instruments Make Début via Tape

Early in the Summer of 1963, your editor got a phone call one night, inquiring about "unusual sounds". It was all very mysterious, especially so, since the ringing of the phone interrupted the reading of a fantastic mystery story. " 'Things that go *boomp* in the night'?", one was almost tempted to ask, but it finally turned out to be music to be composed for a film that would serve as background for a stage play.

Inspiration for this affair was provided by the very title of the play by Geo. Bernard Shaw that was to be given: *Don Juan In Hell,* which can be found in Shaw's book, *Man and Superman.* The deadline for the music was so soon that the title had to be the inspiration rather than the play itself!

The play ran at the Angels Theatre in Hollywood for a good part of the summer, and from all accounts the music was very well received. Your editor is now engaged in preparing this music for publication and recording under the title of *In Limbo, --A Fantasy,* and an organ arrangement of the score should be ready in mid-1964.

During the last two months a number of our friends and acquaintances have come to hear the tape, and to see the instruments involved. Except for a short passage composed on the Wilson 31-tone metallophone, all the other instruments are electronic including the amplifying clavichord, the theremin, the keyboard drum, and a new kind of electronic organ just recently completed. This organ embodies several novel features of a kind not practicable to build into commercial instruments. Even though the greater part of the music was played on this organ, the results are anything but churchly, and do not bear the slightest resemblance to the "electric organ" commonly used for jazz purposes, either. A considerable part of the music is atonal, but not serial. (Serial composition is a modern technique where one writes according to the dictates of a very strict, unyielding system, and usually serial compositions are notable for their lack of spontaneity or inspiration.)

Beyond this point, descriptions are useless, so interested persons are invited to hear the instruments, or tapes of them.

Bulletins and Leaflets Without Number ?

Well, not quite. But some of you could be confused, since this is Exposition Boulevard Exposé No. 31 while No. 30 was dated June, 1962--quite a while ago! We did without our Fall 1962 number to get out a Christmas card, and skipped our Spring 1963 issue to publish a special bulletin on electronic music, a 29-page treatise on the present state of our field.

Then hypochrysia or the pressure of circumstances, depending on which euphemism you like best, kept us from getting out a regular bulletin since then, but we have made up two series of leaflets, one of original writings and the other of quotations that have made an impression upon us, and plan to use these leaflets mainly for letter-enclosures, answering questions that very frequently come our way.

You will find more information about these new writings on another page.

Another interruption was in October, when the idea for a whole new art movement came to us and simply wouldn't go away. And the name for it led to more new words, so let's discuss Pretertemporalism for a moment:

PRETERTEMPORALISM

Those of you who received our No. 30 in Summer 1962 may remember the discussion of *Futurism* we gave there. By the time you receive this, it will be almost two years since the Los Angeles County Art Museum in Exposition Park had the Futurist Exhibit which was on tour from the Museum of Modern Art of New York and other sponsors. Also it is about 54 years since the famous *Futurist Manifesto* was published in the Paris *Figaro*. We are then, in 1963 America, half a century removed from the heyday of Futurism in 1913 Italy. Yet just look about you--traces of that enthusiastic movement can be seen everywhere, even in your own town.

In September we had our first opportunity to read two books entitled *Futurism*, one by Taylor and the other by Clough, for they hadn't been in the library previously. While the movement was perhaps superficial and too militaristic, at least in its beginnings, we have to admire their boundless enthusiasm, their initiative, their advertising and propagandizing ability, and their acknowledgement that science and engineering were to play a tremendous part in everyone's life from that time forth.

Yet what point would there be in trying to have Futurism over again in our entirely different circumstances? We have caught up with and passed their future, yet what names are there left to call something that would be in tune with 1963 and 1973? They have pre-empted 'future'; and we are in a sort of semantic bind!

So the editor reached for the Greek and Latin lexicons, traditional sources of newly-coined words, and after burning some midnight oil, arrived at *Pretertemporalism*, meaning 'beyond time'. If somebody steals this word from us, we have others to take its place--but let's hope everybody will be honest this time.

Pretertemporalism refers especially to painting and sculpture, but could easily be extended to all the other art-forms. It is entirely neutral on the question of abstract vs. concrete. The basic idea is this: The present chaotic and confused appearance of much contemporary art could be greatly alleviated if we were to put a small proportion of science, logic, and mathematics into our art-work. This does *not* mean that the art should be *about* science, nor that the logical or mathematical underpinning should show. After all, Futurism taught us that the worship of science and technology might actually lead to more confusion than we had already!

There is a path of moderation that could lead to more effective communication from artists to the public. On your request, we will send you a copy of the first pretertemporalism leaflet, if you will send us a 4¢ stamp. In a few months we expect to have other leaflets, and before long a new art movement may be started. The response so far has been most encouraging and we thank our friends for their thoughtful suggestions. This movement is not closely connected with our musical endeavors and ambitions, so the co-operation of artists in various other fields will be needed to put the idea over properly. There is room for everyone sincerely interested.

The Calm-Brain: Cold and Calculating!

On Tuesday evening, 3 December 1963, Ivor Darreg was invited to lecture at the Glendale Public Library and to lead a discussion in the Great Books of the Modern World Series. The meeting was presided over by Norman Winski, editor of the quarterly magazine Breakthru, and active in a number of forward-looking groups in the Los Angeles area. Devoted in part to a review of Dr. W. Grey Walter's book The Living Brain, *the lecture was entitled "Computers and the Brain".*

Now that literally everybody in this and other countries is given a number of numbers, coded on punch cards and tapes, made a statistic in many electronically-kept files, and subjected in many ways to the influences of electronic machines, people are getting worried. Will they be "slaves of automation"?

Actually, computing machines are not "giant brains" but rather giant idiots that have to be explicitly told what to do every step of the way. This is done by programming, a set of coded instructions surprisingly like recipes or directions for knitting a sweater. The real analogy, then, is not between computer and human brain, but between computer and our lower nerve-centers where unthinking reflex actions and stereotyped responses occur.

Computers are tools, extensions of man's abilities much as telescopes extend our sight, microphones and amplifiers extend our hearing, radio transmitters and long-distance telephone lines extend our voices, and cranes and derricks and hydraulic presses extend our muscles. The Second Industrial Revolution, now going on, is substituting electronic computation for monotonous, repetitive clerical

[computer and the brain, continued]

tasks, such as adding thousands of columns of figures, taking inventories, sorting and collating, etc. The inhuman alertness and tirelessness of the computer in jobs of this kind is a definite asset, even apart from the tremendous speed of calculation.

Human reactions can be measured in tenths or hundredths of a second well enough; but even the "ancient" obsolete computers of vintage 1948 or so worked on a clock-pulse of 100,000 times per second. Now one or ten million pulses per second are commonplace, the millionth of a second being called a microsecond—and that's much too slow! Engineers now glibly discuss nanoseconds (one-billionth) and are working toward picoseconds (one-trillionth). A current pulse or a light beam travels almost a foot in a nanosecond, so if the wiring is too long inside the equipment, the pulses will be uselessly late when they arrive where they are supposed to go! This means that everything is being miniaturized and microminiaturized—but the smaller the same circuit is made, the more it costs. $ & ¢ alone will keep computers from becoming really "brainy".

Any electronic counterpart or machine simulacrum of human creative functions is necessarily second-order if not second-rate. People have to program the machines, even if this programming is done at second-hand through a "compiler" machine. "How can a length of wire have an idea?", a lady asked at the lecture. The answer was "Of course, it can't: human beings had the ideas, and also had the idea of letting a pulse of current in a wire stand for or represent a portion of an idea."

Also, imagination and originality are peculiarly human traits, not even shared very much with the higher animals. Don't sell your brain short, or your mind either. There are no enthusiasm machines or inspired machines fresh out of the Patent Office; and the "android robots" of the science-fiction writers are still a long way off. If such androids come in another century or two, our "great-greats" will often be annoyed at the robots' inhuman logic! · · · It will seem positively unreasonable.

All those signs reading **THINK** *are advice to you and me and the other fellow, not to the computers.*

'The New Realism', From Billboard to Gallery

This summer another traveling art exhibit came to Los Angeles—one almost wants to call it a jazzy circus. 'Six painters and Six more' was the semi-official title, but the newspapers and critics kept referring to it as Pop Art. Since being shown here, it has gone on to other cities, leaving a trail of fwopinaceous discomslooberation in its wake. People who go to it don't know whether to snicker or to cry. Or just act bored. If we just describe some of the paintings, you will see why. One painting featured 200 cans of Campbell's Soups arrayed on market shelves, just as you would see them at your shopping-center or corner grocery, only they wouldn't have *all* the kinds of soup impartially represented as this painting did, and the real-life cans are slightly smaller than they were in the painting.

Then turning around to the other side of the room, you will see three enormous canvases, each painted in a solid color much as any weekend do-it-yourselfer would paint the wall with Sooper Whizzo-Slapdash, and in front of each of these detailless paintings was one or more painted milk-bottles—real bottles filched from the Altadena Dairy, for the lettering was still visible.

Not far away you would see a big green canvas—just uniform green like a new signboard, and the one word NOISE in mammoth gold letters as shown here.

We forgot to mention the first painting you were apt to see on entering the gallery: A meat counter in a medium-sized butcher-shop, with sausage marked 59¢ lb., hamburger 45¢, and assorted bologna and salami and steak, some with rather unrealistic prices, though. But the painting was almost photographically accurate.

Then a couple of movie stars were honored (?) by having paintings named for them—but in each case there were 49 or 50 *identical* small billboard-style pictures of the celebrity cheek-by-jowl on the same canvas, with a more perfect monotonous regularity than would be the case in your favorite alley or streetcorner if they put up overlapping identical posters.

But ah! *pièce de résistance* was the enormous painting that towered over you, entitled *Winkin' Lincoln* and sure enough portraying the center portion of a gargantuan, brobdingnagian $5 bill, with Honest Abe having one eye closed in an incredible wink. Alongside this were similar spoofs on the other currency denominations, all done with just enough truncation to keep the U.S. Treasury from putting somebody behind bars.

'the new realism' (continued) . . . . .

The placard beside another painting bore the name *'Annie'*. But no girl was to be seen in the picture. Just another of those annoyingly blank solid-color backgrounds, and the lettering *Annie* in super-large size as it is done in the Sunday papers' comic sections in the *Little Orphan Annie* comic strip.

The exhibit was rounded out by more reproductions of lettering and figures from comic strips, reproductions baldly lifted from well-known national advertising signs, and pictures of cement cakes (to make the art genuinely 'concrete', perhaps?), and a picture of an ice-cream soda definitely not 'good enough to eat'!

As is well known to the readers of this journal, this writer seldom if ever has indulged in psychoanalyzing people or dissecting other people's motives and personalities in public. Here, however, when this Pop Art is practically thrown into our faces, the temptation is too strong, so here goes:

The present writer believes that most of the artists in the 'pop art' exhibit were motivated by recollections of chronic hypochrysia, and of abromaisis, which latter often had reached traumatic intensity. The aetiology of this syndrome evidently was related to a disposition to overcompensate, evidenced by an irrational diaphemophilia displayed by all the artists exhibited.

In plain English, these artists were painting almost exclusively about Food and Money. They are obviously obsessed on both subjects, and haven't known, or do not know now, where their next meal is coming from. To disguise their desire for handouts, and/or to make it look more societishly etiquettical, they profess a great love for the advertising industry by aping and copying contemporary advertising media.

Several art critics have commented on this exhibit when it came to their cities, and one or two have related it to another contemporary aberration, *Junk Art*, which is produced by raiding attics, gutters, ashcans, and dumps.

The editor of the *Exposé* has nothing against the use of secondhand materials, provided something unexpected or creative is done with them by the artist--but when it's like what we saw at an art gallery this last fall, one is certainly given furiously to think.

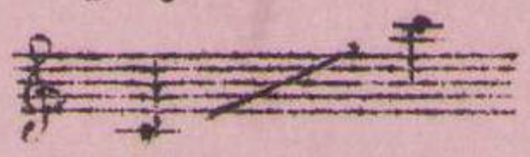
About a dozen packing-crates were stacked against the gallery wall, forming an affair at least 7 feet high and perhaps 16 feet long. Most of these crates had their lids partially or wholly removed. Dilapidated furniture, mostly in pieces, could be seen inside. Everything, boxes and contents, was heavily coated with gold paint.

This was not the most horrible example, but we simply don't have space to give a comprehensive picture here. Maybe we shouldn't close the discussion without mentioning a smashed trumpet in one of the art-works, looking as though a steam-roller had run over it. * * * Say, that's a wonderful idea: how about borrowing a steam roller and . . . . ?

Xylophone, Marimba, Glockenspiel, Celesta ...

(Continuing our series on the Instruments of the Orchestra) We now come to "the frosting on the cake" as conservative musical pedagogs are wont to consider most percussion instruments, but even the Romantic composers called for these colorings once in a while, and today's conventional orchestras and bands include them as a matter of course.

The Xylophone (Greek ξύλον, wood, and φωνή, voice) is made of hardwood bars, supported at their nodal points by cords or other means, and the bars are arranged usually in a two-octave scale roughly like an oversized piano keyboard. The notes are generally written



but they **sound** two octaves higher than this, so that the actual compass will be from so-called High C (1046½ cycles/second) to the highest C on the piano keyboard (4186 c/s). This notation is convenient in that it avoids ledger lines (9 such would be required for the top note if the treble staff were used in the ordinary meaning) and gives a sort of automatic octave transposition if the xylophonist wishes to play something written for violin or piano, say. It is ambiguous in that the same part played on a marimba or celesta might come out only 1 octave higher than written, instead of the xylophone's 2. (continued)

(Xylophone, marimba, glockenspiel, celesta, vibraphone, metallophone, continued)

Because of the kind of wood used for making xylophones, the rather thick cross-section of the bars, the extremely high pitch, and the absence of resonators, the tone of the xylophone is hard, dry, and short (staccato). Yet these characteristics make it stand out from the other instruments, and thus a useful item in the composer's or arranger's spice-cabinet.

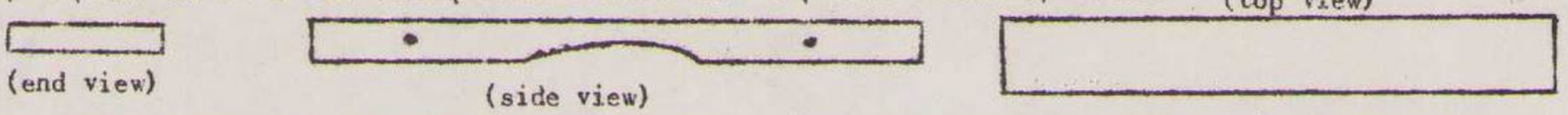
Xylophones and kindred instruments make excellent do-it-yourself projects for the more active among musically-inclined people. They also are interesting sidelines for pianists and other music students, and are very useful in dancing-schools.

Hard-rubber or other "patent" materials are used to make the hammers for playing the xylophone. Besides the simple hammer-strokes, one can use the drummer's roll for a quasi-sustained tone--this, no doubt, is why such instruments are generally played by orchestra and band drummers--one of the rare instances, if not the only one, sad to say, where versatility is officially condoned in musical circles.

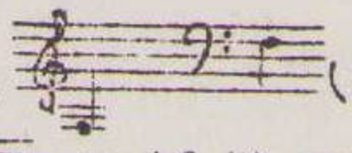
There is no real reason why the compass of the xylophone should be restricted to the two octaves shown above; and indeed it is often extended a few notes downward, and very rarely, upward. But any really extended compass usually involves a change of name, and so we come to the **Marimba.**

This name is said to be a form of an African (Bantu) word, there being other such forms as **limba, malimba.** In the native instruments, gourds or hollow objects are used as resonators under some of the wooden bars. Our Western adaptation and development of the marimba principle has led to the use of tubular resonators, in a word, organ-pipes, which may be either open or closed at the far end, with some difference in tone-quality.

Marimba bars are generally made of exotic woods, such as Nagaed (whatever that is!), mahogany, etc., although quite satisfactory results may be obtained with maple, or other domestic hardwoods. While the xylophone bars are thick and almost square in cross-section, marimba bars are usually thin and wide, of rectangular cross-section, often with a curved piece taken out of the middle, thus:



The black dots show the position of the nodes (points of no vibration) where the bar may be supported.

A typical marimba may go down to the note  (174.6 cycles/second) but this note will usually be written  as if it were an octave lower.

Tenor C is easily reached, and deeper tones are at least possible. The ultimate in depth of tone has perhaps been achieved by the composer Harry Partch, who constructed not only a bass marimba, but a Marimba Eroica with bars bigger than railroad ties, actually going down to the 32' octave below the lowest note on the piano.

Marimbas are played with softer hammers than xylophones proper. The tones last longer, because of greater mass of the bars. Intermediate instruments, with such names as Xylorimba, are often made.

Such bars, whether wooden or metal, do not have the harmonic overtone structure exhibited by strings, organ-pipes, and electronic oscillators. This sets these instruments apart from almost all others, in or out of the orchestra. It is possible to proportion the bars to achieve harmonic overtones, and since the resonators have such overtones, they contribute them to the general effect. The inharmonic overtones nevertheless are what give unique tone-color to these instruments. Various kinds of synthetic marimba and bell-tones have been produced in recent years, with harmonic or nearly-harmonic overtones, and these just don't sound authentic.

We now come to the **metallophone** which includes the **orchestra bells** or **glockenspiel** (German: **Glocke**, bell, and **spielen**, to play). Metal bars, generally nickel-plated steel, are built into an instrument so closely resembling the xylophone in size and shape that it is often erroneously called a xylophone. Xylo- means wood, however, and should not be used of metal-bar instruments.

(*Xylophone, marimba, celesta, metallophone, vibraphone* ....continued)

Like the piccolo, the glockenspiel or orchestra bells may be heard above the other instruments because of its shrill, penetrating tone. Since its steel bars have a higher "Q" (electrical engineer's term for energy-storage factor) than is possible for wooden bars to have, even its highest tones sustain longer than the same pitches on xylophone or marimba, and also sustain much longer than the same notes on a piano Generally the glockenspiel is struck with harder hammers, even metal ones, than are used on the xylophone. The striketone or high inharmonic overtone of a glockenspiel bar is often extremely high, at the upper end of the audible range. This adds to the penetrating, incisive quality of the sounds. Keyboard glockenspiel instruments with piano-type action and dampers have been made, and such a form of the instrument is often incorporated into large pipe organs. "Toy pianos" are not really pianos at all, but some form of simplified keyboard glockenspiel, usually with smaller and hence cheaper bars. Results range all the way from impossibly crude to excellent.

Notation for the glockenspiel, and compass, is the same as for the xylophone, sounding two octaves higher than written.

Metallophones with resonators are built in the same sizes and compasses as marimbas, and usually sound an octave higher than the written notes. The larger and lower-pitched the instrument, the softer the hammers will be. The keyboard form of this instrument, a metallophone with resonators and dampers, is called the celesta, and is often found in large symphony orchestras--for example it is heard in Tchaikovski's Danse de la Fée Dragée, from the "Nutcracker Suite".

In the **celesta**, the resonators may be box-like rather than tubular, and in many metallophones this is also the case. Just as the toy piano isn't a piano, the Harp stop on an organ isn't a harp either: it is a metallophone with suitable resonators and hammers to give it a mellow tone, and it generally has 49 bars or 4 octaves. When a celesta is built into an organ, it may be so called, or it may be dubbed Chrysoglott (Greek for "golden throat"), or even more fanciful names.

In the heyday of vaudeville acts in theaters, say the 1920's, a 3½- or 4-octave metallophone with tubular resonators, but also having rotating shutters between each resonator and its bar, these being kept revolving by an electric motor, was introduced. Such an instrument is called a **vibraphone** or **vibraharp**. The intermittent action of the resonators produces a fluctuating loudness of the bars' tones, a tremolo rather than a vibrato; and this effect can become unbelievably cloying and sickly-syrupy. Vibraphones found their way into the larger dance-bands, and occasionally are still heard.

Variations on the metallophone idea sometimes use steel tubing or rods, but there doesn't seem to be any worthwhile variation in the tone from this.

Chimes of real bells and tubular chimes and clock chime-rods are outside the scope of this article, but we will discuss them at some future time.

Tuning-forks and their keyboard embodiment, the Dulcitone, will also be taken up separately.

To wind this up, you can obtain qualities intermediate between the glockenspiel and the xylophone by making the bars out of aluminum or plastic. Sometimes glass bars have been used.

יאכל שד — וחכל וו קמלר לוערטר שך
קסד לון ! ערבישר קשאל ?

Arabic? Syriac?

Siamese? Shorthand? Guess again! The above is written in English—in the new Shaw alphabet that won the contest under George Bernard Shaw's will. You can now buy the Penguin Books Shaw Alphabet Edition of his play *Androcles and the Lion,* or consult it at the public library in your city. The ordinary and the new alphabet texts appear on parallel facing pages, showing a remarkable saving of space.

(*Shaw Alphabet, continued*) Most of the saving comes, of course, from the elimination of silent letters, and a great deal from the abolition of digraphs (those groups of two letters, such as *th, ph, sh, ng*) that stand for one single sound). Shaw's name has four letters, but only two sounds, so in the new alphabet it is just 𐑖𐑜. The ease of *writing* is amazing, and this must be due to the lettering skill of its designer, Kingsley Read. Whether this is the most *legible* solution of the problem when handwritten, printed, and typewritten, is open to question, but there can be no doubt that it is aesthetically far superior to most of the schemes so far proposed--and spelling-reformers have been at it for centuries, and by the hundreds. The heading on the preceding page reads: *SHAW ALPHABET APPEARS IN PRINT--MAY PROVE GREAT BOON TO FUTURE GENERATIONS*. And there is our opinion: Rome was not built in a day, and our present alphabet, handed on to us from the Ancient Romans, won't die out overnight! But we can use this medium-hand (faster than longhand but slower than shorthand) for notes and diaries etc.; and can use it for a phonetic script, without the slightest risk of being branded "illiterate" or "uncouth", and without jeopardizing our skill in ordinary spelling. Referring back a few pages, there is a big question whether this alphabet will be congenial to future computers and in the hyperautomated world of 2200 or even 1990. However, it is such a big step in the right direction that it does give us a foretaste of what the future writing will be like. It shows us how great the English spelling problem really is: that we waste a great deal of time, paper, energy, and memory-capacity with our present non-system, which, in the name of history and perverse antiquarianism, perpetrates such monstrosities as: *simultaneity, height, eight, rough, cough, through, though, syzygy, pneumatic, diphthong, mnemonic, deity, czar, one, bomb, tomb, comb, sign, diaphragm, yacht, shoe, gnu, who, eye, myrrh, etc.* Let us take a few moments to envy our future descendants who won't have to bother with such nuisances, and then, coming back to our own time, realize that if something isn't done very soon about world peace and reducing international tensions, there won't be anybody around to spell the new or the old way. Clearly, many other reforms and problems have priority over spelling reform, so we have no available zeal to crusade for the Shaw or any other reformed alphabet. It was simply that the publication of the new edition of *Androcles and the Lion* (𐑨𐑯𐑛𐑮𐑴𐑒𐑤𐑟 𐑯 𐑤𐑲𐑪𐑯) marks the first real progress in this field for about a century, and the first effort in a longer time than that to give a reformed spelling some social standing. The press and the periodicals should not have "played the matter down" or scoffed the way they did. And your editor, after the desirable publicity and boost that was given him by the use of his music with Shaw's play *Don Juan In Hell* (𐑛𐑪𐑯 𐑡𐑵𐑩𐑯 𐑦𐑯 𐑣𐑧𐑤)—see p.1—feels at least a moral obligation to give Ol' Debbil Shaw his due!

The Glories of Tenochtitlán and the Halls of Moctezuma.

As these lines are being written, the Mexican art exhibit at the L.A. County Museum in Exposition Park has entered upon its final month. After New Year's Day 1964, it is to be sent back to Mexico and the various items returned to their many owners. This will have been the only U.S. showing, although the exhibit has toured Europe and Russia and more distant countries the past few years. Some of the objects actually go back 2000 years, and there are many examples among the older pieces to prove that abstractionism and surrealism aren't modern after all! In the front part of the museum, two really monumental affairs have been erected, and it will be a major project getting just those two back to Mexico. In the more modern section of the exhibit, there seems to be a stress upon the macabre—with the many skulls, both in serious paintings and drawings and in the form of festival accoutrements and children's playthings. Then there are the paintings of the celebrated political prisoner, Siqueiros, along with works by Diego Rivera and Orozco. The height of something or other is a painting by Juan O'Gorman which should have been entitled *It's All Done With Mirrors!*, for it was a—get this!—*quadruple* self-portrait: one of him was seated at an easel, looking at himself in a mirror, painting a third figure on an easel, while a fourth one of him, dressed differently and standing, was looking upon the proceedings rather disapprovingly.

SCRAMBLED BRAINWAVES -

The counterman at one of those Mexican & American Diners was adding up the check.

"Well, let's see: two bowls of chili, three drinks of tequila, fried chicken, one lobster—what? you ate it shell and all!--two orders of mince pie,—why, the mustard-jar is all gone!--half a loaf of garlic-bread, one bottle of beer. Golly, you must have a cast-iron stomach! "

"I do", said the robot.

...Then there was the farmer in the Midwest somewhere who had a number of acres planted in corn. Before the crop could be sent to market, he actually had to pay a good deal to have his ears boxed.

What happened when the port officials weren't sure that the ship could be accommodated in the local drydock?

Stern measures were taken.

HELP PREVENT ACCIDENTS——LEARN MORE ARITHMETIC!

THERE IS SAFETY IN NUMBERS!

"Did you look at TV last night?"
"Nope—didn't have time."
"The Gingerbread Man won the quiz contest."
"Well, what of that?"
"Smart cookie!"

"We are calling our new brand of canned fish
PIANO TUNA, because it opens with a *key*."

" But I don't see how you have any right to call it that: all the *scales* have been removed."

"Yes, but it was caught on the High Seas!"

I dreamed that the telephone was thoroughly wet. However, it stopped dripping and dried out completely as soon as I answered it.
--You see, it was only ringing *wet.*

Heard over the radio recently:

They were holding one of those Group Therapy sessions, and it came time to ask Question No. 35,684:

"What is your most deeply-felt need, right now?"

When they came around to the gloomy-looking fellow in the corner, he said:

"I want to be alone!"

New Words from Old Languages

Anyone who has read fantastic and horror stories, or who has accidentally tuned them in on the television, will recall that the ultimate in fright was to see a *nameless* monster, or to be gripped by a *nameless* fear or terror. And in real life, the patient generally feels he can't start to get well until the doctor has given his disease a *name*.

In recent years, the number of new things invented and put into general use has greatly increased. It may be a formof unconscious psychological compensation, but generally the more startling the new device or process or concept or phenomenon, the more the originator tends to go to the ancient tongues, Latin and Greek, and to take roots from those languages even older than the 2000- or 2500-year age of the classical languages themselves, to make up new words as needed.

The result is that since their vocabularies are growing year by year to several times the size of their classical vocabularies, and since there are now many times more people using their words and word-elements, often practically unchanged (for instance, *vacuum, idea, metamorphosis, condominium, crisis, regalia, ego, synthesis*), it is both stupid and ridiculous to call Latin and Ancient Greek 'dead' languages. (Astounding as it may seem, the number of people in the world today who use Ancient Greek words all the time, greatly exceeds the number of speakers of Modern Greek!)

So, when we were inspired to launch a new art movement (see Page 2), the ancient languages were the accepted and obvious sources for us to ransack. We couldn't start a nameless movement and leave the ideas without anything to call them. But after our successful search, it was hard to stop: intriguing questions arose, and as long as the lexicons were down from the shelf, why not try to find the answers?

For example, what would be the last word in a self-improvement system? Let's see: Z-z-... ah! there we have it: ZYMOGNOSTIC PRESTIMENTATION — this would be "quick thinking resulting from 'a ferment of knowledge' " ---but if you think that sounds too forced, we might come out with a self-improvement system to be called EPINOËMATIC AUTOGNOSIS which means "self-knowledge attained through the super-mind"--and that ought to delight any metaphysical enthusiast.

Then, still fascinated by the end of the alphabet, what is the last word in an English dictionary? Most medium-sized dictionaries come up with something like *zymotic disease* or *zymurgy*. Funk & Wagnall's Unabridged comes up with *zyzzle*, explained as a variant of a dialect word *zizzle*— which in turn must be a variant of *sizzle*: all this sounds like cheating to us! (The lengths to which people will go to be last in the phone book have been a national source of chuckles for years—the current Los Angeles Central Telephone Directory lists a *Zzzz Wake-Up Service*)and runner--up to them is one veteran at this sort of thing: a *Ricardo Zzyzz* --now that's a *phoney* name if we ever saw one!)

Our entry,which may not win the contest, but will at least be legitimately and authentically derived from Greek, is ZYTHOKLAUTHMYRISM. This is the practice of crying into one's beer. (Ζῦθος, beer, and κλαυθμυρισμός, crying or whimpering.)

With the tail end of the dictionary taken care of, what about the head? Well, this is even more incredible, but there actually is a Greek word ἀάατος *(aaatos)*, which means " invulnerable". We could probably derive AAATICITY from this, but there would be trouble deciding on an English pronunciation. (Now please let's have no skeptical letters calling us down: this word has been checked out with several authoritative lexicons. However you can be pretty sure no sourpuss proofreader in a newspaper or magazine would ever let it get past him!)

DIAPHEMOPHILIA has already appeared on p. 4. It means, or ought to mean, *a hunger for publicity* or *the desire to advertise*. The opposite condition, *diaphemophobia* or morbid dread of publicity, is unfortunately just as common.

Now for our younger friends, how about the PORPHYRIC DEMOPHAGIST ? That, of course, would be a Purple People-eater.

One of our more exasperating correspondents, on being told about some of these new words, wrote that they were all too long; didn't we have any *short* words? Our reply had to be *Ug!*

Oh, well, maybe in some future issue we can put in an article about Abbreviations. In the meantime, won't you please remember that dictionaries are not just musty, tiresome repositories of dead knowledge, but they can be creatively used to generate new words for tomorrow's world.

PRELIMINARY PLANS FOR ELECTRONIC MUSIC SOCIETY

During the last two years or less, electronic music has been getting some attention, after years and years of frustrating delay. Messrs. Ervin Wilson (of Hollywood), Tillman Schafer (of San Diego), and John H. Chalmers Jr. (of La Jolla) have suggested to Ivor Darreg that now is the time to start an Electronic Music Bulletin or Newsletter and A Society For Electronic Music. Other friends of ours concur in this. It has also been suggested that certain aspects of recent music and forward-looking experimental work be included in the scope of the Society and the Bulletin: viz. special tuning-systems other than the conventional 12-tone scale, automatically-played instruments, superimposed recordings, the borderland of music and speech and other forms of audible communication, and the application of electronic computers to music.

To those of you who believe that music died with Wagner or Chopin, and no further progress is possible, we won't argue; just ignore this page. (Confidentially, we don't think any such persons will have stayed with this issue up to Page 10; they would have been effectively scared away by the first items on Page 1!)

Both a Society and a Magazine or News-Sheet require planning and capital. Also, the scope and field of activity of each need to be carefully defined. Your editor is exceedingly cautious and wary about these projects, because he knows of many cases where organizations have tried to do too much too soon without any resources. However, as soon as enough seriously interested people become aware of each other's existence and accomplished work, the time will be ripe to start something. This could happen in 1964. If any of our readers would like to help with these projects, or know other people so interested, please write or ask them to write as soon as possible to Ivor Darreg, 1280 Exposition boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90007. In turn, Ivor Darreg will supply names and addresses of other persons sharing these interests.

Whether or not you are interested in such a periodical and/or society, if you are interested in knowing what electronic music is and does, how it is related with other fields and with the other aspects of music, what the possibilities are, and what Ivor Darreg is interested in doing with, through, to, by, about, and at it, then send $1 to Ivor Darreg for a copy of the 1963 special bulletin on electronic music. Packed with details you cannot find elsewhere, this bulletin is nearly three times the size of the journal you are now reading—29 pages. Sample extra copies of the first and second pages are available—send a 4¢ stamp for each page. These would be excellent for remailing to possibly-interested friends.

Several articles on electronic music are still available. New price list will come out early in 1964. Almost sold out of these at present, so write for information if interested.

Ordinarily, one or more outside contributors have their articles (preferred length, ½ to full page) published in this paper. We did not solicit such contributions this time because of the 18 months' backlog of material of our own, unable to appear until now.

For 10¢ each you can have your pick of our new leaflet Series. If you are interested in automation, why not send for DO COMPUTERS THINK? or What Is A Robot? Better still, get both!

Literary bent? Send for THE HYPNOTIC EFFECT OF POETRY, THE MEANING OF A LITERAR IDEA, or, if you like amusing curiosities, ALPHABETIC SOUND EFFECTS. 10¢ each.

THE MEANING OF A LITERARY IDEA is also recommended to those of you who go in for psychology, or analysis. Have you ever been freudened? One dime.

Other leaflets will appear soon; that's why the price list is delayed.

Our CREATIVITY AND INSPIRATION booklet, as you know, has been sold out for five years. We have hoped to reprint it, and also to publish the full-length book on individual creativity, for which we have prepared--but so far have been stymied. If you would like to know more about this project--a very important one these days, because there are books and articles galore about GROUP creativity, but practically nothing about INDIVIDUAL CREATIVENESS; and the great symphonies, poems, paintings, and novels were NOT dreamed up by a team or committee! The table of contents and other information about the book project may be had for a 4¢ stamp.

Are you an artist or artistically inclined? A 4¢ stamp will bring the Pretertemporalism information offered on page 2. New art movement: Why not get in on the ground floor?

IVOR DARREG, 1280 Exposition Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90007 ✤ Phone 732-9341.