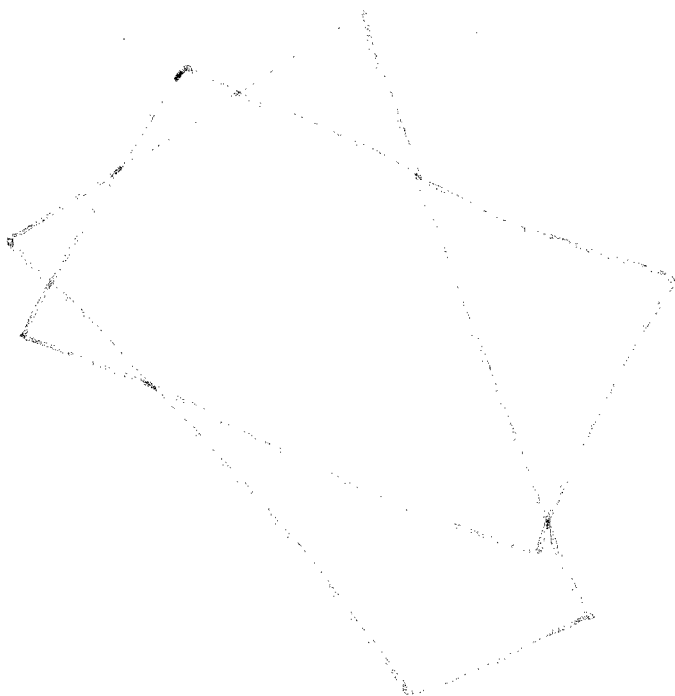


JUNE - JULY - AUGUST #13

Michael Lee's

THE  
CONCERT  
OF  
EUROPE



Should I spare you the usual litty of excuses? Nah, I owe you all at least an explanation. This has not been my six weeks. Or perhaps it has been too much my six weeks. My fall from punctuality began in late May. My recital was closing in and I felt that I could not afford to take any quality time away from the Bass. As a result of my single-mindedness my recital was a hit. Actually, I should say our recital was a hit--I shared the event with Paula, a Violist friend. Paula is another reason for this late issue but that's another story. With late May and early June booked the June 15th deadline arrived and it was time for a new TCOE. At that same time it was time to start my new job. Teaching 3/5ths time in a summer camp for talented and gifted junior high kids. When this two month long ordeal is over I'll write an article on my horrific experiences. For now, suffice it to say that this job has taxed me to exhaustion. I was burned out after one week. The pay, however, is a definite incentive. How else could I earn eleven dollars an hour doing pre-graduate white collar work that is in my field? The program has one month left then I'm all yours again. Anyway, there is my litty of excuses. The real world came crashing in on TCOE but the worst seems to be over... at least until I start my graduate work. I'm sorry for deserting you but not so sorry that I can promise that it won't happen again. Reality caught up to your humble narrator.

Before I go into what this issue will contain I have some tragic news...Mike Ehli has killed Sparky. He committed this hideous act of petocide in the pages of Fnord--Mike's two-bit, no-count, low-down subzine to Life of Monty. No revenge will bring my show dog back to life but I'd like to get revenge anyway. For starters Mike, you can walk to Seattle next month, there is no chance whatever that you will grace the interior of the super-Nova. But that isn't the half of it. Next month I'll begin a new section in TCOE called "the bad-boy of Dipdom". This section will be devoted exclusively to character assassinations and guess who's up first. Send in all the rascally information about Ehli's sordid past (fictitious information preferred) and it will be compiled into a portrait of a youth gone wrong. Mike, you'll wish you never killed my xeroxed likeness of a Dalmatian.

This issue will be primarily devoted to sub zines. There are two issues of Screed on tap. An issue of Cubists' Corner. A new column will appear--Hiroko's Bonsai Notes. The author did not include her name and I am uncertain as to whether or not I should reveal her name. Next issue this situation will be resolved. The Bonsai Notes will be a regular feature in TCOE. We also have a quasi-prose-poem from an anonymous source. The games continue as well.

News is mixed about Dipcon. It seems a number of the Diplomacy faithful are heading to Pudgecon instead of Dipcon. This makes me fussy. Wanh, Wanh! Picture an infant screaming and kicking you'll have my general opinion pretty well in mind. As a Northwesterner I'm upset that Dipcon has such a large centrally located con to rival it. If I were a northeasterner I'd naturally be delighted at the chance to have some place to go that was closer than a full continent away. Never-the-less it seems odd that a major con would be planned opposite Dipcon. I hope the situation is resolved so Dipcon has no rival con but I'd guess that too many reservations in Kansas have already been made. Oh well, that's laissez-faire in action. I'm just upset I guess that I can't be both places. Seattle, however, won't be a wasteland. We can surely count on the growing numbers of Northwest dipsters. The growing Eugene faithful should number close to a dozen in Seattle. California and British Columbia will be well represented I'm sure. I know of at least one interior westerner from the hobby. I don't know of many midwesterners or east coast types but I'm sure there are a few. Whatever the numbers it should be fun. Terry, are the Mariners in town that week-end? This may be my only chance to see major league ball all summer. Diplomacy is fun, but it aint baseball. Pax Brittanica aint baseball either but I'd like to play a game of it while in Seattle. I'm sure avid gamers have heard of it but have many of you played? Eugene gamers have taken it to their hearts as the summer favorite. The game simulates 19th century imperialism very well. It's a short game (about four hours) and bears repeated playings very well. If you're interested and going to be in Seattle, well...If you aren't going to Seattle and want to try it by mail let me know and I'll see if it could work.

Anyway, let's get on with this.







## TORAI TORAI TORAI

For two years the Pacific was a Japanese lake.  
Admiral Yamamoto knew all along  
That it was hopeless, crazy.  
But the Army high command controlled the government  
And they wouldn't listen.

They were flushed with their easy victories  
In Manchuria and China  
And from where they stood could see no challenge  
To their supremacy.

Yamamoto had sailed around the world.  
He knew how big it was.  
How big and rich America was.

How little chance Japan had  
Of prevailing against her.  
No chance, really.

But when the order came  
To go to war against America  
He did his duty.

Then one day he took off in his personal plane  
From his flagship carrier  
Somewhere in the Pacific  
And was never heard from again.

Who knows what happened?  
At any rate, Yamamoto's worst fears  
Were realized.

If only they had listened.  
If only they had been content with Manchuria.

Still, who can say what  
If anything  
Japan lost in the long run?  
There are those who say  
She won, after all.

Bart Atkens

## SCREED

Thank Heaven! the crisis--  
The danger is past,  
And the lingering illness  
Is over at last--  
And the fever calling "Living"  
Is conquered at last.

--Poe (1809-49)

### No. 5 Summer 1985

Greetings, readers. Let me dismiss with the opening banter and thank Steve Knight for sending me the first issue of his promising zine It's A Trap! My gratitude also extends to BRUX Linsey for the favorable notices he gave the debut edition of Screed in his Hobbytalk! (see Excelsior, No. 5, June 1985) and to publisher Bruce McIntyre for mailing me a copy. I heartily agree with BRUX that he, John Kador and I ought to wage, in his words, "a campane to perge illitercy from the hobbie." We'll begin with the following passage:

"Ethelred had maid an historic trekk acrossed the grate continant too the draggin's layer, butt new that the reel challenge lied a head. Untill the draggin' was slayed their could bee know piece (so went the olders,) and Ethelred--the premiere Marx man of his communittee could knot of a greed more. He unsheethed his steal impliment with the in tension of stayning the draggins' green Hyde crimsen, but was consious of the knowlege past down bye the four fathers throo the millenia that a draggin' will knot dye reddily."

By my count this execrable prose contains fifty-five errors of all kinds. How many can you find?

#### Who Was Reynolds?: The Deathbed Riddle Of Edgar Allan Poe

On Oct. 3, 1849, Edgar Allan Poe was admitted to Washington College Hospital in Baltimore, the city of his paternal forebears where he once lived. Several days before he had left Richmond en route to New York; how he ended up drunk near a polling station clad in a shirt that was not his remains unknown. During the night of Oct. 6 Poe began deliriously calling for "Reynolds" until three in the morning. Then he was dead.

Who was Reynolds? Poe didn't have a friend answering to that name. Conjecture abounds and nothing more. As a Poe aficionado I would like to make sport of this mystery by encouraging readers to send me their conjectures, however fanciful, as to Reynolds' identity. Entries must be received by September 10. They will be printed in an upcoming Screed. My address appears at the bottom of page four, but after August 26 I can be reached at C129 Hillcrest, Iowa City, IA 52242.

In Search Of Poe: A True Story

I sought the specter of Poe during a visit to Washington, D.C. On April 22, 1985, I persuaded three companions to accompany me to nearby Baltimore in the vague hope of finding Poe's abode. It was three in the morning as we drove into the Maryland metropolis. Navigating without a map, I instructed our driver to turn off the freeway onto Martin Luther King Drive. Soon, thoroughly by chance (or was it?), we passed a tavern above which hung a sign reading "Poe's Pub." A raven was painted beside it.

Greatly enthused, I begged our driver to turn around and head back so that I might investigate. That proved difficult. We were forced to continue on for some distance. By the time we were able to turn back I no longer felt the urgency to do so, for in front of us stood a street sign pointing to the Poe house! My eyes eagerly followed the arrow to the ground-level dwelling.

The world's foremost master of the macabre called this decrepit hole in a wall home over 150 years ago. It was during Poe's squalid Baltimore years following his expulsion from West Point that he began to develop into an acclaimed man of letters. Perhaps it was here that Poe witnessed his poet brother Henry succumb to tuberculosis, one personal tragedy among many that was to help explain his melancholia and morbid attitude toward death. Poe probably shared this apartment with his aunt and cousin Virginia; the former became his mother-in-law and surrogate parent, the latter his child bride in a marriage that was never consummated.

We found two more Poe residences in the vicinity. One was for rent. How I would have loved to lease the place and commune by candlelight at night with the spirit of Poe!

Back at Poe's Pub I recalled "The Raven" as I pressed my face to the window of the closed establishment:

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering,  
fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream  
before;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no  
token

Squinting, I saw a painting of Poe hanging on the wall. What captivated me were the eyes--yellow, luminous, piercing . . .

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is  
dreaming

I stood back, shuddering slightly. All was quiet. The streets were deserted. I was alone with the specter of Edgar Allan Poe. I was alone--



A deep-throated yowl arose. I stumbled away from the pub, my senses searching the night for the cry's source. After several tense moments I discovered a cat perched on the awning above.

Since Baltimore I haven't been alone, even when I've been by myself. Poe is with me. And he shall leave me--nevermore.

Then--in my childhood--in the dawn  
Of a most stormy life--was drawn  
From ev'ry depth of good and ill  
The mystery which binds me still:  
From the torrent, or the fountain,  
From the red cliff of the mountain,  
From the sun that 'round me roll'd  
In its autumn tint of gold--  
From the lightning in the sky  
As it pass'd me flying by--  
From the thunder and the storm,  
And the cloud that took the form  
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)  
Of a demon in my view.

--E.A.P.

### My Archaeological Life

I imagine few have wondered and fewer still are interested in who Bart Aikens is. I intend to satisfy the curiosity of the minority. Although I lead a life assuredly as mundane as yours in most respects, I answer to a higher calling--archaeology.

My association with the subject has been lifelong. My father, an archaeologist, earned his Ph.D. from Indiana Jones' alma mater, the University of Chicago. Taking his cue from Indy, he divides his time between fighting evil as a bullwhip-wielding adventurer and fulfilling his professorial duties at the University of Oregon.

This summer Dad said to me, "Bart, I want you to be out standing in the field as soon as possible." I soon was--out in the high desert of central Oregon.

It was late June. Dad had been hired to monitor a sewer project at the headquarters of Malheur National Wildlife Refuge--the site of a major prehistoric aboriginal village. If valuable artifacts or burials were unearthed, he was authorized to call a halt to the digging and have the sewer line rerouted.

Our work--screening trench soil for cultural remains--depended entirely upon the digger doing his. But old LeRoy could barely get his own motor started, much less that of his John Deere backhoe. I thought it served him right when he didn't show up for a few days and swallows built a nest in his vehicle's cabin.

In the evenings Dad and I climbed the Coyote Buttes by Malheur Field Station--the obscure outpost where we stayed--and watched the sun set amid swirls of purple and red. As nighthawks swooped to snap up the pests that plagued us, the field veteran told me how he once crawled on his belly into a grotto at the back of Hogup Cave in Utah and came face to face with a rattlesnake, and of when he led a search party for a woman who jumped from the Island In The Sky overlooking the Colorado River in 1965.

I was spellbound. "Dad, when are we gonna hunt Nazis? I loaded your rifle and brought it from home."

"You WHAT?!"

It is a testament to the missionary zeal and road map skills of Jehovah's Witnesses that they came knocking one day at our trailer. Dad thought he could scare them off by revealing that he was a man of science, but nothing could have pleased them more--they handed him a pamphlet containing the article "Should Archaeology Make You Doubt The Bible?"

I was psyched for adventure after lightning ignited fifty large fires in the region over the Fourth of July weekend, including several surrounding the Field Station. Fervently I hoped that the sheriff of Harney County would draft Dad and me to fight the raging infernos.

But we weren't summoned, and the fires knocked out the Field Station's electricity. Within two days we no longer had running water or a flushing toilet. The refrigerator was dead; we had to eat our meals cold. The situation had rapidly become desperate and not the least bit adventurous.

Kneeling at the site the following day with trowel in hand, I wiped the sweat from my brow and wondered where LeRoy had gotten to. The great archaeologist was at work beside me.

"Dad, do we get to rescue damsels in distress?"

"Uh, that comes later."

"How much later?"

"Er, say, son--that sure is a nice obsidian flake you've found there!"

\* \* \* \* \*

AND NOW...

ISSUE #5 OF

THE CUBISTS' CORNER!

It's Harvey Zychek, and this is my subzine.

There are four enthusiastic individuals who are anxious to see the only Cs'C game get under way. For those of you who don't know what sort of game I'm offering or more likely, couldn't read the issue in which I made the announcement, here it is one more time. The game is limited intelligence Diplomacy with player anonymity. You don't have to write any letters. All you do is send your moves and then receive a game report which shows you the pieces to which you are adjacent. I've noticed that very few of TCOE's players are doing much letter writing. This game was designed for non-letter writers. I need three more, so tell someone you know. Okay?

It has been a (in deference to Michael I won't say century) decade since the last Cs'C. Last time I rambled about Georges Braque, the little known but extremely important painter. His talent and vision was comparable to that of Picasso. Had he been more visible and out going perhaps his name would be as widely used as Picasso's. This summary serves also as a lead in to this month's topic...

\*\*\* SOUL OF PICASSO'S FRIENDS \*\*\*

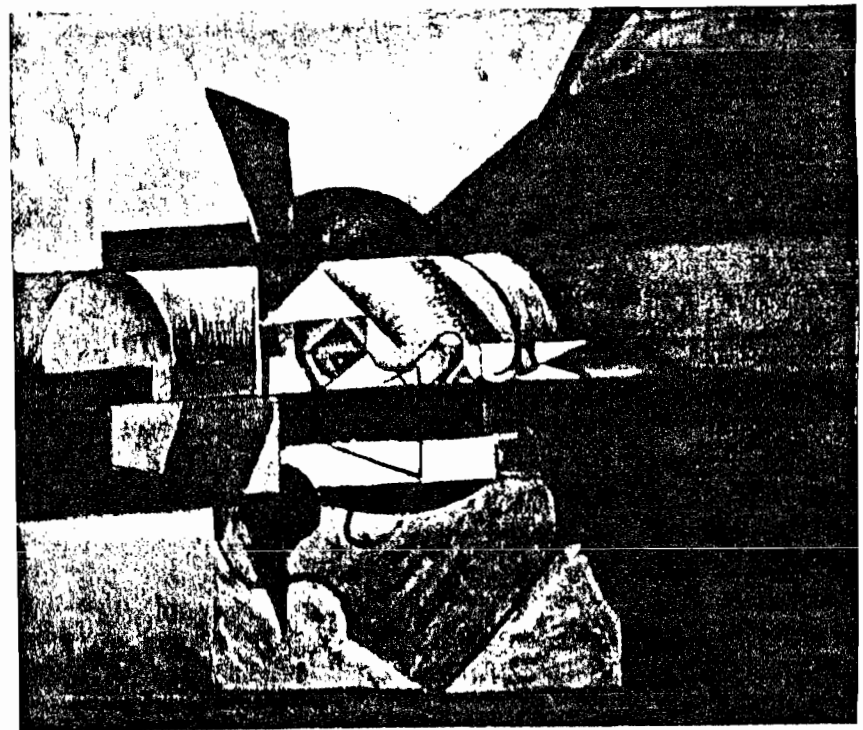
Unlike Braque, Picasso was a gregarious man who enjoyed the company of his artistic peers. Periodically I intend to present various friends of Picasso's and in the process present a who's who of Parisian artists. The first friend is Albert Gleizes, a minor painter of dubious cubist origins. Picasso's portrait of Gleizes appears on the opposite page and Gleizes' own masterpiece appears later. Next month I'll discuss these works further. In addition this issue I'm including an essay by Gertrude Stein about Picasso. Stein can be described as the champion of cubist literature. Her syntax shows a multi-point perspective.

More on Stein later.

*H. Z.*



45 Albert Gleizes, c. 1912



44 Albert Gleizes, Portrait of Albert Gleizes, 1912

Gertrude Stein

Picasso

1909

One whom some were certainly following was one who was completely charming. One whom some were certainly following was one who was charming. One whom some were following was one who was completely charming. One whom some were following was one who was certainly completely charming.

Some were certainly following and were certain that the one they were then following was one working and was one bringing out of himself then something. Some were certainly following and were certain that the one they were then following was one bringing out of himself then something that was coming to be a heavy thing, a solid thing and a complete thing.

One whom some were certainly following was one working and certainly was one bringing something out of himself then and was one who had been all his living had been one having something coming out of him.

Something had been coming out of him, certainly it had been coming out of him, certainly it was something, certainly it had been coming out of him and it had meaning, a charming meaning, a solid meaning, a struggling meaning, a clear meaning.

One whom some were certainly following and some were certainly following him, one whom some were certainly following was one certainly working.

One whom some were certainly following was one having something coming out of him something having meaning and this one was certainly working then.

This one was working and something was coming then, something was coming out of this one then. This one was one and always there was something coming out of this one and always there had been something coming out of this one. This one had never been one not having something coming out of this one. This one had been one whom some were following. This one was one whom some were following. This one was being one whom some were following. This one was one who was working.

This one was one who was working. This one was one being one having something being coming out of him. This one was one going on having something come out of him. This one was one going on working. This one was one whom some were following. This one was one who was working.

*Camera Work*, New York, August 1912, pp. 29-30



## HIROKO'S BONSAI NOTES

Bonsai (pronounced bone-sigh) is the Oriental art of cultivating miniature trees in containers. Japanese Americans living on the West Coast introduced this art to the United States about 30 years ago. Anyone with the interest can start a bonsai, although one should be prepared to give a certain amount of time and attention to the art. One of the best ways for a novice to get started is to read Sunset's book, Bonsai.

**July tips:** It is best not to attempt any planting, transplanting, or changing of soil this month. It's better to wait until September or March (the very best time). It may be necessary to water *mahe* (mah-meh) bonsais - classified as 7 inches or smaller - twice a day, especially when the temperature soars into the 90s. Don't use the same kind of fertilizer during the growing season. If you are using fish emulsion, switch to bloodmeal.

\*\*\*\*\*

## GAMER'S DELIGHT - A Most Delicious Recipe For You To Try!

1 pound ground beef	1 can (17 oz.) cream-style corn
1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce	1 cup shredded cheese (any kind)
1 tablespoon lemon juice (optional)	1 tablespoon catsup
7 tortillas (approx. 7 inches in dia.)	salt and pepper

Cook ground beef in frying pan on medium heat until it loses its pinkness. Break up so it is in small pieces. Drain excess fat. Remove from heat and add corn, tomato sauce, cheese, lemon juice, catsup, and salt and pepper to taste.

Place tortilla in a greased shallow casserole or 8 or 9-inch cake pan. Put 1/7 of beef mixture over tortilla. Put another tortilla on top. Repeat with beef mixture, ending with beef mixture on top. Bake uncovered in a 350 degree oven for 30 minutes. If you make this ahead of time and refrigerate, add an extra 10 min. to the baking time. To serve, cut into wedges. Makes 4 servings.



HIROKO'S BONSAI NOTES

**AUGUST TIPS:** AUGUST DAYS ARE STILL WARM SO DON'T SLACK OFF ON THE WATERING. EACH TREE'S WATERING REQUIREMENT DIFFERS. IT IS ONLY THROUGH EXPERIENCE THAT ONE KNOWS HOW MUCH WATER A TREE NEEDS (CONIFERS NEED LESS THAN DECIDUOUS).

IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO TURN YOUR PLANTS SO ALL SIDES RECEIVE AN EQUAL AMOUNT OF SUNSHINE. KEEP UP THE FERTILIZING AND IT IS ALL RIGHT TO WIRE SMALLER BRANCHES.

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